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CASE STUDY

THE UNDERGROUND PRESS IN THE UNITED STATES

by

Darrell I. Drucker

~~United States Information Agency~~

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TWELFTH SESSION

SENIOR SEMINAR IN FOREIGN POLICY

Washington, D. C.

1969 : 1970

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SUMMARY

This paper examines the underground press in the U.S. as the voice of the New Left, both in its political and nonpolitical manifestations--an aggregation known as The Movement. It examines the issues which are regarded as important by The Movement and summarizes Movement expressions of opinion on these issues. It also examines, briefly, the character and organization of several leading underground newspapers.

Included, in the Appendices, are examples of underground journalism in the form of representative clippings taken from the best known and more influential papers in the field.

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PREFACE

The underground press is a controversial subject because controversy is the very life's blood of the papers in the underground. If there were no major controversies in the fabric of American society, the underground press would have to manufacture them and, in fact, it has done so on many occasions.

There are no value judgments in this paper because of the nature of the subject. The attempt has been to show what the underground press is, what it says, who works within it, and who reads it. I feel that critical judgments on the issues and opinions discussed would tend to confuse the picture of what is being described. Therefore, I have tried to be as objective as possible in describing this segment of American opinion.

If you are over thirty, the chances are that you will not agree with much of the opinion found in the underground press. The fact that you do not agree with it, however, ought not to be considered a justification for ignoring it. It is there, it is real, and it represents a significant body of American thought today. As such, it is something that every American citizen, and particularly every member of the diplomatic establishment, should know about. This is a plea, then, for an inquiring frame of mind in the reader. Read and draw your own conclusions. Disagree if you like, but do not dismiss it as "nonsense." There are a great many people, mostly young, largely idealistic, who do not think it is nonsense at all.

Darrell I. Drucker

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THE UNDERGROUND PRESS IN THE UNITED STATES

A familiar sight in the big city is the long-haired hippie, male or female, standing on a street corner peddling a tabloid-sized newspaper. He is the ultimate retail distribution point of the underground press. Judged by its retail outlet, the underground press looks like pretty small stuff--not really worth bothering about, something that can be dismissed as merely another activity of "those crazy kids."

But the underground press is a great deal more than that. There are about 180 underground newspapers, weekly and bi-weekly, in the United States today. One dies every few weeks, but there is always another to take its place, so that the number in existence at any one time remains fairly constant at just under 200. There have been nearly 500 separate newspapers since 1964.

The combined circulation of the underground press has been estimated at between two and four million per week by experts on the subject, and individual circulation runs from a few thousand to the nearly 100,000 per week of the Los Angeles Free Press, the giant in the field. Assuming a conservative two and a half readers per copy sold, and using the most conservative total circulation figure, one still arrives at five million readers of the underground press per week and, further, assuming that buyers of papers sold on newsstands and by street vendors do not buy a paper every week, we reach an estimated total audience of somewhere between six and seven million persons who are reached more or less regularly by the underground press.

Who are all these readers? Most of them belong to the Movement, a vast amorphous mass of people, young, alienated from the mainstream of American society, with more or less common values and ideals. This mass of people lately has begun to recognize itself as a real entity and even to call itself the Movement. The Movement includes many disparate elements, each "doing its own thing," from self-styled Marxist-Leninists, to rock musicians and their hangers-on with, in between, Black Panthers, SDS, Women's Liberation Front, Ecology Action, Gay Liberation Front, the Peace and Freedom Party, "chicanos," lunatic fringe drug-oriented "churches," health food faddists, the Sexual Freedom League, Earth People's Park, the Woodstock Nation, assorted "swingers and swappers," hippies, drug addicts, college drop-outs, communal families, draft dodgers, and self-styled revolutionaries. The list of component groups is almost endless.

In spite of the heterogeneous nature of its membership, however, the Movement has arrived at some degree of self-identification and there are, lately, increasing numbers of references to the Movement in the underground

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press and in statements by leaders within the Movement itself, such as Abbie Hoffman and Jerry Rubin of the Chicago Seven.

Self-identification as the Movement has, in fact, developed to the point that "The Movement Speakers' Bureau" was organized late in 1969 for the announced purpose, expressed in typical tongue-in-cheek underground press style,

".....to get the no-strings type of available liberal money and to spread commie/anarchist/dope fiend type insurrectionary propaganda to more of the yearning masses."

(RAT, October 29, 1969, p. 2)

The Bureau claims a catalog of more than 100 speakers prepared to lecture on "revolution, drugs, women, the law, Black Power and anything else that matters." Even the "straight" press recognizes that there is something called the Movement. Kenneth Gross of Newsday, writing in the Washington Post about William Kunstler, defender of the "Chicago Seven," says:

"The importance of human contact within The Movement is crucial; there is always an outpost feeling of alienation among Movement people and it is a great relief to find an ally."

(Washington Post, April 12, 1970, p. B4)

The Movement not only has achieved self-identification, it is even achieving some degree of loose organizational structure in spite of its heterogeneous character, partly through its various coalitions or "fronts" and through such projects as Earth People's Park, a plan to buy, on behalf of the Movement, 100,000 acres somewhere in the southwest to be settled and farmed in an "ecologically sound" manner. But the most significant influence on the Movement is the underground press itself, which is at the same time the greatest unifying factor within the Movement and the voice of the Movement.

To get back for a moment to the hippie newsboy on the street corner peddling underground papers, one may well ask: Why the term "underground" press? No two people seem to agree on the answer to this question, but most people, including those who use it all the time and who work for what they call underground papers, agree that it is not the most appropriate term. Underground papers are obviously not clandestine like the underground press in Europe during World War II; they are sold openly in the street and on newsstands (particularly in California and New York City) alongside "straight" or Establishment papers. So what is "underground" about them?

Robert Glessing, Professor of Journalism at the University of California at Berkeley, and author of a soon-to-be-published book on the underground

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press, thinks that the word "underground" grew out of the fact that the papers which began publication in the early 1960's were products of a "drug-oriented culture" and since drugs were (and still are) illegal, the editors adopted the word "underground" to describe themselves. This doesn't really seem to be a satisfactory explanation, particularly since there were (and are) a great many other issues besides drug use in the newspapers in question, issues which were as important as drug laws to the publishers and to their readers. It seems more likely that "underground" was a romantic conception of the rebellion against the Establishment, and against laws and customs regarded as being restrictive of individual freedom. Revolutions are made underground.

The origins of the term are perhaps not terribly important, but the meaning given to it by the writers, editors and publishers of underground papers certainly is and these people have adopted a new term which they feel is more appropriate than "underground." Allan Katzman, one of the founders of The East Village Other, prefers the term "the alternative press," (alternative, that is, to the Establishment press). Katzman says his purpose in starting The East Village Other (affectionately called EVO by its staff and readers) was to develop a kind of subjective journalism, frankly partisan, squarely for and against certain things. The alternative press, he says, is aimed at youth in general but particularly hippies, yippies,, and here he launches into what can be recognized as a roll-call of the Movement. Katzman, and his co-founder at EVO, Walter Bowart, felt that there were things that needed to be said and that there was a natural audience for these views and opinions: the disaffected and disenfranchised.

Katzman, who still writes regularly for EVO, sees this audience as now forming itself into what he calls a "para-political party," another definition of the Movement as it grows more cohesive.

The underground press itself has two national organizations which lend coherence and consistency to the voice of the Movement. The oldest of these is the Liberation News Service (LNS), with its main office in New York City. LNS supplies a kind of special "boiler-plate" to its membership, which includes almost every underground paper in the United States. As might be expected, the smaller, poorer papers use more LNS material than do the comparatively rich, big city, high circulation sheets like The Berkeley Barb, The Los Angeles Free Press, and The East Village Other, although all use some LNS items. /See Appendix I for examples of Liberation News Service material./ The percentage of space given to these syndicated pieces depends to a great extent on whether or not there is a "hot" local issue. The smaller papers are nowadays devoting increasing amounts of space to local ecology problems and thus cutting down on the amount of LNS filler they use.

The other national organization to which most underground papers belong is the Underground Press Syndicate or UPS. Founded in early 1967 by Walter Bowart and John Wilcock, both of The East Village Other at the time, it is a kind of cooperative organization financed in an ingeniously

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painless way. Member newspapers pay a \$25 initiation fee and agree to the free exchange of material. They must send six copies of each issue to the UPS main office, and one copy to every other member. Members must also honor library subscriptions sold by UPS, the syndicate's chief source of income aside from the initiation fees. UPS also solicits national advertising for all members; acts as a clearing house for inquiries from the public and from journalists and scholars; maintains a directory of all UPS members which lists advertising rates, bulk rates to distributors, and subscription rates; produces a newsletter about what member papers are doing and UPS is doing; and acts as an information center for members on printing, financial, postal, technical, and other problems of publication. UPS claims to have helped at least 25 newspapers get started and is now working on a legal defense system by hiring on a retainer a lawyer who specializes in freedom-of-the-press cases. The syndicate was started with the help of Orpheus, a Movement magazine in Phoenix, with its main office in Phoenix and a branch office in New York. UPS recently moved its entire operation to New York.

The director of the New York office is Thomas Forcade, formerly on the staff of Orpheus. Forcade, a slight young man with an incipient guardsman's moustache and a sarcastic manner, says, tongue in cheek, that the underground press would not be satisfied to have its views adopted by the Establishment press, adding, "We are going to replace the Establishment press. We are going daily as soon as we can." When asked where the money and human resources necessary to produce a daily would come from, he points out that most of the existing papers, now weeklies, began with no money.

Forcade writes a weekly column "on the underground press and other alternative media," entitled "Free Media," which contains items like the following:

".....1970 looks like a fantastic year for advertising in the underground press, despite a severe slump in the past three months. Motorcycles, soft drinks, autos, clothes, cosmetics, films, etc., are coming in....."

".....the Underground Broadcasting System, an extension of UPS.....is alive and well, by the way, bringing the political/cultural consciousness into radio....."

".....the San Diego Street Journal, functioning under the most evil police state in the country, finally had their typesetting machines busted up, probably by the police and the local Bircher newspaper.....Nola Express in New Orleans has been indicted for mailing obscene

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matter....Considering the gross stuff you get all the time which remains unbusted, this is hilariously transparent political repression.....Jerry Powers, editor of the Daily Planet in Miami, Florida, was up on a minor traffic ticket, for which the standard fine was \$5. Then the pig slipped the judge a note which read, 'This is the Powers who publishes the Daily Planet.' So Jerry was sentenced to 30 days. He's out on appeal."

"Rat is doing their own distribution in New York since the FBI leaned on their distributor. It's working out great, for once, with Rat staffer Mark Fisher taking responsibility."

In a newsletter from the UPS Phoenix office written just before the centralization of its activities in New York City, some interesting points were made about the underground press and the role to be played by UPS. It began with the following statement:

"The cause of the underground (radical) press is just and right, and as such that cause should be energetically, imaginatively, and unitedly prosecuted."

Then follow nine "points and proposals," of which three will give a general idea of what UPS thinks is its own role in the Movement:

- "1. UPS should begin to take an assertive, innovative role in combining all underground papers into a unit of solidarity. This solidarity should be used to enable papers to help one another and collectively, through UPS, to support, promote, protect, and prosecute the cause of all.
- "2. However, UPS should not function as a vanguard to determine or dictate what the content or positions of the individual papers should be. The proper role of UPS is to function as a rear guard to allow all papers the freedom (economically, legally, etc.) to develop their OWN dialogues.
- "3. UPS should additionally function to expose the falseness and hypocrisy of the Establishment media, by usual Movement tactics, so more and more of the people will turn them off and US on."

(UPS Circular Letter)

See Appendix I for additional information on the Underground Press Syndicate.7

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Although UPS claims 175 members, many of them very active and interested, big papers with a national circulation and financial stability seem to participate much less in syndicate activities than do the smaller, shoe-string operations. Organizers of a UPS conference in Ann Arbor, Michigan, last fall, for example, were surprised to see a representative from The Los Angeles Free Press (the biggest and best of the underground papers) at the meeting, as well as a representative from The East Village Other. These two papers, together with The Berkeley Barb, are the elite of the medium.

The Los Angeles Free Press (familiarily called "The Freep" by readers and staff) was started in 1964 by Arthur Kunkin, who is still its editor and publisher, with \$15 and a lot of nerve. It has now reached a weekly circulation of 98,000, certified by the Audit Bureau of Circulation, and will pass 100,000 before the end of summer, 1970. (The Free Press is the only underground paper in the country which has a regular ABC audit.) Kunkin, reminiscing about the early days of the paper, says that everybody thought he was crazy when he started it. His friends would give him money to eat on, he says, but would not subscribe to the paper. At that time (1964) The Village Voice (not an underground paper) had a circulation of 26,000 and this looked to Kunkin like the very pinnacle of success for a weekly. The Freep, however, under Kunkin's direction, passed 26,000 in less than three years and is now the second largest weekly newspaper in the country, after The Village Voice, which grew at the same time and is still the largest of the weeklies. (The Village Voice is not regarded by the Movement as an underground paper.) Kunkin attributes a good deal of his success to timing. He started the Free Press about six months before the drug thing became a youth-centered subculture, before the Viet-Nam war was an issue, and before student power, legal abortion or women's liberation had captured the energies and imagination of young Americans. "The paper was just one of many projects in my life," he says, "and this one just happened to hit it big."

He is either being excessively modest or not entirely frank in his appraisal of what made the Freep a success, since it is obviously a direct result of his sense of organization and his managerial skills. The Free Press has the largest full-time salaried staff of any underground paper--50 people--and salaries run from \$75 to \$300 per week plus expenses. The building which houses the paper's editorial offices is a large, fairly new, two-story commercial structure, with its own employees' parking lot, across Beverly Boulevard from the CBS studios.

The Free Press is organized pretty much along traditional lines, with various department heads reporting to the managing editor, who sets policy in consultation with Kunkin, the editor, publisher, and owner. The system works very well indeed; not only does the Free Press have the largest circulation in its field, it also has the most advertising. The Freep is becoming more and more a national rather than a local newspaper and 50% of its almost 100,000 weekly circulation is sold outside the Los Angeles area. Kunkin is making a conscious effort to broaden his distribution.

Recently he signed a contract with a national periodical distributing company to handle the Free Press in New York and New England. If that works well (and he expects that it will), he will close down his own bulk distribution system and contract with a national distributor for the entire country.

Typical of Kunkin's operation is the story he tells about his commercial advertising department. About a year ago Kunkin realized that the Free Press's advertising sales were just not good enough, so he ran a classified ad in the Los Angeles Times for a space salesman with at least ten years experience on newspapers. Three qualified persons applied, of whom he hired one as Advertising Manager and another as a salesman. They both were "real pros" (he says) and were successful right from the start. There are now five salesmen in the department, most of them on commission, and Kunkin, sounding oddly like Zenith's top real estate salesman, George Babbitt, says, "they really hustle."

There are, indeed, a number of experienced newspaper people on the Free Press staff, and these form the solid core of continuity which Kunkin considers so important. Others, from the Movement, often quite talented, come to work for the Free Press expecting a great deal more freedom and less pressure and organization than is possible within Kunkin's well-organized operation and they leave after a short time when they find that it is not all fun and games. The turnover in personnel, consequently, is more than 100% per year.

Only 30% of the paper's circulation is by subscription, and Kunkin has therefore hesitated to contract for a reader survey, since he feels that it would not tell him anything about his true audience--almost all reader surveys are done using paid subscription names and addresses for the sample and do not cover newsstand sales. Kunkin points out, for example, that the subscription list includes nearly everyone at the Rand Corporation, about half the faculty at UCLA, plus a great many doctors, university teachers and other intellectuals throughout the country who want to keep up with what is going on in the Movement or the "hip" world. Most young people, however, buy the Free Press from news dealers and street vendors and would not figure in any standard reader survey, although Kunkin believes they make up the bulk of his 98,000 readers. He is now talking of printing a questionnaire in the paper which would, perhaps, be an unscientific sampling but would cover nonsubscribers as well as subscribers.

Another unusual aspect of the Free Press is the fact that the staff works from 9:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m. five days a week and that it always meets the deadline for going to press on Wednesday night.

However, the most unusual thing that Kunkin has done is to acquire a large offset printing plant which prints the Free Press as well as several of its competitors. The printing plant is a separate corporation and it is not generally known that it is a Free Press enterprise--for example, a group of disaffected Free Press staffers have recently resigned to start

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an underground paper of their own, Tuesday's Child, and this paper is printed in Kunkin's printing plant.

The Free Press also operates three bookstores in the Los Angeles area, again as a separate corporation. These, too, appear to be highly successful, selling mostly Movement books, magazines, newspapers, avant-garde poetry, posters and selected esoterica.

In short, Arthur Kunkin is rapidly becoming a kind of "underground tycoon." And one is inevitably led to suspect that he would have been a success in any venture he might have undertaken which required managerial talent, organizational ability and imagination. The question that then arises is whether he can be so successful, using conventional business methods, and still remain a part of the Movement. He, and most members of his staff, think that he can. His secretary says, "The policy of the paper is still underground, but it operates internally like a part of the Establishment." Kunkin says, "The management is Movement, not Establishment." He also wryly admits that now that he has organized his venture so well and it has prospered, he has "the same problems that you see in the management manuals."

And what is it like, The Los Angeles Free Press, the best organized and the most successful journalistically and financially of all the underground papers?

First of all, it is the best written, best edited and most professional looking of them all. It is also bigger (average 50 pages) than all of the others--in fact more than double the size of its two nearest competitors, The Berkeley Barb and The East Village Other.

The Free Press also carries a great many regular features and columns, in what is presumably an attempt to build regular readership. The best regular feature in the paper is "Radio Free America," written by Senior Editor Laurence Lipton, which actually takes the place of a leader page or editorial column. Sometimes straight editorial, sometimes a mixed bag of editorial comment and opinion from readers, but always bearing the unmistakable imprint of Lipton's personality, it has the choice spot in the paper, a double column on page 4, which also carries the masthead. In addition, the Free Press carries regular film reviews, book reviews, music reviews, a cooking column called "Food for Thought," "Dr. Hippocrates" (a column which is nationally syndicated by the author and appears in underground papers from coast to coast), an astrology column, another feature which is almost as well done as "Radio Free America" called "The Glass Teat, a Column of Opinion about Television," by Harlan Ellison (a novelist of some repute), a record review column called "Record Raps," "Shaft the Draft," and like all underground papers, a listing of what is going on in the way of films, drama, art shows, lectures, meetings, study groups, protests, etc., in the Los Angeles area. The Freep's listing is the biggest, and most complete, of any in the country. /See Appendix II for examples of regular features in The Los Angeles Free Press./

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These features fill perhaps 20-25% of the space in the Free Press, another 40-60% is taken up by advertisements, both classified and commercial display, and the balance is made up of news stories. The Free Press concentrates either (a) on stories that are not reported in the straight media, such as Movement doings or stories that the Establishment wants to suppress or (b) on aspects of stories or bits of supplementary information on stories that have not been included in the straight media version.

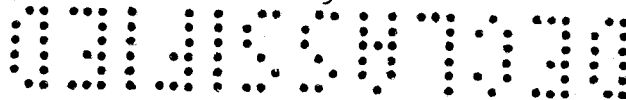
The Freep even prints anti-Movement material once in a while if it is of sufficient interest, presumably to show what the enemy is saying, as for example, in the issue of October 31, 1969, when Kunkin ran an official position paper issued by George Wallace's American Independent Party, a paper that was released to the Free Press by William K. Shearer, the Party's national chairman. The piece was run straight, without comment, except that right in the middle of the page was a box with a brief story about two young ex-Wallaceites who had quit the Party to start something called the Student Libertarian Alliance.

And in the February 27, 1970 issue, the Free Press ran an almost full-page article which was highly critical of the behavior of Jerry Rubin, the Movement's folk hero who co-starred with Abbie Hoffman in the trial of the Chicago Seven. This was an unprecedented move. In the eyes of every other underground paper in the country, Rubin can do no wrong. Of course, the fact that Kunkin ran the critical article does not necessarily mean that he agrees with it. But it does show that he is willing to have the Free Press be really a "free" press. [See Appendix II for article mentioned above.]

Unlike Establishment papers, the Free Press gives nearly every story a by-line, perhaps in part to make up for the low salaries, though it must be noted that Free Press salaries are the highest in the underground.

Perhaps the best way to illustrate the type of news story the Free Press prints, short of reproducing the paper itself in toto is to list the major stories in a representative issue. The stories listed below all appeared in the issue dated March 13, 1970:

1. (Front Page) "What Happens When a Cop Does Wrong?" A headline story which purports to show that policemen who commit offenses or crimes which warrant the pressing of criminal charges are punished within the department with "wrist-slapping" disciplinary methods. Most of the charges are "use of unnecessary force" in making arrests. [See Appendix II.]
2. (Front Page) "Judge Revokes Manson's Right to Defend Himself."
3. "Student Bar Condemns DA's Protection of Cops Who Kill." A clear case of manslaughter of an innocent bystander by a policeman which is not being prosecuted by the District Attorney. University students' Bar Association views given.



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4. "Media Ignore Manson's Music." Charges that no publicity is being given to a record album of music composed by the accused murderer of Sharon Tate.
5. "Gays Plan Marches, Leather Sunday." A piece with photos on Gay Liberation Front activities in the Los Angeles area--picketing, protest marches, etc.
6. A brief item about the killing of a black male transvestite homosexual in a shoot-out with the police.
7. "Biker Club Warns Against Narcs Wearing Straight Satan Colors." A piece about narcotics agents disguised as members of a motorcycle gang.
8. "Revolution Comes to Orange County." A story about a student-police clash on the California State College campus at Fullerton--two students charged by university officials with disrupting a speech by Governor Reagan.
9. A story announcing a lecture series on the history of hallucinogenic drugs.
10. A brief article about an attempt by a member of the Bakersfield City Council to ban "bizarre personages" and "odd-ball reporters" from public places during "states of emergency." Written with some heat, since the Freep reporter seems to feel it was meant specifically for him.
11. A number of letters from priests and professors asking leniency for Timothy Leary. The entire page is devoted to Leary, with courtroom coverage, the text of a memorandum from his defense attorney to the judge, a photo of Leary and his wife.
12. A story reporting on a meeting of women held in Los Angeles on International Women's Day.
13. "Radio Free America" in this issue editorializes on pollution for industrial profit, the My Lai massacre and the burning of the Bank of America in Isla Vista.

The above list is far from being the total content of the paper; it represents only the major stories in one issue. [See Appendix II, Part Two for examples of The Los Angeles Free Press news stories.]

The biggest Free Press story during the past year is the printing by Kunkin of the official personnel roster of agents in the California State Bureau of Narcotics for the cities of Los Angeles, San Francisco, Santa Ana, and San Diego in the issue of August 8, 1969. As a result of that story, the Free Press is being sued for \$25 million--\$15 million in a group action by the 80 agents listed for "invasion of privacy," and \$10 million by the State Attorney General for "obstructing justice." Earlier criminal suits were quashed. Publisher Kunkin believes that the civil suits will be thrown out of court.

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The publication of this story surprised even the rest of the underground press, which is perhaps a little jealous of the Freep's enormous success, and a UPS news letter contained the following comment:

"Making big news was the L. A. Free Press....which published the names, home addresses, and home phone numbers of 80 California state narcs, just when a lot of people were viewing the Freep as middle-aged-playing-it-safe."

The northern neighbor of The Los Angeles Free Press is much more strident and less balanced than its southern counterpart. The Berkeley Barb is perhaps not as good a paper as the Free Press, judged by traditional journalistic standards, but it is lively and frequently amusing. It is also very often obscene or pornographic. The Barb contains more "put-ons" and in this respect it resembles the New York paper The Rat. For example, a letter to the editor in the issue of December 5, 1969 suggests the extermination of everybody over 30 and adds:

"These old schlemiels are incapable of governing the people--young, sweet, loving, fucking people. The old shits have succeeded in wrecking Mankind. Look at their cobalt bombs, their fascistic wars, their reckless disturbance of ecological forces; their pollution of the rivers, lakes and the very air the young people breathe....."

(The Berkeley Barb, December 5, 1969, p. 14)

The Barb was once the biggest, most profitable, and best edited of all the underground papers. A year or so ago it had an estimated circulation of 85,000--at that time larger than The Los Angeles Free Press. Now its circulation is down to about 35,000 and it is being "boycotted" or ostracized by a number of Movement organizations and merchants sympathetic to the Movement. The story of the rise and fall of the Barb is an interesting one.

The owner of the Barb, Max Scherr, is a bearded, middle-aged (54), patriarchal-looking gentleman who dresses in shabby old clothes and runs a paper which speaks for disaffected youth in the Bay Area. Scherr is a native of Baltimore and has an LL.B. degree from the University of Maryland (class of about 1935). He worked as an attorney and labor organizer in the thirties around Baltimore. Later he hitch-hiked and rode freight trains to California and then to Mexico, where he married and started a family while working as a free-lance writer and editor. Scherr enlisted in the army in World War II and fought in Europe, or perhaps it would be more appropriate to say "served" in Europe since he claims that he purposely never fired his rifle. After the war, he moved his family to Berkley and enrolled in the University of California where he received his B.A. and was working on a Ph.D. in sociology when the McCarthy era loyalty oath for university professors controversy erupted. Scherr took a strong stand against the oath and this ended his graduate study. He worked as a legal

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editor for a publishing house for a while and then quit to open a bar called the "Steppenwolf," which became the meeting place for Berkeley's radicals. After seven apparently profitable years, he sold the bar for \$10,000 and, in August 1965, he started the Berkeley Barb. The first issue--1,200 copies--consisted of four badly printed pages but it sold out, and Scherr was his own newsboy-vendor.

The Barb prospered and all went well until, in the summer of 1969, members of the Barb staff became dissatisfied. They claimed that Scherr was pocketing \$4,000 per week and paying sweatshop wages to his employees. The employees went out on strike and Scherr sold the Barb out from under them to a man named Allan Coult, another colorful character.

Coult is a former longshoreman, professor, author of an unpublished book, "Psychedelic Anthropology," self-identified counterrevolutionary, ex-CIA agent, and one-time publisher of a paper called The Berkeley Fascist. The agreed purchase price was \$200,000, and Coult fell behind in his payments. In December 1969, the court gave control of the paper back to Scherr because of Coult's default on the contract. In the meantime, the striking Barb employees had started a new paper called the Berkeley Tribe, run as a cooperative. The result of all this bickering and changes in management was, as one informed observer put it, to make two bad papers out of one good one.

Now, as a sort of grand finale, poor Max Scherr has suffered a serious heart attack (March 17, 1970) and rests in the hospital while his wife Jane runs the paper and get-well messages flow in from his friends and former critics in the Movement. It may be of passing interest to note that since Mrs. Scherr has been running the paper, the language has been a good deal more salty than when Max ran it, which seems to indicate that she is not really running it at all but has turned over the editing to younger, rasher people.

The Barb is thinner than it used to be and does not carry as much advertising. It seems likely that if Scherr was, indeed, banking \$4,000 a week as his accusers say, he is not any more.

Barb news stories cover much the same sort of subjects as those in The Los Angeles Free Press, but Barb headlines are funnier (sometimes) and livelier, the stories more irreverent, more obscene in language, and more amusing (sometimes) to read. The two papers are very different, indeed, but both share certain common characteristics, as will be shown later.

The Barb does not carry regular features. It resembles a straight paper much less than does the Free Press. To illustrate the similarity in subject matter, here is a list of the major news stories in a single issue, that of March 20, 1970. For examples and a more direct comparison of the styles of these two papers, the reader is referred to the Appendix. For examples of Berkeley Barb news stories, see Appendix III.

DEFERRED

1. "Tim Takes Ten More;" Timothy Leafy receives his second ten-year sentence in two weeks for possession of marijuana.
2. "KGO Gooses Gay." ABC affiliate radio station fires gay news writer-producer because he is gay, according to the Barb.
3. "Gay Head Hits Liberal Shits." An article chiding the Movement for its lackadaisical support of the Gay Liberation Front. "You don't have to be gay to support Gay Lib. You just have to be a human being who believes in freedom for, and power to, the people.....ALL the people!"
4. "Equinox." News story announcing an "Instant Karma Be In" celebrating the arrival of Spring in Golden Gate Park over the week-end. "Bring dope, food, pretty clothes, dope, music, food, dope, enough dope for the whole cosmic week-end. Bring love too. Maybe enough of us doing it can bring good vibes back to the city."
5. "Skinny Park for Fat Cats." This really great headline introduces a story about a Berkeley City Council proposal to spend \$906,000 to buy the Santa Fe R.R. right of way for a park.
6. "My God! The Pigs Are At My House." A story about the Berkeley Tenants' Union rent strike and a false alarm about a police raid.
7. "Bad-assed Teacher Burned by Barb." Story about a teacher in Portales, New Mexico, who was fired for showing a copy of the Barb to his students.
8. "And The War Burns Bright." A two-page spread, anti-draft, about various anti-war activities in the Bay area.
9. "Watch This Chick." A story warning against a narcotics agent who masquerades as a hippie girl with a long wig, etc.

That is what the Barb is like. It is bright, irreverent, obscene, amusing, perhaps shocking, depending upon the reader's point of view, but never dull.

One of the best known papers in the Midwest is The Seed, published in Chicago every two weeks, more or less. The Seed is a good deal more conservative in its language and in its causes. It is also a good deal more serious in tone than its West Coast cousins.

Printed on heavy, expensive paper with lots of art work and lots of color, The Seed is an attractive publication, more like a magazine than a newspaper except in size and content. It is three years old and has a circulation of 25,000-30,000, all but 5,000 in Chicago.

Lester Dore, on the staff of the paper, is frequently acting editor. He is a young man, born in Oklahoma, who attended the University of Tulsa for two years and then dropped out. He found that a couple of years of college

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did not prepare him to earn a living--his first job was as a dishwasher in a restaurant. His experience as a college drop-out apparently made him an angry young man--or vice versa. In any case, he has been associated with The Seed since its second issue.

The major editorial issues for The Seed are those which have to do with community organization. The idea is to get members of the hippie community in Chicago to help one another and to take better care of themselves. The paper is opening a hippie community center and plans cooperative stores which will sell health food. "Most hippies," says Lester Dore, "are from middle class families and have no skills." So The Seed is going to try to organize to teach them to support themselves, to take better care of their health, to secure proper legal defense when it is need, and to work at some craft.

Dore feels very strongly that the Movement cannot really be strong until each local community has some cohesion and organization of its own. He dreams of buying land for a hippie community, but he feels that the Earth People's Park project is doomed to failure because it is a national project and the Movement is not yet ready for a national project. It is curious to find that even in the Movement there is a kind of isolationism in the Midwest as compared to the East and West Coasts, just as there is within the Establishment with regard to foreign affairs.

Like Dore himself, The Seed is mostly concerned with local problems. Dore plans to use the paper to tell people about things they can do to improve the environment but when questioned about specifics, he is somewhat vague and speaks of separating organic garbage from trash and using the organic matter for compost for gardening (on Halsted Street!) and quickly moves on to things that are, essentially, national issues--pollution by atomic power plants, automobiles, offshore oil drilling, and so on.

The Seed takes a strong stand against hard drugs--smack (heroin) and speed (amphetamines)--but is in favor of marijuana and acid (LSD). The paper very often runs a kind of market report on the price of pot and what types are available on the local market. It also warns readers against known narcotics agents and local deadfalls used to trap users.

On the subject of national politics and policies, Dore has some ideas which he apparently thinks are revolutionary, but which, to the more sophisticated observer, seem merely naive.

He says, first of all, that we (the U.S.) are going to have to decentralize everything, break up the big corporations and other large organizations where the money and power are concentrated. "I dig Mao's idea," he says, "close the schools, send intellectuals to the countryside. The farmers will learn something from the intellectuals and the intellectuals will learn something from the farmers." He also agrees with Mao's idea of continuing, or perpetual, revolution, so that society will not become too institutionalized.

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DEFINITION

On U.S. foreign policy, Dore says his slogan is "the U.S. out of everything, everywhere." This is apparently some sort of extension of the Movement attitude toward the Viet-nam war. When asked to be more specific, it became clear that Dore had not really thought this statement out, but that it was, rather, an emotional reaction to the mere mention of the subject of foreign policy. Actually he does not think that we should close down the foreign affairs establishment, but is, really, concerned about the activity of U.S. business abroad, which he sees as exploitation, or economic imperialism.

It seems fairly clear that The Seed editorial policy of concerning itself with local issues is not only a reflection of the concerns of Dore and others on the editorial staff, but that, in fact, he and his colleagues have given serious thought to foreign policy questions. It is perhaps significant that The Seed is published in Chicago, midland America. The paper is an interesting example of a kind of know-nothing isolationism.

For a few examples of the kind of stories that The Seed publishes, see Appendix IV.

The most important underground paper in the East is The East Village Other, one of the very early starters in the field, which has a claimed circulation of about 68,000. EVO, as it is called by initiates, was started in October, 1965, by Walter Bewart and Allan Katzman, and the latter is still an active member of the editorial staff.

EVO is aimed at people in the Movement--Katzman is the former "Information Minister" of the Yippies (nickname for the Youth Independence Party organized by Abbie Hoffman and Jerry Rubin of Chicago fame). The editor of EVO is Jaakov Kohn, a charming, bearded, long-haired Old Testament type of 40 years who was born in Israel and came to the U.S. when he was 20. He is mild-mannered, soft-spoken, and extremely friendly. His interests are wide-ranging and he is well-informed on national and international affairs. Kohn certainly does not seem to fit the stereotype of the underground journalist. He has six children and commutes every day to the EVO offices on the Lower East Side of New York City (2nd Avenue) from Orange County, New York.

Kohn speaks proudly of the several "scoops" which EVO has had in the past few years. For example, he claims that he had the story of chemical and biological warfare (CBW) preparedness in which the United States was engaged about a year before CBS-TV made its highly publicized documentary program on the subject. He also printed the facts about Carmine de Sapio's dishonesty before the Establishment press had the story and recently he revealed what he regards an equally big story about shady actions in the past of Justice John Murtagh (presiding judge in the trial of the 21 Black Panthers in New York), when Murtagh was Commissioner of Investigations under Mayor O'Dwyer. The charge, made by EVO, is that the judge had found

widespread corruption in the New York Police Department, but covered it up. Murtagh (according to EVO) was arrested in 1951 for "neglect of duty," but eventually (even though he admitted his guilt to a Grand Jury) was freed on a technicality. Kohn hints that he is now working on a very important story about someone very high up in the Executive Branch of the current Administration.

EVO, like The Los Angeles Free Press, is trying to become a national rather than a local paper, and this effort is the cause of some bitterness in Movement circles in the Village. The paper is accused of not serving its own community. Hence Kohn must walk a kind of editorial tightrope, balancing his own interests and inclinations toward national and international affairs against the feelings of his New York City constituency which represents about half of his paid circulation.

Kohn and Katzman are often teased about being "the vanguard," always a year or so ahead of the Establishment press on new issues and concerns which are national in scope. Katzman says they are in the vanguard because they are in the midst of "it." ("It" presumably means the Movement.) The present "System" they say, is leading to the death of freedom and even the end of life itself on this planet. People are being forced into chemicalized, plasticized, artificial lives. Kohn and Katzman are pleased that ecology has become the subject of national concern. They know that their paper and its readers cannot effect major changes in the "System" alone. All they can do, they say, is call attention to problems which exist.

Asked about the attitude of his readers (long-haired, dope-smoking, flag-profane youngsters) toward their country, Kohn says that he thinks that they are more patriotic than the generation which misunderstands them and which they are rebelling against. They are, he says, honest in loving their country and they fight openly against things which, in their view, are wrong with it. They do not want their country to have faults or flaws. What about moral principles? "The greatest moral principle," says Katzman, speaking of Viet-nam and the draft, "is not to get shot at."

Katzman and Kohn are very suspicious of bureaucracy and although Kohn is editor, he says that anyone who works on the paper can have a say in what it says and how it says it. There is a great deal of individual initiative among members of the staff. Perhaps exaggerating slightly, Kohn says, "Anyone on the staff can come in and say, 'oh, hell no, that's all wrong,' and tear the paper all apart and put it back together on press day."

The staff itself operates on a kind of "family system," although its members do not live together in a commune as do, for example, the people who produce the San Francisco paper, Good Times. However, all regular staff members have their rent and utilities paid by the paper and EVO also pays for medical expenses and maintains a bail fund if anyone is arrested. There is, of course, an additional small salary for the regular staff members (who are very few in number--possibly eight or ten--and the rest of the contributors are paid space rates.

DELETED

DECLASSIFIED

EVO has been busted (the underground press term for arrested, suppressed, or raided by the police) many times in the past for various things, most often obscenity, but not recently. Katzman says EVO pioneered in obscenity in public print but that the paper is comparatively clean now. EVO also has, according to Kohn, a considerable amount of influential backing (non-financial) and that helps keep them from being busted. The paper is too important these days to be harassed.

In content, EVO is not terribly different from The Los Angeles Free Press and The Berkeley Barb. It uses more obscenities than the Free Press and fewer than the Barb (which seems to have become more obscene just lately since Max Scherr's wife has taken over during her husband's illness). EVO usually carries a full page of short Liberation News Service stories, supplemented with brief staff-written news items of the same type. Katzman writes a regular feature called "Poor Paranoid's Almanac," and Kohn supplies a lead editorial at the top of page two, called "Hirap." EVO more resembles The Los Angeles Free Press in its use of regular features, than it does the Barb, which has none. Its language, however, is nearer to that of the Barb. For examples of The East Village Other features, see Appendix IV.

Katzman's column is a kind of man-about-town feature filled with personal experiences and reflections on all kinds of subjects in the manner of the late O. O. McIntyre. He recently wrote a column, for example, about the demonstration against President Nixon at the Waldorf-Astoria in December 1969:

I headed downtown away from the window breaking, head smashing and arrests. The old tactics were no longer viable. Something new would have to be added. I went home and meditated on the possibilities; earthquakes, floods and other acts of god.

He also wrote about being busted for possession of marijuana and spending a night in the Tombs:

Some time that night I was taken to the Tombs which is this makeshift white building. Haven't changed in 40 years and where unbelievable numbers of men are hopelessly lashed up in unimaginable squalid conditions. There weren't enough beds, so I slept on the concrete floor and these papers I was reading and it was taken in an incredibly dirty 7' x 4' cell with 2 spade junky cats who didn't like me. In the cell next to mine a guy committed

suicide by sticking a wire in his arm and shoving it up the vein until he died. Across the cell block another frosted out guy with the flu, wet his clothes with water and wall his blanket and lay on the floor wrapped in the wet blanket screaming and going mad and shivering until he was carried away to an insane asylum. Every man feels crushed by some total injustice and slowly goes mad as a caged animal eating pure starch sleep.

There's no doubt that it was a political arrest, because of my involvement with the Movement, the Chicago Campaign Trial and revolutionary poets. It's a job that they should get rid of before I was to leave the country, but then my telephone is 100 percent wiretap. Right plainclothes cops

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And another about the restrictions placed on the personal freedom of employees by American corporations:

**POOR PARANOID'S
ALMANAC**

ALLAN KATZMAN

Everybody remembers (or should remember?) Ross Perot. He's the Texas billionaire freak who tried to fly 30 tons of goodies to American Prisoners of War in North Vietnam.

It seems old "Betsy" Ross is at it again with his Justice, Freedom and the American Way bit. This time he's doing his trip on everybody's head right here in New York city at 2 Park Avenue South.

His company, EDS (Electronic Data Systems) recently bought out and took over the IBM punch department of United Medical Service, otherwise known to the security syringe middle class as Blue Shield.

Ross has initiated an "unconventional dress" purge on all his workers. No long hair, sideburns, beards and/or moustaches. Dress will be conventional: Dark suit, cuffed trousers, three button variety, white long sleeve shirt, dark tie, no jewelry.

Old Glory has already fired those employees who have refused to comply with his brand of fashion facism. Others have been *strangarmed* into barber shop chairs and excess head and facial hair sheared off from their sheepish minds and bodies.

If the employees of EDS were really into protest, they would all show up to work with their pubic hair showing and let the Tall Texan figure out his next move. But people who work at IBM jobs like EDS are naturally prone to let themselves be punched and computerized. It's the American Way.

There are a number of other regular features, such as "Decomposition," by D. A. Latimer, a weekly column of opinion on politics, music, theatre, and anything else that happens to strike the writer's fancy; "Thilm," a column of film, theatre, and music reviews by Lita Eliscu which is usually critically perceptive and well-written. [See Appendix V for examples of EVO regular features.]

EVO is not above an occasional "put-on" as, for example, in the April 1 issue, when it carried the box at right on the cover:

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FREE SUBWAYS
The managements of
THE EAST VILLAGE OTHER
and the **METROPOLITAN**
TRANSIT AUTHORITY have
arranged for this issue to
be used as a **TRANSIT**
PASS. Wave this copy at
the token seller as you go
through the exit gate. If
no complains yell back
'I GOT EVO'
details under
classifieds

In the classified advertising section
were the promised details:

APRIL 1961
for information

Generally speaking, however, EVO is serious and, in comparison with other publications of the genre, fairly responsible. It does not, for example, view with approbation violent activities, bombings, etc., as many other underground papers do.

In line with Allan Katzman's avowed purpose in starting the paper (to create a new kind of subjective, personalized journalism), the chief vehicles of news and opinion in The East Village Other are its highly personalized columns. It does run some LNS items once in a while, but even its staff-produced news stories are written in editorial or commentary style. /See Appendix V for examples of The East Village Other news stories./

* * * * *

There are many other important underground papers in the United States which are interesting and influential either in a particular geographical region, or among a particular audience within the Movement. The Rat, for example, a New York bi-weekly known for its "put-ons" and its obscenity or, indeed, out and out pornography, was taken over by the Women's Liberation Movement in February 1970, and is now almost exclusively devoted to Women's Liberation news and exhortations. The men who had been running Rat turned the paper over to the women with what they thought was an understanding that it was only to be for a few issues. Now they find themselves literally locked out and the women are not going to give up their new-found propaganda outlet. The new Rat, however, is singularly humorless under feminine editorial direction, and will undoubtedly decline in circulation. The old Rat may have been dirty, but at least it was lively, and in the world of journalism, as in the world of Oscar Wilde, the cardinal sin is to be dull.

At this writing it appears that there is now a new and important underground paper on the scene in New York. The Guardian, an old-fashioned Marxian Socialist paper, was seized on April 12 by a group of people, including not only a few ex-employees of the Guardian, but also people from Rat, Urban Underground, Gay Liberation Front, Women's Liberation, and various assorted Movement supporters. The new management has announced that in their first issue will be articles on the Venceremos Brigade which recently cut cane in Cuba, Gulf Oil Project, Gay Liberation Front statement, University of Wisconsin teachers' strike, Grove Press women's takeover, etc.

The Fifth Estate in Detroit is an important regional paper, as are The San Diego Street Journal, Philadelphia Free Press, Washington's Quick-silver Times and Free Press (both now defunct), Boston's Ole Mole, Seattle's Helix, the Spokane Natural, San Francisco's Good Times (published by a full-time commune), and perhaps a few others.

/See Appendix VI for sample clippings from some of the above-mentioned papers./

19

UNDERGROUND

The most important underground papers from the point of view of power and influence and likelihood of survival, however, are those that have been discussed in detail (with the possible exception of The Seed)--The Los Angeles Free Press, The Berkeley Barb, and The East Village Other. It is possible that San Francisco's Good Times will supplant the Barb in the Bay Area if Max Scherr does not soon recover from his heart attack, although Good Times appears badly to need a more aggressive advertising sales manager.

One hesitates to use the word "typical" in discussing a medium in which such a premium is put on originality. Perhaps, however, it would be fair to say that the "big three" are representative of the best in the underground press and, as such, are worth detailed study.

It is possible to generalize about the main issues and concerns in the underground press, and to arrive at certain conclusions which apply, not just to the "big three," but to all underground papers in varying degrees.

Furthermore, many underground journalists have written about their own medium and some of their remarks are illuminating, if perhaps occasionally obscure.

Allan Katzman, for example, in his "Poor Paranoid's Almanac" (EVO, February 18, 1970), reflected on the changing times and the speeding up, in contemporary times, of events with the consequent telescoping of dreams and reality into the same time frame. From this it is an easy step to the role of the underground press in dealing with a reality which surpasses (or exceeds) our dreams (or nightmares) in horror and lack of credibility. Judge Julius Hoffman, Katzman says, is a case in point:

We no longer need the great social mind of a Sinclair Lewis to create a Judge Hoffman for us. We no longer need a drunken fantasy of genius like Faulkner's to give us the living flesh of America's bigots. Our dreams are faster than our dialogue, faster now than any great Author in memoriam could ever write it. All we need is someone to witness and to make it sing. That's what the New Journalism is about. That is what the Underground Press is about.

We participate. We make it happen. It is a lifestyle of living prose, a rock, an altar, a loving Grace. It is sacred because it is. And it is the *IS* that makes others so bent on ignoring it. But it can't be ignored because it is *there and becoming*.

The new journalists and the underground press are doing a number even Literature never conceived of. Reality is here, not between the pages of a book or painting, not even on a newsstand, but closer *there* than in a library or museum.

Reality is here, in our limbs just made stranger to itself by exploding metal, in our souls severed from our bodies in the name of a conquering peace; in the cry and anger of people given no choice but hunger, no choice but slavery.

Culture is no longer history but fact. And fact is a novel written by the events of each day. It is the task and testament of the Underground Press to rewrite those events and perform an *Atterrate* Culture.

"If I could turn you on, if I could drive you out of your wretched mind, if I could tell you I would let you know," are our Politics of Experience as it is the famous psychiatrist, R.D. Laing's *Politics of Living* is to shout this *if* away with also our joy.

The Underground Press laughs not because we are gods, but because others are men who play at gods. There is a religion hidden between the pages of the underground newspapers that those who are dedicated to and read it, understand.

Each underground newspaper has its own personal problems which intensify its days' activities. But each is bound to others by the specific problem of changing a Death Society based upon Apocalypt. The

Underground Press lives at the edge of the precipice and pushes back wave upon wave of humanity bent upon the abyss.

Sometimes we are pushed over, beat up, killed, jailed, chemically crucified and martyred for no reason at all except that we are there and *doing it*. The Underground Press does not want to die, it wants to live; that is why it began. It is an intentional community which speaks and shows the solutions as well as the scars.

The Underground Press is not silenced by any means, and will not be silenced by any means. Not by Nixon's necrophilic dreams of power. Not by Mitchell's moral mauling into our personal values. Literature begins with *that* reality. Perhaps this is a time, as Seymour Krim has written, "when the world itself is literally governed by art, or truth made manifest, because there is nowhere else to turn and everywhere to go."

by ALLEN KATZMAN

Katzman is more thoughtful than most of his colleagues and his prose style is at once more turgid and more elegant. His EVO colleague, Renfreu Neff, is more straightforward. Her writing has the urgency of a political pamphlet. In EVO March 10, commenting on the Black Panther trials in New York and the question of freedom of speech, she begins by saying that she would like to add a few words to the "verbal chaos" that has been volleyed back and forth these past couple of weeks. Her remarks concern the press, she explains:

Aboveground, limbo, underground, whatever "ground" you're squatting on, the time has come to wake up and stake a heavy claim on what's happening in America. Reading from left to right, there is no more time for "objective", "liberal" journalism, and mothers who bake their babies don't belong in the headlines: the *Village Voice* is a graveyard for malingering shales from the Death of Hep; and finally, the members of the Underground Press Syndicate must start to work closer together and strive to come into its own as an important, strong and initiative news source. Back to that later. The public is fed enough objectivity and transparent

liberalism from regular tube news coverage, which is policed by the FCC when it steps too far left of Nixon's right-wing Yippies. There is so much insanity in high places these days that freaked-out mothers and dismantled children are almost "human interest" events. If newspapers are to survive, they've got to get down with the sinister times, journalistic neutrality and caution is no longer viable when tyranny moves into the courtroom and moral consciousness dies in the jury box. It is an apology for mediocrity, for the intellect is rarely noncommittal. Particularly when its independence is at stake.

Neff goes on to say that the New York Times, which "in school we were toldwas this country's most reliable source of news," has lost not only its objectivity, but is no longer even accurate. The EVO story on Justice Murtagh (mentioned earlier herein) was largely taken from New York Times files of 1950-52, she says, but when the Times itself ran a profile of Murtagh on February 6, it ignored or "circumvented" all the material used by EVO. AP and UPI censored their reports on the trial of the Chicago Seven, she says, and the New York Post did not assign anyone full time to cover that very important event.

If you accept the premise that the straight press is not doing its job, then you have gone a long way toward justification of the existence of the underground press (if, indeed, any body of political opinion needs this kind of justification). Miss Neff continues:

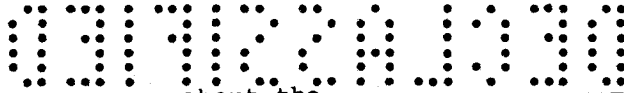
Somewhere between the paranoid in its news content, sterile cuckoo of the *Times* and the news-oriented limbo of the *Village Voice* there is an urgent need, not just in New York, but all across the country, for more news than paper.

The underground press came into being as the communications medium for a life style that offered an alternative to the old and dying order. Flamboyant in its use of previously unprintable language and spaced-out cartoons, it was also emotional, a bit hysterical in its hasty canonization of grass "saints" busted for possession and

The underground media have no meaningful alternative now but to assume a more responsible role. It can no longer afford to be a "reaction" press that defends itself against what the straight press has feebly reported. We have met the straight press in the courtrooms of Chicago and New York and have learned that its representatives survive by believing their own outlines of events. A helpful majority in filling us in on who's who at the prosecution table and how the judge manoeuvred himself to the bench while the hippies were

seizing the Hashbury, they have nonetheless copped out on why we are there.

The political apparatus that brings us into the courtroom with the aboveground press is part of the same system that gives us the majority at the defense table. We will hold that edge for some time to come, and when the jails are full, the concentration camps will be waiting.



There is even a poem about the underground press, written by John Sinclair, one of the Movement's martyrs who is serving a term in Marquette Prison, ostensibly for possession of drugs, but actually (according to the Movement) because he was an official of the White Panthers, a Detroit/Ann Arbor militant Movement group.

THE ALTERNATIVE PRESS

(presses against the fat honkoid nuts. And their "owner" screams his pain--another oink pressed from his mouth like a fart. An alternative is all we want, some way out of all that ownership. Free poems free everything, is our one demand.

An alternative then, a way out. "Far out, is what these lives become." And the man from the "Free Press" asked me, "When did you last write a poem? What are your thoughts on the role of the arts in politics;revolution?" Well, I wrote a poem for Bobby Seale two days ago, I wrote a poem for Ho when he died. October 1st I wrote a poem for Mao Tse-Tung, & I wrote another one for Pun on the run. I don't have any thoughts anymore, just feelings. Just

feelings. The alternative press. Presses. Free Poems, oh yes, a free press of our own. Or to put it one more way, "What we demand is the unity of politics and art, the unity of content & form, the unity of revolutionary political content and the highest possible perfection of artistic form." Right on, Brother Mao! And we will press that alternative in the face of whatever it is would not have us free--we will press it, and press it, until our lives themselves become the poem

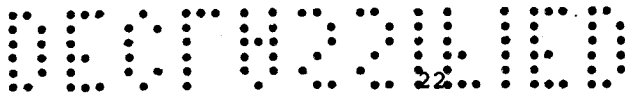
JOHN SINCLAIR
Marquette Prison 11-7-69

In Los Angeles, Arthur Kunkin of the Free Press has also been giving some thought to the roles and missions of the underground press. So he called a public meeting on March 31, at which readers were invited to offer their ideas on how to improve the Free Press. About 60 persons showed up (out of an estimated readership of 250,000) and the session was "vigorous and loud." One staff member noted that "this is a meeting dominated by the most outspoken critics of the paper; many who would have had kinder and gentler words did not come."

Nevertheless, everyone got to speak his piece in true Movement tradition.

The arguments centered around three main points: sex advertisements, how Free Press editorial content is controlled, and the scope of news coverage.

The Free Press itself described the crowd as having been composed of "old leftists, women's liberation advocates, Gay persons, dissatisfied former writers, student peace groups and Free Press staff members."



The women's liberation people demanded an end to "sex-exploitation" ads, which they believe depict women in demeaning and offensive ways. But others in the group (one of them a woman) said that they felt that the Free Press would be guilty of censorship and denial of free speech if such ads were banned.

Another question raised was, "Is the Free Press intended to be a Movement paper?" Kunkin replied to this and to the charge that the Freeep was getting to be more and more like The Los Angeles Times and the Examiner by pointing out that, for one thing, those papers would never hold public meetings where critics could confront the writers and the publisher with such questions. He said that the Free Press had been started "not to voice the opinions of one man, but with the intent of providing a place where all concerned with developing alternative politics and culture could have their say. "In this sense," he said, "the Free Press can be considered a Movement paper, but it is not and should not be a mouthpiece for any particular organization." When Movement or Movement organizations act questionably, he added, it is the frankest kind of criticism from within the Movement which is most helpful, not the concealment of wrong.

On the question of the scope of news coverage, there was criticism from both left and right, with one person speaking about the need for more coverage of the California Democratic Council and another about the desirability of more coverage of the Student Mobilization Committee.

Kunkin agreed to run a readership survey form in a forthcoming issue, and to add more reporters to the staff so as to improve coverage of hard news. The readership survey will, presumably, result in a large sampling of reader opinion on editorial and advertising policy as well as to find out who reads the paper. The results of the poll will be published in the Free Press.

This meeting is significant not so much for what was said, but rather for the fact that Kunkin does want to respond to the Movement, but in a responsible and intelligent way. He is undoubtedly sincere in this wish, but he also obviously has a well-developed sense of self-preservation. In other words, he is going to run a good paper, balanced and well-edited, no matter what certain radical elements in the Movement would like him to do.

The key word in all of this self-examination is FREEDOM--not only personal freedom, but political and economic freedom as well. And it is this devotion to freedom which flavors all the other major issues in the underground press. (It is also, one should add, the same devotion to freedom which gets the underground press into trouble with the police and with the censors from time to time.)

It has already been noted that the Movement, by its very nature, cannot speak with one voice; there are too many disparate elements and organizations within its general aura of influence. The Movement speaks with many voices, some thoughtful, some thoughtless, some naive, some hypocritical, some shrill and obscene, some quiet and fairly responsible.

DEFINITION

But all these voices in different keys combine to form a kind of harmony of agreement (with undertones of dissonance) and from this harmony it is possible to extract the major themes (as in a symphony) as they exist in the minds of those who make up the Movement.

Some of these issues are so obvious as to need little discussion; the war in Viet-Nam, for example, is one of these. In fact, the war against the war in the underground press has been de-escalating at about the same rate as the real war is de-escalating. Occasionally, of course, there is a piece about Viet-Nam; or perhaps a particularly horrifying photograph of a wounded or dead Viet Cong soldier or a child's body reduced to charcoal by napalm. New types of protest receive notice too--a case in point is the campaign to get people to refuse to pay Federal income taxes to a government which uses the funds to wage war. This, of course, is not really new. Joan Baez has been doing it for years. But it is an idea lately taken up by the Movement because of the example of its Poet Laureate, Allen Ginsberg. Other, newer techniques of protest, or merely new large protest demonstrations may put the Viet-Nam issue back in the center of the stage. But at the moment it is not the central issue that it was a year ago, or even in the fall of 1969 at the time of the moratoria.

Drugs are another important issue in the underground press and have been since the beginning of the Movement in 1964. No paper openly supports the use of "hard" drugs like heroin (smack), amphetamines (speed), or the various other rarer hard drugs like cocaine. But all of the papers obviously believe that marijuana should be legalized and that there is no real harm in LSD or "acid" since neither is addictive. A number of papers run a kind of weekly market survey on the availability and fair market price of various drugs for the convenience of their readers. [For examples of dope market reports see Appendix VII.]

And if you cannot make a "connection," The Los Angeles Free Press carries ads in its classified section offering the reader a "pot substitute" which is said to be legal, instructions for growing your own marijuana at home (in a closet), and directions for synthesizing LSD and similar hallucinogenics. Obviously, anyone who seriously wants to "turn on" or "take a trip" can do so without too much trouble. [See Appendix VII.]

There is also a good deal of editorializing on excessive penalties for the use of pot and other drugs. On the next page is an example from The Berkeley Barb of March 13.

DEFINITION

DECLASSIFIED

35

YEARS

by Grant Wood

Thirty-five years for pot!

**Thirty-five years in the Oklahoma State Penitentiary!
In stir till 2005 A.D. That's the rap a Bible-belt jury
dealt out to a 21 year old victim trapped in McAlester,
Oklahoma, last week.**

**The sentence is the longest on record in that dustbowl
state, and may be the longest ever handed out anywhere
in America, on a pot conviction.**

**The dust-dry jury, whipped to a fire-and-brimstone
frenzy by the preachments of a viciously sanctimonious
DA and his assistant, boosted the sentence 10 years
over the 25 the DA asked for.**

Even the down-home Pittsburg
County paper, The McAlester
Democrat, called the sentence
"shocking" in its lead paragraph.

FINAL SOLUTION

But that's where the heads of
Mr. and Mrs. Middle Amerika
are at. Now they've evolved the
McAlester Plan, the "final solu-
tion" for longhairs, peace creeps,
and dope fiends.

Defendent Mario Sam was ar-
rested with three companions --
yet to be tried -- in the little
town of Hartshorne, while driving
around together, long hair and
beards flying in the breeze, the
afternoon of February 5.

The hair and beards red flagged
the local Piggery. Hartshorne

Police Chief Dean Day stopped
them, allegedly on a speeding
charge. Then McAlester Police
Lt. Bob Hendrix, huffing and puff-
ing, pulled up after having trailed
the furry miscreants from his
nearby bailwick.

They got a warrant and turned
the car inside out, at length com-
ing up with what they termed
"a large quantity of marijuana."

Fact-minded readers will note
that the pile of stuff in the accom-
panying photo doesn't amount to
a hill of shit. Not much more
than a party pile at best.

Things must be pretty dry in
McAlester.

DUTY

Anyway, the four were charged
and Sam was the unlucky first in
line for trial. A jury of eight
men and four women heard the
evidence -- including the fact
that Sam had previously been con-
victed of grand larceny -- and the
following bullshit plea from the
DA, according to The Democrat:
"You have a serious duty to
deter dope use in Pittsburg Coun-
ty -- I want you to consider a
sentence of 25 years to stop this
man and others in the future."

The jury then took 10 minutes
to find Sam guilty and only 15
more to shaft him with the 35-
year sentence.

Sam -- who "sat quietly and
mostly unemotional as the sen-
tence was read" told a reporter
the sentence was much higher than
expected.

"I thought I might get 12 to
15 years if convicted," he said.
"I just don't know why they have
marijuana as a narcotic drug."

DECLASSIFIED 25

03702A1030

There is a curious attitude prevalent in the underground press, implied but never stated, that the whole drug thing is a kind of game, but that the narcotics agents do not play fair; they go around disguised as hippies and pushers, for example, (dirty pool!) and trap people into arrests. This is, somehow, regarded as not within the rules of the game as seen from the underground.

Heroin is seen as a danger even by the most extreme advocates of acid and pot. Here is a poem from Rat about heroin ("smack"):

SMACK THE ENEMY

YOU KNOW I'VE SHOKED A LOT OF GRASS
OH LORD I'VE POPPED A LOT OF PILLS
BUT I NEVER TOUCHED NOTHING MY SPIRIT COULD KILL

YOU KNOW I'VE SEEN A LOT OF PEOPLE
WALKING ROUND WITH TOMBSTONES IN THEIR EYES
BUT THE PUSHER DONT CARE IF YOU LIVE OR IF YOU DIE

GODDAMN THE PUSHER I SAID GODDAMN GODDAMN THE PUSHERMAN

YOU KNOW THE DEALER IS A MAN WITH A LOT OF GRASS IN HIS HAND
BUT THE PUSHER IS A MONSTER - THANK GOD HE'S NOT A NATURAL MAN
THE DEALER FOR A NICKEL WILL SELL YOU LOTSA SWEET DREAMS
AH BUT THE PUSHER WHEN YOU BUY IT WILL LEAVE YOUR MIND TO SCREAM

GODDAMN THE PUSHER I SAID GODDAMN GODDAMN THE PUSHERMAN

WELL NOW IF I WAS THE PRESIDENT OF THIS LAND I WOULD DECLARE
TOTAL WAR ON THE PUSHERMAN - I'D CUT HIM IF HE STANDS,
I'D SHOOT HIM IF HE RUNS AND I'D KILL HIM WITH
MY BIBLE WITH MY RAZOR, WITH MY GUN

GODDAMN THE PUSHER
I SAID GODDAMN GODDAMN THE PUSHERMAN

03702A1030

DECEMBER

The subject of drugs leads naturally into another of the major issues in the underground press--police harassment, police brutality, and suppression (mostly by the police) of personal freedom.



Here, for example, is a cartoon from The Berkeley Barb which needs no comment.

And, in its Christmas edition, Rat ran a front page story under a bold-faced, two-inch headline, "28 MURDERED," about what the Movement feels is a concerted and nationally coordinated campaign to wipe out the Black Panther movement. The excerpt at right is typical:

In LA there's Arthur Morris, Tommy Lewis, Robert Lawrence, Steve Bartholomew, Franko Diggs, Nathaniel Clark, and Walter Pope. And more. Bobby Hutton in Oakland. Welton Aimistead and Sidney Miller in Seattle. John Savage in San Diego. Tony Robertson and Spurgeon Winters in Chicago. All these Panthers dead--and that's only half the list.

And now two more dead. Unsurprisingly, in Chicago--Fred Hampton and Mark Clark. All of these Black Panthers are dead, but the party itself could be more alive than ever before.

The two latest murders, in Chicago, have created something of a national stir--perhaps due to the crystal transparency of police lies in this particular case. An all-out police attack four days later on the Los Angeles Panther office pointed up the nationally systematic nature of Amerika's accelerating attempt to smash the Black Panther Party. Nixon holds the reins, and it looks like the sky could be the limit sooner than some people expected.

DEFENDERS

The contempt penalties meted out by Judge Julius Hoffman in the trial of the Chicago Seven are generally regarded as repressive, unfair and illegal. Here are some excerpts from EVO's editorial on this subject by Jaakov Kohn:

NEVER MIND HOW ANGRY, HURT OR FRUSTRATED WE ARE, THE FACT THAT CHICAGO IS A VICTORY IS UNDENIABLE. ONE WON FOR US ALL BY TEN BEAUTIFUL MEN WHO SET THE RECORD STRAIGHT. NO MORE TIME FOR MYTHS. NO MORE TIME FOR WET DREAMS LIKE JUSTICE.

"What we experienced in this courtroom was the tyranny of the law as in the legal system of Nazi Germany."

-Jerry Rubin - 2 years and 23 days

DIG JUSTICE

"This trial, I think, reflects the fact that certain people and I hope many of us, are just not going to lie down, are not going to give up the fight, are not going to adhere to what the New York Times calls the 'ultimate outrage in justice.' I really can't think of a better thing for me to do in my 51st year than to take punishment from a federal district judge for what I believe in and I think such punishment is probably not painful at all."

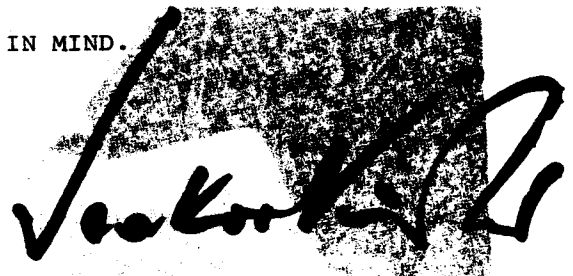
-Bill Kunstler - 4 years and 13 days

NO NEED FOR FURTHER PROOF. AMERIKA'S CREDIBILITY GAP IS GAPING IN THE EYES OF THE WORLD. HER CUP RUNNETH DRY.

THERE IS A MULTIPLE CHOICE ON HAND. WE CAN EITHER PUT JULIUS ON THE SUPREME COURT OR PAY ATTENTION TO RENNIE DAVIS BIDDING HIM FAREWELL:

"You are all that is old, ugly and repressive. Our generation is going to devour your kind. We represent the spirit of a new generation."

IT IS A THOUGHT WORTH BEARING IN MIND.



DEFENDERS 23

The behavior of the police during the Santa Barbara riots in early March 1970, which followed a speech by Chicago Seven Defense Attorney William Kunstler, is widely regarded as typical police behavior--with mass arrests, beatings, the use of special painful plastic handcuffs, etc. A Berkeley Barb reporter was arrested during this incident and wrote a first-hand account of his experiences. A few excerpts illustrate the

Movement point of view:

ISLA VISTA TRAP

PIGS BUST BARB MAN

The Isla Vista riots lowered the curtain on whatever civil liberties still remained in California. The scale of rioting and the tactics of repression mark a new point in the escalating war in America.

by Stolen Feathers

An hour and a half after arriving by plane in Santa Barbara last Friday night I had been entrapped and arrested by plainclothed state agents.

Since I am here to cover the riots for BARB, my first move is to try and obtain a local press pass from police headquarters in the Fire Station outside Isla Vista.

My credentials are examined and the pass is denied. I ask for immunity to go from where I am to radio station KCSB on the UC campus. Denied.

No reasons are given for any of this. I ask for a police escort to the campus. Denied again.

Finally I ask permission to remain in the press room at riot headquarters until the curfew is over at 6:00 am. No.

Local authorities clearly want to keep an information blanket over isolated Isla Vista. Only two passes have been issued for Friday night. I can't find out who got them.

Isla Vista is far enough from neighboring towns that a press blackout guarantees the police a free hand on the streets. Official reports would give only the police account of what happened.

As I leave the station, a plainclothesman posing as a Ventura reporter offers to walk me into Isla Vista. I don't want to go into town, but I hope I can get to the radio station on campus. I want to spend the night there and get a full account of what has been going on.

A few seconds later Mark and I are arrested--by the agent who posed as a reporter at the station. The car we came in, or one identical to it picks us up. It is full of plainclothesmen who look like students and street people.

In the car I try to count the number of times my rights as a reporter have been violated. Too many. In the station I was denied a pass. Then I was driven by a stranger to a place I had no desire to go near. The whole thing was set up to keep me from seeing what was going on that night.

There is no way they can justify the arrest. They knew who I was from the station. The narcotics agent who busted me tried to walk me into the curfew area himself. When I didn't go with him, he arranged for me to be driven there.

If I were a private citizen, and they have reason to believe I was in violation of the law, they could have arrested me at the station. But I'm a reporter with credentials who just arrived in town. My only mistake was following their rules.

The revolutionaries know better. Their indictment of the system stems precisely from the kind of rule violations I just experienced.

It takes 12-20 hours to get booked and most people don't get their two phone calls for two days. I hear that a busload of prisoners was continuously beaten when one of them complained about his cuffs. Others are beaten in jail.

We are threatened and harassed frequently by guards trying to impose military discipline.

Most of those arrested Friday night were picked up for curfew violations. They are mostly students who were caught walking home, or buying records at a store. Seven out of 18 people in my cell block were dragged out of their homes, or other private residences.

I start reconstructing the riot from jail interviews with my cell mates. The state is trying to get Kunstler on inciting to riot. They want a conspiracy. According to them Kunstler's Wednesday afternoon speech sparked off the rioting. But that does not explain the riot on Tuesday night.

The kid I was busted with had tapes from Thursday night. In jail, both of us were interrogated about the tapes. He was told they would not be returned, and that their content was false. He quoted a cop in the street on Thursday night, "We're going to start shooting, and we'll aim for the rooftops first."

One I.V. resident was shot in the shoulders when he failed to stop his car at a roadblock. Another was run over by a police car when the car accelerated to between 50 and 60 mph into a crowd.

* * * * *

Lefty Bryant is being held in isolation. He's their big fish. Their communist agitator. No bail can get him out. Most of the felonies have no bail on them.

After 140 arrests, numerous beatings and a week of violence and occupation, the community is radicalized. In a single week it's reputation has changed from a surfer town with a school next to it to a center for radical education. Police overkill tactics have transformed a docile sea-side town into a ravaged war zone.

Civil liberties were suspended at the whim of individual officers. Entrapment was used to jail the press. Bank of America's Friday letter to Ronald Reagan asked for the protection of private property and the restoration of democratic processes. Friday night, people were dragged from their homes into jail. They were charged with assaulting police officers.


DISSENT

How true a picture is this of police behavior in Isla Vista? It seems likely that the basic facts are accurate since substantially the same things were reported by other underground papers before there was time for consultation among them. In any case, it is easy to see how the attitude of the Movement toward the police has reached its present state.

There are numberless examples of this kind of story in all underground papers. It is the recurrent theme that underlies all comment on the police and the courts.

The police and the courts, of course, protect the Establishment, which is the real enemy of the Movement and consequently criticism of the Establishment is another of the major themes of the underground press.

Laurance Lipton, of The Los Angeles Free Press, for example, says that the United States is not a democracy, but a **MEDIOCRACY** and its religion is **MONEYTHEISM**. Here is one of his columns, "Radio Free America," in which he explains his point of view, which is typical of attitudes throughout the Movement:



LAWRENCE LIPTON
ARE YOU AN IMPUDENT SNOB OR A MEDIOCRITY?

It's only a rhetorical question, of course, because you have little if any choice in the matter. If you're an impudent snob, Spiro Agnew isn't going to like you, because you know so much about so many things that Spiro doesn't know. Or, if he does, it's something he doesn't like, so YOU'RE an impudent snob and he is that paragon of American virtues, a mediocrity. We have Senator Hruska's word for it that mediocrity is a much maligned patriotic virtue. In defense of the appointment of Judge Carswell to the U.S. Supreme Court he said: "There are lots of mediocre judges and people and lawyers. They are entitled to a little representation, aren't they?" Isn't that the basic principle of representative democratic government? Of course, if you're an impudent snob you might say that mediocrity is well represented in the courts and in public office, perhaps in accurate proportion to their numbers in the electorate. It's just that Judge Carswell would be one too many on the High Court. And maybe he fails to qualify as a mediocrity, falling some points short of the I.Q. required to qualify as mediocre. Or perhaps his I.Q. is okay but his hitherto well-concealed bigotry and racism disqualify him. But no, that can't be it. If bigotry and racism were enough to disqualify a man for the American judicial system, most of the judges would have to be booted out, and nearly all the victims of racism who have come before them in the last hundred years would be exonerated, most of them posthumously.

MEDIOCRACY UBER ALLES

A good case could be made for the thesis that American Society is a **MEDIOCRACY**, a word that readers of Radio Free America may remember having seen in this column long ago, since it was coined in our private word mint. Just as was, also, the word **MONEYTHEISM**. (Protected by International Copyright and not to be used without special permission.)

When Senator Russell Long, another Carswell defender, said the U.S. needs a B student or a C student instead of an A student on the Supreme Court he was speaking for the mediocrity, of which he is one of the most mediocre members. And, for that matter, he was also speaking for American moneytheism. The moneytheists love mediocrity in public office as much as they fear and hate the "pseudo-intellectual impudent snobs" on the campus. That's what the revolution on the campus is all about, and nobody knows where it's at better than the Nixon/Agnew/Wallace Axis. They also know how to deal with the campus rebels: incite the mediocrats of the Silent Majority to riot against the impudent snobs and put them out of action by any means necessary, even crossing state lines to do it. The Nixon/Wallace Administration is not above using a phrase or two borrowed from the Black Panthers if it serves their purpose.

THE MUSIC OF THE MEDIOCRACY

For Mediocrat Harry Truman it was "The Missouri Waltz" for FDR it was "Home on the Range," for LBJ it was "The Eyes of Texas Are Upon You," and for Mediocrat Nixon it is a current home-made folksy ballad called "Welfare Cadillac." At least that is his choice for a forthcoming invitation musicale at the White House, and his choice for a singer is Johnny (Cash-box) Cash. Readers of this column may remember that I had Johnny Cash's number (that is, his bank balance number) as long ago as the TV concert where he gave his Mediocracy medal (so to speak) to one-time protest singer Bob Dylan, welcoming Bob back into the Judeo-Christian musical tradition of Bob's Jewish heritage and his Pilgrim Fathers. It was such a monstrous miscegenation that many of Dylan's old friends and worshippers couldn't believe it and tried to explain it away, to themselves and their friends. Now let Bob Dylan try and explain "Welfare Cadillac." Everyone knows by now, I suppose, that the song is an anti-poor, anti-welfare plug for what used to be called rugged individualism and to hell with the losers in the slums and the niggers in the ghettos.

Tricky Dicky, who tries to be everything to everybody—except the campus snobs and the long-haired conspirators—sat down at the piano a week or so ago and pounded out all the presidential favorites—"Home on the Range," "The Missouri Waltz" and "The Eyes of Texas," while Spiro Agnew kept drowning him out with "Dixie," according to the account in TIME. Many will feel the occasion (at the Gridiron Club in Washington, D.C.) as a severe pain in the ass perpetrated by two of Mediocracy's most painful assholes, but they should know that this was the voice of mediocrity itself, the voice of the silent majority. And Johnny Cashbox is its prophet.

THE RELIGION OF MEDIOCRACY, MONEYTHEISM

Not that the silent majority of mediocracy HAS the money—the mediocre Elite have it—but that it WORSHIPS money and those who have it. They see themselves as potentially affluent, and in the meantime, while they're waiting for their Big Opportunity (that summons from the Front Office and a key to the executive toilet), they are content to ass-kiss their bosses, wave the flag and enjoy fantasies of clubbing the hippies and cheering for Wallace while voting for Nixon. Money is their God and the people who have the money, the Big Money, are their priests, the High Priests of Moneytheism. If they vote right, that is RIGHT, all their dreams of affluence and power will some day come true. They can get fucked over by their idols a dozen times a day, and they'll still be true to The American Dream—as long as they are too old themselves to be drafted and can "give my son to the service of my country." Didn't God give his only son... Every time they get a telegram with the President's regrets—"lost in action"—it is Good Friday for a loyal and patriotic father and mother. It's the old time religion, and if it was good enough for God it is good enough for them. Except that the Unknown Soldier did not rise on the third day and ascend into heaven. Except that their soldier boy is not likely to return in a cloud of glory on the Judgment Day. But if nothing else, it makes a high emotional moment when the closed casket of Junior is lowered into a regimented grave in Westwood and Mama is presented with a neatly folded flag to take home. Or a weeping but uplifted and patriotic wife hugs the folded flag to her bosom and goes home to await the first monthly check from the government as a token of her country's gratitude—the booby prize of war.

There is one remedy for this kind of exploitative necrophilia that I can suggest: ship the bodies back in an OPEN coffin, fresh from the front lines, with the guts still hanging out, with the blood still fresh and the severed limbs and smashed faces lovingly preserved—and THEN let the army put on its patriotic charade for the bereaved. HOW LONG WOULD THE WAR LAST?

The anti-Establishment view sometimes leads the underground press to extremes, as, for example, after the bombing and burning of the Santa Barbara branch of the Bank of America, when The Berkeley Barb ran an "open letter," a double-page center-spread, elaborately designed, with an orange poster background saying, "Don't Bank on Amerika." This letter is an attempt to justify the bank-burning, because the bank is an "oppressive" institution:

AN OPEN LETTER FROM THE REVOLUTIONARY MOVEMENT TO THE BANK OF AMERICA

We are deeply disturbed by the wanton acts of aggression perpetrated on the peoples of S.E. Asia engaged in revolutionary struggles. These military interventions are not childish pranks, peaceful demonstrations, or even non-violent disruptions designed to give symbolic meaning to imperialism. Rather, they are criminal acts of violent proportions directed against the people's democratic struggle. They are fascist gestures of the kind that lead to further violence, bloodshed and repression. Nor are

they isolated instances but rather a continuation of the calculated violence that has been emanating from your banks and financial institutions in the name of the state under the directions of the corporate few.

You compare us in the American Revolutionary Movement to the "brown shirts" of Nazi Germany. Lest you forget, it was the brown shirts of Nazi Germany who came to power in order to repress the Revolutionary movement in pre-Nazi Germany. In whose interests then do you speak of "law and order"?

We accuse your bank, Chairman Lundborg and ex-chairman Peterson, in your plunder of "hungry new markets" and your affiliations with defense contractors like Litton and McDonnell-Douglas, in your magnanimous aid to the CIA through the Asia Foundation, of raping the "underdeveloped world."

We accuse you of continuing the racist hegemony of American Imperialism over Asia, South America, and Africa. We accuse your bank, Director Di Giorgio, of being the largest parasitic landlord in the state of California, owning properties larger in area than the whole state of Delaware, and yet you fight against the minimum wage demands of migrant farm workers and lobby for the continuation of the "bracero program." Not only do you oppose labor in your control of agribusiness in California, but you have consistently opposed the demands of workers through generous support of anti-labor legislation.

Your retail food outlets distribute food of declining quality, artificially grown, and of little nutritional value. We accuse you of destroying the world's ecological balance through your mining concerns, your manufacturing interests, and your petroleum companies like Union Oil (or have you forgotten the beaches of Santa Barbara?).

In whose interests is LAW AND ORDER when one of your directors, Harry S. Baker, sits on the board of the largest police weapons manufacturer in the world, Bangor Punta?

This is for the people of the world to decide: what is the burning of a bank compared to the founding of a bank? In whose interest is law and order when tyranny prevails?

ALL POWER TO THE PEOPLE!

This is pretty strong stuff, and shows how far the Movement has come from the peaceful days of the flower children and "Make Love, Not War."

DEFEND

A somewhat different point of view is expressed in The East Village Other (March 24, 1970), which devoted a full page to the various bombings which had occurred in Maryland and New York in early March. The article, by Renfreu Neff, is entitled "End of the Road," and is headed by the following quotations:

"The mass of men lead lives of quiet desperation"

Thoreau

"If we make peaceful revolution impossible, we make violent revolution inevitable."

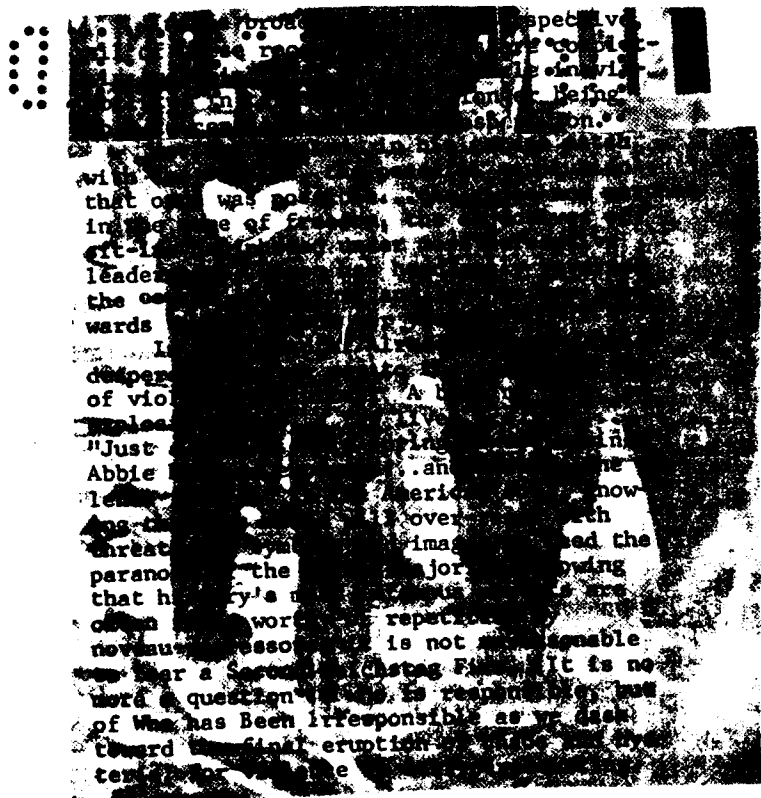
John F. Kennedy

The point Miss Neff makes is not that violence is justifiable under certain circumstances, but that it is regrettably inevitable, essentially what President Kennedy said in the quotation above. Violence is inevitable, she thinks, in a situation which she believes has become "desperate." The article is filled with doom and gloom. She sees no way to stop what she believes to be the inexorable progress of the nation toward full-scale civil conflict.

END OF THE ROAD

we have all seen the results of that "full-scale" investigation. An "impartial" conclusion that the murder by police was "justified" leaves no one left...anyone who believes that any better results will come out of an investigation of this kind. The blame is placed on the victim. The investigation is a fraud from the start. The old-time divisions and are called in to solve the mystery. The sign in the street says "Gold" and "Gold" will die. The other side of the street duty is... that, too, Guevara... brilliant... more... who... lying... in dense...

0100000000



The tone is one of "regretful revolution," if there can be such a thing.

While Renfreu Neff is gloomy, Jerry Rubin, of the Chicago Seven, mixes wisecracks with revolutionary dogma, and what comes out is neither comedy nor tragedy, but something new in politics, a kind of stand-up revolutionary night-club comic act featuring Karl and Groucho. Here are some excerpts from Rubin's book, Do It!, reprinted in The Los Angeles Free Press:

THE SOLIDARITY OF SALIVA

The New Left said: I protest.
The hippies said: I am.
Grass destroyed the left as a minority movement and created in its place a youth culture.
Grass shows us that our lives, not our consciences, are at stake. As pot-heads we come face-to-face with the real world of cops, jails, courts, trials, undercover nars, paranoia and the war with our parents.
An entire generation of flower-smokers has been turned into criminals. There are more than 200,000 people now in jail for dope. Every pot-head is in jail as long as one is in jail. The solidarity of saliva.
Grass teaches us disrespect for the law and the courts. Which do you trust: Richard Milhous Nixon or your own sense organs?
We are what we get high on.
Juice-heads drink alone. They get drunk and disgusting. They puke all over themselves. They pass out. Alcohol turns off the senses.
Pot-heads smoke together. We get high and get together. Into ourselves and into each other. How can we make a revolution except together?
Make pot legal, and society will fall apart.
Keep it illegal, and soon there will be a revolution.

DO IT!

APOCALYPSE!

Previous revolutions aimed at seizure of the state's highest authority, followed by the takeover of the means of production. The Youth International Revolution will begin with mass breakdown of authority, mass rebellion, total anarchy in every institution in the Western world. Tribes of longhairs, blacks, armed women, workers, peasants and students will take over.

The hippie dropout myth will infiltrate every structure of Amerika. The revolution will shock itself by discovering that it has friends everywhere, friends just waiting for The Moment.

At community meetings all over the land, Bob Dylan will replace The National Anthem.

There will be no more jails, courts or police.

The White House will become a crash pad for anybody without a place to stay in Washington.

The world will become one big commune with free food and housing, everything shared.

All watches and clocks will be destroyed.

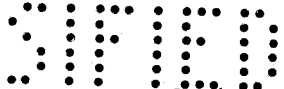
Barbers will go to rehabilitation camps where they will grow their hair long.

There will be no such crime as "stealing" because everything will be free.

The Pentagon will be replaced by an LSD experimental farm.

There will be no more schools or churches because the entire world will become one church and school.

People will farm in the morning, make music in the afternoon and fuck wherever and whenever they want to.



And Lipton of the Free Press adds:

So—what do you make of it, a parapolitical movement that has made more of a stir in the land, and around the world, than any conventional political movement in a couple of decades, or just a clown act, a bunch of "Dead End" kids who may drive the reactionary Right straight into Nazism-Fascism and wreck the whole Left, Old and New, if we take the word of that great authority on revolutionary strategy Steve Allen, or that other great authority on political strategy Helen McKenna to whom he hastened to lend his support against the new enemy—Jerry Rubin and the Conspiracy.

My own position on such matters is well known to readers of Radio Free America—ALL the forces of the Left, from flower power to fire power, are needed if we are to win a chance to make a new world, or even to survive on the planet. Together we are like the fingers of a hand, joined at the wrist, which, if need be, can be clenched into a fist.

Not all the political activity of the Movement is revolutionary in nature, however. The Peace and Freedom Party, an important element of the Movement, is alive and well in California and held a convention in Long Beach in early February 1970, where it decided to run candidates for the U.S. Senate, for Governor and Lt. Governor, and other offices:

Peace and Freedom Party convention-

PFP bounces back with optimism, good vibes; Robert Scheer will run for U.S. Senate

ED RICHER

LONG BEACH- As if they had never heard the rumor that American radicals were on the brink of extinction, California's Peace & Freedom Party (as in 1968) turned the odds here last weekend to keep open the electoral possibilities for the rehumanization of America.

About 400 P&F activists convened their second statewide convention at Long Beach State College, and came away with a slate of local, state, and federal candidates, an updated platform challenge to the established parties, and a refreshing unity of spirit that hopes to breathe new life into the American Left.

Before Long Beach, the realpolitik of their situation looked grim:

(1) P&F's presidential candidate in 1968, Eldridge Cleaver, has been chased into exile, to Algeria;

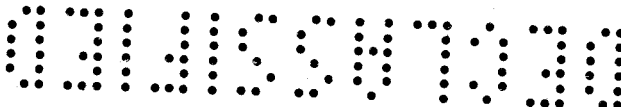
(2) their registration, over 100,000 in California in 1968, is down to 35,000, only 11,000 in Los Angeles County;

(3) The Black Panther Party, P&F's 1968 ally, has had its members murdered, jailed and brutally harassed by a nationwide

genocidal conspiracy now headquartered, by its own admission, in the Nixon administration;

(4) the sentencing of the Chicago 8 to lengthy jail terms has tempted many white radicals throughout the country into plans of flight, underground activities, or simply private, demoralized paralysis.

After the Long Beach convention which was open to all P&F registrants on a one-man, one-vote basis their electoral-politk looked like this:



The underground press has taken up the cause of the American Indian, not only because it usually backs minority group movements of any kind, but because it sees the Indian as an outstanding example of how the Establishment deals with the People. Here is a graphic representation of the Los Angeles Free Press attitude toward the plight of the Red Man:

February 27, 1970


Los Angeles Free Press



NOT REPRODUCED

But revolution is more exciting, and Lawrence Lipton of the Free Press returns to the subject again and again. Here are some excerpts from his column of January 30:

RADIO FREE AMERICA



LAWRENCE LIPTON

REVOLUTION IS SOMETHING YOU DO
Yes, I know it's important to *think* things, it's important to *say* things, it's important to *read* things, it's important to *argue* things out, with yourself and with others. But *then* what? What do you *do* about things. Ask yourself: What have I done about anything, even about one single thing that I've felt so deeply about, thought about, read about, argued about? Just one single thing.

* * * * *

First and foremost, if it's some revolutionary work you decide to get into, is to get a sharp focus on the main target: *Who is the enemy?* That's the point at which so much revolutionary energy goes astray and misses the mark. When that happens, all your energy is drained away on some trivial or peripheral target instead of the main target: that is, the institution or person (and remember that institutions are people) who is or are a part of the Power Structure or a tool of the Power Structure that has become evil and anti-social, corrupt perhaps from its very inception, but in ways that are only now becoming obvious. Automobile manufacture, to cite one example, was a necessary thing when it started and it still is, but only now is there a growing realization that its corporate control is in the hands of people who would rather create profits and dividends than a smog-free car that would save us from choking to death within the next few years if they — and you — don't do something to force them to do it NOW. That is something to *do*. That is a revolutionary action. That is joining the forces of the Design for Life instead of dragging along with the "silent majority" (do you really believe it IS a majority?) that is part of the Design for Death.

FROM TALK TO ACTION — THREE STEPS

First: the thinking, debating, talking stage. Take water pollution: Do you really think that Nixon intends to do anything about it, anything that isn't too little and too late? His political history doesn't encourage me, for one, to believe that he was doing anything more than jumping belatedly on a political bandwagon that he thinks may help to carry him back into the White House again come next election. If you share my view, you come to the next step.

Second step: The next step is *out into the streets*. I'm using the term generically, of course. A direct confrontation with the police, whose job it is to club you or shoot you in case you show signs of "conspiring" — confront one of their bosses — a corporation president, for example, in his own sacred sanctum sanctorum. Or a public who is too busy to see you and your fellow protestors and orders you all out of the hearing room when you try to have one of those "dialogues" so dear to the hearts of do-nothing liberals. And, finally, into the streets can be anything from the Pentagon to Chicago to Century City to Watts, Newark, etc., etc.

Jerry Rubin says "Do It!" and Lipton tells you how to do it.

01150700

Lipton is a theoretician, however, not a mad Bolshevik bomb thrower. He sees "the revolution" as leading eventually to a peaceful world where not only do men cease destroying each other, but they also cease destroying the earth on which they live. Here are some remarks from another of Lipton's columns on revolution:

RADIO FREE AMERICA



LAWRENCE LIPTON

"The Part of Revolution"

Victor Hugo, when he was dying, wrote and signed the following words on the wall of the room in which he died in 1885:
I represent a party which does not yet exist: the party of revolution, civilization. This party will go forward and make the twentieth century. There will issue from it, first, the United States of Europe, then the United States of the world.

The words contain a prophecy, within the context of Hugo's time and place, of course. The world of his time was Europe, the home of all culture and all hope for the future. Out of a united Europe was to come the world of law and culture, art and wisdom, which the rest of the world would accept and emulate: in other words, a kind of benignant cultural imperialism. The Power Structure of the U.S., what there is left of it that hasn't already gone psychotic and genocidal, still holds to substantially the same world view as Hugo held in 1885 — except that Hugo's view was more altruistic and his motivations were humanistic rather than militaristic, as witness the first two sentences of his prophecy: this party does not yet exist (in this time), and it will "make the twentieth century," which is still our hope, and perhaps our last chance on planet Earth. Most significant of all is his equating of the party of revolution with the party of civilization.

The party of civilization

It is not as good a slogan today as it was to Hugo in 1885. Today we know that civilization is no longer a fitting word for the world we of the Alternative Society envision as the world of the future.

Today the world is still revolution, but it has been loused up by authoritarian, out-of-date, Russian communism, and by co-optation by the U.S. Establishment and the media, with its obscene and immoral commercials — everything is revolutionary, from a new additive or a tooth paste to the latest pharmaceutical poison. Liberation would have been a better word for our time. I tried to popularize it, but it didn't take, except among all the wrong people, so I gave it up. We have to find new contexts in which to use the word revolution and give it new and fresh meanings.

And finally (at right), Jerry Rubin who says that the revolution feeds on repression
 (L.A. Free Press, March 6, 1970):

The events of the last five months in Chicago, and the last few days may one day be called two days that shook the world, at least that part of the world that is thirsting for deep, radical social change, that part of the world that knows the survival of man, perhaps all life depends on the success of the present on-going world revolution.

Let me make one thing perfectly clear

Nixon was swindled into the White House like all other Presidents by the old ballot box shell game in which no one wins except the fat cats (to use an old endearment, today it is pigs) of the Power Structure. With one difference: today the Power structure is split, just as it was before the Civil War. The analogy of the 1850's and '60s should not be overlooked by those who are constantly pointing to the 1930s in Germany as a model for what was happening in the U.S. in the 1950's and '60s. I say was because I think the 70s will tell another story, the story of a revolution rapidly learning its lessons and coming to maturity. To use an analogy I have used so often: the multiple revolution which is the style of the present revolution is like the fingers of a hand joined at the wrist. Today the fingers are beginning to clench into a fist. That is why the Power Structure is panicking, knowing it is split and not knowing how it can end the split and unite against the revolutionary threat to seize power. The secret strategy of the hopelessly split Establishment is to create a conspiracy, as they did in Chicago, and then crack down on the conspirators and send them to the federal penitentiary for years-long stretches of time. That was what the federal and local police told Jerry Rubin and Abbie Hoffman over and over again in Chicago in 1968: "We're going to put you away for a long time."

It is still within our power to see that they don't succeed in doing it. There are still remedies short of civil war. They, the flunkies of the Power Structure, would like nothing better than to goad us into a showdown with arms, because that is where they have all the advantages and we have practically none. We must continue to remind ourselves that revolutions have to be won on all fronts, cultural, artistic, the building of alternative cultures, the founding of revolutionary enclaves. Force must be a last resort. That is what they would like to goad us into, because they know we cannot win that way. Let us use the weapons they do not have; let us counter their power with the power of love and laughter, with freedoms that we can exercise. That way we can hope to win our way.

Our defense was trying to present our life to this jury. We were doing — we acted in this trial just the way we always act. We didn't do a single thing to try and get a not guilty verdict, to try and get someone's respect. We were ourselves. And you are sentencing us for being ourselves. That's our crime: being ourselves. Because we don't look like this any more. That's our crime...

There is this slogan, you can jail the revolutionary but you can't jail the revolution. And I used to say that. But I only understand what that means right now, because you can easily pick up our bodies and throw us in a cell.

What you are doing out there is creating millions of revolutionaries.

NOT RECORDED

Political revolution is not the only kind of revolution to preoccupy the underground press. Women's Liberation has been a major issue within the Movement for years and, like many of the other major issues, has broken out into the straight media and straight society.

As mentioned earlier, Rat is now the voice of Women's Liberation on the East Coast. Here is a sample of what they say:

RAT is supposed to be a paper about revolution. Our revolution. The revolution that will tear apart the guts of the gloating Amerikan dinosaur in which we live, that is tearing it apart today. The revolution that is building out of our hating, fearful, grasping white souls a consciousness shaped of courage, joy, and respect and love for each other in the community of struggle.

Last Saturday, January 24th, the RAT office was yielded to an all-women's collective. The women who have been on the staff for at least the last couple of weeks joined in working a 16-hour day, 8-day week to plan, write, edit, illustrate, typeset, layout, and photograph this issue in the short space of time we had before the printing deadline. We were joined by more than a dozen other unaffiliated women and sisters from WITCH, Redstockings, the Gay Liberation Front, LNS and Weatherman, who shared in the totally collective spirit and energy that has gone into the issue.

The takeover had to happen. It was long overdue. The blatant sexism of RAT in the past is only part of what made it necessary.

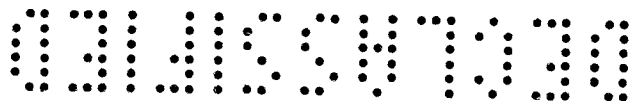
Going beyond even the enormous tangled problem of sexism both on the staff of the paper and the content of the products, is the issue of good politics in its totality. More than ever in the last couple of months, RAT has given the impression that we regard politics as that thing the Black Panthers and the Young Lords are into. White youth, and non-Panthers/Lords (one would think after reading through recent back RATs) just lie back and groove on pornography, dope, rock, movies. RAT has been moving no one to action, has failed to even suggest directions for action. It labors along with humorous pretensions, which most of us can't even find funny anymore (particularly those of us who bear the brunt of the jokes) about the cultural revolution. Can we still be under the delusion that the cultural revolution, in this time of heavy repression, of mounting police power and courtroom insanity, is going to pull down the state with its dope and music and its so-called liberated sex? Is it true, as Huey said, that an unarmed people is subject to slavery at any given moment? How much longer can we avoid dealing with this and call ourselves revolutionaries?

This is not to say that our culture isn't an integral part of the way we fight the system. But the culture has got to be revolutionary as surely as the revolution has got to be cultural. When a woman can walk into the RAT office and say to the editor that she'd like to write for the paper, only to be told "We've got enough female writers, what we need is a secretary to answer the mail and take the phone calls"; when two or three men out of a staff of ten or twelve people can slap together an issue at the last minute in total disregard for any political opinions the rest of the staff might have; when we who work at the paper have no notion of what each other's politics might be—then the paper is about to die of its own diseases. We RAT women want to create a revolutionary rebirth out of that death.

The question of whether men and women can function together as a revolutionary unit on this paper is not settled yet. If we can throw out our absurd heirarchy of Editor, Assistant Editor, etc. etc. down to the minute irrelevant divisions of labor that are dragging on both the men and the women here—we will have made a strong start in the right direction. We sisters will also have to exercise careful control over the content—and the graphics, headlines, covers, advertising—and help each other to make our power felt. We will need help in making this paper truly collective, truly revolutionary and we urge all our sisters to keep the energy flowing in the office.

Death to the bureaucrats, death to the sexists, death to those who care more about their egos than they do about change. ALL POWER TO THE REVOLUTION!

The RAT women.



DEFINITION

Rat now sees everything through the prism of Women's Liberation. Here are excerpts from a letter to the editor which illustrate the attitude of Rat readers and staff toward the traditional role of women in society:

I know what it means to be a woman the same way a black person understands the word "nigger," and until an appropriate word or appropriate re-definition comes out of the movement I will no longer use that word in reference to myself except in quotation marks.

* * * * *

Another mistaken notion X holds is that I want equality in the area of male dominated radical politics. I don't want your guns, knives, crossbows or any other symbols of the male political power. I was a member of the S.D.S. while a student at the University of Michigan. If anything was establishment it was the S.D.S. Many of the best and most radical ideas came from the women but were quickly snatched up by the men so as to protect the women from any physical harm and also to keep the women closer to the phones, typewriters, and coffee pots. It was these same women who marched in demonstrations, were clubbed and beaten while their men stood behind the protection of cameras and microphones spouting the S.D.S.

ideology to the press and world at large. Any woman who honestly believes that she is going to change the values of the establishment by standing behind her man (or lying beneath him) is a damn fool. A woman's position in radical politics is not "prone" as one radical male chauvinist put it, but standing and standing with her sisters.

And now, my final point... marriage. In a male dominated, male defined society have women ever been given an alternative choice? • • •

Have women ever been trained for anything other than service positions. • • • No matter how educated or well-trained she is, she is told that she will eventually marry and have children, therefore all executive positions are closed to her. And I am familiar with stories of token women who made their million but that's the same attitude that "because there are no bombs falling in my backyard there are no wars going on." • • •

Women are just beginning to realize what they want and for myself and many other sisters, marriage is not included in the picture. • • • a new concept must be formulated. It must be based on equal responsibility in the home, in the sex act, in contraception and child planning, in the support and raising of children and in all decisions that affect both parties involved.

And while you are out drinking, building rockets and making the highways and byways of the country loud with raucous revelling, my sisters and I will be spending our time raising money to start child care centers, fighting for the repeal of abortion laws, helping women whose husbands have deserted them and their children obtain adequate welfare payments, establishing birth control and sex education centers for teenage girls who often fall prey to the male myth "if I pull out in time you won't get pregnant" etc. etc. etc. While you are out destroying we will be out building. • • •

Sisters at RAT and all around the country thank you for letting me know I'm not alone. Keep up the fight. SISTERHOOD IS POWERFUL.

Michela Griffio

Even news items are seen as illustrations of Man's inhumanity to Woman (Rat April 4, 1970):

loveknot

In Reading, Massachusetts, a 62-year-old man was freed on charges of murdering his unfaithful wife. Irving Walker reportedly found a love letter written by his wife to her lover. The Walkers had a fight. Mr Walker strangled Mrs. Walker.

In court Mr. Walker was allowed to plead guilty to a lesser charge, manslaughter (that is, women murder). He was given a 10 to 20 year sentence, which the Judge then immediately suspended. Walker is now free on probation for 5 years.

The Judge noted that in some states the slaying "would not have been considered a punishable crime."

Assume that there even was such a "love letter"; assume that Mrs. Walker was in fact having an affair with another man. Since when is adultery acceptable grounds for murder? Ever since men made the rules.

Rat, of course, is not the only underground paper to give attention to the Women's Liberation Movement, though it is one of the few to devote itself almost exclusively to the subject. Women's Liberation is a big thing on the West Coast, as one might expect, and The Berkeley Barb and The Los Angeles Free Press, among others, keep their readers informed of feminist activities both national and local. Here are excerpts from a typical piece in the Barb (March 13, 1970):

WOMEN'S WEEKEND

by Connie Cox

The Women's Liberation Movement in the Bay Area embraces a loose group of organizations, including civil rights, socialist, Third World, anti-war and welfare groups.

The focus is political, mostly anti-capitalist / imperialist, concerned with external causes and solutions to women's oppression.

They believe that women's roles are determined by the economic-political system, and that women will most profitably work against the system along with black, Third World and other oppressed groups. Tackle the system and these people will no longer be exploitable.

With so many different groups involved it is understandable that there should be some conflict--maybe it's remarkable that there isn't more. What conflict there is seems to be over questions of emphasis.

During the planning for International Women's Day March 8th, factions split on how heavily the focus should be on women's struggles as separate from all revolutionary struggles.

According to Bitsy Myers of YSA, one of the organizers for the Provo Park rally in Berkeley on Sunday, a rally had originally been planned for Dolores Park in San Francisco. Some Berkeley women and others felt the SF affair was too strictly anti-imperialist to attract many women who don't strongly identify with the revolution.

It would be great if more women recognized their struggle as part of the anti-imperialist struggle, but we aren't that far along yet.

* * * * *

Maybe it is a measure of how far women have to go that the sexuality workshop was closed to men. A lot of the talk in the workshop was about women's problems in communicating their plight to their men.

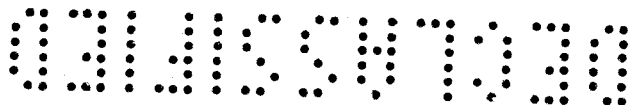
A participant talked about how dangerous it is to complain to your man:

"If you complain about your sexual role, he says you're hungup and wonders why he's with you. We don't complain because we know there's another woman who's ready to be dishonest enough to make him happy. If we're ever going to have honesty in our relationships, we've got to support each other instead of competing; we've got to make it possible to demand our sexual rights without jeopardizing our relationships."

Closely tied to Women's Liberation is the subject of legal abortion, since the militant feminists feel that men have enslaved women partly through such things as the anti-abortion laws, thus giving women no choice other than celibacy (until the advent of the Pill), or what the militants regard as the demeaning pain and drudgery of child-bearing.

This subject, too, has become a major issue in the straight press; Newsweek dated April 13, 1970, for example, has a cover story on "Abortion and the Law."

Coverage of the campaign to ease restrictions on abortions is complete and thorough in the underground press. Here are only a few examples:



**HALF OF THE
HUMAN RACE
IS OPPRESSED**

The FEMALE Half
If you don't believe it give
us a chance to prove it.
If you do believe it - JOIN

N.O.W.
(National Organi-
zation for Women)

9601 Wilshire Blvd.
Rm. 22 Beverly Hills 90210
Phone: 274-9069
(Answering Service)

The Los Angeles
Free Press,
April 17, 1970

The Berkeley Barb,
March 20, 1970

ABORTION LAW CHANGE URGED

Saturday at 10 a.m. persons interested in helping with the California abortion law repeal initiative signature campaign will meet at the Glide Memorial Church, corner of Taylor and Ellis Streets, S.F.

The National Organization for Women (NOW), Zero Population Growth (ZPG) and the Association of Repeal Abortion Laws (ARAL) are joining forces with other groups and concerned citizens to conduct a concentrated drive to bring the abortion initiative campaign to the attention of the public and obtain their co-operations.

Everyone willing to help is invited to attend and participate. Signatures of thousands of voters upon initiative petitions are needed in order to have repeal of all abortion laws upon the ballot in November in California for all voters to decide.

Essentially the proposed action would follow what the State of Hawaii has already done recently

and what will be voted upon in the State of Washington by all its voters in November.

Participants who actually obtain signatures upon petitions must be registered voters in the county where signatures are obtained. However all persons, including those not registered to vote, can help in many other capacities. The Concentration on Saturday will be upon San Francisco, itself; but others from the entire Bay Area interested should attend and the campaign will be extended as workers are available.

It is expected that each Saturday an additional gathering of workers will be held until the end of the time when signatures can be obtained which is in early June. The plan is to obtain at least 5,000 signatures Saturday in San Francisco.

Those wishing additional information may phone the NOW office (415) 564-0181 or the ARAL office (415) 386-6480.

ABORT ABORT HOPES

If you're knocked up and unhappy about it, don't flip over the current straight press accounts of big abortion law changes.

Local abortion-aid people say things haven't changed here yet. Same old male chauvinist rules still apply.

And it isn't worth the long swim to Hawaii, either--there's a 90-day waiting period there.

The two big-headline accounts that have been cropping up this week in the aboveground dailies have generated false hopes, BARB was told.

One story--a typical headline is "High Court Rules on Abortions"--on casual reading looks like California's restrictions have been dumped.

But they haven't. All that went down is that the Supreme Court backed the state high court's view that our abortion law is unconstitutional.

But that was the old law that was ruled out, and the new Therapeutic Abortion Act, which is still pretty restrictive, is still in force.

California Attorney General Thomas C. Lynch said the ruling will make no diff in the state's current law, which OKs abortions only if the mother's "physical or mental health" is endangered, or if the pregnancy comes from rape or incest.

The old law that was struck down said that abortions were allowable only when necessary to preserve the life of the mother--which was felt to be too vague to let the docs know when to do their thing without worrying about going to prison.

The new law apparently may run into the same Constitutional problems, but that's another story that hasn't been told yet.

As to Hawaii, things are really getting whipped into shape, and are now completely away from

the old bullshit about what a woman can or cannot do with her bed.

"It's what we've been aiming at all along," said a local abortion aid spokeswoman at Planned Parenthood, who stressed that she spoke only for herself and wished to remain anonymous.

That new completely liberalized law was passed by Hawaii's state legislature Tuesday and the Governor is expected to OK it.

It provides the best deal in the United States: abortions for any woman resident in Hawaii for 90 days before the operation is performed, provided only that the job is done by licensed doctors in a hospital before the unborn baby could live outside the mother's womb, about 20 weeks.

But, for needy California women, that 90-day clause is Catch 22. By then, the abortion would be legally and medically impossible.

Write your congressman. Or stage an abort-in.

The Berkeley Barb, February 27, 1970

In addition to regular news coverage like that above, however, both the Barb and the Free Press, during this interim period of political maneuvering, offer sources of advice and information to women on what to do about an unwanted pregnancy:

PREGNANT? NEED HELP?

There are no shots or pills to terminate a pregnancy. These medications are intended to induce a late period only. Also beware of mimeographed lists of doctors who will perform abortions. They are often obsolete and only lead to quacks or authorities.

The PROBLEM PREGNANCY COUNSELING SERVICE provides complete privacy, many references (so you may talk with those who have already been helped), and is completely confidential. If you have any doubts as to the alternatives from which you are choosing, please call.

CALL:

Milwaukee WI - 414/933-7271 - Mr. Ron Larson
 Berkeley Ca - 415/848-6036 Mr. Robert Matson
 Houston Texas - 713/523-5354 Mrs. Lindsay Peterson.

The Berkeley Barb, April 27, 1970

Pregnant ? Need HELP?



THERE ARE NO SHOTS OR PILLS TO TERMINATE A PREGNANCY. THESE MEDICATIONS ARE INTENDED TO INDUCE A LATE PERIOD ONLY! ALSO BEWARE OF LISTS WHICH SUPPOSEDLY REFER YOU TO DOCTORS WHO WILL TERMINATE YOUR PREGNANCY; THESE ARE OFTEN OBSOLETE OR BOOTLEGGED AND ONLY LEAD TO QUACKS OR AUTHORITIES. IF YOU HAVE ANY DOUBTS AS TO THE ALTERNATIVES FROM WHICH YOU ARE CHOOSING, PLEASE

call

Berkeley, Cal. 415-848-6036 Mr. Robert Matson
 Houston, Texas 713-523-5354 Lindsay Peterson
 Milwaukee WI-414/933-7271 Mr. Ron Larson

The Los Angeles Free Press,
 April 17, 1970

Closely allied with Women's Liberation is the Gay Liberation Movement. The movement is much more active in California than anywhere else, at least judging by the publicity given to Gay activities across the nation, and this is not surprising in view of the large number of homosexuals in California, particularly in the Bay Area. Howard S. Becker and Irving L. Horowitz, in an article in the Washington Post, entitled "A Cultural Civility in San Francisco," (April 26, 1970) describe the situation as follows:

The Place to Live

SAN FRANCISCO IS KNOWN across the country as a haven for deviants. Good homosexuals hope to go to San Francisco to stay when they die, if not before. Indeed, one of the problems of deviant communities in San Francisco is coping with the periodic influx of a new generation of bohemians who have heard that it is the place to be: the beatnik migration of the late '50s and the hippie hordes of 1967.

But those problems should not obscure what is more important: that there are stable communities of some

size there to be disrupted. It is the stable homosexual community that promises politicians 90,000 votes and the stable bohemian communities of several vintages that provide both personnel and customers for some important local industries (developing, recording and distributing rock music is now a business of sizable proportions).

No one forces deviants to live in San Francisco. They stay there because it offers them, via the culture of civility, a place to live where they are not shunned as fearsome or disgusting, where agents of control (police and others) do not regard them as unfortunate excrescences to be excised at the first opportunity.

0150700

This may be so, but the Gay segment of San Francisco and Los Angeles society is not satisfied with mere tolerance as it is applied today. Here is The Berkeley Barb on this subject:

GAY HEAD HITS LIBERAL SHITS

by Don Burton

It pains me to see that most of the Movement is too uptight to honestly support Gay Liberation.

I've heard all sorts of excuses, ranging from 'You're (Gay Lib) not together enough for us,' to 'Gay Lib just isn't where it's at.' Sometimes I hear 'Right On, Gay Lib!' or a feeble 'Keep it up, brothers,' yet I've seen very little active support from the majority of the Radical Community.

Why?

Perhaps fear. Fear of homosexuality, Inside YOU, and around you. Fear of being sexually attacked? Well, we'll try to make you, but if you don't dig it, that's cool.

A member of the Berkeley Tribe once said to me, 'I'm not going to be in a gay picket and have everyone think I'm a faggot.' I suppose it is an honest answer, but it's not true. You don't have to be gay to support Gay Lib. You just have to be a human being who believes in freedom for, and power to, the people . . . ALL the people.

The Panthers haven't supported us actively yet, but they HAVE sat down and rapped with us. They're getting their heads straight on it. And I think that, once again, the Panthers will be the vanguard. I've a feeling they'll be the first to "Do It" with Gay Lib.

Homosexuals have contributed their efforts in building the Berkeley Tribe, but has the Tribe ever joined Gay Liberation in publically fighting the oppressors? No!

The Tribe will print stories by Gay Liberation, but few stories on it have been written by any of the 'Straight' Tribesmen. "Samatter Tribe? Afraid to get

too close to the queers?

Then Women's Liberation (not Gay Women's Lib.) They're something else, again. All I've seen and heard from them is hostility . . . for everybody. They want to have nothing to do with Gay Lib, yet both groups are fighting the same oppressive Chauvinistic Ego.

Glide Church, the most 'liberated' of churches, is still supporting the Gay Establishment. They can dig on the ghetto bars, SIR, and the Tavern Guild, but not on Gay Lib. We homosexuals (called Homophiles by the Gay Estab.) are fine, in our places . . . our lonely bars with our jack of nudie books to keep us company.

An the street people. The ones building the 'New Society'. See what happens when two guys, or two girls go down Telly hugging and kissing. You'd think you were walking down the midway of a circus, the way the people stare and laugh, point and shout at 'those strange creatures.' (Please, don't feed the animals. . .)

It seems to me an awful lot of people have an awful lot of self-sexual-liberation to do before they can go out and honestly set this world free.

I'm not saying that everyone should ball gay, that's up to you. I'm not asking that "token queers" be "allowed" to join your movements.

I simply hope you, the people, will stop and think. Is the guy next to you gay? If he is, is he still your brother? Do you still love him? Do you really care? Are you still willing to stand beside him, and join his struggle against the oppression facing him?

If not, you've got some hang-ups, don't you?

DETERMINED

Arthur Kunkin of The Los Angeles Free Press has recognized the importance of the Gay Liberation Movement and has hired a special reporter to cover it in the Los Angeles area who also happens to be a male transvestite. Gay Liberation is organizing in Los Angeles. Here is a Free Press article about its activities:

Los Angeles Free Press

March 27, 1970

Gay Liberation reports growth, plans to picket non-drag Gay bars

Douglas Key
GLF MEETS PLANS
SUPER DEMOS
Needs Larger Meeting Place

The rapidly growing GLFLA held its regular Sunday meeting on March 22, marked with exuberance and enthusiasm.

The flexible group needs a larger meeting place capable of holding at least 150 people one day a week.

About seventy people or more attended the meeting, most of them for the first time, including many female homosexuals.

* * * * *

GLF voted to:
1) Auction the original sign "fagots stay out" to the highest bidder.
2) Picket the invitational premiere of the film of "The Boys in the Band."
3) Form a committee to plan actions concerning organized religion.
4) Send a delegation to Capt. Wesley of the Hollywood sheriffs and inform him of the April 5 Gay-in.

GLF voted not to:
1) Picket sunrise services at the Hollywood Bowl on Easter as planned.
2) Attend the North American Conference of Homophile Organizations.
3) Have sensitivity exercises at the March 22 meeting.

Reports were made concerning finances, logistics, and material. The LA Free Press was commended for its open-door policy towards the Gay movement. Marcus Overseth announced he was forming a Gay newsletter.

Some Gays have expressed fears that the establishment will soon co-opt the Gay movement in much the same way as it did to the love and hip movements. Predictions are being made that in a short time it will be the highest fashion for men to wear what is now considered female attire, including dresses and pronounced make-up.

This has already happened in advanced Japan, which is caught up within an unprecedented explosion of homosexuality and men wearing female clothing. According to an article in an American paper by Sandra Wells, "Japan views homosexuality as a commercially marketable fad. It is now chic for homosexuals and straight young men alike to wear chiffon dresses and to use pronounced make-up.

"The aim is to be profoundly different from the traditionally masculine role."

The article concerns Shinnosuke "Peter" Ikehata, 17-year old male transvestite who has become Japan's top female film star over night. Ikehata stated "I don't think it will make any difference whether I fall in love with a man or a woman, love is what is important."

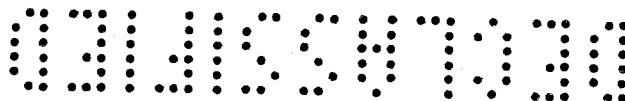
Unfortunately, the attractive ultra-feminine Ikehata would not be allowed into such Gay bars in Los Angeles as the Sewers of Paris or the Farm, as they have recently instituted policies refusing to allow transvestites admittance in direct violation of the 1964 civil rights act. It would make an interesting legal case to be sure. A business catering to homosexuals, who are deprived of their rights and considered criminals, refusing to serve or allow entrance to transvestites because "we don't want drag queens around."

Transvestites who wish to assist in removing this discrimination with the utmost finesse should contact the Gay Liberation Front.

GAY—IN FOR EVERYONE

The April 5 Gay-in to be held at Griffith Park is open to everyone, straight and Gay. Some of the many activities scheduled are a number of Gay weddings, free Gay horoscope readings, free food, free literature, buttons, a "how-to" transvestism exhibit, and many other things.

GLF monitors will assist straight tourists and news media.



Underground papers across the country serve as "matrimonial bureaus" for Gay people. Here are a few samples of the kind of advertisement common in Gay ads:

HI, GAY GUYS!
Do you want to meet an attractive, clean-cut, masculine white USC student (25), quiet and sensitive, with trim, firm, smooth body (5'7", 135#), brown hair, eyes? If you're a groovy young guy (21-30), searching for a sincere good friend to share good books, movies, plays, music, conversation, quiet dinners out, and some fun in the sun, let's get together. REX, Box 1462, Hollywood 90028.

NEW IN TOWN?
ALL THE GROOVY MALES ARE SWINGING AT THE HOLIDAY BATHS OPEN 24 HOURS (See HEALTH column)

Latin male, 32, gd bld, lonely, and sensitive to people, desires to meet males wht only who enjoy French satisfaction. No recip expected. I am ent in Bdy bldg. If U R same, pls write. Ph & Foto assures prompt reply. Foto returned No Queens or fatsos. Strict Confid. Fred, 525 N. Laurel, LA 90048.

YOUNG BOYISH MALE, 6', 150 lbs, and versatile, wants to pose nude at your place anytime. Tel PETER at 929-5187 5-10 pm.

MASCULINE MALE, attractive, muscular and well hung, 18 yrs old. Will pose nude for your thing, 6'1", 150 lbs. Tel TONY at 929-5187 5-10 pm.

ATTRACTIVE MALE, young and well endowed. Nice buttocks. Wants to pose for your thing, 6'1", 150 lbs. Tel THAD at 929-5187 5-10 pm.

Handsome yng. guy, smooth warm bod, wants groovy yng. guys, not over 21, for cool adventures. Box 3671, Santa Monica, Calif. 90403.

YOUNG BOY, 18, seeks young boys for fun and friendship. Send photo to PO Box 163, Parkchester Station, Bronx, N.Y. 10462.

An article in the Spokane Natural gives some idea of the size and scope of the Gay Liberation Movement and extent of its militancy (which appears to be growing rapidly):

GAY POWER

By Don Jackson

"There is no excusable homicide," shouted an angry and determined preacher. "The police have been given a license to put people to death," said Rev. Troy Perry at a memorial service for Howard Efland. The service was conducted at the spot where Efland was beaten to death by LAPD Vice Pigs one year ago.

"I'm not afraid anymore," said Rev. Perry. He wasn't. And neither were the over 200 people who showed up for the services at the Dover Hotel on Main Street. The angry crowd shouted, "Say it again, Troy," and, "Power to the People," after each paragraph of Perry's remarks.

Gay Liberation Front Secretary Morris Knight said, "Social change is necessary. We live in a

nation now gone completely insane, but these murders must stop."

After the services were concluded, a funeral procession walked in double file from the Dover to the "Glass House," LAPD police headquarters. Cops were not evident either at the services nor on the march, but police helicopters suspiciously hovered over the crowd. Loud gay power chants were clearly heard 3 blocks away.

Signs such as "Whitewash can't cover Blood," and "How many more must die before we get our freedom," emphasized the serious view Gays take of the murder of their brothers.

At police headquarters, a noisy picket line was formed in front of the main door. A wreath and basket of fruit topped

with an Easter bunny and a letter to the chief of police were laid before the door.

The cops, amazed that Gays had the courage to assault their citadel, rushed out in force to protect the building from invasion.

Robert Humphries, Director General of the U. S. Mission, who organized the demonstration, and Rev. Perry walked up to the line to deliver the basket.

Apprehensive, lest the basket contain a bomb, the basket was not allowed in the building, but they did permit Rev. Perry to enter to deliver the letter to the Chief of Police.

The letter, signed by almost all Gay organizations in Southern California, stated, "200,000 homosexuals are involved in these organizations. We no longer feel,

nor are, powerless and will vigorously pursue our rights." The letter went on to demand dissolution of the jack-off squad. It called up "the spectacle of youthful vice officers in alluring attire, obscenely exhibiting themselves in public places, to entice and entrap citizens." Morris Knight commented: "I would really like to know how these 32 officers are able to keep a hard-on for 8 hours a day. They must take something," and "No normal man could stand at a urinal jacking off for 8 hours a day."

The letter concluded by demanding the end of arrests for sexual acts, "except on the signed complaint of a private citizen, as is the universal practice in other large cities."

Spokane Natural, March 20, 1970

RECORDED

Ecology is the latest Movement concern to be taken up by the Establishment. It is interesting to note that Ecology Action, which was the prime mover in organizing Earth Day on April 22, 1970, was at first a Movement idea. Ecology, the problem of pollution, and related subjects have been in the forefront of the underground press for nearly two years. And in ecology the Movement has found something that really appeals to the straight media, straight society and the Establishment. Other underground press issues have caught on outside the hip world, but nothing has captured the imaginations of people outside the Movement like ecology.

Articles in the underground press are not much different from articles in the straight press on this subject, so it is really not necessary to give many examples of this kind of journalism. Here are two interesting clippings about ecology, the first a part of a story about the organization of Ecology Action in the Los Angeles area in January 1970, the second an excerpt from a story in the Spokane Natural about water pollution in Spokane:

'Ecology Action' organization formed in LA

PATRICK MAYERS
Last Sunday afternoon on Mulholland Drive the initial gathering of ECOLOGY ACTION in the greater Los Angeles area took place. ECOLOGY ACTION has been active in the San Francisco Bay area, and traces its beginnings to the Peace and Freedom Party.

The quality of human life on earth, and even the bare survival of that life, is critically dependent upon an immediate and substantial improvement of man's level of ecological aware-

ness and responsibility. Unless man can learn to live harmoniously as an integral part of the biological community, keeping his population and his resource consumption at levels that can be sustained permanently, all other human values, along with the human species itself, will shortly cease to exist. The crisis is imminent and methods must be drastic, taking precedence over established property rights and nationalistic interests.

Cliff Humphrey, the spearhead figure in the Bay Area's Ecology

Action has said that Ecology Action is more of a movement than an organization. "We are composed of individuals deeply disturbed by the massive destruction being heaped on the earth and its inhabitants... we feel the issue is survival. We have been in existence for a year and a half. We have no funding, existing on donations and the meager resources of our own pockets.

"We organized around projects rather than parliamentary procedures. What gets done depends upon the resources presently

available. Our man power shifts a great deal—classes, finals, vacation. We try to remain flexible and have informal meetings around a meal, rather than meetings as such...

"Instead of turning into a large bureaucracy, we have split into cooperating groups... The campus groups are more involved with raising political issues, petitions and various forms of direct action. The tactics are evolving into a form of street theater

A Visit To The Sewage Plant

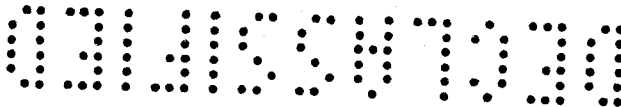
by Don Adair

Controversy between the State of Washington and Spokane has raged for the last three years over the continued pollution of the Spokane River. The state has continually reprimanded the city for contributing to the pollution of the river and made demands that the city correct the inadequacies in its sewage system. The city has invariably countered with the argument that the cost of updating its system is prohibitive. Mayor Rogers has said that "tens of thousands of dollars" would be necessary to install the secondary sewage treatment facilities required by the state at the now-existent sewage plant on the river. He has said that "Several Million dollars" would be necessary to update (and separate) the sewage and storm drain pipe system.

Early this week, A.J. "Art" Reisdorph, superintendent of the sewage treatment plant, termed the mayor's estimates "conservative." Reisdorph, who openly admits the city's role in the pollution situation, says the state is being "unreasonable" in the deadlines it has set for the city in its renovation project.

Reisdorph claims that the major problem is not providing the secondary sewage facilities at the plant -- "we could do that by raising everyone's rates 25 cents per month" -- but lies instead in correcting the inadequate pipe line system.

At present, Spokane's sewage line is one and the same as the storm drain lines. What this means in simplest terms is that the same pipes that carry sewage carry the excess water resulting from heavy rains of the spring thaw. The problem arises when there is more water than the pipes can handle -- the excess, a mixture of water



And here is a round-up of articles which have appeared in the Natural over the past nine months on the subject of pollution:

**Pollution Information
Now Available**

Last summer the Natural began a series of definitive articles on problems on air and water pollution in the Spokane area.

The issues covered include:

- * Efforts to force the cleanup of the Coeur d'Alene River
- * The raw sewage being dumped into the Spokane River
- * Activities of the County Air Pollution Control Authorities
- * The Dishman Hills Natural Area
- * An industrially protectable curb for some air pollution
- * Story on Air and Water pollution from the Inland Empire Paper Mill--a story presenting the plant manager and the Cowies family's side as well as the pollution control commission's side.
- * Proposals for limiting population growth
- * Definition of pollution standards
- * A study of problems of sewage overflow caused by heavy rains and melting snow.

Since these stories contain a wealth of background on environmental problems in Spokane, we are making a special offer to interested readers and concerned civic groups. A packet of 6 issues including all of the above stories will be mailed post paid for \$1.00.

Send your dollar with you name and address to the Natural, Box 1276, Spokane, Wa 99210. Subscriptions (\$5.00 per year) could be ordered at the same time.

Those are the major issues in the underground press. Now the question arises, "What kind of people run the underground press, read the papers, join the Movement?" The "average" Movement member is hard to describe because it is such a loose informal coalition--the militant transvestite, for example, has only his hostility toward the Establishment in common with the militant Black Panther or the SDS Weatherman who bombs the IBM building in New York. Still, they all belong to the Movement. Are they, perhaps, communists?

That is a difficult question to answer, but the answer is an extremely important one if this new revolutionary movement is to be put to positive use rather than seen as a dangerous threat to society which must be put down at any cost.

Many Movement members say that they are Socialists, some say they are Marxists. Among the heroes of the Movement, along with Bob Dylan, Timothy Leary, and Allen Ginsberg are Che Guevara, Mao Tse-Tung, Fidel Castro and Ho Chi Minh. But the hero worship of these communist leaders must be examined in the context of the entire Movement. When this is done, it becomes fairly clear that what the Movement likes about people like Che, Fidel, Ho and Mao is that they have defied the World Establishment in general and the World Policeman (World Pig, they would say)--the United States--and gotten away with it with some degree of success.

The people in the Movement, judging everything as they do by the degree of personal freedom involved, reject conventional communism. On the next page, for example, is a cartoon from The Los Angeles Free Press on the occasion of Lenin's 100th anniversary:

DELETED



The Los Angeles Free Press, April 17, 1970

In the same issue there is a long article about a visit to Albania, entitled "The Mao-conditioned Sighting: Albania," a literary play on words that does not quite come off but which at least has clear meaning. The reporter is horrified by the repression of individual freedom he sees and by the blind dogmatism which seems to govern the behavior of Albanians, both public officials and private citizens. It is significant, perhaps, that in this same issue of the Free Press there is an article about political repression by the right, in Greece, entitled "Prison: Politics of Pain."

Freedom, then, is the issue, not communism. Still, there is a great deal of talk about revolution, about violence, about capitalism as a monster feeding on the people, etc., etc. And certainly the Movement is open to infiltration by agitprop type agents who would find it a fertile field for the sowing of even more discontent and anti-Establishment thought than exists there now. Such agents may exist, but if they do, they have what must be the easiest assignments in the world communist movement--nothing to do but agree with the young radicals and occasionally straighten out

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their thinking. The point is, though, that while the Movement may be, in a certain sense, useful to the Communist Party in creating an atmosphere of violence and antagonism, perhaps even a mild variety of class warfare, it can never, so long as the Movement's basic principles remain the same, be usefully organized into an efficient politico-military movement since it is against all regimentation, in favor of all dissension so long as it is sincere, and devoted, above all, to individual freedom. The people in the Movement are, generally speaking, intelligent enough to know when they are being used--there is a growing rebellion, for example, against commercial exploitation of the Movement by rock music concert promoters and record companies. Woodstock was, in the eyes of the Movement, at once a triumph and a defeat--a triumph in that the actual concert came off so well, a defeat in that the film that the promoters made of the concert is being used to "rip-off" (i.e., gouge) the public.

And, finally, the Movement is able to laugh at things--the Establishment, itself, and the lack of communication between the two. The bawdy, raucous sense of humor of the Movement may be, in the end, its salvation.

The preponderance of evidence, then, seems to indicate that the Movement is not communist nor communist inspired, supported or financed. This is not to say, however, that the Movement is not a great aid and comfort to Moscow, Hanoi and Peking. It must be. The answer to this, however, would appear to lie in more dialogue, not less, and in more intelligently directed freedom of expression on both sides, not more suppression.

The significance of the underground press as the voice of the Movement can hardly be overstated, considering the number of papers, the total circulation and the number of readers. The Establishment must, as a first step, institute a dialogue with this huge amorphous group of disaffected citizens, find its way past the pornography, the obscenities, the sex ads, the "nutty" causes, past all the things that it may find distasteful, to the serious core of what the Movement is trying to say and why. Simply condemning the Movement and its opinions will not solve any of the problems of our time. If the straight world believes that there are a lot of bad (evil? sinful? misguided?) people in the Movement, it must also remember that a large part of the best of America's young people are also a part of it, or at least part of the sympathetic fringe.

These papers must not be viewed in the same light as the campus newspaper which sets out to shock its elders. These papers are serious, run by intelligent men who know that they speak for and to a growing minority of dissident opinion which is, through the agency of its own press, becoming more cohesive with the passage of time. These papers must not be dismissed as "kid stuff," nor as pornography, nor as "lunatic left," nor as commie front propaganda. They represent, and speak for, a group of citizens who are basically activists and are numerous enough so that they must be reckoned with. The incidents during the Chicago Democratic Convention in 1968 did not much resemble college pranks and should not be so regarded.

The next such affair may be even more serious if the Establishment dismisses the underground press, without having read it, as "a bunch of kids in the basement with a mimeograph machine."

That there is common ground on which we all can meet is shown by the ecology movement. There are other points of commonality which can and must be found. The Establishment must not be like the man in the cartoon below:



"OK, so you want to end the war, end racism, end poverty, and end pollution. But what about something POSITIVE?" LMS

The Los Angeles Free Press, March 13, 1970

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Note: This is not a standard research bibliography, but rather a list of the underground newspapers on which the foregoing study was based.

I. All issues of the following papers from October 1969 to April 1970:

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The East Village Other, New York, N.Y. Weekly.
Good Times, San Francisco, California. Weekly.
Helix, Seattle, Washington. Weekly.
The Los Angeles Free Press, Los Angeles, California. Weekly.
The Rat, New York, N.Y. Bi-Weekly.
The Seed, Illinois. Bi-Weekly.
The Spokane Natural, Spokane, Washington. Bi-Weekly.

II. A few issues of each of the following papers on various dates:

The Berkeley Tribe, Berkeley, California. Weekly.
Daily Planet, Miami, Florida. Weekly.
Fusion, Boston, Massachusetts. Weekly.
Georgia Straight, Vancouver, B. C. Weekly.
The Great Speckled Bird, Atlanta, Georgia. Weekly.
Harbinger, Toronto, Ontario, Canada. Monthly
In Arcane Logos, New Orleans, Louisiana. Weekly.
Nickel Review, Syracuse, N.Y. Weekly.
Nola Express, New Orleans, Louisiana. Bi-Weekly.
Other Scenes, New York, N.Y. Monthly.
Probe, Santa Barbara, California. Monthly.
The Protean Radish, Chapel Hill, North Carolina. Weekly.
Quicksilver Times, Washington, D.C. Weekly.
The San Francisco Free Press, San Francisco, California. Bi-Weekly.
Space City News, Houston, Texas. Bi-Weekly.
The Spectator, Bloomington, Indiana. Weekly.
Washington Free Press, Washington, D.C. Bi-Weekly.

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LIBERATION
APPENDIX P (Page One)

Part One: Examples of Liberation News Service News Items

SCABS ON PEOPLE'S PARK

BERKELEY, Cal. (LNS) -- The Berkeley Tribe has a new feature entitled "Scab Licenses." The Tribe, underground paper of the Berkeley community, is printing the license plate numbers, names and addresses of those cars who crossed picket lines to park on the site of People's Park. The park has been turned over by the University of California to a private parking enterprise. The Tribe doesn't suggest specific actions to be taken against the scab vehicles or their owners. The people of Berkeley consider the park to be James Rector's grave, and they won't put up with desecration. Rector was killed by shotgun pellets when police crushed the community's attempt to hold the park last year.

TOO LITTLE TOO LATE

HANOVER, N.H. (LNS) -- Dartmouth College, founded in 1769 to offer higher education to American Indians, has announced the intention of returning to the purposes intended by its founders. It has begun a search for 15 American Indian students to join the 1970 freshman class.

Dartmouth College has a student population of 3,126. At present, the college has three Native Americans in attendance.

FLORIDA GOVERNOR CALLS DR. MEAD "DIRTY OLD LADY"

Gov. Claude Kirk, Jr. of Florida denounced Dr. Margaret Mead as "a dirty old lady" for advocating the legalization of marijuana for persons over 16.

Calling the famous anthropologist "that throwback lady," Kirk said his twin 15-year-old sons are taught patriotism and morality in the classroom, "but when they get home from school, they see a television set with this dirty old lady on it -- and I hope she hears what I said." (LNS)

U.S. DEFOLIANTS MAY CAUSE CONGENITAL DEFORMITIES

LIBERATION News Service
NEW YORK (LNS) -- A defoliant used in massive amounts by the United States in Vietnam may cause birth defects, according to a report issued by the World Health Organization.

The suspected chemical agent, "2,4,5-T," has caused deformities in rats and mice similar to those induced by thalidomide. There is no data available on its effects on human life.

SECOND SONG MY

WASHINGTON, D.C. (LNS)

-- An Army doctor stationed at Fort Ord, Calif. reported a massacre which occurred last summer in Don Tam, a village in the Mekong Delta. The doctor, then a medical officer, observed that the company commander of the Ninth Infantry "ordered his men to use village huts for target practice.

"When the occupants came streaming out of the huts, they were shot down, many of them in the same manner as we've been told occurred at Song My."

The incident was made public by Rep. Lionel Van Deerling, to whom the Army doctor had reported it. The Pentagon has begun an investigation.



DEBRAY DENIED AMNESTY

LA PAZ, Bolivia (LNS) -- Bolivia's new president, Gen. Alfredo Ovando, has turned down an amnesty request filed by lawyers for Regis Debray and Ciro Roberto Bustos.

Debray and Bustos were arrested, tried and sentenced to long jail terms for their alleged connections with the guerrilla front led by Che Guevara. There had been some hope that Ovando would grant the amnesty request because his new regime had taken some progressive steps, notably the nationalization of the U.S.-owned Gulf Oil installations in Bolivia.

LIBERATION

G.I.'S CEREBRALLY RAPED

GREENSBORO, S.C. (LNS)—A district Court Judge says that in the last few months case after case of violence and brutality by ex-Vietnam war veterans has been brought before her, and that after military training, men "come back unprepared for living and reacting in a peaceful society."

Judge Elreta Alexander ordered psychiatric treatment for Vietnam veteran John Howard Johnson after Johnson, in a "fit of anger", smashed a plateglass window and a glass door during an argument with a restaurant manager. "The boy had a seizure of violence that even he can't explain," the Judge said.

Judge Alexander stated that military training makes a man into an "animal"—but failed to draw the proper conclusion from her observations. Her beef is not with military training itself, but with the failure of the military to "de-fuse [a soldier's] war-time reactions" before sending him back home. She says she wants more training and preparation for the return of soldiers to civilian life.

Evidently Judge Alexander doesn't mind that American boys themselves are brutalized, that they are turned into "animals" who visit brutality on Viet-Cong, South Vietnamese peasants, or other G.I.'s in stockades—just as long as they are "de-fused" before they return to decent white folks in America.

REPRESSION IN MEXICO

MEXICO CITY (LNS)—Another major conflict appeared to be building up in Mexico City between students and the government. Police repression has been intensified to prevent any new outbreak of student demonstrations.

A memorial demonstration on September 24, marking the anniversary of last year's bloody confrontations, reportedly led to new bloodshed at the hands of Mexico's riot police. Foreign newsmen trying to cover these demonstrations have been intimidated and harassed while the Mexican press itself is subject to complete censorship.

On October 2, the first anniversary of the Massacre of Tlatelolco (in which an estimated 400 students were massacred by the police), Mexican universities were occupied by large military forces to prevent expected demonstrations. Students handing out leaflets for memorial assemblies were arrested by the score.

Mexican activists have sent out calls for expressions of solidarity from students throughout the world, and requesting demonstrations at Mexican embassies to protest the repression. They have also asked for letters and cables to be sent to the Mexican President, the Supreme Court of Justice, the Chamber of Representatives and the Senate demanding the release of the hundreds of students still in jail.

NACLA

Can A Peaceful Painting Hang In A War-torn Museum?

NEW YORK (LNS) --

Radical artists belonging to the Art Workers Coalition and Artists and Writers Protest are circulating a petition among American artists and writers to request Pablo Picasso to order the removal of his "Guernica" from the Museum of Modern art in New York City.

Picasso has been sent a cablegram notifying him of the petition, while artists and writers in other countries of the world are circulating a similar petition.

The action is seen as an anti-

war protest. "The Song My massacre has made it clear that this nation and this museum no longer have the right to hold for safekeeping this monumental cry against the slaughter of innocents," the radical artists' groups said.

The world-famous painting, "Guernica," was executed by Picasso in a "fury of action," following the bombing of the ancient Basque town, a non-military objective, on April 26, 1937, by German bombers flying for General Franco during the Spanish Civil War.

LAOS

WASHINGTON, D. C. (LNS) --

President Nixon recently prohibited the release of a Senate Subcommittee transcript which documents U. S. involvement in Laos. Nixon has admitted that the U. S. is bombing the Ho Chi Minh Trail in Laos, but he has denied any other additional military involvement.

Senator Albert Gore, Democrat of Tennessee, who had access to the transcript, told the Senate that "U. S. participation in the war in Laos has been secretly but greatly escalated. We are engaging now in a civil war in Laos," he added, "and we have chosen sides just as we did earlier in Vietnam."

The subcommittee transcript reveals that the U. S. has broken the 1962 Geneva Accords which made Laos a neutral state, prohibiting the presence of foreign troops in Laos. The report divulges spying by American agents, the cost of the military operation, and American Casualties.

Pentagon Minimizes Deserter Estimates

MONTREAL (LNS) --

The American Deserters Committee (ADC) of Montreal has refuted the Pentagon's recent statement which claims that there are only "576 deserters in Canada."

In contrast to this figure, the ADC has received 650 deserters in 1969 alone. Deserters continue to arrive at the Montreal office at the rate of 20 per week. Spokesmen for the ADC in Montreal stated that there are between 800 and 1200 deserters in Montreal. This, of course, does not include the deserter communities in Toronto, Vancouver, and other major Canadian cities. (It also doesn't include draft resisters, numbering in the tens of thousands.)

It is believed that there are between 3,000 and 6,000 deserters all over Canada. In Toronto, the Anti-Draft Program receives between

fifteen deserters daily -- twice the number that the ADC receives.

The Pentagon further claimed that only "107 cases" of desertion were attributable to the Vietnam war.

"That's a patent lie," said one of the ADC's immigration counsellors. "In over 50% of the cases, men have left the military and the U. S. after they had received orders to Vietnam."

Further, 10% to 15% of the men in Canada deserted the military after serving a tour in Vietnam. One veteran of the war, a Marine with only six months of service left, said: "After what I saw and experienced in Vietnam, I just couldn't accept an honorable discharge without feeling like a complete hypocrite. I just can't see how any human being can be proud of what we're doing

women are not chicks

BOSTON (LNS)--Radio Station WBCN recently wrote and ran a periodic spot announcement for a Drug Dependency Unit, which asked for volunteer doctors and therapists. "If you're a chick," the ad went, "They need typists." The male supremacist assumption was that "chicks" by their very nature type. Many phone calls later, the spot was modified to, "If you're a chick and can type, they need typists."

Could a radio station get away with an ad that ran, "And if you're black, we need janitors."

Protesting the station's male chauvinism, a local Boston women's liberation group, Bread and Roses, demanded an hour of WBCN prime time for March 8, International Women's Day.

"Hip culture and values are supposed to be more real and honest than centerfolds or Doris

Day, but it's not so. The old dream images dressed up slicker or funkier are no more liberating than their early American originals.....Hip men may say it better but like suburban men or office bosses, they talk a language meant to keep women typist instead of broadcasting, and making bread and babies, not poetry and revolution.

"No station can claim to be a 'community station' when it puts down or ignores 51% of the people."

Station Manager Leonard Cohen granted the group the use of recording facilities, free advertising the week preceding March 8, with publicity spot written and recorded by the women.

Presenting Cohen with a Valentine present of half a dozen live baby chicks, Bread and Roses pointed out that "women are not chicks."

Dog's

Life

ISLE OF DOGS (LNS) --

The Isle of Dogs, a peninsula Community that juts out from London into the River Thames, has seceded from the British Empire. It is believed that the noisy hounds of Greenwich Palace were imprisoned on the isle during the 16th and 17th centuries to give respite to the beleaguered ears of His Majesty.

Life hasn't gotten much better for the inhabitants of the isle -- people these days -- who are beset in this 20th century by deteriorating schools and housing facilities. The rebels have already designed their standard: two spaniels rampant on a sea of civil servants.

(LNS News Stories)

How to start a GI underground paper

FROM LIBERATION NEWS SERVICE

Casual observers viewing the growth of the Armed Forces underground newspaper network since its birth a short sixteen months ago might very easily gain the misconception that such papers are printed at little or no risk to the persons involved. We wish it were so, but to date scores of GIs have been court martialled, jailed, spirited off to Vietnam, or kicked out of the service altogether for working on them. Their crimes were often nothing more than a lack of experience or too much trust in the military establishment. We know better now; we've learned pretty much what works and what doesn't. In this article we've compiled a brief guide for the potential GI underground newspaperman. It doesn't contain all the answers but should keep you out of jail long enough to learn the rest.

For starters you'll need to locate other GIs to work with you. So begin watching for guys who've had some college experience, draftees, or just anyone who seems to be the working type. Strike up conversations with them, sound them out, steer the topics to war protests, racial problems, or GI rights. If they sound pretty squared away then get them alone sometime and hit them with the paper idea; have a copy of one of the other papers with you and show them what you have in mind. If you've judged them reasonably well and sound like you know what you're doing, you shouldn't have any problems.

With several GIs together you can then start to produce the actual newspaper. Unless you're rich or something this requires first locating free or very inexpensive office space, typewriters, a printing press of some sort and other essential items. Difficult? Not at all; many civil-

ian organizations are more than willing to help. Check first at the student activities building of your nearest university; both there and off campus look for groups involved in the peace movement, draft counseling, civil rights, civil liberties, coffee houses, or minority group problems. Don't avoid the "radical" organizations in your search, as generally the more anti-military the group is, the more they'll do to help you. Also, don't be discouraged if you can't find anything near your base; it's not at all unusual to have to do your actual printing many miles from where you're stationed. In any case, just sound them out like you do GIs and you'll soon find what you're looking for.

Another essential is an off-base post office box. They're generally very inexpensive, easy to obtain, and most important of all, they're fairly safe from military snoopers. Having the box allows you to communicate with many organizations that you couldn't through your military address. Also, it will allow you to offer mail subscriptions to your paper which by far is the most

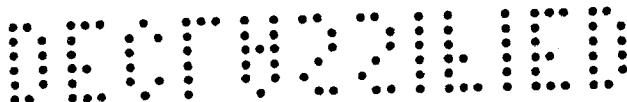
painless means of distribution. Along that line, whenever you mail anything (your paper included) to servicemen, use plain envelopes, first class postage, and make CERTAIN that nothing showing on the outside of the envelope gives the material away as being political in nature. Seriously, don't even put your full return address on the envelope if it sounds political or "subversive": peace signs, obscene words, anti-war slogans--for heaven's sake give us a break! Most of us receive our mail via lifers and that sort of thing just gets us into trouble.

The actual printing of your paper (How to run a mimeograph machine in three easy lessons, etc.) is something you're going to have to learn for yourselves. However, again there are several things to keep in mind. Keep your articles truthful. Keep your language reasonably clean. DON'T print your staff members' names on the paper. Borrow articles, ideas, and cartoons freely from the other GI underground papers but credit them to the originating paper.

Distribution is the part that really gets sticky. No other single area has caused more grief than this one. On-base distribution in particular is the rough one:

- 1) To legally distribute printed materials on a military base you must first obtain a written permit from the commanding officer.
- 2) No such permit has been granted in recent history without court action; so be prepared with attorneys before you make application.
- 3) Your application should be in the form of a letter to the commanding officer and should include ONLY a copy of what you intend to distribute, and the dates, times and places you intend to distribute it. The letter should be signed by a civilian (preferably an attorney) and should NOT contain the names of any GIs. If the C.O. asks for additional information (your staff members' names, your financial supporters' names, etc.) DON'T give it to him! At that point he's only trying to stall or trick you. He has NO right to any information other than what you first gave him; if he says that isn't enough, go to court.

(Story continued on next page)



4) Even if you obtain a permit, DO NOT let GIs attempt to hand out the papers openly. Use only civilian volunteers. GIs doing it WILL be black-listed whether they have a permit or not and probably will end up in jail on some petty charge. Use only civilians, make sure that they hand out only what, where, and when the permit specifies and you'll do OK. Do anything else and somebody's going to jail.

5) As an alternative to that route, the most commonly used method of on-base distribution is to simply forget the permit and hand out your papers secretly. As this method is clearly illegal, no one suggests that you

use it—however, I will admit that my old paper distributed over twenty thousand copies altogether this way and never had any problems. We smuggled them on base in small bundles and left them lying about when no one was watching: in the theater, on benches, in rest rooms, along the road, anyplace. By taking our time and being careful, none of us ever got caught. If your staff is composed entirely of GIs (as ours was) or you can't obtain a permit, do what you will.

Off-base distribution is much easier and may be accomplished by either civilians or out-of-uniform GIs. Suggested places to distribute are coffee houses, transportation centers (bus stations, etc.), entertainment centers, or anyplace else frequented

by servicemen. But again, the safest method of distribution is the secret, flop a copy down when no one's looking method.

Most of the rest of your operations you can play pretty much by ear or learn from the other GI papers. However, let me stress:

1) Never, never, never make public the names of your GI staff members.

2) Never "borrow" any government property for use in your paper.

3) Never print classified material.

4) If any of your staff use grass or drugs, tell them to keep their stuff away from your paper operations.

5) Keep well informed on Canadian immigration procedures.

6) Don't keep large quantities of material in your locker on base.

7) Don't be afraid to ask the other GI papers if you have a problem.

The GI newspaper underground is as young as it is exciting and productive. To date it has been expanding at a fantastic rate—if this is to continue we need new

workers, more money, new papers, we need anything anyone cares to contribute. The personal risks involved in participating

are of course rather high. But the social risks of not participating and not taming this military-industrial, war-producing, racist animal known as the U.S. Armed Forces are even higher. We need your help. With the use of a little care and a lot of common sense yours' can be a valuable contribution in this struggle.

So do it! All we have to lose is war...

—A Marine Lance-Corporal

(For complete list of underground G.I. newspapers, see next page)



DEFENSE

APPENDIX I (Page Six)

(LNS News Stories)

About Face (Pendleton) PO Box 54099 Terminal Annex L.A., Calif. 90054	Broken Arrow (Selfridge) Box 9571 North End Station Detroit, Mich. 48202	Forward March (N. Severn) 310 6th St. Annapolis, Md. 21401	The Oak (Oakland Nav. Hosp.) Box 31387 S.F., Cal. 94131	Task Force (Bay area) Box 31268 S.F., Cal. 94131
Aboveground (Carson) PO Box 2255 Colorado Springs Colorado 80901	The Chessman (Beaufort MCAS) Box 187 Frogmore, S.C. 29920	Fun, Travel & Adventure (Knox) Box 336 Louisville, Ky. 40201	OM (D.C. area) c/o Link, 1029 Vt. Ave., NW rm. 200 Wash., DC 20005	Top Secret (Devens & Boston) 595 Mass. Ave. Rm 205 Cambridge, Mass. 02139
ACT Newsletter c/o Rita Act 12 Passage du Chantier Paris 12, France	Counterpoint (Lewis & McChord) 515 20th E. Seattle, Wash. 98102	The GI Organizer (Hood) Box 704 Killeen, Texas 76541	Open Sights (D.C. area) Box 6585 T St. Station Wash., D.C. 20009	The Ultimate Weapon (Dix) Box 8633 Philadelphia, Pa. 19101
A Four-year Bummer (Chanute) PO Box 2325 Station A Champaign, Ill. 61820	Duck Power 751 Turquoise St. San Diego, Ca. 92109	GI Voice Box 825 N.Y., N.Y. 10009	RAP!(Ft. Benning) PO Box 894 Columbus, Ga. 31902	Up Front Box 60329 Terminal Annex L.A., Cal. 90060
The Ally PO Box 9276 Berkeley, Cal. 94709	Dull Brass (Sheridan) 9 S. Clinton, Rm. 225 Chicago, Ill. 60606	Gig-Line (Bliss) G.A. Carter, Box 2143 El Paso, Tex. 79951	Rough Draft Box 1205 Norfolk, Va. 23501	Vets Stars & Stripes Box 4598 Chicago, Ill. 60680
As You Were (Ft. Ord) PO Box 1062 Monterey, Cal. 93940	Eyes Left! (Travis) Box 31387 San Francisco, Ca. 94131	Huachuca Hard Times mailing address unknown	The Second Front M. Billaudot, 33 Rue Vauttier, 92-Boulogne, France	Vietnam GI Box 9273 Chicago, Ill. 60690
The AWOL Press (Riley) PO Box 425 Manhattan, Kan. 66502	Fatigue Press (Hood) 101 Ave. D Killeen, Texas 76541	Last Harass (Gordon) Box 2994 Hill Station Augusta, Ga. 30904	Shakedown (Dix) Box 68 Wrightstown, N.J. 08562	WE GOT THE BRASS same address as The Second Front
Baumholder Gig-Sheet (Germany) same address as ACT Newsletter	Fed Up! (Ft. Lewis) PO box 244 Tacoma, Wash. 98409	Left Face (McClellan) Box 1595 Anniston, Ala. 36201	Short Times (Jackson) Box 543 Columbia, S.C. 29202	Where It's At 1 Bertin 12 Postfach 65, Germany
The Bond 156 5th Ave., Rm. 633 N.Y., N.Y. 10010	Final Flight (Hamilton) Box 31387 S.F., Calif. 94131	Marine Blues (MC reserves) Box 31387 S.F., Cal. 94131	Spartacus (Ft. Lee) Box 4027 Petersburg, Va. 23803	Your Military Left (San Houston) Box 561 San Antonio, Tex. 78206
Brass Briefs (Bragg) Box 437 Spring Lake, NC 28309	Flag-in-Action (Campbell) New Providence, Tenn. 37040		SPD News (Ft. Dix) same address as The Bond	

This is a
complete
list of G.I.
newspapers.



DEFENSE

DECLASSIFIED

APPENDIX I (Page Seven)

Part Two: Underground Press Syndicate Material

**UNDERGROUND
PRESS SYNDICATE**

Box 26, Village P. O. New York, N. Y. 10024

Bin 1603 Phoenix, Az. (602) 252-0466

What
Is
U.P.S. ?

- ✓ 1. UPS solicits national advertising for all members. UPS has sent hundreds of printed letters to national record companies, book publishers and other national advertisers, soliciting advertising. They also write many individual letters, help design ad programs for advertisers etc.
2. UPS will represent and act collectively to resist suppression or investigation.
3. UPS has directly helped at least 25 newspapers get started.
- ✓ 4. UPS acts as a clearing house for inquiries from the public and from journalists and scholars.
5. UPS members have free automatic reprint rights among all members. To facilitate this, all members are asked to mail one copy of each edition to each other. UPS encourages all members to exchange papers.
6. UPS retains an advertising representative, Michael Foreman, who sells national advertising for all UPS members.

DECLASSIFIED

03750A1030

APPENDIX I (Page Eight)

(UPS Material)

What About Membership?

These seem to be the rules as they have evolved:

1. All members agree to free exchange of material. If any UPS member does not want another member to reprint his material, that member merely so notifies the other member (& UPS). Specific articles may also be exempted from reprinting (as when copyright conflicts).
2. \$25 initiation fee should be paid upon application for membership. New members may be vetoed by a majority vote after 10 weeks, and if vetoed, \$25 is refunded.
3. Members are requested to send at least 6 copies of each edition to UPS in Phoenix, and one copy to every other member. They are also requested to honor UPS library subscriptions, which UPS sells.
4. UPS will be attempting to create as much solidarity as possible among underground publishers by getting every one into UPS, and by facilitating as much communication as possible among UPS members. To this end UPS will be sending the regular newsletter to all underground publishers, not just UPS members.
5. UPS may begin a small feature service of articles of only the highest quality on subjects of major, continuing importance.

How Is U.P.S. Financed?

UPS is financed by the sale of library subscriptions to all UPS papers. Libraries pay us and we ask all UPS members to give the subscriber a complimentary subscription. UPS also sell sample packets of a dozen newspapers for \$4.00, the stock for this being made up from the 6 copies (hopefully) sent.

03750A1030

RADIO FREE AMERICA



LAWRENCE LIPTON

Ecology: Leading a Good Cause—

—up a blind alley and clubbing it to death. Everybody is on the side of clean air, soil and water. Pollution has become the man-eating shark. *But*—and there is always a big *but* backing into the picture—there are those who follow words with acts and will not take sweet talk for an answer, and there are those who will accept politicians' promises and scientists' demands for more and more millions for more studies and commissions. There are those who rush in to head up the parade, or should I say drive the bandwagon, so they can sabotage the effort, mislead it into procrastination and confuse it with cautious and scientific double-talk. Their appeal is, on the surface, an appeal to reason, but if you look closely, you will find the evil face of moneytheistic self-interest and sell-out.

The polluters, to whom pollution spells profits, the killer corporations and their bought and paid for politicians, who used to pooh-pooh talk of pollution, have now decided that if you can't lick 'em, you join 'em—promise 'em anything, and stab 'em in the back.

Boot out the killers.

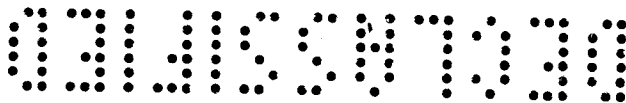
Walter (forked-tongue) Hickel, secretary of oil exploitation, tried the old 1960's shell game with the oil slicks, but it didn't work so good in the 1970's. In the 1950's, the Atomic Energy Commission was telling us that nuclear bomb fall-out was "harmless." Today nobody, not even Herman Kahn, would dare to repeat that scam. The lesson we should learn from these homicidal moneytheists and their corporate bosses is that they are not to be trusted to do anything about the ecology that isn't too stingy, too half-hearted, too little and too late. A repentant Hickel isn't good enough; what we need is no Hickel at all. What we need if the planet is to survive is to take the ecology into our own hands and boot out the killers and their corporate stooges. What we need is people-power, enough of it to *force* the polluters to clean up their pollutants *out of their own profits*, not out of the pockets of their victims through taxes. It is fatal to leave the restoration of the ecology to the profiteers who polluted the planet, or their political stooges. *If we don't give a part of our lives to battling it out with the polluters we won't have any life left to give for ANYTHING.* It's later than you think. If we fail to act, to act in time, by any means necessary, we don't *deserve* to survive.

The 'Yes, but' Liberals

In 1965 they were saying to the Free Speech Movement activists: "Yes, but do you have to use those, uh, *words*. Wouldn't it be more effective if you used more acceptable language and didn't antagonize so many people who might support you?"

In 1967 they were saying to the confrontation marchers. "Yes, but do you *have* to provoke the police the way you do, sitting down in the street, blocking building entrances, interfering with the flow of traffic? Don't you realize you're antagonizing people that way?"

("Radio Free America" continued next page)



DEFERRED

APPENDIX II (Page Two)

(L. A. Free Press Regular Features)

In 1968 they were saying to the Yippies in Chicago, "Yes, but why can't you go through legal democratic channels instead of getting your heads cracked by the police? Why provoke them when you *know* you're going to bleed for it?"

In 1969 they were saying to the Conspiracy 8, "Yes, but why can't you make your defense in the legal courtroom way; why do you *have* to antagonize the court with all that clowning? Why can't you play it smart like others have done in the past, hide your contempt for the court system and take advantage of the loopholes in the law and the legal technicalities that all good lawyers know how to use?"

In 1970 they are saying, "See what I told you? Now you're going to have to spend years of your life in jail, and wouldn't it be smarter to wriggle out of their hands by beating them at their own game, *their* way? How are you helping the revolution by getting yourself beaten up or thrown into jail for years?" (That's favorite gambit of Liberals.)

It's always, "Yes, but . . ."

Earth Day: April 22

It is being predicted that 3,000 high schools and 1,000 colleges will observe April 22 as Earth Day, as a kind of ecological Mother's Day. Politicians are knocking themselves out to get speaking engagements on the occasion. Senator Muskie, chairman of the Senate Subcommittee on Air and Water Pollution, will be showing up at Harvard and U. of Penn. Allen Ginsberg will share the platform with Muskie and Mayor Lindsay at Penn. Most of the Earth Day programs will be talk-fests, but there are refreshing exceptions. At UC Berkeley, teamed up with Stanford, they're talking about picketing selected local polluters and holding a "smorgasborg" at their plants—dumping garbage on their doorsteps. Another *maybe* is talk at the U. of North Carolina about "eco-tours" at selected areas of pollution with "trash-ins" to deposit refuse. There is talk at Tennessee U. of buses chartered to run a "deadwood trail" to polluted spots as counterpoint to Knoxville's popular "dogwood trail." I say "talk" because I won't believe it till I see it, preferably on television. Some nice Liberal professor may show up at the last minute and talk the students out of it with one of those "Yes, buts."

How about Wayne University in Detroit rounding up a thousand pollution belching automobiles and farting the exhaust poisons into the automotive executive suites?

Don't just say it; *do it!*

'Onward Christian soldiers--'

Last Saturday in Washington, D.C., a mob (why not mob? are students and demonstrators the old mobs?) staged a "March for Victory," led by fundamentalist radio preacher Dr. Carl McIntire and "inspired" (as the Establishment press put it) by Gov. Lester (axehandle) Maddox of Georgia. As reported by the L.A. TIMES they:

"Issued pleas to put God back in the school, condemned the U.S. Supreme Court, scoffed at bussing, carried posters invoking the memory of Gen. Douglas MacArthur, called for the liberation of the Soviet satellite nations, demanded the 'unleashing' of Chiang Kai-shek, paid tribute to the military-industrial complex, the police and the military, condemned the National Council of Churches, the 'secular universities' and hippies and yippies everywhere."

My own NFN (News from Nowhere) wire service reports that older and wiser heads among them called for placards condemning the First Amendment, demanding the death penalty for draft evaders and anti-war protestors, and substitution of Agnew and Maddox for Huntley and Brinkley.

As they marched they sang "Onward Christian Soldiers," the same warlike hymn that was often the Rev. Martin Luther King's marching song. Sometimes I wonder, does anybody *ever* listen to the words of that blood-drenched piece of Christian piety?

DEFERRED

(L. A. Free Press Regular Features)



Recently some friends of ours proudly informed us that they had decided to begin eating good food. They told us that they had made this decision after reading an article on the carcinogenic properties of most American beef. We were glad to see that they were heading in the right direction, but unfortunately for the wrong reason.

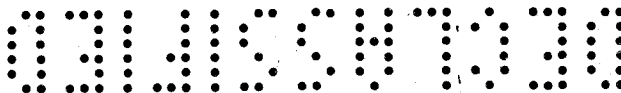
It is true that a great majority of America's food is full of poisons, chemicals and of poor quality. However, if we're to concentrate on the negative aspects of nutrition, we could go on for pages and pages, week after week, and probably scare the hell out of nearly everybody. This is not our intention. There are many books already available on the subject, and our efforts would be mere reiteration. *The Poisons In Your Food* by William Longgood, and *Silent Spring* by Rachel Carson are but two of the best examples. These books definitely serve a purpose when viewed in the proper perspective. However, if you concentrate solely on the negative, you will develop a grand case of paranoia and be afraid of everything you eat; you would begin choosing food exclusively out of fear and thereby lose touch with any really broad concept of nutrition such as the one we try to present in this column: whole, natural food. If you choose food solely out of fear ("Is this sprayed?" "Is that organic?"), then it will be difficult for you to cook a well balanced meal.

For example, last year the first organic rice was grown in this country. The demand is so great that there is not enough for everybody. Does this mean, then, that you shouldn't eat rice at all? Another example: The organic rice that has been coming in from France for the past few years is chipped, cracked, black in places where the hull was damaged during the milling process, and it is not uniform in size. The non-organic rice, grown by Koda Brothers, on the other hand, is beautiful, uniform, and represents a highly developed form of rice. Which should you choose?

In our column (and in the book we're putting together), we try to present positive alternatives to the American diet. We're all becoming aware of how poor our standard diet is—whether we choose to do anything about it or not. Even the *L.A. Times* is beginning to take the problem seriously, and, when this happens, you know something's wrong. However, it is vitally important for you to realize that fear should play no part in your choices of food. You should not be overly concerned with poison—you should be mainly concerned about the quality of the food. Where did it come from? Is it in season? Is it whole, complete food? How will the food effect you?

We didn't stop eating meat out of fear. It's true that some meat contains many carcinogenic chemicals, but all meats contain saturated fats which tend to cause heart disease and hardening of the arteries. In addition, since our bodies are unable to fully digest meat, our systems become polluted with the putrefaction of the meat which takes place in the large intestine. This putrefaction causes mineral deficiency, body odor, an aggressive attitude, and anxiety. These are the sensible reasons for not eating meat—not because you killed an animal or because the flesh is poisonous. What we need to be concerned with is what the food does to our bodies and consequently our mentality. In this case, the meat will do much more immediate damage than the chemicals.

("Food for Thought" continued next page)





(L. A. Free Press Regular Features)

In one of our many experiments last week we ate a steak—or should we say tried to eat a steak, for the first time in nine months. It was impossible to chew. It was bitter and tasteless without putting sauce on it. We couldn't manage to finish it. But the important results came a few hours later: instant anger; fury for no "apparent" reason. Proof of what meat does to a person's mentality. This may appear to be nonsense to someone who eats meat everyday, but try going without it for a period of time, and if you are eating good food, you can see for yourself.

We've digressed a bit by going into the specifics of meat eating, and for this we apologize. We simply intended to convey the idea to you that good quality food is the key to health. In today's world there is no escape from pollution. Even the flesh of the birds in Antarctica is saturated with DDT. The answer is to make yourself so healthy that your body will discharge the poisons; and, at the same time, your judgment will grow in such a way that you know instinctively what to eat.

.....

ASTROLOGIA

BY SUE MARSHALL
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ARIES
Don't make any far-reaching commitments for the future yet. All the answers are inside you, but they are jumbled up. If you take it easy and don't worry, one day soon you'll wake up and know exactly how to proceed. This month will bring wise decisions. Let yourself go with someone who is gentle; Leo and Libra will be with you all the way.

TAURUS
Don't be afraid to slay the dragons which have the nastiest fire-breath of all; your own inner weaknesses. Springtime is here; the dark cavities of the soul will be sweet if you open them for sunlight. You have a special ability to understand the needs of natives of Scorpio. Give them your goodness.

GEMINI
Be subtle in your aggressions; observe and draw in what you need from outside, rather than going inward. Beware of traps that friends unintentionally set for you. Clear up disagreements like a cleaner. There is too much generosity in the air to blame yourself when you step in dog shit.

SAGITTARIUS
Those whom you thought were your enemies may just come out and show you that they were with you all along. Revive friendship with Cancerians Monday or Tuesday, but allow for their particular brand of insanity to disrupt any carnal possibilities. Scorpios are best avoided; don't take offense if Capricorn informs you that Scorpio has been telling the world you're a cop. No one believes it (unless you are).

CAPRICORN
Get something constructive accomplished. Until you are really feeling goodwill in your heart to those you don't give a damn about, stop wasting time muttering to Scorpio. Be prepared for a certain amount of harmless backstabbing from Libra. Taurus has been using a "kill you with kindness" policy. Reciprocate.

AQUARIUS
Get up the energy to look through the waste basket. Devote your attention to home and family until the bill collectors discover where you've moved. Your love life is promising, but try a darkhaired Pisces who knows exactly what you have in mind rather than the old standards who keep expecting something original from you.

DELETED

APPENDIX (Page Five)

(L. A. Free Press Regular Features)

CANCER

Things will probably not organize themselves no matter how hard you try, so don't waste tears being frustrated. Strange friends of all kinds will be stepping forward to offer you opportunities, but your original plans will be better for you to follow. Feelings change from day to day, so be careful not to hurt any should you find yourself abed with Leo.

LEO

Practice the subtle art of telling undesirables to go fuck themselves. Do it graciously, or else they'll come back and occupy your valuable time with their hostility. Gemini will be back in the picture starting Sunday. It's time to let your friends help with the load for a while.

VIRGO

Starting Sunday, the clothespin salesmen will stop bothering you, and you can be generous with your criticisms again. Leo and Gemini would like to get you in a corner to tell you exactly what they think your problems are. Go with them, if you think you could profit by their advice. Cool it with Capricorn; they are going through a bad-rapping cycle.

PISCES

Hang up the junk on the closet floor. It is easier to know your alternatives if you account for the clothes you threw away on that mescaline trip before Neptune crossed the line. Capricornians have some STRANGE things to offer. Don't get involved in musical bed games with Libra and Gemini. No one knows what they're trying to do.

LIBRA

Everyone loves you. Stop worrying about time bombs under the bed. Pressure and pleasure are intense Monday and Tuesday. Leo and Gemini may be a pretty big mouthful, but they won't care if you ball them both. You will be happier for the time being if you take things lightly and have fun rather than search for truth. Truth is clearest in retrospect.

SCORPIO

Take advantage of all offers. Cancer doesn't realize your troubles, and may help you forget them. Avoid rapping to older persons on subjects more serious than "Please pass the salt." Stick to what you've got going, and play some music when things get depressing.

RECORD RAPS

GARY DAVID

I had a large collection of records to catch up with, so below are some capsule reviews. I didn't really flip over any of them, but there is some good listening to be found, depending on your tastes.

Great Speckled Bird, Ampex A10103: Ian and Sylvia Tyson with some strong rural rock. They wrote almost all of the material.

Lamont A Legend In His Own Mind, Uni 73076 Charles Lamot: All songs and arrangements by Lamont in some kind of rock concept. Actually, as far as I am concerned, the title of the L.P. tells the story.

Mountain Climbing, Windfall 4501 Mountain: If you like your rock loud, strong, and fairly imaginative, somewhat in the vein of the Cream, you'll dig Mountain. Felix Pappalardi strikes again. Recommended.

Baby Boy, Brunswick BL 754147 Fred Hughes: New "soul" singer with orchestra and band backing. He is composer as well. He catches a good groove.

The Original Cleanhead, Flying Dutchman BTS-9007 Eddie "Cleanhead" Vinson: Good, "honest" blues featuring Vinson's voice and alto sax with a small band backing.

It's All a Part of Love, Brunswick BL 754158 Jackie Wilson: Wilson in a set of current standards like "People," "For Once In My Life," mixed with some songs unknown to me.

Let Me Belong to You, Brunswick BL 754p80 LaVern Baker: I remember LaVern from the '50's doing things like "Tweedle Dee," and "I Cried A Tear."

This is a new R and B set that includes a couple of oldies like "Pledging My Love." Her voice is big and the feeling is good.

DELETED

ORIGIN

APPENDIX II (Page Six)

(L. A. Free Press Regular Features)

WELFARE ADVOCATE BY RAY SCHWARTZ

The President of the Los Angeles County Medical Association has stated that he "disputes the idea that medical care is a right." Dr. Ralph Milliken feels that if a person cannot get medical aid because of lack of money it should be made available at County Hospital. "I don't believe it (medical care) has to be spoon fed to them." Such is the mentality of the AMA in town!

Under a federal grant three southern states are studying the possibility of dispensing a high protein food product called CSM to needy or hungry people. Ingredients include corn meal, soy flour, nonfat dried milk, with vitamins and minerals added. Our Agriculture Dept. has exported tons of the stuff overseas to underdeveloped nations since 1968. As to CSM's possibilities as

a health food, I'd check with Mick & Lini first....

Nixon's proposed welfare plan has inherent dangers. The family assistance program and the food stamp program are in direct conflict with the work incentive program. Supposedly, the working-poor father in a family of four will benefit by taking his low-paying job and not staying on welfare. But if he earned over \$720 income per year over the \$1600 declared minimum for a family of four proposed by Nixon, he would wind up keeping only fifty cents of each dollar he earned! Big deal.... And he would lose out on food stamps, which would lower his buying power. Is it any wonder that all these do-good panaceas are looked upon by welfare people with suspicion and contempt?

QUESTION: Is there any way that I can quit my job and still collect unemployment? Do I have to live in this area? What if I became a student—must I tell them?

ANSWER: I can only answer questions about unemployment insurance as they relate to welfare. Quitting work eliminates you from unemployment. Being fired eliminates you for five or six weeks. Being laid off has about one week's delay. So, if you quit, you are screwed. You can live anywhere, so long as there is an office of the Dept. of Human Resources in the area and they know where you are. Unemployment is given on the basis that you are ready and able to work at any time. Being a student, you aren't. So, if you are a student, you cannot work regular job hours and are not eligible to U/I benefits. But if you don't tell, I sure won't.

QUESTION: Both my wife and I are polio victims. I work now, but will be forced to quit soon due to increasing disability. We both have wheelchairs and huge medical expenses. You always quote welfare in terms of a family of four. We are two. How about it?

ANSWER: You both would be eligi-

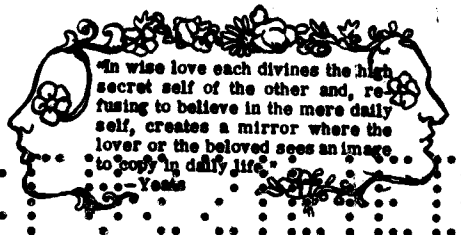
ble to ATD on the basis of polio. Your income, as you stated, is such that your Mrs. is eligible now to some few ATD dollars. Sign her up! When you stop work, you will also be eligible to ATD, and probably State unemployment disability and Social Security disability as well. Check these all out. As to ATD, if you both have ATD you both have free medical—and this includes wheelchair repairs. So you are doing fine.

QUESTION: My ex-husband turned up after six years. I have a six year old son by him. I also have another child, the product of a "love" relationship. My ex has been hassled by welfare to support his child. He now says that he is going to fight in court for custody. Can he? Is

the fact that I have the other kid going to hurt me?

ANSWER: Your ex is full of it. He would be hard-pressed to show any court that he is a better parent after taking off six years ago and never supporting, or even inquiring about, his kid until now. The fact of the other kid is inconsequential. You have to be a Mrs. Hyde before authorities separate child from mother. One bit of advice, though: due to the population explosion, have your love children in mind—not body!

Ray answers your comments, inquiries, anything. Send self-addressed, stamped envelope to Ray, The Welfare Advocate, c/o The Door, 6389 Imperial Ave., San Diego 92114 for a personal reply.



(L. A. Free Press Regular Features)



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Dear Dr. Hip Pocrates:
Everytime I have sexual relations with a certain girl I always have two orgasms. But if I screw any other girl, I have only one orgasm. How come?
ANSWER: Maybe because you're having sexual relations with one girl and screwing the others.

the condom until just prior to orgasm you may be locking the barn door after the horses have escaped. Besides, what a drag to stop at that moment.

Condoms sometimes break when there's a combination of exuberance and insufficient lubrication. A small amount of K-Y jelly or similar lubricant both inside and outside the condom should help make things smoother for you.

Dear Dr. Schoenfeld:
I am a twenty year old guy. As long as I can remember I have had shadows under my eyes. What causes these dark areas? Can they be removed?

I am sick of having people tell me to get more sleep. I sleep enough!
ANSWER: An ophthalmologist informs me that shadows beneath the eyes are generally caused by blood vessels being close to the skin surface in that area.

Other than makeup, the only alternative would be a skin graft (from where?) which would probably be more noticeable than the shadows. My secretary offers the consolation that should you ever get a black eye no one will notice.

Dear Dr. Schoenfeld:
She will not suffer his presence during her urination; he does not un-enjoy her presence during his.

Is the upright posture of males during urinary moments more attractive (to whom?) than the sitting or crouched position that females assume during their 'moments'?

One sees stone boys urinating in gardens; but never do we turn up a stone woman making water.
What's it all about?

ANSWER: When I discussed this matter with Liza Williams, the L.A. Free Press columnist, she compared the "noble" image of a male standing up while urinating to the "humiliating" visage of a female squatting.

I'm afraid your girl friend's shyness may be an example of penis envy or, in this case, something less, i.e., pee envy.

This lack of equal statutory representation is yet another example of male chauvinism. Women's liberation groups might want to fight for change in this newly discovered area of male repression—to stand up, or rather sit down, for their rights!

Dear Dr. Hip:
The hip community in Arcata (near Eureka), California, needs 2 physicians, 2 dentists, and 1 lawyer and is willing to support these people.

If you know physicians, dentists or lawyers who might be interested please pass the word...

Mark Wilson
Route 1, Box 376A
Arcata, Calif. 95521
(707) 822-3476

Dear Dr. Schoenfeld:
Would you please tell me why a condom sometimes breaks during intercourse. I had this experience lately and was uptight about it—I don't want pregnancy.

Was I too vigorous? Should I wait until just prior to orgasm to put it on, or should I put it on before entry as I have been doing?
ANSWER: Sometimes the pre-ejaculatory fluid contains large numbers of sperm. If you don't don

DEAR DR. HIP POCRATES is a collection of letters and answers published by Grove Press. \$95 at your favorite bookstore.

Dr. Schoenfeld welcomes your questions. Write to him c/o P.O. Box 680, Tiburon, Calif. 94920.

(L. A. Free Press Regular Features)



HARLAN ELLISON

THE GLASS TEAT

a column of opinion about television

I'll bet you thought this week would see part two of my exhaustive (and exhausting) analysis of sex-on-TV, "Video Voyeurism," didn't you? Well, I'd planned it that way, but in the grand old tradition of my wandering mind and more loose ends than the Pentagon's explanations about Laos, something else came up last week that I want to get set down before it becomes outdated, so just kinda stick part one away in your mental pending file—along with that F-310 business, on which I'm still working—and I'll hit it next week, I promise.

Because this week I really have to do a destruct job on the diseased whore of the Fourth Estate, the pimp of the entertainment industry, the bought voice of Clown Town, that estimable rag of endless lies, gossip and chicanery, the glossy-sided Hollywood Reporter. (Variety is hardly better, but at least occasionally it makes an attempt at honesty and impartiality.)

What I'm about to say is not terribly new or startling. If there is anyone above the age of innocence who actually believes the mouth-to-mouth resuscitation the Reporter offers as its surrealistic impression of entertainment world news, surely it can only be those beachbum actors and pudding-minded starlets who confuse shadow with reality. For the Reporter, by dint of its reliance on advertising from the very people it reviews, has been a captive sycophant for Hollywood since its inception. When horrendous gargantuan bombs like "Star!" and "Hello Dolly!" and "Goodbye, Mr. Chips" and "The Battle of the Bulge" get rave reviews from the genuflecting Reporter and its staff of reviewers (all of whom seem to be lineal descendants of Uriah Heep)... all on the theory that big spectacular productions are good for Hollywood because they keep the featherbedding unions at work... ignoring the bald fact that

the days of that kind of production are gone and such mammoths have helped kill at least three of the major studios... it becomes awkwardly obvious that the Reporter is about as relevant to what is happening in the film world today as McGuffey's Reader.

That the Reporter's timorous little soul was bought long ago by its patrons—and the specific that forces my lance to tilt against it this week—demonstrates itself in a review by Tony Lawrence on page 16 of the Thursday, March 12 edition of the Reporter. It is a review of yet another in the endless string of moron-movies-for-TV made by Aaron Spelling Productions. A disaster

of stupidity and ineptitude, a cataclysm of banality and sterility, a pustule of bad writing and little theater acting titled "The Love War." It was aired over ABC on March 10, from 8:30 to 10:00 and in a video universe singularly dedicated to retarding science fiction's acceptance as a legitimate art-form (such tools as "Lost in Space," "The Invaders," "Land of the Giants," "Time Tunnel," "My Favourite Martian," "My Living Doll" and

"It's About Time" have dealt it crippling blows in the past) it was a karate chop of no mean strengths. Or weaknesses, depending on how you look at it.

To properly clobber the Reporter, I must first describe "The Love War" in all its awfulness. Without comparison, the full dishonesty of the Reporter under the headline that reads, "LOVE WAR" HAS MESSAGE, PERFORMANCES, GOOD EFFECTS does not become apparent.

Guerdon Trueblood and David Kidd are the first two culprits in the band of cutthroats that made this stinker.

They wrote it.

They took an idea that story editor Seeleg Lester of the long-dead "Outer Limits" would have

("The Glass Teat" continued next page)

(L. A. Free Press Regular Features)



(from page 37)

rejected in a hot second, and they flaunted their cavalier lack of understanding of the science fiction idiom by turning it, one of the oldest cliches in the pulp bag of outdated schticks, into a predictable and insultingly illogical parody of everything valid

in speculative fiction. (It always amazes me, the effrontery of writers ignorant of the most basic rules of sf writing, who have no conception of the almost-fifty years of writing in the genre, whose temerity permits them to cobble up some pseudo-sf bullshit; they would never try to do a political teleplay without doing the research; they would never do a historical script without checking out the background; why the hell do they think they can attempt sf with the originality and verve of pachyderms trying to be terpsichoreans?)

Two warring planets, Argon and Zinan, have sent battle squads to Earth. (Someone should have advised Messrs. Trueblood and Kidd that Argon is not a made-up word intended to sound alien. It is a colorless, orderless, gaseous element found in the air and is used for filling electric light bulbs. Scientific "accuracy"

of this sort keynotes my cavils in the paragraph above.)

(Oh, yeah, one more bit of bullshit mumbo-jumbo proving plowboys shouldn't try to pull against fast guns: Kyle, an Argonite, played by Lloyd Bridges—about whose performance more in a moment—tries to explain to Angie Dickinson the cosmography of Earth/Argon/Zinan; he puts his hands side-by-side and says they represent the two alien planets. Then he says they "overlap Earth" and that both planets are trying to take it over. Now, I am by no means Fred Hoyle or even Cassile Flammarion, but I am several steps beyond a Cromagnon as I presume are Trueblood and Kidd, and I can look up into the night sky and see that there are NOT two planets

"overlapping" the Earth. Now, had the scenarists read even one 1930's issue of Astounding Science Fiction they might have come up with the dodgem-explanation that Argon(!) and Zinan "overlapped the Earth in another plane of existence" or used sub-space, or another dimension... any one of a hundred writer's tricks sf authors have dreamed up over the years to take care of such problems. But they were rank amateurs playing potsy in a genre where they were illiterates, and so we have someone telling us openly from the screen that there are three planets sharing this Earth-space.)

Anyhow. To resolve who will "win" the planet, Argon and Zinan have sent three guerilla fighters each to Earth. Whoever knocks off the other gets to keep Earth. Argon wants to let us go our merry way and eventually let us into the League of Planets, or somesuch, Zinan wants to destroy all intelligent life on Earth and settle it themselves.

If this sounds familiar to you, it is probably because it is a direct steal from such sources as Fredric Brown's classic sf story, "Arena," from the "Outer Limits" segment starring Nick Adams that has been replayed umpteen times on Channel 11's reruns of that series, and from the "Star Trek" segment based on the Brown story. If you get my meaning, I'm saying this was a cornball rehash of a standard idea done to death a thousand times before.

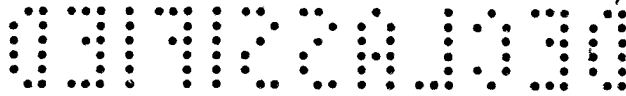
But as if it wasn't bad enough that Aaron Spelling and his production staff (not to mention the authors) didn't know or didn't care that they were using ninth-hand material done better by other people (and I suspect if Fred Brown wanted to sue for plagiarism he'd have a strong case), the stupidities of the plot were compounded with each passing scene.

The aliens were so incredibly inept in their "guerrilla tactics" that they wouldn't have lasted ten minutes with even a semi-competent Green Beret or Viet Cong. They chased each other around, moved from city to ghost town for no apparent reason, blundered constantly, and in the end the good-guys lost because the Zinans had sent FOUR instead of three. This ending, incidentally, is typical of literary chicanery of the worst sort—wherein the author withholds a salient fact so you can't solve the puzzle—or changing the rules of the story. If they SAID there were three, there should have BEEN three.

You can't with impunity write a fantasy and adopt as a rule of the game that no one can use his right hand, and then, at a crucial moment, have someone use his right hand to get himself out of trouble, without the audience yelling foul.

But that's a minor carp compared to the other foulnesses of this 90-minute stinker. The acting reeked of bathos; unmotivated, stilted and illogical. Lloyd Bridges as the Argonite who has been without female companionship for 150 years (for reasons never explained) and his "bete noire" Angie Dickinson, who shows him what love can mean to a man, even if he's an alien, act in a manner even high school dramatics students would abominate. The only person worth watching in this farrago of senselessness was a girl named Judy Jordan who did a walk-on as a Union Station information desk clerk. When I say walk-on, that is precisely what I mean, Miss Jordan, who is what we used to call back in Ohio stacked like a brick shithouse, came out from behind her desk to show Mr. Bridges where he was going. I'm sure she was brought out from behind the desk to give us a clearer, more complete, tallying of her charms, for which bit of intelligent direction (the only one, as far as I could tell) we must thank George McCowan, a director whose work, if we are to judge by this epic, will not soon be clamored for.

"The Glass Test" continued next page



APPENDIX II (Page Ten)

(L. A. Free Press Regular Features)

When one has to descend to the troglodyte level of a Hefnerism to derive even the smallest scintilla of pleasure from a 90-minute production, it can easily be ascertained a dereliction of artistry on the part of the producers and creators. Thus we commend "The Love War" and Mr. Spelling's idea of trenchant drayma (sic) to the dustbin.

Which leaves us with the Hollywood Reporter and its reaction to this patently flatulent excrement.

Why not let their own words hang them;

"...solidly believable performances... an attempt at message and purpose with some interesting visual effects... direction maintained a fairly good balance between the science fiction elements and a genuine relationship between two people... Miss Dickinson and Bridges found convincing aspects of their parts and played them out with complimentary style..."

Enough!

THIS they have to say about a supposedly adult drama in which

the future of the population of the Earth is at stake, a future decided by (get this) a "High Noon" walkdown and shootout in the dusty street of a ghost town. A scene of monumental stupidity and silliness.

The Hollywood Reporter has for so long groveled at the trough of showbiz garbage that it can no longer even make a PRETENSE of decent critical judgment.

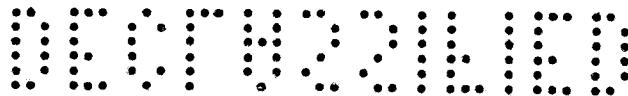
It is symptomatic of the schizoid nature of the entertainment industry in this town that even though everyone KNOWS the Reporter is filled with flack and puff most often existing only in the reality of a PR man's mind, that they continue to support it and even believe their own puff. I've known agents who've dreamed up a sheer bit of flummery, sent it in (where everything is accepted without question, thereby pinholing the quality of reportage), and when it appeared two days later looking at it as though it were real, and acting on it.

Mr. Spelling is a mainstay of the Reporter. His name turns up in gossip columns therein with stultifying regularity, his every business move is reported with awe and klaxons, his productions are plumped and ballyhooed as though they genuinely meant something sterling for the industry or the Condition of Art in Our Times. And when his offerings are reviewed, he is applauded. It is a self-fulfilling prophecy.

All this, despite the fact that Mr. Spelling is responsible for the longest unbroken string of rotten productions in the history of television. It is only when other, more tasteful and perceptive men take over the reins of his productions that anything has a chance of emerging with truth or originality.

Yet the Reporter, the paid servant of the hypers and shuckers and hustlers of TV-land, continues to perpetuate all the myths, all the lies, all the destructive hypocrisy that has brought the Hollywood Valhalla to a condition of sterility, aridity and near-death. And a few months ago—when the depression hit—the Reporter had the audacity to ask for MORE patronage, on the theory that when things are worst is when one should advertise most.

Well, it may be a valid theory in some circles, but I suggest the condemned should not patronize the executioner. One may have to get one's hand lopped off, but one doesn't have to aid and abet the axeman.



APPENDIX II (Page Eleven)

(L. A. Free Press Regular Features)

ART SHOWS

HELEN LUTTIJENS, paintings, at George Ashley Gallery of the Morgan Theater, 2627 Pico Blvd., Santa Monica. 2:30 to 7:30 Tues thru Sat and during performances of *Night of The Igazoo* each Fri and Sat after Rev. **MICHAEL PETERS**, recent paintings, opening March 23 at Molly Barnes Gallery, 631 N. La Cienega.

THE SKY: in spite of the smog you can SEE IT HERE at the Mandrake Gallery, a viewer-sponsored Environmental Gallery, 68104 W. 3rd St. 661-3788. Barry Rogers with his paintings, dancers, actors, musicians, poets. 7-11pm Sunday March 22. Exhibition continues thru April 25.

GLOBA B. BOHANON, Susanne Jackson, at Gallery 23, The Granada Bldg., 672 S. Lafayette Park Place, LA. Thru March 29, Wed thru Sun 1-7pm.

BREAKTHROUGH, group exhibit of independent artists, at Julie Dohan Gallery, 635 La Cienega.

KEITH CROWN, water colors, at Jacqueline Ashak Gallery, 730 N. La Cienega; through March 26.

PHYLLIS SHAPIRO, thru March 28, at Paideia Gallery, 705 La Cienega.

BERTALAN BODNAR, oils, and Stephen Toth, sculpture, at Karpathia Gallery, 7801 Melrose.

THE MIDDLE AGES: Treasures from the Cloisters and the Metro. Museum of Art, now thru March 29 in the Hammer Wing of the County Art Museum, 5005 Wilshire.

ELLEN WALLACH, enamels, at McKenzie Gallery, 361 N. La Cienega, 5 to 8pm.

POTS OF ART, exhibit of Guatemalan ethnic items, thru March 28, 550 Via De La Paz, Pacific Palisades.

MALIBU ART ASSOC. Cooperative Gallery, 23732 W. Malibu Rd. Exhibit of water colors, collage, pen-ink drawings, 10AM to 1pm, Thurs thru Sat.

DIRECTLY SEEN: new realism as interpreted by 12 California artists. Newport Harbor Art Museum, Balboa Pavilion, 400 Main St., Balboa. Wed. thru Sun 1-5pm. Mon. nites 6-9. FREE.

JAMES WEEKS, well-known West Coast painter, in one-man exhibition of recent paintings, at Felix Landau Gallery, 702 N. La Cienega; thru March 28. Weeks is currently teaching at UCLA.

CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS exhibit jewelry, sculpture, wall pieces, letter openers, etc. By James Gordon of Laguna Beach. At The Egg and the Eye, 5814 Wilshire. Thru May 2.

HONORE DAUMIER and his contemporaries on exhibit at the County Art Museum thru May 31, in the Prints and Drawings Galleries of the Ahmanson Bldg.

30 YEARS BAUHAUS: Enormous design and art exhibition commemorating the establishing of the famous German school of art and design. Sculpture, design, graphics, architecture, painting, theory and workshop practice. Pasadena Art Museum, March 17 through April 28.

EXQUISITE JAPANESE Textiles from *Edo Period* (1615-1867) on view at the County Art Museum thru June 21. Kimonos, Buddhist priests' robes, fabric samples, lengths.

FOLK ART OF WEST AFRICA The Vivian Burns Collection. Textiles, brass from Dahomey, robes from Mali, carved stools from the Cameroons, elegant carved gourds, wall hangings, sculptures, etc. Thru March 7 at The Egg and The Eye Gallery, 5814 Wilshire

TAPESTRIES by May Balzar Buskik, at Percussion, 610 N. Robertson Blvd. 11 to 5, Mon. thru Sat.; Friday evening till 10. Thru March. 667-4238.

RADIO

KUSC FM 91.5
Sound Style, with Frank Stone. Thurs March 26 at midnight, hear the complete Tommy album all night.

KPFK FM 89.7
Thursday at 7:30pm, Clair Loeb's show, hear the tape of Dr. David Kuznie, speaking on *Demerol and Law and Order*, comparing 19th century France with today, and Daumier with Ron Cobb. Kuznie created a scandal when he gave a lecture Feb 19 at the County Art Museum because he looked way-out and dared to make Daumier relevant (!)

Tom Pitt's Gather 'Round the Stakes—two hours of provocation to established religious and political institutions. 11AM to 1PM every Sunday.

Sounds and Voices from the Black World, 9 to 11pm. Hosted by Ron Dhanifu, the first to bring black consciousness over the airwaves of Los Angeles.

Lowell Potts hosts *Arnold Kaye of The Peace & Freedom Party* on this week's *Quite Rightly So*. An anarchal chat about ways of organizing to return power to the people. Join in by calling 677-5583 or 694-9420. 11:30pm Wednesday.

KMET FM 94.7
I'm addicted to this station, the B. Mitch Reed (8 to 9pm), Uncle T (9 to 10pm), and Gordon Fitzgerald (10 to 11pm) are not around weekends. No one is. But the machine has good taste too.

KPFK FM 89.5
A fine rock, blues, jazz station—the original heavy underground you know—with good men and music 24 hours a day.

KRLA AM
CREDIBILITY GAP—2 complete shows every day. 12:30 noon and 12:30 midnite and 4:30AM, the first, and 9:30pm and 2:30AM, the second. Also, a half hour Sunday hour at 11:30AM and 9pm.

KUSC FM 91.5
Lowell Potts, everybody's choice for *Right-Wing Anarchist Most Likely to Succeed*, hosts a member of the crew captured with the intelligence ship *Pueblo* in Korean waters. The topic is whatever you want it to be. Rapline is open: 746-2168. Turn on, tune in at 7:30pm Thursday. 1,3,3 o'clock, 4 o'clock Rock ... Rock around the clock, in fact, on weekends, with no commercials.

MUSIC

TEMPLE OF THE RAINBOW: Thurs thru Sat, *Plain Jane, Memphis, and Pearly Gates*, plus *Chicago Blues*. Music at 8:30pm, but organic dinner at 8:30. 3129 Sunset. 660-9787.

WHISKY: *Charlie Musselwhite* thru March 22, Corner Sunset & Clark, on the strip. **CHICAGO**, seven-man jazz rock orchestra, plus *James Cotton Blues Band* and *Grand Funk Railroad* in concert Sat March 21 in Long Beach Arena. Tickets from box office, Wallicha, Mutual, Ticketron, etc. From \$3.50.

JOSE FELICIANO in concert 8:30pm Fri March 29 in Santa Monica Civic Auditorium. Tickets from \$3.50.

ELMER BERNSTEIN conducting the *Young Musicians Foundation Orchestra* Sat March 21 at 8:30pm in the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion of the Music Center. *Jeffrey Solow*, guest artist. *Walton's Concerto* for Cello and Orchestra, plus works by Haydn and Ravel.

GOLDEN BEAR: *Nitty Gritty Dirt Band*, thru March 22, plus *Steve Gillette*. 306 Ocean, Huntington Beach.

MOODY BLUES in concert Fri March 27 at 8:30pm in San Diego Sports Arena. Plus *Norman Greenbaum* ("Spirit in the Sky"). Tickets from box office, Highlander stores, and Metro agencies. \$3.75 to \$5.50.

McCABES: *Camp Hilltop* and *Jackson Browne* thru Mar 21, March 27 & 28, *Town and Country Boys*, banjoist *Pat Cloud* and *David Polachek*. Shows at 8 and 10:30. 3103 Pico, Santa Monica.

GLENN CAMPBELL in concert Fri March 29 in Long Beach Arena. Tickets from \$4.50 available at arena box office, Wallicha, ticketron, etc. 8:30pm.

BEACH HOUSE: *Eloquent Elephants* thru March 21, *Condello* March 24-26, then *Kalidocope*. Number 5, Navy St, Santa Monica, on the Chestah Pier.

ROCK CONCERT, folk music, meditation, Sundays March 22 and 29 at Embassy Aud, 8th and Grand, downtown. *Church of Mind Sciences*. \$2 contribution. 465-4563 further info.

ICE HOUSE: *Pat Paulsen* Thurs and Fri, March 19 & 20 only. *The Dollars* return March 24-29. 24 N. Mentor Av., Pasadena. MU 1-0048 for reserv. 8:30pm.

ASH GROVE: *Luther Allison* (the Great Chicago Bluesman & Band), thru March 29. *John Jackson* March 29 thru 26. March 27-29 *Bessie Jones & The Georgia Sea Islanders*. 8162 Melrose.

TOPANCA CORRAL Live entertainment — guess what! 2694 N. Topanga Cyn. 453-9087. \$2.

APPENDIX II

CLASSIFIED

APPENDIX II (Page Twelve)

(L. A. Free Press Regular Features)

CLASSES

SKYDIVING: The Bob Siegel School of Parachuting conducts first jump classes each Thursday and Friday evening, 7 to 10:30pm. Everything you need to know for your first static line jump. If under 21, must have notarized parental consent. 2430 N. Hyperion, L.A. 662-0880.

UNIQUE WORKSHOP in developing your hidden energy potential thru Extra-Sensory Powers, thru April 28, Sundays 7 to 9pm. Gregg Tiffen, clairvoyant, psychic authority, places emphasis on generating love power & higher spiritual awareness. Dream interpretation. Six 2 hour sessions \$25. 3908 Castle Hills Av, L.A. Info: 661-8986.

MUSIC IMPROVISATION, taught by LaMont Johnson, Thursdays at 7:30pm. Celebrity Center, 1809 W. 8th St. \$1 per.

BOOK-BINDING, taught by William Tapia. Every Wed. from 7 to 10pm. \$28 for four weeks. Bookbinding by hand. Info.: 653-0071.

PHOTOGRAPHY taught by Rame Dargi every Saturday morning from 9:30 to 1:30. \$25 a month. Celebrity Center, 1809 West Eighth.

TEMPLE OF THE RAINBOW: Monday, Drama class, 8pm; Self-Defense at 6. Tues, Astrology, 7:30pm, Wednesday, Self-Defense at 6. Thurs, Baján Kunalini Yoga, 7pm. Friday, Self-Defense, 6pm. Saturday, Clay, 2pm, watercolors, 3pm. 3129 Sunset (Silverlake), 690-9787.

COLLAGE WORKSHOP, morning & evening, beginning April 4. Santa Monica Rec. Ctr. 398-5704.

GLASS BLOWING: sign up now for complete course taught by California's foremost authority on glass technology, Desmond Radnoti. \$125, materials included, for 10 sessions (8 weeks). Potters Wheel Gallery, corner 7th & Coronado, L.A. 390-2241.

PASADENA FREE UNIVERSITY. Participants may join by calling 797-3760. Sched. ded. *Objections.*

JAZZ STYLE AND STRUCTURE — Bob Zieff, composer/arranger, analyzes composition and performance from half a century of recordings. Wed. evenings 8:30 to 9:30. Alexander Hamilton High, 2955 S. Robertson at Cattaraugus. Info: 391-0411.

AWARENESS GROUP: Gestalt, yoga, alpha and theta rhythm, sensitivity, basic encounter. Info: 662-8683.

HAND BEADING: hand beading, loom beading, and creative embroidery taught by Mrs. Olivia Wilson at the Downey Museum of Art, 10419 Rives Av., Downey. Looms and beads furnished. Spring semester is \$30 for beading, and \$50 for embroidery. Mrs. Wilson did the actual beadwork of Queen Elizabeth's Coronation crown, and work on many dresses for the crown heads of Europe. Further info: 661-0419.

SPACE-TIME ANALOGIES in Chinese and Indian Metaphysics. Eastern sciences decoded as Blueprint to Modern Astronomy and Science. UCLA Extension Spring Quarter. \$45. Prof. Hurtak, 465-5644, after 5pm.

BIG INK now has workshops in print-making, including etching, woodcut, collograph, silk screen. F. Valesco Shinn, instructor. \$45 for 10 weeks. 1327 Sunset. 629-3973.

WORKSHOP FOR WORKING Women every Monday 7:30 to 9:30pm at Women's Center, 1027 S. Crenshaw. Lecture/discussion seminars led by Dorothy Gilden on problems facing working women, dialogs with women in work areas. Programs and organizing projects. Info: 937-3864 or 937-3865.

ACTING CLASS directed by Dale Benson. Every Sat. at 9:30am to 1:30pm. Celebrity Center, 1809 W. 8th St. 483-9746.

SELF-DEFENSE FOR WOMEN: includes physical conditioning, skills. LACC, 855 N. Vermont, Women's Gym. Every Monday 6:30pm to 8. Loose fitting clothes and tennis. Free. Reserv: 663-9141, ext 209 or 666-1018.

INTEGRAL YOGA Institute, daily classes in Hatha Yoga, chanting, meditation, discussion. Integral yoga is a unique system designed to totally integrate all aspects of the individual. 3222 Benda Place (Barham exit from Hollywood Fwy.) in Hollywood. Further info: 465-1963.

YOJI BHAJAN, master of Kundalini Yoga, is holding classes and training teachers. 8902 Melrose Ave. Classes every morning & evening. Further info: 274-8600.

THEATRE

TO THE DEEP and joining in active Theatre. 1094 S. ... 4 Fri.

MURDEROUS ANGELS, Conor Cruise O'Brien's new drama about Dag Hammarskjöld and Patrice Lumumba, at the Mark Taper Forum, Music Center. Intrigue and internal power struggle during the Belgian Congo Revolution of 60-61. ... 1314 N. Wilton Pl., bet. ... & Fountain. Fri. and Sat.

TRIO I, three 1-acts: *Sing to Me Through Open Windows*, Arthur Kopit; *The Enquiry Office*, by Jean Tardieu; *The Hundred and First*, by Kenneth Cameron. Presented by the Penny Gaffers Dramatic Society, North Hollywood Playhouse, 11043 Magnolia Blvd. Thru March 28. 763-2603. 8:30 curtain.

THE BIRTHDAY PARTY by Harold Pinter, directed by Andrew Doe. Thurs thru Sat. March 21, 8:15 and 10:30pm. Two separate shows with two different casts. Garrison Theater, 10th and Dartmouth, Claremont. Tickets from Ticketron, outlets. \$2.50-1.50. **SALVATION**, rock musical hit from off-Broadway, in its West Coast premiere, intensely at Las Palmas Theater, 1642 N. Hollywood. 465-7191.

CINEMA

ENCORE THEATER James Film Festival thru March 21. Seventh Seal and Wild Strawberries (Ingmar Bergman), March 22 Hollywood. Corner Melrose and Van Ness. **WHAT DO YOU SAY TO A NAKED LADY?** Allen Funt's one-man enterprise. ... Grezzly, produced by the Nat'l ... LACC, 855 N. Vermont, Sat. March 21, 7:30pm. **SILENT MOVIE** ... Mabel Normand ...

THE RUSSE, musical revue. Cabaret Theatre, 1314 N. Wilton Pl., bet. ... & Fountain. Fri. and Sat.

KREMLIN LETTER ... **WOMBO AND BILLY** ... **ZABRINE** ...

THE MALONE, musical ... about the Grand ... Lebowitz. Hollywood.

APPENDIX II (Page Thirteen)

(L. A. Free Press Regular Features)

April 10, 1970

WEEKEND

COLLOQUIUM 70, a seminar designed to develop personal expression, sponsored by Associated Students of Valley State College, will be held at Bellows Lodge on the shoreline of Big Bear Lake. A creative and critical education is the objective of the program, focusing on small discussion groups covering relevant topics. April 10, 11 and 12. Further info: 349-1200, ext. 277.

THURSDAY 9

UCLA ASIAN FILM Festival Kurosawa's epic of Seven Samurai (original version of *Magnificent Seven*), and short. Social Welfare 147. 7:30pm. \$1 don.

PSYCHEDELIC FOLK HEALING in Paris, talk by Marlene Rios. S.W. Psynetics Foundation of Orange. 1135 W. Barkley St., Orange.

AN EVENING WITH CHAUCER, with Beryl Rowland, prof. of English, York Univ. Toronto. 7:30pm, Sunset Canyon Rec. Center, Vista Room. Auspices: UCLA Committee on Public Lectures.

KURT VON FISCHER, prof. of Musicology, Univ. of Zurich, Switzerland, lecturing on *Passion Music from its Beginning in the Sixteenth Century*. 8:30pm, Schoenberg Hall Room 1200, UCLA. Free.

BETTY FRIEDMAN (author of *The Feminine Mystique*) says "We are a two-sexed revolution, not a single sex revolution. This sense of the freeing of men as the other half of the freeing of women, if you will, was always there." Lecture at 8pm, El Rodeo School Aud., 605 Whittier Drive, Beverly Hills. 950-2944 for info. Sponsored by Topanga Center. No reservation necessary. \$3 gen adm.

FRIDAY 10

ZERO POPULATION Growth Barbecue. 7:30pm till midnight at 4542 Avocado St. L.A. 90027. Info: Sidney Plotnick. 663-2323.

ON BEING CREATIVE, dialog and demo. by U.J. Fields. Mutuality Center, 9112 S. Western. 8pm. Socializing, refreshments. 757-1806.

PEACE DANCE, benefit for Student Mobe Committee and Fusion Forum. Featured: *Charity, Of The People, Yellow Autumn, Liquid Light Show*, movies, slides, food, drink. 8pm to 1AM, El Camino College Cafeteria, 3D fwy south to Redondo Beach. **PARTY, dance, and interm** and dialog. 8pm at 4109. Info: 707-1806.

DEATH OF A REVOLUTIONARY: Che Guevara's Last Mission, by Dr. Richard Harris of UCSB. Presented by Colas. 8:30pm at the Haymarket, 507 N. Hoover. **BONNIE WHITE**, Natasha and Paul singing own songs at 9pm at The Bridge, 1703 N. more.

SUNDAY 12

ARTHUR C. CLARKE, sci-fi author (*2001—A Space Odyssey*), will give a public lecture at 8pm in Caltech's Beckman Auditorium, 332 S. Michigan, Pasadena. Title: "Life in the Year 2001." Tickets limited. Info: 793-7043.

McCABES CHILDREN Concerts Lovely, innocent times for your young ones. 1pm, come early. 3103 Pico Blvd. Santa Monica. Info: 885-4497.

ZERO POPULATION GROWTH, Los Feliz Chapter meeting, 2pm, 4542 Avocado St. Info: Sidney Plotnick, 663-2323.

ENCOUNTER Men and Women, Dr. U.J. Fields and Fran Goodman. Mutuality Center, 9112 S. Western. 8pm. Refreshments. 757-1806.

MAN'S ROLE IN THE SPACE AGE, with Thane at 1pm, Hollywood Knickerbocker Hotel, 1714 Ivar. Presented by *The Prosperer*, mem. of Adult Educ. Assoc. 652-6062.

BARBECUE BENEFIT for the Black Panther Party. Hear and meet speakers from the Panthers. 1pm, 616 W. Chapman Ave., Orange. Info: 714-646-4363 or 538-1306. Auspices: Liberation Union.

LOVE AND CLOSENESS, by Dr. Bruce Derman, clinical psychologist at Olive View Mental Health Center. Wear casual clothing. 10:30am, Sepulveda Unitarian-Universalist Church, 9550 Haskell Ave.

MUSIC AND THE MASQUES presented by *Festival Players of California*. 3pm, Inner City Institute for the Performing Arts, 1613 W. 20th. FREE.

CHIROPRACTORS FIGHT with the AMA, talk by Dr. Don Ward. 9:30am, Unitarian Church, 2826 W. 8th. Info: 399-1356. FREE. **SOMEONE'S SINGING**, an afternoon of folk music, sponsored by the Fret House of Covina. Noon to 4pm, the bandshell at Covina Park, 4th and Badillo. FREE.

FORUM: Narcotics Control—Civil Law or Criminal Law? Guests: Judge Leon Emerson, Municipal Court, Downey; Walter Calpepper, attorney, cand. for Atty. Gen., Dem. primary. Moderator: Dr. Robert Frey. 3pm, Embassy Aud., 9th and Grand. Sponsored by Mind Science Foundation.

DANCE UNDER THE STARS, Bev. Hills Yg. Demo. party, 8pm, Kirkeby Center Restaurant corner Wilshire & Westwood. W.L.A. Cocktail dress. Donation at door.

BONNIE WHITE and Judex Sill, song-writer. 8pm. Info: 707-1806.

STATISTICAL INDICATORS of Change and Development in Latin America, talk by Dr. James Wilke, Assoc. Prof. of History, UCLA. Sponsor: UCLA Latin American Center. 3:15pm, 2173 Ralph Bunche Hall, UCLA. FREE. Coffee and cakes. Info: Sandra Liskin, 885-1200.

KIDS FIGHT BACK, speaker Wills Mae Yates, 10am to noon, Southwest Counseling Service, 7323 S. Crenshaw. \$3 donation.

WEDNESDAY 15

PEACE ACTION EVENTS: noon to 1pm, *Silent Vigil* and distribution of literature at New Federal Bldg., 300 N. Los Angeles, downtown. 3:30pm, Orange County Peace Rally in Santa Ana Bowl.

ALL MORNING: special constituency groups, demonstrative actions (e.g., medical collectives at County General Hospital, Poverty Offices, Welfare Offices, etc.). Noon on: actions of demonstrative nature at all IRS offices (war taxes). 3:30pm, mass march from Induction Center (1031 S. Broadway), to terminate at City Hall Rally, 8pm. Auspices: *Student Mobe Committee*. 8pm: *Mass Action Rally at City Hall*, with national & local speakers. 7:30pm: candle-light march begins around all government buildings.

WOMEN DEMAND PEACE: gather at 3pm at 11th and Broadway (downtown, Induction Center) at 4pm and march to City Hall. 8pm Rally at City Hall.

JERRY RUBIN and MIKE TIGAR speaking at 9pm at USC.

PALESTINE and ARAB REVOLUTION, discussed by Dr. Elias Shuffani, a Palestine Arab. 8:30pm, The Haymarket, 507 N. Hoover. Info: 662-9087. 8:30 pm

IS THE DRAFT WORKING? Talk by Carol K. Smith, attorney, with legal view of draft; Dabbi Richard Levy of Hibel, on the moral view; and Louis M. Pulvers with the draft board's position. Westside Jewish Community Center, 5870 W. Olympic. 8:15pm.

JEWIS and BLACKS in American Society—lecture/discussion led by Mark Triebwasser (or Center for Study of Democratic Institutions). 8pm at Hollywood/Los Feliz JCC, 1110 Bates (4200 block of Sunset, Silverlake). Info: 663-2255.

ADVENTURES IN BEING, NO. 3, individual creativity trip led by Jorge Rosner. 8pm, S.E.L.F. Foundation, 1041 S. Elden. \$5 donation.

MUST YOU CONFORM? by Robert Lindner, will be discussed by U.J. Fields at 8pm, Mutuality Center, 9112 S. Western. Refreshments. \$1. 757-1806.

HELP STOP THE WAR, wear a black armband, organize an action for a teach-in at your school, wear a button, support anti-war actions everywhere, get with it! Join the Big March at 3pm from the Induction Center to City Hall for mass rally at 6. Info. from the Peace Action Council at 462-8158.

BECKETT and the Visual Arts, by... poet and member... university. 8pm.

APPENDIX II

Part Two: Examples of The Los Angeles Free Press News Stories

WHAT HAPPENS WHEN A COP DOES WRONG ?

Our spy obtains the 'public' record.

HARRIET KATZ

The Los Angeles Police Department punished thirteen officers in Jan. 1970, and Dec. 1969 for offenses against citizens. Will any of them ever be prosecuted?

As reported in the Free Press of Jan. 30, over 100 policemen escaped public prosecution in 1969 and 1969, even though the LAPD disciplined them for offenses that clearly gave grounds for the pressing of criminal charges.

The Internal Affairs Division of the LAPD circulates a monthly memorandum listing disciplinary actions taken in the previous month. (The information for January, for example, was not distributed till the latter part of February.) The report is supposed to be a public document, but the Free Press had to obtain it through confidential sources.

Of the 90-odd disciplinary actions taken this January and in December, the following thirteen indicate injustices or criminal acts against private citizens:

—George E. Robinson, badge #11495, Narcotics Division, "While on duty unnecessarily consumed alcoholic beverages; operated a city owned vehicle while under the influence of an alcoholic beverage and became involved in a traffic accident resulting in injury to himself and to the driver of the other vehicle." Penalty: 43 day suspension.

—Karel Boruvka, #14100, 77th Street Division, "In a holding tank at the station used improper physical tactics on a juvenile prisoner; on another occasion used improper physical tactics on a male person; failed to secure medical treatment for him, and failed to report the altercation." Penalty: 22 day suspension.

—Charles Henderson, #14043, 77th St. Division, "Caused false information to be included in an arrestee's Medical Treatment Record and submitted a DFAR (Daley Field Activity Report) which contained false information relative to how a person in his custody sustained an injury." His penalty was an official reprimand.

—Michael Hulsey, #13662, 77th St. Division, also "Caused false information to be included in an arrestee's Medical Treatment Record and submitted a DFAR which contained false information relative to how a person in his custody sustained

an injury; made a false and misleading statement to a supervisor who was conducting an official investigation." He too received just an official reprimand.

—Donald Hanley, #7220, Central Division, "Physically assaulted a male juvenile and at another occasion physically assaulted said male juvenile and two other male juveniles." Penalty: 11 day suspension.

Donald Jenks, #13243, Harbor Division, "Used improper physical tactics in controlling a prisoner in the custody of his partner." Penalty: five day suspension.

—John Brown, #12845, Hollywood Division, "While on duty used unnecessary force on a male person." Penalty: 22 day suspension.

—Ramon Castillo, #13075, Hollenbeck Division, "Physically assaulted a male person by striking him with the butt of a shotgun; gave false and misleading statements to supervisors who were conducting an official personnel investigation." Penalty: 7 day suspension.

—John M. Rives, #12920, West Valley Division, "Used unnecessary force on and directed improper and unnecessary remarks to a male person." Penalty: three day suspension.

—Eugene Solesbee, #4654, Hollywood Division, "Used unnecessary force on a handcuffed prisoner." Penalty: four day suspension.

—Russell Brown, #3876, Wilshire Division, "While assigned as jailer failed to release a felony prisoner after receiving

(L. A. Free Press News Stories)

an Investigator's Final Report authorizing his release." For discipline, he voluntarily relinquished two of his regular days off.

—Albert Kalota, #12653, Central Division, "Discharged his service revolver at burglary suspects in violation of the Department's shooting policy." He gave up two days off.

—Thomas Thompson, #13054, Rampart Division, "Used unnecessary force on a suspect under investigation and became unnecessarily involved in a challenge to fight said suspect, during which he removed his gun and baton and gave them to his partner." He voluntarily relinquished four days off.

By these records, Officers Boruvka, Hanley, Brown, Castillo, Rives, Solesbee, Brown and Thompson committed acts of police brutality. The acts are not alleged, but acknowledged. (The records do not necessarily cover all crimes committed by policemen; only those which have been reported on complaint, investigated, and determined by the department.) If a private citizen did what these men did, he would undoubtedly face criminal charges.

Responsibility for further action in these cases lies not with the police department but with the district attorney's office. But the county grand jury rarely indicts police officers, even when the police department has found sufficient grounds for punishing them.

One officer who had been penalized twice by the department in the past two years yet given a clean slate by the county grand jury was finally indicted by a federal grand jury here on Feb. 16.

The federal grand jury indicted former policeman Thomas L. Parham on a charge of violating the civil rights of a 14-year-old boy in East Los Angeles last May. Parham had shot the boy in the hip.

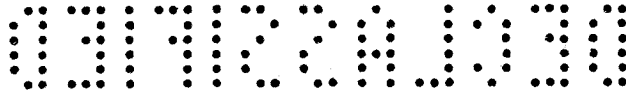
The county district attorney's office has recently denied that it is softer on policemen than on private citizens. If that is so, then pressing of criminal charges against several of the officers cited above could reasonably be expected in the near future. If moves towards prosecution for the above offenses do not come to pass, then the district attorney's rebuttal, to say the least, is open to question.

LATE FLASHES

Over \$100,000 has been claimed by the Los Angeles County Welfare Rights Organization as back money for welfare recipients who are working in Los Angeles County to date.

The organization is helping all working parents in Los Angeles to file for back legal income supplement payment. The California Superior Court ruled that the State Department of Social Welfare and the Los Angeles County Department of Public Social Services regulations for computing AFDC Income Exemption from the net income instead of the HEW gross income was invalid and arbitrary. The result is that all AFDC working parents grants must be increased. As the regulation was issued by HEW effective Jan. 29, 1969—AFDC working parents may file claim for all money as a result of the invalid computation of their budget.

The organization is providing information and filing at the Florence Avenue Office for all persons with underpayments. For further information and help with their payment request should contact the Los Angeles County Welfare Rights Organization at 1442 E. Florence Avenue, Los Angeles, Calif. 90001 or call 563-4991.



(L. A. Free Press News Stories)

March 13, 1970

Pot-sex church celebrates

SUE MARSHALL

In Berkeley last November, a group of religious street people united under the Shiva Fellowship to charter an alternative to organized religion: The Psychedelic Venus Church.

"Hare Lingam! Hare Yoni!" announces a Church encyclical. "We work as part of the spiritual and cultural revolution sweeping North America . . . humanistic affirmation of people instead of machines, of pleasure instead of aggression . . . Drop out and join

the Happies! . . . We believe that life is more than mere mechanism; that some sort of goodness is somehow inherent in all living protoplasm, perhaps in the entire universe. Beyond this, we do not commit ourselves to a creedal formula of words, but freely explore various paths toward increasing enlightenment. Evolve now!"

With the ideals of being "a pantheistic nature religion," the faithful, which now number approximately 130 (increasing at a rate which will outnumber the Catholic Church by 2001), pursue goals of "humanist hedonism and religious pursuit of body pleasure" with the sacraments of sex and marijuana.

In the January 1970 issue of the Church's newsletter, *Intercourse*, the Church proclaimed that "Cannabis sativa is the preferred sac-

rament of this church; though other psychedelics (and even wine) may sometimes be used. Grass is gentle. Much better for group scenes than heavy trips like LSD, DMT. Grass is the commonest sacrament of Shiva worship in India."

One of the priests of the Church, Shiva head Rev. Willie Minzey, is quoted in the current issue of *Intercourse* as saying that he was initiated into Shivaite pot communions in Benares, holy Hindu city on the Ganges.

Although all mammals are clergy in the Church, high priests act as spiritual guides from the wooden house in southwest Berkeley at which the Church is headquartered. Highest of these are Reverend Jefferson Fuck Poland, President of the Church; Mother Boats, Vice Pre-

sident and Secretary; and Licensed Street Evangelist Peter Lawrence Downham.

Like many groups active in gooseing the American sexual revolution along, the Psychedelic Venus Church has been forced to place restrictions on the number of single heterosexual males at church socials and marijuana communions. Exceptions are made for single males who are able to offer their homes for church functions. At present, Rev. Fuck has had to limit services to homosexuals, and to heterosexual couples, lest single women freak at being outnumbered by horny men and become reluctant to join the joyous Fucking.

Membership fees are \$5 from new members. Membership is open to anyone having a sincere religious interest. Those who are members of the Sexual Freedom League, Committee for Homosexual Freedom and Los Angeles Gay Liberation Front are automatically accepted as members.

Official figures estimate the current membership at about one-third women, one-third homosexual male, and one-third heterosexual male.

One version of the holy sacrament, the Genital Sacrifice, is performed four times a year at Witches' Sabbath. In this celebration, the congregation lays out nude and one person of each sex offers himself up on the altar. The genitals of these two volunteers are thickly spread with honey and, one by one, the worshippers come up to the altar and lick the honey off the sex organs of each host.

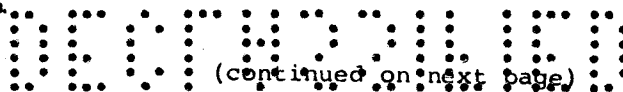
hedonism

According to Rev. Fuck, this is a ritual of ancient origin, and he equates it with the Christian Communion in which worshippers partake of the flesh of Christ.

The Psychedelic Venus Church also employs the Christian ritual of the washing of feet as part of the turn-on process at ritual sex orgies.

Don Jackson, a member of the Church, provides the following historical background:

"The ancient rites of Venus—presiding over orgies of fucking, sucking and pot—date back to prehistory. Venus was known as Aphrodite to the Greeks, and as Ishtar to the Babylonians. Herodotus, the father of history, visited Babylon and made note of the following: *Every Babylonian, whether male or female, went to the Holy precinct of the Temple of Venus on his or her sixteenth birthday, and there served as a temple prostitute for a month, the proceeds going to the Goddess for the maintenance of Her Temple.* The ancient faith, along with the worship of Diana, Eros and Adonis (all sex Gods of one sort or another) was outlawed by the Code of Justinian in 528 A.D. The Code provided that persons who were caught performing the sex rites should be punished by *Amputation*.



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Los Angeles Free Press

Pot-sex church

(from page 10)

of The sinful instrument, or the insertion of sharp reeds into the pores and tubes of most exquisite sensibility. Justinian's wife, Empress Theodora, was called the Harlot of Constantinople by Gibbon. She was a whore before she was married. She was known by the street people of the day as the Champion Cockeucker of the World. She once took on a bet that she could suck off 200 men in a night—and won! When she got too old for sex, she became a Christian. Historians blame her sexual jealousy of young people and her anger with the loss of her beauty—claiming them as the cause of the Justinian anti-sex laws. Her importance in history can hardly be overestimated, since English common law—and through it American law—are offshoots of the Justinian Code. The Catholic Church canonized her as St. Theodora, for her zeal in outlawing sex fun."

One of the paramount doctrines of the Church's Manifesto is recognition of social responsibilities to the planet and all living creatures. We will do what we can to prevent warfare, racism, and ecological disaster. We realize that the culture includes politics, though most of our activities will be on the level of personal liberation. The Church does, however.

endorse political candidates in the current issue of *Intercourse*.

Rev. Fuck is, in fact, going on the Ecology Action Walk, so no mail will be processed until May 7, but for those who are interested, the mailing address is Psychedelic Venus Church, P.O. Box 4163, Sather Gate Station, Berkeley, Calif. 94704.

Money is badly needed by the Church for services and office expenditures, as well as publication of *Intercourse*. Recent issues of the newsletter have offered articles by "Lovable Ol' Doc Stanley" hypothesizing immediate nudity as resistance to hostile cops at public demonstrations, "Diana Devotees Curse" for Vice Squad Officers, street sermons and reprints of Airline Clergy Bureau Identification Cards for clergy/members, and postal order forms to stop pandering mail (i.e., draft notices) from being sent to your residence.

Those with pads or money to donate are invited to contact Mother Boats at (415) 525-5801 weekday afternoons—ask for Bryan.



(L. A. Free Press News Stories)

In criticism of Jerry Rubin

'No' to circuses, No' to clowns, 'No' to Rubin

HELEN McKENNA

I see that Jerry Rubin has fallen into an old trap. In his report on the Chicago "Conspiracy" Trial, Rubin tells us how he is enjoying himself because "it's fun," the circus atmosphere he and Julius Hoffman are conspiring to create. Of course Julius and Jerry, Jerry and Julius, do not "conspire" really, but if two humans did sit down deliberately to create such a spectacle, would it be much different in its consequences? I suppose "cooperation" between Julius and Jerry is a better word than "conspiracy."

There is an old quotation, source unknown to me, but it goes "Controversy equalizes fools and wise men." I would paraphrase it to "Controversy can equalize fools and wise men" and apply it to the Chicago circus. Rubin has removed himself from the battle, although I can appreciate that he may think he can laugh Julius right off the bench. But by becoming an auto-graph-dispenser, proud of his "fan mail," boasting of how "everybody plays his part perfectly" as if they "came out of central casting," Rubin has removed himself from the original down-to-earth facts in the battle against Fascism. An outstanding habit of Hoffman-type mentalities is the use of diversion, always managing to get light-years away from the glaring and significant details of Fascism. And, so sadly — it works. It gets the minds of Americans off the Billy clubs and onto the long hair. It traps you into defending yourself on an irrelevant, safe level. So Rubin joins in such leveling diversion, like the rodeo clowns distract the bulls from more important happenings. Level out all differences between prosecutors and defendants. Get the minds, the ears, the eyes, the sympathy of Americans away from the real events. Clowns are fools, not wise men, when they allow controversy to turn them into wise guys.

David McReynolds of the War Resisters' League is rare in his being so conscious of the dangers of the whole self-righteousness route. He has written of how he is tired of being the "wise guy," of how the "desire to prove how sophisticated one is" is a vice

radicals have accepted with a vengeance." He suggests that choosing sides "destroys our ability to see all men impartially." I wonder if this is like saying "all is fair in love and war," that playing dirty seems inherent and necessary in playing at all. But if we accept the idea of playing dirty, how can we claim to be against somebody else's dirty game? If it is so precisely human to play dirty, maybe we had better strive to be in-human, or at least ascend to another plateau of human evolution.

Wise guys behave like eight year old schoolboys, yell "tattletale" at the lawyers and pile up their candy wrappers. If Rubin and Company think they are "really" subtle and sophisticated and just want to show up the farce of the conspiracy charge and trial that is not a trial, they do not accomplish this aim by being as stupid as their opponents. If the "joke" goes over the heads of everybody and even floats out of control of the jokesters, what then? Backlash comes from people so damned confused by distraction and the stupid tactics of the defendants that their attention is permanently diverted to all the trappings of the silly circus. Showing how much you are like your opponent would confuse anybody, especially since it helps render the word "opponent" meaningless. Under the circumstances, what tiny chance is there that what is covered up can ever emerge?

Rubin threatened to urinate on an attorney. Swell. How short some memories are. The early civil rights demonstrators down South didn't get only ketchup down their backs. I'll never forget how I felt reading about one of those incidents. What kind of people "expressed" themselves this way? If Rubin on one hand says he is more moral, or more right than his enemies, how the Hell does he prove this by imitating them? Or does Rubin believe, as expressed so vividly by the likes of James Bond, or other CIA types, that the "Good guys can do anything for the good side" — "any means necessary" you know. Or in our glorious Star-Spangled

Banner, the same sentiments, "Conquer we must when our cause it is just?" Or how about that grand fellow Mussolini who truly believed that there is "... a violence that liberates, and a violence that enslaves ... a violence that is moral and a violence that is immoral?"

Not only can the right ones become the wrong ones, but the right and wrong become inundated by the garbage of words that deviate from the events. How brilliant — piss on everything and forget about Fascism. But "Piss on you" is a far cry from "Peace on earth" and Rubin has taken a fatal step in going from Peace to Piss. That is real deviation, real perversion, getting off the track and forming a million abstractions piled on top of one another. Rubin's garbage about "fan mail" is such perversion. Just like pollution now being called "a glamour issue" — it no longer stinks nor offends the eye — it's just an "issue" that abstraction will never settle. Gobble it up and make money out of it. If Rubin thinks he is, or at least was better than "them," more right than Hoffman, how can he think that repeating their tactics could prove it? George Orwell had *Animal Farm* published in 1946. The insidious way the over-throwers of tyrants become tyrants themselves is old stuff, but Orwell knew it somehow doesn't stick in the mind long enough to make us act on what is there in the bathroom mirror. So Rubin thinks it's cute to yell at Mayor Daley "Do you rape your daughter?" Let us assume that Rubin is against rape, maybe because of the incongruity of negative and positive behavior. Why then does he himself try to combine exploitation with "love?" Rubin says he and his friends indulge in "guerilla attacks on the judge's psyche." Blah. If you want guerilla tactics, take heed of Nietzsche's warning:

He who fights with monsters should be careful lest he thereby become a monster. And if thou gaze long into an abyss, the abyss will also gaze into thee.

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(L. A. Free Press News Stories)

Rubin has slipped from the status of victim to that of executioner. What Albert Camus meant by being "Neither Victims nor Executioners" was the third alternative, being neither. And the most urgent message for all of us: when we stay in a rut and don't see the way out of both these categories, the two blur. It is too easy to leave one category for the other when the two are connected by a doorway of self-righteousness.

But Rubin has trouble with categories. He says it is all simply a matter of Death versus Life, America versus its children. Yet when Rubin imitates totalitarian tactics (read sometimes of the courtroom antics of John Birchers, slamming seats and interrupting), then it is more of the same, then it's two in collaboration, two agreeing to entertain the public — one goal, one consequence — the diversionary, equalizing circus. I reject that entertainment; it doesn't make me laugh. It makes me think of George Orwell and Nietzsche and Mussolini. Rubin hasn't been allowing "reason versus unreason" or "Good Guys versus Bad Guys" to flow forth naturally from the trial (as a secondary outpouring, rather than a contrived, prime purpose). The line between Good Guys and Bad Guys melts when the wronged ones throw away their

real status of being largely right in the beginning, become self-righteous and obsessed with "other-wrongness," the evils of the enemy, the absolute wickedness of their Devil opponent. Some lines from a poem by Bertolt Brecht are on this "subject," this "issue" that concerns concrete objects like human heads that hit the concrete in Chicago:

Even the hatred of squalor
Makes the brow grow stern.
Even anger against injustice
Makes the voice grow harsh.
Alas, we
Who wished to lay the foundations of kindness
Could not ourselves be kind.

I think we could substitute for the word "kindness" in the above a lot of other words: "freedom," "democracy," "reason."

Rubin chuckles over his "contempt of court." It is not any stupidly and legally-defined contempt of the "court" that is so vital, but such contempt for an opponent that you remove his humanity, first by word, then by

deed. It is not simply a battle between Life and Death when we get down to details, but a battle between falling into the "Animal Farm" trap and constant, everyday awareness of that trap. This alternative of awareness may in the end be the only half-way decent definition we have of "good guys," of not being overpowered by such all-consuming contempt-fear-awe, whether pursuing a Moby Dick or a Julius Hoffman or any "Enemy." (Maybe what seems so impossible for us is what I called "in-human.")

Rubin says there is a "language gap." According to his example, I maintain that Jerry is once again co-conspirator with Julius Hoffman. I realize that here I have very few who agree with me, outside of a few "psychologists of sex" with the surname of Ellis, plus some linguists like Sagarin and Whorf. Here is the "issue": Tom Hayden said "Let's fuck up the convention." Rubin thinks this is revolutionary, healthy language and with a lot of other people, would call me the "prude." But, when the word "fuck" is used in two ways, as positive and negative acts, negative feelings rub off onto our sexual attitudes. Derogatory feelings about the human body are perpetuated by the contemptuous use of the word "fuck" as a destructive act. Our language reveals what we are afraid to admit. There is no "language gap," at least not "between" the pornography of "fucking-is-nasty" Hoffman and "fucking-is-nasty" Tom Hayden. It is still Puritanism, still on Julius Hoffman's side. The Berkeley "Free Speech" Movement was only half-right. Making "fuck" only a nice word could be revolutionary. But with its present shifting, double meaning, it is reactionary. Puritanism is tenacious! Again, Rubin shows his contempt, not simply for the law or the court, but for the human body and for life itself.

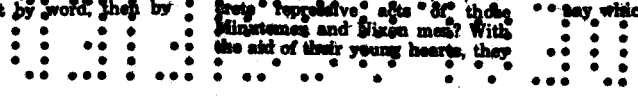
So Julius Hoffman is going "to die of a heart attack." What silly wishful thinking. Does Rubin know how many young Hoffmans there are, ready to replace him? All the 24-year old Minutemen and Nixon sides are not about to keel over from heart attacks. Neither are all the young leftists who do more to defeat their own cause than any senile Hoffman could do. What is Rubin doing to publicize the day-by-day instances, the contempt-repressive acts of those Minutemen and Nixon men? With the aid of their young hearts, they

are probably laughing out loud at the diversions of Jerry Rubin and the circus trial that serves as a cloak, putting certain people out of the game while Fascism runs rampant. What is Rubin doing to defeat our internal enemy — our lack of self-criticism and excess of self-righteousness? How is Rubin displaying traits that put him above the level of the Hoffmans?

"Like a baseball game," says Rubin. It's more like the basketball of the Globetrotters and how "seriously" we react when one of them cries "Foul." And the "boy who cried wolf" shifted the rules around — where did it get him? Why can't Rubin play one game, a serious one, not autograph-scribbling and fan-mail reading? While Rubin is having such "fun," what happens to the daily instances of Fascism by cops, judges, schoolteachers, our military butchers and the American "man-next-door" who condones them? How can the irrationality and the paranoia that made certain laws like "conspiracies" ever be pointed out if the same type of paranoia is indulged in by Rubin? If Rubin ever was trying to say we are "better than them," descending to their level does not prove it; it contradicts it. Jerry says "Julius Hoffman is a hippie judge." I think Jerry Rubin is a "hanging judge." Was Hogan's Heroes the first attempt to reduce Fascism to a barrel of laughs?

"We control the whole thing" boasts Rubin. No, Rubin has been taken; he is being controlled. If Rubin and friends had let Hoffman's side play the fool and show Hoffman's side up by contrast, then Rubin could say they are "in control." Instead, Rubin says "we like are constantly insulting them, attacking them, and throwing them off guard." Yet Rubin claims to uphold our Constitution. Is this some new switch on "defending to the death your right to say it?" It's pretty plainly totalitarian and not very much Constitutional unless Rubin is talking of the Constitution of the Third Reich. Jerry went through the doorway from victim to executioner so that now you can't see much difference between him and the "hanging judge." "We're going to drag a pig into the courtroom and see how far we get," says Rubin. I am reminded of the very last words in Orwell's Animal Farm:

"The creatures outside looked from pig to man, and from man to pig, and from pig to man again; but already it was impossible to say which was which."



Peace & Freedom Signature parties

JANE GORDON

The Peace and Freedom Party did what was necessary to get on the ballot as a qualified political party in 1967-8. Now, as the 1970 election approaches, PFP has found itself fighting virtual disenfranchisement because of the exorbitant filing fees potential candidates must pay BEFORE they may take out their nomination petitions.

To deal with this problem, a lawsuit has been filed in Federal Court challenging the constitutionality of the filing fees, on the grounds that they are like a poll tax and prevent poor people from running for office. The suit also contends that the fees (ranging from \$192 for Assembly to \$982 for Governor) keep all the poor from voting for a candidate who truly represents their interests. Thirdly, the suit claims that the political effectiveness of the PFP and its right to free expression is hindered by the high fees.

Larry Sager, attorney of record, has explained the overall strategy as follows: The suit was filed last week and the attorneys asked that the Judge convene a 3-judge court to hear the case. This takes time and meanwhile they have asked for a Temporary Restraining Order so that potential candidates may have the right to take out nomination papers in the period until a final decision is rendered. The judge originally denied the T.R.O. "without prejudice" which means he may change his mind if approached with further arguments. This will be done on March 9 or 10. But Sager intends to go immediately to a higher court to get the T.R.O. if the judge says no a second time.

This is all very harrowing to those people who want to run and have been waiting to hear the outcome of the lawsuit before trying to raise their fees from friends and fellow PFPers.

Many of us, skeptical of the courts' intentions, have already begun to work on the fundraising. We are trying to raise a total of \$3,382 for the following offices (for which the individuals named have been urged to run: Governor - Ricardo Romo, Chicano organizer from the Bay Area.

Lt. Governor - John Haag, co-chairman of the California PFP.

U.S. Senate - Robert Scheer, former editor of Ramparts magazine.

Attorney General - Marguerite Buckley, Venice Neighborhood Legal Services Attorney.

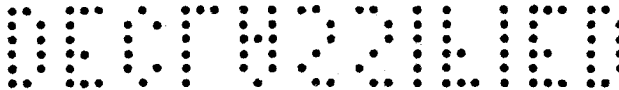
If you wish to contribute to this effort, checks should be made out to Peace and Freedom Campaign and sent AS SOON AS POSSIBLE to PFP, 1727 W. Washington Blvd., Venice, Ca. 90291.

Contributions up to \$100 are state income tax-deductible if you indicate on your check which individual you are contributing to (e.g., "P&F Campaign-Haag"). The fees must be paid by Monday March 16 in order to meet the March 20 deadline for signatures. Two nominating-petition-signing parties are being held, one at the Venice PFP office, Monday March 16 and one at the Ash Grove, Tuesday March 17 (see calendar section). Come, meet the candidates and sign their petitions, have a nice glass of wine.

If you want to volunteer your time or get more information, call the Venice PFP office, 392-4563, any afternoon.

Last minute note: The San Francisco Mime Troupe, cancelled out of appearances throughout the Southland (ostensibly because their realistically controversial material might cause violation at Universities and in outlying communities) will be appearing at the March 17 signature party at the Ash Grove.

Appearing with the Mime Troupe is Teatro Popular, a local guerrilla theatre group from East L.A.'s Euclid Heights Community Center. Tickets are \$1.50 at the Ash Grove, 8183 Melrose Ave. Happy St. Patrick's Day!



Ghetto kids eat paint, get sick

SUE MARSHALL

The American Public Health Association reports that lead poisoning has become a serious health problem among ghetto children.

Lead poisoning is in some cases a result of children eating paint from walls of deteriorating and dilapidated buildings in poor neighborhoods. Blindness, mental retardation, chronic kidney disease and other maladies are often the result when children between the ages of one and five ingest such paint.

The American Public Health Association has stated that they believe federal funds should be appropriated for mandatory testing of ghetto housing for paint with more than one percent lead and removal of such paint where detected. The Association also desires that there be mass urine testing of ghetto children for excessive lead content and free treatment of children in whom such content is detected.

Nam massacre supporters collect pro-Calley names

ATLANTA (LNS — Superpatriots have been trying to turn Lt. William Calley, accused of playing a major role in the Song My massacre, into some sort of a military hero.

Last month, members of the American Legion and the Veterans of Foreign Wars planned a rally in support of Calley. They expected 3000 people, but only 34 showed up.

The organizers of the pro-Calley movement, while "depressed" about the poor turnout at the rally, haven't given up. Now, they plan a petition drive to "protest the unjust and unwarranted charges" against Calley. The petitions are being circulated through Legion and VFW posts throughout the Southeast.

The prosecution of Calley by the Army, the petitioners argue, is "playing into the hands of the Communists."

Peace & Freedom leader comments:

3 Venice cops transferred out

JOHN HAAG

The Venice Peace and Freedom Party, in response to a police riot on the ocean front on April 20, 1969, called upon all Venice residents to stop cooperating with LA police until the following demands were met: 1) removal of Capt. Robert Sillings and Lt. Allen Archbold from the Venice Division and 2) establishment of a community board to control LAPD activities in Venice or complete withdrawal of the LAPD from the Venice community. We later supported demands for the removal of Lt. Tackaberry and Sgt. Babalonis.

Nine months of protest, publicity and pressure against police violence on the part of the Venice PFP and other organizations of black, brown and white Venice residents have finally resulted in the suspension and transfer of Capt. Sillings, the transfer of Lts. Archbold and Tackaberry and the suspension of at least two officers, Manlove and Edwards.

We want to explore what these changes mean before we accept them at face value. Capt. Sillings will take command of the Central Division—which may amount to a promotion. He was not suspended for the abuses he and his underlings have committed against the people of Venice, but for a technical violation of LAPD procedures. As for Lt. Archbold, he is off to Captaincy School, an obvious promotion for spying and informing on the community under the guise of "community relations."

Sillings' replacement is Capt. Eldred M. Lembke, who was in charge of the massive police actions to suppress black and white students at San Fernando Valley State College last year. His armed men still masquerade as students on that campus. The Devonshire Downs rock concert debacle last summer was forcibly dispersed by Lembke's men.

We should observe carefully before deciding that these personnel

changes will have any effect on police behavior. The LAPD could have started by consulting Venice residents about the new replacements. The most important of our demands has not even been considered—that of a community board to control the policies and actions of LA police occupying Venice. This is the only sure solution for police-community problems. We cannot cooperate with police who serve the interests of land speculators, realtors, contractors and politicians who all stand to make a large profit by turning Venice into an expensive tourist resort.

We must continue to work for community control of the police, or we may never be free from domination by the likes of Sillings, Archbold and Tackaberry.

The Venice PFP meets every Wednesday at 8 p.m. at 1727 W. Washington Blvd. Telephone 392-4563.



(L. A. Free Press News Stories)



Gay liberation news roundup

DOUGLAS KEY

"More deviation, less population," "Gay is just as good as straight," "Say it loud, we're Gay and proud" and other words destroyed any doubts concerning the reality of Gay power in Los Angeles on the night of Feb. 7.

Organized by the Gay Liberation Front, the demonstration was participated in by the Committee for Homosexual Law Reform, The Committee for Homosexual Freedom, the Homosexual Information Center and Social Workers for Peace.

An estimated 100 to 150 people participated in the demonstration which took the form of leafleting

the area and picketing of the building.

Many people took their business elsewhere.

The demonstration was called to protest a sign in Barney's tavernery, which read, "Fagots stay out." The management had refused to remove it after repeated requests by individuals and the GLF.

Heckling was minimal. A drunken customer fell out of the cafe and ranted for a few minutes, then joined the picket line, singing a ribald English army song with homosexual connotations.

A man shouted repeatedly, "I like girls, not boys," and was

answered by a lesbian GLF monitor, "So do I, mister."

A waitress in the cafe was heard to remark, "A year ago this couldn't have happened. I can't believe it. It can't really be happening."

Hundreds of curious people watched the three-hour demonstration, and passing cars blew horns and shouted "Gay power," many of them Gays who could not participate in the demonstration for various reasons but who wanted to show some support.

LA DOLCE VITA

The demonstration was bathed in a

(continued on next page)

DECEMBER 1970

(L. A. Free Press News Stories)

sans soud astra with laughter and joking coming from the pickets. Men kissed, embraced and walked hand in hand. Many people met for the first time, and fast friendships were formed.

The carnival atmosphere was increased by the lights of TV and film crews who covered the event, including NBC-TV and KFWB radio. Films were also made by two individuals, Lynn Richmond and Pat Rocco.

The joyous mood was not shared by the cafe's manager, the help or the few customers who were inside.

Music blared from a number of transistor radios, and some pickets danced as they picketed.

FLICS FRIENDLY

Members of the Hollywood Sheriff's department spoke with GLF officials prior to the demonstration and offered their services in a protective capacity. One deputy sheriff was seen wearing a "Gay Liberation Now" button.

The bersaglieri requested that one sign, which contained a word that could be considered obscene, be removed from the picket line, and their request was granted a few moments before the picketing stopped.

There were no arrests and no violent acts.

GAYS CONFRONT MANAGER

At ten p.m., the picket line broke, and the group assembled in a parking lot near the cafe. Six Gays, led by Reverend Troy Perry of the CHLR and Morris Kight of the GLF, entered the cafe and proclaimed their sexuality and requested service. They were served without hesitation, and they then engaged in dialogue with the bartender and cafe owner over the moral validity of the sign. After finishing their drinks, the Gays left. An aged, bearded, Gabby Hayes-type customer who is known as the Original Midnight Cowboy squealed, "I am a he-man," a number of times while the Gays were inside.

At a celebration party held at the Alpha Resistance house, the demonstrators relaxed and discussed the protest.

GLF MEETS

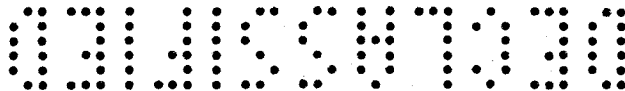
The following day GLF held its eighth meeting at its new meeting place, 2259 1/2 W. Washington Ave. Forty people attended.

Representatives of the Peace and Freedom Party attended and apologized for the anti-Gay attack made recently by a militant Chicano at a Peace and Freedom Party meeting. The apology was accepted by GLF.

The Peace and Freedomists formally invited GLF to send delegates to the P and F Convention which is to be held Feb. 21-23 in Long Beach. A concise female P and F spokeswoman explained Women's Liberation and its relationship to Gay Liberation and other oppressed minorities to GLF. An intense discussion of a philosophical nature took up the rest of the meeting as scheduled.

Demonstrations against a number of discriminatory organizations are under consideration by GLF, including the U.S. Post Office. The post office recently dismissed an employee, David Carpenter, for his liaison with a female impersonator.

The Gay Liberation ideology is apparently also not acceptable to Macist and Marxist-Leninist advocates. A statement of solidarity with Gays in Communist nations that are being oppressed is forthcoming from GLF.



Ladies Lib seeks sisterly aid from Lesbian group

February 13, 1970

VARDA MURRELL
Last Friday night (March 19) I went to my first meeting of the Daughters of Bilitis, the only organized lesbian group in Los Angeles. The Daughters, which takes its name from a book of poems by Louys, is nationally organized with strong chapters in New York and San Francisco, but has never taken hold in Los Angeles, probably because of the spread-out nature of this city. My reason for attending was because I, as a member of a women's liberation group, wondered if our groups could learn from each other. I had heard about the Daughters in fact from Sue, a member of my group who is Gay.

Sue picked me up, and we drove to that land of surprises, Glendale. Because of a wrong turn we came in late, so I hadn't time to explain that I wasn't a fellow lesbian—just as well since this might have inhibited free communication. There were about 20 women ranging in age from 21 (membership is not open to minors) to 60ish sitting in a comfortably furnished room. Carol, the president, was asking each member in turn what she wanted out of the Daughters and what positive steps she could suggest to bring that objective about. Most wanted public acceptance, understanding and equality with heterosexuals. They made plans to leave put-up posters and newsletters in Gay bars; they agreed to appear that Sunday at the Metropolitan Community Church (the only homosexual church in L.A.) wearing name tags identifying themselves as DDB's. Bo, the vice-president, reminded them that self-acceptance must precede public acceptance. She asked how many would consent to full-face shots in an upcoming film being made by Parnassus Productions. More than half the women raised their hands. Carol told of speaking before the Manhattan Beach Rotary Club (yes, you read it right,

Rotary club) recently in a program on homosexuality, on receiving a standing ovation. Members of two other Rotary Clubs then invited her to talk at their meetings.

When they had finished Carol introduced me as Sue's friend and as a writer for the Free Press. I felt a tenseness in the room as I began to speak, a feeling of apprehension on their part that I would be a tourist. First I told them I was a heterosexual. Bo then broke in and made everyone laugh when she said, "Good,



Some of my best friends are heterosexual. God bless 'em. Without them we wouldn't be here!" I told them my attitude toward homosexuality — that some people are five feet and some are six feet, and that was that. Then I asked them what they'd like to have me write in my article—what did they want known about lesbians. They said they wanted the estimated 300,000 lesbians in the greater Los Angeles area, most of whom are in the closet, to come out of hiding and fight alongside them for their rights, especially those with special knowledge, such as lawyers, doctors and writers. Their post office box number is 3237, Hollywood Station, Los Angeles 90028, and Carol said all names and addresses would be kept confidential. They also wanted to emphasize the fact that their club's purposes were education,

political and social—not a place for those interested strictly in cruising.

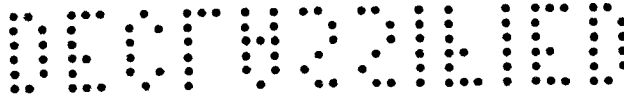
Then I spoke as a member of a women's liberation group and suggested our groups have a joint meeting. It seemed to me the lesbians could learn from us about female pride, activism, feelings of sisterhood, and to see themselves as a majority—women—albeit a minority within a majority. Our group could learn not to respond to the lesbian taunt—the male idea that any woman who demands her rights, who uses her mind and who acts in an independent manner must be put down as a lesbian. Lesbian-baiting is discussed in the current Newsweek article on the women's liberation movement: "A woman who doesn't mind any other insult—'go home and take a bath,' 'what you need is a good screw,' 'dirty, Communist pink!'—will dissolve in tears because someone calls her a dika." Carol appointed a committee to work out details for such a joint meeting.

On the way home Sue and I stopped at a Gay bar in Venice and she told me how difficult it is for lesbians to find partners. Even if they don't like bars they must go to them since there at least the question of who is who is answered. If they meet a woman elsewhere, the assumed relationship is friendship only. With men

and women it's the opposite—the pass has become obligatory, and some women consider it an insult if only friendship is offered.

After I got home I thought about the paradoxes within the radical movement. Those who sit in Barney's Beanery attacking Hoffman's rulings while outside Gays march protesting the insulting window sign. The famous leftist writer I heard dismiss a poet as a queer last week. The same Newsweek article which quoted a "Berkeley veteran" on women's oppression in the New Left. "It's

(continued on next page)



Los Angeles Free Press

March 27, 1970

Abortion clinic busted—doctors seek arrest to test law

MARY REINHOLZ
Homicide cops busted the West Los Angeles abortion clinic last Friday—five days after it opened. At least 25 D & C's were performed before the cigar-smoking flatfoot confiscated an appointment book, interrogated patients and volunteers and arrested five unpaid staff members at the clinic's headquarters on 11914 1/2 Santa Monica Blvd.

It was the second police raid in two months. Last time, cops seized equipment and supplies and arrested psychologist Harvey Karman and two others before the clinic was scheduled to open.

Since then, Karman and Dr. John Gwynne announced publicly that they would seek arrest in order to test the constitutionality of California's abortion statutes. Some 200 women, who are sponsoring the clinic, signed complicity statements. Dr. Gwynne, 28, was subsequently dropped from residency at Cedars of Lebanon hospital for his principled stand.

The clinic re-opened Saturday for checkups and referral services. Police returned to the scene of their crime when a scuffle, believed to be staged, developed between an alleged advocate of abortion repeal and one of approximately 20 Catholic pickets prattling the papal party line. There were no arrests.

Booked last Friday on abortion charges were Karman and Dr. Gwynne, the clinic's professional consultants, and three assistants: Margaret Cameron, Peggy Lee Graa, and Victoria Becker. They were released at around 1:30 a.m. the following day on \$1,875 bail each. All were arraigned Thursday in Superior Court.

Police continue to keep the clinic under surveillance. Prior to the bust, they were sniffing around the building for days, taking photos from across the street and writing down license numbers of patients. When a woman returned home, she'd find a cop waiting outside.

Karman and Dr. Gwynne had told the district attorney's office that they would be willing to turn themselves in. But pressure from Catholics apparently precipitated Friday's farcical police action, staged by 1940-style plain-clothesmen.

Their clumsy attempts at cloak-and-dagger secrecy failed miserably. "Repeal abortion laws now!" shouted a crowd outside the clinic as Karman was driven away in an unmarked car. Inside, behind locked doors, detectives photographed equipment and questioned Dr. Gwynne while school children pressed their noses against the window panes.

"Repeal abortion laws now!" was sounded more than an hour later when the cops hustled Dr. Gwynne out the back door. Television cameras filmed the incident. One triple-chinned gumshoe, who looked like Mayor Daley, was rather rough with the young doctor as he shoved him towards the car.

Observing the scene, a cocktail waitress from a neighborhood bar said, "I'm for the doctor a hundred percent. Women really have it hard, you know what I mean? The abortion laws help the quacks. They use catheters and stuff like that and charge a lot of money for an operation that wouldn't be so expensive if

it were legal."

That day police brought about six other women down to Parker Center for further questioning. But they refused to arrest Lana Phelan and Mary Petrinovich, both of whom represent large groups of women. Lana is a member of NOW (National Organization of Women) and NARAL (National Association to Abolish Abortion Laws). Mary, one of the clinic's sponsors, is a member of Women's Liberation Front at UC Riverside.

Despite a few psychotic telephone calls and one bomb threat, the clinic has received enormous public support. Even a few members of the timid medical profession have said they are behind the clinic. However, local Roman representatives—notably from the offices of Bishop Manning—have forced the owner of the building, himself a doctor, to give the clinic an eviction notice.

Karman told the Free Press Monday that he and his co-defendants will seek an injunction prohibiting further busts until the case is settled. Meanwhile, the clinic desperately needs money and professional assistance from doctors and nurses to keep in operation.

The defendants are challenging the 1967 abortion law authored by democratic state senator Anthony Beilenson. California's 1850 abortion statute was struck down by the state supreme court last September. Lana Phelan said the language of the decision suggested that Beilenson's law is also unconstitutional.

Hopefully, the Los Angeles challenge will encourage other doctors to speak out and establish similar clinics. Says Karman: "As long as abortion laws remain on the books, 25 women die each day."

DECEASED

Candidate on Gay-police relations

DOUGLAS KEY

Richard "Sam" Fusilier is one of three men seeking election to the office of County Sheriff. Fusilier is a retired LAPD vice-officer and was recently interviewed by Gay liberationist Douglas Key, who is also a transvestite.

EXPERIENCED AND ENLIGHTENED

The Mui Building at the corner of Hollywood and La Brea is one of the more modernistic buildings in the Hollywood area. A bank, restaurants and clothing shops, as well as many business offices, are contained in the structure. The best feature about the building is the sculpture at the entrance.

I was wearing a lavender mini-dress, low-heeled sandals and lilac eye shadow and smiled as I entered Fusilier's first floor office.

"A few years ago you could have been arrested for dragging," he said. "But times have changed." I told him I was active in the Gay Liberation Front, and one of the things the Gay community objected to was the methods used by the vice squad to entrap homosexuals in bars and clubs.

A LAW AGAINST POLICE ENTRAPMENT

"I'd like to see a law against police entrapment," he said. "I don't think the police should

break the law to enforce it. As far as the Gay community is concerned, I think a policy of laissez-faire would be best. I've noticed a tremendous change of attitude from the bench [judiciary] concerning homosexuality, and believe many of the laws to be hypocritical and unenforceable. It is not true that older homosexuals molest younger children, except in isolated cases. Molestations are usually performed by heterosexuals. I am against paper crimes," he added.

I noticed a heraldic shield and a glass display case on the wall behind his desk. It was filled with WWII ribbons and medallions.

COUNTY JAILS A DISGRACE

"The county jails are antiquated; a terrible disgrace," he said. "Prisoners are often 'lost,' they sleep on floors, and are afforded one shower a week. The prisons are useless for rehabilitation. They are terrible, depressing places. I'd improve them considerably.

The present sheriff, Peter [Name], lacks of care and

pri-

Examples of News Stories from The Berkeley Barb

MOM LOVES A HOMOSEXUAL

by Gale Whittington

I was getting ready to go to LA for the Peace and Freedom Party Convention, when my mother called from the San Francisco airport. She had stopped here en route from Hawaii to Denver. "I thought I might stay the weekend, but if you are going to LA..."

"No, Mom," I said. "The convention isn't that important. I'll pick you up in an hour." I called Pat Brown to tell him I couldn't go to LA. "The whole convention is screwed anyway," I said. Leah Schuman of AFT Local 1928 told me they wanted her to run on a Women's Lib platform, but that she would have to wear a bra. Political campaigns are all phoney anyway," I rationalized.

Pat agreed. "And reformist and counterrevolutionary."

"Do you like the orchids in my hair?" Mom asked me.

"Yeah," I laughed. "They sell them in the dime stores here."

"You look good," she told me, "but you've lost weight."

I took her to a hotel on Lombard Street where we rapped about

family, Hawaii, and homosexuality. I gave her a copy of Tangents magazine which contained an interview of me.

My parents are religious fundamentalists. My father is a preacher. I am not ashamed to say that they love me deeply and I love them equally.

They have known I am gay for four years. After the initial shock, and a lot of communication ("It's the only way I can be happy," I would cry,) they came through. There were many nights when they would take my lovers and me out to diner and many days when we would all go to the mountains together. "We want you to be happy," they said.

Of course, they thought I had gone too far when my picture and name began appearing in the papers in relation to Gay Liberation. "What about your future?" they would say. "Self-righteously, I would answer, "It was you who taught me to be honest. I can't live a lie."

Mom read the article in Tangents and told me she agreed.

"The changes you talked about should come."

The next day, we went up the coast to the Redwoods and to Fort Bragg. I found a new communication with her, perhaps because she was totally herself. Dad wasn't around. She said she had been reading about Women's Liberation.

When I took Mom to the airport on Monday, she handed me twenty dollars. "Buy food with it, not alcohol or drugs," she said smiling.

On the way home, I was thinking to myself, maybe people aren't completely liberated yet, but at least the seeds of liberation have been planted, and planted firmly.

Right On!



TALK TAX

Between ten and twenty thousand Americans have their cake and eat it too. They refuse to pay the 10% federal war tax on their phone bills, thus saving a few dollars while protesting. Usually you expect a protest to cost you money, time, or skin; but this demonstration benefits the dissenters.

The phone company never shuts off phones for nonpayment of the tax, either. It ain't their bread. Instead the unpaid tax, after several months, is referred to the Internal Revenue Service who investigate.

If the protester has a salary or a bank account, the taxmen may eventually steal the bread therefrom. But if you hide your cash in a safe deposit box, or if you're broke, the IRS is up shit creek. They might as well forget about it, as they'd spend hundreds or thousands of dollars going to court trying to collect a \$15 or \$20 tax bill.

Hit the government where its heart is... in the wallet.

PUBLIC HEALTH NOTICE

If you now have, or have been exposed to, infectious hepatitis the police want a sample of your feces.

Place a stool specimen in a plastic bag and give it to the first officer you see.

If he is not there, leave it on the front seat or floor of his squad car where he will be sure to find it.

Thank you in the name of Public Health.

(Berkeley Barb News Stories)

DADDY'S LITTLE GIRL TAKES BIG BUST

by 'Wise Elk'

Eight young hips of an Elko, Nevada commune will stand trial this month for contributing to the delinquency of a sixteen-year old minor, Becky Homer, whose father owns the largest motel in Elko.

Becky had attended an open meeting of the commune where ways of relating to the larger Elko community were discussed. After Kenneth Homer filed his complaint with the police department of Elko, Becky said that her father's charges were false and that she would testify for the defense.

The commune is getting help from Rolling Thunder, medicine man and legal advisor for the Western Shoshone Indian Nation. The Elko commune refers to itself as the Sons of Thunder because of the Indian symbolism which equates thunder with truth.

Before the contributing charges were filed, the open meeting of the commune was disrupted by

pigs armed with a search warrant to look for narcotics. When no narcotics were found the pigs busted twenty-year old Neil Dickey who had been arrested two months previously for possession of two seeds and a stem. At that time the narcotics bureau, headed by Bob Brush, told Neil that if he would act as informer they would drop the charge. He declined and was arrested for possession on the night of the search.

Police harassment of young hip people in Elko has been constant and subtle. The commune, with the aid of Rolling Thunder, hopes to find ways to communicate with the larger community as well as to receive fair treatment for Indians and other minorities. They are also seeking to acquire a full time attorney as well as forming an underground press to educate the people to their position.

A defense fund is also being established to help the commune and other oppressed minorities in the Elko area.

(April 20, 1970)

GUESS WHO'S HERE?

It looked like BARB was going to get busted, sure as Hell, last Tuesday at 4 p.m.

Four carloads of Berkeley finest parked outside our office -- double parked, that is -- and an incredible number of cops piled out with walkie-talkies and assorted shit peculiar to their trade. There was a plainclothes car on site too.

But, instead of crashing through our doors and vamping on us, they filtered up the street, saying not much to the inquiring reporter who followed, pen in hand.

After they'd done their thing for a while, mainly questioning young blacks standing around the intersection of University and Shattuck waiting for busses, one of them tipped us off.

It seems that they'd gotten a call from Joseph's of Berkeley Furs at 2070 University -- just up the street from BARB offices -- that a big fur coat ripoff was in the offing.

BARB dropped in on Joseph's and was told by three righteously indignant staffers that about five young black men and women had been in the store, TRYING ON COATS!!!

Once upon a time, they explained, eight young blacks had tried on coats and then ran away with them, costing Joseph megabucks worth of haute couture fur and leather.

They didn't want it to happen again, they declared emphatically, so they called the cops, and the young people left.

BARB is glad it didn't get busted, but we can't help but wish the cops had caught the fugitives. Imagine: there are now five desperate criminals roaming the streets who have the infinite gall to TRY ON COATS!!!

(February 6, 1970)

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PORKER'S REVENGE

HOGLASH HIT IN ISLA VISTA

One hundred thirty five people were arrested in Isla Vista between Tues., February 24, and Saturday, Feb. 28, according to a leaflet issued there.

The bulk of these people were arrested on Wednesday, (35); Thursday, (16); and Friday, (88). Most of the arrests fit into the following categories:

LOITERING. Many people were out after curfew hours with specific destinations, such as the library, stores, restaurants, and friends' houses. They were stopped by police or National Guard and either questioned or immediately arrested.

These people were not in violation of the 6 p.m. to 6 a.m. curfew inasmuch as they had specific destinations, and were stopped en route.

APARTMENT ARRESTS. There were many onlookers who remained on private property, and watched police maneuvers. As police approached, they would run into their houses for fear of being considered demonstrators. The police would see them as they entered and would follow.

Often times, the police would break in, and never with a warrant. Police would arrest the occupants either selectively, or en masse. Many warnings were issued to onlookers on balconies or porches, and sometimes to those looking out their windows.

One student, who lives in a van parked on private property for which he pays rent, was taken out of his "house". Another student was ordered out of a treehouse in which he was sleeping.

ARRESTS BY PLAINCLOTHESMEN. Several arrests were made by uniformed police, or by police in unmarked cars. A few arrests were made on seemingly preselected parties. In one such case, a couple were home in bed, and they were arrested for conspiracy along with several other charges.

ARRESTS OF PEOPLE PATRONIZING BUSINESSES. Whole groups of people were herded out of businesses such as Stop and Go Market, the Little Hobo, Lubes, and the Yellow Submarine.

There were many events of police abuse. Very few of those arrested were informed of their constitutional rights. Few arrestees were allowed both their phone calls, often none were allowed, or there would be up to a nine hour delay.

Many police issued vocal arrests and prejudiced belittlings at the arrestees. Those arrested were shoved and jabbed with night sticks. The police used plastic bandhandcuffs which cut off circulation and

left marks on the hands up to a full day.

At one time a group of 20 to 30 arrestees were made to wait with these handcuffs and face towards a wall for a time of three hours. If they slumped or nodded their heads the seven police officers with seven shotguns leveled the shotguns to eye-level.

When demonstrators were still hurling rocks at police on Wednesday, the police used several arrestees as shields to protect themselves as they hurled the rocks back.

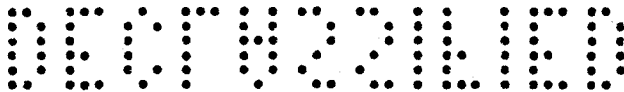
One case of extreme cruelty was that of Jim Trotter. Trotter was arrested BEFORE the first police car was burned on Tuesday. He was taken downtown and put into solitary confinement. His boots were cut off his feet.

One officer put his foot on the back of Trotter's back and another stomped his face into the floor. His hand was spread out on the floor and crushed with a club. His feet were stomped on.

There are many cases of police

harassment throughout Isla Vista. Three police cars stopped in front of an apartment displaying a black flag. One policeman came out of the car and told the occupant, who displayed the "fist" sign, that he would personally "kick the shit" out of him if the flag was not removed when the police returned. Several people witnessed police breaking the headlights and windows of a Volkswagen for no apparent reason. One student was taking pictures from a car. He was hauled out and his camera was smashed. As he bent over to pick up the camera, he was hit by the police.

Wednesday evening three police cars accelerated through a crowd of people on Camino Pescadero at a speed between 50 and 60 m.p.h. One of the crowd could not get out of the way and was hit by the speeding vehicle. He rolled over the hood of the black and white car and skidded along the ground until he finally laid under a parked MG. The police neither slowed nor stopped.



(Berkeley Barb News Stories)

DEFOLIANT BOMB

by J. Muggie

Criminal Pentagon imperialists have done far more havoc to the Vietnamese people than mere napalming and the Song-My murders.

Millions of tons of chemical defoliants and tear gas have rained on Viet Nam soil since the start of the immoral war.

The end result of this chemical warfare has been birth defects in children and an ecological catastrophe.

World Health Organization of the UN has condemned the use of defoliants and tear gas in Viet Nam. Experiments on mice have shown Thalidomide-like birth de-

fects occur when pregnant mice are exposed to the defoliant chemicals.

Over 100 million pounds of defoliants have been used in Viet Nam so far. Defoliants are variations of the evil-sounding chemical trichlorophenoxyacetic acid, known as 2,4, and 5-T to the troops who spread them.

More than 5 million acres of Vietnamese land have been ravaged by defoliants, plus more than half a million acres of crops. Once the land is contaminated by the defoliants, it cannot be used for anything. All the animals who live in the defoliated regions are

left without food or shelter.

The defoliation operation is known under the code-name Operation Ranch Hand. Ranch Hand pigs who spread these illegal chemicals have the motto "Only you can prevent forests."

Viet Cong and civilians are also treated to the use of tear gas, types which are familiar to most Berkeley people. CS and CN gases are employed to "save civilian lives," at least that's what the Pentagon would have us believe.

A new, more lethal tear gas has been recently employed in the war. It's called DM gas, otherwise known as Adamsite.

Adamsite has a few added attractions, principally it contains arsenic. What's even more worthy of note is that it's lethal in concentrated amounts. New York Times reports that 6 million pounds of Adamsite were purchased in 1969.

The Times also explains how tear gas is used to "save" all those lives. Supposedly the gas is used to "flush out Viet Cong" placements concealed in the jungle growth. But more often than not the "flushed out" VC are gunned down on sight.

It took until 1969 to get the Pentagon to admit the use of tear gas and defoliants in the war, and there's no telling the accuracy of the figures on the amounts of chemicals or the area that has been devastated.

In 1968 the US helped write and endorse adoption of the 1925 Geneva Protocol on Chemical and Biological warfare, but it hasn't been ratified yet by the Senate. What's more, the American endorsement excludes any mention of tear gas or defoliants in the endorsements.

Pig Nixon made a big deal about stopping CBW in November of 1969, but just after that he stated that defoliants and tear gas would continue to be used in the war.

More than 3,000 square miles of Viet Nam has been destroyed by the chemical criminality. No stoppage of this is yet in sight.

Anybody who remembers People's Park should have no difficulty in understanding what affects tear gas has on people. The ecological disaster completes the picture.

SURVIVAL WALK

by Equilibrio Naturae

More than 100 people are signed up to step off the south steps of the capitol in Sacramento Sunday morning, and walk to LA, 600 miles south.

The march is the result of months of planning by Ecology Action in Berkeley, as well as associated ecology organizations around the state. It has been endorsed by, among others, Alan Ginsberg and Rene Dubos.

Speaking for Ecology Action, Greg Voelmi said that everything looked good at this point.

"We've got the exhibits and the trucks pretty well in shape, and the arrangements with the towns up and down the San Joaquin are all set. The only place we had trouble was a place called Kerman, south of Fresno; the city fathers had this vision of an invasion of hippies, and won't let us camp in the city park."

There are still a few needs. EA would like a few big woks (not a misprint; a chinese cooking vessel), and milk cans and utensils. Above all, they would like a doctor or a registered nurse to sign up; none has so far, and organizations like the AMA haven't been helpful.

Anyone planning to go on the walk should get to Sacramento Saturday, March 14 and go to

Liacon Jr. High School, 4th and P streets, where an ecology fair will be in progress. A table will be set up at the fair to direct marchers to overnight accommodations in Sacramento.

For the march itself, people should bring \$1 for each day on the road -- there will be about 50 -- plus two pairs of shoes, and as many socks as possible. Part of the route will be through the mountains, and cold; marchers should bring warm clothing which will be stored and brought to the march when the cold sections are reached.

If you're not up for the big trek to LA, you might want to make it out for a twenty-mile circle walk, also called a 'Survival Walk', also starting off March 15.

For this, throngs of highschool students and others will push off at 7:30 a.m. from the UC Memorial Stadium. "Foot Power" cars will follow to pick you up if it gets too heavy. If you want to know more, call 642-5460, 642-1954, or 642-3387, or make it to 305 Eshteman anytime between 9 a.m. and 10 p.m.

If you're not up even for the twenty-mile trip, BARB suggests a hike to the stash, followed by three deep breaths.

(March 13, 1970)



MICRO-SWINE

Hayward Paranoid.

This week's episode in our continuing serial, "Adventures in Paranoia," takes place in darkest Hayward.

A semi-freak we'll call Fred lives there, in a duplex owned by his mother. Fred dresses straight, except for a moustache, has a job with a big, bureaucratic company and goes through the nine-to-five trip.

When he gets back he smokes dope, and tries to clear the bull-shit out of his head.

Two weeks ago, when he came home, there was a message from a detective Banford, suggesting that Fred make an appointment to see him. Worried but bewildered, Fred did.

The next day he went to see the detective. When he arrived, Banford showed him a warrant drawn out against him for felony possession of marijuana. What? When? Fred asked. The sergeant said they had proof that he had grass in his possession on February 5.

Fred asked if he was under arrest. That depends, said Banford. "You scratch my back, I'll scratch yours." The scratching Banford wanted was for Fred to take an undercover pig along on a buy. Fred said maybe, to get out of the office.

The next day, he went to the public defender, who advised him to arrange bond if he wanted to say no.

He got a bailman, called Banford, and told him he wasn't going along. Ten minutes later he was in a oinkmobile headed for the Alameda County jail, where he was booked and held for \$770 in bail.

Once Fred had been charged, the public defender was able to get the story on the warrant.

The tenant in the other half of the duplex, it turned out, had seen Fred rolling a joint in his car. He saw his civic duty and went to work.

The next chance he got, he told Fred that he was curious about what marijuana smelled like. Fred took the hint--"Shit, I thought

he wanted me to turn him on"-- and lit up the joint he was just getting ready to light anyway.

The junior G-man refused the toked. But when Fred was looking away, he took a pinch of his stash and wrapped it up in Kleenex, and brought it down to the sheriff's office.

Fred talked to the tenant after he got out on bail. The police had told him that they weren't going to arrest Fred, just use Fred to help net the big fish, the unscrupulous peddlers who prey on the lost youth of the metropolis.

"He honestly didn't think that I'd be arrested. But if he's called to testify, he will, I know that."

At this point Fred is in trouble. He can't afford a lawyer, especially can't afford the sort of high-powered grasslaw specialist that might be able to get him out. However, owing to fuck-the-people technicalities, he doesn't even qualify to receive the trial services of the public defender.

What kind of person, BARB asked, would do this? What was this guy like?

"Well," said Fred, "He wears a suit to his job at the gas station."

(April 3, 1970)

HOW TO DO IT!

Our lesson Tuesday night was clear: Pigs don't move if you ask them to.

Pigs don't move by any democratic majority VOTE.

Pigs move when they're offed.

The floor was yelling, "Off the pigs", "Out", "Out", "Out", and Dan Siegal at the mike--for the SMC steering committee -- was shouting for order and quiet: "Let 'em speak". (Free Speech for PIGS!)

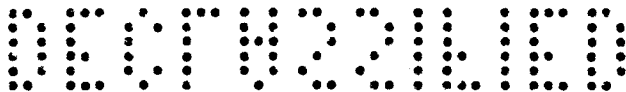
Then, wonder of wonders, a vote was taken! "Off the pigs" won by overwhelming carhophony. But the pigs stayed seated as Siegal shrugged, still muttering some sort of good liberal rot into the mike.

Then the advance began: scores of people rose from all over the auditorium, scrambling over seats, vamping toward the pigs, raised fists clenched, yelling in unison "Out", "Out", "Out" -- and offed the pigs. Out the door. O Beautiful!

Down with leaders who lead us nowhere. POWER TO THE PEOPLE!

-- S.D.

(April 10, 1970)



IS BERKELEY FUCKING?

by J. Fuck Poland

When Esquire magazine claimed the student generation was giving up on sexy hedonism, back in fall 1968, I didn't believe them. "Jealous middle-aged farts," I muttered.

Now I believe. Celibacy gains recruits daily among young Berkeley heads. Mostly through these four social movements:

(1) Krishna devotees. Each young man who shaves his head, each young woman who dons the sari and joins the evangelical band, takes certain vows. These include chastity; no sex at all if unwed; sex between spouses only to produce a pregnancy; and even then, just one a month during the fertile period.

(2) Women's Liberation. Numerous activists are giving up on men, joining all-female communes, turning celibate.

(3) Heroin use. Junkies rarely ball, unless for cash to buy junk. Heroin provides an orgasmic feeling of its own while suppressing sexual desire. Some believe that junkies use heroin to suppress lust which they cannot handle, and thus can give up junk in middle age when their erotic desires decline naturally.

(4) Methadrine use. While speed doesn't always eliminate sex, it often does so.

Why do healthy young people in their sexual prime turn their backs

(so to speak) on genital sex? Is there a Reichian in the audience?

My personal theory is that many of our peers have been driven mad by 10 years of failure in the Movement for peace, love, and racial brotherhood. Bitterly we reject former goals as soured grapes of wrath. Where once we were pacifists, now we bomb.

Where once we parted interracially, now black and white radicals stand apart, segregated at arm's length. Where once we loved freely, now women reject men, and both sexes find substitutes for sex--mysticism, violence, and/or antisexual narcotics.

In the city, I mean. The flower children hide in a thousand rural communes, virtually invisible to underground media.

I'll bet you don't agree with this explanation. Here's your chance to talk back. BARB will sponsor an essay contest on the question, "IS BERKELEY FUCKING?"

Winner gets a free subscription, or \$5 worth of BARB advertising essay(s) may be printed by BARB, in which case the writer(s) will be paid the usual rate. At any event, all typed entries will be printed in INTERCOURSE if they don't make BARB. You will be heard.

Bring or mail your essay, typed, between 100 and 900 words, to Fuck, c/o BARB, 2042 University Avenue, Berkeley, by April 14th.

(April 10, 1970)

SUNNY DAY IN PROVO

A. Quest

Until about 12:30, everything was Sunday morning sunny-calm at the picnic in Provo held to publicize the Tuesday night City Council meeting.

A banner on the Grove side of the park announced, "Launch Childcare, not Helicopters."

People sprawled on the grass eating homemade bread and butter while some 30 children rounded up 200 Easter eggs.

Early afternoon, the microphone was turned on and the crowd, swelled to its peak of 500, began to react to a speaker's denunciations of "white male pricks" being used as "weapons."

One unfortunate phrase, "All we want to do is disarm them," was probably a case of metaphor-gone-amok, but some possessors of white male pricks seemed to take it literally.

Another speaker continuing the theme was unsettled mid-sentence when a man came up and kissed her. There was a long, almost thoughtful pause, and then she swung at him. Sisters in the audience put him down as an "agent provocateur."

The man faded into the crowd. Then a woman came up and confronted the speaker, pugnaously proclaimed that "this is Easter, we should be loving and peaceful," and took a punch at the speaker who responded in kind.

Bystanders looked more entertained than disturbed; two more women joined in the fray but nobody seemed interested in breaking it up.

Someone commented that if it had been men fighting, people would have intervened, but women don't get taken that seriously.

Later, the man who started it all and the woman he kissed were seen shaking hands as if making up. The "peace-loving" woman was overheard putting someone down: "She won't be a woman even when she's ninety."

About all you can say is that Women's Lib gets a lot of people in the gut, whatever side they're on.

'NO LIBERALISM HERE!'

by Red Bailes
Two campus pigs showed up to "participate" in the Student Mobilization Committee meeting for planning April 15 anti-war actions. The People had experienced their piggery earlier in the day at the ROTC demonstrations. "Pigs!" Shouted a liberal. "where did they come from?" "Off the Pigs!" was the consensus. The two just stood up and glared balefully at us. One pig spoke amidst the clamor for their expulsion. "Is this not an open meeting?" he simpered. Some shouts of "let them speak." The freak who first spotted them said "let's have no liberalism here! No liberalism here!" The plasticlothes dick cropped his coy cover: "We're from Dean Shotwell's office! The permit for using this

room went out through his office! So. Shit. They were there "because of some rules and regulations." Checking what, shithheads? "Out, your fuckers, you fucking pigs," said one lovely blonde coed. From every corner of the large auditorium people moved in the direction of the unwelcome "guests." The pigs were lucky. They had taken the precaution to be near one of the doors. Grumbling, "awright, awright!" they suddenly split through the open door. All other undercover types present were invited to leave. Our good humor restored, the meeting proceeded. Student body president, Dan Siegal told BARB afterwards that the whole incident was avoidable. He'd run into the peace officers during the afternoon demonstration, and jokingly suggested they get off their trip. Join the revolution. Stand by us when we fight ROTC. Oppose the war. Pigs are notoriously literal-minded. The two knuckleheads

seemed to have decided Dan wanted them to come to the anti-war planning session to help. Pretty dumb. We hope the people who pay these pigs will note how they spend their time "on assignments!"

(April 10, 1970)

NO DOPE

If you're strung out on junk, and you don't want to quit because of cold turkey, it looks like everything will be OK.

The California State Assembly has just approved a bill for establishing operational methadone treatment programs.

Methadone, for those who don't know, is a drug with affects similar to smack. Taking methadone eliminates the need for junk and removes many of the hassles. Methadone is only slightly addicting, and kicking a methadone jones is easy. It sometimes takes only a few weeks to get over smack dependency when it is used.

The assembly has a documented case of a San Jose junkie who kicked a \$300 a day habit in three weeks with methadone treatment.

What's especially good about methadone is that it's impossible to shoot it, so needle freaks have to start dropping the pills.

Permits are now available for any city or town who wants to introduce a methadone program, from the State Research and Advisory Panel on Drugs.

by J. Muggle

(March 20, 1970)

TIM SAYS IT

By Timothy Leary

We are experiencing today a period of religious, political and scientific repression. A recession of freedom. Unconstitutional laws are being passed and enforced. In violation of their First and Ninth Amendment rights spokesmen for freedom and growth are being imprisoned.

This is the time for Holding Together. The spokesmen for the New Life are jailed to silence them for speaking the truth of the New Life. In religion this is the time of re-birth. In politics this is the time of loving revolution. In the study of nature this is the time of Spring.

The spokesmen are jailed to test the strength of the New Life. For the health and well-being of our new society liberty of individual expression and dissenting opinion will be preserved. Those who are imprisoned for spiritual, political or scientific beliefs will be freed -- as everyone will be freed. Through Coming Together.

We have, therefore, in love and joyous union, at this moment of rebirth, revolution and spring-time formed a family, a league, a corporation, HOLDING TOGETHER, whose purpose is the protection and defense of those whose freedom is threatened because of the unpopularity or popularity or the novelty or the individuality or the collective strength of her or his religious, political or scientific beliefs.

We are Holding Together in love of freedom. We shall ask for and receive emotional and spiritual support and financial contributions which will be used to assist the legal expenses and court costs (emotional, spiritual and financial) of those who are engaged in protecting their and our righteous liberties.

Poor screwed again

There is a venerated axiom the establishment exhorts to poor people as self-evident. It goes—"If you people would only stop being so disruptive (or lazy), work within the system, and play by the rules: you can change things, arrive at self determination, and make the system a beneficent servant." Well, the Poor People's Coalition in Chicago's Lincoln Park area tried. They played by every rule the system threw at them to construct, for themselves, a low income housing project on a cleared two-and-a-half acre plot on Larrabee Street. The system decreed, however, that the people should not be granted such a heady foray into self-determination. Their plan was turned down flat.

The end for the PPC plan came at a meeting of the Department of Urban Renewal in the City Council chambers at a February 11th afternoon meeting, when Lewis Hill, Commissioner of the Urban Renewal Department, and a Daley puppet, triumphantly told the 300 Coalition members and sympathizers that he was awarding the bid to the Hartford Construction Company. The PPC proposal had 70 units with 40 percent for the poor (it would have been entirely for the poor if the PPC thought it stood any chance of acceptance by the renewal board) and the Hartford bid was for 63 units with 15 percent for the poor. The PPC plan was supported editorially by three newspapers and was recommended by an overwhelming 11-2 vote of the Community Conservation Council of Lincoln Park. The recommendation of this Daley-appointed local council had never before in its eight-year history been overturned by the Urban Renewal Commission until the PPC vote. The Commission explained this unprecedented step by saying it could not "delegate its decision-making responsibility to others." Namely, the poor people of the community.

The people were denied the right to speak even though Hill had earlier said "everyone who wants to speak will get a chance." He did this despite the fact he had earlier allowed other people to speak for and against other renewal proposals. At first the people reacted with an unbelieving stunned silence to the announcement of the Hartford plan's acceptance. Then came boos and yells. Moments past, then Pieter Clark, 30, a member of the Citizens Survival Front, bolted from the gallery, bounded across the tables and implored the brothers to join him. His call was answered when members of the Young Lords jumped over the rail, and a "no smoking" sign was hurled from the back of the room, missing the seated commissioners.

The commissioners, however, had thoughtfully summoned up a squad of leather-jacketed pigs to keep the people down. The Red Squad photographers were also there. Clark was grabbed by his arms and legs and yanked from the room. The pigs used his head to butt open the door. It was all over in a few seconds. Most of the people had come to speak, still harboring a lingering belief in the "democratic process," and they were not prepared to fight. But one white middleclass mother said: "Next time I'll leave my kids home and go over the rail with the Lords." The daily papers the next day called it a "melee" and a "near riot," but the only violence in that room was committed by Lew Hill as Daley's spokesman.

The PPC had traveled a long and torturous road to be dealt with so shabbily at the hands of the city administration. In June, members organized and formed a non-profit corporation for the express purpose of making their own bid on the Larrabee Street property. They hired Howard Alan, an architect and resident of the area to draw up their plans. They called on the McCormick Theological Seminary to make good on their promise to supply money for local projects. Mildly reluctant at first, the Seminary, after coaxing, responded with payment of the architectural and legal fees, and a promise

(continued on next page)

(The Seed News Stories)

of \$40,000 "seed money" if the plan was accepted. Every legal avenue was explored, and the renewal bid package was examined and re-examined.

Alan's architectural plan offered speciousness to each unit, while incorporating ideas to keep the overall construction costs down. The most innovative feature of his plan was a nearly 10-foot wide terrace that ran the length of each floor of the four separate three-story structures. Alan did it because "that is how the people want to live. The people in this neighborhood interact far more than people in middleclass neighborhoods, so the terrace concept affords this kind of accessibility."

What the terrace did was to offer a sort of street and sidewalk atmosphere on each of the three stories. "I showed my plan to the Coalition and people in the neighborhood and I never got one negative feedback, not one," said Alan. The architectural consultants to the renewal board, however, saw Alan's terrace plan another way. Examining it through their white middleclass eyes, they conceded Alan's plan was architecturally "potentially the most exciting," but attacked the terrace because it afforded little privacy—which of course happened to be the very point. The Commission seized on this lame excuse to reject the overall plan. Their real reason was something else.

When the PPC's first plan became known, it brought instant outrage from the property owners in and around the area. These people circulated petitions, often employing dishonest tactics to get signatures. When they came to the door of one woman (who was a strong supporter of the poor people's plan) they told her to sign the petition because it was "for the good of the neighborhood." She signed it, only to discover later it was a petition against the PPC plan. About a thousand signatures were collected (so Lew Hill says) and brought to Hill, who realized immediately he was treading in politically troubled waters. He then went to Daley who was the only one entrusted to make such a touchy decision, and on the advice of Hill—who reportedly told Daley that such a proposal could not be turned over to a bunch of "rabble-rousers"—Daley overturned the recommenda-

tion of his own appointed Conservation Council (seven members of which are threatening to resign over this issue), and endorsed the Hartford Construction Company plan. The renewal board, mouthing Daley's command, rubber stamped it at the same time they said they made the decision completely on their own and there were "no pressures or outside influence" placed on the Commission. The end result, simply, is the people got screwed, and it once again became abundantly clear (how many more examples of it do the fence-straddlers need?) that the people of this city are politically impotent.

The proposal will go through one more rubber stamping before it becomes official at the February 25th City Council meeting. Hizzoner will presumably be back from his Florida vacation to instruct his boys how to vote. There are strong indications, however, that the issue may be tabled at that meeting and pushed up to the next meeting in March. But, at both meetings the PPC will need everybody's support—the City Council should get a taste of how the people feel before they sell them out. Get to the meetings early before Daley fills the galleries with his sanitation workers.

There are two other pieces of advice I want to leave with you . . .

To Mothers—when you go to the meetings, leave your children home;

To Daley, Hill and the Hartford Construction Company—take heed of the sign that two women unfurled at the end of the Wednesday afternoon meeting where you sold us out:

"THEY WILL NEVER BUILD IT."

Jay Silvers

Those commie longhair revolutionaries are up to some new tricks. Things to watch out for are:

Writing slogans like Off the Pigs, Free Huey, VC will win, Free Dope, Free Everything on paper money before passing it on.

Spraypainting that stuff on walls, street signs, sidewalks, cop cars, etc.

Stenciling large yellow stars on mailboxes where the red and blue meet, making an instant NLF flag.

Putting epoxy cement in parking meters.

Smoking Mary-wanna in theatres and other public places when the lights are off.

At least 25 persons were busted last week in a new kind of drug raid - conspiracy charges based on wiretap evidence. Apparently the government will seek convictions solely from tape-recorded voices even where no actual drugs were found.

All the busts were near Washington, D.C., a federal laboratory for new police techniques. A new law permits wiretaps to be authorized by judges, like search warrants. In practice the police can go "judge shopping" to find one who is a rubber stamp.

The victims were not told the charges against them for several days, in accordance with another new law, designed to prevent them from warning others. Presumably constitutional issues will be raised in court.

Meanwhile there's more reason than ever to be cool on the phone. One wiretap expert who knew that his own home would be bugged said that whenever he wanted a private conversation he went for a walk. Or couldn't we devise codes subtle enough that no one could prove we weren't talking about something else?

Four teenagers in the suburban town of Euclid, outside Cleveland, Ohio, have been charged with arson - setting fire to Lake Erie.

Fires were set on the lake Friday and Saturday nights last week. The highly polluted lake has been a dead sea for years.

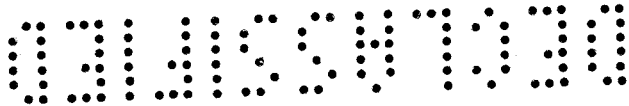
Flames from the fire shot high in the air. The flames were fueled by oil, which, firemen said, had apparently flowed into the lake via a storm sewer. This, of course, is not the first incident of flaming waters in Cleveland - the Cuyahoga river burned down two bridges and got itself declared a municipal fire hazard last summer.

Folks in the western suburbs tell us that the heat has been on this winter in terms of dope, but it seems to be cooling off lately. The College of DuPage (with about 4000 students) has 29 full time narcs and about 50 paid informers lurking around, these sources say. At almost every school function this year people have been busted, but it's managed to stay out of the news.

Fayetteville, N.C.'s hip community is undergoing one of the most extensive and prying police snoops ever. After an Army Captain into nearby Fort Bragg identified the killers of his wife and kids as hippies who chanted "Acid is groovy, kill the pigs", including a blond girl who carried a candle. So every blond girl in town who the cops think looks like a hippie is being picked up and made to say, "Acid is groovy, kill the pigs" into a tape recorder. The hippies, defenseless and frightened, are so far putting up with it, but, in the meantime, some queer things have been brought out about the case. The three dead females were all stabbed in the chest and stomach, but the Captain was just stabbed in the stomach; also, the physical evidence does not exactly match up with the Captain's story. His whole account is such an incredible honko sado-masochistic fantasy riff, that it wouldn't be all that surprising if he turns out to be the guilty one.

Thanks to the fearless, hard-hitting campaign conducted by this newspaper, the Youth International Party and the IWW, the CTA has been forced to back down on its promise to raise the fare. The fare increase was originally to have been 10 cents, but CTA officials, faced with a rising storm of public indignation, decreased the increase to 5 cents. This was an obvious move to rake the pressure off, but it didn't work. When "Free CTA" signs and graffiti began appearing in every el and subway stop, in every bus and train, CTA officials began to fear for their personal safety. An aroused people, they knew, would not stop at writing on walls. The fare increase has been cancelled - for now.

There will certainly be another threat to increase the fare intime. We have won this battle, but the war goes on. It isn't enough just to fight fare increases - we must begin forcing the CTA to LOWER their fares, eventually (now!) to eliminate them entirely. Public transportation must be free to everyone; the banks and bondholders must not be allowed to profit from our necessities. Free the CTA! And free it NOW!



Saigon--A twenty-four-year-old student has been sentenced to five years at hard labor for composing anti-war songs.

The defendant, Pan Van Thang, was convicted by a military court of "acts which weaken the anti-Communist spirit of the army and the Republic of Vietnam.

Thang, a sociology and journalism student at Saigon's Van Hahn University, was director of the school's choral group. The charges were said to involve his allowing the Student Association of Saigon to mimeograph and distribute a book containing his songs in 1967.

Sources said the book, entitled "Songs from the Deserted Fields," contained four songs considered objectionable.

One, titled "Lullaby," contained the lines:

"Sleep, my son, sleep, my son.
When you grow up, you will hold guns and swords
Sleep, my son, sleep, my son.
When you grow up you will kill
Your friends and brothers.

An oft-tried plan for improving the public's driving, rewarding good drivers, is being tried again in Upper Pottsgrove, Pa. But this time, instead of receiving certificates or getting mentioned in a local paper, the reward is a ticket worth a free hamburger and fries at a local drive-in.

It seems to work--drivers have been outdoing themselves striving for that golden medium-rare reward.

British physicians are now fostering a technique for skin analysis for determining cannabis use among islanders. The test calls for a chloroform swab of a suspect's fingertips. The smear lifts cannabis oil which is insoluble in water from the skin.

Medical lecturer, Dr. Anne Robinson, claims long periods of time do not affect the test. She received positive results on the body of a woman found submerged in the Thames for three days. Other tests on live individuals were taken, also with positive results, a mere two to three hours from the last toke. Hashiah was found to be the most responsive to the new technique.

Between 150-200 Kenwood students sat in support of the Black Students Union at Kenwood on Thursday, February 19.

The students started massing in front of the principal's office at the end of the 3rd period, and called for the principal to speak to the group. The principal refused, saying she would talk to a couple of students at a time; the demonstrators refused right back, saying they were through allowing her to split them up. Police started to gather.

Someone from the administration then announced that if the demonstrators did not disperse, that all participants under 16 would be suspended pending an appearance by their parents at school, 16-year-olds would be transferred, and 17-year-olds would be expelled. They were told that their parents were being called immediately, to which the students replied lustily, "Right on!"

One of the demonstrators started speaking to the group and was grabbed by police, who started choking him, and who were in turn grabbed by demonstrators trying to pull them off their brother.

There were 25 arrests; charges against all were dropped, except for those against one girl who was said to have broken a window. She was pushed through it by guess who.

The BSU and supporters are in the process of planning additional actions around their demands, which include the creation of a black studies center, a student-faculty board, and an end to the searching of students' lockers and confiscation of materials without their knowledge.

The BSU first acted on these demands and on the threatened transfer of a BSU member on January 12, sitting in until the administration assured them that they were in sympathy with their demands. But besides withdrawing the transfer, the administration did nothing.

The "Movement" is a growing legion of radicals and other deviates at Addison Trail, Fenton, Driscoll, York, and Willowbrook who are responsible for a coffeehouse, a guerilla theater group and a half dozen papers.

Other Action Schools these days are Niles East and North. Seventy students picketed Niles North February 16 calling for due process of law for high school students in response to the arbitrary suspension of a student there. And all kinds of things have been happening in relation to what goes on in the classrooms. A short while ago, a group of Niles East teachers asked the board of education to approve the adoption of the "Apex" program for that school. Used now in schools in Flint, Michigan, the program allows the student to choose his own course of study. The board refused.

Monday the 23rd, 150 people picketed Niles East against that decision, the harassment of teachers, and in a call for student rights. (Now it gets good.) That evening there was a board meeting during which the board announced that it was not rehiring Nancy Tripp, a first-year teacher of English, and who is one of us. This prompted many comments.

The next night the elongated board meeting continued, and while they approved a watered-down version of the Apex program, the board announced that they were tentatively recommending the non-renewal of the

RETIRED

(The Seed News Stories)

HIGH SCHOOL

contracts of two tenured teachers, John Palm and Judy Tildes. The board members then did a quick waltz out of the hall...scratch three radical teachers.

Discussion then went on into the night there and all the next day at East's student lounge as to what the response should be to this, and a boycott of classes for Friday, February 27, was decided on. (Now for a quick change of tense -- the 27th was one day after this issue was sent to the printer, which minimizes chances of your finding out what happened about the boycott until the next issue . . . but you will find out all about it in the next exciting issue.)

Eight people from Niles schools went to court February 25 for charges unrelated to all of the above. All eight stood trial on disorderly conduct charges and two on criminal trespass charges for a sit-in at a Jewel food store last December 20 in support of the grape boycott. All were given a year's probation.

The American Civil Liberties Union has filed suit on behalf of James Charles of Cary Grove Community High School in Gary, Illinois. He was denied entrance to the school until he conformed to the dress code, which airily decrees that "beate cuts" and such will absolutely not be tolerated. The code states "that hair should be tapered at the sides and back, and that half of the forehead should be exposed." Despite the fact that the dress code says nothing about beards, he was not admitted until he trimmed his hair and shaved.

Each time James was told to cut his hair he would, and every time he did he would be told in a couple of days to do it again. He has been out of school since January '26, when he was suspended and told that he would receive a reduction in his grade in every class he missed for failure to conform.

Judge James B. Parsons of the U.S. District court, who decided several months ago that Barrington Consolidated High had no right to deny David Miller an alleged education because of his dress, has been assigned the case. Another case, involving Michael Hage, is awaiting a hearing.

All the copies of the Evanstonian, the official organ of Evanston High School, were confiscated by the administration because of an obscene story entitled, "How Does ETHS React to Interracial Dating?" The story contained such decadent things as questions asking the interviewed students if they would go to bed with people of their race or people of other races.

In other scenes on the obscenity front, copies of the Seed were confiscated at Alvernia and Gordon Tech on the grounds of their (our) obscenity -- the criminal at Gordon was suspended for a day.

Palatine High took two giant steps to "stop vandalism" by installing a two-way mirror in the boys' john. The mirror was put in the wall between the john and the janitors' storage room. A girl at Mt. Assisi got in trouble (of an undetermined nature) for wearing a White Panther button. The dress code at Quigley South was dropped shortly after the appearance of the second issue of Shape of Things to Come.

Other papers we've come across are Spud Tater at Batavia, Field at Ridgewood, New, Improved Tide at John Marshall, Paper Sun at Notre Dame, and Steinmetz Stud at the school of the same name. In its first issue, the Stud called for the federal funds which are used to finance a ROTC there to be used instead to finance a student defense squad. The squad would be to "protect the student and the community from disruptive maniac organizations like the Chicago Police Department and big business."

If you're doing an underground paper, join CHIPS, the Cooperative High School Independent Press Syndicate, 512 North Brainard Street, Naperville, Ill. 60540; come down to the Seed to peruse all the high school papers we have, underground papers from the four corners of the world, and the Liberation News Service packets.

The Liberation School, weekly meeting of high school activists, got some great publicity recently in none other than the Chicago Tribune. The article told how students "bring their underground newspapers and their problems to 'professional dissenters' for advice," how we "learn dissent by osmosis," how "the windows are piled high with copies of 'The Seed,' which keep out the sun and the unwanted prying eyes of the Straights," about the mysterious "Seed editor known only as Bill," and lots of other nifty scoops. Thank you, Chicago Tribune.

Yossarian
High School Radical Union

DISCONTINUED



Earth Read-out

About 400 persons demonstrated alternatives to the internal combustion engine in Berkeley September 27 during a Smog-Free Locomotion Day parade through the downtown and campus areas of the city. Among alternatives exhibited in the parade were a Stanley Steamer, an electric car, unicycles, pogo sticks, an electric motorcycle, bicycles, electric scooters, roller skates, shoes. The parade was followed with a picnic and rock concert. The events were sponsored by Ecology Action, 1701 Carleton, Berkeley.

The parade came just two days after air-pollution levels reached a new high in the Berkeley area: a "combined pollutant index" of 121 indicating - even within the coy terms of the Bay Area Air Pollution Control District - "severe" pollution.

Meanwhile in Los Angeles a group called People's Lobby Inc. (5504 Hollywood Blvd, Hollywood Calif 90023) filed two initiatives which "if implemented by signatures and votes in the 1970 Central Election can effectively eliminate all forms of air pollution in a technologically feasible period of time.

"One initiative which requires 520,276 signatures, is an amendment to the State Constitution and simply states 'All persons have the inalienable right to live in an environment free of pollution and contamination. Conversely, no one has the right to pollute the air, land, and water of this State. The people find and declare that the condition of the environment at the time of the enactment of this Section is intolerable and deadly. The primary responsibility for eliminating environmental pollution rests upon the manufacturers of pollution-producing products and industries which cause pollution in their activities. The burden of pollution control shall not be placed upon the individual citizen by exorbitant profiteering, excessive taxes or otherwise.'

"The second is a State Revision, which requires 325,173 signatures, and is a highly technical document that will force abatement of all air pollution from stationary and automotive sources.

"PEOPLE'S LOBBY INC. needs help to carry this out. **RE-EVALUATE YOUR PRIORITIES** - because we and our environment are slowly dying. It is an indictment on our society that our children are denied the right to athletics on 'smog alert' days. It is an outrage that we are teaching our children to live in pollution instead of changing the pollution so we can live!"

The reference to denial of the right to athletics is explained more fully in the July-August ENVIRONMENT:

During heavy smog conditions Los Angeles County students are asked by the Air Pollution Control District not to exercise strenuously or breathe deeply. The non-exercise, non-deep-breathing requests will come when the ozone count reaches .35 parts per million, as it does on an average of 21 days a year, according to the Los Angeles Times. The Los Angeles County Medical Association estimates that air pollution forces 10,000 persons to leave the Los Angeles area each year.

ENVIRONMENT also relays a report from the Vancouver Sun indicating that Mexico City may have the worst air pollution problem in the world:

Researchers say that the carbon monoxide level is higher than that in midtown Manhattan and the amount of sulphur dioxide is greater than that of London. The amount of general industrial contaminants in the air is 10 times higher than in the heavily industrialized Rhine River Valley in Germany.

A National University of Mexico study claimed that an average of 26.2 tons of "floating garbage" settles on each square kilometer of the city each month. A UNESCO study of the problems stated that 1.46 million tons of air pollution is poured into the city's air each year and that the amount is increasing by 250,000 tons a year.



MORE POLLUTION MORE POLLUTION MORE POLLUTION

A brief from Technocracy Inc. cites the following air pollution statistics (evidently for the U.S. on an annual basis) published by the U.S. Department of Health, Education and Welfare:

- STATIONARY SOURCES (industrial wastes)
 - 2 million tons of carbon monoxide
 - 9 million tons of sulfur oxides
 - 2 million tons of nitrogen oxides
 - 4 million tons of hydrocarbons
 - 6 million tons of particulate matter

MOTOR VEHICLES

- 66 million tons of carbon monoxide
- 1 million tons of sulfur oxides
- 6 million tons of nitrogen oxides
- 12 million tons of hydrocarbons
- 1 million tons of particulate matter

... (continued on next page) ...

(The Seed News Stories)

POWER PLANTS

- 1 million tons of carbon monoxide
- 12 million tons of sulfur dioxide
- 3 million tons of nitrogen oxides
- 1 million tons of hydrocarbons
- 3 million tons of particulate matter

SPACE HEATING

- 2 million tons of carbon monoxide
- 3 million tons of sulfur oxides
- 1 million tons of nitrogen oxides
- 1 million tons of hydrocarbons

REFUSE DISPOSAL

- 1 million tons of carbon monoxide
- 1 million tons of sulfur oxides
- 1 million tons of nitrogen oxides
- 1 million tons of hydrocarbons
- 1 million tons of particulate matter.

Other comments from the Technocracy people:

The grand total of this current estimate of waste doing lethal damage to the earth's atmosphere, from the U.S. alone, is 142 million tons! Add to this the waste from other industrial countries on this Continent, and in the world, and one can only conclude that the thin envelope of atmosphere around the earth, approximately 15 miles thick, is rapidly being filled with waste products that imperil human life.

While the political factions of this Continent scrap among themselves for control of government, while big business conspires and intrigues nationally and internationally for a heftier share of profits from commerce and trade, and while the Whites and Blacks threaten one another with annihilation, problems of simple human survival close in on this earth. . .

A human cannot live longer than a very few minutes without air. Breathing quietly, an individual will take in 500 cubic centimeters of air with each breath, which is equal roughly to one pint. At this normal rate of breathing an individual may over the course of a day be expected to require 20,000 lungfuls or more of air. The weight of the air consumed is considerably more than the body weight of the individual.

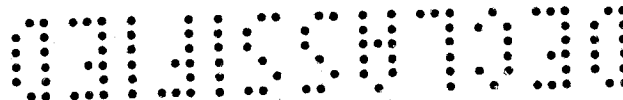
Traces (in the amount of about .03 percent) of carbon dioxide are necessary to stimulate respiration. Larger amounts of carbon dioxide increase the breathing rate. Further, ozone and nitrogen dioxide--increasingly present in the atmosphere around us from pollution--are suspected of accelerating aging because of their effect on body tissues. . .

The carbon monoxide from motor vehicles, space heating, industrial wastes and other sources transforms into carbon dioxide. But before completing the cyclical change, some of the monoxide and accompanying dirt and wastes pass through the lungs as the first swipe at human health. Individuals with respiratory problems can and do die of heavy concentrations of dirt-laden air.

As the pollution increases in volume a 'greenhouse' effect is developing in the earth's atmosphere. An increasingly dense concentration of carbon dioxide will permit the sun's rays to reach the earth, but the heat rays from the earth cannot escape as readily (much like an automobile standing in the sun with windows rolled up) into the atmosphere to maintain a vital balance in earth temperature. The list of scientists concerned with this trend is impressive and growing. The fear is that if pollutants going into the atmosphere are not severely curtailed, and soon, a warming trend of the earth may be accelerated to the point that the polar ice caps may begin melting which, by the year 2000 (a mere 31 years away), will not be reversible. If carried to this stage and a conclusion of the melting, the ocean levels will rise 300 to 400 feet, inundating great areas of arable land. Put this condition together with the prospect of a doubling of the earth's population by the year 2000 and it is quite clear that irreparable catastrophe would befall the entire earth. Either one of the conditions would be a disaster, but both at once could seal the fate of the human species, without question. . .

As if the exhaust into the atmosphere of waste products was not severe enough, the human animal is busily destroying vast areas of greenery which functions to absorb carbon dioxide from the atmosphere and converts it to more plant life. The plant life is responsible

(continued on next page)



(The Seed News Stories)



for generating the oxygen we must have to survive. As an example of human stupidity at work, there has been talk about draining the Amazon River Valley and replacing the vegetation with cities and industry! . . .

The problem has grown to international proportions. Certainly the entire world will have to cooperate in order to reverse deadly trends of air pollution. But first and foremost the North American Continent is called upon to lead the way toward the answer. What is the greatest impediment? Business is. There is no profit in controlling or reducing air pollution. The silly but expensive advertising of many automotive and other business concerns saying how they are doing something about air pollution is just more propaganda. The problem is being graphed, charted and analyzed. The trend is toward a worsening condition. . .

The August 23 issue of SCIENCE NEWS has this to say about poisons in the air:

Nitric oxide, a main ingredient of Los Angeles-type smog, may seriously diminish the blood's capacity to carry oxygen under prolonged exposure.

A series of tests at the University of California's Air Pollution Facility in Los Angeles exposed rabbits to photochemical smog of roughly the same concentrations encountered on Los Angeles freeways on a smoggy day. Prof. Albert F. Bush of the UCLA School of Engineering

and Applied Science reports the blood's oxygen-carrying capacity was reduced by an average of 20 percent, and up to 38 percent, after the third test run.

Prof. Bush says the body's protective system will apparently withstand a single smog exposure, but weakens under continuous assaults. The blood's hemoglobin is believed to have 300,000 times greater affinity for nitric oxide than for oxygen, so that only a few parts of nitric oxide can present a threat.

The dangers of nitric oxide increase, rather than lessen, with the use of current anti-smog devices that were fixed about 10 years ago when driving was slower and standards were not aimed at nitrogen oxide emission.

Dr. Samuel S. Epstein of Children's Cancer Research Foundation, Boston, some months ago told the annual science writer's seminar of the American Cancer Society that in cities with a heavily polluted atmosphere a man could inhale enough cancer-producing substances in four months to develop a liver or lung tumor.

So what would you like to do about all this? What would we like to do about all this?

My attempts to answer this for myself are fouled by the persistent feeling that the few men who control Amerika are no longer merely rationally corrupt, rationally exploitative or aggressive—but in fact under huge and complex stresses have been driven very literally mad. More specifically they often seem masochistic: I do not think we can explain Operation Intercept or the plans for larger explosions on Amchitka or the attempts to appoint Haynesworth to the Supreme Court as mere acts of stupidity or recklessness or defiance.

It's hard to avoid the terrible conclusion that the poisons in the environment have already affected the minds of these men—and that for them there is little chance of escape from the cycle. Probably nothing short of an enormous natural catastrophe can provide the jolt—the therapeutic shock—they need.

1- The Toronto Star and SF Chronicle—unlike the NY Times—often provide relatively frank reports and assessments of what's going down ecologically. Here are excerpts from a piece in the September 13 Toronto Daily Star:

Dr. Donald Chant, a University of Toronto professor, said yesterday he may sue the provincial government's pesticide advisory board if it does not soon ban the sale of DDT. Citizens should take the same action against government officials who allow pollution of land, air or water, Dr. Chant, chairman of the department of zoology, told a conference organized by Pollution Probe, a Toronto group set up in February to promote pollution control.

(continued on next page)

NOT REPRODUCED

(The Seed News Stories)

Dr. Chant said there was "absolutely undebatable" evidence that DDT causes cancer in mice, kills birds and changes the sex organs and the ability to learn in other creatures. He said the pesticide advisory board, which reports to the provincial Department of Health, was composed of four civil servants, one retired civil servant and four representatives of agricultural service industries--including one from a manufacturer of pesticides. "The bias in that group is so great," said Dr. Chant, "it's a wonder they don't fall over backwards." The board, he suggested, could be sued for conflict of interest. Chant said four countries had already banned DDT, and other political entities had either banned it or stopped its use for limited periods. Dr. Chant said that despite evidence that DDT was harmful to animals, governments, health officers and agriculturalists alike maintained that DDT was still indispensable. He said there were substitutes for all of its uses--including cutworm control in tobacco crops. He said more than 200,000 pounds of DDT were used by the tobacco industry in Ontario last year.

Dr. Chant said if man doesn't soon stop polluting the earth's land, air and water, someday could well arrive before the end of the century. . . He said there were at least five answers to the question, "How did we get into this mess?" The first is that the whole economy still operates at a pioneer stage. "The pioneer economy says there's always another river to dump wastes in. It's the idea that there's only one kind of economy--an economy of growth. Get bigger and you get better." But Chant said society now must "organize to live at a plateau situation, now a growth situation. Here we are, going around the country mining new mines and cutting down the trees without determining our real needs."

A second factor that has made the world easier to pollute is government, he said. "Governments are set up to do certain things--they are susceptible to pressures and to organized interests. Put pressure on government and government responds." The trouble, he said, is that only those polluting the environment were so far using those pressures--not those battling pollution. He called for a better "balance of biases."

Civil servants were a third reason. "I have a feeling," Chant said, "that civil servants represent a very large fly in the ointment. They become creatures of the agency they serve. They develop a possessive feeling about the department policies." They tend, he said, to shrug off facts.

Public indifference is a fourth factor in increased pollution, Chant said. He said people tend to get alarmed from time to time about it, but have an "emotional reluctance" to accept the fact that it could lead to catastrophe. A fifth reason was the citizens' "abysmal failure" to develop effective programs to combat pollution. . . Dr. Chant said that besides "suing the bastards," immediate steps in the pollution war should be "a major program of public information, as well as education of government officials."

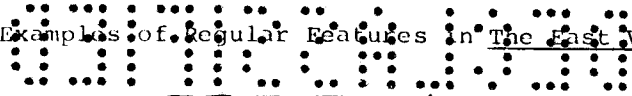
2- The following appeared in the July-August ENVIRONMENT:

The death of birds continues to give warning of trouble in the environment. Fort Jefferson in the southern tip of Florida has recorded a major reproductive failure among sooty terns. According to biologists at the National Park, 98 percent of the population of 40,000 terns failed to reproduce successfully. Other bird species, including other terns, did not encounter any marked difficulty this year. First speculation as to causes of the failure centered around chlorinated hydrocarbon pesticides, such as DDT, which are known to affect the reproduction of some birds. However corroborating evidence for this speculation has not been obtained. According to Boyd Evison of the Park Service some specialists now think that sonic booms are implicated in the failure. At recent hearings in Madison, Wisconsin over whether to ban DDT in that state, a poultry expert testified that sonic booms could cause changes in bird reproductive success, investigation into the tern's problem is continuing.

Keith Lampe

DISCUSSION

Part One: Examples of Regular Features in The East Village Other



HIRAP

IT WAS DYNAMITE IN NEW YORK LAST WEEK WHILE AMERIKA WRUNG ITS HANDS IN ANXIETY, BUT ALL TOO FEW PEOPLE PAID ATTENTION TO WHAT'S REALLY GOING DOWN. PERHAPS IT WASN'T SUCH A MESS THAT WHILE THEY LET US PLAY WITH FIRECRACKERS, THE PROTESTS WENT ON IN FULL SWING. MORE THAN THREE WEEKS HAVE PASSED SINCE THE MAN IN BLACK CLOTHES THREW TIM BEHIND BARS. HE SEEMED HIM TO BE A PUBLIC MENACE. IN THE FLOW OF INDIGNATION HAS RISEN. THERE HAS BEEN NO PROTEST

UNLIKE THE ORGANIZATION BEING EVER.

WITH THE LATEST LEAD YOU TAKE FOR TOO BREAD

...A FREEDOM FUND

TIM

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DECLASSIFIED

(EVC Regular Features)

The persistent and pervasive enemy of liberty is the Way of Life acceptable to the culture generally, and it needs no statute, decree, proclamation, or indoctrination to effect its instinctive ends."

Milton Meyer

been taken away and in its place an empty circle of singular (ust); she has lost her future.

Nowhere could this be better seen than in the time she wastes in punishing her offenders. There is no future in her courts of Law but only an old fashioned Death-Head by the name of Judge Julius Jennings Hoffman.

He is clever, at times knowingly witty, and at the same time menapausal. He is not senile but the inheritor of a dead past, and instincts which hang down from his face of ancient jowls. He is, as Abe Peck described him, "the Vampire of the Ego."

I know. I came to Chicago as a witness for the Conspiracy and witnessed "the persistent and pervasive enemy of liberty."

It sits in the halls of the Federal building and clogs the hallways outside Julius's courtroom with various colored marshalls who search your clothes for hidden armed answers, and the coats, hats and galoshes of every visitor, witness and

newsman who enter its classroom.

When you enter as a witness, the timelessness of a dead creature hangs over your head. It is a battlefield of horror as they call you forward to testify, and it ends when you take the witness stand. It feels as if you are about to give birth to a child.

This is the way Paul Kressner, who testified an hour before me, described it.

I was not afraid. I was prepared, complete with cane, limp and an older world worldliness. My shoes shined, my hair neatly in place (what was left of it hanging long down the back and sides of my bald head), dressed in salt and pepper colored tweed bell bottoms, blue workshirt and psychedelic purple tie covered over by a hand knit orange sweater imported from Italy.

I was a presence to behold and nothing in the way to do with the truth. I was theater as everyone else there was theater. I had only two things going for me: Two incidents which I had been involved in during the week of the National Democratic

POOR PARANOID'S ALMANAC

BY ALLAN KATZMAN

Chicago is cold and hungry, and it sits upon the flat plain of the Midwest like one third of an iceberg. Time seems to be frozen into antiquity by her cardinal architecture.

Chicago is a She City. She has the warmth of motherliness but she has forgotten her children. She looks away, her buildings' backs to the wind, and tyrannically sits upon her customs.

Like the sign in a deserted station of the old Chicago-Illinois railroad, "THE TIME IS NOW," (and where the once obvious clock next to it had

Convention of August '68, and which were, by accident, the truth.

I was to testify to being beaten up the night of Monday's Democratic Convention in Lincoln Park by fifteen ununiformed and unidentified policemen while in a moving car; and a chance meeting with Jerry Rubin in Grant Park on Wednesday afternoon at 3:36 when he was supposed to be instigating a riot as testified to by the Chicago police's undercover 'pig', Bob Pierson.

My testimony, as I stated before, was true. But was more important, it was credible. My memory never faltered. I was strong, confident and I gave back what I got with unerring dignity.

I am not ashamed here to posture the heroic. It is important to know the time to be heroic. When I entered that courtroom, the time was immanent. Judge Julius Hoffman, prosecutors Foran and Shultz and the Federal government were doing a dance of death.

There was nothing dramatic about what I said or did. It was inherent in the Drama itself, in the seven defendants who sat at their own table of liberated ground diagonally to my left, in quite a few of the audience, and hopefully in some of the jurors. We were all heroic at that moment because we refused to participate in their destructive culture.

Trapped in that menagerie of obsolete tradition, the love of what we believe to be right was the law. It shone through even in that sterile courtroom.

There were not enough mistakes we could make or blood we could let to keep Hoffman and his kind alive. The Law they were using to condemn right thinking people with was already buried beneath their own dead awareness.

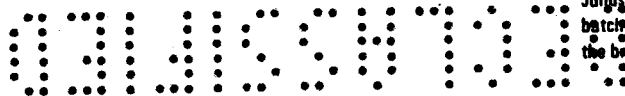
This is what frightened them, though they didn't know it. It was obvious in their every gesture and attempt to manipulate their fictions into truths. Everytime, and it was always, Hoffman overruled or sustained an objection in favor of the prosecution, had over a period of months a victory for the Conspiracy.

Dellinger, Rubin, Hoffman, Froines, Hayden, Davis, and Wiener when I met them, were all in good spirits. Between recesses and after

court hours, they would sit or lounge around and laugh. Mythologizing names for jurors whose names they had forgotten or only heard once, they counted the converts to their cause among them. The death rattle cacaphony which came from Hoffman's mouth had begun to take its toll and wake up some jurors to their own humanity.

The trial had become too long, too wasteful. Chinks in the cherished tradition of America had begun to show. The ruins were peeping through. Any future that was left was obvious to those few, who had now awakened, to be sitting at the table of the Conspiracy Seven.

When I flew back to New York that night with Kressner, we discussed the future, the doubts and the possibilities. The laughter we were hearing now would be ecstatic before long. God was laughing at Julius J. Hoffman, and Chicago, hog butcher of the world, would soon be the breeder of a new one.



THLM Lita Eliscu

People tell me there's a different flavor these days to walking down 8th Street... How surprising. Soon, someone will make a sound recording, "Sounds of the Tropical Life of St. Mark's-in-the-Jungle: roaches, pigs, junkies, streeters, sparechange addicts, and the rare sniff of an uptown couple who wanted to see the rare flora and fauna. 8th Street, yes, has become fashionable, and so went life, snuffed

out by the heavy numbers being laid on it to live up to its image. Not to mention that it is winter and most tropical flora and fauna really need sunshine, in order to get it on.

So try either 9th Street or 7th Street for a lovely walk. I tried 7th the other day, and there was: Good Ol' McSorley's, the outlet for Knobkerry, a great sandal store— really beautiful leather, 7th Veil for tie-dyes, incense, rugs, friendly talk... and *Studio Del*. Every time I walk down 7th Street, I look into the window of this little store, and there are *always* incredible

beautiful knits; every few weeks, the stuff changes. The past few weeks, there has been a vest of filigree, sparkle, and crochet gossamer next to a bag which seemed to be a cross between East Indian heirloom and American Indian beadwork. So I went in.

Studio Del belongs to a woman named Del, and it is called 'Studio' because 5 years ago, Del was a sculptress who needed bread and bought this shop. She decided to do part-time crochet in order to pay the rent on her studio in back. Now, the studio and casting room where she

does her sculpture is still in the back, but it is the crochet which takes full-time and effort. Maybe it is her background, working in the tenaile, plastic world of wax and bronze, but the crochet stuff in this shop is among the best I've seen in this city. Each design is hand-made, blocked in the store, and depends on the customer for color, pattern, fit. A few numbers, like basic pants suits, Del will turn out again and again, but most of the designs are strictly one-shot: "Too much goes into some of them for me to just turn them out again... they're creations, and you can't just assembly-line them," says Del, and Lorelei, sitting on a chair crocheting, looks up, nods.

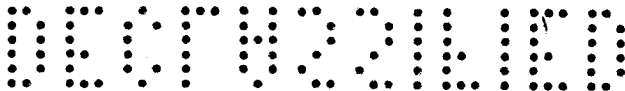
The shop now has a staff of five regulars, and there is a school, classes before and after store hours, training in crochet. "I didn't start the school just to get more helpers, although that's how I did find some of my staff."

The spring collection is going to have an Egyptian flavor—in the window now are beautiful Egyptian wall hangings, dating Del says, from Victorian times—"and *not* for sale." The mini-skirts and rectilinear collars are all being adapted to wear. Everywhere in the store, the corners are filled with pieces of fancy: a bunch of belts in metallic thread, with antique buckles to match peer out of a little wicker basket; little hats, some medieval skull caps in fabulous, rich multicolor, a few Egyptian with ear pieces, some floppy, some tams... they all sit in a mound in front of a little stand... an old fashioned divan is covered by an afghan and pillows, small mats. The walls are full of hangings, butterfly dresses, long gowns with flavors running straight from Renaissance through Alice in Wonderland through tomorrow. Strange dresses which seem to be free-flow free-fall self contained cages of net yarns, gorgeous colors which trail over the body underneath like so much butterfly ornament.

And here it is: This Store is NOT Expensive. The best in the window, which took two months to make and which Janis Joplin wanted to buy (it was too small, so that gives you an idea if you can wear it), costs \$75.00 and looks like a princess' hotshot number for the only good party in town. Hats run from \$4-20; the pocketbook described, which is blue beading, bead fringe, and a magnificent crocheted strap, is \$30.

In the pictures, the model is Lorelei and her boyfriend, the clothes and accessories are all from Studio Del. The address is 19 East 7th, Tel: 228-1730.

I can't get it on to describe the clothes in linear print, to take the eye/brain from one place to another. The place is really worth browsing, the clothes are that impressive, and there will probably be some homemade cake or fruitbread on the jewelry case in case of faint hearts. Everything in the store has, wonder of all wonders, subtlety and grace and good workmanship, and on the racks will probably be a few things marked down because someone didn't want it, or it got made and is still there, or just because this is the kind of store where fancy happens.



CLASS OF SERVICE

This is a fast message unless its deferred character is indicated by the proper symbol.

INTERGALACTIC UNION

DOPOGRAM

SYMBOLS

DL = Day Letter
 NL = Night Letter
 LT = International Letter Telegram

The time shown in the dot line on domestic telegrams is LOCAL TIME at point of origin. Time of transmission is indicated by the symbol of destination.

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B SQA098 PD SQ NEW YORK NY 31 1043 P EDT

THE UNDERGROUND, CARE THE EAST VILLAGE OTHER

EX 31 PM 11 22

HI , BROTHERS AND SISTERS !!

IN THE 70'S THERE WAS A COUNTRY WITH TWO TRIBES LIVING IN IT. THE OLD , THE SILENT MAJORITY, THE ESCAPISTS , THE LOSERS, THE UPTIGHT BRAIN-WASHED VICTIMS; AND THE YOUNG BEAUTIFUL RIGHTEOUS TUNED IN CHILDREN OF GOD: THE REVOLUTIONARIES. THE COUNTRY WAS NOT A PRISON, BUT IT WAS A CAGE WITH INVISIBLE BARS, MORE EFFECTIVE THAN VISIBLE ONES COULDEVER BE.

AT THE END OF A LONG WINTER THE TENSION GREW, THE ESCAPISTS , THE LOSERS LOST THEIR MASKS AND TRIED TO WIPE OUT THE SPIRIT OF THEIR CHILDREN. CLEVERLY THEY DECIDED TO CAPTURE THE HOLY MAN, THE GURU. THEY STAGED A COURT SCENE AND CHAINED THE WISE MAN, AND DECLARED HIM PUBLIC ENEMY NO. 1. HE SMILED " YOU CAN'T KEEP LOVE LOCKED UP IN PRISON ". HE, WHO HAD RENOUNCED ALL POWER WAS THE MOST POWERFUL. THE COMMUNITY IN THE WEST UNDERSTOOD THE SIGNS AND THREW THE I CHING AND GOT HOLDING TOGETHER. SHAKTI .THE BEAUTIFUL YOUNG WIFE OF THE IMPRISONED MAGICIAN , HERSELF A GOOD WITCH, TRAVELLED THROUGH THE COUNTRY, GAVE THE SACRAMENT TO THE PEOPLE AND ASKED FOR THEIR HELP. FIRST SHE WENT TO THE BIG CITY AND CALLED ON THE MERCHANTS, THINKING THEY WOULD BE HOLY , BUT THE HEARTS OF THESE DEALERS WERE LAZY AND SLOW. THEY DID NOT REALIZE THAT THEY HAD BECOME VICTIMS OF FEAR AND PARANOIA ; ALMOST WITHOUT HOPE. TWO CHOSEN BROTHERS JOINED SHAKTI , ALL THREE RECOGNIZED GOD'S WISDOM . THEY KNEW THAT HER TRIP TO THE BIG CITY WAS ONLY AN INITIAL STEP TO A WORLD EMBRACING BROTHERHOOD . HOLDING TOGETHER : P.O. BOX 5017 , BERKELEY , CALIFORNIA.

MORE INFORMATION ON DEALERS MENTIONED LAST WEEK . THEIR NAMES ARE DENNIS AND DEAN , TWINS, BORN MARCH 15, 1948 , PISCES . PLEASE BEWARE : THEY ARE SELLING SACHARINE AND CALLING IT SUNSHINE . IT IS A SMALL DARK ORANGE TAB THAT IS WHITE ON THE INSIDE. ON THE WEST SIDE THEY HANG OUT AT THE OLIVE TREE AND ON THE EAST SIDE , MOSTLY ON THE STREET, SECOND AVE BETWEEN 6TH AND ST. MARKS. THEY CLAIM NOT ONLY TO BE OF WEALTHY TEXAS BACKGROUND, BUT ALSO OF ST. KIT IN THE VIRGIN ISLANDS. THEY BOTH HAVE SHOULDER LENGTH BROWN HAIR AND BLUE EYES. DEAN WEARS A BLUE GREEN THERMAL VEST AND KEEPS HIS STASH IN THE RIGHT HAND POCKET. PACK UP YOUR BAGS BOYS, THERE IS NO ROOM FOR THE UNETHICAL OR THE IMMORAL WHEN YOU DEAL SUNSHINE .

PLEASE BE ADVISED : GRASS AND HASH SHORTAGE EXPECTED SOON : GROW YOUR OWN, PLAN AND PLANT NOW . DOPE NEWS. MOROCCAN GREEN HASH - \$750 PER POUND. PLENTY OF GRASS , ALL GRADES -\$135-225 PER POUND. BLONDE LEBANESE -\$750 PER POUND- \$85 THE OUNCE. SUNSHINE AND MESCALINE. FOR YOUR INFORMATION: SUNSHINE CONTAINS 325 MICROGRAMS OF LSD.

OM

G.I.A.

DECOMPOSITION—d.a.latimer

On the night of December 30 last year, even while overpaid transit engineers were tinkering with the token bins to fit them for the big new tokens, a train jumped the rails on Dyer Avenue in the Bronx and fell over onto its side in a great heap. Fifty-one people were injured badly enough to warrant immediate hospital treatment; three are still in the hospital. Six days later, the ones who could stand up straight enough joined the thousands of people who stood, the morning the 20¢ fare was murdered, in long lines before the subway change booths, freezing in the wind and slush for hours, in order to be fucked over again.

Later that same day, 5 January, Neil Hubbard of the Bronx was proceeding crosstown on forty-second street walking, God bless 'im—when he encountered a collection of young people who were handing out buttons reading 'Silent Majority'. They were recognisably Filipino, that is, the sort of kids the Committee For Responsible Patriotism hires to broadcast the evils of Communist Imperialism from first hand, and they were talking earnestly with a tall young long-haired fellow wearing a Moratorium button. 'It's all bullshit,' that kind of rap, 'you don't know what you're talking about. You're hurting the country. Stop what you're

doing.' They were *both* saying that, the peace button and the Silent Majority buttons. So Neil stepped in and started rapping himself, about the subway situation. Now, Hubbard doesn't have long hair, he wears as a matter of fact a toothbrush moustache and a tweed suit with a vest... When he first came up to the EVO office, the crazy bastards out front tried to freak him into showing his police I.D.... But he *does* wear several buttons of his own design, saying variously, '30¢ is A Bum Trip' (the radical one), and 'Fare Rollback Or Fight' (the straight one). And he was rapping about the 50% fare hike, a damn shame and a crime, and he started inspecting the 'Silent Majority' buttons, with the little American flag designs. 'How many of these can I get for my buttons?' As a child, Hubbard was fond of trading war cards, see, and he drives a hard bargain—he loaded a whole pile of his buttons on the Silent Majority kids for a mere handful of American Flag pins.

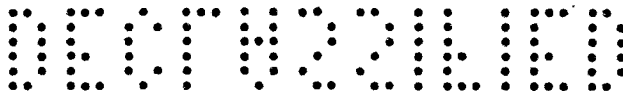
It's nice to have somebody like Hubbard on your side, *whichever* side you happen to be on. Dig it, it doesn't matter whether you're plotting to bomb the Pan-Am building or the War Resistor's League, you still have to pay an exorbitant transit fare to get there. You have to go down into the subway station under the street where the industrial gasses are so thick,

they make your eyes water and your hair falls out, and you have to squeeze onto the train with a million other ill-tempered people, and sit there through seizures of acute vertigo while the damn train careens shrieking through the tunnels, and the lights blink off and on, and once in a while the train will shudder to a stop and sit there quivering and wheezing in the tunnel on you... Or you have to take a bus and start and stop and creep through the traffic and give the lady a seat to keep her from glaring at you... And you lay out a quarter and a nickle to go through all these changes, exact change, be you black or white, radical or conservative, Protestant or Jewish, quick or dead. You are getting screwed, brother.

Let Neil Hubbard tell you about the people who are screwing you: 'Does the mayor ride the subways? Lindsay took a ride on the BMT at the beginning of the month, and it freaked him so he's probably repressed it by now. Dig the MTA, you think they know anything about what it's like on the subways? Ronan hasn't ridden a train in twenty years. He doesn't have to. He's rich. Bruce Gimbel, of the retail firm of the same name? Gimbel's got his own plane! The thing to do is

(continued on next page)

(East Village Other, February 11, 1970)



(EVO Regular Features)

stop buying anything from Gimbel's. And look at Eben Pyne, senior vice president of the First National City Bank—he probably doesn't know what a train *smells* like! You got any money in the First National City Bank? he asks antagonistically.

You better *not* have any money in the First National City Bank. You best stop eating at Horn & Hardart's, too, nor betake thyself of any pretzles from street vendors, and shun Levi's Rye Bread, avoid the beverages of both Schenly's and Canadian Club, spit out your Juicy Fruit gum, and boycott the living shit out of the movies *The Damned* and *M.A.S.H.* All these firms and products advertise heavily on the subways and buses, understand, and Neil Hubbard is going to be extremely unhappy if they don't lose a lot of profits in the next few months, until such time as the subway fare is rolled back, dammit. Remember, that's Gimbel's, Horn & Hardart's, the First National City Bank, Levi's Rye Bread, Schenly's, Canadian Club, Juicy Fruit Gum, *The Damned* and *M.A.S.H.* If you can avoid all domestic cigarettes and airlines, that's cool too.

You see, somebody is working at this fare rollback business with a method and a plan and high hopes. All you

commuters from Brooklyn into Manhattan, at last there's something you can do besides chanting 'OM' the next time the train stops under the East River with all those tons of gallons of water right overhead. Coming in from the Bronx and Queens shouldn't be such an almighty down, with the knees buckling and the throat corroding, once you've hooked up with F.R.F. to get your plight *known*.

F.R.F. That's 'Fare Rollback Or Fight'. Did you seriously think Gimbel's was going to founder and burn because a few irate commuters tried to blackball the shop? Shit no, you need an *organization* behind you, and that organization is Neil Hubbard and his F.R.F. Hubbard is *not* trying to crowd the court dockets with test cases on subway violations, which is what some people would do. A few weeks ago, some other journalist for this turkey encouraged all commuters to jump the turnstiles, hold open the exit doors, jam the turnstiles, kidnap the conductors, hijack the trains to Cuba, and otherwise illegally

fuck over the system. It must be noted that that boy is new here and is perhaps not yet aware of the supreme cynicism of the average EVO reader. Why *should* you stick your neck out to get the fare rolled back all by yourself? Other people have done it already, there's a case in court right now of a kid from Far Rockaway where it now costs \$1.20 round trip to Manhattan every day—a turnstile-jumping case dating from 1968, which will probably *still* be tied up in court ten years from now. The prosecutor has a habit of not showing up, it's that simple. *They* don't think any more of test cases than *you* do.

And besides, hell, *everybody* breaks the rules on the subway. The TA puts out a yearly booklet of laws which keep changing according to the metabolism of Dr. Ronan, apparently. In the present one, Section 701.9b insists that 'No person except members of the working press who hold working press identification cards issued by the New York City Police Department shall take moving pictures or photographs within the limits of the New York City Transit System.' Better burn those negatives, Joe. Then section 701.12d specifically notes, 'No person shall bring or carry on the transit system a soiled or dirty article of clothing or bedding'. If you fucked up with the candli cream at Ferrara's, you better take a cab home. Or is that illegal too? But the really great one, the one Neil Hubbard really loves, is section 701.14, named 'Waste Receptacles': 'No person shall

(continued on next page)

WASTE RECEPTACLES

APPENDIX V (Page Seven)
(EVC Regular Features)

disturb or remove any newspaper, refuse, or other rubbish from any receptacle provided by the Authority for the deposit of such matter on any station of the New York City Transit System. Test cases? Is there really that much difference between jumping a turnstyle and lifting a *News* jumble page out of a dustbin?

Naw, the most outrageously anarchistic slogan Neil Hubbard will allow himself is the muttering of, 'Right On And Over The Top.' He has other things in mind for F.R.F. Right off, right now, he wants everybody to register their sad complaint with the people who count. Try Mayor Lindsay at Gracie Mansion. Write to the Governor--you know the one, he owns most of South America--at 32 West 55 Street, JU 2-7030. Even the Metropolitan Transit Authority has a place to live, at 1700 Broadway, and a phone, 757-4040. Here is what you should tell them, as vehemently as possible:

1. You want better service;
2. These delays have got to stop;
3. Safety devices must be installed and maintained;
4. You want a ROLLBACK to 20¢, and

5. Tell them you want those rich fatass bankers OFF the MTA, and REPLACED with people who can tell a train from a stratojet.

And if one person does it, they'll think he's some kind of nut. But if two people do it, they may think it's a movement. And if three people do it, they'll bust Hubbard and me and Arlo there are other things you can do, like get in touch with F.R.F. we spoke earlier. They're good-sized white buttons with black block letters, and they may be got for a quarter apiece--or for an old-style subway token, if you were hung with a few--from F.R.F., at 79C Concourse Village, West Bronx, New York. You can even call and rap with the incredible Hubbard--no relation to L. Ron of Dianetics fame--at CI 9-1503. Whatever trip you're on, he can show you how to get there cheaper.

DECEMBER

DECOMPOSITION BY DA LATIMER

So it's been a couple weeks since this space was filled with the usual pastry, right? Almost a month. During that time, we have learned about hippie cultists murdering starlets in Los Angeles, and boys in Vietnam murdering unarmed bystanders, and police all over the country murdering Black Panthers, and somebody at a Rolling Stones Christmas/Chanukah Concert murdering somebody else, and that has not been all too pleasant. The late movies on television, on the other hand, have been unusually stimulating and entertaining. One of these days that medium is going to beat out Percheesi as a groovy way of killing time. But there's this problem with television, in that the commercials are becoming so good these days that one can actually become stimulated watching them.

For example, in the wee small hours between Boris Karloff and Danny Kaye, many channels have taken to running a public service commercial featuring some Negro comedian called Flip Wilson. Now, I can't remember from my TV-watching youth that there were any spade comedians on like Ed Sullivan or Johnny Carson, there were just Jewish and Italian characters telling Jewish or Italian jokes. To this I tentatively attribute my utter inability to distinguish between Jews and Italians, being that they all told the same jokes. So maybe it's cool now that there are spade comedians—I mean, Flip Wilson is evidently a cut above Amos 'N Andy—and maybe we can expect a consequent erosion of racial discrimination over the next generation or so.

But there's this commercial, see, with this really hip-looking spade dude, Flip Wilson, and he's rapping about what young fellows from the developments ought to do with themselves. It doesn't last much more than thirty seconds, if that. And he's rapping away with all this lovely terminology—you expect him to deliver a shill for the Urban League or something—and at the end of it the insignia of the National Guard passes over his features. The National Guard!

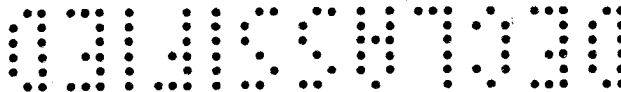
Shit!! You know the National Guard, it gets called out every time President Nixon feels a fart come on. And stands there bristling with bayonets and helmets and tear gas mortars until the disorder has been put down.

So watching this Flip Wilson coming on for the National Guard lends you, if you are of any sensible disposition, a good inkling of what it must be like for a Queens housewife to look into her son's copy of KISS. After the last fortnight of Panther killings, this commercial can really bring home to you the concept of Obscenity.

I mean, murdering is one thing. On 4 December, 1969, in search of contraband firearms the Chicago police broke into the West Side apartment of Black Panther Party state chairman Fred Hampton and murdered him in his bed. With him they murdered Panther Mark Clark, and the six other people present they shot up pretty badly. This was at five in the morning, and since the neighbors were asleep we have to rely on police accounts of the slaughter. According to the police, they were shot at after knocking on the door, and thus had no choice but to go in shooting everybody up, including the two pregnant girls staying at Hampton's pad (both shot in the groin, coincidentally enough). Two policemen were injured, one by flying glass, the other by a shotgun pellet. Fred Hampton and Mark Clark are dead.

Four days later, on the eighth, Los Angeles police suddenly fired upon the headquarters of the Black Panther Party on Central Avenue in Los Angeles. Another five-in-the-morning deal. This time the Panthers really did shoot back, and the resulting racket woke up the neighborhood, who swarmed out in support of the Panthers. Although the pigs repeatedly attacked the crowd with clubs and tear gas, the community refused to be dispersed until the Panthers had been safely escorted out of the house into the paddy wagons. The Panthers held out for four hours, during which the media showed up, providing them with an

(continued on next page)



EVO Regular Features

opportunity to broadcast their intention to surrender peacefully. Thus it happened that nobody was killed by the pigs this time around, because murder in front of witnesses is an unpopular tactic.

See, if things are done just right it's hard for the pigs to get away with outright murder. They've been murdering people with increasing vigor and impunity since the People's Park massacre in Berkeley last spring—that was when they found out they could get away with it—so the thing is to work out counter-tactics to it. The Panthers clearly have the Los Angeles community on their side, so it's mostly a matter of alerting the neighborhood before the shooting starts. An air-raid siren might be cooler than guns, but then again, you do have to keep the pig at gunshot distance until the people next door get dressed and out on the street.

The LA Panthers have evidently been working these things out. Lord knows they've had enough time. On any number of occasions over a month before the police attack, the LA Panther headquarters on Central Avenue and Exposition Avenue had been visited by the pigs. Usually the pigs would merely stand outside in the dark, shouting such pleasantries as, "We know you got guns in there, niggers, why don't you use them?" However, on the night the Central Avenue offices were being attacked, pigs also fired on the Exposition Boulevard address—a private residence—and lobbed in several tear gas canisters. When the inhabitants of the building, mostly black tenants, were forced out into the street by the gas, they were kicked and beaten by the police and forced to lie flat on the ground for two hours. After that, the people were taken, Panthers and their neighbors alike, to the police station and forced to stand at attention against a wall for the rest of the night. In the morning they were released.

The thing is, you know, all this is murder and attempted murder. (Remember Bobby Hutton? He gave up, but they killed him anyway. Murder.) It'll have to stop eventually, once it becomes clear that the pigs are out to

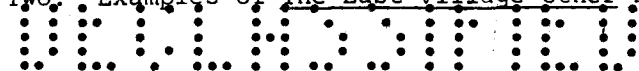
murder the Panthers and the community finds means to make murder impractical. But *why* are they murdering the Panthers, anyway? Because they carry guns? Do you see pigs raiding Minutemen offices? The Minutemen carry guns, but can you imagine what'd happen if the pigs gunned down one of those honkies in his bed? Why, that'd be murder! No, the pigs are killing the Panthers because the Panthers are doing something: after the success of the School Breakfast Program and the innovation of free medical clinics in Black communities, the Panthers and the communities have been damn tight. This irks the Pig, and he kills.

Personally, I can't understand any of this. How do you just kill somebody? Like, My Lai and Chicago—how is this done? More importantly, though, how is it tolerated? This Sharon Tate business got people all uptight, and rightly so, filled them with righteous vengeance and provoked a lot of discussion. The Daily NEWS, among many others, decided that this was definitely where hippies have always been at, and there's an end on it. On My Lai, though, the consensus seems to be that somebody got carried away and isn't it a shame that poor lieutenant is getting framed for the whole thing? And as for the Panthers, well, the police may have overreacted again, but then, what can you do with those horrible savages? The only faintly redeeming aspect of all this wierded reasoning is that it reeks from shame, and maybe shame will help things along a little.

From the Panther murders, though, it's conceivable that something vastly regenerative may spring. Hell, even Arthur Goldberg was moved to suggest that something ought to be done to prevent such things. Roy Wilkins came out against the police! It's not the usual polarisation pattern that occurs after things like My Lai or a Moratorium, because this time a lot of frightened liberals are squaring off against the system. And this is unusually farsighted of them, to realise that if the system is going to start fooling around with murder... Then it's time to get the national guard up.

RECEIVED

Part Two: ~~Examples of The East Village Other~~ News Stories



EARTH READ-OUT: HOW MANY HARVESTS HAVE WE LEFT?

by Martin Jazer

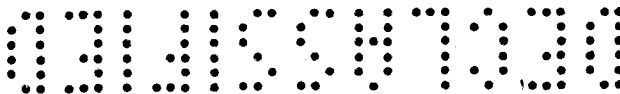
Despite highest crop yields per acre in history, American agriculture is in a state of acute crisis. Farmers have been treating the soil the way speed freaks treat their bodies, with similar results. The Meth that is used down on the farm is artificial fertilizer, an "upper" that stimulates rapid plant growth without contributing anything to soil health. In the short run, as with speed freaks, crops grow at a frantic pace. But in the long run, the use of these artificial and inorganic chemical fertilizers destroys the soil and saturates the ground with chemicals that do not break down or decompose into the earth.

Nitrogen in the soil is vital to plant growth, but when huge doses of this element are shot into the earth as an ingredient in artificial fertilizer the results are often disastrous. The crops absorb some of the nitrogen, but much of it seeps through the soil into the groundwater to pollute rivers, lakes and drinking wells. According to Dr. Barry Commoner, director of the Center for the Study of Biology Systems at Washington University in St. Louis, excess nitrogen in drinking water can cause a serious infant disease, methemoglobinemia. A number of public wells in California have been closed by health officials due to high nitrate content in the water. ~~See~~ Dr. Commoner:

"The agricultural wealth of California's Central Valley has been gained at a cost that does not appear on the farmer's balance sheets - the general pollution of the state's huge underground water reserves with nitrate."

Nitrate run-off in the groundwater also encourages the growth of algae, which removes oxygen from water. These "algae-blooms" turn lakes and rivers into cesspools which, lacking oxygen, are unable to sustain aquatic life. This is happening in such corn-belt states as Illinois where, according to Dr. Commoner, "every major river is overburdened with fertilizer drainage."

Dependence on artificial, inorganic fertilizers has also diminished the mineral content of the soil. Consequently, the food we eat is lacking in nutritional value, at least in comparison with the farm produce of yesteryear when good crops were dependent on healthy soil and farmers put back into the soil what the year's crop took out. (Refining and processing food also robs it of nutritional value; by the time we get to eat it, nutritional loss may be as high as 50%.) Agricultural research is directed at bigger and prettier crops for supermarket display. Soil health is virtually ignored. Our agriculture is based on the faith that no matter how depleted our soil, it can continue to produce bountiful crops year after year if shot up with massive doses of chemical fertilizer.



radical news rap-up

by Ray Schultz and D.A. Latimer

L. MENDEL RIVERS RAILROADS SEAMAN

Friday, the 13th of March, was the 26th birthday of Roger Priest, and it may well be the last free birthday he spends until he is 65. Priest, a navy Seaman, is currently facing trial by court-martial for printing an underground newsletter that allegedly made some obscene remarks about L. Mendel Rivers, Chairman of the House Committee on the Armed Services. Rivers saw the offending publication last June and quickly sent off a note to Chief of Legislative Liaison for the Navy, Rear Admiral Means Johnston Jr., demanding that some kind of disciplinary action be taken. Johnston readily consented and Priest was transferred from his desk job in the Pentagon to the processing barracks of the Washington Navy Yard, and notified to the effect that he would be tried for Article 82, Soliciting others to desert in violation of article 85, and soliciting others to commit sedition in violation of article 94; Article 92, violation of U.S. Navy Regulations 1948; Article 1252, Disclosure and Publication of Information; Article 134, conduct to the prejudice of good order and discipline (disloyal statements) and Violation of Title 18, Section 2387 (activities affecting armed forces generally). Military Justice is swift, if nothing else.

The trial began in July to vast fanfare, and during the early hearings one of the judges Captain B. Raymond Perkins, dropped two of the charges against Priest, soliciting others to desert and commit sedition. Shortly after that, however, Rear Admiral George P. Koch, commandant of the Washington, D.C., Naval District ordered the charges reinstated, which was done, and last Friday the Court of Military Appeals to which Priest's lawyers had appealed on December 8th, upheld the charges, and announced that continuation of the proceedings would begin at once. Priest faces a possible 39 year prison sentence, and a dishonorable discharge if he is convicted.

Rear Admiral Koch, who with Rear Admiral Johnston, pressed the charges against Priest, has been criticized by Priest's lawyer, David Rubin, for his tactics.

"I can't subscribe to their premises that 1) an admiral is a judge, and 2) that a man who prefers charges can impartially decide on the validity of those charges. Congress never intended to sanction such a procedure. We will now have to prove that this court has misread the Military Justice Act and its legislative history."

Priest, of course, is more pessimistic about the "legislative history" of military justice.

"This decision simply supports my view that the military justice system is not a system of justice but a system of military discipline," he said.

The Courts, meanwhile, are not concerned with the scandal connected with the case. An expose by Washington columnist Jack Anderson of the methods of Rivers and the Navy Department, have not caused undue consideration for Priest's rights.

"Certain anomalies in military practice exist in comparison with the procedures of the Federal Courts, but a difference of procedure is not tantamount to a due process defect." They wrote in their decision. Accordingly, Priest is not very hopeful about work of his lawyers or by the promise of further action in the courts.

"They leave me the usual course of appealing in the event of conviction. But where will I be upon conviction? I don't know how courts are proceeding."

RAT 3 MAY BE CLEARED!

At the same time, reliable sources inform us that evidence has been collected now, in connection with the late Theodore Gold that would completely exonerate Earl Moran and the Rat Three from complicity in the Rosenberg case, and presently released.

DECLASSIFIED

REVIEWS
(EVO News Stories)

Ft. Bliss Troops March on Administration

People across the country, meanwhile, are staging protests against the military system as a whole. On March 15th, soldiers at Fort Bliss, Texas, held a rally in demand of the civil rights guaranteed them by the Constitution of the United States. One thousand of the participants were GI's who are liable to instant suppression by the very structure they are protesting. Suit is being filed against the Commander of Fort Bliss to force him to allow the distribution of literature on the base. Further suit is being considered by the GI Civil Liberties Defense Committee to release men from military service and/or release them from specific service in Laos. Rallies will be held on several bases throughout March and April.

DENTIST'S OFFICE RANSACKED!

One of the two women being searched for by the FBI in connection with the bombing accident on West 11th Street two weeks ago, had a recent appointment with her dentist. She didn't show, but F.B.I. agents did and they ransacked the dentist's office. One man's denture is another man's dynamite.

MAIL STRIKE EXPLAINED!

People in New York have been without mail service for three days as of this writing. Letter carriers in several other cities, among them Newark, Philadelphia, Gary, Indiana, and Buffalo have walked out in support of the New York men. Mike Silverberg of the Brooklyn branch of the National Letter Carrier's Association has informed us of their demands: they want a salary schedule of \$8,500 to \$10,000 compressed into five years instead of the present \$6,100 to \$8,700 in 21 years. They want a 75% pension after 25 years of service, instead of the present 50% after 30 years. They want full health coverage and \$25,000 in insurance policies instead of the current \$10,000, and they demand the right to strike. In the event of private incorporation of postal service, they want to retain their civil service status, and be assured that automation will not threaten their job security.

"The Postmen of this country do a terrific job," Silverman said. "But the cost of living in New York has increased 15%, while our salaries have only been increased 3%. In effect, we have lost 10% of our income."

"All we want are the same rights as other free American workers. The effect of this strike against the country has been over-exaggerated by the media, to our disadvantage."

Union leaders face a \$1,000 fine apiece and one year in prison for leading the strike, Silverberg reminded us.

AWFUL EVENT!
Bombing Of 'Circus'

It came to pass that the Electric Circus was bombed last Sunday night with a pipe-bomb explosive that was a) planted in an opening on one of the moveable stages in the place, or b) dropped from the balcony by a) a drug-crazed right winger, or b) a radical who was actually gunning for the Fillmore, or c) just another nut out to destroy human lives and property, or d), what the police believe to be true, is that it had something to do with a recent ambush of the Angels in New York.

The incident occurred at approximately 11:40 p.m. According to a 19 year-old named Michael, whose leg was badly torn by the blast, he was on the stage when the thing fell down from the balcony, shattering the wood and creating a terrific explosion and a blast. He described the bomb as a magnesium bomb. He said he deduced this from the smell of it.

Indians Of All Tribes Outline Plans For Ellis Island

"From Ellis Island you can see the backside of the Statue of Liberty," observed a speaker at a meeting of the Indians of All Tribes recently, "and that is all the liberty we have ever seen." The view from Ellis Island was the first thing many of our parents saw at this country, and it is thus significant that the Indians of All Tribes are engaged in talks with the U.S. Department of Public Service to obtain Ellis Island for their purposes.

According to the Fort Laramie Treaty of 1868, signed between the United States Government and the Indians of the Sioux Nations, any Federal land not reserved for use by the Government reverts automatically to the Indians. With the purpose of implementing this article, a committee of native American Indians in the New York City area, representing 14 of the Indian Nations of North America, formed the Indians of All Tribes and last week attempted to seize Ellis Island over water from the nearby shore. The attempt failed when the motor boat used for propulsion a few yards from the island, and the Indians, pulled by its tow, were forced to pursue their quest in a traditional fashion.

The attempted seizure of Ellis Island, which provoked a national comment in the national media, was the first in a series of attempts by Native American Indians around the country to gain what is legally theirs. The successful occupation of Alcatraz Island in San Francisco Bay last month resulted in the possession of Alcatraz by the local Indians. In Tacoma two weeks ago 100 Indians representing the United American Indian League, a white Occupational Force seized a building at Fort Lewis and planted a teepee on the site of Fort Lewis, recently abandoned by the United States Army. The Government reacted with great violence, and 85 Indians were arrested, later, when detained in the Fort Lewis stockade, eight were beaten severely by United States Government guards. After the beatings ceased, the Indians were served with warnings that any repetition of such actions would make them liable for federal charges.

Apparently the Indians feel that such direct action is the only way to gain their rights.

Cooperation of the Bureau of Indian Affairs to do anything meaningful for the conditions of American Indians in this society. The activities of the Bureau lie under the jurisdiction of Vice President Spiro Agnew, and the energy of the Department of the Interior Huckle, and other officials must be anticipated in dealing with these matters.

The New York based Indians of All Tribes have suggested four possible uses for Ellis Island, which has been abandoned since 1964. It may be used, first, as a centre for Native American Studies, from which traveling universities could be dispatched to Indian reservations about the country, instructing the residents in ways that are necessary and relevant to their lives. A second possibility for Ellis Island is as a spiritual centre, teaching traditional Indian arts of religion and medicine. A third possibility, that the Island might be used as an ecological development centre to correct the environmental imbalances brought on by the White Man in the New York area, has been suggested. Finally, the Island might be used as an Indian Vocational Training centre, teaching Indian youngsters how to survive in the modern world.

DECEMBER 1970

Helix - Seattle, Washington - Weekly
GUNS

I've been noticing in the press, recently where a lot of police officers have taken to referring to themselves as 'pigs'. A police association somewhere has even adopted a pig as its mascot.

The people on my side of the board have done much the same. They'll refer to themselves as 'long haired freaks' or 'dirty hippies'.

Liberal sociologists noted the same kind of phenomenon among southern blacks. After 300 years of being considered lazy and stupid the Black people were found to fulfill the whiteman's expectations. Some blacks see themselves as being nothing more than niggers.

Superficially its amusing to engage in such self-deprecation. But it is also dangerous. If we are not careful we will all become what our critics and enemies think we are. If we adopt these cruel charactures of ourselves as being our true selves then we are in deep trouble. Our struggle is to become what we truly are not what others think we are.

If we become what our enemies think we are then we have become our own enemies.

This is not to deny that there really are a few 'pigs' and 'dirty hippies' running loose in the world, but I think that most of the people around do not fit either category.

Today the pigs, dirty hippies, radical punks, imperialists, black bastards and everyother son of a bitch in America find themselves locked in an increasingly violent struggle. They bomb each others headquarters, shoot at each other, club each other, gas each other, beat up each other and in general have a grand old time, apparently loving every second of it.

The score is a bit one sided. But while one side has most of the guns, the other is starting to arm itself. At the rate we're going we'll all look back to those peaceful days in the 60's when only heads were bloodied. We'll all lean back on our respective machine guns and tanks and reflect on our innocence.

Fortunately we're not quite in open warfare, and while it may be inevitable it is none the less regrettable. What disturbs me is not so much having to fight but rather the direction and nature of our conflict.

Think for a moment about how you and I became opponents. It started a long time ago as a conflict between two philosophies of society. One side saw society as being a thing of the people. The other side saw society as a thing of the laws. (A 'thing' by the way was the anglo-saxon word for the village assemblies in ancient England, which spawned many of our ideas about people and the law).

In a stable society people are content, more or less, with the law. They accept the law as natural and good.

A society becomes unstable when people no longer accept their laws as either natural or good. The law, in the eyes of the people, becomes an enemy of the people.

America's founders violated the laws of British Rule when they argued and fought for seperation. To them English law was an instrument of the British Crown and merchants being applied unjustly against colonists.

The Crown and perhaps three-fourths of American colonists were shocked by the radicalism of Jefferson, Paine and Washington. Troops were sent over to preserve law and order and destroy the revolutionaries. The Redcoats were the 'pigs' of their day. Their defeat created the United States of America.

Today we live in a society founded upon the revolutionary principles of the Declaration of Independence, Constitution and Bill of Rights. Those ideas are just as radical and controversial today in America as they were 200 years ago.

We are still fighting over those same principles.

We supposedly live in a democracy. We can prove we are a democracy by pointing to the electoral process. Or can we?

Elections are not synonymous with democracy. A society is democratic where the people are free to control their own lives and their society. Most governments have elections and most claim they are democratic—but few if any are.

Most of the social progress in America was not won through the ballot boxes. Labor and blacks, got recognition and a little power by organizing independently of the electoral system. Because they developed independent organizations and confronted the government with their collective power they were able to secure concessions.

Elections are just window dressing. The best experts at this game of power politics are the people who own America's industries. They own the real power in America, the economy. When they want a law in America, they get it from the legislators whose campaigns they financed.

That's why, for example in a war, it is the workers and common people who pay most of the taxes and send their sons to the battle field while corporations make profits off defence contracts and the sons of stockholders get draft deferments.

The laws which this all powerful minority has formulated are not my laws. They are not in my best interests or for that matter yours.

America today is said to be polarized. It is. The division is over a very simple issue: Are our laws in the interests of the American people.

I believe that many of them are not, and that if we are ever to have real democracy in America we'll have to

(continued on next page)

GUNS

(Reli)

replace our system of laws with a new system.

As a policeman your job is to enforce the law. In a happier time this would be a singularly uncontroversial job. In a real democracy the task of protecting the law would be respected because you would be protecting the people.

But today you are protecting the law FROM the people.

Not from all of the people but from a huge 'minority'. There are no majorities left in America silent or otherwise except maybe for women and kids.

People throw rocks at you because you are between them and their target. You did not make the laws. The people who did are the ones we want to throw out, the tiny majority who own America.

Not even the Black Panthers are after you specifically. They want the bastards who ordered you to crush the blackman.

As long as you stand in the way you will continue to catch the brunt of the attack. That's why you're there: to catch the beating intended for your bosses.

But as long as you continue to follow their orders people are going to call you pigs because you are the agents of their oppression.

You are not confronted with criminals or conspirators. King George III considered the founding fathers to be both, in the service of France whom England was still fighting.

you are confronted with people trying to be free. They are fighting to be free. They're not after you, they're after their own liberation.

WHICH SIDE SHOULD YOU REALLY BE ON?

Walt Crowley

DECEASED

DECLASSIFIED
(Helix)

CONSPIRACY! page

What the Chicago Conspiracy trial was about was repression. The prosecution of the Chicago 8 was just one of a continuing series of forays against the edges of political freedom in this country, brought to you live and direct, sponsored by the ruling class, produced and directed by the Nixon Administration, (special effects by John Mitchell) but paid for, as usual, by the people.

And lest anyone be taken in by the propaganda of the liberal media, ("Hoffman and the defendants equally guilty," "they brought it on themselves," etc.) recall the series of events which it completed: a series of events during which, in succession, each one of those "branches of government" we learned about in civics took a turn at discrediting itself.

The hub of events was the 1968 undemocratic Convention itself. First the great "get the kids out of the streets" campaigns of Kennedy and McCarthy won anti-war victories in seven out of seven contested

presidential primaries. But even then the HHH nomination went according to script under control of the junta of big city bosses and union bureaucrats like Daley, Alioto, Meany. Meanwhile, outside the circles of barbed wire, Chicago's finest took care of business in what even the obligatory governmental commission called a "police riot." Such was the selection of our executive choices.

The Legislative branch's contribution was the "Civil Rights Act", which, bounced around for over three years by Congress, could only pass in 1968 with the Turmond/Carmichael "anti-riot" ammendment. This law makes illegal the organization of any conceivable mass political action of the past or future. This lets the government pick out the people THEY want to prosecute almost without restriction, and thus intimidates ALL political activities.

But abuses by those two branches of government are still subject to the check of the Judiciary, right? Enter Judge Hoffman. Fortunately, some of us have had a chance to hear Michael Kennedy, Jerry Rubin, or Mike

Tigar on the trial, because the press coverage has been characteristically slim and slanted. The horror stories from start to finish are too many to recount. But the end of the affair was typical, with general condemnation for the defendants' "antics" characterizing the contempt citations as "richly deserved," (coupled with the ever fair caution that sentences were "harsh."). Few sources listed the particulars, for example, for William Kunstler's embrace of Reverend Abernathy before the jury: one year.

So that completed the civics lesson in the checks and balances of the three braches of government. No appeals court will erase the five months of harassment before Judge Hoffman, the enormous expenditures of time, money, energy by the defendants and thousands of supporters. And almost any one of us could appear next on the list of the indicted.

So that's repression. The immediate future? More of the same. Many of us already automatically turn to the "Courthouse News" page to read about our friends. Regular harassment and intimidation and occasional back-alley beatings by police and police agents no longer shock, but become expected behavior, alternatively denied and cheered on by the press and public officials. Phones all make funny noises. The Helix windows are smashed. The University continues its regular process of cleansing itself of activist students and faculty, and even the Daily comes under attack for its politics.

How to fight back against this repression? The crucial fact is that repression can't be stopped when it's dealt with as an isolated phenomenon. Repression is just the cutting edge on the general move to the right in the country.

Radicals have tended to react to this rightward movement in two different but equally futile ways. A number, probably a minority, say "if people don't like us, fuck 'em. We'll make a revolution in spite of the majority of the people in the country." The tactic of this attitude is terrorist, the consequence further isolation and inevitable defeat.

(continued on next page)

DECLASSIFIED

DETERMINED

The more common path is a retreat to attempts at alliances with Democrats or other liberal sections of the ruling class. This may be more tempting, but is equally disastrous in its long run consequences. For the political basis of the move to the right is the social crisis this country is in, and the inadequacy of liberalism to provide a solution to that crisis. It is the failure of the liberals to deal with war, with racism, with spiraling inflation, and their resulting discredit that laid the basis for the success of the right wing demagogues. The Wallaces and Reagans have been able to successfully exploit the discredit of the liberals, and to successfully call for a 'hard line against the minority agitators who are behind all our troubles.' So to jump to the liberals is to board a sinking ship. Further, when forced to choose sides, the liberals have always defended the established institutions of capitalism. When the black liberation movement and the anti-war movement developed the consciousness that real solutions required revolutionary reordering of our society, liberals chose to fall back to patchwork solutions bound to fail, thus further strengthening the right.

Thus to fight repression successfully in the long run, we must reach out to people with real, that is, revolutionary, democratic, socialist solutions to the crisis that they face. We can undermine the mass base for repression only by building a movement for change in the entire community especially the working class. The lesson of the Richmond Oil strike is that as people get into motion around their own lives, they quickly discover that the police aren't there to protect them against outside agitators, but rather to put down ordinary people like them in order to protect the interests of those who rule in our society.

Rather than the tough job of organizing people to fight against repression itself, then, people can be moved to struggle over the issues that directly affect their lives. Militant struggles against the war, for better wages and working conditions, against urban removal for freeways, for basic human rights or civil liberties, become struggles against repression. As all these struggles bring more and more people into contact with the reality of a state in conflict with their own interests, the nature of the police, the courts, the legislature in crisis will become clear to them. It is then that the struggle against repression will win.

DETERMINED

Good Times - San Francisco, California - Weekly

MISSION ROCK

One of the most tangible results of the recent municipal workers' strike is the new free clinic at 2990 22nd Street, corner of Folsom.

The Mission People's Health Center was started and is run by Los Siete de la Raza and the Workers Defense Committee of San Francisco General Hospital, a group trying to put humanity back into the big city facility.

At the moment the free clinic is being run modestly, to keep from being swallowed up by the community's huge medical needs. It opens every day at 10 a.m., but doctors are available from 6 p.m. to 11 p.m. Monday through Friday and 2 p.m. to 8 p.m. weekends.

When someone comes in when the doctors are out they are taken over to S.F. General or the OEO's Shotwell Clinic, and the Health Center people run interference against the bureaucrats of those two places to see that the person in need of treatment gets it.

One of the main purposes of the new Health Center is to serve as an example of how a clinic should be run to truly serve the needs of the community. Every Tuesday at 8 p.m. there is an open meeting to discuss plans and programs. Volunteer workers, suggestions, and donations are needed.

As the clinic gets more on its feet, Los Siete will go door to door to explain the clinic to the people and encourage them to come in. A free breakfast program for schoolchildren is also in the planning stages.

With the shadows of the Wild West Show and Altamont still lying heavily across the Bay Area rock scene, prospects for free concerts in the parks this summer look pretty dim.

The city Park and Wreckreation Commission laid down a ban on live free concerts last fall, after numerous alleged violent incidents at a few get-togethers.

The only way the commission will consider granting a permit, according to spokesman Peter Ash, is if the organizer hires one rent-a-cop for every 250 spectators. This would run the cost up so much that a very generous organizer indeed would be needed.

Ron Poulte, manager of the Quicksilver Messenger Service, who quit the Wild West fiasco saying his life was threatened by crazies, is so turned off that he isn't even considering trying to get around the commission's ban, which he says he could do if he wanted to.

"Fuck it, let the people buy records," Poulte said.

He said he is thinking of putting on a free show in Marin, and maybe in L.A., but not here where everyone has a "fuck everything" attitude, as he called it.

"When you tell the Park Department 'fuck you' you don't get anything," he said.

There must be some way outta here, as someone once said. We don't have the answer, but we sure would like to hear some more music on the grass. We promise to be good, Mr. Park Commission man. Give us another chance, will ya?

GOOD TIMES / VOLUME III NO. 13 / MARCH 26, 1970 / 7

MISSION ROCK

Voting Age

by Pat Sutton

Recently the Washington State legislature passed a bill, which will now go to the people of Washington in November to be voted upon and which, if passed, will permit nineteen year olds to vote. The debate and controversy surrounding this bill has rightly made our elder generation more aware of our youth as being educated enough to vouch for a candidate for public office. President Nixon has even asked Congress to consider lowering the voting age to eighteen for national elections.

Education is without a doubt America's number one asset. There are more persons in the age group 21 and 22 being formally educated than in any other two year age group now voting. This educated age group is, however, vastly outnumbered by persons that have been out of school for ten or more and, for some, a high school education was a high attainment. Since political science and democracy is based on the majority vote politicians have consistently catered to this majority of less educated people, while paying less attention to these "young, smart punks".

The most important change will come in the field of politics. By allowing 19 and 20 year olds to vote, political stratagist will ther be forced to contend with this higher educated group--now making up 19 through 22 year olds--which will offer a better check and balance for all. Probably the most desired result will be the increased quality of those running for any public office. The new "scratch my back and I'll scratch yours" political behavior will become as out dated and disipised as the inquisitions: of

Spain. To those that are knowledgeable enough to understand politics and are motivated on in this vain simply becuse of investments previously incurred, will undoubtedly discourage others by constantly pointing out black marks against youth with little or no optomistic views.

In trying to keep to an intelligent and realistic manner, lets consider as to whether or not youth should have the power to vote for their local and national representatives. First, we should remember that there will be a large number of 19 and 20 year olds that will not vote; just as there are a large number of adults that do not vote--there just exists this apathy among people and it will not be any different with youth. We, therefore, must guard against sterotyping a hoodium type bum for all youth; in the same manner that we disregard a bar room beer drinker as being a fair representative of our adult society.

There is a strong argument contending that youth are highly illusioned about life and are therefore incompetent for clear thinking on adult problems. This argument is true--in part! Youth are illusioned and this illusionism is due to their natural innocence, which is later transferred to idealism. We adults, on the other hand claim disillusionment from having suffered life's hardships and absurdities. We adults have settled into the motto: "Well, that's how life is!" This, to a certain extent, is true; it's true because it's a realistic awakening to life and people, but it is not by any means the way it

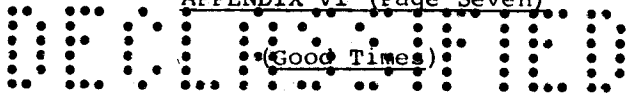
should be forever. Thanks to the dreamers like Edison, Bell, etc., we are able to live in a more comfortable life. This same thought can apply in other areas as well.

The medium will come when innocent illusionment is met with realistic facts; whereby forcing the individual, and society, to act in a realistic manner to obtain it's idealistic goals. We need men that can understand our youth's idealism and also transmit to them life's hard facts in such a manner that will cdbine the two in harmony. Such men, it has been said, haven't been born yet. This may or may not be true; what is true is the fact that we need them--and we need them now!

In considering the question of permitting 19 year olds to vote, may I point out two details in support of youth, which should stand as a true image of their conscience. One, no youth has ever been guilty of genocide; as exemplified by Hitler's mass murder of 10 million Jews. Two, no youth or group of youths have ever started a world war. In general, youth have always inspired laughter, sorrow, sympathy and admiration from us.

In conclusion, I would like to say that there isn't an argument either for or against youth, if intelligently made, that isn't true to some extent; but there is also no argument that is completely valid enough to warrant complete acceptance or denial. All that one can do is to urge that all voters take an intelligent view of the situation and vote according to intelligence and not prejudice or malice. Youth have my vote. . . I hope hat they'll get yours, too.

DECEMBER



DID THE CITY LIE TO THE REVIEW'S ANSWER MAN?

Q. —Spokane—Does the city of Spokane still dump raw sewage into the Spokane River? If not, when was it discontinued?

A. —On December 19, 1962, the last link of the sewage collection system was completed so that at that time Spokane was the only major city in the Pacific Northwest having 100 per cent treatment of sewage. Since then the city boundaries have been enlarged but no raw sewage is being dumped by the City of Spokane into the river.

—The ANSWER MAN in the SPOKESMAN REVIEW SUNDAY MAGAZINE, Oct 13, 1968.

As most Spokanites know, the City of Spokane continues to dump raw sewage into the Spokane River. NATURAL readers have known about some of these conditions since last fall. Details have recently crept into the other media.

The Springfield District, including the Post Office Terminal Annex, a number of businesses and several

residences, is one case where sewage flows directly into the river everyday. During periods of heavy run-off, many millions of gallons of raw sewage (mixed with storm waters) overflow the system at 26 points along the river.

Although these facts are common knowledge today, they were well hidden in 1968 when the REVIEW's Answer Man asked city experts to explain the situation. The Answer Man's assistant told the NATURAL that usual procedure is simply to ask the department concerned and to accept their answer.

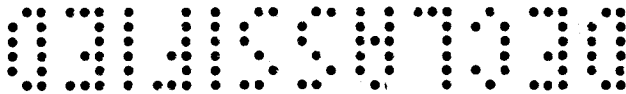
She said, however, that in controversial cases the paper would hedge with a statement like "According to city spokesman so and so....."

Since no hedging phrase was used we can assume that the city handed out its inaccurate statement as an absolute fact.

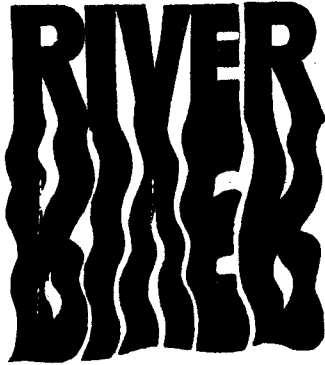
LIES NOT UNIQUE

That the city produced a blatant lie for public consumption is hardly unique in recent Spokane history. This paper has reported several. What is unique is the clarity with which this example shows the credibility gap existing between the government of the City of Spokane and the people of the city.

[Our special thanks to the reader who brought this to our attention.]



(Good Times)



sandy darlington

INTERVIEW

- Q. So you're the bomber?
- A. Yeah. One of them.
- Q. What's your name? That is, what shall I call you during the interview?
- A. Anything you like. Call me George. Or number nine.
- Q. Number nine? That's from the Beatles song. Then is it true they started it?
- A. Sort of. Well no, not exactly. Actually that's several questions. First of all, Number Nine is mentioned in a Beatles song, but I think they stole it from Stockhausen, from a piece called "Hymnen" where someone says "Neuf, the nine" on the first side. "Hymnen" is made up of the national anthems of various countries, France, the Internationale, DDR, USA, Switzerland, emerging African nations, plus a section using the utopian mode of Pluramon which everyone aspires to. Everyone must work out their vision and act on it. Stockhausen does his in pure sound. But it's not really pure. Nothing is pure. His sounds include things we've heard before, such as The Battle Hymn of the Republic which has aspects that are not pure sound. I learned a lot from

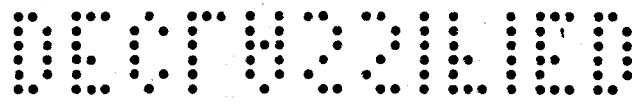
Stockhausen. Of course I work in a different medium: explosives.

- Q. Why do you do it?
- A. Why does anyone do anything? It's there to do, like climbing Mt. Everest. I happen to be good at chemicals. Look, what else can a chemist do if he wants to be free except make acid and explosives? The alternative is to work for a big corp. or a eunuch-versity. They say scientists have all the opportunity, but it's not true.
- Q. Does it have a constructive side?
- A. Does Stockhausen? Does anything? What a bourgeois question! Look, they build these ugly buildings, coffins for living puppets. Since they are built, people say ah yes building, that's constructive. Well, they are traps. I destroy traps. Is that constructive? I don't know.
- Q. You take a great pride in your work.
- A. Everyone should. Besides, I like to blow things up. I like the danger, the risk, the expertise ... like everybody can't mix explosives, as you can see from that thing in NY... I like the flash, the smoke, the rubble. And above all, I like the shock that goes through people when they experience it. Our whole culture is based on people feeling that they themselves are safe. Now with media addiction, people are wired into hysteria, but still it's vicarious, ah the starving Biafrans. But when I destroy a building, a shock goes through everyone who hears about it. For a little while, they feel out front what they know deep down: nothing is safe, nothing is permanent.
- Q. Then do you advocate chaos?
- A. What the fuck is Chaos? These words! Is Chaos the new word? Has Revolution gone out already? No, I don't advocate chaos. Chaos advocates do that. I blow up things. I mean it's a form of art, art should blow your mind, right? Well in 10 oh something, Alfred Jarry did this play, Ubu Roi, and the first word was Shit. People rioted. They were outraged that someone had said Shit on stage. And people rioted when some of Stravinsky's works were first performed. But now you have to go much farther to upset people. Bang! Oops, did I scare you? Ah, my little joke. I find that when a conversation starts to lag, it's good to let out a sudden Bang. Starts the digestive juices, adrenalin, that sort of thing.

- Q. Do you work alone?
- A. No one works alone.
- Q. I mean are there others. Is it a network, a conspiracy?
- A. Oh, I see, back to the word game. Like Chaos. Well, let's say we work in cells. Now we will no doubt go through a long phase of avoiding penetration. By the way, have you ever thought that "penetration" is another euphemism for fucking? They are trying to penetrate us. It's like when Jagger sings Please allow me to introduce myself, he's saying let me stick it in. Military people, cops, pop stars, all power freaks love that sort of thing. It's all a vicarious fuck. They rattle their penises like they were sabers. All that rap about missiles and anti-missiles. The military call the USA Continental United States. Then they abbreviate it to CONUS, like cunt. The Russkies have their missiles in hardened silos, but CONUS is wide open to aggressive thrust.
- Q. Do you see your action as related to what others are doing, as part of a vast movement?
- A. Oh, no doubt. But I can't scheme like I used to. When I was oh way back in the demonstration days, we used to think about Movement, it was a kid's

game like House or Doctor ... but when you really do get into your thing, then you see that everybody else is too, and your ability to scheme becomes more and more vast until it takes in the universe, like Nixon is one of us, so is Arcturus, we're all part of a movement ... so rather than get hung up on that, I just dig it and go on with what I'm doing.

- Q. What is your ultimate plan?
- A. I don't have one. Plans get to be a trap. I did think up a Cobb cartoon once though. It shows a bunch of longhairs standing in a vast ring around the Pentagon, all making signs at it. In the middle of one cluster of people, there's one guy squatting on the ground. He's got a detonator in front of him, and a wire leads to the Pentagon. He pushes the plunger and the Pentagon goes Boom. The caption is: They laughed when we said we would levitate the Pentagon.
- Q. Is that where you're at now.
- A. No. It's something I thought of then. It takes time to get it together.
- Q. Where are you at now?
- A. Right here.



(Good Times)

NEW MEXICO OUT

Organizers of Earth Peoples Park have given up on the idea of buying up 100,000 acres of New Mexico and instead are concentrating on establishing regional parks scattered throughout the country.

"After many meetings with local Chicanos, Indians, and communards we have resoon to believe that politically and ecologically, New Mexico may not be the right place to focus our energies," said a statement released by the park office at 756 Union.

"New Mexico is in an area of the U.S. where there is a very delicate balance of land-water-people," the statement continued. "A large population influx within a small area of this region could easily upset this delicate balance and cause resentment among the indigenous population as well. It is important that Earth Peoples Park be located in areas where they exist in harmony with the regional ecology and the local population.

"Many people have expressed the opinion that Earth Peoples Park should be composed of a number of small sites throughout the continent rather than centralizing on one large site. Nothing has been decided either way . . . we learn as we go along, with a little help from our friends. Right now people are investigating possible locations of all sizes. When their time comes to make a decision, information on all available sites will be published so that everyone can participate in making this decision."

The statement also said that Earth Peoples Park is not just a piece of land but that it involved an entire new life style. "Don't buy anything new. We can support a whole culture on the wastes of this nation."

The statement also contained a run down on the organization's financial state. As of March 5, a total of \$4,500 was in the Earth Peoples Park bank account. The only expenses were rent (\$25 a month), telephone and postage.

POLICY TRIAL

diane fowler

The Anti-Imperialistic Coalition held a day-long conference last Sunday to organize a People's Tribunal which will judge the Tricky-Dick shit that comes down in foreign and domestic policy.

The conference drew about sixty activists from the Bay Area, who adopted unanimously the proposals of the group.

The heaviest issues were, of course, the Vietnam War, the domestic race situation and the repression of the rights of American citizens.

To quote from the position of the Anti-Imperialist Coalition:

"We call the peoples of the United States to join us in action to inquire into the role of the United States Government, beginning in 1945, in conspiring to wage war against the people of Vietnam and, beginning in 1949, to actively wage war against the people of Vietnam and other countries in Southeast Asia; to further make exhaustive examination of the causes of the increasing United States police state and the growing Fascist-like attacks upon the bodies, property and just rights of massive sections of the people of the United States; to establish the responsibility of, and execute, war in Southeast Asia and the growing police state and Fascist-like attacks against the acknowledged rights, freedoms and conditions of life of all people."

Seven committees were set up to investigate: foreign policy, domestic policy, the role of banking institutions in relation to foreign and domestic policy; relation of internal power structure as it applies to third world and ghettos; and a committee to investigate domestic and foreign policy as it affects labor.

The conference is looking forward to a meeting to discuss the committee reports in about two weeks. In the meantime a newsletter will be sent out to keep participants up to date.

The main thrust of the meeting was that the accused should be punished rather than only named. A national tribunal is the ultimate goal of the conference. It was never made quite clear how the guilty parties would be punished.

There was heavy representation of women's rights and chicanos, although the black contingent was skimpy.

obscene meet

John James

This week's pornography hearing had gaudy coverage in the straight press. But nowhere did those papers say that the speakers were invited by Citizens Committee on Social Order, a businessmen's group. The hearing was carefully stacked with conservatives. Others could sign up to speak, but they had only two days notice that the hearing, before two members of Nixon's Presidential Commission on Obscenity and Pornography, even existed.

The hearing developed when ultra-conservative Rev. Morton A. Hill called his friend Leo Musso, vice president of Quality Foods, Inc., and vice chairman of Citizens Committee on Social Order. Mr. Musso and James Scatena Sr., president of Scatena-York Co. and vice chairman of CCSO, sent about forty invitations to selected speakers and a press release to the straight media. The hand-picked speakers included grocers, several policemen, a district attorney, football players, conservative clergymen, Chamber of Commerce, etc. There were no speakers from the health or mental health professions, criminology, behavioral or social research, any part of the art world, nor any libertarian or civil liberties organization.

The first speaker was San Francisco supervisor Peter Tamaras, who had introduced a law to ban topless and bottomless entertainment in San Francisco. He said police told him that nude shows bring more prostitutes, dope peddlers, and pickpockets into their areas.

"Every map is not made of granite," he said, "and this sort of thing will tempt the weaker ones into doing things that they would not do otherwise . . ."

"Breakfast clubs from two to six in the morning are showing filthy pictures . . . This is the sort of thing that breeds more rape in the community, more crime . . ."

"Local juries should decide on what is obscene, because they represent a cross-section of the community [sic]." Then he attacked the Supreme Court.

"I think it's about time before we lose more of our children . . . they think nothing of smoking marijuana, of taking LSD and harder drugs. The smut and literature peddlers must be eliminated, or controlled. There's gotta [sic] be some control on liberty."

Tamaras refused to answer whether or not he thought *Hair* should be banned. He was bitter that the city could not bust movies without first holding an adversary hearing, i.e., permitting the theater owner to state his own case before getting busted. The commissioners' lawyer told him that by a new Supreme Court decision the city didn't have to do that any more.

Scatena then gave Commissioner Hill a copy of *Teenage S-M*. "If dogs could talk they would ban this sort of stuff," Scatena said.

"I am here as a parent," said his colleague Russo, the other organizer of the hearings. "Obscenity undermines the family, which is the oldest form of government."

"How far can permissiveness go without creating a permanent climate of sadism and decay? . . . The courts seem to be on the side of . . ." He never completed that sentence.

Earlier when I telephone Russo had told me that his speakers were from all walks of life, including "a colored boy." Mr. Burl Toler, principal of Benjamin Franklin Junior High School. Mr. Toler is at least forty years old. He gave the line Russo wanted, agreeing that we don't need scientific evidence that pornography harms anybody, because "it's evident."

At the hearing Russo made another kind of slip when he castigated the advertising for "I'm a curious yellow."

Scatena and Rev. Hill attacked "the militant press" and the Berkeley Barb as an example. They said sex is just a come-on, and inside is "what really hurts" - drugs, crime, rioting, even revolu-

tion. "From narcotics to sex, from sex to crime, and from crime on up to rioting" is how Scatena saw the progression.

Hill said he was very concerned about lyrics in songs played over the radio. When asked to list in order what bothered him most, he replied, "material that would first of all involve the drug culture, second promiscuity, third rebellion against authority, and fourth the idea that God is dead."

Several speakers tried to stretch ecology to include "mental pollution."

Despite the major press coverage few people showed, only sixteen in the room fifteen minutes after the hearing started, including commissioners, their lawyer and stenographer, speakers, press, and spectators. Later more showed up, and about a dozen unselected speakers were permitted to speak at the end, most of them against censorship.

The Rt. Rev. Michael F. Itkin was the only opposition speaker able to sign up in advance. He said the evidence suggests that it is healthier to let our sexual fantasies more into the open.

"We are taught that God looked at his creation and found it good, yet our society hypocritically denies the goodness of the creation, defines the body and sexuality as obscene and thus denies the very basis of our being." He said the true obscenity in America today is the anti-life attitude of its militarism, repression, and genocide. "Obviously this Commission will not investigate *this* obscenity. We therefore call upon the people - let the people themselves investigate the true obscenity pervading America today." He was cheered by most of those present.

The hearing concerned the Dirksen Bill, named for the deceased senator. The bill would make local juries the ultimate judges of what is obscene and therefore not covered by the constitutional protection of free press.

RECEIVED

LOS ING

henhari

Gail Maclise, the College of Marin student who lost her baby after being the victim of police doublethink, is now about to be evicted from her San Anselmo apartment.

Gail's landlord sent her a three-day eviction notice, but she has taken it to the San Rafael Legal Aid Society, who she hopes will help her fight it.

Until the day she was arrested for assaulting and interfering with a police officer (February 27), Gail, who is white, had been giving shelter to Black Panthers and others who needed help. Apparently she has become an undesirable in the sleepy, conservative Marin town.

Meanwhile, Gail's trial has been set for April 27, 10 a.m., in the Marin County Municipal Court, Marin Civic Center, San Rafael.

The trial of Brigardo Groves, the paraplegic black who was manhandled by police outside Gail's home, is on for April 14, 9 a.m., same place.

Brigardo, 19, a student suspended from College of Marin because of protest activities, was the victim of some police brutality when he didn't get out of his car fast enough for San Anselmo officer David Oliva. When Gail tried to get Oliva's badge number he arrested her.

The emotional strain she is already on probation for an El Paso grass bust caused her to rupture the placental sack of the 8-month fetus inside her. This is very likely the reason the baby, delivered by doctors the next day after induced labor, was born with pneumonia. He lived 36 hours.

Gail is now getting together with lawyers to sue the San Anselmo police for causing the boy's death.

LOST

In a flower-filled courtroom with representatives of the press in the jury box Judge Byron McMillan sentenced Dr. Timothy Leary to ten years and denied him bail during appeal stating that Dr. Leary was a pleasure-seeker and an irresponsible Madison Avenue LSD promoter.

Judge McMillan's sentence is the second ten-year sentence to be imposed on Dr. Leary—the first sentence of ten years was brought by Judge Connelly in Houston, Texas, on March 2. Judge Connelly at that time also refused bail to Dr. Leary on grounds that if he were at large he would present a danger to the community since he openly advocates violation of the laws.

Timothy's son Jack is to give himself up at 6 p.m. on Wednesday, March 18, to begin a three-month term of psychiatric observation.

Timothy's wife, Rosemary, received a five-year probationary term during which time her body, person, house and car are subject to search and seizure without due warrant.

A young boy came into the court high on LSD and was promptly arrested—another young man leaped to his feet to protest and was promptly thrown out. A great OM was begun by the people flooding the courtroom but was stilled by the court.

Both sentences will be appealed, bringing enormous legal costs down on Dr. Leary. In the words of Allan Ginsberg in a statement on Dr. Leary's imprisonment "Some way must be found among us to fund Dr. Leary's appeal or alter the entire structure of the law so that citizens kidnapped by police bureaucracy need not be ransomed to freedom by victimized families. A fund to help defray these costs has been organized. Send contributions to Holding Together, P.O. Box 5017, Berkeley, California 94708.

There WAS Violence

A half-million people came to Washington in November. A half-million people are about 530 miles tall if they stand on each other's heads. Richard Nixon is five feet, nine inches tall. Richard Nixon is eleven feet, ten inches tall if he stands on Spiro Agnew's head. How come he looks down on us?

Tonight's paper reports that the United States is the world's most violent "stable" (?) country. It is two-and-one-half times more violent than Finland, the world's second most violent stable country. Attorney General Mitchell agrees that the United States is violent because someone threw a rock through a window at the Department of Justice. The people of Vietnam agree that the United States is violent because they know that 500 civilians were slaughtered at a town called Pinkville.

It took the people of the United States a year-and-one-half to find out about Pinkville. They found out when two soldiers leaked the news. They didn't find out because Spiro Agnew liberated the networks from the hands of a few "media barons." If it were up to Spiro Agnew, the American people would never have found out about Pinkville.

We are told that we are in Vietnam to defend freedom. One of those "freedoms" is called "freedom of the press."

Washington is a pretty city. A lot of us saw it in 1963 when we went there to end racism. A lot of us saw it in 1967 when we went there to protest the power of the Pentagon. A lot of us saw it this year when we went there to protest the war in Vietnam. Some of us may see it again if the Moratorium calls a peace march in 1984 to bring the boys home from Burma.

It will be nice to hear Arlo Guthrie II sing.

This year someone attempted to break into the Justice Department. He approached the twenty-foot-high foot-thick steel door and knocked on it with all his might. He knocked on it with a wooden flagpole. Not the big thick kind that the American Legion has at its rallies, but a thin one like you buy at Cubs games.

His stick broke.

Attorney General Mitchell (who, if you must know, is five feet eleven inches tall) is married. He and his wife were at the Justice Department. So were 600 policemen, 800 riot troops, and several machine-gunners. The violence at the building prompted Mrs. Mitchell to say, "This looks like the Russian Revolution."

People saw Mr. Mitchell running from the violence. He was coughing from the violence. His eyes were tearing from the violence.

Pam and Ron work at the Conspiracy office. Pam does a lot of shitwork involved with building a defense. Ron makes sure that one of the defendants doesn't forget to do things like asking the prosecutor for permission to leave the state. Neither owns a gun.

Pam and Ron don't like the trial of their seven brothers. During this last visit to our nation's capital, they came down to Constitution Avenue to yell "Stop the Trial". A few other people who don't like all the political trials going down around the country decided to get their rocks off.

A cannister of violence exploded in front of Pam and Ron's faces. Pam probably will have permanent eye damage. Ron's hearing is impaired.



an awful pig!

at the Justice Department

(continued on next page)

DECEMBER

These's a TV commercial that shows ace Cardinal pitcher Bob Gibson throwing a hardball at a piece of glass. It is special glass. Bob Gibson can't break it no matter how hard he tries. He throws the hardball time and time again. He breaks out in a sweat. The glass doesn't shatter.

How do you think the B-52 would do with the piece of glass?

Think of violence as a movie. The scene that Attorney General Mitchell will show at the next FBI smoker consists of a commie-anarchist-militant plunking some stuff against the fortress. If he shows the gas attack that follows, he'll turn up the volume so that everyone can hear the soundtrack: "Reckless action by a callous nihilist caused grievous injury to several non-violent bystanders."

There will be no questions from the floor about why ten thousand people were gassed because two guys threw rocks into some empty offices.

The prosecution at the Conspiracy trial runs the same game. They take an hour of network film and watch it until a few seconds of heavy-sounding material appears. This meaty stuff is lifted from its context, the prosecutor gets the judge to over-rule the defense's objections, and the jury flips over what it sees.

If the Conspiracy prosecution were honest they would show helmeted police bashing peace-and-flower folk up and down Michigan Avenue during the Convention. They would talk about the difference between real blood and a piece of paper that says nobody can be in a Chicago park after eleven p.m. They would show six months of wasted negotiations.

And if our Attorney General was on the up-and-up he would show his entire movie. Scenes of people being convicted for political crimes. Shots of people being beaten by cops for no reason. Panoramic sweeps of narcs crashing the doors of doper apartments. Closeups of pay-offs and ignored surveys on judicial reform. Some footage of class justice in the courtroom. Personality posters of Huey Newton in California, Bobby Seale in Chicago, John Sinclair in Ann Arbor, Martin Sostre in Buffalo, Jane Alpert in New York City.

Institutional violence.

Some of those media barons vamped on by Spiro have accused the Administration of being "anti-intellectual." That's a shame. If the Attorney General had the soul of an artist, he could show the boys some of the foreign versions. The Japanese print has 100,000 students attacking military trains and tossing molotov cocktails into police stations. The Italian rendition comes complete with workers seizing factories. The reel produced in Latin America has zoom-lens clips of diplomats paying unscheduled visits to student-held buildings.

In Japan, the police don't carry guns. In Berkeley, 150 neighbors were shot during the Battle for People's Park. In Detroit, 33 people were killed during the 1967 insurrection. In Chicago, seven guys are on trial because they didn't have a place to crash when curfew rolled around.

AT&T ran a two-page ad in a bunch of magazines. It was about holograms, which are three-dimensional images that don't need a screen to be seen. Electronic hallucinations with depth to them turned on and off by an invisible projector.

Violence in this country is like that. It happens all the time, but it's channeled and processed so that many of us can go through the day without being clobbered. Personal violence is restricted to ghettos and poor neighborhoods in general, to boxing rings and football stadiums, to highways, to the army. Violence is a spectator sport that brings 60,000 fans into Soldier's Field on fall Sundays to watch two groups of eleven guys (generally named after ferocious animals) crash into each other. Violence is weeded out of the history books so that even old-time Chicagoans begin to forget the gangland shootouts and labor struggles that went on all through the twenties and thirties.

Meanwhile, genocidal violence is exported to invisible lands and institutional violence keeps people here down and drives us all crazy.

A rock thrown through a window is a hologram, more "real" and more "violent" than a bombed village or 500 corpses in Pinkville.

So the next time you're sitting around tossing a rock from hand to hand waiting for the old revolution to come down your block and somebody runs up to you and says, "Now don't be violent!" just take out those photos of Pinkville and that National Commission on the Causes and Prevention of Violence survey and say, "Don't worry man. We're number one!"

Abe Peck

0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

(Rat)

AN OPEN LETTER TO MY HUSBAND

You have told me that I make you feel guilty and that we are at war. You make me feel rotten every time I confront you with your male supremacy.

You just mope around and say you've been oppressed into being an oppressor. You say you cannot go around feeling guilty and bad all the time. I agree. Feeling guilty and bad all the time is an impossible situation for any human being whatsover its sentimental, self indulgent and unproductive. Your male privileges were around even before you were born, to mope about, that is a luxury. You have a choice, you can choose to remain a male supremacist or you can actively fight male supremacy wherever you are. When you stop exercising your male prerogatives over women, when you join the struggle, when you acknowledge and actively fight against male dominated institutions, then you will begin to have a taste of what it is like to be treated like a woman. When you so to speak "give up your privileges" you say other men come down on you they don't respect you, they might even call you weak and try to shut you up and out. Well, that's the way it is for me—only for me its not voluntary—that the way I get treated all the time. I never had mens' respect to

begin with. You tell me there is great pressure on you and you are not really free to give up male chauvinism. Well, if being free consists in being an oppressor or being treated like a woman then you are not free. But I have no choice but to be treated like a woman. If I had a choice I would choose to be a woman with full human rights—but that choice does not exist at this time.

I am tired of taking the burden of our relationship upon myself, I am tired of being the one who is responsible for purging you of your male supremacy, for pointing it out and having to initiate crises, I am tired of having my brain picked. Its up to you . . . I will no longer take the responsibility for changing you, for pointing out your male supremacy. That's your work. Ironically, it is only now when I give up the burden of the relationship when I am willing to lose it if things don't change that things even begin to be equal. But in the meantime I cannot wait for you to join the struggle. That is why I would rather not even discuss it with you but instead concentrate my energies on building a woman's movement. Because when we sisters get our thing together there will be nothing to stop us and male dominated institutions and the men who support them will have no choice but to change.

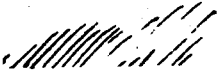
Barbara Susan

DETERMINED

W E L A S (hat) T O

struggle. The essence of being white is having honky powers - the power to be different (to have long hair while still existing within the power structure and making law and order a difficult bag to maintain. These crazy fuckers are also blowing up buildings, fire bombing pig places and pretending they're a normal honky so they can sneak around in the nerve centers of the metropolis cutting wires. We're worms in the belly of the monster and the chaos we create coupled with the wars Amerika must fight around the world is going to tear this country down.

While reading Tibor Kalman's article in a recent RAT, I couldn't help thinking that he went to the NC, expecting a party and was disappointed, because it wasn't a good one. While we talked for hours about the failure of the left to respond to the murder of Fred, the need for armed struggle and the massification of violence - the only thing that Kalman could write was a fashion review of Weatherman's attire coupled with a criticism of our "uptightness" and our "freakiness." It's the power and energy that we felt when confronted with what we could do that that he calls "frenzied and uptight. Weatherman is on a death trip - they don't know how to be loose". Youth culture can't depend on being "loose" and



instead of destroying it). This power is really weakness - being cut off from our bodies - being afraid to stand up to oppressive authority. The prime way of smashing that honkiness is by shouting "I am a revolutionary" and backing that up with a gun - as well as long hair.

The apolitical, racist nature of Kalman's (and other whites in the right wing of the movement) criticisms point to the fact that their politics are those of surviving - what's prime to them is keeping their hair long - having the outer appearance of a "culture" - while at the same time not fighting when Fred is offed, not "kicking ass" for liberation, but hiding out from the law - being weak and pushed around by the pig and his lackeys. When Kalman says that Mark Rudd is going to die in bed like Fred Hampton and that's a death trip, I realize how much Kalman is in to preserving his lily-white ass - so much that he doesn't understand that Fred died a human being - a man who stood up for his freedom and said to the fascists "I am a revolutionary" and defended that with the gun. To die like that is to die understanding power and freedom - not fear; to die like that is know what it is to live. There can be no life - no culture - without the gun. We can be nothing but scared ass honkies if we can't face the pig and with the power of cosmic consciousness put a bullet in his racist belly.

W E L A S (hat) T O

WAR REPORT

By A Weatherwoman.

On the night of December 4th, Fred Hampton was murdered in bed; the next night 16 Black Panthers were busted in Los Angeles after a 5 hour shoot-out with the pigs; 6 weeks earlier Bobby Seale was sent to jail 4 years for contempt of court. The reaction of the white left was one of shock without counter-attack.

The heaviest thing that we realized at the Weatherman War Council was that our allowing the murder of Fred and other Blacks to go on unavenged was to take a defeat from the pigs and to continue in the racist role that Amerika has defined for us. White kids who've tried to break out of honky life—who've grown their hair long, picked up the joint, taken to the streets, said fuck you to the luxury of white Amerika—are all taking steps to control their own lives but it's the Man and his Institutions that take power from us and push us around—prevent us from being free—and it's him that we've got to rid ourselves of. This means war it means people taking up guns to rid ourselves of the pig—it means developing a new culture—but the culture dies without the gun.

The power to defeat the pig does not come from us alone. It comes from feeling the energy and strength of the NLF, from digging on the power of 22 million Blacks, and hearing the

population of the World crying out in anger against the pig at the same time as they destroy the Amerikan armies. It's a world war with a column in Vietnam, a column in Laos, columns all over Africa, Latin America and Asia and the Black colony—the knife in the heartland of imperialism. We know that the liberation of the world's people means our liberation and we demand to join that struggle. When an attack is made on the Black struggle, on the VC, on any of the columns, it is an attack on us and we must avenge it. It means taking risks and being willing to die, it means giving up the shelter of being white, for the humanity of being free. It's what David Hughey calls Cosmic Consciousness—it's seeing ourselves as part of history, not as individuals who die but as the seeds of the future—forever to live; only then can we understand what it means to avenge Fred—to stand up to the racism in ourselves and around us and to take arms against it—showing other whites the way to liberation.

Amerika depends on her white sons and daughters to keep in line, to be the shock troops in her wars against the people of the world. However: within the honky culture there are those cancerous cells who run through the streets breaking windows, fighting pigs "cool"—though that is part of smashing honkiness—but more importantly it depends on the gun. The real culture of liberation is the culture of armed

(continued on next page)

DETERMINED

RAT BUSTED!

Thursday morning, Feb. 12th, three or four women were looking over the copy for this very issue when the phone rang, throwing the office into turmoil for the next 48 hours. It was the police department with an arrest warrant for Gary Thiher, formerly assistant editor and presently writer and holder-of-the-purse-strings for the RAT. The charge: obscenity. Furthermore, the pig insisted that the charge was for the "last" issue, Feb. 9-23, the first one put out by the women's collective, in which Gary had played no part at all!

We dropped everything we were doing, called Gary, called the Law Commune (where a male lawyer asked us if we were sure the charge was "political"), called the pig media, called our friends all over town for bail money in case we needed it and mass defense in case the office was raided. Meanwhile, two pigs sat in a patrol car on 14th Street and watched our every move intently through the plate glass window.

We didn't find out until some 10 hours later, after Gary had turned himself in, sat in a jail cell all day, and was finally brought up to night court for arraignment on the felony (max. 7

years!) charge that the bust was, in fact, for the issue preceding the women's takeover. The offending item was an old S. Clay Wilson comic strip, reprinted from ZAP, showing one guy chopping off another's prick. It's a pretty revolting cartoon, but it's hard to imagine how it appeals to "prurient" (i.e. sexual) instincts. The political harassment couldn't be more obvious, given that the issue was not much different from any other RAT in the last two years, that the government has been trying even harder than usual to put the paper out of business since it published the first letter about bombing in the summer of '69, and that a paper can only be ruled 'obscene' on the basis of its *entire contents*. (The lead and second lead stories in the issue were excerpts from Jerry Rubin's new book and an article on Sam Melville's last, unsuccessful, bail hearing.)

Obscenity busts on underground papers are nothing new, but in New York the present charges do mark a new low for the D.A.'s office. They've been more subtle and imaginative in the past, harassing us through refusing us mail permits, press passes, and periodically raiding the office on one pretext or



another. It's hard to believe the government could care so much about putting us out of business, seeing as how we've got enough trouble just paying the rent, losing distributors right and left and trying to eat occasionally.

But we've rallied our forces, kept Gary out of jail, held a press conference Friday morning and somehow accomplished the bimonthly miracle (another issue). The will of the people stronger than the man's technology. They can jail a revolutionary but they cannot jail the revolution! Onward comrades, to ever greater battles and ever greater victories! Venceremos!

0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

APPENDIX VI

DOPE...

One unfortunate fact of life; of our life-style, is the constant presence of undercover narcotics agents and their tools, the paid informers, in our midst.

The Seed has discovered, however, an ominous escalation of this cultural invasion. Extremely reliable sources, who shall remain nameless for obvious reasons, have revealed that two of Chicago's head shops, supposed pillars of the community, are owned by:

- a) a State Narcotics agent; and
- b) a long-time police informer, with a specialty in in dope cases.

The Righteous Raisin, on Jonquil Terrace near Paulina, is owned by Bob Kahn, whose badge reads "State Narcotics Investigator".

Home, at 3304 W. Foster, is owned by Sol Shapiro who's been a trick for years and still does business with "the boys". He has busted many of our brothers over the years, often getting arrested with the "friends" he betrayed, and then mysteriously cut loose the next day. He also runs the Liberation Church on Fullerton Avenue.

BE ADVISED!!!!!!!
BE CAREFUL!!!!!!!

(The Seed)

Acapulco gold \$280 per weight behind a truckload of Mexican tips for \$160 per weight. Pink blotter and cherry, cherry being \$60 per hundred. Cocaine \$800 an oz. Ya could just as soon go there and get your own. Heard of sun rays a hundred for \$50 but remember where it cums for free. Hashish \$750 lb., \$60-\$80 oz. Resins of plants, their cum their life-energy, plugs you in. What do you think flowers are? Sex organs? Ah, yes plants are heavy. They are united. Most Holy. Make everyday Vernal Equinox day. Always blooming anew. Amanita muscaria at Land's End, if you know who you are and what you're doing. Sun, Earth, Water, Air flow is alright. Compost MMMMMMM, yes, much movement. You can choose whether you want to pay or not. Everythings still falling in place... SoooooLoomggg

Stone Grower

(Good Times)

MARIJUANA

How to grow Super Quality Grass in your closet Without Sun! Complete instructions cover ALL the fine details of grass farming!! Satisfaction or refund! RUSH \$2. Jim, Box 20365F, Long Beach 90801

THE SYNTHESIS AND EXTRACTIONS OF ORGANIC PSYCHEDELICS Contains detailed procedures for synthesizing LSD, DMT, Psilocybin, Psilocin, Mescaline, THC, Extractions of Cannabis, peyote, elegant morning glory seeds and many more. Send \$1.00 to: Karma Graphics, Box 3826, Chicago, Ill. 60654.

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Why should you let the man stop you from enjoying yourself this year? Supergrass makes a groovy inexpensive gift your mind can enjoy. Supergrass looks like, smells like and gets you there like the real thing. And yet it's a 100% legal substitute for pot. Dig our new fair prices. 1 lid. \$1.50; 4/\$5.00; 8/\$10. Send your bread to: G.C.S., Box 2813, San Rafael, Ca. 94902. (uncond. guar.) ALSO FREE Zig Zags to enjoy—PEACE.

GET STONED

While it's dry out now, without the legal hassle, You'll want more right away. Some of those that have used it say it's the best they ever had and it's not illegal. A Substitute for Pot

GRASHISH

cleaned lids \$2 ea., 3/\$5, 7/\$10. Send bread to: STONE, Box 3462, Hollywood, Calif. 90028

LEGAL GOLD

Turn-on guaranteed. Just like grass, cook or smoke it. \$2.00 lid makes 20 joints, 3 lids/\$5.00, 7 lids/\$10.00.

Dealers Wanted
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(Los Angeles Free Press)

DOPEVILLE

DECLASSIFIED

(Graphics)



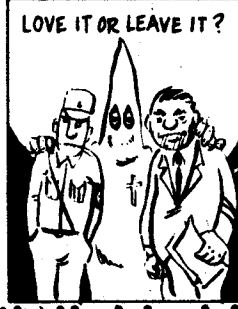
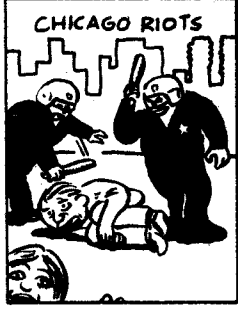
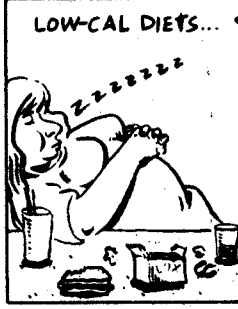
(Good Times)

DECLASSIFIED

(Graphics)

America...

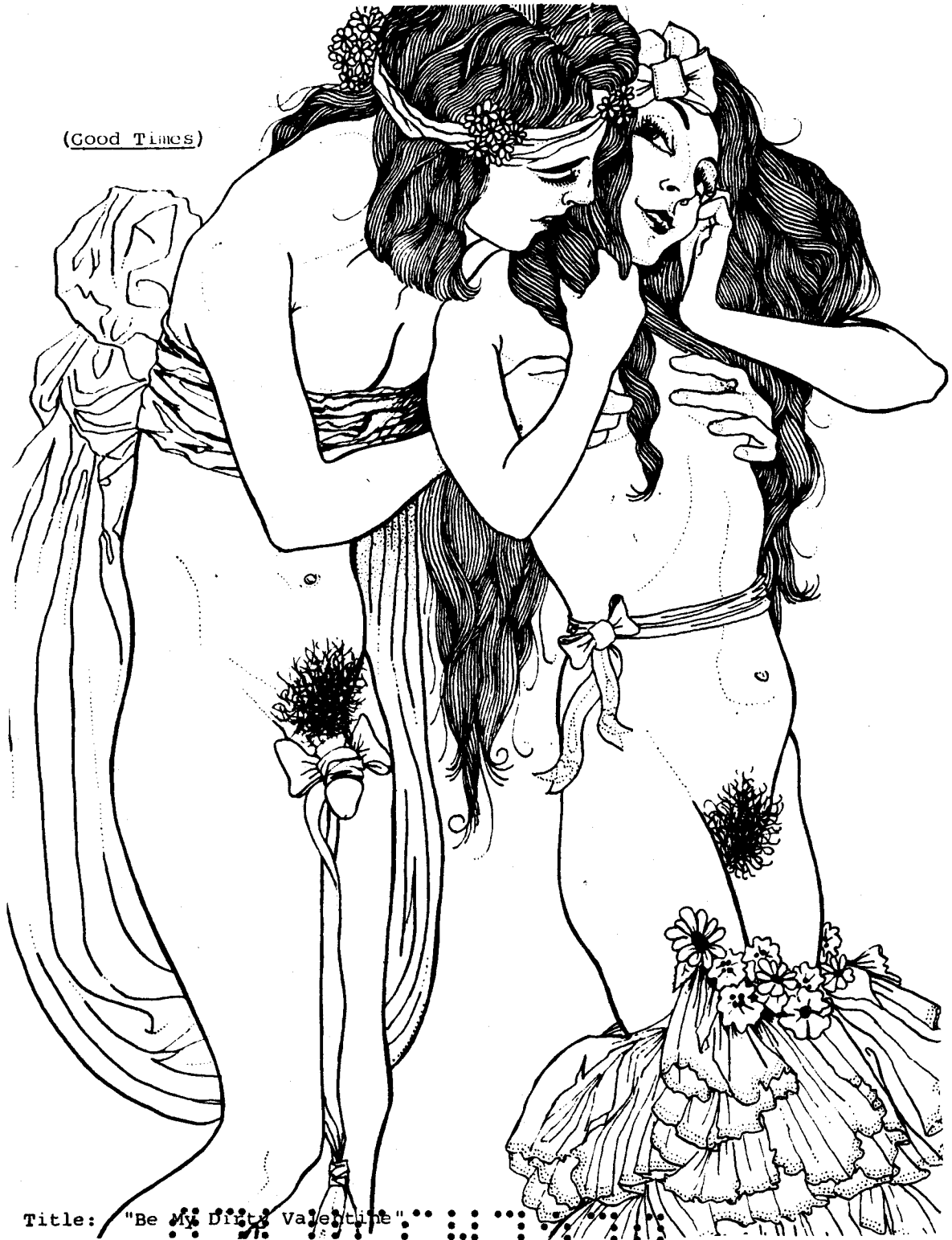
by Jack Kinnery & Steve Raskind



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(Rat)

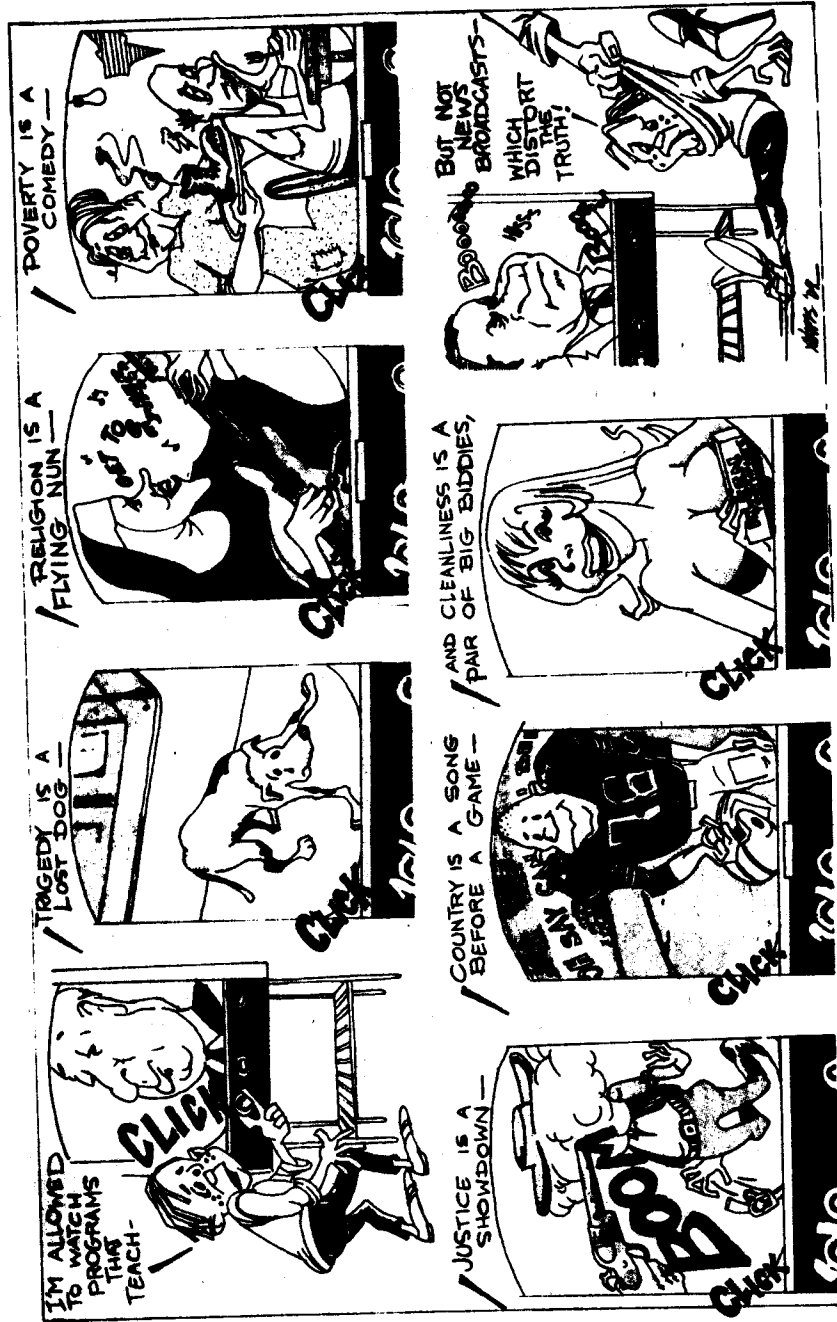
(Good Times)



Title: "Be My Dirty Valentine"

BE MY DIRTY VALENTINE

(Graphics)



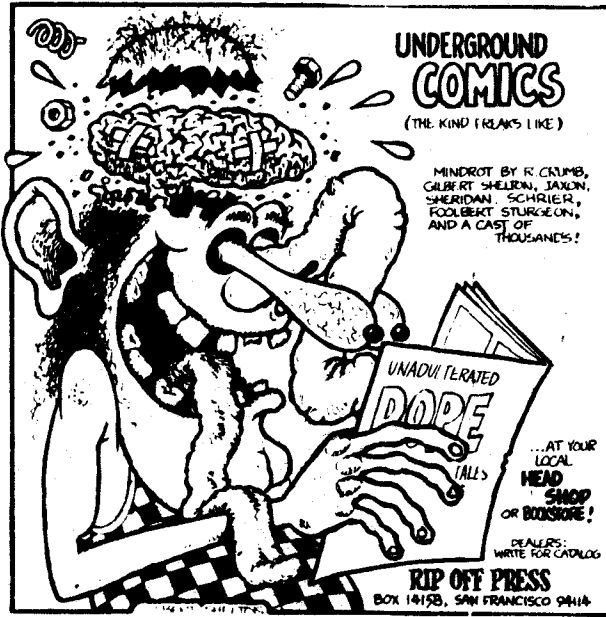
APPENDIX VII (Page Five)
DELAUNAY
(G. Fabrice)



0 0 7 2 9 0 3 0

APPENDIX VI (Page 610)

(Graphics)

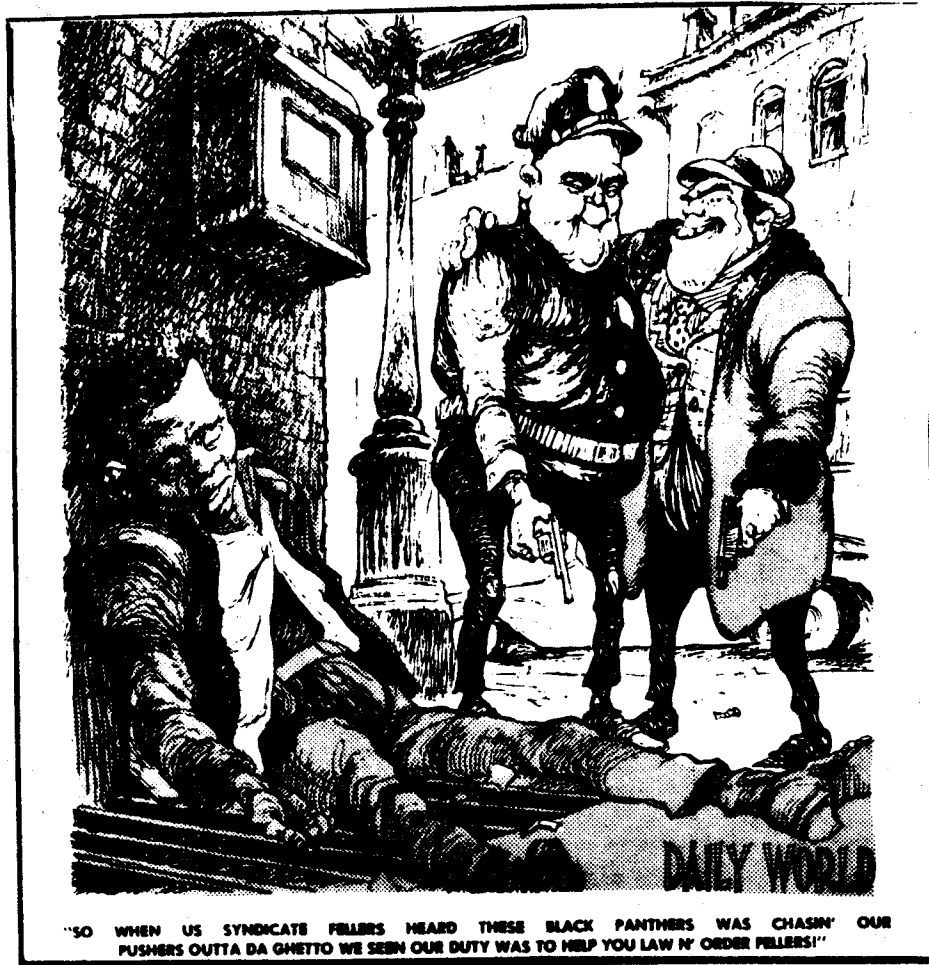


(L. A. Free Press, advertisement)



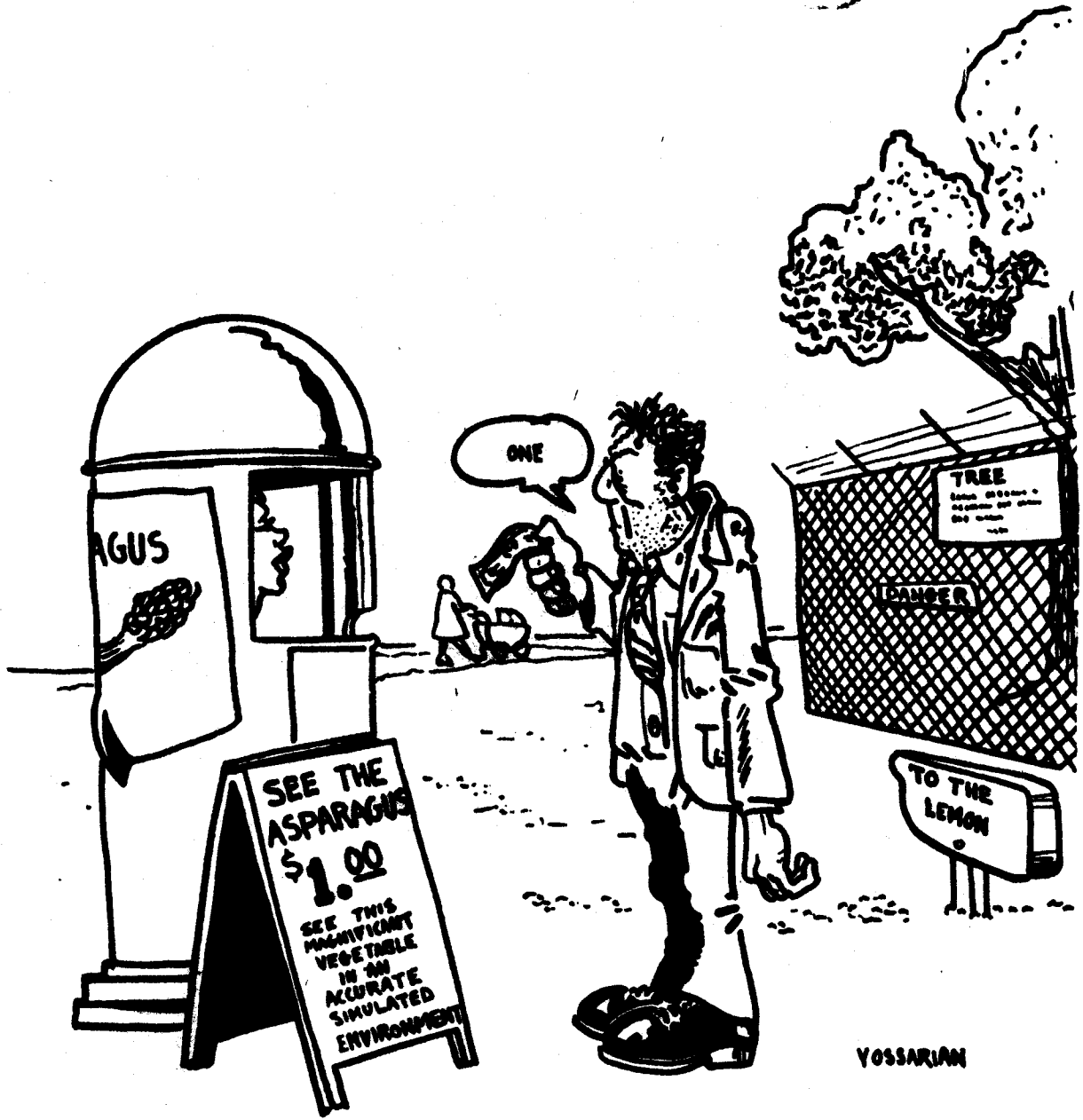
(Good Times)

0 0 7 2 9 0 3 0



(Spokane Natural)

03 45 50 1000



(East Village Other, February 4, 1970)