

Smoke-In Photos ■ Kennedy Komix

JUNE  
-JULY  
'76

# YIPSTER TIMES <sup>25c</sup>

## THOUSANDS TAKE OFF FOR DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION



The Secret Life of



**JIMMY  
CARTER**

LEE  
HARVEY  
OSWALD



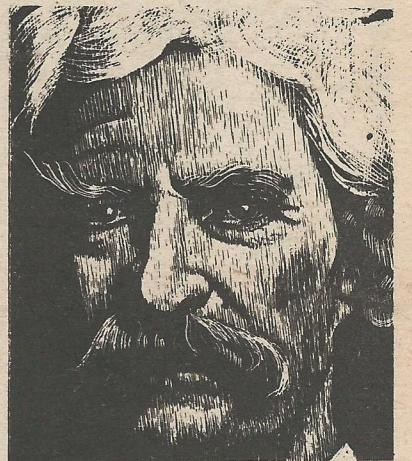
Spied for the CIA

SUN MOON'S



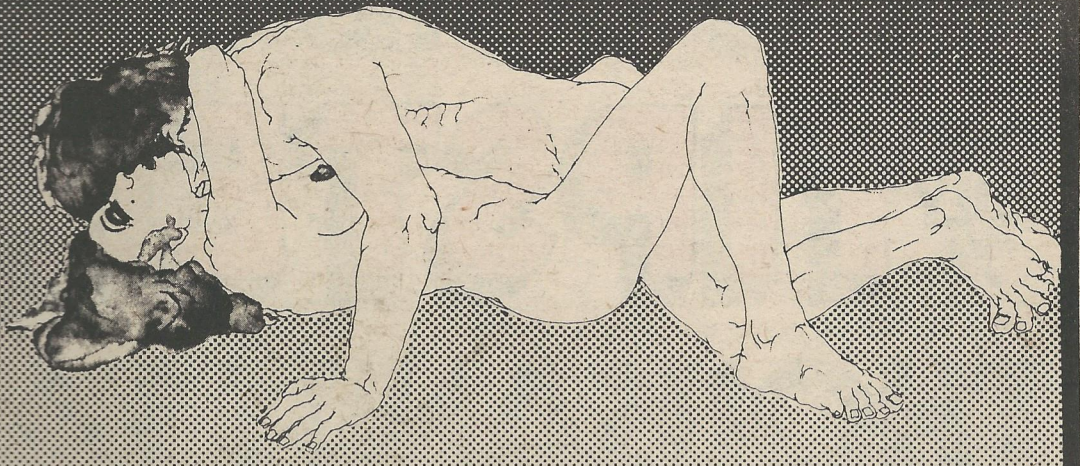
**MOONIE  
TUNES**

**MARK  
TWIN**



ON COCAINE

# our readers respond



Dear YT,

Last few issues have been fine. Despite some excesses, I like your balance of humor and serious issues, e.g. the dangers to us all as represented by S-1. Your review of the "Underground" film was different but interesting. The WUO has much to teach and inspire us—thru their courage and strength as well as their mistakes. At least they admit some mistakes and try to correct them, unlike some of their critics on the left.

Yours truly, etc.  
J. Edgar Kangaroo  
a/k/a Charlie  
Charles P. Finn  
Charlottesville, VA

Gentlemen:

I have been conducting research on how the forces of entrenched greed operate, for a lifetime. I am now 77 years old.

I have found the basic reason why they have been so successful for so long. It is based on the ill health of mankind, which in turn affects their thinking to make most of them the abject, willing slaves of the establishment.

To show you how simple better health really is, if one of your group has endless pains that torture them, I have devised a fun shoe that gives complete relief in thirty days or less, and if the pains are almost unbearable, some relief is discernable immediately.

Nobility always had their court jester whose job it was to keep them laughing all the time. They knew the importance of it healthwise. You laugh the minute you see these shoes on your feet, and where ever you go gails of laughter will follow you. You don't have to say a word. Folks are laughing with you, not at you.

So if you are interested in making your Times a best seller, visit me in my old carpenter shop where all these things have been found. I will make one of the tortured ones a present of a pair of these \$50.00 Fun shoes so that you people can prove for yourself that I am not a fake even though it is hard to believe. The worse the pain the better.

Yours for a better world for all mankind, based on FORGIVENESS, the word of GOD.

Yours truly,  
Raymond O. Abeling  
Torrington, Conn.

Dear Friends:

Here are some FLIPS, RIPS and QUIPS

A world in want—or the world you want...  
Equal tax loopholes for all...  
Our silence is Golden—to somebody else...  
Your politicians are passing the buck—yours...  
A 50-50 deal—The monopolies take the gains and profits,  
We, the People pay the losses and taxes...  
The Wheels of Justice will grind you slowly...  
Please do not use your new car until after the recall...  
Will pollution eliminate all customers?  
Buy-buy—Bye, Bye....

Jerome D. Lang  
Coral Gable, Florida

Hey Compadres,

I really grokked the Moro story with such graphic illustrations.

It would give some island schools a different perspective in History Class.

Here is a nice dollar. Don't waste it. A picture is worth a thousand dollars.

Joseph Bailey Cowan  
—A Martian Jesuit  
Venice, California

Comrades:

You really "out did" yourself with the Cartoon story on the Mono's. I read it to a friend (a "straight" friend) who got very sick & didn't even see the pictures—we should have more peoples bisintennial stuff—showing what the U.S. Government has done to various peoples (mono's—indians—blacks etc etc etc) as well perhaps of "our" Heros—Paul Revere of "one if by land, two if by sea" fame was court-marshaled & found guilty of cowardness in 1779 (Pardoned by his friend the Governor—times haven't changed much) is one example I'm sure you know of many more.

Keep up the work.

red warthan  
General Executive Board-IWW  
member WAP  
Publisher Anarchist Black Hammer

Dear Yuppies!

I have known Aron Kay for many years and have worked on many projects with him.

As everyone knows (or should know) Aron is the champion pie thrower of all time. Especially after pieing William F. Buckley.

So, when I pied Aron on his recent visit to the West Coast there was no malice intended. All it was was just a little "pie-therapy". Just to make the record clear I did not use ordinary shaving cream the way Aron did on Buckley. I used the best! Thick, sweet, smoochy whipped cream. A direct hit. The best for the best—Aron Kay, a truly great Yippie!

Jerry Rubin  
(not the same)  
Free Venice, Calif.

Dear YIP,

I need a little sanity in this suburban attachment to Phoenix, Tempe, AZ that is. With so much of the RIGHT wrongers in Arizona a little leftist literature goes a long, long way to ease the mind torn asunder by the so-called "right". And to make matters worse its almost summertime and all commercial grass connections seem to dry up. To get to the point of this letter I want your paper; enclosed is \$3.00 in money order (US Postal variety). Please rush it if you can; I really loved that March article on PIGGY ROLLING STONE editor jan werner (he doesn't deserve caps).

Kevin Paulus  
Tempe, Arizona

YIP:

Got your paper and it was so fantastic that I'm sending you three bills right away. I'm really sorry that I can't make it to the conventions this year to help the cause but as you know got myself in a bit of trouble and am doing society's time. But alas, I will be out in '78 and YIPS can count on me wholeheartedly to be there helping in any way I can in 1980. So keep up the fabulous work.

Later  
Scott R. Dolan  
P.O. Box W.R.  
Green Bay, Wisc. 54305

Dear YIPs,

Here is a clipping that says it all:

"An Akron, Ohio, man froze to death in his home this past winter after his gas was shut off for nonpayment of a \$60 bill. The office manager of the East Ohio Gas Company issued this condolence: 'It's too bad about the man's death. We probably won't have a chance of collecting the money now.'"

Donald Loggins  
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Yipster Times:

Greetings from an anonymous sewer system somewhere in the east coast! We were delighted to see our first correspondence with you printed as the lead letter in your April issue. It is also gratifying to see that at least one small member of the media is covering our Non-Presidential campaign. As we promised in our last letter, we will update our work. Our convention was a huge success! The bathrooms at the Americana Hotel provided ample space for the balloting, which was open to anybody who happened to walk by. As we mentioned, the candidate that does not receive two-thirds of the "John Doe" delegate votes will be our candidate to not run for president this year. Minutes before our allotted time in the bathrooms was up we gathered all the ballots and took them to an abandoned port-o-san portable toilet in New Jersey to count the votes. Unfortunately, when we arrived at the port-o-san, the ballots were gone! We suspect foul play! Since we have not the expenses to pursue an investigation to the loss of the ballots, we will forget about them and continue the campaign. It may seem, at first, that this may be difficult to do, since we don't know who our candidate is, but we consider that matter insignificant.

Viva el bano,  
joan fadreezick  
Moshe coppedred  
bill kubliowsky  
don or phil farina  
Westchester, New York

p.i.s.s.—As we said, we will give away free toilet paper. OATMEAL!

Dear Folks,

Spring is here and once again PEOPLES' TRANSIT INC. is preparing for the masses of summer travellers.

We are a nationwide, travellers' referral service. During the past four years, our non-profit group has safely and effectively linked thousands of drivers, riders, and private pilots to share the costs in long distance travel. We do this on a membership basis.

The first time a person uses the service, he or she is required to register with us. This can be done by sending us a photostated copy of two pieces of valid identification along with the ten dollar registration fee. This entitles the member to unlimited use of our nationwide toll-free switchboard, as needed, for one year. All travelling arrangements are left up to the discretion of members involved.

For those with an immediate need of shared transportation, walk-in registration centers are located throughout the country. Addresses of these centers can be obtained by calling our toll-free number.

Feel free to call us at 1-800-547-0933 for any further information.

Sincerely,  
Julie Scott  
PEOPLES' TRANSIT  
P.O. Box 8393  
Portland, Oregon 97207

Dear Sisters & Brothers,

It would be nice to see articles on Reich (Wilhelm, of course), the role anarchy has played in history, anarchist biographies, etc.

The YT is great!!! It's reassuring to know there are true revolutionaries still among us.

Yours in the struggle,  
Patrick Burke  
Ann Arbor, MI

Sisters & Brothers:

I attended a local Jimmy Carter rally with a sign on amnesty for all war resisters. I was approached by a young man about 30, wearing a yellow suede coat, who fits that "new South" hype image of a little hair over the ears and a big grin, and no visible shotgun.

He came to ask me, and some of the local YIPS whether we knew Kieth Stroop of NORML, said Stroop was a founder or head or something, now their lobbyist. This guy said he was a NORML member too and Kieth was his friend. After that gush of "I'm OK, You're OK, and we're all hip", he stopped. Not wanting to ride on the ego of a name drop, I asked him why he wanted to know, what the connection was or what the point was. He said "I just wondered if you knew him, that's all", and turned away nervously.

I brought him back around right then by asking him if he had heard about the recent coke scandal in Georgia that involved Gregg Allman and the head of Capricorn records. "I know the head of Capricorn records, he's a friend of mine." Then he paused, looked around cautiously, leaned toward me smiling, and said, "And I don't have any problems with coke either." His subsequent big grin was reflected in his plastic "Tennesseans for Carter" badge, and his gold lapel peanut. He came on the Carter bus.

Thought you'd like to know.

John Judge  
Dayton, Ohio

# I Remember Martha

By Dana Beal

The only time I met Martha, she was waving down to me, through the picture window of her 16-room penthouse. I was standing across 5th Ave. on the sidewalk with about 500 other people.

Our chanting—FREE MARTHA MITCHELL—must have drawn her to the window. The blond bee-hive hair was instantly recognizable from her television profile. She was wearing green that day.

It was April 29, the day of the 1973 spring smoke-in in New York, and about 500 of us had decided to hold a little impeachment march the 10 blocks up 5th Ave. to the Mitchell's place, one block north of the Metropolitan Museum.

Armed with nothing but a large banner inscribed "Open Martha's Mouth—Impeach Nixon!" we proceeded uptown until cops informed us we had to stay across the street. This turned out to be great, since we could see the Mitchell's and they us.

Very shortly, Martha was joined by a male taking home movies. We could not tell, since the 16mm. camera obscured his face, but taking moves of protestors for future reference was certainly in character for John.

This eye-to-eyeball confrontation with Mr. Law 'n Order produced the one big excitement. Chants of FREE MARTHA and FUCK JOHN mixed with speechifying about impeachment and Nixon-Mitchell's general miserable treatment of pot-heads. Then it was over—since without a bullhorn even the most eloquent go hoarse—and we departed after laying a giant joint in front of the Mitchell's building.

Over. Except that 5 days later a very curious thing happened. Martha, once again, called UPI with a hot quote: "Nixon should resign before he's impeached...if he knows what's good for him".

Today we know Martha was always

deeply affected by the theatre of protests—originally deeply repelled, as when in November 1969, standing in the Justice Department with her husband and a small group of officials, she compared the Yippies trashing the outside of the building to the mobs of the Russian Revolution.

One thing is certain. Long before John Deán, Martha was one of the first cracks in Nixon's facade to betray the guilty knowledge rampant amongst the entire Nixonian uppercrust.

Her statement was downplayed by the media at the time, of course, because she was a woman. As we prepare to go to Kansas City and into another situation so delicately balanced our intervention will surely make a difference. Yippies can take comfort just remembering that afternoon stroll up to Martha's house, which didn't get much publicity at the time, but sent a psychological shockwave through history.

# YIPSTER TIMES

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by Steve Conliff

John Rees (a/k/a John Seeley) and Louise Rees (a/k/a Sheila O'Connor), who housed Y.I.P. organizers of the July 4, 1973 Smoke-in/Impeachment demonstration, have been exposed by two prominent radical publications as right-wing intelligence agents with ties to the House Internal Security Committee, Senate Internal Security Sub-Committee, New York State Police and F.B.I. For seven years, according to **CounterSpy** (Spring, 1976) and the National Lawyers Guild paper **Guild Notes** (May, 1976), the Reeses published **Information Digest (I.D.)**, a detailed but often wacky summary of leftist activities used by at least 40 police departments across America to compile secret files and black-list individuals.

Rees, who emigrated to the U.S. from England in 1963, may be the same John Rees who, masquerading as a Lithuanian refugee names Vladas Hrikavicius, touted the country in early 1964 for the right-wing American Opinion Speakers Bureau, describing his "escape" from the "communist hordes". He worked for an anti-poverty agency in Newark during the summer '64 ghetto riots, was also an or-

The Yipster Times

activities from 1969-1971. Why anyone would believe that the pair could possibly belong to the 'youth culture' is now a mystery. But they became familiar figures in Washington. Sheila, a huge woman, overweight, is at least six feet tall with a large frame, small facial features, fair skin, dark eyes, and long, dark hair which she usually wore in a braid; she always dressed in dark, unobtrusive clothing, often jeans and a sweatshirt. John, also overweight and about Sheila's height, had dark hair, wore glasses, and spoke with a British accent. He explained variously that he was from Wales or Surrey, England. He usually wore dark sloppy clothes and often masqueraded as a priest, complete with clerical collar..."

The Reeses housed and helped organize Mayday legal people, while suggesting to D.C. police they bug the Red House (or New Foundation, a bookstore the Reeses operated at 1247 20th

That same woman pulled from her bed and beaten one night later by John on a rampage. All these memories point out one fact. John Seeley and Sheila O'Connor, a/k/a Rees, were agent provocateurs."

During the large June 16, 1973, anti-Nixon demo in Washington, John Seeley approached Y.I.P. organizers who he'd heard were looking for a location to set up a D.C. office. He offered use of 1616 Longfellow, and an agreement was made that Yippies would sleep in the attic and each pay \$1 a day for food. At that time, governmental strategy was to downplay protests, not provoke confrontations that might exaggerate discontent, and the Reeses counseled not militancy but scrupulous lawfulness. Y.I.P. organizers, while unaware of the Reeses true right-wing allegiance, sensed fundamental disapproval of our politics and strategies, and so usually made plans when our hosts were absent. The Reeses, in turn, occa-

The Reese's further tarnished Y.I.P.'s reputation by spreading the story Yippie's ripped off a roommate's stereo.

The Reese's engaged in more conventional dirty tricks against Ohio National Lawyer's Guild people, who, upon their arrival for July 4th, sat down with their fellow N.L.G. members and described organizing efforts in Ohio's volatile prison system. A month later, House Internal Security Committee reopened hearings on leftist-inspired political violence in Ohio prisons, alleging N.L.G. was the prime instigator.

The November 9, 1973 issue of **I.D.** contains a story about the Committee to Open Archives, a group demanding a new investigation of J.F.K.'s assassination through "a bizarre demonstration planned by a Youth International Party 'front.'" John Lennon, Jane Fonda, CounterSpy's Winslow Peck, reporter Sally Quinn, entertainer Eddie Albert, and most known radical groups were also among victims of the Reeses' flights of paranoia. On the other hand, the Reeses often supplied highly accurate reports, such as extended analyses of the internal structure and struggles of Vietnam Veterans Against the War and the group's eventual split. But the group which most con-

## Private Spies Infiltrate Left



derly in a Massachusetts nursing home and beneficiary of the will of Peyton Place author Grace Metalious, and apparently served as an informer for police departments in the District of Columbia, Texas, Maryland, New Jersey and New York. In 1968, Rees incorporated an organization called National Goals, Inc. in New York which began to publish and distribute **I.D.** Rees also edited **National Layman's Digest**, a similar black-listing publication of the Church League of America. Not much is known of Sheila Rees during this period, save that she worked as a researcher for the House Internal Security Committee, once powerful as the dreaded House Un-American Activities Committee but by then in disgrace.

According to **CounterSpy**, John and Sheila "initially came to Washington around Mayday, 1971, having established Left contacts through Abbie Hoffman during the Woodstock music festival. John and Sheila—offhandedly associated with several groups of street people called the 'Crazies' and the 'New York Motherfuckers'—covered themselves by including their names in the **Information Digest** in connection with other anti-war

St. N.W.) and their home at 1616 Longfellow. The Red House was bugged; Longfellow, where Yippies later stayed, may or may not have been.

In September 1972, Sheila was hired as co-ordinator of the D.C. office of the National Lawyers Guild and assumed the editorship of the Guild newsletter. In June 1973, she was elected to the Guild's National Executive Board, despite her history of internal disruption and mismanagement of Guild affairs. Writes **CountrySpy**:

"Bad memories abound now. The pistol that unsuspectingly dropped from Sheila's purse one day in the Guild office. The rent-a-car stolen in the name of the Guild chairperson. The guns and possible wiretap equipment found when a curious roommate at the Longfellow house broke into John and Sheila's bedroom which remained locked during the day and bolted from inside at night.

sionally supplied the Yippies with small amounts of pot and took every opportunity to bad-rap absent Y.I.P. leaders, but seldom tried to influence plans. They did make a great show of organizing legal observers, but most of the actual work was done by Washington lawyer Marvin Mille and members of the Ohio N.L.G. It now seems likely that it was Sheila, holding one of our three walkie-talkies, who was responsible for short-circuiting Y.I.P.'s communications the day of the demo, but the effect was more inconvenient than disruption.

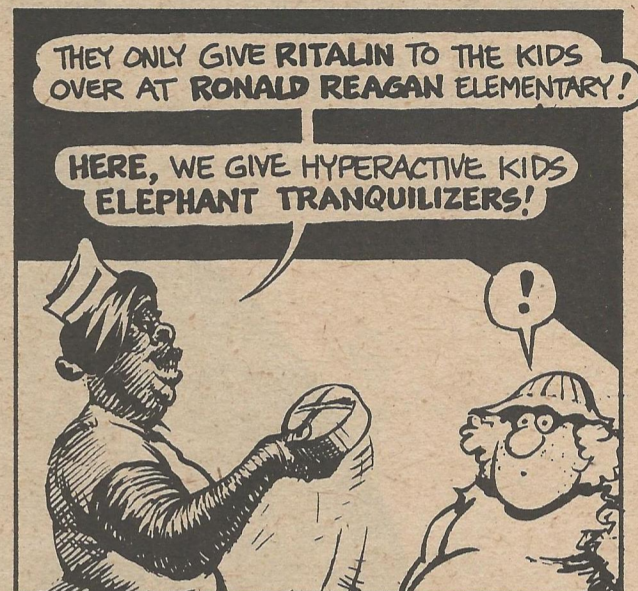
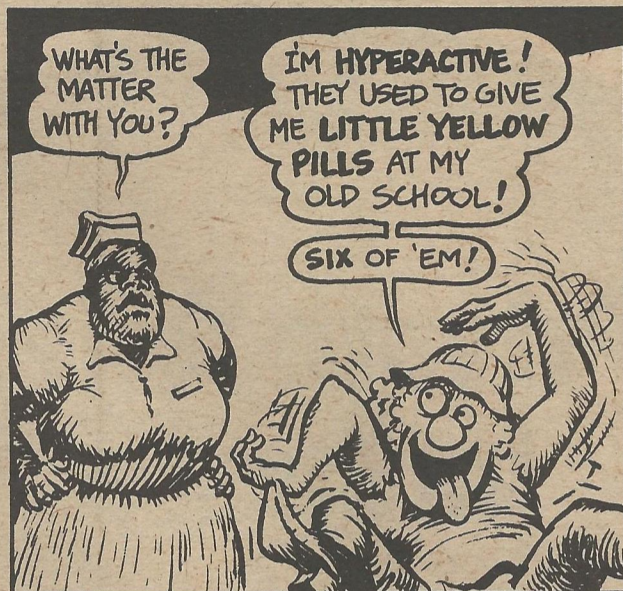
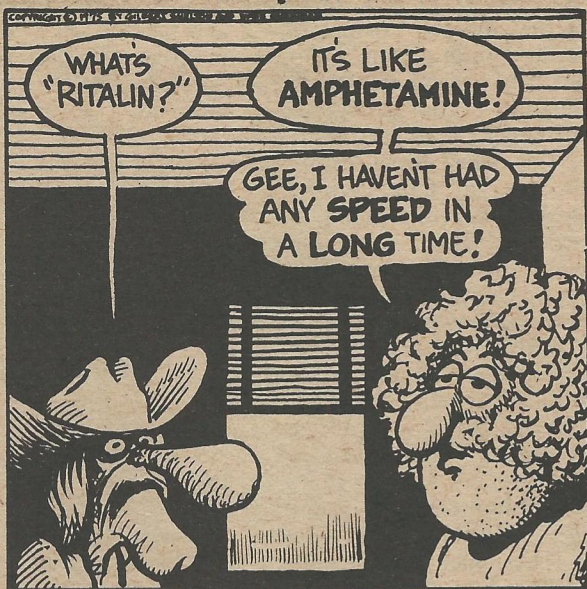
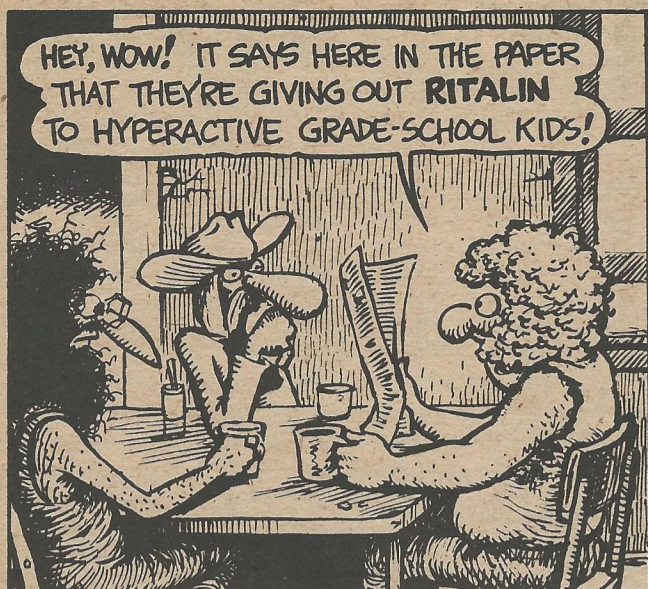
It was after July 4th that the Reese's made their most serious impact on Y.I.P. On the pretext of paying some mythical phone bills, John ripped us off for some \$500 raised by sales of **Yipster Times**, buttons and posters at the demo. The sudden loss of most of our treasury crippled late summer and fall follow-up anti-Nixon activities.

cerned John and Sheila seems to have been the National Lawyers Guild.

In 1976, the New York Assembly's Office of Legislative Oversight and Analysis released an investigative report on **I.D.** "a string that held together a network of hidden informants whose information was recorded by police departments throughout the nation without the individual involved knowing the process and without independent checking by the police as to the validity and source of this derogatory information."

John Norpel, former research director of the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee, offered investigators this view of the **I.D.** network: "The information which (John Rees) brought before the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee was always right on the mark. It provided background leads for the Venceremos Brigade hearings and on the so-called Left. Rees's information was invaluable to the intelligence community...I don't think Rees got his information from federal agencies. It was my impression that the federal intelligence community was more dependent on him than he was on them."

(Continued on page 4)



# Readin', Writin' and Ritalin

As many as 1 million schoolchildren in America are being drugged to make them easier to handle—and it's an outrage, angry doctors and other experts charge.

The youngsters, many of whom are considered "hyperactive," or unruly, face the possibility of psychological addiction and other serious side effects from the amphetamine-related medications prescribed to tranquilize them.

Drugs commonly used include Ritalin, Dexedrine and Cylert. These are extremely hazardous, says prominent Chicago physician Dr. Robert S. Mendelsohn. Besides the danger of addiction, he said, "side effects include heart palpitations,

headaches and stomach pains. And there are suspicions that these drugs can retard a child's growth, affect his vascular system and endanger his life.

"The children are taking these drugs to soothe conditions variously diagnosed as hyperkinesis, minimal brain dysfunction, and learning disability," explained Dr. Mendelsohn, former assistant to the director of Michael Reese Hospital, and an associate professor of preventative medicine at the University of Illinois School of Medicine.

"These youngsters," he continued, "are often drugged because teachers and pediatricians feel it will make the children easier to manage.

"To me, this sounds incredibly like '1984'—and I would caution any parent against putting his child on a behavior-altering drug."

Other physicians agree.

Said Dr. Sydney Walker, a psychiatrist in La Jolla, Calif.: "It may well be that stimulant drugs produce greater harm in the long run than the hyperactive symptoms they are meant to control."

Teachers must share the blame for the increasing number of youngsters being placed on drugs, believes Dr. Emmy Freeman, a clinical psychologist in Orlando, Fla.

"Some teachers put pressure on parents to take their children to a doctor

if he's unruly. In the past, the student would probably have been paddled in school. Now he's given a drug."

An incredible 500,000 to 1 million children are taking amphetamine-related drugs by prescription according to Peter Schrag and Diane Divoky, authors of the book, "The Myth of the Hyperactive Child."

Their estimate is based on extensive research and also sales figures released by drug manufacturers.

Said Schrag: "While the government is throwing people in jail for using drugs, other governmental institutions—including the schools—are pushing it on children."

—National Enquirer

(Continued from page 3)

The report continues: "Many law enforcement officials say that Rees convinced police departments of his importance by tantalizing them with stories of violent plots and by taking information from one department and telling another one what he had just learned." I.D. information was used by local police "to develop dossiers on thousands of patriotic and decent Americans who had committed no crime and were not suspected of committing a crime."

The New York State Police stamped each issue of I.D.: "The information contained herein is of a classified nature and intended solely for the use of the New York State Police and agencies authorized by them."

The November 19, 1971, issue of I.D., obtained by CounterSpy, contained this message:

"It will be apparent to the 40 people now receiving the Information Digest that much of the information is obtained by sources active in the radical, so-called revolutionary groups. Uncontrolled dissemination of this information can have the most serious consequences....

"It is requested that you keep the Information Digest for use within your own organization and do not share it with others: this issue (Nov. 19) in particular is sensitive and should not, under any circumstances, be leaked to any organization or newsman, however well-established their reputation. If, in your

judgment, material should be disseminated, please do not use it in I.D. format; scramble and rewrite."

The New York State Police frequently used I.D. information with the source labeled "a confidential informant," a term previously thought to refer only to individual informers, not publications of right-wing nuts.

According to syndicated columnist Jack Anderson, police departments frequently used I.D. information to frighten radicals' employers, school authorities, etc., while cautioning them not to tell the subject of the contact.

I.D. ceased publishing regularly in 1974, though sporadic reports of a similar nature have been issued. Following a secret autumn, 1975, interview in a Washington motel with an F.B.I. agent, an Assistant U.S. Attorney, and an internal affairs officer of the D.C. police, con-

cerning an investigation into possible illegal break-ins and electronic surveillance by the intelligence division of the D.C. Metropolitan Police, John Rees dropped out of sight. He now lives at 2828 Howard St., Baltimore, MD. His concern with anonymity was evident in I.D.:

"In order to maintain the confidentiality of the service we cannot appeal for funds directly. However, each recipient knows how to make contact with some other person having a direct contact with the I.D. And it is suggested that to ensure that we continue, you allocate some money to us. This can be sent in any way that you believe will be both rapid and secret."

S. Louise Rees is currently an employee of Congressman Larry P. McDonald (Democrat-Georgia), a Urologist turned right-wing fanatic, who

claims to be the youngest member of the National Council of the John Birch Society. Since early 1975, McDonald has been placing I.D.-like information, usually false and derogatory in nature, in the Congressional Record, where, protected by congressional immunity, a congressman may print the most vicious lies without risking suit for slander or libel. Thereafter, the material may be reprinted with impunity, and the rantings of Larry McDonald have been widely disseminated in right-wing circles.

McDonald briefly jailed during his 1972 campaign for failing to make alimony payments, is being sued by a widow who claims he prescribed an F.D.A. banned drug as a cure for her husband's cancer. There were also widespread rumors of McDonald's sexual perversions and possible involvement in the murder of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr.

McDonald and Sheila Rees apparently hoped to stir up a new wave of McCarthyism, but they have had little influence upon other congressmen, and with their sleazy operation now being exposed, it is unlikely they ever will. Though some of their information has been almost chillingly accurate, so much of it is demonstrably false, even silly e.g. (Eddie Albert is a Communist) that it is difficult to see how any damaging revelations could be extracted by repression-bent police. The McDonald/Rees operation seems designed not to pinpoint individuals but to whip up hysteria.

## 'Digest' Tantalizes Red Squads

## Who is Peter Bourne?

On Oct. 29, 1974, the body of Dr. Richard Taft was found in a closet at Lincoln Detox. He had been shot up with heroin and had a mysterious injury on the back of his neck. The extremely unnatural sitting position of the body suggested that he had been shoved into a container, like the trunk of a car, after death, and then moved.

At this time Richard Taft was the only person doing acupuncture at the Lincoln Detox drug program. On the day of his death he was scheduled to meet a high ranking Washington official to discuss the funding of the Lincoln Detox Acupuncture Program. This murder was a calculated attempt to destroy Lincoln Detox.

Because we believe it is incorrect to make oversimplified conclusions about the identity of Richard's killers, we have refrained from accusing individuals or organizations of any involvement—until now. We have gathered information which indicates the active involvement of U.S. government intelligence agencies. This evidence demands the attention of all people who are concerned with the struggle against drug addiction.

Dr. Peter Bourne was the high ranking Washington official Richard was scheduled to meet on the morning of his death. WHO IS PETER BOURNE?

Peter Bourne is presently the mid-Atlantic coordinator of the Jimmy Carter For President Committee, a vital and strategic position which promised high rewards if Carter is elected. Bourne is also closely involved with Metcor, the consultant organization which prepared the four volume "Final Report On The New Techniques For The Treatment Of Drug Abuse" for the National Institute of Drug Abuse. He shares an office with the Foundation For International Resources and has been a consultant for the Drug Abuse Council for several years.

## Green Beret Advisor

Peter Bourne spent one year in Vietnam (1965-6) as a psychiatrist; his assignment was to study and evaluate motivation, morale, and stress reactions of Green Berets in combat. This work required a high security clearance and active involvement with military intelligence. (Col. F.J. Kelly, *Special Forces*, Dept. of the Army 1973, P. 168).

He was given this assignment even though he'd only graduated from Emory University Medical School in 1962, 3 years earlier and had virtually no qualifications to do this work. He had a carte blanche air pass to travel anywhere in the country. Peter Bourne received a Bronze Star, Air Medal and combat medic badge after being overseas for one year<sup>1</sup>.

## Anti-War Advisor

While still a captain in the Army, Peter Bourne testified on behalf of Dr. Howard Levy (1967) in his trial for refusing orders to train Green Berets. Levy claims the Green Berets committed "war crimes" in Vietnam. Bourne identified himself as a friend and political sympathizer of Levy and other war resisters. He wrote a 2 page by-line article in *Rampart's Magazine* on "The Hippocratic Revolt—The Army Physician and Vietnam." *Ramparts* had recently published numerous exposures of the Green Berets and government intelligence agencies, written by former members of those organizations. He also testified in the Medina Case which involved war crimes committed at My Lai (*New York Times* 9-14-71).

### NOTES:

1. The Green Berets, under CIA leadership, organized an army of Meo tribes, who developed a huge opium producing capacity. In fact, in August 1966, a bundle of opium was air-dropped to Green Berets and their hill tribe allies in Vietnam, at exactly the time Peter Bourne was working in that border area with a similar Green Beret Unit. (THE POLITICS OF HEROIN IN SOUTHEAST ASIA, by Alfred McCoy, p. 170)

2. He had visited the Institute For Policy Studies. During this time, IPS was under heavy FBI surveillance according to the Pike Papers recently published in the Village Voice.

3. He wrote the only existing government report on Acupuncture and Drug addiction for NIDA in 1974.

# Carter Aide is Murder Suspect

PETER BOURNE/1976



Representing himself as a "political advisor" to Howard Levy, Bourne advised Navy nurse Susan Schnall, who was court marshalled for anti-war activity, not to use a "war crimes" defense. He became closely associated with Levy and Schnall during the exact time (1967-70), that they were leading the GI anti-war movement. Bourne and Levy organized an educational project at Fort Sam Houston to council doctors about their rights. Surveillance by military intelligence agencies of these individuals must have been intense.<sup>2</sup> These associations were maintained for many years. This created the impression that Bourne transformed from being a Bronze Star winning Green Beret advisor to a top level anti-war advisor in a few months time.

## Methadone Advocate

In Sept. 1971, Peter Bourne was appointed (by the then Gov. Jimmy Carter) as director of Georgia Drug Abuse Services. He was chosen by the Food and Drug Administration, at Carter's insistence, to be the only doctor in the state to have a methadone permit (*Atlanta Constitution* 10/12/71). Bourne often stated that "the addictive properties of methadone is one of its major merits." He heavily praised and actively supported the use of methadone to control people's lives.

On Sept. 29, 1972, he was named Assistant Director of SAODAP, which made him Nixon's No. 2 man in the White House "War on Drugs." Jerome Jaffe, SAODAP Director, met often with Nixon. Egil Krogh (of the plumbers) was liaison between

SAODAP and Nixon. It was stated that Bourne would have "almost unlimited authority" in SAODAP (A.C. 9/26/72).

Even more remarkable than these incredibly rapid promotions in a short period of time, was the fact that "he had been a consultant to the special action office since June, 1971" (A.C. 9/30/72). This means he was a consultant to SAODAP when he had virtually no experience that would justify such an appointment.

## Did He Know?

At the time of Richard's death, Bourne was the top government expert on Methadone Maintenance and also on acupuncture.<sup>3</sup> He knew the potential use of acupuncture to totally eliminate the use of chemicals in the treatment of drug addiction. The precise timing of Richard's death, coinciding with Bourne's visit, was a deliberate attempt to discredit the program. Very few people besides Bourne knew exactly when he was coming or if he was coming at all. Within minutes after he entered Lincoln Detox a telephoned bomb threat was received at the program. This gave the appearance that Bourne was the logical target for the bomb threat.

## Judge For Yourself

How could such a man be appointed to a top level post in the Nixon White House just shortly after the Watergate break in? A man who was a Green Beret advisor one month and advisor to someone who the government and the Green Berets considered a traitor the next month; a man who performed military intelligence functions in Vietnam and who was himself a subject of prolonged surveillance by military intelligence for anti-war activities. Just as he had no apparent qualifications for his top level security work in Vietnam, when first made a consultant for SAODAP, he had virtually no experience in the drug abuse field. The most likely explanation of these events is that Peter Bourne has been a member of military intelligence and government intelligence agencies, or he has worked closely with them for a long time.

Judge for yourselves. He remained calm and undisturbed that day despite the fact that the man he was scheduled to meet with had been murdered—and despite the bomb threat. He did not express sympathy, shock, or any other emotion on the afternoon of Richard's death. He coolly discussed details of the acupuncture program and trips to Thailand. After spending the entire afternoon at the program, he excused himself from his companions at the subway entrance and walked off by himself—a white man in a gray suit—in the South Bronx ghetto, to deal with some unknown business.

## Cover-Up

In the year and a half since this event, there has never been any formal investigation or inquest by the NYC Police Dept. or Coroner's Office into the circumstances of Richard's death. (In fact the police went so far as to invent an obviously phony explanation for the unusual position that Richard was found in). No letters or expressions of sympathy and no inquiries of any kind have been received by Detox staff from any City, State or Federal drug agency. The bizarre circumstances of Richard's death have never been reported by any established news media.

## Conclusions

A great deal of evidence has recently been published about the senseless violent adventures of government intelligence agencies. The counter-insurgency and assassination practiced by intelligence agencies in Vietnam is strikingly similar in many ways to the pattern of counter-insurgency and assassination in this attempt to destroy Lincoln Detox.

We have presented this information to the National Drug Abuse Conference because Peter Bourne has always been a powerful figure in the field of drug abuse. The use of murder to suppress creative new grass-roots drug treatment efforts threatens all of our lives.

We demand a full public investigation. Peter Bourne must be interrogated as to his knowledge of the murder conspiracy and coverup of the death of Richard Taft.

*This article is by White Lightning, an organization founded by ex-addicts. Black, Latin and poor White neighborhoods are war zones. The armies of slumlords, script doctors, organized crime, drug companies and corrupt cops are plundering our communities. We are fighting back.*

# CARTER ADOPTED BY CORPORATE RACKETEERS

## Rockabye My Rockefeller Baby With a Dixie Melody

By Harry Wasserman

Research Consultant: A.J. Weberman

Jimmy Carter spoke at a recent meeting of the Council on Foreign Relations in Chicago, where he suggested that balance-of-power politics be replaced by what he called "world-order politics." Although Carter is a master of practiced ambiguity, when he said "ethnic purity" you knew which race he wants to keep pure, and when he said "world-order" his listeners knew he was talking about them. The Council on Foreign Relations, a research and discussion group "composed of several hundred of the country's top political, military, business, and academic leaders, has long been the CIA's principal 'constituency' in the American public," says Victor Marchetti in *The CIA and the Cult of Intelligence*. "When the agency has needed prominent citizens to front for its proprietary companies or for other special assistance, it has often turned to Council members." Carter himself has an intimate relationship with the CFR, the corporate interests it represents, and the intelligence community that serves it.

The corporate spokesmen in the CFR include trustees of the Rockefeller, Ford and Carnegie foundations, but the Rockefellers dominate. David Rockefeller was ranking leader of the CFR when he gave Carter his first taste of high-level foreign affairs.

Carter was already governor of Georgia but still just a sardine in the high sea of foreign affairs. He was selling planes for Lockheed during a visit to Brazil in 1972, but it took a Rockefeller to make a corporate flunkie into a multinational superstar. In 1973 Rockefeller invited Carter to become a founding member of the CFR's Trilateral Commission.

This multinational group of politicians, bankers and businessmen include board members of Chase Manhattan, Morgan Guaranty Trust, and the Bank of America. Rockefeller hand-picked 200 members of the ruling class for the first meeting in Japan, at which Carter was an active participant. When the press covered Carter's recent speech to the CFR, they chose not to mention his status as a founding member of the CFR's own Trilateral Commission. Perhaps because there are members of the CFR among the honchos at the *New York Times* (including Max Frankel, Cyrus Sulzberger, and James Reston), CBS (including Daniel Schorr), NBC, and ABC.

Carter soon found that his position on the Trilateral Commission was a great way to make friends and influence people. One influential friend he made was Zbigniew Brzezinski, a director of the Trilateral Commission and of the CFR, who is presently Carter's foreign policy advisor and will probably be his Secretary of State.<sup>1</sup> Carter also had a chance to meet big-

time moneymen in the CFR like Sol Myron Linowitz, a financier of innumerable funds and invaluable intelligence-community connections. Linowitz started as counsel for Xerox in 1947 and climbed the ladder of success until he became chairman of the board in 1961 and later the executive committee chairman until 1966. He was U.S. ambassador to OAS from 1966 to 1969, after Ellsworth Bunker, and has been the director of Time, Inc., since 1969.

Linowitz believes that businessmen have the obligation "to participate in the world beyond the immediate operation of their businesses." The *New York Times* has called him "Friend of Foreign Aid," but he's a closer friend of the C.I.A. In June of 1964 Linowitz formed the National Committee for International Development, later to be incorporated as the International Development Foundation. The *Times* called it "a group of leaders in business, finance, education and labor that will work to achieve better understanding of and greater support for the nation's foreign aid program." The KGB identified the group as one of the "CIA 500", a list of CIA-influenced groups first released in the U.S. in the Winter 1975 issue of the *Yipster Times*. Since 1969 Linowitz has been senior partner of the Coudert Brothers law firm. Charles O. Coudert, of the same firm, was an Army intelligence agent from 1953-1960 and has been a CIA operative since 1961, according to *Who's Who in the CIA*.

Linowitz was one of the more prominent partygoers at a recent \$500-a-plate Carter fundraiser held at the palatial ocean-front Malibu pad of Max Palevsky, financial backer of *Rolling Stone* and former Xerox magnate. Palevsky succeeded Linowitz as chairman of the board and executive committee chairman at Xerox, and Palevsky helped Linowitz co-found the Rockefeller front-group Common Cause in 1970. It is likely that Carter met Palevsky through Palevsky's old partner Linowitz.

Palevsky raised \$250,000 for Carter at that fundraiser, and there is no doubt he will contribute much more to the candidate's coffers before Election Day. Palevsky is no neophyte to political fundraising, and Carter wasn't the first candidate that Palevsky has financed.

Palevsky began his rise in politics when he supported Tom Braden, a newspaper publisher who ran for Lieutenant Governor of California in 1966. Tom Braden was a hero of the intelligence community, veteran of the early Dulles period, whose article "I'm Glad the CIA is Immoral" (*Saturday Evening Post*, May 1967) celebrated CIA collaboration with French and Italian "Christian Democrats" during the late '40's in forcing Communists out of European unions and governments by mob violence and bombings. During the hearings for Nelson Rockefeller's confirmation as Vice President, Braden wrote a syndicated column saying Rocky should be confirmed. The *New York Times* cried "conflict of interest," since Braden's newspaper, the *Ocean Hill Blade Tribune*, is Rockefeller-owned.

After supporting Braden, Palevsky moved up to the Presidential sweepstakes. In 1972 Palevsky sunk \$350,000 into the ill-fated candidacy of Sen. George McGovern while Nixon's henchmen were sabotaging the more electable

Democrats. After pushing McGovern into front-runner status, Palevsky inflicted maximum damage by cutting off funds publicly a week before the Miami convention. Palevsky had been McGovern's largest contributor, and by leaving McGovern in the lurch he paved the way for a Nixon victory.

Palevsky's *Rolling Stone* has made its own contribution to the preservation of the American two-party system. "If this society gets torn apart," Max Palevsky once said, "it won't help me or my kids to be rich."

Xerox loaned *Rolling Stone* \$100,000 in the spring of 1968 in return for a pledge not to support Yippie demonstrations at the Chicago Democratic Convention that summer; as reported in the May 1976 issue of the *Yipster Times*. *Rolling Stone* editor Jann Wenner declared that "rock music and confrontation politics don't mix" in his editorial in the May 1968 issue, two months before the convention. *Rolling Stone* reporter Hunter Thompson denounced in print the Yippie demonstrations at the 1972 conventions, and Thompson endorses Jimmy Carter on the cover of the June 3, 1976, issue of the *Rolling Stone*. This election year the *Rolling Stone* has completely suppressed news of planned Yippie protests at the 1976 conventions.

"I have been accused of being an outsider," Jimmy Carter tells his audiences. "I plead guilty. Unfortunately, the vast majority of Americans are outsiders." But Carter is no outsider, he's just a jimmy-come-lately. The men who support this "anti-Washington" candidate are the men who really run the political hacks in Washington. When Carter fell into the Rockefeller rabbit-hole by joining the Trilateral Commission in 1973, he entered a wonderland of intimacy with the intelligence community and their corporate accessories. By 1974 he was already being run for President, and by 1976 he is being plummeted into the Presidency.

Now more than ever, the intelligence community is under attack. After Watergate, they find themselves, as in post-war Europe, having to pick up the pieces after fascism. The Republican Party—the electoral front which brought the CIA uncontested power under Eisenhower and Allen Dulles in the '50's—caught the crabs from Nixon and has been looked upon as a social disease ever since. The Democratic Party is considered the "outsider" party, and Jimmy Carter is considered the "outsider" Democrat. By appealing to the Wallace people and other disgruntled independents, Carter can construct a new Christian centrist facade for the kind of conservative majority and stability the secret government requires to stay in power for the next 20 years.

Jimmy Carter has said that he believes the CIA has been "crippled" by recent investigations and their findings. He says he prefers not to dismantle the CIA but rather to "run it myself." Carter has come a long way from Lockheed hustler to intelligence-community insider. When elected President he'll serve intelligence-community interests because Jimmy Carter doesn't forget a friend, especially powerful friends who could easily "cripple" him if he decides to double-cross them. A friend in need is a friend indeed, and boy do they need him now.

1. Brzezinski reportedly represented U.S. interests at the April 1975 annual meeting of the Bilderbergers in Cesme, Turkey. The Bilderbergers, like the Trilateral Commission, organized by David Rockefeller as a group of high-level representatives from the corporate and political communities of the capitalist world. But the Bilderbergers' annual meetings to discuss world crises are of higher priority and are conducted in the utmost secrecy.

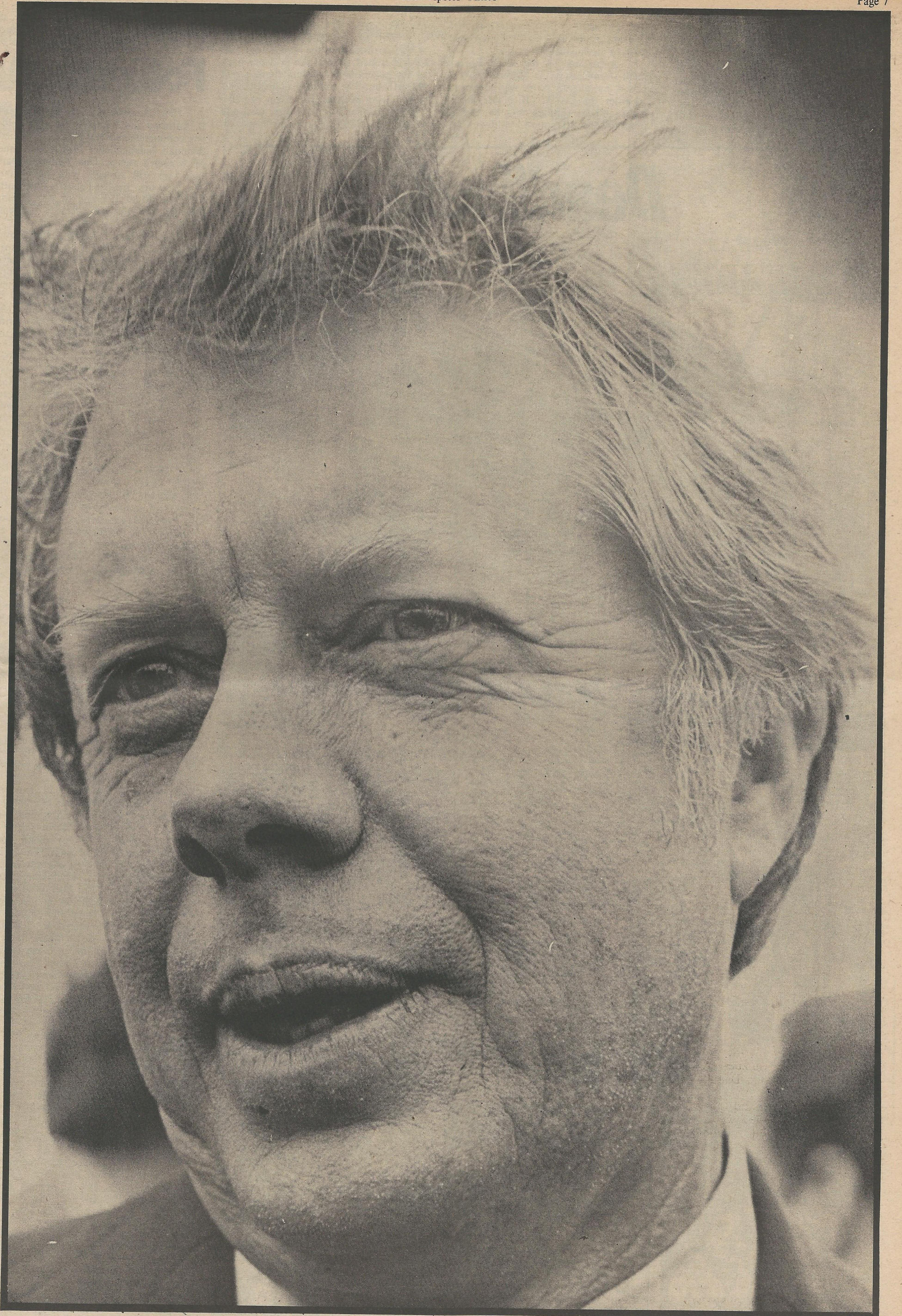


Photo by Michael Klenitz

# Potluck

(ZNS) Miguel Moreno of Douglas, Arizona—who was arrested on pot charges last month—has become a two time loser. Moreno was arrested again last weekend—this time charged with attempt-

ing to break into the Federal Drug Office in Douglas in order to steal his original stash of marijuana back. According to the Drug Enforcement Administration, Moreno was surprised by guards as he was attempting to enter the D.E.A. office late Sunday night and to (quote) "rescue and dispossess" the 30 pounds of dope taken

from him last April 20th. Moreno reportedly told officers as they arrested him the second time that he had hoped to steal the evidence back so the government wouldn't have a case against him. The unlucky culprit is currently being held in jail in lieu of bail—\$20,000 (dollars) for the first bust and another \$20,000 (dollars) for the second.

# Fetus Follies

On Independence Day 1876, Susan B. Anthony and a small group of Feminists commandeered the podium at Philadelphia's Independence Hall in the name of women's rights. One hundred years later, we still struggle with repression. The fight over legalized abortion has both Left and Right flocking to N.Y.C. this summer for the Democratic National Convention.

The Women's Health Action Movement-WHAM—is rallying Feminist forces to fight the repressive policies that have just passed a bill through the New York State legislature requiring parental consent before allowing women under 18 to have an abortion. New Jersey abortion mills are resharping their knives with glee, expecting a hemorrhage of new customers from across the river.

WHAM will assemble their ranks for protest, on Tuesday, July 13, the day that the Democrats vote on the National Party platform. Over 5,000 WHAM members will bring friends and family to gather at 31st Street and Broadway, 11:00 a.m. The march starts 1:00 and will arrive at Union Square at 2 p.m. when the rally begins.

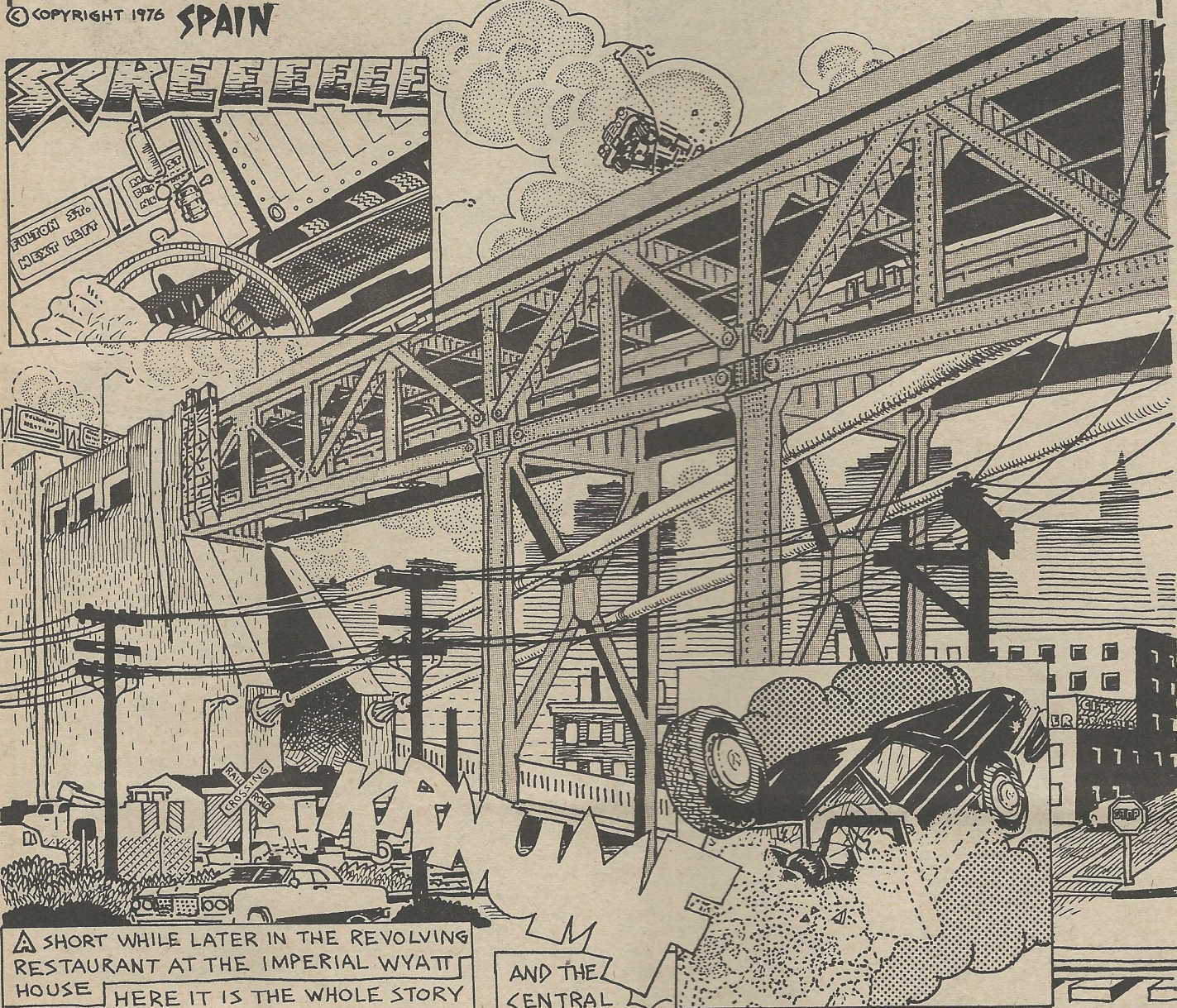
WHAM was formed in N.Y.C. last April, to alert women to the irresponsible attitude in this country toward the quality of women's health care. Maintaining legalized abortion is the overriding concern, but unfortunately, there are other problem areas such as sterilization abuse or inadequate testing of drugs and devices. Organizers Heleena van Raan, Carla Cassler and Pamela Booth expect this action to plan the seeds for a women's health conference, early next year.

WHAM is lobbying on the convention floor, as well, under the aegis of the Manhattan Women's Democratic Caucus. Columnist Sharon Lieberman pegs things squarely, stating in the latest issue of *Majority Report* that "the Caucus has presented a wishy-washy platform" so vague and generalized that it fits right in with the National Party policy—lip service only.

Meanwhile, the March for Life Inc. is orchestrating the New York debut of the Fetus Follies from their national headquarters, a safe distance away in Washington, D.C. On July 11, they will flood N.Y.C. with busloads of homogenized preppies in plaid skirts and knee socks, a number of which are likely to become victims of sloppy illegal abortionists before the year is out. The action starts at 11 a.m. with an inter-denominational prayer service, after which their favorite candidate, Ms. Ellen McCormick will speak on the sanctity of life. Word has it that other Democratic Presidential hopefuls will also attend. At 2 p.m. a march will go downtown where the wagon train will draw into a circle around MSG (Madison Square Garden) forming a "Ring of Life". These theatrics aren't half as nauseating as the fact that March for Life's Board of Directors is two-thirds male. -----Miriam Schlinger

# Deadline!

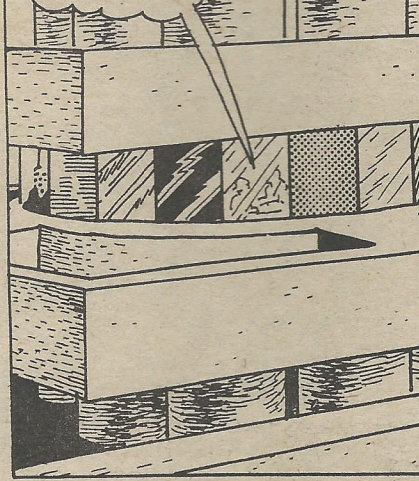
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A SHORT WHILE LATER IN THE REVOLVING RESTAURANT AT THE IMPERIAL WYATT HOUSE HERE IT IS THE WHOLE STORY OF THE INTERLOCKING CONNECTIONS BETWEEN A MULTINATIONAL CORPORATION, THE GLOBAL ACQUISITION CONGLOMERATE OR GLOBACO...



AND THE CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE AGENCY. IT DOCUMENTS MEMBERS OF CONGRESS THE MILITARY AND THE MEDIA ON THE PAY ROLL



IT MAKES WATERGATE LOOK LIKE A NUMBERS RACKET



# Free Postage

(ZNS) Thousands of Americans have discovered a new method of beating the high cost of postage: they merely erase the cancellation marks on 13-cent stamps and then use the stamps again. The cancellations are erasable because the post office has been putting a phosphorus coating on some stamps to enable automatic canceling machines to locate the stamp on the envelope. In using phosphorus, the cancellation marks on some stamps can be removed quickly with a simple pencil eraser; the Postal Service Department, however, will not reveal publicly which stamps are the easiest to alter.



# South Africa Vietnam-Style

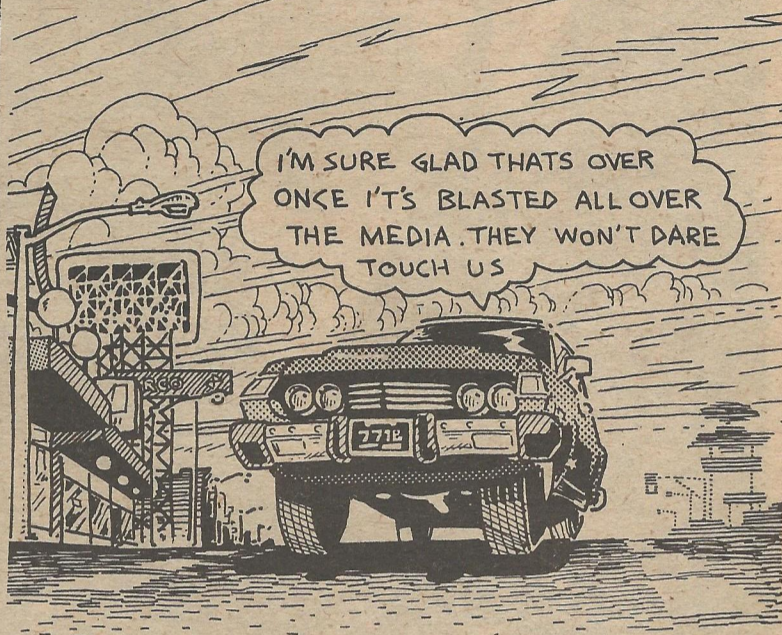
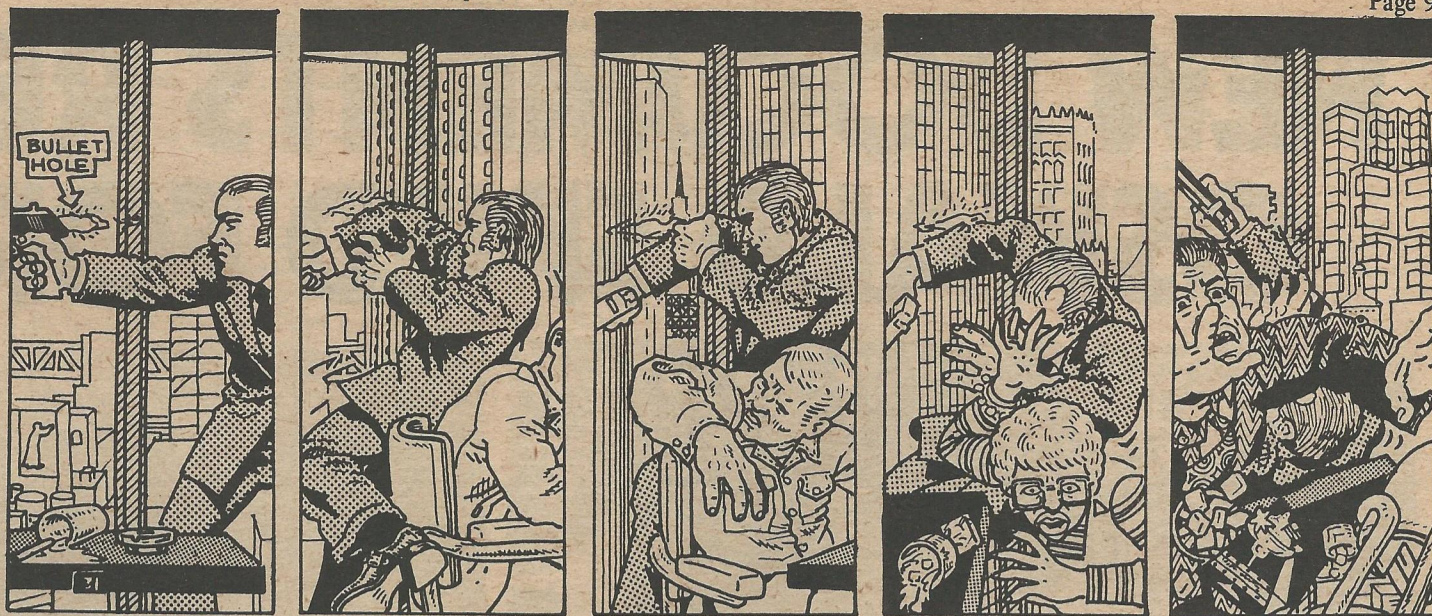
(ZNS) The nation of South Africa is borrowing some of the United States' Vietnam War strategies in efforts to combat guerrilla activity at its borders.

Pacific News Service reports that the South African army is moving all residents out of a 500-square-mile strip along Namibia's Northern border with Angola to create a "free fire zone". The same tactics were used by the Pentagon as part of its "pacification program" in Vietnam.

Pacific News says that remote sensors and other sophisticated tracking devices to record guerrilla movements are being installed in the free fire zone to create an "electronic battlefield".

SWAPO, the Namibian independence movement, is reportedly operating against South Africa in Namibia from bases across the border in Angola.

Fighting between South African and SWAPO forces has intensified in recent months following U.N. and world court rulings that Namibia is a free nation and that South Africa is occupying the territory illegally.



# Too Late to Save the Haight?

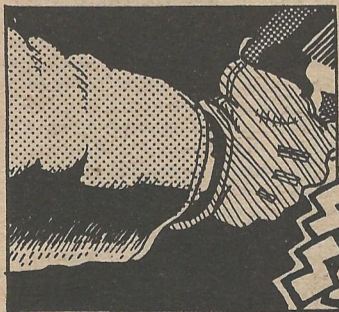
By Aron Kay

The Haight-Ashbury of 1976 is not like the Haight of 1967. It seems the Spirit of '76 has come to the Haight in strange incarnations which do not benefit the poor freaks who still live in the neighborhood. Where freaks once lived, windows are boarded up. Where there was once ahead shop—antique shop, a shoe store, and a travel bureau now stand. The Straight Theatre, at the corner of Haight and Shrader, stands ready to be torn down, making room for a high rise—one which would house upper middle class professionals who've moved back to San Francisco from the suburbs. Already, a McDonald's is serving those who want to facilitate the change to a more "conventional" neighborhood.

The regression is being attributed to the landlords who own a lot of property in the area. These property owners have summarily handed out mass eviction notices to poor tenants in the area. Then they renovate the buildings, thereby raising the property value, and rent them out to such tenants as the afflu-hip (what we once called "weekend hippies") and chandelier queens (rich gay capitalists sons revolutionary consciousness) for three times the former rent. It's quite an oddity that landlords would gladly spend money to accommodate the richer tenants while they stubbornly refused to appropriate funds to make living conditions healthier for the poorer tenants. The New World Liberation Front has taken action against what they call "scumlords"—actions including the bombing of a bank—to demand that they improve living conditions for their current tenants.

To protest the unhealthy conditions, and the mass evictions, a community tenants' union was formed to protect the tenant's civil rights from encroachment by the landlords. Many eviction battles have been won and some lost in the war against those who indulge in the property hustle. Many a time SFPD has had to force an eviction as the tenants resisted the real estate agencies with rent strikes and court battles.

Despite the fact that the Haight



may not be the same as yesteryear, it still serves as a magnet for the artistic and the frustrated who are searching for revolutionary cultural values.

Golden Gate Park, adjacent to the Haight district, still serves as it did 10 years ago as the scene for an occasional Dead or Starship concert, and its Hippy Hill still harbors those who come to take a little.

The Phoenix, one of the last head shops on the street, has shut down. But SF Yippie Jim Siegel has opened the "White Rabbit" head shop at 1409 Haight St. near Ashbury and he reportedly gives his profits to PIR-1, the above ground news outlet for the NWLF. PIR-1 publishes a magazine called TUG (The Urban Guerrilla). Contributions can be sent to PIR-1, 423 Oak Street, San Francisco.

The White Panther Party and the Haight-Ashbury Switchboard still survive, trying to deal with the problems of police harassment, death drugs and capitalist rip offs.

Even though the "Scumlords" have done a lot of damage, the neighborhood remains a cultural attraction to all those who come to San Francisco seeking political or cultural inspiration.

# NEW DOCUMENTS REVEAL OSWALD SPIED FOR CIA



Lee Harvey Oswald in Dallas, Texas on November 23, 1963, just minutes after formal charges of murder were filed against him. Standing in a Dallas Police Station, he denies to reporters that he assassinated President Kennedy.



Robert Webster, an American technician and CIA operative who supposedly defected to Russia in 1959, is seen here surrounded by newsmen at his arrival at the Greater Pittsburgh Airport in 1962, when he was readmitted into the United States.

## “Webster & Oswald worked together in Russia to set up an espionage network.”

By A.J. Weberman

The Central Intelligence Agency has recently released 1400 documents dealing with the John Kennedy Assassination. Some of these finally prove that Oswald was a CIA agent whose first mission was to set up an espionage network in the USSR while posing as a defector. Oswald was part of a massive program whose goal was to send dozens of agents into the Soviet Union. Before Oswald left for the Soviet Union, Robert Edward Webster, a “plastics technician” decided to remain in the USSR after participating in a trade exhibition in Moscow. Webster was working for the Rand Development Corporation, a front for the Rand Corporation, a notorious CIA think tank. Webster and Oswald worked together in the USSR to set up a CIA espionage network.

When Webster “defected”, the Rand Corporation was conducting detailed studies of the Soviet economy in order to find out what proportion of the Russian GNP went into national defense. These studies entailed careful analysis of the average Russians purchasing power—information Webster could have provided. Webster was connected with the Carnegie Institute as was a director of Rand. The father of the president of Rand Development was vice chairman of the board of Sperry Rand which worked closely with the United States Air Force. Sperry-Rand had initially funded the Rand Corporation.

Aside from these connections with the Rand Corporation, Rand Development also had close ties to the CIA. Dur-

ing the course of a House Expense Inquiry, it was revealed that Rand Development held several CIA contracts and extensive research has uncovered the fact that Rand Development President, Dr. H.J. Rand, was one of the first to undertake negotiations with the USSR for the purchase of technical devices and information. During the late 50's, self-confessed CIA agent Christopher Bird was Rand Development's Washington representative. Webster entered the Soviet Union about a month before Oswald and renounced his American citizenship. Webster eventually got sick of the Soviets and returned to America about a month before Oswald did. Since he'd renounced his citizenship the State Department admitted him under the quota for Russian immigrants after they received affidavits from Dr. Rand and George Bookbinder, a former OSS man with close ties to the Rockefeller owned Chase Manhattan (USDC-NY 67-Civ-1629).

Recently released CIA documents throw some light on the CIA's “phony defector” program. First of all in a series of letters between Hugh S. Cumming Jr. and Richard Helm's Deputy, Richard Bissell of the “Plans” (Dirty Tricks) Dept. these agents are always referred to as “American's living in Bloc countries who might be called ‘defectors’”. Bissell eventually sent Cummings a sheet on Oswald which we've reprinted below Notice the “(DELETED)” —the information deleted, has been withheld and probably indicates that this is the cover story Oswald was working under. This document was prepared in 1960.

OSWALD, Lee Henry  
Defected October 1959

The following information is (DELETED)

Born 18 October 1939 in New Orleans, Louisiana, Lee Henry OSWALD joined the United States Marines at the age of seventeen because he did not want to be a “burden” to his mother who was widowed prior to his birth. While in the Marines, OSWALD, a Private First Class, became a radar operator and had fourteen months service in Japan and the Philippines. About a year before his discharge from the Marines OSWALD began to teach himself to read and speak Russian. After receiving an honorable discharge from the Marines on 3 September 1959 OSWALD visited his mother in Waco, Texas for about three days and then departed. A note written to his mother from New Orleans stated that he had booked passage to Europe and that he was doing something he felt he must do. Shortly thereafter he appeared at the United States Embassy in Moscow and renounced his U.S. citizenship, giving as his reason the plight of the American Negro and U.S. “imperialism” abroad. OSWALD acknowledged mail addressed to him at the Hotel Metropole in Moscow in 1959; however, he has failed to do so in 1960. OSWALD is reported to have stated that regardless of any material shortcomings he sees in the USSR, he will never return to the United States.

A devastating blow to the myth that Oswald was working for Soviets vis a vis American Intelligence came in a CIA document dated May 8, 1964 for Lee J. Rankin of the Warren Commission. We've reprinted this document, which concerns “traces” the addresses found in Marina Oswald's notebook. The CIA compared them against their international name index looking for “traces” and found that the address under the name of Lev Prizentsev was that of Robert Edward Webster.

PRIZENTSEV, Lev

This name appeared in Marina OSWALD's address book with the address: Kondrat'yevskiy Prospekt 7, Apt. 63, or Kondrat'yevskiy Prospekt 63, Apt. 7, Leningrad. Marina told the FBI, in an interview on 17 December 1963, that she met PRIZENTSEV at the rest home near Leningrad (October 1960?) and that “he had an amorous interest in Irina VOLKOVA (q.v.) who, unfortunately was already married.”

Traces: 1. No traces on PRIZENTSEV.

2. Robert E. WEBSTER, who renounced his U.S. citizenship in 1959 when he defected to the USSR and who returned to the U.S. as an alien under the Soviet quota in May 1962, claimed to have resided in a three-room apartment at Kondrat'yevskiy Prospekt 63, Apt. 18, Leningrad, during his stay in the USSR.

Most of the people in Martha's address book were intellectuals, engineers, biophysicists—the disaffected class of the USSR. She had at least two phone numbers of Soviets doing classified work—one of them was V.P. Mararov, the subject of the following CIA report—

“An American visiting Yalta, USSR, in August 1959, met an Aleksandr (last name unknown) who was there with his wife and his younger daughter. Aleksandr told the source of this information that he was a physicist working in a laboratory in Leningrad doing work on testing the strength of materials for rockets. Alek gave Source the telephone number A-00036, extension 126 to call when source came to Leningrad. Source learned from daughter that the family lived on Tverskaya Ulitsa. Source later contacted Alex in Leningrad at the above number and was wined and dined by him. However Alex told the source that he could not invite her to his home because it

would be too dangerous because of his classified work. The other number was the same as Makarov, only it was a different extension." (CD 227)

Oswald's address book also contained the names of people in Russia who might have been doing intelligence work. Most of Oswald's friends there were Jews, another group that is discontent with Soviet Society and ripe for intelligence recruitment. For example Oswald was close with a family called the Zigers—"Ziger was a Polish Jew who emigrated to Argentina in 1938 and back to his former homeland (by then part of the USSR) in 1955. He spoke English with an American accent having worked for an American Company in Argentina. Interestingly enough, Oswald also had the address of the Argentinian Embassy in Moscow in his address book.

In **Coup D'Etat In America** (Third Press) I pointed out that Oswald had a floorplan in his notebook which he apparently drew while he was in the Cuban embassy in Mexico City. The CIA was asked to investigate this, but there is no record they did so in these recently declassified documents. But there is a reference to a notation Oswald made in his notebook which reads

Jagger-Chiles-Stovall  
Topography  
52 Browder  
RI-1-5501  
Microdots

A 'microdot' is a form of clandestine communication in which information is reduced to the size of a period, and then magnified by the person who receives it. Oswald had ample opportunity to pass information out of the USSR—in August 1961 a tourist took a photo of Oswald and friends in the Central Square in Minsk—this "tourist" identified by the

CIA only as "SOURCE" eventually turned over 160 original slide transparencies to the Agency "routinely and voluntarily after the trip. CIA had no contact with source before or during source's trip to USSR."

The KGB had deep suspicions about Oswald. There is evidence that after he slashed his wrists and was taken to an unnamed hospital, the Soviet Intelligence apparatus sent one of their people to see him. This gentleman pretended to be an "elderly American" tourist who'd become ill during a visit to Moscow. He questioned Oswald about his status and, according to Oswald "grew suspicious about me for some reason". Oswald was sent to work in a radio plant in Minsk but soon applied for admission to Patrice Lumumba University in Moscow. The man who turned him down is identified as an agent of the KGB in the Chronology of Oswald's Activities that has been recently declassified.

Finally it was the KGB who denied Oswald his visa to visit Cuba in October of 1963. Oswald blamed his failure on the Cuban Consul and stated in a letter dated 9 Nov. 63 that he was happy to hear the Consul had been transferred.

The CIA had to admit—"We do not know how Oswald might have learned that Azcue (the Consul) had been or was to be replaced "since their knowledge of the event came from "reliable sources who are informed on events within the Cuban Embassy and Consulate in Mexico City" (Phillip Agee reports the Cuban Embassy and Consul were bugged). Oswald also had the address of a Russian Bookstore that was going to be opened in the summer of 1959.

The FBI has also declassified some of their documents dealing with the John Kennedy assassination although there are

numerous deletions. Document CD227 tells us that Oswald had the address of Orlando Piedra, former Chief of the Cuban Secret Police.

In CD 206 a long-distance operator in Dallas "stated that on November 22, 1963 between 12 noon and just prior to hearing that President Kennedy was shot, exact time not recalled, she handled a call to a (deleted) or Bruner in Mexico City, Mexico, from a (deleted) in Dallas, Texas. She stated she could not recall the telephone number but that this person stated the call was an "emergency". She said it took approximately five minutes to get the call through to Mexico City and when the party from Mexico City came on the line she overheard the individual from Dallas (deleted) or (deleted) say, "He's dead, he's dead".

The FBI was aware of the fact that a woman named Nancy Perrin Rich had told them that a man named Ed Bruner had invited her and her husband to attend anti-Castro arms smuggling meetings. On November 24, 1963 Jack Ruby named Fred Bruner as his attorney. Yet all the FBI did was subpoena the calls that were made to Mexico City on 22 Nov. 1963 (in the document released to researchers the people called have been deleted and no investigation was done on the phone number from which the calls were placed from) and intentionally omit the incriminating one! An agent with the initials HRD writes—"a check of long distance calls to Mexico conducted by Special Agent Robert C. Lish on December 6, 1963, it is noted that none of the calls from a (deleted) exchange in Dallas found, coincided with the time of the call as reported by (deleted). No further effort is contemplated in this regard." (DL 100-10461)

A CIA memo reveals that after an FBI informant told the Bureau that Ruby was a partner in a Florida Casino owned by Meyer Lansky and that Ruby had worked with the former President of Cuba, Carlos Socarras, in arranging illegal flights of weapons to anti-Castro insurgents. The CIA immediately took an interest in determining the identity of this informant. To the best of my knowledge the gentlemen in question is dead today.

The CIA also released a series of teletype messages concerning John Wilson who claimed that Ruby had visited Lansky associate Santo Trafficante when he was in jail in Cuba after the Castro Revolution. Wilson claimed he testified before the Eastland Committee but Dr. Peter Dale Scott says he can find no record of such testimony.

Why the CIA has chosen to release these documents at this time is somewhat of a mystery to me—perhaps it has to do with George Bush taking over the reins from Colby—who we all know is a cold blooded assassin responsible for thousands of deaths. Why the CIA let me have the documents on credit rather than charging me \$146 is also a mystery—maybe they're hip that I'm hip to the CIA/Mafia connection and if I don't pay they'll simply turn my account over to the Lansky Collection Agency. Phil Zancher and myself drove out to CIA headquarters in Langley to pick up the 1400 pages of documents. It was interesting to see the real Capital of America rather than the democratic facade called the United States Congress, although I didn't get much further than the reception room.

I am still waiting for the CIA documents on YIP which are in the process of being heavily censored. When I do you can read about them in Yipster Times.

# Assassin Nation



by AJ Weberman

Howard Hunt has written a letter to Congressman Henry Gonzales criticizing him for writing an introduction to **Coup d'etat In America**. According to Hunt, the book was "scurrilous and tendentious." Hunt claims he is in the process of suing Mike Canfield, —my co-author, and me—an utter falsehood. He ends his letter by informing the Congressman from San Antonio that he is not a convicted burglar—he pleaded guilty to conspiracy.....

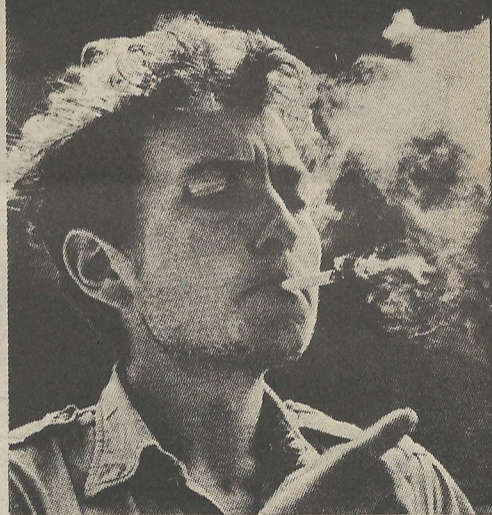
A few weeks back the headlines of **The Miami Herald** read—"Find Secret FBI Document Among Alleged Bombers Possessions." The story concerned a document found in Tony De La Cova's home shortly after he was arrested by the FBI for a series of rightwing bombings.... (Tony had taken an FBI informer into his confidence). The Bureau was conducting a full-scale investigation as to where the "secret" document found in Tony's home had come from, according to the **Herald**.

I had given Tony the document in question when I visited him in Miami last winter! I got the document from Frank Sturgis' court record! If the FBI can't even discover where one of their own documents came from Abbie Hoffman has nothing to worry about.

**WAS MARTHA MURDERED?** Is the fact that Martha Mitchell died from the same rare form of bone cancer that afflicted Ted Kennedy's son a little suspicious?

Does the fact Judge Sirica had a heart attack in public mean he was the victim of a sophisticated dart gun? What about Adlai Stevenson's heart attack on a London street? Or the fact that one of Sam Ervin's sisters got attacked? Was the death of Wright Patman tied in with the burglary of the banking and currency committee? The possibilities boggle the mind.

The **Oakland Tribune** carried a story alleging that a Cuban with a gun was waiting in the bushes for JFK when he visited Mexico in 1962. Mann cited as the source of this story played an important part in the CIA coverup of Oswald's activities in Mexico City—his name appears on many of the recently declassified documents. This is just part of an effort to blame the John Kennedy slaying on Castro by a component of the CIA that is inextricably opposed to detente.

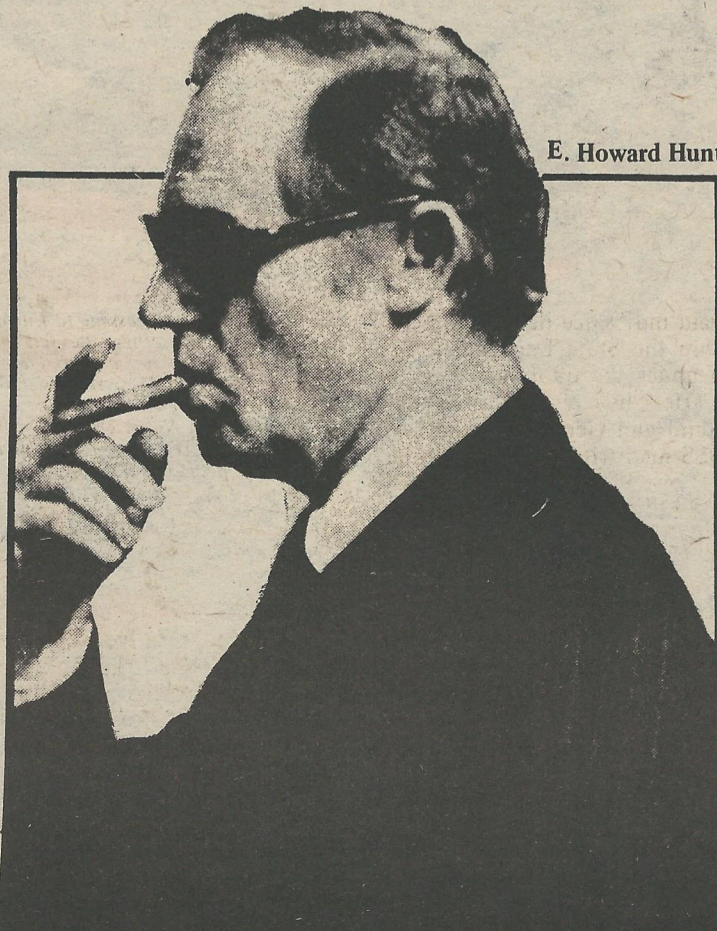


## AN OPEN LETTER TO BOB DYLAN:

Dear Bob: I know you ain't happy to hear from me but there's nothing I can do about that. I'm writing you about a scumbag named JIMMY CARTER whose trying to become President of the United States. Jimmy Carter isn't for real, Bob. He got his start with the Rockefeller controlled tri-lateral Commission—they picked 3 governors to join their internationalist-capitalist group and Carter was one of them. This gave him experience in the field of "foreign relations". The man Carter wants as Secretary of State, Zbigniew Brezizenski, is a carbon copy of Henry Kissinger. Zbigniew is a leading member of the "Bildergurgers", the Council on Foreign Relations and several other groups dominated by the Rockefeller Empire which now totally controls the CIA having purged its enemies via the Rockefeller Comm. probe. Carter is the phony opposition the CIA is running against their other puppet—Gerald Ford. If he's nominated by the Dems, the election will be a farce.

Bob, if you are willing to overlook all this and tell yourself he's pro-Israel and okay you're helping to forfeit Israel's right to exist. Although other candidates might take a softer line toward the Arabs when it comes to deciding between Jews and Oil, you better not have a pawn of Exxon in the White House.

So wake-up Bob, this smiling demagogue should be sent back to his brother's worm farm where he belongs. You are being used by Carter to give him credibility with the youth culture—denounce him or help another candidate. But whatever you do, don't side with this motherfucker!!



E. Howard Hunt

Photo by Michael Canfield

WHEN FREEDOM IS OUTLAWED



ONLY OUTLAWS WILL BE FREE

**Concert at Central Park 2:00 PM**

**March to Abolish the Police State 4:00 PM**

**Rally at 8th Ave & Madison Square Garden 5:00 PM**

**July 12 at the Democratic Convention.**

**STOP 1984 IN 1976!**

**Stop Cointelpro! Stop S-1!**

*The following are just a few of the groups who've endorsed this action or promised speakers, so far:*

ALTERNATIVE PRESS SYNDICATE  
BROOKLYN COALITION AGAINST S-1  
CHICANO LIBERATION COMMITTEE  
COALITION AGAINST RACISM AND SEXISM  
COALITION AGAINST REPRESSIVE LEGISLATION

COME! UNITY PRESS  
DEACONS FOR DEFENSE AND JUSTICE  
FEMINIST PARTY  
GRAND JURY PROJECT  
MAJORITY REPORT

NATIONAL COALITION OF GAY ACTIVISTS  
NATIONAL COMMITTEE TO REOPEN THE ROSENBERG CASE  
NEW AMERICAN MOVEMENT (WEST SIDE CHAPTER)  
UNITED ACTION FRONT  
YOUTH INTERNATIONAL PARTY

*Participation by many other victims of COINTELPRO was still being confirmed at press time. Why not get your organization to sponsor this one?  
For more information, call 212-242-4355 or 533-5028, or write "Repression Day," Box 392 Canal St. Station, New York, N.Y. 10013*

# NUDE-IN ON THE HUDSON



The May 31st NUDE-IN on the Hudson, just off the World Trade Center, was a warm-up to Democratic Convention protests and a preliminary to the massive stripdown across the country, expected on National Nude Beach Day, August 8.

Information from:  
Free Beaches, P.O. Box 132, Oshkosh, Wisconsin 54901  
Please send a stamped, self addressed envelope





# Ford, Reagan & Carter Vs. WAYNE HAYS PATROL

Although the Campaign kapers of the Revolutionary 3 Stooges Brigade's Wayne Hays Patrol had little open effect on the much ballyhooed Carter/Ford landslide in the Ohio division of the June 8th "superbowl Tuesday" primary, an eerie look into what we can expect in the next four years developed with the visits to Ohio by Jimmy Carter, Ronnie Reagan, Jerry Ford and Betty. It was not so much the campaign zaps that were impressive, but the positive response demonstrators received from bystanders and curiosity seekers, coupled with the Nixonesque use of the Secret Service to silence protesters, it is evident that an almost Argentine like polarization of the right and the left exists in America.

Ronald Reagan felt right at home in Dayton when he was met by a seven foot banner proclaiming "Young Nazi's for Reagan." Demonstrators wore Reagan masks with Hitler moustaches, Nazi uniforms, and shouted, "Go back to Hollywood."

For Jimmy Carter it was as if he was still peering into his bathroom mirror during his 8 a.m. visit to Dayton's Courthouse Square. Directly in front of him was a sign saying "Clean Up Your Act Carter." Several dental assistants brushed a huge pyorrhea-infested sculptured smile full of rotting teeth with a six foot long white tooth brush while singing "We're Gonna Brush that Man right out of our Teeth" everytime Carter began to speak.

The First Lady must have been surprised while in town pimping her husband for President. After all, there was no music or high school bands to greet her. However, a jazzed-up version of "Hail to the Chief" hummed on kazoo could clearly be heard upon her

arrival above the polite Republican clapping. Ms. Ford then witnesses a dozen demonstrators holding signs aloft reading "stumblebums, Morons and wierdos for Ford". Wearing clown masks, tripping over steps, dropping football helmets and bumping into trees, demonstrators marched through the plaza passing out leaflets bearing a picture of Hitler saying, "Vote GOP in 76—lets finish what Nixon started."

Ford himself was greeted by a placard reading "Live, in person, the man who let Nixon off the hook." Protest signs, hecklers, and an angry spontaneous demonstration including a chorus line of salutes and shouts of "Sieg Heil" took place directly in front of the President. The ever-perceptive Ford nonetheless continued his speech, in which he took credit for every job in the state and every piece of legislation since the Emancipation Proclamation, and called the reception "the most fantastic, warmest, most generous welcome I can remember."

A heckler at the Ford rally corrected each and every one of Ford's lies, catching Presidential hate stares. Several times Ford pointed directly at the heckler and pounded his fist in response. To make Ford's intentions perfectly clear, five Secret Service agents surrounded the heckler. One grabbed his arm and told him that he would be thrown in jail if he continued. When the "people's hero" asked about freedom of speech, the SS agent said that they could "talk about freedom of speech in jail." Considering what happened the preceding day at a Reagan rally, the heckler wisely stopped.

A long haired man had caused Ronnie to stop his speech several times

to say "if you want to speak, you can after I am done." The heckler continued to yell "Racist," "Fascist...Imperialist." All of which is undeniably true. Several Reagan supporters began to beat the heckler up and police moved in, kicked and punched him, and with a stranglehold, took him to an unmarked car. Reagan supporters cheered "Kill the Commie, kill the hippie."

The Reagan rally had been tense all day. Earlier a motorcycle tire exploded, causing SS men to converge. Several fights broke out in the crowd between demonstrators and right-wing goons. When the "Young Nazis for Reagan" banner was unfurled, it took all of 15 minutes before it was torn to shreds by barrel-bellied rednecks. One arch-conservative tried to steal all of the leaflets the demonstrators had.

A crowd soon gathered of people who were not Reagan supporters, people who had just come to see the pancake make-up faced movie star. They shouted at the reactionary, demanding the police make the Bircher give the leaflets back. The Bircher, now humiliated, tucked his tail and crawled away. It was amazing that even at a Reagan rally, demonstrators were able to gain support. At all of the rallies people grabbed up leaflets and told the demonstrators how much they dug them. Conrad Morrow, the heckler arrested at the Reagan rally is an inter-

esting case to note. When Yipster Times reporters checked with his friends about bail, it was discovered that he had earlier passed out a leaflet from the "Northern Corps of the Symbionese Liberation Army."

After a visit with the people he had been staying with, it was discovered that Morrow readily admits to have been a Captain in U.S. Army Intelligence in Vietnam (1965-66) and in New Haven, Conn. (1966-67). He now lists his occupation as a soldier in the SLA.

His friends say that he is a sincere and sensible person who really is in the SLA. They say that Morrow had been arrested several times in Massachusetts and North Carolina for similar actions. In each case he was released and at one time the judge was so impressed that "he gave him bus fare." Morrow is said to have a "good relationship" with the Secret Service, because he runs into them so often as candidate for President on the ticket of the SLA.

Why he would choose to get arrested and make known his SLA and Army Intelligence background is difficult to say. Like Sara Jane Moore, he claims to have switched sides. He has however, received massive coverage in Dayton press, right next to Bicentennial terrorist articles while other protests and demonstrations receive mere one line mentions.

## Rockets red glare, bombs bursting in air

July 4th in Philadelphia will bring Gerald Ford, Frank Sinatra, Queen Elizabeth, 4 million screaming tourists and if "hizzoner" Frank Rizzo has his way 15,000 armed troops. These troops will not, according to Fascist Frank, stay out of sight and wait for trouble, but will be part of the "celebration". The mayor revealed his plan in an interview which ended his self-imposed press exile, in which for over a year he neither talked to the press or to the public for over a year except in highly orchestrated events. During that period, Mayor Rizzo, who as the former police commissioner allowed police to ride roughshod over the rights of all people, was especially tough on the black community. His police shot several innocent people in the back, including one young retarded boy, and have not been disciplined even though there were several witnesses to most of the cases. According to a member of the Black Anti-Bicentennial Action Committee (of the July 4th Coalition) this call for federal troops would change Philadelphia from a "police state to an armed camp".

Many people in the July Fourth Coalition (the larger of the two announced groupings calling for anti-Bicentennial demonstrations in Philly—the Revolutionary Union is the other) have said that the story of Federal troops as well as the subsequent daily front page articles in which Rizzo, other members of his administration, FBI agents, and the House Internal Security Committee castigate the "radical leftists" are just a ploy to scare people away from demonstrating on the Fourth. Others say that it is a ploy to shore up Rizzo's popularity in this polarized city, where Rizzo is hated in the Black community and is loved in certain lily-white "South Boston" type areas which



have been tagged "Rizzoland". A recall movement has even turned these communities against the Big Bambino, and with two more weeks to go there are already enough signatures to put the recall of the mayor on the ballot. The last straw came for most people when the Mayor, after having promised no new taxes, rais-

ed the taxes more than any other time in the history of the city. The Mayor, fearing that the people will actually send him out to his farm, may "try the act of a desperate man," according to several members of the left-wing of the Recall movement.

As of this writing the Federal gov-

ernment has refused the Mayor, saying he should have asked the governor first for state national guard troops before coming to the federal government. It was widespread disapproval of Rizzo's request in the city that led to the federal refusal (at this time). Said the Mayor: "Blood will be on their hands."

In other developments along the July 4th front:

--An "informal White House task force" is coordinating an "anti-terrorist" campaign to prevent alleged plans to disrupt the bicentennial celebration.

--Attorney General Levi has authorized the FBI to investigate the July 4th Coalition, according to a May 29 Washington Post report, "to determine if there is factual basis for allegations" though he "declined to specify what those allegations are, who prompted the probe, or what investigative tools are being used."

--Grand Juries are being used illegally to harass organizers. Two active members of the coalition have already been subpoenaed: Lureida Torres and Martha Schwartz. Lureida is now appealing a conviction of contempt for refusing to cooperate with this harassment and fishing expedition against the movement.

--Senator Eastland's Senate Internal Security Subcommittee will soon hold hearings on the coalition. A story on the hearings run in The Philadelphia News said:

"Eastland's subcommittee fears that a well planned demonstration could steal the spotlight from official celebrations, featuring President Ford and other national figures in Philadelphia."



# HIS BODY WALKS THE EARTH ONCE MORE--SEEKING TO AVENGE THE FOUL CRIMES AGAINST HIS PERSON--

**THE CURSE OF KENNEDY'S GHOST**  
- K. WEINER -

C'MON, NIXON TELL ME ALL YOU KNOW OR I'LL BREAK... YOUR... (oops!)

IN THE LAST EPISODE KENNEDY CAUGHT UP WITH NIXON AT SAN CLEMENTE

**GLAGLE!**

BOY THAT WAS DUMB, IF ONLY I HAD MY BRAIN!

MAYBE I CAN HELP YOU FIND YOUR BRAIN

WHO ARE YOU?

I AM AGENT 99X OF THE INTERGALACTIC RANGERS. I AM IN PURSUIT OF THE MAD DOCTOR BOZO WHO ESCAPED FROM EXILE ON A PRISON PLANET...

HE CAME TO EARTH WITH HIS ARMY OF ANDROIDS TO WIN THE '76 ELECTION!

YOUR NAME IS JIMMY CARTER!

YES MASTER!

WHEN ONE OF HIS ANDROIDS WINS THE DEMOCRATIC NOMINATION IN JUNE DR. BOZO WILL PROGRAM HIM WITH YOUR BRAIN

THAT MUST NEVER HAPPEN!

C'MON I'LL GIVE YOU A LIFT TO NEW YORK!

GADS! THE PERFECT CANDIDATE!

MEANWHILE, IN NEW YORK..

DR. BOZO WHAT IF KENNEDY SHOWS UP AT THE CONVENTION?

NO SWEAT! BABY-DOC OF HAITI LENT ME BODY-GUARDS TRAINED IN ANTI-ZOMBIE WARFARE!

... AND IF THAT DOESNT STOP 'IM, I GOT THE ORIGINAL "3BUMS"... THEY KILLED HIM ONCE AND THEY WOULD GLADLY DO IT AGAIN!!

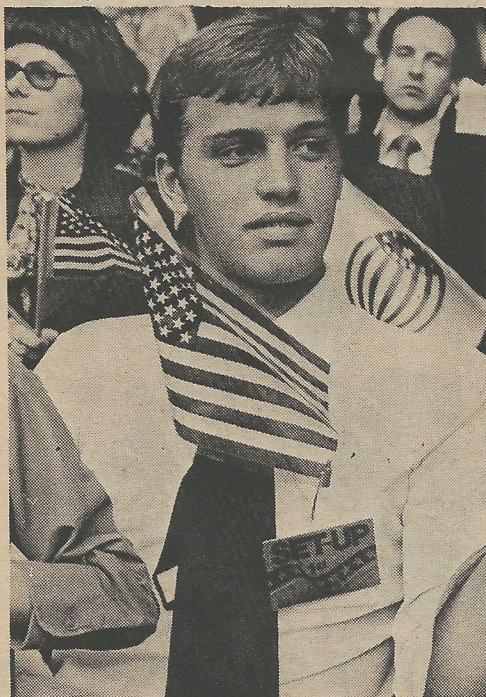
NEXT MONTH: "ICH BIN EIN NEW YORKER!"





Photos by Michael Klenitz

# moonie tunes



**T** By Whitejack Anderson

Two months after the first poster bearing the now familiar image of an excited man shadow boxing, kung fu style, began to appear on vacant walls throughout New York City, he arrived.

Two months after thousands of clean scrubbed and ever-smiling disciples took to the sidewalks to pester passers-by, he arrived.

Two months after \$1,000,000 was spent by the Unification Church to hype its "Bicentennial God Bless America" festival, he arrived.

Who he? Billed only as the "Principal Speaker" on the posters, but proclaiming himself to be the second coming of Christ, the Rev. Sun Myung Moon arrived at Yankee Stadium and before a semi-filled ballpark delivered a 45 minute sermon entitled "God's Hope for America."

Dispensing with any showy displays of divine intervention, Rev. Moon made his long balleyhooded appearance by stepping out of the Yankee dugout along the first base line and like a manager coming out to relieve a losing pitcher strode across the foul line and up to the stage where he took his place at the podium atop second base. What did you expect, a fiery chariot? Dressed in a dark business suit, Moon devoid of charisma, was accompanied by his translator, Bo Hi Pak, a Colonel in the Korean army, and several pug-uglies who are employed to dissuade any of Satan's hit-men who might have it in for the evening's "Principal Speaker".

The "God Bless America Festival" was Moon's second attempt at saturating New York with his well-heeled concoction of anti-communism and messianic evangelism. Two years ago swarms of a mostly Oriental and Northern European Moonies descended on the city and the entire summer pitching and pleading for a rally on Sept. 18th at Madison Square Garden. Then as now the publicity approach was the same. Develop a sense of anticipation by creating as widespread an eyesore as possible via a proliferation of posters with the ever-present Rev. Moon pictured in the center. That

was the summer of Nixon's departure from the White House and Moon had made his initial appearance only weeks before when hundreds of his mechanical followers had staged a pray-in for Nixon outside the halls of Congress.

In the two years between festivals not much was seen of the Moonies on the city streets, except for some occasional candy hawking, the proceeds of which were to save souls, and the performing of the blackboard routine. The blackboard routine is simply the setting up of a small blackboard on a street corner; after drawing a cryptic diagram on it that proves that God is love, love is God, Rev. Moon is our father and only he can save us from the eternal damnation of communism, the Moonie with the chalk in his hand lectures passersby on the truth of the blackboard's equation. Whether or not anyone listens is immaterial; the schpiel continues with the ecstatic Moonie conversing with the sidewalk and the skyscrapers, if necessary.

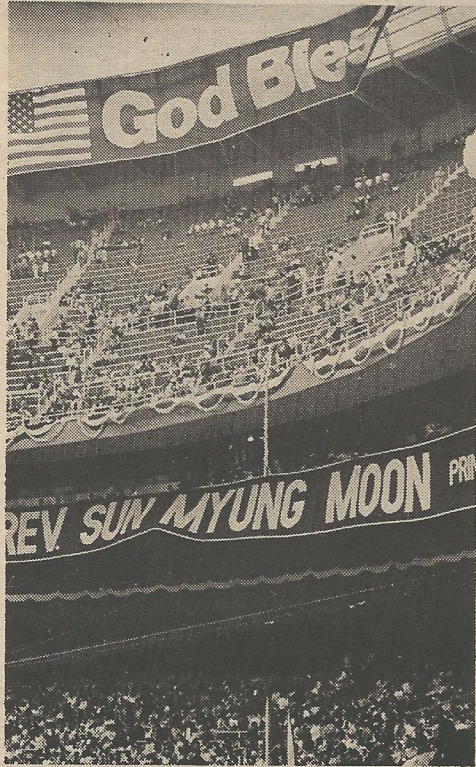
Although the surface trappings of both comings of Rev. Moon were similar; the posters, the street-sell, God vs. the Devil, American Democracy vs. Communism; major changes had taken place in the Unification Church's approach and most importantly in their bank account. In '74 the person-to-person appeal of the disciples was made in Central Manhattan in mostly middle and upper middle class areas, with the upper east side being a major focus for their organizing. This time the affluent were left to their own devices to achieve salvation. It was the city's third world communities, mostly black and Puerto Rican that bore the brunt of the Moonie's relentless smiling onslaught. On the upper west side whites were mostly allowed to pass by their literature tables as the Moonies chose to buttonhole blacks and Puerto Ricans instead. The strategy apparently being that the most ripped-off sectors of society would be most susceptible to the promise of kingdom come. Moonies clad in white jump suits went into ghetto neighborhoods to clean the streets. These are the neighborhoods where social services have always been the stingiest and are presently being cut the most since the city was

taken over completely by the banks last year.

By mid-May on the street corner's of the upper westside, you could see men wearing Moon buttons that read "Get Into the Spirit" drinking from bottles concealed in brown paper bags.

Whereas last time, the legion of Moonies who came to this city of sin were housed wherever space was available, this time the Church had conveniently purchased several weeks before the Yankee Stadium rally what was once the largest hotel in the city. Two years ago hundreds of them stayed at the Paris Hotel, a fading inn on West End Ave.; this time many were put up at a Unification owned townhouse on the swank east side while others stayed at the New Yorker Hotel which was purchased by the church for \$5,000,000. Without any major soliciting for funds Rev. Moon and his Unification Church have acquired a mammoth hotel in midtown Manhattan, a townhouse in the same neighborhood as the Rockefellers, a 450 acre estate in Westchester, a huge warehouse in Astoria, Queens with indoor garage space large enough to park the several dozen vans that travelled around the city ferrying Moonies to their appointed rounds. All of this in less than two years. It's doubtful that the proceeds from selling salt water taffy could have made this empire possible. More likely Rev. Moon in his guise as a South Korean industrialist and ruling class figure in the fascist state ruled by Pres. Pak Chung Hee created the wealth necessary to make these enormous capital investments.

Moon himself is something of a mystery. He claims to have been elected by God to unify the world as one family at age 16 and to have languished in Communist prisons for several years where he experienced hell first hand. Today Moon's personal fortune comes from munitions plans and the manufacturing of ginseng, a unity of opposites to say the least. The Unification Church's contacts with the Korean government and the Korean C.I.A. are clear, with several members of Moon's inner circle being high ranking members of the Korean military; including his aforementioned translator Mr. Bo.



Photos by Michael Klenftz

One of the tasks of the Moonies, when not engaged in hit and run publicity campaigns like the one in New York, is to lobby in Washington for continued aid to the Pak regime in South Korea. The most successful Moonie in these lobbying efforts has been Susan Bergman, who in her divine persistence has risen to the position of first among equals among the bevy of young women who are seen at the side of Speaker of the House Carl Albert. In exchange for these services, it is believed, the Korean Government has paid lavish thanks to the Unification Church of Rev. Moon.

How ripe is a city in turmoil for the promises of "pie in the sky" offered by a charlatan like Sun Myung Moon? If there was anything to be grateful for as May became June, it was that if the Moonies held true to their form of two years past, by the third day of the month they would disappear as suddenly as they had first appeared.

For a rental fee of \$75,000 Yankee Stadium belonged to the Unification Church for one night. But the recently renovated ballpark is far from being the embodiment of the Kingdom of Heaven here on earth. For a price of over \$100,000 the city of New York paid for the refurbishing of the park that was once known as the "House that Ruth Built". In the same months that the final touches were being put on the newly plasticized stadium, the neighborhood that surrounds it, the South Bronx, was being relieved by various city agencies of the meager resources that were provided by the city. Morrisania Hospital, Hostos College, several public schools, day care centers, and drug rehabilitation programs were either closed or scheduled for extinction. Looming over this scene of forced abandonment was a strange hybrid of old cast iron moulding and new shapeless poured concrete, Yankee Stadium.

The scene was commotion inside and outside the golden calf that the city had been kind enough to rent to Rev. Moon after having turned down the promoters of the Frazier-Foreman rematch. They too, had hoped to turn a nice profit somewhere around second base, but were denied use of the stadium by the Yankee ownership. The park was ringed by 3 separate and distinct protest groups. The most diverse were the numerous religious groups who accused Moon of giving God, Christ, the Bible, and other sundry hocus-pocus, a bad name. The various evangelical groups agreed, whether from the Bronx or Oklahoma, that Moon was a false prophet who Christ himself had warned about in the Bible.

The "Ad Hoc Coalition to Expose Moon" formed a picket line and distributed leaflets exposing Moon's ties to the Korean C.I.A. and in turn the K.C.I.A.'s connections to American big business.

But the largest anti-Moon contingent was a group called C.E.R.F., (Citizens Engaged in Reuniting Families). They're a group of friends, relatives, and parents of past and present Moonies. They have close ties with Ted Patrick, the

notorious "Deprogrammer" of youth. Denise Peskin, one of C.E.R.F.'s leaders was a Moonie for 8 weeks. She had fallen in with one of Moon's several dozen front groups called Creative Community Projects. Being interested in sociology, Denise went on a weekend retreat with the group, unawares that they were anything more than what they claimed. After several days of what she described as "hypnotism, post-hypnotic suggestion, and physical deprivation" she was hooked. For the next two months she was hustling on the streets for "Father" as Moon is known to his devotees, spending as much as 20 hours a day doing the lord's work, constantly being transported across California in Moon vans.

As the protests and hymns formed a temporary tacit alliance, people were entering the Stadium largely out of curiosity, unless they were members of the church or some of the several hundred parents of Moonies that had been flown here and seated in box seats just off the playing field. True to their efforts, a high percentage of entrants were teenagers, mainly black and Hispanic. Most were from the South Bronx, and none said that they had come because they believed that Rev. Moon was the second coming of anything. It was a scene to be sure, it doesn't happen every night. Most of all it was a chance for kids who may never be able to scrape the bucks to see the Yankees to get into the stadium for free. Rev. Moon's not Catfish Hunter but he'll do.

Once inside the walls of the stadium it was clear that for all its attempts to keep the desperate neighborhood on the outside, the Moonies and the Yankees couldn't escape their environment. Not ten yards past the turnstiles a well-dressed black man in a gray suit found that his wallet had been lifted and nothing that the Moonies tried could make it reappear. Every step of the way, on the ramps behind the field and in the aisles in the stadium, there were Moonies, ushering people to their seats, waving flags, all of them seemingly run off the same zerox machine. The higher echelon, almost entirely men, wore patriotic red, white, and blue, diplomatic sashes. The stadium was just more than half-filled, maybe 30,000 people were in the stands.

Under a cloudy sky that promised rain but never delivered, the program included a wholesome "rock" group called "Sunburst" that belted out "Age of Aquarius" and other inspirational rockers. They were followed by the "Go World Brass Band" a high school marching band outfit that played a lot of J.P. Sousa while vamping for the M.C. who didn't want to start the show on time as he looked out at the thousands of empty seats. While this was going on large numbers of people were waving the flags that had been given out by the church in time with the oom-pah-pah that was provided by the "Go-Worlders". It was a little frightening to see how many people were willing to follow the calls over the microphone to wave those flags in time with the music. Following a group called the

New York City Symphony that played the last movement from Beethoven's 5th accompanied by a growing undercurrent of restlessness and a "Dance of International Celebration" performed by the Korean Folk Ballet, another house entertainment group, the "Principal Speaker" was introduced. At all times the aisles were busy with kids bopping around the stadium, rarely turning to look at stage, much more interested in the scene that they were part of.

Rev. Moon brought a lot of people way down with his Korean delivery. His speech entitled "God's Hope for America" ran a brief 45 minutes with the words "America" and "God" appearing two or three times in every sentence. Calling himself "God's chosen doctor" and "God's forefighter", Moon got his loudest boos when he said that "New York was under the rule of criminality and depravity". Throughout the program there were occasional scuffles in the stands and lightweight debris was being parachuted from the cheap seats in the upper deck on to the heads of the parents in the reserved boxes but it did seem to pick up midway through the "Principal Speaker's" message. Beer was raining down, skyrockets were launched from in high and the police began to make some busts.

When it was all over and "God Bless America" was finished the balloons were released and it was hard to keep yourself from an "ooh" and an "ah" as the sky turned pretty colors. Such is the power and the danger of the Moonies and their money. The Unification Church has several thousand followers who still do whatever is asked, be it providing free labor for the city when workers are striking, as they did this spring, or acting as shock troops to defend the Pak regime in Korea as swear they will do if called upon. At the same time, Moon has the money to put on spectacles that will be bigger and better than the ones so far and unfortunately these are times when people can fall into a state of hopelessness where being part of something pretty, or just being part of something is frighteningly alluring.

The morning after the "God Bless America Festival", Nasaru Watanabe, a Moon follower from Japan, died in Kings County Hospital in Brooklyn. His death was a result of massive injuries suffered when he was mugged while distributing tickets for the festival in the Fort Greene section of Brooklyn. Fort Greene is a black neighborhood and when Watanabe was attacked the language barrier made it impossible for him to comprehend that his assailants were after his money. He was the second Moonie to die in the line of duty. Last year another member left Moon's Westchester estate and placed his head on a railroad track in the way of an oncoming train. One week after the Yankee Stadium festival another member of the church died when he fell 20 flights down an elevator shaft in the recently acquired New Yorker Hotel.

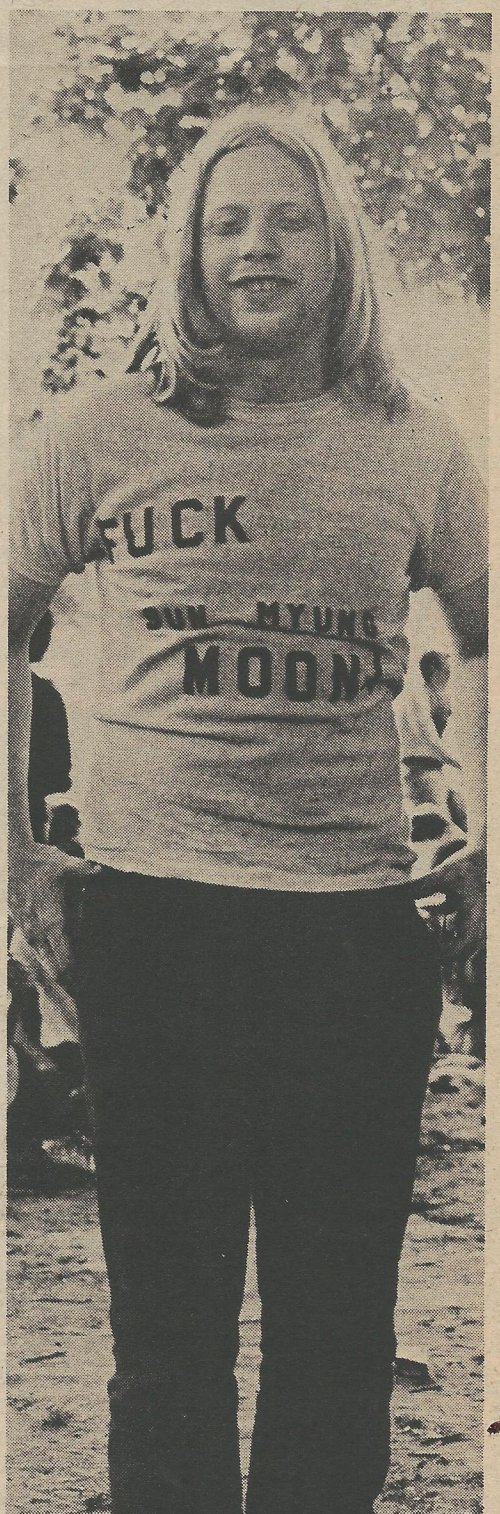


Photo by David Clayton

# MARK TWAIN

## MY DREAM OF COCAINE

In Mark Twain's first recollection of how he became a river-boat pilot on the Mississippi, published in the Atlantic Monthly magazine in 1875, he said he had originally left his Missouri haunts in order to "...go and complete the exploration of the Amazon." It wasn't until 1910 that Mr. Twain revealed the real reason he first embarked on the river—which you will discover in this passage from one of his last and most memorable sketches.

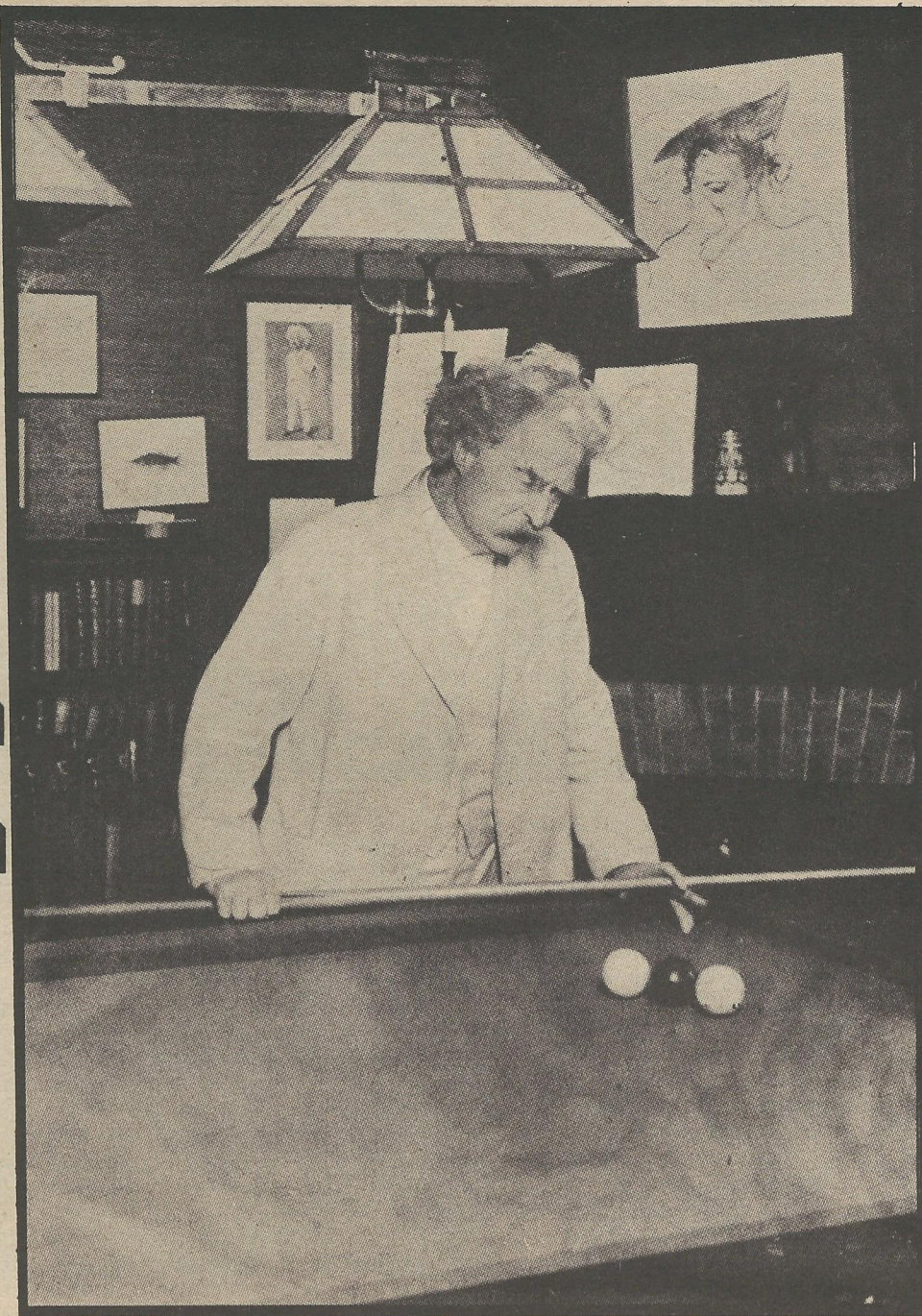
from "The Turning-Point In My Life"  
by Mark Twain

# T

o me, the most important feature of my life is its literary feature. I have been professionally literary something more than forty years. There have been many turning-points in my life, but the one that was the last link in the chain appointed to conduct me to the literary guild is the most *conspicuous* link in that chain. *Because* it was the last one. It was not any more important than its predecessors. All the other links have an inconspicuous look, except the crossing of the Rubicon; but as factors in making me literary they are all of the one size, the crossing of the Rubicon included.

I know how I came to be literary, and I will tell the steps that led up to it and brought it about.

The crossing of the Rubicon was not the first one, it was hardly even a recent one; I should have to go back ages before Caesar's day to find the first one. To save space I will go back only a couple of generations and start with an incident of my boyhood. When I was twelve and a half years old, my father died. It was in the spring. The summer came, and brought with it an epidemic of measles. For a time, a child died almost every day. The village was paralyzed with fright, distress, despair. Children that were not smitten with the disease were imprisoned in their homes to save them from the infection. In the homes there were no cheerful faces, there was no music, there was no singing but of solemn hymns, no voice but of prayer, no romping was allowed, no noise, no laughter, the family moved spectrally about on tiptoe, in a ghostly hush. I was a prisoner. My soul was steeped in this awful dreariness—and in fear. At some time or other every day and every night a sudden shiver shook me to the marrow, and I said to myself, "There, I've got it! and I shall die." Life on these miserable terms was not worth living, and at last I made up my mind to get the disease and have it over, one way or the other. I escaped from the house and went to the house of a neighbor where a playmate of mine was very ill with the malady. When the chance offered I crept into his room and got into bed with him. I was discovered by his mother and sent back into captivity. But I had the disease; they could not take that from me. I came near to dying. The whole village was interested, and anxious, and sent for news of me every day; and not only once a day, but several times. Everybody believed I would die; but on the fourteenth day a change came for the worse and they were disappointed.



This was a turning-point of my life. (Link number one.) For when I got well my mother closed my school career and apprenticed me to a printer. She was tired of trying to keep me out of mischief, and the adventure of the measles decided her to put me into more masterful hands than hers.

I became a printer, and began to add one link after another to the chain which was to lead me into the literary profession. A long road, but I could not know that; and as I did not know what its goal was, or even that it had one, I was indifferent. Also contented.

A young printer wanders around a good deal, seeking and finding work; and seeking again, when necessity commands. N. B. Necessity is a *Circumstance*; Circumstance is man's master—and when Circumstance commands, he must obey; he may argue the matter—that is his privilege, just as it is the honorable privilege of a falling body to argue with the attraction of gravitation—but it won't do any good, he must *obey*. I wandered for ten years, under the guidance and dictatorship of Circumstance, and finally arrived in a city of Iowa, where I worked several months. Among the books that interested me in those days was one about the Amazon. The traveler told an alluring tale of his long voyage up the great river from Para to the sources of the Madeira, through the heart of an enchanted land, a land wastefully rich in tropical wonders, a romantic land where all the birds and flowers and animals were of the museum varieties, and where the alligator and the crocodile and the monkey seemed as much at home as if they were in the Zoo. Also, he told an astonishing tale about *coca*, a vegetable product of miraculous powers, asserting that it was so nourishing and so strength-giving that the native of the mountains of the Madeira region would tramp up hill and down all day on a pinch of powdered coca and require no other sustenance.

I was fired with a longing to ascend the Amazon. Also with a longing to open up a trade in coca with all the world. During months I dreamed that dream, and tried to contrive ways to get to Para and spring that splendid enterprise upon an unsuspecting planet. But all in vain. A person may *plan* as much as he wants to, but nothing of consequence is likely to come of it until the magician *Circumstance* steps in and takes the matter off his hands. At last Circumstance came to my help. It was in this way. Circumstance, to help or hurt another man, made him lose a fifty-dollar bill in the street; and to help or hurt me, made me find it. I advertised the find, and left for the Amazon the same day. This was another turning-point, another link.

Could Circumstance have ordered another dweller in that town to go to the Amazon and open up a world-trade in coca on a fifty-dollar basis and been obeyed? No, I was the only one. There were other fools there—shoals and shoals of them—but they were not of my kind. I was the only one of my kind.

**G**uatemala is a disappointment for the dope connoisseur for not only does he find grade B dope, he is likely to involve himself in a grade B melodrama starring the Policia and/or the military and unsuspecting gringos. As of the last 45 days, this reporter has witnessed the demise of many a fellow on "The Gringo Trail", in Guatemala City.

The police plant stool pigeons at many pensions to finger the people who are getting high. It's all business, you see, the Policia supplement their meager incomes by extorting hundreds from freaks they bust. They have a lot of muscle too.

I knew a Guatemalteco named Oscar. He had a Spanish manner about him, and he was light, but clearly, also Indian. He spoke no English, but we had no problem communicating. The first time we smoked dope together, he said "Everybody here thinks I'm the Police, but I'm not". I said "I'd be really disappointed if you were." It turned out that he wasn't the Man; ten days later the Policia came to his pension and dragged him into the courtyard at 3a.m. and beat him with a concrete reinforcing rod, then took him off to the infamous Pavone, where he stayed for fifteen days. The Guatemalan press recently exposed the torturing of prisoners at the Pavone.

Spies are everywhere. One evening, I was smoking with a Dutchman, a Frenchman, a Canadian and a Chilean. An enjoyable evening passed, but the next day, Interpol and two Guat plainclothesmen searched the four of us. They found no dope, so they planted 3 joints on the Canadian, and took him and the Chilean to the Pavone. Cost to be set free: \$200. And so it goes.

They have really pulled some lulu's. I met one guy just after the National Police had had him for 8 hours, during which time they forced him to sign over to them \$400 in travelers checks to them. They left him with \$30.

Things around the countryside are alot collar, and it's easy to score around Lake Atitlan, a magnificent lake. Rainy season is starting, I might add for you mushroom freaks. There are a lot of fine places to go in Guatemala that are a lot cooler than Guatemala City, but don't expect any astounding weed. One enterprising gringo who was almost broke decided to drive to Oxaha in Mexico and smuggle in some good weed to Guatemala with his old lady. But there was a hitch. The customs said that they had only left Guatemala five days ago, and couldn't return with their car for another 25 days. Stunned, he tried to retort, but the arbitrary customs man nodded his head, saying they must wait a full 30 days. He turned to walk out, then looked at his old lady and said "baby, I want you to cry your eye's out". And that she did, in uncontrollable waves. The chief of Aduanal, with his arm around her, handkerchief in hand, tried to comfort this distressed woman, till a compromise agreement was made. The gringo was able to sell her the car right there on the border, and the officials notarized the sale. Since there was a new owner, the car could be brought back to the country with all that could dope.

Guatemala is interesting politically as well. A US supported military government runs the show, coupled with a large national police force. Following the devastating earthquake in Guatemala earlier this year, the US Army sent thousands of GI's to Guatemala to help rebuild bridges. This is not the first time US soldiers were in Guatemala. Unconfirmed reports by various sources indicated to me that American forces were secretly used to quell a labor disturbance between a large US-owned company and its workers from a coastal village a few years ago. To solve the dispute, the striking workers were totally eradicated. One Guatemalan with full knowledge of this incident shrugged his shoulders and said, "But the Americans are building bridges now."

The Guatemalan army still engages in the practice of impressment, especially when it comes to Indians living in the more remote areas. After a short training period, they are issued semi-automatic weapons and propaganda about Belize, formally British Honduras. The matter

of Belize, which is a virtual powderkeg, could become an issue of far greater magnitude than even the Panama Canal issue. Six months ago, a full scale war was on the verge of erupting but was diverted at the last minute by Guatemala's devastating earthquake. Britain responded to the Guatemalan threat with a large military buildup including British warships from H.M. Navy. It wasn't until late March, when the danger had clearly past, that the ships left Belize.

The cause of the conflagration? The Guatemalans believe that Belize is part of Guatemala. They believe it so strongly that it's in their Constitution. They express their belief through signs one sees reading "Belize es Nuestro", or Belize is Ours. Every map in Guatemala depicts Belize as part of Guatemala.

Geographically, Belize is not so

very large, compared to Guatemala, but one can see geographically how they share the same land mass. Great Britain leased the land from Guatemala originally, and brought black people from Africa to work the land as slaves. It rapidly became a predominately black colony, with a small Latin minority. In recent years, the country has sought self-determination and Britain has promised it its own independence. The Guatemalans feel that the British should return Belize to them. The Belizians want their own nation.

Another in a round of talks aimed at resolving the problem is slated to take place in New York this month. It will be attended by representatives of Guatemala, Great Britain, and Belize. Prime Minister George Price will be representing Belize.

Belize, which has no army, relies

solely on England for her defense. The army is in fair evidence throughout the country, especially at Punta Gorda, the southern border with Guatemala. There has been some speculation of the eventual pullout of British troops. At a press conference, when asked a question relating to the national defense in the event of such a pullout, Prime Minister Price stated that he would ask for help from other nations and would accept it gratefully. When he was asked if he would permit Cuban troops to defend Belize, he answered affirmatively. Many a politician was startled by this statement.

This reporter has learned that there is a meeting scheduled for later this month between the Prime Minister of Jamaica, and Fidel Castro. Prime Minister Price of Belize is scheduled to be in Jamaica the same day. Undoubtedly, Price and Castro will meet, for the first time.

But what other country will come to the aid of Belize in the event that the British withdraw their firepower? Belize is barred from the O.A.S. due to by-laws concerning border disputes. It is also deprived, as a result, from normal trading relations with other Central American nations its natural trading partners. Instead, almost all the foodstuffs that one finds in markets is canned, imported from England, or Commonwealth nations. With the U.S. supporting the Guatemalans, who else but the Cubans would defend Belize? Perhaps Price studied what happened in Angola when the Portugese finally decided that Angola was unprofitable, and just pulled out. Perhaps he saw a parallel with the situation of Belize/British Honduras.

Unlike Guatemala, the dope scene is much freer and more open in Belize. business is brisk among the street trade, and the most common reefer transaction is "The Bullet". Sometimes wrapped in tinfoil, other times in brown paper, "The Bullet" is about one inch long and 3/4 inch thick, and contains enough reefer for one joint. A BH joint is about ten inches long, but is as thin as a toothpick. One can purchase Bullets for 25 cents from your favorite dude, who usually hangs out in the same places every day or night, depending on what shift he is hustling.

One dealer I know hangs out by a sawmill everynight. People come and buy a Bullet or two, sit down and have a smoke and a talk in the quiet of the empty sawmill. One cat hangs by a little bridge. His customers buy their stuff, sit down on the bridge, roll it up, and enjoy the evening.

Certain bars are noted hangouts for smokers, and the air is always heavy with reefer when one enters them. People do get busted in Belize too, but its not as heavy a scene as Guat City. As in the rest of Central America, caution is always in order. When somebody wants a smoke, its there, but there is no need ever to possess more than can be swallowed.

Most men in Belize smoke dope, but the Government wants to keep dope smokers out of Belize. Countless tourists have been refused entry to the country, despite the fact they have ample funds to support themselves while in the country, because of the manner in which they choose to carry their clothing. The offending item in this matter is the rucksack, or backpack. Apparently, the Belizian authorities have put together a composite photo in their minds of the average North American dope smoker. That is, backpack, long hair, beards, etc. and when they think that somebody fits this image, they are refused entry. The roughest border to get into Belize is at St. Hellenna, on the Mexican Frontier. In the first 6 months of this year, over 300 Americans were refused entry into Belize.

But once in the country, its pretty cool. Bars in abundance, along with lots of soul music with a splash of reggae. Belizian rum is fine, and can be had for 15 cents a shot in many bars. Its cheaper to drink rum than beer in Belize. As for the reefer, although you don't see Mohammed, it IS marijuana. When you buy your Bullets, if you have no paper, your local man will be glad to oblige you with brown paper, lined paper, or something similar. Once, I was handed a paper with a British Army letterhead on it. It is now my only souvenir of Latin America.



## Pot & Politics in GUATEMALA



Photos by Michael Chance



# We'd love to teach the world to toké in perfect harmony...



Photo by Michael Chance

The Sixth Annual New York City Smoke-In was a smashing success. We finally got a decent day after having the May 1 tokedown in the pouring rain with about a thousand faithfuls. The second shot on May 15 brought out the blazing sun and about 8,000 heat-defying potniks who surged into Fifth Avenue after the initial Washington Square Park rally.

A great number of those joining in the marijuana liberation parade were responding to the epic "Guess How Many Joints In The Jar" sweepstakes, and marched the fifty blocks to Central Park confident of winning the pound of pot to be awarded to the correct guessee.

Most of the folks in the march were decidedly militant, and as the hearty throng swept near the Armed Forces Loyalty Day Parade, there were a few seconds heavy with the drama of a showdown, until partisans in the lead swerved to avoid the two score cops who nervously teetered on the barricades. A controversial agreement had been struck between the police and some of the major organizers of the event, to avoid confrontation in exchange for "no busts for pot" policy. The efficacy and wisdom of the deal is still being debated, especially in view of the fact that a great number of marchers complained vociferously and loudly that there wasn't at least a token challenge to police authority.

Instead, the parade continued, down Sixth Avenue to the heart of Manhattan, legendary Central Park, where a stage on a flatbed truck was made ready for an afternoon of entertainment and exhortation. Joints burned with a passion as

people jammed Sheep's Meadow and relaxed, awaiting the Yippie airlift of marijuana. Alas, the weatherballoons intended to be stuffed with joints were stolen and the mission aborted until later.

Nevertheless, a well-heeled horde of Yippie distributors roamed through the crowd dispersing joints to the empty-mouthed. Even though the pot was Mexican, everyone got really high due to the "Smoke-In ambience enhancement factor" and private stashes. Italian ice, hot dog and root beer vendors plied their trade in an enterprising manner. It was a magnificent day for the orally fixated. Speeches by advocates of NORML, Yippie Presidential Candidate J. Edgar Hoover followed and a skit by the Anti-S-1 Mime Troupe warmed the crowd up for a good round of jazz-rock by the Eels and Reflex. A. Rodriguez, 15, of the Bronx, won the "Joints in The Jar" contest with his guess of "1984".

Later in the afternoon, the "Sleazie Brigade" came out from under rocks,—the zombies who come to the Smoke-In with the express purpose of ripping it off. Suddenly Yippie joint distributors started getting mugged at knifepoint. This kind of nonsense went on all day until one of the ringleaders of the sleazoids found himself stabbed by an unsympathetic member of the audience. As dusk fell, the crowd thinned, and then the Smoke-In was wound up without another hitch.

The New York Times devoted a long article to the Smoke-In which went out on their news services, and NBC Nightly News ran a film clip of the march.



Yippie A.J. Weberman awards Allan Rodriguez of Bronx, New York, a hefty el bee of fine grade marijuana for his correct guess of 1984 joints in the jar.

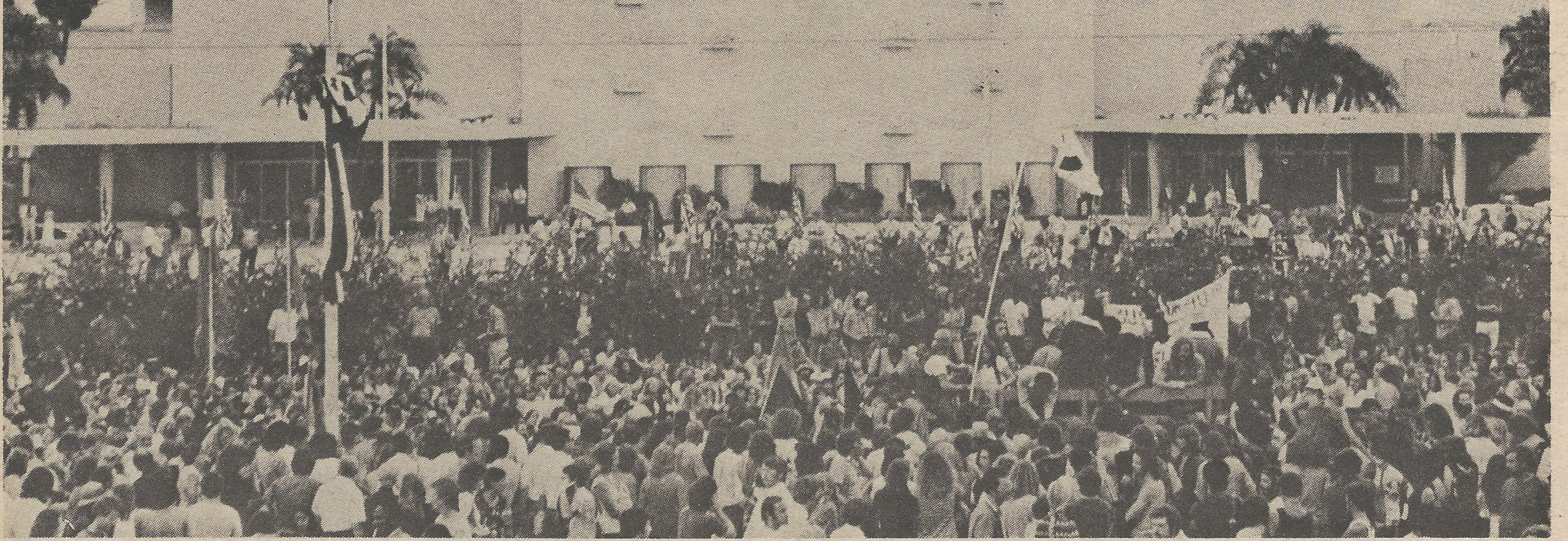
Photo by Craig Silverman

On the Monday following the event, a bill that would legalize some sales of pot was re-introduced into the State Legislature. Once again dedicated smokers had made

it clear to the public that marijuana was here forever, and that there was no way that headhunters could stop people from getting high.

MIAMI BEACH CONVENTION HALL

# WHERE WERE YOU IN '72?



If you were in Miami, and you went home satisfied that amnesty, sexual rights, stopping government spying, or marijuana use could never be suppressed as issues again, you know what it's like to have your back up against the wall, only to look around and find the wall slipping away behind you.

Last week the Democratic Party Platform people finished cutting radicalism out again completely. They did it because the press told them we'd take it lying down.

Suddenly all kinds of radicals are finding out that we have got to demonstrate at the Conventions, not just for long range goals, but because even bare minimum demands get sold out when a visible, vocal opposition vanishes from the streets.

The veterans of Miami Beach's Flamingo Park call upon all kindred spirits everywhere to descend on New York and Kansas City.

\*Demand total and unconditional amnesty for all who resisted the Vietnam War by refusing to serve in U.S. Armed Forces.

\*\*Legalize grass. Put it in the hands of the people, prevent it from falling into the hands of the corporations.

\*\*\*Full sexual rights for all. Legalize abortion. Pass the ERA. Stop oppression of gays and laws against all such "victimless crimes."

\*\*\*\*Cessation of government spying through full Watergate-style prosecution of ALL guilty agents. Demand real hearings into political assassinations in America. Stop S-1.

\*\*\*\*\*Demand full reparations for all victims of government harassment, imprisonment, racism and genocide.

Central Park is our staging area. Madison Square Garden is our target. No matter what you hear, we do have permits. The action kicks off with the gay march on July 12, and the united action against cointelpro and S-1 on July 12. July 13 will see women's actions, and maybe a Yippie! Convention...

Alot remains to be done. If you can do publicity in your area, or help provide rides to New York City, call 212-533-5027 or 242-4355.

The convention is OVER inside Madison Square Garden. The attention is on the outside now. You can't miss it. History is a-making.



# THE TIME IS NOW.