

FALL '85

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OVERTHROW

Alternative Mexico

Jamaican Sun Splash

White House Nazis

Contras Attack Esteli

THESE BACKWARD COUNTRIES ARE A
DINNER PARTY!



Jerry Rubin Still Revolting After All These Years

by David Spaner

"The money economy is immoral, based totally on power and manipulation, offending the natural exchange between human beings: an exchange based on human needs... Amerika will become free only when the dollar bill becomes worthless."

—Jerry Rubin, 1970.

"I think it's okay to be wealthy... the '80s is people succeeding in business... the language of America is not English, it's money."

—Jerry Rubin, Sept. 18, 1985.

Jerry Rubin has turned in his Yippie button for a Yuppie nametag.

Yuppies pin on nametags when they network, not party, so when they meet contacts, not friends, they can file names for future marketing, not hanging out, purposes.

Former Yippie Rubin recently met Vancouver Young Urban Professionals who paid \$20 to \$25 to attend a "marketing to Yuppies" affair staged by the American Marketing Association.

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NAZIS IN THE WHITE HOUSE The Reagan Administration & the Fascist International

by John Judge

Though President Reagan's visit to the Bitburg cemetery in Germany last May 5th shocked and angered many Americans, most have felt the decision was a combination of ignorance, bad planning, diplomatic necessity and a refusal to change on the part of both German Chancellor Kohl and President Reagan. However, a full history of U.S./Nazi relations, Ronald Reagan's political career, and current White House appointments suggests it may be more than "unfortunate coincidences" that led Reagan to the insupportable position of honoring the Nazi SS so openly.

The U.S./Fascist Connection

As early as February and March of 1943, U.S. Office of Special Services (OSS) agents Allen Dulles, William Casey, "Wild Bill" Donovan and others began planning for post-war cooperation with Nazi military and intelligence networks for future U.S. hegemony. Deals were cut with top Nazi SS agents Karl Wolff and Walter Schellenberg, Hitler's spymaster General Reinhard Gehlen, Klaus Barbie and others. (Code name: *Operation Sunrise*.) The Nazi defeat at Stalingrad by Soviet forces marked the turning point in a war designed to take control of Russia and to destroy communism. It was then that Allied and Axis agents agreed that communism was the real enemy.

Hitler's ambassador to the Vatican and personal advisor, SS Baron Ernst von Weiz-

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photo: anonymous



Students at Guatemala's National University put the "democratic opening" to the test with guerrilla theatre of the absurd

GUATEMALA:

The "Democratic Opening" in the Streets

by Bill Weinberg

"I am with this group [Grupo de Apoyo Mutuo—Mutual Support Group] because one of my daughters disappeared. In 1980 she was working in a textile factory. Her fellow workers elected her the Secretary General of the trade union. Then a certain man started following her—and he was armed. Then she had to hide for a while and had to quit that job. Later she got a job at Los Pollos [a fast-food restaurant chain in Guatemala]. But they continued to follow her, and in 1984 on April 17 in Zone 1 [of Guatemala City] as she left work, they took her. Witnesses said that a gray car came up and two men with pistols in their hands got out and grabbed her by the hair and forced her into the car. Three times she was able to scream out her name, 'I am Lesbia Lucrecia Garcia,' before the car left... and from that point we know nothing more. We looked for her in all the police stations and hospitals but we can't find her anyplace. Now it has been one year... we have no word of her. The authorities refuse to tell the truth. We are in this group, fighting to try to find out the truth—if she committed any crimes at least she should be tried and should have her life. Why they took her? This is the puzzle we have. She wasn't even at the same factory anymore, she had other work. She was living honestly and wasn't involved in any politics. We can't figure out why they would take her."

—Efrain Garcia Romano, father of Lesbia Lucrecia Escobar Garcia, 26 years old.

"We Want Our Brother Back"

*"I am here [in the Grupo de Apoyo Mutuo] because of my brother, ****, who was 35 years old. They detained him. He had been sent for on a work project. That was the day he disappeared, the first of August, 1984. He went to the appointment and never returned. The Army took him. We don't know why. He wasn't involved in anything. He was a carpenter and a mason in ****. He is our only brother and he lived with us. He hadn't committed any crime. The day he disap-*

peared, we, my mother and sister, accompanied him to the place that the Lieutenant had told him [to go], a private house. We know how things are and we told him, 'Well, we'll go with you, just in case.' We arrived at the house and they opened the door, took him in and shut the door. We could hear them beating him but we could not enter. Then the door opened and they brought him out and we heard the Lieutenant say to take him and us to the military camp. They took us all and then they separated him from us and we never heard any more from him. The next day my mother decided to take him breakfast at the Army camp. We asked the Lieutenant about him but he said that he wasn't there. Then he told us not to ask any more because my brother had been 'involved in things.' But that is a lie. Then they told us that if we came again they would take us too. For that, we stayed away and things remained as they were. We couldn't go back, you know—they would have taken us too.

"On the radio we heard of this group [Grupo de Apoyo Mutuo] and we came. We have been coming for months. We don't know if it will have any results.

"Why are we coming? We want [our brother] back. We want him alive."

—Anonymous by request

"My name is Carlos Alberto Ramirez. I am in this group on behalf of my son, Carlos Guillermo Ramirez Galvez. He was 19 years old, born the 5th of February 1966, and was taken away the 14th of February 1984. At 2:00 a.m. on the 14th of February, he was captured by men from DIT [Departamento de Investigaciones Tecnicas, one of the Guatemalan police forces.] They took him away in a red jeep and a white van. There were fourteen men, all heavily armed... First they knocked on the doors and windows with their guns and then they started to

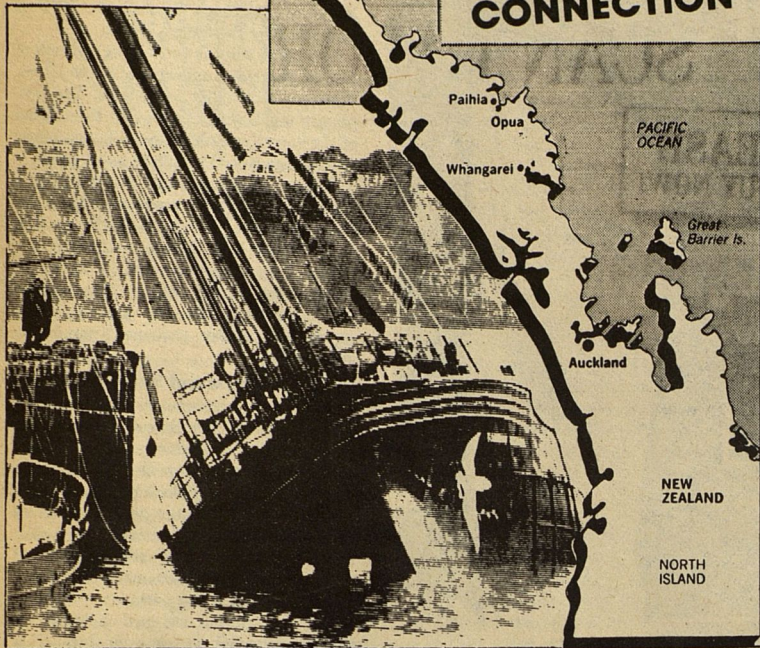
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Nicaragua: Soccer players pause for a photo in the neighborhood of Monimbo in Masaya where the first revolt against Somoza's National Guard occurred in 1978. Young people with masks threw bottles, rocks, and molotov cocktails. See pg. 6 for a report on the contra attack at Esteli.

GREENPEACE:

THE FRENCH CONNECTION



by Sandy McCroskey

The bombing of the Greenpeace flagship *The Rainbow Warrior* by French agents on July 10 of this year has focused worldwide attention on France's adamantly pro-nuclear position. Despite the blatant illegality of the operation, which took place in New Zealand's Auckland Harbor and in which a Greenpeace photographer was killed, the outrage felt by most French citizens is directed at the way the job was bungled and the embarrassing sight of their highest officials stumbling over one another to issue specious denials. When Prime Minister Fabius admitted on Sept. 22 that French agents were responsible for the attack—which fact had been pretty well established in the press by that time—he

stated that the agents directly responsible would not be identified, as they were only "following orders." French resolve to continue its South Pacific nuclear testing program has, if anything, been strengthened. On October 24, French commandos seized the sailboat which had taken over the *Warrior's* mission, the 36-foot *Vega*, as it approached the nuclear test site at Muroroa Atoll. The bomb was detonated as planned the next day.

New Zealand's David Lange called the bombing this summer "a sordid act of international terrorism." French President Mitterand seemed to concur, dubbing it "a criminal and stupid act," an "absurd crime." But for the French, among whom there is overwhelming support for the

Pacific tests, the major question was whether the orders for such a fiasco came from the highest echelons of Mitterand's Socialist government.

Trail of Blood

Two days after the bombing, New Zealand police arrested and charged with murder and arson a French-speaking man and woman, "Alain and Sophie Turenge," traveling with false Swiss passports, who turned out to be officers in the French armed forces: Maj. Alain Mafart and Capt. Dominique Prieur. Paris at this point insisted that the government was "in no way" involved. On the 26th of July, New Zealand police began looking for three crew members of a French-registered yacht, the *Ouvéa*.

In the government's own investigation, "concluded" in record time by Bernard Tricot, who has ties to the rightist opposition, senior officials insisted that these two teams were entirely independent of one another and had no mission beyond observing, respectively, the Greenpeace fleet in northern New Zealand, and the *Rainbow Warrior*, in Auckland Harbor. However, there are remarkable parallels between the itineraries of the two teams, and Mafart is deputy commanding officer under the leader of the other team, Sgt. Roland Verge, at the center for combat frogmen in Corsica. Including one Christine Cabon who, posing as an activist, engaged in espionage prior to the action, six French agents were now known to have been sent to New Zealand; four were from the "action division" of the DGSE (General Directorate for External Security), trained as combat divers.

Lange called the Tricot report, "so transparent that it could not be called a whitewash." On Sept. 17, *Le Monde* reported that Defense Minister Charles Hernu had apparently ordered that French divers sink the Greenpeace ship. Hernu still protested innocence and promised a "pitiless" investigation. On the 19th, Mitterand ordered an overhaul of the DGSE. How could it be that the press knew more than his own intelligence service? The next day, Hernu resigned and the head of the DGSE, Adm. Pierre Lacoste, was dismissed.

Though Hernu has been accused of planning the operation, there is a possibility that he issued more general orders which were interpreted, as to details, by the agents in the field. As to the implication of Mitterand, about which some journalists waxed melodramatic for a time, there is the matter of some \$400,000, alleged to have been allocated for this heroic venture by Mitterand's own military aid, Gen. Jean Saulnier. However, the trail of blood has seemed to end with Hernu, in the public mind, which has lost all but the most cursory interest in the case. In light of the history of the French intelligence services, it is not really so unlikely that an element in the agency acted in a manner unauthorized by higher governmental officials.

Nonetheless, this is not the first time that Greenpeace has been attacked by agents of the French government. "In the past, the French have rammed Greenpeace protest vessels off Muroroa, wrecked rigging, and in one instance boarded the *Vega*, beating the crew and partially blinding the skipper. (James Ridgeway in the *Village Voice*, Aug. 2, '85.) According to Bernard Stasi, a former minister for France's overseas territories, the military almost succeeded in getting a plan approved for sabotaging a Greenpeace ship in 1973. (*Washington Post*, Sept. 2, '85.)

Tricot suggested there may have been a plot on the part of a right-wing faction to sink the ship and Mitterand, too. The too-obvious trails left by the "Turenge's" and the *Ouvéa* crew might be explained by the fact that they were primarily decoys, while the three frogmen who did plant the bomb were never detected, and are being shielded by the government. If so, the bombers are dealing lightly with the lives of two of their "decoys," who go on trial for murder on Nov. 4 in New Zealand.

The new DGSE head, René Imbot, has charged four members of the agency with leaking information. On Sept. 27, he spoke darkly of the discovery of a plot to "destroy" the secret service. However, nothing more has been heard of this in the past month.

This August, eight Pacific nations, in-
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ALTERNATIVE MEXICO

by Bill Weinberg

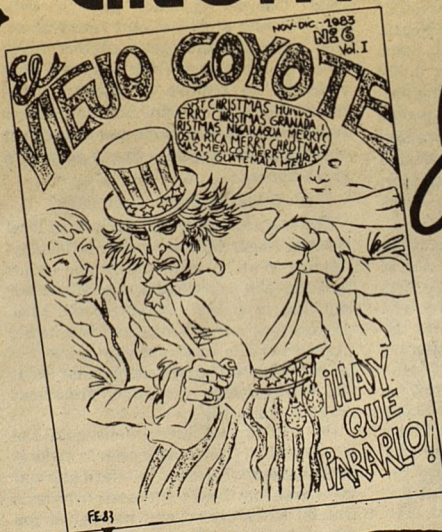
Since the late 1960s, a movement of small-scale alternative media groups has been growing in Mexico, as in many other countries around the world. These groups and publications deal with issues such as feminism, ecology, Indian land rights and resistance to US interference in Latin American affairs, which are not covered either adequately or accurately by the mainstream media.

A new publication which aims to coordinate alternative groups and publications in Mexico is *Arcorredes*, which translates as "rainbow network" and dubs itself, "the Alternative of Ecological Communication." Published in Mexico City, *Arcorredes* is now one year old and has produced four issues which include statements of purpose and vision from a wide variety of alternative groups and collectives as diverse as MAIS (*Mancomunidad de la America India Solar*) which is dedicated to exploring the interplay of Western and Native American spiritual traditions, and *Crutsio*, a study center in the remote desert of Baja California dedicated to keeping alive the international language Esperanto, devised as a universal idiom with roots common to every European language.

Rainbow Network

One of the ecology-oriented groups in the burgeoning *Arcorredes* network is GEA. Besides being a variation on the name of the Greek Earth-goddess (Gaia), the word GEA is an acronym for *Grupo de Estudios Ambientales* (Environmental Study Group). An agricultural technology

alternativa



collective, Mexico City-based GEA serves as an urban center for the planning of rural activities.

Members spend much of their time in remote areas working on such projects as the development of self-replenishing energy sources in small communities where there is no electricity. A recent endeavor was the construction of a water-wheel for an Indian village in the mountains of Oaxaca. This wheel powers a mill for grinding maize, instead of via the traditional method by hand.

GEA also produces literary projects

such as books on nutritional information, critiques of agro-industry and Spanish translations of writings in other languages, such as those of Vermont's ecological anarchist Murray Bookchin. GEA envisions a movement which will do for technology what the small publications are doing for journalism: "provide an independent alternative which is sensitive to local conditions and needs."

Also part of the *Arcorredes* network is a media group called *Huehuecoyotl*—which means "old coyote" in Nahuatl, the ancient Toltec tongue which is still spoken

by many meso-american Indians. Twenty years ago the people who founded this group were an international nomadic tribe of visionaries called the Illuminated Elephants, who were instrumental in initiating the first Rainbow Gatherings.

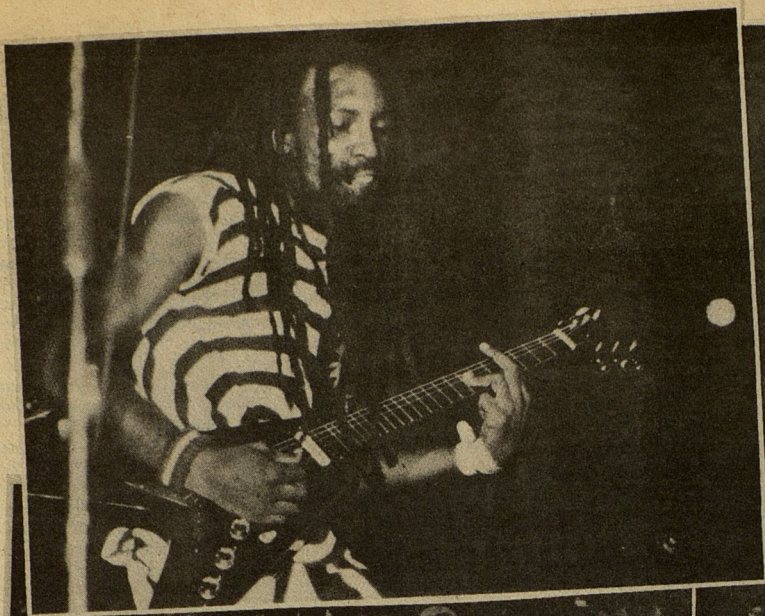
In the mid-seventies they changed their name and settled down in their current home, secluded in the mountains of Morelos, south of the Federal District. The mountains have a profound and radical spiritual and political history—they gave birth to both Quetzalcoatl, the mythical god-king of the Toltecs, and Emiliano Zapata, the revolutionary hero who led Indians and *campesinos* to seize back land from the wealthy hacienda owners and foreign interests.

The members of *Huehuecoyotl* support their rural land-base in part by producing alternative video projects which are often broadcast on educational public television in Mexico City. They also publish a cultural periodical called *El Viejo Coyote*, which is strongly influenced by the Situationist analysis. Last year *Huehuecoyotl* produced both a video and an issue of *El Viejo Coyote* which explored the modern significance of Orwell's 1984.

The prime mover behind *El Viejo Coyote* is Alberto Ruz Buenfil, a veteran of Mexico's late-sixties campus movement and son of Alberto Ruz Lhuillier, the archeologist who excavated the pyramid-tomb at the ancient Mayan city of Palenque in Mexico's southernmost state of Chiapas. *Huehuecoyotl* is currently working on a video which deals with the history of Palenque and the volatile situation in the state of Chiapas today (more on this situation later).

One of the better-known of Mexico's national alternative publications is Mexico City's *Fem*, which, as the name indicates, is written and produced by women and deals with feminist concerns. Popular with students and frequently found on newsstands around universities, *Fem* focuses on such issues as women's theater

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Omoja & crowd at the show. Omoja, says Jahmai Asheber (left), means unity.

Photos by Kari Anne Koch

JAMAICA: Sun Splashes Over Sordid State

by Jackson Clubb

Jamaica is in serious trouble. Some of the factors are familiar: The Prime Minister is a right-wing stuffed shirt. Education budgets have been slashed so badly that elementary schools are closing across entire districts. The level of poverty dictates the population use unusual means to survive.

Fleeing tourists is a fully sanctioned national sport. Armies of street hustlers live by catering to the hedonism of an ever-fresh supply. A weird edge is added by the politeness of the Jamaican people. Thousands of fully qualified encyclopedia sales reps are wasting their time doing cheap dope sales in the streets. There is enough ganja to keep everyone working.

Sugarcane covers wide fields. The effect of the monoculture crop is much like Iowa corn or Canadian wheat. Multinational companies refine the plants to a white powder that wrecks the health of nations. As this is legal, the large sugar companies are seldom brought to justice.

The last attempt to refine ganja to a powder by an American drug company was laughed out of the free market. The merchants of the existing trade are clubbed in the streets by the police. Tourists are frequently exempt from possession busts now. They are pampered like prize livestock. Foreigners can smoke joints naked on the beach in Negril while watching Coast Guard cutters patrol the bay in front of the resort hotels.

Most of the pressure to eradicate marijuana comes from the United States. U.S. Customs busted Air Jamaica, the national airline, this year; no one could explain the three tons of ganja.

A Circus of Polite Desperation

Everyone in Jamaica seems to be in business. To get juice, bread, a meat pie, or the *Daily Gleaner*, one need only step into the street.

The heaviest annual concentration of vendors is in front of the Sunsplash festival. Sunsplash is an all-night affair that goes on for five nights. This year,

Wednesday night got rained on. The first note was, by various accounts, played between 2 a.m. and 5 a.m. But it was a great night to hang out on the beach in Negril.

Thursday was the surprise night. Some 45,000 people got in and another 4,000 fans camped on hillsides overlooking Jarret Park. Several thousand other people camped to sell things. Like a decentralized Sears, they had everything. The people's market was a quarter-mile corridor. Everyone had to pass 4,000 eager clerks to get in.

It was a circus of polite desperation. Children slept on carts while the closest adult sold fruit, dope, carvings or T-shirts to make ends meet. The arena was not crowded until well after dark. It was the first time the music had ever started before schedule at the annual Sunsplash.

Jahmai and Omoja warmed the growing throng. My companion and I had blanket space between the stage and engineer's tower. Two preppies from Houston who were either brothers or clones joined us. Some younger Jamaicans noticed that the four of us were the color of tourists. One had a large woven basket of mushrooms. Third Coast, the Iowa City head shop, had been so kind as to send three crates of rolling papers along. I gave the kid about 30 books for some fresh ones.

Other kids were charging plenty for burlap bags to sit on. One young man was collecting beer bottles. He asked for change to buy a beer. Beer is probably bad for hungry nine-year-olds. I told him it was my last one and offered him some fruit.

Omoja finished and the Houston twins had split. The kid was lying beside me dozing off. Everyone was up with the music. Lines of people squeezed through the crowd. It was way past the kid's bedtime, and he was in real danger of being stepped on. He shivered on the damp ground, partially covered by a sack and a program. After a while he awoke and slipped aways to gather more bottles.

Every place to stand was occupied. Thousands of people still wanted in and

the shopping center had made camp. At 2 a.m. I went to sit on some bleachers in a far corner of Jarret Park. There were less than six porcelain toilets for 45,000 people. Hundreds were using the ground beneath the bleachers. The area became unbearable. While noting the proximity of food vendors to the whiz-in, my friend noted, "This is how hepatitis is spread." We rejoined the main crowd. A nation too poor to pay elementary teachers cannot afford porta-potties.

Festivities were hitting a peak on the field. Charlie Chaplain gave a well-received and at times very funny show. The stage manager gave another futile plea for a representative from the beer company to remove a billboard from beside a speaker column. And the hustlers swarmed in the crowd. It was the perfect opportunity to decline a line, a game or a knock-knock.

Political Change... in 1989?

The stage manager announced that local favorite Sugar Minott would not be playing due to an accident. Backstage rumor held that the police had beaten Minott for smoking in public. Whatever the case, Sugar's face was still swollen when he did play two nights later. The daily paper ran an editorial on Friday complaining about the irresponsibility of many prominent reggae musicians.

We had missed connections with the hotel and had just enough cash to make it back to Negril. I wanted to take a nap and go snorkeling. I sold the next two day's tickets in the crowd and we waited for dawn.

The bus system in Jamaica consists of independent and usually unlicensed operators. Japanese vans crammed with 19 people careen around corners. The horn is as important as the brakes. Fare is a few dollars and faith.

When a driver offered us a ride at inflated rates, the older woman standing next to me told him to get stuffed. She turned out to be from London. We formed an affinity group of five and chartered a van on the spot to the next town. The bus we hired was red-titled by any standards. It had more patches than a deadhead's road jeans. Its driver was a maniac.

Huge graffiti along the way demanded political change. Prime Minister Seaga of the Jamaican Labor Party, refuses to schedule an election. The previous chief executive, Michael Manley, is favored by the folks on the street. The Honorable Michael Manley is the vice president of the Social Democrat International and

leader of the Peoples' National Party, whose slogans adorn the walls of urban Jamaica. Seaga would lose an election held now, so he has scheduled it for 1989. A smear campaign against the PNP is underway by the Seaga forces.

The right wing is promoting rumors of Cuban guerrillas and appealing to Christian fundamentalist tendencies. The people are not buying it a second time. Most of the voters want Manley back, and many openly describe themselves as socialist.

They are not enamored of Castro-style communism. PNP is a sister party of the Socialist parties in France and Spain that are in power now. (Not a great reference, as the French government is trying to scrub the blood of a Greenpeace photographer off its hands while spreading nuclear garbage around the globe.)

Ashamed and Nauseous

An overly comfortable Texan built a golf course on his estate just west of Montego Bay on highway A1. The complex is disgracefully posh, resembling a theme park and run like a plantation. The drivers on tourist buses point to it as an attraction. Jamaicans on the real public transit just glare at it. It's the kind of thing that gives Americans a reputation as rich twits in those parts.

The bus driver stopped halfway to Negril and tried to raise the fare. This time we all told him to get stuffed. He left us all, two American students, three women from London and a Jamaican man, standing in front of a seedy club in the town of Lucea. Two different vans immediately offered rides to Negril. Within 90 minutes we were all on the beach in front of our hotel.

Sometime later I went to the bar at the hotel. A color TV was showing CNN news. Jerry Falwell was on, explaining why South Africa was a Christian nation. This brought back thoughts of the American right-wing clergy who defended the Third Reich just prior to World War II. Sitting in a bar full of black Third Worlders and watching Jerry Falwell defend a fascist regime made me ashamed and nauseous.

The bartender poured another round of rum and I recounted the waves of anti-apartheid protest on American campuses. The whole bar was pleased to hear this and we drank a toast to the overthrow of the South African government.

Paradise on the Edge

A few hundred yards offshore from the bar and hotel, a Jamaican Coast Guard ship was anchored. Their mission was to search for and seize ganja smugglers. Official speedboats were running the length of the bay looking for suspicious boats. The pressure for these operations comes from the Reagan administration. A hotel security guard smoked a spliff with me as we watched the sunset frame the ship's outline. In a place where proper sanitation, medical and educational facilities were beyond reach, the government could spend millions on such games.

Service systems are breaking down. The government has blown some important bauxite contracts and is trying to break the teachers' union. The police don't like to bother foreigners in the act of spending. A poor Jamaican can expect a beating if he steps over the line.

A man on the beach told me hundreds of people in the hills and shantytowns have been shot by the authorities since the advent of the Seaga campaign. Raids in urban centers such as Kingston are a common occurrence. Not for the herb; most of the individuals in a crowd are holding a joint or so. The object of these raids is firearms. It's life in the food chain, and the big fish are nervous.

The Jamaicans seem to be delaying insurrection on the basis of civility. But politeness has its limits. Jamaicans insist the administration will change—whether by formal election or some other means remains to be seen. For now it is paradise on the edge.

Jackson Clubb is the publisher of the (new) *Prairie Sun*, from the first issue of which this article is reprinted (Sept., 1985). *Prairie Sun Worker Cooperative*, 521 S. Gilbert, Iowa City, IA. 52240. Phone: (319) 354-0722 (Business Office), 0709 (News Desk).

by Patrick Fahey

On Wednesday afternoon, July 31, 1985 our taxi approached the bridge that crosses the Rio Viejo, between Sebaco and La Trinidad on the way north to Esteli. With frequent stops due to overheating heading up the mountains, there were plenty of opportunities to observe the unusual number of helicopters and other reconnaissance vehicles passing overhead, but neither the *taxista* nor I had caught the hint, as we sat dumbfounded to the commotion only six carlengths ahead of us on the bridge.

When I finally got out of the taxi, I noticed the TV camera crew interviewing some militia men standing in the middle of the bridge. The man carrying the minicam turned from the interview as I approached, aiming at the bridge surface for a final scan. As I followed the sweep of the camera, six gigantic holes exploded in my face through which I could see the Rio Viejo gushing past some 70 feet below.

The bridge's I-beams were clearly exposed, the ganglion of 1/2 inch rebar twisted randomly outward. The early morning contra attack on the bridge left 8 young militia men dead, along with 11 contra. The pattern this incident would fall into in the coming days would keep the city of Esteli trapped between two contra perimeters to the north and south for days.

Once the militia and the camera crew left the bridge, traffic began budging forward again. Two 12' X 2' cedar boards had been placed over each hole, making it possible to cross the bridge. Trucks passed easily, but our Daihatsu sedan was capable of falling through some of the big holes, prompting the continuous guidance from a half-dozen people waving what seemed to be more than a dozen hands.

Sleeping with One Eye Open

Walking backwards as the taxi passed gingerly over the final hole, I had nearly failed to notice the worried and fatigued faces of over 100 refugees, men, women and children, carrying clothes, food, rifles and infants. The sound that mountains and mortar shells make brought me to complete stillness, broken only by the *taxista* urgently firing off a demand to get back in the taxi. The explosion site was less than 100 kilometers from Managua.

Esteli, located 160 kilometers north of Managua and some 120 kilometers south of the Honduran border, runs the most highly organized civil defense system in Nicaragua, one whose legend is rooted in this country's revolutionary history. It was liberated three times at great cost of human life. It was bombed three times in the war against Somoza with the same Israeli-made "push and pull" aircraft presently being used to defend the city. Such bombings included the newly restored cathedral which overshadows center plaza. The remaining bullet holes which still pock entire sections of the downtown area are a continuing reminder that its legend is well deserved. Esteli is a town that sleeps with one eye open. During my stay there, I was obliged to do the same.

—Patrick Fahey wrote for the *Plutonium Players* playing the part of Lee Iacocca in "Reagan for Shah." He also played mandolin with Dave Lippman throughout the U.S. and on a 1981 European tour.

Fascist Fan Club Funds Contras

The far-right World Anti-Communist League is now openly funding Central American contras parallel to CIA aid. The "Moonies"—well known WACL financiers—are also in on the act.

Since Congress questioned CIA aid, WACL has been raising around \$500,000 a month for the contras. WACL has been utilizing the services of *Soldier of Fortune* to organize military training facilities, the supply of counter-insurgency experts and the deployment of mercenaries. The

Graves dug for contra victims in Esteli



Fahey and other *internacionalistas* partying it up in a Managua bar



CONTRA ATTACKS ON ESTELI (or "Now That You Got Your \$27 Million Let's See Some Action")

As a carpenter and clown (not necessarily a journalist), my reasons for heading up to Esteli were other than being where the action is. After a phone call from a group of North American carpenters and solidarity people nearing completion of the new Eduarda Selva Health Center, I had packed the tools of my trade in order to frame and install doors, among other finish carpentry work. I'd also brought my mandolin and an assortment of clown objects in order to entertain children at the *heurfanos*, an orphanage for kids who had lost their parents in the war against Somoza, as well as subsequent contra attacks. Little did I know that some of the "kids" would be 14-16 year old militia and medical workers, my audiences during all night *vigilancia*, to keep people awake and diminish the anxiety and boredom that goes along with defending the city against attack. As often as not, I played with one eye open.

As darkness fell the first night, the disturbing sounds of not-so-distant mortar fire and automatic weapons bursts increased, along with night-time air reconnaissance and troop transport. It also proved to be the final night that food would be served in hotels and restaurants. Tomorrow, Thursday August 1, a war alert would be in full effect. This included a rationing of all basic materials such as medicine, gasoline and food, as well as a 10 p.m. curfew. Trucks bearing these items were particularly prime contra targets. With the ambush of a military truck which killed 26 Esteliano militia men, and the destruction of two bridges to the south, the strategy was now becoming clear: to isolate the town of Esteli, preparing for what appeared to be a large-scale attack.

Full War Alert

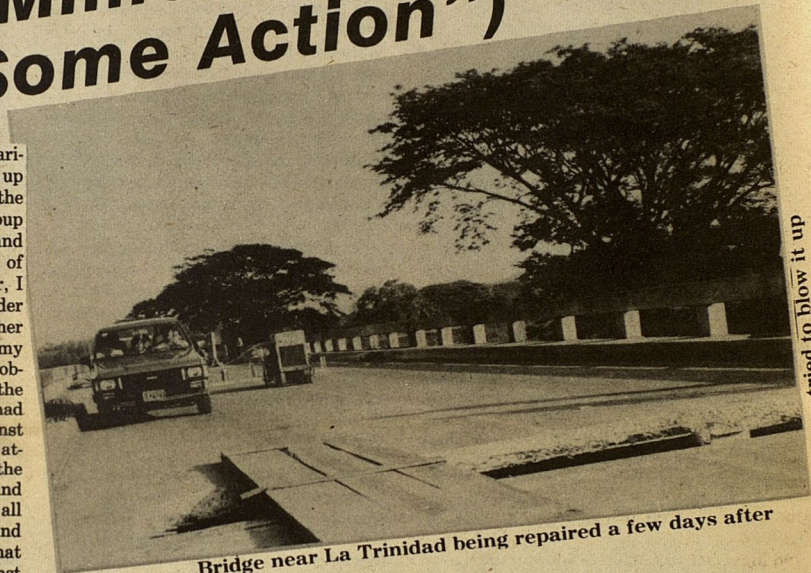
Thursday was a day of work cancellation after a morning of work, and the unfinished health center became that afternoon (and thereafter) a regular meeting place for public civil defense instruction, war casualty reports, and other information. By lunchtime everything in town was closed. A CDS (civil defense) meeting replaced the afternoon work, largely to explain the responsibilities of all citizens and *internacionalistas*, including registry of all non-residents at Immigration for accountability's sake, and a suggestion that all those interested in participating in the defense of the city at any level contact the particular CDS office in their barrio.

The seriousness of the situation dawned only slowly. I hope the Nicaraguans could understand. After all, I come from a country that has not experienced a full war alert in over 200 years.

sorship of a number of "death squad"-type exercises, including the "Banzer Plan" that led to the decimation of leftist priests and nuns, especially in El Salvador and Guatemala.

The American Council for World Freedom is the US section of WACL and its chairman (sic) is retired General John K. Singlaub. The ACWP has connections with virtually all the far-right organizations in the USA as well as with Congress and the White House Administration. In the past Singlaub has acted as an unofficial advisor to Reagan on Central American affairs. As well as the Boulder training centre other WACL sponsored death squad centers have been established in Florida (with the help of the Cuban exile Alpha 66 set-

"Institute for Regional and International Studies" in Boulder, Colorado currently functions as a centre for the training of contras and Salvadoran Anti-Terrorist forces. The Institute was established jointly by *Soldier of Fortune* and WACL. WACL is connected with numerous other organizations involved in contra fundraising/training: mercenary set-ups, Cuban exile groups, terror organizations, fascist movements, government security forces and official government agencies (e.g., CIA, Defense Department, etc.). El Salvador's Roberto d'Aubuisson is a WACL delegate and a leading figure in its Central American arm, Confederacion Anticomunista Latino-americana. CAL over the years has been involved in the spon-



Bridge near La Trinidad being repaired a few days after

contras tried to blow it up

That evening I was walking with Mr. Guinn Williams, a land reform consultant to Nicaragua. We left from our hotel headed toward the center of town to find some food (hotels were strictly rationed) and to have a look around. At 10 p.m., we were stopped by two CDCs who told us that it wasn't safe to pass. We told him we were hungry and asked if he knew where public food might be rationed out. He smiled calmly and pointed toward the fire station. We turned left toward TELCOR (the national and international phone service) and then right toward a column of army supply trucks and groups of people in fatigues in front of the fire station. The pool hall next door, it was rumored, was offering rations of food and drink. When we turned the corner, however, there across from the truck column were hundreds of soldiers sleeping with fully loaded guns across their chests, sharing the entire concrete floor with the two red fire

up) and California. Recent exposure of WACL/*Soldier of Fortune* covert activities in Central America has only been the tip of the iceberg. Death Squads have been operating with WACL aid in Guatemala for several years without press attention.

The editor and publisher of *Soldier of Fortune*, Robert Brown, is himself a US Army-trained expert on counter-insurgency who has had battlefield experience in Central America, as well as Southern Africa. Brown in addition boasts of Special Forces experience in Vietnam and involvement in training Cuban exiles in preparation for the Bay of Pigs exercise. Brown learnt most of his clandestine warfare techniques as a Special Operations Group operative

trucks stationed inside the open-front fire-
place.

As our walkpace slowed thoughtfully,
the floodgate crashed at our feet. We were
instantly assaulted by intense reds and
greens, force-fed through the darkness by
a single incandescent bulb, the effect
heightened by the plane of the light cut-
ting directly across the street upon us.
Suddenly, another sound broke the mur-
murs and whispers. Looking behind us,
we witnessed a casket being carried out of
the firehouse to an open-bed truck by
several *companioneros*. Behind them walked
a young woman bent over in anguish and
disbelief, as her young husband was being
lifted onto the truck. How many times,
how many more times, I thought over and
over, opaquely hearing Mr. Williams ut-
ter, "If only Ronald Reagan could see his
war right now..."

All in A Day's "Freedom Fighting"

10:45 p.m. The announcement came: a
woman's voice reporting the news could
be heard from where we sat in our hotel,
crackling over loudspeakers located on the
highest building in town. Fifteen young
Frente militia killed in La Trinidad, 12
kilometers south of Esteli. The contras
must have fought hard for the bridge. A
task force of 60-100 contras, well-armed
with U.S.-made weapons and field-based
rockets with a range of up to 20 miles,
their aim was the grain storage facility on
the outskirts of La Trinidad. Another
nearly simultaneous attack on the police
station was merely a tactic to funnel off
some of the concentration of militia guar-
ding the storage facility. The contras blew
up one of the graineries containing the
equivalent of 240 two hundred pound
bags of maize and beans.

The bus filled with 60 touring
evangelists from Mexico and the U.S. was
heading north from Managua toward the
Honduran border, on its way back to Mex-
ico City early Wednesday morning around
6 a.m. As the bus crossed the bridge at La
Trinidad, contras armed with automatic
weapons emerged from the underbrush,
bringing the bus to a halt. The contras
marched all the passengers off the
bus—after checking for Cuban passports
and FSLN personnel—then set fire to the
bus with all their belongings and sent
them walking back to Managua. The
burnt hulk of the bus can still be seen on
the side of the road, just past the bridge at
La Trinidad as one passes between Esteli
and Managua on Carretera Norte, serving
as a permanent reminder of the war
against "communist aggression" along the
Pan-American highway.

Minutes later, the contras stopped a
Lada sedan, the standard government-
issue vehicle. There were four occupants,
including a mother and a small child. The
contras shot everyone in the car to death,
then burned the vehicle. "Humanitarian
aid" to the contras passed 248-148 in the
House of Representatives, only a month
ago.

Contra guerrillas specifically targeted
the Defense Coordinator of the CDS in La
Trinidad, hunted him down throughout
the town and murdered him. People in the
town reported that a group of ten guer-
rillas simply wandered into town, sitting
down around a table at a small bar, order-
ing beer at gunpoint. They went through a
couple of cases, then wandered off like a
wild bad-boy gang, all very early in the
morning.

sent in to annihilate Viet Cong
militia. One of his colleagues in SOG
was none other than Singlaub. One of
Brown's latest escapades was "to be
seen" and photographed going
through the personal files of the ex-
Grenadian Minister of Defence on the
day of the invasion by US troops.

Singlaub and Brown are by no
means mere "independents." They
work with and for the CIA and help
prepare the ground for CIA-
controlled operations. Singlaub liaised
with the CIA in Vietnam when he
personally supervised operations
Phoenix and Omega. At that time
Singlaub reported directly to William
Colby, who subsequently became CIA
Director. One technique that
Singlaub perfected during the
Phoenix operation was the use of

Later, the contras attacked and burned
the health center, while another group
sacked five private stores. Two of the
owners of the stores, in an irony befitting
this war, had been under investigation for
actively sympathizing with the contras.
Perhaps the strongest attack in terms of
firepower and numbers, however, was the
attack on the school.

The broadcasts reported that "the
contras tried to attack and burn down the
school but failed, held off by the militia."
Other sources pointed out, however, that
the school attack was probably a diver-
sionary tactic to thin out the troop
strength guarding the grain silos, the
contras' real target.

In fact, later on there was a similarly
ferocious attack on the police post in La
Trinidad, again clearly intended for tacti-
cal reasons. However, this time it
backfired into an enormous battle, and
the contras got pinned down. This prob-
ably prevented complete destruction of
the second grain facility. The cost was
high, with 8 military and 7 civilians killed.
Contra dead was listed at 12.

In concert with the pattern of recent at-
tacks on food cooperatives nearby, the
character of a destabilization war becomes
chillingly apparent in the words of Henry
Kissinger during the destabilization of
Chile in 1972: "to make the economy
scream."

Soggy Cigar

The large Cuban cigar was starting to
get soggy and bloated. The man nervously
mouthing it was an anti-Castro Cuban
with U.S. citizenship who came to
Nicaragua to make an *empresario's* for-
tune in tobacco. As the cigar gyrated in
his mouth he related to us that morning
that he had given permission early this
morning to one of his "trabajadores" ("a
friend of my wife's," his bulging eyes roll-
ed) to transport a load of goods and equip-
ment between Esteli and Sebaco, when it
was stopped by a phalanx of contras
emerging from the underbrush on the side
of the road.

Only minutes before, the driver had
picked up one of the evangelists who, as it
turns out, had escaped from the bus which
had been stopped and burned only a half
hour earlier. According to the driver, the
evangelist was relating that incident just
as the contras emerged. As other armed
guerrillas were being helped up the em-
bankment, the evangelist bolted from the
truck and fled.

Checking the truck's ID papers, the
North American ID in the glove compart-
ment wasn't good enough for the contra,
who suspiciously looked at the driver's
papers, saying, "We recognize this vehicle.
It's a Cuban vehicle. We're going to burn
it." Suddenly, just as they were about to
burn the vehicle and kill the driver, along
came two "push and pulls" (Israeli aircraft
from the time of Somoza) doing patrol.
The frightened contras dove back into the
underbrush, and the driver jumped back
into the truck and took off for his life. The
evangelist was still inching his way over
the horizon. Somoza had bombed Esteli
with rockets fired from the very same
"push and pulls," particularly the grand
cathedral, during the final insurrection in
1979.

The evangelist was obviously not having
a good day, one of the attendant listeners
pointed out, but his mad sprint down Car-

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pseudo-gang warfare: namely the
carrying-out of atrocities but making
it look as if they were committed by
the enemy. Through SOG Singlaub
also carried out a programme of
guerrilla warfare training at ground
level to sympathetic Vietnamese and
Laotians.

Since 1975 Singlaub and Brown
have organized under the banner of
Special Operations Association. Singlaub
is also vice-Chairman (sic) of the
hawkish Coalition for Peace
through Strength, which carries a
great deal of influence over defense
matters in the White House. The
Coalition also acts as a major counter-
organization to the Peace lobby,
funds research into "subversives" and
anti-nuclear organizations and

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Managua near the U.S. Embassy



Students in Managua at Literacy Museum to see Minister of Education
Fernando Cardenal



Typical busstop scene in Nicaragua



Esteli children

all photos this story/Paul DeRienzo

GUATEMALA

continued from page one

destroy the house. They said they were there to check documents. One had a shoulder bag in which were guns and grenades. Grenades made in the U.S. Under threat of death one of my daughters was forced to show where my son kept his clothes and she watched as one of them planted two grenades there. Then another man 'discovered' the grenades, making out that they belonged to my son. When they first broke into the house, my son had gotten up quickly and put on his shoes, but the men made him take his shoes off. They tied his hands with rope, and even while he was still in our house, they began to shock him with electric current, and to beat him, asking him questions, but we couldn't understand the questions because he made us all go into another room.

"We have asked the authorities, we asked the office of Gobernacion a few days after his capture, for an explanation. We sent a letter explaining everything. For six months we got no reply. We sent two telegrams and got an audience after the second telegram. There was no result, no information from this, only that it would be investigated."

"Now it is a month and 20 days which have passed in which we have been receiving information about the results of the investigation. Up to this minute they have not told us a thing. More than a year and we have no information about the capture of my son."

Subversive Acts

"To take steps toward the reappearance alive of the disappeared is a subversive act and measures will be adopted to deal with it."

—General Oscar Humberto Mejia Vicatores, President of Guatemala

Along the road into Guatemala City, are painted in huge block letters, over and over again, in Spanish: "WORK, DON'T CRITICIZE" and "GUATEMALA IS FIRST!" The woman with whom my travelling companions and myself got a ride from Antigua is a mathematics professor at Guatemala City's National University of San Carlos. She tells us that many of her co-workers disappeared for daring to teach a version of history or politics that portrays Guatemala's peasant insurgency or Nicaragua's Sandinistas in a positive light. "I will not disappear, because I teach mathematics," she says. "The government cannot say that two plus two do not equal four. I have political views, but I keep quiet about them."

She tells of the inception of GAM, the Mutual Support Group for the Appearance Alive of Our Spouses, Parents, Brothers and Sisters—a group which is made up of family members of disappeared persons and for the past year has been organizing to pressure for their reappearance.

She also tells us of a traditional University of San Carlos event, in which the campus political groups take to the streets of Guatemala City with floats and spontaneous theater. The event was suspended five years ago, after the last one was followed by a slew of disappearances among the organizers. Now Guatemala is having a much-touted "democratic opening" as the military prepares to cede power following the first elections for a civilian president in thirty years, to be held in October of 1985. The students are putting this "democratic opening" to the test. In three days, she tells us, the tradition will be resumed and the campus political groups will take to the streets.

Three days later, March 29, 1985, the streets of Zone 1, Guatemala City's downtown section, are lined with spectators, under the brilliant sun and billboards advertising Sassoon jeans and McDonald's hamburguesas. When the parade of students appears it is a surreal vision. They have all altered their ap-

pearance to avoid identification. Some wear masks over their heads, some are in drag, some are dressed in costumes impersonating political figures. At the head of the procession, students clear a path through the crowd of spectators with most innovative and effective implements—sticks onto the ends of which tampons and condoms have been affixed. A little creativity with ketchup and mayonnaise renders them particularly nauseating.

"Hey, Gringo! Give Us Money!"

The overall effect of this bizarre scene is like National Lampoon's Animal House infused with righteous political anger. A man in a mock-military uniform on top of a paper-mache tank holds a toy quetzal by a chain which is around its neck (the quetzal is the sacred bird of the Maya Indians and the symbol of Guatemala). A man representing Uncle Sam throws play money to groups of students in the mock-military uniforms, carrying toy machine-guns and pretending to terrorize the crowd.

Some of the students with masks over their faces have shirts and banners proclaiming the names of guerrilla organizations such as the EGP (Guerrilla Army of the Poor), OPRA (Organization of the People in Arms) and the URNG (Guatemalan National Revolutionary Union, the all-inclusive rebel coalition.)

To get a better view of the exhibition, many spectators had climbed up to the rooftops and window ledges of the shops that lined the streets. I started to scale a wall and somebody above gave me a hand up to a ledge overlooking the street. This

(right) A mutual support group leader displays a newspaper ad showing pictures of the disappeared. photo: Jaqueline Mosio
(below) Flaunting defiance of military rule, students disguise themselves to avoid identification and disappearance.



photo: anonymous

proved to be a mistake, for not only did it make the procession more visible to me, but made me more visible to the procession. Within minutes a crowd had gathered directly below me, screaming, "Gringo! Gringo! Give us money!" One of the demonstrators started poking my hind quarters with a huge and grisly joint of raw meat. Another took out a red magic-marker and started scrawling political slogans and symbols on my pants leg. "Great!" I thought to myself sarcastically. "Now if there's any violence, the police will think that I'm one of the demonstrators!" I was considering climbing the rest of the way up to the roof to escape my tormentors when my Guatemalan friend who was photographing the event appeared from the crowd and came to my rescue by dissuading them from further teasing. I climbed down and he said, "Here, stick with me, you'll be safer."

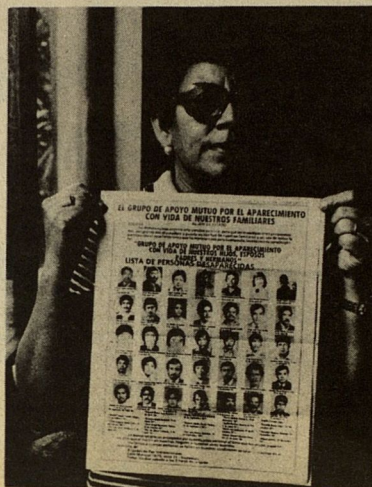
We continued to follow the procession until it arrived back at the University. Once inside the gates of the campus, everyone breathed a sigh of relief that

there had been no violence. Tape recorders started blasting forth North American funk and rock music as the students removed their masks and wigs and washed the paint from their faces.

GAM Lives Dangerously

The following week was *Semana Santa*, Easter Week, which is a very big event in Guatemala, full of religious processions and celebration. However, *Semana Santa* of 1985 was marred by the double murder of two leaders of GAM. Many had seen this event coming a long way in advance. The members of GAM are, by protesting the disappearance of their loved ones, risking becoming disappeared themselves.

GAM was founded in June of 1984 and quickly grew to over 500 members, after the Victores government granted them permission to organize, probably thinking that they would be non-threatening and good publicity for the "democratic opening." However, organizing around the slogan, "They were taken alive—we want them returned alive," GAM started to make public its estimate that the Victores regime had orphaned 10,000 children and caused 3,000 people to disappear, only a few of whom have since reappeared.



fessor at the University of San Carlos, had been abducted in May of 1984. Rosario received reports that he was alive, held in one of the government's clandestine jails. Carlos' father, Rafael Cuevas del Cid, was the rector of the University of San Carlos in the early 'seventies and was responsible for making the University an institution concerned with social issues.

Rosario became the key figure behind such GAM activity as weekly pot-banging sessions in front of government offices and full-page ads showing photos of the disappeared in Guatemala's newspapers.

On March 30 of 1985, Rosario wrote a letter to her family in Costa Rica: "There are persistent rumors that the government has a surprise for us. The bad thing is that we don't know if this refers to returning some of the disappeared or to eliminating GAM's directorate. Believe me, all the threats the government has sent us don't matter to me; they have already promised to 'fill us with lead' if we continue. But I will continue. They either give Carlos back to me or they'll have to take me as well."

Atrocities Committed to Deter GAM

That same day, March 30, Hector Orlando Gomez, one of the few male members of GAM's directorate, was abducted by four men in civilian clothes. His body was found the next day and showed evidence of torture—his tongue had been cut off and his skull had multiple fractures. The medical report cited only liver damage, but the doctor who signed the report himself died under mysterious circumstances eight days later.

Gomez' funeral, on April 1, was attended by four hundred people. Rosario Godoy read a statement by the GAM which was broadcast on national TV news, saying that Gomez' death would not be forgotten.

Three days later, on April 4, Rosario Godoy disappeared. Several days later, Rosario, her brother and infant son were found dead in an automobile at the bottom of a ravine outside Guatemala City. Although the deaths were officially attributed to an automobile accident, the bodies showed signs of asphyxiation and the baby's fingernails had been pulled off.

Despite this intimidation, nine days later, on April 13, over one thousand GAM supporters marched through Guatemala City to the National Palace to protest the killings and to continue to demand information on the whereabouts of the disappeared.

These recent street demonstrations in Guatemala have not been broken up by police or otherwise met with direct violence. Full-page advertisements demanding the reappearance of the disappeared are not censored from the press. That would be bad international public relations for the "democratic opening." But Guatemala's military has made it clear to the citizenry that, "democratic opening" or no, they do not intend to relinquish much control.

The gringo overlords in Washington, D.C. who continue to fund these butchers refuse to see that democracy cannot flourish in an atmosphere of terror. When and if Guatemala sees a real democratic opening, it will be due to courage of people such as those in GAM and the students of San Carlos, not the alleged benevolence of the Generals who have got to put on a good show for their foreign financiers like the U.S. and Israel.

more...

On August 28 new widespread demonstrations were sparked by the government's decision to hike bus fares by 50%. Within hours 12 buses were burned, and during the next week downtown Guatemala City and the University of San Carlos were occupied by riot police and the army. Meanwhile, strikes and slowdowns by government workers in banking and the electric power system, as well as shopkeepers protesting high food prices were held. By September 6, over 1,500 people had been arrested, and ten were believed to have been killed, but the government was forced to roll back the bus fares.

The bus fare riots were the latest response to Guatemala's worsening economic situation. With unemployment at 50%, and per capita income the lowest in 13 years, Guatemala is under severe pressure by the IMF to repay its debt by cutting public spending and raising taxes. The military government of General Mejia Vicatores, considered the worst violator of human rights in the Western hemisphere, is doing whatever the IMF asks. And the Reagan administration, which recently lifted a ban on arms sales to Guatemala, is providing General Mejia Vicatores with more than \$40 million in aid this year.

MEXICO

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and art groups and demonstrations for abortion rights (abortion rights are virtually non-existent in Mexico). *Fem* has an international slant and includes translations of such writers as poet Adrienne Rich. The first issue of 1985, *Fem's* eighth year, was on the theme "Women and Violence." It included articles on domestic violence, women in the resistance movement during Argentina's military rule and the women's movement against nuclear weapons and militarism in Great Britain and the U.S.

Many of these alternative publications are geared to the geographic area in which they originate. *Alternativa*, for instance, from La Paz in Baja California Sur, deals extensively with the politics and history of Baja California. A recent issue focused on how the introduction of large scale mining affected an economy based on tourism and fishing. However, *Alternativa* also takes a stand on international issues such as U.S. intervention in Central

Casas. NaBolom has the most extensive and specialized library in the world on the history and ecology of meso-america and particularly Chiapas. It serves as an artists' collective, museum and home for its founder, Gertrude Blom, a photographer, writer and activist 83 years old.

The Jungle is Burning

Blom and NaBolom have a fascinating history. Gertrude, born in Switzerland, was a socialist and pacifist in Europe in the 'twenties. She worked in Germany to resist the rise of fascism there until Hitler came to power and she fled to Britain. Later, she ventured behind Nazi lines in France to help Jewish refugees escape and was captured. Fortunately, her release was negotiated by political supporters in Britain, but she decided then to leave Europe.

She arrived in Mexico in 1940, embittered by the failure of her struggle to stop either the war or the rise of fascism, and began to teach herself photography. She first entered the Chiapas rainforest in 1943, as a member of the first government expedition to make contact with the Lacandon Mayas, a group of Indians which, secluded deep in the Lacandon

planet. We are leaving a sad legacy for future generations. . . This kind of mentality will be our downfall."

With thousands of Guatemalan refugees flooding in and Indian and campesino militancy on the rise, many fear that the Central American conflict is about to spill over into Chiapas. In response, the Mexican government has devised a Plan Chiapas, an economic program aimed at integrating the marginalized state into the mainstream of Mexican society. This plan calls for opening up the *Selva Lacandona* to exploitation by agro-industry and Pemex, the state-run oil company. It also calls for building a military highway along the Usumacinta River which forms the border with Guatemala and cuts through the heart of the rainforest. In short, it will almost certainly spell death for the Lacandon jungle, the only remaining tropical rainforest north of Central America, and its indigenous inhabitants. NaBolom, *Topos* and the National Ecologist Alliance of the *Arcorredes* network, have launched a campaign against Plan Chiapas.

Clergy Who Refuse to Keep Silent

In Chiapas, as in Oaxaca and other parts

Lake City, Utah who now resides in Mexico City and is the only non-hispanic on the staff of Iglesias. He describes it as "important as a catalyst; an interchange of information and solidarity." He says that it is read mostly by Mexican clergy, but its small circulation also reaches a few people in other Latin American countries, the U.S. and Europe. He cites CENCOS as being one of the first groups to publicize the atrocities in the Indian lands of Guatemala which began five years ago.

Rev. Jim O'Fogarty also works on the English-language newsletter of the Ecumenical Committee of U.S. Citizens in Mexico, a group which has been holding vigils of protest in front of the U.S. embassy in Mexico City ever since the inception of the Nicaraguan embargo. The newsletter is highly informative and is mailed to about 1,200 addresses, mostly in the U.S. The group coordinates with the Committee of U.S. Citizens living in Nicaragua, which has been protesting at the U.S. Embassy in Managua for over a year. Apart from protests, the group also has educational events. The group is made up in large part by exchange students and has predictably met with little sympathy



Graphic (above) from Arcorredes; photo (right) a Guatemala Maya at a refugee camp in the Chiapas Mountains (Topos); graphic (right) "Jaguar" from Nabloom Newsletter; graphic (center) "Quetzalcoatl—the Feathered Serpent" from Arcorredes



America (against it). Now in its third year, *Alternativa* has recently run into financial hard times, but continues to publish.

Topos is from San Cristobal de Las Casas, a colonial city in the Maya highlands of Chiapas, north of the Guatemalan border. *Topos* is dedicated to the preservation of those things which are particular to Chiapas—from the remaining rainforest to the traditional Mayan language and culture. As the editors of *Topos* see it, one of the most ecologically and culturally rich areas of the continent is being threatened by large-scale oil and agricultural interests from the north and political turmoil from the south. *Topos* reports on the various projects being undertaken in and around San Cristobal to help preserve the ecology of Chiapas and the identity of the Mayas.

One such project is the Sna Jolobil collective which hopes to make the ancient Mayan arts and traditional methods of textile weaving and dying commercially viable in the modern age (and thereby save them from extinction) while still maintaining their roots and authenticity. Sna Jolobil is establishing lines between the Indian villages where the goods are woven and the shops in San Cristobal which cater to the tourist circuit—and making sure that the bulk of the profits gets back to the Indians.

Topos' sister publication is the *CARGUA Bulletin*. *CARGUA* (Comite de Ayuda a Refugiados Guatemaltecos) is an independent organization which provides material aid and political support for the thousands of Guatemalan refugees who have been fleeing into Chiapas ever since the Guatemalan military began its brutal counter-insurgency program five years ago.

The *Topos* collective works closely with an ecological cultural study center called NaBolom, also in San Cristobal de Las

rainforest, had never been conquered by the Spanish or converted by Christian missionaries.

It was in this jungle, the *Selva Lacandona*, that she met her husband Frans Blom. Frans had been doing work in the region for a United States oil concern, but quit out of disgust at what the company was doing to the rainforest and went on to become one of the first archeologists to unearth many of the region's ruined Mayan cities, most notably Palenque.

Gertrude found herself involved in politics once again as she and Frans fought for the preservation of the *Selva Lacandona* and its native inhabitants. Gertrude won the support and friendship of the Lacandon Maya elders and it was they who named her house in San Cristobal; "*Bolom*" is a corruption of "*Blom*," and means "jaguar" in Lacandon. NaBolom means "House of the Jaguar."

Unfortunately, Gertrude's struggle to preserve the Lacandona seems to be almost as hopeless as her struggle against war and fascism in Europe had been. In 1943, the *Selva Lacandona* covered 5,200 square miles and was inhabited by 2,000 Lacandon Mayas. Today, loggers and ranchers are quickly devouring the remaining 2,400 square miles. The population has soared to 200,000, but there are only 500 of the Lacandon Mayas left and they are rapidly being assimilated. The Lacandon is the only large stretch of rainforest left in Mexico—the rest has long since been claimed by the oil and cattle interests.

Gertrude, now widowed, continues to photograph and write about the Lacandon. In a 1980 essay entitled, "The Jungle is Burning," Blom wrote: ". . . the great trees are being destroyed and the land is enveloped in a sinister darkness. No one cares. . . It seems to me that getting rich is more important than the future of our



from Mexico City's extensive North American corporate business community, which O'Fogarty terms "the Golden Ghetto."

Clip and Save

I have yet to get back in touch to see how these groups have weathered the recent earthquake, but here are the addresses:

- MAIS**—Camarena 221, S.J., Guadalajara, Jalisco, Mexico.
- Crutsio**—A.P. 2228, Ensenada, Baja California C.P. 22800 Mexico
- Arcorredes**—Av. Acueducto No. 161, Edificio B Dpto. 43, Col. Sn. Lorenzo Huipulco, C.P. 14370, Tlapan, Mexico DF, Mexico
- GEA**—Allende No. 7, Santa Ursula Coapa, Tlapan, Mexico DF, Mexico
- Huehucocoyotl**—A.P. 111, Tepoztlan, Morelos, Mexico
- Fem**—Av. Mexico No. 76-1, Col. Progreso Tizapan, Mexico 20 DF, C.P. 01080, Mexico
- Alternativa**—Cuauhtemoc entre Altamirano y Ramirez, C.P. 23060; La Paz, Baja California Sur, Mexico
- Topos**—La Galleria, Miguuel Hidalgo 3, San Cristobal de Las Casas C.P. 29200 Chiapas, Mexico
- NaBolom**—Av. Vicente Guerrero No. 33, San Cristobal de Las Casas C.P. 29220, Chiapas, Mexico
- Iglesias**—CENCOS, Medellin 33, Colonia Roma, Deleg. Cuauhtemoc C.P. 06700, Mexico DF, Mexico
- Ecumenical Committee of U.S. Citizens in Mexico**—A.P. 101-bis, Mexico 1 DF, C.P. 06000, Mexico

Rev. Jim O'Fogarty is a priest from Salt

IBOGAINE: African Root

Interrupts Opiate Addiction

by Sandy McCroskey

INTRODUCTION:

In one of the twelve alkaloids obtained from the root of the plant *Tabernanthe iboga*, found in West Africa, Howard Lotsof has discovered a truly revolutionary cure for both heroin addiction and cocaine abuse. Unlike all other known "cures," the use of ibogaine interrupts, in the words of the patent, both "the physiological and psychological aspects of the opiate addiction syndrome," with a complete absence of withdrawal symptoms and no revival of the desire to use narcotics for months after treatment. The patent for the ibogaine procedure in the treatment of narcotics addiction was awarded Lotsof on Feb. 12 of this year; he also has patents pending for the treatment of cocaine and amphetamine abuse with ibogaine.

Ibogaine is an hallucinogen, and for that reason is classified as a Schedule One substance by the government. However, unlike LSD or other well known hallucinogens, which act as powerful unspecific catalysts of unconscious processes (depending upon the "set," "setting," etc.), ibogaine appears to act very specifically upon the physiological and psychological bases of addictive-compulsive behavior. The release of certain unconscious contents in the three to four hour hallucinatory phase seems essential to the cure.

Ironically, it is the hallucinatory aspect of the ibogaine procedure which may be responsible for the positive effects relating to the treatment of drug abuse and at the same time the reason ibogaine was classified as Schedule One, which restricts its use to research projects. Still, there is much hope, as Lotsof has been able to marshal an impressive amount of support in the four years during which he has been giving this effort his all.

I visited Howard Lotsof at home on Staten Island and recorded the story of the ibogaine heroin cure (so far) in its inventor's own words:

Early Research

The original work was conducted in 1962 and 1963 in New York, and this was prior to ibogaine being classified as a Schedule I drug. It was in the early '60s, there were no restrictions on LSD or mescaline or psilocybin or any other number of psychoactive substances. The regulations pertaining to the restrictions on these drugs occurred in 1966 and 1967. We were not looking for a cure for heroin addiction or cocaine abuse. I was interested in psychoactive compounds and I established a research laboratory, S&L Laboratories, to procure the drugs and administer them to interested persons.

It was what was sweeping the country in the early '60s, this enormous interest in psychoactive substances. Leary was just beginning to publicize LSD at that point, Aldous Huxley had published *The Doors of Perception* and *Island*, which were very "into" psychoactive substances. *Life* magazine had run major articles on LSD and mushrooms, I mean, interest in these drugs was rampant and sweeping the colleges—I had just dropped out of college, I was an absolute '60s dropout.

We set up S&L Laboratories in order to legitimately receive psychoactive substances. We received ibogaine from both the United States and England, and what happened was this: I was given a single dose of ibogaine from an associate of mine who was actually a chemist involved



(below) Botanical drawing of *Tabernanthe iboga*, the major source of ibogaine and related alkaloids, made in 1901. (left) Gabon: it is covered by a thick, oppressive forest which in most places forms a veritable canopy of vegetation. The equatorial forest is gloomy, hostile, frightful, and evil. Every backwater pool teems with caimans... but these terrifying and unscathed hosts are nothing compared to the people who haunt the Gabon forest. These are the Fangs who use the hallucinogenic root of ibogaine in their secret society rituals.

in a nineteen-fifties LSD scene—most people don't even know that there was a '50s LSD scene—and he was cleaning out his refrigerator one day and he came across a 500 milligram dose of ibogaine. He knew I was interested in exotic hallucinogens and said, "Why don't you take this, it lasts thirty-six hours. And my reaction was, Oh God! Who wants to take a thirty-six hour mescaline trip?!"—that was the only hallucinogen that I had tried at that time.

"Not Like Any Other Drug"

I wasn't interested in this, it would have seemed too much for me, so I gave it to a friend of mine. He called me back about a month later at midnight and he said, "You know that drug you gave me? Well, it's not a drug, it's a food." I was nineteen years old at the time, I was living at home, it's midnight, my parents have picked up the other extension, so I tell this guy, "Look, I'll speak to you tomorrow"—and he just said, "This drug is not like any other drug." This guy at that time was using heroin, and he stopped for a short period of time.

Now, he had an atypical reaction, but we didn't know that for six months. And what happened was it took us six months to obtain legitimate supplies of the drug from reputable manufacturers. . . . We administered the drug at various dosage levels to a total of twenty people. Seven of these people were narcotics addicts. They were not seeking to kick, they were poly-drug users who were all experimenting with various psychoactive chemicals, that was what was happening at that point.

So as I was saying, this first person we gave it to had an atypical reaction, I believe he had an atypical reaction because he was a "schizophrenic," he was actually classified as a "schizophrenic" by the Menninger clinic. [We do not intend to endorse the use of such labels.—Ed.] And he claimed that the drug didn't take effect for seven hours.

Well, I was the next person to take that

drug and it was a very unique experience. I was on my way to see a psychologist at that time and I thought I'd take it before I went to the psychologist and I'd catch up with some friends of mine in the early evening who would also take the drug earlier in the day and we'd all party or whatever. But, fifteen minutes after I took the drug it began to hit.

And the first thing that happened was I heard this oscillating sound, first it seemed to come from one direction or another then it sort of surrounded me. The oscillating sound transferred into visual oscillation . . . and my skin became numb and my eyes became very heavy and I tended to close my eyes and that's the point in ibogaine where you go into the hallucinatory period which lasts about three hours.

"Going to the Movies"

Now it's not like any other hallucinogen that I've ever taken, and I've taken mescaline, I've taken LSD, DMT, psilocybin . . . all of those I would classify in a similar grouping. I've never taken MDMA, but [Claudio] Naranjo [psychiatrist; author of *The Healing Journey*] feels that the effects of ibogaine and MDMA are completely different, and he is one of the world's experts on both substances.

For instance, with LSD, mescaline or psilocybin you can either have a very good trip or a very bad trip. With ibogaine, it's not like that at all; it's not a euphoric hallucinogen. As I said, you get tired, you lie down, your skin becomes numb, your eyelids become heavy, and all of a sudden, it's like watching a motion picture in front of your eyes for three or four hours, I don't mean a vision here or a vision there, it's like going to the movies, except the "movies" is your subconscious.

You may see things in a very straightforward way, or you may see things in a symbolic way. Let me give

you an example: the first hallucination I went through was an Oedipal hallucination. The first thing I saw was a pulsating yellow screwdriver, which disappeared abruptly. And the next thing I knew I was walking up a ladder leading to a ten-foot diving board over a pool. As I was walking up the diving board, my bathing suit disappeared and I was naked. As I dived into the pool, my mother appeared beneath me with her legs open and I was diving into her vagina and as I got closer she changed into my sister, who changed into an infant, and as I hit the water—I just went into the water and that was it.

A second hallucination that occurred during another trip, I was watching a stage, and all of a sudden music started, the music was like, BOMdidaBOMPdidaBOMdidaBOMP, and pairs of cavemen and cavewomen came dancing onto the stage, the men were behind the women, and they were dancing with them. And then two more of them came onto the stage, rolling a giant stone heart.

And the way the hallucinations changed was always the same and different from any other hallucinogen. It appeared that you'd get one vision, and then a gold or silver web would carry that off and an entirely new set of visions would arrive.

Post-Treatment

But what's really amazing is that the after-effects are far more interesting and beneficial than the actual effects. And this is where I believe we can get the medical value of the drug recognized by the Food and Drug Administration.

Anyway, the hallucinatory period ends abruptly, and the first reaction generally is, "What happened? I thought this was supposed to last for 36 hours." Then all of a sudden you realize that it hasn't stopped, it's just changed. You're no longer watching this motion picture, but there are like giant lightning flashes and movements of light all over the place . . . but there's no waviness, things do not lose their normal form, as they do under heavy dosages of common hallucinogens like LSD or mescaline, where a wall will seem to waver.

Another difference was, with hallucinogens generally, if you were to move your hand you'd see a wave-like pattern. With ibogaine, you don't get a continuous wave, you get distinct images. And I noticed it the first time, when I was walking on the street . . . I was on my way to the west side, and as I turned around, there were seven distinct after-images of myself. And as I took a step, a new one would appear, and the last one would disappear.

During that second high-energy period, which lasts from six to twelve hours, you're seeing all these flashes of light and what's happening, is you're getting thoughts coming into your mind which support the hallucinogenic material which came out in the initial three to four hour hallucinatory stage. For instance you might be thinking that all people are playing roles, that the basic interaction of humans is on a sexual, nonverbal type of a level. And that slowly diminishes, till after about twelve hours that phase is completely closed out. Apparently a secondary stimulation effect occurs, and that slowly curtails, somewhere between twenty-four and thirty hours, and the subject goes to sleep.

Now, of the twenty persons we administered this to, seven were narcotics

continued on pg. 15

*from the novel *Monsieur de la Ferte* by Pierre Benoit

NEW ZEALAND RIGHT LAUNCHES ANTI-GAY OFFENSIVE

Dear Friends:

We would like to alert you to some recent events requiring immediate attention concerning New Zealand, which as you know adopted a policy prohibiting US naval vessels from using its port unless there are explicit guarantees that there are no nuclear weapons on board. The U.S. government, as a matter of policy, refuses to make such guarantees.

Shortly after the newly elected government announced it would implement this anti-nuclear policy, the religious right in N.Z. started becoming active. They waged a campaign against the ratification of the UN Convention against discrimination of women which the previous government had signed but not ratified. Busloads of fundamentalist right wing women were brought to women's forums which were organized throughout the country to collect input for the newly established Ministry of Women's Affairs. Although they attempted to ram through many conservative and reactionary resolutions, they did not prevent the ultimate ratification of the Convention. However, this campaign perfected the networking and organization which enabled them to move in on their next target.

In March of this year the Homosexual Law Reform Bill, which would decriminalize homosexuality and ban discrimination on the basis of sexual orientation, was introduced into the N.Z. Parliament. As public attitudes on surveys reflected a liberal viewpoint on this issue, it was not expected that the Bill would be particularly controversial,

and, in fact, the Bill passed on its first reading by a large majority, and was then sent before a select committee. Under N.Z.'s parliamentary procedures, it must now return to the House for second and third vote.

Within days of the first reading, four members of Parliament launched a nationwide petition against the gay bill. The Salvation Army (which in New York City opposes an executive order requiring businesses and organizations which contract with the city to sign an anti-discrimination statement regarding sexual orientation), supported by right wing fundamentalist groups are organizing the petition campaign which is going door to door and to schools, hospitals, homes for the aged, shopping malls, etc. Coercive and intimidating tactics are being used such as threats of dismissal for not signing the petition. The petition campaign has gained 750,000 signatures out of a total population of three million. In addition the right has mounted a massive media hate campaign and has organized hundreds of anti-gay meetings and rallies in opposition to the Bill.

The struggle over the Bill has become an issue with wide implications. David Lange, the Prime Minister, who has been nominated for the Nobel Peace Prize for his anti-nuclear weapons stance, supports the Bill as do many members of the Labour Party. The lineup encompasses opposite positions on many other issues including sanctions against South Africa, trade union support, women's rights, and other social issues. The right

is using the gay issue to gain strength with the hope that a defeat for the Bill will destabilize the Labour Government and ultimately reverse its anti-nuclear policy.

The scope of the right wing campaign, with its extensive funding, sophistication, and McCarthyite tactics has heretofore been unknown in New Zealand. There is mounting evidence that the U.S. right is exerting significant influence above and beyond the obvious role of supplying much of the literature. It is noteworthy that Jerry Falwell, best known in the U.S. for his anti-gay campaigns, debated Prime Minister Lange on the issue of nuclear policy at Oxford (Lange won).

There is every reason to believe that the U.S. government is itself covertly intervening, for New Zealand has set a precedent which may inspire members of NATO including Denmark, Holland and Norway to do the same. The recent attacks by Secretary of State Shultz against New Zealand indicate the seriousness with which the Reagan administration views this perceived attempt to unravel its defense policy.

It remains to be seen whether the gay campaign on its own will be able to effect the anti-nuclear policy or whether more issues must be taken on board to achieve this end. What we must do in the U.S. peace movement is to make it clear to the N.Z. government that we understand the pressures that are going to be placed on the country from the U.S., and to pledge our support in the face of campaigns of the religious right to destabilize the government. We suggest that you write to David L. Lange, Prime Minister, Parliament Building, Wellington, N.Z. and state your support for N.Z.'s anti-nuclear position. Also,

state that you support the proposed lesbian and gay rights legislation, and that you deplore the moral imperialism of the U.S. religious right in its attempt to build a right wing network in N.Z. to function as a political lobbying force for U.S. policy. Urge David Lange to vote for the lesbian and gay rights bill and to hold firm on the anti-nuclear weapons issue.

It is in the interest of the survival of us all that we do not allow small nations to be intimidated by overt or covert attempts to subvert their peace policies. New Zealand is an important example to the world and justly deserves a massive campaign of support from the U.S. peace movement.

Also write to N.Z. peace groups, and to newspapers, and get U.S. politicians whom you may know to write to any N.Z. Members of Parliament with whom they may have some contact. Please send a carbon copy of your correspondence to the Mobilization for Survival, 853 Broadway, New York, NY 10003, Suite 418. (212)

In Struggle,

Leslie Cagan,
Program Coordinator/MFS
and Steve Ault,
Coordinator, Lesbian and Gay Network/MFS

New Zealand Peace Groups: CND, Box 8558 Symonds St., Auckland, N.Z.; N.Z. Nuclear Free Zone Committee, P.O.B. 18541, Christchurch 9, N.Z.; Peacelink, P.O.B. 2828, Christchurch, N.Z.; Aotearoa Peace Movement, Box 5087, Dunedin, N.Z.; also, Helen Clark, MP, Parliament House, Wellington, N.Z.
New Zealand Newspapers: *Auckland Star*, P.O.B. 1409 Auckland; *New Zealand Herald*, P.O.B. 32, Auckland; *The Dominion*, P.O.B. 1297, Wellington; *The Evening Post*, P.O.B. 3740, Wellington; *The Press*, P.O.B. 1005, Christchurch; *The Star*, P.O.B. 1467, Christchurch; *Itago Daily Times*, P.O.B. 181, Dunedin.

ANTI-PORN BILL SUBJECT OF FEMINIST CONTROVERSY

by Grace Nichols

The Dworkin-Mackinnon anti-pornography bill remains a central feminist controversy. It has become the main strategy of the growing movement to remove from public consumption images believed to be harmful to women. At the same time, many feminists fear that this legislation is successfully diverting the opposition to violence against women into a neo-social purity movement while specifically requesting procedures of state-sponsored censorship.

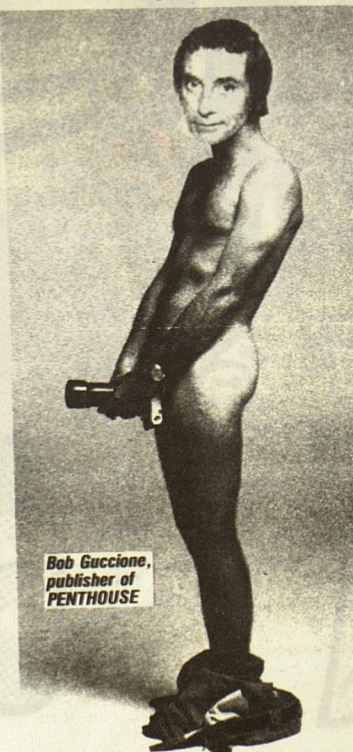
Most recently, Adrienne Rich, Kate Millet, Betty Friedan, Rita Mae Brown, and Alix Kates Shulman were among the more than 75 feminists who co-signed a friend of court brief asking that the Dworkin-Mackinnon anti-pornography ordinance (passed by the Indianapolis city council in June 1984) be declared unconstitutional. The April 10 briefing is directed to the U.S. Court of Appeals in Chicago which is hearing an appeal of Indianapolis federal judge Sarah Baker's decision against the ordinance.

The brief reads in part: "The ordinance perpetuates a stereotype of women as helpless victims, incapable of consent and in need of protection; it reinforces the view that good women do not seek and enjoy sex; it makes socially invisible those women who find some of the materials covered by the ordinance to be erotic, liberating or educational; and its notion of hair-trigger male susceptibility to violent imagery provides an excuse to avoid directly blaming the men who commit violent acts."

The theory behind the ordinance is that pornography is central to the rape culture, that it harms women by making female sexual slavery and the filmed murder or rape of women profitable; that it desensitizes men and makes them more likely to rape, and that its existence in the environment degrades women.

Feminist opponents agree that there is an urgent need to wipe out the wide range of misogynistic violent crime. But they question whether the government's failure to stop these already illegal acts (rape, battery, coercion, murder) does not point out that the state and its judicial apparatus is not only not feminist but mostly unconcerned with the fate of women. Then, they ask, does it make sense to arm the courts with the power of censorship, when not only the courts but much of the anti-pornography coalition is virulently anti-gay, and out to silence sexual discussion even (if not especially) among feminists?

The following is a detailed agenda of criticism of the Ordinance, and of the theory it represents, prepared by University of Michigan protesters during Catherine Mackinnon's visit to the U of M Law School this spring.



Bob Guccione,
publisher of
PENTHOUSE

photo: outlaws for social responsibility

► Anti-porn feminists have formed coalitions with right wing groups to pass anti-porn bills, claiming that feminist and radical agendas can be achieved this way. Yet these feminists have consistently failed to denounce the homophobia and anti-feminism of their right wing sponsors. Recent versions of anti-porn legislation have targeted lesbian and gay male sexuality by including "sodomy" and acts which threaten to "disrupt the family unit" along with rape and violence against women. In Suffolk County, New York, feminist supporters not only didn't object to these sections but called the bill "not strong enough."

► The common ground between anti-porn feminists and the right wing seems to be a fear of sexuality. Supporters of anti-porn legislation have said they are not anti-sex, yet what differentiates porn from other mass media is explicit sexual representation and not the quality of its politics or the quantity of violence. Of course, it's easier to pass anti-porn legislation than to shut down mainstream movie theatres, close mainstream bookstores or eliminate network TV stations.

► Anti-porn analysis suggests that pornographic imagery directly causes actions. For example, "porn has the power to make its vision reality" (Mackinnon) or "Porn is sex discrimination" (Anti-porn bill). This conflates images with action, denying us the capacity of imagination, or of separating sexual fantasy from actual sexual play.

► Anti-porn legislation tends to uphold the status quo, by suggesting that certain undefined acts are dehumanizing, servile, humiliating and painful, and therefore discriminating. Beneath this lies the assumption shared by the New Right that certain sexual practices and occupations are so inherently distasteful that no one would willingly perform them: anal sex, cocksucking, bondage and SM, group sex, working in the sex industry and sometimes ordinary intercourse. The inherent erotophobia and homophobia of such assumptions should be obvious, as it was in Indianapolis last summer, where, after the passage of Anti-porn legislation, the only porn operations shut down were those which catered largely to gay men.

► These same feminists who pretend to "empower us" through anti-porn legislation in fact assume that women can make

few, if any, informed, consensual decisions about sex. This legislation assumes that women are so brainwashed and powerless that participation in certain sexual acts or in the sex industry could only be the result of coercion and not of actual preference or economic choice. In questioning our ability to make decisions anti-porn laus do nothing to challenge cultural assumptions that femaleness equals powerlessness and maleness equals power.

► Anti-porn analysis assumes that male sexuality is violent and barely contained, and that men have enforced a female sexuality that is submissive and passive. Neither side can cross to the other, without becoming like the other. Images of submissive men, transsexuals and transvestites are defined as surrogate images of women. It can be assumed that in homosexual porn "submissive" gay men are collapsed into women and "aggressive" lesbians into men. This buys into the assumption that masculine and feminine roles are necessarily gender bound and that the feminine roles are necessarily undesirable.

► The anti-porn bill not only explicitly censors a whole range of sexual practices by labeling them discrimination (even down to the use of dildoes), but it also leaves so much open to interpretation that right wing prosecutors, judges or the general public could easily use it as grounds for a moralistic witch hunt. Precisely what images or how images dehumanize or objectify women is certainly debatable. Unfortunately, we can easily imagine the day that images depicting lesbian sexuality could be considered "dehumanizing." It is precisely the minority sexual voice that needs protection under the First Amendment.

► Censorship is particularly threatening to women, and to lesbians and gay men, because it limits and inhibits open exploration into our sexuality. Rather than silencing our sexual voice, we need to be heard in all our diversity and difference. We need the freedom to verbalize desire and to act on it. Instead of collapsing fantasy and reality, we should be exploring their connection which is so central to sexual expression. We need to work toward a sexual dialogue, toward dispelling our fears and feelings of isolation.

-Sexual Politics Group

HOW YOUR TELEVISION WORKS





TIRED PERSON ¹ HOPING TO LAPSE INTO ELECTRONICALLY INDUCED COMA AFTER
 A HARD DAY AT WORK, TURNS ON TELEVISION ². THE SOUND OF THE DIAL ³
 IS HEARD BY PHILADELPHIA COPS ⁴ WHO, THINKING IT IS THE SOUND OF A
 RIFLE BOLT, ORDER HELICOPTER ⁵ TO DROP BOMB ⁶ ON HOUSE ⁷ FULL OF
 SENIOR CITIZENS. HOT AIR FROM FLAMES RAGING THROUGH CITY INFLATES
 GIANT BALLOON OF COMMUNIST BOOGIEMAN ⁸, THE SIGHT OF WHICH
 CAUSES U.S. WARSHIPS ⁹ TO INVAD NICARAGUA ¹⁰. TREADMILL ¹¹ POWERED
 BY REPORTERS ¹² WHO MISTAKENLY BELIEVE THEY WILL BE ALLOWED TO FILE
 STORIES ON THE INVASION, RUNS PHONOGRAPH ¹³ THAT PLAYS "MUZAK" ¹⁴.
 TREADMILL ALSO POWERS, FILM PROJECTORS ¹⁵ SHOWING "RAMBO" AND
 "BEDTIME FOR BONZO", WHICH ARE REFLECTED THROUGH DISTORTING
 FUNHOUSE MIRRORS ¹⁶ TO THE T.V. SCREEN. VIEWER ¹⁷ IS LULLED TO SLEEP,
 WHICH PROVES THAT ANYTHING CAN BE DONE WITH MIRRORS !!!

Reagan to die soon!

by Steven E. Conliff

A cancer is growing on the President. As with the Teapot Dome scandal and Watergate break-in, which aborted earlier Republican presidencies, the polyp first discovered in Ronald Reagan's large intestine last spring has been the subject of a cover-up. A cover-up which now seems certain, like a Shakespearean hero's tragic flaw, to destroy the Reagan presidency.

Dying to Be President

Rather than risk entering his re-election campaign perceived as a sick and aging—even dying—President, Reagan gambled and postponed surgery until 1985. Though many doctors, then and now, have questioned the medical wisdom of this postponement, the political expediency became clear when Reagan stuttered and stumbled over simple statements during the first debate. The Republican re-election juggernaut suffered its only serious delay, as Americans questioned whether their leader was senile or insane.

In fact, Reagan was and is a very sick man, dying by inches—eight inches of large intestine, so far, removed by doctors during surgery for what was finally conceded to be colon-rectal cancer, spread into the muscular wall.

Last year, First Lady Nancy Reagan had several cancerous growths removed from her upper lip. Concludes *Overthrow* Medical Affairs Editor Dana Beal: "Nancy gave Ron her cancer while kissing his ass."

The impending death of Ronald Reagan fulfills an old Indian curse (see *Blacklisted News*, p. 206). Since William Henry Harrison in 1840, every American president elected in a year ending in "0" has died in

office.

The instrumentality by which the Indians wreaked revenge against Reagan (who has exploited the image of westward white expansionism like no President since Theodore Roosevelt) is replete with irony. The leading cause of colon-rectal cancer is a diet overloaded with butterfat and beef. Beef cattle, encouraged by the government to fill the ecological niche vacated by the near-extermination of the American bison in the 1870s, have now come to so dominate the American diet that colon-rectal cancer is epidemic. All the cows Ronald Reagan has eaten in his seventy-three years are now eating him from the inside out. Being a cowboy is what's killing the President.

Meantime, reports continue to circulate that Reagan may also have contracted AIDS during his brief telephone conversation with fellow actor Rock Hudson.

The Reagan-Regan Switch

During the President's surgery, Vice President Bush briefly became Acting President. But real White House power was wielded by Chief of Staff Donald Regan, regarded as Wall Street's man in the White House. Regan, associated with the "Yankees" or Trilateralist faction of the ruling class, not only controlled access to the President but determined what the public would hear about Reagan's condition.

As the President's health gradually worsens, the Regan-Bush clique will consolidate Executive control and prepare a smooth transition when Reagan dies or is forced to resign. Thus Bush, who couldn't even get re-elected to Congress from Texas, will be able to face the electorate in 1988 as the incumbent. Like Nixon following Eisenhower's heart attacks,

Bush will be able to claim "on-the-job training."

The other precedent for handling a disabled President demonstrates the inevitability of a Regan behind-scenes takeover. When Woodrow Wilson suffered a stroke eighteen months before expiration of his term, Mrs. Wilson secretly governed the country, in consultation with Attorney General A. Mitchell Palmer (who then launched the radical



witchhunts known as the Palmer raids). The pseudo-presidencies of Regan and Mrs. Wilson explain Nixon's haste to marry his daughter to Eisenhower's grandson, opening up the possibility of a future President Nixon-Eisenhower. As long as the names stay reasonably similar, Americans don't seem to care much who their president is.

Mourn Early and Avoid the Rush
Although official media efforts to downplay the potential crisis nature of President Reagan's cancer have resulted in few quotes on the subject by important people, the indefatigable journalists at *Overthrow* were able to assemble these reactions:

Putrescence Pureblood, National Chair, National Right to Lie Committee: "Of course, a cancer cell is a living being, and we feel the systematic slaughter of innocent cancer cells in the human body is nothing short of genocide. We believe the President's polyps have the same right to their life as a three-week-old fetus. If President Reagan really believed in the laissez-faire, social Darwinian philosophy he has always advocated, then he would trust to the survival of the fittest and let those poor cancer cells live unmolested!"

Chauncey P. Malinger III, President, Campus Republicans for Ron: "Gee whiz! Who needs a colon? Ron's in great shape, just great! He'll be out riding horseback in a week, and it won't hurt at all, you just wait!"

George Bush, Vice President, United States of America: "Listen, do you have any idea what a colostomy bag smells like? It's as if the entire Supreme Court farted at once. Kick my ass if I'm going to sit in a room listening to those stupid Hollywood anecdotes and smelling Ronald Reagan's insides rot. Hey, is that a tape recorder? Stop that guy!"

Dana Beal, Medical Affairs Editor, *Overthrow*: "See, what's gonna happen is Reagan'll have to have chemotherapy. All his hair will fall out, he'll get real depressed, and he'll have to smoke pot to stand the chemo. That will be Ronald Reagan's final indignity—being forced to smoke marijuana or die."

And so once again events have proven there is a natural order to the universe. There may be no justice. But there is karma.

The (Ouch!) End

MARIJUANA UPDATE: July 4th Smoke-In; Initiatives in Oregon & California



by Dana Beal

(Washington)—It wasn't a very good July 4th for Ron or Nancy. Stuck in the White House for the holiday by the Lebanese hostages, getting sicker by the minute, and here the damn pot people have to go and get the permit for Lafayette Park away from the "Family Day for a Drug-free Youth."

These were the very same pot people who, without explicitly knowing of the polyp found in Reagan's large intestine in May of '84, had steadfastly predicted not only Reagan's eventual death in office, but also that that it would be associated with over-arching ambition (see article above).

At the White House Smoke-in the year before ('84), Steve Conliff had been first to announce that the President was dying.

Thus, for an administration committed to acting as if the cannabis debate of the '70's was over, the return of the Pot People with a full-fledged Lafayette Park Rally after 2 years of confining them to a quick march-by on Pennsylvania Ave. was a bad sign.

Several years of White House effort—not just the anti-marijuana demonstrations no one attended, but such politically costly maneuvers as James Watt's ban, and Nancy Reagan's subsequently re-instatement of, the big Beach Boys Concert on July 4th—had been invested squelching that highly visible pro-pot protest in Lafayette Park.

But this year the Cannabis Coalition got its permit application in first, and when Fran Wiggleworth of the National Parks Service stonewalled that, our new attorney, Jimmy Fossbinder, took her to Federal Court. Nancy and the President would just have to sit by as the party unfolded across the street.

Narcs Pelted With Jellybeans

Here it was 1:00 PM, and the marijuana march from the Lincoln Memorial to the White House for once had arrived on time, and impressively: 800 or so folks with signs, flags flying, banners held high. Confirming the importance of getting Lafayette Park, an equal number waited there to meet them.

The Coalition was even able to end-run police refusal to let the RAR soundtruck park next to the Park. J.T. Penny—the band scheduled to play Lafayette, & therefore main ones being fucked over—came up with a small p.a., so that scheduled speakers could go on, starting with Dr. Todd Mikuriya of the California Marijuana Initiative.

The police, evidently waiting to zap most credible speaker (Dr. Todd was once a gov't. drug advisor under LBJ), made their move halfway through Dr. Todd's speech.

Plainclothes grabbed several people they had targeted on the march over to Lafayette Park. Bystanders started pelting them with jellybeans in protest—and they too were arrested. 4 or 5 people were hauled off before things quieted a bit, but by that time Dr. Todd had been interrupted pretty thoroughly, finishing with protests of this arrant violation of the 1st Amendment.

For the next hour, though, things stabilized into a kind of a teach-in, with Dr. Fred Oerther of OMI, Jack Herer (author of *The Emperor Wears No Clothes* or *Everything You Wanted to Know About Pot But They Wouldn't Tell You in High School*), Rebecca Wilk of New Jersey NORML, Ruppert Chappelle of People Opposed to Trans, several women in wheelchairs whose disabilities require them to smoke pot, and a special surprise climax with Attica-survivor Decajewiah discoursing on herbs as *spiritual guides*.

When the crowd assembled to parade back to the Lincoln Memorial, it had grown to 2,500-3,000 people, stretching for blocks back—visibly demonstrating the importance of getting Lafayette Park for next year.

The Rumble That Didn't Happen

In contrast, things at Lincoln Memorial—the July 3rd Rock Against Reagan and the next evening's Cannabis Concert—were noteworthy more for what didn't happen, or what's going to happen next year as a result.

The rumble with the 'straightedge' fascist skin-heads, after hanging over the concert like a threatening thunderstorm, didn't amount to much when it hit, just before the

very end. 3 skin-heads. Big deal.

Nor did the cops bust smoke-in stragglers with any of the ferocity of the last two years. With the eyes of the federal judge upon them, Park Police felt that they had to make some kind of a show of busting alcohol and drugs—equally—down at the Beach Boys Concert. But just enforcing the law on the fringes of that 300,000 person conglomeration ended up absorbing most of their energies. Final score: 20-odd busts at the smoke-in, almost 200 busts at the Beach Boys Concert.

What's more, CNN showed clips of Beach Boys fans holding up *pro-pot* signs. Since Bush's people brought in the Beach Boys in the first place, in '81, only to pre-empt the evening Lincoln Memorial concerts held each 3rd and 4th in conjunction with the Lafayette Park Pot bash, this monster concert had suddenly become a distinct liability. And their crowd, unlike the Lincoln Memorial folks who picked up after themselves scrupulously, left a \$57,000 garbage clean-up for the Parks Service.

So, just as the subterranean debate between Moral Majority and neo-conservative types over the (im)morality of Rock was about to burst back onto the scene with televised Congressional hearings, word came down that next year's big, officially-sponsored Rock Concert had been *cancelled*. Fran Wiggleworth, deeming it inappropriate for July 4th festivities in our Nation's Capital, scheduled military bands instead.

"Like a Rolling Geiger Counter..."

Among the by-products of the decay of Reagan's second term, as Republicans go about activating long-dormant parts of their program, (i.e., banning rock music), is their gift for mobilizing fresh constituencies against them at every turn. We could never have turned out Frank Zappa to testify on network tv against rock censorship. But as things now stand, Reagan's own zealots have guaranteed that the 2 day Rock Against Censorship extravaganza, next July 3rd and 4th, will bring the biggest, most mainstream acts ever to the Lincoln Memorial. Not only are our permit applications for Lincoln Memorial concerts and Lafayette Park marijuana rally both first on file, but the Administration, in cancelling its foremost counter-measure, inadvertently handed us the biggest opportunity to do a July 4th event since 1977.

We'll have the only rock 'n' roll!

And as an additional feeder for the

Lafayette Park rally, what could be better than the Rainbow Gathering, this year conveniently close-by in West-Central Pennsylvania Busloads of herbal freedom fans will depart the Gathering Parking lot at midnight on the third, en route to Lafayette Park. There at high noon they will form a circle, focusing energy from the Big Circle up at the Gathering on the White House across Pennsylvania Ave. while they wait for the Pot Parade to arrive from the Mall. [More buses will be ready, at 6:00 PM and midnight, to take everybody up to the Gathering.]

Oregon Initiative Looms Large

1986 is also shaping up as a big year for the Oregon Marijuana Initiative, which would legalize growing pot for private consumption. OMI just finished a banner summer, with petitioners blitzing a variety of state and county fairs, gathering close to 70,000 signatures before the Oregon Monsoon struck, a month early, in September. Then OMI won a lawsuit with a major mall-type retailer, FMC, allowing them to canvass under the overhang at FMC entrances.

When OMI has another 10,000 names, they intend to file them. Under the change of rules demanded by OMI after blatant White House sabotage of the '84 initiative, these names can now be *pre-verified*—checked by the state government before the official filing date, so that OMI can re-double its efforts, if necessary to reach the 62,521 valid signatures it needs by July of '86.

OMI people are encouraging anyone with petitioning skills to come on out. OMI assures us the folks who went this summer due to the appeal in the last O.T. were *invaluable*. For more information on OMI, call Debra Oerther, at (503) 658-5132.

S.F. Prop. G a "Long-shot"

In San Francisco, pot movement veterans are playing a long-shot. With a much larger state to contend with, and several failures of CMI in recent memory, activists Stoney and Pebbles hit upon a citywide ballot proposition which would appropriate funds enough to pay petitioners to gather the signatures to get CMI on the ballot statewide.

Mayor Dianne Feinstein has denounced it, but there's nothing she can do if it wins. Dennis Peron, who's the political authority on these things, rates the chance of Prop G—the Grass Proposition—less than even, but he's rooting for it anyway. He's planning a Harvest Festival for Sunday, Oct. 27th.

IBOGAINE

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addicts. And two days later, five of those seven had not gone through withdrawal and had no desire to use heroin, for periods ranging up to eighteen months—up to six months from a single treatment, and up to eighteen months from a series of five treatments.

I don't know if you know anything about heroin addiction, but one of the people that it worked on was a roommate of the other two that it didn't work on. He was living with those guys for six months, while they were shooting up every day, and he wasn't using it. Now, if you know anything about heroin addiction, you know that that is a hard way to go. So we knew we had something very unique there.

It just happens that at that time the FDA was beginning to investigate hallucinogens, and they realized that our laboratory was ordering large amounts of hallucinogens for experimentation, and they cut off our supplies. So we were not able to continue with the work. And I was too young, I didn't know how to go about it at that time, I didn't have the knowledge, I didn't have the maturity.

Mechanisms of Action

Basically we had to wait until 1981 to get back into it. At a Christmas party in 1981 I ran into a woman I knew who said that she had a boyfriend who was an addict and she would be very interested if something could be done. I told her that we'd require some money to begin to do the basic research, and she put up four thousand dollars to allow us to get into the libraries and to begin to see what was going on. We were able to do some preliminary work, we ran out of money for about six months, and then I got back into the medical research libraries, and I documented every scientific paper that had ever been done on ibogaine.

That took six months, with the help of a research librarian. What we were looking for was a clearly demonstrable relationship between the biochemical mechanisms of action of ibogaine and the biochemical mechanisms of action of the opiates. So after we reviewed about a century of work on ibogaine, we reviewed the last twenty-five years of biochemical research on the opiates. And what we found was that every system the opiates were working on, ibogaine was also working on... like the neuro-hormonal system in the brain, the central nervous system, the production of proteins relating to RNA memory templating, virtually every system where the opiates were effective, ibogaine was also effective. And additionally, we came across a paper by Jurg Schneider, who was working for Ciba-Geigy at the time, and is now President of DuPont's Biochemicals Division, and he did three papers that were very good, one on the cardiovascular actions, one on neuropharmacology, and he discovered that ibogaine would potentiate morphine analgesia. It wouldn't act as an analgesic itself, but combined with morphine, it could reduce by fifty percent the amount of morphine used to maintain any type of analgesic [condition]. Now, I was knowledgeable as a layperson, but it was far too technical from the biochemical end for me to make any kind of definitive statement, so when we were reviewing the opiate literature, we came across a paper by Dr. Doris Clouet, who had reviewed 256 other medical projects relating to opiates and classified and catalogued them. So I felt that she would be a good person to do the cataloguing for us.

This is Clouet's report... The two most important parts are the first and the last page, the rest of it is very technical and probably wouldn't be of interest to anybody except a biochemist. Dr. Clouet states: "You may be disappointed with my conclusion that there is no important evidence in this literature to suggest that ibogaine would be useful in treating opiate addiction. I am not certain, however, that one would expect or wish that ibogaine should act like an opiate"—and that was not our intention, we did not mean that it was a replacement drug like methadone—"I will discuss some of my

thinking about possible mechanisms of action with you. In spite of my conclusions about support in the literature, I am not adverse to positive clinical studies... with certain precautions concerning ibogaine toxicity, especially in "at risk" groups, clinical settings, double-blind tests, etc., because your invention is a new approach to the treatment of addiction...

"There are serious deficiencies in the literature on 'Compound X' supplied to me. There is no data on its toxicity in man... There are also serious deficiencies in the report in the patent application. There is no information on the setting in which the trials took place and no information on the presence of a physician at the trials"—which there was not, I was doing it...

"The data probably does not exist in part because interest in the mechanisms of action underlying hallucinogenic action has been desultory. Therefore, it is not possible for me to make any definitive statement about the relationship between the opiates and Compound X. It should be mentioned that many therapeutic successes arise empirically and not as the result of a well-defined research program. I believe that further inquiry into the nature of the effects of [ibogaine] on addicts is worth pursuing..."

Doris Clouet is a world-eminent biochemist. She now works for the National Institute of Drug Abuse in Rockville, Maryland... I have here a copy of a transcript in which she and I discussed her report. What she didn't mention there, which I was able to inquire about in a later conversation... She's talking about tonic extensor seizure—when your muscle, because of discharge of the synapses is mostly maintained in a rigid position, and ibogaine interferes with that. So I asked her: "... in narcotic withdrawal, would be there any relationship between the fact that, for instance, this drug abolished tonic extensor seizure and some of the mechanisms that are responsible for the withdrawal sequelae?"—that's the effects—and she says, "It is a possibility, yes." Now, additionally, we pointed out, "According to Dahir"—this is Hashim Ishmael Dahir's report—"you state that it has an inhibitory action on intestinal contraction. Might that not also be another

effect that would lessen the withdrawal sequelae?—[Dr. Clouet:] Right, yes.—Ibogaine is a nor-adrenalin antagonist and I noticed a lot of the papers on clonidine expressed the theory that one of its means of effectivity was that it was a nor-adrenalin antagonist.—[Dr. Clouet:] I know."

So we begin to see that there was a lot that was going for us that she was not ready to commit herself to, but when it was addressed to her specifically, she did agree that these specific mechanisms may interfere with the effects of withdrawal.

Seeking Professional Support

Now, the next stage was I called the National Institute of Drug Abuse and Barry Brown, the Director of Clinical Research, gave me introductions to Herb Klebber, Richard Resnick and Arnold Washon. Herbert Klebber is one of the world's most eminent clinicians in the treatment of narcotic addiction. Richard Resnick was one of the developers of the naltrexone procedure. And Robert Millman, who is the director of the Substance Abuse Unit at New York Hospital. Now these gentlemen at that time agreed to serve as a Medical Advisory Board.

And my next stage of development, after the patent had been filed, was to contact the major pharmaceutical companies to see if we could gain interest on their part. In fact, we contacted them after we had been told that the patent had been approved—awarded is the correct term—but had not yet been printed.

So we contacted DuPont, Ciba-Geigy, Lilly, Bristol-Myers and Sandoz. Sandoz in Europe, in Basel, has shown the most interest, probably because Albert Hoffman was interested and introduced us to Max Taeschler, who is the Director of Licensing at Sandoz A.G. in Basel.

The U.S. concerns, all of them, do not view drug treatment procedures as profitable under any circumstances because they view it as treating less than 300,000 people a year. There are now 100,000 narcotic addicts under treatment. So all of these companies denied interest, for one reason or another—either that it would be too difficult to get the FDA to approve the use of a Schedule 1 drug... the use of hallucinogens for the treatment of heroin addiction—but basically what it comes down to is that they did not view it as profitable.

A pharmaceutical company likes to make \$300 million the first year that they market a drug. What we were seeing was the total value over let's say a seventeen-year period

might be \$250 million instead of \$300 million the first year. Now, for you and me, that's a lot of money!—but for the major pharmaceutical companies, it's not.

So at that point, realizing that the pharmaceutical companies were not going to pursue development, I started contacting various persons within the federal, state and city governments. We contacted Charles Rangel, the Chairman of the Select Committee on Narcotics and Control, Gov. Cuomo, Mayor Koch, Nancy Reagan, Alfonso D'Amato and Guy Molinari. Rangel was the first to respond, and he asked Dr. William Pollin, the Director of the National Institute on Drug Abuse to evaluate the ibogaine procedure.

Now, I knew that things might go amiss. So I wrote to Pollin and asked him, "How do you intend to evaluate the procedure and do you have the money to do so?" And I will show you his response. [Pollin repeated, totally out of context, Dr. Clouet's statement that there was "no important evidence"—in the existing literature—that ibogaine would be useful in treating opiate addiction. "She further expresses concern about toxicity. She refers specifically to changes in blood pressure, but we would in addition worry about longer term neurological and psychological effects, including the potential for ibogaine like other hallucinogens becoming a drug of abuse. In addition... perceptual problems, visual hallucinations, motor difficulties..." suggested to Dr. Pollin a "potential for brain damage." Nonetheless, the director of the NIDA states that it requires "further elaboration." In his next letter, under the masthead of the Department of Health and Human Services, Pollin mentioned the need for FDA approval and sufficient funding to carry out the research. Pollin suggested that Lots of submit an application for a grant from the NIDA. Rangel's response to Pollin's letter was very perfunctory.

[Lots of, in his letter thanking Pollin for his "assistance," did not miss the opportunity to fill him in on some results of his continuing investigation: pursuant to designing an IND—investigational new drug application—"to meet FDA requirements, I came across data relating to the 'potential for brain damage' which you had mentioned in your letter of May 17, 1985. According to information contained in *A Comparative Study of the Toxicity of Ibogaine and Serotonin*, by Hashim I. Dahir, available from University Microfilms, Ann Arbor, no brain damage was evident after thirty day chronic studies at fifty milligrams per kilogram day. The average dose for our protocol is about nine per kilogram day in a single-administration treatment."]

A Growing Set of Alliances

Now, what happened is that these letters got a very interesting set of circumstances going... What I did was, I wrote to Rangel and said, Look, I've got Herb Klebber, Richard Resnick and Robert Millman, the top people in the field, ready to evaluate this. When I sent copies of all this correspondence to Klebber and Millman and Resnick, Millman and Klebber resigned. And they resigned because I was using them not for research, but to attract money to do the research. Now, what made this really tricky was... these guys were already getting government funds. So I was, in a sense, asking the government to take money they were already getting and give it to them for something else...

They wanted \$110 an hour apiece to meet, it would have cost me \$2000 to get them together for a day. I didn't have \$2000 to get them together. But the result of this is, Klebber introduces me to Louis Harris, who is a very prominent biochemist in the opiate field. Harris maintains colonies of addicted animals at the Medical College of Virginia. I contacted him and he had an associate, Mario Aceto, write to me.

They're now designing studies to test ibogaine on those animals. But I'm going to have to get them the supplies of ibogaine. That means fifty thousand dollars for manufacturing.

Now Harris told me another person I should check with, Arthur Jacobson, at the National Institute of Mental Health, the Committee on Problems of Drug Dependence. They're willing to run additional studies on their own costs, but I still have to get them the drug, which still means fifty thousand dollars.

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FIGURE 1. The effect of ibogaine hydrochloride (5 mg/kg, given intravenously) in an unanesthetized cat. Note the size of the pupil, which is wide, despite the presence of intense artificial illumination. Note also the apprehension and alertness, the outstretched tail, and the peculiar position of the legs.

CONTRA ATTACK

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retera Norte had probably alerted Nicaraguan air reconnaissance, saving the life of the Cuban empressario's worker, his truck and the goods it was carrying. This caused the cigar in his mouth to gyrate more slowly, thoughtfully, as the story ground to a halt. The cigar, to the surprise of no one, was now very soggy and bloated.

Esteli Besieged

U.S.-made Huey helicopters, vintage Vietnam, have been seen in the skies above Esteli, along with the Israeli-made "push and pull" aircraft from the time of Somoza. Unlike that period, however, they are now used to defend the very city they used to attack.

It was a gruesome attack on a truck on Carretera Norte a few kilometers from Esteli which initiated this contra campaign, killing all 29 soldiers, and effectively closing off the northern access to Esteli. Oddly, this got very little coverage.

It was overshadowed by an ambush of a group of mothers north of Matagalpa who were going to visit their sons fighting with the BLI (special forces). This story dominated the front pages. The juxtaposition of these tragic circumstances contributed to a belated understanding of the scope of this campaign in the circumference of Esteli.

The subsequently sluggish response by the FSLN forces seemed to contribute unnecessarily to the contras' effectiveness. But guerrilla wars are very hard wars to defend against because the element of surprise works in the contras' favor.

The northern and southern perimeters of this city are occupied at this moment by contras. How large is impossible to say with exactness, but reports range from several hundred to several thousand. Esteli and vicinity are now an active war zone. How long this will go on is anybody's guess. Field-based rockets known to be in the contra arsenal with a range of 20 miles could hit Esteli tonight. Presently, sporadic fighting is active to the south, and Esteli is on full alert. I'll be sleeping with one eye open tonight, along with the rest of the city of Esteli.

CIA Agents On the Scene

Before turning in for the night, some astounding information came through. Three (North) American Embassy officials checked in today to the Hotel Moderno arriving at 2 p.m. and leaving again at 4 p.m. Their destination: Pueblo Nuevo, a city directly north, within 20 kilometers of the Honduran border. Their names were: Joseph Ambrose McGrath, age 42, secretary to U.S. Ambassador Henry Berghold; Mark Jones, age 31, and Ronald Wooten, age 28, both employed by the CIA. They headed out during the thick of contra activity in the region, and it would seem that nobody in their right mind would head straight into the northern contra perimeter, unless for some reason they had no need to worry about such an attack. And because of their diplomatic U.S. embassy plates, the

Nicaraguan militia were not obliged to prevent their passage, as they did for the safety of all other vehicles—not to risk an international crisis.

Their vehicle returned the next day, late in the afternoon. During this 24-hour period, contra activity subsided, and there were no further news reports of major attacks either to the north or to the south. Outside of direct combat, surprises are few in this war, and the irony was difficult to ignore. The message seemed to be, "The masters are pleased. Pull back for now."

I reported the incident, including names, to a West Coast radio station live from Telcor in Esteli, and more than 100,000 U.S. citizens received a part of this war that just won't make it in the *New York Times* or the evening news. The editors' desks of most print media are listening closely for the political line they feel obliged to report.

U.S. Diplomacy

The school was attacked at 6 a.m. The news on TV showed the burnt bus and the burnt Lada, the two grain facilities and the bullet holes in the school. The contras,

in a final act of terrorism, took hostages to prevent government helicopters from bombing them during their retreat. At the end of the news, the song in the background was, "We Are the World, We Are the Children..."

The last time Joseph Ambrose McGrath checked into the Hotel Moderno was last December 3. He came with 15 people in 3 bulletproof Landcruisers with diplomatic plates. They rented the entire hotel for the whole day, but stayed for less than two hours. Security guards with Uzis stood watch for the proceedings. They had lunch and then listened to a speech by McGrath.

The next day the battle of San Juan de Rio Coco began, with an ambush of a bus of Telcor workers carrying coffee from one of the *asentamientos*. Their vehicle was attacked by RPG-2 rockets. The contras bayoneted to death those who lay dying. They then burned the bus with the remaining people inside. Only 8 of the 31 survived.

It would seem that anytime a vehicle with U.S. diplomatic plates stops at the Hotel Moderno, the government of

Nicaragua should be prepared for a large-scale attack. Why else would the U.S. still need an embassy in Nicaragua anyway?

Stations of the Cross

Friday night was lined with an enormous procession of candlelight. Hundreds of townspeople, *internationalistas* and journalists filled the streets to participate in or witness "Stations of the Cross," a Catholic ceremony depicting the crises leading up to the crucifixion of Christ at the hands of the Roman Empire. It was a ceremonial preparation for the funerals the next day, Saturday, to bury Estelianos who died to keep their city free.

On the path through the streets to the cemetery the next afternoon, the processions of 3 funerals merged, swelling the mass of humanity around three caskets from sidewalk to sidewalk. Slowly we made our way through the cemetery gates where aging lettered monoliths, statues and edifices seemed to make their way past our stillness. The flagstones dated back before Sandino, only to the 1920s as the cemetery became a calendar reviewing the history of the liberation of Esteli itself, a thousand voices whispering their

Taken in Managua near the U.S. embassy



Students at "Escuela Normal" Teachers School in Esteli



Woman militia with friends at a cooperative in Esteli



Managua



Managua

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generally campaigns for nuclear superiority.

A couple of months back it was reported in the *New Statesman* that Singlaub had been appointed as chairman of a special Pentagon policy committee whose brief it was to review Central America military policy. Also on the same committee was Heine Aderhold, a *Soldier of Fortune* editor specializing in "unconventional warfare."

Last September we reported on the shooting down of a helicopter in Nicaragua carrying two US citizens; these men were contracted out to the CIA through *Soldier of Fortune*. It is also suspected that SoF had a hand in the putting together of the infamous "freedom fighters" manual, which

Washington tried to play down in the wake of Congress' refusal to sanction more aid for CIA covert activities in the region.

What should now be fairly obvious is that WACL and the CIA are together controlling covert operations in at least one region of the world, namely Central America, and that contra troops are being used by far-right forces from far afield to destabilize the region, the objective of which is to create a far-right buffer zone as a testing area for developing and perfecting psychological warfare, mercenary intervention, covert operations, etc.

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U.S. Businessmen Organize "Democratic International"

by Conrad Ege

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Thanks to Rite Aid drug store chain owner, Heritage Foundation trustee and Reagan buddy Lewis Lehrman, the world's first "Democratic International" of "anti-communist liberation movements" has been born.

In early June, Lehrman and his lobby organization Citizens for America (CFA) ferried representatives of three "liberation movements" to

Johannesburg. From South Africa, they illegally entered Angola for a meeting in the "bush headquarters" of Jonas Savimbi's National Union for the Total Independence of Angola (UNITA) in Jamba. Lehrman exhorted the rebel chiefs to uphold democratic values such as faith, family and freedom, handed out framed copies of the U.S. Declaration of Independence and read a special message to the gathering from President Reagan.

UNITA leader Savimbi, Adolfo Calero of the Nicaraguan contras, Pa Kao Her of the Ethnic Liberation Organization of Laos and Ghurham Wardak, a Washington-based leader of the Islamic Unity of Afghanistan Majahideen pledged in a joint declaration to act in solidarity

story. The pages turned slowly toward the present as we proceeded toward the fresh earth excavated only minutes earlier by the man in checkered pants walking from afar with shovels bearing the residue of dirt not yet dry.

Finally we arrived at the gravesite, where we waited for accumulating loved ones. Some of the women began crying, touching off more and more cries, in much the same way that a single yawn can touch off a thousand tired people yawning. God, they must be tired of this damned war, I thought.

The casket came, as anguish and signs of anguish began to peak. One of the older women, the *abuelita* of the fallen soldier, had passed out. Her grandson and other young men and women helped her to the rectangular megalith that many of us were standing on. Among a half-dozen others, I helped fan her, as others gave her smelling salts, water and physical support. When she would come around momentarily, her lips would form the words "O Deus mio" with her eyes closed, then pass out again. Very suddenly, a soldier was carrying a 16-year old girl, seized with anguish as she cried "Ohhh papito, ohhh papito" over and over again.

Suddenly it dawned on me that this was not a young son who had fallen, but a father of several children and the center of a large familial network of responsibility. He was in his late thirties, evidenced by his colleagues in local militia green uniforms in their late 30s and early 40s, who had come to partake in ceremonially spading the final clods of wet molder, a fine cement which housed the casket, which lay in the middle of countless bouquets of flowers, surrounded by a black metal frame fence.

An older man stayed longer than all the others. While I looked on from afar wondering who this beloved *compa* who had fallen was, I could see this man wondering over and over, "Why... why...?"

Revolutionary Integrity

Only weeks after Congress appropriated \$27 million to the contras, Esteli was surrounded, killing 33 sons and dads from Esteli, scores wounded, many resources destroyed. The word seemed to have come down from on high that "we got you your money, now let's see some results."

What seemed like a full-scale attack on Esteli turned out to be a deadly form of harassment and destabilization, an attempt to demoralize Esteli and its legend. But such an attack only strengthens the heart of Esteli, and if ever there was a word to describe this city, it is the word "heart." The natural and often severe divisions which must occur in a peacetime democracy temporarily vanished, and its revolutionary integrity crystallized once more.

Esteli is peopled with a history and a memory still and always vivid—very much unlike North American culture and society which has long since replaced history and memory with control of history and memory.

The city does not seem to forget that it fought more than Somoism; it was fighting United States foreign policy—imperialism—itsself. Moreover, this recent attack by the contras is understood as simply more of the same. A 14-year old kid in Esteli holding his gun and his pants up at the same time

against the "Soviet Empire." The founding of the alliance apparently will have only limited impact on the military strength of the four organizations. For the present, Lehrman's effort in organizing the Democratic International is geared mainly toward giving respectability to the "liberation movements." The Democratic International will also maintain a "central clearinghouse" in Washington, apparently for propaganda, fund-raising and lobbying purposes. This clearinghouse can count on continued assistance from Citizens for America, an organization Lehrman founded in 1983.

CFA is funded by ultra right-wing Texas billionaire Nelson Bunker Hunt, financier T. Boone Pickens, beer magnate Joseph Coors,

understands infinitely more of this reality than anyone on Capitol Hill, more than they could dare hope to utter privately or publicly for fear of their political livelihoods. The cold war ends up here.

The Will of Washington

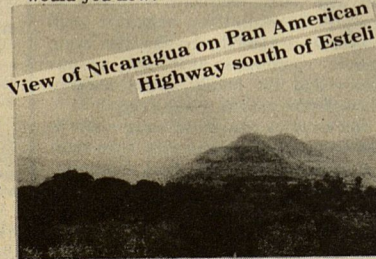
The question arises, what are the contras fighting for? Is there actually some negotiation position they seek? Is it land? Is it the "will of the people?"

The patterns of CIA destabilization are illustrated dramatically in the attack on Esteli. Whose idea was it to destroy food and other basic resources necessary for a poor country to stay alive? Where is the attempt to gain the "will of the people?" None of these seem like indigenous Nicaraguan tactics or ideas. Only very naive, young, brainwashed or coerced people are likely to carry out these maneuvers. No, this war is just fought here, a false civil war imported from Washington, D.C.

The eventual purpose is clear: to pressure-cook Nicaraguans to the point of frustration and hunger, simultaneously using *La Prensa* as a propaganda source with which to blame all subsequent economic problems on the Sandinistas. Does this sound Nicaraguan? Even a dissident Nicaraguan? No. It sounds like U.S. Foreign Policy.

So yes, unfortunately, the many 15-20 year old sequestered, propagandized and coerced youth from the northeast—the so-called "contra recruiting areas"—will continue fighting for the CIA and U.S. foreign policy, the youngest thrown out there like fodder to fight the suicide "delta"-type missions and be killed like flies, typical of the millions who have foolishly lost their lives in CIA wars since 1947. They will be killed along with brave young Nicaraguans defending their cities and country. This is not a civil war—it is a classic divide-and-conquer CIA destabilization war. Just a cheap "dirty little war."

I want to take this opportunity to thank the House of Representatives, particularly the poor red-baited Democrats who protected their political futures by voting for contra aid, as they seem as easily propagandized, brainwashed and coerced as the 15-25 year old "freedom fighters" they helped finance. Why, could you imagine what might happen if 800 contra "freedom fighters" (only a third the number that attacked Esteli) were drugged and kidnapped, turned loose on Congress, then on the White House while Shultz, Weinberger, Bush and Casey were present? They'd all probably lose their lives, but they'd wipe out a lot of fascists! Just hope that nobody ever figures out how to attack the D.C. police station, Georgetown University, Chain Bridge and other tourist spots with your own "freedom fighters." You fellas would never want to have to reap what you sow, would you now?



View of Nicaragua on Pan American Highway south of Esteli

Lehrman himself and two longtime Reagan friends and members of his kitchen cabinet, Holmes Tuttle and Earle Jorgensen.

Most governmental discussions about covert, or, in some cases, overt CIA operations to support right-wing rebel movements have naturally taken place behind closed doors. Rightist think tanks such as the Heritage Foundation—which advocates that the U.S. assist in overthrowing the governments of Vietnam, Kampuchea, Laos, Angola, Ethiopia, Afghanistan, Iran and Libya—and some members of Congress are not satisfied with this state of affairs. In what Noel Koch, the Pentagon official responsible for Special Operations Forces, termed "a watershed in the policy process" ad-

Alejandro Mendoza (left) & Manuel, President and Vice-Pres. of the Ruben Dario Campus (National Autonomous University of Nicaragua) chapter of the National Association of Nicaraguan Students, in their office at the university



Statement from UNEN, (the National Union of Nicaraguan Students)

In the name of peace, all of us united against aggression.

Sept. 17, 1985

Dearest compañeros,

The friendship which unites our supporters in the U.S. with Nicaragua has a history.

The people and the youth have been at our side with material and moral aid and with a firm stand of solidarity in the face of the constant aggressions against us.

Today, from the land of General Sandino, the thousands of youth, combatants, workers, students and children of all of Nicaragua who are in the thick of the struggle against the North American government's aggression, are embracing you warmly, all the youth of the U.S. who continually affirm their solidarity with our people, with deep affection, thanks and respect.

This daily work that you take up in solidarity with people in their fight for peace and in this case with Nicaragua is what strengthens our commitment and encourages us to continue fighting with a revolutionary consciousness, which is our most powerful weapon against our common enemy.

Nicaragua is now living through very difficult times and threats, not only against our people, but also against Central America and Latin America.

Only four days ago the North American government, showing its

ministration witnesses went before a Senate subcommittee headed by Robert Kasten (R.-Wisc.) last month to discuss how the U.S. government should aid "liberation movements."

According to Under Secretary of State for Security Assistance, William Schneider, the U.S. has to respond to a new trend in history: the forces of freedom are on the roll: "men and women [are] taking up arms to overthrow... [totalitarian] dictatorships and trying to accomplish something no indigenous group has ever been able to do—unseat a ruling communist government."

Last week, advocates of US assistance to "anti-communist liberation movements" won another significant victory after the House and the

true face, launched troops which violated our borders both by land and air and it has thus shown its desperation to destroy the popular Sandinista revolution. The North American government pretends that we will surrender, but Sandino will always live in our people's struggle.

In spite of military aggression, we will not "sell out" or give up; we are free and we will never again be slaves; Sandino's flag stays with us and beside it we will fight till death if necessary, or until total victory.

Compañeros, our people want peace. Nicaraguans will always struggle for peace.

We must defend the future, which is threatened, of all the youth of the world, and we must stay united under all circumstances; we must stay active in our fight for peace.

Compañeros, we love peace and will fight for it till the end.

I take leave of you now, your friend and compañero,

Alejandro Mendoza
Recinto Universitario Ruben Dario
CUUN-Central UNAN Managua,
Nicaragua

**FOR THE CONSOLIDATION
OF
THE SANDINISTA
POPULAR REVOLUTION**

Senate had already spoken for overt assistance to the Afghan rebels and the Kampuchean resistance: the Senate voted 63 to 34 to repeal the 1976 "Clark Amendment" which prohibits military assistance to UNITA. Reagan had long pushed for this repeal; during the 1980 electoral campaign he said that Savimbi deserved military support. There also have been allegations that the Reagan administration sends aid to Savimbi despite congressional restrictions. The House now has to take up the question of aiding UNITA. Last year, it came out strongly against any assistance to Savimbi.

Reprinted from *The Guardian*, 33 W. 17th St., NYC, 10011, June 26, 1985.

IBOGAINE

continued from pg. 16

Now one bit of information which Pollin had given me in his letter was, he said Jerome Jaffe had shown interest in it. Jerome Jaffe is Director of the Addiction Research Center and he's going to be the new director of the NIDA, Pollin's resigning. . . So I called Jaffe up and he had an associate of his, Dr. Robert Lang, call me, and Dr. Lang was very helpful, more than very helpful.

He gave me introductions to ***** Chemical Company, who is now evaluating the costs in the specific processes for the manufacture of ibogaine, and he introduced me to ***** [Overthrow has decided to guard the confidentiality of these last disclosures until agreements become finalized and public.] and these are one of the few competent labs who are capable of doing FDA work, and they've agreed to design and budget the study for us. We're going to be meeting with them on Monday in Massachusetts. [A recent letter from this company concludes, "The intended application for ibogaine represents an extremely important and pharmacologically exciting research endeavor, in which we at ***** look forward to participation."]

So you've got to find your friends. Science and government and medicine are not monolithic. It's like Pollin says in his letter, "We encourage Mr. Lotsof to use his growing set of alliances within the scientific community to satisfy the appropriate requirements of the Food and Drug Administration and our scientific review procedures." So that's what we're doing. And we basically have it set up to go. We have ***** Research to design the IND, we've got Arthur Jacobson at the Committee on Problems of Drug Dependence at NIMH who's willing to evaluate any potential for abuse that the drug may have, we have Louis Harris and Mario Aceto at the University of Virginia who are willing to test its effectiveness on animals.

Safety, Efficacy and Advantage

Considering that I'm not a doctor, I think that this is amazing. . . We've found our contacts within the scientific and medical communities who are willing to

cy stuff is over. And basically, you're awake and you're there and you say, boyohboy, I've been up for twenty-four hours, I've been up for thirty-six hours. And you feel, oh god I'm going to sleep for a week, and you go to sleep, and three to four hours later, you're wide awake, completely refreshed, and that goes on for months.

In the 'sixties, I tried to get people interested in manufacturing it. I actually got some to Tim Leary, and the report I got back was that he didn't like it. As I said, it's not a euphoric hallucinogen. It's interesting in its own way, but it's not the kind of drug that you take and then go out and party on the beach with.

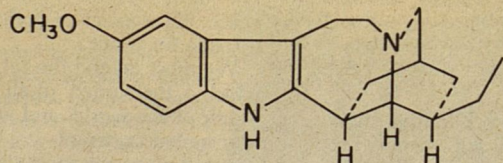
It's something that really knocks you off your feet for the first three to four hours, and then you're getting around during the energy period and then after twenty-four hours, you're pretty exhausted. It's after you go to sleep and after you wake up that you realize that something very special has happened. And this was particularly the case with narcotics addicts.

I couldn't get anybody, at that time, in the black market interested in manufacturing it. Nobody was interested in a drug that would stop you from taking drugs.

The problem with the raw substance is that it takes four hours to take effect, it's so crude it takes so long to get through the stomach and intestinal tract, and in order apparently to get the type of effects that we would need, you'd have to virtually work in toxic doses. We can stay clear of this by using the purified alkaloid. On the few occasions where I attempted to experiment with the crude extract, it was just ineffective for our purposes.

You have to get that immediate fifteen-to-twenty minutes knocked off your feet, the hallucinatory phase comes on, passes, and that period seemed necessary, that bringing-up of all the traumatic, emotional information seemed required.

When I was beginning to set this up, we thought it was going to be done completely in the philanthropic area. And then when I evaluated what the various foundations were doing, none of the founda-



Ibogaine

(Tabernanthe)

Journal of Psychedelic Drugs

proceed and are licensed to work with Schedule One drugs. We have to meet three requirements for the FDA. For many other drugs we'd have to meet two. Drugs have to meet safety requirements, they have to be effective. Now, because ibogaine is an hallucinogen, it not only has to be effective, it has to have advantages over any other treatment procedure.

There is no known treatment procedure for either heroin addiction or cocaine abuse, which will remove the desire to use that drug, other than ibogaine. . . You have to understand. Apomorphine is a drug that is going to make you sick if you take morphine. . . With ibogaine you have a situation where a person takes the drug and two days later, in most cases, they're completely free of any ill effects of ibogaine, any withdrawal effects from narcotics and any desire to seek or use either opiates or cocaine.

Ibogaine limits its own potential for abuse. In the only series of tests, after the third time the drug was given, the hallucinatory period stopped. There was just nothing more to run in the subconscious. We administered two doses afterwards, a week apart. . .

Most people do not have a desire to use ibogaine again. It's a very long trip. You get into twenty-four hours and all the fan-

tions involved in drug treatment procedures—except the Rockefellers who put money into methadone—were putting any money into medical research, they were all putting money into what they called "educational" efforts—in other words, trying to deter the drug user before he becomes a drug user. . .

Let me tell you who did not respond. Nancy Reagan did not respond. And Mario Cuomo did not respond. Mayor Koch asked the Commissioner of Health, David Sencer, to respond, and he says he's interested and he'll wait till we publish in the scientific literature. Which means we've got to have \$100,000 to get the drugs to the doctors so they can publish a paper. Rangel was the one who did the most for us by asking Pollen to do the evaluating.

We've had some interest in Canada. . . And there's a lot of interest in France. The French had worked with ibogaine, they discovered it, and they've worked with it right up to the present day in research projects. We're waiting for a Dr. Dominique Bocher, an associate of Claudio Naranjo's who was a co-patent holder on Naranjo's German patent for the use of ibogaine, and he's going to get back to us as soon as he gets back from

vacation. He says he's very interested, he might work on development, he might manufacture it for us.

A Chance to Save Many Lives

In a way, it's almost supportive of Dr. Dole's concept of why methadone would be an effective treatment. A narcotic addict, due to addiction or due to some primary cause, has a biochemical imbalance which the opiates satisfy. Now what ibogaine appeared to do in a non-addictive manner, is to disrupt that biochemical system which is responsible for the drives relating to opiate-seeking and use behavior for periods of six months. It itself is metabolized in twelve hours—it's completely out of your system in twelve hours. But in that twelve hours, it acts as a catalyst to break drug-seeking behavior. It was 100% effective in people that were using cocaine, it was 70% effective in people who were using heroin. [The studies so far conducted have been on a decidedly small scale; with that in mind, the results could scarcely be more encouraging.]

When Naranjo addressed the American Psychiatric Association in 1963, he said ibogaine was the most important adjunct to psychotherapy he had ever come across.

Now we may find that we may be working overseas long before we're working in the states. And if we have trouble with the FDA after we've proven safety, efficacy and advantage, we have patents filed in Mexico and in Canada and we'll just set up on either side.

So I'm prepared to do battle, and give a lot of young people a chance, to not become victims. And my basic goal is that, the project will accomplish more for me in my life than any other thing that I could think of. I was a political activist of sorts for many years, and I just got disgusted. You do and do and do and nothing ever happens. And finally I realized, I can do something. I don't have to talk about doing something. . . If I can give a chance to let's say 30% of the addicts and 30% of the people really fucked up on coke, to not be, then I would have brought back two hundred thousand people. And that's something. So that's what I've basically devoted my life to at this point.

We need \$350,000 and hopefully Overthrow could help get the message out there.

My patent attorney believes in this so much that he pleaded with the patent office—and he's a very famous patent attorney, Howard Miskin—and he said to them that this is so important that they must award the patent. And they did. We overcame all of their challenges, legal and pharmacological. Then just last month, we filed the patent for the use of ibogaine against the abuse of cocaine and amphetamines. Apparently ibogaine is working with basic mechanisms related to compulsive-addictive behavior and somehow completely breaks the acute anxiety syndromes that the cocaine abuser and the heroin addict undergo when they're not using any drug.

You have to remember, drug abuse is like slavery and governments have risen and fallen on the issue. So I anticipate, that once the medical and scientific establishment have demonstrated efficacy, safety and the advantages of the ibogaine procedure over any other drug treatment procedure—that specific advantage being that it breaks the desire to use drugs, to use narcotics or cocaine—and once the medical profession agrees with those conclusions, and documents those conclusions, I cannot believe that any government of the United States could not allow a treatment that was effective against drug abuse and still stand, we'd just vote them out of office.

But it's going to be a fight. Nothing's easy and I've been busting my ass for four years.

—Contributions may be sent to the Dora Weiner Foundation, P.O. Box 168, Staten Island, New York 10310•(718) 727-3458. Howard Lotsof has asked that we inform our readers that the ibogaine treatment will not likely be available in the United States, even on an experimental basis, before two years. The procedure has not yet been approved by the FDA, nor is approval imminent.

BRITISH RIOTS

continued from pg. 2

Banks investing in apartheid were a favorite target for many people. Stickers were stuck on cash check-out points, apologizing that "This cash-point is temporarily out of order." Impressive looking leaflets with the bank's logo on it, explaining that this bank will give away a free krugerrand (a gold South African coin) were leafletting bank lobbies. As soon as it got dark, teams went all over London gluing up bank locks, throwing red paint at bank walls, and spraying "Blood Money", "Apartheid Investor," etc. All in all, an excellent evening, and no one was arrested.

French Youth Send Out An SOS

by Jeff Cohen

The latest rage to hit the sophisticated world of French fashion is a simple one: a colorful plastic badge shaped like an upright hand and bearing the words TOUCHE PAS A MON POTE (don't touch my buddy). From Calais to Cannes, hundreds of thousands of people have taken to slapping it on their clothes.



The "buddies" are the millions of immigrants and minorities—most prominently Arabs and blacks—who have increasingly become the targets of racial violence in France. The badge is the brainchild of SOS Racisme, a multiracial youth movement that has galvanized a generation usually dismissed as apathetic. "We're trying to make it shameful to be racist," explains Algerian-born Ahmed Fouath of the SOS national committee—notable for its mix of Arabs and Jews.

Politicians, union leaders, and even a few television personalities have sported the badge, and celebrities Simone Signoret, Constantin Costa-Gavras, and Yves Montand have endorsed the effort.

The badge represents the perfect marriage of style and politics. Although the message is racial harmony, the medium is no less important: the 50-cent badge comes in a variety of colors and can be matched with any outfit. Six months after the badges went on sale, well over a million were sold.

SOS has begun pumping the profits into a fund to provide lawyers for victims of racial attacks. But the group's main goal is not so much fundraising as it is consciousness-raising. Ahmed Fouath says the wide spectrum of badge colors is important: "We are a rainbow country. We must go beyond the concept of France as a white country.

The leading proponent of France as a white country is Jean-Marie Le Pen, the fiery leader of the ultraright National Front. Le Pen's political fortunes have soared along with unemployment, which he blames on immigrants; and the National Front sent shock waves through France last year by winning 11% of the vote in elections for the European Parliament.

Haunted by the omnipresence of the SOS badge, the National Front's youth group responded with a button of its own, with the white-power message TOUCHE PAS A MON PEUPLE (don't touch my people). But the Front's badge is rarely seen.

SOS is building on the success of its campaign: an all-night rally and concert last June in Paris's Place de la Concorde drew an estimated 300,000 people. The group plans a national march against racism this fall and—because racism knows no borders—SOS affiliates have been organized in Belgium, Switzerland, and Italy.

—reprinted from Anti-Authoritarian News Network, P.O.B. 915, Stn. F, Toronto, Ont. M4Y-2N9, Canada

lies, secrets & the beat

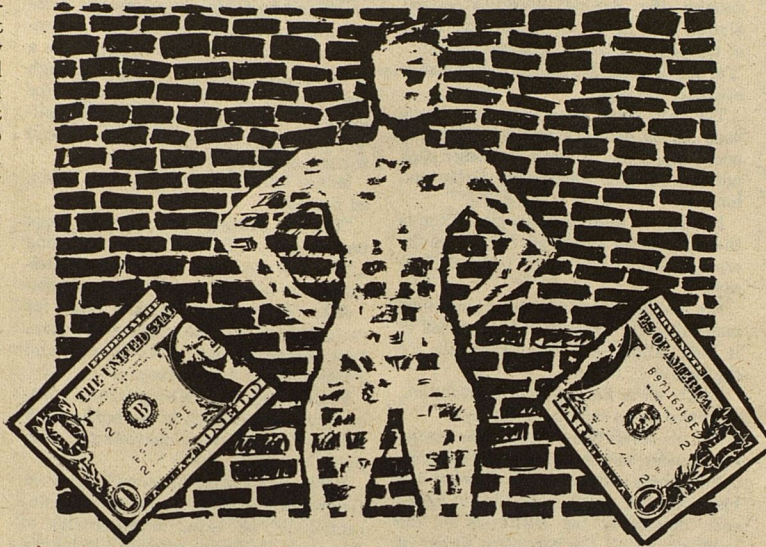
by laura cottingham

and in new york city you can feel it first. in the east village where i live we dont have a doorman but a man who sits everyday by the door. he has no toes and no shoes where his toes would go if they weren't already gone. where did they put them when they cut them off? they shoulda sent them air mail express to the right to life people to mix in the jars with all the fetuses they carry around to horrify already confused and pregnant girls with. but i bet they just threw em in the trash with all the medicaid carbons and broken thermometers. i would ask him because he might know but he doesn't respond well to questions although you can often hear him say *its my turn now, its my turn now* and i think he means he wants a roof and food but he could be talking about his turn on the merrygoround at the festival where his older brother wouldn't get off and stole his ticket from him or something. my big brother and i had some problems like that and they never go away. problems. he was a scared shy little boy but oldest son and i was an aggressive big girl but second child. snakes scared him but not me so i rolled up my shirt sleeve for the nurse while he was hiding under the examination table behind the garbage can. but that was adolescence when i did that and put marbles under the fitted sheet of his bed and the other stuff. real little we were okay and i protected him and kept his ice cream from the bully who became a cop later, but after ten years he was mad to be a wimp boy and i found out i was a girl and that made me mad too. so we never liked each other since then really but instead i told him he was big and dumb and he called me a communist jew and boy was i pissed when he got bigger and bigger and he could beat the shit out of me with one hand behind his back. but really he hates me for the present as much as the past after all i overthrew our father and he didnt and he knows it. when he got married last year i had a curse plate from the pennsylvania dutch to give them but i didnt because of the mad karma and instead showed up and all he said for the three days was *go back to new york. i did provoke him* telling him he was disgusting in the middle of the throwing the garter belt strip tease routine so im lucky he didnt punch me out right there in front of 500 reception guests. i also told him he was trash. thats what my mother always warned us against. *trash. trash wear white patent leather*

before memorial day. men trash come to dinner without their shirts on. trash get their ears pierced. trash wear red and black together. trash watch television all day. trash drink pepsi. i dont watch tv or drink pepsi but my mother knows i live trash cause trash also bounce checks and rent instead of buy and drink and

artists and musicians and writers and actors and performers and anybody creative cause new york sucks except for its culture so why would *anybody* want to live here if they could just as easily with their money be in paris or london or venice or barcelona or rome? who needs new york it stinks and the subways suck and collapse

displayed across the room for the purpose of employees reading it and seeing it everyday like 1984 you know that book and the sign says: saving sick days is insurance. it really says dont take any sick days but show up for work and press a time card and be here and give us every hour youre awake and we dont care if your daughter has the flu or your cat fell out of the window or the telephone company is coming we dont care do it on sunday and come to work we want your labor thats how we make money. so the next time you call or visit the post office and it makes you mad because the service sucks and your father told you free enterprise would make it better and a bad product under the federal p.o. is like what would happen to the whole country under communism just remember that these people who work for our great amerika are treated like shit every day thats why it seems like they treat you that way so be nice to them and save your snotty behavior for nasty salesmen at bergdorfs or brooks brothers and see how shitfaced and mean *those* people are if you try to walk in and buy something. free enterprise my ass. if you cant go to dinner at any one of the best fifty restaurants in town then so what if they exist. thats nothing good for you or me. who cares about great food or its availability if you cant afford to shop at balduccis then thats discrimination if you know what i mean. if some people have something good and somebody else wants that good thing too but theyre not allowed to get it thats discrimination. money is the primary form of discrimination in amerika. but its just paper. before then it was something else and later it will be anything else. but the real something controlled is the self. you have one and so do i and so does everyone live aid performers and ethiopians eating the records too. thats taken away before and within the money that says it that says that some have and others dont and some live and some dont and some live little and some live big and some have toes and some goes. in amerika we should all eat and we dont. how can money control when its only paper, how can your mother control when shes only one. how can men control cause theyre bigger since the invention of the gun? the past pushes its face into the present and forces us to lick ass. i am a coat. hang me on the wall. people put me on. everything not warm is outside.



graphic by Seth Tobocman

hardly ever have a savings account. shes embarrassed though to tell people her daughter is trash and she hopes they cant tell from looking and usually they cant cause they dont get to look at me too often from kentucky to new york its hard to look too far. last year when they came to visit in the winter my father said he wanted to come back in the summer *cause all the wierdos would be out on the street then, right?* were out on the street all the time and some of us live there even and most of us are afraid of ending up there. is that where valerie solanis is now or where? soon all of manhattan will be a dentist office cause only unmarried dentists will be boring and monied enough to live here. while ed koch is wiping the orchidia out and putting in steves ice cream and turning the lower east side into an extension of the village, even renaming it that and soon there will be a few projects left where else will they cage all the people of color they cant find a way to imprison and then it will be government subsidized housing and luxury condos for dentists. hell even the rich people will move out after they eliminate all the

and as soon as a three day weekend hits everyone with a credit card runs away and suffocates waiting to get on the holland tunnel. thats how much we like it. nobody does except for the vulture. so let them have a whole island full of fucking dentists and commuters and a population of poor people they control. the poor people will take over the dentists i hope. but itd be better if we could keep the dentists out and all the rest of us all the marginal members of society the only ones with anything to say or be around all of us old and poor and Black and Hispanic and Chinese and Korean and artists and Vietnamese and poets and people with dogs and cats and Mexican and Jewish and Polish and Croatian and writers and painters and dancers and thinkers and everybody who real estate, government, con edison and ronald reagan treat like shit. were all here now so we need to hold on to this little turf cause usually they don't let us all be in the same place at the same time. thats power even if we just found ourselves with it. at a post office in midtown this week they have a gargantuan banner prominently

complicated than the world of war. It requires the ability to be tolerant (which includes the ability to recognize, to find one's bearings, to differentiate), to be able to acquaint young people both with music and new ideas and social relations that give origin to the music. Lengthy articles of the Jazz Bulletin were devoted to the music of indigenous people, Black and Latino-American music, and the Rock-in-Opposition movement.

Supporting environmental protection, we realize that music is inseparable from the environment. Good music can only grow in good environments. Thus we shall be happy to come in contact and co-operate with all those in the world who care to create and keep a healthy and peaceful environment. Peace gives music all possibilities for further development—war needs only brass military marches.

—Prague, 20th July 1984.

—Reprinted from END, Journal of European Nuclear Disarmament, (Dec '83—Winter '84), 227 Seven Sisters Road, London N4 2DA, England.

CZECH JAZZ BANNED

Not content with the eradication of all national literature worthy of the name, the relentless philistines of Czechoslovakia's cultural apparatus have launched an all-out drive against independent musical expression in that nation. The Jazz Section of the Musicians Union has long been a thorn in the side of the authorities, as much for the members' dedication to the musical freedom which is the essence of jazz as for their political concerns. Following the circulation of an open letter at the Prague World

Peace Congress (see text below), the bureaucrats have redoubled their efforts to put Czech jazz out of business, which the recent popularity of punk rock among working class youth has similarly alarmed the authorities.

On July 19th of this year, the Ministry of the Interior imposed a temporary three month ban on *all* activity of the Musicians Union, to be lifted only on the condition that jazz activity of any sort cease entirely and that no new musical groups be established! Alternative music has become an important outlet for the frustration and alienation of many young Czechs, and the ban has provoked a wave of protest letters. Below, a defiant open letter to members of the Young Music Supporters Club:

Open Letter of the Jazz Section to the World Peace Congress

Our organization represents several thousand people from the whole country who are interested in modern music. The word jazz is more than a label for certain kinds of

music, it stands for a symbol of creativity, humanity and tolerance. We consider music as a universal language, as a way to mutual understanding both between people and nations. We believe people searching spontaneously for a common language are as important for peace as professional diplomats negotiating at disarmament conferences.

We are convinced that war cannot be averted by mere declarations. War can be avoided only under one condition: people must *want* to live in Peace. They must realize that war means not only loss of life and material damage, but also an irreparable catastrophe of culture, which warps the characters and moral values of those who survive.

Two of our publications directly deal with the struggle for the preservation of culture under the worst conditions—in concentration camps: *Music in the Terezin Ghetto* and *The Last One from the Transport*.

But avoiding war is not the only problem. Living peacefully has to be *learned*—the world of peace is more

Rubin

continued from page one

Local AMA president Jan Peskett said the organization includes just about "anybody who's selling anything."

"It's a little difficult to figure out sometime what he did believe in and what he does believe in," she said prior to Rubin's appearance. "He sort of bills himself as the number one Yuppie in North America. It's important that our members listen to a Yuppie and listen to some of the things that make a Yuppie tick."

Yuppies start networking over Perrier, wine, cheese and coldcuts, in the lobby of a Vancouver theater.

Smatterings of Yuppie marketing conversations are unavoidable as the posh digs fill with Rubin fans: "You can't become a rebel, they don't like rebels... you can't pass it up... can I get a receipt?"

"I thought he was an interesting guy," says a costly-coiffed man who saw Rubin speak in 1968 at the University of Alberta.

The Alberta transplant says he's not completely comfortable with the Yuppie label, but adds: "I drive a Volvo. Is that a dead giveaway?"

A woman approaches to say she identifies with Rubin because their lives have followed similar paths.

Does that mean she was an activist hippie?

"I wasn't a hippie or any particular thing. I was just me," she says. She hadn't heard of Rubin during his Yuppie heyday because she was into modeling and advertising in Europe back then.

"I like what he has to say. The way he says it is very forward. It's RIGHT ON!" she says.

Rubin's arrival signals a pause in the networking as the gathering files into the auditorium to hear the yappy Yuppie.

Introduced as a "walking advertisement for power and influence" and vice-president of the League of Baby Boom Voters, Rubin takes the stage, standing behind two bottles of Perrier resting on the podium securely within Rubin's grasp.

Rubin once used the drug Ritalin to help him bring off a speech. Now, he's drugged on power.

"I was one of the most famous people in the country then [1960s]," he starts off, adding that he shined in the 1970s and nobody recognized him, so "today I never leave home without my American Express card."

Rubin flashes his credit card and the modest stab at old-fashioned Yuppie humor draws a chuckle, then he flings himself into his favorite subject: the Jerry Rubin Story.

All of Rubin's books were autobiographies and he's always viewed his life as the motive force of history so, of course, this night he details the making of dissident Jerry Rubin and his 1960s adventures.

"I was a very macho man in the 1960s,"

he admits. "Kind of a John Wayne of the left."

His answer to that macho attitude and other social ills is an eruption of international Yuppie consciousness.

Rubin's Yuppie International includes Russian Yuppies (he even hints Gorbachev may be one) and China's Communist Party.

"They've gone from Yippie to Yuppie," he says. "China is a Yuppie country... consumer oriented, problem-solving oriented."

How can a man born before the U.S. entered the Second World War bill himself as a leader of Yuppies, members of the post-war baby boom generation?

"I'm one of them. Maybe not in age, but in attitude," he says.

The baby boom generation has always been led by people a few years older, he tries to cover himself, noting such notables as Jane Fonda, Bob Dylan and himself.

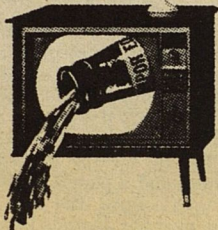
Besides, he says, the '60s generation is the hippest ever and 40 year olds from the era look 30. "I can't wait to be 90," he says.

His onetime Yippie cohort Abbie Hoffman called for Revolution for the Hell of It. Now, Rubin calls for an Evolution for the Hell of It, of sorts.

"We're all in the throes of a revolution, disguised as an evolution," he says.

But his revolution is marked by changing decades, not changing social systems.

Rubin puts a lot of faith in decades, and his notion of dueling decades suggests each decade is the antithesis of the previous one. If the '60s were an age of



selfless confrontation, the '70s were the selfish Me Generation, and by the '90s we'll be back to the '60s as the Yuppies take over, baby boomers give birth to another baby boom and the "greatest outburst of generosity" is unleashed.

And where are the '80s left in this dialectical shuffle? "The decade of the '80s, whether we like it or not, is going to be known as the Yuppie decade."

Rubin feels his life is on the cutting edge of history. In the '60s, he was into revolution and everyone was into revolution. In the '70s, he was into self-consciousness raising, and so was everyone else. Now, he's a yuppie and guess what he thinks everyone else is.

Rubin believes he's the walking symbol of his generation's evolution, but if the 200 or so who attended his local address are any indication, Yuppies were likely taking business administration courses while the college administration offices were being occupied.

"What do you do? That means: How do

you make your money? Your work is that which produces your money. It defines who you are. Our very consciousness is warped by the green fetish!"

—Jerry Rubin, 1970.

"They (Yuppies) do define themselves by their careers, by what they do."

—Jerry Rubin, 1985.

These days, Rubin makes a well-heeled living speaking about Yuppies and organizing networking affairs in New York discos.

But while money makes Rubin's world go 'round, he claims Yuppies have more on their minds than Perrier, Rolex watches and BMWs. He insists they have a social consciousness that, although dedicated to capitalism, stands for positive thinking, personal health, self-empowerment, equality between men and women and environmental concerns.

Money talks, and so does Jerry Rubin, ad nauseum.

"There's nothing wrong with being materialistic... I'm for everyone owning a VCR," he drones on, responding to questions from his audience after his speech.

After defining the Yuppie label for more than an hour, he responds to a question asked about Catholicism and Judaism with: "Labels are out."

Following Rubin's performance, everyone ambles back to the buffet room for some post-event networking with Jerry himself.

Rubin and I clash on everything from the reigning social system ("Are you anti-capitalist?") he says, incredulously to Nicaragua ("a Soviet satellite") to his notion that activists have en masse embraced Yuppiedom ("More of them are like me than you.")

The ex-Chicago Eight defendant's verdict: "You're the most prejudiced person I've ever met in my life."

I wander to a table for an obligatory glass of Perrier and encounter the University of Alberta Yuppie, slouched in a chair.

"He's still a good salesman," he smiles.

BOOK REVIEW

Trials & Tribulations by William M. Kunstler

Grove Press, Inc. 1985
201 pages, \$7.95 (soft cover)

by Mark A. Silverman

When the Chicago Eight were charged with conspiring to disrupt the 1968 Democratic National Convention, when Fathers Daniel and Phillip Berrigan were accused by FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover of plotting to kidnap Henry Kissinger, and when Karlton Armstrong faced sentencing for blowing up the Army Mathematics Research Center at the University of Wisconsin, a telephone rang. It was to ring many times during the tumultuous Sixties and the years that followed. The callers were...

Abbie Hoffman, Jerry Rubin, Nathan Schwerner and Lenny Bruce, to name a few. The phone belongs to William M. Kunstler, and it rings today, a loud and shrill alarm, when human dignities are somewhere in jeopardy.

Civil rights lawyer, activist and friend to the oppressed, William M. Kunstler has written a superb and inspirational collection of political verse. Entitled *Trials and Tribulations*, the book contains 102 sonnets which were, "with rare exceptions, all begun during quiet moments in various courtrooms around the country." Each sonnet is preceded by explanatory commentary in order to clarify the event or personality depicted. Mr. Kunstler chose the sonnet form because, "like the law, it has a rather rigid and well-defined structure." Those who wish to enrich their understanding of the civil rights movement in this country, and of the American brand of jurisprudence, but who have a fear of poetry, needn't fear: the commentary provided by Mr. Kunstler more than adequately supplies the historical backdrop and biographical detail necessary to fully appreciate the sarcasm, irony and tragedy flowing from his verse.

The number of political giants and activists represented by Mr. Kunstler, or with whom he has associated in his fight for civil liberties, is astounding. They have included, in addition to those mentioned above: H. Rap Brown, Malcolm X, Adam Clayton Powell, Jr., Fannie Lou Hamer (cofounder of the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party), Martin Luther King, Jr., Assata Shakur (New York Black Panther Party), Kathy Boudin and Dennis Banks.

Of Jerry Rubin, the lawyer had this to say: "It would be very easy to criticize Jerry for what many regard as nothing sort of outright treachery and opportunism, but I cannot bring myself to do so. While I am disappointed by the change in his life style, I am also conscious of the enormous contributions he made to the ending of the Vietnamese conflict." Similarly, Jane Fonda, once a "courageous and outspoken opponent of the Vietnamese conflict," has lately seemed "far more interested in making money than remaining on the firing line," her image having changed from "that of a militant crusader for human rights to that of a highly paid gym instructor." He writes: "... Strange that this voice once mouthed urgent pleas/Now teaches women how to bend their knees."

Abbie Hoffman, on the other hand, has remained steadfastly on the firing line, and while underground because of cocaine charges pending against him, became one of the leading figures in the fight to prevent industrial pollution of the St. Lawrence River. Both Hoffman and Kunstler were arrested last June when they, along with hundreds of others, blockaded the CIA offices in Manhattan, as a demonstration against its Latin American tactics. Because of the high percentage of young people who voted for Reagan in the past election, Abbie has changed his slogan to: "I don't trust anyone under thirty."

Mr. Kunstler has been held in contempt by "so many courts that it is difficult to remember." On some occasions he spent an hour or so in custody; on others, so much as a "weekend in the cooler." The longest such sentence imposed—and later reversed—was the four years and thirteen days decreed by Judge Julius Hoffman in the Chicago Con-

continued on next page

LES LEDBETTER DEAD

Edited the *New York Times*, *Overthrow*

by Dana Beal

Les Ledbetter, confidant of *High Times* founder Tom Forcade and long-time staffer who resigned the *N.Y. Times* in Dec. 1983 to edit, for a time, the radical journal *Overthrow*, passed away July 29th in his sleep, just hours before he was due to visit the doctor about a chronic case of pneumonia.

With him goes an irrecoverable trove of information, a book he was planning to write about his experiences in the civil rights and anti-war movement as well as his personal knowledge of the figures of the Kennedy and Johnson eras garnered as a White House courier and special protocol officer for the State Dept, and then of the personalities of the '70s from his vantage as a *Times*-man.

Les Ledbetter was JFK's pot connection. Like the famous rocking chair, the Prez used pot for his back, injured in WW II. As a 19-yr. old courier hired because his people, like much of the civil rights movement former Stevenson supporters, had thrown their support to JFK at the proper moment, Les had both the requisite knowledge of D.C. and the staff position—kind of a glorified gopher—such that he ended up being sent out for any sensitive items the relatively wholesome (pot and whisky, not whips and cocaine) Kennedy White House might require.

Les was fond of telling how during the Cuban missile crisis, it was his job to schmooze with the press outside the room where Kennedy was ostensibly meeting with UN Ambassador Stevenson. In reality Jack was up the backstairs thru a rear

door to room getting laid, while Stevenson took a nap. After two hours both men would emerge with somber mien. Nobody ever wondered why they both remained so refreshed, apparently.

But it was Les's unique access first to the civil rights, then to the anti-war movement, as much as this professional background, which recommended Les to the *New York Times*. In 1969, when they hired him, the *Times* had no one who could tell them what was going on in the Movement.

It was in his capacity as a member of the *Times* Washington Bureau that Les led the fight to have Tom Forcade of the Underground Press Syndicate—an eccentric figure by Washington standards, given to stalking the halls of the Capitol dressed in Wyatt Earp black, sporting a bomb-shaped attache case—formally admitted to the Press Corps of the House and Senate. Tom's federal suit, on behalf

of the entire underground press, ultimately prevailed late in 1971.

In 1971 Les became a reporter on the *Times* metropolitan staff and later was the editor of the New Jersey section of the daily paper. He also wrote the pop life music column.

From 1976 to 1979 he was a national correspondent in the San Francisco bureau, becoming part of the entourage of liberal Mayor George Moscone, and Supervisor Harvey Milk. It was in this capacity that he suggested the *Times* do a story about Dennis Peron, whose "Big Top" marijuana supermarket, servicing the needs of 6,000 S.F. tokers, had earned the enmity of unreconstructed right-wingers in the SFPD by funding the campaigns of both Moscone and Milk.

Times higher-ups vetoed the Big Top story, and were subsequently unprepared when hysterical (Dan White had denounced Peron "nothing but a dope dealer") official attitudes erupted in the assassinations of Moscone and Milk.

It was Les' job to file stories on that

THE BALLAD OF RAMBO AND COMPANY

by Craig Silver

(sung to the tune of the *Ballad of the Green Berets*)

The silver screen is where they're best
These are men, put to the test
Fighting war on celluloid
The average man would avoid

Rambo and Norris are tough as nails
They go in where America fails
But underneath, it's all a hoax
As real soldiers, they're a couple of jokes

'Cause real soldiers can get blown apart
Shot in the head, shot in the heart
Real soldiers don't always win
Then someone must contact the next of kin

Yes, real soldiers have real lives
When they die, they leave grief-stricken wives
Husbands and fathers and mothers, too
'Cause real war ain't good for you

Well, some say we lost in Vietnam
To the Vietnamese and the Vietcong
But there's a lesson we should have won
You can't solve world problems from the end of a gun

Now Rambo and Norris are fighting there still
Imaginary wars where no one gets killed
Where imaginary blood flies across the screen
And bodies pile up in every scene

Yes, Rambo and company, they play it rough
They make the enemy into cream puff
But ask the veteran down the street
If it's all so simple, if it's all so neat

Ask the veteran about Agent Orange
That destroys your body despite your courage
Ask about kids burnt by napalm
About the mortarfire at Khe Sahn

There's something I'd like to know
Something those movie-makers don't show
If they're so in love with guns and fists
Why don't those movie-makers enlist?

'Cause the silver screen is where they're best
These are men put to the test
Fighting war on celluloid
The kind of war we should avoid

continued from previous page
spiry Trial. Hoffman is described as "a tiny martinet with a voice very reminiscent of that of Jim Backus in the Mr. Magoo film cartoon series." Kunstler points out that, contrary to the widespread notion that he deliberately invites contempt citations, he does not. He simply feels that some judicial actions are so harmful to his clients that he must speak out, that it is his duty to do so.

Despite his speaking out, his representation of clients without pay, his striking down of unconstitutional statutes and charting new directions in the law, Mr. Kunstler's name does not appear in the *Who's Who in American Law* (1983 edition). No matter, really, for he has a secure place in the hearts of all, in jail or out, who devote their lives to making King's dream come true.

The following sonnet is representative of the others in the book:

Attica: The Beginning

The day began without the slightest sign
That it would differ from all those before.
That shortly after the first breakfast line,
The weight of hands would spring the padlocked door.
Twelve hundred men, a liberating band,
Looked down upon the ground on which they stood.
And turned a prison yard into a land,
A most unlikely place for nationhood.
The new electorate, convulsed with dreams,
Ignored the muzzles of the waiting guns.
And substituted for their inner screams
The aspirations of their unborn sons.
Emerging from a desperate moment past,
A man could rise and claim his soul at last.

Mark Silverman is a lawyer practicing in Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

assassination, and then after his return to New York, on the assassination of John Lennon. But the *Times*, as he later confided, was already changing, becoming more neo-conservative, and in many ways the spearhead for the neo-conservative value-shift was the drug thing, as it affected *Times* editors thru their children and neighborhoods.

Les felt more and more constrained. The boss of the Metropolitan section of the *Times*, where they had him working the last couple of years, wasn't even a newspaperman. He was a business manager, fer Chrissakes.

But Les liked working the evening shift, liked the autonomy of putting the evening edition to bed. Ever the epitome of a hard-drinking reporter, he liked hitting the bars after work, which was how he started hanging out at Studio 10, a Bowery loft converted by some latter-day Yippies into a performance space with 5 rock bands-a-night and \$1 Heineken.

The association didn't help him up at the *Times*. In 1983, as he was trying to in-

by George Neal Apostolakis

"Every city in the world that has practiced desegregation has fallen. That is why God kicked Solomon off the throne. And Judea and Israel—they all fell because they mixed the races. We're not just against mixing niggers and whites; we're against mixing Caucasians with Japs and Chinese."

Easterly then began telling about how he is a great friend of the Negro ("All my life I ain't done nothing but work niggers."), about how segregation helps the Negro and he knows that Negroes like segregation. "Niggers are starting a national organization for segregation," he said. "Not a white man in it." When I asked him the name of the organization, he replied, "Oh, I ain't gonna give y'all that old nigger's name. Y'all will start economic reprisals against him."

"Who will start economic reprisals?"

"Your Editors, the NAACP and the rest of that commie outfit."

A few hours later, I sat in the office of Dr. C.J. Gilliam, a Baton Rouge leader of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. He had a different story about what the Southern Negro wants.

"Many years ago, we asked for school equalization. Then we couldn't get it, now we don't want it," he said.

"We want nothing less than total integration in all facets of American life—and we won't stop until we get it."

Who speaks for the Negro—Easterly or Gilliam? In thousands of miles of travel in several Southern states, I talked to scores of Negroes in all walks of life. They said Gilliam speaks for the Negro. In fact, even the lowliest Negroes expressed wry amusement that white men should pretend to know what the Negro wants, to say what is "best for the Negro."

"If these people really think we want segregation, why must white men band in secret pressure groups and resort to lawlessness to preserve segregation?" a Mississippi salesman asked me.

"Why are these all-white legislatures passing all kinds of frantic, oppressive

interest editors of the *New York Times Magazine* in a story which was only then becoming clear, but which has since become common knowledge (see recent GAO report): wrongheaded Reagan marijuana witch-hunt brings cocaine explosion. Then, in a surprise search of his locker, *Times* security personnel found two joints.

Times bosses confronted Les with a choice of termination of employment or voluntarily entering a program. Les, who knew his health was suffering—not from pot so much as years of drinking and after-hours coke-snorting—decided to go along with the program.

But even after two months of de-tox (and a good thing, too—the doctor told him he had only 7% of his liver left), Les's enemies among the *Times* higher-ups weren't satisfied. Instead of being able to live with friends when he got out, Les was told he would have to live, basically under surveillance at all times, at a hotel of the *Times* management's choosing.

Les had a bit more dignity than that. He

laws to keep the Negro in his place, if they honestly believe the Negro is happy?"

"There is nothing complicated about what we want," said a teacher in Nashville. "We just want the same things other Americans want—the same opportunities, rights and responsibilities."

A glimpse of America from *Look* magazine, April 3, 1956.

Suppressed History

Has America changed from the days when my immigrant mother was refused counter service and my veteran father harassed for "mongrelizing" the "white" race. Does Jerry Falwell back segregationist America? Do police beat on our heads for having "naive" ideas like believing in our Declaration of Independence of 1776?

We need to teach our brothers and sisters about the suppressed history of our movements. It's hard to find films about the anti-war movement and youth culture in this country (not to mention independent peace movements in Eastern Europe, etc.). Do you remember Students for a Democratic Society (SDS) or the Black Panthers? You need to know.

Starting now we should exchange tapes of our rallies, utilize the Alternative Press syndicate and North American Greens Computer Network.

There are over 3000 colleges and high schools in the U.S. Sectarian battles do nothing. We need students for a cooperative society.

The most recent wave of student actions included the annual Washington, D.C. Rock Against Racism concert with the Legalize Cannabis Rally, July 4. Soli Similani of the A.N.C. talked to a crowd of punks, rastas, yuppies and the D.C. park police filming some of us. Supportive Beach Boys fans brought signs back to the televised concert. Is this the reason for the switch to "traditional" marching band entertainment with "restrictions" on protests in Lafayette Park?

Current Ferment

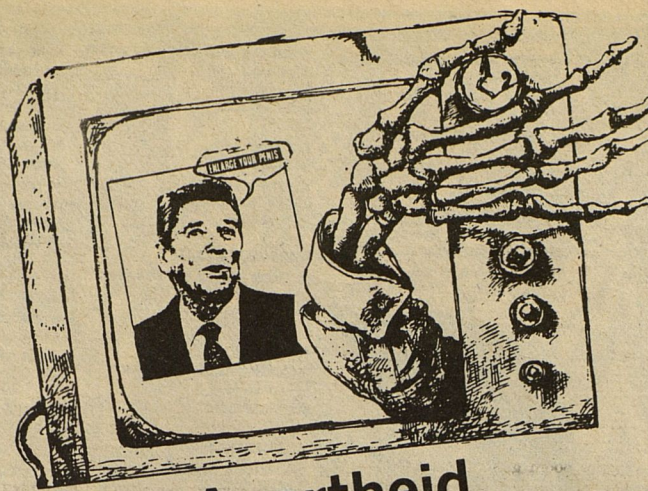
Students met in Essex, Connecticut and endorsed the Boycott South Africa, Not Nicaragua campaign along with mass ac-

resigned to work, first on *OVERTHROW*, and then with Mobilization for Survival and the Greens as their press officer during protests at the Dallas Republican Convention.

His work there won kudos from everyone, press and movement alike, especially for his almost uncanny ability to predict when the police would hold off and when they would strike.

Immediately after Dallas, Les went to San Francisco. There he had hopes of becoming managing editor of the *Examiner*, based on his friendship with William Randolph Hearst III. The deal still had not come thru when Les came down with the pneumonia, two months before he died.

According to friends, the doctor had advised him not to take antibiotics for the pneumococcus while his system fought off a virus. The pneumonia was of the chronic bacterial type; Les had been in the hospital for it in June and checked himself out, because he didn't like hospitals.



Anti-Apartheid Summer

tion planned for October 11. The Essex statement is one of decentralization, networking and non-sectarianism.

The Chicago Summit on Southern Africa coordinated by the Third World Student Coalition had activists teaching activists successful techniques and as a "prequel" to the National Anti-Apartheid Conference at NYC's Hunter College November 1-3. While there, the Pledge of Resistance dyed the river red and the *Chicago Tribune* strike was supported with a rally of "Workers, students, blacks, whites, same struggle, same fight."

During summer travels, a woman friend and I were painting a t-shirt. On one side we put a snail with a peace/victory sign and the Polish words for "Go Slow to Victory" symbolizing the courageous actions of Solidarity fulfilling the "withering of the state." We were unsure what to put on the other side, and then a thought came to mind.

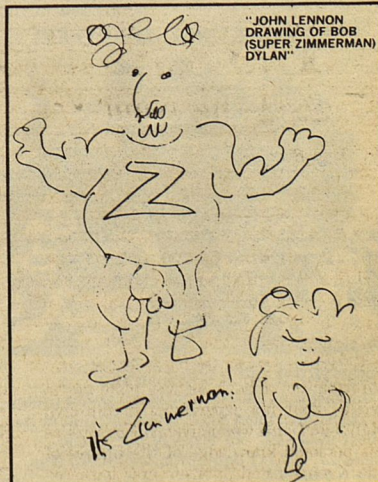
Democratic Rights Come from Struggle, Not Servitude... and I travel on.

Yippie!



TIME WARP

THE MX IS A PEACE-KEEPER
WAR IS PEACE TODAY
DESTRUCTION IN THE NAME OF GOD
THAT'S THE GAME THEY PLAY
I'M CAUGHT IN A TIME WARP
NEVER BEEN SO WARPED BEFORE
YOU SAY IT'S NINETEEN-EIGHTY FIVE
I SAY IT'S NINETEEN-EIGHTY FOUR
SAY YOUR PRAYERS IN THE JUNGLE
FREEDOM IS SLAVERY
THE DEVIL'S STALKING NICARAGUA
TO PRESERVE DEMOCRACY
I'M CAUGHT IN A TIME WARP
I THINK I'LL WARP SOME MORE
YOU SAY IT'S NINETEEN-EIGHTY FIVE
I SAY IT'S NINETEEN-EIGHTY FOUR
ELECTRIC EYES ARE EVERYWHERE
EROTIC VIOLENCE ON THE SCREEN
FEEDING US LIES THAT LOVE IS HATE
ON THE VIDEO MACHINE
I'M CAUGHT IN A TIME WARP
I THINK I'LL WARP SOME MORE
YOU SAY IT'S NINETEEN-EIGHTY FIVE
I SAY IT'S NINETEEN-EIGHTY FOUR
THE TUBE IS TELLING HALF THE STORY
THE POLITICIANS GET THEIR WAY
THEIR STRENGTH IS OUR IGNORANCE
THEIR REIGN IS OUR DECAY
I'M CAUGHT IN A TIME WARP
NEVER BEEN SO WARPED BEFORE
YOU SAY IT'S NINETEEN-EIGHTY FIVE
I SAY IT'S NINETEEN-EIGHTY FOUR



ORIGINAL PICTURE WAS DRAWN BY JOHN LENNON (WITH A RED FLAIR PEN ON APPLE STATIONERY) WHILE DAVID PEEL WAS SINGING: THE BALLAD OF BOB DYLAN/JOHN LENNON SANG HIS OWN CHORUS PARODY: "SUPER ZIMMERMAN" WHILE DRAWING ILLUSTRATION/NOVO APPROVED WITH HER SMILE AND PRESENCE/PHOTOCOPY MADE FROM ORIGINAL DRAWING/COURTESY OF DAVID PEEL/ORANGE RECORDS INTERNATIONAL...

(CIRCA) WINTER 1971-1972/BANK STREET APT./GREENWICH VILLAGE/NYC

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- Sleepy Hollow Direct Action Committee N.E. Network c/o Skip Martin Brookfield Rd. Brookfield, MA 01010 413-245-7407

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POETRY AGAINST APARTHEID



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GREENPEACE

continued from pg. 3
cluding Australia and New Zealand, signed a treaty declaring the South Pacific to be a nuclear-free zone. France's determination to continue underground nuclear detonations in the Pacific is in defiance of the human rights of the inhabitants of the area, and of any sane ecological perspective. Though Mitterand may not be personally responsible for the bombing of the Rainbow Warrior, his nuclear policies are no less terroristic.

GUIDE to FILMS on APARTHEID

An evaluative directory of 45 of the best films on apartheid, with a special section on the Southern African region. Send \$2.50 to Media Network, 208 W. 13th St., New York, NY 10011. Bulk prices available.

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**SAVE IKEGO FOREST
FROM THE U.S. NAVY
HOUSING CONSTRUCTION PLAN!**

Dear Friends,

I am asking you to invest just a few moments of your time to help prevent the destruction of an invaluable tract of Japanese forestland.

The Ikego Hills of Zushi is one of the few remaining wildlife sanctuaries in the densely congested Greater Tokyo Metropolitan Area. It has been used by the U.S. Navy for underground ammunition storage for nearly 40 years. During this time it has been prohibited from public access, allowing all the greenery and wildlife to enjoy the most natural environment, free from human interference. It is home to many rare species of plants, birds and other creatures. But now they are in grave danger.

The U.S. Navy has requested land on which to build 1,000 homes for those stationed at Yokosuka Naval Base. Although there are at least five alternative sites available within 30 miles from the base, the Japanese Government—in a classic display of bureaucratic stubbornness and disdain for the environment—insists on destroying the most precious area, Ikego, and building there.

The citizens of Zushi banded together and formed an impressive movement against this plan. They forced the former mayor, who had gone along with the construction project, to resign. In November of 1984, they won the election and installed their own mayor, Kiuchiro Tomino, a 43-year-old president of a company manufacturing anti-pollution equipment. This victory is a rare achievement in Japan, and indicates how desperately the citizens wish to protect their gift from nature for the next generation.

But unfortunately, it is the Central Government which will make the final decision. In March, 1985, the government agency responsible completed its Environmental Impact Report which ignored all the evidence and recommended proceeding with the project. The wheels are now in motion. The only way to stop the project is with an outpouring of public opinion.

Izumi Aizu
Save Ikego International
1-28-15 Kakinokizaka
Meguro-ku Tokyo 152 JAPAN

(The deadline for saving Ikego was, according to this letter, the end of August. We do not know the outcome, or if this struggle continues. Interested readers can write the above address for more information.)

Inmate of New Jersey

Dear Overthrow,

Just two weeks ago I received my first issue of *Overthrow* (vol. 7, no. 2). I've read many articles with interest and concern, and would like to keep receiving *Overthrow*. I am an inmate of New Jersey and would very much appreciate a one-year subscription.

The article, "Move Massacre Deliberate" was highly informative and described the typical insecurity and fear of an ignorant society, including police and politicians.

There is one thing I'd like to know: Is *Overthrow* an anarchist publication? If so, I'd like to see some articles on theory, practice and design.

Overall, your paper is very good. Thank you,

Frank Szabo
Avenel, NJ 07001

Phoenix in Ashes

Dear Yippies,

Jackson Clubb's front page article in the April/May issue was terrific! His dedication to researching the background scenes involving the Right-Wing's role in the University of Iowa Student Senate Elections is admirable.

The Phoenix Party, however, was no match for itself. Coupled with unfavorable reportage from the *Daily Iowan* and other stupid blunders, they all but gave the election away.



True, I believe the G.O.P.'s student rep.s set up Phoenix candidates into doing dumb things (like stealing copies of a radical Right-Wing tabloid, *The Hawkeye Review*, and then being caught). However, blame for Phoenix's defeat rests with Phoenix.

I loved Jack's description of the Religious Right crowd that prowls the U. of I. For as long as I was there, the Progressives were engaged in running battles with them. With all the red-baiting and counter-baiting going on, things were pretty lively.

Hopefully by the time the next *Overthrow* goes to press, the Progressives will be regrouped enough to figure out what to do about the mess they're in and get the Right-Wingers booted out. One suggestion might be to split the opportunists from the Conservative ideologues to form a new coalition.

Keep printing Jack's stuff! I look forward to future instalments of the ongoing swirl of happenings at Iowa's University.

Planxyt Yippie!
Gerhardt E. Goeken
San Diego, CA 92124-2023

Government Intrusion

To the Editor,

It is obvious that many policies of our government are against the will of its people. Intrusion by the government is increasing and policies used abroad are coming home to haunt us. It is time for a change.

Many anti-apartheid activists ask me if it is important to be active against prohibition of marijuana. Remember, the stun guns used by NYC cops against citizens with marijuana are used against religious anti-apartheid activists in our nation's capital.

Our national police force is the D.E.A. with its War on Drugs. An example of their tactics is included in excerpts from the U.S. Court Order by U.S. District Court Judge Robert Aquilar.

Kim Cham left her home as a result of "helicopters dive-bombing above my head and into my tomato garden, which was approximately 30 feet from my trailer... As I drove out, a chopper followed me. I could even see feet dangling above me at a low level."

As we learned with alcohol, prohibition is not the answer. The responsible alternative is the Oregon Marijuana Initiative. It would legalize private possession and growing of marijuana for personal use by adults. It would still be illegal to sell it, thus avoiding the commercialization by large corporations and government.

The chants of "Freedom Yes, Apartheid No" will ring on campuses in opposition to the fascism of apartheid. The Oregon Marijuana Initiative needs your support in its work against prohibition and for common sense.

The struggles against apartheid and prohibition of marijuana are ones against repression and fascism.

"Let Freedom reign..."

Sincerely,

George Neal Apostolakis

**To All Who Believe in
Peace and Freedom**

As you may already know, the U.S. government is already waging a nationwide war against U.S. citizens and residents in the name of a "cannabis eradication campaign." The terror tactics characteristic of government operations in California—raids by armed troops and military helicopters, against farmers and their families—have been extended to all 50 states.

Now the Drug Enforcement Administration plans to resume spraying dangerous herbicides, including chemicals used to make Agent Orange (the highly toxic defoliant used against the Vietnamese people during the Indochina war), which would poison marijuana smokers and contaminate rural areas throughout this country.

According to the *New York Daily News* (Friday, Aug. 2, 1985), the DEA justifies this plan, in its recently released environmental impact statement, by citing "the dangers that agents face in marijuana field raids" when marijuana growers attempt to defend their crop (and their families) from DEA attacks.

What about the dangers that marijuana smokers face as a result of being poisoned by the DEA? Isn't it cruel and unusual punishment to dose people with toxic chemicals for a purely personal lifestyle choice which harms no one else? And what about the dangers that all people in this country, marijuana users and non-users alike, face as a result of the contamination of food crops and pollution of the environment that will occur if the DEA goes ahead with its plan? Aren't there enough pollution-related deaths in this country already?

Please write to the *Daily News* (220 East 42nd Street, New York, NY 10017), the *New York Times* (229 West 43rd St., NY 10036) and the *Washington Post* (1150 15th Street N.W., Washington D.C. 20017).

To find out the addresses of your representatives, please contact the League of Women Voters or the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws (NORML), 2001 S Street N.W., Washington, D.C. 20009, (202) 483-5500.

May the Divine Creator, who made every herb of the field, bless and guide you.

R.B. Wilk
Marijuana People's Freedom Coalition
P.O. Box 527
Bloomfield, N.J. 07003

Friends of the Earth

Dear Sir/Madam,

We write with reference to request for information materials to help us in our documentation, research and studies.

To introduce ourselves, Sahabat Alam Malaysia (SAM—Friends of the Earth, Malaysia) is a broad-based citizens' group campaigning against the deterioration of our environment. Formed in late 1977, SAM is a sister organization of the Consumers' Association of Penang, and was formed as it was felt that there was an urgent need for a national organization to spearhead the campaign for the conservation of our environment.

SAM's activities cover a wide range of issues, from the depletion of our natural resources, e.g. fisheries, the indiscriminate felling of our forests, the extinction of our wildlife, water, air and noise pollution, to water shortage and the effects of drought. We are also concerned with problems related to soil erosion, the widespread use and misuse of pesticides, the discharge of toxic effluents by industries and the dangers of nuclear energy. Our current research is on occupational health hazards, pesticides, chemicals and hazardous wastes.

Another important aspect of our work is representation of affected communities who have suffered through the carelessness of Man and Industry. Of importance are communities which are hit by pollution of their water resources from industries and oil palm mills; farmers who suffer damage to their lands and crops as a result of waste discharge from nearby factories; fishermen who are threatened by the depletion of their fish resources and who are adversely affected in their day-to-day living by environmental degradation.

We are a relatively young organization and have just started documentation of the various issues of our work areas. We are also a voluntary, non-profit-making organization. Towards this end, we shall be grateful if your organization can help by putting us on the regular mailing list and sending us one complimentary copy each of the publications listed below for our reference and research work. We would also welcome other materials, articles, books/magazines, studies and other documents that can be made available to us. We are requesting free copies because we are unable to meet the increasing cost of acquiring publications. We hope you can give our request a special consideration.

Yours sincerely,

David Heah,
President, SAM
37 Lorong Birch
Penang, MALAYSIA

Green Bridges

Dear Brothers and Sisters,

We exist since 1979, and we began as an anti-nuke group after Three Mile Island. Right now we have built a "green" network in Argentina and we are involved in the creation of a Latin American Federation of Green NGOs (non-governmental organizations). At the same time, we are part of a global coalition of groups, named Environmental Liaison Centre, based in Nairobi since 1974, where all groups involved in the UN Stockholm Conference on Human Environment gathered for several plans of action. Many of our friends are in the Third World. Until now, only "established" groups from the States have been in touch with E.L.C., as Friends of the Earth. As you are pointing an inclusive approach, we may find a road across diversity all over. As you know, the Third World is strongly anti-USA.—I am a veteran of the sixties here and there, for years I acted as local spokesman for the Alternative Press Syndicate, and right now I am editing the only alternative magazine in the region. IT IS TIME TO START BUILDING GREEN BRIDGES ACROSS THE AMERICAS. The Green Party is already founded in Costa Rica. Something of this sort grows on in Venezuela. Let's Spend the Green Together. Peace.

Miguel Grinberg
Promundo
Casilla 60, Sucursa 14
Buenos Aires 1414 ARGENTINA

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- You're a disgrace to God & Country and if John Wayne were with us today, I'm sure he'd say the same thing. Enclosed is \$100.00. Go buy yourself a ticket to Triskiygrad.*

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