

VIDEO POSTER TIMES

Oct 76

25c

Who are these punks, anyway?

MEET THE BEATLES!

exclusive interview with their original manager

**ACCUSED GRASS
SMUGGLER CLAIMS
HE WAS HIRED
BY NIXON**

WHO KILLED JOHNNY ROSELLI?

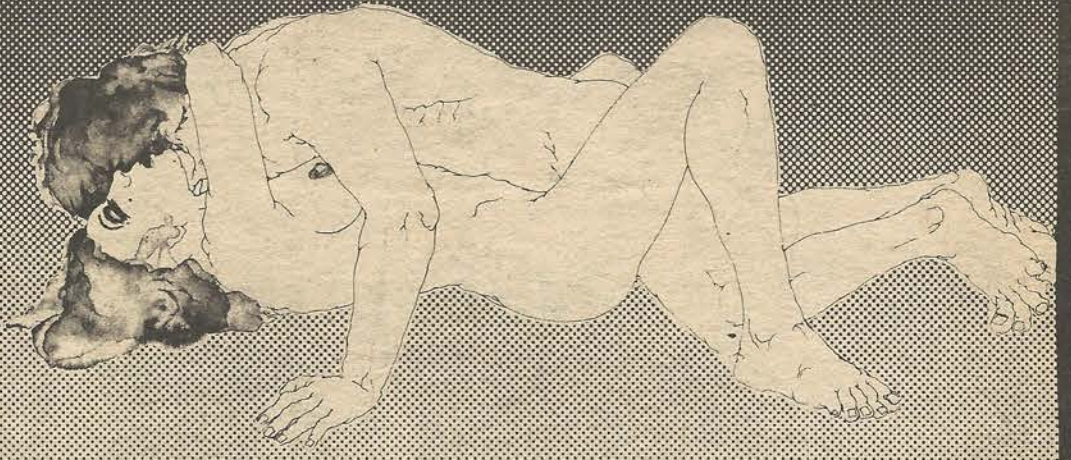
**AT SEA WITH JERRY GARCIA
AND THE HELL'S ANGELS**

**ARON KAY PIES
PAT MOYNIHAN
Hot New Pix**

**LSD ON
MARS**



our readers respond



Friends,

For some time now I've been hearing about your publication and it's just now that I've gotten it together with your address. I am an indigent prisoner—that means poor as all fuck—at Folsom prison but I'm writing in the hope that this will not prove to be an obstacle to my receiving a sub to your paper.

Love & Rage
Joe Remiro
B-66003
→ Represa, Ca.

can you dig this shit!

Comrats,

One note—The Omega House—in Manhattan, Ohio has long been a stop-over for Rads. Nobody has ever been ripped off until this one pig assed dog shit hole kicking ass name Rick Burger ripped \$13. from Jeff. Jeff is making \$16.00 a week and Dayton has cut off his welfare (General Relief). Rick was fed, given a place to sleep, beer to drink, pot to smoke. He knows Jeff's economic condition and went out of his way to find his lent money and take it, leaving Jeff broke. If this fucked up asshole ever is seen again he will be shot or stuffed in a plastic bag with a pile of ragweed until he passes out during one of his asthma attacks. He claims to be a N.Y. yip who has been in K.C.—He has passed through twice before. Namoids, Vietnam Vets Against Weed—Winter Stalinist Organization have come through here and never ripped any of the brothers at Omega. It took this fucking swine—a Yip who ripped off a fellow Yip. Get his ass!!

Besides that
Peace
Pancho White
Dayton, Ohio

Hail to the Eternal Yip (Abbie)

I came & went to K.C. I was pleased to see the tribes again in most of their former glory. I know Yippie lives, but now in a different form. If you were in K.C. you know what I mean, where was FREE? Peel complained about his \$12 he spent on food. That's not FREE. I spent \$30 & Yippie House is now eating for FREE. David Peel you can sure sing, but your not FREE. You say Fuck Abbie, Fuck Jerry Rubin & Fuck Heroin. I'll 2nd your Fuck Heroin & maybe even Jerry, but I still believe Rubin is Yippie. But Abbie! Abbie! How can you denounce the speaker of the books of the spirit of Free. Without his Freedom & push; both you & I, David would be deep in the rice paddies of Coo Mung. The FBI (Fuck & Fuck the air they foul) has him (the most recent National American Hero, next to mom & her Pie) pinned under the Ground. Now you Feel, Peel it's safe to give him shit. If I thought I could (or should) I'd split Yippie. But for the sake of Solidarity & FREE. I won't. Not ever.

Abbie is our. . . I don't know what to call him, but he's it. For sure. Without him we'd (me I know) would be dead, you all too. What has come of FREE. So all I can say now is in KC it was sheer People's Freedom. I don't want to start any more divisions, I'm a YIPPIE!! to the heart & soul. So all of you People in all of the Tribes stay FREE.

Love from
The Cat Face of K.C., "you know my name look up my number"
Pleasant Hill, Mo.

Dear Editor:

I am writing this letter as an agent of appeal for correspondence, and my hopes are that you will be kind enough to print it.

I am a male prisoner, incarcerated at the London Correctional Institution in London, Ohio. I am 35 years old, and I would like to correspond with people for spiritual, moral, and intellectual communication. I would like to thank you in advance. I am.

Donald Evans No. 141975
P.O. Box 69
London Ohio 43140

Yapster Crimes:

We read the messages from that zany Toilet Misproductions in your last two issues and we turned into melba toast! The reason we are writing is because we met members from Toilet Misproductions at the Un-Democratic Convention, standing right next to the Yippie demonstrators. I'm sure you must have seen them, but didn't know who they were! We later met with Joan Fadreezick and Don or Phil Farina in their Port-O-San in New Jersey. It was there that we agreed to join forces with them. So now the two groups have merged into Toilet Misproductions and Gertrude Wiener's Floor.

You've heard about Toilet Misproductions from their letters, but you probably no little or nothing about us, Gertrude Wiener's Floor. We began in 1974 as a spin-off from Warensak, an artist collective. Last year we ran Lord Argu Poo for Mayor of Gamadastron, Utah. We then came east.

Now that we've joined with Toilet Misproductions, the two groups will work on the non-presidential Election.

Sweep the ceiling
Fred Trum
—New York, N.Y.

Dear Y.I.P.

I was wondering how the freaks were doing trying to shake the dreary days of dope addiction. Recently, after seeing the ticket of '76, I've been feeling like 'involving myself' in communist guerrilla warfare eventually in the future in California. I was wondering exactly how many freaks had the same thing in mind. The days look very dark and I've been trying to recover from a nervous breakdown from the summer of '75. I'd like to be able to work this nation out of the days of president Nixon. This country has no sympathy for weak and oppressed individuals. I've grown up with the Jewish tradition and I'm burned out from overwork, debt and general frustration.

Love,
E.K.
Alexandria, Va.

Dear Y.T.,

Hay how is you? I just got your latest issue it was funky? Although I was stoned when I got it it was still good why dont you hold a smoke in in Georgia? Cause I love, I adore I cherish pot!!!! There aint a damn thing rong with it! I want Cheech & Chong for President. This country needs more Yippies & hippies and more, more pot why don't some of your readers write me cause I am a lonely person just me & my grass come on write me about anything write poems anything but be sure to include 2 unused 13 cent stamps just write me brothers & sisters every ware! I want people to look up to Jesus & grass. I am 15 yrs. old and I love Jesus, pot, Cheech & Chong, and kiss and life itself. Life is good if ya can use it in good ways. Anyone write me please any age, color just write I love hippies & Yippies right on you funky people Cadillac are the best cars! Reefer I love you!

Love,
R. Grolski
Warm Spgs., GA. 31830

Dear Brothers and Sisters,

I just heard on the radio that Yipster Bill Mazelli was busted in Kansas City for "creating A Public Disturbance" because he gave a speech with a loud-speaker outside the Republican convention. This is an outrage! It's a perfect example of how the government suppresses our right of freedom of speech.

It looks like the government has succeeded in brainwashing most Americans into believing that we will always be free. America Wake up now while you can, before it's too late or 1984 will be before 1984!

Sincerely yours in the struggle,
Jeffrey Waite
DuBois, Pa.
A Member of NORML

Dear Editors:

Re Pam Baumgard's article on the CIA vs. Feminists (Aug-Sept. '76 issue), I consider it unwise to represent Betty Friedan as a source of information on threats to the women's movement. Her real contributions notwithstanding, Friedan has subjected many, many sincere women who most helped her and the cause of feminism, to mystified, innuendō-spreading analysis similar to her current perspectives on the CIA; this is matter of public record.

I opposed CIA involvement in the women's movement too, whether or not the women's movement still contains any feminists. However, I still find it hard to believe even the CIA—which, like other investigative agencies is a bureaucracy run by men whose perversions have been legendary, but documented—could undermine feminism as much as all the corrupting nuclear family politic and economic ignorance I have witnessed among feminists who probably meant well, but were naive, gullible and panicky.

Sincerely,
Susan Sands
New York, N.Y.

P.S. I worked in the feminist movement for 7 years, and am not an agent.

Ed: You expect us to take your word for that?

yipster times,

check out the fancy hotel stationary on which we are sending you this, our fourth correspondence. we got this in omaha last year, but were not as lucky at the statler-hilton in new york city during the un-democratic convention. we noticed as we were using the new york daily news for toilet paper that ben masel et al were on page three. they were trying to use the bathrooms of the crown centre hotel in kansas city due to the inadequacy of the port-o-sans in the park. we express our solidarity with ben/yips and their frustrations concerning the unbalanced distribution of toilets in this grand ole nation.

this incident in kc was the final phlush! we are calling for a nationwide boycott of pay-toilets to begin immediately. instead of using the pay toilets, all abnormals, weirdos, and other sympathizers should rather shit in front of the bathroom stalls and leave notes to the managements in protest!

plushing your way,
toilet mis-productions
Westchester, N.Y.

To Who Ever Reads This—

WHO ARE YOU. Who I am is Dan Golden (a.k.a. M. Rambler), 19 years old, U.S. citizen number G6025259 (passport) or 540-70-5444 (S.S.) or 2062393 (driver's license) or anyone of another dozen or so, depending on which computer you ask. I was reading the Aug. '76 issue of High Times, an excellent rag (also blowing some fine Afghani boo) when I came across an advertisement that caught my eye (very few do) on how to be a "Yippie" for \$6 and receive various other "Yippie" paraphernalia for many bucks more.

WHAT IS GOING ON!!!

A guy named FREE (a.k.a. Abbie Hoffman, George Meteskey) supposed co-founder (along with Jerry Rubin, Paul Krassner and a couple others) of the Y.I.P. and the Yippies (Yippees?) back in the 60's said "There never were any Yippies and there never will be. It was a slogan Yippie! and that exclamation point. It was the biggest put-on of all time. If you believe Yippies existed, you are nothing but sheep." He told us (and he, if anyone should know) that it was all a myth and that anyone and everybody could be and is a Yippie—from Daley, and King Dick, and even Rocky all the way up to heads like me. But most important, he said that "Yippie is FREE!" So what is this shit about having to pay \$6 or more to become a card carrying (or button wearing) YIPPIE???

You can't be really what you claim to be, because if there is such an organization of Yippies, their first goal should be to share and abolish money and give everything away FREE!! This ad makes me think that you are just like the capitalistic piggies who are at the helm of the Good Ship "Amerika". If you have info, posters, flags, buttons, pot, love or anything else to share, share it with your brothers and sisters FOR FREE. YIPPIES IS FREE!!! I would really like to know who reads this (pass it around) and mostly I'd like to hear anybody's views on any subject they like (drugs, sex, violence, pigs, Yippies, nothing, anything, etc....) Also be so kind as to send me anything you can about important events, concerts, rallies, or whatever if possible. My address is—

Dan Golden
Fam. Van Rees
Weaver 82A
Krommenie (Zaanstad)
Holland

Ed: It's no secret that publishing a newspaper, making flags, making buttons costs money. Please free your head.

YIPSTER TIMES

ACHTUNG! ATTENTION YIPSTER TIMES READERS.

Many people have been receiving Yipster Times for 2 years now without sending in an additional \$6 sub fee (special rates available for those who can't afford \$6). In order to keep bringing you the news months before it happens we need money, honey. So fill out the sub blank below and send in your cash, checks or money-orders.

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Yes, I want to subscribe _____ renew my subscription _____ to Yipster Times.

I have enclosed \$ _____

name _____

address _____

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mother's maiden name _____ names of pets _____

Wanna distribute Yipster Times in your area? Know any head shops that might carry it? Bookstores? Wanna sell it at rock concerts, your school or in the hip area of town? Write AJ Webberman, Circulation Manager, immediately.



Splat!!! Aron Kay mooshes the gushy, gooey pie into fat Pat's puss.

Taken after Aron fled the scene, fat Pat now sporting his new stage-make-up, is wondering whether he was part and parcel of an assassination plot.

Photos by John Gurney



Fat Pat is wiping the sloppy Halloween mask off his brow. However, he lives to see another day of pie-in-the-sky. To paraphrase Mao: Let a thousand pies fly!

Moynihan Meets a Pieman

by Katie The Kid Clyde

It was an easy matter of hefting it into the man's face. Daniel Patrick Moynihan left Hell's Kitchen, NYC, for a spot as front man with the CIA carrying titles like Harvard Professor and American Ambassador to the United Nations. Mr. Moynihan is one of the Foreign Policy Establishment's Top Toads. His work at the UN (uncensored fiction) includes a lipsync charade to woo NYC'S Jewish-block vote while his Mideast policy remains that of the Rockefeller/Kissinger twins. The "replacement" toad at the U.N., Scranton, is another Rocky fiend. Who in Hell is FAT PAT kidding?

The above in itself is sufficient cause to smack him with sugar, chemical starch and caffeine (i.e., mocha cream pie) but more, the action was a precise announcement about that mess: American electoral politics. The pie was soft and lukewarm when it floated out of the hands of Aron PIE KILL AGENT Kay and into Moynihan's face. He sputtered and stood shocked. Applause quickly

burst out around Moynihan and again he lost composure. It fell onto his shirt and he began wiping it from his face and into his hair. He tasted the goop as it sat on his nose and like a model off the big billboard cigarette ads commented, "It tastes good." But will he return to the Lower East Side for another taste? Would he have preferred another flavor? His mouth needs to be filled so he can't use it to talk.

Moynihan has been a CIA creep since he became a Trustee at Woodrow Wilson International Center for Scholars in Washington's Smithsonian Institution Building working with other men of closed-door mentality and pass-the-buck style. William J. Baroody at Wilson's Institute is a Moynihan associate who consorts with the renowned Gerald Ford, Hugh Scott and personnel from the Hoover Institute on War, Peace and Revolution.

James Schlesinger, Alexander Solzhenitsyn and other avid reactionaries are

members of Hoover Institute and Robert "I was just following orders" Bork is at Wilson Institute with H. Kissinger, Nixon's Paul McCracken and others of Rocket J. Squirrel's Trilateral Commission.

Moynihan the Toad also represents the CIA at AIFLD (American Institute for Free Labor Development). AIFLD, allied with ITT, The Council for Latin America, Sinclair Oil, International Mining Corporation of America, General Foods, Chase Manhattan Bank and Johnson and Johnson (among others) arranged the merchant strike in Chile that led to the right wing coup.

It is clear, then, that the CIA manipulates Big Blondie Moynihan.

Kay and associate Yuppies knew Moynihan's record when they hatched the pie-kill plot. Kay was temporarily detained after throwing the pie but Moynihan refused to press charges on the basis that he would wind up looking like an idiot in court. John Gurney took photos of the "kill" in several stages. Afterwards, he and Aron then sped off in a cab to Asso-

ciated Press who bought a prime spot of Aron's arm on one side of the weapon and Moynihan's face in the other. NBC News ran a film of the pieing in major cities across the country; a local interview with Aron was shown in New York, front page copy and the contact photo appeared in numerous papers. With several other countries picking it up and special write-ups in such publications as Newsweek, this incident must come to be known as the PIE-KILL SEEN AROUND THE WORLD! IT IS THE GREATEST POLITICAL PIEING IN U.S. ECONOMIC HISTORY (AND WESTERN CIVILIZATION!!!!!!)

Did he deserve it? Did he get what he deserved? I would have asked him myself if he'd stayed around long enough but it looked like Patrick wanted to shake a few hands and get out of the area. The spectacle was probably too much for him.

Moynihan eventually won his nomination, while Aron received approximately 10,000 telegrams, running 5 to 1 in support of the pie-kill.

LIVING IN THE USA

Yippies land on Moon in New York and D.C.

On the East Coast, YIPs pulled off actions against Korean CIA Rev. Sun Myung Moon 2 Saturdays in a row. The first, in New York—outside the hotel where several Moonie recruits have fallen (or been pushed) to their death—was something of a bust (see pic).

The second Saturday, Sept. 18, garnered publicity far beyond the expectations of the Washington, D.C. organizers. Stories in the D.C. papers used the presence of Yippie Counterdemonstrators at Moon's last big rally this year as a peg to bring up charges that Moon is a front for the U.S. and Korean CIAs. Apparently even the STAR and the POST can't

stomach foreign mercenaries hired to sing "God Bless America".

Yippies also benefited from the backlash against the Moonies pushing their rally. As 25,000, predominantly third-world people bused in from the ghettos of Richmond, Baltimore, Philly and Pittsburg were gathering on the West Side of the Washington Monument, 500 YIPs were taking up on the mall a couple of blocks to the East. A heavy line of cops was intent on keeping any organized parade from invading the Moonie rally.

Determined to do something, just after 6:00 PM organizers had the YIPs



Smoke-Out Rev. Moon, Saturday, September 11, 1976, NYC

infiltrate in small groups up to the Monument. The only problem, once there, was that the counter-demonstrators could never really find each other in the throng.

Perhaps 150 hecklers were able to get close to the stage, but circulating thru-out the Moonie rally were many lost freex "looking for the smoke-in."

As Moon started to spiel, the hecklers who were bearing a banner reading "Moon is a CIA Goon" and resisting the best efforts of Moon's minions to tear it down, started chanting and screaming without a let-up. Fistfights ensued as Yippies tore down the flags Moonies were using to block the Yippies from the Master's sight.

* * * *

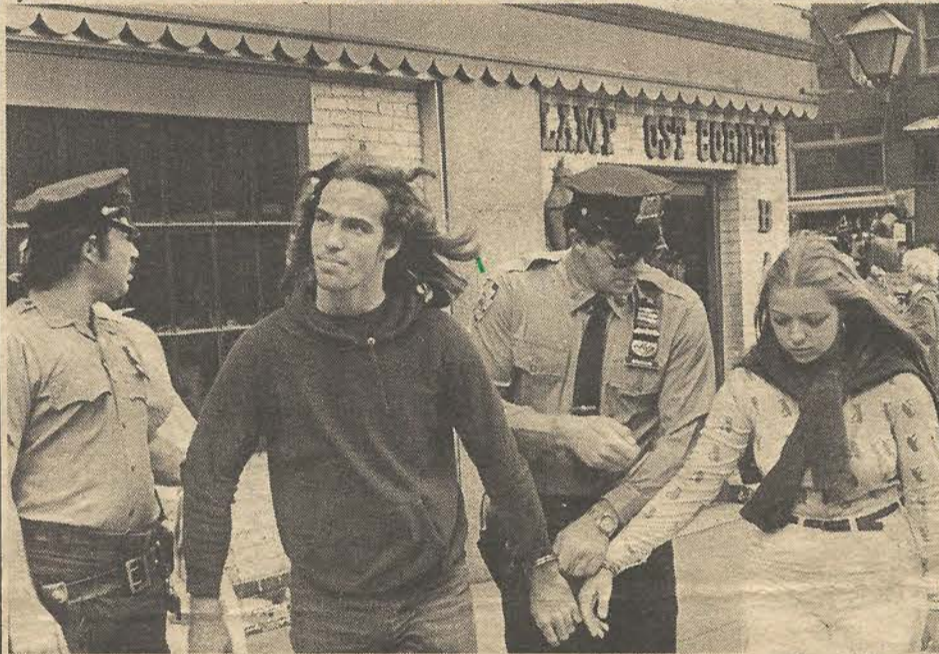
In other developments, Katie Yippie, Ilah, and Sleazy John of New York, added a touch of civil disobedience to the protests outside the first presidential debate when the Yippie bus arrived late, to find most of the other demonstrators

gone home and Rizzo's redsquad out in force.

After surrounding the YIPs so that their pro-abortion and Nobody for President signs couldn't be seen, the redsquaders picked off Sleazy John and Ilah for having a Yippie flag. Then they jumped Katie for yelling at them, beating her to the ground and giving the UPI photographer the aforementioned shot.

Katie got the only serious charge, assault on a cop, which is still pending.

As October rolls along, many other Nobody for President rallies and Smoke-ins are planned by local Yippie groups. These are being coordinated in many places with regional Yippie meetings to mobilize folks for the big anti-repression rally at the Inauguration at D.C. on Jan. 20. An East Coast Regional conference is planned immediately after the Teach-in on Assassination Cover-up Nov. 22, the thirteenth anniversary of the murder of JFK. Photos by Craig Silverman



Two of the four arrested at the anti-Moon smoke-out in NYC, these two for toking at the fringe of the crowd.

Guerrilla movement ignites in New England area

The guerilla underground has finally emerged as a significant and tenacious force outside the West Coast and the metropolitan East—in, of all places, well-bred Yankee New England.

Despite a virtual media black-out, it's been a long hot bizarre and eventful summer north of Connecticut. And there are no signs of letting up.

A spate of bombings since April have been linked to two underground groups, the Melville-Jackson Unit (which may be linked with San Francisco's New World Liberation Front), and the Fred Hampton Unit, the former evidently located in the Boston (Mass.) area and the latter in Maine.

Possibly they are one and the same or they work together.

The Melville-Jackson Unit surfaced in April with an early-morning bombing of the Suffolk County Courthouse in Boston, injuring 22 people. A communique demanded prison reforms.

The Fred Hampton Unit surfaced a month later with a like-styled bombing of a Maine power company, demanding reduced utility rates.

In the next eight weeks there were bombings of an Eastern airliner at Logan Airport (Boston), a National Guard Armory (Boston), Newburyport Superior Courthouse and a Seabrook, N.H. post office (nuclear power site).

Then, on July 4 weekend, events began to snowball.

After a high-speed chase by state troopers, a man, Joseph Aceto, 23, was

arrested near Topsfield (Mass.) in a car filled with explosives.

Police swiftly nabbed another man in Portland, Maine—Everett Carlson, 38—and a woman charged only with possessing a stolen typewriter.

An intensive manhunt was launched for two other men—Richard Picariello and Edward Gullion—said by police to have been dropped off by Aceto, en route to bombing Polaroid Corp. and the regional headquarters of the A & P Company.

Hundreds of state and federal cops combed the Topfield woods for days, toting rifles, but they were unable to find either of the two suspects, both of whom were raised in the labyrinthine woodlands of the area.

The FBI publicly speculated that Picariello (who was swiftly dubbed "leader" of the group and nominated to the FBI's Top Ten Most Wanted) & Gullion were aided by an "underground organization" in their escape.

Also, the FBI complained, lifelong friends in the area probably rendered aid and comfort to the fugitives.

Both men, the FBI announced, evidently escaped to Canada.

All four suspects—the FBI further alleged—were ex-inmates, members of SCAR, a Maine prison reform organization. According to police, explosives and literature relating to both the Hampton and Melville-Jackson Units were found.

And—most intriguingly—police said they had the four suspects under surveillance since the Maine power company bombing, supposedly because on-the-scene witnesses identified them to a local FBI agent.

Meanwhile, Aceto, who first phoned Nancy Gertner (Susan Saxe's lawyer) and then refused to see her, began singing to the cops in exchange for leniency.

Two grand juries quickly convened, one in Boston and one in Portland.

As many as twelve "blind warrants" in the case were secretly issued by the two grand juries, thanks to Aceto, including warrants against an un-named "Revere (Mass.) woman" and a man who planned the Suffolk blast.

Aceto's testimony was conveniently leaked to the local press. As many as three underground guerilla organizations, according to Aceto's story, were operating in alliance between Portland and Boston—all militant refugees from the prison reform organization who broke and went underground months ago.

Aceto and Carlson (who refused to speak or stand up at his hearing) were arraigned and it looked as if the brief fiery New England chapter of the burgeoning underground war was temporarily kaput.

Then, in the space of a month, a Boston area bank was bombed—and a communique issued by the Melville-Jackson Unit, demanding Puerto Rican independence.

Then, blasting caps disappeared

from a Vermont quarry. Armories were burglarized in Mass. and N.H. And, mysteriously (unclaimed by any group), the home of a former prison guard in Maine was blown up.

Then the most audacious act since Patty Hearst's hapless kidnapping. Two men pointed a shotgun at the head of Polaroid President Wm. J. McCune as he walked to his car in the company parking lot in Waltham (Mass.), attempting to abduct him.

McCune fought back and was slugged to the ground. The two men jumped into a waiting van and careened over two "speed bumps" and escaped.

Police and the victim have identified the two men as—yes, you guessed it—the never-say-die Picariello and Gullion, supposedly long gone and frightened away to Canada by hordes of cops.

It begins to look as though New England police have a problem on their hands of revolutionary consequence.

These events are particularly important because the people allegedly involved are working-class ex-prisoners from New England who were jailed for various armed robberies. They became politicized—not in some dainty college—behind bars.

Their communiqués are coherent and wisely geared toward a variety of issues (reduced power rates, prison reform etc.) with a popular base.

They appear to be indigenous and not San Francisco exports.

This, of course, is what really worries the FBI . . .

CLEAVER CLOSE-UP: Singing The Red, White, & Blues.

by Jonah Raskin

It was June eighth, California Primary Day. Eldridge Cleaver was a prisoner in the Alameda County Jail and by law prohibited from voting. Downstairs in the Alameda County Courthouse citizens were choosing Ronald Reagan and John Tunney over President Ford and Cleaver's former comrade Tom Hayden. I handed the cop my passport and allowed him to search me. Then I walked down the corridor and peered through the plate glass window. Sitting in a chair legs extended was Eldridge Cleaver. I hadn't seen him in six years. He stood up came to the window and nodded. We were separated by walls and bars and could only communicate by phone. I set the tone of our conversation with my opening question.

"There's talk about you co-operating with the government," I shouted. "Is it true?" Cleaver opened his palm and waved his arm expansively. "Do I look like a man who has made a deal?" he asked as though my question was as ridiculous as the large, white coveralls he was wearing. I've seen dozens of men who have plea bargained with district attorneys, but I don't know what a man who has made a deal looks like. I do know that the Eldridge Cleaver in Alameda County Jail didn't look like the Eldridge Cleaver I had known. Look at the picture of Cleaver on the cover of *Soul on Ice* and compare it with a photo of him today and I think you'll see what I mean. The Cleaver of the past—despite the talk of bullets and blood—has a look of compassion and tenderness. The Cleaver of today—despite the insistence that "we must have love between people" has a look of hardness and cynicism.

"You claim that the US is the most democratic country in the world," I said. "You've travelled in Cuba, China, Algeria, North Korea but the only country that has locked you in prison is the US. That seems like a contradiction." "It's no contradiction," Cleaver said. "Prisoners in the US are treated well when compared with prisoners in other countries." I looked skeptical. "The US has been as profoundly changed as Portugal," he told me. "Reagan isn't governor, Nixon isn't president; the potential for the growth of our democratic institutions is greater than ever before. Our freedom of the press and our individual liberty exist nowhere else in the world."

On November 16, 1975 Cleaver left Paris and returned to the US. I watched his arrival on TV. No crowd was on hand to welcome him; he flashed no defiant black power salute. Cleaver walked down the ramp; he wore sun glasses, a jacket, and carried an attache case. In a prearranged ceremony he surrendered to FBI agents and was flown to California. In a gesture rarely if ever extended to fugitives Cleaver wasn't handcuffed. He was treated with respect and dignity.

In Oakland now he is awaiting trial on charges stemming from a shoot-out with the police two days after Martin Luther King was assassinated in April 1968. Cleaver described that heated battle in an essay collected in his second book *Post-Prison Writings*. I asked Cleaver if his description of the incident was accurate. "Yes," he said, but he was quick to add "Now we know a lot more about FBI attempts to destroy the Black Panther Party. They had me pegged for assassination too. We'll bring that out at the trial." These comments, critical of the government, were unusual. For the most part Cleaver praised the American political system.



Photo by Bruno Barbey/Magnum

"There's talk about you co-operating with the government," I shouted. Cleaver opened his hand and waved his arm expansively. "Do I look like a man who has made a deal?"

(ZNS) In an odd political mixture, former Ambassador to the United Nations Daniel Patrick Moynihan, reports that he was one of the contributors to Eldridge Cleaver's defense fund.

Cleaver spent the early 1970's in exile in Algeria and France after fleeing California from a 1968 gunbattle between Oakland police and the Black Panthers. The former Black Panther leader

was released on \$100,000 (dollars) bail last week. Moynihan says he gave money to the fund because Cleaver came back to the country voluntarily, and (quote) "I just thought he needed a lawyer".

In the Spring of 1968 the Black Panther Party was running candidates for office. Huey Newton, the Party's Minister of Defense, was a candidate for Congress from the district now represented by Ron Dellums. One evening Cleaver and several other Panthers were driving home after a long day of campaigning. In his written account Cleaver tells us that he had a great urge to urinate. He stopped the car got out and started to pee in the street, but he was soon blinded by bright lights. Painful as it was, he stopped peeing and moved behind the car for privacy. Suddenly shots broke the stillness of the street; Cleaver and 17-year-old Bobby Hutton ran for cover and hid in a house with paper thin walls. A gun battle raged for an hour and a half.

When Bobby Hutton crawled out of the basement to surrender the police shot him dead. Hoping they would spare his life, Cleaver stripped naked and emerged meekly hands raised. That night he was

booked on three counts each of attempted murder and assault on police officers. Though he was already on parole from San Quentin, a judge allowed friends to post bail. Cleaver was a national figure; he was a *Ramparts* reporter, a candidate for the Presidency on the Peace and Freedom Party ticket, and Minister of Information for the Black Panther Party. For seven months—until the courts ordered him back to jail—Cleaver was a free man. Then, fearing for his life, he jumped bail and disappeared. He was at the height of his popularity. I still have a poster of him from those days. He is smoking a cigarette; there's an earring in his left ear and the poster reads "Eldridge Welcome Here."

In the Alameda County Jail I told him "I didn't expect to see you back here under these conditions." "There was no other way of coming back," he said. "I tried and no one wanted to help." The last time I saw Cleaver was in the Black

Panther Embassy in Algiers. It was October 1970 and he had given sanctuary to Tim Leary. I was a member of a small delegation that included Stew Albert, Jennifer Dohrn, Martin Kenner, Anita Hoffman, and Brian Flanagan. Together with Leary and Cleaver we hoped to form an organization that would fuse the drug and the counter cultures with the anti-war movement and third world liberation. However, with the exception of a cordial meeting with the Provisional Revolutionary Government of South Viet Nam, the Algiers incident was a fiasco. From the start there were too many competing egos and too many conflicting ideas. Tim Leary spoke of the liberating force of acid and Eldridge Cleaver placed his hopes on the national liberation forces.

Before we returned home Cleaver promised that he would be back in "Babylon" as he then called the US. We did not discuss the details of his home-

(continued on next page)

Singing the Red, White & Blues

(continued from page 5)

coming, but I assumed that he would return, as he had departed, via the underground and that he would engage in clandestine activity. Everything about him—from the talk of guns to the AK-47 he cradled in his lap—indicated that this would be his course of action. For several years I expected to hear Cleaver's knock on my door in the middle of the night. I was not overjoyed at the prospect of hiding Eldridge in my attic, but I could not imagine saying "no" and turning him away. There were obvious dangers but I felt comradely to a man who had helped to spark not only my political growth but the political growth of a generation. "There is in America today a generation of white youth that is truly worthy of the black man's respect, and this is a rare event in the fowl annals of American history," Cleaver told us in 1968 at a time when most black radicals were dismissing whites. Since he had invited us to step inside history I felt that I ought to reciprocate by inviting him to step inside my home.

By us I mean mostly white, male youth because, although Eldridge was never wanting for female companions, the women's movement was not enamoured of him. For a start he was a self-confessed rapist and notorious for inviting women to crawl into his bed. Influenced by Norman Mailer's sexual politics, Cleaver believed that the black man's body, specifically his genitals, was a weapon in the class/race war. Like Mailer, Cleaver saw his penis as an "avenger." In 1968 he suggested that the role of women was to exercise their "pussy power" to deny sex to men who supported the war and oppressed blacks. Naturally women were angered and he was booed by audiences for these remarks. In Algiers Cleaver's Belgian-born-mistress Malaka was a source of much irritation. His wife Kathleen and his mistress Malaka almost scratched out each other's eyes and hair one day.

Today the Cleavers are posing as a loyal, loving couple. Together they are facing a hostile world and they are trying to drum up support on both sides of the political fence. They need money, friends, and a good lawyer. Cleaver's initial attorney of record in the case—George V. Higgins, author of *The Friends of Eddie Coyle*—dropped the case because he and Cleaver could not agree on trial tactics. Cleaver shot off at the mouth and Higgins was unhappy with so cocky and headstrong a client.

Depending on their audience, the Cleavers vary their pitch. In April Kathleen appeared at a San Francisco rally for Dennis Banks and read a statement from her husband condemning the treatment of Native Americans. But on the Women's Page of *The Chronicle* Mrs. Kathleen Cleaver chatted about her dear children and her precious marriage. In a recent interview on KPFA she portrayed her husband as the archetypical "Man without a Country." Eldridge also looks for sympathy on the basis of his seven years in exile. "I thought that I would never be able to come home, and that made me very very sad," he told me. "It was painful to see my children grow up French. I want them to grow up American." Cleaver is trying to color himself the ultimate black victim—persecuted by the FBI, denounced as a traitor by his former comrades in the Black Panther Party, driven mercilessly from continent to continent by the KGB and other assorted secret agents, till he had no option but to return to Oakland.

But there is much more at stake here than an innocent victim or an ordinary black man. Cleaver's homecoming is not an apolitical event but the inauguration of a new political career. Soul is not back on ice in Oakland; soul is dead.

Cleaver the firebrand, the gadfly is no more and Cleaver the renegade is born.

Eldridge Cleaver has turned into his opposite. The Eldridge who once complained that he was prohibited from reading Norman Mailer's *An American Dream* in San Quentin now praises the American prison system as superior to any in the world. The Eldridge who satirized J. Edgar Hoover as "America's Flattest Foot" has kind words today for American law enforcement officials. In April he told the press "I commend the US Department of Justice, particularly Judge Harold Tyler, Deputy Attorney General, who took personal charge of the arrangements for my return from Paris to the State of California, for the respectful and professional manner in which I was treated as long as I was in his hands." The Eldridge who called our attention to the plight of the Palestinian people now denounces the Arabs as "racists," defends Israel and says that "the Jewish people have done more than any other to end inequality and prejudice." The Cleaver who denounced the role of the US military in Viet Nam now claims that "the US should be second to none militarily." The Cleaver who exposed the duplicity of our UN representatives chides Moynihan for not being aggressive enough. The Cleaver who called himself a Marxist says that Marxist ideology is bankrupt. The Eldridge who prayed for the coming of an American Mao now says that "Mao betrayed national liberation movements around the world." Remember the photo of Nixon shaking hands with Mao? Cleaver told me that when he saw it his "mind

helped the CIA track down Che Guevara in Bolivia. Suddenly space was available to Cleaver in newspapers and magazines that had long kept him at bay. *The New York Times* featured him on the Op-Ed page; in May *Newsweek* invited him to contribute to its "My Turn" column. I asked Cleaver about this article. "I defend it 100 per cent," he said. "There is no left wing publication to write for. They've all folded. But *Newsweek* is still there. They didn't censor what I wrote. I was given complete freedom." In his "My Turn" column in *Newsweek* Cleaver blasted the "White racist Castro dictatorship" and labeled it "more insidious and dangerous for black people than the white racist regime of South Africa." Coming at a time when Cuban troops aided the Angolan people in their war for independence, and when South African police massacred hundreds of young black demonstrators Cleaver's comments were a blatant distortion of African realities. And they were recognized as such by many black Americans. Lennox S. Hinds, Director of the National Conference of Black Lawyers, charged that Cleaver's statements were made "to win favorable consideration by the State authorities in California." Hinds went on to say that "the Cuban government has taken the necessary steps to eliminate racism; what little is left are residual aspects of it."

As best as I can determine, Eldridge Cleaver has not testified before Senator James Eastland's Subcommittee on Internal Security as Elaine Brown of the Black Panther Party charged. I conferred

Eldridge Cleaver has turned into his opposite. Soul is not back on ice in Oakland; soul is dead.

was blown. It was the ultimate betrayal." He took it as a personal affront; since then he has been on a rampage against the communist world.

Perhaps Cleaver would recognize himself if he read *Soul on Ice*. In the chapter "Notes on a Native Son" he wrote "In this land of dichotomies and disunited opposites, those truly concerned with the resurrection of black Americans have had eternally to deal with black intellectuals who have become their own opposites, taking on all the behavior patterns of their enemy....The intellectual sycophant does not pretend to be other than he actually is, but hates what he is and seeks to redefine himself in the image of his white idols....A self-willed, automated slave, he becomes the white man's most valuable tool in oppressing other blacks." Here in a nut shell is Eldridge Cleaver on Eldridge Cleaver.

Cleaver's changes were heralded long before he arrived in Oakland. From Paris he launched a shrewd media campaign. Last summer he placed ads in French papers inviting investors to join him in manufacturing men's trousers; it was rumoured that the trousers would feature codpieces and would accentuate the male genitals. For a few weeks we enjoyed the joke, but soon the humour took a deadly serious turn. Cleaver's first salvo from Paris was an interview in *Rolling Stone*; Cleaver tossed off lightly, without backing his charge, that Fidel Castro

with Congressman Ron Dellum's office on this matter; they investigated the rumours but could not substantiate them. It appears that Cleaver has not provided the FBI with the names of radicals. His battleground is not a Senate chamber but the ideological sphere. He has become a professional anti-communist intellectual. Cleaver's credentials are impeccable; he can pose as a veteran who has seen the Communists operate from the inside.

I asked Cleaver if his disillusionment was akin to the disillusionment of Thirties Communists like Richard Wright. "I don't think so," Cleaver told me. "In those days only Stalin was rejected. Today we can see that it isn't a man but a whole system." Cleaver's career parallels Wright's in several respects; both were radicals and writers and both were disillusioned and lived in exile in Paris where they made contact with French existentialism. Both began as firebrands and became moderates. In the Sixties Richard Wright, the angry black author of *Native Son*, was Cleaver's hero. Now Cleaver admires the Wright who described his disillusionment with Communism in the volume *The God that Failed*. But Wright was largely a literary figure and had much less political standing than Cleaver. Wright's pronouncements on Russia and American Communists didn't carry the weight of Cleaver's writings in *Rolling Stone*, *Newsweek*, and *The New York Times*.

"From every corner Marxist-Leninist thought has been discredited," Cleaver told me. "It is universally bankrupt, from Moscow to Peking to Havana." For Eldridge Cleaver all the gods have failed.

Like the anti-communist crusaders of the Fifties, Cleaver is not content to denounce the beast abroad. He must also roost him from his den at home. Accordingly, Cleaver has pointed to the agents of the international communist conspiracy in the California Democratic Party, and in the Oakland Black Panther Party. In April in an open letter to the press he charged the existence of "an insidious conspiracy" against him that included "certain black politicians" and "members of Governor Jerry Brown's staff in Sacramento." He claimed that Huey Newton, now living in exile in Cuba, is financed by the Palestinian Liberation Organization, that the Oakland Black Panther Party "takes orders from Huey Newton in Havana." He added that Ron Dellums is part of the conspiracy; he is sheltering known foreign agents in his Congressional district. On the subject of Ron Dellums Cleaver is vicious. He told me that Dellums is "a black replica of Boss Tweed, a thoroughly corrupt politician," and that "he had worked with the FBI to destroy the Black Panther Party."

"I'm not getting a little help from my friends," Cleaver said. He ought not to be surprised that his old friends from *Ramparts* and the Peace and Freedom Party have avoided him like the plague. But Cleaver has found new friends—his old enemies from the Sixties—the social democrats who denounced him, the Black Panther Party, SDS, the anti-war movement and black power. Cleaver's new allies include Nat Hentoff, a regular columnist for the *Village Voice*. Hentoff is a little suspicious of Cleaver, but he frankly confessed that he joined his defense committee because Cleaver now knows that Cuba, China, and North Korea are "authoritarian regimes." Also on the committee is John P. Roche, President Johnson's cultural advisor, and a supporter of the war in Viet Nam; and Albert Shanker, President of the United Federation of Teachers, a vigorous opponent of community control of schools, and busing. With this backing Cleaver may yet raise the \$100,000 bail he needs.

"In Paris I was given up for dead," he told me. "Now I'm alive again and back in the fight." For Cleaver exile was as painful as prison. He returned to the States because he was "missing the boat" and he knew it. Having been at the center of the Sixties upheaval it was painful sitting in a Left Bank cafe, collecting royalties, and reading newspaper accounts of Watergate, Nixon's fall and revelations about the FBI and the CIA. Cleaver hungered for the stage he had once dominated. Now he is receiving far less attention than he had hoped for. He had expected the Berkeley faithful to flock to his lofty prison cell in Oakland but they are indifferent to his present condition of incarceration.

Cleaver gambled and misjudged history. "I thought that a fascist coup was imminent in 1969," he said. "Then Algiers would have been a haven for everyone from Jerry Brown to Tom Hayden." History played a cruel joke on Cleaver; Nixon was forced out of office and Eldridge was on ice in the Casbah and in Paris. Now, in Alameda County Jail he is a pathetic figure. His claim that Arafat, Huey Newton, Ron Dellums and "members of Jerry Brown's staff" are in a conspiracy against him would sound comic if it did not have at the same time a more sinister ring. Yes, Eldridge Cleaver has made a deal. Eldridge Cleaver sold out Eldridge Cleaver.

THE TOMORROW MACHINE

Starship to Mars

by Dana Beal

In case you have been wondering what all the test results from the Mars probe mean, scientists here have concluded that while Mars may not have a carbon-based biochemistry like our own, life as we know it has a much better chance to settle and survive there than it had been previously suspected.

The key to this conclusion is the discovery that Mars has much more water than previously believed. While the characterization of the red planet as a "great big dirty iceberg" may be premature, photographs taken over Mars' northpole reveal a great circular depression extending hundreds of miles with a series of terraced cliffs at least 1,500 feet high resembling earthy continental shelves. In the middle of this depression, somewhat shrunken and desiccated by the action of an atmosphere one hundred times thinner than earth, is an icecap one half a mile thick.

In addition to the icecap, scientists now project the existence of water in perma-frost form (as found in the earth's arctic regions) underneath the shifting red sands. This is good news for all the Trekkies and space colonization nuts. For the thing that really makes the moon, for instance, inhospitable to man is not the lack of atmosphere (not so unlike Mars' rarified climes); modern air lock technology and so on can take care of that. But without water for drinking, bathing, cleaning, cooking, and the production of food...not to mention in almost any industrial process...homo sapiens definitely cannot prosper.

Water is also a source of oxygen for breathing; and hydrogen for fuel can be had by simple electrolysis. The surface of Mars, due to the thin atmosphere, is much more exposed to solar

energies in the ultra-violet range than we are. Use of the sun for power to generate oxygen may indeed be more feasible on Mars. Mars has so little atmosphere that the ozone layer (electrified by solar ultra-violet, x-rays, etc.) is on the surface of the planet, giving rise to an exotic variety of oxides, peroxides, and super oxides on the heavily metallic (14% iron) surface of the planet.

In fact, the evidence of biological activity in the absence of carbon based compounds indicate that Martian life such as it may well turn out to be akin to the little mineral crystals that people grow in fish bowls. The fact that no metallic lichens have so far digested Viking landers indicates that these quasi-biological processes are probably not very vigorous or hearty.

Life as we know it could probably set-up on Mars under extensive plastic domes supported by air pressure and retaining heat via a green house effect. It will be cramped, like life among the early hippies, communal by necessity, and probably dull. Science fiction writer Phillip K. Dick in one of his books entitled "The Three Stigmata of Palmer Eldridge" posits just such a Martian scene where the only relief from boredom the entire colony has is the use of psychedelic drugs.

Meanwhile, for psychedelic drug users here on Earth who are anxiously waiting for the Starship to take us away, word comes from West Germany of an inventor who claims to be taking the last bugs out of a rocket propulsion system using nitric acid and kerosene as propellants in the place of liquid hydrogen and oxygen. He claims it will cut the cost of space travel by 95%. Stay tuned to the Yipster Times for more details.



Swami predicted LaGuardia blast

by Robert Frank Salant

Synopsis of a report aired on Feb. 17, 1976, over WNEW TV "Ten O'clock News, based in N.Y.C. The reporter was Steve Bauman:

Shawn Robbins is a "self-described" psychic who has lectured across the U.S. Robbins has reportedly made some very shocking predictions about disasters which have occurred in the U.S. On August 25, 1975, Ms. Shawn Robbins was interviewed by Laura Dedeo, now a member of the "Ten O'clock News" staff, on Fordham University's (N.Y.) radio station. The interview was broadcast live at the time. A tape of the interview was played on the Feb. 17 WNEW news report. During the interview, Ms. Robbins predicts a devastating blast at LaGuardia airport with many casualties and scores of people injured. She predicts the blast will take place between Christmas and New Years day and said it would be the worst airport bombing in U.S. airline history. After the tape, Robbins was interviewed in the studio by Steve Bauman. She said that one person was responsible and was now (Feb. 17) in Florida and would be arrested in a "minimum of three months' time." She also claimed that by using telepathy, she was able to pick up the thoughts of a person involved with the bombing. She also said the subject was a Cuban exile.

In the New York Times of Friday, May 21, 1976, on page A17, the follow-

ing item was printed:

BOMBING SUSPECT ARRESTED IN MIAMI

Special to The New York Times Miami, May 20—Rolando Otero Hernandez, a Cuban-American charged with six bombings here last year, was arrested today at the Miami International Airport, where he arrived after being expelled from Chile.

The Federal Bureau of Investigation was eager to apprehend the 33-year-old Miami resident, who has been charged with placing a bomb that exploded last December outside the F.B.I. headquarters in Miami.

Mr. Otero left this country for the Dominican Republic Jan. 5, a few days before a Federal grand jury indicted him. He has denied the bombing charges.

Forced to leave the Dominican Republic, Mr. Otero went to Venezuela, then to Chile, which deported him to this country. The Chilean administrative action avoided a long extradition process.

The indictment also accused Mr. Otero of putting a bomb in a locker at the Miami Airport Oct. 17, where it caused considerable damage, but no casualties.

Police officials have noted "similarities" of the Miami Airport explosion with one that occurred at LaGuardia Airport in New York Dec. 29 and are expected to question Mr. Otero on them.

Immortality in our lifetime?

Scientists studying tiny "hooks" that tie up genes and make people grow old said in San Francisco yesterday they are close to finding a chemical that will dissolve the bonds and reverse the aging process.

"I'm not interested in gaining five years here and five years there," said Dr. Johan Bjorksten of Madison, Wis., a pioneer in the study of aging, "I'm shooting for the whole pot."

The whole pot, he figures, is an average life expectancy of 800 years—the lifespan projected by the life insurance industry if everyone could stay as healthy as they are at 16.

He added that scientists realistically could hope for only 10 per cent success, adding 80 years to everyone's lifetime.

Bjorksten told a news conference at the American Chemical Society meeting here that aging occurs when two molecules in a gene, the basic unit of heredity, become hooked together by a process called cross-linking.

"If you put handcuffs on two large men, they are hampered by it and they don't do the work they have to do so well," he explained. "Then if a third man comes along and you handcuff him to the other two, it's going to be even more upsetting."

When molecules are linked together, he said, the cells containing the molecules do not function as well.

If they are skin cells, the skin becomes leathery; if they are cells of an artery, the artery loses its ability to expand and contract with the flow of blood, leading to strokes and other diseases.

What scientists need to find, he said, is an enzyme that will dissolve the bonds that link molecules. Then, he said, they will have found a formula to reverse aging.

Already they have found one enzyme that seems to work in most cells, he said, but he added it will be a miracle if the first one they have tested turns out to be a magic formula for youth.

Rolf Martin, a scientist from City University of New York, speculated that intensive research could yield an answer within five to ten years.

Eliminating cancer as a cause of death, he said, would increase the average life-span by only two years.

Bjorksten and Martin said until their research is completed, people can extend their lives a few years by healthy living. They added that their research has confirmed reports that Vitamin E slows down the aging process, but cautioned against huge doses of the vitamin.

Assassin Nation



PARADISE ISLAND CASINO in the Bahamas is suing **Rolling Stone Magazine** for 100 million dollars for saying that Meyer Lansky, financial co-ordinator for the Syndicate, is a silent partner in the concern. Paradise Island Casino is owned by Resorts International, the parent company of INTERTEL, an international private intelligence organization whose specialty is determining which employees should not be hired by reputable casino operators because of organized crime associations. Many former Federal Anti-Crime Strike Force Justice Department officials have been hired by Intertel and are now working for the people they used to try to prosecute! Researchers point to this and many other factors (such as Intertel's recommending that Lansky protege Dino Cellini be hired by a London casino) to document Intertel's domination by the Syndicate. Resorts International sponsored a gala benefit for legalized casino gambling in Atlantic City a few weeks ago—Danny Thomas was host.



Martha Mitchell with AJ Weberman

According to the Associated Press, Martha Mitchell was convinced that members of the Nixon Administration induced the bone marrow cancer that eventually killed her. AP quotes Doctor Klaus Mayer, the blood cancer specialist who treated her. In previous issues of YIPSTER I speculated on the possibility of Intelligence Community involvement in her death.



Bernard Fensterwald, a strong contender for Chief Counsel of the Downing/Gonzalez Committee is actually a deep-cover CIA/Mafia lieutenant posing as a Washington, D.C. attorney. In 1967 **Life Magazine** revealed that Senator Long (D-Missouri) was receiving over a hundred thousand dollars a year in referral fees from Jimmy Hoffa's lawyers. Senator Long had sponsored an inquiry into the methods Robert Kennedy used to investigate the Teamsters and their connection with organized crime. The **Life** article said that Long's Chief Counsel, Bernard Fensterwald, also had it in for the Kennedy's because he'd contributed a large amount of money to their campaign fund yet had failed to receive the Ambassadorial Post he desired.

In 1976 Fensterwald went into partnership with James McClandless, who former State Department Intelligence Official John Marks (co-author of **The CIA and the Cult of Intelligence**) identified as being closely connected with Southern Air Transport. Southern Air Transport is the parent company of Air America, a notorious CIA property which the CIA actually admitted controlling before they "sold" it to one of their high officials. The firm of Fensterwald and McClandless is located one floor below the Washington, D.C. office of Intertel.

How people like Fensterwald have been able to get away with it all these years is beyond me. Sherman Skolnick almost had the Fenster destroyed by revealing the fact that McCord Associates (Waterbugger James McCord's Private Security agency) financed Fenster's group, CTIA, (Committee to Investigate Assassinations) but Mark Lane rejuvenated him by putting him on the Board of Directors of his Citizens Commission of Inquiry. Bernard Fensterwald and his ex-Lieutenant Richard Sprague (who is now working for a Government backed think-tank) should be called before the Gonzalez Committee to testify about their part in the cover-up.

Senator Schweiker is winding down his investigation of the JFK assassination. He's afraid that he'll be accused of political opportunism after the Reagan Debacle. Schweiker was also shook up when several of his witnesses asked for Federal Protection and he was unable to give it to them.



Someone's got it in for me—they're planting stories in the press. I wish whoever it is would cut it out quick, but when they will I can hardly guess. The "document" that's showing up in key media outlets across the country is titled FORTHCOMING BOOKS internal memo (dated September 1, 1976) and purports to show that Howard Hunt is justified in filing suit against me. The 28 page xeroxed report goes on to link my publisher, Joe Okpaku with communism for printing one of Angela Davis's books and contains many articles about him. I am accused of omitting Dr. Julius Mader's house number in East Berlin from my bibliography. I can only conclude that an organization that specialized in Intelligence such as the CIA is behind this effort, since no book-review sheet would have the sort of data to realize this. The alleged "book review" sheet is anonymous.



Newsweek & New Times reports that Rockefeller is behaving oddly. He tore up a Reagan delegates' sign at the GOP convention, has said at private parties that Castro killed Kennedy and so should be "done in", and has been acting erratic during public speeches. His latest episode occurred when he gave some hecklers the finger in upstate New York. These symbolic acts indicate that Rocky is planning evil times for the left. I have

evidence that Rockefeller has decided to use crypto Nazi's in a last ditch effort to preserve capitalism. My next YIPSTER feature will present evidence that Rocky contributes over \$38,000.00 per week to crypto-Nazis in the United States, Germany and many other countries.



Many students of the Intelligence Community believe that Susan Stern, a prominent former member of the Weather Underground, was assassinated by the CIA. Susan died of an "apparent heart seizure" even though she was only 33. Doctors said the attack may have been caused by a combination of exhaustion and an extended period in a sauna bath but recent Congressional Hearings on the intelligence community have revealed that the CIA is in possession of poisons which will mimic a heart seizure and do not show up in the bloodstream during an autopsy.



The Chilean fascist military junta has recommended use of "Mein Kampf" and other Nazi writings as "instructional aids" for Chile's national school system, according to the West German daily newspaper "Neue Ruhr-Zeitung":

"Mein Kampf" (My Battle), written by Adolf Hitler in 1924, was used as a propaganda tool by the Nazi movement to win over followers. Other writings by Nazi propagandists are also included in the junta's recommendations."



For all his attempts to make Dylan his poet laureate, Jimmy Carter has been unsuccessful, thus far, in luring him onto the bandwagon. When Tom Beard, Carter's rock liaison, tried to call Dylan's manager, the response was "Jimmy who?" But Beard is still trying to get Dylan to perform one of a series of voter-registration concerts Carter is planning.



The **Digest of Soviet Literature** reports that the United States Army may have been responsible for the outbreak of American Legion fever. They point to a statement that the United States Army

sent to Pennsylvania authorities regarding the killer disease in which they only "denied knowledge" of any accidental leak of toxic materials, rather than saying no such leak occurred. In April the **Yipster Times** carried allegations that the outbreak of swine flu in Fort Dix was attributable to C/B tests that were conducted at that army base.



The FBI is completing a 500 page report that says the radical Weather Underground, a target of break-ins by FBI agents, received financial support from Cuba.

If the report's accuracy is confirmed, it could hinder a Justice Department criminal investigation of more than 30 current and former FBI agents linked to burglaries of homes and offices of persons with ties to the Weather Underground in the New York area.

This is because recent court cases have indicated that it may be legal for government agents to conduct warrantless searches and wiretaps if the target is a threat to national security and has ties to a foreign government.



The purpose of this column is not to paralyze people into inaction by enumerating all the intelligence community murders that have become an integral part of American political life. The purpose of my research is to get people to act against those responsible for turning America into an oppressive dictatorship which has a stranglehold on a good deal of the world.

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YIPPIES FLIP ROCKY, ROCKY FLIPS BIRD

From Combined Sources

"A recent issue of the biweekly magazine *New Times* reported in its political gossip column that shortly before the GOP convention in Kansas City last month Rockefeller turned up tipsy at a Washington dinner party and said: "Castro killed Kennedy. It must have been an awful thing for poor Bobby to know that it was his assassination attempts on Castro that got Jack killed."

—NEWSWEEK, Sept. 27, 1976

Rocky had a guilty conscience. This time protestors were coming to expose the cover-ups of all those political murders.

Officially, according to the Kansas City police before the Convention, no more than 20 protestors were due to show up. Police strategy: maneuver the demonstrators into a corner, where demoralized and isolated, we'd get no media coverage.

On August 9th, 2 years to the hour after Jerry announced the long national bozofication had set in with his ascendancy to the White House, Yippies counter-stroked with an early occupation of the Heights of Penn Valley Park, only a few hundred yards from Crown Center, the mammoth hotel headquarters for Ford, the Secret Service, and the Hallmark Cards Corp.

With the banner THE YIPPIES ARE HERE, a handful was all it took to explode Ford's claim to be the President who extinguished street protest. The press ate it up. Ford & Co. stopped smiling, waving and pretending we were supporters. Indeed, the now famous compulsive paralytic erection of Rocky's right middle finger developed in Kansas City, from psychotic frustration at not being able to get rid of the Yippies harassing him.

K.C., until a year or two ago, had a flourishing counter-community. The demise of the WESTPORT TRUCKER, the recession, and an influx of brown Mexican heroin took their toll, but all the freex who'd once listened to TRUCKER-sponsored concerts in Volker Park were still around, ready to drive around the Boulevard of the upper park, stopping long enough to buy 3,000 YIPSTERS in 2 days.

Meanwhile, the Yippies were still trying to get portable toilets in the park, and water for the 110 degree days. Not until 200 demonstrators assembled Thursday afternoon to march on Crown Center did policeman Colonel Swift offer toilets. But still no water.

When Yippies surged down the big hill to the front entrance of Crown Center, the pigs freaked. Hotel Security made wild threats. But K.C. cops were torn by an unspoken policy of not letting demonstrators score publicity, which a mass arrest outside the hotel of the President of the United States would guarantee.

So an hour and a half after they arrived, chanting, WATER, WATER EVERYWHERE, BUT NOT A DROP TO DRINK, Colonel Swift was able to get the elusive permission for water. Within an hour, a hook-and-ladder truck roared into the boulevard, turned on a hydrant and ran a hose for showers from a faucet below the Monument.

Now one lesson riot cops have learned is that if you wake folks up in their last hours of deep sleep, they never totally come out of the stupor, and their minds turn to mush the rest of the day. John Mitchell did it on Mayday, 1971. Rather than take another day of rattling windows, SS-men and Crown Center Security decided to do it to the Yippies.

POLICE DIRTY TRICKS

The "water protest" got national publicity after all, even though in the K.C. papers it was just kids asking for another freebie. The cops had to respond.

Within 24 hours policeman Major Tye ordered the boulevard barricaded and closed to vehicular traffic—supposedly on his own, to protect us from rightwing vigilantes.

Check points at park entrance, with several carfuls of porkers at each, put an instant chill on our freedom of assembly. There was almost a riot, 100 yards from St. Mary's Hospital. 3 times barricades were torn down—the last time rammed by a local K.C. hotrodder.

For the first time, Chief McNamara agreed to meet with the Kansas City Convention Coalition and Yippies. KCCC rep Hiram Hiller came back with renewed access for press cars and 6 "Coalition Support Vehicles".

The urgency of getting down the barricades completely, right away, still hadn't sunk in for the midwest Yippies who were handling things. Like a big open-air jail, police "guards" were anxious to pack out-of-town troublemakers into the park, while stopping any fraternization with locals who "just came to watch" and couldn't deal with the police intimidation.

That is why bigger crowds came the week before the conventions. After the barricades, only a hard core would walk in the heat up the hill a mile from their parked cars. Our "tourist money" was choked off. And any cop could hamstring things by "not finding" a car on the "approved list".

Most New York Yippies arrived in their big yellow school bus 4:30 AM, Saturday. The better part of Saturday was spent mulling the situation over. The evening demo of several hundred of us heckling Rocky set a more buoyant mood. By midnight the combined forces had come up with a plan—without, unfortunately, totally digesting the winning moves of the "water protest".

The new arrivals proposed countering the blockade by moving the whole camp, with sound system, to the hill be-

low the Liberty Memorial, directly across the street from Ford and Rocky's hotel. The majority agreed. But only about half actually moved to the new site, where people clustered around the big yellow school bus. The rest stayed around the hard-to-move Gay Teepee, maintaining the original site in case the lower camp was dispersed.

With sound so loud it rattled Crown Center's windows, demanding the police barricades come down, Yippies announced their arrival. We'd found the dream site: just enough shade, elevated on a hill for visibility, directly across from the NBC and CBS truck and the main entrance. By moving into confrontation, presto-changeo our camp became a 24-hour-a-day vigil outside the President's hotel.

As Sunday afternoon simmered on, the mic was thrown open. A weird Jesus freek, calling Rocky by name, preached the fall of Babylon and the camel and the eye of the needle, etc. It boomed off Crown Center windows, but ordinary guests weren't allowed by the SS out on the balconies to watch. Only one, with his retinue, obviously an important man—he was giving us the finger. Could it be? It looked like Rocky, but it was a little too far away to be sure.

It seemed too good to last. At sundown, allegedly after rowdies threw a few coke cans into the street, Major Tye materialized a whole line of riot pigs and started pushing the crowd up the hill. Before people milling around the bus could freak, Dana Beal leaped to the top of the bus and observed that considering how we'd faced down lines of porkers for 10 years against the War, it was great to be back!

Sudden cheers and bright lights from 5 video crews had the required effect. Ben Masel and Major Tye agreed the police wouldn't vamp on the lower camp, if Yippies stopped throwing trash in the street. (cont. on next pg.)



Photo by Michael Kienitz



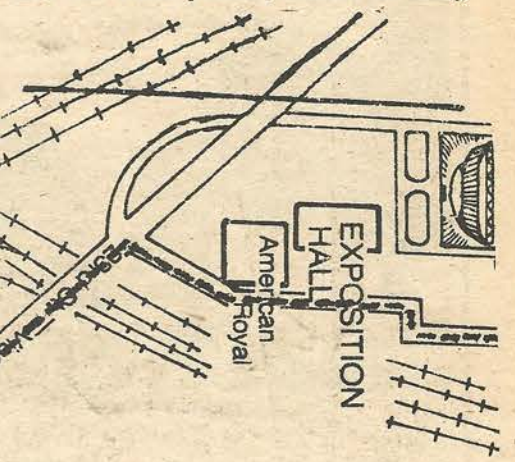
Photo by Harry Wasserman

WAKING UP JERRY!

At 4:00 in the morning the next shift commander, Colonel Swaddell, cancelled Tye's promise, marched into the lower camp, and announced that anyone who didn't leave would be arrested. Under threat of confiscation of both bus and sound systems, and with no media around, YIPs staged the slowest retreat up the hill they could.

Waking the other camp, they marched back down to "wake up Jerry" at 6:00 AM, just as NBC's "Today Show" started broadcasting live from Crown Center. The windows started rattling again to "FUCK ROCKY, FUCK FORD!"—except that now it was audible live, all over the country.

Lack of sleep hurt, though, as banners were neglected and Ben, instead of blocking Crown Center's main entrance like the water protest, decided to bring



the bus to use as a soundstage from an empty parking space across the street. Not only was the bus harassed, but when NBC filed warrants for disturbing the peace, it wasn't necessary to bust 200 demonstrators for sitting in or milling about the main entrance—just Ben and Tom Geronomi, for refusing to stop talking.

By this time it was fairly obvious the nominating drama would monopolize media attention during the early and mid-GOP Convention, just as the boredom of the Demcon forced videocrems—say Tuesday nite—out on the street to cover the most inconsequential actions.

But this Monday morning Yippies didn't realize the reaction to Ben's bust—press had now shown up—might be our last chance to cop international news until Ford was nominated. (With less than 200, just a week later, anti-nuclear sit-ins did it in Mass.) Instead, paranoid sound people removed the sound system. Half the Yippies wanted to sit in, half wanted to wait for Ben to be released.

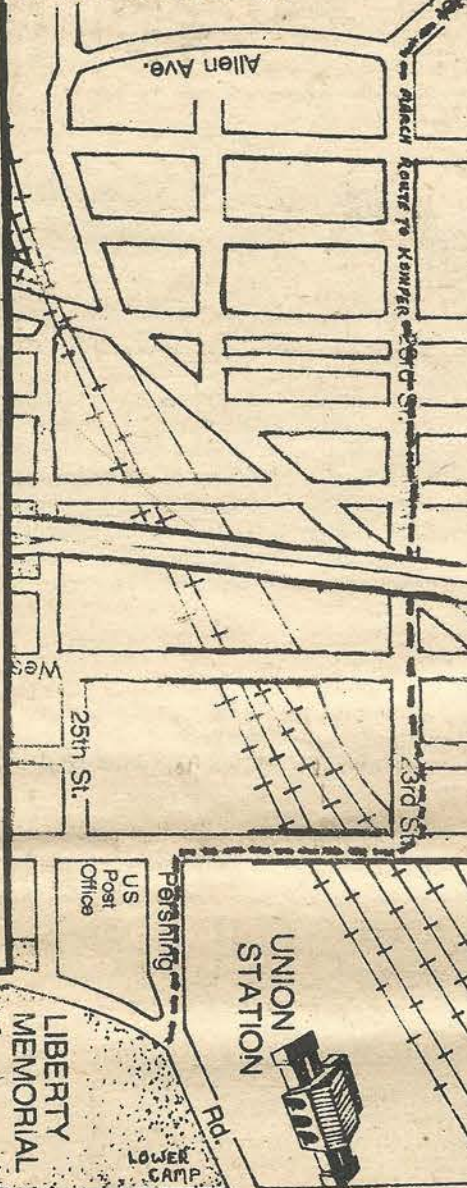
Some just opposed sit-ins and mass arrests as tactics—"The first duty of a revolutionary is not to get caught", quoth A. Hoffman. Others were seduced by the idea that negotiating with the pigs might help, and hassling gave them the excuse to stop demos at the actual Convention, at Kemper Arena. But while they waited, they blew it.

After he was released, Ben (fried from no sleep for 45 hours) just wanted to get busted over and over for using the

sound system. Cops would promise him they'd come down to negotiate, but of course they didn't. They never did again, the whole time, unless forced. They were too busy slipping the last dirty tricks into place.

Monday night, the first spirited march on Kemper Arena found a new wrinkle: where at Mayday we were at least arrested before we were caged, at Kemper a cyclone-fenced Stalag was specially constructed for us. Progress! And fenced in the "Demonstrator Area" with us was Harvey Baldwin, a Christian Nazi known not only for his advocacy of genocide against, but actual murderous assaults on Gay churches in California. A line of cops gleefully kept the first Peoples' Tribunal Against Repression from even re-locating his booming sound-system—placed behind YIP's for maximum distraction—which garbled everything.

Delegates entering and leaving Kemper were thus spared the guilt-trip of hearing Missouri rad Dennis Williams relate how local rednecks successfully conspired to take his adopted son away because "they didn't like the color of his skin", and how a State Trooper, present guarding Holy Harvey, had kicked his pregnant wife in the stomach, causing her to miscarry.



CAMP SCENE

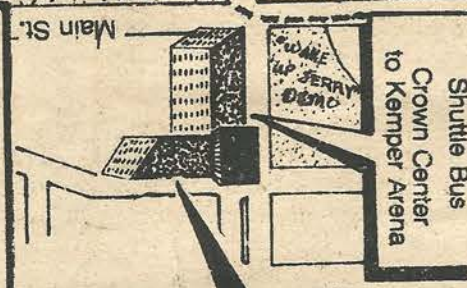
We had some early problems in the park with gays being harassed, but these generally ceased after the Y.I.P. security forces made clear its intention to fight alongside the gay security force, which was already preparing to "teach these fools that there's such a thing as a butch faggot." Yippies took to wearing the N.C.G.A. symbol of a pink triangle, which was the badge imposed by the Nazis—like the yellow Star of David for Jews—to identify and isolate homosexuals, a half-million of whom were murdered in the ovens. Our gesture of solidarity was so successful that Time magazine concluded gay activists formed the largest contingent present in Kansas City.

Several more attacks occurred against Yippie women (including, for a second time, Carrie Yippie), who each time successfully defended themselves. The only known rape of the ten day period occurred over the weekend, when two local teenage boys got a female acquaintance drunk and "took advantage of her condition." The woman refused to press charges, but when the rapists showed up at Kemper Arena Tuesday night, she reported their presence to Y.I.P. security. Soon they were approached by the largest Yippie in the area, Missouri's Dennis Williams, who politely informed them that if he ever saw them again "I will personally castrate both of you." Ashen-faced, the punks ran—and were probably impotent for a month. Unfortunately, Y.I.P.'s perennial problem of male dominance prevented the emergence of an organic women's anti-rape squad like the one in Miami which pounded would-be rapists bloody with metal tent stakes.

Two anticipated problems failed to materialize: racial clashes and heavy narcotics use. Racial tensions run high in Kansas City, including Volker Park, where young blacks and whites sell each other drugs amid frequent beatings and ripoffs.

But kids of all races mingled peacefully in Penn Valley Park, even after a flurry of ripoffs that could have been assigned racial motives. A paranoid scene developed when a group of local blacks appeared in the gay campsite minutes before Wednesday night's march, but it dissipated quickly. And while there was evidence of a few people shooting up in the park, death drug sellers were quickly evicted and none attempted to return; there was no massive influx of cheap downs or poisoned acid, as in Miami and at Mayday '71.

Dennis Williams' arm has since been amputated due to an infection that set in after cops smashed open stitches on his shoulder near the end of the Convention.



CROWN CENTER HOTEL FORD HEADQUARTERS

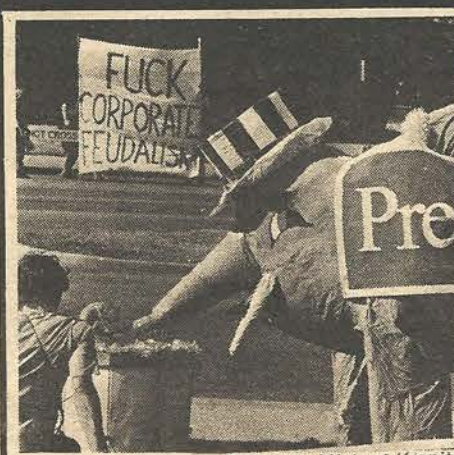


Photo by Michael Kienitz

NEW YIP PLOTZ...

The Yippie! New Directions Conference rendez-voused the last day of the Convention disguised as a "Youth In Prayer" meeting in a senior citizen's hotel. Targeting Nov. 22nd for a Washington, D.C., teach-in on Assassination Cover-ups, and a Counter-Inaugural protest against 4 more years of police state abuses for Jan. 20, the conferees also dwelt at length with local organization. The primary suggestion called for Nobody for President rallies folks can do locally.

Although a new strategy of coalescing radicals and liberals in a front against repression was thus implicitly confirmed, a good deal of criticism focused around the unwieldiness of national actions that cops have months to plan against. Alternatives were discussed from topical zaps (the Moynihan pieing, the recent D.C. Moon-in) that give police less notice, to the model of the early Wobbly "free speech fights", in which a repressive locality found its jails bursting with hundreds of out-of-towners intent on giving some persecuted agitator moral support.

At this point the Hotel management discovered we were the Yippies, and we retired to a shady spot in the Park for a workshop on local organizing (Low turnout in K.C. was being blamed both on late posters, etc. and the extremely uneven state of local YIP organizations.)

Beginning with the average Yippie, who reads and distributes the paper and maybe occasionally participates in actions or happenings, we talked about the importance of forming collectives for activities that really get into the potential of Yippie!

A collective is often but not always based around a residence to live and organize out of. The collective puts out buttons, distributes and contributes to the YIPSTER, but its particular identity is expressed in the collective's street sheets, poster and technological offerings.

When there are different collectives and individuals in one area, chapters can be formed, with regular weekly meetings—the next level of development. That's when real smoke-ins and demonstrations become possible, plus underground paper and other, more ambitious projects.

Coalitions with regular left groups were discussed at the conference, pro and con, with the general consensus that they're okay so long as the coalition makes defense of the cultural revolution integral to the struggle against repression.

We then discussed how distributing the YIPSTER could be an organizing tool, in colleges, high schools, concerts, hip hangouts, etc. The conference wound up with people interested in pulling together a state or regional meeting in their area getting together with the Y.T. collective to get lists of contacts. Regional meetings are scheduled all thru October and November; Nobody for President rallies, it was felt, would go best on Halloween. Call 212-533-5028 for details.

NOBODY FOR PREZ

Now as everybody knows, in '68 Yippies nominated Pigasus, and a pig won. Their '72 candidate was a rock and, to everyone's surprise, when Watergate settled, it was the Rock who ended up running the show. This time we had 2 candidates: J. Edgar Kangaroo, advocate of Kangaroo Courts and penal colonies, and Nobody.

Traditionalist J. Edgar wouldn't show up prior to an acceptance speech, of course, so he was completely upstaged when Wavy Gravy, Nobody's Fool, observed that who should be listening to Holy Harvey next to us, but ... Nobody?

The Bozos for Nobody Parade was the media opening for which we'd pulled our punches, to get down by Kemper, foregoing the possibly greater respectability of sit-ins and mass arrest early on. For several minutes nationwide the political hardcore who watched conventions could dig our chosen images. It crystallized a definite trend. For the month after the Yippie Counter-Nomination, alarmed pollsters found a solid majority preferred neither Carter, nor Ford, but Nobody.

CLOWNS SAVE THE DAY

Pros and cons of civil disobedience tactics aside, though, Yippies were now moving off the outrages of the past few days. 30 folks from the Nobody Parade joined the Y.T. sellers where delegate buses were leaving. Police security was so lax that they just couldn't help kicking and spitting on the buses. One bus stalled, a window was kicked in. Terror contorted delegate faces; police pushed the rowdies back behind a low fence, where they began to throw rocks at the buses.

Not until the last bus left did a pig sergeant grab Bad Matzel, the only one he recognized, for throwing a Coke can. Arrest No. 45 for Masel, leaving him 17 short of Abbie Hoffman's outdoor world's record. The YIPs sat down. Another 30 arrived. The sit-ins threatened to stay til Ben was freed, but couldn't block buses that were already gone. Police withdrew.

Moving to 19th and Wyoming, where there was traffic to block (including Holy Harvey's soundtrack, which u-turned and vamoosed), Yippies swelled to 100 with the arrival of the bus. Now police had to negotiate. Their attorney, Manfred Maier, was back in less than 45 minutes with word that charges against Ben were reduced to "using loud, offensive, insulting language", which would be dropped.

Thursday, while serious YIPs from around the country met to map out new directions for the upcoming period (see Box), things got even hairier. All cars



Photo by Cody Marr

On the positive side, music by David Peel, his sideman Jimmy Maxwell, and Grimes Poznikov was inspired by the confrontation with Harvey, whilst many thought the Zentner Bros. Rock Band was one of the best YIP ever had. But poor communications meant YIPs never knew til we got back that more than 500 townies had been diverted from the protest by a rock concert that just mysteriously happened in the Park.

Tuesday everyone was still groggy, from the dawn roust the morning before. Delaying the march for stragglers only resulted in missing the empty hours of early evening TV down by the Arena, plus Indian demonstrators and a number of local rads who were supposed to rap on prisons, et al. A complicated double barricade and massive re-enforcements of troopers now protected Harvey. And they refused to dignify 12 gays bent on mass arrest in a "forbidden area" by so much as noticing them.

THE WATCHERS...

So intent on suppressing the protest story were authorities that a quasi-official, group of "neutrals" called WATCH, Inc. was also stationed in the camp,

around the hotels, at Kemper—everywhere. Their founder was Walt Bodine, a local radio fatcat who had lunch and cocktails with police officials at least once a week for 4 months before the Convention. There were about 400 WATCHERS, very straight, volunteer brain police who wrote down everything that happened for the DAILY WATCH OBSERVER, a kind of omnibus press release.

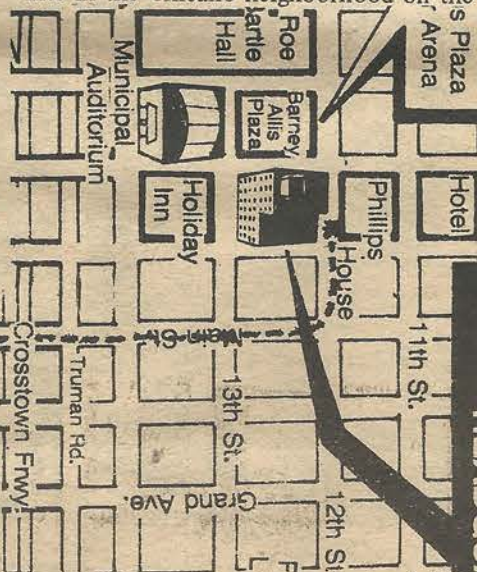
The DAILY WATCH OBSERVER got more slanted every day. Wednesday noon, for example, early Yippie risers wended downtown to the Radisson Muehlebach Hotel, where Ford and Rocky were lunching with—Raygun. Filtering in with some Ford fans, YIPs unfurled a gigantic STOP GOVT SPYING across the street, enlisting half a block in their demo by simply turning up their bullhorn.

As Ford arrived, a Fordette tried to muffle the Yippie horn with her sign. When Tom Geronomi tried pushing the sign away, cops jumped him, pulled him over their barricade, whacked his head, jumped up and down on him, and then dragged him, bouncing his head on the pavement, down the hill to a paddy wagon, where he passed out.

Rocky had to disembark amongst protestors so mad no bullhorn was need-

ed to hear the "ATTICA! ATTICA!" No longer smiling or waving, Rocky flipped these folks who'd been besieging his hotel the now famous finger. Only 20 yards away—now there could be no doubt it was him! Yet in the next morning's news, "heat prostration" replaced spectacular police brutality as the reason Geronomi kept passing out all that night (an obvious concussion), while Rocky had to wait another month to get recognition for his new political trademark. Lazy reporters had relied on the WATCH OBSERVER, which printed the police version verbatim.

What is more, after Aron Kay began chanting FREE PUERTO RICO Tuesday nite in the Chicano neighborhood on the



way to Kemper, one lone sore-head followed for several blocks shouting WE ARE MEXICANS! This minor incident was inflated into the lead story of the DAILY WATCH OBSERVER, and Wednesday a small group of Chicanos were incited to heckle marchers, though no violence occurred. WATCH, INC., was free not only to suppress news, but manage events.

Wednesday night we hit Kemper with the feeling of having regained the initiative at the Muehlebach, because the Man hadn't been able to stalemate such non-scheduled moves. An Ohio Yippie in a Ford mask with a noose around his neck lead a small crowd selling Yipsters at the delegate gate—where they weren't supposed to be. As a goof, Frisco YIP Ed Rosenthal got a warrant for Holy Harvey for "disturbing the peace" (disrupting our demo) identical to the one NBC filed against Masel Monday, but Major Tye refused to enforce it. So much for equal protection.



Photo by Cody Marr

Nobody was nominated by acclamation; Tricky Dick got second-spot because of the genuine nostalgia all Yippies have for him. Inside Kemper, GOP'ers were nominating their very own Nobody: Bozo K. Ford, a true blue kangaroo who's good for ... Nobody!

With the drama over inside, CBS turned (predictably) to the reaction of the protestors outside, where Ike Pappas found 500 Yippies in clownface, parading around Kemper surrounding a convertible, throwing confetti into the back seat which contained. . . Nobody.

were turned away at the barricades, which were re-enforced. On the camp outskirts, 3 locals were arrested, and a young Yippie woman trying to stop it got her arm broken. About 25 pigs, led by Officer Autry, came charging up the hill in 2 lines. More than half the camp was off at the conference, but the porkers faltered halfway up anyway—nobody could run all the way up that hill on a hot day.

But now it was obvious that as the Repubs and their press began to fade, the pigs would vamp on us. While most went ahead to Kemper, a few people stayed behind and, when no one was looking, pulled up stakes and moved everything to the house on Harrison St.—cramped, legal, and located in a friendly neighborhood.

Down at the Arena disgruntled freex again supercharged things by burning—for the first time ever in K.C.—an upside down American Flag. Cops started to amass and get ugly. Only A.J. Weberman and Wavy Gravy averted disaster. Just before the pigs were ready to strike A.J. moved the whole crowd over in front of Holy Harvey—making it Harvey's audience, even though Harvey had stopped talking from hoarseness. Wavy again supplied clownface, on the theory that police would never dare beat up a bunch of clowns.

Imagine: POLICE ATTACK CLOWNS IN KANSAS CITY.

The pigs surrounded us, forced us to march down a dark side street, and closed in for the kill—and then looked at the whiteface and round red rubber nos-

es, and backed off.

It had worked. Just as Rocky's finger proclaimed: "You can't get rid of me!!", they hadn't gotten rid of us, either. Rocky started flipping the bird in K.C. The rabble rattling his windows seems to have shorted his circuits so badly that old finger just pops up involuntarily whenever rads apply stimulus. Like Pavlov's dog.

Though our demos were never bigger than 500, 1000's participated thru the 10 days, without a War or much of a local movement, and what they learned about timing, site, tactics and perseverance was a lot more relevant to the modest-sized demos radicals turn out these days.

Remember, the 5,000 demonstrators in Chicago and Miami were mobilized each by at least 25 different radical groups. With a Coalition consisting really of a sprinkling of local lefties, YIP, the National Coalition of Gay Activists, and COYOTE (Call Off Your Old Tired Ethics), groups at all 3 conventions turned out an average of 200 protestors.

300 Indians attended a separate pow wow. But other radical groups who'd announced protests, including NOW, the SWP and the Chicago Area Peace Council, never showed. (Sectarianism?)

For Yippies, who came away from K.C. prepared to hold hometown Nobody for President rallies, to pull together regionally, and to travel to D.C. to inaugurate Nobody Jan. 20, best of all was finding folks everywhere excited about Yippie! again.



Photo by Harry Wasserman

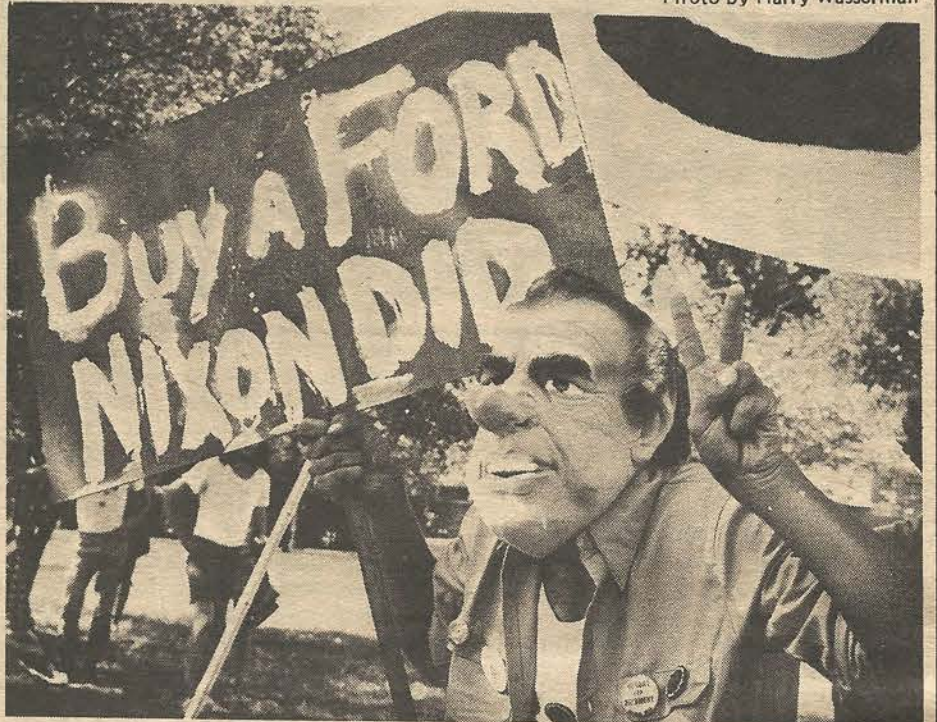


Photo by Michael Kientz



Photo by Cody Marr

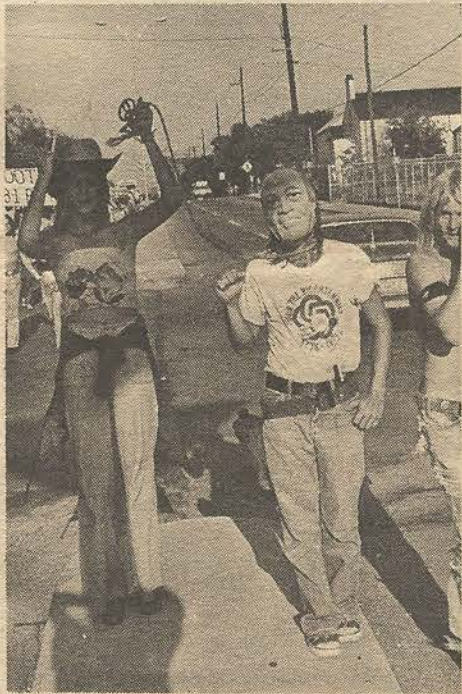


Photo by Cody Marr



Photo by Craig Silverman



Photo by Michael Kientz

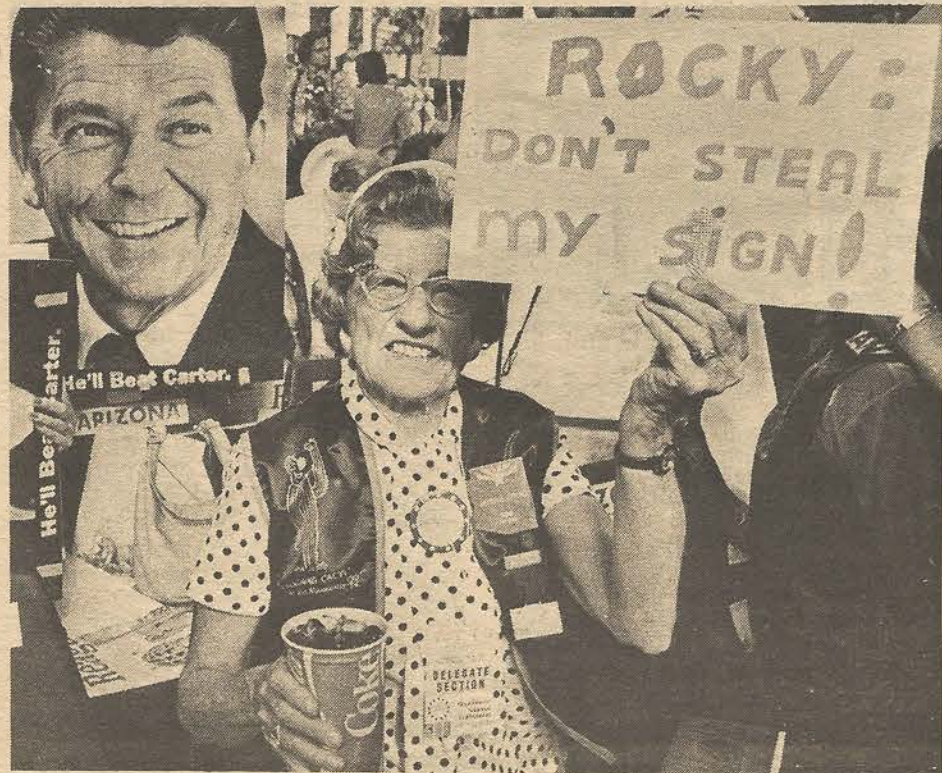


Photo by Michael Kientz



Photo by Craig Silverman

THE CURSE OF J.F.K.'S GHOST
CHAPTER FOUR
WRITTEN & EXECUTED BY K. WEINER

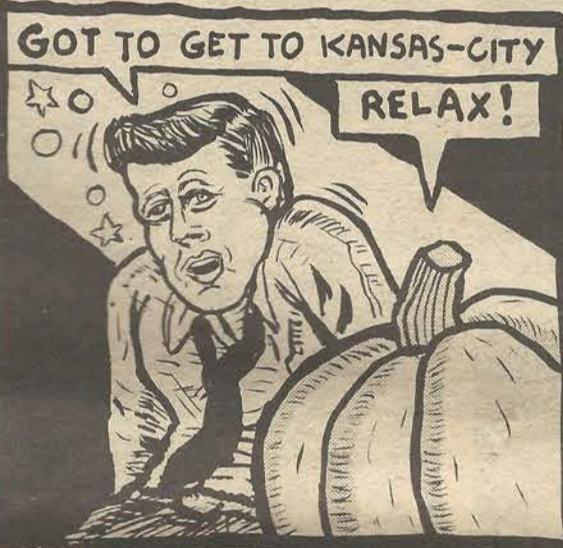


AFTER GETTING HIS BRAIN BACK, J.F.K.'S BAD BACK GAVE OUT AS IT OFTEN DID WHEN HE WAS IN OFFICE. NOW HE'S LAID-UP AT THE SECRET HIDE-OUT OF THE MILITANT PUMKIN-HEADS UNDER THE STREETS OF MANHATTAN IN AN ABANDONED I.R.T. SUBWAY STATION.....



WHAT'S THE PASS WORD?

NOBODY FOR PRESIDENT



GOT TO GET TO KANSAS-CITY
 RELAX!



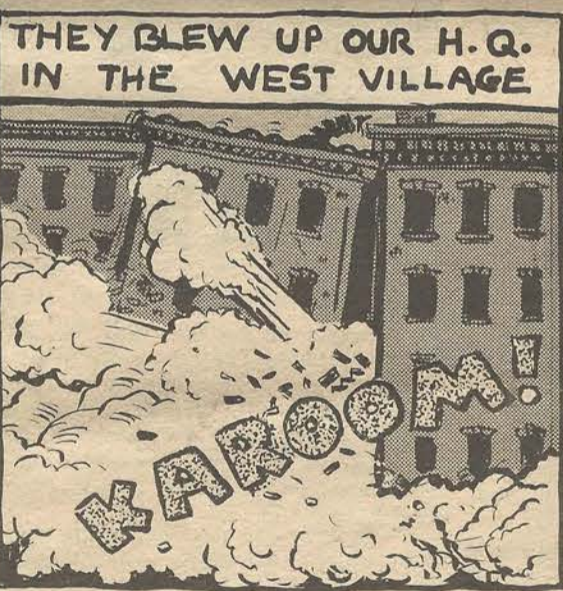
MY NAME IS COMRADE RUDD, FORMERLY OF THE WEATHER UNDERGROUND.....



...YEARS AGO MY COMRADES AND I WERE AMBUSHED AND CAPTURED BY THE FBI.

EVERYONE, FREEZE!

SLAM!



THEY BLEW UP OUR H.Q. IN THE WEST VILLAGE



...EVERYONE THOUGHT WE WERE KILLED

WHERE ARE WE GOING?

SMEK!

SHADDUP!



THEY TORTURED US *

NO! PLEASE NO!

* INJURY TO THE EYE MOTIF



BEFORE WE ESCAPED THEY RAVAGED OUR FACES WITH ACID

D RIP D RIP D RIP



ARGGH!

THAT IS WHY WE WEAR THESE PUMKINS. YOU MUST HELP US SEEK REVENGE! WHEN YOU RECOVER YOU WILL TAKE THIS PIE TO THE WHITE HOUSE.



WHAT FLAVOR IS IT?

TICK TICK TICK

PLUTONIUM!

NEXT MONTH: JFK PIES BOZO!

THE GODFAT

WHY THE MOB RUBY

by A.J. W



Alphonso Capone in 1931. Note innocuous look.

On August 8, 1976 a fisherman in the Miami area found a 55 gallon oil drum floating nearby his boat. Inside it was an old man whose legs had been cut off and stuffed in the barrel along with his torso. The Miami Police soon identified the mangled corpse as that of Johnny Roselli, a mobster who had been around since the days of Al Capone. The coroner discovered that Roselli had been given a drink before he was strangled and that the only reason his body had floated to the surface was because chronic emphysema had caused air pockets to form in various organs. Roselli's death was the latest in a series of murders connected with the assassination of John F. Kennedy.

In the past year at least 4 other people who had direct knowledge of CIA-Mafia involvement in Kennedy's assassination have been executed. They are Sam Giancana, William Harvey, Sheffield Edwards, and Mickey Cohen.

Johnny Roselli began to work for Al Capone and Meyer Lansky in the 1920's. Sam Giancana was a body guard and driver for Capone, and Roselli worked directly under him. It was around this time that Giancana and Roselli met Jack Rubinstein, a member of the "Dave Miller" gang which included prize fighter Barney Ross. In an FBI report dated June 5, 1954 (CE1288), "Ross stated that one of the people with whom this group became acquainted with was Al Capone. Ross did not realize at the time that Capone was a big time racketeer. When Ross fought, tickets for the fight were sold for about \$.25 each and Capone on several occasions would buy all the seats in the gym and then give the tickets away to all the fans who supported Ross. He recalled that occasionally Capone would give Ross or one of the members of the group with whom he associated with a dollar to run innocuous errands." Ross also stated that Ralph Capone, Matty Capone, Frank Nitti, and Machine Gun Sam Hunt were also associated with Ross. Ross believed that Ruby had run one of these "innocuous errands" for Capone, a polite way of saying that he'd worked for him.



Capone "messenger boy" Barney Ross (right) enters Dallas, Texas Courtroom to testify as character witness for Jack Ruby in 1964. He is followed by Ruby's assistant defense attorney, Joe Tonahill.

By 1940 Giancana had become boss of the Chicago Rackets and Roselli moved to Hollywood where he took over AGVA (American Guild of Variety Artists.) Roselli was soon convicted of extortion for shaking down Hollywood Studios, promising them an end to labor unrest in return for a large amount of money. Roselli was freed after three years of prison. Barred from Union activity, he began to manage gambling on the West Coast (with Mickey Cohen) and also visited mob interests in Cuba.

After Castro came to power, Rockefeller's cousin, Tracy Barnes, ordered his deputy, Richard Bissell, to enlist the services of organized crime in assassinating the Cuban Communist. Bissell had Colonel Sheffield Edwards contact Robert Maheu, a former FBI Agent and CIA Contract Employee who had met numerous gangsters while working for Howard Hughes in Las Vegas. Maheu contacted Roselli, who introduced him to Giancana and Santo Trafficante, the gambling overlord of Cuba who worked under Meyer Lansky.

Around this time CIA Operatives William Harvey and Jim O'Connell were assigned to the CIA-Mafia Operation. In March of 1961 this cabal made several attempts to poison Castro but failed in every instance. The Syndicate was so determined to get their Cuban gambling interests back they continued sponsoring periodic assassination attempts against Fidel despite heavy losses. Many of the personnel involved in these plots had been double-crossed by Fidel—Jack Ruby was one of them. Jack had smuggled arms to Castro for the mob in an effort to protect its investments there; they supported both Batista and Fidel, thusly hedging

their bets. After the July 26 Movement took power, Castro gave Jack an interest in the Tropicana Casino for his loyalty. Ruby visited Havana shortly after Castro's revolution ostensibly to see his partner Lewis McWillie—manager of the Tropicana. The real purpose of his visit was to relay a message from his boss Meyer Lansky to Santo Trafficante, who had been temporarily detained by the Castro Regime.* Ruby talks about this trip in his testimony to the Warren Commission. He calls the Lansky brothers the Fox brothers in order to avoid breaking the Mafia code of not naming names. For more detailed analysis see my book *Coup d'Etat In America* or Robert Sam Anson's book *They've Killed The President*.

By 1963 Ruby had become part of a CIA/Mafia plot to shoot Castro at close range. He purchased 4 cobra pistols in an obscure gun store in Dallas and mailed them to his friend McWillie, who was working in a syndicate controlled hotel in Las Vegas. McWillie, deported from Cuba, had stayed in Miami for a few months and then went to Nevada where he got a job at the Cal-Neva Lounge. Frank Sinatra, who owned a good deal of this Lake Tahoe Casino, had been forced to sell his shares in it because of his association with Sam Giancana, who frequented the place. McWillie eventually got a job as pitboss in the Thunderbird Casino, a notorious Lansky property, and passed the guns to Roselli, who was his boss at the time—Roselli controlled gambling in LA and Las Vegas. Roselli gave them to his hitmen who were to attack Castro at the Latin American Stadium, in Havana, on April 7, 1963. But Castro's Militia arrested them and seized Ruby's cobras and several fragmentation grenades. (Castro's list



John Roselli in 1975 leaving a Senate office building in Washington after testifying on an alleged CIA plot to kill Castro.

of attempts on his life—Miami Herald July 31, 1975) The reason Ruby purchased the pistols in an obscure gunstore was to insure that credible deniability would be built into the operation—i.e. if the hitmen were apprehended it would be impossible to trace their weapons back to the CIA/Mafia.

These operations were being conducted against the wishes of John Kennedy and his brother Robert who had ordered the CIA to stop trying to kill Castro. This fact combined with Kennedy's action during the Cuban Missile Crisis and Bay of Pigs convinced the Foreign Policy Establishment that in order to kill Castro and "liberate" Cuba, the President had to be executed. The same people who were plotting Castro's demise planned the JFK assassination.

Ruby's role in the plot entailed snuffing the patsy the CIA had set up for its "executive action". As fate would have it "police-buff" Ruby's hitman, Officer Tippett, botched the job and Ruby had to personally fulfill the contract on Oswald. Jack Ruby was dead of cancer about two years later.

Ruby was also in contact with Roselli through Frank Goldstein, a man who like Roselli was a professional gambler with contacts in the theatrical workers union. Ruby claimed he called Goldstein

regarding a local labor leader, Goldstein was helping between Ruby and the mob in Las Vegas just prior to the assassination. I spoke with Goldstein and he had never heard of the AGVA and if he was ever connected with the mob, he told me that he didn't know Roselli's name. He didn't know the name of the person on the phone.

During the mid-1960s, Roselli became a close contact of the Coast gangsters. From the exclusive Frisco case came to court, his involvement in the assassination of Castro, and got the case to court.

In 1966 Senator (Missouri) began an investigation into the CIA had initiated the assassination of Castro. Then CIA General Counsel Hosten told the press that the CIA had initiated the assassination of Castro. Bernard Fenstermaker (Missouri) told the press that the CIA had initiated the assassination of Castro.



Jack Ruby with protege at his Chicago club, 1957. When Ruby came to NYC to book talent for his sleazy nightclub he dealt with Associated Booking, owned by Murray Korshak who some have dubbed "The new Meyer Lansky".

ice building in Wash-
lot to kill Castro.

regarding a local labor dispute. Actually, Goldstein was helping set up a meeting between Ruby and Roselli that occurred in Las Vegas just prior to the assassination. I spoke with Frank Goldstein and asked him if he had any connection with AGVA and if he was a professional gambler. He told me that he was retired and not connected with any union. I asked him if he knew Roselli and he responded that he doesn't "know any of the names." He didn't want to talk about it on the phone.

During the mid-sixties the CIA continued to try eliminating Castro, and Roselli became a celebrity among West Coast gangsters. Frank Sinatra got him into the exclusive Friars Club where he ripped off big Hollywood stars. When the case came to court Roselli brought up his involvement in the CIA-Mafia plot to kill Castro, and got a relatively light sentence.

In 1966 Senator Long (Dem-Missouri) began an investigation of a wiretap the CIA had initiated as a favor to Giancana. Then CIA General Counsel Lawrence Houston told CIA Capitol Hill plant Bernard Fensterwald* (Long's Chief Counsel) that the CIA/Mafia connection

was imperiled by the probe. It was quietly dropped.

A few years later, Giancana did 12 months in a Chicago jail rather than testify before a Grand Jury led by U.S. Attorney Hanrahan. Upon release Giancana fled to Mexico in self-imposed exile despite the fact that U.S. Prosecutor William Hundley had halted Giancana's prosecution. Hundley was eventually hired by INTER-TEL, a Hughes corporation which many researchers regard as a front for the CIA and the Mafia.

Shortly after he was forcibly returned to the United States, Sam was called before the Rockefeller Commission. He was murdered a few days prior to his appearance before the Church Committee. The circumstances of his death indicate that someone close to him did it, most likely another syndicate member.

After Sam's murder members of the CIA/Mafia plot began dying like flies. Sheffield Edwards kicked the bucket in the summer of 1975 and Roselli began to worry. He had been called before the Ervin Committee in regard to Robert Maheu and Howard Hughes. His testimony remains secret. Then, when he was called before the Church Committee he

OTHER PART III

BBED OUT ROSELLI

Weberman



Jack Ruby with protege at his Chicago club, 1957. When Ruby came to NYC to book talent for his sleazy nightclub he dealt with Associated Booking, owned by Murray Korshak who some have dubbed "The new Meyer Lansky".



Samuel Giancana goes before Nevada gaming board regarding his connections with the Cal Neva Lounge and Frank Sinatra



Meyer Lansky in 1975 leaving Courthouse in Israel.

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made a terrible mistake: he failed to say that Castro killed Kennedy.

In 1967 Roselli allegedly told his attorney Edward Morgan that Castro Agents had hit JFK. Morgan contacted Washington journalist Drew Pearson who passed the information on to Hoover and Warren. Morgan, who remained Roselli's attorney until his death, had been chief inspector of the FBI for seven years and was probably attempting to blame it on Castro in order to throw suspicion away from the Intelligence Community. When Roselli testified before the Church Committee, he did not say the JFK killing was a result of Castro's retaliation; in fact he denied either receiving the information that Castro retaliated, or discussing it with his lawyer. Jack Anderson reports that Roselli told his associates that the same people who tried to kill Castro killed JFK. He might have told Senator Schweiker this when he testified about the JFK killing at a session when only Schweiker was present.

Like Giancana, Roselli was snuffed by someone close to him. Roselli was on his way to the Rolling Hills Golf Course where Chuck O'Brien, (Jimmy Hoffa's foster son) and Sam Giancana had been known to frequent. Prior to his death Roselli had met with Charlie "The Blade" Tourine, who along with Frank Sturgis was part of the gambling scene in Castro's Cuba in 1959. Roselli had also spoken with Allen Smiley who had been present at Meyer Lansky's partner, Bugsy Siegel's rub-out in 1947. (Las Vegas Police Report)

These men are the top suspects in "rolling out the barrel" for Roselli. I suspect that Meyer Lansky gave the orders to question Roselli and then snuff him. Lansky was the top man

in the CIA-Mafia plot against Castro, but the only journalist who had guts enough to point this out was Victor Reisel. Reisel had been blinded by the mob about 20 years ago.

Some have suggested that Roselli was murdered because he was unable to be deported and the mob was afraid he might testify against them. Roselli had sent two hoods to prison because of his testimony in 1971, and nothing had happened to him.

Roselli was cremated immediately following his death. Senator Gary Hart, who along with Senator Schweiker had led a sub-committee investigating the JFK Assassination, went down to Miami and began to pressure the FBI to enter the case. Nixon appointee Clarence Kelley claimed the bureau had no jurisdiction.

Kelley had been covering up for Nixon and Ford ever since he took office. This is why Ford would not dismiss him, despite the fact that Kelley had the FBI exhibits division install curtains for him.

Attorney General Levi ordered the FBI to enter the Roselli case, citing a statute which makes it a Federal crime to obstruct proceedings before Congressional Committees. To date the FBI has come up with nothing.

Then William Harvey died of an apparent heart attack even though he had no history of heart trouble. Mickey Cohen also died around this time. Cohen was a close associate of Roselli and Ruby. Ruby had told Irving Alkana that he was close friends with Cohen (CE1228) in a personal conversation.

Prior to his death Cohen had been working on his autobiography with Peer Nugent, who I had occasion to debate during an appearance at a west coast

book fair. Nugent offered standard CIA arguments to refute my contention of CIA complicity in the John Kennedy assassination and admitted that he had been suspected of being a CIA Agent while visiting Africa, but had been released through the intervention of Secretary of State Dean Rusk. Organized crime authority Art Kunkin, who was part of this debate, investigated Nugent and found that he had definitely maintained ties to the CIA. After my co-author Canfield and I left Hollywood, Nugent repeatedly called the people with whom we'd stayed, and asked them where we would be showing up next.

Some have suggested that Jimmy Hoffa's disappearance was a result of his early association with Jack Ruby. I believe Hoffa was killed because he was trying to regain the power which Freddy Fitzsimmons had usurped while Hoffa was in jail. Fitzsimmons had the mob on his side and Jimmy is probably in a barrel shaped coffin deep below Lake Michigan. By this time he is probably decomposed beyond recognition. This is why Dusty Miller, the number two man in the Teamsters under Fitzsimmons is still alive despite the fact that Ruby called him several times prior to the assassination.

The murders of Giancana and Roselli have made it clear to the American public that the syndicate can kill as many witnesses as it wants with total impunity. Many more witnesses to the John Kennedy assassination plot were murdered from 1964 to 1967 and many others are going to die in the future. So far approximately 15 people who were listed in the index of Coup D'etat have died since the book was published. I'm glad I didn't put myself in the index!!

FOOTNOTES:

* The fact that Ruby was visiting Trarracante was revealed in a recently de-classified CIA document in which a Journalist who had been imprisoned by Castro say Ruby and Traffacante meet (Cable date November 28, 1963 No. 94 of recently de-classified CIA documents.

* See Assassin Nation

HIGH LIFE



Biggest grass smuggler busted

(ZNS) A man described by Federal authorities as America's leading marijuana smuggler has been sentenced to 10 years in prison.

Twenty-nine-year-old Roger Fry of Mill Valley, California, was sentenced to the prison term without the possibility of parole by a Detroit Federal Judge after he pleaded guilty to masterminding a worldwide pot-smuggling operation.

According to Federal investigators, Fry's ring was busted as it was in the process of smuggling an incredible 30 million pounds of the evil weed into the United States.

Fry and 21 others from seven states pleaded guilty to charges of using oil tanker trucks to move thousands of tons of pot from Mexico into California. Prosecutors contended that in one year alone, Fry made \$25 million (Dollars) in profits from the marijuana operation.

The dope was allegedly trucked from Mexico to Santa Ana, California, where it was weighed, repackaged and shipped out to locations across the United States.

Rocky Mountain High

Ever since Claudine Lorget shot and killed star skier "Spider" Sabich, there has been more press in Aspen, Colo., than the resort ever hoped for. In recent months, Jahn Ray Enright, Regional Director of the DEA, has asserted that Aspen not only is a major drug center, but the great gathering place of international drug dealers, "the cocaine capital of the country."

Pitkin County D.A. Frank Tucker retorts this "is just not a fact. The DEA has made claims that cannot be backed up in a court of law. Aspen is an outdoors, healthy town. It's not full of unhappy people. It's not full of drug addicts."

Nevertheless, observers there report wide availability, not only of grass and coke, but speed and heroin as well.

41 Arrested at San Diego Smoke-In

San Diego, Cal.—Police arrested 41 persons and snuffed out what was billed as a marijuana "Smoke In" near the Pepper Grove area of Balboa Park on September 6.

The gathering, which police contended involved illegal refreshments, was sponsored by the Youth International Party (Yippies). About 200 showed up to gather on a hillside west of the Pepper Grove area.

Police made frequent sorties into the crowd and led participants, mostly young persons, away to waiting patrol vehicles. There were no incidents of violence.



School daze in Chicago

Out of all 200,000 kids in Chicago's Second District schools, 22,000 smoke weed every day and 24,000 get high at least once a week, according to police estimates. Police also say 10,000 students drink every day, and 34,000 drink weekly. Remember, these are the ones the cops know about!

Steve Sabich, 29-year-old contractor brother of Spider, has admitted that in 1970 he was busted for grass smuggling in his private plane. Aspen residents have also been busted recently in Vicksburg, Miss., and Camden County, Georgia, for smuggling huge quantities of hash and Colombian. In 1973 "Operation Snowflake" resulted in the arrest of 24 Coloradans by feds. One defendant led authorities directly to a coke refining factory in Bogota, Colombia.

Aspen Councilman Pete Degregorio insisted, "It's not any worse here than anywhere else," and was soon observed in nude dancing with local snow bunnies while hundreds cheered them on and passed out mescaline and LSD to the crowd.

At times, more than 50 uniformed officers were involved in the operation and a police command post, complete with a communications van, was set up east of San Diego High School.

Persons arrested were processed at the command post. The arrests were made for unlawful assembly under both the municipal and state Penal Codes; being under the influence of alcohol and possession of marijuana.

Police said that because the gathering lacked a permit from the city Parks and Recreation Department, those showing up were cited for violating the Municipal Code.

When the gathering was declared an unlawful assembly, the participants were then cited under the state Penal Code, police said. Groups of more than 25 must have a permit from the city parks department.

The group had applied for a permit to use the park for what it promised would be a political rally in protest of California's new marijuana law.

But George Loveland, community relations supervisor for the city's Parks and Recreation Department, said the request came too late.

"City policy has been to deny large groups a gathering permit on holiday weekends," he explained. "The park is just too crowded during those times."

Another thing bothered park people, Loveland said.



How to send pot in the mail

(ZNS) Before you decide to send some marijuana through the mail, you might pay attention to this: the U.S. Postal System has developed a package profile designed to help inspectors pick out bundles that might contain pot.

What does a package of the evil weed look like? According to Court records, the profile warns inspectors about a sturdy parcel, weighing from 16 to 20 pounds, tightly wrapped in plain brown paper, and often marked airmail.

According to the profile, the return addresses, if any, are almost always fictitious.



One of the unfortunate 41 arrested at the San Diego Smoke-In.

"Marijuana smoking is illegal."

California's new marijuana law went into effect Jan. 1. It makes possession of one ounce or less of marijuana a misdemeanor offense punishable by not more than \$100 and issuance of a citation that remains on the police records for two years.

Possession of more than one ounce also is a misdemeanor. But that offense is punishable by up to six months in county jail and a fine not to exceed \$500.

—SAN DIEGO UNION

Weed in the White House

(ZNS) The alternative publication Washington Newworks reports that the best blend of international pot available in all of Washington, D.C. reportedly can be found in the White House.

The publication quotes a reliable source as stating that White House staff members are able to obtain choice marijuana from globe-trotting diplomats who can pass through customs without being checked.

Newworks identifies its White House source only as "Dope Throat".



The felony that fizzled

(ZNS) A northern California attorney, who called a press conference and then taped two marijuana plants to the office door of a county district attorney, is sitting at home, waiting to be arrested.

In fact, Ed Frey of Ukiah, California, wants to be arrested and charged—but the District Attorney's office has refused to do so...at least so far.

Frey believes that state and Federal laws which prohibit the cultivation of pot plants in the privacy of one's home are unconstitutional. As a result, he carried in a bundle of home-grown weed to the Sheriff's Department last month and demanded to be arrested.

Instead, the Sheriff turned Frey over to the District Attorney; and the District Attorney merely cited him for the non-criminal offense in California of possessing a small amount of marijuana.

Frey insists he should be charged under existing state and federal laws that define the growing of pot as a felony. The young attorney returned to the County Courthouse on Thursday, this time dressed as a judge, telling police ahead of time he would be there.

After speaking at length on the subject of why marijuana growing should be permitted in private, Frey produced two young plants he said he had grown, and carefully taped them to the D.A.'s front door.

Even though police knew ahead of time that he was coming, strangely enough there was no one there to arrest him or charge him with anything. Frey has retreated back to his home, where he says he is cultivating some great hemp, hoping that the gendarmes will bust him.

Atomic secrets

Four drug smugglers in England needed to spice up their lives a bit, so they loaded danger with more danger and smuggled 500 pounds of marijuana in highly radioactive nuclear waste drums.

A Pakistani, who worked for a nuclear pipe-testing company, hid the weed in the cork tops of the containers and transported them (on company time) from Pakistan to England himself. He and his partners, two other Pakistanis, an Englishman, and an American woman, removed the dope-filled cork before he dropped off the containers, with new tops, at the waste destruction site.

Drug agents originally started following the group when marijuana was found in a box of ladies' shawls they were shipping.

Dynamite dope

(ZNS) Police on the island of Hawaii are charging that a "marijuana" war there has escalated to deadly proportions.

Officers near the town of Kurtistown said last week that large pot fields on the island—some yielding as much as 100,000 pounds of cultivated high grade smoke—was being booby trapped with dynamite by illicit growers.



Thousands march up State Street to the steps of the Capitol building in Madison, Wisconsin.

Thousands march for pot, freedom of spit in Madison

In Madison 6,000 weed-heads spilled up the steps of the State Capitol Building, demanding freedom for marijuana and longtime smoke-in organizer Ben Masel.

Saturday, Oct. 2, was warm, with fabulously clear skies. At 1:00 PM about 2,000 tokers took to the main drag (in Madison, Wisc.) for a Nobody for President Parade up to the lawn of the State Capitol, where another 4,000 freeex waited at the Wisconsin Student Association (WSA)/Official Smoke-in.

From the moment of assembly at the State St. Mall thousands of free joints were distributed by representatives of the Midwest Dealer's Association (MDA). It was homegrown, but folks were astounded to see so much, for free, during the drought.

WSA, MDA, Yippie! and NORML got it all together to boost defense of Ben Masel, organizer of many a Madison smoke-in, against charges of spitting on Scoop "the Poop" Jackson which may

cop him up to 4 years at his Oct. 12 trial.

The implications of stifling the rights of protesting against VIPs—"where the action is"—were explained at the Capitol Rally by Yippie Dana Beal who called on people to show up at Ben's trial.

NORML midwest coordinator Paul Kuhn, of Chicago, and Madison Alderwoman Carol Wuennenberg voiced more traditional demands for legalization, or at least decriminalization of marijuana. But folks were most excited to hear—many for the first time—Yippie demands for full prosecution of all government agents guilty of bugging, tapping, spying or

prying, plus demands for full amnesty and cash reparations for the victims.

Madison's "red mayor" Paul Soglin put only 4 officers on special patrol, who insisted they were only there to handle traffic—"And this is the State Capitol. We have no jurisdiction here."

After a musical set by the Zoom rock band, the stoned mob paraded thru the Miffland area to a Nobody for President Rally at Brittingham Park, on the shores of Lake Monona. There, to the accompaniment of more music, raps urging that people turn up at Ben's trial, and good LSD, everyone partied till after dark.

Psychedelic dentistry

(ZNS) A British dentist has taken the pleasures of psychedelics out of the closet and is putting them to work reducing pain.

In this case, however, Doctor Alex McMaster, of Middlesborough, England, is not using drugs: he is administering what he calls "psychedelic anesthesia" through a pair of common ordinary goggles.

McMaster has his dental patients slip on a pair of goggles, which are hooked up to an electric current. When the current is switched on, instantly thousands of tiny, flashing, colored lights suddenly appear on the goggles—in much the same manner as a tab of L.S.D.—simulating a psychedelic trip. Within seven seconds, McMaster reports, the goggle-wearer suddenly loses the ability to feel almost no pain.

The secret of the dentist's success, he says, is that the electrical current stimulates the brain to produce what is called alpha waves. These are the brain waves which produce deep relaxation, and often sleep in the body.

Magic mushroom manure massacre

Twenty persons, mostly U. of Texas students, were arrested by Sheriff Jimmy Nutt in Bastrop County, Texas, when they were found poking around in cow dung. The night before police there had seized a "large amount" of cow manure in a van driven by an 18-year-old driver with 3 companions when they were stopped for a traffic violation. Along with the dried dung were about 12 alleged "magic" mushrooms. On the other hand, Sgt. Lemuel Hunter mused, the mushrooms could also be poisonous toadstools, which also grow on cow manure.

"I can see the patrolmen bringing in the mushrooms, but not that other stuff," said Hunter, viewing it from a goodly distance. "We're not hurting that bad for a case."

He intended to have both manure and mushrooms analyzed by the narcotics crime lab, but guessed that the dried patties would probably be "marked to destroy."

Widely known for its mushroom profusion, Bastrop County charged most of the manure pokers with trespassing and possession of a controlled substance.

Mitchell Werbell III: Master Smuggler or Nixon's Hitman?

FRIENDS AND ENEMIES IN HIGH PLACES

by David Miller

On September 3 arms merchant and CIA operative Mitchell WerBell III and four co-defendants were acquitted by a Miami federal jury of conspiring to import several tons of Colombian marijuana to South Florida. A drug trial ending in acquittal is a fairly common occurrence, but this one was unique in that defense lawyers attempted to subpoena Richard Nixon to prove the defendants had been part of a "White House operation" and had been licensed to kill.

The Miami Five consisted of Cleveland Teamsters official John Hard; Cleveland financier Morton Franklin; Deerfield Beach, Florida arms dealer Gerald Cunningham; Raleigh, North Carolina businessman William Bell; and WerBell, an associate of E. Howard Hunt who has served as an arms dealer/soldier of fortune in such hot spots as Guatemala (1954) and Santo Domingo (1965).

WerBell, according to attorney Edwin Marger, "would never get involved in a conspiracy to import marijuana" but has been involved in "guns, revolutions, maybe even assassinations." Marger claimed Werbell had been given "carte blanche" by former President Nixon and former White House plumber Egil Krogh to halt drug traffic, "including the assassinations of people high up in the drug business."

WerBell and associates were charged with conspiring in April-November 1975 to import and distribute "multi-ton" loads of marijuana, each man allegedly making a \$100,000 profit on the deal. Marger claimed Egil Krogh, a "general" in Nixon's "war on drugs," had recruited WerBell; Krogh and John Ehrlichman were subpoenaed to appear at the trial (Judge Peter Fay ruled there was "insufficient evidence" to subpoena Nixon) and Krogh testified on August 31.

According to Marger, Krogh was authorized to recruit WerBell by Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA) senior official Lucien Conein, "a past assassination expert." Marger claimed Conein bought weapons for WerBell "for the express purpose of assassinating drug leaders," adding "Lou Conein and WerBell were working together, putting together assassination devices for the DEA."

Krogh denied knowing anything about White House involvement in WerBell's drug dealing. Asked about Conein, Krogh explained: "I met Lucien Conein in 1971. We were introduced by Howard Hunt, who had been an employee of the CIA. He indicated that Conein had been a CIA employee."

Krogh added he had asked Conein "to do a paper as a consultant on how to increase their effectiveness in stopping drugs in France and Southeast Asia." Krogh himself worked for several CIA fronts, including the Stanford Research Institute, before becoming Nixon's White House liaison with the Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs, the predecessor of the DEA.

Despite Krogh's denial of government complicity with the Miami Five, the case was virtually closed the day before, when DEA record-keeper Brent Eaton took the witness stand. Eaton told defense lawyer Barry Halpern that Gerald Cunningham had met with DEA informant Ken Burnstine—a convicted cocaine smuggler from Fort Lauderdale who died in a very convenient plane crash in June of this year—and that this meeting was listed in DEA files.

ant) forced the prosecution to dismiss three charges of the 11-count indictment, concerning alleged meetings with "confidential informant" Burnstine.

Shortly after the acquittal of the Five, a Justice Department spokesman stated "key witness" Burnstine's June 16th Mojave Desert crash had "seriously weakened" the prosecution case. Burnstine, about to be sentenced for an unrelated cocaine-importing conviction, had offered to identify his drug connections to DEA agents; the mysterious crash of pilot Burnstine's plane put an end to all that. In a Sept. 3 closing argument to the jury, defense lawyer Roland Braswell said the government had "gotten its signals crossed" and decided to "silence WerBell," the jury, impressed by descriptions of DEA "assassination devices" and "safe-houses," agreed with Braswell.

Meanwhile, the DEA has admitted

In 1954, a deep-cover CIA team went off to Hanoi under Lt. Col. Lucien Conein, a veteran of numberless secret operations and one of Mitch WerBell's closest lifelong friends. Code-named "Blackhawk," the Conein mission was to harass and decimate the Vietminh leadership, that is, the new Communist rulers of North Vietnam who were just beginning to get organized after their long string of guerrilla victories against the French. The orders called for "sabotage . . . interdiction of transport and communications. . . elimination of Vietminh cadres where conditions permit."

According to George Crile III (*Washington Post*, 6-13-67, p. C1), in 1955 Conein "helped Ngo Dinh Diem consolidate his power in South Vietnam" and eight years later Conein "was the U.S. embassy's liaison with the cabal of generals who murdered Diem." According to Crile, Conein "has been accused of engineering the assassination. . . the CIA considered him an unstable commodity and sent him back to Washington. But he soon managed to return as part of an elite 10-man counterinsurgency team under Gen. Lansdale which also included Daniel Ellsberg, then still a war hawk."

In 1971 E. Howard Hunt, having "retired" from the CIA the previous year, recruited Conein for the White House, where the Nixon "Plumbers" were being led by Egil Krogh. Hunt (an OSS associate of Conein in World War II) and Charles Colson were then attempting to discredit the late John F. Kennedy by forging State Department cables in order to blame Kennedy for the death of Diem. Conein obliged Colson by granting NBC-TV an interview, claiming JFK had been responsible for the murder of Diem in '63.

Shortly thereafter, Conein and Krogh became key members of Nixon's "war on drugs," with Hunt, G. Gordon Liddy and Bernard Barker participating in Operation Ruby, Operation Opal, Operation Crystal, Operation Diamond and Operation Sapphire as part of John Mitchell's \$1 million Gemstone program. According to Crile in *The Washington Post*:

Barker recruited almost 200 former CIA Cuban agents and organized them into specialized units for future operations. They included intelligence and counterintelligence groups and a street-fighting

Werbell had been given carte blanche
by Nixon to halt drug traffic,
including assassinating
people high up in the drug business.

Marger then showed Eaton an alleged DEA receipt for \$975 paid to WerBell to share a "safe-house" provided by the government; Eaton denied knowledge of such a "safe-house" but admitted the receipt looked authentic. Thus Eaton grudgingly implied government sponsorship of WerBell & Co., and, as most of the trial's additional testimony was rather inconclusive, this insured the acquittal of the Five.

Twenty taped phone conversations between the defendants and DEA undercover agents were played in court by prosecutor Karen Atkinson, but most of the WerBell-Burnstine tapes were ruled "irrelevant" by Judge Fay. Burnstine's death (which prevented the indictment of Republican state representative Randy Avon of Fort Lauderdale as a co-defend-

at least 56 of its agents are former CIA agents, a startling statement that makes one wonder about the WerBell-Krogh-Conein connection, Egil Krogh in 1971 told psychiatrist Daniel X. Freedman: "Anyone who opposes us we'll destroy. As a matter of fact, anyone who doesn't support us we'll destroy."

If convicted felon Egil Krogh seems like an odd choice for a narcotics official, Lucien Conein is an even odder choice for head of the DEA's Special Operations Branch. As a CIA operative in Vietnam in 1965-66, Conein allowed Nguyen Cao Ky to make a deal with "Saigon's Corsican underworld" to ship heroin to Europe (Alfred W. McCoy, *The Politics of Heroin in Southeast Asia*, p. 212).

According to Andrew St. George (*LA Free Press*, 2-13-76, p. 7):

arm. Cubans who had brawled for the Agency at Communist and anti-Communist rallies across Latin America. And there was a particularly sensitive sector known as the Action team—an old CIA term for units with paramilitary skills including demolition and assassination.

After the 1972 Watergate break-in, Ehrlichman and Krogh transferred Conein out of the White House to the Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs, which became the Drug Enforcement Administration on July 1, 1973. Conein became head of DEA's Special Operations Branch, assigned to create worldwide intelligence networks for the agency.

In 1974 Conein acquired a "safe-house" from the CIA at 1028 Connecticut Avenue in Washington, D.C. In this "safe-house" Conein purchased weapons from the now-defunct B.R. Fox Company; the weapons included exploding telephones, flashlights and cameras to be used "for anonymous murder" according to Crile. The assassination devices were part of Conein's plan for sending CIA veterans (former paramilitary case officers with the Special Operations Division who had fought in Vietnam) into Mexico to assassinate suspected drug dealers. The plan fell through, though Conein got his weapons from the inventor/dealer he had known since the 1940s: Mitchell WerBell.

WerBell, one of the world's most successful manufacturers of silencers, was a business partner of Conein as recently as 1974, according to the Senate Permanent Investigations Subcommittee. At that same point in time WerBell was negotiating an arms deal with Robert Vesco, who moved to Costa Rica after swindling \$224 million from the Investors Overseas Services and making an illegal \$250,000 contribution to the Committee to Re-Elect the President in 1972.

WerBell agreed to build an Ingram

submachine gun factory in Costa Rica; Sen. Henry Jackson (D-Washington), chairman of the Permanent Investigations Subcommittee, claimed the Ingrams are "not the normal military defense weapons" but are, instead, "used for covert purposes. . . mini-revolutions or coups or what have you."

Jackson and his staff heard testimony from swindler Frank Peroff, who had made a deal with the DEA in 1973 to become an undercover agent in order to break up a heroin ring. Peroff told Jackson's Subcommittee the DEA ended the investigation—and nearly had Peroff killed—when it was discovered Robert

Vesco was the financier of the heroin scheme. DEA spokesmen told Jackson the agency had "lost" most of its file on Vesco and admitted DEA agents had flown from Los Angeles to New Jersey to de-bug Vesco's home and office. Although L.H. Whittimore tells this story in his book *Peroff*, the media has generally suppressed reports of an episode that is rather embarrassing to the DEA. George Crile in *The Washington Post* accuses "the Ford Justice Department" of refusing to investigate the Vesco-DEA plot "in the midst of an election year, though in January, 1975 Connecticut Senator Lowell Weicker, a Liberal Republican who served on the Ervin Committee investigating Watergate, made public the Conein-DEA assassination devices."

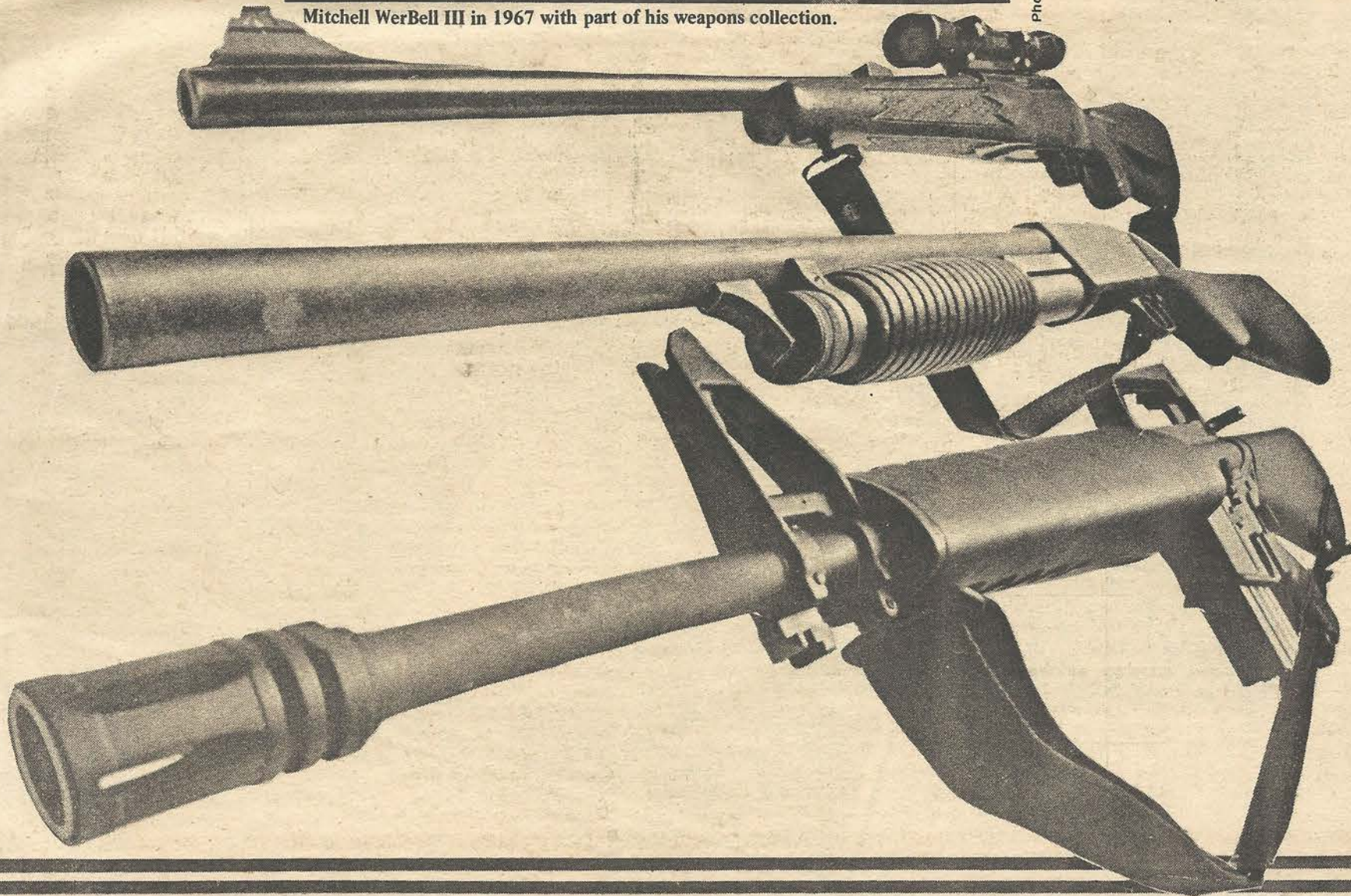
Why, then, was WerBell indicted by the federal government? In the May, 1976 *Yipster Times*, A.J. Weberman wrote that WerBell, a CIA colleague of E. Howard Hunt and the Watergate Cubans, was an anti-Castro zealot (WerBell attempted to launch an invasion of Cuba in 1965, but the Castro government captured two of his men, shooting one and imprisoning the other) who stood in the way of a 1977 detente with Fidel Castro; just as WerBell/Hunt associate Rolando Masferrer was killed last fall shortly after opposing Undersecretary of State William Rogers' moves toward recognition of Castro's government, WerBell was set up by the government. The government's plan to put WerBell on ice backfired, however, when Kenneth Burnstine's plane crashed. Interestingly, a mysterious plane crash in December, 1972 killed Mrs. E. Howard Hunt and prevented an intensive investigation into Watergate clandestine pay-offs; the newly appointed Undersecretary of Transportation then refused to allow an intensive investigation into the plane crash that killed Mrs. Hunt.

The Undersecretary's name was Egil Krogh.



Photo by Wide World

Mitchell WerBell III in 1967 with part of his weapons collection.





John, Paul, George and Pete Best on stage at the Cavern, 1961.

an interview with the Beatles first manager

Punks in Leather From Liverpool

When the world first met the Beatles, the four rock revivalists were depicted as prep school aristocrats, smart in suits and gracious in style, with soft, smooth edges and winning smiles. Alan Williams, their original manager (now touring America with his book, The Man Who Gave The Beatles Away) had a different view of the Beatles—as social anarchists in black leather jackets who were rough, raucous and sometimes crude, playing a rebellious music. David Peel, the infamous New York rock troubador who once played with John Lennon and Yoko Ono, talked with Williams about the prehistory of the group that has attained a mythological stature in our culture.

by David Peel

YT: What years were you associated with the Beatles?

AW: From about May 1959 to August 1961.

YT: Kids today seem to have the impression that the Beatles got their start with Brian Epstein. But this isn't really true.

AW: I don't knock Brian Epstein because of what he did for the Beatles at that time. It's a fact of history that he fell in love. I think basically he fell in love with them homosexually because he was a well known homosexual. He was working in his father's record store, the biggest record department store in Liverpool and I had just finished with the Beatles, I'd had a row with John Lennon in Hamburg over commission. And that's when they made their famous record with Tony Sheridan, you know, "My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean". You know, if I said to you what club do you connect with the Beatles, what would you say?

YT: I'd say the Cavern.

AW: Brian became interested in the Beatles because they were playing in the Cavern. And even the Cavern in those days wouldn't have the Beatles except for the sheer pressure from the kids in Liverpool. The kids demanded that the Beatles play there. The fellow who owned the Cavern couldn't stand beat music and rock and roll. He was a modern jazz fan. In fact there was one group there called Rory Storm and the Hurricanes and their drummer was Ringo Starr. The owner used to fine them if they played a rock 'n roll number, take money off their wages. So you can imagine it was a battle for the groups to get into the Cavern. The first owner, Alan Sittner, refused to accept that this new music was taking over and he went bust because nobody bothered going to the Cavern. It was the second owner, Ray MacFalls, who got the Beatles to play there through a fellow called Bob Wooler, who was my mate—he used to work for me in a club. But getting back to Brian Epstein, he was bored—he didn't like working in his father's shop. He tried acting as a career but failed miserably—he couldn't make it. So when all these kids from the Cavern kept coming in daily, like an ava-

lanche asking for the one record that he'd never heard of, he decided to go down to the Cavern and it was a traumatic experience to go into this dark cellar. You see, the Cavern was a fruit market before, and there was no ventilation. I can remember one time when the Beatles played there, when the sweat and the moisture was dripping so much it got on their amps and blew them, so they couldn't play until the amps dried out. They started singing, they got the audience to do a sing-along show until the amps were repaired and once the amps were repaired the girls started to scream—you couldn't even hear the music.

YT: When did Brian Epstein first see the Beatles?

AW: He came down there one day during a lunch time session. They used to have lunch time sessions then.

YT: What time was that?

AW: It started about 11:00 and it would go on to about 3:00. Then they'd have a break and they'd start the evening sessions about 7:00 and go on to about 3:00 in the morning. But this was without booze you see, the club was getting around the law by not serving booze. All the girls who worked in the factories would go in there. It was an amazing sight; they'd all be sitting there eating their fish and chips and the Beatles would be playing their hearts out. It was a lunchtime session. The Beatles, or any group, would be eating fish and chips on stage as well. That was the scene.

YT: And that was when Brian Epstein came in the picture?

AW: He came at that time, when the Beatles were back from their second stint in Germany. They were in their leather gear and I think that leather attracts homosexuals, and Brian was just knocked out by them. Their two years in Hamburg had really made them. And he recognized something that he couldn't put his finger on but he wanted to be a part of it. So he got the boys to come to his office which they were very impressed with, and he did the deal with them.

(continued on next page)

YT: Did you meet Brian Epstein before the Beatles?

AW: No, I'd heard of him but I'd never met him. I met him when he came round to my club to ask me about the Beatles and I said as musicians they're great, but don't trust them. After what they did to me, I wouldn't touch them with a fucking barge pole. The amazing thing about it, although later he wrote about how wrong I was, Epstein never signed a contract with them. He could have walked away from them at any time. But my experience was with the wild times in Hamburg, and the wild times in Liverpool. You know we used to have bull fights, we'd bring a bull into the club.

YT: Did you bring the Beatles to Hamburg?

AW: Yeah, when I first met the Beatles they couldn't even afford to go there. I had to lend them 15 pounds to buy clothes because they had no clothes for uniforms. They went to some big store like Woolworth's or Marks & Spencers and they got the sneakers—baseball boots we call them—and black pants and black shirts, and that was their uniform.

YT: Didn't they get paid?

AW: No, the bread in Liverpool was very bad in those days. The Cavern used to pay a five-piece group five pounds. That's the sort of money that was around. I did very well because when I started them out I was getting them ten pounds and even 12 pounds.

The Yipster Times

Liverpool and Brian sort of looked at me one night and smiled. And he said, "Can I tell you something, Alan?" And I said, "Go on, Brian, yeah." He said, "You know that song, 'She Loves You, Yeah, Yeah, Yeah' and he said 'that was taken from you because you always say, yeah, yeah, yeah'. And so I was the inspiration for yeah, yeah, yeah."

YT: Something I'd like to clear up, because this is something that people are really curious about, is how the Beatles got their name.

The Public Health authorities were going to give me a closing order because all the girls had written graffiti on the toilets like "John Lennon has the biggest prick in Liverpool."



Is Paul dead? No, just pretending, while George, John, and Pete Best collect for wreath (1961).

YT: You mean in Hamburg.

AW: No, this was in Liverpool. For there were so many groups, see. There were no d.j.'s. When the group finished, the music was dead and people just started talking. Later on it developed into something that absolutely killed the scene altogether, when the canned music d.j.'s came in. You know I'd like to form a club to shoot all the fucking d.j.'s in the world and then we'd get back to real music again.

YT: But you handled their affairs in Germany.

AW: Yeah, yeah, yeah. Can I tell you a story about yeah, yeah, yeah? Well, I was in the Press Club in

AW: The Beatles got their name by themselves. I think it was John's idea, I can't stick my neck out but I'm fairly sure it was. The confusion comes because a lot of people say they were called the Silver Beatles in the early days. When I approached them, or rather when John Lennon approached me, and said, "When are you going to do something for us, Allan?" I said, "Who's us," and he said he's got this group. I said "What's their name," and he said "The Beatles"—it sounded good. You have to remember the word beat in those days, it was a play on words. They wanted me to manage them, and they had done a few favors for me. Like, would you believe it, I had a notice from the Public Health authorities about my toilet, the ladies' toilets were a disgrace and

they were going to give me a closing order because all the girls had written graffiti on the toilets like "John Lennon has the biggest prick in Liverpool." And somebody else would write, "No, he hasn't" and so I had to get it off. And so knowing that John and Stu Sutcliffe were from the Art College I asked them if they'd decorate the toilets for me, and I'd give them ten pounds. And so I had the best psychedelic toilets in the whole of England. That was my first involvement with them.

YT: How did you first meet the Beatles; I mean there had to be a time . . . ?

AW: Well, I'll tell you about the time. You see, in Liverpool in the '50's all the pubs or taverns, I think you call them here, closed at 10:00. At 10:00 you may be able to go to a dance hall, you know, the slow-slow, quick-quick, slow sort of ball-room dancing. And after that was finished, when the last tram left Long Street, the town was dead. And anybody, anything that moved after midnight—the police used to have this cliché—was a criminal, must be. And this is why there was sort of a social evolution—people like me, and there were about six of us, we couldn't go along with this system. I'd been hitch-hiking on the Continent, in Europe and I was going to jazz cellars on the San Michele in Paris and things like that. And I said, we can't close at 10:00. This is why there was so much tension, as if things were going to explode. The violence in Liverpool, wasn't like violence here. Toughs didn't have guns, but they had bicycle chains, razor blades in the hat to flick in somebody's face, and things like that. It was just a barrelful of frustration. On the Continent kids would be up all night until 2:00 just listening to good jazz or good rock 'n' roll music. And a fellow started a club in London called the Two Eyes Coffee Bar. This was where Tommy Steele was discovered. I went down and found out from the fellow who owned this club, Tommy Littlewood, how he could get away with it (the law). He said as long as you call it a club and you're serving soft drinks, there's no law that can stop you and I said great, that's just what we want. So about six of us started coffee bar clubs in Liverpool and the police hated us but we made a breakthrough. We proved that we could do it without booze and we virtually stopped the violence overnight. Because the kids were so appreciative. We told them, look, any fights and the police will close us and we'll be back where we started. It was called the coffee bar cult where people could just meet and talk over a coffee or a coke and this started a sort of social revolution which just spread later to all over the world. Now most of them (the coffee bars) were just doing coffee and maybe a jukebox but I started the first one off with live music. I had a West Indian steel band. I got to be a sort of an "in" club for musicians.

YT: Which club was this, by the way?

AW: The Jacaranda Club. All the musos (that's an abbreviation we have here) started to come there and the art school crowd, including John Lennon and Stuart Sutcliffe because they liked my atmosphere. That's how I first got to know them.

YT: When did Paul McCartney become involved?

AW: Well, Paul used to have a group called the Quarreymen. The Beatles were called the Quarreymen when they had just Paul and a pal of Lennon's called Pete Shottner. They really started off as a skiffle band.

YT: What's that?

AW: Well, in England, when you were too poor to afford instruments, your bass would be a washboard. But that's how it all started, with the skiffle sound and, then it went on to rock 'n' roll. Paul was going to a school called the Local Institute—both Paul and George were at the Local Institute—and John and Stu were at the Art College. Paul met George at the Institute and asked him to join the group. He brought George around to meet John and George was the better guitarist; he knew more chords than John. Sometime I must tell you about the legend of Stu Sutcliffe who's really a very beautiful character. Well, you know so many people claim to be the fifth Beatle. The most sickening was when I read in *Strawberry Fields* that this Murray K (or something like that) and he interviewed the Beatles and he calls himself the fifth Beatle. Well that's the biggest fucking rip-off I heard of in all my life. And he poses as the fifth Beatle. There were five Beatles—originally, Stuart Sutcliffe was the bass player. He wasn't even a musician, he was an artist. And if you had seen his paintings, you would cry. He was

one of the most beautiful people—and this was the reason he was with the Beatles—because John Lennon had respect for him. And John Lennon had no respect for anybody unless they were intellectually above him or on his level, and Stuart Sutcliffe was above him. And he loved him, you know. Later on it all changed, when they became musically sort of involved, and the novelty went out of carrying Stuart Sutcliffe because Stuart couldn't ever play or record. He was so embarrassed, he used to turn his back on the audience.

YT: Was he responsible for their long hair?

AW: Yes, Stuart Sutcliffe was responsible for all their wayout gear. And would you believe it, you know, that I've got a film where Bill Harry, the editor of Newsweek says that "Oh, these Liverpool people, they've got to change. They look too scruffy, they've got to wear smart suits." And I wince when I see this film, you know because it goes back to what I know the scene as. Nobody would wear smart suits and I know John Lennon has never, ever forgiven Brian Epstein for putting them in fucking smart suits. I mean, you Americans thought the Beatles were clean-cut and nice guys. I could tell you, like John Lennon used to freak out at parties in Hamburg. In the middle of parties he used to drop his pants and shit on the floor and stomp his cigarette out in it. Maybe Brian Epstein was right; you would never have accepted the Beatles in this vein, you know.

YT: What I can't understand though, with the Beatles being Teddy boys, or beatniks, wouldn't having long hair be the equivalent of being effeminate or girlish? I know in America it would have at that time.

AW: Oh, yeah, yeah. In Liverpool it was never effeminate, but if you moved outside of Liverpool . . .

YT: One thing I wanted to know was about Pete Best. The three of them kicked him out of the Beatles and they put Ringo in instead. Did all four of them not like Pete or something? Who was responsible, or did Brian Epstein think Best wasn't good enough?

AW: As far back as the Hamburg days, when I wanted a drummer for the Beatles, they hadn't a drummer. They went through about three drummers, you know. I said "Well, we've got this great job, going to Hamburg, try and find a drummer. They were playing in a coffeebar called the Kasbar which was run by Mrs. Best, who was Pete's mother. We needed a drummer and he was what you'd call a scratch drummer. It was an emergency and we needed a drummer, so they all went over to Hamburg. And his personality clashed with the Beatles. He was a guy who couldn't compete with John Lennon's intellectual standards and of course, if he couldn't compete with John Lennon's intellectual standards, he had to go. It was as simple as that, that's why the Beatles lost most of their drummers. "Our dumb friends the drummers," they were classified as.

YT: Ringo isn't exactly an intellectual either. Why him then?

AW: No way he's an intellectual. He's as thick as two fucking planks. When they really decided they had a chance of making it they dropped Pete like a hot potato. I sent over another group at this time to Hamburg to the same club where the Beatles were playing. The name of this group was Rory Storm and the Hurricanes. Rory Storm's drummer was Ringo and Ringo used to sit in with Beatles and they got on well with Ringo. So when Brian decided that he would manage them, the first thing that they said was well, you've got to sack Pete then because we can't get along with him. And they did it in a sort of snide way that left it to Brian Epstein to fire the bullets. Then they hired Ringo.

YT: I heard Pete Best had a really big following.

AW: He really did have a big following. He had this image of being mean, moody. Mean, moody and magnificent but he was just fucking dumb, you know.

YT: What was the typical gig, like in Germany. An hour?

AW: I can show you the contract, I've got the original contract here if you want to blow your mind out. They would start on a Saturday at 6:30 and they would play till 8:00. They would play an hour and a half and then have a fifteen minute break. Then they would go right on and play until 3:00. People will ask me, "How can we become like the Beat-



Backstage at a local hop, 1961: (left to right) George, Rory Storm, Ringo, Johnny Guitar (one of Rory's group), and fans.

In the middle of parties Lennon used to drop his pants, shit on the floor and stomp his cigarette out in it.

ies?" I'd tell them the Beatles did it by working these long fucking hours. That's where they stocked up all the material.

YT: What would you tell a group if they asked you what they could do to better themselves?

AW: You know it's the old-fashioned advice—fucking work. Hard work never killed anybody you know. Groups say to me now, and they do two half-hour sessions, in between the fucking d.j. playing and they say to me, how do we improve and I say to them well, you get rid of the fucking d.j. and you play all night. There's nothing else to it. I used to work the bottoms off the Beatles.

YT: You know it's funny, but even in a club here everybody plays everybody else's music.

AW: That's why the Beatles rebelled and at the time that the Beatles were hitting it, all Liverpool groups were playing the Shadows music, all this two-step business. The Beatles came on and crashed the whole fucking scene.

YT: What was their original music, was any of it recorded later on?

AW: Well, I've got a tape of it.

YT: Were their original songs good?

AW: Yeah.

YT: What do you think about what's happening with the Beatles now?

AW: They got into the hands of the big boys—the whole thing got out of hand. How can you take four ordinary boys and move them from the streets into fame? What education have they had with wheeling and dealing in high finance? It was the wheelers and dealers that fucked the Beatles up. I was doing a lecture with a guy called Richard Dileto who worked for Apple as sort of the house-boy hippie, for lack of a better word. All of those people who pretended they loved the Beatles and Apple—they all screwed them up. They almost put them in bankruptcy. You know people were going into that office and walking out with IBM type-

writers. People were signing their names to automobiles, and they made deals with travel agents to go on holidays to the Bahamas and places like that. Even the lowest fellow in the business was stripping the lead off the roof because of devaluation. These Apple freaks that worked with and loved the Beatles were taking gold discs off the walls and fucking pinching tapes. It was really, really fucking sad that the Beatles went into business. They weren't businessmen before. Could you cope with it? They were clutching at straws because they were going to go bankrupt and Allen Klein came along and he was obviously a businessman—he'd done some sort of dealings with the Rolling Stones. Paul was going out with Linda Eastman at the time.

YT: Would you like to see them back together again, or would you just like to let it be?

AW: No, the legend is—just the legend is enough.

YT: You said you talked to Paul McCartney at the Spectrum and he said the Beatles would never get back together. What's the story on that?

AW: You know there's no story. I said, "Look Paul, everywhere I go there's two questions. One, 'Why did I give up the Beatles?' and two, 'Are the Beatles going to get together again?' I answer no all the way along the line. What do you say Paul?" He said, "Definitely no." I said, "Can I quote you on that,?" He said, "Yeah." So here you have it right from the horses' mouth, you can read all sorts of reports in the papers but he said no, none of us want to get together again.

YT: Well, we're coming to the conclusion. Is there anything you'd like to say to America before we close off?

AW: To the people of the Village, you know I've seen this scene you've created and you know for Christ sake, don't lose it. What is going to happen, and I'm going to tell you exactly what happened in Liverpool, that because you are creative and popular, and you've had a lot of publicity all these people will move in on you. We call them trendies. All these people are well-heeled and they will move in on you and you won't even notice it. And suddenly the Village will become dead because it will be full of people posing as original people from the Village and all they are is, sort of, deck heads. You will be taken over and the Village will become a freak town and that's the end of it. That's really the end because well, can you imagine going into what was really an original scene and seeing people posing around with the most expensive jeans and denims and sweaters, talking with an accent that you can't even understand because they want to be in on the "in" scene? And they just destroy the scene. I've seen this happen in Carnaby Street, I've seen this happen in Liverpool. All you really have to do is find another place to move into. (Loud burp.) That's my trade mark. Good-by.

The Pirates' Ball



THE PIRATE SHIP

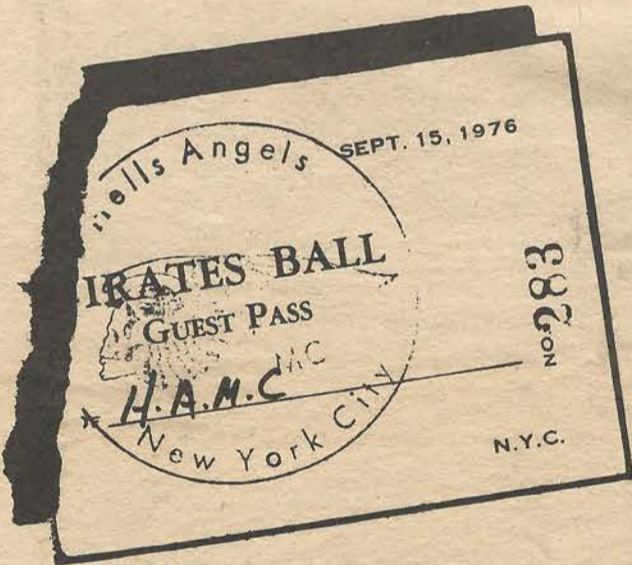
Photo by Craig Silverman



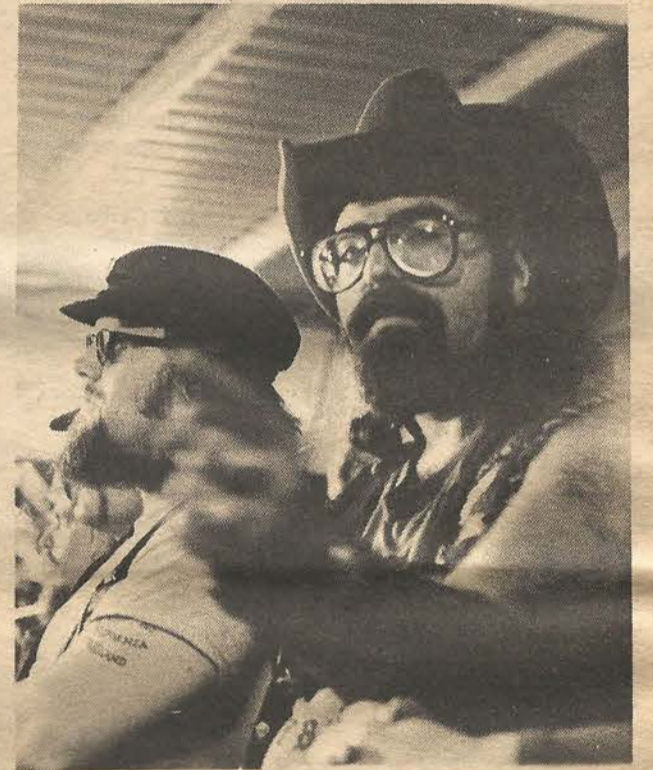
Angel hovers over Keith Godchuax during Jerry Garcia's set.

Photo by Patricia

Gallons of golden brew flowed with a vengeance into the tummies of Angels and their fellow revellers last September 15 as everybody went for a cruisin' (not for a bruising) for seven hours up the Hudson River on the S.S. Duchess. The Hell's Angels threw the party, and The Jerry Garcia Band shared the bill with Bo Diddley and Elephant's Memory. All hands on deck could see the twilight Manhattan skyline. A splendid time and tanks of nitrous oxide were shared by all (who could afford the \$15 ticket.)



JERRY GARCIA
Photo by Craig Silverman



Angel warns photographer to stop taking pix.
photo by Ron Galella



BO DIDDLEY
Photo by Craig Silverman



Don't look back
Photo by Patricia



ELEPHANT'S MEMORY
Photo by Craig Silverman

RECORD BREAKERS

Allman, Walden railroaded Herring



(Left to right) SCOOTER HERRING, PHIL WALDEN, and THE ALLMAN FAMILY



by ROBERT MITCHELL

A group calling itself the Committee to Free Scooter Herring has just announced a boycott of Capricorn Records by all rock fans outraged by the recent conviction and sentencing of John "Scooter" Herring on charges of selling cocaine to Gregg Allman. Scooter was given 75 years (might as well be life), based on testimony given by rock star Gregg Allman, who was given immunity from prosecution.

Scooter had been Allman's road manager for a number of years. As road manager, it was Scooter's responsibility to see that reservations were confirmed, bookings were right, and everything ran smoothly, and to make sure that the rock superstar had dope. Although they were friends, an employer-employee relationship existed between them. Gregg had the money, and he was in charge. To further entwine their lives, Allman loaned Scooter \$4500 for a down payment to purchase a modest home for his wife and family. He also executed a second mortgage on the property to secure the loan, and have further economic leverage over his road manager (if he didn't score for the boss, not only would he lose his job, he might lose his house.)

In its March issue, the *Yipster Times* reported exclusively that

- 1) Gregg Allman had squealed to the grand jury
- 2) Capricorn President Phil Walden was mysteriously excused from testifying before the same grand jury after Allman decided to testify, and
- 3) *Yipster Times* revealed Phil Walden's connections with former Georgia Governor Jimmy Carter.

Walden, the Mr. Wizard behind Capricorn Records' phenomenal success, had applied his Midas touch to the Presidential aspirant's fledgling campaign. He literally saved it from going down the drain by raising large sums of money for Carter, getting Allman and other Capricorn artists to do benefit concerts. Carter owed Walden a great deal, this we know. With a grand jury investigation breathing down his neck, it is not unreasonable to assume that Walden might approach his influential friend, the ex-gov-

ernor, to see if his good offices might be of assistance. Furthermore, Carter would have to be informed about the investigation, because it would be politically embarrassing for one of his key financial advisors to be called as witness before a grand jury investigating cocaine smuggling.

Speculation ran high on why Gregg Allman, after refusing to testify twice before the grand jury, finally decided to "tell all". Many feel that Allman was caught in a three-way squeeze between Walden, Carter, and the Georgia Prosecutor's office. The prominent theory is that when he was named as a witness, Walden went to Carter to inform him of the possible political embarrassment, and to ask for help. Carter contacted the prosecutor, who explained that they were already too deeply involved in the investigation, and couldn't squash the subpoena. However, if a substantial number of indictments were handed down, they would end the investigation without calling Walden as a witness.

By granting Allman immunity from prosecution, they were able to strip him of the protection of the 5th amendment (self-incrimination) and force him to testify. Walden, using his influence over Allman, urged him to testify, rather than face contempt for not testifying.

Following Allman's testimony 33 indictments were handed down. Primarily, lower echelon people involved in the outer fringes of the Atlanta-Macon rock scene were indicted. Scooter Herring was low man on the totem pole.

Meanwhile, the Allman Brothers Band have broken up, and Phil Walden thinks that all Gregg needs is "one more

good record", but there are rumors that Gregg should check into life insurance.

Phil Walden IS Capricorn Records, and was part of the decision-making process in the politics of power that decided the life of Scooter Herring was so insignificant that he could be locked away for the rest of his life to cover up a potential embarrassment to a would-be President. That is why the boycott is being called against Capricorn Records. The committee expresses its apologies to Capricorn artists like Charlie Daniels, Marshall Tuck-

er, and Wet Willie, but suggests they look for another record company, before some fat cat decides that they too are expendable. The committee says they will be leafletting record stores and concerts where Capricorn artists are performing, explaining the reason for the Capricorn Boycott. Once again, in true Watergate fashion, the wheels of justice turn in such a way that the wealthy and influential, who instigate illegal activities, pay for their crimes with the lives of their subordinates.

Pastaman vibrations

Ragu-rock routs reggae

Bubbling up into the music scene like melted Parmesan cheese on a slice of hot pizza, the native music of the most-recently-exploited ethnic group, the Jamaican-Italians, is presently spilling over into the top forty like an unwatched pot of simmering spaghetti sauce. This funky new music form, ragu-rock, has emerged from a local religious cult, the Pastafarians, whose religious doctrines are based on the origin of the Jamaican-Italian culture itself. According to legend, they are descendants of runaway slaves from Christopher Columbus' vessel, the Santa Maria, who escaped to Jamaica with a

good supply of tomato paste and hot spices.

The Pastafarians have become especially known for their near-constant use of "herb", or oregano, as we North Americans know it, as a religious sacrament. An estimated 70% of the population uses oregano in one form or another on a daily basis, while only a handful of rich ragu superstars manage to get away with pouring bushels of the stuff onto the floor and rolling around naked in it until they turn green around the gills.

"De red lox is de best lox", say the opening lines from a recent ragu release

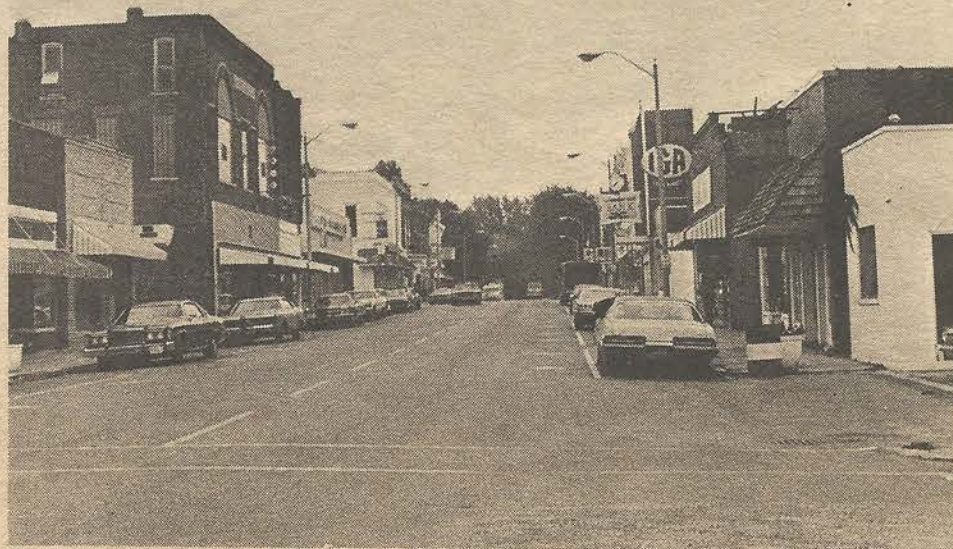
on the Bagel label. This statement reveals other theological influences which form a major source of inspiration for aspiring ragu song-writers. One song refers to the belief that the Pastas actually represent the lost tribe of black Israelites, while still another sings praises to Jah, whom they now worship in his reincarnated form of the living Sammy Davis, Jr. Another common theme, that of the eternal vigil for the airship to carry them all "back to Harlem", pervades the entire spectrum of ragu-rock today, but is probably best expressed musically on this sample, "Pastaman Vibration".



Dean Angel, Can You Hear Me?

by James Kusnir

Photo by James Kusnir



Main Street, Fairmont, Indiana—Dean's hometown.

James Dean died on September 30, 1955. This September 30 was the 21st anniversary of his death. James Kusnir visited his grave last year at this time.

It's a quiet country bar on Main Street, Fairmount, Indiana. Me and Joe stopped here after pitching our tent in a cornfield just outside town. "Two beers," I say to the bartender.

"You guys ain't from around here are ya?"

"No, just passing through" I half expected him to say "You guys are here cause of James Dean, ain't you?"

But he didn't.

"Ain't nothin' doin' here. Nothing."

Me and Joe shoot some pool over a couple of beers. I talked Joe into driving me here to Dean's hometown for the 20th anniversary of his death. Now there is nothing to do till morning except watch Howard Cosell do the play by play on Denver/Green Bay.

"Damn it, Jimmy, you got to get yourself a job. Look at you. You ain't got no self respect."

"I know, James, I used to, but I died when that woman left me."

James and Jimmy are arguing next to me at the bar. How many James's and Jimmys' are in this town anyway?

"Shit," say James. "You ain't never gonna get her back this way. Tell you one thing. I ain't never gonna wind up like you. I'm gonna be somebody."

Denver is up three points on Green Bay. James is out-talking Cosell and Joe is asleep on the bar. I call it a night. What a night. We freeze our asses off in the cornfield. In the morning we head back to town for a breakfast of bacon, eggs

and coffee. A Toyota pulls in front of the cafe. Two guys with cameras hesitantly emerge, look around, and start shooting.

"Dean freaks," I say self-consciously to Joe. Ten minutes later they walk into the cafe and order breakfast. I knew they would. There's no place else to go. One of them asks the waitress directions to the cemetery off Jonesboro Pike. Reluctantly, she tells them.

Me and Joe make small talk about tonight's Ali/Frazier fight—the Thrilla in Manila. There seems to be a conspiracy in town to forget Dean despite the constant presence of his loyal pilgrims. We pay the tab and wait in Joe's Volkswagen for the two in the cafe to finish breakfast. "Hey," I say as they pass the car, "Why the pictures?"

They pale.

"It's OK, I'm here for the Dean story too."

They breathe easy, introducing themselves as Dave Honor and Greg Wustefeld, freelancers for **Crawdaddy**. Dave sees my copy of David Dalton's biography on Dean lying on the dash and snaps some pictures of it catching a reflection of Main Street, Fairmount on the windshield. We head for the cemetery. To the left of the entrance is a brick pillar inscribed 'James Dean'. The bronze bust that once capped it has been stolen. Library files with Dean memorabilia are impossible to keep. Everything gets taken. No one is here. Only a gravekeeper who doesn't speak English but gets the message. "Jiminy, Jiminy," he says, pointing the way. We pass a stream. The James Dean Memorial Stream? Maybe it can be bottled and sold to terminal adolescents.

Fairmount."

"Yeah, but that's not what anyone wants to hear," says Flynn. "I love the story about the guy who came from the **Philadelphia Inquirer**, that's a classic. The guy asks old Marcus Winslow, the farmer, for an interview and Winslow says, 'I'm sorry, I'm busier than killing cats.' You know, which is an old country saying. So the dude goes back and writes that one of Dean's problems was that his uncle killed cats. He concluded that he found the key to the mystique of James Dean—it was because the uncle killed cats! And that's when the Winslows closed the door and said 'no more.'"

"I asked this one guy here in Fairmount if he knew Jimmy Dean and he says to me, 'Jimmy Dean?—ain't he the guy who makes the sausage?'"

"Hey, wait a minute, here's another non-photographer."

Mrs. W. of Wisconsin caught Marcus Winslow drinking a coke early this morning outside his son's place of business.

"His son works at that implement place up here. Markie Winslow, Jimmy's cousin. I went to talk to him at the implement company and here his father Marcus was sitting outside drinking a coke. He says a lot of things he don't like to talk about because it brings back bad memories. We went to Marcus Winslow's house earlier in the morning about nine or ten but he wasn't there. When we got to the implement company Marcus told us that his wife was probably down in the basement, that's why she didn't answer. He said he was up here getting away from his chores for a while. And he said that Jimmy was a good little boy. People come up to his house all hours of the night to talk about James Dean and he can't get away from them. He don't like it I guess."

"How do you feel about all this?" I ask Greg Wustefeld, freelancing for **Crawdaddy**.

"I feel pretty cheap about it, but only because of the way it's turning out. I don't think my impulses are cheap. I know my motives are sincere."

"May I quote you on that," says Flynn.

"May I quote you on your quote of his quote?" I ask.

"Let's all sue each other for misquotes when this is all out," says somebody else. "Hey here comes the official James Dean lunch wagon."

Joe is back with the burgers and cokes.

"Here come the California people again," says Greg. "Tell them to come back after lunch."

"We're from California," says the man without being asked.

"We know, we saw the plates."

Mr. and Mrs. M., both 35ish from Valencia, California, believe that Dean is still alive. Mrs. M. is writing a book on the subject. Ten days ago she had a heart attack. Her doctor advised against travel.

"Supposedly, the ambulance driver said that he was dead, but we talked to Ollie Hunter, the cop at the scene who



James Dean's grave

says he was alive. There's no copy of the autopsy, and we don't think Jimmy was driving. Hunter says Rolf Wutherich, his German mechanic, was behind the wheel. We hear Wutherich is in jail in Germany now, for trying to kill his wife."

"Do either of you speak German?" asks Breen. "There's three Germans in that van." He points a finger.

"He does," Mrs. M. nods to her husband. "Maybe they were Jimmy's pit crew. You know, I just bet they were."

"Why don't you go over and talk to them?" says Breen to the husband. "Just say, 'Hey, Rolf' and see if one of them turns around."

"No, I bet he's wise to that one," says Mr. M.

"Well, see what you can do," says Breen.

"You know," says Mrs. M., "We have an appointment to see the ambulance driver. We're gonna visit Donald Turnupseed too. He's the guy that drove the station wagon that Dean crashed into. You can't make an appointment with him though. A lot of people try to do that. You have to just catch him."

"You don't think Dean's body is buried down there?" says Breen.

"No, I don't. He may have been so badly injured that he's retarded. You know, a vegetable. Or maybe it's a hoax. Jimmy loved to play jokes."

"Who do you think is down there?"

"Jimmy Hoffa," answers a pressman.

Mrs. M. leaves.

Fans continue to trickle in.

"Hey, Joe, wake up. Liz Taylor is going to streak the grave." Joe is propped up against the tombstone of Hattie Little, the closest person to Dean since his death. Like Dean, she is unavailable for comment. Joe looks up at me, sleepy eyed.

"Is it over?" he asks.

"No, but I figured it out. Look, it's simple. James Dean is alive on Skorpis with Jack Kennedy. They're both vegetables in the care of Glenn Miller and his secret bride, Amelia Earhardt. In the Onassis will, a hospital ship was left to provide care for Dean and Kennedy in the Bermuda Triangle. But Hughes backed out for publicity reasons when Randolph Hearst offered to foot the bill for a transplant of Nixon's brain into Dean's body in exchange for Tania's freedom."

Joe closed his eyes. "Wake me up when it's over."

Mr. M returns assuring us that the Germans are window fitters not auto mechanics, and a tall stocky teenager appears on the scene. The kid knows one of Dean's old girlfriends from Fairmount.

"She's the one they did that movie magazine article on, 'The Girl Who Almost Married James Dean.' Every once in a while I'll talk to Rita about it. By the time I get into a good conversation with her somebody will come along and she'll take off. Usually every time I get to talk to her we just cover the same stuff as last time. She says Jimmy was fresh! (Laughter from the crowd). She says he was forward. I remember her saying that. I think she was out here Memorial Day to see her husband Paul. Paul Smith was a pallbearer at Jimmy's funeral. He's buried right over here somewhere. Rita's got letters from Jimmy, but I guess she put them away when she married Paul. Her uncle's supposed to come by for Christmas. He ran around with Jimmy when they was kids, so I'm gonna talk to him and get some more information."

"What happened to her husband?" I ask.

"Oh, he was killed in a car wreck."

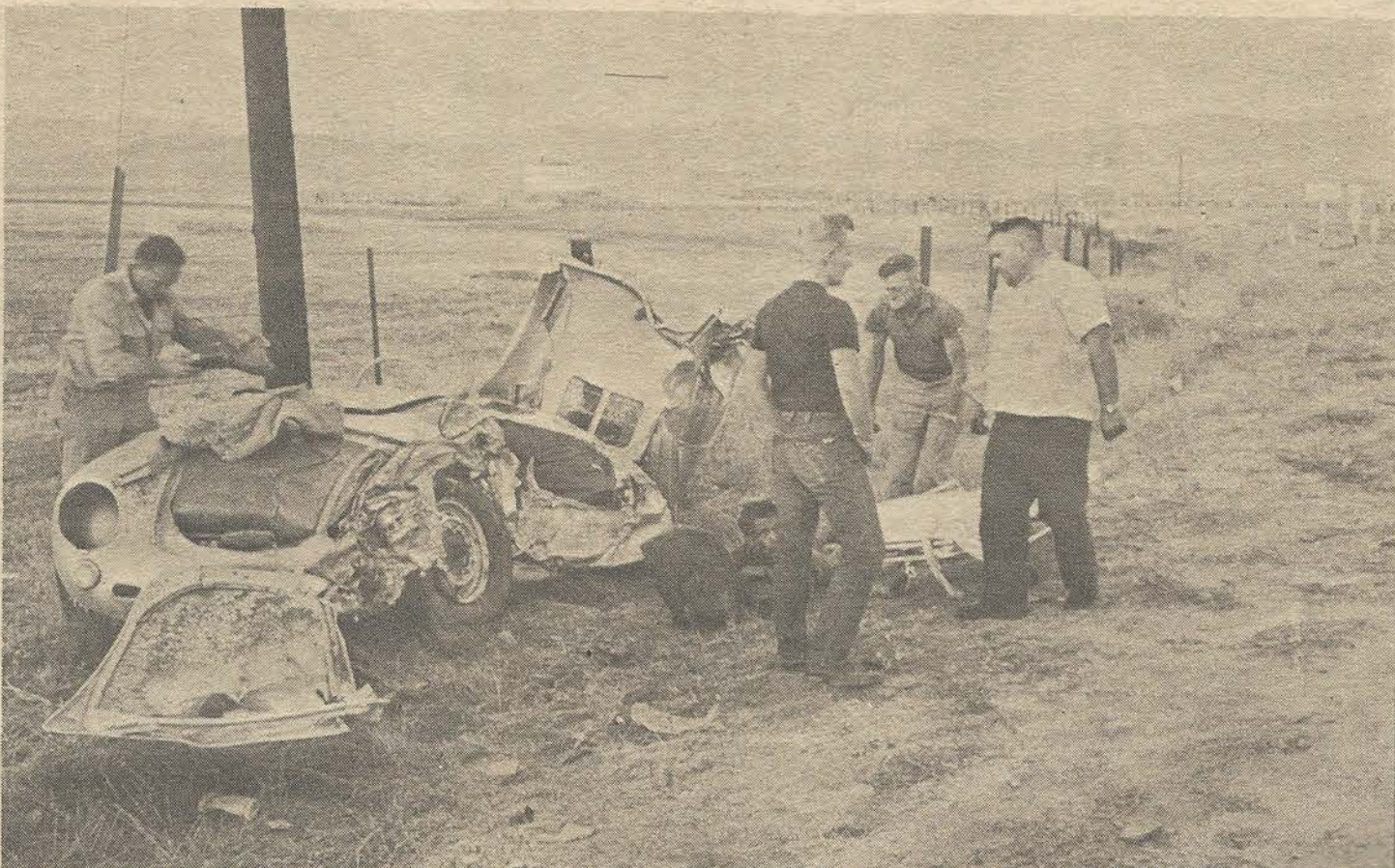
"Recently?"

"No. 1969."

"A lot of people in small towns seem to die in car wrecks. Is there a gas station here where they tow the cars from all these accidents? Someplace where everybody goes Sunday morning to see the pieces from the night before?"

"They got a Standard station up in Fairmount where they tow all the wrecks. I was born in Kentucky, a place called

Monticello, it's about the size of Fairmount, I guess, and they got down there what's called a pump station. They set the latest wreck out in front and they got a great big round cement slab with a sign that tells how many's been killed out on the highways. They set the wreck there, cross out the old number and everybody comes to look at the blood and fingers



After the fatal wreck. That's Rolf Wutherich, Dean's German mechanic, on the ground by the stretcher, so at least we know Dean didn't switch identities with him, which was once a popular belief. and what not."

The press assembles with some fans around the grave for a group picture. Dave Honor adjusts his Nikon on a tripod and sets the timer. "Say James Dean," he says pushing the button then running to join us. Five years later we can all come back and interview each other. The fifth anniversary of the 20th anniversary James Dean Photographers and Interviewers club.



The barefoot meditator does a headstand on Dean's headstone, while Dean's ghost gives his approval.

"I've got to take a James Dean memorial piss," says somebody.

"What a zoo," says somebody else.

"We are the zoo," says a third somebody.

A well-dressed man with a cane is interviewed. He is a college professor.

"There were a lot of celebrities here for the first memorial service, a lot of mourning, a lot of crying. Choirs were singing, wreaths all over the place. Flowers came out twenty feet from the grave all the way around. There were a lot of teenaged guys and girls with handkerchiefs out. Natalie Wood was here. Older people seemed to take it in stride. To the teenagers it was a maddening mess, and I was one of them. I followed his career from the start—saw Rebel Without a

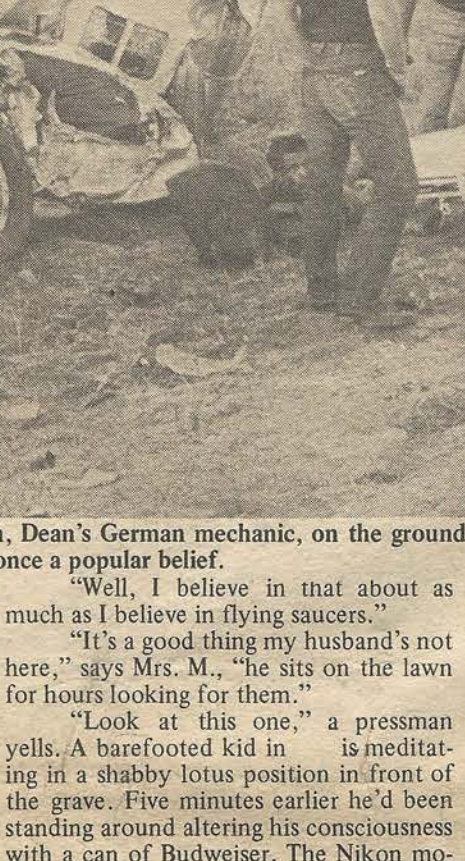
Cause at the Indiana Theater in Indianapolis, and was immediately hooked. I started wearing my hair like him, T-shirts the whole bit. And I wasn't like that at all before."

"What do you think about this woman's theory that Dean is alive?" I ask pointing to Mrs. M., whose husband is back talking with the Germans again.

"Well, I believe in that about as much as I believe in flying saucers."

"It's a good thing my husband's not here," says Mrs. M., "he sits on the lawn for hours looking for them."

"Look at this one," a pressman yells. A barefooted kid in is meditating in a shabby lotus position in front of the grave. Five minutes earlier he'd been standing around altering his consciousness with a can of Budweiser. The Nikon mo-



The barefoot meditator does a headstand on Dean's headstone, while Dean's ghost gives his approval.

tors whirr again as pressmen jockey for positions. Asked where he is from the boy replies, "Nowhere, man." Asked why he is here, the boy replies, "It's an accident."

A tall skinny redheaded dude is relating his tale of his pilgrimage to the Winslow home where Ortense Winslow voiced her displeasure with the David Dalton biography of Jimmy. "Dalton," the dude says, "tried to impress her by sending her a copy of his Janis Joplin biography which Mrs. Winslow thought was trash. Dalton persisted in seeking an interview and eventually got one with Jimmy's dad."

Two women ask a cluster of pressmen if the stories about Jimmy's poor personal hygiene and weird sex habits are true.

A man's voice is heard saying, "Can you imagine? A thirty eight year old woman with a scrapbook on a fuckin' guy that's been dead 20 years and I can't put a fuckin' finger on it."

Another disembodied voice drifts through the chatter. "Like I don't know if he was or not, man, but he must have been pretty wild."

"I got a piece of his car," says another.

Carole Redus, thirtyish, from Birmingham, Alabama, wearing a James Dean T-shirt, has been expected. Two of the bouquets on Jimmy's grave are from her.

"I started coming here in 1960. I first came with the president of the James Dean fan club. And I'm here today because I love Jimmy, it's as simple as that. Now you twist that around like you people always do. I just love to come here, it's so peaceful and serene here. I designed the placemat with Jimmy's picture that they used to use for a while in this cafe down here."

Carole takes out her scrap book and the crowd gathers round. In the scrap book are pictures of Carole's pilgrimages throughout Deanland—his hometown, the road where he was killed, the funeral parlour in California where his body was taken after the wreck, the set locations of the movies, there are even pictures of her at the Winslow farm wearing Jimmy's motorcycle jacket, holding his boots, and one or two with her arms around the Winslows. Carole points to a picture of the headless Dean monument with a different plaque than the one it has now. Says Carole, "I think it's so outrageous that the fans that come through here can't leave something that's an enjoyment for everybody. I mean, it's just so ridiculous, really. I don't understand what motivates them."

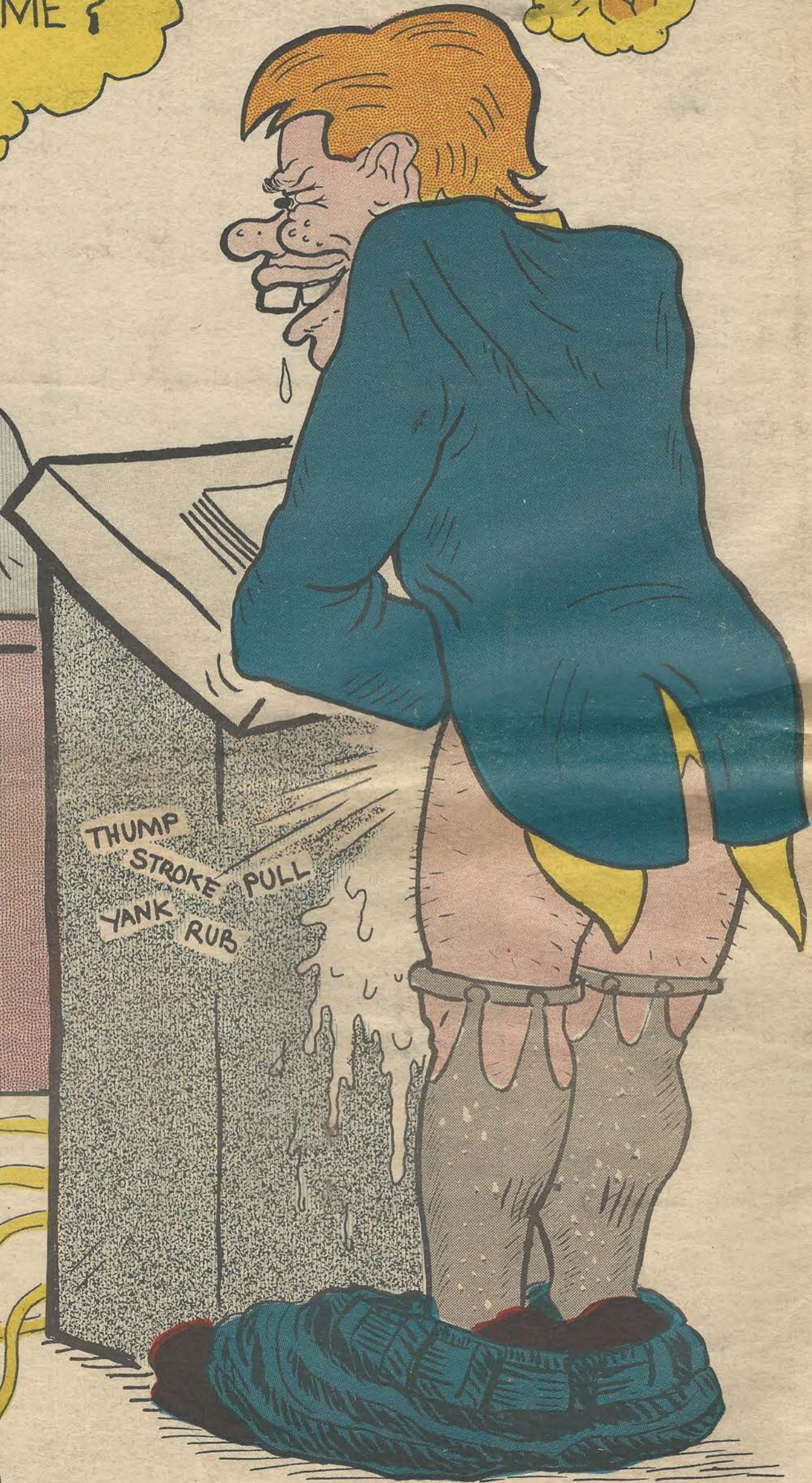
The barefooted meditator is now doing a headstand on Dean's headstone, posing for pictures. He has dropped his cosmic attitude and revealed himself to be Richard Campbell of Fayetteville, Arkansas. Congratulations, Rich, you got your name in print. Richard falls into the flowers.

Jimmy Dean's father was here too, just after Rich did his thing. Nobody noticed him except myself and Carole. Neither of us gave away his disguise—that of a camera-toting tourist. There ain't much else doing here. Nothing. I wake up Joe and we go home.

Nothing should be more important to the artist than life and the living of it.

—James Dean

WHY IS THAT CREEP
STARING AT ME?



THUMP
STROKE PULL
YANK RUB