



observation post

CITY COLLEGE

THURSDAY, JANUARY 30, 1969

When the Parade Ended, the Circus Found A Home

By JONNY NEUMANN

January 20. The cops talked about riots, and the protesters about revolution. They were afraid it would be another Chicago. It turned out to be just another insane Monday, a good day for crystallizing the absurdity pervading this country. It was the inauguration of former Vice President Richard Milhaus Nixon.

Pennsylvania Avenue runs down the center of Washington, and viewed from above, it was the center ring of the microcosmic American circus. Front and center was the bullet-proof, glass-domed automobiles, eggs, tomatoes and banana peels being sucked in by its sides, which were hugged and mothered by five plainclothes security men. Underneath the protective omelette was said to be the new United States President.

But when you're at the circus, you don't think about politics.

Governor Albert Brewer of Alabama was waving from his open Continental in the Inaugural parade, and when his name was announced, a fat lady in the bleachers shouted frantically "I love you, Al baby!"

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beatles eye the eye behind glass onion

By RICHARD BLACK

Two months have passed since the release of "The Beatles" (Apple SWBO 101), and listeners have had the time to live with this latest collection of songs. If the reviews were varied, the general response seemed to be unenthusiastic. The Beatles, we are told, have at last revealed themselves as hopelessly cryptic, uncaring towards their audience, admittedly counter-revolutionary and ultimately, irrelevant.

At best, say many of the critics, this new music is plain and simple fun. At worst, it is a sorry bore.

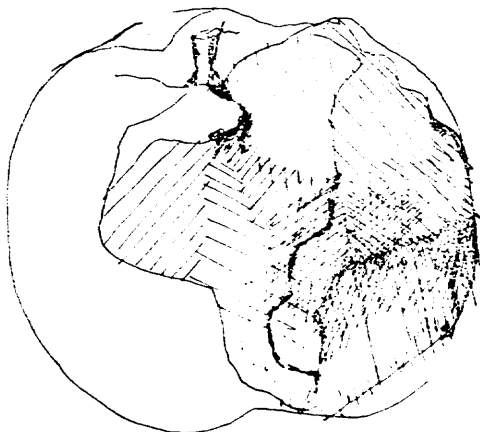
John Lennon has said of his music: "I write lyrics that you don't realize what they mean until after . . . It's like abstract art, really . . . When you think about it, it just means you labored at it." So seems to be the case with this album.

Part of the beauty of the Beatles' music has always been the sweet ambiguity in its tone, the pliable nuances of the lyrics. If the Beatles were sincere and self-serious when they sang, "I want to hold your hand," John's smirk and Paul's theatrics told us otherwise. If the old message of universal love in "Within You, Without You," was necessarily true, George followed that cut with a bit of audience laughter to restore a balance. "It's true," says Harrison, "but it's still a joke. People looked for all sorts of hidden meanings. It's serious and it's not serious. Well, after all that long Indian stuff, you want some light relief. It's a relief after five minutes of sad music. You haven't got to take it all that seriously, you know."

The dual need to "labor" a while at the ambiguity, and also accept the music as both straight and as put-on seems essential in loving the Beatles' art. If "Sgt.

Pepper" presented us with a coherent, unified vision of flights from a complex reality ("I just had to laugh") to shelter in isolating escapes — drugs alone; blind optimism; the simplicity of "digging the weeds;" pure sex; etc. — "The Beatles" in part extends the approach to a deceptively simple presentation of that everyday reality itself.

Nowhere are the Beatles more intriguingly deceptive than in "Ob-La-Di, Ob-La-Da." This rollicking jingle of love, marriage, and child-rearing is as happy a tune as the Beatles have ever composed. We find ourselves singing along with the chorus, humming the melody after the record is long done. The music



is quite irresistible — but that's all — and that's precisely the point. The Beatles have given us a perfect photograph of the typical, the standard, the ordinary. It seems quite the natural thing. But in the end ("you want some fun"? take Ob-La-Di-Bla-Da), we see a collection of surfaces, a monotonous drag, the current reality for every bloke and his mothers.

The irony is revealed in the gaiety of the tune — indeed, we must watch ourselves so as not to adore this "life goes on" vision as our own. "You don't realize what [it means] until after."

The effect is similar in content to "Good Morning, Good Morning" from the "Sgt. Pepper" album. In this composition, the limiting immersion into the every day is created within a loud, heavy, surging musical framework. It is the image of a mechanical, impersonal, underlying sexually repressed social system:

"Everybody knows there's nothing doing
Everything is closed it's like a ruin
Everyone you see is half asleep
And you're on your own you're in the street

Good morning, good morning . . .

In "Ob-La-Di, Ob-La-Da," however, the life of the Joneses is softer, and prettier — it's a different flavour, but of the same old syrup.

The scene appears again in "Cry, Baby, Cry" on the final side of the album. The bite of "Good Morning, Good Morning" and the glee of "Ob-La-Di, Ob-La-Da" are replaced by droning monotony in the royal setting. The implied sterility is not so much socially classed as it is psychologically all-pervasive. The Beatles, in talking of the dull and the unimaginative allude to the mental impotence that prohibits elevation from the banal to the spiritually sublime. And this is precisely the feel of John's longing in the final phrase of Sgt. Peppers, a dreamy "I'd love to turn you on."

The predictable outcome of this vision of sterility is an attempt to break out — a push for release — but in this context, the attempt is conceived in frustration, and born perverted; the energy comes in killing. "The Continuing Story of Bungalow Bill" sustains the tragic frivolity of "Ob-La-Di, Ob-La-Da," but the effect is one step more terrifying. In their myth-making, the Beatles have created for us the character of Bungalow Bill — tiger hunter, moma's boy, the most moral of men:

(Continued on Page 5)

Students Clash At Registration Over ROTC

By TOM FRIEDMAN and KEN KESSLER

Military Science course cards were destroyed at registration yesterday afternoon as several unidentified students, in a 5 minute demonstration, tossed them to the floor and covered them with a gallon of animal blood.

Immediately after the blood was thrown, fighting broke out between demonstrators and several ROTC cadets who had been standing by the desk. In the scuffle, a few students on both

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Violence Report Issued Society, War at Fault

WASHINGTON, D.C. (LNS) — A government-sponsored study group has produced a report assailing the structure of American Society and defending its youthful protesters.

Prepared for the National Commission on the Causes and Prevention of Violence by one of its task forces, the report, entitled "The Politics of Protest," asserts that "authorities bear a major responsibility" for the violence that has accompanied "contemporary group protest." Its summary also acknowledges that "mass protest is an essentially political phenomenon conducted by normal people."

The task force was headed by Jerome H. Skolnick, a professor at the University of California at Berkeley, and instructed to study "violent aspects of protest and confrontation."

Due for release in April or May, it is the latest installment of the great serial report. Like the report of a similar task force headed by Daniel J. Walker on the "police riot" in Chicago, its reception in government circles is not expected to be warm.

And, like the report of another commission headed by Otto Kerner and John Lindsay which denounced white racism, it will probably be ignored, if not suppressed.

But this new report is liable to put an end to America's mania for commissions, reports and other forms of institutional apologetics.

Charged by former President Lyndon B. Johnson after the back-to-back assassinations of Robert Kennedy and Martin Luther King to investigate "the causes, the occurrence, and the control of physical violence across the Nation, from assassinations . . . to violence in our cities' streets and even in our homes," the commission consists of such figures as Congressmen Hale Boggs (D-Louisiana) and William McCulloch (R-Ohio), longshoreman critic-essayist Eric Hoffer, Albert Jenner, Chicago lawyer who served as a member of the U.S. Loyalty Review Board and the Warren Commission and Milton Eisenhower, its chairman.

Skolnick's staff after collecting evidence from radical academics like Herman Blake, Harold Cruse, Richard Flacks and Tom Hayden, as well as conducting extensive interviews with police, student radicals and ghetto residents, has presented the National Commission with a report which

goes beyond documentation and specific criticism to a fundamental indictment of the American political system in its present operations.

In anticipation of the Commission's reaction, the task force staff has kept the report under tight security during its preparation and while the Commission examines it.

However, the guerrilla journalists of Liberation News Service have received a copy of the report's first draft — the same document which has been sent to the National Commission for comment and revision.

"The Politics of Protest" differs from the previous reports of innumerable commissions and committees on violence because its authors insist on considering group violence not as abnormal psychology or social malfunction, but as a political phenomenon, and a legitimate one.

"Violence," maintains the Task Force, "is an ambiguous term whose meaning is established through political processes. The kinds of acts which become classified as 'violent,' and, equally important, those which do not become so classified, vary according to who provides the definition and who has superior resources for disseminating and enforcing his definitions . . . Violence . . . is legitimized or illegitimized through political processes and decisions."

The Task Force thus recognizes the existence not only of political violence in protest against the authorities, but of what it terms



Demonstration at the College, protesting the speaker ban.

"official violence" which it deems as important and perhaps even more pervasive than the violence of protest which lies hidden beneath a "myth of peaceful progress."

"Like most ideologies the myth of peaceful progress is intended at bottom to legitimize existing political arrangements and to authorize the suppression of protest. It also serves to conceal the role of official violence in the maintenance of these arrangements."

Starting from this bilateral definition of violence, the Task Force Report attempts to analyze the political roots of both official and anti-official violence. The first chapter, entitled "Protest and Politics" is an extensive investigation of the history of political violence in America. Violent protests are surveyed from Shay's rebellion to the "native American," anti-immigrant movement to the CIO. The conclusion of the authors is that violence, while not a necessary component of political change in this country, has been a frequent concomitant: "Historical study . . . reveals that under certain circumstances America has regularly experienced episodes of mass violence directly related to the achievement of social, political, and economic goals."

From this conclusion the report moves on to an examination of contemporary political violence, starting with a chapter on "Anti-War Protest." The primary cause of anti-war protest, maintains the Task Force, is "the course of the war itself."

The anti-war protesters have been reacting to events rather than inciting them: "The movement has been and remains in a posture of responding to events outside its control, the chief milestone in its growth have been its days of mass outrage at escalations, bombing resurrections, draft policies, and prosecutions."

Therefore, concludes the report, the most logical way to deal with anti-war protests is to change the course of the war: "It is safe to say that by now the only effective counter-measure against the bitterness that leads to violence, would be a termination of the war in Vietnam."

This conclusion, that the way to handle violence is to deal with political substance rather than individual outbreaks — is reached again in the third chapter of "Student Protest." Student protest is becoming violent, the Report reasons, because students

have been consistently frustrated in their basic political aims. If "student violence" is to end, "students must plan a genuine role in decision-making and . . . their interests must receive recognition and at least some power."

Despite the decline in the scope of black rioting in 1968 as compared with the two years previous, the Task Force pulls no punches in stating the seriousness of black rebellion in America: "There is some evidence to suggest that the decline in the scale of riots coincides with an increase in more strategic acts of violence and a shift from mass riots to sporadic warfare."

Black Liberation

The Task Force, like the Kerner Report and those of earlier commissions, emphasizes the exclusion of blacks from the American political system and the real social grievances behind ghetto riots. Its report, however, goes beyond all earlier ones in stressing the political content not only of the goals but of the militant means of the black liberation struggle. "Self-defense and the rejection of nonviolence; cultural autonomy and the rejection of white values; and political autonomy and community control . . . are attempts to gain for blacks a measure of safety, power and dignity in a society which has denied them all three."

Unless governmental agencies are willing to consider both the means and the ends of black militants as legitimate and justified, America, predicts the Report, is in for a long seige.

From this radical analysis of the forms of dissent, the Report plunges into a biting survey of "White Racism" and "Official Response."

"The most violent single force in American history outside of war has been the militant white, defending his home, his family or his country from forces considered alien or threatening." The report presents a detailed history of white supremacy and vigilante groups right up to the present with armed preparations of the Minutemen, the KKK, the North Ward Citizens Committee of Anthony Imperiale and other white para-military organizations.

In view of these organizations, the Task Force claims, "It is difficult to exaggerate the extent to which white violence, aided and abetted — especially in the South — by community support and encouragement from political

leaders, is embedded in our history.

In contrast with almost all liberal thinking on the subject, however, the Task Force does not consider right-wing extremism as "kooky" or pathological any more than black militancy. White militancy, like black, is a political movement whose roots "lie in the political and economic sources of white marginality and insecurity." Unless the political problems and demands of militant whites are recognized and dealt with, the Task Force concludes, the country is "not improbably headed for a race war between black and white militants."

This same sensitivity is at work in the Report's treatment of the police. Not that the report is an attempt to apologize for police conduct such as that documented in Chicago by the Walker Report. The police are criticized at great length in the "Politics of Protest" and usually very harshly.

Following are just a few examples: "The police and social control agencies increasingly view themselves as the political and military adversaries of blacks. This official militancy has even taken the form of direct attacks on black militant organizations." "Racial prejudice pervades police attitudes and actions." "Police violence is the antithesis of both law and order. It leads only to increased hostility, polarization, and violence — both in the immediate situation and in the future." "No government institution appears so deficient in its understanding of the constructive role of dissent in a constitutional democracy as the police."

Still, the Task Force views the police as trapped in the American social system by forces beyond their control. "The police are set against the hatred and violence of the ghetto and are delegated to suppress it and keep it from seeping into white areas. . . . Similarly, the police can do little to ameliorate the reasons for student and political protest. In short, we have forced the police into the uninhabitable role of acting as substitutes for necessary political and social reform . . . Yet, in the process, the police themselves become a serious social problem."

"Police political power in our large cities is both considerable and growing. The police are quite unconsciously building this power . . ."

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Sitting from left to right: Editors: Jonathan Penzner and Steve Simon, Gil Friend and Howard Reis. Standing: Leslie Black, Richard Black, Robert Burton, David Friedlander, Tom Friedman, SJ Green, Ken Kessler, Bruce Koball, Steve Marcus, Fred Miller, Josh Mills, Alan Milner, Mike Muskal, Jonny Neumann, Rebel Owen, Alan Reich, David Rudnitsky, Anne L. Schwartz, Madeleine Tress, H. Edward Weberman, Phil Wolfson, and Joel-Philippe Dreyfuss.

Seeker of Truth: Professor Leo Hamalian (English)
Room 336 Finley

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Cry of the Wild

By Ronald McGuire

What have they done to the Earth?
What have they done to our fair sister?
Ravaged and plundered and ripped her and bit her
Stuck her with knives in the side of the dawn,
Tied her with fences and dragged her down.
I hear a very gentle sound.
With your ear down to the ground
We want it . . .
now.
now?
NOW!!!

— Jim Morrison

I am a monster. I am writing this but soon I will have forgotten how to write. Even now the words come hard and I know that some of what I say will be twisted around by liberals without balls to save the embers/infernos of their consciences.

I am a monster, but it wasn't always so. I used to be able to write well and my teachers were proud of me. They taught me about Nuremberg before I even learned how to read. And they taught me about the Constitution and the thing that said "all men are created equal" and about the rights we all had under the law and about the awful thing that happened in Germany which could never happen here because we had the Constitution, the laws, the Declaration of Independence, and most of all, the tradition of a free people willing to fight any oppressor to guard their cherished liberty. I was a good pupil. I learned and I remembered. But things have changed since then.

I think it was in the basement of Park Gym during the hut thing when three of New York's Finest kicked the shit out of me. John Stark, President Buell G. Gallagher's administrative assistant came along and told me that the blood streaming down my face and the cracked teeth were probably the result of some accident. Anyway, I didn't recall their badge numbers. I think the punches must have done something to my brain because I thought that Stark was wearing a pig uniform.

It was in Chicago after the pig car drove through the crowd and ran over the little black girl's legs that something else happened to me. I clenched my fist and found a spray can of Day-Glo, an iridescent paint best seen in black light, in my hand.

There was a dump truck with four pigs in back spraying tear gas. I waited for the truck to pass, hiding behind a tree.

The can hit the pig in the mouth. He went down and stopped spraying tear gas.

I now feel sorry for letting the heat of the moment get the best of me. Day-Glo is highly inflammable. Light a match to a can and you have an effective torch or, at short range, a flame thrower. Empty cannisters can be refilled with other, more potent chemicals. I should have thought before I acted.

I will remember next time.

Martin Luther King, my old guru, is dead. Now I am free to listen to the stirrings within my soul. I will never again go smiling at the cameras as I get arrested to awaken the conscience of middle class America.

I am white and have middle class roots and, if I cut my hair, finish school and recant, I could be a junior executive in some department store. Or I could be a professor in some college. And then I wouldn't have to recant, just keep quiet long enough to get tenure.

But I want no part of the Great

Society. That society doesn't see me. They see hippies. The media class us flower children. The designers sell Nehru shirts at forty dollars each, mod haircuts are "in," and rock music saturates the airwaves.

We are not flower children. We love, but we have also learned to hate. Two years ago chicks were giving flowers to cops. No one gave flowers to the pigs in Chicago.

The society made a fatal mistake with us. They saw the form of our rebellion, but either they didn't perceive or were afraid to face its substance. We didn't drop out to wear our hair long. Our revolution isn't aimed at having a Harlow's replace the local Bijou. We want to legalize LSD, not marijuana.

We want to affirm life, not package it and sell it.

This society treats us like children. But it is to our advantage to be treated as children. It gives us a freedom of movement that we wouldn't have otherwise. But the time will come when the love will turn to fear and we will have to fight for our right to exist. We will then be monsters no longer, but men.

For the time being, we must study and prepare. And we are doing that.

We must educate people. But our revolution, because it is a revolution of life styles, must be a revolution of the young. The middle aged middle class liberals will be useful, but they will be midwives to a difficult birth. A man who has already found a secure place in this society will not fight to change it. While they can give aid and comfort to those who are, we recognize that politics must be rooted in experience.

Radicals must reach the young. And we are. A look at the turmoil on the campuses and now the elementary and secondary schools throughout the nation is indicative of the direction that the youth of America is moving in. The movement is to the left, and time is on our side.

Enough of our culture has been assimilated to have an affect on the society. The media unwittingly disseminating our propaganda in the form of rock music and mod styles.

Rather than being assimilated into the society we are awakening a soul that has been in suspended animation. Our dances and our music lead to a thirst for life that cannot be quenched by the putrid offerings of Madison Avenue. There will have to be changes made, we will have to make room to dance without stepping on each other's toes.

We reject Marxism and classical socialist thinking because it



was predicated on an economy of scarcity, not abundance. We are the alienated children of the middle class, not the proletariat.

We are not rebelling because we need bread, food or a place to sleep. We want freedom and an alternative to the anonymity of the mass society.

We see the potential in this society to abolish economic de-

privation. We see, through technology, the potential to abolish most of the labor that man has been cursed with since the dawn of time. Total unemployment, rather than an evil would be the goal of an enlightened economy, thus liberating people from the onus of being compelled to work. Technology should be used, as much as possible, to limit the

amount of human labor necessary for running the economy to the absolute minimum.

Our politics is a politics of joy. Our life style is our politics. Our activity is aimed at liberating the human soul. As ROTC has a death drill we have the dance of life.

We are learning that a closeness can exist between us that (Continued on Page 7)

Demonstrators Soak ROTC Cards In Blood

(Continued from Page 1)

sides, and onlookers, were slightly hurt. The fight ended when bystanders intervened, and the demonstrators left the Great Hall.

"It was time we showed those motherfuckers that there is no way ROTC can remain on campus," one demonstrator said later.

"If the administration won't protect our rights, we'll have to use the Commune's own methods to get them off our campus," one ROTC cadet said heatedly, staring at the pool of blood and cards.

Fifteen minutes after the clash the chaos of confrontation was again replaced by the confusion of bureaucracy, as registration continued normally. Except for Military Science.

At approximately 2:15 PM thirty students had entered the Great Hall chanting, "Benediction, Benediction." At their head walked a student clothed as a priest, gripping an iron cross. Others wore gas masks, stocking caps pulled tightly over their heads, and scarves about their faces.

In procession, they reached the center of the Great Hall: one student shouted, "All courses are closed except ROTC. Everyone can go take ROTC." By then a sizeable crowd had gathered around them.

Minutes later, the majority of the demonstrators and many onlookers walked slowly to the Military Science desk. The student in priest's garb intoned, "In the name of the Father, the Son the Holy Ghost . . ." The tray

of course cards was then seized and dumped, and the blood thrown.

Thirty minutes previously, several members of the administration and two Burns Guards had entered the Great Hall.

They stood together and nervously scanned the crowd. When questioned about his presence, Dean G. Nicholas Paster related that he had "heard rumors of sorts."

During the demonstration, the administrators and Burns Guards did not take any action, other than restraining those fighting later.

One student described Dean Paster's expression during the clash: "He was stunned, he looked stunned. It was like he couldn't move."

And it was a greatly perturbed Paster who later described his own feelings: "I felt ineffectual and ineffective . . . helpless? That's your word. I think there will have to be some help applied to this situation."

The Dean's office was busy yesterday afternoon. He consulted with newly-appointed Associate Dean Benjamin Karr and his own assistant, Ira Bloom, Associate Dean James S. Peace, Student Government President Paul Bernanzohn, and other students, including Josh Chaikin, Colonel Arthur Lucia, acting chairman of the Military Science department, and Lucia's assistant, Major Thomas Wood, conferred with Paster later.

The two army officers were tight-faced as they emerged in tandem from the Dean's office.

There was speculation that the two had asked Paster to institute criminal proceedings against the demonstrators and had come away disappointed with Paster's reply. But Dean Paster would say only that Lucia was "very angry with me and rightfully so."

Throughout the afternoon Paster declined to comment on what he had seen, or whom, in the Great Hall, or what he would do, taking pains to emphasize that he had not yet decided on what policy to follow with regard to the disturbance.

As on earlier occasions, Dean Paster deplored the lack of "dialogue" on such matters as ROTC, and urged discussion in quest of more effective means towards ending ROTC on campus.

Dean Karr, agreeing, said that "if I wanted to maintain the enrollment of ROTC and its position on campus, I would favor just this kind of demonstration . . . if one did not exist I would take pains to organize it." He added that he was in favor of neither the demonstration nor ROTC.

At 3:30 A.M. the Great Hall floor was cleaned. Standing about the area were five Burns Guards and a few curious students. Though many students were heard to say that the demonstration was ineffective, it was the foremost topic of discussion on the floor of the Great Hall. Shock and anger were the most frequent reactions. The tension of the last few months has remained; it can be cut with a knife — or covered with blood.

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Despite the decline in the scope of black rioting in 1968 as compared with the two years previous, the Task Force pulls no punches in stating the seriousness of black rebellion in America: "There is some evidence to suggest that the decline in the scale of riots coincides with an increase in more strategic acts of violence and a shift from mass riots to sporadic warfare."

Black Liberation

The Task Force, like the Kerner Report and those of earlier commissions, emphasizes the exclusion of blacks from the American political system and the real social grievances behind ghetto riots. Its report, however, goes beyond all earlier ones in stressing the political content not only of the goals but of the militant means of the black liberation struggle. "Self-defense and the rejection of nonviolence; cultural autonomy and the rejection of white values; and political autonomy and community control . . . are attempts to gain for blacks a measure of safety, power and dignity in a society which has denied them all three."

Unless governmental agencies are willing to consider both the means and the ends of black militants as legitimate and justified, America, predicts the Report, is in for a long seige.

From this radical analysis of the forms of dissent, the Report plunges into a biting survey of "White Racism" and "Official Response."

"The most violent single force in American history outside of war has been the militant white, defending his home, his family or his country from forces considered alien or threatening." The report presents a detailed history of white supremacy and vigilante groups right up to the present with armed preparations of the Minutemen, the KKK, the North Ward Citizens Committee of Anthony Imperiale and other white para-military organizations.

In view of these organizations, the Task Force claims, "It is difficult to exaggerate the extent to which white violence, aided and abetted — especially in the South — by community support and encouragement from political

leaders, is embedded in our history.

In contrast with almost all liberal thinking on the subject, however, the Task Force does not consider right-wing extremism as "kooky" or pathological any more than black militancy. White militancy, like black, is a political movement whose roots "lie in the political and economic sources of white marginality and insecurity." Unless the political problems and demands of militant whites are recognized and dealt with, the Task Force concludes, the country is "not improbably headed for a race war between black and white militants."

This same sensitivity is at work in the Report's treatment of the police. Not that the report is an attempt to apologize for police conduct such as that documented in Chicago by the Walker Report. The police are criticized at great length in the "Politics of Protest" and usually very harshly.

Following are just a few examples: "The police and social control agencies increasingly view themselves as the political and military adversaries of blacks. This official militancy has even taken the form of direct attacks on black militant organizations." "Racial prejudice pervades police attitudes and actions." "Police violence is the antithesis of both law and order. It leads only to increased hostility, polarization, and violence — both in the immediate situation and in the future." "No government institution appears so deficient in its understanding of the constructive role of dissent in a constitutional democracy as the police."

Still, the Task Force views the police as trapped in the American social system by forces beyond their control. "The police are set against the hatred and violence of the ghetto and are delegated to suppress it and keep it from seeping into white areas . . . Similarly, the police can do little to ameliorate the reasons for student and political protest. In short, we have forced the police into the uninhabitable role of acting as substitutes for necessary political and social reform . . . Yet, in the process, the police themselves become a serious social problem."

"Police political power in our large cities is both considerable and growing. The police are quite unconsciously building this power . . ."

(Continued on Page 11)



OP

Sitting from left to right: Editors: Jonathan Penzner and Steve Simon. Gil Friend and Howard Reis. Standing: Leslie Black, Richard Black, Robert Burton, David Friedlander, Tom Friedman, SJ Green, Ken Kessler, Bruce Koball, Steve Marcus, Fred Miller, Josh Mills, Alan Milner, Mike Muskall, Jonny Neumann, Rebel Owen, Alan Reich, David Rudnitsky, Anne L. Schwartz, Madeleine Tress, H. Edward Weberman, Phil Wolfson, and Joel-Philippe Dreyfuss.

Seeker of Truth: Professor Leo Hamalian (English)
Room 336 Finley

FO 8-7438

Cry of the Wild

By Ronald McGuire

What have they done to the Earth?
What have they done to our fair sister?
Ravaged and plundered and ripped her and bit her
Stuck her with knives in the side of the dawn,
Tied her with fences and dragged her down,
I hear a very gentle sound.
With your ear down to the ground
We want the world and we want it . . .
now.
now?
NOW!!!

— Jim Morrison

I am a monster. I am writing this but soon I will have forgotten how to write. Even now the words come hard and I know that some of what I say will be twisted around by liberals without balls to save the embers/infernos of their consciences.

I am a monster, but it wasn't always so. I used to be able to write well and my teachers were proud of me. They taught me about Nuremberg before I even learned how to read. And they taught me about the Constitution and the thing that said "all men are created equal" and about the rights we all had under the law and about the awful thing that happened in Germany which could never happen here because we had the Constitution, the laws, the Declaration of Independence, and most of all, the tradition of a free people willing to fight any oppressor to guard their cherished liberty. I was a good pupil. I learned and I remembered. But things have changed since then.

I think it was in the basement of Park Gym during the hut thing when three of New York's Finest kicked the shit out of me. John Stark, President Buell G. Gallagher's administrative assistant came along and told me that the blood streaming down my face and the cracked teeth were probably the result of some accident. Anyway, I didn't recall their badge numbers. I think the punches must have done something to my brain because I thought that Stark was wearing a pig uniform.

It was in Chicago after the pig car drove through the crowd and ran over the little black girl's legs that something else happened to me. I clenched my fist and found a spray can of Day-Glo, an iridescent paint best seen in black light, in my hand.

There was a dump truck with four pigs in back spraying tear gas. I waited for the truck to pass, hiding behind a tree.

The can hit the pig in the mouth. He went down and stopped spraying tear gas.

I now feel sorry for letting the heat of the moment get the best of me. Day-Glo is highly inflammable. Light a match to a can and you have an effective torch or, at short range, a flame thrower. Empty cannisters can be refilled with other, more potent chemicals. I should have thought before I acted.

I will remember next time.

Martin Luther King, my old guru, is dead. Now I am free to listen to the stirrings within my soul. I will never again go smiling at the cameras as I get arrested to awaken the conscience of middle class America.

I am white and have middle class roots and, if I cut my hair, finish school and recant, I could be a junior executive in some department store. Or I could be a professor in some college. And then I wouldn't have to recant, just keep quiet long enough to get tenure.

But I want no part of the Great

Society. That society doesn't see me. They see hippies. The media class us flower children. The designers sell Nehru shirts at forty dollars each, mod haircuts are "in," and rock music saturates the airwaves.

We are not flower children. We love, but we have also learned to hate. Two years ago chicks were giving flowers to cops. No one gave flowers to the pigs in Chicago.

The society made a fatal mistake with us. They saw the form of our rebellion, but either they didn't perceive or were afraid to face its substance. We didn't drop out to wear our hair long. Our revolution isn't aimed at having a Harlow's replace the local Bijou. We want to legalize LSD, not marijuana.

We want to affirm life, not package it and sell it.

This society treats us like children. But it is to our advantage to be treated as children. It gives us a freedom of movement that we wouldn't have otherwise. But the time will come when the love will turn to fear and we will have to fight for our right to exist. We will then be monsters no longer, but men.

For the time being, we must study and prepare. And we are doing that.

We must educate people. But our revolution, because it is a revolution of life styles, must be a revolution of the young. The middle aged middle class liberals will be useful, but they will be midwives to a difficult birth. A man who has already found a secure place in this society will not fight to change it. While they can give aid and comfort to those who are, we recognize that politics must be rooted in experience.

Radicals must reach the young. And we are. A look at the turmoil on the campuses and now the elementary and secondary schools throughout the nation is indicative of the direction that the youth of America is moving in. The movement is to the left, and time is on our side.

Enough of our culture has been assimilated to have an affect on the society. The media unwittingly disseminating our propaganda in the form of rock music and mod styles.

Rather than being assimilated into the society we are awakening a soul that has been in suspended animation. Our dances and our music lead to a thirst for life that cannot be quenched by the putrid offerings of Madison Avenue. There will have to be changes made, we will have to make room to dance without stepping on each other's toes.

We reject Marxism and classical socialist thinking because it



was predicated on an economy of scarcity, not abundance. We are the alienated children of the middle class, not the proletariat.

We are not rebelling because we need bread, food or a place to sleep. We want freedom and an alternative to the anonymity of the mass society.

We see the potential in this society to abolish economic de-

privation. We see, through technology, the potential to abolish most of the labor that man has been cursed with since the dawn of time. Total unemployment, rather than an evil would be the goal of an enlightened economy, thus liberating people from the onus of being compelled to work. Technology should be used, as much as possible, to limit the

amount of human labor necessary for running the economy to the absolute minimum.

Our politics is a politics of joy. Our life style is our politics. Our activity is aimed at liberating the human soul. As ROTC has a death drill we have the dance of life.

We are learning that a closeness can exist between us that (Continued on Page 7)

Demonstrators Soak ROTC Cards In Blood

(Continued from Page 1)

sides, and onlookers, were slightly hurt. The fight ended when bystanders intervened, and the demonstrators left the Great Hall.

"It was time we showed those motherfuckers that there is no way ROTC can remain on campus," one demonstrator said later.

"If the administration won't protect our rights, we'll have to use the Commune's own methods to get them off our campus," one ROTC cadet said heatedly, staring at the pool of blood and cards.

Fifteen minutes after the clash the chaos of confrontation was again replaced by the confusion of bureaucracy, as registration continued normally. Except for Military Science.

At approximately 2:15 PM thirty students had entered the Great Hall chanting, "Benediction, Benediction." At their head walked a student clothed as a priest, gripping an iron cross. Others wore gas masks, stocking caps pulled tightly over their heads, and scarves about their faces.

In procession, they reached the center of the Great Hall; one student shouted, "All courses are closed except ROTC. Everyone can go take ROTC." By then a sizeable crowd had gathered around them.

Minutes later, the majority of the demonstrators and many onlookers walked slowly to the Military Science desk. The student in priest's garb intoned, "In the name of the Father, the Son the Holy Ghost . . ." The tray

of course cards was then seized and dumped, and the blood thrown.

Thirty minutes previously, several members of the administration and two Burns Guards had entered the Great Hall.

They stood together and nervously scanned the crowd. When questioned about his presence, Dean G. Nicholas Paster related that he had "heard rumors of sorts."

During the demonstration, the administrators and Burns Guards did not take any action, other than restraining those fighting later.

One student described Dean Paster's expression during the clash: "He was stunned, he looked stunned. It was like he couldn't move."

And it was a greatly perturbed Paster who later described his own feelings: "I felt ineffectual and ineffective . . . helpless? That's your word. I think there will have to be some help applied to this situation."

The Dean's office was busy yesterday afternoon. He consulted with newly-appointed Associate Dean Benjamin Karr and his own assistant, Ira Bloom, Associate Dean James S. Peace, Student Government President Paul Bernanzohn, and other students, including Josh Chaikin, Colonel Arthur Lucia, acting chairman of the Military Science department, and Lucia's assistant, Major Thomas Wood, conferred with Paster later.

The two army officers were tight-faced as they emerged in tandem from the Dean's office.

There was speculation that the two had asked Paster to institute criminal proceedings against the demonstrators and had come away disappointed with Paster's reply. But Dean Paster would say only that Lucia was "very angry with me and rightfully so."

Throughout the afternoon Paster declined to comment on what he had seen, or whom, in the Great Hall, or what he would do, taking pains to emphasize that he had not yet decided on what policy to follow with regard to the disturbance.

As on earlier occasions, Dean Paster deplored the lack of "dialogue" on such matters as ROTC, and urged discussion in quest of more effective means towards ending ROTC on campus.

Dean Karr, agreeing, said that "if I wanted to maintain the enrollment of ROTC and its position on campus, I would favor just this kind of demonstration . . . if one did not exist I would take pains to organize it." He added that he was in favor of neither the demonstration nor ROTC.

At 3:30 AM, the Great Hall floor was cleaned. Standing about the area were five Burns Guards and a few curious students. Though many students were heard to say that the demonstration was ineffective, it was the foremost topic of discussion on the floor of the Great Hall. Shock and anger were the most frequent reactions. The tension of the last few months has remained; it can be cut with a knife — or covered with blood.

Sobell Released From Prison

College Alumnus Released; End of the "Long Night"?

By WALTER & MIRIAM SCHNEIR

After eighteen years and five months behind bars, Morton Sobell — the surviving defendant in the government's great atom spy show trial of the 1950's — came home unbowed and unbroken and immediately declared his admiration and support for the Movement.

Sobell was released suddenly on Jan. 14 when the court of Appeals — which has consistently turned down his requests for a hearing on new evidence — credited him with the months served while he was being held on \$100,000 bail prior to his trial. In any event, he had been scheduled for release on mandatory good time later this summer.

He learned the news of the court decision from fellow prisoners at 1 in the afternoon; by 3 PM he was outside the prison gates and, after being driven to a local bus depot, proceeded on his own to New York City.

Kept for five of his prison years in Alcatraz in an effort to break him, Sobell's survival as a sensitive human being is one of the miracles of our time. Only 24 hours after his precipitous departure from Lewisburg Penitentiary he appeared at a press conference in New York and answered questions with dignity, clarity and humor.

After reaffirming his complete innocence without any reservations, Sobell told the press that he "found it sad" that reporters "who are so perspicacious that they can smell a political trial 5,000 miles away" cannot recognize one "on our own shores." The political function of the conspiracy trial of himself and his co-defendants, Julius and Ethel Rosenberg, he said, had been to demonstrate to the American people and the world as the Cold War was being heated up "that this country meant business."

Sobell asserted that the country is "very different" now than it was 18 years ago, a time he characterized as the beginning of "the long night." "I'm really glad to be coming out now... when I see all the activity going on... all the people going to prison for their principles. This makes me feel good." Asked what his "political persuasions" are today, he replied: "I tried to indicate it when I told you that I am very happy to see the youth of our nation really in a state of ferment. The fact that some of them have no program, they don't know where they're headed for, this doesn't bother me... The fact that they are alive, that they are not willing to take the world of the establishment, that they are no longer willing to be children, to be lectured by their elders, this makes me very happy."

Asked what changes he was struck by on his first day out of prison, Sobell answered: "I'll tell you what I noticed that was particularly significant to me. When I went to prison whenever you saw a black man on the street his demeanor was always sort of — bowed. And to me it's amazing when I look at the people — I mean they carry themselves just like white people today."

Sobell, who was a 33-year-old electrical engineer and teacher at the time of his arrest, hopes to return to school and eventually to work in medical electronics. But, he said, he will also continue the fight for his exoneration which he believes will be won eventually — if not in his lifetime, then in that of his son, now 19.

Sobell was tried in 1951 in a widely publicized espionage conspiracy trial with Julius and Ethel Rosenberg. Sentencing the Rosenbergs to death, federal Judge Irving Kaufman promulgated the fantastic doctrine that they had given the Rus-

sians the atomic bomb and thereby caused "the Communist aggression in Korea, with the resultant casualties exceeding 50,000 and who knows but what millions more of innocent people must pay the price of your treason." As for Sobell, Judge Kaufman noted that "the evidence in the case did not point to any activity on your part in connection with the atom bomb project." He sentenced Sobell to 30 years and urged no parole. However, prior to Sobell's trial the press, aided and abetted by prosecution public relations, has repeatedly referred to Sobell as an "atom spy." At Sobell's release, the old appellation was dusted off again. "Court Frees A-Spy Sobell" front-paged

(Continued on Page 13)

AWOL Returns: "The World's People Must Be Free"

By JONATHAN PENZNER

Pfc. Terry G. Klug, AWOL from the 525 Military Intelligence division of the U.S. Army since May, 1967, turned himself in to military authorities Jan. 16 at Kennedy International Airport.

After flying in from Paris, where he had lived for more than a year, he was placed in segregation at the stockade at Fort Dix, New Jersey.

Klug, an active member of the Paris-based division of Resisters Inside the Army (RITA), a soldiers' anti-war group, may face a general court-martial with charges of missing movement, AWOL or desertion. The weight of the charge will depend on the attitude the military takes towards his recent activities.

A general court martial carries a maximum sentence of five years in prison. Desertion carries a maximum penalty of death. Only one GI has been charged with desertion since the Korean war and that case is still pending.

However, it would be difficult for the military to make a desertion charge stick. They have to prove Klug left the Army with no intention of returning. (As Klug turned himself in, still carries his military ID, and never declared he would not return, that charge would never hold up in a fair court.)

There is no way of knowing what the military will do to Klug, but since Klug was active in RITA, and is involved with Andy Stapp and the American Servicemen's Union, this will be an important trial for GIs, the military and the movement.

Mike Kennedy of the National Emergency Civil Liberties Committee in New York will defend Klug.

Last term, I received a letter dated November 4 from Dick Perrin, who also went AWOL in 1967, and Terry Klug. The two became friends in Paris. They wrote:

"We may be in New York a hell of a lot sooner than we expected. Stay alert and you may be able to see us at JFK before we are hauled off."

"This does not mean we are finking out," Dick wrote, "but, we have decided that we want in. If we are to help you make a revolution in the states, we must be there with you. Not necessarily in New York... I have crazy visions of working in my homestate of Vermont — VERMONT? — Yes, I think some things can be done up there. Many schools, some of them quite wild... Goddard and I think the people up there are basically good. Most Vermonters were scared shitless of Goldwater. Anyway, the revolution is everywhere and a big mistake of the left everywhere is to neglect the countryside for the exciting city."

Then Dick sent another letter. "Terry and I attempted negotiating a return, but the man from the Pentagon asked too



Morton and Helen Sobell, while he was serving his prison sentence.

much. So as things looks now, we may be in Paris for a while yet."

To help them pass the time, I sent them to Rolling Stones' "Beggars Banquet" and asked them if they wanted a "welcoming party" when they returned. After my letter, there was no more correspondence between us.

After leaving the plane, Klug was stopped by four Armed Forces Police at customs, hustled out a side door, and ordered into a car. But he reached out through the car window to shake hands with supporters and he smiled at the small crowd which turned out to greet him. As the car pulled out, Klug gave a clenched fist salute.

At the time Klug went AWOL, his unit was on a month's leave before it was scheduled to be transferred to Vietnam. Klug wasn't political at the time, but he decided to leave the country rather than take part in the war. In September, 1967, he joined RITA in France and wrote articles for its newsletter, ACT.

While in France, he began to read books and pamphlets about the war and the world-wide liberation movements. In an article written last June for the Overseas Weekly, which reaches 300,000 soldiers, Klug stated, "My reasons for going AWOL and remaining AWOL are not pacifistic. The U.S. is fighting an illegal war, a war of capital interest. It is killing and maiming the brave people of Vietnam for the interest of big business. The Viet-

It was the kind of walk that's supposed to give the impression of cool, collected control. But you could tell Terry was anything but calm. He was back home. "I have come back because I felt I could be more effective in the United States, in or out of jail," The Daily News quoted him as saying.

I ran up to Terry. I think I said something stupid like, "Hey, man, how's it going?" He turned around, and without slowing his pace, he grinned and said, "Hey! It's you! How are you doing?" If we were in Paris, we'd be in a bar by now, drinking and playing a pin-ball machine, I thought.

He got into one of the cars after doing an interview with Channel 5. Through a rolled-down window, he shook everybody's hand. Andy Stapp introduced himself to Terry. I shook Terry's hand again and Terry said, "Oh. The record was great — thanks for sending it to us." In a cafe. Playing a pin-ball machine. The cars started to pull out. Terry looked back and gave us a clenched-fist salute, turned around and looked straight ahead.

Terry grinned again when he thanked me for the record. Playing a pin-ball machine and drinking at a bar.

Morale among the AWOL GIs in Europe is getting low, according to Klug, and the desire to return home is very great. "Life there is not easy under the circumstances and some GIs among us get homesick or fed up and return to their units," Klug wrote in the same article.

Klug was fed up with the frustration caused by the limited amount of organizing that could be conducted from Paris. He plans to continue to organize soldiers now that he is back, even while he is in jail, he said.

As of last year, RITA counted about 400 soldiers AWOL in Europe, with the number increasing all the time. The number of AWOLs returning to the States to face charges or to return to their units is also on the rise.

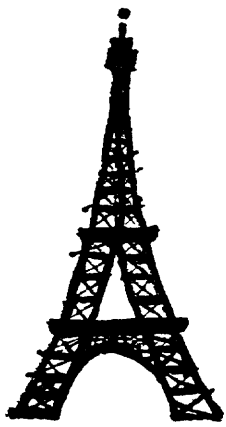
Yes, I am totally against this system or any other that breeds from capitalism. For a capitalist state cannot exist without exploiting other states and other peoples. It is the system of capitalism that must perish before our world can live in peace.

The world's people must truly be free and equal before there will be peace. Under a capitalist system only the rich may enjoy freedom, equality and luxury. And the rich are a minority.

Therefore the majority of the people have no choice in "their" government and their freedom suffers greatly under the heavy yoke of the rich ruling class.

I am ready to fight if necessary in the best way possible against this disease of capitalism that threatens the safety and the existence of our world.

—Pfc. Terry G. Klug



namese people have been fighting against aggression in their country for many hundreds of years. They WILL NOT lose this war!"

When we got to the airport, we went to the observation deck at customs. Terry came through a door surrounded by military men. There were plenty of undercover men too. One guy saw us up on the observation deck. He grimaced. It was a long time before Terry's bag came. He talked to reporters. As he went through customs, he saw us. He shot his fist up and smiled. We ran downstairs to a side door near where some MP cars were parked.

Terry came out the door trailed by the brass. He walked with a brisk, long gate.

Letter from Paris

La Rentrée Leads to Chaos

Paris, December 22 — One of the common sayings in June and July, when the movement came to a halt, was that the rentrée (school return) would be the hottest, most troublesome in the history of the French university. Some even predicted a cataclysmic return. But with the fall term over, we can see that all of these calculations proved untrue. Why did the student movement fail to light up again with renewed vigor?

The most obvious answer is the repression, which undoubtedly has played a major part in keeping things quiet. This repression has acquired many forms and manners. It has cajoled and threatened. It has used the carrot and the stick method, terror tactics and preventive measures in brief, the whole arsenal of weapons designed to keep the students from flaring up as they did in May-June.

First point (and extremely important): the ruling class learned a lesson last spring, and is not going to be caught off-guard again. It therefore mobilized its instruments to offset any attempt to resume political activity. All demonstrations are banned. Newspaper sellers of left-wing publications are picked up regularly and their material is confiscated. They are thrown into the clink for a few hours, threatened, then let out after several hours under harsh conditions. The groups that were dissolved in May-June are checked regularly, and if an attempt at reconstitution found, the group accused of outlawed activities. Locales of left-wing organizations are searched regularly, and their materials often picked up.

Just to give an example of the limits this is reaching, all of the publications of the Annual Tricontinental Conference in Canada have been forbidden entry! The display of police is simply amazing, particularly in the Latin Quarter, when a demonstration might take place. Police cars are parked at every corner, and groups of policemen drag up and down the boulevards just to make their presence felt at every moment. Recently, at Nanterre, the police even took up a more repressive function, checking 10 cards, allowing only those students from that particular faculty to enter. All of this reminds one grimly of Madrid at its worse repressive times.

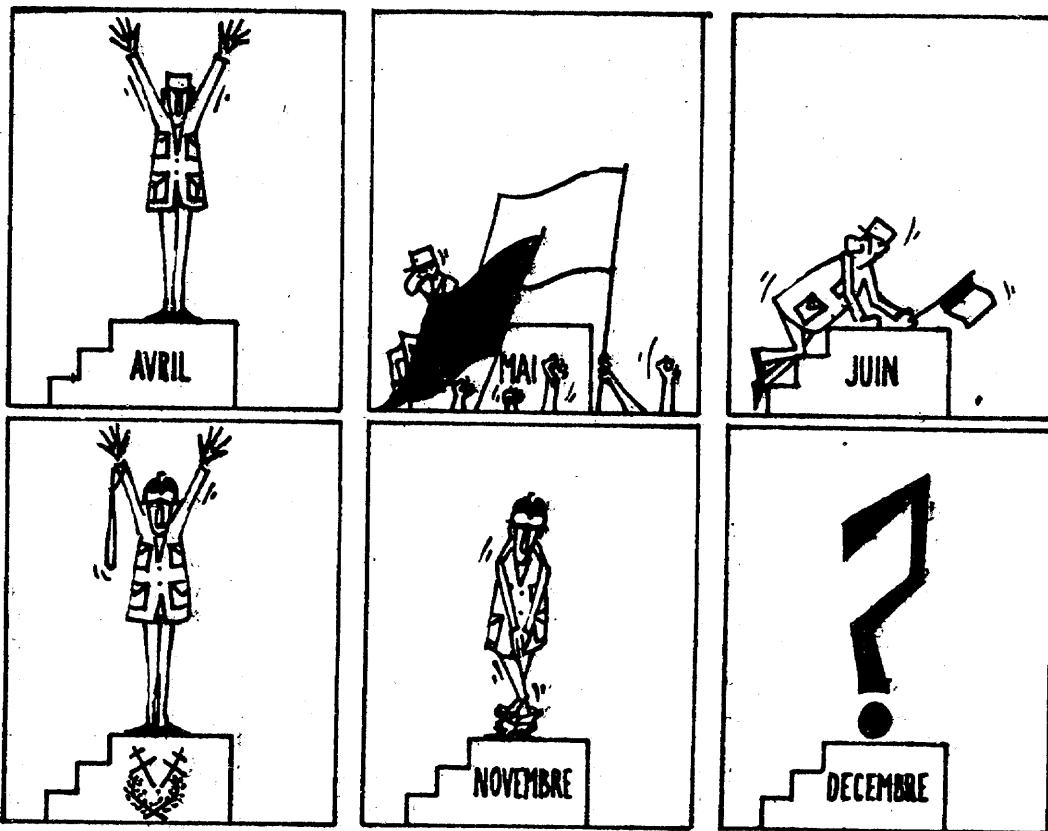
Consequently, this governmental policy has served to discourage and frighten the

students into total inactivity. One often hears the following remark, "Now is not the time to undertake big actions." True enough, and this reflects not only a mood, but also the inability to go beyond a very limited level.

Another factor has been just as essential in creating a fatigue — a sense of hopelessness in the student milieu. That is, the government's deliberate slow-down policy in respect to the new Edgar Fauré Education Law, the educational reform law. There the government had dragged its feet in order to gain time. The results have been devastating as concerns the students. Why? Because the rentrée has been chaotic, uneven. Nobody has been certain of his fate. Students live from day to day, just waiting for the bureaucrats to decide when this is going to happen, when that is going to take place. The overall result has been a general demobilization with its inevitable frustration.

For example, only ten days ago were 30,000 science students able to restart courses. During the interval between May and December, these people had been doing nothing. Some were home, some on vacation, most doing virtually nothing. I personally believe that this has been one of the better moves from the government's point of view: the more you delay, the more people wonder what is going to happen to their careers, to their schooling. Thus, it is not unusual for some to say, "We want to go back to school, no matter what the conditions may be." This type of thinking has very direct effects upon political action, because if most of the left-wing students want to fight actively against the Edgar Fauré Law, there is a countervailing tendency that wishes to give it a fair try. Whereas the left wants to finish the destruction of the old university begun in May, the other sectors want to stop all political activity and get down to work. The great solidarity has been broken as a result of a shrewd and concerted government action aimed at demobilization.

But even the left suffers, within its midst, from internal doctrinal quarrels which divide and make unified actions impossible. The whole groupuscule syndrome is every bit as strong today as it has ever been, every group vying for maintaining political purity. They've changed remarkably little. The former JCR (Jeunesse Communiste Révolutionnaire, Revolutionary



From the November issue of *Rouge*, French student movement newspaper optimistically predicting De Gaulle's demise in December, 1968.

Communist Youth), banned since May, now publishes a paper called *Rouge*. The Pro-Chinese Marxists-Leninists continue to go their way in the high schools and universities. They advocate politization, and attempt to use this period of flux for building an organization. They shy away from street actions, engage constantly in auto-critique (self-criticism) in order to avoid the mistakes of May-June. The Federation des Etudiants Révolutionnaires (Federation of Revolutionary Students), the hard-core Trotskyites, has changed its name; now, it's the Alliance des Jeunes pour le Socialisme (Young People's Alliance for Socialism), publishing *Jeune Révolutionnaire* (Revolutionary Youth), and advocating adventurist, grandiose actions. The regular party-line Communists follow the line that students must use the Edgar Fauré Law in order to consolidate the gains they made in May-June; i.e., use all of the instruments now open to them in order to make new inroads into the old university. They too shy from large actions, and wish the UNEF (Union National des étudiants Français, National Union of French Students), to maintain a purely syndical role.

The problem of the UNEF is more complex, and things will not become clear until their congress ends this week in Marseilles. The leadership is controlled by the Parti Socialiste Unifié (Unified Socialist Party, PSU), and presently the UNEF advocates total student-worker unity in all actions. It constantly urges its militants to support actions for worker struggles. It is this spillover into the political forum that is being fought by the moderate elements of the UNEF, and notably the orthodox party Communists, who claim that the UNEF should never become a mini-political party. However, it is a significant fact that as of late many of the provincial UNEF bureaus which have been traditionally been controlled by Party students have been voted out by more leftist elements. Control of the UNEF is a toss-up today.

[Jacques Sauvageot, formerly vice president of UNEF and one of the more outspoken leaders of the May-June revolt, was elected president of the student organization at the Marseilles conference. Sauvageot is directly associated with the PSU. When the other political parties, from the French Communist Party to the Gaullist and extreme right-wing parties denounced the students last spring, PSU, a very small party, supported the students and helped them when the more militant revolutionary groups were banned. The Sauvageot leadership will continue the previous policies of active political involvement.]

And yet, despite all of the difficulties, one often feels "que a bouge" (that it is moving). The high-schools, particularly in Paris, are in constant ferment. Animated primarily by the Comités d'Action Lycéens (High School Action Committees).

an extreme left-wing grouping, many powerful protests have taken place against police repression as well as the government's failure to enforce the newly acquired political activity liberties inside the high schools. The agitation has reached such an extent that one high-school was closed down right before the Christmas vacation. Most of these kids took an active part in the May-June events, and most have been won over to a kind of political activism. Even after their initiation, they have failed to demobilize and now wish to continue the struggle in their schools. The fundamental change in the consciousness of many of these youngsters (16, 17 and 18) is one of the most significant results from the spring revolt.

A similar process has taken place in the universities. For one thing the number of students admitted to the highest level has advanced sharply over past years. The primary reason is that students fought and won a more equitable way of passing their exams. They urged oral exams instead of written. The result was that whereas before only about 35-40% passed, this year 60-65% passed. Therefore, on top of all the university problems, the population explosion has aggravated sharply all of the existant shortages. Combined with the government's stalling, these have created a profound malaise, and given students many more issues on which to attack the ruling class and its whole university policy. Nowadays students, and particularly those in the provinces, base most of their political activities on teacher shortage, lack of scholarships, over-crowded classrooms, bad restaurants, etc. In Paris, however, the issues are more clearly political. Here, the masses of students wish to see the university structures themselves undergo a profound transformation (within or without of the new Edgar Fauré Law). Some centers, such as Nanterre, the Sorbonne, where activity was intense during many of the provincial UNEF bureaus and refuse to disarm before the ever-present repression. At Nanterre students unleashed a massive strike to protest against the repression. At the Sorbonne, the Comités d'Action try with varying degrees of efficacy to keep the students mobilized, but the fatigue and frustration often impedes concerted actions. A case in point was the so-called Vietnam Mobilization of Nov. 22, which proved to be a bitter failure, out of lack of preparation as well as just plain tiredness of the militants.

But if the perspectives appear dim at this moment one has the impression that any spark may trigger another big action. People are extremely dissatisfied, and the balance is very precarious. Will the next "May" be in February?

Renato
Jean Pierre
Jacques
Marie-Thérèse

The Beatles

(Continued from Page 1)

"He went out tiger hunting with his elephant and gun

In case of accidents he always took his mom

—He's the all-American bullet-headed Saxon mother's son."

He's the wild west, Indian killing, bomb-pilot super-hero kid. To the bright eye children nursed on Captain Marvel deeds, he's the best there is. And after each "hunt," the children sing the question. "Hey Bungalow Bill / What did you kill?"

Again, it's a happy hummy song. The singable chorus alternates with the story of the hunt. In the final stanza—

"The children ask him if to kill was not a sin

Not when he looked so fierce, his mommy batted in

If looks could kill it would have been us instead of him."

The innocent inquisitiveness of the kid-dies has unturned the age-old modern-as-ever concept of the defensive slaughter; but Bill in his oblivion, mommy in her rationality, and the TV-culture children all fail to realize the point. The song ends with another chorus, (as usual) some carefree whistling and a round of applause. The Beatles have again transformed the everyday and the normal — the surface calm — into its truer reality. In "Rocky Raccoon" the Beatles blend

a whole series of qualities which run throughout the album. We have a new story of love and killing, a catchy tune to sing, and an elusive moralizing finale a la Dylan's "John Wesley Harding" album. Rocky's women, Magill (who called herself Lil) runs off with Dan. And to avenge this shot in the "eye" Rocky sets out, gun in hand, to kill the evil Dan. Rocky gets shot at the showdown (Dan drew first) and upon returning to his hotel room

"Only to find Gideon's Bible
Gideon checked out and he left it no doubt

To help with good Rocky's revival."

Did Gideon leave his Bible for Rocky, or take it away, leaving the hotel to help with Rocky's revival? Has the "eye for an eye" morality been misused? Whether serious, put-on, or put-down, they all serious, put-on, or put-down, it all blends into a tone of surreal pseudo-anxiety over very little, very big questions.

And as John and Paul skip about the album opening peepholes to and at everyone, singing funny songs and subtle songs, sad scenes and old rock styles, George Harrison gives us commentary in "While My Guitar Gently Weeps," and "Savoy Truffle." Harrison has grown with the Beatles since the days of "If I Needed Someone," most noticeably in musical composition. If his lyrics come off at times as somewhat strained or trite, his musical

(Continued on Page 11)

McGuire . . .

(Continued from Page 4)

we do not see in the IBM push button world of depersonalized persons and personalized machines. We have learned to share; to give and take into the same conscious giving is an important gracious taking. We are against charity because we truly believe that there is no sacrifice involved in giving, but rather a positive joy.

When one of us asks for "space change," it is not a beggar asking for charity. We're saying, "Dig it, I am a person, just like you but you have an abundance at the means of obtaining the goods of life."

Wouldn't you like to share it?"

Our politics is the politics of youth. We are cultural revolutionaries. LSD is our textbook, Day Glo our weapon and organ of our victory. Older people find it hard to imitate our dance, impossible to understand our music and afraid to experience our drugs. I don't care to speculate about the quality of a sex in suburbia, but I will just observe the number of middle aged housewives who try to seduce dirty, unwashed hippies and the number of pigs who try to make it with the chicks they bust.

Attempts at reaching the middle aged middle class community are fruitless. We should rather direct our efforts toward our potential brothers, the young,

the blacks, the bikers, hippies and junkies.

We must recognize that students in high school are already ahead of us, rejecting even the rhetoric of the dying society. They, not the middle class are the ones we should address ourselves to.

Our politics is the politics of education. Radical education is aimed at finding contradictions in the society and confronting them. All perception is rooted in prior experience. The ivory tower is a vantage point we cannot accept.

Intellectual analysis is never more valid than emotional commitment. Just as consciousness begins at birth with an articulate, guttural expression of need, radicalism begins with an unspoken feeling made one's rule of alienation. An emotional statement lies at the basis of all thought.

We must strive to end the divorce between thought and emotion imposed upon us by a sterile society. Our minds must be tools to act upon our emotions until thought and action become one.

We cannot be dispassionate intellectuals. We are passionate men.

Our politics is the politics of experience, and we reject all politics not rooted in experience. We reject liberalism because the politics of liberals is based on sympathy. No slave has ever won his freedom through the generosity of his master. We will struggle to get our freedom or

it will not be worth having.

Our experience is the experience of outlaws. We cannot drop out. Many have tried. Drug busts, draft cards, landlords who won't rent to hippies, employers who won't hire us because of our appearance have all forced us to come back to the society.

We are coming back, but we will not play the game. We will define ourselves.

We are persons and persons



our brothers are in jail for drugs or the draft.

Our gurus, Huey Newton, Eldridge Cleaver and Timothy Leary are outlaws. We too are outlaws, but we are less visible than our leaders.

We are seen but not yet recognized.

Older, calmer heads cannot understand our desperation, cannot understand that in the eyes of society we are or will be outlaws, condemned to imprisonment because of our life style. On the one hand we are chastised for imposing our morality on others, while on the other hand we are forced day by day to struggle with that deadening, hypocritical morality that is forced to us.

Drug laws and draft laws are used as an instrument of the establishment to smother our voice. The draft keeps us in the military and we are subject to punishment at any time under the drug laws. These and other similar conditions by the society made "dropping out" impossible.

Our politics is the politics of struggle. We did not create that struggle, we recognized its existence. We are persecuted and we have to fight back.

We also recognize the loss of control of modern man over his institutions. There is no position of meaningful influence in the society because of the built-in conservative nature of the institutions of that society. These institutions of society can only be changed through struggle.

Our politics must be the politics of community. We need to build radical communities in order to provide alternate life styles to the automation-suburbia syndrome. We need radical communities to provide staging grounds for our struggle and bases of operation for that struggle. We

need radical communities to further enjoy those experiences desired to us by the society.

There are certain things that we must guard against in our communities.

We must guard against our communities becoming havens for dropouts. Communities must be movement centers in the real sense of the word. If a community attempts to remove itself from confrontation with the contradictions in the society, then it has come to rest and is a place for change. We are an authentic and authentic can be a place where the fact that we are in contact with the society.

There is a danger of creating a national identity, which we must not get into. We must not be seen by the major powers of the world as being a part of the world of black nationalism. We must not be seen as a part of the world of black nationalism. We must not be seen as a part of the world of black nationalism.

Our communities must not be a center of cultural identity and a center of cultural identity and a center of cultural identity.

Most important of all, our communities must provide an alternative life style by replacing complete namelessness with communities based on interpersonal relations.

Our communities must not be a center of cultural identity and a center of cultural identity and a center of cultural identity.

We are not an underground, but we must prepare to be an underground.

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To My Brothers and Sisters in the Movement.

By JERRY RUBIN

Dear friends:

From the Bay Area to New York, we are suffering the greatest depression in our history. People are taking bitterness in their coffee instead of sugar.

It's a common problem, not an individual one, and people don't talk to one another too much any more.

It is 1969 already, and 1965 seems almost like a childhood memory. Then we were the conquerors of the world. No one could stop us. We were going to end the war. We were going to wipe out racism. We were going to mobilize the poor. We were going to take over the universities.

Go back and read some of the early anti-war literature. Check out the original hippie-digger poetry and manifestos: euphoria, overflowing optimism, and expectation of immediate success. Wow, I can still get high on it.

A lot has gone down since then. The war roars on, the San Francisco scene is gone, pot and acid are being challenged by speed and smack, Nixon has replaced Johnson, and white racism is stronger than ever.

America proved deaf, and our dreams proved innocent. Scores of our brothers have become inactive and cynical.

Still, our victories since 1965 have been enormous. We kicked LBJ's ass. We defeated the Democratic Party. Our history has been marked by a series of great battles. Berkeley, the Pentagon, Columbia, Chicago. We are stealing the youth of America right out of the kindergartens and elementary schools. We are the most exciting energy force in the nation.

It is just because we are striking so deep that, in every phase of the movement, arrests and trials and court appearances and jail have bottled up resources, sapped energy and demoralized the spirit.

This has happened slowly — not the way many paranoids expected, the knock on the door, and concentration camps for thousands of us. Chase that shit out of your head. That's not the American Way.

The American Way is to pick one off here, one there, and try to scare the others into inaction.

So:

Huey Newton is in prison

Eldridge Cleaver is in exile

America's courts are colonial courts, where white America punished her black subjects. America's jails are black concentration camps. Every black man in jail is a political prisoner. In America we have Race and Class Justice, pure and simple.

And they have picked off the Panther leadership and driven it into jail and exile without our burning the fucking country down in retaliation.

Oakland Seven are accused of conspiracy.

Which means: organize a demonstration which effectively challenges authority and the courts arrest you for conspiracy and tie you up with lawyers and boring shit for years. That's why so few people are into planning demonstrations any more in Berkeley?

After spending three months there in the fall, I was depressed to see the old Berkeley audacity gone. Shit, three years ago we were going to overthrow Washington from Telegraph Avenue. Result: broken dreams for hundreds and hundreds of people. "Politico" has virtually become a term of insult in Berkeley today.

Meanwhile, the cops are smiling.

Tim Leary is up for 30 years and how many of our brothers are in court and jail for getting high?

Smoking pot is a political act, and every smoker is an outlaw. The drug culture is a revolutionary threat to platiwasp9-5-america.

If you smoke quietly, you won't get bothered. If you smoke in public, or if you live in a commune, or get active politically, or show up somewhere in J. Edgar Freafo's computer, you're likely to get busted for getting high.

Through the power of arrest, the cops



Jerry Rubin, a leader of the Berkeley Free Speech Movement in 1965, rose to national prominence by appearing before a House Un-American Activities Committee (HUAC) investigation of anti-Vietnam War activities dressed as a Revolutionary War soldier. Working against the war, Rubin coordinated the Oct. 21-22, 1967 Pentagon demonstrations. More recently he "nonled" the YIPPIE factions at the Democratic Convention in Chicago last August where he was arrested on assorted charges.

have virtually silenced the drug evangelists and have destroyed drug communities like the Haight-Ashbury.

Spock faces two years in the pen.

When America arrested the Baby Doctor for advising young men to follow their consciences, I was ecstatic: the next day I actually expected thousands of intellectuals and religious folk to stand on soapboxes and repeat Spock's words. Fuck. No one hardly said a word.

The intellectual community was paralyzed by fear. Is it any wonder now how German intellectuals were so easily silenced? Some of the Boston Five tried to beat the rap, re-interpreting their actions into meaninglessness. Where was that moral confrontation with authority that Paul Goodman spoke so oozingly about?

Sorry for the bitterness, but I saw the arrest of Spock as a test case for the government. If they could arrest and convict Spock without much of a backlash, certainly they could exile Cleaver and jail Leary, and eventually get to me.

The government won the test. Now they are willing to try anything.

Campus activists are expelled and arrested.

Participants in any campus outbreak now are expelled or suspended from school, and arrested on assorted misdemeanors, if on felony charges for conspiracy.

Students quickly forget the court cases left behind, and the euphoria of an outbreak turns sour in the hearts of those who go to court and jail alone.

When cops first come on campus, the liberals scream — but gradually the liberals get tired and go to sleep.

Cops and courts never sleep.

War resisters are behind bars.

The anti-draft organizations are in shambles. Individuals are left alone to face 3-6 year sentences for refusing the draft. Thousands of men have been driven into exile in Canada and Sweden. The

bravest men in the army are choosing to go to the stockade rather than eat military shit.

Stockades, federal prisons and courts are now full of men who have defied the military, and who must now face the music. Unfortunately, there is no orchestra playing behind them.

Add it up:

Cops and courts have tried to put the national black leadership on ice, knocked the Berkeley white activist movement on its heels, over-run the campuses, wiped out many longhair communities, muted the intellectuals, and given, with impunity, fantastic punishment to draft and GI resisters.

The pattern goes a long way to explaining the malaise so many of us feel. America got where she is by jailing and killing blacks and other colored peoples. If America's own children — the brats of her white middle class — insist on acting like blacks, well, shit they will jail and kill us too.

Who the hell wants to 'make it' in America today? The hippie-yippie-SDS movement is a "white nigger" movement. The American economy no longer needs young whites and blacks. We are waste material. We fulfill our destiny in life by rejecting a system which rejects us.

Our search for adventure and heroism takes us outside America, to a life of self-creation and rebellion. In response, America is ready to destroy us.

America, like the Roman Empire, is falling apart. Repression reveals the speed of America's fall. When you challenge America, you soon find that underneath the pretty words about democracy, lies a mad, arrogant beast who will tolerate no disrespect or opposition.

I used to know all this in my head. Now I know it in my gut. In the past six months I've personally found out what it's like to live in a police state.

In 1964 and 1965 I was active in cam-

pus demonstrations at Berkeley, to Cuba, and anti-war actions like ping troop trains. In those days I thought it could solve its problems white demonstrators by quickly winning the war in Vietnam.

But we had other ideas, and so did the Vietnamese. The anti-war movement came part of a massive youth movement. Student demonstrations spread across the country, and in the summer of 1967 America's ghettos burned. The solution to the rebellion at home became for LBJ a tary one, and his administration turned the problem over to the FBI, CIA, Squads, the cops and the courts.

I guess I began really asking for trouble when, after working as project director for the seige of the Pentagon, helped organize the youth festival demonstration in Chicago in opposition to the Democratic Convention.

The Yippies were the most public, archaic and fearless conspiracy the world has ever seen.

It made LBJ very uptight to realize that an incredible youth-rock festival was going to be held in Chicago the same week he was scheduled to be renominated. LBJ knew that the one group in the country which had done the most to laugh at him and make him look like a fool were the hippies.

But LBJ dropped out. Bobby Kennedy got up in front of me and looked like he was going to get the nation and through his charisma put the yippies on the shelf. On June 5, Sir Pierion, assassinated Kennedy, and yippie plot back, as unreal as ever.

On June 13 three New York narcotics detectives, carrying a mysterious search warrant, stormed into my Lower East Side apartment, angrily tore a poster off the wall, and arrested me on alleged possession of three ounces of marijuana.

They spent 90 minutes in my apartment questioning me about yippie plans for Chicago and going through my personal papers and telephone book.

The search warrant claimed that on June 10 an informer was in my apartment with me and he saw dangerous drugs there. The only people in my apartment on that day were my closest friends. Narcotics police, who use corruption to get high, invented an informer to get a search warrant. Attorney Bill Kunstler now attacking the warrant.

Virtually everyone under 30 in Manhattan smokes pot. The cops use marijuana busts as a handy club against blacks, longhairs and political activists. If you are a longhair and a political activist, you've got trouble. If you are a longhair, a political activist, and black, you got real trouble. (Hello, Eldridge, wherever you are.)

The marijuana charge against me is a felony punishable by 2-15 years in state pen.

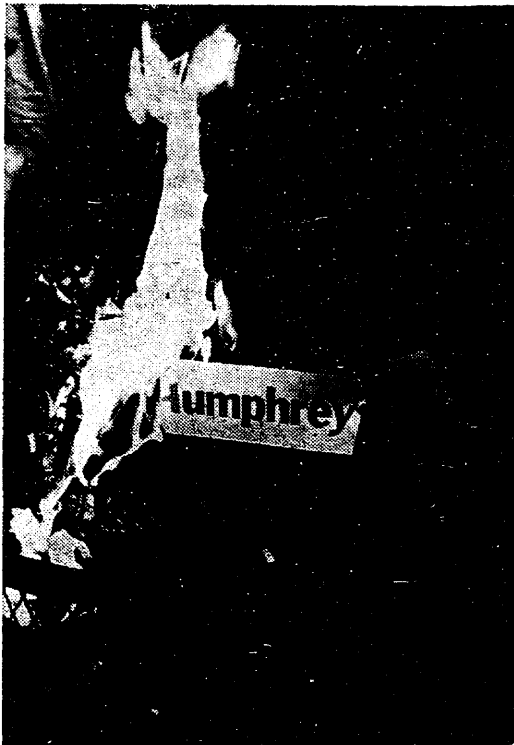




When I arrived in Chicago for the festival, I found three shifts of plainclothes cops hounding me day and night. It was typical Chicago police harassment. Round the clock they tailed half dozen people they thought were leaders. They were there when we went to bed at night and they were there when we got up in the morning. For me they cooked up a special plot. Daley sent an undercover cop, Robert Pierson, alias Bob Lavon, to infiltrate the yippies, act as an agent provocateur, spy on me, and frame me on a serious felony rap. At 10:30 PM, Wednesday, August 28, while looking for a restaurant, I was kidnapped off an empty downtown street in Chicago by four plainclothes pigs. I was threatened with beating and death, slugged, and told by the head of the Chicago Red Squad: "You guys ruined our city. You, you, you, are responsible. Do you like our city? We hope you do because we are going to put you in jail here for a long time." I was then accused of a wild assortment of charges and bail was set at \$25,000, more than the usual bail for accused murderers. Two months later, on October 29, the Cook County Grand Jury returned an Illinois State indictment against me on two counts of "solicitation to commit mob action," a felony punishable on each count 1-5 years in the state pen. Pierson's bullshit provided the basis for each indictment. Pierson lied by saying that I shouted through a bullhorn, "Kill the pigs," thereby supposedly soliciting others to take action the afternoon of Wednesday, August 28 in Grant Park. The incident is supposed to have taken place after cops attacked the crowd when the American flag was lowered, during the rally preceding the Mobilization march. Anyone who was there during that time, including people with photographs or cameras, and especially people who saw me during that time, please contact my attorney, Frank Oliver, 30 No. LaSalle, Chicago, Ill. 60602. Whenever I come to Chicago for court appearances the press treats me like a little Richard Speck. The Judge has apparently restricted my travel to Illinois. (Huh?) The court system, of course, is under Daley's thumb. It all adds up to a way ticket for me to five years in the state pen and revenge for Richard Speck. Harassed by the national press and Walker Report, Daley needs a scapegoat in the pen. I am not going to be Daley's scapegoat. America used to use HUAC to shut people up, but HUAC can only silence a movement that is afraid of itself. Pierson appeared before HUAC in October and I told him that the yippies were planning to "assassinate Daley and the other national politicians" and overthrow the government "within a year." He

sounded like he was on an acid trip. The yippies love HUAC. For us it is a costume ball: a chance to project to the children of the world our secret fantasies, a la McLuhan. What a gas it was to see headlined: "HUAC BARS SANTA CLAUS." HUAC is all bullshit, it has no power. What is not bullshit is an official government document in which the Dept. of Justice admitted in Dec., 1968, to a Virginia Appeals Court that it maintains "electronics surveillance" of me. The document, #12660, is signed by C. Vernon Spratley Jr., U.S. Attorney for the Eastern District of Virginia, and it was sent to the U.S. Attorney for the Eastern District of Virginia, and it was sent to the U.S. Court of Appeals, Fourth Circuit. It says: "The government is tendering herewith to this court a sealed exhibit containing transcripts of conversations in which appellant Rubin was a participant or at which he was present which were overheard by means of electronic surveillance." Electronic surveillance! The government admits that it maintains either a phone tap or a house bug, or both, on my life. In other words, there is nothing that I can do in the privacy of my own home that does not go into some secret Big Brother tape recorder. No need anymore for suspicion — it's admitted. And what can I do about it? Nothing. These are days when one asks himself the most basic questions about the movement. Is it real or transparent? Does it just concern issues or it is a whole new life style? Could the government break it apart with concessions? Are we creating a New Man, or are we a reflection ourselves of the bullshit we hate so much? Are we a new brotherhood, or are we just a tangle of organ-

izations and competing egos? What will happen when we reach age 30 and 40? I am not sure myself, and what I think often depends on how I feel when I wake up in the morning. And this is one of the differences between the black and the white movements. For blacks the liberation movement is a struggle against physical and mental oppression. For whites the movement is an existential choice. One way to feel whether or not we have something real is to see how people relate to one another in trouble. In the past the movement has left the casualties of the last battle to their own individual fates as it moved on to the next dramatic action. Many activists have even been forced to turn to their parents for help, rather than to the movement which is trying to overthrow their parents' institutions. How can we ask young kids to take risks in a movement which doesn't defend its own? My brother is 21 years old and his eyes often ask me that question. The movement is more concerned with ideological debate, organizational games, and in-fighting than with creating a family. But our movement is only as strong as the friendships within it. Our only real strength is in our identification with one another. That collective identification then be-



comes the greatest challenge to the cops and courts. If 1968 was "The Year of the Heroic Guerrilla," then 1969 will be "The Year of the Courts." We must attack the myths surrounding the courts as ferociously as we have attacked the American myths of war, apple pie, your friendly neighborhood cop, and "free elections." Maybe Pigasus should become a judge. Lenny Bruce put it right: "In the Halls of Justice, the only Justice is in the Halls." Courts come on as sacred as churches.

Judges act like they just got off the last plane from heaven. America's courts are the nation's toilets. And in America's jails, human beings are forced to live like animals. Martin Luther King saw civil disobedience and arrests as moral thrusts aimed at stirring up the population and government to action. His death dramatized the death of innocence. The police, district attorneys and judges use arrests freely: to get activists off the streets, to tie us up in endless judicial and legal procedures, and to serve as a warning to others. Arrests become a form of punishment and detention. For the cops, an arrest is almost as good as a conviction. To challenge the courts is to attack American society at its roots. In campus rebellions, the most revolutionary demand, the demand that can never be granted by the administration, is the demand for amnesty. Attacking the society's mechanism for punishment of her citizens is attacking the society's very basis for control and repression. Americans like to believe that this is a country of "fair play." We ought to organize tours for the American people of their courts and jails. An offensive against the courts and jails — including direct action and direct legal and financial aid to the victims of the system — would be the most immediate link that a white movement could possibly make with blacks and poor whites: the country's shit-on, the "criminal element."

As a beginning let's organize massive mobilizations for the spring, nationally coordinated and very theatrical, near courts, jails and military stockades. The demonstration should demand immediate freedom for Huey P. Newton, Eldridge Cleaver, Rap Brown, Harlem 5, Harlem 6, all black prisoners, Timothy Leary, the Oakland Seven, all drug prisoners, all draft resisters, Benjamin Spock, Jeff Segal, Martin Kenner, me, Fort Hood 43, Catonsville Nine, and Milwaukee 14, and all white political prisoners, and amnesty for deserters and draft evaders. Remember the legend of Spartacus. The Romans slaughtered all the slaves, but the moral example lives on. When the Roman Army came to kill Spartacus, they faced a mass of thousands of slaves. They demanded that Spartacus step forward. "I am Spartacus!" shouted one slave. "No, I am Spartacus!" shouted another. "No, I am Spartacus!" "No, I am Spartacus!" "No, I am Spartacus!"

With love
Jerry Rubin
(With a little help from my friends, Nancy Kurshan, Martin Kenner, Arthur Naiman, Stew Albert, Gumbo, Jim Petras, David Stein, Sharon Krebs, Robin Palmer, Ken Pitchford.)

Liberation News Service

SELF-HELP FOR
THE
WOUNDED,
From the German of
DR. L. DIRMER,
Stabsarzt in Dresden.
Translated by
Surg. Capt. Fletcher.
PLATE IV.

METHODS OF GETTING TO THE DRESSING STATION.



FIG. 1. Supporting wounded arm by the other one.
FIG. 2. By front of tunic.
FIG. 3. By sleeve cut open. Slitting open ends and buttoning it up.
FIG. 4. Wounds of leg, using sword as support.
FIG. 5. Making crutch of gun or broken lance; folded coat as pad; supported by another slightly wounded comrade.

OP POP

Music and Fun in the Sun Assault Plasticville, USA

By Gil Friend

Music is better than ever; scenes have been getting worse and worse. There is still no pop palace around where you can dance and be loose. It's difficult to explain why the quality of the art itself is so high, but the sad state of its environments can be traced to the interests of money in the land of the free.

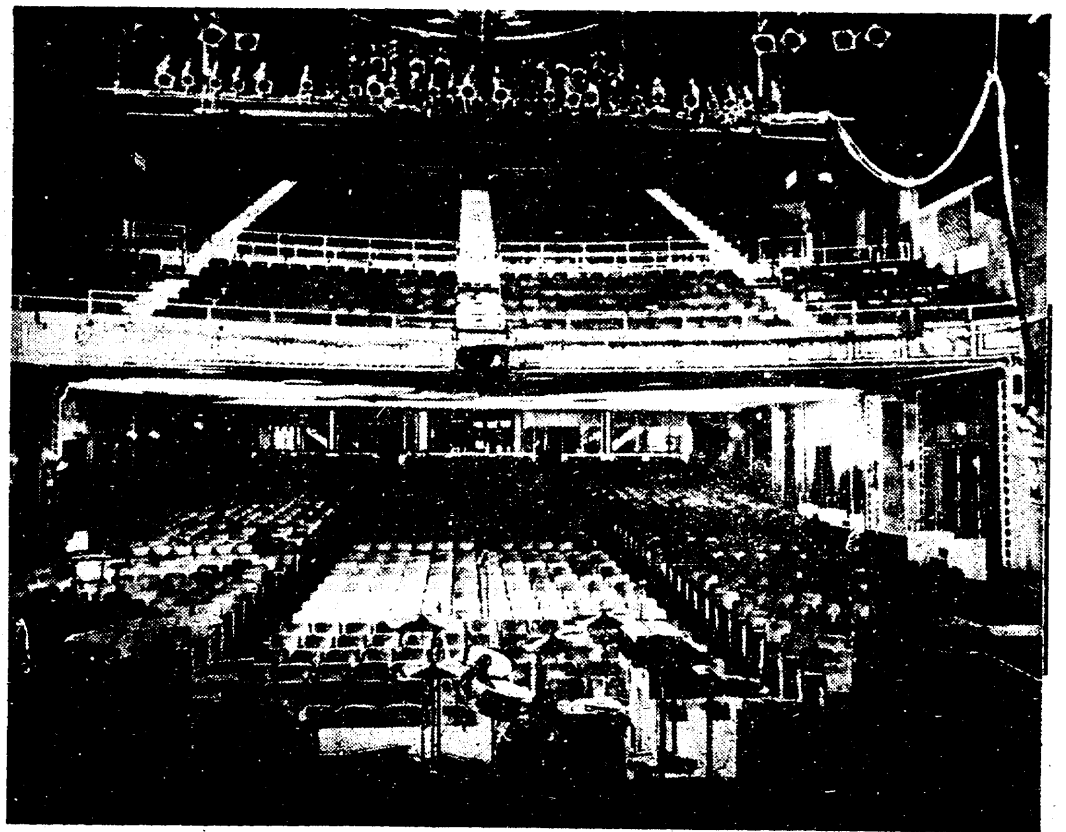
Bill Graham's coast to coast operation is an outstanding example of the clash between the interests of capital and creativity. There can be no question that he provides some of the best and best produced rock concerts around — and they make him a great deal of money. The second statement need not be offensive in view of the first, except that when the inevitable conflict between money and music crops up, Graham is, first and foremost, a businessman, and the Fillmore is a psychedelic cash register.

When the Fillmore was in its early months of operation, a lot of talk was floated around about ripping out the seats and levelling the sloping movie theater floor so that people could dance. For months, Graham's staff and PR people explained that there was great difficulty in obtaining a license for the demolition: "They're after us; they'd really like to see us shut down," they would say, referring to the obstructing bureaucrats. The New York Times Magazine a few weeks

are told how to behave. Time and again we've all seen people really get into a group and get up and begin to dance; you just can't sit with your hands folded while Janis Joplin is singing herself dumb. And, with a minimum of delay, an usher is by his side, guiding him back to his seat with a muttered, "Sorry, man, it's my job."

The Miami Pop Festival, held December 28th through 30th in Hallandale, Florida, delivered an incredible three days of music. The \$7 daily admission fee, though high, was, in view of the sheer volume of entertainment available, each day, acceptable. But the approach of promoters more interested in the money they were making than in the music they were presenting, as manifested in publicity games as well as simple lack of insight, was not.

The very packaging the promoters provided their "product" with showed lack of respect for the music itself. There were two stages at Gulfstream Park, one of several sprawling green racetracks in Miami's suburbs, one in front of the grandstands and the other on a meadow on the far side of a half mile of parking lot. The music was nearly continuous, with performances staggered on alternate stages allowing for a 15-minute overlap at each end of a 45 minute set, while jabbering local DJ's bombarded you with coming



From the stage of Bill Graham's Fillmore East.
... the psychedelic cash register ...

avenue between the stages was turned into a midway, lined with giant pop sculptures courtesy of the University of Miami's art students and an assortment of concession booths offering everything from hip clothing through psychedelia to orange juice. Off to the side was a giant slide, a la Steeplechase Park, and a pair of body painted elephants.

But the real strangeness was in the crowd itself, an unbelievable assortment of people who, for the widest range of reasons, had spent a lot of money on the festival. There were young people who had found their way to Florida from all over the country mainly to hear music, and local kids who were just getting their bearings in the hip sub-culture, to which they had been introduced via an awful lot of drugs. And there were other local kids with tight pants and pointed shoes and long hair and acne who looked like greasers with hippie wigs hastily stuck on before leaving homes, and there were the very, very straight families out in their Sunday clothes for a picnic at the zoo. It was disorienting, to say the least, to be digging the Fish with some long-haired freak from Jacksonville, who was at least as spaced as you, and have him casually refer to "that colored boy over there."

... And the Blues

The first surprise of the weekend was a Bay Area group called Pacific Gas & Electric Co., which is coincidentally the name of the utility company on the coast which has been one of the targets of the Berkeley "mad bombers." Their roots lie in gospels and blues-rock blended by "San Francisco Sound"; they are musically together with some good guitar and drum work. While they are not outstanding performers, either with respect to the genres they draw on or their technical skills, they produce good, invigorating rock music, and that's fine. In a similar class was Three Dog Night, not yet of supergroup quality, yet capable of delivering a very solid hard rock sound.

Fleetwood Mac and Sweetwater were two more relatively unfamiliar groups that earned themselves highly deserved followings that weekend. (For remarks on Terry Reid, one of the single most exciting acts in Miami, see the Fillmore box above.) "Mac" is a British quartet which at times features everyone but drummer Mick Fleetwood playing guitar. Peter Green, formerly with Mayall's Bluesbreakers, organized the group, and whether in hard driving numbers, or such lyrical pieces as their beautiful hit "Albatross," blues form the foundation of their work. Equipment trouble, coupled with the fact they had just completed a 30 hour drive from Michigan before their set, took its toll on quality, but as an earlier concert at the Fillmore had underscored, they are an exciting group, and hopefully a Coming Thing.

Sweetwater was different. Their equipment includes flute, cello, and French horn; their lead singer is a weird chick

in the Grace Slick mold. Like Procol Harum, which appeared soon after them, Sweetwater freely uses classical motifs beneath its amplification; but while Procol Harum's sound is a sticky pastiche of undeveloped Bach preludes overloaded with perfume and vinyl in the guise of soaring organ passages and pounding drums — plus the plastic theatrics that approach requires — Sweetwater provides music that you don't have to paste together yourself on the way home. Sweetwater's forte is its presentation, both musical and theatrical; crisp and brilliant, the act assaults the audience, commanding total attention. Their "Hey, Jude" batters the audience higher and higher, continues driving with the chorus trailer, then finally releases its grip, leaving the listeners exhausted and ecstatic.

The hassles the staggered program caused are apparent in the fact that Sweetwater was overlapped, on the other stage, by Richie Havens and the Grateful Dead; it was just not possible to see all of all three (included in that particular jumble as well were the James Cotton and Paul Butterfield Blues Bands and Hugh Masekela, all of whom were too good to miss, but who were, as it turned out, missed). Havens was as he always is, joyful, captivating, entertaining, closing his set with an ecstatic twenty minute "Strawberry Fields." The Dead, also true to form, put on their own brilliant show. Granted, it is a show that they put on, one that they have down pat, but they nevertheless commanded everyone's attention. Bill Summers and Micky Hart played drums at each other, and you could feel their eye contact hundreds of yards away. Jerry Garcia coaxed his guitar through a rainbow of moods, all the while mumbling inaudibly at selected members of the audience. From the beginning of the hour long set, to a gospel based "Good Night" that ended it (embellished by crude manipulations of bassist Bob Weir's tongue, viscerally aimed at the fourteen year old chicks in the third row), the pure raunch that the Dead exuded over that collection of innocents was in itself worth the trip.

Just as the saccharine style of that crowd had to be put down, the anxious joyfulness of the festival cannot be allowed to escape criticism. The promoters, you see, had two main goals: to maximize profits and to ensure prospects for a bigger, better (more profitable) festival next year. In order to accomplish all this it was important to placate the local authorities (the incentive to them being increased business, manifested in out-of-town money being spent in town and, of course, in all those stalls along the midway) and to make sure that everyone had a good time.

The latter, unfortunately, was done with gimmicks. Events on the level of "walking catfish races" and an obnoxious program that tried a little too hard to be "groovy" were just a part. Imagine our

(Continued on Page 13)

Blues At The Fillmore

Perhaps the most exciting new talent at the Miami Pop Festival opened the Fillmore East's blues blend January 10 and 11. Terry Reid sings and accompanies himself on guitar, and is backed by an adequate drummer and a fairly good organist. The trio lacks instrumental virtuosity, to be sure; in fact, they could very well use a bassist (to remove the load from the organist) and a lead guitarist. But all that is more than made up for in Reid himself. The quality of his voice is much like José Feliciano's, but that is a misleading comparison, for Reid's ability, not yet fully matured, already far surpasses anything Feliciano will ever approach. His jazz singing is sometimes grating, and he occasionally gets carried away with some of his riffs; again, he still needs to grow as a performer. But, with all these faults, he is like nothing you've ever heard. His voice has fantastic range and endurance, and is versatile enough to deliver a ballad like "Penny," a surprisingly good version of Cher's "Bang Bang," or a stunning exhibition of Donovan's great "Season of the Witch." At the Fillmore more than at Miami, he showed a tendency to lapse into body theatrics that didn't do the act any good, but his interpretation of "Summertime Blues" reaffirmed the talent and potential he possesses.

Also on the bill that weekend were an old and a new giant of the twelve bar form, B. B. King — a timeless star. Unlike many young blues-rock musicians who have adopted the blues as a style to be

slipped into and out of before and after each concert like a costume, for King the blues are reality; when he plays "Lucille" that guitar becomes nothing less than an extension of himself. Variety is sometimes lacking in his riffs; in addition, at one concert King seemed to get lost playing a very pretentious audience and Sam Freeman's back-up band was far below par. But B. B. remains one of the real ones.

Johnny Winter, however, was the one everyone was anxious to see. The Fillmore was only his second gig in New York since his arrival from Texas at the initiative of Steve Paul. He had been receiving enthusiastic publicity, including Mike Bloomfield's endorsement as "the best white blues guitarist I've ever seen." And the raves were not undeserved. As a guitarist, Winter is perfectly able technically; he is familiar enough with his instrument to be able to talk through it. His vocals are husky, and while sometimes a bit unmelodic, they are forceful and drive his message across. Power itself is the key to Winter's blues. His instrumentals flash out and pound the listener; when he plays harp you know that an awful lot of energy is being forced through those reeds. The roots of raunch are there in blues like "Mamma's Daughter" and the Texas background that he shares with Janis Joplin makes its mark on his sound.

His back-up musicians (a bassist and a drummer) are skilled and the three work well together. All in all it's an impressive show, and those predictions that Winter will soon be the biggest thing around may not be far off.

events of the other side of the park (interspersed, baby, with selected "hip" phrases). The goal of course was maximum music in a given period of time; the effect was that a great many people spent their days wandering back and forth between stages, catching snatches of everyone, while others, having decided to sit and listen instead, had to choose between such simultaneous performers as the Paul Butterfield Blues Band or the Grateful Dead, Joni Mitchell or Steppenwolf, Richie Havens or Hugh Masekela — never both.

In fact, the tone of the weekend was more county fair than music festival. The

ago explained in dollars and cents what some of us realized after a few laps of run-around — that Graham could pack in more people with seats in his theatre; that projected income figures not building codes and nasty officials, were making the decisions.

Perhaps the absence of a dance hall is not worth all this fuss; perhaps there should be no objection to his deciding what to do with his money — "let him have his thing, we'll have ours." Except that this very thing often precludes ours; it's not just that we have been deprived of a dance hall that is so annoying, but that in the auditorium we do have, we

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Ob-La-Di, Ob-La-Da

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sophistication and instrumentation have given his music a potency which promises much more to come.

"While My Guitar Gently Weeps," is very much a song which powerfully succeeds only when taken as an organic whole of music and lyric. There are no striking lines or phrases as is so characteristic in Lennon-McCartney lyrics (Particularly in "Sgt. Pepper"). No exotic orchestration weaves through the music. The words (which do come off a bit hackneyed even for Harrison) simply serve to form the idea of the song — the argument which often recurs in Harrison's lyrics:

"I don't know why nobody told you
how to unfold your love
I don't know how someone
controlled you
They bought and sold you."

What saves this rather poor display of word-play is Harrison's musical interpretation of his own ideas. His reaction to all these closed-up people is to "gently weep," but his guitar playing sounds more like scornful screams than soft moans. Or does it? Perhaps a pained cry better describes the sound. We're not sure, and neither is George Harrison. Again, the virtue of the elusive, this time springing from the music rather than the lyric itself, is able to achieve for the Beatles a quality which makes the song more than simply pretty listening and allows the listener to partially create for himself the effect of the music.

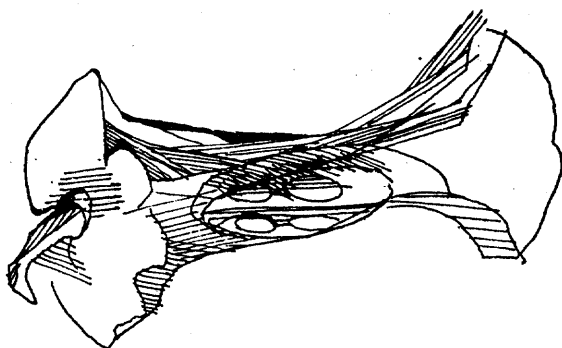
"Savoy Truffle" is best listened to at that volume level just on the pleasure side of aural pain. Harrison's heavy base and

saxophone chorus drool in sweet and sensual food imagery. The first two stanzas end however, on a cautionary note: "You know that what you eat you are But what is sweet now turns so sour— We all know Ob-La-Di-Bla-Da But can you show me where you are? . . ."

We've come full circle back to the scheme of "Ob-La-Di, Ob-La-Da," but Harrison makes it easier by giving us the

question, "But can you show me where you are?" Neither the purely sensual nor the drably, dead normal "make-it" for the Beatles. If George Harrison would love to turn us on to the Eastern mind-style, and Lennon and McCartney give us uneasy visions of too-familiar patterns to that end, the Beatles together continue to force the question on their audience — can you show us where you are?

Having gone on this while in analysis and possibilities, the Beatles' total awareness of the phenomenon called "the Beatles" as in "Glass Onion" forces us to think twice again. The Beatles have always been amused by all the absurd theories posited concerning their music. And especially with this latest album, where so much of the music deals in satiric parody of rock styles, from the crude sexuality of "Happiness is a Warm Gun," to the campy "Honey Pie" we must be sensitive to the Beatles' fantastically varied musi-



Beatle imagery from past songs — strawberry fields, walruses, madonnas, fools on the hill — the Beatles conjure up a new toy — the glass onion. In the act, they now focus their grin on, rather than at the audience. It's our turn to be jabbed-in this case for constructing non-meanings from simple songs, and logicless projections of our own making. It's as if one held a glass onion to the mind's eye, and, dazzled by the thin, glassy, layers of refracted distortion, wrote down facts on the meaning of the fact. The Beatles well understand their medium; again they make us part of the process of message.

This isn't a "satisfying," unified collection of songs the way in which "Sgt. Pepper" was, perhaps, that's how it must be. The Beatles seem anxious in their variety and unsettled in their questions. Much of the new music is rooted in strings and percussion; complex orchestration is for the most part avoided in favor of basic rock-folk-blues constructions. The Beatles are delving musically within their own psychological bedrock as artists, mind explorers, and performers. The process is difficult; the music that flows makes this evident:

"You'll say I'm putting you on
But it's no joke it's doing me harm
You know I can't sleep
I can't stop my brain
You know it's three weeks,
I'm going insane
You know I'd give you everything I've
got for a little peace of mind
I'd give you everything I've got for a
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Violence...

(Continued from Page 2)

"The politicization of the police [is] the growing tendency of the police to see themselves as an independent, militant minority asserting itself in the political arena. [The policeman's] difficulties are compounded by a misguided police ideology expounded at all law enforcement levels — from the Director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation to the patrolman on the beat."

It seems clear that the authors of the Task Force Report, while considering both as legitimate political phenomena, disapprove of police violence just as much as they disapprove of violence on the part of students and blacks. Yet both sides, in the last analysis, are regarded as more sinned against than sinning. Who are the culprits? The Communists? The "system"? The "power elite"?

This is the point at which the Task Force quite abruptly stops. The authors make it clear that they do not regard more firepower and a more efficient repressive apparatus as the answer to violence: "The introduction of more and better armed police will, we believe, only aggravate the situation. The ideology and behavior of police across America make it impossible to think otherwise."

And the solutions of the radical Left are extensively criticized in the same terms as the solutions of the Right. The solution, implies the Task Force, lies in the direction of "massive social reform." "Only if the roots of disorder are attacked can the spiral be reversed and the problem of social control rendered manageable within a democratic framework."

In the meantime, "Little by little," in the words of the authors, "we move toward an armed society which, while not clearly totalitarian, could no longer be said to rest upon the consent of the governed."

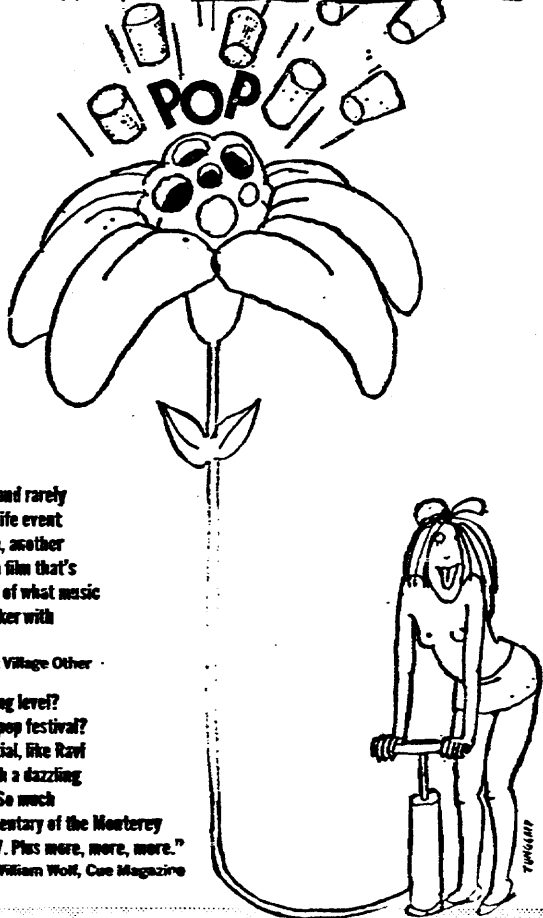
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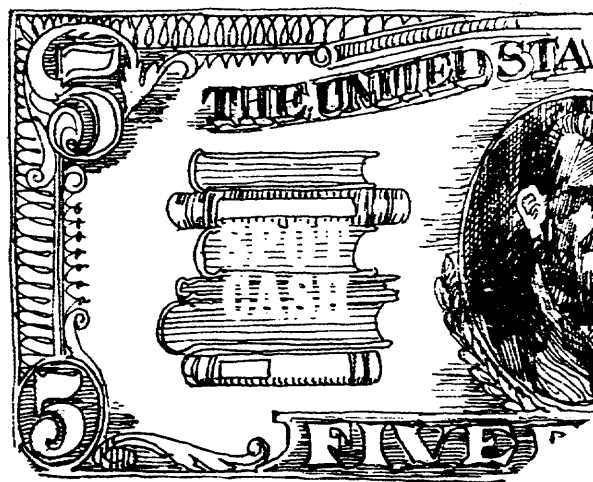
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Sobell . . .

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the liberal New York Post. Likewise, the New York Daily News creatively informed its readers that "Atom Spy Sobell" had "plotted to hand over critical atom bomb secrets to the Soviet Union."

Just what Sobell was accused of having done is difficult to discern even from a careful reading of the trial transcript. The only essential witness against him was Max Elitcher, a former college classmate and friend, whose vague testimony did not accuse Sobell of the receipt, theft, or transmittal of any information known to be secret. At the time of his testimony, Elitcher faced the threat of a five-year perjury sentence for having lied on a loyalty oath. His testimony was largely irrefutable in that he recounted actual meetings or conversations with his erstwhile friend and next door neighbor, but at prosecution prodding, embroidered the incidents with deadly phrases such as "for espionage purposes."

At the time of the trial, the American

left was in a state of fear and demoralization, although after the sentencing a protest movement of considerable scope was organized. Abroad, millions in France, Italy and other countries tried in vain to prevent the execution of the Rosenbergs. Subsequently, during the worst days of McCarthyism, the Sobell Committee, directed by his wife, Helen, was an oasis of protest.

At his press conference, Sobell was asked what "message or point of view" he had to offer defendants in political trials now taking place in the United States, such as that of the Oakland Seven. He replied, "Well, it would be presumptuous of me to offer advice to anybody. True, I've been through it. But each man, when he's confronted with a situation which he knows is wrong, has to make his own decision on what he's going to do. No person, not a person in my position, certainly not someone who has not been in prison, can tell these people what to do. Once they are embarked upon the path they've chosen, they're going to have to go further than they ever dreamed."

Money Rolls in as the Beat Goes On

(Continued from Page 10)

disillusionment when we discovered the authentic hippie type, who had been wandering through the crowds doing authentic spaced-out dancing, sitting, sipping a martini at a front table during the producers' press conference; just a few feet in front of him, meanwhile, Bearded Producer (with beads) rambled on incoherently, "... advance sales . . . tomorrow . . . everyone enjoying themselves? . . . bigger and better . . . thousands . . ." The producers were apparently unwilling to rely on the music that their event was built around to satisfy the people who had paid so much just to hear that music, or, to put it otherwise, they were unable to trust that music because their attention was focussed on the gate receipts.

In this society, anyone who has the bread to produce top-name concerts is bound to expect a profit, and once he begins thinking in that line, the profit will ultimately become more important than

the music and its audience. Attempts at community productions as the Family Dog's on the coast have proven that a cultural, rather than commercial enterprise can succeed, at least until someone decides that it shouldn't; nearly all have folded, not victims of the free market, but of municipal officials and the peace officers.

The menace they feel is more than financial, for a sub-culture is, by its nature, able to offer an alternative to existing forms, and any alternative that threatens to siphon away from this liberal society its "most valuable natural resource," its young, is an undeniable threat to bureaucrats whose interest is the status quo. That itself is good, because the status quo deserves the attacks it receives. And in response to the depression that suppression and repression breed, the call is to "kick out the jams." It's a shame MC 5 didn't make Miami.

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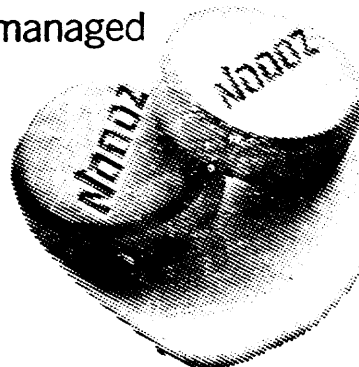
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Three Weeks Without Pay

Frustration and anger mounted again among South Campus Cafeteria workers as the College closed the cafeteria in the Finley Student Center during the two weeks of finals and the two weeks of intersession.

The Finley Cafeteria workers, whose base pay for the first year is \$1.60 an hour, will receive no pay for the three weeks.

"It's hardly enough to live on, even working all the time," one worker said, "but what are we going to do when we don't get nothing for three weeks? I've got a family, you know. How am I going to support them?"

While the South Campus Cafeteria workers will not be paid for these three weeks, the North Campus Cafeteria workers will receive wages for working all of last week, and the workers in the Finley snack bar will be paid for working until the end of this week.

The South Campus Cafeteria workers are demanding full compensation during the vacations, \$100 a week minimum wage, and time and a half overtime rates when the College is partly closed down, as during intersession.



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Steel Plant Loopers, who comprise a majority of the average loop class of 150 to 200 graduates, proceed to various plants where they go through a brief orientation program before beginning their on-the-job training assignments. Within a short time after joining the course, most loopers are ready for assignments aimed toward higher levels of management.

How about other loopers? Our Sales Department loopers (30 or so) remain at the home office for about a year of training. Most are then assigned to district offices where they take over established accounts.

Fabricated Steel Construction loopers are trained in a drafting room, on a field erection project, in a fabricating shop, and in an engineering office. A looper's first work assignment is based on interests and aptitudes disclosed during this program.

Loopers in Accounting, Shipbuilding, Mining, Research, Traffic, Purchasing, Finance and Law, General Services, and Industrial and Public Relations go through training programs tailored to their types of work.

Where would YOU fit in? Check your degree or the one most similar to it.

MECHANICAL ENGINEERING—Engineering or mechanical maintenance departments of steel plants, fabricating works, mining operations, and shipyards. Fuel and combustion departments. Supervision of production operations. Marine engineering assignments in Shipbuilding Department. Also: Sales or Research.

METALLURGICAL ENGINEERING—Metallurgical departments of steel plants and manufacturing operations. Engineering and service divisions. Technical and supervisory positions in steelmaking departments and rolling mills. Also: Research or Sales.

CHEMICAL ENGINEERS—Technical and supervisory positions in coke works, including production of byproduct chemicals. Fuel and combustion departments, including responsibility for operation and maintenance of air and water pollution control equipment. Engineering and metallurgical departments. Steelmaking operations. Also: Research or Sales.

INDUSTRIAL ENGINEERING—Positions in steel plants, fabricating works, shipyards, and mines. Engineering and maintenance departments. Supervision of steelmaking, rolling, manufacturing, and fabricating operations. Also: Sales.

CIVIL ENGINEERING: Fabricated Steel Construction assignments in engineering, field erection, or works management. Steel plant, mine, or shipyard assignments in engineering, construction, and maintenance. Supervision of production operations. Sales Department assignments as line salesman or sales engineer (technical service to architects and engineers).

ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING—Steel plant, fabricating works, mining operations, and shipyard electrical engineering, construction, and maintenance departments. Technical and supervisory positions in large production operations involving sophisticated electrical and electronic equipment. Also: Research or Sales.

MINING ENGINEERING—Our Mining Department operates coal and iron ore mining operations and limestone quarries, many of which are among the most modern and efficient in the industry. This 10,000-man activity offers unlimited opportunities to mining engineers. Also: Research.

NAVAL ARCHITECTS AND MARINE ENGINEERS: Graduates are urged to inquire about opportunities in our Shipbuilding Department, including the Central Technical Division, our design and engineering organization. Also: Traffic.

OTHER TECHNICAL DEGREES—Every year we recruit loopers with technical degrees other than those listed above. Seniors enrolled in such curricula are encouraged to sign up for an interview.

ACCOUNTANTS—Graduates in accounting or business administration (24 hours of accounting are preferred) are recruited for training for supervisory assignments in our 3,000-man Accounting Department.

OTHER NON-TECHNICAL DEGREES—Graduates with degrees in liberal arts, business, and the humanities are invited to discuss opportunities in the Sales Department. Some non-technical graduates may be chosen to fill openings in steel plant operations and other departments.

NOW'S THE TIME TO SIGN UP FOR AN INTERVIEW. And when you register at the placement office, be sure to pick up a copy of our booklet, "Careers with Bethlehem Steel and the Loop Course." It contains important information about the corporation and your opportunities through the Loop Course.

BETHLEHEM STEEL

An Equal Opportunity Employer
in the Plans for Progress Program



To The Editor:

It's amazing how some students and faculty members can see things like dirty words, lack of respect, and a disheveled exterior as being obscene. They somehow miss the real obscenities like apathy, intolerance, and narrowness.

If to be mature and responsible, have gentlemanly conduct and decent behavior, means to close one's mind to the realities of where things are at, then I'd rather be in the gutter with the OP.

Sincerely, Bernard R. Glick

There is a course, of which I am sure you are aware, that is compulsory for all freshmen. The name of the course is Freshman Orientation, usually shortened to F.O. Of course, after attending for one or more sessions you may think F.O. is short for Fat Goosegg which is exactly what the program lays.

For 13 weeks you sit in a room with anywhere from 10 to 15 middle-class, green, inexperienced, sickeningly unaware white kids, and discuss little cutesy subjects like whether or not one should indulge in pre-marital sex (or, my, there's that dirty word again.)

Then one day you get down to business and discuss that really untouchable subject — black versus white. If you are a black student outnumbered 15 to 1, you can't believe that what comes out of the mouth of these babes has even been considered important.

It is amazing that the administration could allow this ridiculous bullshit to continue semester after semester. If you are a student who has not gone directly from high school to college, if you have been out in the world, and you know it like it really is, you cannot believe that the administration has had the gall to throw you in with a bunch of babies — infants, who want to talk about theories and ideas, and utopias that have not, do not, and will not exist in this world.

When you try to tell it like it is, you are accused of being a racist and a separatist.

Wake up, you white racist middle-class bastards. The black students are tired of listening to this bullshit. If you don't want to hear it like it is, don't ask.

Black students should have their own Freshman Orientation. An orientation which will be relevant to the adjustments the Black students must make if they are going to succeed in their role as Black students in a white university.

Cynthia J. Kelly

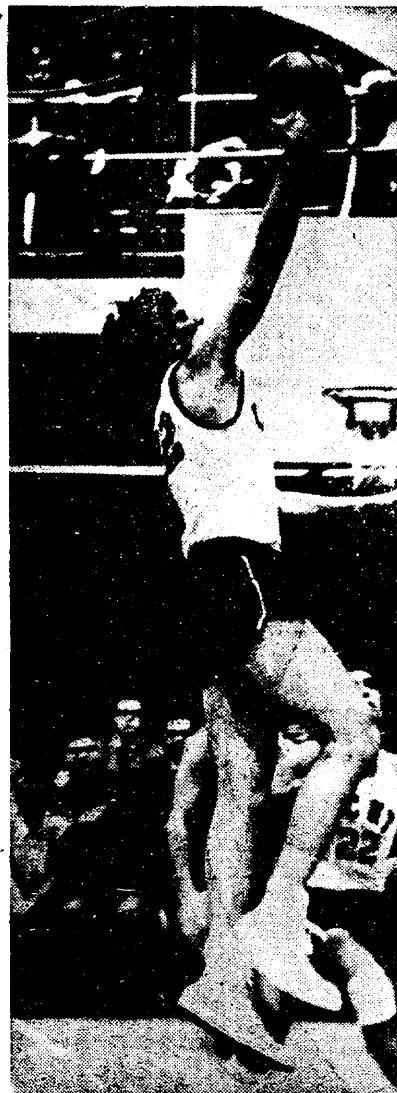
Hoopsters Evolve Into New Four-Letter Word

As everyone knows by now, sometime ago (a few eons) basketball could be spelled with four letters — C.C.N.Y. Those were the days of glory, now irrelevant. There were also days not so much of glory and talent as of a certain workmanship which College teams demonstrated. The squad was invariably less efficient looking than their crew-cut opponents. But, once the ball was in play the Allagaroo stamp was evident in even the least likely-looking player.

The College's reputation in hoop circles was made by its trademark — the small, fast sharpshooting guards who ran rings around the other bigger, stronger teams. Defense was all-important, and Beaver teams always ranked high in that department on national statistics. Even when they lost, which occurred often, they earned a grudging respect.

The Mike Pearls and the Al Zuckermans have gone. The only ones who remember them are seniors and holdovers who rant about their talents to younger students who nod and elbow each other secretly.

The state of the art of Saint Nicholas Heights this season is at an all time low — the team's record is 2-9. There is a particu-



Jay Millstein is a sophomore. Judging his talent is difficult. He has great mobility and he makes some very intelligent plays. However, his performance fluctuates from day to day.

Ken Bernstein reflects the same sophomore problems. His assets are strength, determination, and a fair shooting eye, when he's not on all fours looking for a contact lens.

Trying to localize the problem poses difficulties because it involves intangibles. On paper the team doesn't deserve the record it has. Pluses and minuses can be tabulated and a rather optimistic conclusion reached. The problem can be felt rather than seen.

A ball club gives off an aura. They charge onto the court. They whip their passes. They get into arguments and even fights. They crash the boards with disregard for the score or futility of their situation. Or they do none of these.

The College ballplayer of today seems to lack that quiet confidence, the ball sense, all the little quirks that indicate a product of the New York schoolyard. The problem becomes glaring in the backcourt. The guards just don't have it.

The College has two alternatives. First, there could be further de-emphasis, tantamount to elimination of the sport. Those schools which are out of our class could be dropped from the Beavers' schedule. There is no point in playing high-powered recruiters like Columbia, Wagner, and NYU. The prestige of an occasional victory is hardly worth the humiliation the College's athletes have to suffer in the intervening periods. Realism seems to dictate games with Long Island Agricultural College and other like institutions, and its presence should be felt in Wingate Gym this Friday as the Beavers face Stony Brook. The caliber of play might be boring but there should be more wins.

An Alternative

The other choice requires an admission by the Administration that the College engages in intercollegiate athletics. This area has been considered to be a glorified form of intramural activity. With the shadow of The Scandal over President Buell Gallagher's head, any attempt to upgrade basketball has been squashed.

The dirty word is recruiting. This is not a call for big-time professionalism. We wouldn't want to play on the level of UCLA. The coaches should be given a chance to approach high school players, rather than those scholars who happen to be athletes. With the new gym in the Phys Ed-Science Building and the prospect of a fine education and a respectable schedule as enticements, the good student who happens to like basketball might be interested in playing here.

The academic standards would not be lowered. A more interesting breed of student would add variety to the campus. The coaches would know what to expect each winter instead of taking pot luck. And there would be a guarantee that the College would play games that they stood an even chance of winning.

— Dreyfuss

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every month?*

It has nothing to do with calories. It's a special female weight gain... caused by temporary water-weight build-up. Oh, you know... that uncomfortable full feeling that sneaks up on you the week before your menstrual period. This fluid retention not only plays havoc with your looks but how you feel as well.

(It puts pressure on delicate nerves and tissues, which can lead to pre-menstrual cramps and headaches, leaves emotions on edge.)

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