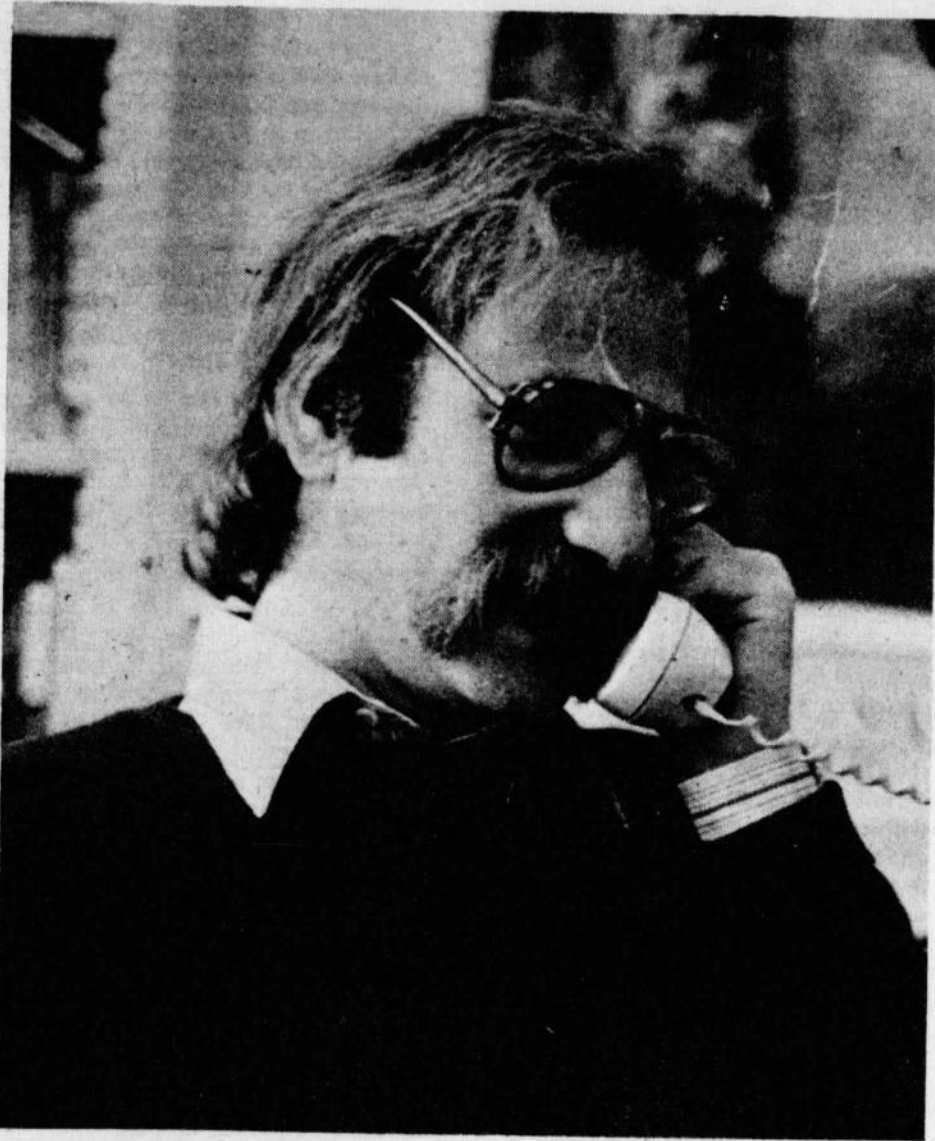


new indicator

Volume 5, No. 2

Inside: Arts, Koala Komix, Funky La Jolla, Nukes, Fred C. Dobbs Interview with Adrienne Rich October 9-22, 1979



Robert Edelman, professor of history, recently was granted a two-year contract plus reconsideration of tenure. Edelman, along with professors Real, Mehan, James, and Tolbert, was the object last Spring of Student protest aimed at both gaining tenure for these professors, and revamping the tenure process.

Edelman, recipient of a reward last Spring for excellence in teaching from Muir College, is a professor of Russian History who invariably receives top Professor evaluations.

Professor Michael Real, Communications, has accepted a half-time position at San Diego State; Emory Tolbert, History, has received a two-year terminal contract; Luther James, Drama, has received a one-year terminal contract and Bud Mehan, a favorite of Saltman (because of his research bucks) in TEP/Sociology, has been given tenure.

Sources within the History department attribute Edelman's reconsideration to his renowned scholarship and excellent teaching.

Programs Threatened...

THE GRADUATE STUDENT

With this column *The Graduate Student* by Paul Janosik returns to the pages of the new indicator. Paul is working on a *Graduate Student Disorientation Column*, to be printed next issue.

My final column last year talked about various University programs, such as Third World studies, Urban & Rural Studies, Communications, etc. Neither college nor department, programs are sponsored by both and are lacking in political clout with respect to colleges, departments and the administration. A rumor has been circulating that certain forces on campus, centered around the History Department and Dr. Mitchell, its chair, are planning to centralize the campus ethnic studies programs (Third World Studies, Center for Iberian and Latin American Studies, etc.) into one program.

At first glance, centralization would seem to provide administrative efficiency and greater power for these programs. Such centralization, however, may disguise actual program and personnel cuts under the labels of efficiency and

eliminating duplication. Worse, centralization may lessen what little power these programs have instead of increasing it.

As it stands now these ethnic studies programs have decentralization and a small measure of autonomy that acts as a kind of negative power. The administration cannot make one clean cut and affect all the programs, it has to take the programs on one at a time. And this decentralization and autonomy does not affect appreciably these programs' capacity to muster and coordinate support from other programs and the campus at large in dealing with the administration. Centralization, in particular centralization under departmental or college control, may be setting these programs up for administrative attack.

It would be different if such centralization was a prelude to making ethnic studies a campus department on a par with, say, History. But this is not what is being planned, according to rumor. The various ethnic studies programs should resist such an attempt at centralization until guarantees of greater power (i.e. departmental status) are secured.

Police Story

There are police stations, sheriff's offices and jails throughout the country and around the world. As with most of these, fully sixty percent of the people walking the halls of the San Diego Sheriff's Office (Downtown, sharing a building with the county jail) are armed, and the atmosphere is incredibly tense.

Once, when I threw a wad of paper into a waste paper basket behind an officer with a gun, and a reflex, he wheeled around ready to draw. And he was only a desk jockey. Definitely a paranoid atmosphere smacking of brute repression.

Try being black, or 'suspicious' looking, at two am on the streets when that lone squad car cruises by. Any move is a false move—and many of you have experienced that feeling when that patrol car tailgates you on the freeway and its a near mission impossible to hold that speed at 55.

But in many ways these are only surface tensions. The real weight of the system runs beyond the squad cars, beyond the immediacy of the loaded guns, beyond the presence of the jail all around. Located almost directly above the jail's information desk sits the Sheriff's Records office, a drab and dreary room in which underpaid workers (many on federal programs) work in an office that remains open 24 hours a day.

Out of this office come the records on who's been in the jail, myriads of fingerprints on thousands upon thousands of people, and out of this office are distributed and retained 'rap' sheets (FBI circulated files which purport to be records of a persons prior arrest record).

These rap sheets are notorious for the superfluous information they contain as
continued on page 8

Commentary...

San Diego Politics

San Diego politics have always been kind of strange. Back in the '60s the town was sewed up by C. Arnholdt Smith and assorted developers. The Copley Press (*Union-Tribune*) pretty much controlled the information reaching the public. The *San Diego Street Journal* was a paper operated mostly by ex-UCSD radical types who had worked on the original *Indicator*. They did a lot of prying and helped uncover the fact that Yellow Cab had bribed the mayor and most of the city council—this despite the paper having its car fire-bombed, etc.

Eventually the *Union-Tribune* could no longer ignore the story. The mayor & council members were indicted and driven out.

C. Arnholdt Smith eventually was busted for various crimes: engineering one of the largest banking defaults in history, juggling the books of the Padres and other of his enterprises, etc.

Other strange occurrences in local lore: The bizarre land deals for housing and shopping developments, from La Costa to La Jolla and beyond, involving the notorious Teamsters Union Western States Pension Fund and organized crime figures; the operations of the Minutemen and Secret Army Organization, complete with FBI-supplied *agent provocateurs* firing shots



PETE WILSON

into the homes of college professors and permanently disabling a student.

Local politics had its image cleaned up by Pete Wilson, a bland former assemblyman who engineered a policy of controlled growth to prevent "Los Angelization." For a while Pete could raise a slim council majority for that position. Two years ago it appeared the council might become dominated by liberals. Then Floyd Morrow, its most progressive member, was defeated by Fred Schnaubelt, a real estate broker's idea of heaven. Evonne Schultz, a liberal
continued on page 8



Students gathered at C.U.D.A. More pictures on pages 9 & 11.

Notes from the Collective Desk

FRACTURED FLICKERS

Hard pressed for collective notes. Small wonder. What with fragmentation, alienation, estrangement and disco times seeping through our very sexuality. Luckily it hasn't hit our minds yet.

A Polish pope visited the U.S., and held tight to the traditional line on birth control, abortion, marriage, nuns...profane becomes sacred and sacred becomes profane...up is down and down is up.

We learn that Jimmy Carter's popularity is going down. But there's compensation: the price of peanuts is going up. Hamilton Jordan plays chess with Menachem Begin while Palestinians go without water for the sake of Zionist expansionism.

Acid rains fall on acid heads—a new variety of Rocky Mountain fever no

doubt. Cup of coffee in Muir Five and Dive goes for 30 cents. Got a buck, brother? Hard to cop a room for less than \$140 a month—unless you're a dormie and then it goes for \$250. Twenty bucks is actually ten. Pretty much everywhere gas is more than a buck a gallon.

Interesting to juxtapose (Anglo) Saxon's pay hike of 14% (cost of living increase to the tune of \$11,000) to another (proposed?) fee increase.

How does one reconcile the Guardian's profitable sexist beer ads with editorializing against campus beer drinking? Double-dealing hoodwinking?

Finally: Did you get the beat? DISCO SUCKS! Signed, the Collective Body of Erstwhile Nattering Nabobs of Negativity...Spiro who? Have you heard the records of the Dead Kennedys?

Business As Usual

September 26, 1979

To: Mr. Steve Shriner (sic) A.S. Commissioner for Media Mr. Randy Woodard Student Affairs Officer Vice Chancellor Richard H. Armitage From: F. Thomas Bond Associate Professor of Chemistry Chairman, CEP

Subject: New Indicator Disorientation Manual

Both as an individual member of the UCSD community and as chairman of the CEP I wish to file a formal protest against statements published in the Academics section of the above manual. In particular, statements in paragraph 3 on page 4, and in the second paragraph of page 5 recommend implicitly, if not explicitly, that students forge petitions regarding requirements and grade changes. Such action by a student is a clear violation of the widely publicized regulations concerning student conduct, student discipline and related matters. Having been involved in disciplinary action in two such cases I can assure you that the faculty does not consider such matters lightly and that the advice given is clearly not in the best interest of students.

I approached the New Indicator about the matter suggesting that they make a sincere retraction of what I consider to be a very unwise statement. Their erratum in Vol. 5, no. 1, states that they "did not recommend violation of university regulations. Such recommendations might be frowned upon and endanger our funding." This cute attempt to avoid editorial responsibility is hardly worthy of a University publication, particularly one that us "officially recognized."

cc: New Indicator

Student Organizations Advisor Vice Chancellor Richard Armitage From: The New Indicator Collective

We are in receipt of Thomas Bond's letter to you of September 26 in reference to the so-called "New Indicator Disorientation Manual."

As was made clear, both within the pages of the Disorientation Manual and our last issue (Vol. 5, no. 1), the manual was assembled by an independent group of students working under the auspices of the AS Student Welfare Commission, and was to have been published using allocated Student Welfare funds. Owing to a freeze on these funds, the collective decided to publish the manual, without subjecting it to collective review. (See: Disorientation Manual, page 3, N.I. page 2, "Repression Hits at UCSD.") In view of this the collective does not, and can not be expected to, take responsibility for the Disorientation Manual. As stated, we were given, and published, a finished original and did not subject it to collective review. This is not unprecedented as we published, in January 1977, a Rape Awareness week special which was produced by the Rape Task Force and not subject to collective review. The same has been done for several other groups and publications.

Also, careful reading of the paragraphs mentioned by Professor Bond (within the article on Academics) will reveal that no recommendation, implicit or explicit, is made concerning forgeries. The article merely states that this has been, and could be done. One could also plant bombs on bikes, blow up the central computer, or attempt to sink Central Library in the UCSD swimming pool. We, and the producers of the manual, don't necessarily recommend these either.

Of course, forgery of a signature on a petition is a serious matter, as it violates federal law, not to mention various widely published but poorly distributed campus regulations. Still, forgery is also a wide-spread university practice. Because of the volume of the paperwork passing through the system, almost invariably the signatures of secretaries and others, rather than those of the appropriate bureaucrat, wind up on the

papers.

As we stated in the Erratum published in our last issue, "we do not, and did not, recommend violation of University regulations." This was not an attempt to evade editorial responsibility... we are not editorially responsible for the specifics of the Disorientation Manual. However, as can be ascertained by reading the paragraphs in question, not even the Manual recommends violation of this university policy. We hope this resolves all questions on the subject.

cc: Prof. Thomas Bond

Taylor Answered

OPEN LETTER to the TT/Guardian Editor:

I realize that it is only with great difficulty that you manage to fill your daily columns with copy to pad the advertising, but John Taylor's piece, published in your rag last Wednesday, clearly could have been done without.

Taylor claims that "great portions" of the History of UCSD are inaccurate, yet he fails to cite one inaccuracy contained within that History. As to Taylor's concern that much of the material within the Manual was reprinted, if documents were not reprinted no one would remember them. Such documents as the

Lumumba-Zapata demands, the results of the 1977 Comprehensive Referendum, these are in important parts of our history which we must not forget.

As for Taylor's claim that "the new columns suggest that students forge professors' and administrators' names on forms to get grades changed (page 5), forge names to get academic petitions approved (page 4),..." Taylor shows a complete disregard for reality. That article, on Academics, does not suggest that students forge signatures, it merely states that it can be, and has been done. One could also claim that we advocate blowing up the Central Computer. And were Taylor more familiar with his history he would recognize that most of that article, including the bit on forging signatures on petitions, was reprinted from the Radical coalition's 1972 Disorientation Manual.

And Taylor is well aware that his comments on me are gratuitous, and that the new indicator has no editors. And to give me all the credit for the Disorientation Manual is unfair. I was but one of many students who worked to produce the manual last Spring.

Was it truly necessary to waste so much ink on Taylor's libelous fabrications? The little he had to say could easily have been said in half the space. But then, your, and John Taylor's, sympathies are well known. To quote a former editor-in-chief:

"If the administration wants a Triton Times, there will be a Triton Times... You may guess with whom we side..." (John Taylor, June 1976)

Jon Bekken

LETTERS

DON'T CLOSE COFFEE HUT

NIC,

I want to commend you on your publication, especially the piece on downtown redevelopment. Hope we'll see more of this type of thing.

—UCSD Staff Member

GOOD JOB FOLKS

I'd like to join the chorus against closing the Coffee Hut. I too am astonished that after winning the struggle against the Chancellor's efforts to turn it into a faculty club, we find a leading advocate of that struggle to be a wolf in sheep's clothing. It seems that our AS president and cohorts need their authority questioned, to coin a phrase. We most definitely do not need more AS offices and an expanding bureaucracy. We do need the Coffee Hut, for all the reasons other writers have mentioned: It's pleasant, quiet atmosphere, its

removal from the beaten path, its a pocket of sanity. Were a study made to find ways to alleviate the alienating atmosphere here, no doubt a Coffee Hut would be one remedy suggested.

I find it hard to believe that after more than a decade of operation it is now financially unfeasible. That's just an argument of convenience for grasping bureaucrats—first McElroy and now Montalvo.

I've read where the new "pub" is supposed to accommodate the Hut's clientele. But that's impossible, it isn't big enough and the menu's far too limited.

On the subject of the "pub," which now offers us beer at a time when most beers have been found to contain potent carcinogens, I noticed an interesting item in the Disorientation Manual. It seems that in 1977 students voted 1942 to 486 in favor of an organic, vegetarian restaurant in that space. So for two years we had Future Foods, a half-baked, expensive "natural" food service. And now we have a greasipit, where you can't even get a cheese sandwich. Why can't we at least have a place offering non-carnivores a decent choice of sandwiches?

It's not too late for students to do something about both the Hut and the "pub." I hope there are some honorable people in the AS who will do something and that students in general will organize against this idiotic outrage.

—Chris O'Connell

cc: Triton Times/Guardian

ANNOUNCEMENTS:

Progressive Coalition Meeting, Tuesday, Oct. 9, 2:00. Budgets & priorities. In the Coalition office (Student Center—above the Food Co-op). All welcome.

Jazz Club Meeting, Tuesday, Oct. 9, 5:00 in the Gameroom Conference Room—Student Center.

TGIF at Groundwork Books, Friday, Oct. 12, 4:30 on.

New Indicator Collective Meetings, Tuesdays at 5:30 in the NIC office, Student Center—2nd floor.

October 31, 8pm to midnight. Benefit to Stop San Onofre. at 3927 Utah St. (North Park), \$5. King Biscuit Blues Band. For ticket info: C.E.A.N. at 236-1684.

Funky La Jolla

Charles A. Patterson

As a letter this issue notes, we finally have a "pub" offering beer—too bad most beer has now been found carcinogenic, containing potent nitrosamines. The only "safe" beers, we read, are Coors and Guinness Stout. Coors has such bad karma adhering to its name that only a severely alienated person could know the company's history and still consume its product. Guinness, on the other hand, is the Breakfast of Champions. It will not, as some think, put hair on your fingernails. It is what beer was, before modern America watered it down. In Europe, they even drink it at room temperature. Cold or warm, its an acquired taste, but a taste well worth acquiring according to our colleague, Doghouse Riles. Try it, you'll like it. Anyway, Coors is non-pasteurized and is said to be filtered through asbestos. So the fact that it is without nitrosamines may be of little import...



and to become friends." (emphasis added) Not only disgusting, but elitist as well...

You may have noticed a publication around campus put out by the ASUCSD. It's called an "ASUCSD Student Handbook," and it contains such gems as two maps guaranteed to get you completely lost (nothing on the maps is in its true position). It's a real production job, printed on expensive, high-quality paper, but aside from a not too bad phone list there's not a useful item in the whole 16-page thing. And it cost \$2,500, or about four times as much as the Disorientation Manual the AS tried to suppress. In fact, the Handbook's so bad that the AS Council passed a bill requiring an "Editorial Committee" to approve such productions before the President runs off and prints them. Question Authority, huh?...

That about wraps things up. You might check out the new pub they opened in the Student Center. It doesn't look at all like the natural food restaurant students voted for overwhelmingly (1,942 to 486) in the Comprehensive Referendum. The prices are pretty high as well. That's what happens when you bring in some guy who's out to make a fast buck, or three, or thousands....

Charles A. Patterson continues to maintain a low profile, having been sorely wounded during a cross-campus chase by readers of his last column, following a chance encounter.

Traveling Cheap

Crack....Ripp...Shred. "Shit, John, slow down. You're going to lose the muffler to a pothole."

"Sorry," I said. The car idled forward at a grueling two miles an hour. I couldn't blame Bill for worrying about his car. It had crossed a lot of country in the last six weeks and this backwood dirt road had it bouncing like a passionate Saturday night.

Winding our way through a Georgia forest choked with pine, cypress and live oaks, I began to wonder if that sign back off U.S. 84 had been pointing to the right road. It was such an inconspicuous little board. Painted dark green it blended in nicely with the vines, but the white english lettering stood out. It simply said, "The Hostel in the Forest" with an arrow pointing forest inwards.

Bill and I had grown accustomed to the unexpected when hosteling. After staying in Hostals at Flagstaff (Arizona) and Durango (Colorado), we knew that hotel sleeping accommodations could range from a revamped flop house in a sun-baked dust town to a couple of soft beds under a cosmic wall mural. Nothing surprised us, but as the car dredged its transmission from a wide, sucking, mud puddle we both stared in bewilderment at the strangest hostel we had yet encountered.

A couple of geodesic, cedar-shake domes sprouted between the trees like the tops of gigantic, mutated mushrooms growing undisturbed out in the woods. A plank patio surrounded the odd cottages and the whole structure was raised two feet off the swampy ground by stinky wooden pegs. An oak in the background held a treefort with its crotch and a grader snake disappeared under a ripple in the reed skirted pond

across the road. Hiding brown under a shingle, a chameleon watched with shiny eyes as Bill and I entered the front cottage to meet any fellow wanderers and to reserve a bed (I hoped for the treehouse). No one greeted us. The kitchen and the main room echoed silence. By the hostel register a large note read "Everyone gone canoeing on Okefenokee—Be back at six, please make yourself at home."

I leaned back on a chair beside a low-slung shelf cluttered with magazines and books. Looking out through the picture window at green, I felt relaxed. I remembered back to winter quarter hunchbacked in the Humanities Library when I had first decided to travel across the states. I didn't know anything about

continued on page 8



University Events proudly presents:



Emmy Award-winning (My World..And Welcome To It)

WILLIAM WINDOM in

"THURBER"

"A brilliant one-man show...Strange, subtle, wondrous."

Los Angeles Herald Examiner

October 19, Friday, 8:00 pm Mandeville Auditorium UCSD Students \$3.50, General Admission \$5.50 UCSD Box Office 452-4559

New Indicator Allocation Roll Call Vote	Public Relations Work Study Allocation Roll Call Vote
Topkis (activity fee) yes	Kolpin (academics) yes
Barham (appointments) yes	Barham (appointments) yes
Schreiner (communications) no	Schreiner (communications) yes
Napell (elections) no	Napell (elections) yes
Montgomery (public relations) . abstain	Sabo (external affairs) yes
Bekken (student welfare) yes	Montgomery (public relations) . yes
West (muir) no	Bekken (student welfare) no
Escajeda (third) no	Escajeda (third) no
Hernandez (third) no	Hernandez (third) no
Kramer (revelle) yes	Houser (revelle) yes
Shanahan (revelle) no	Kramer (revelle) no
Breslauer (warren) no	Shanahan (revelle) yes
Goldman (warren) no	Breslauer (warren) no
Semerdjian (warren) abstain	Goldman (warren) no
	Semerdjian (warren) yes

Food Co-op
opening Monday, Oct. 8 10 AM—4 PM
Discover the "new & improved" Co-op

- Double in size
- Self-service bulk items
- Dairy Case
- Organic Produce
- Speedy check-out

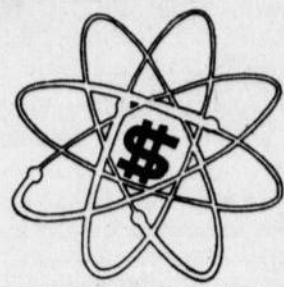
GRAND OPENING
Monday, October 15
11 AM-1 PM: Sample our favorite recipes, music and information; all courtesy of the food co-op members.

The new indicator is officially recognized as a campus newspaper. The views expressed do not necessarily represent those of the Communications Board, the Chancellor, or the Regents. The new indicator subscribes to Liberation News Service (LNS), and is a member of the Alternative Press Syndicate (APS). collective contributors and workers: Brian, Dave, Sam and Dave, Ron, Rhonda, John, Jon, Kevin, Charlie, Monte, Joe, Mario, Charles, Fred, Gerry, Chuck, Paul, Mike, Dodge, Barry, Jonathan, Steven, Mark, Patrick, Kevin, Jazzy, Roger, Joe, Kevin, Vic, Steve, Kayla, Rick & Lisa, Thom & Lou.

SEABROOK OCCUPIED

More than 1500 demonstrators seized the Seabrook, New Hampshire, nuke last Saturday, beginning a long-term occupation at that site, according to reports received during production. State troopers, and troops brought in from other states, attempted to repel the demonstrators with tear gas, clubs and fire hoses, but were unable to prevent the occupation.

Unlike the demonstrations, rallies and



acts of civil disobedience that have so far characterized anti-nuclear activism in this country, the occupation at Seabrook is not symbolic. The goal is to occupy the

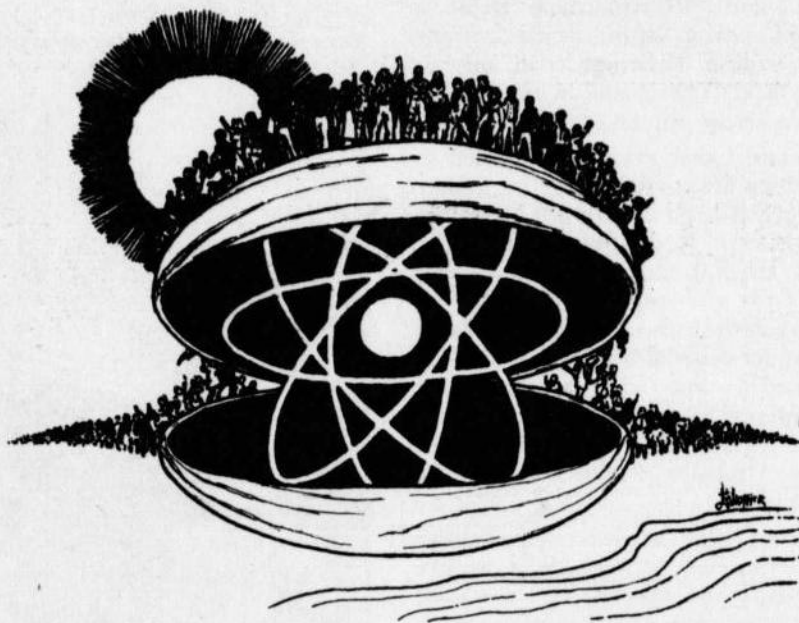
construction site with enough people for long enough that continued construction becomes impossible.

To quote from the occupation's organizers:

"We realize that an occupation is a difficult task, but we cannot sit and wait for another accident to happen. We have seen the disasters which occur when we leave control of our lives in the hands of others. If we don't act, our sensibilities will soon become dulled by nuclear atrocities, and we can be sure there will be more of them. It is time to rely on each other to begin to regain control over the world."



STOP NUCLEAR POWER



RADIATION POISONING

If you haven't already heard, last Wednesday there was an accident at the Prairie Island nuclear generating plant in Red Wing, Minnesota. A steam tube ruptured in the # 1 unit of the twin 520 megawatt generating plants at the site. Radioactive gases were released for 27 minutes before the unit was finally shut down, and a general emergency called. An aide to Gov. Albert H. Quie said there was no danger to persons near the plant, and a spokesman for the NRC said no radiation could be detected outside the plant.

Another interesting fact not widely reported was that the readings for radiation levels were taken five hours after the discovery of the ruptured tubes. It follows that if there was any wind in the area in those five hours, no radiation could have been recorded, as it was a gas that was released.

Oh, by the way, they still haven't figured out how to dispose of the 600,000 gallons of highly radioactive water used to keep the reactor core at Three Mile Island cool and leak-proof. There is a recommendation in the works by the NRC to remove 300,000 gallons of "moderately" contaminated water from the plant, but, again, how will they dispose of and where will they put it? The amount of radioactive water increases by 1500 gallons a day.

At this moment nearly half of the 50,000 barrels of nuclear waste off the Northern California coast are leaking with no way to stop them.

The fact that these facilities are leaking at all destroys all claims ever made about the safety of nuclear power. Witness the record of the San Onofre plant to the north. Plants are largely mechanical, and anything mechanical is subject to faults and wear, no matter how "well built" it may be. Have you ever considered that one faulty part or

one technician installing a part incorrectly (it has been done) in a reactor could lead to the death of millions of people?

This is a danger everyone should take action upon or at least be aware of, student or otherwise. It is, literally, a question of life or death.

NO NUKES!

Alliance for Survival:
Los Angeles ... (213) 738-1041
Community Energy Action Network:
San Diego 459-4650
or 236-1684

—juri koll

HELLO

I AM A BOMB.

MY FUNCTION: TO DESTROY LIVING THINGS.

MEGATONS OF POWER NESTLE IN MY WARM HEART

I STIR FEAR IN MEN, ESPECIALLY IF I TICK.

MY RULE IS JUST

I WILL SPARE NO ONE.

THE POOR, THE RICH, WILL SHRIVEL UNDER MY FIRE

AND I WILL LEAVE NO BABE

TO CRY ALONE IN THE WASTELAND.

BUT DO NOT WORSHIP ME

OR KNEEL, REVERENT BENEATH MY SILOES.

FOR I AM NOT A GOD

AND FROM MY MOUTH

NO BREATH OF LIFE WAS GIVEN.



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first prepare the ground.
then sow...

and nurture
then you may reap the fruits.

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MAGKIAN'S,
MASTERS OF
REALITY!

OKTOBER
FUNGUS
FESTIVAL

ORGANIZATIONAL
MEETING, WED.,
OCT. 10, 5:00 PM.
ON GRASSY KNOLL BETWEEN
GYM AND STUDENT CENTER!

KOALA KOMIX
presents:
THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF P. KOALA!
PART TWO

ART AND ILLU BY TAIL WINKER!

LAST ISSUE, IF YOU WILL REMEMBER, P. KOALA MET JUDY KOOBOR, A PERSON INTERESTED IN THE NESTLE'S BOYCOTT! IN THE PROCESS OF ASKING HER OUT HE UNLEASHED SINISTER FORCES THAT, EVEN NOW, STALK HIM! IT IS NOW FRIDAY MORNING AT THE BEVELLE MUDHOLE, THE MORNING OF P.K.'S DATE!

WE'VE GOT TO CLEAN UP THIS ROOM!
THEN CLEAN MY ROOM...

SHRIMP, WHAT IF I CAN... WONDER WHEN MY ROOM MATE'S COMING IN TONIGHT...

OH HELL, FORGOT TO DO THE PROBLEM SET!

KNOCK = KNOCK = KNOCKE

BIG BROTHER WATCHING

P. KOALA ANSWERS THE DOOR TO HIS SUITE!

YES, CAN I HELP YOU?

WE WANT TO BUY TICKETS!

TO SERVE HIM A WARRANT FOR FAILURE TO APPEAR ON THREE TICKETS!

MAYBE! I'M A MARSHAL AND I'M LOOKING FOR P. KOALA!

WELL AS YOU CAN SEE, HE'S NOT IN HIS ROOM!

WHEN WILL HE BE IN?

WHY... CAN I PERFORM I.D.?

DON'T KNOW! HE JUST PEEPED OUT. HE MIGHT BE GONE AN HOUR, OR THE DAY!

OUTSIDE, THE SMOKE MAGICIAN GESTURES!

HEY MR. POLICEMAN, I'M THE ONE YOU'RE LOOKING FOR! COME AND GET ME!

THE MARSHAL CLIMBS DOWN FROM THE PORCH AND SMOKE ZAPS HIM WITH CONCENTRATED MARIJUANA = SMOKE!

HECK, BE IN MY VAN!

AS P. KOALA FLEES FOR THE

EVERYTHING'S ALRIGHT, YOU'RE JUST REALLY STONED! YOUR SHORT-TERM MEMORY IS SHOT!

VAN, SMOKE GUIDES THE COP!

DON'T TRY TO DRIVE! WAIT AN HOUR OR TWO AND GO GET SOMETHING!

SMOKE MAGICIAN TECHNOLOGIES: SMOKE THROWER

STICKS OF HAWAIIAN SUNDRIES BY BIDS OF PANAMA, THAI, HAWAIIAN, FALLBROOK AND COLOMBIAN GOLD GRASS! ALL BURNING WITH PURE WISDOM, HEATED BY THE WISE BATTERY AND POWERED BY CENTRESSAD DRUGS!

WOW, THANKS SMOKE! YOU'RE ALWAYS PULLING MY ASS OUT OF THE FIRE!

NO PROBLEM! THERE'S A PIPE IN THE GLOVE COMPARTMENT WITH SOME THING TO CALM YOU DOWN!

WE'LL GO DOWN TO MY HOUSE IN O.B.! EVENTUALLY, I WANT TO SEE THE PUB!

IT'S REALLY GREAT SMOKE! YOUR ANARCHIST FRIENDS RIPPED OFF INVITATIONS TO THE V.I.P. OPENING AND I GOT IN! I'M ONLY 19!

THERE IS A LOT OF DRUG USE DEPICTED IN THESE KOMIX! DRUG USE, IN ITSELF, IS NEITHER RACIAL NOR REVOLUTIONARY! HOWEVER, IT IS A FACT IN THE LIVES OF MOST STUDENTS!

"THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF P. KOALA" IS PUBLISHED IN THE FIRST TWO ISSUES EVERY QUARTER! "P. KOALA KOMIX" A KOMIK STRIP, IS PUBLISHED IN THE REMAINING ISSUES, ALONG WITH "TRACY'S STATE-SMASHER TIPS," A REPRINT OF THE ANTI-MASS: METHODS OF ORGANIZATION FOR COLLECTIVES

most pamphlets deal with content and issues. This one is about methods and organization. don't read it and ask yourself "what are they talking about?" as far as we're concerned the means justify the means. introduction to the anti-mass.

Conducted by Shelles Savren & Joyce Nower

SS: We would like to begin by asking you if you think that there is such a thing as feminist art, and, if so, if you think it involves a specific consciousness, specific subject matter, a new kind of form, or any combination of these?

AR: Well, that is a meaty question! I think we have to begin by talking about the kinds of themes and subject matter that have gone unappreciated by patriarchal tradition. Though we are not trying to define ourselves by reacting to that tradition, one of the first things we have to do as feminist artists is to be aware of everything that has been left out about female experience in the past, and the things that have been covered up and that have been denied.

I would say that, for me, as a writer who necessarily started out very much under the influences of the patriarchal tradition because there was very little else to turn to when I was starting to write, the thing that I feel the Feminist Movement has given me is an affirmation of those materials that I felt I had to bury or discard, even before they were written, because they were considered trivial, secondary, or "nonuniversal"—that was the phrase that was constantly being thrown around when I was a college undergraduate.

But art must be universal and of course the definition of universal is male. One of the living women poets most admired, for example, when I was in my twenties, was Marianne Moore. Marianne Moore was the chosen woman, and I think that was because in her poetry she dealt with all kinds of objects and creatures and fauna and flora. She was not dealing with anything that could be defined as specifically female and she was very safe; she was also a consummate craftsperson.

Feminist art begins by affirming femaleness as a value, as a reality in the world, as universal.

I think that the access to new materials is one of the defining perimeters of feminist art: we are free to decide for ourselves what is important.

Also, in the past, the female body has existed in art and literature simply as the object of male contemplation, violence, or lust. It now has become the body in which lives the mind that is making art. That's a tremendous change.

Feminist art begins by affirming femaleness as a value, as a reality in the world, as universal. It must then explore all the ways in which women have been disconnected from each other. It needs to explore the fact of horizontal hostility among women; because if we don't deal with what Mary Daly has called "The Token Torturers" (the mother binding the daughter's feet), we're denying a whole aspect of history and I think that would be very dangerous.

At the same time it seems to me that feminist art has got to be uncovering the lost connections among women and between women; the connections that have been denied in the male tradition, but which have existed historically. For example, men have not known how to read and I would say that up until recently we have not known how to read, the poetry of Emily Dickinson. So many of her poems are addressed to women and are really about women; but the way of handling Dickinson's work, until very recently, has been to look for the lost heterosexual lover in her life—the tragedy that sent her fleeing to her bedroom to hide in hermetic seclusion because of a broken heart.

I think we're beginning to recognize that this is bullshit. Toni McNaran, a lesbian feminist critic, has said something very good, I think, about how we look at women artists of the past. She said she wants a lesbian feminist criticism not to talk about who went to bed with whom, but to look at what women have been saying about women all these years and what feelings towards women. Women have been expressing under the censorship of the male-dominated culture.

SS: There's been a lot of talk about a distinct female form or consciousness in writing. Some people say there is one, others say there is not. What do you think?

AR: Consciousness—I think almost immediately of books like Mary Daly's *Gyne/Ecology* and Susan Griffin's *Woman in Nature* where the focus is on women as a part of nature. It seems to me that we're developing a sensibility that says yes, we are of nature, we are part of nature, but not in the sense that they made us part of nature. We are nature observing nature; we are nature speaking of nature; we are nature defining nature, instead of standing apart from it. Gynecology and ecology are irreversibly connected. That's a tremendously important insight for me; a very fruitful insight. I mean it's not a mooshy mysticism—you know, I'm going to merge with the mountains, which are like breasts and so on. It's a very serious view of what has been done to both women and nature by patriarchy. It's a refusal to go on being victimized; a refusal to let the

Poetry, Politics, Culture & the Movement

non-human world, the living world, go on being abused.

When I think of a different consciousness I also think of specific pieces of work that have raised my own consciousness—that have moved me; propelled me further. I am reminded of Judy Grahn's poem, "When Women Is Talking To Death," where she challenges what we mean when we say lover; what we mean when we say "I wanted her."

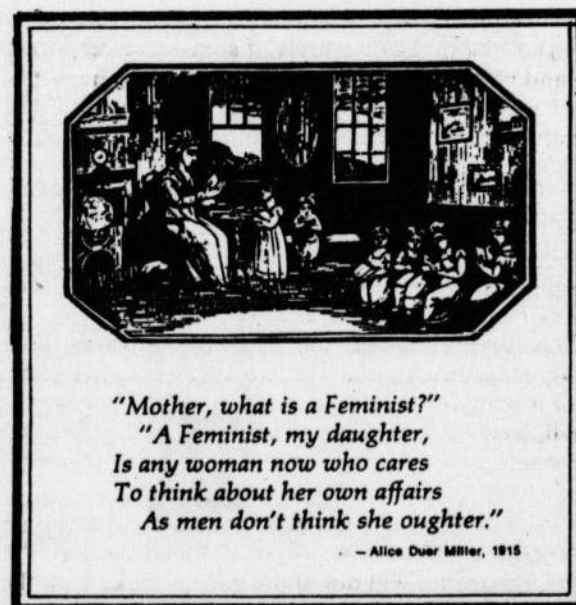
JN: But do poems by feminists necessarily reflect feminist ideology? Pablo Neruda (if I might mention one of my favorite male poets) was a socialist. That was his ideology—socialist/humanist (keeping in mind, of course, that he also omits more than one-half of the human race in most of his poetry). But you could not read every poem of Pablo Neruda's and say, "Well, that's a socialist poem." He has some poems about bathing a little child or his relationship to the earth, and so on. In other words, I could not look at all of Pablo Neruda's poems and know that he was a socialist.

AR: I know what you're asking: does the poem have to have a flag on it? I don't think that it does at all. It seems to me that a feminist poet who is living and breathing her feminism may also write a poem about a landscape, about listening to a piece of music, about making love. But that poem would literally not have been written without a feminist movement.

It seems to me that it is possible under capitalism, under an oppressive economic system, to write socialist poetry—for a man in particular. There is a tradition of men writing revolutionary poetry; poetry of rebellion.

I think that there are many women who without a feminist politics which said to them, "you are important, your experiences matter," would not have set pen to paper—or if they had would have torn it up or kept it in a drawer or never shown it to anybody but a personal friend.

I think the fact that we're seeing a lot of the work we're seeing has a great deal to do with this extraordinary affirmation of the value of women's lives and women's experience that the Movement has given us. Does that answer your question?



"Mother, what is a Feminist?"
"A Feminist, my daughter,
Is any woman now who cares
To think about her own affairs
As men don't think she oughter."

—Alice Quigley Miller, 1915

JN: Yes. For me it's an ongoing point to consider, because sometimes you cannot see the ideology in the poem. I like your idea, however, that although a particular poem itself might not reveal a particular ideology, it's the supportive environment that produced it.

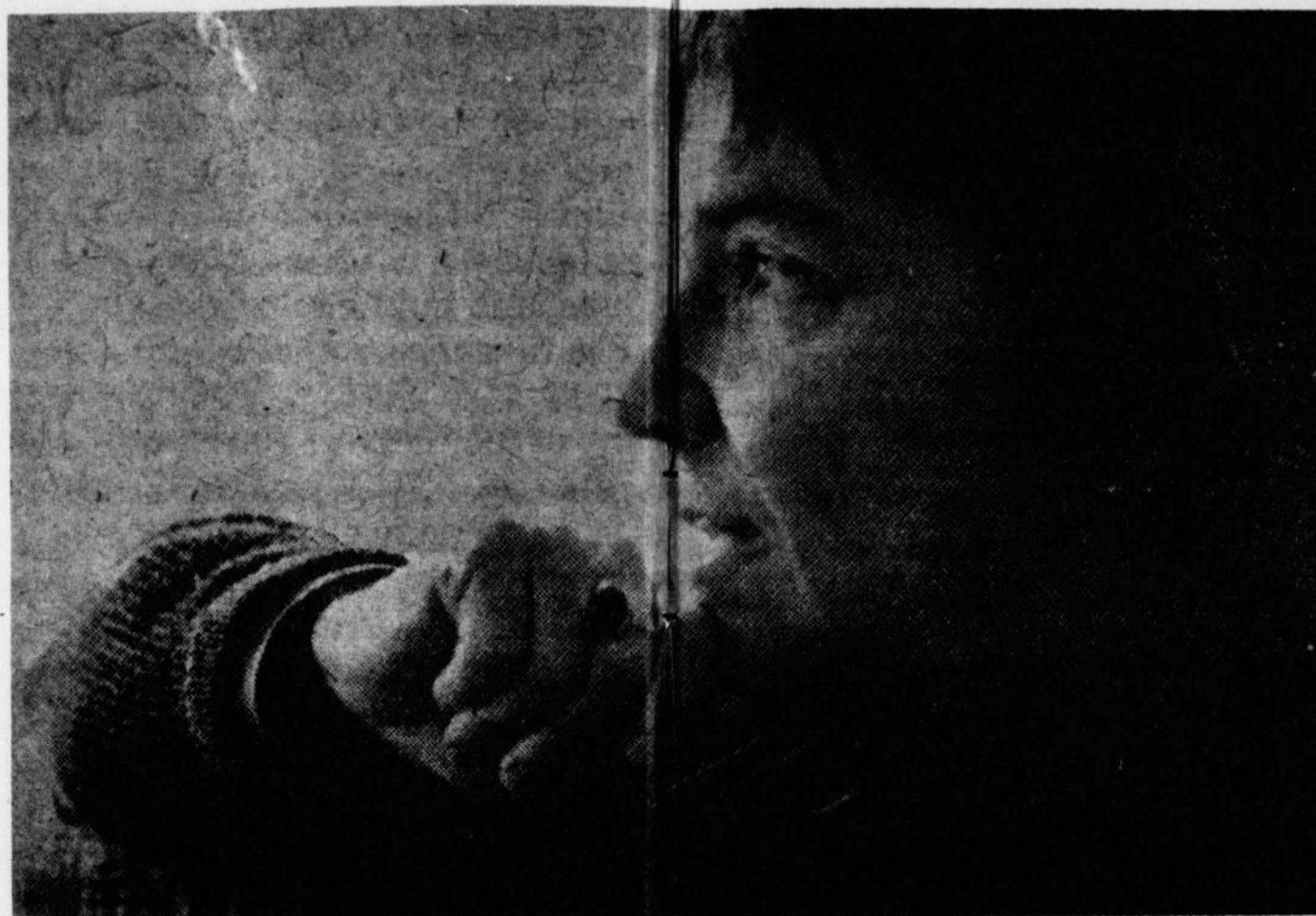
SS: Adrienne, what do you see as being the relationship between art and organizing?

AR: Well, I think that in the Women's Movement the connection is intrinsic. It seems to me there has been, from the very beginning, a connection—a sort of recognition that this politics needs art and this art needs politics. I don't mean that there haven't been splits between women who consider themselves full-time, committed organizers and women who have felt that they could make their contribution through work which required more isolation, more seclusion.

There was, of course, that whole period in the Feminist Movement when women writers were supposed to be anonymous, and all poetry was supposed to be coming out of the great collective unconsciousness. I think that that period probably created a lot of tension between women who saw themselves as making art as part of their feminist action and women who did not.

I have always believed, however, and from a very young age, that art changes lives. It has changed my life; made me act differently; made me make different

Interview with Adrienne Rich



decisions. Sometimes you write things that take you out beyond where you felt you were and then you have to start living what you've written. It's very frightening. And sometimes you read something that just takes you out beyond where you were and it's very scary, too.

SS: So, in that sense, art can facilitate growth. Personal growth.

AR: Yes, but more than personal growth. It can facilitate collective growth and collective action. Not so much in the sense that you read a poem and then go out and organize. It happens in a much more complicated way.

JN: I think it gives you different levels in which to grow—the group comes to know that it can grow into whatever those reaches are in that poem.

AR: Yes. I think that sometimes groups of women are able to understand, for example, what is going on among them through some phrase or sentence or piece of writing that has described them. Sometimes just having a name for something is immeasurably important in trying to understand what's really going on.

SS: Right. I was wondering if you would elaborate on the three kinds of power you have mentioned in some of your public speeches.

AR: Well, the first kind is *power over*: the power to dominate, the power to control another being, to have one's will be force. That's the kind of power we have

Writing is not something that stays on the page. It goes into life.

been on the receiving end of historically. And, when we have had that kind of power, it has been like the power of the white woman over the slave. You know—she is powerless in society in all other respects, but since she has this human being under her control, she takes out all of her rage, frustration, and anger on that other person. I think that has also been the case between mothers and children, and that is why women have very painful associations with the idea of power.

But I also think that over the past decades women have been defining another form of power, which is innate power; or the power, as it is called in Latin, "to be able." It is that innate capacity—which I really believe that every woman has in her, if it's not blocked from birth, if she is not told that it's unwomanly, wrong, deviant, evil.

SS: So it's the kind of power that has to do with your own life; how you relate to the world.

AR: Well, I think it also has to do with other people, since we can touch off that kind of power in each other. I can't really see many women developing that kind of power in isolation, because it's so threatening to the whole patriarchal system. But I think we are finding ways of supporting and affirming it, bringing it forth in each other and in ourselves.

I'm also very fascinated by the ways in which I see women taking their power and handing it over to some other woman. You know, saying, "you are the strong one, you are the powerful one, so be this to me." I've had a lot of discussions about this in classes where the students want to see female powerfulness embodied in a figure, probably the teacher or a couple of strong women in the class. And where they are withholding their own power; letting other people do it for them. I think that happens a lot with groups of women, and even in one-to-one relationships.

SS: Oh yes, definitely. Why don't we move along here. I want to ask about something you said in your recent book, a quote that we picked out. It says: "The dream of a common language is women's struggle to name the world, to explode the oppressor's language." Could you elaborate on this idea?

AR: Well, one of the books that deeply affected my own thinking is Mary Daly's *Beyond God, the Father*, where she talks about the whole issue of naming and the

theft of language. And when I wrote the poem in which the phrase occurs; "the dream of a common language," it was the dream of a language that would be common in that extraordinary sense. You know, Judy Grahn talks about the common woman, the ordinary which is extraordinary because it's so surviving, it's refusing to be victimized, to be destroyed again, a kind of power. And the common language comes out of our common, shared experiences; experiences which have seemed to us perhaps very ordinary and therefore not worth naming, worth talking about, worth writing about, worth expressing in art.

SS: You mentioned Judy Grahn. Are there other writers that you see doing this with their art, also?

AR: Oh yes, a great many. I would hate to give a list, however, because later I always find that I've left out at least three.

SS: Right. Do you think there are some forms of censorship inherent within political movements, for example within the Feminist Movement, and if so, how do they manifest themselves?

AR: Well, I have found myself thinking much more about the subtle forms of censorship we practice on ourselves. Let's say the women writers group that we're part of, or the feminist community that we're part of, or the larger Feminist Movement itself will only accept certain kinds of experiences as valid, or certain kinds of work as valid. I know that some heterosexual women feel that only lesbian experiences are being validated in the Women's Movement. I don't happen to feel that's true, but obviously they are experiencing it that way. I think, though, that when we ascribe censorship to an outside force it's really important to examine the censorship that we may be doing in ourselves.

I remember Susan Griffin talking at the San Francisco MLA Conference a few years ago about coming out as a lesbian in her work and how she, for a long time, felt she could not write as a lesbian because of the problem of child custody. And then she realized that it wasn't the issue of child custody at all, it was that she was still unwilling to write as a lesbian. She acknowledged that child custody was a very important issue, but that wasn't what was actually stopping her. I played a tape of this speech to a class of mine and several of the women students pointed to still other kinds of inner-censorship. For example, if someone lives with a man and wants to write out of that experience, honestly, and he wants to read it—that woman might be afraid of what that will do to the relationship. After all, writing is not something that stays on the page. It goes into life. Women have said to me: I've been afraid to touch this subject because I knew that I was going to have to change my life if I started writing about this.

I think that's where the most subtle and insidious forms of censorship come in. It might be true that one specific community was sort of laying down the law, saying this is incorrect politics, we can't write about this. But it might just be that the individual is doing that to herself, and it's really important to be able to tell the difference.

SS: I think there are several kinds of censorship. There's the kind where you can be killed or imprisoned or exiled for your beliefs; there's the kind where you're edited, the media will not allow you to make a public statement; there's the kind, which I'm very concerned about, where one group won't recognize other groups

within the same movement; then there's the kind where we censor ourselves, the kind you're talking about. So there are all different kinds. I'm particularly very concerned about self-censorship and the censorship I see within the movement. Those are the kinds that seem to be affecting us as women the most today in this society.

AR: Yes, I think that's absolutely true. And this brings us to the very thorny problem of criticism within the movement.

I don't mean just political criticism, but aesthetic criticism as well. We know that an enormous amount of work is being produced which could not possibly find a voice in the establishment media—which the establishment media doesn't want, doesn't understand, will have nothing to do with. And yet that work is going to find wide circulation and articulation within the feminist media. We have to ask then, what does this mean in terms of the responsibility of a feminist editor, let's say—a woman who edits a newspaper or magazine. How inclusive does she have to be of everything that comes along? How discriminatory does she have to be? And this doesn't just apply to an individual, but also to a collective, or a group, making the same decisions.

Women have said to me: I've been afraid to touch this subject because I knew that I was going to have to change my life if I started writing about this.

I'm sure you're up against this constantly. It's a major problem of life. You can't print everything that comes in. You are constantly selecting, and undoubtedly based on what you believe is valuable, out of your own politics, out of your own taste.

SS: But that's different from censorship.

AR: But that can easily be interpreted as censorship by people who don't get published. People can feel that they're being blackballed. I think that many women feel that they have been rejected by the feminist media, after having been rejected by the establishment media. And we need to examine how the whole issue of criticism is going to be different within the feminist media. I think that feminist writers need, at this time, much more criticism, in the sense of being pushed and told you can go further than this; you can do more than this. It's that kind of pushing that I, as a teacher of writing, want to give my students, that I want to get from my friends, that I want to give to my friends. This is the most important kind of criticism that you can give.

SS: Absolutely. Do you see a new direction in your own art and if so, where do you think it's taking you?

AR: I'm writing a lot more prose now. I'll be publishing a book of essays this spring, which is a collection of essays I've written and talks I've given since 1966. If I write another long prose book, I want it to be very different from *Of Woman Born*. I learned a lot from reading Susan Griffin's *Women In Nature* about how a prose book which is, in fact, an argument, could be constructed and ways of involving a vast mass of information, research, and scholarship into a feminist book.

I feel that *Of Woman Born* was my way of beginning to find out how to write prose of that kind. Some of it is very traditional in style and some of it is very personal and some of it is lyrical. I wanted to bring all of those modes together, but I think it can be done in an even more integrated way. I'd like to try that.

I do it a little bit in an essay that's coming out in *Chrysalis*, in the next issue on feminism, racism and gynophobia, where I use a lot of historical material. It's also an attempt to rethink the idea of racism from a feminist perspective. I found myself doing a lot more with different kinds of voices in that essay.

SS: Is there anything that we didn't cover that you would like to add?

AR: Well, there is something that is of concern to me right now. It has to do with the discoveries that we were making at the beginning of this decade: being able to say "I," being able to confirm ourselves; that our bodies need to be strong, that we need to take care of them. We're realizing that women have had so few choices, throughout history, and that our Movement must not lay down another set of irrevocable choices for women. But rather we really have to listen to the experience of all women and help keep choices open for them.

SS: I agree. Well, I want to thank you. It's been a pleasure talking with you.

JN: Yes, it has.

AR: It's been a pleasure talking with you, too.

from *Longest Revolution*
(PO Box 350, San Diego CA 92101)



permission secured by Nancy Helgeson and Amy Goodwin from the UCSD Women's Center (meetings: 5:30, Thursday, Student Center, 12/20/73)

Police Story

well as their inaccuracies and inadequacies. Often times individuals are arrested on a 'suspicion,' or for disturbing the peace, non-cooperation with an officer, blocking a sidewalk, or any combination thereof, lame charges used by officers who take their jobs too seriously. Often people are detained for the lamest of excuses, processed through the booking tank, and released out the

back door in the early morning hours, with their rap sheet now one or two items longer and no way to get a ride out.

These rap sheets are used in setting bail, in determining the length of a sentence or the size of a fine, they are the information that the city relies on to determine a person's history. An examination of some files ready for shredding revealed that many rap sheets



Terrorist stands guard

Politics, cont.

favorite, was beaten by Larry Stirling, another pro-business ideologue. Progressive candidates were hurt by a low voter turnout.

Then Jesse Haro, an effective chicano liberal, was brought down by a rather severe sentence for bilking U.S. Customs several years previous. With one-time semi-liberal Maureen O'Connor retiring, that leaves Leon Williams to fend against the barbarian tide.

What happened to clean Pete? Seems he found out while running for governor that controlled growth and "moderate" politics are not the way to win Republican nominations. His opponent in the recent election, Si Casady, revealed that Wilson had taken contributions in his gubernatorial bid from big developers. And that some of those same folks had been buying city land at bargain-basement prices.

Speaking of selling city land. The right-wing ideologues now dominating the council do not feel government should own land—they want to sell it as fast as they can. Other, more sane, voices have argued that, since once the land's gone it's gone, why not lease it, bring in money for services and retain the long-term option on the land for future generations?

Getting back to Wilson, who has joined the neanderthals in the stampede to o.k. North City West, a development of 40,000 east of Del Mar guaranteed to ensure "Los Angelization" of San Diego.

Proponents say it will ease the housing crunch. Problem is, these homes will be very expensive, well beyond the means of San Diegans now in need of housing. They will bring in more wealthy outsiders, and people commuting to well-paying jobs in Orange County. They will help create a traffic and smog hell. They will also make a ton of oney for a very few people.

Getting back to the recent election for a moment, perhaps the most depressing vote was proposition D, over whether a new Naval Hospital should be built in the Florida Canyon section of Balboa Park. Florida Canyon is one of the last natural areas remaining in San Diego, that is a piece of the city that is still, essentially, as it was before people came here. There's a beautiful creek running through it, various wild animals,

including foxes, etc. The city is in fact committed to an official plan to do away with Florida Drive, which divides it, in order to return the canyon to its completely natural state.

Now, if the Navy has its way, the street will be enlarged, carrying an incredible amount of traffic. The new hospital will cut off the access of animals such as foxes to the main part of the canyon.

The city charter calls for a two-thirds approval for measures of this sort, recognizing no doubt the magnitude of the decision and the need for an overwhelming, clearly-thought-out decision. But our city fathers and the navy will go ahead and try to build the hospital regardless of the city charter. Thus, San Diegans will lose an invaluable resource and learning center for children and adults alike.


In return the city will get "Inspiration Point," a hilltop on Park Blvd., totally developed and literally buzzed by jetliners several times an hour.

(Balboa Park is about 20 minutes from UCSD, a beautiful park, a pleasant place to spend time.)

The most dubious proposition regarding the recent elections is that the results reflect a "rightward" movement by the electorate. In fact, only 38% of registered voters cast ballots in this election. When one considers that a large number of eligible people do not even register, it becomes clear that a very small proportion of the electorate is doing the electing. Since so-called "conservative" voters are always more motivated to turn out, it is clear that the more progressive candidates and causes are being hurt by the low turnouts. The low turnout, of course, lessens the legitimacy of those elected and calls into greater question the condemnation of Florida Canyon. It also indicates that a large mass of people not making out well in the system have turned off to it and the hope of changing it, while those who have come out on top intend to stay active to keep themselves there.

Not to seem unduly pessimistic, I have simply mentioned these points in hopes of encouraging awareness of and dialogue about them. And, more immediately, to encourage those who would continue to fight North City West and to preserve Florida Canyon. Neither battle is lost just yet.

—Sally Walker



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contain information about a person's job applications (especially to the government) or license applications (especially when this entails fingerprinting). In addition, several of the files had been updated by the FBI in which several "priors" (that is, previous arrests and/or convictions) were removed, as they belonged to a different person. And this was on rap sheets verified by fingerprints, an allegedly foolproof system.

And there is also a set of rap sheets verified only by name—the potential for misinformation is incredible. In addition, in a majority of cases the files do not state whether or not a person was convicted of a crime, but merely record the fact that that person was arrested. The rap sheet contains all arrest records, even if the person was found not guilty. There is, of course, no legitimate reason for recording such data, and the potential for abuse is quite real.

It is interesting to note that all Chicanos, Latinos, etc. are listed as "Mexicans" on these rap sheets.

Arbitrary practices abound within the standard operating procedures of the police and sherriffem. People picked up off the streets for being "drunk in public" are arrested, fingerprinted, the works (these people being usually poor—either people of color or the elderly), while "drunk drivers" (usually more affluent), certainly the more dangerous of the two,

usually get off with a ticket.

And this year alone, police have murdered 7 people—more than those killed over the previous four years. And the people getting killed are almost exclusively chicanos and blacks.

While people are sitting in jail they are subjected to constant abuse. Jail records reveal that many inmates are kept on tranquilizers and physically abused by jail personnel. Prisoners rot in overcrowded cells.

Abuses of the judicial system, such as those outlined above, are no longer (if they ever were) exceptions to the rule—they are the rule. Such arbitrary enforcement, such inept record keeping, such discrimination against the less privileged sectors of the population are common place. What purpose does all this serve? Many people are arrested for overdue traffic violations, even parking tickets. Pete Wilson wants still more tax dollars to expand the police department. We must prevent crime in America's finest city, he says. We say the police



should stop busting innocent citizens and creating "crime" where otherwise there would be none. But as one policeman said to me as he was clamping the cuffs on my wrist: "It's as good a job as any other; I've got to pay the rent too, you know."

—Bob Andrews

Hosteling, continued

hosteling or what it had to offer me, and if not for a send-away hostel brochure I found tacked to a wall in the Tenaya dorms, I still wouldn't.

So what is hosteling?

Hosteling is a way of travel not intended for the Pinacolata tourists demanding maid service and after dinner mints, but for students wanting to see, to smell and to touch a country. Most hostels in North America have showers, dormitory style bedding and a group kitchen as required by the American Youth Hostel organization (A.Y.H.). The conformity ends, however, where the restrictions stop and each hostel possesses its own unique architecture and history. (In Turo, Connecticut, the hostel was once a mortuary. Now it's travelers, like tired ghosts, sleep soundly in the converted embalming room.)

Easy on malnourished pockets, the hostel costs an average of \$3.50 to \$4.50 a night and on occasion you get a breakfast thrown in with the deal. A slight chore in the morning, washing a sink or sweeping a floor, pinpoints Hosteling's one line philosophy "Always leave a place better than you found it," a constructive motto for the two hundred plus hostels scattered across the U.S. and Canada.

The heaviest concentration of hostels in the states sits up in the Northeast. Colorado also cradles a number of hostels due to the postcard perfect summers and the winter skiing. Hmmm, a pleasant option for that Christmas break get away.

To join A.Y.H. for a year costs \$11. Membership includes a map and a catalogue giving the location and a brief

description of each hostel in North America. You are also sent an I.D. card which allows you to stay at any hostel, both here and abroad. For an application, or just more information, call A.Y.H. (Delaphane, VA) at their toll free number (800) 366-6019.

Which leads to the final question—Why? Why hostel anywhere, and in the United States in particular? Bill and I only stayed in ten hostels during our trip, yet ten hostels crammed our chaotic backpacks with more adventures and interesting people than I'll ever hope to record.

• On Cape Cod, a group of plywood shacks flanked by grass covered Dunes served as one of five hostels on the cape. Nights melted down pleasantly, sitting around a fire in the mess hall listening to a troop of highschool bikers from the Bronx drop their Rs and talk about New York.

• The lone hostel in Maine was a camper and a canvas tent set up on a lot in the remote "Big Lake camping park." Sixty miles away from any town that a dog would sniff at, Bill and I were the only two hostellers there. The camp manager gave us the camper to sleep and cook in. Between the rolling hills of evergreen and poplar we spent the days canoeing the trapped waters of a crystal lake.

• In the Austin hostel we met Tom & Gerry, two thirty year old Texans who had bumped around since the early sixties and had done everything from acid to alligator alley... but then, those are other stories, and I haven't even half scratched an answer to the question, why hostel?

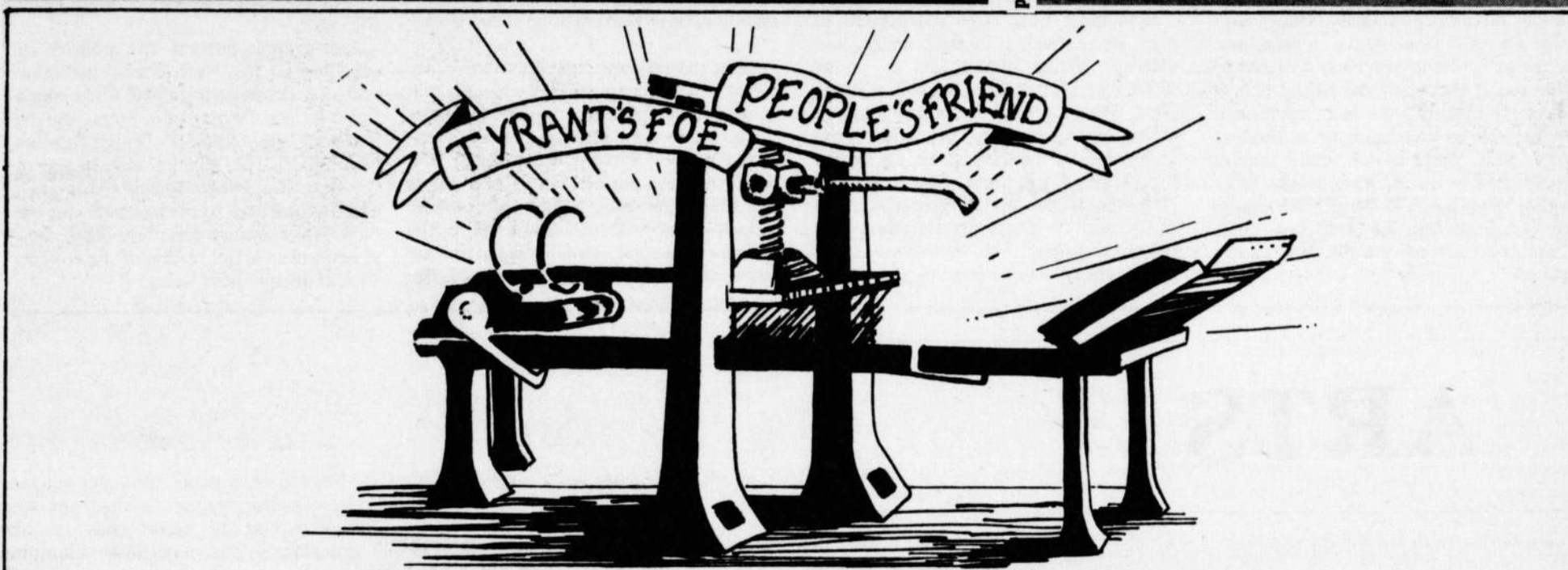
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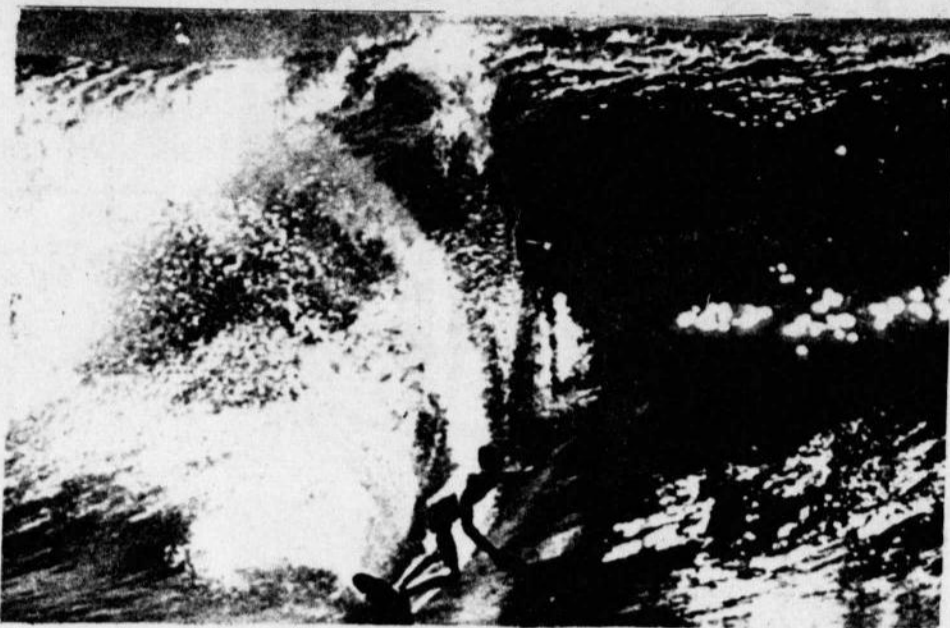
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Catch the New Wave

—David Watts

Strange looking people have been showing up at San Diego concerts lately. Anyone attending the recent Cars or Blondie shows probably noticed the weird attire of some of the other concertgoers. Things like thin black ties, tennis shoes, red vinyl pants, and leopard-skin tops. People sporting extremely short hair, sometimes dyed blue or bright red. Outrageous plastic sunglasses from the fifties making a comeback. And its not just weird clothing. A lot of these people are doing bizarre dances, singly or in pairs. What gives?

All of this seems to have sprung up with the rise of the many New Wave bands such as the Sex Pistols, the Clash, Blondie, et al that began emerging around 1977. These bands dressed in weird styles, as did their early fans, and soon it spread in popularity. Many claim that all this New Wave regalia and behavior is just another fad destined to fade away, much like the glitter rock of the early seventies. In fact, San Diego appears to be anachronistic in holding onto New Wave styles while they've diminished in other cities. Maybe most people dressing up in New Wave regalia are just following the latest fad, but I think there's more to the New Wave scene.



The most noticeable component of New Wave music is its sheer energy and vitality. While there are as many differing styles as there are bands, many New Wave groups combine musical styles of the early sixties with lyrics concerned with social issues, enveloped by churning rhythms. Songs entitled "Up Against the Wall," "Anarchy in the U.K." and "White Riot" are clearly not paeans to puppy love. New Wave bands are exciting challengers to the pretty

vacant mainstreams of present-day rock.

One reason these New Wave bands are worth discussing is the social and political issues often espoused by them. The best of these groups, like the Clash, and the Sex Pistols, write songs that challenge the political and social status quo. In their song "White Riot," the Clash sing, "All the power is in the hands/of people rich enough to buy it/while we walk the street/too chicken

to even try it." Given the general ennui of these days, this is a pretty heady sentiment.

One of the prime reasons behind the weird dress and behaviour of the New Wave is the desire to be different. "Mellow" and "casual" have become the new conformist standards, which makes dressing up like some reject from the fifties a way of repudiating this norm. New Wave usually make a point of dancing and becoming part of the show at concerts, while mainstream fans are content to sit in the stands like spectators at the gladiatorial games. If there's a true spirit of Rock 'n Roll, surely it resides with the New Wave, and not the mainstream bullshit posturing of bands like Van Halen and Foreigner, or the trendy garbage of Kansas or the Doobie Brothers.

However, important the politics or rebellion of the New Wave, the main reason it's noteworthy is that it's so much fun. If there's any doubters in the audience, the Clash are coming to town October 10. This should easily be one of the best San Diego concerts this year, and anyone who wants to check out the New Wave should definitely catch their appearance. A full review of the concert should appear next issue.

ARTS



—mission beach

THE WORLD SITUATION

The Sandinistas are victorious!
The economy's failing!
Gold prices are soaring!

X is in Houston staying at Y's
C's moving to Paris this month
J's in the mountains, near Cripple Creek
O's working construction,
full-time

P's going along the Santa Monica Freeway
Reading those electronic signs—
• Good planning means less waste says one
• Right lane closed half-mile ahead
says another

The world situation is moving
So is the traffic on the freeway
The world situation is moving
Is going, is going, is gone—

The Sandinistas are victorious!

Charles Heimler 7/19/79

AMEN

To L.A.
guided by
the patron saint:
Santa Monica.

Grey cement
slinks through
the haze,
carrying the weight
of Detroit*

illuminated
by the red
and white
points of light,
like the stars
and stripes
and announcing—
Don Knox Ford.
Stop!
Trucks all
shapes and sizes!
Don't shop anymore!

—winding
through a maze
of cardboard slogans
and miniature golf:
the valley of Esperpento;

off to the right:
MR. DONUT,
to the left:
WHEEL WORLD
and straight ahead,
never violating the limit:
THE FIRST KOREAN
PRESBYTERIAN
CHURCH OF
ORANGE COUNTY.

*Beware those
who steal
from the human mind...
...each time
a more scarce resource.

L.H.T.
1978

the last

FRED C. DOBBS

Having done the bulk of this paper's cultural reporting last year, I've been asked to contribute a column, even though, from my current post as Des Moines correspondent, I'm hardly in a position to review San Diego events. So I thought that as a farewell of sorts I'd give some of the info on concerts, etc. I acquired during my stay at San Diego.

Records: The record scene is not good now. Companies are discontinuing artists and "catalogues" (albums not current hits). It's tough to find a record store with blues and jazz. Tower records on Sports Arena is an exception, with good selection.

My favorite record shop is Chameleon, on India near Washington. Good selection and good prices on both new and used records. Low-key atmosphere.

For reggae, there's Strictly Reggae, downtown.

In Los Angeles two bargain-priced used record stores are Aron's, near Fairfax High, and Rhino, near Westwood. A visit to Aron's can, be coupled with lunch at one of the many fine delis and restaurants on Fairfax. Both Aron's and Rhino have large selections of all types of music.

Clubs, Concerts: Unless you're 21 or over the club info won't do you much good. The Catamaran, in Pacific Beach, features a string of fine entertainers, often jazz and blues. I believe you can see the 9:00 show regardless of age if you go early and buy dinner. Sometimes you can slip around back and listen through the glass walls.

Clubs featuring blues and rock are Mandolin Wind, at University near 2nd and Dick's at the Beach in Solana Beach. Crossroads, downtown features jazz. Syatgate, on University in Hillcrest, is the hippest disco.

The Roxy theatre in Pacific Beach has had a long string of mostly interesting

concerts. Other good bets are San Diego State's amphitheatre and Backdoor, a small non-alcoholic club with good bills. Interesting jazz concerts were put on at Del Mar's Stratford Theatre last year.

Bands: I don't know any of these. King Biscuit is a reliable, listenable blues band. Dance of the Universe, featuring excellent vocalist Kevin Lettau, is a fine jazz group. Butch Lacy is a good jazz pianist, Joe Morello a reliable saxophonist, as is Hollis Gentry. Charles McPherson is an outstanding alto saxophonist who recently located here.

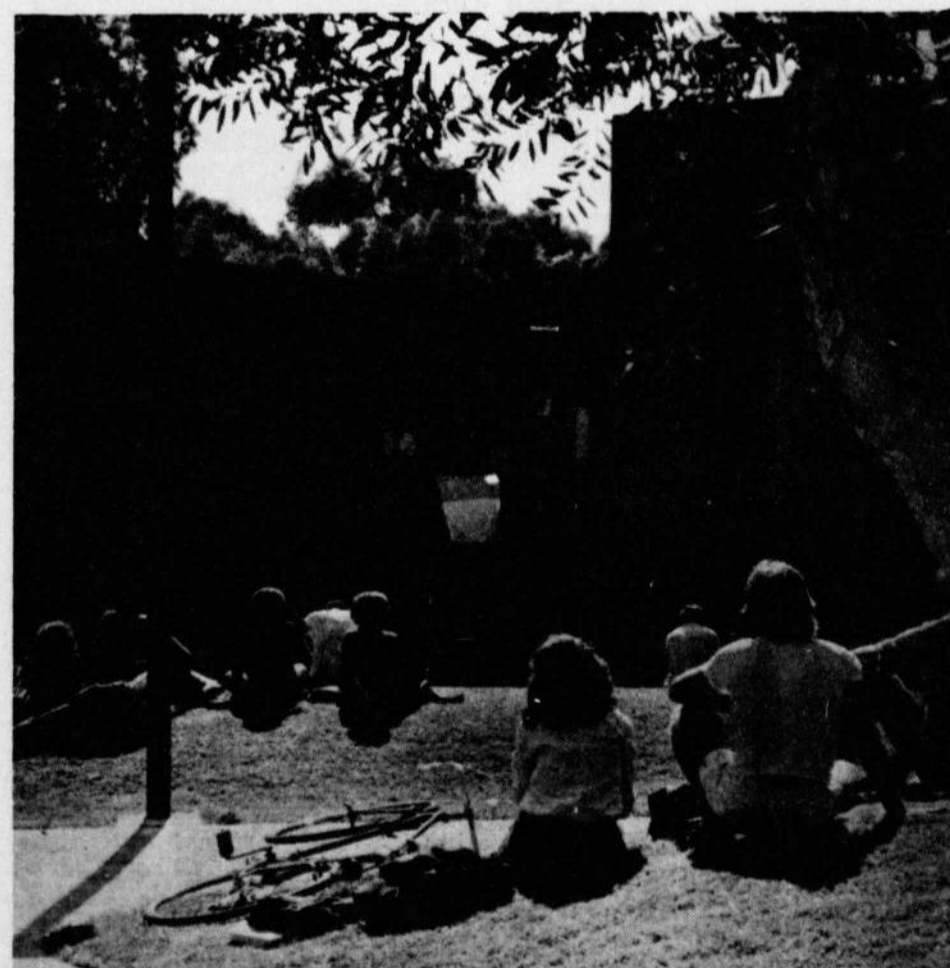
San Diego has a lively new wave scene, if you're into that. Two bands worth seeing, in their rare appearances, are the Condominiums and Ned & the Luddites.

The Reader, appearing as a throwaway every Thursday, is a fairly reliable source of cultural scheduling.

Books: In some places, especially college towns, people actually buy and even read and discuss books. Here such occurrences are rare, and certainly not visible. La Jolla has a few bookstores: Hunters (not much), Mythras (at the Unicorn Theatre—o.k. if you're into Zen Massage), John Cole's (I've never braved its formidable structure). Ex Libris in Solana Beach is an interesting used bookstore. San Diego neighborhoods are sprinkled with small new and used shops (Hillcrest, on 5th near University, features some good ones such as Blue Door). The largest stores are downtown, Wahrenbrock's at 7th & Broadway and various others up and down nearby side streets. None of these places shows the activity of a bookstore in, say Berkeley or San Francisco, but you can find things.

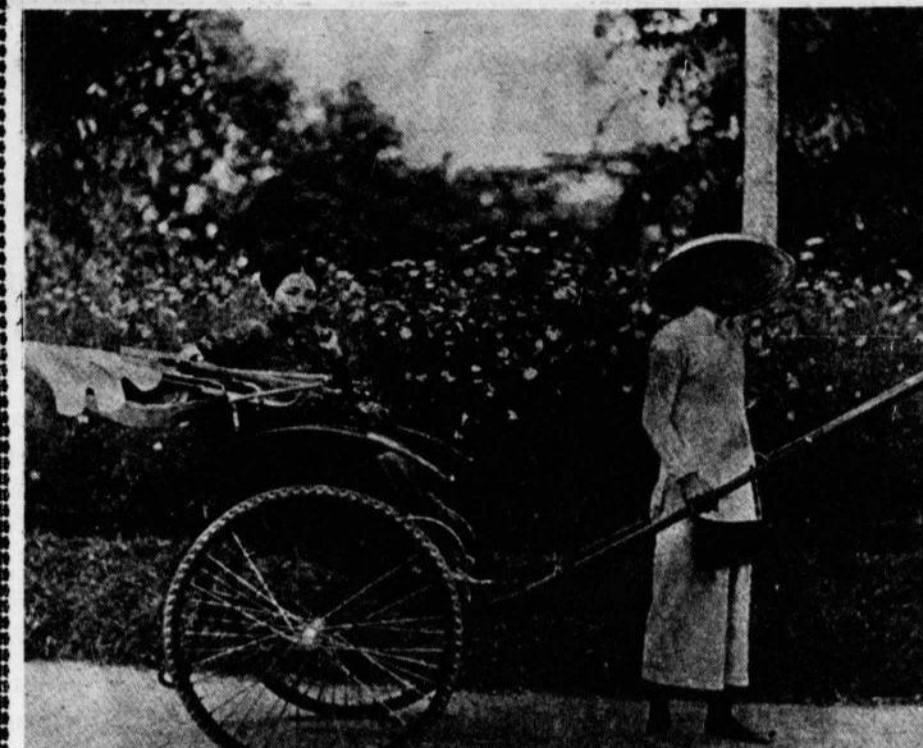
Finally, I'd like to voice my appreciation for the people who do the hard work of producing this paper. I hope that someone out there will stir themselves to write some articles. Your contributions will be appreciated.

—Fred C. Dobbs



photos by Juri Koll

Hundreds of people turned out for the second annual Cultural Day of Awareness Friday in the Mandeville Center Quad. Shirley Weber, Chairperson of Black Studies, SDSU, spoke.



AUTOCHROMES FROM THE ALBERT KAHN COLLECTION. TONKIN 1915-1916

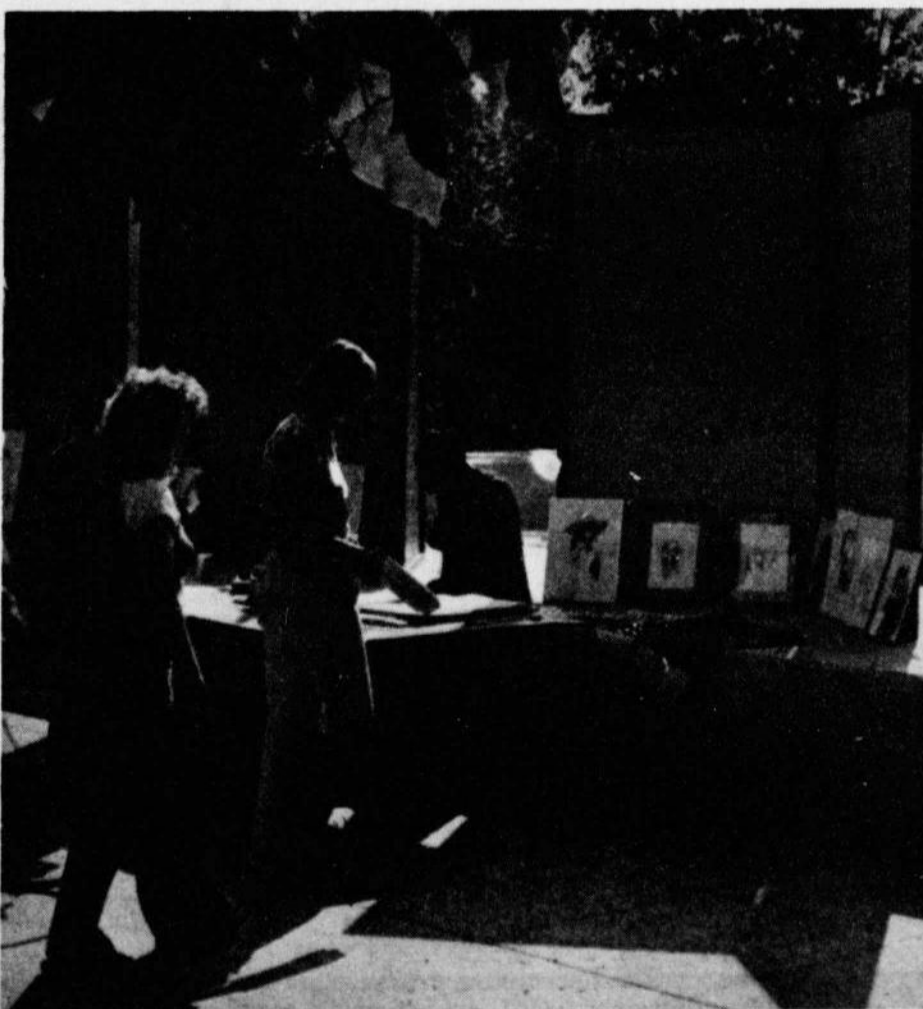
The Autochrome process is a color photographic process based on the use of starch grains dyed to the necessary colors; green, red, and blue-violet, and as close to uniform size as possible. These are used in connection with a panchromatic emulsion to make a photographic plate.

The photographs of Tonkin represent over 1,100 photos taken by a Mr. Busy (his first name is not known), an officer serving in Hanoi from late 1914 to late 1916. Mr. Busy doesn't trouble himself with the monumental or eventful, but seeks realism in the practices of everyday life. Images include a woman smoking opium, a little girl eating rice, and a wise old man studying.

Considering these subjects, it is clear Mr. Busy has attained his goal. Color is remarkably accurate and often vivid in the 60-year-old originals. The exposure time necessary for an autochrome is several seconds, which makes the photographs even more impressive.

The exhibit will run until October 25 in the Mandeville Art Gallery. (Hours: 12-5, Sunday through Friday and 7-10pm Wednesday.)

—Juri Koll



Fine crafts were on display, along with good food and entertainment.

Long Stories In Short

Darter Death Warrant Signed

President Carter damned the snail darter—and farmers' and Native American lands—and incurred the wrath of environmentalists when on September 26 he signed the bill to allow completion of the Tellico Dam in Tennessee.

By refusing to veto the pork-barrel legislation, he stands to lose much legislation, he stands to lose the support of environmentalists who did so much to get him elected three years ago.

Held up for five years because of legal and administrative struggles, the Tellico project:

- fails to meet the requirements of six federal statutes, from which it has now been made exempt, as well as ignores dam safety considerations.

- will flood 23,000 acres of prime farmland worth \$52 million in crops a year just to produce \$3 million of electricity annually;

- will ruin sacred Cherokee sites and a stretch of free-flowing river, as well as

the last known habitat of the little fish which came to symbolize the struggle against contempt for other species; and

- create a lakefront development to benefit a few speculators, probably the prime reason presidential contender Howard Baker of Tennessee pursued the project relentlessly.

Carter said he reluctantly signed the bill as a trade to assure reauthorization of the Endangered Species Act without weakening amendments or further exemptions.

The irony of such a move, dooming one species to possibly protect others (besides *homo sapiens*), was not lost on environmentalists who are now acting to form a national coalition to fight the project.

Interestingly enough, even the Tennessee Valley Authority, which is building the dam, has admitted the project is a waste.

from Econews



YAKIMA COUNTY, WASHINGTON.

Any rape victim who reports the rape to police is required to undergo a lie detector test before police action is taken because rape is such a serious charge. The accused rapist is not required to undergo a similar test because that would be a violation of his constitutional rights. About 60% of all rape charges are judged to be false on the basis of these tests, which register when the victim's voice quavers or her heart beats faster as she is answering questions (if the woman is not calm after being raped, the machine will judge that she is lying). About 9 out of 10 rapes in Yakima County go unreported, and at least one victim who reported to police has been charged with giving false information on the basis of the test.

from off our backs

Radiation Poisoning & Navajo Land

The Three Mile Island of the uranium industry occurred a few months ago, and even careful followers of the news media couldn't find a word reported about it.

On the evening of Monday, July 16, a breach opened in the earthen walls of an 18-acre tailing pond at United Nuclear's uranium mill at Church Rock, New Mexico.

The disastrous result was that more than 100 million gallons of radioactive water and 1,100 tons of solid tailings were spilled into the Rio Puerco (Pig River) just south of Gallup, New Mexico.

Contamination has been traced 75 miles downstream, and fears have been expressed for the Little Colorado and Lake Mead, into which the Rio Puerco flows and from which Arizona and Southern California draw much water.

Tailing ponds are used to hold radioactive wastes generated in uranium refining. Tailings, kept under water, emit radon gas—and it was this contaminated water that raised radiation in the Rio Puerco area to 6,600 times the normal level during the first few days of the spill.

Lethal amounts of arsenic and thoreum—which are removed during the refining process—were also dumped into the river.

Immediately following the spill, the state of New Mexico locked the barn door by shutting down the United Nuclear Church Rock operation until a cause had been discovered for the accident. A recent issue of *Nucleonics*

Week magazine quotes state officials as still being baffled by the breach. State officials said in a familiar repetition of the what-happened-was-impossible argument that the clay-core dam that failed was of the *newest* and *safest* type approved by government agencies. If that's one of the most recent ones, what about the older types?

Several days passed before the Rio which flows through adjacent Navajo lands—was ordered off-limits for drinking, bathing and watering cattle. Although the warnings were posted in Navajo, Spanish and English, restrictions were loosely enforced. As the Gallup city manager Paul McCollum said, were not running up and down the Perky (the river's nickname) warning people to stay out.

Local Navajo leaders, incensed by the probability of radiation poisoning, threatened to contract for clean-up and to bill United Nuclear. The company supposedly set about to pick up the pieces, but only about 140 of the 1100 tons of waste had been recovered by early September.

United Nuclear's Church Rock mill has been under fire from environmentalists since its opening in May, 1977. Records indicate cracks in the tailing pond retaining walls *even then*.

For more information on this little-reported disaster, write the Southwest Research and Information Center, PO Box 4524, Albuquerque, New Mexico 87106.

"TechnoAnarchists" Convene

A group of "technoanarchists" met at the fifth "Phone Phreaks Convention" in New York at the diplomat Hotel. Ideas were exchanged on such diverse subjects as "how to make your own postage stamps, how to make free long distance telephone calls and pirating electricity."

The event was organized mainly by the staff of TAP, the phone phreaks journal. TAP holds that "there is nothing wrong with stealing from the government. After all, they steal from us." Next year's convention is already in the planning.

from Free For All

Bordering On Anarchy

Twelve Canadians were refused entry to the US recently while en route to an anarchist conference in Ypsilanti, Michigan. Eleven of them were charged with being anarchists, and one was charged with "moral turpitude." They were held in custody for six hours while computer information on them was sent from Canada. (Information was sent about even those who had not been previously arrested.) They were all interrogated and fingerprinted against their will by US Immigration officials, acting apparently under the Alien Anarchist Law that dates back to the early part of the century.

On May 7th, a hearing before a US immigration judge was indefinitely postponed, but all twelve are



temporarily excluded from the US.

The action against them contravenes the Helsinki Accord of 1975, which the US has signed. This states that any country signing it "would allow free flow of persons and ideas among nations."

Despite the arrests, however, the conference went on. As one of the arrested said, "we were in constant telephone communication, and five US delegates joined us in Canada," adding "the conference went very well and was more productive than previous meetings."

They urge supporters to write to President Carter to protest this contravention of the Helsinki Accord.

from Open Road