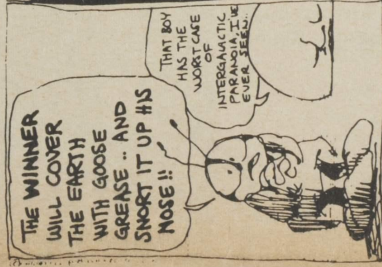
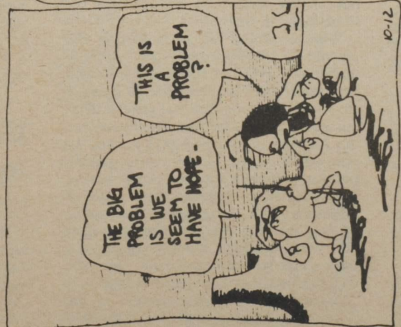
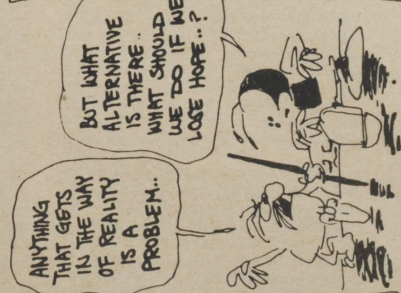
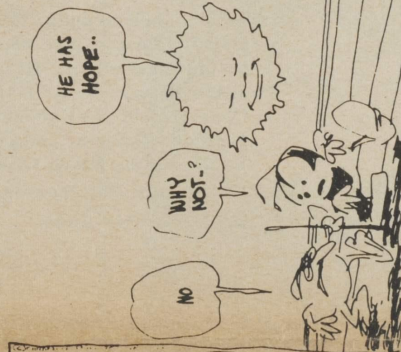


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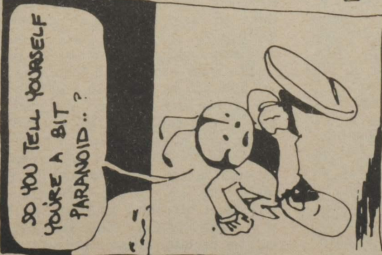
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number nine

IS HOPE
ONE OF YOUR
HANDUPS?
SEND A
SELF ADDRESSED
STAMPED
ENVELOPE
TO
ODD BOOKINGS
GENERAL
DELIVERY
JEWELRY
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98450
AND WE'LL
SEND YOU
FREE FUNNIES
400 400 400 400
SHELL



- REASONS FOR PARANOID TWINGLES:
CHECK ONE
- VIETNAM
 - MISEAST
 - THE WAR IN THE STREETS
 - RECESSION
 - AN-OR DEPRESSION
 - BAD WEATHER
 - THE NEIGHBORS
 - HOSTILITY LEVEL
 - "FUCK IT HERE"
 - "FUCK THE HEAV"
 - "FUCK THE HERE"



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blue-tail fly

number nine

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tidings

Tennessee trials

KNOXVILLE, Tenn.—Tennessee is the kind of state whose current governor, Buford Ellington, dedicates himself to running off all the longhairs and which elects a senator, William Brock III, who mounts a massive billboard campaign on the theme of "Brock Believes" to emphasize his commitment to putting prayer back in the schools.

Knoxville is the kind of city that loudly, if unofficially, declares itself "Big Orange Country" every football season when the University of Tennessee team battles for glory. But things are changing: the University of Tennessee is also the kind of place which produces a radical student group called Big Oranges for a Democratic Society (BODS).

On the other hand, things haven't changed *too* much. Knoxville is still the kind of city which can convict and sentence to two years in prison a former UT student on charges of inciting to riot when all that was proved in court was that he had challenged the UT president to a duel and had ridden on someone's shoulders with a megaphone during a demonstration. It was established that he asked students at a rally to be peaceful and later asked the crowd to disperse when the cops started cracking heads.

The victim was Peter Kami and he was the first of a group of UT students and supporters known at the Knoxville 22 to come to trial in Knox County Criminal Court on charges arising from a January 15 demonstration at UT. The demonstration was in protest of the naming of Ed Boling as UT president.

Student and faculty groups had been promised they would have a say in the selection process. The groups made their recommendations—none of them recommended Boling; in fact, they all specifically asked that he not be considered. Boling was a political hack with no academic qualifications for the job; he previously was UT's vice president for development.

The trustees named Boling president at Gov. Ellington's insistence, the day after students left for Christmas vacation.

When they returned they were angry and wanted to express their dissatisfaction.

Kami (pronounced "camie," not "commie" as some Knoxvilleans have been wont to do) arranged a rally by announcing his intentions to challenge Boling to a duel. When Boling failed to respond to the challenge, Kami and other leaders urged the 2,000 students present to peacefully go inside the administration building and mill around to make their presence known.

The students started to do just that when a group of YAFers and some plainclothesmen (without authorization) blocked the door. Scuffles broke out and soon the riot squad converged on the scene in what students described as a "goosestep-and-grunt" march. The sight of the riot squad was so ludicrous that the students roared with laughter. The riot squad thereupon went berserk and started cracking heads at random and making arrests, especially of pre-designated activist leaders. Kami was arrested shortly after he asked the crowd to leave.

Charges against five of the original 22 were eventually dropped; however, when that was done they were merely replaced by five activists who hadn't been arrested previously. The 22 include among them one token black and one token woman. They are charged under Tennessee's recently-enacted riot law, which was passed in reaction to college uprisings elsewhere. The law makes it a felony for three or more persons to engage in disruptive behavior and provides sentences ranging from one-to-ten years.

The trials started with Kami's on Oct. 26 and are expected to continue for weeks. The jury on Kami's trial went out on Friday evening (Oct 30) and did not return until 9 p.m. Saturday. Five of the 12 jurors reportedly were holding out for acquittal before they gave in to the other seven. In his closing argument the prosecutor had urged the jurors to "show the world what East Tennessee thinks of student protestors. Kami is appealing, but some of his supporters are not optimistic.

By a quirk of international law, Kami

is officially a Brazilian citizen and could be deported. If so, he would face trial for draft evasion there.

When the trials of the 22 are completed, another round of political trials will begin almost immediately afterwards. Some 50 UT students and professors face charges of "disrupting a religious service" and "obscenity" in conjunction with a Billy Graham Crusade held at the UT stadium last May—a religious ceremony which included a speech by the Rev. Tricky Dick Nixon.

Graham brought his Crusade (and Nixon) to UT in the wake of a three-day campus strike in protest of the Cambodian invasion. Nixon obviously intended to reclaim some of his lost prestige after the nationwide student protest by showing he could appear on a major college campus. Of course, he intended to hide behind Billy Graham and the cross. About 1,000 UT people were determined not to let him get away with it.

They intended to conduct a peaceful protest. Political signs were prohibited, so the protestors restricted themselves to signs quoting scripture: "Thou Shalt Not Kill." Even these had to be smuggled inside the stadium. They also intended to use the peace "V" sign and possibly file out on the field for a silent prayer for those killed in the war.

The protestors sat in clusters in the crowd of 100,000 and were virtually surrounded by unfriendly cops. Outraged fundamentalist East Tennesseans heckled the students a good deal and goaded them out of their silent protest. They answered the hecklers in kind and with chants. At one point, when Graham was making political statements in support of Nixon, some of them answered with cries of "Bullshit!" This is apparently the source of the obscenity charges. The protestors also heckled Nixon when he spoke, but were mainly drowned out by the counter-heckling of the larger crowd.

Nine protestors were arrested at the "Crusade"; the remainder were arrested in the days following on the basis of photographic "evidence." The students were studying for final exams by then and were unceremoniously plucked off

the campus by cop cruisers or hustled out of their apartments without notice. One student arrested was in Cincinnati the night of the protest.

A couple of those arrested elected to be tried in city court and were sentenced to 20 days. Cops at the trial who testified that they two were among the chanters were reported to be on the other side of the stadium by witnesses and sometimes by the cops own admissions. Nevertheless, when they appealed to county court, the sentences were increased to 50 days.

A lot of students are angry about what is going on at UT. So far little activity has taken place this year. That is partially because the trials have drained leaders and energy and because some students have been successfully intimidated. However, students also realized that any actions they might take would most likely benefit Brock in his race against liberal Sen. Albert Gore. "It's not that anyone expects Gore to do anything for them, it's just that Brock could make it physically impossible to survive here," according to Carroll Bible, one of the 22. Now that the election is over, people will feel fewer constraints about taking action.

If the 22 and Crusade trials turn into inquisitions, that will lead to "enormous amounts of both intimidation and anger," a UT radical said. "And that could lead to acts of terrorism, which I don't think are very productive."

For the love of peace!

Liberation News Service

The peace symbol, or as Carl McIntyre calls it, the broken cross of the anti-christ, may soon become the trademark of the Intercontinent Shoe Corp., or Luv, Inc., a clothing manufacturer in Miami.

C.M. Wendt, director of the Patent Office's trademark examining office said they rejected a wine company's application to trademark the Madonna,

but the peace symbol is different.

"If this were the accepted symbol of the Quakers, or any organized religious sect which is absolutely pacifistic, we would not register it," Wendt said.

"But it's a far cry from that—the use of it by the hippie movement—those who flout all conventions of organized society." Besides, he said, "Its commercial use will not hurt the peace movement anyway."

Harold Koenig, president of Luv, Inc., asks, "What's better than love and peace?" He also said he was "not learned enough about the facts to have an opinion on U.S. policy in Vietnam."

Lexington's new conservative paper, the *Independent Review*, carried a story of its own about the peace symbol.

According to the story, "The New Yorker says the emblem was adopted by various youth organizations on direct orders from the Communist Party. This, says the publication, is a part of the long-range propaganda campaign of the Communists to encourage youth to express contempt for adults, for authority and for the ideals that built the United States. The symbol is old, but it has never been associated with peace, according to the magazine, it actually is an ancient sign of evil known as the broken cross, sometimes called the 'crucified cross'..."

A UK professor who reads *The New Yorker* regularly didn't remember having read the *Independent Review's* revelations in the magazine and thought they were rather out of character with the usual fare. He dashed off a letter to the magazine seeking an explanation.

The *New Yorker* replied that a number of groups and individuals have been attributing the remarks on the peace symbol to it. It finally traced the original source of the error to an editorial in the May 28, 1970 edition of *The Baptist Courier*, a Greenville, S.C., publication.

"On June 3 we wrote the editor of *The Baptist Courier*, *The New Yorker* says, 'asking him to let us know on what page and in which issue of *The New Yorker* these statements are supposed to have appeared. We have had no reply.'"

CIA and heroin

Liberation News Service

At the moment the CIA's favorite puppet in Laos is Vang Po, an old friend of General Ky, vice president of South Vietnam. Vang Po served as a sergeant with the French army during the fifties. Now he controls the Meo tribesmen for the CIA.

The Meo tribe moved into Laos about 100 years ago from China, where they had raised opium poppies. Relations between them and the native Laotians were unfriendly and the French took advantage of this. They began to arm the Meo and use them against national liberation forces in Laos and neighboring Vietnam.

Today under the command of Vang Po, the 400,000 Meo are supplied by the CIA with guns, ammunition, rice, liquor, cigarettes, clothes and American "advisors." The Pentagon admits that all this costs \$150 million a year, which means that it costs much more than that. In return for these goods and services, the Meo must attack native Laotians.

All supplies for Vang Po's "army" are delivered by the civilian Air American and Continental Air Services lines, which are subsidized by the CIA. *The New York Times*, the *London Times* the *Le Monde*, *New Republic*, the *Far Eastern Economic Review* and *Ramparts* have reported that the CIA planes often carry cargoes of opium on their return flights from the positions of Vang Po's army in the northeast of Laos.

Current estimates from informed economic sources place the total opium traffic in Laos at between \$3 and \$5 million a year. This includes opium that goes through Laos on CIA planes on its way from Burma and Thailand. (By the time this opium becomes heroin and is sold on American streets, its value has increased as much as a hundred times).

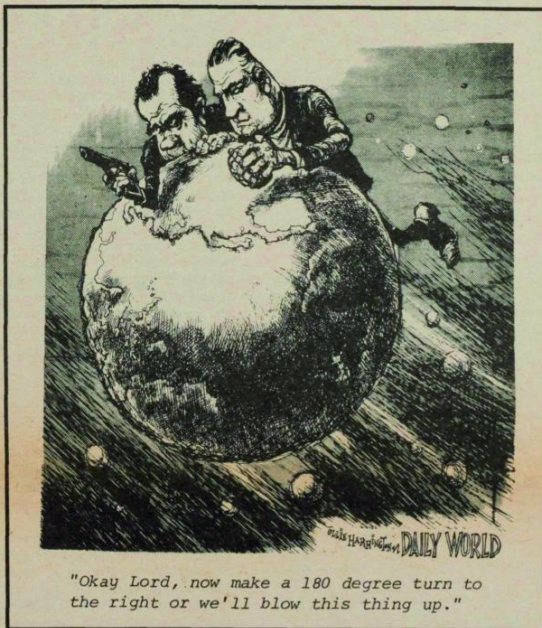
Opium is the only cash crop in Laos, and trade in it is legal. In all other Asian countries, opium growing and trading is illegal, so Laos has become the center of

Asian opium trade. CIA and U.S. military planes are the principal transporters of the drug because they are not subject to strict customs inspections.

The CIA uses racism and tribalism in addition to opium to divide and control the Laotian people. The U.S. military bombs the rice fields in the lowlands. This leaves opium (which only grows in the mountains) as the only cash crop left in Laos. The Meo, who live in the mountains, control this crop and, therefore, the entire economy of Laos. CIA and U.S. military planes aid the Meo by transporting their cash crop to American markets.

Justice in Orangeburg

ORANGEBURG, S.C. (LNS)—A South Carolina jury of 9 whites and three blacks have convicted Cleve Sellers of participating in what his attorneys called "the first one-man riot in history." He



was given the maximum penalty of one year at hard labor and a fine of \$250.

The case grew out of the 1968 Orangeburg Massacre, where highway patrolmen gunned down three young blacks and wounded 27 others on the campus of South Carolina State College after the students attempt to integrate a local bowling alley.

Cleve Sellers, a former program secretary of SNCC, was the most prominent black activist in the area. As a spokesman for Gov. Robert McNair said at the time: "He's the main man. He's the biggest nigger in the crowd."

Sellers was shot in the arm the night of the massacre and arrested at the segregated Orangeburg Regional Hospital where he went for treatment. He was charged on five counts ranging from arson to assault with intent to kill. Possible penalties totalled death plus 78 years. He was held at the State Penitentiary in Columbia on \$50,000 bail. While in his jail cell he was served with a fugitive warrant from Louisiana based on an old civil rights charge there. He also faces trial on charges of refusing induction into the armed forces.

The official version of the massacre was that the students were "whipped up to a frenzy" by "outside agitator" Sellers, and that the police only shot to protect their lives in the face of repeated sniper fire from the campus. It is a scenario that many embattled officials have thought up to justify murder after the fact.

No one, including the FBI which had 30-40 agents working on the case for four months, has been able to verify that a single shot was fired at the police. The only policeman injured was struck by a piece of wood. On the other hand, a majority of the student victims were shot in the back and some were even struck in

the soles of the feet as they lay flat on the ground attempting to duck under the barrage of bullets.

Henry Smith, one of the students who died, was shot five times, beaten with a rifle butt by police and dragged down a hill.

During the May 1969 trial of 9 highway patrolmen charged with violating the civil rights of the students they shot, Federal Judge J. Robert Martin refused to allow a picture of Henry Smith's body to be introduced as evidence on the grounds that it was "crude." The patrolmen were all acquitted.

White Orangeburg was prepared for the Sellers trial. A National Guard unit was on alert, the streets around the courthouse were blockaded off, and a solid row of uniformed highway patrolmen formed a human barrier between the participants in the trial and the many spectators, most of them black. Defense attorneys tried to get the case removed to a federal court on the grounds that Sellers could not get a fair

almost totally ruined with few places left for an enemy to hide," Arnett's story came clattering over the Saigon teleprinter, "the GIs relaxed and began methodically searching through the ruins. One soldier gleefully ran from a burning Chinese noodle shop with his arms full of Cambodian brandy. A Vietnamese interpreter hauled a case of soft drinks to a small tank. Other GIs smashed open the door of a small wooden shop and discovered clocks, watches and electrical equipment inside..."

Before the story was relayed to U.S. newspapers which take the AP Service, all references to the looting at Snoul were deleted.

The foreign editor of AP's domestic newswire approved of the way Arnett had been edited; and according to the *AP Review*, "It is reported reliably that he added in a note to the desk, 'We can't let the Agnews seize upon this sort of thing.'"

And just to make perfectly clear what the foreign desk wanted from Saigon, the *AP Review* adds, the foreign editor cabled:

"WE ARE IN THE MIDST OF A HIGHLY CHARGED SITUATION IN UN-STATES REGARDING SOUTHEAST ASIA AND MUST GUARD OUR COPY TO SEE THAT IT IS DOWN THE MIDDLE AND SUBDUES EMOTION SPECIFICALLY TODAY WE TOOK LOOTING AND SIMILAR REFERENCES OUT OF ARNETT COPY BECAUSE WE DON'T THINK IT'S ESPECIALLY NEWS THAT SUCH THINGS TAKE PLACE IN WAR AND IN PRESENT CONTEXT THIS CAN BE INFLAMMATORY."

Gimmie shelter

By Gretchen Marcum

If there's going to be a real counter-culture, meeting the needs of food and housing are top-priority concerns. Attempts have been made recently in Lexington to organize in both.

The Peoples' Food Collective is all set to begin operating on a limited basis as a food co-operative. PFC is called a collective rather than a co-op to skirt a peculiar Kentucky statute which allows only producer co-operatives and prohibits consumer co-ops.

PFC's long-range goal is a full-fledged grocery store, but lack of money and resources makes that impractical for now. However, PFC does have a three-phase program designed to accomplish that eventually.

Phase one, a purchasing club for members, should begin operating soon. PFC will make mass purchases from wholesalers for members. At present, the Collective plans to handle only nonperishable items and perhaps bread and eggs.

During its second phase, PFC will continue operating as a purchasing agent but will deal in all kinds of foods. Hopefully, a grocery store open to the community will follow.

Those interested in joining PFC may do so by filling out membership forms available in the UK Student Government office. There is a membership fee—\$3.30 per member-unit per year. (a "member-unit" is any group of people who turn in their orders together). If you wish, you can pay your membership fee at the rate of 30 cents a month.

Of course, how successful PFC will be depends on the level of participation it gets from those it hopes to serve. So join. And maybe volunteer to do some work.

It's already clear that PFC is far real because officials at the Kroger store near campus, a student ghetto rip-off, are uptight. For years they've been selling unsold and unrefresh produce from their high-rent district sister stores at mark-up prices. Now that students are organizing, they've offered to discuss "food problems."

A proposed Tenants' Union has met with problems similar to the PFC's: lack of money and experience but plenty of legal hassles (Tenants' unions, as well as consumer food co-ops, are illegal in Kentucky).

In addition to these problems, however, it encountered one more—little apparent interest on the part of student tenants. Five people showed up for the organizational meeting—and that's hardly

The need for such a union should be obvious to anyone who's been charged \$110 a month for a plastic efficiency or more for a larger place complete with assorted roaches, a perennially-broken toilet and/or unvented gas heaters. Lately, landlord harassment also has become a major problem.

One of Lexington's biggest (and most notorious) landladies, Mrs. Lorraine Higgins, has a new rule for her tenants: "Gentlemen residents, leasor and roommates, must maintain a well-groomed appearance; that is, having a conventional tapered haircut, not hanging over the ears nor over the collar."

Rule 13 was added to her list because of neighbors' complaints about "dirty-looking hippies." Mrs. Higgins commented, "Some of my nicest people had long hair and it just broke my heart not to continue renting to them."

Despite the obvious need for it, the Tenants' Union presently is defunct. If you're a UK student and have a complaint against your landlord, you can turn it in at the Student Government Office. But that's like the proverbial band-aid for a broken leg. You can also try to find out what rights you have as a tenant and what responsibilities your landlord has.

But these are only half-way measures. Hopefully, another attempt will be made to form a Tenant's Union—and more people will respond.

3 plus 7 makes 10

By Marianne Jorgenson

SALINAS, Calif. (LNS)—The Soledad 3 have become the Soledad 10. When a Soledad guard was found dead last January—a few days after a tower guard opened fire on a group of black prisoners, murdering three—Soledad Prison officials chose Fleeta Drumgo, George Jackson, and John Clutchette to try for the killing. The three are now joined by seven other young black men who are being charged with the killing of a second prison guard, and face the same mandatory death penalty. The guard was killed on July 22, and since the three were safely locked away the officials had to find another conspiracy.

Why these seven? All used to sit around rapping about politics, and prison officials identified them as "black militants." The "conspiracy" includes Jessie Phillips, 20, serving a life sentence on a murder-robbery; Walter Watson, five years-to-life for robbery; Alfred Dunn, 20, five-years-to-life for robbery; Jimmy Hames, 23, one-to-life for robbery; O.C. Allen, 26, five-years-to-life for robbery. Since July 22 each has been held in solitary in a 7 x 5 cell.

Nothing was known about the treatment the seven were receiving until Mrs. Bessie Phillips, mother of Jessie, received an anonymous letter from San Diego which said, "Jessie and another six are...in confinement for suspicion (of the killing of the guard). Jessie may not get a chance to contact... (you)...until they build a case against him...Bring your lawyer... they are trying to put it on anyone."

The letter further explained that a white inmate who was interrogated had failed a lie detector test. "They let him go anyway" the letter continued.

Since their arraignment, prison officials have posted notices in the Soledad prison offering early parole and monetary rewards for any inmates willing to testify against these brothers. It was clear to the lawyers that many "witnesses" obtained by this route would testify against the brothers at the hearing, get their parole and split. But their testimony would be admissible before a jury during trial, and there would be no way for the defense to put them on the witness stand. Therefore, the defense moved to waive the preliminary hearing of October 13, forcing the prosecution to produce all their witnesses before a jury.

Cancerous pills still on sale

WASHINGTON (LNS)—Eli Lilly and Upjohn drug companies have graciously decided to stop producing their favorite,

money-making, women-killing birth control pills: C-quens and Provest.

Since 1966, or maybe even before that date, evidence had been available from the Food and Drug Administration (FDA) which showed that beagles formed both malignant and nonmalignant cancerous nodules on their breasts from certain pills.

An approved, FDA-written letter was addressed to women using the two pills stating "there is no proof at the present time that the oral contraceptives can cause cancer in humans." Women were encouraged to stay on those pills.

But during the week of October 19, 1970, the FDA issued a new statement recommending that production of these pills be stopped immediately. While Eli Lilly and Upjohn agreed on October 24 that they would stop making the pills, they have not been removed from the market and reserve supplies are still for sale.

Bad, bad bank

By Michael Sweeney

Liberation News Service

Americans have always known that banks are behind everything. Thomas Jefferson said they were more dangerous than standing armies. The Wobblies, a revolutionary labor movement in the early decades of this century, had a ballad that ran:

Oh, the banks are made of marble
With a guard at every door
And the vaults are stuffed with silver

That the people sweated for.

The business of a bank is lending other people's money at a profit. Through their control of credit, banks gradually extend their control throughout society. As Bob Dylan put it, "The national bank at a profit sells a roadmap to the soul..."

Since the system runs at the expense of the great majority of people, and the people know it, banks have always had to worry about getting burned down. Bank of America—modern in all things—has always been a leader in attempts to convince people that banks are a good thing, despite all the evidence to the contrary.

Bank of America, in fact, used to call itself "the Peoples' Bank." A.P. Giannini, the bank's founder, had the advertising department nickname him "the Little Fellow's Friend." To build up this image, Giannini said things like "The only legitimate business in the world today is to fill the needs of people—as we serve so shall we prosper."

To defend this shuck, Bank of America has always employed a large crew of image-makers. After the bank foreclosed on thousands of farmers during the Depression, its power was exposed by John Steinbeck in *Grapes of Wrath* and Carey McWilliams in *Factories in the Fields*. A bank image-maker, assigned to evaluate the damage, reported confidentially that the books strengthened the notion "of land-grabbing on our part." It seemed unwise for Bank of America to be the biggest bank and the biggest landowner at the same time. So most of the 600,000 acres were sold off.

Today Bank of America conducts extensive market research studies to learn how to win friends and influence people. One recent project was a number of special "test branches" located near college campuses in California. Experiments were conducted to learn how to win students as loyal customers. Discussion groups were organized (without students knowing Bank of America was the sponsor) and the sessions were tape recorded and sometimes observed from behind one-way mirrors. One of the test branches was located at Isla Vista, California, just outside the University of California at Santa Barbara.

On February 25, 1970, students delivered a decisive experimental result by burning down the Isla Vista test branch. The bank's petty manipulation was swept aside. "Bank of America breaks human laws!" shouted the bank-burners. Their grievances against Bank of America varied. Some students knew about the bank's oppression of Chicano farm workers. Others knew of the bank's involvement in the Vietnam war. Said one 17-year-old

bankburner, "Well, it was there...the biggest capitalist establishment thing around."

And everything the kids at Isla Vista said about Bank of America was true. Their instincts had broken through one of the most carefully devised corporate images in America. Like the Wobblies, 60 years before, people instantly identified the bank as the real enemy. Young revolutionaries all over California began to imitate them, trashing and bombing Bank of America branches.

Bank of America responded with a \$340,000 campaign that placed full-page advertisements in every daily newspaper in California. The burning was "mindless violence," said the bank. All the charges made against the bank were "pernicious propaganda."

That was only the first shot. Bank of America knew that it had to make unprecedented efforts to make itself seem friendly, helpful and peace-loving. Singing rock commercials were aired on hip radio stations. Psychedelic cartoon advertisements were placed in college newspapers. And top bank executives formed a "student affairs committee" to try to "understand" student grievances. Bank chairman Louis Lundborg came out publicly against the Vietnam War.

But the bank was running scared. When SCOPE Corp., a subsidiary of Saga Foods, wanted to install a bank as part of a student housing project at the University of California at Riverside, it invited Bank of America to fill the space. The bank was cautious. Its student affairs committee called together student "leaders" from all over the state to a two-day seminar at Riverside to discuss whether it was safe for Bank of America to locate branches near college campuses. The Riverside question is undecided.

Meanwhile, Bank of America rebuilt its Isla Vista branch bigger than ever. A new police station will be located across the street. "We are but one bank, but we have decided to take our stand in Isla Vista," announced the full-page ads of the \$25-billion giant.

But all the advertising in the world won't save Bank of America. The truth keeps slipping out. The bank claims it is against the war while it expands its operations in Southeast Asia. The bank says it is the friend of labor while it refused to allow its own employees to unionize. The bank says it will fight racism while it operates an affiliate in white-supremacist Rhodesia. The bank says it is "The Little Fellow's Friend" while it takes interest from them in the most sophisticated loan shark racket in history—BankAmericard.

Notices

A fellow by the name of Rick Brown is trying to find a young man or a couple to help him establish a homestead on a large tract of wilderness land in the Cumberland Mountains of Tennessee. Says he's looking for someone who goes for the quiet life and a minimum of material goods. If interested, write: Rick Brown, General Delivery, Viola, Tennessee 37394. Or go to Viola and ask for him—"Anyone there can tell you where I live."

*

The Lexington Women's Liberation Group is looking for witnesses to testify for the two 17 year-old girls who were arrested for "offenses against morality" after being identified from photographs as allegedly swimming nude at the Rock Bottom Music Festival. The trial is scheduled for Nov. 18 and they are still in need of witnesses. If you are over 18, have no police record and saw one or both women and were not offended by their appearance or behavior at the festival, contact Women's Lib at 266-2234 in Lexington.

*

Anyone in the Lexington area who has a draft physical approaching and is not sure of their physical condition can get a thorough examination from the Medical Committee on Human Rights any Thursday after 7 p.m. in the Third-Floor Clinic of the UK Med Center. If you have something you think might get you out, the exam will be concentrated on that

point. If not, a general search will be made. The examinations are conducted by UK med students.

*

The Lexington chapter of SLAM (Southern Legal Action Movement) will be available to represent students accused of student code offenses before the Judicial Board and the Appeals Board at UK. Though a legal defense is not required at these hearings, students may find a law student helpful in deciphering the intricacies of the code. A list of law students who have volunteered to represent students is on file at the Grosvenor Zoological Gardens (phone: 255-9425).

*

A new independent literary magazine by the name of *handsel* will hit the streets of Lexington soon. It will publish poems, short stories, sketches and other things. If interested, contact Gray Zeitz at 429 Park Avenue; phone: 269-1474.

*

If anyone is interested in compiling a monthly calendar of events and notices for the *fly*, please contact us at P.O. Box 7304, Lexington, Ky, 40502. Ideally, we hope to be able to list a month in advance what will be happening in Louisville, Cincinnati, Richmond, Bowling Green, Lexington and so on. The *fly* will pay for necessary phone calls.

*

Governor Louie B. Nunn is sponsoring a drug seminar in Louisville's Convention Center on December 3 and is urging citizens to attend. So plan to drop by if you're in the neighborhood. The Governor also has been appealing to newspaper people to promote drug awareness. Which, of course, we've been doing all along.

*

The Clay County Poor Peoples' association will conduct a public hearing on November 21 at 2 p.m. on dissatisfaction with the ineffectiveness of the year-old federal "Black Lung" measure. Those scheduled to be on hand include Dr. Donald Rasmussen, a W. Va. physician who has been outspoken on the issue; widows of the 78 miners killed two years ago in the Farmington, W. Va. disaster and representatives from the UMW's Miners for Democracy contingent. The hearings will be held in the Horse Creek Community Center in Clay County.

Three blacks shot 'quietly'

MORRISTOWN, Tenn.—There has been a good deal of indignation in the national press over the killing of the four Kent State students and, to a lesser extent, over the shootings at Jackson State College and Kansas University.

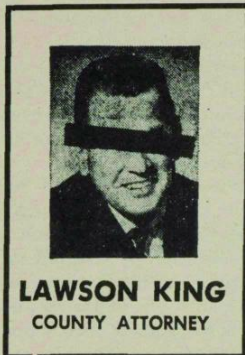
There never has been much outrage expressed over the shooting of black ghetto residents, as in the case of the six people killed in Augusta, Ga. shortly before the Kent State slayings. Now the area of unconcern apparently extends to black junior college students.

On October 8, students at predominantly black Morristown Junior College occupied the administration building in support of 30 demands they were making. Morristown is the sort of school that gives demerits to students for walking on the grass (one student was given 7½ demerits for this; 10 demerits means expulsion) and has compulsory chapel attendance. Ironically, in terms of what was to happen early the next morning, the demands included one that campus security guards stop carrying live ammunition.

At 1:30 a.m. a group of men students were talking on the balcony of a dorm when according to a student witness, a car pulled up behind a security guard car parked in the street outside and started firing at the students. Inexplicably, the white security guard responded by also shooting at the students. He wounded three of them—one seriously—with a shotgun blast.

For some reason, the story of the shooting has received very little attention outside Tennessee.

AN AFTERNOON



WITH E. LAWSON KING OR, WANNA SEE SOME DIRTY PICTURES?

By JEFF LANKFORD

Monday afternoon and I am sitting in E. Lawson King's outer office. I pick up a LIFE magazine and read until King comes out to show me to the inner sanctum.

It is plush: I sit on a black simulated-leather couch, and there is red carpet on the floor, expensive-looking wood paneling and a huge desk.

King looks forty-ish in a crew cut, gray suit and muted blue tie. His feet plop on the desk. I notice his big ears.

The interview begins as King shows me a "Dethrone King" poster, which he said was a part of the Crossen March. He tells me he doesn't mind the anti-King student attitude.

He explains his job as being that of a "legal advisor" to various Fayette County agencies. King is Fayette County Attorney. He illustrates his advisory duties by telling about the time the Probate Judge called on him to render a "legal opinion."

Some preacher wanted to change his name to Jesus Christ, King says. The Probate Judge wanted an opinion, so King told him:

"If he (the preacher) can go down here to the reservoir and walk across the water, let him change his name."

Jeff Lankford is a free lance writer.

King explains nearly all of his points by telling little stories. Most of them aren't very funny, but I smile anyway because I think he means well.

King started his life story next, and told most of it before it got boring and I changed the subject. He came to Lexington in 1954 on a football scholarship to the University of Kentucky. He got an electrical engineering degree, then went to law school.

King is from Pike County, and he returned there after receiving his law degree. He came back to Lexington in 1962 to set up a law practice.

King was appointed assistant county attorney in July, 1964, and he took great pains to explain that it was not a political appointment. He was then merely "interested" in politics.

The mountain background of his Pike County home shows in King's conversation, mostly because he talks about it a lot.

"I'm a mountain boy," says King. "I know what people are, and I accept what they are. I have no pretensions that you can change people. People do what they want to do.

"I think mountain people are closer

knit, familywise and neighborwise."

King feels his family is important to him. "I am of the opinion," he says, "that for the next 14 or 15 years I have to devote every minute that I have to my children."

Perhaps the strong sense of being a "family man" has made Lawson King especially sensitive to obscenity.

A few years ago the Students for a Democratic Society held a national convention in Lexington. King heard about a "secret meeting" at UK in Sunday school class and went over directly afterwards to check things out -- and was shocked.

"People were saying 'fuck' and 'motherfuck' in the Student Center," King said. "I think that the word 'fuck' is the most obscene word in the English language." I wondered what he thought about the act but didn't ask.

"And there was a guy trying to make some girl with his hand down her pants right there in the Student Union," King added. His outrage at these goings-on resulted in a full-scale Grand Jury investigation. The Grand Jury issued a report which castigated UK for allowing the convention.

A Crusade Against Pornography is also a part of King's life. King

KING

proved it to me. He pulled out a white envelope from his coat pocket and took a red and white brochure from it. He tossed it across the desk at me.

At the top it said: "OVER 600 PHOTOGRAPHS" in big red letters. The other pages of the brochure consisted of photographs of men and women in the nude and performing various sexual acts.

"Was this mailed to you?" I asked. "No, as a matter of fact, someone in your profession gave it to me." I hoped he meant the journalism profession.

"Was it unsolicited?" "Yes, some guy in California is sending these things out."

"Well, isn't this a case for the federal government under the mail laws?"

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"That doesn't matter," King said. "We're going to extradite this guy from California and make him stand trial in Lexington under the law."

Lawson King is concerned with nudity, too. He talked about the films of the Rock Bottom Music Fair. Two girls have been arrested for nudity at the rock festival. King said one of them looked "at least 21" and described her as "well-proportioned."

He said the girl was just 17, but from viewing the film "you wouldn't believe it." He added that if he had known the girl was a minor, Dr. Phillip Crossen would have had more charges against him.

King thought the festival "was just about the same as other rock festivals I've heard about, Woodstock and Atlanta." He then proceeded to describe film clips from the Atlanta festival, which he said showed men and women sliding down a slide into a pond committing "every conceivable sex act."

Asked how he came to see the films of Atlanta, he said that someone came to Lexington to demonstrate police equipment and exhibited the film at the demonstration.

Besides the Phil Crossen rock festival case, King has had a hand in the Jay Westbrook case. Westbrook mailed an empty bomb casing to his draft board to be entered in his file, and has been charged with "common law assault."

"Common law assault" was explained by King to mean the threat and the ability to do great bodily harm. I wonder if an empty bomb casing has the ability to do great bodily harm.

King wanted to make sure I understood what common law assault is, so he put on a vivid demonstration for me.

He took a cigarette lighter off his desk. The lighter was a realistic model of a derringer. He put it in his desk drawer, got an angry look on his face and pulled the derringer on me.

"I'm going to kill you, you son of a bitch!" he shouted, just mean enough and loud enough to scare the shit out of me.

King predicted that Westbrook will

be found guilty and get the maximum penalty, which he said was a \$5,000 fine and a year in prison.

Surprisingly enough, King shares some views with the younger generation.

"I hate to see men, 18 to 25, go to Vietnam to fight a silly war, to give their life over there for that kind of 'cause.' I say 'cause' in quotes because I don't know what the cause is," he said.

But here is where his viewpoint differs from many of the student population. Speaking of an unnamed Washington "policy maker," King said:

"Whether he was right or wrong, he had the authority to decide to go into Vietnam. I believe burning buildings and marching on Main Street is wrong. It doesn't accomplish any purpose."

I asked King what he would do if he were put in charge of the University of Kentucky.

"I'd fire a bunch of liberal professors" and institute "summary dismissal" of certain students, he said.

King knows that campus demonstrations are the result of a few trouble-makers. About student activists:

"They're a blight on society. They're less than one percent of the total student population."

"I think the vast majority of college students are getting blamed for what a bunch of woolyboogers want to do."

Haven't we heard the term "woolyboogers" somewhere else?

King is an aggressive prosecutor, and he's proud of it. He said Quarterly Court revenues have increased this year and attributed the increase to "better police work, more vigorous prosecution." As a prosecutor, King wants to make people pay their "debt to society."

King is involved in the Little League ("every hour that we keep boys on that baseball field, that's an hour they're not getting in trouble") and a Sunday school class.

His pet peeve: "I get disgusted with people because they don't have any get-up-and-go, any initiative."

About that time I got up and went.

THE FAIR NEW LAND



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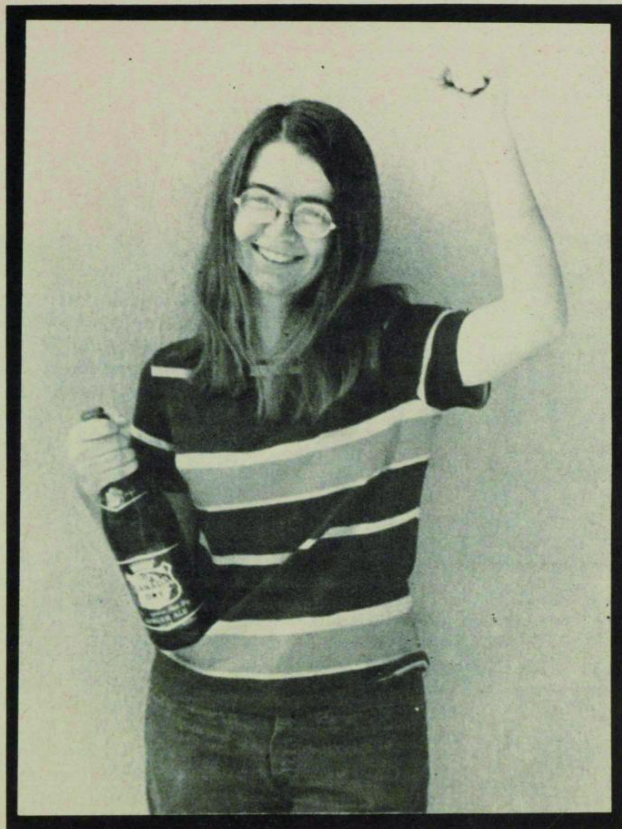
CLOTHES WITH STYLE



purple
onion

216 S. Lime

CONFESSIONS OF AN ALLEGED ARSONIST



Larry Kei Ikopf

By SUE ANNE SALMON

Although I was arrested and charged with last spring's burning of the UK Air Force ROTC Building Annex and subsequently convicted in the minds of many outraged Lexingtonians before I was officially acquitted, I want it known that I had nothing whatsoever to do with the conflagration.

A friend of mine, however, claims he did see me unsuccessfully attempt to set fire to the new Office Tower Building on the same night the ROTC building burned by means of a homemade torch made from a rolled-up Kentucky Kernel. He claims I am responsible for a charred smudge on the northwest corner of the Office Tower four feet off the ground.

That story is also untrue. I might like the idea of bureaucratic and militaristic monstrosities going up in flames (the ROTC Annex seemed to me not even a good symbolic monstrosity), but as my father told a newspaper reporter, I've always been "even afraid to light a firecracker." Ginger ale bottles are more my style, but mine are always filled with plain old ginger ale and never gasoline. Unfortunately, the Lexington police had to be convinced of that.

The evening of May 5 it happened. Walking from the campus to my

home, which was on Lexington Avenue a block from Euclid Avenue, I had just crossed Euclid and stepped onto the corner of Lexington when two heavy-built men jumped from a van parked across the street. Each man tightly gripped one of my arms. My surprise at being grabbed was doubled when one of the men emotionally said, "You're under arrest for arson." Then I noticed the men wore Lexington Police Department uniforms. Keeping their grips tight, they escorted me across the street to near the gold and blue LPD van.

A group of upstanding Lexingtonians had emerged from their cars parked on Lexington Avenue. They had waited for hours there while 30 or more uniformed state troopers stood awaiting orders in the university parking lot on Lexington Avenue. They had waited, watching LPD patrol cars, vans and motorcycles whiz up and down the streets. They had waited, watching students walking to and from the campus where a sit-in was taking place in front of Buell Armory.

They had waited for me -- the five-foot-tall, one-hundred pound girl with uncurled hair and wire-rim spectacles and wearing an old army shirt and blue jeans -- the accused arsonist of the Air Force ROTC Annex.

The policemen told me they had seen me earlier with a green bottle.

"But it contained Canada Dry Ginger Ale," I told them. "And if you'll come with me, I'll show you that it is in the refrigerator at my house a half block from here."

But the policemen wouldn't even acknowledge that I was speaking.

One onlooking vulture, apparently a Lexington businessman, gnashed his teeth and screamed excitedly, "I saw her carry that '7-Up bottle' up the hill." He gave me a threatening look and said, "And I'll testify against her too!"

Then, ironically, I was glad to have the policemen holding my arms. Otherwise, I felt that crowd of anxious Lexingtonians who had waited so long for just such a chance would be honored to tear me to shreds, to purge Wildcat Country of one radical villain.

A large LPD van came and I was put in the rear. As we started downtown, the policemen in the front of the van opened a small sliding window between the cab and the rear so I could hear their asinine comments directed at me: "Students should be studying, not setting fires," etc.

In the municipal building, I was fingerprinted and photographed. The turnkey who recorded my name made some insulting remarks and gave me a small card advising me of my rights.

"You write for the blue-tail fly, don't you?" he asked.

"Yes," I answered. "Why do you ask?"

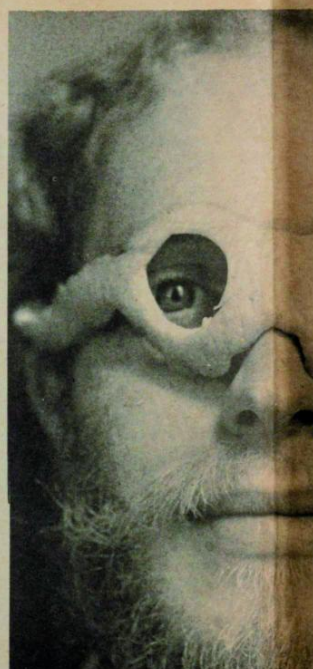
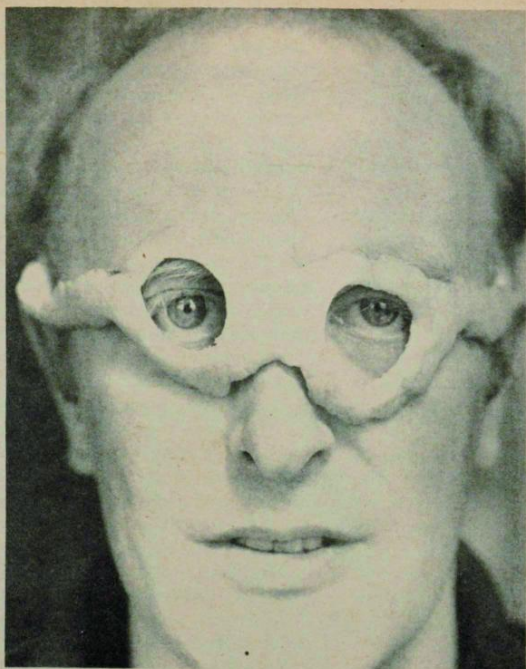
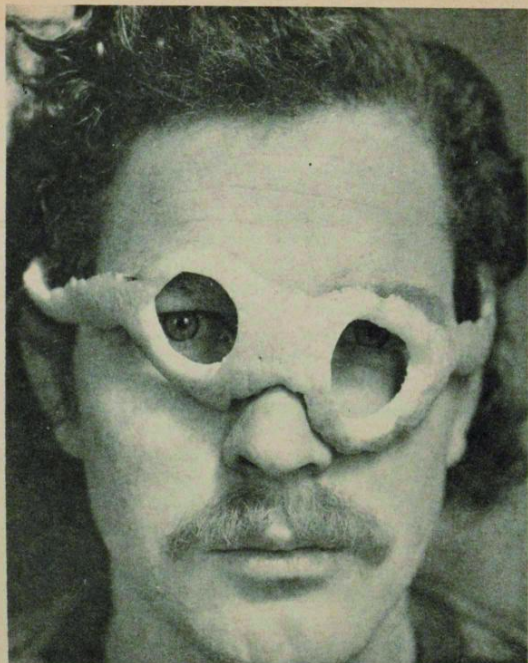
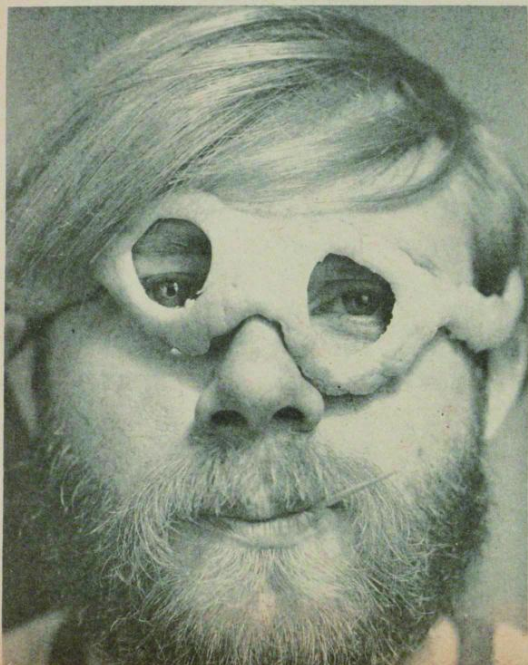
"Oh, I've just seen your name on several stories in the paper."

I had had one byline with the one interview I wrote in one of last year's seven issues of the btf.

And the fingerprinter asked, "You work for the blue-tail fly, don't you?"

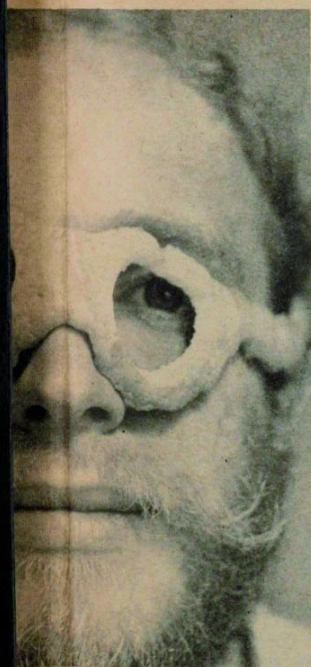
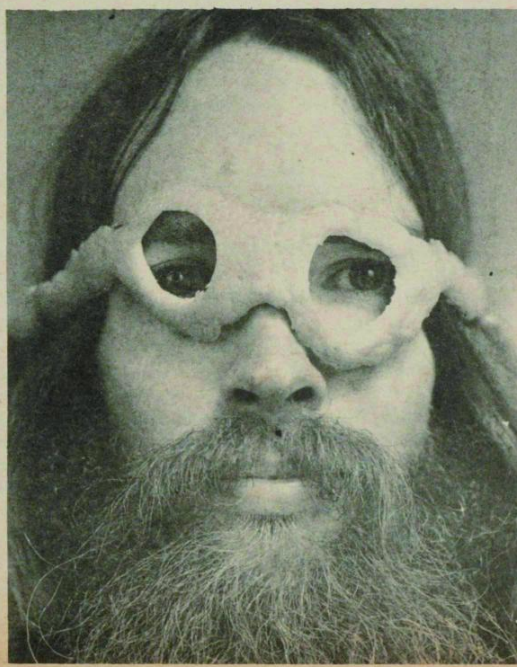
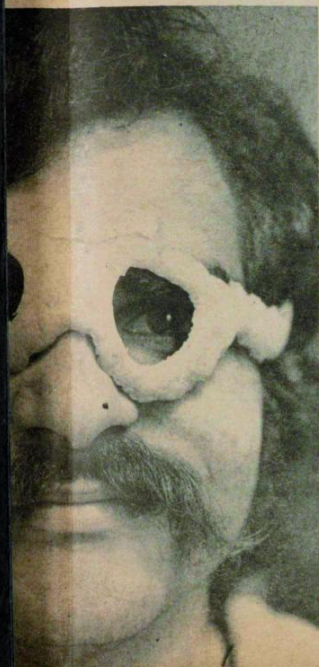
continued on page 10

Sue Anne Salmon is a 5', 100 lb. fly staffer who was arrested for arson immediately following the burning of the UK Air Force ROTC building last spring. This is her account of that absurdity.



In medieval times, the lay brothers at the Franciscan monastery of Antibes took the place of the priests on Childermas (or Holy Innocent's Day) holding the books upside down, wearing spectacles made of orange peel, r

ice Whitfield



Holy Innocents' Day--the 28th of Dec.) and celebrated mass in church, clad in tattered sacerdotal vestments turned inside out, he peel, mumbling an unintelligible jargon and uttering frightful cries.

CONFESSIONS

"Yes," says I. "Why do you ask?"
 "Oh, we just always read the btf to keep up on what's happening," says he.

I asked to make a telephone call, but the fingerprinter told me to wait until they took me downstairs for questioning.

Sgt. Frank Fryman took me to his office. About eight or ten men stood in the small room -- two uniformed firemen, Sgt. Fryman of the LPD, Sgt. Richard Arnett of the Fayette County Police and various other policemen and detectives.

"You write for the blue-tail fly, don't you?" asked Fryman.

"Yes," I said.

"Does the btf pay anyone to work?" he asked.

"No. It's all voluntary work," I answered.

I called my house on Lexington Avenue to say that I had been arrested. Then I proceeded to tell the men in the crowded room that they had made a mistake. I told how I had walked by the police van parked on Euclid and Lexington an hour earlier carrying a half-full bottle of Canada Dry Ginger Ale. As I had carried the bottle to my home to put it in the refrigerator, the policemen sitting in the van had not stopped me.

I had walked back down Lexington Avenue to the corner of Euclid to join three friends who had waited while I went up to the house to leave the ginger ale.

We had walked to campus to observe the sit-in, and I became separated from my friends.

A few minutes later, I had seen an orange glow illuminating the Student Center and heard someone yell "Fire!" I also had seen the cordons of riot-equipped LPD men with their clubs and guns, so I had decided to go back home.

They had grabbed me as I was on my way.

My explanation was interrupted when Sgt. Fryman's phone rang. My father had heard I'd been arrested and called long-distance from Madisonville, Ky. As we talked, I complained to him that the questioning room was so crowded that it made me nervous. Amazingly, the room emptied except for Fryman and Arnett.

Fryman told my father that he would

release me if I revealed the names of the three people who were with me when I had the green bottle. Fryman and Arnett also promised that they would not arrest my friends but would only question them to see if our stories coincided.

I also told them where I had purchased the ginger ale. I had been a nickel short of money to pay for it, so I was sure the store clerk would remember me.

One friend was with me when I bought the ginger ale and the other two had helped us drink it, so I knew they would verify that the bottle contained ginger ale and not gasoline, as the arresting policemen apparently supposed.

But they didn't release me.

The police questioned my friends, expropriated the ginger ale from my refrigerator to check for fingerprints, and talked to the store clerk.

I'd been arrested around midnight. At 3 a.m. Judge James Amato arrived. He told me that "The Lexington Herald" had set my bond at \$50,000. "I wouldn't set your bond that high if you'd burned down City Hall," he said. Judge Amato set the bond at \$2,500.

Sgt. Fryman took me upstairs to the holdover. At the elevator, we were met by the turnkey who earlier had insulted me, apparently trying to provoke me to insult him back.

"Treat her as well as possible," Fryman, knowing they'd made a mistake, told the nasty turnkey.

I was taken to the holdover cells, already occupied by three drunken women recently released from Eastern State Hospital.

One woman repeatedly complained that a policewoman had tear-gassed her. Another incessantly screamed at the turnkey and the male prisoners within shouting distance.

"I'm a good girl," she yelled at the turnkey and male prisoners. "I don't sell my body." Then she would beat her leather shoe against the bars and start yelling again. The turnkey would not let her call her psychiatrist at Eastern State Hospital.

The urinals had a water faucet on top. Made me wonder where the drinking water came from. There was no privacy. No warning was even given for prisoners to get off the john before the male turnkeys, policemen, detectives or a janitor walked by or entered the cells of the female pri-

soners. I wonder if female turnkeys, policewomen, detectives or cleaning women walk by or enter the cells of male prisoners with such audacity.

I lay on a top bunk -- a two-inch thick wooden board with no blanket or mattress -- listened to the screaming, looked at the bare light bulb, felt the cold air from the open window on the other side of the bars. I knew my parents would get me out.

Early on the morning of May 6, Sgt. John McClure of the LPD came to my cell and asked me to come downstairs with him for questioning. We reached the elevator to go downstairs when I began to wonder why he wanted to talk with me.

"I told Sgt. Fryman everything last night," I said. "And he questioned my companions. I'm tired now and don't think I know anything else to tell you."

McClure was surprised that I had already been questioned. He said Fryman had not filed a report of my or my friends' questioning. So he let me go back to my cell.

The lawyer my parents had obtained bailed me out the next morning. I went home, took a bath, washed my hair, put on a dress and appeared at the afternoon arraignment. We asked for a postponement until May 20.

The next afternoon my parents and I were on campus and decided to go to the assembly at the Student Center patio and talk to one of my professors there. We were near the Office Tower when we saw cordons of green-uniformed, helmeted and gas-masked National Guardsmen with fixed bayonets marching from Buell Armory.

We figured the National Guard was going to use tear gas so we went back inside the tower. We took the elevator to the eighteenth floor and watched the fantastic scene of green National Guardsmen on one side and grey state policemen on the other side of a small, peaceful assembly of students by the Student Center patio. We looked down from the top floor of the Office Tower to see the riot-gearred troops close in with a tear gas fogger, as if they had a can of Raid and the students were insects.

The May 20 hearing was postponed by the prosecution, and finally, 51 days after the absurd arrest, just long enough for me to serve the purpose as the alleged arsonist for the do-no-wrong Lexington police machine, I was acquitted because of "insufficient evidence."

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For Jack and Mary Jo

Love the quick profit, the annual raise,
vacation with pay. Want more
of everything ready made. Be afraid
to know your neighbors and to die.
And you will have a window in your head.
Not even your future will be a mystery
any more. Your mind will be punched in a card
and shut away in a little drawer.
When they want you to buy something
they will call you. When they want you
to die for profit they will let you know.
So, friends, every day do something
that won't compute. Love the Lord.
Love the world. Work for nothing.
Take all that you have and be poor.
Love someone who does not deserve it.
Denounce the government and embrace the flag.
Hope to live in that free
republic for which it stands.
Give your approval to all you cannot
understand. Praise ignorance, for what man
has not encountered he has not destroyed.
Ask the questions that have no answers.
Invest in the millennium. Plant sequoias.
Say that your main crop is the forest
that you did not plant
and that you will not live to harvest.
Say that the leaves are harvested
when they have rotted into the mold.
Call that profit. Prophecy such returns.
Put your faith in the two inches of humus
that will build under the trees every thousand years.
Listen to the carrion—put your ear
close, and hear the faint chattering
of the songs that are to come.
Expect the end of the world. Laugh.
Laughter is immeasurable. Be joyful
though you have considered all the facts.
So long as women do not possess
great power, please women more than men.
Ask yourself: Will this satisfy
a woman satisfied to bear a child?
Will this disturb the sleep
of a woman near to giving birth?
Go with your love to the fields.
Lie easy in the shade. Rest your head
in her lap. Swear allegiance
to what is highest your thoughts.
As soon as the generals and the politicians
can predict the motions of your mind,
lose it. Leave it as a sign
to mark the false trail, the way
you didn't go. Be like the fox
who makes more tracks than necessary,
some in the wrong direction.
Practice resurrection.

WENDELL BERRY

Is the U.S. a planetary disease?

Imagine that we could compress the world's present population of over three billion persons into one town of 1,000 persons, in exactly the same proportions. In such a town of 1,000 persons there would be only 70 (United States) Americans. These 70 Americans--a mere seven percent of the town's population--would receive half of the town's income. This would be the direct result of their monopolizing over half of the town's available material resources. Correspondingly, the 70 Americans would have fifteen times as many possessions per person as the remainder of the townsmen.

The 70 Americans would have an average life expectancy of 70 years. The other 930 would average less than 40 years. The lowest income group among the Americans, even though it included a few people who were hungry much of the time, would be better off by far than the average of the other townsmen. The 70 Americans and about 200 others representing Western Europe, and a few classes in South America, South Africa, Australia and Japan would be well off by comparison with the rest.

Could such a town, in which the 930 non-Americans were quite aware of both the fact and means of the Americans' advantages, survive? Could the 70 Americans continue to extract the majority of the raw materials essential to their standard of living from the property of the other 930 inhabitants? While doing so, could they convince the other 930 inhabitants to limit their population growth on the thesis that resources are limited? How many of the 70 Americans would

have to become soldiers? How much of their material and human resources would have to be devoted to military efforts in order to keep the rest of the town at its present disadvantage?

Chances are the 70 Americans would have to organize into a military camp in order to maintain their material dominance of the remainder of the town. Chances are most of the Americans would be too insecure or guilty about their situation to enjoy their dominance. Chances are this guilt and insecurity would lead some of the Americans to protest the situation and call for a change. Chances are that the protesting Americans would find themselves subjected to variations of the same repressive forces being used to subdue the other 930 townspeople. Chances are the military camp would also be a police camp.

The most regretful thing about the situation you have been asked to imagine is that it is not imaginary. For such is the present material relationship and incipient political relationship of the U.S. to the rest of the world. The material relationship is very clear: the U.S. is systematically plundering the planet's physical resources. And if the political conclusions drawn above are not yet so, they are rapidly becoming so. The logical complement of a nation of plunderers is a nation of police.

Noel McInnis
Spaceship Earth Curriculum Project
Kendall College, Evanston, Ill. 60204



39 WAYS TO SAVE THE EARTH.

1. Don't use colored facial tissues, paper towels, or toilet paper. The paper dissolves properly in water, but the dye forms a residue.
2. If you accumulate coat hangers, don't junk them, return them to the cleaner. Boycott cleaners who won't accept them.
3. Use the containers that disintegrate readily. Glass bottles don't decompose. Bottles made of polyvinyl chloride (PVC) give off lethal hydrochloric acid when incinerated. (That's the soft plastic many liquid household cleansers, shampoos and mouthwashes come in. Don't confuse it with stiffer polystyrene plastic, used mainly for powders.) The Food and Drug Administration has now approved PVC for food packaging too. Don't buy it. Use decomposable -- "Biodegradable" -- pasteboard, cardboard, or paper containers instead. If you can't, at least re-employ non-decomposable bottles; don't junk them after one use.
4. Don't buy non-returnable containers. When you go to the super market for milk, take an empty jug with you. At the check-out stand pour milk from the disposable carton into your recycled jug, give the empty "disposable" carton to the checker, and explain that you must put action on the store because you can't stop buying milk and this is the only way the individual can reach the companies which the store orders from. Hold the aluminum can purchase to a minimum unless you are willing to recycle the aluminum. In Santa Fe the address for recycling is Capitol Metals, 4008 Cerrillos Road, 983-2726. They will buy aluminum at 10¢ per pound if the cans are delivered in gunny sacks, crushed; also old aluminum TV dinner trays, old aluminum lawn chairs. This way the metal can be reused.
5. At the gas station, don't let the attendant "top off" your gas tank; this means waste and polluting spillage. The pump should shut off mechanically at the proper amount. (True too for motorboats.)
6. If you smoke filter tip cigarettes, don't flush them down the toilet. They'll ruin your plumbing and clog up pumps at the sewage treatment plant. They're practically indestructible. Put them in the garbage.
7. Stop smoking.
8. Stop littering. Now. If you see a litterbug, object very politely ("Excuse me sir, I think you dropped something.").
9. If you are a home gardener, make sure fertilizer is worked deep into soil -- don't hose it off into the water system. Phosphates (a key ingredient) cause lake and river algae to proliferate wildly. Convince nurseries to provide information and sell publications on the control of pests without pesticides rather than selling pesticides. Encourage them to hire someone part-time to work as a pest-control consultant. Boycott and picket uncooperative stores.
10. Don't buy or use DDT, DDD, or any other chlorinated hydrocarbon pesticides. The sale of DDT is now illegal in New Mexico. Do not dispose of DDT or any other poisons down the toilet, in the garbage can, or into a home incinerator or the fireplace. Each of these results in the release of the poison into the environment. Local sanitation officials should be contacted for instructions on proper disposal methods. Make sure these officials don't just dump it in the garbage themselves. If your garden has water, sun, shade, and fertilizer, it shouldn't need pesticides at all. If you must spray, use natural poisons extracted from plants -- like nicotine sulfate, rotenone, pyrethrum.
11. To reduce noise, buy a heavy-duty plastic garbage can instead of a metal one. Or sturdy plastic bags, if you can afford them. They're odorproof, nestle, lighter.
12. When you see a junked car, report it to your local Sanitation Department. If they don't care, scream until someone does.
13. If you don't really need a car, don't buy a car. Motor vehicles contribute a good half of this country's pollution. Better walk or bicycle. Better for you too.
14. If you have to car-commute, don't chug exhaust into the air just for yourself. Form a car pool. Four people in one car put out a quarter the carbon monoxide of four cars.
15. Better yet, take a bus to work. Or a train. Per passenger-mile, they pollute air much less than cars. Support mass transit.
16. If you still think you need a car of your own, make sure it burns fuel efficiently (i.e. rates high in mpg). Get a low horsepower minivan for the city, a monster only for lots of freeway driving.
17. Bug gasoline manufacturers to get the lead out. Tetraethyl lead additives are put in gas to hype an engine's performance; they can build up in your body to a lethal dose. Indiana Standard Oil Co. has a lead-free fuel now (AMOCO). Atlantic Richfield has announced they'll introduce one if all car manufacturers re-work engines to make them burn up every breath of fuel, so lead's not needed. One Detroit leader has already promised new engines on all 1971 models. Pester the others. (Lead, by the way, chews up metal -- including new antipollution catalytic mufflers.)
18. If bagged garbage overflows your trashcans, shake it out of bags directly into the can and tromp it down to compact it.
19. Burning leaves or garbage is already illegal in many towns. Don't do it. Dispose of it some other way.
20. If you see any oily sulphurous black smoke coming out of chimneys, report it to the Sanitation Department or Air Pollution Board.
21. There's only so much water. Don't leave it running. If it has to be recycled too fast, treatment plants can't purify it properly.
22. Measure detergents carefully. If you follow manufacturers' instructions, you'll help cut down a third of all detergent water pollution.
23. Since the prime offender in detergent pollution is not suds but phosphates (which encourage algae growth), demand to know how much phosphate is in the detergent you're buying. Write the manufacturer, newspapers, Congressmen, the FDA. Until they let you know, use an unphosphated, nondetergent soap. (Bubble baths, you may be happy to know, do not cause detergent pollution.)
24. Never flush away what you can put in the garbage. Especially unsuspected organic cloggers like cooking fat (give it to the birds), coffee grounds or tea leaves (gardeners dot on them).
25. Drain oil from power lawn mowers or snowblows into a container and dispose of it, don't hose it into the sewer system.
26. Avoid disposable diapers if possible. They may clog plumbing and septic tanks.
27. If you see something wrong and don't know who to contact, bombard newspapers, TV and radio stations with letters. Get friends to join in. Media will help with the message if you're getting nowhere in normal channels. Remember: publicity hurts polluters.
28. Protest the economic idiocy of the SST, write the President. Today's Boeing 747 can already move more people farther without ear-shattering sonic booms.
29. Help get antipollution ideas into kids' heads. If you're a teacher, a Scout leader, a camp counselor, a summer playground assistant, teach children about litter, conservation, noise... about being considerate, which is what it all comes down to.
30. If you're in a relatively rural area, save vegetable wastes (sawdust, corn husks, cardboard, table scraps, et al.) in a compost heap instead of throwing them out. Eventually you can spread it as fertilizer -- nature's way of recycling garbage.
31. Remember: All Power Pollutes. Especially gas and electric power, which either smog up the air or dirty the rivers. So cut down on power consumption. In winter, put the furnace a few degrees lower (it's healthier) and wear a sweater.
32. Use live Christmas trees, not amputated ones, and replant them afterwards. Citybound? Contact your Parks Department.
33. Protesting useless pollution? Don't wear indestructible metal buttons that say so.
34. Fight to keep noise at a minimum between 11 P.M. and 7 A.M. Studies show that sounds which aren't loud enough to wake you can still break your dream cycle -- so you awaken tired and cranky. By the same token, be kind to neighbors. Suggest that your local radio/TV station remind listeners at 10 P.M. to turn down the volume.
35. When you shop, take a reusable tote with you as Europeans do -- and don't accept excess packaging and paper bags. The packaging you take home today becomes trash tomorrow. This is costing you in terms of dollars and health. Packaging can be deceptive, disguising product contents. Packaging increases the cost of the products you buy. By converting trees to paper, it upsets the forest life-cycle. You must pay high municipal taxes for trash disposal. When packaging is burned in building incinerators and city dumps it contributes to air pollution. Burning paper gives off carbon monoxide and particulates. Pollutants irritate your eyes, nose, throat and lungs.
36. Patronize stores that specialize in unpesticided, organically-grown food in biodegradable containers. There's probably such a health food store near you.
37. Radicalize your community. Do something memorable on April 22nd, the date of the First National Environment Teach-In. One group's given Polluter of the Week awards to deserving captains of industry. In traffic jams, other groups have handed out leaflets titled "Don't You Feel Stupid Sitting Here?" which list advantages of car pools and mass transit.
38. You as a citizen can swear out a summons and bring a noisy neighbor to court. If the problem's bigger than that, talk to a lawyer about a class-action lawsuit. A group of people, for instance, can file a class-action suit against a noisy airline or against a negligent public antipollution official.
39. Last, and most important -- vitally important -- if you want more than two children, adopt them. You know all the horror stories. They're true. Nightmarishly true. And that goes for the whole American economy. Unless we can stop fanatically producing and consuming more than we need, we won't have a world to stand on. Care! Who will, if we don't?

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And that Weight Watchers lecturer! She helped me
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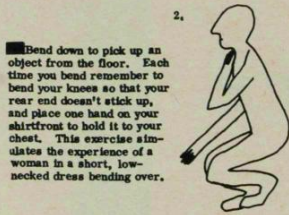
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**SINGER
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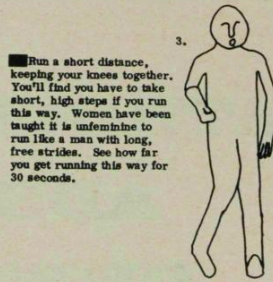
EXERCISES FOR MEN



1. Sit down in a straight chair. Cross your legs at the ankles and keep your knees pressed together. Try to do this while you're having a conversation with someone, but pay attention at all times to keeping your knees pressed tightly together.



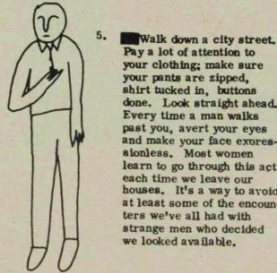
2. Bend down to pick up an object from the floor. Each time you bend remember to bend your knees so that your rear end doesn't stick up, and place one hand on your shirtfront to hold it to your chest. This exercise simulates the experience of a woman in a short, low-necked dress bending over.



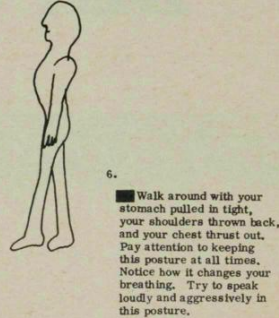
3. Run a short distance, keeping your knees together. You'll find you have to take short, high steps if you run this way. Women have been taught it is unfeminine to run like a man with long, free strides. See how far you get running this way for 30 seconds.



4. Sit comfortably on the floor. Imagine that you are wearing a dress and that everyone in the room wants to see your underwear. Arrange your legs so that no one can see. Sit like this for a long time without changing your position.



5. Walk down a city street. Pay a lot of attention to your clothing; make sure your pants are zipped, shirt tucked in, buttons done. Look straight ahead. Every time a man walks past you, avert your eyes and make your face expressionless. Most women learn to go through this act each time we leave our houses. It's a way to avoid at least some of the encounters we've all had with strange men who decided we looked available.



6. Walk around with your stomach pulled in tight, your shoulders thrown back, and your chest thrust out. Pay attention to keeping this posture at all times. Notice how it changes your breathing. Try to speak loudly and aggressively in this posture.

More on Mason

A few late developments in the case of Dr. Gene Mason, a popular UK political science professor who was framed last year on a trumped-up charge of receiving a stolen typewriter and whose teaching contract is not being renewed as a result. . .

In continuing attempts at harassment, the political powers-that-be apparently have been monitoring Mason's PS 390 seminar class. As a result, the FBI succeeded in convincing administration officials to release class records for an investigation into remarks made by one of Mason's stu-

dents, Gatewood Galbraith. Galbraith had said during class that he expected burning and bombing as a result of the trial of Dr. Phillip Crossen.

The questioning of other students in the class, an attempt at intimidation of class discussion, was not the last straw. On November 12, Mason received a phone call from someone who identified himself as Bill Vaughn. Vaughn asked Mason if he were selling acid or mescaline. . . or grass.

Mason replied that of course he wasn't, whereupon Vaughn told him that Galbraith said he was. Mason responded to that by saying he doubted that Galbraith had said any such thing and that if he had, he was a liar. (Galbraith didn't.)

Mason told the fly that he thinks the call was an attempt by the police to get him to say something implying that Galbraith was involved in dealing dope so they could have an excuse to bust him. Earlier the same week, the local narcs had pulled in their seasonal quota of publicity-producing headlines by busting 25 people.

Those arrests were aided by the work of an undercover detective, Jim Hatcher, who had lived with a UK radical-or-sorts to worm his way in to things. Galbraith learned that Hatcher also had used his name in attempts to set up students for the big dope raid.

Dr. Mason will be going before the University Senate Committee on Tenure and Promotion in a week or so in an attempt to have his contract renewed. His department had recommended unanimously that he be rehired, but they were vetoed by Dean of Arts and Sciences Wimberly Royster and Vice President for Academic Affairs Lewis Cochran because of strong political pressure.

The committee Mason will appear before has only advisory powers, and any chance for success will depend on a demonstration of mass support in his behalf. Which brings us to the following petition being circulated by student supporters.

If you believe in academic freedom and are opposed to a man being railroaded because of his beliefs, sign the petition -- whether you're a student, a taxpayer, a Country-Western singer or whatever. And get your friends and enemies to do the same.

Send your petition as soon as possible to Mason Defense, 305 Grovesnor St., Lexington, Ky. 40508.

We the undersigned do hereby petition those who have the authority to do so, to renew Dr. Gene Mason's contract for fall, 1971, and spring, 1972. We feel that Dr. Mason is a tremendous asset to his students, his university and the community. We specifically direct this demand to Dr. Otis A. Singletary, president of the University of Kentucky.

NAMES

ADDRESSES



verse

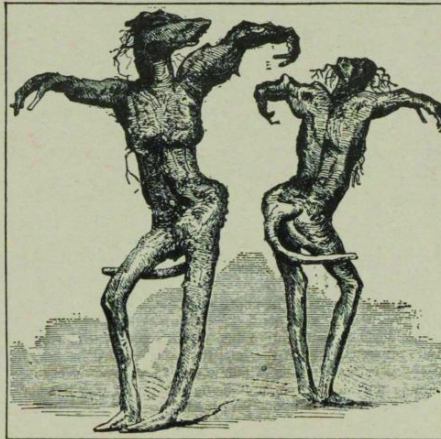
PULLED OFF THE JERSEY TURNPIKE I SEE THE GIRLS I LOVED

In a dump at a wood's edge
I stand in front of an open refrigerator
rusting bullet holes in its door

girls I went to highschool with
standing in their sears housecoats
now wrapt in what movie scent? looking
look down the lighted food shelves
behind the mil carton / the juice carton

behind the juice / they've forgotten
what was wanted and all their lives
they will drop knives and forks
into this silence

DAVID POLK



AT J.D. SCOTT'S GROC. IN LOVE, MISS.

squatting
at the congress
of three cottonpatches
along the rails to memphis
the grocery leans
doggedly
towards the gravel
that glints
a galaxy of bottlecaps
toward which
the ancient negro lady,
having fetched the boychild
tethering his hand with hers,
lifts her right foot
tennisshod
arresting it
momentarily,
forever
as she surfaces,
a gaping diver,
resilient
from the green density
into the coolness
into the dark orchard
of the store
to hear the grocer
gamelegged, swollen, enthroned
on a tractorseat,
her soul's creditor,
complaining about his feet.

RICHARD TAYLOR

FOR KELLY'S (PREFIX: (FINDING THE MEASURE))

Finding the center
of the self long ago
laid by

(aside)

my fingers move
beneath the electric pulse, the
pull of the field of your skin.
They feel.

There is
no specific
time.

The tree
in which we waver, suspended
far from roots

is akin to us. It has no choice.

It loves
the thrashing wind.

WALTER BROWN

HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS

"Whatcha doin'?"
says the father
saturday-afternoon
game-o-the-week
libation in hand
as hippie-dippie son
home for the holidays
avails himself of
mother's bread and meat
"Makin a sandwich?"

Side-burned son says nothing
continues spreading mayonaise.

GUY MENDES



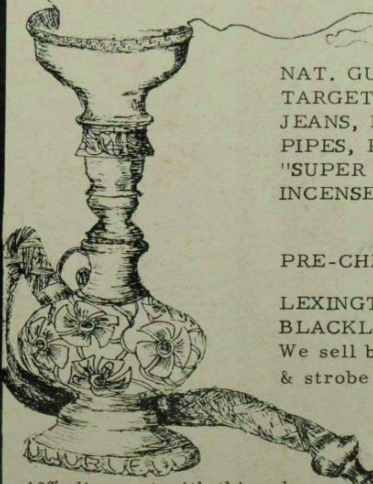
CHANGES
THINGS FOR HE AND SHE

- JEWELRY
- SHAWLS
- PANTS
- VESTS
- SHIRTS
- PURSES
- LEATHER EVERYTHING

151 S. LIME

GOOD CHEAP SHIT PEOPLE

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"SUPER CANDLES"
INCENSE, ETC.

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Dawahare's -- Gardenside
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Amistad
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