

RAP
#1 50¢
RADICAL PROFESSIONALS

*the convention
the Bulletin exposed
everything for everybody
armchair guerilla
co-op living*

SUPERCHIEF



*the hard-core
alternative*

The first plenary session was held in a 5,000-seat gymnasium. The bleachers were filled, and people sat cross-legged on the gym floor, too. We listened to Michael Tabor, one of the New York Panther 21, who talked intensely and passionately for two hours about American history, the old Constitution, and the future. "From the beginning it was a government of the pigs, by the pigs and for the pigs..." Tabor said, and he began to relate the oppressed people's side of the school-taught myths. It was slaveowners and landowners, he said, who drafted the original Constitution to serve their own needs. "All men are created equal..." But women and black people were not considered people, Tabor told the crowd. Then he dissected the current state of the economy: "They say we have an inflation and a recession. That means the top of the lid is blowing off and the bottom is falling out, and that's a depression..." He warned that the fascism can come without the telltale signs of sieg-heils and goose-steps; and he called the U.S. the number one threat to the continued existence of the human race.

There seemed to be little doubt in the minds of the sea of listeners that revolution would be the answer to the horror of what Tabor labeled capitalism and imperialism. The straight press attempted to mock the Marxist terminology so freely used during the convention

of the preamble to the new constitution. He began to speak in an atmosphere charged with excitement, apprehension and general tumult: this was after all the first time that the co-founder of the Black Panther Party had met with the white and black movements in a huge public assembly. And for that very reason, both Huey and his entourage were particularly nervous about the possibility of some kind of pig disruption. Security was tight, searches were extensive; Huey could barely be seen behind a screen of bodyguards (you could make him out mostly by the bright scarlet shirt he was wearing,) and outside the hall, many people formed in clusters around transistor radios (Temple's student-run station broadcast the speech live, even though the networks were shut out. See the story on the Panther's CBS shakedown, this issue.)

The speech again laid out the premises behind the need for a new constitution. Huey talked about the right of oppressed people to rebel and to build their own new world. One group of oppressed people, women, were disappointed with Huey's presentation, which just about ignored their existence. In the preamble, the words "man" and "manhood" were employed when "people" and "humanity" are the words the women's movement is teaching us to use. In the past, women's groups have attacked the Panthers for their male chauvinism,

a militant march on the downtown Philly area, a march which would surely have led to a bloody clash with police. But Panther marshals moved in on the march and convinced its leaders and followers not to yield to the temptation to have it out with Rizzo's pigs. Only one arrest was made in all of North Philadelphia that night, far fewer than on any other Saturday night. (There were some harassment busts throughout the weekend, though.)

It was on Sunday that the convention got down to the business of working out a constitution, as people fanned out from the church center to workshops all around the otherwise deserted city. (The natives, especially Rizzo's South Philly buddies were at the shore for the last splash of the season.) The workshops were unique in some ways. Unlike many previous political conventions, "caucuses" did not break down along political or organizational lines. Instead, they were set up according to "social groupings": oppressed nationalities, women, male homosexuals, students, working people, artists. All through the day, the groups struggled to compress all their grievances and hopes for a better society into a relatively short statement to be made to the constitutional convention's next plenary session that night.

Many social groups overlapped in the workshops themselves, which were structured to deal with problems of

love is sexist," and demanded that the constitution guarantee full freedom of sexual expression and an educational system in which sex is treated openly and no sexual preferences are pushed over others. The Constitution's New America will provide for a people's militia, destruction of the standing army, dismantling of genocidal weapons, no more than 10% of the national budget spent on the military, and a prohibition against American military forces fighting outside national boundaries. Half of the militia will be women. Police will be controlled by each community, police forces being composed of people from each community who would rotate their police responsibilities at set intervals. There would be no national police, no secret police, and no plainclothes police. More.

Education will be universal, controlled by the community; schools would stress social ideas and practice, students would have full control of school governments and newspapers, there would be no enforced state curriculums, "Liberation" pre-schools would be set up. The most thunderous applause of the session--presumably because it came as a pleasant surprise and not because of mistaken priorities--came from the street people's workshop endorsement of grass, acid and mescaline as "instrumental in developing the revolutionary consciousness of the people." The health workshop took the position that

Black people and oppressed people in general have lost faith in the leaders of America, in the government of America, and in the very structure of American government--that is the Constitution, its legal foundation. This loss of faith is based upon the overwhelming evidence that this government will not live according to that Constitution because the Constitution is not designed for its people. For this reason, we assemble a Constitutional Convention to consider rational and positive alternatives. Alternatives which will place their emphasis on the common man. Alternatives which will bring about a new economic system in which the rewards as well as the work will be equally shared by all people--a Socialist framework. Alternatives which will guarantee that within the Socialist framework, all groups will be adequately represented in the decision-making and administration which affects their lives. Alternatives which will guarantee that all men will attain their full manhood rights, that they will be able to live, be free, and seek out those goals which give them respect and dignity while permitting the same privilege for every other man regardless of his condition or status.

The sacredness of man and the human spirit requires that human dignity and integrity ought to be always respected by every other man. We will settle for nothing less, for at this point in history, anything less is but a living death. WE WILL BE FREE. And we are here to ordain a new constitution which will ensure our freedom by enshrining the dignity of the human spirit. POWER TO THE PEOPLE!



Darryl C. Braithwaite

Huey P. Newton, Philadelphia, Sept. 5, 1970

days, but the thousands and thousands of participants--the largest single group being young blacks, mainly Philadelphia high school and college kids--did not seem turned off.

We sat on hard benches in the gym, and heard Tabor describe "the dissolution of the modern Babylonian empire," and talk about class struggle--but the crowd was no gathering of staid theoreticians or party hacks. The gym was drenched in the bright hues of people's clothing--whole rows of purple, yellow, green, here and there punctuated with bright red. Whenever a strong point was made, fists shot up and chanting broke out; with the same enthusiasm, people listened to jazz and African drums while they milled around outside later that evening, waiting for Huey P. Newton to speak.

When he spoke on Saturday night, the gym was packed beyond capacity, and thousands more were crushed together outside the modernistic building, unable to get in.

Even much older people, often politically conservative, related to Huey with affection. One man of sixty, sitting on a milk box in a candy store on the ghetto's main street, smiled widely and urged us to go "hear Newton when he speaks tonight."

(A black reporter who lives in the North Philly ghetto described the way people were digging the Panthers, especially in the wake of the Rizzo raid, and the shoot-out that resulted in the arrest of 14 Panthers: "Young, old, men or women, you can see it. They're laughing inside at what the Panthers did. Suddenly we all know them.") As darkness fell, Huey arrived at the convention scene to read a draft

although the Party has struggled with this issue. The women's suspicion of the Panthers was at least in part confirmed here. A third world lesbian was scheduled to speak about women's oppression on the same platform with Huey, but for undetermined reasons was not allowed to do so. A group of radical lesbians walked out of the convention.

But Huey's presence was a unifying force at this convention, one which spotlighted the Panthers success in relating to young white revolutionaries from the entire spectrum of the New Left, people who came not so much as representatives from organizations, but as part of a new revolutionary front in which the Panthers are playing a key role.

There were also some notable absences: the Young Lords Party, a dynamic and creative revolutionary Puerto Rican group, played a very minimal role during the weekend, and there was no active representation of Chicanos or Indians at all. Orientals were also scarce.

Huey's speech ended in uproarious applause, and he took off through a back entrance. Panther spokesmen announced that Huey might appear again at the church being used as another convention center. The scene around that church, however, was less cool than at the convention site. Many more police cars were in evidence, and a more action-minded sentiment was brewing in the darkened streets. Later that evening, after it was clear that Huey could not make it to the church, a crowd of a thousand people or so began to gather, and some unidentified people in the group called for

self-determination of national groups, sexual self-determination, women, the family and the rights of children, distribution of political power, the artist, control of police and the military, education, religion, control of the land, protection of resources, control of population, self-determination for street people, drugs, control of the legal system, rights of oppressed and political prisoners, health and international solidarity with other revolutionary movements.

On Sunday night, everyone got together again to check out what the workshops had developed. The gym filled up again, and sisters and brothers from each workshop came upon one after another to the podium and began to fill in the picture of what post-revolutionary America may well look like.

The evening session was particularly satisfying because it put the lie once and for all to the charge that the movement is mindless, programless and unable to get together on goals. It depicted, in unpolished but well-thought-out form, an America where political power is brought down to the level of communities, autonomous local forms that would replace states and cities; an America where oppressed national minorities are guaranteed "the right to integrate, segregate, do whatever they want to do;" where women are guaranteed total equality, equal participation, full education; where sexism in all its forms is fought and eliminated. Full 24-hour day care for all children would be universally available. A strong delegation of about 100 male homosexuals who formed the workshop on sexual self-determination declared to the convention that "anything that prevents us from expressing our revolutionary

a revolutionary attitude toward psychedelic drugs can only be developed after we see how drugs are used by people actively participating in the building of a revolutionary society. Dope under capitalism and dope under socialism are bound to be two different trips! Both the drug and the health workshop roundly denounced the use of speed, heroin, and other hard drugs which are used to keep people oppressed. More.

The Constitution will state that children are not to be property--of parents, the state, or of the collective groupings in which they may live. They have a right to a broad education that will expose them to all human models of behavior, that will eliminate racism, male chauvinism and heterosexual chauvinism. Land and natural resources will belong to all the people. The delegates did not forget that America has been raping and stealing land and wealth throughout the world for decades. A report from the "means of production" workshop, for example, pointed out that America's standard of living in a post-revolutionary period would have to decrease at first in order to help other peoples catch up. The right to freedom from hunger will be central; so will the right to a decent home. Agriculture will be decentralized, and thus overproduction (and subsequent destruction of excess food) will be eliminated; and the use of chemical fertilizers and insecticides minimized. "The only solution to air pollution is revolution," one workshop spokesman said, amid cheers.

The full extent of the Constitution's program will best be demonstrated when

The following statement was issued to whites attending the Panther conference by a group called Black Philadelphians United.

Blacks and Whites Together. . .

Why should Black people unite and/or relate to White people? What basis is there for a coalition?

How many White people know they are oppressed? If Whites don't love Whites, themselves who are oppressed, how can they love other oppressed people?

What are White people doing to overcome oppression, besides "pig-calling," anti-American statements, pill-taking and dope-smoking, tough-talking and constantly meeting, feeling guilty, screaming "mobilize and organize the masses," rallying, demonstrating, picketing? Or just being facilitators for the material needs of Blacks, or trying to hook into the Black Movement, out-radicalize each other, etc., etc., etc.???

How many progressive White people have committed themselves to a Revolutionary struggle for change by infiltrating or integrating with 170 million White Americans and their institutions, to help change their oppressive and repressive behavior and attitudes? How many progressive White people are living amongst the masses at a neighborhood and community level, with at least a ten year commitment and a willingness to research the character and nature of human oppression?

How many of these progressive Whites have a willingness to create model individual behavior and create and design community programs that overcome human oppression?

Black people have been looking for such White allies in America for 300 years. . . Later for the rhetoric and the rallying and screaming. We want to see the individual examples or existing group models operating in White America by so-called progressives, radicals, extremists, etc. . .

Plug in your feelings on this challenge. Write BPU, c/o RAP, P.O. Box 13081, Phila. 19101.

An urban missionary's thoughts. . .

The Rev. David Gracie, who will report on the Church of the Diamond's social activism as it relates to the Black reparations effort in a future RAP, said before the weekend convention that police raids on Panther headquarters were "most clearly" a concerted conspiracy to sabotage the gathering. But it was more than that, too, he suggested. "Rizzo is the Cisco Kid, and he has got to be better at it than other cops around the country. There have been raids across the country against the Panthers, and he has been anxious to do it too."

Father Gracie pointed out that alignment of community forces, especially the churches, was necessary if the weekend was to be peaceful. He urged the religious community to open its doors to "show hospitality to our visitors." The Friends Meeting House at Fourth and Arch was opened as a peaceful waystation for the out-of-towners. Quakers were on hand in force at Temple.

"I think the real issue is do we have the resources and the faith to deal with community tensions ourselves, or do we turn the city over to Rizzo when we are in trouble," Father Gracie said. He added that it is sad that the churches and community groups in recently-troubled areas like Tasker "fell down" by turning over the sections to Rizzo.

The Episcopal minister agreed that the commissioner had overplayed his hand after the police shootings, but felt that "enough folks will recoil from that." "That recoil will count against Rizzo," he added.

Huey raps

The following was originally an internal letter from Huey P. Newton, Minister of Defense, to the other brothers of the Black Panther Party. It was distributed by Liberation News Service.

During the past few years, strong movements have developed among women and homosexuals seeking their liberation. There has been some uncertainty about how to relate to these movements

Whatever your personal opinion and your insecurities about homosexuality and the various liberation movements among homosexuals and women (and I speak of the homosexuals and women as oppressed groups) we should try to unite with them in a revolutionary fashion

We must gain security in ourselves and therefore have respect and feelings for all oppressed people. We must not use the racist-type attitudes like the white racists use against people because they are black and poor. Many times the poorest white person is the most racist because he's afraid that he might lose something or discover something that he doesn't have. You're some kind of threat to him. This kind of psychology is in operation when we view oppressed people and we're angry with them because of their particular kind of behavior or their particular kind of deviation from the established norm.

Remember, we haven't established a revolutionary value system; we're only in the process of establishing it.

We haven't said much about the homosexual at all and we must relate to the homosexual movement because it is a real movement. And I know through reading and through my life experience, my observation, that homosexuals are not given freedom and liberty by anyone in this society. Maybe they might be the most oppressed people in the society.

What made them homosexuals? Perhaps it's a whole phenomena that I don't understand entirely. Some people say that it's the decadence of capitalism--I don't know whether this is the case, I rather doubt it. But whatever the case is, we know that homosexuality is a fact that exists and we must understand it in its purest form; that is, a person should have freedom to use his body whatever way he wants to.

That's not endorsing things in homosexuality that we wouldn't view as revolutionary. But there is nothing to say that homosexual can not also be a revolutionary. And maybe I'm now injecting some of my prejudice by saying,

'even a homosexual can be a revolutionary.' Quite the contrary, maybe a homosexual could be the most revolutionary.

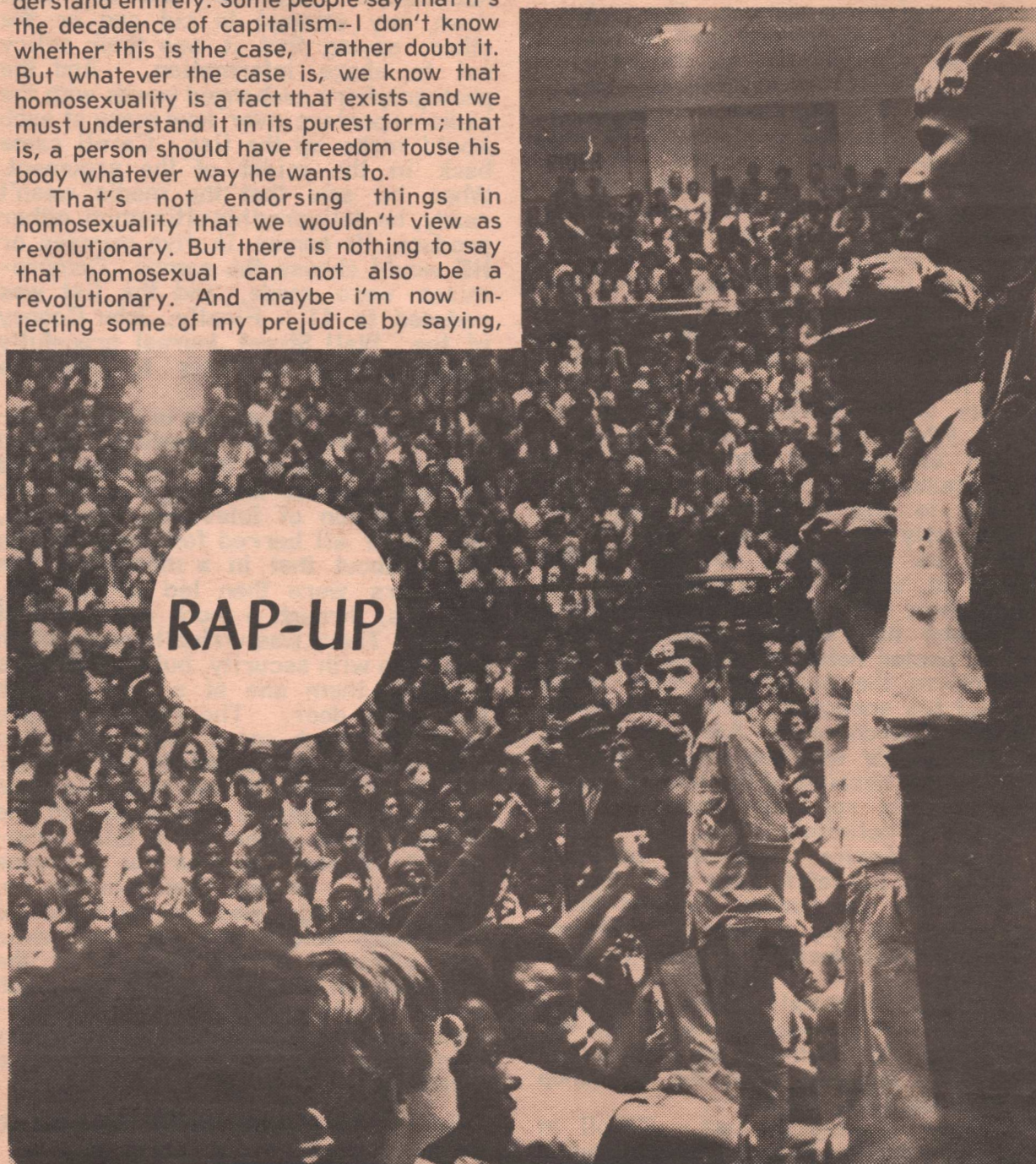
We should be careful about using terms which might turn our friends off. The terms 'faggot' and 'punk' should be deleted from our vocabulary and especially we should not attach names normally designed for homosexuals to men who are enemies of the people such as Nixon or Mitchell. Homosexuals are not enemies of the people.

We should try to form a working coalition with the Gay Liberation and Women's Liberation Groups. We must always handle social forces in an appropriate manner and this is really a significant part of the population--both women and the growing number of homosexuals that we have to deal with.

RAP's Sherman Chickering comments:

The actual constitutional convention, to which the Philadelphia weekend was a preliminary, will be held in Washington on Nov. 4, out of which will come the re-constituted constitution. The real value of the convention is two-fold: First, whether the meeting takes place at all. This time it will be in Nixon's backyard. Secondly, the use of the document: The Panthers see the charter as a banner, a standard around which revolutionary groups can rally. Its value lies not so much in what it says as what it means. It could, for one thing, help purge the Left of its atavistic drivel. As the Plain Dealer quotes the Panthers, "Many complain the movement has a defensive mentality and fails to dramatize the positive character of its alternatives. . . A new constitution is only a statement, but if that statement grows out of the spirit of the People and their struggles, it could be as potent a weapon as we possess."

And how then will the constitution be put into effect? Said the Panthers' "Big Man" at the press conference, "It will be put into effect the same way George Washington did it."



The Black Panther Party and the Establishment Media have never had any great love for each other. "The press," says Zayd Shakur, Deputy Minister for the state of New York, "has a notorious reputation for pitting people against people." Despite this hostility and suspicion, dozens of newsmen converged upon Philadelphia to cover the Revolutionary People's plenary session of the upcoming November Constitutional Convention. The Panthers, though contemptuous of the "pig" media, nevertheless arranged to accommodate them in order, it would seem, to obtain maximum exposure for the weekend. In practice, however, the media was barred from most of the sessions and workshops, and it appears as if the Panthers reneged on their promise that "news people would be admitted to the Newton speech."

Or so it would appear.

Here is the official version of what happened between the Panthers and the media over the weekend. (Not the real story, which will follow later.)

The convention opened Friday with registration in the Church of the Advocate. No press was admitted to registration. The same held true for the Saturday afternoon session. The reporters assembled in a sulk at the newsroom which Temple University had thoughtfully set up for them in South Hall, awaiting the Panthers' permission to cover Huey Newton's speech that evening. Shortly before seven, Eddie Carroll, liaison from the Ministry of Information called a press conference in the newsroom. It was attended by nearly all the 37 registered journalists, camera crews, and photographers. The conference lasted for almost half an hour, and was distinguished by the lack of hard information. Afterwards, Carroll reported that he had successfully "fought" with the ministry to secure press permission to cover Huey's speech, scheduled for 8 p.m. If the reporters would follow his instructions to the letter, he said, all of them would be admitted.

Carroll led the entourage out of the newsroom, across the street, and marched them through the middle of the crowd to a small side door at McGonigle Hall. At that time, about 4,000 people were outside, waiting to get in. When they saw that the media might be admitted through the side door, hundreds quickly mobbed the area, trying to slip in with the reporters. Apparently the Panthers saw that it would be impossible to just let the press in, so the door remained closed throughout Huey Newton's speech. Carroll, who had slipped inside by this time, posted notes up against the glass to inform the press that Huey would repeat his speech at 10:30 that evening at the Church of the Advocate for all those outside who had missed hearing him speak because of the lack of space. He assured reporters that this time they would definitely get in.

Huey, however, never did appear at the church, but left for New York instead. A Panther spokesman claimed there was just too big a security problem, so they had decided it wasn't worth the risk.

Back at South Hall, Carroll apologized for the foul-up and promised that the media would definitely be admitted to Sunday's session, when the workshop papers would be read.

Sunday evening arrived. Carroll in fact modified his promise by announcing

By DANIEL GROTTA

that it would be possible for only three media representatives to enter the hall. Someone pointed out to him that this was impossible, since there were that many people in a single TV crew. Carroll thought it over, compromised, and declared that an absolute number of 10 people would be included in the pool, with the full TV crew counting as one. For the next 15 minutes, 37 members of the press fought tooth and nail for the 10 places. At times the mood became quite ugly, and blows were almost exchanged. For example, the L.A. Free Press fought with the Village Voice as to who would represent "the underground." The Wall Street Journal and the Washington Post argued over whose paper was more important nationally. Both AP and UPI beat down any attempt to cut one or the other, saying that it was their policy not to share information. And the photographers exchanged words with the radio reporters over how many of each would make up the list. Carroll came back in the midst of the argument. When he saw that the media wasn't ready, he delivered his ultimatum: either produce 10 names in five minutes or HE would choose the names. Compromises were made, and the list was reduced to 11. Finally, John Cooney of the Wall Street Journal gracefully stepped aside in order to keep the peace.

The gesture turned out to be unnecessary. Carol had meantime decided on his own authority that everyone would be able to enter McGonigle Hall--with the exception of television reporters, who were all barred for some reason (more about that in a moment.) The reporters were then led to the hall, in pairs, through a much more modest crowd. There was virtually no problem this time with security, but the Panthers admitted them one at a time through the small door. The reporters were searched much more thoroughly than anyone else, somewhat in the manner that the Panther 14 had been searched by the Philadelphia police during the Monday raids (short of a total strip-down.) It took an hour for everyone to get in. From that moment on, press coverage was unrestricted (to all except television,) and the media was admitted to the Church of the Advocate on Monday without so much as an identification check. The convention ended with an abbreviated press conference in the church, television admitted.

* * *

End of the official media and Panther version.



The strange story of the attempted Great White Media Rip-off began on Thursday afternoon, when John Lawrence of CBS came down from New York with a full film crew. CBS achieved somewhat of a notorious reputation several years ago over the Haiti fiasco, when they had inadvertently financed an invasion of that country in exchange for exclusive film rights. It was only fitting, then, that the Panthers should approach them with a similar offer of exclusive film rights of the constitutional weekend, for a price. The Panthers told Lawrence that CBS would have exclusive coverage, but for a whopping \$25,000. The figure was clearly out of the question, and CBS normally would have rejected it out of hand.

But they didn't.

If they had, the weekend might have turned out much differently.

From the beginning, CBS had no intention of paying \$25,000, nor did the Panthers have any intention of asking a lower figure. CBS, however, possibly saw a way out, hoping to have their exclusive and not pay for it too. Lawrence couldn't take the chance that some other network would snap the rights up from under him, so he apparently told the Panthers that it would take CBS time to be able to consider the offer. It appears that Lawrence was stalling for time, hoping to keep the Panthers from making any other deals. He was probably hoping that the Panthers would permit CBS to film the Newton speech without front money, and then negotiate for broadcast rights afterwards.

It's a bit more complicated than it seems.

By stalling for time, CBS apparently thought it could force the Panthers to allow filming without a contract in order to get anything at all out of it. If this had been permitted, CBS would have been in a much better position to negotiate with the Panthers over air rights. Also, it would have had the option of offering the film to the other networks in order to pay their expenses--after broadcasting it first over CBS, of course. So this is why Lawrence could not afford to say either yes or no.

There's more to the story.

Though the Panthers were apparently elated by the fact that CBS had not turned their offer down flat, they made several round-about attempts to shake down the other networks (for insurance, in case CBS reneged.) On Friday and Saturday, the Ministry of Information sent out feelers to other stations

and networks, offering the same rights with which they were tempting CBS, but for only \$15,000. Everyone turned them down; it was just too much money. Ironically, one of the stations approached was WCAU, the CBS-owned-and-operated affiliate in Philadelphia. John Lawrence, of course, had no knowledge of this, or else the \$25,000 figure might have been reduced to a maximum of \$15,000.

Saturday came, and there was still no agreement with CBS. A contract had even been drawn up, but Lawrence had no intention of committing the network to the fee. He was still counting on the Panthers' allowing CBS to film without a contract. The Panthers were anticipating CBS's check, and they took steps to insure that the network would indeed get exclusive coverage. This meant that they had to exclude as many newsmen from the convention as they could, especially TV crews, in order to deliver their promise of exclusivity. Hence the run-arounds and the press conference, which was convened for the sole purpose of concentrating all the reporters in one location. The Panthers had absolutely no intention of letting any of the media in that side door Saturday night. Instead of taking them in the door through which Newton would enter, it seemed that they deliberately took the reporters to a door that they knew would be mobbed, thus providing a cover for excluding them. While all these machinations were going on outside, the Panthers were still trying to pin Lawrence to the \$25,000 contract. When the Panthers finally told Lawrence to put up or shut up, he confessed that he didn't have the authority to offer them one red cent, let alone \$25,000. The Panthers were left holding an empty bag, with no money and no TV coverage. The story does not end here.

When the Panthers had been informed that Lawrence would not pay for rights, they decided to give him one last opportunity. By this time it was too late to catch the McGonigle Hall session, for Huey was already speaking. But the Panthers quickly announced that Huey would speak again at the Church of the Advocate, ostensibly for those who had not managed to get inside. Actually, the real reason seemed to be only to give CBS another shot at Newton, and the Panthers another opportunity to shake the network down for the \$25,000.

Lawrence was virtually the only journalist inside for the speech, having been escorted in by the Panthers while the negotiations were still in progress. Lawrence said that Newton's speech was not anywhere near to his expectations. Lawrence seemed to think that all the provocative rhetoric was missing, and that Newton did not say anything specific nor of great significance. In short, Lawrence immediately saw that there was no justification to continue the negotiations. The speech just wasn't worth it to the network. After the speech, he went back to the newsroom to call CBS, and to share some of his notes with newsmen who had been unable to get in. At that time, a representative from the Panthers came up to him and asked if he received authority to pay the \$25,000 for film rights of Newton's scheduled rerun at the Church of the Advocate. Lawrence told the Panther that it was impossible to justify the expense, and that he had not received approval. The Panther stormed out of the room. Lawrence beat a hasty retreat and went back to New York. Huey Newton never showed up at the church. And, in apparent retaliation, the Panthers forbade all further TV coverage for the weekend.

There's more.

WRTI-FM, Temple University's non-profit radio station, had earlier asked

The media watch

Such stories as this are part of RAP's media watch, which was intensified during the past couple weeks, and which will be a major responsibility of RAP. Hopefully this surveillance can be handled by radical professional journalists from the inside, as is done in Chicago and New York. To encourage formation of a Philadelphia media project from within, RAP is publishing in this issue suggestions from New York media people for their brothers and sisters elsewhere.

permission to broadcast the evening's speeches over the air. The Panthers took scant notice of the college media, and so they readily gave verbal approval to, in effect, do whatever. The upshot of this was that WRTI had the only usable tape of Newton's speech. When the big networks were denied access to the hall, they had to take something back with them. And only WRTI had anything. So the networks went over to the station's studio, in Annenberg Hall, and asked for permission to dub the tapes.

This created an instant crisis for WRTI. The station had never actually received permission from university officials even to broadcast the speech. The students had done it all on their own authority, and now that the networks were drawing attention to their actions, they had to pass the ball, and quickly. So, instead of charging thousands of dollars for rebroadcast rights, they GAVE the rights away, free, to the networks.

The Panthers missed out entirely on the WRTI deal. They had not even considered that the WRTI tapes would be valuable, and therefore they made no arrangements to have the rebroadcast rights revert to them. If someone had thought of it, the tape could have become the Panther's property, and so they would have been able to salvage something in the way of money from the networks. But apparently the Panthers had been counting on CBS so heavily that they had not given the university station any serious thought.

There's still more.

Because no accredited press photographers had been on the inside, there was no picture coverage of Huey's speech. This created a vacuum. The straight media had to obtain all their photographs from, of all places, the underground press. While the establishment media had been excluded, there were a profusion of cameras and tape records in the hall, with no restrictions placed upon them. The media had to buy their photographs from the revolutionaries themselves--and at premium prices. The papers did not credit their sources, thereby implying that their staff had been inside the hall all along.

* * *

For once, the media had wised up and had assigned many of their "resident radicals" to cover the conference instead of the usual reactionaries. Reportage promised to be objective, if not downright sympathetic. Still, the Panthers had no time for them, for they were members of the "pig" media, regardless of their sympathies. When knowledge of the attempted shake-down of CBS became known, it irritated many of the people there. They had been excluded from the conference quite deliberately, and it rubbed them the wrong way. The irony of it all is that many of the media people were prepared to give the Panthers favorable reportage, but had second thoughts afterwards.

The entire episode was a hell of a good feature story. The Bulletin, the Inquirer, et al. all telephoned in their versions of the CBS rip-off to their editors. None of it, of course, was ever published or put on the wires. For as bad as it may have displayed the Panthers, from the point of view of the general public, it showed the media in even a worse light. The media had been conned and duped by the Panthers at the press conference. They had been used as bait for CBS. And they had had to depend on the revolutionaries themselves for second-hand coverage. It was no wonder that the newspapers didn't want to talk about it. CBS refuses to make any comment. Understandably, the media would prefer to forget about the entire weekend. Just about done.

The Panthers also have little to say about it. It appears as if they had misread CBS's intentions from the beginning, and their attempted rip-off had backfired. And they had no money to show for the weekend. Therefore, when the inevitable question about the CBS incident was asked at the press conference, the Panthers denied any knowledge of the fiasco. At first, Ray Massai Hewett, the Minister for Information, had said the rumor was completely unfounded, and that it instead involved a deal with CBS for \$60,000 to film a conference underway in Atlanta, not Philadelphia. When questioned further, he did backtrack a little and admitted that they had indeed offered exclusive film rights to several networks, but not for anything near \$25,000. A few more questions, and Hewett finally confessed that the figure was \$10,000 more or less. And that was all the Panthers would say about it.

End of story.

* * *

By apparent mutual agreement, neither the media nor the Panthers are saying very much about each other and the weekend's goings-on. Suffice it to say that neither has any great love for the other, but the relationship was strained a little bit more by the great white media rip-off that didn't happen.

Why Rap

by Sherman Chickering

RAP is here because we are here. We are the people who get left out while students do their dropout thing and the Establishment votes for Ike again. We are people who happen to be paid by the Establishment for using our skills. We are also people who have decided, lately or not so lately, to put The System up against the wall any way we can. There are now lot of us, and that's why we now have a paper called RAP. We call it RAP for the acronym and for what it represents: "Radical" and "Professionals" are both dirty words to different people. Together they are real dirty.

RAP is also here because we are Philadelphians. RAP may crop up elsewhere too, but if another city gets it on, that's their problem. Our problem is Philadelphia. So is our possibility. New York is a whore house. Chicago is the last stand at OK corral. Washington is the national Byberry. Los Angeles is Satyricon. Detroit is a sweat shop. Cleveland is a coppertone bandaid. Boston is HAL, the 2001 computer. Baltimore always loses the big ones. In Newark even the radicals are on the take. San Francisco? Everybody out there is the New Messiah. Other cities are not worth mentioning. Philadelphia is just a small town that happens to incorporate 2,000,000 people. Plus a few people who regularly get in the way of everybody else. And who manage to make a lot of mistakes. Philadelphia has possibilities.

TO PAGE 30

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE PEOPLE OF PHILADELPHIA

7 POLICE SHOT IN TWO DAYS.

ENOUGH TO FILL THE AIR WITH MUCH FEAR, EXCEPT FOR ONE FACT: CONTINUED POLICE BRUTALITY, PARTICULARLY AGAINST BLACKS, MADE THE SHOOTINGS OF THE WEEKEND OF AUGUST 29th ALMOST INEVITABLE.

WITHOUT THE PUBLIC FORUM OF A POLICE REVIEW BOARD- INSUFFICIENT AS IT MIGHT BE- OR THE POSSIBILITY OF AN HONEST CONFRONTATION WITH THE FACTS OF POLICE BRUTALITY IN THE PUBLIC MEDIA, THE PEOPLE OFTEN HAVE NO RECOURSE EXCEPT FOR THE VIOLENCE OF RETALIATION. A WARNING, A SYMBOL, TO BE READ BY THOSE WHO HAVE EYES TO SEE.

THE IMMEDIATE ATTEMPT TO BLAME THE FIRST SHOOTING ON THE BLACK PANTHER PARTY FOR SELF-DEFENSE AND LINK THE SHOOTING INTO A COUNTRY-WIDE ORGANIZED PLOT AGAINST THE POLICE IS A TACTIC SO OBVIOUS THAT IT NEEDS NO ANALYSIS. FACING A NATIONAL REVOLUTIONARY PEOPLE'S PARTY CONVENTION HOSTED BY THE BLACK PANTHER PARTY FOR SELF-DEFENSE, THE POLICE WOULD HAVE ACTED WITHOUT PROVOCATION. ANYONE DOUBTING THIS FACT SHOULD CHECK HIS MEMORY BANK AND RUN THE S.N.C.C., C.O.R.E., R.A.M. AND S.D.S. LABOR PARTY INCIDENTS OVER IN HIS MIND. THE COINCIDENCE OF THE COMING CONVENTION AND 4 WOUNDED POLICEMEN INEVITABLY LEAD TO THE SENSELESS RAIDS UPON THREE PHILADELPHIA BLACK PANTHER PARTY FOR SELF-DEFENSE HOUSES.

RESULT: 3 MORE INJURED POLICE.

THE SCREAMING OF POLICE COMMISSIONER RITZHO IS INEXCUSABLE. LET HIM TURN SOME OF THAT ENERGY ON THOSE OF HIS MEN WHO ARE RESPONSIBLE FOR ANTI-POLICE FEELING IN THE BLACK COMMUNITY. LET HIM PROTECT BLACK PEOPLE, FROM HIS OWN MEN, WITH THE ZEAL THAT HE USES TO DEFEND HIS ENTIRE FORCE. LET HIM BEGIN TO UNDERSTAND THAT MOST OF US DEPLORE THE DEATH OR INJURY TO ANY POLICEMAN WHO ISN'T GUILTY OF INFRINGING UPON THE RIGHTS OF OTHERS. ALSO LET HIM REALIZE THAT THE FUTURE OF THIS COUNTRY IS CHANGE- A CHANGE THAT WILL LIFT OPPRESSION OFF THE BACKS OF WHITES AND BLACKS ALIKE. A CHANGE THAT WOULD FORCE HIM TO RE/THINK HIS ENTIRE MODE OF CONDUCT.

POLICE COULD BE PEACE KEEPERS
THEY'RE NOT.

THUS WHEN 8 SHOTS WERE FIRED AT A HOUSE IN WHICH I WAS VISITING RECENTLY, I DID NOT CALL THE POLICE. LATER, I EXPLAINED TO THE INVESTIGATING OFFICER THAT PEOPLE WHO WORE HIS UNIFORM WERE BRUTALIZING PEOPLE, WHO LOOKED AS I DID, ALL OVER THE COUNTRY, AND THAT WE WERE LEARNING TO DEFEND OURSELVES.

WE ARE.

THE BLACK PANTHER PARTY FOR SELF-DEFENSE WAS SET UP FOR JUST THAT REASON.

THEY DO NOT ADVOCATE VIOLENCE.
THEY DO ADVOCATE CHANGE.
SO DO I.

OUR PRESENT VISIBLE ESTABLISHMENT LEADERSHIP IS TOTALLY INCOMPETENT AND MUST BE REPLACED. THE STRATEGY AND TACTICS OF THIS REPLACEMENT ARE PRESENTLY BEING DEBATED.

N. B. POLICE CAN'T HANDLE A PEOPLE THAT DON'T WISH TO BE HANDLED. INCIDENTS AT THE TASKER HOMES' PROJECT AND ON TRINITY STREET DURING THE SUMMER MAKE THIS STATEMENT ALL TOO OBVIOUS.

MANY YOUNG WHITE PEOPLE NO LONGER HAVE ANY RESPECT FOR THE POLICE- NOT OUT OF A FAILURE ON THEIR PART TO RESPECT OTHER MEN, BUT OUT OF THE EXPERIENCE OF BEING BRUTALIZED FOR WEARING OLD CLOTHES, LONG HAIR AND SMOKING DOPE. IS IT NECESSARY TO MENTION THE FACT THAT THIS HAS BEEN THE ATTITUDE OF YOUNG BLACKS FOR YEARS?

I RESPECT ONLY THOSE WHO ACT IN SUCH A WAY AS TO DESERVE RESPECT- THIS, UNFORTUNATELY, DOES NOT DESCRIBE A GOOD NUMBER OF THE PHILADELPHIA POLICE.

RITZHO HAS A RIGHT TO BE MAD; I USED TO GET MAD WHEN FRIENDS WERE CLUBBED FOR NO REASON. NO MORE! I USE MY EMOTIONAL ENERGY IN MORE FRUITFUL WAYS.

AS A POLICE COMMISSIONER, HIS STATEMENTS ARE HEINOUS; AS A MAN STRIPPED OF HIS ROLE, NO ONE CAN COMPLAIN.

RAGE IS AN ADOLESCENT RESPONSE TO A CRISIS.

WE NEED WISDOM NOT ADOLESCENCE. RITZHO'S CONSTANT CONDONING OF POLICE BRUTALITY, OUT OF A DESIRE TO PROTECT HIS MEN AND THE STATUS OF THE POLICE DEPARTMENT IN GENERAL, HAS LEAD TO AN EXPLOSIVE SITUATION.

7 POLICE SHOT

SCREAMING ABOUT 'YELLOW DOGS' AND 'SHOOT OUTS' WILL NOT ADEQUATELY DEAL WITH THE CRISIS- HONEST CONFRONTATION WITH THE NATURE OF THE CRISIS MIGHT!

OUR PRESENT SOCIAL ORDER IS DISSOLVING

BOMBINGS EVERYWHERE

(Continued on page 26)



HELP

It's a hell of a way to make a living

The people who man the phones at HELP during the week are regulars. They get about \$40 a week. Sometimes.

The weekend group are all volunteers. We don't know what they do for bread.

Somehow the rent gets paid, the telephone company is appeased, the electric company held off.

We don't know how much longer we can keep this up.

But we're not going to quit, under any circumstances.

What we'd like to do is expand. Our

facilities, our services, our staff.

There's a building available where we could begin running some follow-up programs, install more lines, house more volunteers.

It takes money.

We've helped 12,000 people in less than a year. We could do a lot better than that.

With a little help from our friends.

If you like to help, send your contribution to HELP, 1917 Spruce St., Phila. Pa. 19103

Maybe someday we'll be able to pay our regulars regularly.



SUPERCHIEF

Following is the transcript from a segment of NBC's "First Tuesday" of June 2, in which Rizzo and Lt. George Fencel describe their surveillance of demonstrations and

"civil disobedience files." Lt. Fencel named on the air seven persons and six organizations from those files, prompting a suit. The American Civil Liberties Union is providing

volunteer counsel, arguing that police photography, surveillance, and record-keeping of peaceful demonstrations has a chilling effect on First Amendment rights.

VANOCUR: Good evening. This is the First Tuesday in June and I'm Sander Vanocur. In a moment, we'll see how a controversial policeman has solved the questions of maintaining law and order in a major American city. The man is Frank Rizzo, Police Commissioner of Philadelphia. Rizzo is a very pragmatic man. He has decided it is his job to maintain law and order while others are debating constitutional subtleties.

* * * * *

PETTIT: Frank Rizzo has been Police Commissioner of Philadelphia since 1967. Actually, Rizzo considers himself a General whose 7,000 men are engaged in a holy war.

RIZZO: It's exactly what it is. . . a war. It's almost as severe as the war that's going on in Vietnam. We've run a comparison a couple of weekends in our city against the casualties in Vietnam. And, surprisingly, we had more homicides and deaths and casualties than they did in Vietnam.

PETTIT: Commissioner Rizzo often patrols the city in his unmarked car, ready to take over personal command whenever he feels like it. He does this every Friday night, which is the busiest night for police in Philadelphia. . . Rizzo's men in the field never know when he'll show up. In this case, a gang fight in a North Philadelphia ghetto had just been broken up as the Commissioner got there!

RIZZO: Hi, Sergeant. . . Tony! Did you get them, Tony?

TONY: Yes sir, we recovered guns. . . knives and we got. . .

OFFICER: This kid is Peter Hankins again, the same one we busted before.

RIZZO: All right. . .

RIZZO: Being a Police Commissioner or being a Police Chief in any community, but particularly a large city is a difficult job. You have to. . . you have to be a General and you have to make decisions that are. . . that resemble tactical moves made by military men or Generals. I'm very happy to report that in Philadelphia, I'm talking about the entire community, the pendulum is swinging back. Police are gaining the respect that they should have, they're important people in this community. . . and people now respect police because they realize how important they are to a community.

* * * * *

POLICEMAN: Have any of you been in Chinatown before? Any of you had the opportunity to come here before? How do you do, Mr. Chin? Hello, Mr. Trao. These are the new police officers who are being assigned to the Sixth Police District and in conjunction with Operation Handshake, we're taking them throughout the community to meet some of the businessmen in the community.

PETTIT: Under Frank Rizzo, the Philadelphia Police Department has become a model of aggressive public relations. . . Rizzo is even more aggressive in his public rhetoric. A high school drop-out, he has had a long standing feud with the Philadelphia public school system.

RIZZO: We are not permitted in schools until we are invited. But I hope the day arrives quickly when police can go in the schools to investigate crimes, acts of vandalism, terrorism, blackmail, you name it. But when that happens, they scream Police State! And that don't bother me a bit, the word Police State, you know, cause I know it's absolutely not so. And it's used by a few, by a small segment of this community, to try to brow-beat police, but it'll never happen. . . The four or five or ten or fifteen ruffians or hoodlums wouldn't last six seconds if we could get in them schools. We'd teach them a little bit about tough play. They're only tough with a bunch of kids who don't know how to defend themselves. Take on a couple of full-blooded policemen, they'd know what it's all about. . . they're not too tough.

PETTIT: Rizzo is popular with his men because of his outspoken public support for cops in trouble. This Spring, there was a court case against two Philadelphia policemen accused of brutality. The Commissioner was conspicuous by his presence in the courtroom.

RIZZO: How're we doing?

OFFICER: Had a couple of doctors from the hospital. . . pretty good, there was nothing they could add, just that there were no bruises or anything like that. No visible bruises. . . just the lacerations on the head and all. . .

RIZZO: How're you holding up?

OFFICER: Good.

RIZZO: It'll all be over today and then we'll await the decision of the good judge. . .

OFFICER: Yeah.

RIZZO: This is part of being a policeman, fellas.

OFFICER: Oh yes.

RIZZO: Don't let it dishearten you. . .

PETTIT: The case against the two men was eventually dismissed.

RIZZO: This community could not survive ten minutes without police. You know, the day that we have to be fearful of. . . is the day when policemen walk out of that District Station House and say, I'm not going to do it. He has to know that when he's doing his job, that no one can interfere with him. . . no one. That if he makes a mistake of judgment, he's going to be supported.

* * * * *

PETTIT: The Philadelphia Police Department is responsible to no one but Frank Rizzo. And he, in effect, is responsible to no one. There is no Civilian Review Board. And the Mayor

of Philadelphia has given him carte blanche to run the Department as his own private army. But the Police Commissioner does have an extraordinary sense of duty. His Cardinal Rule of police work is strength and mobility. . . especially in high crime areas. North Central Philadelphia has the highest crime rate in the city. It is nearly all black. . .

RIZZO: Crime has increased ten times faster than our population. People are not punished today for crime.

PETTIT: You have very high standards of what's right and what's wrong. . . very clear-cut views of what's right and what's wrong.

RIZZO: Oh, absolutely!

PETTIT: Well, your critics say you want everybody to live by Frank Rizzo's standards of right and wrong, but to do that would require a Police State. Do you think everybody should live by Frank Rizzo's standards of what's right and what's wrong?

RIZZO: I hope that, uh. . . I don't know whether Frank Rizzo's standards, but let's talk about some of the standards we live under today. I come from a. . . a humble beginning. My parents were born in a foreign country; my dad came here. . . this has all been said before. . . and they made a living and raised a family. Ask Frank Rizzo if he's ever hit anyone on the head with a pipe to take his money. Never did that. Ask Frank Rizzo if he ever took a gun and shot someone else. . . to rob him. Never did that. Ask Frank Rizzo if he ever burglarized someone else's home. . . or took someone else's personal belongings that belong to him. Never did that. So if this is the standard that we're going to measure any individual by, I say that that's the proper standard. Any man deserves one chance, maybe even two. . . when we're talking about forgiving a criminal the eighth, the ninth, the tenth, the eleventh, the twelfth. . . you know, then we're becoming ridiculous. We have prisons in Pennsylvania, all our state prisons that are 50 percent underpopulated. Fifty percent of the cells are empty. Now, don't tell. . . nobody's going to tell me that this is proper. We have criminals walking our streets that will never be rehabilitated, cannot be rehabilitated, and should be put in prison. And, again, at this point, I don't care whether they put them under the prison!

* * * * *

VANOCUR: Social upheaval in the United States has strained the ability and willingness of the big city police department to cope with both civil disobedience and conventional crime. For Philadelphia, the answer has been to convert its Police Department into a

(Continued on page 10)

POLICEMAN PHIL'S

PUZZLES

PICTURES
TO COLOR



GAMES

OFFICIAL PUZZLE AND COLORING BOOK

These are authentic pages from a publication of the Philadelphia Police Department distributed to school children.

COMMENDATION

HANS, A GERMAN SHEPHERD DOG WAS GIVEN A MERIT COMMENDATION BY THE POLICE COMMISSIONER. HANS WHILE ON PATROL LOCATED \$620.00 IN COUNTERFEIT MONEY ON A DESERTED LOT AND TOOK IT TO POLICEMAN PHIL FOR INVESTIGATION.



CANINE CORPS OFFICER



ANYONE UNDER 17 YEARS OF AGE MUST BE IN BY 10:30 PM SUNDAY THROUGH THURSDAY, AND MID-NIGHT FRIDAY AND SATURDAY

GRANDDADDY OF THE CURFEW



WHEN YOU SEE SOMETHING SUSPICIOUS MAKE A STRAIGHT LINE TO YOUR TELEPHONE AND DIAL

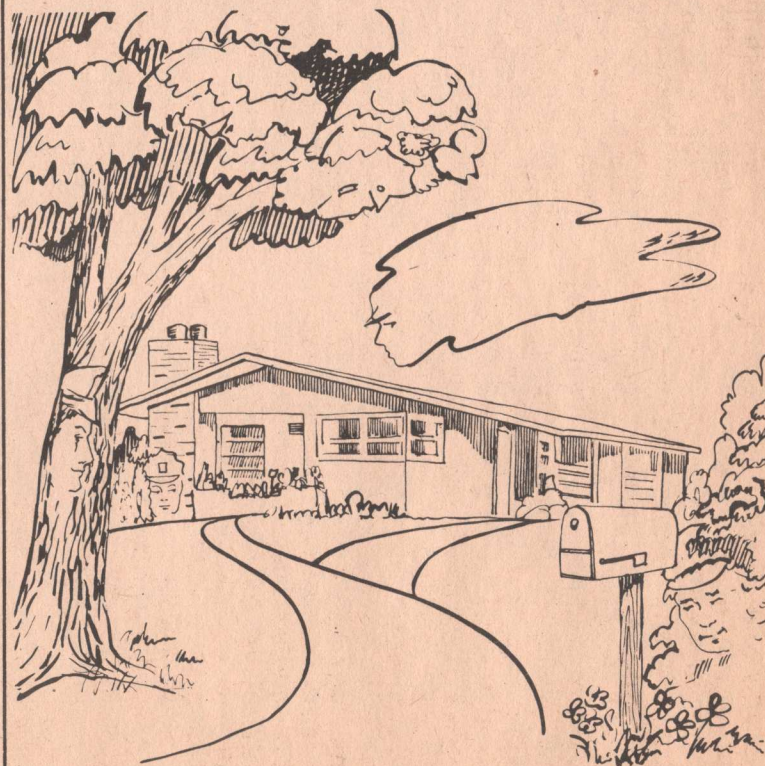
231-3131

CONNECT THE DOTS

A SECRET MESSAGE FROM POLICEMAN PHIL...

It is your duty to maintain law and order at all times. If you see anything suspicious, please call the police. We need your eyes and ears to prevent crimes. Thank you for your cooperation.

TURN THIS PAGE UPSIDE DOWN IN FRONT OF A MIRROR AND YOU WILL BE ABLE TO READ THE MESSAGE.



HOW MANY POLICEMEN ARE WATCHING OVER YOUR HOME?

ANSWER ON LAST PAGE



POLICEWOMAN, HIGHWAY PATROLMAN AND DETECTIVE



POLICEMAN
PHIL SAYS,

REPORT WHAT YOU SEE



OPERATION
TOWN WATCH

CALL 231-3131
Philadelphia Police

We need your eyes and ears to prevent crimes.



PHILADELPHIA POLICE DEPARTMENT

JAMES H. J. TATE
MAYOR

FRED T. CORLETO
MANAGING DIRECTOR

FRANK L. RIZZO
COMMISSIONER

para-military organization run by Frank Rizzo. His critics, including the American Civil Liberties Union and The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People say his military tactics are suggestive of a Police State. But Rizzo is popular with most Philadelphians. For one thing, crime rates in Philadelphia are the lowest of America's big cities. Rizzo is also given credit for keeping the city's black ghettos from erupting and for taking a hard line on militant radicals.

PETTIT: Much of the protest activity comes from the 45 colleges and universities in the area. One was a reenactment of the killings at Kent State. Again, Commissioner Rizzo.

RIZZO: I believe that there's a place in our community for peaceful protests and demonstrations, but we know, as police, that many, many of the movements and many, many of the actions that are taking... are by people who have other motives in mind. Move from city to city. Represent various organizations. And they come into a city, a couple of them, and they are experts in their fields and many, many people fall in that have no... absolutely no idea what they represent. I am convinced that this is where a lot of mistakes are made. And I'm certain that if the police respond and respond in force and use the force that's necessary, take these people into custody... this is where we've backed off too much! You know, what do we mean by democracy? Do we mean that only the loudmouths, the people who want to violate our laws, the anarchists have all the rights? And I get a little disgusted when I hear experts in their field try to tell professional policemen how to do their jobs. We know everything about the people who are going to cause problems in our city. Our Intelligence Squad with the Civil Disobedience Squad, no Police Department could be successful without the information that we glean from our Intelligence by our Intelligence Squad. We know, generally, who's going to do what before they do it. That gives us time to prepare. We know who comes into the town, we know who's going to leave it, we know what they're going... when they're going to leave it... and, you know, again we get a scream that this is a Police State. When this happens, we're losing all the rights guaranteed under our Constitution.

FENCL: All right, you want to put some identifications down, Frank.

FRANK: Right.

FENCL: You got the thing?

FRANK: I gave it out... I gave it to him.

FENCL: All right... okay. You have that candy putter there with that...

FRANK: Yes, just came up... she wasn't here before.

FENCL: Shelter half one. I have Tony Abrogan.

FRANK: The little girl over there, she's at all of these demonstrations.

FENCL: Yeah, we... we got 'r name... I don't recall it right now. Judy Jomski, Ed Cole, Donna Wolfe, Martha Westover, Candy Putter, Stephanie Gold... We've been acquainted with

quite a number of people throughout the years that we've been handling demonstrations. We have made a record of every demonstration that we've handled in the city of Philadelphia and reduced this to writing, first by report and then taking out the names of persons connected with the different movements. We have some 18,000 names and we've made what we call an alphabetical file. We make a 5 by 8 card on each demonstrator that we know the name and so forth that we handle. This card shows such information as the name, address, picture if possible, and a little rundown on the person... which group he pickets with and so forth. Also, on the back of the card, we show the different demonstrations, the date, time, and location and the groups that the person has picketed with. We have some 600 different organizations that we've encountered in the Philadelphia area. We have such organizations as the Klu Klux Klan, which we... as you can see, we have quite a membership there. And all the way over to the other extreme, the left organizations such as the SDS and so forth. The most active one right now is the SDS organization... both the Labor Committee, the Weatherman organizations and a lot of the peace groups are extremely active at this time... the Student Mobilization Committee, the New Mobilization Committee, the Friend's Peace Committee, Quaker Action Groups and so forth.

PETTIT: Philadelphia Police Photographers are among the country's busiest and most efficient. They cover more than 1,000 demonstrations every year. The Philadelphia police know who shows up, even when there is no action. But when there is police action, one man is almost always there... In more than 27 years as a cop, Rizzo has always gravitated to the action. Philadelphia's only major ghetto riot happened in August, 1964. Rizzo now says that proper use of police force at the right time would have averted the riot. But that were prevented from acting soon enough. That was before Rizzo was Commissioner. November, 1967. A black power demonstration at the Philadelphia School Board. It was broken up at the command of Frank Rizzo who had been named Police Commissioner six months earlier. Subsequent charges of police brutality were dismissed. But the Commissioner had learned something. Force, alone, is not the answer.

RIZZO: You cannot police big cities today unless your men and even the Chief and his men are completely familiar with the complex society we live in... the various cultures, races, etcetera. This has to be and it's working. Sensitivity to humans and the courses in human relations are absolutely important.

INSTRUCTOR: Okay, now you have a crowd here. And the police gave them an order to move on... maybe these people felt they had a cause, a reason to be there. How about that? A just cause?

CADETS: Then you also have in there a professional crowd stirrer.

INSTRUCTOR: Exactly!

CADETS: Agitator... agitator...

INSTRUCTOR: Vested interest... exactly!

Paid agitators, also the people who seek anonymity in strength from a crowd and emotion... any number. And what is the best and effective way to disperse them?

CADETS: The best way to handle that situation if the crowd gathers would be to handle it lightly. Tell jokes or tell something lightly, you know, like to break up the group, so they won't be angry at you, they'll be more laughing and joking about it. Use a little more tact... don't try to be disrespectful to the people

INSTRUCTOR: Okay, now we have three or four different ways, one says psychology... you said psychology... crowd psychology, yours was...

CADET: Separate the agitators.

INSTRUCTOR: Separate them. And yours was get more force.

CADET: I said the first thing would be to get more force.

INSTRUCTOR: Get more help. Is there any one best way?

CADET: I think a show of force would be the best.

INSTRUCTOR: A show of force?

CADET: Right. Because you could control a crowd better, by just having the manpower there.

OFFICER: Gentlemen, the function of this Unit is to support the district in any jobs that they may encounter. When they encounter a barricaded person, a man with a gun, it is our job to back them up with the weaponry they may need to combat the situation. The basic hand weapon that we use is the 357 Magnum. The next gun that we would use would be the shot gun, the Model 12. That's a 12 gauge shot gun.

PETTIT: This is another Rizzo innovation, the mobile armory. At all times, seven of these trucks are on the streets of Philadelphia ready for deployment, manned by highly trained sharpshooters.

OFFICER: The next weapon we'd use after that would be the 30-06 High Powered Long Range Rifle, and we have it scoped up.

* * * * *

PETTIT: Saturday night, a routine police assignment, a minor disturbance at a cafe. The specifics of what happened are insignificant... except for the people directly involved. But for the police, it was the kind of episode which on any summer night could start a riot.

NEGRO: I didn't hit him...

PETTIT: This time the situation was handled quickly and without trouble. But like police everywhere, the Philadelphia police have potential riot always on their mind. Unlike police everywhere, they are constantly reminded of their responsibilities by the police radio network. Even routine prime calls end with a plug for police courtesies, sponsored by Frank Rizzo. **DISPATCHER:** All cars stand by unless you have an emergency, wanted for a strong arm robbery, escaped on foot, east on Granite from Darrow, all cars stand by. Attention all police! Attention all police! Courtesy and

(Continued on page 26)

superchief



Ask the school board to fire the administration, let the teachers run the schools, and split the financial difference with the board.
Help students and parents organize a Free School.

Set up a counter in-service week, planned and carried out by teachers.
Alert students to placing mousetraps in their lockers on locker check day.
File a suit against compulsory attendance laws.
Stop the gossip about kids in faculty lounges.
Have your English classes correct all office memos and return them.
Put out bogus memos.
Assist kids in setting up a curriculum evaluation committee.
Sabotage the course requirement system by inviting state department people to classes.
Arrange ACLU presentations for kids about legal rights.
Arrange ACLU presentations on academic freedom for teachers.
Use walkie-talkies to stay in touch with isolated teachers in the fifth wing, third floor.
Interest the local bar association in legal services for kids.
Conduct free Saturday classes--open the school, invite the janitor.
Help students photograph the school from their point of view and set up a display in town.
Send the school board a bill for chaperone services--take it to small claims court if they don't pay.
Have your wife telephone you during faculty meetings.
Visit a New School near you.
Start a New School near you with some friends.
Take a tape recorder/witness/lawyer to the office when called in.
Calculate and publicize the total man-hours wasted by bad jokes at faculty meetings, taking attendance, writing hall passes, counting lunch money, etc.
Give up classes on Fridays and have jam sessions.
Stop being afraid of parents.
Post walk-on-the-left signs in the halls.
Have teachers try going on a student's schedule for a day or two.
Help students draft a Students' Bill of Rights.
Walk on the grass in spite of the signs.
Print and distribute counter-brochures describing your district.
Place saran-wrap over waste cans, teachers' mailboxes, etc.
Stop teachers from busting lunch lines (tape signs on their backs?).
Alert students to boycotting lunch lines by brown-bagging it.
Demand a merit pay system for your administrators.
Arrange for a no-adults area for kids.
Have a bizarre thought.
Refuse to allow military recruiters to talk to your classes unless draft resistance advocates are also allowed to appear.
Have a student film festival.
Post the Guerilla Manual on the faculty bulletin board.
Let students teach classes.
Issue poetic licenses to English teachers.
Have teachers try trading subjects once in a while.
Try having students communicate without words.
Don't wear a tie.
Do wear a mini-skirt.
Seize the intercom and dismiss school.
Issue megaphones to all teachers.
Give a kid a day off if his parent comes to school.
Give students their choice of instructors.
Hold a school-wide free hour, open the labs, art rooms, etc.
Put a rocking chair in every room.
Convince the graduating class to use their gift money for something useful, beautiful, or subversive.
Demand that doors be placed on the commodes in the student cans.
Stamp out MUZAK on the PA.
Refuse to take lunchroom or playground duty.
Take up a collection and buy all kinds of games for your classroom.
Make a tape of the racist remarks in the faculty lounge and turn it over to the local Black Panthers.
Get your vice principal drunk and put him on a plane to Bangkok.
Set aside a blackboard for graffiti for students and/or teachers.
Stop collecting lunch money.
Overload the office with bogus memos, proposals for new programs, non-existent meetings, etc.
Steal the SRA kits and throw them in the bay. Teach real.
Epoxy the principal's door shut.
Ask the local garden club to beautify the school grounds.
Build a fireplace in the faculty lounge. Use it.
Buy a 1970 calendar for the faculty lounge.
Get a faculty lounge.
Get a faculty.
Hire a rock band to play for your classes and turn up the amplifiers.
Periodically, have hoardes of teachers (or students) go to the office and ask to have some rumor confirmed or denied.
Start rumors.
Wire a scrambler into the PA system.
Send out bogus notices: "There will be a meeting...", "All coaches will assemble...", "All sophomores will report to the office at 3:00 pm...."
Get a bullhorn and shout back down the hall.
Post negative directives on the hall bulletin boards: "Boys will not wear track shoes to school Thursday...." "Students will not wear black arm-bands....", etc.
Help bachelor teachers prettify their rooms.
Bring in a community person at least once a week to teach, or watch, or take notes.
Let your kids sit where they want (floor not excepted).
Take some floor pillows to school and watch them multiply.
Put a suggestion box in your room. Use it.
Demand that college placement bureaus quit working for sanctioned or struck districts.
Start a confidential file written by teachers, make it available to prospective teachers when they come to interview.
Offer to make the teacher-written file available to administrators if they will make theirs available to teachers.
Bring in doctors, carpenters, housewives, mechanics, engineers, cops, etc., and let your kids ask questions.
Talk to your principal.
Talk to your janitor.

the NEW GUERRILLA MANUAL for underground teachers

Rub lipstick, garlic, epoxy, etc., on the locker handles on locker bust days.
Encourage older students to teach younger ones.
Hire a lawyer and file a test suit over the "...and any other duties" clause in your contract.
Plaster the faculty bulletin board with mind-bending articles about schools, books, plays, politics, movies, meetings, pot parties, etc.
Start an exchange program of teachers at schools within driving distance.
Attend school board meetings, take notes, ditto summaries, distribute.
Initiate public debates on education in your district.
Refuse to chaperone after-school dances, games, rooter buses, etc.
Have a guerilla tactics brainstorming party in your district (send some to TP-- share the wealth!).
Conduct evening seminars with parents on how schools fail their children and what's needed for kids to learn.
Call up Herb Kohl in Berkeley and bend his ear.
Teach grammar for nine solid months and help speed up the revolution.
Refuse to teach more than 20 kids in the first three grades.
Teach evening mini-courses to parents in local history, city-county government, spelling, political action, art, dramatics, physical fitness, writing, video-taping, typing, community newsletters, and underground papers.
Give your administration a gift vacation to Hawaii for the month of January.
Make a deal with the office: you won't use the PA if they won't.
Telephone one parent every night to talk about his child, the schools, etc., for fifteen minutes.
Find a good idea your principal has and compliment him.
Demand equal time with coaches to speak at the Rotary luncheons about last week's lesson and the coming week's big test.
Collect facts on budget breakdowns and publicize them.
Sell your body (if you've already sold your soul), and leave the money to the faculty improvement fund.
Use parent conferences to agitate for change.
Get some copies of school laws.
Fire your PR and R committee and write something honest for the local paper.
Use teachers to recruit new teachers.
Read George Dennison's Lives of Children.
Tell the office secretary that you don't take orders from her.
Buy your superintendent and principal a subscription to The Teacher Paper.
Explain to the public how non-teaching duties are a waste of the taxpayers' money.
Help students raise money for second-hand sofas, chairs, rugs, etc., and throw out all the plumbing-pipe-and-plastic furniture in the classroom.
Abandon the schedule one day a week and substitute films, games, athletics, dancing, open labs in shop, science, art....
Invite parents to class frequently, ask them to work as aides.
Invite your principal to your class every day. Invite him to teach a class.
Actively support teachers in the lower grades who are trying to improve conditions there.
Begin your next job interview by shouting "I don't take shit from anybody!"
Hire an actor to impersonate parental voices and make telephone calls to the office.
Produce a teacher newsletter.
Encourage students and parents to pressure for a real voice in curriculum decisions.
Invite the school board to visit your classes. Invite them to teach one.
Organize a spring festival of the Arts.
Forget about the curriculum for a day and talk about the good books you've read recently.
Agitate for 15-minute breaks for students and teachers in am/pm for milk, fruit, smokes, etc.
Decipher the dress code.
Arrange for a student lounge.
Encourage students to paint classroom interiors, choose posters.
Plant grass in the chalk trays.

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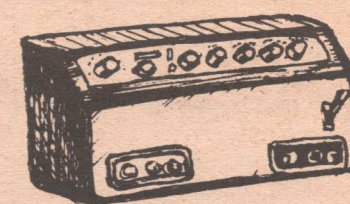
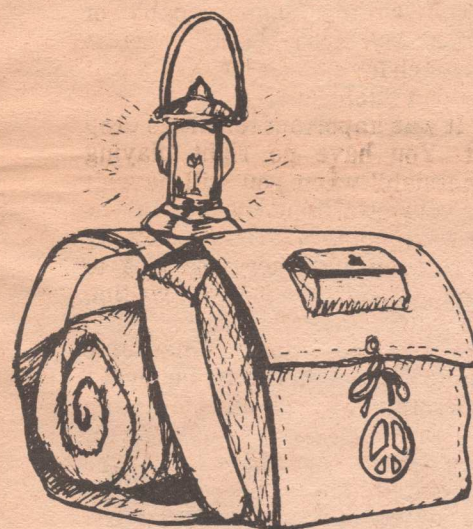
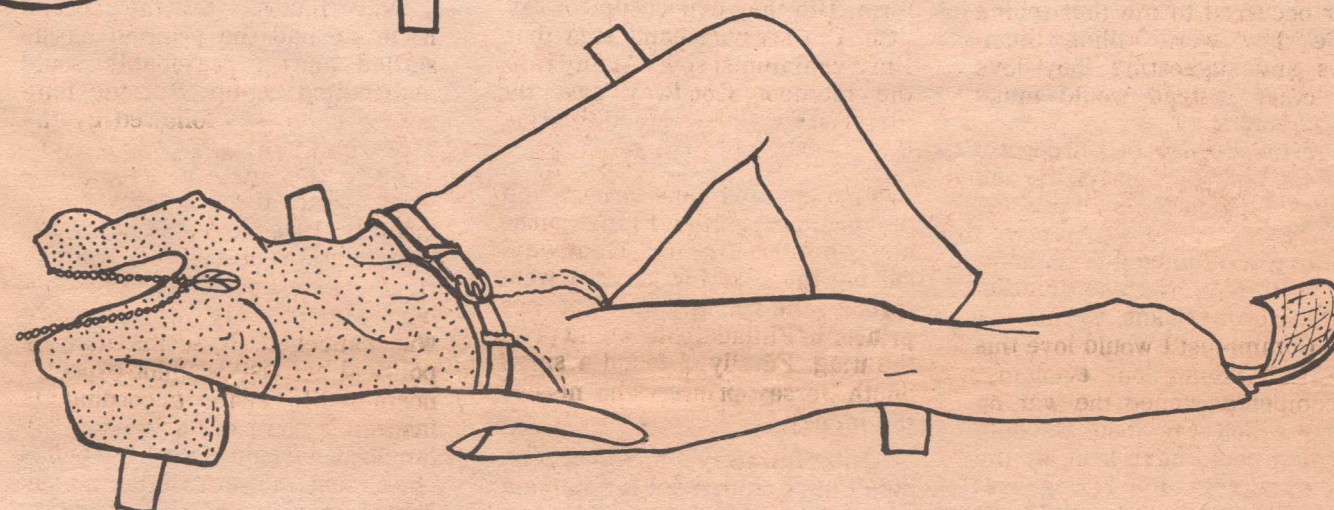
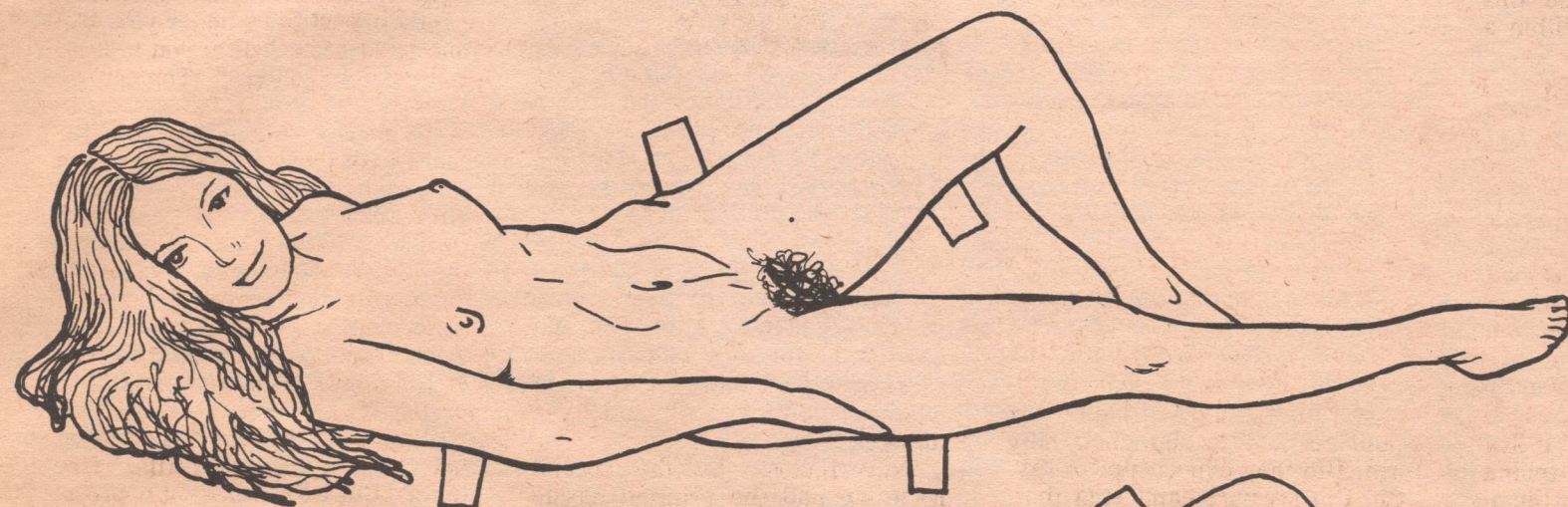
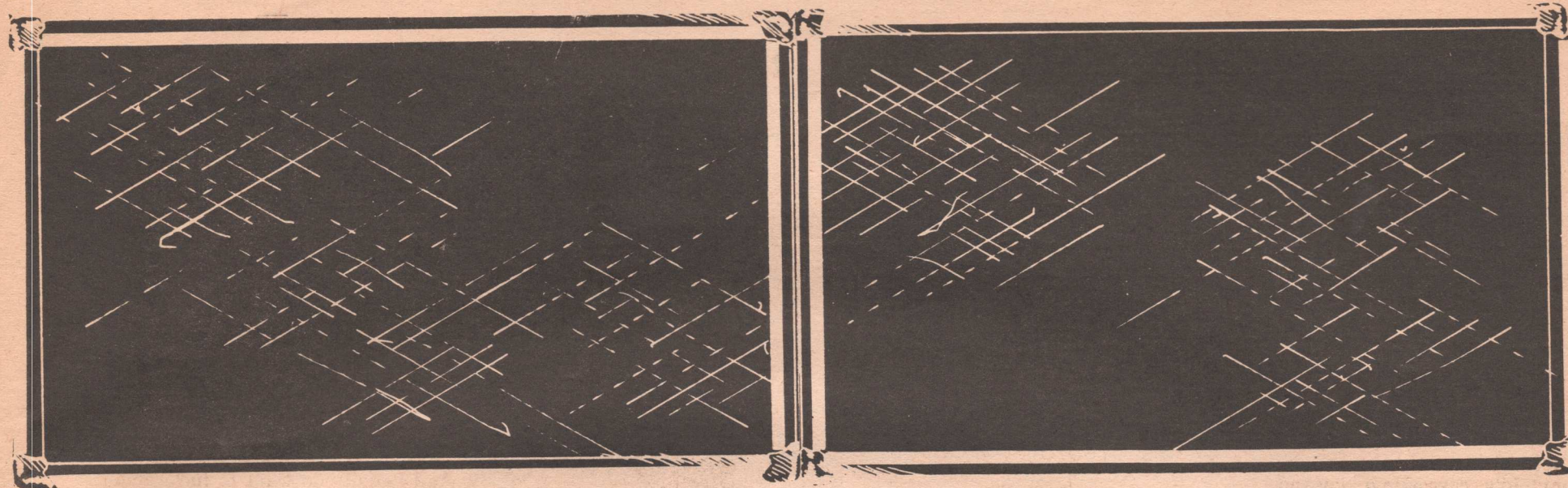
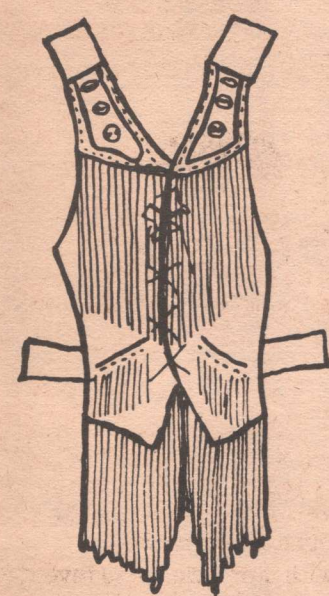
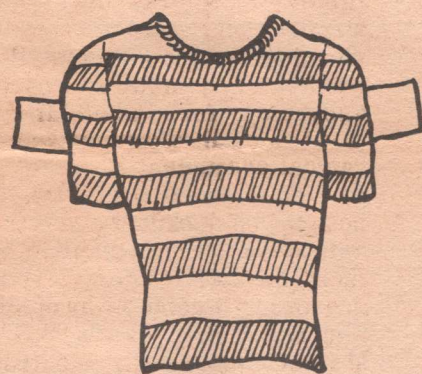
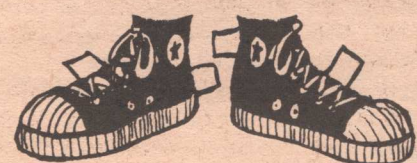
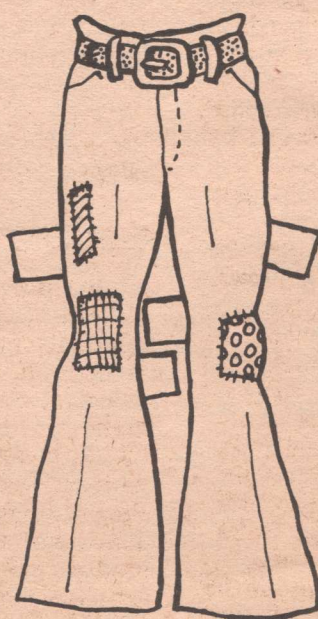
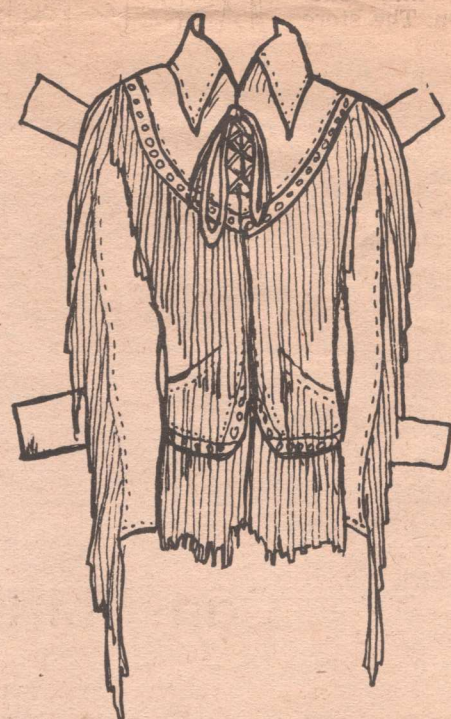
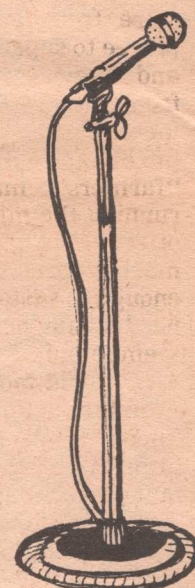
NOTE TO THE ADMINISTRATOR AND/OR TEACHER WHO REMOVES THIS POSTER FROM THE BULLETIN BOARD:
You are the reason this manual even came into existence. Think about it.



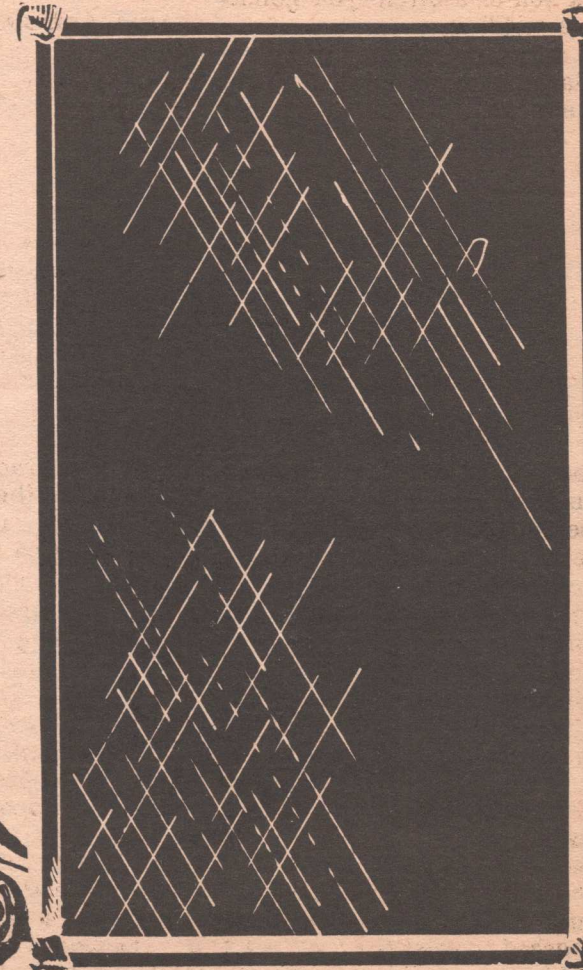
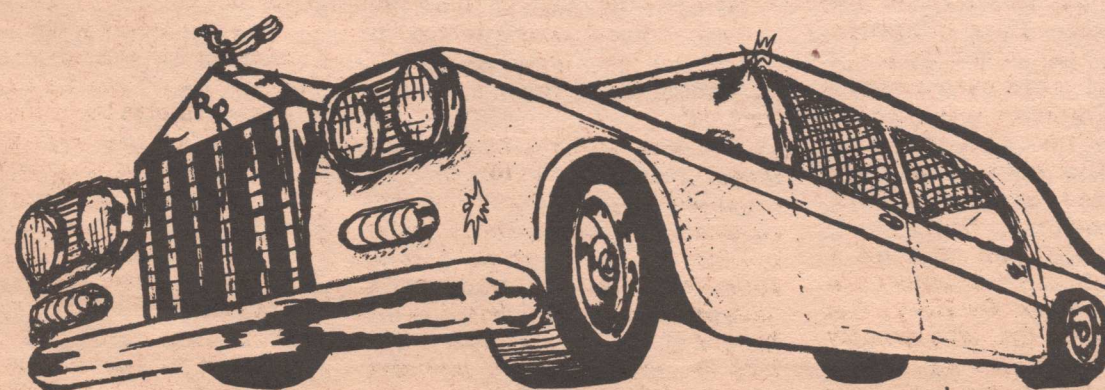
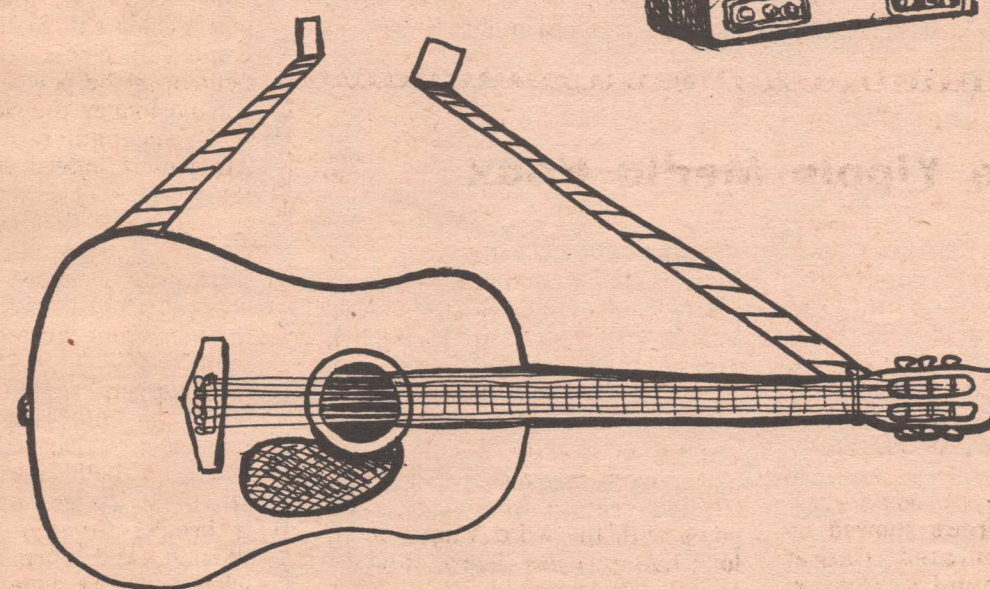
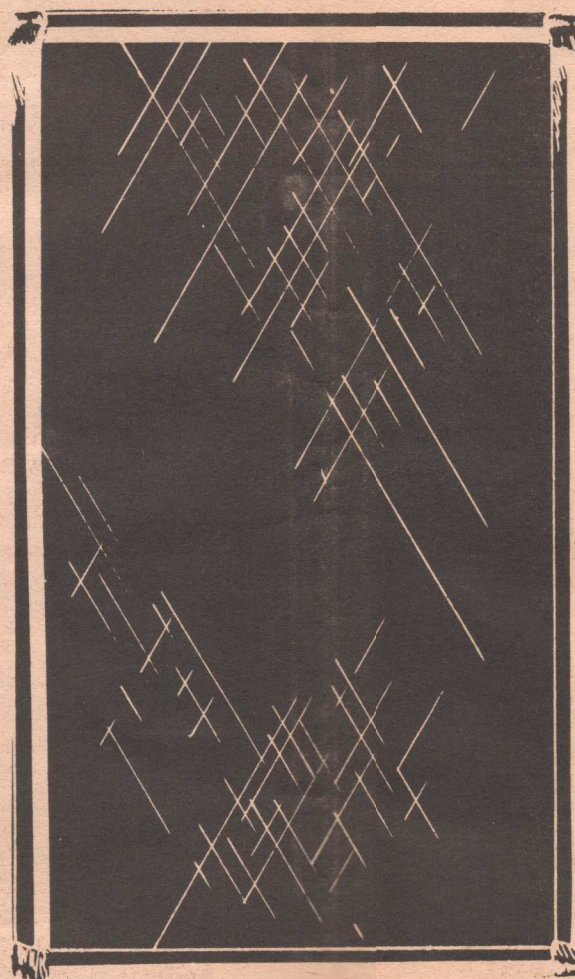
I'LL WIPE OUT
THE WHOLE CITY
WITH...

THE Professional Paper Plaything #1

THE ROCK MUSICIAN



... Professional Paper
Plaything #2 ...
the Hashish
Smuggler!



The Inner City Co-op

No, there isn't one in Philadelphia yet. But when it gets here we're going to be saved. Well, at least we're going to be saved from one hell of a lot of time-and-money hassles. Those hassles will be exchanged for other kinds of hassles. The right kind. If we get an Inner City Co-op together like they have in Montreal, we'll be able to live on pennies. And we'll have a real, rather than penny-ante, struggle on our hands, it will be a struggle for a new society.

The Montreal Inner-City Co-op works like this: Co-op members obtain goods and services very inexpensively by pooling a small amount of money and labor. 1,000 members living in a 30-square block area chip in \$2.00 and one hour of labor a month to the common cause. They meet monthly to decide how their elected committee is to spend the money and time. The co-op committee then sets up services which, ultimately, provide an entire life-support system for the community.

The first service set up by the Montreal committee was a food co-op. The concept does not really differ from the food co-op approach already working in several Philadelphia communities. (Coverage of which will be appearing in R.A.P.) In Montreal, the first monthly infusion of \$2,000 from members was used to set up a store front and a full-time employee to supervise food shipments and manage the store with help from the members' hour-a-month labor. Food for the co-op store is purchased directly from the "farmers" market, thus end-running the middlemen. The store offers food at 30% off regular market prices and still makes enough to sustain the store without need for further infusions from the membership fees.

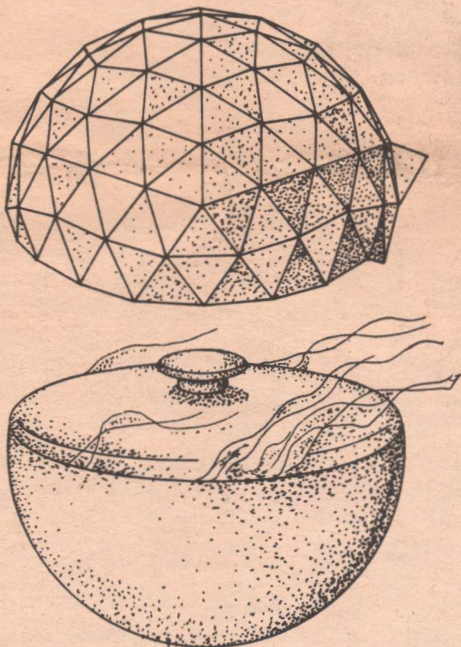
"We did food first," says co-op founder Jared Feinsmith, "because people could see the immediate benefits of membership quickest through weekly savings at the co-op market. Members can see that they save more than their \$2.00 monthly membership fee on food alone." New services are now in the works: A co-op laundry, where each bundle costs 5¢ to wash and 5¢ to dry; a co-op truck, which rents for 20¢ an hour plus gas; a co-op dentist, who provides work at cost of materials -- which means that a filling costs 75¢ and a root-canal job \$4.00. In the case of the dentist -- or plumber, mechanic, electrician, doctor, etc. -- the idea is to set aside a portion of the monthly dues for a living wage. Hence the only thing the member pays for when he needs a job done is materials. Feinsmith predicts that, as more services are added, the co-op will have no trouble asking for more money each month to support new services voted by the membership. "As people get the hang of it, they can't get enough," he says.

Feinsmith intends to carry the word to poorer sections of town, once several co-op services are well-established. "Our co-op is composed mainly of teachers, students, resisters and general long-hairs. But once we've really got something to show then we can export it. We'll walk into the blue-collar section nearby and say 'look what us freaks are doing, we're saving all kinds of bread.'" Feinsmith, an American draft resister, is quite aware of the political ramifications of what he's doing. "Ultimately we will become a real threat to the Establishment.

Here we are, making money a real medium of exchange again -- returning man to a state of one-for-one bartering, a you-be-my-doctor-I'll-be-your-architect basis. This can't help but be a bigger threat to the System than all the bomb-throwers put together."

Co-op economics does not necessarily mean co-op living, although some of Montreal's members have, though common economics, decided to live co-operatively as extended "families." The co-op simply functions as a medium of exchange, as a basis for the close-knit weaving of skills, services, and goods into a New Life survival system. The social, political and cultural implications of this "new old economics" are endless. The Co-op promises nothing less than to emancipate people from dependence on outside institutions for survival in an urban context.

Because of the great possibilities offered by the Inner City Co-op idea, R.A.P. is serving as a clearing house for co-op development. If you are interested in helping to develop an Inner City Co-op in a particular area of Philadelphia, write Co-op, R.A.P.

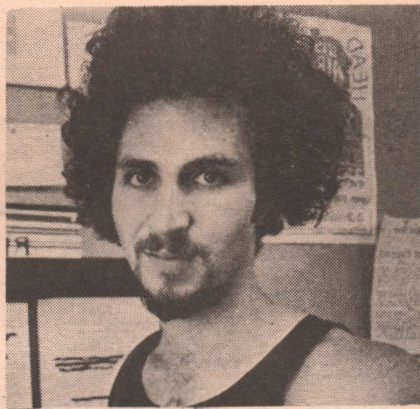


Can Philadelphia Do As Montreal?

How can you invest in something you believe in and also make healthful food more available and less expensive? Become a member of Ecology Food Co-op, and help establish a store conducted along sound ecological principles.

For six months people from Powelton Village, Germantown, and Center City have met to plan an organic food consumer cooperative named Ecology Food Co-op. They have placed bulk orders totalling over \$4,000 with Walnut Acres. This volume had made it impractical to continue servicing these orders from private homes and plans have been made to form a cooperative affiliated with Twin Pines, the national association of consumer cooperatives. The Co-op will distribute organic food and other ecologically sound products and are in the process of leasing, with option to buy, a building in the 3700 block of Lancaster Ave. to serve as a store-distribution center.

At first the store will be open



Everything for Everybody

by Susan Thomas



"This place is a 'Whole Earth Catalog' of people," reads the largest of the many signs at "Everything for Everybody, Inc."

What is "Everything?" You can find out by dialing 627-2169, but it's best to visit Stan Pokras at his storefront in the South Street Renaissance (503 South Street). Stan is the owner/originator of the Philadelphia "Everything." His leaflet tells you that "if you want something done or to do something, to buy, sell or barter anything or to find a place to live -- in brief, if you want anything" sign up for an "Everything" membership.

If you visit Stan, you'll see what makes "Everything" significant to people seeking alternatives to the nine-to-five cockroach race, and discover the spirit which distinguishes it from straight job/service agencies. Stan recognizes that in this society no one can do everything for himself and he sees E. for E. as a "center for communication between people... a place to trade ideas, belongings and skills."

"Everything" operates on a membership basis. For one year the cost is \$25 (\$15 for one-half year). Payment of this amount entitles the member to take or to offer as many opportunities as he wishes in the course of a year with no further obligation to "Everything." Once contact is established between employer and employee or buyer and seller, the

If your needs are simple, you can get anything you want at the 'Whole Earth Catalog' of people.

financial arrangements are strictly between them; "Everything" takes no percentage. Non-members are free to come in and examine the file of jobs and services available. This file, however, does not include names and addresses; these are available only to members. Regular mailings inform members of the latest file listings.

Most of the jobs offered come from people around the age of 35, and the average age of those looking for work is around 25. (Sample opportunities on the day R.A.P. visited "Everything" included offers of skydiving lessons, medical services for demonstrations and protests, apartment cleaning services, and needs for handymen, models, escorts, subjects for medical and psychological studies, as well as a radical accountant!)

Stan's posted hours are from noon to 7 on weekdays and 11 to 5 on Saturdays, but he admits to being there all day everyday. The endeavor has become a way of life for him, rather than just his "job." He started out as an electronics engineer on the assumption that what he wanted to do was to make machines work. He became dissatisfied, dropped out, and spent several months getting inside his head. There he discovered what he really wanted to make work was

(Continued on page 19)



can decline it.) Profits - if any - will be divided among members in the form of rebates according to the amount of purchases.

Those with more than \$100 invested will receive rebates and interest by check; others will have rebates and interest added to their investment. A member may resign at any time and get back his full cash investment.

If you have any questions or would like more information, call either 387-2278 or 384-2532.



3607 Baring St., Phila., 19104.

How The Evening Bulletin Exposed Itself

The *Evening Bulletin*, Philadelphia's best known late afternoon newspaper, recently published a revealing self-portrait. The competition was caught flat-footed by what many journalists consider the scoop of the year. In its series entitled "The New Revolutionaries," The *Bulletin* managed to make perfectly clear once and for all who runs the paper.

The *Bulletin* series on "The New Revolutionaries" described the activities of the underground Free Press and of the East Powelton Concerned Residents. It also described the people who run the two organizations in considerable detail. In fact, the *Bulletin* coverage was so comprehensive that it included pictures of the leaders, home addresses, occupations, affiliations, draft statuses, sibling attitudes, and more. But the real purpose of the series was not lost on *Bulletin* readers. Philadelphians are not uninformed. (Nearly everybody in Philadelphia reads the *Bulletin*.) *Bulletin* readers already know all about those revolutionary types. Therefore the readers perceived that the series had a higher purpose. The obvious purpose of the coverage was to prove who really runs the *Bulletin*.

To non-Philadelphians such a purpose appears bizarre, even perverse. Why would a newspaper wish to expose itself in public, they wonder. But Philadelphians don't find it in the least bit strange. They understand and, in the main, sympathize with the plight of the *Bulletin*. Philadelphians are aware of the vicious rumors being spread around the town concerning the *Bulletin* management. They know that some people assume that the *Bulletin* management does not run the *Bulletin*. Rumors have it that various special interests in the city really run the paper -- like certain real estate tycoons, city contractors, younger reporters, ward leaders, or Walter Annenberg. Some people even thought Richie Allen really ran the *Bulletin* -- until he got traded to the St. Louis Cardinals and nothing in the paper changed. So much for rumors. In any event, the rumors certainly didn't do the *Bulletin* much good. So, as might be expected, the paper's management finally got around to scotching them once and for all.

As a rumor-eliminator, the series on "The New Revolutionaries" must be regarded as a master stroke. It made decisively clear who really runs the *Bulletin*. The way the paper engineered the feat is quite straightforward. Instead of routinely assigning young reporters to the task of covering the young revolutionaries (which would have been the "logical" move), the editors assigned the series to a pair of seasoned veterans, Albert V. Gaudiosi, 48, and Bayard Rustin, 53. Result: The paper was able to publish a report which did not in the least reflect the possible presence of pressures from a whole lot of various and sundry outside and inside interests. It was able instead to publish a study which reflected the news-management expertise of a single guiding hand.

Gaudiosi and Rustin are exceptional reporters. Over the years they have developed an enviable reputation among their colleagues for both getting inside a story and getting a story inside. Their ability to report correctly even the most incredible data about people borders on the fantastic. Crucial therefore to an understanding of the *Bulletin*'s successful self-portrait is a knowledge of Gaudiosi and Rustin's origins, career, and professional characteristics.

Albert Gaudiosi was born and raised in South Philadelphia's Italian-American community. He attended St. Joe's, fought in World War II as a Seabee, and returned to pursue journalism after a stint at Penn. He joined the *Inquirer*, rose through the ranks to city editor, and, in 1964, defected to the *Bulletin*. Evidently, more than money lured him, for right after he joined the paper

Gaudiosi helped prepare a major expose on the numbers racket and crooked cops in South Philly. The expose netted him a share of a Pulitzer prize. It also earned him the gratitude of a fellow South Philadelphian: in the shakeup following the expose, Frank Rizzo moved well up the ladder inside the police department.

Gaudiosi has not written an expose on the police department since. Evidently, all the crooked cops must have been purged following the 1964 expose, for since then Gaudiosi has turned his talents to returning the house-cleaned department to a high position in the public's confidence. He did a series for the *Bulletin* in 1965, to which the paper affixed the following introduction: "With crime on the increase... the Philadelphia policeman's morale was never lower... To look the problem in the eye and see the face of a policeman as a man doing a tough and courageous job, Albert V. Gaudiosi, Pulitzer Prize-winning *Bulletin* reporter, talked to the man on the beat, the department officials, and rode a prowler car through the 'crime belt.'"

During 1965 and 1966, the question of a civilian's Police Advisory Board was a live issue in the city. With it came the issue of "police brutality." At the height of the furor over the PAB, Gaudiosi did an interview on the subject with ex-cop John Harrington, who now heads both the local and national Fraternal Order of Police and made news recently with his remarks on rock festivals, Krushchev, and "deguella" (a massacre.) The interview revealed that the policeman's "low morale is attributable to the PAB and the alleged abuse of policemen by minority groups. (sic)" Following other articles on the same subject, Gaudiosi reviewed a book on city police departments called *The Police Establishment* by William W. Turner. The PAB issue was dead by this time (mid-1967), but Gaudiosi still found the subject important. "What Turner does mention -- 13 times to be exact -- in discussing the local police is the civilian Police Advisory Board, dead almost 13 months now." That Gaudiosi dwells on the subject is understandable considering the impact his articles undoubtedly had on the PAB question.

The Turner review is the only book review Gaudiosi has written for the *Bulletin*. Which does not necessarily indicate that Gaudiosi pressed the idea on the editors. The editors surely knew that Gaudiosi was the writer by far the most knowledgeable on the subject of the police -- and most objective, in that he had written both an expose of the police department and also articles which were generally on the other side of the question. Like the PAB, Turner's book is an attempt to expose or check immoderate police power. Gaudiosi redresses the balance. In his review, called "An Alleged Police Saga," Gaudiosi's opening point is that Turner does not once mention Frank Rizzo's name in all 17 pages on the Philadelphia Police Department. He continues:

And that's the book's most notable achievement.

But then, one shouldn't expect the author, a staff writer for *Ramparts* [and, incidentally, an ex-FBI man] to press Rizzo to his parapet.

In fact, Turner's liberal petticoat peeks through most of the book... The author accuses police, in effect, of spotting a communist or a pinko behind every picket sign.

By 1966, Gaudiosi was expert enough about Philadelphia's Police Department, and familiar enough with those who ran it, to aid the cause of justice more directly. Gaudiosi's uncanny eye for detail turned up the whereabouts of a much-wanted fugitive, alleged murderer Robert DeGeorge.

DeGeorge granted Gaudiosi an interview from hiding. District Attorney Arlen Specter naturally asked Gaudiosi how to get ahold of DeGeorge. But Gaudiosi refused him the information. Specter was planning to run for mayor at the time and so would have gained inordinate publicity through capturing DeGeorge; the publicity would have unduly abused the power of the press and manipulated the electorate. Frank L. Rizzo was, however, not running for mayor. Only justice itself would be served if Rizzo brought DeGeorge in. Gaudiosi subsequently arranged for Rizzo to meet with DeGeorge at a parking lot in the Northeast. As Gaudiosi's dramatic report told it, the parking lot was where Frank L. Rizzo persuaded Robert DeGeorge to turn himself in. Gaudiosi then drove the ex-fugitive down to the Roundhouse where he formally surrendered to Rizzo. Not long afterward, Frank Rizzo became Acting Commissioner of Police.

Gaudiosi has evidently studied and reported on Frank Rizzo sufficiently by now to hazard certain predictions. One that he has made upon occasion concerns the next mayoralty race. Gaudiosi makes it clear that, should the Commissioner decide to run, he will have no difficulty finding a suitable campaign manager.

So much for Gaudiosi's expertise in the nature and exercise of justice. Clearly, no reporter in the city has a more highly-developed insight into the administration of justice. Now for Gaudiosi's accurate eye for detail.

In 1964, Gaudiosi was Suburban Desk Editor of the *Bulletin*. In this capacity he did a series on hard-core sex criminals entitled "The State Of Shame." The paper's introduction to the series suggested a novel approach to crime fighting: "... how do you make the punishment fit both the crime and the criminal. One answer: Investigate the criminal before he is sentenced." The word "investigate" refers to police investigation but naturally the *Bulletin*'s Gaudiosi carried out his own investigations in order to show how it's done. He did not work with shiny material. Instead, he achieved absolute fidelity by studying actual parole board files. In doing so, he managed to obtain exact information on the essential nature of the parole board file folders:

I've just learned about the men and women described in the files of the State Parole Board.

I'm sick. Those cases in the pink folders did it. Yes, pink. Shocking pink.

They're sex deviates... I asked, "why the pink folders?"

"Pink is for danger" he said. "Wherever a sex crime is committed, we come down here to see who is in and who is out."

"If he's out, he's a possible suspect." Sickenin', isn't it?

Already in 1964 Gaudiosi proved that he could report accurately on the most telling characteristics of official files. Gaudiosi's penchant for pin-point accuracy, and his intimate knowledge of the scales of justice, proved to be vital elements in the *Bulletin*'s recent rumor-scotching campaign.

Whereas Gaudiosi's expertise is justice, Bayard Rustin's lies in his familiarity with Philadelphia's minority groups, especially blacks and youth. Rustin's specialties have allowed his talents to flourish in that his objectivity could not possibly be tainted by over-involvement with his subject-matter. Rustin is neither black nor young.

Rustin's dispassionate professional

detachment has reaped rich rewards for *Bulletin* readers. In a March 27, 1966, article, for example, Rustin showed why practically all welfare is wasted on black people. "North Philadelphia is the area where rioting Negroes did some \$2 million damage to stores -- which they looted in the area along Columbia Avenue in August, 1964," Rustin's own hard-core statistics follow: Negroes are responsible for 15% of all the State's crimes, 25% of the unemployment, 59% of all the food assistance, and 50% of all relief. Rustin clearly has the facts on the blacks.

In training his eye on youth, Rustin is also devastatingly mindful of his specifics. In a May, 1968, report on Penn State radicals, for example, he was able to sum up the facts on the New Left in a single sentence: "SDSers are against the draft, against the Vietnam war, and are proponents of racial equality. This is the new left campus style." He goes on to explain how the SDSers got that way: "... it appeared as if the SDSers were super-idealists, unhappy because America failed to live up to its textbook image, upset because life is different from dreams. They are not hippies, not freaks. A generation ago they might have been called Communists." Rustin is thus also flexible enough not to get tied down too much by his specific data. He is also flexible enough to offer his readers a glimpse of a solution, as he does in another article on youth: "Mrs. Jean Pircain told yesterday how she bridged the generation gap when she found her daughter was smoking marijuana: She turned the girl over to the police."

Gaudiosi and Rustin were the only reporters the *Bulletin* could have assigned to the task of doing a self-portrait of the paper in print. Their expertise uniquely prepared them for the task. In "The New Revolutionaries" series they found the perfect vehicle. The series enabled the Gaudiosi/Rustin team to use their complementary strengths to such effect that they were able to prove without doubt exactly who's in charge at the paper.

First, the team was able to tell the truth about the revolution by studying only two examples. They found enough material on the Free Press and the East Powelton Concerned Residents alone to fill up a four-part series. Secondly, Rustin's familiarity with the specific characteristics of youth enabled the team to write with confidence

and vitality on the subject. They therefore found it unnecessary to interview the Free Press or Powelton people, a step which would have made the report less than objective and might have confused readers. Lastly, Gaudiosi's eye for detail, nose for the vital characteristics of file folders, and familiarity with the machinery of justice, meant that absolute accuracy was unavoidable. What more proof of accuracy is needed than that the people most prominently featured in the series variously lost their jobs, apartments, and printer. Such accuracy is so devastating that it invites comparison with the detailed data that may be found in police department files.

The Philadelphia Police Department keeps complete dossiers on all known radicals and revolutionaries in the city. Commissioner Rizzo is evidently quite proud of the comprehensive nature of the files, for he discusses them at length on network television. The files are confidential, of course, and are never made public. It is therefore impossible to estimate whether Gaudiosi and Rustin were able to compile information on the young revolutionaries which was more, or less, accurate than the material contained in police files.

Some of the younger *Bulletin* reporters appeared to resent the Gaudiosi/Rustin series. Their sour grapes is understandable: They had obviously come to expect assignments to cover youth subjects. Just as the other, more experienced, reporters had come to expect per assignments covering other special interests around town. This is the very situation which had helped to foster the nasty rumors in the first place. The *Bulletin*'s associate editor and vice president, Donald McLean, had unwittingly assisted the rumor-mongers in this regard last year by extending kind words to the young. He said, "We realize that we and all newspapers are losing touch with younger people. They don't seem to trust newspapers. They consider them as part of the Establishment." A man who sticks to that outlook is a man who might assign young reporters to cover young revolutionaries -- and might therefore get himself in trouble for letting various outside interests influence his paper's coverage. Wisely, McLean and managing editor George Packard, the "boy-

wonder," did not feel bound by the implications of McLean's statement. Gaudiosi and Rustin went to work instead, and objectivity and accuracy saved the day.

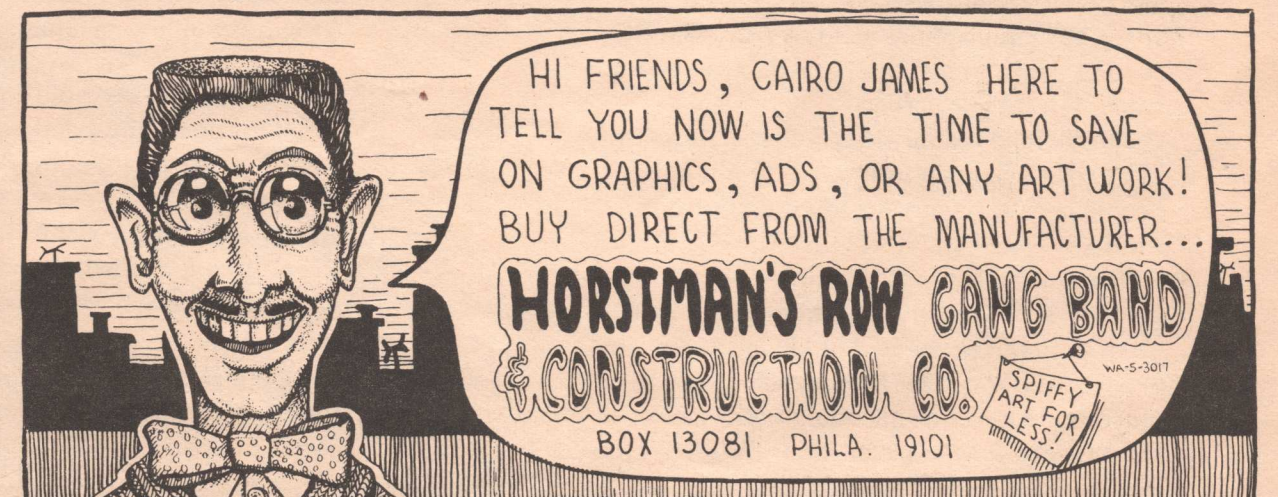
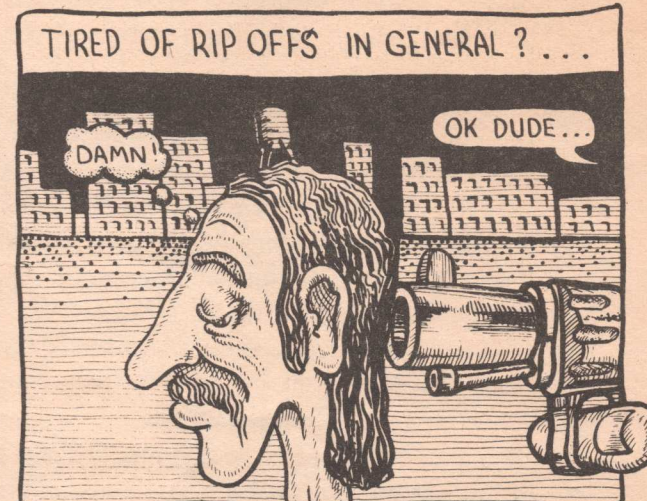
It should be crystal clear by now who really runs the *Bulletin*. George Packard and his team are indeed in control. That it took him a while to assert control is understandable. *Bulletin* reporters had grown accustomed to getting "their" assignments; it takes a while to weed out reporters who are overly intimate with interested parties. It also takes a while for the rumors about interested parties to reach the ears of the managing editor. To his credit, Packard waited until he was sure, absolutely certain, that he had a winner. Then he took his stand.

Now everyone in the city knows exactly where Packard stands. Inside the *Bulletin* there are no more illusions. Young reporters know they won't get the cozy assignments anymore. In the city-at-large there are no more rumors. It's all out in the open: The *Bulletin* is ruled by the guiding hand of justice, and justice alone alone.

Now everyone in the city knows exactly where Packard stands. Inside the *Bulletin* there are no more illusions. Young reporters know they won't get the cozy assignments anymore. In the city-at-large there are no more rumors. It's all out in the open: The *Bulletin* is ruled by the guiding hand of justice, and justice alone. Eloquent testimony to Packard's judicial hand is provided by the list of dignitaries who lined up in praise of the series on the young revolutionaries. Among them were U.S. Attorney Louis C. Bechtle, State Attorney General Fred Speaker, and Philadelphia Police Commissioner Frank L. Rizzo. In fact, Commissioner Rizzo even went so far as to commend the paper for "exposing those hardcore revolutionaries to the harsh glare of publicity."

Justice also has its enemies, of course. The American Civil Liberties Union take a dim view of the Gaudiosi/Rustin series. People mentioned in the series are suing the *Bulletin*. But that does not present a real problem to George Packard. Now that he has sided firmly with justice he knows exactly who his friends are. And his enemies.

Daniel Grotta
S.B. Chickering



A Look At Tomorrow

Here's the script of the ecological 'War of the Worlds' aired over WMMR-FM during the smog/heat crisis

Within one of the many small cubicles 5000 feet below the surface of the earth, I sit, or stir, measuring my life in sighs. Routine weaves a daily thread into a cable - rising at 5, consuming my ration of 5 milligrams of retrocrust, following the many narrow corridors to the large learning hall where the rest of them congregate. The tiny maze of our lives, artificial air, light, artificial existence - this is what remains - the few thousands of us - to represent man.

The elders are the only ones with hope they seem to remember a highly evolved society where a man could breathe the refreshing air of a virgin forest. There was land - landscape, waterfalls and springs, the white border of an ever changing sea met the tanned, exposed flesh of a pine and rock bound coast. The elders are the only ones knowing hope. They know of a better place, I do not. I know this. My experience is only this. The land means nothing to me and so, what is their hope?

Is their hope what books term the great potential of the mid-20th century? The 1950's dream of a bright progressive future? No, it must be another kind of hope, for they also remember the result of those 20th century prospects - Man's Nature, his unconscious impetus to favor destruction to the calm - to sway toward evil - from good - to favor darkness over the light.

Starting into a history of the 20th century I can't help but recognize an intriguing concept; if man living in 1970 had a prophet envisioning the course of this world, all could stop and all would be changed - - - to whom it may concern is the past, this is my signature.

* * * *

The end of the ocean came late in the summer of 1979 and it came even more rapidly than the biologists had expected. There had been signs for more than a decade, commencing with the discovery in 1968 that DDT slows down photosynthesis in marine plant life. It was announced in a short paper in the technical journal, BIOLOGY TODAY, and ecologists is smacked of doomsday. They knew that all life in the sea depended on photosynthesis, the chemical process by which green plants bind the sun's energy and make it available to living things. And they knew that DDT and similar chlorinated hydrocarbons had polluted the entire surface of the earth, including the sea.

It was clear in 1975 that the entire ecology of the ocean was changing. A few types of photoplankton were becoming resistant to chlorinated hydrocarbons and were gaining the upper hand. As the diversity of life in the ocean diminished, its habitability also decreased.

Other changes had taken place by 1975. Most ocean fish that returned to fresh water to breed, like the salmon, had become extinct, their breeding streams so dammed up and polluted that their powerful homing instinct only resulted in suicide.

By 1977 the annual yield of fish from the sea was down to less than one half per capita catch of a decade earlier.

This helped malnutrition to escalate sharply in a world where an estimated 50 million people per year were already dying of starvation.

The United Nations attempted to get fishing nations to adopt strict and enforced catch limits to preserve dwindling stocks. This move was blocked by Russia, who with the most modern electronic equipment, was in the best position to glean what was left in the sea.

It was, curiously, on the very day in 1977 when the Soviet Union announced its refusal that another ominous article appeared in BIOLOGY TODAY. It announced that incident radiation had been so reduced by worldwide air pollution that serious effects on the worlds' vegetation could be expected.

Apparently it was a combination of ecosystem-destabilization - sunlight - reduction, and a rapid escalation in chlorinated hydrocarbon pollution which triggered the ultimate catastrophe. The green revolution of the world had turned brown. Food and vegetation production was down to a minimum. At home in the U.S.A. the early 70's were traumatic times. Racial violence grew and the habitability of the cities diminished as nothing substantial was done to ameliorate either racial inequities or urban blight. Welfare rolls grew as automation and general technological progress forced more and more people into the category of "unemployable". Simultaneously a taxpayers' revolt occurred. Although there was

by Rick Leibert

not enough money to build the schools, roads, water systems, sewage systems, jails, hospitals, transit lines, and all other amenities needed to support a population, Americans refused to tax themselves more heavily.

Community after community was forced to close its schools or curtail educational operations for lack of funds.

Water supplies, already marginal in quality in many places by 1970, deteriorated quickly. Water-rationing occurred in 1,723 municipalities in the summer of 1974 and hepatitis and epidemic dysentery rates climbed about 500 percent between 1970-1974.

Air pollution continued to be the most obvious manifestation of environmental deterioration. It was, by 1972, quite literally in the eyes of all Americans. The year 1973 saw not

only New York and Los Angeles smog disasters, but also the publication of the Surgeon General's massive report on air pollution and health. The public had been partially prepared for the worst by the publicity given to the United Nations pollution conference held in 1972. Deaths in the late 60's caused by smog were well known to scientists, but the public had ignored them because they mostly involved the early demise of the old and sick rather than people dropping dead on the freeways. But suddenly our citizens were faced with nearly 200,000 corpses and massive documentation that they could be the next to die from respiratory disease. They were not ready for that scale of disaster. After all, the United Nations conference had not predicted that accumulated air pollution would make the planet uninhabitable until almost 1990. The population was terrorized at TV screens became filled with scenes of horror from the disaster areas. Especially vivid was NBC's coverage of hundreds of unattended people

choking out their lives out-side of New York's hospitals. Terms like nitrogen oxide, acute bronchitis and cardiac arrest began to have real meaning for most Americans.

The ultimate horror was the announcement that chlorinated hydrocarbons were now a major constituent of air pollution in all American cities. Autopsies of smog disaster victims revealed an average chlorinated-hydrocarbon load in fatty tissue equivalent to 26 parts per million of DDT. In October, 1973, the Department of Health, Education and Welfare announced studies which showed unequivocally that increasing death rates from hypertension, cirrhosis of the liver, liver cancer and a series of other diseases had resulted from the chlorinated hydrocarbon load. They estimated that Americans born since 1946 (when DDT usage began) now had a life expectancy of only forty nine years and predicted if current patterns continued this expectancy would reach 42 years by 1980, when it might level out.

The year 1973 was the year in which Americans finally came to understand the direct threat to their existence posed by environmental deterioration.

Then the troubles really began as streams, fish culture ponds, onshore waters and the ocean became rich in pollutants. There was a tremendous depletion in oxygen and fisheries began to disappear.

It was in September of 1979 that all important animal life in the sea was extinct. Large areas of coast line had to be evacuated, as windrows of dead fish created a monumental stench.

But stench was the least of man's problems. Japan and China were faced with almost instant starvation from a total loss of seafood on which they were dependent. Both blame Russia for their situation and demanded immediate mass shipments of food. Russia had none to send. On October 13, Chinese armies attacked Russia on a broad front.

THE THERMONUCLEAR WAR BEGAN.

WORLD WAR III

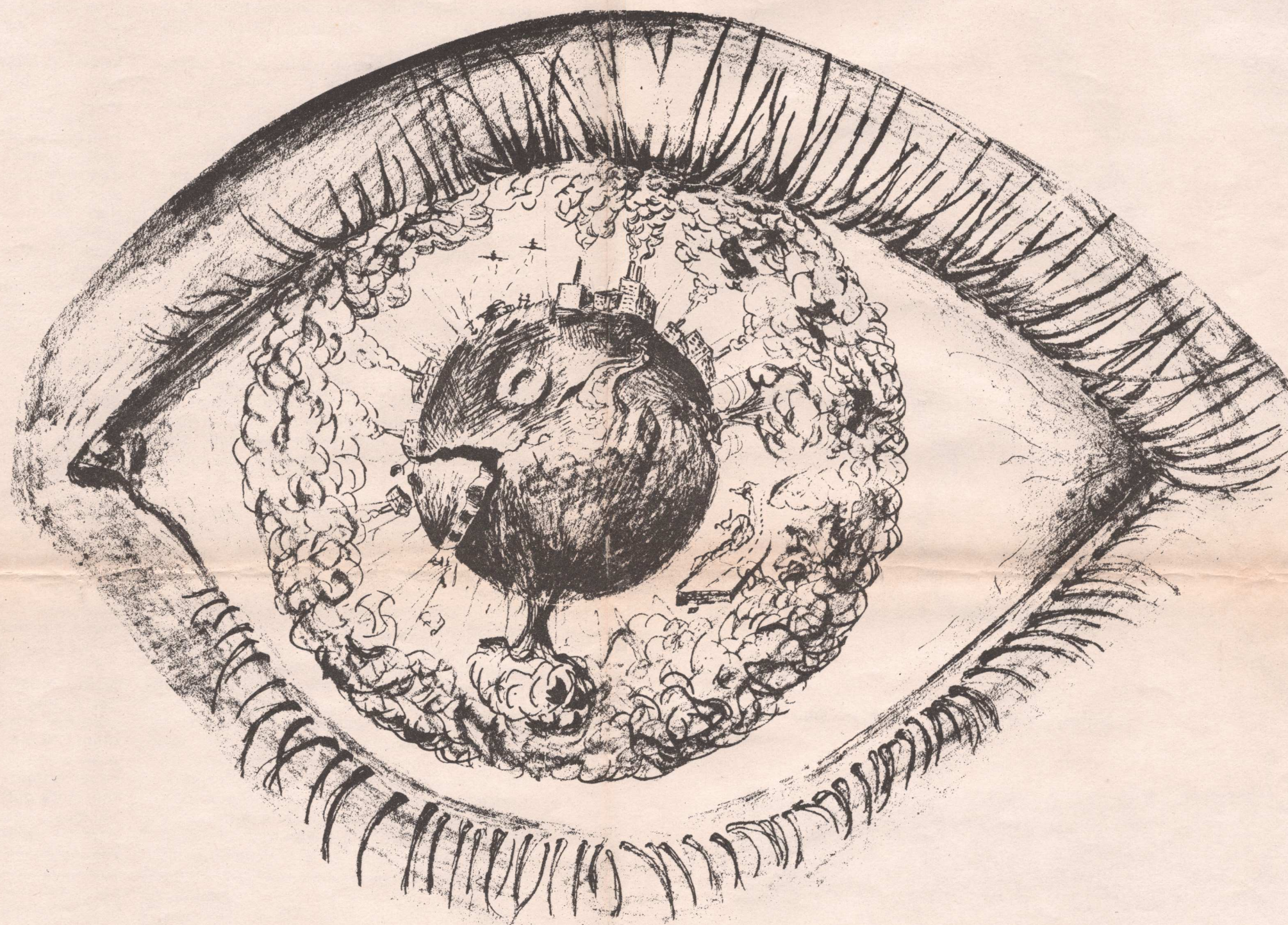
Between twenty-one and twenty-two hours on the 13 October, 1979, 90% of the Russian and Chinese population was annihilated. The United States was soon to go also with all other countries in the world, all blaming one another for their depleted production of food and its starving populations. Man civilization built up for thousands upon thousands of years destroyed, and annihilated within three days.

The mushroom clouds destroying all, eating up all life in a living world. Great furnaces of yellow flames consuming the children. the flowers, the trees, the meadows, the hills and the one last little girl sitting by the great ocean at sunset making castles in the sand pictures of white doves.

The world becomes one giant Hell. The one last voice gone. The storm risen, the sky ignites, the darkness thrown wide its arms, and from the mouth of the breathing Lord has come the thunder.

* * * * *

But yet, sitting in this small capsule, thousands of feet in the earth if by some fate I have communicated with the past, a past still in control of its destiny, I beg you to enter on another path and not the path of death which is my world.



The wildly used peace symbol has been identified as an anti-christian device by an American Legion post in Minersville, Pa. Referring to "the broken cross," a Legion Post 544 flier stated: "the Communists have infiltrated the garment industry and you find the broken cross embroidered on jackets and other garments for the casual American to wear." The post commander acknowledged that his group had prepared the material, saying, "we're just trying to get some of this stuff out of the bag about Communist-inspired organizations."

In a related article in *American Opinion* magazine, a publication of the John Birch Society, an author traces the symbol to the Saracen invasion of Spain in 711 A.D. where "...the shields of the invaders were decorated with the inverted broken cross." The article also reproduces a 16th century woodcut of the devil with the note that "the symbols representing the eyes of the demon are exactly like the peace symbol being promoted by the Reds." The author concludes "These revolutionaries are pushing this business like there's no tomorrow. And those peace symbols are a part of it. They are symbols of the anti-Christ."



Valley Forge Park, Labor Day 1970



Photography by Sam Lightman and Hoag Levins



Face-off at Ft. Dix



The Special Processing Battalion has made life so tough for the oppressors at the New Jersey base that the Army is officially encouraging SBP whites to go AWOL to avoid a race riot.

Report from SHAKEDOWN:

SPB is the place the army sends its so called misfits. Men who have been AWOL, who are awaiting court martial, who the stockade has no room for, or who are in general fed up with the Army, are assigned to SPB. The vast majority of men assigned to SPB are charged only with the army crime of AWOL, and for this crime they are forced to live in sub-human conditions at Dix.

On the weekend of July 25, the Special Processing Battalion at Ft. Dix came apart at the seams in the form of a riot. Intolerable living conditions, racism, and inhumane actions on the part of the Army can be held to blame for what occurred.

At the beginning of this year SPB was only a detachment (SPD), but in the spring and summer months the army has been forced to enlarge it to a battalion (SPB). As SPB has grown, so has the army's discontent, and the army has reacted by stepping up its racist harassment techniques. Toward the end of May the men of SPB began to find their position unbearable. Though many went AWOL, the majority of SPBers began fighting against the Army in any way they could.

Late in May the SPB messhall (which refused to serve hungry men returning from late all-day details) was ripped off for \$750 worth of food. Everyone in SPB ate well that night. Early in June someone placed dynamite under the Courts & Boards building at SPB, but unfortunately it failed to go off. Around June 22, the commanding officer of SPB surrounded the Battalion with military police and forced the entire population into the "cage" - two hot, sweaty barracks for 15 hours. The men were fed one small glass of lime Koolaid and a peanut butter sandwich during this imprisonment.

While the men were imprisoned, about 60 people were put in the stockade - about 55 of whom were black or Puerto Rican. At 10 P.M. the men were released from the cages, hungry as hell. Because most SPBers receive no or little money from the Army, many were forced to go to Wrightstown to steal food.

Later in June an attempt was made to burn down a building, but this attempt failed. On the 4th of July a couple of guys dumped gas on the floor of the second barracks and set it on fire. Unfortunately someone put it out. On the following Monday some men were assigned to clean the floor, but decided to set it on fire again instead. This blaze, like the first, was caught in time to save the building.

The climate was ripe for a riot. Blacks and Puerto Ricans were sick and tired of racist NCOs who spread their racism to and reinforced white racism in the battalion. Blacks and whites were sick of the entire situation, and on the weekend of July 25th SPBers could take no more.

What appears to have happened at SPB that weekend was a race riot, much of which was directed against the army. The army now has 50 people connected with the incident in the stockade. All of whom are black or Puerto Rican. One man in SPB said that in general almost everyone in SPB has agreed to the following demands:

1. No police brutality. SPBers demand an end to mistreatment by MP's, State Police, and riot troops.
2. Pay. Most members of SPB have not been paid in 2,3, or 4 months. This has caused a high rate of stealing in SPB. What do you do when the army will not pay

you and you have a wife and two kids?

3. Equal treatment. An end to racial discrimination in SPB. Black G.I.s in particular have been organizing around this demand.

4. Recreation facilities. SPB, besides being isolated from the rest of the base, does not have as much as a dayroom in the way of recreation. There are also no telephones in SPB and no cabs are allowed to drive into SPB.

5. New mess hall. The men in SPB demand a new mess hall, willing the old one to the rats and roaches.

The riot the weekend of July 25 was too big for the Dix MP's to handle, so the N.J. State Police were called in to help. When the riot grew too big for both of them riot troops from Ft. Meade, Maryland were flown in.

A SP4 who is now AWOL from SPB had the following to tell Shakedown. SP4 X told us that at the peak of the riot an officer told some whites in SPB to go AWOL and return when things cooled down. SP4 X decided not to return. He also stated that although the riot did have racial overtones, it was also directed against the army. He further stated that it was the "biggest thing he had ever seen", much bigger than the two incidents the army claims.

SPB was a restricted area patrolled by Ft. Meade MPs with guard dogs and loaded 45s. All men in SPB were restricted. Could this possibly have been for two small incidents as the army says? Doesn't it insult your intelligence to try to believe that riot troops from Ft. Meade were sent to Dix to combat the growing AWOL problem? It should. It's not true. Its almost as bad a lie as Nixon telling us we are in Vietnam in the interests of the Vietnamese people.

Post Script from Shakedown's Editor:

The riot at the Special Processing Battalion, is only a moment's release for the ever growing amount of frustration and dissent that has been mounting at Fort Dix for sometime now. As the military continues to use and increase its heavy harassment and repression against G.I., the G.I.s at Dix feel the need to show that they will not allow it to continue any longer, and that they have no choice but to fight back in anyway and everyway they know how.

We the Fort Dix Coffehouse Collective and the G.I. organization the Soldiers Liberation Front feel that the G.I. at Dix are being subjected to undue harassment and repression and are being denied their rights. We support the G.I.'s at Fort Dix in their struggle to change the military and end the war, and also to end military racism. As force is used to control dissent in the military (the use of force which has largely contributed to dissent in the first place) we feel we must alert the public to what is happening, and that it is the public that must demand an end to this treatment of G.I.s.

Control by force of a persons right to dissent must be stopped. Legal, and Financial support is needed. If you are interested please contact us, or Philadelphia Resistance (phone 922-7902) Write us at

SHAKEDOWN
c/o LEROI
CONLEY, P.O. BOX 68,
WRIGHTSTOWN N.J. 08562.

Everything for Everybody

(Continued from page 13)

society -- people. So many people were looking for something to do -- including himself. Then he found an attache case. That was it! A business tailored to people's need to get together which could be financially self-sustaining. The local "Everything" is modeled on one of the same name founded in NYC four years ago by John Scully (an ex-seminarian, ex-professor, ex-credit manager, ex-financial analyst), which now has three metropolitan offices there. Scully offers franchises "anywhere in the

world" for a minimal cut of the take. The connection between NYC and Philadelphia is somewhat loose -- Stan simply "keeps in touch" with Scully. Stan explains all of this in a soft voice which belies his conviction in what "Everything" is doing. You leave seeing it all quite clearly, saying -- Yeah! Right. Of course.

Watching Stan deal with several unusual and often difficult "types" in an afternoon convinces you further of both the need for the service he has set out to perform and the possibility of its success. Seated in one of the comfortable overstuffed chairs is a wrinkly antiquarian wearing a plastic institutional bracelet who repeatedly asks the same question. Stan patiently repeats the answers and reassures the man that we will continue to try to find him a place to live, although judging from the

bracelet it is unlikely that the old man is really free to move even if he wants to.

How can anyone pretend to be everything for everyone? Some eye the signs out front of the store skeptically, mistrusting the salvation overtones. Stan, in fact, does not have any such ego trip in mind. All he is trying to do is to help provide some solutions to many of the small hassles of city life. He is realistic about his limitations. He admits he can't really handle the many needs of his poor neighbors and a large segment of the black community. He does, however, accept memberships in the names of groups whose individual members are unable to pay individually, hoping, thereby, to reach as many financially-strapped people as possible.

As of August, Stan had 114 members registered, averaging

four or five inquiries and one or two subscriptions per day. \$25 seems like a lot to lay out at one time to many people, but Stan does not think it is a lot considering the possibilities available through "Everything" during the course of a year. So far, although Stan is just barely breaking even and is in need of more members, he seems neither dismayed nor discouraged. With reason. Stan has an antidote to the majority culture's programmed kamikaze trip. "Everything" offers people a chance to alter their life-styles. Collectively, the effect of such individual changes is synergistic. It provides the new culture with a way to grow and to effect radical changes.

Everything For Everybody--503
South Street, 627-2169.

Psychedelphia

It seems centuries ago, but there was a time when my solution for everything was, "All we have to do is spread enough love vibes, baby." And "Psychedelphia Period," the magazine I planned to publish, was intended to do just that--spread love.

Leary at Millbrook, Huey in Oakland and Hayden at Port Huron still were fresh news. No paper or mag at the time spoke to, or for, all three of the new movements; the new left, the black militants and the emerging hippies. I believed that if the acid heads could pick up some political sophistication and the activists could absorb the flower child's sense of love, joy and spiritual ecstasy, we could set this country on a new course within a couple of years.

I was just a naive messiah living in Merchantville, N.J., and I wanted to help save the world. So I decided to publish a magazine. With great profundity, I pronounced, "If you tell people the truth, they will listen."

The truth, as I saw it then, was that the U.S. was in danger of breeding full-scale revolution if it continued on without change. And, I was certain that the best way to bring about the change was to "spread enough love vibes." It just never occurred to me that telling people they were killing themselves and suggesting they love each other instead would make them so angry.

Marvin Burak had recently begun his talk show on WQXR and I invited him to be in the first issue. He told readers, "10,000 American boys have been killed in Viet Nam. Not one Russian. Not one Chinese. But, 10,000 Americans. Christ, if I was a Communist I would love this war. It's draining our economy. It's completely ruined the war on poverty which was about the only thing that could have held off the black revolution. It's killing us."

An interview with Cecil Moore also gave readers a little truth in that first issue. Then head of Philadelphia N.A.A.C.P., Moore said, "Nobody ever hits that which provokes a riot. . . You can give me every house that I want to live in, give me all the education I need, all the social position I could possibly want; but anytime any dumb, god damn, dago cop out of 8th grade can come down here and call me a black son-of-a-bitch--you gonna have a riot."

Moore continued, "Philadelphia's turning out 25,000 people a year without a salable skill; every damn year. We need a crash program for training. As long as you got thousands and thousands unemployed--and the ones who are working being exploited by merchants--you're going to have riots."

It seemed to me that both Cecil and Marvin wanted to avoid revolution, not encourage it. And most of the remaining pages of that first issue were devoted to spreading love vibes. Curt Kubiak wrote a column called Variegated Probes in which he discussed the value of the Indian life-style. He suggested that we avoid devotion of finger-pointing at the moon and "realize the moon itself." Ira Einhorn spoke of "the mystery of life and of your full self." There was an essay praising music and poems praising love. Looking back, that first issue hardly seems left of Lindsey.

But, Jesus, the trouble it caused.

The first problem we had was finding a printer. The Goodway Co. had agreed to print the mag but I should have known better. On my first visit to their plant I had to sign

Philly's first
underground rag
began with love,
but soon switched
to 'burn, baby, burn!'

by Mitch Gilbert

some form that I was not a communist spy. It seems they print confidential documents for the Government. (I could never figure out why they thought an actual spy would hesitate to sign their silly form. Did they expect him to say, "Oh, I'm sorry. I can't sign that. I'm a communist spy.") At any rate, the moment Goodway saw the material they had agreed to print, they backed out.

I had already gone through half the printers in the Philly phone book before finding Goodway. During the next few days, I went through the remainder. Not one printer in Philadelphia would print the mag. Finally, I found a small South Jersey printer who needed the money.

Unfortunately, however, he didn't have equipment for stapling a cover onto the magazine. He had to sub-contract that job to a local bindery. The bindery got the printed pages and refused to return them. "It's because of degenerates like you that our kids act so crazy today," the bindery owner told me.

Naturally, these early problems upset me. But, I figured, all you have to do is spread enough love vibes and it all will be O.K. "Father Bob" Oberkehr agreed to



help me distribute the mag to news stands. We both laughed about the newstand operators who willingly sold nudie mags but were afraid to handle a political mag sold by a minister.

Nevertheless, by the second issue we had the printing hassle settled and a reasonably sound distribution set-up. But the temporary calm was followed by the proverbial storm.

Over the next few months, I went through two more printers. I was arrested twice and immediately released. (It was my first taste of that type of harassment.) My life insurance was cancelled. It seems that "a political activist" cannot expect a normal life span, according to insurance company actuaries. My landlord, a friend of the local police chief, sent me an eviction notice. New Jersey State Police raided a local teenage coffee house and confiscated all copies of Psychedelphia Period. Pressure was put on the management of the Cherry Hill Mall and Morrestown Mall to ban the sale of the magazine by any of their tenants. Even the teenage girl, living in our house with permission of her parents, was arrested. The official charge was, "a minor living in a

house with adults, not her parents."

Little by little, my confidence in the power of love diminished. Only six months after the first issue hit the streets, I wrote, "Marshall McLuhan says the printed word is dead. If it is, why are so many people trying so hard to suppress this little magazine? I'll tell you why--because they're scared--and with good reason."

"Are you listening Mr. and Mrs. America? You are not paranoid. We really do want to burn down everything you believe in. I really am a communist. I am a drug addict. I am a black nationalist. And I really do want to fuck your daughter and burn the flag. In fact, I fully expect to be under your bed one night soon. I dare you to look. Will it be tonight? Tomorrow? When?"

Obviously, I had changed far more than those I originally hoped to reach. Under their constant barrage of hate, my love also turned to hate. I began to accept the theory that only by totally destroying the economic base of American capitalism could the world hope to survive. By the eighth month of publication, I was prepared to include Robert F. William's instructions on how to set up three-man, guerrilla fire teams. But we never went to press.

Some insulated and still sane voice inside of me kept pleading, "You can't end violence by being violent." Intellectually, I also recognized that revolutions provide only temporary solutions. Yet, I was no longer capable of loving. My inner conflict became too much for me and I copped out. I stopped publishing.

It was important for me to drop out. You have no right playing "messiah" when you still haven't got your own thing together. Over the next couple of years, I spent far more time and energy getting to know myself than I spent writing anything.

I reached some remarkable conclusions. I honestly believe I understand why man has forgotten how to love. I have some theories on how we can help ourselves remember. These theories will be the subject of future RAP articles.

Today, I rarely write about police brutality, military sadism and ecological violence. I have come full circle. Once again, I believe in the power of love. But, I'm no longer the naive messiah.

I recognize that most Americans, indeed, more than half the world, will continue to live in the illusion that their present course is correct. They believe their survival depends on resisting change. They cannot see, yet, that their present behavior is killing them.

However, man's survival instinct is amazingly strong. We have nearly 200 million years of evolution built into our bodies. When reality gets painful enough, it breaks through the strongest illusion. And when the reality of what we have done to our planet breaks through, people will scream for help.

Our most important task is to prepare for that day. It can't be more than 10 years away. We must use the time to learn about love and joy, the missing ingredients in our lives. We must prepare techniques for creating an environment in which the coming 7 billion population can all find love and joy.

There just is no need for revolution. The system is destroying itself. Our task is to survive by any means necessary and learn how to pick up the pieces. We will be needed.

The Yippie Media Hoax

Man, did those fuckin' Yippies ever do a number on Philly's straight media at their (the Yippies') Powleton acid test block party Aug 15. Minister of Information, Charles C. Crazy, called the AP and UPI to tip them that Huey Newton would be present at the party. The wire services spread the word, and soon several TV and radio crews showed up outside the liberated Casket Company Community Center, insisting on a press conference.

They waited patiently for the Black Panther Party minister, asking the young freaks "What is a Yippie?" and other such piercing questions. The kids sat still for the filming rolling and smoking numbers rolled in American flags (manufactured by the Patriotic Rolling Paper Co. of Italy).

Finally the media men got a little tense (those TV deadlines are murder) and asked for Huey. Out strolled a white cat, who proudly announced that he was Huey Newton, Huey Z. Newton. The newsmen were incredulous. The

Yippies explained their joke/ myth, assuaging the irate TV crews by reminding them that they hadn't said which Huey Newton. The TV boys swallowed twice and then the Yippies announced they really did have someone important to be interviewed.

His name was GOD, and out he strolled dressed in a long white gown with the word Yippie on it, long hair just like Jesus, sandals, and all. Everybody broke up, with the cameras rolling.

By this time, another film crew had arrived, and having missed the fun, asked the Yippies to restage part of the hoax, which, of course, they did.

God, after making the rounds of those present, left for an undisclosed retreat where he will continue in hiding. He is under indictment for making public statements that are considered a 'blueprint for the first defeat in the history of the United States'. The FBI is conducting an intensive search of local sacristies.

Yippie!

Young doctors are laying some righteous medicine on their colleagues -- and the rest of us -- in

THE BODY POLITIC

Written in language that laymen can appreciate, this magazine should be read by anyone who wants to keep in touch with the minds who operate on his body.

The July/August issue skewers the American Medical Association, the liberal reformers, the medical-industrial complex, medical education, and hospital administrators -- in short, the whole can of supersanitized worms. The editors skin the medical "body politic," exposing for us the ugly organs within.

The lead article by Quentin Young is written for the delegates to the American Medical Association's annual convention. The article, and the magazine, was one of the tools used by radical medicine men to confront the delegates with their crimes. Young takes the "irresistible" opportunity provided by the Chicago convention site to compare the AMA to the Democrats of 1968: "... enormous political power assembled, unable to respond to a profound, engulfing crisis; a former prestige organization now

in Washington against all manner of progressive health legislation. For good measure, its Political Action Committee manages to "spend millions" to elect war-hawk congressmen with reactionary domestic records.

The AMA membership consists largely of the private practitioners, the "businessmen" who are by definition part of the problem rather than the solution: There is no money in doctoring the poor. Lately, the AMA has been under mounting attack from young doctors and medical students. The AMA's 1970 membership slipped below 50% of the nation's 340,000 MD's for the first time, and the slippage is due almost entirely to the defection of the young. Every AMA convention since 1965 has been hit by pickets, with disruptions growing in impact each year.

In "Off The System," Richard Kunnes follows up in detail on the blistering denunciation of the AMA he delivered at last year's convention. He analyzes how "supermarket" medicine has replaced the mom-and-pop store of the GP (general practitioner); this new system maximizes profits while minimizing personal care and attention for patients. He hits the medical profession for its control of med student input and

to the medical-industrial-hospital complex. The coming of the new guard, the "corporate liberals," is just as bad, however, for it heralds the era of "streamlined, monopolistic medical care corporations." These newer institutions take control of medical care even further away from the taxpayer and the patient, opening the way for more and more waste of resources and impersonal as well as exclusionary treatment. The system gears evermore to patching up illness rather than preventing it.

Picking up on the theme of patch-up vs. preventive medicine, R. Giuseppe Slater attacks "The Doctor As Polluter." He notes that nutrition is not a subject taken seriously by medical schools, that hospitals do not bother factoring malnutrition into their analyses of patients, and that the AMA has never spoken out on the evidence supported by respected studies that 10 million people are undergoing slow starvation in a nation which pays farmers \$4 billion a year to take 35 million food-producing acres out of service. The AMA also ignores the "chemical time-bombs" being

tensified exposure to the varieties of pollution that proliferate with overcrowding: incessant noise, air pollution from massive concentration of automobiles, communicable diseases, and ever-increasing amounts of plain filth."

Result: "... life expectancy has been falling since 1964; America's infant and maternal mortality rates are well above those of most other developed nations; the incidence of degenerative diseases has been increasing, especially in younger people."

Slater concludes: "The AMA, of course, has not dealt with any of these problems. To do so would have forced it to admit that health problems, and therefore health treatment, is not an individual matter but rather cuts to the very core of the economic and social systems of a country."

Barbara and John Ebenreich provide an intricate, exhaustive, and well-written documentation of the medical-industrial complex. Everybody is in it, and the linkages are fascinating. So is the profit strategy that emerges. First, the presence of the profit: "... community hospitals spent

The Armchair Guerilla

By
Steven
Kuromiya

It's not very difficult to see why American Telephone and Telegraph has more assets (over \$43 billion in 1969) than any other company in the world. It's got virtually no competitors. It's the biggest monopoly in the world and it's getting bigger at a rate of nearly \$4 billion a year. It has a million employees and nearly all of its 24 subsidiary companies are on the Fortune list of the 50 largest utilities.

By virtue of sheer size and a long history of lousy service and incredible rates, it's also the biggest corporate rip-off I know of. Unfortunately, the phone has become a necessity in our gadget-obsessed society. Those courageous few who refuse to be plugged into the Bell System quickly find themselves literally "out of it," forgotten by friends and enemies alike, destined to the terrifying shadows of obscurity.

Since turn-about's fair play, people should start liberating AT&T. Free the phone company for the people. It's about time the people square accounts with the communications arm of the military-industrial complex. Here's how.

Why pay for long distance phone calls when the People's Phone Company will let you make them for free? It's generally advisable to make people's phone calls station-to-station and from a public phone booth, changing phone booths from time to time. (AT&T has been known to use surveillance when a particular phone booth is involved repeatedly.) Here are a few ideas from People's R&D, which is working on others at this very

moment. We don't have the budget or manpower of Bell Tel's laboratories, the world's largest corporate research organization, but we have the people on our side. That's the important thing.

Say you want to call Movement Central in Wikiupp, New Mexico. Here's roughly how a typical conversation might go.

"Hello, operator, I'd like to make a station-to-station call to Wikiupp, New Mexico, and have the call billed to my home phone."

"Thank you, I'd be happy to connect you. May I please have the number you're calling and the number you're billing the call to?"

"I'm calling 505 Area. My name's L. Mendel Rivers and my home phone is 703-522-2529. I'll be able to confirm after 3 P.M. tomorrow. I'm making the call from (pay phone number)."

"Thank you. I'll connect you." She even returns your dime.

Simple, isn't it.

Here's a way that's even easier. Generate your own telephone credit card number. In a consumer-oriented society, credit cards thrive. They enable you to buy just about anything--whether you need it or not. Or whether you can afford it or not. They're fantastic things for people who don't have any money.

Some credit cards are easier to get than others. If you have a telephone, you can get a phone credit card in five minutes flat by calling the business office. If you

don't have a phone, don't despair. Invent your own credit card number or generate someone else's number. It's as easy as one, two, three.

1. The credit card number begins with a letter, representing the year 1970 is designated "S." 2. Next comes any number in the phone directory of a particular city. For example, Spiro Agnew's home phone is 202-265-2000. 3. Then, give a three digit code for the city. Washington, D.C. is 032.

So, if you want to bill a station-to-station call from a pay phone to Spiro Agnew, say the following: "Operator, this a credit card call. My credit card number is S-265-2000-032."

Here's the formula again. S- (any phone number in a particular city)-(the three digit code for that city). Be sure to make calls station-to-station and from a pay phone or other public phone.

Be advised that at recent rock festivals, operators asked the state in which the card was billed, and then called to verify.

Bill your movement phone calls to big corporations like Boeing Vertol (S-522-212-041), General Electric (S-568-1800-041) or Gulf Oil (S-465-3100-041), or to public servants like the following:

Richard M. Nixon S-456-1414-032
John N. Mitchell S-965-2900-032
Strom Thurmond S-547-1744-032
Henry Kissinger S-337-0042-032

CREDIT CARD CODES FOR A FEW LARGE CITIES:

This is the first segment of continuing coverage of Ma Bell. RAP is assembling a dossier on Bell Telephone of Pennsylvania. Send complaints to MA BELL, RAP, P.O. Box 13081, Phila., 19101. Please, don't phone.



The Great BellTel Rip-Off

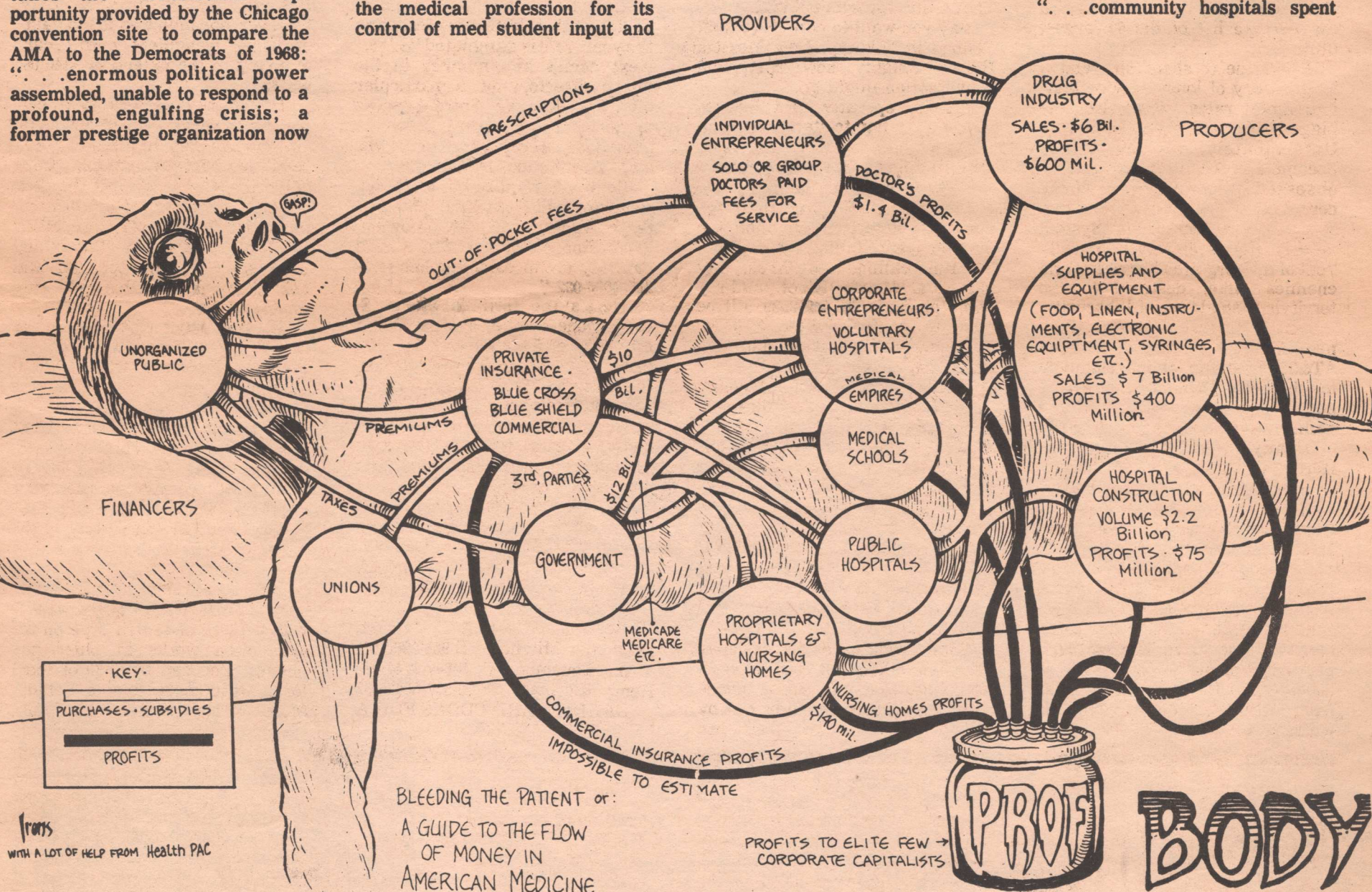
Boston -001, Minneapolis -126, New York City -021, Pittsburgh -030, Philadelphia -041, Chicago -097, San Francisco -158, Washington, D.C. -032.

A couple of years ago, a well-known actor's credit card number became public knowledge and, before Ma Bell could do anything about it over \$50,000 worth of phone calls were billed to it. He wasn't held liable for the charges. Recently in New York City, however, one man was found guilty of using fraudulent credit card numbers to the extend of \$146,000 worth.

If you have access to a corporation's special billing numbers, you can use them in place of credit card numbers in making phone calls. Here's a sample "billing code" from a Philadelphia business: 076-0003-041. The 041 is for Philly. Simply say, "My billing code is ---." The operator will ask your name. Obviously, use another.

If you want the person or business you're calling to pay for the call, there's a way to do it without calling collect. Simply dial O, say, "Callback operator 6 in (city being called). The calling number was (the number you're calling) on Mr. ---'s call to Mr. (a name.) My number is (not your number). The operator will then connect you, saying simply to the party, "Ready on Mr. ---'s call to Mr."

For local calls, you'd better have a dime. (A #14 brass washer with a piece of scotch tape on the side often works in older pay phones. You can buy 630 of them for a little more than a dollar.) More on pay phones in a future column.



regarded in many quarters with suspicion and contempt; inextricable ties to the military-industrial predators predetermining a "loser" policy."

Young outlines the AMA's "guild" history. He shows how the system enjoys an astonishing immunity from criticism -- "e.g. the absence of physician accountability, the patients inability to secure expert testimony in claims against other physicians, the inhibition of public criticism of the profession or of individual colleagues." The guild has a powerful influence even now, on the number -- and therefore the ethnic composition -- of students enrolled in medical schools. It exerts strong de facto control over hospital administration and lobbies

control of licensing and accreditation (both of which tend to exclude minorities and the "underqualified"), plus control of technical skills, where "no serious attempt" is made to "transfer skills to non-physicians" (male chauvinism), and control of definition of professional role, which means doctors are trained to concentrate on "illness removal and not health enhancement. Since illness can be used as a marketable commodity and health cannot, there is an investment in illness."

Kunnes explains that the old guard in the AMA, the private businessman, is fighting a rear-guard action against government involvement, which is now the wave of the future through Medicare and government subsidy

passed off on the American people in foods such as breakfast cereals, soft drinks, and potato chips.

Slater also goes after the issue of urban ecology, hitting the immense "social compression" of Americans which puts 70% of us on 1% of the land. "American cities are no less than economic concentration camps," a condition which results from "conscious social policy." Slater expounds eloquently on "all the pathologies of overcrowding."

"The sheer psychic pressure of sardine-can living has multiphasic mental and physical effects, as researchers are only beginning to discover. And the damage to vital organs and emotional stability resulting from social compression is daily compounded by the in-

16% more money in 1968 than they did in 1967. But they provided only 3.3% more days of in-patient care and 3.7% more outpatient visits. (Nobody noticed any 13% increase in the quality of care.) (Inflation could account for some, but not all, of the rise.) Then, the strategy: First, hype the technology so that hospitals are bedazzled into increasing their high-cost, low-utilization services ("luxury items.") Secondly, milk the drug and hospital supply subsidiaries to help finance acquisitions in cosmetics, catering or pet foods. Thirdly, build planned obsolescence into the marketing plan with package design, new flavors, cosmetic changes, etc.

All in all, the strategy seems to

POLITIC

be paying off so well the *Forbes* magazine (the self-styled "capitalist tool") refers to the drug industry as "one of the biggest crap games in U.S. industry." The industry has been inching toward the very top of the profit-margin sweepstakes in recent years with profits now around 10% annually. No small part of the strategy has been Medicare, of course, which has attracted many new conglomerates to the drug and hospital supply field looking for easy riches off government largesse. As a result, the health industry "may begin to outweigh organized consumer groups as the most powerful force lobbying for increased government subsidy for health services."

The health insurance industry

stands to ride shotgun: "With national health insurance, the health industry could settle down to the kind of guaranteed security which the defense and aerospace industries enjoyed during the heyday of cold-war spending." Corporate liberals are now in the driver's seat because it is now fashionable in most all influential circles to "look to the profit-motivated health industrial firms to lead the way out of the health service crisis." Several years from now, if the trend continues, the nation will face the following ultimate absurdity: Millions of the unwashed will continue to receive terrible health care while the health delivery system goes on its "boundlessly productive and mindlessly extravagant" way, telling the world that "organ transplants should be prescribed as frequently as tranquilizers are today; normal people should periodically have their blood cleaned out with an artificial kidney machine; 'search and destroy' operations should become part of normal diagnostic work-

ups..." Midst all of this gilt-edged rubble stands -- or lies -- the patient. The system's ultimate rip-off is the anaesthetizing of the patient's identity as well as his body. In his review of Michael Crichton's *Five Patients*, Michael Michaelson draws the following profile of the average patient "as nigger."

"From the moment he is admitted, the patient is reduced to the status of a dependent, helpless, anonymous infant. His clothes and worldly goods are taken away, he is pushed about in a wheelchair, wrapped in a drab dressing gown, tucked into what resembles -- certainly more than it does the adult bed of procreation and elective rest -- a crib. Formerly a person, he becomes an example of "interesting pathology," of "good clinical material." He is assaulted by needles, probes, hammers, lights, catheters, tubes, rectal thermometers, medications, instruments large and small, callously noisy or insidiously quiet -- all this, generally, without a word

of explanation. What words he does hear -- SGOT, serum amylase, CPK, pyelogram, EMG, guaiac positive, prothrombin time -- make no sense; and of course they were designed that way. When a student at my own school asked an anatomy professor why he used the expression "pathognomic of" instead of "characteristic of," he was told, "Why, son, the public might know what we were talking about!" He was being funny; but he was not kidding."

The health industry -- or, rather, the healthy illness industry -- isn't kidding either. It is moving the country toward two camps, a hypochondriac's paradise for the rich and the Happy Hunting Grounds for the poor. No wonder the young doctors are in revolt. Read *The Body Politic* regularly to keep in touch with the forces of health as they battle the illness industry.

To subscribe, send \$7.00 for a year's subscription to THE BODY POLITIC, Medical Committee for Human Rights, 2523 South St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19146.

Inside The Inquirer

by Paula Span

A student intern tells it like it was.

I always knew just what I wanted to be when I grew up.

I would be a hot-shot reporter on a big city daily, to reach the millions of people who, once they truly understood the sickness of American society, would have desire and the means to cure it.

A young I.F. Stone, Brenda Starr with a social conscious.

I planned to take the first steps on the long and winding road this summer at the Philadelphia Inquirer.

The Establishment Press has always seemed a fine place for determined young journalists to make their mark. It has had both the power and the yet-to-be-convinced readership that underground papers lack. It seemed possible that its venerable institutions might just find themselves propelled into the leadership of a great reform movement.

So much for idealism.

After a summer on the job, I and a number of the eight other college interns at the *Inquirer* are confused and disturbed. We wonder if this is where we belong.

The *Inquirer* is not so bad a newspaper. Its internship program comes fairly close to its admirable goals. The staff treated us like professionals. The editors are sincere in their desire to breath new vigor into Walter Annenberg's relic. My complaint is about the nature of the beast.

But professionals at the *Inquirer* - and at all papers of its ilk, apparently - come to lose their creativity and enthusiasm when they begin to see their profession becoming a 9 to 5 job. For college editors used to living and breathing journalism, it can be an especially-disillusioning experience.

Journalism courses didn't prepare me, first of all, for the FORMULA - indispensable to news-gathering and reporting at such as the *Inquirer*. The formula is the set way to handle any given story, an automatic reaction much like a knee-jerk. Each editor carries formulas in his mind like a loose-leaf binder. When a news story breaks, he flips to the appropriate classification, trots out the approved formula, and follows it. Simple.

A rather unimpressive airplane accident at International Airport in July became, according to the formula, a second Pearl Harbor. What it lacked in drama, the city desk supplied - sidebars from uninjured victims, heart-warming photos, big scary headlines. "This is absurd," I complained to the night city editor when I returned from a hospital with unthrilling eyewitness accounts. He apologized good-naturedly for the lack of tragedy. "Well, sorry it didn't kill 50 people." A formula is a formula. Next day a memo from the city editor blasted us all for our blase attitude. He demanded even more color, pathos, smiles 'n' tears.

So when five members of one family perished the next week from propane or carbon monoxide in Manoa (a real tragedy), the city desk wasn't taking any chances. From morning till late at night, we interviewed every conceivable person, exhausted all possible

angles. We did a good job. But the city desk was insatiable. By the time the family's neighbors had begun to hang up on our constant hounding, I tried again to protest. "Listen, don't you think we are overdoing this story?" The night city editor looked smug. "That's what you said about the plane crash." Well, so it was.

There is a formula for nearly every kind of story: disasters, family reunions, adopted kids, rock festivals, the Mummers' Parade, the first heat of summer, the first snow. Pictures get stereotyped too - always use a little kid photo if you can (unless a Jackie pix comes through on the wire).

The result of such practices is an occasional conveyorbelt feeling, as information travels from telephone headset to ears through fingertips and onto the typewriter. Your humor, your sensitivity, your humanity, and concern seldom have a place in print. Save them for memos or notes on the bulletin board.

The interns and most of the regular staff are fair and accurate reporters. But the *Inquirer* and its kind of journalism want us to strive towards "objectivity" - to betray no sympathy or anger from our vantage points above the struggle.

The concept of objectivity effectively denies the staff any political or social input into the papers they work for. There are editorial writers to write the editorials, and editors at the city desk decide what is newsworthy.

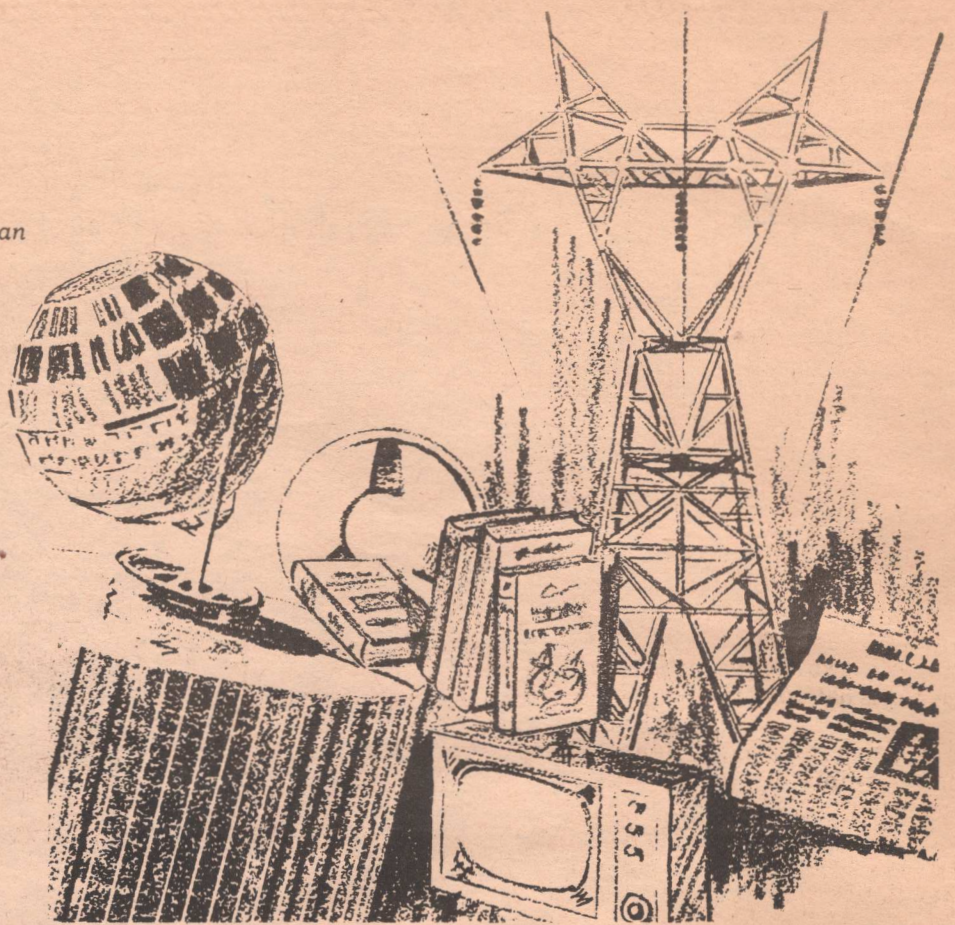
The executive editor thought us 'presumptuous' to ask for space on the editorial and commentary page. We did not have 'stature,' he explained, and we had not stood the 'test of time,' for we were all under 30. I objected. In this case, we certainly were qualified to express opinions. We were, in fact, the only people in the city room with any real understanding of an experience with the movement. He disagreed. An objective reporter, he said, would do a better job.

There is ample evidence that the *Inquirer* wants something new, though change comes with painful slowness. Editors have repeatedly urged interns to bring them any problems or suggestions we had. At luncheons, in conferences, we saw more of our editors than many staff members do. The executive editor sent memos, asking for our criticisms. They seemed to want nine resident gadflies. In a column, the executive editor seemed please that we were critical and questioning and that they could "pick our brains."

Yet the editors shuddered collectively when our criticisms went beyond particulars and challenged their basic ideas of what metro-politan daily ought to be and do. I believe that the canons of journalism have always and must continue to change with the times; most newspapermen seem to feel that the objective journalism ideal is a timeless truth.

The question now is whether interns and young staff will chose to keep badgering and prodding the *Inquirer* and all the other papers of its genre, or whether they will find alternatives for ideas.

Is there a better way to train young professionals? The real problem is, is there a better way to run our newspapers?



Media People: Feel, Move, Know, Join!

It is becoming increasingly obvious that the corporate owned radio and television networks are firmly committed to doing business in the present context of mass hype and planned public ignorance. What should be an open and free means of communication is devoted to the creation and manipulation of markets. Change has heretofore meant the updating and streamlining of techniques to better fulfill this purpose. The spiel has become swingier, the products groovier, the personalities hipper, but the aims and results are no different: BUY, BABY, BUY!!!!!!

Yet many people are beginning to take seriously the need to change the conditions in the country and with them the concrete relations between people. There is a need for people to be and act together which is not being met by the rock-schlock incantations of "let's get together," and "love, peace, and happiness." Woodstock Nation could be a place where people could feel, act and work with each other cooperatively and healthily. It must be a place where the Young Lords, Brown Berets, and Black Panthers can be at home. It must not define itself narrowly on the same principles of racism, sexism, and imperialism that characterizes the mother county, but must learn to struggle towards mutual liberation with other oppressed people. Right now, it is only a \$5-a-head rip-off.

For people in the media, the contradiction between the way they are supposed to function and the needs they perceive are acute. They can no longer do just what they are told and, yet, are not sure what they can do. They see what's happening and still cannot understand how they can link their access to the airwaves or to technology with the work that others are doing outside. Here are a few suggestions for immediate consideration.

1. Radio and TV people (Particularly radio) should contact and know the movement people in their city. They should be familiar

People in the media must see their primary commitment to the people they serve and the creation of a truly involved and responsive audience.

with whatever underground media exist and have personal contacts with people that are the spectrum of movement news - especially third world groups and people.

2. DJ's should rap about events and action between records and commercials. A word or two about political prisoners; a rap every so often about radical community programs; a line now and then about how collectives are getting it together will get information to the youth audiences that that audience wants and needs to know without disrupting programming. It also gives needed publicity to groups that are functioning on a moneyed basis and therefore, cannot buy air time.

3 In many cities, movement groups already write the news for "underground" stations. This should become standard procedure. An alternative to this is the use of radical media services such as LNS and Radio Free People, Black Panther Party Black Community New Service, Chicano Press Service to compile news and other kinds of programs.

4. Part of new programming should be short interviews with people in the community who are on the move, what they are doing, and how others can get involved. Most community service raps on radio simply put kids in contact with government service or charity run outlets where their participation is limited to filling out a form. They ought to know about the options they can move into directly and run themselves.

5. Young and community-involved people should be allowed to become more directly involved with programming of "underground" stations. The false professionalism of these institutions must be over come. People in the media must see their primary commitment to the people they serve and the creation of a truly involved and responsible audience. That can only come about by working with that audience in their activities and allowing them to work on yours. All people must become the producers as well as the consumers. Once the word is out that you are accessible-whether you are a DJ, station master, engineer etc. - you will have a community of people who need you and will support you.

6. College stations usually have

TO PAGE

'I'm an architect, no matter what you call me. I'm an architect by definition and I've been doing this for 20 years.'

Curt Hemlepp, technically a draftsman, has been fighting the American Institute of Architects and the State of Pennsylvania for the past three years. He is fighting, because according to their criteria, he is not the "architect" he studied to be. The state's criteria is based on subjective aesthetic considerations.

According to the state and AIA, Hemlepp failed the two subjective sections of the registration exams: site planning and design. 'In either of these two exams you have no idea of what you are going to have to design. You are essentially locked in a room, notes Hemlepp. 'It's completely unrealistic, it bears no relationship to architecture, and it's a big surprise. You're expected to crack out a site plan in five hours that satisfies all the criteria they had you and also satisfy a lot of nebulous esthetic criteria. It's been my experience that none can agree on exactly what these things mean--esthetics change with the times.'

The state requires that before a person calls himself an architect, he must pass the registration exams. A person may not design any public building without having passed the tests. Those who fail must work as 'draftsmen' for a registered architect and in theory, carry out that architect's decisions. According to Hemlepp, 'the exam lasts around 4 1/2 to 5 days...with the subjective sections lasting about 17 hours... fewer than 6% pass the first time.' From 1957 to 1967, only 20% of all the people who took the exams eventually passed them. 'In contrast, in Pennsylvania 95% pass the medical exam the first time, and 78-85% pass the bar exam the first time. In many cases, the people who are failing the architecture exams over and over again are the top designers in some offices, but their job is demeaned and devalued left and right by the AIA.'

Comprising such a large percentage of the graduates of architecture schools, these 'failures' form an under echelon of workers in every large architectural firm. 'They've got you educated to believe that you're in art and have to work your ass off day and night no necessarily wrong answers in architecture--it's a matter of degree and the taste of the judges. I'm complaining about the whole idea that the state government

For media people, the contradiction between the way they are supposed to function and the needs they perceive are acute. They see what's happening and still cannot understand how they can link their access to the airwaves or to technology with the work that others are doing outside.

(Continued from page 24)

more freedom and often service a great number of people. Perhaps your more radical ideas and programs could be filtered into the college stations and you could give them additional technical assistance.

7. If nothing else, you, as an individual, can help to cut through

deigns to decide whether I'm an esthetically good or bad architect before the fact of doing a building. I feel that they have the right only to decide whether I'm a safe or healthy architect.'

After three years, Hemlepp has enlisted the ACLU's help in his fight, but is still in need of funds. Meanwhile in Massachusetts, a group has brought a similar case to court and has every hope of winning in an appeal. If the appeal is successful, the whole profession will be broken wide open, with a lot of young people setting up their own firms to do business for somebody other than the rich. What Curt Hemlepp is also interested in, beyond this particular struggle, is organizing a kind of anti-AIA. 'Not a union really: a guild, so that these people who have representation will have some way of dealing with the establishment until the law is really changed and they can be what they really are--architects.'

some of the bullshit and red tape that confronts each person who tries to deal with public media. The interests of the station are not automatically your interests, and that extra little bit of help often makes a lot of difference.

8. People in the media must get involved with the movement for change as part of their own lives and not simply as part of their media roles. You cannot really understand and report on events and persons with whom you have only an observer relationship. You should be relating to something which is apart of your life--which is really what the movement is all about.

9. Media personnel are going to have to get together with each other to protect the rights of speech and activity they supposedly have. Good communications between them will help and they should quite consciously see themselves acting as a group around whatever end they have set for themselves. But it is important to stress that the

way to create strength is to build a solid relationship with the audience. If they understand what you are doing and if they have worked with you in setting it up and see it as in their interests, they will support you down the line. The real power is out there, not in the front office. Feel it--Move with it--Know it--Join it.

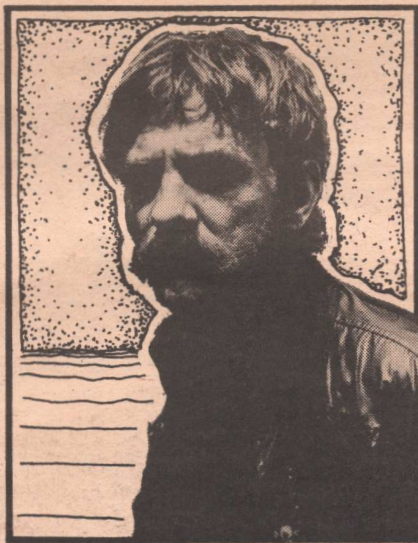
If revolution is taking control of our lives--What tools shall we use?

--The Committee to Defend the Panther 21

Area media people interested in getting it together to form a Philadelphia Media Project, with such projects as a publication, direct action, and alternative journalism courses, can write



Outlaw



Architect

A profession and the state team up to keep unregistered pros in their place.

really useful to the society, but what we are doing is building monuments--we don't attack the problems of housing. The architecture profession is in fact being restrictive at time when enormous problems are staring us in the face. We need talented people with innovative solutions in massive numbers.

'It seems to me that at a time in history when the environment is in such rotten shape that there ought to be plenty of young blood allowed into the profession. It's that simple. Architects are involved in fewer than six percent of all construction in this country right now, yet they claim they're interested in the environment... here is this national talent going to waste because of someone's esthetic judgment. They tell us that we need six million dwelling units on the East Coast and there are all these people who by education and training, by background and attitude, are equipped to at least attack the problem and they're not allowed to, because you cannot go on your own as an architect until you're licensed or registered. Until that time you must always work for another architect, who tells you what to do.'

The irony of the situation is that often the very people who have failed the registration test end up doing the work of a full-fledged architect---heading projects, making major decisions, because they are the only ones in the office who have had experience in designing certain types of building.

Many offices get real bargains in these 'low rank' designers--starting salary for someone with a degree in architecture who has not passed the test is about \$6250.

All of this has caused Hemlepp to try reforming the profession. He is now taking the State and the AIA to court to force them to delete the subjective sections from their test. The AIA is very uptight about this, since they went to great pains to standardize their test. Right now it is essentially the same in all of the states. Standardization of technical information is one thing, but design criteria is something else.



100 Pemberton Ave., Phila., 19147.

Connections

Business Executives Move for Vietnam Peace is an organization composed of management executives and owners of businesses who are opposed to the continuation of the Indochina war. They are quite moderate as peace groups go, fairly selective in their membership, although anyone may join as a "supporter." Their basic position involves a quick end to American participation in the war and a return to the Geneva Agreements of 1954, which would involve free elections for both parts of Vietnam. They publish a rather good weekly newspaper that goes out to all members and supporters, detailing information on Vietnam and the political struggle at home to end the war. You can get information about this group by writing to BEM, 201 Massachusetts Ave., N.E., (Room 310) Washington, D.C. 20002.



Young, married professional women with a family more and more are no longer accepting the arduous and exploitative role traditionally assigned them by our culture.

It is impossible to pursue a career, develop interests, assume the major responsibility for child-rearing and home maintenance while remaining the fountainhead of the family's emotional resources - all at the same time. If a woman does indeed attempt to combine these roles then she needs phenomenal energy, perseverance, money and a supportive husband. She deserves a martyrdom star on her grave.

New roles and lifestyles based on mutual respect, cooperation, and sharing of household tasks and childcare should be adopted by all families so that each member of a family is al-

lowed and encourage to develop his or her maximum potential.

Why these changes are necessary, what changes are involved, and how a family can resolve them constitute the basis for this article.

Out of the 60's came an awareness of repression in all its forms. We have been forced to examine our roles and behavioral patterns as oppressors in institutions.

It made sense to us to rout out discriminatory and exploitative practices within institutions. However, in analyzing the institutions any woman sees an emerging pattern. As a white woman, I occupy a position of privilege as regards to race and a position of inferiority as regards to sex.

Women have constituted a source of cheap labor-whether it be addressing envelopes for political campaigns, taking home less than two-thirds the median income of men, or working a 16-hour day in the home.

If you agree that there should be equality in our institutions and democratic processes to solve problems then women's liberation should receive a lot of thinking on your behalf.

As for me, I'm in my middle-twenties with a husband, a child, a career, and many interests. I have been doing a lot of thinking both by myself and with my husband. (Our child is too young to be included in such democratic processes!) How can we work out a schedule that will be beneficial to all of us? It's difficult.

There are both psychological and practical problems to be overcome. Women have been socialized to subordinate themselves to men. Their major role in life is supposed to be that of mother and housewife. The male is supposed

to be achievement-oriented, while women are supposed to reach their status through men. If a woman decides to pursue a career she does not get much support from society. She has to overcome guilt feelings about imposing on her husband when she works and when she expects him to share such household tasks as child-rearing. Both partners in the marriage need to discuss and support one another.

However, even if the psychological obstacles are overcome, which they are increasingly, the practical means for carrying this out are difficult. Our economic system orients us for fulltime work and penalizes anyone who wishes to work part-time. Also there are very few daycare programs which satisfactorily take care of children. Employers should institute day-care centers for their workers. Either a mother or father could take the child to work and enjoy seeing him during the day. Our system should also recognize that either parent may have to stay home with the children if one of them is ill.

One of the few professions to allow joint responsibilities is teaching. Its schedules are flexible and the hours required at the institution itself usually are not as long as those in other professions. Unfortunately, teaching does not pay competitive salaries with other professions. This can hamper a family.

Men are going to question their ambitions and what requirements they have been placing on their wife and children so that they might be "important" in our society. If discrimination is going to be fought, there's no better place to begin than at home.

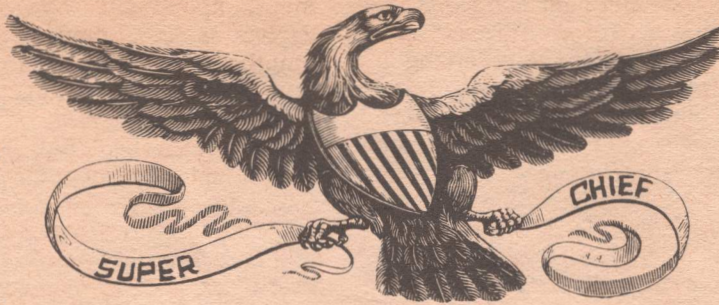
- MS. SANDY FISHER

Continued from page 6)

ONLY AN AWARE NETWORK OF PEOPLE WILL BE ABLE TO CREATE MEANS BY WHICH WE EMERGE FROM OUR PRESENT MESS WITH A MINIMUM OF DEATH AND DESTRUCTION. THE COUNTRY IS TOO COMPLEX TO CONTROL WITH FASCIST TECHNIQUES. THOSE, WHO DO NOT WANT A VIETNAM OR ALGERIA IN PHILADELPHIA, BEST PUT PRESSURE ON OUR 'HEROIC' COMMISSIONER TO STOP ACTING AS IF WE ARE STILL ON THE FRONTIER - WE ARE ACTING THAT WAY IN VIETNAM AND IT HAS COST US \$215,000,000,000 AND MORE DEAD AND MAIMED LIVES THAN I WISH TO COUNT.

IT COULD
HAPPEN
E
R

Ira Einhorn



(Continued from page 10)

politeness can no longer be left to the personalities of individual officers and the people they encounter. It must be offered by all police to all citizens at all times. KGF 587, the time 12:35 a.m.

PETTIT: This is another Rizzo-approved device. The Commissioner is willing to use any technique that works. In his view, police dogs work very well.

RIZZO: Dogs play an important part in any police operation. Psychologically, dogs number one. . . we don't use dogs against people. They're never used in crowd control or to hurt people. We use dogs against criminals. We used to have a problem in our subway concourses. We still have problems but nowhere near severe as they were before we put the canine into the concourses, in the subway and elevated systems.

PETTIT: More than a third of Philadelphia is black. This is the dominant fact of life here. As in everything else, the Commissioner takes a pragmatic approach to the city's black community.

RIZZO: We have. . . 23 percent of our department is Negro, comprised of Negro policemen. And they're an important part of our police department.

NEGRO: Hello, how're you doing? All right.

RIZZO: We have a large Negro community and it's impossible to police any segment of any community where you have large concentrations of Negroes.

Without Negro policemen, it just can't be done. All our cars are integrated. . . a Negro and a white man.

I remember as a young cop, you'd have a loudmouth on the corner challenging everyone and there could be hundreds of people in that area. One policeman could move in by the back of the neck, in the wagon. That was the end of it. You can't do that today. You make this move to over. . . to take this character into custody, you have a mob reaction. To respond to that same type of call today, we need. . . in fact we have. . . our own buses to transport numbers of policemen in great numbers in a moment's notice, so that we can move in and prevent mobs from forming.

We can come up with 200 policemen within 15 minutes to any part of this city! If you're going to make your move, you make sure you make it with sufficient numbers of police. The greatest mistake that a police supervisor can make is to try to take a police action where he's hopelessly outnumbered. Democracy? What are the values here? What are we giving up? We're giving up rights that belong to us. We've shown too much compassion; we've disregarded the values and feelings of other people who live within the law. I remember as a young man there was no question as to who was right or wrong. There were no. . . none of the democratic formulas applied. My dad set tough rules. . . and you played the game by his rules or you didn't play. There was no free, cut open form, you know. . . boom, you got knocked down, you know, and, uh, good system!

VANOCUR: Mark Twain once said: "In Boston they ask how much does he know; in New York, how much is he worth; in Philadelphia, who were his parents?" Frank Rizzo's father was for 45 years a policeman in Philadelphia.

An Inflation Primer: Nixon's The One

by Jim Lewis,

Larry Marion,
and Craig Nygard

Since the escalation of the Vietnam War in 1965, inflation has plagued the economy. This inflation is a result of the "guns and butter" economies of Johnson and Nixon.

The Johnsonian economy tried to actively succeed in Vietnam while pushing the Great Society reforms. The Defense Department budget expanded, along with HEW's. These two expanded budgets, coupled with the tax cuts of the Middle '60's, created a large budget deficit. This in turn, doubled the post-war creeping inflation, initiating a period of "cost-push" inflation of approximately 7% per year.

In a "cost-push" inflationary period, prices rise faster than wages. Only the larger construction unions have kept up with prices by obtaining wage hikes usually in excess of 15%. Since 1967 when these exorbitant hikes began, the labor market has helped the inflationary trends because employers have handed the cost of higher wages to the consumer in the form of price increases. Therefore, our present inflation is a spiral relation between prices and wages.

Costs, on the average, are still climbing faster than wages. Therefore, the typical consumer, despite recent wage hikes, takes home less buying power today than he did in 1967. Most affected by these conditions are non-union workers, lower echelon white-collar employees and people who have fixed incomes. Hurt the most are recipients of social security benefits, pensions and, most unfortunately, those receiving welfare allotments. Lately,



Leah Lazar

Hungry and without coin in Center City? Those Yankee Maid vendors are permitted to dish out a certain quota of hot dogs free each day. The younger, hip vendors should especially be sympathetic to street people without change.

welfare recipients have been petitioning their state legislatures for higher benefits.

Monetary tightening, when correctly carried out, involves one or more of the following regulatory

Shrinking the supply of money in the economy is the best cure for inflation. Two basic methods are fiscal tightening and monetary tightening. Fiscal tightening is accomplished by decreasing federal expenditures and/or increasing taxes.

measures: increasing interest rates on loans, imposing restrictions on treasury notes and raising the percentage of money that banks must keep on call. In both cases, stabilization of wages, prices and profits is needed to prevent deterioration of any fiscal or monetary tightening gains.

Because of the series of tax cuts through the early and middle '60's, the American people are unprepared for the tax increases needed to cure the spiraling inflation. Due to his lack of economic understanding, the average American prefers to lose \$10 to inflation than relinquish an extra tax dollar. Johnson's 1968 surtax was nearly meaningless since it was coupled with increased Defense Department spending for the Vietnam War. Therefore, the sound step that increased taxes was cancelled by returning this money to the economy through Defense Department contracts.

Richard Nixon entered the White House without receiving a majority of the popular vote. Being a Republican, no new taxes were expected from his Administration by his constituents; therefore, these much needed taxes might place his Administration on shaky ground at the polls. Nonetheless, spiraling inflation is not especially good advertising. Faced with this dilemma, Nixon appointed Dr. Arthur F. Burns as chairman of the Federal Reserve. Together, they set out to cure inflation.

Nixon's monetary tightening policy is presently pursuing the same impotent course tried by the Johnson Administration. Both Johnson and Nixon have raised the discount rates (interest) on money loaned by the Federal Reserve to its member banks. For the banks, this was a welcomed blessing; for the common man, it was merely another economic burden.

In 1968 and 1969, every one of the 147 banks listed in *The Wall Street Journal* increased their earnings 22% to 53%. These excessive profits have continued through June, 1970, according to Moody's.

In 1968, the First Pennsylvania Corporation's profits rose \$1,200,000 over 1967 profits. In 1969, profits rose approximately \$6,000,000 over 1968 profits. Other Philadelphia banks have enjoyed similar successes.

Banks are not collecting their excessive profits because they have a new and better product. Banks are collecting these profits because of increased interest rates without wage or price controls.



Before 1968, a \$25,000 mortgage at 7% interest cost the buyer \$1750 in interest the first year and decreased slightly each year thereafter. Now the same mortgage cannot be had for less than 10%, a \$750-per-year-difference.

In Pennsylvania, the legal limit is 9%, but due to a unique "point system" the true interest on loans is much higher than stated. Over a 25-year-period, this difference approaches \$10,000--almost all bank profit.

The same effect applies to apartment rent. New apartments cost much more because of the increased cost of construction due to inflation and the cost of loan financing by the building contractor. A family renting a \$200 per month apartment (by 1967 standards) is now paying \$273 per month or more. This extra \$73 is almost entirely because of increased interest rates.

Corporations that received government cost-plus contracts in 1965 and 1966 are now paying an extra 4% to 6% for financing. Again, this is turned over to the banks as profit and to the government as budget overruns. These overruns increase federal expenditures from a budget that is already in the red--an inflationary process. Other corporations, whether or not they are working on government contracts, have to do their financing through the banks. The higher interest rates on these loans are passed to the consumer in the form of higher prices.

These increased interest rates had further repercussions within our economic structures. Eurodollars (American dollars held by Europeans) are normally invested in the stock market, where the foreign investors expect a return on their investment of 5% in dividends and 3% to 4% in growth. With the increased interest rates, European investors were presented with a safer and more profitable outlet for their American dollars. Since 1969, billions of Eurodollars have been removed from the stock market and lent to banks. Withdrawal of this money further depressed the already slumping stock market. As the value of the stocks inevitably fell, not only were the large investors hurt, but also the thousands of average Americans who had invested their savings in the market.

The banks forced to borrow money at 6-8% lent it back to the consumer at 12-18%, increasing profits greatly over the time when

they borrowed at 4-6% and lent it at 7-10%. Not only does this increase inflation but also the interest-plus-principal going over to European lenders increases the gold drain, further undermining the already weak dollar.

Although restrictions on the borrowing of Eurodollars have been discussed, no restrictions have yet been imposed on potential borrowers.

While Nixon and Burns' monetary policies have depressed production, increased unemployment (5% in July) and fed inflation, at the same time Nixon has tried to appease his economic critics with half-hearted fiscal policies.

In 1969 Nixon pushed for popular tax reforms. These reforms were intended close many loopholes used by the rich and ease the tax burden of the average tax payer. By the time this tax bill was passed and had become law, it had been nicknamed "The 1969 Tax Accountants Relief Act." Only one skilled in the interpretation of tax laws could interpolate the intricacies of this bill. While some loopholes were closed, many more were created. This reform which originally was supposed to accrue more revenue, now had become a tax cut. The sorely needed tax reform was again sacrificed by Congressmen seeking re-election.

The Administration proudly proclaimed a policy of establishing a "Fiscally responsible federal budget." Fiscal responsibility, oddly enough, includes money for such absolute necessities as the ABM Safeguard system, the SST, the invasion of Cambodia and the clandestine war in Laos while excluding money for education, housing and hospitals.

One of the essentials of inflation control is wage, price and profit control. Otherwise, the results of increased interest rates, increased taxes and a responsible budget will be washed away by the natural tendencies to seek increased wages and prices to cover the money restrictions. Nixon has only paid lip service to wage-price controls through the "inflation-alerts," which are nothing more than a post-fact spotlight on increased wage settlements and pricing policies.

The Administration could try profit control by imposing an excess profits tax on the exorbitant profits now being made by the banks due to present monetary policies. This action has not been taken.

The State of the Unions

Locally and nationally, those innocents viewing organized Labor as a single entity have been had by a flimsy facade. Never in Labor history has the 17 million pairs of hands been so antagonistic and disjointed. Even the Communist infiltration of labor unions in the late '30's was an invasion from the outside; the present shattering of Labor solidarity--due to Vietnam--has cracked, perhaps irreparably, the previous solid wall of unified endorsement and powerful political punch. It just isn't there anymore.

When George Meany says that the AFL-CIO supports Nixon's Cambodian venture, it is a hoax; few outside Labor understand how weak the announcement is. When the AFL-CIO Executive Board voted on the Meany resolution, Nixon himself had just spoken to the same gathering. To vote against the resolution while in this environment would have been tantamount to posting the 95 Theses on the Vatican's door while the Pope was giving the sacraments from the balcony above--on Sunday. Yet, three of the 23 council members voted against, three more abstained, and five others were absent. If this vote is an indicator,

Labor as a single political entity is defunct.

Despite the united front presented by the Meany Resolution, the big guys in Labor are increasingly taking their own stand--usually when they're home on familiar turf. Jacob Potofsky, speaking to his Amalgamated Clothing Workers, goes peacenik; Leonard Woodcock of the UAW totally chastizes Nixon for his policies here and abroad. Bell Telephone Workers (another independent) declare their opposition to the war, N.Y.C. Municipal Employees and the Meat Cutters Union do the same, as have quite a few unions.

The hard-hats are fighting their own war, quite alone. All the other labor leaders hate domestic violence, since it begets violence--in Meany's own words. Ah, those hard-hats unconsciously did the cities in this country a favor, including Philadelphia. Everyone can come out against their brown-shirt tactics--and everyone did, unifying laborites when no one and nothing else could. Labor people here in Philadelphia and New York began, in embarrassed anguish, to meet with students and try to show an image of interest and acceptance so unlike the hardboiled "tough nuts."

That was the verbal pitch, but there was also an unconscious ploy--personal relief from Excedrin Backache #1. Many, inside the labor contract, strain under the weight of Meany's Vietnam pronouncements. Rather than soothe their consciences and commit political hari-kari by opposing the latest Asian invasion, labor people are offering a peace-pipe to students.

The purported aim of this belated communication is a labor-student coalition for domestic action, if possible. If it isn't, at least students will learn that labor doesn't necessarily mean red-neck or hawk. Strangers to labor unionism will experience the dissension and confusion that envelops the political atmosphere of organized labor in this country.

Currently there are two scenes where talk is flowing, New York City and Philadelphia. In May, the

N.Y.C. office of the National Maritime Union hosted a conference. Student representatives of name colleges (usually the editor of the school newspaper) met with various labor politicians, plus a few stars like Bayard Rustin for gloss and potential leadership/mediation. Under the auspices of the League For Industrial Democracy, another of labor's political arms, they rapped about programs to be created and operated by both sides--a coming together to work within the system. A strong effort developed to attract these collegians to such political programs as voter registration and canvassing for specific candidates. Students were exposed to concerned laborites, who are uptight about rising inflation, high unemployment, increasing poverty; if it's a domestic problem,



Labor and students are likely to feel the same, although the level of intensity may differ. Labor is, and will be, the group of organized little people that spend big millions to help elect friends of the working man.

All labor people have the same problems: the upper echelons--the union manager and local presidents--are trying to stay within the good graces of their national office yet still represent their splintered membership. Youthful middle management--the Business Agents and shop chairmen--is where the doves are; those who try to get something going without jeopardizing their positions.

Membership in Philadelphia's labor aviary is well-known to contain hawks and pigeons, but the doves have long remained hiding in the tree-tops. A typical roosting place is the ILG of Philadelphia--Bill Ross' kingdom and power base while he works with Tate. The Dress Joint Board (local headquarters for the ILG) is full of doves, except at the top. The local representing knitted-clothing workers has a large minority of dovish B.A.'s--all under-30, peace-symbol-dangling-from-the-car-mirror-types--while their over 30 colleagues defend America and its defensive stand against the Red menace. Reps from the Amalgamated Clothing local can come out against the war--their national president did. Bell Telephone Workers are against it, the Negro Trade Union Leadership Council is agin' it. The complete list transcends race, occupation or sex; it is diverse and tolerant of its diversity, until you get to the top of the management pile. There the party line resides.

So local Labor is also a mixed bag, with lots of internal ferment. They all knew that before the hard-hats marched, but nobody outside of America's original "peoples' movement" understood. After the "clubbing heard 'round the fac-

tories," everybody started looking for a chance to disassociate from their muscular brothers in Brennan's construction union.

It took a manager of an ILG local, and the daughter of his best friend, to start the Philadelphia dialogue. While employing a few college students during the summer, this patriarch sponsored a dinner for his summer employees, a few of his Labor friends, and other university people invited this god-daughter.

An evening full of rap--doubts surfaced rapidly. Students doubting their compatibility with labor hawks, or at least un-doves, and labor people trying to present the similarities between the students and themselves. The only tangible result: more meetings.


And more understanding. This summer saw Labor's awakened interest in students as people, people who helped the United Farm Workers succeed, people who canvass for free. The student representatives from Penn, Drexel, La Salle, Temple, and Swarthmore, finally saw the under side of Labor. As the meetings got larger and longer, the Labor crowd became more diverse. Students met with unknown Labor doves, previously thought to be as rare as the carrier pigeon, as well as the infamous Wendle Young of the Retail Clerks. (He is infamous because of his support for anti-war students, and because his Exec Board doesn't agree with the views; he speaks only for himself, not for his union.)

Comfortingly under 30, the local peace-laborites gratified the uninitiated. In private conversations, students hear Bill King, a black B.A. from the Dress Joint

Board, lash out against Nixon's civil rights games, and build up Johnson's Great Society ("HEW spells b l a c k"). Discussing the motivation of the hard-hats, Bill explained that "they're not so much for the war as for Nixon himself. These poor guys, working all their lives, are just now recognized as the Silent Majority. Now they have status in America." Bill's description of the hard-hats pictures them as defending their hero Nixon from the dirty, lousy, unproductive detractors. Freaks just put-down the muscle men; these labor people understand the symptom, while trying to negate the result.

The meetings are still going on; an ad-hoc committee has been trying to put together a program where students can go into local factories and meet the living reality of the phrase "blue-collar." Many of the Penn and Swarthmore kids, might be meeting their dad's employees. And Labor people will meet students who aren't Molotov cocktail throwers, just the within-the-system variety.

One thing that the students will find, something that most Labor leaders themselves don't even realize--those purported "rank" laborers aren't really that rank--approximately two-thirds of the Philadelphia workers polled this summer are in favor of an immediate Asian withdrawal. In fact, in spite of a pro-Israel press, only about 50% favored further jet sales to Israel. The unkindest cut of all, to a labor leader: 25% of those polled are in favor of legalizing grass.

Right on dressmakers! Power to the bra-stitchers! 

by Larry Marion

The Social Worker's Social Conscience


In a situation where the interests of the government run counter to the interests of the poor, who shall the welfare caseworker serve--the state as his employer, or the poor as his client? Five social workers were arrested at the recent public assistance demonstrations in Harrisburg while supporting their clients against their employer. The trend is growing.

In February, a group of caseworkers from Philadelphia started the Reform Organization for Communication and Change after deciding they could no longer tolerate the pressures from the day-to-day "humiliating, oppressive, and dehumanizing policies of the Pennsylvania Department of Public Welfare." ROCC members decided that the best way to cut through the existing inefficient (and often punitive) morass of bureaucratic red tape, was to ignore it, and deal with the clients on a personal level. In many cases this brought the caseworker into direct conflict with the Department of Public Welfare.

ROCC is attempting to build up a network of communication so that caseworkers, as a unit, can work against the inequities of the present welfare system. This climate of advocacy would replace the traditional reluctance and inability to buck the system. Social workers organizing around the issue that welfare works against the poor has been the most radical activity to ever occur in the Pennsylvania Department of Public

Welfare. As the movement spreads, the poor will potentially have more of a say in determining what is best for them.

As one ROCC spokesman put it, "We are attempting to develop communication channels between staff, clients and administration. We will communicate anyway we can, but we will communicate one message--the welfare system is unjust and it must be changed. The manner in which that message goes out will be determined by the receptivity of those who are now in control, but the changes that will come must be determined by those who are suffering the injustices."

Contact ROCC at 2431 N. Sixth St. or 634-9406. 

Connections

Taxpayers Association is a new group of Delaware Valley people fighting excessive taxation locally and in touch with similar groups elsewhere. Contact P.O. Box 17042, Philadelphia 19105. TA will have a meeting September 23, so if you want to attend, write now for details.

Live jazz and folk will be presented at the new Round Table Coffeehouse at 5th and Bainbridge (1-1/2 blocks below South Street) on Friday and Saturdays. Admission is \$1.50.

How to throw a block party

by Rick Snyderman

When I was a kid, I remember that there was a street, a block away from mine, that was wide, lined with Elm trees, and wonderfully shady on a hot summer afternoon. It was also a place of pleasant brick-fronted homes filled with kids. There was a special magic about that street, which seemed to attract kids from all around to play on it. I remember that someone once told me there was a man on that street who owned a movie house, and I believed that. Because that man, whoever he was, one night came down the long flight of stairs that led to his house, trailing a long cord behind him, and carrying a movie screen and a projector. It wasn't long before every couple of nights, just after the twilight had darkened into evening, that he descended his steps with a new film, and it wasn't long after that that other neighbors began to appear, with tables and apples, with nuts and with oranges, with cherries and with raisins. And a block party had begun without anyone really knowing it.

The only music at those magical evenings was the scratchy sound track coughing out of an old loudspeaker, but it was enough to make a kid from the next block go home full of dreams and cherries.

A couple of years ago, when I had a kid of my own, and I thought to myself of those pleasant, ambient evenings and thought what fun they'd been, I wondered what it would take to recreate the spirit of a block party. In those days, the street belonged to the people who lived in it, and going to City Hall for a permit was about as likely a thought to cross anyone's mind as going to the moon. Well, the moon-goings are now an everyday part of our lives, and so is City Hall.

But a block party still begins with the people on the street. And it's not difficult to do if the people on the street have a feeling about each other that goes beyond locked doors and pulled-tight windows shades.

When we had our first block party three years ago, I was frankly fearful how the older people would react. We wanted to have a live band, and we knew a lot of rock groups personally, who thought it would be a great thing to



do, and were willing to do it for eats, beer, and a small fee, say \$50. To my surprise, the neighbors (perhaps remembering an experience shared with me in my childhood memories) were enthusiastic.

Having their consent, the next step was City Hall. After a few shufflings through different departments, we found our way to the Department of Highways, where we filled out a form to request permission for closing the street. It seems that there is no procedure for a permit for the block party, only one for closing the street, for some unknown reason. One must also obtain a tax waiver by stating that no admission will be charged. If an admission is charged, then the city wants a share of the take as amusement tax, and it can get very complicated, so avoid that hassle and make it a free blast -- you'll feel better since you won't find it too easy to get someone to be the enforcer on collecting the admission charge, and anyway, it's really against the spirit of a street thing to charge a fee.

If you have a block party in a close-quartered area like Center City, where the streets and the people are all on top of each other all the time, the music of a live band will bring lots of people from all over, and this makes it kind of exciting. People discover the party, and the unexpected sight of a couple of hundred people grooving together in a street filled with the sounds of their togetherness gives one some lovely vibrations.

But expect the Police. In fact, you can expect them approximately 60 seconds from the

time the first note comes out of the lead guitar's amplifier. Not everyone in that crowded city likes to be reminded that young people and young music are all around them. You can be sure that the telephones will start ringing down at the district headquarters as soon as the party starts. Don't be hassled by this. While it seems trite to say it, the cops are more or less just doing their job. They have to answer a complaint once one is made, but as long as you have your permit, you are in the clear, and they can make their report, which gets them in the clear. It's an amusing sort of game, so just play along with it. They may come back more than once, as complaints may come in several times, or as different shifts come on duty, but I've never had a cop try to break up a party. However, be ready to close the party down at the exact minute the permit runs out, for you can be 100% sure that, if your permit covers you from 9 p.m. to 12 midnight, the cops will be there on the dot to make sure everyone packs it up.

This year's party on Iseminger Street, which is no wider than an average sized small American car, played host to probably 400 people. That's a lot of people, but it wasn't hard to do. We had one meeting at which we assigned each person who volunteered a specific job, such as getting the beer, getting the ice, etc. etc., so that the burden didn't fall on just one or two people. We secured a band for about \$65., and put the whole thing together for about \$175.00, including all the costs. One nice little touch we have always had is, in a way, a contribution from each family, in the form of a home baked cake or pie. For a group the size we had, we had only 4 quarter-kegs of beer, which wasn't enough -- we probably could have used two or three more. We used quarter kegs rather than half-kegs (which are slightly cheaper) because the quarters can be stored in people's refrigerators until ready to be used. . . They also fit nicely into trash cans filled with ice when ready to be tapped.

Hard liquor is a good thing to stay away from at a block party, as are such things as bottled soda (too expensive, and then you have all those damn bottles to get rid of), and the food should be kept as simple as possible -- hot dogs and/or hamburgers are about the cheapest proposition -- hot dogs go for as cheaply as \$6.50 per hundred at wholesale meat dealers, and rolls for as little as 37¢ per dozen at wholesale bakeries here.

One person should be in charge of coordinating everything, and

collecting donations in advance from the neighbors to meet costs. Usually, little things will come up that weren't expected, and may mean that someone will have to lay money out of their pocket. Sometimes, that money somehow never gets accounted for. If you are into a neighborly things, and you had a good time at the party, then overlook it. Maybe next year someone else will take the rap for a few extra dollars. If not, then you better plan to have a surplus before the party, because I have found it very sticky to try to collect three of four dollars, divided into neighborly segments of 87¢ each, or something like that, without feeling ridiculous.

Once the party's over, another party begins: the cleanup party. In our street, just about everyone comes out with a broom, and the street gets cleaned and hosed down in about 20 minutes. It's pretty important to do a thorough job, because the fastest way to get opposition to a party the following year is to leave the street a mess, or do a half-hearted job of it. Even cleaning up can be sort of a good time if everyone is into it.

Some things, I find, have not changed too much since I was a kid; one of those things is that people really enjoy the opportunity of working with one another. There were a lot of new people in my street this year. I knew them to say hello to, but that was all. Now I know them, and they know me in a much more personal way, and that's, perhaps, in microcosm, an answering of a real need in these paranoid times.

(Continued from page 2)

This great humanity has said (enough!) and has begun to move.

--Che

the final document is actually put together; at present it is a collection of ideas and arguments. Many points are in debate--should the Constitution call for the eventual abolition of the nuclear family, a structure which presently oppresses women, homosexuals and children? What kind of national political structures are needed? How much power should they have? But before anything else, the Revolutionary People's Constitution is aimed at building socialism. The ten thousand young women and men who thronged to Philadelphia, standing up and cherishing the rough new constitution were declaring themselves revolutionary socialists, not by their mere agreement with some pamphlet, but by their part in developing this plan for a post-capitalist America.

The final session of the Convention is set for November 4 (tentatively in Washington, D.C.) which will produce a written constitution. Many of the hassles that are besetting the movement will still be unsolved--the sexism and racism will not disappear overnight. Workers running their own factories, children growing up as independent people, proud black and brown men and women, homosexuals no longer greeted with snickering (as they often were at this gathering) clean air and plenty of food--all this will still only be a dream, only a Constitution on paper. But this weekend in Philadelphia, for the first time, a broad spectrum of oppressed people came together, and, there was a movement, a feeling of power.



Why Rap

RAP is a community paper. It is nobody's ripoff. We own it. Right now we are a doctor, lawyer, mental health worker, ad man, community developer, guru, youth work, minister, teacher, radio commentator, and a couple of publishing types. There is also women's lib, gay lib, and God knows what other kind of lib among us. We may shortly be a few more, depending on how unweildy we get. There is not much financing, but there is enough to float a few issues until the community really gets under it. When that happens, the bread will go first to starving RAP writers and then to worthy community activities. RAP readers will get the book on it. Regularly.

RAP is edited by John Zeh, whose by-line is familiar to readers of the *Distant Rolling Stone*, *Village Voice* and other such quasi-reputable rags. John is also known for editing *Earth Week '70*, getting burned, schlepping for festival promoters, waxing indignant at rallies, overstaying his welcome on local radio, running a crash pad for left-handed orphans, playing rightfield for The American Dream, serving barbecued hamburger nightly, putting KYW cameras out of joint, and helping edit two unmentionable national magazines into an early grave. The by-line of RAP's publisher has appeared in *Saturday Review*, *American Scholar*, *The New York Times*, *Mademoiselle*, *Glamour*, and interoffice memos at the headquarters of the Girl Scouts of America, for which he has served as chairman of the under-30 advisory council. He is also known for getting burned, picketing Paganos on local radio, running a crash pad for John Zeh, playing leftfield for The American Dream, not cleaning up after Zeh's barbecues, putting his ex-stepmother on KYW, and publishing anotoriously unsuccessful national magazine.

Elsewhere John Zeh details RAP's editorial mission. Suffice to say here that RAP will, as the Friends say, go where the way opens. Generally, we'll do it three way: reporting on radical professionals, carrying the stories the other media refuse to run, and providing information useful to people who are trying to carve out a new kind of life in the city. We expect to do it boldly, but also professionally. We expect to make up in impact for what we lack in bombast. We expect to be effective, which means we expect trouble. We also expect to go down, if we go down, with a little help from our enemies. And we expect to stay around, if we stay around, with a little help from our friends.

To stay close to our readers and to provide what seem to be a logical and necessary RAP service, we are starting a membership eatery adjacent to RAP offices. See page for details. And join us.

If you can help RAP, drop us a note now.

[Signature]

Sherman B. Chickering

S: This is the last page. See if you can save it. *[initials]*

Great Scott, It's Philadelphia!



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Earth Read Out

CENTER CITY -- WEST OF BROAD

22/ Spruce
22/ Pine
21/ ~~...~~
Sans
20/ ~~...~~
20/ C
20/ S
20/ S
20/ Spr
20/ Ma
19/ Mar
18/ Wal
18/ S. of
17/ Waln
17/ Spruc
17/ S. of
16/ Walnu
16/ Chestn
15/ Chestn
15/ Locust
15/ Spruce
15/ Spruce (1511)
Broad/ Locust

CENTER CITY -- EAST OF BROAD

13/ N. of Market
13/ Market (N.W.)
13/ Chestnut
13/ N. of Spruce
13/ Pine
13/ Lombard
Camac/ Spruce
Camac/ Spruce (1229)
12/ Market (N.E.)
12/ Spruce
12/ Pine
12/ E. On Pine
11/ Market (N.W.)
10/ Market (N.W.)
10/ Chestnut
7/ Chestnut
Head House Square
3/ South
3/ South

bookstore -- Robin's
newsstand
newsstand
Flower Pot
food store
market
food store/ Camac
deli/ Apple Jacks
newsstand
newsstand
pizzaria
bookstore -- Middle Earth
newsstand
newsstand
newsstand
newsstand
drugstore
Sassy's
The Works

...tive Media Acid Test

...ppening at WUHY
...iving a taxi

TWO

1. Better than that. In fact, since it's short straw's choice, have him stand in the center and decide upon the direction. When you get a fellow wound up like this, you've got to allow for. . .well, you've got to allow for the spring to spring.

Better than that. An egg hunt. Three people are told the locations but remain unaware that the other two--each of whom are, of course, unaware that the other two--know. And with only four in the hunt. . .

Or perhaps we guess which chairs will seat which people at the dinner hour. Better than that. . .

2. Aside to Jesse English: "Your songs, like roast beef--thinly sliced. Provide a list of the winners."

--Matt Damsker

September, 1970; Monthly, except July and August; Vol. 1, No.1; \$5.00 a year

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Middle Earth

FILM

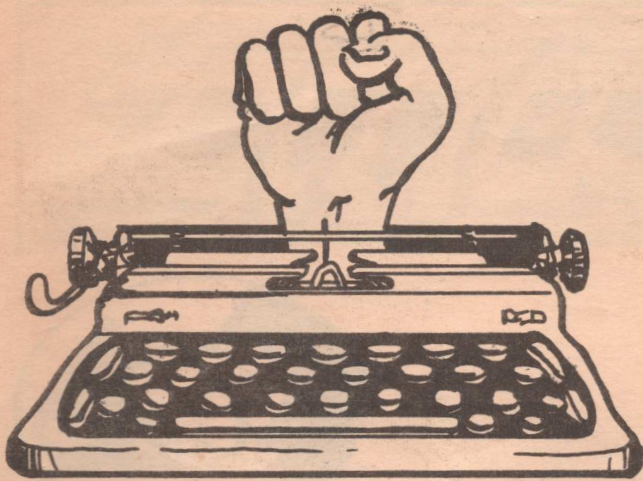
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30



By JOHN ZEH

Right now I'm spending most of my time and energy for a project that some of us here hope will affect some of that necessary change, perhaps a little sooner or a little more radically than if we just sat back. It's an experiment in grass-roots alternative journalism, called **RAP**. Basically, we have a monthly magazine in a lively format aimed at radical professionals and professional radicals of varied persuasions who want/ need to know more about what's going on or what's not going on in their own or others' disciplines, the city at large, and elsewhere.

The professions front was our initial thrust. In the first issue, we have news about radical professionals getting it on in architecture, social work, medicine, the clergy, the army, education, labor, politics, and the media. Most of these articles are relevant and important not just to members of those professions, but to other professionals (because what's going on one front could be applied to another, or may be happening in another field next) and to consumers (for instance, "The Body Politic" is crucial to patients as well as to doctors). Because of this and because some things happening in some disciplines (like the media) have implications beyond those disciplines (like the piece on The Evening Bulletin which tells about police influence on the media), we have decided not to compartmentalize or even label articles as "Media," "Medicine," etc.

We added to that professions coverage a second area of concern after we began discovering by talking to professional reporters in town that there was a need for an outlet for stories that were being suppressed by the straight media or that were not appropriate for the underground press' audience. We found that our main readership, radical PROFESSIONALS, would be a strength. Some great stories, for instance, were appearing in the *Drummer*, but nothing was happening. Hopefully at least, our audience would be less impotent or more capable of acting on what they read. So **RAP** would become an alternative to existing media in the city, an outlet for

information and opinion that either wasn't being heard elsewhere, or wasn't making any impact.

A third thrust soon raised its beautiful pointed head when we began asking around about what's happening in Philadelphia in terms of the alternative culture. We found there are things happening here that most people don't even know about, and since **ALTERNATIVES** is what we're really all about anyway, we were happy to add a service function. Besides being in itself an alternative, **RAP** will spotlight services/groups like Everything for Everybody, the Ecology Food-Co-op, the Highway Erection Co., and the Hard-on Holding Co., and local manifestations of national movements like women's lib. On this level, we've got a couple continuing features like "Armchair Guerrilla" and "Roll Your Own" that will offer some nitty-gritty how-to-do-it info in the **Whole Earth Catalogue** vain, but in more detail.

There's another thrust we intend to strengthen after we get far enough ahead on the local scene, and that's to provide coverage of groovy things happening elsewhere that might ought to be happening here. We intend to formalize a network of contacts in communities around the planet to get first-hand information on appropriate happenings. This issue we have a report on Montreal's inner-city co-op, which underscores the need for such an operation here. We hope such material is inspiring, and we are serving as a clearinghouse for efforts for which we perceive a need but for which there is no local organizers. Hence, we are funning seminal articles on certain fronts like a media project in hopes of getting action off the ground and moving fantasies out of peoples' heads and into the streets.

It is on this level that perhaps we are most different from the regular press, and this over-all direction is mostly a reflection of our views on how the "objective" press has failed America. In *Moderator*, a national campus magazine I edited here the past school year, I called for adoption of "advocacy journalism." Writers would break loose from their sanctuaries behind the barricades, and join the people they were writing about in the struggle to change things. They would, as the article herein on media people suggests, move, feel, and join. I organized a couse in "Alternatives in Journalism" for the summer Parkway Program, and my thought on the subject crystalized even further. Now with **RAP**, I want to transcend participatory journalism, and get into precipitatory journalism. We want to activate more activism as well as advocate change.

We are excited by the possibilities. There have been frustrations and hassles, but we are moving forward. Our response from local writers was so great that we got too much material for the first issue. We have

faced limitations on several fronts, especially financially. This first issue is coming to you on a ball-busting budget that won't even pay the printing bill. We weren't able to be as elaborate graphically as we would have liked, but a better appearance will be part of our growth.

What you are eyeing in this **RAP** is what **RAP** is all about. But only partly. In trying to get off the presses an alternative monthly for Philadelphia, we have experienced the necessity of an alternative daily. It's happening that fast. We can't begin to explain away how the CIA is publicizing fantasies about the Arab's demanding Sirhan Sirhan's release in exchange for 747's. There's no time now to elaborate on the effort to spread the Parkway Program around the city by using parents, community people and volunteer teachers during the strike. There's no space to reveal the plot to seize Independence Hall and ransom it off for Charlie Manson. Fantasy is becoming reality.

RAP is somewhat a fantasy, and that's why it's difficult to explain "Our Editorial Purpose." Whatever it is, it is constantly changing, as the times themselves change.

So this issue is as much of what we are not, as of what we are. Read **RAP** regularly, and we think you'll understand.

That feature called "Roll Your Own" is really what we're all about. Roll your own fantasy about whatever. Roll your own revolution. The revolution is in your head. "Roll your own" relates to survival, and that's what we're about, too. Mitch Gilbert, who tried to start a similar paper a few years back, points out in this issue that "when reality gets painful enough... people will scream for help. Our most important task is to prepare for that day." On the way to that day, **RAP** is trying to report and comment upon the current and potential reality, dosing that reality report with a lot of fantasy that's far-out but not really. We are the new urban guerillas. What more can I say up front?

I'll say this. I don't know if it means anything, but it sure as hell is appropriate. The other night when I was thinking about this piece, a song came on the radio, and flashed. Listen:

So you've tried to describe your
visions of the music man.
They didn't hear, no,
they didn't see you, no, no.
You've been trying to get the message
around,
but it comes out backwards and upside
down.
You've been working for the Sunshine
Express
just a little too long.
So you try to bring it back to
Philadelphia
where it all began.

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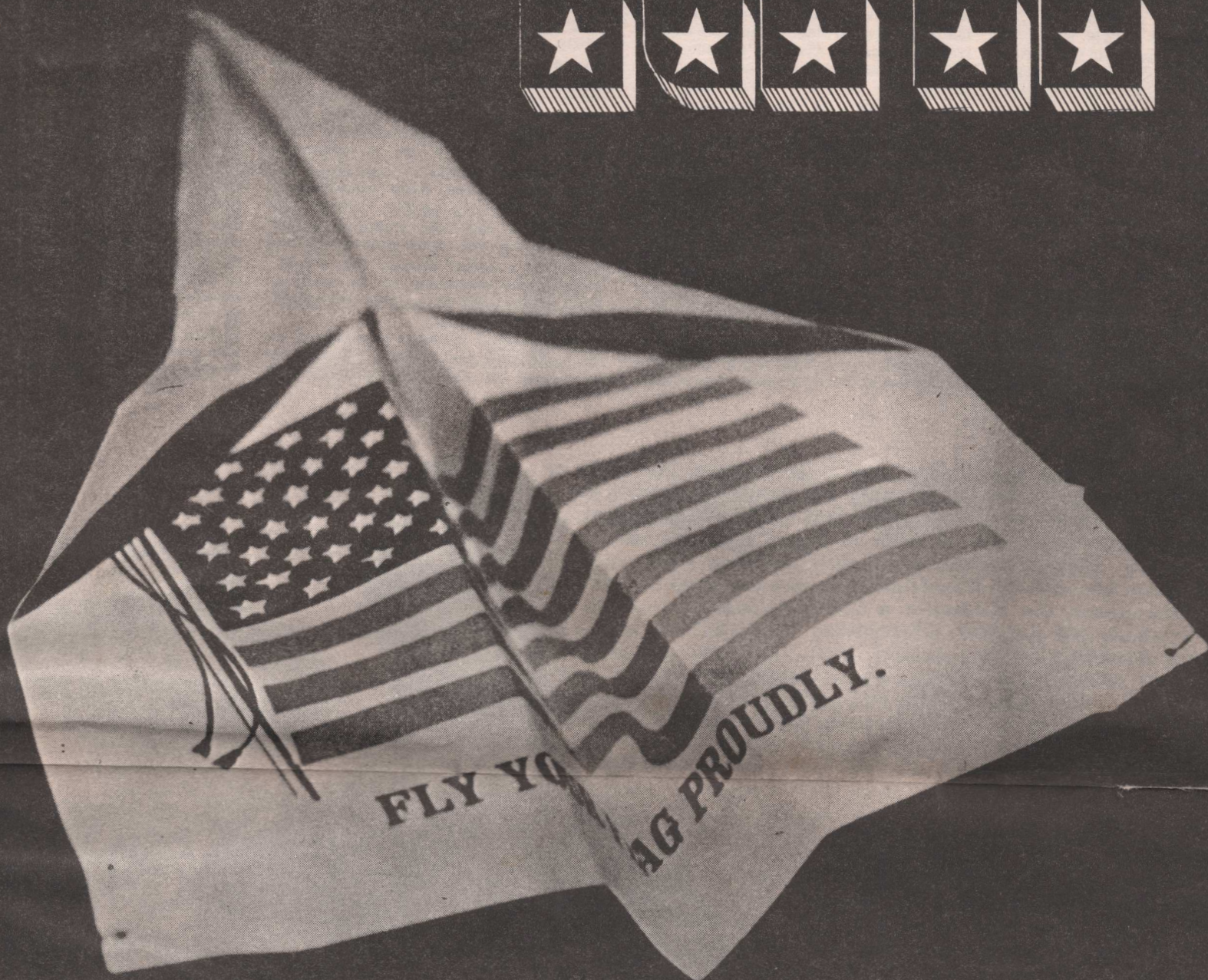
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BLASPHEMY



THE CONVENTION

All right, you radicals want to tear this system down. But what are you going to replace it with?

--Anonymous

The flagpole at the registration center for the Revolutionary People's Constitutional Convention has been divested of its American flag. In place of "Old Glory" flew an NLF flag, a Black Panther banner, one emblazoned with Che's profile, and a red-green-black Black Nation flag.

That flagpole at the Church of the Advocate in the north Philadelphia ghetto community provided a colorful symbol of the destruction of the old America, and the spirit of the new.

That spirit was embodied in the ten thousand people, mostly black and mostly young, who jammed the Temple University area Labor Day weekend. Such a massive outpouring had not really been expected by white radicals like Allen Young, David Fenton, Nina Sabaroff and the others at Liberation News

Service. In the LNS report, they also said, "Nor did we even expect so much energy available for the actual work of the Convention."

The out-of-towners had known about the tension running high in The City of Brotherly Love in the wake of cop-killing and shoot-outs.

"Many expected a blood-bath confrontation," said LNS.

Those delegates (as the Philly straight media referred to blacks from out of state who were stopped and searched successfully for weapons) also knew who was responsible for setting the stage for such a battle. "It was Philadelphia Police Commissioner Frank L. Rizzo, known as the nation's 'toughest' cop," said LNS.

The Commissioner's reputation has extended the boundaries of our fair city, you see. For the scenario set by NBC-TV's "First Tuesday" segment on "Superchief" Rizzo, checkout that section, which is illustrated with actual pages from the coloring books issued by the City to schoolchildren.

And apparently the wire services got the word out about State officials being sued by the Jewish Defense League to prohibit use of the state-owned McGonigle Hall. And about Rizzo's statements that the Panthers were "Yellow dogs, creeps, and psychopaths." And about Mayor James Tate's pledge of more manpower for the cops. And about the local press reaction. And of course, they knew the great lengths to which the City and State went to stop the "Peace Festival successfully."

The underground grapevine had gotten the word out that Rizzo (privately if not publicly, apparently) swore that the convention would not take place.

Out-of-towners were surprised, then, at the apparent lack of (visible) police presence. They were also surprised that a local judge would reduce the extraordinary bail and a federal one sitting here would actually restrain local police from violating the rights of the Panthers.

Here is a report from inside the convention:

RAP



October 1970

The NBC-TV scenario • Policemen Phil's coloring book • How the Evening Bulletin exposed itself in public •

On the inside • Rap-up • Huey Raps • An Open letter from Ira Einhorn • The Panthers' CBS shakedown • Blacks and Whites together • An urban missionary's thoughts •

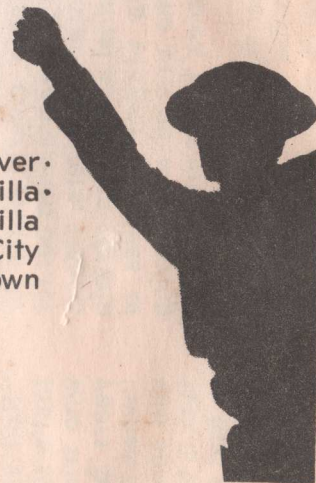


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