

LOS ANGELES FREE PRESS

Newspaper

35¢



Mill Valley, CA 94941

35 Castle Rock Dr.

James D. White

310/297R/348

Ishmael Reed: Neo-HooDoo

US Army marches on New Jersey

More Furry Freak Brothers Comix

198 places to go this week - see page 40

Volume 7, No. 38 (Issue 322)

\$6.00 PER YEAR

In two parts: Part One
Copyright 1970
The Los Angeles Free Press, Inc.

Phone: YES-1970

September 18-24, 1970

A letter from Tim Leary on his escape from jail A declaration of holy war against the Establishment

(Editor's Note: Dr. Timothy Leary, former Professor of Psychology at Harvard who became the leading spokesman of the Psychedelic Revolution, was imprisoned early this year for possession of a small amount of marijuana. He faced many years of prison but was denied the normal release on bail pending appeal of his conviction. In violation of Dr. Leary's constitutional rights, the courts ruled that Dr. Leary should be kept in prison without bail solely because his writings and talks in themselves were a "menace" to society.

Last weekend Dr. Leary, becoming increasingly disillusioned with obtaining his rights through the legal system, took a giant step over a 12-foot fence surrounding the prison at San Luis Obispo, California. His prison clothes were later found several miles away.

On Wednesday, Sept. 16, the following letters from Dr. Leary and Weatherwoman Bernardine Dohrn were delivered by special delivery mail to the Free Press office. They were in a plain brown envelope bearing no return address and a Los Angeles postmark. To the best of our knowledge, the signatures on the xeroxed copies of the typewritten letters seem genuine.

The following statement was written in the POW camp and carried over the wall (in full sight of two gun trucks). I offer loving gratitude to my Sisters and Brothers in the WEATHERMAN UNDERGROUND who designed and executed my liberation.

Rosemary and I are now with the Underground and we'll continue to stay high and wage the revolutionary war.

There is the time for peace and the time for war.

There is the day of laughing Krishna and the day of Grin Shiva.

Brothers and Sisters, at this time let us have no more talk of peace.

The conflict which we have sought to avoid is upon us. A world-wide ecological religious warfare. Life vs. death.

Listen. It is a comfortable, self-indulgent cop-out to look for conventional economic-political solutions.

Brothers and Sisters, this is a war for survival. Ask Huey and Angela. They dig it.

Ask the wild free animals. They know it.

Ask the turned-on ecologists. They sadly admit it.

I declare that World War III is now being waged by short-haired robots whose deliberate aim is to destroy the complex web of free wild life by the imposition of mechanical order.

Listen. There are no neutrals in genetic warfare. There are no non-combatants at Buchenwald, My Lai or Soledad.

You are part of the death apparatus or you belong to the network of free life.

Do not be deceived. It is a classic stratagem of genocide to camouflage their wars as law and order police actions.

Remember the Sioux and the German Jews and the black slaves and the marijuana pogroms and the pious TWA indignation over airline hijacking!

If you fail to see that we are the victims—defendants of genocidal war you will not understand the rage of the blacks, the fierceness of the browns, the holy fanaticism of the Palestinians, the righteous mania of the Weathermen, and the pervasive resentment of the young.

Listen, Americans. Your government is an instrument of total lethal evil.

Remember the buffalo and the Iroquois!

Remember Kennedy, King, Malcolm, Benny!

Listen. There is no compromise with a machine. You cannot talk peace and love to a humanoid robot whose every Federal Bureaucratic impulse is soulless, heartless, humorless, lifeless, loveless.

In this life struggle we use the ancient holy strategies of organic life:

- 1) Resist lovingly in the loyalty of underground sisterhoods and brotherhoods.
- 2) Resist passively, break lock-step... drop out.
- 3) Resist actively, sabotage, jam the computer... hijack planes... trash every lethal machine in the land.
- 4) Resist publicly: announce life... denounce death.
- 5) Resist privately: guerrilla invisibility.
- 6) Resist beautifully: create organic art, music.
- 7) Resist biologically: be healthy... erotic... conspire with seed... breed.
- 8) Resist spiritually: stay high... praise God... love life... blow the mechanical mind with Holy Acid... dose them... dose them... dose them.

9) Resist physically: robot agents, who threaten life must be disarmed, disabled, disconnected by force... Arm yourselves and shoot to live... Life is never violent. To shoot a genocidal robot policeman in the defense of life is a sacred act.

Listen, Nixon. We were never that naive. We knew that flowers in your gun-barrels were risky. We too remembered Munich and Auschwitz all too well as we chanted love and raised our Woodstock fingers in the gentle sign of peace.

We begged you to live and let live, to love and let love, but you have chosen to kill and get killed. May God have mercy on your lost soul.

For the last seven months, I, a free wild man, have been locked in POW camps. No living creature can survive in a cage. In my flight to freedom I leave behind a million brothers and sisters in the POW prisons of Quentín Soledad, Con Thien...

Listen, comrades. The liberation war has just begun. Resist; endure; do not collaborate. Strike. You will be free.

Listen, you brothers of the imprisoned. Break them out! If David Harris has ten friends in the world, I say to you, get off your pious non-violent asses and break him out.

There is no excuse for one brother or sister to remain a prisoner of war.

Right on Leila Khaled!

Listen. The hour is late. Total war is upon us. Fight to live or you'll die. Freedom is life. Freedom will live.

TIMOTHY LEARY

WARNING: I am armed and should be considered dangerous to anyone who threatens my life or my freedom.

Weathermen claim credit for Leary jailbreak

September 15, 1970. This is the fourth communication from the Weatherman Underground.

The Weatherman Underground has had the honor and pleasure of helping Dr. Timothy Leary escape from the POW camp at San Luis Obispo, California.

Dr. Leary was being held against his will and against the will of millions of kids in this country. He was a political prisoner, captured for the work he did in helping all of us begin the task of creating a new culture on the barren wasteland that has been imposed on this country by Democrats, Republicans, Capitalists, and Creeps.

LSD and grass like the herbs and cactus and mushrooms of the American Indians and countless civilizations that have existed on this planet, will help us make a future world where it will be possible to live in peace.

Now we are at war.

With the NLF and the North Vietnamese, with the Democratic Front for the Liberation of Palestine and Al Fatah, with Rap Brown and Angela Davis, with all black and brown revolutionaries, the Soledad brothers and all prisoners of war in American concentration camps we know that peace is only possible with the destruction of U.S. imperialism.

Our organization commits itself to the task of freeing these prisoners of war.

We are outlaws; We are free.

(signed) Bernardine Dohrn

RADIO FREE AMERICA



LAWRENCE LIPTON

(Mr. Lipton is spending the week in the hospital for a check up. This week's guest columnist is Paul Eberle.)

An air pollution crisis may cause hundreds of people to die this fall in Los Angeles, according to Dr. Willard Libby, a UCLA professor of Geophysics, and Nobel Prize winner.

But what happens AFTER this fall? How many will die next spring, next summer, next fall? Will you be one of them?

I spoke with Dr. Thomas Noguchi, L.A. County Coroner recently, and he told me that undoubtedly air pollution is shortening our lives "BY YEARS." How many years? Who knows.

For most of last week, the smog was so heavy you could barely see the buildings just ten blocks or so away — and if you were in L.A. last week you know that's no exaggeration.

The media blandly called it "moderate" with the same kind of credibility that "informed" us Lee Harvey Oswald killed JFK; we're fighting for democracy in Viet Nam; there is no police brutality or racism, etc., etc.

There is a pretty good case for abolishing the automobile; it kills or injures slightly over 2,100,000 people each year. We have about 100,000,000 internal combustion engines in cars and trucks, poisoning the air right now. By 1980 there will be almost twice that many. Our cities will be uninhabitable.

More than one Los Angeles physician has told me he believes that hundreds of people are already dying from air pollution, although that is not generally given as the specific cause of death on the certificate.

Most scientists and medical men I have discussed the matter with say that about 80 to 90 per cent of it is coming from automobile exhausts.

How Many of Us Must Die?

How many of us are the Detroit money men willing to kill before they convert to other, less flatulent forms of propulsion? Obviously they are willing to let any number of us die — so long as we aren't doing anything about it.

What about the government? Will they do anything? Dig this: Last Thursday the Senate Public Works Committee voted 10-3 to give the auto industry a one-year escape clause on the new air pollution bill, which gives them five years to do something about their smogmobiles. Big deal!

Last year, in the California State Senate, Sen. Nick Petris introduced a bill to outlaw internal combustion engines in the state by 1972. Apparently the car and oil men weren't paying attention, or didn't take it seriously. It passed the Senate. But when it went to the lower house, there was an army of lobbyists crowding the corridors of the Capitol Building, including some of the top functionaries of G.M., Ford, and the oil companies. The bill was quickly snuffed.

What Can Be Done?

What can be done about it? The auto industry claims it hasn't developed an alternative means yet, but I have talked with establishment newsmen who have seen and driven electric cars that outperform the Mustang.

Actually, in the beginning, it looked as though steam and electricity would be the only means of automobile propulsion. Steam and electric powered cars set all the early speed and performance records, and it was only with the invention of the electric self-starter that the gasoline-powered car really took over the field. The gas cars now could be started instantly while the steamers had to be warmed up. At the electric had a much shorter range.

In other words, the steamers and electrics were crowded out of the market by some technical disadvantages and are now being KEPT out by an immensely rich and powerful oil aristocracy that is not anxious to disturb the feathers of its nest.

The technical disadvantages of steam and electricity seem pretty trivial now. The car men say that electric batteries are too heavy, too unwieldy, too short-lived, but the old, nickel-lead batteries (that have been used in electric cars and trucks for years) are not the only way to go — just the most primitive. There are several new wonder batteries on the market, and many more in the development stage.

In Japan, Toyota began making electric-powered cars right after World War II because of the acute shortage of gasoline there. At one time, there were about seventy companies making them in the U.S.

The car men tell us their life will be more expensive. Okay. How much is fifteen years of your life worth? And weren't the gas cars more expensive too, until they got into assembly-line mass production?

The car men tell us there are still too many problems to be worked out before we can put a steam-driven car on the market. But one thing is certain:

If American industry can put a vehicle in orbit around the moon, make it take pictures of the moon, and then transmit them back to Earth, they certainly can put a steam and/or electric car into production in a fairly short time. A reliable one that all could afford to buy and operate.

And the cost of about two weeks of the Viet Nam War would put it well on the way to the assembly line.

It won't work? It can't be done? Sure, Mr. Businessman, we believe you. And Sirhan killed Bobby didn't he? And Marshall Ky is the champion of freedom, right? And there is no police brutality or racism in America. Right? Tell me more, Mr. Establishment. Sure, we believe you! Of course!

What Can You Do About It?

What can you do? There's one course of action that will get results faster than any other: The Boycott! Boycott Detroit! Shut it down! Don't buy a new car. Don't buy a used car. Don't support the merchants of death with one cent if you can possibly help it. Keep the car you have, patch it up and keep it running. You can.

Organize in your community, your city. Organize on a nationwide level. Let's tell Detroit we're going to shut them down until we get a smog-free car. Then see how fast it happens! You'll be amazed! It sounds drastic, but remember: if you don't shut them down, they're going to shut YOU down. Permanently.

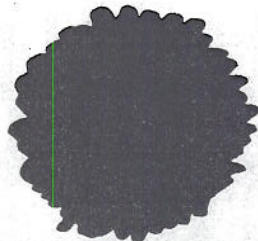
What else can you do? Organize car pools! The spectacle of one little, 150-lb. man being carried to work by a 400-horsepower car may seem ludicrous, but the oil men love it!

Walk to the grocery store, and the corner drug store, and all those short trips, like visiting friends who live only a mile or so away. Arteriosclerosis is becoming a leading cause of death in the U.S., and it is directly related to lack of exercise. Walking is good exercise. It does wonders for those flabby arteries and lungs and hearts. And it's pleasurable. You don't HAVE to drive. You're really not in that much of a hurry.

SISTERS & BROTHERS

FOLLOWING LAST FRIDAY'S BOMBING OF THE HALL OF JUSTICE, WE SENT COPIES OF THE STATEMENT YOU RECEIVED, TO THE L.A. TIMES, HERALD-EXAMINER, AND SANTA MONICA EVENING OUTLOOK. BY TODAY IT HAS BECOME CLEAR THAT THE PIGS, THE CITY, AND THE NEWSPAPERS HAVE PUT THEIR HEADS TOGETHER TO SUPPRESS INFORMATION ON THE REASONS FOR THE BOMBING ATTACKS ON THE HALL OF JUSTICE AND UCLA-ROTC. THE FASCISTS WHO RUN THIS CITY THINK THAT BY BLACKING OUT NEWS THEY CAN HIDE THE TRUTH ABOUT THE REVOLUTIONARY UNDERGROUND IN L.A. AND THE REST OF THE COUNTRY.

SOMETIMES ONLY THE UNDERGROUND PRESS CAN PRINT WHAT THE PIG WANTS TO KEEP HIDDEN. THE UNDERGROUND LIVES IN L.A.!



THE RED SON TROE

What Else?

What else? Organize for public mass rapid transportation! Organize to put heavy pressure on the State Legislature, the City Council and the County Supervisors. Los Angeles is one of the ten largest metropolitan areas on the planet. It is roughly tied for second place in the U.S. In area, it is probably the largest of all.

The very fact that a metropolis this size has no rapid transit system (when cities half our size do) would be hilariously funny if we didn't have to live in this mess. New York, Boston, Philadelphia have had subways for decades. With the technology now available we could have the finest in the world.

There is only one possible explanation, one obvious reason why we don't have a rapid transit system. Our dear friends the oil men and the car men SEE TO IT that we don't get one. Will Rogers once said that Congressmen are the best men money can buy. That applies with equal validity to our legislators on the state, county and city levels.

The great thing about subways and monorails — aside from cleaner air — is the fact that you can sit and read, or talk with a friend, or just relax — instead of coming to work exhausted after an hour spent seriously jeopardizing your life on the freeway. The deadly freeway game, ELIMINATION!

People have begged and pleaded for rapid transit for years. The urgent need is obvious. We should begin it right away. It should be free. It would take at least half of the cars off the freeways. We are being sold out. Do something about it!

And while we're at it, let's do something about PLANNED OBSOLESCENCE. The car manufacturers have engineers on the payroll whose only job is to take mileage OUT of your car, so it will come unglued about the time you make the last payment. That's one of the reasons why \$2,100,000 people get killed or hurt in cars every year.

Do the Detroit money men care if your wife and child are killed in one of their badly-built cars? Not at all — as long as you are not doing anything about it.

Let's tell them: "We're not going to buy any more of your junk until you build a car that will last." They can build one that will last you a lifetime. It might have a higher price tag but it'll cost you a lot less in the long run — and you might live longer!

But what will happen to our economy, you say, if we shut down Detroit and the oil industry? Mass unemployment? Look, that's bullshit too. The U.S. is already paying salaries to several million people for producing NOTHING. I'm talking about the Cold War industrial-military monster we have deployed all around the world. We don't need it! Nobody needs it!

It's really nothing but a welfare-unemployment compensation program that keeps a couple of million men off the labor market — a way of paying money to people and giving them useless things to do because we are so hung up on the insane, archaic notion that it is sinful to pay people for doing nothing.

To hell with it! Pay them and let them stay home! Let them have a well-deserved vacation with pay while the industry retails. The problem is, we no longer need 100,000,000 people working eight hours a day fifty weeks a year to produce the things we need. More and more, we're going to HAVE to get used to the concept of paid leisure. Why not?

If it strains the public treasury, lets dismantle some of those military bases we maintain four thousand miles away. In fact, why not dismantle them all. There's a few billion dollars a month that can be saved right away. That would also stop the US government from supporting fascist puppet military dictatorships all over the earth, and it might help remove a few little Hitlers from power, right here at home.

But the first priority goes to stopping air pollution. And the pivotal point of the problem is YOU. YOU have got to do something. I don't care whether you're a cop, or a communist, a liberal or a Bircher. If you don't do something, you are going to die a lot sooner than you have to.

You can't wait for somebody else to do something. There isn't time! YOU've got to do it.

Now. And you'd better hurry.

LOS ANGELES

FREE PRESS

7813 Beverly Blvd.
Los Angeles, Calif. 90036
(213) WE 7-1970

Publ. & Editor Arthur Kunkin
Sec't. to Publ. Sue-Sue
Editor in Chief Paul Eberle
Managing Editor Brian Kirby
Senior Editor Lawrence Lipton
Music Editor John M. Carpenter
City Editor Judie Lewellen
Staff Writers Dennis Levitt,
Ed Sanders

Military Editor Sue Marshall,
D.D., D.D.T.
Prod. Assistant Sir Michael of
Silverlake

Proofreader Arthur Ross
Computer Felix Flexowriter &
Laddy

Business Manager Fran Troy
Office Mgr. Harold Brashears
Asst. Office Mgr. Linda
Maintenance Engineer Bill D.
Display Advert. RSB&R Assoc.
Receptionist Good Head
Classified Advt. Ozma, Loma
Lee

Circulation & Subs Joan, Elise,
Connie

Calendar Kitty Jay
Photolithography Uncle Tom
Andy Kent

Art Department Wolf Face
epb K.S.K. dj Lizard Man

Not responsible for cash enclosed in mail. Second class postage paid at Los Angeles, California. Published weekly. Subscriptions: \$6 per year in the U.S., \$8.60 elsewhere in the Americas, \$10.15 elsewhere in the world. First Class or Air Mail rates upon request. Unsolicited manuscripts and artwork that we do not publish will be destroyed three weeks after receipt unless accompanied by full-sized, stamped, self-addressed return envelope, Volume 7, #38 (whole number 322), September 18, 1970.

Subscribe!!



In Flemington, New Jersey, a prisoner is taken, blindfolded, his hands tied behind his back. His crime, "didn't have proper identification" He is asked, "You with the Cong? Where are your weapons?" He responds, "I'm innocent, I have no weapon." The soldiers scream, "Kill the gook, but ask him if he has a sister first." The captain sees the man kicked and beaten and gives one order. "Get him out of here, away from the press." The man is taken behind a building, the squad prevents the press from following. A series of shots are heard. His captors return. "The gook tried to escape."

(Photos by Carolyn Mugar)

U.S. army of liberation marches on New Jersey

MARK LANE

We assembled early Friday morning, Sept. 4, in Morristown, New Jersey, site of an encampment of the first American revolutionary army. We marched for four days, slept in the fields and meadows for three nights and arrived on Labor Day, almost one hundred miles later, at Valley Forge, Pennsylvania.

More than one hundred veterans of the war, squad leaders, sergeants, grunts, lieutenants and captains, representing the Army, Air Force, Navy and Marine Corps. We were led by the Ohio contingent with veterans of the war in Vietnam and veterans who saw their sisters and brothers die at home on the Kent State battlefield. As we marched, all dressed in combat fatigues, jungle boots and carrying simulated M-16s, the automatic weapon that is effectively lethal at 100 yards, if it doesn't jam, we signaled peace to the passing motorists or to those who had come out to see us. Many returned the signal.

In each town that we entered the men invaded the nerve center. Pointing their weapons they screamed, "Watch those straight-eyed gooks" pointing to the inhabitants of sleepy little New Jersey or Pennsylvania villages. Prisoners were taken, some were questioned, others subjected to simulated, but realistic torture, others executed on the spot. What the villagers could not know is that actors and actresses were at pre-arranged spots. When killed realistic blood flowed from blood capsules concealed under the shirts of the victims. For a time the town was occupied by a hostile force, by men wearing the uniform of the United States Army, and the inhabitants of the town had been transformed into less than humans; in seconds they were "gooks". They were still muttering to themselves when we left and they studied the leaflets that were given to them, as they probably had never looked at a leaflet before.

We were warned not to enter Morristown, New Jersey, because of the "delicate situation" there, meaning police repression. As we reached Morristown, just outside

of Valley Forge, a State Police official pulled up alongside of Al Hubbard, the coordinator of the march. "Get your men up on the sidewalk and out of the street" he commanded. The usually mild veteran of a dozen years in the Air Force growled, "Out of our way, buddy, sidewalks are for boy scouts."

The men, some with 100 percent disability, began to yell to the closed windows "wake up Norristown, the war has come home." When one supporter of the war indicated his disapproval of the march a young Puerto Rican veteran ran over to him and offered him his gun. "Take it, go kill for yourself. We are never going back." A young woman looked on and a veteran said, "Don't let them take your son. He'll come back a butcher, like us, or in a box."

At Valley Forge thousands were waiting at the base of a hill. We formed into a single file and swept down the majestic slope where once Washington and his men had frozen. The men, dirty, tired but now elated held their weapons overhead and roared, "Peace, Now, Peace, Now," until the deafening sound was returned by the audience. At the rally Jane Fonda, Don Sutherland and I spoke. The high point of the rally was the arrival of a number of veterans from the government hospital at Valley Forge. They violated orders of the hospital authorities in order to come and speak. They came without legs, without arms, they came to us paralyzed, they came without sight. And they spoke. One captain perhaps said it best. "God bless you all. You have brought the war home. It cannot help us any longer but there are others, too many others, human beings, Vietnamese and American."

We then assembled, the wounded victims of the war in front. The order was given. "Port arms. Break arms." The weapons were smashed. Some men stomped upon the pieces until little but dust was left. Then America's second army of national liberation dispersed. Some to Kent State, some to other schools, all to some place in America where the building of the new army would go on.



Mark Lane, Jane Fonda and Donald Sutherland meet just before the rally begins.



With disabled veterans in the foreground more than one hundred veterans of the war symbolically destroy their M-16s, the weapon of the war. Thousands of spectators looked on and applauded.