

The Hipster Times

vol 5 no. 3 may 77

still 50¢



THE NUCLEAR FAMILY

DOMESTIC FIELD REPORT

HOW TO BE AN ANARCHIST!

SMOKE-IN POSTER

COLLEGE PARK

KARL ARMSTRONG ON McCREDDEN

Clouds, Perhaps
Rain
Partly cloudy today and tonight. Highs 69 to 74, lows mid-50s. Chance of rain tomorrow, highs near 73. Details: B-6.

The Washington Star

CAPITAL
SPECIAL

125th Year, No. 123

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SHADES OF A '60s POT BUST AT COLLEGE PARK



—Budd Gray

A group of Yippies sit around a maypole near the University of Maryland chapel yesterday smoking marijuana and demanding its legalization.

Cops Scatter Md. Students At 'Smoke-in'

By David Braaten
Washington Star Staff Writer

A sparsely attended marijuana "smoke-in" outside the University of Maryland chapel was rescued from the brink of oblivion yesterday when campus police belatedly stormed in, arrested four young people and drew a crowd of more than 1,000 to the hitherto-peaceful scene.

None of the arrests was for smoking pot, though the telltale aroma of the weed pervaded the grassy bowl of South Lawn for a good 90 minutes before the police moved in.

The police-student confrontation was a pale imitation of demonstrations at the College Park campus in the past decade, when opposition to the draft and the Vietnam war had more appeal to undergraduates than the issue of marijuana smoking.

The principal actors involved in yesterday's event were familiar antagonists of the bygone era, however — bearded, exotically dressed Yippies with revolutionary rhetoric and flak-jacketed police with clubs, visored riot helmets and billyclubs.

THE SMOKE-IN started a little after 11 a.m.

About 150 students and visitors sat around in groups of half a dozen, drinking beer and passing joints around. Occasionally, a group would unite long enough to chant, "We want pot! We like it a lot!" for the benefit of television cameramen. A pale, stoned young woman wandered around glassy-eyed, introducing herself to newcomers: "Hi, I'm Denise. What's your name?"

The only danger of violence was the possibility of a conk on the head by one of the many frisbees sailing through the air.

Around noon, an organized program of sorts took place in the center of the bowl around a flower-topped Maypole.

A Yippie speaker voiced "three basic demands" — immediate legalization of marijuana, freedom and compensation for "over a million marijuana prisoners," official sanction of neighborhood pushers, no age or time limits or licenses for marijuana sales, and support for the growing of pot in Vietnamese bomb craters.

ANOTHER SPEAKER offered a long, rambling denunciation of such enemies as Phyllis Schlafly, Sen. Daniel P. Moynihan, Sen. Barry M. Goldwater, "Judge Ostrich Julius Hoffman" and Eldridge Cleaver.

If the speakers intended to be inflammatory, they failed utterly. And though the onlookers had grown in number to maybe 300, it was evident that the TV crews were about to move on to more exciting fare for the 6 o'clock news.

Then, in the nick of time, like the 7th Cavalry in an old movie, police arrived on the horizon of the little grassy bowl — 36 riot-uniformed officers (including three women) and Chief Eugene Sides and a lieutenant in Smokey Bear hats. It was 12:43 p.m.

The police formed a line at the top of the slope leading down from the chapel on the north side of the students, and Sides stepped forward with a bullhorn.

"YOU ARE IN violation of Section 577-D of the Maryland State Code," he intoned. "If you do not leave this location, you will subject yourselves to arrest."

There were a few jeers, a few good-natured taunts. No one yelled obscenities or cried "Oink! Oink!" like in the good old days.

But nobody moved, either. So at 12:48, the chief gave an order and the thin brown line moved down the slope toward the heaviest concentration of accused trespassers.

The kids scattered up the opposite

slope like dandelion fuzz in a stiff breeze. Definitely not like the old days.

The police marched down the north slope and up the south slope, while the students simply flowed around both ends of the police line and regained their territory in the bottom land.

The chief turned his line around and repeated his sweep, down the south slope. The kids evaporated again, and this time the police formed a hollow square at the bottom.

THE CHEERING and excitement that accompanied the police maneuvers — plus the fact that 12 o'clock classes had just let out — had swelled the crowd to more than 1,000. There was a brief standoff as both sides thought things over.

At 12:56, the police made an orderly withdrawal to Chapel Drive on the east rim of the smoke-in area, smarting under a chorus of jeers and applause. The kids regrouped once more around the Maypole, saved in the initial retreat.

At 1 p.m., most of the police filed off in apparent defeat, leaving a corporal's guard of a dozen officers on Chapel Drive. The Yippies and their friends staged a victory smoke-in and self-congratulation feast on the battlefield so easily won.

But Chief Sides was not through. Far from retreating, he was instead setting up a Napoleonic flanking movement, and at 1:13 he struck.

His three squads deployed at north, south and west ends of the area, he again ordered the crowd to disperse or face arrest.

The kids dispersed on the run — directly into a police squad.

IT WAS DURING the inevitable body contacts as perhaps 500 students tried to run pell-mell through a line of no more than six feet apart that the four arrests were made.

One young, blonde woman, screaming shrilly, was dragged by her handcuffed arms by two burly

officers about 30 feet across the lawn. A bespectacled young man who went either to help her or to protest was himself set upon by three officers.

Two other young men, one encumbered by a backpack, the other bearing a red flag on a stick, also were collared by cops who broke ranks to dash out and tackle their quarry.

Charged with trespassing were two students, identified by police as Gerry Dunietz, 20, of Silver Spring, and Gary W. Drake, 20, of Riverdale.

Two non-students arrested were Karl Bjornsen, 19, of Annapolis, charged with trespassing and assault, and Drew Ann Metcalf, who gave her address as the Yippie headquarters in the District. She was charged with trespassing and resisting arrest.

The flareup of violence appeared to have a sobering effect on both sides. When the line of police made its next sweep of the area, Chief Sides called over his bullhorn, "Please go away. Please move on. Please disperse."

There were no arrests on that final sweep. Neither side, obviously, wanted to concede defeat by leaving the area entirely. But many of the students began straggling off.

Chief Sides, not to be outdone, passed orders to his men and, at 2:55, they simply broke off in pairs and ambled slowly out of the area.

By 3:15, only the frisbee freaks remained.

HUMAN RIGHTS VIGIL

at
Dag Hammarskjold Plaza
(47 St. & First Ave.)

• **EASTER SUNDAY** •
• **APRIL 10 • 3 PM** •

for
U.S. Political Prisoners

The 5 Puerto Rican Nationalists: Assata Shakur (Joanne Chesimard), Dacajewiah (John Hill), The Wilmington 10, Ruchell Magee, Leonard Crowdog, Richard Mohawk, Paul Skyles & Leonard Peltier, Susan Saxe, Wendy Yoshimura, Karleton Armstrong, David Fine & All Civilian War Resisters, The Charlotte 3, Geronimo (Elmer Pratt), Sundara Acoll, Clark Squier, Richard Okruska, Moore, Gary Tyles, Robert Rice, Carol Crooks, Doc Holliday & Michael Cowan, Maria Cueto, Raula Nemkin & All Victims of Grand Juries, Russ Little, Joe Remiro, Emily Harris, Bill Harris, Jay Washington and all the unknown prisoners who never got a hearing.

Sponsors

William Kunstler, Rev. Paul Meyer—New York Theological Seminary, Daniel Berrigan, Martin Sostre, Bob Fass—Free Speech Radio, Akil Al-Jundi—The Attica Committee to Free Dacajewiah, Bob Borosage—Campaign Against Government Spying, Marie Runyon—West Siders United, Nancy Borman—publisher, Majority Report, Lindsay Auden—Coalition to Stop 5-1, Norma Becker—War Resisters League, Margo Adler—WBAI, Pete Mahoney—Gamesville & Detendant, A.J. Weberman—Assassinations Research, Emily Jane Goodman, Tali Kupferberg, Elizabeth Roberts, Annette T. Rubinstein, Dana Beal, Jerry Rubin
*Individuals for identification only.

THE U.N., NEW YORK (April 10th)

—After Carter's March 25 U.N. speech, in which he criticized everyone else while saying the U.S. has "nothing to hide" as regards human rights, a number of grass roots activists around New York decided some kind of protest had to be made at the U.N. about political prisoners and other government abuses that have continued under Carter.

Time was short, so a coalition, ad hoc, settled on a Vigil Easter Sunday, at Dag Hammarskjold Plaza, as probably the best forum to decry Carter's hypocrisy.

Sponsors included Dan Berrigan and other luminaries, but an informal network of friends in various women's, youth, gay and amnesty groups (both prisoners' and vets' wings), together with Friends of WBAI (a group active in protesting the purging of radicals from local listener-sponsored radio did most of the work.

Speakers ranging from political defense attorneys Liz Fink and Bill Kunstler to Majority Report publisher Nancy Borman catalogued the abuses, past and present, which Carter has really done nothing to stop, while Vigil Coordinator Martin Sostre left the crowd with the thought "of all the unknown political prisoners, of which the ones we know about are like the tip of the iceberg."

Curiously, more than one speaker echoed Woody Guthrie in thoughts about another political agitator whose fate is commemorated by Easter, and at least 2 channels felt the message was appropriate for several minutes of the news that night.

Approximately 500 people attended the Vigil of whom many had earlier attended the re-enactment of the 67 Be-in ("on behalf of letting people be") earlier at Sheep's Meadow in Central Park, and marched on the U.N. by way of WBAI at E. 62nd St., where a short rally was held for 12 radicals purged by the new, more corporate style management.

(continued on page 20)

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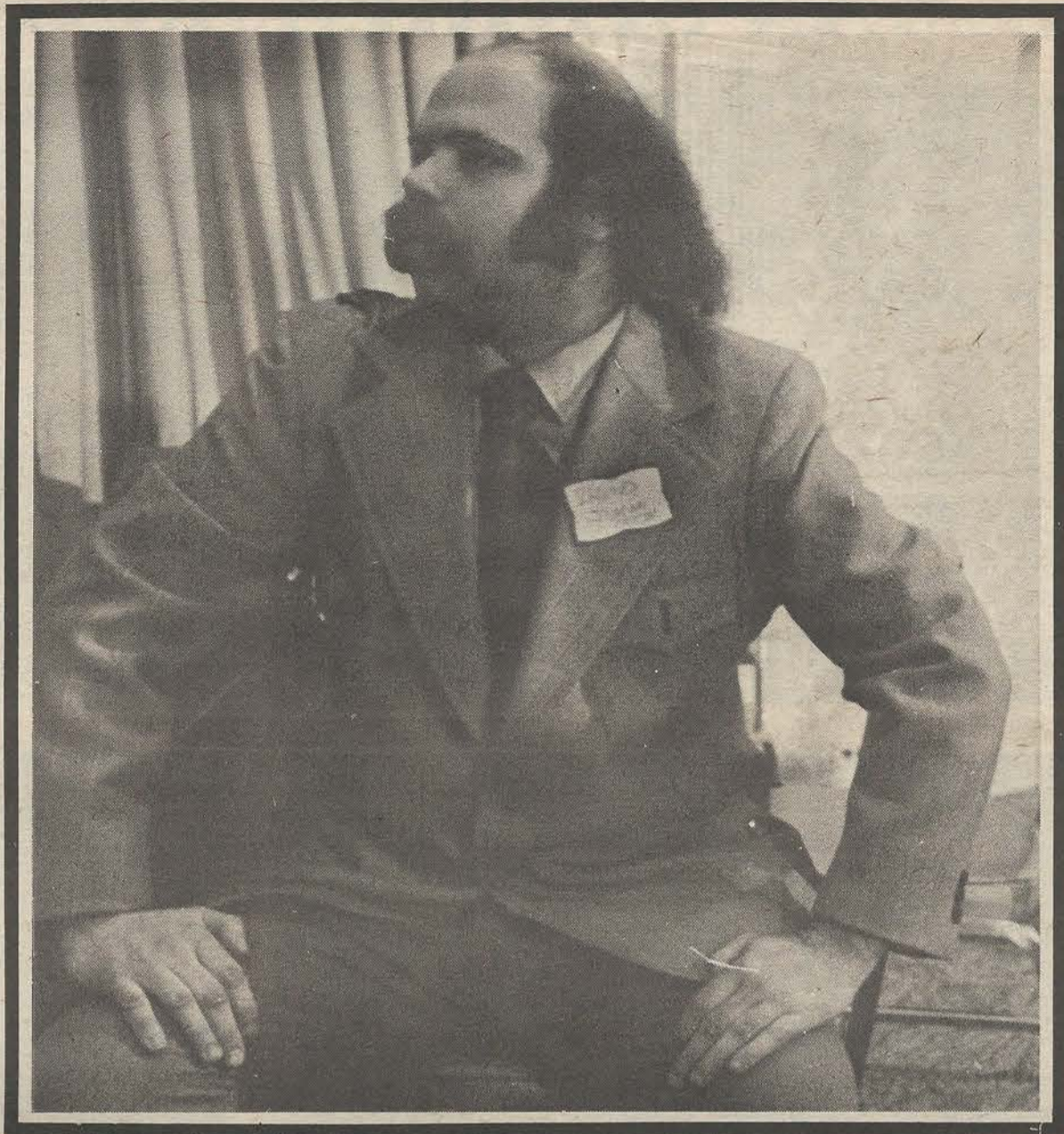
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Davis, David Peel, Ben Maisel, Gina

ARON KAY FOR MAYOR



"Let New York go to pot," shouts Kay, candidate of the Pot Pie Party (PPP). Aron is no newcomer to politics, having placed pies in the faces of D. Patrick Moynihan, William F. Buckley, E. Howard Hunt, Waterbugger Anthony Ulasewicz and, just last week, anti-ERA lobbyist Phyllis Schafly.

Like Abraham Lincoln, Kay is a high school drop-out, has little formal education but plenty of street-sense and a real feel for the common people.

Aron's cry is plain.... "Let New York City go to Pot! Burn all financial records and let the bankers try to collect! Legalize the growing of pot and use the abandoned all-glass skyscrapers as giant marijuana greenhouses to produce a guaranteed stash of one ounce per week for every

man, woman and child in the city. Make the subways free. Cars suck! Head them off in New Jersey. Tear up the streets for vegetable gardens. Tell all the landlords to get lost!" said Aron in a pre-May Day interview.

Kay supports Mayor Beame's decision to layoff 5,000 police officers and plans to expand this policy by an additional 26,000 layoffs, thus saving the city \$-millions annually. He plans even more savings by pruning the corrections department and prosecutors' staffs, plus advocating amnesty for all city prisoners awaiting trial.

Kay promises an interesting campaign, and boasts "My dirty tricks department makes the Watergate gang look like a bunch of amateurs." And, on corruption, "I know New York will never get rid of graft, so I plan to give everyone a little piece of the pie."

"Go to hell, you asshole," -E. Howard Hunt

"Yuck," -Phyllis Schafly.

"If New York City is ever to get out of the doldrums, it will need a mayor with more sex-appeal than Abe Beame. Aron Kay fits the bill."

-Ben Masei

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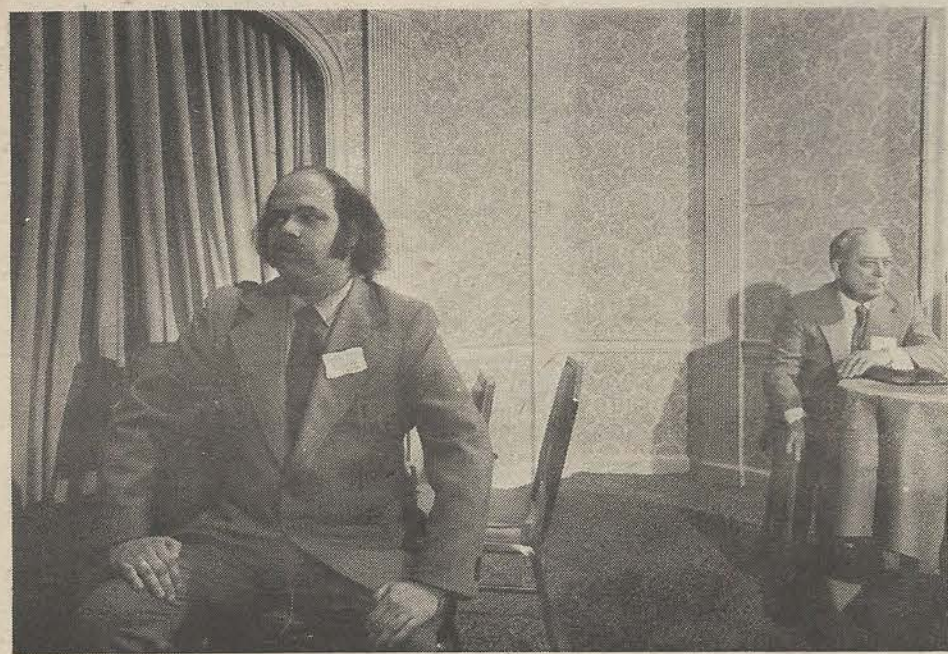
A check by our legal experts has found that to run for mayor as an Independent, Aron has to collect 7,500 signatures starting July 25. In fact, to avoid challenges, he must get twice that number of signatures of voters registered in New York City. Statutory limitations prevent us from gathering signatures until July 25, but for a limited time only, we will include with every new subscription to the YIPSTER TIMES (in N.Y.C. only) special gift petitions for you and your friends to help start circulating July 25. Just rush \$6.00 to Yipster Times Subscriptions, Special Aron Kay for Mayor Department, Box 392 Canal Street Station, New York, N.Y. 10003.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State..... Zip.....

PIEMAN STRIKES AGAIN...



1) Unsuspecting Republicans are too busy wooing reporters to notice the entrance of undercover pieman Aron Kay, disguised in a borrowed suit.

2) Kay spots his prey (in corsage), but for an instant he struggles with the temptation to hit weirdo celeb Dina Merrill instead. His pie hand instinctively fingers the pie concealed in his shoulder bag.

5) What's this? Quasi-political radio personality Barry Farber bids for the attention of Majority Report editor Nancy Borman as she interviews N.Y. Republican Mrs. Toote (or is he nodding out?).

6) Oh no! Would Aron ever love to hit James McGovern, spokesman for the dubiously titled Retired FBI Association!

ANTI ERA STOOGES LATEST VICTIM

by Dana Beal

THE WALDORF-ASTORIA, N.Y. (April 16)—Picture the scene at the swank Herbert Hoover Room as pie-man Aron Kay is ushered in, posing as nattily attired Alternative Press stringer Peter Simon, pie concealed in a camera case. The press reception is already in full-swing at 11 am. Former Nixon flack right-wing publisher Pat Buchanan and William Loeb are hobnobbing with Congressman John Rhodes and James McGovern, spokesman for the Retired FBI Association.

Evading hotel guards, Kay bides his time while the party spills into the West Foyer, where the intended Pie-ee, right-wing writer Phyllis Schlafly, is to receive the GOP National Women's Freedom Award. As hundreds of VIP's drift in, Kay watches Schlafly granting the customary interviews until a photographer covering Phyllis for **Majority Report**, and a friend of Aron, approaches.

In a flash, Aron opens his case—he

doesn't throw, but steps up and firmly plants the Monthly Yippie Pie-in-the-Face Award front and center on Schlafly.

"That's for the ERA," says Aron as he vanishes before Security can arrive.

In another part of the city, media commandos swing into action: Coca Crystal releases the communique of the Emma Goldman Brigade. The five anarchist women who arranged the hit not just in revenge for the Florida ERA defeat, but also to commemorate the fifth Anniversary of their letting live rats loose at the same GOP luncheon (a success the FBI now claims never happened.)

Schlafly's attitude toward it all couldn't have been more jaded. (She is said to believe none of the "Motherhood" doubletalk that she peddles at the grassroots for the Rapacious Right). She dabs off the apples, and observes that "at least these ERA folk had the good taste to

have used apple instead of something that would have stained my outfit."

Her attitude must have changed the next day when she realized the pix of Aron hefting the pie, and of her wiping it off had crowded her Freedom Award off the front pages of every paper in the country.

The only exception to the total media coup, in fact, seemed to be a blackout on national network TV news, confirming info that recently came to YIP that a decision had been reached at the highest level to squelch the pieings.

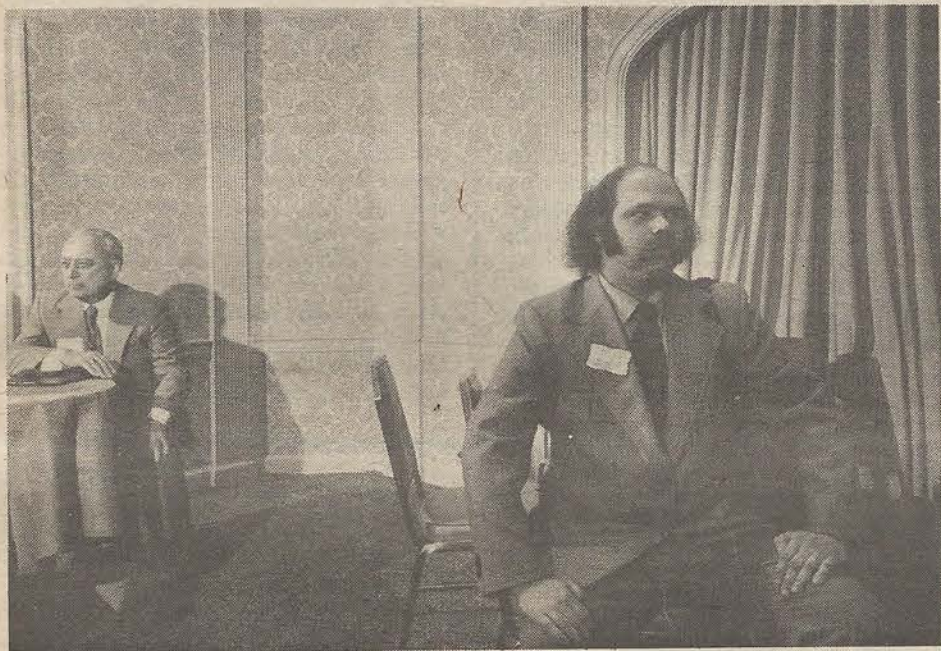
Speculation was rife that the networks were in fact retaliating for Aron's invasion a few weeks earlier of the NBC building in midtown Manhattan, where he coconut-creamed convicted CIA coup-master E. Howard Hunt upside the head as he strolled up the corridor to appear on the "Tomorrow" show.

Spitting out his pipe, Hunt roared,

"Go to hell, you asshole," as Kay crowed, "Where were you on November 22?" (a chant that is now sweeping campuses wherever Hunt speaks, referring to pix of him disguised as a "tramp" being lead away from the "grassy knoll" area of the JFK assassination at Dallas).

Snyder mentioned it several times, only to be forced to apologize on behalf of Rockefeller-owned NBC when the extent of the media splash became clear. Hunt thought NBC was behind it.

So, as the media moguls force the cultural revolution to come up with new tactics, Aron, who is running for Mayor of New York with the slogan "Vote Kay—Mush A Pie In The Face Of The Authorities", is calling on his people everywhere to break the network blackout by starting a national movement: workers, pie your boss; kids, your teachers; tenants, your landlord—a tide of pieing similar to the streaking craze of '74.



3) Meanwhile, at the bar, Nixon supporter and advisor Rabbi Korpf poses another juicy target.

7) But the pieman's a pro (just look at that scar!), so he plays it cool.

9) Phyllis has Mom's Apple Pie all over her face.

11) And her smile is back in place, though her honor is plainly stained.

4) The pieman sits tight. He is on assignment for the Emma Goldman Brigade, and he can't let the old gals down.

8) The hit catches the victim totally unawares. Watch out, Phyllis! But it's too late. Nancy has done her job well.

10) But her serviceable hairdo is soon wiped clean.

LIVIN IN THE USA

THE ORDEAL OF ASSATA SHAKUR

by William M. Kunstler

On Friday, March 25, 1977, an all-white jury of Middlesex County, N.J., found Assata Shakur (Joanne Chesimard) guilty of the murder of a State Trooper on the New Jersey Turnpike on May 2, 1973. The jury's verdict was rendered after three days of deliberation and ignored the fact that three physicians had testified that Assata could only have received the wounds suffered by her if her hands were in the air above her head. The prosecution did not even bother to rebut the testimony of these doctors, but contented itself with unsubstantiated claims that all three had perjured themselves on the defendant's behalf.

This case proves once more that any Black accused of murdering a white law enforcement officer cannot be acquitted where Third World people cannot make it to the jury box. Even when the only eyewitness to the incident called by the prosecution (a white State Trooper) admitted that he had lied previously about the events in question (he termed it "a falsehood, but not an out and out lie, though"), and Assata took the stand and was not contradicted as to any of her testimony, the jurors could not bring themselves to acquit her. Four years of extremely adverse planted publicity

about her and the Black Liberation Army and 400 years of history were simply too much for them to overcome.

The tragic fact of the matter is that the authorities were bound and determined to convict her by any means necessary to achieve that purpose. Although a survey of potential jurors completed long before the trial showed that over 70% of the adult population of Middlesex County thought that she was guilty, a motion for a change of venue was denied. Moreover, the trial judge refused to permit defense lawyers to interrogate prospective jurors but conducted a wholly ineffective examination of his own as to such issues as racial prejudice and knowledge of the adverse publicity.

For more than a year before the trial, Assata was kept in a basement dungeon in the all-male Middlesex County Jail where there were no exercise facilities, no television and no opportunity to see anyone except her guards (who had her under surveillance 24 hours a day), her attorneys and, occasionally, her mother. Because of the nature of her solitary confinement, she was not able to see the sun for some fifteen months, being transported to the courthouse through interior passageways. It was almost with

relief that she arrived at the women's penitentiary at Clinton, N.J. after her conviction, simply because she could at least now have some sort of social intercourse with other inmates.

Undoubtedly, if the case had not involved the racial overtones that it did, any impartial jury would have found reasonable doubt and acquitted her. But, like the jury that convicted Rubin (Hurricane) Carter and John Artis in Paterson, N.J. months earlier, the panel that sat in judgment on Assata could not surmount its visceral fears and prejudices and opted for the white side of the story, despite overwhelming evidence to the contrary. In the last analysis, its members would rather believe an admitted white liar than an uncontradicted Black defendant. Thus, Assata was doomed from Day One and the trial itself was a meaningless charade in which one more young Black person was about to be ushered, after some necessary formalities, into a penitentiary where she would spend the rest of her life.

With rare exceptions, the age of the physical lynching of Blacks has ended in this country. We now resort almost exclusively to the legal counterpart of that process, in which the mumbo jumbo of

the courtroom accomplishes the same purpose as the rope and the cottonwood tree in earlier days. This latter-day method of disposing of the Kunta Kintes of contemporary life is much preferred, because the blood doesn't show and there are no visible bodies. Due process has been rendered and the offender is safely behind bars, never to be seen again until his or her release many years later when age and the rigors of confinement have made them safe for white society.

The saga of Assata Shakur, which is repeated day in and day out with her more anonymous brothers and sisters throughout the country, will only have meaning if whites, with some sense of history and the realities of political life on these shores, begin to circulate it in every area of contact open to them. The only chance for people like Assata is in the field of public awakening through the available channels of the dissemination of information. That is precisely why I have written this piece and why those who read it, if they share my rage and bitterness, must see that its message reaches every receptive ear. Otherwise, my efforts have been in vain and, what is infinitely more important, another Black life will have been meaninglessly destroyed.

IS RONALD McDONALD REALLY BIG BROTHER?

Currently, nearly 5000 stands display the emblazoned name and Golden Arches (over 500 have been built this past year); McDonalds can be found today in some 20 countries outside the U.S. (there are 45 in Tokyo alone); and the giant burger corporation has forecast that under present conditions the planet could easily accommodate 10,000 more of its outlets.

McDonalds current sale of hamburgers, as the giant red golden-lettered scoreboards testify from every company outlet, stands at 17 Billion. But even more decorative are the figures of profits, sales, and earnings that McDeaths sucks from America every year.

While the food dollar steadily shrinks and Americans cautiously pick through supermarket shelves or resort to shoplifting for mere survival, McDeaths 776 sales were up 30%—a giant \$615 million. (But in previous years McDonalds has done even better, averaging a 40% increase in sales and profits).

Before long, 1984 will be reality and McDeaths is going to be feeding all of us! unless something is done soon to prevent

this from happening. A national boycott of McDeaths is in order.

Ronald McDonalds latest scheme is to brainwash America into emptying their pockets for Big Macs to fill Ronalds already bulging money bags. In McDeaths latest media blitz, the "BIG MAC ATTACK", Ronald hopes to seize complete control over our stomachs and minds by conditioning us to run to the nearest McDonalds at the mere mention of a Big Mac. BULLSHIT!

WHAT'S BENEATH THE BUN?

Big Macs appearance hints at a life of secret patty perversion, a burger boudoir filled with scents and cosmetics. It has color to bring on a gleam. Texture to give it volume. Flavor to give it taste. The Mac lettuce is kept green with applications of sodium bisulfite, citric acid, ascorbic acid, calcium silicate, sodium citrate, and sodium hexametaphosphate. Its pickles are douché with poly-sorbate-80. The whole thing tastes like a charcoal broiled roll garnished with day-old salad.

THE REAL "BIG MAC" ATTACK

The typical McDonalds meal of bland mushy food not only contains few vitamins but is so lacking in roughage that it does not require any teeth. The contents of a McDeaths meal—fat, carbohydrates, calories, and sodium—are characteristic of food that raises the cholesterol count, which leads to heart disease. The future forecasts a race of debilitated Americans—the "McDeath\$ GENERATION"—

who were fueled and bloated by a lifetime addiction to Big Macs, fries, and shakes.

KROC-NIXON ALLIANCE-YOUTH EXPLOITATION

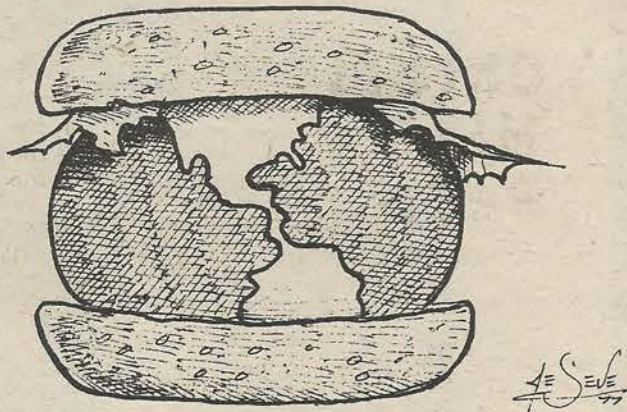
McDeath's chairman Ray Kroc, the 74-year-old Hamburger King whose \$500 million fortune (a conservative estimate) ranks him among Americas Dozen richest-tycoons. In 1972 Kroc visited the White House and met with Nixon during a dinner for big campaign givers, and it

wasn't long before Kroc's contribution (\$250,000), became public, Jack Anderson linked Kroc's huge donation to include a sub-minimum Wage for teenagers in the minimum-wage bill then being debated by Congress.

The "youth differential" would have immensely benefited McDeath\$, which employs 200,000 teenagers as kitchen and counter workers, making McDeath\$ the countries largest employer of youth.

COUNTERATTACK!

The only way to stop McDeath\$ "BIG MAC ATTACK" on the worlds future is warn everyone of its corrupt plans to brainwash America. A national boycott of McDeaths is the only way to prevent the McDeath\$ Monsterious cancer growth from spreading any further. The more adventurous Yipster should use his/her imagination to disrupt the activities at your local McDeaths. Perhaps Yippie pie-assassin, Aaron Kay should make Ronald McDonald his next target for Ronald's crimes against the people of the world.



Native American Ripoff

(ZNS) The Justice Department has reportedly decided against launching any independent investigation into the murder of American Indian Movement activist Anna Mae Aquash.

Aquash was found dead last February and her body was quickly buried after F.B.I. officials stated that she had died of exposure. Following a public outcry on South Dakota's Pine Ridge reservation, however, her body was exhumed, and she was found to have been killed by a bullet wound, instead.

An independent investigation into the Aquash case had initially been suggested by the U.S. Commission on Civil Rights.

The Commission, in a letter to U.S. Attorney General Edward Levi, stated that the F.B.I. has apparently botched the first autopsy. It also pointed out that the F.B.I. might be unable to conduct an impartial investigation because Aquash had been an outspoken critic of the F.B.I.

The Oregon Times reports that the Justice Department has informed Oregon Congressman Les Aucoin, who inquired about the F.B.I.'s handling of the case, that it will not launch a separate investigation into Aquash's death.

However, Assistant Attorney General Stanley Pottinger has replied to Congressman Aucoin, stating that there is no evidence of a civil rights violation in the Aquash murder. The case, he says, will be handled through normal F.B.I. channels.

-ZODIAC

Poison

(ZNS) The U.S. government may have to fork out some \$30 million (dollars) to replenish the water supply of Denver, Colorado, after it was polluted with deadly plutonium from a nearby nuclear weapons plant.

Over the last decade, leakage of radioactive material from the giant Rocky Flats Nuclear Weapons Plant in nearby Broomfield has reportedly left a plutonium blanket on the bottom of the city's 40-acre Great Western Reservoir.

Federal experts have assured residents of Denver the the plutonium is considerably heavier than water and will remain safely on the bottom indefinitely. However, local officials are not so sure. They point out that the current drought is lowering the reservoir so far that the bottom could easily become mixed with the city's water supply.

As a result, local and state officials in Denver are demanding that the Federal government pay for the cost of a new reservoir for the city—a cost which could run as high as \$30 million (dollars).

One drop of plutonium in the lungs of a human can cause instant death.

-ZODIAC

Record

(ZNS) Here's a figure that probably won't make the Guinness Book of World Records: The U.S. Justice Department says the number of public officials indicted on corruption charges in the U.S. last year was at an all-time high.

Grand Juries indicted 337 public figures in 1976, the most on record in a single year. The Justice Department adds that last year prosecutors also set records for the number of public officials convicted.

-ZODIAC

(ZNS) Pacific News Service is reporting that a local murder case in Ventura, California, for which two former American Indian Movement activists are charged, has all the earmarks of a government sponsored plot to sabotage the American Indian Movement.

The murder trial of Paul Skyhorse and Richard Billings begins on March 21st. The two are charged with the brutal beating and stabbing of taxi driver George Aird on October 11 of 1974.

Three other codefendants, all arrested at the scene of the crime with blood-stained clothes, were freed shortly after their arrest in return for agreeing to turn state's evidence. Skyhorse and Billings were arrested one week later and charged with masterminding the murder.

Since the 1974 indictment of Skyhorse and Billings, numerous pieces of evidence which support the defense contention that the two were not at the scene of the crime, have disappeared.

Besides this, however, Pacific News reports that what makes this murder case odd is the role of admitted F.B.I. informant Douglas Durham.

P.N.S. reports that when the murder case began receiving media attention, reporters calling the Minneapolis headquarters of AIM were told by AIM staffer Douglas Durham that (quote) "White people have been killing Indians. Now we Indians are fighting back." At the time, AIM had withdrawn all support from the two accused because of the murder.

Later, at a sanity trial for Skyhorse, one man called upon to testify was a psychologist from the University of Iowa named Douglas Durham. Three months after Skyhorse's sanity hearing, Douglas Durham confessed to being an agent for the F.B.I.

P.N.S. reports that affidavits filed in the case indicate that Durham repeatedly deflected efforts by public interest attorneys to provide counsel for Skyhorse and Billings. The two men are defending themselves.

Durham has been called one of the key operatives in the F.B.I.'s efforts to undermine the American Indian Movement.

-ZODIAC

Chiefs Nix Pete

(ZNS) The International Association of Police Chiefs has announced it will oppose the appointment of Doctor Peter Bourne as the Director of the White House's Office of Drug Abuse Policy because Bourne supports new Federal laws decriminalizing marijuana.

The Association's current president, Police Chief Ed Davis of Los Angeles, says Association members will testify against Bourne during Senate confirmation hearings.

Davis alleges that Bourne's support for the removal of jail sentences for the simple use or possession of pot will undermine law enforcement efforts around the world.

Chief Davis argues that Bourne's appointment as the Drug Abuse Director in the U.S. would be interpreted by drug dealers around the globe as a signal that trafficking in other narcotics, including heroin, can be stepped up.

Bourne says that Chief Davis's viewpoint is ridiculous.

-ZODIAC

Cop Almost Makes it

New York screw Anthony Tascarella allegedly tried to impress a girl on a date by telling her he wasn't just a policeman but was also a hit man for the mob.

Rocky and Genocide

by Leon Yipsy

Despite the installation of a liberal regime in Washington, U.S. corporate and bureaucratic forces continue to search for socially-acceptable forms of genocide to practice against the world's non-white people. Consider these two not unrelated facts:

* The U.S. Department of Health, Education and Welfare has admitted that, between 1973 and 1976, it sterilized more than 3000 American Indian women and 140 men without their informed consent.

* At least two national magazines—*Time* and *Harper's Bazaar*—have announced development of an anti-pregnancy vaccine at Rockefeller University in New York. These groovy-sounding contraception shots were tested on humans in India. Neither magazine saw fit to mention that researchers at Ohio State University who first developed the vaccine three years ago, Drs. Vernon C. Stevens and Raymond W. Lang, have warned the World Health organization that it is absolutely unsafe for use on humans, and often ineffective besides.

In the headline "U.S. Sterilizes Indian Women," change "U.S." to "Germany" and "Indian" to "Jewish," and the United Nations would be organizing an expeditionary force. (The U.N. has the right by charter to send troops into any country, including the United States, to guarantee human rights.) Although the U.S. Government has long been illegally sterilizing poor women of all races without explaining the procedure's irreversibility (frequently in connection with operations like tonsilectomies and appendectomies), among Native Americans the practice assumes particularly genocidal implications. Indians are the last American minority group against whom it is legally and socially possible to be just as racist as you please. Consider, for example, what would happen the first time some rich WASP decided to call his football team the Washington Jewboys.

There are serious implications to the Hearst/Rockefeller-originated birth con-

The girl was impressed: she told police headquarters. They were impressed: they told their internal investigations unit.

Tascarella's attorney said that the girl was acting out of revenge because Tascarella wasn't that impressed by her. The investigation unit was impressed by that and dropped its investigation.

trol inoculation hype (*Time* is substantially Rockefeller-owned; *Harper's Bazaar* is published by the Hearst Corporation, with Randolph A. Hearst—Patty's daddy—listed on the masthead as Executive Vice-President). The dialectic works both ways; just as workers and women have the theoretical power, because of key positions in production and reproduction, to seize control of the state apparatus, so does the blessing of birth control have the potential to become a tool of imperialistic genocide, just as sterilization, religion, nuclear energy and drugs do.

For years, rich whites have sought to limit the populations of Third World countries, out of fear a burgeoning number of poverty-stricken non-whites in the world would inevitably lead to an apocalyptic racial uprising. Alas, the uncooperative darkies kept forgetting to take their pills or wear their rubbers, for in poor countries children are old age insurance. A mass inoculation program—for which Ford's Swine Flu Scare may have been a dress rehearsal—with a contraceptive vaccine neither safe nor 100% effective could still lower Third World populations enough to protect white ruling class wealth and power.

In 1935, General Motors and the Rockefellers' Standard Oil of New Jersey helped Nazi Germany develop tetraethyl lead, the chief ingredient in high-octane gasoline, which was soon to power the Panzer divisions' blitzkrieg across Western Europe. According to recently-released documents captured from Nazi Germany's I.G. Farben Corporation: "Without lead-tetraethyl the present method of warfare would be unthinkable." There was also Rockefeller involvement in the notorious DuPont Corporation and its subsidiaries, which continued to collaborate with the Nazis until at least 1944.

The Rockefellers' funding and publicizing, oblivious to the dangers, of a sensational and easily-administered anti-pregnancy immunization—tailor-made for use in the Third World, on Indian reservations, and in ghettos—should warn us that the Rockefeller clique remains dedicated to the cause of Aryan race superiority.

SMOKE-IN



This Fourth of July Smok-In Extravaganza, the Tenth Anniversary of the first smoke-in is shaping up to be one hell of a birthday party. Current plans call for a 12 Noon free concert by a "big name" band at the Lincoln Memorial reflecting pool area, followed by marches and rallies at the White House and DEA headquarters. An all-out effort is being made to make this year's smoke-in the largest, most outrageous smoke-in ever!

So far we know of at least three "building" smoke-ins being planned in Maryland, Pennsylvania, and New York City. The posters featured in the centerfold are being distributed and posted all over the country. If you are interested in helping with the publicity effort or any other aspect of the smoke-in contact us at:

SMOKE-IN CENTRAL
1007 K St. N.W.
Washington, DC
202-347-5951

Two New

One of the Doctors who operated on Texas Governor John Connally immediately after the 1963 assassination of President Kennedy now says he "cannot accept" the Warren Commission's controversial "single bullet theory."

Doctor Robert Shaw of Dallas is a chest specialist who performed emergency surgery on Governor Connally at Parkland Hospital after the governor was shot down with Kennedy in the Presidential motorcade. Doctor Shaw says he now believes that two separate bullets must have hit the President and the governor.

The Warren Commission concluded 13 years ago that, in order for a single assassin to have fired all the shots at the motorcade, one of the bullets had to have struck President Kennedy in the neck and to have continued on to inflict five more wounds in Governor Connally. The bullet which allegedly did all this damage was recovered in nearly pristine condition by federal investigators.

Doctor Shaw says he believes the single bullet conclusion is wrong. The doctor says that the bullet recovered by the War-

ren Commission is in "too pristine" a condition to have been the missile which seriously wounded Connally. He states that too many fragments were removed from the governor's wrist to have come from the recovered slug.

A similar conclusion was voiced just two weeks ago by a former head nurse at Parkland Hospital, Audrey Bell.

Doctor Shaw adds that films of the assassination and the testimony of both Governor Connally and Connally's wife, Nellie, back up his conclusion that separate bullets struck Kennedy and Connally.

If Kennedy and Connally were, in fact, struck by separate bullets, this would indicate that at least two assassins fired shots at the motorcade. The Warren Commission conceded that if the two men were not hit by the same bullet, they were wounded so close together that two guns must have been used. —ZNS

ESP IN

Researchers at the Center for Unexplained Phenomena Studies are planning a massive E.S.P. "Be-In."

The Researchers are calling for volunteers from around North America to

participate in what is being called the largest E.S.P. experiment ever.

The volunteers will be divided in two groups: All members of one group will be sent one picture; the members of the second group will receive an entirely different picture.

At a specified time, all members of one group will begin to concentrate on their picture and attempt to project a mental image of it to the second group, who at that moment will attempt to receive it. Later, the second group will try

to send its picture to the first group. All volunteers will conduct the experiment in their own home.

The results of the experiments will then be evaluated and made public to see if each group was able to tell what the other was concentrating on.

Those interested in participating in the project are being asked to send a self-addressed number 10 envelope to: The Center for Unexplained Phenomena Studies, Department Z, P.O. Box 1399, Wichita, KS 67201. (ZNS)

Vote em out

The National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws is alleging that a Florida Congressman is almost single-handedly responsible for blocking all marijuana reform legislation at the federal level.

NORML reports that every year since 1972, a bill that would remove federal jail terms for minor marijuana infractions has been introduced into the House, and then forwarded to the House Subcommittee on Health and the Environment.

According to NORML, however, the bill has simply died there—thanks mainly

to Democrat Paul Rogers of Florida. Rogers is the Chairperson of the Health Subcommittee, and he reportedly has the political power within the Committee to decide which bills are scheduled for hearings, and which bills are not.

NORML complains that for the last four years, Rogers has chosen to "kill the proposal by keeping it boxed up." NORML's Executive Director Keith Stroup charges that a number of states that are leaning toward pot reform at the state level are waiting for the federal government to change its laws first.

SAXE 'BLACKMAILED'?

On January 17, 1977, Susan Saxe pled guilty to two counts of armed robbery and one count of manslaughter stemming from a bank robbery which occurred in Brighton, Massachusetts. Following is her statement.

To My Friends,

In my statements to the straight press about why I pled guilty to the charges in Boston, I said that I did it for one reason only—that it was the course of action that would get me out of jail soonest. This is true but I feel I owe some further explanation to the people who supported me and who share my struggle.

OF PRIMARY IMPORTANCE IS THIS POINT: THIS WAS NOT A "DEAL". I DID NOT GIVE THE STATE ANYTHING FOR THE "REDUCED SENTENCE" EXCEPT MY OWN GUILTY PLEA. I REMAIN ABSOLUTELY FIRM IN MY STAND OF NON-COLLABORATION. I WILL NEVER TESTIFY AGAINST ANYONE FOR ANY REASON OR GIVE ANY INFORMATION ABOUT THE EVENTS OF 1970 OR ABOUT ANYONE I MAY HAVE KNOWN DURING THE TIME I WAS UNDERGROUND. FURTHERMORE, I WILL NEVER ABANDON MY POLITICAL COMMITMENTS IN RETURN FOR FAVORS FROM THE STATE. I DO NOT RECOGNIZE THE RIGHT OF THE STATE TO A SINGLE DAY OF MY LIFE, BUT I DO RECOGNIZE ITS POWER TO TAKE THAT AND MORE. THIS GUILTY PLEA WAS A TACTICAL DECISION BASED ON THAT REALITY.

We who define ourselves politically, whether as feminists or radicals (or any of the labels attached to those politics) are responsible not only for the personal consequences of our acts but for the political consequences. We are and should be accountable to one another. Therefore, I'd like to explain step by step to you the process that led me to this difficult choice.

First of all, I should start by explaining that in 1970 I did commit illegal arm-

ed actions aimed against property and wealth. These actions came from a sense of outrage against the injustices of sexism, racism and imperialism, and particularly the immediate and pressing crisis of the Vietnam War. Without getting into a complex discussion of the theoretical and tactical pros and cons of armed struggle, I can still say that the politics that led me to those actions have not faded but ripened into a deeper commitment and understanding.

I do not believe that the same criminals who perpetuate and profit from war, repression and exploitation have the right to judge and punish those who resist. That is the fundamental principle upon which I hope anyone's support for me is based. I have never attempted to gain support in the movement or elsewhere on any other claim.

Just to briefly put things in chronological order, I was captured in Philadelphia in March 1975. In June 1975 I pled guilty in Federal Court to charges of armed robbery and destruction of government property on the condition that the government guarantee never to attempt to compel me to testify against or give information about anyone who may have associated with me or knowingly or unknowingly harbored me from 1970 to 1975. In addition, the federal government agreed to call off an investigation that could have led to a grand jury attack on the women's community in Philadelphia. After that, I was removed to Massachusetts to stand trial for armed robbery and murder.

Thanks to the work and organizing done by my friends, the excellent job by my lawyers, and the changing climate of increasing political support, my first trial ended in a hung jury. Stung by a humiliating defeat in what had been billed as "an open and shut case", the state promptly moved to insure that the second trial would not end up the same way. A new judge was assigned, a man with a reputation for harshness in sentencing and a propensity for tilting cases toward conviction through the most heavy hand-

ed methods. In addition, all the ground rules of the first trial, particularly the ones that had enabled us to select some sensitive and unprejudiced jurors with the courage to question the absolute authority of the judge and prosecutor, all these were thrown out, and it became increasingly clear that the new rules would slant even more heavily against us than the rules of the first trial.

Meanwhile, the prosecutor and the judge, who at first refused to even consider a plea agreement for anything but second degree murder (which carries a life sentence, meaning parole eligibility after 15 years IF the parole board decides to let you go—not likely in the case of a political prisoner) decided to offer a charge of manslaughter and a sentence of 12-14 years. The main reason for this change was the public support generated by my friends. Their efforts turned around the lynch-mob atmosphere in Boston which before the first trial made any offer by the prosecutor politically unsupportable in the face of public opinion against me. By stressing the political nature of the trial and breaking down the media image of me created by the state, this organizing made a blatant railroad harder to conceal or defend, and therefore the prosecution was more inclined to seek another solution. In other words, they could probably still get their conviction, but would no longer look like the big heroes that they had wanted to be, but like the vindictive little men that they are.

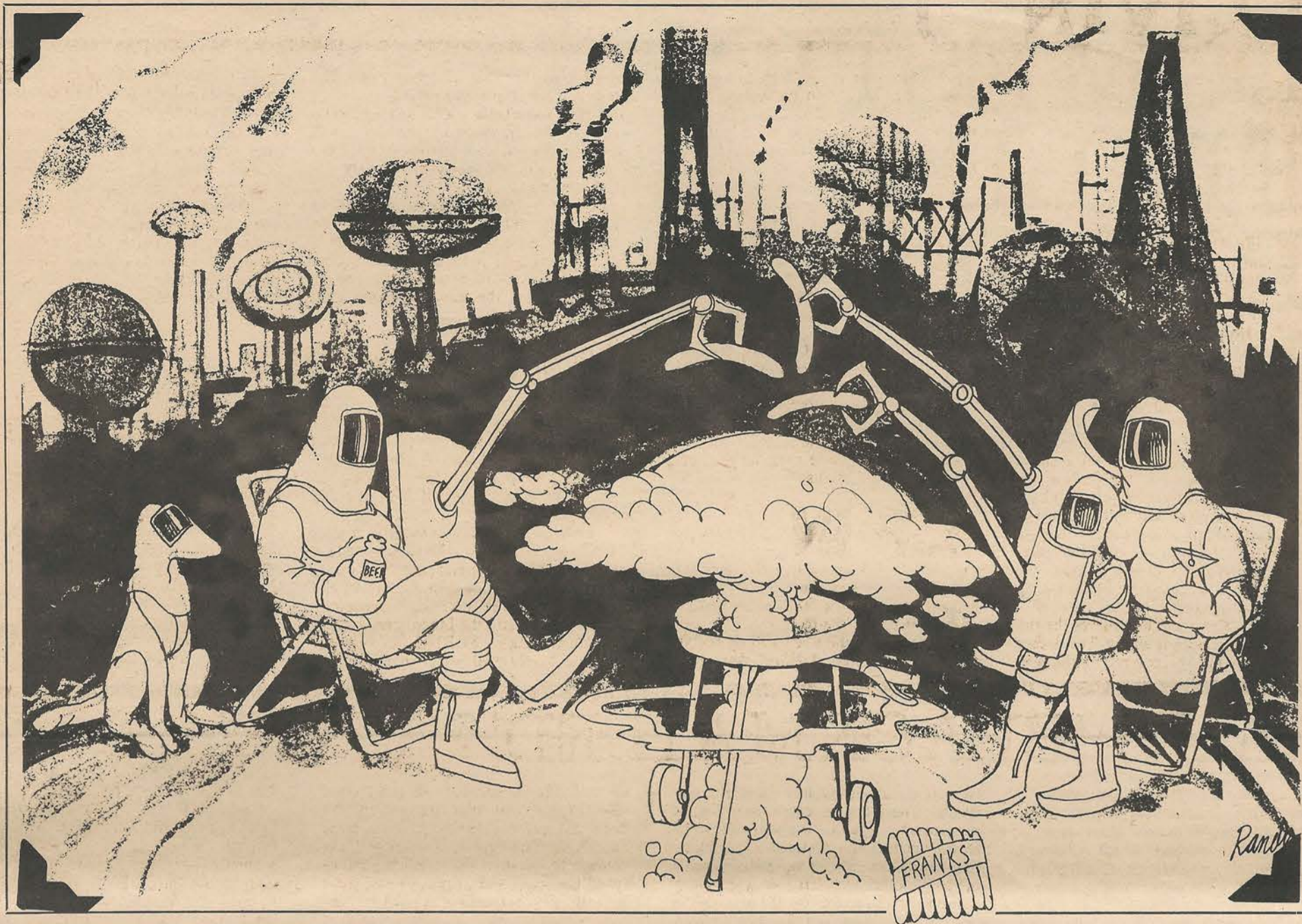
In deciding to take their final offer, I weighed the 12-14 year state sentence against the substantial risk of coming out of a second trial with multiple life sentences. Armed robbery alone carries a life sentence (which I would certainly get from the judge selected for my second trial) and felony murder carries a mandatory "natural life" sentence, which means you never become eligible for parole. I decided that even if there were another hung jury, I would still have 10 years to do on my federal sentence. The risk, in my opinion and in the opinion of almost everyone I consulted, far outweighed the

relatively small amount of additional time.

Equally important to me was the political consideration. I do not intend to defend this choice as politically pure or exemplary. It was, I believe, the best of two bad alternatives. If I had gone through with another trial I would probably have been convicted. If not, then at the third trial or the fourth....all at great cost in time, energy and money. Once convicted and sentenced, I would have two legal alternatives. Either I could assume I would never get out and plan a life around total resistance inside the walls. This was the course taken by Stanley Bond (one of my codefendants), who was murdered by the government while imprisoned in Walpole in 1972. The other alternative would be to attempt to reduce the sentence through a protracted campaign in the courts, parole and commutation boards, and other legal and political channels....in other words, by appealing to the mercy and decency of the system. I find this as politically distasteful and counterproductive as I find the other alternative personally distressing.

By pleading guilty I have given the state another 18 months of my life (the difference between my federal and state parole eligibility dates), possibly more. But at least I have put an upper limit on the time they can get from me. Yes, I'm giving them something they have no right to take. In a sense it's like paying blackmail—giving them part of my life to keep them from taking the rest.

On the other hand, it's a small victory that even this was possible. Without the energy, love and support of so many people, I would have been railroaded into the maximum sentence in the first trial. If the movement were in more advanced stage, perhaps we would have been able to push even further. Under different circumstances perhaps no compromise would have been possible or necessary. But for now, at this point in our development, we have done what we could. We fought the state to a standstill, which is a partial victory. We have won back from them the greater part of one woman's life. I want to affirm once again that it is and will continue to be a life dedicated to struggle.



THE NUCLEAR FAMILY:

A REACTOR IN EVERY BASEMENT

by Pamela Lloyd Shakespeare

A chicken in every pot, two cars in every garage. So this is what it's come to. While Jimmy talks ban the bomb and lays the groundwork for SALT II, scientists in the U.S. and U.S.S.R. race to solve the problem of providing cheap, "clean" nuclear energy. Recent quick-fire breakthroughs in laser technology could put a nuclear plant in every home in ten

Picture it: Port-o-reactors for campers. Pocket reactors for androids. Reactors the size of a pinhead. Holocaust at your fingertips. Ground zero in your own back yard. Not one button but a button for every man, woman and child in America. Technology as the servant of the ultimate democracy.

At present, governments can limit the spread of nuclear arms only because of the difficulty of obtaining weapons-grade fissionable material. Once you've got enough hot stuff, bombs aren't that hard to make. An MIT student figured it out back in 1974, and *Take Over*, a Madison, Wisconsin underground newspaper, published an outline of the basic construction of a plutonium-239 bomb the same year. In 1976, a Princeton student devised plans for an economy bomb costing \$2,000 with information from the university library and the U.S. government. Somewhere, a high school student is probably designing a better bomb as a science fair project right now.

Even reactors designed specifically for peaceful energy production can be used to make bombs, as India recently proved. Mrs. Gandhi obtained a critical mass of fissionable material from the operations of the heavy water reactor she bought from Canada, marketed under the coyly military brand name, Candu. And it is precisely the heavy water reactor which will be made so efficient and inexpensive by the continuing refinements in laser technology. Here's how.

Energy is produced in a fission reactor by a chain reaction in which atomic nuclei split, releasing neutrons, which in turn split other nuclei, and so on. Conventional fission reactors are fueled by the radioactive isotopes of such elements as uranium and plutonium, but the concentrations of these isotopes in natural uranium and in plutonium are too low to sustain the chain reaction. So the fissionable isotopes must be "enriched" until their concentration reaches the so-called critical mass necessary for the chain reaction to begin.

The current method of isotope enrichment is the separation of isotopes by gaseous diffusion. Since this process is based on differences in isotopic mass, it is inefficient for isotopes of atomic weights as high as that of uranium. Not only is it incredibly expensive, but it leaves one third of the fissionable isotope in the original uranium, creating the

ecological problem of nuclear waste products.

But the great laser isotope sweepstakes is under way. Rapid advances in laser technology have produced lasers that can be finely tuned to emit light of wavelengths differing by the smallest amounts. The energy levels of isotopes of the same substance also differ slightly, and the new tunable lasers can emit light that is absorbed by one isotope of a given substance and not the others. If radioactive isotopes are thus "excited," they can be efficiently separated from the others electromagnetically. Or if a high-intensity laser is tuned to select molecules of non-radioactive isotopes, they can be broken apart into smaller molecules and effectively separated from the intact radioactive isotopes. This second method, known as resonant dissociation, has so far shown the most promise in performing high, economical isotope enrichments.

Once this process is refined, uranium enrichment will cost 1 percent of what it does now and there will be no nuclear waste products. The plutonium isotopes currently produced by conventional reactors could be enriched too. But it is the enrichment of heavy water—deuterium—that will most completely revolutionize the construction of nuclear power plants.

Like radioactive uranium, the deuterium isotope is found in low concentrations in nature. Economical deuterium

enrichment would eliminate the need for enriched uranium in fission reactors. In the heavy water reactor, deuterium instead of normal water is used as the moderating fluid. Since heavy water absorbs few neutrons, it can sustain a chain reaction in unenriched uranium or even in fuel containing as much as 90 percent thorium, vastly stretching the fuel supply for fission reactors and reducing cost.

An abundance of cheap deuterium would also enable the construction of fusion reactors, in which nuclei of low atomic weight fuse to produce energy. A fusion reactor that could run on water would put nuclear power within the buying range of just about anybody. If you don't believe it, just ask yourself where the ten-dollar pocket calculator was ten years ago.

Right now the government is classifying all but three significant digits of laser wavelengths that can be used to enrich uranium. But classification of the laws of physics won't work for long. Money will crack the code, and power to the people will be a literal reality.

The nuclear power industry will see to it that everyone can build a bomb from their basement heating unit. What with Jimmy into development of nuclear power and the winters getting colder, the megacorps will drive their researchers to this inevitable conclusion. Our own solar solution to the weather crises next issue.

DOMESTIC FIELD REPORT 1977...

by Jon Goss

1977 promises to be a record breaking year for the domestic marijuana scene. We can expect more planting, harvesting, busting, stealing, and money making than from any previous season.

The three main reasons for the increasing activity in domestic cultivation: One, the American pot farmer is becoming skilled at producing high quality smoke. Two, imported weed is becoming ever more scarce in both quantity and quality. Three, most important of all, there is a lot of money to be made out in the backyard.

In the glory days of ten dollar lids and eighty dollar kilos the art of cultivation was mostly ignored. With grass so easy to buy not many people were willing to invest the months of care needed to produce a crop at home. Early home-grown efforts often produced mediocre results causing many people to believe that good pot had to come from somewhere else (Mexico, Thailand, etc.)

The biggest catalyst for change undoubtedly was the United States government. Their War on Pot was ineffective in dissuading individuals from using the stuff. Their efforts to stymie the importation of pot however was effective enough to keep the supply behind demand. They created a situation of more smokers and less smoke. A classic market

condition that leads to increased values. Necessity demanded a new source, it was there to be developed, namely the good old U.S.A. Once again a government scheme backfired in its face.

During this time the avid home cultivators were learning and mastering the ropes of producing a crop of high quality marijuana. In particular the art of producing fine Sinsemilla was developed. Many people were finding the truth about good pot, it did not have to come from somewhere else, we could grow it right here.

Connoisseurs began to seek out domestic smoke with enthusiasm equal to any import. A large reason for this, no doubt, was the handling an import must endure. The packaging and repackaging, excess moisture, excess dryness, squashing, poor ventilation, and all the other hazards of smuggling take their toll on the product. Usually domestic buds are treated with tender loving care from the field to the joint. Consumers with the money to spend on the best recognize this and prize our finest smoke.

American pot has arrived as a glamour drug on the market. Varieties of Hawaiian, Californian, and a growing list of other states compete, quite well, with good dope from anywhere in the world.

So now is the time for everybody to plant and get high and rich, eh? Well, maybe yes and maybe no. It takes skill and practice to grow high quality marijuana. The farming end alone takes

enough good fortune. Yet there are more obstacles between germination and harvest than those that mother nature supplies.

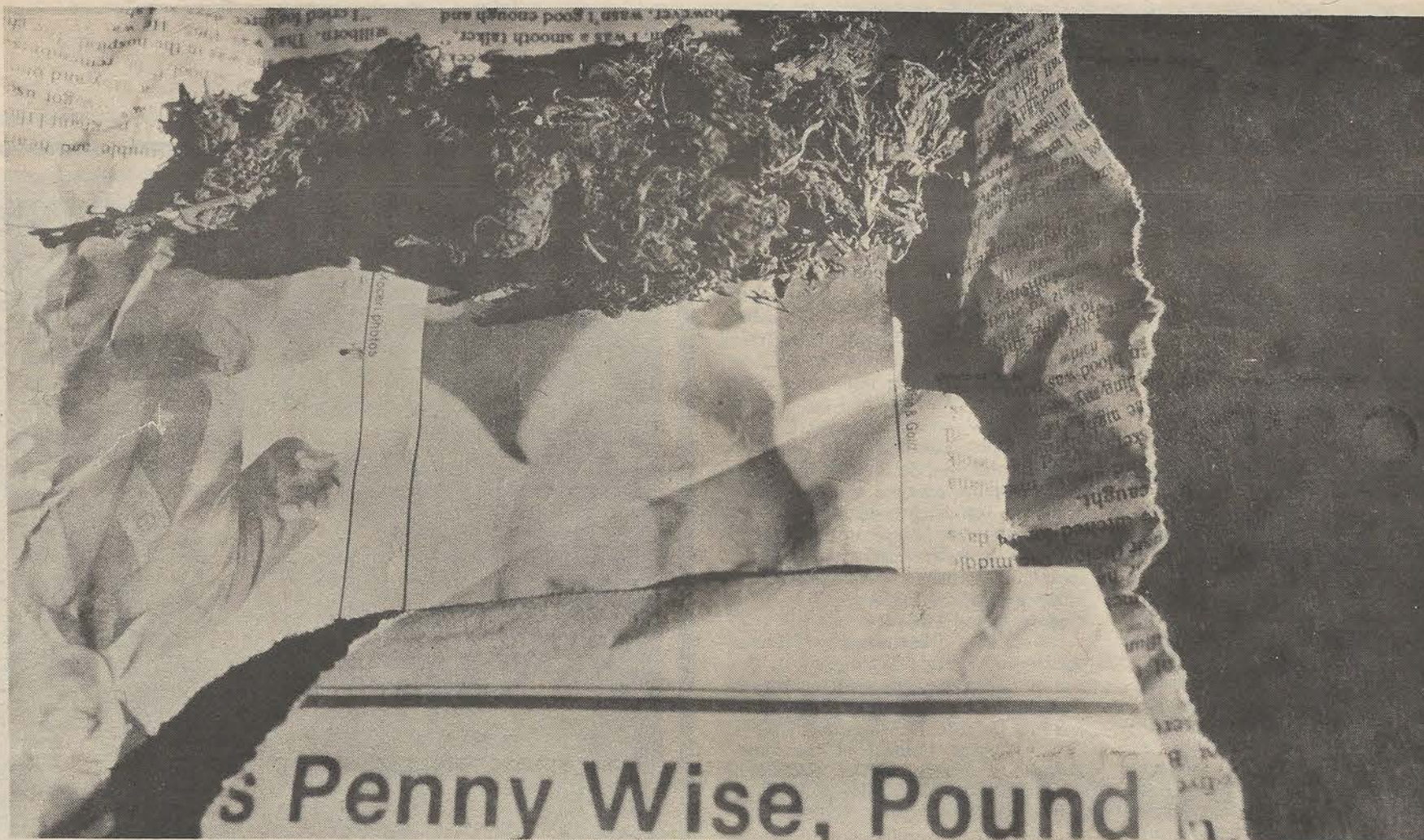
One such hurdle of course is the man. The technology to foil drug cultivation, honed to a high degree of sophistication in all the corners of the globe, will very likely be turned loose in our own land.

Federal, state, and local governments can be expected to turn on the heat for

domestic growers like never before.

Another obstacle and perhaps the most troublesome is theft. Last season thieves set new standards in ingenuity and viciousness. Many come well armed to deal with possessive owners. The stories of thief-owner confrontations are quite hairy. One fellow was sleeping with his plants during the last days of maturation when he was awakened with the business end of a pointed stick jabbing his Adam's Apple. Not only was he relieved of his crop, but he was forced to tell about any other plantations he might know about. The thieves do not always





come out so well, however. One group was manhandled so savagely by irate farmers that their skulls had to be shaved at the hospital before any surgery could be performed. The stories go on and on with talk of guns, Viet Cong traps, and even lynchings filling the air.

You might wonder: why all the fuss over some home grown pot? When you realize that an ounce of Sinsemilla can bring two-hundred dollars or more, you see that those bushes out there in the backyard might as well be sprouting Kruger Rands. The high value of domestic buds has brought in very dangerous and

serious criminals looking for gold in some stoned out gardener's back yard. The old World War Two adage, "Loose lips sink ships", would apply to anyone wanting to avoid the cops and robbers.

With planting season rolling around again we can expect to see some wild action on the home front this year. As all the fifty states are quite capable of producing some dynamite weed, nobody will be spared the show. Each area has its own problems but Yankee ingenuity can be expected to bring out a bumper crop.

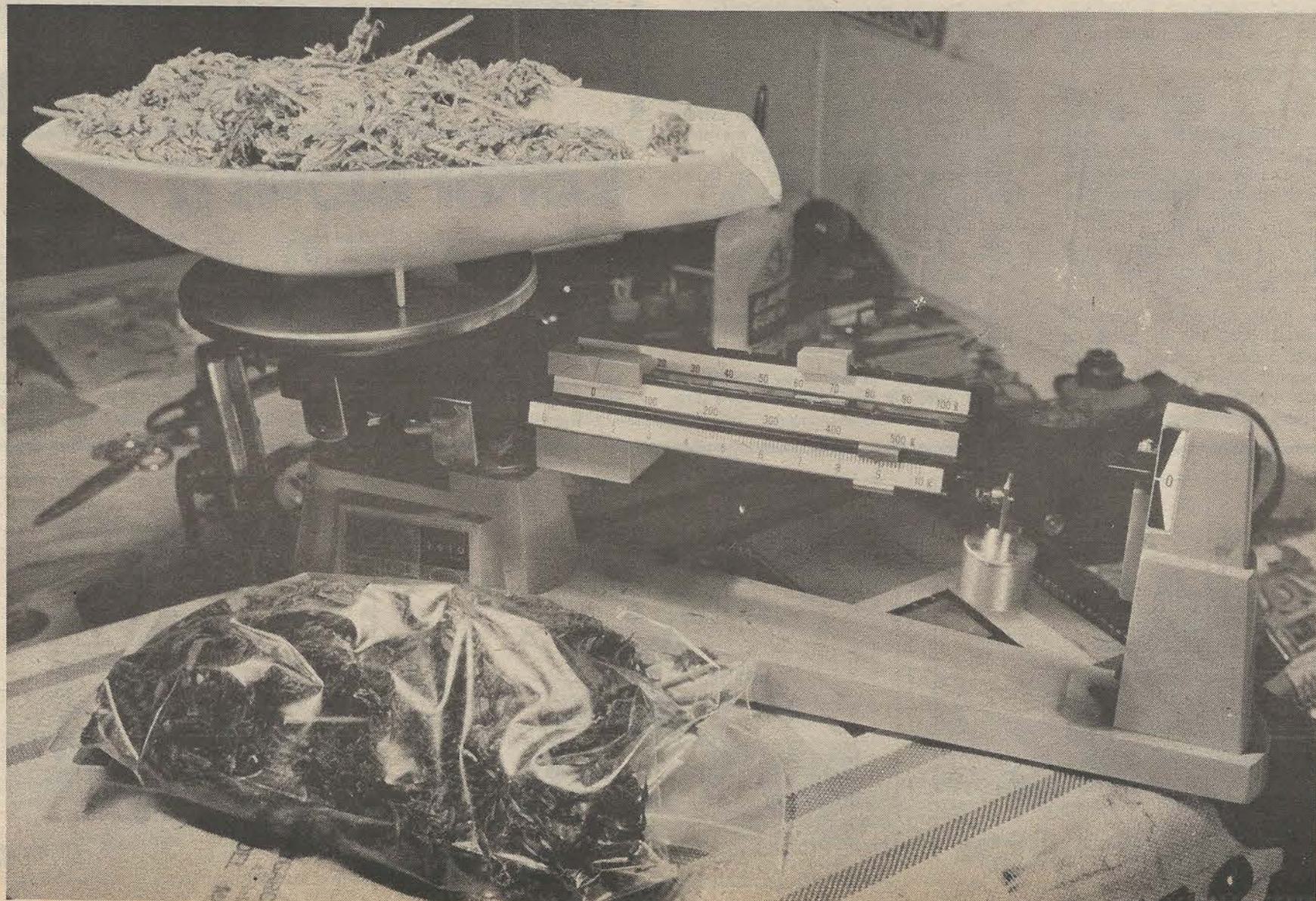
The future of all this is quite cloudy. Some day there will be large scale cultiva-

tion in this country, all very legal. Whether it will be restricted to big business or big government is beyond my ability to predict. I know that I want to grow my own dope, not Marlboro, yet the precedent set by alcohol is not encouraging.

The whole legal picture of marijuana is quite absurd right now. The laws seem to be saying, "You can own a small amount of pot but you cannot grow it or exchange it." How the hell are we supposed to get it? From the Tooth Fairy? People neither respect or obey stupid laws (remember prohibition). The United States government wot'd best serve us

(the bosses of the whole mess in theory) by getting out of the marijuana world. Americans do not like interference in their personal lives and our government was not formed for that purpose.

Whatever does happen, we can rest assured that somebody somewhere will be growing pot in the future just as someone always did throughout the past. Right now is the time for us to do it here. It could well become a valuable national resource. At the very least it could become a new All-American high, and that is something we ain't had for too damn long.



HIGH LIFE

Krasner Eyes Pie in Sky Confesses Bubble Yum Conspiracy

All right, I confess.

It was yours truly who started spreading that story about Bubble Yum. But it was not merely a false rumor.

Canadian researchers had given large doses of the bubble gum to volunteer rats. They proceeded to chew it diligently. Only a rare rat could actually blow a bubble and even then their whiskers would burst it in mid-blow.

The rats were not told that black widow spiders had laid eggs in the gum. The eggs were swallowed along with the flavor, and they later hatched. All the rats perished from stomach cancer.

This project was kept Top Secret because it was sponsored by a competitive bubble gum manufacturer using the allegedly independent research laboratory as a front.

The information was leaked to this reporter. I in turn passed it on to selected blabbermouths in various schoolyards.

However, the government is not going to ban the product. Rather, the Food & Drug Administration is simply going to require a printed warning on the wrapper, telling children never to accept Bubble Yum from Roman Polanski.

Just in case nobody has yet recorded this fact for posterity: the name of the official police recruiter for the city of Oakland is Al Piggee.

While we're at it, the Daphne Funeral Parlor in San Francisco has been accused of hard-sell tactics practically amounting to body-snatching. The owner's daughter is Daphne Agnes Daphne, but when she is interviewed on local television, they can't resist superimposing the name Daphne Daphne under her image.

Headline of the future: Daphne Daphne marries Sirhan Sirhan in Walla Walla.

Yippie Aron Kay, who seems to relish personal publicity as much as throwing pies, recently dashed a creamy one into the surprised face of E. Howard Hunt on his way to tape a Tomorrow show.

Tom Snyder was suddenly caught between his dual roles of professional journalist and gracious host. He chided Associated Press for not forewarning his staff after Kay had forewarned AP.

Hunt's immediate reply to the pie-thrower was, "Get the hell out of here, you asshole!"

His more measured response on the program was that he thought that political dissent had reached a more dignified level than this: such as donning a red wig, flying out to see Dita Beard in a hospital bed and somehow persuading her to recant on the memo that implicated ITT either in the overthrow of Chile or the manufacture of Twinkies.

Another pie-throwing incident occurred at a Brain Symposium in Vancouver. This one was courtesy of the Anarchist Party of Canada. The target was Jose Delgado. Here's a quote from his book, *Physical Control of the Mind—Toward a Psychocivilized Society*, a rationale for the implanting of electrodes in human beings:

"Even if our conduct is entirely within the law, we cannot escape the intervention of the state in our private lives and in our most intimate biology. In general, we are not even aware of it. Many 'free' societies, including the United States, do not allow a bride and groom to marry legally until blood has been drawn from their veins and a medical officer has certified the absence of syphilis, a procedure which casts a rather insulting doubt on their past integrity and intelligence.

"In order to cross international borders, it is necessary to document that our skin has recently been scarified and injected with smallpox. In many cities, by governmental regulations, the drinking water floods our bodies with chlorine for safety reasons and with fluoride for strengthening our teeth. The table salt that we buy is usually fortified with iodine to aid the proper physiology of our thyroid gland.

"These intrusions into our private blood, teeth and glands are accepted, practiced and enforced. Naturally they have been legally introduced, are useful for the prevention of illness, and generally benefit society and individuals, but they have also already established the precedent of official manipulation of our personal biology...."

The nine pies tossed at Dr. Delgado contained barbecue sauce, shipped cream, honey, chocolate syrup and cow brains.

His reaction: "Why me?"
"Because," answered an anonymous pie-thrower, "a pie a day keeps the doctor away."



Guess Who?

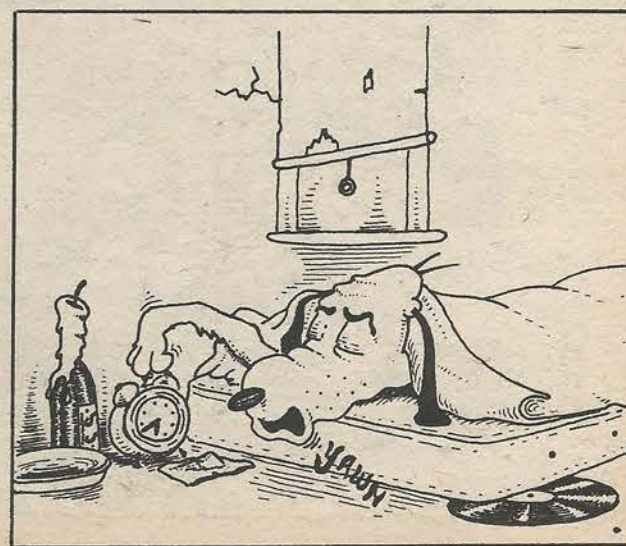
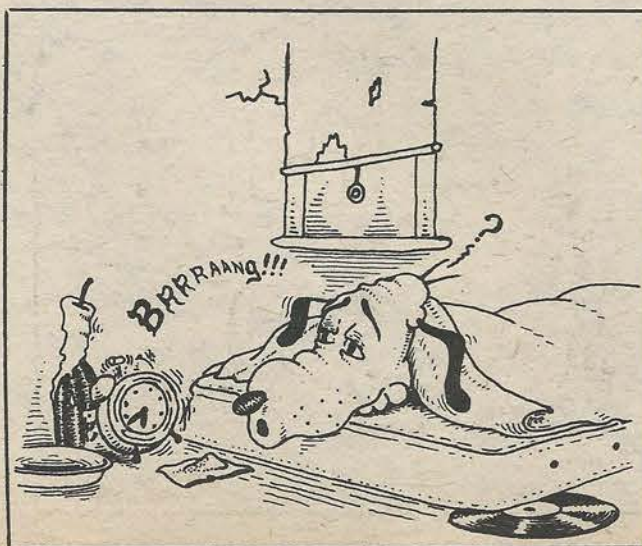
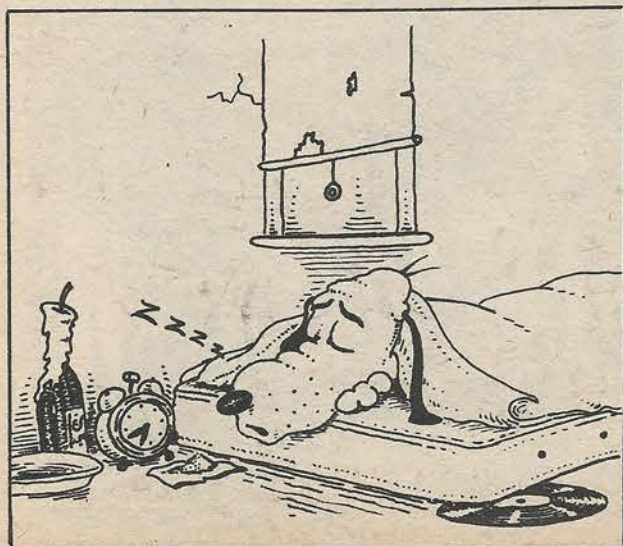
Editor Blows it

Allan Earle the editor of *Head Magazine* was fired when a roach was found in his ash tray after an all night session. Charlotte Greenberg, the executive editor and publisher, wouldn't talk to YT, but Earle said that was on orders from the management of *Club*, the British owned gash magazine that owns a piece of the tits and grass magazine.

Earle said that he was more likely

fired over an argument over Greenberg's allowing paraphernalia marketers to write feature articles about their own products, particularly a current article about the ISO 2, an over-priced percolator that is alleged to make super pot...

Which brings me to the point that YT will now be accepting certain ads to finance the fight of this paper against capitalist market manipulation and...





PRESS RELEASE

Groucho Marxist, the Anarchist Party of Canada, has pushed this Oreo Cookie Cream Pie into the face of Eldridge Cleaver because he is a turncoat fink and front man for what is alleged to be a CIA-fronted religious group.

While most of Eldridge's onetime comrades in the Black Liberation Army have been murdered by the racist U.S. state or are currently rotting in prisons, he is free to travel with the likes of Waterbugger Charles Colson, shooting his mouth off for pay about the glories of American "democracy".

The "I Found It" campaign is endorsed by such people as William F. Buckley who has admitted to CIA affiliations in the past. "I Found It" has access to a multi-million dollar budget for its international campaign. (What sort of profit are they "findgin"?)

We used an Oreo Cookie Cream Pie because Oreo Cookies are black on the outside and white on the inside, just like Eldridge Cleaver and his participation in the White Man's pseudo religious "I Found It" shell game. If Eldridge was able to find it, imagine who must have lost it.

So remember Eldridge, if you turn the other cheek—you're going to catch a pie on that side too. Jesus isn't going to give us pie in the sky when we die, we're going to give Eldridge pie in the face now!

—Anarchist Party of Canada
Groucho Marxist

and Eldridge too

HEY KIDS

Calling All Yippies. To help in local, regional and national organizing, the YIPSTER TIMES plans to resume its policy of printing in every issue a comprehensive list of YIP chapters across the country. Participate by sending your chapter name and address to the YIPSTER TIMES, Box 392 Canal Street Station, N.Y., N.Y., 10003.

Rock impresario Bill Graham still has his fingers in various pies these days.

The San Francisco-based promoter is meeting with President Jimmy Carter this week to discuss the possibility of Graham producing a series of concerts for the government.

Carter is reportedly considering a plan to stage a series of concerts, with the proceeds going for famine relief around the world.

Following his meeting with the president, Graham will visit the producers of the play, "Sergeant Pepper," to discuss a possible role in the up-coming stage version based on the Beatles epic. "Sergeant Pepper" will attempt to recreate the mood of the '60's using the Beatles' music as its central theme.

The producers are also considering British guitarist Peter Frampton for a role in that production.

Judge Dismisses Coke Charge

Springfield, Ill. (AP)—A Circuit Court judge here freed a man from cocaine charges Friday, saying, "If they put cocaine users in jail, they should also put drinkers and smokers in, too."

Judge George P. Coutrakon's ruling followed an announcement Monday by the Carter administration that it is "carefully re-examining" its position on penalties for possessing cocaine.

The county prosecutor's office said it may appeal the ruling, which dismissed charges against Julien Gabriel.

Gabriel had been arrested in March, 1976 and charged with two counts of sale and two counts of delivery and possession of a "narcotic substance."

He allegedly made two sales of cocaine to an undercover agent.

"This was a pretrial motion. The judge dismissed the indictment that would have permitted us to try him," said Asst. State's Atty. Wayne R. Golomb.

Coutrakon dismissed the four counts based on defense testimony by physicians and other experts that cocaine is not a narcotic, is not harmful and therefore cannot be considered a narcotic substance under Illinois law.

The defense also contended that since cocaine was a harmless substance, it was an arbitrary use of police power to detain a person for possession of it.

The prosecutor said the state would decide within a 30-day deadline whether to appeal Coutrakon's dismissal of the

(ZNS) Ed Frey, the California lawyer who last year invited a District Attorney in Mendocino to arrest him on cultivation of marijuana charges, has had his case dismissed.

Frey announced in a press conference last year that he was growing marijuana in his own home, and invited District Attorney Duncan James to arrest him in order to test California's laws against growing pot.

Duncan, however, refused, and cited him instead only for possession, a mere misdemeanor in California. In March, Frey's case was dismissed by a local judge after the judge ruled that the original charge was improper.

Just before the case was dismissed, defendant Frey, who represented himself in court, addressed the judge and prospective jurors, insisting that (quote) "everybody uses marijuana," including the District Attorney's office.

Following Frey's speech, the prospective jurors applauded. —ZODIAC

indictments to the Illinois Supreme Court.

Gabriel said his ruling applies only to the Gabriel case. He said the drug laws will continue to be enforced in other cases unless the Illinois Supreme Court declares the statutes unconstitutional.

Coutrakon said testimony from medical journals, research papers and cocaine users convinced him that cocaine is no more dangerous than alcohol, tobacco or coffee.

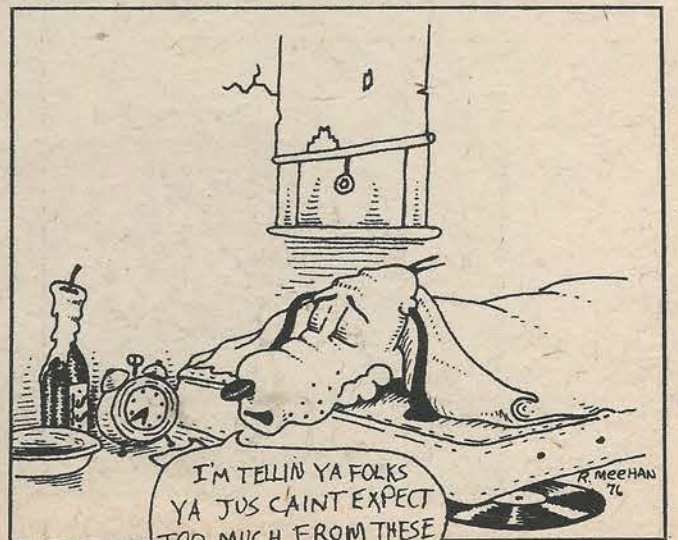
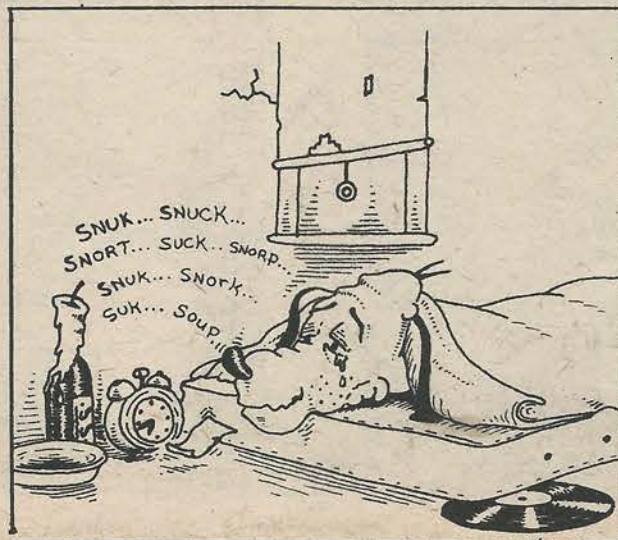
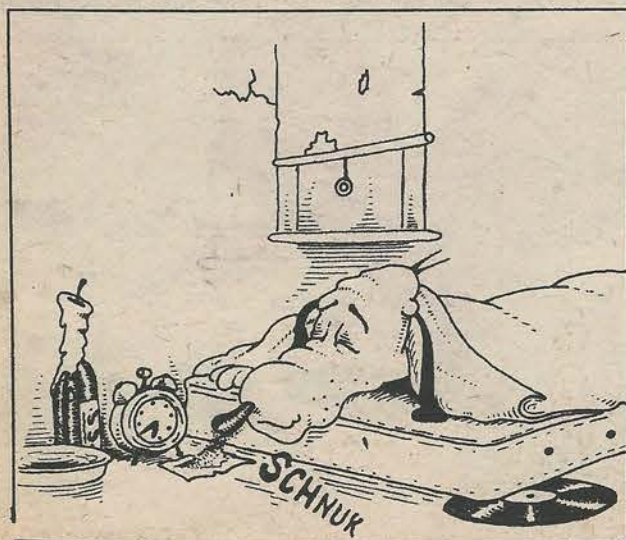
"If the substance is to be classed with alcohol, tobacco and coffee, I don't think the legislature has a right to put somebody in prison," he said.

"It's about time," attorney Jerry Lefcourt of New York said of Coutrakon's ruling. "Cocaine laws are based on misconceptions. . . ."

The leader of India's "smuggler kings" has asked the new government to give them jobs guarding the coast.

"During the long and lonely hours in jail, I have done some rethinking," said Haji Mastan, the chief of Bombay smugglers and a man whose rags-to-riches career has become a household tale in India. Haji Mastan, believed in India to be fabulously wealthy, has recently emerged from three years in the cooler, where he had plenty of time for "rethinking."

The government has not replied to the request.



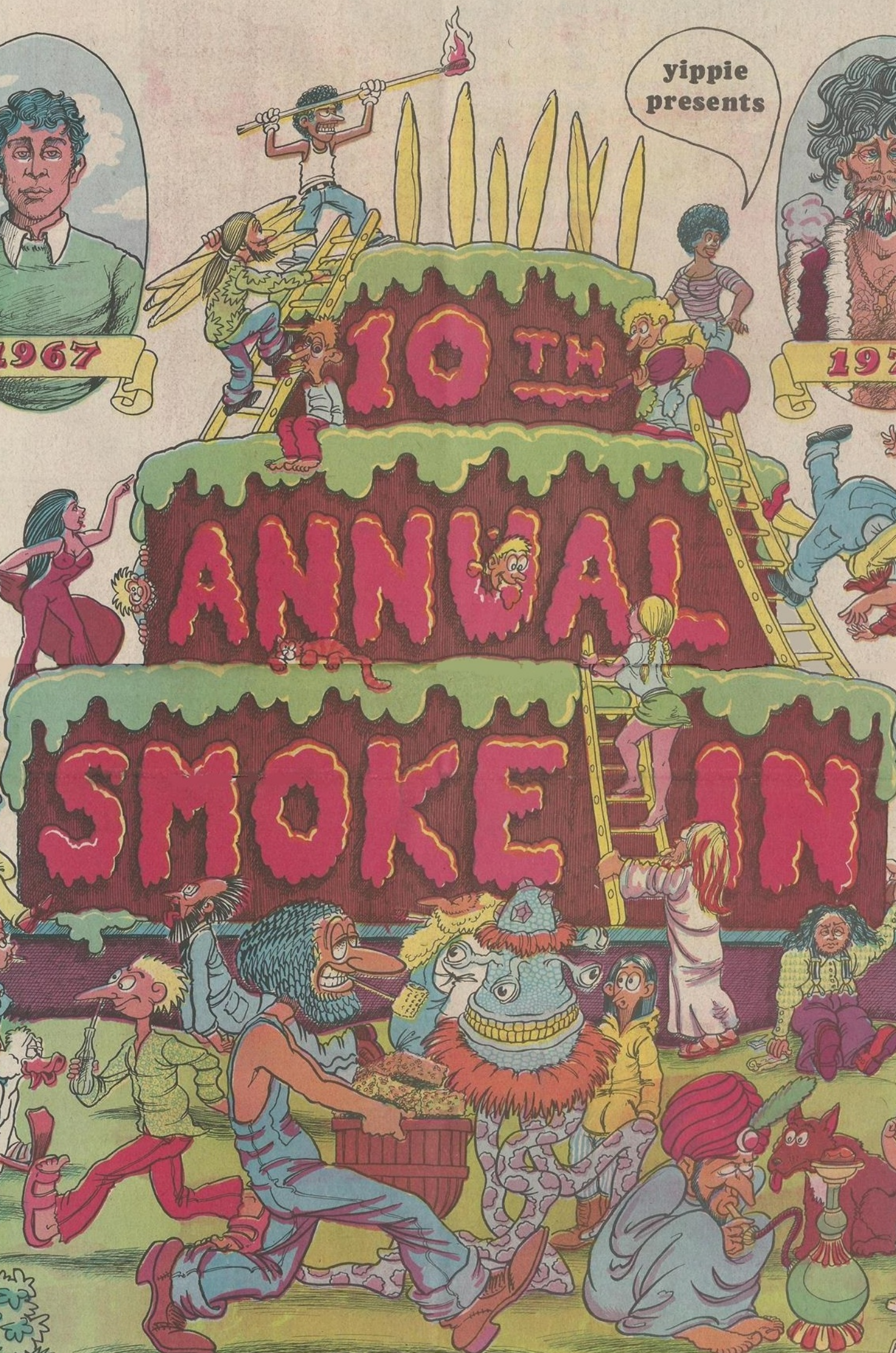


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1977



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P. Bramley

THE SAGA
OF

REV. MCCREDDEN

by Karl Armstrong

This is the saga of 'Rev.' M.H. (Michael Henry) McCredden, a man serving sixteen-and-a-half years in prison for sex crimes that never occurred.

"Rev." McCredden is a wiry, 43-year-old man with an angular face that manifests his Indian ancestry. The slow movement of his body betrays a childhood bout with polio and a back and pelvic injury that never properly healed. As a child, he was totally deaf and his hearing is still impaired today. His missing teeth and broken nose evidence beatings by the Milwaukee police.

McCredden came by his politics the hard way. His grandfather was part-Indian and raised in the Indian tradition near Black River Falls, learning canoe-making, trapping and Indian medicine. Grandfather McCredden apprenticed himself to a white surgeon but dropped that pursuit when he discovered that the skeleton kept in the surgeon's office was that of a friend who had been lynched—a man who was part Black and part-Indian.

McCredden's father had similar experiences. McCredden Sr. initially became radicalized by defending a cousin who had been jailed many times for a morphine addiction, acquired during WWI as treatment for a war wound. Confrontations with the law escalated during the Prohibition Era when McCredden's father, uncle and grandfather sold moonshine to make ends meet. Finally, after the Depression had wiped out the family farm, McCredden's father became a Marxist who believed in a revolution that would restore human dignity and equality. At a very early age, his son grew to share McCredden Sr.'s dreams.

FIRST RAPES

McCredden's own story begins in earnest at 17, when he and his 13-year-old brother were involved in a fight, during which an innocent bystander was accidentally shot. At that time, there was a "get-tough" campaign in Milwaukee regarding juvenile delinquents. McCredden

was charged with the crime. He was raised not to snitch, and hence was sentenced in adult court to four years imprisonment, even though he had no prior criminal record.

After his stretch in prison McCredden began to openly associate with Black people in Milwaukee, participating in many civil rights demonstrations with the NAACP.

In the early morning hours of Labor Day, 1955, McCredden had a shoot-out with a cop who warned him to leave town—McCredden refused. The cop, drunk with holiday booze, stopped McCredden in his car and fired six shots at him. After the first drunken shots missed, McCredden pulled his own gun from the car's glove-box, and shot the gun out of the cop's hand. The cop pulled a second gun and began pumping shots at McCredden. Aiming once more for the cop's gun (McCredden is an expert shot, briefly doing a stint in a carnival as a trickshooter), he struck the cop's right arm and was subsequently arrested. One does not shoot a cop in Milwaukee, even if the cop shoots you first, and McCredden was again convicted. The cop who perjured himself to get McCredden convicted was discharged from the force a year later for threatening to kill his superior officer.

McCredden spent the next three years at Waupun Prison trying to appeal his conviction. While there, he demanded a law library, typewriter and right to free counsel, radical demands in those days. He ended up in the hole for five months because of his agitation for prisoner's rights. Two months before his scheduled release, he was civilly committed to Central State Hospital because of his incessant writ-writing. There, for most of the period between November, 1959 and June, 1968 (excepting a brief, abortive escape-attempt) he was confined in the nightmare guinea-pig environs of Central State. He had won his appeal for wounding a cop only to begin all over again appealing his Central State confinement.

Finally, in 1968, after numerous appeals, "Rev." McCredden was released, and his appeal established the important McCredden-type hearing which forbids confinement in mental institutions without certain procedural safeguards. But his troubles were not over yet, for McCredden made the mistake of continuing his revolutionary political work.

Back on the streets in '68, McCredden worked to expose police corruption in Milwaukee, writing regularly for local underground newspapers. This effort, and his association with Milwaukee Yippies, earned him the enmity of the Milwaukee Red Squad, which was becoming more active in trying to frustrate the Black liberation movement and the anti-war movement. One of the cops McCredden exposed—a former mental patient—had two brothers on the Red Squad, and this trio

were to become his nemeses over the next few years.

In 1970, "Rev." helped found the People's Center on Milwaukee's East Side, along with the Yippies. The center organized crash pads; distributed food, clothing and furniture to needy people; served as a clinic for VD, drug freakouts and abortion counseling; collected info on narcs and informers, and kept tabs on the Red Squad; helped to organize demonstrations for the United Farm Workers, Viet Nam Veteran's Against the War, anti-war groups and prisoners; and it published a newspaper called Street Sheet.

The People's Center was renamed the Survival Center in the early 1970's after many members of the commune were busted or driven underground. "Rev." himself was under close scrutiny for the bombing of "Army Math" in Madison. He was interrogated and threatened several times in Oct. 1970 by Milwaukee police, relative to the bombing. Suffering from the heavy repression, the Survival Center began to focus more on caring for runaway children, and children's rights—shortly before "Rev.'s" final and most trumped-up arrest.

First, there were several failed attempts by the Red Squad. They attempted to get several girls to testify that McCredden had sex with him but to no avail. They attempted to convict him of carrying a concealed weapon and possessing marijuana—but both busts fell flat when the gun was revealed to be a starter pistol, and the coat that supposedly held 26 seeds of marijuana was shown to be without linings, for it was McCredden's "demonstration" coat worn to rallies precisely to prevent such phony busts.

Eventually however, his work at the Survival Center did get McCredden arrested. He was becoming too much of a threat to the welfare bureaucracy. He was campaigning to protect the rights of children, especially runaways, battered children, mixed-race non-adoptable children, epileptics and physically and mentally handicapped children. He assailed segregated Boy's Clubs, the Boy Scouts and segregated curriculums in the schools. Aside from caring for children at his and his wife's expense, he leafleted, advertised in newspapers and appeared frequently on TV and radio—contending that the Milwaukee County Board of Health ran little more than dog kennel's for children's trampled rights.

THE FRAME UP

Then, on Oct. 27, 1975, the Vice Squad raided the McCredden home, ostensibly because a tipster informed them that explosives and a certain gun could be found in the house (neither were, of course, found). The address on the search warrant read 1624 N. Water St. and constituted an illegal warrant as the McCredden home is at 1626 N. Water St. despite McCredden's protests. This is significant because the address of the Survival Center was always listed on leaflets as 1624 N. Water St. (an empty lot) so that it would confuse fire-bombers—Bugle American offices had recently been fire-bombed, supposedly by a neo-fascist group but widely suspected to be the Red Squad.

After the McCredden home was ransacked, Frank Ruditus, an eleven-year-old boy for whom the McCreddens had just bought winter clothing, was brought

to the police station along with The boy was browbeaten for several hours and threatened with jail in an attempt to get him to testify that he had

IN DEFENSE OF

ZAPATA

by the Berkeley Kid

At the height of the Patty Hearst trial in February, 1976, the FBI and two local SWAT teams staged a pre-dawn raid on a house in Richmond, Ca., a working-class city on the San Francisco Bay north of Berkeley.

FBI Special-Agent-in-Charge Charles Bates breathlessly announced at a hurriedly-called press conference that those arrested belonged to either the New World Liberation Front (the successor of the Symbionese Liberation Army) or the Emiliano Zapata Unit (a guerrilla group that had bombed six Safeways and taken credit for other actions, including "expropriations" of alleged rip-off drug dealers.)

Media leaks soon identified the half-dozen defendants as the Zapata Unit. They claimed they merely belonged to the New Dawn Party, a small above-ground group in the East Bay who lived in a Berkeley commune and ran a "communist guerrilla" bookstore just off of Telegraph Avenue.

The FBI leaked an incredible story to hardbitten Chicago Tribune right-wing investigative reporter Ron Koziol. The Tribune, which then still called itself "The World's Greatest Newspaper," headlined a dramatic story:

*A Cuban agent had secretly provided aid to the Zapata Unit.

*Weather Underground leader Jeff Jones helped the Zapata Unit.

The leader of New Dawn was Daniel Gregg Adornetto, known as "Chepito." A tall young man with a macho manner, Adornetto is a former junkie and ex-con who nevertheless seems to inspire devotion and love in many who knew him.

Shortly after his release in 1975 from a California State prison, Adornetto told and convinced selected members of New Dawn that he was an emissary from Weather leader Bernardine Dohrn.

Many knowledgeable sources believe the Zapata Unit consisted of Adornetto and a few close friends, possibly including his friend and fellow ex-con, Larry Kissinger.

Adornetto and the other New Dawn defendants were busted because the group was careless and was infiltrated by a FBI informant, Judy Stevenson, who entrapped the group in her Richmond house.

Each of the defendants received long jail sentences. One has reportedly denounced her comrades, and is writing her memoirs. Some still defend Adornetto, while most think he is a snitch and possibly an agent.

The Central Command of the New World Liberation Front has charged that Adornetto is a snitch and counterrevolutionary.

In the letter which follows, Adornetto claims to be a true revolutionary. While it is possible he is telling the truth, few Bay Area revolutionaries committed to armed struggle believe he is what he says he is.

"The duty of all revolutionaries is to make the revolution. We ask no one's permission or authorization."
—Carlos Marigheia

I feel compelled to extend my revolutionary love and spirit to my comrades Laurance Kissinger and Steven Queener, who have just recently been railroaded by the Federal Government in Portland, Oregon to enter a guilty plea to receiving and transporting stolen explosives. . . . As the result of media sensationalism, rumor mongering on the left, and especially the blatant, perpetrated lies by the FBI, these two brothers of the New Dawn Party, were tried as being members of the Emiliano Zapata unit of the Peoples Forces.

I testified at their suppression of evidence hearing on Jan. 14, to combat the lies of statements made by Judy Stevenson, a paid running dog of the FBI. The same informant who entrapped myself and five other New Dawn Party members, when she consented to let her em-

ployers illegally search and seize evidence from her residence in Richmond, Calif., on February 21, 1976. She was conveniently absent from the hearings, in Oregon, as it seems that doctors have certified her insane, from a recent operation resulting from cancer. So her testimony was related by FBI agents on the witness stand. . . . The question in my mind was she in fact insane when she was a paid informant, when she made such statements as: she had told us to leave her house, that we had forced ourselves upon her and her children? And other assorted fabrications of total bullshit to add to the courtroom drama, and to minimize the unescapable truth that she had illegally entrapped us, and that the motion for suppression of evidence should have been granted. . . .

The U.S. prosecutor, Tommy Hawk, advised my attorney that if I took the stand for my brother's defense, that I would not be adhering to my plea bargain. Which is bullshit, I am doing the maximum of ten years for one count of possession of unregistered explosive devices, with wit; four bombs, including an anti-personal fragmentary device. He threatened that I could be charged by the state for my alleged involvement and possibly an armed robbery.

The government had recruited a prosecution witness, John Henry Schmeer, who was arrested after the FBI and S.W.A.T. teams raided Judy Stevenson's house in Richmond, for knowingly supplying an ex-felon with a firearm. Stemming from an M-1 carbine that he had bought, in a statement to the A.T.F. which appeared in my pre-sentence report, John Schmeer stated that I had threatened him bodily harm if he did not purchase the weapon for me. . . . His charges were dropped in exchange for information about my activities, and the activities of members of The New Dawn Party. It seems that he was granted immunity from prosecution in Oregon if he would testify to the effect that Diana Harmon and I met with Laurance Kisinger and Steven Queener in a state park near Portland, approximately a week after the alleged theft occurred, he made allegations that he saw us in possession of some type of explosives, but could not witness the actual theft or transportation.

had sex with McCredden. The cops eventually persuaded Ruditus to see things their way, after bringing the boy's prostitute mother to jail for a little double-edged pressure, and calling on the talents of a case worker for the Milwaukee County Board of Health, Greg Kramoris, who was to play an important role in suborning witnesses to convict McCredden.

To spice up the state's case, Kramoris found an emotionally disturbed 15-year-old boy, Mark Davis, who had originally tipped the cops to the non-existent explosives, and helped to concoct a tale about "Rev." keeping the lad captive for almost three months, while raping him—the boy Patty Hearst-storyteller!

At the trial, Ruditus testified that McCredden had anal intercourse with him on the bed, while the boy lay flat. Such an act is, of course, physically impossible. The state produced another juvenile delinquent, Steve Kronberg, who testified that he saw, from his living-room vantage-point, the boy and "Rev." fucking. What Kronberg did not know is that only the foot of the bed is visible from the living room, and only if the door is open, which it wasn't, as it was hinged to close automatically.

Another boy, James Wearing, testified that he saw McCredden fuck Ruditus, but his testimony conflicted obviously with already-known facts and dates. The Wearing boy is a pyromaniac who had several pending criminal charges dismissed for his testimony. The boy also had a habit of pissing on himself, so much so that "Rev.'s" own pets could not stand the boy's odor.

The other charges—indecent behavior and pointing a gun—are even more fanciful. McCredden is alleged to have greeted the police raid with a gun—despite the fact that he was on a separate floor of

After July 1, 1977 printing or talking about this news release, or any other revolutionary writings, is a felony, because of Cal. Senate Bill No. 42 passed by the Cal. legislature and signed by the Governor on September 20, 1976. This law becomes operative on July 1. A copy of it can be obtained free by writing to: Legislative Bill Rm., State Capital, Sacramento, Ca.

This enabling legislation reads in part as follows:

Pages 103-4—"Any person who: 1. By spoken, or written words or personal conduct advocates, teaches or aids and abets criminal syndicalism or the duty, necessity or propriety of committing crime, sabotage, violence or any unlawful method of terrorism as a means of accomplishing a change in industrial ownership or control, or effecting any political changes; or -3. Prints, publishes, edits, issues or circulates or publicly displays any book, paper, pamphlet, document, poster or written or printed matter in any other form, containing, or carrying written or printed advocacy, teaching, or aid and abetment of, or advising criminal syndicalism—is guilty of a felony and punishable by imprisonment in the state prison."

The quotes from Thomas Paine in the news release fall into the category of the writings proscribed by this law, as would nearly all of the writings that came out of the first American Revolution.

"The opinions of men with respect to government, are changing fast in all countries. The revolutions— —have thrown a beam of light over the world, which reaches into man. The enormous expense of governments has provoked people to think by making them feel; and when once the veil begins to rend, it admits not of repair.

"Ignorance is of a peculiar nature; once dispelled, it is impossible to re-establish it. It is not originally a thing in itself, but is only the absence of knowledge; and though man may be kept ignorant, he can not be made ignorant.

"—It is not worth making changes or revolutions, unless it be for some great national benefit; and when this shall appear to a nation, the danger will be, as in America and France, to those who oppose—.

the house, and at least 80 feet away. Moreover, he is alleged to have kept captive a truant runaway, Mark Davis, in his house from July to October, 1975. A dozen witnesses were ready to destroy this fairytale—but many were simply not called by McCredden's attorney, who, as it turned out, was also counsel for the Patrolmen's Association. One potential witness was jailed, others were openly intimidated by Milwaukee police.

The Davis boy, this supposed captive, had been committed as insane in the past after nearly ODing on various drugs. Earlier in the year, he had boasted of killing Wayne Weber, a younger and smaller boy, whose body was discovered in a South Milwaukee field in June, 1975, four months before "Rev." was arrested.

ENDGAME

For those still skeptical of McCredden's frame-up, it should be noted that after his conviction, he was sent to Central State Hospital for evaluation before sentencing. There, it was determined the "Rev." is not only NOT a sexual deviate, but that McCredden is incapable of the sex act because of injuries he received six years earlier in a fall from a horse!

One final note on McCredden's strange saga: the statute "Rev." was convicted on was repealed by the state legislature six months before his trumped-up conviction!

Perhaps he will someday be vindicated in higher courts, for McCredden is appealing, but it is a tired script for "Rev." and he has gone that route too often before. Another trial is in the offing soon. Money and support is needed, and interested people are encouraged to write "Rev." M.H. McCredden, Wisconsin State Prison, Box C, Waupun, Wisconsin, 53963. -A.K.A.

"I executed bombings of Safeway stores, demanding a reduction in food prices."

"No question has arisen within the records of history that pressed with the importance of the present. It is not whether this or that party shall be in or out, or Whig or Tory, or high or low shall prevail; but whether man shall inherit his rights, and universal civilization take place? Whether the fruits of his labor shall be enjoyed by himself, or consumed by the profligacy of governments? Whether robbery shall be banished from the courts or wretchedness from countries?"

"When in countries that are called civilized, we see age going to the workhouse and youth to the gallows, something must be wrong in the system of government. It would seem, by the exterior appearance of these countries, that all was happiness, but there lies hidden from the eye of common observation, a mass wretchedness that has scarcely any other chance than to expire in poverty and infamy. Its entrance into life is marked with the presage of its fate; and until this is remedied, it is in vain to punish.

"Civil government does not consist in executions; but in making that provision for the instruction of youth, and the support of age, as to exclude as much as possible, profligacy from the one, and despair from the other. Instead of this, the resources of a country are lavished upon kings, upon courts, upon hirelings, on impostors and prostitutes; and even the poor themselves, with all their wants upon them, are compelled to support the fraud that oppresses them.

"Why is it that scarcely any are executed but the poor? The fact is proof, among other things, of a wretchedness in their condition. Bred up without morals, and cast upon the world without prospect, they are the exposed sacrifice of vice and legal barbarity. The millions that are superfluously wasted upon governments are more than sufficient to reform these evils, and to benefit the condition of every man in the nation, not included within the purlieus of a court. This I hope to make appear in the progress of this work.

It is the nature of compassion to associate with misfortune. In taking up this subject, I seek no recompense—I fear no consequences. Fortified with that proud integrity that disdains to triumph or to yield, I will advocate the Rights of Man." —Thomas Paine

Today I was sentenced to ten years in prison on two federal charges of receiving and transporting stolen explosives, and two charges of doing so without a license.

I have described the gross irregularities practiced by the prosecution, in previous news releases, and there is not much more to say, except to straighten out the matter of the "star" prosecution witnesses, on which there has been some confusion and misinformation.

John Henry Schmeer of Portland had definitely agreed to testify against us, in return for leniency on his charge of buying a gun for an ex-convict. We saw his statements to the FBI and the prosecution, and they were mostly lies.

David Russell Marrill of Santa Ana, Ca. had also agreed to testify against us, in exchange for leniency on a first degree burglary charge here in Portland for which he was facing a long sentence under the "career criminal"

act, because of a long record of felonies including burglaries, selling/possession of a weapon, and armed robbery. He claimed that I had made "incriminating statements to him" here in Multnomah County Jail, which I had not done. We saw his statement to the FBI and the prosecutor, and it was all lies. (Late development: David Marrill has been granted parole to California, instead of the usual 5 or 7 years for "career criminal").

These were the only important witnesses the prosecution had, and the lies of both were bought by the prosecutor, Tommy Hawk, and the FBI through their power to arrange leniency or dropping of charges for them.

There were extensive rumors and predictions that Gregg Adornetto, presently serving a ten year federal term for revolutionary political activity in California, was going to be a star prosecution witness. This turned out to be false information put out by the prosecutor, the FBI and others. He had no intention of testifying for the government at any time, and in fact testified for the defense at one of our hearings, in spite of government pressure to stop him.

These unethical and illegal practices are not unusual. The system of justice in this country is based on lies and power brokerage. It could be no other way, since the political/economic system is based on the same thing. Justice—social, economic, or legal—is only for the rich.

The previous quotations are from THE RIGHTS OF MAN by Thomas Paine, published in 1792. I quoted them at my sentencing because they so exactly express my beliefs, which have been the motivation for all my revolutionary activity over the past few years, including that for which I am now going to prison. I feel sure that they express the beliefs also of most of the thousands of revolutionaries in this country, both inside and outside of the prisons.

Laurance Kisinger
New Dawn Party

These brothers were members New Dawn Party, a party that believes the only path to the final defeat of imperialism and the building of socialism is revolutionary war. Revolution is the most powerful resource of the people. To wait, to not prepare the people for the fight, is to seriously mislead about what kind of fierce struggle lies ahead. New Dawn was a pre-party formation of Marxist-Leninist ideologies, that engaged in above-ground political organizing, educating the people that revolutionary war will be complicated and protracted. That it includes mass struggle and clandestine struggle, peaceful and violent, political and economic, cultural and military, where all forms are developed in harmony with armed struggle. . . .

In desperation, the U.S. prosecutor recruited yet another informant, a jail house rat, David Marvil, who was at Rocky Butte with Laurance, who was willing to trade his testimony that Laurance had made incriminating statements to him in return for leniency on a charge he was incarcerated for.

And the final attempt to avoid a trial, and force the brothers to cop guilty pleas was the subpoenaing of Diana Harmon as a prosecution witness. . . . Diana is a righteous sister of the New Dawn Party who was arrested with Laurance on February 17, 1976, for attempting to expropriate funds from death merchants in Lagunitas, Calif. which she is now on probation for. . . . The brothers knew she would refuse to testify which would have resulted in a 6 month sentence for contempt or even that she may have been indicted for the same charges.

So the brothers waive their trial and plead, this case is another prime example of the just-us system that will employ any means necessary to silence political dissent. And the constant harassment of sisters and brothers who dedicate their lives to social change, who believe unless we become a movement and a people who embody in their relationships, lives and work, the concrete beginnings of a new society, then we will miss the opportunity to relate our own needs and our own humanity to those millions of people in this country who suffer the same pain and repression, dream the same dreams and fear the same nightmares that we do. . . .

(continued on page 24)

19 STEPS TO TOTAL ANARCHY

BY REX WEINER

So, you want to be an anarchist! Very well, then. There are certain things that will be helpful to keep in mind.



1 If you are between the ages of 1 and 18, you are a natural anarchist, especially during Spring and Summer and all holidays. But it's much more important to be an anarchist during Fall and Winter, when the restraints of school, job, and family make anarchism more difficult, yet vastly more rewarding.

2 The older you are, the more unnatural anarchism feels. You have to try harder to obey less. But crusty conservatism need not be as inevitable as wrinkles, gray hair, and hardening arteries. Witness Kropotkin, Tolstoy, Proudhon, Bakunin, Picasso, John Most, Emma Goldman, Paul Goodman, etc. who were anarchists until the day they died.

3 Look up every name mentioned in this article and read everything they wrote, and everything written about them. An ignorant anarchist is doomed. Worse, an ignorant anarchist is a bore.

4 "Anarchism is the name given to a principle or theory of life and conduct under which society is conceived without government—harmony in such society being obtained, not by submission to law, or by obedience to any authority, but by free agreements concluded between various groups, territorial and professional, freely constituted for the sake of production and consumption, as also for the satisfaction of the infinite variety of needs and aspirations of civilized beings." This is Proudhon's definition. Memorize it for use against assholes who ask, "What do you mean by anarchy?"

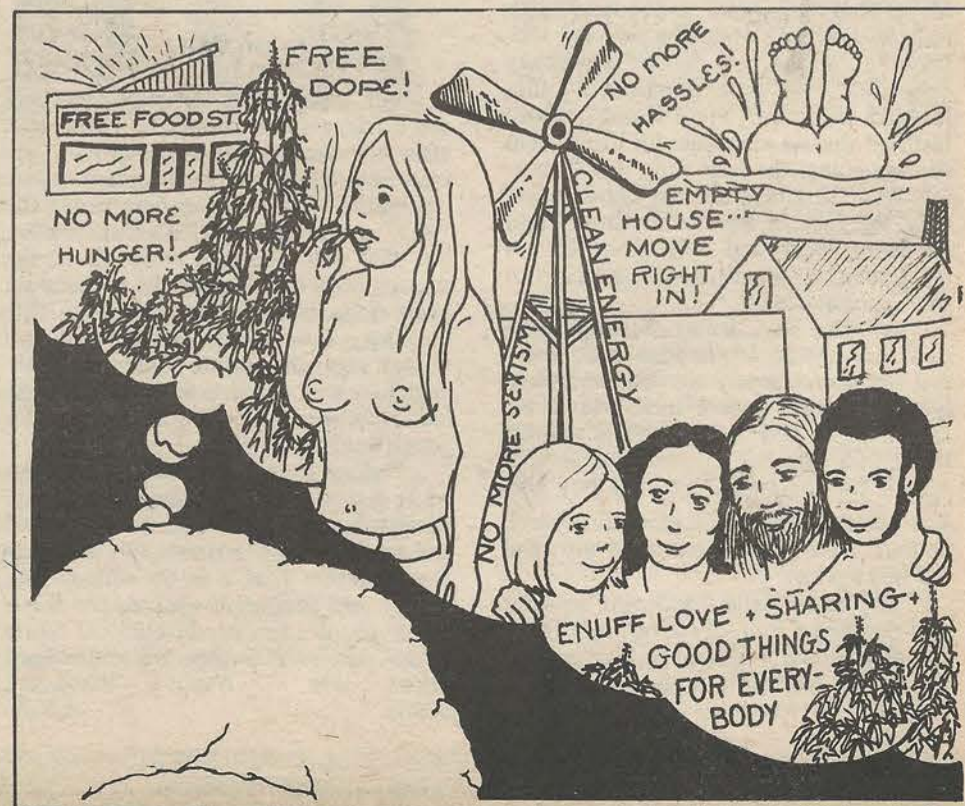
5 What Proudhon is saying is, rather than having a government telling me not to steal your car or burn you on a dope deal, it's just you and me agreeing that those things won't happen. And in a society based on anarchism, if those things did happen, instead of calling the cops (because there would be no cops) you could come after me yourself with a baseball bat. Knowing that you could do this without legal restraint, I would naturally try not to steal your car or sell you a short-weighted ounce. Think about that.

6 Anarchism is not socialism or communism. A socialist nation is a giant stratified bureaucracy with a top, middle, and bottom, involving every working person. In communism, the state is operated by the "dictatorship of the proletariat." With anarchism, it's every man and woman for themselves. Nobody runs the whole show. In fact, there is no show to run. Think about that.

7 True anarchism demands an almost saint-like trust in human nature, a fervent belief that humanity is good and, given time and the right circumstances, perfectable. This is the basis of anarchism, which may be traced to the writings of Rousseau and Hobbes. It is also why many people declare that an anarchist state is impossible to achieve. Try trusting people a little more than they deserve.

8 Anarchism may be impossible to achieve. But remember the graffiti that appeared on a Parisian wall during the riots of 1968: "I constantly take my dreams for reality because I believe in the reality of my dreams."

9 It is better to attempt anarchism than not to. There is great social benefit in disturbing complacent people, asking questions, rocking moss-covered power structures, provoking people to think for themselves, upsetting the previous generation, and getting what you want right now without waiting for permission. The social conflict you cause today makes social progress possible tomorrow.

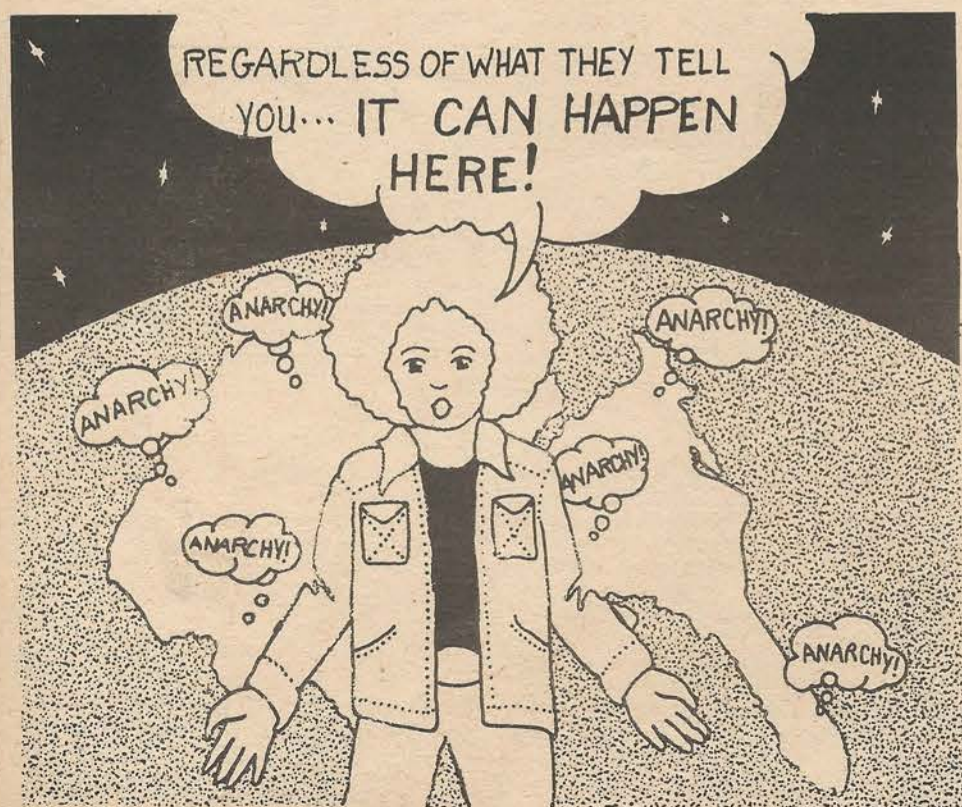


10 As an anarchist, you will be despised and laughed at, especially by other "radicals." This is because you are "not practical." Because an anarchist will rarely obey the dictates of any radical leadership, an anarchist will often be labelled "provocateur" and "counter-revolutionary", and excluded from radical movements. This has occurred many times in history: in Russia (the betrayal by the Bolsheviks of the Makhnovites), in Spain (the betrayal of the Catalanian Anarcho-Syndicalists by the Russian Communists). Practice being alone a great deal.

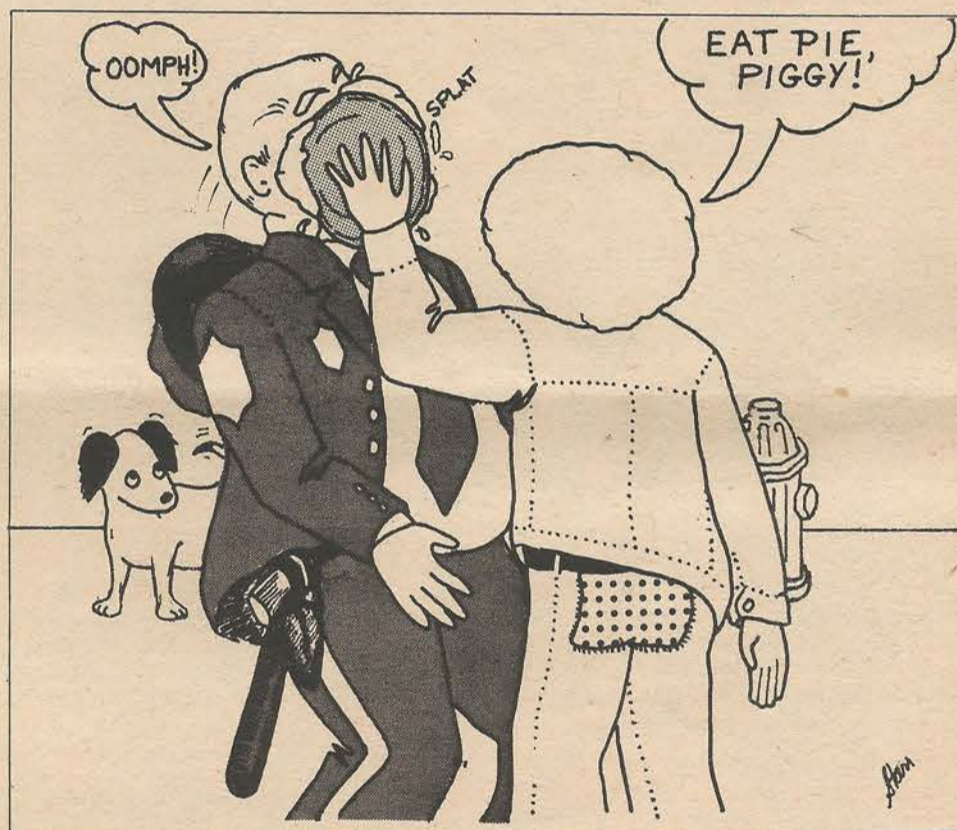
11 Anarchism, on the other hand, does not mean total selfishness. True anarchism involves an intense and loving cooperation with other people. Contrary to popular opinion, factories, corporations, and newspapers could continue to operate in an anarchist society. A modern army could possibly be raised to defend an anarchist society from outside attack. It all depends on consensus. Practice coordinating a group effort without leadership.

12 Violence is not a contradiction to the high ideals of the anarchist, but neither is it a trademark of the anarchist. The absence of government need not mean hog-wild terrorism and disorder. But to achieve the absence of government violence may be necessary. Practice your sharpshooting.

13 "Propaganda by deed." This was the term coined by early anarchists to describe their methods around the turn of the century. It mostly involved throwing bombs into crowds and assassinating heads of state. From 1880 to the start of the first World War, the "Black International" struck fear into the hearts of citizens of Russia, England, France, Italy, Spain, Austria, and America. The word "anarchist" held more emotional punch than our modern PLO, SLA, or Weather Underground. King Umberto of Italy, Spanish Prime Minister Castillo, Austrian Empress Elizabeth, and in 1901, President McKinley were all assassinated by anarchists. In 1914, Austrian Archduke Ferdinand was shot by an anarchist, touching off World War I. Study carefully this period of history.



14 Also look up these things in the history books: Haymarket Square Riots, Sacco and Vanzetti, the Palmer Raids. Anarchists must be ready at all times to be framed, harrassed, and executed.



15 Drop this magazine immediately, pick up a heavy object and throw it at the nearest window. Cultivate your spontaneity.

16 Art is anarchic. The artistic impulse, at its best, obeys no laws. As Herbert Read writes in "Anarchy and Order": "A power structure is the form taken by the inhibition of creativity: the exercise of power is the denial of spontaneity." If you approach the things you do every day as creatively as the artist approaches the canvas, you can't help but produce anarchy. Also, it's more fun.

17 Sex is anarchism. Anarchy is sexy. The urge to get laid is directly opposite to the urge to govern. This is why sex scandals are the downfall of so many politicians. Seduce a Congressperson today!

18 Love is what keeps anarchy from being murder. As the old Che Guevara quote goes: "The true revolutionary is guided by great feelings of love." Spread it around!

19 For those who scoff at the impossible, idealistic, absurd goals of the anarchist, there is the advise of Albert Libertad, who wrote in 1903: "Don't wait for the revolution, make your own by being free men and living in comradeship." Your move.

(continued from page 2)

The Vigil itself was peaceful and dignified, except for an incident halfway thru when an obscure fanatic attacked Bob Fass of Free Speech Radio and broke his nose.

In other developments, a "National Citizens Campaign to Stop Government Spying" has been formed under the aegis of Mortin Halperin and Marcus Raskin (of the Institute For Policy Studies) with the support of virtually every civil libertarian from William Jenner to the Black Panthers.

Member organizations support as basic principles ending U.S. covert operations abroad, ending political spying in the U.S., and ending secret budgets and charters for intelligence agencies altogether. The Campaign proposes legislation that would provide:

- *Criminal penalties for violating curbs on intelligence activities;
- *Criminal penalties for officials who lie;
- *Appointment of a special prosecutor to go after "official" lawbreakers;
- *Protection of officials who expose abuses;
- *Compensation for the victims.

The Campaign was first formed in late spring of '76 to set up a national network of the many national and regional groups who were working on the issue but weren't coordinating their efforts.

A clearing-house national office operation has opened at 201 Massachusetts Ave. in D.C., and the campaign has called for 8-10 regional conferences late this fall to develop communications and help set priorities and strategies. These meetings will also select representatives to serve on the Executive and Steering Committees.

At a recent National Lawyer's Guild (NLG) Conference on Government Spying in Chicago, folks suing red squads and the FBI all over the country got together and decided to join in the National Campaign instead of forming a new, duplicate organization.

According to sources who attended in Chicago, however, there are tensions between the ACLU-oriented National Office, which favors lobbying for legislative changes, and the local lawsuit approach of the NLG, that's been so successful both at declassifying info and gaining visibility and money for the victims for government abuses.

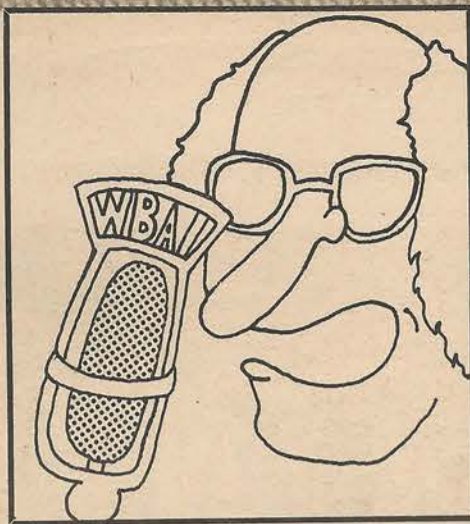
Also, Chicago was first planned as a lawyers' conference, and though the organizers realized the elitism of this and pulled in many actual victims of government spying, the format remained that of a lawyer's conference. There was nothing on the woman's movement, for instance.

A de facto alliance of women, people from AIM and the Black Panthers, and others demanding more control over things by actual victims of government dirty tricks emerged as probably the most exciting development at the Conference.

Meanwhile, in the nation's capitol, people from Rep. Bob Kastenmier's office (D.-Wisc) are said to be checking out an interesting rumor that 200 special agents that FBI Director Clarence Kelly claims to be withdrawing from criminal investigation "in the field" to handle the deluge of Freedom of Information requests are actually the same ones "reassigned" to criminal investigation from "domestic security" a year ago.

The exceedingly skimpy files folks have been getting back have led to much justified speculation that the censor and the original authors of these reports may in many cases be one and the same.

YIPPIE!



To people outside the New York area, the story of the struggle at New York's Pacifica Radio Station, WBAL—replete with worker's takeovers, management lock-outs, charges of racism, counter-charges of corporate mendacity—seems almost impossible to unravel. Even New Yorkers who've followed things minutely have by now become immensely weary of recounting the story in depth.

Frankly, we deferred treatment of the WBAL story until now because even as you read this, there may be some new wrinkle, a new development requiring yet another update.

Don't be fooled. As we go to press, news-feeds are being censored and the community bulletin board—a listing of events indispensable for community organizers—has been dropped. Obscured by the staff union's thrust for self-management and management counter claims of staff "white skin privilege", the fact remains that radio WBAL, once a subscriber-supported force to mobilize people, is losing out to a new, more commercialized approach.

Some say it comes from secretly taking foundation grants. To give you some insight, then, we decided to run the following by Bob Fass, one of the original YIP collective, and an innovator of free form radio.

It was inevitable that Bob Fass be at the station, on the air, the day the management told the staff to go home, and then pulled the plug. He was also amongst those arrested when a Court finally succeeded in ending that staff union's occupation of the station.

For a month after WBAL came back on the air, under new and firmer management, they played cat and mouse with Bob, implying but not really confirming that he was suspended. Now they want him back, to do the marathon and to raise money.

That's the problem. The way of the new, Carter-style liberalism is not to fire you if you're too popular. But are the Bob Fassses and other dissidents slated to wind up like Winston Smith, in 1984, their intellectual labor completely alienated in service of Big Brother?

When I first came to work at WBAL I was 29 years old.

A dropout from the Class of 1955 at Syracuse University, I was a graduate of the Neighborhood Playhouse School where Sanford Meisner (Guro-OM) gave me instruction in the art of telling lies from truth. (It strikes me that T.L.F.T. could also mean to make theatrical art from truthful feeling.)

I filled my time with as much nerve-tingle as I could. In New York of the 1960's, that meant acting classes and love and shared meals in the back of my friend Conrad's jewelry shop on MacDougal Street where I learned to pierce ears and argue anarcho-communism with Terri and Dave Van Ronk, and Phil Ochs. I worked one night as a waiter at Jon Mitchell's Gaslight and nine night-time months in misery in a paper cup factory in College Point. I travelled three hours a day and worked nine. I climbed five flights to my East 5th Street pad, where I turned on the radio, fed my cat Charlie Parker, and fell asleep and dreamt of Angels and Lorelei.

One Sunday, my only day off, my friend Angelica introduced me to Wendell who was living with two women. When Angelica's mother, a hard-working sewing machine operator asked in her sweet rippling Greek accent what it was like, he said, "Great!"

Wendell and Ojos-De-Viecha (Eyes of Glass), who was later to be the hero of a movie called "Don Peyote in New York" tried to turn me on to grass but I was too frightened and decided to bide my time. I took a seed and planted it.

I read the *Realist* and the *Village Voice* and wrote Angry Alienated Poetry between naps on the 3 hour subway ride. One of Wendell's roommates sublet me her W. Broadway pad and while my brother Dick and a strong, young French visitor, Jacqueline were helping me move my possessions, the nicest and heaviest of which was Nancy Fish's yellow and pink chest of steel drawers, we rested in Washington Square Park and listened to the folk singers. Two enormous hands slipped under my armpits, lifted me from the edge of the circle where I sat, and dribbled me like a basketball. Steve Pearlman, tall as Dr. J, an aspiring Chialiapin, and a student of Stella Adler, basso-profundoed, "You fit the costume! I knew it!" We had met a year before in a Stella Adler

Studio Workshop production of the Orestian Trilogy and he was a working actor in a hit off-broadway show, Three Penny Opera. I did fit the warden's costume and so for two years I was immersed in Bertolt Brecht as I worked as Actor General Understudy and Assistant Stage Manager. I can still recite most of the songs and give the light cues.

In my free time I volunteered as an actor and reader on WBAL. When Three-Penny closed, I collected all my fellow actors' signatures on my unemployment insurance booklet as a memento and applied for the first open announcing job at WBAL.

When I first began to send messages over WBAL in New York, and I began to get them back, I felt like a radio-astronomer discovering a periodicity in a distant star that spelled out "Come here Mr. Watson, I need you." People in the audience, the body of supposedly passive listeners, became my informants, my confidants, my friends, and my lovers. I would have long conversations off the air as well as on. They read me their poetry and taught me about music. And I tried to encourage them to dig on each other.

"Good Morning Cabal"—those were my first words four out of seven days a week. Why? Because the Cabal voted on it, that's why. "Good Morning" because it was a beginning, a new Fresh Start, Cabal because we were a group of secret Plotters getting together in the mid-night, our faces unknown even to each other. "Come on People, Now Get Together" was our unofficial theme song. Collective efforts have been the Cabal's beauty part. The Cabal named itself, deemed the radio unnameable, insisted on its form and called itself Free. Free Form radio meant collective consciousness and collective efforts from the beginning.

The Cabal has saved lives, given milk to babies, acted as a lynch mob to Presidents and Tyrants, ransomed Prisoners, conspired to foment music and peace. It harbors chetnicks, and fugitives from money, tolerates and tries to educate racists and other fools. It sees itself as an electronic community of Prisoners and Poets and Prophets and lovers and mystic mothers, bakers and growers out on a spree. It is one of the few gangs on earth that have never shed blood. Its own has been spilled, but mostly at parties: Chicago and Grand Central to name only two.

In 1967 the Cabal saw the arrival of 1984, in what the *New York Times* called "A Club Swinging Melee", as thousands

of newly self-aware Peaceniks, Poets, Cabalists, Hippies, Witches, Night Workers and day-time Bankers gathered at midnight in Grand Central Station to have themselves a mingle and see themselves smile, the smile of a job or two of work and play they could be proud of.

The first physical manifestation of the Cabal was at New York's Kennedy Airport at Midnight on April 7, 1967. Five thousand people gathered to celebrate the architecture, breathe the Calder into motion, welcome international arrivals and exchange grins. It slowed traffic to a smile and said welcome to this beautiful midnight city. 5,000 Grover Whalens wailin' in the midnight, in Kennedy Airport, so beautiful and gentle even the *Daily News* didn't get up-tight. There was only one arrest, and that one was a false arrest, by two plain-clothes narcs wearing leis around their necks who would have felt themselves in a way of being charged with malfeasance if they hadn't ruined someone's party!

Bemused and excited by the power of touching hands, we decided next to put our hands and backs to work picking up the garbage. We picked East 7th Street, the slum block that bisected that part of the Lower East Side that was beginning to be called, by journalists and real estate brokers, "New York's East Village" It contained St. Mark's Place and the theatre that became the *Filmore East*, the *Gem Spa*, and the *B&H*, and *Ratner's* and the *Pardox* and the *Electric Lotus* and the *Peace Eye* and the *Balloon-farm* and *Cooper Union*, a great free art school where Lincoln had spoken and years later the *Butcher of Attica*, the *Successor of Agnew*, was prevented from speaking, in part by the Cabal.

When the Public Relations arm of the Sanitation Department heard that the Cabal planned to clean up after them, they asked us to come to a meeting, requesting us to desist from besmirching their image and then tried to cut us off at the pass by getting the automatic sweepers there before us. When the Cabal arrived and found 7th Street clean they smiled because they knew it would be, and went to work on 6th, 5th, 4th and 3rd. Rock bands played. Banners of welcome were hung out and the commissioner of sanitation, the first of the *Lindsay Administration* to go to jail, came down to pose for the press. And that night Paul Krassner, who had been part of the "Hasn't Scratched Yet Scouring Powder Committee," gave a free show at the *Filmore* for the Cabal and the community.



OH KISSINGER
(tune: Oh Tannenbaum)

Oh Kissinger Oh Kissinger how green are your advances!
Oh ABC or NBC how shining are your chances!
Franco, Vorster, and the Shah—
(Allende felt your "oom-pah-pah")
Oh Kissinger Oh Kissinger how green are your advances!

Oh Kissinger Oh Kissinger how shining are your lances!
Oh NBC or ABC how splendid are your chances!
Against them Gooks, well you stood tall
Red carpet bombings (wall to wall)
Oh Kissinger Oh Kissinger how green are your advances!

Oh Kissinger Oh Kissinger how sinuous your dances
Oh Kissinger Oh Kissinger your success us enhances
America rewards its sons
(Especially its sons o' guns)
Oh Kissinger Oh Kissinger how green are your advances!

... Kissinger's agent kept the TV rights for his client apart when he made the book deal with Little, Brown last week. The publisher had no say on the television agreement. Informed speculation by other publishers who had bid for the memoirs placed the book figure at about \$2 million...

Speculation—and it is only that—by lawyers familiar with the fees paid to entertainment and news personalities placed the NBC contract at a potential of \$1.5 million for the five years...

New York Times, Feb. 18, 1977

Tuli Kupferberg

MUSIC

HAHA - VISHNU At The Inaugural

DARRYL RHOADES &
HAHAVISHNU ORCHESTRA

In the inimitable words of that psychedelic relic Wavy Gravy of Merry Prankster and Hog Farm Fame, "Listening to Darryl Rhoades and the Hahavishnu Orchestra was like putting my brain through a sieve." Quite an endorsement, coming as it does from one whose brain has already been so thoroughly strained in the madness of California in the middle and late 60's. But perhaps his words best sum up the crowd's response to their performance January 20th at Nobody's Inaugural Ball in Washington, D.C., which was described by more than one veteran of outlandish rock concerts as the best act seen on either coast in a number of years.

Rhoades' machine gun-like rapid-fire satire drew a bead on



targets ranging from the half-baked psychology responsible for the Ku Klux Klan's continued existence to the hypocrisy of Helen Reddy's music and effectively transported the unsuspecting audience into a state of mind that can only partially be described as total mind-fuck! No one present seemed to know quite what to think about the far-gone phenomenon onstage; about a thousand people in the theatre at the time, however, did stand throughout the entirety of the group's performance. Mater-

ial such as "Disco Shit" struck a responsive chord in the crowd, which obviously shared an unconscious group resentment toward the incessant deluge of monotonous "disco sounds" with which the air waves, juke boxes, night clubs, and record shops world-wide are so unnudated. The parodied transformation of Helen Reddy's hit song "I am Woman" (actually written by her husband) into "I'm Commercial" sung by Jimmy Royals dressed in appropriate drag, was very well received by the women

present, quite a few of whom cheered the singer on with a sense of hitherto unexpressed outrage at the deceptive rip-off of the women's movement by Ms. Reddy.

The Hahavishnu Orchestra itself is made up of a dozen Atlanta musicians, singers, and dancers who perform solely material composed by Rhoades, whose ever-present twitch of spastic humor kept the audience's attention transfixed on the colorful spectacle onstage in an almost hypnotic fashion.

Though the group has built up an impressive and dedicated at the grass-roots level in Georgia, the show at Nobody's Inaugural Ball was their first appearance north of Nashville. Timely themes such as "I'm In With the Zen Crowd" and "Tied To a Harley-Davidson" (in which Darryl vividly portrays the role of a coked-out Gregg Allman who is haunted by spectres of Scooter Herring and nightmarish visions of Cher) have won the bizarre group standing ovations nearly everywhere they have performed in the past year.

Darryl Rhoades & the Hahavishnu Orchestra represent the sights and sounds of '77, a unique form of tire-slashing satire and parody blended with a visual concept of rock entertainment unmatched by anything onstage in years. Temporarily satiated by the feast of high-caliber musicianship and imaginative choreography, it is no surprise that people left the Warner Theatre that evening themselves wondering aloud how long they would have to wait to see Hahavishnu in concert again and on the record shop shelves for the first time.

Through Lennon's Eyes Darkly

Anthony Fawcett's book, *John Lennon: One Day At A Time* is a personal biography of the Seventies as seen through the eyes of the greatest Beatle of them all.

Like many biographies, it is interesting not only for what it expresses, but also for what it leaves out. The 192-page Grove Press book, lavishly illustrated with pictures of John and Yoko and their flock, includes a chronology of the important events in Lennon's life and a complete discography of Lennon's prolific LP's and singles.

Fawcett spent from 1968 to 1970 working and travelling with the Lennons and is a London art critic who now lives in New York City. He effectively chronicles John's climb out of the dark cellars of Liverpool, his coming to worldwide super stardom with the Beatles and his post-Beatle days in New York. Throughout the biography, the tremendous positive influence exerted on Lennon by Yoko Ono and the closeness of their relationship is demonstrated repeatedly. "For the two years before I met Yoko I had got terribly depressed," John said in 1969. "My life just seemed to have no purpose whatsoever. I wrote songs out of despair. She taught me to think again, to understand what had been happening to me and therefore why it was ridiculous to go on as I was."

Commenting on the Beatles controversial song, "Revolution," which was made in 1968, Lennon revealed that he had made two versions. One said "Count me in," the other said "count me out."



"I put in both because I wasn't sure. I didn't want to get killed. I really didn't know that much about the Maoists, but I just knew that they seemed to be so few and yet they painted themselves green and stood in front of the police waiting to get picked off...That was how I felt—I was really asking a question. As someone in the working class I was always interested in Russia and China and everything that related to the working class, even though I was playing the capitalist game."

Fawcett writes that Lennon's relationship with Paul McCartney is now better than it has been since they went their separate ways. "He visits me every time he's in New York, like all the other rock 'n roll creeps."

The book notes that on February 4, 1972, Senator Strom Thurmond, in a letter to then Attorney General John Mitchell, complained about John's radical

political involvements. Then in March 1973, John was ordered to leave the U.S. by immigration authorities. Not until July 27, 1976 was John's application to remain in the United States as a permanent resident formally approved at a special hearing before Immigration Judge Ira Fieldsteel, when he was given his long sought green card, No. A17-597-321.

A personal remembrance, omitted from the book, gives a glimpse of how Lennon views Bob Dylan. During the height of John and Yoko's involvement with the American counterculture, David Peel played John "The Ballad of Bob Dylan." Every time in the chorus when Peel shouted the name Robert Zimmerman, Lennon amended it "Super-Zimmerman," while he drew a caricature of Dylan in a Superman suit and a big Z drawn on his chest. He was talking about Dylan's ego.

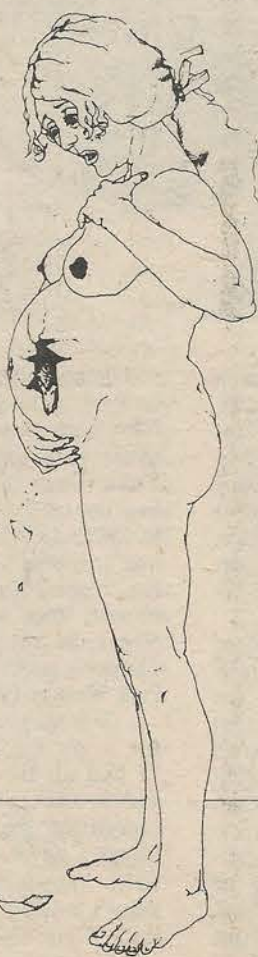
Incredibly, Fawcett fails to take note of Peel, although his song "Sometime In New York City" is based partially on the street rock singer and he appeared with Yoko Ono on the David Frost Show backing up Peel and the Lower East Side in 1972. Left out is any mention of Lennon's recent switch from radical politics to apolitical behavior. John and Yoko moved from a two-room flat on Bank Street in the Village to a fashionable 11-room coop in the Dakota on Central Park West in 1973.

Standing on the roof on the Dakota for a picture taking session, John said "I had all the biggest cars in the world and I don't even like cars. I've bought everything that I could buy...the only things I never got into was yachts. So I went through that period, and then there's nothin' else to do, once you do it. So I just live however makes me most comfortable." One day at a time.

The Whole Birth Catalogue

by Irma Kurtz

The following is a selection from a newly-published book called *Titters, The First Collection of Humor By Women*. Edited by Deanne Stillman and Anne Beatts, *Titters* features such contributors as Candice Bergen, Ann Duncan, Laraine Newman and Aline Kaminsky. With articles like, 'Yusef the Hairsucker,' 'Rock Nightmares,' 'Hedy the Hooker,' and 'The Myth of the Male Orgasm,' *Titters* boasts some of the driest and wettest humor in the history of publishing.



BIRTHRAP

My name is Cloud. My chick's name is Earth. We aren't writers, man, but I guess you can see that. We aren't writers, like I say, but you don't have to be a writer to give birth. I mean, we've given it, man, I mean we didn't have it taken from us by a bunch of money-grubbing doctors. We gave birth, man, you know what I mean? And you can give it, too. Like I say, we aren't writers, so what we're going to try to do here is to tell it to you like it was for us. Like it could be for you. And give you some practical birthtips we picked up on our birthtrip. Because birth is far out, man, and its a real groove if you give it together. Do the birthdance together, man. TOGETHER. All you real people, just get out there and do your thing, cause that's what birth is, like, it's doing your thing. And you know it. So get out there and do your thing your own way.

OUR BIRTHTRIP

Earth and I live in a teepee we built ourselves. That's where it's at for us. We do everything with our own two hands. Just throw a sheet over a pole, pin it down at four corners, and, man, if you got love, then you got home. A lovingplace. Earth and I have faith. We are both Jews for Buddha and we respect all faiths if they are real faiths. You need faith for your birthtrip. It's really far out.

One hot day Earth tells me her birthtime is coming. Too much, Earth, I say, wow! Now we've gotta find the birthingplace. We're both into Casteneda and we know we've gotta find that one place where our baby's vibes are waiting. So we pack up the VW and head into the desert, looking for those big, big vibes. About ten miles from camp we pick up this hitchhiker and his chick who is called Sunup. He's called Kozmic Bob and he's splitting from a bum rap in Indianapolis. We tell him what we're doing and he flips. He says he's got some medical experience. He's a reincarnation of Hippocrates. Cool.

Five miles further on, this hairy green cactus stands up and vibrates at us. Cloud looks at Earth, Earth looks at Cloud. A flow of peace between us. Far out. This was it, IT, this was Our Cactus. Earth says she's got a cosmic bellyache. Far out, Earth, says Sunup, too much! I lay out some brown rice for Zoroaster and Buddha's oranges like my guru showed me. Then I get Earth to stop singing long enough for a prayer. Here on our birthingplace, we pray, let us give birth!

Too much, man, says Kozmic Bob, man of ancient lore. We all drop a little acid except Earth who wants to keep her alpha-rhythms together. Kozmic Bob gives Earth a blast of some fine Colombian which I'm not sure is cool because of her hepatitis. But, wow, who can get into a downer like that, man? This is the birth scene, baby, and it's blowing my mind. It blows my mind to see those groovy chicks getting their thing together. Earth is rolling around, singing at the top of her lungs, Sunup is encouraging her. Far out! Sunup says. Too much! Earth says she wants to shit a watermelon. What a gas! Sunup tells her. Beautiful! Kozmic Bob picks up right away. Far out, he says. Wow! Too much! You dig? I get these paranoid flashes, man, just like some square with cigars. Cool down, man, says Kozmic Bob, all knowing. Yeah. Right on. Cool. My woman, all-woman, bearing my baby, all-baby, to all-sun. My woman dancing all-dance, birth-dance, all-here, all-now. Christ! says Earth. Right on, mama, I tell her. CHRIST! says Earth really loud, coping with birth-wave. Too much, I say. (Too much projection into the future, that's always been Earth's biggest life-problem. We've been working on it together.) Fuck off, Cloud! says Earth. Earth is Aries. I smile. I pray. Bless our birthingplace, I pray. Wow! says Earth. Far out, Sunup says. Too much, Kozmic Bob says, and then he says OM! OM! OM! Right on, I say. In a shower of life is our child born covered with white gunge, now, now, now, NOW! Born with sun in Leo. A few minutes later, plop, out comes the placenta. Sunup cooks it right away and we all eat some except Kozmic Bob who is a vegetarian.

EARTH'S BIRTHPOEM

I was not afraid.
Fear, go away!
Here, close to earth, Earth's mother, mother earth,
there is no fear
And my joyous uterus moves only to an ancient dance.
I was not afraid.
Fear, go away!
Little daughter born on the timeless sands
of timeless time's timelessness.
We call you Saffron because that's what color you are.



WHAT TO TAKE TO THE BIRTHINGPLACE

- 8 lbs. granola
- 4 lbs. Celestial Seasoning camomile tea
- 1 gal. Deer Park Spring Water
- 2 lbs. brown rice
- 25 tabs Owsley purple acid
- the I Ching
- yarrow stalks
- 2 cases of Coors

WHAT TO DO WITH THE PLACENTA

All animals eat their placenta. Some animals eat their babies. Man is here to learn from the animals. Only man is dumb enough to throw away vital sources of protein and good things. Here is our recipe for Placenta Stew:

Toss a handful of brown rice, some sesame seed oil, a handful of unwashed carrots, and a placenta (your own or somebody else's) into the largest pot you have. Stew together for three hours, adding water if necessary, and eat hot.

But if stew's not your scene, man, there's a whole bunch of other groovy things you can do with a placenta. You can bury it in your garden and plant a tree over it. You can fertilize your bean sprouts. You can put it on your hair—no shit, man, it makes a really far-out hair conditioner, even better than Dr. Bruner's Peppermint Shampoo.

WHAT TO NAME THE BABY

The Indians say that a name makes a man. It gives him character. So why give your baby a name like Tom or Gail? Give yours a meaningful name, like me and Earth did, so that when the kid gets called on in school, he doesn't have the same name as everybody else. If only everybody would do this, life would be groovier and there wouldn't be any ego trips. Here are some names to choose from:

- | | |
|----------|---------|
| Free | dog |
| Sunshine | amerika |
| Kyoto | china |
| Sky | vietnam |
| god | angola |

WHAT TO WATCH OUT FOR

Watch out for bad vibes, the pigs, your own parents, and hospitals. The hospital trip is a bummer, man. Forget it. Earth's friend, Pear, had her first baby in a New York hospital because the pigs wouldn't let her stay at her Birthingplace next to Bethesda Fountain. She's written it down like it was:

"As soon as we got to the hospital, a gang of interns dragged my old man away. Three nurses gave me an enema, one of them had a gun. A fourth nurse shaved off all my pubic hair and when I asked her why she said, 'Shut up, stupid!' They took me in a room and strapped me to a table. The pain was terrible. When I started to scream, somebody came in and put a mask over my face. Everything went black. When I woke up, I had little Kohoutek. I've always hated him.

BIRTHFRIENDS

Birth is one of the most beautiful experiences you can have. It should be shared with as many people as possible, if they can dig it. The park ranger who made us move our van right after Saffron's birth ceremony couldn't dig it, and I wanted to reach out to him and show him where it was at. But Earth was freaking because the mushrooms Kozmic Bob gave her right after Saffron was born hadn't mixed so good with her hepatitis, and she was throwing up, so I turned on the Neil Young tape to cool her out and we drove to a motel for the night. Anyway, like I said, if you're going to have a birth, don't invite downheads. You could invite your spiritual master, if you have one, or even your parents, if they can handle it, or John Denver, if he's in town. One time these friends of mine who were having a baby invited Leonard Cohen to come after the concert, but he never showed up, so they figure the guy never even gave him the note.

LETTING THE WORLD KNOW

You could compose a poem, take it to the calligraphy department of the college nearest you, and ask them to help you out. But if that's too much trouble, man, every time one of your friends comes over, just bring the baby out and show it to them. They'll probably want to check it out anyway. You might even be able to get one of the chicks to look after the baby for an hour or two so that you and your old lady can get it on without her having to get up and feed the kid, which can be a drag, man, you know?

WHAT TO DO WITH THE BABY

Don't make the baby uptight by putting diapers on it or trying to toilet-train it. Let it shit where it wants. Kids are in tune with nature, man. The baby will toilet-train itself when the time is ripe. A chick should breast-feed the baby for as long as the baby wants. It doesn't matter if the chick's tits get saggy, she doesn't need them any more anyway and it's more important to raise a baby with no hang-ups. It's cool to blow pot smoke in the baby's face once in a while so the baby can get off, too. Though maybe you should try to remember to keep the acid out of reach until the baby is old enough to tell you it's on a bum trip. But the best thing to do with the baby is drop it off as soon as you can with other babies in a babyplace. (There are babyplaces in most communes, on Israeli kibbutzes, and I know of several in Ibiza.) Stamp on middle-class values. A baby is not your personal property. Why should you keep it to yourself? Love is sharing, man. Share your baby with others and let the kid get on with its own thing.

A NEW BEGINNING

Well, that's it, man. That's our birthstory. It happened a long time ago. Saffron is three now and she's starting to walk. We've seen her twice. She's doing her thing with the other kids. Thanks to us. Do it like we did it and it will blow your minds.

P.S. Have a good time. Stay high. Love, Earth and Cloud.





Hey Sisters & Brothers of Yipster Times,
 For a few years now, I watched for the issue of Yipster that has the Credit Card System for the year listed. (Am not in N.Y.C. too often and therefore can't seem to find Y.T. elsewhere). Anyway—I'm enclosing one lousy buck—wish it were more—maybe to help with the load.

Want to say, for a radical woman feeling isolated in the maw of the beast here in Florida, I want you to keep on keepin' on! (And I surely hope you're not CIA financed!)

Anyway—I will continue to Xerox the yearly C.C. System & pass it along.

Love & Kisses
 Florida Belle

P.S. How come the fuckin' L.A.P.D. is still so powerful now that we have (supposedly) a more decent president?

p.p.s. Love to Martine, Allen, Ernie, Connie, Abbie and all the other ex-Lower East Side "menches".

Fellow Yipsters,

First I want to tell you that I really dig your paper. It's the only paper that really gives the news straight. Thanx for the info about credit card numbers, I've already taken advantage of this great easy way to fuck up the system.

I've been searching around for a Yip flag but can't find one anywhere. If you could send me one, I'd appreciate it lots.

If not, can you tell me where I can get one? Please help me solve this great mystery of the unfindable flag.

One note about the Patti Smith bit in Mar/April '77 issue. There's an exception to all the truth she said. Their over-night DJ, Vin Scelza (don't know about the spelling) is cool. He knows where he's at. MORE PATTI SMITH PLEASE!

Fight the good fight,
 Phil
 Greenwich Village, NY

P.S. NYC Cable TV Channel C is really cool. The exception to TV shit.

High,

A couple of old Village faces—stuck down here in a real Cool Hand Luke scene—hanging out & messing with the big red machine. The troops are fine but we could use a boost in morale—via some outside stimuli—so how about a shot in the rag (?) maybe a free ride on Y.T.—or a couple of lines in the Y.T. so we can get the rap rollin'—we are both doing a nickle for reffer madness—so what's new—we could really use some contact with some people, organizations that are into some HELP!—had a teacher here bring in a few copies—nice-keep rollin'!

Alby Bavero 041981
 Box 221 D-3
 Raiford, FL 32083

Thomas 'smash' Grogan 036191
 Box 221 D-3
 Raiford, FL 32083

To Whatever YIP reads this,

I am sending this letter to inform you that in the past issue of your rag, which covers the inauguration of Nobody for President, you spelled the GRIFFIN band's name wrong. After we froze our fingers off for 5 hours, it seems to me your reporter could have gotten his frozen head together enough to learn the correct name of our group.

Power to the People!!!
 David

Precious Comrades,

I send my profound revolutionary love and solidarity to you and all progressive people throughout the world; and sincerely hope everyone is in the best of health and highest of revolutionary spirit.

Comrades, I'm an indigent political prisoner serving a twelve year sentence for our (the Rochester Four) political underground activities of expropriating currency from the establishment banks, which we distributed to many underground organizations.

Comrades, I would be deeply honored to receive any political literature you are able to send us, which obviously would raise our political consciousness ten fold.

Comrades, stay strong and thank you for your time and your significant quality.

Yours in struggle
 Elisa Abrams
 Ashland, KY 41101

Hello—

Heard you had printed something about us so here is some information about Dickie Picariello's Trial. He still has 2 more charges in Mass. And has just had 2 new indictments come down on him. One is the bombing of the Central Maine Power Company here in Maine & a bank robbery. Our funds are zero at the moment but we hope that donations for the defense will start coming in. We have a long way to go—4 more trials for Dickie. We're strong & we'll fight them all the way.

Much love in struggle,
 Kathie Picariello
 Committee to Secure a Fair Trial
 46 Cushman St.
 Portland ME 04102

Dear Yipster Times,

Please refer me to your "pen pals" mailing referral lists, as I am all lonely and in jail, here at Raiford, Florida and have no one to write to me or talk to me (less family).

Please tell your Pen Pals I need to hear from them please—I'm wasting away here!!! Please come to my rescue!!!

Read your March-April 1977 Yipster Times issue. It's just GREAT. Keep it up!!!

Please write me, pen pals—I'm lonely.

Timmi Lee "Bok II" Hudson
 050596 P.O. Box 221 Annex
 Raiford, FL 32083

Dear Yipster Times,

Aron Kay's article about the inauguration of nobody in D.C., in the March/April issue back page, states, "For all nostalgia freaks, Grimes Poznikov showed his home movies of the action in Kansas City last summer during the Zentner Bros. set." In the first place, there would have been no movies at the Warner Theatre if I hadn't hitchhiked, alone from Alaska to Kansas City, carrying a forty pound duffle bag, a super-8 movie camera, and a briefcase full of Yipster Times. I had been working on a fishing boat in Alaska and found other Yippies to help me paste up "Lest We Forget" posters and Republican Circus posters all over the city of Ketchikan, Alaska. The posters remained on the 1st National Bank Building for a week. Yippie buttons also circulated the city. The captain of my ship, being a right-wing conservative Ford supporter, was irritated by these actions and my constant talk about Kansas City made him extremely angry. In support of nobody, I quit the job so I could participate in and film the actions in Kansas City. The captain knew this and refused to give me any money, so I had

to hitchhike the long distance (distributing Yipster Times along the way) and luckily arrived in time to make those classic films of the K.C. action in psychedelic color. The films (super8) are now in the experimental film archives of "The Society for the Advancement of Non-verbal Communication" and can/will be shown to interested groups. Contact me for more information.

Stay high and free
 Harmony Chadwick
 540 Alabama St.
 San Francisco CA 94110

Dear Editors:

As an occasional contributor to your paper, I'm glad to see the 1976-77 emergence of YIPSTER TIMES as one of the few publications in America that exposes the lies and murders going down in this corporate state. You are to be commended for printing the words of Martin Sostre, one of the most courageous fighters in the world and a constant inspiration for people in the struggle.

The gutlessness of the American "liberal" media is disgusting: my article in this issue on Nazis in high places was rejected without comment by The Nation, as was my '76 article on the Mitchell WerBell-Egil Krogh-Lucien Conein-DEA fiasco. My 1974 articles on Watergate—stuff more revealing than the CIA-approved crap from Woodward (a Naval Intelligence man 1965-70) and Bernstein—were similarly turned down by more "liberal" publications than I care to admit. Of course, the publisher of The New Republic, the editor of The Atlantic, and a co-editor of the NY Review of Books are "former" CIA agents, so I guess there isn't much to hope for from these people.

At any rate, since '74 I have been contributing to YT and editing/publishing/funding my own paper, the Gainesville Journalism Review, published out of Gainesville and Miami, Florida. I've printed articles on Gloria Steinem & the CIA, the murder of Dorothy Hunt, the SLA-CIA connection, Charles Lindbergh's pro-Nazism, the CIA's training of Cuban exiles, Anwar Sadat's role as a Nazi agent in the 1940s, and the University of Florida and the CIA.

The latest issue of GJR, which just came out, features a story on UF and the Ku Klux Klan, as well as my Nixon-Ford-Nazis article that's also in this paper. I'm desperately in need of money, so if anyone would like to contribute a few bucks to an independent muck-raking paper, please write me at the address below.

David Miller
 461 W. 64 Street
 Hialeah, Florida 33012

Dear People,

I am attending a private school and I've just about had it. A person does not have any rights here at all. I've talked to people who have gone to other private schools where the rules are stricter and it still wasn't as bad, because the things that go on here are stupid. I'm a senior in high school and I will graduate in two months. But these last two months are becoming unbearable because they're taking away even more of our rights.

HEY KIDS!

Youth Powers Yipster Times
 THE YIPSTER TIMES wishes to publicize its Affirmative Action Plan for people under the age of 18. The national economy discriminates against members of this age group by denying them the means to learn and develop the communications skills necessary to reach other segments of society. THE YIPSTER TIMES invites young editors and artists to train with our staff. Express yourself through the newspaper of Y.I.P., the Youth International Party. Trainees apply at our offices, 9 Bleecker St., New York, N.Y.

Even the teachers aren't treated well here. Last year they fired a lot of teachers because they joined a union. And a lot of teachers just quit because it was becoming unbearable. The teachers here only work on one year contracts. Which means that they can be fired or just let go without warning. The teachers here never know if they're gonna be here the next year or not until the time comes. The principal roams the halls and stands outside of teachers doors to listen in when teachers don't know it. So the teachers don't really have any rights here.

As for the students, they don't even treat us as people. They treat us as robots and they are also more prejudiced against the girls. We can't even be individuals here. The girls must wear a navy and white checked skirt that is no more than four inches above the ground when in a kneeling position. Or else we can wear a navy blue pantsuit made out of polyester material with gold buttons cut from Simplicity pattern No. . . . Or the other alternative is a long bulky sweater. In other words it can't be tight and it must cover up the ass. The boys can wear what they want except no blue jeans and shirts must have collars. Their hair must be cut so it doesn't touch the collar. Nobody is allowed to wear T-shirts that say things on them. You have to be a robot here. You do what you're told and you never question. If you do question, you never get an answer.

We are constantly brainwashed by them with lectures, religious movies, and tapes. Anti-abortion books and pamphlets have been passed out to us.

Once we come into the school in the morning we are not allowed to go outside till the bell rings at the end of the day. That includes lunch. Oh, either last year or the year before they were letting us out for lunch. But the rules were that it must be at least 75 degrees outside. The ground must be completely dry and we must stay within the roped off area!

Do you know that we even have to say a prayer before every class. I know that nothing can be done because it's a private Catholic school. But if you have any suggestions on how to bear the next two months I'd appreciate it.

Peace & Love,
 Denise
 South Bend, Ind.

ZAPATA

(continued from page 0)

Since I severed my case from my co-defendants in the Richmond case, I have stated that the incarcerated members of the New Dawn Party were not members of any terrorist group. That I would testify to in court.

The government is fully aware that I was the commander of the Emiliano Zapata Unit and the Pancho Villa Intelligence Unit. I claim personal responsibility for the possession of the explosives and constructing the bombs in the Richmond house, that I was responsible for numerous armed robberies of death merchants that prey upon the lives of the people with heroin. That I planned and executed bombings of numerous Safeway stores, demanding a 25% reduction in their food prices, and a Bank of America. What the government lacks so far is witnesses to these armed actions and people to indict since all of the members of the units have never been apprehended. . . .

Even though I have vindicated all members of the New Dawn Party of guilt, the government continues to harass New Dawn's membership on circumstantial and hearsay evidence. . . . People must rally to their defense, as they have the true interests of the people at heart. . . .

Without mass struggle there can be no revolution.

Without armed struggle there can be no victory.

UNIDOS VENCEREMOS
 CHEPITO GARCIA
 AKA DANIEL ADORNETTO

IT ALL BEGAN INNOCENTLY ENOUGH. AFTER YEARS OF TRAVELING AROUND, MY HUSBAND DECIDED TO GO BACK TO SCHOOL AND GOT A GRANT FROM THE UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN. AND I — SOMETIME PAINTER, TEACHER, PORNOGRAPHER AND WOMAN OF THE WORLD — FOLLOWED AFTER HIM TO THE DESOLATE WILDS OF MADISON, "ATHENS OF THE MIDWEST."

© SHARON KAHN BUDAHL '75

WISCONSIN STORY

JAN. 1971 - MADISON WAS BLEAK & INCREDIBLY COLD. THE ONLY THINGS TO DO WERE DRINK OR HAVE AFFAIRS. COLLEGE BOYS WERE A NICE CHANGE, THO.



FROM MAD DOG, I LEARNED THE HOUSE ACROSS DAYTON ST. WAS A HOTBED OF REVOLUTIONARIES. SO ON THE FIRST WARM DAY I WENT OVER TO MAKE FRIENDS...



ALI LOVED PLANTS AND ANIMALS AND SLEPT WITH A RIFLE UNDER HIS BED. WE ROAMED THE COUNTRYSIDE TOGETHER. IT WAS A GLORIOUS SPRING.



I HADN'T HAD A PURPOSE IN LIFE FOR A LONG TIME. A LOT OF BURIED IDEALS AND HOPES FLOODED BACK TO ME.



IT WAS AN ACTIVE, BUSY, EXCITING LIFE BEING A REVOLUTIONARY IN MADISON.



AND, BEST OF ALL, THERE WAS A REAL FEELING OF BROTHERHOOD.

WE'VE GOT TO CRUSH THOSE COCKSUCKING REVISIONIST TROTSKYITES AND START OUR OWN NEWSPAPER!



I SUDDENLY FOUND MYSELF THE ART DEPARTMENT OF AN UNDERGROUND NEWSPAPER. DEADLINES AT DAWN...

IF WE SELL FOUR MORE LIDS WE CAN PAY THE PRINTER THIS WEEK.



TWO MILE HIKE THROUGH -40° CARRYING TYPEWRITERS TO OUR BASEMENT OFFICE...

THEN WE PUT THE POLICE AND THE GOVERNOR IN L.S.D. REHAB CENTERS...



SELLING NEWSPAPERS ON THE STREET...

READ ALL ABOUT IT! BUILD YOUR OWN MOLOTOV COCKTAIL, MA'AM!

FILTH!!



THE PAPER WAS BETTER THAN ART, THAN LOVE, THAN DOPE ITSELF. ABOUT THIS TIME, MY HUSBAND GAVE UP ON ME.

IT'S ALL OVER, SHARON.

YEAH, WELL, WE SHOULD BE DONE PASTE UP BY 6 A.M., MAKE IT TO THE PRINTERS...OH...GOODBYE...



A MILWAUKEE PIPE BOMBER NAMED PAL HAD TAKEN TO HELPING OUT WITH THE PAPER. ONE NIGHT, WE HEARD STATE POLICE WERE ALL OVER TOWN LOOKING FOR HIM. THE HEROS PANICKED.

HE CAN'T STAY HERE, WE'RE DEALING!

SHIT, I'D LIKE TO HELP, BUT MY OLD LADY'S SICK.

PAL CAN STAY WITH ME.



THE POLICE DIDN'T KNOW MY HOUSE, AND ANYWAY I BELIEVED THE STUFF WE PREACHED.

MAKE YOURSELF AT HOME, PAL.

SHIT, I THOUGHT YOU WERE JUST A HIPPIE.



I CUT PAL'S HAIR, BORROWED CLOTHES TO DISGUISE HIM, AND HELPED ARRANGE A RIDE OUT OF STATE.



I WON'T FORGET THIS, BABY!

WEEKS LATER, SOME UPSTATE KIDS DELIVERED A LETTER FROM PAL ON THE RUN.

HE'S O.K.—SAYS OFFICER KRUG IS 6 DAYS BEHIND ON HIS TRAIL. GUESS I'D BETTER DESTROY THIS.



© SHARON HAHN RUDAL 75

ONCE AN ALCOHOLIC SOCIETY GIRL DROVE ME TO SEE PAL SECRETLY IN CHICAGO. ONCE WE MET IN THE BASEMENT ON DAYTON STREET.



AND THEN WE STAGE A NUDE SWIM IN AT THE REPUBLICAN CONVENTION...

BUT AFTER TWO COLD WISCONSIN WINTERS, I MOVED ON TO SAN FRANCISCO WHERE I WORKED FOR THE RADICAL PAPER "GOODTIMES."

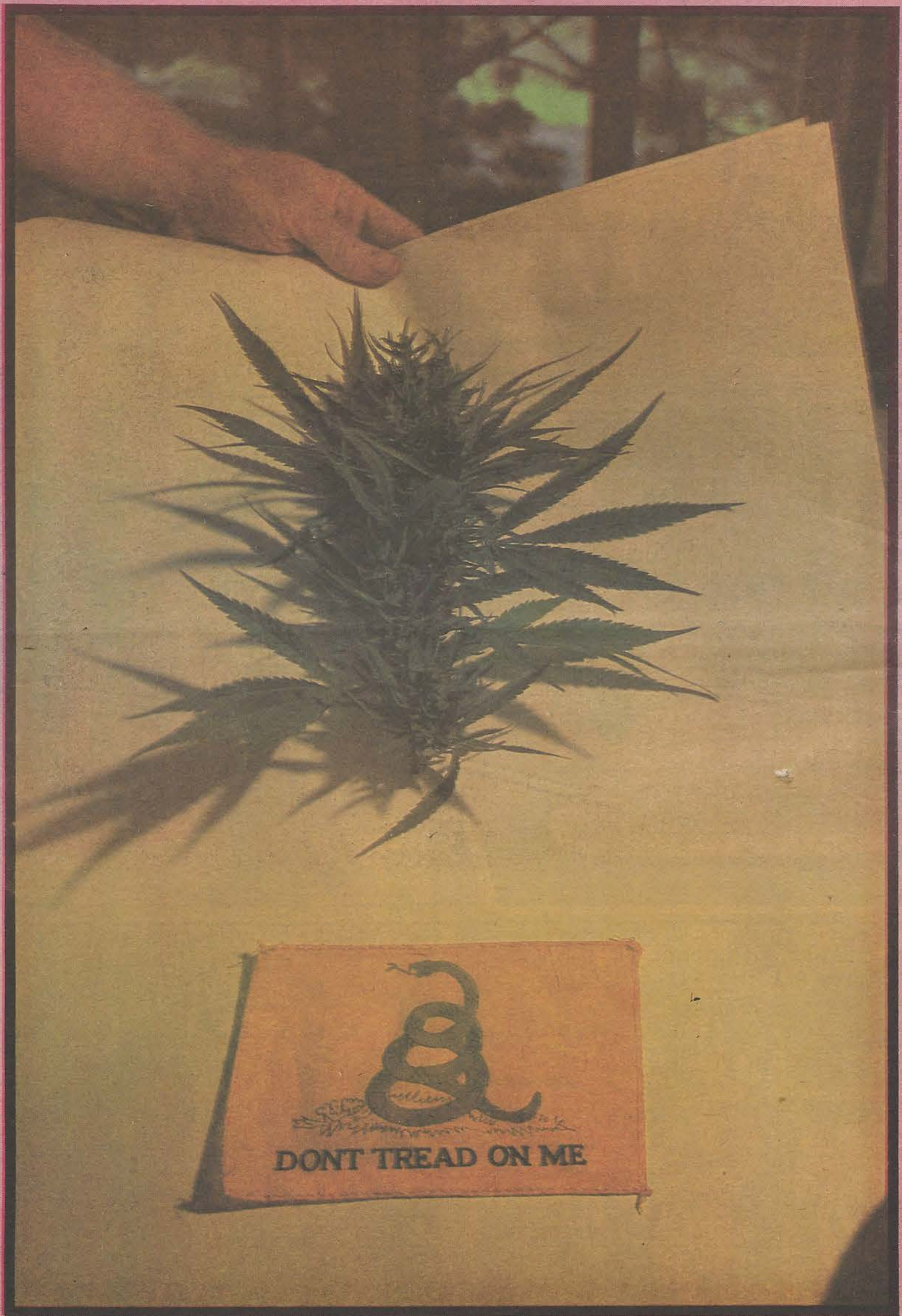


WHEN THE GOODTIMES FOLDED, I SLID INTO COMICS. SOMETIMES I WONDER: WHAT WAS ALL THE FUSS ABOUT?



PAL'S MARRIED, ON A FARM IN WISCONSIN, NOW. THE HOUSE ON DAYTON ST. WAS LEVELED FOR A MACDONALD'S. AND I'M ON THE ROAD AGAIN, WITH NO SCHEDULE OR DESTINATION.





DONT TREAD ON ME