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'76

# YIPSTER TIMES 25¢

## NOBODY FOR PRESIDENT



TEN YEARS AFTER THE '76 ELECTIONS  
TWO CANDIDATES RELIVE OLD MEMORIES



# our readers respond



Youth International Party,

At the Hard Times Conference in January in Chicago I couldn't believe my eyes, a yippie approached me and asked me if I wanted to buy a copy of the Yipster Times. Previously I had thought the yippies had died an agonizing death along with the counter-culture in or around 1972. Hey, a yippie! It was a gratifying sight to see, believe me. With my own counter-cultural involvement beginning in 1969 right after I heard about Woodstock and going through high-school radicalism, watching friends co-opt back into the mainstream culture, and myself going through heavy changes through these years, even though I still consider myself a hip, it's been a long strange trip. It's great to see the yippies again. I'm a black brother, but though the counter-culture was my road to radicalization, and I'm not about to forget my roots. I believe the yips are enlightened to accept that fact without any trouble, if not, well that's life.

Saladeen Tabuk,  
Chicago, Ill.

Hi!

Coming to K.C. to see if I'm a natural born yippie. I'm a new generation radical but I don't conform to this city's (BOSTON) liberal intellectualism. Was into Committee Against Racism last year, felt dissatisfied w/labor parties NON-ACCOMPLISHMENTS and started getting stoned. Dig: I'm Irish-Catholic born and raised and I wouldn't rest until Hicks WAS IMPEACHED.

Summer sunset brings back memories. Art college, California, Sue. I've never been "accepted by the masses," I don't need to be a President of General Motors or today's "macho-power sex roles" to feel good.

Rob Cotter  
Boston, Mass.

Dear Friends:

The Christopher Street Liberation Day Committee '76 thanks you for your support through the loan of your sound system for the Gay Pride rally.

Sincerely yours,  
Jim Owles,  
Chairperson  
New York, N.Y.

Dear Yipster Times staff,

We are the Youth International Party of San Diego County, California. Please announce this event wherever and whenever possible.

WHAT: The largest "smoke-in" in history with free music, speakers, and more  
WHEN: Labor Day, Sept. 6, 1976  
WHERE: In San Diego, Calif. in Balboa Park  
WHY: To decriminalize cultivation of pot. To prevent a police state. And for all the struggles of the people.

We estimate a crowd of 20,000 or so people. This event is being presented by the Youth International Party, San Diego and the Free People of San Diego County.

Progress reports will be sent to you in the near future. It is vital that we get this event mentioned nation-wide and we would appreciate your assistance. Thanx.

Sincerely,  
Jon Spiro,  
chief organizer.  
San Diego, Calif.

Dear Brothers & Sisters,

As a concerned individual with freedom, I am writing this letter.

For too long our brothers & sisters in this country have been ripped off.

Ripped off by a government that doesn't care.

It's becoming more of a police state every day. The sad part about it is most people don't realize it.

We as a people have the right and must bring changes, if we are to survive.

The situation gets graver day by day. The basic freedoms won by the Revolutionary War are gone. In their place is a Nazi type country.

It's time we, all as Brothers and Sisters to unite.

Ronald A. McAeit  
Fall, Florida

(Athens Ohio June 4,5)

The largest riot since the 1970 student uprisings took place in the streets surrounding Ohio University, following the last day of classes and a weekend Revolutionary Bicentennial Fair."

Over 30 students were arrested and both police and students hospitalized in the two nights of pitched street fighting.

In a case of pure political harassment, charges of inciting to riot were levied against several organizers of the Revolutionary Bicentennial Fair. The yahoo Athens Courts have a notorious reputation from using demonstrations and riots to bring radicals before the courts on trumped up and exaggerated charges. If convicted, the students then face the double jeopardy of House Bill 1290. 1290 is a fascist bill which permits the University to expell anyone convicted of criminal charges while at the University and forbids them to register at any other state school. 1290 has almost been exclusively used against student radicals since its conception following the Kent State Massacre.

Athens police have little use for the tons of riot gear that they acquired in the late 60's. So, whenever they have a chance to get all dressed up and to play with their toys they get very excited and tend to overreact, to say the least. The kops marching through a crowd of late night partiers, brandishing clubs and striking students in the head, body and legs is what in fact incited the riot. The kids were not intimidated by the kops show of force and began to fight back. Soon teargas, kneeknockers, clubs and the famous Athens street bricks breathed through the air. A series of police charges, student regrouping on the green to pry loose bricks and police retreats continued for two consecutive nights.

Pancho White  
Athens, Ohio

Yippie!!

Almost untrue in statement. I'm a Yippie from way back; or at least that's what my mother called me.

I'm interested in the facts behind your obviously plain propaganda approach type advertisement.

Due to economic pressure I am now in prison. The bars and the whole scene. Amazing, I thought these places were just in the movies.

Meanwhile, I ain't got no cash to give you but I still would like to have some dope or reassurance on the life or death of the Yippie Party. Any literature would be appreciated. This place is rotting my mind.

I think a possum would be a more pragmatic candidate.

Happy 200th!!! Yippie!!

.... in the struggle;  
Unity.  
Mariano Zavala  
Ionia, Mich.

Dear Sirs,

Recently we received a publication from you entitled Yipster Times.

Unfortunately the staff and management of KAOS radio do not agree with the views stated in this "publication".

We just cannot support, in good conscience, any publication that advocates the use of drugs, or condones theft (i.e. How to Rip off Supermarkets).

We will thank you to refrain from sending us any more material of this kind.

Yours truly,  
Dan K. Stockwell  
Board of Directors  
Denver, Colorado

Dear People:

Source, a radical collective publishing resource guides for community organizers, is in desperate need of several new full-time members. Our past publications have covered organizing in areas such as health care, housing, women in prison, and economic justice. We are a subsistence collective and have no funds available for advertising. Could you please help us by publishing the following notice, either as an announcement or an advertisement, in the next several issues of your publication?

Source, radical publications collective, needs full-time people dedicated to political change, hard work, and collective lifestyle. Room/board provided. Write Box 21066, Washington, DC 20009

Thank you for your help.

Peace,  
The Source Collective  
P.O. Box 21066  
Washington, D.C.

Yipster Times!

We're all still weird down here, and it's great! Here is correspondence No. 3 from Toilet Misproductions! As you abnormal people know, we abnormal down here have had our non-presidential convention. As told in our last letter, the ballots disappeared, but we continued our campaign without a candidate. Pity us, poor screwballs, for we tried to do like the normals. Well, we are sick of it and are not going to wait until november to see if our candidate doesn't win the election. We have decided to have the election up to Aug. 31. All of you folks that still vote, remember to go to your respective polling places on Aug. 31 and don't vote for you candidate! If the ladies who run the booths have not read this and have not been alerted to the change, go to the Board of Elections and demand the right to not vote for the toilet's nominee for President! Oh, by the way, Toilet Misproduction members spotted a Yippie at the Child Solidarity rally at the pier that docked the Esmeralda.

Did he spot us?

Clog the sewers,  
Bob Bulvon  
Joan Fardreezick  
Westchester, N.Y.

Dear Yipster Timers,

I am writing concerning the article printed in your March issue (PHONE AGENTS ZAP PAPER) concerning the alleged bust of the Northwest Passage for printing the 1976 telephone code.

I don't know where you obtained the information but it is totally false. The facts concerning the outcome of our first and only court case are true. But we did not print the 1976 code, therefore, it is impossible for us to have been busted for it.

We would appreciate a retraction and correspondence concerning the source of your information. Who did you talk to anyway? No one on our staff called you in January. The information is easily obtained without a long distance phone call.

Were you mislead or did you fabricate the story?

Please answer as soon as possible, as we are very curious to know the details.

Yours in struggle,  
Connie Williams  
for the NWP collective  
Bellingham, Washington

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This is Ben Masel. He is facing 4 years in prison for allegedly spitting on Scoop the Poop Jackson last spring. You can support Ben by protesting in Kansas City August 15.



# A Minnesota Flunkie in King Rocky's Court



by David Miller

In January, 1974 when Senator Walter Mondale was briefly campaigning for the presidency, I met the Hubert Humphrey protege in Miami and asked him if he thought Nelson Rockefeller was ready to take over the White House, with or without an election. Mondale looked shocked and replied, "Oh no, Rockefeller is an old man, he's too old to be thinking about the White House." I went home that night and found that Walter Mondale is a member of the Council on Foreign Relations, the ruling class fraternity headed by David Rockefeller and largely funded by brother Nelson. Right then and there I told myself Walter Mondale would go far in the Democratic Party as a silent partner of Nelson R.

When Mondale was mentioned in early July as a possible running mate of Jimmy the Tooth, I learned that Walter Mondale is a member of the Trilateral Commission, an aggregation of American-European-Japanese multinational capitalists that includes Carter foreign policy adviser (and possible Secretary of State in '77) Zbigniew Brzezinski. Since Rocky also largely controls the Trilateral Commission—it is, after all, Rockefeller corporations buying up land and resources and politicians around the globe—it is obvious that when Vice President Mondale speaks in the next four years Nelson Rockefeller's lips will barely move.

As vice president, Walter Mondale will be chairman of the National Security Council—succeeding Unelected Vice President Rockefeller—thus helping to coordinate the CIA's actions on behalf of the multinational corporations. Rockefeller dupe Hank Kissinger will obviously leave the government in January, but his replacement as Secretary of State will be either RAND/Council on Foreign Relations/Trilateral Commission biggie Brzezinski or a similar fan of Rocky & the CIA such as George Ball or Paul Warnke or Cyrus Vance.

Brzezinski is not the only Trilateral man pulling Jimmy Carter's foreign policy strings. Samuel "Mad Dog" Huntington, co-editor of hard-line cold war **Foreign Policy** magazine, is a long-time Vietnam War strategist, having championed the "pacification of Vietnamese hamlets" theory that resulted in over 40,000 murders via the CIA's "Operation Phoenix." Today Huntington is helping to direct President-to-be Carter's strategy for making the world safe for Rockefeller investments. Come January, Mad Dog Huntington just might be J.C.'s national security adviser (following in the pacification footsteps of McGeorge Bundy, Walt Rostow and Henry the K); at the very least he should be named to the National Se-

curity Council where he would get along splendidly with Vice President Mondale.

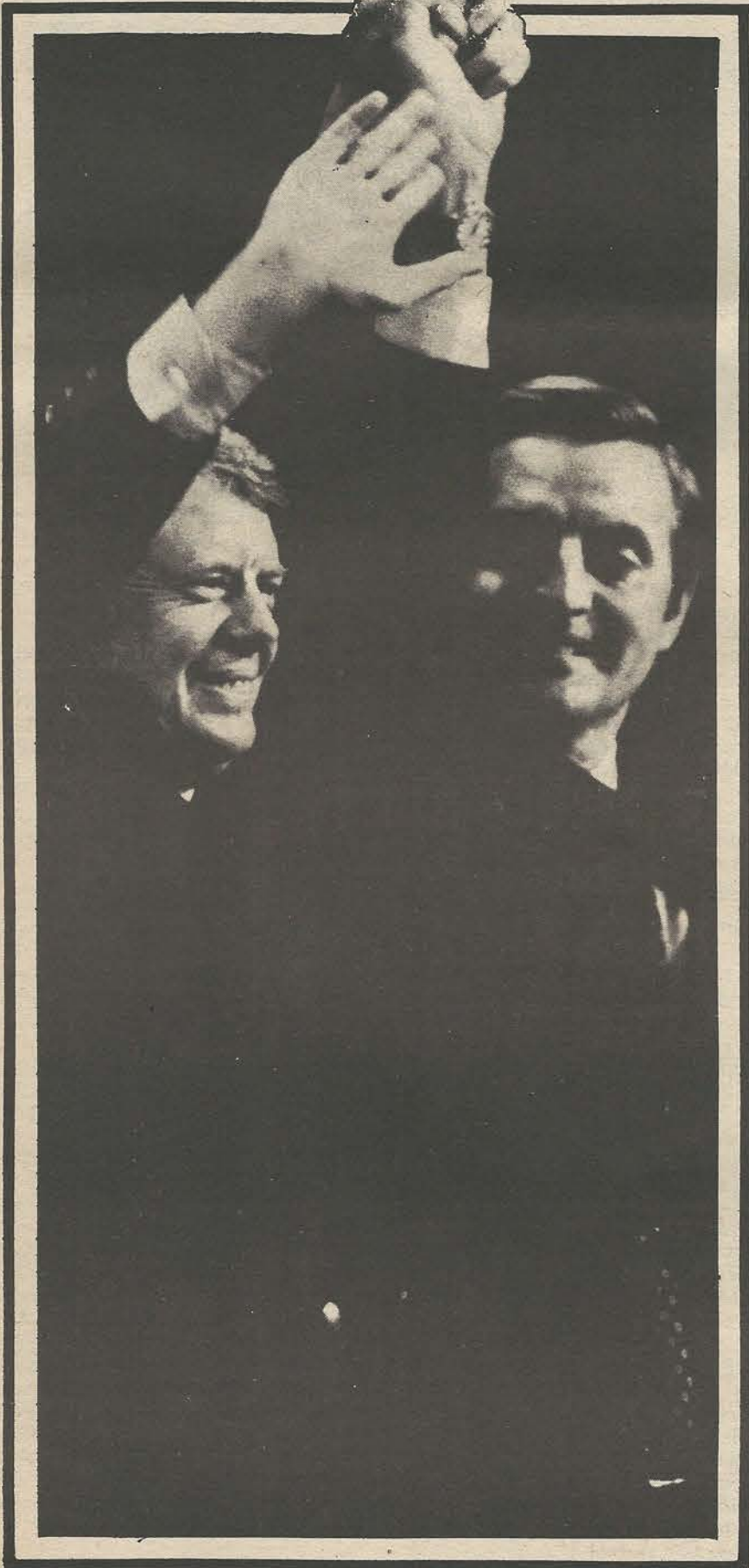
If you think Senator John Glenn would have been a better choice for vice president, you haven't heard about Glenn's role in setting up a Rockefeller-funded seminar in Washington back in February, "Our Third Century: Directions." This seminar was similar to 1958, 1969, and 1973 efforts by Nelson Rockefeller to round up scholars and politicians sympathetic to his global machinations. Nelson the Rock just happened to be keynote speaker at "Our Third Century" and John Knowles, head of the Rockefeller Foundation, was a leading speaker, along with pseudo-leftist Marcus Raskin (former member of the National Security Council), Clockwork Orange behaviorist B.F. Skinner, and Sol Linowitz, a Xerox tycoon and former head of the Organization of American States who is a leading source of funds for Carter in '76.

So whether John Glenn headed up the NSC, or Walter Mondale does the dirty work, the same people will give the orders to their Washington puppets in Jimmy's peanut gallery. After all, the "Third Century" theme of Rocky was picked up by Jimmy C. ("For Our Third Century, Why Not the Best?") in '76, a sure sign that the Man from Exxon is fueling the submarine pilot from Plains, Georgia.

Perhaps B.F. Skinner has conditioned the American public to believe there is actually a choice in this year's pseudo-election; actually, at the start of our Third Century, NOBODY is fit to be President.

So with Trilateral Commission honchos Mondale, Brzezinski and Huntington a couple of heart-beats away from the Peanut President, Rocky and the Multinationals will be singing a merry song for the next eight years, and a "liberal" Democratic administration will continue the same old dollar diplomacy that has endeared America to the Third World. Democratic and Republican faces may come and go, but Exxon and Chase Manhattan and Arthur Burns pull the strings of the puppets year after year.

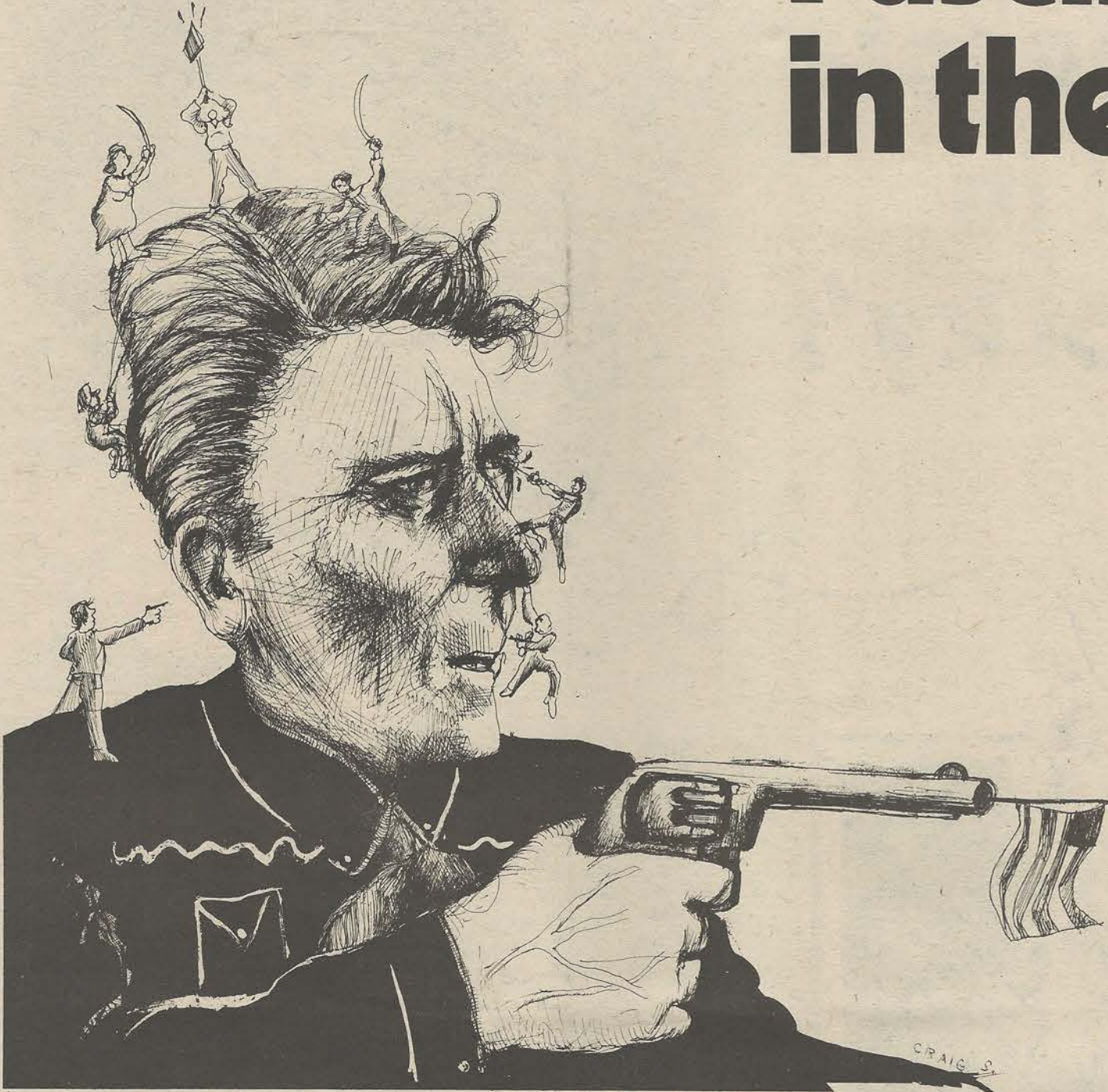
If anyone still thinks Carter and Mondale are "liberals" who will substantially change this country's policies of militarism and economic exploitation, consider this: one of the foreign policy speakers at the Democratic Convention was former Navy Secretary Elmo Zumwalt, a rabid anti-detente cold warrior who thinks Kissinger and Rockefeller are **SOFT ON COMMUNISM**. Elmo Z and hard-line buddy James Schlesinger have been advisers to Ronald Reagan in recent months, which shows just how "liberal" the Democratic party is.





# Ronnie Reagan: Fascist Gun in the West

by David Miller



During Ronald "Death Valley Days" Reagan's term as Governor of California, our largest state hosted so many Nazis it was necessary to make the movie "California Reich" exposing the Southern Cal swastika freaks. Presidential contender Reagan, always faithful to his California constituency, has shown in his march to the White-only House that he is the politician who most consistently applies Adolf's "Big Lie" theory to Bicentennial campaigning.

As Ronnie's spiritual adviser said in *Mein Kampf*, if you tell an outrageous lie often enough, people will believe you because of your audacity. Reagan's most popular "Big Lie" is, of course, the complaint that the U.S. "owns" Panama and should therefore not lose the Canal Zone to an allegedly leftist-Marxist-Commie-dictatorial tyrant named Torrijos.

This lie is similar to Joe McCarthy's complaint that the U.S. "lost" China a quarter of a century ago; Ronnie Reagan today compares Henry Kissinger's multinational foreign policy to what Dick Nixon called "Dean Acheson's college of communist containment" back in 1952. This Big Lie won many votes among right-wing Cubans in Miami and pistol-packing Texans who wanted to send the CIA and the ghost of Davy Crockett over to Panama to win back the Canal. Few people know that Teddy Roosevelt started a Latin American war at the turn of the century to get U.S. control of the Panama Canal, a fact that has led to a number of anti-American riots, notably back in '64.

Meanwhile, *The Miami Herald* has reported that Reagan has been meeting with a man named Arias who used to be president of Panama; Ronnie has obviously promised a 1977 coup and the killing of Omar Torrijos shortly after the inauguration of President Reagan. The go-between for these Arias-Reagan meetings is Manolo Reyes, a right-wing Cuban exile who poses as a broadcaster in Miami.

Needless to say, President Reagan would not be opposed to initiating new CIA attempts on Fidel Castro's life.

The Panama Canal "ownership" Big Lie may be Ronnie's most popular, but it is far from the only one. Reagan has claimed in his '76 campaign that Americans pay 44% of their income to the whipping boy known as "big government". This is an outrageous lie, but it is music to the ears of corporate fat cats whose tax loopholes keep them from paying any money to Washington—as Reagan himself did in 1970-71. After all, Ronnie Reagan was a Democrat until GE paid him several thousand dollars to speak out against the government and GODLESS COMMUNISM.

As far back as 1967, Reagan was concocting lies in public: that year Reagan, debating Robert Kennedy in a televised "Town Hall" meeting, defended Nguyen Van Thieu and claimed the latter had initiated a "massive land reform program" in Vietnam. Once again, an outrageous lie but one that sounded nice and reassuring to those supporting reactionary policies.

Reagan's use of Hitler's "Big Lie" is not the only characteristic linking Ronnie to the Reich. This Respectable Republican in 1974 publicly wished for "an outbreak of botulism" among poor blacks in California; not even George Wallace has uttered such a genocidal statement. During the 1976 Florida Republican primary campaign Reagan complained that one often sees a healthy young "buck" (i.e., a black male) making food-stamp purchases in groceries—an obvious appeal to racism as well as hatred of all food stamp/welfare recipients.

Ever since his 1966 gubernatorial race in California, Ronnie has employed welfare recipients as backlash-producing scapegoats, referring to welfare as "this cancer eating at our vitals." In 1970 state Republicans produced a bill authorizing cost-of-living increases for welfare moth-

ers; Reagan opposed the bill and the issue was finally settled in court. Governor Reagan called for the repeal of California's fair-housing law and screamed for "law and order" after rioting in Watts. Reagan has made overtures to Wallace democrats, and the latter responded by voting for Ronnie in cross-over primary states such as Texas and Wisconsin. Right-wing third-party advocates such as William Rusher and William Buckley unabashedly call for the merging of Wallace racists and Reagan reactionaries; the pro-Reagan publisher of *Conservative Digest*, Richard Viguerie (who has criticized Barry Goldwater for not being conservative enough), is the director of George Wallace's mail-order campaign.

Reagan's press secretary, Lyn Nofziger, worked with members of the American Nazi Party in 1972 while serving the Committee to Re-Elect the President (CREEP); not coincidentally, Governor Reagan never curbed the power of his state's Nazis and Minutemen, even when the Nazis were calling for the murder of "mix-master" principal Marcus Foster. Of course, Lyn Nofziger is not the only ex-CREEP agent now working for Reagan; Ken Reitz, Donald Segretti's friend from Tennessee, is a paid Reagan operative who has made his way into Jack Anderson's column but not Uncle Sam's penal system.

Governor Reagan was always a bit of a zealot when it came to racism and repression. During his 1966 campaign Reagan spoke at the Cow palace in San Francisco and brandished a non-existent district attorney's report on subversion/perversion at Berkeley, claiming the non-existent report described "sex orgies so vile I cannot describe them to you." When California campuses erupted in violence in the late '60s, the Gov announced: "If it takes a bloodbath, let's get it over with." His solution to the Vietnam War was just as succinct: "We ought to go into Vietnam and make it

one big parking lot and paint a stripe down the middle."

With such disdain for moderation in the interest of justice, it is easy to understand why Reagan has never criticized the John Birch Society, Young Americans for Freedom or other neo-fascist groups that have backed him for the last decade. In 1962 Reagan campaigned for John Rousset in the latter's successful House bid; Rousset was public relations director for the Birch Society. Joseph Coors, the beer baron who was nominated by Gerald Ford to the board of the Public Broadcasting Corporation (see *Yipster Times*, April, p. 12) and is now a key Reagan backer, has admitted funding the Birch Society.

And then there's the CIA. Ronnie covered up for The Company last year as a member of the Rockefeller Panel, defending the Agency's right to assassinate foreign leaders. During the aforementioned 1966 campaign, governor-to-be Reagan called for an investigation of student rebellion at Berkeley and promised as governor he would appoint John McCone to head the investigation—John McCone, an ITT conspirator in Chile, served as CIA director in 1961-65 and helped the CIA cover up the murder of John Kennedy in 1963. Obviously, Reagan was qualified to cover up for Rocky & the CIA in '75.

As Governor, Reagan oversaw conspiracies such as the Glass House, exposed by ex-agent Louis Tackwood, the murder of Robert Kennedy, the burning of the SLA, Holy Harvey Baldwin's anti-gay violence, the Manson cover-up, the murder of journalist Reuben Salazar, the "Skid Row Slasher" conspiracy, and the Long Beach police murder of a journalist investigating JFK's killing. Throw in psycho-surgery and other Clockwork Orange experimentation performed in prisons such as Vacaville, and we see the Gold Rush State as a brutal police state under Ronnie Reagan and his henchmen such as police chiefs Evelle Younger and Ed Davis.

During the North Carolina primary campaign, Reagan's forces pulled off an election-year coup by distributing literature claiming Gerry Ford had promised to select Edward Brooke as his '76 running mate. Since Brooke is a black Massachusetts Senator, North Carolina rednecks responded by voting for Reagan and giving the latter a much-needed primary triumph. Since Unelected President Ford had never made any such statement concerning Ed Brooke, the Reagan people combined Hitler's "Big Lie" with old-fashioned appeals to racism—plus an implicit attack upon the Eastern Seaboard Republicanism represented by Ed Brooke and Nelson Rockefeller.

By attacking Rockefeller as being "too liberal," the Reaganites have driven the Hero of Attica away from consideration as Ford's running mate if the Unelected President indeed wins the nomination. Even if Jerry beats out Ronnie in August, the Birch-oriented reactionaries in Reagan Country have ganged up with Ford's fired campaign chief Bo Callaway to drive Rocky from the White House.

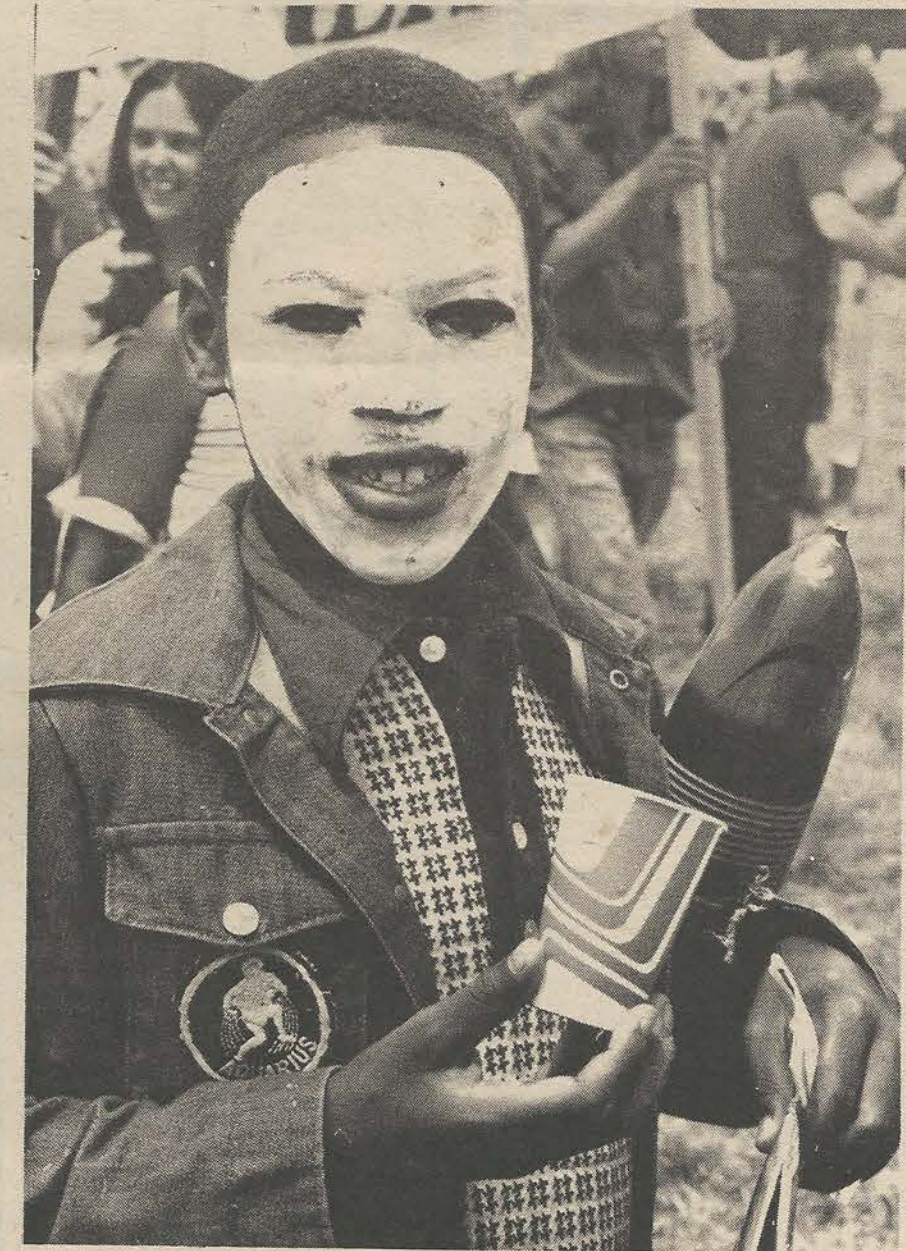
Of course, we all know that Nelson is President in all but name, and his puppets such as Lockheed Carter are going to make the nation safe for Chase Manhattan and Exxon in November. And maybe that's the most dangerous aspect of Ronnie Reagan: the former George Gipp is helping to pull the wool over Middle Americans' eyes, convincing the boobs that Rockefeller is a political outcast, rejected by his party, etc. etc. Considering Rocky's hold on the country and his particular hold on the two parties, that deception may be Reagan's most heinous Big Lie of all.



# BYE BYE BICENTENNIAL

By Craig Silverman

Photos by Howard Berman



In Philadelphia, July 4th 1976, every particle of air was to be super-charged with symbolism, for it was here two hundred years ago that a group of landowners and other patricians unveiled the Declaration of Independence, a declaration for revolution. That moment was epic in its far reaching effects — it made revolution a legitimate intellectual pursuit, and it marked a major blow against the imperialism of the day.

Two hundred years later, any feeling of poetry in that revolution had been eaten alive by corporate and government shuck. The country, which is still young as countries go, had already attained its imperial height and was earnestly trying to kill its own snakes of revolt.

As the thousands of Puerto Ricans, Blacks, Chicanos, Native Americans, feminists, anarchists, gays and non-nominationalists walked through a Philly slum that Sunday, the people of the neighborhood exulted in the difference between that and the parades of corpulent America. Corpulent America would line the streets to see their babes twirl batons and beat drums in a military cadence. In over two hundred years, the ascendant culture of corpulent America is the marching band! To be enjoyed from the sidewalk mutely with beer for Dad and cotton candy for the kids. The people of the Philly neighborhood observing the people's parade could join in, and they did, shouting, "Rizzo must go! Down with Rizzo!" referring to Philadelphia's fascist, racist mayor. Or they struck up jazz bands to play for broke. Or they raised their fists in solidarity.

Notes of organizational pains, however, quickly became evident. A contingent of 2000 Native Americans who had planned to come to the city withdrew the day before when there were disagreements between AIM leaders and certain Coalition people. The trouble evidently began when Ron Rosen, head medic for AIM, was ejected from the Coalition office in a dispute over dispensation of medical accoutrements. As a result, the Native Americans, once expected to number in the thousands and to lead the march, were represented by only twenty people. Due to the paltry number, they were merged with a local Black group for the march.

There were other instances of serious disharmony in the organizing of the demonstration. A National Coalition Board member claims that Mohammed Kenyatta, representing a local Black group, ripped the coalition for \$900, and then denounced the Coalition effort. "The Coalition is more interested in the bedroom than in organizing," Kenyatta charged. The city government, which tried to obstruct the Coalition at every turn, was only too happy to have Kenyatta testify for them against the Coalition at a hearing for permits. Needless to say, Kenyatta's motives are highly suspect.

The Coalition's most serious problems were hardly the result of internal division, however. The Federal government, using its weapons of clandestine operations, both legal and extra-legal, unsuccessfully attempted to stymie the organization. While FBI chief Clarence Kelly steadfastly maintains that COINTELPRO programs

have ceased, rally organizers can point to a pair of break-ins at the national office in New York as evidence to the contrary. In the first one, several pieces of office equipment were lifted, including a rollidex and a typewriter, and in the second, files were rifled through, although nothing was taken.

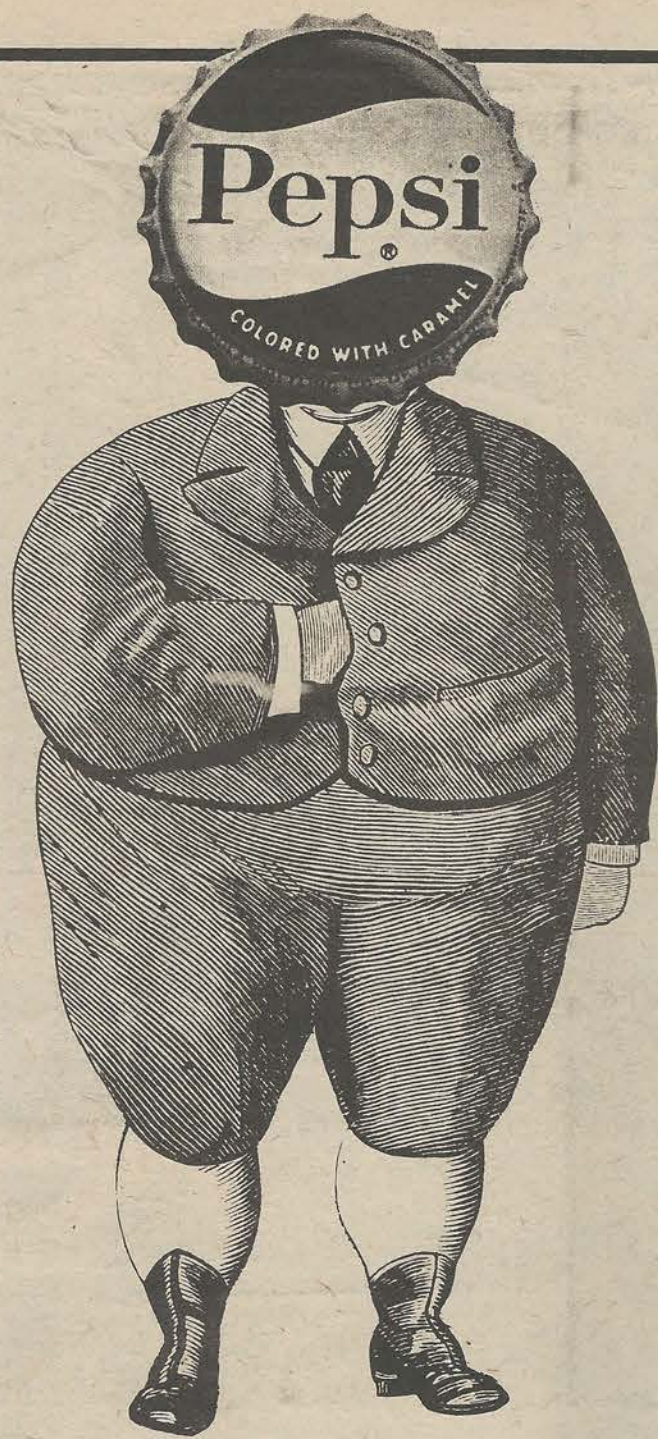
More frightening in its ramifications was the government's use of secret grand juries as fishing expeditions to intimidate and tie up people in the organization. Lureida Torres and Martha Schwartz, two key Coalition organizers, were summoned before grand juries in New York allegedly seeking information concerning the bombing of Frances Tavern a few years ago by a militant Puerto Rican group. Lurieda, refusing to cooperate with the

grand jury, was convicted of contempt. She is now appealing the conviction, but the time and energy engaged cannot be replaced.

It almost appeared as if the U.S. government was more intimidated by the prospect of massive demonstrations in the streets on Independence day than were the protestors intimidated by the government. Attorney General Edward Levi authorized the FBI to investigate the July 4th Coalition, "to determine if there is any factual basis for allegations." According to the Washington Post, "he declined to specify what those allegations are, who prompted the probe, or what investigative tools are being used."

Senator Eastland's Senate Internal  
(continued on page 7)





## You're in the Pepsi Degeneration

To see an ad for Pepsi-Cola, you'd think that the brown fluid they peddle ran through the veins of the "founding fathers." Colonial costumes, red, white and blue labels and the cry "feeling free!" all have contributed to soda sales. But what is really behind this patriotic hype for junk food?

A closer look at Pepsi shows that bottled up in its business dealings are some other super American ingredients. Among its companions is the J. Walter Thompson Agency which produced all those gassy ads. J. Walter Thompson's claim to fame is its work for the Pentagon in which it attempts to similarly popularize the U.S. brand of "peace".

Another close friend of Pepsico was, until his recent abdication, Tricky Dick Nixon who oversaw the acquisition of portions of the Pepsico empire (which now extends into truck rentals, liquor and finance). The friendship between Don Kendall, president of Pepsico, and Nixon goes back many years. As a matter of fact, it was Kendall's jet that flew Nixon into Dallas on November 21, 1963, ostensibly to consummate a deal with Nixon's New York based law firm. It was also Kendall's jet that flew Nixon out of Dallas on November 22, 1963 about an hour before Jack Kennedy was killed. Kendall and Nixon flew cross country that day, outside the sight or schedule of any public official. The friendship continued to Pepsi's continued pleasure when Nixon broke

new ground by giving Kendall's company first crack at the Soviet soda market. A little bit of the bad taste of detente was also washed down by clearing the road for Schenley, another Pepsico subsidiary, to sell American vodka to the Russians! The favor was returned when Kendall formed the Save the Presidency Committee in 1973 to bail out Nixon's ass while impeachment was trying to burn it.

In that same year, Pepsico was making trade agreements with the Chilean junta before Allende's bullet ridden body was cold. No wonder, though: Pepsi has been used as an international cover for CIA agents for many years.

And to bring many matters closer to home, it appears Pepsico is becoming a home for old FBI agents as well. After his exposure as part of COINTELPRO (the FBI's domestic espionage program) Cartha De Loach joined Pepsi. De Loach, a close assistant to J. Edgar Hoover, was instrumental in attempts to push Martin Luther King, Jr. into suicide and may have been involved in FBI-sponsored assassinations. De Loach should come in handy if Pepsi wants to keep an eye on its advertisers: he was also responsible for infiltrating NBC to get phony press credentials for agents at the 1964 Democratic convention.

J. Edgar Hoover once said he'd like us to think "there's an FBI agent behind every mailbox". But gee, Edgar, did you have to put 'em in bottles, too?

# CIA Threatens Friedan and Feminists

by Pam Baumgard

The 1975 World Conference of Women in Mexico City got rid of Gloria Steinem when they announced she was a CIA agent, but they couldn't get rid of the CIA, which is hellbent on infiltrating and destroying the women's movement.

Agents violently disrupted the Women's Conference and threatened Betty (Mother of Feminism) Friedan's life, according to Friedan's new book, *It Changed My Life*.

Friedan's account of the 1975 Women's Conference presents a close look at officially sanctioned harassment.

The provocateurs are linked to the CIA through Mexican President Luis Echeverria, listed as a CIA agent in former CIA man Philip Agee's book *Inside the Company*.

The CIA henchmen hid behind leftist masks, throwing one women's session into chaos when they marched through the meeting armed with guns, carrying a banner that said "Mujeres y Imperialismo" (Women and Imperialism).

"World political powers were so afraid of women uniting at Mexico City that they sent men with guns to disrupt our 'global speakouts,'" Friedan writes.

She says the conference reminded her of a movie thriller. "It would be called *The Feminists Who Went Out in the Heat*, a new mystery spy thriller of international intrigue and Gothic horror, with women, as usual, the helpless victims walking innocently into the sinister villains' clutches."

The most publicized disruption was during a meeting in which the women were reading a list of their demands. Suddenly a Spanish-accented voice came over the loudspeaker — "Latin-American demands are not in the

document" — and a crowd poured in to the meeting, causing pandemonium. During the chaos the one picture of the Conference that got world-wide coverage was snapped — two women, thought by Friedan to be agents, fighting over a microphone. The CIA not only ruined the meeting but set up a picture that gave the world the impression that the women hated each other.

Friedan says she recognized many of the provocateurs chanting leftist slogans as actual ultra-right delegates. Mexican journalists told Friedan that the disturbance was set up by the Mexican government, which is also fascist behind a left facade. Friedan left the platform during the riot, and another delegate told her later: "If you had been up there and kept the meeting going you would have been shot."

Friedan was also personally the object of other attacks. Mexican women posing as feminists spirited her away from the city so that she missed a conference with black women, causing her to be branded as a racist.

The phone in Friedan's hotel room went dead, and it was impossible for her to get a plane reservation to leave Mexico when she realized her life was in danger.

Mexican policewomen blocked Friedan's entrance to some conferences, and buses that were to transport women to a central meeting place mysteriously disappeared.

The general format of the conference, controlled by the U.N. and Mexican government officials, kept women from getting together, Friedan says. "We began to realize that our own power was greater and more threatening to all the old powers than we ever dreamed," Friedan writes of the conference. "We now know that we will need all our wits and guts to keep their agents from co-opting it."

## Castro Convertible

Senator McGovern in a visit to Cuba last month asked Castro for the release of 63 American prisoners (C.I.A.?). Castro replied that he would like to sleep on the idea and would give him the answer in the morning. The following morning on the limousine drive out to the airport, Sen. McGovern asked Castro "Well, what do you think?" Castro replied, "I've decided to release 33 of your prisoners." Sen. McGovern replied, "You know I don't understand your system of arbitrary justice." Castro replied (with a totally straight face), "Well, Ted Kennedy is coming in a few months, and I wanted to save a few for him."

## Witch Lib

(ZNS) The Colorado Civil Rights Commission has ruled that employers have no right to fire a worker just because he or she is a practicing witch.

A hearing Judge has ruled in favor of Kathy Estes, who was dismissed by the Brown Palace Hotel in Denver earlier this year after she was accused of casting spells against a fellow worker.

Estes, an admitted practicing witch, was fired after another worker received dead flowers in the mail sealed in envelopes with black wax. She denied she had sent the items, and contended that she had been fired because of her practice of witchcraft in her spare time.

A hearing examiner has ruled that witchcraft is a protected and legitimate creed under Colorado law, and has ordered Estes restored with full back pay.

## Zapata Leader Informer

(ZNS) The Berkeley Barb is alleging that the co-founder and leader of the underground "Emiliano Zapata Unit" has been an undercover police informer since the early 1970's.

According to The Barb Daniel Gregg Adornetto—who was recently convicted and sentenced to prison on a variety of bombing and conspiracy charges—revealed his contacts with narcotics police while in prison on marijuana charges in 1972.

The publication reports that Adornetto, in a letter to a judge, asked that he be placed on probation in return for supplying undercover information on Bay Area "drug patterns." The Barb adds that the letter also promised the judge that Adornetto could disclose the location of 1000 A.K.—47 Communist submachine guns.

The letter reportedly contained the names of persons Adornetto claimed to have turned in previously, and the names of narcotics officers he said he had previously worked with.

Adornetto reportedly has claimed to associates that he had more personal contact with Bernadine Dohrn and the Weather Underground.

Adornetto was recently arrested for his alleged role as the ring-leader of the "Emiliano Zapata Unit," a group which claimed credit for a series of bombings of Safeway stores in the San Francisco area. He was sentenced to a 10-year prison term last week.



# WARNING! TEAR GAS MAY BE HAZARDOUS TO YOUR HEALTH

by Pam Baumgard

There is a future in tear gas — far more deadly and damaging than the mid-60s spectre of smashed demonstrations and runny eyes. According to a mounting tide of evidence, the carcinogenic compound that causes the irritant effect in tear gas is among the most powerful cancer-causing agents known. The long-term effect, like a time bomb, may result in a generation of cancer victims in years to come: the victims of mass gassing during the 60s movements.

Evidence of the carcinogenic (cancer-causing) effects of tear gas — banned in international warfare by the Geneva Convention but widely used for domestic riot control in the U.S. — is becoming more and more apparent. A 1970 University of Newcastle, England study called tear gas “one of the most carcinogenic agents known to man.” This was followed by an article in the *Berkeley Barb* last October which charged that tear gas causes cancer.

Within weeks a story broke in the *Washington Post*, headlined “Police-men’s Cancer Tied To Tear Gas,” in which Dr. Robert Dyer of the Washington D.C. Police Clinic said “one of the chemical components of tear gas is a suspected carcinogenic agent.”

Twelve D.C. policemen, who all handled tear gas in riots since 1968, developed malignant melanoma, a form of skin cancer, they claim was caused by the gas. The usual rate for melanoma is 1 in 22,000, making the rate of 12 out of 5000 on the D.C. Force 50 times normal.

Dyer and the Police Clinic have been

studying the cancer-gas connection for approximately seven years, according to Inspector George Suter of the Clinic, and Dyer said the study of the victims’ cases “may prove an important link” in discovering melanoma’s causes.

The *Post* story enjoyed a flurry of publicity, but was hastily killed. Victor Cohn, the *Post* reporter who wrote the original story, said the evidence was “very provocative and very frightening,” but said it was impossible to find anything more. The D.C. Police Department, from the Chief’s aide to the Public Relations Dept. to Dyer and his secretary, angrily refused to tell the *Weed* anything substantial about the cancer victims’ conditions or the exact nature of the experiments.

A check with cancer specialists suggests that anything that can damage the skin so easily can also attack delicate lung tissue, in the lungs of demonstrators who wore no protective masks.

Dr. Robert K. Modlin, Chief of the Dept. of Medicine of Walter Reed Army Hospital, said, “Any substance that can do damage when rubbed on the skin when vaporized would do the same thing to the lungs.”

Modlin said it is “certainly conceivable” that tear gas causes cancer because it’s an irritant and “anything irritating possibly can cause cancer.”

Tear gas (CS) is chemically known as orthochlorobenzylidene malononitrile. Benzylidene derivatives, the major carcinogenic element, do not break down in the human ecosystem, and instead cause hard lumps of scar tissue to form around the affected area, much as a grain of sand in the tender flesh of an oyster will cause an irritant reaction. These unnatural configurations upset the generative code of the cells in some individuals. The result is uncontrolled growth, and malignant cancer tumors.

Despite these dire predictions no one in this country is doing any real scientific research on the cancer-tear gas link. The reason: they’re afraid of what they’ll find.

Eastman-Kodak, the last U.S. company that made the tear gas CS, stopped production this year because manufacturers are now required to study possible effects of their products and “we knew it was going to be bad, so why bother even doing the study,” said Bob Dowinger, Eastman-Kodak chemist.

“That (CS) is nasty stuff,” Dowinger said. “We knew that sooner or later

we’d have to come out with comprehensive information and since it’s a tear gas, why mess around with it?”

Dowinger said that the only place making CS in the U.S. now is the Army.

A chemist at Stanford Research Institute in California also said the Army uses CS. “The Army uses it in chemical warfare training,” he said. “They used it when I was in the Army 12 years ago. We had to go into a gas chamber. We wore masks and all our skin was covered. It was burning stuff.”

The last tear gas used in war — mustard gas in WWI — caused over 10,000 immediate deaths and left thousands suffering years later from cancer and other after-effects. Death is caused by blisters raised on the skin and lungs as a result of chemical irritants. The Geneva Convention has since banned tear gas for use in international warfare, but the U.S., a signer of the Convention, continues to use it on its own people.

“It’s politics,” said Modlin, the Walter Reed doctor. “In warfare it’s legal to shoot down a dozen people, but in riot control it’s not.”



## BICENTENNIAL

(continued from page 5)

Security Subcommittee held hearings on the coalition a few weeks before the march, turning up nothing. Even the White House jumped in the picture with an “informal White House task force” to combat “terrorists” who are allegedly going to disrupt the bicentennial celebration.

The major fallout of Rizzo’s and the U.S. Government’s red scare propaganda was the absence of the patriotic horde and their brood expected to turn Philadelphia into a second Mardi Gras on July 4th. The tourists simply did not come, and by not coming did not spend their vacation dollars in Philadelphia. Hotel rooms were empty, tickets to the excitement of a lifetime went unsold. On the whole, Americans felt they would rather not be in Philadelphia.

But the other Americans, the people of color, white ideologues and even footloose vagabonds who knew the score, were there in droves. Flanking them were plenty of cops, too, clenching their riot paraphernalia. “There are 6,000 pigs out there waiting to bust your head if you pull any bullshit,” said a kid with bright blonde hair to a few idlers puffing grass while marchers lined up in their appropriate contingents. He had hitchhiked in from Ohio, and said he was looking for the blonde hair contingent. A marshal with a green armband came up remonstrating, “You, there, NO LIQUOR, NO DRUGS.” It was one of many strange battles between the Coalition security force and the herbal contingent, sprinkled all over the crowd. This reporter had smoked a bowl with some of the neighborhood folks in an

act of solidifying cordial community relations. A Black teenager made the rounds offering joints for a buck. But tokers were repeatedly reprimanded or threatened throughout the day. Security chief Jerry Sievers had announced at a meeting the night before that, “If you light up a joint in the march, you will be physically restrained.” Pot-a-noia on the part of the planners was the order of the day, or the order from the top, with the explanation that the police would be looking for anything to make arrests.

The march began almost on schedule and went in regulated order, with phalanxes of people under colorful banners in waves of thousands. Almost a third of the marchers were Puerto Rican, participants and onlookers, echoed by the “We say no to racism” of Black groups. Another large contingent was comprised of gay right advocates, with banners such as, “Out of the closets and into the revolution,”

and “Commie Fags & Proud of it.” Of the floats, a facsimile of a B-1 bomber by the anti-B-1 forces, and floppy effigies of Rocky and Nixon by an amorphous New England group were the standouts.

The march wound its way fifteen blocks to the edge of Fairmont Park, where people filled a large sundrenched field facing a stage. The day took on a picnic ambiance as people met old friends or relaxed on the grass, with or without drugs or food (there was too little of both.) The speakers were appropriately fiery and eloquent, and representative of the large range of groups in the Coalition. David Dellinger’s crack about Ford’s bicentennial speech being “so bad that some people thought he wrote it himself” received wide media play.

A few minutes later a sudden cloudburst cut the festival short, giving a dramatic end to a day of dramatic beginning.



# Assassin Nation



by AJ Weberman

On July 22, 1976 I was found guilty of holding a meeting without a permit in the Criminal Court of New York. The courtroom was packed with people who had avoided paying their subway fare, gypsy cab drivers without tax stamps, drunks, and other mostly poor people. The Judge, an understanding black man, read the charges against me, "Holding an illegal meeting of 6,000 people to promote the legalization of marijuana known as National Marijuana Day." Cheers and applause rang out! The Bailiff lurched forward to quiet the disturbance. "I am going to give you a break," the judge said, "you are found guilty, but no fine." I walked out of the courtroom a free man. They could have sentenced me to 15 days!!

The Daily World, the organ of the Communist Party U.S.A., is running a series of articles on the ties between the state of Israel and the Union of South Africa. In 1953 the Prime Minister, Dr. Nalan, visited Israel and was cordially received despite his record of blatant anti-semitism and whole-hearted support of Hitler during World War II. On Nalan's retirement in 1954 his name was inscribed in the golden book as a proven friend of Israel. Prime Minister Vorster himself has a flagrant record of pro-Nazism. In 1942 he said "We stand for Christian Nationalism which is an ally of National socialism." I find it just as strange that Peking gave the Fascist Chilean regime a large economic credit this month. Presently I am in the process of investigating

the American Chilean Council, Suite 608, 95 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y., an organization whose goal is to promote friendship and understanding between Fascist Chile and the United States. This group is lead by Spruille Braden, who is allied with William Buckley's National Review. Other members include William F. Rickenbacker, and Dr. Stephen T. Possony, America's most dangerous exile from the eastern bloc countries. Possony works out of the Hoover Institute for War, Peace and Revolution, and his job is to devise ways to insure that hundreds of millions of people live miserable lives and die pre-maturely. It is indisputable (though not popular) to conclude people of this nature should be murdered summarily. Possony is part of a group called Mankind Research Unlimited which specializes in harnessing para-psychology to be used in their program of counter insurgency. If it was up to Possony we would all have electrode implants or subcutaneous brain wave generators and he would be at the controls. He is aided and abetted in his nefarious work by many other scary types. More on this in my upcoming book "The CIA In America."

Mayor Harold Rosen of Miami Beach who was pied by Pat Small, in the summer of 1972, is being called before a statewide grand jury investigation into organized crime.

Everyone wonders why Shirley Chisolm voted for the Rockefeller confirmation. Now it has been revealed in the

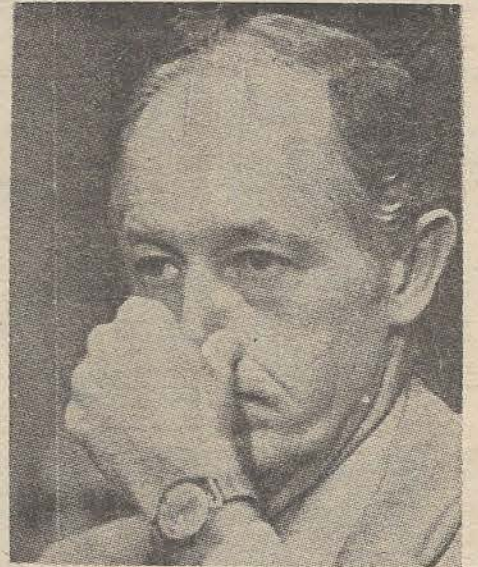
# SO SUE ME ALREADY!

HOWARD HUNT is suing me for 2½ million dollars! He held a press conference along with his attorney, Ellis Rubin, last week at which he announced his decision. It was the first item on the Miami-TV news, and AP picked up on it. I still don't believe they are going to go through with it and I view this announcement as part of an overall effort to roll back any advances THE COMMITTEE TO OPEN THE ARCHIVES has made since we first started our investigation in November 1973 by discovering the famous tramp photos—(Howard Hunt and Frank Sturgis disguised as tramps being picked up shortly after the JFK killing as suspects). Sturgis has been touring the country saying that Castro did it. Senator Schweiker has been bought off and discredited as a liberal by Reagan, who's a representative of the intelligence community typified by the Hoover Institute for War, Peace and Revolution at Stamford.

Senator Schweiker's office had been in close touch with me in the weeks preceding his appointment as Reagan's VP. Was the Intelligence Community a little edgy about how far he'd pursue his investigation?? Is this why he was bought out? Finally Howard Hunt and his shyster Ellis Rubin (represented Artie Bremer's brother in a fraud case, was Frank Sturgis's lawyer as far back as 1963, and lead the reactionaries who opposed giving demonstrators a campsite at the 1972 conventions) claim they have Warren Commission documents vindicating Hunt.

Wall Street Journal that Thaddeus A. Garrett Jr., a former aide to Shirley Chisolm is now an aide of Nelson Rockefeller.

I finally received my CIA files. They consisted of a cover letter and one xeroxed article from the New York Times about a smoke-in in Central Park. The cover letter said that it would cost \$131.00 to research Coup d'etat, and YIP. They agreed to waive the fee in my case but then they added that they could not guarantee that we will be able to release any or all of the items uncovered in such a search; and that the items would not include, "newspaper clippings or copies of mailing lists, which you shunned in your letter of 10 March, since obviously such items might be in the files. As you can see, I knew they were going



E. HOWARD HUNT reading COUP D'ETAT IN AMERICA

I haven't been served with any papers and I don't expect to be. It's all part of a propaganda campaign. A CIA agent who visited Oswald in Moscow threatened to sue—never went through with it. Jack Ruby's buddy Ed Meyers threatened to sue—never went through with it. I intend to confront Rubin and demand to be served because I want to bring all the evidence into open court.

to pull the newspaper YIP clippings, and so now YIP has no choice but to take the CIA to Federal Court.

Recently, Bob Fass of radio station WBAI/NY Radio Unnamable (midnight on weekends) visited Yippie fugitive Abbie Hoffman. Shortly after he returned, his camera and a roll of film in it were stolen from his Chelsea storefront by someone who broke in a back window. Nothing else was missing. Could the FBI be after a picture of Abbie? Do bears shit in the woods? A few weeks later a Mercedes pulled up to Fass and someone with a blowgun shot a dart in his direction. (My source for this is Fass and I'm convinced he's telling the truth and not trying to put me on). Have the boys at the NY office of the FBI been reading Winning Through Intimidation?



by AJ Weberman

Last spring, Tony De La Cova was arrested in Miami for a series of pipe and fire bombings against U.S./government buildings and anti-Castro exiles he felt were too soft on Castro. When Tony was caught he was about to blow-up a porn-parlor that had opened in a respectable Cuban neighborhood. Now it has been revealed that that Tony and two of his friends were recruited for a demonstration against the porn parlor two weeks before he attempted to bomb it by an angelic looking follower of the religious zealot, the Rev. Sun Myung Moon. James Garland, a 23 year old professional trumpet player and anti-communist said he'd recruited the trio to protest against the bookstore on April 21. Garland said his Cuban recruits took part in three other

# MOON OVER MIAMI

anti-Communist demonstrations in the Miami area in April.

Garland came from the Washington headquarters of the Moonie component—The Freedom Leadership Foundation (FLF) on an educational mission to contain and expose communism in the Miami area. Actually Garland is an agent of the Central Intelligence Agency whose job was to direct Tony's counter-revolutionary energy. The Moonies and the FLF are CIA front groups. Moon's brother is an officer of the South Korean Intelligence Apparatus which is known as the South Korean CIA. Moon's interpreter, Colonel Bo Hi Pak was also in the SK/CIA as is one of the major backers of the Unification Church, Jhon Ree. Ree also owns a network of Karate schools here in the US that are used as a cover for agents of the SK/CIA. The SK/CIA gets its money from the US/CIA/AID then funnels back to the US through the moonies. This way the money is laundered and the US/CIA can avoid the prohibition against working domestically. That's why the Moonies have money to buy the New Yorker Hotel (cost 6½ million), rent Yankee Stadium, clogify the City with obnoxious posters etc.

Moonie/CIA operative Garland claims that it was divine providence which guided him in early March to a meeting with Miguel Angel Peraza, the member of Tony's group who actually worked for the FBI.

The Bureau had Peraza convinced that Tony was actually working for Castro and they had their stooge supply Tony with the explosives necessary to carry out his counter-revolutionary work. Garland was quoted as saying—"I was really surprised when I read that Peraza was with the FBI. I got the impression that Peraza was the big fish and De La Cova less a fish", shortly after he returned from the Yankee Stadium Debacle.

What all this means is that my friend from Washington Square Park De La Cova was putty in the hands of the intelligence community. How many other people have done the CIA's bidding without knowing it? Tony was going to plead guilty and do a twenty year sentence since his brother-in-law had agreed to testify against him, but Judge Marphonious Rowe wouldn't go along with the deal. I plan to cover the trial for Yipster Times—in fact I hear rumors that they are planning to subpoena me to testify.....



TONY DE LA COVA



# Oswald's body lies a-moulderin' in the grave, but the truth goes marching on.

by AJ Weberman

LEE HARVEY OSWALD was an inept, leaky deep cover agent for the Central Intelligence Agency. When he was arrested for pro-Castro activity in New Orleans his leaflets had the address of CIA "Coupmaster" Howard Hunt's Cuban Revolutionary Council on them (544 Camp). He distinctly gave a public stenographer named Pauline Bates the impression that he was actually a spy during his stay in Russia and on at least three occasions virtually confessed to working for Uncle Sam.

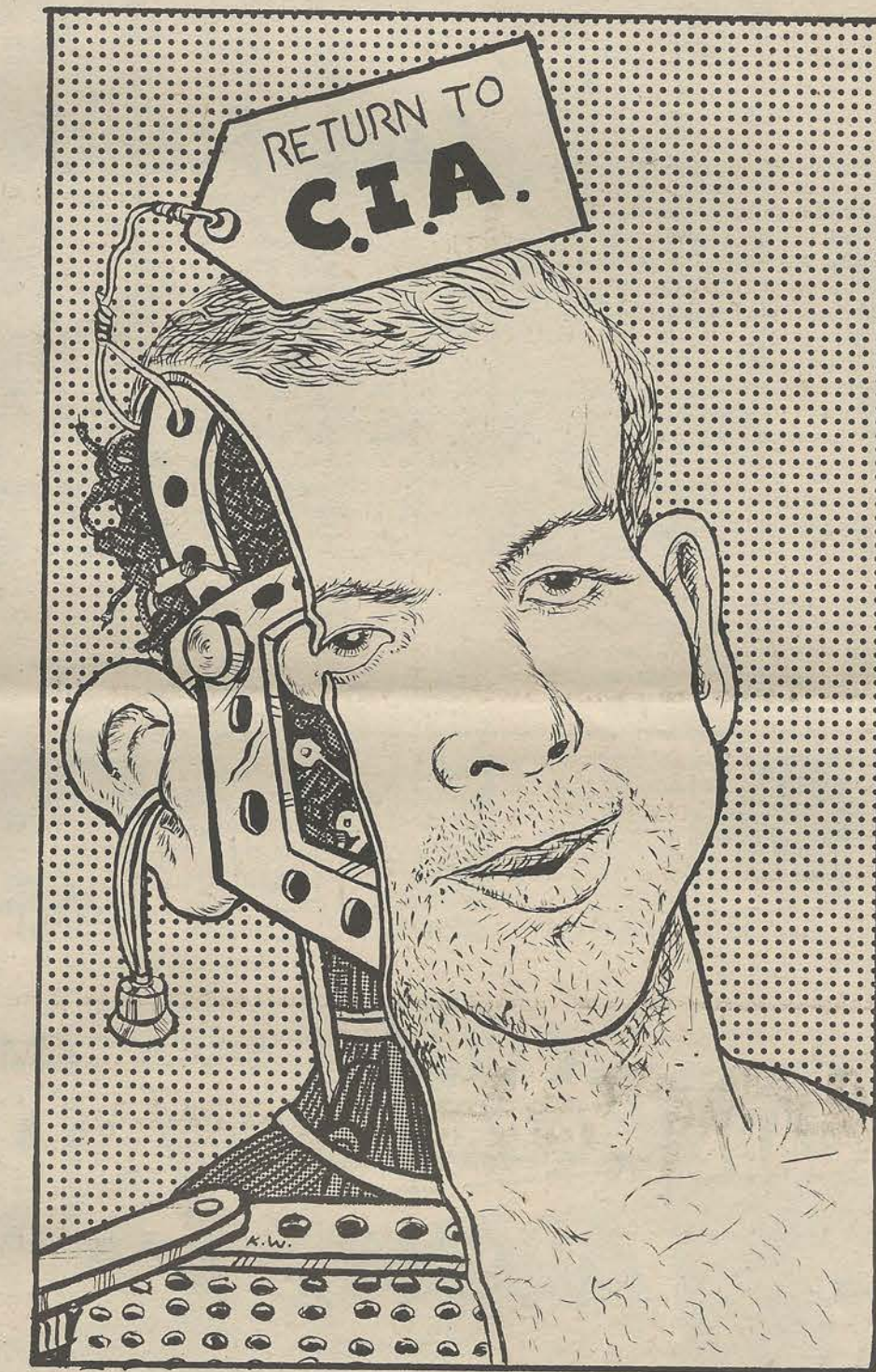
In a letter to John Connally, who Oswald thought was Secretary of the Navy at the time (actually Fred Korth held that position—Korth had represented Oswald's step-father in a divorce case) Oswald argued that his Naval Discharge should be changed to honorable despite his defection—"I have and allways (sic) had the full sanction of the U.S. Embassy, Moscow, USSR, and hence the U.S. Government." (dated 30 Jan 62)

Oswald made the following blooper during one of his rare radio appearances when asked how he had supported himself during the three years he lived in the Soviet Union—"Well, I will answer that question directly then, since you will not rest until you get your answer. I worked in Russia. I was under the protection of the—of the—that is to say I was not under the protection of the American Government...." (Ed Butler—New Orleans Radio Program—Recently declassified CIA transcript)

Finally, in a letter to the Navy Discharge Review Board, Oswald stated—"Since there is no other possible way to present my case, in consideration of the nature of the charge that was brought against me, I would like to include a request for the recommendation for re-enlistment regardless of the findings of the Board, in accordance with par 15 (e) (5). I request that the Board consider my sincere desire to use my former training at the aviation fundamentals school, Jacksonville, Florida, and radar operators school, Biloxi, Mississippi as well as the special knowledge I have accumulated through my experience since my release from active duty, in the Naval service." (underlining Oswald's). In other words, Oswald was still in the service of his country after he went off active duty—as a spy for U.S. Intelligence!!

Only the immense power of the establishment could suppress the truth about Lee Harvey Oswald, by burying it beneath thousands of pages of documents, by keeping it off the media, by having their agents pose as assassination researchers (e.g. Bernard Fensterwald, Richard Sprague, Dick Russell) so that they can discredit the truth when it comes along, by having CIA Congressman Downing of Langley, Virginia introduce a bill to investigate JFK's death and finally by threatening or taking people's property or lives.

The John Kennedy assassination represents a Coup D'Etat in America. Right now Rocky and his puppet Ford are at the apex of their power. In a book titled *The Plot To Siege The Whitehouse*, (Hawthorne Books, 1973.) Jules Archer revealed the existence of a conspiracy to overthrow President Franklin D. Roosevelt and install a special "Presidential Assistant" in his place. This plot was exposed by General Smedley Butler, a highly decorated war hero who was recruited by



a group of international bankers to organize an army of veterans that would serve a purpose similar to the brown shirts in Mussolini's Italy. According to Butler, the conspirators were financed by the Du Pont, Morgan, Mellon, and Rockefeller empires. Butler testified to the existence of this conspiracy before the McCormack-Dickstein Committee of the House of Representatives. Unfortunately, the establishment controlled press played down the startling implications of Butler's testimony, which would eventually permit the same forces to regroup for the coup d'etat which occurred in November of 1963.

In *Give Us This Day* Howard Hunt points out the pre-eminence of the Rockefeller family in staging coups in Latin America. He points to the fact that he wanted to help overthrow the left wing Arbenz regime of Guatemala almost as soon as it came into existence in 1954

but was forbidden to act by his superiors until the Arbenz government threatened United Fruit, a Rockefeller dominated corporation. It was only then that Tracy Barnes, a kissing cousin of Nelson Rockefeller, gave Hunt the orders to oust the left wing president. Hunt points to a similar chain of command in the attempt to overthrow Fidel Castro. Once again he states that it was only when Rockefeller's interests were threatened that the CIA began to seriously attempt to overthrow Castro. Barnes was still Deputy Director of Plans (a euphemism for the head of the dirty tricks division) after Castro seized power in 1959. The Church Committee Report titled *Alleged Assassination Plots, Involving Foreign Leaders*, revealed that Barnes initiated the early assassination plots against Castro via his Deputy Director Richard Bissell. Because of the Rockefeller family's intimate involvement in the covert war against the Castro regime, his

involvement in the John Kennedy assassination came as no surprise to astute observers of the foreign policy establishment. Channels of command had been established in regard to overthrowing governments that were soft on communism. Rockefeller was at the top and so probably gave the order to overthrow the United States Government. Interestingly enough, Nelson Rockefeller was a close friend of George DeMohrenschildt, an OSS and CIA operative, who was Lee Harvey Oswald's best friend in Dallas, Texas. (CD 533) What was a sleazoid like Oswald doing hanging around with a buddy of Nelson Rockefeller's?

But the main indication of the Rockefeller family's complicity in a plot to murder John Kennedy comes from the fact that the Rockefeller empire was instrumental in covering up the CIA's guilt. We have reprinted a recently declassified document which finally reveals how the Warren Commission's assistant counsels were chosen.

*CHAIRMAN:* Yes. Before Allen goes away, I think we ought to discuss the question of the counsel because we had our meeting at eight-thirty this morning and we discussed Mr. .... Mr. McCloy and Mr. Dulles and Congressman Ford all had some reservations about whether he has the great ability to do this job. I'm sure that discretion is used here, but I told them I would not want to have anyone here that would not have the full confidence too well with the particular type of investigation we're facing. Is that about it?

Rather than a majority vote of all the commissioners, a special sub-committee was set up to appoint the Assistant counsels. This sub-committee was comprised of men who were controlled by the Rockefellers; Sub-committee member John J. McCloy was on the Board of Directors of United Fruit and the Chase Manhattan Bank. He also served as the major attorney for Standard Oil for 30 years. Sub-committee member Allen Dulles was president of the Council on Foreign Relations, a Rockefeller controlled group now headed by David Rockefeller. Dulles had been Director of the CIA up until the Bay of Pigs fiasco. He was replaced by John McCone, an attorney for Standard Oil. Finally the third member of the sub-committee was Gerald Ford, who as we all know was the bozo who appointed Rockefeller Vice President! Therefore, the attorneys chosen by the sub-committee for the job of assistant counsels were also tight with the Rockefeller clan. Among them was David "Twitchface" Belin, who led the farcical Rockefeller commission inquiry into the CIA's involvement in the John F. Kennedy assassination. "Uncle" William T. Coleman, the Secretary of Transportation who was appointed by Ford shortly after he appointed Rockefeller Vice President. Many of the other assistant counsels had ties to Richard Nixon who had worked closely with Rockefeller after his 1960 presidential defeat. Both men allegedly lived in the same apartment building around this time. In 1969 Nixon appointed Rockefeller to the Foreign Intelligence Advisory Board.

What all this adds up to is oligarchical rule, but unfortunately the only people in America who are aware of this are the independent extreme right wingers, (the John Birch Society,) and the independent left wingers (Y.I.P.) The charade that we will all witness in Kansas City is merely a rubber stamping of a government formulated by the capitalist class.



**R** page 10  
 I.P. Thomas J. Duffy, 1920-1976, and good riddance, say New York phone freaks. Thomas Duffy, aka Jerry Duffy, Jerry Thomas, Tom Jerris etc, head of the notorious Central Telephone Investigations unit, died of a heart attack at home July 10.

Duffy achieved notoriety in the phone underground when he began "cranking" phone freaks in the New York underground and harassing them. Claiming that "you owe us money," Duffy would threaten his victims with prosecution unless they came to the phone company and voluntarily surrendered their red, black, and blue boxes. One phone freak who Duffy particularly sought refused. Duffy's men staked out his apartment and raided it. A blue box was seized. The phone freak was charged with "possession of burglary tools," because the machine facilitated "theft of service," a felony. He spent 6 months in jail.

Duffy was also behind the raid two years ago on a well known underground technical center. Several thousand dollars worth of sophisticated phone equipment was confiscated, along with a few boxes. The raid was without a warrant, so no charges followed.

Recently Duffy headed up a major criminal investigation of phone fraud centering in three phone freak prone areas: San Francisco, Madison, and New York. Using his own name, Duffy made hundreds of calls and visitations. Duffy made few friends while gumfooting, owing mostly to his odious habit of calling not just suspected phone freaks but their family, lovers, friends, and recipients of fraudulent calls, between 3 and 6 a.m.

Information was turned over to local prosecutors. Grand juries reportedly have been empanelled in San Francisco and Madison, and rumor has it that New York authorities may launch a probe.

Observers in New York believe the probe may have been the reason for Duffy's promotion last month from the Security Division of Bell Systems to the Legal Department. New York does not presently have laws on the books against most advanced forms of technological

# FONE TIPS

outlawry. It is not against the law in New York, for instance, to publish credit card numbers or to possess boxes, though it is against the law to use them. The CTI has long operated on the assumption that New York is one of the sources of much of this technological knowledge, an assumption only partly true. Bell lawyers have been trying to hammer anti phone freak legislation through, and it is believed that Duffy's transferral to the Legal Department signalled a new thrust, with Duffy appearing not only as a legal scholar and bureaucrat, with the added credentials of his former FBI training and years as head of New York Bell Security, and CTI.

At least one phone freak believed the story of Duffy's decease may be a hoax, despite affirmation from at least three Bell System sources that, indeed, Duffy is dead. "Duffy was never his real name," said one paranoid. "First he was transferred out of Security, and no one heard from him for a month. Then he supposedly died. He's probably gone underground, and he'll pop up on a witness stand next, putting people behind bars. The only way to be sure Duffy is dead is to have the grave interred, and a dental check done." Clearly, though Duffy is gone, his specter lives on.

**B**lue boxes may be obsolete within a year, according to phone freak technicians. Bell Systems is trying to devise a screening mechanism to weed out the WATS interceptor tones made by blue boxes. One catch though: the conversion will be based on a multi-tone system, and the technicians claim it will only take a few weeks to isolate the tones, and reintegrate them in a new box.

**G**rand Old Man of the phone freaks John Draper, also known as Captain Crunch, is back in the hole again. "Toll Fraud by Wire," read the arrest warrant, a federal rap because no pun intended, the crime goes across state lines. Even the FBI can investigate toll fraud if they desire, and often they do, especially since Ma Bell's security force, the largest private police squad in the world, is 65% ex-FBI and police agents. The Captain is now in the Lompoc Federal Minimum Security Institution near his home in San Jose.

The Feds claim he used a blue box, a claim he denies but precedence goes against him. Draper first achieved prominence, and his nickname, when he revealed that the small, shrieking, whistles given away as a gimmick in Captain Crunch cereal would trigger Bell System computer-start switches, enabling free phone calls to anywhere in the world. In a dramatic display on a San Francisco radio station, Captain Crunch used the toy whistle to route a call around the world, eventually ringing the phone in the next studio while on the air.

Such intemerity earned him status as a career object of several phone dicks, and his first bust came on the eve of the 1972 Democratic National Convention. A fundraising effort helped him considerably on that rap, but this time he's not had as much support.

Nevertheless, the unrepentant Captain Crunch may have the last laugh yet. When he gets out he plans to hold a press conference explaining how to crack the government's Autovon system. The Autovon system is the computer storage network police and authorities refer to when they want goods on somebody. Legal, political, personal, and financial records of millions of people are available to anyone who can crack the Autovon. Police officials can tap Autovon's banks in a matter of seconds with their official equipment. According to sources familiar with the upcoming press conference Draper plans to reveal a signal-tone code similar to blue and red box tones that will activate the machine. Federal authorities have warned him he may step afoul of the law again if he uses the device.

# Coke Scandal Continues

by Michael Chance

John "Scooter" Herring, former bodyguard and close personal friend of rock superstar Greg Allman, received 75 years in jail last week as a result of grand jury testimony by Allman. Allman in return received immunity from prosecution.

Within hours reports had reached Yipster Times that the band had broken up. Three members formed their own band, "Sea Level", citing Allman's testimony as "the last straw".

Herring's 75 year sentence and the breakup of the internationally famed rock group is the latest development in a story broken in YT last February. The YT at that time charged Allman and Capricorn Records president Phil Walden had been granted favors from grand jury prosecutors invest-

igating the Georgia "cocaine trail" in exchange for lucrative rock benefits for presidential aspirant Jimmy Carter. Walden arranged rock concerts featuring the Allman Brothers, the Marshall Tucker Band, Wet Willie, and the Charlie Daniels band. The concerts netted hundreds of thousands for Carter.

Dealers and others in the Macon-Atlanta axis charged Walden had originally been scheduled to testify before the grand jury but had been deleted from the witness list for unknown reasons. They also claimed that the Capricorn Records studio in Macon was infamous for the drug dealing that went on there with Walden's full knowledge.

Phil Walden and Greg Allman refused to speak to YT in regard to the latest developments.



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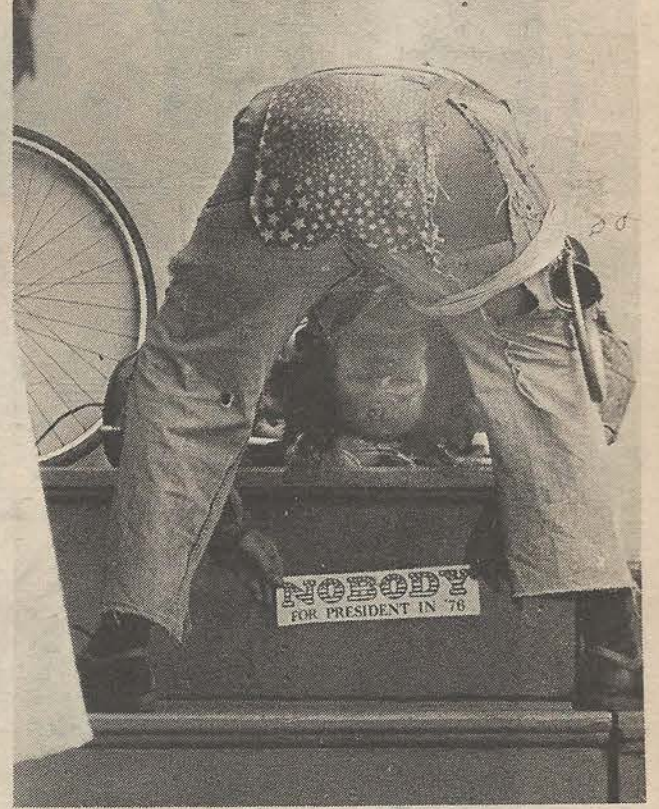
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**"AN ENTERTAINING MIND-BLOWER!!" — HARPER'S WEEKLY**

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# NOBODY FOR PRESIDENT



Photos by Cody Marr

**W**avy Gravy was a beat poet who went under the name Hugh Romney in the late 50's and early 60's—a regular at the famous Gaslight Cafe along with Bob Dylan, Peter Paul and Mary, Phil Ochs and the rest of the folkies. In the late 60's he helped form the Hog Farm, a group of freakos who sputtered from city to city with the message of the cultural revolution painted on their old school buses. After a stint with the Merry Pranksters, a run-in with the New York City Police at the Bangla Desh concert which caused Wavy permanent back-damage, he ended up feeding the cockroaches in the Yippie house in '74. Wavy was in town for the counterconvention and M'ced a lot of the YIP actions. . . . .

**YT:** We are here with Wavy Gravy, nobody's campaign manager.

**WG:** Nobody's fool. Nobody is in charge.

**YT:** Wavy, a lot of people have expressed skepticism over the chances of your candidate ever attaining public office. How would you respond to that?

**WG:** If they just would look at linear information, they would discover that 43% of all eligible voters in the last election voted for nobody. So nobody has been in office for quite some time. In fact if they would look at the record they would discover that nobody lowered their taxes last year, nobody balanced the budget, nobody stopped the war, nobody is feeding the hungry and the destitute, and nobody loves you when you are down and out.

**YT:** I am glad to hear that things are going alright in this country.

**WG:** Well, we thought that if we made nobody the official president, then nobody would officially feed all the people and stop the war against the poor.

**YT:** Some people have said that nobody is fuzzy on the issues. How does nobody stand on busing?

**WG:** Well, have you ever seen a bus with nobody in it? Nobody thinks that people should be in buses, and take those buses where they want to go. A geology class could get in a bus and drive to the Grand Canyon to study geology. We think that the schools should be moved out of the classrooms and into the various buses and that kids should live on the buses and visit various people like Buckminster Fuller and learn how the planet is put together and how the planet is fucked up. Then give them microphones and send them out to speak on the issues. Nobody wants to organize children, because nobody believes that America will listen to the children. They can't hear from us anymore. Never trust anybody over nine. No I would say eleven. I will amend that!

All children between seven and eleven would be required to ride in the buses. They will then be bused around from city to city, and from national park to national park, just to see how this whole scene is put together. Then we have a future see, because these kids would understand what is happening.

**YT:** How does nobody feel about cities?

**WG:** They should be evacuated. Evacuate the cities slowly, it's a rear guard action, working out of collectives, and working together. Cities are built for wallets. See what we gotta do is put together some cities that have to do with human beings, i.e. the designs of Paolo Solari, a living organism, and people flow through it like blood. There is a majesty and a magic that motivates people to start working around the reasons why people first came together in the first place, to get high together. Nobody thinks that everybody should work toward keeping everybody high three months a year and the remaining nine months they could discover who they are and do their thing, whether it might be a poet or a shoemaker, or an inventor, they could let the wind blow through their heart and discover who they are, and discover the wage slave system.

**YT:** Now suppose that nobody takes office. How are the Russians going to react?

**WG:** There might be another Russian Revolution! We would be living what they first preached when they started their boogie.

**YT:** Who is nobody's vice president?

**WG:** Nobody.

**YT:** Nobody again? How can he be president and vice president at the same time? Suppose nobody gets assassinated?

**WG:** It is impossible to assassinate nobody.

**YT:** The CIA has developed super sophisticated assassination techniques. They can go out in the woods and fire their poison dart guns into the air and the dart will land harmlessly on the ground and they would have assassinated nobody!

**WG:** I understand, I understand, Abraham Lincoln once said a pig does not believe anything that he can't see. So at the convention parade with nobody in the back of the convertible, when the ticker tape is flying, we will have a couple of real live assassination attempts, and you will see that nobody is in-fucking-destructible. Nobody lives forever and nobody lives on nothing. We don't have to conduct these costly presidential campaigns anymore. We are going to have a motorcade down on Main Street in Kansas City. Motorcycle escort and the one car. We have a picture of nobody at the house in Berkeley. It is in a frame and someone took one of those Groucho Marx noses, and stapled it to the middle of the wall, as nobody's nose! Next slide please.....

# Wavy Gravy is Nobody's Fool



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HOOPER'S DEPRESSION

BUDDY, CAN YOU SPARE A DIME?

H. Brown



by Grimes Poznikov

**O**n July 8th I was headed across I-80 to N.Y.C. to protest martial-law-concentration-camp-nuclear-holocaust-generating Senate Bill One and support Nobody for President at the Democratic National Convention. Weary from 12 hours of driving, arriving in the desert town of Carlin, Nevada; I harbored little vision of discriminating arrest procedures, illegal post-Hitler-era-European-border-crossing-style searches, or legal systems that transform the U.S. Constitution into second-hand toilet paper, stilted up by shoot-first-ask-questions-later-mind-imprinted stormtroopers with fat salaries provided by a carefully brain-programmed-apathectic population of neo-Fascists. Not until most of my van's engine coolant had boiled out of a defective radiator cap 13 miles West of Carlin did such a vision become a nightmarish reality, with the coup-de-grace of "Easy Rider" sung to "Alice's Restaurant".

"PIT STOP" read the tall service station sign in the distance. Maneuvering through foot-deep potholes to the rear of the station I asked the first person I saw, a teenager wearing a greasy red baseball cap and workshirt, "This is an emergency, where's the water?"

Later to be defined as "malicious", this became my first mistake, not asking for gas, but free water; my second was to make the inquiry to the pubescent-15-year-old-child-slave-laborer-daughter in the midst of undergoing program-processes-of-proper-Americanhood by the mom-and-pop station owners.

"Over there," she directed with a nebulous gesture.

Wheeling over to a set of pumps labeled "TRUCKS" and spraying water over the steaming radiator, I was oblivious of the father's military command to his daughter, who in turn had asked me several times to move as regards to my rusty '67 Chevy van failing to meet the classification of "TRUCK".

"You better git that hippy outa there." I perceived in a brief glance over my shoulder the lip movements and arm protruding in my direction from the cab of an 18-wheeler as the driver appeared to command the station-owner.

"OK, WHETHER HE'S SITTIN' THERE OR NOT, ROLL THAT RIG RITE OVER HIM," was the station-owner's response as later relayed to me by Robert, a hitch-hiker I picked up at the Nev.-Cal. border bound to Ohio to live with his parents, who began to yell over the engine's roar, "Hey man these guys are really uptight. You better git outa here right now, man, com'on man!"

"OK OK, just let me get this...POP..SSSSSSSSSSBLUBBLUBA." The explosion from my third mistake, too hasty release of the radiator cap, cut short my reply.

Not until forced to evacuate my driver's seat from scalding steam was I able to hear the now-irate-father shouting vehemently, "YOU BETTER GIT THAT THING OUTA THERE, HIPPY, OR WE'RE CALLING THE POLICE!" Despite Robert's continuing protests, I refused to jump into the boiling water, instead giving the radiator 10 seconds of cold water with spigot held carefully with outstretched arm.

My voice carried unintentionally in the rarefied Nevada atmosphere as I muttered my analysis to the now saturated vehicle and Nobody, my presidential endorsee, "(That's) fucking Fascist!" This became my fourth error in 163 seconds at the "Pit Stop."

Intending to leave immediately, I backed 10 feet from the pumps, stopped, and engaged in the fifth mistake; to jump out, run up, and retrieve the worthless radiator cap, blown to the ground in front of the van. Little did I realize that Carlin's repressive-1st-Amendment-eliminating-morality-legislation dictates as verboten the mention of anything regarding sex (or excretia); and that TV-violence oriented parents have defined my retrieval of the radiator cap as a filthy-Jew-hippie-rape/assault attempt on their aryan child-slave. (Complemented by my recent appearance as an extra with the Automatic Human Jukebox on a Saturday nite "Burt D'Angelo Superstar" ABC special, where a buncha' priests and nuns get shot

up in the plot.)

In continuing my exit from the station, a sixth mistake was made as I drove within 5 feet of the mother coming to the daughter's rescue. "And he tried to hit me with his van," so read the scrawl of her complaint form signed before me later at the jail with hateful-spite, as if an

The Yipster Times

annihilation order for a rabid dog was being made.

With my attempted 'rape' of his daughter and 'murder' of his wife, the father had now gone totally berserk. As he charged at me wildly swinging a 3-foot-10 lb. sledge hammer, I was compelled to escape barely by accelerating from the

station. Spinning gravel to avoid a crushed skull I committed the 7th mistake. Knowing Judge Van Cunningham will believe an upstanding citizen before a hippie-drug-addict anytime, the station owner makes a big point of this in his complaint form.

Time elapsed: 3 minutes, 14 seconds.

My final blunder was to pack 19 identical "Dunhill Standard Medium" tins with various teas, incenses, tobaccos, and herbs; allowing the one with a few grams of Columbian buds (used to catalyze my mass-psychotherapeutic-street-music-system for over a million people encountered in the previous week) to float up to the front seat area.

The police posse caught up at the city limits and tailed us to 24 miles East of Carlin. Pedaling the van at 45MPH I exclaimed to Robert, "Hey, hey, hey, we got us a regular caravan here!" who began sweating profusely as the sirens were activated.

"CLICK" went the safety as one trooper fondled his '38 while the other barked commands, "OK get out and put your hands in plain view, step against the side of the van, step back, spread your legs, isaid SPREAD YOUR LEGS!" The officer aided Robert's clumsy feet by kicking them apart violently.

"Hmmappearsthatwehavesomecontrabandsubstancehere.Youknowit'sa FELONYinNevadatohavethisstuff.Inother placetheymayjustslapourwristbuttherein NevadaWEDON'TMESSAROUND," he sneered with a practiced flair as if all stupid hippies are shook-down this way. After a "Jus do'in our job" Adolf-Eichmann-Nuremberg-defense-number, the illegal search was completed.

Pickups with rifles-cradled-ready-in their-racks began emerging from the searing-desert-heat-bending-light-from-free-way as I keyed-up the channels on my "Alleycat" CB unit, "Breaker 19, this is Jolly Jukebox goin' to jail for marywan-ny...brkr 3...etc."

Robert, "You mean you guys would've killed us if we'd made a false move?"

Officer, "That's right."

So goes the jovial conversations in the station waiting for the judge, which included a couple of sarcastic renditions from plastic Miranda rights cards. Contraband evidence was carelessly left on the counter for an unwatched instant. I'm allowed to eat a third of it, chomping away silently as the trooper returns to slam his foot on an adjoining chair and laugh uproariously at the 3"-red-block letters of a poster stapled to the wall above my head. "\$1500 REWARD FOR DOPE PUSHERS". Following another cursory search for "the Heroin" and muttering "Wedon't wannamakeanationalcaseoutofalittlemarijuana," the judge was ready for arraignment. (Only after I've forked over \$200.)

Judge Van Cunningham listened grimly with complete prejudice to my account. I spoke to a pair of brass-engraved-bullet-proof copies of the U.S. Constitution hypocritically emblazoning the stand, "Your honor, I was headed to the N.Y.C. Democratic convention to protest SB-1 which would eliminate my Automatic Human Jukebox street-music system, and then continue onto the Montreal Olympics to demonstrate how "free" it is in this Bicentennial Amerika...and if your honor doesn't mind, this is what I said-fucking Fascist."

Failing to convince the judge of my innocence regarding the charges, "maliciously disturbing the peace and obscene language", and having to pay a \$200.00 ransom for my freedom, the Montreal-trip plans went up in smoke. Now a prisoner in my own country the '76 Bicentennial 'Freedom' fantasy evaporated into a neo-Fascist reality of repressive-apocalyptic-consciousness.

With a series of loans and bumming into high-speed-semi-truck convoys using the CB unit, I was able to make it to NYC just in time to provide counter-conventional music as the Democrats nominated neo-Nazi Jimmy Carter to start up World War III with totalitarian-preemptive-strike consciousness. Once at Madison Square Garden it was a relief to yell "UPAGAINSTTHEWALLSMUTHA'FUCCA'" and not fear retribution.

# "THE JUKEBOX THEY COULD NOT JAIL" STARRING GRIMES POZNIKOV THE AUTOMATIC HUMAN JUKEBOX





## Cops Tell Doper to Eat It

(ZNS) Here's a switch.

Two Sheriff's Deputies and their commanding officer have been suspended from duty for allegedly forcing an Arizona man to eat an ounce of marijuana.

Twenty-year-old Wayne Harris claimed the two officers stopped him recently on suspicion of drunk driving, and after a search, recovered an ounce of pot in his auto.

Harris then claims the two police ordered him to begin eating the pot, saying that (quote) "If there's no evidence, we can't bust you, so eat it."

Harris filed a complaint against the two police, saying that after he munched down all the weed, he became so ill that he had to be taken to the hospital. The two deputies and their commanding officer have been suspended without pay by the Marina Sheriff's Office for 10 days.

## Kids Say the Darnedest Things

(ZNS) A group of fifth-grade students in San Diego has learned that writing your local elected Representatives does produce results—even if they are not exactly what the students have in mind.

It all started when teacher Donald Parker's elementary school class began discussing state legislation designed to protect California's scenic coastal areas. Armed with stamps and envelopes supplied by Parker, the students took State Senators to task for voting against the coastal protection measure.

The letters caused a minor furor at the San Diego school system: laced throughout the letters were colorful epithets telling one California lawmaker to (quote) "suck an egg," and to (quote) "sit on it." Other letters describe a state Senator as a "nerd" and another offers that (quote) "You're so low you have to play sea hunt in the toilet bowl."

The Board of Education investigated the letters and sent teacher Parker a letter of reprimand. The students were forced to write apologies to those offended legislators.

Why all the hoopla over some strongly worded letters from children? It seems that the San Diego Superintendent of Schools was in a State Senator's office lobbying for more school funds when his students' letters began flooding the Senator's desk. The stunned and embarrassed Superintendent bolted out the door, muttering (quote) "I'll get right on it."

With summer well underway, no further disciplinary action is expected.

# URBAN GORILLA MURDERED CITIZEN KONG

By Harry Wasserman

Thousands of New Yorkers mourned as they witnessed their beloved culture-hero King Kong felled by B-1 bombers from his perch atop the twin towers of the World Trade Center. But Italian expatriate movie mogul Dino Della Katessen has no cause to mourn: he claims to be sole beneficiary of the reclusive ape's \$15 million will.

The Big Ape was in the Big Apple to star in Della Katessen's authorized film biography tentatively titled "Citizen Kong." The casting of Kong to play himself was a big coup for the producer, since Kong has led a secluded life in his mansion, San Simian, on Skull Island ever since he was a Hollywood star in the thirties. Many Hollywood wags believed Kong had passed away years ago in his jungle retreat, until Della Katessen flew back to the States from Skull Island with a great inky paw print on his movie contract. Kong had agreed to sign with Della Katessen after being promised top billing and an undisclosed percentage of the gross.

But Kong had trouble readjusting to the hustle and bustle of Manhattan after more than forty years of peaceful seclusion. The hectic shooting schedule caused him to drink on the set. "Mostly banana daiquiris," said a propman. During one tense moment of filming, Kong stalked off the set, bottle in hand, and went on a rampage through the streets of New York, ultimately climbing to the top of the Trade Center arm-in-arm with a prostitute whom he had told he was a delegate to the Democratic Convention. Mayor Beame tried in vain to cajole Kong to climb down by offering him his weight in Big Mac bonds, but Governor Carey had to call out the bombers to down the ape. "We had to destroy the ape to save him," the Governor told reporters.

Della Katessen claims that when Kong signed the contract he also signed a last will and testament bequeathing all his wealth and property to the producer. But others claim that the signatures were forgeries and that the ape who arrived in New York was an impostor. Retired movie actress Anna May Fayray, Kong's first wife, told Yipster that Kong made her beneficiary before falling off the Empire State Building to his death during a hushed-up incident in the thirties. Hollywood superstar James Cāen claims to be the sole heir, alleging that he is the long-lost son of Kong and Fayray, having changed his name from James Kong when he moved to Hollywood. Author Clifford Irving claims that Kong is really alive and well, and that Kong gave him permission to ghostwrite his autobiography when Irving visited him recently in the Bermuda Triangle.







Photo by Cody Marr

# Yippies Crash Carter's Garden Party

by Leon Yipsky

ocracy. . . .

"Who gives you decent schools?"  
 "NOBODY!"  
 "Who's gonna lower your taxes?"  
 "NOBODY!"  
 "And who'll stop all Vietnam-style wars?"  
 "NOBODY!"  
 "NOBODY FOR PRESIDENT!"

"F.B.I., C.I.A.,  
 How many files did you burn today?  
 F.B.I., C.I.A.,  
 How many people did you kill today?"

Outside the rigidly-controlled 1964 Democratic Convention in Atlantic City, N.J., a small group of demonstrators protested the exclusion of black delegates from the Democratic Party. These few prophets were harbingers of the Black Power and Antiwar movements of the late '60's.

Outside the rigidly-controlled 1976 Democratic Convention in New York City, a small group of Yippies protested their exclusion from American Dem-

"You hafta understand the way American politics work. Nixon could get away with detente with the Soviet Union and China because he was a reactionary Republican, whereas if a Democrat had done detente he'd been branded a Commie. Nixon couldn't get away with instituting a police state, because he was a reactionary Republican and every time he tried anything a certain number of people instinctively said: 'Oh, that's old Tricky Dick, we know where he's coming from.' But Jimmy Carter hasn't got that image problem. He could institute a police state, just as Johnson bombed Vietnam."



Photo by Howard Berman



Photo by Bettye Lane





Photo by Ara Ignatius BEN MASEL prior to arrest



Photo by Cody Marr

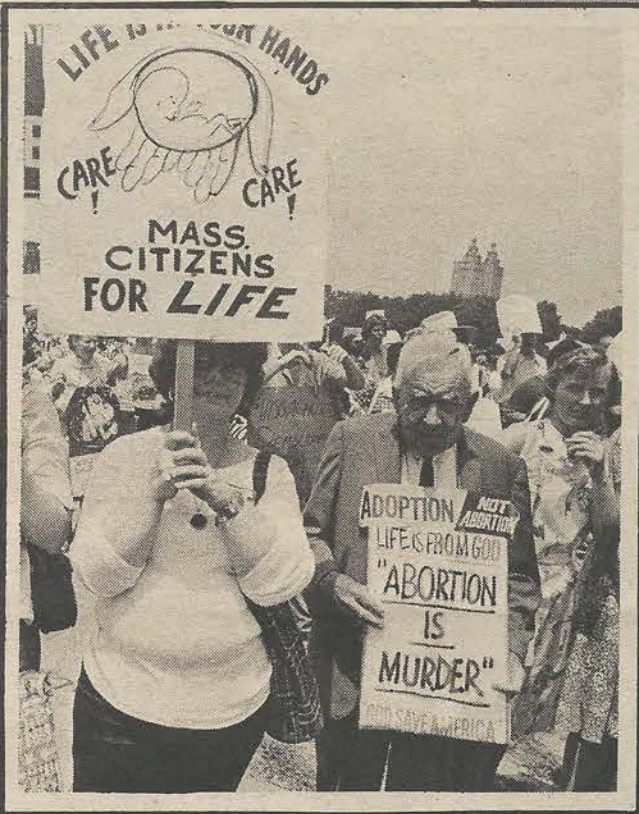


Photo by Ara Ignatius

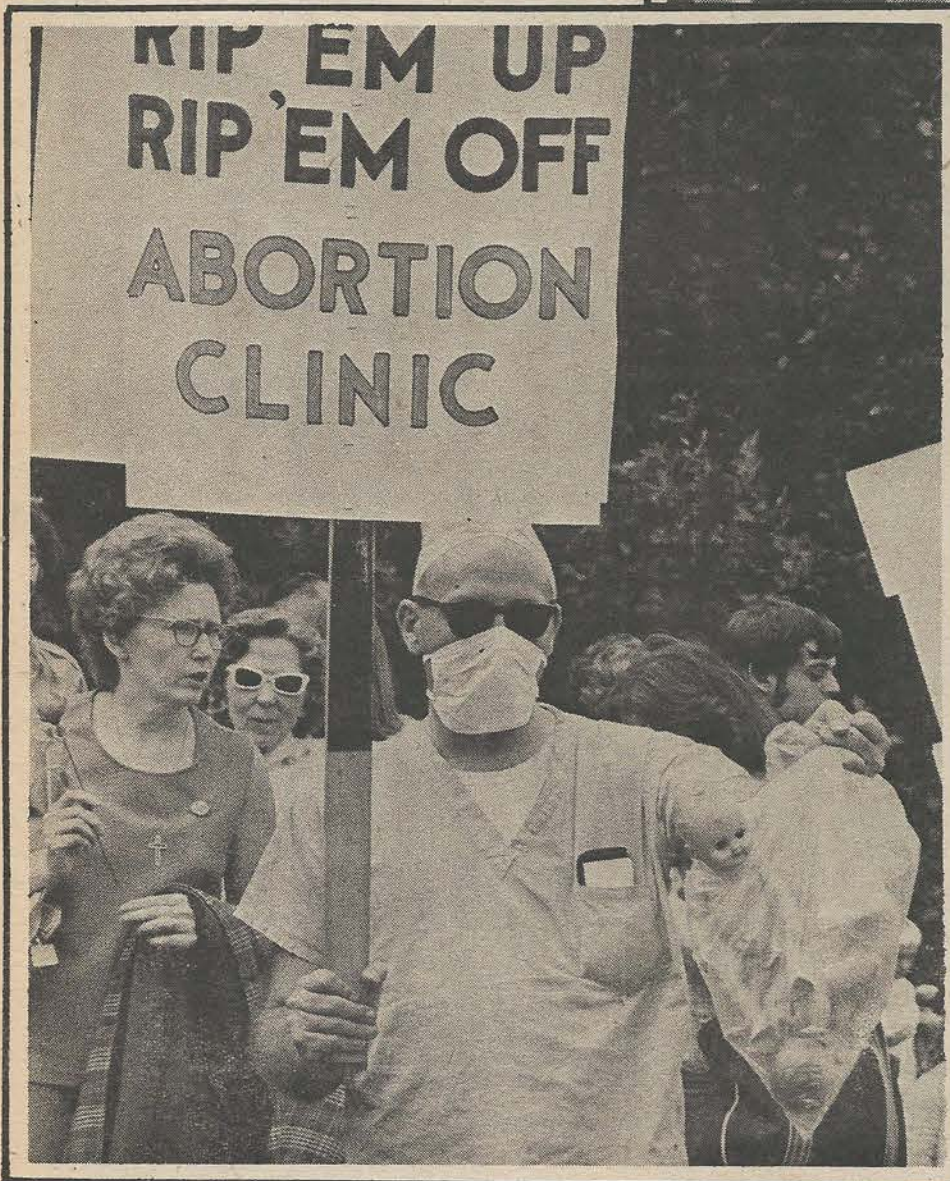


Photo by Ara Ignatius

MIRIAM SCHLINGER grabbed by cop prior to arrest

The Left didn't come to New York for Jimmy Carter's Convention. They stayed home, tired and water logged after the debacle in Philly July 4th when movement security goons threatened Indians, gays, Yuppies, neighborhood residents, anybody who wouldn't march in lock-step.

The Right came out, though. Sunday 2000 anti-abortion crusaders tramped into Central Park, determined to force their politico-religious sickness on unwilling pregnant women. Twenty Yuppies stepped out to meet them. The Yuppies carried bloody coathangers and signs like "HOSPITALS NOT COATHANGERS!" And then the Yuppies chanted: "ABORT THE POPE! BETTER LATE

THAN NEVER!"

At that, rightwing Catholic cops, stupidly assigned to keep order, went apeshit, and when the dust settled they'd busted and beaten Miriam, Ben Zippie and the sound system. Hours later, embarrassed Protestant cops released all three. Thereafter, the police and city officials turned accommodating and there were no more arrests. Jimmy Carter had his token black keynote speaker, the pigs had their token violence. Something for everybody.

"Nobody for President! Everybody for Vice-President! If Nobody wins, Everybody wins!"





Photo by Cody Marr

SMOKE-IN ENTERTAINERS: (left to right) WAVY GRAVY, DAVID PEEL, GRIMES POZNIKOV



Photo by Cody Marr

Photo by Cody Marr



Photo by David Clayton

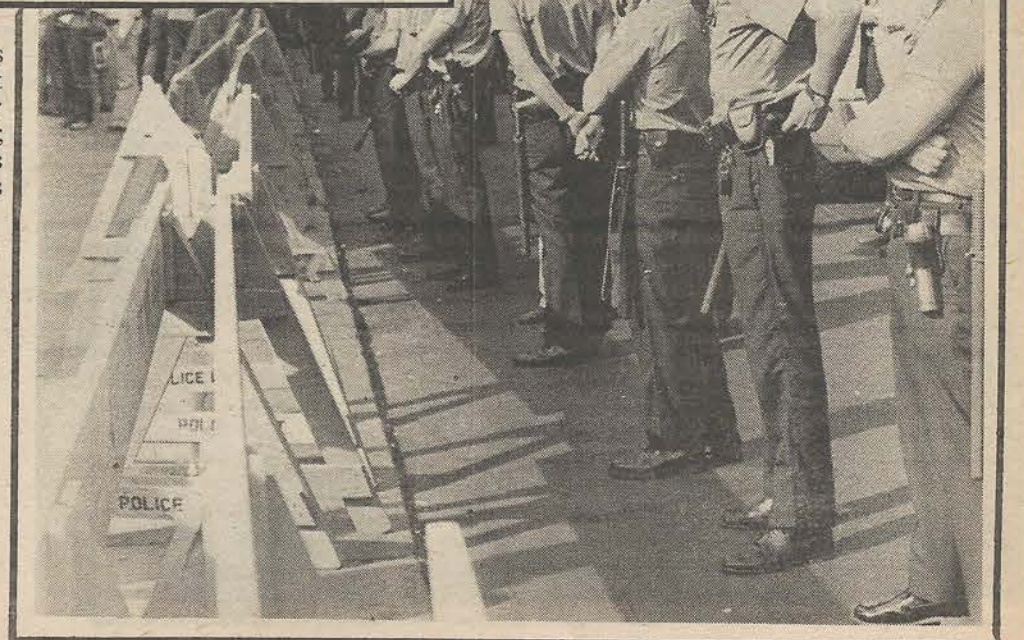


"In 1968 at Chicago we nominated a pig named Pigasus for President. In 1972 our candidate for President was a rock, and for Vice President we nominated a roll, because we figured if things got real bad we could always eat the Vice President. Now, in 1976, we're running the candidate most people vote for anyway: Nobody. Nobody for President!"

In Philly, 40,000 demonstrators marched away from the assemblage they were protesting, past two empty schools and a cemetery, into an empty park, and were, predictably, invisible through the mass media. In New York, Yippies who never numbered more than 500 were conspicuous. Five times we marched up or down Seventh or Eighth Avenue, past Jimmy Carter's hotel, the Americana, straight to Madison Square Garden, across the street from the press

entrance. Hundreds of thousands saw us firsthand; millions saw us on the idiot box, when even Cronkite and Brinkley got bored with the anointing of Jimmy; we slipped into people's morning papers and hid with them behind the cornflakes box.

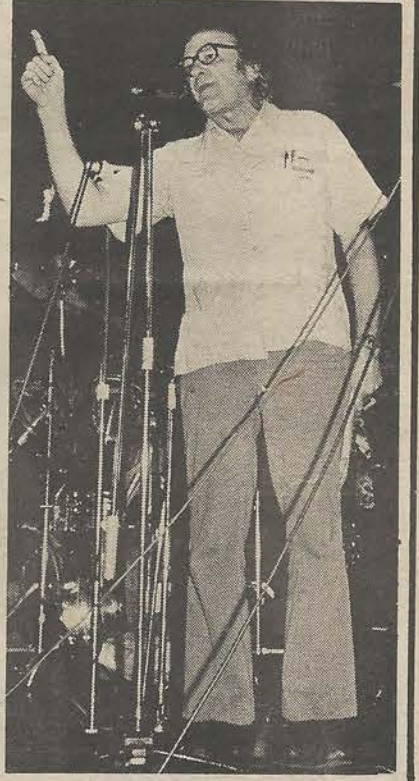
Monday afternoon Chairwoman Lindy Boggs convened the Democrats' Convention in Madison Square Garden. At the Bandshell in Central Park, marijuana convened the Yippies' Convention. It was a mellow crowd, generally free of the sleazoid element whose reefer rip-offs have plagued some Central Park smoke-ins. Despite the famine, pot was plentiful, if a little green, and death drugs were not a problem. Nerves and lack of sleep made a few Y.I.P. organizers unduly irritable, but the sun and the smoke sorta smoothed things out. Wavy Gravy, in clown costume, was a big hit:







PAUL KRASSNER  
DAVE DELLINGER



Photos by Walter Karling

Monday night we surged off the sidewalk, into the streets. The cops didn't try to stop us. At the Garden we unfurled the biggest banner any of us had ever seen—"STOP GOVT. SPYING"—And Dana Beal proposed a remedy:

"What we want is full prosecution of all the guilty agents, from Nixon and Mitchell on down to your local narks. But that's not enough. We also want full reparations. We think these people should have to pay us money, should have to pay reparations to everybody they ever spied on, because the only way they'll ever stop doing it is if we make it too expensive for them to do it."

Down the street, 10,000 striking hospital workers from Local 1199 assailed the Democrats—and dwarfed our T.V. presence. We supported the hospital workers, we let them know it—but we couldn't help wishing their demo wasn't so damned impressive, because ours looked impressive till they showed up.

At night and into early morning, High Times magazine threw a "Counter-Convention" party at the Hotel Diplomat. Admission was \$3, but they'd let you in for whatever you had. Soft drinks were 75 cents, beer \$1, and the bar's prices were not negotiable.

Retired rad Jerry Rubin showed up.

Furious, A.J. Weberman blocked the door. "You ain't comin' in here, man! You're not wanted here!" The two Yipster authors faced each other: Rubin quiet, contrite, nodding—his much-ballyhooed *Growing (Up)* at 37, had described his retreat into psycho-therapy and mysticism; Weberman loud, enraged, shaking—his widely-suppressed *Coup d'etat in America: The C.I.A. and the Assassination of John F. Kennedy* had documented the involvement of Government agents, including Waterburglars E. Howard Hunt and Frank Sturgis, in J.F.K.'s murder. A.J. was pissed that Jerry, to promote his book, had stated the Chicago 7 were "guilty as hell" of conspiring to incite a riot at the '68 Democratic Convention, smearing pacifists like David Dellinger and damaging permit negotiations for the '76 Conventions. Rubin finally sneaked into the Counter-Convention, but he never once showed his newly-bearded face in the streets, at any of the demonstrations, where a little bit of danger went along with the partying and hanging out being Jerry Rubin.

"No more Jerry Rubins!" screamed David Peel. "No more Abbie Hoffmans! Just marijuana! Marijuana and ourselves! Do what the fuck you want! We smoke pot and we like it a lot!"



WBAI's BOB FASS (left) and JERRY RUBIN



Photo by Cody Marr

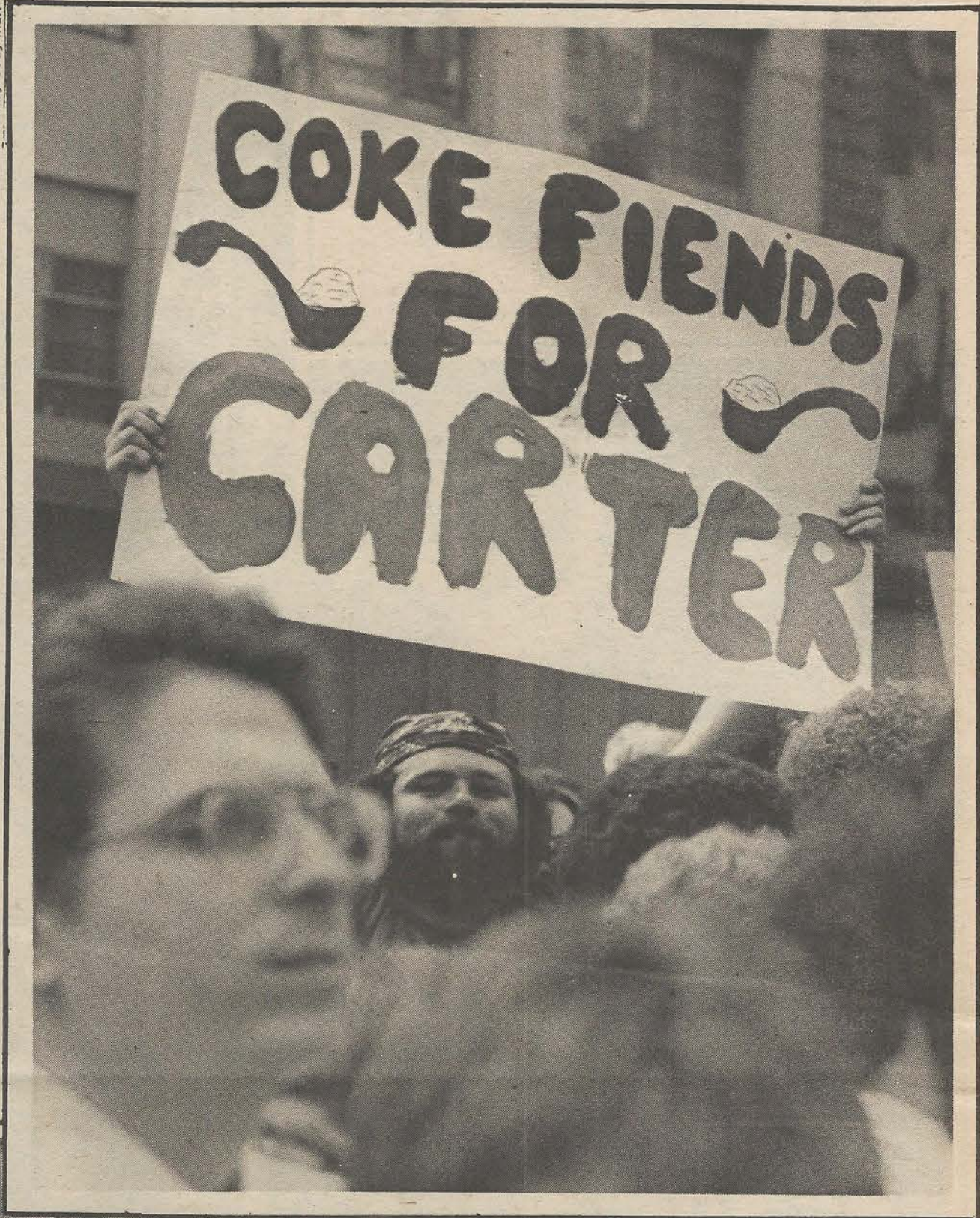
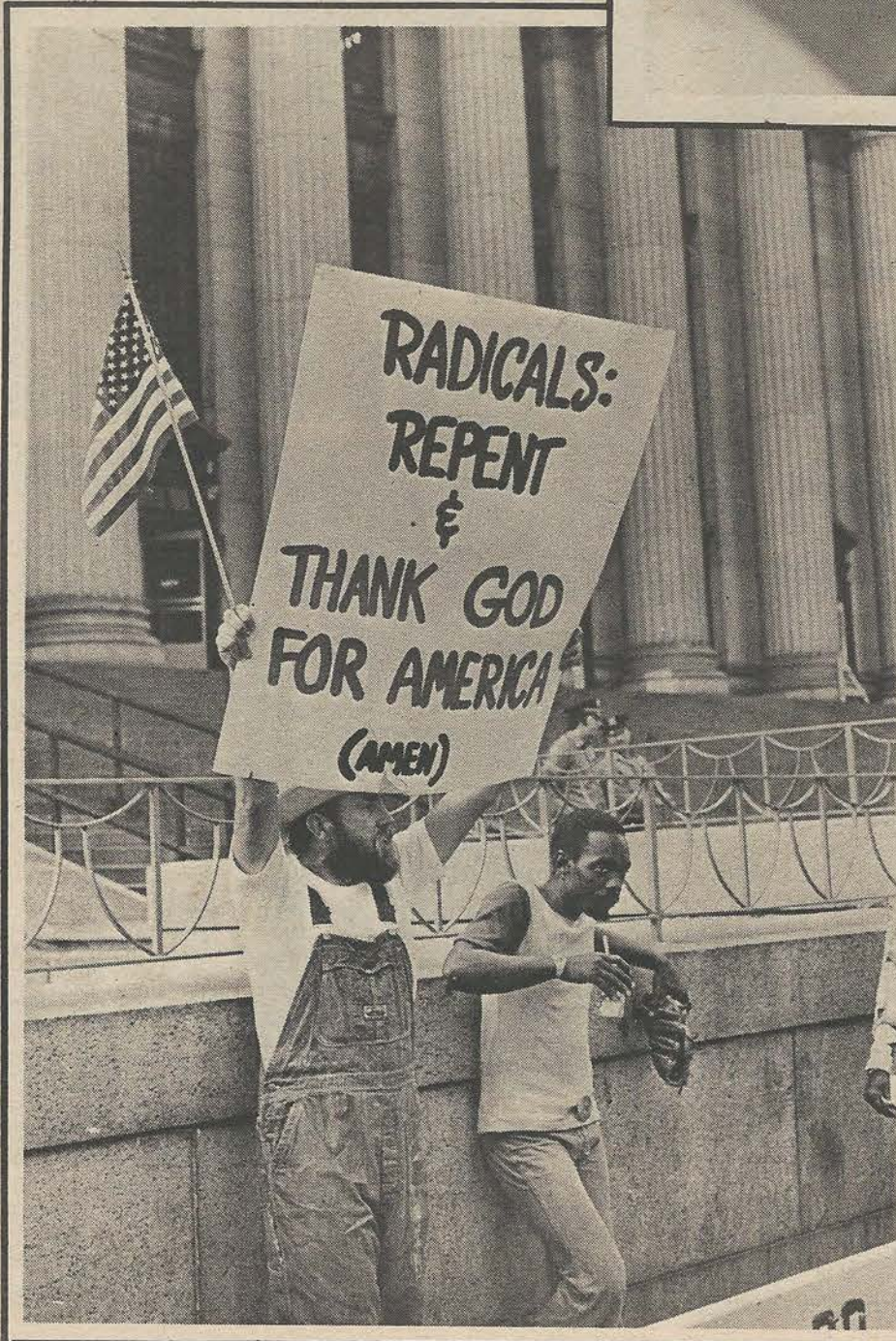


Photo by David Clayton



Tuesday was gray and drizzly, and organizers began to deemphasize the day's planned activities, figuring the most important thing apt to happen was a Y.I.P. conference. In late afternoon, though, an impromptu march to the Garden did get together. The gathering outside the Convention featured the banner that haunted Carter in California—"COKE FIENDS FOR CARTER," an allusion to the cocaine scandal and cover-up involving key Carter supporters—and arguments with Jesus Fascists paid by the Government to disrupt demos which effectively deflected media coverage. Many of the Yippies then marched back to the park, with an extra-long stop for rest and chanting at Carter's hotel.

Back at the Bandshell, the Y.I.P. conference got underway. There wasn't much to say about New York: we were primarily a T.V. commercial for the G.O.P. Convention. There was a lot to say about Kansas City.

"The Republican Convention is gonna be so close it could be decided by just eight or ten votes. We'll be the balance of power. We can tip the Convention towards Ray-gun, who'd like go down to a crushing defeat that could destroy the Republican Party forever. The time has come in history for the Republican Party to exit stage-right. The two-party system as we know it is about shot. In Kansas City we'll give people the choice between J. Edgar Kangaroo and Nobody. Dig it, in every damn election most people vote for Nobody—but the Kangaroo always wins."

Wednesday, Bastille day, sunny again, was pronounced a continuation of Monday's march. The smoke-in was shorter, the speeches more frequent and fervent. A small band of Jesus provocateurs came around, but this time there was no distracting argument. Yippie hitman Aron Kay seized the time. Pranc-

ing to within ten feet of the head Christomaniac, Aron unloaded a gob of saliva the size of a tennis ball. It splashed in the middle of the evangelist's face. In a state of shock, he mopped his face with a big white handkerchief, then walked away, mumbling that he forgave the poor sinner—and he ceased to be a disruptive presence.

The march was loud. Many marchers kept time by banging together small pieces of wood, which often drowned out the chanting. Still, there was no doubt what we wanted:

**"NOBODY FOR PRESIDENT!"**

Like most of our Convention activities, Wednesday's march was well-integrated racially and sexually, predominantly but not entirely young and poor. As usual, the Yippies openly smoked and shared pot.

Outside the Garden, we held a "People's Tribunal." Folks from the crowd took the microphone to "testify" regarding busts, beatings, ripoffs, various crimes the police state had committed against them. A Jesus creep grabbed the mike to denounce the crowd. We jeered. "O.K., we let you speak, man," shouted Dana, retrieving the mike "but you just remember one thing: you know damn well if we'd interrupted one of your things and laid down our trip, you'd've stomped on us."

Meantime, inside the Garden, the long-denied Democrats found hope for the future. James Earl "Jimmy" Carter, "born-again" Baptist, Naval technocrat turned peanut farmer turned politician-priest, a skillful blend of Jack Kennedy and Billy Graham, a miracle of modern packaging. Jimmy Carter, with his mama and his blond-haired daughter, Amy Carter, Girl Capitalist. Jimmy Carter: I'll never lie to you. Because every time I lie to you, my teeth grow another inch."



A march of gay activists arrived at the Garden, just down the street from us, as we had been from the hospital workers Monday night. Not only had gays been cut out of the Democratic Party, they'd been cut out of the Left as well. Radical chic in the early '70's, they had been abandoned by movementoids, and in Philly when gays held hands and chanted gay rights chants they were sternly informed by security goons: "You're not the issue here."

**"GAY, STRAIGHT, BLACK, WHITE: SAME STRUGGLE, SAME FIGHT!"**

The cops put "Police Line" sawhorses between the Yips and the gays. A flying wedge of Yuppies dismantled the barricade, but the pigs immediately reconstructed it. From the microphone, Dana completed the metaphor: "How come you guys are putting barriers between us?"

\*\*\*

Thursday night the Yuppies marched to the Garden again, this time bearing a giant papier-mache Gerald Ford head. But the eyes of the nation were elsewhere, as inside the Garden Carter abandoned his anti-establishment charade and chose for Vice-President Walter Mondale, protege of Hubert Humphrey. Now, for the first time, dissent spilled over onto the Convention floor.

Alexander Garnish, a Massachusetts delegate nominating a rightwing anti-busing candidate for Veep, suddenly charged:

**"Jimmy Carter is controlled by the Rockefellers and the Council on Foreign Relations..."**

Delegates laughed and nudged each other. Chairwoman Boggs and a hefty security goon approached Garnish from either side, and Boggs showed him in the rulebook where it said he couldn't criticize a candidate. Garnish: "If you people don't want to hear the truth, that's fine with me." The delegates laughed and applauded. Said Garnish bitterly: "I respectfully apologize for telling the truth." And off he went.

They let Ron Kovic speak, you bet they did. A crippled two-tour Vietnam

vet beaten by Los Angeles police in a 1972 peace demo, Kovic gave a moving speech nominating for V.P. Fritz Efav, a draft dodger from England who had returned to represent "Democrats Abroad" and raise the issue of amnesty for all war resisters. "Welcome home, Fritz!" finished Kovic, and the two men hugged, and the Democrats—whose leaders had prosecuted and prolonged the Vietnam War—stood and cheered.

They cheered peace, equality, jobs, Jimmy Carter and Walter Mondale. There they were, all the old faces, blasts from the past: Hubert Humphrey, Johnson's Vice-President, perennial candidate of the War Democrats; Mayor Daley, who unleashed his pigs on peaceful demonstrators and murdered Black Panthers; Governor Wallace, who once stood in a schoolhouse door and now just sat back and chortled. And there were Martin Luther King, Sr., Jane Fonda, Tom Hayden, Jackie Onassis, George McGovern and Jann Wenner to say it was O.K. with them, all is forgiven. And there, his smile lighting up the darkness, our hero, our savior, our next President, Jimmy Carter. When Jimmy Carter was a small boy, he chopped down the family's beloved peach tree. His father said: "Jimmy, tell the truth, did you chop down that peach tree?" And little Jimmy replied: "Well, perhaps."

When the Republican Party dies and the Democrats rule supreme, things could go either way: we could have fragmentation and a multi-party system or consolidation and a one-party system. The alternatives for the 1980's are Social Democracy or National Socialism. Which ever it is won't make much difference to the people at the very bottom, economically and socially: the Indians, the urban lumpen, gays, prostitutes, prisoners, old people, kids, freaks, won't be liberated by any politician or anything short of total revolution. We're part of the working class, too, and we won't work for peanuts.

**"Who's gonna clean up the ghettoes?"**  
**"NOBODY!"**  
**"Whose gonna make pot legal and cheap?"**  
**"NOBODY!"**  
**"And who are ya gonna vote for?"**  
**"NOBODY!"**  
**"NOBODY FOR PRESIDENT!"**



Photo by Howard Berman

**TOM HAYDEN, California delegate, at Black Caucus meeting**

Photo by Cary Herz

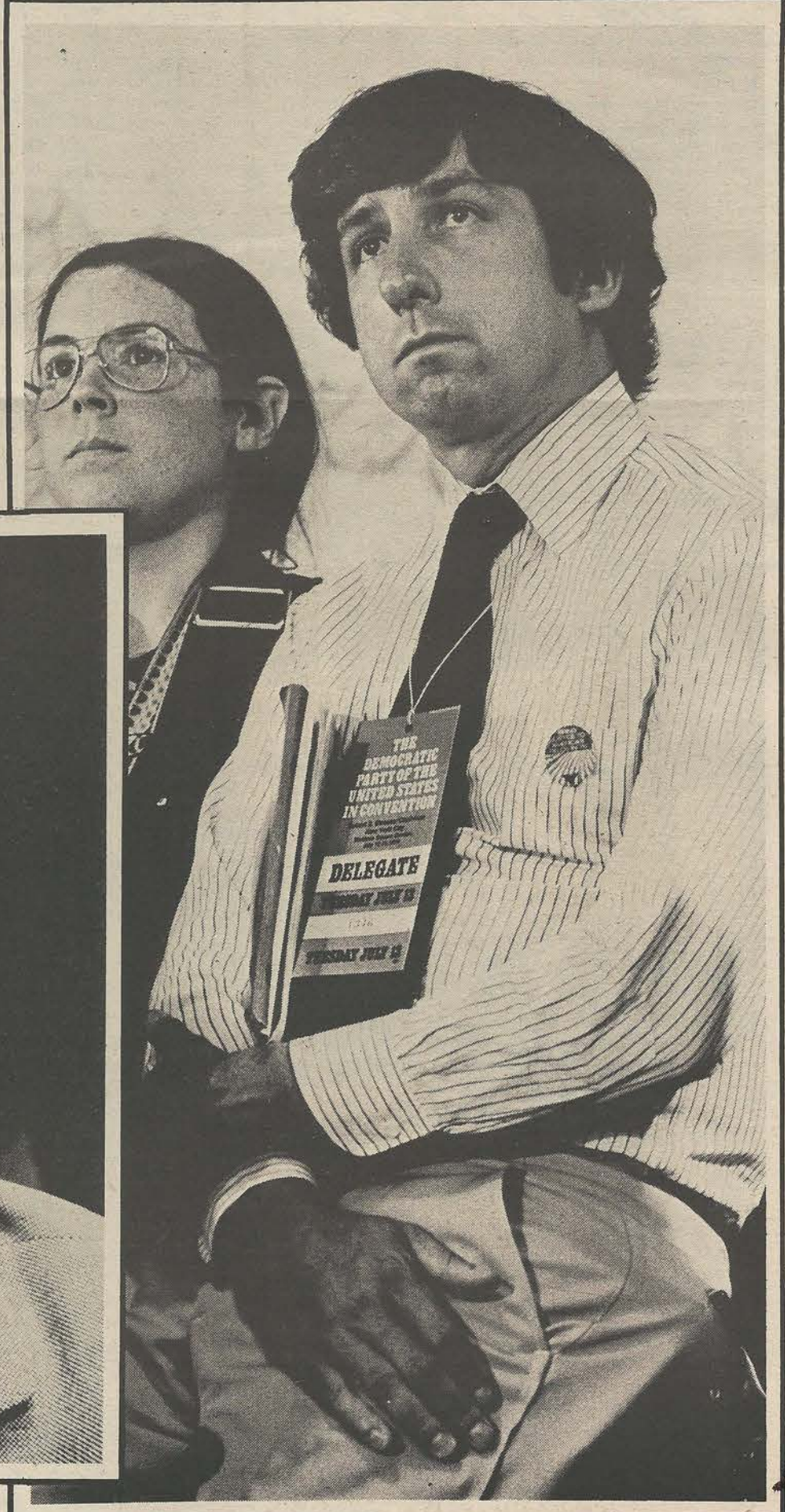
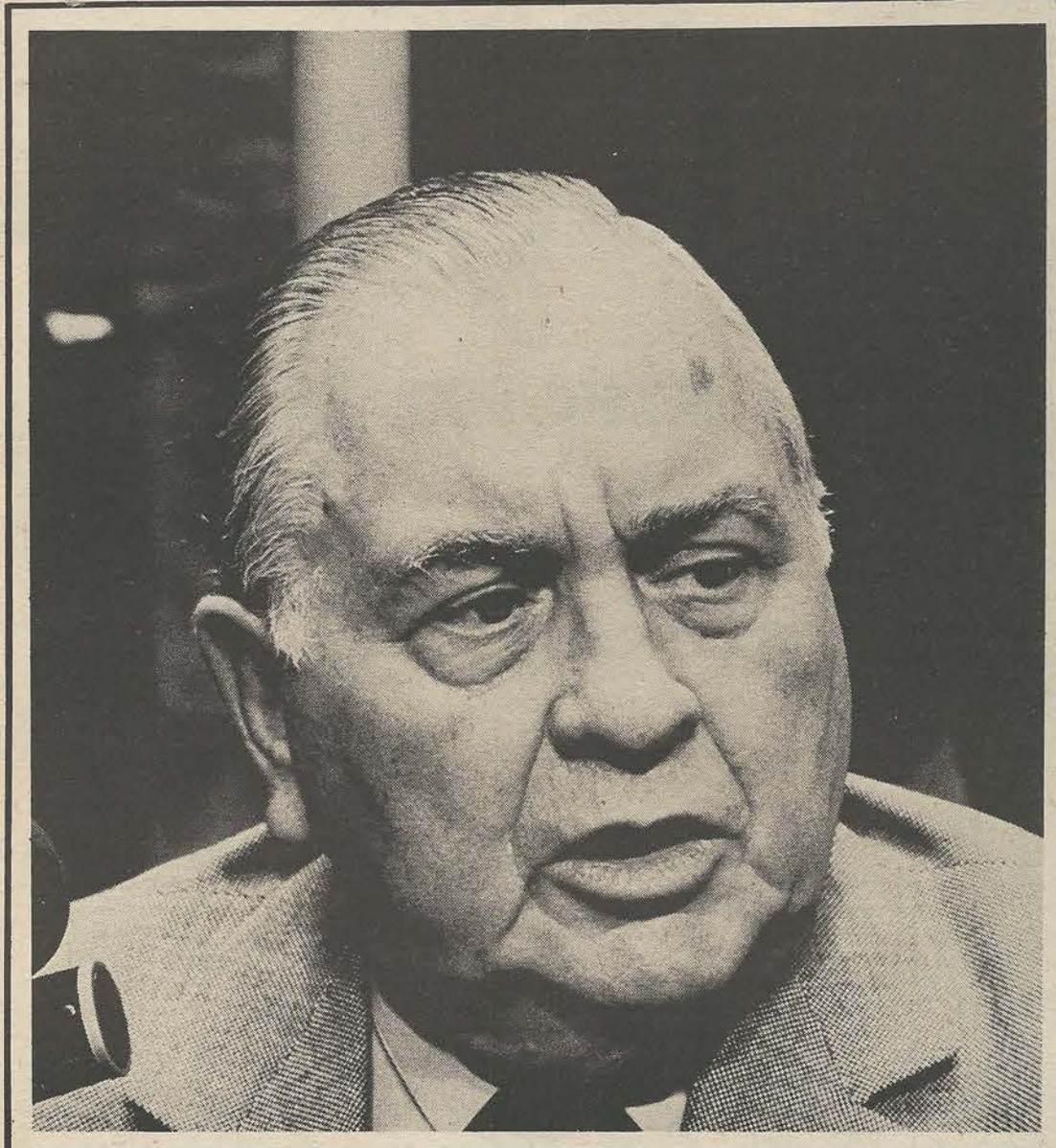


Photo by Bettie Lane



**MAYOR RICHARD DALEY, Chicago delegate**



The following is an excerpt from the forthcoming textbook, *How to Organize a Smoke-In*, soon to be released by *High Times* magazine.

by Sonny Ray Man

Your most effective media tool will be the poster. Aside from the "rumor", it is the most reliable means of spreading the word. Should your event be boycotted by the corporate media, the poster will be your main news tool. Even with good media coverage, a good poster will do wonders to legitimize your organization. Although posters can be done relatively cheaply, it is not a wise place to cut costs. A two-color 11 x 14 (offset) poster should be your minimum route. You are only as powerful as you appear to be, and a ubiquitous, graphically-grabbing poster will be the building block of that power. There are no set rules to follow in poster design, but generally try to keep it informationally and graphically direct and simple. Be sure to include somewhere on the posters the words "Free Dope". This phrase can be played up as big or little as you want but it is your most volatile political message. Also include an informational telephone number. This will not only allow people to get in touch with you to confirm or volunteer resources for the smoke-in, but it will also give the police a number to get in touch with you. Remember, put up posters and then let the police get in touch with you. You will be able to command greater political leverage for parade and park permits once the event is presented de facto. Do not attempt to negotiate before your posters appear.

The number of posters to be printed is best determined by individual circumstance, however, it is always best to overprint than underprint. Surplus posters can always be sold at the smoke-in as collectors memorabilia or as large rolling papers to recoup some of the printing costs.

Local postering customs (not laws) should be heeded. If you are in a heavy poster saturation area try not to cover other groups posters. Although you have reason to be self-righteous about your cause, you only stand to lose from a

# How To Organize a SMOKE-IN

poster war. Posters can be put up almost anywhere with the right materials. However, your targets and accompanying materials should be chosen wisely. Telephone poles love heavy duty tacking staples with at least a 1/2" point. You must be aware that there will be those who will want to start collecting the poster as soon as it goes up, so staple it profusely. For those hard-to-staple surfaces, like cement and glass, wheatpaste or evaporated milk provide super adhesion. There will be some business establishments that you have selected that will object to having your poster as part of their window display and will attempt to strip them off. For those persistent jobs, science has produced a material called liquid glass that actually melts the glass and enshrines the poster in it for the lifetime of the glass, or the store; whichever comes first.

Part of your printing campaign should include 8 x 10 leaflets to be handed out on street corners, local night spots, juvenile detention centers, half-way houses, shopping centers, kindergartens and nursery schools (the latter is sure to provide some media attention). Using your imagination, just saturate your entire area with posters and leaflets remembering those great words of Yippie poet Dana Beal, "Everybody smokes pot and likes it alot!"

It is best to be in contact with some lawyer during your initial organizing period. He can help you appeal and speak for denied permits or facilities and defend members of your organization that may be harassed or arrested for activities. Make sure he or she is around on the day of the smoke-in to observe any illegal police actions or arrests. You may want to get in touch with NORML (National Organization for Repeal of Marijuana Laws) to distribute NORML literature. Their address is 2317 M Street, N.W., Washington, D.C.

Freedom of Assembly and pursuit of happiness are rights, not privileges. Above all, no matter how difficult they may try to make it for you, should not be deterred from exercising and fighting for those rights.

## Strategy

Setting up the strategic location and time of the smoke-in is of prime importance, as in all military campaigns. Possible tactics are numerous, but a successful formula to follow is to have a march precede or succeed your smoke-in rally, and to plan the smoke-in date to coincide with a local or national holiday or historic event. July 4th has usually been successful for Youth International

Party Smoke-ins. However, you may want to spontaneously organize a smoke-in to protest some recent marijuana arrests, or other burning social issues. In this case let the flow of events dictate your timing. Your march should move to a place of symbolic importance; a repressive judge's home, the state capital or local city government building, the jail etc. Be flexible and imaginative and know your turf. Don't get caught in a militarily indefensible position, i.e. one where your numbers could be trapped easily with no escape. Also urge members to stay in as cohesive group as possible. There is more safety in numbers and it is the stragglers who usually get busted or hassled.

Do not purposely engage in suicide missions by provoking the police in any confrontations. Also be wary of sleazos, or provocateurs in the crowds that may attempt to draw you into such a position. The best way to deal with this situation is with your own marshalls, designated with some sort of group identification (armband, pin, etc.), who can spot and isolate those elements disruptive to the group gestalt. Your march should be spirited with loud chanting, guerilla theater, painted faces, etc. Oversized banners with marijuana sloganeering are extremely important; they give the straight media concise phrases and good graphic images in their reporting.

Your smoke-in rally—the place where you are going to have free music and free dope, should be planned for some park or suitable grassy area. Although there is much to be said for street parties, most clear-thinking hippies would rather lie in the sun and grass than on a highway; this is especially true if the free pot contains any THC.

## Props

The record for the largest joint at a smoke-in is 30 feet. Props really add to the theater and spirit of your smoke-in, perhaps you may try to break that record. Once again you should rely on your own stoned imagination to come up with ideas. Most of all try to interest other community groups into helping out.

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**SMOKE-IN**  
**San Diego**  
**Balboa Park**  
**Labor Day, Sept. 6, 1976**

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and  
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Fed up with little squealers? *High School Women's Liberation* is a pamphlet with 20 articles by and for young women which will help raise your consciousness. It's only \$1.25 from Youth Liberation, 2007 Washtenaw Ave., Dept. W, Ann Arbor, Mi. 48104.



# THE CURSE OF KENNEDY'S GHOST

The Yipster Times

IN LAST MONTH'S EPISODE DOCTOR BOZO PREPARED HIS ANDROID CANDIDATE, JIMMY C., TO RECEIVE THE DEMOCRATIC NOMINATION AND J.F.K.'S BRAIN!!!

WE WANT CARTER! WE WANT CARTER... WE WANT CARTER!

DOCTOR BOZO WHAT IF THE DELAGATES DECIDE NOT TO NOMINATE THE ANDROID?

THEY CANT! THEY ARE ALL MY ANDROIDS!

GEE WHIZ!

JIMMY CARTER!

WE WANT CARTER!

CARTER!

CARTER

CARTER

MARTIAN SEX ANDROID



MEANWHILE A SPACE-SHIP LANDS ON THE ROOF OF MADISON SQUARE GARDEN

OPEN THE POD DOOR HAL!



IN A HOTEL ROOM ACROSS FROM THE GARDEN, CARTER UNDERGOES A STRANGE TRANSFORMATION



"I NOW PRESENT THE NEXT PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES... JIMMY CARTER!"



THANK YOU! AND TO QUOTE DYLAN, "WHEN QUIN THE ESKIMO GETS HERE EVERYBODY'S GONNA JUMP FOR JOY."\*



\* SEE WEBERMAN'S CONCORDANCE

BACK AT THE AMERICANA

DEAR GOD SMITE MY FOES AND SHOW THEM NO MERCY

GIANT NUT-CRACKER

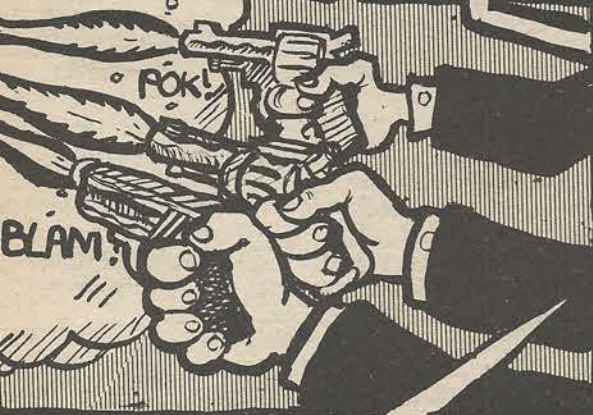


EEEK JIMMY! IT'S THE JFK MONSTER!

GIMME BACK MY BRAIN!



HE'S GOT THE BRAIN!



HE'S GETTING AWAY!!!

ON A PRIVATE JET EN ROUTE TO KANSAS CITY



DOCTOR BOZO, NOW THAT JFK'S CORPSE HAS THE BRAIN THE CARTER ANDROID WILL LOSE!

YES! BUT I'VE GOT ONE MORE TRICK UP MY SLEEVE!

I'VE GOT A PIECE OF J.F.K.'S CHARISMA GLAND. I'M GONNA PUT IT INTO MY JERRY FORD ANDROID!

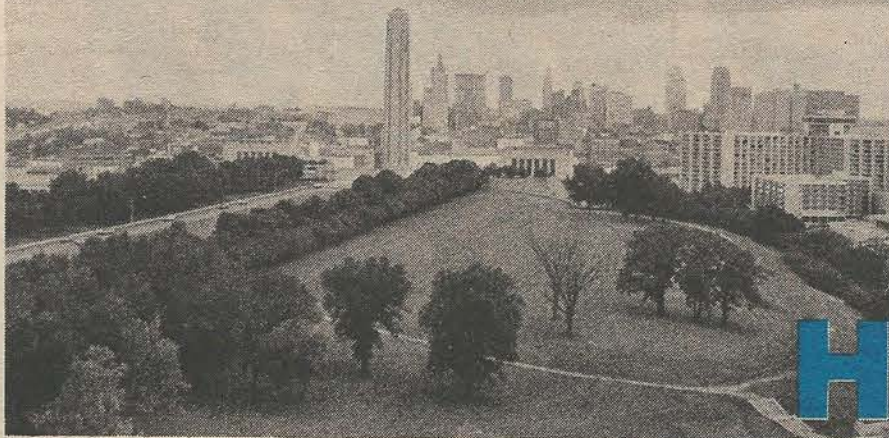


NEXT MONTH: "PROFILES IN CHUZTPAH!"

JFK'S GHOST IS A PRODUCT OF KENWEINER'S WARPED MIND



# KANSAS CITY



## Here We Come

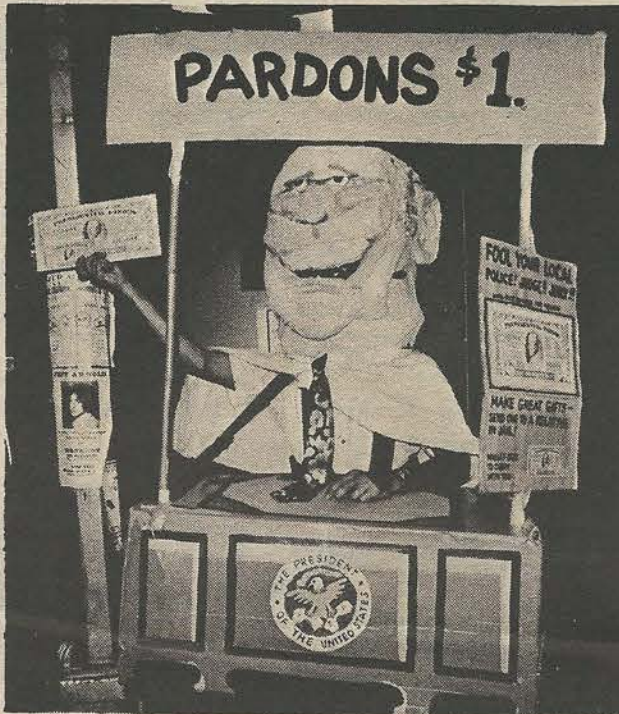
Kansas City is the legendary elephant burying ground, where all the expiring packarders come to croak.

Kansas City is where the Republican party has chosen to commit suicide.

As the GOPers gather for perhaps the last time before going the way of the Federalists, Whigs and Know-nothings, the Yippies will be right outside their front door—partying and protesting, hooting and howling.

While the Republicans offer a choice between Tweedle-dee and Tweedle-dumber, the Yippies offer a choice between J. Edgar Kangaroo and Nobody. Let the people decide!! And in the best American tradition, backers of both candidates will circulate throughout the crowd trying to buy your vote, offering bribes of marijuana and promises of favors from the new government. Don't sell your vote cheap!

On August 10th the Yippies will officially move into luxurious Penn Valley Park, our home away from home—August 14 and 15, the weekend before the Republican Con-



vention begins, will witness a gathering of the tribes from all over America.

Monday and Tuesday there will be actions around specific issues, such as the domestic OPERATION PHOENIX which the CIA and their Republican backers have been waging against the American left, and a people's tribunal at which all the people may testify concerning government atrocities against themselves and their friends.

Wednesday we will respond to the nomination of Gerald Fraud or Ronald Raygun at Kemper Arena.

We'll discuss strategy for the campaign and inauguration at a New Directions Conference to be held on Thursday. We plan to be peaceful but naturally plan to defend ourselves if attacked. As one YIP spokesperson phrased it: "We'll be just as peaceful as they are."

Join us for an experience you'll be able to tell your grandchildren about or at least will have to explain to your parents.

Yippie!

(Above left) Penn Valley Park, encampment area. (Above right) Kemper Arena, Republican bunker. (Center) The President of the United States

Following the 1972/GOP Convention riots in Miami Beach, one observer suggested that the Republicans hold their 1976 Convention on an aircraft carrier in the middle of the Pacific. Instead, the party of Grant, Lee and Nixon found someplace really isolated: Kansas City, Missouri.

KC is so isolated from the rest of the country that it doesn't even have a depression yet. To get to KC, you drive ten miles past forever.

Living in a white working class neighborhood bordering a black ghetto, we found our reception to be fantastically friendly.

KC has many friendly parks among them Penn Valley Park at 31 and Main. The protestors plan to camp there during the convention. KC's parks are its pride and joy, and yet city officials have done curiously little to insure they remain undamaged throughout the convention.

When the Republicans chose Kansas City for their convention site (in part due to a one dollar per room kickback to the GOP, by local motel and hotel operators), Police Chief Joseph P. McNamara immediately began to make provocateurish statements—foretelling terrorism and assassination, backed up by the convenient discovery of a Cuban-backed plot to murder For and Reagan at the convention. A story which even the *New York Times* says is a fraud. McNamara's apparent motive was to get LEAA money to enable him to buy such proven effective anti-terrorist devices such as 2000 pairs of disposable handcuffs, and 200 more bullet proof vests for the cops. As further evidence of the Chief's inability to perform simple arithmetic, he went to the DemCon in NY and counted just 20 demonstrators. Then he ran out of fingers and toes.

City officials have consistently refused to negotiate with representatives of YIP and the Kansas City Convention Coalition, the groups co-ordinating protest logistics. Yet they have lied to the press, saying such negotiations were in progress.

They set up a group of "neutral" observers, which made no direct attempt to contact protestors either. This group, called Watch, Inc. which has close ties to the police, plans to have 400 observers write down everything they see and serve as a group of professional witnesses.

Finally, after seven weeks of KCCC efforts to open negotiations and with less than three weeks remaining before the opening of the convention, they started sending police intelligence flunkies over to chat.

For months city officials had told reporters they'd look the other way when demonstrators gathered in Penn Valley—as they did most recently last

May, when Indians on the Trail of Self-Determination camped there.

Then, a month before the Convention, when tons of literature was out around the country and we couldn't have changed our plans if we'd wanted to, The Board of Parks and The City Recreation Commissioner suddenly issued a statement saying the parks couldn't be used for anything "political".

Since Police Chief McNamara thinks the worst thing that could happen is a repeat of Chicago, '68, and since K.C. cops (a hulking brown-shirted bunch, most of whom resemble southern sheriffs) are notorious for over-reacting to everything from passed-out winos to rock concerts, the Chief is unlikely to be backed into a "police riot" by actually sending his men in to throw protestors out of their traditional place.

Instead, local organizers put such City bluffing in the category of Mayor Rizzo's call for 15,000 federal troops July 4—misinformation designed to confuse people and scare them off. Indications are that K.C. will not be a violent scene.

The city hired a shrink named Dr. Marshall Saper to teach the cops how to be cool and ignore demonstrators smoking pot or calling their wives dirty names:

"They're going to be watching to see which cops are going to be reacting to this treatment. They will see that jaw set, or your face turning red, and they will have found the weakest link in the chain," Saper instructed them.

"If demonstrators see this, they're going to zero in on you. . . . Don't think of yourselves as the thin brown line defending Kansas City from the heathen."

Saper recommended engaging protestors in distracting conversations. "Let's make Kansas City stand out as the one city in the last 15 years that was to deal with demonstrations the most effectively, evenhandedly and rationally."

Other public statements show that officialdom is resigned to protestors camping in Penn Valley, despite the scare tactics.

For instance, when the city considered refusing to provide toilets recently—despite the fact that they could afford them merely by buying 37 fewer bullet-proof vests—the Kansas City Convention Coalition called their bluff by announcing they'd dig latrines in front of the huge War Memorial in Penn Valley.

In announcing the City wouldn't tolerate it, Parks and Recreation Director Frank Vaydik said, "By God, they aren't going to tear up anything in that park—structures or land, I don't care who I have to call in; there's going to be nothing torn up.

But he as much admitted they're actually plan-

ning to allow camping in the next breath: "It won't be the first time the lake has been used for swimming or washing. I'll be talking to Chief McNamara, however, on this thing about digging latrines. That's out."

If swimming and washing are in, tho, KCCC organizers feel it's been publicly established we'll have the staging area we need to march down to the Convention. And privately they're confident we'll get toilets, in the end anyway.

Kemper arena, where the Republicans will meet, is surrounded on 3 sides by fences, railroad tracks, the Kansas City River and the State line. On the 4th side is a parking lot, including the officially designated demonstration site, a small triangular area with chainlink fences on the sides facing the Arena. But since it can only accommodate about 100 people, this site will obviously be insufficient.

We'll be permitted very close to the Arena, but delegates will be brought in on the other side where they won't have to look at us.

Kansas City in August is hot. 100 degree temperatures are common. And it's dry. So bring canteens, salt tablets, heat-gear, etc. as well as the usual demonstration accessories: comfortable shoes, bail money, first aid kit, and so-on.

Cheap food will be available, both cafeteria style and in bulk for group cooking. Daycare and security will be as collective and organic as possible.

There are two hospitals adjacent to Penn Valley Park. Lawyers from the Civil Liberties Union are actively working with the Coalition.

Pay phones in K.C. cost 20 cents. Many stores do not accept foodstamps, but the two 7-11's and the Safeway in the 30's and 40's block of Troost do. Vagrancy is not against the law, nor is telling a cop a false name. Police have been specifically ordered to ignore such "minor violations" as obscenity, nudity and pot-smoking.

In the grand old Yippie tradition, free reefer will be distributed, but, as always, it's best to bring a little stash of your own. And a free pound of Columbian gold is promised by a group calling itself the Midwest Dealers Association for the person or group who can show that they are responsible for bringing the most out-of-towners (willing to identify themselves as a contingent) to the protest.

Ben Masel, Yippie now facing 4 years for spitting in Scoop Jackson's eye, has announced formation of a Stomp Death Drug Dealers Brigade. Harassment of women, or anyone else, also will not be tolerated. And the security of rip-off concessionaries will not be guaranteed.

Have a nice trip to Kansas City, and be sure you don't fall off the edge of the World.