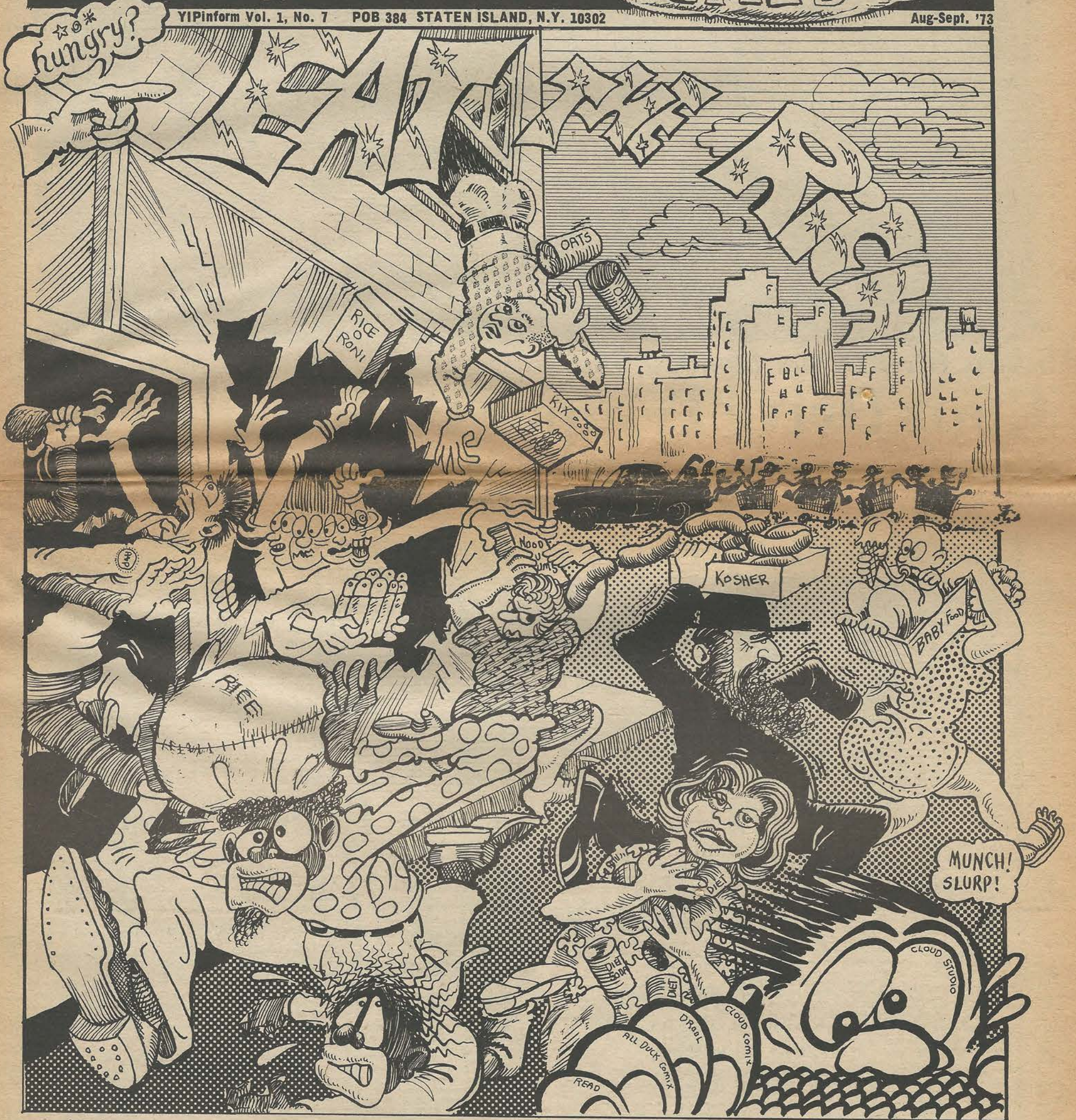


Yipster

TIMES U.S. GOVERNMENT INSPECTED

YIPinform Vol. 1, No. 7 POB 384 STATEN ISLAND, N.Y. 10302

Aug-Sept. '73



FOOD RIOTS SWEEP U.S.

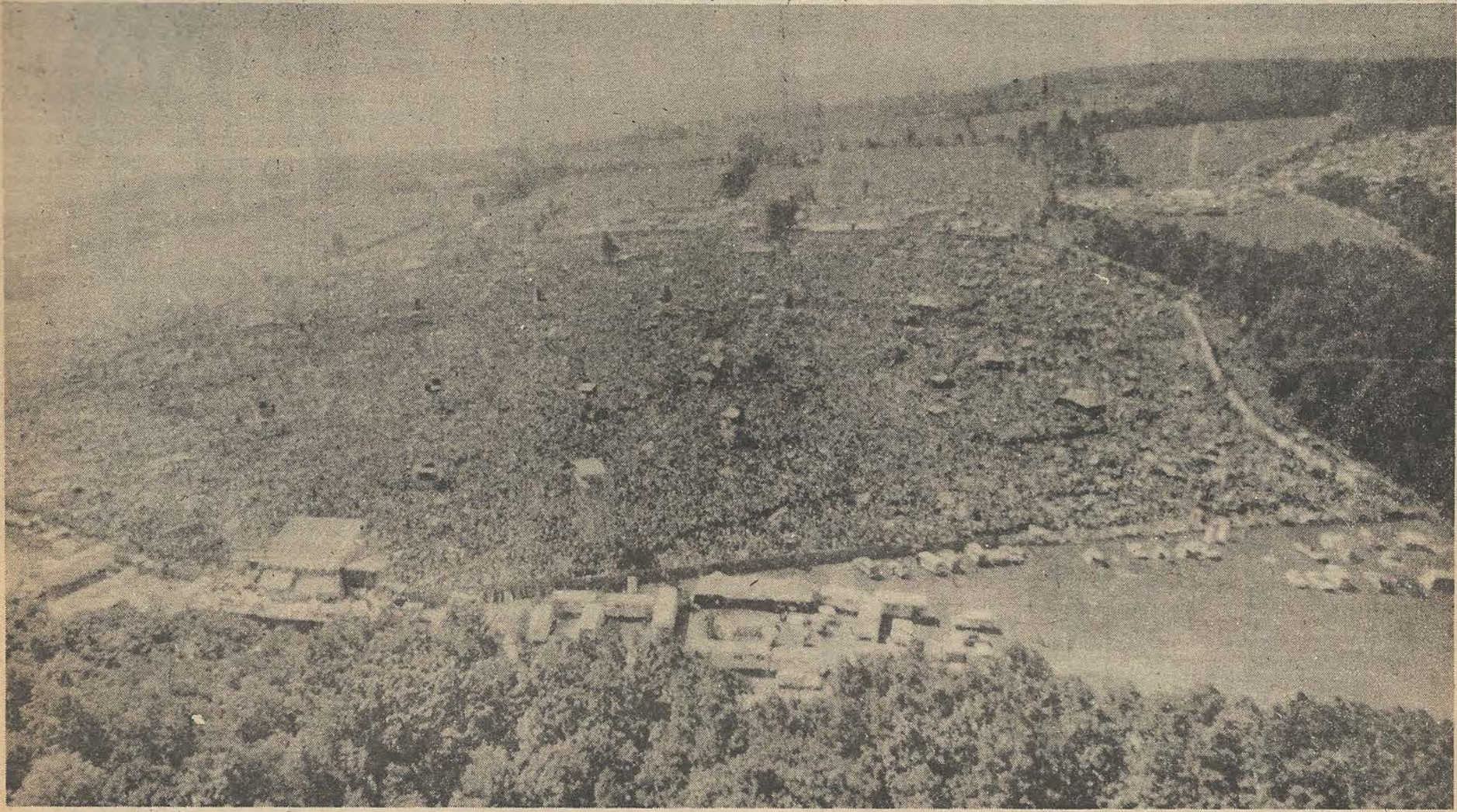
SEE PAGE 7

Forecast
 TODAY: Showers, followed by partial clearing; high, 75-80.
 Tonight: Fair and cool; low, 55-66; winds, southwest, 10-20.
 Monday: Partly cloudy.
 More weather on Page 8E.

SUNDAY TELEGRAM



126 PAGES VOL. 98, NO. 13 A Member of the Gannett Group 30 CENTS ELMIRA, N.Y. JULY 29, 1973 METRO ★★



Watkins Glen Draws 600,000, But— Cops Drive Tripper To Suicide Try!

By CHARLIE TRENTLEMAN
 WATKINS GLEN—A festival-goer was admitted to Schuyler Hospital here with slit throat and wrists, and a 4 inch gash in his abdomen, all self-inflicted after he was teargassed in a closed interrogation

room at the jail while "zonked on LSD", according to police.
 This was the final bizarre twist to the concert, which had 4 times as many people attend as had been expected.
 William P. McCauley, of 38 E.

Gennessee in Syracuse, may have been confused or just trying to assist his "trip" mechanically when he was apprehended. He'd left the Festival site and was joyriding in the car of Watkins Glen's ear doctor.

The Schuyler County Sheriff's Dept. said it took 7 state troopers to arrest McCauley for "unauthorized use of a motor vehicle". At the jail, 12 Deputies couldn't subdue him.

The Officer in charge then went to the glassed-in interrogation room across from his desk, and tossed one teargas canister in with McCauley. His reaction was violent. He began battering, trying to get air, until the "unbreakable" glass gave way. Then, attempting to escape completely, he grabbed a shard of glass and slit his throat, his wrists, and finally, before deputies could stop him—put a 4 inch gash in his abdomen.

Not till Sunday morn dawned cold and hard, and people discovered that no unnamed bassist listed under "Friends" in pre-fest hype—were playing, (that there was never more than one day and 3 bands) did everyone get a ripped-off feeling.

The Pie is Mightier...

Michigan has been inundated with flying pies.
 But in Detroit, on Aug. 15th, ace pieman Pat Halley lay in a hospital with doctors operating to remove the pieces of his skull that were bashed into his brain after he threw a pie in the face of "God".

It all started when the staff of Detroit's underground paper, Fifth Estate, heard the City Council were presenting the key to the city to Guru Maharaj Ji (the "Kid") for his "humanitarian works".

5th Estaters couldn't resist. First they demonstrated in front of the City Council Building demanding that if the Guru really is God, he produce "pie now! - not in the sky - or leave the universe in shame."

Manwhile, inside, 5th Estater Pat Halley sat in the front row waiting for the real action - with a pie concealed under a bunch of flowers.

His moment came when the Guru entered to the chants of 250 followers present. Pat approached him like a gurnoid who couldn't wait, holding out the flowers. No one suspected a thing, not until he whipped away the flowers and scored a direct hit on the Guru's famous kisser.

It was only a shaving cream pie, but the press caught the large 5th Estate emblazoned on the bottom of the pie tin. And tho the Guru's thugs lunged at Pat, his friends in the back started a wave of laughter, which swept the hall til the thugs dug that they looked ridiculous.

Pat...he got away clean at first by running like crazy. Later he told CBS he's done it because he "always wanted to throw a pie in God's face", and because the Kid is nothing but a "slick businessman".

But less than a week later, Gurugoons burst into Pat's house and bludgeoned in his skull. He kept consciousness long enough to identify his assailants. And YIPs immediately moved against "Divine Sales Missions" all across the country.

5th Estaters denied that their choice of tactics had been influenced by our call to pie the Guru in the last Y.T., crediting Soupy Sales and earlier Yippie style pieings.

Yet it's difficult to see how they couldn't have been turned on YIPs on—50 miles away, in Ann Arbor, who 2 weeks earlier pied the Republican Mayor.

The scene was a smoke-in (like Berkeley) in the City Council Chambers, where the newly GOP-controlled Council was busy repealing the 5 dollar



... Than The Sword

standard drug horror raps and the rationalizations about it being a "state matter", the Nixonoids came up with the fresh argument that pot shouldn't be legalized because it can't be taxed—because folks can grow it free in their back yards.

300 protesters from YIP, Youth Liberation, RPP, and H.R.P. jammed the Chambers, taking up in front of the pigs, blowing smoke in their faces—the usual smoke-in riffs. But the Council was not moved.

As Mayor Stevenson was fixing to sign the new ordinance, YIPs Leonard Sklar and David Kaimowitz moved to within 15 ft. of him—front row. He was signing on the dotted line when they let

Ohio Revolting

OHIO (YIP)—Sophisticated bombs and accompanying communique signed "People's Liberation Army" were discovered by police in Army recruiting stations in Bowling Green and Wooster during the last week of July.

At the same time, striking telephone workers in Athens took to sabotaging phone lines, causing an estimated \$1 million damage, and striking police in Findlay, scattered an entire day's police department mail and burned crosses on scabs' front lawns.

Meanwhile, in Columbus, YIP organizer Wayne Purrett's appeal of his felonious malicious destruction of property conviction comes up August 23rd. Purrett was convicted of spraypainting "Fuck U.S. Imperialism, Victory to the NLF" on a bank during riots last May and sentenced to one to seven years in prison.

him have it with two pies. One hit his shoulder. One slid across the document onto his lap. Cherry...

Pandemonium broke loose. 10 more cops joined the 4 already on the scene, looking to make trouble. No one was busted for pot, but some one tried to steal the plaque awarded Ann Arbor for being "All-American City of 1965." The crowd covered him as he ran, but finally he had to throw the plaque at the cops.

There's been no pot crackdown in Ann Arbor. The only change is no tickets. You go to jail. As for the piemen, all 3 pie men plan to be at the YIP conference on the farm in Columbus. For a workshop on pies.

COLUMBUS (YIP)—The Gay Revolting Party, the Women's Ad Hoc Committee Against Sexism and the Weatheripple faction of Columbus YIP combined forces July 14 to picket a Kenley Players theatre production starring catty performer Paul Lynde.

The previous night, Lynde, a notorious closet case, was hanging out at the Kismet, a local gay bar, when he suddenly became offended by a brother in drag. Screaming, "I don't want to see any women on the dance floor!" Lynde used his celebrity status to have the brother thrown out.

The weirdos got their revenge the next day by exposing Lynde's carefully guarded secret sex life to the eagerly assembled media.
 Some folks come out; others gotta be pushed.

Their only complaint was freex camping in and spreading the liberated area to private property around the Grand Prix Track site.

They are already planning another festival here Sept. 15, while taking steps to keep another crowd of this size from coming to the Glen. Only by cutting down the jam of people can police get in to control things.

The promoters want this, to protect their investment. By Friday night, for instance, over 250,000 fans were on the track and festival grounds, making it nearly impossible to collect tickets and keep out the unticketed.

For 2 days, inside that area the sheer numbers did more than protect criminal activity such as underage drinking, rampant pot use, open drug dealing, and a lot less promiscuous sex than you think. Without laws, courts, or cops, the first frickle of freex became a full-blown Anarchy of 600,000—just folks on their best behavior after Altamont and lesser rock disasters.

Most never got to hear the music. But for most, the thing was being there, digging on the human jam, joining in the biggest party ever. The mood was a primal, overwhelming show of strength: "So much for the myth that the freex scene is dead."

The pot party proved to be a most co-operative, adaptive social organism. When a heavy thunderstorm raged above for half an hour, those who didn't flee got down and shared.

When a heavy thunderstorm raged above for half an hour, those who didn't flee got down and shared.

LOS ANGELES (YIP) Art Kunkin, former owner and long-time editor of the Los Angeles Free Press, was fired from his job by two right wing San Diego businessmen who are the current owners of the Freep. The history behind Kunkin's firing and how and why two right-wing businessmen were able to seize control of the Freep should be studied by all underground newspapers and community organizers.

The Freep—in certain ways—was always in the vanguard of journalistic scoops. Their first issue in fact was the first public and documented accusation of a CIA plot to murder John F. Kennedy.

In the summer of 1969, they published a list of the names, addresses and phone numbers of a large number of undercover narcotics agents in California. The Freep, which owned three bookstores and the plant where it was printed, was financially crippled by an "invasion-of-privacy" suit filed by the

slimy narcs.
 Kunkin was forced to mortgage off the printing plant, sell the bookstores and sell a controlling block of stock to a well-known West Coast pornographer, Marvin Miller. Miller further entrenched himself by buying the building that the Freep offices were in, so he would have control even if he lost the stock he owned.

Miller then in fact sold his share of the Freep Corporation to a group known as New Wave Enterprises, controlled by the two businessmen mentioned previously. They made a verbal agreement with Kunkin not to interfere editorially with the running of the paper, as long as the money kept flowing in.

When the Freep completed the last payment on the printing plants mortgage, they decided that the verbal agreement was no longer in effect. They began demanding among other things that the criticisms of Nixon should be toned down and the expulsion of a West

Coast Communist Party member, Dorothy Healy, not be reported. Kunkin refused to change his stands of 8 years in the Freep. He was quickly fired.

Kunkin's removal brought in a whole crew of people you would not think would be interested in working on an alternative newspaper. One of the associate editors, Arthur Goldberg, was the press aide to an L.A. City Councilman, Arthur Snyder a fanatical defender of all police practices, and a very militant conservative.

The new display ad editor for the Freep worked for Nixon's California campaign in '72, and is also a notorious conservative. Several other "mafioso types" have also been hired. Workers at the Freep still loyal to Kunkin would not talk to LA YIPs over their office phones because they believe they are tapped.

Kunkin has started a new paper, the "L.A. Weekly News", and a majority of the old Freep members have joined.

Free Press Seized

News Briefs

COMMON SENSE, a 3 year-old underground paper from Bloomington, Ind., is being transformed into a mid-west-oriented YIP tabloid by Lafayette YIP, with assistance from Chicago YIP/WALRUS people--send news or whatever to Lafayette YIP, 115 S. 5th St., Lafayette, Ind.... YIPs in Virginia Beach, Va., celebrated Bastille Day (July 14) with a Be-Out at a local prison.... There's a new anarchist paper publishing in Ann Arbor called SMOKE....

The second international Phone Phreaks convention, attracting the usual mob of Bell Tel spies, spaced-out hippies, tourists and phreakers will happen September 8 at the Hotel Diplomat in NYC--you can get more info from Youth International Party Line, Room 504, 152 W. 42nd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10036.... YIP Intelligence reports that the much-publicized Sept. 1 rock concert in Tennessee is being put on by the same promoters who did last Labor Day's Bull Island Festival, in Evansville, Ind., where people rioted because of no music Va., music festival were reported in the last issue of Y.T., were both acquitted, with the Manassas anti-festival law being declared unconstitutional in the bargain.... Boulder YIP held a revolutionary film festival, featuring "High School" and the original "Alice in Wonderland," which drew 200 people....

Day's Bull Island Festival, in Evansville, Ind., where people rioted because of no music Va., music festival were reported in the last issue of Y.T., were both acquitted, with the Manassas anti-festival law being declared unconstitutional in the bargain.... Boulder YIP held a revolutionary film festival, featuring "High School" and the original "Alice in Wonderland," which drew 200 people....

More CREEP-Gainesville Links!

by George Metefsky

Jerry Rudolf (alias "Salt", "Jerry Rubin", "Jerry the Vet") is an agent of the Dade Co. (Florida) Metro Safety Dept., and a federal informer in a number of felony cases arising from the Miami conventions - including the current trial of 8 VVAW's from Gainesville.

He can be recognized by his "mod" appearance, although in court he looks a bit balding and greyer than in the field, suggesting he uses dye or a hairpiece to keep his brownish hair - and his overall appearance - youthful looking.

Pictured (in fatigues and temporary beard) without his black detective partner Harry Crenshaw, "Salt" (Crenshaw is nicknamed "Pepper") first became notorious for joining other cop's raids during and after the conventions, so as not to miss out on the beatings.

But with Rudolf's testimony for the prosecution in the Gainesville case, his place in a larger puzzle has at last come clear.

He originally infiltrated the VVAW in Miami prior to the Democratic convention. Gaining the confidence of the local vets, he proceeded to attend the famous May 27-28th meeting of the VVAW in Gainesville, according to a member of YIP(zippie!) who was there. He also made the meeting in the beginning of June in Alton Foss' backyard, where the government charges plans matured to "bomb and shoot up the GOP convention."

(For the record, our source insists the Vets never discussed anything but souped up guerilla theatre a la Dewey Canyon III.)

Alton Foss became one of the Gainesville 7 when the grand jury handed down federal indictments in the media ripe midst of the Democratic Convention, which saw TV flashes of Viet Vets on Convention floor.

Meanwhile, back in the ordinary world of movement politics, Salt and Pepper brought other pigs into the VVAW. Their appetite for meetings (especially the boring Convention Coalition that no one else wanted to go to) gave Rudolf and three other agents the chance to introduce and provide the majority for a motion to purge YIP(zippie!)



This police action, denouncing real radicals as the agents, set off a faction fight that not only endured, but defined the story reporters took away from Miami.

Oddly enough, it was another YIP (yippie!) named Jerry Gorde who, while talking to a local attorney about a friend's drug bust, noticed how Salt and Pepper's descriptions fit those of two narcs named Rudolf and Crenshaw with the same first names.

When Gorde spotted them in Flamingo Park, he darted up behind them and shouted: "Rudolf! Crenshaw!"

Turning around in a flash, they realized they were exposed, and stalked away pissed. But even their prompt expulsion from the VVAW did not keep them from using the sale of one tab of LSD on or about July 1st to blackmail Vet Alton Foss now also disgraced and isolated by factional changes within the VVAW...

Rudolf and Crenshaw next popped up at every one of the felony arrests following the surprisingly militant street action at the Republican Convention.

Rudolf got in his licks as Sgt. Rojas beat on Mark Gallagher of the Zippie Godzilla Brigade for 45 minutes.

He turned up minutes after Miami Beach traffic cops stopped the Zippie soundtruck Wednesday night for "wreckless driving", pausing just long enough to deposit canisters from his camera case in the pile of debris cops had taken from the truck's cab.

And Salt and Pepper were overheard thanking Carl Rojas for allowing them

to come along and brutalize YIPs caught up in the Mary Street House Bust in Coconut Grove.

But where Carl's bust - of Cindy OrNSTEEN and Pat Small - resulted in eventual convictions, Rudolf's 15 minute beating and planting of 3½ joints on Dana Beal resulted in possession charges being thrown out of court due to lack of a warrant.

Jerry Rudolf was not thru yet. Sometime after the waterburglars were convicted, but before they were sentenced and McCord squealed, the CREEPs decided to multiply the "terrorist conspiracies" they could use to justify the Waterbungle.

On February 8th Tom Forcade and Cindy OrNSTEEN were arrested under the Federal Firearms Act of 1968 - for possession of firebombs - and the testimony of key witness Jerry Rudolf, that he "found" incendiary canisters in the cab of the truck with Forcade and OrNSTEEN, almost sent them to prison before the prosecution tripped up on a technicality.

Should it come as any surprise now that Rudolf is a witness against the Gainesville 7 who's already testified in pre-trial hearings, according to defense attorneys contacted by phone?

Or that William Lemmer's identity as the FBI informer from Arkansas in the Gainesville Case elaborately headlined in the NEW YORK TIMES may well have been a 'cover' (with a little direct police brutality to silence witnesses) for the actual narcy Miami red squadders who are just now emerging as prosecution witnesses?

Fabio Fernandez, Dade Co. cop and FBI informer, is much more likely to convince a Florida jury than a weak link like Lemmer. After all, he's reported to have turned down an offer of work from CREEP as "one job too many"...which he would say anyway considering the opening defense statement blaming the whole "conspiracy" on CREEP "provocateurs".

Just what are the connections to CREEP? If Fernandez didn't take their job offer, everything from McCord's activities as 'security chief' for the GOP in Miami to his acknowledged access to all levels of law enforcement (esp. rightwing Miami), argues that some pig eventually did.

To find which were the CREEPs, we have only to examine what they were trying to do with the Gainesville indictments, which tactics were used, and who used them.

John Dean and others have exposed just how freaked out Nixon was by demonstrators. The mind that conceived Watergate blamed Nixon's low polls in '71 on all those Moratorium-style protests by an alliance of Left and Liberal Dems. The vets at the Democratic Convention posed a potential respectable leadership for just such an alliance.

H.R. Haldeman let slip that CREEP strategy was to poison this potential by linking the Democratic Party with violent subversives. The Gainesville bust not only put the government on record that August would be "violent" - scaring off liberals - but crippled any other effectiveness the Vets might have had for McGovern.

Continued on Page 10



Suit May Demand...

NEW & FREE ELECTIONS

NEW YORK (YIP)- Members of the National Lawyers Guild here are discussing a lawsuit which could blast apart the administration of Richard Nixon and the basic U.S. form of government.

This suit, based upon the constitutional guarantee of free and democratic elections, would ask that the result of the 1972 presidential election be set aside, due to widespread campaign fraud, and that a new election be held.

The suit would be a class-action suit, potentially with millions of Americans as co-plaintiffs.

Guild member Paul Schracter is working the suit up into an "offering" (brochure?) for the public.

Guild member Jim Rief rapped down the possibilities of this suit to YIPSTER TIMES staffer Leon Yipsky, on the afternoon of July 23rd, shortly after Nixon refused to release tapes of his telephone calls to the Senate Watergate Committee and the Committee subpoenaed them.

LY: A lot of people are suggesting now that impeachment isn't the question, the question is free and democratic elections in this country, because in 1972 they just didn't occur.

JR: The problem with impeachment - besides the fact that it only removes Nixon, presumably, and not Agnew - is that it's something else that hap-

pens on T.V., where people don't have an active role. I don't think whether or not somebody in the House votes for impeachment, whether or not someone in the Senate votes to convict him if there is an impeachment, really has much to do with what the people think. People just sort of spectate some more. It's like another hearing, almost - people just sort of sit and watch.

LY: How could the people be given a role?

JR: One of the things that has been raised, is bringing a suit to set aside the election, on the grounds that it was not a fair, not a constitutional election. That's a way for the people to participate meaningfully in the response to Watergate. And the Guild has been talking to a lot of people and a lot of organizations who are interested in talking about that.

LY: Would there be new elections then? Like there's no precedent for this, is there?

JR: No, I haven't found any. But, yeah, presumably that would be one of the aspects of the relief.

LY: People could join this suit as co-plaintiffs?
JR: Sure. If the suit were brought, it would be on behalf of the people who were denied free and fair elections, and that's almost everybody - that is everybody except Tricky and a few other people who were in on the whole thing. Anybody could be a plaintiff. Anybody could support the suit in

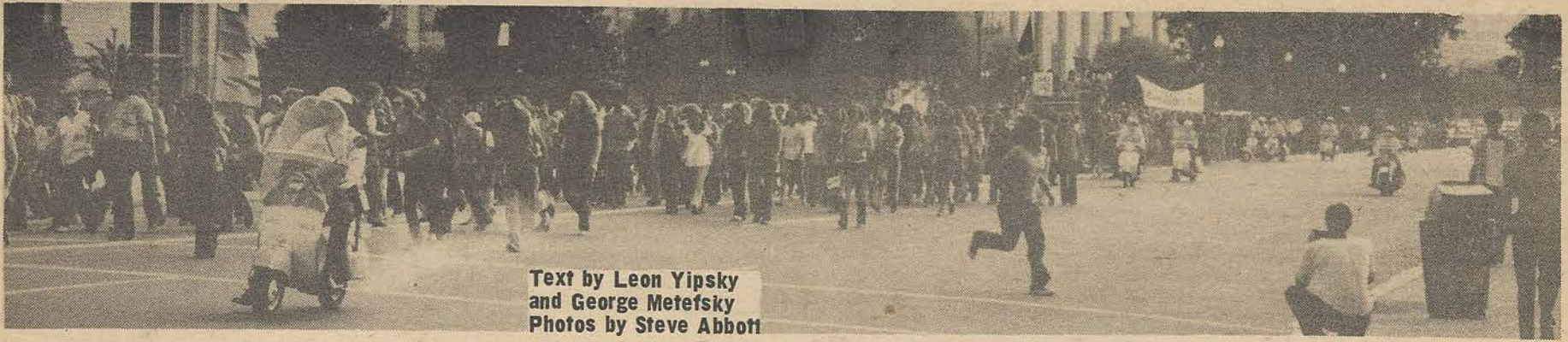
addition to being a plaintiff, could work around the suit, you know, in organizing in whatever way was consistent with the basic thrust of the suit.

LY: It's been suggested that signatures could be collected all across the country, petition-style, from people who are into adding their names as plaintiffs. Is this a possibility?

JR: Well, it certainly is. I mean, it would require a tremendous amount of work by a lot of people who supported this suit. It certainly couldn't be the Guild by itself - it shouldn't be the Guild by itself. But if a lot of people, a lot of organizations support this suit, it certainly is desirable to, in essence, mobilize everyone. That would be a way to do it.

LY: Recent polls - there was one released just this morning, I think, - shows that while three-quarters of all Americans now believe Nixon participated in the planning or the covering up of Watergate, only about 24% believe he should be forced to leave office, because even though he is guilty, impeachment would cause so much damage to the country we're better off with a crook in the White House. How would you respond to this line of reasoning?

Continued on Page 11



Text by Leon Yipsky and George Metefsky
Photos by Steve Abbott

At the July 4, 1973 Smoke-in, the only person busted was popped early in the day - while leading 30 people with flags to the Washington Monument - for jaywalking. Jaywalking? "But I've got a right to jaywalk," the Yippie insisted, and he whipped out his jay to prove it. The cops were not amused. "Go over into the crowd," said one, "and empty your pockets so we can search you."

All the signs and banners and New Nation flags, a 30 foot paper mache float portraying Nixon as a Waterbug with earphones, with a giant can of Black Flag parasite exterminator, a 15 foot joint and a guillotine complete with Presidential effigy, -even the best pot in smoke-in history, -couldn't hold all of the 10,000 people who passed thru...

July 4th was an imperfect mess, which means everyone got a little bit of what they wanted, sort of. The things people got enough of were pot, sun, confusion and especially pot: 6 lbs. of Jamaican Red, courtesy of the Southeastern Dealers Association (SDA) and the Poconos Pot People.

Unfortunately, we had trouble coming up with fun things for all those stoned people to do, mostly because of a series of technical fuck-ups, which began with the band EVIL from N.Y.C. (who had all the equipment) being busted on the Jersey Turnpike for drunk driving, and climaxed with the first national Impeach Nixon March (coming after a tense week of John Dean spilling the beans) wandering around in circles on the mall for 15 minutes while the organizers tried to remember what the march permit said.



Permit? Yes, YIP had even gone so far as to secure permits for July 4th, and it was symptomatic of the government's paralysis that they gave us everything we asked for and more after a one hour negotiating session, during which the dreaded words "marijuana" and "smoke-in" were never uttered.

We figured they wouldn't vamp on us for pot or anything much short of Days of Rage, because, with the whole country still under Dean's spell, the government's hold was so tenuous that their entire strategy was to quash any incident.

So, because we needed bands at the Smithsonian mall and amplified sound at the Capitol Impeachment Rally, we got permits. We also had medics, lawyers from the D.C. and Columbus National Lawyers Guild, walkie-talkies that didn't work, and an elaborate system of "marshalls", with 5 different color armbands, which primarily served to confuse the pigs.



Sometimes, especially when we unfurled our flags and got ready to march, it seemed like an acid parody of a '60's movement demonstration, with giggly, disoriented freaks wandering around, toking on reefer, trading armbands and trying to remember what was supposed to be happening.

The Smoke-in would have been twice as large but thousands of people could not find us and so ended up at the Smithsonian Folklife Festival, held this year on the other side of the Washington Monument.

The pigs gave us more than we asked for all right: those sly fuckers let us set up just a block east of the familiar monument - but behind a narrow strip of subway construction that cut us off like a wall. The decision to take a shaded area a block further east, drastically reducing our visibility, was our first critical mistake.

At least there was pot. An estimated 3000 fat joints, laboriously handrolled by dedicated Pot People, were time released throughout the day.

For those who bring their own but forgot papers, or those who merely wanted a souvenir, there were commemorative rolling papers, imprinted with a picture of a smoking Washington Monument. For those whose imaginations ran wild, there was a 15 foot joint.

Finally, at high noon, we slapped together a sound system, enabling an excellent white R & B group from upstate New York, THREE SCREAMING HONKIES, to get it on. There after the smoke-in stabilized and grew. After

two hours THREE SCREAMING HONKIES gave way to FREE FORM EXPERIENCE, a dynamite black band from the D.C. ghettos.

FREE FORM EXPERIENCE symbolized success for YIP in involving D.C.'s black community, which is 85% of the population, in a unique way. The white Left has traditionally "related" to black people as sheep to be

Just as the music ended, some of these provocateurs made their way up to the stage to fuck with the sound and harrass Yips trying to get folks together, which produced instant paranoia among tactical leadership and caused the unfortunate characterization, over the mic at the Capitol, of anyone who was into trashing as a "police provocateur."

In fact, since the government wanted no media coverage of our Impeachment March, what pig provocateurs were trying to provoke was silence.

Once the Impeachment March got going, it was lively for 95 degree weather, evoking flashes of Miami Beach. After clearing our throats with a few choruses of "Smoke dope, get high, all the pigs are gonna die!" we moved to our main theme: "SUICIDE WITH HONOR!"

The Watergate revelations had reached the point where the only honorable thing for Nixon to do was to off himself. Just lock himself in the bathroom, fasten his tie to a light fixture, and jump off the toilet.

If Nixon wasn't prepared to behave honorably, we had an alternative: "LYNCH MOB!"

We rambled down Independence Ave., demanding freedom for all Prisoners Of Weed, demanding the rich be eaten and the poor be fed, but mostly demanding the rigged '72 election be thrown out and Nixon's entire administration be shot.

We ran, screaming, the last block to the Capitol, up the steps, into the fountain, flags, banners and all. Folks splashed away some of the day's heat, while a line of grim Capitol pigs looked on.

Meanwhile, on the northwest steps (stage for the Impeachment Rally), there was a crisis: the sound system hadn't arrived and the bullhorn would not work. Sweating, cursing Yippies screwed around with the dumb machinery, while the cops on the balcony scowled.

Below, in the water, a weird scene occurred, like an aquatic, time-warped TALE OF TWO CITIES. Dripping Yippies raised the guillotine high over the center of the fountain and inserted the head of Nixon's effigy and under the watchful stare of the Capitol's



finest, the gleaming blade rose and fell, and the President's severed head rolled to ecstatic cheers, and slowly the water in the fountain turned dark red.

There were tense moments when people began ripping up banners to make giant spitballs to throw at the cops, and when the Bug and most of the drippies charged up the southwest steps and were met by a solid line of cops. But the scene cooled as people realized (a) our position was militarily pitiful, and (b) we'd look like a bunch of shitheads trashing Sam Ervin.

So Nixon had 43 people offed. "You won't hear about this in the evening news," Skolnik promised. And we didn't. Skolnik then introduced Alex Bototos, a former FBI informer who saw documents relating to the gas deal and was imprisoned without a trial in a mental hospital in Springfield, Mo.

YIPS STORM CAPITOL

July 4th



Finally sound got together and the crowd moved to the northwest steps for the scheduled show. Margaret from Ohio YIP evoked the spirit of the Weather Machine and declared that America is our country "and if they won't give it back to us, we'll have to take it!" Josh from Virginia YIP spoke of the need to "bring the war home" not just thru the theatre of national actions but in our hometowns, for real.

Finally Roger Fenzell of the D.C. Lawyers Guild rapped down the legalities of impeachment, recommending instead that the courts declare the 1972 presidential election null and void, because the election was fixed. The rally fizzled out with the setting sun, but there were still some (unreconstructed Zippies, perhaps) who hadn't satisfied their Unnatural Passions. Someone torched the Bug and the pigs freaked. They ran to club out the flames...and, in a weird frenzy, they kept clubbing, smashing the Bug's head. In a flash we realized that even the Capitol pigs, agents of Congress and Sam Ervin, were pissed at Nixon and were releasing their hostility by symbolically bashing the President's brains in.



The featured speaker was Sherman Skolnik, the Chicago conspiracy researcher best known for forcing the indictment of Hanrahan in the Fred Hampton murder and putting Otto Kerner in jail for bribery.

Skolnik has been researching the Midway Airport crash, in which Mrs. E. Howard Hunt and 42 others were killed, and the conclusion he's drawn is: "Watergate doesn't stand for burglary and bugging. It stands for murder."

Skolnik stated that Mrs. Hunt, who had \$2 million she'd blackmailed Nixon for, had the misfortune to be on the same plane with lawyers carrying evidence to a Chicago court that John Mitchell had accepted \$300,000 in stock for fixing the \$30 billion Siberian Natural Gas Deal.

He cited the government's own records which show that the plane's altimeter and ground communication were fucked with and that there was cyanide in the bloodstreams of Mrs. Hunt, CBS reporter Michelle Clark, the pilot and others connected to the Watergate affair - 4 times more cyanide than could have come from burning seat covers, which was the government's explanation.

"Beat him again!" we chanted, "Harder! Harder!" We retreated, regrouped and charged, and this time the pigs retreated, just long enough for us to grab the battered Bug and boogie. But it was so damn heavy we ditched it in the middle of Constitution Ave. Ignoring us, the pigs resumed clubbing the Bug. By now there were several hundred people running, screaming down the mall, looking for trouble. But in the confusion, a small group of peace-creep provocateurs had seized control of the largest remaining banner, and they continually steered the crowd away from confrontations.

At the Smithsonian, they checked an attempt to storm the Justice Dept., which hasn't been hit since Weatherpeople and Yippies trashed it in November 1969. It was our last chance to score national media.

Enraged, a special commando team trashed windows at the Interstate Commerce Commission, to demonstrate their hatred of states, commerce and commissions.

Thereafter, folks drifted back to the Washington Monument to dig on the world's biggest fireworks display and share a few last joints with friends in the shadow of the world's biggest phallic symbol. The day's heaviest fighting came after the fireworks, when freaks resisted attempts by mounted park police to clear the grounds with barrages of firecrackers, rocks and bottles.

The next morning, when we found ourselves relegated to the local news section of the Washington POST, with a vague mention of the Impeachment March buried under smoke-in reportage we were bummed out. We intended the opposite.

Some YIPs felt we'd gotten so carried with permits and the rally that we neglected the direct action approach that made us infamous.

Others complained July 4th was too predictable, and clearly whether YIP should continue to do July 4th smoke-ins or any national actions would have to be much discussed.

But after awhile things began to come back into perspective. Yes, July 4th had failed to live up to the organizers' expectations, but then most everything does.

While media blackout is a real phenomenon, we had to accept a lot of blame for fucking up. Information, and consequently initiative, were far too centralized. Some YIPs wanted to stress the impeachment angle to the media while pushing the smoke-in underground, but others, when talking to the reporters, defined the event primarily as a smoke-in, though smoke-ins aren't news in D.C. anymore.

The assembly point was lousy and we did a shitty job of finding all the people who couldn't find us. In every phase of our operation - from printing leaflets to setting up a D.C. office to putting together affinity groups and brigades - we did too little too late.

On the morning of the Fourth, we neglected to put someone in charge of media, so when reporters came, saw nothing happening and split, there was no one to sit and phone them when things finally did get going.

Knowing from the Inhoguration that we'd get better coverage on T.V. than in the papers, perhaps we should have done everything three hours earlier. Were we right to time the march more for the comfort of the participants than for the convenience of the media? Most Yippies are no longer media junkies who define success only by T.V. time.

For all the fuck-ups, the net results of July 4th were positive. It was small by 1970 standards, but it was considerably larger than the last NPAC/PCPJ thing in D.C., the June 16th "Watergate to Justice" march (which, though it drew few besides weary, hardcore cadre, still got more media than July 4th). Six months ago the suggestion that YIP could ever outdraw PCPJ, with all its celebrities and Communist Party money, would have been laughed at.

Our real, long-term success lay in the fact that a good time was had by all, in contrast to the way people were turned off in droves by the last big peace demo, January 20. We tried to speak to where people are really at, not where we think they should be at, and while we hadn't done a super-good job of it, we left July 4th convinced we were facing in the right direction.



GROWING UP CRAZY



this article is reprinted from RISING UP CRAZY c/o Come Unity Press 13 East 17th Str., New York, N.Y. 10003

One of the types of institutions that kids might end up in is called the "residential treatment center". These institutions have become very popular because of it's so-called liberal treatment of "emotionally disturbed" adolescents. These centers are usually set up as something like a boarding school (in most cases the school leaves a lot to be desired to say the least.) The resi-

dential situation is physically very comfortable and you have much more freedom around the grounds than in a mental hospital.

I stress the word physically because that's just about where it ends. Your life is still totally controlled by the administration and the shrinks-even more so than in most wards in mental hospitals. Not only are you "sick", but you're also a kid. Ageism plays a very important role here (ageism is basically the attitude that kids are totally incapable of making any decisions and have any control over your own life)

Combined with the stigma of being "sick", not only do you

have no control over your life, but you also have no control over your own emotions. Anything that you do or say or feel that deviates only slightly from being "normal" is severely repressed. All for your own good!

This repression could take the form of partial or complete loss of physical freedom - privileges as it is called. Repression also takes the form of forced labor (scrubbing floors, walls, cleaning bathrooms, etc)

This forced labor comes down basically to cleaning your own cage - that's the way I used to think of it.

The most severe form of repression is to be shipped to a closed ward in a state hospital.

This is they terminology they used - you are shipped like a piece of merchandise. Being "shipped" is the most feared "punishment".

Since most of us had just come out of such a ward, we were very happy that we had finally been put in a place where we at least had some physical comfort and freedom. To go back was a nightmare I often had. For it to become reality would have been most devastating.

These punishments were constantly held over our heads like the sword of Damocles - to come down on us every time we even slightly decided to act free and react naturally to our emotions

and they had absolutely no understanding of what we were going through. It was basically an institutional version of a typically stifling "normal" family lifestyle. It was all very rigid and very sickening and became what I thought to be a super oppressive and stifling caricature of normalcy - both insane and ridiculous, duplicating hundredfold the situation we had rebelled from in the first place!

How much longer will we let the do gooders and rich liberal bleeding hearts convince peo-

ple that the residential treatment center is the proper alternative to massive psychiatric jails such as Willowbrook and childrens' and adolescent wards in such places as Creedmoor and Manhattan State.

I was in this residential treatment center and I can tell you from my own experiences in there as well as in closed wards of mental hospitals that this is no alternative as long as it is still controlled by adults and psychiatric professionals. **We must free the children and end ageism forever!**



ain't got a ticket to ride

SACRAMENTO (YIP) - The California State Legislature will be presented with two bills August 15 concerning hitchhiking. One bill, sponsored by a conservative legislator named Thurmond would completely outlaw hitchhiking in California, setting minimum penalties and encouraging heavy fines and/or jail sentences. The second bill seeks to 'regulate' hitching by setting up a licensing system for hitchhikers. The licenses would be voluntary, but hitchers would be under strong pressure to register and drivers would be sold thru a media campaign already in progress, not to pick up hitchhikers without this license.

You would be ineligible for this license if under 18, had

any previous convictions, had ever been on probation or parole, had a trial coming up, or had a warrant out for your arrest. Hitchhikers International and a few libertarian members of the legislature have been lobbying against both bills, with HI pulling off a massive petition campaign that has netted 4000 signatures in two weeks. They say that it is a violation of the Constitution to regulate traveling in any way and fear that a "hitchhikers license" may quickly turn into an "internal passport" used primarily to control traveling of people under 18, well known radicals and eventually just plain freaks. If you would like more information on what is going down in California or would like to help HI write them at P.O.B. 1202 Venice, Ca.

MONEY drool & pant



by Aron Kay

Revolutionary activities require a little money to survive on - for rent, postage, phone, food, pot, etc. People on the street may not hide fugitives, but many will help us out financially. But you must go to these people and lay out what you are doing to them to get their support. And by doing this, you get the pulse of the people, so to speak, along with their money. Many methods and techniques of street people can be employed.

Panhandlers have been known to be rude and arrogant, spending money on death drugs and sometimes trashing people who don't cough up bread. They are less like panhandlers and more like shake down artists. Like the predatory junkies on 8th St. in NYC or the downer freaks mumbling "spare change" and dribbling all over themselves on Telegraph Ave. in Berkeley. Their bad name hurts the radical panhandler, who approaches a brother

or sister with determination, looking them straight in the eye with a sad expression and laying out the whole cause of your need for money. The best prospects are freaks, students and young couples. Be honest - don't play games or manipulate people-you may get money once, but never again after the initial 'take'.

The first step is individual panhandling. The next step is organized panhandling...Teams and affinity groups combing a crowd either at a concert, a march or even a crowded subway or bus station. This requires posters, or leaflets and collection canisters.

Cover all the entrances and exits to the particular event - maybe do some street theatre to get attention. You're gonna have to be better than hot dog vendors, other panhandlers and Jesus freaks. Just be the most outrageous act going and you will have easy sailing.

When faced with the need for money and you don't have any community functions to go to consider phone tree solicitation. Or even door to door panhandling. Boulder YIP raised \$1000 for Wounded Knee by knocking on doors in every part of Boulder. Street singers in your group can go to the pavement, bellowing out any suitable revolutionary tune, along with a plea for funds. Community institutions can help out sometimes, depending how firm their money scene is, and you should try to help them out too.

This method was frequently used in Miami Beach last summer by the Pot People's Party and Green Power, a free food outfit.

It's a real learning experience trying out all these new ideas in your town.

You can pick up a hell of a lot of technical skills, putting on a benefit concert for a particular cause.

Getting a hall, lining up sound equipment, persuading big name bands to play, doing all the publicity...

The most important thing is putting this article to work. Get out into the midst of people, telling them what you are doing. Like Woodie Guthrie said "Transfuse yourself into the bloodclot of humanity"

uncle sam

(NYNS) - "I believe in integrity, fairness, and in the Constitution of the United States. I think that Chairman Ervin is the real thing." So read the membership cards, signed by Garth D. Bockams, Jr., Chairman of the National Sam Ervin Fan Club. Bockams is one of a group of eight West Coast "Watergate Watchers" who started the Ervin admiration society "because Ervin makes you want to pledge allegiance to the flag and mean it". "Folksy" Sam's stand on civil rights however probably hasn't earned him any fans among his black constituents back home in North Carolina, nor should his hawkish voting record on Vietnam issues be earning him the acclaim the liberals have been lavishing on the old "country lawyer" (who attended Harvard, no less). But Diana Caughlin, staff member of the fan club, insists that Ervin is the "real thing". "My husband went to Washington last week to meet Mr. Ervin," she told the New York News Service, "and Mr. Ervin presented him with a signed copy of the Constitution." Official fan club paraphernalia includes buttons, Sam Ervin t-shirts, "Uncle Sam" posters and membership cards.



GOP LOSES AT MONOPOLY

by Mark Brothers

While voting away the bad guys may not be the boardwalk to utopia, California's Peace and Freedom Party has devised a way to play the game as inexpensively as possible.

Last year, Eric Garris (a P & Fer) tried to pin down a seat in California's state assembly. While he didn't pull that one off...Eric and several other P & Fers pulled down the pants of a few prominent Republicans... and the masses are giggling.

State Republicans laid a car...a gas credit card...a telephone credit card...and three to five thousand dollars into the waiting fingernails of the Peace and Freedom Party...and it was all for the asking.

Eldridge Cleaver's one time comrades were running into all sorts of financial difficulties when they decided to truck on down to local GOP headquarters. Panhandling reached an

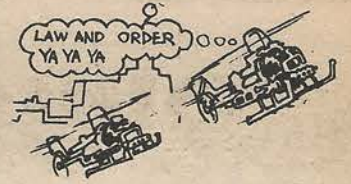
all time high as the Republicans squeaked a squeal and proceeded to crack open the piggy bank. Anything goes when they've grasped an opportunity to drain a voter or two from the dreaded McGovern... surely an Anarcho-democrat.

Now that Eric and friends have turned the beans upside down, Ted "Hicks" (chairman of the sixty-first caucus district) has openly admitted involvement in this Watergate Number G604-31. Other Republican heavies such as Paul Priolo (a state assemblyman) and Frank Delong (a Republican consultant to the state assembly) are also alleged to have been directly involved in the freewheelin' hijinks.

When asked about future P&F GOP entanglements, Eric remarked that he'd gladly accept more Republican monies, "as long as no strings are attached."

Household finance was never like this!

FIRST FOOD RIOTS



Sweep East Coast

PHILADELPHIA (YIP)--Poor people here rioted in early July over Welfare payments, suspended because of "state budget problems".

Until an emergency measure was passed, the city didn't even have food stamp money. The result was an angry, hungry crowd outside a closed welfare office. Somebody slugged a cop and the row was on--and people fought, too. When the police tried dragging someone away, ten people jumped them.

One girl ran up, clubbed a pig on the head, and then split. They chased her, but she vanished in the crowd.

After things calmed down, the pigs started to move a car that had been dragged into the street, and then suddenly a young black girl ran up and jumped on the car and started hitting the pigs with one of her shoes, and it started again.

In the end, eight people were arrested and one pig was hospitalized. Police claim one of the men arrested is the head of the Philadelphia Black Panther Party.

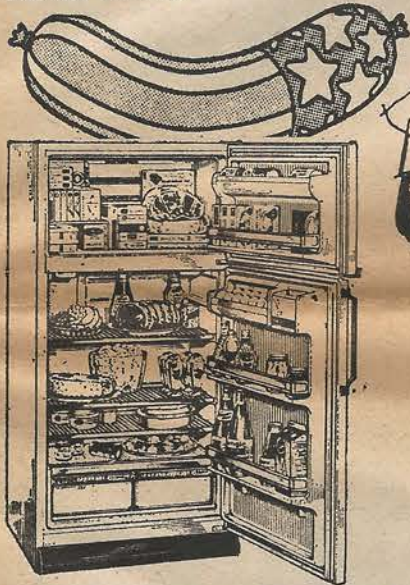
The trouble was blamed on hunger and hot weather.

WASHINGTON (YIP) - In late July, the House of Representatives passed a law by a very slim margin that would forbid strikers to receive food stamps under any circumstances. This action received no publicity (page 89 in the New York POST) and so far has had no effect on any major strikes. The AFL-CIO did no campaigning against the bill and no other major trade union appeared to notice it. The reason for this is still unknown; it may be that the major unions, employers and the government, tired of wildcats being pulled off by black, chicano and freck workers, tried to make it difficult for those people commonly thought to live off food stamps - poor people.

It may also be the first step (along with things like cancellation of the program in Philly) in eventually abolishing food stamps everywhere in the country. Or as the BERKELEY TRIBE used to call it "Food Stamp Famine".

NEWYORKCITY (YIP) - To many residents of an upper West side ghetto, it seemed like a slap in the face for A&P to shut down a supermarket, keep it closed for two months, stocked with food, in this day of superhigh food prices and lots of hungry people.

A crowd of around 200 kids decided to deal with the situation by breaking into the store and giving the food away to themselves and other people in the community. The store was completely stripped of food by the time the first cops arrived. After the cops had surrounded the looted store, the crowd returned and started fighting the pigs. The TPF (Tactical Police Force, Tough Pig Fascists) was called in. They managed to arrest 6 kids but four cops were sent to the hospital in the process. As a fitting ending, while the TPF were guarding the store, it was burned to the ground.

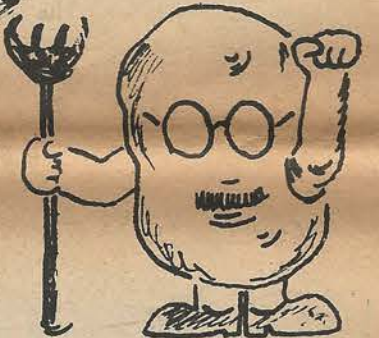


cornish hens

COOK-OUT

Food Riot in India

New Delhi, Aug. 6 (AP)—Four companies of special police were dispatched to Indore in central India today as agitators protesting rising food prices began looting shops and attacking policemen.



Beef Patties

Turkey Cutlets

stuffed olives

REFRIGERATOR HEAVEN

This article is mainly concerned with expropriating the "consumer protection" funds provided by various food companies. However, these methods may also be used with great success on any number of other companies.

The first step in defrauding these companies is to get a notebook and head to your local supermarket.

Select the products you wish to deal with, pick out the largest size available, and copy down all pertinent material on the subject: name of product, product size, serial numbers, company or producer, address. When you write your letter all of this information should be incorporated, making it more plausible (at least to the type of person who will read your letter), and hence giving you a greater return on the money you invested in stamps and stationary.

The presence of an irate husband, wife, or neighbor who was disgusted at the quality of the product served him/her should also be hinted at to add to your credibility. It also helps to mention that you have been a long-time user of the product and have only recently become dissatisfied with it.

Of course, the reasons you can use to explain your dissatisfaction are many. Use common sense in imagining things that could go wrong during the manufacturing process...such things

vary with each product. If you are ambitious and have access to an encyclopedia, you might do a little research on a widely used product and then victimize all the producers of it. Some general excuses which I find work consistently include:

Discoloration: U.S. Federal Law regulates the type of package dye a producer can use to those that are edible. Nevertheless, this complaint gets a prompt reply and a generous refund. Rice, grains, cereal products and powdered milk are particularly susceptible.

Odd Tastes: Usually of a chemical nature--i.e., soaps, disinfectant, metals and petrochemicals. Dairy products are vulnerable to onion and garlic tastes, since cows, like most consumers, are not very judicious eaters.

Rodents, Associated Pests, and Their Byproducts: Unfortunately, this problem is all too real, as you will find if you examine your food closely. Not only are cereals victim to rodent pellets and hairs, but so are most canned products. One person I know actually found a yearling rat stuffed into a Coke can. Cockroaches are sometimes an added bonus in such sleazy food products. You can complain about all of these.

Broken Glass and Machine Screws, etc.: A great line, once again all too true. Soda bottles and most canned

and bottled preserves are the main villains.

Some companies will send you a refund with these or any other stories, and then request a sample of the "defective" product. Just ignore the request and use the stamps to rip off another gouger.

The companies listed below are regular in their returns (in my experience), but feedback on these and others for future update would be appreciated. Write YIPster Times.



COMPANIES

Port Clyde Packing Corp. (sardines)
Port Clyde, Me.

(Refund in the form of several cans of special sardines, sent special delivery)

Green Giant Co.
La Sueur, Minn. 56058

(Coupons redeemable in supermarkets)

Carnation Co.
Los Angeles, Ca. 90036

(Redeemable coupons)

Riviana Foods Inc. (Carolina Rice)
New York, N.Y. 10001
Houston, Tex. 77001
Abbeville, Ia. 70510

(Redeemable coupons)

Quaker Oat Co.
Chicago, Ill. 60654

(Refund in cash--approximately twice the value you claim)

G & T Packing Corp.
New York, N.Y.

(To get a full refund on purchases of potatoes and onions, find the G & T packages and follow the directions on them. Refunds in check.)

Eat The Rich

I NEVER THOUGHT IT COULD HAPPEN TO ME... I ALWAYS USED FOAM OR SOMETHING... WELL, ALMOST ALWAYS... BUT THERE I WAS... **PREGNANT!** IT SEEMED LIKE THE END OF THE WORLD... MY BOYFRIEND RAN OUT ON ME... I COULDN'T GO TO MY PARENTS... I HAD NO ONE TO TURN TO... THERE WAS NO ONE TO HELP ME... I WAS ALL ALONE WHEN I HAD

SORRY, KID... YOU **KNOW** I CAN'T GET MARRIED RIGHT NOW. MY MOTHER IS SICK, AND I'VE GOT TO TAKE CARE OF HER... BESIDES, HOW DO I KNOW THE BABY IS MINE?

I SHOULD KNOW HE WOULDN'T HELP

I GOTTA GET OUTTA HERE FAST!

A TEENAGE ABORTION

WHAT COULD I DO? MY PARENTS WOULD KILL ME.

HOW COULD YOU DO THIS TO US? WHAT WILL THE NEIGHBORS SAY?!!

... I'D BE KICKED OUT OF SCHOOL...

OUT! YOU SHAMELESS HUSSY!

THEN I REMEMBERED HEARING SOME GIRLS AT SCHOOL TALKING ABOUT A PLACE WHERE YOU COULD GET AN ABORTION AND NOBODY'D FIND OUT...

YEAH, MY SISTER GOT ONE THERE, AND SHE DIDN'T EVEN GET VERY SICK FROM IT.

...SO I CALLED THE NUMBER SHE GAVE ME...

COME DOWN TOMORROW AT THREE... AND BRING \$300 IN CASH.

LET'S SEE... HOW CAN I GET \$300? I HAVE \$100 IN MY CHRISTMAS CLUB ACCOUNT AND I COULD SELL MY STEREO... BUT WHAT ELSE?

STAT!

... I BOUGHT A BUNCH OF STUFF WITH MY DAD'S CREDIT CARD AND THEN RETURNED IT ALL FOR CASH... (WHICH WASN'T EASY)

E-Z \$ CREDIT RETURN

BY THE NEXT DAY I STILL NEEDED \$50...

I KNOW! I CAN SELL THE NEW SPARE TIRE OFF THE CAR!

SO, AT THREE O'CLOCK, I WENT TO THE ADDRESS I'D BEEN GIVEN. WHEN THE DOOR OPENED, I ALMOST RAN AWAY...

OH, NO!

UH, YES...

'YA GOT TH' MONEY, KID?

GOOD... C'MON IN.

NOW, YOU JUST LIE DOWN OVER HERE, AND IT'LL ALL BE OVER IN A JIFFY.

THE PAIN WAS **AWFUL**... AND THEY WOULDN'T GIVE ME ANYTHING TO PUT ME TO SLEEP...

OH! I CAN'T STAND IT!

SHUT UP! D'YA WANNA BRING TH' COPS?

MOAN

HERE, HONEY, DRINK THIS.

FINALLY IT WAS OVER. THE WOMAN RUSHED ME OUT THE DOOR, AND I WAS ALONE...

I STUMBLED TO THE BUS STOP... SO WEAK I COULD HARDLY STAND UP...

SOMEHOW I GOT HOME... MY PARENTS NOTICED NOTHING AS I HURRIED TO MY ROOM.

ALL NIGHT THE **PAIN** KEPT GETTING WORSE AND WORSE...

BY THE NEXT MORNING I KNEW THAT SOMETHING WAS **VERY** WRONG.

I COULDN'T GO TO OUR FAMILY DOCTOR, SO I WENT TO ONE ON THE OTHER SIDE OF TOWN...

I WAS AFRAID TO TELL THE NURSE MY REAL NAME, SO I MADE ONE UP...

NAME?

UH... SALLY JONES

I TOLD HER THAT I'D **FALLEN** DOWN AND STARTED BLEEDING LAST NIGHT...

THE DOCTOR DIDN'T BELIEVE ME...

LOOKS LIKE YOU'VE HAD AN ABORTION RECENTLY.

... BUT I STUCK TO MY STORY...

YOU KNOW THAT ABORTION IS **ILLEGAL** IN THIS STATE, DON'T YOU?

HE THREATENED TO CALL THE **POLICE!**

OH, PLEASE! I HAVEN'T DONE ANYTHING WRONG... I JUST WANT SOMETHING FOR THE PAIN!

I GUESS HE DECIDED THAT I **WASN'T** GOING TO CHANGE MY STORY...

ALL RIGHT... I WON'T CALL THE POLICE... BUT YOU'D BETTER BE MORE CAREFUL NEXT TIME!

THE DOCTOR GAVE ME SOME MEDICINE FOR THE INFECTION... AND A PRESCRIPTION FOR **BIRTH CONTROL** PILLS.

BUT I DON'T NEED THESE... I'M NEVER GOING TO HAVE SEX AGAIN!

I'M KEEPING THAT PRESCRIPTION, THOUGH. JUST IN CASE... I DON'T EVER WANT TO GO THROUGH ALL THAT AGAIN!

SAM'S MARKET

A FEW WEEKS LATER...

GOLLY! SOMEBODY MUSTA **STOLEN** THE SPARE TIRE!

END

HAROLD HEDD

Meets Vancouver

Yippie!

Rand Holmes/Georgia Straight

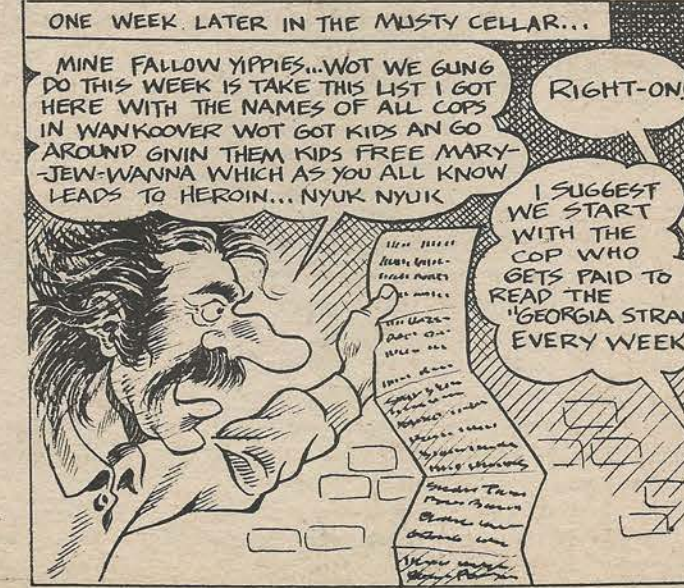


DEEP IN THE BOWELS OF A DANK, MUSTY CELLAR - LOCATED BENEATH A CRUMBLING, RAT-INFESTED FORMER PIN-FACTORY - THAT NOTORIOUS NON-ORGANIZATION - THE DREADED VANCOUVER YIPPIES - IS HOLDING ITS WEEKLY "SMASH-THE-STATE-FOR-A-LARK" GET TOGETHER....



THAT'S RIGHT FOLKS... THIS MAN'S JOB IS OFFICIALLY TERMED...
CRIME PREVENTION
 ♪...DUM-DA DUM! DUM!♪
 SO... MR. E MRS. LUNCH-PAIL... NEXT TIME YER HIT BY A PIECE OF FLYING SHRAPNEL JUST REMEMBER... IT'S ALL IN THE NAME OF LAW-N-ORDER AN YER TAX DOLLAR IS HELP-ING TO FINANCE IT.

SO BENT ON ACTION THE YIPPIES ARRIVE AT CITY HALL WHERE-AS FATE WOULD HAVE IT- THEY ENCOUNTER HAROLD IN A GARRULOUS MOOD, BEING SOMEWHAT THE WORSE FOR DOPE.



They Can Kill Our Young Rebels But They Can't Kill Our Revolution-

DALLAS (YIP)-- The Dallas Police Department has a reputation, very justifiably, of being a tool of the right wing oil millionaires and ex-Nazis who run the state of Texas. They also have a reputation for extreme brutality in the Black and Chicano communities. This rep is well deserved, since the DPD has murdered 12 civilians since January, even a higher slaughter rate than the notorious Detroit STRESS squad. This is known thru first hand experience by poor people, but it became a topic of much discussion and some heavy rioting after Darryl Cain, a Dallas pig, shot and killed a 12 year old Chicano kid, who sat handcuffed inside Cain's patrol car.

Cain was sent out to investigate a report that two 'suspicious looking youths' were hanging around a gas station. Not burning it, or holding it up, just standing by it, doing nothing.

Cain hauled the two kids, Santos and David Rodriguez into his squad car, where he handcuffed them. He then started playing a 'game' of Russian Roulette with his revolver. He claims that he thought the gun was unloaded, but the one bullet in it blew Santos Rodriguez's head off.

The cop was thrown off the force and charged with first degree murder.

The shit really hit the fan when it was revealed that the same cop was on inter-departmental probation for shooting and killing an 18 year old, unarmed Black in 1970.

The Brown Berets, a local Chicano self defense organization, called a protest march for July 28th. About 10,000 people turned out to demand a complete investigation and the indictments for the men who had covered up the 11 other murders. They were in no mood to listen to a bunch of sell out Democratic politicians, anglo and Chicano, tell them about all that the politicians were doing to correct this 'horrible mistake'. The people wanted to take some concrete action. A woman seized the mike and expressed those same sentiments. Two police motorcycles were doused with gasoline and burned to the cheers and applause



of the crowds. Then people took to the streets.

Virtually every store in the downtown area was trashed, and many were looted. The cops were taken completely by surprise and only managed to

CREEP/GAINESVILLE LINK

...Continued from Page 3

Once the demos could no longer be 'respectable', Nixon's other fear was a militant takeover, as in the San Jose incident on election eve in 1970, which cost the Republicans because when people threw rocks, Nixon seemed like a troublemaker bringing the Presidency under abuse.

Instead, he wanted such a dissipated remnant in Miami that he could contrast their tiny numbers to the loyal thousands present for his speeches - a tactic he used with 25 Vets tricked into coming out to Liberty Island from New York during the campaign last Sept.

"Dampening" techniques involved co-ordination with the leaders of Moscow-line CP organizations to keep protests small and elite. But the hand of CREEP was directly visible in other moves: the spectacularly successful promotion of factionalism between VVAW and traditional friends in YIP, the planting of provocateurs and ev-

stop the crowd as they approached the Dallas Police Station. Business men were heard loudly complaining the next day about the general inefficiency of the cops and politicians who spoke at the rally were heard to praise the 'restraint' of the police. It is a fair bet to assume that the riot in Dallas will be studied closely by and learned from by Chicano activists all over the Country. The sleeping giant is rising again.

idence, even the faithful execution of certain parts of the 'Liddy Plan' such as the mugging and kidnapping (arrest) of radical leaders.

When we review witnesses for the prosecution, the one involved in all of this, right down to the beatings and tailored evidence to get rid of key radicals, is Jerry Rudolf.

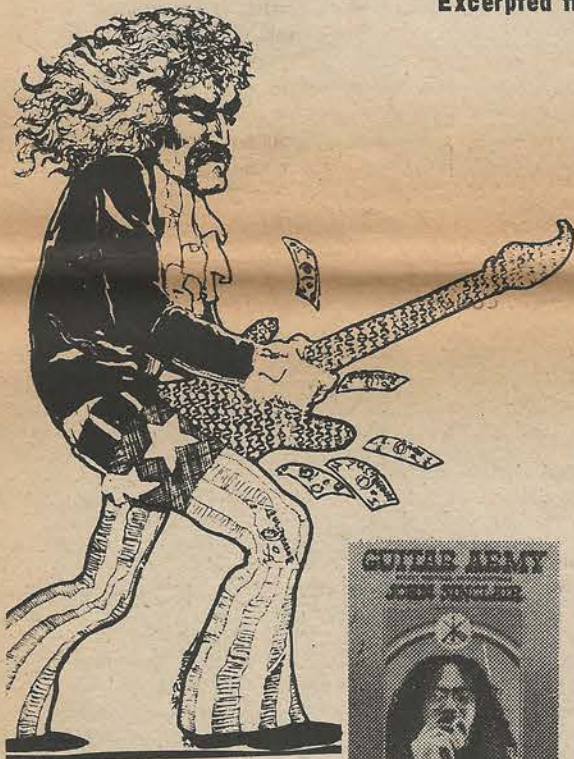
If the thrust of Fabio Fernandez's testimony continues to be disputed by another former agent of Dade Co. Metro, Agelica Rowan, the Nixonoids may use Rudolf (or someone like him) yet - despite his embarrassing failure to jail the other (zippie) participants at the fateful Gainesville meeting, and his hot CREEP connections.

The government's latest botched bugging of the Defense **inside the Courthouse** shows that, reactionary to the end, they have forgotten nothing and learned nothing.

Too bad. Like his ex-boss McCord, Rudolf the "expert witness", "the guy" for faking evidence, has been on the job too long.

IT AIN'T FAIR, JOHN SINCLAIR

Excerpted from WIN Magazine/UPS



reviewed by ALLEN YOUNG

John Sinclair is probably best known for receiving a sentence of 9½ - 10 years in jail for taking two joints from an undercover narc. In fact, he served 29 months of this sentence, and was released from prison on Dec. 13, 1971, just three days after 15,000 people gathered in Ann Arbor for a big "Free John!" rally, complete with a number of musical and movement personalities (topped by John Lennon).

But John Sinclair is a lot more than an unlucky pothead. Sinclair has attempted to develop a cultural-revolutionary ideology to bring together the worlds of rock and roll music, dope, free love, and the sweeping social and economic changes that anarchists and socialists talk about. Put more crudely, he and his followers - first known as Trans-Love Energies, then the White Panther Party, now the Rainbow People's Party - would like to turn hippies into self-conscious revolutionaries ready to do battle against "honky Amerika" and the "death culture."

None of us like labels, but if you are like me and relate positively to the term "freak" (Sinclair spells it "freak" to play on the word "free"), then much of this book will be relevant to your life. At the very least, John Sinclair affirms our creativity and life force - much of it an exciting sensual experience emerging from music, dope and sex - and he effectively rebuts the up-tight "Marxist-Leninists" who dismiss the whole "hippie" phenomenon with the

epithets hedonistic/bourgeois/escapist (the same epithets, by the way, that the same politicoes use against gay people).

Sinclair, who used to play the saxophone (hopefully he still plays it), and who used to write jazz reviews for several publications, shows an incredible knowledge about music, especially the history and development of rock and roll and jazz. The problem is that all this knowledge leads to a "party line" on music. "High-energy music" is good; it belongs to the people (even if those who make it have accepted the values of capitalist America). "Low-energy music is not good; it belong to the "death culture" and it's never played at 1520 Hill Street.

"Low-energy music" includes many things, from Baez to Bach. Sinclair argues that this music is a trick of the ruling class; the purpose of such soothing tunes is to calm the rebellious youth.

To me, the Rainbow approach to music brings back memories of Stalin's cultural commissars.

A couple of years ago, when John Sinclair was still in jail, a well-known New York feminist said that as far as she was concerned, that was just as well. This is certainly an extreme position, unkind if not cruel, even if it was meant in jest. I hope it is possible to defend a feminist perspective without suggesting that macho heavies belong behind bars. I mention this just to point out that there is something about John Sinclair that offends the feminist sensibility, and I think I can begin to understand why. *Guitar Army* is a very masculine book, and nowhere is that more apparent than in the discussions about music.

Around the same time that the Rolling Stones made a triumphant tour of the US, with articles about them in many underground papers, the New York feminist paper *Rat* published an article about "cock rock." It was an attack on precisely what John Sinclair calls "high-energy music." Aside from exposing the blatantly sexist lyrics of much of this music, the writer suggested that its entire musical approach was designed to act out aggressive male sexual fantasies.

Now, there's something interesting about the so-called "low-energy" music. First, much of it is made by women. Second, much of it has to do with feeling and emotions, or the complexities of relationships. I know of several situations where women and/or gay men have had to fight with straight men about the kind of music that was to be played. Guess who favored the "low-energy" music.

Personally, I don't want a party line on music, be it a rainbow people's line or a feminist line. High-energy music makes me want to dance or clap my hands. I wish some of the lyrics weren't so sexist, but I crave the beat and so do most of the people, male and female, who I know. Such music is moving, in a very physical sense. Quiet music can be moving too. It helps me to be pensive or mel-

ancholy or nostalgic, and that kind of inner motion (emotion) is something I cherish, too.

Somewhere in *Guitar Army*, Sinclair recommends the combination of music, dope and sex, and I certainly wouldn't disagree with that. Since both Sinclair and the feminists opposed to cock rock agree that high-energy rock and roll is akin to the act of fucking, I'd like to offer this comment from my perspective of someone who participates in that act from both ends: if Sinclair tried getting fucked, instead of just fucking, he might understand that there are times when the pile-driver kind of music isn't the best thing.

John Sinclair and I were born in the same year (1941), and we were both teen-agers in junior high school and high school when we first heard rock and roll. John Sinclair's view of 1950s teenage life is very different from mine, however. He writes: "These dudes [Chuck Berry, Little Richard, etc.] opened their mouths to sing and a whole new race of mutants leaped out dancing and screaming into the future, driving fast cars and drinking beer and bouncing around half-naked in the back seats. . . . I saw the same things, perhaps, but I found it totally intimidating. I was, after all, only a fairy. Happily for me, feminist and gay writings I've read testify to the fact that I wasn't the only intimidated one. (There's still a lot of beer-drinking macho drivers going around in fast cars these days, and the resulting violence and death on the highways is a little-publicized aspect of sexism in modern America.)

I know that Sinclair and the rainbow people would like to deal with sexism. At the urging of several sisters, Sinclair eliminated some "sexist language that was characteristic of much of my language at that time," though I wish he'd left it in while expressing his new consciousness in a footnote. I think people need to know the kind of changes we have been going through: I can remember vividly a pair of anti-woman, anti-gay phrases from a 1968 White Panther document: "Fuck God in the ass! . . . Fuck your woman till she can't stand up! . . ." Even back then, a woman typing up stencils at the Liberation News Service office cut out the sentences because they were so offensive, touching off a whole discussion about sexism, censorship and revolutionary journalism.

I wish there was more in the book about the inhabitants of 1520 Hill, and the complexities, including the emotional ones, of their lives together. It's easy for John Sinclair to see how capitalism eats away at the rainbow dream (the hip capitalist); it's harder for him to see what sexism does to it (the macho freak).

I hope that the women and the gay people who are close to John Sinclair will have an opportunity to express their perspective on "rainbow culture" as it relates to feminism and gay liberation, for it is my feeling that the positive ideas and growth embodied in John Sinclair and his work - and I do not mean to belittle his efforts and his sincerity or the time spent behind bars - require a merging with gay/feminist consciousness to strengthen and preserve them.



(I have been a regular staff member of the Columbus FREE PRESS for well over a year, and I have done several political, community and women's articles.

I am not a Yippie; however, I thought the past smoke-in was a valid time to do an interview with my friend, Steppinyip, about some points of contention.

I submitted the enclosed article at the regular Sunday FREE PRESS meeting, expecting some discussion about the usage of the phrase "fuck-in". There was very little discussion on this point.

When I returned to a work meeting Monday evening the article was attacked by 4 people opposing it because it was: 1.) sexist 2.) Yippie 3.) pro-dope and therefore 4.) reactionary (?)

I was completely blown away. When I realized that NONE of those four people had read the article yet had somehow discussed it, I withdrew the article. I do feel it contains valid information for Columbus Yippies, and because I know that YIPster TIMES reaches many of the same people I am submitting it to you with a plea that any Y.T. readers who are also readers of the Columbus FREE PRESS write to the FREEP (P.O.B. 3162, Columbus, Ohio 43210) and express their concern over the sudden close-minded atmosphere that is gripping it. Thank You, Carolina Hunt)

Carolina Hunt: The Washington POST coverage of the Fourth Annual YIP Smoke-in indicated that it was the smallest ever, and while I don't normally lend credence to the straight media's coverage of counter-culture events, most of our own community appears to view the smoke-in and the Youth International Party as a flipant curiosity rather than as a valid political organization. How do you feel about the validity of the smoke-

New and Free Elections

...Continued from Page 3

JR: Well, I'm not so sure that the percentage would be the same, first of all, if you asked the question whether or not a suit should be brought to set aside the results of the election. It might be considerably more.

I think that the Democratic Party would not be in favor of impeachment, the reason being they don't want a Republican candidate in 1976 who's an incumbent, which would be Agnew. Agnew would be virtually a shoo-in for the Republican nomination if he served out the remainder of his term, and, you know, it's just a fact of political life in the United States that you don't beat incumbants.

On the question of why that number of people do support impeachment, one thing is that that's up from the previous poll—only 18%. And the tapes may have upped the number some more.

One of the things that's wrong with impeachment is that people say "Oh, this proves the system works" which, of course, it doesn't. You'd have the same problem with the lawsuit - if some how the elections were thrown out as a result of the suit, people saying, "This proves the system works" **But the difference would be that the system was made to work by the people.**

LY: Do you think that there is a real chance of Nixon being forced out of office?

JR: Absolutely. It seems to focus now on those tapes. If he's forced to produce those tapes, he might resign rather than do it. And whether or not he can be forced to do that is largely a legal question which would probably be more broadly a political question about what the public feels about it. Which is, you know, in the final analysis where it's at - it's always in the political pressure, not the legal pressure.

The importance of the suit is that it helps to focus political pressure on what we see as the primary issues, and in that respect it would presumably be valuable even if it weren't legally successful.

LY: If people want to support it, or discuss it, who should they contact?

JR: Right now the person they should contact is Paul Schachter, care of the National Lawyers Guild, 23 Cornelia St. New York, New York. Phone number (212) 255-8028. Paul's been discussing this suit with a lot of people. An interesting thing is that we haven't really sought peo-

in, and what is your reaction to that line of criticism?

Steppinyip: I had a fine time - best fucking JamaicanRed - beyond a doubt the best, most fantastic dope I've ever smoked. It was a smoke-in we went there to get stoned and we sure the fuck did, and then we pulled off the 'Impeach Nixon March, which I don't call apolitical. It was one of the year's largest national actions, so my reaction is that the criticism is mostly bullshit.

CH: Were there any other drugs there?

SY: Adrenalin.

CH: I mean, specifically, downs?

SY: Definitely not - we've learned that you can't build a new culture or a strong organization on death drugs. We were too ripped to pull the sopor-stompers together to have a militant search for dealers of downs, but everyone was high around the smoke-in, as far as I could tell.

CH: So you view YIP as a valid political organization?

SY: Sure - we have an active staff of 250, a national paper and 15,000,000 card carrying members.

CH: 15,000,000?

SY: 15,000,000 muskrats.

CH: All right. Well, what about future plans - any upcoming local demonstrations?

SY: Well, we're planning a fuck-in for Mirror Lake during the Summer on the Lawns festival.

CH: Are you serious?

SY: How can you be serious about a fuck-in? OK, to begin with, we want to define our community's moral standards for the Supreme Court and we think that a non-sexist love-in would be good



guerrilla theatre, but who the hell would come to that? So we're calling it a fuck-in.

CH: Isn't that asking for a feminist Boycott?

(Note: "Boycott" was someone's name, and is not a sexist or agist concept.)

SY: We hope that some women will be open to the idea, and we have considered asking Women

ple out. It's just people heard that people within the Guild were talking about it, and they've come to us and said, "We've heard--sort of like you --We heard about it, we're interested in talking about it." And we're really interested in talking to people about it, because when it's done we wanna make sure it represents what the majority of the people think ought to be the main thrust.

LY: Well, we - we being the YIPSTER TIMES Collective - just heard about this, and it sounds like a really interesting possibility, like a mass organizing tool, a la the People's Peace Treaty. YIP's got chapters in about 30 cities where people, if they were into the idea, could be distributing this.

JR: Right. Well, that's what we'd like to do. We'd like to have people to - not only in New York, you know, but all over the country - really talk about whether they're in favor of impeachment, whether they're opposed, and what are the other alternatives? Is a lawsuit like this an appropriate political response? We'll see if there is such support. If there is, then people are committed to doing it.

LY: If this suit is successful, and if we do get new and free elections, what might these elections provide?

JR: Well, that would be a major question, which people should talk about, even before the lawsuit gets filed. But there's just a common law that if a legal violation has occurred, then one of the remedies has been to keep it from occurring again. So if there were to be new elections required as a result of the lawsuit, it would be the traditional remedy to set forth procedures under which the new elections would be held, in order to avoid the repetition of the crimes that happened the first time.

And that, of course, gives people the opportunity to begin to think: are the people in favor of elections, and if so, what are the procedures that people would like to use?

If they could set up a system, what would the procedures be? And that's a very complicated question, certainly one that no one has thought thru yet. But that's another thing that's a really interesting aspect of this suit, and people should talk about it.

LY: But this could conceivably even turn into a plebiscite on whether or not we even wanted a President?

JR: Sure. I mean, the question of relief really opens up that whole political part about this system of government, and obviously there's a lot of different views on that, but the suit provides a forum for discussion.

**2 grand juries
• 75 pig cars •
16,000,000 sex
perverts • I
railroad • pig
pix • zippies**

Against Rape to help us patrol the area in case someone exceeds the limits of dignified behavior for a Yippie fuck-in.

CH: Which is?

SY: No oppression - mutual sharing of affection.

CH: You are serious about not letting men attack the women who are there?

SY: Definately. We see this as a way to work towards defining and maybe improving our community standards. We also hope to have support from GAA - possibly a Gay Anti-rape squad.

CH: So you don't see YIP as a straight white male middle-class organization that specializes in bourgeois individualism and adventurism?

SY: Well, we're mostly straight white males from the middle class but I think we're struggling to try to build a grass roots organization that is based in our culture, and our demonstrations express this.

CH: How?

SY: Through the expression of love, which is the basic difference between us and the straight American fascist bourgeois. Our culture has the ability to express love openly and honestly, and this gives us the power to unite; it is our factor of unity, perhaps not perfected, but we're struggling.

CH: Is the concept of struggle central to YIP theory?

SY: Theory? I don't know, you can't do nothing without struggle. If you don't struggle you're still in bed while others are smoking and fucking and fighting in the streets.

CH: Can you give me a little more detailed example of struggle?

SY: Well, collectives. You struggle with the collective you're in at the level it's at, and you don't pretend to be in a utopian existence - any more than we pretend to be in a utopian non-sexist counter culture. The collective is our basic unit, and its totally alien to the establishment culture, so we feel that revolutionaries should

live collectively because anyone who espouses revolutionary theory but lives in a straight American middle-class relationship or household can't possibly understand the revolution because they are just not experiencing it - and to live in a collective means struggle, cause we're not at any kind of non-oppressive interpersonal level yet.

CH: I accept your statement on collectives but I still don't see YIP as a potential unifying force in the struggles in the Third World. Comment?

SY: Sure, read the Prison Diary of Ho Chi Minh, and as you're reading don't think of Ho, leader of the Communist Party and enemy of the United States. Think of Ho, the poet in jail and of the cruelty and of the beauty of the world.

Moonlight

"For prisoners, there is no alcohol or flowers,
But the night is so lovely, how can we celebrate it?
I go to the air-hole and stare up at the moon,
And through the air-hole the moon smiles at the poet"

Now think of Ho, the leader of his country, the affection with which the people of Vietnam talk of Uncle Ho - then think of Richard Nixon and understand why revolutionary young people idealize the culture of the Vietnamese, and realize that when we idealize them it is for their goodness and love, so it's what we try to project from our culture by sharing our daily life and our highs and our struggles.

CH: What does all this have to do with the fuck-in?

SY: Well, Ho Chi Minh fucked!



PAINT IT BLACK!

by Thingum Bob, Esq.

Political graffiti is an ancient and honorable yippie tradition dating back to prehistoric times: 10 or 15 years ago when cave people were painting buffalo and rocking to Elvis. It's guerilla activity in that it's illegal and very visible. A good sprinkling of graffiti makes a district look like a liberated zone. A sloganized brick wall is a comfort to newcomers, and a perpetual mosquito bite to all pigs. A good revolutionary message in each Citgo station makes those long trips

better. If there were a billion bits of graffiti across the USA it would change the whole tone of the country.

The effectiveness of graffiti is dependent on several factors. First of all is wittiness, originality and punch. One lengthy description of the President's eating habits with respect to Cambodian baby intestines is more powerful than a hundred **SMASH NIXONS**. Short, bold slogans are good but not the best. Also, you will find your imagination freezes in the clutch. Think of what to say beforehand; develop a list you can draw from. Div-

ersify outside of the usual slogans and peace signs. Exclamation points add zip to anything.

Another important aspect is artistic sense. One well lettered graffiti is worth a hundred barely legible scrawls. Scrawls are ugly - written litter. Be aware of form, balances, blank spaces, etc. Don't panic, and make a couple of closely spaced trips to the same place if you have to.

The last important aspect is: how many people will see it - how busy the place is, how noticeable your work is, and how long it lasts. If 1000 people a day go by your graffiti and one in three sees it, and it stays up for six months that's 60,000 people-readings - damn good media for the effort.

There are only two ways graffiti get destroyed - natural weathering and deliberate removal. Avoid private, personally owned walls and places - the owner will clean it off faster. Public spots and corporate walls are best, especially where nobody seems to have clear cut jurisdiction.

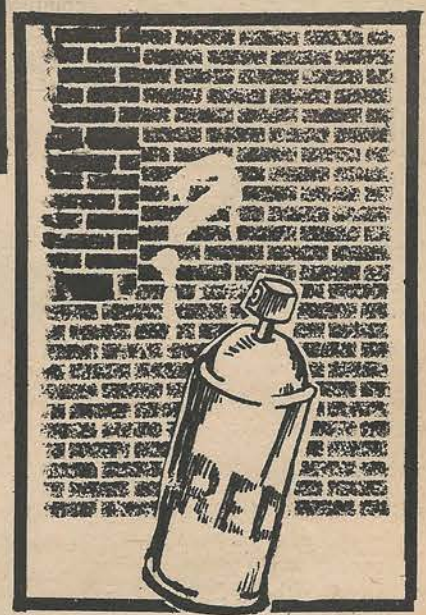
There are loads of wall writing materials. Spray paint, the most visible, longest lasting and hardest to remove, is available in any hardware store and it allows for the biggest writing short of paintbrush and bucket. Use bright colors like white, yellow, orange, etc. Avoid black and dark colors - most outdoor surfaces are darker and duller than you think.

Paint will last for ages if nobody removes it. Ten years, maybe, even exposed to the weather. And it takes sandblasting equipment to get it out of brick or cement. Some parks coat statues and things with a sort of plastic glaze, designed to shed paint easily. When you see this you'll know they're running scared.

For really big gigs, like on interstate highways, you'll need a brush and bucket. Once you're into this, there is no limit on size. Remember cars will only get a glimpse at anything no matter how big. The highway field is monopolized by dumb fraternity letters. You can easily do better, and paint over a frat while you're at it.

The magic marker (the indelible, not the water color kind) is the other great pillar of the graffiti business. You can't carry a spray can around with you - it's big and incriminating and the rattling mixer ball gives you away. But you can ALWAYS carry a marker. I've carried one since 1970. They're cheap and good for loads of use. Cement can fuck up the felt tip, but the ink gets into cement to stay. The only problem is that the writing doesn't weather too well. A year or so is the very most on smooth outdoor surfaces. Go back and renew.

Felt tip pens are best for close-up work. They write on many things that pencil and ball point just slide over. Again, get the indelible kind.



Scratching into the paint of toilet walls is 20 times more permanent but it's hard to be neat. Scratching a black board with a needle is cool - the scratches fill up with chalk and they never, never come out. A teacher will see it many times each day.

Never pass up wet, unguarded cement. Here's your chance to be really permanent. Engraving on coins is long lasting too. You can write on dollar bills.

Stickers, stamps, posters and the like are good in that they let you put up a detailed, well designed message in just a moment. If they're high up they'll be more out of the way of prying fingers. Stickers won't stay on porous walls like cement. You might try writing your own things on blank white stickers.

And there's no end to exotic stuff like stone carving, writing in rust inhibitors on iron things, using oil on cement sidewalks and streets (use sparingly, write big) or fertilizing a message in a grassy field and is on a hillside where it can be seen well. Use lots of fertilizer. Next spring, by magic, your message will appear in the indelible lush green of nature itself, freaking out the whole community. On well fertilized places like the front lawn of your local war corporation, you can use grass killer or fuel oil from a watering can.

Security. The duty of a revolutionary is not to get caught. Graffiti is classified as property destruction and a revolutionary message won't help matters. Many places are paranoid as hell about spray can artists. When you write, take no longer than necessary, do not look suspicious before or after, and clear out fast. Stay away from places where you are known. It helps a lot to have at least two people, one as look out. Watch out about becoming known to bus drivers and such. One problem with using a distinctive handwriting or message is that if you get caught for one, you'll be blamed for the rest. Night is best, but you look more suspicious then if people see you sneaking around. Be bold and upfront, not sneaky. The most deserted time is Sunday morning.

Take advantage of the cover provided by rainstorms and blizzards. Big demonstrations, of course, and night power failures, are free for alls.

The nifty thing about wall writing is that it takes no organization or heavy planning - a freak can do it anytime. It just cannot be repressed. Even in a total fascist state where demonstrators are shot on sight (like South Vietnam) people do it. The Czechoslovak resistance was known mostly through it's paintings on walls. Always carry your tools.

Granted, in a very real way graffiti only deals with surface appearances. Revolutions are not made on this level alone. But it's a good way to say where we are, establish our presence, and extend our borders into straight territory. We do quickie political analyses to amuse and educate, and to say "WE WERE HERE" to the fascist death culture from the revolutionary life culture.

HEY! YOU!

YIPSTER TIMES is free, which is not to say that it don't cost us money for printing, supplies, postage etc. - but that YT has no fixed price.

We once figured it takes about \$3 a year to put it in your mailbox. We'd like to do more but in reality we're finding that it's a tremendous struggle just to get it out intermittantly.

The fact of the matter is that the paper goes to a lot of addresses where it doesn't really do any good! We don't want to alienate you from the YIP trip, but we ain't lookin for no passive consumers! We would rather see our stuff go to people who will use it to organize their own communities.

We could take the easy way out and measure the strength of your commitment by your ability to pay \$3 but capitalism ain't our trip. We

believe in a paper where all donate time, money, pot, material--each according to their ability to do so. So if you really want YT and you got no bread -cool- altfio donations of money are greatly appreciated from people with surplus bucks.

So while we sit & wait for all you YIPS to plunk down a couple of \$\$\$- which are becoming worth less and less day by day anyway- we're hopin you tell us you care by filling out this here questionnaire....

You can leave everything blank except your correct address - even the name can be false and so long as we hear from you we'll send you the paper.

So send us a postcard, drop us a line, stating point of view, indicate you still want YIPSTER TIMES sent occasionally to you!

A Name:

Address (street address preferred):

Phone:

I am enclosing \$ _____ to keep David from being eaten by the rat.

Where are the Yippies at and what are they into? Where are you, O Reader, at and what are you into? Humor our sociological fascinations. Use

all the paper you need to answer the following, omitting anything you think is bull shit. Anything you'd like to know about us?

1. What do you think of Y.T.? What should we be printing--or not printing?
2. Want to distribute Y.T. in your area? How many? Posters? Buttons?
3. Would you like to be a correspondent--send us news, articles, graphix, clippings for "Hometown News"? Or be on a special mailing list to push our news kits, etc., in your local media?
4. How did you get this paper?
5. Do you work with a YIP collective or chapter? With a sympathetic community group? Underground paper? Printers? Musicians? Other contacts?
6. Do you know any YIPs? What are they into? How big & how active are they? If there isn't a YIP chapter in your town, are you interested in starting one? Can you send us names & addresses of any other active YIPs in your area?
7. Are you coming to the National Tribal Council? What did you think of previous ones? Are you interested in working on a meeting for the YIPs in your state?
8. What does YIP mean to you? What new issues & actions--what wierd new scenes could/should YIP be organizing?
9. Have you ever been visited by the FBI or any other fascist government organization about YIPSTER TIMES, YIP or anything else you'd like to tell us about?
10. What kind of house do you live in? How do the people you're with feel about YIP?
11. What is your favorite drug? Music? Variety of sex?
12. What do you think of national actions? Which did you dig?
13. Would you be upset if Yippies threw pies at:
 - a) Sam Ervin? b) Tricia Nixon c) Jerry Rubin d) Guru Maharaj Ji? e) Pat Small f) Gloria Steinem? g) Alice Cooper? h) Murray Bookchin? i) Angela Davis j) John Dean? k) Sherman Skolnik?
14. What's the main issue in your Revolution?
15. What kind of high school offensive should YIP do this fall? Can you help?
16. How do you think Nixon-Agnew should be terminated? Would you be into becoming a plaintiff in a class-action suit to throw out the '72 election?

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D.C.

by Mark Brothers

Leonid Brezhnev slithered about Washington, D.C....from scores of Federal Buildings, the flag of Russia flew proudly alongside Betsy Ross's old glory...workers continued to construct the Chase-Manhattan Bank amidst Karl Marx Square in Moscow...and y'know what YIP fire brand 'Vinegar Ben Zippie' was doing?

"Yipster Times, Yipster Times—special Lynch Nixon issue!" Right atop the front lawn of the Whitehouse, Ben continued his ranting when suddenly he was affronted by a D.C. pig.

Quickly whisking the YIP from ten people waiting patiently in line to get their very own copy of Yipster Times, the cop oinked "You're under arrest for peddling on federal property and parading without a permit." Ben shouted back, "How can one person be a parade?"

But evidently this was one porker not into listening to reality and he scurried Ben off to the Whitehouse's block house. **A Yippie in the Whitehouse?!**

Once there, he was queried by several cops who finally asked "How come you've got a Viet Cong flag sown on your back?" (He'd left his New Nation and black flags at home in Madison.)

"Why, with the hammer & sickle all over Pennsylvania Ave. I thought it was patriotic to wear communist flags this year."

After a few more questions and "answers", Ben was let loose with his solemn word not to peddle Yipster Times. He immediately whirled around to the back lawn of the Whitehouse and proceeded:

"Yipster Times, Yipster Times...Free marijuana for children and cops."



On the weekend following the end of the Wounded Knee liberation, a conference to found a "National Defense Organization Against Racism and Repression" was held in Chicago at the plush Pick-Congress Hotel. YIP sent a delegate, Ben from Madison, in hopes of working in a united front against repression of all political movements.

But the reality of the conference became clear as the Communist Party controlled Chair, the Parliamentarian, the Security Squad and most workshops refused to talk about the oppression of gay people and Karl Armstrong's trial.

On the second night of the conference, a "New Left Caucus" met to discuss the obvious C.P. domination of the conference and alternatives to it. The caucus voted to bring up the question of an open mailing list and to propose that Attica and the defense of AIM be the main priorities.

The Communist Party, paranoid of communication between any "opposition" groups, killed the open mailing list. There was no definite decision on the other proposal.

At a workshop on political repression of organizations and individuals, the Karl Armstrong Defense Committee demanded that repression of the anti-war movement (specifically including, but not limited to, the Armstrong trial and the Weather Underground Grand Juries) be a specific sub-workshop. A meeting scheduled to discuss this the next day was unilaterally cancelled by the Communist Party.

Later, at the plenary session, a report from the Education Workshop, which outlined forms of oppression in schools, was read. Sexist curriculum and teaching methods were not mentioned. At this point, a delegate

BLACK RIVER FALLS, WIS. (combined sources) - Henry and Elizabeth Bendler are having strange feelings of deja vu. The Bendlers were both held for 6 years in a Nazi death camp and were rescued at the last minute by American soldiers. They emigrated to America in 1946, raising their son Felix on a farm in rural Wisconsin. Now Felix Bendler is being deported back to the country which tried to kill his parents and did kill 12 million other people—for **selling a lid of pot.**

Felix Bendler had been harassed by two people, now known to be narcs, who wanted to score some pot from him. To get these people off his back, he agreed to sell them some. The apparent

Wisconsin
BACK to the FATHERLAND
...ent motive was to force Felix, under threat of deportation, to testify against another pot dealer. It didn't work.

When he realized the real reason for the bust, he flat refused to fink on anyone or make any deals. So a vindictive D.A. scored drug bust, turned his full cannons on Felix. He notified the Department of Naturalization and Immigration that an unreg-

istered alien had been apprehended selling narcotics to a high school age person. Officials at N and I quickly had a hearing and ordered Felix deported. He is currently appealing the decision, but even his lawyer gives him only a slight chance of beating the rap.

Mr. and Mrs. Bendler are both perplexed, as is Felix. When they left Germany, they thought that the era when abusive police

authority could reach into your home and drag an innocent person away was over. They thought they had moved to a democracy. But the anti-drug crazed forces of various State Police agencies will do anything to convince the public that they are combatting 'evil drug pushers'. Even deport a brother to a country that he never lived in, and which his parents still have nightmares about.



JAILHOUSE ROCK

California

Ruchell Magee Hearing Set

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 4 (UPI) — The California Court of Appeal ordered an Aug. 23 hearing today for Ruchell Magee, a San Quentin prisoner, to determine two issues in connection with his second kidnapping trial. The court will determine whether Magee's second trial for his part in the gun battle at the Marin County Courthouse Aug. 7, 1970, should be transferred to Santa Clara county. It will also hear evidence on Magee's request that he be allowed to change his plea. Magee, whose first trial in San Francisco for murder and kidnapping ended in a hung jury is scheduled to be retried only on kidnapping charges.

IOWA CITY (YIP) - Tim Hall, a member of the Iowa City Yippies, was jailed two hours before their smoke-in April 29th on bogus charges relating to the smoke-in. He was released after the thing had ended, because local cops thought he was the leader. At his trial earlier this month, the original charges were dropped and he was fined \$105 for trespassing on the University where he is a student. Local Yippies see this as a pretty good showing in view of the fact that Tim is on every cops shit list in that town.

Iowa

from Massachusetts asked for a friendly amendment including sexism in the report. The conference accepted that amendment. But when the YIP brother offered another friendly amendment, concerning gay oppression in schools, he was ruled out of order by the chairperson, Preacher Ben Chavis, a puppet of the Communist Party, for the simple reason that the C.P. is viciously anti-gay, to the point of busting up gay community affairs, such as the 1972 L.A. Christopher Street Day. There have also been purges en mass of suspected gay C.P.ers.

People at the conference were getting pissed off at this open manipulation. When Henry Winston, an old time C.P. leader, was introduced, two thirds of the conference sat and refused to applaud, while his fellow Stalinists gave a ten minute standing ovation.

The next point of discussion was nominations for a National Executive Committee. The original composition was three chairpeople (all C.P.), four vice-chairpeople (three of whom were C.P.), 35 at-large delegates, one representative from each constituent national organization, and one representative from each state or local defense coalition. The Michigan delegation noted the nomination of only one woman executive, and asked for one more woman as a vice-chairperson. The conference approved this. Then Ben stood up and asked if representation of gays had been considered, and if not, why. He made the point that gay people were unlikely to participate in an organization that ignored and condoned their specific oppression. Parliamentarian Angela Davis ruled him out of order and said, "Will Security deal with this problem?"

Washington

SPOKANE (YIP) - In a brilliant legal maneuver rivaling the exploits of Tom Hanifin in Binghamton last fall, Spokane Yippie Rick Smith had all charges from Spokane's May smoke-in riot dropped. It seems when the pig who busted Rick was called upon to identify our evil criminal genius, the pig was nowhere to be found. The trial was stopped short while they hunted the missing copper.

After a while it occurred to Rick that in accordance with Constitutional guarantees of a fair and **SPEEDY** trial, he could demand the trial continue **IMMEDIATELY**. An astonished judge granted his request.

Without this all-important witness, the prosecution case collapsed, and Rick and Paul Bonnie, another Yippie, waltzed off with a complete acquittal. But this wasn't the end of the State's campaign against this YIP chapter. A storefront that they had rented was suddenly yanked from under their feet by a landlord under pressure, and the neighbors of one of their communes were visited by the FBI, who asked the neighbors to keep a look out for out of state cars. Spokane YIP (P.O.B. 672, Spokane, Wash.) is still working hard on a New Nation pavilion at the 1974 World Ecological Fair, being held in Spokane. They are anxious to hear from people interested in working on that or getting details.

ANGELA ORDERS YIPPIE STOMPED



Security did. They dragged Ben out of the conference and into a private room where they beat him up. Not surprisingly, they also stole a list of contacts he had compiled. At a conference on political repression, Gay Liberation was ignored. And the Communist Party has a new toy

to play with. The National Defense Organization will last as long as its masters and creators want it to. Then it will die.

YIP isn't going to forget this unwarranted attack on our brother and on all gay people.



Youth International Party
P.O.B. 384
Staten Island, New York
10302

BIG M TRASHED

BY CHIMP ON ROLLER SKATES

Dear YIPster Times,

I just saw your June '73 issue, I liked it, a lot of things I disagree on, but generally it was good. Being from Binghamton I've talked with the Zippies here and they don't seem to be into anything you nationally are into. The Mark Brothers article, Links Without Chains was very accurate about Anarcho-Communism but the Zippies here, when Murray came here to speak, talked of throwing eggs at him and disrupting the meeting because "He wasn't local and we'd do the same thing to anyone else".

There's a food co-op here. About 500 people and the Zippies come in, sit around, use the phone, eat SOME of the food "Give me a cheeseburger anytime!", and don't work at all, with the reasoning something like; You're Capitalists, why don't you give everything away!

They continually talk of chicks, fags, niggers, kikes, etc. etc.

Recently at a crafts fair we were selling and giving away anarchist literature from TIMES CHANGE PRESS (write for their catalogue, Penwell Rd. Washington, N.J. 07882.) One of the Zippies saw that we were SELLING one of Emma Goldman's books and started ranting and raving about Jews and money.

First off, when we talked to them about this they either laugh it off or go into one of those DO IT! raps about how everyone's a yippie, "we're into chaos and anarchy", "chicks, fags, etc. are just jokes", etc.

Maybe I'm wrong but looking through this issue of Y.T. it seemed much better - coming out of that suicide/macho trip that a lot of us experienced in the late '60's is really good.

Doing constructive (please don't confuse constructive with Authority) work like food co-ops, free schools, theatre, media, etc. is a step in the left direction. There's nothing wrong with good Dada if it's used properly at the right time, but a continual barrage generally burns people out, total cynics.

The one thing that upset me the most about Y.T. was Mark Brothers' article first on Anarcho-Communism (I read that first), and then that thing about Rennie Davis.

I'm not into religion myself nor are most of my friends, but talking in one article about total freedom and then urging people to throw eggs at SOME-ONE. That's fucked up, and no one can change my mind about that.

It's interesting to note that a lot of religious freaks live in communes, don't work, are hated just as much as (sometimes even more than) anarchists. Most people around here still think Zippie is a monkey who rollerskates.

So please, no more of that food shit --eat it or make stew and give it away saying "Did God ever give you stew?"

Also words like 'pig' etc., are really shitty, along with all the K's in different words. We've had enough of that, please!

The idea of conferences and stuff like that is real good. Back when SDS was good, it was the best organization going. The freedom of movement and choice was exceptional for the Left, the chapters were really independent (usually) of national offices, unlike YSA/SWP/PL/Labor Committee, etc. who have to wait till the National Office tells them what to do. I used to be in YSA, so speaking from experience I can remember times people from the

LETTERS

YIPster TIMES
YIPinform - Vol.1 No.7
MEMBER; UPS, UNIVERSAL LIFE CHURCH

Y.T.: WHERE WE STAND

Here it is, the 7th issue of YIPster TIMES, only slightly less late than usual. Some of the things that held us up this time were: post-July 4th burnout, strep throat and other diseases, three floods, rats, garbage, hunger, a pot famine, Watkins Glen, editing speed raps, having our phone disconnected, being evicted...

Look, don't blame me...I don't even work on this paper. I'm only writing this because David asked me to, just before he died. He was the last one. It was horrible. A huge rat suddenly darted out from beneath the sink and grabbed him in his teeth and dragged him away. There was nothing I could do. "Write a thing for 'Where We Stand'" he called, just before he disappeared under the wall. He was down to 40 pounds when it happened. It was just grotesque watching him and the others waste away from being strong, healthy Yippies to... mere fleshless skeletons, as day by day the food shortage worsened. The night George Metefsky came in, giggling in complacent hysteria because he'd just traded the T.V. set and a pound of Jamaican tops for two McDonalds hamburgers and a Morton chicken T.V. dinner, and then the junkies broke the door down...

These are only some of the problems with putting YIPster TIMES - or any paper - out in New York, and one of the things that'll probably be discussed at the Ohio Tribal Council is the possibility of doing alternate issues in other cities. Another thing that has to be discussed and dealt with is male dominance of YIP and YIPster TIMES. This issue, like all the others, has hardly any woman's material, because there have been few women here working on the paper to produce it. Much of the work on Y.T. is done by people from various YIP chapters who drift thru to help do an issue or two. The problem here, as with the tribal councils, is that it's far more difficult for women to travel than it is for men, so you get a preponderance of men.

The only way we can think of to start dealing with that immediately is to ask women writers, artists, photographers, who identify with YIP, to come here for the next issue if you possibly can, but mail us your stuff if you can't come. The more material we get, the more we can print...

We really dig mail. Besides material, we also need criticism and feedback, plus donations of money, supplies, ideas, pot, potatoes, hamburger, pork chops, steak....

N.O. would have to call us up to give us our orders. "Yes, comrade."

In fact, during the Postal Strike a couple of years ago, we couldn't sell the MILITANT because we couldn't get it!

Local newspapers, actions, etc., should play a more important part than national things. Every once in a while they're good, but don't get into the SMC trap of 'Washington in the Fall, major cities in the Spring'.

We recommend Murray's book to any one that would like to know about anarcho-communism. He's really a great guy, and the thing about his book is he doesn't lay down the rules for an anarchist revolution or 'how to be an anarchist in 10 easy lessons' - you have to talk and think about it with friends. It is very subtle, like the tip of an iceberg! If he's speaking near your town, go listen to him (instead of disrupting him). He's easy to talk to, he's not a leader, just a friend with a little experience. Murray, we love you. The book is called POST-SCARCITY ANARCHISM, and I think Monthly Review Press now publishes it. Well, thanks for the space, and Zippies in Binghamton, if you're reading this remember, 'you don't know what's happening, do you, Mister Jones.'

P.S. In Spain before the Revolution, there were hundreds of affinity groups in each city. Here's an interesting story about how they worked. On Monday

night one group held a meeting to decide if they should rob a jewelry store (for funding a newspaper, freeschool, whatever). Of the members 4 said yes, 4 said no. The next night 4 of them robbed the store and gave every penny to the organization, didn't criticize the other members for not helping and were back at their regular jobs on Wednesday. I'm not exactly encouraging robbing stores but this is the way an affinity group can and does act. Friends who trust each other

The whole organization was very concerned (rightfully so) with the autonomy of the groups. There were a lot of groups into naturism and vegetarianism and groups on a whole found this very suitable for the transformation. In fact, at a conference they held shortly before the Revolution they were so concerned with affinity groups in the South that were into nudism they were making special plans to work out how their people would survive (what work they would do, etc.) after the transformation.

(We must remember that in 1936 Revolution even to anarchists was quite limited considering the lack of technology.)

That's far out and something anarchists and affinity groups should be striving for: Ours and Their total Freedom! Right On.

c/o OFF Center
73 State St.
Binghamton, N.Y. 13902

(You've made some serious charges. Mark Brothers confronted several of the Binghamton Zippies with them in Washington D.C. July 4th. They characterized you folks as a clique of theoretical anarchists who do nothing but criticize other radicals. They say they don't eat your food. They admit some of the people they work with still use sexist and racist terminology, as sadly, do many freaks and most Americans. We think it's a question of whether it isn't better to work with these people and attempt to re-educate them (and learn from them - the Binghamton Zippies have pulled off some great guerilla theatre y'know) than to denounce them as unredeemably racist/sexist? Certainly we think it's more important to relate positively to "fucked-up" radicals than to Gurunoids and Jesus Freaks, with their ideologies of perfect slavery.

Most of us here dig Murray Bookchin too, but we don't idolize him, we don't consider him our new Jerry and Abbie. The awe with which your letter speaks of Murray suggests that that may be what the Binghamton Zippies were trying to convey to you when they joked about trashing him.

Revolutionary anarcho-communist consciousness thru out the New Nation has developed unevenly. One group may have developed excellent nonsexist relationships, but still remained elitist, down the street there may be a group who is nonelitist, but who remain sexist. Revolutions don't come from an isolated central committee laying down The Correct Line, but from a process in which we all contribute the things we have learned, the insights we have gained, while learning from others.

When we communicate with each other, it should be for the purpose of mutual consciousness raising, not condemnation.

Love n struggle--YT Collective)

LOVE AT FIRST TOKE

To the YIPs:

We would like to thank you for the party you threw in Washington this year. That was some dynamite grass you were passing out. We are both very happy with the souvenirs we got in Washington; each other.

We first saw each other at the smoke-in, but at different times, so we didn't talk to each other. We met again at the Washington Monument where we missed the fireworks display together. We would like to thank the D.C. pigs for stepping over us as they went by. After knowing each other for 3 hours, we came to Hartford, Ct. and have been living together. The marriage will be in August in Baltimore.

So thanks again for the smoke-in. If it hadn't been for that, we probably would have never met each other.

Gayle Tabb
David Barrin

MORE LETTERS

MOSQUITO STOMPS TIGER

Folks -

The thing for us to remember about Watergate is that WE made them do it! The testimony in Ervin's daily circus has made that perfectly clear. (Oh, uh, yes Sir, criminal anarchists were plotting the overthrow of the government, sir, and we could stop it only by illegal means, to the best of my recollection - I mean holy cats! We were scared!)

Yes, that means us. We may have looked pretty silly and futile to ourselves at times, but the government has been taking us a lot more seriously than we thought. We kept the faith and Watergate shows that faith was justified. Our antics have driven the administration to self-destruction in front of the whole world!

There's an old Vietnamese fable that says a mosquito cannot defeat a tiger in head-on battle. But the mosquito can keep on pestering the tiger, swarming in his eyes relentlessly, goes the fable, until he is annoyed to death.

So remember, next time you light up and head out for some subversion, an action a day keeps the fascists away, and who knows what weird Watergates YOU may provoke?

Rimrock the ansel

Somewhere in vile Cathead, Astrobe

P.S. Enclosed is a ten. If you don't get it a pig has been opening your mail, and if you find him you can sue the government for the world. To the pig if you do open this: Use the ten to have some fun for a change. Or have you forgotten how?



Madison Communique

The author of last month's article "Lest We Forget" seems to have been taken in by Paul Soglin even worse than the liberals he talks about having been coopted. While Madison's mayor does indeed have a radical past, it was abandoned once Paul started running for office. Soglin's statement of support for Karl Armstrong, calling for a "commitment to stand by Armstrong whether he is innocent or guilty" was replaced by a new stance; "I have mellowed." Listening to the city's top executive, one would think there is no political trial going on in Madison.

Don't think, however, that official inactivity is limited to Karl's case. The State Street Mall, scene of People's Park type rioting in 1972 and one of the few issues on which Paul took a stand during his campaign, is still covered with cars, as plans for a park sit idle on the Mayor's desk.

On one important question Paul has not sat idle. A hated Howard Johnson's (constructed during the Dyke regime over violent community opposition, costing 51 freeks their homes) was the scene of a firebombing shortly after it opened at the beginning of Paul's term.

Rather than condemning the violence of uprooting this part of the Free Miffland community, the Mayor condemned any action taken to remove the Beast. Shortly afterwards, Don Nevaizer, the pig developer who put up Hojo's, was appointed to the Metropolitan Drug Commission by the mayor. For how much was Soglin bought?

The rest of Soglin's appointments were not much better. Most went to liberal Democratic Party Hacks who had gone over to Paul late in the campaign. Residents of the Mifflin community and revolutionaries in general were left out!

It is against this background of inaction and sellout that Madison YIP prepares an offensive against the 'radical' mayor. Upon election he asked the people of Madison for a few months breathing space to show what he could do. We've been shown and we don't like it. Plans include a renewed takeover of the State Street Mall, increased pressure for support of Karl, and intensified harassment and terrorism at Hojo's.

WE HAVE NOT MELLOWED!

Vinegar Ren/Madison YIP

Weather Report

While the secret police apparatus of America is in shell shock over Watergate, the guerilla underground - the Weather-Underground, various local tribes and the Black Liberation Army are escalating the attacks which helped drive Nixswine's henchmen into fits of paranoia back in 1970.

Though for the last two years armed guerillas eased their war of nerves, it now appears they may have been perfecting technical aspects of guerilla war, developing their skills. Consider the evidence:

In 1970 a Madison group - the New Years Gang - parked a truck next to the Army Math Research Center filled with homemade explosives which were powerful enough to disintegrate AMRC and propel pieces of the building two miles away.

In 1971 a Yippie named Ronald Kaufman planted bombs in bank safety deposit vaults around the country. These bombs were not timed for immediate explosion. They were **eight month** devices. In a communique Ron pointed out how a building such as the new FBI building in Washington (now under construction) could be mined and blown up after completion. Even Newsweek Magazine spoke of the 'ominous' possibilities raised by the Safety Deposit Bombs.

In 1972, in response to the mining off the coast of Vietnam the Weather Underground planted a bomb in the bowels of the Pentagon. A few more sticks of dynamite, and the computer tracking American bombing runs over Indochina would have been permanently disabled. The computer was inoperational for several hours.

And now for 1973. Munitions are still going to Cambodia and Vietnam to prop up dying governments of Thieu and Lon Nol. But two munitions trains, one in California and one in Arizona, were blown up hundreds of miles from any major city by an unknown form of sabotage. The destruction was quite complete. Both bombings were claimed by the Weather Underground.

In New York City, the Black Liberation Army in the past few months has taken credit for the gunning down of close to 20 cops. One by one. BLA members are wanted for murder, arson, bank robberies, stealing government property and other crimes.

And the BLA leadership is as far from capture as that of the Weather Underground. Both are protected by thousands of loyal comrades. It is interesting to note that while mass movements and mass street fighting have ground to a temporary halt, armed guerillas have kept truckin' on.

Of course, in 1970 the two forces, street fighting crazies & bomb throwers, complemented and supported each other thru thick and thin. That effective co-operation drove Richard Nixon to tap his aides' phones and Cabinet meetings he couldn't attend.

We were 100 times as effective as they were, and they had the police structure, the undercover agents and the grand juries.

They haven't forgotten that the revolutionary underground was one of the most effective weapons against all their 'dirty tricks'.

Looks like **Stormy Weather** again...Time to get people moving in the streets...to show the underground ain't alone!



Don't vote and the choice is theirs. Vote and the choice is yours.

'TOO YOUNG TO SMOKE?'

Dear Yips,

I live in Alexandria, Va., just a few miles south of Washington. On July 4th I went to the American Folklife Festival with my parents. I bought a copy of YIPster TIMES and I read about the Smoke-In and everything. I thought it was all real cool.

Now, I am cool but I am only 11 years old. But I look much older. When people look at me they think I am somewhere between 13 and 17. So me being so young I couldn't go to the Smoke-In.

But I did go to the National fireworks with my parents. I thought maybe if we got close to the smoke-in I could inhale all that dope and get a little high. When we parked our car and started walking to the fireworks some people behind us were talking about Yuppies and pot.

I asked them if they were going to the smoke-in. One of them said "Yes ma'm!". I didn't know what to say with my parents around so I said "I would go but it would be too dangerous." The dude said "Too dangerous? It'll be too dangerous for the pigs to try to stop us."

My parents said "You'd be in danger of getting spanked!"

All of a sudden we were in the middle of the smoke-in. My mother said, "Come closer to me, I'll protect you from these silly teenage rebels." My parents kept laughing at these "hippies who should know they'll never get anywhere with this thing".

I was redder than I ever was in my life. I have never gotten caught smoking grass. My parents think I am a straight motherfucker. Was I suppose to go to the smoke-in?

If this gets published I hope the dude I was talking to reads this. I didn't think it was too dangerous. I just knew I would never get away with it.

I was wearing red corduroy levis and I think I was wearing a shirt that said "just passin' through" and has a picture of Mr. Natural on it but I'm not sure. I have long brown hair to my waist, brown eyes and a Jewish face and nose. I just decided to write because I was and still am embarrassed to death.

P.S. Send me the next copy of Zipster Times.

Barbara



FREE All Potlitical Prisoners!

People:

I ran across a YIPSTER TIMES, the first I've seen or heard of. I dig the paper and I'm interested in copping a subscription. I've just started a fresh 15 year sentence for "possession with intent" here at Southampton Prison Farm in Copran, Virginia. I was busted in Virginia Beach with 101 lbs. of good Mexican reefer.

You might have heard about it: "Number One Drug Pusher Gets 15 Years For Subjecting Virginia Young People to Killer Drug Marijuana". I'm from New Mexico and I've never been to Va. in my life. My first vist I have to run into a bunch of conservative assholes.

I'm writing and joining as many liberate marijuana groups as possible. I'd appreciate any address that would like to hear how a freek can really get "jammed" & nothing can be done. You might say I'm a centerpoint here for other inmates getting news about freek and progressive movements going on out in the streets.

I'm here, I know and see anywhere from 1-25 yrs. of young people's lives ruined by the unbelievable prison sentences of a bullshit political law. It's taken me a 15 yr. sentence to actually realize what happened to me is happening all over the country to young people, and it's time something is done about it.

There's not much I can do inside except get into groups, papers and forward all info to the brothers in here, but I appreciate your help, and I dig YIP and the information you bring us here behind bars.

-Prisoner of Weed #100929

Jeff Wancran

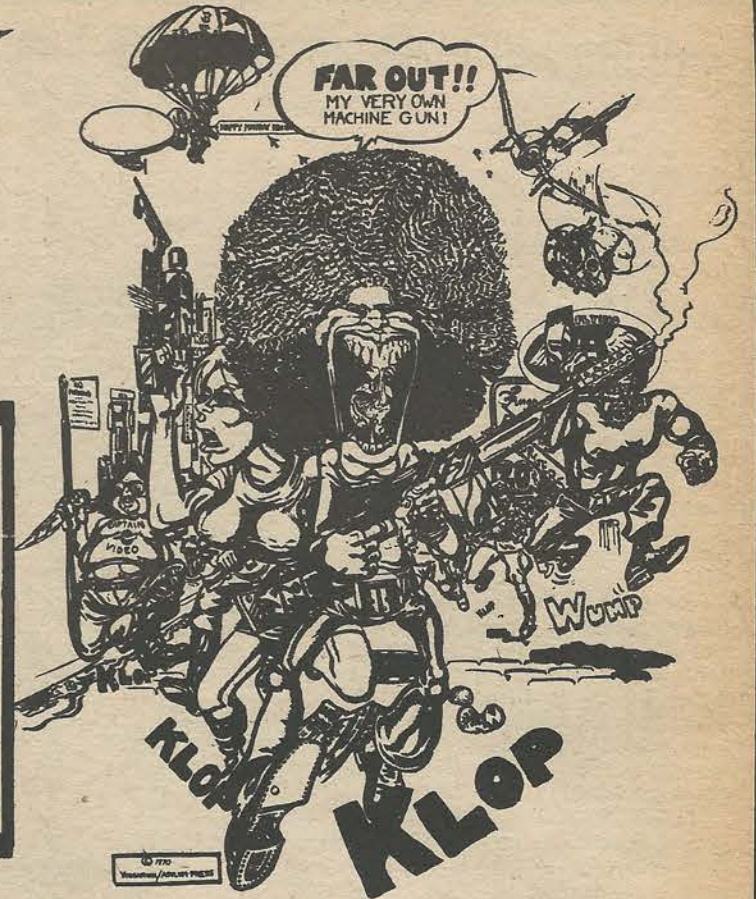
South INTERNATIONAL PARTY

TRIBAL COUNCIL:

ON A FARM - IN RURAL OHIO

AUGUST 27 thru SEP. 3

for moré info — (614) 299-0842



Past YIP tribal Councils have focused attention nationally on problems that set the trends. We rapped out programs and actions to legalize pot, disrupt national political conventions, free political prisoners, and stop the war(s). Yet our need to get away - to sit down together long enough to figure out what's going on, what to do next, or a common program - has never felt more urgent.

Late this month we're doing just that on a farm near Columbus, Ohio. We'll gather for the whole week of Sept. 27 - Aug. 3rd, to give everyone time to recover from traveling before we rap. It happens to co-incide with the Ohio State Fair, very convenient for hitch-hikers both arriving and leaving.

We're camping out for a week, so bring at least a sleeping bag - a tent if you have one - and canned food and money. Some big tents will be provided, along with daycare (by men). Your registration point (registration is only \$4 for a week) is 133 E. 7th Ave. phone number (614)291-3678 or (614)299-0842, where people will be trucked out to the farm.

Besides getting our heads together on a long range view for Yippies and new ways to work

thru cultural alternatives, we'll plan our immediate fall action program: Bringing Revolution Back into the Schools - on a scale not seen since the major blow-outs of 1970. This tribal council could be the beginning of the end for the administrator and teacher dinosaurs, and their student puppets. It all depends on you and me.

From the looks of things this tribal council, because it is in the summer, because it directly involves the sizable under 18 group in Yippie, because it is a week long, will be the most high energy conference yet. There will be workshops on getting together community alternatives, public school sabotage, how freaks freak media and other things. We are trying to get a good band to play at least one night. Mass publicity in the form of posters (maybe more with money) is out now, unlike Iowa City's conference where people received promo posters two days after the council was over. And more and more state chapters are getting together state conferences so people who can't travel CAN have input into decision making. This is one thing we strongly urge all Yippies, whether you have an organized group or not, to begin working on those state conferences. Here's a brief guide on how to do them:

- 1.) Send away to Yipster Times for a copy of your state mailing list. Please include postage.
- 2.) Prepare a real trippy beautiful invitation to go to all the people on that list and all the underground media you can contact, telling them to come...give the time, place & date.
- 3.) Then start traveling (even if it's your thumb) to every free scene in your state. Stop there, rap about your state meeting, turn them on to Y.T. and your invitations, smoke some pot with them and you're on the road again.
- 4.) In the town where you're having it, find a big size meeting place (even a house), let your community know it's happening, line up some people to do workshops. Arrange to boggie on the last night. We are culture freaks, after all.

and you're all ready to go

The after effects of a statewide meeting is improved communication; having simultaneous actions around the state, ferreting out cops, hiding fugitives...High energy everywhere. Freaks ready to move against the Cherished Symbols of America.

At your state meeting, pull together a mailing list so you can stay in touch with people who were there and they can stay in touch with you. Find out who wants to come to the late August council. If everyone wants to come, far out. The more the merrier.

By the time of this conference, Yippies around the country will have put in a long summer of firming up local contacts, beating frame-up trials; no real spectacular actions, but more importantly doing the slow, tedious work of building a community that can resist hassles and pressures of the cops, merchants and parents. We also have July Fourth under our belts. YIP does not intend to do as many other radical groups do in the autumn and winter - call a few demos and then hibernate until spring. Autumn 1973 can be a stick of dynamite tossed under the Caddy of Watergate shocked straight society. Nothing should get in the way of an image of free kidz in revolt around America.



... WAY OUT IN THE COUNTRY ...

tentative schedule

- MONDAY: Registration * Food * Child Care * Security * Sanitation
- TUESDAY: First Big Meeting * Pull Together an Agenda * All Night Party With Movies
- WEDNESDAY: How To Workshops On Communications * Smashing Your School * Fund Raising * Seizing Rock Festivals * Drugs * Demonstrations
- THURSDAY: Rapping About Yippie in the Mid 1970's * Long Term Direction, Dealing With Sexism, Adult Chauvinism, Elitism and All the Other Things That Yippies Shouldn't Be
- FRIDAY: Day and Night Movies, Meet All the People from Your State, Caucuses
- SATURDAY: Planning for the Fall and Winter or How To Keep Your Energies Alive When Everyone Else Is Dead * Crap On School * Dealing With XMas * Bank Burnings
- SUNDAY: It's Time To Say Farewell * Final All Together Now Meeting * Meet the Press * Cleaning Up the Place * The Last Minute Details and then we're on Our Way....

YIP Chapters

U.S.

ANN ARBOR: 1616 Brooklyn St., Ann Arbor, Mich. 48104

ATLANTA: 591 Morningside Dr., Atlanta, Ga. 30324

BINGHAMTON: P.O.B. 1433, Binghamton, N.Y. 13902

BOSTON: 48 Hughes St., Quincy, Mass. 02169

BOULDER: P.O.B. 1408, Boulder, Colo. 80302

CHAMPAIGN-URBANA: P.O.B. 2307, Station A, Champaign, Ill. 61820

CHICAGO: 7501 N. Seeley, Chicago, Ill. 60645

CLEVELAND: 2123/2124 W. 194th St. Cleveland, Ohio

COLUMBUS: 133 E. 7th Ave., Columbus, Ohio 43201

CROWNSVILLE: P.O.B. 336, Crownsville, Md. 21032

DAYTON: 3674 Hermosa, Dayton, Ohio 45416

GREENBAY: P.O.B. 762, Greenbay, Wisc. 54305

IOWA CITY: 2525 Bartlett Rd., Iowa City, Iowa

LAFAYETTE: 115 S. 5th St., Lafayette, Ind. 47906

LOS ANGELES: P.O.B. 35171, Preuss St., Los Angeles, Ca. 90035

CANADA

EDMONTON: P.O.B. 2827, Station A, Edmonton, Alberta

TORONTO: 64 Madison, No. 6, Toronto, Ontario

VANCOUVER: P.O.B. 6135, Station G, Vancouver, British Columbia