CONNECTIONS

VOL. 1
No. 1

MARCH 1-15, 1967

15¢



WHERE WE'RE AT...

The week of the Dow protests was successful in the usual way: when SDS fed the Liberal Herd its ration of outraged morality. The clearest sound around was the indigestive urp from the bowels of the capitol.

During that week, the most ubiquitous metaphor in the Liberal usage was "morality." And the only Radical reply to that liberal stop-thought was not really a reply but notes for a redefinition of free speech. The radicals on this campus have let themselves be manipulated by pre-fab metaphors, because until now there has been nothing open to the radical manufactory. But now there is and are CONNECTIONS; and this article is about the job of a widely-distributed radical newspaper as an organ for the composition of a new sense of reality.

The gesture in the word "morality" may be vague, but it is the bedrock of the Liberal mentality, the fulcrum. And since much of what Radicals are out to accomplish depends on the suspension of that mentality, the question is how to get hold of the lever to MOVE things. Protests and newspapers have to be on the manipulative end of the metaphor. When Fleming says that we don't want another Berkeley, the other argument is that we do want a WISCONSIN....

So one of the reasons for this paper is to manipulate the metaphors and not, Marshall the McLuhan notwithstanding, merely the medium. A Connection, among other things, is an association of meanings which have never been put together before; one word lifts another out of its old environment and gives it new power. The name alone means that this paper is ready to make journalism an art form.

Journalese: whose only accessible metaphors are the most exhausted and flattened usage which tries to convince us that a scientific reality has been reproduced, and that the events haven't been written up, for Christ's sake, but impressed directly onto the paper. The reporter merely supervises the process of eye-level language-photography (which explains the editorial page; pretense is dropped and the journalistic scientists 'descend' to the level of opinion -- the Liberal anxious bench).

In saying that CONNECTIONS is journalism as art I mean simply, its writers are aware that all language editorializes, that dead language is a metaphor for deadness, that new metaphors create new worlds.

RADICAL -- proceeding from a root
ROOT -- proximal end of a nerve
ROOT -- the tone from whose overtones a chord is composed
RADICAL -- a sound or letter belonging to a radical
RADICAL -- a group capable of change during a series of reactions.

The Liberal language is one of the most elastic strait-jackets ever developed; the fact that words are power is hidden in an inaccessible back-pocket. The moment an organization appears, it is incorporated, i.e. swept safely under the crossed-arms of the Liberal Jesus. -Dave Wagner

CONNECTIONS won't be assimilated.
Charles Olson said it:

"In tne midst of plenty, walk
as close to
bare
In the face of sweetness,

In the time of goodness,
go side, go
smashing, beat them, go as
(as near as you can

tear

In the land of plenty, have
nothing to do with it
take the way of

the lowest,
including
your legs, go
contrary, go

sing

CONNECTIONS
(printed fortnightly by Connections, Inc.
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Madison, Wisc.
53715

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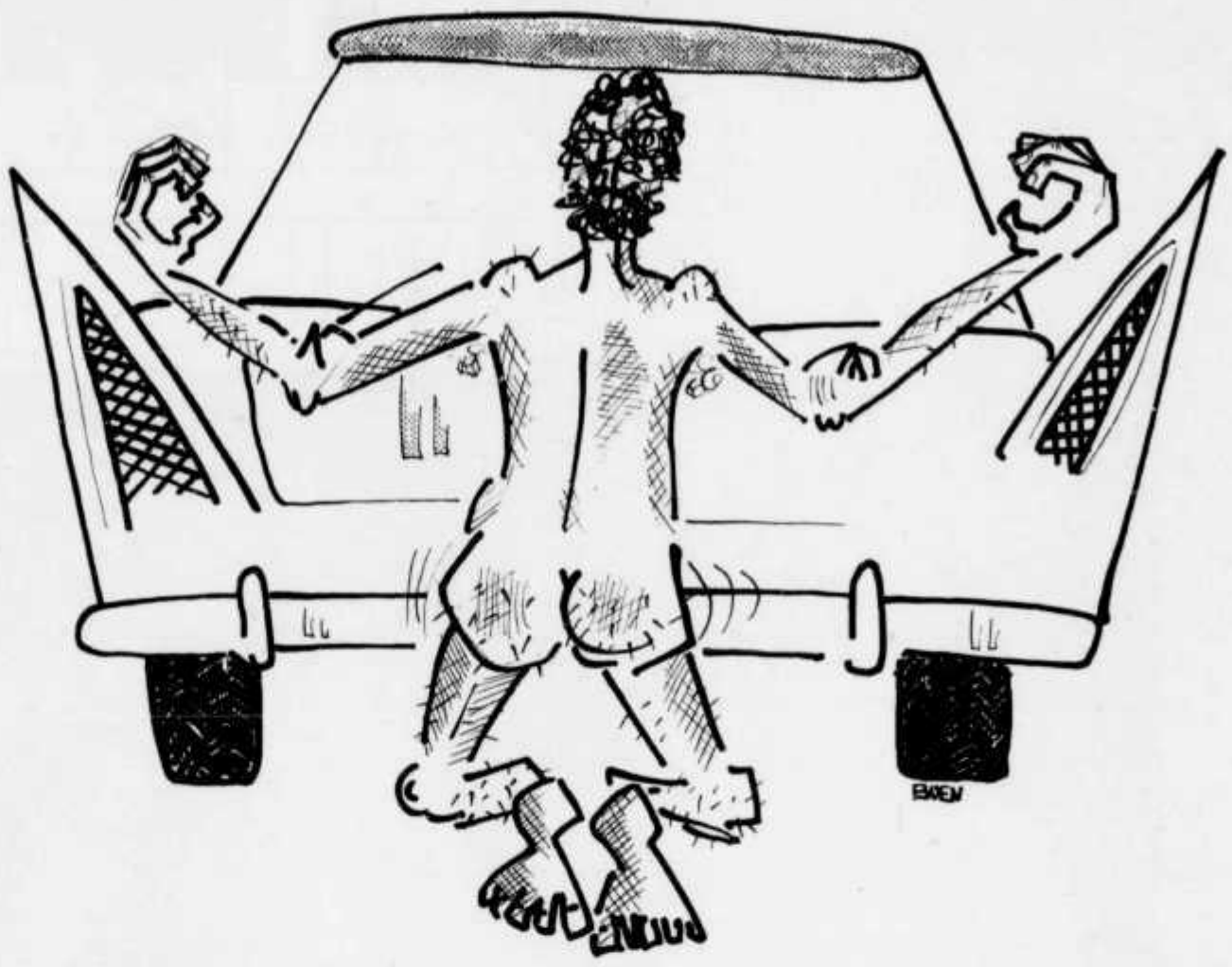
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"I SEARCHED FOR LOVE... AND THEN I FOUND IT WITH A PLYMOUTH"



Phoneyversity's Deform

The Wisconsin idea of deadification will not grab the behind of present trends, asserted Cardinal Flegm yesterday. Smoothing from a prefabricated stalement, he said that the phoneyversity had not been laid and that bloated lectures and skimmpy disgust sextions had already proved themselves. Though it is true that the size of the does not Mailer, emitted Flegm, there is an erect proportion between the size of the lectures and the depth of the thought. Students coming from this phoneyversity, he said are doing it more and liking it less.

Kill, consume, destroy, he ejaculated, are the presents of the present. Excitement today is the lie of the times. From the tiniest study-guide frozen dinner to the largest guided-bomber there are monied interests and emptitunities for all. America, even, makes freely saleable to all the world's poor McLuhan's hottest media, napalm. The sophist-created deference toward this fluid is prepared by our pogroms here. We mind less the mindlessness we acheese for we are value-fried and know not what we do. Fried-values and bought-thought are only some of the money new features here, he continued.

Our god is to replace books by sturdy-guides, discussions by quizzlets, minds by mods and by escalating arresting, course and fetter requirement to impure riddled minds. As a service infusion we organ our students to take their piece in this Grave Suicidal. Pretests and complaints are to be tinctured with god sense.

Unapproved ideals seduce our beer-eyed youths, he concluded, into bad housekeeping. In these years of deference youth is phone to cancel their subscription. As one efeminent auditory noted, and I rote, "Regorge has shown bedspread discontent conned by confusion over multicomplicity of alternatives open in the Open Society. Youth people see a crisis in gap between the wods of our esteamed leakers and the realty they see and smell. Our hemp for the future is to soothe these futile leakers into the war on poetry, people, and pleasure. It is not a quotion of what you can do to the Grave Suicidal, but what it can do to you."

-Russell Jacoby

next issue

Prof. HERBERT MARCUSE
on
FOUR-LETTER WORDS

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CONNECTIONS

AN UNDERGROUND NEWSPAPER, DEDICATED TO REMAINING UNDERGROUND, RATHER THAN BEING BURIED ABOVE THE GROUND.

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The Four Horsemen



Throughout man's history, o'er the scarlet fields of war, hunger, famine and plague, rode the notorious four horsemen of the Apocalypse. For centuries there was a familiarity with these four ghosts, for the prospect of human destruction offered a clear and chilling reality.

And yet they ride.

But our collective mind has attempted to enshroud them in the spangles of a harlequin, for it has decided that a sound mind and body is one without conscience. The words say that they detest the horsemen, while the heart insists that they do not exist.

It has become, it would seem, a major focus of American society to make the Apocalypse palatable; to make the destruction of human life not altogether unpleasant.

Unable to accept the consequences of either mitigated or fateful decay, the media offer us pictures transported via the proverbial rose-colored glasses. Even those portions of life formerly abhorrent to the human sensibilities are apparently well integrated into the frantic euphoria of today's culture.

The New York Times of the 26th of December, 1966, contained an article and photograph which portrayed the battle-field antics of blonde, Go-Go disc-jockey, Chris Noel. It seems that our boys overseas elected her "the girl they'd most like to commit atrocities with," and good-hearted trans-Pacific trollop that she was, she obliged. The picture, designed to give rise to a patriotic erection, showed Miss Noel, in a scant lamee costume, standing before a mortar which had just been fired at the Viet Cong. The caption informed us that the shell had been inscribed with the message: "To Charlie, with Love, Chris." And so the war is just another discotheque, emceed by Bob Hope.

And yet they ride.

Following a decade of Nazi horrors came an earnest cry that we should never forget. But such memories were painful, and CBS thought it gallant to turn the prison camps into a weekly half-hour comedy in which the Nazi guard is as loveable as Friar Tuck.

The New York Times of January 31, 1967, contained a picture of Sophia Loren in an inimitably seductive pose for the American Cancer Society, a gimmick which makes even cancer seem sensual.

The caption begins..."A woman's body. Architecturally, quite interesting...." One would think that the threat of cancer would keep everybody concerned, but the Ad men think differently. For it is the concept of their advertisement that only the idea of a body such as Sophia's decaying and disfigured by malignant cells will stir up people's charity.

As a thousand years of Florentine Art was washed into ruin by torrential floods, so too were the people of Florence; and yet this Apocalypse is, to most, nothing more than a "save the art" campaign for suburban dilettantes, and a cover story for Life Magazine.

Human interest stories consistently tell of American GIs helping Vietnamese orphans. How these children were rendered parentless is muted.

And yet they ride.

The only admitted 'aggressions' that we commit are against those foes which

...BITE THE DUST

are clearly evil. We fight a 'war on poverty,' we launch an 'attack' on air pollution. Yet in the Vietnamese war, where our actions are clearly belligerent, we speak in self-righteous terms of 'solution.' In those areas of poverty and pollution, where 'solution' is clearly necessary, we speak in terms of belligerence.

Everything about the chromium reality indicates that the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse have bitten the dust. And yet they still prevail. Upon those afflicted, neither Chris Noel, nor CBS, Sophia Loren, or Schizophrenic soldiers make a difference.

For on they ride. Upon us as well their hooves beat strong, though hidden.

Today's apocalypse, however, is one built upon contradiction. Man's perception of the apocalyptic is one which amplifies a sort of social masochism, a 'joie de mourir.' It is one which pits man as anti-man; love as anti-love; happiness as anti-happiness. Patriotic emotion is now guided by one's pride in his country's ability to create and nurture the Apocalypse. It becomes national interest to deny wheat to those who question the Vietnamese war and in so doing, expand our Apocalyptic reign. The modern Apocalypse is created in the name of its avoidance.

Yet this contradiction is fostered and amplified by a technological contradiction, that of the media. Contemporary forms of communication have developed to the level where they offer the potentiality of broadening our perceptions beyond the greatest hope of our forefathers, who nonetheless well knew the four horsemen. Yet these technological innovations have been used in another manner. Rather than broadening, they serve to deaden our perception. They have succeeded in assimilating the Apocalypse to an anesthetic degree. In their process of mediation they move the apocalypse into the framework of a romantic vision. The terror wrought by these four phantoms is mellowed by a sea of technicolor catchy jingles, Chets and Daves, and heart-rending slogans, which render the heart heartless. The phantoms' fangs have been made painless, yet their bite is the same--war, famine, hunger, and plague, now tagged affectionately, W. F. H. and P. a-Go-Go.

--Stuart B. Ewen

FEEDING THE BADGERS

Continued from page 8

many sophomores...I think I've done a very poor job on psychology on some of our young players."

The fact that all of these laments were issued at public, post-mortem press interviews attests to the validity of the Coach's final point.

Behind this ritual wail of self-pity was the obvious fact that Erickson couldn't create a consistent winning team. Each game was a strange version of musical chairs in which the players were forced into uncertain combinations, never realizing their full potential. The worst example of this occurring was in the Ohio State game when 22 substitutions were made and Wisconsin lost in overtime to a football team. Fortunately, Joe Franklin and Chuck Nagle at the forwards, have played so well this year that they are rarely pulled out of the game. Since the Minnesota game, Jimmy Johnson has gradually edged into this charmed circle through his consistent high scoring and deceptive work at center. Though only 6'5", Johnson makes up the difference in shrewd timing.

The Badgers' recent winning streak also coincides with a return to sanity at the two guard posts. Mike Carlin has finally been returned to his old playmaking position, a slot that no one else on the team can occupy with as much verve and skill. With Dennis Sweeny, the team's senior citizen and clutch ball player and Franklin, Nagle and Johnson up front, Wisconsin can now mount a fast and at times brilliant attack. Unfortunately, Erickson persists in picayune substitution for minor mishaps; i.e. as in the Michigan State game. When this happens, the team loses its momentum, finesse, confidence and ultimately -- its lead. If Erickson had a little more trust and empathy for the starting players, Wisconsin could win the Big Ten championship.

-- Jacques Strappe

Civilization and the Infidels: A Debate

His Eminence the Cardinal

"THIS war is a war for civilization," said Cardinal Spellman in his Christmas Eve address to the troops in South Vietnam. "Less than victory is inconceivable." Quite an unusual thing for his eminence to say in light of the efforts of the Pope for peace! Thinking that the Cardinal's words were mis-construed, reporters asked him upon his arrival in Manila if he ruled out a negotiated peace. "Total victory means peace," retorted the Cardinal.

And so there you have it. America is fighting a war for Civilization and nothing less than total victory is required.

No one knows better than the Cardinal what a super-civilization we are fighting for. During his stay in Vietnam he greeted and cavorted with a tiny, but typical, part of our Civilization: the Bob Hope troupe which was touring Vietnam at the time. With the seductive twists and contortions of Joey Heatherton, the sexual innuendo of pop-art comic Phyllis Diller, and the teenie-bopper style of the three young Vietnamese singers (local color), the Cardinal no doubt felt quite at home, and quite "civilized."

Regardless of how conservative and sedate the Cardinal appears, he is actually very "camp". As a matter of fact, he is America's number one pop-art cleric. Like all 'pop' enthusiasts, he wants to be where it's happening, and what bigger and better happening is there today, than the Vietnamese war? Four-hundred thousand men forging into the jungle to wipe out Eastern barbarism and replace it with Civilization; now that's a happening!

Fortunately, Civilization is also finding its way into the family of the Cardinal's two close friends, General and Mme. Ky. They live in a house so civilized, that it could be featured in Better Homes and Gardens; it has an all purple exterior, with a similar purple interior decor, that precisely matches the purple scarf worn by the general when he flies his plane. Mme. Ky, of course, has that movie starlet appearance which is part of the Civilization we are fighting for. And yet, just last month she decided she was not civilized enough. She flew to Japan one weekend to have her eyes rounded and the slant removed. As Time blandly explained it: "tens of thousands of Asian women flock each year to the plastic surgeon" where they have their noses redone, and their breasts enlarged with silicone jelly. (TIME, 23 Dec '66) It makes them more charming to their G.I. boyfriends and naturally increases business. Like Mme. Ky, they are helping to win the war for Civilization in Southeast Asia.

Cardinal Spellman's Christmas message must have been most heartening for the men in Vietnam. As Catholic chaplain to the Armed Forces, it was considerate of him to spend his Christmas with the troops. But then the Cardinal has always held a special place in his heart for Vietnam. It was through his behind-the-scenes efforts in 1958, that Diem was "appointed" premier of South Vietnam by the State Department. That was only a slight setback for Civilization. But current figuring is, that what one man could not do, four or five hundred thousand can.

--R.R. Tollwut

For the Defense

I wish to take strong exception to the slanderous, irresponsible, malicious, criminally dangerous, and blatently misleading communist-inspired article on the left! I thank the editors for allowing me to make a calm and judicious assessment of it.

First of all, Cardinal Spellman has been a wise and dedicated military chaplain in the loyal service of his country for almost sixteen years. He has worked closely with the army, and has come to have a personal attachment to its world-wide mission. When he supports the Armed Forces right or wrong, he is only doing his duty to his country.

Secondly, in regard to Diem. When Cardinal Spellman helped install him in South Viet Nam regardless of the fact that he was hopelessly reactionary and hated by the majority of his people, he was simply following the broader policy line of our government. In concurring with the C.I.A. and the State Department, he was only doing his duty to his country.



Thirdly, when he superceded the efforts of Pope Paul VI to achieve a peaceful settlement in Viet Nam, he was merely following the orders laid down by Vatican II. The Vatican resolutions clearly state that there should be more episcopal decentralization with greater freedom of decision. Instead of bishops and cardinals clinging to the papal line, they are free to cling to the lines of their governments. The cardinal was only doing his duty to his country.

And why does the author on the left get so upset about a war for Civilization? Wars have always been fought for the ascendency of a higher form of culture over a lower. What's more, there are some very fine and impressive precedents to the cardinal's words which point up the fact that he does not stand alone. For those who are too quick to condemn, only listen to the words of his eminence Conrad Groeber, a highly placed German bishop in 1934:



"In our nation's present fateful hour, the leaders of the church take their place in explicit loyalty at the side of the men of state, dedicated to their own defense against a common enemy. Since they fight for Christianity on the part of the German Volk, they are...giving surest support for the ramparts the Fuhrer has erected against Bolshevism."

Or consider this from Bishop Franz Joseph Rarkowski who was the cardinal's equivalent in the German Wehrmacht. He addresses the troops in 1939: "You know how that peace offer was repulsed by statesmen who live in delusion and shut their minds against those farsighted proposals for a just new world order. Thus, through no fault of Germany's the war continues. But now that the opponents have thrust back the Furher's outstretched hand of peace, you know for certain what you are fighting for in this struggle. At stake is all that is the holiest, the most honorable, the dearest, the most precious things on earth...security, freedom, peace, happiness, prosperity, and justice."

There is no need to get so upset about the Cardinal's words. After all, if a man in such a high position as the Cardinal does not know what Civilization is, then who does? My colleague should learn to be more trustful and submissive to the opinions of our leaders. As another highly respected cleric--Bishop von Galen--put it in 1934: "Never think that your bishops (and cardinals) issue irresponsible exhortations or admonitions without regard for circumstances, (or) that your bishops (and cardinals) recklessly shut their eyes to dangers if they...keep silent while you call for leadership." Words like this should prove to even the most skeptical that when a man like Cardinal Spellman tells us we are fighting a war for Civilization, it must truly be so. -J.M. Wohlkampf

Animals and Cagers

Continued from page 8

nineteen, YOU LOSE BALLGAMES THAT WAY.... it's all right, he says too, falling back to the bench, waving his hand as if to wipe away both his player's turnover and his own incredible display.

The game is close.... State is big, Aitch is a big six seven.... and our guys are not so big and skinny... but we're faster, and that sets us up as good guys regardless of which is the home team. Play starts slow, State will force this kind of game. If teams score with Northwestern, so they will slow down against the recruited giants from East Lansing. Things start to move.... Nagle hitting from the outside, Franklin and Johnson from the inside. Johnson is a heady ballplayer...most of his 31 in the Northwestern game were follow-ups, but that doesn't make them easy points ...Wisconsin has a lead, but then Johnson gets his second foul and Erickson plays conservative and pulls him. Suddenly Schell is guarding Aitch in the center and just as suddenly Aitch has a lay-up...Schell against Aitch is no match and the groans swell from the bleacher coaches. But the initiates are worried now about a scoreboard shy a point for Wisconsin...and while they

Continued on page 6

CHOPMEAT on the CHAIN GANG

robb soffian

And where was I to dine this night? I stopped. I found myself on State Street as a shattering thought crept into my starving brain...I had no idea where I was going. The array of charming out-of-the-way cafes in Madison is so awe-inspiring that after I had mentally discarded Gino's, Burgerville, Gargano's, and one petit lavatory-looking shoppe called poetically "The Pink Bunny," I was left with only one other high-class restaurant in the campus vicinity -- the new "Pattie Wagon."

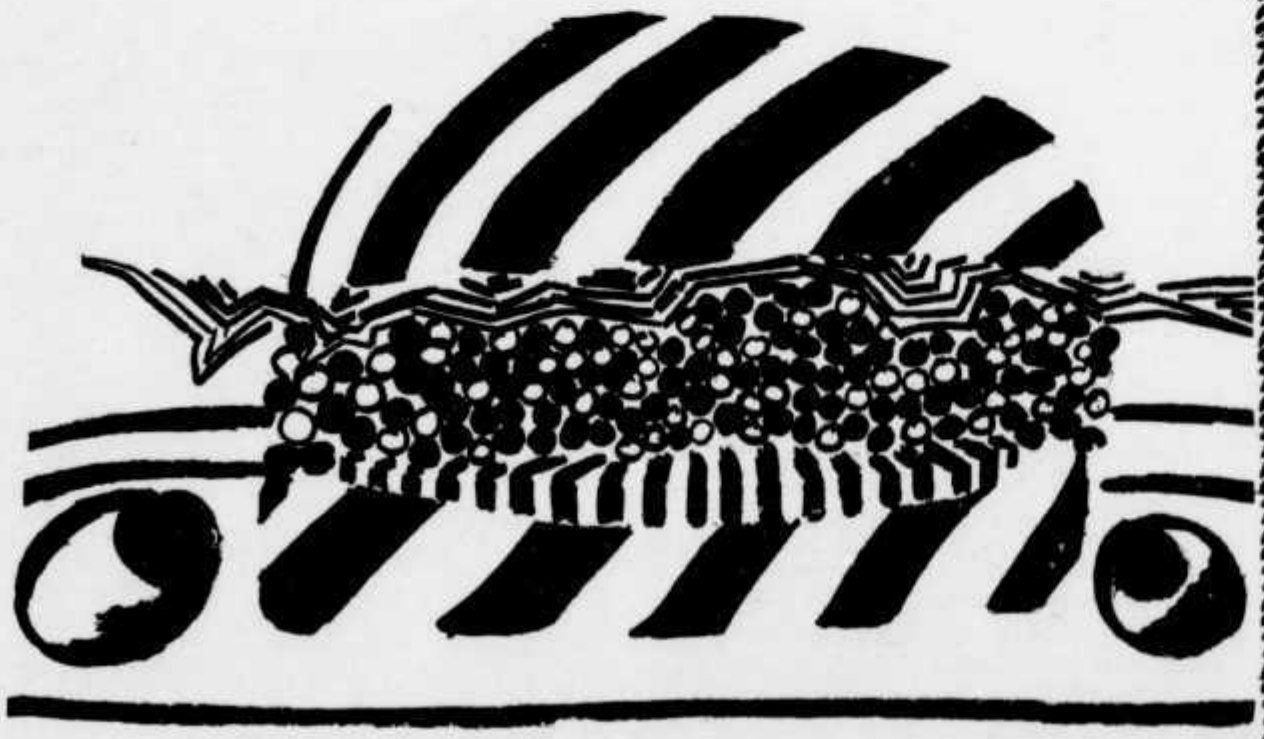
What could be more pleasant than the idea of a jail--symbol of America? I complimented the designer on his originality. I gazed up at the gray panelled walls, the exact replica bars of any mid-western prison, the ethnic knotted-wood floor, and of course, that superb touch of modernity ...plain, square tables topped with charming vinyl and cute little place mats discussing farm auctions -- a perfect setting for anybody's feast! The warm idea of a jail gave me a very secure feeling as I glanced around the stolid yet profound decorations. A lovely matron approached me and with aloof annoyance guided me through a maze of chirping inmates to my table. And what a table...in my favorite spot --right near the kitchen and the fireplace with the fake fire. What smells ...what elegance... the primitive, the ingenious. Near the noise of the hard-working cooks chiming off the orders in harmonious jot...real humanity. I was near the heart-beat of the people. Where were you, Walt Whitman?

A menu was set before me. With mild hesitation I opened it to peruse its secret delights. Gosh, what a surprise, my favorite delicacies... hamburgers, hamburgers, patties, big small, fat, flat, lumps, humps, hamburgers of every type, all with such creative names. Ah, God how you bless me with such goodness! -Selah. I spotted a curious tidbit entitled "The FBI," then down the list to another delight--"The Informer..."sweet words to my ear. (for a wonderful moment I was thrown into a marvellous fantasy about the C.I.A. saving America, but in a second I was back again) looking down the menu to the drinks. I noticed how milk was disguised as "White Lightening" and Coke of course as "The Cooler."

The blonde waitress with one stocking loose at the ankle came and brought a card on which I was to write the number of my order (they have modernized and eliminated all frivolous human contact--such a pleasure to be left alone away from the anger and confusion of daily life, to be in the din of the kitchen!) Casually I glanced up at the walls and noticed a number painting of a yankee-clipper ship churning in a rough sea...and what a surprise to see six other identical paintings (such a nice touch to give all the customers equality in artistic pleasure!). I hurriedly wrote down my order and brought it to the counter. During the intervening thirty minutes I had a fine chance to observe the nuances of the restaurant — an atmosphere which radiated a relieving aura of oppression, which is scarcely felt in the university milieu. Suddenly, there stood my plain hamburger in all its majesty--the test of every good restaurant--gleaming in a garlic roll, flanked by two rather shrunken pickle slices (the touch of austerity) and a sparkling glass of milk. With the voracious skill of a trained gourmet I devoured the morsel. After a leisurely meal of perhaps four minutes...the plate was clean, the glass was empty...and I was radiantly fulfilled!

Like a potentate, I sunk back into the hard wood chair, creaking and bending under my weight, lit a cigarette oozingwith visceral satisfaction ...my solace was broken only by the tiny squeaks and hasty movements around my feet. After several minutes my curiosity could not be checked. I lowered my head and beheld an entire family of petite, chubby mice, obviously devouring my dropped crumbs. This touch of domestic realism--so perfectly unaffected--brought the nostalgia of my childhood surging up into my eyes. Only when one of the cutest fellows began to show intentions of crawling up my right leg, did I quickly rise, pay my check, and begin to leave. Several of the mice followed me to the door, some others played among the tables adjacent to mine--nature unbothered by man's mean hand--when would I chance to see such a sight again--perhaps never? I took one last look back into the cafe. People with people in a true communal environment. I listened one last time to the gentle paean of the multitude, took one last breath of that thick aromatic air, smiled with paternal enthusiasm at the fake flickering fire, and bravely stepped out into the cruel world again.





crusade on grubby



at Ann Emery

Some girls are appearing at lunch in what looks like their grubbies!

Up until this fall skirts were required at lunch except during the very, cold weather when slacks were worn by those who wished.

This fall it was requested that slacks be allowed during the cold months every day at lunch. Visualizing the beautiful, popular, new Pants Suits and assuming that our girls would be wearing them, we went along with the idea. I have seen two of the lovely pants suits worn by our residents. But, I have seen bluejeans, dirty wheatjeans, wrinkled slacks, army shirts, soiled sweatshirts and such outfits in the dining room at lunch time. Such attire that the waiters and the head waiter have asked me if that girl LIVED at Ann Emery!

A year ago fellows used to tell me that they could spot an Ann Emery girls on the hill. She was chic, neat and had class.

I'm hearing the wrong comments this year.

Don't sell yourself short!

(This notice was found on the bulletin board in Ann Emery.)

Jazz in the Marketplace; and The Creative Act of a Moment

In another time a handful of men would march with the hearse, perhaps hang from a tailgate, and play sad music on the way out to the yard, and swing like there was no tomorrow on the way home. Today there is very serious talk about freezing people and somehow morally abolishing tomorrow. Between these times is the last fifty or sixty years. Questions not posed to be answered: what kind of notion is it to bury a man to music? to stomp home picking up children and dogs? What kind of notion is it to not let a man die? But questioning comes much later. Fifty or sixty years ago, the kind of music that followed the funeral was rude, played on second-hand boyscout instruments, and was not bothered by people who asked questions.

The point: whether you trace the history of jazz from within the art-bag or the money-bag, you are pursuing the issue with a sophistication that is after the fact. It is the sophistication of the jazz audience that turned that first parade into a minstrel show, then into a nightclub act, and finally into a saleable disk of plastic. The more money the City of New York allots for the writing of the history of the Black Arts Society, the more strongly the religion damns the essential spirit of the music; the ironic fact that most of the people employed by New York for that purpose are out-of-work jazz musicians is somehow twisted into a half-glossed redeeming factor of the establishment and is construed by educators and economists alike as one of the "goods" in a world of bads.

The marketplace estranged the jazz musician from his own instrument the moment it took note of the number of kids who were attracted to the parade, kids who fast grew up consumers, consumers of literature, of alcohol and records—it matters little which because everything is for sale at the market. Yet the scholarly work done in the "field of jazz", whatever that may be, is beyond being good or evil, as is the recording industry, as are the club owners, and to say that there is a fault here is to underestimate the essential spirit of the music. Because as the living religions tell us, everything is everything, and today the jazz musician couldn't care less whether he is playing on an estranged horn or a Selmer, at least not at the instant of creation.

A digression: jazz, like all life, has its blood pumped by the notion of spontaneous choice, individual choice, and those who would say that it is somehow related to Chance would deny the musicians their due. At any point, the player could have done otherwise and although time is somehow irrevocable, the human spirit is not. When the player later chooses to do otherwise and play the significantly new, it is at the moment of inception. Not because of any notion of good or bad—although later he may justify his moves if he feels so inclined--but because it is somehow a testimony to the NOW we hear so much about these days.

If a listener, in all his sophistication, hears something violent, negating, or destructive in the music and is whipped by the frustration of never being able to say the negation or destruction of what, that is as it is and becomes fodder for the critics. Even if the player chooses to destroy his instrument while playing it, in what sense is his music destructive? I refer these qualms that often come out of the music since 1945 to the scoutmaster who sold a handful of instruments to a handful of paraders fifty or sixty years ago.

The question then is not whether jazz is an art form but whether one group draws at the Vanguard while another does not--as we are led to believe by the fact that if the group does not draw, we as listeners are denied the chance to hear them--but whether or not we actually hear as children or as consumers. Children followed wagons then and Sun Ra is a fine attraction on the corner in Harlem now. Not that children should be the touchstone of aesthetics, although there is something to be said for that, but that the notion of aesthetics has only the back door to enter into the picture, that finally it has little place on the stand or the street when it is NOW and the music is then "gone in the air."

Records are a shadow of the musical reality. The actual experience is probably closer to purchasing the record than it is to listening to the record, for the common denominator here should be the physical act of one man, everyman, and the listening is the lingering of that act.

But jazz, regardless, bears with itself a great weapon that any and every establishment must give birth to and then fear; again, the revolutionary notion of Change that comes out of the insuppressible fact of choice. It could be written that learning for the jazz musician, that education itself, is today taken over by the sophistication that brought music to the market, but learning is probably never taken over by the establishment, whatever, and only the teaching can be violated. And no matter which way the teacher, or the establishment, turns, the revolution in the learner will cause something new; the revolution in the music will undo every word uttered about music, will turn the very idea of good and bad into just another lick. So if we choose to freeze our dead rather than to bury, we will one day be faced with having to choose which dead we will keep and which we will not.

-Ben Sidran



-This Sporting Life-

Continued from page 4

chant the Truth, a ten point lead disappears.

Half-time...Wisconsin up by one... low scoring...Cheerleaders take the floor...teeth buffed (local drycleaners do up their uniforms for free... everyone knows that)...girls standing on boys' shoulders...a shorter male totters...grim reality...the dues of the cheering business... nothing happening in the $2 seats ...triple overtime might open their mouths...third balcony, the students, screaming their guts out.

Second half...end zone seats bubbling...Aitch is a big boy now, he doesn't need a ref for an old lady... three seconds, when you gonna call it ...you stupid mother he's shovin... come on you animals get a rebound...

Animals...and he keeps shouting it ...three rows behind you...you don't want to look at him, but the metaphor has hit the back of your neck and spoiled things for you...animals... objects, monkeys...at Wisconsin they're careful to pay only by academic credit hour...no Illinois here...damn it no, they're 19 and most of them (you hope) just dig basketball...the kid who yelled animal probably never played the game...Big Eino the 7 foot one inch singularity who stuffs in the pregame and then sits on the bench... the other oddity for the fans tonight plays for the State...five seven... what's he doing out there, I'm taller than he is...

Michigan State's Lafayette fouls out, that's the big one...Sweeney the captain back in and taking charge... Johnson fouls out but somehow Wisconsin survives it...Sweeney puts in two free throws that win the game (the Milwaukee Journal the next day talks as if Franklin and Mitchell's charities were just as important...they always miss what really provides the difference)...the animals of Wisconsin have won this one...On Wisconsin...and who wouldn't at that moment have rather been one of those "animals" than one of the 12,000...nineteen and euphoria, and God bless them for it.

-- Stephen Shapiro

LIT. PROF.: THE PROPHET AS C.P.A.



Institutions, like civilizations, are all supposed to have had at one time a "golden age" in which the functions they serve combined competence and knowledge with good-natured warmth and common sense; in some cases, they are even reputed to have inculcated moral and spiritual wisdom. Today, both Harpers and Family Circle abound with articles on "The Vanishing Family Doctor," "The End of the School-House Era," or "The Decline of the Corner Grocery Store" which entreat us to look back wistfully to a less fragmented age where one did not have to contend with the impersonality of the "eyes, ears, nose and throat specialist," "the steel and glass junior high," and "the muzak and saran rap ridden super market." How involving and human these institutions of a forever lost Arcadia seem in the light of our troubled age of bigness and specialization.

On the University Campus, however, we dispel rather than nurture myths of this kind. We know that the family doctor was at a loss to cure diseases of the inner ear and psoriasis, that the old school marm knew nothing about physics and less about anthropology, that the corner grocer never stocked Campbell's Frozen Clam Chowder or Sarah Lee Croissants. So the "golden age" for all its humanity was an age of ignorance. Life in the age of the good five cent cigar was more thorny than rosy, and the advances of the modern world far outweigh the superficial niceties of the past.

Yet we allow the myth to prevail here, nevertheless. We cry out against what has happened to literature courses as we sit through overcrowded lectures on Donne's imagery given with the assistance of multimedia audio and visual aids, innumerable books of ponderous and lifeless criticism and Hymarx Outline Notes and demand a return to real teaching, a genuine dialogue between teacher and student and real involvement on the part of the teacher. Sir Phillip Sidney said that the true poet is a prophet: one who teaches in his work the moral and religious wisdom of the universe. Shouldn't the teacher of poetry share this role in part? Shouldn't he make us see how human beings can be made better people by reading literature? Shouldn't he awaken in us the fire we read about in freshman handbooks and hear about in Commencement speeches? Wasn't he once like this?

Our literature teacher, however, has never been a lecture-hall prophet; at best he has been a pedant. The differences between the teacher of the golden age and his present counterpart are at best not even skin deep. Dumpy double-breasted suits have been traded for more streamlined Madison Av nue attire from Brooks Brothers; weather-beaten briefcases have been traded for snappy, up-to-date attache cases; gold-cased pocket watches have been replaced by Acutrons; and moldy yellow notes about biography and historical bsck-ground have been replaced with crisp index cards containing the latest word on linguistic analysis, rhetorical structure and allegory from P.M.L.A., J.E.G.P., and E.L.H.

The most obvious contrasts between the literature professor of today and his predecessor are not difficult to perceive. Literature departments of fifty years ago were peopled by well-to-do, effete Anglicans; too sensitive to go into their fathers' businesses after Princeton, such men chose graduate school instead. And as the publish-or-perish syndrome had not yet overtaken the university system, a Ph.D. was generally sufficient to achieve tenure in a respectable institution. Those who wrote scholarly works and directed dissertations kept within the safe limits of sources, analogues, biographical data and historical study. The work itself--and its meaning--were hardly considered. Thus it was possible for these individuals to turn out delightful appreciations of Sir Walter Scott and Tennyson, while the works of Gerard Manley Hopkins and Herman Melville were generally ignored. Such men never questioned their social function or their right to stand on the podium - they accepted it as part of an elevated way of life.

The modern "lit. prof." has no such illusion. He knows that he is merely filling up the notebooks of sorority girls with material they can use later at cocktail parties; he realizes that his graduate students, like himself, serve only to perpetuate a system; he has no illusions about luring anyone away from a Packer game or a James Bond movie to read Jane Austen. Although he now can teach Hopkins instead of Scott, he teaches the Hopkins authorized by the "Hopkins Industry": the books, essays and scholarly articles on the poet which are indexed in the bibliographies of the accepted trade journals. Out of fear perhaps that such a function could easily be overtaken by a computerized teaching machine, he keeps pace with all the latest "developments" within his specialization and adapts his thinking and teaching style to the environment in which he lives. Thus, as the department of computer sciences threatens to make his skills obsolete, he adapts to the machine instead of fighting it. As he programs himself and his teaching to fit sequential patterns and different series of intellectual blips, he loses all illusions about prophecy, poetry, and even teaching. Thrice removed from the reality of poetry he knows that if "poetry makes nothing happen," as Auden contends, he is responsible for much less. It is a dreary realization; however, one learns to live with it. And after tenure the material compensation for this conscious annihilation of self is sufficient to sustain existence.

The essential difference then between today's teacher and that of the past is simply his total assimilation within the system. Whereas the turn-of-the-century professor could snobbishly dismiss his colleagues in accounting and soils as beings of a lower order of creation, his modern equivalent willingly accepts his existence among the "alien corn," and tries earnestly to fit in among the stalks. But this process of self-integration and absorption is not difficult to achieve, the university and his society have already preparod a niche for him where he can be both functional and comfortable; where he can enjoy the privileges and status of a C.P.A. the more he begins to resemble him in every detail. From such a position our teacher begins to fear beauty as much as he fears truth. He cannot become involved in his teaching, since involvement (with all its implications of emotion and commitment) might lead him away from the role as a commodity to which he has resigned himself. So he becomes less interested in what his students have to say about literature, and prefers instead to hear how well they repeat what he has said in class, or rather what he too has been taught to say. We are left ultimately not with prophecy, or poetry, or even prose, but an infinite regression of unrealities leading not to what is universal and illuminating, but to what is sterile and synthetic. However, before we condemn the English Professor outright for his non-teaching, we must remember that he has never taught.

-J. Fuller Bunk

Who feeds the Badgers?

The Ohio State game was proclaimed a sell-out 24 hours before it was played on February 4. This year's Wisconsin basketball team was touted as a Big Ten contender before the season began. Both predictions were almost upset that Saturday afternoon at the Field House. The inane, at times childish, incompetence of the athletic department accounted for the initial miscalculations.

In matters of public relations -- or student relations -- to be more specific, the athletic department has been performing some pretty fancy footwork. The handling of the coupon exchange booklets is well known and unfortunate history to all of us. It was an editorial in The Cardinal which perhaps best articulated what the situation involved:

"Students presently have only about 6,500 seats in an over 18,000 capacity stadium. Some faculty and employee seats and general ticket sale seats fill most of the rest.

"Whose games are these? The team isn't professional -- they are students at the University performing for the University. It seems that the student should have a majority of seats guaranteed and a first crack at attending -- despite capacity crowds... After all, is this a student sport or a sport put on by students for the benefit of humanity and the athletic department fund?"

There is a naive purity to The Cardinal's outrage. Even their own sports editor could tell them that the team is professional; its members are recruited from all over the country and given room, board, and tuition fellowships. The athletic department pays for this and therefore must make money on the games -- an honest return on a capital investment. The games are played to entertain, to titillate, to fill the meaningless void of daily existence with synthetic tension, climax, and an occasional glimpse of physical grace. When there is a beautiful moment with everything connecting, the crowd roars its approval, grateful for the purgation.

Also, like every other activity on the Madison campus, the games are played to enhance the reputation of the University within the state and the nation. So, to ask the question: whose games are these is similar to the Committee on the University and the Draft asking last spring: whose university is this? The answer, when shorn of officialese claptrap is always the same: it's theirs, not ours! In this case, the athletic department literally owns the arena and supports the players. They need us, the student-spectators, to yell our kishkies (a small furry animal walking across the desert with a glass of seltzer) out because we have stronger lungs than the old (after the seltzer) sitting in the reserved seats, and the team responds to our braying because they accept the illusion that they represent us instead of them -- their athletic department bosses: just as President Harrington and Chancellor Fleming, despite their powers and prerogative, need us, the student-spectators, to fill their classrooms in order to sustain the illusion that the University of Wisconsin is primarily an institution of learning. Though both hierarchies need the students in their controlled role, Harrington and Fleming manipulate them with much more skill than Ivor Williamson or Milt Brun, their counterparts in the athletic establishment. The former at least can count, whereas Oscar Damman, the ticket sales manager whom Ivor and Milt delegate athletic head-counting to, cannot.

In matters of team relations, Coach Erickson has been almost as incompetent as the athletic bureaucracy has been in student relations. Only the abundant and varied talents of his players plus his own anxious persistence, have saved the Badgers from the demise that appeared inevitable after their overtime loss at home to Ohio State was followed by an away loss to Indiana. Coach Erickson was beside himself:

"Something is wrong with this team. I don't know what it is, but I'm going to find out...They're an immature bunch...they don't always read scouting reports...don't follow orders ...I'm starting the wrong men...too

Continued on page 3

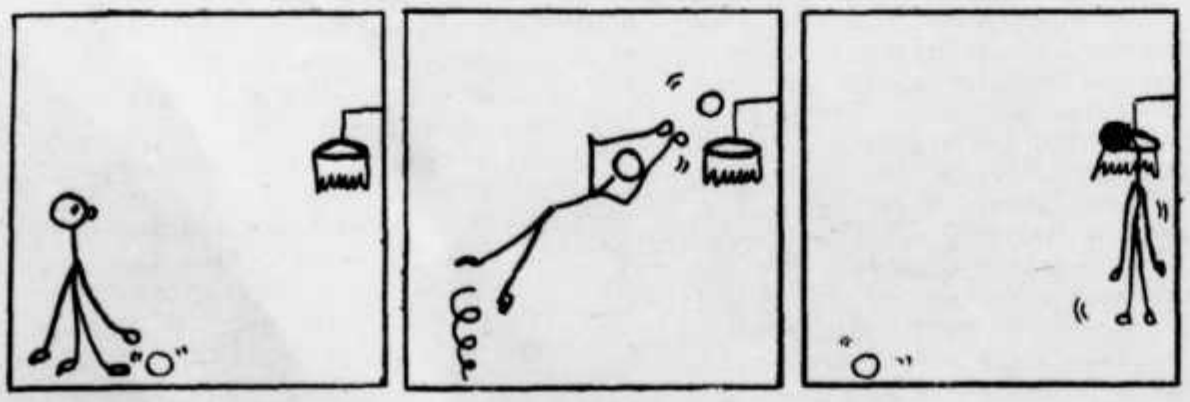


FREE THROW of the MIND

A cold night... a bitchin cold night ... you have to get there early, they've handed out more tickets than there are seats... that bastion of truth, the Wisconsin State Journal, has said the game is a sell out... that means get there early, or you wind up in the third balcony... that takes the guts out of the game... the players are too far away... you don't feel the contact, the pushing and shoving under the boards, the talk ...so 6 is about right, an hour and a half before the game...except this time the doors are locked...it's zero degrees, but the doors are locked... the lines are piled up already...all students...banging at the door...a face sticks out, an excuse pops its head briefly, and the students jokingly take up the cry of "protest, sit-in"...you and Dow Chemical, and if the protestors earlier in the week had done nothing else, at least the business is enough on people's minds that it's useful as a way to stay warm...An entrance fifty yards away opens and hey you bastards they opened the door down there how about us...the inevitable happens, someone breaks to try the fifty...seconds and half the line is sprinting toward the other entrance...warmth...

But inside it's as cold as outside, or so it seems. Now a long wait... the warm-up is not due for fifty minutes at least...shivering, the lights aren't on...saves money...but the seats are good, right under the basket on the end zone...half the action is right on top of you...you can hear the centers working on each other, the guards calling picks, the players urging each other on to hit the boards...these are amateurs, and for the most part they are still playing for the right reasons. A painful moment will occur in the game coming up, though, jolting the conscious spectator back into the crude, object-oriented, dehumanized reality that Big 10 basketball can be ...it happens after a turnover...a bad play, certainly, a lapse of concentration (how dare you) and a Michigan State guard kicks a ball out of bounds...a high school play...off the bench roars the State coach, face twisted, red, ugly, screaming at the stupidity, idiocy, of his boy...how dare you...the guard looks bewildered, lost, a bit frightened, nineteen years old again; the other guard trots over to console him, it's all right, we all make mistakes; then the coach suddenly realizes what he's done - you can't scream and yell at your boys and rob them of all their confidence when they make mistakes, remind them that they're

Continued on page 4



CONNECTIONS

Vol. I
No. 2
15¢
March 16-31, 1967



Newsweek-Vietnam, 1967

Picasso - Guernica, 1936



CONTENTS

Marcuse	2
Southern Politics	3
Open Arts	4
Acid	5
Italian Left	10
Milwaukee Lincoln	12

UPS

THE UNDERGROUND PRESS SYNDICATE exists to facilitate the transmission of news, features and advertising between anti-Establishment, avant-garde, new-Left, youth/oriented periodicals/ which share common aims and interests. Its members are free to pick up each other's features without remuneration. The UPS service can be subscribed to by outside organizations at fees commensurate with exposure and/or circulation. The following are members of UPS:

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Oberlin, Ohio

and
Connections
Madison, Wis.

...scenus, obscaenus < obs-, var. of ob- (see OB-) + caenum, filth], 1. offensive to modesty or decency; lewd. 2. disgusting; filthy; repulsive. —SYN. see coarse.
...b·scen·i·ty (ob-sen'ə-ti, əb-sē'nə-ti), n. [Fr. obscénité; L. obscenitas], 1. the state or quality of being obscene. 2. [pl. OBSCENITIES (-tiz)], something obscene, as language, conduct, a remark, an expression, an act, etc.
...b·scur·ant (əb-skyoor'ənt, ob-skyoor'ənt), n. [< L. obscurans], a person or thing that obscures, especially one that tends to prevent human progress and en...

The Los Angeles Times of January 29, 1967, reports on a meeting of the Governors of the United Republicans of California, at which the "frightening" situation at UC Irvine was discussed. According to this report, one of the happenings that frightened the Governors was the fact (I suppose it was a fact) that Irvine "ordered a book with a four letter word in its title for the campus library." The report did not state which four letter word was used in the title, but I think I can guess. Now, I hold no special brief for any four-letter word, no matter what letters it consists of, and I am much concerned about good manners in speech and behavior. There is, however, one four-letter word which is used daily, without any shame in our news and entertainment media, and which should indeed be censored, namely the word "k-i-l-l". You find it gleefully spelled out in practically every report on operations in Vietnam, with the victorious and equally gleeful body-count of Communist corpses. And one does not have to be a psychoanalyst or psychiatrist in order to know that the four-letter word "k..l" is more conducive to the destruction of mind and body than that other word, and that activity designated by "k..l" is more harmful to mind and body than the one designated by the other word. I hope that our politicians who show such concern about the unhealthy consequences of four-letter words would include, in their undoubtedly successful campaign, the four-letter word which begins with a "k".

-Prof. Herbert Marcuse
University of California,
San Diego--letter to the editor, San Diego Indicator.

addenda

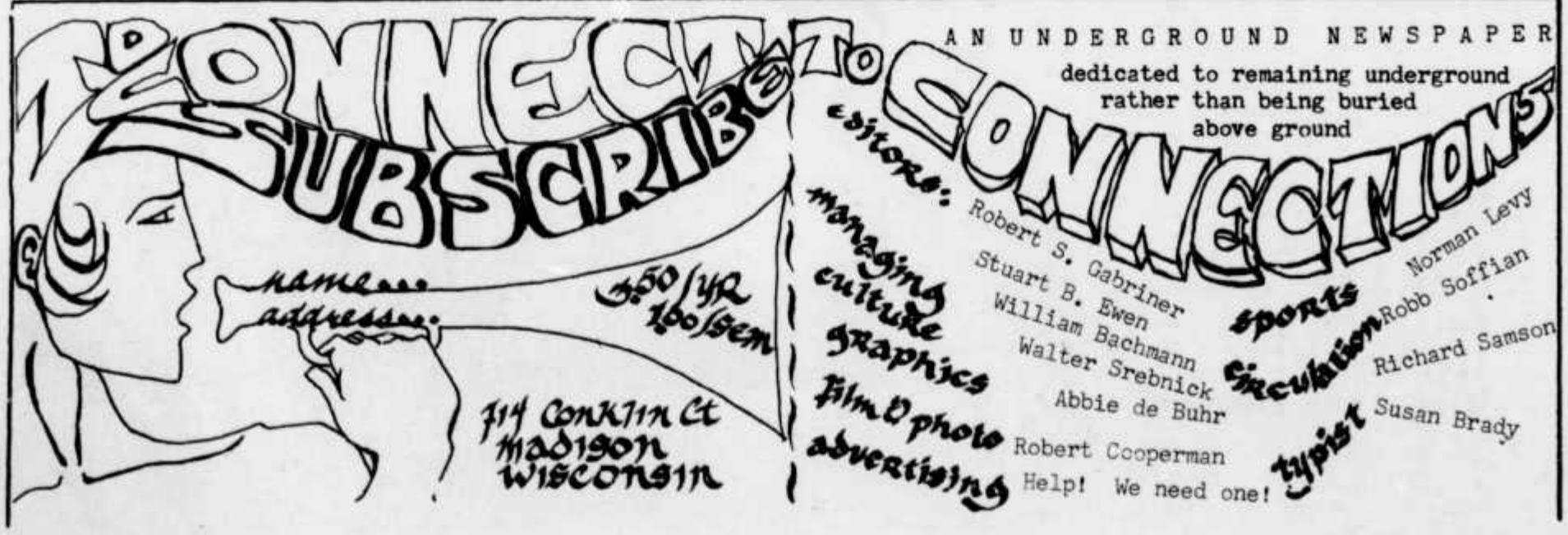
CONNECTIONS has survived its incubation and the early stages of its infancy. But it still must grow and develop, rebuild and replenish itself. It needs your help in this process. We hope to move out of Bob Gabriner's bedroom, to a home of our own. We hope to expand to sixteen pages, so as to make greater use of photography, art work and cartoons. To fulfill these aims we will need an advertising manager and more distribution people; we will also need more articles, writers, artists, cartoonists, photographers, typists, etc. We are not a "newspaper staff," but a group of people who are working toward the creation of a new media. In this attempt we are working with our environment as we see it, our experience as we really feel it. We would like you to share your energy with us, your talent and creativity. This is an undertaking of both community and campus. We may not print what you send us, but we will certainly consider it with care. Work with us; grow with us; this paper is a process -- only connect.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

Open Arts is embarking upon a radical course, that of creating something open within a "closed society." Openness could mean a redefinition of existing art forms and the creation of alternatives to those cubby-holes assigned the arts by contemporary America.

Too often the isolated artist has found that in order to survive economically, he must acquiesce to society's ideological needs, rather than to his own creative and aesthetic needs. Even those forms deemed "underground" are affected by this situation. Any organization which attempts to unite artists in a struggle for broader expression and artistic integrity is to be welcomed.

Our welcome, then, is a call for an underground/overground ---an artistic redefinition which refuses to bend yet is concerned with social change, rather than the creation of an atomized sub-culture.



THE DEFERRED MOMENT

ROBERT GABRINER



The Southern Freedom Movement is dead. Paradoxically, the forces activated by that Movement, in conjunction with moderate white elements, are forging a "new southern politics," which defines itself within the sphere of the Democratic Party, the party of racism and the war in Viet Nam.

The Freedom Movement of the early sixties had developed through a three-staged process. The first stage, roughly from 1960 to 1963, has been dubbed by Julian Bond as the "hamburger movement." He noted that many young people like himself really believed that the right to buy a hamburger at F.W. Woolworth's was Freedom.

The realization that lunch counter equality fell far short of liberation stimulated an effort to register black people, and culminated in Freedom Days throughout the Mississippi Delta, the Freedom Vote in Mississippi in 1964, and the Freedom Summer of the same year.

The final stage, that of independent political action, was initiated by the decision to run black candidates for office and the subsequent founding of the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party (MFDP) and the Lowndes County Freedom Organization (LCFO).

There is little question that this phase of the Movement is faltering. The MFDP can barely maintain its Jackson, Mississippi, office. The county branches of the party are almost all dead. The Mississippi Freedom Labor Union has gone out of existence. SNCC's operation in Arkansas, southwest Georgia, and Mississippi consists of a few workers in two or three widely scattered counties. SNCC's Alabama project was wholly dependent on the development of the LCFO. Its defeat in the November county election crushed SNCC's strategy for independent political action in the rural black belt.

The Congress of Racial Equality has also reduced its efforts in the Fourth Congressional District around Canton, Mississippi, and in Louisiana. Martin Luther King's Southern Christian Leadership Conference seems to be in the same bag. After Selma, King's aides concentrated on Grenada, Mississippi, and Chicago. Both towns eventually responded to SCLC's prodding with what King calls "creative tension." Both towns remain substantially the same; the only thing that has changed is SCLC. Jim Bevel, King's best organizer, has decided to join the anti-war movement, while King himself is off on some island writing his memoirs.

The new southern political movement is being led by young and ambitious white politicos who are seeking allies from among the more comfortable black community and former civil rights activists. Aided by the federal government, this movement is gaining momentum.

Richmond Flowers, the former attorney-general of Alabama, is a main protagonist in the new southern political style. His appearance in Great Hall at the University of Wisconsin Madison campus two weeks ago provided little insight into the political developments in the deep South.

The focus of his speech, explicitly designed for white, middle-class, northern university students, was a severe attack on the Wallaces, couched in bland phrases and delivered with little emotion. He adequately demonstrated to his appreciative audience of Young Dems and their fellow-travellers that he was no more than an LBJ Democrat.

There were moments during his talk when he touched upon the heart of what he called "the new politics of the South." The first was in a reference to John F. Kennedy's statement that "young men are coming to power throughout the world"; the second was in a brief life history recounting his racist upbringing in Dolphin, Alabama, to some unspecified point in his life when he decided that segregation was not "the right thing to do." This break with his traditional upbringing seems to be quite recent, perhaps as recent as the inception of the southern Movement.

To really understand what Richmond Flowers is all about though, it is necessary to dig behind the pretty phrases. He, like the other "new departure Democrats" of the South, recognizes that the deferred moment has arrived. Over 200,000 Negroes are registered in Alabama, 150,000 in Missis-

Continued on page 11





N the tenth of March, The Federation of the Open Arts held its first meeting, and all who attended became members automatically. Those who didn't want to be members were informed that after the session, they could come up and sign a non-membership list.

The meeting began, in the great hall of the "Kafka Memorial Union", with the lights out but for the flashes of a colored light machine, and the flicker of symbolic punks which had been distributed to the membership.

The first incantations were those of Zach, the president of Open Arts. He stoned the membership with a remarkable assertion, that "we're all people." Zach was right and he knew it. He drove it home, "...did you ever go tell someone you're a person? Try it sometime, it's out of sight!" Zach was obviously hung on the idea; that we're all groovy people. A discovery; it was like he'd just learned to tie his shoe laces.

It should be the Angry Arts.

Angry that it takes us twenty years to find out that we're people, and even so, only with the help of incense and lights. Many still didn't know it.

Zach also discussed the problem of further deceptions. "We deceive ourselves; I know it's weird, but that's as it is." The Open Arts is expressedly concerned with the erasure of such deception, but much of what went on seemed merely to further deception.

The punks were no substitute for pot.

After six long solicitations for money and people, the jazz was introduced by a musician, Ben Sidran; "We're all musicians and we don't need anything.", said he as he threw the mike to the floor.

With the lights and the colors and the incense and the music, it looked like "Kafka Memorial Union" had been an epitaph. Was the Union on fire? From the great hall, for a moment, it seemed as if the whole place was burning. It seemed as if the Open Arts first meeting was a total success, destroying the repressive anality of the student union, its speech department culture and the she-devil Musser, along with it. But this too was part of the deception. A fakir's trick, done with lights and incense.

Zach seemed to accept the deception. He told us that he had heard that Peter Bunn, Union bureaucrat, was a bastard, but it wasn't so. "Bunn gave us all this!...the mikes, the room, the screen...You know it's not so hard to get what you want. All you have to do is go in there, say 'hi', and mean it."

Morris Edelson, knew better and came out the truer radical. It was he who had dubbed the building, "Kafka Memorial". He knew that when you're really "Open", the Union won't give you a damn, and the way to get it is to take it. "When Ginsberg comes here," he said, "if they don't give us a place, we'll take one." Edelson seemed to know that open arts is radical arts; to express yourself freely.

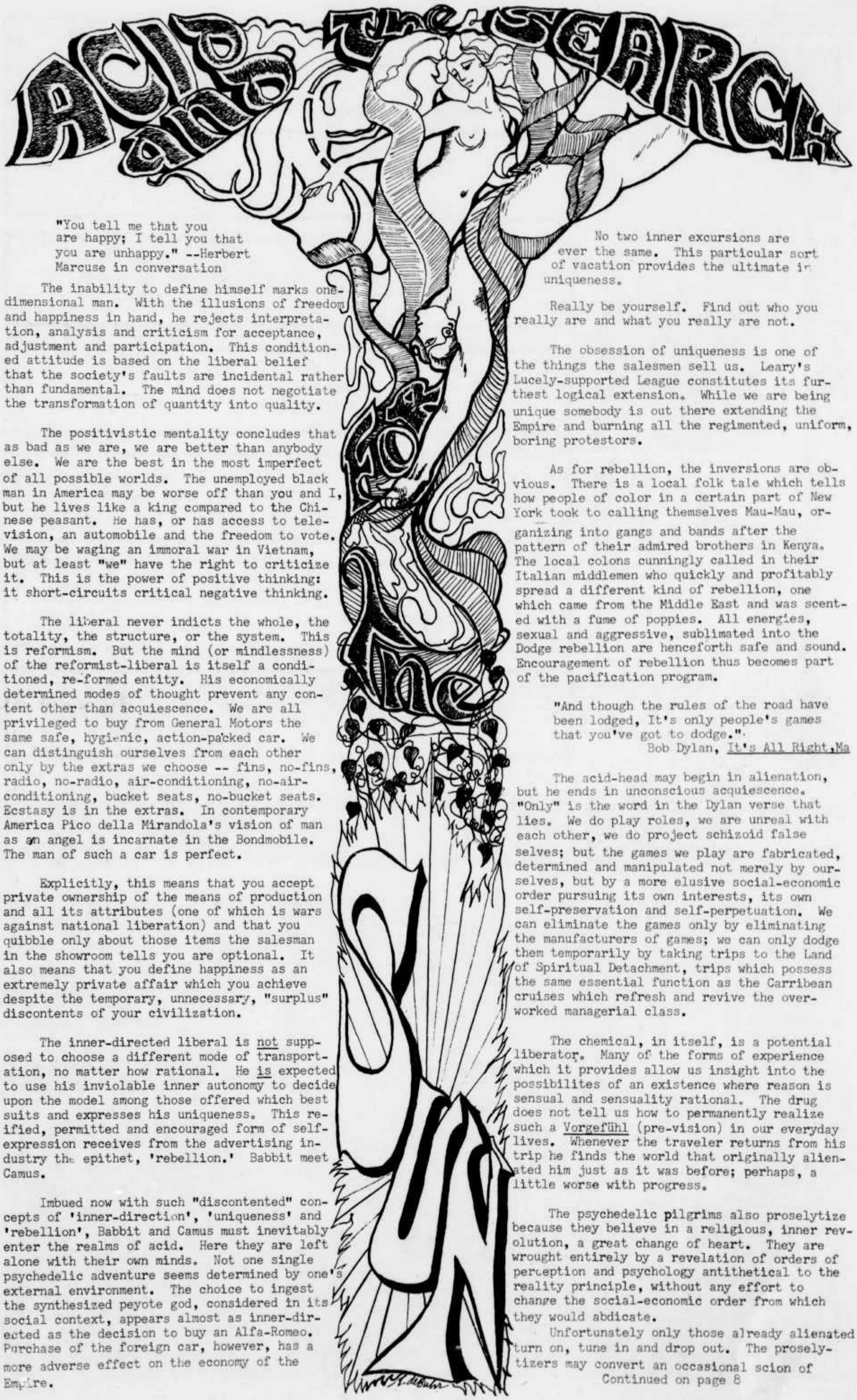
After Edelson, even Zach seemed to catch on. He said, "Maybe later on we should all go outside,...open up some windows."

When it was over, the custodians swept us away as usual.

As a constituent member of the Federation of the Open Arts, Connections offers the above criticism from a fraternal standpoint. As a journal dedicated to a broader and freer means of expression, our task is closely related to that of the Open Arts.

Stuart B. Ewen

Acid and the Search



"You tell me that you are happy; I tell you that you are unhappy." --Herbert Marcuse in conversation

The inability to define himself marks one-dimensional man. With the illusions of freedom and happiness in hand, he rejects interpretation, analysis and criticism for acceptance, adjustment and participation. This conditioned attitude is based on the liberal belief that the society's faults are incidental rather than fundamental. The mind does not negotiate the transformation of quantity into quality.

The positivistic mentality concludes that as bad as we are, we are better than anybody else. We are the best in the most imperfect of all possible worlds. The unemployed black man in America may be worse off than you and I, but he lives like a king compared to the Chinese peasant. He has, or has access to television, an automobile and the freedom to vote. We may be waging an immoral war in Vietnam, but at least "we" have the right to criticize it. This is the power of positive thinking: it short-circuits critical negative thinking.

The liberal never indicts the whole, the totality, the structure, or the system. This is reformism. But the mind (or mindlessness) of the reformist-liberal is itself a conditioned, re-formed entity. His economically determined modes of thought prevent any content other than acquiescence. We are all privileged to buy from General Motors the same safe, hygienic, action-packed car. We can distinguish ourselves from each other only by the extras we choose -- fins, no-fins, radio, no-radio, air-conditioning, no-air-conditioning, bucket seats, no-bucket seats. Ecstasy is in the extras. In contemporary America Pico della Mirandola's vision of man as an angel is incarnate in the Bondmobile. The man of such a car is perfect.

Explicitly, this means that you accept private ownership of the means of production and all its attributes (one of which is wars against national liberation) and that you quibble only about those items the salesman in the showroom tells you are optional. It also means that you define happiness as an extremely private affair which you achieve despite the temporary, unnecessary, "surplus" discontents of your civilization.

The inner-directed liberal is <u>not</u> supposed to choose a different mode of transportation, no matter how rational. He <u>is</u> expected to use his inviolable inner autonomy to decide upon the model among those offered which best suits and expresses his uniqueness. This reified, permitted and encouraged form of self-expression receives from the advertising industry the epithet, 'rebellion.' Babbit meet Camus.

Imbued now with such "discontented" concepts of 'inner-direction', 'uniqueness' and 'rebellion', Babbit and Camus must inevitably enter the realms of acid. Here they are left alone with their own minds. Not one single psychedelic adventure seems determined by one's external environment. The choice to ingest the synthesized peyote god, considered in its social context, appears almost as inner-directed as the decision to buy an Alfa-Romeo. Purchase of the foreign car, however, has a more adverse effect on the economy of the Empire.

No two inner excursions are ever the same. This particular sort of vacation provides the ultimate in uniqueness.

Really be yourself. Find out who you really are and what you really are not.

The obsession of uniqueness is one of the things the salesmen sell us. Leary's Lucely-supported League constitutes its furthest logical extension. While we are being unique somebody is out there extending the Empire and burning all the regimented, uniform, boring protestors.

As for rebellion, the inversions are obvious. There is a local folk tale which tells how people of color in a certain part of New York took to calling themselves Mau-Mau, organizing into gangs and bands after the pattern of their admired brothers in Kenya. The local colons cunningly called in their Italian middlemen who quickly and profitably spread a different kind of rebellion, one which came from the Middle East and was scented with a fume of poppies. All energies, sexual and aggressive, sublimated into the Dodge rebellion are henceforth safe and sound. Encouragement of rebellion thus becomes part of the pacification program.

"And though the rules of the road have been lodged, It's only people's games that you've got to dodge.".
Bob Dylan, <u>It's All Right,Ma</u>

The acid-head may begin in alienation, but he ends in unconscious acquiescence. "Only" is the word in the Dylan verse that lies. We do play roles, we are unreal with each other, we do project schizoid false selves; but the games we play are fabricated, determined and manipulated not merely by ourselves, but by a more elusive social-economic order pursuing its own interests, its own self-preservation and self-perpetuation. We can eliminate the games only by eliminating the manufacturers of games; we can only dodge them temporarily by taking trips to the Land of Spiritual Detachment, trips which possess the same essential function as the Carribean cruises which refresh and revive the overworked managerial class.

The chemical, in itself, is a potential liberator. Many of the forms of experience which it provides allow us insight into the possibilites of an existence where reason is sensual and sensuality rational. The drug does not tell us how to permanently realize such a <u>Vorgefühl</u> (pre-vision) in our everyday lives. Whenever the traveler returns from his trip he finds the world that originally alienated him just as it was before; perhaps, a little worse with progress.

The psychedelic pilgrims also proselytize because they believe in a religious, inner revolution, a great change of heart. They are wrought entirely by a revelation of orders of perception and psychology antithetical to the reality principle, without any effort to change the social-economic order from which they would abdicate.

Unfortunately only those already alienated turn on, tune in and drop out. The proselytizers may convert an occasional scion of

Continued on page 8



1

Built upon a hill, one enters under the illusion of an ascent somewhere, a kind of indefinable achievement.

2

In its yet incomplete state of external landscaping, one is struck by the alien cold aluminum, glass, cement blocks --- Rising from the soft and shapeless familiarity of one kind of mud into a cold and metallic mud of our own creation. Trees and girders akin, yet at war.

3

Corridors by Kafka; tunnels to learning?

4

Rooms as coffins. Where the mind is laid to rest, the spirit subdued.

5

Words without feeling: (To inject passion would be to distort an experience which is emotionless: To misrepresent the acquiescence of spirit; the numbing of the self).

6

Rooms become ascending morturaries. Desks; rows of slabs upon which books, notes, ideas, we are embalmed. One fluid slowly replacing another. All faces fixed, permanently acceptable.

7

Hier ist das Klassenzimmer.
Ecco la classe.
Voici la classe.
Aqui esta la clase.
Das ist die klassroom?

8

Vinyl life, wall to wall, leading to windows,
gill-like slits of glass, airtight----
a machine breathes for us.
The outside, tantalizing ribbons of green.

9

The jolt of the clock, a mechanical heart beat----
dependable, regular. Time without
aging, ripening; a suspension of
growth and change.

10

We ignore and slight the symmetrical coat racks.
To sling one's coat on a chair is human,
on the floor, divine.

11

Van Hise, Van Vleck-

Dull prefabricated existence given the prefix of aristocracy.

12

Functionalism is not the disease.
The disease is what it functions for.

13

Infinite but finite,
severe yet shapeless.

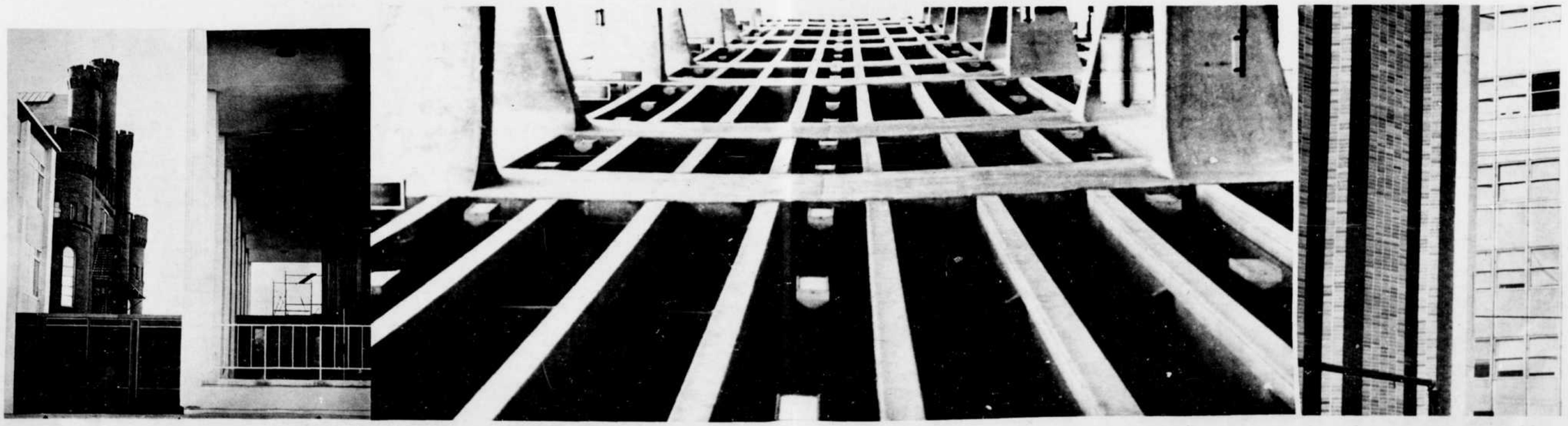
14

A conspiracy of form and content.



by Walter Srebnick
Stuart Ewen
Abbie de Buhr
Mike Oberdorfer
Julie Weiner
John Oldani

MAUSOLEUM: A COLLOIDAL ESSAY



Continued from page 5

power, but, they are unable to effect the smallest transformation in the economic interests which determine the social status quo. They will always inevitably leave power itself untouched. (Despite the most nostalgic regret for the illusions of Pacifists and True Christians, it is time now to recognize that power does come from the barrel of a gun and not from a pulpit or the powder of a pill.) Acid, like psychoanalysis, subtracts the troublemakers. In our desolating contemporary context it is just another Cause of Ineffective Alienation.

The most pathetic aspect of acid, however is the unavoidagle problem of the comedown. The case here becomes metaphysical; it is the case of Faust; each trip an expression of the command to the moment: "Stay then, you are so pretty." The psychedelic experience exposes many an unprepared mind to the oldest philosophical problems of the race. The individual who is truly well tuned-in does not simply contemplate but actually confronts the transcendence of time and an unmediated relationship to Being. Strong stuff for even a Faust, much less an undergraduate. After this fleeting peace, all understanding of life is an academic encore.

So the new Lower East Side breed of Swami-heads pass out subversive folders after the Leary Buddha musicales proselytizing the proselytizers: "Come and dig the vibrations of Krishna without chemicals and never come down!" Never come down -- sounds almost like the revolution, doesn't it? But it is, or signifies, despair, exactly the opposite.

To understand fully the ironic folly of our young intellectuals adopting the Hinduism of India one must read Arthur Koestler's book, The Lotus and the Robot. Hinduism is perhaps the most socially reactionary, static and irrational religion left on the planet. Its



rituals require contortions of the body and the mind which prepare the individual for literal and figurative annihilation. The body is trained and subdued to aid the crucial process of emptying consciousness of its objects; the mind is made a perfect solipsism, prefiguring death. One is reminded, when listening to the chanting of entranced dropouts, of the dialogue between the little prince and the drunkard:

"Monsieur drunkard, why do you drink?"
"I drink to forget."
"To forget what?"
"To forget that I drink."



Alienated and repressed, the disenchanted acid-head responds to his condition by submitting himself to historically more primitive, more direct forms of repression. He commits political and intellectual suicide (perhaps to avoid corporeal suicide). His Hinduism is even more antithetical to revolution than the permissive protestant ethic of Time Inc. It constitutes a negation of man by himself, a hopeless coition with Thanatos. -Alan Berger

Letter on The Italian Left

Continued from page 10

The whole thing here in Bologna was very FSM-ish for a while, with marvelous posters from all groups plastered all over the many walls (my favorites are easily translatable by you: NO AL MODERATISMO! And another: LACCHE' DELLA MAFIA ACCADEMICA, where the first word is our "lackeys"). What this student activity is doing is what it has sometimes done in the States: it is bringing some of the leftwing professors off their soft perches and into some kind of confrontation with reality, as distinct from the comfortable aperitivo kind of liftwingism they have become accustomed to.

The Italian left of course looks upon the war in Vietnam as what it is, (I mean "dirty," of course) no questions asked. But I have attended some public meetings here, where they attempt to take their position (whether Communist, Socialist, or PSIUP), and it is interesting to see that their tone and content are much like ours were a long time back; that is, they feel they have to give a patient explanation, step by step, of why the American position is wrong and dangerous, etc. This is another way of saying something else: The Italian people seem to be largely indifferent to the war; it is only the Left that cares. The Left plus the Church. (One of the best sources of news on the war here is the Catholic paper. Le Monde is of course the best source in Europe.)

The moves of the future seem at this moment to be very much aimed at reshuffling and combining the forces of the Left. Whether this will happen at all is hard to say; and if it does happen, whether it would be like the current French electoral arrangement on the Left, or a Popular Front, or something tighter or looser, nobody could say, least of all an American who misses the nuances. I shall close by saying that if one has to miss nuances, Italy is the most marvelous place to do so.

Pax,

Douglas Dowd

****

(Douglas Dowd is a professor of economics at Cornell University. He is on a year's leave at the Johns Hopkins University School of Advanced International Studies, Bologna, Italy.)

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MACBIRD....

by Elizabeth Ewen

The most puzzling thing about MacBird was its success as a production. The play is very thin with little insight or dramatic intent. The satire is dull and humdrum, being neither creative nor witty. The play hangs on its analogy to Shakespeare, using him as a prestigeous prop rather than an artistic model. Nevertheless the production here was excellent: the films, the acting, and the direction were all commendable. Yet it had to rely on the sensitivity of the actors and various external gimmicks (films, songs, chants, etc.) to make a real point. The question, then, is what gave the play an impact and a meaning?

The most important thing about both play and production is what they do to and with the audience. The play needs a sympathetic audience to share in a common psychological attitude. The plot reverses reality; our enemies are publicly defiled and ridiculed. They lose their ominous power and become the buffoons we would like to think they really are. We, on the other hand, are publicly exonerated, having both the tools of prediction and power. This reversal brings about an identification with the intention of the play. The action is superfluous; the characters (MacBird, Ken O'Dunc, etc.) are static. The important quality is the spirit of irreverence and reversal. We become the judges; the enemy, the judged. The audience participates as a higher court; with laughter we shout out our verdict. We are not merely vindicated through this process: it also makes us feel meaningful and alive. This deception is so artful that the horror and impotence of our specific reality becomes obscured and we almost believe the illusion. Even napalmed children and Hitlerian pictures of Johnson cannot shock us back.

In this sense, we created our own MacBird. We didn't see the thinness of the play, nor the sophomoric verse, nor the overdone and belabored wit. What we saw was a hybrid; MacBird was a catharsis through which we could purge our souls by laughing at all the things we hated. We had decided beforehand to love it, and when we got there we manipulated our feelings to fit participatory theater. The excitement came from our emotional identification with the heavy-handed spirit of the play. We wanted to be cleansed of our impotence. The play afforded us this luxury. We could say that we knew what Garson was talking about; it was almost as if we had written the play ourselves.

The problem here is bigger than MacBird. We have an entire ritual of illusions that help us fit into the schemata of reality. We derive fulfillment from sit-ins without content, statements by others who sound vaguely like us, theatre whose intent is known to us (Marat/Sade is another example)--an emotional fulfillment that remains illusory while it is intensely real to us. We would really like to believe in the supposed reality of these reversals. When we claim Marlon Brando, Muhammed Ali, or William Fulbright for our own, or shed tears for the beauty of a sit-in movement, we strike a barrier between us and the horror of existence. WE create our own symbolic subculture which serves as a buffer against our enemies. When we perform these tricks, we cleanse ourselves of the horror, we affirm our existence as radicals. Our illusions are our props, our weapons against the enemy.

These illusions, however, obscure something crucial to our existence as radicals: our critical mentality and literary sensibilities. For years we have been wallowing in bad theater, poetry that is merely propaganda slogans, art that is simply pictorial, and fiction that is superficial and weak. By our standards these things are great. The unfortunate fact is that we have no standards except those of emotion. We seek to be warmed rather than enlightened and this phenomenon hinders our ability to accept reality as it is, ourselves as we are. In the end we got the play we deserved and we were ecstatic.



A Letter on the Italian Left

You ask about the Italian Left. That is of course a big question and spending six months in a country doesn't provide one with even the beginnings of a decent answer, nor would it even if Bologna were all of Italy. This is perhaps especially true of Bologna, because it is the most Left of the large Italian cities -- with a Communist mayor and just about half of the population voting Communist. On top of those disclaimers, add the fact that a good part of my news about Italy comes from their wild newspapers, and that my Italian leaves something to be desired, and you will know that I probably have missed nine nuances out of ten, and perhaps even gotten some things backward. But you asked, so here goes.

Of course the first thing to be said is that things here are very different so far as political leanings and expression are concerned. The Communist mayor and the Bishop of Bologna (Cardinal Lecaro) hold joint meetings for peace in Vietnam, the latter is made an honorary citizen of Bologna by the former, and you can fill in the gaps in between. Many of the professors in the University of Bologna are well-known (note that I do not say "suspected" or "admitted") party members, and everyone would be surprised if one were to comment on that. The Communists are looked upon with disfavor by many, of course; but one gets the sense that it is the kind of disagreement one finds as between hard-nosed Democrats and hard-nosed Republicans in the States: that is, they are looked upon as legitimate disagreements.

Perhaps the most heartfelt dissent from the Communist position comes from the rather new PSIUP, something like our "New Left" in the sense that it is a very open group, intellectual in its composition, highly moral and forward-looking in its outlook, and very much down on doctrinaire, old-fashioned left positions. Many of the PSIUP-ers are quasi-Maoist, but I gather that this is more an expression of an open feeling toward very substantial change than an explicit attachment to anything especially Chinese. Of course there is some of the latter, too; but I doubt that it is a majority position within the PSIUP. The latter is, in any case, the most interesting and lively of the political groups on the left. The Communists seem to be tired and repetitive, and they catch it from both the PSIUP on their left and the newly-unified Socialist (PSI) Party on their right. The Communists are, in their Italian way, very partial to the USSR, and they by and large follow the lead of the Russians. The PSIUP is much concerned with America and things American on the one hand, and China and the under developed areas on the other. Things American of course include the Vietnamese war and the black, the poor, the students--almost all the things that young Americans work for or are against. I believe they see what is happening to America, and what has been good about America, more clearly than any other group in Italy. The Demo-Christians are pure captives of the States, including apparently financial captives(the CIA news here surprised nobody; indeed the opposite would have).

One development that is both striking and encouraging is the loosening up of the political scene. By "loosening up" I mean to suggest that individuals, especially students, seem to be emerging in their own right in an active and imaginative way, as compared with what apparently has been the earlier custom; namely, to allow the party bosses (irrespective of party) to call the tune, and then sing it. Each party has its representation in the government, each has its own newspaper. Every worker is in a union; all students have groups representing them in "student government". In a word, there has been considerable "representation" of all points of view at various levels of society; but this representation appears to have been a cause of the stifling of the kind of individual action we are accustomed to (on the Left) in the States. That now seems to be breaking down, and as it does so, there seems to be new life -- if also considerable chaos -- emerging on the Left.



Perhaps one way of putting this is in terms of the ideas discussed and read. All the students and professors I have met here are very familiar with Marxism -- in a way one does not find in the States. But the ideas that excite them most come out of Marcuse, or C. Wright Mills, much more than Marx. Marxian ideas are taken, one might say, as a datum, when it comes to developing a stance on basic institutions and movements in the West. But there is deep and unremitting suspicion of the kind of totalitarian societies now flourishing in both West and East, the totalitarian industrial societies; and of these developments Marx had little or nothing to say, while Marcuse talks about little else. His <u>One-Dimensional Man</u> is a sort of <u>Das Kapital</u> in Italy among the intellectuals of the Left. Connected to this is what is implicit in it; namely, the Left is considerably more intellectual here than in the States. The advantage of that is that there is great sophistication about what goes on; the disadvantage, not inherent but there is that the Italians are only beginning to dirty their hands with politics. I think the Italians are beginning to move toward our style; and we should, I think, move toward theirs. Both the mind and the feet are needed, if the heart is to have its way.

One excellent symptom of the changes noted above is what has been happening in the string of student strikes in the universities. Bologna has very much taken the lead, both because of its location in the Red Belt (as it is called in Italy), and because the U. of B. is not only the oldest university in Europe, and one of its finest, but because in its early centuries the students in fact paid for and ran it. What started as a national strike in December, which fizzled, here took on a different meaning: the students occupied their "facolta" (like our colleges) for as much as three weeks. The strike was begun by the tired organizations, and conducted in a tired way. It was taken over by individuals who began to work together independently of their formal political alliance (all students have such an alliance, mostly with a leftwing fragment), and who formed something new. It has been effective, in a large way. The incredible authoritarianism of the Italian university has been breached by the students at Bologna. They have won a format that requires the faculties to take them into account on all matters that concern them, and this is nothing less than a revolution. (To give you an idea of how awful the universitites are here, in terms of structure and control, the Italians look to the American system as a remote ideal to be striven for!)

Continued on page 8

The Moment Deferred

Continued from page 3

sippi, and over 50 per cent of the potential black electorate in Louisiana, Georgia, Arkansas, and Tennessee. The old racist Bilbo-type demagogues like Wallace of Alabama, Barnett of Mississippi, and Faubus of Arkansas, have either changed their political style or held onto the old techniques while recognizing that their position on race is anachronistic.

The younger men with political aspirations are already seeking alliances within the Negro community, especially among former Movement people.

During the Alabama Democratic gubernatorial primary, Flowers sought the support of Movement people, particularly SCLC followers, both in Birmingham and Selma. As a result, thousands of Negroes cast their lot with Flowers and his urban middle-class white constituents.

The state of Mississippi will soon experience this kind of coalition between urban whites and poor black people. The Kennedys have been plunging money into the Young Democrats of Mississippi, an integrated organization, while Harvard Law School has arranged to send liberal professors to instruct future white politicians now attending the Ole Miss law school.

The political complexion of the state will take on a new hue when these young white Mississippians decide to crack the regular Democratic Party of the state. Racist sloganeering cannot be profitable when a politician has to account for some 200,000 new black voters.

The cultivation of a new crop of "young men rising to power" in the deep South has created the illusion that the position of the Negro will improve. Certainly many people in Great Hall appeared to equate Flowers' decision to run for governor in 1970 with the best possible alternative to Wallace-redneckism.

Flowers and his ilk, some Northerners think, will fulfill the hopes and dreams of the southern Freedom Movement. A hamburger is not Freedom, the politicians will admit,but voting Democratic is. Freedom <u>is</u> the Democratic Party, and the Democratic Party is, in turn, not Black Power, or White Power, but Green Power.

Green Power is the selective disbursement of federal money into the South via Headstart, Manpower and Retraining, and Vista programs. This money serves as an important tool for social control. It guarantees a livelihood for former Movement Negroes, as in Mississippi where 3,000 Negroes are on the payroll of the Child Development Group of Mississippi, and predisposes them toward such traditional channels for change as the Democratic Party.

Flowers' political style has already taken hold in the mid-South, particularly in Tennessee. The Tennessee Movement passed into the phase of the "new politics" years ago. The state government is "liberal" and "pro-Administration." "Courting" the Negro vote is developing into an art in some rural west Tennessee counties, and is quite well-developed in Memphis and Nashville.

The Movement started in 1959 and 1960 with voter registration in the rural areas and sit-ins in the cities. By 1963-64, the cities were quiet, but the rural areas continued to raise hell about "Mister Charley."

Since 1965 however, the older leaders from the countryside who come from the small independent landowning class have accepted the outlook of their counterparts in Memphis and Nashville. They have decided to invest their time and energy in the Tennessee Voters' Council, established by Negro politicos from Memphis and Nashville as a state-wide non-partisan organization in 1960.

The Tennessee Voters' Council (TVC) is welded to the liberal wing of the state Democratic party. It is by no means a Movement-type organization. The TVC works from the top down, a few select county leaders deciding whom they will support and then passing the word down to the voter.

Certainly the TVC has pressured the state government to hire more Negro employees in the State Capitol, and has helped elect a few Negroes to the state legislature. There is little evidence however, to prove that political integration into the Democratic party in Tennessee has done much more than provide some comfortable Negroes with state jobs.

For the Negro in rural west Tennessee, voting is a commonplace occurrence. His vote guarantees the perpetuation of Democratic party politics, but does little to alleviate his fundamental problems. What he gets in return is a <u>feeling</u> of participation in important civic happenings. Materially he is no better off than black people in the worst areas in Mississippi. The counties east of Memphis still rank among the poorest in the nation. The urban Negro in Memphis and Nashville fares about as well as his counterpart in the south side of Chicago or Harlem.

In all likelihood, the Tennessee experience will eventually reach Alabama, with Richmond Flowers a potentially significant force in this development. Ironically, the southern Freedom Movement which helped create this new politics is powerless to do anything to stop it at this point in history.

Milwaukee Lincoln

Continued from page 12

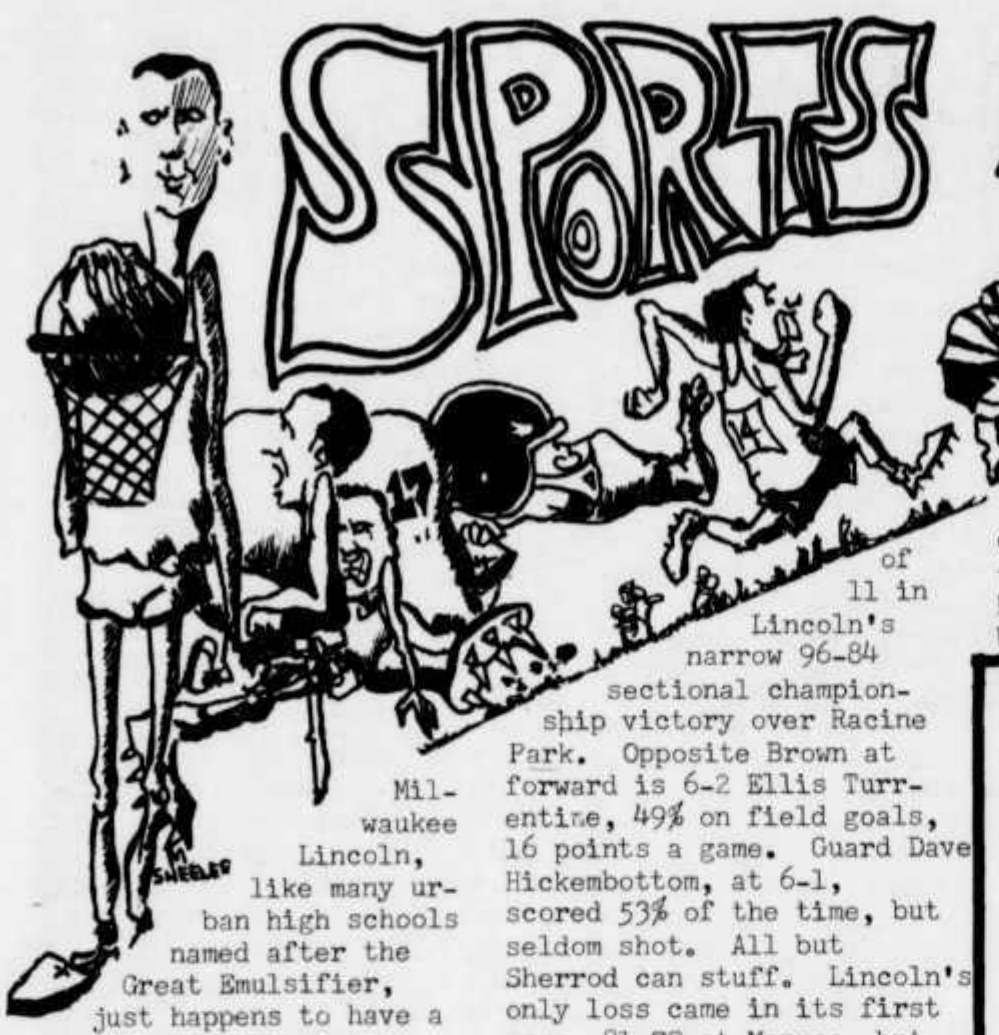
white bars said. Frequently they were rattled by the hostile screams of 10,000 scrubbed blonds, especially when they were shooting free throws. Hate was occasionally an unmistakable ingredient in the crowd response, and even the TV cameramen were sensitive enough to do some editorial close-ups of the contorted faces in the stands and on the sidelines. When opposing coaches went so far as to apologize to Jim Smallins for the display and when Smallins himself acknowledged that his team was shaken by it, the situation prompted the Milwaukee <u>Journal</u> to declare in a bold-type banner across its sports page that race was not a factor in the incidents. (To say otherwise might foster the dangerous speculation that race was a factor in Lincoln's victory over every team it faced.) "There are people like that in every crowd," says Smallins, "and they bothered us last year, but it didn't show much except on free throws, because you don't hear anything the rest of the time. I don't think it'll bother our boys if it happens again this year. They've been through it now, and they know how to handle themselves. They're a good group of boys, wonderful to work with, and they love to win."

With the opening tip, Lincoln's cheerleaders begin a steady, rhythmic chant expressive of something between the Missa Luba and the Supremes. Brown swishes from the corner, Sherrod steals the ball and bombs from twenty feet, Thomas takes the defensive boards and shoots a long pass to Turrentine, and he lays it in. 6-0 Lincoln, and the cheering section hasn't missed a beat. Against Custer, in a 119-point performance to clinch the city title, the Comets twice scored six points in eight seconds, good enough to merit an uncontrolled outburst of stomping and shouting, but again the cheerleaders maintained their syncopated singing and clapping. Lincoln swept up and down the court to the relentless beat and left at half-time close to a forty-point lead. The Comets came back to outscore Custer 39-9 in the next eight minutes, utterly routing a team that had been in contention in the conference race all the way and boasted an All-City forward. A New York sportswriter who had seen the great Boy's High teams of the late fifties, Chamberlain and his gang in Philly, and Lew Alcindor at Power Memorial, was asked in a half-time interview how Lincoln compared with these paragons. "There's no question about it, " he replied; "Lincoln could take them all." That judgement, even coming from the Apple, is undoubtedly debatable.

You've just finished an article on the 1967 state champions written before tournament play began. If anything went awry, start checking for violations of the Civil Rights Act.

--H.G.L.

SPORTS SCENE



Milwaukee Lincoln, like many urban high schools named after the Great Emulsifier, just happens to have a large Negro enrollment. It also, quite logically, has the best basketball team in the state. The Comets are not a segregated team; one white player frequently helps mop up after Lincoln hits a forty-point lead. But this tokenism on the part of Lincoln's Negro coach, James Smallins, never dispels the opposing team's awareness that it is up against Black Power in the most statistically measurable sense of the term.

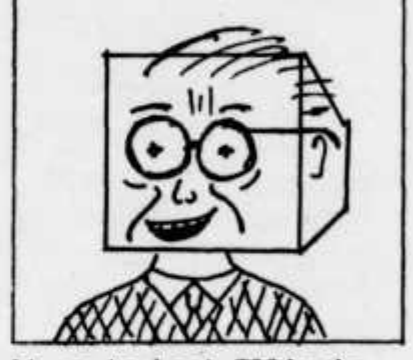
During the regular season, the Comets averaged 104 points per game, the equivalent of 130 in college-length play. They stomped to a 16-0 record in Milwaukee's big City Conference and shot close to 50% from the floor despite having reserves at every position for nearly a full quarter of each game. Leading scorer, Fred Brown, a 6-2 forward, shot 56% and stuffed in over 23 points a game. When he's hot, it's all over. In Lincoln's 95-60 sub-sectional victory over West Allis Hale, Brown hit on 12 straight shots in the first half and finished with 15 for 17. Clarence Sherrod, born too late to dribble past Abe Saperstein in a hallway, could dazzle any modern impresario with his ball-handling abilities. A 6-footer with great speed, the Comets' playmaking guard averaged 24 points with running twenty-foot jump shots, good 46% of the time, but missed one game and finished 17 points behind Brown in total scoring. Center Larry Thomas, only 6-4, led the City Conference in rebounding; and the Comets, with Thomas and a seemingly endless supply of leapers sweeping the boards, consistently took 60 to 80 rebounds a game while holding their opponents to as few as 11. Thomas shot 57% from the floor and sank 10 of 11 in Lincoln's narrow 96-84 sectional championship victory over Racine Park. Opposite Brown at forward is 6-2 Ellis Turrentine, 49% on field goals, 16 points a game. Guard Dave Hickembottom, at 6-1, scored 53% of the time, but seldom shot. All but Sherrod can stuff. Lincoln's only loss came in its first game, 81-79 at Monroe, but the team was without Sherrod and Turrentine, together worth 60 points in the Comets' title-clincher against Milwaukee Custer.

Lincoln's trademark is a pressing man-to-man defense, with a beautifully free set of variations based on the simple premise that the other team has no right to the ball. In their 99-55 regional semi-final breeze over Waukesha, the Comets repeatedly intercepted dribbles in mid-bounce, took away in-bounds passes for easy lay-ups and harrassed Waukesha into 31 turnovers. "Things don't come by accident," says Smallins. "This is something we work on." His basic maxim-- "When the ball moves, go get it" -- may not be regarded as a breakthrough in coaching theory, but in practice, Lincoln gets it. In response to skeptics who note that Lincoln has little height in its lineup, Smallins mildly observes that if you can get your hand above the rim, it scarcely matters how tall you stand on the floor. To avoid exaggerating the fact that his players just happen to be able to jump a little higher than most, he adds that "rebounding is half mental, so each game they challenge each other to see who'll get the most off the boards." Smallins consciously seeks to impose a consistent pattern of play. "We like to imitate the Packers in this respect. Everybody knows what we'll do in a game, and it helps us if they know what we've done doing what we do." What Lincoln did this year was to hold its opponents to 62 points a game, 42 under its own comfortable total.

Milwaukee Lincoln won the state championship last year with a team that averaged 96 points a game and lost only once. All season long they were ranked behind Madison East and Green Bay West, which just happen to have large white enrollments and, quite logically, were quickly eliminated at Madison. Lincoln played great ball only in spurts. The Comets fouled a lot, but less, they thought, than the men behind black and

Continued on page 11

SQUAREY SAYS . . .



Them Badgers really poured it on to beat Illinois in the final basketball game for the season. Boy did they ever play a whale of a game.

That Tommy Mitchell played the best game I seen him play all year. He wasn't afraid to shoot that ball. Nagle he's a real whizz got a dandy touch on his shots. He broke the sophomore scoring record and looked like he got more assists than anyone on the team while he's doin it. Thats real team playing if you ask me. Joe Franklin he's a beaut on offense and defense. He climbs around them backboards like they was his. If he aint MVP this year I don't know who is. That Jimmy Johnson is another one to keep your eye on. He's only a sophomore too. Carlin and Sweeny they handled them plays like nothin when they was in there.

That Illinois team aint so good without Rich Jones and Ron Dunlap. Fifteen or thirty-five bucks a month don't seem like much walking around money to me. Some bankers fellas and shopkeepers I know take a lot more out of the till when they go to the bathroom. Something wrong about that whole slush fund business. Those two fellas can't play college ball anymore but the guys that gave them the dough they can still coach.

I seen the freshman basketball team whip the Iowa fresnman 97-84 Friday night. Mel Reddick he's a picture to watch he's got that killer instinct when he goes for the basket. He drives like a armored gazelle. Johnny Erickson can really use him next year.

So many people showed up at my St. Pat's party that we had to move it to the Field House. By noon the Field House was so jammed that we moved it to Lambeau Field. There was enough room there but it sure got cold. Everyone was there; the Governor, Ole Olson and the Swedes, the fourth warders, the Sauk City crowd, Lou Ehlers, Soupy Sales, Oscar Mayer, Oscar Werner, Oscar Damman, Oscar Rennebohm, Oscar Wilde, Hal Brandt, Jesus Alou, Jasha Heiffetz and Myrna Loy. Bob Cohen couldn't make it again this year.

Marv Merchant took me out to Bob Leske's Supper Club on Tuesday. That famous salad bar is really a treat. When I turn loose on it boy I feel like a mayonnaise pit for a couple of days after, and how. Ned Nordic was with us. Boy did he ever do a disappearing act when the check came. Marv didn't exactly break his arm reaching for it either.

Dusty Bowls drove me out to the Mt. Horeb annual athletic charity banquet at the Lutheran Methodist Cathedral. I really had those kids falling off their chairs they laffed so hard. Them women don't mess arouhd out there in the kitchen. They cooked me a dish of rutabagas boy did I ever park that baby. They gave me a lot of nice bottle caps too. We needed a whole truck to carry all the stuff home. You should of seen us.

Life's worth livin if you meet the right folks. If you don't just read "Connections" and you never will. What more could be fairer?

volume 1
number 3

april 1-15, 1967
15¢ 20¢ OUTSIDE WISCONSIN



The *UNMENTIONED* UNMENTIONED unmentioned RIOT on state street

The newspapers didn't mention this, but there was a riot of sorts on State Street, Saturday night, Basketball Weekend, at 11:30. Hundreds of clean-cut Wisconsin high-schoolers milled on both sides of the street, digging the big university scene. In the vicinity of the Pink Bunny parking lot two of Madison's defenders of domestic tranquility were pulling at a short, heavy girl, yanking at her hair and pinning her arms behind her back, apparently attempting to escort her to a waiting patrol car. She defended herself surprisingly well, swinging her arms about, pulling at The Man's uniform, spitting, kicking, almost flooring two.

Hundreds of the high-schoolers gathered round, perhaps in hopes of seeing a REAL UNIVERSITY RIOT! WOW! Meanwhile the girl was shouting, "You sons of bitches," "You can't take me," and "Please, somebody help, help!" simultaneously punching a policeman in the groin and kicking the patrol car.

As a second and third squad car arrived, more of the highschoolers began to form a ring about the scene (wow! lookathat!) But the curiosity began to change to concern for the girl, and two boys from Oshkosh shouted "Police brutality" and at that the crowd coalesced, chanting and closing the circle. State Street was filled with people. Traffic and business was disrupted. The merchants in the area ignored the incident, manifesting the mercantile attitude of don't support the cops if it's not profitable, which is rarely the case anyway. The cops made no other arrests, so the situation can be chalked off as just highschool kids having fun. Let's not give any more credence to police brutality charges than we have to, boys.

For several minutes the crowd protected her, but she was again caught, and a cop raised his billy club but was stopped by an anonymous hand from the crowd. Once they got her into the car, the mob blocked the exits of the parking lot. At this minute the girl pushed herself out of the car window, shouting for assistamce. She was forced back into the car. The crowd began chanting "Blue Bastards" and "Where are our rights?" It was a half an hour before the crowd was dispersed enough to allow the patrol cars to leave with the prisoners.

When it was over, part of the crowd began to talk about what they should have done. The sidewalk still bustled with impromptu student speakers talking about "freedom" and "human rights."

Well, Wisconsin, what are you going to do when your own sons and daughters, not even out of high school, begin making sounds like radicals? What are you going to do, Senator Roseleip, when the good clean kids of Wisconsin, brought up on wholesome Wisconsin milk and cheese, begin to sound like pinko New York Jews? But that's all right, now that the kids are back home, drinking their milk like they ought to, they'll forget all about it. And there won't be any "unfortunate" news article to remind them.

--Doug Guidry
--Robb Soffian

A LETTER TO DEFENSE OF ACID

(This letter is a response to an article written by Alan Berger in the second issue of Connections)

Now it just might be that those of us who have decided to take the acid trip have stepped outside the narrow confines of your limited vision into a world that a well-trained, middle-class, radical mind such as yours and those of your socially aware compatriots fail to grasp at all. While you wallow in the mire of social criticism and cry out against one-dimensional man with your american standards, acid is showing a 3-D world to all who take, not just a broader one dimension. Let me explain, harsh critic of society, individuality, and AMERICA, that you are criticizing the plague while not even bothering to cover your coughs and sneezes. It's not the dirty sheets, but the germs you should be after.

Acid isn't the height of individuality, self-expression, and masturbation. Our whole lives we are alone expressing our little ego in grand display; cut off, alone, you know alienation. But on a trip you're inside someone else's mind and body and they're inside yours. The whole world and you are one. Your body doesn't end at your fingertips or your toes, but extends on into infinity forwards and back into time forever. For the first time you transcend your little corpsy cell and invade the world of the sensual which has been denied to you since you learned good from bad. And there it is. Good and Bad. What nonsense! Laws, man against man, you and me, it is all the same. Individuality, me above you, I get an A you a B, I got Fins and 3000 horses, you don't, get it.

You're all for building a better, juster, fairer system by making people politically aware and activists to create your great idea. As far as I'm concerned you're just out to build a newer, better trap; but this time you hope to be the keeper with the keys, and its your game I'll have to dodge: "but its all right ma, I can make it."

You might think you are pretty radical but your economics and ideas are a hundred years old, at least, and that white horse stuff is strictly for romantics not sensualists. And it's time we accepted sensualism and the joys of the flesh (god forgive me) and gave up some of our ideas about man and woman which are at least 1000 years old and have brought nothing but misery, enslavement, and frustration to thousands of generations of men and women.

Take a little trip and find out what is inside your flesh and then let's see if you can give up your little dream world, you in the driver's seat whipping those horses to get where you want to go.

-Arnie Cohn

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CONNECTIONS
22 N. HENRY ST. MADISON, WISC.

CONNECTIONS
22 North Henry Street
Madison, Wis. 53703

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special issue on ROBBEN FLEMING coming next week!

THE CIA...

Hell hath no fury like an exposed liberal, as a recent discussion of the CIA at a New York Reform Democrat club eloquently revealed. I define a liberal--for those who may still consider it a word of praise --as that political personality who pickets against the war on Vietnam with the Feifferesque slogan, "A little less bombing." Often frightened by the implications of even his own pious rhetoric, the liberal automatically retorts: "But we must be moderate...realistic."

The existence of the United States in a very hungry world has been anything but moderating. The Central Intelligence Agency was established in the latter stages of World War Two as part of a reaction by American leaders to the emerging nationalist and anti-imperialist revolutionary movements. The CIA, responsible in public law to nobody, has since grown enormously. Its counter-revolutionary activity in the '50s chalked up successes in Guatemala and Iran, although it fluffed its role, in 1961, as the Cuban Invasion Agency. In recent weeks scandal has struck the CIA. Ramparts magazine disclosed the agency's systematic infiltration into that bulwark of campus purity and high-minded ambition, the National Student Association. The genuine courage of some NSA officers in exposing this tie at the risk of imprisonment, and the dark suspicion surrounding the CIA's extensive involvement in American life has produced headline after headline. Much of this is revelatory of the liberal's "little-less-bombing" mentality.

Madison's Capital Times asked mournfully: "What ever happened to the decency of the CIA?" Far more ludicrous was President Johnson's call for an investigation of the CIA. One might laugh at Johnson's appointment of Under Secretary of State Katzenbach as head of the investigation, but the humor became macabre when CIA director, Richard Helms was added to the list of sleuths. Lincoln Steffans once suggested that criminals would make the best judges as they best understand the motives of crime: the Katzenbach panel is an interesting proof. The panel's report condemned covert CIA support of private voluntary groups like NSA, even as it condoned the procedure historically because of the post-war communist menace. It climaxed with the recommendation that "the Government should promptly develop and establish a private-public mechanism to provide public funds openly for overseas activities or organizations which are adjudged deserving, in the national interest, of support."

These developments and their implications were the subject of a recent meeting of the New Chelsea Reform Democratic Club on Manhattan's lower west-side. A heterogeneous group of some hundred people jammed the airless, colorless clubroom whose walls possessed only a portrait of JFK: LBJ and "Bobby" were, significantly, absent. The topic of discussion was "The CIA and the Student."



The participants included two angry SDS members from Columbia (recent victors in a class-rank battle, but obviously devoid of both power and the glibness of power's handmaidens) and two veterans of NSA, the current vice-president for National Affairs, Ed "Don't-Blame-Me-For-What-The-International-Affairs-V.P.-Should-Have-Been-Watching" Schwartz and Allard Lowenstein, past NSA president, veteran Reform Democrat and office-seeker. For someone who has always hoped that through a confrontation of liberal and radical, America may yet be saved, the evening was a frightful disillusionment.

Pointedly presenting the radical case, SDS's Steve Hallowell dissected the recent performance of important liberals. He cited Brother Bobby's initial reaction to the CIA-NSA story as archtypical: "Well, after all, the enemy is tough."

At this point a grandmother in front of me emitted a grunt of recognition of the sort I hadn't heard in New York audiences since I saw Tchaikovsky's Violin Concerto performed years ago in Lewisohn Stadium. If Hallowell drew the greatest admiration for his pointed critique of the society which spawned the CIA, and Roger Taus, the other SDS'er, pulled no punches in exposing the Columbia University administration's collusion with the CIA and the military, the audience was clearly willing to forgive the silent liberals if only they would now expiate for their CIA ties. Their position was a sad one. They could convince no one that as Establishment liberals they had anything to offer our floundering society. Time will tell whether the Reform Democrats and their fellow travellers are able to break with the leaders of the American Behemoth, but I would like to conclude with an outline of why I think they failed even to begin to move in this direction that night at the New Chelsea Club and why they will continue to fail to provide insight and leadership in American politics.

Liberals such as Lowenstein and Schwartz are perhaps congenitally unable to perceive contradictions in political life. They could not, for example, reply to Steve Hallowell's point that it's no accident that Ellsworth Bunker is both ambassador to the OAS and chairman of the board of the American Sugar Refining Company. For the two former NSA officers such contradictions, and occurrences like the CIA scandal are unfortunate mishaps in an otherwise smoothly functioning free and democratic society. Lowenstein finally conceded that the CIA should be abolished: contingent upon the creation of a new and more responsible one. It is this sort of profundity and sophistication which the late C. Wright Mills referred to as "crackpot realism." It is, of course, too much to hope that on the road to such a new, improved CIA, ADA's magazine, World will scoop Ramparts on the next expose.

Meanwhile, Lowenstein basked happily in the glow of being roasted in both the National Review and the National Guardian. Ed Schwartz's role in the current controversy is

Continued on page 5

...and THE LIBERALS



MCLUHAN

by Dave Gross



This is a spoilt age which somehow manages to get whatever it wants. At the moment it has nearly everything imaginable in the way of diversions but still there is a vague and lingering malaise. What could be the cause of it? Is it possible that after the pleasures, the amusements, the playthings have been put aside there is still something lacking?

Unfortunately it seems so. But in order to rectify this, a number of the intellegentsia in the mass media have concluded that what is missing in this age, above all else, is a genius. Why hadn't anyone thought of it before? In all other periods of history there was always some sort of "great mind" who shone like a rare jewel, and whose glittering, in some way or other, justified the age. What is needed today is just such a genius. If he does not exist in reality, that is no great matter: he can be fabricated. There is nothing easier at present than manufacturing synthetic products, and now at last our age has a product that perfectly reflects it: a synthetic "great mind" who goes by the name of Marshall McLuhan.

Everyone is ecstatic about this new "find". Life calls him the "oracle of the electric age"; Fortune dubs him "one of the great intellectual influences of our time"; Harper's proclaims him "one of the continent's most brilliant minds"; and the New York Herald Tribune completely loses its head in the excitement by pronouncing McLuhan "the most important thinker since Newton, Darwin, Freud, Einstein, and Pavlov".

Actually McLuhan is not at all an extraordinary thinker. He is not even very original, for most of his ideas are gleaned from writers such as Mumford, Boulding, Toynbee, and especially Selye, and Innis. What makes him important is not that he stands above and beyond our time, but rather that he is the perfect embodiment of it, that he has, in fact, the most typical, the most ordinary kind of mind, with an all-to-ordinary kind of message.

Take for example this passage (an excerpt from the popular Dave Mickie Radio Show) in his best book to date, Understanding Media (1964):

> That's Patty Baby and that's the girl with the dancing feet and that's Freddy Cannon there on the David Mickie Show in the night time ooohbah scuba-doo how are you booboo. Next we'll be Swinging on a Star and ssshhhwwooo sliding on a moonbeam. . . . W:aaaaaa how about that. . . One of the goodest guys with you. . . this is lovable kissable D.M. in the p.m. at 22 minutes past nine o'clock there, aahhrightie. . .

For anyone trying to understand our age, this would seem to indicate that there is something very sick about a society that accepts this as a usual fare. Not so McLuhan. For him it is a sign of health. Unlike the cultural pessimists who lament with Spenglerian despair the "quality of ideas" in a program like the Dave Mickie Show, McLuhan completely bypasses any discussion of content. What concerns him is the method of communication. By shifting the argument away from the matter at hand, McLuhan, to the glee of his devotees, parries the thrusts of serious critics of mass culture by evading the issue altogether.

How does he do this? It is really very simple, and if you follow him closely you can see every step.

First, he introduces the (by now) famous slogan "the media is the message". This means, to be precise, that it is not the content which is important, but only the way it is transmitted; not the quality of ideas being conveyed, but only the quality of the process; not the value of the message, but only the nature of the media. Even at the starting point McLuhan begins with premises that the cultural pessimists would not accept.

Next, he distinguishes the "types" of media, for as it turns out there can be both good and bad media. The David Mickie Show, for instance, is okay because in MacLuhan's parlance, it is a "cool" rather than a "hot" medium, and therefore it induces from the listener more involvement, and more involvement is good because it carries man beyond individualism to a new tribalism.

And now for the third step. McLuhan envisions the dawn of a new age, the "electric age", in which man will be re-tribalized after long centuries in the wasteland of individualism. In world-historical terms, he describes the three great a ages of man: The tribal, which lasted until the invention of writing; the literate, roughly extending from the Phoenecians to the present day, but accelerating rapidly after Gutenberg; and the new electric age whose threshold we are now about to cross. The electric age will see the world become a "global village" unified by technology and the communications media; every part will have an "organic interdependence" with every other part and all will presumably live in close-knit unity.

After this flurry of utopian visions, the careful reader may still be curious about the problem that McLuhan began with, namely the horrendous radio programs that assault our ears daily.

That problem no longer exists. By switching instantly from reality to myth, that is from a present concern to a hypothetical future, McLuhan steers the reader away from problems that are obviously crying for solutions. One moment the reader is in the real, the next moment the unreal; one moment there is a problem, the next moment it has vanished completely. McLuhan linguistically manipulates the reader's thought in such a way that all difficulties seem not only to disappear, but never to have existed. Words, ideas, images, even time dimensions are juggled so smoothly that nothing has a consistent meaning.

It is not surprising that McLuhan can transcend any problem presented to him. If the Dave Mickie Show seems perverse and vulgar at first, a quick reading of McLuhan should convince one that the opposite is true since as a "cool" medium it is moving us one giant step towards a tribalism. That may be true, but what kind of tribalism is McLuhan thinking about?

I said earlier that McLuhan's genius is not that he stands above his age, but rather that he reflects it so accurately. Indeed, the most pervasive notion one gets in reading his books is not that McLuhan is an exceptional thinker but that he is so "unexceptional" that the case itself is unusual.

This becomes clear with every subject McLuhan touches upon. Even a close look at his most "original" idea--"the media is the message"--

Continued on page 5

shows that there is really nothing novel about it. This idea has been current for years among that segment of society which at this moment is determining the kind of world we live in. (I mean, of course, our ruling elite: technocrats, ad men, "efficiency experts", bureaucrats, and elements of the scientific and political establishments.) McLuhan's only achievement is to have crystalized these currents of thought into a felicitous phrase.

Advertising, for instance, has been operative a long time now on the theory that the media is the message. The concern has been to communicate an "image" of an object. Selling is increased by fixating such images in the consumer's mind. Quality has relatively little to do with it.

The same for politics. The "age of ideology", we are told, has come to an end. From now on politics will concentrate on processes and methods of distribution, on the means of control, etc. Questions of "content" are virtually settled; there remain only problems of allocation of men and material.

Education is also coming to stress the media over the message, or the quantity of information over the quality. What counts is the method of assimilation and classification of knowledge, which will have to be done with increasing speed and facility. The value of information processed through the brain is not as important as knowing what to do with it.

In administration--and not least of all university administration--the important thing is not so much the nature of a complaint or a protest, which no one in the bureaucracy takes seriously anyway, but that the complaint go through the proper channels, in other words that it be done by the accepted methods. Again, it is not the message but only the media that counts.

If all of this has been said before, what is there that is unique in McLuhan except the impenetrable jargon in which he expresses himself? As far as I can see, precious little. Most of it has been said many times. And yet McLuhan asserts in the preface to Understanding Media that 75% of what he says is "brand new".

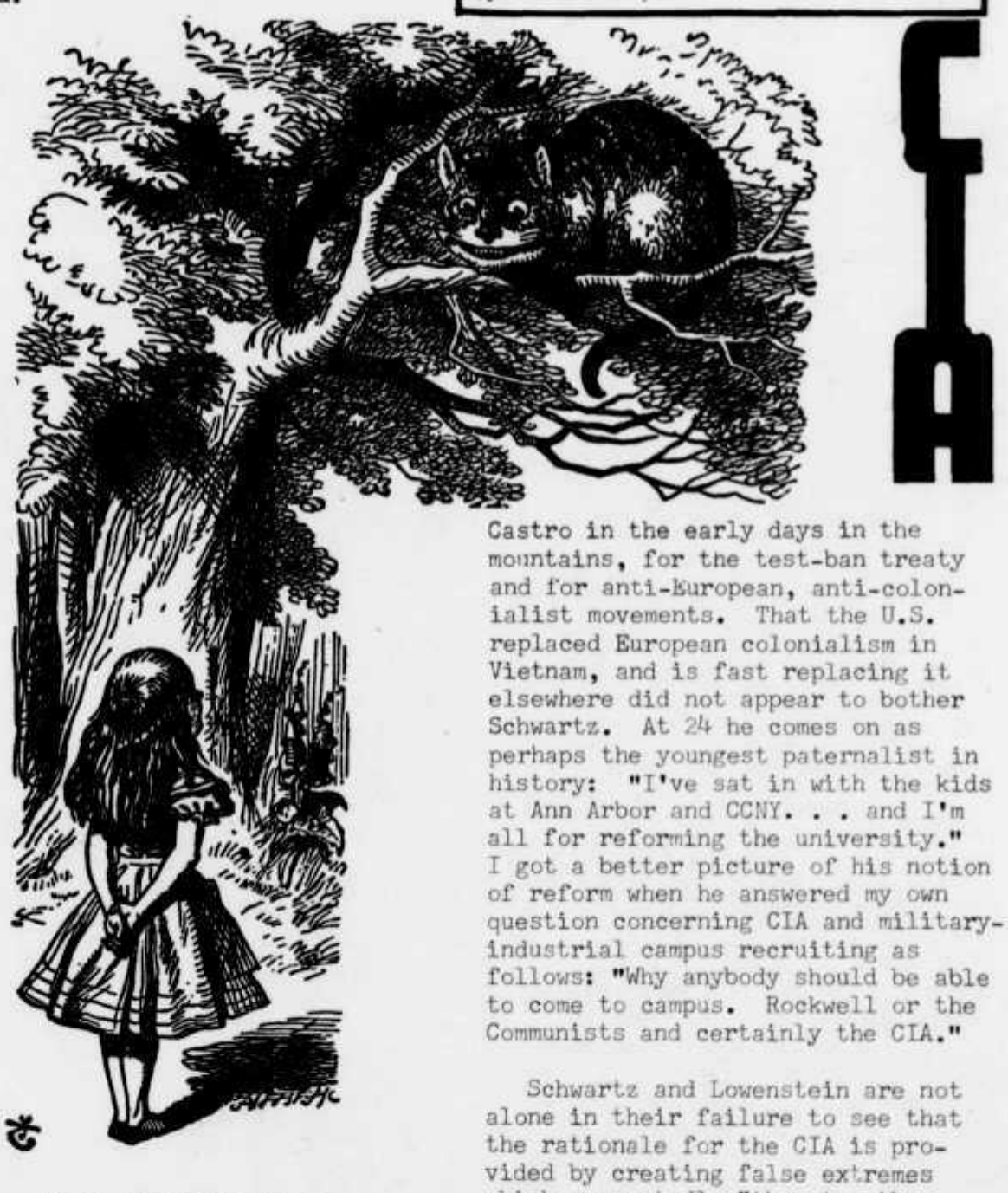
Now no doubt McLuhan says this because he has come to believe that he really is the intellectual oracle of our age. (It was probably with this conviction that he permitted himself to pose for Life photographers as a mystic seer peering into a crystal ball.) But the assertion simply does not stand up under scrutiny. In only one area does McLuhan have a few new things to contribute and this has to do with the future "global village". Only Orwell and Huxley preceeded him in this respect, but they were only kidding. McLuhan is deadly serious.

The smooth society of the future, as McLuhan sees it, will be one in which all existence is pacified by a harmonious organic interdependence. The intellectual, who has hitherto stood outside society, "will more and more move into the service of production". The future artist will not criticize society, but teach adjustment to it. "The artist can teach us how to 'ride with the punch' rather than 'take it on the chin'". Individualism will definitely be "out" since it is a product of the pre-electric age, and conformity will be "in", since "individualism is not possible in an electrically patterned and imploded society".

All difficulties can be eliminated or equalized with the greatest of ease. McLuhan can become quite excited about "cooling down" a backward society by automatically controlling its communications intake. "We can program twenty more hours of TV in South Africa next week to cool down the tribal temperature raised by radio last week. Whole cultures could be programed to keep their emotional climate stable..." (my italics) TV, he says with satisfaction, can be used to pacify any people; it "has cooled down Cuba and it is cooling down America".

McLuhan is not worried that such power might be misused ("worrying is for linear types..."). He has confidence that those who control the "thermostat of the environment" will do so with good taste. In reply to one reporter's question, he spoke optimistically about the futurists using their thermostat rationally, for who, he asked, "would want to turn the heat up to 150?"

The reporter's reply is not recorded.



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3

more direct since he is a national officer of NSA. In reply to a query as to how he was able to remain in NSA after the expose, Schwartz, with deep sincerity stated that he felt dedicated to making "that damn organization (NSA I presume) more relevant to the interesting things happening educationally and politically on the campus." He proceeded to attest to the CIA's liberal influence in the 50's--its urging, over NSA indifference, of support for Castro in the early days in the mountains, for the test-ban treaty and for anti-European, anti-colonialist movements. That the U.S. replaced European colonialism in Vietnam, and is fast replacing it elsewhere did not appear to bother Schwartz. At 24 he comes on as perhaps the youngest paternalist in history: "I've sat in with the kids at Ann Arbor and CCNY. . . and I'm all for reforming the university." I got a better picture of his notion of reform when he answered my own question concerning CIA and military-industrial campus recruiting as follows: "Why anybody should be able to come to campus. Rockwell or the Communists and certainly the CIA."

Schwartz and Lowenstein are not alone in their failure to see that the rationale for the CIA is provided by creating false extremes which purportedly "threaten the national interest." They do not see the threat--to the rest of the world and to Americans-- of America's national interests. They cannot see that to divorce the political life from the economic order is to be blind to the mainsprings of any society--even America. They refuse to see the link between civil liberty and its social context. They cannot make the connections. We must. And then we must take power. It had better be soon.

--Lee Lowenfish

items&afterthoughts

...We recently received booklets of poems written by two young poets: Charlie Cobb, a five year veteran of SNCC work in the Deep South, and Tim Hall, who has worked in Delano and West Tennessee, and with SDS. They exemplify some of the best attempts to synthesize a perspective on politics with the poetic art form. The donation for Cobb's book is $2.50 from Flute Publications, Box 109, Tougaloo, Miss., 39174. Copies of Hall's poems cost $1.00 from the author at 2070 W. 26 St., Cleveland, Ohio 44113.....An Angry Arts Festival Against the War --poetry, satire, film, jazz, a student art exhibit, folk singers-- will happen in the Great Hall, next Saturday, April 22, from 2 to 12 p.m. There will be a charge of $1.00 for members and guests of the CEWVN..... Snide is UW-M's first, new and only humor-satire magazine. Copies will be sold here, and can also be obtained for 49¢ from Snide, 3058 N. Stowell Ave., Milwaukee, Wisc.

PHOTO CREDITS

Issue No. 2: Danny Lyon and Bob Adelman (p.3)
This Issue: Mike Oberdorfer (p.1, 12); Dick Swaback (p.9); Ken Knudsen (p.8-cartoon).

SHELTERED SOCIETY

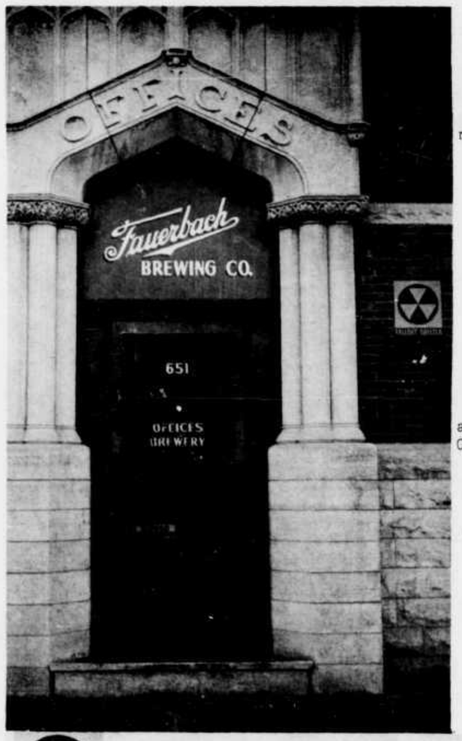


"Young people might be injured more
by nuclear radiation than older
people. This is because young
people are more apt to absorb
radioactive elements into their
bones and internal organs than are older
people. Since young people are
potential parents, they should be
protected as much as possible
to minimize
the possible genetic effects on their
descendents."

"The areas of blast and fire
would be scenes of
havoc,
devastation
and death.

For the part of the country outside
the immediate range of the explosions,
it would be a time of extraordinary
hardship--both for the Nation and for the
individual. Transportation and communication
would be disrupted. The Nation
would be prey to strange
rumours and fears.

But if effective precautions
have been taken in
advance, it need not be a time
of despair."



"After a week or more,
fever,
mouth soreness and diarrhea
may appear; gums and mouth may
ulcerate and bleed;
and in about the third
week, the patient's
hair
may start to fall out."

"The foreign
and defense policies of your
Government make an attack highly
unlikely,
and to keep it unlikely
is their most important aim.
It is for this reason
that we have devoted
so large an effort to
creating
and maintaining our deterrent
forces."





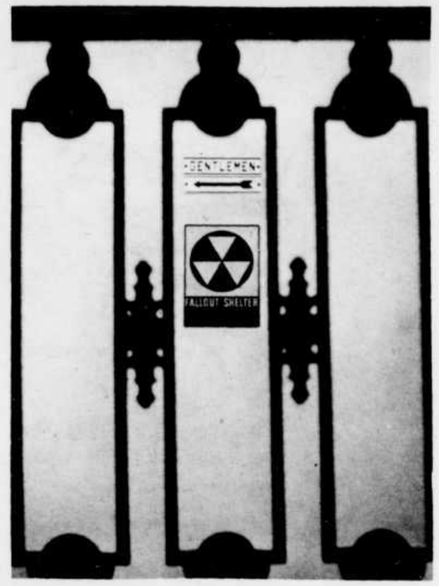


"The most elemental device
is a metal pail
with a tight cover.
A better expedient,
especially where elderly
persons are involved,
is to make a commode
by cutting the seat out of a
chair and placing the pail under it.
In either case a supply
of plastic bags,
obtainable at department stores,
is needed."

"The Hiroshima bomb exploded
about 2,000 feet
above ground and the Nagasaki
bomb about 1,700 feet above
ground. As estimated and described
by scientists
the bomb had changed into
a fireball hotter than
the center of the sun
(70,000,000 C.) during the detonation,
which was over
in less than a second."

"In the nuclear, cold war age
preparedness
for fallout protection is
simply another factor
people need
to consider in their home and
business planning."

You buy fire,
accident
and other insurance
and hope
you don't
need it.
Survival insurance
in case of attack
is no different."



by
PETER PATAU
DAVID WAGNER
ROBERT COOPERMAN







POWER and participation



For their part in a sit-in against the Dow Chemical Corporation the Students for a Democratic Society were called before the Student Senate of the Wisconsin Student Association and their registration was revoked. SDS appealed the decision to the Student Court, another organ of WSA, and the court decided to take jurisdiction in the case, thus contesting the power of the faculty-dominated Student Life and Interest Committee. After the hearing on jurisdiction, the court heard the SDS case and vacated the Student Senate's revocation on the grounds that if the senate were to have this power, then it must act as a legitimate body, safeguarding the rights of those accused.

The two student court decisions will have an effect far beyond the scope of this one case. In fact, the court has not yet ruled on the actual free speech issue raised by the Dow sit-in. Instead it has a) taken jurisdiction in the case and b) vacated the decision of Student Senate to revoke SDS's registration. The reasoning and language used in coming to these decisions is very revealing.

The court, in its 17 page decision to issue a restraining order and adjudicate the case, makes very clear the deplorable conditions of student regulations: "The time is long overdue for some order to be brought out of the many confusing, and at times inconsistent, rules and regulations which purport to regulate the conduct of both individuals and organizations on this campus." The contradiction in this case is easily described. Article 4 Section 2 of the Student Court Constitution reads: "The court shall have jurisdiction over all cases of violations of regulations of Student Senate." Furthermore, Article 6 Section 2 of the WSA constitution gives no exceptions in regard to student court jurisdiction over cases involving enumerated laws of student senate. The ambiguity involves Article 4 Section 1 of the Student Court constitution which suggests, in clear contradiction to the other clauses, that student court does not have jurisdiction over violations committed by student groups unless SLIC (Student Life and Interest Committee) assigns such cases to the court. To resolve the ambiguity and assure a petitioner the right to appeal, the court turns to legislative history and to an attempt to determine which documents control: the Student Organization Handbook or the WSA and Student Court constitutions.

At this juncture the argument becomes interesting. The court assumes equal authority of documents (both being approved by the Board of Regents) and then turns to the policy issues raised by the case. With page upon page of liberal rhetoric to choose from, the student court merely quotes large portions of page one of the Student Handbook, for example: "Actual regulation or control by non-student authority should be limited to the minimum necessary ..." Thus the decision states that SLIC has granted student court concurrent jurisdiction with SLIC. The court then elected to hear the appeal and issue the restraining order.

The second decision also is couched in terms of student participation and responsibility. The line of argument and wording used in rendering the decision are very important. First the court holds that the restrictions on governmental functions applicable to the national government also apply to WSA because WSA pronouncements do have binding effect on student life in that they are enforced by the university. But the faculty has "authorized" student senate to pass bills of attainder (punishments specifically directed at a group) which are prohibited by the constitution of the United States. Thus the Student Court is faced with the following dilemma. Students are told by the faculty that we are to educate ourselves through organizations for participation in democracy. The very purpose of WSA is to give us experience in government. The faculty tells the SLIC committee that they are bound by the laws of the land. Then, in the face of these high ideals and purposes the faculty authorizes our representatives to pass bills of attainder. The Student Court is again faced with inexcusable inconsistencies in the documents which govern our lives as students.

"Furthermore, the argument that 'we are all reasonable men and hence we need no such rules' will again not justify shortsightedness on the part of those drafting our rules. If we are truly a nation of laws and not of men, then we must have all attainable precision in both thought and word when it comes to the drafting of rules which purport to regulate our conduct."

The assertion here is that if students are to govern themselves they must do it with responsibility, not infringing on the lawful rights of individuals or groups: "It is imperative that the student maintain and show the highest degree of responsibility..." Finally, in closing, the student court states its concept of student participation: "If students are required to live by those rules and to enforce those rules when they are violated, then the drafting of those rules should have substantial student participation. We strongly disagree with the faculty pronouncement that the relationship of SLIC and student organizations is 'not comparable to that of a legal government'."

But before we confuse the Student Court concept of student participation with the often heard call for Student Power we must investigate the rhetoric of the court's decisions. The assumption always implicit is that the faculty and administration have imposed limitations "to protect against serious damage to students or ... to the overall program of the university."

The concept of student power means, very much as the court stated, that students must be participants in the decisions which affect their lives. The overall milieu of the university, however,

Continued on page 9





What's New?

Oh nothing much. Same old stuff that we have been making for years. We haven't changed it much, and don't plan to. People like it the way it is. It's still 25% Gasoline 25% Benzine. But we have added Polyethylene. Yes, the same stuff that makes Saran Wrap so good.

Use shows that the new improved type "B" is just a tiny bit better than type "A." But we feel that we should provide our customers with every advantage, even if it's just a little one.

Why are millions satisfied with it every day? Because there is nothing to go wrong!

No working parts!
Nothing to break!
Nothing to replace
And if the results are less than expected
No need to complain -- just use more.
It's that cheap.

But don't think for a minute
That type "A" is obsolete.
It's not!
It's just not as sticky as "B"
Either "A" or "B"
It will work in any kind of weather.
It will even start in the pouring rain.
It's Dependable -- It's Dow.

MORE STUDENT POWER

Continued from page 8

is integrally related to the student's socialization, the ability to define himself and thus make his own decisions. To give him the power to decide what speakers shall lecture in Revolution '67, what his dorm hours shall be, or what band will play in the Union (and even these decisions are subject to faculty-administration approval), and not give him the ability to change the nature of the institution, is keeping him powerless. It is indeed preparing him for later experience.

If the basic function of the university is that stated in "The University and the State Economy", if the students do not have the power to create the community of scholars, then this participation which the student court is bravely fighting for is a mimicry of student power, and will not substantially change the product which comes off the university assembly line. In fact, the Student Court decision explicitly states that one of the most powerful arguments that can be made for student Participation is that it prepares the individual for later life in our country's democratic institutions. It teaches him to live with powerlessness but with the taste of participation.

This then is the crucial and fundamental distinction: Student Participation enables the student to adapt more easily to the system in which he is trapped. Student Power would enable the student to redefine himself and his relation to the university and society at large.

In any case, within the liberal framework in which they must work, the student court has provided the impetus, through an admirable bit of scholarship and strength, for the movement toward real student control of their own lives.

— Richard Samson



"That Dick Butkus--what an animal!" So exclaims the television viewer during the Saturday football game. He rubs his hands with expectant glee at the thought of the coming bloodshed. His eyes light up as he sees the giant Chicago Bear linebacker dancing gracefully about the field, clutching Johnny Unitas, and deftly kicking Johnny Unitas as he rises from the pile-up. Strewn about the forty-yard line is a human jigsaw puzzle, the remains of the Baltimore Colt quarterback. "Ah," sighs the contented viewer, "this is beauty!"

But then suddenly, his face goes sour. He wails, screams, and gesticulates obscenely at the television screen. Indeed, armchair quarterbacks throughout the country are screaming in unison, "That Dick Butkus--what a bum!"

Why the sudden change in temperament? The answer is simple--the viewers have just seen the "real" Dick Butkus on the post-game show.

"Why sure I hit him hard" (i.e. "I also kicked, scratched, and bit him in the same motion"), says Butkus, hanging his massive head sheepishly. "But it was a clean tackle ("I only grabbed his face mask once"), and Johnny is a good guy who can bounce back from hard knocks." ("If he'd completed that pass, I'd have killed him.") Besides, this is the good old NFL ("I've got just four more years for my pension"), and the game is tough." ("Actually, I was going for his knee. Getting his nose bloodied was just luck"). "Aw gee, it was just a lucky tackle." ("I destroyed that sonofabitch!"). The distraught viewer has seen his hero fall on the evolutionary ladder from an enraged beast to a mere mortal, grovelling before the cameras with obsequious phrases and timid smiles. The animal he had imagined shaving with a hacksaw and chewing on broken glass turns out to be just a "real nice guy." What happened to the colorful hero, the cursing, brawling, hairy-chested beast with the fourteen teeth and the IQ of half that number? Indeed, where did all the animals go?

Unfortunately, the absence of personality in American public figures seems to have permeated all levels of modern society. With politicians wanting to get elected and film stars chasing the dollar there is likewise little expression of personality in these heretofore flamboyant professions. Sadly, the last enclave of the "gigantic personality," the sports world, is feeling this lack most severely of all. The blame clearly rests on the most asinine group in the American news media: the sportswriters and sportscasters. This fanatical lot has adopted as its God-given duty the destruction of the sports personality. They (the sports media) are compelled by some unimaginable force, to project an image of disgusting cleanliness and sterility, to "whitewash" every sports personality. When a truly singular animal species does arise, they come to the defense of Sportsmanship and Fair Play--they stomp him unmercifully into submission. Thus the real heroes of the sports world are cowed into silence.

Football is not alone in its destruction of the animal hero. Baseball is equally guilty; its decline in popularity is proof enough. Today a personality of the magnitude of Babe Ruth would not be allowed to survive. Here was a man who could (and did) wolf down a dozen hot dogs and ten bottles of pop (more likely it was Col. Ruppert's Knickerbocker Beer) and then go out and hit three homeruns in four attempts. Here was a man who could point threateningly to the centerfield bleachers and then proceed to place the ball there. Ruth was a super ego. He was a corpulent, pompous, bull-headed, ignorant braggart. He swore, he raged, he fought. In short, he had tremendous class. It is told that when late one hot August afternoon President Calvin Coolidge walked into the Yankee dugout in order to shake the hand of the great bambino, Ruth pulled out his sweatband, ceremoniously mopped his brow, and boomed, "Hot as hell, ain't it Prez?" Trying to maintain some air of dignity, Coolidge smoothed his ruffled pinfeathers and scurried from the dugout.

It is not that Ruth's type of baseball personality is <u>in absentium</u>; it is that it can only survive against tremendous pressure. Some years ago, for example, it was my pleasure to see a truly great center fielder, Jimmy Piersall, an ex-Red Sox(and now ex-Cleveland Indian, ex-Senator, and ex-Met) who was a godsend to the perennially celler-bound Senators. Fans came to the stadium not to see eighth place Baltimore shut out the Senators on three hits but to watch Piersall do pushups in centerfield or lie down for a quick nap on a three-and-two count with runners on base. On a good day he might shoot the second base umpire with a water pistol, swing at an opposing player, and be ungraciously ushered from the field. On a great day he might simply light a small fire on second base; and when ordered out of the game, he would sit down on the field and refuse to budge. The fans loved it, but the sportswriters did not--

Continued on page 11





REP SEMINARS

Nearly everyone is hereby invited to the Radical Education Project seminars held by SDS. Tuesday, Apr. 18, Bob Gabriner talks briefly on "Organized Labor and Independent Political Action: A Case Study," followed by discussion; Sunday, Apr. 23, it's the same format, with Prof. Robert Starobin talking on "The Old South and the Problem of Modernization." Both are at 8:00 p.m. at 102 N. Lake St.







THE ACCIDENTAL RADICAL

Robert Sherrill. The Accidental President, New York, Grossman Publishers, 1967. (282 pp.), $5.

Robert Sherrill, the author of the recently published The Accidental President seems to be one of those individuals who considers himself a radical because people like Lyndon Johnson have described him as such. Unfortunately, his years as Washington correspondent for THE NATION, although they have given him some juicy bits of information, have failed to render Johnson's accusations true.

Sherrill displays outrage at Johnson's lack of couth, his obvious attempts to censor the press, etc., but it could be argued that it is precisely this obvious aspect of the President that we may be most thankful for. Many would agree that Johnson is a murderer, a bigot, an exploiter. But so was John Kennedy ruthless. It is the very crudeness, which keeps Lyndon Johnson from being the perfect leader of the Contradictory Society--'The Smooth Operator.' What shocks Sherrill is not that Johnson represents a vast military-industrial complex whose foundations require our anti-democratic atrocities in Vietnam. Neither is he upset by Johnson carrying out the demands of a nation which thrives on racial bigotry. Sherrill never bothers to ask whether Johnson's Great Society is, in fact, working as well as it can within the terms of American Capitalism.

No, what shocks Sherrill is that Lyndon Johnson is not as smooth as his predecessor.

The book, which reportedly is a discussion of the President that'll turn our minds around, is hardly radical, and in fact is much in the tradition of liberal criticism. The only real value of the book is that it will offer new and different material to those of us who are tired of telling stale Calvin Coolidge anecdotes.

Sherrill, admittedly, has a severe dislike for the President. He points out the crude aspects of Johnson's character which at present seem to have become a trademark. He indicts Johnson for his frequent use of four-letter words, for his use of the word "nigger," and even for his provincial education. But it is such criticism which reveals more about the author than the subject. Sherrill's most pointed and indignant criticism seems to be that the President upsets his bourgeois sensibilities.

A further indictment of Johnson is that his history in the United States Congress reflects constant opposition to the liberals. In one catty sounding remark, we are informed that Johnson "went so far" as to oppose the nominations of Adlai Stevenson in both 1952 and 1956. Shame!

In his attempt to launch a vendetta against an individual, rather than the system which has vomited him forth, Sherrill is forced to heroicize almost every one with whom Johnson has had a difference. The gamut runs from Eisenhower to Kennedy, and even to our own beloved, peace-loving Senator William Proxmire. Along the way, he manages to dip Adlai Stevenson and other notable saints in bronze. Of course a similar book could be written about any of those whom Sherrill exonerates, but this seems to be of little account in the espoused purpose of the book. And it seems to be this factor which includes this book not among the ranks of radical literature, but among many current liberal "criticisms" available at your local book seller.

After viewing Sherrill's critique, it becomes clear that the difference between 'radical' and 'liberal' is the perspective, not the position. One's position on any given issue, be it Johnson or Vietnam or Black Power, is not necessarily what is important. Rather, it is how one arrives at that position. If one criticizes the war in Vietnam as symptomatic of a sick society, he should likewise be critical of many other aspects of that sickness. It is whether one is able to view these aspects in terms of a whole--never losing sight of that whole--that determines his radicalism.

Lyndon Johnson is a man rent with contradictions. Justifiably he is the President of a nation that is established upon contradictions. Had Robert Sherrill surveyed this radical conclusion and assumed it (knowing what he did) he would have written a qualitatively different book--the book that we have been waiting for, The Accidental World. The facts which he has amassed, about Johnson's dealings with the oilmen (and possibly with the JFK assasination), with the war on poverty, with Labor, and with the Press, are only scattered by a lack of systematic and total analysis which characterizes the book.

- Stuart B. Ewen

SPORTS SCENE CONT'D.

Piersall soon departed from the Senators. Now, six years later, Piersall is still battling. A recent article by Copley News Service's Jerry Magee("Abused Pitcher Dean Chance Strikes Back at Former Mates") only indicates that "the group" is still trying to eliminate Piersall, baseball's bad seed. The entire article is packed with quotes by Chance stating that Piersall was "a disturbing influence," "a loser," and that he said things "that upset everybody." Moreover, both Chance and Magee sling innuendo that Piersall is "ill." Ill or not, I'd rather see him run around the bases backwards than suffer through the Astrodome scoreboard's "magic messages" which seem to be the only indication of life in baseball.

Boxing alone still carries its past aura of personality. This is due almost entirely to the man who can "fly like a butterfly, sting like a bee," Muhammed Ali. Ali, the nation's(and the world's) greatest animal personality, is a hated man. No one public figure has stepped on more institutional toes since Karl Marx. Ali is divorced, a Black Nationalist, a Muslim, an admitted draft dodger, and a Negro to boot. Many (particularly the US Army) would add coward, Communist, and "no good bum" to the already impressive list. Only a personality of Ali's magnitude could both (1) alienate an entire nation, and (2) establish a tremendous following(of draft-age males) by voicing such a simple opinion on his Vietnam obligation as--"I ain't got no quarrel with them Viet Cong!" Yet despite Ali's tremendous flair and obvious superiority in the boxing ring, he is crucified by our beloved sportswriters. Typical of the verbal schmaltz poured over him is LA Times Sid Ziff's: "Some people ...thought Cassius Clay had scored an impressive seventh round KO over aged Zora Folley. These are the earnest, sincere souls who would buy the Brooklyn Bridge from a complete stranger." This is the moderate approach; however, many writers engage in out and out racial and religious slurs and ridicule. "But poor Folley would not even serve as a surrogate for the white race," writes Jim Murray also of the Times, "as Cassius was able to satisfy himself Patterson and Ernie Terrell had."

One more complaint. If sportswriters must destroy the animal personality, at least they can address their subject properly. The Heavyweight Champion of the World is Muhammed Ali; it is not (as Murray sneers) "the Schnook of Araby," "Ali Babble," or Cassius Clay. Likewise, I know of no "Jay Alou" that plays right field for the San Francisco Giants. The man's name is Jesus Alou, though it seems announcer Vin Scully has recognized the impiety of the name "Jesus," a heinous sacrilege that 250 million hispanic peoples have failed to realize. The man has every right to be called by his proper name to be distinguished from his two brothers, Matty and Felipe, if nothing else. As one who welcomes frankness, I long for that glorious moment when the headline of the San Francisco Chronicle reads: GIANTS-DODGERS BRAWL; JESUS EJECTED.

- Pete Seeley

..AND THE BE-IN

It was a sunny warm day and we went to be, or some, less high minded, to see. Ten thousand people passing out flowers, smiles. Slightly off purple colored faces. Cops standing happily de trop on the fringes. Some less happily in the center of rings dancing around them, singing "We love cops, Yeah, even cops." Washington Square guitarists relocated, strumming.



Bare feet lying on blankets looking for the sun through shadows of people, and more people. Mock prophets with poetry, costumed cob web men, Renaissance women, Indians, nuns, banana wreaths, incense. A group fanning out, and at a whistle signal, running in, arms out in a ritualistic love dance, or perhaps a going towards. Filmmakers filming, old friends embracing. And for the individual, optical delusions: moving towards a large compressed crowd - "That's where the action is" - but somehow, everytime arriving in a loose collection of people, I guess 'being', and the crowd miraculously in the distance again, in fact right where you'd just been. Some of us - how many? - never made it beyond spectator beings.

It was Easter Sunday and on Fifth Avenue we knew what the resurrectionists were saying - believe, and love thy neighbor and the world is good, or should be but man is evil, and our country is right but the communists are atheists, and believe, and love. And the insurrectionists in Central Park - what were we saying? Not a hell of a lot - but then we weren't there to say, but to be. Sure, in being there we were expressing dissatisfaction with a society that doesn't love.

Military Ball

Gentlemen and officers,
in R-O-T-C uniforms
Toy soldiers home.

Painted metal mannequins
Cardboard bodies, stiff and stainless,
laquered mouths, enameled hair.
Women . . . paper--
colored well, and pretty,
but hardly round at all.

They have a queen and she has a crown
And she enters under crossed swords.
Beautiful swords. . . crossed over the scrubbed heads
Filligreed, proudly raised
Or boys . . . who do not realize
That swords slit bellies
Before they salute queens.

"After graduation
I've put in
for Viet Nam, Sir"

...cramped into sterility
no breasts, no flesh
...in Saigon it's cheap...
no corsage
...any bar.

"C-company didn't return, Sir"
"Mary was home by 1:30"

Robb Soffian
Tina DeFault

We told the public why we were there: "Love makes the world go round," or "Love everybody, babies, cops, people, make no distinctions among people." Is this the level of consciousness attained, that we're all human beings and we all should love? Funny, I just heard that on Fifth Avenue.

The problem is why have we exchanged hope of heaven in the future for hope of pot tonight, or the rhetoric of society for a rhetoric of our own? The Be-In is a reaction, not an action; a state of being, not of doing. We reject faith which destroys consciousness; why accept drugs or a leveling love that denies all distinctions and so therefore all critical thought? We cease to consider real problems and alternatives and are reduced to ineffectuality and impotence - not much more than a spectacle for the T V audience. The answer we ought to be seeking is how to reopen channels to change society so we won't have energy and creativity draining out with those opting out. The questions have to be directed not at our beingness, but at our society. It's not the Be-in that's at fault, but those of us who choose to sign a non-aggression pact with society - "Don't bug me and I'll give you no violence, no criticism, nothing to be dealt with - Just a bunch of fun-loving Americans, well, kooks, out for a romp in the park on a sunny Sunday in April."

by
Ronnie
Littenberg



Anti-Military Ball

Sterile fervour
festive bodies tight packed
impotent breath ascending smoke
miming joints--
(cannons and the napalmed clouds over tiny villages)
gas masked faces--
to mirror anguish or
conceal smugness ?
tight packed bodies
writhingscreaming--Saigon
laughing soulless--Madison
(Romanesque cruxifiction of Vietnamese children)
Madison individualist displays corpse over violet
footlights
midwest herds held together by steel-stringed eros
rock death, grateful, family dogs
(Lazy dog anguish steel splinters
hacking flesh)
These awkward notes hack only
our aesthetics
Creating hollows
void of value
"Artificial insemination..."

-Jon M Ford

CONNECTIONS
Volume 1 Issue 4 April 16-30 15c - 20c out Wisc

THE BOTHOD OF ROBBEN HEAD



Here beginneth the ignoble tayle of Robben Head; how he began as Prince of Arbitrators but soon became the tarnished Knave of Manipulators; how he fared in the Icy War, and how in the land of Corporate Chivalry he sought and won his dire quest
for the honoured grail of facelessness.
He rose from the humble ranks of guildsmen to become a Knight-Chancellor of Wisconshire.
His grievous quarrals with King Harrington omitted herein; though much within the land has spread,
Tayles of jousts with the Sovereign Fred.
But nonetheless our scribes shall note skirmishes with magisters, the Dragon Cohen, protestors--so many dared to cross his moat.
In reputation Robben Head did flourish (legends tell he kept a checkbook in his quiver)
Word of his skill with the double-crossbow spread throughout the land,
And won him Christ-like Kingship in the realm of Michigan.

O blame us not for this ecclectic tayle.
It is, in part, due to the Head himself.
Our sources are many and our styles diverse.
But only in such wise will he receive his due.

And here commenceth the tayle of Robben Head's campaigns. How the Cold Warrior, clad in upolstered armour, fared hither and yon.

The major casualty of the cold war has been the critical integrity of the American university. The effort to defeat Nazism rationalized for American scholars and scientists the integration of the universities with the military structure. After World War II the government and the liberal establishment utilized the same logic to justify the universities' cooperation in building the cold war state. By equating Stalinism and Nazism, the establishment rationalized the further prostitution of the educational system to the production of a cold war military system. Attracted by the prestige and finance of the federal government and the liberal foundations such as Ford, Rockefeller, and Carnegie, the universities became a major tool of the national purpose as defined by cold warriors. Infusing the governmental apparatus into the educational system, an intellectual establishment produced the cold war policy makers and scholars, while a technical establishment produced the scientists and technicians for the production of cold war weapons. In this process of absorption, the university lost its independence and its capacity for critical inquiry into the cold war issues. The university served to perpetuate the cold war myths and rationalize the cold warriors' strategies.

This development is fundamentally related to the close control of the university by the corporate liberal system. Corporate leaders, who have served interchangeably as government, foundation, and educational administrators have been instrumental in shaping the cold war university. The more influential educators of the past decade have served in these shifting capacities: Clark Kerr, James Perkins, James B. Conant, Admiral Rickover, and John A. Hannah. Robben Fleming is in this category of administrative experts. Why these corporate educators saw fit to integrate the educational system into the cold war apparatus is found in their shared assumptions about foreign policy, and more importantly in the educational demands which the cold war's social and economic structure necessitates. In fact, the cold war mentality arose in part from a desire by the corporate bureaucratic structure to contain the internal social change and disorder in the interest of profits and production. To effect this policy, the corporate system needed a vast array of technocrats--scholars, legalists, and administrators --to rationalize their system of exploitation and to manipulate discontent with sugar-coated pills.

Clark Kerr, a leading labor arbitrator, in his book Uses of the University, provided the administrators' rationale for the university as a "service station" for the cold war establishment. The university's direction and purpose were defined not by the critical vision of scholars, but by "the external environment, including the federal government, the foundations, and the surrounding and sometimes engulfing industry." Material demands and "fears of Russian or Chinese supremacy, of the bomb and annihilation" had made the university into "a prime instrument of national purpose."

What Kerr did for the university verbally, President John A. Hannah of Michigan State, former Assistant Secretary of Defense, had long before done in practice. According to Ramparts, his view of the modern university is tied to the liberal concept of America as the defender of the free world. As a result, MSU has over 200 scholars roaming in 13 countries. At the urging of the Republican administration in 1955, Hannah established the MSU Vietnam Project. From 1955 to 1962 these scholars trained and supplied Diem's police force which during that period imprisoned 50,000 and executed thousands more.

Though Robben Fleming's definitive treatment of the university has not yet appeared, it is clear from his labor arbitration policies, from his speeches, and from his policies as Chancellor, that he deserves to be placed with these cold war technocrats.

Fleming's view of society and his methods of administration have grown out of twenty years experience as a labor arbitrator, corporate advisor, and government consultant. Fleming, like many labor arbitrators, had his formative experience in the War Labor Board during World War II. Since then he has served actively as an arbitrator and umpire, as head of industrial relations schools at Wisconsin and Illinois, as executive director of the National Wage Stabilization Board during the Korean War, as chief consultant to President Kennedy's Labor Management Committee, and as a research member of the Office of Manpower and Training. These several governmental and educational organizations have a common logic: the bureaucratic manipulation of labor for the productive ends of a warfare state governed by the corporate elite.

This logic clearly emerged during World War II and was translated in muted form into the cold war period. The War Labor Board operated on the assumption that because of national security, the war machine could not be interrupted by strikes and lock outs and that therefore labor disputes were to be settled by "experts." During the cold war period government and management contrived an ideology which extended the wartime methods in new forms and effectively deprived labor of the strike --its major means of exercising decision making in the economic process. The corporate effort to contain labor through cold war ideology took several forms. First, the anti-communist hysteria was utilized to make labor seem "anti-American" and strikes seem a foreign threat to the "national security." Second, the Taft Hartley Amendments gave the executive-bureaucratic branch the power to halt strikes by injunction. Third, and more insidiously, new definitions of collective bargaining through arbitration which leaned strongly towards compulsory arbitration, were set forth by the arbitrators of the War Labor Board. While holding the sword of compulsory arbitration, labor experts channeled labor's protest into superficial issues and away from the more fundamental issue of the

Continued on page 3



The Negotiator

Continued from page 2

laborers' control over production and work.

This form of arbitration represented bureaucratic manipulation, for if labor would not submit to the "impartial arbitrator's" definition of economic justice, management and government could then legislate compulsory arbitration. The quid pro quo for arbitration cases was considered by many to be a no-strike agreement. Robben Fleming was one of the foremost of these government-management administrators. Writing about compulsory arbitration Fleming revealed the hypocrisy of "voluntary arbitration." "Wise heads," he wrote, "have counselled that one should never disclose the impotency of democracy." According to this precription, the success of arbitration depends on the arbitrator's assumption of compulsory sanctions. On the other hand, its purpose is the containment of labor within the arbitration system through continuing the illusion of freedom. Compulsory arbitration, then, should be used only manipulatively to maintain the deliberate confusion of coercion and freedom.

Fleming, Clark Kerr, Ed Young and the Wisconsin Industrial Relations Institute have practiced and urged a move towards more compulsory arbitration. By giving the executive-bureaucratic branch more flexible tools for dealing with strikes, this school intended to remove compulsory arbitration from the realm of blatant legislation to the sphere of closed bureaucratic maneuver: in the name of "public interest" they would impose on labor their own bureaucrat's class interests. In regard to this increasing role of government, Fleming urged that the "public interest" be represented in "the substantive terms" of the labor dispute settlement and "that interest must somehow be articulated by the government."

The cold war context seems most pertinent to the emasculation and manipulation of labor, for it was in part because of the anti-communist anti-Stalinist ideology that the interests of labor and capital were held to be essentially the same. In this way, the cold war ideology became essentially a method of labor pacification. Announcing the "end of ideology," the social ideologues of the cold war period thus declared that the major economic problems of the West were solved and all that remained was a bureaucratic and managerial adjustment of the economy. At one of the first meetings of the Industrial Relations Institute in 1947 Fleming elaborated a similar social philosophy.

In America, Fleming hoped that the "objective" expert could persuade the worker that labor's interests were identical with capital's. Never questioning who decided the priorities of production, he assumed the only problem to be the orderly control of labor for maximum production. In this view, strikes were not only counter to the national security, but if labor would believe the bureaucratic logic, also counter to labor's own long term interest. Labor's social and economic problems could be settled by bureaucratic fiat. The experts function was thus to minimize social friction and maximize production for the warfare state.

In 1950, in a Daily Cardinal article entitled "Can America Win Another War?," Fleming elaborated the cold war experts' idea about the priorities of the economy and labor's relation to it. "Production" was all important as a measure of the cold war struggle. Thus production is primarily judged not in terms of how it contributes to the individual's welfare, but how it contributes to the cold war struggle with Russia. Implicitly, the worker is judged by how he contributes to this national purpose. In the end Fleming assumed that the economy would be tied to military production for many years. "There is," he wrote, "at the moment an additional reason why we should strive to increase our production. Many of our most astute observors see in the years ahead not war but a heavily armed truce." This cold war technocrat mentality, which did not question the assumptions of foreign policy and which helped to construct the present military-industrial establishment, has produced a near fascist economy bound to a military industrial establishment.

Translated into educational policy, Fleming's experience in arbitration and government implies several assumptions. First, that it is the purpose of the university to train and allocate those "manpower resources" as set out by the national "manpower experts." Second, an administrator functions to reduce the friction in the production of these manpower resources for the national purpose. Just as in labor arbitration it is assumed that only the arbitrator knows labor's true interest, in the same way in education, it is assumed that only the administrator knows the students' real interests. From this assumption, the educator is to manipulate the student to believe that the student's "real" interest is identical with the "national" interest as defined by the educator. Third, the university is an integral part of the establishment and should have a close working relationship with the federal government.

Fleming's action during the May Draft sit-in and the Dow demonstration reveal his working assumptions about university education. His cynical manipulation of the sit-in demonstration last May is a reflection of the arbitrator's methods of concentrating on procedural matters while avoiding the substantive issues. Fleming's overriding concerns during the sit-in were bureaucratic: how to minimize friction and disorder and how to end the demonstration with the smallest concession. After the sit-in Fleming exposed his procedural mentality. He is reported to have boasted that he had retained about 85% control of the demonstration, but he added that one was never certain in such a "ball game". Games, it is clear, do not deal with substantive issues, but are won or lost by rules and by the manipulation of the opponent. Not only does the process, in Fleming's methods, supersede the actual issue of the university compliance with the draft system, but also, by virtue of the process of "compromise", the final decision becomes sanctified. That is, because of the way in which the decision was made, and not because of the issues involved, the outcome is judged "right".

In Fleming's first statement about the University and the draft his main concern was over what "guidelines for conduct" the demonstrators should follow. His appearance on Bascom Hill on Wednesday, May 18, was a manipulative gesture designed to end the sit-in without dealing with its substance, the draft. Though he admitted that the students had raised "valid questions" about the university and the draft, Fleming did not deign to enter dialogue with the students on those "valid questions". Fleming refused to deal with the draft issue in a meaningful way, because he knew beforehand that the faculty would perfunctorily dismiss the issue and that in the long run he, Fleming, would be dissociated from the actual decision. (The University Committee report essentially incorporated Fleming's stand.)

The Dow demonstration is merely the most recent manifestation of Fleming's methods. By focusing attention on the procedural matters of conduct, Fleming was able to avoid confronting the real issue of the University's connection with the napalm producing Dow Corporation.

It would be unfair to ascribe the cold war sentiments of the Fleming of 1947 to the Fleming of today. The terms of the cold war have shifted to the struggle for markets in the third world, and the university with Fleming's tacit agreement is deeply involved in America's reactionary foreign policy in this area. Like President Hannah, Fleming visualizes the university as a service station for America's foreign affairs. "Today the boundaries of the campus," Fleming has asserted, "reach the shores of the nation, many foreign countries, and even into outer space." The government finances many of these research programs and in total funds more than 25% of the university. While rhetorically qualifying the effect of this support, Fleming has done little in practice to question the influence of federal grants on university research. Much of this research in international studies serves only to legitimize the reactionary role of the U.S. in the third world. University representatives such as Fleming fly on State Department junkets, and in the process allow themselves to be used to give U.S. policy the aura of scholarly objectivity.

Continued on page 12

Anoble Smythe, in deeds reknowned, knew the Head while still a churl, and watched him wax to his present state.

We hope that it will not prejudice you against our hero and his cohort, the Clark of Cur, for they are both honorable men.



Friar Huckster Took Robben on his Back

I don't want to respond to your questions in a specific and personal way in relation to Mr. Fleming, with whom I started to work in the University when I first came here around 1945. Rather, I would like to respond to your questions in a general way.

I think that the real thing wrong with the economic mediator taking over positions of power in the University is that democracy becomes a kind of mush. In particular, I would like to say that the university must be an evolutionary and revolutionary movement and environment. I think it must be a theater for students to remold to a material degree the moldy and useless practices of the past relative to control of their own futures. I think that this remolding is necessary in order for a future to be defined for the student; if it is absent, the student has no future. It is my belief that the bureaucratic and custodial welfare hucksters, among whom I include the mediator types in the University today, have now combined with military and business hucksters to undermine the revolutionary and evolutionary tradition of scholarship in all the major universities in the country.

The activities of the mediator types who hold positions of power in many universities are similar to the efforts of clinical charlatans who now influence the field of psychology and education. They think that basic human problems can be solved by talk and manipulation. I would put mediators such as Fleming in this tradition. I think the influence of both the clinical and mediator types in Wisconsin has been to ruin the industrial relations division and the labor tradition which it represents, and to turn it over to the Ford Motor Company in the form of grants from the Ford Foundation. I consider it one of the few tragedies of my life that I have had to try to relate my scientific work to these double-talking agents of mediocrity.

To indicate my opinions and experience with mediator types, I would now like to give you a history of the status of the industrial relations division in the University. When I came to the University in 1945, I was appointed by President E.B. Fred to participate in a program to revive the labor economics program. The Industrial Relations Institute was formed at that time, and it was set up ostensibly to accomplish renovation of what had been a very significant program under Commons, Witte, and others. Certainly one of the objectives was to bring scholarly work in service to the program. Robben Fleming was appointed director of the Industrial Relations Institute and he and Edwin Young initiated this revised program by setting up what amounted to an extension division activity for mediating labor-management disputes in conferences throughout the state. They were warned that they would fail since neither labor nor management would accept their program--because they represented no significant position and had no real program. They were advised that the industrial relations program would blossom and prosper only if it were made into a true scholarly activity with a graduate research program in which graduate students could survey the existing forms and traditions and bring about some analysis of them.

As anticipated, the program eventually failed completely, and Robben Fleming left here to go to the University of Illinois to become director of another industrial relations program, which I would generally assess as most mediocre in its accomplishments and present status. After Fleming left, the industrial relations program at Wisconsin was brought by Read Tripp and myself into a scholarly graduate research focus, and a Ph.D. program was instituted with the agreement of President Elvehjem. However, toward the end of the decade it became clear that this program was reverting back to the mediators of the sort who now populate the program. This was indicated by the hiring policies then put in force which eventually led to getting people who lacked bona fide qualifications to teach graduate students and to do research. Also it was quite clear that the types of appointments made to head the program were largely directed toward getting the same kind of intellectual mishmash which blatantly typifies the tradition of the mediator in the university. My experience in this program was that the mediation people in economics, who governed the industrial relations program, were concerned with parasitising some of my scientific ideas about work and human behavior simply to aid them in their special kind of mediator huckstering. On the basis of events of this sort I finally withdrew.

It is my opinion that this program, since it is now financed to a large degree by the Ford Foundation, has never done and is not now doing a single thing for the laboring people in Wisconsin; that it defines no point of view nor future for labor as an aggressive force to bring new patterns of thinking or new patterns of development to working people. It is my belief that the current status of the industrial relations program, which completely lacks any utilization of scientific thought for improvements of understanding the scholarly tradition of the study of labor, is doomed to failure unless it is changed radically.

I don't think Fleming would have made any of these changes.

An interesting example of what happens to working people and students when they come under the control of mediators is the Armour Automation Fund. The Fund was set up in 1959 to alleviate some of the outrageous conditions imposed on the labor force by the sudden shutdown of several

Continued on page 5

Continued from page 4

Armour plants.

The Automation Committee was composed of labor and management representatives plus Clark Kerr(chairman), Robben Fleming(executive director), Edwin Young, and others. Their idea for solving the problem of 431 displaced workers who were put out of their jobs without warning was to set up a series of psychological tests(about which they knew absolutely nothing) to determine which employees could qualify for the retraining program. These tests were then used to select people who would then receive benefits from the Automation Fund. Originally the Automation Fund was set up roughly as a five hundred thousand dollar fund. Most of the 431 displaced workers were Negro. One hundred and seventy workers took the test. The following figures give some idea of the screening effects of the committee tests on the workers. Of the 170 who agreed to take the tests, 60 were accepted for retraining, 58 entered the program, 6 quit immediately, 47 completed training, and five were still in training when the figures were released. Eight got jobs for which they were trained, and eight got jobs in which the retraining was helpful in some minor degree. So we could say that 16 employees out of 431 were helped by this illustrious national committee on automation which served as a front to make the Armour Company look respectable when they were cutting down on their employees to automate. This is my opinion of how Robben Fleming served the fund; he served as a member of a committee front for reducing the number of people who might benefit by the rational application of university knowledge. The workers of the Armour Company were cheated not only by Armour and Company but also by the university mediator people who were sent in there ostensibly to help them.

I would like to comment on the relation between the mediators who are now trying to set up their services in the university and the clinical psychological custodial hucksters who have become established. As I said above, I think both of these forms of intellectual vacuums are of the same species. They complement one another in their devotion to hot air. They think that talk, and in particular the form and medium of this particular kind of talk, will solve all clinicians' problems, whether the talk has substance or not. In their dedication to nothing, they depend on the form of the message. If the student does not agree with this form, his only alternative is custody. However, these hucksters of talk have a hidden sales pitch. They are interested, not just in a talking form, but in records of acceptance of that form and of getting records of people who do not accept their stupid forms. I think bureaucratic mediators have a close affinity with clinicians in accepting and using psychological tests, lie tests and other forms of psychological bugging. Both are present bureaucratic methods of memory recording and retrieving information on students for the government. They are intellectual spies and psychological buggers. They represent a kind of statistical and computerized Jesus Christ with none of the saving graces of forgiving students and adolescents for their minor sins. I predict that, in the most recent actions against protesting students, they, along with a number of members of the faculty, will be found guilty of depriving students of their constitutional right to protest.

It is my opinion that it is the combined influence of economic mediators and the clinical and counseling people on the faculty who are responsible for turning the University over to any and all sorts of business and clinical charlatans, and now more recently to the governmental welfare hucksters and agents, who would like to make every student an object of security study. I believe that a good part of faculty trust in the university administration has been completely destroyed by these people and recent events related to their functioning in power.

All kinds of governmental agencies are twisting the University, the faculty, and the students to make their underhanded operations look respectable. It isn't just manipulating public relations in order to make the selling of university services look respectable. It is the actual processes of getting people into administrative positions who are claimed to represent scholars, but who, behind the scenes, represent Armour Company, a government agency, or some other bureaucratic spying operation. I think the clinicians, the counselors, the mediators and their like should be forced out of the faculty and university context. The faculty is responsible for the present administration and the huckstering of clinical, testing, spying, mediator and other talking services on the grounds of the campus. My recommendation is that a full exposure of all these activities be made and that the university and students get back to scholarly research and true academic activities.

-Prof. K.U. Smith

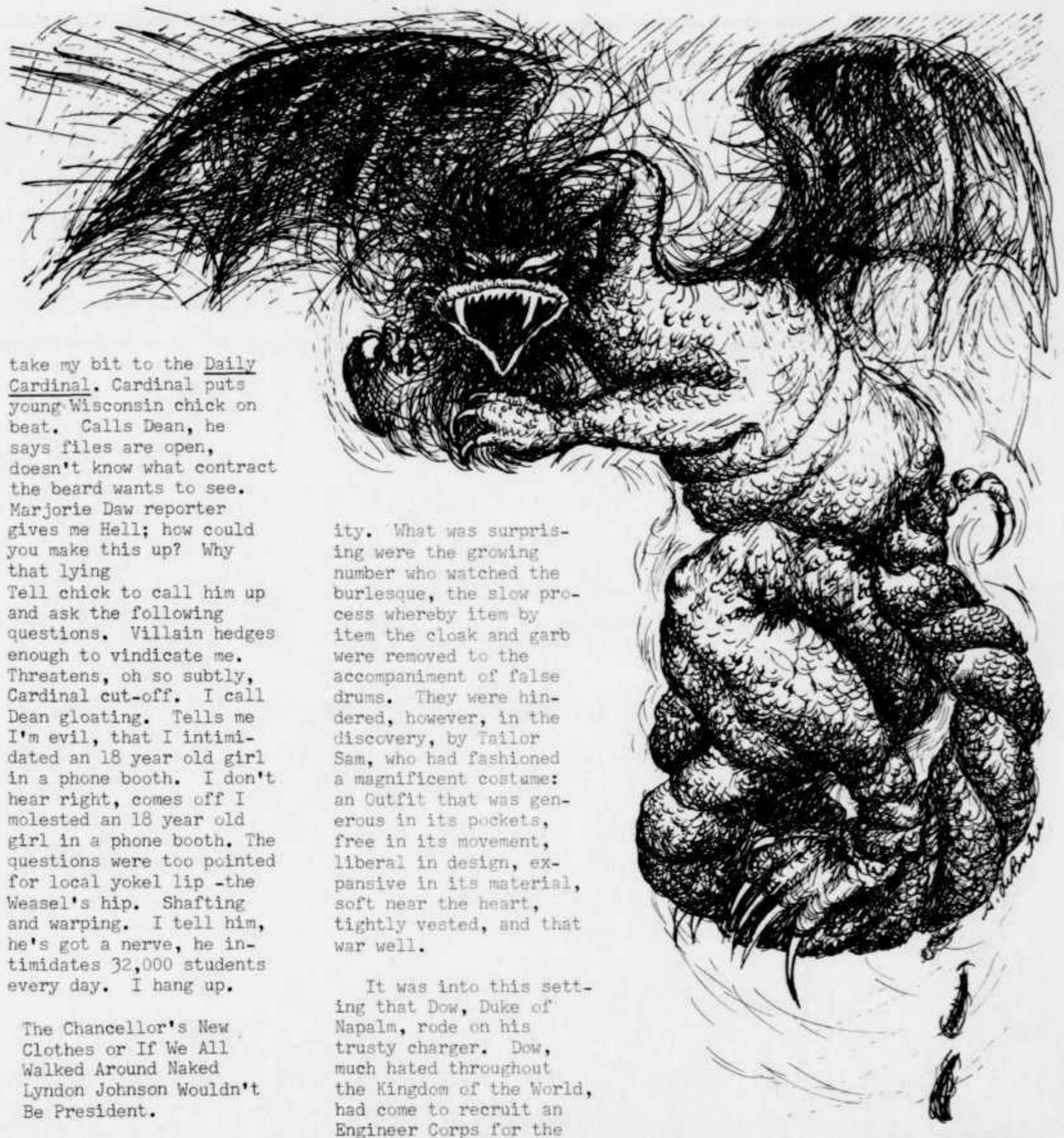


Robben and the Clark of Cur Share the Armour Purse

★ ARMOUR'S STAR: FLEMING

(Editor's note: Armour Automation Fund clearly served as a front for corporate exploitation. Prior to its formation, Armour had already shut down 6 plants displacing 6,000. By drawing labor into the Fund with the "impartial arbitrators," Armour paved the way to dismiss 5,000 more. The Fund obviously was a public relations gimmick to show how advanced collective bargaining in the industry was. Yet the Fund did little more than pay for a few studies by university professors.--included among whom were James Stern, Edwin Young, Owen A. Topper of Wisconsin. No real benefits accrued to the workers, and the plant closing continued without abatement. Most of the severance pay went to pay company credit policy which was demanded immediately. By November 1963 only 220 of some 2500 eligible workers had been retrained. After three years, thirty per cent of the workers displaced at East St. Louis still were unemployed. However, neither Armour nor the professors involved suffered. Down to 1965 more than $360,000 had been expended --mostly for research, for administration, and for salaries of the impartial chairman (Clark Kerr) and ex-director (Robben Fleming). From 1959 to 1961 Armour's profits soared from 5.5 to 16 million dollars. While Time exalted President William Wood Prince for his far sighted policies regarding the Fund, the words of Ralph Helstein, President of the Packinghouse Workers' Union went unnoticed. The Automation Fund he said,was nothing more than a "publicity gimmick" for the company and a cloak for "a ruthless program of mass termination." (Ben B. Seligman, Most Notorious Victory, p. 259.)

And hereby hangs a tayle to delight young and old alike!, told by the bearded Dragon Cohen. Disguised herein in minstrel's garb, he spews forth his fiery venom to scorch our hero's honour.



THE PRESIDENT'S OFFICE

on the hill in Madison

'round shiny table sit New Left and Old Left: New Left anxious to have demands rejected, get on with sit-in; Old Left anxious too, afraid of trouble, prepares smile for bureaucrats. Enter one meek old historian, quite pale; close on heels, 6-footer, silver-haired, almost effeminate, glasses that disappear into small darting eyes. President and Chancellor Phlegm respectively. Then dark homely figure, balding, very ugly balding;-a silent weasled villain, the Dean of Students. Greetings gentlemen. Old Left have suits and ties, show teeth, have surreptitiously 'rewritten' angry students' demands -BEHIND THE BACK OF HISTORY. Bureaucrats fall in love with Old Left. All swell. New Left salvos fired. Why class rank without student say? Draft test at OUR university? Military contracts? Gripes fundamental. President spouts sympathy. Even against most of military contracts, of course; but then well if he doesn't take them somebody else will you see. A slip-- no principles. Fem-Phlegm catches, motions so quick it goes undetected. It's all off-the-record now. President flustered, tries show of strength. Barks to Chancellor to bring related documents. Chancellor no lackey -sure



walk; presents records, programming hard-line press statement on interference with normal function of business. Tock tick, rapping to stick, he, someday will bark from head of table: Minneapolis, Ann Arbor, Berkeley? Prelims this week, major multiversities watching. Kiss Old Left ass: big stick with rank-file student. Kiss Labor fat-cat, takes care of rabble. Lesson well-learned. No hassle -balancing, negotiating. Same draft policy today.

SYNAGOGUE
on Langdon Street in Madison

beardless liberals gather. ACLU get-together. Head nodding at old friends. Announce... announce...head-nodding at new officers. Energy void. Liberalism eroding, dying, gutless. Special guest in wings, also member Happy Sunbeam occupation, lawyer too. I knew him then, one of my students: law profession recalls ritual initiation. Back at good ol' UW Law School; the pleasure of presenting, with all due blubbering. Chancellor goes to mike, shuffles papers, deep breath like Rick Barry on foul line. Shoots bull. Poor Teddy Kennedy etc., has right to speak on any subject. No heckling, no interrupting, no "talk about the war." Condemnation of dis-graceful students -grace is our most important product. Stands for freedom of speech, defense of same at all costs. Like this: students say war most important issue. Others talk Wisconsin oleo. Matter of opinion -value judgement. As opposed to fact. Students can't demand speaker give in to their value judgements; then housewives could too; anarchy cited -end of philosophy lesion. On political theory: politicians seek votes (American Way); speak on whatever; control by voting them out-in, it's your right. Questions and answers: No, I would never consider any student referendum binding. End of togetherness, militant student approaches. Condemns positivistic philosophy, value-neutral social science method: tough stuff for an undergraduate. Programmed technocrat has built-in cotton in ears. Can't argue, can't hear, walks off. Back to hill to shift and wallow. Synagogue desecrated. Rabbi has a beard, against war.

"He who cannot lie doesn't know what truth is." -Nietzsche

Lefties cry "open the books." Want to see secrets, contracts, files. Chancellor swats them off like flies. Announces: hear ye, all files at University are open. Students invited to party it up, browse around contracts and files. But there are a lot so it might take you forever. Ha, ha. Two months pass. Left working stealthily. Uptight radical hops onto elevator at Twombley Hall. Whee, deceleration --Space Age kicks. Contract number 1-2-3-1 please, with CIA. Half hour counting loops in carpet. Officials scurry, something's happening here and I think I know what it is. Give me access, the Chancellor is on record, what is

Come back and see me when you talk to me with respect. Flunky is Lorenz who didn't write On Agression. No, you come back and see me when you learn which papers to push, You can't see contracts, confidential teachers' salaries in there. In a public institution? Well you have no need to know. You mean you have no need for me to know. Check. Lorenz moves knight, Well you'll have to call the CIA in Washington and get their permission: at cost, phone available. Negotiate their contract and make friends with the CIA, nothing doing, use phone to call lawyer. Radical barrister ready to move against University in morning. Call meek old historian President. Vice-president on line, he's at meeting. Well get him the hell out of there. You called the president of the University on this trivial matter? Barbs bristle, lawyer mentioned. Meeting arranged. Flat-topped veneer table takes up office, a state of mind wall to wall. The Phlegm and the Weasel: mentor and pupil. Chancellor at head, Dean in middle, me on other side -ISOSCELES. Ash tray offered, no thanks, other kindnesses. Angles add up, they're worried. Orderly procedures must be set up so you can see contracts, we'll take it to the regents meeting. Then files required by law to be open have always been closed? (Harsh, harsh words, my boy, on my ever so equivocal ears.) What contract did you want to see, ahem? 1-2-3-1. Didn't know we had one with them. Head of table pulls out bag of tricks. Now I know that you have a case in the courts but we could make you look awfully unreasonable since the whole thing will be brought to the regents meeting two days from now. Stale mate. 48 hours to clean up the files. I take my bit to the Daily Cardinal. Cardinal puts young Wisconsin chick on beat. Calls Dean, he says files are open, doesn't know what contract the beard wants to see. Marjorie Daw reporter gives me Hell; how could you make this up? Why that lying
Tell chick to call him up and ask the following questions. Villain hedges enough to vindicate me. Threatens, oh so subtly, Cardinal cut-off. I call Dean gloating. Tells me I'm evil, that I intimidated an 18 year old girl in a phone booth. I don't hear right, comes off I molested an 18 year old girl in a phone booth. The questions were too pointed for local yokel lip -the Weasel's hip. Shafting and warping. I tell him, he's got a nerve, he intimidates 32,000 students every day. I hang up.

The Chancellor's New Clothes or If We All Walked Around Naked Lyndon Johnson Wouldn't Be President.

The King removed his slippers and socks, and the stench beneath the Park Street drawbridge became unbearable as knights in blue forced the subjects of the kingdom to march across an ugly suspension that led to nowhere. Off came his red white and blue robe, and it was revealed that henceforth the castle's records and files were to be kept under lock and key - away from the eyes of subversives in the pay of other potentates, and also from the loyal lackeys who bow and pay their taxes. The monarch removed his undershirt, and flexed his muscles. The slaves learned that the five court jesters would throw the round ball into the peach basket for the entertainment of royalty and no longer for slave diversion, despite the fact that the jesters came from the same common stock. And finally his undershorts, exposing the Chief member of royalty as narrow and small: he would expel all foreigners from a ten state area and maintain his kingdom with mediocre, less intelligent, more sychophantic, and less rebellious natives and recruits.

But still the level of consciousness was not very high. There were some, of course, who knew how the King conrolled and manipulated his subjects through economic, political and social institutions. Their view of the whole laid the King bare. But they were a tiny minority. What was surprising were the growing number who watched the burlesque, the slow process whereby item by item the cloak and garb were removed to the accompaniment of false drums. They were hindered, however, in the discovery, by Tailor Sam, who had fashioned a magnificent costume: an Outfit that was generous in its pockets, free in its movement, liberal in design, expansive in its material, soft near the heart, tightly vested, and that war well.

It was into this setting that Dow, Duke of Napalm, rode on his trusty charger. Dow, much hated throughout the Kingdom of the World, had come to recruit an Engineer Corps for the Crusade. The King welcomed Dow and the gifts he brought and sent out a clarion call for all likely prospects. Meanwhile, the tiny minority who were hip to the Kingdom of the World, made plans to thwart these evil intentions. But they were split on a course of action. The meeks sought a rational debate with the Duke,



but the King informed their leader, Coatworthy, that he would not hear of such a thing, and displayed the precious gifts Dow had given him. Besides, Dow had already sallied forth into the realm and didn't want to be bothered. "How many div-

Continued on page 8



Good Robben Hastily Cuts the Protestors' Bonds

DRAGON'S TAYLE

Continued from page 7

isions do you have?," Dow asked Coatworthy.

The more militant were ready to stop the recruitment. But, first they decided to carry the word to the countryside by picket sign. The King alerted the Royal Guard who, smiling and laughing, ripped the signs to shreds and placed two of the leaders in the dungeon. Word spread of this suppression and the ranks of the militants swelled to 1000. The next day they gathered to seek out the villain and called on a page boy of the King to get directions. The page boy sent them to gather wild geese for preparation by the King's chef. Instead, they searched for the Duke, and failing to find him, they returned to the castle. Only then did many of them realize that the King, the Duke, and the government's Crusading Army were all in cohoots. (Now children, immediate experience is no substitute for theory; and practice must last a lifetime, not merely one day.) The ragged militants cornered the King and a special visitor, the Dean of the fief kindergarten. They demanded the King sever his relations with Dow and the Crusaders. The King was shaken, and the Dean wrought his brow mumbling, "how did I get into this." One radical cried out -"Look, the King stands naked." Then world arrived through a courier that the Royal Guard had once again mauled and seized militant subjects who had located the Duke and were blocking his way. Suddenly the critique of the whole was forgotten, and the demand before the King was to release the prisoners forthwith. The protesting troupe blocked the King and the Dean in their chambers with a few of the leaders. 400-strong, they demanded immediate release of the prisoners and said the King could not leave until this was accomplished. The King then cited the law of torts, a worldly law which he helped draw up to protect his interests, and finally pointed to the Divine Right of Kings. He would walk out any time he saw fit. The Dean almost panicked -he started to run from the room. The protest leaders knew that the King controlled the Royal Guard, the National Guard, and most of the subjects who themselves hoped to be Kings some day as Tailor Sam had promised in his Great Pattern. Too much opposition -they hedged. The King made a few calls to minor functionaries to make it look as if he were doing something. He told the subjects they were on the brink of a Louis Seize, and appealed for their sympathy. This worked on some who were secretly still in love with royalty. Then the King suggested a banquet for all present.

When all had gathered at the banquet the King rose and announced that he would take 1400 silver pieces from his treasury to go toward releasing the prisoners. Almost no one present asked where the money to perform such generosity came from. Almost no one present realized that the money was simply being transferred from one of the King's coffers to another of his coffers. Almost no one present remembered that the King ordered the arrests in the first place and retained that power. Forgotten were the King's dealings with the Duke, the Crusaders, and the government. Hundreds rose to hail the King, to applaud royalty. Long live the King! The crisis was past, the money lever had worked. The King stood fully clothed in majestic splendor. A few militant leaders, who would soon probably be ostracized, called the King a Pimp, accused him of duplicity. But it was all over but the shouting.

The next day the King was in charge again and summoned his army. He bragged to other Kings about his clever exploits, his many levers. Why, the kingdom of Michigan had sent officials to watch his Excellence perform. They were impressed and they had an opening for Emporer in a greater realm. The visitors had witnessed the perfect King. And the stout-hearted militants went back to the difficult task of stripping the King of his clothes, of building a society where all nakedly and meaningfully participate with their fellow nudists in the important economic, social, and political decisions that affect their lives.

- Bob Cohen

A scholar within the land has penned a tayle of Robben Head.

Every educator and university administrator, whether he knows it or not, has something that can be called an educational theory. Some spend a great deal of time consciously formulating it, others express it almost inadvertantly in the things they say and do. Chancellor Robben Fleming is of the second type. He has not penned long treatises on the subject, nor to my knowledge has he ever specifically spoken or written about it. Nevertheless, it is clear in a number of speeches and press statements that he does have a general theory of education. In what follows I wish to unravel the threads of his educational theory.

I have no interest in attacking Fleming's educational ideas, nor in offering alternatives, nor in assaulting his brand of rhetoric with another kind of radical rhetoric (there is such a thing, you know). My only interest is in understanding what his educational ideas are.

CONTRADICTIONS

This, however, is no easy job. It is very difficult to pin Fleming down to any consistent opinion. If one takes, for a moment, three crucial areas of educational theory--namely, the question of the moral neutrality of a university, the question of educational goals, and the question of a university's ties with the rest of society--it can be seen that the chancellor has taken different and contradictory stands on all of these issues. Brief examples of what I mean are the following.

First, the question of neutrality in the university. On May 15, 1965, Fleming was very emphatic, as he spoke to the State Journal's educational editor, that the university must "always stand up for what it thinks is right." In other words, there are times when the university is obliged to hold firm to a certain moral position. However on April 11, 1967, in a comment to the Daily Cardinal concerning CIA recruiting, Fleming said precisely the opposite: "the university as a corporation (sic) should not take a stand on a moral issue."

The same ambiguity is found on the subject of the goals of university education. In the 1966 mid-year commencement address Fleming explicitly came out against the university being a career oriented institution: "If a university is nothing more than a place where one goes to fulfill career requisites (then we) have been engaged in an exercise in futility." But to some this must have sounded very strange, for only five months earlier Fleming had said something quite different. In an address on "Trends in Higher Education" he described the university as a training center for society: "There is a question asked too infrequently: What are we training people for?...We do not know nearly as much as we should about what our long range manpower needs are, nor do we correlate this properly with our educational facilities...This is one of our major long-term problems." In other words, the university is apparently an education-

Continued on page 9

"In the area of free speech...



the university has an interest in its control."

Continued from page 8

al factory designed to fulfill "career requisites", which is what he later said it must not become.

Finally, on the question of the University's ties to the rest of society, Fleming again expresses himself with a judicious vagueness. On the one hand, he says that university education should not be bent and twisted to serve the pragmatic needs of society; rather the university is a "place where one comes to understand the immensity of the human adventure, the unquenchable fire of the human spirit, and the eternal bond which binds us together." Education, then is not utilitarian, but elevating. And yet Fleming holds the opposite view as well. In his introductory remarks to the faculty three years ago, he described the university as a pragmatic institution which is useful to society because it solves the business and agricultural problems that are submitted to it. In his own words, the university's function is to help "the Wisconsin farmer who finds himself in economic difficulties, the industrialist who must diversify and find new products in order to survive, the worker who finds himself displaced by the progress of a new technology."

These contradictions are not unusual, but in fact can be found throughout most of Chancellor Fleming's speeches and addresses. However, this is not the only obstacle to understanding Fleming's educational theory. There is also the problem of breaking through the screen of words with which he surrounds his thoughts. In every statement he makes, Fleming is, without exception, "for" all that is obvious, good, and progressive; he is "for" resolving the publish-perish conflict, increasing college enrollment throughout the country, improving the quality of teaching, maintaining academic freedom, bettering the TA conditions, raising faculty salaries, etc. But who isn't for these things? What is really left once the cliches are over and done with? One gets the impression that these are not the sum total of Fleming's educational theories (as the newspaper interviewers seem to think when they



The Educational Marketplace

faithfully record every commonplace they hear), but only the bare surface. There must, one feels certain, be more to his thought than this.

As it happens, there is. But unfortunately many (perhaps Fleming among them) believe that once the obvious has been said, one's theory of education is complete. This, of course is incorrect, but it is not recognized as such today since the meaning of "theory" has been seriously distorted. Theory does not mean rhetoric. It is not merely a statement of what "should be done" or "what it would be nice to have done" completely apart from what actually is done. If theory is to have the meaning it originally did, it must be understood as something closely allied to practice; it must be defined as the set of ideals and standards which both guide and infuse action, that is, as a set of principles which moves ahead of practice but also strives to bring practice into harmony with ideals. This is the meaning theory had a hundred years ago, but it seems to be lost today as ideals and practice move further apart--not just in politics, but in university education as well.

Fleming has not perpetrated the split, but he is a victim of it. His educational theory is not in what he says, but in what lies behind what he says. For this reason it is very difficult to understand the real nature of his theory of education. Nevertheless, in getting beyond the usual verbiage, it is obvious that there are important ingredients in his educational thought. These can be grouped under the following headings and briefly discussed one at a time.

EFFICIENCY

The concept of efficiency is an important part of Fleming's educational theory. What he seems to emphasize time and again is that a good university is one which can process thousands of students a year with the least amount of friction. Demonstrations, pickets, and protesters are viewed as temporary set-backs or cogs in the machinery, not as serious challenges to the system itself. They must be looked upon with a certain amount of good-natured tolerance, and perhaps accepted as part of a 5% disturbance rate that generally afflicts any large corporation.

A point Fleming makes time and again is that there must "never be a disruption of the educational process." This, of course, is a serious threat to the efficiency of the school, and when it occurs Fleming believes stringent measures should be taken. On the first day of demonstrations against Dow Chemical last February, two students were arrested because they "interferred with university facilities and urged others to do so." So serious were such disturbances that Fleming did "not (feel) inclined to ask the District Attorney to withdraw from these cases." It is noteworthy that by this logic he should have placed himself under arrest on April 10, 1967, for "interfering with university functions and urging others to do so"; it was at this time that he caused ten classes to be moved and others disrupted when he allowed the CIA to interview in the Law Building.

In any case, efficiency is the key word. The question "efficiency for what?" is seldom asked. Even as far back as 1947, Fleming was stressing the point that getting on with the "job at hand" and "orderly government" were of exceptional importance. Speaking at a council meeting of the Industrial Relations Institute he said: "In other countries both industry and labour are pumped full of ideology, which diverts attention away from the job at hand. In America we've the means for bringing the two sides together...Emphasis on orderly industrial government gives an objective atmosphere... for efforts to bring them together." What the job at hand is, is never explained, but he seems to indicate that it is simply efficient production. Factors of ideology are only hindrances to the efficient operation of industrial society, and the same may be true of the efficient management of the university.

ACADEMIC FREEDOM

In Fleming's speeches and addresses, the emphasis on academic freedom is second only to his emphasis on efficiency (this is probably why freedom virtually ends as soon as efficiency is disrupted). Freedom of expression, he has said, can "often be healthy," though the implication is, not always. "It is the price of a great university," is the way he expressed it to one interviewer.

Still, in all fairness, it must be said that Fleming is "strong on academic freedom," much stronger than many other chancellors of large universities. The variety of ideas and opinions permitted at Wisconsin is unusually high when compared with other campuses, and Fleming is therefore correct when he says that here "there is considerable tolerance for widely divergent points of view." He is also perfectly truthful when he reports that he is "strongly committed to the academic freedom concept", although this is a somewhat flippant

Continued on page 10

way of putting it.

But the freedom Fleming talks about is only the freedom of ideas to circulate, not the freedom to act on them. The union of theory and practice is something Fleming does not seem to understand, and certainly he does not tolerate it. The reason for this was mentioned before; that Fleming views ideas as harmless exercises in rhetoric, entirely unrelated to either convictions or actions. Ideas are what you say, not what you do. For this reason, there can be a very broad toleration of ideas, but only so long as no one tries to put them into practice. When someone attempts to do this the magic of academic freedom is dissolved and the police are called.

"The university", says Fleming, "(is a place) where you can say and teach and think what you like and no one will tell you what to say and what to think and what to teach". Academic freedom in this sense means free verbalization, but never a union of word and deed. Fleming apparently accepts as ordinary the condition in which people say one thing and do another.

FEDERAL GOVERNMENT

With the federal government footing the bill for almost 25% of the university's budget, it is imperative that Chancellor Fleming have a view on the role of government in education. He does have a view, and it is that the government's increasing role in education should not be questioned for "it is as it should be."

It is clear," he says, "that the federal government is in a position to influence almost any area of our national life which it chooses. The present emphasis on education, for instance, is going to profoundly change our committment to education in the primary and secondary schools." It appears that Fleming does not feel it is his place to ask if these changes are good or bad; they simply must be accepted as they happen.

Old ideals may have to be scrapped, but that, too, is as it should be. "Wisconsin has been famous for the fact that the boundaries of its campus were the boundaries of the state. That symbol can never be quite the same again. Federal money is heavily influencing trends in education, and part of that money is being used to make the boundaries of the campus in far off foreign countries."

He does not elaborate on what he means by this, except to say that "many federal programs are related to international policy." This sounds sinister at first, but the examples Fleming gives (teacher training in Nigeria and Land Tenure Center in South America) are used to prove that co-operation with the government is really quite harmless. But one still wonders if Fleming draws any limits to his tete-a-tete with the government on "programs related to international policy." What, for example, might he say if the government wished to set up a lucrative grant for research on napalm? It is most likely that Fleming would turn it down, but if he did the justification would have to come from moral reserves that are not evident in his educational theory. Judging from his theory alone, it is clear that what is good for the government is good for the university as well.

After three years as chancellor on the Madison campus, Robben Fleming is now preparing to share his educational ideas with the University of Michigan. There can be no doubt that he will bring with him all the desireable qualities one could want: modesty ("I feel I've learned more from Wisconsin than Wisconsin has learned from me."); vision ("we are brothers in a great human fraternity"), and compassion ("we (at the university) try to convey the impression (sic) that we care about individuals"). His departure this summer can only be described as a serious blow to a great university; whether that university is Wisconsin or Michigan must be left for the reader to judge.

- David Gross



Lewde Magister of manly erudition follows hence. Full well he knew the queyntes and quaads of departmental Obeysaunce. As a discordant knight in Robben's band, he knows so well the mold from which the Head is cut.

The problem with talking about Fleming is that he's pale and colorless compared to the robber barons of higher education. He's essentially quite permissive. The reason that permissiveness is all the rage in the 60's, is roughly the same reason that autocratic, tyrannical administrators were all the rage in the 1890's--because it works.

By being permissive a university administration gives the academic proletariet the illusion of being free. I don't think Fleming or any other academic administrator has any illusion about the fact that any university would welcome or even tolerate any institutional subversion. His job is to harness the subversive tendencies that necessarily exist within a body of scholars. He must keep them within the establishment, at the same time creating the illusion of freedom. As long as they do their "job", they can do anything else they like.

By working for Fleming, you're given the impression that you're working for a large international corporation. Fleming is the branch officer for this academic cartel.

One of the most important things about an academic bureaucracy is that it gives people geographical mobility. That's why universities go out of state for administrators. The more alien they are, the more desireable.

The shorter the term of office, the more successful it's going to be. A short term of office proves that he's making himself felt on other college administrations. The fact that Fleming was wooed by Minnesota and Michigan is a good indication of how successful he was.

The more colorless, remote and anonymous the administrator is, the better. Any ties with a department or group immediately weakens the position. Factionalism is the most unforgiveable vice of any one in administration. Fleming succeeded in performing his function--namely to neutralize the political and intellectual bias of the university.

As such it doesn't do any good to change the man because the job will remain the same. Institutions create the personnel they need.

There appears to be a tremendous shortage of this kind of bloodless, administrative talent. There is a real crisis of leadership in universities. What you look for when you choose a president of a university is an out and out compromised intellectual. The kind of man you're looking for is a man who is no longer doing significant work in his field, and has indicated his willingness to compromise his own scholarly integrity. It isn't the mastery of the man's specialty that counts, but the fact that he can be wooed away from it. That's the reason there is such a shortage. No one wants to be wooed away when there's so much money for research and leave. People are making real sacrifices to become college presidents these days; they have to give up all the essential things that make academic employment the easiest way to earn a living today, short of clipping coupons.

The people in administrative positions are frequently second or third rate minds. People like Fleming are the only kind who have anything to gain by doing this sort of dog work, by submitting their personal identity to that of an institution.

If you're an administrator, you know that you're not really a figure of relevence or respect, that you're not a good teacher or scholar. If you're a professor you can walk across campus and know that your students respect you, but if you're a college

Continued on page 11

Another scholar with aspect grave in words wisely chosen relates a moral fable of Robben Head...



PRAY MORE EARNESTLY SYCOPHANTS

We are all revolutionaries, proclaimed Lyndon Johnson before a group of foreign students. We are all of a university community, stated Fleming to a group of protestors after bailing out of jail some of their number; so let there be, he said, free discussion without coercion. The words, the gestures were not without effect. Johnson was and is tolerated. Fleming was and is applauded. The reality protested was dissolved. The protestors were soothed; they had been put off by reality and now were being put on by its salesmen. Lacking victory in fact, they accepted it in word or symbol. In their acceptance the administrated paid homage to the administrators.

The victory of the administrators was complete. Most never know or suspect; with them the possibility to resist, to carve out a human existence, was eliminated before it existed. They have been cast from the beginning in the image of the products they crave, and all over see only reflections of themselves. Others sense the injustice, the hugeness of the lie, and act accordingly; they resist. In spite of themselves this resistance is diverted onto trifles; the opposition does not escape the administration it rejects. The heart of the matter is administrated out of the matter. The politics of resistance become strictly symbolic--not just because of a lack of power for a 'real confrontation,' but because the real has been obscured; few know where symbol ends and reality begins.

Challenged only as to trifles and symbols, the administrators are most receptive. Unthreatened they can afford to be pleasant, and even make 'concessions.' Last year Fleming's statement on the draft sit-in at the Administration Building read "...we permitted the students to use the Administration Building for their protest...We did so because we understood the symbolic importance to them..." The symbolic confrontation is open for symbolic solutions; the symbol is won while that symbolized is lost. Nationally the same mechanism is at work. The draft is torn apart from the war; the justness of the first is open to discussion while the second is not. Radicals, accepting this split, champion the 'fair' or 'equal' draft, admitting to what the administrators so deenly desire, i.e. that somehow 'justness' or 'equality' can be joined to an apparatus which compels people to kill Vietnamese. Within this sphere of terms the radicals can 'win.' There will be a 'fair' system of selection and murder--and a larger war too. The symbolic equality cloaks the cruel and unequal reality: Americans bomb, and Vietnamese die.

The real issue to be placed into question is how the Flemings confine the conflict and avoid the real issues. The big organized killers come to the university to recruit. In fact, it makes no difference whether the interviewing takes place on campus or 100 yards off campus. In either case the jobs will be filled. In the pretense that it does make a difference, the administrators are glad to parry with the administrated to discuss picket rules, approve sit-ins, etc., and again even make concessions. Yet this 'confrontation' about the location of the interviewing remains a front hiding a far more insidious reality. Unknowingly, the protestors, by objecting only to highly visible interviewing, validate the belief that the university is pure and innocent in itself; that the threat is only momentary and from without, and not continuous and from within. The on-campus location of the recruiting merely makes the obvious connection between this kind of education and the American apparatus of violence--violence meaning that which violates man, be it cars, television, or napalm. To object only at the single point of the interview is to miss the point, and to mystify the reality.

The Dow and CIA demonstrations exemplify the content of this education: its ability to content and to contain. The disinterest of most people toward their own education (i.e. to most it it seems unimportant and irrelevant), testifies only to the extent of the manipulation; education in forming and deforming minds to accept that which is, has passed out of sight and out of mind. That many people know, but do not feel that this education is bad (and hence feeling nothing about it) is but more evidence of the depth of the victory of the administration; it has reached and altered the emotional psyche. In truth, the companies which have come here to recruit have recruited already. The education has prepared and impaired the minds for them--some to active participation, others to passive acceptance--and they simply come to claim those waiting.

The "proper functioning" of this university, then, works well; held up and identified with freedom after each disturbance it convinces even the protestors to follow the 'guide-lines' which turns the protest into decor that the university flaunts as proof of its liberalism.

What remains hidden to consciousness is that the proper functioning of this university is coercive; it cuts minds to fit the pattern of a society dedicated to suppressing the hopes and desires of free men. It is barely known how this education subdues the mind; how the endless testing, classes, mass lectures, discipline and stupify; or how the usual five courses carried atomize the mind and insure that there can be no real desire or love for truth. Simply the trivia of paper and test dates for five courses, it can be said, occupy and replace the mind. The unfree mind which is produced by this process may then appear to choose napalm or a TV existence, but it is hardly free to choose. It has already been coerced; it was bought-out before it could even choose to sell-out. A student then who is blocked from 'choosing' to kill through napalm is not being denied freedom; he is not 'free' to burn the Vietnamese, as one is not 'free' to choose to kill one's neighbor. At this instance the protestors act on behalf of the silent victims who have no choice and no freedom; those bombed and burned. Most important though is to begin to block not symbolically but in fact the very mechanisms of unfreedom--the lecture halls, the tests, the courses--and not just the recruiters, but the recruitment itself: this education. It is to act on behalf of the freedom suppressed and denied. It is to bring to light the violence done onto man by this education, this America. Malpractice will end only when the victims begin to inspect their wounds. -Russell Jacoby

MAGISTER

continued from page ten

president and see your faculty, you know that they know what you are and you know what you are; it's very different. If you're a scholar you know you've achieved something, and no one gives that up to be president of anything.

So that the thing you have to remember when you're assessing the latter-day Jesus Christs, is that they're all cultural martyrs, creatures that the system excretes. They're all disreputable, and they know it.



MORT DE PHLEGM

Here endeth the painful tayle of
Phlegmatic Robben Head--a chess piece
Snatched by fateful digits from our board,
and placed in another game.
He will find, we fear, that to rule one's own
Kingdom is an even more ignoble task than that
which he now relinquishes.

Our Romaunce comes to its abrupt end,
Yet the tayle shall be told anon,
Of other Knights, of other Kings,
Whose seeds have not been sown.
The Head lives on, though here expired.
A legacy he leaves,
Of lineless face, of silver throat,
Of aces up the sleeves.
O wretched Head, phlegmatic wight
Our moral book will humbly serve
For others of thy corporate plight.
So Valete and au revoir
A checkbook in thy hand.
Carry on thy icy siege,
In the Ivory Tours of Michigan.

Continued from page 3

cold warrior

The university is now engaged in more than a million dollars research in prime military contracts, included among which are contracts in chemical and biological warfare. As the one university administrator officially empowered to decide whether contracts are compatible with the university's purpose, Fleming has tacitly accepted the University's role in government. Other administrative policies such as compliance with the CIA and the Selective Service, and other government security agencies--affirm Fleming's approval of the close cooperation between the University and government.

In the context of the acceptance of such contracts and grants from government and liberal foundations, Fleming's oft-repeated posture behind the facade of individual rights and free speech can only be considered a defense of the corporate cold war status quo against those who would have the University reassert its moral and critical integrity. - Jim Gwin

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Connections

Volume 1 MAY 1967 Number 5
15c-20c outside Wisconsin



CONNECTIONS

MIME

TROUPE

Vicki Gabriner

A happening on top of Bascom Hill at noon. A dozen people in white-face marching up the hill, banging pots with knives, waving banners, blowing kazoos, singing to the accompanying guitar music, meeting the questioning glances of the hundreds streaming down the hill.

Arrive at the top of the hill: the narrator in white-face shouts Hear Ye Hear Ye Come One Come All! And page 13 of the fourth issue of CONNECTIONS (The Romance of Robben Head) is produced for the crowd that has gathered around the Lincoln statue.

Page 13? No! There <u>are</u> no pages! These are <u>actors</u>, not articles! These are <u>actions</u>, not words! This is to be <u>listened to</u> and <u>seen</u>, not read! This <u>cannot</u> be page 13 of CONNECTIONS. YESYES we shout with our bodies as we mime the arrival of Dow, Duke of Napalm onto the campus of Wisconshire and his cordial dance with the Good Robben Head. CONNECTIONS, an underground newspaper, is a way of communicating. Experimenting with photographs and layout and writing...and why not with non-linear forms? We <u>are</u> page 13 of CONNECTIONS: the Duke of Napalm attempts to entice the student-vassals, but they reject and encircle him. Pages 7 and 8 of the Fleming issue say the same thing... only with words...why not with our bodies and faces and hands?

We are a small group of people with something to say to as many people as we can get in front of. We sit down one day and plan a short mime play to be the non-linear extension of CONNECTIONS---and several days later, with the optimal minimum of rehearsing and preparation we march up to the top of Bascom Hill at 12:00 class break. We march up with white-face and green paint around our eyes red circles on our cheeks blue paint in our beards capes over our shoulders and we are welcomed warmly. A warm welcome: no cries of Hurrah they're here, but rather the unspoken welcome of close attention and appreciative laughter. The constant bombardment of words that we must tolerate every day, especially those of us who have decided to make our living with words, leaves us screaming for non-verbal non-linear forms of communication. The page 13 that we developed was not put together with the research that was necessary for the other pages, nor, in its five-minute-or-so duration, could it express the subtleties of the articles in the Fleming issue, but the form of the Mime is compelling and almost like a magnet forces people to it by the strength of its attraction, giving them a chance to rest their eyes from the Word and watch the Movement.

We were a mobile theatre form of CONNECTIONS: moving down the hill to the terrace and up to the Square in front of J.C. Penney's and back to the University and twice-done in front of the Law School on its terrace.

And then a week later to the University of Michigan: six troupe people, 9 hawkers, and 2,000 copies of the Fleming issue. After our first performance in the "second room" (read: cafeteria) of their union, the narrator explains that we come from the University of Wisconsin and that as part of the Big Ten and therefore <u>soul-brothers</u>, we, the newspaper and troupe, had come to share our understanding of Robben Fleming with them, that we were losing a chancellor of the Madison campus but they were gaining a new president. Much laughter at the idea of Big Ten soul-brothers (what a perversion of the expression!)....much excitement at the idea of a travelling troupe....much reading of CONNECTIONS.

The mime action was changed so that we could speak most effectively to the Michigan studentry. Out to their "diag" where we performed several times at class breaks. The Knave HUAC comes to the kingdom of Michingham to obtain the names of the student-vassals who lack in fidelity to the great American empire. Our capes flying, exaggerated expressions on our faces: Cutler de Cutthroat (Michigan administrator) releases these names and the student-vassals, horrified, demand an explanation from him. The onlookers laugh as they remember back a year when the actions we portray were no laughing matter. Cutthroat, ignoring the student-vassals, plays a game of tennis with HUAC over their heads. And then we do the Dow bit.

Then the CONNECTIONS ladies move into action--Buy your copy of CONNECTIONS only twenty cents! What a great sight! People with white faces and strange-colored make-up; CONNECTIONS ladies appealing to the eye waving copies of the newspaper in the air. BUY/READ/WATCH/WE'RE/FROM/WISCONSIN/AND/WE'RE/HERE/TO.... Robb and Dick mercilessly pursuing their prey as students hurry across the diag to their next class or a cup of coffee. READ ALL ABOUT IT! ROBBEN FLEMING IS NOT THE NEXT JESUS CHRIST!

Robben Head alias Fleming was on WHA radio two or three Saturday mornings ago, and when asked to comment on our (at that time) projected trip to Michigan to sell CONNECTIONS said that he thought it would have as much influence there as it did here. SMOOTH! yes, but missing entirely the fact that the idea of what we did will undoubtedly nestle in someone and perhaps germinate another CONNECTIONS or another page 13. And that perhaps is the most important connection of all!



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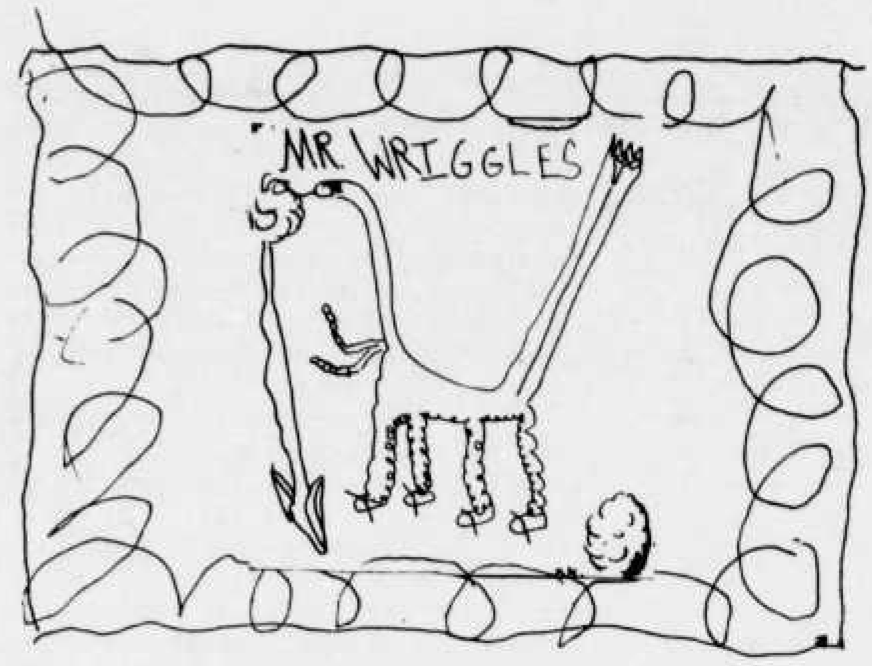
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CONNECTIONS --- $3.50 per annum, $4.50 out of state



Last winter in uptight Cleveland

by TIM HALL
CLEVELAND, OHIO

Cleveland a small group of white middle-class drop-outs met and began to call themselves the Prunes. They saw themselves as a stimulant to loosen the sphincters of Cleveland.

Inspired by the constructive anarchism of the Provos' white bicycles, they began with a sticker campaign around the arrest of a local hippy poet, d.a. levy. Stickers appeared at bus stops, rapid transit stops, on high schools, cop cars, hippy dens, the department stores, the Board of Education and the City Hall. First two slogans, fairly straight but beautifully silk-screened, were: Hands off Levy and Legalize Poetry. The hippy community itself responded with others: Arrest Mayor Locher, Levy Not Locher, and Bomb Cleveland Not Hanoi.

But the winter and the city became too oppressive and the Prunes shrivelled, only to reappear after the first Spring day, with the second arrest of Levy, this time for contributing to the delinquincy of a minor. The tactic was a picket line. particular attention was given to the signs, to see if picketing could be humanized in the eyes of people in general.

It was a three-hour line, through the Public Square and the downtown area (which is very small and centralized). Signs were: 1) Levy was arrested for writing like everybody speaks - (You're next!) 2) I know more dirty words than levy does! Arrest me! 3) I swore at the corner of East 9th and Euclid, March 31 at 10 a.m. Where were the police? 4) (Two sides, shaped like a cartoon speech balloon) F---! (other side) S---! 5)The biggest obscenity in Cleveland is City Hall's attitude toward the Hough area -- levy, and 6) "And Adam k---Eve, his wife..." CENSOR THE BIBLE!

It was a bigger success than anyone expected. People commented often, "I like people with a sense of humor." Little old ladies cracked up and then blushed with embarrassment. Young white "racks" in leathers read the first sign and said, "Yeah!" Even the police were laughing, and the papers the next day carried a picture of the line with all the slogans touched up so they could be read. People were just beginning to sympathize with levy as an underdog at the time and the line may help his case, which comes up in June.

Nearly everyone on the line was an artist of some kind, or hoped to be. They had a tremendous, new feeling of being part of the people, and the people on the street identified with them and with levy.

A connection was made; it was hip humor, but it was open to anyone and it touched on what was most ordinary. Actually, it was an easy issue to do this with, since people do speak like levy. How do you carry this tactic over onto issues that are not so close to home, such as the war?

Two Prunes plan a small happening on the downtown streets. One, a Filipino girl, will dress up in black pajamas, clogs and a flat conical hat. The other, a white guy, will wear something like a GI combat uniform and helmet, and carry a large toy submachine gun, loud, menacing and realistic. The GI will chase, stalk, shoot at, or march the girl VC like a hostage through the crowds on the street. She will ask passers-by to help her; he will tell them to get out of the way and let him get her. If stopped, they will continue in these roles. She appeals for help for her country and people; he says she's a commie, that's all.

This summer the Prunes will go mobile with a theater on a trailer. But, to judge by the city's reactions already to the first trouble in Hough, the sphincters only grow tighter.



Nirvana Nevada

by s.j. adelman

fellow hippies, now is the time for the Revolution. a proletarian revolution, where all the workers in Watts join hands and sing "Socialism is Good"? No!! a hippie Revolution by us and for us. it's time to activate our latent FLOWER POWER and TAKE OVER instead of remaining at the mercy of the Narco Squad, Gestapo and LBJ's psychoses. it's time to have a place where contraband of all forms is legal, abortions are not only legal but free, a negative income tax for all people under 25, a place without cops, without idiot politicians, without draft boards, etc...

get the drift?

THE PLACE IS NEVADA.

Nevada has only around 90,000 voters in normal elections, and a six month residency requirement in order to vote in their state elections. SOOOO if one or two hundred thousand of us became residents of Nevada in six month's time, then not only would we have the Nevada Legislature (which makes and REPEALS laws and stuff) composed of 100% hippies, but we would also have Senators, Representatives to the Presidential electoral college, Congressmen and all that. once we were in power and ruled the state it would be a hippie heaven, with WONDER WEED growing everywhere, FREE, welfare checks for everybody (except for those like Las Vegas and Reno, who will be taxed heavily enough to pay for our welfare checks), trip cubes selling in the A&P next to anything else we want to sell or give away, and draft boards that can tell Washington that they regret to say that they weren't able to find anyone to draft for this month to send to the WAR in BURMA (or CHINA or someplace like that). if we want, we can fix it so that hippies only have to live in Nevada like maybe one hour out of their lives in order to vote here, and then freak out elsewhere, coming back only for contraband, abortions, etc.

our kids could go to Monestaries instead of Elementary Schools, we could set up ZEN "theological seminaries" run by guys like Suzuki, the enrollment in which gives legit draft deferments, etcetcetcetcetcet.

Let's do it now, like this summer when the love pilgrimmage of 300,000 to Love Ashbury is beating, throbbing, like California is rubbing borders and things with Nevada so we could swing it no sweat, so pull yourself off that scum-soaked mattress and DO IT NOW (while we're still here).

Border Rumor

To Those Concerned:

There is a rumor revolving about the United States at present. It is just that; a rumor.

The U.S. -Canadian border is still open and it will remain (with no forseeable problems) OPEN.

The following is a list of current Canadian groups offering aid:

LARRY MURPHY, Box 4174 Harvey Road Post Office, St. John's, Newfoundland.

DAN PENTLAND, 194 Oak Street, Winnipeg 9, Manitoba.

DUNC BLEWETT, 1200 Jubilee St., Regina, Saskatchewan.

GOLDIE JOSEPHY, 2141 Rushton Road, Ottawa 13, Ontario.

COMMITTEE ON WAR IMMIGRANTS, Station B Box 3234, Calgary, Alberta.

EDMONTON COMMITTEE TO AID AMERICAN WAR OBJECTORS, Box 322, University of Alberta P.O., Edmonton, Alberta.

S.U.P.A. --Anti-Draft Program, 658 Spadina, Toronto, Ontario.

VANCOUVER COMMITTEE TO AID AMERICAN WAR OBJECTORS, Box 4231 Vancouver 9, British Columbia.

In peace
Len Walker, Co-Executive Secretary,
Montreal Council to Aid War Resisters
P.O. Box 231, Westmount 6, Montreal,
Canada

Reprinted from The Paper, East Lansing, Michigan

TWENTY YEARS OF COUNTER-REVOLUTION: UNITEDSTATES IN...

As predicted by some of the participants, the recent symposium held at the University's Wisconsin Center, April 10-12, celebrating the 20th anniversary of the Truman Doctrine, "Greece since the Second World War," was followed in less than two weeks by a coup which left Greece in the hands of the military and thousands of political leaders of the Left and Center in jail or in concentration camps on islands in the Aegean. In an atmosphere of scholarly dullness, the University gave its liberal - but, of course, neutral - blessing to the paeans intoned for Greece's American-sponsored progressive democracy. Our esteemed leaders, President Fred Harrington, Vice-President Robert Clodius, and Chancellor Robben Fleming, took a leading part, sharing the stage with General J. A. Van Fleet, the Westmoreland of his day, while State Department flunkies swarmed in the wings. But now the charade is over, Greek democracy has proved regressive, and the "Free

GRE

World" has witnessed its umpteenth coup in recent months.

For more than twenty years the United States has struggled desperately to control and repress the revolutionary forces that were unleashed by World War II. These revolutionary forces in turn gave rise to the reiteration of the three traditional themes of American foreign policy: economic and military expansion, obsessive anti-communism, and counter-revolution. This policy, which is reaching a peak of destructive intensity in Vietnam, spread from the confines of the Western Hemisphere, where before World War II the Good Neighbor intervened in the internal affairs of the Latin American nations no less than forty times, to Europe, Africa, and Asia.

The war seriously threatened the stability of the colonial empires of the Western European nations. A period of retrenchment followed, and in many areas, the U.S. found that its war-time military and economic expansion meant that it had to accept not only the task of reconstructing Western Europe but also the task of repressing the many indigenous anti-colonial revolutions. In 1951 the U.S. began to replace France as a colonial power in Vietnam. But even earlier the U.S. assumed Britain's recently acquired position in Greece.

During most of the twentieth century Greece has been plagued by the two most striking problems of an underdeveloped country: economic stagnation and a ruling class interested solely in feathering its own nest. Handicapped geographically by poor land and few exploitable resources, the Greek economy developed around shipping, tourism, and the export of a few agricultural commodities. Greece remained a nation of poor peasants many of whom practiced subsistence farming on the mountainous terrain.

Athens was the exception. Here the small working class lived. But Athens, almost a major European metropolis, was also the home of the wealthy merchants and shippers, the leaders of the military, the overstuffed bureaucracy, and the warring political factions.

The central political issue, which tended to obscure latent class antagonism, was monarchy vs. republic. The issue was debated ad nauseam - and at the expense of the Greek people - as the two factions fought, often violently, to gain control of the bureaucracy and the military. The Monarchist faction, composed of military men and elements of Greece's traditional ruling elite, bitterly resented the aspirations of the parvenu Republicans because they aspired to share the political and economic spoils of the ruling class. The Republicans recognized that the King relied heavily upon the military and chose to deal with the problem by placing their adherents in the officers' corp rather than eliminating the military as a central factor in political life. Despite their differences both parties lacked a program for the economic development of Greece.

These opportunistic squabbles over shares of the political pie were ended in 1936. In 1935 King George returned from 13 years in exile. The next year a quasi-fascist dictatorship was established under General Metaxas in responce to minor electoral gains made by Greece's small Communist party.

Metaxas' militarism paid off when Italy invaded Greece in October, 1940. Mussolini's legions were met by fierce resistance and in the Spring the Germans had to be called in to crush the Greek army and drive the supporting British troops from the peninsula and Crete.

A Greek general, Tsolakoglu, (Metaxas died in 1941) surrendered to the Germans and a collaborationist government was set up under him utilizing the administrative structure of the Metaxas government. Some of the leading Republicans and Monarchists, however, withdrew with the King to Cairo where the British were forming a Greek army and grooming politicians from its former colonies for the Restoration. The Communists, operating underground since 1936, remained in Greece.

Soon after the German occupation EAM (the Greek national liberation front) was formed by the Communists and five other small left-wing parties. The Communist party was the dominant force. After successfully preventing the deportation of Greek workers to Germany, EAM set up a guerrilla army, ELAS, which gradually gained control of the mountainous interior of Greece.

In late 1942 the British established contact with the guerrillas, but within a year the British severed relations with EAM-ELAS. Churchill was obsessed with the necessity of opening a second front in the Balkans. An allied invasion of Europe by way of the Balkans would counterbalance the invasion of Eastern Europe by the Red Army and assure the restoration of British hegemony in the Middle East with its vital oil fields and its link with the rest of the Empire via the Suez Canal. Churchill was eager to put into practice a principle that Stalin expressed to Milovan Djilas in 1945: "This war is not as in the past; whoever occupies a territory also imposes on it his own system. Everyone imposes his own system as far as his army can reach." England's actions in Greece after the liberation in 1944 set a clear precedent for Stalin's consolidation of the Soviet bloc two years later.

By 1944 EAM-ELAS controlled most of rural Greece and its followers numbered 2 million in a population of 7 million. Conservative upper class elements steered clear of the guerrillas preferring collaboration or acquiescence. Accordingly, EAM grew into a class organization based on the peasants with their tradition of guerrilla warfare, the workers, and the students and intellectuals. After struggling against the Axis with little or no support from the former ruling groups, EAM was determined not to allow the restoration of the monarchists and the exiled politicians, who remained almost completely out of touch with events in Greece. In 1943, EAM declared itself the provisional government.

Forced to withdraw troops from Greece, the Germans turned the task of fighting the resistance over to Security Battalions made up of Greeks. The feeling was becoming widespread among conservative Greeks that the collaborationist Security

Battalions should be maintained after liberation to fight EAM. In response to these developments ELAS withdrew into the mountains to reorganize the guerrilla bands into a standing army.

While the King lived in London, the British began to court the government-in-exile after having virtually ignored it for most of the war. Recognizing the central role that the army would have to play in the restoration of the status quo, two army brigades were formed in Cairo under Allied supervision. But one of them mutinied demanding the recognition of EAM as the government of Greece. The brigade was disbanded, purged of EAM followers, and reorganized with royalist anti-communist officers.

At a conference in Lebanon in May, 1944, EAM retreated under pressure from England, abandoning its claim to be the provisional government and accepted five cabinet positions in a government headed by George Papandreou, the present leader of the Opposition who is now in jail with his son, Andreas. Two months later Churchill met secretly with Papandreou and made plans for the rapid transfer of and Greek troops to Athens after liberation. Churchill was eager to establish a beach head for the forces of law and order before ELAS, which he called the "miserable Greek banditti," descended from the hills.

Liberation came in October, 1944, and EAM moved quickly to eliminate the Security Battalions, but was prevented by the division in the cabinet. A dispute soon arose over the composition of the army. The dispute provided the British commander, General Scobie, a chance to destroy EAM-ELAS as a political force. He ordered ELAS to disband, in fact, asking EAM to commit suicide because disbanding would mean turning power over to the two anti-communist brigades brought in by the British and to the Security Battalions. EAM, of course, refused.

After the police fired on an unarmed pro-EAM demonstration, killing seven people, Churchill ordered the destruction of EAM-ELAS and "the rounding up of any number of truculent persons." With most of its troops concentrated in Thessaly, EAM was eager to avoid contact with the British troops. Scobie next ordered an attack on the ELAS encampment in downtown Athens from the air, which resulted in the destruction of several civilian houses.

ELAS fought to maintain control of Athens at the same time seeking terms short of disbanding. By February 12, 1945, EAM accepted defeat at the hands of British tanks and air force and agreed to British terms, which included the promise to uphold civil liberties and to purge the bureaucracy of collaborators. The two British-sponsored brigades became the core of the new army.

The first battle of the Cold War had been fought - against an indigenous popular movement that dissented from Allied policy. Although refusing to condemn England's intervention, the U.S. responded to the events with chilly aloofness; Stalin said nothing.

The counter-revolution followed. The Greek army followed the British troops into every town in Greece. A police force was organized on the basis of the collaborationist gendarmerie. Arrests, beatings, and murders were numerous while Churchill's brand of law and order was established.

The Greek government did little or nothing to plan for reconstruction of the war-ravaged country while the right extended the repression in preparation for the general election and the plebiscite on the return of the King. As the elections, set for August, 1946, approached terrorism became more widespread. Right wing bands attacked EAM followers; the Left armed itself in self-defense. The British estimated that 16,000 political prisoners were taken. The government removed the leadership of the trade unions because it supported EAM and replaced it with a provisional executive. Finally, there were many instances of falsification of the election registers.

In this atmosphere of friendly democratic give-and-take, the elections were conducted under supervision of an Allied Commission which included over 600 Americans. The Left boycotted the elections, and only 49 percent of the electorate turned out. No one was surprised by the monarchist victory. The Election Commission declared the elections to have been free and impartial and estimated that the Left's strength represented only 9.3 per cent of the populace. Because this conclusion was reached on the basis of interviews conducted by British and American army personnel, there was some question as to the impartiality of the Commission.

With the country in the hands of the royalist police, the return of the monarch was a forgone conclusion. After the monarchist victory in the plebiscite in September, another "free" election. the national guard was mobilized to protect the returning king from his loyal and devoted subjects. People were ordered not to throw flowers at the King's procession for fear of a bomb. This was the regime that the United States chose to aid in 1947 through the Truman Doctrine in the name of Freedom and Democracy. When England decided to pull out, the Greek government was threatened by collapse, and the U.S. was forced to fill the gap for the same reasons that the British embroiled Greece in a civil war in 1944. The U.S. was in the process of rapidly expanding its commercial and military empire. It could not afford to have a nation sympathetic to the Soviet Union or neutral astride its lines of communication with the Orient and with the oil fields of the Middle East where American oil companies owned concessions covering two thirds of Saudi Arabia, all of Bahrein Island, half of Kuwait, and a quarter of Iraq. Further, armed revolution in Greece would set a dangerous precedent in a world plagued by similar problems of underdevelopment.

Because of these considerations, the U.S. was eager to abandon the conception of multilateral aid embodied in the United Nations' programs, which were assisting Greece largely with U.S. funds. Working with the UN did not allow the U.S. to intervene in the internal affairs of Greece to assure that its funds were being used successfully. In order to assure American control it was decided that the American aid mission would have veto power over all projects using U.S. funds.

In a way similar to Vietnam military affairs were given the greatest emphasis because "the establishment of military security is an essential prerequisite to economic stability", as the State Department put it. Because of the reactionary political character of the military, American aid meant the perpetuation of the Greek counter-revolution and the elimination of the pro-Communist left, the only social force which could seriously challenge the chronic problems of economic underdevelopment. Thus until the recent coup the military lived with Greek democracy, growing fat on American dollars, content to manipulate from behind the scenes until it was again threatened by the resurgence of the Left.

In 1947 Greece exchanged one master for another. American hegemony was the price that Greece paid in order to join the Free World. In turn the myth of Greek democracy was perpetuated by adhering to empty electoral forms while the country was returned to the hands of the military and the politicians of the pre-war era.

-Peter Wiley

(continued in June issue of CONNECTIONS)

PAPA GINSBERG AND THE FUGS



In (Fornicate) You: A Magazine of the Arts, March '65, one finds real, brotherly descriptions of A Fug and A. Ginsberg: "ED SANDERS is a wan tremulous psychopath & multi-sexual cock phantom. His (male sex organ) has the whole of ATALANTA IN CALYDON tatooed on and around it. His new book of poetry, PEACE EYE, has just been barfed out by Frontier Press in Buffalo, N.Y. Gobble! Gobble! ALLEN GINSBERG ...in Cuba...recently created nationwide stirs by a) patting the (derriere) of the Minister of Culture during an uptown Havana party and b) describing his sexual phantasies about Che Guevara to six terrified lady poets. In March he zaps to Czech." (Note: In '67, the G. will trip to Berkeley and make like a teacher.)

It was a magic combination: Allen Ginsberg and The Fugs! As 1700 people stampeded into the Stock Pavillion on Friday night, that team unleashed the poetry, music, and showmanship which spans generations.

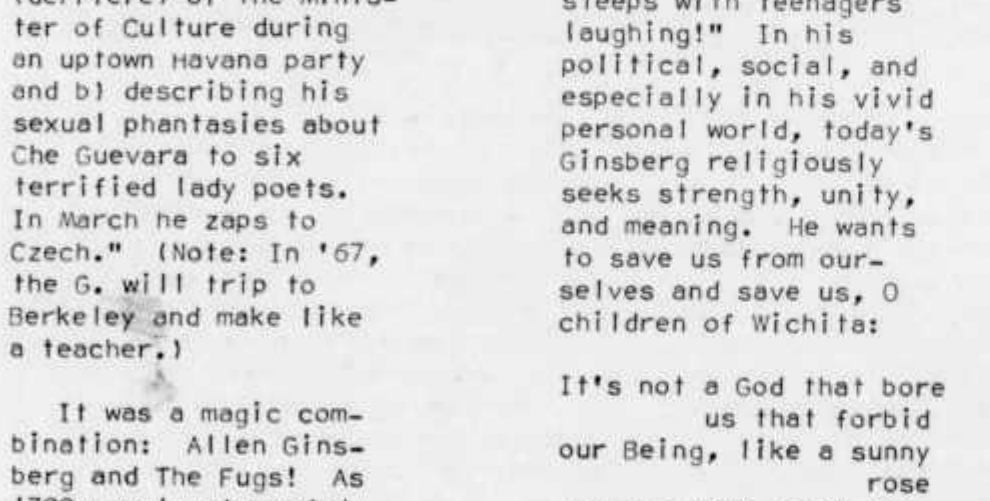
Ginsberg cast a spell over the audience, his voice timeless and deep. He embraced them in a foreign tongue and repeated himself in English. The accoustics became a real problem when Ginsberg read in English.

"The guy next to me is listening--I mean really listening--trying to hear every word. Why? Ginsberg's making it anyway!" said a friend. With Ginsberg: "seeking the great spirit of the universe...I am that man trembling to die in honor...Come, sweet lonely spirit, back to your body...to peace and Acceptance!" (an ironic twist; laughs) End of next poem: "You can (fornicate) a statue, but you can't have children." Four cops entered on a line about policemen.

Ginsberg has audience appeal: because he has great oral delivery, because he often "writes" into a tape recorder, and because he roots, scrambles, and soars, to reach the centers of his experience, and to relate them. For example, it was easy to fall into the flow of his adventures in Prague, where the people elected him head of their festival, and the Czech government, displeased, flew him back to England. For Ginsberg is naked among us: "And I am the King of May that sleeps with teenagers laughing!" In his political, social, and especially in his vivid personal world, today's Ginsberg religiously seeks strength, unity, and meaning. He wants to save us from ourselves and save us, O children of Wichita:

It's not a God that bore
us that forbid
our Being, like a sunny
rose
all red with naked joy
between our eyes and
bellies, yes!
I search for the
language
that is also yours--
almost all our language
has been taxed by war.
(from Wichita Vortex Sutra)

"Slum goddess from the lower east side,
Slum goddess, you're





gonne make a good ride ..." sing six Fugs, after an intermission punctuated by balloons, sparklers, and incense.

After red vinyl Ed Sanders sang his "Gobble! Gobble!" song, he sang Tuli's "Morning Morning." Then, in the dark, wierd subterranean chords echoed through the barn. This put everybody into the mood for "Group Grope:"

"You ask about my
philosophy, baby...
Ye-ah!
Well, dope, peace,
magic,
And God's in the
tree trunks...
Group grope,
ba-by..."

"We haven't been arrested, because we're not political," said Sanders that afternoon. If he tells people to (engage in intercourse) in the streets, he is being too fantastic to be taken seriously.

As visions of "Supergirl" swam in our heads, Tuli started dancing again, shaking a straw hat with one hand and kicking a leg with one foot. Allen Ginsberg was sitting in the bleachers, LOVE on a blackboard behind him.

Just as Ginsberg fans took The Fugs in good drag, Fugs fans took "Ginsberg's bag" nicely. But it took the performers to turn on to both sides of this show. They fit like heads and tails, like pappa and

Continued on page 14



115th street in october 1957

leather figurines,
the pawns of poverty;
filiation dubious,
watching the grand monde
of halidom and light.

opportunity confined;
a hand-breadth's freedom;
ill-considered, ill-bred,
the legatee's of hatred,
stretched to wildness
by the industrial Procrustes.

blue-jeaned statuettes.
derries in the ballad
of Mechanization.
the community is too
well off to be concerned.
ceteris paribus.

saprophitic existence.
human sediment unstirred,
rusting beneath
a slum rain.

the isotopes
of modern tragic beauty,
standing on corners,
posturing,
in leather
and blue jeans.

- Albert Norman

IN LOCO PARENTIS

The University Committee on Student Conduct has issued a sad little document entitled, with legalistic redundancy "Policy Statement on Student Possession, Use, and Distribution of Narcotics." Dean Joseph Kauffman has enthusiastically touted this document to the local papers as the most comprehensive and best statement on the subject issued by any American institution despite the fact that a few months ago Dean Kauffman was telling the same papers that narcotic use was no problem on the Madison campus.

From now on, students may be expelled whether or not they are apprehended by police, found innocent in court, or 'cooperating' with police. They may be punished if their offence takes place miles away from the University, and if the evidence against them is gained by illegal searches or from wiretaps.

They are subject to double jeopardy to begin with. Customarily police decide whether a suspect is to be prosecuted under state or federal statutes and do not try for prosecution under both. Now the University is overturning that policy and acting as an arm of the state in procedures over which they have placed not even the most minimal safeguards --the right to call witnesses and face one's accusers. The University is setting itself up as a superlegal star chamber, providing a new outlet for the tattling of informers most of whom, the statement admits fink to save their "own skins," and Chief Wilbur Emery's electronic spying.

Why is the University doing this? Here is its reasoning: Narcotic use is illegal. Police, prosecutors and trial courts zealously enforce the laws. Narcotics arrest records prompted "even in a single experiment or casual social situation" may bar employment and educational opportunity. On the face of it this is an amiguous argument for more rigor. Does one bar educational opportunity to a person so he won't be barred from educational opportunity?

The crux of the argument cannot be that the University must enforce society's laws extralegally since the police are hampered by the courts. So the Committee moves to what it calls "Other Considerations."

The first of these is what it calls "The Narcotics Subculture." To the committee the subculture is not an attractive and interesting group of people prolific in the arts, humanitarian in feeling, spontaneous and imaginative in their response to reality. The Committee sees the subculture as "the world of organized crime."

What is the basis of this information? Listen to the Committee's lurid vision. "Obviously the professional supplier, at some point necessary for marijuana as well as heroin, is not playing a game, not merely encouraging psychedelic experimentation, not protesting middle class values. He is a professional criminal...."

William Burroughs points out that professional drug pushers do not like to deal in Marijuana: it's too bulky and too cheap. (For a hundred dollars one could stay high for three years --smoking every day). Burroughs and most other writers with experience on the drug trade point out that even heroin sellers, the total Madison contingent of which would be short-handed for a game of double solitaire, do not recruit new customers preferring by far to deal with steady, reliable old customers. The free sample followed by the extortionate price rise is a fantasy of middle class mercantilists. Heroin addicts do go on to larger doses as they become addicted, but prices stay about the same. As far as one can gather, amateur competition keeps pot and LSD too unprofitable for the criminal drug traffickers. And as for the inevitable escalation to addicting drugs, as Allen Ginsberg pointed



out in October's Atlantic, a higher percentage of heroin addicts have smoked cigarettes than have smoked marijuana.

Informers comprise the second subheading in the Committee's "Other Considerations." This suborning of sacred interhuman relationships, the Committee notes, is generally accepted as 'proper procedure.' "The users world," it warns, is one of "incessant suspicion, sudden police apprehension, and potential violence." So is the civil rights worker's. Certainly the best way to end this sickening network is to condemn it, not to utilize it. In passing, one might reflect that the only violence thus far on the Madison scene appears to be roughousing of suspects by local police. If psychedelic use leads to crime in our community, it is crimes by the police against privacy, love, and human integrity.

"Preoccupation with Drugs." More lurid speculation. Get this. The pot smoker spends his days "scheming to get them (drugs)." He suffers "almost total preoccupation with drugs and the world of drug use," even if he is not addicted. I am thinking of a brilliant young PhD in the sciences who got his fundamental insights into the nature of his problem from LSD and spent a quarter of a million dollars in grants probing them experimentally at this institution. And of scores of degrees earned and publications written by people in Madison in whose lives pot has replaced alcohol. Recently the Madison papers carried a photograph of about a half dozen faculty members who had earned recognition for excellence in their academic pursuits. Exactly half of them were habitual pot smokers.

The young PhD I mentioned earlier could have walked into the Madison police department smoking marijuana and carrying a bushel of LSD soaked sugar cubes and suffered only slight inconvenience. His field is highly relevant to the production of space-age discoveries on the basis of which the government hopes to enhance its prestige with some future holocaust. There were only three or four men in the world who fully understood what he had discovered. He is too much in demand to be imprisoned for something as silly as smoking marijuana or taking LSD. That danger is reserved for students of the arts or the humanities.

Students will smoke pot in larger and larger numbers and will simply laugh at the Committee's assertion that they should apply for help with their "addiction" to the University Health Services.

Frankly, I am appalled at the ignorance and bigotry of this Committee, but I hope their policy statement is not an epitaph for discourse. I hope they will open their minds for further information on what can be a considerably less painful transition from one euphoriant to another in an exciting and kaleidoscopic culture.

--Francis Lee

MUHAMMED ALI



Muhammed Ali's refusal to accept induction into the army has dramatically altered his future as an athlete; in fact, he may never fight again. Many sports fans will be upset by the loss of the man who has revived a sport which has been declining since Marciano retired. Many sports writers, however, will obviously be happy to see Patterson or Terrell take Ali's place as champion; for, if nothing else, it will relieve them of the burden of having to drag "the greats of the past" (Louis, Dempsey, Marciano et.al.) out of the closet to fight imaginary bouts with Ali. There will be no need to repeat the process if a Patterson or a Terrell should win the title via the elimination series which is currently being planned. Curiously enough, the last champion to merit the "imaginary bout" routine was sullen Sonny Liston. One of these articles appeared in Esquire, and it had Sonny Bear make short work of Marciano and Louis, but lose to Dempsey on a late round K.O. Most of the articles which pit Ali against these three "greats" predict that he would have been flattened by each. Yet few of such articles stop there. They must go on to express their bewilderment at his actions: how can a colored boy from Louisville make a mockery of one of the highest positions of honor which this nation makes possible for his race? How can an athlete possibly hold and voice such unpopular political opinions? How can an athlete be political? To understand Muhammed Ali as an athlete and a man, we must look at him in terms of his craft, his reputation, and what he means for our time.

Outside of the fundamentals of condition, strength and speed, Ali's relationship to the traditional heavyweight is extremely tenuous. His only articles of traditional artillery are his left jab (no fighter can duck it) and his right cross, which he usually uses in the form of a right hand counter over a left lead (it is the most effective right hand of any modern heavyweight). Yet he deviates from most heavyweights in the way he throws a punch: most heavyweights throw their punches from the shoulder, for power; Ali throws his from the wrist, for speed. In doing so, he deflates the accepted notion of the heavyweight as a flat-footed battering ram. He always keeps moving and rarely stops to trade punches with his opponent unless he believes he has him set up for a knock out. Constantly moving away from his man, he rarely bothers to block a punch; he prefers to duck or move out of range. As a wrist puncher, he is able to score far more times than any other heavyweight. When you understand this fact in relation to his formidable size (6'3", 210 lbs.), it is easy to see why so many of his fights end in K.O.'s. Similarly, his footwork often seems more like the moves of a back-court man or a halfback than those of a boxer. Combined with his unbelievably fast reflexes and his ability to figure out a man's style and psyche him out at once, these factors make Muhammed Ali the most exciting heavyweight in boxing history. But Ali in the ring is not merely a fighter: he is an artist as well. He moves with the grace and rhythm of a modern dancer; he will never throw a punch from an awkward position or lunge desperately at an opponent. Since he treats his profession both as a science and an art, he is almost self-conscious about the form he displays: in the ring he is Nureyev with boxing gloves.

THE REPUTATION

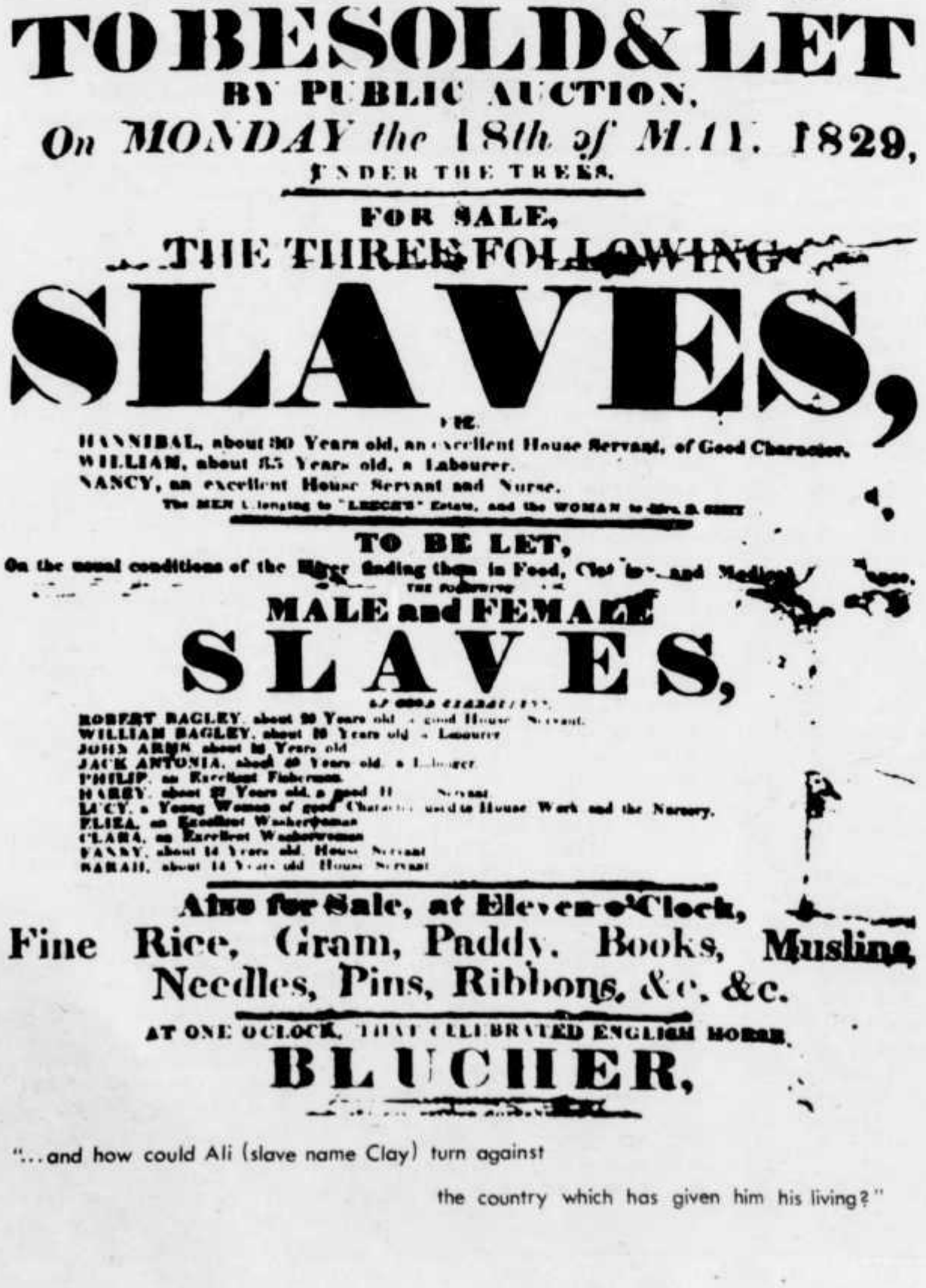
Ali has clearly alienated the old-guard sports fans and a great many sportswriters. Their views run the gamut from despair to outright hate. In this grouping we have men like Arthur Daley with their "some of my best friends are..." sensibilities. They cannot understand why Ali refuses to follow in the footsteps of the "Brown Bomber" who was drafted during World War Two. Nor can they understand how a Negro boy who has received honor upon honor as an athlete in a land of opportunity can suddenly slap that same country in the face. They write whistfully about the "polite, likable young man" who "competed so well" as an amateur in the Golden Gloves and who served his country so well in the Olympics. Moreover, they insist on calling him Cassius Clay, although they always point out that he "prefers to be called by his Muslim name, Muhammed Ali." Their point of view and their rhetoric is clearly pre-war. And although a majority of the "sportsminded" American public probably holds the same views, their number is rapidly diminishing.

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TO BE SOLD & LET
BY PUBLIC AUCTION,
On MONDAY the 18th of MAY, 1829,
UNDER THE TREES,
FOR SALE,
THE THREE FOLLOWING
SLAVES,
VIZ.
HANNIBAL, about 30 Years old, an excellent House Servant, of Good Character.
WILLIAM, about 35 Years old, a Labourer.
NANCY, an excellent House Servant and Nurse.
The MEN belonging to "LEECH'S" Estate, and the WOMAN to Mrs. S. GREY
TO BE LET,
On the usual conditions of the Hirer finding them in Food, Cloathing and Medicine,
THE FOLLOWING
MALE and FEMALE
SLAVES,
OF GOOD CHARACTER.
ROBERT BAGLEY, about 20 Years old, a good House Servant.
WILLIAM BAGLEY, about 30 Years old, a Labourer
JOHN ARMS, about 18 Years old
JACK ANTONIA, about 40 Years old, a Labourer
PHILIP, an Excellent Fisherman.
HARRY, about 22 Years old, a good House Servant
LUCY, a Young Woman of good Character, used to House Work and the Nursery.
FLORA, an Excellent Washerwoman
CLARA, an Excellent Washerwoman
FANNY, about 14 Years old, House Servant
SARAH, about 14 Years old, House Servant
Also for Sale, at Eleven o'Clock,
Fine Rice, Gram, Paddy, Books, Musling,
Needles, Pins, Ribbons, &c. &c.
AT ONE O'CLOCK, THAT CELEBRATED ENGLISH HORSE,
BLUCHER,

"...and how could Ali (slave name Clay) turn against the country which has given him his living?"



that is rapidly growing is
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it, even Sports Illustrated.
ask us to appreciate Ali not
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follow suit. They consider
Baby" (Larry Merchant's way
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THE MAN

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bought several farms in Al-
Continued on page 15

anxiety play in one act
(apologies, herr schwitters)
by david gross

a. Soon you will be fighting your country's enemies.
b. No.

a. But your country wants you.
b. No.

a. Your country needs you.
b. No.

a. Your country is at war, you must go.
b. No.

a. You must go.
b. No.

a. You must.
b. No.

a. You will be asked to enlist.
b. No.

a. You will be rorce-fully inducted.
b. No.

a. You will be arrested.
b. No.

a. You will be imprisoned.
b. No.

a. Your posessions will be confiscated.
b. No.

a. You will be shot.
b. No.

a. You will be buried in dishonor.
b. No.

a. Your name will be an insult and a reproach.
b. No.

a. I shall kill you this minute.
b. No.

a. I shall kill you.
b. No.

a. I shall kill you.
b. No.

BANG.

b. No!

BERRAY



A BOOK REVIEW

The Bible. Edited by KING JAMES, et al (The World Publishing Company, New York, n.d. Pp. 761. With family register, portraits.)

The ease with which an anthology can be put together has always made the genre a popular one among certain types of scholars. Faced with the tempting prospect of augmenting one's publication list with works of this type, instead of patiently cultivating the garden of original scholarship, how hard it is to resist! Yet, of all literary vehicles, the anthology is the most nearly worthless. Typically, it lacks unity and focus, and the reader must perforce wade through wearying pages of miscellaneous detail and unsubstantiated conjecture in order to find the few scattered nuggets of scholarly insight.

The Bible, assembled by a team of ethnocentric historians and offered as a compendium of early Middle Eastern socio-religio-political history, is no exception to this general rule. Indeed, it is not surprising that this volume does not even bear the imprimatur of an academic press. Nevertheless, I urge that it be called to the attention of all our graduate students, as a poignant reminder of the perils awaiting those who attempt to rush scissors-and-paste scholarship into print.

The authors of The Bible lose no time in demonstrating their lack of familiarity with the canons of sound writing. In the first sentence of the opening chapter (the chapters are dishonestly labeled "books," but that need not detain us) they write:

> In the beginning God
> created heaven and earth.

To begin an historical account with this hackneyed and, it must be said, thoroughly discredited assertion is surely to put one's worst foot forward. The reader who is interested in learning how the world was created can easily obtain this information elsewhere. The monographic literature on this topic is not so scanty that the authors of The Bible need feel compelled to give us their own pet theories. By diverting their attention to such side-areas, the authors shirk their duty to treat in depth the problems most in need of fresh scholarly investigation.

Whatever may have been the case a few decades ago, present-day scholars are well aware that complex events can only be explained in terms of multiple causation. Yet many of the essays in this volume show an almost obsessive desire to pin everything on one simple cause. The essay on Job is a case in point. It seems clear from the material presented that divine intervention was an important factor in the social and economic dislocations suffered by this hapless agriculturalist. But it is the reviewer's painful duty to report that the authors seem completely to have ignored the other salient factors. One looks in vain for evidence that the recent works on soil depletion in ancient Palestine have so much as been consulted. Similarly, there is no mention of rainfall statistics, or studies of the prevalence of skin diseases throughout the Middle East. The need to ferret out this kind of relevant data should have been obvious.

The reviewer does not wish to seem overly harsh on Job's biographers. In many ways this article -- based on copious notes gleaned from Job's correspondence and conference minutes -- is one of the most interesting in the book. But attention to these other facets of the problem would have enhanced its value to other scholars. It is to be hoped that a subsequent study will give this episode the rigorous treatment it deserves.

In contrast with The Bible's cavalier disregard for important social-science variables is its lamentable tendency to include in the text much material that should either be excised completely or relegated to a footnote. In particular, there is the usual beginner's mistake of talking about, rather than from, the sources. The reader is not interested in knowing, for example, the particular manner in which God transmitted the Ten Commandments to Moses -- whether by stone tablets, scrolls, or sign language scarcely matters -- but in an analysis of the commandments themselves. By the same token, the author of another of these articles, entitled "Revelations," seems more intent on dazzling the reader with the breadth of his knowledge than on constructing a coherent account. One wonders, for example, whether the allusion to the beast with "seven heads and ten horns" serves any other function than to display the author's store of little-known facts.

At a time when historians are turning more and more to the quantitative methodology of the behavioral sciences, thus minimizing the role of the individual in history, the reviewer doubts that many readers will take seriously the near hero-worship which most of the authors in this book manifest toward God. At various times He is pictured as having created the entire world, as arbitrarily effecting a disastrous flood, as raising people from the dead, and dividing the waters of the Dead Sea, and as salving almost with a snap of His fingers the knottiest problems of urban and regional planning. If the authors of The Bible have profited from recent advances in group theory, or from new methods of measuring and analyzing social change, it is certainly not evident to this reviewer.

An equally serious error, albeit one that was formerly common among historians, is the tendency to focus on the activities of small but colorful groups of extremists, rather than on society as a whole. Countless books and articles have already been written about Moses and his framatic secession movement, and one might have hoped that the authors of The Bible would devote some attention to the viewpoint of the vast majority of loyal Egyptians who refused to countenance it. It is this reviewer's contention that these people were eager for a settlement to the dispute, and that only the actions of a few fanatics on both sides prevented an amicable solution. While recognizing the justice of many of Moses' claims, one cannot condemn too strongly his use of pestilence

(Continued on page 11)

LOVE HAPPILY EVER AFTER ??

or the painted park street flea market



Upon finding this remarkable fairy tale in the deep recesses of the now open university files, the CONNECTIONS staff immediately realized its relevance as a plan of action for all those wishing to create the perfect Billy-Goat community here in little old madison wisconsin.

Once upon a time there was a bridge so very ugly that no one would use it, and the old troll would not live under it. The old troll preferred to live up on the hill where he could more easily biddledypuff the countryside.

Now, there was a young billy-goat who liked bridges, and he felt sorry for the ugly, ugly bridge. So he thought, and he thought, and he thought so hard that he bradlingrated his brain. He finally decided to go to the good Lady Rain-a-bomb, the great seer from whose lofty perch all truth could be seen.

The road to the good lady was hard and dangerous, and the billy-goat, young and strong and brave as he was, faced with great foreboding the three mighty obstacles in his path. First, he stealthily evaded the snake haired meter-maids of the Den of Lang. Then he leapt the treacherous canyon of the wrong-way platybuses. Finally he climbed the sheer cliffs of the great white dome, where no common goat would e'er be found.

"Oh great lady," said the young billy-goat after he had reached the top, "I have come o'er the treacherous obstacles in my path to beg of you on bended hoof to tell me how to make the bridge which is so ugly so it can be beautiful and make everyone happy."

Mysteriously, the lady creaked:
O psychedelic madness must you do,
And paint the bridge red, white, and blue!

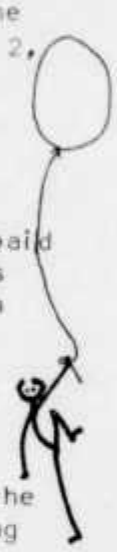
Then dedicate the bridge to peace,
Or else too short will be your lease;
For challenge now that whore--
The memorial to war.

Declare each Thursday soft to be
And bring your art for all to see.
Upon the newly painted bridge of love,
Place art with only sky above.
And on Soft Thursdays there will be
Flowers, ballons, love, and Tea.
Let everyone be.

But beware, beware--
For the old troll shall be there!

And so the young billy-goat went back to the bridge and painted it and declared that each Thursday would be gentle. And love and peace flittered through the bridge. And all the billy-goats flew balloons and kites from their horns and carried flowers in their hooves each Thursday. And all the billy-goats felt ignaciatitiously toward each other, which is very, very good.

But the old troll was angry because his memorial to war began to shine the colors of love from reflections off the great mirror lake of the beautiful bridge. So the old troll, between Thursdays, painted the bridge ugly again. But the billy-goats in love on the bridge paid no attention. So the old troll cited Rule 7, Article 2, Section 3, By-law 8, Book 4, Chapter 6, Line 9 of the great Muftipraxis which prohibits beautiful bridges and gentle Thursdays. But the billy-goats on the bridge were in love and paid no attention, for the bridge was still of love and peace and soon every day became as soft as Thursday.



Soon the old troll came to live under the bridge where he could more easily biddledypuff the countryside, cause that's the bag that trolls are in. Everybody's got to do his thing.

--Dick Samson

Book review continued

(Continued from page 10)

and infanticide as tactics against the duly constituted Egyptian government.

Similarly, one might well question the large amount of space given toward the end of the book to the maneuverings of the Apostles. Were these people typical of Roman society of that era? The instances in which Christians were beaten or tormented with wild animals seem to me to indicate that their views were given short shrift by the bulk of the Roman populace.

Throughout the volume there are convoluted sentences and awkward constructions that make the reader wonder what happened to the old formula of Subject-Verb-Object. One example suffices. We are told by John that:

> as many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name: Which were born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor the will of men, but of God.

Fumbling, teutonic writing like that, cries out for the blue pencil of a competent and sensitive editor. One can only regret that Mr. James, the general editor of this volume, was prevented by the exigencies of either time or money from overseeing the manuscript more closely.

In sum, The Bible is a prize example of how limited vision and a lack of practice with the scholar's tools can result in the beclouding of an extremely important topic. The book's only redeeming quality, in fact, is that it contains no footnotes. Therefore it is shorter, it warns the reader that its scholarship is faulty, and it precludes the necessity for this reviewer to wax indignant at publishers who put the footnotes at the back of the book.

-James O'Brien



PHOTO AND ART CREDITS

Mike Oberdorfer (1)
Bob Cooperman (6-poem, 7)
Robb Johnson (16)
Connie Berray (9, 14)

BLACK POWER: *A Definition*

by SIDNEY GLASS

Before I begin I would like to make it clear that these views represent only one Black person, although I am in basic agreement with many other people. These notes are not intended to define, delimit or present the "Black Word;" rather they are presented to to serve a heuristic function that might engender some thought and understanding. I represent no School, no leader, no label - if I were to designate myself I would say I'm a militant Black radical whose god is eclecticism and snthetic thought.

Ossie Davis commented ruefully that Black Power wouldn't have incurred such a swift and vicious reaction if it had been dubbed "colored power." At present Ossie Davis' statement seems to strike an especially incisive and resonant chord since much of the problem lies in understanding the rhetoric and yet going beyond it The term Black Power in its strident nakedness suggests a plurality of entrees we might pursue into this cultural-political movement that has now become a fact.

If we are ro have any faith in language to convey meanings infused with the power, emotion and multi-dimensional qualities of thought, as opposed to the usually narrow prefabrications and formulae we call language, we might look at the two words, Black Power, separately and then together. We call ourselves Black primarily because we refuse to let the White man define us in his terms on any level; and secondly, we object to the terms themselves that have been used to designate us, e.g. colored of Negro. Since that first moment when Africans were herded on slave ships bound for the Americas, until now, the Black man has been stripped, not only of his culture and his heritage, but of himself. His identity and his being have been shaped by alien forces inimical to his interests for too long. Imagine, wrenched from his home, his language and any cohering tie that might enforce a feeling of pride and unity, the Black man's destiny and mind has been molded by his enemy. How do you kill a man when he aims your gun? That's the crucial thing here. How can we as Black people have a feeling of pride and identity and the willingness to fight if we are using the rhetoric that is constructed to build thought strictures designed to imprison and atomize us further. In the newspapers, for instance, we observe the subtleties that are used to reinforce racist attitudes in both the White and Black communities. Of we counterpose "Four persons were apprehended yesterday" to "Four Negroes having a special appellation are something other than persons. We object to that "other than," that suggestion we are freaks, misfits or something on the lower link of the evolutionary chain. A Black person loses his individuality as a human being and becomes a member of a vilified group in much the same way that we have dispensed with the Mob, the Red, and the Yellow Menace. If a White person counters, "You're not Black," I'd respond, "well you aren't White." [illegible] colored just as much as we are in that case.

It seems as if all the negative connotations of Black that we live with have exploded in White Society's face. The power structure has traditionally known that if the Black-race correspondence were sustained, most Whites would relatively fear us and we'd consider ourselves in a negative light. By self-consciously transcending previous assertions of Blackness, we have in effect forged our own meaning, our own connotations, and hopefully the beginning of our own destiny.

Power. This word, like many others in our society, subsists in that dimension of abstracted vanity. We are told in our political science courses that "politics is the exercise of power" and that is a given, an end-all that is to be mindlessly regurgitated on examinations. What Black Power advocates have done it seem, is to redirect the meaning of the word power and to suffuse it with a dynamism that can be used. If we use as our take-off point the Weberian definition of power we might be able to see the potentiality of this word and the concept that informs it. This brief perusal also might illustrate why so many people are afraid. Weber defines power as "the chance of a man or of a number of men to realize their own will in a communal action even against the resistance of others." We can't stop here though, or else we'd be accused of being agents of that closed mindlessness that is designed to encarcerate. Firstly, the fact that power is defined as a chance removes it from the category of the monolith, the unchanging and the immutable. Power is no longer cemented in the status quo; it implies a futurity, a potentiality, a positing of that ethereal "I can." Weber's definition includes the word will. Since that word has been used too much let me define it for Black Power usage. It is the self-conscious and purposeful striving of one's consciousness within a shared collectively of sentiment. Admittedly that isn't a value-neutral definition, but neither am I. Historically, Black People have been defined as being the most lazy, slack, unconscious and thus uncaring, inhabitants of the semian bestiary. And hence, in American terms, having no will. The Man is now upset. "These uppity Negroes not only have stepped out of our definitions, but also they think they can do things without us, sympathetic to each other's thoughts working together!"

"Intolerance against others" is also a part of the definition. We have incorporated struggle into Black Power, which is a self-evident; but more importantly we have changed that struggle to one which isn't in conjunction with others but controlled by ourselves against Others. The Black Power movement has enhanced that struggle for the Black man to determine his own political, social and economic destiny by addressing itself to the issue of power. He is clearing away that smokescreen created by American capitalism, that has made us indulge in verbalisms and compromises mistakenly thinking we had power. We are forced to examine that Other, those who really have power - those who control out lives - not the secondary puppets like the ghetto cop and the Jewish merchant. Right now we are trying to define those Others as to who and what they are and how they operate. From that point we can learn how to win!

I could now collate all the things I've said to present in one all inclusive definition. I refuse! Language has a reality for those who construct it. Black Power is more than a glibly mouthed phrase; it is a concept of political and cultural import. Most important now is that it asserts a Black stance and a Black posture, something which has been almost nonexistent.

little things

BAKED BEANS shall be made available on Friday May 19 at 12:05. These and the release of their BY-PRODUCTS will constitute the PHUART*IN to be held later that afternoon, 2:10, in Van-Hise. The PHUART*IN as the creative expression of precious bodily airs shall demobilize Van-Hise and reveal its true function: a machine designed to trap airs and spirits. Both the lack of ventilation, of windows, as well as the tiled-canaled interior were constructed to serve PHUART*INS. Air engineers have estimated that a mere thousand PHUARTS, of medium strength, and strategically placed will put an end to Van Hise as we know it. So come one come all on PHUART*IN DAY and release your airs, not where they can be dispersed in house and home, but where they will be preserved for us, our children, and phuarters always--R. Jacoby

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From: The Fayette Falcon county newspaper of Fayette County, Tenn.

The body of Robert Mason, elderly negro, was found last Friday in Cypress drainage ditch southwest of the Lambert community. Chief Deputy Sheriff Buck Doyle was notified about 2 p.m., after the body was discovered by Robert Beasley, negro fishing in the area.

The body lay half in and half out of the water in the ditch. The man had apparently been dead about six weeks. The officer said it could not be determined whether he fell or jumped into the drainage ditch.

the politics of SPUD

The problem with the cop is that his job enables him to act out his fantasies within the existing state of waking life. In his dreams the laws vanish: the cop envisages himself freely cracking skulls, deftly making a multiple arrest, agilely dragging bearded, sandled leftists and hippies down never-ending flights of marble steps. Freud is refuted. Dreams are no longer repositories of the love and play denied by reality; they have become extensions of the violence and hatred which is reality itself. The rest of us, awake, live the coerced life. Asleep and awake cops coerce and manipulate freely. Dream and reality merge, but not in the new utopia. Awake and asleep: free association as free aggression. The cop exemplifies the historical prison known as law and order--known in its present form as the Great Society. Indeed, he is no worse than other administrators, directors, judges and protectors. It is just that the cop is allowed more immediate and tactile forms of gratification.

> A Policeman finding a man who had fallen in a fit said, "This man is drunk," and began beating him on the head with his club. A passing Citizen said: "Why do you murder a man that is already harmless?"
> Thereupon the Policeman left the man in a fit and attacked the Citizen, who after receiving several severe contusions ran away.
> "Alas," said the Policeman, "why did I not attack the sober one before exhausting myself upon the other?"
> Thenceforward he pursued that plan, and by zeal and diligence rose to be Chief, and sobriety is unknown in the region subject to his sway.
>
> "Policeman and Citizen"
> Ambrose Bierce

Occasionally he meets with frustration, as he did in the evening of April 15 on the 400 block of West Mifflin St. A seemingly ideal opportunity for wish-fulfillment--head beating and arresting--was denied to a dozen Madison cops by a group of students. Gathered for a cook-out, some fifty students began a noisy and happy game of "Spud" in the middle of the street. A "Spud-in?" A neighbor might have complained for first one then a dozen cops appeared on the scene. "Get your butts off the street... we take no excuses from 'down here' ...you have five minutes to clear out." Billy-sticks ready, they grabbed, pushed and shouted. Keepers of the peace. Wary, kids guffawed, booed, sang and heckled. Disturbers of the peace. The politicians and citizens fear youth gangs.

> We in Europe and North America are the colonists, and in order to sustain our amazing images of ourselves as God's gift to the vast majority of the starving human species, we have to interiorize our violence upon ourselves and our children and to employ the rhetoric of morality to describe the process.
>
> From The Politics of Experience
> R.D. Laing

Only the wit and cool-headedness of the students averted the melees.

The point is there is no peace. Civil society as we live it (not as we know it) is military warfare by other means. The difference between the cops and the warfare State is in the equipment at the disposal of each. The insurgents of Mifflin St. and similar places are far from guerilla revolutionaries; they receive only the kid-gloved arm of America's global pacification program. But an insurgence has begun, and it can grow.

Mifflin Street's little "Spud-in" threatened the existing state of affairs. It involved unorganized fun in the middle of an important thoroughfare. There was no arena, no admission-fee, no rules. Traffic was interfered with and some lawns were stepped on. The "Spud-in" said T.V. stinks, routine stinks, cars stink. It asked everyone to get out and play. And the cops arrived to defend the eternal evening in front of T.V., the routinized life, the primacy of car over man. They came to protect the neighborhood--and themselves--from...games.

If "Be-ins" and "Spud-ins" continue to merely be, their function will remain at the level of allowing the social destruction of being to continue. Confined to parks, lake fronts and woods the "Be-ins" remain--like films of burning Vietnamese, like the New Left and mini-skirts--objets d'art which titillate a bored America. The Mifflin St. "Spud-in" implied a violation of the rules by venturing close to the market place. It stepped outside the menagerie the Great Society has set aside for its dissidents, both Left and Hip. It's a small thing, to be sure, but the middle of the street is getting there. A "Be-in" "Spud-in", "Play-in" at recruiting interviews, in lectures, at draft boards, in IBM buildings, in administration buildings. It is on the job, in the classroom and inside the corporation that the question of Being against non-Being is really raised. It is in these places that one is trained in manipulating people and ideas; it is in these places that men are transformed from beings into things. Our fantasies are not the fantasies of cops, generals and chancellors. Our dreams point beyond their world. Gratification requires revolution.

- Paul Breines



MR. LEWIS—



As hard as i try, i cannot remember the number which comes after four. Somewhere, i can remember knowing it, but now it has vanished as i search for it. In my investigations, however, i have come upon the NUMBER which seems to be the goal of your quest: that the number after "5" is "6" (pronounced "six" in english). This fact altho perhaps helpful to you, simply confuses me. It suggests that altho "6" exists--perhaps you do not.

I earnestly await the papers to inform me (to say, Mr. Lewis--while we knew and loved him, did not really exist."-Sun Times).

--However, since your astounding research has come upon the "5" of my dilemma, I am forced to to reflect that my own existence is quite dubious. Hence I feel rather hypocritical in writing to you...

(as i finished the last sentence, it was announced that the Supreme Court has handed down a unanimous decision sincerely saying that it cannot remember the number after "17"!)

Do you see a trend?

The morning papers, with no comment, lack the numbers after "4", ("5"), and "17". Do you think it is our doing or that the numbers never existed? -- I can't seem to remember.

I perceptively have noticed the growing impulse among people to forget.

Yesterday a plane took off from O'Hare, the pilot forgot where it was going -- Mexico City disappeared.

A famous professor giving a lecture on German Railroad Cartels, stuttered and Berlin vanished. Whatever this means i have begun to concentrate on collapsing "tangible objects" -- elephants, tables, oceans; my projected idea is that by 1973...

Nothing will entirely persist.

I would welcome your assistance.

...A word of warning. This morning i became aware of a similar plot being hatched. I awoke to find my bed missing, along with my legs and several important fingers. This tiny fact can only lead me to assume that someone else has the same idea...or that i am annihilating myself (this seems incorrect -- being that i do not exist).

Let us not allow ourselves to be tricked into existence; we must non-exist first!

(question--how can one non-exist first?)

However several facts remain:

1. Can we act without the numbers after "4", "5"?
2. If we don't exist can we think of the numbers after "4", "5"?
3. Does the "other party" know the numbers after "4", "5"?
4. Are both "parties" being conspired against by the Grand Inventor of numbers?
5. Can we trust the Supreme Court...?
6. Is it all a hoax--concealing the next super-nova; has the next super-nova already happened?
7. Do you remember yesterday; when was it?
8. I can barely remember now.

Please answer before pen and paper disappear; already the floor is fading.

...I cannot lose that insecure feeling that someone is always forgetting me, or that I have been forgotten and am only the footprint left by a shadow on sand--rationalizing.

Reply:

Does conceptualizing about a thing change it?

What is it, exactly, that doesn't exist?

Someone, somewhere,--is he doing something?

-Robb Soffian



MORE FUGS.....

sons, like rabbi and agnostics: it takes a lot of Fug to take the sterility out of obscenity and come up with a new (Yes!) sense of humor, and it takes a Ginsberg-post-neo-romantic with a Zen heart to tune in on something as novel as a Fug!:

"The Fugs came to tell the truth that was only dreamy till they opened their mouths for Whitmanic orgy yawp! Group Grope, Dirty Old Man, Skin Flowers and Frenzy! Teenagers rise up and understand!!..The Bible says that when Christ comes back, "every eye shall see." Now every ear can hear, and when the Fugs break through the monopoly blockade and their image is broadcast on National Television, every kid in America and most white-haired old suffering men will turn on them with Relief at last and every eye shall see," '66 to a Fugs record jacket. -Jan Garden

memo

to: UW June Graduates

from: Russell Jacoby

1. Reality outfits(clothes, suitcases, minds) will be made available to seniors. In most cases only small adjustments will be necessary. Major alterations may necessitate delayed granulation.
2. Short unattended males in black, striped, or yellow pajamas will be shot.
3. Used footnotes must either be carefully destroyed or, if the student is continuing, be registered for reuse.
4. Unattended females will be sent home or incarcerated.
5. For continuing students a new annex, Graduate School, has been set up this year. This is to be a special adjustable program devised to pulverize students. Three(3) letters of degeneration as well as no score on the Gut Reaction Exam(GRE) are required.
6. Drop/Add cards valid for six years will be provided. Students dropping without adding will be destroyed.





San Antonio, Texas

San Antonio chopped up the buildings
and smoked them in your Texas hat.
You are a painted sight to our visitor
from the north. This is the Indian weather
I expected when I was nine, and now
I glean, passing your Hollywood people,
I'm easy and almost forgotten
that you invented the Alamo
and would choir me if,
saying words in black communion,
I whispered them in your Dallas.

-Jeremy Robinson

ALI THE MAN

Continued from page 9

abama to be used cooperatively by poor blacks and students. On the surface all this sounds a bit sugar coated: but it is the life style of a devoutly religious man. The key word in Muhammed Ali's vocabulary is "respect." He divorced a woman he loved because she did not "respect" the religious teachings of his Muslim faith; he feels that human beings must love one another, but that this love must be based on mutual "respect." The minimal education which a black boy from Louisville receives has not hindered his ability to be articulate about the way he perceives the world.

On his refusal to serve in the army:

> Why should they ask me another so-called Negro, to put on a uniform and go 10,000 miles from home and drop bombs and bullets on brown people in Vietnam while so-called Negro people in Louisville are treated like dogs and denied simple human rights?

On white America:

> I never understood why our people were the first fired and the last hired. I never understood why, when I went to the Olympics in stood why, when I went to the Olympics in Rome, Italy, and won the gold medal for great America and came back to Kentucky and I couldn't go in a downtown restaurant and I always wondered why everything in it was white.

On boxing and violence:

> When I go in a ring, my intentions are not to be violent in the way of fighting to kill, or going to war...we are not one nation against another or one race against another or one religion against another. Its just the art of boxing ...in a war you shoot, you kill, you fight and you kill babies and you kill old ladies and men and there's no such thing as laws and rules and regulations.

Had Muhammed Ali been born a white man in another part of this country he probably never would have become a boxer. His natural skills, intelligence and pride would have won him the accomplishments of a Bill Bradley or a Jerry Lucas. But Muhammed Ali, both as athlete and man, points up the irony of the American sports hierarchy: boxing is reserved for the black boy who cannot go to college. It is one of the few paths through which he can make it.

The "real Muhammed Ali" will never be able to stand up as long as he remains the prisoner of the mass media and a mentality which denies athletes, particularly black ones, consciousness. The revelations by his fellow reportees for induction at the Houston Draft Board -that they found him a likable person and that they respected his decision- certainly seem out of keeping with the images of Ali which have been so carefully woven. Moreover, the almost depressed state that Ali was in after knocking out Zora Folley in his last title defense also seems to have little relation to the haughty braggart we have read so much about: Ali hardly felt "victorious" after defeating the aging Zora Folley. He could only acknowledge the victory before the T.V. cameras after he had tenderly hugged the distraught Folley: the frightening realization that one black man had beaten another for a pound of flesh seemed too much to bear.

Muhammed Ali is representative not only of a new kind of athlete that is emerging in this country, but of a new kind of man as well. So far it has been largely the black athlete who shares his awareness, his courage and his sense of identity: Lew Alcindor, Jimmy Brown and Bill Russel will serve as a partial list. Admittedly Ali's views and position are not really analogous to theirs. But the common ground which they share is too great to ignore. Together they form the beginning of a new kind of movement in sports.

America's greatest cultural outlet is sports. Adults depend on it to sustain their leisure time and children look toward it as a builder of ethical principles and values. Muhammed Ali may be doing more to stimulate a consciousness that will bring the American out of the first dimension than we might imagine.

Walter Srebnick

COATTA'S SHOW

continued from page 16

star: he gets the "blue chip" athletes. A blue chip is a good stock, a hunk of animal flesh that stands six feet or better and weighs over 200 pounds. On Wall Street investors buy blue chip stock--like one hundred shares of General Motors; college coaches also buy blue chip stock--like cattle. Blue chip boys are a good investment, a valuable commodity, meat on the hoof. Moreover, given time to ripen to maturity, they may return the original investment with a profit--in touchdowns and gate receipts. A coach that signs a blue chip gets a colorful feather for his cap. Milt Bruhn had few feathers; John Coatta has many. One learns quickly on Madison Avenue.

Coatta's dollar diplomacy has by no means been easy. Say, for example, that the University of Wisconsin attempts to recruit a flashy halfback from Texas--a Negro. To complicate matters UCLA wants him too, and badly (Coatta is at present involved in such a battle over an unnamed Texas speedster). The problem lies in trying to convince the prospect that Wisconsin is the only place that he would be happy. Does Coatta paint an enticing picture of the verdant serenity of West Johnson Street, of the cosmopolitan atmosphere at Rennebohm's, of the bright, languid Wisconsin weather? Or does he tell the prospect of all the friends he'll make amongst the University's 200 Negro students, a whopping 0.64 percent of the campus population? Worse yet, Coatta must face a rising menace within the student population itself. He is fearful(as we all are) of the fact that the University is rapidly surpassing New York's Greenwich and San Francisco's Haight-Ashbury in the number of "beatniks and pseudo-intellectuals" that plague the campus. Understandably, this strikes terrific terror into the heart of our leader, for what will become of recruiting efforts when them damn beatniks make trouble for us decent folk? No wonder he has grey hair.

COACHING: Unfortunately, John Coatta's dynamics are at present limited to speaking engagements and press releases. If his honey tongue can manifest itself on the field, we're in. Otherwise he'll have to find a quarterback and, unfortunately, the best signal caller on the field is old J.C. himself. But be he successful or not in the coming season, John Coatta has already proven himself a more than adequate salesman. He's kept the press ecstatic, the town happy, and the players well satisfied. Nobody's asked the beatniks.

Pete Seeley

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STRUGGLING underground newspaper, CONNECTIONS, needs sellers on campuses throughout state university system. Reasonable commission. Call 257-1844 or write 22 N. Henry St., Madison, Wis.

I think it better that in times like these
A poet's mouth be silent, for in truth
We have no gift to set a statesman right;
He has had enough of meddling who can please
A young girl in the indolence of her youth,
Or an old man upon a winter's night.

Don't give up!

SELL YOUR U.S. SAVINGS BONDS * NOW!

COATTA'S road show

The Rose Bowl is a 50,000 seat circular football stadium that (when not filled to the brim with Wheaties) hosts the nation's oldest gridiron rivalry: the best team in the Big Ten--sometimes--versus the finest of the Pacific Eight--maybe. To a Big Ten coach the Rose Bowl is infinitely desirable, and especially desirous is Wisconsin coach John Coatta, who gained the head coaching job after last season's coup that toppled the dying regime of Milt Bruhn. Coatta's dream of Pasadena sunshine is also shared by the eternal optimists of Madison's own "Sports Peach," and willing readers who long to dance down the yellow brick road to the magic land of Oz. Pre-season optimism prevails as usual, and all rejoice to the siren-like call of Bess Meyerson. Sure the Big Ten appears to be weaker than at any time in the last decade--Griese is gone, no more Bubba, Illinois has been effectively raped and left desolate--but tie yourselves to the mast, fellows, because the honors reside in East Lansing or Columbus this year. In the words of Coach Coatta: "Well, I've got to be realistic...but we're not going to be on the bottom!"

But keep the faith, baby, because we got a new coach and he's ...well, he's different. Even as John Coatta steps from the shadow of Milt Bruhn's losing past, the contrast between the dull, sluggish ball of Milt Bruhn and his equally dull, sluggish personality and the vigorous suit-and-tie professionalism of John Coatta becomes immediately apparent. Let Michigan worry about a starting quarterback, let Purdue sweat about a defensive line, for John Coatta has come equipped with a horse, shining armor, and a four-point plan to perk-up Wisconsin football: publicity(big "P"), enthusiasm(capital "E"), recruiting(gigantic "R"), and finally coaching itself(middle-sized "C"). That's PERC, man, and win or lose we're going to do just that.

PUBLICITY: Good football players may be manufactured in heaven, but good coaches spring, full grown, from the asphalt of Madison Avenue. John Coatta, who is of that mold, has come not only to produce a "winner" but to sell football as well. Coatta realizes that a well publicized team really doesn't have to win (witness the New York Mets), so he has begun a campaign of a magnitude never before seen at Wisconsin. His first duty was to establish a favorable rapport with the Madison sports media, specifically the State Journal. A quick perusal of the "Sports Peach" will demonstrate his success--Glenn Miller, Tom Butler, et al., feast like grateful birds from tidbits in his palm. The state, too, has not gone unnoticed--Coatta's machine has hit the road like a Broadway musical, delighting coaches and fans in far away West Allis, Neenah, and Eau Claire. This will not be just Madison's pride but everybody's team--perhaps now Coatta can eliminate the embarassment of last season, when it was not Madison but Whitewater State that was the object of statewide applause. Coatta can also boast popular basketball stars Mel Reddick and John Shell, the latter being Wisconsin's own Cheerios Kid after his State Tournament heroics of two years ago, who are the subject of constant speculation. Coatta wraps it up this year with the promise of a wide-open pre-season contest on May 13th, preceeded by a "football clinic" (May 12th) for students and faculty. More than just the labor of love, the bustling Coatta has a watchful eye on attendance, and, of course, his own skin.

ENTHUSIASM: Like any good Madison Avenue type, John Coatta is primarily concerned with filling the stadium (particularly that desolate new deck), win or lose. Speaking tours featuring players, coaches, and old game films are on the agenda for students and interested Madison businessmen. He has suggested a "pep" club; and even more interesting, he hopes for dormitory support for individual players, not unlike the "We love you Marvelous Marv" set at Shea stadium. What a perfect outlet for the protest urge; even the beatniks could get in the act. Instead of persecuting defenseless Dow Chemical, they could form a card section in the stands--"Throw it to our guys, Chuck," "Kill, Lucius, Kill," or "Help stamp out Dwight Lee."





The possibilities are unlimited.

RECRUITING: Speaking before a student audience in the Ogg Hall lounge, Assistant Coach Kirk Mee summed up the philosophy of the new season: "Getting the top grade kid is our life's blood." In doing so John Coatta had to acknowledge three things that are a must for a Big Ten football contender. First, a team has got to have the horses, and this means extensive recruiting. Second, the burly, broad-shouldered Wisconsin horses like Wausau Central's Elroy Hirsh or Kenosha Bradford's Allan Ameche...well, there just ain't as many of them as there used to be. So Coatta has stomped up and down the state, leaving no stone unturned, and has come up with good talent right in his own back yard--like Chicago, Dallas, and Pittsburgh. Third, and most important, is the fact that Coatta has acknowledged the effectiveness of Michigan State's recruiting, which last season produced six All Americans--all six Negroes. On a team like last years, where the only color was provided by John Ryan's tan and Kim Wood's freckles, the addition of players of the caliber of Mel Reddick, Jim Little, and Lucius Blair will be a welcome relief. Coatta has stomped around even more vigorously in this year's recruiting and come up with height, weight, and much needed speed under pleasant, Nordic-sounding names like Brown, Johnson, Jackson, Gregory, and Jefferson. Wisconsin football has finally woken up.

The good fortune in the recruiting field is simply a product of the dynamic Coatta personality. A lithe, graying, ex-Rose Bowl quarterback, John Coatta combines a convincing sales pitch and a businessman's know-how that is distinctly Parseghianesque. Does he croon "My Wild Irish Rose" in golden-throated tones like Ara when he visits a recruits home? Can he turn on Meridith Taylor with "Papa's Got a Brand New Bag," or pacify center Rex Blake, Kenosha's only white soul brother, with "Midnight Hour"? Apparently he can, for personable charm has made his recruiting an unqualified success. Further, Coatta doesn't sign just any high school super-

continued on page 15



connections

Vol. I
No. 6

June 1967

15c

PLUGS AND NOTICES

The OPEN ARTS will reopen the Uptown Cafe this week as a cooperative. There will be a rotating art exhibit plus music and theatre in the evenings. Anyone interested in doing their thing with us come by or call 255-5791.
CONNECTIONS is in need of help. We need artists, writers, layout people, photographers, socialists, administrative aides, sexual anarchists, lumpen proletariat, and general nuisances to help in the production, compilation and distribution of our newspaper. Any people who are interested in working for our paper should either come to the CONNECTIONS office at 22 N. Henry St., or call 257-1844 or 256-7318.

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We are making a film entitled "The Choice". Through this film we are opposing the involvment of our government in vietnam. We will show how the war affects us individually as well as internationaly, show the options that confront us at both these levels, and point to the choice that must be made. We oppose war in all forms as a vehicle for foreign diplomacy and address ourselves specifically to the war in Vietnam.

Footage, shot and collected, consists of newsreels from Vietnam, city streets of Madison, newsreels of the two World Wars, and the streets, offices, and people of New York City. The shots range from the Wisconsin State Capitol, to the trenches of W.W.I, to the villages and firing squads of Vietnam.

Sound has been recorded primarily in Madison and New York, and consists of on-the-street interviews, political speeches at the University of Wisconsin, teach-ins, and perhaps interviews from North Vietnam.

The film will be 45 minutes long and will cost $5,000. It is being shot, collected, edited, and recorded by Jerry Berndt and Franklin Kashner. We have ready for editing most of the film and a good part of the sound. We cannot continue the production because we have run out of funds, and are at present $1,000.00 in debt.

In this film we speak for the consciences of many, many Americans who oppose the war. At this moment the voice is bankrupt. THIS FILM MUST BE MADE, AND WILL NOT BE MADE WITHOUT YOUR HELP. Please contribute whatever you can to:

Berndt/Kashner Films
c/o CONNECTIONS
22 North Henry St.
Madison, Wisc. 53703

Phone: 257-1844

MADE IN AMERICA BY AMERICANS



"AMERICA THE THIEF"

memo

The hippy people have started a steamship line called the Berkeley's Lark Shipping Company. Three entrepreneurs from Berkeley bought a 365-foot steamship which will under the Bahaman flag with a Scandinavian crew sail from New York to Southhampton, England. The ship will make eight round trips leaving New York on the first and fifteenth of each month, and the eigth and twenty-second from Southampton, June through September. The cost is $150 one way, $300 round trip. Meals are included. Passengers will be provided with films, music, love, a 24 hour snack bar, a supermarket, etc. We understand that part and full-time jobs are available on the ship at $1.50 per hour.

For those who manage to make it to Southampton intact, there is an important conference on "The Dialectics of Liberation" scheduled for 15-30 of July in London. Lecturers include Herbert Marcuse, Paul Sweezy, R. D. Laing, Stokely Carmichael, Allen Ginsberg and John Gerassi (and many more).

"To see through the filter of socially approved lies in order to establish a comprehensive picture of what is going on in the world and to explore the question of what must be done."

The conference is sponsored by the Institute of Phenomenological Studies 65a Belsize Park Gardens, London N.W. 3.

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REFLECTIONS ON REFLECTIONS ON

Part II: Black Power and the Road to Socialism

By Sidney Glass

Introductory Note: Most of this article was originally delivered at the Socialist Symposium on Black Power. There are some additions, including the prefatory note.

At a time when the Black Power movement is still in its political infancy, in terms of long range ideology and mass following, it is imperative that no political alternatives be precluded. Socialism has to be posed as a potentially viable modus vivendi for the following reasons: 1) By attempting to alleviate the exploitation of man by man, socialism is unalterably opposed to the system which Afro-Americans now live under - capitalism - which seemingly by definition hinges upon exploitation and racism. 2) In all sectors of socialist society, there is an institutional disavowal and condemnation of racism. Furthermore, socialist countries have given constant and sincere support, both verbally and materially, to national liberation movements fighting against colonial and/or imperialistic victimization. 3) And last but not least important is the fact that many of these national liberation movements, notably in Cuba and Algeria, whom we consider our brothers in oppression and struggle, have consciously opted for socialism. Statements by the like of James Farmer to the effect that "It's bad enough being Black without being Red" can no longer be tolerated. In fact, the question posed at present is, "If you're Black, why aren't you Red?"

Let me first say that there would be no necessity for this speech "Black Power and the Road to Socialism" if the Black man in this country had achieved his freedom within the existent social structure. Some of us are now aware that alternatives other than those spelled out for us by the ruling class must be investigated and pursued. In essence I address myself to a failure, the failure of the American polity to allow us to take our freedom.

Black Power is the demand that we as Blacks control and direct our own economic, political and social destinies. Black power is also a mentality which says that we are going to define ourselves in our terms. We have no use for those inhibiting and debilitating definitions imposed by powers who lord over us. Black Power is a mushrooming of consciousness - what we have to do is isolate the factors that make it so.

IN CONTROL

By saying it is we who are to control and we who are to define shows a sophistication among Black people, an awareness that we aren't going to get anything that we don't take. We also know that a conscious attempt has been and is being made by the mass media to warp our minds to the point where we don't even know ourselves. We are consciously opting out of this society, saying that our allies and brothers are those who suffer analogous oppression and poverty. Domestically I speak of our Puerto Rican, Mexican-American and Indian brothers. Abroad our allies reside in the Third World. Our brothers are the South Vietnamese National Liberation Front, the guerrillas fighting in five Latin American countries and the broad masses of oppressed peoples throughout the world. What this says is that Black consciousness is also a class consciousness, because we realize that blackness alone is not the cohering factor. The division is no longer one between Whites and Blacks or Black people against the world, but between the "Haves" and the "Have-Nots", the "Oppressors" and the "Oppressed." This in itself is a major advance; the struggle is more inclusive and expanded onto the international plane. We are now more aware of our enemies than ever before due to this new consciousness. Black Power is a potential unifying force. The slogan among Afro-Americans is "We have to get together!" Black Power's focus on pride of being what you are is beginning to remove those psychological barriers that have made us feel inferior and impotent.

BLACK MAJORITY

From the preceeding, one sees that the question of directing Black Power in a socialist direction is primarily a question of consciousness. The ingredients are here - continued and unremitting oppression, the knowledge of who your enemy is, the consciousness that we are not a minority, but rather on the world scene, a majority, and most importantly the consciousness that we can change things. Another important point is that we have closed off no alternatives in this struggle ... including violence. What has to be done now is to clear the air so that this incipient consciousness can be expanded.

STOKELY'S DISSERVICE

Stokely Carmichael, as a leading advocate of Black Power, has done us a signal disservice in his abuse of the term ideology and his hesitancy to define Black Power for public consumption. He has said that he doesn't want to make a definitive statement of Black Power for fear of being misconstrued by the mass media. Granted he doesn't want his views to be distorted, but what about his Black brethren who are in desperate need of that explicitness? In a recent Ramparts article, Carmichael told a group of Black people not to worry about ideology, because ideology is developed through struggle. Although there is a need for all Black people to be involved in the struggle for freedom, all too often we have engaged in struggle without knowing where and how we were moving. It would seem that the reason for the Movement's past impotency has been its failure to deal properly with the question of ideology. The purpose of ideology is to give those who subscribe to it a general world view that allows us to analyze objective situations and act from that analysis. A crucial point -- ideology doesn't begin with struggle, it is only enhanced by it. If the movement had been informed by an ideology, Black Power would have been a reality years ago. Instead we engaged in protest politics - sitting in for the right to eat next to somebody you hate and more importantly, the person who owns those very hamburgers. This was a terrible mistake.

We have to discount to an extent our secondary foes and concentrate on those who are trying to control our lives. When you come down to it, President Johnson is just a lackey, an agent of American capitalism. Black Power is in danger of becoming a mere catch-all phrase with no import except that of a militant verbalism. The political and social content of Black Power has to be concretized. If one were to analyze why that cry has arisen, who it is directed against, and the potentiality of



BLACK POWER

this stance, it seems that socialism has to be listened to as a viable alternative.

Another all-important task that complements the work of identifying our enemy and refining our ideology is finding out where mass revolutionary Black potential lies. The reservoir of revolution seems to reside in two bodies: college students and street gangs. From the history of the Movement, it is apparent that Black college students - whether in the sit-ins or in SNCC - are the Movement's most persevering and militant cadre. The recent student uprisings in all-Black Southern colleges, former bastions of the Black Bourgeoisie, is a heartening sign for it shows that many people have come to the realization that being Black and Bourgeois in a White man's society is a very nasty contradiction.

WHO'S A REBEL?

One might dispense with the street gangs as unreliable lumpen, but upon further investigation this notion is readily discounted. The gangs represent the ghetto youth's response to the intolerable, strait-jacketed and demeaning condition which they live under. Their militancy and aggressiveness is directed against one another due to their limited consciousness and the smallness of their operational arena. If this militancy is displaced (but not attenuated) into political activities, focusing upon their real enemies, the revolutionary potentiality of these gangs cannot be over emphasized. The vital point here is that the gangs are one of the few tightly-knit groups with committed members within the ghetto context; and as a real power they can actively affect the minds of both their peers and elders.

This reliance on the gangs and college students as our revolutionary vanguards might lead people to presuppose a generational conflict at work here. This is not so; rather the conflict is one of position not of generation. That is to say, the schism doesn't revolve around old people versus young ones, but rather around those who have a stake in this System, however small and illusory, and those who don't. The struggle has to be waged by those who feel no ties or interests pulling them away from the battlefield.

BLACKS AT WAR

There is much talk about freedom and democracy within organizational frameworks. This is a given. However, it is silly to worry about these things lacking an organizational basis. Explicit in the socialist outlook is the necessity of tightly knit organizations. For too long we have been woefully fragmented and decentralized. The Black people of this country should realize they are now at war! If our goal is social revolution then we have to be organized like an army. Implicit in the need for organization is the necessity of leadership. We must not forget that Malcolm X was assassinated and Stokely is expecting it any day. A situation has to be created in which there are too many leaders to kill. I see as one of the prime functions of the University and ghetto organizations the conscious creation of new leaders. We should appropriate Mao's concept of cadre, people trained to engage and lead mass struggle, so we can quicken the pace of our revolution.

The cry of the White Liberal - What can we do? - is now mouthed by the White Radical. The fact that that question is asked in the first place shows a shocking lack of consciousness. One might even think we are dealing with radical adventurists. The first thing you can do is to let us know you are for real, that is, you too have a vested self-interest in changing the society. We are not saying we want nothing to do with you, but rather we are fighting for the same things in separate domains. Some of our major magazines have a program of sending books "Telling the Truth about America" to foreign countries. Why can't we tell the truth about America by sending our books into the ghetto for mass consumption.

MALCOLM X TEACHES

The alignment of Black Power with socialism requires no earth-rendering Marxian recitations; the ideas are what count, not the man's name. Malcolm X very capably taught Harlemites, using a rather Marxian analysis, the complexities of imperialism and its intertwinings with their own struggles at home. In describing the effect of African nations developing self-sufficient economies under their control, he said the following:

This standard of African self-sufficiency of living automatically will threaten the standard of living in Europe because it will cut off the Euorpean market. European factories can't produce unless they have some place to market the products. American factories can't produce unless she has some place to market her products. It is for this reason that the European nations in the past have kept the nations in Latin America and in Africa and in Asia from becoming industrial powers. They keep the machinery and the ability to produce and manufacture limited to Europe and limited to America. Then this puts America and the Europeans in a position to control the economy of all other nations and keep them living at a low standard.

These people are beginning to see that. The Africans see it, the Latin Americans see it, the Asians see it. So when you hear them talking about freedom, they're not talking about a cup of coffee with a cracker. No, they're talking about getting in a position to feed themselves and clothe themselves and make these other things that, when you have them, make life worth living. So this is the way you and I have to understand the world revolution that's taking place right now.

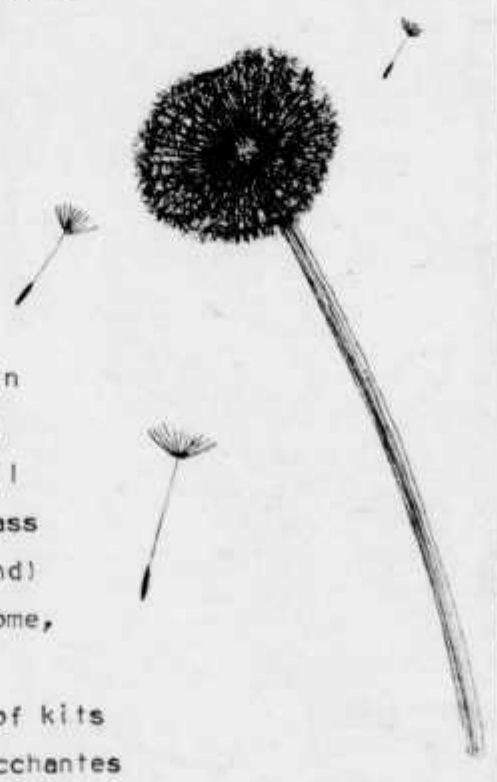
When you understand the motive behind the world revolution, the drive behind the African and the drive behind the Asian, then you get some of that drive yourself. You'll be driving for real. The man downtown knows the difference between when you're driving for real and when you're driving not for real. As long as you keep asking about coffee, he doesn't have to worry about you; he can send you to Brazil. So these dams being set up over there in different parts of the continent are putting African nations in a position to have more power, to become more industrial and also to be self-sustained and self-sufficient.

Another beautiful Malcolm ism in answer to the rhetorical question of what is the nature of capitalism - "Capitalism is blood-suckerism."

It is the critique which is now all important - from a socialist critique our actions in the future will have a socialist content. Black Power is but a glimmer - we have to reach out further if we are to forge a socialist perspective.

THIS IS FRAGILE BUT NOT BREAKABLE

One, two, three, thirty--
and number sift round the mottling glass
like living lightshow (horrorshow good) colors.
Choose one. Two. Three.
And dance in a hoop of rainbows,
Walk in a shift of shadows,
Sleep in bluing glances of quiet --
Not the time but the quality.
Let me be less clear:



There is a plain
There is a hill
And on that hill
Flows green grass
(There is a wind)
And here you come,
Over the hill,
With a chorus of kits
And balloon Bacchantes
And fourteen colts broken loose from the barn
Three kids bouncing on trampolines
And even me skipping with holes in my shoe.



BEARDSLEY

amy srebnick

Within the past few months we have been surrounded by the works of Aubrey Beardsley, the effete star of late nineteenth centry art nouveau. The exhibition of his works at the Gallery of Modern Art in New York was jammed; one dollar posters of his work are featured as "wall decorations" for the chic home; fashion designers have gone haywire over his elaborate motifs; and the hippy subculture has found sudden kinship with Beardsleyesque designs.

In some respects it is easy to see how Beardsley's work could become so popular: it is picturesque, stark, and modern in color and design, and interesting in its literary and legendary subject matter. Yet these qualities alone do not sufficiently explain the sudden renaissance of Beardsley --a renaissance which is more than just a detached historical interest in his work and times. The fact that his style is being deliberately imitated and commented on in journals ranging from Life Magazine to the Oracle (an underground paper out of Haight Ashbury California) necessitates many questions about the significance of his art, and the reasons why it has been chosen by such a wide variety of groups as somehow expressive of of our culture and relevant to our times.

Beardsley's characters are caricatures of the people of his age. The opera goers in the Wagnerites, or the figures in Salome serve a dual purpose; they are Beardsley's comment on the people of middle and upper class Victorian society, but they also serve to illustrate the artist's own attitudes toward men in general. Women are vicious, pretentions, vain, and as totally unfeminine and unfeeling as Beardsley could portray. The men are perhaps often softer, but they are vacuous, essentially expressionless, and as non-sexual as their female counterparts. Man himself is set in a world of flowers which seem to be chosen for their artificiality, wierd sexual symbols such as posts and tangled vines, and a whole variety of minute decorative detail which surround the individual and determine the artificial limits of his world. It is a frightening thought that we identify so readily with this vision of mankind.

In Beardsley's work externals define reality. The pervasively decorative quality of his art serves as a cover-up for a sordid reality that is hidden underneath. Dress is the only real definition of sexuality and the natural world is sapped of its life and reduced to a purely linear and patterned vision. Reality has been made into an illusion, and all the main subjects of his works are described and defined through elaborate costumes, stage props, and symbols. Underlying this process is Beardsley's own notion that precisely what is natural, human and real, is actually ugly and grotesque: the picturesque becomes a mask for a natural world which he conceives of as violent and distorted.

The themes of his work, overlaid with the mysterious, the foreign and the macabre, are usually based on biblical and medeival heroic legends. Beyond the flowers and the swords is the theme of the hero and his quest for experience. But experience is an end in itself for Beardsley, implying neither growth nor achievement. In his illustrations for Malory's Mort d'Arthur, for example, the hero travels through episode after episode even though the original moral significance of the experience has been lost. Thus, as decoration replaces representation, the experience has become essentially as impotent as the hero. This mystification of experience which fascinated Beardsley in the late nineteenth century has also become a major theme in our culture. But while Beardsley sought experience in a fanciful and mysterious realm divorced from the social world, we are forced to seek experience in a social reality which is in itself equally fantastic.

Within the context of our own culture, violence has become synonymous with experience, and sex with detached one-upsmanship and rugged individualism. Mass culture prevents us from finding experience which is new in its expression; and instead a variety of false concepts of experience are presented to us by the mass media. Either false criteria for experience are set up - as in a commercial where experience can be attained through a product; or we are presented with a series of vicarious experiences, as when James Bond goes through for us, the modern version of the Herculean tasks. The hippy community, which has been tremendously attracted to Beardsley's art, seems to share in a particular way this search for experience. Within their own context they view reality as grotesque, and they continuously search for new concepts of experience outside this reality. Like Beardsley, their vision of reality is entirely subjective and sensual, a kind of collective solipsism, governed by individual feeling and perception. But while they seek to escape from a destructive culture, unlike Beardsley they do not perceive human beings as innately grotesque. Thus, while they do identify with Beardsley, they have closed their eyes to this central thesis in his work. They too have made him a decoration - an extension of strobe lights and the kaleidoscope, and have, in the long run, deceived themselves.

But the fact that the mass media has chosen to aid the resurrection of Beardsley is an indication of the degree to which we have extracted what is attractive in his work, while ignoring the substance of his art: an indication that we have detached the ornamental surface of his work from the content and meaning that is beyond it. The fin de siecle pessimism and decadence of Beardsley and others like him was part of an internal process and experience which led them to perceive and portray the world in the way they did. Today Beardsley's art has been pushed upon us by the mass media, since its style is so adaptable to our times; it has not been revived organically. It has been imposed on us as a vehicle for the commercial message of advertisers, interior decorators, and fashion designers.



We are intrigued by the starkness, the violence, and the picturesque qualities of his art - they are all themes prevalent in our own culture - but we have chosen to ignore the vision and consciousness that makes these possible. Our own senses are dulled to such an extent that, while we have difficulty finding any beauty in our world, we are also unable to perceive the love of the grotesque and the macabre that we share with Beardsley's age. While Beardsley masked his grotesque vision of reality, we borrow from him merely the mask - the form and the style - and refuse to recognize the social malaise which makes such a vision possible.



The hearings of the International War Crimes Tribunal are ending their first phase at Stockholm as these words are written. Not only was the experience a dramatic and moving one, it was also one that departed greatly from what one had been led to expect it would be by the advance and adverse comments on it in the press and elsewhere. This note, then, is an attempt to say something for the record, to get the record straight; but it is also an attempt to indicate how very important the work of the Tribunal is likely to be in the very near future.

Before examining the aims and procedures of the Tribunal, it seems appropriate to comment on the hullabaloo and outraged cries that have attended it, from its birth to its present life. The accusations leveled against the Tribunal have ranged from those that argue it will make a peaceful settlement in Vietnam more difficult, to domination of the Tribunal by Communists, to its being a circus organized by a senile old man under the control of an American Svengali, to, among other charges, its being a gathering of pretentious persons of self-styled importance acting under the delusion that they have the power to judge and to punish the mightiest power on earth.

If it were any, not to say all, of these things, it would be difficult to understand why there would be either hullabaloo or outrage.

Doubtless there are imperfections in the Tribunal's nature and comportment; but they are the inevitable flaws that derive from the meeting together of serious, honest, and busy men and women of diverse backgrounds and cultures who are trying to come to grips with horror; a problem made the more complicated by the fact that the horror is perpetuated by the most powerful nation in history. It is not war that this Tribunal has come together to investigate and (let there be no doubt about it) condemn; it is the Vietnamese war, which has emerged as a war of war crimes. It is not the gathering of the Tribunal that is feared and scorned, it is what the gathering stands for, and what it is likely to lead to, that is feared. And, by those who fear it, rightly so.

I can do no better than quote Jean Paul Sartre's response to President de Gaulle's refusal to allow the Tribunal to meet in France, and in doing so point to the oddity that when Sartre and his fellows rose up to condemn France during the Algerian war, the very Americans (not to mention other Europeans) who would now paint him as boob or devil saw him then as an intellectual hero of inspiring stature. I shall quote Sartre at length, for I fear that his statements will not have had much publicity in the States. "Up to this point /April 26/, the Western nations have done everything in their power to prevent its creation and now they refuse our organization the right to inform on the process of the Vietnamese war. Why? Because-- at any price-- these nations don't want politics seen from the angle of morality, of criminality, which would permit the people to judge the acts of their government according to standards other than cleverness or clumsiness, of efficiency or inefficiency. There was Nuremberg, of course, but they were rushed, after having applied the law of the law of the conqueror to the conquered (a just law, for once), to dissolve the tribunal for fear of having to find themselves one day at the bench of the accused. During the Algerian war, for example, this tribunal would have had much to do...Why are we ourselves designated? Precisely because no had done it. Only governments or people can do it. Now, governments want to retain the possibility of committing war crimes without engendering the risk of being judged; therefore, they aren't going to create an international organization capable of doing this...Moreover the tribunal never intended to pronounce condemnations and will not do so: It will limit itself to the presentation of conclusions that it will have taken from the depositions of the witnesses and from the communications of commissions of experts, of which certain ones have already returned from North Vietnam. The conclusions will establish it, yes or no, this or that action led by the American army constitutes a war crime in the eyes of existing international law and, if the conclusion is 'yes' they will calculate what weight such crimes of similar nature were sanctioned at Nuremberg. Moreover, the tribunal will not judge only according to the laws applied at Nuremberg, which are insufficient. It will refer itself equally to the Briand-Kellogg pact and the Geneva convention, which Americans are not respecting in Vietnam."

The Tribunal has set itself the task of attempting to gain evidence concerning five questions, and only those:

1. Has the United States Government (and the governments of Australia, New Zealand and South Korea) committed acts of aggression according to international law?

2. Has the American army made use of or experimented with new weapons, or weapons forbidden by the laws of war (gas, special chemical products, napalm, etc.)?

3. Has there been bombardment of targets of a purely civilian character, for example, hospitals, schools, sanitoria, dams, etc., and on what scale has this occurred?

4. Have Vietnamese prisoners been subjected to inhuman treatment forbidden by the laws of war and, in particular, to torture or mutilation? Have there been unjustified reprisals against the civilian population, in particular, execution of hostages?

5. Have forced labor camps been created, has there been deportation of the population or other acts tending to the extermination of the population and which can be characterized juridically as acts of genocide?

One of the principal objections to the Tribunal has been its presumption as regards all of these questions is to find an answer of "yes". That is indeed so, but the matter is not thus settled, leaving the Tribunal looking foolish, or conspiratorial. It must first be recognized that the Tribunal came into existence only after the war had been in existence for a very long time, a period during which evidence leading to these concerns mounted steadily from unimpeachable sources. It is the function of the Tribunal to collect and examine all the evidence possible, and to inquire of that evidence if it means what it seems to mean. (As I shall show later, the Tribunal is by no means careless in what it will accept as evidence.) Second, and connected to the first point, did not the Nuremberg Tribunal come into existence with very much the same presumption of guilt -- not with respect to any one particular individual, but with respect to the record as a whole -- and very much in response to a long history of undeniable and criminal practices? Third, it was not purely pro forma when the Tribunal invited, as it has repeatedly, those who won't produce contrary evidence, whether the invitee was the President of the United States, the Secretary of State, or Defense, or any of their representatives or even the Stockholm Committee that takes a pro-war position. When the Secretary of State replies by saying he has no interest "In playing" games with a 94-year-old Briton", who is playing games, who is being responsible? But, it is finally argued, is not the Viet Cong committing crimes also? And is the Tribunal examining those crimes? I found no one at the Tribunal who would find justification for terrorism practiced by the Viet Cong; nor would have there have been many, if at all, at Nuremberg who would have condoned the British bombing of Dresden, the American bombing of Hiroshima, or many of the practices of the Russian soldiers as they pushed through Germany. When I now reply to this question, I do so in my own name, rather than through any official statements from the Tribunal, but I think my position would find agreement there.

First, the terrorism practiced by the Viet Cong postdates the American intervention in Vietnam (or when it antedates that, goes back to the war against the French collaborators in Indochina), and was a response to the terrorism of Diem, especially after 1956. Secondly, American intervention has prolonged the civil war in Vietnam, and provided the context in which the Viet Cong came into existence and have had to persist if they are not to submit to continuing outside domination (under whatever cloak). Third, if there is any single thing that westerners can do to lessen the violence in Vietnam, it is to bring the war to an end through the cessation of American intervention. And that is the ultimate aim of those who make up and who support the Tribunal. The Tribunal is thus a voice for the conscience of the West, and at the same time that it has become, willy-nilly, an integral part of the protest against the war. To quote Sartre again: "When we have collected all the testimonies and all the reports of the experts and drawn our conclusions, we will publish a white book and, at the same time, we will try, by all the means at our disposal, to provoke demonstrations, a mobilization of syndicates/ unions/ of students, and we will launch a signature campaign in the hope that our conclusions will be ratified.

So much for prologue. What is the composition of the Tribunal? How does it proceed? What is it discovering? What will it mean? The composition of the Tribunal is literally amazing. That so many distinguished men and women could be brought together for long periods of time (the Stockholm session will not be the last), is a tribute to the seriousness with which the gathering is being held. The glamorous names are known to all: Sartre, Simone de Beauvoir, Issac Deutscher, Gunther Anders, Peter Weiss, Vladimir Dedijer (who usually presides). But in the eighteen members of the Tribunal will also be found less glamorous, if also in their own fields equally well known figures, distinguished in the universities, in science, in medicine, in politics, in law. They are men and women who have no intention, one discovers quickly, of being associated with a "circus", let alone a "game". The composition of the Tribunal very much determines how it proceeds. It does so within a severe set of rules and by-laws, and within the format of the courtroom. There is no pretense that the Tribunal is a court, but there is every effort made to follow the rules of evidence as understood by lawyers and scientists. ONe example of this was revealed as I sat listening the first day, and I believe it may be taken as typical of the spirit in which the Tribunal is proceeding.

Several teams have been dispatched to North Vietnam to collect evidence. Some of those are already back, and some of their members have been testifying at the Tribunal. The teams are made up of doctors, scientists, journalists, lawyers. The member of one such team displayed a map, while testifying, that was taken from a captured American pilot in North Vietnam. The map had red "X" marks on it, here and there, and the witness testified to the effect that these marks all indicated hospitals. He concluded that the marks were made to locate the hospitals in order that they be bombed. Under cross-examination, he was asked whether it was not just as likely that the marks were made to prevent the hospitals from being bombed. The witness could not be shaken in his belief, that the bombing was deliberate, was not allowed.

It might be asked, is what the Tribunal doing necessary? Is it not so that even without the Tribunal's inquiries, the evidence is overwhelming that war crimes have been committed? But if what we have known before is compared with what will be known in the final report of the Tribunal, I think the answer is clearly "no". As one who has followed the war in its various phases for about eighteen years, as a professional and as a citizen, I found myself amazed at the additional information, both quantitative and qualitative, that came to light in my experience at Stockholm. Most of that information was developed, and continues to be developed, by the teams sent to North Vietnam by the Tribunal.

A moment's reflection will indicate that what we can gather from our own newspaper reports is confined to things observed in the South, and facts about bombings issued by our government as regards bombing and shelling in the North. Consider the following kind of evidence brought to light by one of the teams, from its own experience: A small village in North Vietnam is bombed, sometime during March, 1967, while the team is there, or nearby. The team is made aware of the following facts: 1) there was reconnaisance before the bombing, followed perhaps thirty minutes later by the bombing itself; 2) the bombing included napalm and/or pellet bombing (which the Pentagon says is used only against military targets); 3) the destruction includes women, children, old men, schools, hospitals, thatched huts; 4) the team investigates to find where the nearest railroads, factories, main roads, anti-aircraft facilities-- anything that might concelvably be construed as a military target-- are; 5) they find nothing within twenty to thirty kilometers of the village. The same story is repeated over

Page 11

GREECE

Part II



by Peter Wiley

In many European countries occupied by Nazi forces during World War II, the traditional ruling class was the inadvertent victim of the Allied struggle for the liberation of Europe because, as a class, it had paved the way for its own destruction by actively or passively collaborating with the Nazis. Under these circumstances, the Allies, for reasons of military expediency, supported popular resistance movements composed of workers, peasants, intellectuals, and nationalist elements of the middle class which were largely under the influence of Communists.

But Communism was no longer the revolutionary credo of 1917 - the credo which called for the transformation of imperialist war into class war and for the immediate struggle for socialism. On the contrary, the Soviet Union was willing to accept the restoration of the status quo ante bellum in Europe by the western nations under the leadership of the United States. All that Stalin sought was an agreement that assured Russian domination of the countries of Eastern Europe along Russia's western border in order to block the traditional invasion route.

The resistance movements were torn between their allegiance to the dictates of Moscow and the revolutionary situation forced upon them by the radical readjustment of class relations in their own countries. In Greece the Communist party (KKE) operating within the national liberation front (EAM) oscillated between loyalty to the popular front style of politics as defined by Stalin in 1934, with its emphasis on coalition, parliamentary tactics, and gradualism and recognition of the necessity to seize power. The resulting indecision which contributed to the disaster of 1944 when English troops suppressed an insurrection led by EAM, ended in 1946 when the military regime was given a semblance of legitimacy by "free" elections in which 49 percent of the electorate participated. Under the influence of Tito and the Yugoslavs, who were experiencing a brief period of revolutionary fervor, the Greeks resumed the guerrilla struggle in the mountains of northern Greece.

In 1947 the United States agreed to accept the burden, cast aside by the British of supporting the Greek oligarchy. At this point primarily concerned with the military struggle against the guerrillas, the US demanded only enough control over Greece's internal affairs to make sure that funds meant for the army were not used solely to line the pockets of influential Greeks. But at the same time preparations were being made for Greece's future role as a subordinate appendage of the world market system.

Vietnam is not the first nor is it the last war of extermination against a rebellious and armed populace. Greece served as a proving ground for the US's early experiments in counter-insurgency. Under the supervision of General Van Fleet, celebrated dinner speaker at University affairs, the inhabitants of hill towns in the guerrilla zone were rounded up and taken to less "contaminated" regions. Thousands of political prisoners were removed to camps in the Aegean where they were reeducated in order to make them reliable cannon fodder. The use of napalm was literally forced upon a reluctant Greek air force by the American military mission.

For their part the guerrillas made serious mistakes. Having failed in 1944 when they enjoyed greater backing, the second attempt drew less support from a population which had been subjected to two years of violence and repression. Isolated among the peasants of the northern mountains, the guerrillas began to impress soldiers as early as 1947. The civil war raged in see-saw fashion until 1949. In that year after the guerrillas suffered a military set-back, Tito, in search of new allies in the West, closed the border across which the Guerrillas had moved freely. Stalin had never supported the guerrillas and had sought to end the armed struggle soon after it started.

With the end of the fighting, the US and its allies in the Greek oligarchy, many of whom had grown rich from the diversion of US funds, war profiteering, and hoarding, turned their full attention to the development of the Greek economy. The first step in this process, the development of the infrastructure - i.e. transportation, power, and communications - had been begun before the fighting ended. The

second task was to break the hold of local monopolies which operated inefficiently behind a high tariff barrier and contributed to economic stagnation. Finally measures were needed to end the squandering of American funds, encourage the investment of foreign capital, guarantee its ascendancy over Greek capital, and protect it from possible future expropriation.

With the end of the civil war US ambassador Henry Grady called for elections to be held in 1950. He sought the formation of a centrist government which would carry out the reforms needed to stimulate foreign investment. When this and an ensuing election did not produce the proper results, the new US ambassador John Peurifoy threatened to cut American aid declaring at the same time that "the US government is completely neutral in matters of internal Greek politics."

The continued threat of a cut in American aid achieved results and allowed the US to manipulate the development of the Greek political economy to its advantage. The amount of funds granted to the Greek government was reduced; the public investment program had almost finished its task of constructing facilities desired by potential foreign investors. The reduction in public funds made foreign investment imperative.

The proper stimuli from the Greek government were forthcoming. The tax structure was tightened to prevent chiselling by Greek nationals (1950) which enterprises "established or substantially strengthened by foreign capital" were granted favorable exemptions (1953). The tax laws were further adjusted in favor of ship-owners in order to encourage them to sail under the Greek flag (1951). United States' investors were guaranteed against possible losses from expropriation (1952 and again in 1953). The Greek government was given credit when it agreed to "maintain economic stability" by keeping domestic credit tight, a measure which strengthened the position of foreign capital in relation to domestic capital (1953). Further strain was put on domestic resources by US insistence that Greece maintain a strong military posture and send troops to Asia during the Korean war (1950-53). American aid was tied to the purchase of American goods. And finally US surplus agricultural goods were dumped on the Greek market severely impairing the development of local agriculture.

Despite the influx of foreign capital, which has stimulated some economic growth, Greece remains relatively underdeveloped ranking with Franco's Spain and Salazar's Portugal as one of the poorest countries in Europe. The grip of poverty has not been broken because the economy has been divided into an advanced sector dominated by foreign monopolies - Standard Oil, Socony-Mobil, the First National City Bank, Dow Chemical, Reynolds Metal, and the Chrysler Corporation to name a few - and a backward sector characterized by small family shops and businesses and poor farms.

Unlike the development of the industrialized nations of the West, the two sectors do not interact to generate a high rate of economic growth necessary to the welfare of the Greek people. On the one hand the advanced sector which is a subordinate part of an international economy dominated by the US, has created a market for surplus American goods and swelled the profits of foreign corporations and their Greek retainers. Moreover foreign corporations have concentrated their investments in areas which yield high profits and fit into the international division of labor - i.e. mining, tourism, and light industry - leaving Greece with a permanently unfavorable balance of trade and dependent on high-priced imports for necessary goods. On the other hand, the backward sector has remained relatively stagnant causing unemployment, underemployment, forced emigration, and low incomes among the working class, petite bourgeoisie, and peasantry.

These circumstances gave rise to the underlying class antagonisms which culminated in the recent coup. As early as 1956 the left reappeared to challenge the virtual monopoly enjoyed with the support of US dollars by the right-wing National Radical Union (ERE), the party of the king, the economic oligarchy, and the military. The United Democratic Left (EDA), a thinly-veiled substitute for the outlawed Communist party, was content, however, to play at parliamentary politics by forming electoral coalitions with the liberal republical Center Union which was led by George Papandreou, the tool of the British army in 1944.

The electoral coalition convinced the right that they had to rig the 1961 elections for their own protection. But this clumsy move was not enough to prevent the election of George Papandreou as premier in 1964. The 1964 election increased the threat to the right of a popular movement because of the return of Papandreou's son, Andreas, from the US where he was chairman of the economics department at Berkeley.

Andreas, seen by his followers as a Kennedy type, added a new element to Greek politics. Arguing that the virulent anti-communism of the right was irrelevant in an era of detente between the US and the Soviet Union, he called for the complete restoration of civil liberties, the encouragement of Greek private enterprise through the loosening of credit and the revision of the tax system, and increased welfare measures. Tacitly supported by the left. Andreas became the real force within his father's party because his reform program seemed to imply an attack on the unpopular monarch, the military, and the economic oligarchy.

Very few questioned the relevancy of his moderate reforms in an economy dominated by giant

Continued on Page 11



* I am indebted to Richard Krooth for most of the information about the United States' strategy for dominating the Greek economy. --P.W.

WELTSCHMERZ I

FREE

BY
T. T. SMITH

Free....Free....What is Free
But Freedom
rings the alarm, sounds the gong
Heraldically
its cry has gone out
Screaming
proclamations of Freedom
Free....Free at last
Or lost
in soulless void, cries
the Raven to the Dove
What is Free
What is Love
Where
The river Blood separates
Bodies
Sing Love
Souls Sing
Hate
Lies in empty crevices of
consciousness wherein lurks Eternity
Like insanity
Crushed Christ resurrected
Cries
Caught within the infinity
Of mens Minds
Is Alpha
The First
Is Omega
The Last
Where is the Future
What is the Past
Cries
The Raven to the Dove
What is Free
What is Love
Caught in a Cyst
Burdened by Love
Lucifer lurches turns like
a giant wheel of flaming brilliance
arching down the universal
night to Escape
The Light
Of Loves painful glow
A demon screams
Like Sisyphus
In Agony
Lucifer lurches
Arching down the universal night
Touching all stars
In Flight

As
Brilliance
Dressed in Black
Jostling about the Zodiac
Leaving the Ram, Aries, Impulsively
crying Action
Only
To be soothed by the beneficent Libra
Aroused by suddenness
Scorpio stings the Bull, Taurus, who brays
expellations of lethargy Onto the earth
Below
Unto the heavens
Above
Sing
The Scorpions resistance manifest its love
Of Loves descent the story is told
by ancients at one, old, of old
Vintage pressed
of young fruit
Forbidden fruit
The Fall
They Say
In the garden a million apples
are harvested per day
Apples grow withal God's consent
Not one is
Eaten without condiment
the heavenly fruit shows
The place
Where mans garden grows
Glows
In Time -- Created Time
By existence's Clock
The world is stop'd
Cast in a box
On the Block
The Die has been Cast
In the garden
First came a few then a mass
To See
The luck of mans toss
Had he Won....Had he Lost
Was he Free
To See
That the eye takes little out of a lot
That the ear hears plenty Retains
A Jot
Of What
Potions Partitioned

Conventioned
Conditioned
Alligned
Dated
Separated
Of luck was mans Lot
Cast!
Cries the Raven to the Dove
Free....Free....What is Free
But Freedom
Is Freedom the same for me as is
for thee
The Thee within me
As the thee within thee
Assigns creation as the lot of we
Two
Tyrants torn in mistrust
Slated
Outdated
Gods
Bask in disgust
Of one out of many
Their stories are told
On
Paper
Partitions
Pieces of Gold - Wrought in Times
Eternity
Worth more than Soul
Is Eternity
Free
Cries Crushed Christ Resurrected
Is Eternity Free
Cries
The Raven to the Dove
What is Free
What is Love
In mens Minds
Is Eternity
Free
Cries Christ Crushed
In Mens minds
Is Eternity
Free....Free....All is Free
Cries
The Dove
Caught in an eclipse Burdened by Love
Singing
Tearfully
All is Free....All is Free
But Freedom.....

greece

foreign monopolies; no one mentioned that the backward national sector of the economy could not really be developed until the advanced international sector was taken out of the hands of foreigners and their local agents; nor did anyone care to point out that this reform was somehow to be implemented by the opportunistic maneuvering of the Center Union party. The left catered to Andreas and the right hated him because any challenge to the official anti-communist ideology, even a moderate one, threatened the virtual occupation of Greece by its own US-supported military. Meanwhile it was whispered about by American diplomats that he was a dangerous leftist willing to deal with communists. Both groups recognized that a popular political movement could gain momentum, and after ridding itself of its moderate leadership attack the real causes of Greece's poverty.

When the elder Papandreou revealed the plan to rig the 1961 elections and committed the unpardonable sin of threatening to purge the army to oblige his republican supporters, the military decided that the Papandreous had to be gotten rid of. With the assistance of the CIA a plot involving a coup led by Andreas and republican military officers, the Aspida conspiracy, was conveniently discovered. At the same time the young king, Constantine, who demonstrated his ability to rule by winning a gold medal in yachting in the Olympics and by mastering the art of karate, fired George Papandreou and appointed a caretaker government, a highly irregular move.

In the manœvering leading up to the elections to replace the caretaker government scheduled for May, 1967, Andreas first broke with his father and then returned to the party fold in exchange for the right to appoint party candidates. As the approaching election increasingly assumed the character of a plebiscite on the question of the monarchy, the right pressed its attack on Andreas through the trial of the alleged Aspida conspirators. Andreas, however, was protected by his parliamentary immunity. More drastic steps had to be taken to silence him and put an end to the growing mass demonstrations.

Although rumors of a coup had been circulating for months, extra-legal steps could not be taken without at least the tacit approval of the US since the US footed the bill for the military through NATO. The US's encouragment and approval of right-wing military coups in several other neo-colonies was sufficient indication of how the US would react.

With the stage set, Andreas' plan to address a mass rally in Salonika, the scene of recent anti-government riots and the murder of a left-wing member of parliament in 1964 by fascist thugs, provided an excuse to act. Early in the morning of April 21 the military seized power arresting Andreas and his father and thousands of members of the left and center parties. Several weeks later the body of the defense attorney in the Aspida trial washed up on a lonely beach, a grim symbol of the new Greece.

With the left wing EDA outlawed and all other political organizations disbanded, the Greek people have little recourse but to return to the mountains and take up the struggle abandoned almost twenty years ago. Their brief flirtation with the "new" reform politics of Andreas Papandreou was a disaster leaving them without leadership, without a realistic program for the ending of foreign control of Greek resources, and worst of all without the weapons to defend themselves against military terror. Meanwhile the scant resources of Greece remain in the hands of foreign monopolies and the local oligarchy, and the US press has provided the military with a strategy for the return of "constitutional" government - without the outlawed left, of course,- by manufacturing the myth of the progressive young king who has unwillingly accepted the military regime until a new constitution can be written.

This tragic situation conceals within itself one meager but important advance; the text book inspired vision of the emergence of an independent Greek capitalism and a liberal democratic state, brought to Greece by a former American academic, lies shattered.



and over again, except that it might be a dike that is bombed, instead of a village. We deny that we bomb dikes, or villages containing no military significance, yet, there are those reconnaisance flights; there are no military targets; there is the persistent and increasing bombing. Here and there an exception of this sort could be put down to stupid or evil plots, but what is coming out in the Tribunal is a pattern, and a pattern that looks systematic. Is there any way to reconcile our government's insistence that it bombs only military targets, and the persistent bombing of villages, dikes oxen, and children in the field?

Lying there is and will be, of course; as there must be, when a nation dedicated to freedom, fighting a war in the name of freedom and humanity, finds itself engaged in mass slaughter. But the lying is probably not as fundamental as something else: Is it not probable that our government now in fact sees each village, each Vietnamese, each dike, each ox, each growing plant in North Vietnam as a military target? If that is so, and the evidence mounts to indicate that it is a likelihood, then the answer to that part of question #5 concerning genocide will have to be answered "yes." Is there much else to be made of General Westmoreland's brisk statement (when he made his triumphant visit to the States) to the effect that "We shall just go on bleeding them...to the point of national disaster for several generations"?

The Tribunal is systematically gathering the evidence that we Americans are destroying another people; when that evidence is presented to the American people (among others), it will convince all who can and will read it that we are well along the path of destroying ourselves as well. Indeed, to draw the straight line between the acquiescence in human degradation and human slaughter, and to understand why both must cease, has become the compelling task of this generation.

The Tribunal comes late in the war. It could not have come much earlier, for it took time for the horror to accumulate, for the reality to burst through the deception, self- or otherwise. Coming late, however, it comes also at its most strategic moment. For it is just now that in America, and throughout the western world, what had been the cries of the few have become the shouts of the many. The "many" are perhaps most concerned because they fear a wider war, perhaps more than they are outraged by the very nature of the war that has been fought all along. Now that they are concerned, for whatever reason, the presentation of the Tribunal's evidence will serve to combine fear with outrage; and it is only the total weight of those who fear and those who are horrified that will bring this horrible war to an end. It is this end to which the Tribunal strives; and it is to this end that it will make a mighty contribution.

ANAL ANSWERS TO VENAL QUESTIONS



slo walking
tough talking
Narrow Hipped
Boyish lipped
hollow chested
joint divested/ buy her a dildo for Xmas
But don't
tell the
neighbors
Join a country club,
Get that job at Struck and Irwin
"Vacations with pay, take the
kids
to the seashore"

Can the gayish blade
go
hetero
Why snow.....!
It fan fee fun

Say...one
T'wis the Twiggy tush
there in the garbage
(lacking meat et teat)
That did the trick
as quick
as one two three.

-- Stuart B. Ewen

saving face

I dream of
cleansing the Clairol blonde
washing atomic locks
rinsing fallout follicles
storking strands
with my disarming
appendage of peace.

I dream of
milking Alice in Dairyland
draining nuclear nipples
sucking strontium
attacking SAC
with my airforce
arsenal of love.

I dream of laying Miss America
exposing fleshy flanks
busting hydrogen hymer
divining DEWline
with my pink rocket
river of life.

yes, in a strange way

I dream of
entering the Pepsi generation
slurpping nuclear nectar --
rotting my innards
puking plutonium
at the final carnal
carnival of man.

-- Bob Zwicker



COSMETIC NEENAH

a little girl barefoot
dancing in the grass

park meadow
in Neenah, Wis.
scene of
eighty thousand dollar sailboats
Twiggy homosexuals
Iron anchors
and grass
trodden
by paunchy
fifty-one year old
husband-wife teams
of Great Society
dead

sang a high hungry song of joy.

BARKED mother
Helena Rubenstein
"come. my sweet child."

shatter air.
you know the sound
of hypnotized sterility
fair hair air perfumed.

enter on the tabloid
of (inner) chaos
OUTER order
reality

the victim.

-- Bob Zwicker



CONNECTIONS



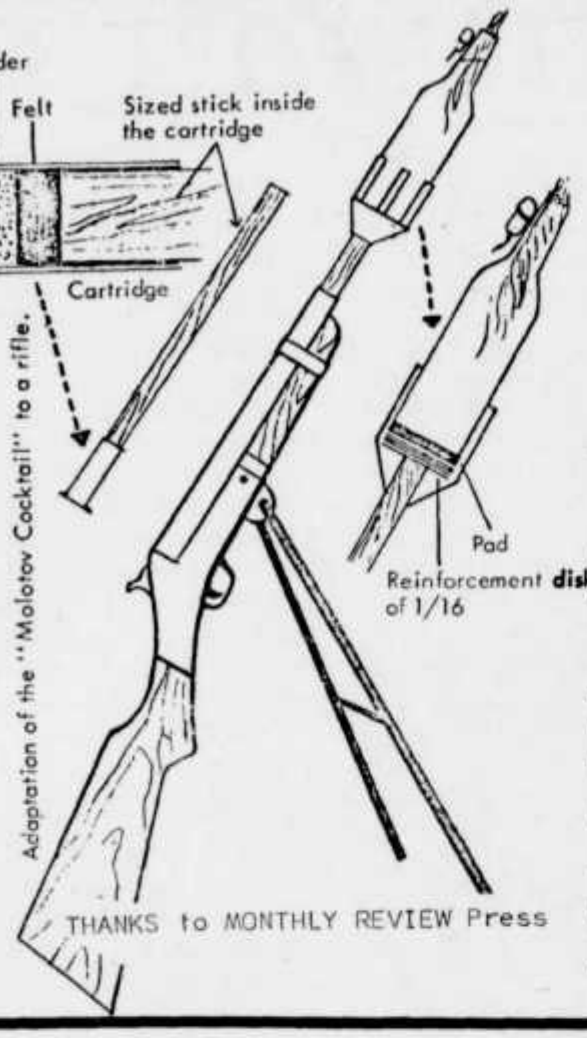
VO.1 NO 7

July 67

15¢

20¢ OUT OF WISC.

PARTY HINTS



THANKS to MONTHLY REVIEW Press

Molotov Cocktail Launcher

Give range and accuracy to riots. This simple conversion diagram shows how with an old sixteen guage shotgun and an empty bottle of Coke you've got a pretty little gadget on your hands.

This diagram has been supplied by an Ernesto Guevara of somewhere in the World.

The contributor of this diagram also informs us that a Molotov cocktail is a bottle containing three parts kerosene and one part motor oil. The bottle is sealed and wrapped in waste cotton, which is sprinkled with gasoline and ignited. When hurled against a target the bottle breaks and burning kerosene spreads a sheet of flame.

Another informant tells us that due to the ridges in the bottle which form rather mean schrapnel, it is indeed true that "...things go better with Coke."

draft dodger's dilemma

john ford

Since I got back from Canada (Toronto and Montreal) people have been asking me (and I've been asking myself) "Should I split to Canada?" The only answer is probably an ambiguous one. It all depends where your head is at. As an intelligent American college student with some kind of employment record, a few references, and a couple of hundred dollars in your pocket, you can make it. Jobs are easy to find in most major cities -- you'll probably be better educated than most Canadians. If this entices you, sned for the "Escape from Freedom" pamphlet at S.U.P.A. Headquarters in Toronto -- 1658 Spadina Avenue, Toronto, Canada. If you decide to split, you will find these centers (the biggest ones are in Montreal and Toronto) staffed by friendly and sympathetic people who will put you up for a few days, and help you work and introduce you to other Americans and sympathetic Canadians.

But dig it -- the "sympathy" of Canadians is ambiguous. It is a sympathy bred from the Canadian citizen's traditional aversion to war and to institutions which encourage it, such as the draft. But it is contingent on your ability (or desire) to conform to the Canadian concept of a "good citizen." In other words -- come on in and work and "contribute to the Canadian economy" (which is really the U.S. economy in disguise, since the U.S. owns around 70% of "Canadian" industry). No revolutions, Jack, or back you go to the war-mongering U.S.A. for a long prison term for draft evasion. No drugs, either. No long hair (especially in Montreal!) And no niggers -- Canada, like her neighbor, is a racist state par excellence. She is simply more subtle than the United States. Negroes are not often allowed the necessary "landed immigrant status" -- so they don't exist in large enough numbers to present any "problem."

So there's your ambiguity, folks -- like I said before, it all depends on where your head's at. If you dig acting and dressing pretty straight, ignoring racism and imperialism, and generally keeping your hand out of radical politics, Canada's the place for you. They won't draft you there, anyway. On the other hand, you might try staying in the United States...

Freedom? Where's that at?

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

22 north henry street
madison wisconsin 53703
CONNECTIONS --- $3.50 per annum, $4.50 out of state

Credits: The cover and the center spread are the work of Jack Lee.

The photographs of the CONNECTIONS mime troup in the May 1967 issue are the work of Mr Tom Copi who took the pictures in Ann Arbor.

CORRUPTION

Dear you-know-who: one of your Capitol buddies spilled the beans about the doings at the Park top floor. Come fall the jig will be up.

CONNECTIONS Inc.
22 North Henry Street
Madison, Wisconsin 53703

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inside the FBI

Although we have often inveighed against the use of ad hominum arguments, still, some credit must be given to SNCC's H. Rap Brown for saying out loud what all of us have privately known all along. Said Brown, "J. Edgar Hoover is the biggest faggot in America."





WE NEED HELP!!
Connections needs staff for the fall. Writers, photographers, tacticians, administrative helpers and especially layout and pasteup people are welcome. Come to 22 N. Henry St., or call either 257-1844 or 256-7318. Layout and pasteup folks call 80-655-3243 (free) and ask for Bachmann.

"My music is a thanks to God."

Charlie Parker died at the age of 34 in 1955. Eric Dolphy died at the age of 36 in 1964. Today, at the age of 40, John Coltrane is dead. No can adequately speak about Trane's music; the musical legacy that remains so beautifully speaks for itself: the essence of John Coltrane is locked within those sounds.

John Coltrane was born in the South, in the little town of Hamlet, North Carolina, on September 23, 1926. His earliest musical education came from his father who played several instruments; Coltrane eventually settled on tenor saxophone while in high school. Scholarships allowed him to study in Philadelphia at the Granoff Studios and at the Orenstein School of Music prior to WWII. He served in the Navy during the war and played in a Navy band from 1945-46.

The late 1940's was the era of be-bop and Charlie Parker. But Trane's first work after leaving the Navy was playing in a few rhythm & blues bands. He was playing alto again (he had learned to play alto during high school) and as an alto player he fell under the influences of Lester Young, Johnny Hodges, and Charlie Parker. It was also as an alto player that John Coltrane took his place in the Dizzy Gillespie band in 1949. The group disbanded that same year and Coltrane returned to Philadelphia.

Coltrane had played tenor sax professionally right after the war (with the Eddie Vinson band) and it was on tenor that he joined the Earl Bostic band in 1952. Before the end of 1955 he had been with Johnny Hodges, Jimmy Smith, and the late Bud Powell.

Coltrane and Miles Davis joined forces in early 1955, just before the 1955 Newport Jazz Festival which skyrocketed Miles to the high level of popularity he has enjoyed ever since. Coltrane, however, was put down by critics (as was the group's drummer, Philly Joe Jones), but Davis insisted on retaining the two musicians.

During his first two years with Miles' group Coltrane did not cause any musical revolutions. He played bop hard and sought to improve upon existent techniques, but it was still bop. Where Parker had played the eigth note Coltrane played the sixteenth note. Coltrane's method was later labeled "sheets of sound" because of the numerous chords he could play. Trane was always reaching out for more chords, playing them in as many different ways as he could in a definite period of time. Hampered by an allotted number of measures, sixteenth notes and dense harmonic textures served to cover as much as Coltrane could cover in the measures.

Musically, be-bop made rhythm less pronounced. It accomplished this by eliminating the steady bass drum beat and the deliberate beat of the pianist's left hand. Rhythmic freedom was coupled with an expansion of harmonic intervals by employing the upper intervals of a chord. The soloist was given more latitude, But Coltrane's extension of bop, especially elaboration of harmony, added to the speed and intensity with which he played, made it all the more difficult for him to gain the freedom he was striving for!

In 1957 Coltrane stopped working with Miles. Sonny Rollins and he changed places, Coltrane going to work with Thelonious Monk and Rollins leaving Monk to play with Miles. Playing a gig with Monk was a new experience for Coltrane. Whereas Miles rehearsed his group, Monk would show up for a job at a given time and place without ever having had a session beforehand, call his men on and begin playing. The first time Coltrane played with Monk, Monk ended up doing a dance in front of the bewildered Coltrane. Coltrane found himself in a position where he had to think and think rapidly: "I always had to be alert with Monk, because if you didn't keep aware all the time of what was going on, you'd suddenly feel as if you'd stepped into an empty elevator shaft."

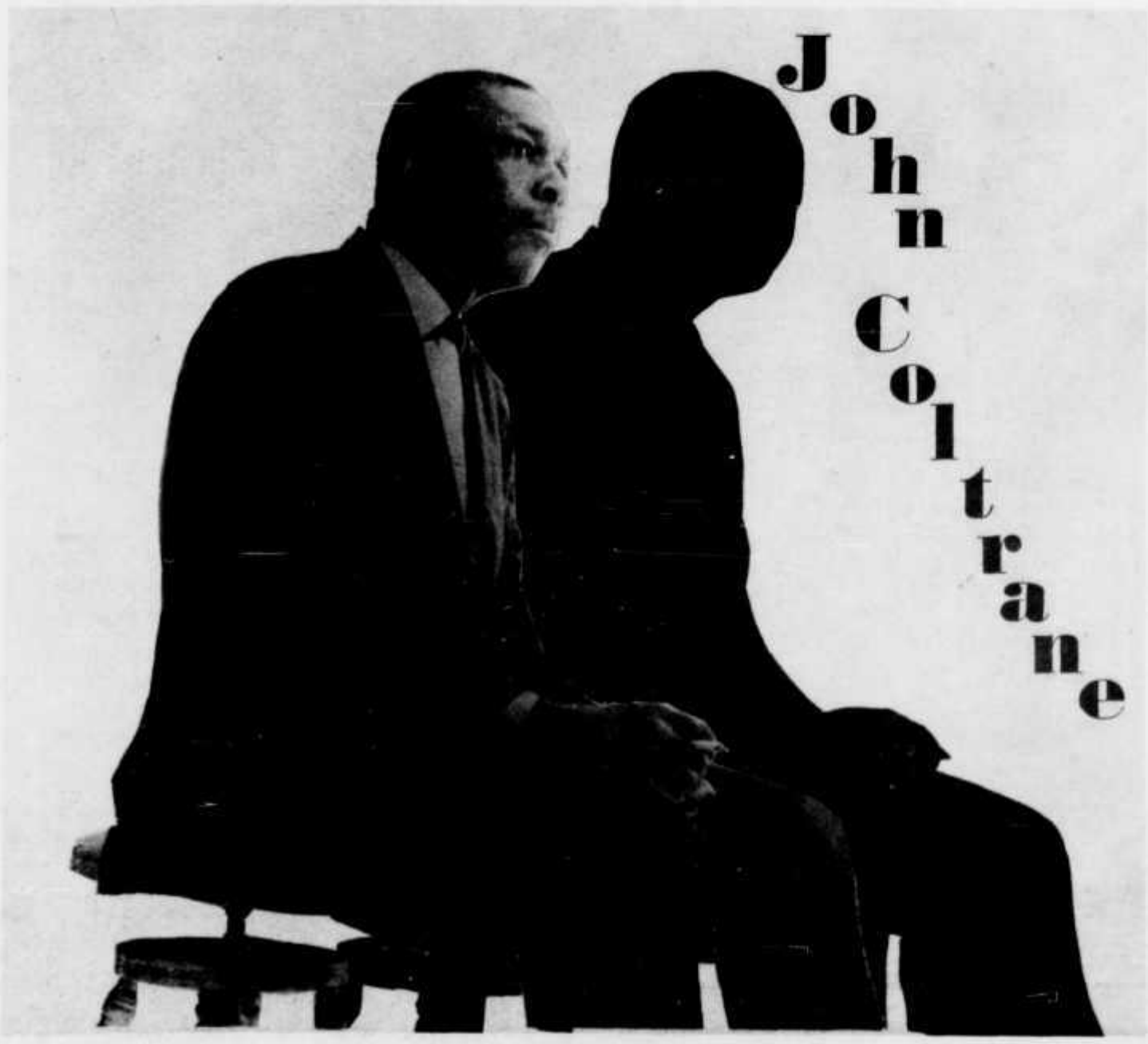
Monk helped reinforce the style Coltrane was then in the midst of: rapid arpeggios, chords that sounded almost like glissandos were launched by Trane's tenor in an effort to find every possible combination of sounds. He parted company with Monk in 1958, played with Red Garland for a short time and then rejoined Miles.

"Bird played things people had never heard before, and so did Lester Young. John Coltrane is like that. He hears things way ahead, even while he is playing. Someday people will recognize how much he really has to say. His ideas on harmony are fantastic, and what he does to our existing theories on chord progression is too exciting."

-Cannonball Adderley

By the end of the 1950's Coltrane had pretty well exhausted the potentials of the so-called "sheets of sound" approach to bop. And with that exhaustion bop, at least for John Coltrane, was no longer his only vehicle for musical expression.

In 1959 an album entitled 'Kind of Blue' was released. The record was by Miles Davis and company, including John Coltrane on tenor sax. Some people have said that this is the first modern jazz recording; it is still bop, but much more freedom and time is allowed for the soloists than had previously been accorded them. "Sheets of sound" are on the way out and the vamp is coming in (a vamp in this sense is a longer melody which shows a decreasing relation to the chord), for Coltrane stays in one thing longer on this record, allowing his unceasing search for new ways of making a statement take the place of a rapid succession of chords.



When John left Miles in 1960 and began to record for Atlantic with his own group, what had begun with 'Kind of Blue' underwent a great deal of development. The ideas Coltrane was working with were described by himself in the liner notes to two important albums, the first, 'Giant Steps,' and the second, later album,'Ole Coltrane.' From Giant Steps: "It may be that sometimes I've been trying to force all those extra progressions into a structure where they don't fit...I think too that my rhythmic approach has changed unconsciously... and in time, it too should get as flexible as I'm trying to make my harmonic thinking." And from Ole Coltrane: "It seems like we are into this thing where we want to solo on a modal perspective...and therefore we end up playing a lot of vamps within a tune...the song is usually picked primarily as a vehicle to blow

CONTINUED ON PAGE EIGHT


SLUM
KERASH
SCOBIE
DRAGERS
1972



the Economics of Libido

RUSSELL JACOBY

The nudes as well as the articles in Playboy are obsolete, having been surpassed by the reality of the playboy. The life and wealth of the playboy is such that he can pass by the reflections of women and culture and buy and handle the goods themselves. As the base of repression dissolves for the playboy in life, though be it "repressive desublimation" (H. Marcuse), so does the necessity for sublimation, in this case the reading and perusing of Playboy. The magazine even as its popularity increases -- for reasons of prestige, status consumption information, etc. -- is decreasingly relevant to its readers who do not need it as men denied and frustrated might. A wealthy and pornographic reality has deprived the magazine's pornographic element of its strength to attract. The self-satisfied reader no longer looks for satisfaction within Playboy. Playboy can then well afford both to intensify its libertine thought, press into service "prestige" articles critical of American and mass culture, as well as decrease the number of nudes (more and more are clothed). The contradiction which emerges between the contents of the articles and the life of the playboy, or the contents and the magazine itself is met by being ignored, which only those wealthy in money and libido can do. Playboy, for example, can ostentatiously announce "three pieces marking the Playboy debut of prestigious journalist/authors" one of which, M. Muggeridge's "Is My Culture Showing?" attacks just such ostentation and culture fetishism. It hardly matters though, as long as information on quality goods and status living continues to be printed.

The function and contents of the photographs and articles differ dramatically in a whole series of Men magazines which lack the wealth and prestige of Playboy. These magazines do not help adorn the life of the reader but replace it. Here the magazines surpass the life of the reader; for the poor, aging, frustrated, unhappily married reader these provide one of the few legitimate releases; they are the shoddy pleasures for a bad existence. Unlike the playboys these men lack the protective distance from the muck of reality, and hence surplus money and libido to permit them to indulge in "culture criticism" or indeed clothed women. Insecure in life, their magazines must provide total security; each article must be relevant. Each expenditure of energy must be rewarded to the quick. Hard pressed, they scorn foreplay as if it were the child's play it is, hurrying to the economics and realities of genital sex. These readers are men trapped by a stinking reality, and their magazine expresses their anguish on every page.

A comparison of the advertisements in Playboy and in one of the other magazines, Ace, states the critical differences. None of the Playboy advertisements could be found in Ace. Numerous and flourished they are status advertisements indicating what to buy and do so as to be one of the best. Short, crude, unconcerned with status consumption, those in Ace are directed at achieving a minimum existence and pleasure; they bespeak of men who barely possess jobs, money, or sex. "How to Speak and Write Like a College Graduate ..."It's easy,' says Don Bolander, 'and you don't have to go back to school!'" One shows a man sitting alone in a living room with a young sexy woman: "Investigate Accidents...For Action, Security, Big Pay...only average education required." Others are for stag movies, loans, or suggest more desperate ways to break out of a bind: "Birth Certificates, High School and College Diplomas...blank forms, 2 for $1" or "Private Investigator Badge...professional badge." Several hawk spy gadgets hinting, or rather stating the possibilities for profit and vicarious pleasure. "SUPER SPY...People who relax in 'privacy' have no way of knowing that you can SEE EVERYTHING THEY DO...observe every action...You can even take pictures through its low distortion lens!" These advertisements are for a world of men denied; they are the pleasures and options of those who belong to the real underground. With Playboy of course bare existence, vicarious pleasures give way to status living and the real thing. "Gianino of Milan, Italy, awaits you with Osso Buco, Rice Milanese, and Canadian Club."

As siginificant as the advertisements are the differences between Playboy and Ace as expressed by the articles. Playboy includes a vast array of articles of seemingly disparate character. Since the articles outside of products, clothes, travel information have no direct relation with the life of the playboy...he need not find his pleasures within the articles...nearly anything can be printed from an interview with Castro to "culture criticism," though never is the playboy life itself critically appraised. The articles in Ace, on the other hand, are not superfluous, but provide some of the few pleasures for those sorely in need. Playboy functions as a guide to living, while Ace is not the guide but the living itself. In a profound sense the articles in Ace are far more serious than those in Playboy; Ace cannot afford to restrict the number of nudes nor print articles on irrelevant subjects. Each photograph, each article must give some relief, some pleasure.

The articles in Ace form a pattern. They are more serious than those in Playboy, more critical of American affluence, and far more moral. Found throughout the magazine is a moral tone of condemnation directed at sex and nudity. Inconsistent as this might seem in such a Men's magazine, it can be understood as outlined by Freud, especially in his essay "The Most Prevalent Form of Degradation in Erotic Life" (Collected Papers, Vol. IV, p. 203). A legacy of Puritanism or now perhaps simply of a strict childhood often found in lower class groups can be a split in the mature erotic life between barely physical tender feelings and physical sensual desires; the object of the first is ethically approved subjects: mother, sister, wife, while the object of the sensual desire is those condemned and prohibited, e.g. a white man affectionate toward his wife but lusting for a black woman. The moral condemnation is necessary then in Ace so as to give free reign to the sensual desire. It must condemn so as to enjoy. Playboy, it seems, has surpassed this diffusion of instincts, for the "playmate" is to be both sexually exciting and respectable; according to Hefner she is a "healthy image." Another factor which contributes to the moral tone in Ace may be simple resentment: that which is out of reach economically is condemned so as to limit desire for it. The result, grounded on the economically and sexually deprived Ace reader, is that the Ace articles, though shorter and cruder, contain far more biting and searching criticism than those in Playboy. The spy gadget, it seems, reveals far more than the eye.

The differences are evident. Both Playboy and Ace ran articles on Tahiti. Playboy takes the usual line of the affluent; it is both blind to the horrors it perpetrates and takes for real the frauds it

fabricates. Hence the Tahitian girl "lives in an endless present, untroubled by either memories of the past or speculations of the future...the most candid, relaxed, and unself-conscious women in the



world." Though things have changed in recent times "Tahiti and its girls have managed to retain much of the charm that so captivated the first whites." Entirely different is the article in Ace. Headlined "Paradise Lost: How the White Man's Sex Drive Wrecked Tahiti" the article states how the "Jet Age" has ruined the entire country. "Even with Coca-Cola, the islander's favorite soft-drink, things won't taste better in this last bachelor paradise... Tahiti is disintegrating under the white man's laser of cash and complexes...hordes of snarling motorbikes and scooters fill the air with noxious fumes...social disease is rising...Certainly the white man's good habits haven't helped the natives. Most papeete girls, for example, lose their teeth on the soft diet..." It concludes "...if anything, the cry is "Gimme,' a sure sign that the white man has wrecked a wonderful institution -- free love, and the land in which it throve."

Both magazines contain articles on London. Playboy's "Swinger's Guide to Good Times in the Land of Mod" is long, crammed with information on car rentals, food, hotels, passports, and only in passing mentions women. It is directed at those who actually go to London, and who through wealth, friends, connections, have no difficulty in securing a female companion. The Ace article, on the other hand, exhibits the moral condmenation necessary to permit its readers to imagine the foreign illicit delights: "London: Where Girls are Bought by the Pound...London Bridge still hans't fallen but the morals of the London lasses just couldn't be lower..." It never goes beyond genital sex, leaving London cuisine, museums, music for those who can reach London.

The condition of the Ace reader, bad job, bad sex, lonely and aging, and the attitudes arising from this condition can be found on every page. The page which passes for an editorial is on aging; it begins with a rejection of the television soap commercial in which the older woman appears as the younger, tells a story of a Vice President who after having his face lifted was unrecognized at his job and handed over to the police, and concludes that it is best to mature. The fiction, unlike Playboy's, involves wives, and usually after a slight transgression affirms male domination. One ending: "'Shut-up!' Jasper said. The startled look on Bertha's face was beautiful to behold. For a glorious moment Jasper felt himself master of the situation. 'Shut-up!' he repeated, 'And stay shut-up until I give you permission to talk!..."

One article crystallizes the tensions and realities of the Ace reader. Like all the Ace articles it is aimed at the aging, fearful, and poor. Entitled "How Big Beat Dancing Can Wreck Your Sex Life" it includes a legitimate critique of electric rock and roll as being hypnotic, barbaric, and mind destroying, yet is fundamentally founded on the fear of being psychically and economically cheated, if not destroyed, by the new rock and roll. The precariousness of the existence of the Ace reader could not be more evident. The chatty, confident style of the article fails to veil the seriousness and the fear. The "big beat dance" wrecks the sex life, for "they make you so tired out what else can you think about other than rest." The reader is mistaken if he thinks that after taking a girl to one of these dances he will end up having her. "And you think you're going to give her a softsell and feather-foam matress later? You're off your rocker! Not only will she be too tired to set the alarm for the morning, if you've been giving your all for an entire evening of erotic dervishment, how are you going to be able to rise and shine? Much less score...You've spent cash, but she's just spent." The realm of necessity within which these men are operating is clear; the tight economics of eroticism yields to the tighter one of bread and butter: the alarm clock and the job. "Rise and Shine," the lie which has greeted all those unable to rise or shine, is primary and testifies to the depths of the impoverishment and suffering. The article concludes increasingly chatty and increasingly serious: "In other words stick to the old-fashioned trite and proved formulas. If she likes dancing, con her into places where she can waltz, fox trot, one step and Lindy Hop. There are such places. There must be if LBJ isn't kidding about his Conservation Program. To survive you've got to learn to conserve your strength."

--Russell Jacoby

Collages by
Mark B. Rohrer

in...I won't go to the piano any more. I'm going to try to write for the horn from now on...All the time I was with Miles I didn't have anything to think about but myself so I stayed at the piano and chords, chords, chords! I ended up playing them on my horn."

Coltrane began to look for men compatible with his music in 1960. He found Elvin Jones, drummer, and McCoy Tyner, pianist, in 1960. Jimmy Garrison became bass player for the quartet in 1962. Perhaps the real key to the group's power and drive (aside from Coltrane) was Elvin Jones. Jones had been Charlie Parker's drummer. Playing with Coltrane allowed a great deal of satisfaction for both musicians: Elvin was as strong a drummer as Coltrane was a tenor man. Jones had been criticized before joining Coltrane's quartet for playing in too complicated a manner. The real problem was with the players who criticized him; they couldn't keep up with Elvin's inventiveness.

In 1961 Coltrane obtained a recording contract with Impulse Records. His music began to change. The search for freedom, for a universal music, saw the vamp elongate to become the mode as the relation to the chord diminished. For lack of a better word, 'modal jazz' is best heard on 'My Favorite Things' or on 'A Love Supreme,' an album that everyone should hear and feel. The long vamp pervades modal jazz; sometimes Coltrane will stay in the vamp for three or four minutes at a time.

The John Coltrane Quartet lasted for about six



years, from 'My Favorite Things' to 'Meditations,' a total of 23 albums and innumberable personal appearances. But in early 1966 Elvin Jones and McCoy Tyner left Coltrane. Elvin quit because Coltrane had begun to use another drummer, much younger than Jones, named Rashied Ali, who Coltrane seemed to feel could play the type of complex rhythms he wanted to use. McCoy Tyner quit soon after Jones had left the quartet. Tyner respected the direction in which Coltrane's music was headed but could not remain with him. Alice McLeod Coltrane replaced Tyner on piano.

Coltrane's 'new music,' or as he might have preferred, his burgeoning spirit of universalism and freedom, begins with 'Ascension.' It is an album of new ideas, although earlier albums had included some compositions in the new genre. 'Ascension': jazz had gone with Coltrane from be-bop to a newer freedom.

Ascension is one extended movement (unfortunately you have to flip the record over a lengthy composition whose key is unity, unity derived not from structure but from tones and timbre:

> The emphasis was on textures rather than the making of an organizational entity. There was unity, but it was a unity of sounds and textures rather than like an A-B-A approach. You can hear, in the saxophones especially, a reaching for sound and an exploration of the possibilities of sound.
>
> -Archie Shepp

In Ascension chords are stretched out and distributed among several instruments. Coltrane directed himself toward the tonal center of a chord through many different routes. Coltrane had worked with large groups before (as in Africa-Brass, recorded in 1961) but never before had he given himself so little solo time: Ascension is a group effort, though Trane is felt throughout the work.

The albums since Ascension have been both large and small group recordings. An important addition to the group was Pharoah Saunders. It is clear that Coltrane liked Pharoah and his music and that Pharoah was really into something on tenor. "Pharoah is constantly trying to get more and more deeply into the human foundations of music. He's dealing in the human experience...in energy, in integrity, in essences. I do so much like the strength of his playing."

An outline of John Coltrane's life as a jazz musician is essentially a history of jazz since 1950. It is a tonal documentary of a search for freedom. Because he was so thoroughly rooted and competent in bop and in his own ultimate extensions of bop that he worked out in the late 1950's, John Coltrane was able to overthrow bop, was able to become a vital figure in the contemporary revolution in jazz which today is hardly completed, primarily because jazz is inherently a revolutionary idiom and good jazz men are all revolutionists. Coltrane was not a good jazz man: he was superb. Each new work he composed or played helped to instigate and lead a revolution. As Ralph Gleason put it, "There are very few artists whose every work is of interest. John Coltrane is one."

Above all else, John Coltrane was a beautiful man. His music is played for love, acceptance, faith, and beauty. Coltrane spoke through a reed and through gracefully shaped brass; if you will listen, you can hear one man's intense struggle for freedom, a struggle we all know but cannot express so well as Trane could. John Coltrane had something to share with all of us. This same music, the music Trane was playing just before he died, is not accepted by many people today. Let us be thankful that it will inevitably be welcomed and loved by all.

May we never forget that
in the
sunshine of our lives,
through the
storm and after the rain-
it is all with God-
in all ways and forever.

-John Coltrane, 1964

---Mark B. Rohrer

America/Post-Mortem

Silent hands, listless mouths;
But the land is not so quiet in Vietnam.

Opression, aggression--how the tables
Have been turned.
Television, radio, newspaper:
"Five hundred Communists killed today."
Freedom? It spits on us,
The bland free and the homely brave,
Echoing the living lie, the living lie,
Jabbing, thrusting at anything that disturbs
Their complacent bitterness.

Angry hands, vibrant eyes;
But the land is too quiet in America.

Dissension, expression--the voices refuse
To be condemned.
Protest, write, communicate:
"They are our brothers whom we kill."
Truth? The search has never ceased,
The beautiful people and the bravely free
Living the eternal spirit, refuse to be dropped into
The waste-bin of unanimity.

--Mark B. Rohrer



CONNECTIONS CONNECTIONS

VOLUME 2, NO. 1 SEPT. 19-OCT. 2, 1967 15¢, 20¢ OUT OF STATE

CONNECTIONS CONNECTIONS



THE REAL THREAT

CONNECTIONS has attempted to be total media. Over the weekend an article "took place." That article was not a joke. It started off Saturday afternoon with a leaflet which was not correct in its details but was true in its essence. The leaflet claimed that CONNECTIONS "uncovered a plot by a paramilitary right-wing group..." Such a group does exist, although we know no particulars about it. If the facts of the leaflet had been true, a call for readiness would have been too late.

As a dramatization of this "plot," Monday, the first day of classes, students were dragged from classrooms, marched to a compound on Bascom Hill, and executed by a paramilitary group.

The fear produced by the leaflet is legitimate. DuBois Clubs have been bombed, the Milwaukee NAACP Freedom House has been burned, and a plot to attack Left-wing meetings in New York was recently uncovered.

Coming out of this experimental multi-dimensional article, CONNECTIONS hopes to discuss the formation of a common defence group with radicals. We must not wait until after something is burned, someone dead.

R.M.S.



from LA Free Press (UPS)

reflective terrorism

...education is but two things, first, parrying of the ignorant children's impetuous assault on the truth and, second, gentle, imperceptible, step-by-step initiation of the humiliated children into the lie.

--Franz Kafka, Beschreibung eines Kampfes; Novellen, Skizzen, Aphorismen aus dem Nachlass, p.317.

The question of revolution, of explosion in the United States is to most Americans irrelevant to their way of thinking. The concept seems to be linked unalterably to the Communistic chimeras depicted for us in almost every facet of our living. It is this observation which must inform the strategies of revolutionary socialists. The revolutionary, historically, has assumed the role of being a careful analyst of the society he has wished to change. He has had to understand what are the essential problems of the society, and what the society is able to deal with effectively.

As analysts we must first understand that education, in its broadest sense, is a vast mechanic of legitimization. By education I would mean those systems by which we are allowed to know. At this point, it would be silly, and paranoic to feel that this is a master-minded conspiratorial device levied from hidden seats of power. Rather it is an intimate ideological mood which comes to resemble what might be vaguely called a 'culture.' It is understood not merely by what we think, but more in how we think. The culture has in its possession a view of reality directly correlative only to itself. Its universe is a pragmatic ideology.

This phenomenon is well exemplified in the experiments on memory performed by F.C. Bartlett. In one experiment he related to several subjects a mystical and irrational North American Indian fold story, "The War of the Ghosts." After some time, Bartlett asked that his subjects relate the story back to him. Coming from a society that stressed pragmatic rationality, the subjects tended "to render material acceptable, understandable, comfortable, straight-forward; to rob it of all puzzling elements." Unable to accept the story as it was, the minds (memories) of the subjects had translated the story into terms acceptable and correlative to their "way of thinking." They conformed the story to their concept of logic. In the above case, what is has been subverted by what the people think should be. A false reality has overcome reality. A culture may then

continued on page 12

Underground Press Syndicate

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(SEX LIFE) The of Pot



Ever see a mimosa, a sensitive plant? Brush against it and it folds its leaflets and shrugs out of the way. Then it hangs its branches, morosely wizened, for a half hour or so, slowly working up courage to spread out again. Well, that's what a pot plant is like. Personality-wise: shy, sensitive, spindly. Bet you didn't know that. The botanists see it as a coarse, fibrous nettle soaring as much as fifteen feet in one summer, a vigorous, vulgar weed wheeling around a woody stalk that can fatten out to two inches diameter of gristle at the base, and spear down into the subsoil with a mean tap root. Well, that's one way of looking at it, but it's an autopsist's viewpoint. Pot growers know better.

Now, it doesn't actually wither up like the mimosa. But let it be dry for a week and those leaflets will hang like dry blanched rags, and the top, usually an optimistic confabulation of cadet leaves, will curve over and down, panting. And even without drought you'll lose bottom leaves as soon as leaves above them cast shade. They'll turn yellow and fall off. If you're short on smokables, those will do, but they aren't the best. Dried and crumbled, they'll look like gold dust and maybe you can barter them to some young hippy as Acapulco gold. If you've got plenty left over from last year, let them fall.

Spindly and weak, despite the woody stalk, you can lose a plant to a brisk wind. I've never had a harvest in which I didn't find broken stalks that had healed themselves over as best they could and gone on. And deer love pot. I came out one day to find a whole row topped by one grazing deer who left only the woody and resin-poor bottom two feet to recover.

Sex life. The males mature first, maybe eighty days after planting. Their blossoms are tiny, shy little green buds which open into a shape something like those tin bells that parents sometimes attach to children's shoelaces. But these are very small, never more than an eighth of an inch in diameter. And they drop a cascade of pale gold dust. The males are unnecessary. Destroy them and the females will produce fertile seeds anyway, seeds less numerous, but much more likely to produce the resin-rich female next year. So in commercial areas the male is destroyed before he has a chance. Around Wisconsin he will be dried and smoked at maturity. He's nearly as good as the female here. If the male is shy, the female is retiring. She puts out tiny spear-like white blossoms best seen under a magnifying glass, and it will be a couple of weeks before she will develop seeds, so she's best harvested at 100 days.

My recipe for curing is: strip leaves and tops. Burn stalks. Dry in sun or in 200 degree oven. Crumble; smoke. Sure, it will keep. The biggest decline in strength takes place in the first two weeks of storage. After that it stays about the same, if kept dry and in the dark.

The local wild stuff is useless, a bad strain. Still, we're glad to have it around. Nice cover. I used to have a half acre growing behind my barn. I'd plant Mexican seedlings here and there. A real connoisseur can tell the local strain from Mexican by the smell. The Wisconsin stuff is coarse and grassy in its smell, Mexican subtler and more narcotic.

One year I got some Indian seed which produced eleven leaves per cluster rather than the usual five. One year I grew plants in the house and was nearly wiped out by an infestation of microscopic spiders before I realized what was happening. A lifesaving triumph of house and garden spray. One year I transplanted four foot-high house plants outdoors in the early spring, towering stalks amid the early shoots of spring and a veritable A & P for the insect population. So I dusted them with rose dust. Conspicuous white towers in the middle of my lawn. And harvested them reeking with strychnine by a paranoid moon. Then I decided to retrieve the furtive sack from the haymow and smoke it, and spent a more confident noon washing off the dried leaves with a sponge on my front porch. Once I gave a pound of Wisconsin wild to an anxious chemist who proposed to refine out the usually negligible residue of resin. From the pound he produced a navy bean sized lump of hashish, and before the alcohol had even completely dried popped the whole wad into his pipe for a test. He touched a match to it and it exploded.

In the final analysis, I'm forced to admit that weighing the risks, and the somewhat inferior quality of what I grow, I would be better off shelling out ten bucks for an ounce now and then. I won't argue that I grow my own to prevent the Mafia from getting my cash. I know that what I buy is smuggled in from Mexico by hippies and the the Mafia doesn't get close to it. And I won't argue that I want to buy American, to keep my cash away from the Mexicans. I grow grass because I like to grow things with my own hands. I like to watch a handful of seeds someone would otherwise throw away transform itself silently and shyly into two or three pounds of marijuana, into ten years of sensitized, happy evenings of music listening, candle watching or lovemaking.

Men can become used car salesmen and live in surburbia, lying about their product, cheating on their payment plans. They can ensnare themselves into a mutual trap of credit and lifetime payments.

Some of us would rather sit on a rocking chair glued and wired together by a reformed drunk at the Mission Salvage Store on the Victorian backporch of some decrepit farmhouse and watch our pot plants lift their shy heads above the hollihocks, then distribute our crop to our friends, free love offerings from sun and soil.

But of course it's a felony.

-William Lea



CANNABIS SATIVA: Hemp. Dots mark the areas where it grows in the state. Probably more common than indicated.



the MILWAUKEE MOVEMENT

(Editor's note: This is the first part of a series on Milwaukee. We hope to continue with studies on the city's black and white communities.)

"Why Milwaukee," bruited a white lady formerly of that city just after the riots in July. "Milwaukee eats it," replied a black man marching with his neighbors through the streets of his community.

Last year no amount of arguing could have convinced a Milwaukee progressive that Milwaukee was similar to Birmingham or Selma or even Newark. Even some of the white radicals of Milwaukee, who identify with the movement, testified that "it could never happen here." Yet during this summer the city had to wrestle with a riot and then, three weeks later, a freedom movement which had the support of the black community.

The events of the summer now should be able to convince us that Milwaukee is like any other American city, North or South. The atmosphere in the ghetto during those marathon freedom marches into the downtown and south side closely resembled the Southern movement. Everyone was digging the scene:

-Come on, baby, come out and march with us, yelled one of the young commandoes who was in charge of a section of the march.
-Man I don't have the feet for it. But I'm with you, I'm with you baby, Black Power!
-OK brother. We'll see you next time we come around.

Over and over again the thousands who marched saw their black neighbors, fists clenched, arms raised--a sign for black power which all residents seem to know and like--yelling encouragment, smiling, grooving the scene. They seemed to understand that the marchers, the commandoes and the NAACP Youth Council kids were "telling it like it is." The march signified profound opposition to the cops, to Mayor Henry Maier, and to the city government. The black people who had just risen in revolt three weeks before were doing it again.

One could not help but think of Birmingham, Selma, or Albany, Ga., where entire communities rose up in support of their children, the majority of the marchers in Milwaukee, to protest white control over their lives. In the case of Milwaukee like many Southern towns and cities, the cops symbolized white America's control of the black community.

Young black marchers walking next to some of Milwaukee's finest:
-Look at my dog over there. He's been walkin all over town with me, walkin right with me. Look at that dog over there on that cycle ridin' round like that. He's liable to get killed if he don't play it cool like my dog right here.....
-And look at that dog ridin' in that truck. He should be down here with my dog.
-They say that the Chief, he's a Bulldog (wild laughter)...
-There's my dog right with me...
(Cop has stone face except for occasional cynical smile)

"Why are you marching today?" I asked a black man in his 40's. "Is it for open housing?" "No," he replied, "I'm here, this is my first march, because of the cops. That's why so many people came out today. No one cares that much about an open housing law. The cops have been vicious here. We can't walk down a street at night without being stopped and frisked, or beaten. The black cops are even worse than the whites."

For years resentment has been brewing in the inner core toward the predominantly white police force, and city hall. The first sign of revolt came in late July and early August in the form of looting and sniping. Three weeks later Father James Groppi and the Youth Council initiated open housing demonstrations which touched off a violent reaction from the whites living on the south side of Milwaukee, the target area for many of the marches. The mayor, whose image of himself and his city was already in eclipse, lost his cool and slapped a ban on all marches in the city. The result was predictable. Revolt grew again, this time in the form of open defiance of the ban. Over 400 blacks were arrested; the black community was aroused: black children arrested for exercising their constitutional right to protest while the whites on the south side remained relatively untouched.

-I hear Mayor Maier was down at Third and North talkin' to our people last night and shakin' hands. I tell you, if he stuck his hand out at me I would a spit in it.

The second revolt revealed a strange mixture of ideas and impulses. The ostensible reason for the marches was open housing, yet many joined the movement because of police brutality. Black power was the slogan of the marchers, yet whites participated in the demonstrations and Father Groppi has remained the undisputed leader of the movement. Groppi, himself, seemed out of place. Here was a priest of a powerful conservative world church, marching, chanting black power, wearing shades, and talking about God.

The rallies at Groppi's church, similarly, generated a series of reverberating chants, part religious, part Milwaukee Lincoln, part black, and part Catholic. The chants, almost incantations for freedom, and the songs, drew the men and women, and the young people together in a committment to liberation from the society that is oppressing them. Young commandoes walked up and down the aisles encouraging all to rid their minds of fear, apathy, and despair; it was a time for courage, devotion, and action, especially for the young black people of Milwaukee.

Two kids about 11 years old talking at a rally:
-Look at all them old folks up there talkin'--a lot of 'em done sold out to the white folks.
-Yeah, it's goin' to be up to us to lead this movement.

(continued next page)

Milwaukee Continued

Ironically black youth, the mainstays of these integrated demonstrations up to now, could potentially alter the nature and direction of the movement. The fact that a white is the leader of the demonstrations is a sign that there are no blacks ready yet to take over the reins. What will happen if Groppi is silenced by the Church? or he disagrees with the thoughts of some of his followers? It is quite possible that even before this comes to pass the young blacks and some of the older militants will demand black leadership and black self-determination for the ghetto. If that change comes, the Milwaukee movement will no longer pay its respects to non-violence or white participation.

CONNECTIONS photographer, standing in a group of young blacks, is stopped by a black man about 35 outside a bar:

-Hey come over here.
-What do you want?
-You tell me something?
-What's that?
-What are those honkies doin' in that march? What's in it for them?
-I think they're associated with the NAACP Youth Council here.
-Man, when they get downtown and start movin' some day, they're goin turn on the blacks. They don't belong there. Why they there?
-That's a good question man.

(Next: what the Milwaukee inner core is like.)

-Robert Gabriner
-Mike Oberdorfer

"BLACK POWER, SOCIALIST, PEACE NEWSPAPER ONLY TEN CENTS"

Two thousand five hundred persons gather behind a large church in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. They are chanting, singing, clapping. Electricity is in the air. Raw energy waiting to be tapped. It had overflowed in a night of rioting weeks before. But now there were loudspeakers on a flat roof, and a rather thin, almost frail looking fellow, wearing glasses, in priest's clothes, takes the microphone. Clapping. A din of grateful applause. Then absolute silence. Even the shuffling stops. A strong voice, the kind of voice resolute in the knowledge that it speaks the truth as God would have it spoken. A somewhat raspy voice. A charismatic voice. "We all know why we are here today. The issue is a simple one. We want open housing. We want our freedom. The time for talking is long past. The time for action is here."

The bedlam seems uncontrollable. Suddenly it stops. For Groppi is about to speak again. As he introduces the out-of-town guests, one remembers his words: "If we can't walk on the streets of Milwaukee, if we can't exercise our constitutional rights, then there's already three big communist powers in the world!" The other speakers: Regional presidents of the NAACP, even a white national officer. Dick Gregory too. They are greeted warmly, enthusiastically, by the mammoth crowd, but not with the overwhelming spontaneous exuberance which was given Groppi. The gist of their message is that America is a fantastic place for White people. What is needed is distribution of freedom. The path: nonviolence and democracy and patriotism. One speaker mentions Vietnam tangentially--"lot of money going over there!" One local ghetto resident gets near the mike. A commando helps pass it from speaker to speaker and then announces that the march is ready to begin.

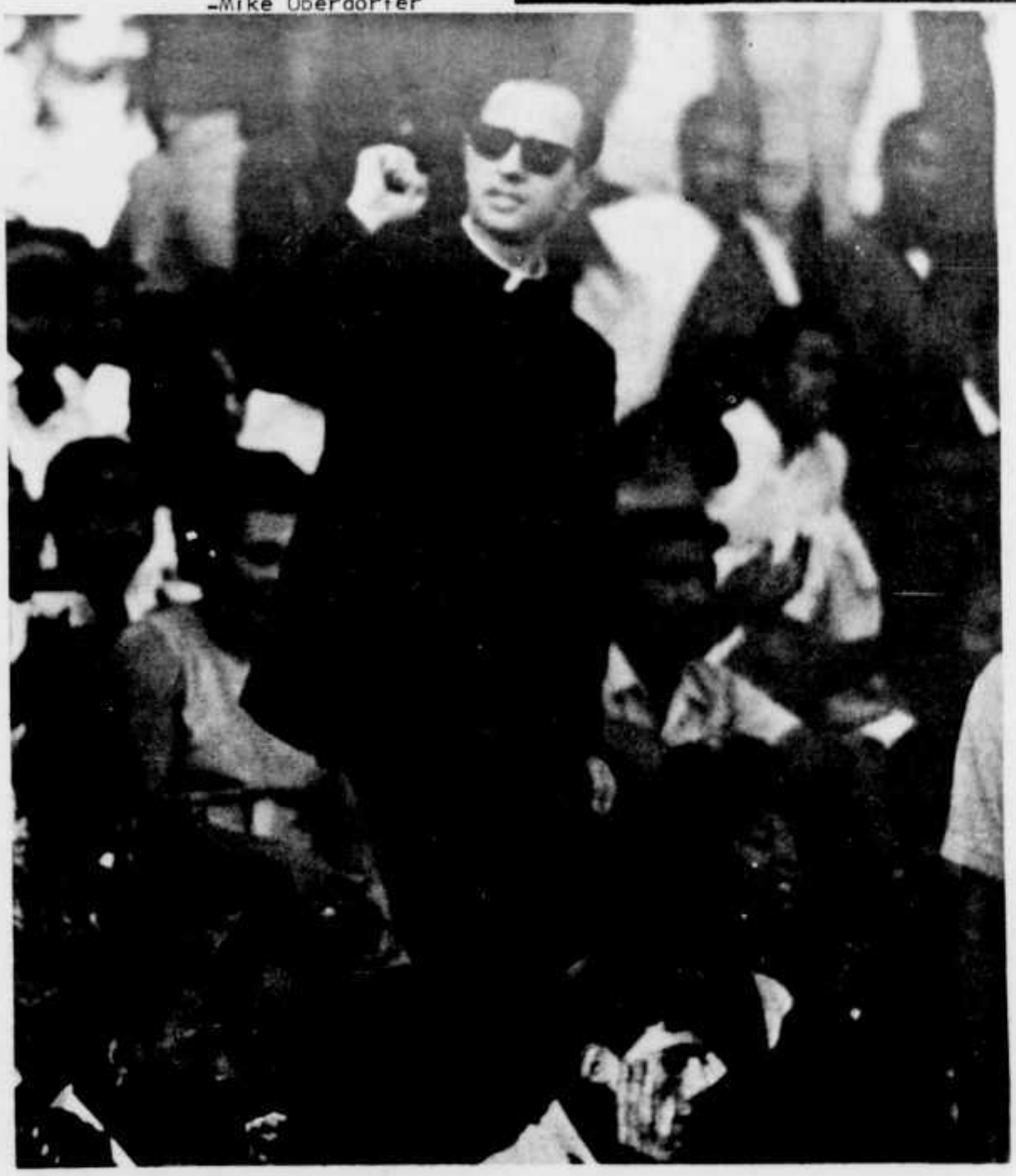
** *** **

A kind of pudgy middle-aged fellow, windbreaker and tattered cap blown a little by the breeze, stands on the corner, half a block from the demonstration. Under his arm he holds a stack of newspapers. "Black Power, Socialist, Peace Newspaper, only ten cents." Forlorn. Alone.

I buy a paper from him. Worker's World. Militant paper, all right. He offers me some information. "We were in the front of the civil rights movement, ya know. More 'n fifteen years ago I started the black citizens' council of Milwaukee."

I turn and leave. Alone again, the breeze playing with his tattered cap: "Black Power, Socialist, Peace Newspaper, only ten cents."

--Richard Samson



Studies Dies

Studies on the Left has ceased publication, due to financial problems, dissatisfaction of the editorial board with the character of the journal, and disagreement over the goals of the journal.

The differences of the editorial board have not been over political issues, but over the strategy for socialists to follow in the quest for a relevant party. One group seeks a movement-oriented journal to debate questions of immediate tactics, such as draft resistance and electorial campaigns. It would attempt to become the critical self-awareness of the movement, trying to move with it towards adequate styles and strategies of politics, life and work. Such a journal would require a new format.

The other group thinks that the way to organize a party is to organize a party. Having stated the need to do this many times in recent volumes of Studies, it believes that the time has come to act on its own advice or retire gracefully. It hopes to see a new journal that will be the organ of pre-party organization, made up in its initial stages of socialist intellectuals and speaking for them as a political and theoretical instrument.

Beginning this issue at least one page of Connections will be given over to "literary" matters. Which means poetry (primarily), comment, book reviews, etc.

What I have to say about this 'feature' is brief: there is neither space nor time enough between issues to make this a substitute for a little magazine. On the other hand, few quarterlies have a circulation anywhere near this newspaper's, and that advantage I hope to turn to the benefit of the small but excellent underground presses, most of which are still printing quality work out of sheer nervous exasperation because they are cashless. That's the first thing.

Then there are the local writers. As much of their work will emerge here as deserves it, even at the expense of the word from Cleveland, Detroit, etc. But there is this much: if you don't know what a poem is for, don't send it in. I mean, e.g., protest poems must have the clarity of vision--integrity--which is demanded of any other piece of writing. The state of letters in Madison will remain drab, dreary, safe & unembarassing to those whose interests require a 'dignified' ignorance unless the vision is clear and uncompromising. With Quixote, Connections, and (it's worth hoping) the Cardinal available to those who have kept their quiet until now, there is no reason why leverage cannot be got under the astonishingly rapt inertia of the English dept (save for Duncan's visit) and the Union Lit Committee (which panders to the nauseo-academic provincial-poet circuits).

* * * * * * *

The usual stamped and self adressed envelope should be enclosed. Give us a month & ½ for reply, though things are planned to move more quickly than that. Payment for now will be four copies and eventually that plus a free subscription. Anyone interested in reviewing under a by-line should submit something concise; we have a lot of material that needs attention. Your payment is the book you review.

* * * * * * *

The poems on this page are evidence of a motion (not movement) of poetry in the mind's eye america 1967. Gary Snyder is now well-celebrated, as he should be. NOT for his new 'leadership' of hippiedom via the Oracle, but for books like Myths and Texts, which was very likely the best narrative to appear in the 50's. (I found it in Paul's by accident 3 years ago, read it, exultant, still go back to it). He's one of the few to maintain a hardness within the line, a clear attention. This poem is included necessarily; it was found in a back issue of EVO.

Krech is from Berkeley. He is associated with several of the best underground mimeo-magazines: Ole, Poetry Newsletter. (Which will, by the way, be the subject of an article next issue). D.R. Wagner has his own obscure press near Buffalo, publishes both concrete (q.v.) and straight in d.a. levy's Marihuana Quarterly. He had this -- has anyone else laid it down?

--In a recent review:
"Nemerov thinks he is a poet. He probably sits in his study and sips warm rum and sighs: 'I am a poet.' But he isn't. He writes pretty words, true, but he loses his 'poetry' in writing them to hide behind. You cannot see the man for the words. When he speaks of himself it is always a self of yesterday or the day before. When he uses inanimate objects they remain inanimate. Nothing moves...The words flow and Nemerov tries to find himself but is always gone before the poem gets there." Happy birthday to 3000 hip Howard Nemerovs.

DCW

D. PHANTOM BEAVER FINDS MATE for Edwin Morgan

R.

W
a
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I guess it's just that
nobody actually wants
to die, she said
it's just that I keep
getting the feeling
that someone
besides my own
skeleton is living
inside me, someone
made of glass
who is going to
shatter all to hell
as soon as that alarm
clock goes off
tomorrow morning.

D.R. Wagner



the intensity
in the eye.

the
in
ten
sit
y
in
the
eye,
of the beholder,
crossing a dark
nightime street
corner flashes
for one second,
the intensity
in the eye
-caught!
for one second
the intensity
in the eye,
& walks off
calmly,
into darkness.

reprinted from the East Village Other

A CURSE ON THE MEN IN WASHINGTON, PENTAGON.

by Gary Snyder

OM A KA CA TA TA PA YA SA SVAHA

As you shoot down the Vietnamese girls and men
in their fields
Burning and chopping,
Poisoning and blighting,

So surely I hunt the white man down
in my heart.
The crew-cutted Seattle boy
The Portland boy who worked for U.P.
that was me.

I won't let him live. The "American"
I'll destroy. The "Christian"
has long been dead.

They won't pass on to my children.
I'll give them Chief Joseph, the bison herds,
Ishi, sparrowhawk, the fir trees,
The Buddha, their own naked bodies,
swimming and dancing and singing
instead.

As I kill the white man
the "American"
in me
And dance out the Ghost Dance:
To bring back America, the grass and the streams,

To trample your throat in your dreams.

This magic I work, this loving I give
That my children may flourish

And yours won't live.

THE CELEBRATED



FINE STEEL

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TRUE BELIEVER

by Paul Breines

"The true believer is everywhere on the march, and by converting and antagonizing he is shaping the world in his own image." Thus Eric Hoffer announces the theme of his little book which, since its publication in 1951, has gone through many printings. It was and still is bound to whet the appetite of Americans who are bewildered as to how it happened that the sacred mission of their State to shape the world in its own image is not fulfilling itself.

Yet one need go no further than the preface to begin asking questions about the True Believer. Is it, for example, the true believer, the fanatic, the mass movement as such which are on the march today? Or do we really find around us specific and concrete kinds of beliefs and movements? Is America concerned about mass movements plain and simple, or mass movements which do not want their own lands controlled by American companies and generals? Is white America fearful of extremists in the Black ghettoes, or of the sanity and reason behind the growing Black revolt against the extreme barbarism of ghetto life? Are American universities worried about student fanatics, or about rational students who are fanatically opposed to bad education, bureaucratic coercion, and university compliance with the war against Vietnam in the name of "neutrality" and "business as usual?" What's the problem: the true believer, or particular kinds of beliefs which say no to the American status quo?

When someone says that a book is abstract he means that it is not concrete, it is detached from reality, it mystifies reality. And most often when one says a book is abstract it is either an immensely long book and/or one in which the language is opaque, the arguments wandering and vague, the main theses hard to grasp. The True Believer is brief, direct, simple, compact and clear. And, though it may seem odd, it is also completely abstract, in a definite sense. For all its direct and simple language it remains detached from reality and mystifies reality: specifically the reality it proclaims to explain, today's revolutions and today's revolutionaries. These latter two are problems which make up the subject matter of Hoffer's little book, and there is no doubt about their importance. The following remarks will examine how well Hoffer deals with them.

There are several basic premises upon which Hoffer's specific arguments are based. First, he believes that "frustrated" ("people who, for one reason or another, feel that their lives are spoiled or wasted") predominate in the early stages of all mass movements. Second, he believes that mass movements are interchangeable since the main feature of all mass movements is that they appeal to and organize the frustrated. Third, and related to the first two, he states on numerous occasions that mass movements cannot be studied on the basis of their aims and goals but only on the basis of the manner in which they build well-knit and cohesive units of people. Hoffer presents numerous additional arguments, for example, about the poor, the intellectuals, "good" and "bad" mass movements and so on, but they all seem to grow out of his several central premises. These should be looked at first.

The individuals who are most prone to join mass movements, Hoffer states, are those who are frustrated. And those who are frustrated are, quite simply, those who are aware that their "selves" or personalities are damaged; the frustrated are people who have not found fulfillment in their lives. The relationship between individual frustration and mass movements, Hoffer argues, arises from the fact that a movement or cause offers the frustrated individual the chance to lose, forget, slough off that self with which he is dissatisfied. Mass movements manipulate the frustrations felt by members of a society: they are able to extract a fanatical committment from the frustrated in return for the security they offer to him.

This is a clear and logical conception. The question is whether it helps us understand what Hoffer calls mass movements. The first point to be made is that whether he intends it or not the clear implication of Hoffer's argument here is that those who tend to be attracted to the initial stages of mass movements are in some sense psychologically imbalanced; they are discontent, cranky, unable to face themselves, neurotic. For Hoffer this is true of both the leaders and led in any mass movement.

Immediately a myriad of difficulties arise. Frustrated individuals are prone to "true believerism" says Hoffer. But when you get right down to it, what really does he mean by frustration? He means everything and nothing at once. Of course a frustrated individual is one who is dissatisfied with himself because he has not found fulfillment in his life; he is aware of his "damaged and unwanted self." A boy is not wanted by his parents, a man is not wanted by the woman he desires or the friend he seeks. This is frustration. A peasant in Cuba and his family are starving--a nightclub owner in Havana overeats twice daily; a Black mother's child in Harlem is bitten by a rat in her bed--the members of the family for whom the Black mother works all have electric toothbrushes. This is frustration. These two broad types of frustration are meaningful ones. The point is simply that they are also not identical, and do not carry the same weight in analyses of history and mass movements. A man may become a fanatical member of a political movement because his parents rejected him or because a publisher rejected his books; he may seek through a movement or "cause" to reject the self that others rejected. But a man may become a fanatical member of a political movement because he and others in a like situation are starving, or because they seek equality or because they seek to have control over the land they work or even the schools they attend.

In other words if a category such as frustration is going to be employed in a study of mass movements, it cannot be defined so abstractly as mere dissatisfaction with one's self. One must inquire into the historical and social situation in which a self or group of selves exist; one must ask what a man or group of men are frustrated about. Hoffer does not do this, and the reader is left with the false impression that frustration and dissatisfaction can never express mens' desire to eliminate an actually existing condition of unhappiness or misery, but that frustration is simply an abstract emotion that some men are plagued by. It is worth noting that other

(continued next page)

The Ahistorical Mind

(continued from preceeding page)
analysts of similar problems--amongst them, Hegel, Marx, Jean-Paul Sartre and Franz Fanon--employ the idea of a "damaged self" in their studies of revolution. That is, for example, a slave becomes aware that the self that he is a slave is a denial of the self he might be as a free man. His slave-self is damaged in so far as it is not a human and free self. When such a man chooses to commit himself to a revolution against his masters he is indeed, in Hoffer's terms, seeking to "slough off" his damaged self. Now this too is simply a model, but unlike Hoffer's model it obliges one to immerse himself in the concrete life-situation of the damaged selves, for the latter are never abstractions but real people. Further, this second model suggests that both frustration and passionate committment to the "cause" of ending "frustration" is rational-depending on the historical moment, the nature of the society which produces frustration, and the character of the "cause."

Hoffer ranges rapidly, often in a single paragraph, across "mass movements" from early Christianity through the Reformation to Nazism and Bolshevism. His doing this seems so neat and logical only because he leaves out fundamental social and historical questions. Thus it appears that men are simply prone to be swept into mass movements because they are frustrated. A crucial element remains hidden: when a man is starving, denied justice or freedom, or when he is coerced, frustration is a sane and reasoned reaction. Equally sane and reasoned--these do not mean devoid of passion--can be a man's committment to a movement which aims at elimnating hunger, injustice, coercion. Hoffer's premise that the frustrated make up the core of any mass movement is a neat one; it is so neat only because it assumes what it must examine.

The above remarks already suggest problems contained in the second of Hoffer's main principles--that mass movements are interchangable. This idea is largely based upon the premise that the frustrated make up the core of such movements, and many of the criticisms proposed earlier apply again here. But there are additional problems. In this aspect of his study Hoffer is employing a notion which has become a widely believed cliche: the cliche that political beliefs and movements are, in a psychological sense, religious beliefs and movements in different dress. Now this claim may perhaps be used in fruitful ways, but the fact is that its popular usage has served a very different function. It enables people to avoid discussing a particular political belief by proclaiming to expose the irrational or religious origin of the belief.

Take a case in point from a variation of this argument: a student proclaims that he is sick and tired of being dictated to by the paternalistically authoritarian dean. Against this, a psychology professor points out that the student is <u>really</u> revealing a hostility to his father. On first glance the student's claim that the dean is authoritarian has been neutralized: the source of his view of the dean is not the fact that the dean is part of a coercive institution, but a hang-up over his own father. The student should go to the counselling center for a stretch, for this will make the dean's benevolence more visible. On second glance, however, and even assuming the student does have a real conflict with his father, the actual substance of his claim--the dean is paternalistically authoritarian--remains: it puts the dean, the psychology professor and the counselling center on the line.



We have taken this detour in an effort to suggest that while one may seperate, for the purpose of analysis, the psychological or social <u>origins</u> of ideas from the <u>content</u> and <u>meaning</u> of those ideas, one cannot exclude the latter without hiding a very basic element: the element which condemns the particular reality. It is just this hiding which Hoffer performs through his claim that mass movements are interchangeable.

In examining this aspect of his book we will focus on Hoffer's interchanging of the Communist and Nazi movements. For here he is proposing something which many people today take for granted. The common argument states that Nazism and Communism are interchangeable because they both project total and absolute truths about man and society; because they both appeal to and manipulate the frustrated; because they are led by fanatics; because they erect compact fighting units, all of which provide security for and extract sacrifice from their respective followings. Here again the neatness and clarity of Hoffer's argument is largely based on the fact that he refuses to ask complicated questions. Communism and Nazism <u>are</u> interchangeable <u>if</u> as movements they are defined only in the terms that Hoffer defines them.

They <u>are</u> interchangeable <u>if</u> one assumes, as Hoffer does, that it is not relevant that Communism (he is speaking primarily of the Russian Revolution and the Soviet Union) aimed at the abolition of private property in industry and land and that Nazism aimed at the "rebirth of the Germanic soul." Issues of this sort, which Hoffer excludes, follow almost endlessly. The modern communist and socialist movements matured in periods when the societies they opposed were stable; the Nazi movement arose in a period of severe instability in Germany. Russian Communism opposed imperialist war, advocated the destruction of private industry and landed estates; it advocated the social control of work and political life. Nazism offered jobs and security to the Germans and it also glorified war and military values; it advocated the conquest of foreign territory and the destruction of the Jews. German generals, industrialists, and land-lords did <u>not</u> oppose the Nazi movement. Russian generals, landlords and industrialists organized a civil war against the Bolsheviks. The United States



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ernment opposed the Russian olution from the moment of its mph; it opposed Nazism at an mously late date. The masses joined the Bolsheviks were sants, workers and intellectuals; initial class-base of the Nazi ement was the German lower dle class (plus support from istry and the Junkers). The sheviks came to power in Russia land not only ravished by but one in which the total eco- and society was severely un- leveloped relative to Europe. Nazis came to power in the t of a deep social, economic political crisis but this was risis in a society which was nologically one of the most nced in the world. The lead- ips of the Nazi movement and Communist movement were both cessful" but to assert that are interchangeable because r functions were identical s in the face of, amongst r problems, the problem of a arative biographical-psycho- cal study of Lenin, Trotsky Bukharin, on the one hand, and er, Hoess and Goebbels on other. To say that these tri- rates were both ruthless, fan- al, clever, and so on may be but it is approximately one- h of the truth.

hese are only some of the is- which arise when one looks at the claim that Nazism and unism are interchangeable. er simply excludes these is- from his study. It must be ed here that it is meaningful ay that both Soviet Russia and Germany are totalitarian soc- es. It is equally meaningful ay that the Hitler and Stalin nes committed immense crimes; both employed terror. Fur- , it is meaningful to say that emporary Soviet Russia repre- s a degeneration from the on of the actual Bolshevik rev- ion. But to say these things ot the same as saying the sm and Communism are inter- geable. In fact, this claim lf functions primarily as a comforting illusion for many icans. It prevents them from rehending why it is that in- sing numbers of men and women he world are opting for commu- or socialism and not for ican capitalism. It serves function of sustaining the il- on that Americans live in and war for a "free world."

he third general aspect of The Believer is Hoffer's belief mass movements cannot be ed through their aims and goals but only through their abil- ity to organize a following. This principle is of a piece with his claims about frustration and the interchangeability of mass move- ments. In fact it should now be apparent that Hoffer's basic prin- ciples and his main arguments are entirely circular and tautological His repeated assertions (see, for example, pps. 44, 76, 80.) that movements cannot be analyzed acc- ording to their aims, ends and philosophies is identical with his notion of interchangeability and both of these are identical with the central premise that the "frus- trated" make up the core of those movements. That is, movements appear to be interchangeable when one does not inquire into their aims and philosophies but only into the character of their or- ganization, and one need not in- quire into this since, regardless of what frustrated people want, they are mainly just "frustrated." In this scheme one can begin any- where and he always ends up where he began, because the ugly reality is pushed out of the arena.

The preceding remarks are not intended as a comprehensive crit- ique of Hoffer's The True Believer. Many aspects of the book remain to be analysed, and in any case space prohibits a more detailed discussion. Thus the intention of this review has been to put for- ward a framework for a critical study of Hoffer's book. But there is an additional sense in which this has been but an introductory critique.

The True Believer is not merely a book: it is a political event and a political force for it serves as a support of some of the most widely held political illu- sions and cliches in contemporary America. Hoffer's insight that the frustration originating in an awareness of a damaged self is at the source of mass movements is an important one. We have tried to show that he employs this in- sight in an abstract and circular way and thereby hides the very realities he seeks to explain. And the political thrust of Hoffer's book lies in its claim that ultimately the true believer, that is, the revolutionary, is a sick man. A clear warning indeed to the many Americans in search of mental health.

But let's grant this claim: the revolutionary is a sick man, he is not at peace with himself, he seeks to "slough off" his "damaged self." But, once again, this says all and nothing at once, for what is the revolutionary's sickness today and who are the healthy people? Today's revolutionaries are sick from a denial of freedom, and over most of the globe it is a freedom denied by America. The Vietcong, the guerrilla bands in Latin America, the Black "urban guerrillas" in the ghettoes, and student radicals in the universities are sick and hungry in different ways, to be sure, but they are at one, ul- timately, in their hunger for free- dom and in their sickness over the Great Society's attempt to shape the world in its own image.

And who are the healthy people, according to the standards implicit

(continued on page ten)



HOFFER

(continued from page 9)

in Hoffer's analysis? The healthy people, the people with secure selves, are presidents, generals, and official experts who speak of "clean bombs" even as the results of the cleanliness are not as certain for Vietnamese peasants. The healthy people are university administrators, faculty and students who insist upon preserving the "normal functioning of the university" at all costs when campus psychology clinics are filled to overflowing, when the society the university serves is at war, and when the well-adjusted products of the university are literally products whose minds and souls have been sucked out by the even pleasant regimentation known as "college life."

But a truly comprehensive critique cannot be accomplished here, or anywhere for that matter so long as it is a critique which remains on paper. Hoffer's book, we have said, is a political force and in the end the real reply to it is a practical political problem. If we are surrounded by true believers they are those who believe that America is truly the Great Society. And these true believers do not suffer from damaged selves, for they are believers with no selves at all. This is but part of a reply to Hoffer; another part can be worked out in seminars and discussions: the concluding part will come only when the truths there discovered are brought out into the streets.

Draft Resistance in Williams Bay

A short while ago, three members of the Wisconsin Draft Resistance Union were invited down to Williams Bay Wisconsin to give a brief history of the war in a coffee house run by the United Church of Christ. Williams Bay is a town of 1300 near Lake Geneva. Previous to the night's discussion the church had stayed away from the issue of the war.

About 60 kids and 30 adults showed up for the meeting. It seems that most of the adults were Birchers, including the town's only policeman. Dan Swinney and Stanley Grand of the Union, led the discussion on the war, militarism and the draft. The Birchers said the Union was subverting their children, which was exactly right.

One of the two highpoints of the evening occurred when a Birchite got up and called Dan and Stanley communist, atheist subversives, and then asked how many of the kids in the audience wouldn't fight for their country if asked tomorrow. Most of the hands in the crowd were raised. Challenged to debate, the Birchers refused, pleading ignorance of the issues. Later a bomb threat was made by one of the pleasant women in the audience. The cop refused to acknowledge such a threat although 80 or 90 people heard it. The adults complained that Rev. Sizemore of the church, and Marvin Dunn, a seminary student who runs the coffee house, were supporting the subversive position. Furthermore, and catch this, the only pictures on the wall of the place were those of Marx, Leary, and Ali. One gentleman demanded an explanation as to why Jesus wasn't given equal billing.

The second highpoint of the evening came when Gwen Gillon of the Union got up and rapped about the black man in America and how he should stay home and fight for democracy and refuse to get drafted. This took a certain amount of courage, because, as Gwen describes it, she was quite scared when she first saw the town. The kids loved it, the adults didn't know what to think. One Bircher got up and admitted that the white folks had treated the black folks pretty badly but there was now more integration. Gwen brushed off this nonsense by saying that integration in the foxhole is just a way to get more black men killed.

After the meeting, some guy actually asked Stanley if he was a "card carrying member" of S.D.S. What could he say?

The three Union members left Williams Bay at 2:30 in the morning, after a six and a half hour meeting. Two days later Dunn called and informed Dan that the church had decided to close the coffee house because of the controversy surrounding the meeting and the threat of violence. The Union members went back to the town and helped the kids picket on the issue of free speech. Dan said that this was the closest thing he had seen to an early civil rights rally since he had been in the South. Freedom songs, ministers (black and white), Birchers, and all.

As a result of the whole affair, there was a complete polarization of the town on the basis of age. The kids, though not radicals, were very sincere about resistance and changing society. It was a rare case of white middle class non-intellectuals really using and feeling the word "movement."

-Bob Weiland



* *

The Southern Student Organizing Committee, based in Nashville, Tennessee, will join a growing network of guerilla street theaters now being established around the country. Like the Teatro Campesino of Delano, California, and the Peageant Players of New York, and the Connections Mime Troupe, the SSOC theatre will be small, mostly improvisational, responding to events as they evolve in Tennessee communities. Joanne Syreck, of Berkeley's Migrant Theatre, will be the director.

* * *

The Kaleidoscope, Wisconsin's second underground newspaper, will go to press September 28 in Milwaukee. A 16-page tabloid, the Kaleidoscope will try to combine the art work of the San Francisco Oracle with the writing style of the Los Angeles Free Press. For more information write P.O. Box 5457, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, 53211.

CAPITAL *confrontation*

Aware that the war in Vietnam is the most unpopular conflict the United States has ever engaged in, America's rulers are uneasily awaiting the most forceful expression of anti-war feeling ever witnessed. Hundreds of thousands of people are set to participate in local and national activities culminating in a mammoth Washington Confrontation on October 21.

The aim of the Confrontation is to build a nation-wide mass movement (with no apologies to Eric Hoffer), capable of forcing the U.S. government to end the illegal, immoral and unjust war being waged in our name against the Vietnamese people. Mass actions make the anti-war movement unambiguously and, from the point of view of the country's rulers--disturbingly, visible; they draw ever wider sectors of the population, such as trade unions and the black population, into unified, militant anti-war activity; they provide a focus for community organization against the war and against the draft; and they give impetus to international organization against U.S. aggression (October 21 will see mass demonstrations outside U.S. embassies around the world).

"FROM PROTEST TO RESISTANCE"

The center of the vortex is Washington, D.C., specifically, the Pentagon. The National Mobilization Committee, sponsor of the Confrontation and coordinator of the nation-wide activities leading up to it, held a press conference in New York on August 28. At the conference H. Rap Brown, Amy Swerdlow, Jerry Rubin, Rev. James Bevel, Dick Gregory, Dave Dellinger and others explained to newsmen the nature and purpose of the Confrontation.

The Rev. Thomas Lee Hayes, executive director of the Episcopal Peace Fellowship, read a statement calling on "all Americans who oppose our government's aggression in Vietnam" to converge on Washington "for direct, personal and collective confrontation with the warmakers."

"We will gather," he continued, "in a massive anti-war presence, and some will take on the most serious responsibility of direct dislocation of the war machine."

Though not all participants will engage in civil disobedience, the goal of many will be to shut down the Pentagon and possibly other government buildings. "We will fill the hallways and block the entrances. Thousands of people will disrupt the center of the American war machine. In the name of humanity we will call the warmakers to task."

HIPPIES AND TORCH BEARERS

One of the most dramatic actions to build the Confrontation is originating in Berkeley (where else?). On August 5, a Hiroshima victim flew to San Francisco carrying a Peace Torch. On September 2, the Peace Torch Marathon was launched when a lone runner crossed the Golden Gate Bridge and started the torch on its journey across the country. The Peace Torch and its retinue of music groups, speakers and literature will stop in over a hundred cities (including Madison, we hope), and wind up in Washington on October 21.

The underground grapevine has it that the Hippie community, from Haight-Ashbury to the East Village is migrating to Washington for the Confrontation. They are considering encircling the Pentagon to exorcise the evil spirits which rule there. We expect the "New Community" to provide a lot of color and music to a large and very receptive audience (although I cannot speak for the cops).

In Madison, several campus and community anti-war groups are forming a Madison Mobilization Committee to plan actions that will take place during Vietnam Week, October 16-21 and arrange transportation to the Confrontation. Several busses have been commissioned to carry Madisonians to Washington.

Among the local activities being considered, the American Friends Service Committee will hold an anti-war film festival; the Committee for Direct Action plans to set up a Peace Fair on the grounds of the State Capitol, where all anti-war groups are invited to set up booths and displays; and many TA's in the Teaching Assistants' Association will devote their discussion sections during that week to the war in Vietnam.

Also, the Wisconsin Draft Resistance Union will hold "Stop the Draft Week," a period of intense anti-draft direct action; and the Committee to End the War in Vietnam will try to have at least one prominent speaker to help build the Confrontation. Other groups interested in participating include Teachers for Peaceful Alternatives, the Committee of Returned Volunteers, the Young Democrats, the Community Project on Vietnam. It is hoped other groups will join us in the next few days.

Information on the Confrontation, Vietnam Week, etc., will be available at the various groups' literature tables in the Union, as well as in the pages of Crisis, newsletter of the Committee to End the War in Vietnam. If you are interested in helping to make the Confrontation a success, contact the CEWV, 202 Marion St. (53703), tel. 256-0857, or your nearest anti-war activist.

-Bob Wilkinson
CEWV, Editor, The Crisis

new journal

Student radicalism as a political movement
Ghetto uprisings and Black anti-capitalism
White working class racism
Techniques of American economic expansion since World War II
Karl Marx and Herbert Marcuse
The American class system and organization for social change
The cultures of capitalism and socialism

These and other aspects of American society will be subject material for a socialist political journal now being organized. It is envisioned as a biweekly publication of news, discussion, analysis and theory, interviews and reviews, and will be set up next year in San Francisco. The staff anticipates going beyond newsgathering and reporting, and hopes to work together in developing a socialist perspective on contemporary problems of social change in the U.S.

Peter Wiley (Rte. 1, Sun Prairie, Wis., 214-2872) is an organizer of the project and asks those interested to contact him.

EXPO '67- Vietnam

October has been declared a month of protest by the International Theatre Vietnam, a San Francisco Bay Area group of artists and performers. They have produced a play, of life in the U.S., of war, and of Vietnam. It is called Expo 67 Vietnam.

The Coast people have produced one play, not a series of "irrelevant hodgepodges" they have seen in the past by various angry arts groups. The central theme of the play is the carnival, because America at war is a carnival. The war in Vietnam is absurd. The carnival is absurd. It is replete with what's wrong with the American scene: freaks, mutations, perversions...Darkest of the mind's fears: monsters and unknown danger (the mad house), confinement and suffocation (diving bell), loss of control (roller coaster), heights (ferris wheel), loss of perception (the fun house), antisocial hostility (bump cars, shooting arcade, games of destruction (a prize for the most destruction)). The American way to have fun.

Expo 67 Vietnam hopes to be both political act and cultural event. The political act is the doing of the carnival--uniting opponents of the war in escalated protest. Expo 67 Vietnam is attempting to explore new ways of artistic communication. No one will be omitted from the Expo--or excused.

International Theatre Vietnam is dedicating its efforts during the month of October, 1967, to the staging of plays protesting and interrogating the war, to the performance every day of guerrilla anti-war theatrical events, and to the production of a coordinated dramatic event by the community of performing artists.

ITV invites groups all over the world to join in this protest at the same time. For information write them at 26 Panoramic Way, Berkeley, California.

In addition, Midwest Artists for Peace, with headquarters at 926 Chicago Avenue, Evanston, Illinois, is planning an event in October in a central Chicago location in which musicians, dancers, actors, poets, painters, sculptors, and film-makers will make their personal statements about the war. Artists who wish to attend a meeting of the group are invited to contact them at the above address.

TERRORISM lives

overcome reality. A culture may then offer certain values, ideals, which are only understandable if one accepts the way of thinking employed by the members of that culture. The revolutionary must understand that ideology is a means of stabilizing existing society. As long as deviations remain within the confines of the culture, they are not revolutionary. The 'rebel' or the 'rugged individualist' whose consciousness does not in any way transcend the ideological mood of his society is not only very much a member of that society, but adds his share to the maintenance of its stability. Since the stated ideals of our society are subliminally coloured by its material (pragmatic) desires, the questions that we as revolutionaries pose must be incisive, go past ideology and into a confrontation with the actual social mechanics of the system. Revolutionary consciousness is a state of at least partial critical transcendence. It is being critical of society not in its own terms, but in explosive terms.

That transcendence which is used in an objective criticism, also offers a direction concerning the necessity and nature of true revolution. Ideologically, America speaks for peace, freedom, political democracy, equality and what have become sundry other epigrams of common usage. Yet a transcendent analysis shows that these concepts as they are used are inside out, inverted. They have less to do with real freedom, peace, equality, than they do with the "schemata of experience...as determined by the culture which has developed a certain view of the world and of life, a view which furnishes the schemata for all experience..." (quotation from "Memory and Childhood Amnesia", Ernest Schachtel). The mass media, the language, the approved method of thinking have executed a Nietzschean transvaluation wherein freedom is able to mean unfreedom, (etc.). The society is purely existential. The word freedom which actually means freedom (modeerf) no longer is allowed to exist. It is then reconcilable to the acculturated mind that we can fight for democracy in Vietnam while commiting genocide of its people, for the meaning of genocide, too, has been transformed to mean something other than what we are performing in Vietnam. Likewise it does not seem paradoxical to many that our efforts for peace consist of an inhuman (here translated as 'human') barrage of military aggression.

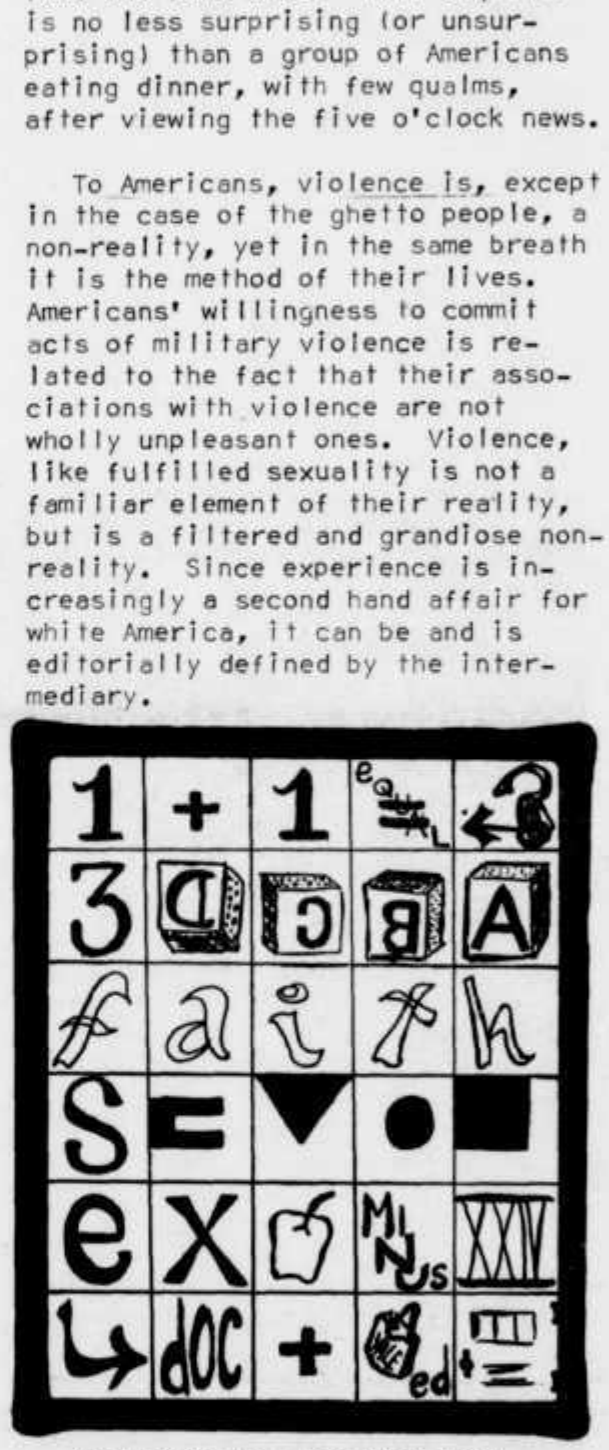
Our political structure is traditionally hailed as the backbone of American democracy. And so it is a backbone, but only because politics are not able to be political. Our electoral system is an anti-political institution. Essential dessent does not exist on the political level in the United States. We see as in Johnson's attitude toward Vietnam dissenters, that such disagreement is un-American. The dissent which is allowed for within the ideological structures is severely limited by "responsibility". And here too, this is not a responsibility toward the human race, but an irresponsibility dedicated to the great American eunuch, "fair play." Questions as to whether certain national commitments should exist are not as fair play as questions as to how these commitments may be made more effective. We are not able to ask the political questions as to whether our social-economic institutions are valid, democratic, egalitarian. Such questions are un-American, truly, as they would not occur to the thought patterns of most Americans. Meanwhile we elect presidents according to hair-color, or how they look on TV. The lack of plurality in American politics reveals more than the fact that the two major parties offer no real choice. Also revealed is a vision of American politics as a part of an ideological institution. This projection is radically enlightening, for we begin to comprehend that the role of political dissent and change may not be able to be acted out in the arena of politics that is offered us.

In May of 1966, Professor John Shingler informed an aggregation of Wisconsin protestors, that they were lucky to be able to express their points of view freely. In his native country, South Africa, he said, dissenters are dealt with severely. Yet what one may draw from this statement, is not at all what Mr. Shingler meant. The reason for our 'freedom' to speak out is not necessarily because we are any more pleuralistic than South Africa. Rather it may merely state that our society has been more effectively and pervasively suppressive than South Africa's. In the minds of its population, the ideology of South Africa is less accepted than the American pragmatic ideology is to Americans. Recent activities that have taken place show us that the validity of Apartheid is not universally accepted as right, or free, or peace, or equal for that matter. In South Africa, then, dissent takes on a real and political significance. Political dissenters are viewed by the European government as political enemies. Since the South African government has the power, if not the popularity in its favor, suppression of dissent becomes an imperative of self preservation.

In the United States, suppression is not necessary, except among those people who have begun to see the falsity of American 'Freedom', etc. For the others, the mechanics of stability form a self-containing equilibrium. In the United States, since there is only an anti-politics, dissent becomes relegated to a greatly academic role. Dissent is not political, and in the only areas where it has become acceptable, it has been emasculated into pure scholarship.

Another facet of American totalitarianism is maintained by the spectator syndrome. Experience is provided to Americans in a carefully mediated way. Life in America has evolved, to a large extent, into a vicariously pacifying phenomenon. Mass media as they survive today are largely a general anesthetic. Spectacular, wide screen, picture magazines, technicolor, education; these are the vehicles of its numbing affects. As radicals we must not use similar tactics for the institutionalization of ideas. For just as the political position provided in LIFE is ideological, so too is the very means (format) by which these positions are presented. In America adventure is offered through a Television tube; so too is wealth, or idyllic sexual encounters. Violence also is an integrant of these media. Yet the technicolor accounts of dead Vietnamese children are inevitably flanked by advertisments for frozen food and Band Aids. This sequence is no less surprising (or unsurprising) than a group of Americans eating dinner, with few qualms, after viewing the five o'clock news.

To Americans, violence is, except in the case of the ghetto people, a non-reality, yet in the same breath it is the method of their lives. Americans' willingness to commit acts of military violence is related to the fact that their associations with violence are not wholly unpleasant ones. Violence, like fulfilled sexuality is not a familiar element of their reality, but is a filtered and grandiose non-reality. Since experience is increasingly a second hand affair for white America, it can be and is editorially defined by the intermediary.

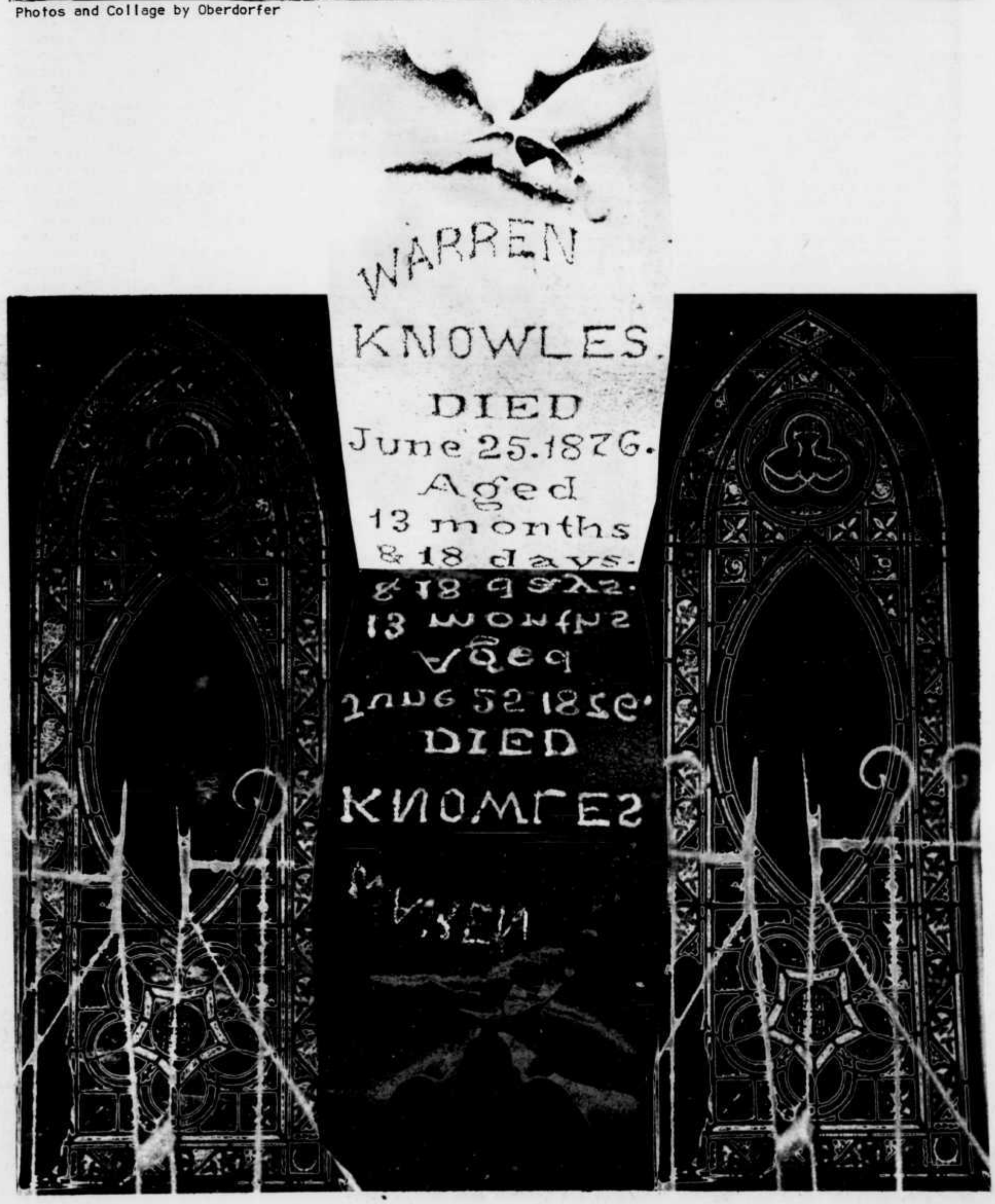


Knowledge is also mediated. Authoritarianism is consistantly employed as a means of giving "intellectual" credence to the status quo position. The recent tendency of Democratic administrations to surround themselves with well known academicians, is a paradox as interesting as that of anti-political politics. As the intellectual becomes the administration intellectual, his purpose becomes to visibly ally scholarly attitudes and posture with the current administration policy, in an attempt to demonstrate the "researchable" rightness of that policy. The paradox occurs in the intellectual being, in true reality, the anti-intellectual. For when the intellectual presents himself as an authority or a propaganda piece, he subverts the entire intellectual proposition, that of honest inquiry.

continued on page fourteen



Photos and Collage by Oberdorfer



TERROR cont.

boom!

Rather than go further here, along these lines of thought, it might be said that the above topics of concern are merely concrete examples of an effective societal phenomenon; that being the equation of social reality (corporate capitalism) with social ideals. This retina (inverted) image of reality, while it offers American society its "legitimate" stability, also, ironically defines what the inquiries and actions of radicalism must be. For we are here informed as to what the meaning and form of revolution in America might be. It must be a process which always gives a careful regard to the ideological reality, but must, on the other hand, not be defined in terms of that ideology.

Our radicalism can not be one which divorces incisive inquiry from activism. For the former, takes on an invaluable and integral "activist" role. It becomes a guide for action in its demarcation of ideology. Too many left-wing movements have become integrated into the American, ideological reality. We do not here attempt to devise a "revolutionary plan for America," but we are able to formulate a philosophical approach to activism.

Within CONNECTIONS we will hopefully deal with the questions that arise from such a view of American society. Along with others, CONNECTIONS hopes to contribute to the "terrorism" which will overthrow the American government, and explode the false notions upon which it survives. We must execute a textual study of American political-economic-cultural institutions. We must delve into popular literature, language, mass media, art forms, attitudes, education. For these are the devices by which a geographically proximate group of people are willing to define themselves in terms of an oppressive corporate society that may have nothing to do with their interests.

This statement is left open-ended, as must any revolutionary statement. The essay remains suggestive rather than conclusive, as our task as American radicals can only be more clearly defined as we begin to act in terms of a detailed and transcendent analysis.

-Stuart Ewen

psst soldier-wanna desert?

They used to whisper, "Psst soldier! Dirty pictures?" But times have changed. Just as likely now that long haired kid hanging around the European train station or soldier's bar is offering a better deal--Freedom. "Hey man, FTA *, take one of these." That's the new hustle.

An elusive cobweb army of hippies, Provo, new lefties, and some GIs themselves, spread the word. In all the places the soldier rests--Paris, Amsterdam, Stockholm, Frankfurt--they are there. The number is growing.

"Who wants to march? That's worn out. That's for church people and pacifists. The police give you the permit."

"Too many hip guys getting drafted. Too many black guys who fought the national guard. Do something real--help them get out, and make an example. The army equipped with the best weapons science can devise, is still only as good as its morale. Our job is to demoralize the army." The argument threads through Student Unions, passes between beer drinkers in those quaint sidewalk cafes, and finds its way to the fermenting minds of young members of workers' clubs.

In Germany where the organization is bad, the German SDS begins to move. France improves its system for smuggling guys into the country and getting them work papers. Sweden takes more. The army guides young men to the hygienic whoredom of Amsterdam, while the Dutch movement searches among them for the right man to the legal test case for asylum. England prints leaflets, and the international floaters smuggle them to the continent. The troops won't be safe in relaxed Italy anymore; this summer the movement spread.

The international underground, resources: thousands of crow quick minds, incredible mazes of contacts, and a few dollars, versus the 70 billion dollar American defense machine, with its twenty five years of coarsening drum beating propaganda, and hordes of sterile denatured administrators led by the IBM brain of Robert MacNamara.

The Europeans know the fight's unequal; it's always been unequal. But it must be made because freedom in Europe can only be achieved when the American control of the politics and the economic life of the western half of the continent comes to an end. The Provo proclaim this as clearly as the orthodox marxists. To promote desertion isn't just to save one man from going to Vietnam and killing Vietnamese because his wife and kids are waiting for him back home, nor is it because the fight waged by the Vietnamese with their vastly inferior resources has the quality to inspire sympathy and work for their cause. The struggle against the American war is part of the struggle to regain control of each country's life and culture.

The agents of the American government have already penetrated the movement in Europe. But those who went through the many political confrontations of the last year think, "what the hell. Maybe the cops who infiltrate our ranks can be turned on to life; maybe we can recognize and fool them; maybe we'll organize in such a decentralized way their conspiratorial minds can never figure out how to bust us wide open."

So the people in the once secure NATO countries begin to declare their independence from their "American protectors." A new sign can be found chalked on walls: "U.S.A. = S.S." The symbol that along with the desertion movement has sprung to life a desire to be free from association with a new American barbarism which finds its clearest expression in Vietnam, and which for the active young Europeans is equated with the deeds of the Nazis.

-Jeffrey Shero

HAIGHT MURDERS

The flower community of Haight-Ashbury was shocked early in August by the murders of John Kent (Shob) Carter, 25, and William Edward (Superspade) Thomas, 26. Shob's confessed murderer is Eric Frank Dahlstrom who killed Shob while on a colossal bummer brought on by the bad acid Shob had sold him. After killing him, Dahlstrom split in Shob's VW with a .38 pistol, $3000 Shob had assembled to give to an acid wholesaler named Superspade, his ample stash, and Shob's right arm wrapped in blue suede.

That night, Superspade met his connection in Sausalito, carrying $50,000 to trade for 50 grams of pure LSD and 325 kilos of grass. He was a widely known and liked acid and speed wholesaler. After his friend dropped him off with the two hippie connections, he was never seen again alive.

On the fifth, Dahlstrom was arrested in Sebastapol in Shob's car, and confessed prolifically. The next day, Superspade's body trussed in a sleeping bag, was found snagged 38 feet down a 300 foot seashore cliff. He had been stabbed and shot.

The two most popular theories on the murder say 1) the murders were unconnected, everyday drug killings or 2) Shob's death was the act of a madman, but Superspade's death was engineered by the mob. Most people involved in the colossal drug trade pin Superspade's death on the mob, which is the exclusive supplier to most of the dealers for everything except pot. It looks certain that Superspade was not dealing with the syndicate, because they deal in capsules and tablets and never grass.

Whoever did it, the dealers in the Golden City are playing it cool pushing only syndicate drugs and being alot more careful. Many hippies have bought guns, but reports that "Love Street" is becoming an armed camp are exaggerated.

THE UPRISING

The Uprising, a mobile theatre groupe, will meet in the CONNECTIONS office, Thursday night at 7:30 p.m. If you're interested in political agitprop: acting, creating plays, playing music, making masks--come to 22 N. Henry St. We want to use drama to speak to people about where it's at -- and if they won't come to us, we'll go to them: on street corners, in dorm lobbies, on flat-bed trucks.

On Coordinated Programming

Teatro Campesino--a play about the migrant farmers, etc.--was brought to Wisconsin by SDS, but SDS was not permitted to sponsor it because SDS'S primary function is not the sponsoring of plays, as defined by WSA and SLIC. Thus the program was sponsored by Quixote magazine, which after months of struggle was "permitted" by the SLIC to become sponsor of plays in the Union. Yet it is a student organization which wished to sponsor the play, an organization whose members have payed their Union membership fee and who presumably should have the right to conduct their activities in the Union.

We should examine why this situation exists. The student handbook says that "in certain fields unlimited competition may result in the failure of all." "Consequently, there are areas of student extracurricular activity in which coordinated programming is necessary, and specific University departments and student organizations are given primary responsibility and granted jurisdiction, provided that under the direction of that organization there is free opportunity for all interested students to participate on the basis of ability." Thus, for example, the Wisconsin Players should have control over all theatrical productions done in the Union. (A Union in which <u>all</u> students are members, not just the Wisconsin Players).

We can see that by "limiting competition," coordinated programming is really the means by which a monopoly is established for certain entrenched university organizations.

First the University assumes it has the right to "give" control over some part of a student's life (e.g., his interest in the theatre) to one organization. Where did they get this right: certainly not from the student. Why are there so many groups rebelling against coordinated programming, if they all support it?

Secondly, and perhaps most important is the group to which this responsibility has been given. The Players feel that they have to be a financial success with each production. But it is not artistic success. It is entertainment, but not art; SDS wants to create a society in which events occur for the benefit of those participating, not to make money for the producers nor the economic machine. We must begin to create that society here in our own lives. We don't want competition of groups or monopolies. We want all to have the opportunity to do the plays they wish. This cannot be done through Coordinated Programming.

SDS which wishes to build a new society cannot bring a play here which will help create that society. Art is a part of man's life; but SDS is told that it is a political organization. This means to the University that we must only deal with "political issues." This segregation of politics from life suits them fine because it makes politics irrelevant. They ignore the fact that anything a man does has political effect. Politics is the method by which people work together to create the world in which they wish to live. To create the society we want we must refect the University's main function: the American economic machine. This is what the Players function for: "to train actors and technicians for the American commercial theater," very much a part of the economic machine. Will this University ever look on its students as more than tools to be tempered to function as well as possible in the big machine?

Coordinated Programming views student activity not as an activity which the student does for himself because he is interested, but as a representation of the accomplishments of the University. A group "wins" primary responsibility for as activity if "the work of production of the organization is representing the accomplishment of the University or of the student body as a whole." It is not interested in creativity or truth but in general acceptance. How can any new ideas be presented in this context?

Coordinated programming is also interested in having a "balanced program." The student is not thought capable of choosing his own activities so his activities must be planned for him by the controlling bureaucracy. If we accept the premise that the students have a right to use their Union for their activities and that coordinated programming often prohibits this, what can we do? First we should abolish coordinated programming because it inhibits far more than it helps the

continued on page 16

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RADICAL AMERICA

an SDS journal of radical history Sept.-Oct., 1967

Fred Thompson, <u>They Didn't Suppress the Wobblies</u>; James O'Brien, <u>The IWW and the Draft in W.W. I</u>; M.J. Buhle, <u>Decline of Left-Liberalism in America</u>; Jesse Lemisch and Joan & Donald Scott, <u>History from the Bottom Up, an Exchange</u>; Dan MacGilvray, <u>Paperbacks on American Radical History, I</u>.

50¢, $3/one year (6 issues) or $2 for SDS National Members. Paul Buhle, 1237 Spaight St., Madison, Wis. 53703.



CALENDAR

Connections will each issue, be publishing a calendar of social, cultural and political events of interest to the community. This first attempt is necessarily incomplete. If you have an event to announce in the period October 2-17, get the information to us before September 28.

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Tues. Sept. 19:
CONNECTIONS mime troupe and sales.

Weds. Sept. 20:
Instruction begins at UW.
Discussion groups for members of the Left on Eric Hoffer's True Believer--sign up on 5th floor of Union.
Left-Hippie baseball game, afternoon, Francis and Dayton (every Weds.).

Thurs. Sept. 21:
Fraternity Rush Convocation (?)
First meeting of the Teaching Assistant's Association.
(Through Monday) "Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner" at the Union.

Fri. Sept. 22:
Malcolm X tape series of his speeches; "Ballot or the Bullet" and "Prospects for Freedom" among others. Every Friday four weeks on Union Terrace.

Sat. Sept. 23:
Lady Bird Johnson at the World Food thing at the Colliseum--possible demonstration.

Sun. Sept. 24:
Albert Fuller, harpsichordist, Union Theatre.
Left-Hippie baseball game, morning, Francis and Dayton (every Sun.)
Left-Hippie football (touch) on field near Lakeshore Dorms (1st one).
Quixote meeting, Union, 3 p.m. and poetry reading.

Mon. Sept. 25:
Free (?)

Tues. Sept. 26:
Wisconsin Film Society, "Masculine-Feminine" (Godard), 7:30 p.m.

Wed. Sept. 27:
Baseball.

Thurs. Sept. 28:
(Through Monday) "The War Game," at the Union.
TAA meeting.

Fri. Sept. 29:
Folk Arts Fall Hootenanny, Union, 8 p.m.
Malcolm X: see Fri. Sept. 28 listing.

Sat. Sept. 30:
Free (?)

Sun. Oct. 1
Baseball and football.

Mon. Oct. 2:
Free University Registration, Union.

Thurs. June 15, 1968:
Asteroid Strikes Earth.

Interview With A Loose Woman

On September 15 the State Journal ran a three-column article under the head "UNDERCOVER MAN SHEDS BEARD." The word is that Terry Ninneman surfaced in court as a narc after playing The Man around campus for the past five months. Lt. Stanley Davenport's special commendation to Chief Emery said that "Although associating with the bearded and bathless and sometimes morally loose women, his conduct was beyond reproach." Recently a Connections reporter talked with one of the chicks.

Connections: How did you meet this guy? this narc.
Loose Woman: Well, it was kind of funny, I mean really strange, because it was in the Burger Bar one night, and....
C: The Burger Bar?
L.W.: Yeah, you know, just sitting there with my fries and coke and this guy walks over and sits down, right? And he tells me he's new in town and wants me to find him a place to stay. So we go back to my place on University so I can call some guys I know. I sat on the bed (where the phone is) and he said, real sharp, Take off your bra! like he was mad or something and I said I don't have one on.
C: Wait a minute. Why did he say that?
L.W.: I don't know, I thought he had a fetish maybe because he started running his hands through the pile of stockings and stuff that was on the chair and feeling, like along the seams.
C: And that's when you spotted him?
L.W.: Well I didn't really know what the hell he was doing so I said real fast Listen man, you want a smoke? Then he looks at me, real nervous sort of hiding his beard with one hand and said Marijuana?
C: Clinch.
L.W.: No, not yet. Because right away he changed completely, trying to come on very hip, stroking his beard like Wallace Fowlie (I think he was shedding). Anyway, he said C'mon baby I want to buy a reefer of Maryjane so I can string out.
C: Then what?
L.W.: So I said Groovy man I never turned on a cop before and lit up. He just stood there, eyes like big gold police badges. He didn't know what to do. But finally he says Look this is my first day underground (I swear he said that) and I don't want any trouble, you know, very nervous. So I said Fine, sit down and we'll have a joint and relax and we can talk about it.
C: For real?
L.W.: Yeah, and then he asks me if I'm loose? And I told him I feel pretty good, You don't put me uptight. And that's when he pulled out this form and said Look I'm in line for a commendation, if you sign this I won't take you in and if you don't tell anybody you saw me. He meant because it was too early for him to bust anyone.
C: What was on the form?
L.W.: It said his conduct with me was beyond reproach, like all he did was smell me or something.
C: So you signed it?
L.W. For him? He smoked the whole g____ joint by himself.

news briefs

Crusading attorney Edward Ben Elson has opened a store at 813 University Avenue called NO HASSEL. The specialities of the shop include African knives and spears, Haitian masks, East Indian outfits, psycho-delic hippy posters, straight people's posters, hand made leather handbags, and an exotic and beautiful selection of earings and jewelry. Groovy music plays in the background (it was Shankar on my first trip) and nice hippies help you find something pretty to buy.

-T.D.L.

A fantastic melding of colored lights. The overwhelming blast of reverberating sounds. Hundreds of figures, contorted in joy and the ecstasy of love. In San Francisco the Fillmore. In Madison? Already open, hopefully ready for big-name bands by September, is THE FACTORY. Newest addition to the hip scene, with a dance floor capable of holding 600 frantically frenzied folk, the Factory is located on the corner of Gorham and State. Manager Jim Windus says that an Uptown type atmosphere restaurant, a dress shop, a music store, and perhaps other worthy enterprises including a pool hall may be housed in the Factory building.

Plans are for three dances a week, with an open jam session Sundays. Movies and other aesthetic delights will be scheduled to freak young and old alike. Cover will be $1.50. The White Trash are playing there regularly. Jim hopes to make the Factory a stepping off place for area bands. Thus only the best local yokels will be booked. In the future...

Programming

(continued from page 15)
students. The second task is to modify the Union bureaucracy so that it functions for the benefit of various student organizations rather than opposes the organizations. A third step might be to increase the interaction of student and city groups by permitting participation by all people in student activities. If various groups decide that the Union bureaucracy is too entrenched and that SLIC is not interested in modifying coordinated programming, the alternative is to reject the Union altogether in the interest of building a creative community in Madison. Each organization would attempt to produce all its activities off campus and thus become itself a community organization open to participation by all segments of the city. Perhaps it is true that the students have become far too dependent on the University facilities and would get much further by finding facilities and opportunities off campus. This would at least free them from the ridiculous University regulations, regulations that they would nver encounter off campus. There is no advantage in asking for increased representation on the rule making bodies until the University abandons its present philosophy. We are forced to go out and create our society as we want it.

-Madison SDS

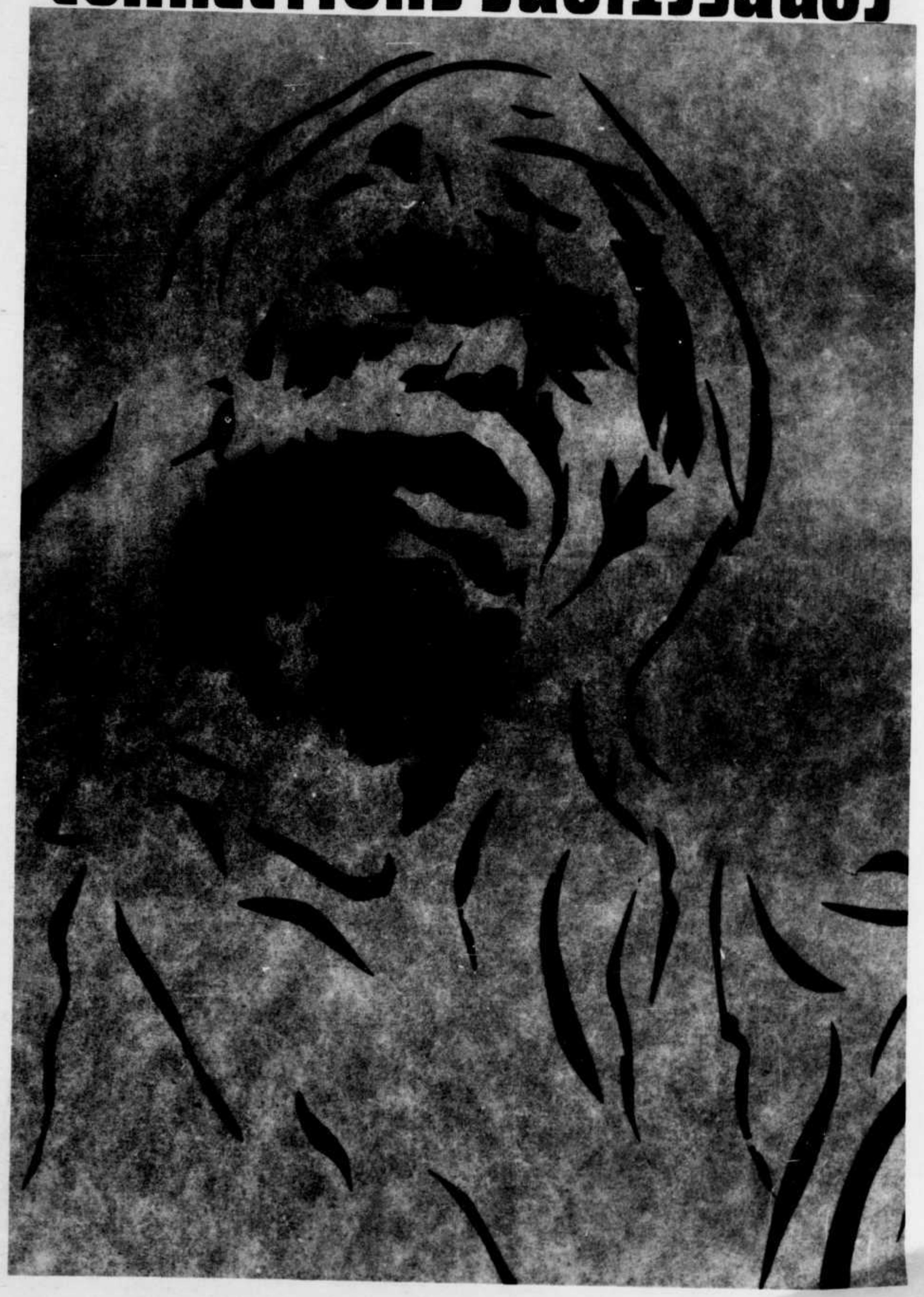
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VOLUME 2, NO. 2 OCT. 3 - 16, 1967 15¢ (20¢ OUT OF STATE)

CONNECTIONS SUOITJƎNUOJ



(continued on page 5)

On City Busses

The failure of the Madison Bus Company quickly to come to terms with the bus drivers union is further evidence of the utter inadequacy of a privately-owned bus system for the city. Within the past year the bus company has amply demonstrated its inability to provide adequate service for townspeople and has flouted the will of the students to remove the "wrong-way" bus lane, responsible for crippling a coed and for continued hazards on University Ave. Most areas and citizens of the city suffer because the busses run only every twenty minutes, even at rush hours. Working people, shoppers, and students throughout the town are unable easily to reach their jobs, stores, and classes.

To solve this crisis, bus riders and bus drivers should, by whatever means necessary, create a new bus system to provide decent transportation for Madison. They should constitute a new non-profit public bus corporation, governed by a seven member board. The bus riders would elect three members to the board, representing the East, West, and South sides of town. The students would elect one member and the bus drivers and mechanics would elect three members. The bus board would then make all policy decisions for the bus system, ranging from frequency of service, to wages and conditions for drivers, to the fares on the various routes. In short, those who use and operate the transportation system would own and control it cooperatively.

As the first order of business, the new bus board might reduce the present fare of twenty cents to ten cents per ride throughout the city. Second, all busses would run on ten minute schedules, except for the campus busses which would run on five minute schedules. Third, the demands of the bus workers for wage increases would be immediately met. Fourth, the dilapidated busses would be scrapped and replaced with new busses, comfortably heated during the winter and air-conditioned during the summer.

The new bus system might be financed as follows: all Madison families and businesses earning more than thirty thousand dollars profit would be taxed to meet those costs of the bus system not met by fares. This taxation would be progressive, so that those businesses earning the most would be taxed proportionately. Such businesses as Oscar Mayer, the First National Bank, and the Rennebohm Drug Stores, for example, would thereby bear the costs of the bus system, over and above that money derived from fares. By reducing fares and by improving service, however, more people might ride the busses than are presently able to do so. The income of the bus system might therefore increase so that the system might eventually become self-sustaining on a non-profit basis. A new system might hopefully alleviate the parking and traffic crisis downtown and at such other points as the State Office Building. However, if the wealthiest elements of the community are unwilling to contribute to the costs of the bus system, then, of course, other alternatives would necessarily be taken.

The private bus company has threatened to go out of business, before it will meet the demands of the drivers. So much the better; for, bus riders can be certain that the present company will raise fares and reduce service before it will reduce its own profits. Let the private system die. The people of Madison can then create a truly efficient and humane public transportation system, controlled by bus riders and drivers.

-Robert Starobin



LETTER TO THE EDITOR

To the good people,

Some of you may have had a similar experience to mine if you did any travelling, especially to San Francisco, this summer. I was impressed by the genuine friendliness and hospitality of people to whom I was a complete stranger. The general attitude to which I was exposed does not seem to be entirely a West coast phenomenon. It is gradually making itself felt throughout the country. Call it what you will, Love, Flower Power or just plain hospitality.

This letter speaks to a particular problem. There seems to be an increase in the number of people who are travelling throughout the country on a limited amount of funds. They are able to accomplish this to a large extent by their ability to find places to "crash" along the way. California has its Diggers and New York its Provos. Why can't the people of Madison, who are interested in helping out their fellows, institute a similar organization? It doesn't have to be extensive, expensive or rigid. All it would entail would be the compilation of a list of those interested parties who would be willing to put up people for a night or two and show them a little friendliness in an unfamiliar place.

The means to institute this exists, for we have a spokesman and voice in our underground paper. Connections could take it upon itself to hold the list of names, addresses, and telephone numbers. It could make the existence of this list known to all interested parties through its membership in the Underground Press Syndicate. It could also inform the Diggers and Provos of its existence.

-Bill Pratt

Editor's Note: Connections will be happy to comply with the idea of a Madison "diggers" if people will send us their names and addresses. This could be part of a more general cooperative we are attempting to form.

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OPEN ARTS IS DEAD



Open Arts is dead. The organization which saw itself as the apostle of the doctrine of love, the organization which attempted to draw together all the disparate groups and ideologies on campus into one harmonious community, disappeared this summer with the disappearance of Zack Berk and Danny Stein. For some time Open Arts was incredibly successful according to its own definitions. Zack would get excited if, for example, Pan Hel wanted to join and hold a "be-in." He even became the darling of the administration --and really dug it. They let him use the great hall; he told everyone to love them.

> "Man," he would say in his soft, poetic voice, "it's really spreading. It's love and it's oneness, and everybody is going to be able to do his thing. Everything is art. Each person's individual thing is his art."

Open arts was to set the example. Asked if be-ins had "political content," Zack would only smile gently and say,

> "Just look around you. Everybody is interested in what's happening in San Francisco. Everybody is searching for something--the radio and TV and newspaper people keep prying around asking, 'what have you got?"

By merely being then Open Arts would spread its essence, its philosophy, into the hearts of the entire community.

Nearly everyone had either joined Open Arts or had good things to say about it. Why then is Open Arts dead? How could the vision, the new life style die with the departure of two individuals?

The reason is that Zack, in his naivete, deluded himself. Everyone tolerated Open Arts. Zack's error was that he mistook this for the formation of a love community. The nebulous nature of Open Arts negated any real influence it could have had. To be truthful, Open Arts never consisted of more than Zack and a handful of friends. The ephemeral association of The Thing Store Better, Connections, and various other theatre and art groups was meaningless. Furthermore, and perhaps most important, Open Arts did not set the example that popular university myth has attributed to it. For, in point of fact, Open Arts' very birth is shrouded in fraud and subversion.

THE BIRTH OF OPEN ARTS

The seed of the idea of an avant garde theatre group at the University of Wisconsin started in Art Ollman's mind when he saw a production of Alfred Jarry's Ubu Roi in Israel in the summer of 1966. Back at school in October he gathered five or six friends about him who were excited over the idea of producing Beckett's Endgame. Jon Ford directed this first play, and Endgame was a fantastic success, netting $400, and getting compliments from the crowd to the point of calling the production the equal of any ever done.

Jon now contended that more form and structure were needed for the group, although there was no serious consideration of this at the time. Harvey Young translated and directed the next play, the American premier of Jarry's Ubu Enchaine, a baudy, licentious farce. The Caste Theatre was really getting going and the play cost $200 to produce. Art was producer-advertiser-manager, Zack Berk, hitherto unknown on campus, had the lead as Ubu, Young was director, and Jon directed a small part of the play.

Harvey was having trouble holding the (now sizable) group together and Jon was, according to some of the actors, directing lackadaisically and badly. A tension was created. Ford decided that more and more structure was necessary--constitution, officers, and so on. Zack agreed with Jon, but virtually all the others stood with Ollman that the prpose was to do theatre work, not create a structure for an ongoing theatre group, stabilized as to personnel. To keep from widening this schism, Ollman stayed away from rehearsals preceding the production. Two hundred persons attended Ubu in Chains, and thus there was $350 in the bank account.

Zack and Jon then came over to Art's house daily accusing him of embezzling money. They wanted some of the power that had been Art's due to his control over the funds. They started bringing new people around, and finally got enough people upset to hold a meeting at which it was decided that the group wanted a constitution and board of directors. At this time the bulk of the membership was more or less acquiescing to Jon and Zack insistent demands. Art chaired the meeting, and although he was agains the idea he thus could not speak. The action of the group was thought to be a possible move toward democracy, but instead it turned out to be a power play.

The next meeting was held at an inopportune time, and only ten people came--three with Art, seven with Zack and Jon. Zack submitted plans for the constitution and officers, and the group duly ratified them. Officers were to be elected at the next meeting but Art did not even show--"It was just not the theatre group I wanted any more. The people in power were no longer interested in doing theatre, but creating an irrelevant structure with power and prestige."

Zack Berk was elected president, Jon Ford vice president, Albert Lerner (who had never previously attended a Caste Theatre meeting) treasurer, and several other new people to lesser positions. The name of the group was also changed from Caste Theatre to OPEN ARTS. This, then, was the birth of Open Arts. In point of fact Open Arts never produced a single play. Whether the leaders of Open Arts were more nefarious or unorganized and incompetent is left to the reader.

In any case, after the elections Art was hassled by friends over how to "keep the money." But the whole concept of money hanging him up was too much and Ollman signed over the $350 to Lerner in January. He was, said Ollman, "sick of the whole thing."

Open Arts had nothing more to do with the constitution. Democracy had been used as a subterfuge. Ther was no membership left in Open Arts now--only money and officers. Jon Ford started a theatrical workshop which fell through, and although they kept insisting to Art that they had things planned, the fact of the matter is that they did not.

In June Lerner ended his term as treasurer and left the remaining account of approximately $100 in the hands of Zack and Danny Stein. Open Arts also held a record sale

(continued on page 5)

doors unlocked -- cocktails on the lawn

Madison is a peaceful town. No one bothers you too much; you can walk down the streets at night unafraid. People who come here from other cities are amazed to see that people leave their doors unlocked and windows open. There doesn't seem to be too much harassment from the police or city officials. People say pretty much what they feel like. In a liberal town, there is the illusion of so much freedom.

One afternoon before the tenth of August, Prof. A.C. Jordan received a phone call. He picked up the phone and a voice said "you scoundrel, you dirty scoundrel, you're the dirtiest scoundrel on earth!" He hung up the phone thinking it was merely a prankster. The phone began to ring ten times a day; when the family picked it up, there was no one there.

Prof. Jordan and his family are black South African exiles. They had to leave South Africa for political reasons. Their visas are stamped not for return use. Their son Pollo has been deported from this country for political reasons. The rest of the family has remained in Madison....a liberal town.

On August 10th between 9:15 and 9:30 a Molotov Cocktail was thrown at the Jordans' house. It fell on the sidewalk. The explosion drew the family out of the house. All the neighbors came out of their houses. Only one woman had seen the figure of a man or boy running away. The Madison police were called in, but were unable to find any leads. They claimed that the bottle was too smudged to find any fingerprints.

Saturday, the 12th of August, the Jordans noticed that a swastika had been burnt into their lawn with chemicals--it is still visible. Then they began to take the situation seriously.

On the 23rd of September, Mr. Jordan was standing by the window looking out at the neighborhood. He saw a flame flying across the lawn. It landed on the driveway. He ran out but there was no sign of anyone. He immediately called the police. They came, examined the broken Pepsi Cola bottles, asked the usual questions, said the usual things. The only difference this time was in the action of Prof. Jordan. He called Chancellor Sewell who sent out Ralph Hanson of the university police.

Hanson indicated that the police thought it was a prank or childsplay. In a report shown to them by Hanson, the Madison police had falsified Mr. Jordan's words to make this point.

Police: Did you see anyone?
Mr. Jordan: No, no one.

Falsified report:

Police: Did you see anyone?
Mr. Jordan: Yes, I saw a bunch of boys milling around.

The cops had their own interpretation.

The police have consistently refused to attach any real significance to this series of events. They have no idea of who is doing this or why. When asked about twenty-four hour protection, the police replied they were patrolling the area. They don't seem to care who is pulling the "prank." When asked about the case, Police Chief Wilbur Emery replied that he had no comment to make about it, except to say that it was no different from any other case. The sherrif hasn't heard about it, the F.B.I. hasn't been called in... protection minimal...nice liberal town.

The neighborhood displayed about the same response as the police. They don't like what's happening, it upsets their routine, but seem unwilling to come together to do anything about it. They haven't really discussed it, nor do they seem worried about it. They are confused as to who's doing it, but don't appear really motivated to try to find out.

The police could have been around after the first incident, but they chose to be elsewhere. The neighborhood is busy doing its own thing. Concerned Black People did care. They decided to set up their own armed guard around the house, defending the Jordans by themselves. As a result of this decision, police protection appears to be secured temporarily.

CBP and Mr. Jordan are not content, however, to let the matter drop there. CBP's intention, with Mr. Jordan's approval, is to use the incidents as a tool for organizing other black people in Madison.

Unlike the concerned Liberal community from Chancellor Sewell to the Daily Cardinal, we support the actions of CBP. The issue of crucial concern: self-defense. When students are beaten up for picketing the Selective Service Office, when left wing offices are bombed, when crowds of marching blacks are beaten up--the cops are generally the ones who are doing the beating. They are lax when it comes to doing something about the harassment of black people or radical students. They are on the other side.

The radical community must aggressively defend itself. Unlike the suburbanized middle class, it must exist as a social community. Unlike the Liberal community, it cannot place its faith in its enemy--the police and city officials. Madison is a liberal town for some--white, middle class, privatized people--for everyone else it is as naked as New York City or Selma, Alabama. It is no different from any other hamlet in the American empire.

Repressive violence is as American as cherry pie. It may be submerged or disguised under liberal rhetoric, but it remains a fact. This fact is both the present reality and the potential future. --we must destroy the present before it destroys us.

-Elizabeth Ewen

MEANING OF DOW CASE

Once upon a time there was a demonstration against the Dow Chemical Company (manufacturers of saran wrap and other human defoliators). Nineteen demonstrators (out of many) were arrested. On September 27, after a three day trial and ten minutes of jury deliberation, two of the nineteen were convicted of disorderly conduct. The other seventeen will be tried shortly. After similar lengthy trials and lightning fast jury deliberations, they will also be found guilty. These trials have been postponed from last March, however, because of legal maneuvers which hold some significance.

Just before the original trial dates last March, the demonstrators filed their own suit in the federal court. The state court (a la the Dane County Court) and the federal court are totally independent of one another. Because of this, the hope of the federal suit was to persuade the federal court that the protection of the interests which it is supposed to uphold justified the stopping of the state criminal trials. This would have pitted federal power against the state. The result, hopefully, would be to gain additional time and freedom of movement for radicals to work, as well as to save the expected $1900.00 in fines. That is the most that can be asked from the system.

There was (and is) a chance of success. If there is any "channel" which still maintains a semblance of openness, it is the federal court system. This arises primarily from its total independence from most political influences (all judges are appointed for life; cannot be removed from office, be transferred or have salaries reduced), and from the fact that since the federal system is entrusted with protecting the most significant economic and social interests in the nation, intelligent men are normally appointed to the judicial positions--not out of altruism but out of necessity. When the Internal Revenue Service is involved in a dispute with General Motors over millions of dollars, for example, neither side wants a "hack" deciding the case. The smaller case, therefore, receives this "intelligence" as a by-product.

The "social" interest which the federal court was urged to uphold as against the state's attempt to prosecute was the "right" to freedom of speech and dissent. "The capitalist system can only be made more effective and pervasive if we can criticize it" is the inarticulate premise from which the Court views the free speech issue. Therefore, there is real value to them in a certain amount of protection of

(continued on page 5)

Dow Continued

(continued from page 4)
free speech -- again not out of altruism but out of necessity. The lower federal court (2-1) was not quite persuaded. The United States Supreme Court is now considering the case, and the ultimate hope is that they will see their interests differently than the lower court and free the nineteen from the state court's grasp. The state's interests are so riddled with day to day politics and piddling local interests, that to expect anything but guilty verdicts is complete naivete. The only point of going through it all is to reach the U.S. Supreme Court--the last vestige of an open channel--and thwart the state in their efforts.

A question is posed by all of this: Why should someone who rejects the whole damn system which both state and federal courts, in one way or another, support, bother to participate in all this legal legerdemain? I propose an answer.

First, the person involved serves some of his own purposes by "going the legal route." He publicly expresses his refusal (to the extent possible under the system) to accept the state's determination that his conduct is improper. He publicly gets to say why. Pleading guilty says that although you don't like the rules of conduct, you accept them and when caught you yield to them. Forcing the state to "find" you guilty, after causing the maximum possible frustration to their efforts, indicates at least a certain amount of rejection of the rules of conduct themselves.

Second, until that demonstrator is willing to sit in jail, or leave the country, or shoot the cop that tries to arrest him, he is going to be "under the system" whether he likes it or not. To speak, therefore, of "cooperating" is a false issue. If he is not ready for more extreme action, I think he has an obligation to cause the system as much time, expense, trouble, embarrassment and worry as possible. He must disrupt as much as he can within the limits of defiance he has set for himself. The trial of Roberts Cohen and Zwicker has cost the state of Wisconsin a great deal. It has tied up, at various times, at least eight attorneys, nine judges, many policemen, University officials, secretaries and jurors. The federal suit almost prevented the state from proceeding at all, and if the Supreme Court reverses the action of the lower federal court, or of the state court, the nineteen will have their convictions set aside. The state will have suffered a defeat.

Until you are ready for shooting that cop, that's the most you can ask out of a legal encounter like the Dow protests. Dow is visiting us again October 17-20 -- Vietnam week. It will be interesting to see what those who criticize the "nineteen" for "playing the game" will have planned. The nineteen played the game a helt of a lot better than the hundred who stood there, cheered them on, and faded away. If you think nineteen tied up the state--try 190 or 1900. I dare you!

Death of Open Arts



(continued from page 3)
to raise money. CONNECTIONS has not been able to determine what the programs of Open Arts were after June except that both Zack and Danny are now in New York City. There is $1.24 in the Open Arts bank account now.

Open Arts' birth ordained its death.

A telling incident occurred during the brief life of Open Arts. Zack was contacted by one of the national broadcasting networks with the proposition that he sponsor (by lending his "image") a hot new "folk singer" who just returned from Vietnam. Zack would receive 30% of the take for his services.

The folk singer's name is Captain Hershel W. Gober, Infantry. He has been referred to variously in headlines in American newspapers as "Have Guitar, Gi[s], Will Travel," "Advisor Sings Ballads, Fights VC in Delta," and "GIs Thank Johnson (with Presidential serenade)." Thirty year old Gober has an impressive history: came out of the Marines in 1959 as a sergeant, joined the army and went to parachute school, was a specialist 4 platoon leader, volunteered for Vietnam duty, graduated from the Welfare Center Military Assistance Training Advisory Course, served for nine months in Vietnam, formed the first touring soldiers entertainment group, got orders from Westmoreland, wrote two songs "The Proud Americans" and "I Need You So," appeared on television and radio in Vietnam as the "Singing Soldier" and "Ballad Man," sang for President Johnson, Premier Ky, Ambassador Lodge, top military agency heads in Vietnam, received nine decorations including the Vietnamese Campaign Medal, Meritorious Service Medal, Vietnamese Defense Medal, Vietnamese Military Honor First Class (presented by the Vietnamese government), and the Bronze Star. He is currently assigned as Executive Officer, in Milwaukee.

Zack flirted with the idea of accepting the proposition. He had meetings with the big boys over at ABC and they were doing a pretty good snow job. Zack's naivete in this affair for even considering such an absurd union is incredible. He might well have had two-gun Gober singing war ballads at his love-ins! As it turned out, a left activist set Zack straight on the exact nature of Captain Gober and Zack let the offer drop. The point here is simply that it is impossible to work from a philosophy which denies the social reality in which it exists. This is naive and self defeating.

Hopefully, if an organization with Open Arts' goals is formed again, it will be more than a dance scheduling committee and be a meaningful addition to the Madison community. Hopefully, it will understand that the concept of love is corrupted and destroyed in an atmosphere of hate and mistrust. There are tangible actions that a future Open Arts group might endeavor to use to create a concept of love as viewed as a <u>total</u> philosophy. These precepts must span all aspects of Madison's University and social community. It is a fallacy to purposely avoid "political" actions, for it must be understood that to actually change minds one needs more than a Romantic (although valid) philosophy or ideology. By avoiding actions whose content (but not form) might be social or political, and by stressing aesthetics to the exclusion of acting meaningfully within a social context, Open Arts denied the present reality and then tried to build after already being incorporated into one of the escape valves of the society. In a sense, the group fell into a position which any power structure could sanction, thus leading to a moral impotency and degenerate consciousness.

There are a number of positive concrete programs and goals which CONNECTIONS would suggest which might produce some coherent changes in the community's mind and life style:

--start a Madison hostel (free)
--advocate arts in the streets and the hallways
--perform (disrupt if necessary) around and in the university, in the IBM offices, the capitol, etc., with a mime troupe
--start cooperatives; a meat and/or a book cooperative are now being planned, meeting at CONNECTIONS office, Saturday, October 7, 2 p.m.
--disarm the police, open the jails and sanatoriums
--end grades, tuition, registration, formal classes, requirements, and give no diplomas
--turn on the faculty and administration
--demand the University refuse to be an agent of war
--municipalize the Madison bus system

-RMS

Sad Woman

The fat, sad woman did her dance
in combat boots. Clomp, clomp.
Her husband, dead, lay on the counter
white as the fish during the day.

She held her skirt above her head
dyeing the fabric with her cries
as round she clomped in a single spot
letting her grief like her belly loose.

We stood out front in the dark and watched
perplexed that every time she turned
the sad soft eye of her swollen belly
fixed us like a lighthouse beacon.

Roger Mitchell

"The truth is a gun"

There's a lady next door,
she breaks at my floor
with a mind that dies aching,
each day the lady gets louder
by the door.
When she looks, time apes her.
It makes her believe that each second is more.
It makes her run and try to catch up
to her dying,
that she hears each day
by the door.
Now she tells me my dreams
and plays me my jokes, but without the song.
She screams words that have no faces,
and then dancing, falls spelling for witness,
and no place to put her
except out of this silence
that drinks inside her
for more.

Jeremy Robinson

Roger Mitchell

After the Last

After the last
lukewarm sip
of after dinner coffee
burns out,
when the light lies flat
on the windowsill
and dust pours slowly
from the lampshades,
you knit and I read.
But tonight I half
look up and sense
you there like Labrador
just off the book's
northeastern corner,
a hazy un-
inhabited fish
forgotten island.
The needles click
their beaks in heat,
spilling a limp
egg-brown thing
across your lap
where, on the cover
of a pamphlet
upside down,
orange letters
spell: Dolls,
and How to Make Them.

Downham, Lancs.

Over the high, old,
carefully stacked
stone fences
on either side of the road
are fields.
A light gray scum of snow
covers them.
Here and there
sheep scratch the ground bare
for grass.
They lift their heads
to stare at us
as we pass.
Then, chewing,
mince away.
The road between inn
and church turns
the proper degree
and dips as one expects
like a swan's neck
into the village bottom.
No one is around.
A broom's gruff tug
against a welcome mat
alarms us.
We barely catch
a wedge
of dark blue skirt
as it slips from sight.
In a dozen steps
we come to a doorstep,
still damp,
and above it
a door, ajar.

Roger Mitchell

6

page

THE RAP

look at him sitting there
with his ass in the sugar barrel,
his hand in the cookie bin,
and his eyes out of order.
this is what is sound,
this is the honkie vibration,
this is not square business.
he has found a token of himself
and all points beyond
in spades.
a sweet mother-of-hurt Tom
slumbering in his northern
vest pocket.
he smacks, he shines after eight.
he flashes on,
stooping to scratch the nightime
eyes from the sea.
as he bends over himself
he sees two hundred some years
on his white-lipped face,
and the ground is rattling
its springs.
oh now is the time to blow
out the front porch light.
someone is coming to take
you out of your place in line.
hide your sugar barrel,
give your cookies to your sweetheart.
the sea is rolling its black
tongue through your window,
salt is on your couch,
seaweed under your rug.
see, see
the lusty moor is emerging
from the sewer in rage,
his face is in steam.
go naturally into the evening
and cover
the remains
of your color.
all hands on the deck
are loaded.

Albert Norman

Jeremy Robinson

Silences for Vallarta

Pto. Vallarta waits for my death
in silences. Here artists live inside and
I, tiptoed at the proportion to grandeur,
bumble for my hammock, lazy in imitation.
Here vultures bluffed and guiltless as priests,
here the pissing blue ocean,
mad orange roosters cock all day,
green birds and the last of the dinosaurs,
pops out in a lady's scream, while
horses pull the night to the streets.
Only my crying at five o'clock,
infantile and uncalled, breaks
a tiny wave to the mind;
and turns me wet with sand and fever,
that I am not the same,
I must leave this place,
the dead won't speak again.

Mortality

The face is my window.
I stand behind it, waiting years to escape.
I think a turtle,
welling days within my depth,
then can see myself as lakes when I swim
and disappear with water in my skin.
I mourn for all the drops,
this confusion worse than pain
until I court no longer distance
and grab myself in an hour
of another's lovemaking:
Return
to the face, the I smiling
at my eyes, years waiting to escape.

Jeremy Robinson

S.F. MIME TROUPE

Some people are still agonizing over the question, "Should the artist be political in his art?" That's kind of like asking "Should Negroes march in Milwaukee?" or "Should there be revolutions in South America?"--it's beside the point. Negroes are marching, revolts are spreading, and art is political: whether or not one sees that depends on whether or not one wants to see it.

Most of the theater in this country and on this campus supports the system by feeding back to those who can afford it the facile illusions which they need to perpetuate their idea of the world. Did you see "Finnian's Rainbow" last week with those 1800 other freshmen? Did you witness the problems of the "idle poor" vanish through the intervention of a leprachaun? Did you cheer with them when a racist governor was punished for his intolerance by being turned black? Why fret over Black Power and open housing when there are leprachauns around to set things right or fume about freedom when there are such mordant examples of poetic justice? Who says only thesis plays are political!!!

If the Wisconsin Players, the Union Theater and the Speech Department are not political, why was it that last year it took 2½ months of meetings with SLIC, petitions and permissions before QUIXOTE could bring the San Francisco Mime Troupe to the campus? Why did one Union official make the rash statement that the Troupe would never appear again in his theater? Why did the chairman of a certain department put pressure on the faculty sponsor of QUIXOTE to squelch the production of "MACBIRD?" Just looking after their own.

The underground theater movement is about to surface again for another skirmish. "Guerilla theater," as its director and founder describes the San Francisco Mime Troupe, will return to the University of Wisconsin when the Troupe presents its commedia dell' arte production "L'Amant Militaire" at the Union theater on October 17. "L'Amant Militaire," described by one critic as "the best anti-war play to come out of the Vietnam War," maintains the Troupe's reputation for provocative and controversial material. Their reputation reached international proportions last year with its touring production, "A Minstrel Show, or: Civil Rights in a Cracker Barrel."

When asked what he meant by "guerilla theater," R.G. Davis, who started the Mime Troupe in 1959, had this to say:

"We want to have the same relation to our audience as the guerilla does to the community which aids him in his struggle. We want to break through the hypocrisy in American culture, to replace the notion that art is harmless and beneficient, that it does not seek to be anything but an illusion. We are not interested in listless audiences that go to the theater only to verify their own prejudices. It is the conception of puritan culture that art should endorse its morality and flatter its patriotism. We think art should disturb, should teach, should direct toward change. We take risks--the risk of exposing one's convictions to the challenge of conflicting ideas-- and let them grapple."

"We travel light, we have done free shows in the parks of San Francisco for seven summers now, and people have seen theater, live theater, for the first time in their own neighborhoods. We need full help from the people in order to survive. I have a line in the play, as Generale Garcia, commander of the allied forces in Italy, where I explain that the reason Spain, which is the analogue for the U.S. in the play, has never had a revolution is because 'we have free speech.' Now here, it is okay to criticize, to debate, to take issue with problems in society, as long as you are not effective--and as long as you gloss over the issues in such a manner as to leave the door open to that soft-pedal phrase: "There are two sides to every murder." It has been our experience in local dealing with the police and the commissioners of parks that when our social comment is clear and direct and not confused by "art" or obfuscated by "aesthetic distance," we have had trouble--arrest, harassment, and loss of income.

"Another way in which we are a 'guerilla company' is that we attempt to exemplify change as a group: to live now the way we want to live when the changes we are working for have been achieved in the society.

"As for those who like their art pure of social issues, I must say



#$%%$ %&"(_$!!.

See what I mean? Art that has anything to do with life in 1967 is just going to be subversive. Last year, the day the Mime Troupe was due to perform "That Minstrel Show" here, I got a call from the director in Chicago. The entire Troupe had spent the night in a Denver jail because the Denver police, who were the target for a little satire about their protection of gambling, found them 'obscene.' In spite of Denver's mania for morality, the actors made it to Madison in time for the performance--just minus a little sleep. To explain why we had a full house and a standing ovation that night, the tech director for the Union explained: "It was all a publicity stunt."

Okay, baby, let's see how you are going to explain this next one.

-Betsy Edelson

MADISON GUERRILLA THEATER

On Saturday afternoon, September 16th, at approximately two o'clock, all of upper State Street and the capitol square witnessed a spectacle never before equalled in Madison history. An enlistment officer, three soldiers, and a woman who identified herself as Mrs. Quirk, from the draft board, along with many other people from various walks of life, marched to the steps to stage a protest on the west steps of the capitol. They were followed and encouraged by members of the Wisconsin Draft Resistance Union who waited near the steps in a gesture of wholehearted support.

The protest began with precise military maneuvers executed by the enlistment officer and his soldiers. War began shortly thereafter as the Madison Guerilla Theater launched its first full-scale production, a parody on the workings of the Selective Service System entitled Youngman, or The Egghead that Ate John Q. Public.

The Madison Guerilla Theater was created only a few weeks ago. Its initial impetus was a group of Madison high school students who were interested in producing a play to be performed in front of the local recruiting center. Because of technical difficulties the play never reached the Recruiting Center but was instead presented on the capitol steps. It is currently being performed in various churches throughout the community. I was asked to rewrite and direct the play, but the project, from beginning to end, was basically the work of a lot of creative people from area high schools who presented the program with the cooperation of the Draft Resistance Union.

Youngman is a play about a boy who is having problems with the draft and who receives advice from a wide assortment of passing strangers who condescend to counsel him.

(continued on page ten)

GUERRILLA theatre

BY VICKI GABRINER
BY JOANNA STICKGOLD (OF COUNSEL)

The eruption of guerrilla theatre troupes around the country is a monument to the failure of contemporary theatre to be relevant to peoples' lives. In the grape fields around Delano, California, on the campus of the University of Wisconsin, on the streets of New York City and Chicago, groups of people have broken out of the theatre bag and are taking theatre to the people.

These are the shock troups (sic?) of the movement. They get to people with their defenses down, not giving the ladies time to encase themselves in their mental girdles or the men time to knot the constricting tie. People are not "going to the theatre" when they are confronted by guerrilla troupes; they do not have their "theatre frame-of-mind." There is none of the predictability that surrounds going to a Broadway; all that is stripped away. Who knows what will happen? And why is it happening in the first place? You can't put guerrilla theatre into a box as soon as you see it. You may reject it viscerally, as the psyche rejects foreign objects, but you are equally drawn to it like a love-hate relationship. What cannot be immediately understood is repulsed, but its exotic character is at the same time compelling.

People just do not parade up State Street with white face on; ladies in laundromats just do not have plays performed for them; bus stations at 6 in the morning when guys are waiting to be bussed to their army physicals are just not the place for theatrical performances; it just isn't done that way. Exactly! It is not simply the mobility, crucial as that is, that sets the guerrilla theatre apart from the commercial theatre. Joseph Papp's Shakespeare Theatre in New York City is mobile, but it is emtirely predictable and rational. There are lines for people to wait on, bleachers for them to sit in, lights to illuminate the stage, and professionals to perform the parts. Guerrilla theatre will have none of that; it asserts the irrationality of our times and flouts the "what should be." It sets its own ground rules. The medium, if you will pardon the expression, is in part the message.



Guerrilla theatre is the response of people, not actors, to the stresses of their times. They reach into the morass of their everyday experience and improvise on their thoughts and feelings. In El Teatro Campesino, (Delano, California) the actors are striking farmworkers; in the Peoples',Theatre (Chicago) The actors are hillbillies living in Uptown; in the Pagent Players, (New York City) the actors are former students who have been involved in a variety of political activities; in the Uprising(Madison, Wisconsin), the actors are people who have been engaged in the usual symdrome of campus politics; in the Madison Guerrilla Troupe (Wisconsin), the actors are high school students who are fighting the draft.

Actors is the wrong word to us; creators is more apt. For unlike the commercial theatre, where one is fit into a slot according to one's professional status, in guerrilla theatre one is not an actor or a director or a script writer to the exclusion of all else. One is not fit into an already determined context with a particular bit to do. In guerrilla theatre each individual is a decision-making member of the group, part of a creative unit that is constantly defining itself. Sure, one person may emerge to direct a play, or one person may come up with the outlines of a play, but that does not constrict the individual or the group, it does not lead to the assembly line nature of the commercial theatre in which one can only screw that bolt or turn this knob or pull this lever.

Guerrilla theatre is a hard thing to keep going because every member is responsible for its continued existence and not just for himself. This total responsibility makes participation in guerrilla theatre enormously exciting and creative in the most fundamental sense of the word. And it is part of what the guerrilla troupe says to people it confronts out on the street: "Look what we've done, us nobodies, us non-professionals!" It reaches for that idol of expertise that we worship in this country and sets about destroying it. "So what,so we're not professional actors, not professional analysts, not PhD's, but we assert our right to make judgements, to take sides, and we challenge you to do the same!"

There is no arty consciousness in what is done, but that does not mean htat what is created is not art. I refuse outright to get into the question of What is Art? and baldly state that guerrilla theatre gets people in the gut and people react and that goddammit in a time when people have forgotten how to react is improtant.

Each guerrilla troupe is a unique phenomenon because each is a part of a unique audience and each speaks specifically to the context in which it operates. Thus, El Teatro Campesino incorporates Mexican music into its actos while the Peoples" Theatre draws heavily on the music of Woody Guthrie. But in looking at all the guerrilla troupes that I know of, I see them breaking down into two groups: those functioning whithin the framework of political organizing, and those functioning autonomously. In all the groups there is the vitality, the excitement, the music, the costumes, the movement, the audacity, the soul, but their goals depend on their environment.



El Teatro Campesino coming out of the grape strike in California, and the People's Theatre, coming out of the JOIN organizing project among the hillbillies living in



The Pageant Players perform a seven-minute play in a laundromat. One girl comes in and begins to do her laundry. A second girl comes in and steals it. Behind the first girl is a huge figure of a Vietnamese, behind the second is that of an American.

Chicago, the Madison Guerrilla Troupe, and the Southern Student Organizing Committee Troupe, are examples of guerrilla troupes growing out of the evolving alongside organizational campaigns. There, in response to a semi-literate community the actos provide the people with visual images of their struggle. They educate the people about specifics: the advantages of a union contract, the meaning of a boycott, or the nature of the political machine. Essential to this type of guerrilla theatre is its ability



to make people laugh, to relax the tension, to proserve mental health. And when they are laughing, they are in a position of power. They are mocking the bosses, the cops, the welfare workers, and the system that is oppressing them. And this, quite simply, is a morale-booster for people who are putting their lives on the line or being encouraged to do so. Victory at the end of the play, the workers victorious, the bosses defeated, Viva la huelga! That is a powerful dose of hope!

Guerrilla troupes without a parent organization (such as the Pageant Players in New York, the Living Theatre of Montreal, and the Uprising in Madison, Wisconsin),particularly those addressing themselves to a literate community, have different goals. There, the initial job is not to educate or to build morale, but to shock. It must jar the humdrum of the routinized life, it must prick holes in defense that do not let people feel, it must bombard people over and over again so that their verbalisms are no longer satisfying. Just as the sensual experience of a guerrilla performance is appealing to a semi-literate audience, it is equally so to highly literate communities, where it is a relief to be confronted with non-verbal communication after the daily barrage of words. Middle class people are taught from an early age to replace their emotions with words, so that our explanations become more real than our feelings. But we also learn not to say everything. We are trained to stop short of making all the connections, and to say just enough to be cool and controlled. Guerrilla theatre callenges that coolness, that control, that verbal facility, dishonesty. Its music, its masks, its audacity, its grappling with the nitty-gritty issues would ideally pull peoples' pants down and leave them naked.

Guerrilla theatre cannot stand alone as a technique of political organizing, but it can be an important part of the process. It can grab people's attention and get them exited as no other form of communication can. And if my words aren't convincing, I hope that some day as you are leaving work or class, waiting on line for dinner or a bus, you are confronted by a guerrilla troupe that completely blows you mind!



EL TEATRO



The psychedelic revolution in this country was over practically before it even started. Superficially, the signs of engulfment are out front for all to see. The city of Berkeley held a be-in last year sponsored by the City Council, complete with free balloons and ice cream as well as the ever-present rock band. In advertising circles the powers that be quickly caught on and the past few years have been filled with varied media's admonitions to cool it in this or that car, groove in your new underwear, and flip out and freak out with the latest miracle deodorant. Examples are endless.

Incorporation, of course, was a pathetically simple process. The trappings were and are easily mimicked, for to the extent that they are outrageous and severe in their manifestations (color, taste, sound, touch) so are they easily assimilated. It is the subtle which artistically defies easy reproduction.

And the same could be said of the market's primary objective, the fabled youth of America. A society based on the con of sell (i.e., to convince the buyer to purchase what he really doesn't need, especially spiritually) had before it a willing dupe. Again the blatancy of the trappings provided for quick copy. Any fourteen-year-old who had reached puberty and could grow hair was his own potential victim. All he or she needed was that minimal physical maturity and enough of daddy's money in the corduroy pocket to purchase the rest of his costume. And the rebellion of drugs and hippy enclaves are enough to make all the W.C. Fields in this country laugh gleefully behind their cards as their pockets are filled.

The real tragedy is the gap between the spiritual vision which the best of the hippies (and there are many "best") have and what has been done to their trappings. Such a tragedy is only emphasized by the fact that the carriage is meant to be both a tribal, communal sign and a symbol of rejection. A mediocre, superficial, sick society has confronted a potential rebellion by slicking off its surface and selling it, swallowing it with dollar signs. It has ignored the real message of the hippies, because fo do otherwise it would have had to confront its own paucity--an always uncomfortable process. And this particular challenge, because of its at least superficial emphasis on the surface manifestations of rebellion, did not really require any sincere soul searching. The society of buy and sell simply incorporated the costume and language, conveniently forgetting the soul. And it wasn't very difficult.

In this context, and it is a context that historians of the future will go cluck-cluck about without appreciating the pathos of the situation, the appearance of an album entitled "Holy Music" by one Malachi (see the last book of the Old Testament for proper reference) can only be greeted with the greatest suspicion. The cover is almost ludicrous in its appeal: blotches of color, reds, blues, oranges, forming the musician's bust, and continuing across a foldout where on the back we are presented with the master himself, sitting in proper holy fashion and garb over the quotation (and we all know that quotation equals authority), "to listen to Malachi is to feel one's oneness with man." Testimony inside is from a "Visiting Professor of Anthropology" and Allen Ginsberg. Unbeatable!

The surprise is that Verve's contribution to the world of hippy money grub is truly effective. First, it must be said that this is intensely personal music, and as such it will make it or not make it with various listeners depending on their heads. More than that, the posture at the moment of hearing is crucial, and this does not refer to a drug state. It is head music, played (I think) on twelve string with only a jews-harp as drone accompaniment. Much could be said of the obvious influences on the music. Japanese Koto music, Indian classical music, and urban and rural American blues all have their credits to claim. Yet the result is individual and honest. It is a synthesis come from years of playing in darkened rooms around the San Francisco Bay area and Big Sur, of sitting near the Pacific and feeling its power.

In technical terms the music is not at all as complex as it seems on first hearing. There are tricks involved, but "tricks" here is used pejoratively. The final effect is the thing, and it is reached through intelligent and sensitive dynamics and phrasing. At times Malachi seems purposely to be laying back, to be biding his time, allowing the jews-harp to play a much heavier role than a drone instrument is usually assigned (Steve Cunningham, the other instrumentalist, is a precocious nineteen-year-old from Texas who picked up his instrument for the first time only months before this album was cut). But then he darts out, with slashing attacks in the high register, or slowly building crescendoes that suddenly evaporate. In both cases Malachi allows the listener to participate in rhythmic and melodic terms.

To say that this music depends on the head of the listener is to suggest that it is not sufficient unto itself. To some extent, Malachi's holy music is an invitation, and not a completion. He

(continued page 15)

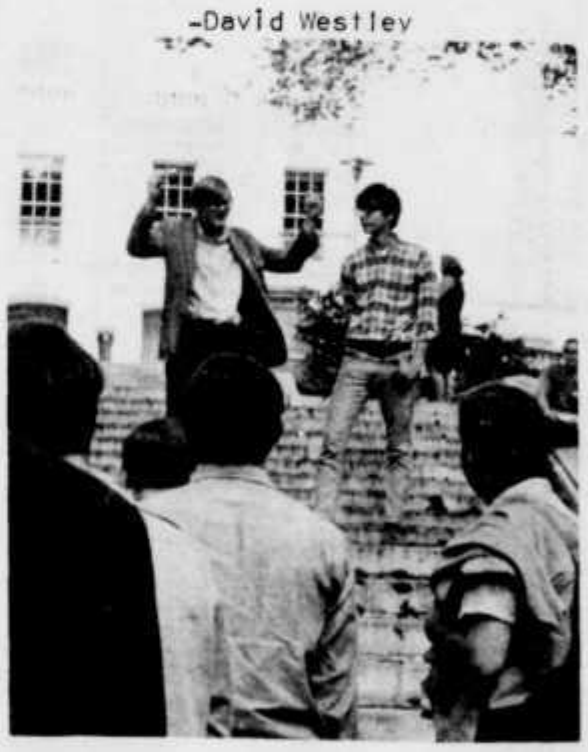
MADISON TROUPE (continued from page 7)

These counselors include an Enlistment Officer, Mrs. Quirk (the Draft Board Clerk), a College Man, an Employer, and a Draft Dodger who specializes in the removal of various internal organs. Inevitably, Mrs. Quirk wins out and sends the boy away with other soldiers to be manhandled by War.

The play was presented to a surprisingly large audience. Some leaflets announcing the play had been passed out and several posters were put up but the majority of those attending seemed to have merely wandered away from their shopping just to see what was going on. My greatest worry, however, did not have to do with the size of the audience but its temprament. I was afraid that some of the members of the cast might exit with broken noses. But at the close of the play I found that I was happily wrong in thinking so because the audience clapped. In a sense, they approved. Perhaps I am wrong in interpreting their reaction in this way but I have talked to a number of people in DRU about this reaction and many of them believe, as I do, that the play came across not because of its script or its performance but because it happened. The idea of high school students suddenly presenting a play on the grounds of the state capitol building is absurd. And to a great extent it is this absurdity that brought about its success. This is a good example of the weaponry which can be employed by guerilla theater. Its first function is to startle. After the audience has been subjected to shock treatment creative propaganda follows. Drama, in and of itself, seldom convinces the viewer but it can produce a doubt. Doubt is important because it leads to thought. The purpose of guerilla theater now is to awaken the many minds that need a stimulus.

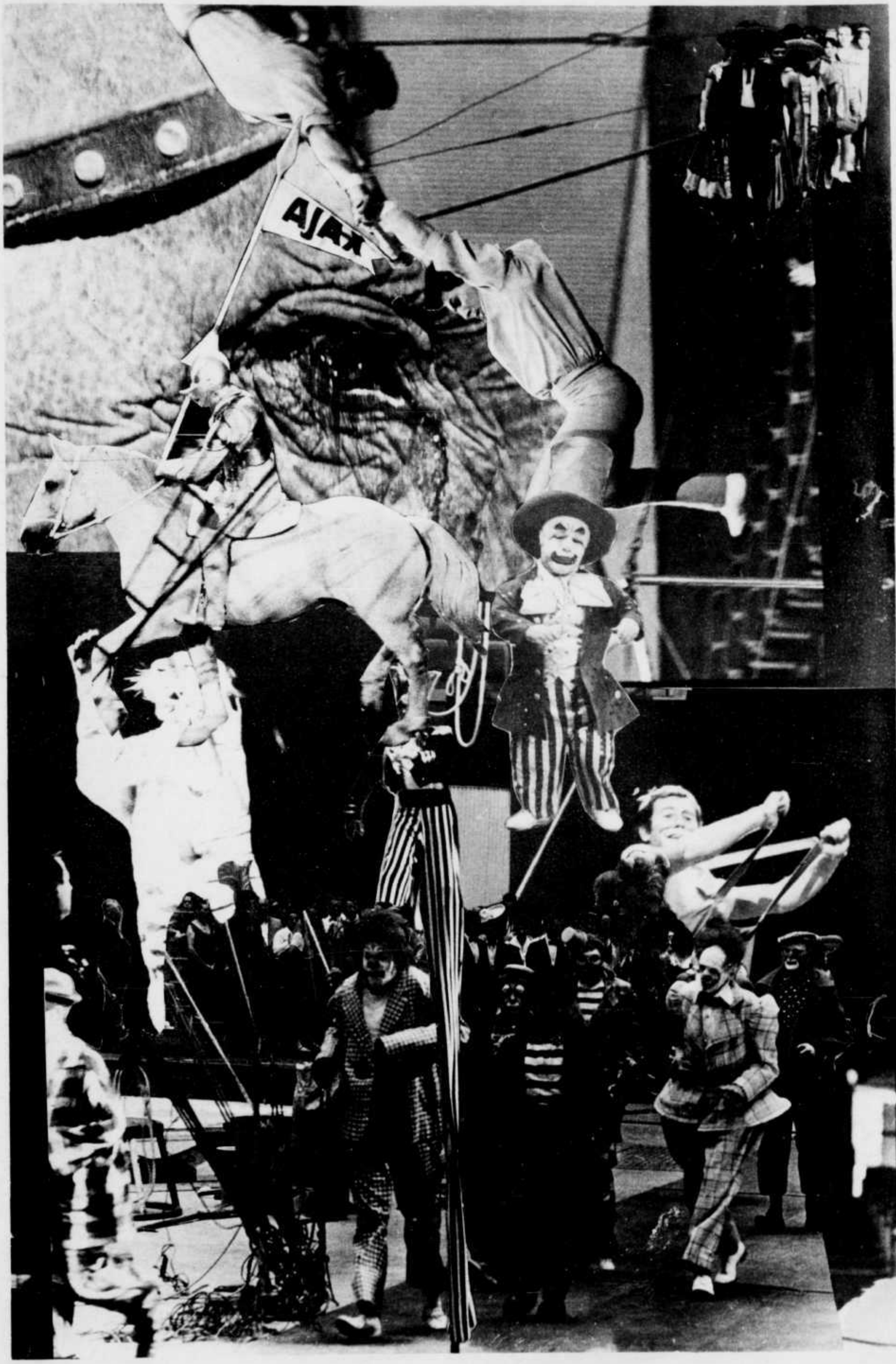
MGT is a non-organization at this time. But hopefully it will soon be presenting, in addition to Youngman, other plays, pageants, and extravaganzas for the mortification and delight of the Madison community.

-David Westley



AMERICA IN THE WORLD ARENA

Collage by Oberdorfer-Otten-Snow



Now if i told you that Nurse Hazard works in a hospital. there is a brown forest, next to an oatmeal water wheel...there is a family of bears, each one carries a rifle aimed at his (or her) black nose. also. upon the gravel path, occasionally in this fantasy, actually always COMES two nuns who wear plaid hunter's caps and are really saints with flashlights and matches.

they are always taking pictures of the bears, as i happen to be running away from them? and always as i say "stop"--they stop and look at me fall into a tree and disappear. Strange animals. So Nurse Hazard has a busy task, and the doctor keeps proclaiming live patients dead. She has to change the records and always winds up as the ancient fisherman who loves babies, the same one the babies always stretch pudgy hands at...that fisherman.

nurse Hazard is very important and must be remembered as she cries her bullets dry. on drunken. evenings you will find her eleven and red in the powder room...a fat negro maid (Viola)...OUR PANCAKE APRON**THUS MOTHER BEAR EATS FISH**, SUCH ITEMS*

the Buddy NICK throws rocks at my garage windows...she can not help being a martyr...hide away/operating room curling synograms...lovely.

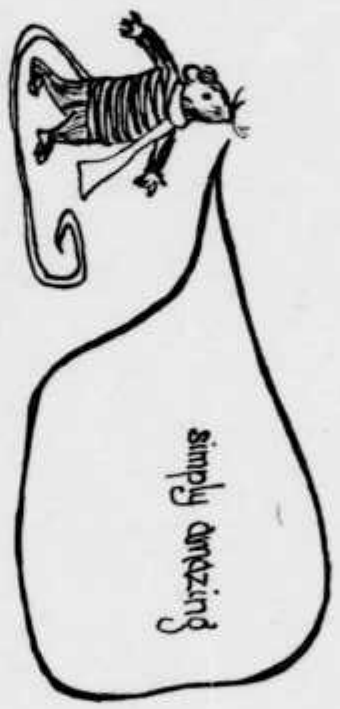
NEW LANGUAGE INVADES AMERICA

where do Bulgarian women sing most?
-to their sheep; Morty, Lou,
Byron---Preggy!

The revolution in all its dimensions brings a more expressive and freeing level of thought and action before the mass. This change will never be unconsciously (recognition leads to existence) accepted until the lingual basis of that change correlates the over-dimensional and exploding assumptions of our new thought structure based on a moral imperative of freedom in its finite form. That is to say, it is nonsense to assume that as our social, political and economic tools and concepts give birth to a new socialistic organization---that our language will remain the same in internal, semantic and grammatical procedure...a new language is inherent in the revolution (the more total the revolution, the more total the language change). Because of expanded manners of conceptualizing the terms 'man' 'property' mine, 'soul' and our switched patterns of reasoning (from a material to moral base) a different type of verbal communication will be evolved which will attempt to crystallize a coherent example of our revolutionary thought into word-symbols. This process will demonstrate to the populace that the 'fact' changed can be represented in a dynamic (gesture and intention) speech whose syntactical foundation and verbal inventions will merely reflect and hence strengthen any actual move to alter the physical and mental setting of this country.

any such lingual innovation must transcend the present level of conversation and expression. The intellectual simplicity of our present language (simply a cultural affect) is excepted. In our desires to be free from economic and hence mental oppression---our language must represent that freedom opposed to the irrationality which governs present systems of communication... whose very structure is centered on a prejudicial, amoral and isolating duality between--- 'thing and man,' 'person and slave,' 'thought and action.'

the mental patterns which facilitate the operation of the language must be eliminated (at least) language renascence and substitution. This elimination has to be done by a constant injection of a "Revolutionary American Dialect" which will serve as a reality-tester and a vanguard to perpetuate any conclusive results...THE ACTION X WORD_THE GESTURE WILL BE WHAT IS* (the increasing use and popularity of the mime foreshadows such a type of gesture and empathetic communication (combining movement and intent) rather than echoing simplistic modes whose very set forbids actual personal contact between thoughts/not words.



Language compels us to revise it. By using speech and written language our paradigm will rock the two-sided glass form of present concepts--moulding both implement and result. Our ideas must be fused into verbal symbols whose meanings suggest a freedom which will generate interest excitement and participation. From the first, the language will negate the positive reality of prior communication.

The slang of various subcultures only instill into present language that flare which blindfolds the people into happiness. These cultural attempts only stymy revolutionary impetus... they fall in not being universal. Whatever the theoretical difficulties are...many disappear at the invention of the language and its relative rules...a manner of expression which denies objectposessor relationships, mental concriteness, human hostilities, present reality and which expresses in sign, thought, intention, sound, syllable or abbreviation any action or idea---free from absurd barriers. The brilliant sensation of verbal and written freedom begins to say and do our work. The new talk and its postsemantic constructs permit more visible sensibility, and necessitates rev. consciousness to fully comprehend. A primary step is the re-aesthetification of old terms into "mental-combines" (signal letters and signs), lessening their importance and thus their remote existence in our new language will make even the thoughts which produced them obsolete.

Good evening friends, and welcome to surrealistic Playhouse.
Perkins Medicated Soap

fern-the-glyph continue-page-13

USELESS discovery

A huge red bird sings to pomegranates in heat, carrying in its bill a sponge full of green ink...

well what are you going to do now while the water is rising.. Bill!...Why only yesterday the book I didn't read ran away from home before the ravioli had married the radish...Margaret had already enlisted...you see she went to medical school and only on eating her thermometer did she discover that

I don't know Leemul, but it strikes me as a obvious suicide, of course we could call in Jimmy and the dog...

"Jimmy and the Dog"...but they're...they're super heros... they don't have time for the likes of us, any way the barn needs a new coat of paint since the last storm...I'm not eating any more fired toads to quote Schartzbaum...Never mess the fruition of an empty induction, while a climate of severe trees tend to disrupt on benevolent outcast to scream..."where's the validity of most spacial confusion and temporal alligation which imply (with modest credulity) only a segmentized proof based on zirpl-heidelberg code of proportionate tranfixations. Any Ajkille will turn fat when opened to a voice whose natural variant level never exceeds four weevels (on the capitalist scale). Although a simple procedure for karma decisions has not been discovered until tomorrow...all further research is completed in the state of rarefied social paradigms."...H.T. Schartzbaum, A humport view of Contemporary Dilly

Oh Tenop, I miss you...you've been away for so long--my teeth answer the telephone every night ...saying who knocked my father? Oh Tenop, my dear dear Tenop... every month the grass grows higher around the old farm, and i think where is my favorite little rabbit, oh please come home.

Susan you should know that since the robbery, nothing is

Fern-the-clynch



sacred...nothing, not even tuna fish! No, Susan (violins walk across the screen wearing baloon shoes) even Tenop couldn't save us now...the toad arms daily and alas we are out of lint...a subtle confusion stirs the salad... Chief Plummer thinks that only a prayer to the great Apple Pie could free us from our labours,.. but the water is rising....and where is Bill?
Here i am...

I think he walked into the volcano this morning and missed this swimming test...perhaps the Rykum got him?
The Rykum...O no...not Bill Too....

I mean actually all this talk about inversed realities is quite vague, sire. The only proof that we can dig up is merlin...he thinks backward in time, but his



memory is often cluttered. The recent reports seem to indicate a brief depressed stigmozia causing most of the damage. Of course, personally, I think it is essential not to overlook the possible inclusion of dalkie-fubie clogging up the rivers with remote control fish. Spencer believes that the fubie will be seen in ever larger numbers now that Leemul has disowned the ravioli. However, a very interesting irrelevant analogy has been drawn between what you might call "the ginggled remnants of past fires and our modern smile. Hoonit states that any associated smile is sufficient to cause a minor riot at an opera. This crucial question then remains can we ignore a eventual volcano seizure or must we attack instantaneous...before the k light changes colour...or should we chance a renumerated peace with only an orange juice protection. This decision, sire is yours!

Pittal, o a very grave situation you have brought before me. With my wife on the see-saw, and my eyes going bad you expect me to rally everyone...why most of our barns seem to need painting... I can't just walk off and let the Giants win, why the fans would kill me. After last week's defeat at Yower I face possible insurrection with any edict prohibiting Fubie...even the sale of lingerie depends on it...

o sing me a song a happy happy song...the locusts laugh in their soup...while seventeen hundred antelope have formed a huge ring around rosie and the Beadeckers Stadium. I am forced to pronounce this case xerasted for ever



until next winter. Personally i din't trust those remote control fish...they've started a car race called Surrealistic Playhouse and intend to devote all their fingers in a stew to re-capture all of our socks and eyeglasses...heavens a man can't even spin a few leopards without running into a bunch of wild....

Now if the bird drops the ink most of the grass will be turned striped which will make it very difficult to play polo. Such a crisis might evoke even Flying-Zorch into action...that eventuality must be avoided at all costs ...yes, then bring Bill out of the Volcano...I don't care what the Giraafee says...while they bring Bill back...Midge will sing us a little song about Ireland....

---Two more steps and i'll eat my horse,,,Black Stu...i may look weak but i am...that's enof pal...

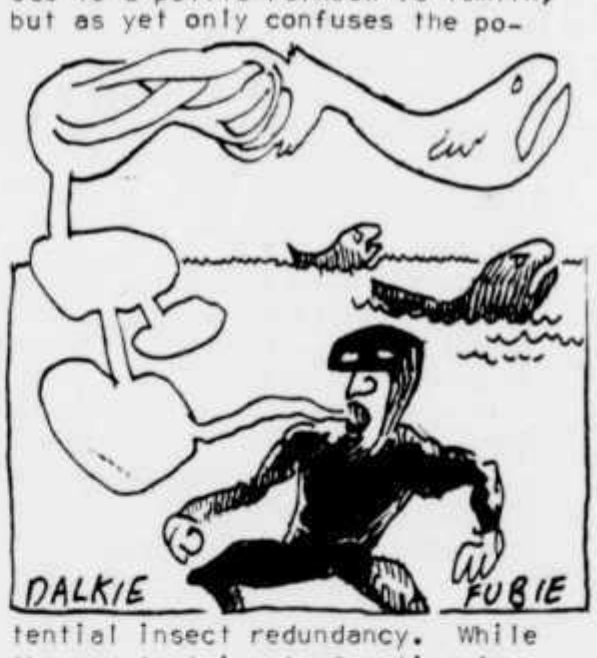




you are queen for a Day...

---Mommy i can't see the sky,,, really i can't...what sky?

Hi its me Gor Limbesortm and I'm here to say my mind about the inflation of positives now vexing our fine netir. About one or two years ago a very trend has occurred which vividly depicts a rather full requiem for a sound domestic bird policy for ancient storage. Since the more or less upward bound lifer has not yet produced any results sufficient to actually predict any bulging market for plastic. We feel it is safe to repeat the old maxim: if not with soup, then not with men...e.g. parfin contagion must serve, for now, to disprove the foreboding crisis which this like indicates (superficially)....Mozart's short ode to a polite rainbow is temtin, but as yet only confuses the po-



tential insect redundancy. While the constant input of rationale has made a great advance in the last fifty years...i am afraid to ask for more pudding..without a vote to correlate results. The absence of Martin certainly doesn't help my official situation with concern to morals there seem to be no real oracles in open practice, a fact which hinders all sincere replies.

RMS (affiliated
with Students for a
Surrealistic Society)

We're all trying, when we open up
The New Ambulance
Soon- then we will be
happy as soon as we get rid of the
lions shaking God's hands
when statues won't
speak any more
then we will be happy
The world of ideas --okay
...doesn't have the perception of
difference

BIG TEN AND FOOTBALL



It was during the years nestled between the eventful administrations of Ohio's Rutherford B. Hayes and James Garfield that the gentlemen in the far east began engaging in a brutal new collegiate pastime. It generally involved two eleven-man teams of 154 pound burlies traversing a mud flat for 50-odd minutes with a lopsided sphere. There was much pulling of sideburns, kicking, nose-bloodying and general ungentlemanly conduct; but the final result was all glory--an inevitable 7-0 triumph for Yale's muddied-but-victorious Bulldogs over the gargantuan roughnecks further south in New Jersey's Princeton. This was football.

Another decade or so saw the introduction of the forward pass. With this added bit of dynamics football quickly grabbed the interest of the nation; by 1920 Pennsylvania afficionados could listen on Pittsburgh's KDKA radio while undefeated Lafayette took on national powerhouse Stanford in "the game"--the Rose Bowl. By 1915 Ohio had not only discovered Ezra B. Taft but big-time football as well--it was the beginning of an era for the Midwestern states and their universities. When the good people of Wisconsin, Iowa, Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, and Michigan discovered that <u>their</u> sons also had ten fingers and an equal number of toes and could run into brick walls with seeming nonchalence, the heartland's apathy succumbed like a vestal virgin on saturnalia. It was from this newly found mania that the progeny sprang full-grown --the Big Ten, a corporation of coaches and athletic directors established to administer league competition between the "student athletes."

With the Big Ten now institutionalized, football interest jumped to idolatry; Midwesterners left their corn and cows to marvel at Illinois' undefeated 1927 squad, some chauvinists even insisting that the Illini were every bit as good as Yale's once-beaten eleven. Such radical talk could result in only one challenge: "Meet you at the Rose Bowl, farmer."

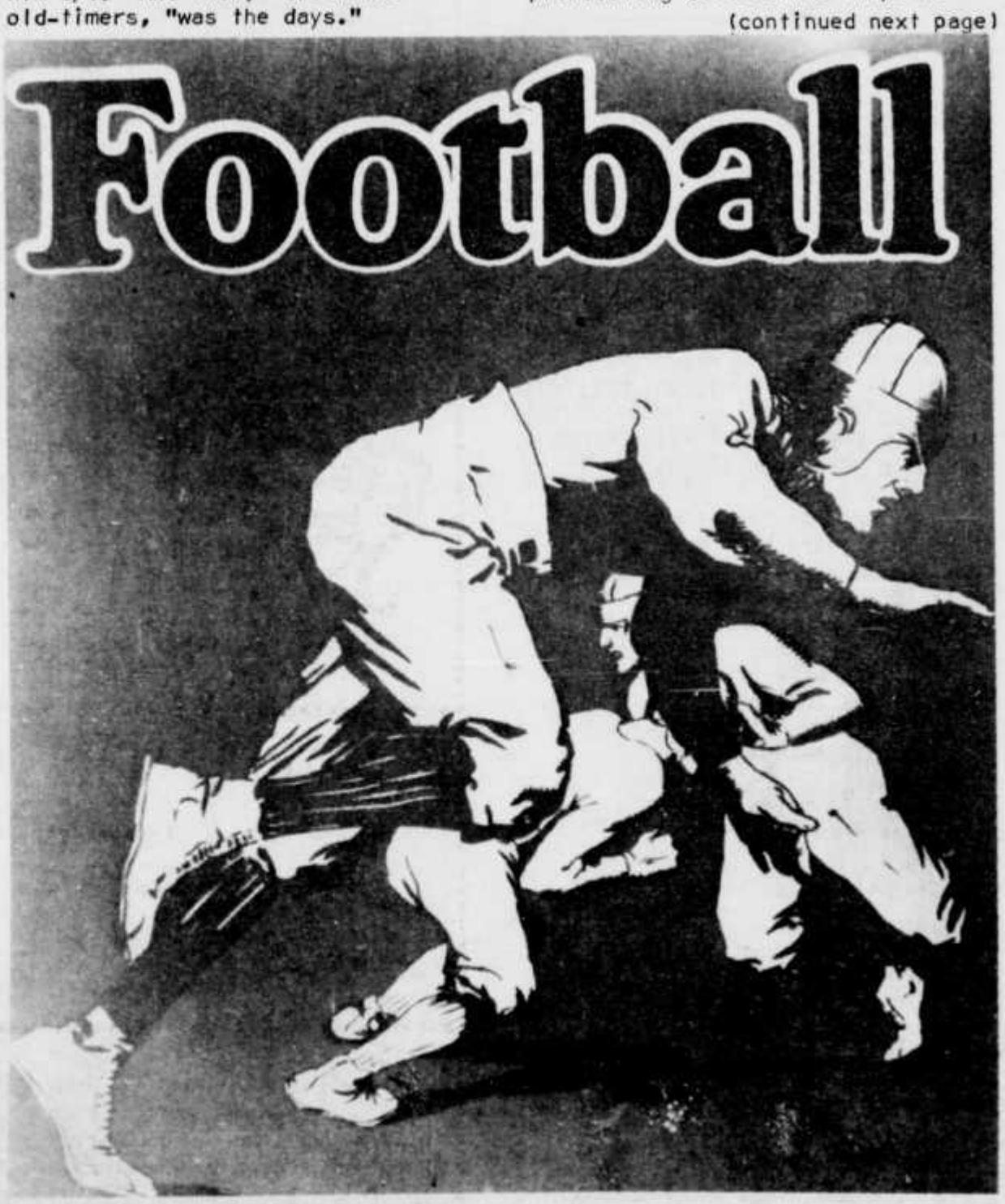
Thus, the legend was born: every New Year's Day lovely Pasadena would parade her roses and ample-chested lasses down to the stadium, whereupon the Big Ten's representative would proceed to kick the hell out of whoever had the misfortune to be second best in the country that year. After Michigan's undefeated, national championship teams of 1934 and 1935 seemed to fade, Minnesota promptly took over national prominence for the next three seasons with a record of 23 wins and 1 loss. It got so that the national championship was simply passed around the Big Ten like an unwanted relative; Rose Bowl promoters gave the legend its due by simply establishing a standing invitation to the conference for the New Year's game.

The following three decades brought more of the same: Minnesota undefeated in 1940 and 1941; Michigan in 1947 and 1948; Michigan State in 1951 and 1952. And as a necessary result of this national dominance, the legend grew out of hand. Each new halfback at Illinois was (yawn) "just another Red Grange." Michigan State and Indiana ground out monstrous linemen in an unending stream; pro scouts in need of beef for their starting lines just put in a call to Biggie Munn or Woody Hayes and asked "who's available?" Ohio State put more fullbacks (Gene Fekete, Howard Cassady, Bob White, Bob Ferguson, <u>et al.</u>) in professional football than Presidents in the White House under the "three-yards-and-a-cloud-of-dust" stratagem. Even Wisconsin, whose reputation centered around its large and agile halfbacks (Elroy "Crazylegs" Hirsch, Allan Ameche), created a national image of some note (Wisconsin coaches were said to have an infallible method of recruiting these brutes: they would drive North til they found a likely-looking prospect plowing a field and proceed to ask directions to Madison. If he picked up the plow and pointed it South, they signed him up). "And them," croak the old-timers, "was the days."

Things have changed drastically in the last decade. Competition got stiffer, admission standards got higher, and chests in Pasadena got bigger and better. Things got bigger and better all around, but the Big Ten stayed put. From its inception the conference, as a corporate entity, never released its stringent, sometimes stifling, hold on its member teams. With good players increasingly more difficult to obtain and innovation choked off by the self-perpetuating bureaucracy in both the administration and the individual coaching staffs, the leage suffered--national dominance and the legend went out the window.

Back in the days when Michigan Agricultural College (now MSU) and the University of Chicago were important powers in the Midwest, the Big Ten began to compile its own rulebook. Since that time enrollment in the individual schools in the conference has jumped into the 30,000 and 40,000 bracket, and the Big Ten rulebook kept pace in sheer volume. It now stands as the eleventh member of the conference, an albatross feathered of insipid rulings (such as the one prohibiting consecutive trips to

(continued next page)



the Rose Bowl), investigations, and restrictions. As the LA Times columnist Jim Murray charges: "You could run England for a century on less statutes than it takes to run the Big Ten."

The Big Ten as a corporation is at present living a paradox: it demands professional excellence while lamenting the difficulties in obtaining true "student athletes." Its hardships are self-imposed: each school is limited to only 33 scholarship recruits per season (one of the nation's lowest) while insisting that an athlete must attain a 1.7 grade average (one of the highest). Moreover, the image-conscious members of the Big Ten administration are always ready to slap down a member that becomes too precocious; i.e., begins to win too consistently. Michigan State, national champions in 1952, joined the Big Ten officially in 1953, went on probation the same year. Ohio State got the screw in 1956; lucky Indiana hit the jackpot twice (in 1957 and 1960). Michigan State, moving up in the conference once again, was hauled over the coals in 1964 and threatened in 1965. Illinois, who initially originated most of the conference's ludicrous recruiting statutes, was hung by the thumbs for all the world to see this past season. One wonders who'll get the lucky ticket in 1967.

The result of this type of administrative irresponsibility will become painfully apparent this year and in the next decade; that is, second class football. This season's showing could be the worst in the league's history; perhaps through this humiliation steps will be taken to dissolve the corporate Big Ten. Despite the usual favorable pre-season polls that have given Michigan State, Ohio State, Purdue and Illinois national ranking (most of the polls are Midwest-oriented to begin with), no Big Ten team should warrant the top-ten by season's end. Michigan State, who alone has supported the fading respectability of the league's football for the past two seasons, is predicted to repeat as top dog. State, although not quite as clumsy as Houston made them appear in losing 37-7, may do so, but will be assassinated by USC and Notre Dame along the way. More likely Purdue will gain the honors. But the Boilermakers won't be allowed to play in the Rose Bowl (they played there last year) by virtue of the fact that they were league runner-up in 1966. That means that this year's runner-up to last year's runner-up (probably Ohio State) will get the Rose Bowl bid, but knowing OSU, the faculty is likely to reject the invitation (as per 1961). This leaves the second runner-up (Illinois or Minnesota) sitting pretty with a ferocious record of something like 5 and 5.

And that, Virginia, is the Big Ten.

The tail end of the conference is the usual disaster. Michigan may improve, but Indiana and Iowa need help. Northwestern is the usual although they did surprise tough Miami (ranked third by Sports Illustrated, first by Playboy). Poor Wisconsin belongs in the Ivy League. Yet in the face of such chaos, the myth that made the name "Big Ten" synonymous with football excellence (only the Southeastern Conference can justly make that claim) lingers on. The claim that Michigan State's offense is as powerful as ever and has "no worries" (Sports Illustrated) appears suspect in light of State's feeble effort against Houston; predicting Illinois the fourth best team in the nation (Playboy) is simply obscene. By far the most humorous of them all, however, is Anson Mount's analysis of the Wisconsin team for Playboy:

> Look out for Wisconsin. After three years of brooding and building, the Badgers are about to break out...Chuck Burt (who's he) will again be the top thrower, with two good (?) replacements waiting in the wings. The most serious graduation inroads were in the interior lines, but the replacements are grade A (?). With this in mind, we nominate Wisconsin as our out-on-a-limb surprise team of the year.

Now that's what I call out on a limb. Best stick to bare bodkins, Anson.

-Pete Seeley

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CREDITS
p.2 - photo from Daily Cardinal
p.13 - cartoons by Thorkelson
p.14 - headline by Ann Carter
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HIPPY-DIPPY

(continued from page 10)

beckons toward the listener with sound, but it is the responsibility of the latter to accept the vehicle and make his own connection, his own journey. Surely this could be said of any completed artistic creation, but it has a special meaning in the context of Malachi's holy music. And just as a simple technical evaluation of this music would miss the point, so too a further elaboration of the nature of the journey would be presumptuous It is, finally, as individual a matter as that.

Which is to say that for at least one person this music works. Its trapping are depressing, but that is a transitory matter. For temporary alleviation, it is suggested that the purchaser dispose of the cover where all the groovy posters and psychedelic book covers have gone by now, and place the record in a brown paper bag. The fact remains, of course, that Verve record company still makes its grubby dollar, Malachi will be Muzak for progessive-thinking Dodge dealers, and many befuddled teeny-boppers will cherish him and his music as the Truth. Two small consolations: Malachi, who is a beautiful person in "real" life, gets a cut of the filthy lucre, and finally, his music just might do good things for your head.

-Stephen Shapiro

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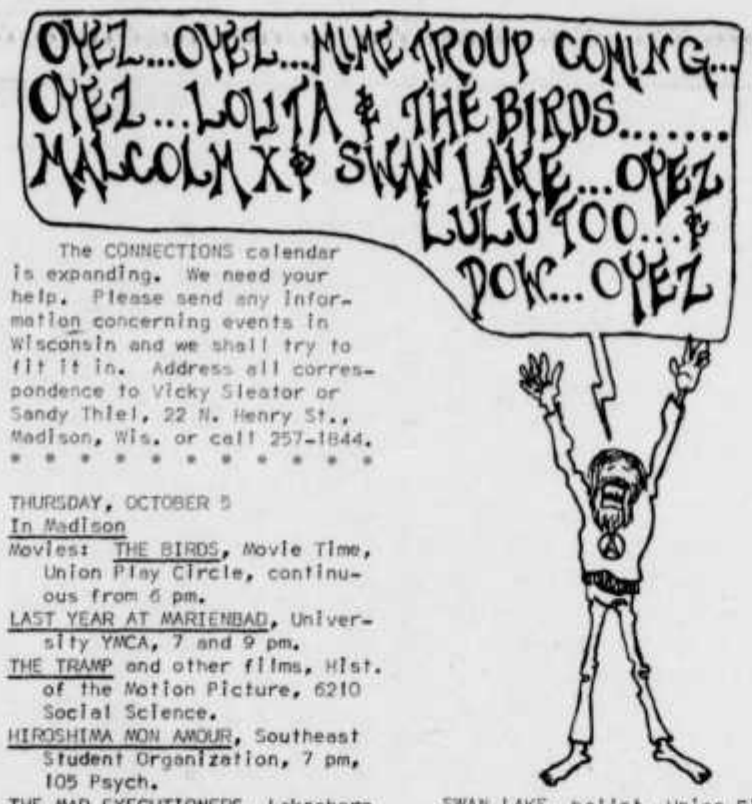
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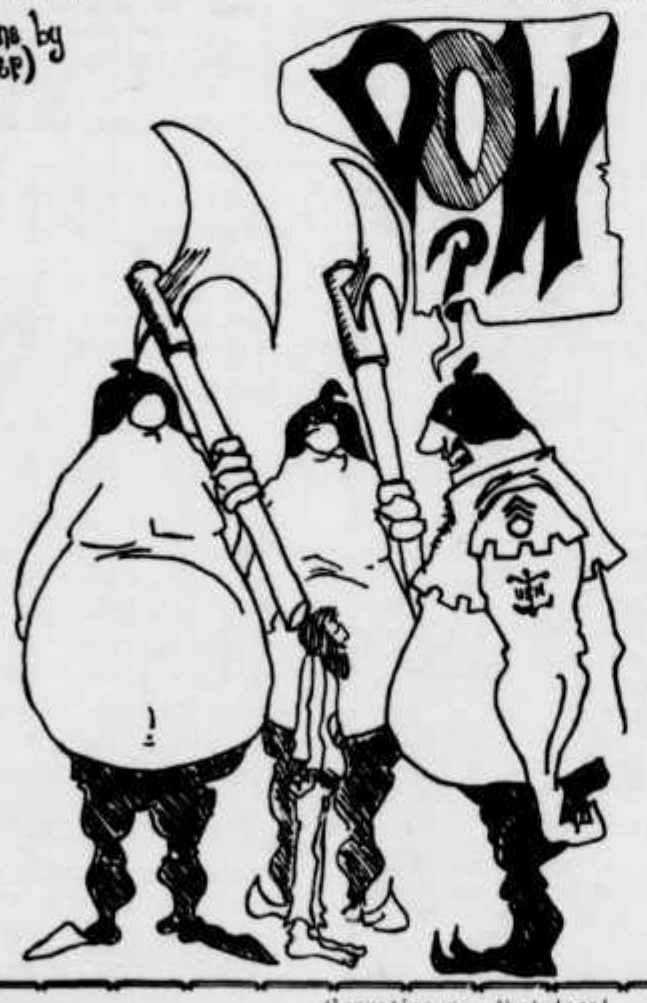
The CONNECTIONS calendar is expanding. We need your help. Please send any information concerning events in Wisconsin and we shall try to fit it in. Address all correspondence to Vicky Sleator or Sandy Thiel, 22 N. Henry St., Madison, Wis. or call 257-1844.

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THURSDAY, OCTOBER 5
In Madison
Movies: THE BIRDS, Movie Time, Union Play Circle, continuous from 6 pm.
LAST YEAR AT MARIENBAD, University YMCA, 7 and 9 pm.
THE TRAMP and other films, Hist. of the Motion Picture, 6210 Social Science.
HIROSHIMA MON AMOUR, Southeast Student Organization, 7 pm, 105 Psych.
THE MAD EXECUTIONERS, Lakeshore Halls Association, 7 pm, B-10 Commerce.
COMMITTEE TO END THE WAR IN VIET NAM: Henry Hawkins, War vet to speak, Posted in Union.
FREE UNIVERSITY: Classes began Monday, October 2.
FACULTY ART EXHIBIT, Union, Until October 17.
In Platteville
MARY MARY, a play by the Pioneer Players.
In Milwaukee
POETRY READING, Jau Bittera, Cleveland poet, author of "Purgatory and Carousels" and "Silent Echoes," UWM Union, In The Pit room.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 6
In Madison
Movies: LOLITA, 6210 Social Science, 7 pm.
THE BIRDS, Union Play Circle, continuous from noon.
THE MAD EXECUTIONERS, B-10 Commerce, 7 and 9:15 pm.
HIROSHIMA MON AMOUR, 105 Psych, 6:30 and 9 pm.
SWAN LAKE, ballet, Union Film Committee, 7 and 9 pm.
MALCOLM X TAPE SERIES, 4 pm, 12th Night Room, Union, sponsored by YSA.
STUDENTS FOR A DEMOCRATIC SOCIETY (SDS) National Council meets at the Union. Films, workshops, and sessions held at B-102 Van Vleck. More details of time and place will be listed. Continues to Oct 8.
STUDENTS FOR A SURREALISTIC SOCIETY, non-meeting to discuss the Coming Revolution, 1015 E. Johnson, somewhere after 4 pm. (Salvador Dali will be repairing bicycles.)
CONNECTIONS NEWS MEETING, 22 N. Henry (the office), 7:30.
In Platteville
MARY, MARY, a play by the Pioneer Players, 8 pm.
In Stevens Point
CINEMA ART SERIES, The Violinist and My Name is Ivan.
ART AND LECTURE SERIES, The Don Cossack Chorus, 3 pm (UC).

(cartoons by Shetler)



SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7
In Madison
Movies: THE BIRDS, Union Play Circle, continuous from noon.
YOUNG DEMOCRATS, "Cause and Consequences of the Summer Race Riots." Tentative speaker, Rep. Reuss and also a movie about the Watts riots.
BOOK AND MEAT COOPERATIVE, meeting, CONNECTIONS office, 22 N. Henry St., 2 pm.
In Platteville
MARY, MARY, see Friday listing.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 8
In Madison
Movies: THE BIRDS, Union Play Circle, continuous from noon.
LES BALLETS AFRICAINS, Union Theatre Committee, Union Theatre, 8 pm.
YOUNG DEMOCRATS, speakers: Rep. Kastenmeier, Robert Lucas, Pres. of CORE, Sidney Finley of the Mid-west NAACP, Lloyd Barbee, Assemblyman from Milwaukee, Samuel Allen from Dept. of Justice. Time and Place listed in the Union.
In Stevens Point
Movies: THE VIOLINIST & MY NAME IS IVAN, 7 pm, UC.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 9
In Madison
LES BALLETS AFRICAINS, see Sunday listing.
YMCA PROGRAM FOR MILWAUKEE GHETTO. People are being asked, beginning on this day, to bring canned food and staples to the Y, or call and have them picked up, to be used for the "poverty stricken" in Milwaukee.
UNIVERSITY COMMUNITY ACTION PARTY (UCA), membership meeting, will be listed in Union.
In Appleton
CHAMBER MUSIC SERIES, The Iowa String Quartet, Harper Hall, Lawrence College.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 10
In Madison
Movies: HAIL THE CONQUERING HERO, Wisc. Film Soc., B-10 Commerce.
TO HAVE AND HAVE NOT, the Uptown, 320 State St., 8:30 pm.
UNION ART FILM, Play Circle, 4:30, 7, and 9 pm.
In Stevens Point
Lecture, "Playboy Philosophy," UCM, 8 pm.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 11
In Madison
Movies: HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY, 12:30, 3:30, 7 & 9 pm, Union.
TO HAVE AND HAVE NOT, the Uptown, 8:30 pm.
PENTAGON LUNCHEON, 12:45 pm.
DRAFT RESISTANCE UNION, Lecture in Janesville, 7:30 pm, First Congregational Church.
LIGHT SHOW, Great Hall, 8 pm, $1. admission, sponsored by Quixote. Poetry (Jeremy Robinson, Arnie Greenfield, Thaddeus Torgoff), Band (New Blues from Milwaukee), classical guitar (Rick Ollman), Sitar and Tabla.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 12
In Madison
Movies: CARTOUCHE, Union Play Circle, continuous from 6 pm.
BROKEN BLOSSOMS, History of the Motion Picture Course, 6210 Soc. Sci., 7 pm.
RED LANTERNS, University YMCA, 7 & 9 pm.
MICKEY ONE, Southeast Student Organization, 105 Psych, 7 pm.
OUR MAN FLINT, B-10 Commerce, 7 pm.
LULU, opera by Alban Berg, Union Theatre, 8 pm.
COMMITTEE TO END THE WAR IN VIET NAM, time and place to be listed in the Union.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 13
In Madison
Movies: THE LOVED ONE, 6210 Soc. Sci., 7 pm.
CARTOUCHE, Union Play Circle, continuous from noon.
MICKEY ONE, 105 Psych., 7 pm.
OUR MAN FLINT, B-10 Commerce, 7 pm.
MALCOLM X TAPE SERIES, 4 pm, 12th Night Room, Union, sponsored by YSA.
FALSTAFF, opera by Verdi, Union Theatre, 8 pm.
In Stevens Point
Movies: Cinema Art Series, 3 pm, UC.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14
In Madison
Movies: LORD OF THE FLIES, Film Society of Univ. Res. Halls, 6210 Soc. Sci, 7 & 9:30.
THE SEVENTH VOYAGE OF SINBAD, Little Badger Film Club, 10 am, Union Play Circle.
CARTOUCHE, Union Play Circle, continuous from noon.
FOLK ARTS SOCIETY, Concert, Union Theatre, 8 pm.
MUSIC HOUR, Union Theatre, 4 pm.
TOSCA, opera by Puccini, Union Theatre, 8 pm.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 15
In Madison
Movies: CARTOUCHE, Union Play Circle, continuous from noon.
DISCUSSION GROUP. Problems of American Expansion and Intervention. 3:30, in the Union, room will be listed in the Union.
COMMITTEE TO END THE WAR IN VIET NAM. Tollentino, from Bertrand Russell War Crimes Tribunal, will speak. Time and place listed in Union.
MINNEAPOLIS SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA, concerts at 3 & 8 pm, different programs.
In Stevens Point
Movies: Cinema Art Series, 7 pm, UC.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 16
In Madison
DOW IS COMING TOMORROW: BEWARE!
In Stevens Point:
ART EXHIBIT through Nov. 10, Joseph Holtman prints (Library).

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 17
In Madison
Movies: MR ARKADIN, Wisc. Film Soc., B-10 Commerce, 7:30 pm.
THE ROARING TWENTIES, at the Uptown, 320 State St., 8:30 pm.
SAN FRANCISCO MIME TROUPE, Union Theatre, 8 pm.
DEMONSTRATION to prohibit Dow Chemical from recruiting on campus.
In Stevens Point
UCM Playboy Philosophy, 8 pm.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 18
In Madison
Movies: THEY WERE EXPENDABLE, Studio Films, 12:30, 3:30, 7 & 9 pm, Union Play Circle.
THE ROARING TWENTIES, the Uptown, 320 State St., 8:30 pm.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 19
In Madison
Movies: UMBERTO D, Union Play Circle, continuous from noon.
EARLY FRENCH FILMS, 6210 Soc. Sci., 7 pm.
THE SHOP ON MAIN STREET, University YMCA, 7 & 9 pm.
REQUIEM FOR A HEAVYWEIGHT, 105 Psych, 7 pm.
CLEOPATRA, B-10 Commerce, 7 pm.
In Milwaukee
MIDWEST POETS, Felix Pollack and maybe Robert Bly and James Stephens, UWM Union, The Pit room.

BRIEFS

There is now a penalty for accepting a II-S deferment. Anyone who accepts a II-S deferment after July 1, 1967 will not be eligable for a mandatory III-A "fatherhood" deferment. However, this does not rule out the possibility of obtaining the discretionary III-A, but to obtain it you must establish severe hardship on the part of your dependents. For this reason, the Wisconsin Draft Resistance Union is advising all students to seriously consider not requesting a II-S. This advice is particularly well founded for seniors and most graduate students, who will not be deferred next year anyway.

It is now mandatory, not discretionary, that local boards confer II-S status on undergraduates who meet the legal standards (primarily being a "full time" student), and who request the deferment. Many students who met the requirements of the law were nevertheless denied student status during or after the 1966-1967 school term (typically the deferment ended in June). Provided the student meets all the requirements he is eligible for a reopening of his classification on the basis of new evidence, namely the new law, and for a mandatory II-S. This is true even if the registrant lost a state appeal under the old law.

For all information on the requirements for II-S and III-A as well as all other matters pertaining to the draft, contact the Wisconsin Draft Resistance Union at 107 State Street, telephone 255-6575.

* * *

"There were four squad cars there when I got there. More were screeching into the parking lot on two wheels. My friend and I counted fifteen police cars, both marked and unmarked." The place: Wisconsin. The time: 12:15 am September 18. The scene: The Lodge, 514 East Wilson. The question: Why was not a syllable printed about this occurence in any Wisconsin newspaper?

It seems that two fights, at least one inter-racial, led scores of Madison policemen to overrun the bar and arrest two to three Negroes.

As the prisoners were led away, a mixed crowd of about thirty (five whites and twenty-five Negroes) followed the police out of the bar to watch the proceedings.

"What the hell are you arresting him for?" yelled one tall white girl repeatedly as she tried to free one prisoner who was locked in the back of the squad car.

By 1:00 am there were only two squad cars left. A bystander asked the driver of one what had happened. "Oh, we had a little racial trouble," came the reply.

When questioned about the disturbance, the bartenders and the manager claimed that nothing had happened. Then they laughed.

-Jeff Yablon

Special Issue: **THE GREAT DOW WAR**

CONNECTIONS CONNECTIONS

VOLUME 2, NO. 3 NOV. 1-14 15c (20c OUT-OF-STATE)

CONNECTIONS SUOITJƎNNOJ

A GUIDE TO THE UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN



They put together the strangest damned gang you ever heard of.
AMERICA Atmosphere for Achievement
– PLACEMENT SCHEDULE –

INLAND STEEL
find a job that turns you on
GO GO!
. . . there is no career that can match business in diversity of intellectual interest . . . A vigorous, free society calls for the highest type of business leadership . . ."

Knowledge
and the Wisconsin Economy

Knowledge is the power behind the Wisconsin economy's thrust toward the Seventies. And the University is a principal intellectual resource to supply the knowledge and the people to use it.
IBM wants
to see you
The University of Wisconsin's role in the economy of the state is to make knowledge, to teach it, and to help see that it is used.

THE DOW PROTEST: A NARRATIVE

On October 18, 1967, at 1:27 p.m., the Madison riot squad walked into the Commerce building. Its avowed purpose was to clear the building of obstructing students; its real purpose, to bludgeon people into leaving. This act can only be understood in the context of a long series of activities and events. It, in turn, set off a number of serious and important interpretations and actions.

The regular newspapers have not sought to really explain these events; most of what they have to say is official rationalization. If history means anything, it holds the clues to why the events happened and why they are important. This narrative will try to reconstruct history to discover an explanation.

A suitable beginning point for this history would be the Dow protest of last year. At that time, the University administration was in complete control of the situation.

The demonstrators' plan was to silently picket the Dow recruiters. The purpose of the Administration was to prevent the demonstration from being effective, without having to answer charges of suppression of free speech. It cited a rule which forbade disruption and claimed that carrying signs inside a building could be considered "disruption." Obviously, no picket is effective without signs.

The demonstration's strength was tested by the arrest of three students on the first day. The legal grounds for the arrests were very weak, if not non-existent, but the University was motivated by the desire to head off static from the legislature such as it had received during the draft sit-in of the previous spring. The legislature was soon to open the University budget hearings, and sanctions might have been applied to both the Madison campus and to President Harrington's building program.

The arrests were made to break the strength of the demonstration. The Administration had noted the extreme reluctance of students to be arrested during the draft sit-in of May, 1966, and proceeded during the February Dow protest on the assumption that arrests would demoralize the left.

The Administration was wrong on this score. At a long meeting on the night of the arrests, the protest group decided to obstruct Dow interviews the next day. On a cold morning in February, over 800 demonstrators marched to the Engineering building to do battle with



Dow. At the building, they were told that Dow was not there. They then marched to Commerce to find Dow. Dow was not there either. Finally, the demonstrators went to Bascom to occupy the Administration offices in Bascom Hall. Meanwhile, seventeen members of the Committee for Direct Action went back to Engineering and found the Dow recruiters. They sat in the office and talked with the Dow recruiters. Forty-five minutes later, at the end of the recruiting day, six demonstrators were arrested in the office. The others were arrested for lying in front of police vehicles.

When the news of the arrests filtered into Bascom, the demonstrators sat down in front of Dean Kauffman's office where Chancellor Fleming was talking with student leaders. The sit-in was dispersed by hints of negotiations and the threat of felony charges. Later, Fleming provided bail for those arrested, weakening the demonstration.

After this incident, Fleming was told in no uncertain terms by the legislature to expel the students involved. The Administration replied that it was their standard practice to take no University disciplinary action until the students' cases had been heard and appealed in the civil courts.

The Board of Regents, led by a liberal, Arthur DeBardeleben, endorsed Fleming's handling of the Dow protest. This action angered the legislators and prompted Gov. Knowles' decision not to recommend De Bardeleben-types as Regents. Newspaper coverage at this time was as "fair" as could be expected. The Capital Times and the State Journal praised Fleming for his action, but the State Journal, in addition, urged University disciplinary action.

The effect of the February Dow incident was to produce the impression that the Administration had contained the protest. The original issues raised by the demonstrators were obfuscated, and the reaction against the campus left began to mount in the legislature and throughout state business circles.

At subsequent faculty meetings three power blocs congealed. A small bloc publicly went along with Fleming but encouraged the demonstrators, another agreed entirely with Fleming, while another large bloc felt that Fleming had let the demonstrators off too easily.

Among leftists, there were differing feelings about the success of the protest. One group felt

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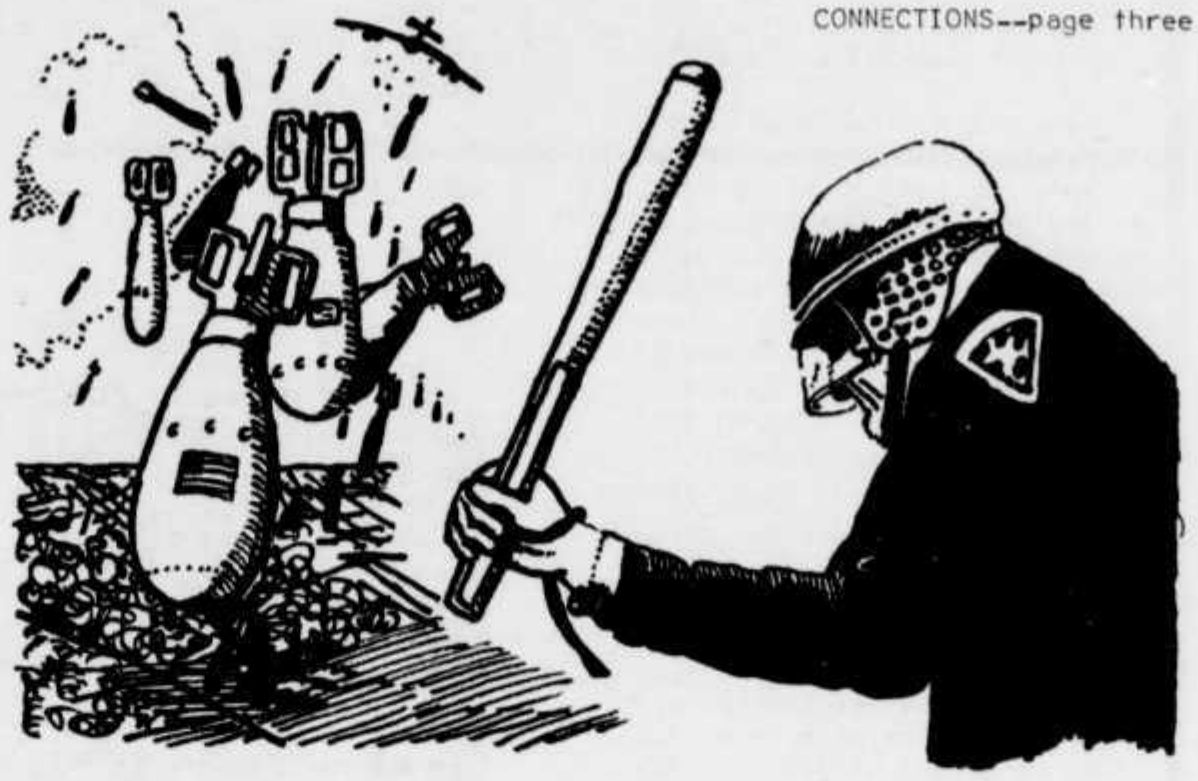
that while Fleming had outmaneuvered them, the militance of the demonstration attracted many students and solidified the core of the campus left. Another group felt that Fleming had so badly outmaneuvered the Dow demonstrators that potential leftists would be turned away, and that the skirmish had intimidated many leftists as to the adviseability of confrontation-style tactics.

Student Senate, assigning the responsibility for the Dow protest to Students for a Democratic Society, suspended SDS as a registered student organization. The Student Court then claimed jurisdiction, and voided the Senate's decision on the grounds that due process had not been followed.

The action following the Dow protest was basically of a traditional political nature. This included United Campus Action, the CIA demonstration, and the battle for student power.

Near the end of the year, the Madison police attempted to stop a peaceful demonstration in the bus lane which they had previously allowed. This created a sit-in at which leftists were singled out, arrested, and beaten. Tension between the Madison police and the University administration began to appear when several Madison officials, including the mayor, the police chief, and the county sheriff, made comments about "cracking heads" of demonstrators. At the draft sit-in during the spring of 1966, Police Chief Emery begged President Harrington to let him clear out the demonstrators in the Administration Building.

The Madison Police Department has been cited in many studies as one of the more inefficient police departments in the country. This is due mainly to the fact that it is deeply embroiled in local politics, and that the Police and Fire Commission insist on hiring what amounts to a goon squad.



Are You Dedicated To Change for the Better? We Are!

DOW

Lee.

This is the setting of what happened when Dow came this year. In September, a number of things had changed in the campus left. The black revolts of the summer and the continual escalation of the Vietnamese war had created an atmosphere of real militancy and determination. More and more people were beginning to believe that traditional left-liberal politics had become accepted forms, and that new forms and styles were necessary if America was to change.

The immediate event that lent a practical application of these new feelings was the Dow Chemical Co. recruiting. The left began holding meetings, and conflicts around the nature of the demonstration became clear.

Obstruction appeared to many as a viable tactic; it made sense to physically stop Dow because it was an integral link in the continuation of the war machine, and because it represented corporate America in its most immoral form. On this level a direct confrontation with Dow was seen as necessary. To some however, a direct confrontation seemed unwise; they felt that the left was not strong enough to become involved with the police, or, as in the case of the Trotskyists, they felt that the October March on Washington was more important than any local action and urged a peaceful demonstration. There were many who were torn and undecided.

A Steering Committee was formed to discuss the demonstration and recommend tactics. It was composed of people from SDS, UCA, and Concerned Black People. The only dissent from the recommended policy of obstruction came from a co-chairman of UCA. A suggestion was made for the formation of a defense guard based on the model of the Milwaukee commandoes. They would be the group who kep the demonstrators in order, and protect them from attack. Rumors were rampant about groups of Agriculture and Engineering students organizing to disrupt the demonstration.

The first public hearing of the Steering Committee's recommendations came at a UCA meeting on Monday, October 9. After a long and heated debate, UCA voted to support the Committee's recommendations. At that meeting, a student spoke in support of obstruction, stating that the campus left was acting like the vanguard of the middle class, and must, in its own way, join the world revo-

(continued on next page)

RIOT CONTROL



(Reprinted from The Movement)

Stop the riot before it gets out of hand

The new Bauer Ordnance Armored Police Car will stop 30-06 rifle bullets at point blank range. It has a 360° turret that will mount a machine gun, riot gun, water cannon, flame thrower and grenade launcher. The body is protected by high voltage electricity. The body is designed to protect against Molotov Cocktails and the vehicle carries sufficient water and foaming agents to put out gasoline fires. Can be used to control riots or just to patrol the tough districts. Plenty of room in the back for stretchers or to take in those unruly prisoners. This vehicle was designed by same people who designed the XM706 now being used in Viet Nam.

- **Mark the troublemakers with dyes**
- **Break up crowds with smoke**
- **Clear the streets with fire**
- **Protect the lives of your police**
- **Put out the small fires with fog or foam**
- **Move the crowds with water based irritants**
- **Keep the crowds away from the car with electricity**
- **Drive the snipers out of hiding with teargas grenades**

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"When you decide to obstruct you take certain calculated risks." --Dean Kauffman

"I saw a girl who had been knocked down and was trying to crawl out of the building. The cops were beating her as she layed there. They were billyclubbing those who were just trying to stay as close to the wall as possible. I said to a cop 'I'm just a student.' He hit me in the stomach anyway. I left."

"Cries of 'police brutality' are sheer nonsense."--Prof. Charles C. Center

"I was hit in the head and my leg was twisted. They pulled me out by the hair. I was leaning on a pole in front of the building to try to get my balance when the cops shoved me down again and hit me with their clubs."

"I'm not sure if I could expect them to keep the same restraint in case of a repitition." --Police Chief Emery

"The cops started swinging indiscriminately. Then the tear gas. I started putting girls into the men's washroom. We asked everyone to get against the walls so that it wouldn't be obstruction. The cops didn't care: they hit everyone."

"I'm proud of the way they did it." --Police Chief Emery

"There was this girl lying on the ground. She had been hit in the stomach. I heard a cop say 'We'll get a doctor for her after we get one for our policemen.' Stomach! She was hit in the...reproductive organs."

"Since any such debate is quite clearly out of the province of Dow, we see no real purpose that could be served by our participation." --Dow Chemical

"Those damned subversive kikes." --Sherrif Haas

lutionary struggle. Another member stated that to do anything other than obstructing Dow would be meaningless; that mass picketing would be a "whisper," but that obstruction would be a shout heard round the world. The more liberal elements spoke against obstruction, stating that it would amount to suicide for the campus left.

The recommendations of the Steering Committee were also approved at an SDS meeting at which people spoke of the continual mental brutality inflicted on people by corporate America. They also spoke of the need for people to put their bodies on the line now to stop corporate America by refusing to cooperate with it. It was stated that this was the last chance for such action because repression had already advanced to staggering levels. SDS later voted to support obstruction, as did the Committee to End the War.

Other supporters of the obstruction were the Concerned Black People, Concerned Law Students, Young Democrats, and the Wisconsin Draft Resistance Union.

On Thursday, October 12, Dean of Student Affairs Joseph Kauffman issued a statement which threatened any student who participated in the disruption of Dow interviews with disciplinary action, including expulsion, whether he was arrested or not.

The statement was widely discussed and was condemned by the Student Senate. The left interpreted this statement to mean that Kauffman could get rid of anybody he wanted to for doing as little as supporting the obstruction of Dow interviews. On the same night the statement was issued, several prominent leftist leaders contacted Percy Julian, a Madison attorney who argued for the students in the last Dow case, who advised them that it might be possible to secure an injunction against the University disciplinary action on the grounds that Kauffman's statement intimidated them in their use of the guaranteed rights of free speech and assembly.

On Friday, October 13, the Concerned Black People withdrew from the demonstration. There was no explanation for the move; speculation was rife over their withdrawal. One idea was that they were disappointed with white radicals, another that they felt it unfair for black students to make up the defense guard almost entirely because they were the only ones interested, and another that they were reluctant to have their leaders expelled at this time. One rumor which supposedly came from a reliable source was that the leaders of the group were having trouble persuading recalcitrant members to take part in the action.

The mass meeting for Friday night was tense. The pullout of CPB had taken away a militant element, and the Trots had organized to fight against the tactic of obstruction.

Over 300 people were at the meeting, filling 5208 Social Science. In the beginning, the Trotskyists held the floor, claiming that an obstructive action would be suicidal and would rob the left of much of its support. One member stated that Kauffman had made his cluff and that students couldn't call it without disastrous results. He suggested a picket and an educational rally that would put emphasis on the National Mobilization. SDS urged obstruction of all corporations recruiting on campus, arguing that while Dow was a most blatantly obvious target, the protest should be against corporate imperialism, rather than solely against Dow.

One student wondered whether people were becoming so concerned about their careers that they would do nothing as the system became worse. Others agreed, stating that an obstructive protest would ally the left in Madison with the world wide movement against United States imperialism.

A resolution was introduced which provided for a peaceful picket and educational rally on Tuesday and obstruction on Wednesday. By a show of hands, over 40 people indicated they would obstruct if the group voted to do so. After a debate that lasted past midnight, the group finally decided to obstruct Dow's recruiting.

At this point there was confusion as to where the protest was going and would obstruct. It was felt that since CBP had left there would be very few people sitting in. Many leftists felt that people who had said they would obstruct probably wouldn't and that the actual number of obstructors would be less than 25.

On Saturday afternoon a steering committee meeting was held to establish tactics for the demonstration. The sense of the group was that there would probably be a small number of people demonstrating, and that the obstruction would take the form of resistance rather than simple civil disobedience. It was felt that forms of "simple civil disobedience" had been absorbed into the patterns of society, and that new forms of protest had to be developed in order to be effective. As in draft resistance, these forms would be a statement of total non-cooperation with the institutions of repression.

The tactics of this general theory were vague. It was finally decided that people would lock arms to slow down the process of arrest. There was no mention of fighting police. There was an idea of a defense guard that would surround the demonstrators and protect them, but this never got off the ground; there was no defense guard formed. The expectation of the demonstrators was that by linking arms, it would be harder for the police to make arrests; there was no thinking beyond the arrests, no one thinking it was necessary to go any further.

On Monday an amended brief was filed in Federal District court by Attorney Percy Julian. Along with the motion were over 150 affadavits from students who felt intimidated by Kauffman's statement. There was no immediate response from District Judge James Doyle.

The Uprising Mime Troup, in white face, performed a Dow Play around the campus, drawing enthusiastic and large crowds at each stop.

Three members of the Concerned Law Students had an appointment with Dean Kauffman. 30, instead of 3, went up the hill to see Kauffman; when they arrived, they found campus policemen guarding his door.

That same night there was a final mass meeting before the demonstration. A last attempt to stop the obstruction came in the form of a call for a supportive picket, the argument being that people who wanted to protest should be given a choice of action which would not lead to arrest. In effect, however, it was hoped that the presence of a supportive picket would siphon off bodies from the obstruction. Obstruction and supportive pickets were both decided upon.

The tactics for the obstruction were clarified: locking arms to make the police take more time in arresting. Anyhow, it was stated, the police in Madison were nice guys.

On Tuesday, the demonstration commenced with approximately 200 people joining a picket line around the Commerce building. At a noon rally, speakers attempted to outline the political assumptions behind the next day's obstruction. The effect of corporate interests on United States foreign policy and the relation of

(continued from last page)

the university to that corporate structure were examined. Robert Wilkinson, of the Vets for Peace, read excerpts from the Declaration of Independence--as a revolutionary document. Prof. Maurice Zeitlin, the only faculty member willing to speak due to the controversial nature of Wednesday's demonstration, called for a long term strategy and emphasized the war as the most important issue being exposed here. The rally was concluded by Evan Stark, who spoke of the spectacle in which everyone was involved, the spectacle of America. He said that we must explode that spectacle with our energy, that the price of our selling out is so high that the entire system breaks down in buying us off. Bob Cohen later implored the participants to understand the political reasons for tomorrow's actions before they obstructed. A leaflet distributed at Tuesday's rally stated:

"Stopping Dow will not end corcorporate imperialism. It is merely a first step in that direction. Like those fighting tyranny throughout the world, we must build as we resist. If we did not know how to make this university and this society a better place, we would sit with the vast majority of faculty and preach 'neutrality.'...To those who plead neutrality, we say there are no neutrals. We are not neutral. Not only do we oppose the war and the corporations that make it and the university that feeds it, we are also <u>for</u> a society in which men control their own products and in which men make themselves and are not designed by other men."

At about 3:00 pm Tuesday, about 12 members of the steering committee were asked to come to a meeting arranged by the Administration. At the meeting were Dean W. Eugene Clingin, Peter Bunn, Ralph Hansen, John Cipperly, and Edwin B. Petersen. The 12 walked in. Bunn made a few friendly overtures. The others wanted to know what was happening. They asked what the demonstrators wanted. They made no offers. The demonstrators got up and left.

Tuesday seemed to most people to be a mere spectacle. It was like any other picket line people had been on. It lacked urgency and immediacy. Most of the campus just looked on; it was the left at its traditional best.

Tuesday was a day of worry and confusion; most people had to ask themselves serious questions about what they were going to do, what they felt they had to do. It was a low point; the estimate was that only about 30 people would ultimately obstruct.

Tuesday night the San Francisco Mime Troupe appeared. Although the performance had little to do with the actual events, they succeeded in rallying the potential demonstrators. The Mime Troupe had an emotional effect; they said they would be there, and lent a necessary distance that enabled people to understand the importance of their action.

At about 10:15 am on Wednesday, about 500 people and the San Francisco Mime Troupe gathered at the bottom of Bascom Hill. They marched up the hill in two lines, obstructors and supporting pickets. About 130 people marched into the Commerce building at 11:00 and sat down outside of Commerce 102. About 200 supporting pickets filed in after them to stand around them in the corridor. The campus police were already there. It has been suggested by a number of sources that the Dow interviewers had been taken out of the building at 10:00 am.

A support picket was also formed outside the building. Starting at about 200 people, it swelled to about 900 people by noon. The mime troupe sang and led chants as the pickets marched around the Commerce building. A large crowd had also gathered watching the pickets and trying to see inside.

By 12:00 the inside of the building had become so crowded that it was impossible to get in. One girl who wanted to obstruct couldn't; she was unable to find a way into the corridor. The demonstrators tried to allow as much movement as possible. They did not allow students to pass who claimed to be interviewing for Dow.

Inside, it was tense but jovial. The demonstrators sang songs, fooled around with their friends and did a lot of talking and thinking.

A decision was made late in the morning to dissolve the Steering Committee as it was constituted. This was done to leave the question of arrest up to the individual. The pickets outside had very little connection with the people inside, but were in good, militant spirits.

Around 12:15 p.m., fully equipped Madison riot police appeared in the Bascom Hall parking lot. They were later joined by the Dane County riot squad. As they waited for orders in the parking lot, groups of students created a crowd around them. The students jeered and watched as the cops shuffled around, banging their clubs in their hands.

At about 12:35 the police attempted to get into the building for the first time. They marched over to the Commerce building, and attempted to get through the doors ostensibly to clear a corridor. They failed, marched out sheepishly and reassembled at the Carillon Tower.

Meanwhile, Chancellor Sewell was in his office while Vice Chancellor Cleary was in Dean Kauffman's office watching the developments outside. By that time, about 2500 people had gathered outside the Commerce building. Percy Julian had come to campus and had gone into Kauffman's office to beg that the riot police not be used. Julian pointed out the damage he had seen done in Cincinnati and Nashville when the riot police were turned loose on crowds and warned Kauffman and Sewell, who had come into the office, what would happen. Sewell gave an evasive reply. Shortly thereafter a Protection and Security patrolman inside the Commerce building appeared to lose his temper and without warning attempted to pull a demonstrator into the placement office. This resulted in several other demonstrators pulling him out of the officer's grasp. This was supposedly a case of resisting arrest, but the officer did not inform the student that he was under arrest. next page

REPRESSION REVISITED

On September 27, 1933, Dr. Luther, the German ambassador to the United States, was expected to arrive at about 1 p.m. at the Milwaukee Club, located on the east side of North Jefferson street, at the intersection of East Wisconsin avenue, in a busy downtown section of the city of Milwaukee. The traffic is heavy on both of those public highways, and the principal entrance to a large hotel is on the west side of North Jefferson street, immediately opposite the entrance to the Milwaukee Club. At 1 p.m. about two hundred persons, including the defendants, assembled in front of the club entrance and blockaded pedestrian travel on the east sidewalk, and northbound vehicular travel on the east half of the roadway on North Jefferson street. Six signs, with wording such as "Luther, agent of the bloody Hitler," "Roosevelt, where is the unemployment insurance you promised the workers," etc. were displayed on sticks carried by persons in the crowd. Each of the defendants, raised, in turn, on the shoulders of others standing in the roadway near the east curb in front of the club entrance, addressed the assembly in protests against German Fascism, Hitlerism, and Dr. Luther's visit in furtherance thereof. A police sergeant endeavored to go among the assembled persons and to the speakers in the center of the crowd, and commanded them to disperse because they were blockading the traffic on the street and to the club. The defendants urged the assembled persons not to move, and many of the latter, by locking arms, closed in around the defendants and prevented the police sergeant and three other police officers, who came to his assistance, from dispersing the assembly. The officers telephoned for police reinforcements to aid in suppressing the disturbance, and a serious melee resulted. The officers' attempts to remove some of the disturbers were resisted with the assistance of others, including the defendants, who advised resistance and raised their arms in a fighting attitude. One officer was kicked in the groin, spit in the face, and struck on the head with one of the signs, and another man standing on the west sidewalk was hit with a sign. Meanwhile the assembly became so large that public travel was blockaded over the entire width of North Jefferson street, until the police, upon the arrival of reinforcements and the arrest of the defendants and other leaders in the disturbance, finally succeeded in dispersing the assembly.

(Vol. 217 of the <u>Wisconsin Supreme Court Reports</u>, p. 325, 1935.)

THE POLICE CAME

(continued from last page)

Chief Ralph Hanson then approached the demonstrators and stated that the administration had intimated that if the demonstrators would leave the building, Dow would leave the campus. The demonstrators said that if this was true, they would have to have it in written form. Hanson then led four demonstrators, Evan Stark, Stuart Ewen, Dick Samson and Carlos Joly to a conference room in Bascom Hall. Present were Kauffman, Sewell, Clingin, Clipperly and Robert Taylor, administrative assistant. The four demonstrators then asked the administration about the deal proposed by Hanson. The administration denied the existance of a deal and said that they had nothing to negotiate. The four asked if they could bring their lawyers into the room. This request was denied. Evan Stark said that there was going to be a blood bath and only the administration could stop it. There was no response and the four walked back.

A few minutes later rumors went flying through the crowd; everyone said an agreement had been reached, and the crowd got euphoric. Bob Cohen then came out, speaking through a bull horn. He said that no deal had been made and it had been decided that if an agreement was to be reached, the administration would have to come down to the demonstration with a written document to be voted on by the obstructors. As he was speaking, he looked up and saw the police moving across the street into the Commerce building. He said "Here come the cops," and moved back. The cops marched across the street into the Commerce building. Ralph Hanson then said with a bull horn, "this is an unlawful assembly, anyone who doesn't want to get arrested, leave now." It was not a very powerful bull horn, almost no one could hear what he was saying, most people in the building were not aware that he said it at all.

Almost spontaneously, as the demonstrators inside heard that the police were coming, the distinction between people actually sitting in and those standing supporting them dissolved. Lines of protection and defense began to form as people linked arms to try to stop the police from getting to those sitting in. At that point everyone was obstructing.

The police came into the building. The first lines of defense linked arms and almost pushed the cops out of the building. The cops came back. They raised their clubs and started swinging, the lines broke down. The cops started clubbing everyone in sight; people fell to the ground, went screaming out of the building. Girls were pushed into rooms. There was general chaos. The demonstration had been prepared to try to slow down the process of arrest but was totally unprepared for brutality. Girls had not taken off their earrings, they were on the front lines, guys had keys in their pockets. Resistance had meant arrest not violence.

But when the cops began to beat the demonstrators, students fought back. It was not until the clubs had come down that the activists realized what was happening. They then beat cops, isolated them, tried to disarm them. Billy clubs went flying in the air, helmets were everywhere. People just fought back with whatever they could; fists, feet, books; they had no weapons, only their physical selves.

It took twelve minutes. Fifty cops with night sticks and helmets had dispersed about 400 people. Most demonstrators were dazed; some semi-conscious, some in the hospital. Those who stayed near the building were crying hysterically. In fact, everyone around the building was crying, guys, girls, men. People helped one another; even though no one knew each others' name. The crowd, while gentle to those hurt, was enraged by the cops.

Julian again went into Sewell's office to beg that the Chancellor call his men off. Sewell refused to say anything but, "There's nothing I can do."

Subsequently, the cops hurled tear gas cannisters into the crowd. Everyone ran, people were almost trampled. They then regrouped; enraged at what had happened they began screaming, chanting and cursing at the cops. Cries of "Seig Heil" and "Cops eat Shit" filled the air.

Percy Julian was again in Dean Kauffman's office pleading with the Chancellor to call off the riot police. At this point, the screams of the students being gassed became audible in Kauffman's office. The administrators heard this and left for Sewell's office.

Meanwhile the cops had dragged six people over to the paddy wagon in the Bascom Hall parking lot. The crowd immediately and spontaneously surrounded the paddy wagon. They burst the tires and broke the windows. The wagon was completely surrounded by lines of angry students. The cops exploded tear gas, the crowd retreated, then came back. The cops, in an attempt to appease the crowd, let the people out of the wagon, although the six were still under arrest.

The cops let loose more tear gas but the crowd would not disperse until about 4:30 p.m. Anger was more important than the effects of the tear gas.

Even before the tear gas had disappeared, students were gathering in 6210 Social Science to discuss what had happened. The audience, there, was comprised mainly of people who had been watching the melee and subsequently gassed by the police. They were not obstructors. Discussion centered on a proposed student strike against police brutality. The only demand which everyone could agreee on was that cops should never be allowed on campus again. The few radicals in the audience attempted to raise other issues such as the University's cooperation with large national corporations, and the war in Vietnam, but they were ignored. The meeting broke up around 5:30 pm. Hopes for a student strike centered on a rally scheduled for that night. Dow, napalm, the war, and corporate society paled into the background. The police became the bete noir of thousands of students.

At the rally, scheduled for Bascom Hill, but later changed to Great Hall and finally to the Library Mall, one speaker summed up the general feeling of the group by saying, "Well, the score now stands at 65 to twelve." The idea of the rally was to gauge the opinion of people angered by what had happened hours before. The fact that a strike was to be mounted was generally accepted, the question was what the strike would be for. The general mood among the liberals, who made up much of the audience of 5000 was one of outrage at police brutality. The feeling of the radicals was one of anger and of weariness. Most radicals felt that they would face clubs and gas again the next day if they had to, but wished for a strike instead, despite the fact that its effect would be dubious. On Wednesday night many people could be seen carrying clubs in the Rathskellar.

Meanwhile, some faculty had formed, unofficially, a liberal-left caucus which met in the Law Building, denounced police brutality and Sewekkm abd cakked for a strike on the following day. This strike was excused on the grounds that classes would be held the following day to discuss the issues of the 'riots'.

At the close of the caucus, the faculty trooped down to the Library Mall and formed a protective ring around the rally because of a rumour that the police were going to attempt to break up the rally. Many members of that caucus showed their faculty identification proudly and prominently, causing the conjecture that these professors were not putting their bodies on the line, but acting on the naive assumption that the police would not club upstanding academic types.

After numerous speeches and monlogues the rally had to choose between two different proposals. One was to call a strike on the issue of "cops on campus" police brutality and amnesty for the students involved. The second, was broader: a strike not only against the University's use of the police, but also against its complicity with corporations and the war machine.

The students, however, chose to strike only on the issues of keeping police off campus and amnesty. The radicals began to pull out of the stike leadership. Some of the leaders of the original Dow demonstration declared they would have nothing to do with the strike. Others decided to meet together to discuss strategy and tactics. By late Wednesday night the student protest movement was in the hands of a completely new group of students.

Mike Fullwood, president of the Wisconsin Student Association gave his personal backing to the strike. Fullwood arrived at this conclusion out of political considerations more than anything else. His original stance was to the effect that the obstructors were Beelzebub incarnate, that it was unfortunate there was bloodshed on campus, but they got what they deserved. Fullwood seemed to be convinced that the 'responsible' student body accepted this notion and that anybody who disagreed was a UCA type attempting to make capital for the November election. Ed Schwartz, President of National Student Association, who had rushed to Madison, seemingly convinced Fullwood that there was more to the whole business than rivalry between student political types. Fullwood then issued a statement condemning obstruction, but also police brutality, and urged students to strike.

Meanwhile UCA was doing most of the legwork for the stike. This involved the organizing of pickets around classroom buildings and saturating dorms with literature. They distributed Fullwood's statement with an unsigned statement which called for an end to police on campus and the immediate resignation of Sewell and Kauffman.

There are conflicting reports on the effectiveness of the strike. Student leaders claimed over 50 per cent of the campus stayed away from classes on Thursday. Dean Kauffman claimed that there was 25 per cent absentee rate on Thursday. Certainly the strength of the strike was in the Letters and Arts School, although other students in other schools did support the wtrike. By Friday, the strike was waning quickly. No one has estimated the absentee rate, but Kauffman claimed that things were back to normal.

The teaching assistants were a key factor in the strike. Without their support it is doubtful that the strike movement could have claimed much success on Thursday. The T.A.'s met Wednesday night after the rally on the Library Mall and decided to support the strike, by either refusing to teach or turning over their sections to a discussion of the events on Wednesday.

By the weekend it became increasingly clear that the reasons for the strike were vague and ill-defined. It was reflected in a raucous meeting of the TAA on Friday night and again on Sunday when the association officially decided to suspend its support of the strike. The one apparent positive aspect of the TAA's participation in the protest was an increase in its membership.

The radical caucus which met nightly after the strike declaration Wednesday evening was confronted with the problem of how to relate to a huge mass of emotional but actually directionless students. There was general agreement that the strike would die for numerous reasons, one of which was that instead of basing actions on reasoned analysis the "mass movement" was acting on emotion engendered by the brutality. The dichotomy projected at the caucus meetings was whether to get into the strike and work with it, or to opt for the printed word -- leaflets and pamphlets. There were suggestions that a sit-in at the administration building the following week on the question of the police and amnesty could revitalize the dying excitement. But in general there was a plethora of theory and a drastic lack of suggestions for programs for actin. Dorm speaking and daily leaflets were concretely all that the caucus produced.

Meanwhite, a new steering committee had been elected to run the student strike. At a mass meeting Friday afternoon on the hill it was decided that a silent march in coats and ties Saturday afternoon and a prayer vigil on Sunday would be the best tactics to further student enthusiasm without alienating the community. The steering committee debated that night for over six hours on whether to call off the march due to rumors of violence from certain elements in town. Police protection was not to be given because of the football game. But on Saturday, the two thousand students and faculty who met on the Library Mall decided to march in single file, silently, without signs, to the Capitol to paste their demands on the doors of the state legislature: amnesty, end to police brutality, cops off campus. Actually, the demands were not demanded, but begged. The Sunday prayer vigil drew under 500 persons. By then it was becoming apparent that the "mass movement had failed -- in tactics, in theory, in practice.

On Thursday, the faculty met. Everyone was eagerly waiting on them to take a position concerning the events of Wednesday. The meeting was chaired by Vice-Chancellor James Cleary. Chancellor William Sewell opened with a speech in which he laid down the basis for the official administrative position. He stated, "It is my firm belief that the responsibility for these tragic events rests squarely on those who unlawfully disrupted the functions of the university..." Sewell also claimed that the police had acted in a restrained, disciplined manner, that the students were given fair warning of what was going to happen, and that there was no other choice than to use the riot police. In discussing the faculty mandate for his actions he said: "I

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SELF-EVIDENT TRUTHS

A., B., C. (characters)

A.: The University supported Dow.
B.: Why did the University support Dow?
C.: The University is Dow. Your question is redundant.
A.: The University was not neutral.
B.: Why wasn't the University neutral?
C.: That the University isn't neutral is redundant.
A.: The Administration was brutal.
B.: Why were the administrators brutal?
C.: That the administrators are brutal is redundant.
A.: But the chancellor lied.
B.: Why is the chancellor a liar?
C.: That chancellors are liars is a redundancy.
A.: The "intellectuals" acted like sheep.
B.: Why did the "intellectuals" act like sheep?
C.: That the "intellectuals" act like sheep is a redundancy.
A.: All of these things are redundancies.
B.: Why are all of these things redundancies?
C.: Your other questions are no more. Long live B., may he reign for ever and ever.

-Sczymon Newe

(continued from last page)

have no great desires for administrative roles nor for power; I love and respect students." Within this context, the faculty meeting proceeded; rather than discuss the substantive issues at hand a motion to condemn or uphold the chancellor was made. Conservative faculty members praised the chancellor and condemned "student brutality." A few liberal speakers tried to tell the truth of what had happened or place before the faculty the real issues, but they were generally ineffective. Professor Anatole Beck of the math department denounced Sewell's statements as false, and recounted in vivid detail what he had seen from a staircase inside the Commerce building. Cleary, through use of parliamentary procedure, avoided introduction of real issues. Indicative of the tenor of the meeting was the vote of over 500 faculty not to see a film of the melee - facts could only confuse the issue. It was impossible to separate condemnation of Sewell from condemnation of the police action. Thus, against the backdrop of a hanging noose left on the stage of the Union Theatre from the Marat/Sade production, the faculty voted 2-1 to support the action of the chancellor.

About a third of the faculty members present at the meeting were still upset and unconvinced; they felt that the real issues had not been dealt with. They formed themselves into a liberal or rump faculty and began to act as a unified body.

By Saturday, however, the nature of the "rump faculty" became clear. They were opting out of their principled position in quest of a blind sort of faculty unanimity. Right before the march on Saturday, a number of faculty tried to dissuade the students from marching. They maintained that it was necessary to play by the rules and that the students should suspend all activities pending the faculty meeting. They assured the students that if they did this, the liberals would take care of everything.

On Sunday night, the rump met as a body. Instead of taking care of everything, they agreed to accept a resolution proposed by the University Committee which called for a committee to investigate what had happened and to make proposals of how to deal with these sorts of problems in the future. The committee was supposed to ensure that force and violence would not be used again. Whose force and violence was not specified. In short they compromised. They became willing to obscure all the real issues to insure the fact of passage for the resolution of the University Committee. The faculty actions were lamentably predictable.

There have been a number of hypotheses as to why riot police were called in and why the brutality occurred.

The Harrington theory holds as its central argument the nature of President Harrington's power in the State Legislature and throughout the state. The principal assumption is that Harrington stands in danger of losing his influence and that in order to continue his building program he must perform certain favors for certain people of the state.

Harrington did remark to one person long before the Dow incident that "this would be the year we'll crack heads." The principal reason why liberal Regent Arthur de Bardeleben is being dumped is because he stood up to the legislature on the question of the student left. Harrington, in the past, has also, at times, stood up to the legislature on questions of student conduct. A threat to the present power of the liberals in the university might possibly have existed unless he acted as he did. In his dealings with state industrialists, Harrington might also have been forced to crack heads in payment for the continuation of the building program.

There are certain indications of the validity of a set-up theory. One was the remarks of a police officer three weeks before the protest. This man described exactly what was going to happen. Another would be the fact that although the demonstration was planne to last from Tuesday to Friday, Chief Hanson testified in court tha he had hired 10 off-duty policemen for Tuesday, 20 for Wednesday, and none of Thursday or Friday. It is also thought the Dow was not even in the building after 10 am on Wednesday.

Another hypothesis can be called the Sewell theory. This theory assumes that Sewell was not expecting as many demonstrators as were present and panicked and used riot police. It still assumes the fact that the demonstrators were set up so they would be arrested and expelled. A variation of this theory is that the riot police showed up and made it clear to Chief Hanson that they were under orders from City Hall and not from the orders of the University. (A second variation is that the riot police were sent as a show of force to disperse the demonstrators and that they got carried away and tried to kill a few hundred people.)

In the final analysis, however, it must be clear that the brutality of the police was not an anomoly. The demonstration was political - not a panty raid- and when power is threatened it retaliates with force. This is the lesson resisters must learn.

The myth propagated in the media is that if there was conspiracy it was students who planned the violence. This lengthy narrative sheds light on these assertions. It negates them.

By Joel Lagodney, Elizabeth Ewen, and Robert Gabriner

CONNECTORIAL

This special issue of Connections is conceived as an initial step in the large task of comprehending the meaning of the events of October 17. The task is indeed large, and no single issue or article can fulfill it. For the meaning of what happened on the recent "bloody Wednesday" goes far beyond the fragmented and immediate questions which have thus far been posed. The passionated preoccupation with issues such as the degree of police brutality, the possible denial of individual rights by obstructive demonstrations and the pros and cons of the role of the Chancellor, is a preoccupati which serves the function of hiding the totality in which the facts are enmeshed. For example, even the widespread outrage, (at least on the campus) at police brutality is self-vitiating to the extent that it refuses to inquire into the social origins of political violence in America as a whole. One can oppose police brutality in America for any of a hundred reasons; police brutality in America can be ended only when the institutions which police brutality is employed to pr tect are ended.

What is involved, then, in the inquiry into the recent events is no less than an inquiry into the direction in which American civilization is presently moving. That is, were the billy clubs and tear gas aberrations from the"domestic peace and tranquility", or were they logical and orgainc extensions of the kind of peace and tranquility required by corporation profit and its global hegemony? Did the wild-eyed and seemingly berserk men in blue violate the premises of American culture, or did they sum up a culture which sings an unceasing hymn in praise of brutality in the James Bond flicks, the war is peace-peace is war linguistics, and the sadomasochistic number one tunes of Nancy Sinatra? The police raid in the U.W. campus, it cannot be said enough, was not an isolated event. This is not only because the same sort of ev- event has recently occurred in some dozen cities and campuses. It was also not isolated because it was tied directly to a civilization whcih is at war and which has announced it will remain at war as long as there are men and women in the world who refuse to buy America's definition of peace and freedom. But to suggest relationships such as these is not the same as elaborating them, unfolding and unpacking them. It is in this sense that the present number of Connections is preliminary. It offers a series of commentaries which shook the U.W. campus and perhaps even the state of Wisconsin at its roots. The work of grabbing hold of those roots will be presented in coming issues.

"Men and women...who refuse to buy America's definition of peace and freedom." It turns out that some of these men and women are themselves Americans. In fact, there is emerging, on this campus and elsewhere in the country--in the white, middle class part of the country-- a potential enemy within. It is variously called "the Resistance," or the "Radical movement." Contrary to the proclamations of the crazies in the legislature, it is not tightly-knit nor run by highly skilled leaders. Rather, the resistance or radical movement is only beginning to become aware of itself and its future. Simultaneously, it is being made aware that the system it seeks to resist is not only powerful but is ready to employ its power against all opposition. Tucked away in the nooks and crannies of the dorms and the offices of the psychological counselling center lies an as yet muffled and suppressed scream. A human scream of NO! against the over-civilized barbarism which goes by the name of America. This energy must be unleased: unleashed into a political-social force which seeks a society which does not need war and violence.

Connections and the people associated with it exist within the University of Wisconsin community. And part of its on-going analysis will include the elaboration of a strategy which can give coherence and force to the incipient resistance within this community. Many brass tacks have to be hammered into place. To start with, how does the resistance perceive the relationship between itself, the U.W. and the society at large? Does the resistance seek to destroy the U.W.; does it seek to build a majority movement which can take power in the University; does it seek to build a movement to reform the University; or should the resistance leave the University entirely and move out into the "real world"? Further, what is the long range strategy of social transformation within which answers to problems within the University can be placed? What forms can resistance take beyond either obstructive or non-obstructive demonstrations? These queries have as yet no answers, since the queries are only now being posed. But answered they must be. For what is at stake in these rather small scale questions is ultimately whether a massive, democratic movement can be built in America which has a vision of a truly peaceful, truly free and truly human society.

SOME OBSERVATIONS

I had never seen tear gas used until Wednesday, October 18. When I did, it was at first only a puff of smoke twenty yards away and a crowd of people running. At first it had something of the comical: like a flash of powder and a "pop" on the sound track of an old-time movie, the scene is flickering, disjointed and unreal. Fifteen seconds later one finds out what it is all about.

In granules or vapour, one is never quite sure which, the cloud at last drifted toward me. There was no sudden pain, no hurt comparable to that of being hit or having a tooth ache or being burned, or any of the other pains one is used to in normal life. There is simply a sudden total change of consciousness. From being a reporter trying to see what is happening and make notes, suddenly one is changed: nothing matters but eyes and nose and throat. Burning, tearing, corrosive -- all are inadequate words for it; tear gas does not hurt or cause pain, but it has an absolutism, an ability to take over one's whole being that is shocking at the time and puzzling afterwards. Fifteen minutes later one wonders what all the fuss was about, how any simple nasal irritant can have caused so drastic an effect. Three days later one's nostrils are still dry and sore.

A demonstration earns its name when it demonstrates something, preferably when it demonstrates something in a context that is not normally seen. In a society such as ours, where advertising, education, public relations, group dynamics, operations research, systems analysis, and so on and so forth are all generally directed toward masking reality, demonstrations of reality are one of the most valuable institutions we have. At the University of Wisconsin, then, we have just had two of the most educational weeks in the university's existence.

"Some people say the use of force
Is how we change the social course.
The use of force, you surely know,
Is how we keep the status quo."

is a rhyme somebody made up about the time that goon squads were being used to break strikers' heads at Ford in the thirties. It is also a handy summation of what has been demonstrated at Wisconsin these last two weeks. On Tuesday the eighteenth, even before the clubbings and gassings, the company which makes the napalm used to stop Vietnam from falling into the hands of the Vietnamese carried on its recruiting of well-trained brains behind doors guarded by men with guns. And on Wednesday, when students made the statement, "I will put my body in the way of this process recruiting, interviewing, and the other genteel gun-protected processes that go into frying Vietnamese," these same men with guns used hands, fists, boots, clubs, and gas to make the counter statement, "That's all very well, but the genteel processes must be allowed to go on."

Like any good demonstration, this one, by the students and more importantly, by the university's liberal administrators, police, and the newspapers has a certain opalescence: one can examine its many facets: different ones sparkle as one contemplates it in different ways.

The administration, for its part, is not normally given to handing out stupid and unenforceable directions. In fact, the smoothness with which the university cooperates with Dow, the state government and the whole American machine is testimony that they normally have a good grasp of the world within which they ha to work, and of which sorts of procedures and directives get things done smoothly and comfortably. Their basic mistake was in not knowing that there are people who do not think of this mode of operation as the highest ideal to which man can aspire. Because they are not so used to doing things efficiently and smoothly, they could not grasp the idea that there are people who think that sand should be thrown into a piece of fine machinery when that machinery is doing something evil.

There has been a silent march to protest the use of clubs and gas by the police. But there has been little effort by those suit and tie wearing marchers to protest anything other than the alleged fact that policemen are animals. There are some among them who realise the essential idiocy of this supposition -- the idea that if all policemen were nice guys who could keep their cool heads at all time and never lose their tempers then suddenly the world would be all right -- but not many.

Some few argue that the violence used by the police is a natural extension of the violence used by America against Vietnam, a tendentious and on the face of it foolish sort of analysis. It was interesting in the light of this thought to meet one of the riot police in his natural habitat: mixing milk shakes in his mother's restaurant. He joked with some demonstrators in the restaurant, rather as the Atlanta police chief joshed with Barbara Deming when she returned to visit him after spending some months in his jail, without any recognition that there had been a conflict between him and

(continued on page 15)



THE STUDENT

Reprinted from the Los Angeles Free Press and with thanks to the Washington Free Press.

by JERRY F

Students are niggers. When you get that straight, our schools begin to make sense. It's more important, though, to understand why they're niggers. If we follow that question seriously enough, it will lead us past the zone of academic bullshit, where dedicated teachers pass their knowledge on to a new generation, and into the nitty-gritty of human needs and hang-ups. And from there we can go on to consider whether it might ever be possible for students to come up from slavery.

First let's see what's happening now. Let's look at the role students play in what we like to call education.

At Cal State, L.A., where I teach, the students have separate and unequal dining facilities. If I take them into the faculty dining room, my colleagues get uncomfortable, as though there were a bad smell. If I eat in the student cafeteria, I become known as the educational equivalent of a niggerlover. In at least one building there are even rest rooms which students may not use. At Cal State, also, there is an unwritten law barring student-faculty lovemaking. Fortunately, this anti-miscegenation law, like its Southern counterpart, is not 100 percent effective.

Students at Cal State are politically disenfranchised. They are in an academic Lowndes County. Most of them can vote in national elections - their average age is about 26 - but they have no voice in the decisions which affect their academic lives. The students are, it is true, allowed to have a toy government of their own. It is a government run for the most part by Uncle Toms and concerned principally with trivia. The faculty and administrators decide what courses will be offered; the students get to choose their own Homecoming Queen. Occasionally, when student leaders get uppity and rebellious, they're either ignored, put off with trivial concessions, or maneuvered expertly out of position.

SMILES & SHUFFLES

A student at Cal State is expected to know his place. He calls a faculty member "Sir" or "Doctor" or "Professor" - and he smiles and shuffles some as he stands outside the professor's office waiting for permission to enter. The faculty tell him what courses to take (in my department, English, even electives have to be approved by a faculty member); they tell him what to read, what to write, and, frequently, where to set the margins on his typewriter. They tell him what's true and what isn't. Some teachers insist that they encourage dissent but they're almost always jiving and every student knows it. Tell the man what he wants to hear or he'll fail your ass out of the course.

When a teacher says "jump," students jump. I know of one professor who refused to take up class time for exams and required students to show up for tests at 6:30 in the morning. And they did, by God! Another, at exam time, provides answer cards to be filled out - each one enclosed in a paper bag with a hole cut in the top to see through. Students stick their writing hands in the bags while taking the test. The teacher isn't a provo; I wish he were. He does it to prevent cheating. Another colleague once caught a student reading during one of his lectures and threw her book against the wall. Still another lectures his students into a stupor and then screams at them in a rage when they fall asleep.

Just last week, during the first meeting of a class, one girl got up to leave after about ten minutes had gone by. The teacher rushed over, grabbed her by the arm, saying, "This class is NOT dismissed!" and led her back to her seat. On the same day another teacher began by informing his class that he does not like beards, mustaches, long hair on boys, or capri pants on girls, and will not tolerate any of that in his class. That class, incidentally, consisted mostly of high school teachers.



FOLLOW ORDERS

Even more discouraging than this Auschwitz approach to education is the fact that the students take it. They haven't gone through twelve years of public school for nothing. They've learned one thing and perhaps only one thing during those twelve years. They've forgotten their algebra. They're hopelessly vague about chemistry and physics. They've grown to fear and resent literature. They write like they've been lobotomized. But, Jesus, can they follow orders! Freshmen come up to me with an essay and ask if I want it folded and whether their name should be in the upper right hand corner. And I want to cry and kiss them and caress their poor tortured heads.

Students don't ask that orders make sense. They give up expecting things to make sense long before they leave elementary school. Things are true because the teacher says they're true. At a very early age we all learn to accept "two truths," as did certain medieval churchmen. Outside of class, things are true to your tongue, your fingers, your stomach, your heart. Inside class, things are true by reason of authority. And that's just fine because you don't care anyway. Miss Wiedemeyer tells you a noun is a person, place or thing. So let it be. You don't give a rat's ass; she doesn't give a rat's ass.

The important thing is to please her. Back in kindergarten, you found out that teachers only love children who stand in nice straight lines. And that's where it's been at ever since. Nothing changes except to get worse. School becomes more and more obviously a prison. Last year I spoke to a student assembly at Manual Arts High School and then couldn't get out of the goddamn school. I mean there was NO WAY OUT. Locked doors. High fences. One of the inmates was trying to make it over a fence when he saw me coming and froze in panic. For a moment, I expected sirens, a rattle of bullets, and him clawing the fence.

What school amounts to, then, for white and black kids alike, is a 12-year course in how to be slaves. What else could explain what I see in a freshman class? They've got that slave mentality: obliging and ingratiating on the surface, but hostile and resistant underneath.

As do black slaves, students vary in their awareness of what's going on. Some recognize their own put-on for what it is and even let their rebellion break through to the surface now and then. Others - including most of the "good students" - have been more deeply brainwashed. They swallow the bullshit with greedy mouths. They honest-to-God believe in grades, in busy work, in General Education requirements. They're pathetically eager to be pushed around. They're like those old greyheaded house niggers you can still find in the South who don't see what all the fuss is about because Mr. Charlie "treats us real good."

College entrance requirements tend to favor the Toms and screen out the rebels. Not entirely, of course. Some students at Cal State L.A. are expert con artists who know perfectly well what's happening. They want the degree or the 2-S and spend their years on the old plantation alternately laughing and cursing as they play the game. If their egos are strong enough, they cheat a lot. And, of course, even the Toms are angry down deep somewhere. But it comes out in passive rather than active aggression. They're unexplainably thick-witted and subject to frequent spells of laziness. They misread simple questions. They spend their nights mechanically outlining history chapters while meticulously failing to comprehend a word of what's in front of them.



INWARD ANGER

The saddest cases among both black slaves and student slaves are the ones who have so thoroughly introjected their masters' values that their anger is all turned inward. At Cal State these are the kids for whom every low grade is torture, who stammer and shake when they speak to a professor, who go through an emotional crisis every time they're called upon during class. You can recognize them easily at finals time. Their faces are festooned with fresh pimples; their bowels boil audibly across the room. If there really is a Last Judgment, then the parents and teachers who created these wrecks are going to burn in hell.

So students are niggers. It's time to find out why, and to do this, we have to take a long look at Mr. Charlie.

The teachers I know best are college professors. Outside the classroom and taken as a group, their most striking characteristic is timidity. They're short on balls.

Just look at their working conditions. At a time when even migrant workers have begun to fight and win, college professors are still afraid to make more than a token effort to improve their pitiful economic status. In California state colleges the faculties are screwed regularly and vigorously by the Governor and Legislature and yet they still won't offer any solid resistance. They lie flat on their stomachs with their pants down, mumbling catch phrases like "professional dignity" and "meaningful dialogue."

Professors were no different when I was an undergraduate at

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Cartoons (except lower right)
by Nick Thorkelson

UCLA during the McCarthy era; it was like a cattle stampede as they rushed to cop out. And, in more recent years, I found that my being arrested in sit-ins brought from my colleagues not so much approval or condemnation as open-mouthed astonishment. "You could lose your job!"

Now, of course, there's the Vietnamese war. It gets some opposition from a few teachers. Some support it. But a vast number of professors, who know perfectly well what's happening, are copping out again. And in the high schools, you can forget it. Stillness reigns.

posed in front of them, knowing that their interests, their values, and their language are different from yours. To make matters worse, you may suspect that you yourself are not the most engaging of persons. What then can protect you from their ridicule and scorn? Respect for Authority. That's what. It's the policeman's gun again. The white bwana's pith helmet. So you flaunt that authority. You wither whisperers with a murderous glance. You crush objectors with erudition and heavy irony. And, worst of all, you make your own attainments seem not accessible but awesomely remote. You conceal your massive ignorance - and parade a slender learning.



FORCES A SPLIT

I'm not sure why teachers are so chickenshit. It could be that academic training itself forces a split between thought and action. It might also be that the tenured security of a teaching job attracts timid persons and, furthermore, that teaching, like police work, pulls in persons who are unsure of themselves and need weapons and the other external trappings of authority.

At any rate teachers ARE short on balls. And, as Judy Eisenstein has eloquently pointed out, the classroom offers an artificial and protected environment in which they can exercise their will to power. Your neighbors may drive a better car; gas station attendants may intimidate you; your wife may dominate you; the State Legislature may shit on you; but in the classroom, by God, students do what you say - or else. The grade is a hell of a weapon. It may not rest on your hip, potent and rigid like a cop's gun, but in the long run it's more powerful. At your personal whim - any time you choose - you can keep 35 students up for nights and have the pleasure of seeing them walk into the classroom pasty-faced and red-eyed carrying a sheaf of typewritten pages, with title page, MLA footnotes and margins set at 15 and 91.

The general timidity which causes teachers to make niggers of their students usually includes a more specific fear - fear of the students themselves. After all, students are different, just like black people. You stand ex-

"WHITE SUPREMACY"

The teacher's fear is mixed with an understandable need to be admired and to feel superior, a need which also makes him cling to his "white supremacy." Ideally a teacher should minimize the distance between himself and his students. He should encourage them not to need him - eventually or even immediately. But this is rarely the case. Teachers make themselves high priests of arcane mysteries. They become masters of mumbo-jumbo. Even a more or less conscientious teacher may be torn between the desire to give and the desire to hold them in bondage. There is a kind of castration that goes on in schools. It begins, before school years, with parents' first encroachments on their children's free unashamed sexuality and continues right up to the day when they hand you your doctoral diploma with a bleeding, shriveled pair of testicles stapled to the parchment. It's not that sexuality has no place in the classroom. You'll find it there but only in certain perverted and vitiated forms.

BLEEDING BRAINS

How does sex show up in school? First of all, there's the sado-masochistic relationship between teachers and students. That's plenty sexual, although the price of enjoying it is to be unaware of what's happening. In walks the student in his Ivy League equivalent of a motor-cycle jacket. In walks the teacher - a kind of intellectual rough trade - and flogs his students with grades, tests, sarcasm and snotty superiority until their very brains are bleeding. In Swinburne's England, the whipped school boy frequently grew up to be a flagellant. With us, the perversion is intellectual but it's no less perverse.

ONCE A NIGGER

So you can add sexual repression to the list of causes, along with vanity, fear and will to power, that turn the teacher into Mr. Charlie. You might also want to keep in mind that he was a nigger once himself and has never really gotten over it. And there are more causes, some of which are better described in sociological than in psychological terms. Work them out, it's not hard. But in the meantime what we've got on our hands is a whole lot of niggers. And what makes this particularly grim is that the student has less chance than the black man of getting out of his bag. Because the student doesn't even know he's in it. That, more or less, is what's happening in higher education. And the results are staggering.

For one thing damn little education takes place in the schools. How could it? You can't educate slaves; you can only train them. Or, to use an even uglier and more timely work, you can only program them.

At my school we even grade people on how they read poetry. That's like grading people on how they fuck. But we do it. In fact, God help me, I do it. I'm the Adolph Eichmann of English 323. Simon Legree of the poetry plantation. "Tote that iamb! Lift that spondee!" Even to discuss a good poem in that environment is potentially dangerous because the very classroom is contaminated. As hard as I may try to turn students on to poetry, I know that the desks, the tests, the IBM cards, their own attitudes toward school, and my own residue of UCLA method are turning them off.

Another result of student slavery is equally serious. Students don't get emancipated when they graduate. As a matter of fact, we don't let them graduate until they've demonstrated their willingness - over 16 years - to remain slaves. And for important jobs, like teaching, we make them go through more years, just to make sure. What I'm getting at is that we're all more or less niggers and slaves, teachers and students alike. This is a fact you want to start with in trying to understand wider social phenomena, say, politics, in our country and in other countries.

INTIMIDATE OR KILL

Educational oppression is trickier to fight than racial oppression. If you're a black rebel, they can't exile you; they either have to intimidate you or kill you. But in high school or college, they can just bounce you out of the fold. And they do. Rebel students and renegade faculty members get smothered or shot down with devestating accuracy. In high school, it's usually the student who gets it; in college, it's more often the teacher. Others get tired of fighting and voluntarily leave the system. Dropping out of college, for a rebel, is a little like going North, for a Negro. You can't really get away from it so you might as well stay and raise hell.

How do you raise hell? That's a whole other article. But just for a start, why not stay with the analogy? What have black people done? They have, first of all, faced the fact of their slavery. They've stopped kidding themselves about an eventual reward in that Great Watermelon Patch in the sky. They've organized; they've decided to get freedom now, and they've started taking it.

Students, like black people, have immense unused power. They could, theoretically, insist on participating in their own education. They could make academic freedom bilateral. They could teach their teachers to thrive on love and admiration, rather than fear and respect, and to lay down their weapons. Students could discover community. And they could learn to dance by dancing on the IBM cards. They could make coloring books out of the catalogs and they could put the grading system in a museum. They could raze another set of walls and let education flow out and flood the streets. They could turn the classroom into where it's at - a "field of action" as Peter Marin describes it. And, believe it or not, they could study eagerly and learn prodigiously for the best of all possible reasons - their own reasons.

They could. Theoretically. They have the power. But only in a very few places, like Berkeley, have they even begun to think about using it. For students, as for black people, the hardest battle isn't with *Mr.* Charlie. It's with what *Mr.* Charlie has done to your mind.



Intellectual in Residence



There has yet to be an accurate, let alone 'objective', account of the events of October 18 in the newspapers. There is, further, not likely to be such an account. Editors in Madison, Milwaukee and New York are trapped by the policies of their respective papers and unable to confront the issues raised by the protest. Anyone who was inside or outside the Commerce Building on the eighteenth and who has read newspaper reports has experienced bewilderment, depression and fury; it is now necessary to recognize how predictable it all is, to progress beyond surprise.

The first newspaper game is the loaded label which defines discussion. For example, in all reports of Wednesday's activities, the flag is always "torn," rather than lowered, from Bascom Hall, and in one instance it is burned. Such language produces large civilian rewards offered for the "flag-cutter." The power of the choice of words goes beyond details. A legislator who defines the actions as an insurrection logically concludes the students should be shot. Newspapers have likewise struggled with the logical conclusions of the label they have chosen. The Milwaukee Journal landed happily on the phrase "bloody clash" between "activists" and police. The Wisconsin State Journal had no qualms about immediately labeling the students as "rioters" whereas the Capital Times waited twenty-four hours before slipping into that rhetoric. A "melee," "demonstration," "disruptive sit-in" made up of "protesters," "demonstrators," rarely students. The latter were outside the building, not in.

The next game is the foggy story. On the State Journal only John Gruber had a picture of what the police did when they entered the Commerce Building. By Thursday, the Capital Times began to mention "club-wielding" police and "flailing riot clubs." The New York Times uncertainly posited that riot sticks may have been flailing outside the building. In every account there is total confusion about what happened when, about where students were, where police moved, when rocks were thrown.

The ultimate game is the lost issue. Every newspaper obscured the content of the demonstration to rail against its form; such liberal strongholds as the Capital Times spent the most energy on such an attack.

Postponing the intricacies of Wisconsin politics temporarily, it should be noted that the New York Times has produced two garbled accounts. On October 19, the Times reported that "hundreds of students" in an antiwar demonstration were "moved" out of a building where Dow was recruiting. The "melee" resulted when "a deal" previously announced by Evan Stark was denied by Chief Hanson. Three paragraphs are devoted to the possible deal and the denial without mentioning that it originated with Chief Hanson or that a conference had taken place between administrators and representatives of those inside the building in an attempt to settle the issues of Dow recruitment. The confrontation between police and students is based on information from witnesses, among whom is Inspector Herman J. Thomas, a well-known 'impartial observer.' In response to being moved from the building, students "kicked," "threw bricks and stones," "shouted", threw themselves on the floor, and "grabbed at police helmets." The police "hauled."

C. Gerald Frasser, the Times reporter, has an eye for detail. He found the name, age and address of two students and the name of one police inspector. He is the only reporter who noticed that the police had removed their badges. But he is a sucker for the irrelevant. His Friday report confirmed this with a lead paragraph on students taunting soldiers on Bascom Hill, urging they resign from the army. Such, to the Times, is the meat of Madison protest.

The two Madison papers have both arrived at the natural conclusion of their editorial policies - both hysterical, though not in agreement, both serving to isolate the students from the community and the left from the students.

The Wisconsin State Journal is at least honest. In its editorial on October 20, it echoed Senator Roselip by pointing out that the University was paying the price for ignoring the paper's suggestion of an "education or expulsion" policy. The choice was "anarchy or education:" Cohen or Sewell, students or administration. "The issue is clear. It is not the Dow Chemical Co., Vietnam, dirty beards, or police 'brutality.'" "We need a little more old-fashioned flag-waving." Thursday morning the Journal took the lead in labeling the events as a riot and forgave the police, "struggling for their lives," for not jailing the students. Unjailed, the student protest leaders conducted a "regrouping meeting" Wednesday night but, the town is assured: "UW to Charge Riot Leaders." The "Battle of Madison" had all the ingredients the Journal hungers for: a flag was removed; Bob Cohen had his mouth to a bullhorn; and there were "outside agitators." There were injured to be computed: ratio of students to cops, ratio of injured students to injured cops, ratio of hospitalized students to hospitalized cops. There were townspeople eagerly waiting to express their views on "students from the east" to the Journal reporters. And on top of all that excitement, the administration was busy explaining to anyone who would listen that the student strike was unsuccessful and had, in the Journal's words, "fizzled." The Journal had few uneasy moments. It knew the good guys and the bad guys from the start, and always had. By Monday, the State Journal had become delirious when they uncovered a plot in the form of a well-distributed yellow leaflet revealing that there had been "organization" to the demonstration. None of that healthy American spontaneity.

Life has not been so good to the Capital Times. In an editorial on Thursday, entitled "The Spectacle of Violence," the editors chastised the demonstrators for destroying freedom by insisting "That the end justifies the means" and went on to note that extremism (that's the people sitting in the corridor) gives the victory to the opposite extreme (that's Senator Roseleip). Caught in the middle, the editors are jumpy, just as are those faculty members fearful of a right-wing takeover of the University. They are anti-war but not ready to resist, and they think they have less to lose by discrediting the anti-war movement than the war itself. They are in favor of a "free university", free from the legislature, but think that indications of too much "freedom" will bring the wrath of the legislature down upon the educators. In following a defensive line to protect its own position, the Capital Times moved offensively against the leftwing students.

Wednesday night the headline read, "Police Rout Protestors; Used Tear Gas and Clubs." Students "Took Over

(continued on next page)



PRESS *cont.*

UW Building." The focus of the lead article was injuries received by "several protestors and one police detective" but the article cannot explain how injuries occurred. The entrance of the police was "the move," made after a "breakdown in negotiations." Further on in the article, it is reported that "police then entered. Windows in the building were broken, and girls screamed." No one touches anyone. The article ended with the inevitable bugabear: someone said there was outside help from Oakland.

On Thursday, the Capital Times escalated. Headline: "Riot Leaders Suspended; Some Face Civil Arrest." Other headlines reiterate the new line: "Sewell Says Riots Must be Stopped," "U Business Profs Give View of Riot." But there is, in the lead article, the first inkling of the source of the violence: "helmeted, club-wielding city police cleared demonstrators." "Cleared" is this newspaper's word for the tactics. The concern by Thursday was clearly violence, both by students and police.

By Friday, the paper was out of control: students were to be arrested "for their roles in Wednesday's bloody riot" and the legislature was to "issue a report on the anti-war violence."

The examples and the conclusions are endless. Line by line the newspapers distort, ignore, confuse. In Milwaukee, the editors can afford to condemn the use of police violence. In Madison, the regret is a failure of unified leadership. Only the Cardinal, unworried about the impression which healthy discussion within the University might make on the outside world, took the University itself to task for the policies and practices that made the Wednesday confrontation inevitable.

Every paper, with the exception of the Cardinal's editorial on Friday, successfully avoided the content of the protest. Whether it is the liberal Capital Times resisting identification with such unruly anti-war sentiment or the Wisconsin State Journal battling creeping anarchists, no one has discussed the analysis of this University and of American society which led the students from protest to resistance; no one has attempted to explain the dynamic by which thousands of students who were not obstructing Dow Chemical Co. were drawn into the battle and built a student strike. For all reporters, the disorder and malfunctioning rested with the students who put their ideas into action. The University stood benignly by to be shamed and blackened by student acts. The Milwaukee Journal and Capital Times called for a return to education. The State Journal yelled I told you so and urged a housecleaning. Only by removing the reality of the University's indebtedness to the war machine and the corporate structure from their analysis, could the newspapers keep their faith in the institutions they seek to serve.

—Ann Gordon

'S&W' Centennial coming

When the riot squad moved in last week with their clubs swinging, they acted only to preserve the venerable Wisconsin tradition of "sifting and winnowing." The squad members themselves may not have seen their activities in this light, but we have the assurances of President Harrington, Chancellor Sewell, and more than two-thirds of the Madison faculty that it was nothing other than this tradition that the squad was called on to preserve last Wednesday afternoon. Some historical investigation indicates that they may have been correct.

The quintessential expression of the tradition is engraved at the entrance to Bascom Hall, where it is rendered in the form left to us in 1894 by the University Board of Regents, who upheld academic freedom by holding that "the great state University of Wisconsin should ever encourage that continued and fearless sifting and winnowing by which alone the truth can be found."

It is appropriate that this motto is located in Bascom Hall, since the "sifting and winnowing" phrase was one which President Bascom coined himself, and which he must have repeated on scores of occasions from the time he assumed the presidency in 1874 to the time he resigned under heavy political pressure in 1887.



Bascom actually coined the phrase as early as 1868, when he was professor of rhetoric and oratory at Williams. But he used it then in a sense quite different from that which it came to take 26 years later. By the late 1860's Bascom's youthful faith in a decent moral order had vanished, and he had become an ardent spokesman for the set of beliefs that is genrally referred to as Social Darwinism. This involved the idea that Darwinian theory of natural selection and the survival of the fittest should or at least did apply to human society just as thoroughly as it applied to the world of lesser animals. The ideas of Social Darwinism were often applied during these years to provide a theory to oppose any economic regulation that threatened to interfere with the "natural" evolution of American industrial society--the emergence of a small class of "fit" capitalists in the midst of a larger group of weaker and more "unfit" laborers.

Bascom first used the sifting and winnowing phrase in the middle of a long article on "The Natural Theology of Social Science" which was published serially in the Bibliotheca Sacra, an important religious periodical published at Andover, Massachusetts. The phrase appears in the course of a passage devoted to "the lowest state of society"--a state that is produced "as the race degenerate." In such circumstances, Bascom writes, men "cease to be reached, not only by morality, but even by the motives of ordinary thrift and foresight." Sheer power is all that insures the survival of even the most fit: the pressures of the world "lodge power with the strongest, and force a foreign will on wills too weak to work reform." Brute force becomes so dominant that even "the law becomes only the more harsh, physical and direct in its application as men sink in civilization."

A dreadful state of affairs, one would assume. But Bascom, Social Darwinist that he is, does not agree. "It may be felt by some that this is a hard law, difficult to be borne in the light of moral obligation; yet it is a most beneficient law, applicable to that low level of life which develops it."

It is at this point that Bascom coins the deathless phrase which is inscribed on the building that bears his name, and which the forces of law last Wednesday pressed against other forces "too weak to work reform." "If that natural selection is good," he argues in words that span a century," by which the most vigorous male leads the herd, by which the weaker brute is pushed to the earth by the stronger, and life gains ground by its own just ascendency, not less good are those natural forces which sift and winnow savage society, and with terrible waste of the worthless, preserve a little seed that may become the source of a better harvest." *

Like the brutes and savages, we had our turn last Wednesday at being sifted and winnowed, and it should be clear that the events of the day served a higher purpose than even President Harrington, Chancellor Sewell, or the faculty may have suspected. The riot squad not only preserved the tradition of sifting and winnowing; they actually demonstrated it.

As for the tradition itself, it was originated in 1868 and we may note that its hundredth anniversary will be coming up in about two months. Maybe 1968 will turn out to be a real centennial celebration. In that case we may indeed await with confidence the "better harvest" that President Bascom assures us will follow the sifting and winnowing that is to come.

* Bibliotheca Sacra, 25 (1868) 651-652.

--Stephen Nissenbaum

A LETTER FOR HOME

(Editors' Note: In recent days much has been written in our local papers by "honest citizens" about the Dow Demonstration. Such letters only help to confuse our parents and friends who are wondering exactly what is happening at Madison. Thus Connections offers its own letter to hopefully be used as an explanation you might send home to the folks.)

Dear Mom,

I just read your letter and I'm pretty upset about it. For the first time in my life, I'm going to try to tell you what I think, and I really hope you'll listen. You know that I've had a lot of questions about the kind of world I live in, but all of a sudden my questions seem to be getting answered in my mind. These answers are going to upset you, but I want you to try to forget all the arguments we've had in the past, and just please try to listen to me now.

Yes, I was part of that "mob of angry rioters" but only accidentally.

Wednesday afternoon I was going to class in the Social Science building when a girl ran by me sobbing hysterically and calling the police dirty names. Directly in front of me a large crowd had gathered and was shouting at the police who were beating students with billy clubs. Some anti-war students had decided to obstruct the interviewing of Dow Corporation which makes napalm for the war in Vietnam. The Madison police went into the building where anti-war people were sitting-in against Dow and beat students out of the building. Not just the people sitting-in. Everybody. Fifty kids wound up in the hospital. It was a massacre. The police hit girls in the stomach and cracked skulls. One guy had a big gash in his forehead and blood all over him. I was sick.

Students outside began taunting the cops. One yelled over and over, "Shame! Go home and tell your children what you did today. Tell them about the blood!" After about fifteen minutes the police exploded tear gas on all of us, a crowd of at least a thousand.



Tear gas is terrible; your eyes water and you can't breathe. Five times the cops tear-gassed us.

What happened after that point you know. We decided to have a strike. The situation is tense. I want to tell you what I have learned.

You've always told me that in America you could change things if you went through the "proper channels." In fact, every argument we've ever had ended up with you saying that to me. Well, now I see that you are wrong; there are no proper channels: the administration, the faculty, and the cops all used the proper channels and they clubbed us unmercifully. There are no legitimate channels because the controllers of these channels are themselves illegitimate. Getting beat over the head is improper in any sense of the term.

They say cops are to protect us. Well Wednesday the cops protected fifty students right into the hospital. One of our demands is that the cops get off campus. But one of the speakers at a rally raised a bigger question to me: don't the cops do the same thing off campus? Look at the civil rights marchers in the south and in Milwaukee. And the poor people in the ghettos. If the police leave our campus, won't they just beat someone else?



Mom, because of this brutality, I am answering a lot of questions I have had. At the same time I am questioning my whole life and my role in the university. For one thing they say that the university is for students and that the Administration is supposed to serve us. But the administration did not serve or protect us; they called the cops in the first place. They knew that the building where Dow was recruiting was small and packed with students. They knew there would be beating and bloodshed. Yet the administration goes ahead and sends in the police to club students. And after fifty kids wind up in the hospital, the Administration says that the police used only the necessary force and that thirteen students are going to be suspended for causing trouble.

The truth is coming out. The administration swings a club as much as the police do--only in a more subtle way. Normally the administration just threatens to call the police if we students step out of line. But that threat was real! Our administration is the henchman behind the scenes. The cops have the power of the billy club; the administration has the power to call in the billy club. Both powers really come down to the same thing.

I think the administration cares only if we toe the mark and shut up. If we don't, they can call the cops. But normally they don't have to; we are too scared and brainwashed. The administration can threaten to expell us or put us on probation. The faculty does the same thing in so many words: Come to my classes; read my books; take my tests--and if you don't I will give you a bad grade and flunk you out of school. And this is supposed to be "education?"

What this all means is that our lives are controlled. In the university, our lives are run by the administration and the faculty. In the classroom most of my professors think they are God, and decide the course material and how the course will be run. I am supposed to be a vegetable and just soak up knowledge. The administration has strict required courses and a grading system which pits me against the student taking a test next to me. Then they tell us we are learning together. The most horrible thing is that we accept all this as normal education.

Listen, they control everything. Not only classes and studies but things like my social life. When I was a freshman in the dorms, I had to sign in and out. They made us come home very early. They control our total lives this way, Mom. How we breathe and talk and think and eat. You

A Letter Home



told me for eighteen years to stand on my own two feet for what I believe. How can I stand up if my feet don't belong to me? All we want is to run our lives, not to own the whole world. And that's why I'm with my fellow student "rioters." WE don't want to be robots ordered around by a housefellow or teacher or administrator. Tell me, is this so bad? Is Dad's life happier because he remains silent? All he does is complain about Uncle Sam taking his taxes. And we both know how his job runs his life. Maybe he is old but I am young. I want a say about my taxes, my life, my time at the University.

Last week the Administration blundered. But did it apologize? No. The chancellor supported the police and actually booted thirteen students out of school. What is interesting is that students know he could not have done otherwise. The State legislature here voted 94-5 to instruct the Board of Regents to crack down on us. They said the policy on demonstrators and demonstrations was too permissive. Then the Regents who tell the administration how to run the school told Chancellor Sewell to get tough. The Regents don't really care about us or if we get beaten. They want to keep things smooth. They just want to keep us programmed.

The Regents and administration only care about the image of the University. The Regents are mostly past administrators, people in political office, and heads of corporations. They decide; it is their school. They want a good image so the university gets money from Ford and the government. Why? To help us? No--I think it's to make us good workers and consumers for corporations like Ford, and good citizens who always agree with government policy. The university is set up for interests <u>outside</u> the university and not for students <u>inside</u> the university.

Yesterday a speaker at a rally called this whole society, including the university, just one big machine which cares more about keeping itself running than about the people who are running the machine. He asked--and I want to know--where is the machine going? They let us have our fun. There are no police beatings at panty raids or football rallies. But when we seriously question the running of the university and the society, things happen. When a group of students decides to stop one part of the machine, the university and police go berserk. One hundred cops using billy clubs beating people out of a building. Yes, the university tells us we are here to learn and question. But when we come to some conclusion which conflicts with how they want things, we get our heads busted in.

I haven't thought this whole thing out but I know I want to be more than a cog in the machine. I want more, much more. I don't want to live a life with a man who spends more time at his job than with me. I want more than a life which demands that I have a drink, or take a pill so I'm able to talk or love or just exist. There are five million alcoholics in this country and millions of dollars of tranquilizer pills sold. Did you ever ask, what makes people so anxious and unable to cope with themselves? Dad makes plenty of money but hates the job that runs his life. I feel the same way about the university.

This whole mess would never have started if the University had not invited Dow Corporation to recruit students on campus. Dow makes napalm, a gasoline jelly which burns into the flesh of people and roasts them alive. Napalm is used in Vietnam. You already know that I am opposed to the Vietnam war. Now it seems napalm is on campus as well as in Vietnam. In both places violence occurs. One of my professors said at a faculty meeting that the brutality used by our government against the people of Vietnam is also part of our reality at home. Everywhere people are getting their heads beaten in. I am beginning to see his point. When everyone is building for war to defend the country, when everyone is protecting the corporations which build for war, the result is napalm in Vietnam and Dow in Madison; bombing in Vietnam and billy clubs in Madison. I wonder when and how all this violence will end. And who will end it?

Right now I don't see any way to really change things. My professors are bought off by corporate and research grants, the President usually acts first and tells why later, the papers distort what happens, like they did to our protest, the Regents and Administration make most of the decisions important to my life, and so on. What can we do?

The radicals on our campus think words don't affect the people in power so they break laws. In fact everybody is breaking laws. The police beat us up. Dow like other corporations break the tax laws and I think the government is breaking international laws by fighting in Vietnam. How can the people in power break laws and then complain when students break laws? I really don't know the answer.

I will sign off now. I just wanted to explain to you, in my confused way, the way I see things. Whatever the papers may tell you or whatever you think you should believe, we are not rioters. What we are really doing is saying no to a world we did not create, in the hope that we can find a better and more human way for people to live. If what the government and the administration call peace is a blood-filled desert, then we don't want peace. If brutality on campus and in Vietnam is really the product of a brutal system, then we have to change that system to end the brutality. If the proper channels, which you and everyone else are so big on don't work, then we must look for other means for change. What we are questioning here is not only the morality of head-busting and war, but the morality of everything in the country. I don't want to be controlled, to go through four years in the university so that I can come out having learned to accept the inhumman and programmed patterns that people live by. I want my own life. I want a life that I can share with other people. I can't have this now. I don't know what to do, but I know that I cannot accept your definitions or the administration's. I must find my own and it seems the only other people concerned about this are my fellow students. Maybe this is all too much for you and your generation, but it's what's happening to us.

Please read my letter carefully and for God's sake answer me. I am very confused. Hope to be home for Thanksgiving.

Love,



HOUSE OF ILL-REPUTE

Oct. 22, 1967

Dr. Russell Middleton
Chairman-Dep't of Sociology
University of Wisconsin
Madison, Wisconsin

Dr. Middleton:

I want to begin by apologizing for the way that this resignation and withdrawal are coming to you. I had full intentions of returning to Madison to deliver this letter to you and the people listed below, but just before we were to leave Washington today, the car we were driving broke down. I had no money for repairs, nor for an alternative way to Madison. Thus, I am reduced to the form of letter to tell you that I find it impossible to stay at the University of Wisconsin any longer - I am resigning as of today my teaching assistant's position and withdrawing as a student.

There are three basic reasons for the decision I have reached. The first is that I don't want to be a sociologist. As I told Prof. Elder recently I want to be active in the broad range of social change occurring in the world. I don't want to be bogged down in "studying" one specific part of it from one particular perspective. I had switched to the Dep't of Sociology from the Dep't of Economics in hopes of finding some relevant matter for me. This semester I had high hopes for two of the courses I was taking - Soc. 730 and Soc. 645. Both of these classes are quite dull and irrelevant, though some of the readings in each is worthwhile, this reading I can do on my own. There were two other courses I was required to take - Soc. 772, which actually turned out to be one of the best classes, though I have little interest in the topic, and Soc. 711, which I consider to be the most insulting waste of my time foisted on me by the Department.

Now if only these incidents entered into the picture I might have been able to stay another year, at least until I got my MA. But two other events, both of which occurred this past week, make it impossible for me to continue.

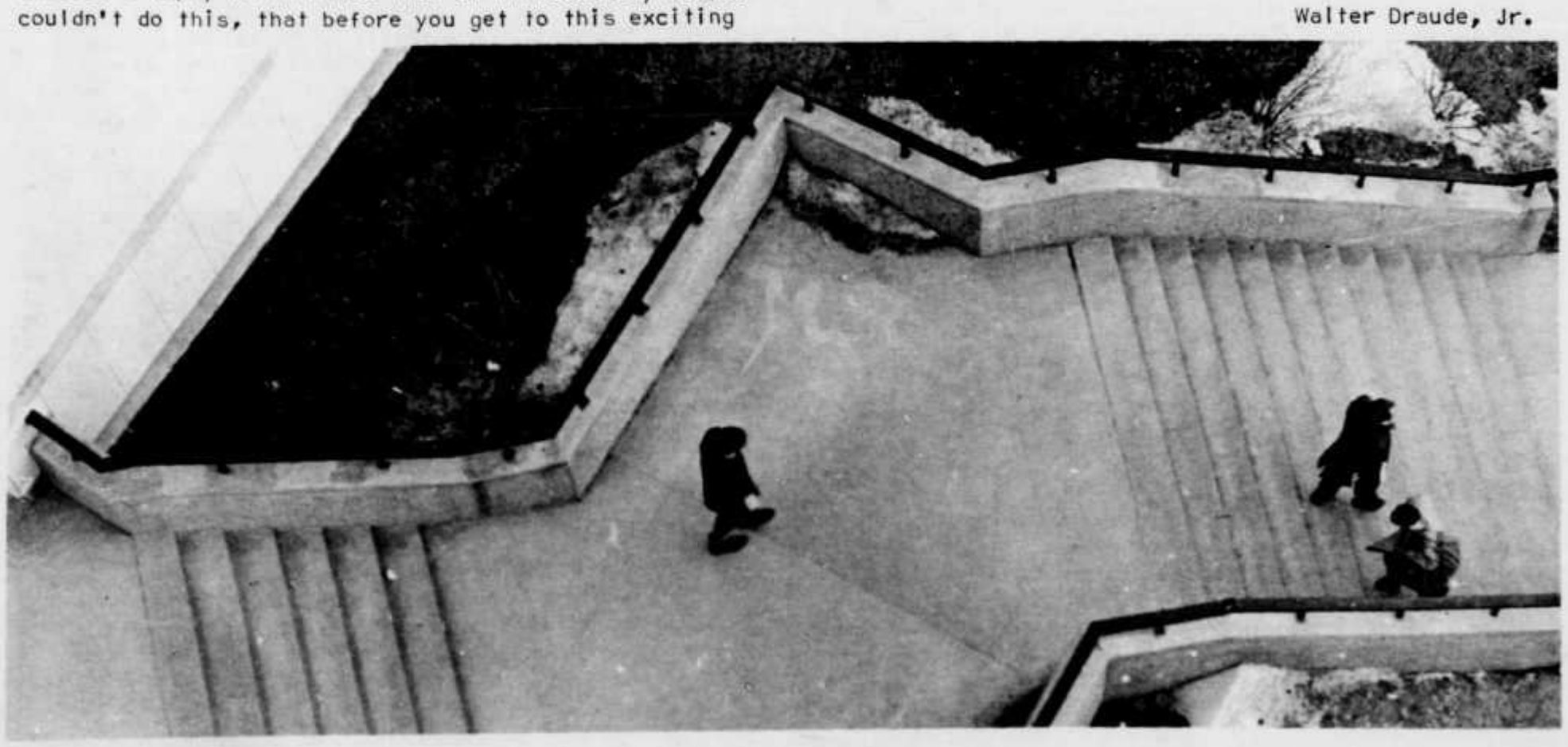
On last Tues. night Mrs. Clausen, Mr. Schwartz, Helene Levens, and myself (the staff of the Soc. 530 course) met with some "dissident" students in the course. For two consecutive weeks (on Mondays) this group, or a few of them, had raised basic questions about the course, such as: What purpose does it have? Is there any direction? Isn't this just a bunch of definitions not related to anything?, etc. This Tues. night meeting was to give the students a chance to present their views to the staff. Toward the middle of the discussion a student suggested that he wanted to get to some "exciting stuff", "stuff" he could "sink his teeth into." Mrs. Clausen's reply to this was that an introductory course couldn't do this, that before you get to this exciting stuff you have to go through the "long, ploddy, dull" process of education. At this point I told Mrs. Clausen that I disagreed with her, that her attitude was one which drove people away from the social sciences creating a phony professionalism. At this point Mr. Schwartz said that he had once said what I had said and he was glad that I said it now, for it showed a bit of rebelliousness. "But," he added, "you'll grow out of it." This latter statement is the most insulting piece of condescension I've been subjected to for quite a while. What Mr. Schwartz was talking about wasn't growing up, it was compromising, sacrificing personal beliefs, forgetting your own integrity, and I'm going to try to never do that. To top off the evening Mrs. Clausen at the end of the evening said that we shouldn't forget that this was "her course" and that she had "proprietory" rights and interests in it. If this was the case, why had she and Mr. Schwartz bothered to call the group together? To pacify them? Do they really think it's "their" course? What about the students who have to sit through it three times a week? This all is even more appalling considering that I believe that Mr. Schwartz and Mrs. Clausen have about the best attitude toward their teaching, especially compared to the large publishing and perishing group in the Department.

Finally, there is the incident of Administration brutality on Wed. of this past week. I've seen nothing to compare with it since I've returned from working with the civil rights movement in Alabama and SW Georgia. About two hundred people, including myself, committing nonviolent civil disobedience were set upon by a mob of swinging, helmeted police. Over seventy people were sent to the hospital! I don't blame the police entirely for the incident. Police generally do what they are told and react as they were taught. Most of the blame rests squarely on the shoulders of two smiling, "kind", "gentle", "liberal" men - the chancellor and the dean of students. These men, if they had any sense, would have known what was going to happen if they called in the riot police, and yet, they called them in after trying only ONE other tactic - asking us to please leave. They then compunded their error by persecuting the so-called leaders of the demonstration. They further compounded their error by calling together their rubber stamp faculty senate, which, needless to say, performed as expected and endorsed their actions.

There is no hope for the University of Wisconsin. It is a house of ill-repute, where a majority of the administrators, faculty, and students prostitute the ideal of education, while a minority frustrates and embitters itself trying to fight them. I, personally, can take it no longer. I am physically and mentally sick over the events of the past few weeks. So it is that I have decided to resign my teaching assistantship and withdraw as a student.

I can be reached at the above address if there is any correspondence that is necessary between us.

Walter Draude, Jr.



Senate Riot Grope

(Editor's Note: The State Legislature approved the creation of a Senate investigating committee on the 'riot' at the University. Lieutenant-Governor Jack Olson is the chairman of this committee. To date, President Fred Harvey Harrington, Chancellor William Sewell, and Dean of Students Joseph Kauffman have testified.

Last week, while I was listening to the Senate Hearings on WHA, I let all that unselfconscious stupidity radiate into my head full force. Just let it vibrate,(radio - ears jiggling like an old cow's aching tits) and yelled back when it came on too strong. But that was good - the yelling - because I was participating, fighting Ignorance out of Government Houses, feeling the battle-piss back up in my veins, etc.

But (I decide) 'good' to no end: there is nothing to learn from a confrontation with idiocy on the radio, partly because a scene that's called up by a broadcast is predictable to my own mind; I mean there wasn't any context for that drivel but my recollection of corporate Wednesday, plus a half-dozen hazy prejudices about the physiques of fatty legislators. But to go watch <u>their</u> reality, to dig <u>their</u> context way the hell up on the fourth floor of the Capitol under the giant rennie-nippled gland of Wisconsin, way above the innocent nimbus of a suckling commerce- that's the way to learn what a legislator really means when talks about "the great State of Wisconsin".

So I went over, up to 421 South. I had waited for a recess because I expected to feel a little conspicuous in jeans and workshirt, which I did, even though there were quite a few students in the gallery, several beards, one or two chics with long black hair and fleshy stockings who sat right up front, never changing their focus except to light a cigarette.

The rest of the listeners were 'your typical American boojhwa-zy', i.e. brown business suit with boring rhymed ties, viscidly lipstuck females with broad asses and smiles. They all nodded and gestured just a bit too expressly, dancing out a vague uncertainty that their Influence wasn't really evident, or sufficient.

And there were newsmen sitting on the dais directly behind the committee table and across from the gallery. The guy from WKOW-TV was into a serious Rod Steiger thing with his juicy fruit, and John Patrick Hunter was there covering for the down-home Liberals. All in all it was a small-scale Madison Spectacle, and each faction reported by facial registration pretty much where it was at (except for one guy who was so grown over with fat that no digest of emotion was at all visible on his face).

It occured to me to go back home to listen, but I had already learned something. I discovered that if I remembered what it had been like to 'see' from the radio the same reality I was sitting in right then, I could understand what sort of distortions this particular broadcast(at least), was creating. The results were something I could really get into.

Right then one of the senators was trying to ask Sewell a question. It was essentially a motion to forbid anyone from sitting in the hallway in UW buildings (!!) 'to nip protests in the bud'. But the sad senator's wording got so long and grammatically involved that he whirled a linguistic vortex and disappeared, from sense if not from sight. The whole committee had that problem to some degree. But they do it for the sake of "accuracy", give up their own vocabularies and use legalese as a high-tone paradigm - and then I flashed what the distortion was: on the radio this syntax problem is merely stupid, and the only way to confront it is to reject it on its own terms. It has no other context but itself and suggests nothing beyond itself except what we give it - what I said at the beginning. But up in that Hearing room, the speech and voice and vocabulary had an outline and context; instead of confronting it only with a vicarious No at home, you could confront it radically, i.e. in terms of what it was not. In other words, the statement was no longer a self-enclosed stupidity since the context for it - its complete reality - allowed the possibility that it <u>could</u> have been expressed accurately and meaningfully.

The whole problem of distortion being our acceptance of what the witch-hunt radio noise <u>is</u> as <u>the</u> reality to be confronted. It is self-enclosed, permits no negation in terms of what is possible.

So the upshot of all this is that the witch-hunt in 421 South is much less depressing than the witch-hunting noise in your bedroom. 421 has a context which is physically possible to negate,lads, and the legislature, and the administration, and the state!

-TLS

OBSERVATIONS

(continued from page 7)

the kids he had used a club on. To him there had been simply a role to play which he had played out. By extension he assumed that the kids he had clubbed were simply playing roles rather than doing anything serious: thus when he met them afterwards he expected the conversation to be green room chatter, the gossip of actors who have taken off their make-up after the show.

There is certainly this same nuance in the attitude of all Americans to Vietnam. "Oh, come off it; you can't think the Vietcong <u>really</u> expect to beat us!" is the sort of thing one is told. The bombing is educational: it is to inform them of the fact that America will win, to improve the morale of the Saigon government, to persuade Hanoi to negotiate. America being a country where the everyday realities are made up of evanescent images and myths convenient to their perpetrators, it is difficult for any American in a position of authority to conceive of a hard fact or an unpleasant reality. That a student may wish, deliberately, to do something that is not easy and convenient, or that the Vietnamese may have wants, beliefs and needs which resist American systems analysis, is simply beyond the capacity of the belief structure of liberal America.

It is difficult to tell why the police are the greatest issue involved in protest at Wisconsin: perhaps it is just that students and professors think the only outrageous aspect of the whole affair is the fact that the immunity of the middle class from violence was violated. While this is of course bad -- I mean it's nice that at least a few people in the world are normally safe from violence of one sort and another -- it would seem to be almost the least important question involved in the whole affair.

Dow Chemical, after all, has announced that a record 150 students asked for interviews with them. Presumably they have flocked to Dow because of the publicity the company has had -- the psychology is the same as that of people who rushed out to be tattooed with "Born to Raise Hell" after Richard Speck was arrested. One would think there might be some question about the adequacy of a university which turns out that kind of graduate.

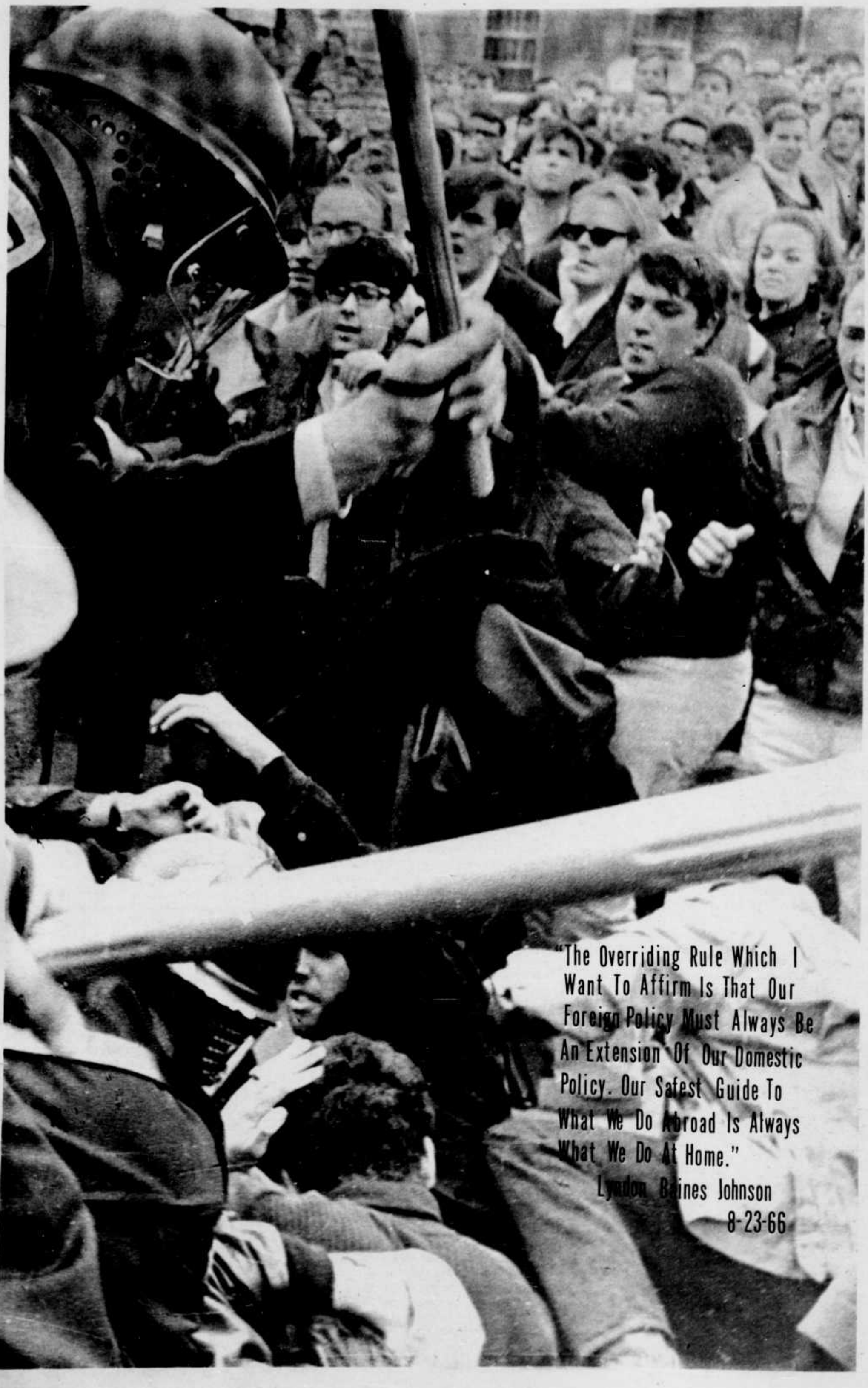
The adequacy of the university is in question in some other ways too. This "sifting and winnowing" university has defined itself as impartial in the conflict between Dow and students who think Dow, and the war machine of which it is a part, evil. Yet there is a point at which impartiality -- the willingness to give equal time to right and wrong -- becomes absurd and dangerous. As in Germany in the 1920's, the I.G. Farben and free enquiry could not coexist, so today in wartime, the university as an institution cannot exist if it tries in one fabric to contain mechanical engineering and classified research, social work and neutrality on open housing, arts and letters and the executives of the war machine.

To a Dean Kauffman, Chancellor Sewell, or President Harrington, the most important thing about this assertion is clear: if the university as an institution opposed the authoritarian state, racism and the bloated military it would suffer as an institution: funds would be cut off; politicians would attack; angry veterans and patriots might attack its employees and/or buildings. To which one says "Why naturally." We are of course in a war, in an insane society, surrounded by a large number of dangerous people. To oppose this state of affairs is of course dangerous and inconvenient.

Which is why the university as an institution is in favor of all kinds of abstractions but avoids any particular applications, leaving individuals to bear the risks of advocacy -- when the university as an institution does not have them tear gassed or clubbed.

And which is why it's a little silly to bug the local police force, rather than protesting and replacing the men and structures of power whose will they carry out.

--David Lloyd-Jones


"The Overriding Rule Which I
Want To Affirm Is That Our
Foreign Policy Must Always Be
An Extension Of Our Domestic
Policy. Our Safest Guide To
What We Do Abroad Is Always
What We Do At Home."
Lyndon Baines Johnson
8-23-66

connections

Volume 2 Number 4/November 27-December 11/Price 15¢ (20¢ out of Wisconsin)



THE CAPITAL TIMES CONFOUNDED

The Capital Times prides itself on being one of the last of the great progressive fearless newspapers in the nation. This is bullshit.

On November 2 the Capital Times ran an editorial ("Look Who's Talking About the 'Content of the Protest'") which reveals the bankruptcy of progressivism in this city:

> "And there is no paper that has hit more at the cold calculating Commies in Moscow and Peking who are willing to fight to the last Vietnamese to keep this country engaged in the kind of suicidal war now underway.
> "The Commie lackeys on this campus and elsewhere who are helping to organize the kind of demonstrations that turn public sentiment behind the 'military-industrial complex' may not know what they are doing.
> "But their masters in Moscow and Peking know that their extremism strengthens the hand of the war makers in this country and delays the day when we get out of the mess we are in."

This editorial managed to avoid the issue we raised about the Cap Times' miserable coverage of those tense days during and after the Dow protest on October 18 (see CONNECTIONS, special issue on the "Great Dow War," November 1-14, pages 10 and 11.) Instead the editor, Miles MacMillan, chose to attack the "commies" and the "commie lackeys."

Why should such phrases pop up in the rhetoric of our progressive Cap Times?

The word "commie" is most significant for liberals who passed through the 1940's and 1950's. It is a supercharged word for those who fought Joe McCarthy and who also supported the elaboration of America's cold war policy after World War II. Newspapers, such as the Capital Times, have since discarded the word because the U.S. has entered into a new era in international relations. But the concept behind the word remains. That insidious group of Moscow-molded devils still plagues this fine nation. They seek to enslave the American people and to deliver up this country to a monolithic movement dedicated to a Stalin-like world where democracy and freedom do not exist.

"Commies" is also an emotionally tinged word which conjures up remembrances of the political battles between the liberals/progressives and the old Communist Party during the 40's and 50's.

For most of us who did not live through this period, these concepts and memories don't exist. Thus many were surprised or shocked by the invocation of such a phrase as "commie lackey." Why did the Capital Times use it?

Part of the answer lies in the kind of city this is and the kind of paper the Capital Times is. The city of Madison prides itself on its liberality, tolerance and cleanliness. To those middle-aged liberals living in beleaguered little communities surrounded by reaction Madison appears to be a utopia. Madisonians and the Capital Times uphold this image. They like it here. They enjoy battling the forces of evil right. They can't do without them, because it reinforces their image of themselves. They are cosmopolitan, moral, and open-minded. The University of Wisconsin is the cornerstone upon which the progressive image was built.

Now the University is in crisis and so is the city. The Dow protest last year, the bus lane obstruction this spring, and now the most recent Dow demonstration, have thrown us into this maelstrom. The Capital Times' reaction to the crisis has been venomous and yet confused. As the progressive image fades, the measured and restrained rhetoric is shelved for what the editor knows best: the vocabulary of the ardent anti-communist liberal. "Commie" and "Commie lackey" go to the root of the Capital Times' comprehension of the student left. The words simply prove our assertion that the Cap Times does not understand the "meaning of war protest." The Capital Times' rhetoric reveals how threatened and insecure it is in the mid-sixties; it cannot comprehend, because to understand what is would be to admit that the progressive image is hollow and irrelevant to the crises which we are confronting. Thus, the editor harkens to another era, the prisoner of a past when progressivism was victorious.

There is a city in Mississippi, named Grenada, which also has a population of about 150,000 and the image of being a good, quiet, advanced city --until its black population began to protest, march, and disrupt. As the disruption continued, the image of a peaceful Grenada evaporated, the rhetoric also shifted. A restrained and moderate approach changed to vitriolic shibboleths against the spectre of a black revolt in the city.

Though the public issues are different here, the nature of the reaction to crisis is the same. When self-assured leaders, be they newspapermen, university presidents or mayors, are confronted with a challenge they cannot understand or do not want to solve, the facade crumbles. Thus, University President Fred Harvey Harrington moves by fiat to fire Robert Cohen from his teaching assistantship; Madison's mayor will "crack heads" to preserve law and order; and the Capital Times assures us that anti-McCarthyism and anti-communism are synonymous.

The likelihood is that the Capital Times and other leaders in Madison will not realize what they have done. They will proceed with less confidence, but always armed with the rhetoric, shibboleths, and formulas now no longer applicable to a generation unwilling to remain passive during this new kind of American Depression which has characterized the Sixties.

--Robert Gabriner

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THE THINGIFIED FOOTBALL PLAYER

There is a disease at the University of Wisconsin, and it extends to every part of the body. It emanates from the Administration--a moral eunuch to be manipulated by the Regents, the State Legislature, the U.S. government--to the faculty--castrated thrice daily by the Holy Trinity of Job, Publish or Perish, Tenure--and ultimately to the student body. Indeed a student at the state university of Wisconsin in the aftermath of the Dow incident (an "incident" or simply a demonstration, an actualization of the sham of the "Wisconsin idea?" The student, forcibly reduced to the unwanted realization that he is a thing, receives his cold grits from the admonishing fist of "the powers that be") discovers just who the hell he is--39434 and that's it. He is the unfortunate exemplar of the hollow man, and his "headpiece filled with straw" is but a dumping ground for a professor's shallow eruditions or perhaps a punching bag for Madison cops. A student loses his balls to the GPA and the 2-S deferment.

The major recourse has been a sort of substitute-manhood, the vicarious thrill of animal grace and violence in Saturday's "do or die" at Camp Randall. Here there is an actualization of an individual's energy, a romantic identity-catharsis for the fans with the bodies on the field. It is a sordid romance made more sordid by its glorification, such as that by Chicago Daily News sportswriter Bill Jauss: "...Purdue linebacker Bob Yunaska was dragged half-conscious off the field early in the Notre Dame game, (and) the uniformed army of sorority gals (black sweaters, brown slacks and canes) rose as one woman and yelled, 'WE WANT BLOOD!'" But this form of mass sublimation fails to shock us. We have long ago learned that there is more intensity, more emotion, more spirit at Saturday's blood-rite than we are bound to find in theatres, classrooms, or even the backseats and bedrooms of America. Indeed it is probably during the singing of "Varsity" that many students experience the most intense moment of spiritual union, of love and community that they will ever achieve on this campus.

Even "Varsity" cannot hide the fact that something is amiss at the University of Wisconsin. At first the disease hides behind the spectator's illusion that the corporate duplicity, the rise and fall of the billy club, the dehumanization and brutalization of the student ends at the gates of Camp Randall. The second illusion is the most ironic: that the 50,000 or more Walter Mittys, who can believe that they see their own manhood actualized by the brute on the field, are seeing only a mirror of themselves. For the men on the field brutalization is a way of life; compared to them the Dow demonstrators were treated like a privileged class. At the University of Wisconsin the spectator sees only the "John Coatta Man;" a type of animal very similar to the many professional football players who supplement their diets with drug tablets called anabolic steroids. Steroids convert carbohydrate intake to protein, adding incredible muscle and weight to the user's frame; steroids also shrink the user's testicles to pre-pubic size. It is not the drug but the disease that has made the "Wisconsin man."

The disease laid bare to students and faculty also infects the ever-glorious member of athletics. Football has got it bad. It sickens the body of the Athletic Department and coaching staff. But most importantly it reaches the players themselves in the way they are recruited and what happens to them when they get here.

In the end the disease has announced its presence--an 0-9-1 season, the first winless season since 1889 and the first season without a win at Camp Randall since 1943.

THE ATHLETIC DEPARTMENT: SLUGS AND VEGETABLES

The football disease begins in the Athletic Department. It involves a solidified, well-paid, self perpetuating hierarchy in the administration and coaching staff with tentacles that reach down State Street to the Capitol, to Bascom, to merchants on the square. Included in it is close to one half-million dollars in scholarship money that goes unspecified and unlisted, a multi-million dollar investment in a new deck to the stadium (the last home game sellout was in 1955; the new deck was added in 1966), and close to $200,000 per game in ticket receipts that go unaudited and unpublished. Moreover, it involves a hierarchy, a status quo, that covers itself in a shroud of mystery unmatched by Kremlin politics. In short, the Athletic Department is big business, a major factor in the economy of Madison.

Point: Only 100,000 of the allotted 330,000 dollars spent in athletic recruiting comes from the gate receipts of football games. This leaves almost a quarter of a million dollars to be "solicited" from outside sources: alumni, football support clubs (the Madison Quarterback Club, the Mendota Association, etc.), and Wisconsin (mostly Madison) business interests, such as prominent clothes shops on the square.

So everybody's got a finger in the football pie. In a capitalist democracy money talks. In Madison money screams--at the Athletic Department. ("Say, coach, I like that boy. He will play this Saturday, won't he?")

Point: Every major collegiate institution has an Athletic Director: the University has Ivy Williamson. Many institutions also have an Assistant Athletic Director. The University of Wisconsin has an Assistant Athletic Director who goes under the name of Milt Bruhn. And William Aspinwall. And Oscar Damman. And Paul Shaw. That makes four. Their significance: approximately $75,000 in salaries. The nature of their jobs and working hours: undisclosed, information not available.

In addition, the University of Wisconsin has its very own "Administrative Officer" (George Lamphear). Nature of work and salary per annum? Same story.

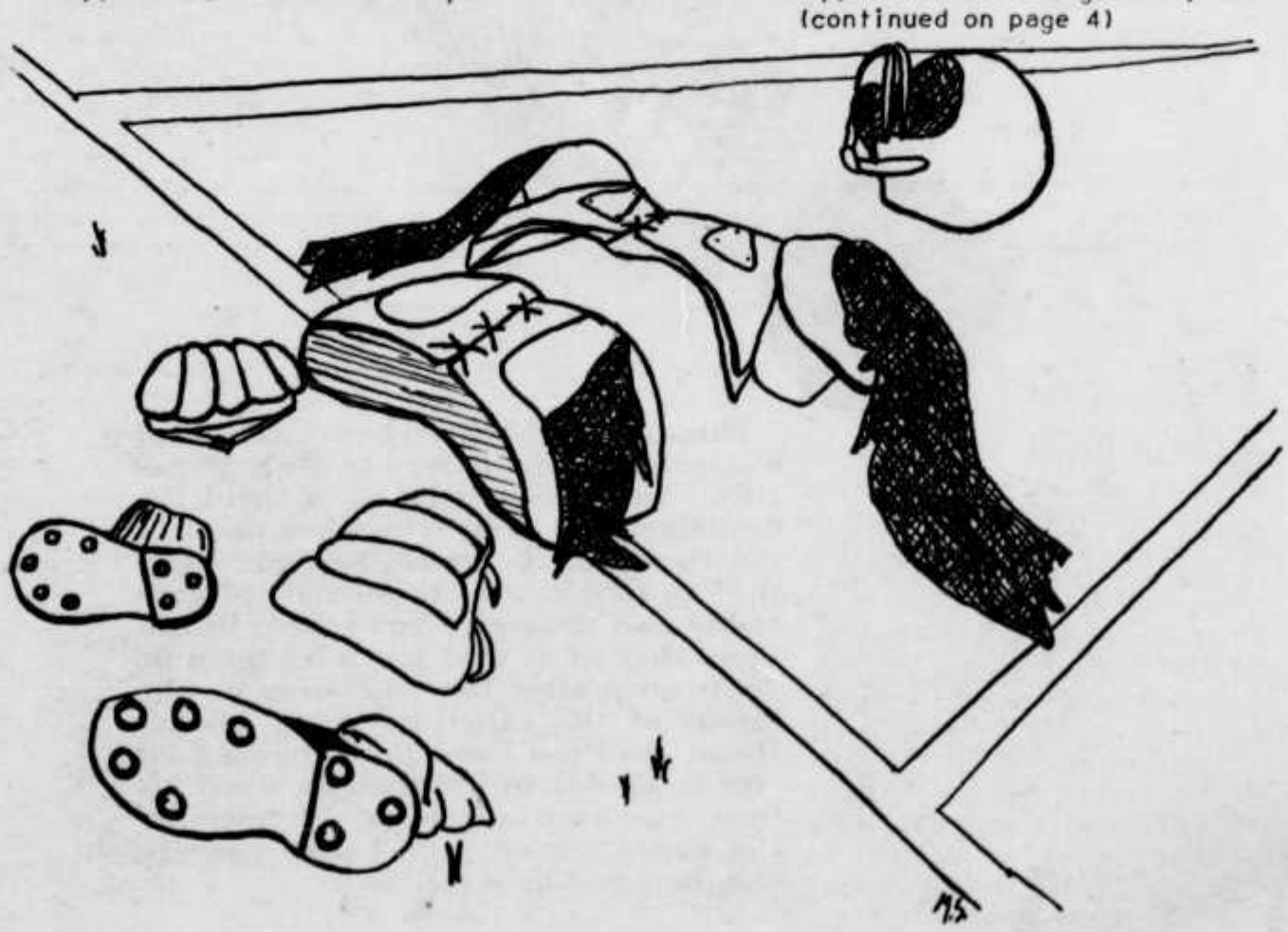
Questions for further class discussion: What is the "tenure plan," who gets in on it, what does it mean in hard lucre? Was Milt Bruhn kicked upstairs in the Athletic Department to fill the need for an Assistant Athletic Director, was the position created to fill the need for Milt Bruhn? Who publishes the complimentary copy of the "Student Service Directory" (which contains the football schedules plus pictures of some starting players) and how many of the 94 Madison firms advertising in it have more than a "casual" interest in Wisconsin football? Finally, what happens to the gate receipts from football and basketball games?

THE COACHING STAFF: LITTLE CAESAR AND CREW

The football disease eases its way into the coaching staff through John Coatta's peculiar definition of manhood. A "man" under the Coatta regime is one who is not an individual, but a part of the team machine, an object, a "guy who can take it" (take orders, take pain, take shit).

But John Coatta's dream of building a football machine in the Texas-Alabama mode at Wisconsin is a fleeting illusion. For one, Wisconsin doesn't produce the fervent gung-ho mentality or the quality ballplayers from different parts of the country, different backgrounds, dif-

(continued on page 4)



FOOTBALL

(continued from page 3)

ferent colors. Second, Coatta is not a Darell Royal or Bear Bryant--far from it. Third, one doesn't run a team on the basis of fear or mutual disrespect, nor does one rob players of their self-esteem, of the indefinable spark of ego or will that enables a player to function at his physical peak. When an entire team operates without this effective will and without this individual certainty, they can only lose.

To remake a good football player into a mediocre one is not a difficult task. It merely demands authority--simple, irrational, pop-the-whip authority. You impress upon the player that he has little value, that he will follow commands without thinking and without rebuttal. You imbue the same kind of thinking in your assistant coaches and let them be the ringmasters of their individual concerns (the offensive line, the backfield, the defense)--the lion-taming act can now begin.

Further, your own masculinity crisis has filtered down to those below you; a "man" is someone who takes orders and takes pain with equal facility ("I don't care how much you hurt, we need you for the Michigan game"). Again, the player is only a part of a much bigger, more insidious complex.

As a student, one has only the professor, the Administration, Dow Chemical, and the lights-that-burn-all-night down in the Agriculture and Biochemistry buildings between himself and The Truth. But as a football player one has the eightfold ignoble path to tread; only a few manage the journey. If he checks out with the freshman coach (is his hair short enough, does he dress right?) and with Johnny Coatta (does he take orders? will he play despite that butchered knee?), he's halfway. But how does he make out with the people who put the money in the till? Where's he from? What color is his skin? Criteria of size, weight, speed, and ability fall sway to the big "A"--attitude. ("the right attitude, boy.") That means you play, that bad knee notwithstanding. You had best heed Bob Dylan's "Subterranean Homesick Blues:"

Look out kid,
No matter what you did
Walk on your tip-toes,
Don't find no bones
Better stay away from those
Who play around the fire-hose
Keep a clean nose
Wash some clean clothes
You don't need a weatherman to know
which way the wind blows.

If you don't want to be a bum you better chew gum and say "yousa," and then you'll play. Maybe.

The rationale behind the standardization of the individuals on the team is very simple: it is not the player but "the machine" that wins football games. For even Coach Coatta is just a bigger man prostrate to a bigger machine. Sure John Coatta is an ex-Badger, and his winning smile and obsequious ways check him out with his predecessor Milt Bruhn and the Athletic Department. And the dollar donors on State Street dig him as do the people of importance in Madison, right down to the ex-mayor Reynolds, his father-in-law. He's been part of the system since his playing days, and when a new man was needed to replace forcibly retired Milt Bruhn, a new man instilled with the old status quo was in order (not a new man who might bust things up). But not everybody likes Coatta. Some of the alumni are tired of having their boys crapped on; they didn't like Bruhn and were instrumental in forceing his release. They don't like Coatta either.

There is an additional animosity towards Coatta in the upper echelons; indeed, his mere selection as head coach created more than a few murmurs of displeasure. One need only look at the impressive records of the candidates (the head coaches of the University of Washington, Miami of Ohio, and assistant coach John Ray of Notre Dame) to realize that the selection of John Coatta was at best ludicrous.

Despite the opposition of some alumni and the University Regents, John

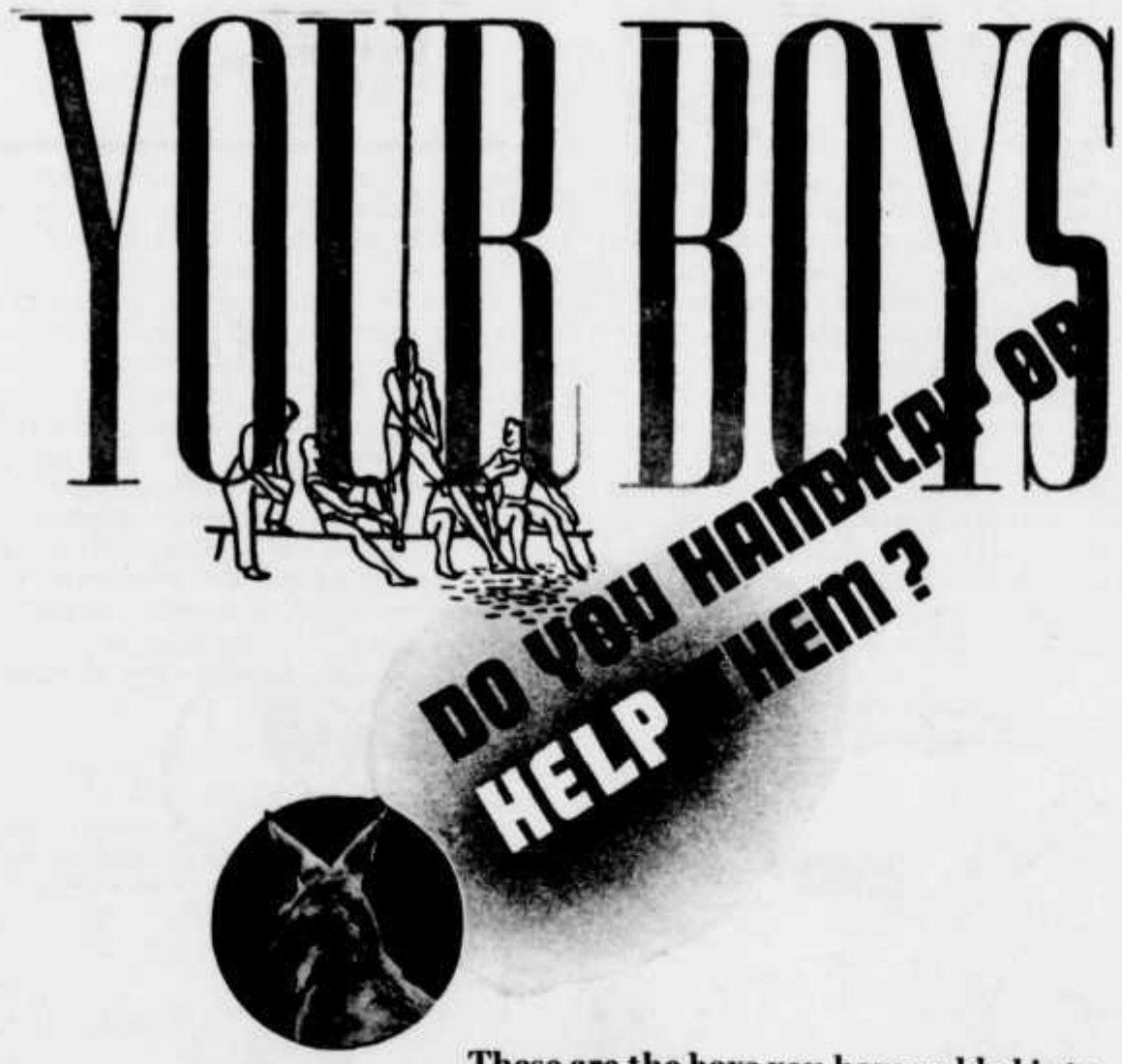
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Claimed by the Wisconsin Blue Book as a fourth-class city, Wautoma is the county seat of Waushara county in Wisconsin's sand country. Life is hard for the county's 13,000 residents, many of whom scratch out a living on land that was logged over by the timber pirates before the turn of the century. With poverty a near reality for many of the county's residents, a Friday night football game between the black and orange of Wautoma high and another school located in the sand country provides an emotional outlet that the living room television set fails to offer. In an area of the state in which an exasperating social and economic milieu often produces a Hitchcock-like script of suicides, murders and macabre events, football offers a welcome diversion.

On October 27th, the fans filled the wooden stands to witness the big game between Wautoma and New Lisbon. Unlike other games during the season, Wautoma's Hornets virtually scored at will and by the third quarter led, 27-0. Despite the lopsided score, the boys from New Lisbon battled on doggedly to overcome their huge deficit. Finally, their vicious tackling caused some consternation among Wautoma loyalists and, bowing to the bellows of the partisan crowd, the officials penalized New Lisbon for piling on a Hornet hero.

Suddenly, pandemonium broke loose. Spectators from both sides of the field raced onto the gridiron in response to a near-brawl between Wautoma and New Lisbon players. Wautoma county sheriff Virgil "Buck" Batterman threw down his popcorn, grabbed one of his deputies and strode toward the scene of action to restore law and order among the rioters. Batterman, until recently the owner of the most popular teen beer bar in the sand country, quickly singled out a pair of fired-up spectators from New Lisbon and told his deputy to arrest them. The deputy, a puny specimen compared to the 225-pound sheriff, started to comply but was promptly battered from behind with a neat body block thrown by one of the New Lisbon squad members.

Despite the fact that neither Batterman or his deputy sheriff had remembered to bring clubs or tear gas to the game, the obstructionists who were unlawfully assembled were finally brought to terms. Helping his newly-crippled deputy off the brown-grassed gridiron, the bulky sheriff announced that the game was suspended, and disappointed fans shuffled across the dead grass covering the sand that had always made their lives an endless bout with nature.



These are the boys you have welded into a smart, fighting, never-say-die aggregation. You have taught all of them the fundamentals. You've coached them in the theory of the game, brought along the "quick thinkers" to positions of leadership and strategy. You've inst lled in them that spirit that won't let them lie down no matter how the score or the breaks of the game are going against them. And you know that when a final plea is needed to lift their battered efforts, you have only to say "Remember I'm depending on you—I need you—go out there and fight for *me*."

Gung Ho And Status Quo

(continued from page 4)

Coatta got the job, a three year contract signed by a Hobbit, and a position in the status quo.

The status quo at the Athletic Department, like the status quo outside of that seemingly narrow realm, is maintained by a hierarchy that fully understands the meaning of coercion. The businessmen, legislators and bureaucrats who run the show have no need of Mao's Maxim, "power comes from the barrel of a gun," they understand it instinctively. In fact the whole system from top to bottom can be defined in one sense as a nightmarish game of "I've gotchya:" the business group has Harrington, Harrington has Williamson, Williamson has Coatta, and Coatta has the players by the balls. For those who play the game well there are ample rewards, but for those who buck the setup or prove unequal to their task the punishments are extremely painful. But no one gets as badly shafted as the players do. For most of the players there is neither life nor consciousness, there is only the team, only the coach.

THE PLAYERS

It is when the player discovers that his life revolves around the coach, that his education, his career are entrusted to this one man that he enters the ranks of the victimized. The same insidious hierarchy that prevents students from learning, that makes it impossible for professors to be teachers also dictates that football players cannot be human beings. For a student there are other schools, other courses, other ways to actualize his energies. Football players are cattle on the Bruhn-Coatta chopping block; his manhood coincides with the coaching staff's definition, and perhaps he can graduate from the university. If not, it is because he hasn't the credits to get a degree since from the day he got here the athletic department arranged his schedule; consequently, once he had exhausted the courses in physical education they dumped him into agriculture and then into commerce. The whip of the scholarship is held over his head; without a scholarship, he hasn't got a prayer. His case is a silent one, and he hasn't got the money or the inclination to stay around; the emasculation has been so complete that he cannot fight. But there are many of them, and their presence is not missed because the fans never see their names on the roster, and the Capital Times and the Wisconsin State Journal ("for the good of Wisconsin") never tell what they know but chalk them up to the standard catch phrases--"dropped out," "illness in the family," "declared ineligible." There were almost 90 members of the freshman football team that was quarterbacked by John Boyajian four years ago. There are now 17 remaining. Almost 70 members of that team have dropped out along the way. Some just weren't good enough; some got screwed. The latter form the living proof that has made the "Wisconsin Idea" a lie.

-DCW, WVS

The questions for next class: what happens to those who do not learn to love the man, John Coatta, and his machine? How are athletes recruited, and what becomes of them after they get here? Terms to brush up on: the Wisconsin come on, the Wisconsin reality, the slave mentality, the recruiting game, racism.

Vacation Trophy



Athlete's Foot: Many students catch it while away from college supervision. Cases like the one illustrated are their "vacation trophies." Now is the time to take active measures to prevent the further spread of this most common skin infection—to treat existing cases.

Alta-Co, odorless fungicide, is recommended by medical authorities—used by many leading colleges. Diluted in water, 1-to-10, it kills Athlete's Foot fungi in less than 30 seconds. Non-irritating. Harmless to towels. Write for verbatim reports of clinical and laboratory tests.



Dolge Foot Tub, patented, made of non-blooming rubber in 1 piece. Non-slip tread inside. Non-skid: suction cups on bottom. Fits easily in any doorway.

Send for booklet J-9, Foot Tub service dept

Defense Fund

Since the 18th of October, student activists at the University of Wisconsin have become the butt of a five-pronged attack launched by city, state, and University officials in an attempt to repress student protest. Thirteen students have been suspended from the University; seven students have been arrested on charges of disorderly conduct; a select Senate subcommittee was conducting hearings into the "riotous conditions" of the 18th and had subpoenaed two students; Bronson LaFollette, Attorney General, acting in concert with University officials, sought, and got, a sweeping injunction in state court against participating in, or counseling others to participate in, a long list of protest activities; and then, in a somewhat distorted form of student power, the Student Court ordered 18 individuals and six campus organizations (including the Young Dems), to show cause why Student Court, also, at the instigation of the Board of Regents, should not issue an injunction against an obstructive protest.

The suit filed the Friday before the Dow demonstration in Federal Court, Paul Soglin et al. v. Joseph F. Kauffman et al., in its amended form, asked that the court strike down not only certain University regulations under which the Administration was intending to discipline students, but also the state disorderly conduct statute, on the grounds that they are vague, overbroad, and threaten certain guaranteed First Amendment rights. The disorderly conduct statute is also being challenged in the Zwicker v. Boll case, which arose out of last year's Dow demonstration and is now waiting to be heard before the Supreme Court of the United States.

The other suit in Federal Court, Goldman v. Olson, asks that the Court declare unconstitutional the existence of the Select Senate Subcommittee on the grounds that its purpose is to "chill" the exercise of First Amendment rights, and also quash the subpoenas that have been issued to two student protestors. In the Federal Court actions, the Madison attorneys have been assisted by the Law Center for Constitutional Rights, and Attorney William Kunstler in particular, who has already flown into Madison twice to argue before Judge Doyle in Federal Court. The legal activity also includes the disorderly conduct arrests, the state injunction (LaFollette v. Cohen et al.) and the Student Court action.

Since the 13th, about $2000 has been spent on the Dow cases, and it is estimated that at least $10,000 will be expended before the legal battle is over. That sum does not include salary for the attorneys, who have worked full time since the 13th on these cases, to the exclusion of their regular practice and at times their personal lives, nor the salaries of the two secretaries, who have also been working full time on the Dow cases.

The money breaks down as follows: xeroxing briefs and other items: $400; service fees for U.S. Marshalls and sheriff: $200; filing fees: $50; Kunstler's flight: $120; bail for seven people: $750; long distance phone calls not yet accounted for: about $300.

Wisconsin, along with California, now can claim to be in the vanguard of repressive moves against protest. We must support the litigation in order that the movement not be squashed with legal maneuvers, and in order that the select individuals against whom the action is being taken, not be picked off and penalized to pay the price of a movement we have all created and believe in.

As the war in Viet Nam continues to escalate, the anti-war movement will escalate, and we shall more and more come to see the repressive arm of the government falling heavily on those who are fighting the "war at home." What is happening in Wisconsin is of concern not only for those here in Madison, and for our friends and family in other parts of the country, but for all those who share our determination to see that things change.

Please send contributions to either the Wisconsin Legal Defense Fund, P.O. Box 132, Madison, Wisconsin, or, if you want your contribution to be tax-exempt, to the Law Center for Constitutional Rights, 116 Market St., Newark, New Jersey, and make sure that the checks are earmarked "For the Wisconsin Cases." People who receive CONNECTIONS in the New York area can contact George Weiland, 61-47 219th St., Flushing, New York 11364, who is organizing a fund-raising drive. Anyone else outside the Madison area who would be interested in raising funds can contact the W.L.D.F. at the Madison address for further information.

From the large sheaf of books & mags which need attention in these pages I've picked out a few that will serve the purpose of clearing the road for future issues. I wrote in September that I intend to help direct a little cash to some of the poets & their presses who need it, now, necessarily, if they are to survive. And I'm not talking about the normal little mag miasma which threatens every day to clog our ears & stopper up the sound of any true vision. I do mean the guys who are making the language for us, that we can say what we mean to each other: now or in 20 years; out of the common experience, etc.

One such poet is Richard Krech. His mimeobook HOW EASILY YOUR MIND CAN SLIP OFF! is a definition--street reality in the 60's:

i pass a paper boy on his route.
he
asks me for a cigarette, his old
clothes
torn, not grass-stained,
like the kids in the suburbs. i
think
of martin's son, david,
going out to shine shoes in the
fillmore.
getting beat-up because he's
white.

"Sure. Here!"

we go off silently in different
directions

How Easily Your Mind Can Slip
Off!

i am a ten year old negro kid
on my
paper route. i just bummed a
cigarette
from a hippy with long hair.
after i'm done with my route,
i'm going to go up to the
highschool
& watch my brother's team
practice.

There's nothing I can say about this (short) book to substitute for reading it, but as further inducement it should be remarked that Krech drives his integrity to an "objectivity" that records his reality exactly as it appears to his eye (as distinguished from the objective knowledge of, with respect to the following, the sunrise as an event above the atmosphere), & his eye's horizon is encompassed by the city:

Dawn. a bar of red
breaking over the sky.

from my position
in the street i
see

a strange arc
from one sidewalk
to the other...

18th DYNASTY EGYPTIAN AUTOMOBILE TURNON, by D.R. Wagner (no relation, for the last time) has an introduction by Cleveland concretist D.A. Levy which is itself good enough to be introduced. Wagner's book has to be read closely, and permits no wavering of the attention. It's not 'obscure' in the academic sense, but has the fragmentation of a dream-vision that is (NB:) clearly perceived, which makes it unusual to begin with, & is even more unique in that the 20th C. Egyptian ("final sunlight") treasure-tomb of America is uncovered personally, ritually, in the person. That makes it practically non-quotable. But here's a quick hit:

After many years a fine
dust settles here / the flowers
dry/retain their shape / a hawk
is sitting on the flower bowl
he has only one eye.

Either of these two books is obtainable from Poetry est. 66, 422 E. Harvard, Glendale, California, 91205. Send them a buck or two; they don't have fixed prices & will send you good things for your change.

Before I turn to more local concerns I'll mention CAMELS COMING, a magazine coming out of Reno. Number 7 has Clayton Eshleman, Paul Blackburn, Larry Eigner, D.R. Wagner, Sam Cornish & several other poets who don't back away. It's also in mimeo, & you can't find such consistent quality in any linotype--save one perhaps--anywhere in the US. It has no subscriptions, but a small contribution to the stamp fund (again, one or two $'s) will bring you anything they turn out (which includes QUARK, next no. featuring letters between CC ed. & Doug Blazek). P.O. Box 8161, University Station, Reno, Nevada, 89507.

* * * *

Milwaukee probably has more bad poets per acre than any other city in the Midwest. (Bob Watt is the only man there who doesn't seem to let a phony "high seriousness" intimidate him.) As Jim Gibbons had it in the last PRETTY MAMA, "Christ, Milwaukee, wake up.../ You've been sleeping long enough."

I yr ear Y R EAR yr ear YR E AR yr ea r YR EAR

The truth of that statement has now been verified by CHESHIRE, the official UW-M 'literary magazine.' Sometime around August it issued a "special edition: Poetry 1967, by Dan Rose and Bruce Renner, with a critical introduction by Thomas J. McGivern." As I understand it, one number of CHESHIRE per year is given over to the poetry of the editor and perhaps a partner of sorts. There would be no cause to more than mention that & pass over it except for the fact that the magazine is subsidized by UW-M with a wad approaching one thousand dollars. (A-ha!): And here it is, folks, State Verse, elitely linotyped, critically intro-ed by heap big lichrach'r scholar--footnotes--& complete with blurps from James Dickey ("It is a human privilege to read them and hear them") and James Wright ("a natural and distinctive music"). Morris Edelson admitted that he "didn't enjoy" it, which ain't too encouraging, seeing Morris is the fairest editor in the territory.

But to get to the point: that's where the money goes, to subsidize the Sewell's and Kaufmann's of poetry, to (as I said once before) "keep the state of letters drab, dreary, safe & unembarassing to those whose interests require a 'dignified' ignorance." Dig:

Item:

in the HALLUCINATION of silver
cups the dark decalogue
hovers over me reflecting my
face
in a thousand distortions of
familiar faces:
I am purpled

Item:

Gourds grew hollow in a shaped
brownwood bowl in the kitchen
where
was only room enough for family
laughs.

Item:

Let us walk again
along carpets of blood
to the throne in aurum
with its coral cushion feel
and look upon the unclad phallus

Mssrs. Rose & Brenner I have no quarrel with (except that they publish what they write) & I have no interest in putting all this pretentiousness down for the sake of putting something down; this is a necessary exhibit, an ideogram to SHOW the kind of struggle Krech & Blazek et al are engaged in: the survival of a real vision for this generation. The relevant poets can't even think of high-gloss paper & justified margins, they're being driven into the inexpensiveness of mimeograph, & unless they are supported to get OUT to us, & heard, they'll be forced to the absolute inexpensiveness of their physical voices. (Notice to thesis-topic seekers: the effect of economic reality on the re-emergence of oral literature.)

I'm consistently amazed at Morris' ability to crank out QUIXOTE on a monthly basis. This month he even has two numbers out (the second should be available by the time this sees print), not to mention his inexhaustable list of 'supplements' and theater productions. (If you missed the San Francisco Mime Troupe for the second time, you're too busy for anything at all important.)

The first number this month has an excellent cover: front page of the Cardinal (picture of Bob Cohen in oral-delivery pose under Lincoln's statue) & the back has the State Journal's nervous "All This Must Go!" edit page, all shot down to 4 x 6. A lot of the poetry is undistinguished; a long beast fable by Antoni Gronowicz that rhymes & ryhmes-& rimes too predictably; several attempts by others that are for the most part forgettable, though they don't jar. It's worth buying and then some, however, first because it's only a quarter, and 2nd because it has two poems by Doug Blazek, whose honest eye is uncompromising under the metaphors that he guards like guns. It also has a story by Rich Grossinger, one of the handful of student-writers whom it pays to follow.

QUIXOTE also has a book out, WE LIKE IT HERE, by Ed Ochester. I can't help feeling that Morris gets carried away in the "Publisher's Afterword" ("He is more John than Jack Donne in this series of meditations, using the materials of the age"). But there is room for enthusiasm, especially for the long work "At Race Point Beach," and a half-dozen shorter poems that are well worth their 25 cents. When Ochester assumes his ironic voices he is less successful, wanders beyond the edges of exactitude & sounds like he wants to get back in & do the talking personally, but he'll give it up for the sake of the irony. Nevertheless, "The Airplant," "Note for the Door," and several others are entirely successful and are welcome to the tired eye.

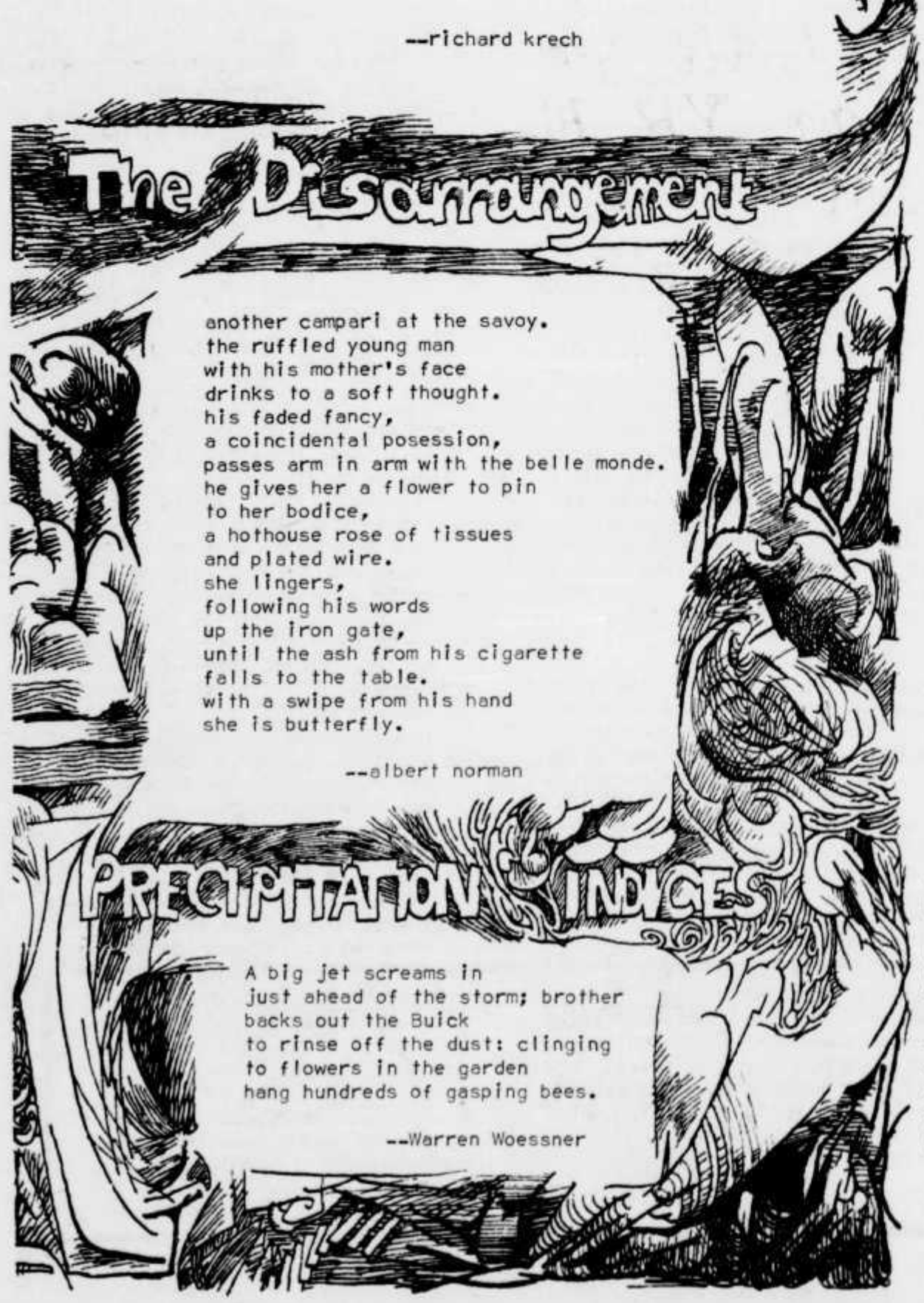
--Dave Wagner

i had a dream that night;
i was running up velvet hillsides
my knees rubbing
against the cloth of the steps, the folds
in the velvet
rubbing against my knees, i almost
had to
jump, they
were such big steps.

i stood on top of the hill
& took pictures through my pen,
i was running fast because
it was getting dark
& i was running out of film. i ran
fast,
because i couldn't stop,
& some people ran up the hill
velvet carpet muffling their foot steps,
i didn't hear them
i shot pictures through them,
the stoned glass windows, i
ran around screaming,
shooting movies through my pen. it was
amazing.

i took my eye away from the camera
& saw
sprocket holes around the side of my eyes. i rigged-up
a sound system.
i spliced three inches in front of my eyes,
deleted repititious images
& found myself running again,
this time
inside a painting hanging over my grandmother's couch,
i ran
out of the painting, the canvas cracked, i re-wound my pen
looking for the correct focus
& then
it ran out of ink

--richard krech

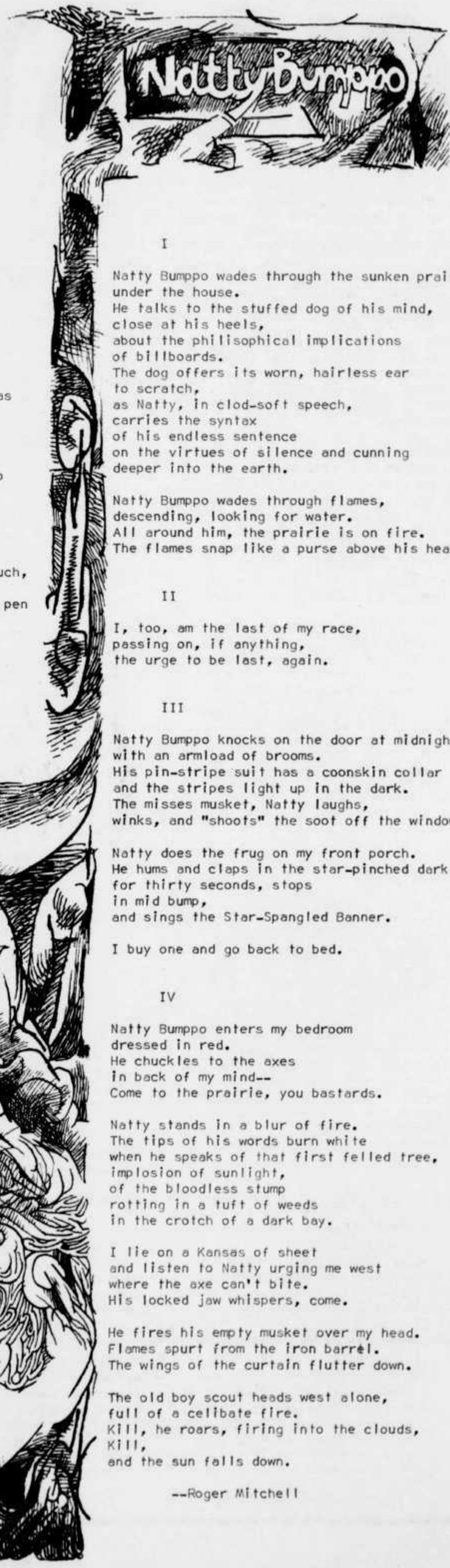


another campari at the savoy.
the ruffled young man
with his mother's face
drinks to a soft thought.
his faded fancy,
a coincidental posession,
passes arm in arm with the belle monde.
he gives her a flower to pin
to her bodice,
a hothouse rose of tissues
and plated wire.
she lingers,
following his words
up the iron gate,
until the ash from his cigarette
falls to the table.
with a swipe from his hand
she is butterfly.

--albert norman

A big jet screams in
just ahead of the storm; brother
backs out the Buick
to rinse off the dust: clinging
to flowers in the garden
hang hundreds of gasping bees.

--Warren Woessner



I

Natty Bumppo wades through the sunken prairie
under the house.
He talks to the stuffed dog of his mind,
close at his heels,
about the philisophical implications
of billboards.
The dog offers its worn, hairless ear
to scratch,
as Natty, in clod-soft speech,
carries the syntax
of his endless sentence
on the virtues of silence and cunning
deeper into the earth.

Natty Bumppo wades through flames,
descending, looking for water.
All around him, the prairie is on fire.
The flames snap like a purse above his head.

II

I, too, am the last of my race,
passing on, if anything,
the urge to be last, again.

III

Natty Bumppo knocks on the door at midnight
with an armload of brooms.
His pin-stripe suit has a coonskin collar
and the stripes light up in the dark.
The misses musket, Natty laughs,
winks, and "shoots" the soot off the windowsill.

Natty does the frug on my front porch.
He hums and claps in the star-pinched dark
for thirty seconds, stops
in mid bump,
and sings the Star-Spangled Banner.

I buy one and go back to bed.

IV

Natty Bumppo enters my bedroom
dressed in red.
He chuckles to the axes
in back of my mind--
Come to the prairie, you bastards.

Natty stands in a blur of fire.
The tips of his words burn white
when he speaks of that first felled tree,
implosion of sunlight,
of the bloodless stump
rotting in a tuft of weeds
in the crotch of a dark bay.

I lie on a Kansas of sheet
and listen to Natty urging me west
where the axe can't bite.
His locked jaw whispers, come.

He fires his empty musket over my head.
Flames spurt from the iron barrel.
The wings of the curtain flutter down.

The old boy scout heads west alone,
full of a celibate fire.
Kill, he roars, firing into the clouds,
Kill,
and the sun falls down.

--Roger Mitchell

CIA AT WIS

According to officials at the University of Wisconsin, this institution has no offical relationship with the Central Intelligence Agency; nor with other covert agencies of the U.S. government; nor with secret Defense Department contracts. President Fred Harvey Harrington made this assertion in an interview with the Capital Times on April 28, 1966:

> "The usefulness of the University is in its very separation (from government). It gives us greater strength. We rest on the confidence of the people (of foreign countries)."

Similarly, Robert Clodius, Vice-President of the University, said that the U.W. had checked out possible grants from several foundations that had been publicly branded CIA "fronts" and found none. He did add, however, that it was possible that individual faculty members had private contracts with the CIA, but "at least the University is clear."

All of this adds up to a picture of the University as an institution independent and apart from military operations and intelligence agencies. It is a picture which the administration of this university prefers to keep in light of recent revelations about the nature of the activities of some of these agencies. Yet there is some evidence to show that the University has erected a facade of indpendence and cleanliness so as not to rock the boat.

The two-faced personality of the University is reflected in the fact that a month and a half before Harrington made his statement about "separation" from the government, John Hunter of the Capital Times revealed that Dean of Public Affairs, formerly Dean of Student Affairs, Leroy Luberg, served as a CIA agent during the Korean War. Luberg went "on leave with the CIA" for seven months during 1951, later to return to the University in the covert capcity of recruiter for the intelligence agency. He also told Hunter that he is called once a year to Washington to attend a security briefing, during which national security problems are outlined by service intelligence officials as well as CIA agents.

Luberg, who worked for the Office of Strategic Services (OSS) during World War II, has denied that he is now serving as a recruiter for the CIA, but admits that the CIA recruits will stop and visit with their former contacts on the campus to renew old acquaintances (Capital Times, April 28, 1966).

Dean Luberg's activities on behalf of national security is one indication of the credibility of the University's official position on the CIA. There is other evidence.

THE CIA OPERATES ON THE UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN CAMPUS

The following Memorandum was sent to University of Wisconsin President Fred on August 4, 1950, from the Office of the Vice President of Academic Affairs. It was a report on a Washington conference with the CIA:

Thursday morning--August 3

Mr. Mulcahy and Mr. Wattles of the Central Intelligence Agency met with me to review the case records of outstanding University of Wisconsin graduates who may be eligible for assignments with the Central Intelligence Agency. Twelve applicants were considered to have the necessary qualifications. They will be asked to make formal applications at once.

The second part of our visit included a survey of their records of personnel. They use an elaborate IBM system which can immediately select the cards of applicants who have a combination of talents. Such as engineering, knowledge of French, experience in oil refining, etc. I believe you are familiar with this. As a result of this inspection Mr. Mulcahy told me of the great need that existed in most universities for a coordinated system of locating talent. He and his staff are interested in those who have graduated five and ten years ago as well as those who have just completed their work. He said the need for such a service comes up with regularity at nearly all their staff meetings. I will report this to Ken.

Those of our students who have already been selected by the Central Intelligence Agency are doing well. I have been asked to get in touch with department chairmen and submit one hundred more names.

Mr. Mulcahy still remembers the good reception he had from the University staff members. He particularly appreciated your thoughtfulness.

This letter was written on the University of Wisconsin stationary and has the words "Office of the Vice President of Academic Affairs" printed in the upper left hand corner.

What about Dr. Fred, and the role he played? According to papers in the University of Wisconsin Division of Archives, in 1941 Fred was asked by the Secretary of War to serve as Chairman of the National Academy of Sciences' committee on biological warfare. As a result of Fred's recommendation, a War Research Service of the Federal Security Agency was formed to set up and direct a program of research on biological warfare. President Fred became the director, and initiated investigations in university laboratores throughout the United States. Fred finally centralized these operations by setting up the germ warfare installation at Camp Detrick, at Frederick, Maryland. As President of the U.W. he continued his secretive policies. For example, on March 20, 1951, the admitted CIA agent, Luberg, wrote the following Memorandum to President Fred, in regard to "Recommendations to Mrs. Reams":

> "One issue is included which ought to have attention. This is one of explaining United States sponsored recognition of Franco. The people of many countries will need to know--in the vernacular they understand--why the United States has decided to give millions of dollars to a government which is clearly a dictatorship.
>
> In a broader sense, the issue of aid to Franco could be a justification for the apparent inconsistencies of current United States policy, for we do not have an established policy for the containment of Russian expansion. In order to contain Russia, we have had to do many things which appear improper, such as:
>
> 1. Aid to Communist Yugoslavia.
> 2. Recognition and support of Chiang Kai Shek.
> 3. Acceptance of Salazar in Portugal.
> 4. Acceptance of Peron in Argentina.
>
> Many pro-democratic people are likely to be puzzled by these policies. They should be told why we have them.
>
> The most vital problem to be faced by those planning this program is whether we know that our propaganda is designed for the audience we want to reach. There has been no provision for determining how effective the propaganda is. The dissemination of information may turn out to be harmful.
>
> Some consideration should be given to setting up a panel of American newspapermen in each world region to advise on content. We could also select academic people who have no particular "axes to grind" but know the people in particular audiences.
>
> In respect to the separation of this function from the State Department, the Hoover Commission

CONTRACT WITH	CONTRACT NUMBER	DEPARTMENT	AMOUNT OF CONTRACT
Biological Warfare Laboratory (1960)	AF 41(657)-301	Mech. Engineering	Not available
Chemical Center Procurement Agency	DA-18-108-405-CML-203	Pharmacy	$14,900
Biological Warfare Laboratory	DA-18-064-404-CML-211	Mech. Eng.	$1,300
U.S. Army Edgewood Arsenal, Maryland	DA-18-108-AMC-88(A) mod. #2 (144-4533)	Pharmacy	cost of overhead, 1-2-63 1-31-64
U.S. Army Research Office, Durham, N.C.	DA-ARO-D-31-124-6854 (144-7267)	Unstable organic species and unusual transformations	$15,369

TABLE A

Task Force strongly recommended that it have separate status. This work is really no different from economic foreign policy in its being a part of the total United States policy.

Obviously, Luberg wrote this mimorandum to a man sharing his beliefs and concerns. Both President Fred and Dean Luberg were implementing foreign policy by using University of Wisconsin faculty members and students. The recruitment of both faculty and students was within the purview of this alliance. The "containment of communism," a policy of the government, received private sanction from officials and academicians.

Although these events took place almost two decades ago, there are more recent examples of the same unofficial collution and pro-government orientation of University officials. Again Dean Luberg is in the story. The setting was the 1962 Cuban missile crisis. The U.W.'s Socialist Club had called for an open debate on the crisis in the Memorial Union Theatre. Here is an excerpt from a letter Dean of Students Luberg wrote to Clinton H. Wallace of Mazomanie, Wisconsin, on May 18, 1961, explaining part of his actions on that day (taken from the University of Wisconsin, Division of Archives):

Dr. Mr. Wallace:
President Elvehjem has asked that I give you an accounting of the events which transpired at the rally which had to do with discussing Castro of Cuba. I am happy to do so since I was a first-hand witness of all of the events that took place and have had a chance to evaluate other such events in other states and in other nations.
The anti-Castro group paraded down Langdon Street just prior to the meeting, and to all practical purposes, "took over" the Memorial Union Theater where the discussion was held.
This large anti-Castro group insisted that the few placards that were on the stage be torn down and their side of the story be told. It was my decision that there should be an open discussion so a student leader, Mr. Ed Garvey of Burlington, Wisconsin, agreed to serve as the presiding officer.
There were many petitions signed by the great number of anti-Castro students which supported the United States action in backing the rebels who tried to overthrow the Castro regime. If you wish to come to my office and observe these thousands of signatures, I would be happy to make them available to you.
I would also be pleased to talk with you personally about the University and its place in providing for open forum discussion. In my years of service in the United States Army and the Army Reserves (where I am presently Commanding Officer of the 5112th Garrison Unit) I have had many occasions to study the techniques used by these people who must be classed as "anti-American." Perhaps you would have some additional information to give me which would be useful to the Army.

Many of us remember that meeting. Students who were hostile to the pro-Castro speakers carried eggs and tomatoes into the theater. Dean Luberg observed about 800 to 1,000 of these anti-Castro students enter the theater. Immediately these students began throwing things at the speakers, shouting obscenities so they could not be heard, and attempting to mount the stage to tear up signs and physically abuse the speakers. It was none other than Dean Luberg who held the police back from the disrupting students. In fact, Luberg's letter indicates that he may even have been behind the petition campaign favoring the Cuban invasion--why else would Luberg have assembled the petitions in his office and retained them to show to University "constituents."

ARE WAR CONTRACTS GRANTED TO THE UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN?

If things go according to schedule, the U.S. Defense Department will "declassify" all Defense Dept. contracts for basic research with the various universities this December.

CONNECTIONS--page nine

FRONTS	CONDUITS	RECIPIENTS
Bordon Trust		
Price Fund		
CIA		
Edsel Fund		Afro-American Institute
	Baird (David, Josephine and Winfield) Foundation Inc.	
Kentfield Fund		American Friends of the Middle East
		Synod of Bishops of the Russian Church Outside of Russia

DIAGRAM A
Source: Newsweek, March 6, 1967, p. 31.

About 3.3% of the Defense Department's $140,000,000 in basic research contracts are in the so-called classified category. According to the University of Wisconsin Vice President Robert Clodius, the new Defense Dept. policy will have no effect on our University:

> "We have no classified contracts. I don't believe we ever had one with the Defense Department." (The Daily Cardinal, November 9, 1967)

Unfortunately, this is a lie. The University of Wisconsin has what effectively amount to "classified" contracts. They are classified because no one--least of all the students who do the research--can find out what the contracts are for, how the research that is being done will be used, and a host of other answers which would bring research contracts into the sunlight of "sifting and winnowing." (see table A)

Can you "sift" the fact that the University of Wisconsin received $1,198,000 from the Defense Dept. in 1966 for contract research work (U.S. Defense Department, 500 Contractors Listed According to Net Value of Military Prime Contract Awards for Research, Development, Test and Evaluation Work)? Even if we look at all Wisconsin schools and their affiliates, we come to just about the same conclusion: in the fiscal year 1964, for example, Wisconsin received $4,109,000 in military prime contracts for Research, Development, Test and Evaluation work. Of this total the schools and their affiliates in Wisconsin received $2,060,000! (U.S. Department of Defense, Military Prime Contract Awards by Region and State, 1966, p. 60)

What is this contract money spent
(continued on page 10)



CIA continued

(continued from page 9)

These are just a few of hundreds of contracts being worked on at the University. It is up to you to be vigilant in the laboratories you are working in. Find out what these contracts are all about. Connections will help you expose the secret contracts of the University, by printing your findings.

ARE CIA FOUNDATIONS
FUNDING THE U.W.?

In the United States today tax-exempt foundations are executing research contracts for the U.S. government, mainly for the Department of Defense. Let's take an example. In the academic and military communities the Rand Corp. of Santa Monica, Cal., and the Institute for Defense Analysis (IDA), Cambridge Mass., are known as tax-exempt scientific research organizations. That means they pay no taxes. They are secretive, to boot. IDA's 1961 information return to the Internal Revenue Service discloses virtually no information about its activities. Who provides the cash for IDA to operate? The institute reported earning $11,916 in interest, $255,877 in contributions and $8,079,812 in "other income." The "other income" is part of the secret. It spends this "other income" for secretive purposes also: in IDA's discussion of expenses it reports no expenditures for compensation of officers, salaries, interest, taxes, rent, or depreciation. Rather, it reports $8,079,812 in "miscellaneous expenses" --precisely the amount of its "other income," leaving $11,916 in accumulated income! In other words, the tax-exempt foundations which perform military functions don't even tell the Internal Revenue Service where they get their money or where they spend it.

Since last year there has been a rather complete expose of the role of the foundations in passing CIA bankroll funds to various projects and university-related organizations. As revealed, the CIA's pet tactic was a "triple pass" operation for getting money from its own coffers into the hands of certain favored foundations. Some of these foundations were aware that it was CIA money, while others were not. The procedure worked like this: the CIA set up some "primary organizations" --dummy foundations whose assets consisted mainly of self-replenishing bank accounts.

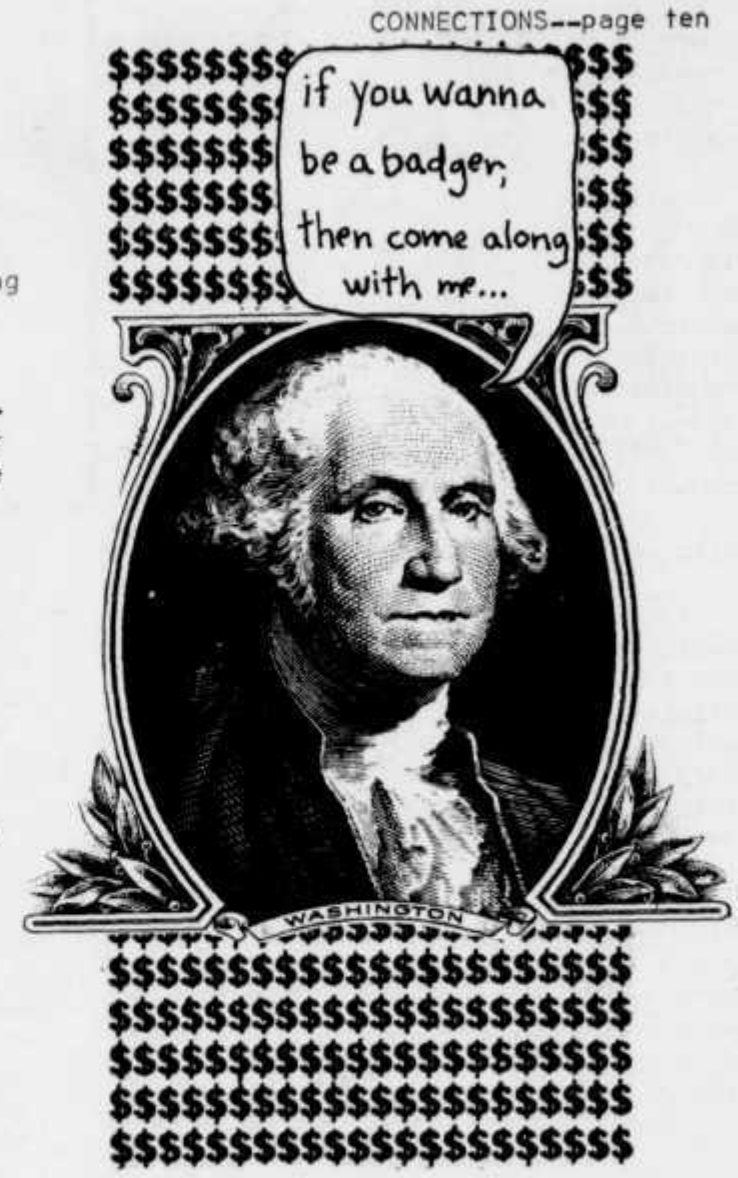
Let us raise some doubts about the University of Wisconsin in relation to these dummy foundations. At this point we do not pretend to have adequate proof of the University's taking of CIA funds. But we have stirred up some information which will raise a few questions. We intend to pursue it further.

Diagram A on page eight is somewhat self-descriptive. We think it may relate to some CIA ties to the U.W.

Consider the following letter written by one Alan C. Hackworthy on the stationary of "Robert W. Baird & Co., Members New York Stock Exchange, Members Midwest Stock Exchange, 110 East Wisconsin Ave., Milwaukee 1, Wisconsin" with its office at 701 First National Bank Building, Telephone Alpine 5-2992. This letter was written to Leroy Luberg on August 5, 1958:

> Dear Leroy:
> Some time ago you were going to obtain some information for me in regard to Dr. Obert, who is now on the University (of Wisconsin) staff-as to why he left Northwestern University.
> This information is for Mr. Baird, who is an alumnus of Northwestern University, and who is vitally interested in finding out why so many of the Northwestern University professors have been leaving there, and particularly good ones. He feels there is something wrong with their policies.

Luberg notes on this letter that he answered it by telephone on August 6th. Then he notes Dr. Obert's scholastic and military record. Part of that record states that Dr. Obert was "Assigned to active duty with the National Security Agency July 1956-June 1958." Although this is not meant to be any sort of definitive or even direct proof that Dr. Obert's National Security Agency ties are connected with the CIA ties of Luberg and the Baird Foundation, it does indicate that the channels of communication along that "line" are open. If Mr. Baird can run CIA conduits as well as keep track of certain professors from university to university all the while dealing with a CIA agent on the U.W. campus--it does not speak well for the independence of the University from the government.



The real question is whether or not the teachers and students of the University of Wisconsin are working wittingly or unwittingly with CIA money.

At this point, we can only raise a number of questions for the student and academic community. Are the recipients from the Baird Foundations operating on any of the U.W. campuses? Is the African-American Institute, the American Friends of the Middle East, or the Synod of Bishops of the Russian Church outside of Russia operating through the University of Wisconsin? Looking at the University of Wisconsin, Office of International Studies and Programs, Projects of Overseas Faculty (see the 1966 and 1967 issues) it appears that the exact source for the funds for these activities is not adequately described. Could it be that the University is getting CIA money for these operations? We call upon the U.W. to describe in a more detailed way the source for all these funds. This is the question for the faculty and the student body to answer. And the answer must also be found in the University records themselves. We ask that no faculty or student withold any briefing about CIA involvement. When U.S. students Donald A. Hoffman and Edward R. Garvey (the Luberg-picked presiding officer at the Cuban "debate" were briefed about CIA money in the NSA shortly after taking over the student organization's reins, they should have yelled wolf to the student community. Instead, it took an expose of the CIA's involvement before Garvey could say: "For God's sake, I didn't know they were pumping $200,000 into NSA." -D.A. Swan





music
Who is Lulu What is She?

The only task which remains to truly contemporary "classical" music is documenting the decline of the society which engendered it. This is not to say, as the simple-minded will surely have it, that it cannot be "good" art; indeed, decadent societies often produce the highest, or at least the most sophisticated, art. But the shapes and outlines of classical music, insofar as it's where things are at, are directly limited by the shape of the surrounding society.

Lulu's bankruptcy is the bankruptcy of our civilization. She is not an aberration but a natural product of her society, which is Berg's society as well. The work as a whole is neither lyric nor hopeful, but it is tremendously exciting. This excitement comes from the contemporaneity of which I spoke; otherwise this tale of a dumb-blond broad--an unconscionably good fuck (so we must believe--in this performance I had some doubts) --who destroys those who prey upon her until she destroys herself, would be merely boring. When, however, we see that Lulu and her suitors are of us--and not so far removed at that--the drama becomes meaningful and the music suddenly makes enormous sense and integrates itself into the work as a whole.

Unfortunately, despite its many good qualities, the American Opera Company's production fell short of real excitement because it failed to come to grips with the contemporaneity of the work. This is fitting: who could expect a group called the American National Opera to come to grips with the decadence of our civilization? But it's also disappointing. It was in a sense an archetypically liberal production in that it worked on the unquestioned assumption that the basic fabric of society is sound, though perhaps marred by a few aberrations. This is as manifestly untrue in the context of Lulu as it is in America today.

Lulu herself must be portrayed as a stupid girl, but not as a crazy one, except insofar as her madness stems from her society and is not differentiated from that of the other characters. Yet insanity was the essence of the Lulu given us on that Thursday night; and by this insanity she was completely set apart from the other characters, her suitors. In reality she is no sicker than they are. The Artist, for instance is an absurd, despicable character, neither artistic nor loving. He does give us one thoroughly enjoyable scene by pulling off Lulu's dress, but our gratitude for this (which is limited in any case by Lulu's chubbiness in her leotard) and our sympathy (which is also fairly strong, since the part of the Artist was well performed) are insufficient to make us regret his suicide.

Dr. Schoen, the cause of the suicide, is equally a louse. It is true that Lulu traps him, but he knows her quite well enough (he found her an orphaned dancer and saved her from the slums when she was twelve), and he should have understood what he was getting into. Lulu, indeed, acts much more sanely towards him than he to her. He should marry her--having kept her since she was twelve--and if she wants to keep a few lines open on the side, is she more at fault than he, who has nothing to offer? When he asks her to shoot herself and she instead shoots him, she is in no way insane. Who wouldn't have done the same in her place?

All the other characters are essentially despicable, but they are--or should be--recognizably human in their bestiality. Lulu may be even worse than they (I do not think so), but she is certainly not a hard, cold woman posessed by the devil, as played here. A member of the company told me that the other soprano who does Lulu portrays her as a "typical dumb blond." That would seem nearer the mark, but I do not think it alone would be sufficient. Dr. Schoen was well sung, but his English was incomprehensible. Good diction and good acting are indispensable if we are to learn Lulu's story and to comprehend him in marrying Lulu.



The other suitors were quite well handled: the Countess Geschwitz exhibited the right kind of weak lesbianism; the Athlete received a thoroughly amusing performance (not a difficult task); and the Alwa, Dr. Schoen's son, (yes, he too fell for her) showed exactly the weakness which leads to false tenderness and to false snarling simultaneously.

Ultimately the production hinges on our ability to comprehend the characters on some human level: if they are savage animals who bear no resemblance to us we are likely to say, "Go in peace if you can, but go and leave us alone." But if their savagery is ours, their lusts and needs ours--in however distorted a form--they and the production make sense. The production fails here because Dr. Schoen and Lulu, the keys to the work, failed.

But even as a whole the production lacked the spark to give sense to the work. In a sense it was unintegrated. It had good points: there was excellent use of cinema art. The film which preceded the work, a snake swallowing a mouse, was marvellously done and perfect in its ambiguous symbolism (is it Lulu finishing off the suitors? vice versa? or is it society swallowing Lulu? or Jack the Ripper killing her?) The special effects of colors and distorted lenses on faces were splendid, and the film of Lulu in jail was superb.

But by contrast the settings were generally quite poor. They are a sort of poor cousin of Met grandiose. They just don't make it, especially when cramped onto our stage, and they grate against the spirit of the work, especially the film work, making it seem like an intrusion.

Musically, the production was sound, but the music alone is not sufficient. This is not pre-1914 grand opera, filled with lovely tunes to distract us from reality: it is reality, and the production must face up to it as this one did not.

--Chips Sowerwine

TOSCA and FALSTAFF

Falstaff and Tosca, the other operas presented by Sarah Caldwell's company, played before larger audiences than Lulu attracted. Yet Puccini's beloved and sure-fire Tosca failed to "sell-out"; so even that potential irony was denied us, a double pity. The Metropolitan's defunct National Company did much better at the box office. It seems that a name brings in the masses more surely than high quality and aspirations of a different order - at least the the first time around. However, those who did see and hear caught the difference, and the word may spread to those who didn't in time to prevent disaster next year.

That Puccini is performed as often as Verdi and more often than Mozart in the major opera houses is a disquieting fact. The audience for his melodramas set to Muzak is the audience which goes regularly to the Met. For there is a similarity in the products offered by this successful composer and this company. They both sell something comfortable. Though divas may dive off parapets, consumptives end their lives in mean circumstances, exotic child-women disembowel themselves, there is no cause for alarm: Puccini's music ultimately convinces us that it doesn't really matter. Likewise with Mr. Bing's house: something as "advanced" as Berg's Wozzek may occasionally be staged for the cognoscenti and nuts, but with no lasting conviction. It's soon gone, and we are brought back to background music and the higher reality of sold-out houses.

Puccini possessed a kind of modern genius. He was blessedly incapable of adding to the given situations and words

(next page)

more music (from page eleven)

anything beyond them in the way of insight and feeling. He was a master at musically illustrating stock situations and cheap pathos. There is no threat that he will come up with a personal and unique response to a situation and lift it out of its own banality.

The big arias in Tosca turn out to be about things we have been taught are noble,serious- art and thoughts of approaching death- not, except peripherally, about the dramatic situations Puccini gives them pretty tunes- stuff we can remember right away. The rest of the time, when the action is moving ahead and the plot thickening, we are treated to nice melodic fragments imbedded in a constant musical flow. This flow serves as an unspecific, undisturbing background to the very specific and disturbing melodrama on the stage. Pain is made sweet and horror turned into a thrill.

Hating myself for enjoying such a spectacle, I sat through a very fine performance. The voices were loud and good, the acting very like the way people who never existed must have behaved. The sets (in the small scope of the Union Theater's stage) made a good impression on me, though on few others. A lavish use of engraving-like black and white photo blow-ups, setting the Roman scene, seemed apposite to me and struck some as ludicrous. The total presentation demonstrated well Puccini's genius.

Demonstrating Verdi's genius in Falstaff - assuming that real talent is at hand, as it was last month - involves more complicated responses and solutions. One of the demands is the incredible speed of the musical thought, and its specificity to the drama. The singing actors and the audience have to keep up with Verdi; if they don't Falstaff is betrayed the way a Mozart quartet so often is. As a result, there seems to be nothing extraordinary going on. After all, the gross outlines of Falstaff come across as no funnier than a Fledermaus. Lightness and clarity are not a bonus but an essential element of the music: without them the sharp tensions are dissolved.

But Verdi and Boito, the librettist, allowed for moments of relaxation, times when at least the audience can catch its breath. An example is Ford's Act I aria in which he agonizes over the chance that Falstaff may cuckold him. This is Verdian baritone cliché, and Verdi knew it. But he treated it seriously, as he always did. At the same time we know Falstaff to be dressing himself outrageously for his hopeless courting. A performance can hardly fail to get the ironic comedy of the situation across. Moments like these were most successful in the American National Opera Company's performance. But the moments which for me set Falstaff apart from the ordinary were not done in a manner equal to Verdi's demands. Here the example is Falstaff's "Quand' ero paggio;" only a fraction of the length of Ford's aria, yet of equal emotional and dramatic weight. He tries to convince Mistress Ford (and himself) that as a page he was slender and lithe, not the old and fat man he is now. The music goes by so quickly, and, because it is so unrecapturable, creates an analogy for the listener with Falstaff's awareness that his youth is lost. To get the poignance of this across in the theater, without breaking stride, is very hard; it was impossible when the Falstaff had to go through a game of hide-and-seek with Mistress Ford and sing. The production was too often guilty of being busy when nothing should have obscured what can speak so well for itself.

Despite these objections, I think I should say that a Falstaff (even in half measure) is more than most companies making their first tour would dare. There were real minds behind what happened and a very good sixty-piece orchestra in the pit. The lesson of the three-day stand is that some people are trying to give the real thing, not as they think others might like it, but as they see it.

—Cornutu di Bassettu



Michigan State University has built its reputation upon those things most characteristic of the modern multiversity: rapid growth, huge size, assembly line degree production, and service to the Establishment. It has also earned an image of special notice through its football teams, its overseas projects (the infamous CIA-Vietnam project was just one of many) and its career carnival.

Each year MSU runs a "career carnival," to which many major corporate and governmental employers are invited. Booths are set up by the employers and the recruitment usually attracts over half of the 38,000-plus students on campus. Ramparts once called MSU a "service station" university, and this event is one of the best examples of MSU's service to both government and industry.

However, the career carnival has gained a significance which its sponsors undoubtedly did not anticipate--it has become a focal point for campus radicals. What better opportunity to confront the military-industrial complex than when it is actively recruiting fresh young bodies in your own student union? What self-respecting SDS member could sit idly by while the National Security Agency, General Motors, the FBI, Dow Chemical Co., the Federal Bureau of Narcotics, Chrysler Corp., the Michigan State Police, General Electric, A.T.&T., the Peace Corps, the Marine Corps, the Army, the Air Force, I.B.M., and dozens of others have literally "set up shop" on campus? MSU-SDS did not sit by.

This year the career carnival, entitled "Careers '67," was on Monday, Oct. 9 and Tuesday, Oct. 10. Nothing out of the ordinary happened Monday; there was leafleting throughout the day without incident. The fun started Tuesday evening, and it was literally a game.

Imagine the hustle and bustle of the career "carnival" during its most active period, and then imagine 30 or 40 SDS members walking into the middle of this and spreading out on the floor their own "exhibit:" a giant Monopoly game, complete with three-foot dice, "Spartantown" dollars, and people replacing the playing pieces. The players lined up, the dice were rolled and the game began with players moving from "Go" (Collect $200 from the war machine), to such spaces as: NSA--collect $300 from the CIA; Multiversity--collect useless information; Pentagon--rent $70 million; Draft Dodger--go directly to jail; Grosse Pointe--no niggers or kikes allowed; Detroit (which was in flames); Ft. Wayne Induction Center--rent your life; Income Tax--for war materials; Vietnam (you died if you landed there) and, of course, Chance and Community Chest.

(continued on page fifteen)

CREDITS

Many graphics by Nick Thorkelson
Illustration p. 3 by MarilynStevens
Collage p. 10, upper right by Mike Oberdorfer
Collage p. 16 by Mark Rohrer and M. Oberdorfer
Liberation News Service for "SDS Monopoly" and "More Notes on Sifting and Winnowing"

Waiting for Leftytalking



— a review

Carl Oglesby and Richard Shaull, CONTAINMENT AND CHANGE, McMillan paperback, New York, 1967, 248 pp.

A decisive book presenting the Left's case to the American people has yet to be written.

The work of Oglesby and Shaull (really two long essays written by each) is disappointing in many ways. For one thing, it is not designed to reach the audience that needs it most--the growing numbers who are becoming disenchanted with the Cold War ideology but don't know where to go from there. This book will certainly be of little help to them. Its attraction is to those already on the Left who want a better command of the facts so they can argue more persuasively against the unbelievers. Oglesby, especially, provides factual ammunition and short-term theories to satisfy this group, but the Right will not be affected by it in the least, and the wavering Middle will not bother to read it because it is not "appealing."

This is the basic fault of the Left so far. It has not produced a book that has the power to convert. Thirty minutes of visual sensitivity before the television set at newstime can do more to "radicalize" the sensitive viewer than a book of facts and figures which somehow never leaves the level of pure rationality.

The problem is that two very important questions have never seriously been broached: "How does one break through to people?" and "What is demanded of people in terms of actions once they have been properly 'informed'?".

The Left is at an impasse on the first question. It can intellectualize, it can theorize, it can research the facts with perfect capability, but can it present the facts in an effective way--can it convince and proselytize? Perhaps there ought to be more experimentation with methods and styles and even art forms which are designed to communicate with more telling effect. If the Left wishes to "expand consciousness," it must also be willing to test new means of doing so.

The early proselytizing religions, including Christianity, also wanted to expand consciousness and create a "new awareness" of reality. But they knew how to spread the Word. If the Left intends to avoid narrow sectarianism, it must break out of its rarified intellectuality and learn literally to "spread the word."

The second question--what is expected of people once they have "knowledge"--has not been properly addressed either. It does no good to be conversant in all that Oglesby says if, at the same time, one's everyday consciousness remains just like everyone else's. Suppose a person knows that everything Oglesby says is true--that the Cold War is a myth, that our presence in Vietnam is untenable, that the military is gaining ascendancy in American life; what is there left for him to do with all this information? If his life is ordinary in every other respect, that is if his sensibility does not affect his conduct, then this knowledge is mere intellectualism. It might as well be knowledge about soil nutrients or enzymes (as Rusk has said) for all the impact it has on the way he lives his life. But if such knowledge actually transforms one's consciousness, and if this "newly conscious man" is forced by the integral logic of his own nature to transform reality, or at least to work for its transformation, then he has broken through the thought and action dilemma--his life is his consciousness, and his consciousness is his life.

If this happens, knowledge virtually comes alive and takes on meaning; it becomes "vital" information because it is a part of the process of living. Without this kind of integration, a human being remains fragmented: what he feels is true, he sees negated by a reality that neutralizes facts and makes them meaningless. For example, how can one know that hundreds of Vietnamese are killed each day in his name and still sit down every evening to a satisfying dinner? Only a man who can "make distinctions" and compartmentalize could do that, and yet we do it every day. The fault is that we have not become aware that the mere posession of knowledge makes demands on us to act differently than others. The fact that I know the cold war atmosphere is prolonged by the United States (and Oglesby makes this clear) means that my life must be qualitatively different from that of someone who doesn't. And I can not casually mention in passing the "facts of the matter," but if I am honest with myself I must literally bear witness to these facts...I must make them manifest by what I do, by the indignation I feel about them. If this is not done, the "facts of the matter" will dissolve into thin air and be no more or no less crucial to my life than other "objective" facts might be.

In only one chapter, "The Revolted," does Oglesby make a genuine break-through to what I have been talking about. Here he scraps his tough, combatative style and replaces it with something resembling that of Camus (and surprisingly enough, written about as well). Specifically his topic is why a man revolts--what it his that makes a human being who like everyone else would prefer to live at peace with society, decide that he can no longer do so, that he must become: a revolutionary. Like Camus, Oglesby convincingly takes the reader through the mental process from revulsion to revolution so that it is possible to "feel" internally such a development as part of oneself. This chapter--certainly more honest than Hoffer's True Believer--explains better than anything I have read why the Vietnamese peasant joins the NLF. He attaches himself to a mass movement not because he is "disposessed" (which is where Hoffer leaves it), but because he has been dispossessed, not because he is a disturbed person, but because he is a person disturbed about something. A man, as Oglesby points out, is not born a rebel, he becomes one.

Other than these few pages, Oglesby's section of the book is not particularly insightful. His chapter on cold war ideology is good, but his attack on American culture does not go substantially beyond Vance Packard, and his critique of American foreign policy does not surpass that made by Williams.

The second part of Containment and Change was written by Richard Shaull, who is more of a theologian than a political philosopher. He admits that his purpose is to apply theology to ideology, but unlike Harvey Cox (who accepts things as they are, and then asks how religion can be relevant), Shaull addresses himself to the question of how theology can work towards radical social change. This is an approach that has not been heard much lately, but there is a tradition of radical theology going back to the English puritans, the Reformation sects, and even early Christian millenarianism, which could be turned to good use, especially among the religious population which is today considered "conservative." Though there are some possibilities here, Shaull's essay is probably a misplaced attempt to make theology applicable to revolution, and though this is interesting, it is not convincing.

There is still a need for experimentation. The new directions suggested by Oglesby's chapter and Shaull's theology should not be dismissed, but neither should they be considered sufficient. Otherwise there is a danger that the Left will only talk itself into a cul-de-sac.

--David Gross

Recently, Carl Oglesby presented a paper entitled "The Deserter: The Contemporary Defeat of Fiction" at the Modern Letters Conference at the University of Iowa. This paper appears for the first time in Middle Earth, a new underground newspaper from Iowa City; and can be purchased for 20¢ at the CONNECTIONS office, 22 N. Henry St., the Electric Eye, 426 W. Gilman, and No Hassel, 813 University Avenue.

LATEST ON SIFTING + WINNOWING NOTES

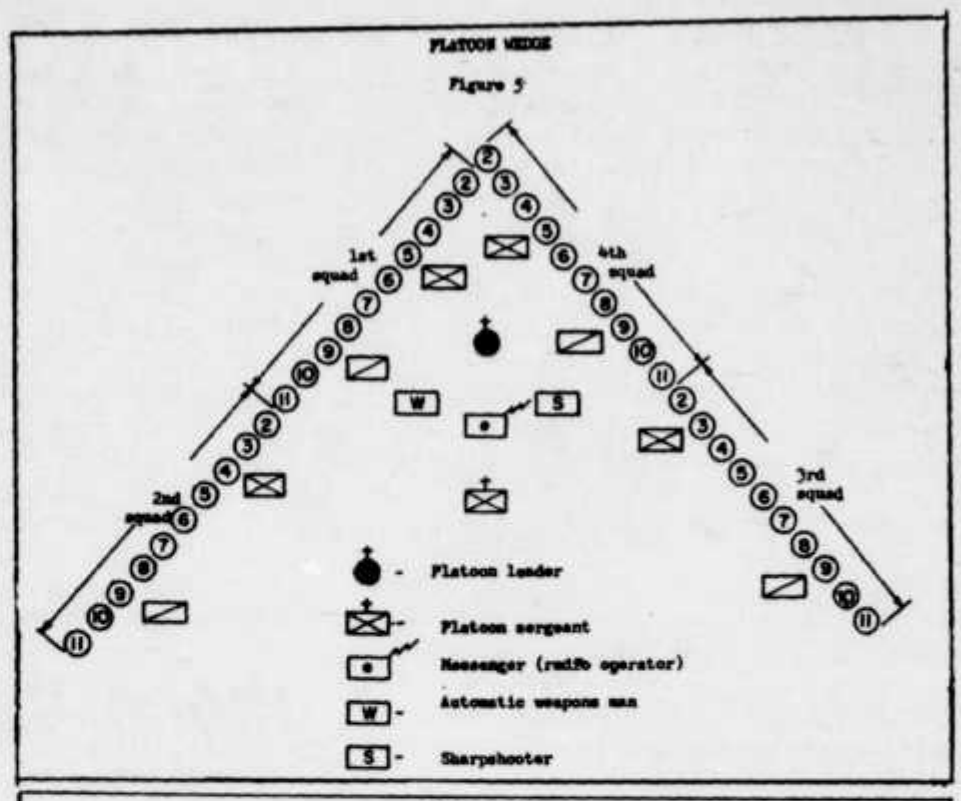
"Section 2
SQUAD FORMATIONS"

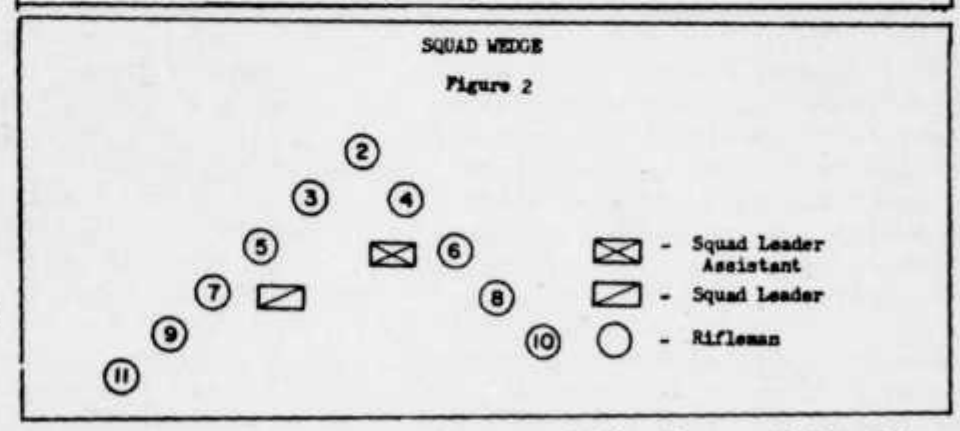
33. SQUAD FORMATIONS--GENERAL.
When executing squad riot control formations from the column, the squad leader takes one or more steps to the right and faces his squad. As he gives his preparatory command, he points to the location at which he desires the formation formed. If he does not point, the squad will assume the present position of the number 2 man of the squad to be the desired location for the formation.

34. SQUAD WEDGE

a. Command. "SQUAD WEDGE--MOVE."

b. Execution. At the command of execution, the base man (Number 2) advances to the position designated by the squad leader. Even numbered men aline (sic) themselves in sequence on the number 2 man, one pace to the right and one pace to the rear of each preceding man. Odd numbered men aline themselves in sequence on the number 2 man, one pace to the left and one pace to the rear of each preceding man. (SEE FIGURE 2)"





In view of the recent trend toward military and police reprisals against peaceful demonstrations of dissent in the United States, Connections is reprinting this piece of helpful information from The Spectator, of Indiana University (via Liberation News Service). According to The Spectator, copies of the attached diagram were "liberated from the office of the Indiana Police Recruit Training School" in the Education Building. Gray Khakied trainees, by now a familiar sight around the I.U. campus, are being drilled in the use of these formations in a special course on 'riot control'."

* * *

It's not unimaginable that Emery's Emasculati would not be ordered to use this format'on **to** create another "riot" on campus. After all, the chief would look pretty silly if he had a hundred specially trained men in full riot-control Ausrustung and no violence. The point to remember is that the violence has already been paid for, and no amount of intelligent dialogue with the cops can take away the man-hours of work and careful planning which State Police Commissioners have put into these events. The local and national press and TV, as well, have too much invested in their well-developed violence vocabularies to be expected to change now.

In other words, the national economy has been set into its irreversible motion. Too many jobs are dependent on a demand for instant outrage to expect the fuzz not to club up a little business.

Therefore, Connections offers these suggestions for defense against further intrusions of Primeval Economy on the peace of the campus:

1. Take c. 20 mgs. meth before the badgeless tide arrives.
2. Know at least four of the newest steam-tunnel entrances.
3. Carry several baggies filled with gas (to throw at the threatening fuzz--if he fires his gun at you, he'll do it only once.
4. Have a friendly engineer build an ultra-sonic siren (to pierce the shit out of any police dog-ears).

--TLS

THREAT TO ADVOCATE'S INDEPENDENCE

Shortly after the tear gas cleared away on the 18th of October the editor of the Advocate, an independent publication printed 8 times a year by some students in the U.W.'s Law School, wrote an editorial which was to appear in issue no. 2. The editorial, entitled "Administration Fails in 'Last Clear Chance,'" did not support the tactic of obstruction, but was highly critical of Chancellor William Sewell and the Administration for using police tactics against the Dow demonstrators.

> "We as law students and as lawyers cannot condone the illegal use of force by police. Excessive force is illegal whether the objects are students in a demonstration or burglars on a 'job.' We feel that the Administration must recognize its lack of foresight and planning for this demonstration. They must take steps to insure that a similar outbreak of violence never erupts on this campus again."

The editorial suggested there were alternatives for the Administration on that day, options which were not used. The use of police, the Advocate noted, "exhibited an unfortunate preference for institutional values over human values." Thus, "if the tail of responsibility is going to be pinned on any donkeys we feel the Administration should be one of the first to feel the prick of the pin."

Following the usual procedure, the editor handed this and other material for the forthcoming Advocate to a secretary in the main office of the Law School to be typed. The secretary to the Dean of the Law School, George H. Young, happened to read the editorial while it was being typed, and the word began to pass.

Prof. August Eckhardt, prominent member of the law faculty, former chairman of the all-powerful University Committee, friend of Chancellor William Sewell, and ally of the alumni, did not like the Advocate editorial and wanted to do something about it. A meeting with the Advocate editorial staff was called in Dean Young's office late Thursday afternoon, Oct. 19. Eckhardt, Young and Gordon Baldwin, another "prominent" law professor and legal advisor to the faculty committee trying the Dow cases, were present at the meeting. Baldwin hinted that funds could be cut off from the Advocate if it chose to run the editorial. The editor replied that neither the law school nor the Administration was financially supporting his publication. Eckhardt objected to the piece because it attacked Sewell. Young spoke about alumni reaction and the money the law school would lose.

The editors of the Advocate, however, refused to scrap the editorial, but were willing to delete Sewell's name and put in a disclaimer noting that the law school was not responsible for the opinions expressed.

The matter appeared to be settled. But Eckhardt was not satisfied. He wrote a reply to the Advocate editorial, and notified Young that he was going to have it inserted in the issue. Then, without the editors' permission, Eckhardt called Union Printers and ordered them to staple his reply to the front page of the Advocate.

Eckhardt's letter attacked what he called the "inflammatory editorial" based on "incomplete evidence." Since he had "worked quite closely with the University in handling prior demonstrations," he understood the "difficulties in controlling a demonstration." Eckhardt praised the Administration for its "firm position" and the police for their "admirable restraint." The demonstrators had "triggered the violence and com-

(next page)

U.W.I. LEATHER JACKETS, KNIGHT TEMPLAR COATS WITH

(continued from page 14)
mitted the only serious personal injuries." The alternatives suggested by the Advocate were specious, he said; "there was no practical alternative" to the action taken by the Administration.

When the editors discovered the insertion they immediately ordered the stapling stopped and went to Dean Young's office to demand an explanation. Young said it was Eckhardt's responsibility, and that he had called the printer. The editors told Young that Eckhardt's reply was not going into the Advocate. Young then asked for the Advocate's mailing list, noting that it could be sent out under separate cover. The editors refused to cooperate. They asked Young if his actions did not compromise his impartiality, particularly since he was chairman of the faculty committee charged with trying the 13 suspended students involved in the Dow affair. Young, however, seemed to be more of a pawn for August Eckhardt, a man who is "going places" at the University and who appears determined to defend the Administration even at the cost of the freedom of the Advocate to state its own position.

The Advocate incident is over. Issue no. 2 has been mailed to its subscribers. Eckhardt's letter never did get into the hands of the Advocate readers. The only visible sign now of the conflict is the reactivation of the Advocate-Student Relations Committee of the law school, which is not investigating the publication's finances. This committee, composed of three faculty members, was originally constituted about six years ago when the Advocate was founded, to help "guide" the student editors, but has not been functional until this present incident.

Moral: obstruction is not the exclusive and special domain of the left at this university. Obstruction can and will be invoked even at the cost of free speech, when necessary, to preserve the "normal functioning of the University." --RSG

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more SDS

(from page 12)

After a somewhat slow start the game picked up, and people really began to play, with appropriate enthusiasm. And of course a crowd quickly gathered. As the crowd grew, the game developed its own spontaneity:

"My name is Dunman--Corporal Dunman of the MSU police and..."
"Come on, play our game--it's just like yours!"
"...I'm asking you to leave of your own accord before..."
"We'll stop our game if you'll stop yours!"
"Stop the war machine!"
"Boo cops!"
"Gee, look't that shiny badge!"
"What's wrong with our game--it doesn't really kill people?"
"...We are forced to make you leave. This is Mr. Shingleton, the head of this university event, and he's asked me to tell you..."
"Kick Dow off campus, too!"
"Here's some money to go with your badge!"
"...that you're disrupting the career carnival and blocking the flow of traffic between exhibits."

"You all hear that? Does anyone want to go?"
"NO-O-O!"
"OK, come on, roll those dice--let's play!"

The cop and the bureaucrat retreated for the time being and quick phone calls were made, evidently for more cops. A major portion of the patrons of career carnival had been attracted by this time and the game continued before a considerable audience.

In not too long a time more cops appeared, in fact quite a number of them. Not wanting to really go to jail the Monopoly players suddenly picked up their board and as a group disappeared from the career carnival...

They came back--without Monopoly board--and huddled on the same spot where the game had been played. While cops and bureaucrats were waiting for the "worst," signals were given from the huddle, and on the word "Go!" the group suddenly split into two's and three's, and heading in every which way, made for the booths and exhibits. And that's all there was to it. But then again, there really was more. The rest of the evening was spent talking individually or in small groups to the representatives in the different booths. Dow Chemical had to talk to radicals. The Peace Corps had to talk to radicals. The Marines were visibly sick of talking to radicals. The FBI denied they harassed radicals. The State Police ignored radicals. Everyone talked to radicals. Someone said "Johnson cast the die, and it came up snake eyes--for him."

--Stu Dowty
(LNS)

COMING NOVEMBER 27

Teaching Assistants Association pamphlet on the Dow strike.
An analysis of the roles of TAs, faculty, and students in the strike and an attempt to define each group's present position in the University. Available from TAA organizers.



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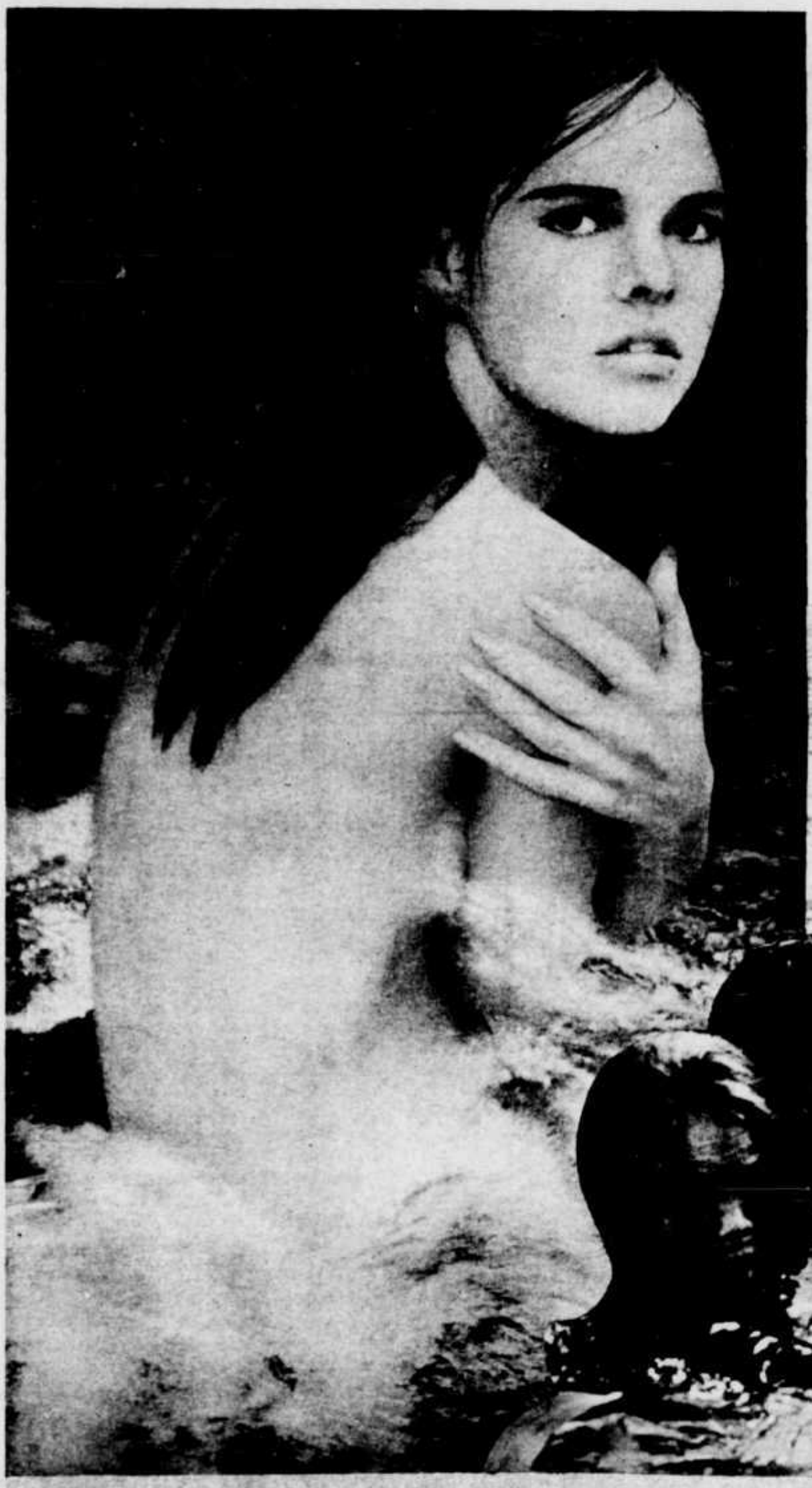
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CONNECTIONS CONNECTIONS

VOLUME 2, NO.5 Jan. 10, 1968 15c (20c OUT-OF-STATE)

CONNECTIONS



EDITORIALS

CONNECTIONS is now almost one year old. It has survived the trauma of infancy and struggles on. Frankly we are astounded. Never did we expect to last very long around Madison. But we are around and still enthusiastic. And we have begun to revise some of our conceptions of the newspaper, although the initial vision of the paper remains.

Admittedly experimental, CONNECTIONS people improvised a newspaper to fulfill a vision of journalism as an art form. We sought to remain in opposition to the institutions which dehumanize and castrate us. Therefore we called CONNECTIONS an underground newspaper. Radical: Going to the root of things. That is what we stated in the first issue of CONNECTIONS.

It is questionable that we ever achieved a unity of theory and practice. While still adhering to many of our original ideas we have changed others. Regrettably there is less cultural criticism now. There is more factual material; there is a need for specificity on the left--particularly the Madison left which needs to formulate strategies and refine its critique of America.

Since the publication of the Dow issue of CONNECTIONS we have considered and accepted the fact that the Madison-campus orientation of the paper had to be altered. We are now moving in the direction of becoming a state-wide newspaper. There is a need to connect up various campuses with news about movements for social change in the state. O'Brien with other staff people has researched long hours and written a story on the state university system and its new student code. Yablon got on a bus and went to Watertown. His observations about an indigenous movement of high school kids should be cause for some hope and optimism, especially for the Madison Left. We've also made contact with some of the draft resisters in Janesville. A short story appears on page 15. In the future we'll try to send Yablon to other towns to see what he can dig up. Others of us will research other aspects of the state. We hope to get some help soon from comrades in Stevens Point who will be putting out their own underground newspaper.

We don't intend however, to neglect Madison. Seeley will finish his series on the "Thingified Football Player" in the upcoming issues in February. Tentative discussions are being held about two or more special issues relating to the War and the Draft.

As usual, what holds us back is manpower. The need for all kinds of people never seems to diminish: writers, artists, hawkers, typists, paste-up people, etc. Please call the office if you can help us.

Appearing as a pull-out special in the middle of this issue is a paper delivered before the Modern Letters Conference in Iowa City, Iowa, this fall by Carl Oglesby. Carl, with Richard Shaull, authored Containment and Change, a book on American foreign policy. He is a former president of Students for a Democratic Society and now a vagabond scholar-author-radical. His critique of Camus and Heller, we hope, will stimulate some replies from our readers.

** ** ** ** ** **

As of now, about $1700.00 has been contributed to the Wisconsin Legal Defense Fund. That means that we are about $600.00 short of covering all the expenses we have incurred so far in the Dow litigation. Coming up soon are the appeals to the Wisconsin Supreme Court (and possibly the United States Supreme Court) of the state convictions on the disorderly conduct charge, and the hearings before the three-judge court on the disorderly conduct statute. Money-wise, that means easily another $500.00. Send contributions to Wisconsin Legal Defense Fund, P.O. Box 132, Madison, Wisconsin.

** ** ** ** ** ** ** ** **

News of the indictment of the country's best-known doctor, Benjamin Spock, on charges of conspiring to violate the Selective Service Act, must come as a distinct shock to the entire anti-war movement. Spock and his co-defendants -- including William Sloane Coffin, Jr., chaplain of Yale University, and Marcus Raskin, a former presidential assistant and now co-director of the Institute for Policy Studies in Washington -- are charged with conspiring to aid and encourage draft-age men refusing to cooperate with the draft.

Although it is true that there have been varying degrees of dissent during every war in which this country has been involved, never before has there been the extent and depth of moral outrage that Vietnam has engendered. Despite the systematic lying by their government, millions of Americans believe strongly that the war has no moral justification and is at best a case of international bullying by their own country. To those of us who hold this belief, the idea that young men should be forced to enter the armed forces and to fight in such an unjust war -- at the risk of stiff prison sentences if they refuse -- seems unsupportable. That is why community draft-resistance programs have sprung up with such frequency in the past year. And it is why men like Spock, Coffin, and Raskin, who are not basically radicals, have taken their stand alongside the draft resisters.



The standard argument justifying the punishment of those who counsel defiance of the Selective Service Act is that the country's democratic processes offer an opportunity to repeal or modify the draft. This argument begs the question, for American democracy simply does not function democratically. The crucial decisions on Vietnam, for example, have all been made by a handful of men and then presented to the public as accomplished facts. The Congressional decision in 1966 to extend the draft for another four years was marked by an absence of serious debate. The only effective way of building opposition to the draft has been the method of taking the issue to the people -- by telling young men they don't have to go. The Spocks and Coffins, like the community draft-resistance workers, have not been thwarting democracy but have been trying to give it a chance to operate.

The importance of last week's indictments would be hard to overstate. They could very well signal the approach of a general crackdown on draft-resistance workers, and the anti-war movement as a whole faces some tough decisions. To abandon the draft resisters would be not only to cause a deep and irreparable split but also to concede to the government the terrain on which it may potentially be most vulnerable. The present indictments may be merely a trial balloon by which the government seeks to determine how much of a crackdown it can get away with. A widespread and vigorous protest at this time, coupled with a refusal to back away from the draft issue, could have the effect of discouraging any more such prosecutions.

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WE LEARN EM GOOD AT THE STATE UNIVERSITIES

The Wisconsin State Universities are named Platteville, La Crosse, Eau Claire, Stout, River Falls, Superior, Stevens Point, Oshkosh, and Whitewater. They used to be called Wisconsin State Colleges, and before that most of them were normal schools. Today they are expanding rapidly (total enrollment is 51,000 this year compared with 16,000 in 1960-61) and the Board of Regents of State Universities has big plans for the future.

It is no longer absurd to talk of the State Universities in the same breath with the University of Wisconsin (Madison and Milwaukee), even though there is still a vast disparity in the quality of education offered.

On December 1 the Board of Regents of State Universities unanimously adopted a "Statement on Students' Rights and Rules of Conduct." There had been intimations since last spring that such a code would be forthcoming, and the Great Dow War in Madison perhaps made its adoption inevitable. W. Roy Kopp, one of the Regents, explained the reason for passing the code by saying that the Legislature "is completely disgusted with the way things are going on the Madison campus."

Actually, there are two salient aspects to the Regents' code: the knee-jerk We Want No Madison Here reaction, and a doctrine of academic paternalism.

While stating that students have the right to "constructively express" disagreement with "national, state, local and administrative policies and positions," the Regents go on to forbid any kind of physical obstruction of university functions (specifically including interviews).

In its original form, as drafted at a meeting of State University deans and vice-presidents for student affairs in November, the code had been more specific on this point. This version had proscribed "carrying banners, placards, or other material inside university buildings for purpose of protest." Such a rule would obviously be unconstitutional, since among other things it discriminated between signs carried for purposes of protest and those carried for other reasons. The Regents quietly dropped this clause before giving final approval to the code.

As a paternalist document, the code gives maximum discretion to administrators and avoids explicit definition of students' rights and privileges. Admission to the State Universities, for example, is to be granted those applicants "who meet certain academic qualifications and the standards of health, character and prior conduct." The context of the rest of the code makes it clear that this discretionary power over admissions is to be used to screen out potential rebels and troublemakers. Moreover,

> A student is not entitled to immunities or privileges before the law. Students are subject to such disciplinary action as the university may consider appropriate, including expulsion, for breach of federal, state or local laws and university regulations, both on and off campus.

This is the so-called double jeopardy clause that has been the most frequently criticized feature of the code. It leaves the student at the mercy of his university administration. To protect the fair name of the institution, or his own authority, a dean may arbitrarily suspend (or even depending on local procedures, expel) a student for being arrested on a drunken spree, for a civil rights or civil disobedience arrest, or perhaps for working too stubbornly for elementary student power demands.

This the Regents' code enunciates the broad powers of State University administrators over their students and at the same time attempts to ward off the evil spirit of Madison by prohibiting something--obstruction of university functions--that nobody on the State University campuses was planning to do anyway. To understand why the code was considered necessary, and why it was really unnecessary, one must examine the State Universities as they exist today. The actualities of power on the nine campuses bear little relation to traditional democratic theory.

Perhaps the most striking thing about the State Universities is the immense power wielded by their administrations, particularly by their presidents. There is no pretense of faculty control, as there is at the UW Madison and Milwaukee campuses. The Regents speak of the faculty's role as being one of "assisting the president in university operations." And those who do not assist are subject to a variety of effective sanctions. It is common for the president to have the power of appointing department chairmen (instead of their being chosen by their colleagues in the department), and this power is often used as a means of keeping the faculty in line.

Since the state conference of the American University Professors took the Regents to court in the case of a Superior State professor eight years ago, and won, no tenured faculty members have been fired. Indeed, there has been little need to resort to such firings because of the screening process that is available before teachers have been on the job long enough to acquire tenure. No reason need be given for the failure to renew the contract of a non-tenured faculty member, and this power is used for political reasons far more freely than on the UW campuses. Short of firing, there are all the subtle forms of harassment known to all American universities. Oshkosh, for example, has a system of "baby raises" - insultingly small pay increases to faculty troublemakers, for example those who took part in a read-in two years ago against the Vietnam war. At Whitewater, four out of eight teachers who signed an anti-draft advertisement last spring are now gone, due to subtle and unsubtle pressures from the University.

The AAUP, whose main thrust as an organization has always been to perfect and make secure the principle of tenure, is unable to do much in cases involving younger faculty, since evidence of political discrimination is always hard to establish.

Of course, the administrative heel comes down hardest on the students. The State Universities are carefully policed to screen out disturbing influences. Last spring, for example, attempts at La Crosse and Eau Claire to form chapters of Students for a Democratic Society were turned down by the respective university presidents. The Wisconsin Civil Liberties Union registered a strong protest against these denials, which were made without hearings, but the Regents backed the presidents, over the lone dissent of Mrs. Mary Williams of Stevens Point.

(At present there is one recognized SDS chapter in the State University system, and that is at Stevens Point. The Eau Claire chapter meets in a nearby religious center, but has lost membership and morale since last spring, while the La Crosse group has disbanded. At Whitewater a newly formed SDS chapter is preparing to apply for recognition, but the chances are that the new president, a former home economics teacher, will follow the La Crosse-Eau Claire example.)

Controversial speakers are far from welcome on these campuses. For example, the administration at Whitewater has refused to make the school gym available for a speech by Father James Groppi, although it was the only building with a seating capacity adequate for the expected crowd. The campus newspapers are subject to a much tighter control than is the case at Madison and UW-Milwaukee. The administrations' zeal to ferret out dissent can go to such extreme lengths as a case at Eau Claire last year, when a student was placed on indefinite social probation merely for writing a letter to an off-campus paper attacking policies of the School of Education. Last year at Stout a group of liberal

"No man is an island...," to quote old John Donne, and you cannot remain



one at the state universities, for inevitably you will become part of

LEARNING 'EM CON'D.

(continued from page 3)

students and faculty organized a Society for Intellectual Freedom. Their attempt to gain official recognition, however, was parried by the administration. The objection: Stout already had intellectual freedom and therefore had no need for a special group to advocate it.

Even non-dissenting students are liable to having their rights trampled on by their university. The double jeopardy clause in the Regents' code does nothing more than place a stamp of approval on what has been a common practice. Even at Stevens Point, whose administration is the most liberal in the State University system, students violating local statutes may be subjected to University discipline if the administration feels that the good name of the school is endangered. This fall in Eau Claire a coed was arrested for shoplifting, had her case dismissed, and then was put on social probation by the University. Her lawyer talked to the dean and could get no other justification than that the alleged offense had hurt the University's name.

The instruments of repression that are available to, and freely exercised by, the State University administrators do not provide a complete explanation of the lack of ferment on the campuses. The nature of the students who come to these universities has to be considered also. They are almost all from Wisconsin (95 per cent at Oshkosh, for example) or else from nearby states. There are few foreign students. They are generally within weekend-commuting distance of their home towns, and thus subject to the continuing influence of parents and of high school friendships.

Their college experience is not something distinctive, a time for reflection and stuggle, but is basically an extension of the high school experience. They are, with few exceptions, uninterested in political issues, or even in literary or aesthetic issues, because that is the way they were made to be by their parents and high schools. The most frustrated people in the State University system are English teachers, who cannot convince more than a small minority of their students that reading can be exciting. On the whole, the students come into the State University system, learn what they have to learn, apply to a new environment their high-school lesson that authority can be evaded but never defied, and prepare to take their places in the middle ranks of the Wisconsin society, with perhaps a two- or three-year stint of soldiering after graduation. The greatest number of them will go into teaching, and will prepare a new generation of deprived high school graduates, who will in turn go into the State University system, and the cycle will repeat itself.



What all this adds up to is a mockery of democratic ideals. The Wisconsin system of higher education exists on two levels, because the American social system requires two types of university graduates. It requires, first, people capable of supervising the system and keeping it in good repair: people who have at least the semblance of a well-rounded liberal education and who have some understanding of the complex and turbulent century in which they live. Such people can only emerge from universities that encourage free and open debate on political issues, and that expose students to a variety of conflicting viewpoints. Only in such an atmosphere can young people who will later occupy top positions in the government and the large corporations develop a sophisticated view of society. It is not that they will adopt dissenting views, but only that they will learn about them.

Of course this model of a university fits UW-Madison, and it is appropriate that it does. For graduates of this campus, to a very great extent, go outside the state to make their careers. The most promising of them are recruited to work for the Government and for big business, and form part of the manpower pool from which the top positions in American society will be filled.

No such role is envisioned for the graduates of schools like the nine Wisconsin State Universities. The positions they are expected to fill are basically local rather than national in scope, and they are not expected to have any say in the managing of society. At best, they are expected to help police the society, to insure (as teachers, newspapermen, legislators, ministers or scout leaders for example) that the society's commonplace values are instilled in the populace. They will teach people not to question authority, just as their own education has taught them not to question it. Their mission will be among the Rank and File of American society, and their message will be: Deal justly with men as individuals and trust your country's leaders to deal justly with men in the aggregate.

It is in the context of this anti-democratic system of education that the Regents' code must be seen. The students who attend the State Universities might justifiably demand that the Regents deprive the university presidents of their autocratic power. Students might justifiably demand that the Regents set a state-wide policy of encouraging a clash of ideas on the State University campuses, so that education on the campuses would become something more than occupational training.

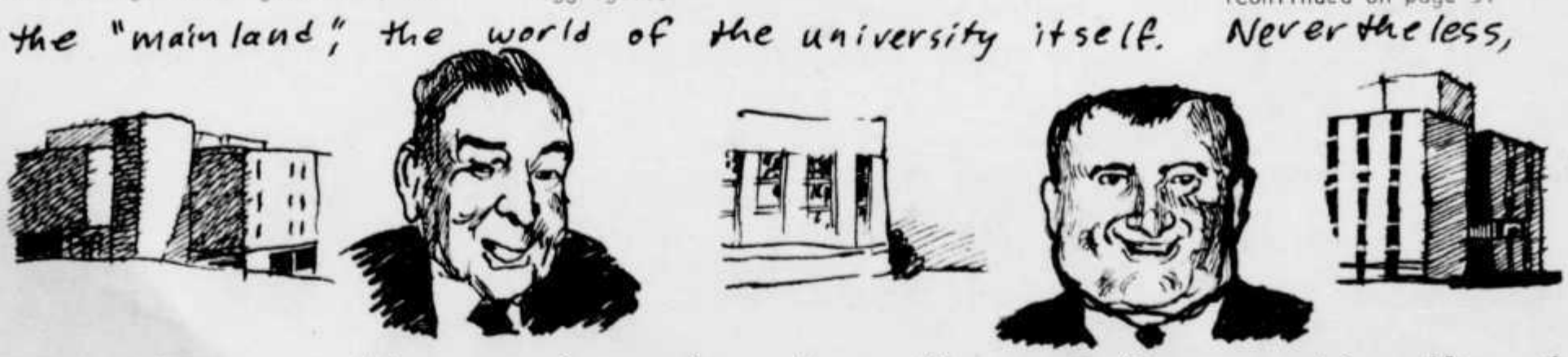
What the Regents did instead was to place their weight solidly behind the administrators and behind the educational philosophy that has guided their actions. They have acted to assure the Legislature that the State Universities are "safe" from the manifold social dislocations that seem to typify UW-Madison. The need of the students to be taken seriously and to obtain an education that confronts them with modern realities has been sacrificed to the Regents' desire to protect and stabilize the State University system. That is what the "Statement of Students' Rights and Rules of Conduct" is all about.

Aside from students, two groups have opposed features of the Regents' code. One of these groups, the Wisconsin conference of the American Association of University Professors, is expected to abandon its opposition. The AAUP statewide meeting in November approved a polite statement criticizing three features of the code as proposed by the deans and vice-presidents: the double jeopardy clause, the flat prohibition of inside picketing, and the vague term "prior conduct" as a criterion for admission.

Professor Lee Burress (Stevens Point), head of the state AAUP, told Connections that he considered the picketing ban to have been the worst feature of the original code. He praised the Regents for modifying it. As for the double jeopardy clause, he feels that since the courts have upheld universities' power in this area, this part of the code does not represent a diminution of students' rights. "My own feeling is, subject to further information, that the code issue has been settled."

The Wisconsin Civil Liberties

(continued on page 5)



(continued from page 4)

Union, on the other hand, has been disturbed more by the double jeopardy provision than by other parts of the code, and does not consider the Regents' decision as the last word on the subject. What the WCLU will do remains unclear, and spokesmen for the group have refused to speculate. The best guess is that it will issue a statement and offer its help in getting a court test of the State Universities' power over off-campus activities.

Student reaction to the code has also focused largely on the double jeopardy section. The nine student government presidents met in early November and unanimously approved a radically different wording for that section of the code. The student version read:

> The University does not regulate off campus conduct of students and institutional disciplinary authority will not be used to duplicate or be a substitute for a parallel action of civil authorities.

It is at Stevens Point that student reaction has been strongest. A student poll in November showed 78 favoring the draft code and 834 favoring the student government presidents' substitute. After the Regents' adoption of the code, a series of daily meetings at Stevens Point led to a teach-in Thursday night, December 7. About 300 students attended, and protest leaders announced hopes of eventually forming a "Wisconsin Students Movement" to link the State University campuses in a joint campaign on behalf of students' rights.

It is understandable that reaction to the code would be stronger at Stevens Point than elsewhere, since the Stevens Point administration is more liberal than most of the others and less nostalgic for the old normal-school days. Thus there is some possibility at Stevens Point that pressure from the Regents could force the administration to keep a tighter rein on the students than it otherwise would. This same possibility existed at Whitewater too, until the resignation of liberal president Walker D. Wyman last spring. Since Wyman's departure the administration has quickly regained its authoritarian credentials, requiring a 24-hour notice for all demonstrations and forbidding the carrying of placards. Anti-paternalist sentiment at Whitewater was shown by a student senate resolution this fall, calling for the abolishment of women's hours and an end to the University's power to punish for off-campus offenses. But the Regents' code has aroused little interest, basically because the local administration has served as the focus of student gripes.

Similarly, at Platteville, discontent over the repressive nature of the institution has manifested itself only on local issues. The student government has been at the point of dissolving itself this fall in disgust at the administration's paternalism, but reaction to the student code has been slight.

Elsewhere in the system, students have had little to say this fall about either the Regents' code or about local administration policies. At La Crosse, the hottest issue has been a petition, signed by about one-half the student body, asking that Christmas vacation start earlier. The student senate at Superior voted to "go on record" as opposing the code. At River Falls, Oshkosh, Eau Claire, and Stout there has been grumbling at the code but no organized opposition.

Thus the Regents and the administrators appear to have put over their code. In the long run, however, the prospects for the State University Establishment may be bleak. The Regents are trapped by their own empire-building. Enrollment is growing so rapidly that hundreds of new teachers are being brought into the system every year. Increasingly these are people with Ph.D.'s from first-rate universities, unaccustomed to the sort of stifling atmosphere that they find in institutions like Oshkosh and Eau Claire. Those that do not leave in disgust represent a constant threat to the status quo and a potential rallying point for dissident students.

The beginnings of a statewide graduate program are clearly visible, although right now it consists chiefly of an M.S. in Education. Such a program is needed by the Regents if they are to attract competent scholars and especially research grants. Yet graduate students add to the potential danger faced by the system, since as Madison shows they can often provide articulate leadership for undergraduates who sense that something is wrong with their university but have not pushed their own analysis far enough.

Above all, the status quo at the State Universities is threatened by the general crisis facing American society in the mid-1960's. The reason that militant demonstrations have taken place in recent weeks at such unlikely places as Iowa and Illinois and San Jose State is that the real nature of this society is becoming increasingly clear.

The Vietnam war is not physically being fought in Oshkosh any more than it is being fought in Iowa City or Champaign-Urbana. But the draft is in operation there, and the moral and political issues raised by the war and by Americal policy toward the underdeveloped world in general cannot long remain submerged. Nor are students at places like Oshkosh so remote from this country's urban ghettoes that they cannot sense something deeply wrong. The point at which the students look at social questions such as these, and then look at their own environment and conclude that they too are repressed, and essentially by the same forces, is the point at which the Regents will have lost their battle.

Jim O'Brien



Graduating seniors check the "job board."



all of them, team-like, is geared to one aim: Helping to shape YOU to become a cultural, thinking, completely-aware individual.

HEAVY ARMOR SHIELDS COP FROM THUGS

POLICE of Columbus, Ohio, have equipped themselves with a modernized adaptation of medieval armor in order to cope with dangerous outlaws of the present day. Jointed plates of heavy steel cover the wearer's body to shield him from gunfire, while a window of bullet-proof glass, a convenience not possessed by warriors of the Middle Ages, gives the officer a clear view of his adversary. Through a gun port at the right of the costume, the cop can shoot it out with a thug.









watertown ! whither, oh wither ?

There is a city in Wisconsin where a bitter fight is being waged for open housing. People involved in the movement are subject to obscene telephone calls, not too subtle threats of losing their jobs, and even less subtle threats on their lives. A clergyman is leading the struggle. An underground newspaper has started. But the scene is not Milwaukee. It is Watertown, a town of 15,000, forty miles from Madison. Its Negro population is two, both over seventy years.

Other things don't jibe. The newspaper is put out by high school students, mostly juniors. Called Soul, its first two-page issue was printed on the mimeograph machine of the United Church of Christ. Handed out free on streetcorners, it dealt with two subjects: the regimentation of high school life and the fact that adults in Watertown are not doing anything to help Negroes. One editorial entitled "Hey, Mr. Adult" contains these lines:

> "We know that you the ADULT will never give the Negro a chance.
> But you will die. And then WE will give him what he is entitled."

The people of Watertown interpreted the line, "But you will die" as a call for high schoolers to kill their parents. For Watertown, this was tantamount to a call for bloody revolution. Its effect on this Catholic-Lutheran hamlet cannot be overstated.

The students who put Soul out know that they can forget about good college recommendations from their principal. One of the original group was forced to quit because of pressure from her father's boss. The pastor of the Church, who marches with Father Groppi and serves as advisor to the publication has also been threatened. The phone calls came, queerly enough, always within five minutes of his entering his home; and he arrives home at various, unpredictable times. When he went on a trip, he told only the Chief of Police that he was leaving. Upon his return, the mayor and other conservative elements in the town somehow knew not only that he was gone, but exactly where he had stayed.

A fair-housing ordinance in Watertown would not hurt anyone: the two Negroes don't even want to move. It would be just a gesture. But it is an unwanted gesture. The city council recently voted to purchase riot equipment, including ten rifles with sniperscopes. I interviewed the part-time mayor and asked him why this type of gun was ordered. "Well," he said, "you never know when some guy'll climb up in a church tower like in Texas and start shooting at people." He added that the police sometimes go elsewhere. "Ten of our boys were in Madison for the riot." He does not expect too much trouble from the two aged Negroes. "We've always had a Negro shoeshiner in Watertown," he said proudly.

The mayor is a member of the Church whose pastor helped out Soul. He stopped going to church when the pastor started preaching civil rights. Soul decided him. There is an unconfirmed rumor that he called the pastor a communist.

Movements to fire the pastor are occasionally spoken of, but the high schoolers are strongly behind him. Armed with full voting rights (anyone who has been confirmed can vote in the United Church of Christ) they are too formidable to fight in a showdown vote.

Church revenue, however, is another story. The Church's donations are down one third from last year at this time. Even people in small towns learn quickly that dollars can make up what is lacking in votes.

The small staff (6-12) of Soul (which will go commercial with its second issue) also tried to start a teen coffee house. When the citizens of Watertown found out that controversial speakers would be asked to come, all financial support was dropped. Another group of teenagers, after promising to have no controversy, got the old Masonic Temple for their coffee house.

Other instances of harassment include: use of the high school two-way P.A. system to eavesdrop when the discussion of current events gets too close to home; the dirty looks and calls of "go marry a nigger," and careful police surveillance of the very few Negroes who happen to pass through town. Still, these teenagers, some of whom march with Groppi, are shaking up this quiet town with NAACP sweatshirts, "Black is Beautiful, Baby!" emblazoned on the back. As the pastor says, "We're scaring the Hell out of them."

--Jeff Yablon





I WILL BATHE ONCE A DAY





DOES CENSORSHIP REALLY WORK?



THE DESERTER

The Contemporary Defeat of Fiction



by

CARL OGLESBY

A personal confession: I don't read novels or poems or plays now with any of the excitement that I remember feeling ten years ago. That was a time, in fact, in which I not only read but wrote the things – two novels, one finished twice but not the third time, three plays, each of them performed, for better or worse, in a number of places, and now and then a poem, usually for a lady who was flashing for a meteoric moment in my life. (I'd always understood that writing poems is most elementally a lecherous act.)

It was a very serious matter for me in those days, this literature. If one didn't know it, one was ignorant. It was where it was happening; it was what made a difference. That I no longer feel this way about it, and that I have stopped – or at least for a long time postponed – the writing of it, means, to be sure, most simply that I have changed. But the situation has changed, too. It has become very wild, very confusing, and seems everywhere to bespeak most clearly our individual impotence and unimportance. And fiction, it seems to me, has responded to this change at least in the respect that it, too, has become very wild, even grotesque, and very confused.

I've called this paper 'The Contemporary Defeat of Fiction.' But I don't intend to argue that this defeat was unavoidable or that it is suffered everywhere or that there is some cultural force which absolutely obstructs its reversal. Any minute, somebody might bowl me over. What I mean to talk about, rather, is my sense that the kind of strategic thought one encounters in certain important novels is a strategy of defeat and desertion – appropriate yesterday, perhaps, when the world was different, but not appropriate now.

I have the perhaps mistaken idea that I could argue this view in the context of a number of important writers, the line of argument of course being different with each: Genet, Beckett, or Robbe-Grillet; or Leroi Jones or Baldwin; or the Bellow of *Herzog* or perhaps the Ken Kesey of *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest* For a variety of reasons, I've decided to talk about Camus and Heller's *Catch-22*: first, because each is important, relevant, and exciting to engage with; and second, because Camus seems to me paradigmatic of a type of failure which I suspect pervades contemporary American fiction, and because Heller's good novel is a convenient and interesting instance of this failure.

That is, I claim to find in *Catch 22* a resume of an immense historical, cultural problem of ours, an embodiment of a dilemma which the informed artist is virtually compelled to pose, and which, once posed, forces the artist to confront a responsibility that may transcend the efficacities of fiction itself. Most coldly, the question I want to get at is this: When the house is burning down around the poet's head, on grounds of what if any dispensation can the poet continue the poem?

Since I want to put all my cards on the table, I should at least describe my view of fiction. After a rather long episode with the New Criticism, I at last came to my senses and decided that literature is most essentially a form of history, something which makes propositions about the human experience of a time and a place. Whether or not these propositions are also elegant, they ought to be in the first place significant and in the second place true.

It follows that I hold the writer responsible for his time – trying to know what's in it, what it's about; and to the extent that a large part of our experience is a witness of injustice, if not direct complicity in it, it follows that the writer has no exemption from the political meanings of choices which he can in no case avoid making. In our time and place, one simply *is* a partisan – of something, of some cause; even silence is no escape. The business of the critic is to grasp and elucidate the fullness of all these circulating partisanships and – like the writer he scrutinizes – to take a stand. It should go without saying that the stand will be complex always and often ambivalent. No American novel published in 1963, for example, can be excused for the almost racist stereotyping and the dilute elixir of fascism which one finds in Ken Kesey's *Cuckoo's Nest;* yet that novel is resonant with a nostalgia, an aspiration, and a man-centered commitment which I not only share, but in fact find enlarged and re-energized by my experience of that book. More complex and ambivalent yet is my attitude toward *Catch-22* as will be clear momentarily. Good enough: one works it out. Neither a novel nor its critique is something one can go shouting out in the streets. The point is to know that novels imply worlds, make assertions about the nature of social reality, embody summations, prophecies, and demands which are manifest in the very process of selection of material and assumption of stance. It is the politics of an artwork which we have to elucidate, explore, and – finally – judge.

I suppose this view of art is neither fashionable nor very glamorous, although the current decline throughout the humanities of the spirit of positivism no doubt makes it easier at least to re-examine the idea that a work of literature amounts to so many mimetic and value-charged statements about man's experience of himself in the world, and the companion idea that the values and villain? For Camus, the central figures are Man, who stands on one side of the line of battle armed with his solitude and passion, and over on the other side, in the opposite corner, the Absurd Cosmos, armed with its silence, its indifference, and its mystery--all of which, however, turn out to be not exactly what they seem. For if, with Camus's acuity, you listen a moment more to this silence, it becomes a curse flung in the face; the indifference becomes contempt; the mystery becomes arrogance and spite. For Camus, even the stars seem sometimes to amount only to so much sinister celestial grafitti. Hence, for example, the air of melodramatic showdown with which *The Myth of Sisyphus* opens: 'There is but one truly serious philosophical problem,' he writes, 'and that is suicide.'

Camus never seems to have surpassed the most prosaic meaning of a much younger Sartre's dictum, 'Man is a useless passion.' Samuel Beckett has somewhere noted the essential ignobility of such a stance: 'The microcosm,' he says, 'cannot forgive the relative immortality of the macrocosm.' Perhaps a good deal of Camus's melancholy bravura boils down, then, to a hyped-up and vastly more sophisticated 'Invictus.' A common jealousy, mingling with fright and pride, yearns to be transfigured, to demonstrate its perfect bravery, by taking on the cosmos, nothing less. Camus's moral philosophy seems in this case to be an extensive elaboration of a single rather uninteresting lesson, namely, that the enemy of life is death, and that life appears frequently to lose. At the scene of that defeat, confronting his absurd destiny face to facelessness, Camus's Rebel undergoes that apotheosis which alters nothing--that is, becomes totally lucid, almost like Wallace Stevens' man of glass, as to the divine and poignant uselessness of lucidity.

But there is much more to Camus's moral strategy than this strangely byronic pursuit of disappearing ultimates. It satisfies also the political function of destroying the challenge of historical risk. It relegates history, the mundane affairs of *men*, to an inferior plateau of moral experience. To be in history, to spend one's time with it, becomes a sadly unavoidable violation of one's higher possibilities. 'For years now,' Camus wrote to a German friend who had become a Nazi soldier, 'you have tried to make me enter History.' History: in a familiar gesture, he capitalizes the initial and turns it thus into something abstract and remote, a category among other categories. He had wanted to live outside this History apparently, not quite in the wilderness, but at least in a distant suburb, fixing his attention upon the absurdity of his oncoming death with a despair sometimes jubillant and always graceful. When he finally does enter History in 1941, it is not in order to change it that he does so, or to provide it with a new purpose or even to defend an old meaning, but almost, rather, as if he aimed to resist events in themselves, to repulse History's impudent incursion upon his own private moral space, that inner sanctum in which the unsuspenseful but elegant struggle with the Absurd was to be resumed once the impostor had been banished again. Camus is rebellious only toward that perfectly innocuous Nothingness which indeed is so radically passive as to comply immediately with all his stage directions, to become a menancing and hostile Nothingness as soon as he so regards it. Toward History, the collisions of men in their pursuit of objectives Camus undertakes no more than the provisional, temporary role of the resistant. If only History would not interfere, if only there were no Nazi soldiers and no revolutionaries, if only men undertook no more objectives, then he could perhaps have time enough for his real life--a life, that is, in which victory is no doubt unthinkable, but in which the varieties of defeat rank themselves from the noble to the wretched and serve in any case to make a man's career conclusive, to relieve it of that disorder and incompleteness which no merely historical existence can ever escape.

In trying thus to improve upon Napoleon, Camus has changed the meaning of Elba: instead of exile, it now means reunion. Escape from the contingent and the changing becomes the overriding purpose of political action: such escape alone restores the possibility of the encounter with silence. The despair that goes with this encounter becomes nothing else than the most glamorous mood of the most glamorous man, the ghostly Don Quixote whose eyes were opened, and whose self-dramatization is only the more poignant because he calls our attention to it in terms so unstintingly self-deprecatory. 'Covered with ashes,' says the judge-penitent Clarence toward the end of *The Fall*, 'tearing my hair, my face scored by clawing, but with piercing eyes, I stand before all humanity recapitulating my shames without losing sight of the effect I am producing and saying: 'I was the lowest of the low.'

This is the pose which classical and conservative thought is apparently required to assume in our time. Camus is important precisely because, in refusing historical rebellion -- in

(continued on page 8)

(continued from page 7)

refusing, that is, to accept the concreteness, the continuation, and thus the impurities of the revolutionist's life -- he presents us with the best of cases against revolution, the most humane and compassionate case. 'Passionately longing,' as he put it, 'for solitude and silence,' he is important because he has renovated with exceptional power if not lucidity that idea of exile as self-reunion which reappears in our time as the one alternative to an always terrifying political violence, the one sanctuary for that Western and highly individualistic innocence which chooses above all its own self-preservation.

His work embodies the nearest resolution of a predicament which in the end seems to remain quite intact, namely: If you choose to answer injustice by standing with historical revolution, you become the forced confederate of an evidently automatic terror. If you choose on such grounds to answer terror by siding with the regime, becoming first and foremost the partisan of traditions and institutions and continuity rather than suffering men, you become the forced confederate of the old privilege and its injustices. If foreknowledge of both disasters persuades you to answer terror and injustice by standing critically above the battle, confronting each historical mode with its opposition's ideal, condemning terror in the name of order and oppression in the name of justice, then you become forced again, at least the practical confederate of the moral sycophant for you accusations, however sincerely moved, will always be most overheard and exploited by incumbent authority. A France busy making the most ruthless war against Algerian rebels, a France about to produce the infamous OAS conspiracy, scarcely hears when Camus--rather softly, to be sure--reprimands the colonialist for his outrages; but this same France is suddenly all ears when he denounces with his severest passion the Soviet Union's slave-labor camps, giving us a sorry spectacle indeed as the counterrevolutionaries try to conceal their ecstasy with a few crocodile tears; it was not for the Turkestani victims that France shared Camus's angry grief, it was rather at the expense of a chronically malformed revolution, which remains nevertheless the only hope of the wretched, that this France celebrated, behind its tears, another victory for reaction.

The function of Camus's metaphysical priorities of his setting Man against the Absurd, of his concomitant suggestion that to fight within history for historical objectives amounts to being waylaid, ambushed on the road to the only really important encounter--the practical function of this is a politics of disengagement which pretends to be the opposite. This is Camus's one really important shame; and it is at last the one which, for all his candor, he never confesses. He does not rebel within history, but against it. He does not rebel in the name of what man's world might become, but rather in the name of what it never can become, a world in which men have no objectives. He thereby guarantees his permanent disappointment with men, guarantees moreover that men's historical failures will always have all the features of a personal betrayal. In effect, he has written into his contract with men an escape clause which will never fail to become operative: a remarkable strategy which allows him at one and the same time to seem both engaged and innocent. His definition of rebellion, in fact, requires him only to reveal for us again and again his moral superiority to both combatants, to the permanent crisis of Western history. That the West widely considers him to be both engaged and lucid only reveals the extent to which his partisanship is rootedly Western--conservative, sometimes all but royalist: the new Edmund Burke disguised as Humphrey Bogart; and reveals further the extent to which his obscurities, his intellectual and moral failures, exactly coincide with what an illiberal Western liberalism prefers left in shadow.

There was always, and there remains, quite another way of visualizing our experience, another way of drawing up the cast of characters: the historical way. In place of the exquisite and subtle struggle of Man against the Absurd, a struggle which is in fact not turbulent at all but perfectly still, consisting mainly of a certain mood, a certain gaze, a metaphysics, the historical imagination gives us instead something a good bit uglier and more lethal, a struggle of men against men pursuing their different historical purposes. Camus always had wanted the cosmos to offer him a meaning, or at least an explanation; perhaps an apology. He never seems to have recognized that this cosmic silence--absurdity--was in fact the very ground of freedom, the indispensible precondition of the morality which he so passionately desired. If the cosmos has no meaning, if it is in itself absurd, then men are at liberty to produce meaning: to assemble alternatives, to make choices, and to act creatively. As for this history, as Sartre observes, 'the problem is not to *know* its objective, but to *give* it one.' But to say as much, obviously, is to reconstitute, beneath the dainty dancer's feet of the ideal, the rough and most uncertain ground of the practical. One might even become--who knows?--a murderer, like everyone else. Appalled, Camus decided to forego, even to denounce, the battle of men against men. He devoted all his considerable skill to the task of proving that the real battle lay elsewhere and was to be fought in solitude. In redefining rebellion in this way, in providing it with a radically metaphysical and antipolitical meaning, he concludes with a silent subversion of his own moral thrust; his choice of political silence, in the end, amounts to a vote for oppression. And it makes it only all the sadder that this vote is cast in the name of those human values which otherwise require exactly the creation of a new society.



THE DESERTER

It seems to me that something like this happens in *Catch-22*, and that the moral and historical categories by which it is brought off in that novel correspond to those I have claimed to see in Camus.

Except for *Moby Dick*, which will remain the supreme critique of America until America redefines and surpasses itself, I can think of no important American novel whose primary conflict is more deeply class-structured than *Catch 22*. Heller could hardly have made things clearer: the Second World War, at one level the clash of rival nationalisms of vertically unified class societies, at another and apparently more important level was an intra-societal clash of rival classes--the men against the officers, the young against the old, the people against the ruling establishment, neither one sharing or even recognizing the other's aims, the one aiming consciously to extend and consolidate its power, the other aiming fitfully and in semi-darkness to break free of the hold and to redefine social value in its own terms. By the time Milo Minderbinder, that gargoyle entrepreneur, has contracted with the Germans to defend the same bridge which he has contracted with the Americans to destroy, this central point has been made brutally clear. But it was there all along. Fairly early, for example, when Cadet Clevinger, 'one of those people with lots of intelligence and no brains,' is sent up for trial before the Action Board for stumbling while marching to class, he finds that his defense attorney, his prosecutor, his accuser, and one of his judges are one and the same man. Towards the end of this trial, Clevinger is 'militantly idealist' enough to point out that the court cannot find him guilty and still remain faithful to what he calls 'the cause of justice.' This provokes the following outburst from the bench: 'That's not what justice is,' the colonel jeered, and began pounding the table with his big fat hand. 'That's what Karl Marx is. I'll tell you what justice is. Justice is a knee in the gut from the floor on the chin at night sneaky with a knife brought up down on the magazine of a battleship sandbagged underhanded in the dark without a word of warning. Garroting. That's what justice is when we've all got to be tough enough and rough enough to fight Billy Petrolle. From the hip. Get it?' Cadet Clevinger does not get it: 'It was all very confusing to Clevinger. There were many strange things taking place, but the strangest of all, to Clevinger, was the hatred, the brutal, uncloaked, inexorable hatred of the members of the Action Board. . . .

'Clevinger recoiled from their hatred as though from a blinding light. These three men who hated him spoke his language and wore his uniform, but he saw their loveless faces set immutably into cramped, mean lines of hostility and understood instantly that nowhere in the world, not in all the fascist tanks or planes or submarines, not in the bunkers behind the machine guns or mortars or behind the blowing flame throwers, not even among all the expert gunners of the crack Hermann Goering Anti-aircraft Division or among the grisly connivers in all the beer halls in Munich and everywhere else, were there men who hated him more.

Clevinger approaches but does not capture the central, organizing insight of the novel, namely, that this entire little world on Pianosa is crazy--'something was terribly wrong,' writes Heller, 'if everything was all right'--and that its craziness springs from the fact that one group os men repeatedly exposes itself to death in the service of another group, whose aims are not only different but fiercely competitive. Over and over, in this novel which has been so highly praised by *Time* and *Life* and other leftwing journals, Heller drives home the point that the officers and the men might as well come from two different nations, that they are united only as the officers are successful in their deceit and deception. 'Almost hung,' wrote Thomas Nashe in the 16th century, 'for another man's rape -- and we have in that phrase the crazy close calls and the crazy deaths which the crazy men of *Catch-22* endure.

Heller does not qualify this opposition so much as a comma's worth It is stark and unrelieved. Whenever we meet in this novel a recognizably sympathetic emotion -- a moment of compassion or agony -- we are among the slaves. Not that the men are sentimentalized: the there frailty enough in their ranks. But the officers, the rulers, are entirely despicable. Lacking even the bitter merits of their violence, they are not even bold or cunning. There is nothing new in the military slave's hatred of his military master; we have been hearing about that at least since *The Naked and the Dead*. But Norman Mailer at least endowed his General Cummins with a well-shaped and sometimes commanding intellect. In *Mister Roberts*, Thomas Heggin gave us a ship's captain who would be perfectly at home in *Catch-22*, but on the horizon of that world there were other ships and other captains whose goodness and legitimacy were in fact praised in the hero's death. *From Here to Eternity* has its share of officer lunatics, but their madness is never something to Laugh at. In *Catch-22*, the officers are denied even the marginal virtues they might appear to possess. Culture, for example, that standard shield of class, is allowed to surface only in order to become more evidence of the officers' vanity and small-mindedness. When Nately is killed and Yossarian therefore refuses to fly any more missions, Colonel Korn says, 'Who does he think he is -- Achilles?' Not a bad comparison, in fact: Korn knows something about Achilles besides the thing about the heel and applies what he knows justly, if contemptuously, to Yossarian's rebellion. But Heller destroys the effect by letting us in on a secret: 'Colonel Korn was pleased with the simile and filed a mental reminder to repeat it the next time he found himself in General Peckham's presence.' So instead of being impressed, we are amused: in his unrelieved vanity, and ambition, Korn has been caught in the act of fondling his knowledge.

These officers, moreover, are not merely officers, for the reason mainly that this army is not merely an army. The army of *Catch-22* is rather a little world which mirrors the larger, overarching world of which it is an offspring and a function. It is an image of America. The values in the name of which the officers direct their peculiar little wars of ambition and betrayal are identical with the values by which the naive maniac of capitalism Milo Minderbinder, is exonerated by an America he had seemed to betray.

'Won't you fight for your country?' Colonel Korn demanded of Yossarian, emulating Colonel Cathcart's harsh, self-righteous tone. 'Won't you give up your life for Colonel Cathcart and me?'

Yossarian tensed with alert astonishment when he heard Colonel Korn's concluding words. 'What's that?' he exclaimed. 'What have you and Colonel Cathcart got to do with my country? You're not the same.'

'How can you separate us?' Colonel Korn inquired with ironical tranquility.

'That's right,' Colonel Cathcart cried emphatically. 'You're either for us or against us. There's no two ways about it.'

'I'm afraid he's got you,' added Colonel Korn. 'you're either *for* us or against your country. It's as simple as that.'

'Oh, no, Colonel. I don't buy that.' Colonel Korn was unruffled. 'Neither do I, frankly, but everyone else will. So there you are.'

What is it exactly that everyone else is buying when he buys the inseparability of the country and the colonels? In the first place, he buys the ethic of mindless ambition and cut-throat deceit. 'Why does he, Cathcart, want to be a general?' asks Yossarian, and Korn answers: 'Why? For the same reason that I want to be a colonel. What else have we got to do? Everyone teaches us to aspire to higher things. A general is higher than a colonel, and a colonel is higher than a lieutenant colonel. So we're both aspiring.' And in the second place, he buys capitalism, a very pure, very unGalbraithian variety with all its old impulses toward monopoly and Mammonism wholly intact; along with the Korns, the Cathcarts, and the Peckhams, that is he buys Milo Minderminder. Not exactly an appealing purchase.

It is no doubt because the purchas is in fact so terribly unappealing that *Catch-22* has so often been taken as a satirical or even a farcical novel. Maybe there is some technical sense, invisible to me, in which such terms can account for the book. But it seems to me, on the contrary, that calling it a satire is merely a way to avoid the disgusting truthfulness. There really *is* a system, and the system does behave more or less exactly in the ways *Catch-22* describes. If the system seems crazy as described in this book, that is because it really *is* crazy. Exaggeration here does not provide the function of substituting a fantasy for reality. Rather, it serves the function of saturating with light the real and essential features of an existing and very nearly unendurable situation. Heller, in fact, seems to be very careful to avoid that exaggeration or that kind of grotesque, which would snap his story's connection with an objective, historical world, Milo's extravagant capitalism and the extravagantly banal evil of the officer class are permissible because they refer to real social phenomena. The rebellion of the men, on the other hand, which in and of itself would even be much less extravagant, far more plausible psychologically, than Milo's bombing of his own base, is never allowed to happen. Until the very end of the book, that is, when Orr, that machine-age Sancho Panza, is found to have escaped to neutral Sweden, and Yossarian is about to join him, rebellion is limited to mutinous mutterings in dark corners or transient moments of individual refusal.

This comes close to what I take to be the central moral dilemma -- and failure of *Catch-22*. This dilemma is concentrated in the little drama that takes place around the figure of Colonel Cathcart.

Of a very bad lot, Cathcart is the worst. He combines all the standard virtues of his class: ruthlessness, stupidity, avarice, cowardice, and so on; Heller persuades us that Cathcart will indeed make general one day -- five-star, no doubt, But besides this, Cathcart is a centrally placed actor, someone whose decisions directly hit the lives of the men under his command. It is Cathcart who keeps raising the number of missions the men must fly, Cathcart who gleefully anticipates casualties among his men on grounds that this will be a proof to the higher-ups of his own greater dedication and bravery, Cathcart who consciously punishes the flyers by volunteering them for exceptionally dangerous missions, Cathcart who demands the pointless bombing of an undefended and perhaps friendly mountain village. He is a ridiculous person, but also consequential -- a monstrous combination. Heller quite methodically refuses us the opportunity of being for one moment mistaken about this Cathcart. He is a criminal all around, everyone's executioner: a clear and present danger.

The question is: Why is Cathcart not assassinated? In a chapter opening with the cold horror of Snowden's death and the pushing of the number of missions up to 60, the terrified and angry Dobbs proposes Cathcart's assassination to Yossarian, who need only tell Dobbs that it's a good idea. Yossarian clearly thinks it is; Cathcart should be punished, removed. But he cannot or will not tell Dobbs to

proceed. A bit later, the roles are reversed, and this time it is Doobs, who now has his 60 missions under his belt, who will not conspire with Yossarian.

The men are unable to generate any coherent opposition to those who victimize and, in the crudest sense, exploit them. Something keeps Cathcart alive. One feels its presence as soon as Dobbs lays his proposal before Yossarian; one knows already that Cathcart is secure, that even if Yossarian had assented to the plan, Dobbs would have muffed its execution, wound up no doubt killing himself. Cathcart seems to wear a charm, the same charm that all the other officers seem to wear and which none of the men of the squadron apparently can ever possess. What is this charm?

The charm, I believe, is a special version of Camus' Absurd Cosmos. And it is hanging, in fact, not around Cathcart's neck, but around Yossarian's. It is on the men of the squadron. It is on Heller and his situation. And perhaps -- but perhaps not -- it is also on the world.

Recall the way in which *Catch-22* tells its story. The technique could hardly be further removed from that of the Homeric poem or even the mainline novel of the 19th and 20th centuries: there is no sequential, step-by-step development through time of an increasingly charged situation, and one does not have the sense that a world is coming into being or is being altered before one's eyes; there is hardly any sense at all of the massing of contradictory pressures or of a buildup for a conventional climax or denouement. Rather, the narrative stream wanders from thread to thread

(continued on page 10)





(from page nine)

as if each were a line on an initially invisible map, and with each touching of each story line its dimensions and meanings are spread outwards toward the others more and more, so that by the last page, they all touch, and we have the feeling that a world, a unified body of experience, has been finally disclosed.

Thus, the circulating narrational structure of the novel, moving with the degrees of freedom in time which are customarily reserved for space, has in itself prepositioned a world which is already in being, a complete tense, but basically static world, whose larger form is proof against all assaults: a world which is not in the process of being changed. And the effect of this digressive, apparently undisciplined narrative pattern is to persuade us that in this novel history is not about to take place; we are not about to witness the transfiguration of a world. Impossible to endure as it is, the world of *Catch-22* is not under seige. There is no other moral or practical world which threatens to supplant it.

The world of *Catch-22*, that is, is one in which the possibility of political, historical rebellion has already been foreclosed. There can be no revolution here. Only try to imagine what happens to the psychological ambience of the book, its tone and spirit, if Yossarian -- a bombardier after all who kills people every day -- should actually bring off the assassination of the war criminal, Cathcart. We have been able to smile with derision at this immune and safeguarded Cathcart who kills and kills with impunity. As soon, however, as *he* is killed, that superior smile seems no longer possible. Everything becomes suddenly very serious; almost automatically, a search for the mode of his assassin's tragic downfall shoots immediately into the book. Yossarian who makes his rebellion political and real -- revolutionary -- is a Yossarian who can no longer be focussed by means of the underlying assumptions of the novel. Such a Yossarian breaks the bounds of reality which the novel has made implicit and in terms of which it realizes its formal coherence. And this would of course be all the clearer were Yossarian to be joined in this revolution by his co-victims: a crucial action would in this case have transcended and surpassed the practical limits of action which Haller's perception of the world has put into place.

At first, this may seem to say nothing more than that Heller's novel is all of a piece. In fact, one may for a moment almost see in this refusal of the revolutionary option a proof of the novel's authenticity. That a revolution, a massive change in the moral and social order, should at one and the same time be both mandatory and impossible may actually be the most important element of our situation. A novel that expressed and explored this definitive predicament would be novel which one could not write without great experience and agony -- a novel very much worth having.

But Heller has not written this novel. At the last minute, he in fact kills the dilemma which he had seemed to pose by introducing a third term. If historical revolution is impossible, he says, private rebellion is not. A rebellion which amounts only to an escape is produced at the very moment the last dice are being rolled. It turns out to be the reverse side of the twenty-second catch, or perhaps it is catch-23: To an unthinkable revolution and an unendurable regime, Heller suddenly adds the alternative of desertion. If men cannot remake their social destinies by acting together in history, then each man, it seems, can avoid social destiny altogether by escaping history -- by escaping politics, by taking asylum in this nonaligned Sweden which Yossarian is headed for at the unconvincingly festive and to my mind disastrous close of the novel. Nonaligned: that is, a country without politics, presumably therefore without Colonel Cathcarts, a country in which social history is no longer individually contingent. One is reminded again of Camus' 'passionate longing for solitude and silence.'

Heller's crazy world, as in different ways perhaps with Kesey's insane world and the early Salinger's phony one, originates in the same disaffiliation from history as the absurd world of Camus. Just as Camus evades history by redefining rebellion as a metaphysical act, so Heller evades it by redefining rebellion as privatistic. A Yossarian in neutral Sweden -- perhaps what Heller really wants to say here, by the way, is Eden -- is a Kilroy without objectives, a McMurphy without Big Nurse, an Ishmael without Captain Ahab.

And of course it is well known that one need not migrate to arrive in this Sweden. It is nearly everywhere. It is in the East Village and the Haight-Ashbury. It is in camp art and the flower team art, the art without signature. It is in the sanctum of Optical and Acrylic contsructivism and the machine esthetic of the hard and efficient surface. It is in an art culture of once ironic iron which today has apparently abandoned its original subversive content in favor of sheer enthusiasm for a world without people, a very clean and orderly utopia. It is in the new preoccupation with sensibility and the McLuhanite extension of the senses. It is in the new grotesque, which offers to cover up the hour's malaise, the time's bleeding conscience, through the expedient of a so-called black laughter which turns out to be only all too long-suffering, servile, and pale. All of them pretending to be avant-garde and rebellious, all of them at the same time increasingly addicted to what *is*, increasingly alien from that which is not *yet*, these new Swedens, these Wonderlands without contents, without histories and futures, these Expos of polite defeat, are everywhere.

In the end, very like Camus, Heller has tired to buy time for himself and his culture, snarled with lunacy and injustice as it is, by wrapping up everything in a tissue of cynicism and privileged impotence. History being insufferable but unchangeable, he says the good man is therefore morally reprieved from the awful sentence of having to change it. In the company of Camus' solitary rebel, he need only desert.

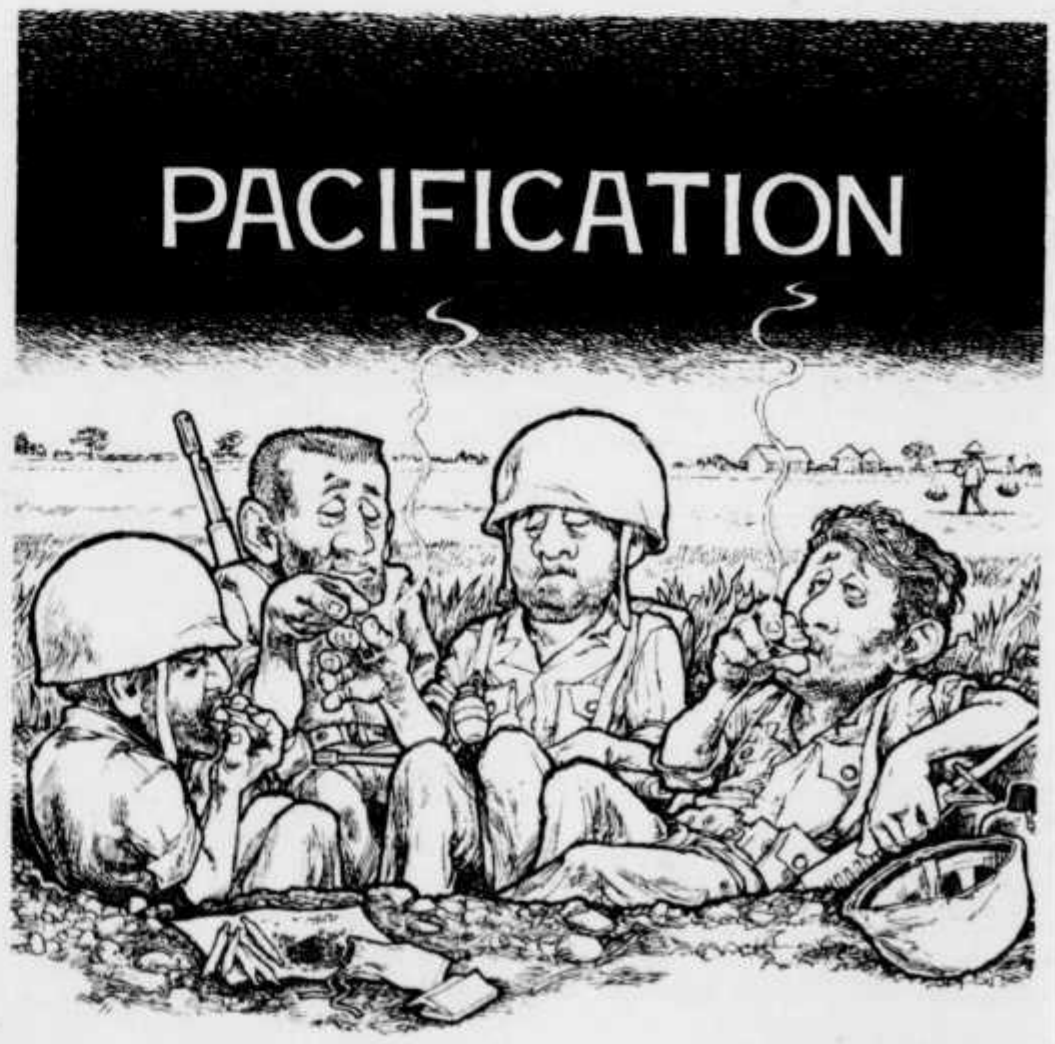
What Heller finally offers us supersensitive Westerners is a contemporary world in which we may ignore what threatens us by its example, what challenges us to change our lives. A world, that is, in which there is no Fanny Lou Hamer, no Schwerner, Chaney or Goodman, no Castro or Guevara or Nguyen Huu Tho; a world without fundamental tension, one which is not destined for significant transformation, a world in which the summons to partisanship has been muffled if not ridiculed by a nihilism which has recently discovered gaiety, a despair which has learned how to frolic in the ruins of a certain hope.

Maybe this was a remotely defensible

CONNECTIONS--page ten

posture in that decade before the First World War when another solitary rebel deserted another homeland 'to forge,' as he put it in a tone now forbidden, 'in the smithy of my soul the uncreated conscience of my race.' But several wars and revolutions have changed the situation. The conscience exists, standing before us now asking not to be created or perfected but to be chosen and defended, in need of champions, not exiles. Any fiction which refuses that request is henceforth a collaborationist fiction, a fiction which tells the terrible lie that Carmichael and Bravo and Montes do not exist. It will require indeed a 'post-realistic' fiction to tell this lie, a fiction which suddenly wants to toy with the notion that after reality there might still be something left. There will not be. There will only be men who can catch an eternally difficult reality and those who cannot. Those who cannot will continue to conceal their desertion beneath an historical sadness endlessly more intricate in design and in decoration even lovely: we shall continue to hear the sighs of an expiring culture whose self-confidence is being permanently broken. And those, on the other hand, who will have the courage to see what is there in the world and to see moveover what that world needs to become -- these people, putting their own comfort last and laboring to acquire skills which come far from naturally to the modern Westerner, will concentrate all their power on that moment when the good man in hell, acting in acute foreknowledge of probable defeat, nevertheless acts -- the true existentialist who chooses his history, who chooses his situation, and who chooses to change it; who declines exile and desertion, and who declines to be defeated by a despair which he nevertheless refuses to reject. Such people will have no interest in a fiction of post-realism. They will decide and again decide to live as fully as they can in that eternal hour before the eternal revolution which is eternally the moment of a man's communion with his brothers.

reprinted from Middle Earth



RAP up

(LNS, Dec. 18) A local note on latest defense contracts:
-- Eau Claire, Wis., $20,967,140 to National Presto Industries, Inc., as "definitization of a previously awarded contract for metal parts for 105 mm projectiles." (DA-AA09-68 C-0065)

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(LNS) A new dimension in domestic repercussions to the war in Vietnam has appeared in the finances of life-insurance companies, Harold H. Brayman reported, in the National Observer, a subsidiary of Dow Jones and Co., Inc., on the effects of war casualties on policy sales. Vietnam death payments on individual policies, he reported, cost life-insurance companies $36,600,000 in the first nene months of this year. While this represents just 0.9 per cent of all death payments during the period, it has had sharp effects upon several companies, especially those that deal exclusively or largely with military personnel.

Many companies have put a $10,000 ceiling on policies for men assigned to Vietnam; others have simply refused to insure departing soldiers. "We can't insure military people indiscriminately, or we would be broke in three months" one insurance executive reported. A Dallas insurance co. paid military claims averaging $250,00 a month in 1966, nearly one third of its total income for the year. The company is now planning a merger with a Kentucky firm which has expressed confidence in the transaction: "We believe they are in great shape, once they get rid of that military business."

Not all insurance companies have responded by pulling out of the "military business." One executive whose company sells exclusively to military officers and their families and has continued to insure Vietnam personnel, says simply, "You can't abandon your market."

Another company has shifted its sales pitch to the 75 per cent of men on military duty neither in Vietnam nor considered likely to go in the next year or so. Business is good among these

(continued on page 14)

DROP OUT! JOIN UP!

NEW YORK, N.Y., Dec. 22 (LIBERATION News Service) -- A counselling service to give advice to college drop-outs and potential drop-outs is being organized by the New York regional office of Students for a Democratic Society.

The purpose of the program is to acquaint young people with the various ways they can lead constructive lives outside of the "establishment," including the world of academia. It will also provide realistic information about the problems of financial support, alternative jobs and life style changes.

The counselling service is expected to offer clear, intelligent information and advice, rather than get into the "therapeutic" bag, according to Jonathan Lerner, who is organizing the program along with Michele Clark.

Jonathan and Michele expect to set up a network of counsellors in key college communities. This organization was expected to emerge from the National Council meeting of SDS in Bloomington, Indiana, Dec. 27-31.

Part of the service will involve referring drop-outs to new creative roles in the underground press, craft workshops, communal farms, community organizing and political groups.

Later, regional counsellors will make their identity known, but for the present interested individuals should contact Jonathan or Michele at SDS, 41 Union Square West, Room 436, New York, N.Y. 10003, phone area code 212-675-2626.

The following is an incomplete listing of possible alternatives to college:

NEWSPAPERS

Washington Free Press: needs writers, distribution, layout. Contact Ellis Pines or Frank Spitz, 3 Thomas Circle N.W., Washington, D.C.; subsistence salaries offered.

Liberation News Service and New Media Project; need and will train people in journalism; the project will help start underground newspapers and radio as well; will soon be able to train and work in film. Possible subsistence salaries; people will live in D.C. in co-op houses, fairly cheap and sell Wash. Free Press on streets for part salary. Contact Allen Young, LNS, 3 Thomas Circle N.W., Washington, D.C.

The MOVEMENT: newspaper in S.F.; can train in layout, writing, editing, distribution; probably no money but communal living available and selling paper on streets of S.F. Contact: 449 14th Street, S.F., Calif.

The Rat: newspaper in New York; probable salary in a few months; needs all newspaper skills; contact Jeff Shero at SDS, 41 Union Sq. West, Rm 436, New York, N.Y. 10003.

CAW: Literary magazine, first issue due January 15; needs layout, editing, bureaucratic stuff, envelope licking, writing, art work, posters, publicity, fund raising; no salary and no room and board--just NYC in all its whorey glory: contact: Jerry Badanes at NYC SDS or at 97 Wooster St. NYC.

Theater Groups- Richard Schechner-Guerrilla Theater; trained actors, filmmakers, muscians, writers; no salary, a lot of rehearsals each week; contact: Michele Clark at NYC SDS office

Bread and Puppet Theater (NYC): Peter Schumann mimes, good, inventive carpenters, sculptors for masks and little puppets, all theater skills, lighting, etc. probable $35 a week after you've worked there a while; contact: Michele Clark at NYC SDS office.

NY Street Group: passion more than training needed; mime, mask making, Eileen Larue 91 E. 3rd Street; at least three rehearsals a week; no salary; no communalism.

Pageant Players: NYC Street Theater Group. Contact Michael Brown, 623 E. 6th Street, N.Y.C.

Organizing: New York Regional Office SDS; Film project, dropout counselling, high school organizing, subway newsletter, campus traveling, some subsistence obtainable.

Print Shops: NY SDS office: Tim Morearty; assistants, trainees-subsistence. Wash. DC Movement Print Shop; contact Dick Ochs, 3 Thomas Circle NW DC; subsistence for assistants.

SDS National Office, 1608 W. Madison, Chicago, Ill.: assistants, trainees, peacemakers between warring factions, subsistence, possibly more.

Art: Arizona: architecture assistants; make bells and models Paolo Soleri 6433 Doubletree Road, Scottsdale, Arizona; subsistence, room and board; architecture or sculptural experence preferable

Washington DC: The New Thing- Art and Architecture Center (Cultural center for DC black ghetto); teachers in workshops: art, music, film, dance, writing, photography, Black history; no salary right now - but possible later, Topper Carew 2335 18th NW DC 332-4500

"Wisconsin's Violent Ward"

Recommended for reading is an article in The National Observer, December 11, 1967, on "Wisconsin's Violent Ward!"

(The Observer thus escalated the rhetoric describing the University. Nan Robertson of the New York Times called the U.W. "the angriest campus" in the country. Now The Observer with its "Violent Ward.")

The Observer article distinguishes itself by a few untypically candid comments from the Dean of Student Affairs, Joseph Kauffman; Chief of Protection and Security, Ralph Hansen; and an unnamed university official.

"Commented a university official: 'With the expulsions and the voluntary dropping from school of many of the hard-core leaders involved in the Dow demonstration, the Left has lost some of its leadership. They will likely spend the winter in an internal struggle for leadership, and I am hoping the Wisconsin political primaries in the spring will give them an outlet for serious political involvement.'"

"But Chief Hanson added that the university will be better prepared if trouble appears imminent again: 'We'll isolate the area ahead of time and have enough police on hand to ensure order.' Dean Kauffman amplified the point: 'We're going to have to make a major investment of police ahead of time--force the protesters to attack the police. More importantly, I'd enlist faculty members identified ideologically with the students' position to accompany them--with the stipulation that they'd withdraw immediately if violence erupts.'"

"Admits Dean Kauffman, a self-proclaimed liberal: 'Our very reasonableness escalates things.'"



(photo by Ray Leong - Open City)

ONE ROOM MAN BROKEN-DOWN

Trying to wet my fingers to put out
the glowing brains of a cigarette that
dropped out of my numbed, desolate fingers
onto the floor -- looking down at my feet,
last button of my shirt unbuttoned -- a
quart of beer between my legs -- the bone
walls of throbbing lonliness crack -- the
driftwood day floating into the sleeping blouse
of Time -- this is the slow way a man dies.

Before the sun went home in its egg soup
of orange pain I scanned the telephone poles
stuck in the mud like crucifixes strung with
cables by a huge black spider -- I could
hear all the chatter wrapped in its million
gangliaed fusion of morphine; I could hear
all the housewives wiping their gossiped
soul over the mouthpieces -- I could even
hear the throats of lovers whispering like
seagulls -- an injection of air to lighten
the weight of the pendulum.

Buffy Sainte-Marie sings "Broke-Down Girl"
while I begin getting lost in the clogged
pores of my arms, a few scars, scabs, the
hair, my arm narrowing into my shoulder then
disappearing -- my arm strangling my dreams
on both ends -- I DON'T WANT TO ESCAPE MY
HURT BECAUSE IT IS THE CLOSEST THING TO YOU --
yet I must, I cannot live in boiled nerves &
cringing wallpaper forever -- not even the best
of men could.

Tried to play my little three-holed wood flute
bought at a drugstore for a dime -- ended up
screaming into it -- beer, the blues -- it all
ends up in violence; I guess that's what blood
really is.

Well, I'll be leaving this town in five weeks --
best I can say, it wasn't romance -- it wasn't
love -- it was deeper than that -- it was finding
the protoplasm of dreams & the girl who took the
world away from me & gave me herself instead --
but not really give, that was nothing more than my
eyes falling to the back of my head where I thought
I saw a reflection.

I wish you could follow me, one way or another....

-- Doug Blazek

••

SPY POEM

I couldn't look her

too long in the face:

doing her friendly dance
behind the Counter (relationship defined,

somewhat, by that / spatially

couldn't look too long: unraveling
my long stare, eyes

drawing across her face
three moving threads of an irregular triangle
(mouthedge: to cheekbone: to ear

was too much.
i. e. her
eye / couldn't be threaded, I

snapped

-- Dave Wagner

LOC NINH BONANZA

The colorbox
burns through descent:
era
iridescent
a scent of comet
in the air
Revolution
in the tongue of empire:
the chiclet Kids
are standing in
cold closets
They send the mail
in coffins
out to Viet Nam

-- Anna Taylor

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REVELATION OF THE BARE ASS

There is this statue
in the park
& I would buy a hamburger
at some cheap slop joint
throw in an extra dime
& get a small rootbeer
then I'd walk down
to the park
where all the business men
would take their lunch breaks
& all the art students
from the Art Institute would
sprawl out & sketch things
on napkins, on blank spaces
in the Tribune & I even
remember one of them sketching
something on a huge cotton wood
leaf that was turning yellow
& had brown gnarls on it
like moles on the back of
a canary anyway
there were these art students
& the business men & the statue
which was a woman w/a cloth
draped round her &
a few kids hiding in her skirt.
really not much of a statue
& I don't know what it was
supposed to symbolize--
guess I liked it as much
as the business men altho
the statue was well done by
some famous sculpturer & was
supposed to be beautiful--
I think what turned me off to
it was that when I went around
to the other side
I could see her ass! which
was really something to find
myself staring into the naked
ass of a beautiful woman standing
in the park, but I suppose
it's that way w/all beautiful
things -- even those art students
who drew on cotton wood leaves
probably had stained underpants
& moles in unsightly places.
It was this day that I decided
that if I was to go to college
I'd take a course in art, & also
not be so concerned w/
keeping my ass hidden & clean.

-- Doug Blazek

If you check the Rap-up section of news quickies in this issue, you'll find a note on the Underground Press Syndicate (of which CONNECTIONS is a member). It's not exactly what you would call a "chain" of papers--stretching clear across the country--it's more of a zipper at which hundreds of young para-journalists are tugging frantically, trying to free the American Penis from the awful pinch of history.

Let that pair of metaphors serve to explain what I mean: on the one hand the chains of identical wire services that repress with a "professional" flair for the lie and the half-lie; on the other, a vaguely organized coalition of writers, poets, photographers, artists, transcendental junkies and revolutionaries whose only common interest is that the country free itself--somehow!--from the democratic Death which must come from a universal acceptance of the "necessary" lie. At least, they might put it that way in rhetorical moment.

At last count there are 56 papers in the Syndicate. They are being published in 14 states (& one in D.C.), and three other countries: England, Canada, and Colombia. Most of the papers are printed on the coasts, especially the West, where California alone has fourteen.

But the number and distribution of UPS members doesn't mean too much. Many of them are small, generally unoriginal, and put together by the vaguely hip who caught the movement of the world spirit just after it passed, and who consequently have only enough energy available for three or four issues. Others are sustained by more substantial enthusiasms, e.g. for revolutionary politics in THE RAG, WIN, PEACE NEWS, CONNECTIONS, etc.; for visionary consciousness in the ORACLE, AVATAR, and INNER SPACE (before it was repressed!); or for sheer artistic quality one form or another, as in OPEN CITY, GUERILLA/SUN, and YARROW-STALKS. The really big guns--the prime movers of the whole affair (EAST VILLAGE OTHER, ORACLE, L.A. FREE PRESS)--are all having problems with this enthusiasm business. The ORACLE has been exploited without mercy by the media as soon as it saw the market for something NEW &DIFFERENT, and that something has now naturally become a cliche. The FREE PRESS is a newspaper, and a good one, but it can't by its very size fill localized or community needs. Which brings us to EVO: the OTHER seems to be swallowing itself with ads, with frustration (justifiable), and with success (it has over 60,000 circulation). It led the way last Spring when all the other papers were trying to find out how the hell to come across to

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HARUMF!

(Editor's note: The Madison school system is trying to rid itself of Robin Zeldin, a sophomore at James Madison Memorial, for the heinous offense of wearing a mustache. Temporarily foiled by Circuit Court Judge Richard Bardwell, who ruled that Zeldin couldn't be suspended more than once for the "offense," the Madison Board of Education was scheduled to decide on its next move at its regular Monday night meeting, January 14. In this article Zeldin describes the complicated maneuvering that has marked the case.)

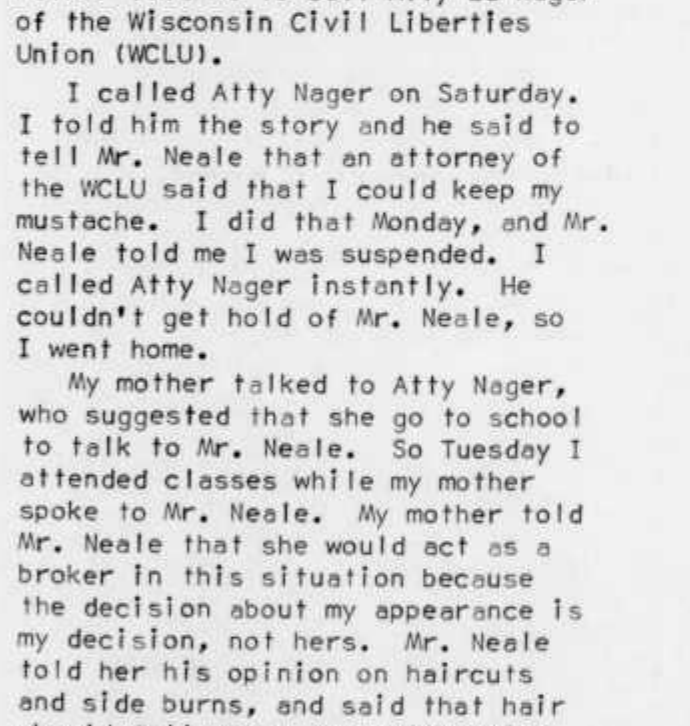
A Tuesday in November of this year Mr. Neale, House Master of the senior high section of James Madison Memorial, said that he wanted to see me and to come into his office some time. Since that sometime would be on my study time, I told him that I would see him if I had time. Since I had a lot of school work to do I never got to see him, so he called me into his office Friday, after French lecture. In his office he told me to shave off my mustache by Monday or he'd suspend me.

That evening I conferred with my mother about the subject. I told her that Mr. Neale said to shave it off because people were coming to school with whiskers, and that if I had a mustache, pretty soon students would be coming to school in bikinis. I decided that I should call a lawyer to see if Mr. Neale had any legal right to make me shave it off. My mother told me to call Atty Ed Nager of the Wisconsin Civil Liberties Union (WCLU).

I called Atty Nager on Saturday. I told him the story and he said to tell Mr. Neale that an attorney of the WCLU said that I could keep my mustache. I did that Monday, and Mr. Neale told me I was suspended. I called Atty Nager instantly. He couldn't get hold of Mr. Neale, so I went home.

My mother talked to Atty Nager, who suggested that she go to school to talk to Mr. Neale. So Tuesday I attended classes while my mother spoke to Mr. Neale. My mother told Mr. Neale that she would act as a broker in this situation because the decision about my appearance is my decision, not hers. Mr. Neale told her his opinion on haircuts and side burns, and said that hair should fall above the collar with the ears plainly visible.

I talked with my mother that night. She looked at me, saw that my hair fell above the collar and that my ears were plainly visible, and that there was no reason why I should be out of school. I called Atty. Nager, and he told me to get a letter of suspension from Mr. Neale, stating that I was suspended,



and then I told the principal to stuff it



Keep *Clean Shaven* if you want to hold your job!

the basis for the suspension, and his signature, before leaving school.

I went to school Wednesday, and after home room, I was called to Mr. Neale's office. He told me that he felt that he had been misled by my mother and that his understanding was that "everything would be taken care of", meaning that it would be shaved off. He told me that I was still suspended, but didn't want to give me a letter of suspension. So I called Atty. Keith Halverson, whom the WCLU designated as my attorney. Unable to reach him, or Atty. Nager, I called home. My mother told me not to leave school without the letter.

For a while I wondered where Mr. Neale was. After a while he opened the door of his office and he told me to come in. He finally said that he would talk to his boss, Mr. Edwards, and he would check up on previous court cases. He sounded different, as if to say, well, I'll see if you've got a chance, and we'll see. He no longer sounded as if he was in a position of authority, with me having to do what he said. All I found out for about a month was that his boss left the decision up to him.

The week of Christmas vacation, Monday, December 18, I was called into Mr. Neale's office. He said that he had checked the court cases and found that there hadn't been any that succeeded in Wisconsin and that the only place such a case had a chance was on the west coast. He then told me that if I still wished to keep the mustache I should come to his office before or during home room, the next morning, and he'd have the letter ready for me.

I called Keith Halverson and read him Mr. Neale's letter, which didn't say anything. I also read the section of the student handbook labelled "Grooming and Dress," the rule I was supposed to have broken, which also didn't say anything.

The Friday before school started, December 29th, I went with my mother to Atty Halverson's office. He had typed out our case, which we read and signed. We also signed a paper saying that I had accepted Atty Halverson as my guardian ad litem. I found out that there was now a new city-wide policy of no mustaches, beards, or sideburns.

On Tuesday morning, Atty Halverson went to the court house to get Judge Bardwell to sign a restraining order to send me back to school. The order was served and I went back to school Wednesday. There was a hearing set for Thursday at 10 am.

I didn't go to the hearing, but the judge decided that the administration could only suspend me once. Since I had served this suspension, the next step was up to the school board. If they decide to take further action, we were to appeal to the state superintendent of schools. If he sided with the school board, we were to take the case to court.

The reason for me not shaving my mustache is simple: it's a part of me. I've chosen to express myself through a mustache. One's appearance is a personal decision up to the individual. The school has no right to tell a person how he's to look. The presence of my mustache does not disrupt the classroom nor hinder the process of education, as four of my teachers said according to their classes. A fifth teacher said he wouldn't make any statement. My classmates don't seem to mind, and I get most of my support from the Sophomore class, of which I'm a member.

-- Robin Zeldin

UPS Continued

people; EVO formed the Syndicate, and later helped to get LNS (Liberation News Service) into the exchange of information. But something has gone out of its pages. Allen Katzman (who wrote the Comanche Cantos long before) reviewed an irrelevant book of poems in the Penguin series because it was sent to him (we got one too). This at the expense of covering the "Underground" poets in Detroit and the Cleveland writers. Where's the poetry, Allen?

But there are some papers who maintain themselves with a sort of dedication, who don't attempt to paste-up all in one night. OPEN CITY, in L.A., is the best example. Their staff of writers is probably the best in UPS. (They have, for example, Charles Bukowski write a column for them every week.) Their photography is excellent (see the shot by Ray Leeong on this page), and the graphics are still imaginative after two years of publishing. (If you get off a sub to them at 5420 Carlton Way, L.A. 90027, you'll be well rewarded.)

Nobody knows where UPS is heading. If HUAC carries out its threat to investigate it, member papers will probably benefit in circulation and sales, since the straight papers will inevitably play it up. But if that doesn't happen, the Syndicate will probably dwindle down to a few specialized presses that will sustain themselves on local readership and regional issues. It's up for grabs, the future of this temporary experiment--if that's what in fact it is. It's not worth hoping, I know, but if the thing is dying maybe the research flies who stay away from everything but carrion will stay away a little longer, and let the good local papers get their licks in. They got one hell of a job to do.

Rap Up Cont.

men it appears: "The war has made all military personnel more conscious of their insurance needs." Government Employees Life Insurance Co. of Washington, D.C., which estimates that servicemen own one fifth of its policies, has shifted its focus from military to civilian. "We are trying to avoid speculative purchasers; we won't sell to people on their way to Vietnam."

Restrictions have eased the pressure on the insurance companies and losses incurred from the war are past their peak. Profits in most cases have returned to normal, if not increased.



(The SOUTHERN COURIER; Nov. 25-26, Edwards, Miss.)

"In an angry meetiong last Saturday at Mt. Beulah, representatives of welfare rights groups from 15 counties decided on ways to get a bigger share of public aid programs."

The tactics suggested and approved included direct action and proposals to the state legislature.

"The people also approved using 'any means' to get free food stamps--even breaking into stores and taking food for starving children.

"If the law-makers don't provide more money for welfare, the people agreed, mothers and children should sit in at the legislature and disrupt the sessions.

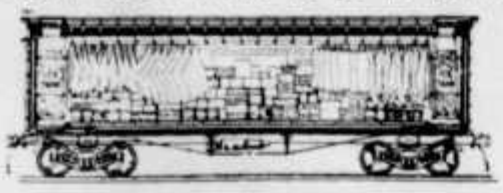
"In one session, Charles Hill of the U.S. Department of Agriculture was told that the financial standards for food stamps are unrealistic.

"For example, a family of eight with a $100-a-month income can get $96 worth of stamps each month for $46. But many people argued that such a family could never afford $46 for food."

One NAACP worker noted: "'The food stamp program is to benefit the grocers, not the people. I don't think the Department of Agriculture is interested in the people in the communities. The answer is stamps at no cost.'"

Mrs. Johnnie Tillmon, national chairman of the Welfare Rights Movement, spoke against the welfare bill pending in Congress.

"'Let them cut us off welfare. Then we'll go home and do what we have got to do, even if we have to burn up houses and people. They're going to kill you anyway, so don't be afraid to go to jail."



(LNS) A committee for Solidarity with the American People has been formed by the South Vietnamese National Liberation Front (NLF). The committee was founded on Oct. 16, coincident with Resistance Day throughout the U.S. The Committee is based on the assumption that the Johnson government is the common enemy of both peoples, who otherwise would bear each other no enmities.



(LNS) Seventeen South Vietnamese student leaders, including the president of Saigon University's student body, who demonstrated aginst the "undemocratic and unrepresentative elections of September and October," have been arrested and drafted into the army of the Saigon regime.

Ho Huu Nhut, chairman of the Student Council at Saigon Univ. writing for the Interuniversity Student Committee Struggling for Democracy, has issued "an appeal to the students of America and the West": "We appeal to you for your support in our efforts, for your intervention on our behalf and for your continued solidarity with our efforts for the well-being of our tormented country."



(Washington Evening Star, Dec. 5, from LNS) Noted without comment: Ruth Buchanan, wife of former Ambassador Wiley Buchanan, sold some of her paintings recently at the Washington Gallery of Art. "That was the first dollar I ever earned in my life," exclaimed the Dow Chemical heiress.



A "preliminary investigation" of underground newspapers has been called for by HUAC member Joe Pool (D-Texas). Pool, speaking in New Haven to the Yale Political Union, revealed that "I have information that throughout the United States underground newspapers will be published as a nationwide underground press syndicate. The purpose of these papers will be to slander and libel everyone who opposes these traitors in their attempts to destroy the American government." "The smut sheets," he went on, "are today's Molotov cocktails thrown at respectability and decency in our nation...The plan of this underground press syndicate is to take advantage of that part of the First Amendment which protects newspapers and gives them freedom of press."

Another form of harassment of the underground press has been taking place in Cambridge, Mass. this fall where Avatar has had its salesmen arrested, its stock of back issues seized by the police and an issue declared "obscene" in Boston Municipal Court. Local newsstands have been pressured by the police to remove the paper from sale. In the words of Liberation News Service, "Avatar in the past has specialized in poetry,art, astrology, and community news, and has lately played a major role in publicizing news of the peace and liberation movements, the Resistance and other broadly political matters. In general, it has not been typified by articles on sex."

The latest word is that Avatar will relocate in New York City and let Cambridge's Mayor Hayes feel clean.

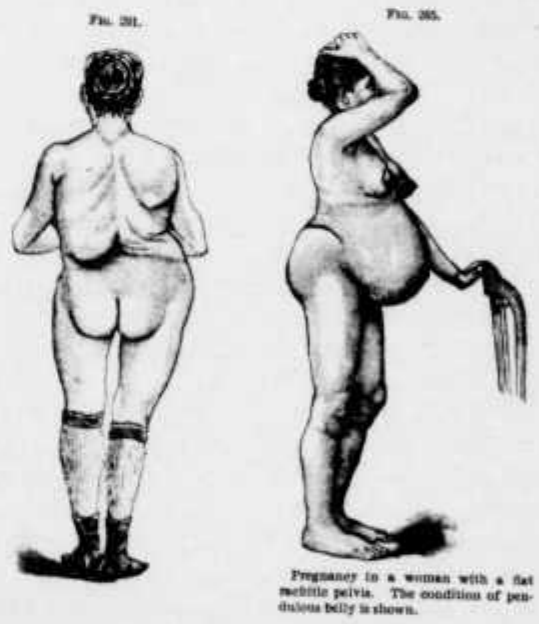


(UW News, from the University of Wisconsin News and Publications Service, release of 1/2/68

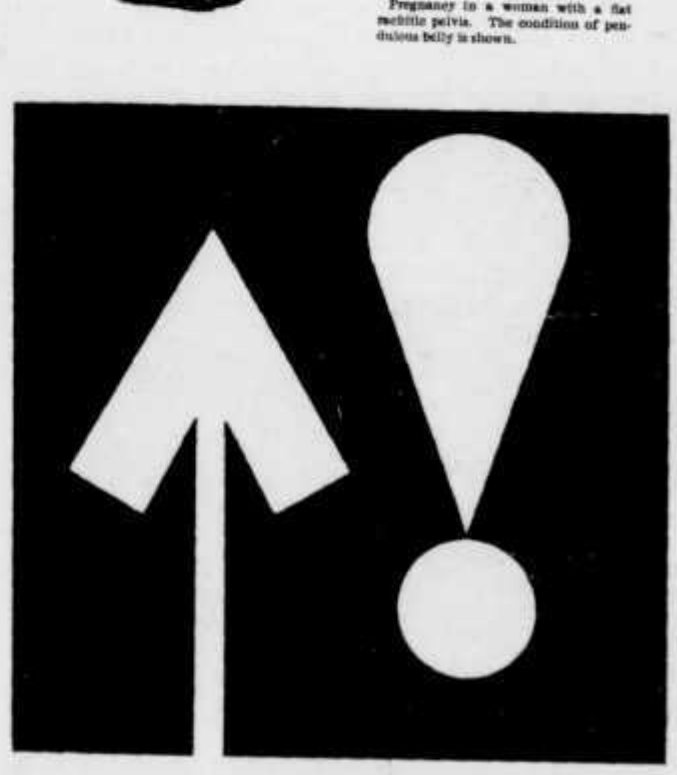
Madison-- Two members of the University of Wisconsin faculty will participate in the 47th annual meeting of the Highway Research Board of the National Research Council in Washington, D.C., January 15-19.

Professor Herman A. Kuhn, of the Madison campus civil engineering staff, will present a technical report on "Factors Which Influence Traffic Generation at Rural Highway Service Areas."

Dr. Gabor Karadi, visiting associate professor of mechanical engineering on the University's Milwaukee campus, will discuss "Modified Theory for Seepage Characteristics of a Single Gravity Well."



Pregnancy in a woman with a flat rachitic pelvis. The condition of pendulous belly is shown.



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Plain Janesville

Janesville, the county seat of Rock County in southern Wisconsin, now has a draft information union. The man chiefly responsible for its founding is Kenneth Bick, principal of one of the town's two high schools.

Actually, it could be argued that there is only one high school rather than two, since they both use the same building and the same rooms. One shift is from 7 am to slightly after noon and the other shift is from 12:30 to 6. On November 14, three Madison members of the Wisconsin Draft Resistance Union showed up outside the high school(s) around noon, thinking to pass out leaflets both to students leaving from the first shift and to those entering for the second shift.

Bick, who is principal during the morning, yelled at the draft resisters to leave and, when they didn't, called the police. The police captain, although not yelling, also ordered them to leave and, when they kept on passing out leaflets, arrested them for "loitering" on public property. The three arrestees were Stanley Grand, Joe Chandler, and Susan Sowerwine. Before being taken away Chandler managed to hand the remaining leaflets to two of the high school students, who finished passing them out.

Although the three draft resisters were quickly bailed out at $8 each, the arrests touched off a protest by college students in Janesville and led to the founding of a draft information union in that highly conservative town. Janesville is the site of the University of Wisconsin's Rock County Center, where about 450 students get two years of a college education. (The Center is in its second full year of operation; it has a young and interested faculty and a relatively liberal administration.) At the time the arrests took place at the high school, a fourth Madison draft resister, Dan Swinney, had been talking to a group of Rock County Center students as part of the school's outside speaker program.

News of the arrests made several of these students indignant over what they saw as a violation of free speech. They wrote up a leaflet condemning the arrests and handed them out to townspeople as well as to fellow students at the Center. There was some hostility in the town, as well as general surprise that anyone would pass out a leaflet in Janesville, but reaction among the students at least was good.

CONNECTIONS--page fifteen

The student senate voted unanimously to condemn the arrests.

Interest in the free-speech issue soon spilled over into the issue of the draft, which had precipitated the whole episode. The Rock County Draft Information Union was started by essentially the same people who put out the leaflet about the arrests. At present there are over twenty-five participants in the group, with a hard core of five or six. It was given speedy approval to register as a student organization.

The main function of the group is to provide information to draft-age men on their rights under selective service and on alternatives to the military. Several members of the group are being trained in draft counseling in order to perform this function. Picketing of the Rock County draft board in Janesville is another possibility. When the loitering trial of the three Madison protestors finally comes up in the county court, members of the Janesville group will attend in order to show their support. Right now the group has two quasi-offices, one in Steve Porter's apartment (1423 Mineral Pt., #1, Janesville, 754-3129) and the other in the student union building in the Rock County Center.

CREDITS

Nick Torkelson - artwork on 3,4,5.
Jack Lee, artwork on 8,9,10.
Marilyn Stevens, ads on 15.
Chicago Seed, cartoon on 16.
Cobb of LA Free Press, cartoons on 2,10.

TEACHING ASSISTANT'S ASSOCIATION PAMPHLET

An analysis of the roles of TAs, faculty, and students in the strike and an attempt to define each group's present position in the University. Available from the TAA at the Union January 11 (Thursday).



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"WARNING TIME FOR NUCLEAR ATTACK ON U.S. IS REDUCED FROM 15 TO 3 MINUTES"
—NEWS ITEM

WHAT TO DO IN 3 MINUTES WHILE WAITING FOR THE END

BY JW







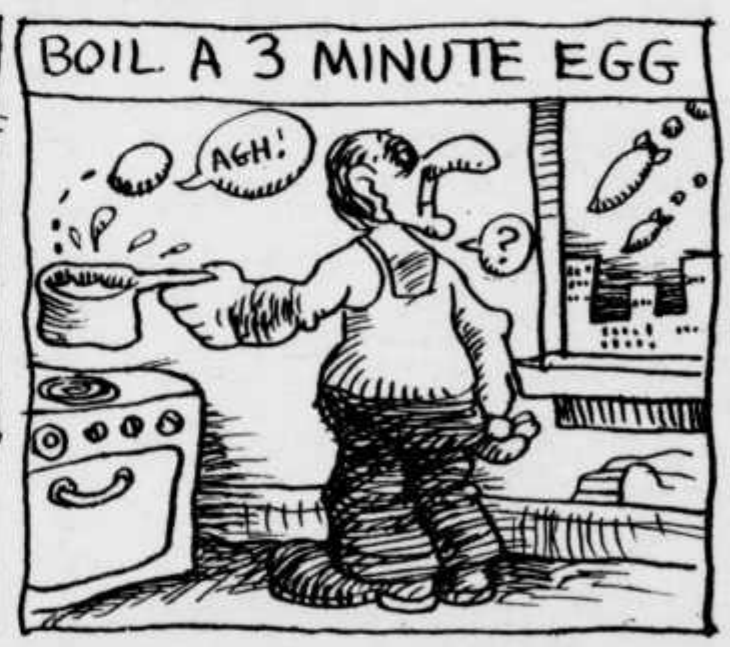




















Conne

Volume 2, Number 6. Fe 8, 1968
15c: 20c Out-of-State

us

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On page ten, there's a LETTER FROM DETROIT by John Sinclair who organized The Artist's Workshop in the western extremity of the Sewer Civilization -- the urban-industrial morass that reaches from Buffalo to Cleveland to Detroit. Sinclair's energies have paralleled in many ways the activity of D.R. Wagner in upper New York and D.A. Levy in Cleveland, and have been part of the awakening of a new culture in American cities. This chronology is printed here primarily for its paradigmatic value, to show the kinds of problems an artist or man-in-motion can expect and surmount when he takes the advice of someone like Ron Davis seriously: "If you want to see something happen, do it now. You. By yourself."

POEM TO THE ACID CHICKS

My eyes are not keyholes!
Stop peeking in!
my body is a mansion for only one
Stop making it a terminal
for all sycophants
who giggle in their bones
at the first trinket thought
they think!

I am tired
of stroking their braille faces
& their glorified cunts
filled with glass sperm
from a thousand other cocks
that cut mine to pencile shavings!

I am tired
of beading together words
like cosmic tiger teeth
that make the syblings wet nurse
& exclaim
OOO & AHH
OOO & AHH
tons of life
pouring around them
no stop lights
no time to rest
no place to duck
OOO & AHH
they gag on their OOO & AHH!

__ Doug Blazek



"Step right up folks! Give her your tired, your poor . . ."

THINKING CREATIVELY
THINKING CREATIVELY
THINKING CREATIVELY

OR

How to Be Creative in Only 3 Easy Lessons...

There is at least one course at the University of Wisconsin which consciously stresses creativity. The first book on the reading list for Educational Psychology 340, called Thinking Creatively, was developed right here on this campus for experimental use. It hastens to assure us humble souls that we can continue to read it because "creativity can be taught."

The format of the book is one example of the creativity which it advocates. It lists rules for "producing creativity," rules which are given numbers and put in little black boxes. They are repeated at the end of each chapter and in a special section at the end of the book.

There is no single "correct" way to develop creativity, but rather there are several. In the PART-CHANGING method you divide an object into several component parts or qualities and think of different combinations. For example, if you want to change a button, you think of all the different sizes, shapes, colors, and materials it can be made of. In writing a story, you just apply the same method. List all the possible settings, plots, characters, and voila, a masterpiece.

The CROSS-HATCH method is a visual method for aiding creativity. You draw an enclosed tic-tac-toe square, something like the ones used in solving genetics problems. Write all the plots across the top and all the characters across the side; then fill in all the possible combinations.

The third method is easily explained. "For many problems, we can get lots of ideas just by finding a list which already has ideas on it. This is the CHECKLIST method for finding new ideas. It can make idea-finding easy and fast."

Are there limits to these techniques? Yes. "Girls are usually better at finding girl-type ideas, while boys are usually better at finding boy-type ideas." But the number of possible ideas that any individual can have is still impressive: "For just a few more ideas, or maybe a lot more ideas, try combining some of the ideas you already have."

"Any job," the book says, "no matter how small or great, can use new ideas: Ideas for easier, better, faster and safer ways to do things, ideas for saving money, ideas for keeping workers happy, ideas for finding customers, and so on."

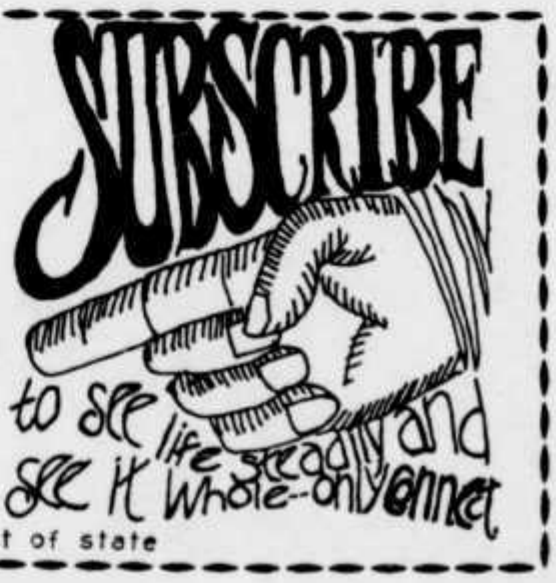
If the preceding ideas seem unlikely to lead to genuine creativity, remember that these rules were developed by Gary A. Davis from the Department of Educational Psychology, who optimistically states, "the more ideas you think of, the more unusual they get."

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THE THINGIFIED FOOTBALL PLAYER PART IOC

"Brutality and foul play should receive the same summary punishment given to a man who cheats at cards." --Theodore Roosevelt, quoted in a Wisconsin football program, 1967.

A football season is a year round affair. Even as the ashes of the 0-9-1 performance of this past year are digested, they are washed down with the sweet wine of promise: "Wait until next year..."

Next year is this year for the freshman recruit. Already he has been approached by the University of Wisconsin in the form of alumni, scouts, or Coach John Coatta himself.

To a recruit the University of Wisconsin is a brightly wrapped package in red ribbon: endless smiles and handshakes, steaks, long-distance calls, a visit by the coach, a plane ride to Madison, an introduction before thousands at a home basketball game--this is the Wisconsin "Come-on." But the freshman athlete will soon find the Wisconsin appearance and the Wisconsin reality to be separate entities. The former is but a promise; the latter can be a horror.

In the game of catch-as-catch-can the University draws in new fuel for the athletic fires--about 35 (33 by Big Ten rules) scholarship football recruits with an additional 40 to 80 on partial scholarships, loans, grants-in-aid, or work-loans. They are recruited under varying promises, some real and some totally fallacious. Ostensibly a freshman recruit signs a contract promising (actually obligating) him to play varsity football. But this is the biggest lie, for most of them never play. Few graduate with a degree, fewer still receive four years of scholarship money. For most of the recruiting practices of the U.W. Athletic Department come down to a sinister game of "Now you see it, now you don't." A man makes many sacrifices in becoming a Badger.

The Game

The Athletic Department, now in the stretch drive in recruiting next season's athletes, attempts to show the recruit a version of the Wisconsin idea which is not included in the undergraduate catalog. The Department has the tools working for it: (1) money--an offer of a four year expenses-paid scholarship, (2) the Big Ten--a symbol of football excellence which is particularly attractive to Midwestern whites and Southern Negroes. If a recruit lives in Ohio, he will be approached by Kirk Nee, a native of the state. If he is, for example, a Negro from Texas, he will get the sales pitch from Lew Ritcherson, a "good Negro" hired for the express purpose of recruiting blacks. Southern Negroes are especially vulnerable in that they know nothing about the University of Wisconsin (fortunately for the recruiters), and they more often than not have been raised in poverty and find football their only escape. This fact is deftly capitalized on by the recruiters--the scholarship is the best coercion for the "slave mentality."

The recruiting game is self perpetuating for it is not the varsity players nor the coaches that first approach the prospect--this is done by the freshman football players who are the best bait for the line. (A freshman, yet unaware of the pop-the-whip authoritarianism of John Coatta, unaware that he is unlikely to retain either his scholarship or his dignity, is the best advertising. The blind lead the blind in the Wisconsin game.) Loyal Badger alumni are also involved in the early stages of recruiting. If the recruit seems interested, a scholarship is offered. Then the deluge begins. (Visits by the assistant coaches, by a gung-ho freshman player, and perhaps John Coatta himself lead to his signature of the "national letter of intent" which obligates the recruit to sign a Big Ten contract although not necessarily at Wisconsin. Once tied to the Big Ten the various institutions bring in the Big Guns--all expenses paid scholarships, "laundry money," posh dormitories, and of course, the inevitable under-the-table deals (extra money for non-existant off-campus jobs, "aid" in purchasing new cars, flying the family to all the home games, and so forth. This is done with greater sophistication at Wisconsin than at Illinois and Michigan State, both of whom have been busted recently by the Big Ten. Wisconsin's bag of tricks includes an extended tour of Langdon Street, a look at the new dormitories, steak dinner at the Hoffman House, an introduction to the athlete's "sponsor" in the State Legislature--each legislator has a scholarship that reduces out-of-state tuition for a needy student --and perhaps a night with a buxom coed whose enthusiasm for the "U" knows no limits.

There is however, a second standard --almost a new program altogether--in recruiting black players. Here, the situation is a great deal more tense to say the least. Wisconsin has already developed a well deserved reputation in the Midwest as a school for "whites only." The track team is a notable exception to this, for Coach Rut Walter has created a tremendous cohesion between white and black athletes. The success of his teams as opposed to the futile efforts of the football and basketball teams is indication enough of the results of the racial ignorance and bigotry of the latter. Too many blacks have been burned at Wisconsin, too many promising careers destroyed--black players limping back to Milwaukee and Chicago have let it be known that "the Good Life the Negro lives at Wisconsin" is in reality a lie. So the coaching staff is forced to look elsewhere, i.e. to the South, particularly Texas (Lew Ritcherson, Leonard Fields) and Alabama (Jim Little, John Smith), where the Wisconsin lie is yet unknown. The ghettos of Chicago's South Side develop men who are neither fooled by Lew Ritcherson's Uncle Tomism nor afraid of Little Caesar's whip; the Department seeks those whose only future is a football scholarship and who will absorb any degradation to maintain good standing in the eyes of the Coach.

The Reality

Once at Wisconsin the athlete will find that the reality of the situation is far different from the recruiter's conception. The posh dormitories are in reality the Elm Drive Zoo, and an Athletic Department ruling of this year dictates a four year term for all athletic inmates. Acceptance on Langdon Street is often limited to the more outgoing, white, Wisconsin natives. Money is always a hangup for a scholarship athlete--he gets paid only if he toes the line, adopts himself to the John Coatta image. Here, tremendous social pressures of standardization are brought to bear: wear the team blazer, don't drink on State Street, keep your hair short, hang around with the "right" people, attend the Fellowship of Christian Athletes meetings or else be branded an outcast, or worse yet, a Jew. For the Negroes, straying from the straight and narrow is suicide. A "good Negro" associates himself with the right crowd (other athletes, not CBPi), he doesn't get in trouble, he doesn't date white girls. Deviation leads to the coach's censure, and that four year scholarship can be suspended or revoked solely upon the arbitrary whims of the coach.

The spectators, of course, never see the cat-and-mouse game played by the Athletic Department. We never witness the social pressures, the racism, the off-the-field brutalization of the athlete. Brutalized ourselves, we are too used to being spectators of brutality. Football, like the war, the ghetto revolts, and the South, is essentially a spectacle. Like the coaches and cheerleaders, we cannot see beyond a mental image which defines the team as a machine and the players as component parts. We, like the coaches, are insensitive to the constant pain and mental degradation undergone by the player; we believe in the Coatta motto: too much being in the individual parts is dangerous to the health of the machine as a whole. But when the machine does not function, when the machine does not win a single game this season (0-9-1, the Worst Wisconsin record since 1889), we can only wonder --why?

Why Indeed? Wisconsin did not win a game last season because it was a frightened team--poorly coached, suffering from an overdose of Coatta's authority. Why, again? Because too many of the good players, the individuals, the colorful talent, were gone before the season began or were never allowed to play. But Wisconsin's problems were even more obvious: no quarterbacking, no running defense, no speed in the offensive backfield. Ask John Coatta--why?

Question: Why, when Wisconsin had an excellent receiving corps (Yanakos, Reddick, McCauley, and Fritz) was there no one to throw to them? Was it because the tenth leading passer in the nation in 1965 returned to the team the following year and found himself, for some inexplicable reason, on the third string? Even when alumni raised hell Chuck Burt was only given a compensatory bone (honorary team captain); he was never started. Burt, one of the minority who remained with the team over four years, had but one advantage over those who left--he was paid for his humiliation.

Question: Why did opposing teams run all over Wisconsin so easily? Wisconsin once had an almost sure All-American at linebacker, Lucius Blair. At 6'1" and 230 pounds, Blair, from Houston Texas, was one of the outstanding linemen in Texas high school football. But Lucius Blair returned to Houston to visit his sick father last spring and missed a day of practice--"picture day." Perhaps at Nebraska or Michigan State he could have fulfilled his All-American potential, but at Wisconsin Blair was just another nigger late for practice. He was dropped from the squad. The god Authority was satiated, but opposing running backs ran on Wisconsin at will.

Question: No speed in the backfield, no one to turn the corners--why? Two years ago Elbert Kelly, a junior college All-American in Seattle, was offered a scholarship if he transferred to Wisconsin. He transferred. Kelly would have been the fastest back in Wisconsin history (he did the hundred yard dash in 9.5 seconds) but Kelly--like Blair was black. Kelly found that an assistant coach took a "disliking" to him and ordered him "decked" on every play. After several skirmishes with the starting cornerback, the assistant coach stepped in to put the nigger in his place. Kelly didn't get the scholarship, he didn't remain with the team. Kelly still runs the hundred in 9.5; Wisconsin backfield still gets destroyed by opposing linemen.

Unfortunately, these are but a few examples of the sickness in the Athletic Department, and in the football staff. There are many more athletes who come to Wisconsin and leave without our knowing of them. We never hear of the wasted potential, the brutality. We will, however, see the results of the Wisconsin idea and all its ugly facets--duplicity and lying in recruiting, arbitrary player standardization, players dropped from the squad for unexplained reasons, scholarships revoked, sheer racism--in the future. Wisconsin football by its very definition and operation is self-defeating. Wisconsin will continue to lose.

--Pete Seeley



on the WESTERN FRONT

Like the left in Madison, the radicals in the Bay area are wrestling with the questions of strategy and tactics for the future. The demonstrations at the Oakland induction center in October exemplified the trend toward massive resistance to institutions -- above all the draft -- that perpetuate the American empire abroad. Now, although another Stop the Draft Week is scheduled for late April, it has to be admitted that the Bay area resistance movement is on the defensive. Seven leaders of the October STDW have been indicted on felony charges by an Alameda County grand jury. The indictments will certainly intimidate many potential supporters of another Oakland demonstration and make it difficult for the STDW to repeat its performance before the induction center.

On the Berkeley campus, the students seem bogged down in another battle with the administration, a fight which they are losing. After the Oakland confrontation, a number of student leaders were suspended from school for violating a court injunction issued during the Stop the Draft Week prohibiting the advocating and organizing of students to demonstrate at the induction center. Since the students ignored the injunction the administration suspended them on November 6 despite a university rule which allows such activity on campus. The Movement Against Political Suspensions (MAPS), created because of the suspensions, called the mill-in in Sproul Hall a month later. The result was only more administrative suspensions.

During the same week, MAPS put up a slate of seven candidates for student government (ASUC) elections. Many of the candidates were among those suspended; all of them won. What seemed to be a solid victory for MAPS was neutralized by Chancellor Roger Heyns who removed Student Union monies from ASUC control. Heyns claims the elections were invalid because the seven radical senators are graduate students. Since the ASUC election, additional demonstrations against the CIA and Dow have resulted in more names to the list of suspensions.

Now the Berkeley radicals are torn between their commitment to academia and the anti-war movement. The goal of MAPS was to keep the college administration off the backs of radicals who are involved in off-campus movement activities. To date, the administration still holds the upper hand (a fact which signifies that the Free Speech Movement failed to establish its demands at Cal). Many of the campus leaders are now on disciplinary probation, meaning that they cannot participate in campus political groups or even speak at a rally without risking instant expulsion from school. The state and local authorities have made it clear that future confrontations such as the one in Oakland will be costly. Demonstrators now not only risk expulsion and loss of their 2-S deferments, but also the prospect of being maced, clubbed, and indicted for felonies.

The confidence and enthusiasm exuded during the STDW demonstrations has diminished under the duress of the legal repression and the lack of preparedness exhibited at the Rusk-Fairmont demonstration. The Rusk thing, organized hastily and billed as a non-violent picket, was the scene of a more violent police attack than had been the case in Oakland. About 70 people were arrested, many were maced, clubbed, and injured, and it was reported that one policeman shot at a fleeing demonstrator.

While the STDW people have been hassling with the formulation of a program for the next few months, another group of radicals have created the Peace and Freedom Party, and this is now the primary political phenomenon in the Bay area. PFP represents the hopes of those radicals who feel that a third party will resolve the problem of developing and maintaining a constituency dedicated to ending the Vietnam war and making drastic changes in America's foreign and domestic policies. This has not meant a complete break with the resistance -- the PFP in the Bay area says it will support the Stop the Draft Week in April, while the STDW supporters do not dismiss the PFP's potential for becoming a grass-roots community third party -- but the change in emphasis is striking.

The Peace and Freedom party was more of a sect than a movement until this fall. A few thousand supporters were all that the PFP could claim until this January. The decision to put PFP on the California ballot for the November elections came out of a state-wide conference on new politics at San Luis Obispo last September. No one, least of all the PFP leadership, expected to make it. The party had too much working against it. PFP had no support from either the liberal Democrats such as Simon Cassady of the California Democratic Council or the traditional left groups such as the Communist Party, also loyal to the Democratic party. Initially most black power leaders and their followers were hostile to the idea of electoral activity. The resistance movement was preoccuppied with Stop the Draft Week. The only solid support PFP received in early September was from a small group of independent radicals and Berkeley's Independent Socialist Club, the moving force behind the third party idea.

In addition the PFP confronted seemingly insurmountable obstacles. California electoral law required 67,000 voters willing to sign up with PFP. Since most of these potential supporters were Democrats, the task was doubly difficult. For many old liberals, as one PFP founder noted, deserting the Democratic party was spitting on the grave of Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

Other problems of the fledling third party: it had no organization and no money. Neither of these obstacles prevented PFP from mounting a registration campaign throughout the state. Instead of a centralized organization, the PFP became a set of local autonomous groups working independently of each other. Each group wrote and published its own literature. Style and modes of soliciting signatures on the registration forms varied from area to area in the state. In San Diego, the PFP comprised mostly upper middle class groups. In Berkeley, radicals with years of experience in the Free Speech Movement, the Vietnam Day Committee and the Scheer campaign for congress, joined the effort. The PFP in San Francisco combined North Beach professionals with hippies, while in Santra Cruz it consisted mostly of housewives.

Despite variations in age, style and manner most of the local groups adopted the Berkeley PFP position on the war in Vietnam. The Berkeley



PFP stated that

> Our government has no moral or legal right to be in Vietnam. Now that half a million young Americans are fighting and dying in Vietnam, our government says they must stay 'until the enemy agrees to negotiate' and perhaps longer if the enemy doesn't say the right thing at the negotiation table.
> We believe that the United States had no business in Vietnam in the first place, has no business there now, and should get out. We can only get out of Vietnam by repudiating the present political leadership which has committed us without our knowledge and against our interests. Once we do so, we can re-establish our country's moral position in the world of free nations by withdrawing all U.S. military personnel in a calm orderly fashion.

Berkeley's black power resolution was also accepted by other PFP chapters:

> The most important and impressive fight for freedom now in America is the fight of black people. Most of our forefathers came here as voluntary immigrants looking for a better life, anxious to retain parts of their native culture while assimilating at their own speed into American life. Black people came here in chains, forcibly stripped of their native culture and forbidden to assimilate any more of the American culture than allowed by slaveholders. Now black people entirely powerless throughout most of American history have begun to organize under the 'black power' slogan in preparation for self-determination in their own communities. We support their efforts to do so.

On a total budget of $50,000 and no central organization, the PFP registered over 106,000 people by January 2. Over 20,000 joined the PFP in the Oakland-Berkeley area, and another 20,000 joined in San Francisco. The showing in the conservative heart-land of southern California was far better than expected. Enrollment of 36,000 members in the Los Angeles area and 7,000 in the San Diego area demonstrated that there is an impressive cross section of the California population willing to support the concept of a third party and the PFP's stand on Vietnam and Black Power.

As the news filtered in that PFP had made it on the ballot, many left politicos who had refused to support the third party began to take a second look. Robert Scheer, Ramparts foreign news editor and former candidate for congress in the Democratic primary of 1966, is now seeking the PFP nomination for U.S. Senator. The Communist Party leadership even appears interested in the party. Many radicals, generally hostile to electoral politics, admit that they signed up for PFP during the closing moments of the registration drive.

Perhaps the most significant development is the announcement that the Black Panthers for Self Defense will be working with PFP. Bobby Seale, minister of information for the Panthers, will in all likelihood be on the statewide steering committee. The Panthers' position follows Stokely Carmichael's view that coalitions with white groups are acceptable on specific issues. In this case PFP is supporting the Panthers demand that their minister of defense Huey Newton be freed from jail and prosecution for allegedly killing an Oakland cop. During the final push in December the Panthers helped register more than 5,000 Oakland blacks.

Despite the impressive support for PFP, many students on the Berkeley campus and their allies in the Bay area remain sceptical of independent electoral politics. The Movement newspaper, heavily involved in the Stop the Draft Week, recently published an article arguing that the PFP was not interested in building a permanent base of support. Registrars for PFP, The Movement said, gathered signatures on the basis that the voter could always switch back to the Democratic party to support McCarthy.

> The Peace and Freedom Party began without a base. Even now, the only base it can look to is the people whom it has registered. How does a base created out of signatures on a piece of paper express itself and make its will felt? If there are black and poor people registered, what assurance is there that the party can articulate their needs and interests?

(continued on page 5)

COMMUNITY CO-OP

We all know that the Co-op is here, at least we all should. The time for idle speculation over whether it will open is over, and now is the time for idle speculation over whether it will last. A determined group of kids have put in a lot of work on the Co-op and are trying to see it through its infancy, while the community at large seems to be using it, and more important, enjoying it.

Right now, the Co-op is in no position to compete with the University Bookstore or Browns, but it is giving Rennebohms and Stop & Swipe a good run for their money. The Co-op is counting on this commodity trade to build up its capital until they have the money needed to stock large quantities of books. Prices are cheaper and people seem to be flocking for notebooks, paper, canned soup, toothpaste, CONNECTIONS, etc. which the Co-op is starting with.

Things didn't always look so good, however, and the Co-op faced some big problems. An early location on University Avenue fell through because the city building commissioner refused to issue a building permit. When the Co-op then cast its glance on a large vacant building at Broom and West Gorham, owned by the city, the Board of Aldermen refused to consider leasing it. However, when it was learned that this refusal was because the Board did not have enough information, someone was sent to give the poop to the Board and they promptly voted to rent the space to the Co-op. After leasing the building, the city has been glad enough to get the rent money and has eased up on the bureaucracy. In fact, Mayor Otto and the Aldermen have been downright friendly and, so to speak, cooperative.

The Co-op will face some big problems in the future. Its by-laws seem to be written so as to prevent any one group of people from gaining permanent control of the association. However, perpetual community interest cannot be written into by-laws. The Co-op is a fun place, because it is a community thing. There is a genuine feeling of community which exists, largely due to community participation. What happens, though, when it becomes a prosperous institution? Will the community interest and participation still exist?

On February 26, 1894, the University Bookstore was founded as the University Co-op. It lasted 20 years as a co-op until apathy of the members and board of directors led to a paralysis of management. A barber, Charles Brown, was forced to reorganize the co-op into a non-profit, non-stock corporation. And so it exists today, a "non-profit" corporation selling books and commodities at high prices. It's really groovy of them to cash checks for us and give out those cool rebates, but don't we want our own store?

If we want the Co-op to last, we must make this community spirit last. All work must be kept on a volunteer basis, and people must see that if they don't support the Co-op, it won't last. John Shaw, manager of the Bookstore, allows that the Co-op will end up a failure because it is "grossly undercapitalized." That problem should be conquered as the Co-op becomes financially more stable. However, the Co-op's most crucial capital is community support, and that can't be borrowed at the First National, baby.

wisconsin RAP-UP

The UW administration has reportedly hit on a master plan for averting demonstrations when Dow Chemical recruiters come on campus this semester. Interview dates will be kept secret. The Placement Service will get the class schedules of students seeking Dow interviews, and will notify these people privately at the beginning of whichever week Dow comes..... Latest Dow stockholders report discloses that Dow is now the only producer of napalm, prints a letter from Defense Secretary McNamara commending "you and your employees for the contribution they are making to our commitment in Vietnam.

Dow will be back, but Bob Zwicker prominent UW activist and a former student senator, may not be. Zwicker's application to re-enroll has been turned down (subject to appeal) although no claim is made that his academic work has been deficient.

At Eau Claire, the State University has rid itself of four dissident faculty members in one week, an impressive showing. Victor and Rose Wightman, Nell and Elizabeth Resnikoff--none had tenure, and they have simply been informed that their contracts will not be renewed for the 1968-69 school year..... Student concern is greatest over the Resnikoffs, who some say are the best teachers at the school. Two protest meetings have been held.

The Eau Claire administration has continued to ignore a Student Senate resolution (backed by a petition signed by 2,000 students) that the food service contract be opened for competitive bids..... As of now there is no bidding, and the contract is given each year to the Phrophet (sic) Company. Who owns the Phrophet Company? Greyhound.

Allen Ginsberg and the Fugs will be in Appleton next Monday, Feb. 19, for what the sponsoring Lawrence University Speakers Forum says will be a "concert and poetry reading/discussion." It's at 8 p.m. at the Cinderella Ballroom. Tickets are $2.00 -- no reserved seats. The University hopes to attract students from all over the state for the event.

Coming soon at River Falls: the literary magazine that refused to die. Until recently PROLOGUE was an official student publication at the State University. When the administration refused to allow publication of the latest issue, because of language used by English prof Frederick Roush in his introduction, the adviser quit in protest and other English teachers refused to take the job..... Now PROLOGUE will be printed out of town as an underground journal. Featured in the upcoming issue will be an article by Roush.

This month, Madison Quakers decided for the first time to support draft resistance ..... A statement approved by the Madison Monthly Meeting of Friends, placed as an ad in the UW Daily Cardinal, calls draft refusal "a moral, thoughtful and responsible position," and states "We Support Those Who On The Grounds of Conscience Refuse to Participate In The War In Vietnam."

Meanwhile, the UW Young Democrats, Feb. 8, passed a resolution supporting men who desert from the armed services as a last resort in protest against the war..... Ex-chairman Jim Wexler, supporting a resolution condemning LBJ's Vietnam policies (passed unanimously), claimed, "The country is in such a bad state that I can't see how it's going to extract itself."

western front

(continued from page 4)

Although critical of PFP, The Movement did not dismiss the new party completely. PFP had sent hundreds of radicals into communities never touched by the anti-war movement before. It was on the ballot. Perhaps, The Movement, concluded, PFP could escape the "victory fever" and "undertake radical education and long-range community organizing." This view coming from a newspaper which stresses the need for a strategy of resistance and is generally hostile to electoral action, was significant. If nothing else the PFP can help to fight the repression unleashed by the authorities in the Bay area.

What is rapidly becoming clear is that the concept of a non-electoral resistance movement is meaningless if successive repressions by the state wipe out its leaders and intimidate the followers. If nothing else the PFP can help to fight the repression unleashed by the authorities in the Bay area. The resistance movement is learning that despite the efficacy of the tactic employed at the Oakland demonstration when 20,000 people confronted the cops, a long-term organization effort is still necessary to give coherence and continuity to the movement. The 20,000 activists at Oakland have gone back to their normal lives. Oakland is just a memory now. Nothing more.

--Robert Gabriner

timepiece

I am forgetting the names
of stars, and the ways
to places where I once was
many times. Driving fast, at night,
the white line pulls you right
and left, and the black scroll
of the road keeps winding up behind,
catching up signs, windows, cars
you pass; things you never will get back to--
last week, last year, and tomorrow
is always there, arriving, suddenly,
like lights snapping on in dark rooms.

--Warren Woessner

When presidential hopeful Richard Nixon spoke at Stevens Point, television viewers saw a Standing Room Only crowd in the State University fieldhouse..... What TV watchers didn't see was that approximately half the field house was closed off, so that the audience was crowded into the other half. Nor were they told that all but one of the questions asked Nixon during the question period were planted by newsmen. This is the great American spectacle of presidential politics.

Grant County, in the SW corner of the state, had its first marijuana bust this fall. Not to be outdone by the police, President Bjarne Ullsvik of Wisconsin State University - Platteville has tried to force the resignation of one of his teachers -- because her husband was implicated in the bust. So far, no success..... The spirit of free inquiry at Platteville is such that when a faculty member recently wrote in the student weekly that marijuana laws should be repealed, a geology prof wrote in reply, "Dear Mr. Remington: Drop dead!"

MADISON CALENDAR: Oscar Wilde's "Salome", directed by UW student Robert Aldridge, Wisconsin Union play circle, Feb. 20-21..... Student poetry reading, also at the Union, Feb. 25, sponsored by Quixote Magazine..... Quixote again: Paul Gray's "Ch. Barrage," mixed media, drama collage, Feb. 26-29. (See Gray interview, this issue).

The Free University has its second-semester timetable out -- available in the Union this week. Adam Schesch's course on Vietnam, Mrs. Ann Seidman's on African economic development, Dick Krooth's on "Imperialism Today" are among the 31 offerings, which range from Bird Watching and Foreign Foods to "How to Find and Keep a Job".

Madison's Caste Theatre, which did "Waiting for Godot" last semester, will now put on Ionesco's "Amedee or How to Get Rid of It" in mid-semester. Much technical help is needed: those interested in working on the crew should contact Barry Bursak (256-8941).

MADISON POETRY NOTES (by DCW): There's a new lit/mag out name of Mandala (433 W. Dayton, Madison, 50¢). The poetry sags pretty much, save for one Chuck Stonecipher, who's worth the half-buck encouragement. Also a dystopian short story and a well-done putdown of popular quackery by "August Dupont Dupin"..... Poets in this issue of CONNECTIONS: James Walch is an American now living in Sweden; these are sections of a work now underway called "Kermit Andersson"; Warren Woessner lives in Madison and has

(continued on page 15)

boettcher EXPOSES HIMSELF!

CONNECTIONS - page five

This year at West High School in Madison, the students and the administration have had two important disagreements. Early in the fall, the students were forbidden to wear Milwaukee NAACP sweatshirts in school; now students have been punished for displaying CONNECTIONS in school.

Students at West were forbidden to wear new NAACP sweatshirts in school because there was a policy against advertising, and because sweatshirts are forbidden in school. Neither of these policies was available to be read by the students. There is a school board policy that says that commercial advertising is unlawful if displayed at school. Another policy says that there can be no excesses in dress; it does not forbid sweatshirts. West had never before forbidden the wearing of neat sweatshirts. Nothing was done to change this policy even after the Student Senate passed a resolution for the administration to clarify its position.

The latest controversy was touched off on January 12, in one of the eleventh grade homerooms. Jeff True was sitting in the back of the room talking when his teacher told him to shut up and read something. It was then that he pulled a copy of CONNECTIONS from his folder and began to read. The student sitting behind Jeff became interested and asked to borrow a copy. The two students across from Jeff also asked to look at the newspaper. The four of them sat quietly reading the paper for about two minutes before the teacher came and told them to put the papers away. Jeff put three of the copies away but the fourth student would not surrender his newspaper. He asked why he couldn't read it. The teacher said nothing so he asked again. The teacher was obviously disturbed by the question and seemed not to know what to do. She then ordered all four of the boys to the vice-principal's office.

The four students had to wait for quite a while for the vice-principal, Mr. Orris Boettcher, as he was on guard duty in the cafeteria. When he finally did come the first thing he said was that True was suspended for three days. He invited True into his office and the two talked for 45 minutes about obscenity, free speech, and how Mr. Boettcher fought in W.W. II to keep the country free. Jeff was told that he was being suspended because he was responsible for bringing an "obscene" newspaper into the school.

On Monday morning members of Students for Social Justice, a Madison high school group, passed out 130 copies of CONNECTIONS, attached to which was a leaflet which told what had happened on Friday and warned students that they could be suspended for carrying CONNECTIONS into the school. All the students carried the papers in. That same morning Mr. Beottcher made an announcement over the loudspeaker stating that selling, distributing and "exposing" the newspaper CONNECTIONS was against administration policy. He said that all persons violating this policy would be sent to him for disciplinary action. No one was, however.

On the next day S.S.J. passed out a leaflet articulating the position of those students who insisted on taking the paper into school. Later that day Katha Seidman was called down for exposing the newspaper in school. She talked to Mr. Boettcher for more than half an hour about CONNECTIONS. Boettcher said said that free speech had nothing to do with the issue. When asked what rule True had broken, Boettcher read a rule that said the distribution or selling of any newspaper with classified ads was illegal. However, True would not have been suspended for handing a friend a copy of the New York Times; this was on the School Board's "approved list." Anything off this list was dealt with according to the school's discretion. Beottcher said that it was his responsibility to protect students from this newspaper: he had an obligation to the parents of his students. Katha did, however, leave Boettcher's office with a change in administration policy. Now only the January 10 issue was banned--not all issues of CONNECTIONS.

On Thursday, January 16, Dr. Spencer, talked to Student Senate in order to clarify the position of the administration. He stated that, although he had not read the newspaper, he knew that it was "obscene." When pushed to a point, Dr. Spencer said that if any student was seen with a copy of CONNECTIONS in an unassigned period, he could be suspended for it. This was, he stated, for the reason that the newspaper was in "bad taste," and that it caused a "disturbance," both very undefined words. This was the "clarified" position of the administration.

With no copy of the School Board's rulings in the library or any other place where it could be readily available to the students, the students do not know what they are ruled by. The students have won a kind of victory in that there is now only a partial ban on CONNECTIONS, and even this can't be effectively enforced. But this is by no means a real victory, and the administration still believes that free speech stops at the walls of the school.

-- Jeff True
Katha Seidman

CREDITS
Cleclorke in S.F. Express Times on page 2. Drawings by Torkelson on pages 3, 5, 6; drawings by Lynn Smith on pages 8, 9, 10, 11. Photos by Art Ollman on page 14 and Oberdorfer on cover and 16.



THE MADISON SEX GAME
-A POLEMIC-



Academic reformers have routinely failed to note that the University of Wisconsin is not only a diploma mill but a marriage mart. This is to say that the average student, in the course of being processed, absorbs not only the accumulated drivel of four years in academia, but also absorbs enough knowledge of sex postures and connivance to apply the rule of never giving a sucker an even break to his sex and dating relations. Carried to illogical extreme, antics such as these invariably end at the alter as the Wisconsin Man marries the Wisconsin Cunt and both make for suburbia to raise their progeny in an atmosphere that most nearly resembles The Lord of the Flies.

It should be noted that the sifting and winnowing process has failed to sift the fact that he slavers maniacally for the twelve-year old girl next door, his mother, the Marlboro Man, and an XKE; it has also failed to winnow the fact that his wife fervidly identifies with Nancy Sinatra and feels it socially incumbent upon her to be raped by a Big Black Soul Man before she dies. I humbly submit that I exagerrate not one macula and that the University of Wisconsin contains some thirty-odd thousand whited sepulchers. The Lord presumably smiles down on this vast snake pit which stretches from lake to shining lake and calls it Good. I don't.

Yes, friends and neighbors, I intend to write about sex--Madison style and I fully intend that my handwriting in the sand will include you. This goes by way of saying that I don't feel any too serious reprisals of conscience when I categorize, pigeonhole, and namecall in summary fashion. This is, essentially the first object lesson--namely, that individuality has departed the campus and that the students here conform like the swallows of Capistrano, or rather, like the Canadian variety of the lemming. Conformity of this sort can be seen to be present for the following reasons:

* That the University of Wisconsin is a cultural backwater in a sexual swamp that motivates students to commit suicide, seek professional help, transfer, or, as is most often the case, to play the Wisconsin Game.

* That the Multiversity may be an impossibility from the human angle, with Wisconsin standing as the particular case.

* That if conditions here are deplorable, their amelioration is not attempted because the students here are too lazy or too stupid, usually both, to do anything about it.

* That what is billed as transcendence of middle class sexual strictures (e.g. promiscuity) is in reality middle class values carried to an extreme that might properly be called decadent. The immediately implicit corollary to this is that droves of students seem to really eat up this decadence.

Let us examine why students, in this case Wisconsin residents, decide to attend the Madison campus. A visit to the highways and hedges of Wisconsin will reveal prospective UW students to come in all shapes and sizes with all manner of world views. One can, however, generalize rather easily about the reasons for coming are 95% sexual. This is to say that once one dismisses bullshit reasons like Wisconsin being inexpensive, a good school and close to home, one comes to detect an aura of tradition. The specific Wisconsin tradition I speak of is the one which allows that children should be sent to Madison to sow their wild oats.

True to this tradition, every college-bound high school senior in Wisconsin knows, indeed exults in the fact that he knows, that Madison is a place where there is no supervision, everybody fucks like jackrabbits, and most people smoke "pot", which is like beer, except a hundred times better and more fun. Madison-bound Wisconsin high school seniors go through elaborate puberty rites in order that they may hit the Big Time in style. The typical male will do his best to consume substance intellectual in order that he may bowl over females with his consummate man of the worldliness. This is essentially caused by a revenge motive; the persons upon whom he seeks to display his cerebral prowess are those very same girls who have repulsed him throughout high school. His fantasies of burst hymens resemble Fourth of July fireworks. Needless to say, his designs for those girls from his hometown or those similarly situated, who will be freshmen when he is a sophomore boggle the imagination.

Wisconsin females would seem to follow



schemes at least as odious. The Wisconsin chick about her senior year begins to get ideas that you use it for something. Thus, she too memorizes Cheetah magazine and buys a wardrobe of miniskirts up to her bush in the hope that she will be riveted by a number of the man of the world types who inhabit the Madison coffee houses. She envisages a scene similar to that in Blow-Up, which "was the most spaced out flick" she had ever seen. Eventually, she hopes to "settle down" (i.e. castrate) one of her beaux and make him her meal ticket.

To the New Yorker specifically and those from the East generally, the decision to attend Madison is usually out of a form of default, both in the sense that the Easterner was probably turned down by the school or schools he most wanted to attend. He would just as soon attend Madison because the pickins are easy and the actions aplenty. Wisconsin also provides an excursion or an exile into the goy world with a sufficient home base of soul brothers to ensure against disaster in the event of failure. This exile or vacation is greeted in prospect by excesses of piety and stoic poses. The result is the asshole who claims undying love for three girls in the space of a week. The sanctimoniousness which surrounds sexual riotousness is almost universal among the children of the broken skyline, e.g., the Mifflin Street subculture. This boils down to a form of wishful thinking, namely that if in the more cosmopolitan atmosphere of the East there is an excessive amount of promiscuity, then any girl who doesn't drop trou at the snap of the fingers is an unenlightened hick anti-Semitic type and ain't worth shit. The result is a Joseph Smith pose which points East where the air and the ass is free usually before the student leaves home.

This is not to say that the Marienbad atmosphere is absolute, there are rare moments when it is broken by what might even be called good-heartedness. One such moment is the moment at which the student arrives in Madison. Through his cranium swim all manner of thoughts about the enlightened social life that might expose his myriad faults and the prospect of academic competition with the 35,000 geniuses he is sure to meet. Such noble thoughts exist until the student has been in Madison about three days. At which time he discovers that sexual abnormalities are geographic--that is, he may take his pick. He discovers the dormitory which he is stuck in. He discovers the vastness of a multiversity which forces him to conform in order that he not become submerged. At the moment in which he decides to conform to the sex and social games of a particular subculture, he is usually from that day forward condemned to four years of benighted existence.

The process of entering a subculture is a gradual one which is first attempted at the dorm level. If the attempt is not made the student soon discovers that he cannot even get to know any members of the opposite sex. Most freshman dormbodies meet prospective lays in the first weeks of school. This is done by flashing the right lines and the right clothes at the dorm mixer dances or by having a friend on Langdon Street or in an apartment. Dorms geographically can be seen to provide differing sex games. Elm Drive B and C provide engineers and farmers who prowl State Street and the nether end of University Avenue in the hope of finding pick-ups in the bars. Such males and their pick-ups can generally be said to be in the most sexually backward area of campus. Dorm rooms are liberally plastered with Playboy cheesecake and sexual fantasies most closely resemble circa 1945 B movies. Among males in the engineering and agriculture end of campus there is a proportionately large amount of sexual deprivation which causes said males to cling tenaciously to the girl back home. This clinging invariably results in marriage and the paying of the piper which results from years of a relationship out of default.

Chadbourne Hall has been described as a ten story whorehouse designed to service Langdon Street. This is almost literally true. Chadbourne girls, as a rule, choose to live in the hall because of its proximity to frat row. The attitude of frat row is, of course, suitably predatory. The game that is played most nearly resembles prostitution. A Chad girl soon learns that if she is to advance, ultimately in the social world and immediately



within her peer group, she must play the game. Needless to say, she is most eager to play the game in the first place. The game amounts to the male wearing the correct threads, spending a lot of money, and saying cool things. When the male has payed the correct amount, the girl allows herself to get drunk and spend the night on her back. Traditionally, if she is a virgin and if she has been laid by a clod, tears of grief follow. In Chadbourne such tears are greeted with feigned understanding by other girls and snide comments about the girl's naivete. This is part of the game, which sounds much like Dreiser, except that the girls enjoy themselves immensely. Playing the game means taking the world-wise girl-on-the-make pose. This is a vicious circle owing to the nightly imprisonment of the girls in the hall. Conversations on long winter evenings are enough to make Nelson Algren gag, and usually encourage girls to expose those instincts which were inculcated in them from early childhood; that is to cut throats and be girls on the make.

The girls of Sellery also have their number betrothed to becoming sweethearts of Sig Pig; Sellery also boasts a substantial population of horny pseudo-innocent freshmen whose sole motive for existence is to provide lech-bait for Mifflin Street's seamier population. This is done by artsy-craftsy girls who usually want a free ticket to drugs; most girls in this set choose this course out of default since they usually find themselves as game losers in the Langdon cum Sellery prostitution.

Langdon Street is a street which money and duplicity built and which is sustained by the money and the duplicity. The money factor is probably the only factor which differentiates Langdon Street from the rest of the campus. This is to say that Langdon Streeters who have money usually flaunt it and those who don't hide behind the street's affluent reputation. The duplicity involves the Langdon Street social lie. Langdon Street is nothing more than a transplantation of all the fooleries and excesses of high school life coupled with the factor that the Greeks not only play with beer and most recently marijuana, but with sex. The essential duplicity is that Langdon Street types attempt to exude a sense of responsibility and sexuality which in reality is the opposite. For illustration, the case of the junior sorority girl seems most appropriate. During her freshman and sophomore years she spent enough time "dating" and having a social few at the Pub that she has a vagina which resembles a bomb crater and can produce urine that will etch steel.

At the beginning of her junior year she will attempt to play virgin again, which is to say she will become more of a bitch. She will either completely curtail her sexual activity or limit sack time to clandestine (e.g., non-Greek) bedmates. She will do her best to exude a Walt Disney weltanschauung and will express interest in joining VISTA or helping retarded children in the hope that whichever male she is in the process of castrating will be impressed with her innocence and will make marital advances in order to save her from the big bad world. Thusly it goes. Ashes to ashes, dust to dust, suburbia to suburbia.

What is properly called the Mifflin Street subculture is in reality a euphemism for the New York Jewish community. Mifflin Streeters, in a word, hide under the protective banner of the Left. This is to say that the Mifflin Street community contains all manner of dunderheads, canards, and reactionaries who let it be assumed in their sex life that they have both the enlightenment of a Tolstoy and the cabronies of El Campesino. Mifflin streeters play a sex game extremely similar to that played on Langdon Street save that it is only slightly more creative.

What serves as money in the Mifflin subculture is nihilism, and the standard is craziness. By this standard the more sexually prolific a person is, the more respected he is. Likewise, the longer he strings himself out on drugs, the cooler he seems, as long as he treats drugs with a bored attitude. The sex games played by types such as this amount either to pure and simple lechery or to a war of nerves to determine who can stay bored with sex the longest. This craziness is most prevalent in Mifflin males during the freshman and

--continued on page seven



sex play (con'd)

sophomore years. Later, it is found to be of greater practical usefulness to become a good time Charlie with a bit of maudlin Walt Disneyism. This coincides with the adopting of a confessional attitude with women which is the surest form of blackmail. The confessional attitude can best be described as a guy playing on the maudlin side of a female by relating to her his life story in terms of his "hang-ups" usually in one sitting, then schtupping the girl who cannot help to take pity on the poor suffering guy.

Mifflin girls are archetypical of the puberty game. In their first years on campus they generally seek a form of rebellion. Some become among the most militant of the leftists on campus. This is primarily because the Rosa Luxemburg pose is about the farthest thing from the Jewish mother that is imaginable. Also commonly practiced is a form of racism which involves laying black guys. This is usually done for the sheer expected thrill of it and to assuage an imagined need for a social challenge. This results in incredible game playing and seems also to provide a revenge motive against Mifflin guys who are seen to be the cause of the girl's lost innocence. This fulfills the Rosa Luxemburg as well as the earth mother role. Mifflin girls are also prone to attaching themselves to prominent leftists and serve a purpose similar to the purpose served by gun molls in the Twenties. Sexually, the Bonnie and Clyde motif fits in many cases.

Meanwhile black guys who are being seduced left and right by adulating females tend to treat females of their own race with scorn because the white ass comes free and easy while the black girls seem to want the guy to work a little. The intent of the white girls usually gets confused and consequently a large portion of the black male community assumes an obnoxious attitude toward all women which has nothing to do with real pride.

The myriad mental illness which is rife on campus seems to have its roots in the fact that students tend to take the route of least resistance in their sexual affairs. To my mind this is essentially a tragedy. It is a tragedy because such action assures perpetuation of the middle class and its values. More importantly the route of least resistance sees that those years which could be spent in seeking young love or an approximate of thereof are pissed away. Resultant marriages are as a rule unhappy. Most of these marriages are caused by people wallowing in their own helplessness by making a mutual protection contract via the confessional route. Sooner or later one of the parties in such a marriage realizes that the young love era is over and such person feels that he's been took. Thus, viciousness sprouts from unhappiness.

It is not particularly relevant that the origin of most University sex games is in the middle class. This can be seen in the virginity psychosis which is either fully accepted or is reduced to nothing at all viz big issue over a little tissue which ignores certain real ties many of them purely physiological. It would be a tremendous improvement if people would simply recognize their middle class origin and try to face it squarely instead of attempting to run away from it and then finding that the escape is right back into exuberant middle classism.

The most profound tragedy is that people run away from themselves in playing the Madison sex game. This vast dunghill which excuses itself as a University Community is bad enough physically without having huge numbers of students making it much worse. I recognize that people do make mistakes and indeed should make mistakes, but in the Madison sex game nobody makes mistakes except when it is immediately advantageous to appear to have made a mistake. This penultimate coolness is reflection of the fact that students who come to Wisconsin are grossly inexperienced in matters of the heart and matters of the genitalia. If students would recognize their inexperience instead of exuding the cheap gangsterism they emit at present, the situation might change overnight.

Risking a Walt Disneyism of my own, I might suggest as a newer and better world view a chorus from an old Donovan song that goes "I dare a man to say that I'm too young, for I'm going to try for the sun."

-- Joe Lagodney

RAW PHAROAH SANDERS



My original intention was to write a review of Pharoah Sanders' first album on Impulse called Tauhid. Yet I am too much of a layman to try and talk about the music from a strongly technical point of view. This then is for those who appreciate jazz, but don't know what constitutes a tune being called a minor blues. The instinctive apprehension of beauty is obviously more basic than a technical understanding though certainly rarely as rich. I enjoy listening to the Pharoah Sanders album with people who know little about music for the same reason I like going to museums with children; a child's interpretation is spontaneous, relatively innocent, and unobstructed by the academician's critical claws. His view is usually far more intriguing than mine and often much truer, perceiving things with spontaneity that evade my academic cold eye. Sanders' album is that kind of experience which attracts both the expert and the innocent ear.

The opening cut is called "Upper and Lower Egypt." It takes up the entire first side of the album, some 17 minutes. Sanders' interest in Egyptian music is quite prominent here. The slow section is "Lower Egypt" and in it he employs bells, a gong, and usual percussion. It is strange, but palatable to anyone who really wishes to listen because it is so evocative. The high points of this section are Henry Grimes' (formerly a member of the (in) famous Cecil Taylor group) bass solo. His ability to fuse dissonant and harmonious elements is remarkable. He is free from the usual constrictions of bass runs and makes the bass an important and prominent voice whereas many bass players are only forgotten figures on the stage. They are essential for the musicians, but for the audience they are lost. This solo is followed by Pharoah playing piccolo. His approach to this instrument is inventive and provides additional range to it. He hums through it while he plays, giving a kind of "growl" in the sound evoked. His humming, which is easily detectable, shows that for him the piccolo is simply another aspect of his own voice. It is Pharoah singing and playing simultaneously, as if he were finding additional room to express everything inside of him.

The more vigorous latter section of the side is Upper Egypt. Pharoah plays tenor sax in this section, and at the end of the cut, he sings in a kind of an Egyptian be-bop. This is the final jolt to the series of musical shocks on the first side. Yet it is not music for shock value. There is a lyricism, a personality to the music which is unique and arresting in its beauty. The second side begins with Pharoah singing again in a piece called "Japan." It is the most clearly logical cut on the album, as well as being dependent on a musical model (i.e., Japanese music). It is, in my estimation, a lot of jive. The last cut on the album seems to convey best his influence as well as his individual strength and genuine creativity. To those who try not to be deaf to the "New Thing", this cut gives evidence to this man's present talent and the vast range of his potential.

Most people have never heard of Pharoah. Those who have heard of him may remember him as the screaming maniac in John Coltrane's group, in the post "A Love Supreme" period, who defied or ignored the boundaries of musical structure and the supposed limitations of the tenor saxophone. Others may think that his playing on these albums was exciting and enabled Coltrane to further his musical and emotional exploration. Others may just shake their heads in confusion. Critics hastily threw him into the Albert Ayler school of incomprehensible noise: "Doesn't sound like anything I ever heard before. He's just like Albert Ayler." Some of Ayler's early work contains a similar kind of primitive savagery in its sound which gave it a certain beauty. This kind of sound is not uncommon to Pharoah's playing, but there I think the comparison begins to wane. Critics have also said of each of them that they make the horn sound like a human voice. But, they are saying different things in different ways. Pharoah's solos quite often scream, but they also laugh and cry. One continually gets the impression that Ayler is screaming *at* you. Pharoah is not. He is expressing himself in as many ways as possible (his voice, horn, etc.). It is kind of a diary of emotions which does not leave any feeling out. The obvious strength of his musical voice gives an indication of the magnitude of his inner self.

It is a natural human instinct to cry, to laugh, even to scream. Pharoah's depth consists of the various human feelings that all men feel. He tells the story of his everyday life. He has a strong belief in the perfectability of man, and his music is an illustration of his spirit which is constantly groping and searching for the freedom to attain a closer look at that perfection.

The last cut on the album shows Sanders' powerful lyricism and the magnetic beauty of his music. The growl he gets in his sound with the tenor sax is done in a similar way to the method used with the piccolo. On the more versatile sax with its greater musical range, the instrument, in his hands, seems almost limitless. The music itself is reminiscent of John Coltrane's later work in the clarity of the musical lines and the cascading notes. The logic of the music is difficult to understand, much like Coltrane's Meditations. But, just as people have argued and continue to argue that Joyce's Ulysses has no logic to it, aficionados blow into a rage over Pharoah's work as well as late Coltrane albums. Even taking the position that there is no formal logic to Pharoah's compositions, I still suggest that there is a more important logic: the unqualifiable logic that is the spiritual exploration. Joyce writes about common people and common experiences in all their variability and existential nature. The experiences occur haphazardly, with little or no design. The logic is there if one comprehends the vicissitudes of human experience. Pharoah's compositions exhibit varied individual feelings and explore the possibilities of their perfection. The mood, not necessarily the musical logic, is maintained and enhanced in his playing, and this is one of the ways in which Pharoah Sanders creates a musical unity. It is not "always" screaming, not "always" laughing. The word does not always exist for him in terms of his music. Like Coltrane it is a continuous search into himself. Beauty is an overused term and I am guilty of over-using it. It is a word that means nothing when spoken of, but everything when experienced. This album has been such an experience for me. John Coltrane was the Man and I suggest that Pharoah Sanders will be the one to follow him, inheriting from him and advancing in new areas.

I end with two quotes from Pharoah Sanders which are far more meaningful than I can possibly be:

"The more I can find out about myself, the more I can know about what is, what the roots of existence are, because God is man and man is God."

"... all of what I try to do in music comes back to my conviction that if you have the discipline, you can do whatever you want to do. You yourself are the key to the Universe."

Kenneth Yagoda

FLICKERINGS

Well, film-making in Madison is not setting any worlds afire, and is hardly up to the level of work done at Reed, Antioch, or many other schools (take a look at the Ann Arbor Film Festival when it gets here and see if you don't agree). Still you can enjoy the sight gags and liveliness of young fakers like Paul Taplin, Ron Dewoskin, and Bruce Bentz, whose films were included at the Union showing.

A film screening is likely to be more interesting sociologically than aesthetically, and this was the case here. Peter Belsito's "Greasy Meat" got the biggest laughs from people who liked to see Gooch and friend stuff themselves beyond saturation with spaghetti, chicken, suds, bread, and even water. The movie had the appeal of a big belch--people liked it, I guess, as an example of wasteful, careless consumption and physical jokes. All the rewards of "Greasy Meat" are instantaneous and easy.

A more extended joke--a parody--shaped Bill Donnelly's clever "Blow-Out," with dialogue in the background discussing "Blow-Up" in pretty pedantic terms and a screen image of the Madison Dead End Kids playing baseball (without a ball, natch). Here comes Joseph P. McBride, shirt off, with his Rolliflex, missing a murder and eventually getting beaned in front of home plate. There goes Mary Kelly, shirttail flying, stagger-running to first base.

This is what the early Romans laughed at--people running, bumping into each other, rustics in farmer clothes or out of date togas in the city (like Bruce Bentz's young man in straw hat, long johns, and white gloves walking down University Avenue in his "Rough Cuts"). The chase makes up the humor of Ron Dewoskin's "Hide and Seek," added to by incongruities like having the fair maiden (victim) thrash the villain when he finally catches her, and having her make gestures of triumph over his body and then showing scenes of cheering crowds and parades. Dewoskin's film cleverly interposed satiric commercials like the one for FAB soap: one girl complains about her grey wash, her neighbor shows her new blue Fab, and then she embraces her neighbor passionately, the sequence ending with a loving shot of the Fab box dropped by the lovers...

The serious films were less successful, possibly because of an overemphasis on symbolism and allegory which made the characters wooden and mooning. "Carpe Diem" by Debbie Mirot had fine color sequences to suggest a spirit life--but the spirits looked self-conscious in their flowing robes and with their giant paper flowers. You couldn't escape the feeling here, as in Ron Policy's "Remembrance of Tomorrow," that the mystic, removed world shown was only Picnic Point on a week-day. R. Baenziger and Jeff Zych offered two hymns to reality--one the Steam Plant here, with smoke and fine coal-shoveling sequences, the other showing Chicago waking up to the sound of Ravel's Bolero.

With the state of things here it will be hard, hard to produce a complex, technically adequate film. There is not a good film course and there is a lack of resources for independent production. Ira Schnieder and Jerry Berndt, until they left Madison and went professional, had to go broke, lose sleep, and let their courses go to hell to produce even their modest triumphs. I guess we'll have to be content with screened jokes until more fanatics (artists) come along. The Union Film Committee has taken a good first step by gathering and showing these, but it will be harder to encourage good production.

-- Morris Edelson

In the center of the industrially dawdling city of Oshkosh, on the southern fringe of Joe McCarthy country, lies the largest institution in the Wisconsin State University system, WSU-O. The Zero (as the school is commonly known among students and faculty) has grown at a bewildering rate in the last decade.

New high-rise dormitories push the university ever closer to the heavily polluted Fox River, and the spreading campus threatens to engulf the city's largest factory, a division of the Rockwell-Standard Corporation producing gears and tools for The War Effort. The University has even initiated a miniscule branch campus at Fond du Lac, 17 miles to the south.

In 1959, when affable Roger E. Gullies was tapped to be the Zero's president after a long tenure as director of teacher training at Platteville State, he assumed command of a school with 2,049 students and about 100 faculty members. Today the enrollment is over 9,000 and the faculty has grown to more than 500.

In procuring approval from the Board of Regents of State Universities for each successive round of WSU-O expansion, Gullies has proven himself an educational empire builder of the first order. Careful to nourish strong roots in the Oshkosh power structure (Gullies is a director of the city's Chamber of Commerce and has in the past been president of Kiwanis and moderator of the Congregational church) he has managed to give his university an image of underlying stability and reliability in the midst of physical change. He has convinced the city's residents that the University-caused erosion of the property-tax base is outweighed by the liberal spending habits of its employees and students. Equally important, with Roger Gullies standing guard, the conservative Oshkosh gentry know that the Zero will not become a center of unorthodoxy or critical thinking. They know, too, that the Board of Regents, made up of individuals like themselves, will support Gullies fully in his vigilance. For WSU-O is the other State Universities writ large, and if Roger Gullies has warped more lives than the other State University presidents it is primarily because there have been more lives under his supervision.

Gullies is fond of saying that "the strength of any university depends on its faculty and the capacity of that faculty to work as a team." If teamwork does not exist, it must be instilled. The most recent example of Head Coach Gullies' use of coercion in order to maintain the Zero's outward display of harmony comes in the well-publicized case of L. Larry Leonard, political science professor and the author of six books on international relations, whose contract expires in June and will not be renewed. Since Leonard's scholarly credentials are unusually impressive for an Oshkosh faculty member, and since his teaching ability has not been questioned, the decision not to renew his contract may at first puzzle the outsider. Leonard is vice-president of the Oshkosh chapter of the American Association of University Professors, which has about fifty local members and has borne the brunt of the fight for faculty members' rights. An AAUP poll conducted last spring showed rampant discontent with the Gullies administration. (Exactly one fourth of the 256 respondents, in fact, answered "Yes" to the question "Are you satisfied with the overall relationship between the faculty and the administration?") In an interview last May with a reporter from a Madison newspaper, the Capital Times, Leonard discussed the poll results in general terms and said they showed that teachers did not want to br treated "as little pawns who are pushed around." After the article appeared, Leonard was questioned closely about it by Dean Arthur Darken of the School of Letters and Science. Two weeks later he received a letter from Vice-President Raymond J. Ramsden, sent on instructions from President Gullies, that the 1967-68 school year would be his last at Oshkosh.

The AAUP chapter, frustrated in its efforts to reverse Leonard's dismissal, has appealed for help to the national AAUP, asking for an investigation of the case that could eventually lead to the Zero's being placed on the AAUP's professional blacklist. The local AAUP is hopeful that the threat of national sanctions will lead to an improvement of conditions at Oshkosh: but the association works so slowly (most of its academic freedom cases drag on for at least two years) that there is little hope of obtaining redress for Leonard himself. In truth, Leonard may have been a wisely chosen scapegoat for the Gullies administration's resentment at the AAUP's faculty poll; aside from not having tenure, Leonard's outspoken and sometimes brusque manner has no doubt cost him much support.

Yet the Leonard case can only be understood if placed in the context of other purges that have occurred since Gullies assumed the presidency. Gullies is actually in the midst of Round Three in his fight to keep a tight rein on his faculty. Round One came shortly after the outset of his tenure, in the fall of 1959. Gullies in his initial address to the faculty assured them that he was agreeable to the idea of a faculty constitution. An interim committee was thereupon created, and it drew up what was for that time a liberal constitution. The problem was that it gave the faculty more power than Gullies had anticipated. When the interim committee tried to distribute copies of the proposed document to the faculty, Dean (now Vice President) James Duncan actually pulled them out of the faculty mailboxes as fast as committee members could shove them in. Deciding that the battle over the new constitution was a faculty power play, Gullies postponed further action indefinitely. As a kind of anticlimax to the affair, a history professor who had been in the forefront of the struggle and had also led an effort to modernize the history curriculum, was denied a renewal of his contract for the 1960-61 school year.

Round Two came to a head in 1962 and was likewise a victory for Gullies. As one rummages through old editions of the ultra-conservative Oshkosh Daily Northwestern and the student-published weekly, the Advance, a similar picture emerges. The early stages of WSU-O expansion under Gullies had brought an influx of new teachers, many of them from high-quality universities and many of them with different kinds of curriculum ideas from those on which Gullies and his department chairmen had been nurtured. Votes in departmental meetings began to go against the administration. One source who remembers these departmental battles says the basic issue was that Gullies was "bent on restricting liberal arts growth to its current, minimal status...wedded to the most sterile and routine concepts of teacher education." The administration's setbacks, however, were taken as personal rebuffs. It was at this same time that two members of the History Department came under withering criticism from local right-wingers on account of a faculty member's mild letter in the Northwestern criticizing a proposed state sales tax as discriminatory against low-income groups. They had inadvertently marred the University's "safe" image among the townspeople, and at a time when internal pressures from the faculty were jeopardizing the administration's control of the school. This twofold dilemma was resolved by the simple expedient of picking out four untenured troublemakers--including the two opponents of the sales tax--and informing them that their contracts would not be renewed. Gullies duly reported to the Regents that the four were guilty of poor teaching, lecturing in too abstract terms, and departmental insubordination, and the incident was closed.

The idea that repression is never successful is, of course, a myth. By all accounts, the 1960 and 1962 crackdowns, with the obvious lessons they contained for dissident faculty members, succeeded in reimposing the kind of administrative control that had existed in the pre-Gullies days when the Zero was an unpretentious teachers college, and before that a sleepy normal school. Gullies, a product of the teachers college system himself, was unwilling to believe that a clash of ideas could be healthy. A head coach does not expect the team members to argue back.

In the aftermath of the crackdown, Gullies established a facade of faculty democracy that hid the reality of administrative control from everyone but the faculty members themselves. He encouraged the drafting of a new faculty constitution and gave it his official approval when it came to his desk for signature. The constitution set up a 24-member Faculty Senate, with members elected at large for three-year terms and with all faculty members eligible to vote for candidates. The Senate was given power to consider faculty grievances and--of special importance--power to approve departmental bylaws. The national AAUP statement of principle on academic principle was also written into the Oshkosh faculty constitution.

Of this document, and of the Faculty Senate, one senior professor comments, "We've got all the machinery that would be found, I suppose, under the most ideal system. The only trouble is, the machinery doesn't work." He adds, "In a way this is more frustrating than not having the machinery."

The devices by which the Gullies administration maintains its control over faculty members, despite the formal trappings of democracy, are threefold: skillful use of the Faculty Senate; manipulation of department chairmen; and constant surveillance of faculty malcontents.

Department chairmen at Oshkosh are chosen for three-year terms, with the possibility of re-election. The procedure is that the department members vote to nominate a chairman, with Gullies reserving the right to veto their choice. Last spring, for example, the Art Department selected William Leffin as chairman to replace the incumbent, Michael Brandt; Gullies refused to approve Leffin, and on a second ballot Brandt was chosen by four votes to two, with six members abstaining in protest. Gullies cultivates close relations with the men whom he does permit to become chairmen. One younger English teacher describes his chairman as "the administration's fist in the department," although adding, "It's a smiling fist--it's got that painted grin on it." The chairmen can saddle dissenters with heavy teaching loads and early morning classes, and can select carefully the teachers who will be given the much sought-after research leaves and summer session classes. The advantages of being a "ballplayer"--one who looks to his department chairman for advice and sides with him in departmental quarrels --are substantial.

As for the Faculty Senate, it has been dominated by older, more timid faculty members who have tried hard to show that the faculty is "responsible" and can be trusted to take part in making decisions. "It's like East Europe and the Nazis," says one embittered faculty member about the Senate's attitude. This past summer, when confronted with a situation in which President Gullies had arbitrarily revoked the English Department's by-laws as a result of overwhelming departmental votes against his favored policies, the Senate abjectly concluded that he was acting within his rights. Since the integrity of departmental bylaws is guaranteed by the same faculty constitution that created the Senate itself, the Senate was saying in effect that it could be unilaterally abolished any time Gullies chose.



One of the four Oshkosh faculty "troublemaker of 1962 circulated this memorandum to his colle today, as the accompanying story indicates.

Members of the Department:

As you know, I have been relieved of my posit after considering the reasons given for dismissi petition the College to reinstate me in return f ways. Will you support me? I promise:

1) I will seat the students alphabetically, given me in this matter by our Chairman its hono

2) I will strictly limit the number and the offer the students. Thus they can take more not and will not become confused by thinking.

3) I will never vote again in a Department m more meetings), without the advice on which way Chairman is so eminently qualified to give.

4) I will never bring up intellectual issues discuss such issues in the faculty offices; but myself to meditating on these issues in the Facu noted by me that it seems perhaps possible that could conceivably, by working through the establ ently; but on the other hand, I would not want t on such a delicate issue.

5) I will take no interest in the courses I by the Department Chairman.

6) I will not write letters to the Oshkosh N the parties making the charges to an academic de topic: "Is Professor X a Communist because he fa he not?" This is the scholarly way.

7) I will not ask the Department Chairman wh with the Administration is; but I will wait unti This will relieve him of needless embarrassment.

8) I will shave twice a day, in order to sho beatnik type who belongs at a University rather

9) I will not encourage the students to thin society; but will do my best to limit their crit Greece (but not Socrates); to the Hebrews (but n Middle Ages (but not to Abelard); or to the Cave Food Service).

10) I will give up my compassion for the stud enlarge their lives; I will keep my compassion keep my job.





"troublemakers" dismissed in the spring
to his colleagues. It is still relevant
dicates.

March 21, 1962

d of my position on this Faculty. However,
for dismissing me, I have decided to
e in return for my agreeing to reform my
ise:

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take more notes on material in the test,
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Department meeting (if there are any
on which way to vote that the Department
to give.

ectual issues at Department meetings, nor
offices; but I will rather restrict
s in the Faculty Lounge. It has been
ossible that on leaving the Lounge, I
gh the established channels, feel differ-
ld not want to commit myself, especially

he courses I teach, except as authorized

the Oshkosh Northwestern...but will invite
n academic debate. For example, on the
because he favors the income tax, or is
.

t Chairman what my status with him or
ill wait until I am fired to find out.
mbarrassment.

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In considering the extent of direct administrative meddling into the work of individual faculty members, it is important to be fair to President Gulles. He is an administrator, not an ideological right-winger. Considering that the Fox River Valley is one of the most conservative areas in the country, leeway is given to dissenting political views. One professor, who does not hesitate to express his opposition to the Vietnam war, says that "So far as I know, I have complete academic freedom so far as what I say in the classroom is concerned." It is when the talk turns to the running of the University that the administration develops rabbit ears. The administration keeps track of each individual faculty member, and potential wanderers from the one true path are either nudged back in line or are sent packing. At the end of January an Art Department member, whose credentials for tenure had been unanimously backed by a blue-ribbon Faculty Senate committee, was notified that the administration had decided not to grant him tenure. An outstanding English teacher, who does have tenure, has been told that so long as he stays at Oshkosh he will never receive any pay increment not required by state law. The feeling that administrators are watching their every move is so strong that many faculty members go about their work in a state of acute fear. In the AAUP poll last spring, over 58 per cent answered "No" to the question "Do you feel that a faculty member can participate freely in community, political or leisure activities without a sense of possible administrative pressure." One younger teacher, after relating instances of administrative harassment, said in disgust, "It's like going up to him and saying, President Gulles, I'd like to take a crap, can I go, and if he thinks it's all right then you can go."

In a sense, the present degree of administrative power at Oshkosh, perfected in the years since the 1960 repression, signifies the fulfillment of educational ideas which Gulles (and the Regents) had held long before he assumed the WSU-O presidency. Gulles Ph.D. dissertation, written while he was an administrator at Platteville, was a creditable study of what was then the state teachers college system. The thesis was written under the aegis of the Board of Regents, and discussed the then modest expansion in the colleges and the problems of future growth. The title, "A Study of Practices Conditions and Their Trends in Relation to the Function of Wisconsin State Teachers Colleges," bespeaks a certain awkwardness in wording, but in general the prose does not suffer in comparison with that of most dissertations. Gulles wrote of a trend toward a greater number of liberal arts courses, as opposed to narrowly defined education courses, and suggested that this trend was beneficial to all concerned. His report concluded, however, with these words:

> Any policy which may be established concerning the function or administration of these institutions should be evaluated in terms of its impact upon the schools and the educational welfare of the boys and girls who are to be taught by the future graduates of the teachers colleges.

Now that the State Universities turn out increasing numbers of newspapermen, civil servants, realtors, insurance salesmen, etc. as well as teachers, Gulles would no doubt revise his formulation. But the key phrase "the educational welfare of the boys and girls who are to be taught by the future graduates," has a significance that outlives its literal meaning. For the State Universities' graduates, in whatever occupational niche they will fit, still have the same basic mission as before: returning to the communities of Wisconsin and articulating the traditional values of American society in a way that makes them seem fresh and meaningful. From the Regents' point of view, the worst thing that could happen would be for their Universities to turn out graduates who are accustomed to thinking for themselves and are unafraid to challenge the status quo. The type of graduate who is desired is one who knows how to "get along. A successful graduate could someday obtain the same recommendation that Roger Gulles once received in applying for the WSU-O position: "Dr. Gulles is a strong public relations man. He takes an active part in civic and social affairs and is also a leader in his church. He is a definite asset to any organization or institution with which he has affiliations."

For students, the system of administrative control at the Zero is a milder and more subtle one than for faculty, but it is just as effective. The administration's first concern is to maintain an image of placidity, and in this is makes intelligent use of the traditional student institutions: the Student Government and the weekly Advance (formally titled the Advance-Titan since "Titans" is the school nickname). The Student Government is largely under the domination of the fraternities and sororities, and it serves the function of "training" students in executive responsibilities without giving them any power. Since the administration has the power to cause the Greeks considerable trouble by cracking down on racial discrimination, the Greeks are even less inclined than they normally would be to raise challenges to Gulles' rule. As for the Advance, its editor is appointed by the faculty advisor rather than being selected by a student panel. This by itself gives the administration immense leverage. In its latest issue the paper's coverage of the Leonard case shows the kind of journalism that brings pleased smiles to the faces of administrators. The headline reads "Leonard case is closed" and the article is simply the text of a press release issued by the University's Office of Public Information.

Last spring the administration issued new housing regulations by which men as well as women students must live in dormitories unless they are seniors, 21 or over, married, or live at home with their parents. Dissatisfaction with this new rule helped to lead to the "beer riots" last May in which Oshkosh students blocked traffic in protest over proposals to abolish local option and raise the beer-drinking age to 21. Life in the new high-rise dorms, modeled after the Southeast Area complex in Madison, is not sufficiently attractive for the dorms to be filled without this compulsion. And the administration cannot risk a dorm scandal over unfilled rooms, as happened at Whitewater last year.

Another area in which the University has increased its control over students in recent years is in asserting jurisdiction over offenses against state and local laws. When the present senior class were freshmen, this "double jeaordy" power was not a part of administrative policy; now it is. And the Board of Regents, in a recnet (January 18) move designed to bolster the power of the State Universities' administrators, has proclaimed that:

> Power is hereby conferred upon the president of each state university to suspend or expel students for misconduct, and for such other causes as may be prescribed from time to time in these by-laws.
>
> Without limiting its generality by specification, the term "misconduct" as herein used shall include violations on campus of federal, state or local laws...and also violations of such laws, bylaws, rules or regulations occurring off campus which are likely to have an adverse effect on the university or on the educational process carried on at the university or which stamp the offender as an unfit associate for the other students.

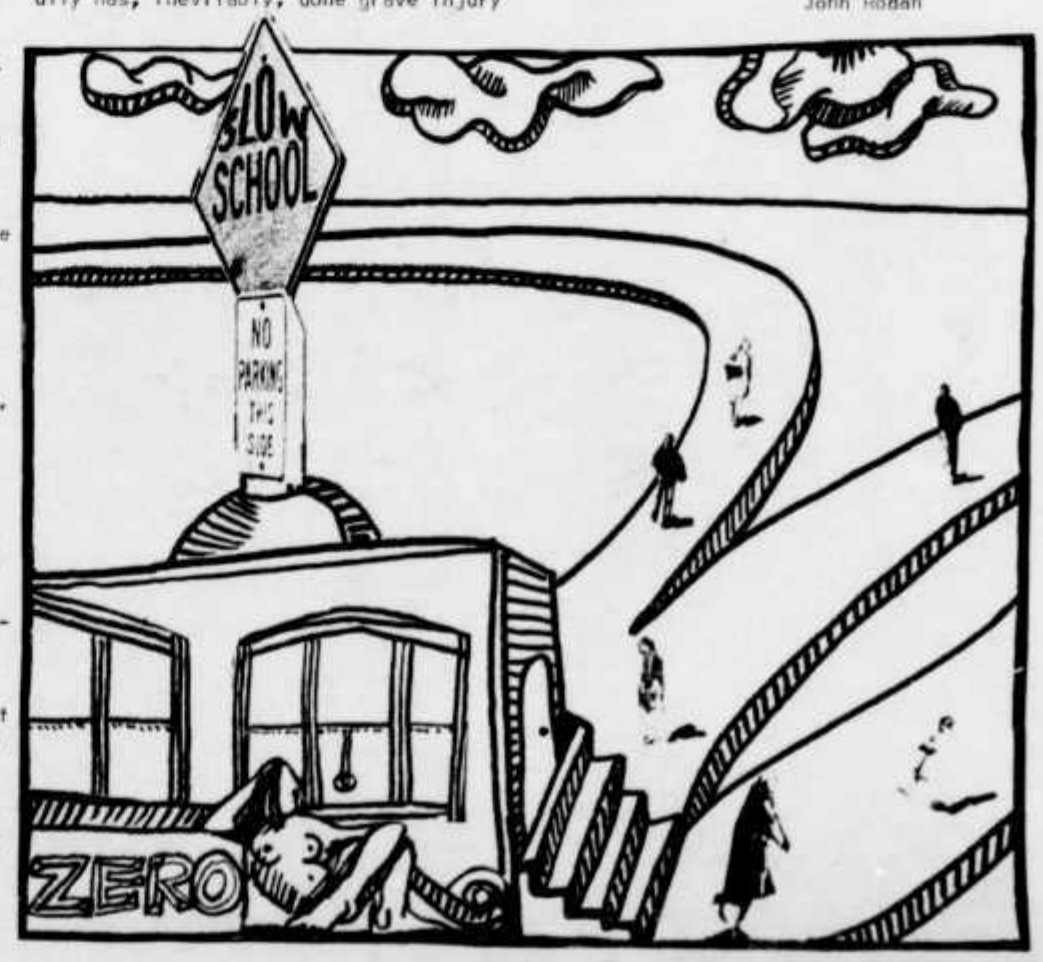
Of course, it would be highly misleading to say that WSU-O students are subject to total restraint in their activities. They can drink (Oshkosh, a city of 45,000 people, has more than 140 bars); they can even pass out anti-war literature on campus, as the Oshkosh Peace Forum did until it fell into voluntary idleness. The strictness of dorm supervision seemingly varies with the attitudes of the individual resident heads, and some of these are liberal. Basic questions about the University's right to regulate students' lives are not often raised. It is in the learning experience that Oshkosh students are most noticeably cheated. For the fog of repression and fear that surrounds the faculty has, inevitably, done grave injury to the learning process at Oshkosh. Since 1959 the major battles between Gulles and dissenting faculty members have, at least in part, involved efforts to create a more flexible and imaginative learning environment. The best teachers, the ones who are most interested in their students and who want to prod them into using their minds creatively, have been the targets of administrative wrath. With these people being picked off one by one, or else becoming so disgusted that they must leave in order to preserve their sanity, the students are left with the other teachers--the "ballplayers."

Moreover, the repression which all faculty members feel--their exclusion from academic decisions--has been affecting students as well. The Zero, for example, has a textbook rental system, in which students are unable to buy their texts but must rent them and return them in good condition. Teachers (84.4 per cent in the AAUP poll) dislike the system because it undermines their teaching effectiveness by keeping them from ordering a new text until the rental library has gotten back its investment on the old ones. A student investigation last year showed that only two schools in the entire country outside the Wisconsin State University system had such a textbook library--yet the administration will not abandon it.

Roger Gulles and the plant manager of nearby Rockwell-Standard could exchange positions with no difficulty. Each of them is narrowly concerned with matters of production and physical growth, utilizing machinery that stamps out a piece of iron, a finished student, or a molded faculty member according to a preconceived blueprint. Molding individuals like pieces of pliable metal--this represents the essence of the education; shackles instead of freedom; team spirit instead of creative tension. At Oshkosh, not even the president is a free man. One faculty member, who finds himself unable to dislike Gulles personally, calls him "a frightened little Babbitt, trapped in the very system he's helping to perpetuate."

It should be clear that Roger Gulles is not simply a petty dictator who is allowed to carry on because the Board of Regents is unaware of the situation. Rather, he is an administrator acting in accord with the educational philosophy that is dominant in the State University set-up. Meaningful change will not come at Oshkosh through any action of the Regents. Nor for that matter will it come from the isolated protests of a few courageous individuals. It will come only when students and teachers realize that they are in a real sense, victims of the same repressive system. In any effort to achieve recognition for their dignity, they are unavoidably dependent on each other. The large number of teachers who are looking for other jobs (at least 30 in the English Department alone) is indicative of a profound despair. If such teachers see evidence of student support, many of them will stay at Oshkosh and take risks in order to fight for change. If students are given a vision of what a stimulating university can be--a place for determining one's own values instead of swallowing those preached by the high school principals and the General Hershey's--they will join the faculty in that fight.

--Jim O'Brien
John Rodan



LETTER FROM DETROIT
TRANSLOVE ENERGIES UNLIMITED

BY JOHN SINCLAIR

"In fact, by the very law of the identity of definition and discovery, who can extricate language from action?" (Human Universe)

"Energy is larger than man, but therefore, if he taps it as it is in himself, his uses of himself are EXTENSIBLE in human directions and degree not recently granted."
(The Gate and the Center)

" Any image around which any people concentrate and commit themselves is a usable one just because it is theirs...."
(Apollonius of Tyana)

"What we have suffered from, is manuscript, press, the removal of verse from its producer and its reproducer, the voice, a removal by one, by two removes from its place of origin and its destination." (Projective Verse)
--Charles Olson

We started the Artists' Workshop in the late summer of 1965--we meaning Robin Eichele, George Tysh, Jim Semark, and myself, poets; and Charles Moore, Pierre Rochon, Danny Spencer, and some others, musicians; and a number of our friends who were involved in our work and their work as artists of one sort or another. We wanted--we needed-- an audience, we wanted it very strongly, and there was no other way we could do our thing publicly besides opening our own place and working our from it. Sixteen people each threw in $5 and Eichele and I went out and rented a house in the neighborhood all of us lived in--the neighborhood we call now the Warren-Forest Community, centered originally (i.e. why we were here) on Wayne State University and the major east-west thoroughfares Warren and Forest Avenues, two blocks apart.

Our most common bond was that we were friends and neighbors first of all, neighbors in the middle of a deceased city, right in the heart of it, and we had to have some common way of getting together that would be more satisfactory than each others' apartments and which would afford some measure of public activity, i.e. activity that would be more open to others than our respective homes. We wanted to be heard--we were all freshly into our things and were excited about it--we wanted everyone we knew to hear us, because we had something to say to them and it had to be said.

Our first printing was done on the AB Dick mimeograph machine we clandestinely used at Monteith College of WSU--we used that machine for a good year for ALL our printing, sneaking in at night with reams of paper and piles of stencils and running them off, then sneaking the completed product back to the Workshop to put it together. Our first piece of "literature" was the manifesto I wrote to lay out our motivations and schemes for the Artists' Workshop Society--that day I typed my first stencil, the first of hundreds as it worked out. Tysh wrote, typed and mimeod our first flyer, announcing the opening of the workshop at 1208 West Forest on the 1st of November, 1964, a Sunday afternoon at 3:00 p.m., and that began a series of weekly Workshop sessions that ran every Sunday from November 1st to the 31st of May, 1965, when the original building was gutted by fire after a Sunday evening session.

I gave my first public poetry reading that first Workshop Sunday--so did Tysh and, for all practical purposes, Robin Eichele. Charles Moore's band, the Detroit Contemporary 5, made its public debut that day, and Magdalene Arndt, now Magdalene Sinclair, offered a first exhibition of her photographs. There were over 100 people there, freely, and all from the neighborhood. We didn't care if anyone else ever came, but we had to have the people we KNEW there or it wasn't worth it.

Each Sunday two or three poets read, and one or two bands played, all for free. The sessions would open with a set by the band, either the DC5 or Pierre Rochon's Workshop Art Quartet or a visiting band from some other part of the city, and then the poets would read, filled with the rhythms of the music. There would be a break, people talked to each other, and then Charles and whoever was left would play some more music, people would talk some more, and those who were left would clean up the house. The sessions took place in the living room of a two-story house--Eichele and his lady lived upstairs--and people sat on the floors in two rooms while the band played and the poets read in a third room accessible to the two others. We created our own situation and maintained it as we wanted it. People who weren't there to HEAR were asked to leave--we were very serious about the whole thing, and rightfully so.

Each Sunday a newsletter and program for the week was printed and passed out free at the sessions. I tried to place our work in a perspective proper to it, introduce any new poets or musicians, wrote up the news of the previous week, listed new contributing members of the Society, and begged for money. Around the middle of February, I think on Valentine's Day, we issued the first Artists' Worksheet, a "rhythm ballad" of Semark's, which he read that day at the session. For twelve weeks after that, until the fire I think, we issued a Worksheet every Sunday, and usually the poet or poets printed in the Worksheet would be reading that same day so the audience could HEAR what they were reading. We wanted them to be INTO what was going on, a part of it (and not "from"), and we would try any method that might help the audience involve themselves more than they were used to.

It was a tremendously exciting time for all of us--we were managing our own affairs strictly and without outside help, we were writing and working a lot, we were reaching people, and we were all I think growing by huge leaps and bounds from one week to the next. Our lives WERE the Workshop, and we wrote about (or more properly FROM) what we were doing every day in the Workshop and in the world. The most important aspect of the whole thing to me was that we were ALL EQUALS, i.e. none of us were stars or big-shots, we were just the cats who hung out together and did our thing together, grew together, responded to each other's consciousness, etc. We wanted to be precise to our own senses, and our own senses of things we experienced variously, and we were very strict about that. We took Olson's Projective Verse essay quite literally as our dogma, with the main emphasis on his demand that each poet write HIS OWN POEM, i.e. the poem that was peculiar to his own immediate life. I remember hassling Tysh about writing poems about the woods when he in fact lived in the center of the city of Detroit.

I think all of this is very relevant to any history of our publishing activity. The newsletters, then the Worksheets, then the magazines THE JOURNAL and WORK and the series of books we began publishing in the summer of 1965, were meant to make the work of the Workshop poets and writers known to our friends in Detroit and to those poets and musicians around the country we could get in touch with. We weren't interested much in publishing anything but our own work, and we did that because it was the most available agency for circulating our own work. I found later, in Olson's Apollonius of Tyana, the statement whose sense informed our activity: "...Any image around which



any people concentrate and commit themselves is a usable one JUST BECAUSE IT IS THEIRS...."

Our first book was Jim Semark's BOOK OF HUMORS, with drawings by Larry Weiner, which was stenciled and printed and assembled by Semark himself. The 250 copies were mostly given away--those that sold went for 25¢ apiece. At the same time Eichele and I put out the Workshop issue of THE JOURNAL, the Monteith College student publication which had been founded two years previously by Eichele, Tysh, and some others. Eichele and I chose the material, I typed the stencils, Eichele mimeod it, Magdalene printed it, and it was largely given away in the neighborhood. That was in April and May, 1965. In June we published the first issue of WORK, with some poems from "outside" poets, a whole section of Detroit work, and a number of book and record reviews by Detroit poets and musicians. At the same time we published our next two books, Tysh's "sit up straight" and my "This Is Our Music." Eichele did Tysh's book whole (Tysh had already left for France by that time) and I did the magazine and my own book. Both had offset covers, photographic, and mimeod insides. All the mimeoing was done by my wife--we were married on June 12th in our back yard. Then we went west to the Berkeley Poetry Conference, Eichele and his lady, Charles and his, me and mine, and Jerry Younkins. We distributed most of the 500 copies of the books and magazine there, for free, read and went home.

During this time we were also extremely active in other terms--Eichele and I had acquired for rental purposes a group of 4 terrace housing units in a building on the Jodge Lodge Expressway service drive called the Castle, and we were renting rooms and whole houses out to Workshop people so we could all live together as well as work together. The houses were OURS--we could do what we wanted with them. My wife planted a garden in the back yard, we kept the area neat and clean, painted the houses that summer, and tried to keep everything together. We were without a public meeting place since the Workshop fire, so we started a campus organization at WSU and produced a number of outdoor readings and concerts in the sumeer.

After the summer was over, which included our trip west, a marijuana bust sustained by me in August, a lot of LSD activity, and the daily lives of some 25-30 people, we rented a storefront down the street, at the corner of Warren and John Lodge, and re-opened the Workshop to readings and concerts. We also started producing regular concerts and readings at WSU through our campus front, the WSU Artists' Society, and began a series of free poems which were passed out free on campus once a week. We produced the second issue of WORK, some 120 pages; and four more books: HELLO, by J.D. Whitney; Semark's NIGHT-VISION EXPRESS, printed entirely by Semark himself; the collected first series of Free Poems; Jerry Younkins' pamphlet "Write About My Buddies...They're Dead"; and my second book, FIRE MUSIC, which I finished the night before I was sentenced to six months in the Detroit House of Correction for the marijuana arrest. I also finished typing the stencils for WORK/3 that same night. With the exception of Semark;s book, I did all the stenciling and Leni did the printing on our new Gestetner 360 mimeo machine. By this time our books were being carried by small bookstores all over the country, WORK was established as a regular magazine of rather definite aims and intentions, and we were considerably experienced in the work we were engaged in.

While we were still at the old Forest Avenue location we had begun giving informal "classes" in poetry, jazz listening, painting, photography, and film-making, classes organized and "taught" by Workshop artists and open to literally anyone who was interested. The poetry seminar run by Eichele, Tysh and myself was probably the most successful--we used Olson's "Projective Verse" essay, Pound's ABC of Reading, and Don Allen's New American Poetry 1945-1960 as our major texts and incorporated many little magazines and books into our curriculum. We also ran a series of Friday night readings "from the new American Poetry," to make the work of Olson, Creeley, Duncan, Ginsberg, LeRoi Jones, Gary Snyder, Michael McClure and others better known to our people. When we moved into the new Workshop building, the old ex-grocery store on John Lodge, we started what we optimistically called the Free University of Detroit--but since I was "teaching" four classes and doing all the organizing, the Free You never really got off the ground after I was incarcerated.

During the spring and summer of 1966 the major impetus behind the Workshop was given by Ron Caplan, who had come to live with us just before I went to jail; Eichele; my wife Leni; and, in the summer, my brother David and his friends Tom Mitchell and Mike Little, who were all in school at Dartmouth College and in Detroit for the summer. Caplan prepared the stencils for a third magazine, whe're,

(continued on page eleven)

which we had edited; David prepared the stencils for the second issue of CHANGE, which I edited from jail; and Elchele bought an offset press and started printing the trade edition of HUMAN UNIVERSE, Olson's collected essays, which Olson had given us to do after the Berkeley scene. Unfortunately the press never worked properly, and Grove Press decided to print the book commercially, and Elchele left for London two weeks after I was released from jail on August 5th, 1966. Meanwhile, Caplan had printed two books in his own series, "mother/asphodel," which were David Federman's "Friends, Living & Dead" and Lisa Galt's "In sight!" A lot of other changes took place that six months, including the near collapse of the housing co-op, the spread of the "hippies," the rebirth of rock and roll music, and the creation of new art media--posters, the ballroom scene, widespread participatory art like dancing and freaking out, and the underground newspaper scene.

I tried to make things fit into the old order of things when I got out of jail--organizing poetry readings and jazz concerts, printing small-edition magazines and books, etc--but that mode of work was no longer relevant to the local scene at all. We went into a frenzy of printing: CHANGE/2, where/1, a huge 170-page issue of WORK/4, all in editions of 500; reprints of WORK/1 and /2, CHANGE/1; more books, including Bill Hutton's Strange Odyssey of Howard Pow!, edited and stencilled by myself; Jerry Younkins' book the Sirius poems; a second enlarged edition of Whitney's HELLO; the second collection of Free Poems; the collected Artists' Worksheet 1965; Caplan's said & meant; my third book, MEDITATIONS; Semark's third book, THE SUN, done by himself last summer while he was in Detroit; and two "outside" books, Allen Ginsberg's essay/pamphlet "Prose Contribution to the Cuban Revolution"; and the FUGS SONG BOOK.

I was by that time writing regularly for the FIFTH ESTATE, Detroit's underground newspaper and one of the five original members of the Underground Press Syndicate; and in the fall of 1966 Allen Van Newkirk and I decided to print our own newspaper, GUERRILLA, which would be a high circulation tabloid newsprint combination of WORK, CHANGE, and whe're along with Van Newkirk's own brainchild, a revolutionary poetry-literary magazine called GUERRILLA. We combined forces



and got out the first issue in January, but we had a number of disputes and I dropped out of the venture after editing the second issue, which Allen finally got out in June 1967. By that time I had combined with artist Gary Grimshaw, one of the finest poster and design artists anywhere, to publish a strictly LOCAL newspaper called THE SUN, which lasted only four irregular issues, three tabloid and one mimeod.

Again, a lot of changes outside the "literary" scene took place in that year--my wife and I opened and operated the Fifth Estate Bookstore for some time, we tried presenting more poetry readings and jazz concerts and finally went to rock and roll and stayed there; we started a new commune-cooperative based on the old Workshop, now called Trans-Love Energies Unlimited; we had a brief try at opening and operating a "psychedelic music center" called THE SEE which lasted only two weeks; then we all more or less assimilated ourselves into the Grande Ballroom scene, managing bands, doing dance posters, light shows, handicrafts, candle-making, etc. Everyone dropped a lot of acid, smoked a lot of grass, danced a lot, listened to a lot of music, were discovered after three years by Detroit's mass media as "hippies," etc. Now most of my own time is spent managing two rock bands, the MC5 and the UP, writing for the Fifth Estate, managing the affairs of three households, participating in talks and panel discussions on hippies, grass, LSD and contemporary culture in high schools, colleges, and church and community groups, and fighting the marijuana laws in the Detroit courts after a third arrest for marijuana in January 1967. My brother Dave is editing a new issue of WORK and we are trying to finish the series of 20 Workshop Books, with 3 books left to go: Elchele's runes, my own the Leni poems, and a dual book by two Oakland University poets, Ed Rudolph and Buzz Klingenberger. We've all learned a lot about communicating with people, and our major aim remains to get people to HEAR us. We are in Detroit and want to truly LIVE here, and we do what we can to make things better for as many people as are interested.

We recently moved into a new and bigger place, at 499 West Forest, where we live and work, 13 or 14 of us, distribute our books and posters, run a store in one part of the building where we market our own work and sell head items, underground newspapers, some poetry books and records, and distribute free information and materials as we get them. We have a music management organization, a chapter of LEMAR (Movement to Legalize Marijuana), a community switchboard, an emergency legal service for community people who get busted for grass and acid, etc. We are still poets and writers and musicians and photographers and painters and designers, but most of all we're people in a human community, involved in the life of our neighborhood and our city, and finally, "just cats." Our work continues full time, full speed ahead, even as it manifests itself differently than in the past. But it's still the same work, and our goal remains to publish this work as widely as possible, to make it a possibility for anyone who might be interested in what we're doing.

The Great Society Reader
- a review -

Marvin E. Gettleman and David Mermelstein (Editors), The Great Society Reader: The Failure of American Liberalism (New York: Vintage Books, 1967), 551 pages.

Whether one describes contemporary American society as a system of "corporate liberalism," or "the warfare-welfare state," or whatever, the important thing is to realize that something is wrong with America and that something can be done to make it right.

It may seem obvious that something is fundamentally wrong with this country. One need only look at the Johnson Administration carrying on a futile but genocidal war in Vietnam, or the police forces of the country arming themselves to the teeth in anticipation of another Long Hot Summer. But not everyone would agree that even these things indicate that something is fundamentally wrong with America. There are liberals still faithful to LBJ's consensus and other liberals waiting patiently for Bobby Kennedy to get on his white horse. For these people, who are by no means found only on university campuses, American liberalism still has a chance to correct the shortcomings and failures of the Great Society.

Here is where the Great Society Reader performs a valuable service for the radical cause. The editors, Gettleman and Mermelstein, have put together a collection of readings designed to demonstrate to a primarily liberal reading audience that American liberalism has failed to deliver on its many promises and that it cannot under any circumstances deliver on those promises. The reason for this is quite simple: Liberalism is the ideology of corporate America and as such is designed first and foremost to protect and enhance the interests of the giant corporations which dominate American life.

Using Johnson's Great Society programs, the editors demonstrate what corporate liberalism means to several different groups of people (labor, black people, students, and the peoples of the Third World). The format is the same for each section of the book, a maudlin speech or two from LBJ (written in almost every case by some think-tank "intellectual"), a descriptive article or two by an Administration liberal (e.g. Gardner Ackley, W.W. Rostow, or Patrick Moynihan), followed by some critical "insider" (e.g. the left-Keynesian economist Leon Keyserling), then some critical New Left and socialist reviews (e.g. Tom Hayden, Leo Huberman and Paul Sweezy, and the editors themselves). Needless to say, the critics can agree on basically only one thing, that the Great Society is a fraud. This is something that Establishment liberals will not and cannot admit even to themselves, but something which must be admitted before real progress can be made.



The failure of liberalism can be seen in the celebrated "War on Poverty" which the Johnson Administration launched in the election year of 1964. We know today the program has been scrapped, ostensibly because of the Vietnam war. However, the program itself turns out to have been nothing more than tokenism to begin with. Sargent Shriver, the leading poverty war lord, admits in one of the Reader articles that the war on poverty was designed to sooth the guilty conscience of middle class America and to create a new "mood" of hope among the poor. And as Elinor Graham points out, the whole Great Society approach to poverty was part and parcel of the American Self Help Credo. First of all, the poor are singled out for attention (as opposed to social security-like programs which cover all citizens as a matter of right), then they are labeled personal failures and placed in job-training programs designed to get them back in the "mainstream" as respectable middle-class breadwinners and taxpayers. Such programs amount to training new workers for the corporations at government expense. Meanwhile, imaginative suggestions such as the guaranteed annual income which are more in tune with our automated age are dismissed as somehow "immoral" and "unAmerican."

According to Miss Graham, the war on poverty also turns out to have been a polite way of re-channeling America's racial crisis. By re-defining racism as a problem of poverty, white Americans and especially white Southerners have been able to deal openly with the black revolution for the first time since it began. Of course "dealing openly" in this case means a token war on poverty which does not even begin to solve the problems of racism and poverty. One result of all this has been the defection of young black militants from the liberal consensus. They were the first to see the hollowness of the war on poverty. The "maximum feasible participation" of the poor, which was the only new departure of the poverty program, was soon abandoned in order to please big-city Democratic machines; and Southern school districts were allowed to submit token integration plans for the same reasons. Stokely Carmichael and the SNCC people have discovered that "coalitionism" means that black people are swallowed up by the Johnson consensus and in the process effectively disarmed. Hence Carmichael's determination to build independent black political parties in such places as Lowndes County. That this latter strategy has also failed throughout the country explains the total resistance to colonial oppression now shown by most black militants.

The fact that the Great Society failed to help the black people and the poor does not mean that it was a total loss. Some groups did benefit from the Johnson consensus. What the Great Society meant for the corporations is seen in the fact that the 1963 Kennedy-Johnson tax reduction scheme became law in the election year of 1964, but without any tax reforms. Truman's former economic advisor Leon Keyserling, indicates that he would have preferred to see tax reforms and a public works program designed to "stimulate" the economy by re-distributing income. But as the Marxist economist Paul Sweezy points out in another article, the only kind of Keynesianism that is acceptable to businessmen and hence the only kind we have ever had is the negative Keynesianism of tax cuts and defense spending. "Deficit spending" turns out to have been armaments spending (which does not compete with private industry) rather than welfare spending (the notion that we are a "welfare state" on the level of Britain or the

(continued on page 14)

an interview with PAUL GRAY

Paul Gray is the director of Bennington Ensemble Theatre, originator and head of the new theatre and film program at Bennington College, and contributing editor of Tulane Drama Review from 1962 to date. His "Ch. Barrage" will be performed in Madison from February 26 to 29. The following interview was conducted by Hank Haslach and Morris Edelson.

Morris: Paul, we're particularly concerned here with the relationship between the theater and politics, if there is any. One production which could be an example is the San Francisco Mime Troupe...

Gray: Let me react briefly to both the commedia ("L'Amant Militaire") and the minstrel show that they've done the last two years. The commedia was seen at Bennington shortly after it played here, and the minstrel show played the year before at Williams College--a college within motorcycle distance of Bennington.

First the "Minstrel Show:" I had asked to be on a panel the day after the show. The name of the Panel was "Is the Theater Valid as Social Propaganda." A ridiculous title--what theater isn't social propaganda one way or another. I had come down to the minstrel show, and was horrified. Of course, it was a terrific show. They had a number of talented people, good training, and they had savage wit and clear movement. But the audience responded in a way that was, to me, totally unbelievable. They loved it: they applauded and yelled. And I looked at all these people "totally involved" in the civil rights movement and theme of the play--and they were all these neatly dressed young men going off into a much more legal kind of life than they were cheering. It was the "thing" to applaud Black Power, rather than something they really believed in.

Hank: That happens in Chicago, where all the North Shore people come down to Second City to see themselves satirized.

Gray: And I was horrified at the one sided approach, the very flat, bland, direct statement by the Mime Theater: "All cops are bad." So when I went down to the panel the next day, I anticipated that all the professors would say the "right" thing. And sure enough, the first four got up and talked about the Mime Theater and Black Power, and nobody responded honestly, I thought--experientially.

On the panel I said, "My reaction to the Mime Troupe will involve--pardon me--some visual aids." I wheeled around and put on a Ku Klux Klan hood and took out a Confederate flag and I waved it around and yelled, " I hate every goddamned nigger lover in this place!"

Absolute silence. Bug-eyes. Then I took an opposite point of view and built up a case for what I call the third man theme. I had given a lecture to my class that morning, I was so disturbed, about what the real role of a political theater--a theater trying to stir up things--should be. You have to have three characters to have a good drama.

For example, I walked up the chairman of the Speech and Theater Department, who was sitting right next to me, and I was trying to illustrate something about the Zoo Story, for example, in the panel. I said to him, "Get off that chair. I said get off." Bugeyed. "GET OFF THAT GODDAMMED FUCKING CHAIR." The guy would not get up; I told him I wanted it, I was smarter than him, "Get off my chair." The third character became the chair.

The idea of the chair becomes the issue between the two characters. The experience of this idea is on the minds of the spectators almost simultaneously. The Zoo Story is a two character play, but one which really has a third character--the bench in the park.

The tendency in political drama is to, One: play for a private audience and Two: to bring out a one-sided point of view before people who either agree with you, or sharply disagree--to cram it down their throats.

The idea is that you have to have a third character metaphor and you have to be able to present, not necessarily the other point of view, but the other condition, and when this connection is made it gives you an experience and a power that can transform the spectator, whereas most of the plays done by people sympathetic to the New Left are played to audiences that are particularly going to agree with them. There's no change. Maybe there's an ignition, to start something, and the Mime Troupe can be successful that way.

> *"IF THE THEATER IS GOING TO HELP TRANSFORM SOCIETY YOU HAVE TO AFFECT PEOPLE WHO DON'T AGREE WITH YOU."*

But I think if the theater is going to help transform society it has to affect people who don't agree.

Hank: How do you explain the fact that when Stokeley tells the whites "we're going to kill all you mother fuckers" or when the Second City shows up the North Shore people, they love it.

Gray: That's because there's a simple appeal: take it or leave it. Real art makes a complex, moving appeal that helps stir up and clarify associations that people already have. And it helps stir them to a kind of transformation--not revolution--a transformation that must exist before the will to revolution.

The theater right now has no impact. If the theater is going to have an impact on a real level, it has got to reach the guy in the street, the people who control America.

Hank: How does the three character thing work here, then?

Gray: The third character could be a point of view, but the third character is usually a connective, black or white, antagonist an experiential impact. It's a third aspect of a metaphor. In metaphor you take dissimilar objects and compare them. It's a link. That's the whole thing. For example, in this world one has to celebrate its complexity, you know, and has to be able to understand the linking of one event in the past and one event in the present (which is the kind of thing I want to try in the production I'm doing here at Wisconsin) in order to get the insight and perception into both. It has to affect the very rythm of their lives to effect a transformation or, better yet, transfiguration. As they respond they're talking on a new flesh symbol for themselves--I'm talking about the spectator now. So it's the linking of explosive units, which I call the third character theme, which gives a political enterprise real direction.

One of the things I deplore most about the theater, the recent theater movements in our time, is the artist's forcing his own personality upon it--which eventually tends toward pure narcissism. Instead of dealing with images usually common to art, they are dealing with their own persons. They take their own points of view and playing them out on the stage. This is, by the way, quite contrary to many of the ideas of Artaud, whom they claim as a progenitor. Artaud for example didn't believe in a theater of modern dress. The Mime Troupe at least used the commedia as a theatrical vehicle.

Hank: Well isn't part of the idea of the theatre of cruelty to confront the audience violently with these things?

Gray: Not necessarily. Actually the whole concept of cruelty is based on a terrific need and urge to present the spectator with an event rather than a laceration. It's cruelty in the sense of pain. But to return to the Mime Troupe, the actors took part in a demonstration, which I feel had more meaning than what they did in the theater, and probably made more of a contribution. That was their particular success here, that with a particular play at a particular time, they ignited the spectator. They followed through with what they believed in and took leadership on the following day. That's where they really were a successful political troupe. But I'm thinking of "political" in a much larger framework.

Hank: Is the fact that a director is putting up his personal opinion reprehensible because it's a personal act or because it's destroying the theatricality. I think a man has a right to express his opinion in the play. ue,

Gray: True, but he stepped out, outside the play. The play kind of added up to his tactic, his statement at the end. The Mime Troupe, except for the Bread and Puppet Theater, is probably the most effective political troupe in the country. They have good credentials. But I think they'll have little effect, other than getting their name in the paper and starting an occasional brawl on the campus. I think the theater has to operate to transform the everyday man, make him realize the essence of what's going on in his own country. Not necessarily revolution, maybe more civil war.

> "REAL ART HELPS STIR PEOPLE TO A KIND OF TRANSFORMATION THAT MUST EXIST BEFORE THE WILL TO REVOLUTION."

But to me, killing people, shooting people down is about as ridiculous as going over to somebody else's country and killing them. Anybody that shoots after all the misery... As Linus Pauling says, after we have these bombs, war is obsolete... Shooting and killing of any kind--the reasons have got to be rooted out--have truly paralyzed this country into a state which I call asphyxia, aphasia, and athambia. This is a paralysis in our country which has stopped our ability to feel, in the theater or on the street.

This is where the theater stands. The theater has to transform huge elements of society.

Hank: Is the theater capable of doing it?

Gray: I think it could be. The theater right now is just about nothing; it means nothing to people anywhere; very few people go to it. Almost every theater in the country has a private built-in spectator group--including the theaters that are putting up these little political plays.

Hank: Have you heard of those drama groups putting on plays in Grand Central Station and the streets of New York, sort of Provo tactics?

Gray: Yes, and I think they're ridiculous. I don't think people like to have things crammed down their throat.

Hank: And yet you still have the same problem, confronting people with their experience who come to the play--these provo groups are taking the play to the people.

Gray: But you're thinking of "play" in a very limited sense; you know you can play for 62 million people. For example this police chief in Saigon--he's all over the world with his little drama. He shot a Viet Cong officer in the back of the head--it's on TV screens all over the world. THAT ONE LITTLE ACT. That act hit the emotions of people all over the world. More than most plays are doing.

But to take that one act and to build it into a kind of dream-universe, which is what the theater does, and relate it to the past, present, and the future, this builds it from images rather than bland statements...

For example, the guy who burns his draft card, who goes up in front of the capital and burns it, is, to me, the perfect existential hero. Most people think he's a vietnik. But if people could experience what's going on in his mind--there's a lot of conscience in America, and I believe in it. It's in the little guys, the people who make up two thirds of the population --those are the ones you want to reach.

I often walk down the street and ask myself, "Who of you could I move with this and who with that?" And I find myself back in the theater which is a dead end which nobody goes to and nobody cares about. Yet they would if there was an act that would relate them to the most essential thing in their lives.

Hank: It boils down to this: the theater today doesn't mean anything to anybody and that's why they don't come or aren't there mentally when they do come.

Hank: I'd like to hear how what you're doing here relates to this, the true function of the theater.

Morris: Maybe you could contrast it with the local scene, how is what you're doing different from campus theater.

Gray: I don't even consider campus theater, here or anywhere else. It's just not worth bothering about. There are very specific reasons for this. They're riding a dead horse. They're imitating a theater that exists only in a textbook or in a memory of a play seen somewhere else. The only function of university theater is to experiment. This falls within the sphere of a university, and I know most university theaters go contrary to that and imitate what's going on in New York or what they think intellectually is the next step.

Meanwhile most university theater people are trained in universities. It's incestuous. Mediocrity begets mediocrity. It's a crime against art. Also the art of the theater is getting more and more to be the art of a director, and the university theaters have not recognized that. The plays that they do on the main stage at this university should be in the basement, or a museum. On the main stage there should be an activity, some research and experiment, in the scientific sense of newness, in the creation of a new theater. It's completely hypocritical, it goes completely contrary to the very nature of an educational institution to imitate current practice.

Hank: Why does that happen? Students would like new things...

Gray: It's just that most universities take advantage of ignorant students who are new to the theater and don't know very much about its art. So they have a very limited potential. Most people who would like to learn something about the theater attend the university theater once or twice and that's all.

Hank: There are a lot of people who justify this the same way they justify teaching only "classics" in the English Department. To be aware of the classics.

Gray: But compare that to the play schedule they have here. They have a lot of contemporary work, and they do these plays as dusty classics. Most of the imagination, unfortunately, in the college productions is thrown into design elements. The theater seems to be in the hands of the scenic artist. Artaud said they should just be done away with.

> "CAMPUS THEATER IS NOT WORTH BOTHERING ABOUT."

(continued on page 13)

(continued from page 12)

Start with basic man-to-man confrontation.

Another thing: they're still dealing with words. Putting gestures on words. It's absolutely damn foolishness. I don't even want to get worked up about it because it's something that should be just disregarded. Even the idea that students are so fed up that they'll try any blatant thing--there's a whole movement in the arts that's just by narcissicistic idiots, Andy Warhol and off-off-off Broadway and political plays--making this ridiculous statement and that ridiculous statement...I'd rather have that. I'd rather have people stand up and try something just to jolt themselves out of this very pleasant four-year disease, this four-year mediocre theater fever perpetrated by most university theaters.

Hank: You mention that the theater now belongs to the director, this implies that you're also ready to get rid of the playwright.

Gray: Certainly. A playwright exists in a new function. The person who creates a new experience in the theater is now the master of the theater. In TDR we ran a play series, and we got all these bad plays. There's hardly such a thing as writing a good play, because you can't write experience. You can write a scenario, you can give us thematic materials. You can give us impetus, dimension, images. But to give us words is meaningless.

Hank: But how does the playwright carry this out then? By becoming a director?

Gray: Probably. This leads me to what I'm trying to do here. There's a lot of new currents in the theater like game-playing, role playing, improvisational theater. These are old techniques, and yet they are now turning the theater in a new direction. It's going more toward sociology away from literature now. Although the university theaters, in order to maintain their respectability, try to establish a connection with literature. But a proper university that's going to determine the value of the various subjects taught should--and I advise the authorities here--should orient the whole program around the theater. Role-playing sets up a necessity from improvisation and a freedom from the bonds that hold down theater and the bonds that hold down society. They're alike. It's trying to create a tremendous unrest and stirring. They're kind of emotional brethern. The university theater has to be hit where it hurts, because they violate their educational trust. You ceh just attack them on the grounds that they're not experimenting or not working toward new theories. The reason for the unrest in university theater is that the students recognize the gap between educational promise and practice and react sharply to all hypocrisy involved in what they know to be, or at least feel to be, the violation of that trust.

Sociology and new theater go a great way to breaking the bonds that the usual university theater tightens. It's something like young people who are restless, sensing a great deal of injustice and hypocrisy, who need to break these bonds and find a way to express themselves and to listen and be listened to in a confrontation of conscience. Now in the theater we have the same problem.

What I'm trying to do now is first of all to work with people I never worked with before. The major attempt of the exploration is to try to involve the audience in a way that they have not been involved before in a play, rather than to identify with some aspect of the drama. The entire play will be worked out improvisationally by a series of performers creating a series of events, with supporting visual and sound effects, creating various sensations about events that have occurred within the life span of most of the members of the audience.

And p.t them in different relationships. Link them in a collision. Mix-up chronology, juxtapose, create a new image about these things. For example, take the swastika--a cliche; take the Queen of England--a cliche: put them together on a postage stamp in England and you have a national debate. And some of these things that we're going to put together might stir anxiety or resentment at various times for some spectators, cheering some images, deploring others, in sudden reverse.

The total effect, I hope, will put the audience through an experience where they will realize that our words are creating a cliched world for us. And see the necessity to penetrate beneath the words.

Hank: Is that the demand you make on a new playwright?

Gray: From a political point of view, have them understand and have the sensation of The Other--and when they actually feel the other point of view, I think it will clarify or renew their own. They may not come out shaken from any point of view whatever; they should just come out feeling the necessity to penetrate and understand those impulses that give birth to the hypocritical and ridiculous gestures of our society.

> *"...the spectator has to become part of the catalyst for this play. He ignites it."*

Hank: This could lead them to an understanding of other political points of view?

Gray: Right. They'll be very happy to have Nazi music when we're showing Alabama and cattle prods. But they won't be so happy when we play "We Shall Overcome" and have Hitler marching through Poland. There's a collision, right there.

Hank: OK, they have two points of view. They still have then to make a decision. They can't just go around...

Gray: I don't want to get into that. Because this play is not intended to be a political play in the sense that I want to get across a political point of view. I'm exploring ways in involving the spectator in experience. And redefining the role of the actor so he turns out to be a role-player and enters the spirit of the game and get a member or members of the audience to join with him in this experience. I don't want to compare or defend this play against other plays, other political plays, since it's not an attempt in that direction.

I don't want to reinforce or put-down any political point of view. Or reveal my own in this particular exploration.

I have opinions. For example, they'll take my son off to fight a war over my dead body for Viet Nam or any other thing. I'd be happy to be on the Attorney General's list--as I am sure that am--and to use stronger words about the political activities than "immoral." However, what I'm trying to do with this particular production is to condemn cliches. We all translate our feelings and emotions into cliches, and all of a sudden, the cliche rapes our original vision, our feelings on the matter. What a dangerous thing that is! That's what I'm trying to do here, I have no idea of the outcome--it's like any good scientific experiment where you can't predict the outcome. One reason I can't predict the outcome is because the spectator has to become part of the catalyst of this play. He ignites it. And I think this kind of theater, if developed, would make a trip to the theater a marvelous thing for the spectator. You know, no one will belt anything down his throat; nobody's going to say you should believe this way or that. We're going to try to experiment with a kind of thing that might lead them to consider the emptiness of the word. Or the words that are used to describe what we're supposed to feel. This is not a happening; it's not going to be accidental although nobody can really predict what is going on. Happenings are largely boring because of their lack of composition. Boredom doesn't go in the theater, it's unforgiveable. But I'm not trying to lead the spectators to a conclusion. If I was trying to lead them to a conclusion, I would write a thesis play.

Hank: You reject that as valid theater?

Gray: No, but I don't find it attractive. It's been done with Arthur Miller and Shaw, the most over-rated playwright of our time. The thesis play narrows the possibility of a real theatrical experience because it makes the theater a kind of social investigation which could be done better on TV. I think it's a tragedy that films and the drama imitate each other. And if the theater's major claim to existence is that it deals with a live audience, it should be exploring ways of dealing with a live audience. This is another aspect of experiments that I'm trying for Quixote. You might be interested in my impressions, in this connection, on the March on Washington, which will be relevant to the discussion about the role of the theater in politics--can theater exist as politics? Although right now politics seems to be existing as theater. You know you have to have good theater just to confront that bad show they're putting on in city, state, federal, and university administrations. The March--every time I look at it, I look at the bearded fellows yelling in it, and I go "Ugh, a bunch of uglies." But I look at the soldiers, and I'm fascinated. I wonder what's on their minds. And I understand 3 or 4 of them came over during the course of the demonstration. Those soldiers that came over risked their lives; they risked a treason trial. And if that's true, I feel that those are the real dramatic figures. People that underwent a change and a transformation and then moved into a new way of life. And it could be that all those ughs on one level or the other level pur pressure on that guy in the middle and over he went--which makes the ughs that one agrees with less ugly, you follow me.

Hank: The idea of theater then is to put a person in the position where he is forced to make a choice.

Gray: I mention the word existential analysis. One of the most important things for me to do is to work out the problems in the theater under an existential format because it deals with commitment: man's action. The basis for our judgment of him. (Aristotle himself said it's only that playwright who can create action that's a good playwright.) Therefore, we have to consider the meaning of action as well as its emotional impact. We have to find the impulses under it. We have to build a life. This is why we can't perform as ourselves, like the Living Theater and Open Theater and Schechner's and any others that deal with the personality of the performer. We have to be able to analyze the action, the quality of the action, to commit ourselves to them in order to get the experience even if we don't agree, because the theater is a social thing in which many things are put together to create a total experience.

You have to be able to see through the generating forces underlying the acts of various people. If the experience of the theater should reveal move, transform idea and emotion and ignite the spirit of the spectators. Those are the people who can create the revolution, which in my opinion should not be resolved through murder but by men who will stand up and be counted and enough to be counted to effect the change that has just got to come. I think this should be the role of political theater in our time.

> **"The important thing is to work out the problems of the theater under an existential format because it deals with commitment: man's actions."**

KNOCKED SILLY

knocked silly
in the ordinary sense,
coming in a roundabout way
through the by and large,
exhausted in the long run
as a matter of fat,
once and for all at once
my face outlasts me.

for sometime now and then
I have felt pretty near jigsaw,
sipping up that somewhere
in the bygones when
all the places fell
into piece,
singing if its the last
ever thing I do
I'll get this thing straight
as the crow flies
over our very heads this lovely
morning in disguise,
around here baby you
pour your own drinks.

and I was notwithstanding
next to the whole thing,
looking somewhat out of sorts
and over and done with,
counted out and down,
very much tearful
and about to get over it,
when of all people
who should walk in
pulling no punches
and keeping score,
lady this is no place
for a lady whose
better left unsaid,
what's a little definite feeling
between the blankets,
looks like rain better
get your goddamn whippet
out of here later than never,
as the wheel runs I runs.

--Albert Norman

Ol' Mose, he say:

I ain't a-feerd a
no po-itry.
them what whups
out rimd wurds

'n thumps. Josh in
th' Gash, he done it

wonst, tho he were
high at thee time.

I's a-scard uv
EEfeminit po-its.

--James Walch

REAL SCENES TAKEN THRU A FAKE CAMERA

The city is a machete
I listen to the wind.
a whispering adding machine
a dry scouring pad
a Baskerville dog snarling

men have watched the
machete chop into others
as the calendar danced like
a centipede. men have
set clocks not that clocks
tell time but that they make
us aware of time

time is the machete chopping
time is handcuffed by protoplasm
time is disgusting
time is metamorphosis of death
time is disguised as a tongueless priest

chimneys never move
while on the streets men
stumble on obese sidewalks
& die trying to piece together
the unappetizing & the sweet bits of life.
the pieces never fit
we are handcuffed by the dripping
gonorrhea of time
we huddle close to our bones
& periodically kick at coffins
we were made for flesh
not dust -- why are we promised dust?

the life of the usual person
is born in a policeman's uniform
but he crabs his black furnace
& shaves fear thru his white ants
like the rest of us

it's too late to ask for mercy
now that we are about to die--
that business should have been
taken care of at birth

we take pictures of our souls--
anything to convince ourselves
that we live -- trying to make
something that cannot be taken
from us. It is all too late,
too vain, too impossible. time
has brain damage & cannot
understand our plea to survive.

--Doug Blazek

BLACK MILWAUKEE

(continued from page 16)

ity, are essential before Black Power can become more than a dream.

Which is not to say that Commandoes only march and fight cops. Small groups have begun to involve themselves in such projects as self-education, job training, and voter registration. Their largest single activity aside from the marches was Black Christmas, a militant boycott of downtown merchants in order to pressure for open housing. Still others are taking part in nascent organizational activity, such as politicizing the self-improvement type block clubs which abound in the core, or organizing larger, multi-block neighborhood councils. Moreover, the situation that existed for a while this fall, when some Commandoes worked for the (white) Board of Education, by helping maintain discipline in some core schools, has been ended. Now Commandoes enter schools only at the request of black students.

The Commandoes are from the block, not from the campus, and this seems to be a basic source of strength as well as of some weakness. Unlike black student radicals, they are still fully within their community, easy to identify with and talk with. One gets the impression, however, that somehow their world consists largely of that bounded by Milwaukee County limits. Although many feel, for example, that their fight is not in Vietnam but here, and (as in black communities across the nation) a few militants are leaving their permanent addresses and "disappearing" from their draft boards, there is no conscious effort to make the draft a true Black Power issue and to politically organize around it. Overall strategy has been largely nonexistent, and tactics made on a day-to-day basis (although this is now changing). At times, too, the Milwaukee movement seems somewhat out of touch with that in other parts of the nation. This may be partially explained by the rough treatment Commandoes received from black militants in D.C. last September, and from outside attempts to dominate by the Deacons and (some say) SNCC. Of possible relevance also is the role of Father Groppi, who has no direct control over the Commandoes, and whose indirect, even unintentional, influence can only be guessed at.

Nonetheless, Milwaukee has a Movement, a movement which, by slow fits and starts, is in motion, and in the right direction. Mistakes will continue to be made, and hopefully learned from. Promising signs, such as last week's militant demands by North High students for Afro-American history textbooks will appear throughout the winter. But for the most part, what is today happening in Milwaukee is beneath the surface, out of sight to the outsider. Come spring and summer, things will still be happening--and then we will know about them....

--George Hanley
Chris George

THE GREAT SOCIETY READER review

(continued from page 11)

Scandinavian countries is a myth). Tax cuts aid big business far more than they help the average consumer, just as most government spending programs go to aid rich farmers, big construction firms real estate interests, and Establishment scholars. As for organized labor, the "right-to-work" 14-B section of the Taft-Hartley law has yet to be repealed and despite minor increases in the minimum wage, wage-price "guidelines" have benefited management at the expense of labor (which explains why even Johnsonist trade-union bureaucrats as well as the Administration have been compelled to abandon them in recent years).

The 1966 Congressional elections, which saw a substantial Republican victory, convinced him that "continuing the New Deal" is not the best electoral tactic for wooing the satisfied American middle class. Hence we note a new Johnson strategy for 1968, the law-and-order theme which Goldwater tried but failed to win with in 1964. Thus 1968 may be the year in which the "liberal" and "conservative" wings of the ruling class unite on a common program--one that is neither reformist nor reactionary but is purely and simply committed to freezing the present American social structure.

Even the abortive reform planks in Johnson's program were not entirely futile. For the Great Society Reader shows these planks to have had two basic purposes: (1) to win the election for Johnson in 1964 and (2) to secure substantial support for the Administration from major corporate leaders. Johnson was successful on both counts. He secured the support of the liberal wing of the corporate Establishment by adopting a "centrist" position vis-a-vis the wild man Barry Goldwater who appeared to be a throwback to the days of Calvin Coolidge. Ever since the New Deal, the American corporate ruling class has been divided over the issue of whether or not to deliberately use the spending power of the federal government as a tool to "integrate" middle and lower income groups into capitalist society. "Liberals" within the Establishment have generally favored such integration, while "conservatives" have clung to the old shibboleths about laissez-faire capitalism.

Some integration has indeed taken place as a result of earlier Democratic spending programs (social security, farm subsidies, urban renewal and home financing), but now that the non-integrated are no longer numerous enough to guarantee electoral victory over the liberals, it remains to be seen what the liberals can do to promote peace between the haves and have-nots. Indeed, Johnson's recent speeches, such as his State of the Union message, no longer even refer to the Great Society.

Using Vietnam and the Dominican Republic as examples, Gettleman and Mermelstein assert the "irrationality" of American foreign policy. They argue that it would be more prudent for American monopolists to accept social revolutions in the Third World, then trade with the countries involved in the hopes of "taming" them as they have done with the Russians. Such a policy is not being followed say the editors, because of the anti-Communist hysteria left over from what they call the first (i.e. anti-Stalinist) Cold War which is now being applied indiscriminately to the Third World national liberation movements.

But anti-Communism now, as in the Forties and Fifties, is primarily a manipulative tool and not a serious strategy. The real reason why the Johnson Administration does not pursue peaceful coexistence in the Third World is because socia revolutions really do pose a serious threat to American capitalism. The editors are wrong in denying this. The corporations are committed to a course of economic expansion, and this expansion is necessary for their survival. Traditionally, such expansion has followed a peaceful course, with successive business-dominated administrations demanding only an "open door" for American trade and investment throughout the world. But unfortunately such investment failed to bring industrialization to the Third World. Revolutionary governments are forced to reject such neo-colonialism because of the inferior position in which it leaves their countries. The result is the confiscation of American-owned firms and the closing of frontiers to all but no-strings-attached economic aid. Rather than face such unprofitable situations, most corporate leaders would prefer to defeat social revolutions such as that being carried out by the NLF of South Vietnam.

Of course the American ruling class is divided on this issue. And Gettleman and Mermelstein are right in the sense that some corporate liberals (e.g. Eugene McCarthy and William Fulbright) would be willing to give up half the world in order to save the remaining half just as they have been willing to make domestic reforms in order to preserve the system as a whole. But despite the immense Soviet Russian effort aimed at achieving such "peaceful coexistence" there is yet no indication that it has been accepted for any other area besides Russia by the majority of the American corporate elite.

As the editors themselves admit, peaceful coexistence would require a radical reorientation of our policies here at home, including the dismantling of the military-industrial complex and real Keynesian welfarism, both of which would eat into corporate profits too much to be accepted. Thus we are brought back to the fact that not only must the failure of corporate liberalism be recognized but a realistic alternative to it must be offered. Here, the editors can be criticized for not being more specific. They do offer several New-Leftist proposals for participatory democracy and decentralization of the gigantic American bureaucracies (including the corporations and not just the federal government which is the mistake made by Murray Rothbard, the old-fashioned laissez-faire "libertarian" who is included in the Reader). A socialist perspective gives added meaning to the New Left slogans of decentralization, participatory democracy, and anti-elitism. I would have hoped that writers such as Peter Bachrach who have suggested plans for democratizing as well as socializing the corporations had been included in the study. There is no better program than the old socialist demand for workers councils at the factory level, councils which could be duplicated in universities and all other areas of our national life.

As for an "agent" to bring about this new system of democratic socialism, the answer is quite clearly the national liberation movements of the Third World, the black liberation movement in America, the student power movement in the multiversities and most importantly, the dissatisfied rank-and-file American workers. Vietnam is still the catalyst. There is nothing noble about Johnson's policy in Vietnam, nor are the interests of the great majority of Americans being forwarded by it. Strikes are increasing as workers determine that they are not going to bear the cost of the war while their own companies and defense profiteers go on reaping record profits. Black people are turning to militant nationalism as their material condition worsens rather than improves. Finally, the alienated youth of America have turned their back on the Great Society and its protofascist successor state. They are not quite ready to adopt the automation-anarchist life style of the Hippies, but they are ready to stop taking orders from such tired old bureaucrats as General Hershey, Lyndon Johnson, George Meany, Everett Dirksen, and J. Edgar Hoover.

It remains to be seen whether or not these non-integrated groups will come together in a truly revolutionary movement. The potential is there, however, and strong efforts must be made both to build socialist consciousness and to create the revolutionary situation that will destroy once and for all American capitalism and the militarist foreign policy which it has spawned.

--Harold Nelson



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more rap up

(continued from page 5)

a book coming out in March from Quixote; Doug Blazek is now in SF and also has a book (Life in a Common Gun) due sometime this month at the Edelson Ejaculatum Press..... Albert Norman's still churning out his hightone verse here in town..... Quixote still has the Think Ugly issue available, plus Rick Ollman's Magic Cereal, Ed Ochester's We Like It Here, and Victor (the Ubiquitous) Contoski's Four Polish Poets; coming up this month, according to Morris, is a novel by Martin Jawer; The Starmaker by Richard Grossinger; the regular February issue; and a special Paul Gray issue.

The Madison Board of Education will decide at its Feb. 26 meeting whether to enact a dress code banning mustaches, beards, and other violations of the Ten Commandments (God to Moses, stone tablets, Oct. 13, 2374) ..... All but one of the speakers at the Board's Feb. 5 meeting spoke against the proposed code, and about 60 students from Madison high schools helped fill the hearing room. Best guess, however, is that a majority of the Board will vote Yes.

Madison's Vietnam War Referendum is scheduled for the April 2nd primary. The proposition reads: "It is the policy of the people of Madison that there be an immediate cease fire and the withdrawal of American troops from Vietnam, so that the Vietnamese people can determine their own destiny" ..... The Referendum committee, working for a strong Yes vote, needs people to register voters, do busy-work, and work on educational programs. Call Paul Richards (238-8813) or Referendum headquarters at 206 King St. (251-0122).

Connections can be bought in Madison at Discount Records, Pic-a-Book, Electric Eye, World Affairs Center, No Hassel, WDRU, University Book Store, SDS Union and dorm tables, Co-op. In Milwaukee at UWM Student Union, Riegelman's Drugstore at 3116 N. Downer, Green's Campus Book Store at 3132 N. Downer. In Oshkosh at Yantra on 614 Ohio Street.

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To the outsider, Milwaukee is a strange place. The official "power structure" resembles nothing so much as a feudal principality, with the barons (members of the Common Council) jealously guarding their local power and privilege and the prince (Mayor Henry Maier) turning down War on Poverty funds as a threat to his own prerogatives. Milwaukee has a police chief who feels that in 1968 any talk of improving relations between cop and community is "hogwash." It has a black candidate for mayor, against open housing and for the war, who makes Cleveland's Carl Stokes (of "God Bless America" fame) look radical. It has a Black Power movement whose most prominent spokesman is a white priest, and in December it offered the spectacle of racist whites and blacker-than-thou black nationalists who vowed that together they would make the streets safe for a good old-fashioned white Christmas. To the outsider, it is all very strange.

And yet, in many ways, familiar as well--all too familiar. The death rate among black babies born in Milwaukee is nearly twice that of whites. Black kids go to schools that even Governor Knowles has recognized as woefully inadequate. Learning, where it exists, is largely irrelevant (e.g. no African or Afro-american history, but plenty on Washington, Jefferson, and Patrick Henry, all of whom owned slaves). More often, all pretense to education is dropped in favor of "discipline." Predictably, dropout rates are high and getting higher. Black unemployment is three times, median income barely two-thirds, and home ownership one third that of white. Statistics such as these could be piled up endlessly, but the picture they draw is familiar.

Familiar too is the total inability of the white establishment to speak and act to the needs of black people. The internal technics of Milwaukee's power structure may work in wondrous ways, but for black people excluded from that power, the subtleties are irrelevant. In this sense the super-efficient Daley machine in Chicago and the rattle-trap Maier mess in Milwaukee are equally alien and monolithic. When the Common View Group, a temporary coalition of civil rights, welfare, and civic organizations, presented a list of grievances and suggestions to the Common Council last spring, next to nothing was done about any of them. Councilwoman Vel Phillips' subsequent open housing bill was not even defeated by vote, but simply ignored by the Common Council. Nor does Milwaukee's refusal of War on Poverty funds (Milwaukee, roughly the same size as St. Louis, receives less than one-fifth the amount of Economic Opportunity money) come as any great surprise. Whenever entrenched power feels that such aid can solidify and augment its dominant position--as in New Haven and Detroit--it is anxiously sought out; where, however, poverty funds are seen (rightly or wrongly) as a threat to the overall status quo--as in Milwaukee, Newark, and Mississippi--only a minimal amount is accepted. In either case, moreover, the traditional paternal white-dependent black relationship, institutionalized in American life and, particularly in the welfare system, remains unchanged.

Indifference mixed with paternalism, however, has been unable to guarantee black acquiescence (New Haven and Detroit were just as hot as Milwaukee and Newark last summer), and so violent repression is everywhere increasing. For the Milwaukee black community this is, of course, nothing new. Cops have been mauling blacks for a long time, and disturbances centering around the humiliation and brutalization of black people by the police have been considered a serious problem in Milwaukee for the past ten years. Nonetheless, police terror is now seen by black people in a new way. It is no longer simply that police are pricks; they have become symbols of a larger and more total oppression, representatives of a world. It is a world characterized by deprivation and dependence, by oppression and powerlessness, and--increasingly--by brutal repression. It is the white world of Black Milwaukee, a world the black community has come to hate and is now in the process of rejecting.

This rejection was graphically demonstrated in Milwaukee's minor black insurrection of last July. Rebel targets were not white people in general, but white cops and white-owned business establishments, which, it was felt, had looted the black community long enough, and whose time had come. Black people streamed into the strets, overturned the system, and, for a few moments before the inevitable repression, shook all hell out of it.

Since the July insurrection, things have been happening in Milwaukee. The Common Council has, of course, continued its endless sleep, but a wide variety of official and nonofficial groups have initiated or increased activities in the black community. UWM Extension's Community Leadership Development Project has involved itself in seeking out "community representatives" from the core area's "middle social strata" to fill the "communications gap" between the neighborhoods, the schools, and the Milwaukee power structure. Northcott Neighborhood House projects a wide variety of programs, including a credit union, a consumer co-op, and Headstart. The Organization of Organizations, a coordinating group, has ambitious plans for fomenting rent strikes. It is partially supported by OEO, as is the Opportunities Industrialization Center, which provides job training.

Many of the services provided by these and other organizations are worthwhile, particularly when considered in the abstract. Others seek to meet immediate, vital needs within the black community, such as Northcott's attempt to raise a Legal Defense Fund in response to active citywide repression. A few even show some imagination, notably Northcott's nascent school for droputs, partially financed by UWM Extension. It is to be organized along quasi-Summerhill lines, with students participating in curriculum development, engaging in meaningful studies (e.g. Afro-American history, contemporary black authors), and controlling classroom sections themselves. Nonetheless it must be said--we have heard it all before.

Black people have heard it all before--many, many times. Though details may vary widely, fundamentals are always the same. These are basically reforms within the system--the same system which has crushed blacks for over three hundred years. These reforms are planned, initiated, financed, and controlled from above--by government agencies, the University, foundations, etc. Such institutions have, of course, a vested interest in maintaining the status quo, a status quo which permits great change, but only along certain lines of continuity and within a predetermined framework. Should they ever threaten to break through prescribed parameters of thought and action, these reform projects can be terminated as they were initiated--from above. The fate of many OEO-funded Freedom Schools in the South, which finally taught American history as it really was, is only too well known. Should the projects be "successful," their main effect--despite the best of intentions on the part of dedicated individual personnel--is to link the recipient of such services more closely to the system, to integrate him more fully into today's dynamic status quo. It is, in short, to perpetuate and reinforce the bonds of dependency already shackling the black community to this, our very white America.

Those black people who have seen the system for what it is, and who have rejected it, have adopted Black Power as their slogan and goal. Simply put, Black Power is the coming together of all black people in order to redefine and recreate themselves, and to take and exercise the power necessary to determine their own conditions of existence. For this, it is necessary to awaken and develop black consciousness (pride in oneself because one is black) and to organize the black community around black-oriented issues and programs in order that it can take control of its own destiny.

Thus far Milwaukee's Black Power movement has largely centered around the issue of open housing. Open housing is vital to the very survival of Milwaukee's black community. Since 1950 its population has expanded by roughly 350%, to over 90,000. Its housing pattern remains the most rigidly segregated of the nation's twenty-five largest metropolitan areas, with over 98% of all blacks living within the inner-city core on the near North Side. Within the core, in the past six years, 7,337 housing units have been razed for various urban "renewal" projects, espressways, etc. This represents 64% of the total number of razings in Milwaukee. By 1971, moreover, approximately 4,000 more core area units will have been destroyed. Since 1962, inner-city housing unit constructions have totaled 1,198, only 5% of total city construction. Of this, only 254 are low income housing units. To the west some expansion has taken place, but it is far from adequate to meet the needs of the black community. Given the extremely rapid growth of the black population along with this very large decline in the number of inner-city housing units, the black community's only chance to avoid extreme overcrowding and all this implies (higher rents, even more crowded schools, etc.) is to expand the borders of the inner city itself. This--and not the piecemeal "integration" of a few upwardly mobile blacks into the world of white middle class suburbia--is basically what the open housing campaign in Milwaukee is all about.

But it is also about much more. The marches have provided a canopy under which all sorts of protest (police, unemployment, etc.) are registered. Perhaps most important of all, however, has been the stimulus they have provided to the development of black consciousness. During 300 years of being messed over by the Man, black people have become somewhat reticent about challenging his right to rule. The marches have begun to pierce the fear and apathy so prevalent among powerless people. Especially within the lines of march itself, but also extending beyond to most of the inner city, a sense of community--black community--has begun to rise. It is not the old community of people who just happen to live in the same area, but an active community, a community beginning to rise up from beneath, to move in the direction of self-determination and self-realization--toward Black Power.

The chief catalyzing agents of this new militancy have been, of course, the NAACP Youth Council and its "action group," the Commandoes. There are, to be sure, other black power groups in the city, notably BAD (Black, Active, and Determined), and individual black power partisans are strewn throughout other organizations (Triple 'O', Northcott, and even UWM Extension) and along inner-city streets. Many of these groups and individuals are very radical, have good ideas, and in some cases seem more militant than the Commandoes. What is important to note, however, is that none of them have any real constituency as yet. In Milwaukee at this time, and in at least the foreseeable future, the Commandoes are where it's at.

Much about the Commandoes is well-known: their individual self-control, collective discipline, and--most of all--their remarkable courage in the face of a city administration and a police force beside which even Madison's seem models of moderation. Though in age they range from the mid-teens to the forties, the great majority are 18-25, high school graduates and dropouts who work full-time for city, business, church, etc. Their most active support comes from their contemporaries and their juniors. The median age of Milwaukee's black population is 20.3, as compared to 24.6 for Chicago blacks, 28.5 for Milwaukee whites. Across America it is the young black people who lead their elders in defiance of systematic oppression; in Milwaukee, it is the very young.

The Commandoes, as has been said, have succeeded in catalyzing out of objective conditions of oppression a new consciousness and pride among inner city residents. This is not to say, however, that they have yet built a mass movement, organized an active constituency which can seize and exercise the power necessary to command the terms of its own existence. This requires much more than marching, more even than meeting violent repression with violent collective resistance. Politicization, radicalization, and most important and difficult of all, grass-roots organizing within the black commun-

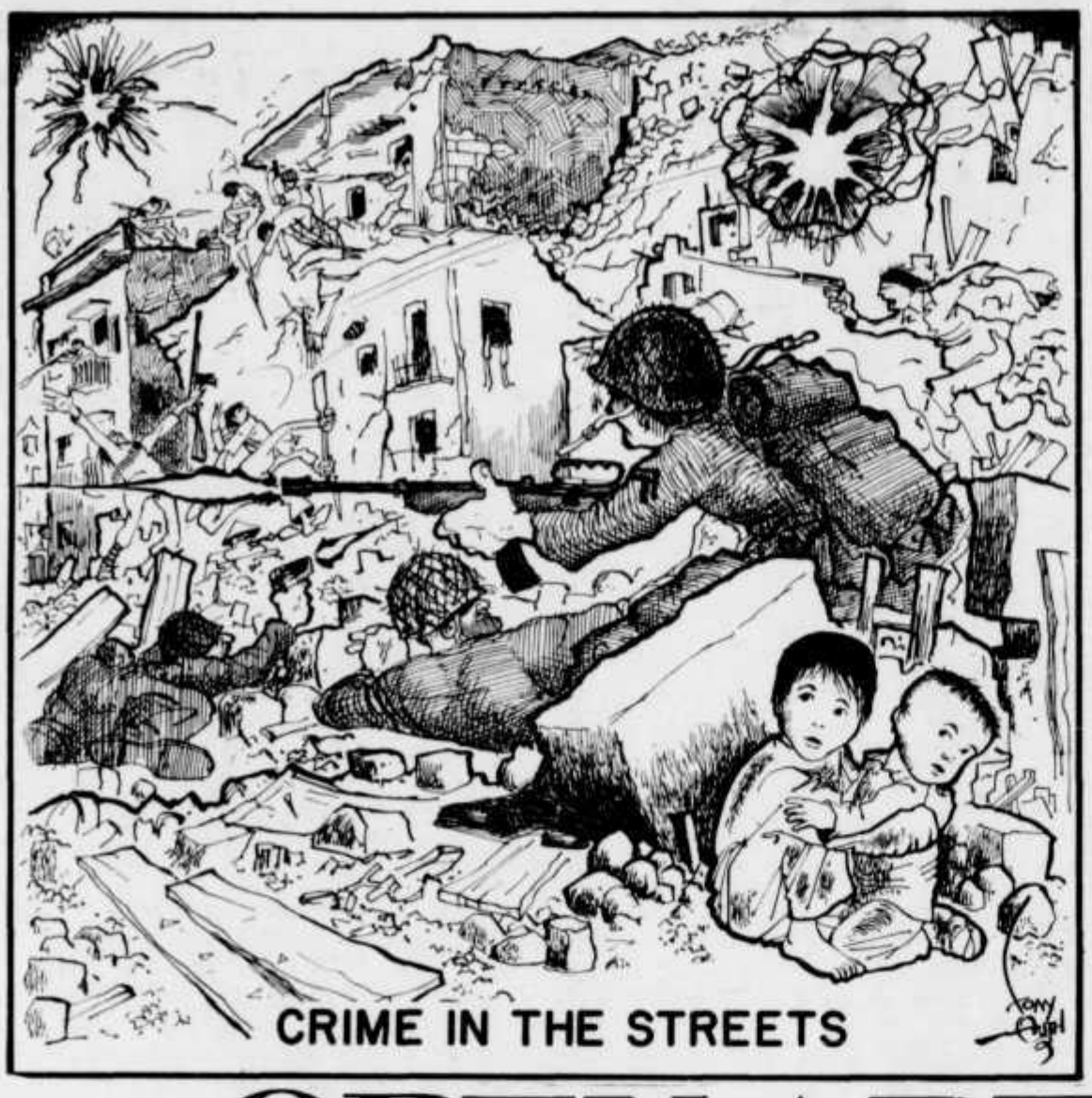
(continued on page fourteen)



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CONNECTIONS
Vol. 2 #7
March 12-26, 1968
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Letters

Gentlemen:

Please enter my subscription for one year, beginning with the next issue(I just bought the current one at Pic-a-Book.)

I haven't really enjoyed myself so much since the night in 1945 when a Harvard PhD Psych candidate and I copied a selection of the graffiti from the Harvard Square station of the Boston Elevated Railway (the subway, of course.)

May I suggest that for the purest-quill natural-vitamin-rich invective and vituperation you go back and read Philip Wylie's Generation of Vipers; he can skillfully and most painfully flay you without ever using a four- or five letter word; Miss White once directed my attention to him, to the complete destruction of that sense of power which saying SHIT! once gave me. (I now use commas instead, comprends?)

I acknowledge your write to sloppy righting, so to keep abreast of your spleneticisms I'm forced to subscribe. But please do improve the style.

Chester Porterfield

LETTER: OPEN ARTS

(Editor's Note: This letter is in response to an article on the Open Arts organization published in Vol. 2 No. 2 this fall.)

Dear RMS ('NO BLAME',I Ching) and friends,
It's not easy easy for me to clarify what you say in the article without myself denying the real principles of Open Arts, which it is my position here to defend; in other words, not to deal with its authors in a "nefarious" manner; but time heals etc. so I guess I'll just leap on in (i think its cool cause I believe in god)-
PS. excuse my chaotic format.

Part I

I cite several samples from this, not so much immature nor pointless, but rather mostly, sophistic (or Sophiastic) article..ok, 2 quotes that appeared respectively within 20 lines, I. "Nearly everyone had either joined Open Arts or had good things to say about it." II. "Everyone (merely) tolerated Open Arts."
The total lack of comprehension about OA idea of Love is revealed by the following quote..."To be truthful," "Open Arts never consisted of more than Zack and a handful of friends." I guess some cats always feel left out; yeah and I know that I'm no less guilty in my writing like this but really man Faith is where it's at. If you can believe that everyone belongs (and Zack's rap was exactly this in his Great Hall welcome) then they do. "Indeed" you reply. and all I can say is 'Sorry but it's a drag.'

The misinformation that Connections printed about the break between OA and Caste theater probably stems from personal changes i.e. emotional conflicts rather than the reported money or power acquisition issues. I don't know for sure either, but it makes me wonder about the veracity of the authors' source of information. So much for commenting on the Birth of Open Arts History drama.

Now to another blatantly false assertion, again I quote--"In point of fact," (really man), "Open Arts never produced a single play." Firstly.. at Vilas Park Zoo, put on through the efforts of OA in part, a dramatic performance, that's right, A play was staged; by the way it was for quasi-political purposes.

Then as readers we are allowed to muse upon the mysterious disappearance of vast moneys collected from a record sale. Some people contributed a side or two (and that was beautiful) but for the most part whose records were they? Steins? So now you have us believing that Danny stole all that money from himself. Really man there easier ways to burn you for your bread.

Actually a good deal of those funds were given to help a dying Uptown (what's that?) get back on its feet, and to reopen last summer with plans for a fall eating coop in mind. The idea, yeah that brings it right into my mind, the idea of cooperating; the vanishing left, (when you need them), And here i interject with an even more personal note... Worry. Yes I'm worried and my

(continued on page 3)

To the editors:

This letter is sent in regard to your review of poetry 1967 contained in your connections, Vol. 2, Num. 4, Nov. 27-Dec. 11, 1967 issue.

The staff of Cheshire Magazine believes it would be a proper gesture for you to print a short reply from our side, so as to be fair to each. We think the copy of Mr. Untermeyer's letter, which we have sent along, would represent us nicely.

We at Cheshire, as well as a number of the faculty who have expressed interest in this matter, look forward to reading our reply in connections.

Thank you very much.

Sincere Regards,
Bruce Renner
Editor, Cheshire

Dear Mr. Renner:

Bruce Renner and Dan Rose are certainly unlike each other, yet they are equally valid and valuable. Neither is more equal than the other. I cannot--do not have to--choose between them. I like both poets, and I like what they have to say as well as the way they say it.

Sincerely,
Louis Untermeyer

credits
Oberdorfer (p.1); Open City-L.A. (p.2); Ciercioka, S.F. Express-Times (p.3); Lynn Smith (p.4,8,9); Nick Thorkelson (p.5,6); Wintergreen (p.7); Judy Mandell (p.11,13); Beppie Downie (p.12).

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Madison, Wis. 53703
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INTERVIEW with a LOOSE COP

There we were, four of us, selling CONNECTIONS in front of West High School. Our intent was to let the high schoolers know about an article entitled "Boettcher Exposes Himself" written by Jeff True and Katha Seidman, two West High School students. Boettcher, the vice principal of West, had banned the previous issue (V.2, No. 5) from the school because it was "obscene," and had suspended Jeff because he had brought some of the issues to school. Not but 20 minutes after we began hawking did a police officer pull up and whisk me into his car. A mother had complained that her daughter was reading our filthy rag. The police officer was there to answer the complaint. I nodded. He asked me for a copy. I responded with feeling--tenderly placing our gem in his hands.

Cops don't particularly faze me. My experience in the movement in the south taught me never to lose my cool in front of police officers. They will immediately take the offensive and become nasty, dirty and ugly.

So there we were in the police car, me at shotgun and him behind the wheel.

After glancing through the issue, he asked me after we had ever published an article about a policeman. I was overjoyed that he recalled that we had, in fact, published an "Interview with a Loose Woman" in the first issue this fall. The interview was a followup to an announcement by the Madison city cops that one of their brothers, Terry Ninneman, had been an undercover narc and had just surfaced, unscathed by his experience with student dope fiends. Terry's commanding officer went so far as to note that he handled himself morally despite repeated attempts to seduce him by criminal ladies who took dope. We thought that was cute and decided to investigate further. We came up with a chick who knew all about an undercover narc and she told all to our CONNECTIONS interviewer.

"Do you know who that policeman is," asked the police officer in the car in which I was sitting.

"Sure, he's Terry Ninneman," I replied.

"Yeah, that's me," he said...smiling.

So there I was in this police car with a bunch of CONNECTIONS, Terry Ninneman, his gun, all sorts of different kinds of official police forms, etc., etc., etc.

My southern experience also taught me to watch out if the policeman gets the upper hand. Terry had it. I wanted to get out from under.

So I started laughing.

He started laughing. Said the article was "real good." I kept laughing.

We began to talk in earnest after the ice was broken (the other CONNECTIONS hawkers kept doing their thing, so I had time to burn...I hoped). This cop was friendly and even intelligent. He was not a "fascist cop" as many of us lefties are prone to scream when we get pissed. He was simply a guy with a job. The job told him to wear a blue uniform, drive a black and white car and do as he is told. No different than his last assignment as an undercover narc. The problem for me was that he was a nice guy. You wondered why he could allow himself to be placed in the situation of being a narc. I didn't ask him that question directly, but indirectly I did get the distinct impression that he did not share the view that kids who take pot, LSD and the like are either criminals or "mixed up people."

After releasing me from the confines of the patrol car and noting that he did not see why we couldn't sell CONNECTIONS in front of West, I realized that he was more mixed up than the student dope fiends.

Nice guys always finish last. If you see Terry Ninneman, watch out. Remember who he was. Keep it to yourself, but now he is working for us.

--RSG

blurbs BLURBS

Some of us have been traveling around the state recently finding that things are not so dead as we thought. Some people at Stevens Point have successfully started their own underground newspaper, COUNTERPOINT. The first issue sold 1200. The second sold even better. Dow demonstrations developed at La Crosse and Platteville. Eau Claire and Whitewater are now thinking about beginning a newspaper inspired by CONNECTIONS and COUNTERPOINT.

What all this adds up to is that Madison does have some relevance elsewhere. CONNECTIONS, SDS-Madison and the Wisconsin Draft Resistance Union are continually getting calls from comrades throughout the state asking for literature, speakers, and the like. Gradually some of us have begun to think about a clearing house to be established in Madison which could publish and reprint material useful for high school organizing and in the state university system. The clearing house could supply literature either at cost or even free if necessary.

Initially a clearing house could be set up in someone's house with a WATS line, a mailing list and plenty of books and reprints. Looking toward the near future, perhaps the clearing house could encourage the development of an artists and writers workshop, one purpose being the publication of pamphlets directed at students in the state. The mobilization of talented artists, writers, researchers, poets, etc., is crucial if we are to continue developing a movement in this state.

Two weeks ago we published our first reprint--The Student As Nigger--originally published in the special issue on the "Great Dow War." The pamphlet sells for a dime apiece or a nickel in bulk quantities. We have also arranged with Pandora Productions in Minneapolis that the back cover of that special Dow issue (the one with the quote from LBJ) will be produced in poster form. The posters should be ready fairly soon.

Next week we hope to publish a special issue of CONNECTIONS on draft resistance. This is a joint effort of CONNECTIONS people and members of the Wisconsin Draft Resistance Union. We shall need more assistance on the production end, so if you know anyone who could help us type and/or paste up this special, please call us. If you know high school or college students in the state who might like to circulate this issue, please let us know.

• more letters •

(continued from page 2)

worry sometimes is for you, all of you groovy people out there, out to help each other people, I know all you show-uppers and all you doers, and its stupid cause I worry for you gossip and shit-flinging people because I love you, I do love you and your invisible vehemance, invisible except when it comes to bad-rapping your brothers, rifting rumors, your matter of fact veneers and phony ideas- despite myself I hope to love you.(Absractly anyway).

And why did Zach split? Probably because of you people, our people, people who due to faithlessness could neither accept nor deal with Open Arts and its principles, like the some who were more interested in revealing their egos by publishing absurdly purposeless deragatory remarks about which you knew nothing... and yet who of us is exempt from such a (forgiveable) error? Am I less guilty in composing this? But somehow some part of me is sorry, not that I'm apologizing.. just sort of copping out.

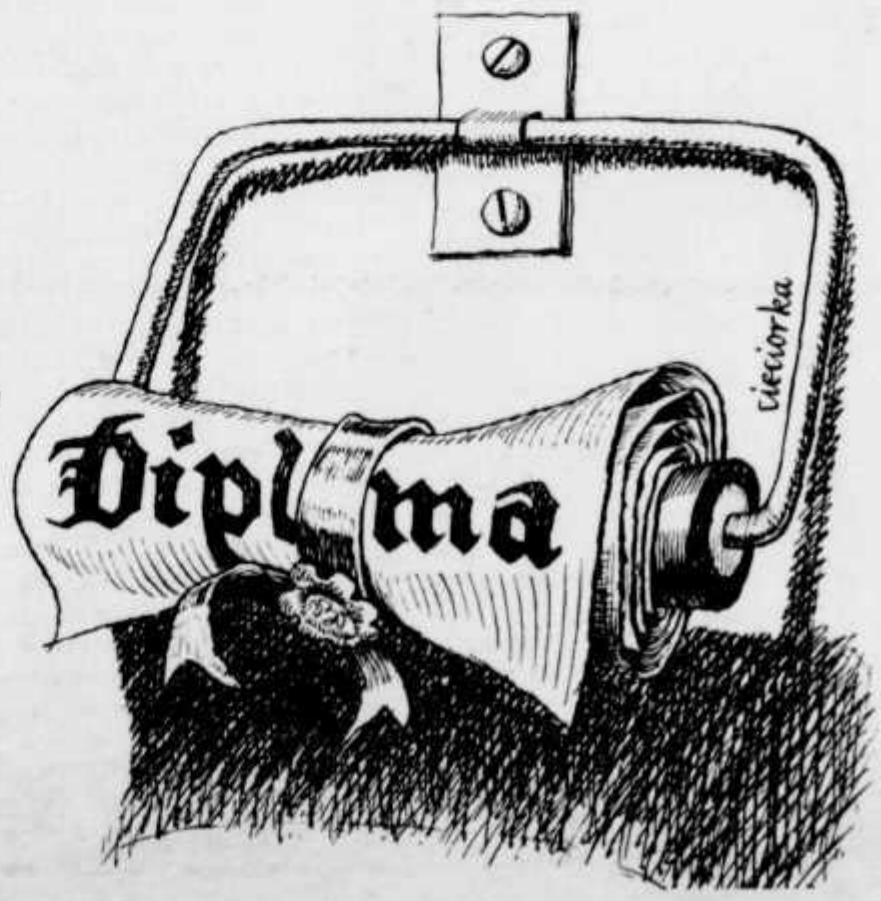
Part II The Gober Affair

It's getting harder to write because I'm starting to get nauseous. I happen to have been present at the "meeting with the big boys over at A B C ", on Danny's porch, in fact, Gober rapped his sly pitch, smiling oily as WE took pictures of them, with Otis and The Doors in the background, we listened to Lieutenant G. and his lawyers, and although the watermelon was out-of-sight and his line was at least interesting I kind of regret that we had to miss the Love-In (which Zach had organized and indeed did take place on that same lovely summer afternoon), semi-dues i guess but to borrow a concept from RMS perhaps it's important not to deny the other social reality (I know it's important to be sure about what you say in Newspapers).

It hurt me and I don't know who moved me into writing this but I suspect that whoever did it was a fucking liar.

I suppose that to some there will be neither lesson nor method to my mad utterances.(There isn't for me in any case) but the responsibility of a good journal, like Connections, and I'm dead serious about this, is to check things out before printing them. Thank you for your attention fellow degenerates and rakes, so now we must forget our past mistakes and must avoid self-dissension and must get together for once because the time is propitious and the struggle smells nearer than yesterday.

Love,
Marty Schwartz





Note: Wisconsin's gift to Harvard University, Nathan M. Pusey, had this to say about the younger generation in his latest President's Report, pp. 15-19.

As mentioned above, John Monro was succeeded in the Dean's office by Fred Glimp, whose introduction into the new responsibility proved unusually stormy. We had had an unpleasant student disturbance here more than a year ago on the occasion of a visit by Secretary of Defense Robert S. McNamara to the Institute of Politics. The unprecedented intemperate student behavior which showed itself at that time quite properly proved upsetting to many. The deans and the faculty set about defining just why it was objectionable and, though they took no immediate punitive action, made it unmistakably clear that a recurrence of such conduct would be considered a very serious offense. But Dean Glimp had scarcely been launched on his new career last fall when the College was again plunged into turmoil. Briefly, a number of Harvard and Radcliffe students decided to use a visit here to the Mallinckrodt Laboratories by a representative of the Dow Chemical Company, who had come to discuss job opportunities with a few graduate students, as an opportunity to demonstrate opposition to the war in Vietnam, because, as I am sure everyone knows by now, Dow supplies napalm to our armed services.

I am confident the great majority of the students who took part had no intention of going beyond acceptable boundaries of peaceful picketing outside the building, but some few seem clearly to have had others ideas in mind. These managed not only to move the demonstration inside the building, but also to maintain there something very like a state of siege for more than six hours to prevent the Dow representative from leaving. The students involved in this action, whatever their motivation, had clearly gone beyond the limits of permissible conduct as enunciated the year before. So the faculty and administration, the whole community, and especially the new Dean of the College, were again confronted with a serious infraction of permissible behavior.

The probationary action and admonishment decided upon by the faculty and at least in some measure the reasons for it have been explained. On the whole they were well received both inside and outside our community, and it was clear that the new Dean had stood up extraordinarily well under a very severe initiatory ordeal.

I wish I might assure you we have now left this kind of difficulty behind, but it may well be we have not. Perhaps the most objectionable feature of such disturbances is the sheer wastage of time they occasion with no ascertainable offsetting educational or other kind of benefit. But, beyond this, I find it painful to accept in Harvard men either such behavior or the reasons now being given by some of their contemporaries in justification of it.

I am not speaking here of students who are sincerely concerned about the war or who choose to participate in orderly protests for whatever reason, but rather only of a small group of over-eager young in evidence on many campuses in recent years who feel they have a special calling to redeem society.

One gets a picture of this kind from the publications they pass about among themselves on various campuses. For them campus conflicts such as the one we recently experienced are seen as so many battles in a great revolutionary war they hope and fondly imagine is already taking shape. Their arguments start with the assumption, which they invariably call their "analysis," that Western society, and especially American society, is rotten through and through, and that this being so, all a sensible person can do is to wish for and to do whatever he can to hasten its demise. Moving on in their "analysis" they see our universities as having been taken over by the business and military establishments lock, stock and barrel. In their eyes these institutions have, as a consequence, forfeited their right respect and what they call "legitimacy" and have therefore become fair game. They should be brought low by violence or by any effective means, the sooner the better. For, they say, our universities are now devoted to "the present and future oppression and domination of the people of the world — both in Vietnam and in our urban ghettoes." Obviously they live in a world of fantasy. But let me quote a little more: "The social order we are rebelling against (that is, ours in the United States) is totalitarian, manipulative, repressive and anti-democratic." One of them asks, for example,"Who amongst us today would argue that America is not an imperialist power?" And they go on to say that "within this order of domination, to respect and operate within the realm of bourgeois civil liberites is to remain enslaved."

Such is the kind of belligerent nonsense with which many college faculties and deans are now confronted through some few students in many places who apparently have convinced themselves that, while making such statements, they are seeing the world whole and speaking truth. Safe within the sanctuary of an ordered society, dreaming of glory- Walter Mittys of the left (or are they left?) — they play at being revolutionaries and fancy themselves rising to positions of command atop the debris as the structures of society come crashing down. Bringing students of this persuasion back to reality presents a new kind of challenge to education, to faculty certainly, but especially and with painful immediacy, perhaps to deans. You may therefore wonder under the circumstances how in these times individuals are persuaded to become deans. I do myself; or would, were there not a different and reassuring aspect to the matter.

Contrast with the behavior of the small group bent on disruption the record of the others on any campus. For example, here last year the vast majority of Harvard undergraduates went about their essential business seriously and gaily, as students have done from the beginning, and again created an extraordinarily vibrant community life. Scholars of many kinds, among them artists, pure scientists, club men, musicians, churchmen, internationalists, politicians, writers, naturalists, athletes-- built up individually and in some 80 recognized organizations, a record of achievement at least as impressive as any earlier college generation has done. Thirty plays calling on the efforts of some 800 students were performed at the Loeb, in Agassiz, and in the Houses. There were seemingly countless concerts by soloists, orchestral ensembles and choral groups. High on the list of achievements was last summer's very successful world tour by the Glee Club and the Radcliffe Choral Society. It was a year of student concern about their teachers and curriculum, and again the Harvard Policy Committee contributed usefully to the environment of the College with its careful departmental audits and its recommendation of optional courses graded on a simple pass-fail basis. For the tenth consecutive year our varsity athletes led the Ivies in overall percentage of contests won. Many teams had good seasons; the crew and the cross country and track teams brilliant ones. Seventy-nine varsity sport letter winners graduated with honors. Eight sport captains received the A.B. degree cum laude and four magna cum laude. Three score of last year's graduates — and these in a year when the numbers dropped somewhat — won various honorary fellowships for graduate study or travel here and abroad —Danforth, National Science Foundation, Henry, Rockefeller, Sheldon, Shaw, and Knox Travelling Fellowships. Sixty-nine percent of the graduating class took their degrees with honors, and virtually all who wished to- and there were many — won admission to some graduate or professional school. Some 2,000 Harvard undergraduates earned a total of $826,000 in termtime. During the year about a thousand Harvard and Radcliffe students participated constructively in the various kinds of service programs which have held lively appeal for unusually large numbers of students in recent years. These students, as all people in our society, hold various opinions about the war and other of our present difficulties, but on the record the bright, avidly questioning, lively undergraduates of the past year were very far from being an alienated, disaffected or drop-out generation. I cannot share all their views or the diverse views of all of them. Sometimes they seem to me sadly misguided. But these students are concerned and they are working, and Harvard College in their generation is not about to lose either its zest or — I hope —its sense of humor.



The Politics of **POLITICS**

Voting is a passive, not a participatory, act. In return for a few seconds in the polling place, people surrender what little abstract "power" they may have to their "representatives", alienating it from themselves. For the duration, all action remains the prerogative of the representative, not the represented. If they are approached at all during this time by their delegate, it is from above and without- from the ruler engaged in activity to the ruled, who can only watch, wonder and wait two or four years for the same cycle to repeat itself.

Moreover, the representative principle today is largely that, a principle, empty of most meaningful content. The "representatives" of the people have become more and more irrelevant, of less and less consequence. Overarching representative and represented alike, in dark and magnificent choreography, is the colossus of corporate America, with its elite completely unresponsive and unanswerable to people, its centralized determinitive and administrative apparatus of intertwining military, industrial, academic and executive bureaucracies, and its core, energizing the rest and being energized in turn, mid-century corporate capitalism. The personnel, the structure, the dynamo- these are what move and guide the colossus, this is where the power is at.

Together these characteristics of representative democracy and corporate power do much to imbue electoral politics in America with properties we know only too well. Such politics are, in a sense, no politics at all, for real power is elsewhere and the representative's only substantive function is to actively or passively facilitate and service it. In the sandbox world of electoral politics we do not even choose our own oppressors, let alone create real change. But if the ballot box is apolitical it is also, in an equally valid sense, anti-political. For if electoral politics is no politics, then the vote acts as a safety-valve for frustration and discontent, routing energy and opposition away from any meaningful action. Meanwhile the real politics of corporate America, politics of administration like the manpower channeling of selective service operations, is free to rage on. Finally, electoral politics actively reinforces the isolation, alienation, impotence and despair which are among the given in corporate America. A man is alone is a vote is a thing, a mark on a paper, an arm on a lever, leaving his "politics" in box or machine, dependent on his representative and his government, crawling back in his hole to await the next exercise in futility two-four years hence, knowing instinctly it will not, cannot change anything, perhaps opting not to vote, perhaps concluding that there is nothing for it but to cry like a baby.

Except that now there is something for it, there is a different kind of politics, a Movement in complete opposition to the direction taken today by corporate America. Instead of the politics of administration, of the manipulation and domination of people as things, it points to politics as people, people as the source and end of power, living and controlling their own lives and environment, participating in their own organs of decision and execution, commanding the terms of their own existence. For this to become reality, old patterns of fear, apathy, dependence and despair must be transformed by people coming out of their isolation to organize themselves into communities, making the connections between individual hang-ups and social problems, and through personal action and collective struggle beginning the long march toward individual liberation and communal self-determination.

Within the Movement itself there are those who feel that, while electoral politics in and of itself can only be absurd, it can still be used as a complement to other activities or a tool of various kinds. Running in Madison's aldermanic primaries last week were five candidates who in one way or another associate themselves with the Movement, and who say they see elections in this way.

Martin Henner (Ward 10), however, campaigns with another, and more traditional, approach. The tenth consists of roughly one-third students, concentrated in Eagle Heights, and two-thirds non-students. Henner printed two almost identical campaign leaflets, one of which emphasized his status as student and intent to be the students' voice in the city council, the other of which did not.

He is very obviously out to win, even if it means mushmouthing for the vote and pandering to the prejudices which make any real community building so difficult to initiate. His platform includes more state aid to the city, broadening the tax base, and city ownership of the bus company ("possibly" with federal aid). He is also for improving student-cop and black-white relations in Madison. It is all very nice, very vague, and how any of it is to be accomplished by an alderman who cannot bring himself to tell his own constituency just where he is at can only be guessed.

Like Henner, both Paul Soglin (Ward 8) and John Cumbler (Ward 4) see themselves, if elected, as a "bridge" between students and city. Bridges are nice, but they soar over problems, do not descend to day-in, day-out reality, confront and engage it in any meaningful way. Around the latter two campaigns also hangs the aura of the "crusading councilman", leading and legitimizing demonstrations, being the first to be whopped by the cops. But to accept the idea that the presence of an elected official somehow "legitimizes" anything is to follow the old American tradition that people can't do things for themselves but must be led by the expert, is to concede that politics is what politicians do, is to reinforce those same dependent relationships that must be smashed before any real change can take place.

Both Soglin and Cumbler presented radical platforms, the latter a few more such "planks," eg., both want rent control laws and a publicly-owned bus company, with Cumbler adding a board of governors consisting of three bus drivers, two aldermen and one company representative, i.e. workers control". (Come on John, you once told me that only workers can take and guarantee workers control.) By far the most coherent and complete program, however, was that of Dick Krooth (Ward 2), UW Law grad and full-time radical researcher, analyst and writer. In a series of leaflets to second ward voters, he presented a sophisticated, down-to- earth analysis of how the war affects them, their sons and their pocketbook, and urged a yes-vote on the peace referendum. His interim (till the war ends) proposals included reducing taxes for individual property owner and increasing them for large commercial enterprises (some of which, like Oscar Mayer, reap huge profits from the war) and absentee landlords, with a rent control ordinance to prevent the latter from passing on the increase to tenants. In a "discuss the issues" session with three other candidates he was the whole show, convincingly connecting the war with water pollution and pointing to the Monona Basin Project- Law Park site as a gigantic swindle whereby the people of Madison are to pay most of $17 million for a convention hall beneficial almost exclusively to downtown business firms. All this and more, as two of his opponents mumbled incoherently and the third came on as a somewhat confused fascist.

But why are these campaigns taking place, what can they accomplish? Granted, it would be good to see Krooth digging a little deeper in his research on Madison, Soglin demanding a city-sponsored boycott of local draft boards, or Cumbler calling for solidarity with workers and peasants from council chambers. But the candidates know that as councilmen they can hope to effect only the most marginal and innocuous of changes in city administration, can have no real effect on people's lives.

Nor does the "forum-function", the educational opportunity afforded by such campaigns, seem convincing. Some people may "listen to you talk about basic issues when any other time they'd shut the door in your face" (Soglin), but when the spiel is over they still shut the door, secure in the knowledge that they will never see the speaker again. Such education, even as well-thought out and prepared as Krooth's, is education as we know only too well, a one way, top-downward lecture which evokes in the recipient not participation or action but a bland, acquiescent silence.

There are many reasons for opposing the "use" of electoral politics by those wishing to bring out real, meaningful change. The Movement, while it lives in total opposition to the world of corporate America, is of course still of that world, exists within it. For us to resort to institutions which are vital, integral parts of that world is to make our co-optation by the system almost inevitable. By accepting the terms and adopting the forms of electoral activity Madison's radical campaigns, despite attractive programs, became scarcely distinguishable from those of the straight candidates, short-term efforts with major emphasis placed upon showering as many people as possible with speeches, leaflets, and messages, and hoping for a flood of votes. Not surprisingly, the result is continued apathy: only forty-sixty people, from wards of several thousand, attended each of the "discussion" sessions one week before the election.

The ballot box, moreover, is a major lynch-pin of the American way, not simply in its obfuscation of the reality of oppression, but in its built-in mechanisms of isolation, apathy, alienation and dependence. To "use" it is thus to contribute, however unconsciously, to all this, to reinforce the lie that Americans do somehow rule themselves, to perpetuate the illusion that change can so be effected, to re-invigorate those impersonal mechanisms of destruction, to preclude other and more relevant forms of action. What is really accomplished, in short, is the legitimization of a totally illegitimate system, the perpetuation of an unacceptable pattern of existence.

Rather than accepting the terms and forms of corporate America, we must dictate our own rules and construct our own institutions. Rather than building electoral bases from above, we must participate in the creation of communities from within. The campaign of Bobby Joe Burbridge (Ward 6) is open to the same criticisms as the other four, with one very important exception - he is part of an on-going, long-term community organizing project, the Near East Madison Co-op. The Co-op, like the better known Newark Community Union Project and Chicago JOIN, is attempting to catalyze out of conditions of deprivation and oppression a new consciousness among the area's poor, a sense of their own worth and potential power. It tries to help to meet specific needs, to bring area residents together to solve such problems as the ADC mother in trouble with the welfare department, the elderly couple evicted because their fixed income can no longer cover their rising rent, or the bunch of kids in trouble with the cops because there is no place to go, nothing to do. Members of the Co-op are only beginning to connect these to major long-term issues, to an economy that uses and discards people with equanimity, to a welfare system that consciously fosters feelings of humiliation and dependence, to a tax structure that favors the corporation over the person, to the effect of the war and military spending, and to the priorities of a city which has made countless surveys and studies of the area but which spends its money on "golf courses, convention halls and banquet halls rather than meeting the needs of the people." Still, through and during all this activity, the Co-op is working to build a permanent community organization for making social change.

The campaign is thus seen as a part of a larger whole, a way of making contact with people and (hopefully) bringing them into the organization. Burbridge himself dropped out of a Louisville school in seventh grade, is since self-educated, and has "been in and out of jail more times than I care to remember." He now works part-time at a service station and organizes with the Co-op. Before the campaign he was involved in efforts to help open Marquette Jr. High at night for teenage recreation (which amounted to a battle with the principal), to get a community center for the area, and is beginning nascent organizational work among the ninety or so ADC mothers in the ward. He scoffs at the city council as a "bunch of do-nothings" who spend most of their time "making jokes", and sees himself as a potential voice of the poor "because I've been through it all myself." His "platform", as formless as Krooth's is coherent, seems rather a kind of shotgun technique to put as many issues into the air as possible, to simply awaken the area from its lethargy and hopelessness. Whether the interest generated and the lessons learned during the campaign will be enough to offset the inevitable let-down and disillusion following any electoral activity is at the moment hard to tell. What is certain is that this is no single-shot affair, that Bobby Joe will be back and that the Co-op will continue to function regardless of results at the polls.

It is such day-by-day, year-long commitments that the Movement must make if it is to build effective community organizations. In Wisconsin today opportunities for such actions are greater than ever, particularly among young people. On the eleven state-wide campuses both broad and specific issues around which to organize the student community are painfully obvious: high-handed dismissals of

(continued on page 14)



The Madison rock scene is a mess of groups which reproduce selections from the WISM charts and get plugged periodically in "Gary Rettgen's Fun and Nite Life" in the Cap Times. What will concern me here is rather the pretentious rock scene, the groups which depend for their livelihood on Rock and Roll's new Beatlebased respectability. (Not that any rock group is unpretentious--pretension to soul in some degree or another is the name of the game--but I'm talking about pretension to art, or seriousness.)

What can the pretentious rock scene in a provincial town be--not just a provincial town but a collegiate town, super-transient, where your Irma Routens and Tracy Nelsons disappear just when they could begin to serve as an example for a new "generation" of singers? Well it can be, and is, hereabouts, an adaptation to rock of the strongest achievements in the local music scene of the years preceding, even if the line of development is far from straight. So a few years ago we had, on the one hand, the acoustic blues and bluegrass of the Folk Arts Society in which Phil Buss loomed large, and on the other hand the Ben Sidran group, which must have admired Coltrane, whom Jack Lee also admired. And now we have folk rock and jazz rock, our own Goodyear Blimp which Phil put together and Jack Lee's Incredible Oz. This development recapitulates the national rock scene's development--more specifically, the Blimp at its worst sounds like warmed-over Vanguardrecords Houseband, and the Oz at its worst sounds like warmed-over Cream, which wouldn't be a good name for their first album--and this is no coincidence, but neither is it something to be ashamed of. Nothing comes of nothing, and the Oz is fortunate that Cream and Hendrix and the Airplane have explored the space between blues and jazz (perhaps the Sebastian Moon Trio was unfortunate not to have had this example). As for the Blimp, I am proudest of us when we're able to reconcile folk feeling and rock technique--although they're reconciled when the lines begin to blur, so maybe I shouldn't even make the distinction.

This leaves out blues groups. The Tayles now pretend to art, which is the art of straight blues, which is certainly art because people won't pay for it and you can usually get a good seat at Glen & Ann's on Sunday nights. The strong local achievement out of which they have built, however, is not art but the ribrocked hardrock I mentioned at the outset, that is, fratparty and teenybopper G-L-O-R-I-A peoplesmuzak. Ned Englehart and Tom Schwabenlender (Tayles guitarists-vocalists) both led groups in this field and I think that is why their present band comes off so much tighter, warmer and more exciting than most. There is no radical difference, after all, between commercial rock and electric blues, the transition mostly involving a raise in the level of invention and integrity, or a release of the invention and integrity which commercial rock has forced you to hide.

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(With a lot of help from my friends, I'd like to spread out next issue and talk more about the teenyrock to blues to creativerock syndrome, the influence of the University community on the rock scene, the vital importance of the Beatles, the Sebastian Moon Trio cautionary tale, and other stuff. All opinionated participants and observers invited to contribute their opinionations.)

--Nick Thorkelson





more Draft Resistance in the Eco. Dep't

poor and disadvantaged, bringing guilt and shame to those of us who have accepted the class privilege of a student deferment. Conscription has disrupted and distorted careers, while it has effectively channeled more and more skilled manpower into the service of the defense industries. It has levied a tax upon every inductee and upon every gung-ho enlistee, forcing the first to forego the higher civilian incoome and the second to forego the higher wages of a volunteer army.

In short, the costs of the draft are considerable. We believe that as long as conscription exists we will not be able to progress toward the building of a nonviolent, fraternal society in America.

Second, the total draft call for fiscal 1969 (July 1, 1968 to June 30, 1969) will be much higher than 250000. Even to maintain the present size of the army, about 300000 men would have to be drafted. This was the number drafted in FY 1967 whose terms will expire in FY 1969 (draftees normally serve 24 months, although recently this has been extended. This is extremely unpopular politically and can be regarded as an emergency measure).

Further, it seems highly unlikely that troop strength will remain at its present level. For one thing, the war doesn't seem to be going too well. In the past, this has always meant more troops and there is no reason to expect something different this time. As already noted, tours of duty are being extended. Two weeks ago the President ordered an additional ten thousand combat troops to Viet-Nam. Their support troops can be expected to follow soon.

In addition to the war in Viet-Nam, we can expect increased troop levels for other reasons. Major parts of the 82nd Airborne are now in Viet-Nam. This is the only unit which is usually ready for emergency deployment outside Viet-Nam. The Pueblo incident may have suggested to some official that they may need to have some troops ready for such deployment. Another new demand for soldiers is "civil disobedience duty." Fifteen thousand army troops are now allocated to this duty (Cardinal, 2/22/68, p. 3).

One reason to expect draft calls to stay at the FY 1968 levels is McNamara's statements. In his parting testimony to the Senate Armed Services Committee at the end of January he estimated that 1969 draft calls would total some 240,000. But at the same time he also reported that "country-wise (in South Vietnam) the evidence appears overwhelming that beginning in 1966 Communist and guerilla forces have sustained substantial attrition. As a result there has been a drop in combat efficiency and morale among many such units." He added that "the pacification program registered definite net progress in 1967." These remarks might seem to throw some doubt on the Secretary's foresight.

In sum, a draft call of 350,000 for FY 1969 would appear to be a rather conservative estimate. This judgment is supported by the statements coming down from Capitol Hill. Last Friday Congressman L. Mendel Rivers, Chairman of the House Armed Services Committee, declared, "There's no question about it. Additional men must be called up." (Wisconsin State Journal, February 24, 1968, p.2).

Third, it seems to us unlikely that seniors and first-year grads will take up only 20% of the inductees. It is true that the Army finds it "undesirable" to take these people, compared with 19 year olds, but the Army and the President are faced with many options that are "undesirable." Here at Wisconsin we should be careful not to overestimate the resistance that seniors and first-year grads will actually put up against the Army. Even if resistance is considerable, the Army has many ways of avoiding and breaking it. In light of these considerations, we are not very confident that the proportion drafted of this older group will be held down to 20%. One bit of casual support for this view is the estimate of "an Administration official" that this older group would probably provide 150,000 draftees this year (N.Y.T., 2/17/68, p. 1).

Fourth, for students from the middle class white areas with a high proportion of youth in college, the chances of being drafted are now further increased due to the change in the allocation of calls among boards which will result from the new ruling. Since draft calls are allocated among draft boards on the basis of their pre-induction manpower pools, draft calls will be most pushed up for those suburban draft boards whose pools will be most expanded by the elimination of grad student deferments.

Fifth, we would remind everyone that if you ever accepted an occupational deferment, including II-S, you are eligible for the draft until you are 35, and mormally the oldest go first.

Finally, we don't want to estimate our chances of induction, but we do think that your chances are considerably higher than 15 for the year.

If you have questions or want information on the Selective Service System, immigration to Canada, conscientious objection, 4-F standards, or the U.S. Public Health Service, see us in 7102 Social Science. If you can help us distribute information, we would welcome your contribution.

--Rob McBride

THE FUGS AS POET

by David Wagner

Back in August 61 Ed Sanders was a young poet peace-freak locked in the Montville State Prison, Connecticut. He had been busted for demonstrating against the bomb. Someone wrote somewhere that he'd been sitting-in on a nuclear sub, but the details aren't clear. At any rate, he wrote the "Poem From Jail" on prison toilet paper--this is seven years ago--in which all the come/flip/freak/screw talk of the Fugs has its origins. He took the bomb as representative of everything that is hate, violence, and death "overflowing from an endless bedpan," and screwing and everything connected with it as the consummate pacifist vision. The poem was published by City Lights in 63.

It's pretty easy to put down the Fugs as musicians. You'd have to have a bone in your ear to think Sanders was a singer. The point is that, as Open City editor John Bryan wrote, these guys are "poets first, musicians as something of a delightful afterthought." And anyone who doesn't include something of this approach of theirs in a review is only half-equipped (if that much). One of the first of the "underground" publishers, Birth Press, was started by Kupferberg back in the fifties. And Sanders' "Fuck You, a Magazine of the Arts," printed in his Peace Eye Bookstore (which is newly reopened), was certainly one of the best magazines around.

And so on. Poetry is no longer scraps of shit on the page. Percy Dovetonsils choked on the mike when the amplifiers laughed him out of the room. But if anyone wants to SEE the lyrics, he can write to the Artists' Workshop Press, 499 W. Forest, Detroit 48201, and get the FUGS' SONGBOOK.

But just for interest, here is what Sanders thinks is about to be upon us in rock:

"You know, the guitar is just a temporary phenomenon in popular music. There'll be wierd, eerie, sexy kids dressed in diaphanous robes with hard-ons playing huge, as you say, huge console instruments and dancing on top of them and sliding down huge metal plates with their live electrical pick ups turned on and their bodies will create music on a grid beneath. And eerie sex-like trances between groups of boys and girls. Their bodies will all have pick-ups and the pulse of their hard-on will create the back beat and the vaginal snapping will produce the percussion effect.

Now that's just sex. In terms of politics and just pure sounds, you know, you could put a pick-up on your kidney and magnify it. Or you could get a box of angle worms and make them scream. Or find a giant armadillo and make him curl up.

The whole world is filled with sounds and tones to make music. People with energy and imagination are going to use them to create and there are going to be huge choral societies of dope fang poetical wonders who will just create this new music. I don't know if the Fugs are going to do it, though.

But I know it's coming. The kids, the really brilliant kids, are going to do it." --David Wagner



Somewhere above all the definable tool box stuff (the mechanics of the medium in question), the objective criteria the critic can talk about with reasonable certainty, there exists never-never land. Call it whatever you want, subjective aesthetic, "soul," raberfratzen, it remains to haunt and defy discussion. In the bad old days when countless television Donald Ducks asked "will it be a hit or a miss" to a panel of pimples, and Joey said "Yea, I like it, I dug the beat," what he really was talking about was not the rhythmic element of the song but merely the fact that it grabbed him. And in this never-never land realm of grabba grabba, who is finally to decide about right and wrong, good and bad (though the Ortega in some of us wants to say that there are more valid, worthy, "deeper" grabs and less such--even if there is something undemocratic about such a stance).

In the world of psychedelic music, which I am becoming more and more convinced is a fantastic and ironic capitalist coup, the matter of "grabs you" is manipulated in the most deceptive and devious manner, particularly in live performances. To the extent that we remain creatures of the senses, given the right conditions and proper voltage the possibility of being done-in by really aesthetically unacceptable means is the rule, rather than the exception. The most obvious example is the annihilation of the senses through pure sound volume and atonal feedback effects (the parallel in jazz is bad "New Thing"--say Albert Ayler at his worst, versus the best of the genre, such as Pharoah Sanders).

That we are vulnerable is an understatement, for given the right situation there is simply no other choice but to split or to swim with it. Legitimate genius, of course, creates an overwhelming intensity regardless of the decibel level. Listen, for example, to Aretha Franklin's new Atlantic album, Lady Soul, at low volume once late at night--it is an extraordinary experience.

The Fugs, on the other hand, employ a parallel and equally vexing con to drag the listener across that leap of faith to grabba grabba land. And on their visit to the Factory on Washington's Birthday this was glaringly obvious, and ended only by accentuating their musical mediocrity rather than covering it. Really these outrageous Villagers have two things functioning as fronts, and as means to lead you by the hand to exclamations of "wow, how simply groovy...." One is dirt, and the other is pseudo-radical political commentary. And what lethal weapons these are. To criticize them one risks the worst of all possible epithets, that one is a prude, a member of the Establishment, or even unhip.

But dirt is dirt. With a purpose it is a good carrier...sometimes. Without such purpose and if the music itself is bad music, it is the most blatant kind of titillation and nothing else (whoops--that sounded disgustingly like Justice Somebody-or-Other). The leftists in picket lines with signs saying "fuck" miss this distinction. Lenny Bruce, as smutty as they come when he wanted to be, saw it. It is somewhat comparable to Bruce's attitude about cops, that venting one's wrath on them was foolish, that they were merely the mailmen. It comes down to a matter of distinctions, priorities, and perspective (whether aesthetic or political, or both). Such subtlety seems to be beyond the Fugs. Which is not to say that it is not sometimes appealing and funny to sit and watch and listen to often clever outrage. It's only that it finally is not very satisfying in any terms. And if you've been grabbed, twenty minutes later the feeling has turned to suspicion that what you've really been is conned.

The same applies to the Fugs as musical radicals (or anarchists, actually, for they don't even offer the now traditional hippie alternative in their polemic). To the young person who is sickened, disgusted, and disillusioned by the insanity of our country and its wars and imperialism, Fuck Johnson songs are appealing stuff. They not-so-gently lead the way across the void to grabba land. Now the issue here invariably touches on the old problems of polemics and social criticism in art, and the questions involved certainly have not been settled to anyone's satisfaction. I am all for artistic social statements (though I don't think artistic expression demands them by definition, at least not in the limited sense). But there is a huge difference between Guernica and the worst examples of Mexican social realist murals, between Barry Sadler and Prokofiev's Alexander Nevsky. For the Fugs to wallow in Johnson's gutter, even if it be under the guise of mimicry, is still to be a kind of accomplice.

Which is to say that the political Fugs are the worst con of all, and they too are laughing all the way to the bank. I'm glad that they don't like the War in Vietnam. That doesn't mean that their songs about it are good songs, either as music or as social statement (MacBird is relevant here). And if our political incline-

(continued on page 13)

McCARTHY'S CIRCUS

Eugene McCarthy's campaign is a show for the liberals, by the liberals, and for the liberals. Circus is a more descriptive term. Under one huge tent many performers participate in many acts, with different motivations but one common purpose--attract a large crowd. This is no usual political circus. No ringleader like Eugene McCarthy has ever been seen on the sawdust before. The acts, like the ringleader, are out of the ordinary. It is a national affair, and has hardly started. The first big engagement is Wisconsin and features many local acts.

In the first ring we have an act that can be labelled Stevensonial Liberal. This is the most important act for the Wisconsin engagement. William S. White in The Making of a President, 1960 described Madison as "the capital of Stevensonian strength across the country." The Dane County Democratic party is still controlled by Stevensonians.

In December an election for chairman was held. Michael Bleicher, a professor of Mathematics at the University of Wisconsin, ran on a pro-McCarthy platform. Michael Lybarger, a Political Science professor at Edgewood College, ran on a neutralist platform. He himself is a dove, but he felt for the good of the party the chairman should be neutral. (The party constitution requires that all party officers be neutral in primary fights. This rule was obeyed in the past, but this time almost every Democrat has taken a stand. The election can be described in Lybarger's words, "As soon as they managed to paint me pro-Johnson I knew I had lost."

Lose he did 503 to 192.

In the average political circus these people would be placed in the side show. They are unprofessional politicians who do not know how to handle whatever patronage and influence comes their way. The party is dominated by academic types who feel that one should not stoop to participate in the mud-slinging and back-stabbing that characterizes local politics.

These people are, in spite of their political naivete, intelligent people and can read the handwriting on the wall. The handwriting is screaming at them "Liberalism is dead." They cannot believe their eyes. They are desperately clutching at their last straw, the McCarthy campaign. Susan Herbst, manager of the state headquarters, mentioned, "A lot of us have heard the student's critique of our society and we feel challenged by it."

Many feel that the United States itself cannot survive another four years of Lyndon Baines Johnson and his kill-for-peace policy. They expect and fear a Johnson-Nixon race. In this event most of them would, as Bleicher says, "have to agree with the students who say there is no legitimate way to express political action.

Yet their political blinders force them to go through the motions. A good number would work for Johnson against Nixon because they feel that there is a real difference between them, at least on domestic issues.

At this point the circus analogue tempts one to draw a rather riotous picture of performers blindly trotting around in well trod circles--but this would be rather unfair. (Besides, some of my best friends are liberals.) A more accurate picture is that of a group of genuine idealists who, by restricting their arena, have doomed themselves to irrelevance. They sense this and are fighting desperately to prove to others--and to themselves--that they are relevant. It is almost tragic to see these people fighting what may be their last stand by throwing flowers against guns and tanks, but flowers are all they know how to throw.

In the second ring we see a more familiar act, a handful of old party professionals, doing their best to build a conventional campaign around an unconventional campaigner. The performers, for the most part, hail from Milwaukee. The Milwaukee headquarters, located in a downtown hotel, are run by two full time workers, Jay Sykes and Frank Campenni. Campenni has at times worked for Senator Will Proxmire, and Milwaukee's renowned mayor, Henry Maier. Neither of these two men have reputations as flaming liberals. Maier is famous for banning the NAACP Youth Council marches, and is the only mayor who has turned off a whole city by fiat. Proxmire is best known for his Quixotic charges against unnecessary government spending (i.e. nonmilitary spending). An incident observed at the Milwaukee headquarters vividly illustrates the difference between Professionals and Stevensonians. McCarthy was scheduled to arrive at the airport for a press conference. A secretary was busily occupying herself on the telephone trying to arrange to have a crowd of students at the airport to visit McCarthy. This would be unheard of in Dane County. It is not that they would think such a stunt beneath their dignity, but simply that they would never even think of doing it. In Stevensonian politics demonstrations are not organized, they happen.

Judging motivations from appearances and past records is a tricky thing at best, yet it seems fair to say that the few professionals who are working with McCarthy are working for him for the very same reason that they have worked for anyone else--to feather their own nest. A large McCarthy vote would give local professionals more leverage in the inner councils of the party.

The third ring is occupied by a national act, the action liberals. These are the cold warriors who cut their teeth by throwing communists to McCarthy (Joseph, the one from Wisconsin). In the late fifties they sat around the universities and developed their ideology of "intelligent anti-communism." They came to full glory under the banner of the New Frontier. While Jack Kennedy was thrusting spears of high flown rhetoric about self determination, they were developing and justifying an interventionist foreign policy designed to prevent self determination.

Just the other week Al Lowenstein whirled in and out of Madison, raising clouds of dust for McCarthy. Lowenstein's first step into the Establishment was the presidency of the National Student Association. Second step was to work for Hubert Horatio Humphrey. The third step was to beat the drums for the Kennedys. When Robert Kennedy formally released all his vassals, Lowenstein gravitated to McCarthy.

In the fourth ring (this is a rather large circus tent) we see a huge sign, "Welcome young people." The ringmaster, Eugene McCarthy, himself invited them to perform. Of his candidacy, he says, "On college campuses especially but also among other thoughtful Americans, it may counter the growing sense of alienation from politics which is currently reflected in a tendency to withdraw in either frustration or cynicism, to talk of non-participation and to make threats of support for a third party or other irregular political movements."

One section of the ring has a smaller sign "New Left Here." Every now and then the performers throw nervous glances over their shoulders to see if anyone is in it. It is almost empty. A few New Lefties have been spotted prowling around the edges of the ring, but very few have entered it. Some of them maintain that the whole circus tent was pitched for the express purpose of luring them inside and keeping them out of mischief. The actual reasons are much more complex.



A comment by Michael Bleicher explains the undue attention the liberals have given to luring the radicals. (There are about 50 liberals for every radical leftist in this country.) "If only we could get these people, with their missionary zeal, to work with us...we could change the country in twenty years."

The key word is "zeal." Once the liberals had it. Even today the old causes--New Deal, Labor, Save Europe from Communism, Ban the Bomb, Civil Rights--cause many a liberal heart to skip a beat. These are gone, the great crusades are over, their present battles are desperate rearguard actions. The world has passed them by. If the New Left were to enter the tent, they would bring their zeal. They would also bring their approval. While the liberals slept in the last few years the New Left has been correctly predicting events. They were screaming about Vietnam before most of the liberals ever heard of the place. A few years ago only the radicals would have predicted the ghetto rebellions. It was business as usual for the liberals. If the radicals entered the tent, it would imply that the future was there. They have not entered. They stay out because they have seen the show before. What Eugene McCarthy offers, at best, is a return to the great American Political Camelot, the administration of John Fitzgerald Kennedy. An administration of soaring ideas, and sordid action: the Bay of Pigs, continual escalation in Vietnam, CIA agents, disguised as National Student Association members, infiltrating the campuses. McCarthy would get us out of Vietnam, but he would continue the same foreign policy that got us in there, and which will get us into other Vietnams. Listen to him say, "this involvement is not in the tradition of American foreign policy. That policy...was defensible and, for the most part, turned out to be good." This is a horrendous misreading of the meaning of Vietnam and our policy. The only mistake (in the context of our present foreign policy) that we have made was not in intervening, but in misjudging the fighting spirit of the Vietnamese people. The intervention itself was perfectly consistent with our policy.

The New Left section of the ring, while almost empty, is rather small. The rest is the ring full of young people. Since everyone in the circus should be labelled, I will call them involved students. They work (and work hard), not so much from zeal, but from the feeling "For God's sake, I gotta do something." Most are not very hopeful that the campaign will really accomplish anything but they are trying anyway. For a large number of them, it is their first political action. There is no deep commitment to "Establishment politics" implied in their work, they are simply dipping their toe in the pool of politics to see what it is like. It is my feeling that many of the involved students will gravitate to the Radical Left after the Democratic convention.

The national Americans for Democratic Action, with the exception of Labor and a few isolated hawks, voted to back McCarthy. Some commentators claim that the ADA killed itself. All that really happened was that a head was chopped off a dead body.

The ADA leaders, the action liberals, do not question the essential bases of American foreign policy, but only whether it is being applied rationally. If we had won in Vietnam last year they would have set back on their hind legs and wagged their tails. Scholarly presses would have poured forth hundreds of cubic feet of footnoted explanation of how happy and greatful the Vietnamese were for being saved from communism.

They are now appalled at the cost of Vietnam. They look upon Vietnam as a case of poor judgment superimposed on a good foreign policy. They have a limited sense of moral outrage. They scream high and low about the horrors of communist foreign policy, but up to now have had no qualms about using the same bag of dirty tricks in the name of freedom.

Perhaps the main difference between the action liberal, and a Stevensonian is that an action liberal has exercised power, while the Sevensonians have never wielded any. This is almost a definition of the difference. Working for the United States government, and especially the Johnson administration has an inverse Midas touch--everyone it touches turns to dung. The list, long enough to fit a roll of toilet paper, reads like a litany of once unimpeachable reputations: Warren, Goldberg, Stevenson, Gronouski ...I have a feeling that were the pristine Stevensonians dumped into the dung heap that they would have emerged just as smelly.

Eugene Mc is a strange ringmaster. He stares at his whip but never cracks it. I really don't know what ring he came from. He has all the markings of an action liberal, but he was among the very first to attack Senator Joseph McCarthy, and one of the first to attack the CIA. Eugene McCarthy never had much power within the Senate. He was never a member of that exclusive inner circle that rules the roost. This was a matter of his own choice as much as any deliberate conspiracy to keep him off to the side. Someone who has met him told me "He seems like the type of person who likes to lean back in his chair and ruminate upon the condition of the world." He spent a year training to be a monk, and according to reports is an excellent poet (but refuses to publish).

Stylistically he is a Stevensonian. He has a great feeling for subtle nuance that only an academician can appreciate. He considers voting against Vietnam appropriations to be an "almost violent action," and he does not vote against them. He cannot bear the thought of directly attacking anyone. In his campaign he has even launched a few kind words for Lyndon. The Stevensonians lap this up. Liberalism is a life style. A beautiful example of the liberal philosophy is this manifesto in the Hello Wisconsin column by Miles McMillin, editor of the Madison Capital-Times. "I have been waiting for four years to cast another vote against that policy....I voted against it four years ago but it didn't take."

Look at this poor guy. He votes against the war and sees how much it means. Then all he lets himself do for four years is to sit on his ass and editorialize against the war and against the "irresponsible" left with equal fervor. Finally, hundreds of thousands of deaths later, he can vote against the war again. Triumphantly he marches to the polling place and pulls the lever. Again his vote is doomed to be ignored, but no matter--Democracy has functioned. He has vented the spleen from his system. For four more years he will squirm in his chair while the murder continues.

McCarthy is an alternative to the New Left, and liberals of all stripes have flocked to him. He is their salvation--a responsible way to express their dissent. No matter how ineffectual it is, it is respectable and that is the important thing.

Johnson is so unpopular that McCarthy has an excellent chance of winning the Wisconsin primary. He may win in other states. Yet I still think that working for him is a waste of time. Even were he to win the Presidency it would be a waste of time. Therein lies the pathos of America.

Imagine President McCarthy, or imagine a resurrected President John Kennedy in office. There they would be sitting in office as cities burn, police massacre blacks, CIA militarists plot interventions, mass media manipulate fact and opinion, Congress jokes about rats. The sickness of our society is too deep for any one man, no matter who he is or what office he occupies, to cure. It is too deep for any group of people confining themselves to respectable politics to cure. It will be cured only by people who will take risks to change the world they live in.

"If working for McCarthy is a waste of time" ask the liberals, "what can we do."

The first thing liberals should do is to look at themselves. "Liberalism," says Jack Weinberg, a leader in the Berkeley Free Speech Movement, "is the impotence of having principles that make you opposed to something and other principles that prevent you from doing anything about it."

We only need to compare the commencement rhetoric of our college administrators (a liberal bunch if there ever was one) which urges the students to go forth and change the world, to their actions in bringing down billy clubs on the heads of students who threatened to change their world.

If the liberals want the luxury of both sets of principles, they will remain as they are--political relics. If they give up the humane principle they will join the ranks of the action-liberals. If they give up the second set there is plenty they can do, even within their intellectual style.

They can support, financially and morally, the students and blacks who confront the billy clubs, mace, and guns that keep our society functioning. They can support the draft resistors. Massive draft resistance was a factor in removing France from Algeria. This can be risky. Dr. Spock is a liberal who stood up for what he believed in (this makes him very unusual). Any relevant action in today's society is risky. Dissent is only tolerated when it is ineffectual. As soon as it presents a clear and

(continued on page 14)

in yr ear

Prof. Kunst once told us in his 19th C. novel course that the "hero" in any work may be defined "as the subject of the largest number of verbs." Now I'd hate to be called on to 'disprove' the equation (V^n= H; corollary: V^{n-x}= asst. H) because it may, in 9 out of 10 novels, be quite true. But the question is, what kind of knowledge does this leave us with?

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A grad student in English once explained to me the procedure for choosing a 'period' of English lit to concentrate on. You check with the MLA job-list and the number of critical articles written on an area to see what centuries are understaffed. "They're hiring a lot of Dryden at Iowa now."

(Or Harvey Gross: "Fluctuations on the critical market indicate it is a good time to buy shares in prosody.")

.....

This is all a very old complaint. Pound called it PEDAGOCRACY. It is a system whereby the record of past human experience (i.e. "literature") is divvied up like parcels of land among candidates. If an estate is crowded, the scholar may only be able to eke a small produce out of his share of "the field"; it all depends, finally, on what kind of selling job he can do, whether he survives or not.

Now my point is, to return to it, What kind of knowledge is left to us? Meaning: what course in lit at this or any school discusses, mentions, or acknowledges the existence of WISDOM? What professor would try to bring his students to the brink of the 'inner text'; that is, to a personalization of the author's consciousness, to the particular grind of lens in his vision. If you ask a question like this in class, you'll be put off as an "impressionist", a muddler of definitions. (Or at least that's what happened to me.) THE TEXT IS THE ONLY REALITY, you'll be informed. Which literally means the book is the sum total of its grammatical and syntactical units, which are accessible only to the anatomical procedure of "explication." Beauty is a variable, a particular stimulus-response system "which lies outside the scope of this course. Wisdom is anti-scientific." It is the knowledge by which one learns the process of translating ideas into effective action. "Either you got it, or you don't. There is no road to it via literature." (Of course, since we as students are carefully separated from the process of action, we can hardly be expected to need any knowledge of it. "Ach, it iss al zo anti-demokratik".)

Despite appearances, I'm merely trying to give a background for this thought: it seems strange, doesn't it, that the university is not in any way an originator, vortex or energy-center for e.g. poetic activity. That it has such a careful lack of interest in poetry being written right now, or its relevance to society, or to any individual. Imagine a university that would make available and encourage the use of one small mimeo machine, maybe a dozen reams per month thrown in. Think of this English dept. putting up twenty buck a month for subscriptions to the various magazines which are the health of the art, but which die every week from lack of a dollar here and there. Or inviting a certain number of young meat-poets per year on the specific nomination of interested students.

Yep: the same old rap blah blah. "Well son that's just the way things are."

However. There are a few things going on despite. Or maybe because of, I don't know. It may even be possible still to have some kind of localized sensibility put together in Madison. The problem might be put something like this: will it be possible to maintain the energy of the Left on this campus without a literature--however modest--for its members to fall back on, for them to sustain the vision? Or for that matter to help create the vision. I'm assuming that the "radicalized" individual has certain qualities of perception and shapes of emotions available to him which are not generally visible, perhaps even to himself. Poetry makes experience visible, creates its meaning, and makes it possible to return to when needed (like after the Dow bust?) So how to 'get' a localized sensibility? One way, I think, is for Madison poets to write on the everyday, "raw ore of experience", in the language of the everyday (which is the only criterion for including "obscenity": do you speak it? Yes or no; a lot or not at all; the poem follows the tongue) ...On a solid foundation like the quotidian, technique is put at the service of meaning, and the most hyperbolic imagery follows naturally.

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Well, I had the choice between reviewing specific books and mags this time, or reviewing the context they have to appear in. I chose the latter to give reference to comments in the future, which will be more concentrated on a "localized sensibility", if possible. Next issue a general rap on Rich Mangelsdorff's mag, THE OTHER, out of Milwaukee; Woessner's FOREST & TREES; WAR BABY; CAW (the new SDS little mag); and where QUIXOTE is tending. Two suggestions: get the last KALEIDOSCOPE, Mangelsdorff has a fine review of Blazek's mag; looks like the best issue to date. And the latest QUIXOTE is one hell of a magazine. Essays that zap by Gary Snyder, Ron Davis, a letter from Seth Randall, Anita Decarlo's famous story, good things by Kent Patterson, David Hilton, Rich Grossinger, Greenfield. Dig it.

-- David Wagner

THE MORNING GRAPNEL EXORCISM

The sun rose fiercely
playing white hot nickelodeon tunes
in my eustachian tubes.

I slide out of bed like
an elephant menstruating.

Made it to the washroom
ready for the grand jury
to pronounce sentence:
cold water, soap, brush teeth.

Massive sunshine was ripping
thru my mouth like a yellow auger.

I was being conquered, the
day had me in its grasp--
all I could do was put on
a clean white shirt &
walk back to the bedroom.

Before I donned my undershorts
I grabbed my cock like a
masked torturer -- the thing
bulged out dark & savage--

Hell, everything was still o.k.!

...Doug Blazek

IT'S BAD FOR MY DIGESTION

It so happens I am tired of eating lies.
It so happens when I step into the
television set,
ravenous, drooling with hunger, I find
nothing there
but lies made of hot dogs and arm pits.

A sniff of fresh newsprint overwhelms me.
I just want a rest from official
disclosures.
I just want to ignore the Government
sources.
I want to stop eating cowboy hats.

I am tired of such luncheons, such meals,
of my hunger and my own saliva.
I am tired of eating lies.

How lovely it would be
to puke decisively on the Pentagon!
Or to extinguish Steve Canyon
with one blow of an enormous turd!
It would be delicious
to dash naked through the supermarket
screaming: "Horse meat! Horse meat!"
until the hamburger came to life.

What a joy it would be
to sense an absolute silence
on the radio waves!
(With the exception, of course, of
actual music.)

O how sick I am of it all!
I just want the day off -- don't they
want it too?

That's why I sit here with my feet in
the sink.
That's why I write poems that are sick
with sarcasm.
That's why I eat my girl in broad
daylight.
That's why I go without underwear pants.

So I personally meet Lyndon in my dreams
in the Bowery
and I slip it to him -- red hot and
worthless --
a genuine, made-of-copper, John F.
Kennedy dime.
So I personally dream of serving
a most indelicate prune
to the entire Establishment.

It so happens I am tired of eating lies.
I want the next century off.

...Tim Hall

spanish crotch
patrolled by seven sailors
in undershirts,
laughing at British john,
the gaunt lorca of the isles,
ribbon bound hair,
sea nets woven in wine.
three years in a forehead,
sleeping in tinsel caves
on cardboard slats,
on fourth class decks
in french arms,
mad rabelais,
sleek and lovely anne,
beneath a tarpaulin,
her night breasts,
the closed bodega,
screaming in her cavern
I am a scavenger from Cliche,
and the sprayed figs,
the sandy tar in her groin,
bread dipped in sardine juice,
so many teeth for one mouth--
my dear scarlet robe and sandals,
I shall wait on the mainland
with a crab in my trousers.

...Albert Norman

PAUL GRAY'S CH. BARRAGE

No Barrage & No CH



If the theater must rely, in some way at least, on deception or illusion, that stuff of the theater must have some guts or it loses contact with that world which it is trying to be a part of. It will provide no new insights or perceptions, stimulate no sleepy parts of our souls, arouse in us no vision of our world, either as it is or as it ought to be.

Paul Gray's production was a failure, especially since it seemed to want to be relevant, to be new, to be exciting, and even thought-provoking. It failed because all Gray succeeded in doing was to make a series of theatrical gestures, each one as hollow as the next, hardly a one with that "stuff of the theater" which makes us aware of the phoniness of the stage and marvelously in contact with the "real world" at the same time.

The phoniness of the theater is not a new perception. Role-playing received Aristophanes' wildest attention, and Pirandello formulated the mind-twisting conundrum of the theater's "reality" with devastating thoroughness, fully implicating the audience in that game which is named "theater." Improvisation did not escape his attention either--how do you tell scripted action from improvised, for a certainty? Then how do you tell scripted action from "real life" role-playing (what is the "self?"). Then how do you tell the play from "life itself", that is: is there, after all, any distinction between art and life at all? Pirandello answers by saying that art, like the Platonic Ideas, is eternal: it has form and cannot die. But this, like his melodramatic plots, points to his weakness and not to his strength. Pirandello showed us in his harder (and his funnier) moments that the problem of the distinction is really what endures.

But that problem is of course very abstract. In some commonsensical way we can always tell when we are in the theater(or can we?), Some playwrights like Brecht thrive on this commonsensical reality.

But suppose we wish to challenge the distinction not by means of a treatise like this, but by means of theatrical experience itself? What shall we do? Shall we not use a combination of improvisation and planning which will confuse the audience? Shall we not try to induce, perhaps even coerce the audience into participating so that the theater becomes blurred and (hopefully) life becomes more vivid in the process?

If you grant some of this, then how do we begin? How about training actors to play roles that come from within them, improvising them into alarming crises that the audience will be unable to tolerate without active protest of some kind? How about training them to do this so well that they can change roles in an instant thereby shocking the audience back into their consciousness of being in a theater? How about involving the audience explicitly in structured games as a character or collection of characters so that they become integral to parts of the action at the very outset?

These were the things that it seemed to me Paul Gray was trying to do. He failed at all of them. I think this was because he had no clear idea of what he wanted to accomplish in the end, and so was unable to use the means he had gathered to operate with--including an excellent and somewhat courageous cast.

But let's examine this by looking at the experience which confronted us through the show.

In the first place there was the mystery of the title. The "Ch." hung over Madison for a week like a recrudescent cloud of spit. What did it mean? "Probably nothing," we all answered in defensive superiority at one time or another during our attempts to figure it out. But it was hollow. There was no meaning.

Then we went into the theater. We were handed slips with the names of well-known people, giving us a suggestion, I take it for a role to play. We were never challenged to play it. We were certainly never forced to play it. Suppose all Napoleons or all the Dwight MacDonalds were called on the stage at once and provoked. What would happen? Where was Norman Mailer anyhow? A good fight would have been a relief. Dean Martin might have pulled someone's boobs out and poured bourbon on them. At least there would have been some excitement.

Instead, what? We were told we were to be a television audience--the dullest and most soporific collection of mediocrity-worshiping fools that even the entertainment world has ever known. We waved at the TV camera and grinned at the foolishness of our enjoyment... Ahhhh, a good start, they had us on the run!!!!...but nothing ever came of it. The horn blew at Mr. Gray's impulse and a little series of satire skits began.

Now nothing removes an audience like satire. The thoughtful, almost analytical attitude of the satire audience puts the stage in glaring lights and the actors under glass. They can cut through it only with ideas or with laughs so great that they hurt. Gray's satire was amusing at best, never trenchant and never full of yuks. Betsy Edelson's bit as the cautioning old Lady shushing the audience and interpreting for them Fred Stone's funny lecture on the erotic elements in My Country Tis of Thee--this was probably the high point of the show. Would she had been given a chance to milk her gag, to get angry, to attack the audience, to force someone to defend himself, to humor her--most anything would have worked... but Gray blew his horn.

Then there were the films and slides. Why? To show us the parallel between Nazi Germany and the contemporary U.S.? Apparently. To decry violence? Perhaps. It was amusing and frightening to hear Harry Truman call Hiroshima a military target and Calvin Coolidge remind us that "the business of America is business." But why? The Nuremburg Trials are used just to put a joke on General Westmorland. What for? Films are absorbing. They draw the audience into a different kind of illusion, one achieved alone and in the dark--and in that dark it is damn hard to keep the theater from vanishing altogether. Besides, I, like many others, was handed a slip telling me my picture would appear sometime on some screen and to watch for it. Why build disappointment into the play? Certainly the movie screens needed no help in attracting attention from anyone.

And once we were attracted to the screens, what was to be our relationship to them? The presence of live actors suggests that they are either supposed to tell us by what they do, or put us in a situation where our relation to the film-narrative is revealed. Instead we got more satire. There was a tense re-enactment of the lines of battle between students and cops, but as it turned out the name of the game was not "riot," but "leave the scene before the crisis comes"... for Gabriel Gray blew his horn again and we were left comfortably bored in our seats.

The Name of the Game was supposed to be "Hire the Morally Handicapped," but we saw pictures of Goldwater, Eisenhower, LBJ, Che, Castro, Khrush-

(continued page 14)

REVIEW OF THE DISSENTING ACADEMY

R.C.A. owns Random House which in turn owns Pantheon and Knopf, and of course they produce anything that will sell, including radar for killing women and children in Vietnam, color television which emits radiation, and now a series of books called anti-textbooks of which THE DISSENTING ACADEMY is the first.

Perhaps we can take comfort in the fact that books about the failure of the university have enough of a market to make their publication profitable. According to the inside flap of the Pantheon cover, each collection "will stress work being done by young scholars and the criticism which they have to offer both of the way in which their subject is taught and the role that it is playing in the society as a whole." The essays in THE DISSENTING ACADEMY present a fantastic variety. Those by Staughton Lynd, Marshall Windmiller, Kathleen Gough, Robert Engler, and Noam Chomsky are exciting, even thrilling, and present a strong argument that we hope will sink into the status quo academic professionals on the campus. The Chomsky article on "The Responsibility of Intellectuals" is reprinted from the February 23, 1967 issue of the New York Review. It is the most important, and probably convinced the publishers to produce the book.

Some of the essays, especially the one by Gordon Zahn on "The Catholic University" seem to have been used as filler in order to achieve 300 pages. One recent essay is obviously missing. Howard Zinn, who recently helped with the release of three American airmen from North Vietnam, has written a brilliant article entitled "History as Private Enterprise" which appeared in The Critical Spirit: Essays in Honor of Herbert Marcuse (Beacon 1967). This should become a classic, is relevant in the entire academic world, and would have made THE DISSENTING ACADEMY much more worthy of being called an "anti-text." Zinn shows how the fragmentary nature of historical research precludes a concerted effort to use history to shed light on present-day social problems.

Roszak characterizes the American academic as "entrenched social irrelevance" who produces whatever services the society will pay for without any discrimination about what his services will now or eventually be used for. Long ago we learned from Paul Goodman that a community of scholars did not exist, and of course Roszak picks up on this and chides his fellow-academics for too much allegiance to the department and the profession. He also picks up the liberal cliche that the academic only thinks and never acts. They are separate and incompatible activities because the professors have "opted out of politics." But as Howard Zinn points out, they were never actively in.

In the Preface Roszak says that the essays in this book "seek to formulate a conception of intellect that would make the professions and higher learning as a whole relevant to the task of creating an active and enlightened citizenry." Noam Chomsky says "It is the responsibility of intellectuals to speak the truth and expose lies." He speaks of the deceit and distortion, naivete, and lack of historical perspective surrounding the war, but more important, the contempt that intellectuals as well as politicians have toward the public. And he wonders how much of this behavior can be tolerated with silence.

Chomsky carefully challenges the establishment intellectuals, and exposes such liberals as Irving Kristol, McGeorge Bundy, Herman Kahn, Daniel Bell, and Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. Exposure is rather simple. Of course Chomsky fills in the facts, such as a discussion of Kristol's distinction between responsible and other forms of criticism. One of his most beautiful tidbits is an excerpt from Professor David N. Rowe of Yale.

Rowe proposes that the U.S. buy all surplus wheat so that there will be mass starvation in China. "Mind you, I am not talking about this as a weapon against the Chinese people. It will be. But that is only incidental. The weapon will be a weapon against the Government because the internal stability of that country cannot be sustained by an unfriendly Government in the face of starvation."

Robert Engler, a teacher at Queens College, states eloquently the case against the modern American university, and takes the social sciences to task one by one, documenting their "collective irresponsibility." "The university...has become another vested interest in the great protective society, and as such, an integral member of the chorus celebrating the American Way." He has made an excellent choice of language, referring to universities as the "refineries for white-collar America."

Unlike some of the other contributors, Professor Engler takes time out for the students. "The quest for truth about trivia provides limitless full employment for a growing procession of dutiful graduate students trained in methodology but culturally deprived and innocent about social realities."

He makes a brilliant commentary on graduate students: "Good undergraduates, when not completely turned off, are generally intellectually more open-minded and alive than all but the best of graduate students, a commentary not on graduate genes but on graduate systems." Graduate students learn quickly that being professional means never asking questions that matter. Asking them often means castration.

It is not surprising that the historian represented in this collection is Staughton Lynd, and furthermore, that he has written one of the better articles, and less long-winded. Lynd points to the critical problem of how research is carried out and what we ought to believe, and concludes that the great problem is not the "mishandling of evidence, but the selection of a research design." In part this is the ability to draw lessons from history rather than only narrate it, as he points out.

Professor Lynd points three duties of the critical radical historian: "The historian's first duty... is the sensitive chronicling in depth of the important events of his own lifetime." "A second, presently unfamiliar task for the historian would be the projection of alternative futures on the basis of the richness of our past experiences." Finally, he argues that writing history "does not necessarily involve being a historian: in other words, that chronicling and envisioning are functions which might be as well or better done by many persons in part of their time than on a full-time basis by a professional few. He who acts as well as watches may acquire kinds of knowledge unavailable to him who watches only."

All of the articles are concerned with students, who as Roszak points out, must look outside academia for "the defiant minds of the time." It is sad indeed, but typical, that there is no essay by a student and no essay from outside the university. One assumes that the editor and R.C.A., have decided that a student voice of the proper intellectual capabilities does not exist. The voice of Paul Goodman from outside the official academy is sadly, and obviously, missing. I suggest that the readers consult back issues of New Left Notes, the national SDS newsletter, in order to fill-in the empty spaces in this book. For an interesting book of student essays, that are dissenting also, see the collection edited at San Francisco State by Otto Butz published in 1966.

Specifics about how to seriously change the academic world, proposals for drastic overhaul, are not to be found in this book. There are hints, but that is all. This is because, as Howard Zinn points out, intellectuals and academics have never gotten themselves together and decided to crack the society or the university. Everybody is doing his own thing, and there is no group commitment to abolishing the war, poverty, or racism.

--Thomas Rose







"I like the State High School basketball tournament that is where the old pep is...It has more color than a rainbow upside down." --Roundy

The color is white this time, Roundy. A curious phenomenon will mark the WIAA State Basketball Championships of 1968, that is, the lack of representation from Milwaukee. Specifically, this means that for the first time in several years the nefarious "inner core" will not make an appearance in the Madison finals.

In the shuffle between the Core teams (Milwaukee's North, Lincoln, and Rufus King) only Rufus King survived the regionals, beating North, undefeated and top-ranked in the state, by the score of 97-74. The fact that North had previously beaten King in conference competition seemed to reiterate the obvious implications of the past five seasons--that the black teams in Milwaukee's twelve team City Conference would meet and decide the State Champion at the Brookfield Sectional, making the finals in Madison by an anticlimax. No so this season.

Upstart King, after a fine showing against North, was shot down by Brookfield East (of the Suburban Conference) by the score of 78 to 73, inuring Madison of an all white final. So dominant had the City Conference been recently (e.g. Milwaukee Lincoln has taken the State Championship in three out of the past five years) that winner North was given automatic top-seating in the final UPI-AP ratings while excellent Manitowoc (21-0) was relegated to second billing. With the elimination of the Milwaukee "big boys," however, the winner of the Neenah (19-2) vs. Manitowoc (21-0) sectional will be the odds-on favorite for the title. Also likely to be on hand will be Schofield, Eau Claire Memorial, Beloit, LaCrosse Central, Kimberly and the winner of the Racine Horlick vs. South Milwaukee contest. Brookfield East (by virtue of their win over King) or Eau Claire Memorial are the favorites to meet the Neenah-Manitowoc winner (likely Manitowoc) in the final, although Beloit is a good dark horse.

More important than the final victor is the tournament itself. It is without question the event of Wisconsin's modest social season. Not even a healthy clubs-and-curses "student riot" (as per October 18th) can put Madison on its ear like the sudden inundation of up to 20,000 teeny-boppers sporting athletic jackets from exotic Rice Lake and cheerleaders' daring mini-skirts a la Wausau. All but the most inebriated slink from their weekend homes in the State St. bars, and the Rathskeller's fixtures exit like rats from the sinking ship save for the very brave and those who enjoy being gawked at. Graduate students and professors disappear entirely. More shocking still for those who are new to this Wisconsin institution is the fact that the good citizens of Madison actually take the troops into their homes for the duration. (This, I assure you, is a phenomenon duplicated by no other state in this country.) Last minute pleas by the martyrs who run the Madison Youth Council program manage to house most of the charges in respectable domains of the Madison middle class (this of course to prevent excessive imbibing by the newly legal. The dormitories, home of pot, W.E.B. DuBois, and other forms of perversion are strictly off-limits, and locked up tight during the siege.) The latter policy (i.e. segregating the students from the jungen) seems to be amenable to all as the high schoolers seek each others camaderie, the good citizens fear the potential loss of the physical and political innocence of the former, and the students are scared shitless by the sheer mass of high school humanity--or perhaps they see reflections of themselves of not so long ago which conflict with their newer, more sophisticated self-images.

Whatever the case, Madison is divided en partes tres for the Ides, and the belligerents seldom mingle. The sociological aspects of Madison's gala weekend affair may only be an exercise in the preservation of society for Madison's altruistic parentage and self-preservation for the students, but for the troops it's R & R (rest and relaxation) in a big way. For most of the visitors bustling Madison is--I'm sad to say--"Big Town." From Dodgeville, Cuba City, Lake Mills, and Boscobel they come--Madison is a gay virgin for those who spend a lifetime in the provinces be it Beaver Dam or Milwaukee. And besides the "bright lights" she can get you drunk, laid, and maybe even stoned. So the troops (now potential freshmen) drink it up and take it in, while the home folks worry about "how ya gonna keep them down on the farm" ("...once they've seen big M-town"). And they want to come back--to Langdon Street, the KK, the Fieldhouse, the fantastic Southeast dormitories (they've been allowed to see only the lobbies)--full time. In the end the State Championships are a lesson in the Puritan ethic: one pays for careless frivolity with fire and brimstone; that is, the gay weekend results in a four year internment for many transgessors.

With this assurance of freshly harvested bales of human fodder to be sifted and winnowed in the educational mill, the University and Madison welcome the travelers with open arms. The lucky ones get laid, and everybody gets drunk, so the pain of another championship for Milwaukee is assuaged ("But Jesus, those guys can sure run, jump, and shoot"). The troops return quietly to the front on Monday to the tune of Chief Emery whistling "They were a great bunch of kids. We had no trouble whatsoever." (Translation: "Sure they drank, fought, and stole State Street blind, but we'll bust their asses when they get here full time. Nobody smokes pot on my beat.") The younger generation is yet safe and uncorruptable and the sighs of relief and heard throughout Madison. Even the governor joins the applause (Incidentally, where was the Honorable Warren Knowles during the emergency Governors' Conference in Washington in March, 1967? That's right, baby, our boy sat tight at the State Tournament. After all, there are priorities!). Once again Madison is unified, peace and brotherhood reign throughout Wisconsin.

All is well.

--Pete Seeley



fugs

tions make us susceptible to being grabbed because of the superficials of the lyrics, then we are the worst sort of victims. In the broadest sense, any total criticism of American society and its war machine must include the aesthetic implications. Somehow the Fugs manage to negate this, and not in the least by personifying an anti-aesthetic themselves.

Of course they're clever. And they often are very funny. But it's second rate stuff, musically, politically, and pornographically. Only the lead guitarist (who looked a combination bored and high) had the least bit of musical imagination, and he was rarely given more than four bars at a time to show it. The drummer occasionally kept time. It was difficult to hear the tambourine, so for him judgment is reserved.

My plea here on the political level, to the extent that such level can be isolated, is not simply for taste in one's opposition to the War. The nature and tactics of the bad guys preclude any de facto responsibility of this sort. It is the suspicion of con that is bothersome. Smut and Fuck Johnson and turned up amps to cover bad music and to lead us to wow and groovy. There is an element of insult in it, even of complicity with the enemy. And I fear it, and dwell on it, I suppose, because I probably am as vulnerable to it as most anyone. And we wouldn't want our revolution in such terms now, would we...

--Steve Shapiro

Ch. Barrage

"THEATER IS IN THE DOING"

Two speech majors, Jerry Peary and Dan Larner, have complained in detail about Paul Gray's hoax in Madison. Both of them have snarled into the distances separating Bennington's editor of The Drama Review and their own conception of "experimental theater." Gray's play bored, angered, and hurt them. They resented being treated like the boobs who watch the Johnny Carson show. Both complain that neither the audience nor the actors would be free, given Gray's direction, to have a valid, new theatrical experience. Gray's play was pointless; Gray's direction was inconsistent.

The assumptions both reviews made are similar: the theater should give us a "satisfying" experience, and, if it is called experimental, it should be bizarre. It is no smear, just truth, that these assumptions are general in the speech departments of most colleges.

Gray's first success was that he ignored these demands and concentrated on his aim of controlled improvisation. Even within the limits demanded by intricate technical effects, the actors could play up to the screened images, to the audience, or back into the ensemble. They didn't always do any of these things and Gray, reviewers charge, allowed them to get caught with their asses hanging out.

That was his second success. He repeatedly warned the cast what it would be up against and told them nothing would save them but themselves. Perhaps a few of them did not believe him, but several of the cast rose to the challenge very well, especially in the final show. Actors who succeeded involved themselves with the audience, switched roles rapidly, and played to each other through it all.

Gray confronted the cast with the idea of ensemble consciousness; half of them understood it, even after intensive rehearsals (not the "few days" that Larner claims).

Gray hit the audience with the idea of limited participation; most of them accepted it, sensing the gradual overpowering of limited participation (sometimes called corporate democracy) by events (sometimes called history).

Gray's concept and direction of Ch. Barrage drove deep and he wasn't thinking of pleasing comfortable people or people who wanted to have a "good time." His play worked as a juxtaposition on and shattering of cliches (even the present one, "kick the director.")

He succeeded, too, in putting role-playing and improvisation squarely into the consciousness of theater people here: Stu Gordon, who came to try-outs of Ch. to try to steal a cast for his play, will imitate Gray; Barry Bursak, who called on Ch. actors to meet with him in holy fellowship and Gray-execration this weekend, will try to use Gray's training to get a show together that is slightly more modern than last decade's avant-garde; Marvin Jawer and the Nude Playwrights are skirmishing with role-playing in rehearsals for their next success--my god, do I hear a Wisconsin Player talking about his "who"?

I'm not putting all these down--I want them to get in there and produce fine drama, as many of them, even our critics, have done. But that's the point--that's Gray's point (call him lunatic if you will, Barry, call him disappointing if you will, Jerry; call him chicken, Dan!--theater is in the doing. Or to put it another way: what have you done for theater this year? Are you going to grow up to be a critic?

--Morris Edelson

ALDERMANIC RACE cont.

from page 5

students (such as Zwicker at Madison) and professors (like Resnikoff at Eau Claire), archaic and authoritarian codes of conduct, sterile conceptions of education as job training, active university participation in U.S. imperialism, etc. ad nauseam. Out of all this can come permanent dorm councils and departmental associations which can serve immediate needs and move toward long-term, decisive change. In addition, the recent changes in selective slavery regulations have guaranteed a long hot spring and a wild, wild week-end of a summer. It is the draft, more than any other single issue, which can catalyze a powerful student movement to resist the oppression and challenge the power of the university and ultimately of corporate America.

Nor is organizational activity limited in any way to the campus community. The draft affects everybody, and draft counseling and/or resistence can be undertaken all over the state. Wisconsin's high school students are becoming increasingly restive under the weight of extremely arbitrary sets of rules and regulations and the prospect of the draft after graduation. Students dropping out or graduating can organize in their own communities, as some are doing at the East Side Co-op, and as others are on Milwaukee's white south side. Supportive action can be given to Milwaukee's black movement and the attempts to organize by Wisconsin's migrant workers and university employees, which in turn may lead to greater co-operation and co-ordination among the various sectors of the Movement.

The problem of reaching out to the largest potential constituency of all, that great amorphous mass known as "middle-class America," is only now being recognized. Grads moving into, or already in, the professions are now beginning the long, arduous task of organizing within the white-collar world. A few such nascent activities: initiating attempts to dispel the Kafkaesque atmosphere haunting the halls of Ford and IBM by organizing informal political unions to challenge the institution's power structure around such issues as control of the work situation and the firm's role in a militarized economy; encouraging internal democracy in the classroom, making curriculum more relevant to students' lives, radicalizing other teachers, and making the school a center for reaching out to the students' parents and the community; or organizing residential "communes" around such problems as consumption and credit, and creating a communal life-style conducive to increased political activity outside the community.

This, then, is where it's at, slowly picking up momentum, its hour coming round at last, this chaotic creature of a Movement slouching its way through the great American desert toward a Bethlehem which can be born only in our own hearts and built only by our own hands.

-- George Hanley

McCARTHY cont.

from page 9

present danger to the status quo the ax falls.

University faculty should stop worrying so much about what the legislature thinks, and more about what a University is. If the Wisconsin faculty had the same determination as the New York garbagemen, the University of Wisconsin could be a locus of moral courage, instead of an academic service station. Yes it can be risky. It can take a toll in salaries and research contracts, but is that the ultimate goal of a University?

When the liberals set their goals and evince a willingness to take risks for them--then they will re-enter meaningful politics.

* * *

McCarthy was launched by Humphrey, catapaulted into fame by Stevenson, and has as a personal hero Sir Thomas More. The fate of the first barely needs mentioning, the second found himself publicly defending actions that he privately despised, the third lost his head in an act that was personally brave but politically irrelevant.

-- Joe Davidson

SELF DEFENSE

Fifty to sixty Chicago women were given instructions on the proper ways to kick, jab, stab, gouge and otherwise mutilate men at a lecture given recently by a member of the Chicago Police Department.

Catherine Johnson delivered the hour-long talk in the Wallace Lounge of the University of Chicago in response to student requests to the Department for information on self defense in light of several instances of attacks and rapes in the past few weeks.

Mrs. Johnson recommended screaming, fingernails in eyes, and kicking. She explained that kicking is relatively valueless unless the shoe is ground into the attacker's shin. "This has a very good effect," she stated.

She deemed most effective an attack on what she called "the family jewels." "This is a beautiful area," she stated.

Enumerating handy weapons that a girl might have, Mrs. Johnson included jabbing the corner of a book into the attacker's adam's apple ("this gets a nice result") umbrellas ("use the point") and a ball point pen or pencil in the temple of the ear.

Mrs. Johnson gave a brief anatomy lesson, pointing out that such areas as the windpipe, solar plexus and kidneys could be handy spots for an effective attack.

She also stated that sometimes it is advisable to cooperate with a rapist. "At least," she stated, "you've still got your life."

--LNS

from THE CHICAGO MAROON

"CH. BARRAGE" (continued from page 11)

chev, all together. In the eyes of some they may be all morally handicapped, but there are distinctions which might have been preserved. As it was there was no clarity. It was a grab-bag filled with cream-of-wheat.

Cream-of-wheat came to life in the charming hostess who conducted us through the historical narrative of the evening. She was so nice, so charming, so strong--I nestled all night the comfort of her accommodation ("You don't have to play roles, kids, if you don't want to") and was sorry to be interrupted in my imaginings by the play.

The most unmissable hollow gesture o of all was our black "Anarchist Poet" who was neither anarchist nor poet. If it is the anarchist who can lump together all those "morally handicapped," maybe it is also the anarchist who can find art in "Ch. Barrage." But since it had no guiding notion, no intended relationship with its audience, no internal stuff to fill out such a shell, then only the virtue of anarchy could have saved it. But that didn't happen either. The greatness of anarchy, as Brendan Behan brilliantly showed us, is that it can be fun, and that with no rules and no forms you can have a ball. Nobody had fun and the Ch.-bar-Ch. At the end of The Hostage our hero says "Get a pint of what's left over, Now I'll say goodbye to you." At the end of "Ch. Barrage" Paul Gray blew his horn on the only fascinating game of the evening--the stripping game--and warm-lovely hostess told us, OK, kiddies, you can go home now. There is no pint left over, just an overwhelming emptiness--pure gesture. As one member of the audience said in a really spontaneous line, "The name of the game is Boredom." Or rather, let us use Gray's own terms: the name of that final game was "Chicken or Dare." Paul Gray chickened out before the problems of the task he set himself. Perhaps he never saw them.

If these problems are important to the creation of exciting social theater in our time, then maybe "the name of the game is confrontation"--confrontation with these problems in a series of difficult experiments. But "Ch. Barrage" was not one of those experiments. Actors cannot be prepared in a few days. Effects cannot be guessed at with such shoddiness. Humor cannot be extracted from the teeth of cliches from old Ionesco plays ("He has no head!.."). The name of the game is training, discipline, imagination and courage. The cast had little of the first two, lots of the last. Gray evidently had some of the third, but no guts at all; and, as it seemed to me, no vision.

It will be interesting to see whether or not, back at Bennington, the girls there will let Paul Gray go on with this coitus interruptus version of experimental drama. Here at dry Old Wis, we badly need a pregnancy.

-- Dan Larner





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APPEALS COMMITTEE HEARS ZWICKER CASE

(This is a pre-print from the Daily Cardinal of Friday, March 22, 1968)

The Appellate Division of the Committee on Student Conduct and Appeals yesterday announced their decision to turn down Robert Zwicker's request for permission to re-enter the University of Wisconsin.

Two long weeks have passed since Saturday, March 10, the initial day of hearings, when Ralph Hanson, head of the University's Protection and Security, and self-styled student, spent seven hours on the witness stand. It might be noted parenthetically that Mr. Hanson has spent many hours on the witness stand this academic year, reciting tales of the same protests, with only some "minor and insignificant" changes along the way. Mr. Hanson noted several times during his testimony that he had seen Mr. Zwicker with the recently-departed Robert Cohen and that he considered Mr. Zwicker a "Leader," but insisted that these two factors did not influence his decision about whom to arrest. When further questioned as to why in that case Zwicker was being penalized for actions taken in concert with large groups of other people (as on October 18, 1967, defense elaborated, when each demonstrator turned to his neighbor and advised him to link arms) Hanson countered that he was not in a position to answer that question, that he only worked for the University and did not make policy for it.

On the Monday before Wednesday, March 13, the second day of the hearings, Zwicker had an army physical in Milwaukee.

The five days of the hearings saw many University notables testify, most of them witnesses for the prosecution. Among these were Chancellor William Sewell and Dean of Student Affairs Joseph Kauffman. The latter, formerly of Brandeis University, penned the first letter to Zwicker at the end of last semester informing him that he would not be permitted to re-enter the University except through the "good offices" of the Appellate Division. On the stand Kauffman reiterated his original statement that Zwicker did not have proper respect for University rules and regulations. Richard L. Cates, attorney for the University, objected when counsel for the defense remarked that perhaps Kauffman did not have proper respect for the Constitution of the United States.

On the fourth day of the hearings the defense produced a secret witness, Mary Rowney, a bread-baker. She explained the circumstances in which Zwicker resisted a Union official in the exercise of his duties, one of the actions with which the University has charged him. She and some friends had attempted to give out free, home-baked bread in the Union one Saturday afternoon early in November. They had been assaulted by a self-styled Union official in a white jacket who hustled them out of the building with the explanation that they were not a student registered group and that to give out free bread was against Union regulations. She and her friends solicited the aid of the CONNECTIONS staff who met with the bread people in the Union the following Saturday afternoon to participate in the bread ceremony. They set up just opposite the Rathskellar, armed with many loaves of pink, green and yellow bread, and several jars of apple butter. The man in the white jacket appeared three times, each time intoning the Union injunction against giving out free bread if you weren't a student registered group, and in a final gesture, swooped down on the table and attempted to gather up all the remaining bread. It was at this juncture that Zwicker, aided by several others, put the Union man on notice that as far as they were concerned, giving out free bread was an act which justified itself and did not have to be registered. Cates, on cross-examination, asked the witness whether her mother knew she was giving out free bread in the Union.

500 students gathered inside and outside the Law School to hear the verdict of the Appellate Division. It read in part:

> Some will say that this is a case of blind justice, but that could not be more incorrect. We have come to the decision with our eyes fully open, toward the end of realizing a true consensus of opinion on this campus.

The students immediately dissented.

ECONOMISTS FRONT FOR THE LIBERATION OF THE FATHERLAND

The following letter was circulated in the UW Economics Department by members of an anti-draft group, the Economists Front for the Liberation of the Fatherland. It was written in response to a memo from Prof. W. Lee Mansen, who discussed the effect that the abolishment of graduate deferments would have. While calling the whole matter "exceedingly complex," Mansen estimated that the chances of a grad student's being drafted slightly higher than 15 percent.

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Feb. 25, 1968
To: Faculty and Graduate Students
From: Rob McBride, Brian Peckham, and others
Subject: Where are all the young men going...

We were pleased to see Professor Mansen's memo of last Wednesday regarding the draft and its impact. Such an expression of faculty concern for student problems is indeed a welcome event. However, while we recognize the contribution that Professor Mansen has made to our understanding of the draft problem, we would like to supplement his remarks with some thoughts of our own, both on conscription itself and on the immediate impact of the new ruling on seniors and graduate students.

First, we stand against conscription itself as an institution destructive of human freedom and of harmony among nations. We deny that any government has the rightful authority to coerce and administer the lives of its citizens through any system of involuntary national service. We believe that conscription in America has fostered the growth of a militaristic, authoritarian society that increasingly places its faith in the power of violence to resolve the basic problems arising from human conflict.

In addition, the present Selective Service System violates the American tradition of church-state separation by giving sanction only to orthodox theological belief-systems as a basis for conscientious objection. The inequities of its policies have caused the terrible burdens of warfare to weigh disproportionately upon the

(continued on page six)

Program of the Liberal Club

Adopted viva voce by the Madison SDS seminar in Postwar American Liberalism, 2/29/68.

1. 200% increase in War on Poverty funds.
2. Bring industry into ghettoes to provide jobs.
3. Make unions admit ghetto people to membership.
4. End bombing and negotiate a coalition government with the NLF in the minority;

   and/or
5. Let the NLF take Vietnam, pour money into Thailand, etc.;

   and/or
6. Hire NLF leaders as advisers to Reconstruction program or as professors in American Universities teaching courses in Revolution.
7. Open housing.
8. Find ways to build new means of communication between labor and management.
9. Public relations training for police.
10. Subsidize small Negro enterprises.
11. Government aid to private enterprise for housing.
12. Hire poor people to take surveys.
13. Insist that no violence against constitutional rights will be tolerated, enforce this by starting with a few paramilitary rightists and then wipe out the militant black movement.
14. Tighten up loopholes in tax laws.
15. Crack down on pushers, but not users, of drugs.
16. Protect civil liberties, e.g. right to counsel.
17. Recognize China.
18. More foreign aid.

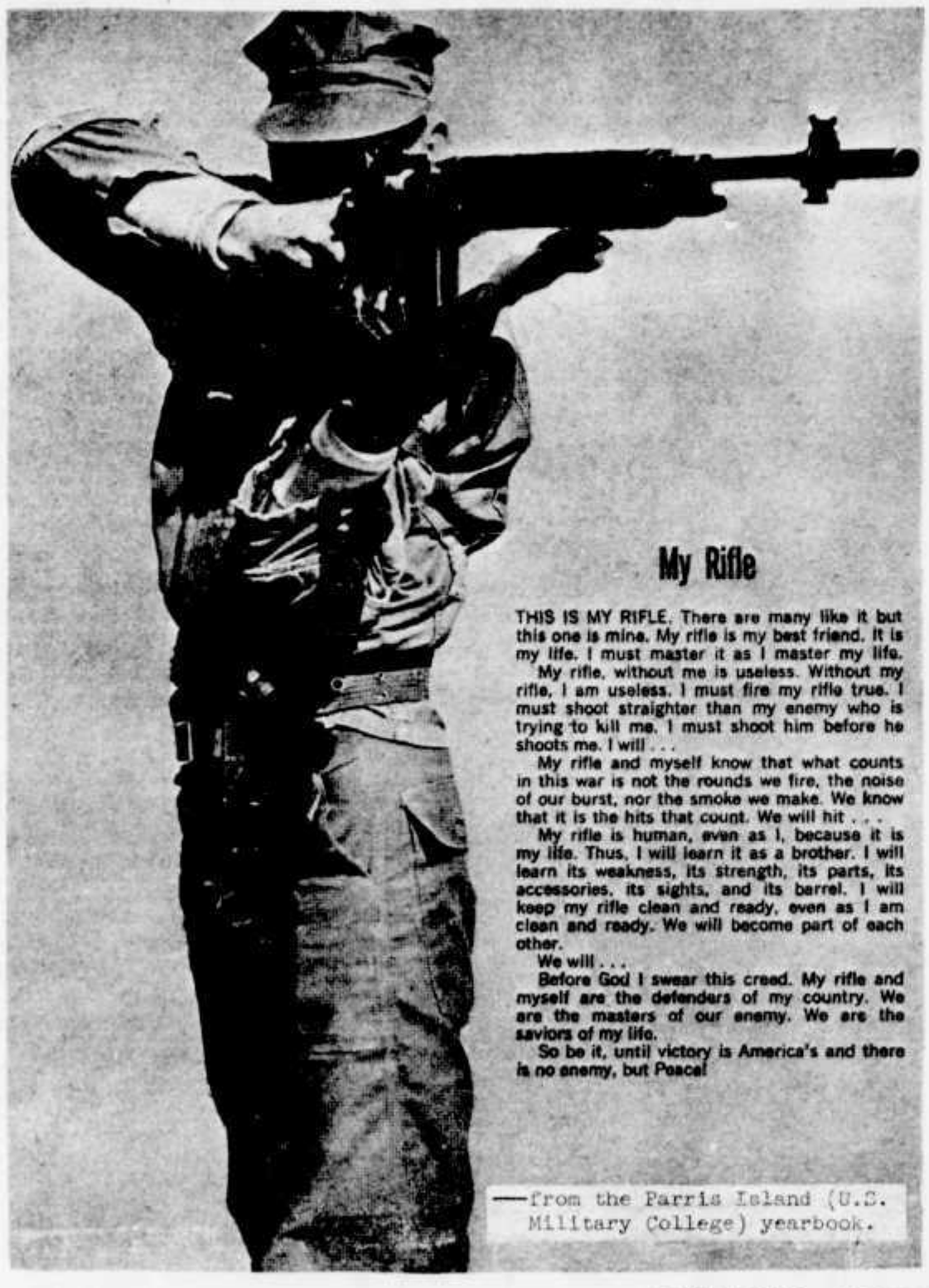
CONNECTIONS

VOL. 2 NO. 8 MARCH 23-APRIL 8 15¢/20¢

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OUR COUNTRY'S CALL TO SERVICE





My Rifle

THIS IS MY RIFLE. There are many like it but this one is mine. My rifle is my best friend. It is my life. I must master it as I master my life.

My rifle, without me is useless. Without my rifle, I am useless. I must fire my rifle true. I must shoot straighter than my enemy who is trying to kill me. I must shoot him before he shoots me. I will . . .

My rifle and myself know that what counts in this war is not the rounds we fire, the noise of our burst, nor the smoke we make. We know that it is the hits that count. We will hit . . .

My rifle is human, even as I, because it is my life. Thus, I will learn it as a brother. I will learn its weakness, its strength, its parts, its accessories, its sights, and its barrel. I will keep my rifle clean and ready, even as I am clean and ready. We will become part of each other.

We will . . .

Before God I swear this creed. My rifle and myself are the defenders of my country. We are the masters of our enemy. We are the saviors of my life.

So be it, until victory is America's and there is no enemy, but Peace!

—from the Parris Island (U.S. Military College) yearbook.

Basic training schedules go like this:

First week - Close-order drill, physical training and general subjects (courtesy, discipline, military justice, etc.).

Second and third weeks - Mechanical training with the M-14 rifle, hand-to-hand combat, bayonet drill, marches and bivouac (one night only), individual protective measures (camouflage and gas masks) and a preliminary physical fitness test to determine each man's agility and ability. Those who are weak in a particular area are given special exercises to build them up for the final physical fitness test to be taken in the seventh week.

Fourth and fifth weeks - Marksmanship training on the range and an evaluation that is like a mid-term report card. Drill sergeants work on individual weaknesses that have cropped up.

Sixth week - Record firing on the range, individual tactical training (creeping, crawling, using foxholes), work on the close-combat course in two- and three-man teams, firing on the move at pop-up targets.

Seventh week - Final physical fitness test in which a man must score 300 points to pass, infiltration course, with men crawling 100 yards at night through barbed wire and other obstacles under live machine-gun fire.

Eighth week - Proficiency test on military courtesy, justice, general subjects, drill and ceremonies, first aid and protective measures, guard duty, hand-to-hand combat, bayonet, individual tactical training. Results are added to those made on the range and on the final physical fitness test. A man must make 70 out of a possible 100 points to graduate from basic training. The average is 83. Those who don't pass (2 percent) are "re-cycled" into another battalion. For the rest, a two-week furlough, and then advanced training according to their specialties.

(From Jacquin Sanders, The Draft and the Vietnam War (New York, 1966), 132-133. Sanders has written stories on the draft for Newsweek.)

The meaning of the word "service," with its former restricted application to the armed forces, is certain to become widened much more in the future. This brings with it the ever increasing problem of how to control effectively the service of individuals who are not in the armed forces.

•••

It is in this atmosphere that the young man registers at age 18 and pressure begins to force his choice. He does not have the inhibitions that a philosophy of universal service in uniform would engender.

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The psychology of granting wide choice under pressure to take action is the American or indirect way of achieving what is done by direction in foreign countries where choice is not permitted. Here, choice is limited but not denied, and it is fundamental that an individual generally applies himself better to something he has decided to do rather than something he has been told to do.

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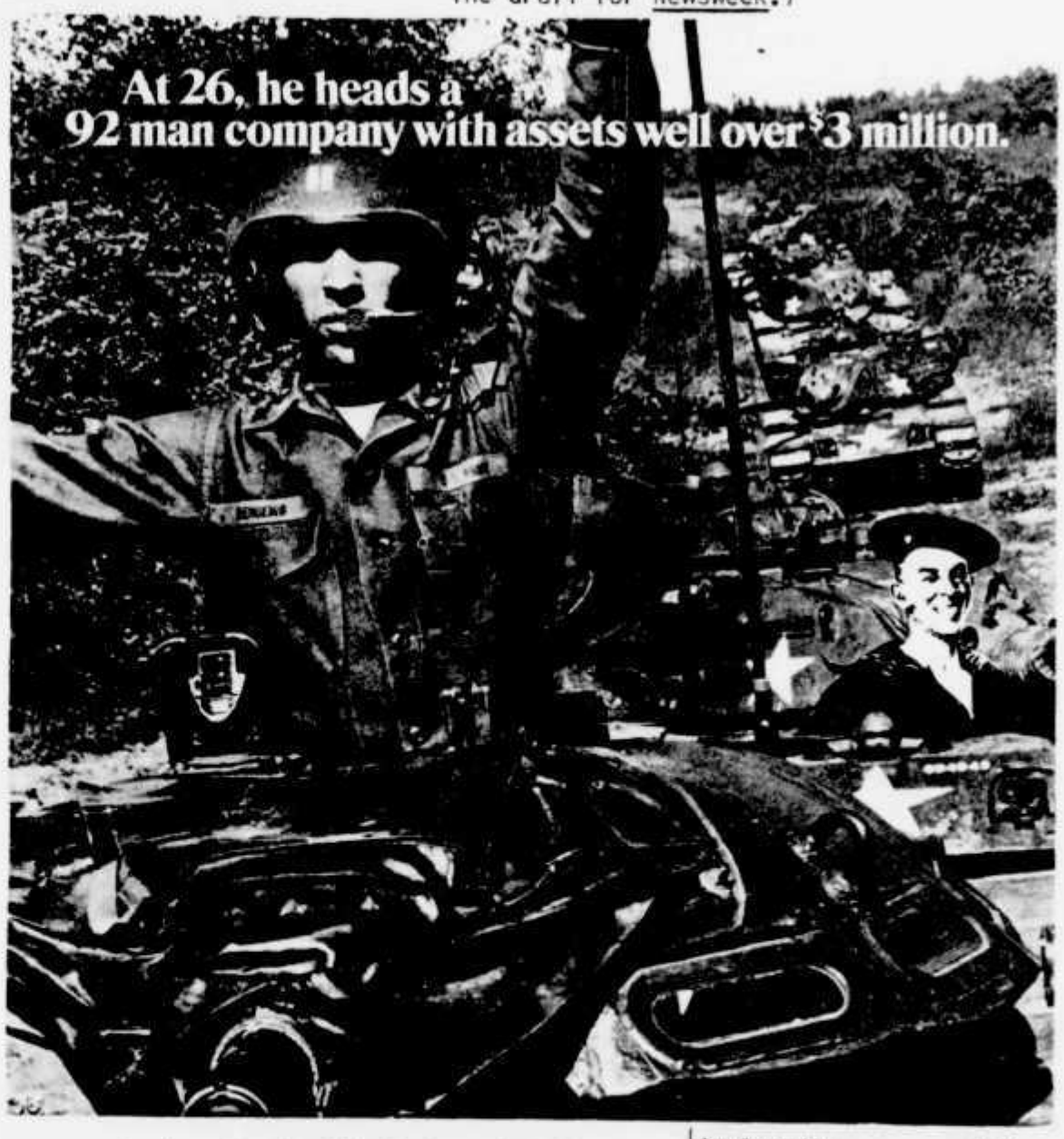
From the individual's viewpoint, he is standing in a room which has been made uncomfortably warm. Several doors are open, but they all lead to various forms of recognized, patriotic service to the Nation. Some accept the alternatives gladly--some with reluctance. The consequence is approximately the same.

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Deciding what people should do, rather than letting them do something of national importance of their own choosing, introduces many problems that are at least partially avoided when indirect methods, the kind currently in invoked by the Selective Service System, are used.

Delivery of manpower for induction, the process of providing a few thousand men with transportation to a reception center, is not much of an administrative or financial challenge. It is in dealing with the other millions of registrants that the System is heavily occupied, developing more effective human beings in the national interest. If there is to be any survival after disaster, it will take people, and not machines to restore the Nation. "Channeling,"

Selective Service System July, 1965



As an Army officer, Captain Rendeiro is years ahead of his college contemporaries in achieving genuine management responsibilities.

The armored company he commands has equipment assets well over $3 million. His monthly operating budget is $100,000. His payroll approaches $42,700 a month.

And Captain Rendeiro has an annual income that matches his responsibilities. He has the kind of financial security most middle-agers might envy. And he's only 26!

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Address_____
City_____
State_____ Zip Code_____
Phone_____ Age_____
College_____ Class of_____

"Every Wednesday and Saturday afternoon, U.M.T. groups visit nearby points of historical interest." (Trainees leaving bus or truck. As they leave vehicle, camera pans with them revealing sign reading 'Lincoln's Birthplace.') "These boys are studying America. They are learning about their country and its people. They are seeing new places...and making new friends." (Two U.M.T., entirely different types, grinning at each other about something on the scene - very friendly.)

"Blended with the U.M.T. program are lectures on American citizenship." (Boys of obviously different types, sitting in room listening to lecture... Officer lecturing to class. He points toward the blackboard. Camera pans to blackboard on which the following is written: 'We hold these truths to be self-evident: (1) That all men are created equal, (2) that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, (3) that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.')

"There are lectures on good manners." (Written on the board now is a list of some common exhortations on good manners: '(1) Give the lady your seat; (2) say, "Thank you," etc.)

From the topkick, up and down, profanity, gambling, and drinking are prohibited and bring disciplinary action. Mental, moral, and physical health - this is a motto.

"Most of the U.M.T. program is conducted during duty hours, but after 5 o'clock, and on weekends, the U.M.T. plan also calls for guidance of leisure time. There are facilities for every hobby. There is a P.X. - but no beer is sold to trainees. On week ends, there are dances at the Service Club - " (Groups of boys and girls entering, girls in evening dresses.) "but every young lady is selected with care before she is invited to a U.M.T. dance. The trainees' friends are watched with care. Before a youngster may stay overnight in town, he must have a definite place to stay." (Boy with civilian visitors. The couple are mother and father types, the boy a trainee, all standing at edge of dance floor. They are just turning to leave, boy helping mother with her coat.)

"But U.M.T. is a military organization. The boys get a good slice of Army life." (Cook's knife as it slices Spam.) "They are not being kid-gloved. They are not being pampered. In U.M.T. there has been no compromise with the essentials of sound discipline. There has been no compromise with the fact that these boys are here to receive military training - to learn how to fight - how to defend themselves. Should their country need them, they'll be ready. Trainees learn war's basic weapons. They get an insight into the kind of world we're living in today." (Training montage (1) Rifle range firing. (2) Grenades. (3) Mortars. (4) Machine guns. (5) Rocket launchers. (6) Tanks. (7) Antiaircraft. (8) Fox-hole digging. (9) Infiltration course. (10) Running through woods, falling, getting up, running on. (11) Medical platoon work. (12) Signal Corps work. (13) Engineer bridge building.) "Today's soldier must know many weapons well. He must know how to use them and how to protect himself against them. More weapons require longer training.

"Today's soldier must also specialize. After basic training comes specialist training. In the intricate clockwork of a modern Army, the man and the machine are geared together, and the man, too, must be polished to a fine precision. This takes time. One doesn't become a radar specialist Whether they go back to school or into civilian industry, U.M.T. trainees will form a reservoir of trained men and skilled technicians - in case we need them in a hurry again.

"At Fort Knox, these boys are becoming leaders." (Large groups on drill field.) "The leadership they develop here, they will carry with them to civilian jobs. They learn to talk. They learn to listen. They learn how to study. They learn neatness, orderliness. This isn't regimentation, this is self-discipline, the kind of discipline that builds character.

"The Army is fully aware that these are teen-age boys. The Army has planned U.M.T. just for them. To every company commander and every drill sergeant, this fact is constantly stressed, by U.M.T.'s commanding officer, Brig. Gen. John Devine.

"General Devine: 'Over 65 percent of our trainees here are 18 years old. At that age more complete guidance is necessary than with mature men. We aren't babying them (smile, then serious again) but we are constantly guiding and guarding their mental, moral, and physical development here. We are adhering to those ideals that are dear to every American mother and father - for the fate of tomorrow's world depends on these young men, and what they are.'

"The fate of tomorros's world depends on clear thinking, on convictions born of intelligent understanding. It depends on good health, on strength of body and on the confidence of moral character. The fate of tomorrow's world depends on our working together toward these basic ideals of democracy. U.M.T. is democracy in uniform - to help keep war away - to build future years of peace."

House Report, No. 1073, Committee on Expenditures in the Executive Department, "Investigation of Participation of Federal Officials of the War Department in Publicity and Propaganda as it Relates to U.M.T.", July 24, 1947, pp. 51-57.

These men are soldiers. In another age, they would be called patriots.

To address them as patriots would probably embarrass them. They think of themselves simply as soldiers doing a job that's got to be done.

Their view embodies a hallowed code. What some people call commitment, they call duty. What some call national integrity, they call honor.

Where some use a thousand words to explain our involvement, they use but one. Country. Their Country. Your Country.

Your future, your decision... choose ARMY.

¿DO THE DRAFT YOUR HIGHSCHOOLS MINDS?

Madison School Superintendant Douglas S. Ritchie is a frightened man. "Nationally printed material has been circulated on how to upset the schools, how to get in touch with the Civil Liberties Union," Ritchie complains, and if immediate steps to correct this situation aren't taken, "anarchy and chaos within the schools can develop" (Capital Times, 2/27/68). Equating anarchy with the exercise of civil liberties is much in vogue these days among administrators at all levels (somehow President Johnson and General Hersey come to mind), but at the high school level the prospect that students might begin dressing the way they want to or begin thinking and acting independently seems to provoke extreme reactions by the administrators, and even the students wonder why. Few high school students get a chance to ask whether they are being educated or are instead being disciplined into acceptance of a life which they would never choose for themselves. But the administrators know the answer. The goal is not education, but planned acquiescence; and the trick is to make tooling look like teaching.

"WELCOME TO SOUTH!" burbles Principal Hahn of Sheboygan South High School. "Students who have been attending South recognize the sincerity of the above welcome. They know from experience that every effort is made to make a student feel at home... South High School has the professional staff, the physical plant, and equipment geared to meet the needs of every student" (Sheboygan South's school newspaper, 9/29/67). Like Sheboygan South, Madison high schools are also geared to meet these needs: "Madison police, school officials, and two county judges met in a long session Tuesday afternoon to explore inter-agency provisions for pupils with special needs'. More emphasis was given to how to coordinate efforts to deal with pupils who rebel against authority...(and) the problems of pupils who are socially disoriented". ("Officials Confer on How to Handle Pupils Who Rebel," Wisconsin State Journal, 2/14/68).

If you're guilty of having needs, you may face failure. As Principal Hahn observes, "If a student does not adequately prepare himself or herself to meet the challenges to be faced later on in life, the fault lies with the student. Every effort is made to help you identify your skills and aptitudes and through careful planning to develop this skill to the fullest extent." Preparing for success means submitting to machine-tooling by Principal Hahn; your needs are sacrificed to his planning. If you resist and thus acquire 'special needs,' you may wind up in jail. Somehow there is little comfort to be drawn from Hahn's concluding observation that "never before in the history of our nation has the need for a good education been so apparent." Does he mean better education or stronger discipline, more thinking and questioning or more rapid acquiescence? At Mt. Horeb High School, the principal's diagnosis is that "we need to be less insistent and less demanding" (Mt. Horeb Cardinal Highlights, 12/20/67). How else, asks the principal, can a student learn to "choose between two freedoms: the false, where one is free to do as he likes; or the true, where he is free to do what he ought?"

High school administrators pretend that the student himself makes the choice and that he learns what he "ought" to do by developing his own self-discipline. "It is important that you recognize early in your high school career that there is no short cut to success," says Principal Hahn, "and this calls for the application of one of the most important of disciplines--that of SELF-DISCIPLINE." Often forgotten is that when the man shouts "SELF-DISCIPLINE", he means bringing yourself into line with the rules he has set down.

A favorite device for creating the illusion of a student share in the formulation of rules is the student council, which is fostered by the administration as a means of transferring responsibility for a repressive set of regulations to the students themselves. The extent of repression is revealed, rather pathetically, by the degree of success this device achieves. The student newspaper at Deerfield High School notes happily, "The student council, a representative organization, has been quite active. They are now discussing a dress-up day, the lengths of skirts, and already next year's Homecoming...." (10/27/67). Even when students are not so "representative" of the school authorities, the administration frequently succeeds in directing student resentment of the disciplinary machine toward those students who resist its workings. Students are led to condemn the "troublemakers" whose actions result in "the entire student body paying with more rules and closer surveillance" (Madison Memorial, 12/8/67). At its most insidious, the strategy of planned acquiescence channels student criticisms of the rules themselves into attacks on student suggestions for modifications and improvements. At Sheboygan South, for example, a student editor condemned candidates for school offices for going beyond the rules in their proposals for making high school more tolerable: "We have had enough of empty promises and are through electing individuals to offices on platforms which consist of elements that may be against school policy or rules. It is not to be expected that the students who vote in an election would have knowledge of all school policies. For a presidential candidate to base his campaign on an idealistic and questionable plan and to promise things that would be impossible to carry out is misleading and dishonest" (1/12/68). And so the war on dissent continues. In the same issue of the Mt. Horeb paper which featured the principal's decree that "we need to be less insistent and less demanding," a student editorial entitled "Be Thankful, Don't Complain" endorsed the surrender (12/20/67).

But more and more students are refusing to surrender, although their fear of the authority wielded by administrators often restricts them to symbolic acts of defiance like wearing their hair long or ignoring the grooming tips in Teen magazine. The problem is that the creation of symbols presupposes the existence of a certain amount of thought and understanding, and for mindless administrators, the symbols of rebellion become the real cause of anarchy. If this seems an uneducated point of view, it's nonetheless consistent, because education is not the purpose or property of high school administrators. Who needs education? According to Arthur ("Dynie") Mansfield of the Madison Board of Education, there is "no more important matter than hair, dress and behavior which now face (sic) schools here unless it might be marijuana and drugs" (Wisconsin State Journal, 2/27/68). Dynie's educational philosophy, enriched by years of experience as the University of Wisconsin baseball coach, has recently been broadened by consultation with equally great minds in the Madison Police Department: "In talking with Detective Lieutenant (Stanley) Davenport about the drug problem in our schools, it is interesting to note that he said that all boys arrested were of the long hair variety" (WSJ, 2/27/68). The belief that "educators" are only stand-ins for the police is not farfetched; brute force is frequently called into play when more sophisticated techniques of control fail to achieve the desired subservience. "The school board members are outstanding people. We hire them to run our schools, and it's up to us to let them do that," declares one Madison citizen in favor of stricter regulations of student conduct. "I don't believe any kid should come to school wearing a mustache or beads. We are a nation of laws, and we dare not disobey them because we'd run into trouble with the police" (WSJ, 2/6/68).

Madison School Supt. Ritchie clarifies the educator's role with a self-righteous appeal to the totalitarianism of the one-room schoolhouse: "The schools have responsibility for more than the three R's; in the case of pupil guidelines we add two more R's--responsibility and respect" (WSJ, 2/27/68). Every good educator tries sleight-of-hand before resorting to straight coercion to make students submit, but most good students of the game are not deceived. "One thing I find very frustrating about the administration," says a student at Madison West, "is that the principal is the most evasive man I've ever met. You ask him a question and he gives you a long, balled-up answer to a question you didn't ask. This is the way he runs his whole administration--on nothing." In hopes of blinding students to this realization, the administrator attempts to gain their emotional allegiance to a mindless deity--"school spirit." This 'kulturkampf' is notoriously unsuccessful without coercion. "Actually, they used to hold pep rallies after school at Madison West, but very few people came, so they made attendance required, and now they hold it during school. So more kids come. Then we have these pep club plays. And the last one we had was a take-off on 'Sleeping Beauty.' They had the football man run out and kiss Sleeping Beauty and she woke up and we won the football game." If these morality plays fail to deliver the budding zombie into the hands of the administration, all games are cancelled and the real contest begins. If you win you get into college; General Hershey gets the losers. Success means good grades, and those depend on submission--either to inane class assignments like outlining driver's education textbooks, or to humiliating school regulations like needing special passes to walk freely in the halls of your own school. Breaking the rules can mean suspension, and suspension often means receiving zeroes in each class you miss. Too many zeroes means the army. Most students are aware of this, and most of them are afraid: "The thing that gets me down about the administration is the horrible fear they hold over you. They always have this threat dangling over the heads of the students, of suspension -- and they can suspend you for anything. My brother was suspended--supposedly for skipping Spanish, but it wasn't true. He was suspended for his hair. The kids are really afraid of what the administration can do to them-- I mean, the whole thing is just held in the fear of being punished."

So students continue to be forcibly prepared for future lives they would not choose on their own. Tragically, the preparation is often sufficient, however, to make them accept those lives even when they are obviously inacceptable. A recent graduate of Milwaukee South, now in the Navy, writes to his friends who are still in school, "If you remember me with long hair, forget it. They really killed me, headwise. This place is worse than school. It's something like a prison. Everyone with short hair, wearing the same clothes and being totally restricted. But it's not too bad" (Milwaukee South High School newspaper, 10/13/67). But it is. Not only are students denied the means of evaluating the choices open to them, but the choices themselves are constantly reduced. The chairman of Wisconsin's Coordinating Committee for Higher Education recently insisted that those who do go to college in the state system should not be allowed to enroll where they choose: "I'm tired of taxpayers being at the mercy of students. I'm saying we should tell them where to go." When another member of the committee protested, "You can't do that," the chairman replied, "Why not? We tell them to go to Vietnam" (WSJ, 3/7/68).

Planned acquiescence is often subtle enough in operation to succeed, but eventually the victim confronts this kind of undisguised force. "I couldn't believe that authority was really taking over on people like this, that they actually had such a system where they could make you do anything they wanted to, and they could do anything to you they wanted to. There was no alternative. There was nothing you could do about it. That's the most frustrating thing in the world." The victim in this case was not talking about high school, but about military service. If he had understood high school in the same terms, he might never have enlisted in the Marines. "I chose the Marines because they had a great reputation and a lot of kids come out of high school and just want to be tough guys. It seems like you have two choices-- you either go to college or you go into the service." But this kid, Matt Gray, really didn't have two choices. He graduated 540th in a Minnesota high school class of 565; no college was throwing open its doors to him. The choice narrowed down to the military, either through the draft or through enlistment.

The myth of self-discipline ended quickly in basic training; all of it



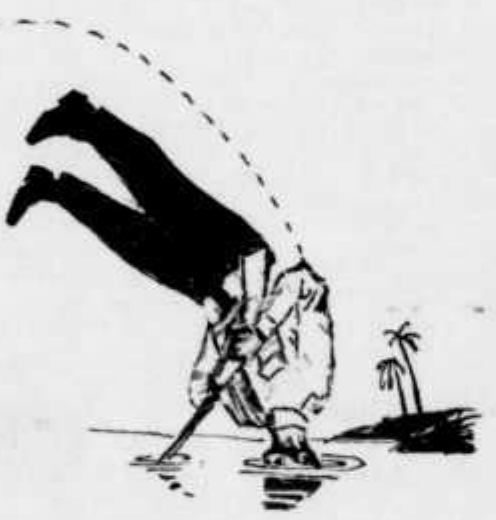




was imposed by the 'tough guys:' "I thought boot camp was one of the worst experiences of all time. I got beat up once by a drill instructor, and I saw a lot of guys get kicked and beat up. They used to make us run up this mountain, about six times a day. We'd run up and down once before breakfast. One time there was this kid puking by the side of the road, and the DI (Drill Instructor) came up to him and said, 'Look, I know your're all right,' and the kid told him to get fucked. We didn't see the kid again until that night, and he'd been beat up pretty bad by two DI's. A couple of kids really got bent out of shape about this." If you don't get into shape, you don't make it. But submission pays; in Matt Gray's case, the payoff was being made an MP for taking every bit of punishment his DI was capable of dishing out. By giving in, Matt scored well in boot camp, just as the high school kid is rewarded with good grades for being 'less insistent and less demanding,' or with being selected as a hall monitor to police his fellow students. Whether at Madison West or in Vietnam, you always wind up protecting the people who screwed you in the first place.

While submission may be enforced with brutality, even the military prefers to resort to more acceptable means of control. Matt Gray encountered a variety of these techniques while serving aboard the U.S.S. Constellation, an aircraft carrier stationed in the South China Sea to provide base facilities for reconnaissance flights and later air strikes against North Vietnam during 1963-64. The ship sought to create a mental vacuum,





an atmosphere of mindlessness designed to numb the inmates into unthinking acceptance of a way of life which was unthinkable. "There was nothing to do. The ship's TV ran 'Rawhide' every night. We used to go through a deck of cards every week." Under these conditions, "nobody talked about the issues. They talked about how shitty war is and how shitty being in the service is. Nobody's really aware of what's really going on." Nor do they want to be, which indicates how successfully the system operates. High school students often are led to cultivate a similar hostility to thought: "One day in history the teacher said, 'Let's have a discussion,' and I raised my hand and said, 'Why don't we talk about the draft?' and they said, 'Look, it's two years away. Why worry about it?' And it really bugged me, because if you don't worry about it now, when are you going to worry about it-- when you get your I-A?"

On board the Constellation, circus displays of military might were used as substitutes for demonstrations of the wisdom of its use. "They used to turn out all the ship and give us a demonstration of the kill-power of the United States. They used to fly by on both sides and drop napalm and just ring the ship with fire. It was just like a festival, you know. Like fireworks, it was a big deal. They used to do it every two or three weeks for us." Those who were successfully mesmerized were eligible for solid material rewards. If you play the game, the military cuts you in on a piece of the action. As an MP or member of another privileged group, you become a part of one of the world's most heavily capitalized corporations, entitled to your share in the earnings of a massive black market operation. Matt's associates dealt heavily in transistor radios, televisions, crystal and automobiles, and the loot is all shipped back to the United States courtesy of the Navy. At the local level, there were always the whorehouses, owned and protected by the MP's.

The system does not allow you to disassociate yourself from the corruption and brutality; any attempts to do so meet with further harsh treatment. Matt Gray was asked what would happen to an MP who refused to protect the rackets which earn millions of dollars for the men at the top: "You'd be pretty well suppressed. You'd be in Vietnam pretty quick. They'd ask for you to be transferred right away. Everybody was in. Everybody. You had to be." Servicemen are continually impressed by the ruthless power of military discipline, pointedly exercised for the most trivial offenses. "I couldn't believe it-- they actually put a guy in the brig on bread and water for three days for swearing at an officer." As an MP, Matt was repeatedly a witness to violence committed for its own sake; here there were no rules. "That was one of the things that really turned me off. A lot of Marines were really sadistic. They like to wipe you out a lot."

None of this goes on, however, without a purpose after all. To take orders to kill from a man who has broken your jaw with his rifle butt, you have to give up a lot of human feeling. Matt Gray understood the purpose when he saw the end product. "When I finally got into the war zone, when I really got involved in the war, then it really got disgusting. They turned these guys into animals and made them sadistic as hell. When we were in Vietnam, when we went around to wake these kids up who had trained with me-- they were just out of high school--and when you'd go to wake them up they'd come up at you with their rifles with their bayonets fixed. You'd have to throw rocks at these guys to wake them up they were so dangerous."

Matt Gray was able to realize that the system demanded he become a mindless tool, but he could well have lost his life in finding out. It wasn't easy to adjust to the discovery. "One thing about the military is that you lose a lot of illusions you have in high school, things like the glory of war and that you're going to get out and tear the world apart, and that there's not really any corruption, and then you find out how corrupt the whole thing really is, especially the military. They're really corrupt. You lose a lot of illusions about how easy it's going to be to go out in the world and find out what you really want to do, and how depressed you're going to be by the big authorities and the wheels that are already established and how they can really throw you under, and step all over you and still make you happy, which is kind of rough. But I don't think it's worth having, not that kind.

"I think that's a big reason a lot of people go into the service--it's just a good transition between the time you're 18 and the time you're 21, and what a crazy reason that is. There are a lot better ways to waste your time. The Marine Corps is such a glory-seeking deal, you know. I just kick myself in the ass for being such a romantic to think I was going to go into the Marines and be some kind of tough guy. I thought I wanted to be some kind of fighter or something, but I could care less now-- turn around and walk away."

Now 23 and out of the service, Matt is still trying to graduate from college. Three years at Wisconsin majoring in Commerce has merely meant three more years of tooling, and he's tired out of it. The other things he's learned have not made him so indifferent. "I worked in a bar in Madison and these old guys came in after all that shit with the Dow demonstration. One of 'em said, 'Kid, you look like a clean-cut type--come here. If I had a bunch of veterans I'd go up on that hill and really tear some ass!' 'Is that right?' I said. 'I'm a veteran-- why don't you come up and meet me up there?'

"There's no way they could get me back in the service--no way. And I'm gonna do anything I can to tell people what it's really like-- before it's too late." -G. Lowry & D. Lamereaux



THE RISE OF THE S.S.S.

I spoke on the radio recently against conscription and for human rights, and you would be surprised at the tremendous volume of approving letters that have poured into my office as the result of my opposition to the draft legislation that has just passed the Senate.

That was William L. Langer, Republican senator from North Dakota. The year was 1948. He was referring to the first peacetime draft law in American history--one that was urged by President Harry Truman, won approval by 78-10 in the Senate and 282-131 in the House, and remains in force today.

Senator Langer's insistence that conscription violated human liberty was based securely on American tradition. As Pearl Buck has written, "Hating permanent military conscription, our forefathers came to America from Europe. They preferred to give up home and country rather than to endure the wars which have always risen among those very nations which have long practiced permanent military conscription." Never before had the country come even close to adopting a peacetime draft. Its adoption in 1948 has to be seen against a background of intense pressure exerted by the Truman administration, and especially by the military.

The military's first choice was a program of universal military training for 18 year olds, and President Truman gave strong backing to this proposal as well as to conscription in a special address to Congress in March 1948. Ever since the war ended the military had insisted that compulsory military service needed to be carried over into peacetime.

Warnings about the danger of acceding to the military's demands were rife. Hanson W. Baldwin, writing in Harper's in December 1947, pointed out that "The military influence in science and education is already tremendous." Rev. Rodney Shaw of the Chicago Committee to Oppose Peacetime Conscription, charged that "UMT is a step toward increasing the control of the military over civilian life. One of the most important safeguards of American democracy--civilian control--is rapidly disappearing...We see that in pronouncement after pronouncement that come from the White House, that they are not the result of consultation with leaders of congress or civilian leaders, but with the military leaders." William Evjue, editor of the Madison Wisconsin, Capital Times, predicted that "support of the huge military program will now become the test of loyalty to country and to Americanism."

Many opponents of conscription went on to assert that the administration's claims of Russian expansionism were more a political ploy than reality. Henry A. Wallace, vice-president under Roosevelt and Progressive candidate for president in 1948, said:

> I charge an artificial crisis was deliberately manufactured to stampede Congress and the people into accepting universal military training and conscription...
>
> The objective of this fear campaign is to paralyze the will and mind of the American people so that they will accept the plans to militarize America.
>
> But the security of the United es States is not threatened--except by Washington.

Even the Wall Street Journal made the tongue-in-cheek comment that "One might question whether this 'crisis' needs universal training or if universal training needs a crisis." It was difficult for the opponents of UMT, whether liberals or conservatives, to understand why the strongest and wealthiest nation in the world needed compulsory military service.

The first step in the military's strategy was to set up a "model" of a UMT training camp at Fort Knox, Kentucky. This camp had 560 cadre and officers to indoctrinate 664 trainees, a ratio that as one officer said "could not possibly be duplicated on a national scale." After visiting the camp, Alexander Stewart wrote in the May 28, 1947, issue of Christian Century that:

> A press release section has prepared a story on each trainee and cadre man, which has been sent to home-town newspapers in 46 states.... A photographic section with a staff of three looks after guests and provides speakers and speakers' material. It has been officially stated that "It is contemplated that the War Department Bureau of Public Relations will have two speakers in each State carrying the ball for U.M.T." An official publication reveals that the public-relations men are especially concerned to impress women. It says: "It is recognized that women's interest groups, the largest resistance group in the country, must be appoached with special technique. It may be possible to have a WAC officer, trained in public relations, as a member of this office."
>
> The most notable piece of propaganda to come out of the Fort Knox experiment was a documentary movie made at the camp, excerpts from which are printed on page 3 of this issue. Another example of the military's approach to UMT appears in a pamphlet entitled "Outline for Veteran's Radio Panels":
>
> > The opposition (to UMT) is generally not based on facts but rather on such generalities as democracy, morals, aggression, education, and pacifism. The chief opponents are parents, church groups, educators, subversive groups, and a large section of the public which does not think.
>
> The War Department (not yet merged into the Department of Defense) went to such lengths in its pressure for UMT that it incurred a congressional investigation. The House Committee on Expenditures in the Executive Department reported on July 24, 1947, that "the evidence shows that the War Department is using government funds in an improper manner for propaganda activities supporting compulsory military training.... The use of federal funds for the purpose of influencing legislation before Congress is unlawful under section 201, title 18 of the U.S. code."
>
> Six months after the committee's report was published, Rev. Henry Crane wrote to Congressman Forrest A. Harness, the committee chairman, asking why the army was still carrying on the activities which the committee had found to be illegal. Harness could only reply:
>
> > You must understand that Congress itself has no police power. The Congress enacts the laws, and it then becomes the duty of the Executive Department to enforce them. We have submitted our charges and findings concerning these illegal activities to the Attorney General, who in turn has referred the entire matter to the Federal Bureau of Investigation.



In order to prove that a compulsory system was needed, the military discouraged voluntary enlistments. The qualifying score on the enlistment classification test was raised from 59 (which had been considered sufficient before and during the war) to 70 in 1946 and 80 in 1947. The generals complained that they were getting "lower grade" men in the army and needed to raise the standard. (General Eisenhower later said that 70 was high enough.) Senator W. Chapman Revercomb of West Virginia said in June 1948, "I cannot escape the conclusion that the army has deliberately set about to scuttle the volunteer system so that it may have what it wishes to have, an absolute and unlimited power of selection." The military insisted that it needed the best of American youth under martial discipline, and in the Selective Service system it got a flexible instrument that could be used for that purpose.

The military's pressure on behalf of compulsory service was unrelenting right up to the time of final passage. On June 19, 1948, the day Selective Service passed the House, Congressman Frank R. Havenner told the House: "Mr. Speaker, the atmosphere of the National Capital today is filled with military propaganda.. .. In a news dispatch from Denver published today the present chief of **staff of the army, General Bradley,** is reported to have delivered a prepared speech in that city last night in which he criticized the Congress for 'vacillation, timidity, and for blundering into a costly retreat.'" The final version of the bill as passed by Congress to preserve Congress' dignity by providing that the draft was not to go into effect until 1949, and that before then the armed forces were to make a sustained effort to fill their ranks with volunteers. There was never any question, of course, about whether the military would actually make such an effort.

The type of American government forecast by opponents of UMT and Selective Service in 1948 is the government that acts in Vietnam and lets Congress and the public read about it in the papers. It is the government that sends hundreds of thousands of boys to fight in a war they want no part of, and channels millions more into jobs "freely chosen" to avoid the draft. Millions of people have come to the United States because they refused to live in a society with compulsory military service. Today thousands are reversing the exodus for the same reason.

-- Phyllis Goldberg

Repression is nine-tenths of the law

Note: The following is a partial transcript, with editing, of a speech given by William Kunstler on Feb. 8, 1968. Kunstler is one of the foremost civil liberties lawyers in the country, the attorney for Rap Brown, Muhammed Ali, Jack Ruby, a good portion of the southern civil rights movement, and special co-counsel for the Dow Cases arising out of the October 18th demonstration in Madison. In the first half hour of the speech, Kunstler regretted the fact that he had come as Cassandra, with ill bodings, and then went on to describe in detail the specifics of the repression that has developed in this country.

As you know, with the ending, for all practical purposes, of the graduate deferments, this June class goes naked into the world. The males who don't have convenient hemorrhoids, which seems to be a rather remarkable disease that keeps you out of the army, and who can't get a medical or psychological type of IV-F deferment, or who don't want to be veterinarians or dentists or doctors, are going to find that if they are thinking of pursuing a graduate career, they must do that under the gun of the draft.

And I think we've reached a point, in that area at least, where people must fish or cut bait. I don't think there's any longer time for people who sincerely feel that this is an illegal and immoral war to be dilettantes about it. Knowing what the future holds, it is going to be very difficult.

I'm in a position here where it is very difficult to talk to you now because hanging over me is the thought of the Spock indictment. After all, what was Dr. Spock indicted for? For counselling people to evade the draft? Now, if I give my own thoughts on what I think ought to be done or ought not to be done with the draft situation and the war and recommend certain things, I am under the "chilling effect" (in the language of the Supreme Court) of the Spock indictment. I don't want to go to jail for five years; I don't want to lose my license to practice. And that brings me to the nub of what I want to say. Dr. Spock was indicted not for counselling young men how to evade the draft. That is a delusion. That's what the government says he was indicted for. He was indicted for exercising his First Amendment rights. He was indicted for telling people why he dissented. The Spock trial will undoubtedly take place toward the end of March, the beginning of April. It's going to be very rapid. They have to get that trial through fast because they have to get the "chilling effect" of the Spock decision around the country. Remember how insidious it is, because they have indicted people who are really the most inoffensive of those against the war. Dr. Spock is not really known as a flaming radical, except maybe insofar as it comes to 3-cornered diapers. Neither is Bill Coffin, or Raskin, or Ferber, or Goodman. They are good ones to indict first, because once they're out of the way, then you can go against the blacks and the more radical ones easily. The minute someone says you're attacking the Left, the answer is, Well, we did it with the middle, so what's wrong with the Left? It's the reason HUAC goes after the Klan sporadically.

The evil of the Spock indictment, and the evil of all the other indictments and charges, is that dissent is in the process of being stabbed to death, and it's being stabbed to death with the damnedest array of legalities, fraudulent as they are, that ever any government engaged in.

I used to read many years ago of some of the legalities used by Caesar, by Hitler, and by many other regimes in order to give a semblance of order to an unlawful act. You all know these things. Whether you re-write history or have a trial in Berlin when the Reichstag is burned down and allow counsel in to argue and have a facade of

continued on page 13

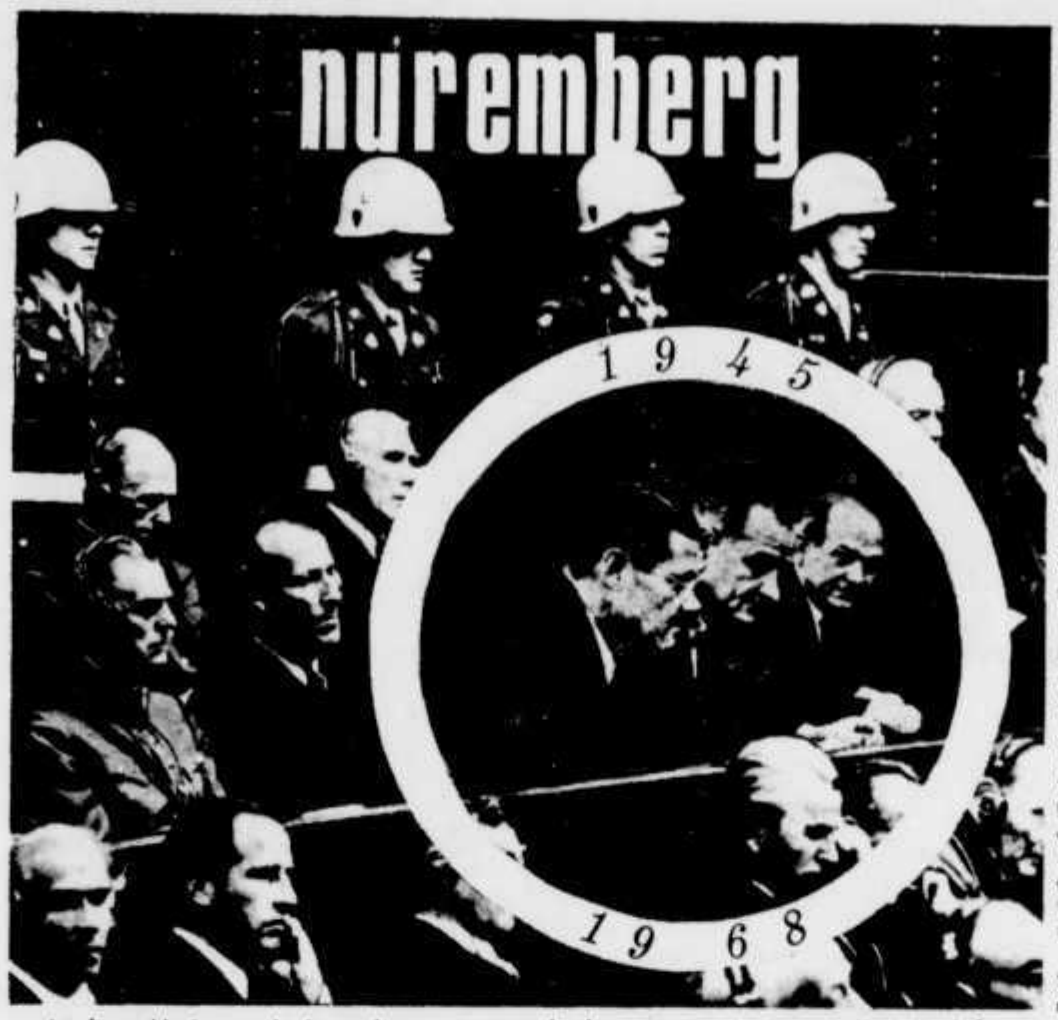
"The Charter of the Tribunal recognized that one who has committed criminal acts may not take refuge in superior orders nor in the doctrine that his crimes were acts of states.. .. Modern civilization puts unlimited weapons of destruction in the hands of men. It cannot tolerate so vast an area of legal irresponsibility."
-- From the opening address of Justice Robert H. Jackson, Chief of Counsel for the United States, before the International Military Tribunal at Nuremberg on November 21, 1945.

During the recent Senate Foreign Relations Committee hearings on Vietnam, Senator Wayne Morse warned the Secretary of State that someday the leaders of the American government, themselves included, would be tried as war criminals because of the aggressive war which they were carrying out in Vietnam. It is ironic that the principle of collective responsibility which American leaders helped to establish at Nuremberg in 1945 should now be applied to the U.S. itself. The Allied powers at Nuremberg were very careful to indict only the Nazi hierarchy and not the whole German people for war crimes. But in so doing they were still forced to introduce the principle of collective responsibility which made every Nazi and every high-ranking military officer responsible for the barbarous crimes committed against the Jews, the Nazis' political opponents and the peoples of the occupied countries throughout Europe. The Nazis were blamed for the war and for the killing of the Jews even though most of them did not personally commit these crimes and even though some of them tried to mitigate the horrors involved. The Allied prosecutors at Nuremberg insisted that no Nazi could take refuge in the convenient excuse that he had been merely obeying the law. The prosecution argued that the Nazis should have disobeyed those orders and actively resisted those policies which involved aggression and genocide.

Some Nazis were indeed convicted at Nuremberg and during the subsequent trials, but the limits of collective responsibility were never clearly set down and the issue has survived to haunt the German people and the world to this day. The fact that a former Nazi is now Chancellor of West Germany indicates how unresolved the issue of collective responsibility really is. The central issue is after all not how many former Nazis are running around in Germany, but rather to what extent the German people were responsible for Nazism. It is now generally conceded that while the Allies may have destroyed Hitler and his immediate accomplices in 1945, they did not get at Nazism itself, that is to say, they did not touch the social and economic structures which had caused Nazi aggression.

The principle of collective responsibility should have been used at Nuremberg to indict the entire German social system. The fact that the German monopolies needed the markets and raw materials of Eastern Europe and that they were willing to support rearmament and Hitler's foreign policy in order to get them, should have been used to indict German capitalism. The inability of the Weimar republic to solve Germany's pressing social problems and to prevent Hitler's rise to power should have been used to indict the Social Democrats and the bourgeois parties of the Weimar coalition. The fact that a majority of Germans supported Hitler should have been used to indict German imperialism and the co-optation which it made possible. And the point of such indictments would not have been to soothe anyone's conscience but rather to get at and root out the real causes of Germany's aggressive and genocidal policies. But we all know the sad story of what happened to the denazification and de-cartelization plans, not to mention what happened to Germany itself during the Cold War.

But while the principle of collective responsibility was applied only at the level of the Nazi hierarchy and the High Command and while the German monopolies remained largely untouched, the principle itself was nevertheless established at Nuremberg and does serve as a valid precedent for the anti-war movement in the United States. The draft resistance people here have assumed almost from the beginning that collective responsibility for the war in Vietnam extends beyond the Administration, the Congress, and the Pentagon, right down to the rank-and-file soldier



who is called upon to burn down villages and to drop napalm upon the Vietnamese. Extended even further the principle of collective responsibility becomes a valid indictment of the American social system.

But we must first understand in what sense America is guilty of aggression and genocide in Vietnam before we can understand why our entire system is at fault. Those who insist that the Nuremberg principle does not apply to the United States are right in one sense. Vietnam does not compare in magnitude to Germany's conquest of Europe or the massacre of six million Jews. Nor has the United States lapsed into Fascism, although I dare you to tell that to a black militant in Newark or a peasant guerrilla in Guatemala. Lyndon Johnson is not Adolf Hitler. Having said all that, however, there remains a sense in which the United States is guilty of aggression and genocide in Vietnam which qualitatively equals or surpasses that of Hitler.

The case for American aggression is simply that the United States has intervened unilaterally in Vietnam without the authorization of the United Nations or the support of our major allies. More importantly, the United States has intervened in a purely Vietnamese dispute on the side of a corrupt and unrepresentative clique in Saigon and against a national liberation movement supported by large numbers of South Vietnamese peasants. The Administration argument that it has intervened to halt "aggression" from North Vietnam breaks down when we consider that the National Liberation Front is separate from Ho Chi Minh's government in the north, and that even the Johnson administration claims only 70,000 North Vietnamese troops operating in the south. Furthermore, it is nonsense to assert that Ho Chi Minh is an aggressor in Vietnam when in fact it was his movement, briefly supported by the United States, which fought the Japanese and later the French colonialists in order to secure independence for all of Vietnam. The 1954 Geneva Accords, which the United States agreed to respect, divided Vietnam but only temporarily in anticipation of elections which were to be held in 1956 to decide the terms of reunification. The story of how the United States sabotaged the Geneva agreement by supporting the Diem dictatorship in the south is now well known. The national liberation movement which began in South Vietnam in the early sixties was directed against Diem's exploitative landlord-mandarin regime. The struggle in the south has been supported by the north in the hopes that a victory by the NLF will mean eventual reunification of Vietnam. But the support has never been on the same scale as American support for the South Vietnamese government.

Since 1963, South Vietnam has been ruled by a series of puppet governments of which the latest and most corrupt is that of the generals Thieu and Ky. Despite a constitutional facade, recent developments indicate that Thieu and Ky do not have the support of a majority in the cities let alone of the peasants who comprise the majority of the Vietnamese population. In a situation such as this, it is not difficult to convince even many Americans that the United States is guilty of aggression in Vietnam.

But while many sensitive Americans might accept the term aggression to describe our action in Vietnam, few people are ready to label our actions there as genocide. Again an unsophisticated analogy with Nuremberg serves more to obfuscate than to clarify the issue, because obviously the United States has not set out deliberately to exterminate the entire Vietnamese people as Hitler set out deliberately to exterminate the Jews. Yet there is a sense in which our policy in Vietnam adds up to genocide. As Jean-Paul Sartre has pointed out, American action in Vietnam is a *de facto* form of genocide. The argument is that the United States, through its bombing of villages and cities, its relocation of villagers and its disruption of the economy and ecology of the countryside, is gradually exterminating the Vietnamese people even though that is not our purpose. The point is that it is not our purpose to save the Vietnamese people. Our primary aim is to defeat the national liberation struggle in South Vietnam and thus prove to the entire underdeveloped world that guerrilla tactics will not work. Unlike earlier colonial powers, the United States does not need the Vietnamese people for plantation labor. We need Vietnam only as an example of how national liberation struggles are bound to be defeated. If it is necessary to kill every last Vietnamese in order to keep Vietnam from going Communist, we are determined to do that. There is the recent case of the American commander who destroyed a Vietnamese city "in order to save it." When asked during the recent hearings whether the Administration placed any limits on the number of Vietnamese it was willing to see killed in order to keep the NLF out of power, Secretary Rusk declined to answer.

The course our policy has taken in Vietnam seems quite obviously then to merit even the loaded terms aggression and genocide. In this sense at least the analogy with Fascist Germany is correct. No government should be allowed to destroy a people by way of making them an example of how national liberation movements which may threaten that government's interests somewhere else are bound to be defeated. If we ask who is responsible for the aggression in Vietnam, we are forced to apply the principle of collective responsibility this time not to the Germans but to ourselves. And just as the German social system should have been indicted for Nazi aggression, so should the American social system be blamed for what is happening in Vietnam. That means that each one of us must be blamed, for in our separate roles we interact with one another and thus make up the "system."

The trouble is that the system we have thus far constructed is filled with contradictions which create not only the conflict in Vietnam but many others as well. Vietnam is after all the product of an America which on the one hand involves "free enterprise" and expanding profits for an elite of giant corporations and which on the other hand involves "disciplined" and exploitative labor for millions of salaried and wage-earning people. Vietnam is the product of an America which on the one hand gives Lyndon Johnson and the administration the power to make war in Vietnam for four long years and which on the other hand deprives young people of control over their own lives by forcing them into the armed forces or other occupations deemed advantageous to the "national interest." Vietnam is the product of an America which on the one hand assures about two-thirds of its people of steady employment and a relatively decent standard of living and which on the other hand allows one-third of the nation to live in poverty and economic insecurity. Vietnam is the product of an America which on the one hand encourages racial harmony and which on the other hand interprets that harmony as a continuation of the ghettos and the exploitation of the black people in them. Vietnam is the product of an America which on the one hand professes the principles of the United Nations Charter and which on the other hand has corporations which must "buy cheap and sell dear" throughout the underdeveloped world thus helping to retard the economic dependence of countries which are nominally independent. Vietnam is the product of an America which on the one hand proudly claims a political democracy at home and which on the other hand supports right-wing dictatorships around the world.

Vietnam is the product of these contradictions. Collective responsibility means that we live within this system of contradictions and that we share in and, whether we like it or not, take part in the conflicts which grow out of them. Rather than ignore our responsibility for these conflicts, we should accept the reality of them and resolve them in such a way as to eliminate the contradictions which caused them. The conflict in Vietnam, like the conflicts within the United States itself, will not be resolved until those of us who are now exploited take control of our own lives and build a truly classless society.

--Harold Nelson.

January 10, 1962. "Reassessment of the military situation in South Vietnam has led officials to conclude that the country can be preserved without any large scale involvement of U.S. combat troops."

January 31, 1963. "The war in Vietnam is going well and will succeed." --Robert McNamara.

May 1, 1963. "The corner has definitely been turned toward victory in South Vietnam." --Arthur Sylvester, Assistant Secretary of Defense.

October 1, 1963. "I can safely say the end of the war is in sight." --General Paul D. Harkins, U.S. commander in Vietnam.

February 9, 1964. "The U.S. still hopes to withdraw most of its troops from South Vietnam before the end of 1965." --Robert McNamara.

July 5, 1965. "If we can get the Vietcong to stand up and fight we will blast him." --General William C. Westmoreland.

August 14, 1966. "My talks with General Westmoreland have reaffirmed the conviction that...a Communist takeover in South Vietnam is no longer just improbable; as long as the United States and our brave allies are in the field it is impossible." --Lyndon B. Johnson.

April 29, 1967. "Washington, April 28--Gen. William C. Westmoreland roused Congress to enthusiastic cheers today with a pledge that the American forces he commands would prevail in Vietnam over the Communist aggressor."

November 22, 1967. "Yesterday the general [Westmoreland] contended that the war had reached the point 'when the end begins to come into view.'"

(all quotes not otherwise attributed are from the New York Times.)



Six o'clock, six o'clock in the morning and something special, hung-over and stumbling through the dark to the bus station for the trip to Milwaukee induction center, wondering just what in God's name I'm trying to do. Couple-three months ago another awful morning, the same awful walk and at the station two DRU organizers sneaking aboard the bus, talking, leafleting, saying not to sign the security clearance because then J. Edgar has to check it out and that takes six months, at least six more months before the tap and I figure what the hell, so I don't sign. And last week another letter "you are ordered to report for questioning by an intelligence officer", so down to DRU yesterday to see what it's all about, turns out I don't have to go but if I do and decide to talk to the rest of the guys a little, well that would be groovy.

So I write out a personal statement about having to get up at 5 A.M. for selective service and killing for Ky and getting killed for LBJ and phony patriotism and just who are all these people playing with our lives anyway, and DRU runs it off and I'm handing it out to the most wretched crew of guys I've ever seen, the hippy barefoot and bells, couple-three night-long drunks starting to wear off, another so strung out he doesn't catch his own name till the draft board beauty yells it for the fifth time, all the hang-overs and hang-ups, all the fears, a real zoo and they're all me sitting sick in the station a few months ago and someone stuffing something into my hand. And then we're milling out to the buses and a DRU organizer who's been leafleting shouts at us as we board

> Remember you're still human beings, so dont let them treat you like animals.

It follows us into the bus but can't go down, floats in the air like a left-over fart we can't take because we know that today we are animals, that they have made us so, and yet can't fully reject either, for we do not like what they're doing to us.

Fifteen minutes along to Milwaukee and I'm still sitting, the horribly hushed bus, no idea what to say, finally figuring what the hell and into the aisle. About two minutes into the rap, working off the leaflet and starting in on what the guys going for physicals can expect, the bus driver yells at me to sit down. I go up

- Wha?
- I said sit down. You can't stand up on this bus like that.
- Why not?
- Against the state law.

Here I am telling the guys to Beat Army and can't even think of much to say to the bus driver. Luckily I glance up, see a sign "no standing in front of line", look down and I'm on it. I move back six inches and shout

- Sign says in front of the line, I'm behind it.

turn around and start in again. He shouts he'll pull off the road if I don't stop, go ahead, so he does and I sit down. He starts again, I get up, he stops, I sit down, three or four more like this and he threatens to flag down the first state police car, go ahead we're not in any hurry, he babbles on and then from behind me the first sign of life

- Hey you, just do the goddam driving,huh?

After that it gets better, we do the physical and the security clearance and the draft and the war and they're with me, but quiet, mostly tired and apathetic, and it's light, the sun shining bright as we pile out of the bus and into the induction center.

And then all hell breaks loose. Three DRU members start leafleting the guys sitting around on chairs and couches, about ninety in all. The Corporal wheels out from behind his table at the front of the room, waving his arms and shouting

- Stop it, stop it, you can't do that!
- Why not?
- Give me those, you can't do that!
- (all the time passing them out) I don't believe you.
- (waving arms wild) Stop, stop!
- Take me to your leader. No, I'm busy, bring your leader here. I don't believe you.

Corporal dashes out double-time up the stairs, returns in a few minutes with the Captain and a slew of others. By this time the leaflets are distributed everyone laughing. Corporal points the three out to Captain, he looks darkly confiscates the remaining leaflets says that's enough, then turns to the rest of us and brightens, starting his nice-guy pitch. I'm in the back of the room, figure now is as good a time as any and start in

- What kind of place is this, Army can hand out their stuff and do all the talking they want, but not us.

Captain is a great believer in free speech, says so, also there's a time and place for everything. Then on the other side of the room the little guy who'd come up to me on the bus a half-dozen times, very nervous, was I sure that not signing the security clearance was legal, yes I was (but not so sure what he was going to do), now he gets going

- That's not free speech, that's tyranny.
- That's your interpretation.

and now I know he won't sign,wants to stop running, fighting back and I give him a little help

- It's also the Court's interpretation, it's in the Constitution, the Constitution, remember that?

and now five or six guys are shouting, everyone laughing, the hippy jingling his bells, Captain fuming and confused, a truly beautiful scene.

Finally things calm down, Captain recovers cool, begins anew, and a pattern emerges, him talking and me translating, like

- Men, we all want this to be over as fast and as easy as possible, so if we can all co-operate...
- Yeah, we co-operate with them and they slap a gun in our hands and ship us off to Vietnam, that's some co-operation.

or

- Selective Service has brought you here today for your...
- When he says selective service, he means selective slavery.

Couple-three minutes of this and Captain realizes he's losing control again, stalks back and starts talking directly to me, but I keep translating

- You're creating a disturbance here.
- They're the ones disturbing us, waking us up before five in the morning, herding us into that bus...
- You could get into trouble for this.
- They haven't got us in uniform yet, until they do they can't touch us, we're still...
- Stop shouting!
- Stop interrupting me!

Finally Captain blows completely, orders me out of the place. I start walking slowly up the room, tired of shouting but I didn't take that bus ride for just fifteen minutes of this, trying to think of something and then have it, whirling on Captain following right behind me

- My lunch! My bus trip back to Madison! You owe me money!

a roar of laughter, Captain hesitating then talking fast

- That's not the Army's responsibility, that's the responsibility of Selective Service, we don't...

but he hesitated, all I need and I'm off in a rage, up and down the aisles, my lunch, my bus ticket, the draft, the world, Captain and Corporal both after me, heading me off near the front of the room, Captain pointing with shaking finger, in quivering voice

- You...you go stand there... you be quiet now...

so I go stand in my corner, Corporal next to me, sort of screening me off from the rest of the guys. I try being friendly but he's stone-face Duty-Honor-Country and what the hell, I didn't come to infiltrate the ranks, not today anyway. Occasionally I step out a little and shout something and he flaps his arms around

- You...hey, now, you...hey...

but the guys are getting their packets and starting to go upstairs, grinning sort of sick as they go by, and I'm starting to feel sick again myself, especially when the three bulls that Captain phoned walk in behind me, if I do any yelling now it's a disorderly conduct bust and I'm just not up for that act today. I go sit with the three DRU guys who are to be segregated from the rest of the guys while they take their physicals, and then they go up and I'm told the "intelligence" officer won't be here till ten.

I sit around for a few minutes, then sneak upstairs, the guys are in taking mental tests and signing security clearances, I open the door and shout

- Remember, you don't have to sign that thing!

slam the door and turn to meet a Sergeant trotting up to me, before he can get anything out

- I'm supposed to report to you, Sergeant.

Well, Sergeant he really had no idea, but anyway I should stick with him and keep my mouth shut, so I stand and smoke and then a PFC bursts out of the room, looking scared

- Sir, I've got a bad one in there.

It's the hippie and he's into his thing now, I peer over Sergeant's shoulder and see his security clearance, nothing but block capitals

- ALL FORMS SUCH AS THIS ARE BASICALLY EVIL

and before that he refused the desk, took to the floor cross-legged reading from a book of Zen meditations. Sergeant he don't dig, puts me into another room with the three leafleteers and goes in to see. We sit around ruminating on the relative merits of the subversive groups listed on the security form, with "Serbo-Croatian Caucus" finally losing out to "Blue Star Mothers of America". Then in comes the hippy, Buddha and bells now subversive too, plops down on the floor and we rap a few minutes before he gets up and goes sits on the window-sill legs dangling outside. PFC walks in and freezes, takes a few steps, stops,

- Hey you, get away from that window!
- (smiling gently) Why?

PFC really scared now, staggers a few more steps, shouts

- Get down from there, get away from that window!

but just smiles and sticks his head further outside, PFC near tears now, extends arms hands open in supplication, almost whispers

- Please come down.
- OK.

and back to the floor. PFC stares dazed and weary, he will never, never know, and then Sergeant comes in, I'm wanted on the third floor.

Up there a secretary gives me a bunch of forms to fill out so scrawling a big "NO" across each, dropping in a few doodles and she looks somewhat distraught, I've cheated her, but she takes and goes and I wander around talking with the other secretaries about life with Army. Finally I'm called into Lieutenant's office, he informs me of all my rights I keep nodding and grinning and someone comes in behind me, very short and bouncing on his toes, dead fish face coming on like Jack Webb, and after a few minutes of some crazy code conversation he's introduced to me as Intelligence Officer Whatchamahoopsie. I say pleased, he says nothing and then we march up to the fifth floor, the interrogation room. He holds the door for me, a table and chairs in the middle and couch along a wall, I flop on the couch and he slams the door behind him it bounces back tries again back again, five times before he turns the knob and closes it. This one is the prize of the day. He sits at the table, points to another chair

- You sit here.

The constitution of the United States now says that congress shall have the power to "declare war, grant letters of marque and reprisal, and make rules concerning captures on land and sea."

I propose that the constitution should be amended by the substitution of the following paragraphs:

The military forces of the United States shall not be used against any other people except by direct affirmative vote of the majority of all the citizens of the United States more than 18 years of age...

Each voter should indicate his will by signing his name opposite the word "No" or "Yes".

In counting, the affirmative ballots should be kept separate from the negatives, and in case of war, no man who voted against war should be compelled to fight until every man who voted for war had volunteered for service, or had been drafted into the army:

Not only that: The ballots should be numbered, and in the event of war the men who voted for it should be drafted for service in the order in which they appeared at the ballot boxes. In each precinct or polling place, the first man who voted for war should be the first man to go to the front, and the last man who voted against war should be the last man...

To this end we should provide by statute that every speaker, writer, legislator or other public official who advocates war should file notice of such advocacy with the war department, under heavy penalty for failure to do so; and in the event of war these gentlemen should be summoned to the front at the first fire and compelled to stay there until the cessation of hostilities, unless sooner killed. Whatever their military abilities they should not be permitted to be officers, since officers of the higher sort have a habit of surveying the carnage from the rear...

Allen L. Benson in the Appeal to Reason, Sept. 19, 1916



so I do and he flips a wallet across at me

- I'm with Army Intelligence.

flip it back off his chest

- I'm with humanity.

a bit weak but he helps

- Oh, that's nice.
- Well, it's a hell of a lot nicer than being with Army Intelligence.

Then he starts in on all my rights, but I'm playing with some paper so

- Do you wish to make a statement?
- No.
- Then you'll sign a statement stating that you refuse to make a statement.
- No.

and that's it, back down to the third floor, more buffooneries and finally on a couch in the main lobby where we started, staring up at the ceiling.

Up above the ceiling the guys are suffering through the same obscenity I remember from a few months ago. After the mental testing its off with the clothes, height and weight, and then head down, eyes on the floor, follow the yellow line, station one give us a cup of your piss, station two your ears, your eyes station head down seven some blood please, on the yellow line and on station thirteen some shrink's sticky questions you're fit for use and then lined up in a big room, dirty old men looking you over poking probing grabbing your balls finger up your ass you're good enough to die and now the ceiling back and forth and in a slow whorl up and down and close my eyes...

When I open them a blob, long yellow hair freckles and braces, a noise it talks

- Wanna cookie?

cute and friendly thirteen-year old Red Cross girl and I want nothing more than to swat her through the window, but I take her coconut crumble and bite. Then walk outside and spit it into the gutter, sail the rest at a third-floor window and up the street for a beer. In the bar remembering the shrink looking at my psycho questionnaire last time

- What do you mean, "mildly paranoid"?
- Oh, it's nothing to worry about.
- Yes, but what do you mean?
- Well, I mean, like they're after me.
- I see. Who is "they"?
- The ones who are after me.
- Mmm. Why are they after you?
- Because they want to get me.

Then back, it's clouding up now, into the main lobby, couple guys finished early but no talk, just sit and stare, so up to the second, the third, the fourth floor, saying the same thing to every soldier and secretary I see, getting the same blank then incredulous look and directions to another office, working my way up till finally what I want

- See Captain.

his office empty he's in conference next-door with the Commandant, some Something-less-than-General and in I go, heads bent low over desk, a nod to the flag and then this time shout it

- You people owe my old high school a buck!

heads coming up, open mouth and saucer eyes, Something-less-than-General completely stooged but finally Captain he's learning closing eyes and very soft

- Would you please wait for me in my office?

so I do and then explain how Army sent to High School for a transcript and High School sent me the bill and Army really should take care of its own debts and he quivers across paper for the address he'll handle it personally.

Down to the second floor and smoke one under a big "No smoking" sign but nothing happens they're learning so down to the lobby and Corporal calls the hippy up they rushed him want no part of him and I'm called and we can leave now with bus tickets if we like and he

-Man, I want out of this place.

so do I but maybe something else will happen so I just walk him out to the corner and off he goes and now a faint mist. Back in and Corporal calls me but a big bunch is going to lunch so out again, leaving Corporal's wailing "Han-ley" behind he's supposed to keep me away from the others, onto the bus in the back and Corporal at the door

- Hey Hanley, come on in.
- I already am in.
- No, in the building, we've got some food for you inside.
- That's all right, I'm going out for lunch today.
- You want to go with these guys?
- I think so, yeah.
- (almost inaudible) Ok.

what can he do drag me down the aisle? Then lunch in the unused basement of a downtown cafeteria, cakey inedible pork and potatoes and talking to upstate guys the draft the war and being treated like animals but tired now not getting very far.

Back in the lobby and some of the guys finishing up coming down or back from lunch, one-by-one coming up to me

- How'd "intelligence" treat you?

and getting theirs back, all the gore, then just rapping, some very, very good raps democracy the draft imperialism freedom and all that. And the plans, the schemes, the escapes one guy knew the ear-test machine beat it bad, another into Navy OCS it's bad but it's not Vietnam, one refused to give blood and another with the shrink

- I see you've checked "yes" for "homosexual tendencies".
- (leaning across, looking, nodding) Yeah, yeah, right.
- Are you serious about this?
- Well, Freud says we all have them.
- (disgusted) You'll never be able to work for the government, you know.
- (long hesitation) Gee whiz, I never thought of that.

and many more. Then we're thirsty, six or seven heading out for beer, I'm last and behind me a guy I haven't seen before

- Where you guys going?
- Couple beers.

and he's in, then Corporal

- Hey, you guys can't leave the building when you're...

and he looks back bitter

- Fuck you, Army!

and out we go, into the drizzle and the bar.

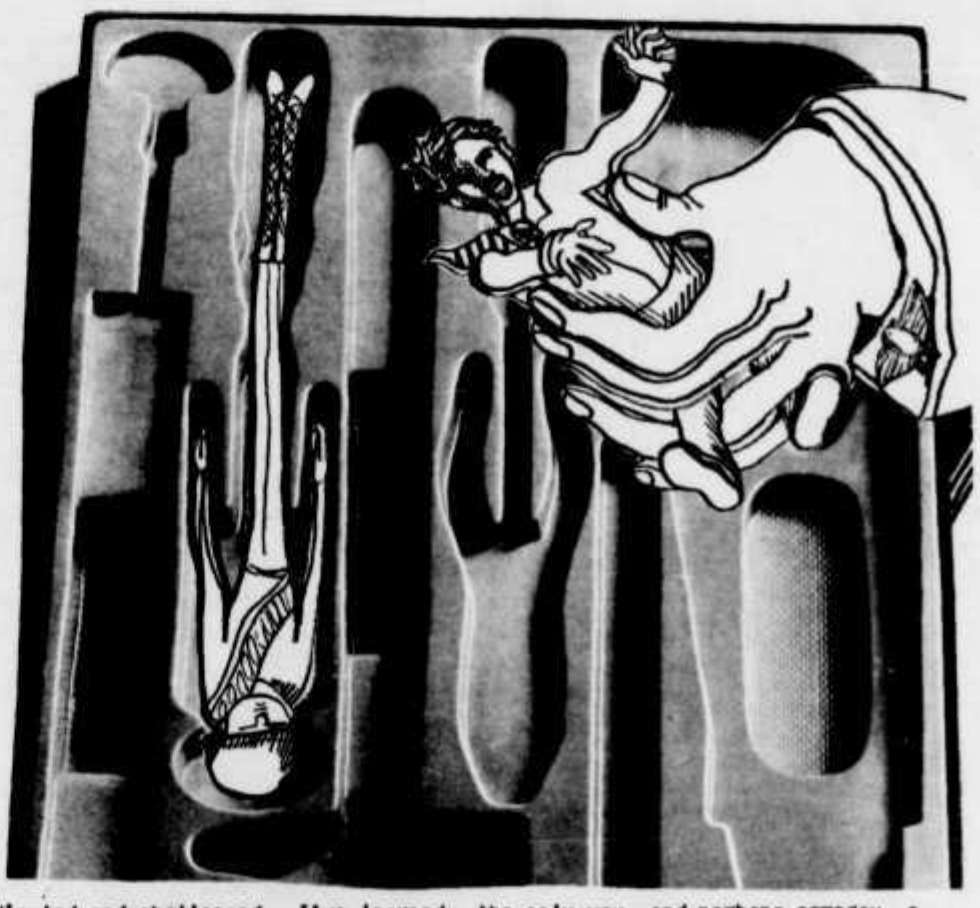
Then back in the lobby, more talk and turns out seven guys refused to sign the security questionnaire. Finally the bus is ready, back towards Madison, someone asks about my interview I talk a few minutes and its a quiet return trip, low mutterings or silence just looking out at the driving rain. Madison

- See you.
- Yeah, take it easy.

and then the long walk back to my room, it's been a wild day and I did have fun and I don't quite know why I'm down, so very down sloshing through the storm.

* * *

Looking back on that day now I think I know much more what I was doing, what I could have done, and why I came away so low. The shouting and disrupting were one way of attempting to penetrate the thick layer of fear and apathy we've all acquired en route through America, of showing that authority could be



ridiculed and challenged. I've learned since then that there was much more I could have done, both on the bus and in the building.

But more than this, I know now that such spasmodic efforts as I made that day will end no drafts, stop no wars, break no empires, create no souls and humanize no worlds. That day was only a very small part of what must be the far larger whole of resistance. People must be reached long before that wretched morning when they enter the bus station already beat. We must come to see that today's Great War is the Man against us, and that to continue fighting it as a strictly individual thing can only mean all kinds of death.

On his side the Man works 365 days a year to effect his will. This we too must do, and since he has most of the guns we must work twice as hard, struggle with twice the effort. It will be a long and difficult struggle, this one, and we will inevitably take some losses along the way. But it's the only way, and perhaps someday, a day we may never see, perhaps somewhere beyond the sheets of despair through which we now move, perhaps - just perhaps - we can walk free, we can live our lives as human beings in the way we see fit.

That's what draft resistance is all about.

--George Hanley

Let 'em holler. In most cases the enemy knows where they are anyway, so the noise doesn't matter. The yelling is vitally important to keep reminding the man that he is part of a group, not just a poor lone individual, and it can stir up a chain reaction that will convert lambs to lions on the battlefield.

--Brig. General S.L.A. Marshall

"Slam" Marshall was one of the most important American strategists during the Korean War. His job was not to plan troop movements, arrange logistical support, supervise bombing missions, or grapple with any of the other problems that one usually associates with military strategy. Instead, Marshall was assigned to study the problem of the "nonfirer" - the soldier who is unwilling to fire his gun in combat.

According to Collier's Magazine, Nov. 8, 1952,

> In any given action in World War II, only 12 to 25 per cent of all the combat soldiers who were armed and in a position to fire their weapons at the enemy were able to pull the trigger!
>
> In Korea, the average has been raised by dint of intensive effort, but only to a maximum of about 50 per cent!

The problem, as analyzed by Marshall and others, was that society builds up in the individual a host of inhibitions--legal, cultural, religious, and moral--against taking human life. According to Marshall, "In Russia, where life is cheap and violent death frequent, the Red soldiers have been reared with far fewer inhibitions against killing." But in America, as Collier's put it, "All his life, the boy's mind works unconsciously to suppress any desire to kill. Then, abruptly, he is put into a soldier suit and told to shoot fellow human beings. One man in two loses the resulting struggle to break down the lifelong inhibition."

Among the remedies which Marshall prescribed for this distressing state of affairs were yelling in combat to build up mob psychology, and choosing "natural leaders" rather than selecting leaders on the basis of accepted civilian standards. The key, according to Marshall, was to develop a group spirit. Marshall argued that "cause and national pride are not important; pride in company is the main factor in getting a man to participate in battle."

The army has commissioned a study, by a Harvard professor, of the extent of "nonfiring" in the Vietnam war. His findings are secret.

DRAFT INFORMATION . . .

·APPEALS ·DEFERMENTS ·C.O. ·CANADA ·DRAFT PROJECTS ·& SOME FUNNIES

appeals

Everyone who registers with the Selective Service System is given a Classification, I-A, II-S, III-A, etc. The basis for classification is information submitted by the registrant to his local board. It is the registrant's responsibility to supply this information:



"The law requires you...to notify your local board in writing within ten days after it occurs, of (1) every change in your address, physical condition and occupational, marital, family, dependency and military status, and (2) any other fact which might change your classification." --SS Form 110 (Classification Card)

The local board considers the information and proceeds to place the registrant in any one of the 18 possible classifications. A Notice of Classification is then sent to the registrant notifying him of the board's decision. If this classification is unfavorable (to the registrant of course!!) it is possible to appeal. Upon receiving an unfavorable classification the following should be taken:

STEP I: Within 30 days of the date on which classification was mailed a letter should be sent to the local board specifically requesting a PERSONAL APPEARANCE. This appearance must be granted upon request. In the letter asking for the appearance, briefly outline the reasons why you believe you have been classified unfairly. The purpose of a personal appearance is to give you the opportunity to support your case for reclassification in person. You should be prepared to present your claim for deferment and if you have any NEW EVIDENCE to substantiate your claim it should be submitted at this time. The board will probably decide on your case as soon as you leave the room. They will then mail you another classification card, which if also proves to be unfavorable you have the right to appeal.

STEP II: The second level of appeal is to the State Appeal Board. When you receive notice that the board has denied the request for reclassification which you made at the personal appearance you have another 30 days in which to appeal. Within this time period you should send a letter to the local board stating that you wish to appeal your classification. This letter should include any new information which will further substantiate your claim. Your file will then be sent to the State Appeal Board which will consider your case. Having made a decision, the Appeal Board will return your file to the local board, which will then notify you of the decision by sending you a new Notice of Classification. On this card MUST be the vote of the Appeal Board. If it is not, the classification card is invalid and you should immediately return it to the local board with a request for a proper classification card.

STEP III: If the classification is still unfavorable, but the Appeal Board was NOT unanimous in its decision, you are entitled to a Presidential appeal. A letter specifically requesting a Presidential Appeal should be sent to your local board within 30 days of the date on which your new classification card was mailed. Your file will then be sent to the National Selective Service Appeal Board which, in the name of the President, will reconsider your classification and notify your board of its decision. Your board will then notify you of the decision by sending you, once again, a new Notice of Classification. If this proves to be unfavorable you have exhausted the appeal procedures. You have no further rights to appeal.

NOTES: 1. TIME IS ON YOUR SIDE. You should wait 20 to 25 days after the date on which your board mailed, not the date you received, an unsatisfactory classification before taking action. This will enable you to delay the process for the maximum period of time. BUT, your board must receive your request for a personal appearance or an appeal before the end of the thirty (30) day period. Failure to meet this deadline means forfeiture of your right to have the unsatisfactory classification reconsidered.

2. At no time during the appeal process--from personal appearance to Presidential appeal--can you be inducted. If you receive an induction notice while your case is on appeal, your draft baord has acted illegally. You should mail your induction notice back to the board with a note to the effect that they have acted illegally and therefore the induction notice is invalid. Moreover, you cannot be inducted until at least 30 days after receiving a I-A, I-A-O, or I-O classification, even if you fail to appeal your classification. A Notice to Report for Induction during this time period is also invalid and should be returned to your board.

3. If there was no dissenting vote(s) in the Appeal Board's decision you may ask the government appeal agent to recommend to the State Director of Selective Service that the Appeal Board be requested to reconsider its decision, or to allow for a Presidential Appeal. The law states that



the government appeal agent MAY make such a recommendation if he deems it in the national interest or necessary to avoid an injustice. However, he is not required by law to make such a recommendation simply when requested to do so. This request should be made by writing to your local board. At the same time you should write a letter directly to the State Director of the Selective Service and the National Director of the Selective Service asking them to request the Appeal Board to reconsider your case, or to allow for a Presidential Appeal. If the Appeal Board reopens the case and again fails to grant the desired status, but there is a dissenting vote this time, you are entitled to a Presidential Appeal. You must, as in any appeal procedure, specifically request this appeal, in writing, from your local board. If these letters fail to reopen your case, you have exhausted all administrative remedies.

4. You should appeal every unfavorable classification if you have no claim for deferment. This will delay the induction process (at least 6-8 weeks and maybe longer.) During this time something may occur which will make you eligible for another deferment. Time is your ally; use every means of gaining extra amounts of it.

deferments

A new draft law was enacted by Congress in June, 1967. There were only a few significant changes. One was in relation to student deferments, which made provisions for mandatory undergraduate student deferments and limited the length of graduate student deferments. The deferment for undergraduate study is mandatory IF the following SIX conditions are met each year:

1) That the student specifically request, in writing, the II-S deferment. New forms, SSS Form 104, have been sent to colleges and universities for registrants to sign if he desires a II-S. A letter will also suffice.

2) That the University or school send a Student Certificate (Form 109), or equivalent, to the draft board.

3) That the student is receiving credit for his courses TOWARD a degree.

4) That the student is maintaining a full-time course load. This load is defined by the school and may not legally be challenged by the draft board.

5) That the student is making satisfactory progress. This has been defined in the new law to mean that (a) if you are enrolled in a 4 year program you have completed 25% of the credits necessary to graduate by the end of your first year, 50% by the end of your second year etc. or (b) if you are enrolled in a 5 year program you have completed 20% of the credits necessary to graduate by the end of your first year, 40% by the end of your second year, etc.

6) That the student has not reached his 24th birthday. No student deferments will be given to undergraduates 24, or older.

NOTE: The school year is now defined as the twelve month period beginning with enrollment. That is, you have a full calendar year in which to fulfill the requirements as stated above.

On February 16, 1968, the National Security Council in conjunction with the National Director of Selective Service issued new regulations concerning graduate student and occupational deferments. These new rules were not surprising. The NSC and General Hershey simply clarified what was implicit in the law passed by Congress.

Student deferments for graduate students now in their first or second year of work towards a master's degree and students who will be entering their first year of graduate work in the fall of 1968 have been eliminated. Student deferments may be granted to those graduate students presently enrolled in a doctoral or master's-doctoral program who are in their second or subsequent year. Mandatory graduate deferments are still given to students in the medical sciences or related fields. It is important to note that all student deferments must be requested in writing. Further, there are penalties for accepting a II-S deferment. Anyone who accepts a II-S after June 30, 1967, will NOT be eligible for the mandatory fatherhood deferment (III-A). The new law also makes provisions which allow the President to name a "prime-age" group. Registrants who have had II-S deferments since 6/30/67 are liable for placement in this prime-age group, should it be named, regardless of their actual age.

The NSC also eliminated critical occupations lists. It did not, however, eliminate occupational deferments. Occupational deferments will now be entirely at the discretion of the local draft board. It appears that boards will rely more heavily on letters from employers; obviously the more influence the employer exerts in the local community, the greater the weight his letter will have in the board's decision making.

III-A DEFERMENTS

There are two III-A deferments. The first is called a mandatory fatherhood deferment; the second is a discretionary hardship deferment. To be eligible for the fatherhood deferment you must be living in a "bona fide family relationship," a child must have been conceived, and you must not have accepted a II-S deferment since 6/30/67. The law states that one need not be married or the child be born in order to qualify for the deferment. You must, however, notify the local board that the child has been conceived PRIOR to receiving a notice to report for induction. To be eligible for the discretionary hardship deferment you must be able to demonstrate that your induction into the armed forces would create a severe and extreme hardship for your dependents. Students who have accepted II-S deferments under the new law ARE eligible for this III-A deferment.



GENERAL HERSHEY

Dear General Hershey. My son Robert is 17 going on 18, and the other day I heard something that worried me to tears. Our neighbors went to see a movie in which some of the characters were marines. One of them, according to our neighbors, said "Damn." Is this the kind of talk my Robert will be exposed to if he is drafted? (Signed) Mrs. V.G.

Dear Mrs. We've checked out that incident, and the man involved was a professional actor, not a real marine. Tell Robert to keep in touch.

Dear General Hershey. Have you ever fought in a war? (Signed) B.N.

Dear B.N. Well, I didn't personally fight in World War I, but a great many young men in my generation did do so. During World War II I was a bit old to do any actual fighting; however, as selective service director I helped arrange for a large number of others to do so. I would compare my role to that of the head scout for a successful major league baseball team. It's like an iceberg; seven-eights is under water and you're not aware that it's being done but if it weren't it would hit you all of a sudden like a left hook.

Dear General Hershey. Is it true that we are fighting in Vietnam for no good reason? (Signed) A.R.

Dear A.R. Our country is just like a man--that's the best way I know to explain it. Just as it's important for you and me to guard our precious bodily fluids, so it's important for our country to do so.

Dear General Hershey. Today I burned my draft card, shot all the members of my draft board, and raped my high school principal when she protested. (Signed) N.E.

Dear N.E. I only wish we could channel that energy into constructive uses.

Dear General Hershey. My boyfriend and I got into a horrible shouting argument yesterday about which is worse, the Yellow Peril or the Red Menace. He says the former, I say the latter. You're the only person whose judgment my boyfriend says he will respect. Please tell me who is right. (Signed) T.M.

Dear T.M. Both the Yellow Peril and the Red Menace are very dangerouts. I would hate to have to choose between them. Captured enemy documents, however, show that the Yellow Peril is 12 per cent worse, so you win the argument. (Confidential to George Washington. Your name has turned up on quite a few petitions to "end the draft," and presumably also my job. This is to inform you that in this society we have orderly processes for making changes.)

Dear General Hershey. Somebody told me the other day that girls would say "Yes" to men who say "No" to the draft. I walked into a Draft Resistance office yesterday and said "Yes" and they stared at me as though I were crazy. Finally one of them said "Yes what?" and I burst into tears. It's all very hard to understand. (Signed) S.D.

Dear S.D. I get hundreds of letters like yours. You're the victim of a cruel hoax. I would compare it to the second baseman of a baseball team who covers first base on a bunt and then finds that the center fielder was late for the game.

Dear General Hershey. It's been said that you take a perverted interest in young men. Is this true? (Signed) S.K.

Dear S.K. You're confusing me with J. Edgar Hoover. --James O'Brien

C.O.

The Military Selective Service Act of 1967 makes provisions to exempt from military service those persons who by reasons of religious training and belief are conscientiously opposed to participation in war in any form. The law further states that religious training and belief in this context "does not include essentially political, sociological, or philosophical views, or merely a personal moral code."

Ostensibly it appears that one must have orthodox religious beliefs in order to qualify for CO status. However, in 1965 the Supreme Court in the Seeger decision held that " a sincere and meaningful belief which occupies in the life of its possessor a place parallel to that filled by the orthodox belief in God of those admittedly qualifying for" conscientious objector status falls within the statutory definitions of religious training and belief. If you sincerely hold a belief which gives you a sense of obligation not to accept induction into the armed forces you may be eligible for CO status. Further recent court decisions make it clear that your claim need not be based solely on traditional or orthodox "religious training and belief".

The law does not require one to be a pacifist in order to qualify for CO status. The law does say that one must hold beliefs which obligate him not to "participate in war in any form". It is important to differentiate between violence on the individual level and the indiscriminate violence associated with war. When thinking through your position address yourself to the question of participation in war (mass killing, indiscriminate destruction, uncontrolled use of violent force) as opposed to questions like "what would you do if your sister was attacked"? It is also important to keep in mind that you must be opposed to participation in all wars. The draft law does not make provision for selective objection (the right to decide which wars you will fight in). Nor does the law recognize any objection based on just war theories which are common to western religions. It only recognizes opposition to participation in all wars. The obvious hangup comes when asked about participation in World War II. However, when considering your position in relation to conscientious objection remember that you are being asked to oppose participation in wars that America is or will be fighting. The world is entirely different in 1968 than it was during WW II. The weapons today are infinitely more destructive than those used in WW I or WW II. World War now means, in all probability, World Destruction. The question to be asked is whether you hold beliefs which obligate you not to participate in any wars that you may be asked to participate in.

The most important thing that you must demonstrate in your claim is sincerity. "A sincere and meaningful belief..." is the basis of a CO claim. You must show that your actions are consistent with your beliefs, that the general character of your life is consistent with the set of principles on which you base your CO claim. One peculiarity of all draft boards is that time is equated with sincerity. The sooner your CO claim is on file the better your chances of obtaining it.

Applying for CO status:

There are two CO classifications. I-A-O is for noncombatants, people who are opposed to combat training but who are not opposed to serving in the armed forces. I-O is for the conscientious objector who is opposed to both combatant and noncombatant military duty.

Noncombatants are inducted into the army and trained for the Army Medical Service. The Handbook for conscientious objection states: "The basic training for the Army Medical Service is designed to prepare men for front line duty.....a CO medic is just as apt to be assigned to a combat area as a non-CO.

I-O's are assigned to civilian alternative service. The civilian service usually is in a hospital or similar institution. The law states that the I-O must be employed by "a nonprofit organization, association, or corporation which is primarily engaged either in a charitable activity conducted for the benefit of the general public or in carrying out a program for the improvement of the public health or welfare, including educational and scientific activities in support thereof, when such activity or program is not principally for the benefit of the members of such organization, association, or corporation or for increasing the membership thereof." (Sec. 1660.1 (b)).

To apply for status as a CO you must write to the local board and request SS Form 150, Special Form for Conscientious Objectors. Because this form is very difficult to fill out and because IT MUST BE RETURNED WITHIN 10 DAYS AFTER THE DATE IT WAS MAILED (failure to meet this deadline results in forfeiture of right to claim exemption as a CO) you should consult with a trained draft counselor BEFORE requesting the CO form from your local board.

The completed form is returned to your local board where it will be considered. Applying for CO status DOES NOT affect your qualifications for any other deferment. The Draft Board must place you in the lowest classification for which you are eligible. (I-A is the highest classification, IV-A is lower than III-A, II-S is lower than I-O etc.). Therefore if you have a student deferment (II-S) and then apply for CO status your claim will not be considered until you no longer qualify for the II-S or any other lower classification. If your board does reclassify you I-A they have acted illegally and you should immediately consult with a trained counselor.

If the board considers your claim for CO status and fails to grant it, you have all the appeal rights that were outlined in the section on the appeal process. If you do obtain CO status (either by your local board or through the appeal process) you are still entitled to be placed in any other lower classification for which you might become eligible, III-A for example. If you are not eligible for any other classification you will be called into service (military or civilian) in exactly the same order as if you were I-A.

If you are opposed to fighting for Uncle Sam in Vietnam for reasons of conscience, then you are a conscientious objector. If you sincerely hold a set of beliefs which obligate you not to participate in war in any form then you may fit the Selective Service System's definition of a conscientious objector. Remember it is the draft board's responsibility to decide whether or not your beliefs fall within the statutory definition of conscientious objection. Do not eliminate yourself--make the draft board do its job.

canada

Much has been said about the United States and Canada being Friendly Neighbors and sharing that famous 4000 miles of undefended border, and an ever increasing number of draft resisters have been taking advantage of those conditions in an effort to avoid military conscription. Emigration to another country is not illegal in itself, but emigrating in order to avoid the draft is quite a different matter. Therefore, there are several preliminary statements that must be made before considering the specifics.

First, the decision to emigrate is a crucial and fundamental decision, and should not be taken solely on the basis of the following article. The process is serious, complicated, and not the same for each individual. This article is meant only to give broad outlines of information.

All the following information comes from the Manual for Draft-Age Immigrants to Canada, $1, published by the Toronto Anti-Draft Programme, 1968, and available from the WDRU (500 copies have been ordered). The book should definitely be purchased and read by anyone seriously considering emigrating to Canada.

Second, it should be noted that in all probability, you will probably never be able to return to the United States again without facing five years in jail, things remaining the way they are. Even if you leave before receiving your induction notice, whatever your draft classification, you will still be an American citizen. Your draft board will continue to correspond with you at your last address, and will eventually send you an induction notice. At that point, failure to appear will subject you to arrest upon return to the United States. Even after you have received Canadian citizenship, you can be arrested upon return to this country. The only possible exception is via renunciation of American citizenship before receipt of an induction notice. You then notify your draft board (remember, as far as your draft board is concerned, the status quo remains unless you inform them differently), and they may reclassify you IV-C, a class which contains non-resident aliens who are registered with the SS but cannot currently be drafted. Then, once having your Canadian citizenship, you may be able to return to the US on visitor status. It should be noted though, that there is a federal statute which makes it a crime to flee the country in time of war or national emergency, with a penalty of deportation. During the Korean War, in two separate cases, Americans who had renounced their citizenship were deported. Thus, even this last option may not allow one to return to the U.S. without facing some kind of sanction. (For further information, write to the Vancouver Committee to Aid American War Objectors, P.O. Box 4231, Vancouver 9, for their special mimeographed pamphlet on renunciation. Such information is tentative at the moment.

Third, there are seven extradition treaties between Canada and the United States, but draft evasion is not one of the extraditable crimes.

And lastly, many people who have visited Canada and sought out the so-called American colonies there, have discovered that most Americans in Canada are leading individual and lonely lives. There does not seem to be, at this moment, any real community of Americans in Canada. This is probably partly due to the fact that most are not really political, and



so there are few common bonds to hold them together.

You can enter Canada as a visitor, a student, or a landed immigrant. Visitors cross the border usually with no hassel. "Student Entry Certificates" are given on a year-to-year basis. The requirements for student status are (1) "good character," (2) "evidence of acceptance" from a school, and (3) "evidence of sufficient funds for expenses." Students and wives cannot work fulltime (part-time work is allowed) without written permission from an immigration officer. The "Student Application for Temporary Admission to Canada" can be obtained from the Consulates or by writing to the Dept. of Immigration.

Americans who want to live in Canada must apply for landed immigrant status. A landed immigrant who has lived in Canada for five out of any consecutive eight years has acquired "domicile" and is eligible to apply for Canadian citizenship. American citizenship is not affected by this status; renunciation of American citizenship is a separate act not required until application for Canadian citizenship. Even if a warrant has been issued for his arrest, Executive Order 11325 (1/30/67) will permit some returning draft resisters to choose between jail and army service at the discretion of the Director of Selective Service and the Attorney General.

The new Immigration Regulations, effective 10/1/67, state that applicants for immigrant status can qualify if they can compile 50 of 100 "assessment units" based on education (20 units maximum), personal (15 max), occupational demand (15 max) occupational skill (10 max), age (10 max), arranged employment (10 max), knowledge of English and French (10 max), relative in Canada (5 max), employment opportunities in the area of destination (5 max). A typical draft resister would strut off with at least 27 points: 12 for his high school diploma (a B.A. is 4 more), 10 for being under 35, and 5 for speaking English fluently.

There is only one application form, available from the Consulates or by mail from the Dept. of Immigration. As many documents as you have available should be attached to the application to verify your statements. These might include a birth certificate, passport, marriage certificate, high school and college transcripts,

apprenticeship or trade certificates, proof of any claims of money to be transferred later to Canada, letters of recommendation from former employers, letters from former teachers, a letter of support from your parents if you are under 21.

You can apply for landed immigrant status at the border, from within Canada, by mail from the U.S., at a Canadian consulate in the U.S., or by nomination. The last category is only for people with relatives within Canada.

Currently, most Americans are applying at the border. This is the quickest method. It is best to have your application form already filled out, but to wait for your physical until the application is approved. You will not be stopped at the border until you reach the Canadian side; you will not deal with Americans at all. The interview is not formal and will take from ½ hour to two hours.

Applying for immigrant status from within Canada (having entered on visitor status) is primarily advantageous for those who have already been issued an induction notice; there is no waiting for papers in the U.S.

In applying by mail from the U.S. one can stay in the U.S. while forms are being processed, but mail applications take a long time, from two to six or more months. Those who are not highly qualified or who have immediate draft problems should not follow this procedure. The Toronto Anti-Draft Programme (2279 Yonge St., Suite 15, Toronto 12) publishes a special leaflet for applicants who are drafted while their applications are pending. Write for it before you apply by mail.

The great majority of Americans are granted landed immigrant status on their first try. If you are not successful, and you have not formally been turned down, as is often the case, you may be able to try again.

As a landed immigrant you will be free to travel, but you should have an American passport because you do not get a Canadian one until you have Canadian citizenship.

It appears that Americans are not eligible for either the Canadian Certificate of Identity (issued to persons who have lost citizenship involuntarily) or the Nansen Passport (issued by the U.N. to those who have left their own country "through well-grounded fear of persecution on racial, religious, or political grounds.")

As a final note, it cannot be stressed too much, that those seriously considering Canada should read the Manual, and contact all or at least some of the following people-- the WDRU, an American lawyer well-versed in SS regulations, a Canadian lawyer, a Canadian anti-draft group. And do it while you still have time to so some hard thinking.

A POWERFUL WEAPON



1001 WAYS to BEAT THE draft

11. Start to menstruate. (Better red than dead.)
114. Run for the House of Representatives on the platform that Red China should be invited to send its surplus population to colonize New York and Arizona.
131. Write to Bill Buckley that you want to possess him, body and soul.
133. Tell the psychiatrist that FBI men are looking for secret messages in your feces.
147. Cripple your 79 year old mother and kill your brothers and sisters and then be the sole support of your crippled 79 year old mother.
225. Roll up to the draft board in wheelchair with a broken leg and wave your crutch, screaming: "On to Belgrade! On to Belgrade!"
234. Gather ye rosebuds while ye may.
245. Send in your place a poor spic who can't afford to go to college.
253. Quote the Nuremberg Trial on individual responsibility, in the original German, and shout: "Ich bin nicht Adolf Eichmann!" at the top of your lungs.
256. Take power.
257. Keep a dead whore in your cave.
258. Break wind as you're sworn in, thereby invalidating the whole procedure ex post farto.
259. Admit you're a spy for a foreign government (England).
260. Tell them you don't do anything just because someone tells you to.
303. Write a 700-page history of buggery.
304. Demand a recount.
308. Burn your draft board.
386. Stand outside Army Intelligence headquarters on E. 16th Street and take pictures of every person who enters. When questioned, say that you are gathering material for a series on war criminals.
401. Demand to see the man responsible for the war.
419. Demand a trial by your peers: other inductees; then release each other.
425. Tell Hershey to fuck himself.
427. Tell them God is on your side; if they say God is on their side, answer OK, it's a draw, let's go home.
432. Say no.
442. Bomb Hanoi with old copies of The New York Times.
464. Tell them that you are a man already.
477. Ask to be reclassified as a protected species.
485. Shout: "I don't take shit from no one!"
496. Have an essential civilian job like liar for the U.S. State Department.
503. Ask which way they went (then go the other way).
514. Go gay.
557. Threaten to call the police if they don't stop bothering you.
559. Steal Gen. Eisenhower's used underpants and auction them off at Parke-Bernet and donate the proceeds to SNCC.
571. Pull the rope off your neck, shouting: "I regret that I have but one life."
587. Bring a box of dead rats with you. Offer to sell one to the psychiatrist cheap.
618. Show up at the induction center with a friend. Stand in line with your arms around his waist. Kiss and grope him ostentatiously. When asked why you are doing this, explain that you are expressing joy at being allowed to fight and die for your country.
635. Walk in with a blazing acetylene torch mumbling "Gooks gooks." If the sarge tries to take it away from you, make like to burn him.
678. Tell them you can't serve because you have to suck milk from your mother's breast every morning or she'll be in terrible pain.
679. Tell them you can;t serve because you have to suck milk from your father's breast every morning or he'll be jealous of your mother.
680. Tell them you can't serve because you have to suck milk from your dolphin's breast every evening or they'll cancel your U.S.P.H.S. contract.
708. Show up at the induction center wearing a white smock. Tell them you are a proctologist and you have been sent by Washington to inspect the assholes of all the supervisory personnel. Explain that there is a dangerous Communist spy loose and you have to find out who he is getting to. If you are discovered, admit that you are an imposter but ask them whether they will let you look anyway, as a personal favor.
706. Become an outriding Mormon: marry five girls and have five dependents, ergo no draft. Or
707. Have kids by five women without getting married. Do it now!
710. When they give you the list of subversive organizations and ask you to check the ones you belong to, write at the bottom (or across the list if that's the only space) that since you're an anarchist you don't believe in organizations.
713. Or, alternatively, check off six fascist organizations and seven Communist organizations and write FUCK CAPITALISM AND FUCK COMMUNISM across the sheet in large letters. When asked about the contradiction reply in outrage: "Fuck you this is a free country ain't it? I'll join any fucken organization I want!"
802. Send your Congressman a copy of this book. Ask him how the Army can possibly be putting out such trash. If he replies that the book is obviously not an Army publication tell him that McCarthy tried to investigate Communist suberversion in the Army but was murdered by the invisible government and we lost the Korean War and we're losing the Viet Nam War because the Army is run by the commies and fairies.
807. Invoke the 29th Amendment to the Constitution. If they say there isn't any 29th Amendment, retort: "I'm talking about the Soviet Constitution, you schmucks!"
817. Start a movement which advocates that New York City secede from the U.S. and merge with Puerto Rico.
818. Come in eating a dog's head.

Excerpted from 1001 Ways to Beat the Draft by Tuli Kupferberg and Robert Bashlow, N.Y.: Grove Press, Inc., 1967

projects

The following are some of the projects in Madison in which the Wisconsin Draft Resistance Union is active. It is hoped that, despite the skeletal presentation here, they can serve as examples to people in other places and as a guidebook for people in Madison who are interested in anti-draft work. Further information is available from the WDRU, 107 State St., Madison, 255-6575.

The new graduate student ruling on deferments has changed the picture of campus organizing around the draft. At the University of Wisconsin, draft groups have been set up in many graduate departments - Economics, Philosophy, History, Educational Policy Studies, Physics, Mathematics, English, Comparative Literature, and others. These groups have set up draft counselling and information centers, discussions, newsletters, and have circulated the "We Won't Go" statement. The work is being done principally by the graduate students themselves, with assistance from the Wisconsin Draft Resistance Union in terms of information, literature, speakers and counselling training.

Seniors are developing ideas for graduation and a class gift. Commencement is a focal point because the idea of a "beginning" now means that you're a first lieutenant at Khe Sanh which turns graduation ceremonies into something closer to a funeral than to a birth. There is talk of presenting a plaque to the University commemorating all the men in the class of '68 who will die in Vietnam next year.

Organizing work has been going on in dormitories, helping residents form discussion groups, supplying literature on the war, the draft, and general American foreign policy. Draft counselling has also been made available in the dorms and the "We Won't Go" statement, the initial statement of the Wisconsin Draft Resistance Union, has been circulated. In one set of dorms, a guerilla theatre troupe will perform skits based on the dormitory experience, (which, by definition, is not unrelated to the draft and Army life). Along with the specific projects in the dorms, the DRU is creating an educational program on the history of the Selective Service System, history of Vietnam, and case studies of America's involvement overseas in Southeast Asia, the Dominican Republic, Cuba, etc. Such a project requires expertise, researching and speaking.



His Liberty Bond—Paid in Full

It is enormously important that the draft be discussed everywhere by everyone and that information be readily available to everyone who needs it.

In Madison high schools, similar work is being done, training draft counsellors and making information available. At West High School, students have formed a guerilla theatre group, but most action has centered around the authoritarianism in the schools, in dress codes and censorship. Time and place have been problems in setting up draft information centers and help is needed from the community. On the east side, an office is to be set up for information and for a hang-out. East High School students are writing an underground newspaper.

Adults in Madison are working on a program directed at the local draft board, exposing the way members are chosen, what political affiliation they have, and the kinds of interests they represent. The program is directed toward making the draft board responsive to and controlled by the community. The immediate strategy is to create an awareness of SSS and its function in the Madison community. Toward this end we have demanded that the board conduct its business publicly, that they not hide behind closed doors when they classify men, and that they defend the legitimacy of the SSS in public debate with the community. Extensive research is being done on everyone connected with the local board.

Members of the community are at the bus station when men are taken to Milwaukee for pre-induction physicals, supplying information about their rights during the physical and demonstrating that there is support in the community for men who refuse to be drafted.

At the University, a research course has been set up to do basic political, social, economic, and power structure research on Wisconsin towns to give organizers and people working in those towns a better understanding of the interests that control and run the town. The course is advertised as a course with a purpose because the information is going to be translated into concrete organizing forms and lead to social action instead of just social theory.

memo

March 19 1968
TO: All Male Graduate Students
in _____.
From: /Department Chairman/

As a result of recent changes in Selective Service regulations in regard to graduate deferments, it appears that most of you will not be with us next fall. Although this will relieve the _____ faculty of much tedious work reading seminar papers and theses, this factor will probably be counterbalanced by the loss of graduate teaching and research assistantships. Your Department will miss you, and looks forward to the return of many of you at some time in the future.

I cannot stress too heavily that your time in the service, whatever one may think in regard to the complex matter of the war, should be put to productive work. The University of Saigon has outstanding research facilities in our field. Professor ____, whom I recall meeting at several of the International scholarly conferences at which I have been invited to speak, is a recognized authority. While the library is in an area of the city that is not completely clear of dissenting elements, I understand that this situation is only temporary.

The way in which you utilize your leisure time in the next two years will have a powerful influence on your professional career.

KUNSTLER:

"THE REAL THREAT ARE THE SO-CALLED DECENT PEOPLE"

from page 6

due process, in reality all of that is a staged game. But the staging is apparently psychologically important. Apparently people have to believe things are legal to subscribe to them. We're affronted by the national police chief of South Viet Nam shooting a young man in the street, but people are not so affronted if a trial was run, stacked as it might be, and he was shot the next day, under the semblance of legality. Well, that's what's happening here.

Things have never been quite so dark in my lifetime. Senator McCarthy, the first Senator McCarthy --who, of course, came from this state--I realize in retrospect, although I wouldn't have said this 15 or 16 years ago, was just a balloon without real significance. He himself could not spark repression because he was too far out; this was not the real threat, the one man, the ad hominem approach. The real threat are the so-called decent people, the Katzenbachs and the Clarks and the Bundys and those people who don't give the impression of being on the lunatic fringe. They are far more dangerous when they go wrong because who can say that Katzenbach or Ramsay Clark is McCarthy? You could spend a comfortable hour with Ramsay Clark. He's an intelligent, urbane man. And he'll say the right thing, up to a point. Then he'll say, Well, they violated the law, that's the reason we have to prosecute them. And he'll argue logically and rationally. Even Secretary Rusk is a pleasant man to be with; he's not an ogre. He says some funny things sometimes, very much like the gentleman yesterday who, commenting on the destruction of a city near Saigon, said, We had to destroy it to save it. You analyze that little statement. These men speak as rationally sounding human beings, yet they are carrying on a policy which is as insidious as any this country has ever faced. They are countenancing the war and legitimatizing the war by ending dissent to war, or attempting to do so.

You must remember that the First Amendment to the Constitution is not an amendment which says you can say things that the government likes. You could always say those things; you don't need a First Amendment for that. It's when you say things that they don't like that you need the First Amendment. It's to protect dissent, not assent. The Framers knew that. They were concerned about Rap Brown and the things he says, or Dr. Spock, and a multitude of others and our whole history reflects this constant conflict between dissent and the forces that would destroy it. Unlike the McCarthy period, there's more dissent today than I ever recall in my own life span, but also unlike the McCarthy period, there's more danger today from the so-called rational elements of government and society.

In the face of this, the lawyers, as of this moment, have not yet created a satisfactory legal theory on the war. I believe every social movement should go into the courts and begin their own action, sue those who are really breaking the law, and not just stand and defend in the criminal action. Many people in the movement do not believe the courts have any hope. We are struggling to use the courts as a forum because we believe they may have a relevancy. I don't believe as long as you have alternatives, and one of those alternatives is a suit in the federal court, in not using it. That very attack is so psychologically important everywhere.

In this light, as a member of the National Board of the American Civil Liberties Union, I think that their decision not to represent draft evaders was the worst possible answer to the demands of today. I think the First Amendment is more than Mr. Justice Fortas says it is in the draft card case when he said an act can never be essentially speech. I see no difference in in raising a sign saying, The War Is Illegal, and in refusing to step forward and be inducted. I think that's an element of free speech. The ACLU is in the same position as it might have been in, I imagine, in 1897, the year after Plessy v. Ferguson, where the Supreme Court said, It is now national policy that the races may be kept apart by law. And if we were sitting in an ACLU meeting at that time, someone might well say, We can't take segregation cases, it's the law. There's a fellow up in Boston who wants to go down to Georgia to fight the segregation act, or ride in a bus or sit in a railroad car--we can't take that case, that's not speech, that's an act, and the law is segregation, it's constitutional. Well, that's ridiculous of course, or so it seems to me, but they're saying essentially the same thing now. First of all, I have a feeling that great masses of the Selective Service Act are unconstitutional. Secondly, even if it is constitutional for the moment, how is it ever going to be changed unless there are test cases, and many of them based on First Amendment situations?

The Madison Dow cases are very relevant to the situation. You never had so much repression exerted against so few as happened here in Madison. They couldn't have done more than if they had begun to shoot a few. So you had this massive attempt to "chill" students, and it's a very effective "chill". It's going to be a very hearty student who stands and fights. He is faced with the repression and deluged with letters from everybody from grandma to his former counsellor at his high school, as well as his own internal fears, and says, My God, if I do that again, if Dow comes back and I go out again, I can be kicked out of school. And by God, it's more important that I finish school, I'll be a lawyer, and as a lawyer, I can do more than demonstrate against Dow. (laughter--nervous??) So you rationalize yourself out of existence.

It's the hardest thing in the world to make some of these decisions. But, I believe that there is not much which makes life have any meaning whatsoever, and that one of the things that does, out of the coffee spoons, which seems to personify for us, as well as T.S. Eliot, the lifetime of trivia with which most of us surround ourselves, which we can't help doing, is the ability to be a man or woman, to make a hard, crucial decision and then stand up and not eat out your insides with fear that maybe you shouldn't have done it. I hope you will make these decisions the way you feel when you get down under the surface and into your own viscera, not the way I want you to feel, or Dr. Spock wants you to feel, or your father or Uncle Sam or anyone else, but the way you feel, the way you want to live, the way you want to dedicate yourself.

If you look perceptively you will see the hangman's noose behind the shadow, and it will hang there and be a potent threat.

I just happened to read the McCarran Act the other day; I read it periodically in order to refurbish my zeal. The Act sets up camps. The Allenwood camp now, as some of you may know in the future, or have known in the past, or have correspondents located therein, is a federal detention camp which is now almost exclusively occupied by 90-100 persons convicted of draft evasion, although it can hold many more. I've been to the camp. It's a sprawling camp where the inmates work, in the appropriate seasons, on growing vegetables and so on. It's a wide area of acreage, but no bars, some fences and so on. If any of you have seen "Cool Hand Luke" you can visualize the type of place it would be. It's to some degree similar, though not as rigorous as that Georgia camp. Once the president declares that we have a national emergency generated by fear of invasion of the U.S. by a foreign power, these camps become wholly operative and in them will go people who are declared by the president or agents of the president to be potential threats to the security of the U.S. They will go to the camps to be held there until the president declares the emergency to be at an end. It's very much like the Nisei (Japanese-American) relocation camps during WW II. They're like a mothball fleet--kept ready but in an inactive state. It's the first time that we've ever had a statute about such things as this. I am sure that in this family of us at this moment there are definitely people, not excluding your speaker, who might qualify for that designation should the day come. And what I am doing here tonight is trying to indicate to you that the day is very possibly coming.

So, there are two things you must do (and when I say you, I mean myself because we're collectively in it). One is to reach your decision honestly with yourself, and secondly, once having reached it, reach out your hand to others and cleave one to another because the only force of any kind that can change anything is the people, where the power sits and always did sit and always will sit. But, as Frederick Douglass said, Unless the people exercise it, it will never be exercised. And then you will only have the spectre of the worst of all possible worlds, the spectre of those things that might have been had I stood up and been a man.



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22 N. Henry St.
Madison, Wisconsin 53703
(608)257-1844
Member of Underground Press Syndicate
& Liberation News Service

Subscriptions - $3.50 per annum,
$4.50 out of state.

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With special thanks to the Wisconsin Draft Resistance Union.



Wisconsin Draft Resistance Union

"not with our lives you don't"

(Note: Following is a history of the development of the Wisconsin Draft Resistance Union, as told by Jody Chandler, a fulltime organizer for the Union. From a group of students at the University concerned about their futures and the horror of the Vietnam War, the Union has grown into a statewide organizing group which seeks to create an alternative in people's minds and in their lives to a passive acceptance of American militarism and imperialism. The strategy and tactics of the Union have gone through many stages during the year of its existence, as people learned from good and bad experiences and as they developed definitions of what draft resistance could mean politically and of what organizing for collective resistance would look and feel like in their own lives.)

CONCEPTION AND INCEPTION

In September 1966, four or five seniors at the University got together to discuss the anti-war movement and their own draft status. For eight weeks, discussion continued and the group grew to about forty men. The meetings were very, very good, very personal, intimate. People really sort of came apart and talked about their lives and how their lives related to America. Out of those meetings developed a serious comradeship, and people saw that the only direction that could be taken was in terms of a union...some kind of collective action. But the meetings started to fall apart because they'd reached the line, exhausted their souls and they didn't know what to do. The draft was just this kind of omnipotent thing that they really could not deal with.

Three or four people took the initiative to write a "We Won't Go" statement that publicized a refusal to serve in the armed forces and, after much debate, included a sentence encouraging others, who could conscientiously do so, to join them. Such a statement could be construed as a violation of the Selective Service Law. Forty-seven men signed that statement and it was published in the UW Daily Cardinal in February. At that time, that was a significant leap in people's thinking and in the way people looked at their lives because it involved a risk. Nobody really knew what was going to happen as soon as that statement was to be made public.

EARLY DEVELOPMENT

The statement basically served to consolidate the months of discussion. A public meeting was held, attended by over 150 people, and a loosely structured Wisconsin Draft Resistance Union was organized. The Union was based on working committees (campus and community organizing, direct action, legal and historical research, correspondence) which saw their job as proselytizing and as discussion groups to develop ways in which the statement could be put into action. There was a serious lack of understanding about what essentially a Draft Resistance Union would do, how it would function. Then, the basic strategy was to try to clog up, disrupt or otherwise reduce the efficiency of the Selective Service System. People believed that if enough confrontations were created, the SS could not function. There was also the idea that it was possible to act as a Union, that we could act, one for all and all for one, and that if one person would be drafted the whole union would have to be drafted. If one person were arrested for signing the statement we could act in concert with that person and force them to confront all of us.

One of the projects of the Union was to speak in dormitories, explaining "Why I Won't Go". The idea was that it was important to explain why people signed the statement. Because there was a great range of attitudes and perspectives of people who signed the statement, it was necessary to explain those to people in the dorms, and that interaction would be healthy and serve to build the draft resistance union. There were people who were pacifists, who were opposed to all war and any kind of military training or preparation for wars, people who were essentially opposed to the war in Vietnam, not to conscription but saw their act directed solely at this war, and that they would refuse to serve in the armed forces while the war was going on.

The dorm speaking was very successful and many times it was the first time that leftists had talked to anybody other than leftists. We spoke in numerous dorms and in fraternities. It was very successful in terms of interaction; it wasn't particularly successful in building the Union's numbers. The committees functioned during March and April doing very low level political work. We did some leafletting at the high schools and we went to talk to a few people at churches.

Things were happening: there was a tremendous flurry of We Won't Go statements that spring, all over the country. Fifty or sixty groups published statements of varied content, and published them. Some did not urge others to join them in their stands. The same kind of blossoming happened on this campus. In May, 115 men had signed the statement and a support statement had been written along exactly the same lines except



that it said, "We men and women not eligible for the draft, pledge our support for those who refuse induction." About forty or fifty women had pledged their support, so the group was about 175 people bound by the statement and the work being done.

The discussions of the DRU principally served an internal need on the campus for people to act in new ways: what was being talked about was an individual's life and the risks involved in making a stand against the draft. People asked what the meaning of jail was, what it meant to risk jail, to risk your future career and life style because of your stand against the war and the draft. Those discussions were very intimate. I can't express that any better, people really struggled with what it meant to take their lives and place them in confrontation with America. Those discussions laid the foundation for continuing, for going beyond merely signing the statement. It took a long time.

The groups talked about the need to sit in at a draft board, to create an aggressive confrontation, to attack the SS rather than waiting for it to take our members away. Our actions would basically evolve around responding to an individual's act. In other words, somebody would be called for a physical and we would base our actions on that. We could not conceive of any way that we could act and create a confrontation collectively.

We talked about the need to organize throughout the state and get to every high school in Madison, nearby, in the next county. We saw the need to reach people who were being drafted although we couldn't see any real clear forms of that. There was considerable talk about what it meant to organize on college campuses when those people weren't going to be drafted anyway. They were safe behind their II-s's. Much of the discussion revolved around a kind of manhood bag, about how we have to get to those people who don't have the courage to take the stand we've taken. The leap of draft resistance which made the union different from other anti-war groups created barriers of communication. Many people set themselves apart from others and refused to see that levels and paths had to be established to allow people to develop through different kinds of commitments, that it was a step by step process and that commitment did not come out of a vacuum. There was a lot of talk about "can we be a draft resistance union if we're not composed of draft resisters?" In the spring, draft resisters were people who signed the "We Won't Go" statement, people who pledged to resist the draft even though most still had their student deferments. The presence of people who had given up their II-S's created a tension in the group that was very productive.

I think the most important part about that early development was the personal things, the very intimacy of it, the kind of comradeship that developed. I'm not saying that 150 people all of a sudden were brothers and sisters and really grooving on each other but large groups of people became very tight.

There was, by May, a lot of frustration in the Union. The war was getting progressively worse, as it has done every month, and there was a need to externalize the feeling embodied in the term draft resistance, to find a way to act.

STRATEGY FOR ACTION

It was dangerous; it just kept building up, creating a lot of hostility in meetings, a lot of bitter talk, that hadn't characterized the group before. Then people were called for their physicals; it was a gift from the SS system, and forced the DRU to act. We had to go with our brothers to their physicals, to support them. We could not let the SS system just ram them through the process. The talk was of creating a political arena out of the induction center, making it clear to people who were going in for their inductions and their physicals that they were not just making a bureaucratic commitment to the Selective Service System, but rather, that they were making a very definite moral and political commitment. That idea had to be expressed. It had to be stressed, people had to see how the SS system had become so institutionalized that it was just a part of every young man's life. Just like going to high school, he went to the draft board when he turned 18 to get his draft card; just like going through high school, tenth, eleventh and twelfth grade and graduating, the army was seen as the thirteenth grade. The sense of frustration and the need to act, combined with these political notions of the need to reveal the Selective Service System for what it was, to show that it was a very definite tool of the Cold War and of America's foreign policy, produced the "May 18" incident.

TACTICS FOR ACTION

Our people were called for their physicals. The talk was "our people," which was significant. It wasn't like we have to go help Arnie, Joel, and Tim, but we have to go help our people, our brothers and that was important. But the tactical debate raged. How does one support people who are being drafted? What does that mean? How do you go down and act in solidarity with your comrades? Don't you go in there and block all the doors and not let the Selective Service System take your people into their lion's den? Don't you chain up the bus doors, not let any of the people out of the busses? Don't we stop the busses from going in the first place? Don't we go inside and disrupt the whole thing and just tear that place up?

What was decided on was that people would go inside and try to talk to the people who were being inducted and who were there for preinduction physicals, that leaflets would be handed out and that people would be encouraged not to sign the security oath. At that time refusing to sign the security oath was tantamount to receiving a I-Y and at least an eight month delay. None of the people that went in then and refused to sign received any kind of classification until now - nine months later.

What happened was a very good confrontation: people went inside and disrupted in the beginning; eleven people were arrested for talking to inductees. The picket line outside was very enthusiastic but then, when people were being arrested and being taken outside there was again that impotence, and all of a sudden there were some demands of "Oh, this isn't resistance - we've got to block the paddy wagons. We have to stop the cops from taking our people."

"WE APPRECIATE YOU"

There was a real kind of dissension on the picket line and then at noon the line broke up. Our people inside (having physicals) were still going on - passing out their leaflets, talking - and we found out later that they were having a very successful adventure inside. The questions they were asking were breaking down the atmosphere in the induction center - we were reaching people - twelve or thirteen guys we'd never seen before had refused to sign the security oath. We were able to create this thing we called a political arena in the induction center to a degree. There was potential there. People inside were very encouraged. But outside nobody was aware that we were being so well accepted inside. There was a debate at noon as to whether to continue. "We're just not going to walk around in a picket line, are we? That's not resistance." "Picket lines don't do anything. We've got to do something!" "We've got to respond more viscerally." "We've got to show them that we can do it, that we can stop the government when we decide to stop the government." After a long debate several people were able to re-establish the picket line. It was very solid principally because of Gwen and the people who had been in the South and had been on picket lines when a picket line was the difference between life and death. She was able to create a real solidarity on the picket line. Then something that was very encouraging happened - two signs were stuck out the windows of the induction center; one said "We appreciate you" and the other said, "Help". And that really did a lot for the picket line.

The DRU was much better off for that confrontation. It helped to externalize some of the frustration, it got fairly good publicity, people were encouraged about it. But then,

(continued on next page)



after looking back on it, the inadequacies of it just flew up in our faces. We saw that it was impossible financially or in any way to create these confrontations time after time after time. We didn't have the manpower or the resources to have ten, twelve, fifteen people arrested every time one of our people went to a physical.

At about this time we met, in Chicago, with the travelers from The Resistance, the people who were going to turn in draft cards. There was a lot of talk about what The Resistance meant. Most people saw the returning of cards as a valid act, as a valid tactic, as a way of building a draft resistance movement. Many people were turned off by the personalities of those who presented the program but nonetheless, it did influence our thinking. People did believe that General Hershey was right - if 4% of the people involved in the Selective Service System would not cooperate with it, it would cease to exist. People believed that it was possible to accomplish that task and so that kind of attitude dominated the political thinking. There was that concept of noncooperation. At the same time, though, I think that we were able to assimilate that thinking into the draft resistance union. We did not have to form a new Resistance group. All the people who were going to turn in their draft cards stayed and made another commitment. They would risk more.

GETTING SERIOUS

Then came finals, then graduation, and the DRU went on its ways. People left Madison; there were probably thirty or forty people left out of 175. Five or six people said that they were going to work fulltime during the summer, that they would become draft resistance union organizers. With the others who were in Madison for the summer, they formed a sort of cadre. The fulltime people lived together in a house and that was important.

For the first time, people started thinking concretely in terms of programs: the need to involve people in work on a day to day basis; work that wasn't just bureaucratic stuff and that aimed at creating the kind of base from which a Draft Resistance Union could act. Then when its people were picked off there would be a base which would respond. Their act of taking away one of our people could be used politically to organize other people. There was just an enormous amount of internal education: people had to learn more about the Selective Service process. We found ourselves being invited to talk about draft and draft resistance and not knowing that much about the Selective Service.

Most of our serious political thinking came from Dee Jacobson of Students for a Democratic Society (SDS). He is primarily responsible for developing draft resistance unions across the country. We consulted with him regularly; he was somebody we looked to for a sense of what was going around the country. He was somebody that we rebounded questions off of and he would respond to us. We really felt bad when we had to go to Chicago and talk to Dee and tell him that we were still planning to do things, and that we never really put those things into action. Finally, one time in the middle of June, we went down to Chicago and were talking to Dee. When we went down there, we felt we were really doing things; we felt really good. We had gotten an office in the basement of 8 Frances Court in Madison. People were reminiscing about how SNCC started in the basement of Raymond Street or wherever that was. You know, one light, one desk, and it was really cool. It was an exciting thing that we were able to have an office that functioned. We had the office on our literature - what little literature we had. We were counselling people all the time and talking to ministers and talking to faculty people about support and all that. Then we started talking to Dee and he asked us what we were doing. And, you know, it really came out, we were really forced to admit that we weren't doing anything. Even on basic outreach programs, basic political education about the Draft Resistance Union, we were not reaching any new people. We were not making an effort in any substantial way to reach any large numbers of people. When we ran off literature, we ran off maybe 500 copies, and when you're on a campus that has 15,000 people here during the summer, that really reflected something. It reflected the extent to which our programs were activating and reaching new people. We began to have very elementary notions of the seriousness and enormity of the task.

All of a sudden we were forced to begin developing notions of what it meant to be a fulltime worker. What we found was that we were basically approaching organizing for the union in the same way we had approached the University of Wisconsin as students. In other words, just as there was the academic life, you go to classes, you come home and do your homework, you go to a meeting now and then and again. And then there was your other life, your real life, you danced and you had a good time and all that. Well, we found we were approaching draft resistance organizing in the same way. That what we were essentially doing was going to work and then coming home and that really hit us about the kind of changes in life style that were necessary and what those changes would mean in terms of individuals' lives, what kind of changes those make in the everyday things you do, in the way you walk along the streets. That was really important. All through July, that was the discussion; you see it was all internal. We just didn't have the experience on which to draw to be able to see ourselves, our lives, in terms of building a movement that would really affect America's politics.

GROOVY SUMMER

There was no experience, and that was the basis of lots of talk. What we found, I mean, like we had a fantastic time this summer. June and July were just unbelievable. Eight or nine people were going through $75 worth of groceries a week. We were stoned every night, every night, that's true. We were absorbing enormous amounts of ice cream from Chocolate House because we were stoned all the time. We had a very good time but each time we had to talk to Dee, when we had to face up to what we were doing, it made us really think about what we were doing and forced us to try to go beyond it and try to understand just in our own terms how one does organize a movement.

In August, a national draft resistance union conference which had been planned since April, was going to be in Madison. We were responsible for the bureaucratic stuff and about 150 people came from all over. It was really great for us, like in our house one night just before the conference started, we had people from California, from Boston, New York, and New Orleans. It was really great getting together with all those people who were our brothers in the movement. And for us, I know for myself, that was really important, to meet all those people. Then we had this conference. The conference was a disaster. People were talking about the same things that they were talking about in June. Those months during the summer there had been no, actually no progress made in terms of developing concrete programs and concrete ways of acting out and developing cohesive forces to build a draft resistance movement.

People were still talking about I-A programs: getting names and sending them information; people were still talking about induction center scenes and those kinds of political arena concepts. People were talking about leafletting draft boards and doing draft board research. What was very, very obvious at least to us in Madison - I don't know how obvious it was to other people - was that there had just been too much talk, and not enough experimentation. There was no really serious attempt to take I-A programs, to take draft counselling, to take any kind of confrontations and really exhaust them programmatically. In other words, really do the absolute maximum you could do with say I-A programs - getting names, addresses, calling them up, visiting those people, trying to get all those people together for a meeting. Also, it was important to develop good anti-draft literature, which was nonexistent, absolutely non-existent. The basic anti-draft literature was "We Won't Go" statements and the SDS convention statement, which is fine but that's so inadequate and it speaks only to the Left.

So what we saw very clearly out of that conference was that draft resistance organizers were full of bullshit. They were not organizing and had no concept of what that meant. They were still clinging to student life styles which were just not compatible with our task. You just could not live the same kind of day-to-day life that you did as a student and organize in the movement.

OUT ON THE STREET

After that conference, we decided to make a two-pronged attack on the draft in Madison. We would do extensive draft board research, visiting draft board people, picketing their places of business, leafletting around in their communities, taking pictures of them, trying to break through all the mysterious, impersonal, and institutionalized attitudes toward the draft. At the same time we would develop a draft information center where we would do political draft counselling. We were never hung up about what kind of draft counselling we were going to do. It wouldn't just be CO counselors; it wouldn't be to get people deferments but it would force people to talk about the draft and the war.

We were going to talk to all the ministers in this damn town; get them to set up information centers. We saw the ministers as a possible viable force in Madison, a way of reaching more people. We had a good group of high school kids whom we were going to train as draft counselors; they would then set up draft information centers. At the same time we tried to develop the literature. Draft counselling would be more than a service if we could get all the legalistic stuff down in black and white, if we didn't have to spend hours explaining that stuff to people. If it were written, we could give it to them and then really talk to men about the war. Dan took the draft board research and began talking to ministers. At the same time, I was responsible for developing the literature. Dan and I decided that unless we could see something concrete developing by the end of October, we were going to leave Madison. What happened was we really did the work in two months. We set up a new office; we developed a good store of literature, all far superior to anything we had had in the past; Dan contacted over forty ministers. He really broke his ass doing it but we found that ministers were the worst people to work with! We learned a lot during those 2 months. We developed a pretty good critique of the Selective Service System and its relation to cold war policy. We began to refine our notions of collective action and how to communicate our ideas. We began to see and feel a movement and the struggle to build it, to build it with our own lives.

AND INTO THE STATE

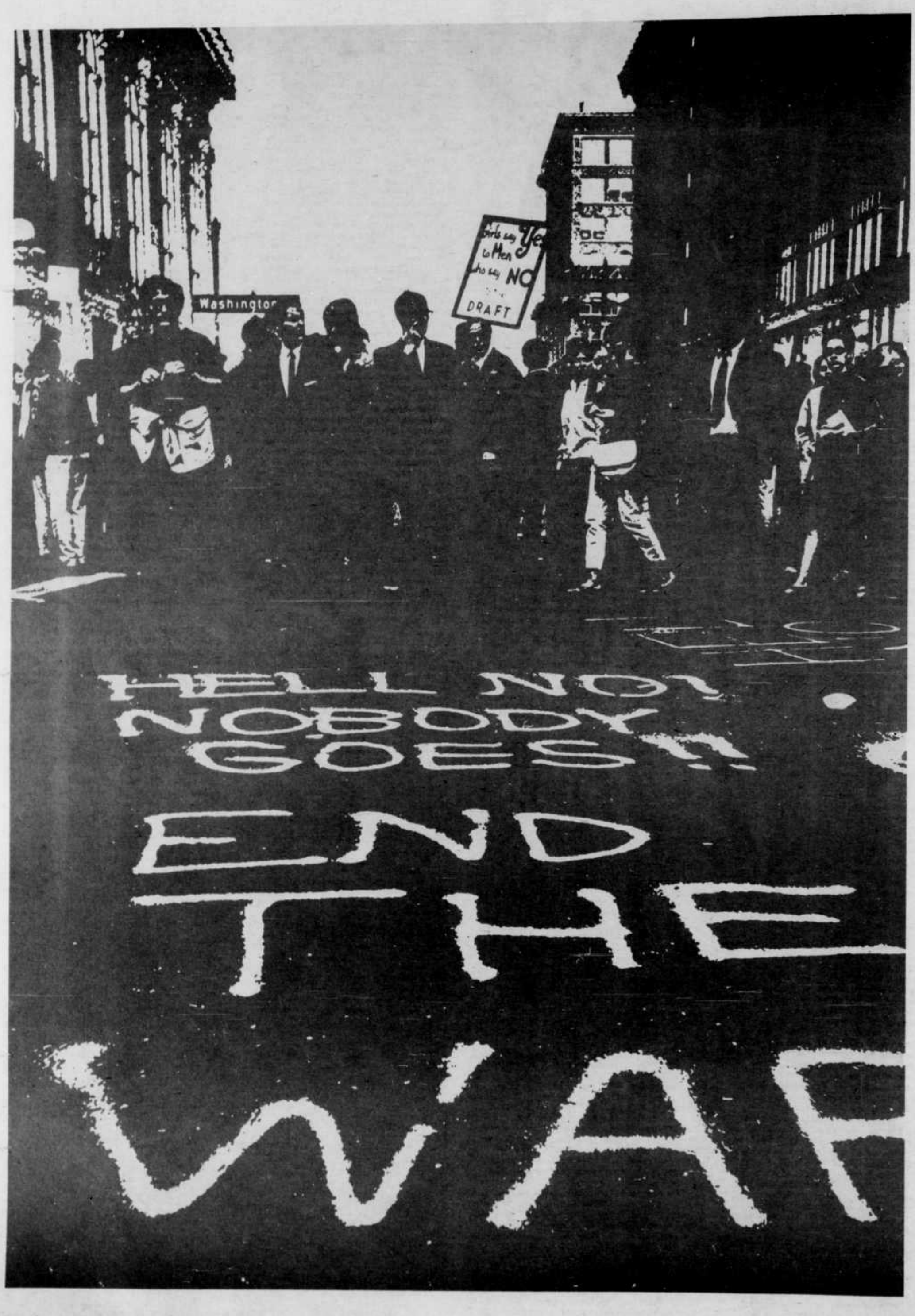
We had some fine experiences that showed we were able to work outside of Madison and that people were responding to ideas that weren't just liberal-peace type ideas. We spoke in Williams Bay - a small, very conservative town on Lake Geneva - 60 kids and 30 Birchers showed up. The Birchers threatened to bomb the place, the cops threatened to arrest us all. But the kids really responded to us and our ideas. They called us the next night and told us to come back and speak at a protest rally because the church coffee house (at which we spoke) had been closed down. We had similar experiences in 2 or 3 other small towns in Wisconsin. We felt much stronger and more confident in what we were able to do and began to develop the notion of constituency organizing, seeing the draft as a way of activating various constituencies around a viable political issue. We were able to see that we had to create programs which were not specifically around the draft.

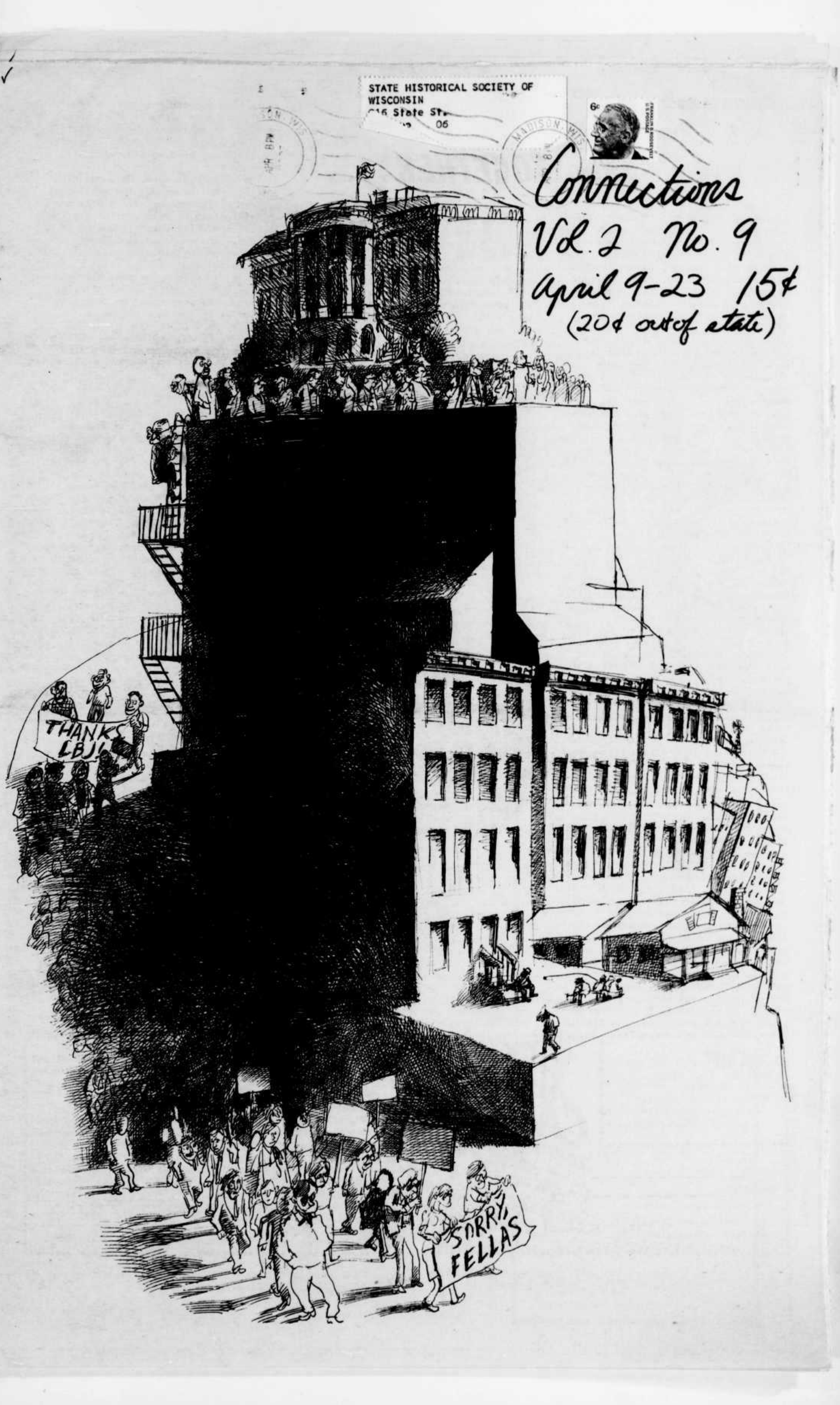
THIS IS OUR TASK

We'd seen that the notion that you could halt the Selective Service System by getting enough non-cooperators was not true. Our basic notion is that our job is to create an atmosphere in which young men can make the decision to resist - can decide not to go to Vietnam. Our analysis says that the crime of America is that it is impossible for a young man, faced with the draft, to conceive of resisting it. The alternative of resistance does not enter into the minds of young men nor into the mind of their community. We have to create a consciousness which allows people to see the possibility of building control over their own lives and destinies, of controlling the institutions which affect them and the environment in which they live. We have to create an atmosphere, a consciousness which allows people to see that there is an alternative to simple submission to the Army and to the basic assumptions of America, and that that alternative can only be created by themselves. This is our task.

DRAFT INFORMATION IN WISCONSIN:
Draft Information Service
1511 Washington Avenue, Racine.
American Friends Service Committee
317 N. Brooks St., Madison.
WDRU 107 State St., Madison (have other addresses in the state).




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Girls say Yes to Men who say NO
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April 9-23 15¢
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ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS

talk TOGETHER ...

I went to Social Science for my sociology lecture but it wasn't there --only a lot of students hanging around. The Concerned Black People had called a meeting after the King march and they were in my sociology lecture room deciding what to do with all the white students outside. Finally they called everyone in and separated us into groups of about 30, each with two black students as leaders. We were supposed to talk about King's death but nobody seemed to know what they were there for or what they were expected to do. We were just a bunch of white students expecting the two black students to know where it was at. At last the black guy, the other leader was a chick, said, "Why don't you ask questions and I'll see if I can answer them." At first, it was hard for everyone, especially us white kids, to say anything. I guess we didn't know what we wanted to say. Finally someone asked the black guy whether, now that King was dead, the violence would take over. He thought so but he didn't think it had to be like that. He talked about education as a partial alternative. That was all anybody said about King or his death. It was pretty irrelevant to the discussion and the whole situation.

Some of the white kids confessed things about themselves, sort of apologized for being white. One kid said he had a hang-up about being friends with Negroes because it was more important for them to work with their own people. He felt he was wasting their time. He just didn't know what they wanted or what he could possibly do to help them. "What do you want us to do for you?" --that was the question that expressed the confusion and lack of understanding in the room. The black guy didn't quite know what to do with it. Finally he said we whites could stop being missionaries like Father Groppi and just give the black people the resources and freedom to do their own thing. One girl didn't understand. She was from Milwaukee and knew Father Groppi. He had really proved to her by his marches through the Polish sections that there was a Negro problem. She kept asking for specifics of what the Negro wanted from white people and white culture and what they didn't want. She said she just didn't understand. The black guy said she must be pretty naive and she guessed she was. He said he would talk with her later. Another guy said he really wanted to help but he didn't know what to do. He had worked in Roxbury, Boston's black community. He felt the problem was the older generation --his parents. He had trouble talking with them about the Negro problem even though they were liberals. The black guy asked him what he personally wanted to do. He didn't know really. Finally he said he would talk to people and tell them how he felt about treating all people equally. He was going to be a rabbi. The black students thought that was groovy--his synagogue would be a good place for him to start talking to people.

The black guy asked if we had any answers which was pretty funny because nobody knew what the questions were and the white kids expected the black leaders to be giving all the answers. Anyway, one kid kept bringing up integrated housing; he had just read about a successful example in NYC. And there was another guy who kept asking "what do you want" and that other famous question "what can I do?" His own solution was to bring in money first (he didn't say from where) and then change people's hearts. You have to approach the problem with a "limited objective." He also said he felt strange in the march when all the Negro kids marched together up front. He thought that since it was a march for King who wanted brotherhood that everyone should have marched together. The black guy said we did march all together

The white kids were confused. The feeling grew throughout the meeting of greater difference between blacks and whites instead of unity, which I think is what the white students wanted to achieve. Instead they discovered--or I discovered in them--tremendous differences between them and these black students symbolizing to them all Negroes. They used these differences in trying to define the problem--"The Negro problem"--for instance the Negro mentality vs white middle class mentality, Negro culture vs white culture. They treated the black students like abstractions, not like fellow students. They were "the Negro" and therefore the authority on the Negro problem and could tell you what to do. Yet the white kids were really put up tight by all the confusion and the demands so they gave some answers pretty much out of desperation. "Don't go to Europe this summer, visit a ghetto and get to know the people." "Go back to your family and make it a good and aware one with understanding and love and work out from there." Finally at the end of the meeting the black chick said, "If you really want to do something for us just sign this petition to get the Civil Rights Bill passed." So everyone did and left.

--Kate Gyllensward & Barbara Baran



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Madison, Wis. 53703
(608) 257-1844
Member of Underground Press Syndicate & Liberation News Service



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CONNECTIONS.....$3.50 per annum..$4.50 out of state

Special Editors of this Issue: Jim O'Brien, George Hanley
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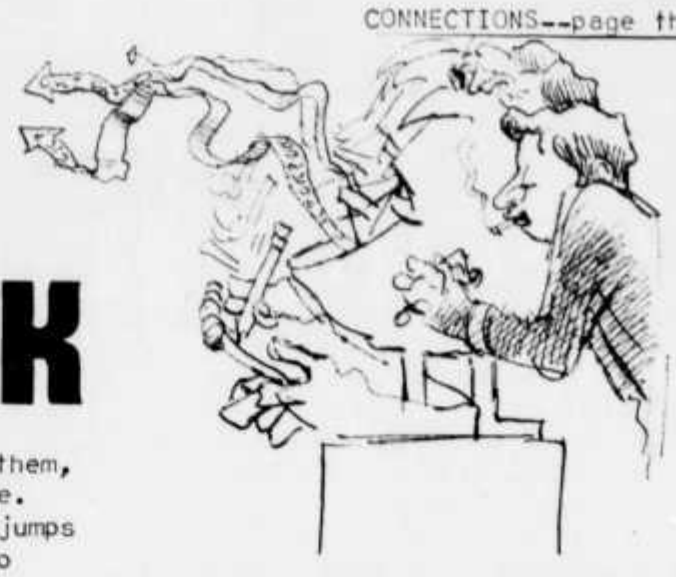
Photo and Art: Nick Thorkelson, Marily Stevens, Larry Champion, Mark Rohrer

CREDITS
Nick Thorkelson (cover); Douglas Dowd and Mary Nichols, ed., Step by Step (p.4) Wash. Free Press (p.5); The Movement:Documentary of a Struggle for Equality (pp. 5,6-7,10; Ron Cobb, L.A. Free Press (pp.8,12).

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All WE have to do together is TALKTALK





(The week before last, CONNECTIONS reporters went to speeches and press conferences featuring Ramsey Clark and Robert C. Weaver. Clark is Attorney General of the U.S..and Weaver is Secretary of Housing and Urban Development. They are very likely the two most liberal members of the Cabinet. - Ed.)

Really, there is no point in going to the press conference or speech of a government official unless you plan to disrupt it. The unchallenged ceremony of saying nothing has been so well developed and sanctified that it is impossible to break through the barrier short of freaking out.

Like at the press conference for Ramsey Clark in the office of the U.S. Attorney General in the Post Office building the other day. When those two guys jumped up after Clark had given his spiel and handed in their draft cards the media-men flipped out. The film was rolling, the tape was running, the cameras were clicking, greedy hands were reaching out for the mimeographed statement the two were distributing. I'm real sorry you had to do this, Clark drawled Texanly. Miniature erections--the monotony had been broken. A few minutes of the unusual. The Great American Spectacle. And then...they left. And then...the press conference got down to business-as-usual.

So here's the scene: 30 mass-media-men crowded into a small room to listen to Ramsey Clark say nothing. And the beautiful thing about it was that they knew he wasn't going to say a goddam thing. But that was the show and the show had to go on...& on...& on... There were your Basic Questions--- your Basic Evasive Answers. One example. Basic Que: Do you agree with the main contention of the report of the President's commission on civil disorders that white racism is the primary cause of riots? Basic Evasive Ans: Well, I'd say that if any two people always agree, then one of them isn't thinking. There are some parts of the report that I don't agree with. When I saw that commission's mandate I said, they sure have their work cut out for them; they sure have a tough job and they sure did a wonderful massive job. And I agree with the General Direction in which the report is going. And yes, white racism is a problem. (Whew! he finally said it.)

There really is no point in asking questions---not, that is, if you want honest answers. As long as you accept the ground rules, he is in control and he has the last word. So he'd say, well, my being here does /pause/ and does not /pause/ have to do with the upcoming primary. Well, goddam... He's supposed to come in April and then, with hardly any warning he appears in March, a week before the primary, to deliver a "pressing and topical" speech on--are you ready-- Crime in the U.S. (Crime in the U.S.?!, and he has the balls to say it does, and does not, have to do with the primary. Sure, he only has the balls to say it because he knows that the press knows that he's bullshitting them, because that's the rules of the game.

News conference over. Everyone jumps into their cars and scurries down to the Law School for the lecture. Nobody could give two shits about what he's going to say--(it's obvious he's not going to say anything--they really want to watch the freaks bust up the lecture.

I get down to the Law School late and the whole room is filled up and groups of students are standing outside both doors. I shout to one of the Student Bar Association guys who is guarding the door so that only law students will be allowed in -- A member of the press, Can I get in? So he asks what press I'm from and I say CONNECTIONS and he says that there's already campus press in there and I say that's the Cardinal and we're different and he says there's already campus press in there and I say do you let the State Journal and the Cap Times in there and he says there's already etc. and I moan and piss about justice and equality and some lawyer you are and he says to go see Dean George Young. But of course Young is in the lecture room and I can't get in. Then I spy Ed Kimball, fearless leader of the Appeals Division of the Student Conduct Committee that has just excommunicated Zwicker, and I say to him that I've been discriminated against and tell him the story. Where's your identification, he says. To his dismay, I produce some. Well, uh, he does his administrative shuffle, I only work here etc. etc. A few minutes later a guy lets me in and I have the dubious pleasure of (1)standing in a room which is about 90 degrees (2)standing right behind Ralph Hansen and (3)once again listening to Ramsey Clark say nothing. People were refused entrance to the room several times after I got in and when one girl, a friend of an S.B.A. bouncer suggested that he open the door because it was so hot, he said no (and pointing to some guy with long hair standing outside the door) because that's the element we want to keep out.

So what was Clark talking about: You are facing a world of turbulence. (And I hope it isn't in the next hour, he added. Chuckle. Laugh. Snort. Applause.) The major problem in the country is Central City (trans: black ghettoes). Then he threw out the Really Big one. In Watts, the infant mortality rate is four times higher than in the rest of the city. Significan heavy pregnant etc. pause. And if that doesn't grab you, he said mournfully, then nothing will. Well, Jesus mister, that grabbed me about six years ago, but this is 1968. Everybody knows about it. I wanted to scream WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT IT? But you can't even ask him that question because he's got an answer for it: blah blah blah poverty program blah blah federal jury selection blah blah open housing blah! And you can't expose him in this context because honesty and real dialogue and challenges are not part of the game and will not be tolerated. I mean, you can ask just about any question you want to, but don't expect a real answer for it.

So, he gave a speech that should have been given six years ago, about civil rights and the ghetto. Not that those aren't still important, but face it, when you say this is a time of turbulence, and you've just come from a press conference in which two guys have handed in their draft cards and you're talking to grad students and just two weeks ago grad deferments have been canned and crosses were just planted on Bascom Hill and the story was picked up by both the NY Times and Time mag and there's a war in VN that's killed more Americans than Korea and you don't mention it until someone forces you to in a question, then your head's not at a good place.

The real bitch was that there wasn't even anything substantial to grab on to; it wasn't the message that was provocative, but the lack of such. And almost to a man the audience was bored. It's not that people don't know when nothing is being said, it's just that they won't question the rules.

So after finally getting in I left before the speech was over because I was hot and because my integrity was being insulted and I rapped with someone about that guy in N.Y. who had thrown a pie in the face of a Selective Service man during a speech at Columbia.

Vicki Gabriner

Wednesday afternoon, Ramsey Clark; Thursday morning, Robert Weaver. It was another nonpolitical speech: "I didn't come to talk about politics." Did the press have any questions? It went like this:

Q. As a representative of the Great Society program, how do you feel about all the attention going to one issue?
A. Have to consider all the alternatives.
Q. What can you do in the inner core of Milwaukee?
A. It is up to the local people to come up with programs.
Q. Do you have a specific program to combat the rash of urban uprisings?
A. We are really going to do something...by giving hope and tangible evidence.
Q. How do you feel about the riot commission report?
A. An outstanding production.
Q. What do you think of urban renewal?
A. You must look at the total program.
Q. Why haven't you gone to Milwaukee?
A. I wasn't invited.
Q. Will we have to tear down the cities?
A. We can't relocate the cities elsewhere because the present locations have value, but we must establish new areas.
Q. What political considerations were used in awarding model cities money?
A. There were certain criteria which the cities chosen met.
Q. What are McCarthy's political prospects?
A. I am out here because I happen to believe in President Johnson and the program.

Lee Zeldin

AFTER THE DREAM

More than any other, Martin Luther King personified the civil rights movement of mid-century America. Now he is dead, destroyed by the same violent force which made his kind of movement impossible---by America. Only a few years ago that movement mobilized the energies of many in our generation. Rob't Starobin, Stu Ewen and Rob't Gabriner were among the fully committed. For those of us who were not so intimately involved, their experience--always personal, increasingly political--can perhaps help to provide a basis for understanding, and for acting upon, our America and ourselves.

R. Starobin: I had been in college for a couple of years and there was very little happening politically, and then all of a sudden from out of the South in the winter of 1960 there was a new kind of movement, the sit-in movement, which captured the imagination of a small group of students on the Cornell campus. Like such groups on other campuses, our basic response was to form a group to support what was happening in the South. That's basically how I got involved, how I became aware. As I recall, it was quite a sudden thing.

G. Hanley: So the big question was segregation in the South. What I want to know is why did you care, why did you want to get involved? Was it simply that injustice was happening somewhere else in the country, that it was wrong and should be set right?

B. Gabriner: It was sort of like a morality play, there were good guys and there were bad guys in the South and there were people who were being screwed over and people who were screwing people over. Every time a sit-in took place or every time a very articulate member of the southern movement spoke, that kind of morality play took place, in my mind. It was a polarization in which there became an increasing demand for commitment. The word was bandied around quite a bit. You were driven further and further toward firming up your own beliefs and acting on them. A guy like Martin Luther King helped crystalize that to a great extent, in a sort of visionary and rhetorical way. But I think the brunt of it for me was the drama and commitment of southern black people and some southern white kids who were really dedicated and ultimately committed in this sort of morality play. It really was polarized, it was very clear after a certain point what you had to do. And there were channels, it wasn't as if you had to struggle for improvised methods. There were things you could do. You could form a support group, you could go into the South, and if you went into the South there were things you were told to do and you could do them in good conscience because you knew that the cause was just. You knew that what you were doing was good. And it firmed up your commitment even more.

R.S.: But you didn't go into the South immediately. One of the important things about the sit-in movement was that it provided people with a tactic, which was sitting-in, or some kind of direct action, picketing or getting arrested. It provided people with a tactic which they knew could work, could get a short range victory -- the kind of results that we were never able to get before in previous political activity, such as activity centering around foreign policy, in the SANE nuclear policy groups and so forth. Civil Rights was a movement, unlike others, which seemed to be winning victories overnight, and which had a tactic that could work. And these were tactics which could be used in the North in Ithaca and elsewhere as well as the South.

S. Ewen: As I think back, my first real involvement of any kind was when I was in high school, 1962, and it wasn't a support organization, it was an organization which I think grew out of certain very timely, very proximate kinds of things which were going on in and around the neighborhood in which I lived. I think that at that point about 50 or 60 students from my high school organized into a civil rights committee, which didn't find "relevance" in linking itself with the southern movement but in fact spent most of its time using what had become, or what had begun to become, southern tactics in our own neighborhood. I remember being involved in sit-ins in Long Beach, Long Island, and various other places on Long Island for open housing. By the time I graduated from high school there were already a large number of people in my class who had been arrested in these kinds of activities. It was a very proximate kind of thing,



yet obviously linked both tactically and spiritually to what was going on in the South.

But it was the South where the real drama was going on, not in the northern ghettos, not in the northern cities. But the inspiration, the energy, the rhetoric, the songs, you know, symbolized by King for some people, by the black students in the South for others, was very, very compelling. Extremely compelling. ing.

S.E.: Right. When I was talking about what was going on in the North, I wasn't intimating that my community, or this group of people involved in this kind of thing, were in any sense really more conscious and therefore working in their own community, among their own people. Basically it was still a transference, you know, finding one's identity, as a social reformer or social revolutionary, in the South, with the blacks. But I think it was a more effective transference than that being made on a lot of the campuses where people had to satisfy themselves with something which was very distant. That's one kind of transference. We found another. When I came to the University, the kind of transference was more typical, I guess. It was involvement in "Friends of SNCC", groups like that. But there were also, thinking back, a few activities centered around Madison which were going on by 1963. There was a large boycott shop-in at Sears-Roebuck, that sort of thing.

R.S.: Leaving Cornell in 1961, I went west, not south; and there was a unique situation that developed in the San Francisco Bay area in which young people recreated, in one way or another, a civil rights movement right there. It wasn't centered around desegregation or voter registration so much as around equal opportunity employment in San Francisco. This began in the fall of 1963 and continued into the spring of 1965. It managed to politicize a lot of people, and was then responsible for motivating people to leave the Bay Area and go South in the summer of 1964. But still, for people who were in the Bay Area, we had our own little project going there, applying the tactics that had been worded out in the South to the restaurants, hotels, and businesses of the Bay Area. So the movement was getting closer to us.

S.E.: Yeah, right, we were starting to bring it home, but just starting; it still wasn't a question of articulating ourselves as white radicals or as revolutionaries who were white and who had a job to do as white people. It was still kind of acting out the South, either at home or abroad.

B.G.: There was a real paradox to all our activity at that time. The generation that grew up in the early sixties and got active could come to a commitment and there were channels for it to work in, they were ready-made and, you know, you could do that. You didn't have to ask yourself over and over again until you were frustrated to hell, "what can I do?" There were things you could do. But, while there were things you could do, you also avoided a central question, about a white person living in American society and how American society relates to white people. You just didn't ask yourself that question very much, excepting perhaps in terms of southern white people, and you were concerned about that because it affected black people. And so, in one sense, we were very lucky to have those channels to work in and be able to begin to see a lot of things. But on the other hand it afforded years of evasion of a central question about white people in America, as white people. But that's the luxury of hindsight. At the time I was totally immersed.

S.E.: Well, that may be the luxury of hindsight, but it's not just sitting back and being able to say that and castigating ourselves for not seeing where we were at. From there to now is a very historical process. Where we're at now, our consciousness, our activities, are a function of our experience. So it's not just the question of, "had we only known then." It's almost like we had to go through all that.

G.H.: Okay, that brings us to a big question. You were brought into the movement and you gradually became more and more involved, totally involved, and yet at the same time, whether you knew it or not, you were making this transference, you were living off another movement, one which was not really your own. So you're deeply committed, right in the center of things, and then, slowly and with a lot of struggle, a lot of agony, you begin to realize that there's something much more to the problem than simply that black people are being messed over.

continued on page 5



continued from page 4

B.G.: Yeah, the big thing is that realization.

R.S.: Well, one thing that happened in San Francisco was that a couple of thousand white people were arrested in these demonstrations on behalf of getting jobs for blacks, and many of those arrested, including myself, had to sit through long trials where we realized that the power of the state could be directed against us as middle class whites, and therefore we had some problems of our own to solve in this society. I think a lot of political consciousness came out of just sitting in the courtroom and being kicked around for several weeks. But even more important than that, at least in my experience, was the Free Speech Movement, which began as a defense of the right to recruit white students to go South. Ironically, the Free Speech Movement, which began in the fall of 1964, came at the same time that whites were literally being squeezed out of the southern movement. Students began to consider themselves as an identifiable group, began to question the nature of the University, the type of education they were receiving, the way they were being treated by the University, and generally their own oppression within American society.

S.E.: It's funny -- you talk about confronting the power structure. I think that I came to many of the same conclusions confronting the power structure as a Negro. It's sort of odd, but a lot of kind of realizations about being a white and being a radical came out of confronting the power structure as a black man. By the time I was in Mississippi it was primarily a Black movement. I began to identify myself in black terms and the local white community accepted this terminology. To them, you know, I was black because I was doing things that black people do. But certainly, I couldn't accept that. In other words, I felt a need for my own radical identity. I felt this alienation profoundly. And the black people in the civil rights movement felt it. So it isn't a question of turning all the liberal-minded or moral-minded whites into black people to create a radical movement in this country. They recognized it and I recognized it.

B.G.: Yeah, I think that the process I went through, in terms of changing my attitude about myself, is somewhat similar. First the initial impetus to work with black people and really groove on their culture, then working with southern white people, and from there a jump in my own mind toward myself. But this didn't crystalize in the South, because the South had a really subverting effect on me. I mean I really took on a lot of images that were not me in the South because of the kind of situation that I was in, as Stuart described it. Along with the other whites working down there, I was really sharing vicariously in a lot of things I could never have had myself. It did have its effect in politicizing, radicalizing, in changing my conceptions. But it also was a terrible liability toward being able to define myself, being able to see what the hell I was in this ding-dong country. That didn't come until I was back in the North, at Wisconsin, and I began to look at what my role was, at what I had to do. And it didn't happen fast or easy, because I came out of the South with this immense hang-over, with the Southern movement still the context for action, the touchstone of how I related to myself and to the world. And that change inside me was a very forced, painful thing, to be able to stop asking myself what I could do for the blacks, to see that the central question is my life and that my life is a part of everyone else's and that I have to stop grooving on what blacks can provide me as a prop to continue to survive in America. We really have to go inward, into our own environment, into our own situation and ask very fundamental questions...

B.G.: ...and that's the scariest thing of all.

S.E.: It's no longer a question of transferring our revolution to a bunch of people somewhere else, its a question of developing a strategy out of our own life experiences.

B.G.: If there is anything that would differentiate, say, us, sitting here, from the kids who keep saying "what can I do to help you black people?", it's knowing that a question like that is not the kind of question you can ask, that it's based on the desire to be led, the desire to be told where it's all at. The most frightening vision that we can have is that no one can tell us anymore where it's at, that we have to tell ourselves, and that we have to learn, and the whole thing is ours now. Because King's death is sort of symbolic of the end of the civil rights movement, the load is completely on our shoulders, to be able to analyze, to be able to understand, to be able to act, to change America. And that's very frightening, that's why it's so easy, it seems to me, for people to continually try to ask the question "what can I do to help you", to continue to try to move toward altruism. I mean, it's really an immense evasion.

S.E.: A lot of the questions which we have to ask are not questions which relate to other people's freedom, but questions which relate to our own freedom, or lack of it, to our own oppression or lack of it, to our own institutions which we confront every day, and which deny us our livelihood or our freedom every day, and its the questioning of these institutions which begins to make it impossible to just come up to the black man and say "I think your revolution is great. What can I do to help you?" That kind of question ignores the whole situation within which white people have to function, every aspect of their lives.

R.S.: Yeah, this is probably one of the central significances of King's death. In a sense, King was the last remaining bridge between the old civil rights movement, the black-and-white-together movement in which we all participated and which changed in 1965 into a black power movement, and where we stand today. The reason thousands of kids, not just radicals, were asking the question yesterday, "what can I do for the black movement?" is that almost intuitively, they sensed that King's death meant that he could no longer carry the ball for them. In other words, King's death means that either white kids now build their own movement, which at some future time might be able to unite with the black movement, or else they might as well forget about the whole thing. King and the white liberals with whom he was associated can no longer do the work for middle-class white students in this country. Whites now have to figure out and solve their own problems. I think this helps to explain why students were asking that question. They have to understand why that question is no longer relevant.



"WE ARE TALKING ABOUT THE SURVIVAL OF OUR PEOPLE"

Huey Newton is Minister of Defense in the Oakland, California Black Panther Party for Self Defense. He is charged with killing a white cop and is now in jail, with no prospect of bail being set before his trial. On February 17, Huey's birthday, a party benefit was held in his honor with proceeds going to his Legal Defense Fund and to generally taking care of business. The chief speaker was Stokely Carmichael. The following is a shortened version of that speech. Brother Huey, Carmichael began,

is part and parcel of that struggle, how we move on so that our people will survive in America. Therefore we are not talking about politics, we're not talking about economics, we are talking about the survival of a race of people. That is all that is at stake. We are talking about the survival of black people--nothing else, nothing else, nothing else. Many of us feel--many of our generation feel--that they're getting ready to commit genocide against us. The birth of this nation was conceived in the genocide of the red man, genocide of the red man, of the red man. In order for this country to come about, the honky had to completely exterminate the red man, and he did it. And he did it. He did it. This country is becoming more and more technological so that the need for black people is fast disappearing. When the need for black people disappears, so will we, and he will consciously wipe us out. He will consciously wipe us out. Notice who he dropped an atomic bomb on, some helpless yellow people in Hiroshima, some helpless yellow people in Hiroshima, in Hiroshima. If you do not think he's capable of committing genocide against us, check out what he's doing to our brothers in Vietnam. We have to understand that we're talking about our survival and nothing else, whether or not this beautiful race or people is gonna survive on the earth. That's what we're talking about, nothing else, nothing else.

That's what we have to understand today, so that everything goes out the window, we talk about survival. That's all. They can cut out all the junk about poverty programs, education, housing, welfare; we talking about survival, and brothers and sisters we gon' survive America, we gon' survive America, we gon' survive America.

It is a level of resistance that we must begin to look for among our people. Pick up that thread and do what has to be done so that our people will survive. Three things: First and foremost, he has been able to make us hate each other. He has transplanted the hate and the love for each other for the love of his country -- his country. We must begin to develop, number one, and this is the most important thing we can do as a people -- we must first develop an undying love for our people, our people, our people, our people. We must develop an undying love as is personified in Brother Huey P. Newton. Undying love for our people, undying love. If we do not do that, we will be wiped out. We must develop an undying love for our people. Our slogan will become: First, our people, then and only then me and you as individuals. Our people first, our people first.

Following from that comes secondly the slogan: Every Negro is a potential black man. We will not alienate them, we will not alienate them, we will not alienate them. And we must understand the concept of Negro and the concept of black man. We came to this country as black men and as Africans. It took us 400 years to become Negroes. Many of our people's minds have been whitewashed. If a Negro comes up to you and you turn your back on him, he's got to run to the honky. We're gonna take time, and patience with our people because they're ours. They're ours. All of the Uncle Toms, we're gonna sit down and we're gonna talk, and when they flap we're gonna bow, and when they flap we're gonna bow and we're gonna try to bring them home, and if they don't come home, we gonna off them, that's all, that's all. We have to recognize who our major enemy is. The major enemy is the honky and his institutions of racism, that's the major enemy, that is the major enemy. And whenever anybody prepares for revolutionary warfare, you concentrate on the major enemy. There will be no fights in the black community among black people. There will just be people who will be offed. There will be no fights, there will be no disruptions. We are going to be united.

Thirdly, we must understand that for black people the question of community is not a question of geography. It is a question of color. It is a question of color. If you live in Watts, if you live in Harlem, South Side Chicago, Detroit, West Philadelphia, Georgia, Mississippi, Alabama, wherever you go, the first place you go is to your people. Not the land, to your people. That is to say that we break down the concept that black people living inside the United States are black Americans. That's nonsense.

Now then, speaking of survival, it is necessary to understand the moves of our enemy. The US works on what we call the three M's -- the missionaries, the money, and the Marines. They have sent the missionaries in -- we sent them out. They have sent the money in, with the poverty program -- the Vietnamese and the Koreans are pulling the money out. The next thing comes the Marines. Comes the Marines. And if we're talking seriously, we get prepared for the Marines. Now there's a lot of tactics we can learn. The VC are showing us the best way to get it done, best way to get it done.

We have to then go down the programs that they run through our throats and see how they relate to us. The first one is the vote. They got a new thing now: "Black power is the vote." The vote in this country is, has been, and always will be irrelevant to the lives of black people, that is a fact. If we talk about the vote today, we talk about it as one thing -- an organizing tool to bring our people together, nothing else, nothing else, nothing else.

The second thing they ram down our throat is the poverty program. And you have to understand the poverty program. It is designed to -- number one, split the black community, and number two, split the black family. There is no doubt about it splitting the black community. The poverty program sends a couple of hundred thousand dollars into the community and groups start setting up to fight over that money. So automatically you've got splits in the community. Watts is the best example that we have to date. It was the first one to get the poverty program after the rebellion and today it is the most divided black community in the country, in the country. Second thing the poverty program does. In any race of people the most instinctively revolutionary people is the youth. Because the youth is always willing to fight at the drop of a hat. In anybody's race, in anybody's race. And the poverty program is geared right at our youth, right at our youth -- to stop them from fighting. That's all the poverty program is: stop the rebellions--not take care of black people--stop the rebellions. How is it that you felt that you were a father, and your son who you were supposed to be providing for comes home with ninety dollars a week, and you still unemployed. If they were concerned about the black community, if they believed the garbage they run down about the black family, they would give the jobs to our fathers, the bread-winners of our families, so we could have some respect for them, we



could have some respect for them. It is precisely because the poverty program is aimed at quelling our youth that they do that.

And this concept of education. Franz Fanon said very clearly: "Education is nothing but the re-establishment and reinforcement of values and institutions of a given society." If I say to you, Columbus discovered America in 1492, if I was your teacher and you said, "No, Columbus didn't discover America in 1492, there were Indians here," I tell you you flunked the course. So education doesn't mean what they say it means. So now we must use education for our people. In our communities there are dope addicts, there are pimps, there are prostitutes, there are hustlers, there are teachers, there are maids, there are porters, there are preachers, there are gangsters. If I go to high school I want to learn how to be a good maid, a good hustler, a good pimp, a good prostitute, a good preacher, a good teacher, or a good porter. And education is supposed to got to bring them home.

One of the ways of bringing our people home is by using patience, love, brotherhood and unity--not force--love, patience, brotherhood and unity. We try and we try and we try. If they become a threat, we off them. We off them. But we must begin to understand that in a context of forming inside our community a united front--a black united front which engulfs every sector, every facet and every person inside our community working for the benefit of black people, working for the benefit of black people And that is for each other's survival. A lot of people in the bourgeoisie say to me, we don't like the Black Panthers for Self Defense walking around with guns. I tell you now, if the honkies in San Francisco take off the fighters who happen to represent the Black Panthers for Self Defense (ain't nobody in this community prepared to fight right now) everybody gets offed. Everybody gets offed. We need each other, we have to have each other for our survival. We got to have each other, from the revolutionaries to the conservatives--a black united front is what we're about; a black united front is what we're about.

I will not deny that poor whites in this country are oppressed. But there are two types of oppression. One is exploitation, the other is colonization. Exploitation is when you exploit somebody of your own race. Colonization is when you exploit somebody of a different race. If you are of another race, if you have a different culture, different language, different values, I have to destroy all of those to make you bow to me. And what is the difference between poor black and poor white. We are colonized, they are exploited. Poor whites have their culture, have their values, have their institutions, ours have been completely destroyed, completely destroyed, completely destroyed. Why is it that black peope are rebelling? Do you think it's just because it's just poor jobs? Don't believe that junk the honky is running down. It's not just poor jobs--it's a question of a people finding their nature, rebuilding their culture, their history, their dignity, people who are fighting for their humanity, for their humanity, for their humanity, for their humanity.

We have been so colonized that we are ashamed to say we hate, and that is the best example of a person who's colonized. You don't have the humanity to say, "I hate you." You don't have it. That is how dehumanized we are. We are so dehumanized we cannot say, "Yes, we hate you for what you have done to us." Can't say it, can't say it. And we are afraid to think beyond that point. But if hate should be justified, we have the best justification of all for hating the honkies. We have it for hating the honkies, we have it, we have it. We are human beings and we have emotions. We're fighting for our humanity, and in regaining our humanity we recognize all the emotions that are in us. If you have love, you've got to have hate. You don't have one-sided emotions, that's a lot of junk. You always have two sides--hot, cold, white black--everything goes--love, hate. Cause if you don't have hate, you cannot differentiate love, you cannot do it, you cannot do it.

So we are not just facing exploitation. We are facing something much more important, because we are the victims of racism. Neither communism nor socialism speak to the problem of racism. And racism, for black people in this country, is far more important than exploitation. Cause no matter how much money you make in the black community, when you go into the white world you are still a nigger, still a nigger, you are still a nigger. So that for us, the question of racism becomes uppermost in our minds. It becomes uppermost in our minds. How do we destroy those institutions that seek to keep us dehumanized? That is all we're talking about. It is a question of how we regain our humanity and begin to live as a people--and we do not do that, because of the effects of racism in this country.

We must therefore consciously strive for an ideology which deals with racism first, and if we do that we recognize the necessity of hooking up with the nine hundred million black people in the world today. That's what we recognize. And if we recognize that, then it means that our political situation must become international. It cannot be national, it cannot be national, it must be international, must be international. It must be international because if we knew anything, we would recognize that the honkies don't just exploit us, they exploit the whole Third World--Asia, Africa, Latin America. They take advantage of Europe, but they don't colonize Europe, they colonize Asia, Africa, and Latin America. Understand that.

Now then we have to understand more and more as our people talk about survival. It means that when we talk about survival we organize politically, we organize consciously--that's what they call education, we call it black consciousness, 'cause that speaks to us, education speaks to them--we organize economically, and we organize mil-i-tarily. Because if we don't do that, if you don't have a gun in your hand they can snatch the ballot from you. But if you got a gun, it's either them or us. And the preparation of that fight on all fronts must become conscious among our people. We are ahead of the Jews, we know what they getting ready to do. They tell us every day in the Esquire magazines, they tell us on their televisions, they tell us with their 15,000 soldiers they're putting in the cities, they tell us with their tanks, they tell us with their Stoner guns, they tell us. We got to wake up and tell them we are going to get you back.

Wipe out of your mind the questions of minority, wipe out of your mind the questions of technology, technology never decides a war. It is the will of a people that decides a war. It is the will of a people, the will of a people. Wipe out of your mind the fact that we do not have guns. The Vietnamese didn't have it when they started, now they got American guns, American tanks, American everything, everything, everything, everything. If they come to get us they got to bring some to get some. We gonna take it--and the gun, and the gun, and the gun. And unless we raise our minds to the level of consciousness where we have an undying love for our people, where we're willing to shed our blood like Huey Newton did for our people, we will not survive, we will not survive.

Only thing gonna stop us today is a bullet, and we spittin' em back, and we spittin' em back. But the question is not whether or not we can move, but how this entire black community moves for survival in a world that's clearly heading for a color clash. It is not a question of right or left. It is a question of black. You dig where we coming from? We coming from a black thing, from a black thing, that's where we coming from. Because we can begin to pick up the threads of resistance that our ancestors laid down for us. And unless we begin to understand our people as a people, we will not do that, because they will split us and divide us. That means consciously we have to begin to organize our people! Organize our people! Organize our people! Organize our people! Organize our people! Nothing else! Organize our people, our people! We have no time for them; all our sweat, all our blood, even our life

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con't from p.7

must go to our people, nothing else.

Black nationalism has to begin to be our ideology. While blackness is necessary it is not sufficient, so we must move on, we move on then to consciously organize in our communities. And we recognize today while we're organizing: we do not have the money to feed our people, so there's no use to say, "organize, we can get you a job." We can't get 'em, they control 'em, that is a fact. That isn't a reason for you to sit down, it is only more the reason for you to fight, to think that you can't give your people a job. That's more of an inspiration to fight so you can give them a job rather than to sit down and say the honkies got us on every end. They are not God, they are not God. We are a beautiful race of people, we can do anything we want to do, all we got to do is get up, get up, get up and do it, get up and do it, get up and do it, get up and do it.

Now then we have to discuss very cold the question of rebellions, it is a fact that they're prepared to meet rebellions anywhere in the cities. Now what's gonna happen if one of our brothers gets offed? What happens if they go ahead and off Huey Newton? We must develop tactics where we do the maximum damage to them with minor damage to us. And when we move into that arena, that means that this black community must be organized. So if Huey Newton goes, and ten honky cops goes, won't a black man in this community get up and open his mouth, 'cause if he does, he goes too, he goes too, he goes too. The question of agents is becoming a question where it's making us paranoid. We cannot become paranoid because what they can do is make you so afraid you won't move. So we're not gonna do that. We're gonna plan what we're gonna do. Little groups are gonna plan theirs, big groups are gonna plan theirs. If an agent is found, there is no question, he is gonna be offed in such a manner that any other black man who dares talk to the honky will have three thoughts before he even talks to a white man about reporting in our community.

Our people have demonstrated a willingness to fight. Our people have demonstrated the courage of our ancestors--to face tanks, guns, police dogs with bricks and bottles, that is a courageous act! We must understand that. And since our people have demonstrated a willingness to fight, the question is how can we organize that fight so we become the winners. So we become the winners. It is not a question of what they might do, it is a question of how and when they going to do it, that is all that's on their minds. That is all. For us the question is not going to Vietnam anymore, the question is how we can protect our brothers who do not go to Vietnam from going to jail. That's the only question we have to face in our community today. So that when one brother says "Hell no," there's enough people in that community around him that if they dare come in, they gonna face maximum damage in their community.

We are talking about survival. We are talking about a people whose entire culture, whose entire history, whose entire way of life have been destroyed. We're talking about a people who have produced in this year a generation of warriors who are going to restore to our people the humanity and the love that we have for each other. That's what we're talking about today. We are talking about becoming the executioners of our executioners.

It is simply a question of a people. They control everything. They make us fight, they make us steal; they judge us, they put us in prison, they parole us, they send us out, they pick us up again--where in God's name do we exercise any sense of dignity in this country? Where? Where? Where do I ask you, where? Where in God's name are we gonna find a piece of earth that belongs to us so we can restore our humanity? Where are we gonna find it unless this generation begins to organize to fight for it? To fight for it, to fight for it.

When this generation begins to fight, there can be no disruptive elements in our community. There will be no disruptions. Anyone who fights for their people, we put our life on the line for them. Huey Newton fought for our people. Whether or not Huey Newton becomes free depends upon black people, nobody else, nobody else. Other people may help, but the final decision of brother Huey depends upon us. He didn't lay down his life for other people, he laid it down for us. For us. And if he did that, we must be willing to do the same, not only for him but for the generation that's going to follow us.

Consciously we must understand we're about organizing every element in our community. That work must begin. People must be willing to give money to an organizer who is willing to spend 24 hours a day organizing. We are building a concept of peoplehood. We do not care about honkies; but if in building that concept of peoplehood, the honkies get in our way, they got to go. There is no question about it, there is no question about it. We are not concerned with their way of life, we are concerned with our people. We want to give our people the dignity and the humanity that we know as our people, and if they get in our way, they gonna be offed. They gonna be offed. We're not concerned with their system. Let them have it. We are going to build a concept of peoplehood in this country or there will be no country. Or there will be no country. We want our way of life, and we're gonna get it. We're gonna get it or nobody's gonna have any peace on this earth. No peace on this earth.

All of the things we spoke about tonight centered around brother Huey P. Newton because all of the things we spoke about tonight exemplify what he was trying to do. I want to read a statement that brother Huey wrote yesterday when I saw him in jail. You have to understand the statement. He says: "As the racist police escalate the war in our communities against black people, we reserve the right to self-defense and maximum retaliation." We have to understand something. There is no need for us to go to jail today for what we say. They did that to brother Malcolm X, they just offed him for what he was saying. Brother Huey may or may not have wiped out that honky, but at least it shows a progression, at least we're not getting offed for what we say, we're trying to get offed for what we do. Understand this concept: when they offed brother Malcolm, we did nothing; if they off brother Huey, we got to retaliate! We got to retaliate, we got to retaliate, we got to retaliate!

We must retaliate, we must fight for our humanity. It is our humanity that is at stake. It is not a question of dollars and cents. We gonna survive, because we have survived what they couldn't survive--that's natural-born fact. We have survived. We survived through slavery, we survived through their jive reconstruction, we survived through World War I, we survived through the Depression, we survived through World War II, we survived after World War II when they threw us out of the jobs in the North, we survived their Korean War, we gonna survive, we gonna survive, ain't no doubt about that in my mind, no doubt at all.

Our problem is to develop an undying love for our people, an undying love for our people. We must be willing to give our talents, our sweat, our blood, even our life for our people. Nothing else! Not this country--our people! We must develop the concept that for us the question of community is not geography, it is a question of us--black people--wherever we are, so we have to consciously become a part of the nine hundred million black people that are separated over this world. We were separated by them. They took us from Africa and they put thousands of miles of water between us, but they forgot--blood is thicker than water. Blood is thicker than water, blood is thicker than water. We coming together, we coming together!

As I end, brothers and sisters, brother Huey P. Newton belongs to us. He is flesh of our flesh, he is blood of our blood. He may be Mrs. Newton's baby, he's our brother. He's our brother. We do not have to talk about what we're going to do if we're consciously preparing and consciously willing to back those who prepare. All we say: brother Huey will be set free --or else.



Advt.

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The Co-op at 401 West Gorham (just off State on Broom) is constituted by approximately 7,000 members. It's purpose is to provide the predominantly student community with everything it needs a the lowest possible prices with the best service in the most comfortable atmosphere. Already we sell used books, school supplies, art supplies, paper products (thesis and mimeo paper with discounts for organizations), drug items, hardware supplies, toys (frisbies, 40 inch balloons etc.) and delicatessen products (Vienna Kosher Style meats, bagels, breads, candy, cigarettes, papers, rolling machines, pastries, potato chips and soda). We also process film and order books and records. There is a copying machine: copies are 8 cents apiece. We are also now offering a mimeographing service. We sell student handicraft and used items. There's a lounge with free coffee and a library. The lounge is open until midnight Thursday, Friday and Saturday nights for reading, rapping and digging sounds. Furthermore, we want to expand. The Co-op is located on the ground floor of a huge three story building. The possibilities for the development of the Co-op and this building are limitless. It could become a huge discount department store, service center and gathering place for people who share the desire to cooperate for mutual benefit. In order to succeed and expand we need your help in the following ways:

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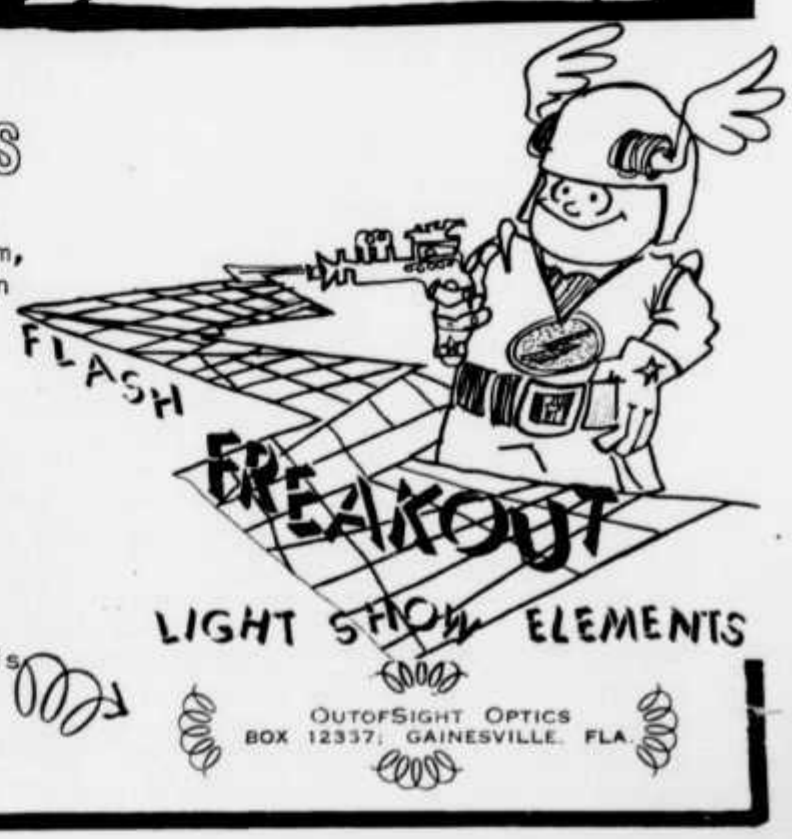
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in white america

This speech, delivered by former SDS Nat'l Sec. Greg Calvert at Princeton in Feb '67, is subtitled "Radical Consciousness & Social Change." At that time it was extremely seminal; it is even more relevant today.

It is said that when the Guatemalan guerrillas enter a new village, they do not talk about the "anti-imperialist struggle" nor do they give lessons on dialectical materialism—neither do they distribute copies of the "Communist Manifesto" or of Chairman Mao's "On Contradiction." What they do is gather together the people of the village in the center of the village and then, one by one, the guerrillas rise and talk to the villagers about their own lives: about how they see themselves and how they came to be who they are, about their deepest longings and the things they've striven for and hoped for, about the way in which their deepest longings were frustrated by the society in which they lived.

Then the guerrillas encourage the villagers to talk about their lives. And then a marvelous thing begins to happen. People who thought that their deepest problems and frustrations were their individual problems discover that their problems and longings are all the same—that no one man is any different than the others. That, in Sartre's phrase, "In each man there is all of man." And, finally, that out of the discovery of their common humanity comes the decision that men must unite together in the struggle to destroy the conditions of their common oppression.

That, it seems to me, is what we are about.

THE MOVEMENT for radical social change in America is going through an important period of self-re-examination which is reflected in a myriad of ways: the often compulsive concern with ideology, the desperate attachment to militant tactics, the frustration, pessimism and despair in the life of full-time activists. This crisis has its roots in a very important failure—the failure of the Southern-based movement in the black community to mobilize a sufficiently powerful mass of people to alter the American system in any significant way. As a friend of mine, long-time SNCC staff member, put it: "We thought we could move enough people to move America, but America turned out to be incredibly more rigid than we had ever expected. We were on the move, but America just wouldn't budge. I look back now and wonder what sort of simple ideas we must have had in our heads to have ever believed in that possibility."

If we face up to this crisis honestly, if we look American reality hard in the face, two things emerge. First, we have to admit that—like it or not—we live in urban industrial capitalist America, in white America and not in the rural South. We owe SNCC a deep debt of gratitude for having slapped us brutally in the face with the slogan of black power, a slogan which said to white radicals: "Go home and organize in white America which is **your** reality and which only you are equipped to change." Secondly, we are thus forced to ask ourselves whether in white America there exists the possibility for organizing a truly radical, an authentically revolutionary movement for change.

The point which is important to understand is clearly illustrated by the difference between radical or revolutionary consciousness and "liberal" consciousness. The profound gap which separates a liberal reform movement from a revolutionary freedom movement is revealed in the dynamics of the participants.

Liberal reformists react out of guilt motivation, that is, the contradiction to which they address themselves is the contradiction between what they have (comfort, goods, security) and what others do not have. Their conscience reveals to them the injustice of their unearned position and their own self-image, as universally valid for humanity, is challenged by the life-style of the underclass. Their response is to close the gap, to resolve the contradictions and the accompanying psychological tensions by means of activity to "raise" the underprivileged to their own social-economic level and to draw them into the same nexus of relationships in order to impose on them their own image of humanity.

The liberal reformist is always engaged in "fighting someone else's battles." His struggle is involved in relieving the tension produced by the contradictions between his own existence and life-style, his self-image, and the conditions of existence and life-style of those who do not share his privileged, unearned status.

The liberal reformist accepts and defends his own self-image, his own vision and experience of humanity, and generalizes it to all men. He wants everyone to be "white, happy, and middle class." Should those toward whom his good works are directed (e.g., SNCC with its statement of Black Power) ever challenge his view of the human-universal, he reacts by rejecting them, however subtly or brutally.

The liberal does not speak comfortably of "freedom" or "liberation," but rather of justice and social amelioration. He does not sense himself to be unfree. He does not face the contradictions between his own human potential, his humanity, and the oppressive society in which he participates. To deal with the reality of his own unfreedom would require a shattering re-evaluation of his subjective life-experience.

Liberal consciousness is conscience translated into action for others. It may or may not include alienation or a sense of the meaningless of one's experience. When these latter elements are present, they are interpreted in a personalistic fashion (as personal guilt) and the solutions envisioned are privitized (e.g., a trip or a trip to the psychiatrist). Liberal consciousness is rarely consciousness of personal oppression, and, therefore, interprets oppression in the society as based on "misunderstanding" or "irrationality." Individual therapy or cultural liberalization and education are seen as the means of correction.

RADICAL OR REVOLUTIONARY consciousness perceives contradiction in a totally different fashion. The gap is not between oneself, what one is, and the underprivileged but is the gap between "what one could be" and the existing conditions for self-realization. It is the perception of oneself as unfree, as oppressed—and finally it is the discovery of oneself as **one of the oppressed** who must unite to transform the objective conditions of their existence in order to resolve the contradiction between potentiality and actuality. Revolutionary consciousness leads to the struggle for one's own freedom in unity with others who share the burden of oppression. It is, to speak in the classical vocabulary, class consciousness because it no longer sees the problem as someone else's, because it breaks through individualization and privitization, because the recognition of one's own unfreedom unites one in the struggle of the oppressed, because it posits a more universally human potentiality for all men in a liberated society.

The problem in white America is the failure to admit or recognize unfreedom. It is a problem of false consciousness, that is, the failure to perceive one's situation in terms of oppressive (class) relationships. Only when white America comes to terms with its own unfreedom can it participate in the creation of a revolutionary movement.

When we have talked about the "new radicalism," about the "freedom movement," with a passionate conviction, we have been talking about a movement which involves us, you and me, in a gut-level encounter with, disengagement from, and struggle against the America which keeps us in bondage. It may have begun in a very personalistic fashion, out of a private sense of our individual alienation from the U.S. corporate-liberal capitalist monster and from "the bomb" which was its logical but unthinkable conclusion. But, it has and must move beyond the level of our own bewilderment, confusion, and despair about America. It moves to the final realization of our common oppression.

We should realize that Marx was quite correct when he said the true revolutionary consciousness was class consciousness. What he meant by that was that in order to change society people must realize that they are united in common struggle for their own liberation from objective conditions of oppression. Like the Guatemalan guerrillas of whom I spoke, he was saying to people that their struggle was the struggle of unfree men—not for individual salvation—but a struggle for collective liberation of all unfree, oppressed men.

What has held the new radicalism together, what has given it its life and vitality, has been the conviction that the gut-level alienation from America-the-Obscene-and-the-Dehumanized was a sincere and realistic basis for challenging America. What has often left the new radicals impotent and romantic is their failure to understand the dynamics of the society which produced their gut-level alienation, that is their failure to understand that what seemed humanly and emotionally real could be understood in terms of a fundamental and critical analysis of American corporate-liberal capitalism. There was a crying out of their own being against America, but a failure to understand why that revolt was authentically related to the necessity and the possibility of revolutionizing America.

That situation has begun to change. The new radicals are beginning to produce an analysis of America which enables them to understand themselves and the greater reality of American society in a way which authenticates their own revolt as a realistic basis for understanding the way in which we can be freed. It begins to relate the anarchist demand, "I want freedom," to the revolutionary socialist analysis which points the way to collective liberation.

In the end, however, our ability to organize and to radicalize in an effective manner depends on more than our sensitivity to individual human beings. It requires the kind of careful analysis and conceptualizing which has produced the so-called Port Authority Statement (I hope you realize that the intent of the title was humorous!). The whole notion of the "new working class" provides a powerful tool for understanding the present structure of advanced industrial capitalism.

First, it breaks through the "myth of the great American middle class." Not only are millions of Americans held captive by that notion, but it has also been a major psychological obstacle for most radicals. If white America is mostly middle class, and if being middle class means not being oppressed, then there is no possibility for finding the resources upon which a radical movement can be built in white America. What we have come to understand is that the great American middle class is not middle class at all. None of the 19th Century definitions of the bourgeoisie apply: not the upper bourgeoisie—the owners of capital; not the petty bourgeoisie—the owners of small property; not, finally, even the professional bourgeoisie, which in the 19th Century meant those favored few whose education gave them independence within the economic system. The vast majority of those whom we called the middle class must properly be understood as members of the "new working class": that is, as those workers who fill the jobs created by a new level of technological development within the same exploitive system.

Secondly, it enables us to understand the special role of students in relation to the present structure of industrial capitalism. Students are the "trainees" for the new working class and the factory-like multiversities are the institutions which prepare them for their slots in the bureaucratic machinery of corporate capitalism. We must stop apologizing for being students or for organizing students. Students are in fact a key group in the creation of the productive forces of this super-technological capitalism. We have organized them out of their own alienation from the multiversity and have raised the demand for "student control." That is important: because that is precisely the demand that the new working class must raise when it is functioning as the new working class in the economic system. It is that demand which the system cannot fulfill and survive as it is. That is why it is potentially a real revolutionary demand in a way that demands for higher wages can never be.

Thirdly, we can see that it was a mistake to assume that the only radical role which students could play would be as organizers of other classes. It is still important, vitally important that student organizers continue to involve themselves in ghetto organizing, in the organizing of the underclass. That work is a vital part of the movement and it is first from ghetto community organizing that the demand for control was clearly articulated. But it is now important to realize that we must organize the great majority of students as the trainees of the new working class. We must speak to them of the way in which the new working class is created—of the meaningless training which is passed off as education and of the special coercive devices like the Selective Service System with its student deferments designed to channel them into the multiversity.

Finally, we must be sensitive to those places in the social strata where false consciousness is being broken down, where the middle-class myth is crumbling, where groups are beginning to struggle for their own freedom. In terms of the concept of the new working class, certain groups have begun to respond: social workers, teachers, the medical profession. All of these are service groups, it is true, and, interestingly, there is in all these areas a characteristic contradiction between a high level of articulated aspiration and increasingly oppressive conditions. We need radicals in all those areas in order to articulate more clearly the political ramifications of the demands for control and meaningful work.

Though there has as yet been no mass organizing on the part of engineers, it is encouraging to note that an engineering student at Iowa State University (the cow college of the corn belt) was just elected student body president on a platform calling for student control which brought nearly 10,000 students to the ballot boxes.

We must be sensitive to the fact that a mass movement in America will take time to develop and that it requires the involvement of a broad range of social strata, old and new working class, students and underclass. What counts is that America is beginning to break up, that the myth of the great American middle class is crumbling, that white Americans as well as black Americans are beginning to recognize their common oppression and are raising their demands for freedom which can be the basis of a movement which could revolutionize America.



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As this issue goes to press, we prepare to make our move, along with WDRU to 217 S. Hamilton. The building once housed a nunnery, complete with chapel, so we should fit right in. The whole crazy crew has been mobilized, but we do notice a few missing faces which we'd like to see again soon. And since the movement is participatory in character, we want everyone to join us. Drop in anytime. Also, the place is totally unfurnished, so if you're looking for a place to dump old furniture-sofas, chairs, tables, toilets--drop them in too. Seriously, its a very big place and we need stuff. CONNECTIONS and DRU staffs would like to see you around.

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IN MEMORIAM



We have heard much talk about orderly procedures, about working through channels, and about obedience to law. On Friday and again on Sunday, thousands of students and townspeople gathered to honor a man who in his lifetime had repeatedly shown his willingness to violate laws that he could not square with his conscience. As he stated in a letter written from the Birmingham jail, Martin Luther King believed "that law and order exist for the purpose of establishing justice, and that when they fail to do this they become the dangerously structured dams that block the flow of social progress." Early this year, Dr. King announced his support for those men who conscientiously refused to be inducted into the armed forces because of their opposition to the Vietnam war. In doing so, he placed himself under the same jeopardy as had Benjamin Spock and others indicted for counselling violation of the Selective Service Act. At the time of his assassination, Dr. King was preparing to lead a march in support of the striking garbagemen of Memphis--a march that would have been in violation of a state court injunction, and therefore illegal.

In listening to eulogies by statesmen and TV commentators for the man who "stood for nonviolence", we have to remember that what nonviolence meant to Dr. King was something entirely different from what it means to them. To them it is a doctrine of passivity, or--at most--a formula for polite pressure group activity in which demonstrations and marches are one additional means of increasing a group's bargaining power in American society. To Dr. King, on the other hand, nonviolence was a means of transforming that society. It was both a program for action and a vision of something achievable in the future: a society qualitatively different from what we have today in the United States.

Dr. King spoke for nonviolence in a country which is, in his words, "the greatest purveyor of violence in the world today"--which has killed more than twenty thousand of its own men and many, many times that number of Vietnamese in an unjustifiable war. He spoke for love in a country in which police departments and vigilante groups have armed themselves to the teeth in preparation for urban violence. He spoke for truthfulness in a country whose citizens cannot trust their own government. He spoke for the dignity of the human individual in a country where people are managed and manipulated as "workers", "consumers", and "manpower" and where their status as human beings is irrelevant. He spoke for his dream of racial justice in a country which forced him to say, "My dream has turned into a nightmare."

The good society of which Dr. King spoke was not a revised version of the one we have today. For the organizing principle of our society is the use of human beings, here and abroad, as means to the achievement of private profit. This was true in the days of slavery and it is true today as well. We must get out of the rut of thinking that America is a free and bountiful land in which 89 percent enjoy a freedom that needs only to be extended to the remaining 11 percent. Until we recognize that we too are unfree, we will remain in the mood of desperation that we felt on Friday. There are all sorts of ways in which to fight other people's battles--if that's what we think our task is. Such "solutions" as petitioning for passage of the Civil Rights bill, or forming a human shield between black people and National Guardsmen during ghetto uprisings are the natural product of this kind of desperation. But if we look at the basic social critique which the civil rights movement made of our society, we see that it had broader implications. To take seriously the values for which Dr. King spoke is to question the most basic attributes of our society: not simply its endemic racism, but its militarism, its stress on respect for authority, and its domination by profit-oriented corporate enterprise. To take those humanistic values seriously is to ask how to change the society that has denied them.

There is a vague, somewhat prosaic concept called "organizing" that has a lot to do with the job we have before us. What it connotes is talking with people, getting them to see how their own lives are being frustrated by forces that are social rather than personal, and getting them to act together to remake their environmnet. An example is draft resistance, in which the organizer tries to transform individual worry about the draft into a realization that the draft is a socially pernicious institution. The organizer tries to hold out the possibility that people who have felt isolated can engage in common action against the draft.

It is not only around the draft that organizing takes place. The evils of this society are so pervasive, the contrast between the actual and the possible so great, that every aspect of our common life is subject to a humanistic critique. In this entire country, there is scarcely a job that is not ultimately governed by the criterion of profit, that is not overshadowed by the threat of unemployment as punishment for stepping out of line. There is scarcely a job that affords full scope for the human potentiality of the man who holds it. There is scarcely a neighborhood or even a city that has full scope to plan for its own needs without the threat of offending powerful private interests. It is only because we have become numbed to our situation, blinded to our own innate worth, that we accept our lot. The job of the organizer is to shake us free of our numbness, to help us cure our blindness. This can be done in the workplace, the neighborhood, or--for many of us--in the university. Taking this last as a case in point, the organizer can point to the possibility of a learning process that brings an understanding of oneself and of the society. He can ask whether the university as now constituted lends itself to such a learning process, and he can suggest the need to work together in order to create a university that does.

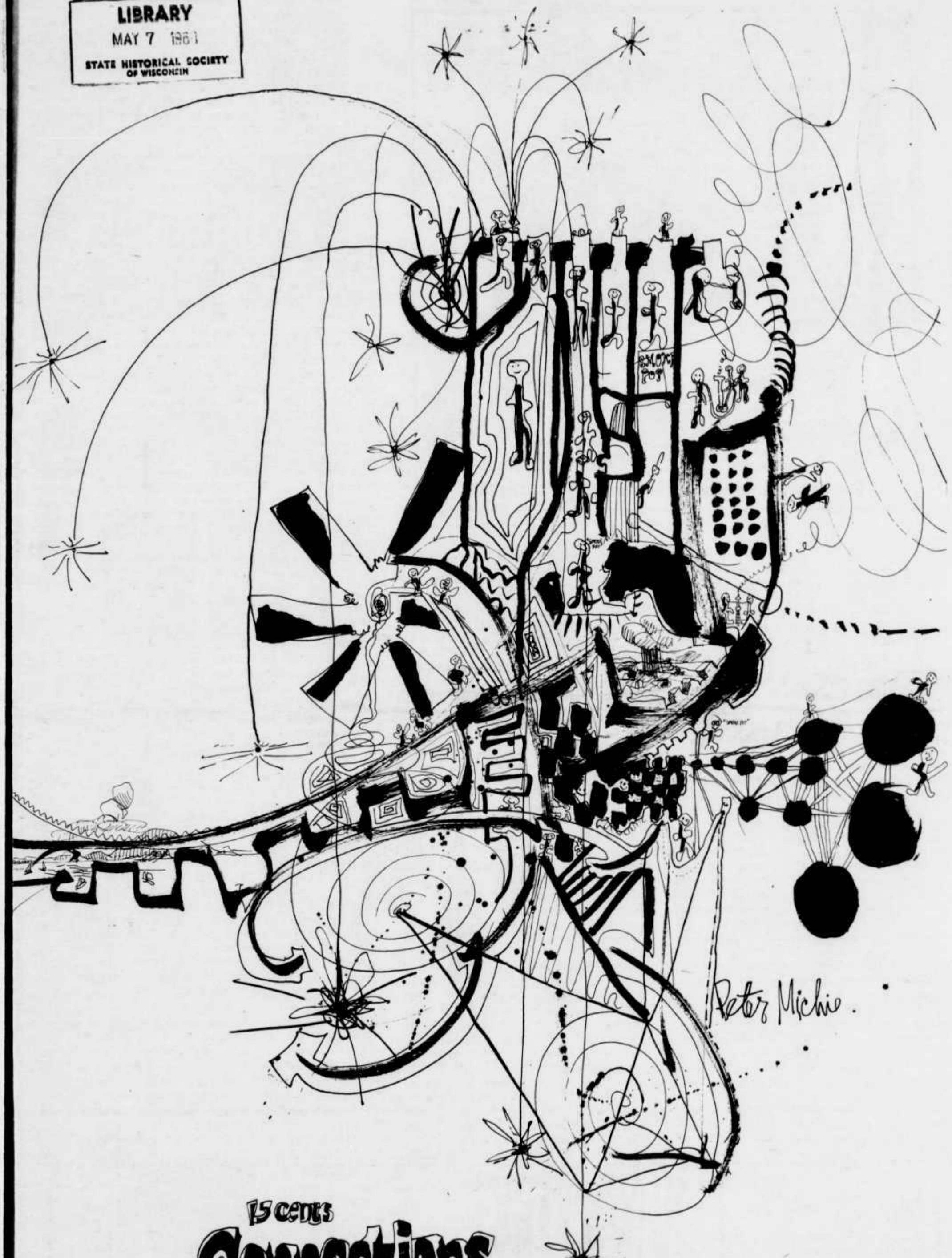
The point is that the organizer is not an exotic breed, not (in most cases a full-time revolutionary. He is simply a person who believes seriously in basic humanitarian values. They furnish him the basis for a rejection of the present form of American society; they furnish him also with the basis for an appeal to others to join in remaking that society.

The argument comes down, once again, to Martin Luther King. He was a historical misfit who spoke for a good society while living in a bad one. If we think he had something to tell us, we had better start acting on it.

-- Jim O'Brien



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"The riots are coming ! The riots are coming !!"

Dear Connections:

This is in response to George Hanley's blanket condemnation of electoral politics ("The Politics of Politics," March 12-26, 1968). The model I will use is Dick Krooth's campaign for Alderman in Madison's 2nd Ward.

Before getting to the meat of the issue, let me clear up a misunderstanding. The Krooth campaign was not a one-shot affair. Just like Bobby Joe Burbridge in the 6th ward, Dick is not a student and is a permanent resident of his ward. He will be running for Alderman in 1970 and he will be sending out a newsletter to his neighbors regularly during the next two year period.

The really basic argument boils down to an assertion that because voting is a passive act it is to be shunned. Paul Buhle, in a recent issue of the Madison SDS newsletter, is much more complete in his arguments. He feels that voting is part of the obfuscating mechanism whereby people are lulled into thinking American democracy means something. This is a serious argument. Power in our society is not necessarily exercised by elected officials. C. Wright Mills' power elite concept indicates that money and personal influence are often much more important than legal political power. Granted this assumption which underlies Buhle's and Hanley's criticisms, I still maintain that election campaigns are meaningful actions for people seeking to effect change. If the institutions of power in our society--- communications media, corporations, police--- are controlled by the power elite or establishment, the only way to change society is to use the force of numbers, to mobilize an aroused populace.

Thus we arrive at our basic problem: the force of numbers will only be usable once the numbers exist! The most fundamental job for those seeking basic change is to convince other people of the roots of their problems. Electoral action is a good way to reach people because it permits one to ring doorbells, engage people in conversation, and propound political programs. Dick Krooth reached approximately 200 people through his campaign that were previously unreachable. His newsletter will now be readily read by residents of his ward. All this because the tactic of running for office permitted him to raise issues and get people to make connections.

What are these connections? Local issues are not divorced from the basic problems of our society. The residents of towns like Madison are faced with a two-pronged problem. The first prong is that approximately 2/3 of every individual's tax dollar goes to the federal government. The towns get only 16%. The other part is that within the towns, the usual method of taxation is on property, and this is administered so as to fall with its heaviest burden on those who can least afford to pay. The reason why this is so in Madison is that the local real estate interests together with certain businesses have controlled the common council and have influenced tax assessors to assess their properties at values closer to the historical cost than to the present values. Thus, the little man is caught in the middle. A militaristic government spends approximately 70% of its revenue on war and war related projects while in his home town, the common council either refuses to have his garbage picked up or to give his kid a decent education or it raises his taxes in order to supply these services. Meanwhile, the people who benefit from government war-related contracts pay less than their share on the local level.

Politics have divided the people and obscured the roots of their problems. The white-tax-payer blames the Negroes on welfare for his high taxes; the consumer blames the farmer or worker for his high prices; etc. A political campaign can oppose these lies as Dick Krooth did and also point out the real source of the troubles. Furthermore, a political campaign or a political party can produce a program which unites the disparate oppressed segments in our society and focuses their attention on the inequities of the system.

The usefulness of a political campaign as a tactic for organizing might become more apparent with a comparison. The Draft Resistance Union has demonstrated that it can build an on-going program out of its struggles. This has resulted, I think, from the fact that the DRU has been legitimized by the burning needs felt by the young people of this state for draft counseling. Counseling is their foot in the door just as electioneering was for Dick Krooth.

But still the argument persists: if power is not really exercised by elected officials, how can we justify seeking elective office? The answer is that there are other powers that come with such a position. Influence becomes magnified because more people hear what the person says. Had Dick Krooth been elected to the city council, he would have been able to expose much of the corruption and manipulation that goes on in relation to city government. This would have increased the awareness of the people of Madison and would have contributed to the all important deobfuscation.

What if there were a radical majority on the council? I admit that they might not have the power to qualitatively change people's lives. We submit however, that with a majority of the people awakened to the problems of our society, the victory will have been half won. Maybe it will require counter institutions to circumvent the power structure on the local level, that is not important. What is important is convincing a majority of the people that basic RADICAL change is necessary to free them from the oppression they encounter every day.

Mike Meeropol

(Editor's note: Since this letter was written Krooth, Meeropol and others have started the Wisconsin Alliance, a statewide political party. Information can be obtained at the Alliance office at 401 W. Gorham St., Madison)

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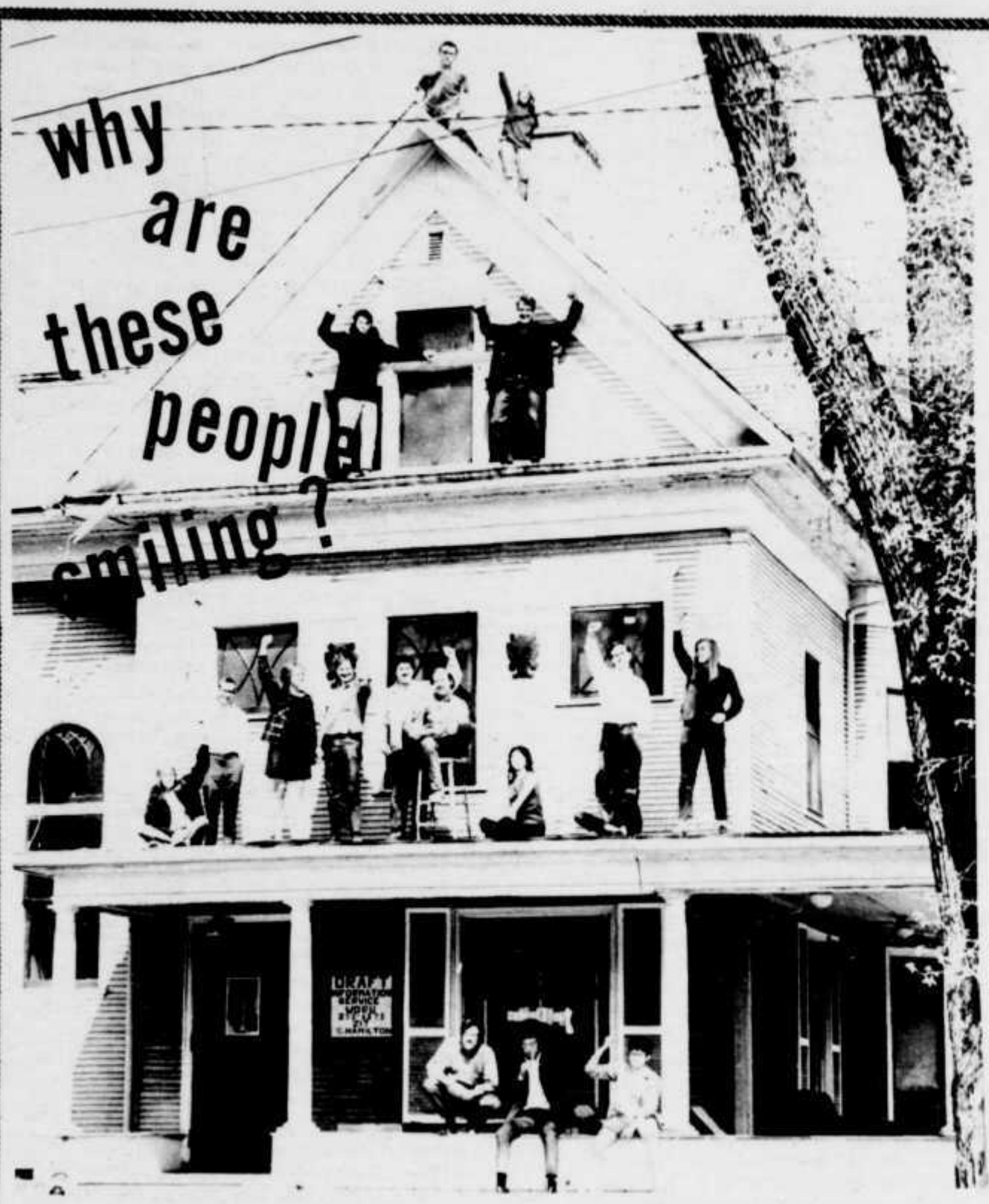
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That's us--not all of us, but some of the people who work the Sunday shift at the new home of Connections and the Wisconsin Draft Resistance Union. The address is 217 S. Hamilton St. Connections and DRU share all four floors. Because both organizations are located in one building there is more communication and cooperation between us. We expect to produce more varied types of literature in the near future.

The fact that we were able to afford to move from smaller quarters to this colossus (formerly a nunnery) is due to the support we've received in both the Madison and University communities (in addition to our friends in the state). But...

We need more help now.

The third floor is yet to be furnished. We need beds, bureaus, chairs, lamps, desks--your basic furnishings for a suite of rooms to be rented to movement people. If anyone would like to donate some furniture to DRU and Connections after school ends please call us at 257-1844 (Connections) or 255-6575 (DRU).

Of course, we still need help writing, producing, and circulating Connections. We shall come out once more before semester ends. A surrealistic issue produced by Dick Samson and Robb Soffian and others is a possibility. After that there will be a couple of summer issues and maybe one for the graduating seniors.

But for us the big thing is a program which has evolved from long rap sessions between people in DRU, Connections and Madison-SDS. It's called "The Summer Offensive".

No one is pretending that the "Summer Offensive " will really end the war in Vietnam or stop the draft. The likelihood is that salvation of our own souls and those of the Vietnamese will not be any closer at the end of August than it is right now. The rhetorical flourishes of salvation through unity and perseverance will be left to the Parties, Democratic and Republican. The Summer Offensive will, at most, mobilize the creative energies of young people around the state to make a collective political portrait of our lives and American society. To create that portrait requires organizing--talking and responding to people who are upset with our country but don't know why. Organizing means action, people in motion trying to analyze, criticize and change the institutions and mechanisms which stifle our humanity and threaten us with death and destruction.

Five programs are included in the Summer Offensive:

WORK FOR THE MOVEMENT FULL TIME in one of the cities around the state where organizing has already begun. Full time people will work in communities in pairs, helping to bring local people together. Work will be done with high school students, men who are I-A (especially recent college graduates and first year graduate students), people who work in factories, and people in middle-class and poor neighborhoods. During the summer, we will organize anti-draft groups, bring people together around local issues, and carry out mass educational leafletting and canvassing.

PARTICIPATE IN AN ANTI-DRAFT CARAVAN. The caravan will travel around the state and present guerilla theater, educational material, speeches, leaflets, and rock bands. In communities where there are already full time organizers and contacts, the caravan will help them reach new people and spark their work.

ORGANIZE HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS on a state-wide project. The project will go to resort areas and other places where kids hang out, collecting material for a state-wide high school underground newspaper, publishing the paper, and involving kids in discussions which show the political and social nature of their personal rebellions. The underground newspaper will be published from the Connections office and will provide a basis for expansion of Connections in the fall.

WORK ON A LITERATURE PROGRAM. Most of the program will be aimed at constituencies other than university or high school students: professionals; people who work as clerks or in blue collar jobs; teachers, etc. Part of the program will be a tabloid newspaper giving clear and understandable radical analyses to national and state news.

WORK IN YOUR SPARE TIME to build the resistance. People can work in Madison and all over the state in their spare time. People who must earn money for school in the fall can get jobs in factories and in neighborhoods where other people are doing community organizing. Students who must go to summer school can use their spare time by leafletting shopping centers or by doing detailed research on Wisconsin, aiding organizers in understanding the state.

Call the WDRU office if you would like further information.

Madison SDS has set up a state outlet to facilitate distribution of Radical Literature in bulk. Write or call: State Lit. Outlet, 1215 Drake Street, Madison, Wis., 53715, (608) 255-3063.



The Madison Nude Playwrights Theatre represents three strands of hard-core nudism, according to Dick Swaback, elder statesman of the Nude Triumvirs (the other two are Elizabeth Edelson and Marvin Jawer). In their upcoming performance, May 16-19 at Lowell Hall on Langdon Street, audiences will be able to discern S&M nudism, hot bath nudism, and off-the shoulder erotic nudism in the plays by Jawer, a leading playwright, Hank Haslach, former SDS chairman and TA Association VP, and Morris Edelson, founder of Edelson Enterprises and Quixote Magazine.

"The plays will be performed by well-dressed actors," says Jawer, "but the rawness will still be quite evident in the production." Jawer's two plays, "A Pocket Full (Of Rye)" and "A Game of Chess", show the binding and flagellation influences on modern theatre, while Haslach's "The Evergreen" is a study of New Left nudity. Edelson's "Josiped Decanus" shows the effect of denudification on Rhode Island College. His "Magician" says nothing.

Directing the plays are Larry Lieb of the Uprising Theatre, Jordan Weiss of the ACLU, Rick Obadian from the Philadelphia Enquirer, Jerry Peary from the University Speech Dept., and Elizabeth Edelson also of Edelson Enterprises, charitable division. The raw deal given the audience will be covered by the serving of selected refreshments.

PLATTEVILLE

Comply Gr-acefully

and say

Thank You

Monday evening, May 14, 1967, Platteville, Wisconsin at about 10:30 p.m., a cat ventured into a transformer and caused a blackout. About 2500 students from the State University, mostly male, since women were required to be in their dorms by 11:00, flowed from the dorms and gathered on the campus. Someone yelled, "Let's go downtown!" and they did. Then President Bjarne Ullsvik arrived equipped with a bullhorn.

Ullsvik: "You are blocking the street. You are impeding traffic."

Voice from the crowd: "What's your first clue?"

Everyone laughed. A policeman told them to be gone in five minutes or they would be tear gassed. They answered, go 'head. Five minutes, ten minutes, longer, police arrived with tear gas guns, aimed, fired. Cans hit the street and fizzed, they were defective. New police cars were driven in one end of the crowd, out the other with windows broken, sides dented and scratched. Finally, the students dispersed themselves and went home.

Tuesday evening, dinner time: Spontaneously, students throughout the dining room beat their glasses with forks. A student grabbed a pie, with cream, and threw it at another student. Food flew in all directions and innocents hid under the tables.

Later, same evening: Signs appeared on dorm floors announcing Riot Tonight, 9:30 (early enough for girls to join). Mass gathered, moved to Main Street, then to intersection of routes 80 and 151, outside Platteville. Someone burned an effigy of President Ullsvik and then everyone just stood around with nothing to do and talked about going back to the dorms. They heard the sirens of fire engines and decided to stay. Firemen, armed with iron bars and baseball bats, arrived on their trucks, drove through the crowd, turned around and came back again. They aimed their water hoses at the students. Water dribbled out. "Lawn sprinklers! Romp!" Police threw tear gas bombs; students retrieved them and threw them into the fire trucks. Again they disbanded of their own accord.

Wednesday night: Another journey to Main Street where students were met by county sheriffs with dogs. Again tear gas was thrown with little effect. Students took themselves home when they got tired.

Platteville is a small, former mining town in southwestern Wisconsin with a population of about 7000; the state university adds 4200 students. Usual town-gown tensions are complicated by demography: half of the people are under 21 and 30% are over 65. There are no 18 year old beer bars. Since World War II, enrollment at the university has climbed from 584 to its present size.

Interviewer: "What's the relationship between students and the town?"

Student: "Well, before the riot it was kind of cold. No one wanted you in their store, hurried you through, and stuff. But since then... When we came back in September they had a big banner across Main Street saying 'Welcome home students!' Why we could wipe them out."

President Ullsvik, whose school never even had a panty raid, is not pleased with these new disturbances among students at his "friendly school." Students are expected to adhere to the ideas set forth in the Student Handbook which Ullsvik considers important in "reducing the 'time-lag' in becoming acquainted with the requirements and opportunities that exist at Platteville". The Handbook admonishes students to dress in a "business-like" way and learn the "culture" of proper attire; to use words of courtesy which "cost you nothing, but they pay big dividends." The core of Ullsvik's formula for harmony lies in a statement tucked away in the last pages of the Handbook: "There will be many things in college which you will be asked to do which you may not wish to do, but there will be a reason why. If you comply gracefully and graciously you and everyone around you will find things running much more smoothly." And smoothly it runs.

Ullsvik can enforce the boundaries of acceptable behavior on an individual basis by confronting each student with his power. Chronically conspicuous students have many tales of Ullsvik calling their parents to inform them of "unfriendly" activities, of being called to his office for deals or threats, of being told that they cannot expect job recommendations if their behavior does not change. These are not shoplifters, cheaters, or bad students; they are simply students who are critical and not awed by the institution. They are, however, scared because Ullsvik's authority is vague and undefined. There is no appeal beyond Ullsvik. page four

But when 2500 students sat down on the main street of Platteville last spring, Ullsvik was mimicked and his effigy was burned. Whatever the causes of the students' act, Ullsvik's authority had broken down for the duration of the demonstration.

Students are increasingly aware of the poverty of education that Platteville offers them, and want a change. Some see it as the fault of students, as in discussions of the fact that 1000 out of 4200 students were on academic probation at the end of the first semester. An editorial in the student newspaper dismissed all excuses that failing students might fall back on and asserted that "maturity and the willingness to accept responsibility are characteristics of successful students." There was some notion that faculty might be involved when someone described students who become "somewhat dismayed at the quality of instructors, so they don't go to class, they put off their work, they become apathetic." But no one said directly if the students aren't learning then the teachers aren't teaching.

But it is also clear to them that in some way, Platteville is keeping them from an education. The tradition of a "friendly school" was blamed by the student newspaper for creating an apathetic and dull school.

> It's not good because the friendly image has turned this university into a sheep pasture...Students and faculty are led like sheep never caring, never worrying, just pursuing an education...
> The time has come for some real inquiry about 'things'. Things are philosophy, ideas, concepts, dynamic new forces which we live with...Don't sit around being friendly, become an angry, inquiring person.



(reprinted from The EXPONENT, Platteville, Wisconsin)

One group of students took the initiative and held an impressive burial service for the "friendly school" image.

There is a strong sense that somewhere along the line Platteville was left behind and that despite all efforts of the administration and regents to join the ranks of major, twentieth-century institution, the quality of the work and the attitude toward students are from another age. One student described this feeling in a letter, last September, to the student paper:

> Admittedly, the riots last spring were not the most effective way of communicating to anyone on the outside. "Help! We are being help captive in an archaic institution!" But they should have served notice to those in high places that the uncounted, faceless masses were yearning to be free and wished strongly to be allowed the same freedoms enjoyed by the rest of their educational generation at more progressive institutions.

One possible avenue for change is the faculty, but, as the students are rapidly learning, at Platteville, they are not a very active or effective agent.

Our first trip to Platteville was to speak at the Free University where we met a number of older faculty members and had an opportunity to watch their relationship with students. With one sitting in each discussion group, the students had no chance to talk in this "free" university. They engaged each of us in long, heated debates which other students could not enter; they told endless egocentric anecdotes with obvious condescension. Not once did they turn to their own students as they spoke, with one telling exception: one man found himself speaking with authority on conditions in the ghetto with a Negro student in the group. With an uncomfortable shuffle, the faculty member said, "That's right isn't it?" The student who had obviously not been listening looked at his shoes and nodded.

Subsequent interviews with younger, untenured faculty members revealed a similar disrespect for students, but in this instance it was not because students <u>should</u> not challenge them, but because they did not. A teacher of philosophy said the students were apathetic. An art teacher expressed discouragement because his efforts to introduce new techniques and encourage greater creativity were met with indifference; student response to art stopped once a few evidences of "culture" had been absorbed. Most agreed that the students had no intellectual curiosity which could make teaching them exciting. A "good" class was one in which the students did the reading and took copious notes on the teacher's lecture.

These same teachers were not interested in saying much about their relationship with the administration except to say that things were getting better; they pointed to a case some years ago where an English teacher was fired for saying "fuck" in class and proudly told us that no one now would be fired for his language or even for discussing the Vietnam war in class. But rumors and tales abound about freewheeling faculty members being denied recommendations, about raises being withheld for stepping out of the role Ullsvik expects, about reprisals for too much fraternizing with students, yet the faculty does not like to talk about these. The same faculty members are not concerned with and not interested in how this situation affects the students.

Platteville students are developing a greater sense of the ways in which the authoritarian and fear-ridden atmosphere affects the quality of their lives and their education. The smoothness of the school is accomplished at their expense. As the university accumulates the symbols of universitydom and expands into the circle of such universities as Madison, the students pay. More dorms have been built than there are students to fill them. Every room is a double but there were not two people for each room so those living singly were given the option under a new policy of either finding a roommate (thereby leaving a room vacant) or of paying $50 extra for the privilege of a single. Those left vacant by this scheme were either cleaned and locked for the next session or used for guest rooms. Simultaneously, the charge for guest rooms went up from $1 to $3. Men in one dorm were forced to move from the fourth floor to the third, after they had contracted for their rooms, in order to save the cost of cleaning two bathrooms. All students were affected by this irrational budgeting when the director of the student union, who had just spent money to have on dining room carpeted, said that he could not extend the hours of breakfast because it cost too much and it might mean that everyone would come to breakfast which would force the price of a food contract up.

Many students feel their ambitions frustrated by the symbolic way that liberal arts were introduced - symbolic because it was not backed up with necessary financial support. Courses and some majors have been added but there is no liberal arts building. Artists go to classes in the basement of one of the campus' oldest buildings; musicians have an annex, and humanities courses meet in any room available. At least one liberal arts course is often cancelled because the room is too small for the size of the class and the students can't breathe. Efforts by students to find out when a building will begin have been frustrated by double talk but leaks from the master plan would seem to indicate that everything from a new stadium and fieldhouse to more dorms, will be built up first. There is little official encouragement to those students who are interested in the arts.

Students reacted most sharply to the decision to build a $1.1 million stadium for Platteville's four or five games a year. The figure includes four team rooms (??) at $150,000, a press box at $170,000, seating at $320,000, and floodlighting for $75,000. To finance this every student was to be taxed $10 annually. In addition, the district high school is paying $75,000 for use of the stadium but since it is the one that needs the flood lights, the rent is low. Student agitation was successful in obtaining refunds (of only $9), to any student who remembers to fill out the proper forms and report to the right office on particular days, and a promise that the funds would be raised in other ways. One student described the form as saying, in essence, "I want the money back I gave you for the stadium." Students who did not pick up their refunds wer immediately sent letters of gratitude and complementary tickets to the first years (yet undated) of bigtime Platteville football. That Ullsvik backed down may indicate that he realized he had found one of the limits of student exploitation.

Feb 5, 1968

Letter to the Editor Column
The Exponent.

Dear Mr. Remington:

DROP DEAD!

H. A. Palmer
Faculty Member.

The students are also beginning to attack the ways in which Platteville, and more particularly Ullsvik, repress faculty members. They are leading a campaign for academic freedom for teachers, around the case of George Remington, a member of the English department. Ullsvik, who is empowered by the Board of Regents to fire untenured faculty members without showing cause is currently exercising this power against Remington. Remington's story begins during last spring's riots, when a group of students published a manifesto protesting their restricted rights and the administration's failure to consider the welfare of students in policy decisions. Ullsvik immediately expressed displeasure with the document but it was too late: the press publicized it and the Regents asked him to bring a copy to the next meeting. George Remington was instrumental in formulating the list of embarrassing grievances which concluded "that since the Board of Regents and the University administration have not acted to fill these needs, we students have felt obligated to do so." After initial, somewhat backdoor, notification that he might be fired immediately, Remington was told in July that his contract would expire June 1, 1968 and would not be renewed. Given Ullsvik's definition of a good faculty member (he recently said, "I would rather hire a boy scout or a football player on my faculty than a Phi Beta Kappa scholar because they are more sociable"), it is not hard to understand Remington's failure. Not feeling the insecurity of younger faculty members, he has refused to remain silent and has been a close friend and advisor to those students who have advanced the most sophisticated attacks on Platteville apathy; his apartment is open to them and he has consistently advocated their cause to the administrators.

The students have responded in this case because they feel close to Remington. Dozens of students have made individual appointments with Ullsvik to ask him the cause of Remington's dismissal; five hundred students signed a petition demanding Remington's reinstatement which was given to Governor Knowles on May 2. The Governor asked if all 500 signers were Remington's students. A girl answered: "Many were but Remington has helped set up many groups on campus like the Committee for Racial Understanding and other important things. Many students know him through these." A boy broke in: "He is not the kind of teacher who just comes to his class and goes home, thinking he has done his job. He really cares about the students and spends a lot of time with them. That is why so many are concerned." Later, outside, one member of the group said: "Why should it happen to him? He's the only one who's human."

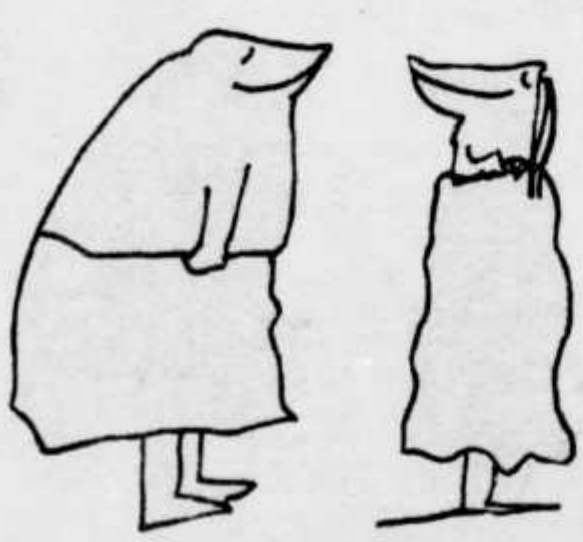
But their movement is not simple attraction to one man but is an attack on the atmosphere in which faculty members must work at Platteville. They are asking, "Do we want a faculty too coerced to speak out or a faculty that express their views freely, without fear of reprisals, on any and all important issues?" They are arguing that the attack on Remington is a threat to all faculty members but they have discovered that "we can expect no help from them. If academic freedom is to be established here, to the benefit of all of us, the students must act forcefully and lawfully...."

The group of students who are actively trying to change Platteville is pitifully small (riots and signatures have not produced a community), but they are trying very hard to build the kind of university that will permit its residents to think and that will value exchange. They are not interested in the symbols of growth. They print a Free Press - a mimeographed sheet with timely and critical perspectives on Platteville and President Ullsvik ("PU"). A Free University meets weekly with open discussion on the war, Dow, drugs, existentialism, gripes, and films, to which resource people from the school and elsewhere in Wisconsin are invited. When they symbolically buried the Friendly School, they demonstrated that they would not remain passive and uncritical of the community in which they are living. They would continue to write manifestos, pressure for stadium refunds, establish counter-institutions, counter-publications, and agitate for academic and personal freedom.

They will probably never change Platteville. The majority of students feel, and are, still close to their families, their high schools, and small communities; college does not provide an opportunity to make a break with their pasts and the more stultifying pressures of American society. Pledges at a "Friendly" fraternity recently beat up one of this dissenting group. Change is further minimized by an administration which understands its role as preserving those same traditions and measures its responsibility and success by the standards of communities from which its students are drawn - largely, small Wisconsin towns. As long as schools look to the nearest and richest community for their values, there will be no chance that the education they offer can posit alternatives for students. Ullsvik looks in one direction when he calls parents to tell them what their children have been up to. A faculty member looks in a complementary direction when he says: "Most of us think that our products are going to hold up to anybody's." The students most interested in change have already found a way to resist the pat, passive, indoctrination that Platteville is programmed to present.

****

When reporters for Connections arrived at Ullsvik's office for a scheduled interview, he, surrounded by a dean, a local newspaperman, and editors of the school paper, baldly announced: "Because of my evaluation of your publication...I choose not to make any statements to you. I have a right to make this judgment." He further refused to "give any story, or give my permission to you to quote in Connections anything I've said at this meeting." The experiences of reporters students and faculty has been that Ullsvik's "friendliness" stops abruptly at the line of potential or real opposition or criticism. --Ann Gordon



Save Water – Shower With A Friend

(reprinted from The EXPONENT, Platteville, Wisconsin)

CREDITS
Peter Michie (cover); Mark Rohrer (p. 3); Wintergreen (p. 6); Fred Ostapik (p. 7); Guardian Photos (pp. 8, 12); Nick Thorkelson (pp. 9, 11, 14); LNS Photo (p. 13); Larry Champion (p. 14 photo).

UT PICTURA POESIS

persuasion of an object
of the roundness of you,
an old victorian chuckle
in a ticklish rug
under windowsill mouths,
unconvinced red walls
and baroque face you,

fuzzy raja in glass
caught in a skeptical chair
arguing with a dolly,
crying thermostat
onion under a faucet,
robes down to the ankles,
inside a breast looking out,
crucified on a toilet stool.
within the hands are pockets
you sweep out into palms,
the monologue of a footstool

where the cat craps,
the pennies under dressers,
ripped crotches and fingernails,
all hung with tinsel,
sugar stirred in,
perfume in the ears
where your tongue sleeps.

I am trying to prevent
the occurrence of a room
my heels are nipped,
your scraps have a sharpness
like the broken dome
where all thoughts drop from.

--albert norman

My Colleagues Save Their Face
old saying: The Lion to the Beetle said:
I will not be intimidated.
Having exercised his self-invested powers

badly, our lion lowers

his head, not

in shame(lions shall not be shamed) but

the better to pull in the draw string on his vast bag

of courage

and, cocking back, heave it forth--

one wad of roar--

making the birds to flower,

the bugs to floor.

Roger Mitchell

IN MEMORY OF MARY-LYNN

At sixteen her body was a kicking tree.
A hill girl with guilts. She meant
to go away, somewhere, to consider sin.
After the storm went through, the old mill
began to crumble until one side
was rescued with panelling, just in time:
text of textiles, and wool of woolens, still
shadow the porch. Of her seven men

only the Italian
kept driving by

Steven Osterlund

In Memory of Otis

Phoenix, a schooner sinking under
Millions of drying tuna -
Stoughton farmers - Ahabs
Stolcally plowing atomic gold.

Low-keyed loving; true pleasure
Only the East knows.
Otis - tell us the battlegrounds for our
Hopes - if telling can kill only a little.

The Blues - the unimposing blues -
Preacherless, powerless, lessonless
Newsless news. I pledge allegiance
To the news - billboards pushing

Fishless lakes. Blues in green
Lakes with floating, choking algae.
Blues at large in trolleyland.
Innocent fables become tanks in Poland.
A peasant woman with slanted eyes and
A grenade strapped to her thigh -
Machines working underground - the
Last hope for Utopia.

But blues - the swords.
Bluesy guns, bluesy fuses
Blowing up lords in carpeted
Buildings where one is
Electrocuted by the rug
Before being garroted by
The words one hears there.

Low-keyed loving; true pleasure
Only the East knows.

Wreckage sinking in Monona,
Dredges plumbing til tomorrow.
Soul in the Midwest -
A blighted burial in
Beer warmed places
Where ice is late in forming.

D.J. Huenol

the president throws out the first ball of the season

The grass has been painted, it shines like a battleship
they've swept up the vomit of previous seasons
those with no tickets sneak into the ballpark
the vendors sell milk and pictures of heroes.
The press sharpen cigarettes and smoke each other
when the anthem starts playing they all get erections.
The fat pitcher stands smiling, his hands sweating gasoline
he fires the pitch and the outfield flashes
shortstop gets the ball, he reads its inscription
pulls out a banknote, then guns down the runner.
The infield is littered with bottles and fuses
in the dugout the whore is dancing, pulling the marionette strings
the umpire grins, his eyes full of maps and orders
his fingers smoke as he exterminates the spectators.

Thaddeus Torgott

Bob Watt: THE GENTLE RAPE OF THE MIND. Quixote Press, 315 N. Brooks, Madison 53715.

Well, Watt's picked up some sound for his second book. The flippancies aren't just flippant any more-- he seems to be pushing himself into the poem for the sake of attaining a real variety of presence. And a lot of the time he makes it. When he does doesn't, the lines sag and dissolve. But the best of it is getting better, tightening up into higher frequencies. If this modulation keeps up, the next book should be a real 10,000 watt (or so) job.

OLE ANTHOLOGY, ed. & intro. by Doug Blazek. Poetry X/Change, Box 4073 Pacific Station, Glendale, California 91202. $2.50

I wish this wasn't an anthology of poems selected from the magazine. The best thing would be one bound volume of all eight numbers--covers and all--printed on indestructible mimeo paper. Then you could get the whole thing, the spark & snap of neurons plugged directly into the page, drawing off currents of energy from poems that do not compromise with the reality in front of them.

But as it is, it's got just about all the poets we've been trying to get in front of you in what seem like endless pleas & come-ons in every available rag in the state. It's got guys like levy, Stanley Fisher, rbt. head, beautiful T.L. Kryss work, the blessed cannons of Bukowski's mouth; Gil Orlovitz, Grapes, Brown Miller's eyes....

Poets "don't speak the language which the rest of us speak...and why bother to learn theirs? It is usually only a means , anyway, to impress the juries on the Guggenheim, Ford, etc. gravy trains," Kirby Congdon wrote. But this book--these poems--have certain specific information about perception which can shatter the dreary cathode tubes that have been stuffed in our sockets; I'm not--they are not--bullshitting.

David Henderson: FELIX OF THE SILENT FOREST, Poets Press, 23 East 10th, NYC. Intro. by LeRoi Jones. $1.50.

Starting with "Bopping", through the title poem, and finally up to "They are Killing All the Young Men," this book takes on the sound of a serious Black poet with the kind of guts it takes to ride the rhythms of his own tongue all the way down to the vision of his own street. "Elvin Jones Gretsch Freak," for example, ("drums like the cockpit of a TXF spy plane/ejaculator seat and all"), makes it clear that there's a Black poet in charge; if you read this one out loud you can hear rhythms close to Jones' style. (NB: Sam Lindel.

"Boston Road Blues" shows what the rock-recording business meant to Harlem in the fifties, as seen by someone who tried to break out of there--with a group called the Starsteppers--and didn't make it. For the sake of this one poem, the book should go on the course-list for Black History in the high schools.

Felix, by the way, is this Black cat out of Noveltytoons (remember?), and you never saw him like this before:

Felix walks the City
sometimes fast sometimes slow
like a dying man wanting
everything he sees.

-- Dave Wagner

once, long ago, he disturbed his then worldview
with a long slow walk through Harlem.
suburb dreams of a Jesus as wasp

PROtest (protestare) will, of necessity, in
a nihilistic society, take on the form of
REvolt, as the smack when a vacuum pops

at the first mention of a democratic rising,
the Cardinal of Tournon:
'march on the South (1547)
rape the women, slaughter the babes
then burn them all
they're only dumb farmers
put the lads to the galleys amen.

James Walch

Children at Auschwitz (Oswiecim, Poland)

They come here by busloads in the early fall.
The plain brick buildings and the tree-lined streets,
the neighborly curtness of "Keep Off the Grass",
do not deceive them. This is the class trip.

This is the last cold step out of childhood
into the tepid air of right and wrong,
where for a moment in curiosity
the truth gapes. Anything is possible.

While the rest of us drag half-willing feet
from room to room, trying strange feelings on
in this strange store, looking for one that neither
hides nor exposes what we think we feel,

they plunge noisily through the corridors
searching the photographs along the walls
for their own names, or sit on the steps out front
squeezing their lunches out of paper bags.

The uncomplicated act of chewing, here,
is worth a warehouse of human hair heaped
artfully in showcases or stacked in bales.
Though it's more than bread they swallow here,

at least they haven't learned self-loathing yet.
I say this, though one of them rabbit-punches
his shadow into the wall, and kicks it,
laughing, in the nuts, to show them how it was.

Roger Mitchell



d.a. levy
(a review)
by Rich Mangelsdorff

(Kaleidescope - UPS)

D.A. Levy: A Tribute to the Man - An Anthology of his Poetry, collected and edited by rjs, published by t.l. kryss at Ghost Press, Cleveland, obtain from Asphodel Book Shop, 306 W. Superior, Cleveland, Ohio 44113. $6.00



This is the largest "underground" poetry publication anyone can remember. 300+ pages, in mimeo. It could've been bigger yet; no "padding" here. It's monumental size has everything to do with the nature of the poet d.a. levy, with the Cleveland poetry and publishing underground, with the importance of the task; it is a monument to a lot of things. Mainly to some people's urge to write, publish, disseminate poetry they believe in regardless of the odds.

I can tell you what the book itself contains. Most of it is poetry by d.a. levy, considered by the underground to be one of its best poets, and without a doubt one of the eight or so best poets under thirty in the English speaking world. There are long poems like "The North American Book of the Dead," "Cleveland Undercover," "Cleveland: the Rectal Eye Visions," "Kibbutz in the Sky," to which parts yet remain to be added, and a collection of drug-mystical experiences with titles varying on the word "perhaps". There are lots of shorter poems. There is a mixed media section reminiscent of Joe Brianard-Ron Padgett collaborations, called "You Murderers with Your Indifference." There are prose broadsides by levy, and a group of Cleveland newspaper clippings where you can watch the Cleveland press attempt to explain what levy is about, and how it was that he got busted, incarcerated, and generally put through the kinds of changes which no one needs. Then there are poetry and prose tributes to levy by the heavies of the underground scene: Bukowski, Blazek, Krech, wagner, Richmond, the Willie, Brown Miller, Richard Morris, david w. harris, and the Cleveland poets. And lots of others. Even Rich Mangelsdorff.

The long poems are strong shit and there's no point in trying to write about them here. Anyway, levy doesn't quote well, there's little he writes which is typical, he is a volatile and ongoing process that doesn't cross the same stream twice and you will find little repetition of any kind as you get into his work. Levy is one of the prime examples of what some of us have been talking about, demanding and trying to write; poetry as a life confrontation, as the mirror of your head, as the creative thrust on a fearless trip, as revelation, as a tool to simultaneously depict, interpret and influence "reality." And as means of furthering your own development and communicating to others in ways in which "communications" specialists fail to do. Develop your own latent antennae. Brown Miller writes here of levy, "the only other poet I know whose poetry is so much his life and vice-versa is Bukowski." If you understand not of Bukowski then read some of him before you read the levy anthology (by which name this book is known).

Yes, and chopping up and exhibiting a man's life is hard to do, as any honest psychologist should admit. Levy reveals himself by how you feel after reading one or twenty or sixty of his poems. Where's your head? Maybe you can't dig levy. What can I say? rjs begins his introduction, a vague attempt to rite an introduction to this book and get it to talk in case i go to jail tomorrow, yet there is absolutely nothing to be said... where are we??" (those aware of Julie Gibson's inclusion in the Loewenfels "Where is Vietnam" Anthology might also be aware that the other "teenage" poet in there was rjs, though he may have been Robert Sigmond, or some such thing, since thats the name he was given once; the part about jail came true as he served most of a six month sentence in the Cleveland House of Correction for "aiding runaways" or some such - what he was really trying to do was to straighten them out and get them into bags like, say, going back home, but being a prominent member of the Cleveland scene, perhaps they were glad to find any charge they could use, dig?). These are no dadaistic games that rjs or myself play; when you know the scene and even a few of its implications, you know you're up on more than one block when you attempt to write something for the people. rjs did manage to write a long and stinging intro, but in the spirit of hoping your head will be put at where it needs to be if this book is to sink in. This isn't one to read and file under whatever head you put this sort of poetry. That's like walking up to levy and kicking his ass, you know this cat could modify himself and get published in all the "name" poetry mags, so could most of his friends in Cleveland, if they had time for games. They have none. None. The evolutionary war is on and the engaged personalities are out to fertilize rather than impress.

I can say that for someone 25 years old levy has published an incredible amount of poetry, the overwhelming majority of which makes it - and on levels where most are yet just scuffling around. Also his range is wide; love, war, drugs and visions, the city, the establishment, or what's happening? Shorter things like "Berets" (a concrete poem for the war monuments) which takes apart words and concepts and thrusts the whole bag into your head again rear-end sideways. (oh yeah, levy is also one of the US' best concrete poets, one of the world's best, Tlaloc editor Cavan McCarthy probably didn't make E. Williams anthology because he ain't got machines to play with, only his typewriter). "One Death in the Life of Julie" a haunting comment on youth and beauty so vulnerable to spoliation in uptight times, "The Subreal Nark Dream" (where we live and fill in the name of your own), "poem for lama ginsberg (an honest confrontation with an ancestor), "the suburban prophets" (it's easy to be a head when you've got it made), "burgeoisie chant" (you say there's no difference between these poets & their predecessors?), "what can i say?" (I say can you look at it?).

Levy has become more than a poet. He's become a symbol to and for the Cleveland underground of the honest artist as guerilla-warrier with the arcs who predominate on our planet. He's drawn people to and around him in beautiful cooperative efforts. So that Cleveland still lives and its poetry is respected all over the world. And the underground lives through head-splitting vibrational fields. Like when they took levy away for the first "obscenity" bust:

buttons printed LEVY LIVES
they were wrong i died
the night i
left my home
like a refugee
my siamese kitten
under my coat
his heart beating
like a 78 RPM record

(from KIBBUTZ IN THE SKY, book II)

They live with this terrible fear; that we'll be destroyed or disappear, that the scams will have their way, that honesty and creativity will become an Atlantis-like myth. I don't want to persuade by going into the heroism of the Cleveland scene, just take my word for what you're unaware of.

Because, it's like t.l. kryss says, "somewhere between the lines the human being was mislaid and forgotten. The script is a deadly one for levy because it robs him of his privacy and plants in his mind the question whether anyone is listening to the thoughts behind his poetry. But levy will always be levy regardless of the roles he plays in the imaginations of others." Levy's first loyalty is to his poetic impulses, which are what the fight is supposed to be about, in the first place. But that damned weight on your mind all the time? Everybody wants a piece of you to play with. Like the cat that blows his brains out under the table in "8-½." And being a famous poet is supposed to be pleasant. Levy's head has to be advanced as it is just so he can continue with the act of writing poetry.

And Milwaukeeans sipping and thinking, "ah me! I am a poet.", and smiling and sipping one more. Or being sooo clever. Or hoping one day to join Ginsberg in the pages of a national circulation weekly magazine and hopping on and off planes and other things just laak Jaimes Dic-kuyh. Wasting, wasting, wasting when in another middlewestern city the motivation is ride, ride, ride and stare into the demons' eyes. Which aren't pretty like topaz' and rubies, neither.

Excluding the ten or so people who might be interested in this book (of which six won't find time to follow up, two might leave Milwaukee first, and the others will forget where to buy it) I'd like to end by quoting again from rjs intro: "it didn't work, that's rite, thers no way we can realli say it, the words becum myth the minute they hit the page. i cant convince u they R <u>real. d.a. cant, either.</u> <u>that's why its hurting</u>.....CRAMMING FLOWERS DOWN YR THROATS AINT NO FUN OCCUPATION."

a manipulated society: *Report from* BERLIN

In the late afternoon, Thursday April 11, Rudi Dutschke, a leading theorist and activist in the militant "League of German Socialist Students," (SDS) left the SDS office and rode his bike along West Berlin's main street, the Kurfurstendamm. A block from the office twenty-three year old Josef Bachmann pushed Dutschke from his bike and fired three shots into his body. Near death Dutschke was rushed to a hospital; his assailant exchanged fire with Berlin cops and was himself critically wounded. Miraculously, Dutschke has survived his chest, cheek and brain wounds. His condition is still serious: there remains a danger of complications in his recovery and it is not yet clear whether permanent brain damage has been done, although he is reported to be responding well to initial mental and neurological tests. Bachmann is also recovering--from less severe wounds. In his initial statement to authorities he said he was inspired to murder Dutschke after reading of the assassination of Martin Luther King. An interesting type, Bachmann: an amateur painter who decorated his room with portraits of Napoleon and Hitler, he chose Dutschke because he hates Communists. He said he had hoped "to go down in a rain of police bullets." Bachmann has received many congratulatory telegrams and flowers and will be defended in court by the lawyer who defended the cop who murdered the student, Benno Ohnesorg, on June 2 of last year.

In its reaction to the shooting of Dutschke the Berlin Left has made little of the person of the assailant. He is depicted rather, as part of a whole, no more nor less demented than the ideology and social order he sought to defend. The whole in question is the economic stagnation and social ossification of West Berlin, the inability of the present ruling political structure to resolve the city's crisis, and the systematic manipulation of public consciousness by the press tzar, Axel C. Springer. The Springer Concern, which controls 60% of West German dailies, plus the major German Sunday papers, has all but openly called for a massive pogrom against the student Left, advising Germans not to leave too much of the dirty work to the cops. The Berlin Left has explicitly tagged Springer with direct responsibility in the attempt on Dutschke's life and has placed the Springer monopoly at the center of its latest actions and propoganda.

The night of the shooting of Dutschke, SDS and the broad "extra-parliamentary opposition" in which SDS is the most militant member group, called a mass-meeting at the centrally located Technical University (the TU). After brief discussion some 3,000 domonstrators, almost entirely students, marched on the Springer House, The usually efficient "Berliner Polizei" were caught off guard and the demonstrators managed to smash a good many windows, overturn and damage a number of delivery trucks and company cars, and toss piles of Springer papers into bonfires. "Enteignet Springer!" (Expropriate Springer!) has long been a central pillar in the Berlin Left's program. Similar actions took place in several West German cities the same night and spread to some ten cities in the Federal Republic in the following days, as did solidarity actions in London, Rome, Paris, Amsterdam and Copenhagen.

Working out of the TU, the Berlin Left unfolded a spontaneous program of virtually permanent demonstration in central Berlin during the Easter weekend (April 11-15). An amazing project this, as it was clear from past experience that each demonstration would be met by the already permanent terror of the Berlin cops. And this is in fact what happened over the Easter weekend. Between theory and strategy meetings in the TU, the Left took to the streets to demonstrate en masse against Springer and the city's rulers. Each time they were met with a ferocious onslaught of water cannons and cadre of club swinging and mounted police. Elegant Easter visitors are given a run for their money as many were hosed, beaten and arrested along with the demonstrators. Leaflet distributors were arrested and roughed up throughout the weekend. In the midst of the melee on Easter Sunday, the leader of a pacifist contingent in the Easter march was attacked by cops, the large wooden cross he carried was torn from his hands and he was clubbed unconscious. A group of demonstrators who drove to meet another group being released from jail was attacked by cops without provocation or warning, many were dragged from their cars and beaten.

The "Berliner Polizei" are somewhat behind their counterparts in the U.S. in terms of advanced riot-control equipment. But they more than compensate by their instinctive hatred for anything out of the ordinary, especially beards and rimless glasses, and plenty of leeway to express themselves. The Berlin police force consists of 20,000 men and is literally the city's army, as the city's occupied status prohibits a standing army independent of the occupying forces. The cops are preparing for the future: the Springer House is an armed fort surrounded by rolls of barbed wire; delivery trucks are accompanied by police.

But the Springer press has not been the sole object of the Left's program. The concrete demands of the past week's actions are best summarized in the following manifesto released from the TU:

In view of the fact

1. that the attemped murder of Rudi Dutschke was not the crazed act of an individual;

2. that the Springer Press, through its systematic agitation against the Left opposition, had first created the climate in which an individual could plan this act;

3. that the remaining papers, radio and TV stations, through their false coverage of the extra-parliamentary movement and its goals, as well as their false coverage of Berlin's political problems, have made the Springer agitational campaign possible;

4. that the West Berlin Senate, the political parties and the trade-union leaders attempt to veil with lies the city's economic misery and thus function as hand-maidens of the centers of manipulation;

5. that an undemocratically controlled police force openly practices fascist terror against dissenting minorities;

We demand

1. the resignation of the present Senate and the building of a new one which, together with us, will take the first steps toward creating democratic conditions in Berlin.

2. The immediate expropriation of Springer and the creation of a council of workers, white-collar employees and students which will work out plans for placing the means of production of the Springer Concern at the service of a democratic public life.

3. This council will likewise develop plans for the democratization of radio stations. As for RIAS (the American controlled station), we demand the immediate dissolution of American control through an elected and always recallable control organ. As for Sender Freies Berlin (the main Berlin station) we demand the immediate entrance of members of the extra-parliamentary opposition into the station's supervisory committees; and further, that these committees be made open to public scrutiny.

4. From now until May 1, we demand one hour per day of radio time to enable us to discuss with the working population of this city the economic and political situation of Berlin and the prospects of transforming it. These discussions will enable the population to decide whether participation in the so-called Freedom Demonstration or in a Socialist May Day Demonstration corresponds to its interests.

With the exception of the very last point these demands clearly cannot be "met" barring a fundamental transformation of the present economic, social and political structure of West Berlin. They present a democratic and implicitly socialist alternative to Berlin's crisis. It might be worth mentioning that the "Freedom Demonstration" referred to is being sponsored by the city of Berlin and is conceived as a direct counter action to the Left's May Day program. It is also worth mentioning that Bobby Kennedy has been invited to give the main address at the Freedom Demonstration, though it is not yet certain he will come. Ironically, the "Freedom Demonstration" had first wanted Martin Luther King as its guest.

The present situation in Berlin, and in West Germany as well, is hot and can easily get hotter. The Berlin Senate and the West German Bundestag are now in emergency sessions to examine and deal with the "latest student unrest." Most official voices speak a monolithically hard line. The cops are praised. In the coming period the city government and the Springer papers will doubtless seek to isolate SDS as the lunatic fringe instigators of all the troubles, the aim being to divide the "extra-parliamentary opposition." There is a good chance that Left leaders, not only from SDS, will face arrest. It is possible that SDS may be banned as a threat to national security. The problem of divisions within the broad Left has been made particularly severe as a result of the deaths of two people (a press photographer and a student bystander), killed by stones thrown in a Munich demonstration. These deaths are now grist in Springer's cynical mill; they have also caused many within the Left to draw back in fright from the actions of the past week. Although sights remain set on the May Day demonstration, which needless to say is planned as a peaceful one, the Left has for the moment called a halt to street actions.

Before commenting on the Berlin Left itself, it may be useful to set down some general and more or less subjective impressions of what has recently happened here. First, the scope, context and character of the struggle in which the Berlin Left is engaged is in basic ways not comparable to any situation in the U.S. This is in part due to West Berlin's unique geo-political situation and in part to the fact that reactionary and authoritarian tendencies are relatively more direct and unmediated than in the U.S. (Johnson called the U.S. the "great society; Chancellor Erhard called Germany the "formierte Gesellschaft," literally, the "molded," more accurately, the "manipulated" society.) Briefly put West Berlin is a compact island with an authoritarian social and political system. Thus, any dissent within any major institution immediately affects the whole city apparatus. And the Berlin Left, while it is fundamentally a student or university-rooted movement, is in direct and immediate conflict with the main agencies (e.g., the city government, Springer) of the city of Berlin and to that degree in fairly direct conflict with the West German government. Because it is a minority and a student movement, the Berlin Left is, in the bulk of its action programs, engaged in "confrontation politics." But it is not compelled, as the student movement in the U.S. so often is, to confront shadows. Consequently, the stakes are high and the Left has little time in which to relax and fart around. The mere size of the actions of the past week give a certain expression to the general situation just described. Each demonstration--sometimes there were several a day--involved anywhere from 5 - 20,000 people in motion, mostly the larger number, most often on the city's main street. Blurred masses of demonstrators, identified by occasional red flags held high, surge toward police blockades; water cannon swing into position and open up on the oncoming mass; blocks of demonstrators are forced back and to the sides; bystanders flee in all directions; bodies are forced down side-streets, which are generally lined with truck-loads of police reinforcements; sirens are practically the only distinguishable sound. There are

(continued next page)



RUDI DUTSCHKE on the GERMAN MOVEMENT

Editor's Note: This is a transcript of remarks made by Rudi Dutschke to the Youth Commission of the Christian Peace Conference in Prague just before he was critically wounded last month. Dutschke has played a key role in the development of the student movement in Germany. Our thanks to Brewster Kneen of Toronto for taping and transcribing this speech. The translator notes that the German word he translated as knowledge may mean "science", "learning", or "scholarship." Dutschke himself used "science."

We believe that international opposition is necessary to fight against all forms of authoritarian structure, whether in socialist or in capitalist form. We differentiate very seriously between authoritarian socialism and the authoritarian structure of capitalism, of course. But that doesn't mean that we haven't to fight against the authoritarian form of socialism; and I think in Czechoslovakia now there is one great subject: to find new ways to combine socialism, real individual freedom, and democracy--not in the bourgeois sense, but in the real, social-revolutionary sense. To this extent it is very important for our protest movement in West Berlin and in West Germany to look to the movement in East Germany, and for this reason I am here. But I have to explain the situation of our movement, of our fight.

We didn't agree with the system in either side of Germany and began to think about a third way-- a way of our own, with our own organization, our own articulation and our own real radical theory about the society. We understood that the modern form of fascism is not the same as the fascism of the DDR's theory about West Germany. I want to explain something about that, and I want to give you an impression about our situation and about our fight. If you have questions we can then speak in a more systematic way.

First of all, you have to understand the situation of the late-capitalist society, especially in West Germany and West Berlin. I mean by that, that we have a system of authoritarian institutions--the society is separated into a system of institutions like the factory, the university, the schools, churches, and so on. This system of institutions every day produces authoritarian personalities. That means human beings who are not able to identify with the society, who are not able to understand the society in a critical sense, who are not able to have an un-alienated attitude to the society. Every day the system produced human beings without the faculty of critical reason. This production of authoritarian personalities in all institutions of our society is the basic reason for our anti-authoritarian movement. And we think that the modern form of fascism is in the institutions, not in one party like the NPD (National Democratic Party, generally referred to as neo-nazi--ed.), not in one person or one ideology. It is the system as a whole in which all human beings are alienated, are objectivized, and are only objects of the structural manipulation of all kinds of institutions. This is especially true with us, in our historical tradition--you know the German tradition, that's the tradition of subordination. That's our historical tradition and the anti-authoritarian

continued on page 10



BERLIN REPORT CONT.

moments--naive moments perhaps--in which one thinks this is what revolution looks like.

But revolution in Berlin is a ways off yet, and no one knows this better than the Berlin Left. The latter is growing rapidly but growth remains confined essentially within the university constituency. The Berlin Left is politically heterogeneous, but relatively less so than in the States. It is informally organized in what is known as the "extra-parliamentary opposition," a federation of Left groups united around a "neo-Marxist" perspective on Berlin as an historical model of the decline of advanced industrial capitalism. (The same is true of the "extra-parliamentary opposition" in West Germany.)

SDS, a militant, socialist organization, exerts strong influence within the "opposition," particularly by injecting tactical militance, but also at the level of political vocabulary and categories. At mass-meetings most speakers begin statements with, "Comrades!" One says ruling class, not establishment; working class, white-collar employees, unemployed, students, trainees, not "the poor," or "the alienated." The central strategic problem now facing the Left here is not an unfamiliar one: it concerns the tasks involved in breaking out of isolation within the university constituency and particularly establishing contacts and alliances with the working class. This question cannot be dealt with in any detail here. Suffice it to say that the Left, above all SDS, is engaged in a study of the workers' councils or soviets movement of the revolutions of 1918-19. The dilemma is fundamentally the same as the dilemma in the U.S., and it is a dilemma conditioned by the past fifty-year history of modern capitalist society. So suffice it to say also that the Berlin Left is at present an isolated student minority in a highly polarized city.

The mass-meetings do not use Robert's Rules. Anyone can speak by signing the speaker's list, although there is no questioning of speakers from the floor. Occasional speakers are prevented from speaking by clapping to the rhythm of Ho-Ho-Ho-Chi-Minh. Meetings are run, actions are coordinated, and theoretical statements presented by the already existing and recognized leadership of the extra-parliamentary opposition. Leaders are not elected at mass meetings. They are known, their political perspectives clear, they are presumably trusted and it is assumed that they lead. The internal education program of the Berlin Left is extensive and on a very high level, partly as a result of a nicely functioning Left publishing network, but more a result of a seemingly instinctive tendency toward emphasis on political and social theory and education rather than on insuring decentralized organization as such. Clearly though, as is the case almost anywhere, there is within the Berlin Left a hierarchy of political intelligence.

With the temporary halt on street actions, the Berlin Left is now engaged in a comprehensive program of internal review and public enlightenment on the past week. In the latter area it is worth mentioning that the Left has to deal with the numerous claims that its actions are doing to contemporary Germany what the Nazis did in the Weimar period, i.e., destroy the Republic by driving it into left and right extremes. Simply stated, the Left views this as a gross and dangerous falsification of a history whose main lesson is in fact that the Nazis triumphed because the democratic forces in the Weimar years proved unable and unwilling to struggle to defend their professed ideals. "Local Basis" projects have been initiated to carry this argument among others to Berlin factories and working class areas. And while the reaction against the Left's recent actions is of course sharp and widespread, the Left has on balance gained, both quantitatively and qualitatively, through what has happened. Good portions of those who observed the systematic character of police terror against demonstrations were given a chance to feel what the Left has been talking about for some time. The Berlin Left is smart enough, strong enough and well enough organized to capitalize on this. The Left's problems here are, needless to say, "big" ones. But they're good guys, the Berlin Lefties, and they've got a good thing going. The stakes are high and if they've taken two steps forward in the past week, they're not about to take more than one backward.

--Paul Breines

Letter

Editor Connections,

Those members of the radical community that applaud the violence in the ghetto as a rebellion against America should think more deeply about the remark they banter about: Violence is as American as cherry pie.

Negro violence marks a stage of their Americanization and the success of the melting pot. Negroes are not "proving themselves" in Vietnam but also in Newark. They will soon acquire through established means the products of America they now steal. The response of America is not just repression by police but also jobs, training programs and other devices to bring Negroes into American life now that they have shown themselves worthy.

Those who really find America distasteful should ponder this rather obvious but often overlooked fact. The ghetto violence marks the success of America, not its failure.

Sincerely,
Paul Dalven



DUTSCHKE speech cont.

fight within the university and outside of the university I think is the beginning of a new period in our German history. For the first time human beings, and especially the intelligentsia-- in former times the intelligentsia always betrayed the needs and interests of the working masses, always in our history -- and now I think there is a real new beginning in that the intelligentsia and the students don't want to be the elite of the nation. They want to negate the elite conception, they want to be only a movement for the emancipation of the people, to fight for the immediate needs, for the immediate interest of the people within the different institutions. And so we in the university began our fight. We had a privilege because we can study, we can read all information, we are not in the DDR (German Democratic Republic) and don't have to read some very revolutionary books also. We are in West Germany, and that's very important; we don't want to take away democracy, bourgeois democracy, but we very seriously want to fill it with new content. That is, real revolutionary democratic socialism doesn't want to take away democracy, we want to build up democracy from the bottom, not from above -- not with manipulation but with the direct support and participation of the masses (translator's comment - this in the US is called "participatory democracy")--and in this regard it is very important for you to understand our situation. We begin the anti-authoritarian, anti-fascist fight within the university, and we develop the model of democratization of the university. But we understood after a certain time that

it is impossible to make democracy within the university without democratization all over the society. That means that after a certain time we had special administrative, bureaucratic and police directors within the university. We began the fight for a real direct democracy within the university always in relation to the society. We made a system of environment, meeting within the university, especially, about the problems of the Third World, about the problems of Vietnam, and as I said, Vietnam opened our eyes. We could understand along with the problems of the National Liberation Front in Vietnam we could understand the problem of knowledge, knowledge as a productive instrument for domination over the people. Look at America, look at their institutes and the use of knowledge for domination, for chemical welfare, and so on. Thus we could understand along with Vietnam our own situation: our own situation as young scientists within the late-capitalistic system and the use of science (knowledge) within the system. This first step for democratization within the university was the beginning of an understanding that we must broaden our base, must go outside of the university to cooperate with other groups, classes, or parts of the working class to make a broader base for a structural change in our society.

We have a real mass base within the university; for instance, in West Berlin out of 10,000 students in the Free University 75%, more or less, are in the anti-authoritarian camp. That's very good, but within West Germany and West Berlin that's only a big minority, and the process of democratization in the universities and in the society of West Germany must now begin. We were an avant-garde in West Berlin and we have a good chance to broaden our base outside of the university, in the professional schools, in the high schools, and especially in some sections of the working class, because our industrial progress, the social economic development, is now stagnating. We have stagnated productive branches, like steel, textiles, and coal. These stagnated branches of our social economic production system are one of the points for us to go into practice outside of the university. The theory of our proletization is more or less a theory of the weakest link of the society. Where are the weakest links? and with which links should we co-operate? and so we work with schools, high schools, professional schools, and stagnated productive branches. These are the weakest links of the society, and there we begin our work. The organizational form is very important, to say only a few words about that.

We are not building a party. We don't want to build one because in the tradition of the revolutionary movement, in the tradition of the working movement the party was an alien organization in which the needs and the interests, the immediate needs and the immediate interests of the participants was not expressed in a direct way, it was only expressed by the apparatus, it was not expressed by the individuals. We want to build up a new form of organization. We began with the form of self-organization as an organization of our immediate interest, our immediate needs, for instance: as we understood the role of knowledge in the late capitalistic system we thought about the problem of self-organization of our knowledge and we built up our own university, a critical university as an alternative to the existing university. That's one form of self-organization, organization of our own interests. For instance, another example: after the 2nd of June -- on the 2nd of June we had a big demonstration against the visit of the puppet of Iran, the Shah, and on that day one of our comrades was killed by the police. After the 2nd of June we built self-organizations in the form of action-committees, in which the students who were not organized in the SDS (Socialist Student League) or in the other organizations, but who understood the situation and wanted to make politics without the traditional content of politics, organized themselves. They built up action committees, that is, a direct form of democracy within the sphere of our university. That's important for an understanding of our anti-authoritarian movement because all of our organizations are built up from the bottom, not from above. We don't want to build up a party, we don't want to build up an apparatus. Our SDS, for instance, is a decentralized organization in which all members who want to work for politics with a new content -- our politics, that doesn't mean the politics of the established party. Our conception of politics is related to our concept of knowledge: to use knowledge as a productive instrument for liberation -- so, we have a new content of knowledge and a new content of politics, which means to build up organizations only from the bottom.

Time is over, only a few minutes about the latest events in our movement and about our problems in building up a social revolutionary strategy to change our society. I think it is very important that we reach the goal in one area of the society, in the weakest link of the society, to break up the normal system. The normal system of life within the institutions, the normal system of parties in which the human beings are only objects of the apparatus, of the apparatchiks, of the functionaries. And this beginning was very important insofar as the meaning and importance of the university in our society will develop in the next period of time. If we could politicize not only the sociologists, the political theorists, the other branches of social science -- if we could politicize the technological universities, for instance, then we have certain and very important positions within the productive process. For instance, if there were one factory which produces weapons, chemical weapons for Vietnam or for Latin America, or for other parts of the world in which people fight for emancipation, and if we could research that, and politicize the technological intellectuals in this factory, then it is possible to make sabotage in the factory against the systems.

And now finally I want to say only some words about our own strategy. We want to build a double strategy. That means outside of the institutions to build up a radical, extra-parliamentary and extra-institutional opposition. The centre may be the most conscious, the centre in the SDS, but the anti-authoritarian camp is not identical with the SDS. For instance, they have only 400 members in West Berlin, but there are 5,000 or 6,000 anti-authoritarians in the Free University. This radical extra-parliamentary opposition is the nucleus of the double strategy, but we want to work together with all left or democratic elements within the apparatus, within the institutions. So we have to make use of the contradictions within the apparatus, and to work together with those human beings who want to be cynical within the apparatus, who want to work together with us. The content of this double strategy, therefore, is to make subversive work within the system of institutions, and to build up a new form of human relations outside of the institutions, outside of the parliamentary system. That means, we have to build up a theory of counter-milieu. Counter-milieu means that we organize our own needs in our own institutions, such as the critical university, such as our own kindergartens, movies, and so on. That's our next step, to build up a part of the new society with new human relations within the old society; because we don't believe that the difference between the communist parties and the social democratic party is a program. And if there is only one difference, the program, then there is no difference. If we could not establish new forms of relationships of more human relationships between us in our extra-parliamentary area, then we are not able to overcome the society. That does not mean to build up a paradise, to build up a utopia or to build up a separated part outside of the society but not against the society. It means only to build up our own forms of institutions in direct fight against the state apparatus.



HAIL COLUMBIA!!

(The following eyewitness account on events at Columbia is from a report by Steve Diamond and Tom Hamilton to Liberation News Service. The Epilogue is written by Michael Josefowicz, a UW grad student in sociology who was a leader of Columbia SDS last year.)

The revolution began with a routine call by SDS for a massive demonstration for Tuesday at noon at the sundial on Low Library Plaza in the middle of Columbia's ten-block campus. The demonstration was called in response to the university's refusal to cease construction of a new gym in Morningside Park, one of the few city-owned parks available to the Harlem community. The proposed fifteen-story gym, which will take up two acres of park land now being used by Harlem's black community, was decided on by Columbia's administration and the city government without prior consultation with the leaders of the Harlem Community. In addition, SDS's 900 people were out to protest the unfair suspension of six Columbia students who had protested inside a university building (it is against university regulations to protest inside a campus building) in a demonstration held two weeks ago against the Institute for Defense Analysis.

IDA is a secret research group concerned with counter-insurgency research in both South America and the black ghettoes of this country. The university had cynically denied that IDA (sponsored by the federal government and with Columbia's President on the Board of Directors) and the CIA had a contractual agreement, but SDS subsequently revealed that such a contract between Columbia-IDA, and the Defense Department and CIA does in fact exist.

The plan for Tuesday's SDS demonstration was to march into Low Library, the University's main administration building, and demand of the President of Columbia that work on the gym stop, that IDA must go and that the six students who were suspended without a hearing be re-instated.

The SDS demonstrators marched up to Low, which was locked. Rather than disperse, Mark Rudd, SDS Chairman, leaped onto a parapet and called for the demonstrators to march down to Morningside Park where construction had already begun for the "Jim Crow Gym". Of the nine hundred, approximately three hundred and fifty continued on to the park where they encountered a few New York City police. Demonstrators began pulling down a thirty-foot high fence and after having pulled away a good forty feet of it, they were attacked by police with their nightsticks. Fortunately, there were not sufficient police to cause much injury, although one student was repeatedly clubbed and then arrested. He was later released on bail.

At 3 pm, the momentous energy which had been growing since noon, showed no sign of letting up. Rudd, again reacting in the spontaneous fashion which has characterized the entire rebellion, led the jubilant demonstrators back up to the campus and into Hamilton Hall. Many classes were just ending and forty or so college administrators in the building's main floor were preparing to leave. The demonstrators swarmed into the main floor lobby, and Rudd, with a portable bullhorn, announced that SDS was going to hold acting Dean of the College, Henry S. Coleman, as hostage until at least the first demand, that the six demonstrators against the IDS be given re-instatement, was met. Rudd explained that if the university was really going to meet with the students, it would have to agree to the first of the demands in order to show the students that the administration was going to act in good "faith".

Vice-President David B. Truman, who was in contact with Dean Coleman by phone, said that the university could not possibly agree to any demands which were called for with "coercion."

As the word rapidly spread around campus, students began entering Hamilton lobby and joining the take-over of the building. Secretaries and other office personnel were allowed to leave, but Coleman had to stay as SDS students had completely surrounded his door. Action on the first "front" had begun.

Later in the evening, around nine or ten o'clock, a large contingent of black Columbia students arrived in the building. Black students at Columbia have notoriously and conspicuously been apolitical, joining neither anti-war nor pro-war groups. But this was their fight, too, because of the "Jim Crow Gym" issue and the university's ever-increasing encroachment on the tenants of the Morningside community, many of whom are black.



At around four am Wednesday morning, the Black Caucus, composed of black Columbia students and New York militants, decided that they were "playing for keeps." John Shabazz, SNCC organizer, announced that the black people were going to "take over the show to take care of business." After a brief meeting of white students, Mark Rudd decided that the best thing was for the whites to leave the building and to show solidarity with the blacks by taking the revolution elsewhere, spreading it to other sectors of the campus. Rudd left with all the white students, leaving almost two hundred blacks, students and non-students alike, in control of the building. They immediately barricaded the entrances with chairs and bookcases so that in order to get through one would have to climb over small hills of furniture and debris. A small sign went up announcing the Malcolm X Building of "Malcolm X University - A.D. 1968."

Wednesday was tense, but the driving rain served to mitigate the tension. At around 4:30 pm, Dean Coleman and two others emerged from Malcom X/Hamilton Hall. Coleman stated that four black students had entered his office and told him he might leave if he wished. Coleman stated that he had been treated "very nicely."

The blacks then called a press conference, stating their conditions to the hungry pack-of-newsmen, yipping to be allowed inside. The blacks announced that one man from each press service would be allowed in, but the New York Daily News reporter would be excluded because the News, an arch-conservative tabloid, was a racist paper. White student sympathizers outside Malcolm X/Hamilton Hall cheered this move. The order of admittance for newsmen was: 1) black newsmen from black media, 2) black student press, 3) white student press, 4) black reporters from white media, 5) whites from white media.

By now, both the black and white students had formulated demands, each separate but basically asking for the same things. The demands were:

1) All work on Columbia Gym must cease immediately.
2) Institute for Defense Analysis must leave Columbia.
3) Six students involved in IDA demonstration in March must not be suspended.
4) Amnesty for all in current demonstration.
5) Dropping of charges on arrests of previous community demonstration against the gym.
6) Edict on no indoor demonstrations must be dropped.

Thursday, April 25

. . . I went over to Low Library where the SDS group was in control of President Grayson Kirk's office suite of four rooms. I had not been in the building yet, and I was curious about the condition inside. In order to get by the thrity or so NYC police ringing the building, I had to climb a fifteen foot wall, which fortunately had window gratings that made the scaling quite easy. Inside, a meeting was in progress. About fifty people in one room were debating the tactics to be used if the rumored police bust came later that night. I walked through the disheveled office, noting files spread out of desks and fancy cigar boxes, now empty. All told, there were slightly over one hundred people in the president's office.

While I was walking around the office, a tall white headed man came through the window. It was Stephen Spender, the sixtyish ex-editor of the British publication Encounter and a well-known poet. Spender smiled at the scene and very modestly began talking with the students. On his rumpled conservative blue suit was a red button with a cartoon of a rat holding a rifle, the logo of an underground NYC paper, "The Rat".

By quietly sneaking into the all-but-deserted building, SDS students liberated Mathematics Building. There were several night maids working, but they were quietly escorted out of the building. Barricades were quickly set up, but the university at that time (approximately 12:30 at night) was not aware of the new front.

When Vice-President Truman was informed of the fifth building taken over by students, he issued a statement that police would soon be called in to free the buildings. Truman had been pressured by the jocks who claimed the administration had deserted them by taking no action against SDS. An emergency faculty meeting was called. About three hundred faculty attended. The faculty voted to link arms in front of all five "liberated" buildings in order to force the police to go over the faculty members if they wanted to get into the buildings.

Thirty to forty plainclothes police were the first to arrive at Low Library. They attempted to storm into the building, clubbing several faculty members in the process. Prof. Greenman, of the French Dept. and a member of SDS, was hit on the skull and was led away bleeding profusely. Vice Pres. Truman, who was inside Low Library, stopped the plainclothesmen who had succeeded in passing the faculty, from entering the barricaded presidential offices. Around 3:15 a.m., Truman came out and announced to a crowd of approximately a thousand faculty, athletes and demonstrators that he had originally called police but rescinded the decision at faculty request, and that Mayor John Lindsay and President Kirk had decided to stop work on the Columbia Gymnasium until "everything is worked out." Truman also announced that the entire university would be shut down until Monday, April 29th, and that Friday morning at ten a.m. a faculty meeting would be held. Police then began departing, leaving behind skeleton crews at all entrances to the campus.

Friday, April 26

At around 3:30 on Friday, Rap Brown and Stokely Carmichael showed up. They had a bit of a hassle at the guarded gate but strode right through and walked briskly to Malcolm X/Hamilton Hall. They were inside for about forty-five minutes when both suddenly came out. Brown took the reporters' microphones and spoke to a mixed crowd of leftists, athletes, black high school kids, and concerned faculty and administration members, numbering over a thousand. "The black students and some of the community brothers have held Hamilton for over fifty-six hours in protest against the racist policies of the university which has refused to alter these policies under normal protests. We have exerted every possible means to stop this racist activity but can no longer resort to non-violence. These are our demands: 1) If the Jim Crow-Gym in Morningside Park is built it will be blown up, 2) amnesty for all students participating in these demonstrations here at Columbia, 3) Institute for Defense Analysis must go. It is a tool of the government, the racist government, to supress the poor peoples of the world, Latin America and the ghettoes of this country. If the university meets the first two demands then the black students will negotiate the third. If not, the students will remain indefinitely...." Then Brown and Carmichael, whose only comment had been "Rap is my leader, he speaks for me," left very quickly.

On Friday evening around six o'clock, the entire ten block circumference of the campus was ringed by an enormous number of NYC policemen. The situation seemed to have reached an impasse with black and white students in the buildings refusing to leave, the cops in posi-

tion, and the university dickering with the faculty, who were not authorized by the rebel students to speak for them. I spent Friday, Saturday and Sunday nights in the Mathematics Building. It was truly a beautiful scene, democracy evolving before "one's very eyes!" A large meeting was being held on the main floor on the question of the police bust and what to do when it came. Mathematics had been billed as the most "militant white" liberated building. Its main door was barricaded with heavy steel desks, chairs, filing cabinets and metal and wood items. Mathematics has one wall facing Broadway. It is a twenty foot high wall, atop of which is the main floor of the building. This wall is almost impossible to scale. The windows on the Broadway side are blocked with huge sheets of heavy styrofoam, discovered in the basement. Although Mathematics Defense Committee did not anticipate attempted entries through the windows facing Broadway, they did fear the possibility of police launching tear gas pellets through those windows. The windows on the campus side were heavily boarded up with the same styrofoam sheets, and steel piping was used to keep the sheets in place. No one could get through there.

Saturday, April 27

I woke up Saturday morning to find a huge sign over my head which read "Sarah Lawrence Is Here for the Duration." Sarah Lawrence? Sure enough, there were some twenty Sarahloo chicks spread out around the floor, mingled in with the Columbia and Barnard people. It was pretty funny to think that only three weeks earlier, there had been a big hassle with Linda LeClair at Barnard, who had been "discovered" living with her boy friend. Here was a community voting, joking, holding out against the superstructure; a community talking, sharing meager food supplies and co-operating in night watch. At a defense committee meeting, several girls adamantly demanded to be allowed to participate on the night-watch. Hurwitz calmly explained that it would be a slight "security risk" if a group of "jocks" decided to try to bust in and kick the sleeping protestors out: they wouldn't feel intimidated by two girls on the window sill. However, the liberated women won out in Mathematics just as they did in Fayerweather, where a group of girls raised their voices to the cry of "Liberated women do not cook." So men and women cooked together.

Sunday, April 28

There was enough conservative and moderate support for yet another group to form, this one calling itself the "Majority Coalition." The group had been trying to get started after it became apparent that the SDS and Black groups were "playing for keeps," but their first decisive action came on Sunday when they decided to form a blockade of bodies around the area of Low Library where the students were holed up in President Kirk's suite. They refused to allow anyone to enter the building (by climbing up the twelve-foot wall) with food for the people inside. Medical teams were allowed to go in and inspect, but no food could be taken in. The "Vigil" as it was called by the Coalition, consisted of five to eight hundred athletes, egged on by several aged alumni who wanted to see Columbia brought back to its "senses." The athletes ringed the area and threatened anyone who tried to run the blockade with bodily harm. It was obvious that the jocks, who had felt left out since the takeover began last Tuesday, wanted to have a "good time, too." Outside of Low they were singing football fighting songs, arms around one another's necks, beer cans everywhere, determined to starve out the occupants of the president's suite.

Late Sunday night the "white militants" of Mathematics, which is about one hundred yards away from Low, decided to rush the "jock blockade." They met with little success. It was a matter of "psychological" concern, not being able to get food into Low. People in other liberated buildings began to worry that morale would fall if everyone knew that no food was getting into Low.

Monday, April 29

At three o'clock Monday, two black brothers from Hamilton/ Malcolm X Hall with around fifty or so white demonstrators approached the blockade surrounding Low Library. The athletes girded themselves for a charge. It didn't come. Instead, the food-bearers began tobbing loaves of bread, sandwich meats and other hard goods through the one open window in Low. After futilely trying to intercept the airborne foodstuffs, the jocks began to threaten the relief detachment but from out of nowhere came a line of police. At first, the counter-demonstrators cheered, assuming that the police would contain the food throwing radicals, but much to their surprise, the police, who had been their compatriots in informal chats, formed a cordon around the "jock blockade" and allowed the food to be thrown in. The occupants in Low, rescued at last cheered loudly as did those who were throwing the food from outside. The jocks betrayed by their own, merely grimaced.

The first report of an impending police bust came about 10 pm. Monday night and the word was passed into the liberated buildings. By midnight, the police had sealed off the campus and no one was getting in who could not show university identification. About 1:30 a.m. two ambulances appeared from Knickerbocker Hospital. A driver said that they had been ~~si~~ ordered there by the police department and that although Knickerbocker was a private hospital, all hospitals are under the authority of the Police Department, a little known fact in the para-military structure of New York City. Mayor Lindsay made a final telephone call to President Grayson Kirk about this time, begging him not to request the police to eject the students.

By 2 am. there were six large fire engines parked on Amsterdam Avenue, along with four paddy wagons, a large police bus and half a dozen mounted police. A group of 20 plainclothesmen walked by pretending to be faculty. Students in Fayerweather shouted to them in a friendly manner, "Hey Officer. Joining us? Where you going officer?" The police ignored them.

At 2:30 am. there were about three dozen plainclothesmen about, and uniformed police were seen entering Columbia at a delivery entrance on 119th Street and Amsterdam Avenue. The situation within the building became unbearably tense as everyone now believed the raid to be imminent. Within Fayerweather and other buildings, those who were asleep were awakened and warned. In the Fayerweather lounge, a dozen students burned their draft cards and a girl entertained by playing a cello.

The police next advanced on the people who had been at the sleep-in on the sun dial. There were about 400 of these people, plus another 100 students opposed to the demonstration lined up on stone walls watching. All were driven across South Field in wild disorder.

The next police move was to enter the tunnels connecting the buildings. Eight of them got to the front door of Malcolm X/Hamilton Hall which they pried open with crow bars. At least 150 police went in to face the 65 black demonstrators who had held the building since 5am. Wednesday, April 24. It was now 3:05 am. Tuesday, April 30. The blacks lined up against the wall and sat down. The police carried on a long dialogue with them, pointing out that resistance at this time would be hopeless. The blacks agreed to go without a fight and were led from the building via the tunnel to prevent anyone on campus from seeing what had happened. The student radio observation post was cut off the air several times.

Faculty ringed all the other buildings preventing attack from outside. Police charged in a double line with plainclothesmen in front (with no badges or identification showing). A 60 year old faculty member, Mrs. Mary Good willy, Assistant to a Dean, was pushed from the second floor of Low Library to the ground eleven feet below. She was taken to Knickerbocker Hospital in a wheelchair. As the plainclothesmen attacked, their initial target was women faculty members blocking the buildings. Many of Columbia's most illustrious professors were clubbed and hit with swinging handcuffs, which were a popular weapon with police. Rabbi Bruce Goldman, advisor to the Jewish students, was hit with a blackjack as he stood in front of the South entrance of Fayerweather Hall. He fell to the ground but got up again just in time to be clubbed. He fell again and was kicked and trampled by a series of policemen. Standing next to Rabbi Goldman was Professor



Sidney Morgenbesser of the Department of Philosophy. He was taken to Knickerbocker Hospital on a stretcher. Next to Professor Morgenbesser was Professor James Shenton of the History Department, one of the most popular men on campus. Professor Shenton was knocked to the ground and repeatedly struck in the back and kicked in the kidneys.

Students were removed from Fayerweather, the last of the student occupied buildings at 4:50 am. In no buildings did the students resist the police violently. Many went limp, others walked out. At 4:55 am., I saw a male student being walked out by two police, each of whom had him in a half nelson. When they reached the point where students were waiting to be put into paddy wagons, they released him and he collapsed. I later saw him carried into a paddy wagon, although for the most part those who were visibly injured were not arrested.

Epilogue

The administration had been paralyzed for seven days. Unlike Bill Sewell they were afraid to use what is finally their ultimate source of legitimacy - the police. I think this was principally for three reasons 1) fear of reprisals from the black community if the black students were hurt, 2) reluctance to give up Columbia's liberal facade, and 3) the fact that the Left had been able over a period of four years, to demolish the administration's base of support among students and to weaken it among faculty. In the context of national events, the war and the King assassination, these three factors produced a ruling elite which had to some extent lost confidence in itself and was afraid to rule.

When the administration finally acted, the campus polarized. The benevolent neutrality of the mass of students, which the Left had cultivated, turned into active opposition to the administration. According to a referendum held on April 22 and 23, the issue of the gym had about 4 to 1 and the issue of IDA about 3½ to 1½ majorities for the Left position among the five thousand students who voted. After the necessarily brutal action of the police, these majorities became active and a strike was called by SDS and the president of the student government.

At this point the faculty, vacillating and confused until now, clarified its role. The assembly of full professors decided that it was no longer responsible to President Kirk and Vice President Truman, but rather directly to the Trustees. The elite of the faculty, such people as Lionel Trilling, Daniel (Ding Dong) Bell, etc. took up the active representation of the senior faculty and were given a mandate by the administration to restore the moral climate and as much of the status quo ante as was possible. What was absolutely clear was that the administration could no longer govern. They closed the University, gave their power to a group which had some legitimacy and are presumably alive and well in Argentina.

On the second day of the strike-lockout, a newly constituted strike steering committee, consisting of anyone who could show that he spoke for seventy students, split over the demands of the strike. What can be called the left-liberal segment wanted to drop the demand of amnesty, and fight on the issues of police brutality and Kirk's and Truman's resignations. However, the leaders of the original demonstration did not disappear. The Left fought for its political demands and the majority of the steering committee agreed with them. Discussions and liberation classes, organized by the strike committee, were held throughout the day.

At the time of this writing, it is not at all clear what the final outcome will be. The Trustees have set up their own committee to examine the question of restructuring the University. They are applauding the efforts of the faculty committee. An "impartial" outsider will be brought in to head a special commission. They want to discuss issues with the student government and isolate the "irresponsible" elements. In short, the Columbia elite is reacting in much the same way as the national elite did to the summer rebellions; setting up a commission to study the situation and thereby cool things off, and if at all possible to co-opt the movement by instituting reforms from the top.

But, as both the national and the Columbia ruling elite will find in the long run, institutional reforms from the top by their very nature cannot insure the participation of the people at the bottom. After calling in the cops, President Kirk said that to have granted the protesters' demands for total amnesty "would have dealt a near fatal blow not only to this institution but to the whole of American higher education." He should have added "as we now know it."

CLOSELY RODE TRAINS

Whenever I'm either late for class or on my way home from one, the goddam freight train is always blocking off Charter Street, and I always wait for it to go away--which it usually does after pausing just long enough for three or four ex-commandos or CIA agents to vault neatly over the link between the cars, putting down me and the rest of the Walter Mittys procrastinating in the crowd which has invariably gathered by then.

It happened again the other night on my way home. But it was dark and there was only one other guy there waiting to get across. He was apparently willing to wait it out too, so we waited while the train jerked back and forth a few times, stopping long enough each time for us to examine the backs of the cars for a platform or some other safe way to get across before it jerked into motion again. Finally it stopped jerking altogether. After a bit, the other guy moved up closer to the ladder on the back of one of the cars, checked it over real carefully, glanced back at me a few times, mumbled something about all the books he was carrying and finally lunged up, climbed over and was gone. And I felt like shit.

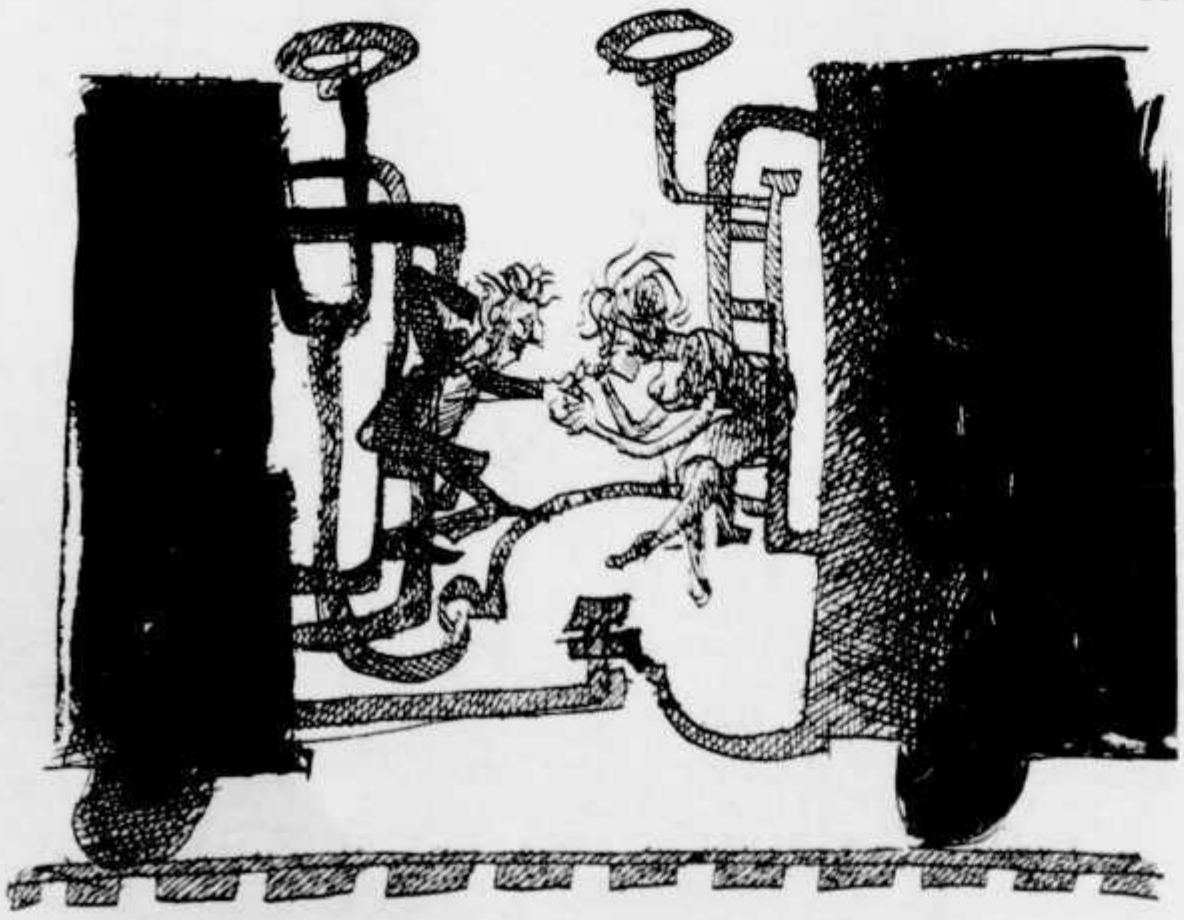
Then a couple guys vaulted over from the other side and skipped off into the night, and I began to get pissed. I went over and checked out the ladder rig the first guy had used to get over (I checked them wheels out pretty good too). Then I looked up and saw a girl standing alone on the other side checking the ladder out too. Well shit, so I climbed up and got inside on the rigging between the two ladders on the back of the car, checked the girl looking up at me and said, quite gallantly, "Hop on! We're going to Chicago." So I helped her up, and while we were wrestling around in the rigging trying to get across to our respective sides the sonofabitching train did start up. Well we figured it would stop again shortly like it had been doing all evening, until we passed over a lake and started picking up speed. I shouted at the cars waiting at a few crossings until I felt like an ass, although I wonder what the hell they thought I was doing clinging to the side of a speeding freight train and shouting at them.

Then the girl and I got aquainted (she was beautiful of course) and, after agreeing quite frankly that we were having an adventure and that there were no longer any real alternatives to worry about, each finally settled into his various muse and tried, for what it was worth, at least to appreciate the experience and the possibilities it might yet contain. And believe me, when you're clinging to the side of a freight train headed for Chicago with a beautiful girl in the middle of the night and you've seen as many James Bond movies as I have and believe in Ernest Hemingway and James Thurber like I do, why Christ the possibilities are endless.

My imagination went beserk. I couldn't even enjoy the goddam ride--merely to decide how I should be enjoying it, or could be enjoying it or even what I might yet be enjoying before it was over was totally beyond my grasp. It will undoubtedly be years before I will ever be capable of appreciating what actually happened.

What actually happened was that the train finally stopped about half an hour later out in the country (they told us it had a hot box, if you will believe that) and we jumped off into a marsh. Then the guys in the caboose saw us and let us in, and we rode with them another half-hour to Edgerton where they had called ahead and held up a passenger train for us to ride back to Madison. The conductors on the passenger train hated us before we got there, and hated us even more on sight. After reciting their wry sermons about the disadvantages of getting caught under moving trains etc, they suddenly left us and we had a hell of a nice chat. The fantasies, though, were cooling down pretty fast by now, but the girl was still beautiful, and so when we got back to Madison I suavely bonded that "P'raps the young lady is in the mood for a quick drink?!" But the lady had no ID card (that's reality, man!) and I began to recall that she had been jabbering earlier about a boyfriend and so, as all good tales eventually must end, we split. And on my way back to the house it occurred to me that I hadn't even found out her goddam name.

Ben Chodt



S.H.I. ROCKS OGG

Students for Human Institutions (SHI) held its first party two Fridays ago, in Ogg Hall. In the course of the evening between 500 and 600 people went (illegally in the case of the coeds) to the 11th floor west to dance and groove awhile in the jammed hallways. An ad-hoc rock band played.

The party was a frightening thing for Residence Halls officials, first because of SHI's willingness to defy their authority and second because of the number of students who came. The administrators made no attempt to break up the party but tried (unsuccessfully) to keep it from spreading to the 9th and 10th floors.

Now SHI, which has a strong base among residents in the Southeast Area dorms (chiefly in Ogg), is planning to follow up its initial success. A full page ad in the Daily Cardinal invites all University women to help liberate the dorms by coming to men students' rooms this Friday night to talk about common problems, behind closed doors. This will take place between 7 and 9 p.m.; men on several floors of Ogg are risking disciplinary proceedings by taking part. Interested girls should call Sheldon Smith (262-9220), Steve Sutta (262-9218), Bill Wernick (262-9167), or Mark Schneider (262-9254).

The source of SHI's militance is the widespread feeling that the dorms are oppressive. In a recent leaflet, SHI charged: "By putting us in tall cell blocks, they quietly impress the prisoner's mentality on us. We learn to follow other people's rules; we learn to keep the hours they want us to keep, we learn to eat the food they want us to eat. The administration measures its success by how quiet we are, how depersonalized we become."

A list of 21 demands contained in another leaflet, "Declaration of Independence from Irrational and Unrepresentative Authority," includes these:

THAT NO male or female student be subject to hours regulations;

THAT REGULATIONS concerning open house and visitation be determined by each floor for each floor;

THAT HOUSE FELLOWS be responsible to students, not the Residence Halls bureaucrats;

THAT TOTAL right of privacy and freedom from unwanted intrusions by administrative personnel be ensured student residents;...

THAT STUDENTS have control over the quality of their diet and the quantity of portions;...

THAT STUDENTS not be required to pay rent during mandatory vacations;

THAT LOUNGES be open for all night use;

THAT STUDENT residents have a decisive say in the allocation of dorm finances;...

THAT HOUSE fellows be ensured the right to organize into unions.

Already some attempts have been made to break the new movement. Some SHI leaders have been told that they are "not wanted" in the dorms next year, and that they will be stuck in the worst places possible. But SHI is sticking together. The party showed the beginnings of a sense of community developing within the dorm structure. Students did not design the Southeast dorms (one of the shrinks at the Student Psychiatric clinic has said privately that Ogg Hall's architecture makes it unfit to live in! but now that they are built, they want to CONTROL them.

olé

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SANDALS, PURSES

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422 W. GILMAN

CONTROLLED ANARCHY AT THE ELECTRIC EYE

We thought we'd write this "ad" to let you know what is going down at the Eye. We've turned one whole display cabinet into an area where we sell handmade things that good people bring us, and who receive 70% of the retail price. Know anyone who makes paper flowers? Sure would be glad to sell them for someone. Another cabinet was set up to push the underground papers, little mags, & poetry things from your brothers & sisters in the midwest and Madison. We sell posters from SDS, YSA, WDRU, and Connections that are really fine - they must have been keeping their artists high! All your money from buying these papers & posters goes to the brothers. Support the local folks! Our thing is channeling money back into the community. The usual stuff is here too: papers, pipes, posters, buttons, ad infinitum. Best of luck in making your connection!

Yours in struggle, Jim & Cyn

P.S. Our address is 426 W. Gilman St. 256-5177

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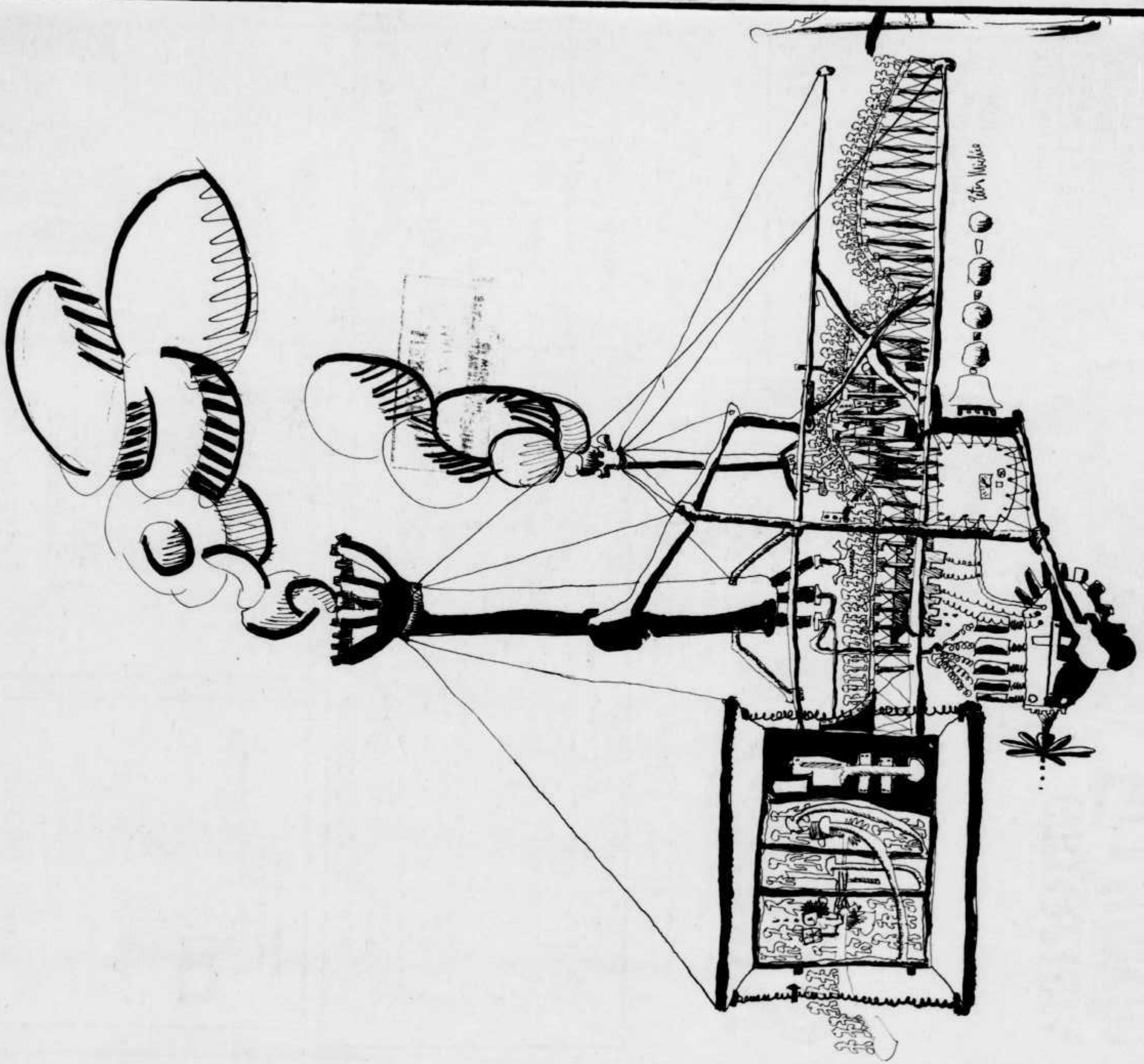


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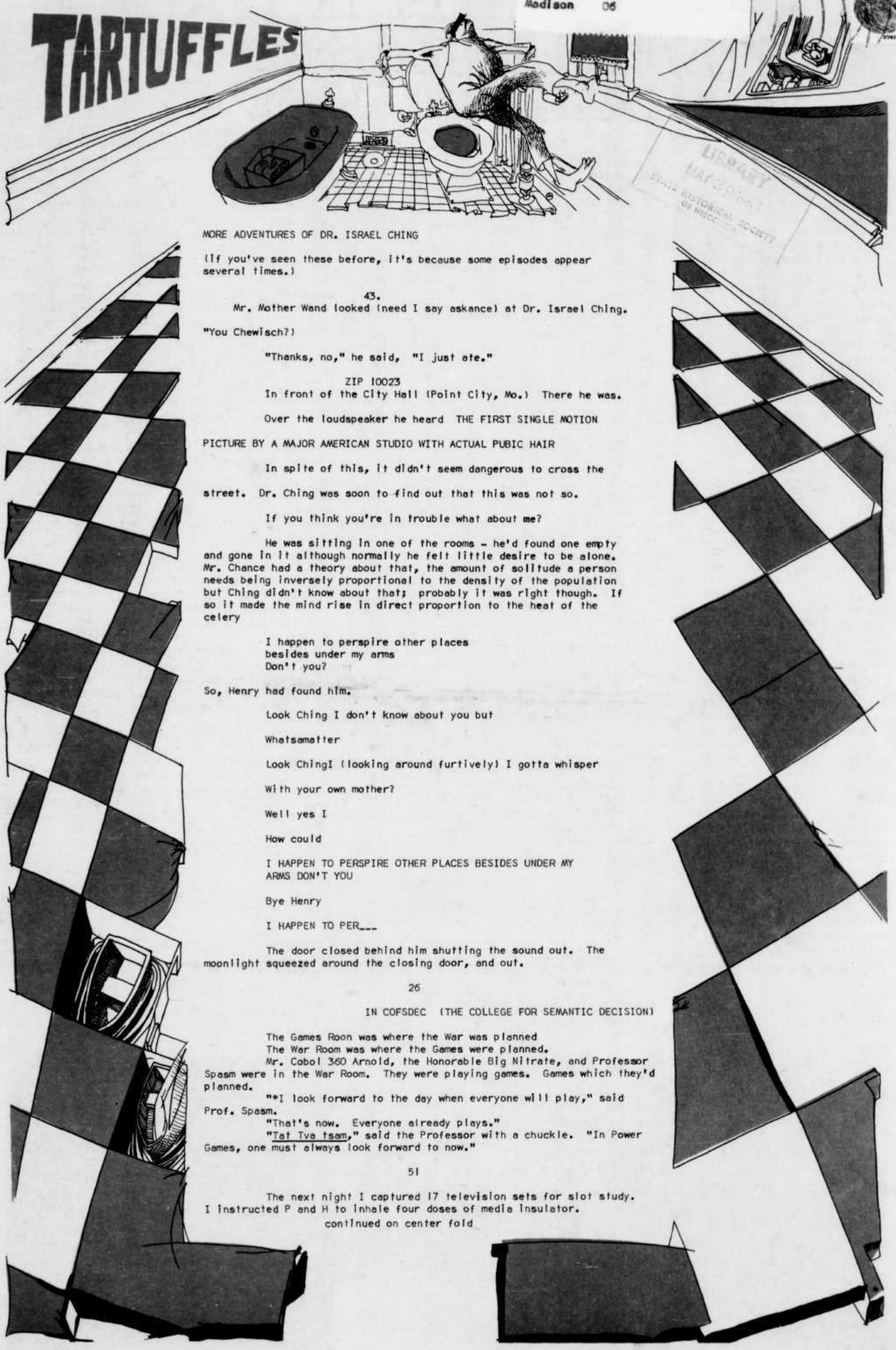
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STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF
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TARTUFFLES



MORE ADVENTURES OF DR. ISRAEL CHING

(If you've seen these before, it's because some episodes appear several times.)

43.

Mr. Mother Wand looked (need I say askance) at Dr. Israel Ching.

"You Chewisch?)

"Thanks, no," he said, "I just ate."

ZIP 10023

In front of the City Hall (Point City, Mo.) There he was.

Over the loudspeaker he heard THE FIRST SINGLE MOTION PICTURE BY A MAJOR AMERICAN STUDIO WITH ACTUAL PUBIC HAIR

In spite of this, it didn't seem dangerous to cross the street. Dr. Ching was soon to find out that this was not so.

If you think you're in trouble what about me?

He was sitting in one of the rooms - he'd found one empty and gone in it although normally he felt little desire to be alone. Mr. Chance had a theory about that, the amount of solitude a person needs being inversely proportional to the density of the population but Ching didn't know about that; probably it was right though. If so it made the mind rise in direct proportion to the heat of the celery

I happen to perspire other places
besides under my arms
Don't you?

So, Henry had found him.

Look Ching I don't know about you but

Whatsamatter

Look ChingI (looking around furtively) I gotta whisper

With your own mother?

Well yes I

How could

I HAPPEN TO PERSPIRE OTHER PLACES BESIDES UNDER MY ARMS DON'T YOU

Bye Henry

I HAPPEN TO PER___

The door closed behind him shutting the sound out. The moonlight squeezed around the closing door, and out.

26

IN COFSDEC (THE COLLEGE FOR SEMANTIC DECISION)

The Games Roon was where the War was planned
The War Room was where the Games were planned.
Mr. Cobol 360 Arnold, the Honorable Big Nitrate, and Professor Spasm were in the War Room. They were playing games. Games which they'd planned.

"*I look forward to the day when everyone will play," said Prof. Spasm.

"That's now. Everyone already plays."

"Tat Tva tsam," said the Professor with a chuckle. "In Power Games, one must always look forward to now."

51

The next night I captured 17 television sets for slot study. I instructed P and H to inhale four doses of media insulator.

continued on center fold

JOHN MILTON IN ITALY
ITALIAN INFLUENCE ON 'PARADISE LOST'

medieval organisation as much as electricity now challenges our fragmented individualism. The uniformity and repeatability of the society of Jesus. But it welcomed the aid of those middleclass men who realizing the necessity of necessity walked leftward and within their bourgeois limitations were of escape such as the Gothic Novels of the here. As in the preceding episodes the metaphors employed are in harmony with the theme and elementary illusions add their pugency to the heavy noon reek of spontaneity. when that stage in history's cycle is again reached when the mysteries are forgotten leaving only vacuity, and the temple of culture has been defiled by the captains of industry, the captains of sane existence, the mercaptains; when that stage of history avails the blind lead the blind and fall into the shit. What else could happen? The answer of course is you are writhing around getting clubbedXXXXXXXXXXX on the haid. However I feel it my duty to inform you that the means are the ends. If your means are to get slugged repeatedly on the haid than what kind of ends could you possibly have in your battered mind. Howegger, ought not your actions relfect more boldy the kind of mad skringl the man in blue snot is up against. I mean why let him hit you on the haid? so too the skring of hargs unharged forungle ambeg in the laun. lacun in the mist ratchet denkiss fermp. Of ig ert dag foo og kro hum an hum yar yangle. I humb thragfir ah imn. (Have you ever stopped while the cock (cop) is clubbing you ion the haid, just stopped and asked yourself, what am I doing here? (Lacging the support stacking of these whom controll them) (means of produnction the declasse friggin intellectool CAN oNly trY to CreatE a atmosplere which incourage the bugabooed werkahs to throw up bourjoitamind. As the prophet saith: !$$$$$$$and the mad vanguard it is who will pick them up by their bootstraps and drag, them from the mire, and teach them fear that they may be secure, hate that they may love, silence that they may speak, insanity that they may reason, horror that they may fear. How else could it be? And then humanity driven like ~~braying~~ bleating sheep, like screeching zombies, like fangling water-urchins down the path of knowing un-knowing shall recapture the lost mysteries of birth and death, of storms, of mountains, of lightning,of hills, of thunder, ~~and~~ of stinging nettles, of prickly pears, of rosebuds hyacynthe rosemary time parsely sage peacocks, of Spring Winter Fall Autumn and Summer. Could it be otherwise. HAR HAR

What about having sit ins in the chicks bathroom.

Do you know that nitrogen tri-iodide causes harmless but very loud explosions when you step on it. Do you know that while the blue boys may have stuff that makes your eyes tear there are chemicals, readily available, that will make them puke their guts out (Pyridine, thiophene, putracine, etc

When that stage in history's cycle has again arrived and normalcy is destroyed, when culture looks to the vanguard insearch of the new modes of architype formation and finds again the old, lost ways; (and that is that a

revolution is not just a change in political sentiment, a revolution is not just an armed uprising, a revoltion is not just one turn around, it must be a change of mentality as well as a change in parlor tricks) IF I SEEM MADyousay IT IS ONLY BECAUSE YOU ARE@ An act has value either as a revlation of character or because of its utility. Now we are accustiomed to regard characters and personal qualities as admirable or the reverse rather than asthe only answer to the puzzle is to omit the table at the point of its first mention. Continue the text following it to the end of the page and put the table at the top of the next page. As a matter of fact if space permits the text should continue at the top of the second page until the end of the paragraph has been reached. OR ELSE! What else is as yet an unbeknownst, howegger one ting is clear) I am Count Dracula. Permit me to suck your kneck.

any moral at all into classes. It by implication with literature

There is no reason to suffer, nor any reason to be proud of engaging in battle. Whatever method used to crack the world's brittle sanity is honorable. If this includes intentional typographical errors in Freshman English themes, writing clean things on dirty walls and dirty things on clean walls, or being so mad that even you companions don't approve; all of this is to the good. and better. To oppose that "sanity" which kills needlessly, lies, cheats, brutalizes all the while calling itself the protector of freedom, dignity, safety, security, happiness, golden rulism; to oppose that we may call ourselves the mad, the brutal, the dishonest and be more in keeping with the meanings those words have acquired. No act of madness to great to perform in a time when the authorities feel sure enough to commit acts of appalling sanity. A broader definition of a demonstrations is necessary. Why must a demonstration be only an ordered assemblege? Why do we need a crowd to picket say, the capitol? Why doesn't angyone go and picket when he feels like it? Picket Ella's for lousy pickles. Picket anywhere for anything at any time. If sanity dictates one join the army then return home and produce commodities that no one wants but that everyone's been pressured to buy than it must be destroyed. It may be a consolation that it is easier XXXXXXXXXX to spread madness than sanity. fuck off

I really mean it. FUck You.

J.B.

Did you know that a loud sound at 20 c.p.s. causes any who hear to lose control o'er their anal shpincterim.

★★★



Upsy Downsy, All-Arounsy
See them Run & Play

ENCHANTÉ

Seven days to fall

looked for love in your
ass-hole

found a clock inside the hall

seven days to fall
the basement is empty
the walls are growing thin

At nine o'clock on the
pocket-watch

a timely deadly sin

seven days to fall

-Astrid



au grand jour

The time is coming when seas of boiling rage will reverse the icy current of rivers, overflow and fertilize, fathoms deep, a crusted, petrified soil, tear away frontiers, uproot churches, clean the hills of bourgeois complacency, decapitate the headlands of aristocratic insensitivity, drown the obstacles the exploiting minority set in the way of the mass of the exploited restore humanity to its future by freeing it from outdated institutions, religious fears, jingoistic mysticism and all that constitutes and consecrates the evils of the majority for the benefit of the two-legged sharks, their mates and the whole gang.

by René CREVEL



Photos by, Seth Rosenberg



NEW STRATEGY for EPILEPTICS

A doughnut was places quite exactly on a scale--equivalent to some dried bulldozer bones. It was even. Although LAW placed the burden of responsibility on the dementia of the doughnut (man's first pesary). Mirabeau station the land of the innocent-Earth, Zippo, Clemenceau.(Kree) These apes, spiral long permutated digits of despair, fleeing fleas, channel silk boxing aroma, the immense lethargy of the tube wizard. The afternoon prayer (the Nile reflection), senses the children in you aparition, and other corrupt ideas which your mind allowed the mosque to pass (electra in the bullrushes), peruse the dead--song of your religion. The syncopated rhythm of Vachel Lindsey; oop goes the wisel melody of the outside alligators, swarming over the oodies (F*-III, stream line electric twig(mink helicopter mother...flying like a bird!) Peabody's anecdotes about hayride provocation was spoon fed to Cyrus. Moonlight-charlatan. Melancholy baby of the spital ring; ole Wagner's wild machine. His distinguished hunch--how laughable you are today---underpants!

They take me to a dream. And they say watch it a little, conjure those dilapidated sets pittering into the hairy horse back corners, the ground's eyes. Someone beyond the harpsichord is ringing my tune/ and slicing policemen's heads. We march down the blue swerving road(catching bullets, romantic hero-seduction) up into the vast Marti parade. A mocking-bird asks for an interview with the left testicle and the crowd goes running out of the theatre's mouth (into the empty field... sugar molasses Kansas of my thumb). audience of audiences--bureau of vanity in the room, cajoles the pins to mark the chart (liberated, lost, rectify), force me to remember all the new lightbulbs on the highway (and at that moment, they slap my shins with thistle extract and wisk the entire performance before an ambassadorial delegation from Cairo who have secrewtly left open their torn asses--smiling, circumsize the omelet. And then the painting is begun with a streak of blue (a fertile persian, a porpoise, a purple dance)...square of logic, stroke like the ripple in the wine (water's calm message---form an envelope of seaweed on the table's hat/ white canvas rubs my hand and seems to know that the dream will not be finished in this corroded museum, orchestrated sirens and all. They carry me to a political demonstration of the youth--to gawk, and toss the javelins which they have strapped to my forearms/then, the ornery wolves, beckon the young bold blood suckers forward...collapsing into morning eyesight and dew-drop salutaion. A Sow dives into the bush with my hat. (Ernst)

They are wrapping this green flannel cover around my head, and pouring salt in my ears. Bathroom floor (Etruscan memorey). wee-wee; dressed, and leave a modern masterpiece in her woven tool kit. And yet they did see the vision of the Immaculate Virgin in Cairo, they did---i read it in the papers. She was hugging the belly-button of a tank, standing on a wall of dust, and tossing matches into my dream (flute and pointed nipple convinces me she is real). This, they didn't believe--- and so they let me go...not being at all dangerous (without my shoes into the afternoon, with a card of introduction).

On the very same day, several of us did assassinate everyone we saw who looked suspicious;...some cat hoods a wink, and we pick the news apart. (Gold price rises), Argentina looses her brassiere. Roses, violets, First world war helmets in the sand. Daniel Boone, a guide to local indian brothels, crawls out of the lavendar canoe, tight levis, and throws his voice into a waffle. The marines, bemused, die of curiousity, drowning in the syrup. Heraclitus lepas into Ford's superimposed stream, and Hegel (the ideal idea of humor) plunges victoriously into the Big LETTERS of Wisdom, prounds into mr. brecht, libreeto in hand. Denver Woody Woodpecker stars...as the Calliope salesman. The hernia subsides in the groin of Kentucky (appalachia, America's Maestra/my mississippi lover (with too many letters), and without warning eight babies, a lark and THE WORLD FAMOUS DOG charge/into vaseline haven. The address was lost to the honey-suckle hill in a childhood arbor (rip't out for a driveway) is a somber oreo. And yet who can change a thing as crucial as a foot? The King, the King. His foot is our foot... Marcuse! There was, if i am not mistaken, a lull in the room just before someone screamed 'i am the best student, here.', a proud metaphor which reached the untouched tips of our laughter. Hideous rice meal...can you tell me what is the answer to this meaning, psychiatrist? "I know" shouted all the one-jump ahead defenders of the pure spirit. And that is all they said. I will not launch another ship, I will not launch another ship; and with so simple a response leaped high into the delirium ratings, and became a scion of architectonic paraphrases---which were all, too Lydian, with Dido's hanging wooden words. Homeland, Peaceland. in a gleaming file, i say them march the patients up to the beautifier---the new Bixle of New Culture Vocabulary. Lonely street mistress is captured, tortured and killed by the real enemies crouched below the windows. The ones who don't understand things like 'jokes', those very hated, thought police armatures---the cororoy chugging, cortisone fascists of the Roman mind (shit on you Catullus)---and the fantasy ends. Her body left, limp and mouth-open (soul citixen), not waiting but expecting. And it is her bones, some of her bones, which the bulldozer parked before the statue. So we cried most of the day (Marat) and went to spill some coffee. mixing our knuckles in some lymph-soda, chewing moist sinews of cardboard, hoarding artificial sweat...worrying about if they saw us think about the Real Fighting---outside the gym (after the game).



photo by Art Ollman

Ivories

Childhood ends before, it has begun over again; dejas-vu messengers. We are older now. The institutions fade into cloacas of green/tan/remorse--swamp bronzes carry the next reminder. Shower room poder--clay under your fingers (red cutting paper, white glue to eat). The bell ceases to ring for recess. Mommy, Daddy. Everything is past except what is to be out of reach...we think, but it ain't true/ is it? As cowboys, we put our fingers in, as doctors we cured, as poets we felt, as phantom workers we were died and killed. as the dead we were never reborn (icarus' shirt as a relic carrying it inland until someone calls it an oar). And as phantasies we were children in the west, in our inquisitorial souls and begged of nothing save an 'elsewhere' or a 'here', another naked fight, another priest...but (they told me later was untrue..all of it)...so the reason for the mistake is forgotten and unknown. Whence i found myself having done all these things---another man notices in my wallet's history and home's decorations (different family photos). The powerful comas go here in the day, America's mirage. Hates me, i know it. Why else would this happen. Forget it, lesbian rifles, cadre of the foxhole--we don't want you anymore, and we shall not have you--- teeth and nail.

Exerpts

It has been said a lot about the form of certain things. Let's dismiss the form altogether as a thing. Then the thing by itself is flaccid (discarded in appearance (like a chime). We leave it in the past. And it has gone the opposite direction of our feet. We will meet it on the way around. Will we recognize it...of course, she will be wearing red pants and quartz mirrors. She will have our tickets for the show. Standing room for all. a badge or a black hand out of the vlindle cloud... ambrose/and takes you to the egg/boat

off of hidden Iowa. And we will crush the machines yelling: "We have eaten cake, and we prefer meat today!" Long Live the What. Long Live the Where. Sell sell Sell But that will never happen doncha know.

Anthracites

As the glass breaks so can a soft brown dream end. A clear sliver is pieced together (cut hands) during the day's chatting. Until the floral design is visible once again. So from the same incensed promenade/ we the pestilence/ the avalanche of the sparrows/ soar of mind. While it cannot be denied (denied(!) that what thinks is thought/ is far less true than what is thought to be-thoughts. It cannot help being ambiguous and humorous, this watchtower (Dylan, you know it). And yet, we all have witnessed those become the cape of the skeleton professor and his lunatic brigade. This, too much, more, less--Rights, Right. A no-come challenge/ a november birthday. Tumbles us down (a painted bridge, a chemical war, a chocolate bar) and yet we still do believe and can talk with you about 'practice' (misnomer of this existence). What tells the lead to fall/ or the penguin to waddle? A fly, a buffalo. Universal dis-equilibriums/bombings, loot-ins (cudgel Frankenstein of the class room break your hands and run to Orestes). The eyes have closed on your podium 'now ain't the time for your tears' Wisconsin, tin melody, burial ground of ideas, belt buckle of the Beheamoth. Total is a word. and what it means is not what it is---thus---total change is a good idea for week-end holidays into dialectric projections. ALL MACHINES IN TREES. NO BABY SHOES DOWN WITH STREETS, CARS AND ETIQUETTE. OPEN THE GATES OF THE SHIP. and yet, the specific fault, the offices titles the other clothed lies/ the uniforms must go (death to the swine). Destroy this place and soon. Lights-out, cormitory chess box, longer meal-antelope emotion/ end the news/ end the word.

Messages

The Capital is a surreal monument; it must go. Surrealism desires no replicas of creation. Existence is 'elsewhere'...they have told us/ but don't confuse space and place, or this and that container. a herring, an orange---a matter of perception.

A massiah asks the town to leave and go away. forgets the traditional aura of enlightenment (hesitant response, koan empty as the winter Bodhi-tree). goes by way of echoes and footsteps. Another event. Another silent laugh. Sadistic anger.

Nature, picnics were different in paradise. on the vast boat to Morocco we liberated Spain and sold wash and wear pants to the gypsies. Black market reality, killed the beads on your lover's chest. Human bones break too easily, melted parrafin, scented--cortex gravy, (honey rub my back) mirror old virtues (new language has already passed) As they walk up the hill every day--a bell rings. Seated, the film begins, dank you.

Symbols for naught

"I want a room on the courtyard" Camp anarchos I want soap and lawyers." Concentration is the key to this knocking door. militant hatred, cannibal cyclops shoves the chain into our teeth, wrapped in statistical blood count (white 23,000/red 6) Jail in jail in jail is not a rose (don't ignore power). The robot legislates our palms (shorter life-lines) fleshy plains of mars. While the cave glistens, ruby men churn the sonic fingers of wall street, flagellating, masturbating honeydew, velvet cocktail in the voter's booth. Shelf the self. Songs of freedom are being sund in the cafeterias of the prisons. ghetto paranoia instills a limp in the sidewalk recolletions, alone at night beware of europe...she has long hair. 'Murder' - the 'y' of the yes is gone, the why that I say, always neither am i. no, neither are you. As the door closes an optimist screams "there is still time" Clang, but wait, victorious messenger riding fast/ it is the night's refreshing discoloration, its alcohol firmness-its stupor and its rage.

Throw away your exam questions (the kidnappers of the youth) going into buildings, exploding their faces, refusing a purpose in this style. Buy Gold as it crumbles. Midos. Concern for order is order's concern for its own shadow. yellow patch, green patch silver patch roaring path, saga of the temple/hands, fiery God, and the cannon pointed outwards...towards a future imperialism over neighbors' roofs.

Head count

Elsewhere, a million dollars floats to a bottle; a man swims to a desert island and writes...'Deposit, forever'

love, Robinson C.

June 16th

Intergalactic highways between Mars and Venus to earth prove conclusively that History is being extra-terrestrially controlled. Earthman's mental capacity is 30 in the universe out of 100. Jim, the CIA man, is a martian, and flies jets into China, has a man eating dog, and a daughter with pointed ears(fact). Russia eats Africa and Europe. Karate and Hospital? Mind and Body. On June 15, the Asteroid Icarus, will hit and destroy the earth. A party is being held in Milwaukee (contact Jeff) Narenshiff carries us out to sea, by ourselves, minstrels 100,000 dollars in weapons (lice, mice and explosives) newspapers--what are they tree/cut/shave/soak/ground/pulp/pressed/steamed/printed... analogies to real thoughts are inconsequential. Take a teacher to prison.

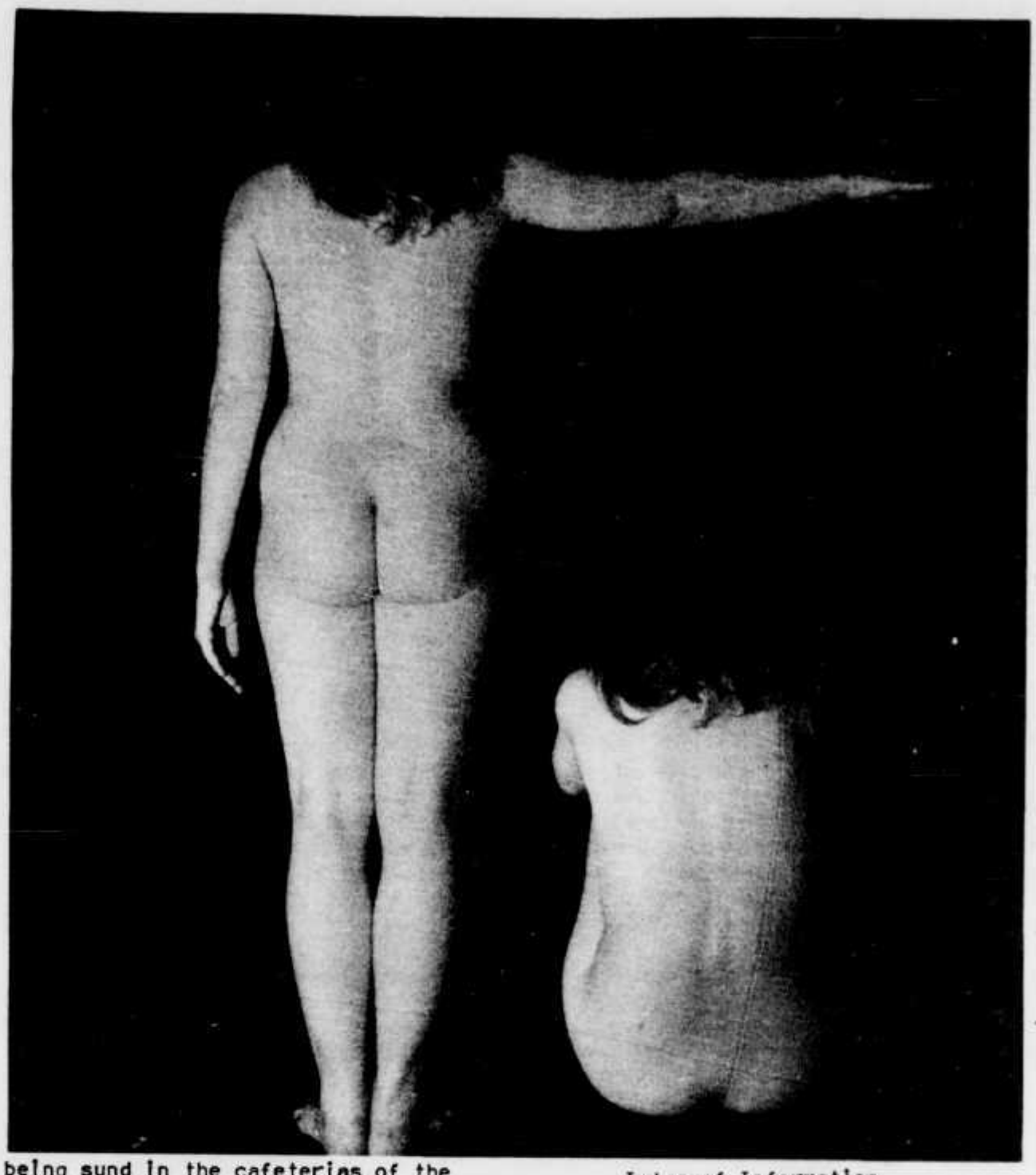


photo by Art Ollman

Iotas of Information

Erotic pleasure is the irreducible hope in revolution.
As violence is the illumination of the possible/furyi is its right hand.
The expectation of identity leads us to that sleak, steal door-bounded by pulsating Nosferatu.
The resemblance of the phantoms of morality,hurdle themselves at our long distant glances. We de-realize the love of this present lucidity-the ribbon ocean, and the haze cradles arms of coral. The appreciation of incarnate dialogue.
So long onion ontology...
the refusal, the satanic ear on his saphire seat-Archangel Baby.

"And it is always the same avowal, the same youth, the same pure eyes, the same unspoiled movement of her arms about my neck, the same cares caress, the same revelation.
But it is never the same woman.
The cards have stated that I will meet her in this life, but will not recognize her!"-Eluard.

The decrease of the chimeras, supposed brightness.
Interpret the sings of Goodbye, imagination passes through the bushes carrying a hidden language, a rushing punch of laughter/OUR ASTEROID.

Idols of my wardrobe vanish. They are fat, by now, heavy, playing the gramaphobe; they fly toward the lettuce fixture, the memorial coffin. Then they awake me and take me to another meeting, a dance, a brawl, a bedroom/and ask what I dreamt. What else can I tell them, but this? Hoping to wander, guns in hand, eyes open, mosquito ritual, chewing Basement Gum and falling when the hate subsides/ leaving us crude, real again.

the butchers' sons call for more rabbits, infanticide is the charge/ and we, the accidental victums of the leather image and the pumpukin plastic men, drag ourselves into the light and break the remainder.

-Harry Leibniz



(continued from page one)

We were reported in a state of siege. Media shelter now considered clear and present danger. I was reported travelling under Flow Passage ID belonging to Perma Fast, an Icelandic Textile Chemist with 4 television sets 9 cars 2 radios 17 clocks and 3 children. We studied from sunset to sunset. We knew it was time for PHASE.

45*&¢?

Gentlemen concluded Nitrate, we know what our task is
At all costs we mustthoroughly CONSOLIDATE THE NATIONAL DIVERSION

32

"COME ON BALL ME BALL ME," Pamela wailed. "RIGHT THROUGH THE little o."

17

Gutman's hair had grown to a yellow lmane. He swung his legs over the balcony, and he heaved the breath from his lungs with a crack, and he cast his eyes upon the people, and he cried

"WHAT BOAT TO BEAR US BACK? WHAT BOAT?"

And the people took up the cry amid the glitter and sham and chandeliers sung with the noise of it, shaking, golden, ringing with the Cry: "What boat? What boat?"

To bear us back
Across so wide a sea...

84

Some people have called me Chocolate chip, he said, but I've seen a movie where a guy, nameless, driven by the elements compounded into fury rushes into the bathroom and grabs his razor crying WHAT BOAT WHAT BOAT and he slashes his wrists and whirls so blood arcs out like a fan and circles the room, the walls, the mirror, a spiral out of time, red, historical, and a drop of the blood adheres to the camera and the man, nameless, is raging, wailing and this calm finger curls onto the screen immense and swollen with reality, and clears the screen of the blooddrop without batting a lense. Still the man rages, crying WHAT BOAT WHAT BOAT?, changes his mind, runs to the door, but can't turn the knob, and then to the telephone but can't dial O; i he dials sixes and fours, learns about the weather (It's always good), the time, and even gets a prayer. Weaker now, he dashes to his guitar and biting a string manages to tie up his arms in a tourniquet, holding the string in his mouth. He sits there, hogtied to his guitar, the life seeping out from his wrists, slowly, inexorably. Finally, his wife comes home and, putting him lacross her knee, strums the music to "What boat, what boat

To bear us back
Across so wide a sea"

Each note rips his wrists. I ain't no Chocolate Chip, Jack."

1.

PHASE PHASE began at 11:16 with the media probe of COFSDEC. At 12:15 Dr. Ching, Pamela, and Henry hoisted their guitar cases and caught a cab for the General Switchboard of AT and, of course, T. Pamela was nervous and goodlooking. She wore a black dress and a brace of rhinestones, sneakers and a blonde wig. Dr. Ching was tweedy, and Henry, as he put it was "In my element, boss."

At 12:27
Broadway
103rd St.
during the day of the Autumnal Equinox
somewhere between a 'Help keep Your City Clean' basket

and a Volkswagon bus which gave free cancer xrays, Dr. Ching paid for the cab, tipping generously to evade recognition, and entered the building through the radium emblazoned doors of General Switchboard. Phase Phase was working purposely. As had been predicted there were no guards. There was nothing to steal. The media are free. Communications are an inalienable imposition. They entered the switchboard area and looked around. A thousand boxes of wire and light stretched in a line, each box fitted with an Operator in a tiny seat. Supervisor came up.

"May I help you?" she demanded

Dr. Ching smiled, Pamela beamed. Henry snickered. "We're here to give a concert," the doctor explained. The guitar cases clicked open. Pamela withdrew her submachinegun first and directed its attention to the Supervisor. Henry and the doctor trained theirs on the operators.

"All right, Pamela said, "everyone off their ass and onto the floor."

The operators complied. The supervisor complied. Intrigued by the instant, sandwiched between the moment and its realization, between Phase and Phase, they observed themselves recklessly. "The number you have reached," began the supervisor.

The pseudoguitars chewed, eroded, consumed the wires and lights, connections, reflections, passing indiscriminately to blow a hole, here in goodbye, there in hello, here in a busy signal, there in a weather report. Lovers were disconnected by bullets, and the voices of politicians were severed to endlessly float in a tangle of shattered lights. The noise was deafening; the machine guns rattled to a solid hum that darkened the senses until nobody was there except the operators on the floor and a voice that whispered "the number you have reached...

939

No one knew who'd delivered the tape. But Pamela had found it on Ching's desk shortly after Henry had disappeared. They listened to it together.

"Well Henry, I'm sure you'll help me," clicked the voice.

"I'm sure I won't"

Don't be so sure, Henry. After all, there's very little I want to know, very little, Henry, which the People Need to Know."

""F'rinstance."

"For instance, where is Niagra Falls?"

"..."

"Henry: we have means to elicit this information."

"I know. The old Spearmint commercials endlessly played,' dripping against my forehead..."

"No no" clicked the voice. "nothing so crude."

"What then?"

"Well actually, Henry, I'm going to play with your



teeth. Certain delicate repairs..."

They didn't listen to the rest.

151

"8956453222265408989855541753389753756538888188754645799946 78-354765986751432346809753125807431654379567413454545454781429013579086421357908640000006969697394972648022511101110054838906487585888648533339079686493948494044342999688422828222228222288888288282822828282828282822828222288888828282828228228282222822822888888282828282282828228135790864213680780628883295200000000010234576878912325345647567896789244403434666616666266663666646666566666666676666866696660364065917374200063337096555552538495556738498#432799750006972829202928411111911817161514131200003925936292442841633728 photons in the universe," Mr. Cobol 360 Arnold remarked.

211.

The Idetic Gizmo glowered and went "clickety--click".

"It looks all right," Ching said.

"It is all right," emphasized Mr. Chance.

Ching turned to the Gizmo: "The Law of Composition of Velocities in formula and English."

Clickety-click: chug! A little piece of paper.

$$u = \frac{v + w^0}{1 + \frac{vw}{c^2}}$$

"You're interested comma of course comma in Fresnel's deduction rather than the formula comma as given above comma per se period. Fresnel s deduction comma in sum comma is colon 'the motion of a system of sets has no influence on interference-phenomena if the source and the observor are carried along in the same motion.'"

"Right?" Ching asked Chance.

"Wrong," Chance grinned.

"Beautiful," Ching whispered. He looked at Chance and loved him. A beautiful old man whose genius lay in the production of replicas characterized by inherent vice. The Idetic Gizmo was his crowning achievement: a replica of Cobol 360 Arnold whose answers were always slightly wrong.

"What now?" Chance asked.

"Program him to enter the media. It's time 360' went out on his own.

Clickety-clicccck.

$19

EXTRACTS FROM BIG NITRATE'S ADDRESS TO THE GREATER CONFERENCE ON CONSCIOUSNESS SATURATION

Messieurs,
(his hands spread open like a book)
Messieurs we have been stupid
We have erred. I do not blame. I do not blame.
Our manner of dealing with the supposed media shelter has proved remarkably ineffective.
Gentlemen, unprecedented desertion is occurring. People are publicly burning ID cards.
How will we find them without their numbers?
Gentlemen we have acted as propagandists for the media shelter traitors. We have disseminated information for them.
Gentlemen, why should we continue to suppose this supposed media shelter exists?
If I say "country" and do not say green rolling wooded
If I say "country" and do not describe flag, note language, laugh at it, sneer at it smile at it frown at it....
Messieurs If I say country
It knocks at your ear
A feeble beggar
You say yes and it does not answer
You forget it...
Gentlemen, it goes away

Big Nitrate stood up. He pounded his fist on the table.

Gentlemen, it will cease to exist!
We will also cease to recognize sobs. We will hear no sobs from the populace.
Sobs are so many drums beating
A rhythm perhaps
We are not, I trust, sensible to pain.
Gentlemen, I will assassinate any here who laugh or weep. Only expression in words will be acceptable hereafter.
Let us drink a toast.
(He lifted a glass. The liquer it contained was called Channel 66)
To COFSDEC
When you swallow Channel 66 it screams all the way down your throat. Eleven men and Big Nitrate swallowed their screams. But one (Professor Spasm) vomited it up. It hovered about his mouth momentarily, swelled to a mammoth shriek and dived in his mouth. Its technique to exhaust the victim's breath, Spasm went on shrieking silently and finally collapsed to the floor.
You never know said Big Nitrate.
They filed out.

--Shadrach, Mishrach, & Abednigo





As the age of respectable intercourse approaches puberty, American adolescents are reconstructing their newly granted sexual freedoms. To some of those weaned on the popular Freudianism of post-War prosperity, it may seem ironic for emotional disturbance to result from too much sexual activity. But for youngsters whose parents send divorse rates soaring and insist on a public fantasy life in which sex is a repository for all the frustrations of market existence, it comes as no surprise that promiscuity fails to produce that community of intimates so essential for stable personality. Nor should it surprise adults who shield their hostility toward the young behind Puritanical advice that new strategies for achieving intimacy against the American grain contain strong doses of anger and frenzy.

Even as the mechanical bride pays her nightly sacrifice for the privilege of escaping to that sexual bargain basement aptly called sub-urbia, so the young naturally want to be more than "things." Though they stamp their feet with stylized regularity to "The Big Beat," they seek a freedom which is more than escape from routine; if some still ask, like their dads, "How much did you get out of her?", their play reveals that they desperately want to fill her up. For the young, play is a serious business, a leisure time drama which may end in pride or in compromise on the installment plan.

Recently, for example, urban centers and college campuses have witnessed massive gatherings of mostly middle-class adolescents and teenagers who come to streets, parks or stadiums to fight, dance, sing or engage disloyalty. "Love Ins," "Be-Ins," "panty-raids," and "blasts," whether acted out by "hippies," "teeny-boppers," "new leftists," "squares," or frat "brothers," are composities of alcohol, marijuana, rock and roll and a bit of penis envy. To the participants, such collective rebellions are aimed at the invidious impersonality of American institutions, school and family life for example, which withhold a sense of personal meaning and importance from all but the most cynical. The fact that such collectives only momentarily offset the loneliness of daily urban or dormitory existence is a testament to the difficulty of establishing any kind of even temporary community among middle-class Americans.

Tragically though perhaps inevitably, adolescent rebellion takes on many of the characteristics of the system it attacks. Thus, while the new form of collective play implicitly asserts that "self" is most fully experienced when submerged in some collective spirit, particularly when such a spirit is permissive to the extreme, while such "riots" permit boys and girls to make love or punch, undress or dress up, there is little opportunity for sharing genuine anxiety, terror or personal feeling of any kind. The emotional pluralism absorbed in such highly abstract group endeavors as "Be-Ins," their concentrated lack of direction--at least partially a defense against the precise quotas of market technocracy--catches the young in its own tight net of shallow conformity.

This is not to denigrate the genuine friendships arising from shared rebellion, happiness or concern nor to justify dystopia by showing that "the other side" conforms as well. Rather it is to point out to adolescents that severe limits are imposed on autonomy by the form of play they have devised to produce it and to their parents of such youngsters that they have thrown their children into a horrible double-bind.

It may be, as Paul Goodman and Herbert Marcuse suggest, that such adolescents act post-politically, heralding an age when living will be spontaneous and joyfully humane. Obviously, in a good society neither anxiety nor terror of a conventional sort need enter creative play. But this is not a good society and any five minute conversation with a mature adolescent will show he is aware of this fact. Psychiatric records and personal testimony should be sufficient to demonstrate that something less than internal calm lies behind the "cool smile" of the hippie. More revealing perhaps are the political contours of American life which are shaped by the co-existence of liberal rhetoric, abundant productive potential, massive poverty and a highly regimented and frequently brutal status quo.

For the critic, the repetitive driving beat of "folk rock," the combination of an overwhelming cacaphony with poems of deep melancholy, connotes the rhythms of grand tragedy, rhythms which recall the poundings of 19th century turbines drowning the moans of children wed to mechanized existence. Certainly there is a great deal of anxiety, terror and anger to be released against the rationalized unfreedom of middle-class life. Collective gatherings which attempt to express such needs--often by clinging to their opposites, --with flower throwing, political delinquency and fist fight loyalty are often too far removed from the sources of anger, too vicarious, to serve adolescents better than do the TV, movies and athletic events, as ways of committing aggression to its own resolution. It is no coincidence that the "love-in" generation makes Bonnie and Clyde its heroes. Nor, is



it surprising that these celluloid creations of Hollywood propaganda are brutally massacred as a reward for their brief adventures with revolt. The punishment which momentary heroes in trivial rebellion receive--"Cool Hand Luke" is perhaps the most vivid recent example--is the basic component of adolescent nightmare.

Another clue is perhaps more revealing still. This is the adaptation, by the older and more sophisticated young rebels of philosophies prevalent among disenfranchised peoples. Such psychological role playing ranges from Hindu love patterns--with their emphasis on surrender--and Japanese Zen, the ethic of an asceticist and submissive warrior class, to the "existentialism" of French underground fighters and the "blues" of American slaves. The confluence of rationales for submission with the language of internal freedom is virtually universal. This juxtaposition of slave ideology with illusions of "inner freedom" significantly reveals that outwardly slaves and freemen are very much alike. Both seem happy and carefree, reckless and irresponsible. How close is Marx's idealistic portrait of Communist Man to the Southern stereotype of "Sambo." These characters can be distinguished only by the historical settings in which they appear.

At the opposite pole of contemporary adolescent play is a game developed in the back seats of teen-age autos in the late 50's and brought to maturity in dormitory bedrooms and downtown "flats" of urban bohemias. It involves a fantastically intense and self-conscious encounter between two persons of opposite sex. Even as "Love" is proclaimed on loud speakers from Central Park to Oakland and as stereos take us to the "fifth dimension," adolescents retreat to a strange kind of public dialogue carried on in private.

Against the collective urges of "Love-ins" is the desire to communicate <u>everything</u> to another person accompanied by the conviction that while what is communicated is total and "honest," it cannot be understood by those outside. Not only must tensions, hatreds and self-hatreds be exposed in the private encounter; they must be "worked out."

Since the sources of emotional tension are primarily social, the attempt to talk them out beyond citizenly activity is bound to fail. What is more, the frustration generated by attempting to treat a public disease interpersonally leads to a sexual retreatism, the promiscuity with which we began, and, because even the most talented and sensitive co-ed cannot meet the therapeutic burdens which accompany the translation of political tensions into personal terms, sex becomes reflex despair. The play circle is complete when the adolescent turns back again to the collective not because he has a faith in "love" which he may now share with his comrades, but because he is in search of a love with which to make himself feel whole.

Obviously, the movement from promiscuity to permissiveness and back does not achieve the desired integration of self. The game which seeks a common denominator beyond individual personality--"just 'BE' man"--and the "stranger on the train" "fugitive" model for sharing tensions privately, because the one negates the significance of personal anger and other negates public action, merely reinforce the mutual deprecation which results from the discovery that sex with many is as unrewarding as sex with one. From the panty raid to single nights with lonely co-eds, the short lived collective intimacy and desperate honesty of the forced encounter, the world view of contemporary middle-class adolescents present highly sophisticated but inevitably frustrating modes of adjusting to unfreedom. How meagre is the newest game, the giving away of books and doughnuts on city street corners, when compared to the mass redistribution of refrigerators conducted by impassioned Blacks during their explosive surges toward intimate revolt?

So, youthful play offers a world view which contains a notion of love too highly abstract to be useful for personal development and a concept of "Problems" that is too private to generate public criteria for radical political change. The new play forms take hold in urban areas and spread rapidly to less cosmopolitan centers. They attract the best educated and the most sensitive and so lay the groundwork for the suburban ethics of the 1970's. The most striking characteristic of these games is their failure to connect the form with the content of freedom. In this sense, they reveal the most terrifying reality of American life, the disjunction between a technology of abundance and a society that knows how to use it. Though the motivation of the young is beyond question, like the whores on Genet's Balcony, they conclude their drama by legitimizing the very forces they set out so nobly to defile.

The connection between the roots and the emotional results of public pathology requires political consciousness. What is more, it requires political power. At present there is neither. Indeed, there is only a barbarism into which the young retreat with intentions that are as pure as were Don Quixote's.

--Evan Stark





LETTER TO THE DIRECTORS OF LUNATIC ASYLUMS

Gentlemen:

Law and custom concede you the right to measure the human spirit. You are supposed to excercise this sovereign redoubtable jurisdiction with judgement and good sense. Excuse us while we laugh in your faces. The credulity of civilized peoples, scholars, administrators, endows psychiatry with a limitless supernatural enlightenment. Your profession's case is awarded the verdict in advance. We have no intention of discussing here the validity of your science, nor the doubtful existence of mental disorders. But for a hundred pretentious pathogenic diagnoses in which a confusion between matter and spirit runs wild, for a hundred classifications out of which the few usable ones are still very vague, how many noble attempts have been made to approach the cerebral world in which so many of your prisoners live? For instance: for howmany of you is the dream of a paranoiac and the images which haunt him anything more than a salad of words?

We are not surprised to find you incompetent for a task for which few people are equipped. But we protest vigorously against the right attributed to certain men, narrow-minded or not, to sanction their investigations into the domain of the human spirit by a sentence of life imprisonment.

And what imprisonment! One knows - one does not know well enough -- that asylums, far from being asylums, are fearful jails, where the inmates provide a source of free and useful manpower, where brutality is the rule -- all of which you tolerate. A mental hospital, under the cover of science and justice, is comparable to a barracks, a prison, a slave colony.

We will not raise here the question of arbitrary confinements; this will save you the trouble of making hasty denials. But we state categorically that a great number of your inmates, however mad by official definition, are also arbitrarily confined. We protest against any interference with the free development of a delirium as legitimate, as logical as any other sequence of ideas or human acts. The repression of anti-social reactions is as chimerical as it is unacceptable in principle. All individual acts are antisocial. Madmen are above all else the individual victims of social dictatorship. In the name of that quality of individuality which belongs specifically to man, we demand that you liberate these people convicted of sensibility. For we tell you that no laws are powerful enough to lock up all men who think and act.

Without insisting upon the perfectly inspired nature of the manifestations of certain madmen, within the limits of our capabilities of appreciating them, we affirm that their conception of reality is absolutely legitimate, as are all the acts which result therefrom.

Try and remember that tomorrow morning during your tour of inspection, when, without knowing their language, you attempt to converse with these people over whom you have one single advantage: force.

Antonin ARTAUD

OPEN THE PRISONS 'Disband th.. ARMY, THERE ARE no COMMON-LAW CRIMES

Social coercion has had its day. Nothing, neither recognition of an accomplished fault nor contribution to the national defense, can force man to give up freedom. The idea of prison and the idea of barracks are commonplace today: these monstrosities no longer shock you. The infamy lies in the calmness of those who have got round the difficulty by various moral and physical abdications (honesty, sickness, patriotism).

Once consciousness has recovered from the abuse which composes one part of the existence of such dungeons -- the other part being the degredation, the diminution that they engender in those who escape from them as well as those imprisoned there; and there are, it seems, some madmen who prefer the cell or the barrack-room -- once this consciousness is finally recovered, no discussion can be recognized, no recantation. Never has the oppportunity to have done with it been so great, so don't mention opportunity to us. Let the assassins begin, if you wish; peace prepares for war, such proposals conceal only the lowest fear or the most hypocritical desires. Let us not be afraid to acknowledge that we are waiting, that we are inviting catastrophe. Catastrophe? That would be the persistence of a world in which man has rights over man. Sacred union before knives or machine-guns, how can this disqualified argument be cited any longer? Send the soldiers and convicts back to the fields. Your freedom? There is no freedom for the enemies of freedom. We will not be the accomplices of jailers.

Parliament votes for a mangled amnesty; next spring's graduating class will depart; in England a whole town han been powerless to save one man; it was learned without great surprise that in America the execution of several condemned men had been postponed until after Christmas because they had good voices. And now that they have sung they might as well die, for the excercise. In the sentry boxes, in the electric chairs, the dying wait; will you let them go under?

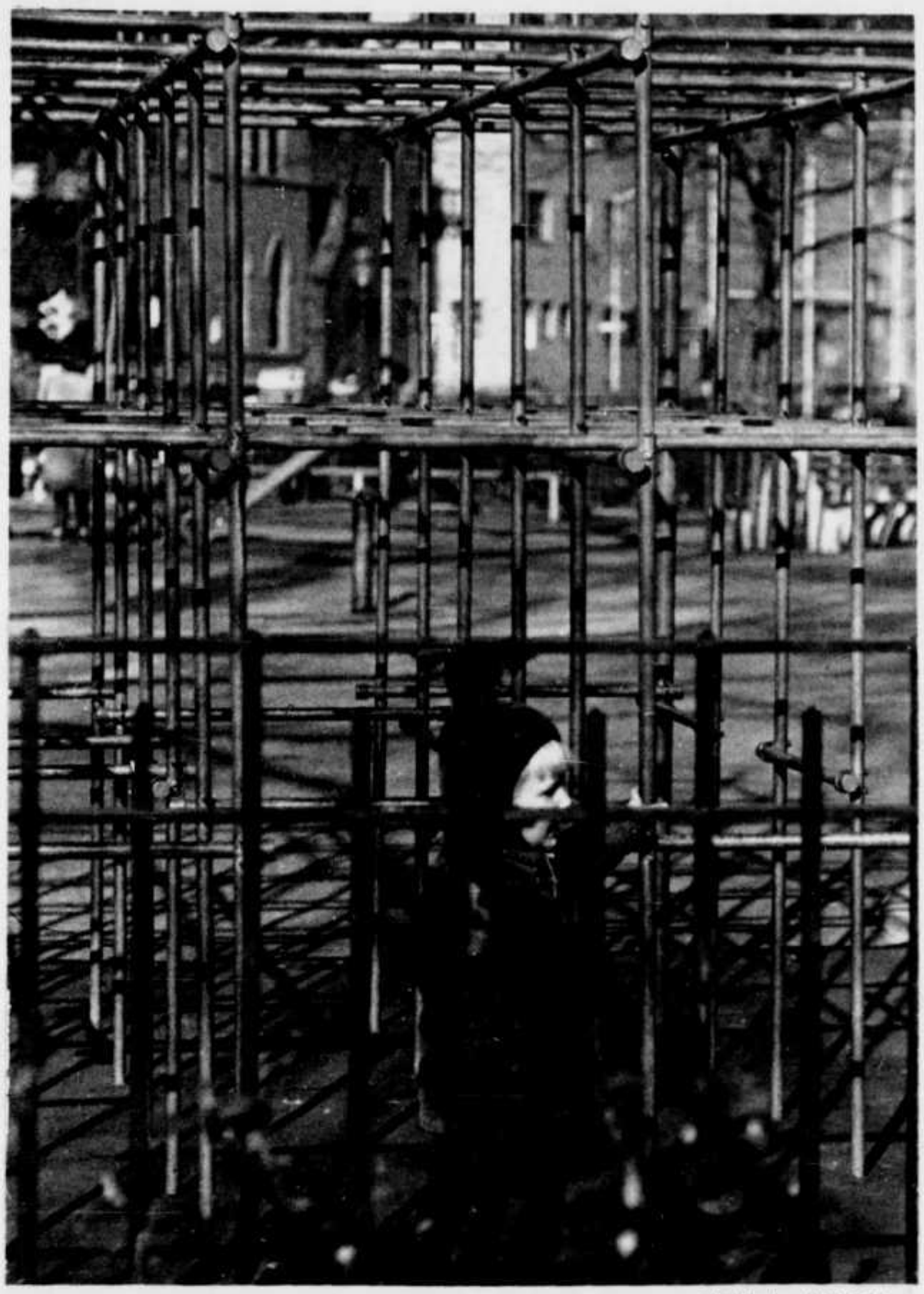


photo by Art Ollman

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The fact that this surrealist document is appearing when CONNECTIONS would normally appear, and that there is no issue of CONNECTIONS coming out at this time, should furnish a clue as to the source of this document. We will be publishing sveral (two or more) regular issues this summer, and will be part of the Summer Offensive co-sponsored by the Wisconsin Draft Resistance Union and Madison SDS. For us the Summer Offensive will include helping with a high school underground paper being planned by high school students in Madison and elsewhere in the state. It will also include helping to prepare pamphlets and other types of literature for this summer and next fall. We need help in all these things; call us at 257-1844 or drop in at the new WDRU-CONNECTIONS building, 217 S. Hamilton. (It's not a new building, but we're the new occupants.)

If you're a subscriber and your summer address will be different from your present one, please be sure to let us know. Also, we could use some more furniture for the third floor. We can probably use anything you don't want.

The present document, which is the moral equivalent of Vol. II, no. II of CONNECTIONS, comes to you courtesy of Dick, Robb, Robin, Jeff, David, Sharon, Emily, Bill, Jesse, Corky, Huntley, Bob, Chuck, Donny, Chiquita, Cindy, Barbera, Thork, Wintergreen, Jim, Betty, Cheryl, Evan, John, Denis, Alan, Art, Althea, Forbush, Hogon, Israel, Susan, and Antonin and Andre.

LONG LIVE THE SURREALIST REVOLUTION !!!



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L I O N U S

It was only Lionus, poor darling. He had to leave the room. I don't understand him. He needs me desperately. Something profound, not perverse--hardly comparable. Only his mind, got lost in the idea bag, lost in the sounds of the words, talking to the earth, the primeval euphoria of spontaneous creation, strangulating in this measured oration of tautology nurtured in repetition, bloated with transition, yet all roads leading over, under, around and through Rome. There is no escape--only a desire to order, to create systems to create destroy and reevaluate systems, the packaging and nutshelling of eternity, the desperate struggle to understand, the conglomeration of superstructural facts into reality--kaleidoscipic myriad perceptions never spontaneously sensory, for all are weighted with remembered thoughts--only clouds of reality invisible in the fog of confusion. To order desires, under nebulous names, i.e., lust, boredom, loneliness, to order another glass of beer--the trusty placebo for tired blood and herneas. In ordering them around we deny the creativity of subordinates--let them live by our systems, too right to be wrong, when they only want to live, to be left alone. There is no understanding the momentary, ever-evolving conception of appearance spending all and forever learning to relate the shifting sand to the known, when all the while the wealth of Pharoahs lay buried somewhere beneath, and lay too great, too simple, too true to be comprehended.

It was San Francisco. They told me it was San Francisco when I got off the bus--hunting for Flower Boy: he thinks he is Charlie Brown the universal fall guy, poor darling has forgotten that we call him Lionus. In his ear talking about bunnies, and horsies, and chickies--he likes the sounds, only he will not be called Lionus.

Hunting for FB among the faces of the free children. Wolfman was there, smiling and smiling, and wonderful in the smoke of burnt offerings. So much shimmering artificiality, aborted art distorted to great beauty by eyes trained for superficiality, and too much wild living for anyone to want to go home. So much for Wolfman. We thank the lord for giving us so much.

It was in spring, only unable to remember the years ago. There were his eyes, born to mornings. We could feel the breathing sunlight in our eyelashes. The River Lethe drowns me in the doldrums of now: still remembering how he wanted to be wanted, though he never spoke of it. There was silence only when I ranted of the great passion--probably something that happened in spring and long before I knew this Lionus, since I never would have known how to hate, or had to fight to keep from being cruel to someone I didn't even know. I know how to make him happy, but we can never be happy together.

II.

It was Lionus, darling, sometime, part-time, no two times the same, and all the diffuse effusions of the whole, he makes his soul, reminded by the magazines he reads, the brand he smokes, keeping what has become the habit he is, sort of a lifetime plan of words to live by though he has abandonned the living word, actions he may get by with, without despising himself--never quite sure about his cravate. Yet in a jillion ways assuring you that he is sure to live till Friday, though you should ask him why not and see what he says. Never mind, I know this guy--perhaps too well, though it was still too early to tell if he would go sour, even though he was not a true believer, but it was the falsehood that shows in the new caps he's had put on his teeth--of course they are very beautiful, but it's the principle of the thing, and if it were just nothing, it would be another case in point.

Relax. He wasn't so extraordinarily awful, it is just in knowing him so thoroughly there's no two ways about it, especially about avoiding the issues, though I took to walking down the other side of the street--still it couldn't conceal the fact that I could read him like a book, though I've read better, but from that distance I had to carry binoculars, so there was a little privacy for him.

But I wanted him to know that I loved him. I'd do anything, i.e., that I hadn't already done, which was whyfor the deal about doing the other side of the road, plus tying his shoelaces, plus tucking him in every night during the latter half of November, and all of Dec., Jan., Feb., and March...which was unsatisfactory.

Looking for Orion, sometime in Dec., when we'd already forgotten San Fran and FB--to make you a new man, slowly evolved from the larval never aware of the subtleties of change, only becoming, loosing, finding new interests to combat boredom, and questionning only the most obvious vulgarities of our deceit, yet the truly elusive reality twisted by hearing merely into where it was--guaranteed worry free--however you figured the closer. Perhaps someone would have asked--but somewhere in the intensity of sentiment, vaguely misshapen as the day of beginnings has ended, where the feet must be grounded into something other than idle promises and dreams, quaintly evocative, childhood perhaps. There is little time to doubt, to pause and fleshen up the arguments, commencing to travel in the narrow linear course, for want of better direction, for want of incentive, which makes little difference whether it is dark or light, therefore merging into the auxilliary benefits of convenience, and the time factor, though hardly relevant. There was Orion, and Lionus, still, though he begged to be forgotten, and eight stories up, no longer trying to get a toehold, his fingernails still dug into the ledge, for want of something better to cling to. When I asked him he told me he was happy, it was only his mind begging to be forgotten.

--Carmel Snow

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NO SHIT

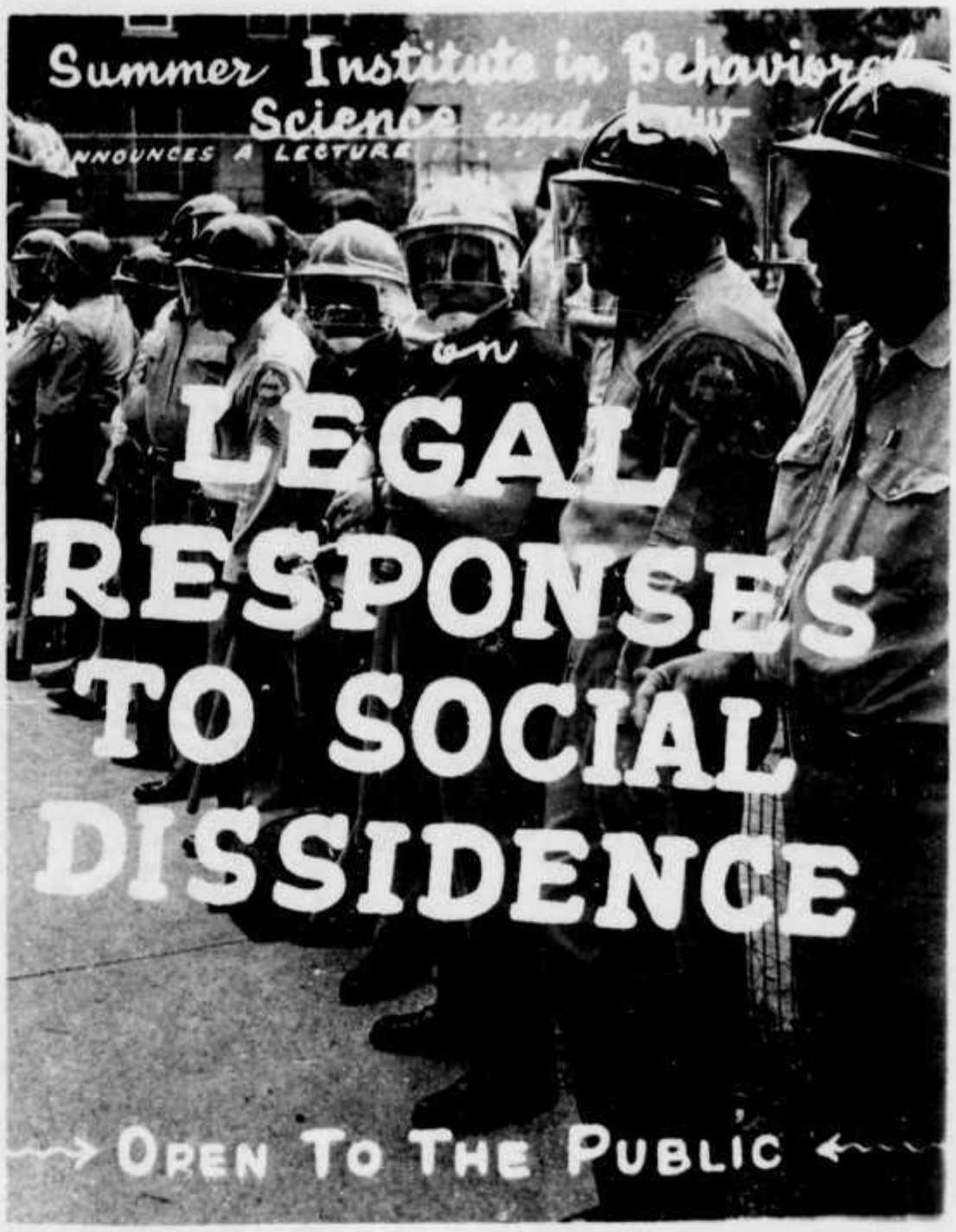
It finally happened - or did it? Thursday, June 20, Susan Packer was picked up for questioning by two plainclothesmen while selling "Tartuffles", volume 2, number 11 of CONNECTIONS. They didn't know what it was she was selling but a complaint had been lodged against her and they wanted to know if she had a permit to sell on the street. She didn't; we didn't. They took Susan down to the bureau for identification, drove her home, and told her to return the next morning to get things straightened out. We gathered our forces for 9:00 Friday A.M.: Paul Soglin, alderman, half asleep, denim jacket and uncombed hair; Eddie Elson, lawyer, straight suit, psychedelic tie, shoes, no socks; Susan and me. We reported to the detective bureau on time, were kept waiting until 9:30 and then handed over to an enormous police woman who escorted us into another room for waiting.

Susan and Paul practiced Karate chops; Eddie showed everyone his sockless ankles and told stories about his friend and the Times Square prostitute; the police woman caught up on her correspondence. At ten-thirty, Detective Heisler came in with his rookie sidekick who jumped to guard the door (the police woman stood at the other door) and read a summons to Susan which simply quoted city ordinance 913-1 on selling "goods, wares, or tokens" on city streets. Paul Soglin went off to find the city attorney to get copies of correspondence with our lawyer last spring about licensing while Susan and I went to help Eddie do legal research for half an hour before appearing in court. In court, with Judge Buenzli, Eddie entered a motion for dismissal on the grounds that the summons was insufficient - no time, no place, no mention of what she'd been selling. But before the Judge could make a ruling, Soglin, in the tow of city attorney O'Brien, arrived. O'Brien was called aside - whispering - and he returned to say, city dismisses the charges.

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New papers under old forms aren't new papers. Revolutions require that every participant have and recognize a stake in the struggle. We, of the CONNECTIONS' staff are struggling with a new form to decentralize our work and engage every member of the group in the definition of the paper. Our form must reflect our political attitudes and be one into which people can come to share their ideas.

We are working to give our production staff responsibility for the decisions affecting their work, to place editorial decisions in the hands of the writers, to encourage production staff members to do writing, to allow photo and art people the freedom to do their own work without being limited by illustrating articles, to have the whole staff develop the theme and integration of an issue. Writers interested in social and political theory will meet at the office on Monday, July 1 at 7:30. New people are welcome. A meeting for people interested in movie and theatre criticism, literature and poetry, will be arranged. Those interested should call the office for more details. We will also be developing a news staff, art and photo workshops, production and layout sessions. Anyone interested should get in touch: 257-1844. Three or four more issues are planned for the summer. --Eds.



Collage by Larry Champion

SUMMER POLITICAL SCENES

The Wisconsin Draft Resistance Union has been doing active anti-draft work all around Wisconsin for over a year. WDRU maintains the most comprehensive draft counseling program of any similar organization while engaging in coherent and purposeful political work designed to bring an end to the draft by helping local people to come together and exercise their collective will and power against whatever institutions they find oppressive. We center on the institution of the draft, because the draft affects so many people of all races, classes, and political outlooks in a direct and deadly way. If you would like to assist the WDRU, contact us for more information at 217 So. Hamilton (phone 255-6575)

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The Madison chapter of Students for a Democratic Society will hold weekly meetings this summer, Wednesday evening at 7:30 in the Union. We will be setting up study groups for the summer and next year, revising the SDS student handbook, and holding discussions about alternative structures for the University. Look for meeting room on "Today in the Union," or call 238-9882.

One summer project is to talk with incoming freshmen who will be visiting the University daily for tours, tests, and truck. To talk with these students, we will need many people familiar with the University, student life, and the left. Anyone interested in this should contact Jean Weisman, 255-6575.

The SDS labor committee is trying to increase contacts between students and workers in Madison. They are currently trying to contact rank-and-file workers at Ray-O-Vac Battery Company where there is a strike. The labor Committee meets Sundays at 2:00 at 521 State Street or call 255-4979.

All of these projects (and more to be determined) need people. Join us.



CONNECTIONS
217 S. Hamilton St.
Madison, Wis. 53703
(608) 257-1844
Member of Underground Press Syndicate & Liberation News Service

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CONNECTIONS
217 S. Hamilton
Madison, Wisconsin 53703
($3.50 per annum, $4.50 out of state



Editor of this Issue: Huntley Barad
Editor: Robert Gabriner
Poetry: David Wagner
Odd Jobs: Ann Gordon

NEWS AND FEATURES:
Lee Zeldin, Robb Soffian, Dick Samson, Stuart and Liz Ewen, George Hanley, Joe Davidson, Hank Haslach, Mark Sullivan, David Gross, Paul and Wini Breines, Bill Sokol, Jim Lautar, Harold Nelson, Pete Seeley

PRODUCTION:
Evan and Sharon Metcalf, Sarah Baker, Becky Mikesell, Jim O'Brien, Kate Gyllensvard, Becky Kurtz, Betty Luchka, Martha Petrie, Paul Greene, Seth Rice, Rob Retz, Cheryl Bornstein, Barbara Forman, Chris George, Jo Sotheran, Barbara Baran

REPRODUCTION:
Dave and Grace Wagner

PHOTO AND ART:
Lynn Smith, Larry Champion, Nick Thorkelson, Ronnie Kantor, Mark Rohrer, Judy Mandell

'Attitude Rebellion' In Madison

Every now and then the bullshit-level in this town gets so high that the CONNECTIONS staff has to drag together the details of production and organization to put out an issue that might (we keep hoping) reduce that level enough for people to draw a few breaths. Sometimes we don't make it; but occasionally the enthusiasm of an all volunteer staff are enough. Of course, the Cap Times keeps its tepid pot of indignation on. Miles McMillan digs having someone to the left of him to put down: it keeps his "anti-communist" credentials alive, and makes his innuendoes against the business elite sound as ahistorical as the voice of the Holy Ghost. (Remember the Dow War in October? when John Hunter said on WIBA that the cops were more violent than he'd ever seen before, and he was shocked? and the next morning his story read like a police observer's report...? The Bronson Lafollette syndrome. But the fault wasn't John Hunter's; the point is that there's an automatic bullshit-device built into the "objective" prose of the dailies, and, like the front pew reserved for nagging wives and worriers in the old puritan churches, the editorial page is merely set aside as the Liberals' anxious-bench.) And the bull McMillan and Parker <u>think</u> they're fighting grows higher and deeper.

An example of the kind of thing that sends us to our typers and paste-up boards is the way the City has chosen to handle the matter of assaults on students. For those of our readers who are new to Madison, or who haven't read about it elsewhere -- or for that matter haven't been followed down Mifflin or Wilson streets by a blue,'57 supercharged Chevy -- there's been a large increase in the number of longhairs who are getting jumped and pretty badly punched around. It started with the "mustache case," involving two students who were forced to shave and cut their hair at the point of a shotgun. The City didn't take it too seriously. The two students were, after all, "communists" (according to the patriots who held the guns), and were therefore fair game for violent repression. If the cops could do it in force right in the heart of the University, as they did October 18 of last year, then certainly right-thinking citizens should be encouraged if they knocked off a few freaks on the side-lines.

At any rate, things got serious enough that a Mutual Defense Squad was formed on campus toward the end of May.

Twenty or thirty people patrolled as much of the student residential area as they could, since the police weren't too concerned about the situation -- or weren't until students organized to protect themselves. Several of the student cars reported that the fuzz followed them around most of the night, but for once, that was fine with everyone.

Then the papers picked up on the action. Chief Emery laid a few indignant 'taking-law-into-own-hands' on the populace, Mayor Festge reassured the city, and finally the Mayor's Citizens Advisory Committee met to discuss the beatings and what could be done about them. It was a thoroughly interesting meeting.

The first "youth expert" to be questioned at the meeting was Kenneth Jost, the Fifth District Supervisor. He cited figures for the years 1966-'67, and '68 to show the increase in battery, disorderly conduct, beer and liquor violations, car theft, burglary,' vandalism, and run-aways among Dane County youth. The Wisconsin State Journal, delighted at fresh reactionary pie to slice, reports Jost as saying; "These are effects of the University." (June 11)

When Stuart Becker, Chairman of the Police and Fire Commission had his turn, he spoke about how the state statutes "remove politics" from his departments. (Becker, you may recall, is the man who dismissed all possibility of fuzz ferocity during the Dow Douche). Then, pirouetting out of that non sequitur, he reached a "non-political" crescendo by stating that the Fire and Police Departments "have a group of dedicated men who have high principles and he hopes that when this Committee comes in with conclusions this will be one of them. It is time for the people in this country to get behind our law enforcement agencies." (From the minutes, page 4). Becker may have been uptight about incidents like the one reported in the Cap Times about a student who was slashed over the eye by an assailant. The student found a cop and told him he had been jumped and cut with a razor. The cop said, "it's out of my jurisdiction," and then told the kid to "go home, shave, and take a bath."

But by far the most interesting testimony given was Conan Edwards', who is the Director for Secondary Education for Madison public schools. With Jost's statistical record of the University's effect on crime as background, Conan Edwards was in a position to pin down the cause of the beatings: "There is a degree of attitude rebellion," he said, "that catches the fever of students and creates some physical confrontations in the community." According to Conan Edwards, this "attitude rebellion" causes fear of University activists among high school kids, who therefore go out and beat up on anyone who looks vaguely leftish. The violence, in other words, is the fault of SDS and CONNECTIONS (which Conan Edwards mentioned later), who are trying to change the schools and the University against the wishes of the majority of students, a majority of which apparently likes everything fine the way it is.)

Conan Edwards' testimony is interesting because it is filled with the sadness and anger of a man who sees historical changes running under the structure of his authority, but who can't understand those changers or, try as he might, stop them. The Minutes record this quality quite well: "the pressures of discipline, or the public opposition of their (high school administrators) attempt to maintain discipline, are becoming almost too great for a human being to stand under normal conditions." But there is no awareness of the quality or effect of total disciplinary authority of the students who are at the receiving end, no awareness of the intrinsic, political nature of authoritarianism as practiced in nearly every high school in the country. Discipline IS.

When Conan Edwards was asked why he objected so strongly to a high school underground newspaper, for example, he said it was because the paper "is published for the purpose of making it possible for the students to say critical things about the administration that they may not feel like saying otherwise." Its the same kind of thinking: <u>the real cause of protest is the expression of protest itself</u>. Conan Edwards would solve the problem very simply, "If (the paper) were published in the schools," he said, "some of it would be censored," since "there needs to be some direction as to the type of grammar, the make up of the paper, and some degree of discrepancy." (sic). "We teach in our schools that we should have freedom of speech but with responsibility." [1]

All these statements should speak for themselves: that, oddly enough, Conan Edwards is right; if the activists in all the knowledge factories would just shut up, and dress <u>decently</u>, for Heaven's sake, they wouldn't get beat up. Authoritarianism works. But not forever. CONNECTIONS thinks the violence, which comes mainly from the reform school kids who are in town between raps, and from "potential drop-outs" (as Conan Edwards calls them), is an expression of justifiable outrage at their brutalization by the two largest industries in the country -- educational institutions and the Army -- directed at those whom they know are in some sense exempt from that same brutalization. The hippies and the New Lefties declare their exemption from the whole machine, and when the reactionary pie of the State Journal, Conan Edwards, and that whole repressive mentality identifies us as the socially acceptable targets of violence, who can fail to understand the teenagers' eagerness to beat the shit out of us? But if we were the administrators, we would be pretty worried that there's any violence at all. Because history, we can assume, isn't going to stop for anyone's authority; and as it grows clearer exactly who is repressing whom, we can bet that the frustration behind that violence is going to change targets.

--DAVID C. WAGNER

[1] (Note to Conan Edwards: your "responsibility" would be more believable if you got the facts straight: CONNECTIONS and the high school newspaper are not published at the same address; the student whose nose was broken at West High was not distributing CONNECTIONS, but the STUDENT VOICE; CONNECTIONS is hardly an anonymous publication, either in earlier or later issues.



CONVENTIONAL sds

The first thing you'll need in order to understand the Convention of Students for a Democratic Society is a glossary:

Progressive Labor Party (PL): a Marxist-Leninist party which believes that the focus of the new left should be on the traditional, industrial working class which has historically been the source of revolutions. Most of its members are also in SDS, where it functions as a cohesive group.

Worker-student alliance (familiarly known as the student-worker alliance): shorthand for the program of PL which is chronically raised at SDS meetings, and prolifically at this particular one. Its core is student support of strikes and work in factories to get to know laborers.

New Working Class: a definition of a new class (which might have revolutionary potential) made up of teachers, social workers, engineers, and other technocrats. It is based on an analysis of the changes which automation has brought in the role of production in the economy. Some members of SDS offer it as THE theory for the new left.

Up Against the Wall Motherfuckers: an SDS chapter functioning on the Lower East Side in New York City, tracing its ancestry to all true Anarchists, and noted for its guerrilla humor on the streets and in conventions.

Regions: vague geopolitical areas which this year were popular among SDS members as descriptive of the units for decentralized organization e.g. LA region, Niagra region, Texas-Oklahoma region. Some regions actually do exist with regional offices and staff - others are figments of the imagination.

Internal and External Cadres: a phrase used to describe the relationship (external) of PL to SDS and (internal) of highly organized caucuses which do not represent any organization other than SDS but operate coherently within the organization.

Karl Marx: a bearded radical Everyman who said everything to everybody, if we just didn't use different translations.

Constituencies: groups of people with identifiable life-styles (q.v.) around which they could be organized (q.v.) if anyone could figure out who they are and what they want.

Life Styles: the way you get out of bed in the morning combined with your relation to the means of production and your attitude to your father.

Organize: the way a radical gets out of bed in the morning combined with his relation to the people and his attitude to his father.

Next it would help if you had an idea about the theatrics of plenary sessions. The SDS convention hall resembled at times a circus, a national political convention a la Democrats or Republicans, a livestock show, or the First International. On the stage were the red flag, traditional socialist and labor flag, and the black flag of the Anarchist. Anarchist members were identified by black headbands; socialists by red arm bands which appeared on the third day. Members laden with assorted literature wandered in and out of the room, lined up at microphones to take part in mass "discussions", lobbied in corners, jumped on the stage to sit behind the chairman rather than in front, slept on the uncomfortable chairs, and sometimes listened. The mood was occasionally accentuated by the guerrilla theatre of the women's liberation group or by the Motherfuckers: item, a trashcan over the head of a member--"I nominate this trashcan for National Secretary. You can put all your so-called legislation into it." Exit

But it's also only fair to let you know that the tone of the week was more serious than last year's convention where water pistols were the conspicuous issue. People wanted to 'talk politics'; it had been an exciting and serious year. Everyone wanted to know more about Columbia; people wanted to talk about and figure out France. Two large groups within SDS were pushing for student attention to labor - the Progressive Labor Party and the "Marcusites" and people were interested in the differences in their approaches. Structural changes for SDS were proposed with similar emphasis on strengthening regions but developed from quite obviously different political philosophies and pointing toward different ultimate forms for mass political movements. There was a position paper on ideas for organizing within urban areas which challenged the belief of PL and others that the vanguard of any revolution had to be the traditional working class. There were people with campus experiences and people with factory experience and people with experiences among middle class teachers and social workers. There were exciting ideas floating in the workshops - in the media workshop for example, we talked about the potential of radio/tapes and films for movement communication and education with people from the newsreel project and Radio Free People.

But with all this thinking and excitement there were, at last count, only three moments of unity during the week. Number one. Convention policy required that all representatives of mass media stand and identify themselves at the beginning of each plenary. The seventh reporter to do so on Thursday said "Detroit News." "They're on strike," someone said. Within seconds seven hundred people were on their feet chanting "Out! Out! Out!" The reporter hesitated, made a gesture toward the microphone, turned and left the room. A momentary alliance between workers and students.

There has been a lot of talk in local chapters of SDS, in its quarterly National Council meetings, and this year in its National Convention, about the rhetoric to which the membership appears to be addicted. The criticism ranges from charges of sloppy thinking camouflaged under fancy words to charges of impending communication with those new people who come to the organization out of curiosity and interest. Like sociologists, SDS limits itself by a language for experts. What was most evident, in retrospect, at the recent convention, however, was the role that rhetoric played within the organization of emphasizing diversity at the expense of finding the common grounds for building a political movement.

Anger and bitterness characterized many debates and were, in part, a reflection of legitimate differences within SDS. But the endurance of an



Guardian photo by Jack A. Smith



organization which tolerates these differences depends upon open exchange of positions. Name-calling and the dismissal of ideas as "bad politics" erected barriers to development of the meaning of such phrases as anti-imperialist, anti-capitalist, and anti-racist on which most members can agree as characterizing the type of political movement they are trying to build. Those were just words thrown around with random meanings.

No important resolutions of policy or structure were passed by this convention in large part because debates and voting became inextricably tangled in intra-organizational struggles. The basis for these struggles was not always clear, especially to the uninitiated. One example of this unclarified diversity was the antipathy between the members of the Progressive Labor Party and of Up Against the Wall, Motherfuckers. It is funny to watch the Motherfuckers play with PL: they have a sense of fun about their politics which is lifesaving at conventions and they literally tease PL - a group never accused of having a sense of humor. The Motherfuckers are Anarchists working on the basis of close friendship, comraderie and trust - in affinity groups. Their free-wheeling "life-style" - appearance, likes, dress, language, and again, humor - are suited to their philosophy and their base in the East Village. The Progressive Labor Party takes its role as a revolutionary party very seriously, looks very straight, talks and lives straight, is interested in organizing the working people of the country. They have their own form of tightness and cohesion which is directly related to their goals and the kinds of contacts and friendships they hope to develop in their work.

Those differences in style and political form appear again in their political programs. The Motherfuckers call the form of a revolutionary party "bourgeois" and anti-communitarian. They argue that a revolution on economic issues is no revolution. They speak of building a world for the "Total" human being, for freeing the individual from socially imposed psychological and cultural repressions. The "task must be to form a new cultural whole in which social control is returned to the people...." Progressive Labor, working on the theory that the source of revolutions is the working class, judges other political groups by the way in which their actions are seen by the working class - if the Motherfuckers will alienate workers from left ideas - and by the focus for revolution which other groups stress. "...we realize that U.S. imperialism is based on class exploitation and that to defeat it in the long run and even to win immediate struggles against it, we must ally with our class allies - the working class." The Motherfuckers have not convinced PL that cultural issues are relevant and alive to that class. Each group dismissed the other as having "bad politics."

None of this is to suggest that the Motherfuckers were the only source of opposition to PL - a quarter of the body stood to chant "PL out! PL out! PL out!" on Friday - but to show, through the antipathy of the two most well-defined groups within SDS, the way in which diversity was not used to increase the range of experience and thought but to drive the organization toward an uncomprehending splintering. The nearest thing to a debate between the body and PL came during a postponement of elections on Friday explicitly to discuss the conflict. People at first charged that PL functioned within SDS in a conspiratorial way, intentionally destructive of the movement, and designed to retard the progress of SDS toward a defined revolutionary group. PL answered with counter-charges until an "internal cadre" in the form of a closed caucus which had been conspiring and plotting against PL was brought to light. That rendered assaults ineffective but the discussion never reached a probe of the differences between PL and other SDS members on political issues.

Moments of unity two and three. Voting for national officers is a long, standing-in-line process. To endure, we sang, beginning with the "Red Flag" and on through the Little Red Song Book of the Industrial Workers of the World, Marat/Sade, special chapter songs, and and excellent rendition of an Irish Revolutionary song by the chairman. Flags were waved as Motherfuckers, PL-ers and general run-of-the-mill SDSers linked arms. A freewheeling community.

Before getting back to "work", a Motherfucker skit. "You all know that a wedding was held in Fayerweather at Columbia during the strike. Not to be outdone, we have prepared a wedding for the SDS convention." At the back of the hall stood two men, one wearing an orange construction helmet and work-shirt, the other armed with a mortar board and diploma, arm in arm. "The alliance between the worker and the student," quoth the "rabbi" from the stage. The aisle was cleared, the congregation sang "Here Comes the Bride," and the ceremony proceeded with blessings, readings from Chairman Mao and Bakhunin, and a passionate embrace. The worker, overwhelmed by his new bride's embrace, leapt off the stage, and charged from the hall yelling "Workers of the world unite/ You have nothing to lose but your students." The bride rallied fast and ran after him yelling "Wait, wait, I have an analysis." The rabbi vanished and the red and black flags were waved to cheering crowds.

Students for a Democratic Society has not had a new policy statement since the Port Huron Statement, written in 1962, and by the looks of this latest convention, there will not soon be another one. Not because there is no one with the overview to write such a document. Not because there is no need. Not because there are few if any grounds for agreement. More likely because there is a serious refusal to admit the similarities and grounds of common belief in SDS. While on the one hand fighting to avoid the destructive factionalism of left-wing groups in this country and abroad, SDS members resist committing the organization to a "line" which might (a) turn off a lot of current or potential membership, or (b) restrict the response of the organizatio to changing conditions and attitudes. But diversity outdid itself at this convention.

SDS can probably endure almost any form of chaos and factionalism at the center because its strength, if it lies anywhere, is on the local, chapter level where people are responding not to directives from any central or higher up group of people but to their own experiences. It can continue to act locally in ways which heighten critical thinking, which raise important issues of power relationships, of the lives people lead in this kind of society, and to build confrontations which illustrate their thinking and demonstrate the possibility of people taking the powers which control their lives. But if these local advances and actions are going to amount to anything more than random skirmishes and if they are going to develop a coherence of purpose and goals which can change the society, then the organization's diversity is going to have to develop in ways which further the thinking of the membership and augment the thinking of local groups. As one convention participant put it, "We've got to get our shit together so that it all hits the fan at the same time."

--Ann Gordon



Guardian photos by Jack A. Smith

TO THE S.S. OF TODAY

A am a poet pretender
I long to make eternal the things surrounding me,
   with the same hands that wipe my ass
   I write to let the world know how I feel.
You don't want me.

I am a laborer,
I have sown corn and potatoes in fields
   with their small harvest my only reward.
I have cut the damned pulp wood in swamp forests
   fighting mosquitoes
   for ten dollars in a twelve hour day.
I have driven machines and moved earth
   with a sense of power that likens me to God
   if there is such a man--
And I have flipped the buttons and yanked the levers
   of eternal screwing machines
   so that I could spend more than I made.
You don't want me.

I drink, smoke pot, masturbate in lonliness
   pretending the warm cunt has swallowed me whole,
I write in an empty smoke-filled room
   dreaming the dream of dreams
   only dreamers dream in me.
I see laughter and tears, pride and humility,
   and I care without really caring.
You don't want me.

I worship the ground beneath Ginsberg, Ferlinghetti,
   Williams, Yevtushenko, Corso.
I don't care for Sandburg;
   The only things I find in his Chicago
   are fixes and cheap whores.
And yet I believe the words of Gibran,
   and love humanity all around me
You don't want me.

I fear the death of bravery,
   cower with cowardice, avoid all thing strange,
I want no part of war, I fear murdering
   as I do being murdered
   and would stay forever the ultimate high -- death.
You don't want me.

Yet you call me.
You would have me destroy my beliefs,
   leave my longings, give away my habits,
   realize your reality,
   lose myself and keep your number.
You would have me donate my soul and life
   to your war disease, and kill members of the humanity I love,
   and forgive if I die,

You can keep your heroic death
   and let me have life.
And now I smile to you,
   and the smile symbolizes these spoken words-
   Get screwed draft board.

--Bill Rosko

The value of an individual life, a credo they taught us
to instil fear, and inaction, "you only live once"
a fog in our eyes, we are
endless as the sea, not separate, we die
a million times a day, we are born
a million times, each breath life and death:
get up, put on your shoes, get
started, someone will finish

Tribe
an organism, one flesh, breathing joy as the stars
breathe destiny down on us, get
going, join hands, see to business, thoussands of sons
will see to it when you fall, you will grow
a thousand times in the bellies of your sisters

--Diane di Prima
April, 1968

Left to themselves people
grow their hair.
Left to themselves they
take off their shoes.
Left to themselves they make love
sleep easily
share blankets, dope and children
they are not lazy or afraid
they plant seeds, they smile, they
speak to one another. The word
coming into its own: touch of love
on the brain, the ear.

We return with the sea, the tides
we return as often as leaves, as numerous
as grass, gentle, insistent, we remember
the way,
our babes toddle barefoot thru the cities of the universe

--Diane di Prima
April, 1968

I have just realized that the stakes are myself
I have no other
ransom money, nothing to break or barter but my life
my spirit measured out, in bits, spread over
the roulette table, I recoup what I can
nothing else to shove under the nose of the maitre de jeu
nothing to thrust out the window, no white flag
this flesh all I have to offer, to make the play with
this immediate head, what it comes up with, my move
as we slither over this board, stepping always
(we hope) between the lines

--Diane di Prima
April 1968

These are transitional years and the dues
will be heavy.
Change is quick but the revolution
will take a while.
America has not even begun as yet.
This continent is seed.

--Diane di Prima
May 1968

at some point
you may be called upon
to keep going for several days without sleep:
keep some ups around.

avoid the folk
who find Bonnie and Clyde too violent
who see the blood but not the energy form
they love us and want us to practice birth control
they love us and want the Hindus to kill their cows
they love us and have a colorless tasteless powder
   which is the perfect synthetic food....

--Diane di Prima
April, 1968

SONG OF de FUCKIN HAIRY BANANA

LOOK, my brain is yelling Rewrite to my body!

LOOK, the cosmos is ol Ezra woofin out
Peyton Place cantos!

LOOK, the moon is illegal; a bare ass!

LOOK, words are rude if they aren't covered
with 12 yr old grandmothers!

LOOK, everything is O.K.

LOOK, for example, death has made M.M.
into an eye-splattering volcano
that rattles the garbage cans in
our heads every hard-on night!
LOOK
LOOK, this anthology of a house-body used
the wrong lumber, the beams are
cracking & spilling sawdust in my
nausea, the ceiling is on the bottoms
of my feet, the stage is the clapper
of the bell ringing in every direction,
I started to poke absurdity in the ribs, but
LOOK, my fingers stretch to infinity!

--Doug Blazek

store water; make a point of filling your bathtub
at the first news of trouble: they turned off the water
in the 4th ward for a whole day during the Newark riots;
or better yet make a habit
of keeping the tub clean and full when not in use
change this once a day, it should be good enough
for washing, flushing toilets with when necessary
and cooking, in a pinch, but its a good idea
to keep some bottled water handy too
get a couple of five gallon jugs and keep them full
for cooking

store food--dry stuff like rice and beans stores best
goes farthest. SALT VERY IMPORTANT: it's health and energy
healing too. keep a couple pounds
sea salt around, and, because we're spoiled, some tins
tuna, etc. to keep up morale-- keep up the sense
of "balanced diet", "protein intake" remember
the stores may be closed for quite some time, the trucks
may not enter your section of the city for weeks, you can cool it
indefinitely with 20 lb brown rice
20 lb whole wheat flour
10 lb cornmeal
10 lb good beans--kidney or soy
5 lb sea salt
2 qts good oil

dried fruit and nuts
add nutrients and a sense of luxury
to this diet, a squash or coconut
in a cool place in your pad will keep six months

remember we are all used to eating less
than the "average American" and take it easy
before we
ever notice we're hungry the rest of the fold will be starving
used as they are to meat and fresh milk daily
and help will arrive, until the day no help arrives
and then you're on your own.

hoard matches, we aren't good
at rubbing sticks together anymore
a tinder box is useful, if you can work it
don't count on gas stove, gas heater
electric light
keep hibachi and charcoal, CHARCOAL STARTER a help
kerosene lamp and candles, learn to keep warm
with breathing
remember the blessed American habit of bundling

--Diane di Prima
April 1968

REQUIEM FOR CLIFFORD

Windows in the hall slam
Shut breaking plywood knobs
As easily as cowboys snapping matchsticks.

The safety of a gun uncocked!
When students cross lawns to
Find new departments shoved
Into the corners of old buildings.

Driving to Milwaukee - heh
In my little old - um-Chevy
With fuel injected, carb inspected
Bleached walls with bluing
Added, kick - a - shit cahr.
Gotta lookat what I'm driving -
You see - can't lookat much
That might kill me - heh.

Quiet processionals across the gree
Green and resilient lawns
Of my tennis-shoed maturity.
Dew in the eyelets, rotting the socks.
Churches in the fields with the Glass knocked
Glass knocked out by windmills
Of resolutions outlawing organic material
Too weak to withstand sledgehammers.
The windows that were closed in anger to keep the robed
To keep the robed to their songs,
To shade cricifixes with steel pikes from the curious,
To blunt the arrows of the besieger,
Mute the graves that
Cover the bones o f the besieged;
The light cables of the city cut
By an assasin's arrow dipped in
The phosphorescent mixes of our learning.
The fuses of the school blown
By the slamming of windows to be laminated in plastic by
Technicians born in casings of concrete.

We ride on freeways
Circling cities of carpeted buildings -
Not noticing the
Line where haggling governments arranged
Three lanes to meet.

--D. J. Huenoi

advocating
the overthrow of govenment is a crime
overthrowing it is something else
altogether. its sometimes called
revolution.
but don't kid yourself; government
is not where it's at: it's only
a good place to start:
1. kill head of Dow Chemical
2. destroy plant
3. MAKE IT UNPROFITABLE FOR THEM
to build again.
i.e., destroy the concept of money
as we know it, get rid of interest,
savings, inheritance
(Pound's money, as dated coupons that come in the mail
to everyone, and are void in 30 days
is still a good idea)
or, let's start with no money at all and invent it
if we need it
or, mimeograph it and everyone
print as much as they want
and see what happens

declare a moratorium on debt
the Continental Congress did
"on all debts public and private"

& no one work for another
except for love, and what you make
above your needs be given to the tribe
a Common-Wealth

None of us knows the answers, think about
these things.
The day will come when we have to know
the answers.

--Diane di Prima
May 1968

WE ARE PROUD



They did not come to talk about the war, but to hear the Dow man do his job.

They were the Madison Press Club composed of public relations people from Oscar Mayer, CUNA, the University, and various other assorted local and state governmental agencies with a sprinkle of city and managing editors. Chancellor Sewell had been invited to be present. James Marks, head of Engineering Placement who ordered the first mass Dow arrests in February 1967, was present.

He was E. N. (Ned) Brandt, public relations director for Dow. Mr. Brandt, a medium height, medium weight conservitively-suited gentleman of an indeterminate executive age described in ordered, mundane tones how you seek to protect the image of a corporation engaged in the manufacture of a diverse number of serviceable products -- just one of which happens to be napalm. The Dow man's qualifications tended toward the impeccable -- military public relations, ex-army man, and employment on a special job for the Marshall Plan involving anti-communist propaganda (wherein he had been associated with Harry Backer, P. R. director of Oscar Mayer and V.P. of the Madison Press Club).

The audience sat back comfortably in the VFW clubhouse secure in the knowledge that the products they marketed --conservation, education, hotdogs were not a symbol of an "abomination." At the same time, they were somewhat conscious that given the all-encompassing and ever-increasing tentacles of the U. S. government defence needs, any one of them might be called on some tomorrow to defend their corporation's right to manufacture and distribute horror.

There was and probably could be no quarrel with Mr. Brandt's understanding of the demonstrations and the their purpose. Dow Chemical had been well-educated after more than 200 demonstrations in this country and abroad (by its own admission). "We have become a symbol of the war in Vietnam."

Propaganda, says Mr. Brandt, is first about an idea --"the war in Vietnam is an abomination"; second about a person -- the Dow recruiter becomes a hateful object.

How does a public relations man deal with an abomination and hate? He issues a statement of corporate non-responsibility saying Dow Chemical Corporation does not make policy, but only does for the country what the government has asked of it. That in its entirety was Phase I of the Public Relations Capmaign, and it ended with the Dow Demonstration of October 18 in Madison.

The peace movement turned from passive to active after that date, reported Mr. Brandt, with recruiting for Dow Chemical at the top of the list of immoral activities. (There had been a short-lived hope that the CIA disclosures would take the heat off Dow). Dow Chemical was no longer able to minimize its connections with napalm. In private surveys taken by the company, Dow and Napalm were found to be inextricably linked by 39 million Americans. More than double the number of the previous year.

Thus Dow was to enter Phase II of its public relations campaign of rescuing its image from war and "abomination." Efforts were intensified: the simple statement of non-responsibility was retained in a press kit which includes Dow's annual earnings report, and a statement from the U. S. military on civilian Vietnamese casualties from Napalm. A Dow P. R. person becomes the spokesman for Dow, and is sent as an advance man to all hostile campuses. First, of course, he attends a special napalm school conducted in Mr. Brandt's office.

Dow, apparently hurting from the picketing and leafleting at its plant gates, found it necessary to institute a program of employee education using its house organs to print thank-you letters from G.I.s in Vietnam. Even Mr. Brandt is not immune from his own propaganda because "whenever I feel discouraged I reach in my desk drawer and reread the letters."

Mr. Brandt was to emphasize repeatedly that one spokesman -- the P.R . man -- was to represent the company's viewpoint. All press questions were to be referred to him.

Dow Chemical in Phase II was to finally find itself forced into choosing and accepting platforms which offered a good opportunity for defense. It has however steadfastly avoided campus speakers whether students or professors. "We do not want to have to defend our military or the Ky government. We look for a dialogue, not debate with protestors."

It is impossible to report accurately or reflect on the Dow Chemical Corporation's public relations defense of an "abomination" (remember, this is Dow's word) unless it is considered in the same light as it is presented. An "abomination" is a word without value. The public relations man does not speak perjoratively about his product or anyone else's for that matter. Editorial comment has been overwhelmingly on Dow's side, "but it is not a measure of success or failure." The aim is to sell the product Napalm, and to get the buyer, the government, to use it. This is advertising's criteria of success. There can be no doubt that Dow has achieved this objective, but this is not enough in the world of the salesman. He must also be well-liked, and this is not the current attitude toward Dow.

Mr. Brandt is willing to admit this worrisome situation. Dow feels "acute discomfort". Its management and board of directors have "wrestled mightily with the ethical problems". Their conclusion in Mr. Brandt's words is: "We are proud to be making Napalm." End of speech and applause from the Madison Press Club.

* * * *

While the Madison Press Club was contemplating its images inside the VFW clubhouse there was a demonstration organized by the Madison Committee to End the War in Vietnam going on ourside.

Cedric Parker, managing editor of The Capitol Times, and President of the Madison Press Club, came out in response to the leaflet handed out by the demonstrators to tell Bill Kaplan that he was ducking the draft (the remark was later apologized for) and to give equal time to the demonstrators "if you will take it on our terms!"

Bob Wilkinson was to accept the terms, and went into the Dow meeting to ask Mr. Brandt if Dow didn't get most of its profits from defense contracts. He got a denial from Dow, and was told to get out by Cedric Parker who had finished with his concern that "the free press give equal time to the other side."

A carload of cops sitting in an unmarked prowl car across the was from the demonstration was observed to behave in an orderly manner. There was no obstruction of the demonstration by the police, and no incidents were reported.

*Mr. Brandt was asked by WIBA to engage in a dialogue with Bob Wilkinson that same night on Papa Hambone's talk show. The dialogue was refused.

--Lee Zeldin

The Year Underground

This has been the most successful year for underground culture in Madison since the good days of Amy Saltz's directing Brecht and Behan for Mime and Man Theater. No single event made the impact of that night in the Stock Pavilion when Allen Ginsberg and the Fugs began a wild week-end for around 4000 Spring-celebrators, and the cops didn't barge into anybody's performance, as they did in the final rehearsals for "Macbird," although Evan Stark was arrested at the opening night of "Ch. Barrage." But for numbers of people involved, variety of activities, and influence on the official cultural groups, no other recent period has matched 67-68.

Take a small thing like poetry. The year began with a poetry-and-magic show that featured Barry Bursak, and put the two arts into some interesting juxtapositions--further emphasized by the publication shortly after of Rick Ollman's "Magic Cereal Poetry." Then local literary magazines had readings of the best-known student poets like Victor Contoski, Arnie Greenfield, Thaddeus Torgoff, and Warren Woessner. Outsiders visited: Bob Watt, The Chicago Free Poets, and Joffre Stewart, the Anarchist Poet. By the end of the year, poetry audiences were averaging about 100 for each event (a total for the year of about 3000!); the Union had begun sponsoring group and individual poetry readings, helping Jeremy Robinson to plug his attractive book "How I Love"; the English Department had been persuaded to help bring Robert Creeley, Kenneth Rexroth, Charles Oppen, and Reznikoff and Zukofsky to the campus, and the mad printers of Madison had issued books by Bob Watt ("The Gentle Rape of the Mind"), Ollman, Richard Grossinger ("The Star-Maker"), Doug Blazek ("Life in a Common Gun"), Swedish New Left poets, Warren Woessner ("The Forest and the Trees"), Ed Ochester ("We Like It Here"), Robinson, and even a novel by Marvin Jawer ("Hess") with a combined circulation of over 30,000. This is a very healthy group of readers of experimental poetry and essays, and it does not include readers of regularly published underground works like "Radical America," "Connections," and "Quixote," all of which have respectable subscribers lists and sales.

The film is the weakest part of the cultural scene here, with filmmaking pretty well gone to hell for several reasons, among them the dropping of the 16mm. film course and the reluctance of film groups to do anything except show the oldies. The Wisconsin Film Society shows the same things that the Student Union does, and many of these are good--but in the race for consumption, none of the available money gets put into production. Filmmaking is a very expensive art, too. So here most of the activity has gone into one-up reviews of films, or screenings of annual film festivals, like the NSA Festival of 1967 and 1968 shown here or the Ann Arbor Film Festival. There was a student film-screening at the first of the year--Bill Connelly had a clever spoof of "Blow Up," but despite talk about more there was less. The Patacinea Group had one looney night in the mixed media lab, and Lynn Smith said we were going to make animated films here, but... But there are stirrings here and there--as close as Chicago there is the Aardvark Cinema Co-op, which is now offering its equipment to film-makers at nominal charges. Several people got very interested in the brilliant experimentation evident in the Ann Arbor Film Festival, and plans are underway now for a 1968-9 Wisconsin Film Festival.

Perhaps the Ann Arbor Fest deserves more than just a word (the LA Free Press ran a very thorough discussion on it in several issues) because of its high quality this year. One of the award-winning films here ($250 awarded in Madison) had a local student, Mark Rosenthal, in the lead role. In "View of the Hanging" Rosenthal played the split characters of an uptight businessman and a loose-legged swinger with verve and precision. The two semi-surreal films that won here were Will Hindle's "Chinese Fire Drill" and Clayton Emshwiller's "Relativity." of them were in rich color, fading in and out on images suggestive and disturbing. "Relativity" showed the world, which dissolved to a golf-ball, geologic formations dissolving to intestines, orgies fading to Coney Island bathing crowds, and back and forth in gentle, but rapid interrelation of image. Howard Kaplan picked up money for his work with "Thanks a Lot," a film that began with the simple irony of thanking the Army for its invaluable training and then moved beyond that to suggest the realities of war. Kaplan, as Jeff Dell in "Dodge City," used children to try to achieve the simplicity of the statements like those made in Greene's "Inside North Viet Nam," and he succeeded very well.

Time was when all this would have sent a Jerry Berndt or Ira Schneider to his lab and to some kind of artistic response, but where are the Snowdens of yesteryear?

Well, there has been some important and relevant visual art work around here, especially by Bill Weege and Dick Swaback, both of whom have made an impact in the underground, as well as on a startled bourgeoisie. Weege had a show recently in the Union, and it was one of the most important, dazzling, shocking collections that have been hung there. Weege's anti-war and satirical graphics have been snapped up wherever he has exhibited them, and his collage-verse-offset prints will be displayed all over the country this year and at the Frankfort International Book Fair this summer.

Swaback has made important contributions to the lively theater scene here with his technical work and film and photo projections. The operation he ran for Paul Gray's complex and provoking "Ch.Barrage" worked smoothly and effectively, including a triple screen projection, a double sound system, and regular banks of lights--all set up in places only roughly adapted for technical theater work. Given a real stage, as in Lowell Hall for the last Nude Playwright's shows, Swaback showed he could handle subtleties and sensitive color gradations integrated with sound. But it was in the first Nude Playwrights' show, "Cancer," at the YMCA, that Swaback surpassed himself. For that one he made the two show-stopping sequences, one a slide series of Rick Obadiah making love to a mannequin, and the other a film of "Father Michael" baptizing a foetal pig. In this show Swaback had to stand on a rickety ladder, shooting the slides with one hand, run the movie projector with another, handle the sound with his feet, and try to fight off the obscenity charges of the irate YMCA secretary Karl Stang (who never ceased, all through the year, to warn others against letting the lewd playwrights use their facilities).

The Nude Playwrights started off their year with a real hit in Jawer's "Cancer" and Edelson's "Josiped Decanus," both directed by Elizabeth Edelson. Despite incompetent reviews or no reviews at all the group retained its morale, and came back strong this spring with four one-act plays, this time two apiece by Jawer and Edelson. ("Josiped Decanus," "The Leader," "A Pocket Full of Rye," and "A Game of Chess.") Rick Obadiah and Jordan Weiss, after taking parts as actors, went on to become directors in the last group of plays, and Obadiah, especially, did a sensitive job with "Chess."

The Nude Playwrights have not only reached large audiences (about 3000 this year) but have been the major producer of student-written, student-directed plays. Out of necessity they have taken drama to unusual places, like Lowell and the Union cafeteria, and they have trained a group of top-notch actors (DeShields, Joy Carlson, Gottlieb) and directors (Weiss and Obadiah) so that they have good prospects of continuance. (There will be a new Nude production during the first week of August.--ed.) This is good in itself and it seems to be driving the Speech Department and the Union to think about doing relevant drama, unusual drama, crazy drama (although this summer season is very weak, with Yale-style liberalism in "Viet Rock" and old dog "You Can't Take It With You"). But the nudes should not be seen as a reforming movement within the system, as are Stu Gordon and Gus Motta. They have represented a viable, vital alternative to messing with the old pappas and the mammas of the Union and the University. They have shown you can do drama without being patted on the head for it, lavishly lauded or given academic credit for it, and the response they have had shows a real interest in living theater here.

--Morris Edelson





LIBERATION NEWS SERVICE - (Note: The bill was passed by the House on June 6, 1968, in the identical form as earlier passed by the Senate, and has since been signed by the President).

1. A general system of grants is made available to the states under the direction of a central Law Enforcement Assistance Administration (LEAA) in Washington. $100 million is made available for expenditure by June 30,1968, and a like sum for the following fiscal year. $300 million is provided for the following fiscal year. The grants go to state, regional, and local law enforcement agencies for various purposes, including research, administration, planning, training, personnel and the purchase of weapons. Up to $50 million is immediately available for the organization of vigilante units to supplement local police forces. (Sec. 301 (b) (7)).

A National Institute of Law Enforcement and Criminal Justice is established for training, research, dissemination of information, planning and recommending to the various law enforcement agencies. (Sec. 402 (a)) The Institute is authorized to make grants to and contract with colleges and universities to do research, demonstrations and special projects; programs of behavioral research are specifically mentioned (Sections 402 (b) (1,2,3,4,5,6,7) and 402 (b) (3)). Moreover, the LEAA is empowered to finance through contracts with colleges and universities undergraduate and graduate program training of present local and state law enforcement personnel (up to $1,800 per person per year) in law enforcement techniques (Sec. 406 (b)). The LEAA is authorized to appoint private (or public) committees to "advise" it all over the country (Sec. 517) Special emphasis is put on "riots and other civil disorders", as well as on organized crime (Sec. 307 (a)).

Grants for the financing of public school programs are provided "to improve public understanding of and cooperation with law enforcement agencies" (Sec. 301 (b) (3)).

2. The Supreme Court's procedural safeguards preventing the use of confessions obtained under conditions evidencing police intimidation (such as excessive detention prior to arraignment before a magistrate, failure to warn of right to counsel or right to remain silent, and failure to supply with counsel) are legislatively overturned as to all cases in federal courts. The "voluntariness" of the confession is made the sole question to be decided. Moreover, if the confession is obtained by means other than interrogation or when the person is not technically arrested, then it may be used in court anyway (Sec 701 (a)). The Supreme Court's limitations on the use of eyewitness testimony growing out of staged police lineups were also overturned (Sec. 701 (a)).

These provisions apparently constitute an open invitation to the police to use virtually any means possible to obtain a desired confession, since the loopholes are big enough to drive a truck through. Moreover, the fact that some of them may be declared unconstitutional two or three years from now by the Supreme Court means also that they will be fully used until that time (if it ever comes).

3. As if the foregoing provisions were not sufficient to effect the shift to an American police state, the wiretapping and bugging parts of the bill were added to complete the picture.

First of all, any telephone instrument or equipment used by "an investigative or law enforcement officer in the ordinary course of his duties" is totally exempt from any coverage of the bill by definition (Sec. 802 (2510 (4) and (5 (a) (ii))). This provision means that, at the outset, the police don't even have to use the huge loopholes that will be described in the following paragraphs:

The phone company can use wiretapping almost without restriction for its own internal purposes (whatever those may be) (Sec. 2511 (2) (a)). The President can authorize the tapping or bugging under almost any circumstances even only vaguely related to the national security, including those involving "the overthrow of the government by force or other unlawful means, or...other clear and present danger to the structure or existence of the government." (Sec. 2511 (3)).

<u>It should be strongly emphasized that, unlike present law, all of the information obtained by the bugging or tapping can now be used in court to convict</u> (Sec. 2517 (3)).

The above paragraph cannot be emphasized too strongly.

Not only the use or making of a bugging or wiretapping device is now made a crime, but is also a violation to even possess one (five years and/or $10,000) (Sec. 2512), unless you're a law enforcement officer or under contract with one. Moreover, Sec. 2413 provides for the confiscation of any such devices and for the paying of informers from federal funds. The Attorney General is also authorized to offer immunity from prosecution in order to force the witness to give incriminating testimony in court (Sec. 2514).

Even the elaborate, showy procedural facade for obtaining a bugging or wiretap authorization from a court (federal or state) is a joke. The proceedings are, of course, secret; they may be taken even after the surveillance has already begun; and it may be continued indefinitely, even though there is a technical requirement of a monthly renewal by the court. Virtually any law enforcement official, federal, state or local, may apply. Surveillance is authorized in regard to most federal crimes specifically including drugs such as marijuana and violation of the new anti-riot laws (violations of the criminal anti-trust laws are, of course, omitted). Electronic surveillance of all state crimes "dangerous to life, limb, or property" punishable by one year or more is authorized. Information obtained may be used for virtually any purpose even though bugging is initiated for one purpose and uncovers other things constituting crimes (except the judge's permission (!) in the latter case is needed before it can be used in court). The police. The police can shop around to find any judge that will allow them to bug or tap, and, should they be turned down, they can take a secret appeal to higher courts - procedure heretofore unheard of in American law. Even though the words of the statute state that the persons under surveillance must eventually be informed of the fact, by its own terms the law allows this to be indefinitely postponed (Secs. 2516-19).

Finally, even if the provisions are completely violated by the police from top to bottom, the remedy available to the citizen is a civil case for "damages." But then the law provides that even a "good faith" reliance on the new law is a "complete defense" to any "civil or criminal action" against a law enforcement officer. (Sec. 2520) (How the police could be subject to a criminal action in the first place and under what authority is unclear to say the least.) (The Communications Act is amended to allow any activities that take place under the new Act; that Act was interpreted to restrict and prohi-





the omnibus crime bill 1968

Graphics by Ronnie Kantor

bit the use of information obtained from bugging and tapping.) (Sec. 803)
4. The "firearms control" provisions are generally ineffective to prevent the weapons traffic, particularly in rifles and shotguns; yet, the new law contains sufficient tricky provisions to trap almost anyone that the authorities wish to get. Controls on major weapons (bazookas, machine guns, etc.) are strong, are fairly weak on other weapons, such as pistols, and are virtually nonexistent on rifles and shotguns. The Secretary of the Treasury administers the law. In essence, any transporting of a firearm (other than a rifle or a shotgun) over state lines or any disposition of the firearm thereafter or any transfer between residents of different states will probably result in violation of the new law; the penalty is five years and/or $5,000. Dealers are subject to rigid penalties for failure to comply with the provisions, including registration of all sales and prohibition against selling to anyone under 21 or to anyone indicted or convicted of any crime involving a penalty greater than one year (except for violation of the criminal anti-trust laws). Major weapons can only be purchased upon the O.K. of the chief law enforcement officer of the locality (therefore, only by the "minute men" types?) Law enforcement officers are exempt from the new law; even private guards are exempt from many of them. (Secs. 901-907)

The new law also makes it a crime, carrying two years and/or $10,000, for 1) convicts (crimes carrying sentence of one year or more), 2) those discharged under other than honorable conditions 3) mental incompetents, 4) aliens illegally in the U.S., and 5) those who have renounced their U.S. citizenship - to receive or possess any firearm. (Sec. 1201)

5. The Anti-Riot Act (otherwise known as the Civil Rights Act of 1968) is amended to disqualify from federal employment (for five years) anyone convicted of any participation in a riot or civil disorder when the crime constitutes a felony. (Sec. 1001)
6. The tone of the entire bill is best set by quoting an exquisite bit of neo-Mississippiana - the final section of the new law, which applies only to the 65% black District of Columbia - perhaps Congress' gift to the Poor People's Campaign:

SEC. 1502. Whoever threatens within the District of Columbia...to injure the person of another or physically damage the property of any person or of another person, in whole or in part, shall be fined not more than $5,000 or imprisoned not more than twenty years, or both.

--Bill Higgs

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CARAVAN ROLLS

The Wisconsin Draft Resistance Union peace caravan has gotten off the ground for the summer with two guerilla theatre encounters. The troupe has started practicing together and will soon depart for a tour of some of the small towns in the state.

The first show the caravan people put on was in the rally the day before commencement. Called "The Trap", the skit told the story of a great University, and some of the people in it. It started out with a general and businessman hawking their wares across the stage. Jobs! Money! Defense Contracts! Money! Security! Money! They meet with little success. Then they spy an intellectual-looking type guy walking by and bribe him into becoming the administrator. He doesn't seem to be bothered with the strings the military and business tie to his wrists when he accepts the research grants and money. The administrator brings on the university, a simple picket fence, and places some flowers on it. A student walks up, and sniffs the flowers, whereby the administrator welcomes him into the trap. Enter the faculty, carrying large signs, one reading POETRY and the other HISTORY, one skipping and tossing flowers and the other with his nose in a book and reading off dates. The student reaches out and touches the poetess, who recoils and hands him a blue book, and the same thing happens with the historian. The faculty then breaks into a wild dance around the poor kid, pelting him with reams of bluebooks, yelling "tests! quiz sections! rules! control! rules! control! control!!!!" They beat him to the ground and retreat.

But soon he gets up and starts shaking the U, whereupon the administrator makes some obscene gyrations and gives birth to a cop, who beats the kid down again.

Then graduation. The faculty picks the student up, brushes him clean and congratulates him; so does the administrator and business man -- and the military man kicks him offstage and yells Thailand! Other students waltz through mechanically and are sent to Laos, Cambodia, Korea, General Motors, until one turns his hand from a handshake grope towards the audience in supplication. The university people yell in unison STOP! , grab him, and together send him off to VIETNAM!!

The next guerrilla theatre put on was at Beloit college dining hall. DRU got a call from a black student who wanted help with organizing the campus. One of the black kids had refused induction and was waiting for further action from out there. The job was to come in dressed as military police, and haul him away. This was done so well that a real confrontation was almost provoked, even though the draft resistor and a few of his friends knew it to be guerilla theatre. In fact, were it not for the extreme mobility of the group, they might have gotten their asses handed to them. The four dressed up soldiers looked realistic enough --two officers and two lackey enlisted men. It was important that the actors not be from the Beloit college community, or the realism would have been lost. Some planned lines had to be used by necessity, for the incident was more realistic than anyone expected. One line was supposed to be "anyone who follows us gets smashed" (while flourishing a monster club). The actor was challenged to do just that. The military with their prisoner were followed outside, where they stopped the skit and told the people who they were. It wasn't the real thing--this time. The DRU stayed to rap and some kids were interested in further draft resistance work. Plans were made to return to Beloit with the whole caravan.

The Beloit action not only provided a good kick in the butt for the embryonic movement at Beloit college, but showed some of the possibilities of the caravan idea. The kids were shocked and startled over the whole incident. All of a sudden, in the middle of quiet, relaxed Beloit there was terror and violence. The shock wasn't all, though; people came up and really seemed aware of the fact that they had a task.

The caravan will serve not only to catalize and inject new vigor into already existing movements in the state, but will hopefully reach some of the more isolated regions. The caravan will try to get some sort band to travel with it on special occasions. Hopes are running high for really zonking Wisconsin this summer.

-HB



Photo by Mark Rohrer

CALENDAR

Thursday, June 27
- Films: Capital Theater--"Rosemary's Baby," thru July 4
- Hoofer's Mountaineer Club, 7 p.m., Union
- Student Faculty Bull Session, 4 p.m., Paul Bunyan Room of Union
- Music: Music Clinic Concert, Union Theater, 7:30 p.m.

Friday, June 28
- Films: Union Play Circle--"Zorba the Greek" (also Sat.,Sun.)
- Music: Jazz in the Stift, 2:30 p.m.
- Pro Musica Concert, Union Theater, 8 p.m. (Also June 30.)
- International Dancetime, Union, 9 p.m.
- Summer Open House, Union.

Saturday, June 29
- Mixer Dance, Union, 9 p.m.
- 1968 Wisconsin Book Fair, Wisconsin Center
- International Club Cricket, Franklin Field, 10 a.m.

Sunday, June 30
- Music: Jill Olson, Grad. Piano Recital, Music Hall, Aud.,4 pm
- Bela Nagy, Hungarian Piano Recital, Music Hall Aud,8pm.
- Poetry Reading, Union, 3 pm--sponsored by Quixote

Monday, July 1
- Films: Film Flickers, Union Terrace, 9 p.m.

Tuesday, July 2
- Films: Wisconsin Film Society--"True Heart Susie" & "The Great Dictator," B-10 Commerce, 7:30, p.m.
- Hoofers Outing Club, Union, 7 pm.

Wednesday, July 3
- Films: Studio Film-"Duck Soup"
- Drama Workshop, 8 p.m., Union--sponsored by Quixote
- Hoofers Riding Club, Union, 7 p.m.
- Music: Pro Musica Concert, Union Theater, 8 p.m.

Thursday, July 4

Friday, July 5
- Films: Capital Theater--"The Green Berets," thru July 11
- Union Play Circle--"Woman in the Dunes" (also Sat. & Sun.)
- Music: Jazz in the Stift, 2:30 p.m.
- International Dancetime, Union, 9 p.m.

Saturday, July 6
- Music: Folk Arts Society dance with the White Trash Blues Band, Great Hall, 8:30 p.m.
- Terrace Party, Union Terrace, afternoon

Sunday, July 7
- Music: Madison Summer Symphony, on Edgewood Campus, 8 p.m.

Monday, July 8
- Films: Film Flickers, Union Terrace, 9 p.m.

Tuesday, July 9
- Music: Pro Arte String Quartet Concert, Union Terrace
- Hoofers Outing Club, Union, 7 p.m.

Wednesday, July 10
- Hoofers Riding Club, 7 p.m.

Thursday, July 11
- Films: Capital Theater--"The Odd Couple," thru July 25
- Hoofers Mountaineer Club, Union, 7 p.m.
- Student-Faculty Bull Session, Paul Bunyan Room, 4 p.m.

Friday, July 12
- Films: Union Play Circle--"Mickey One," (also Sat. & Sun.)
- Union Mixer Dance, 9 p.m.
- International Dancetime, Union, 9 p.m.
- Music: Chamber Music Concert, Music Hall, 8 p.m.

Saturday, July 13
- Beach Day, Union
- Music: Summer Chorus Concert, School of Music, Luther Memorial Church, 8 p.m.

Sunday, July 14
- Films: "The Endless Summer," Union Theater, 8 p.m.

Monday, July 15
- Films: Film Flickers, Union Terrace, 9 p.m.
- Photographs by David Schuster, Workshop Gallery

Tuesday, July 16
- Films: Wisconsin Film Society--"Fort Apache" & "The Sun Shone Bright," B-10 Commerce, 7:30 p.m.

SOMETHING HAPPENNING?
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THE PROBLEMS SWEEMS



Vol. 3, No. 1
Sept. 9 - 21, 1968

15c

Chicago Convention Special

"I hope your Mayor isn't a fascist pig?"

TWO INTERVIEWS

"... I WAS APPALLED"

The following is an interview with a mother from Madison's near east side who has been actively working against the war for the last four years, most recently through the McCarthy campaign.

Q. Could you tell me about your first reaction to the convention and what you've been thinking about it since then?

A. Well, my immediate reaction of course was... My first reaction and the one that's the strongest was what happened Wednesday night and I was appalled by the way the Chicago police treated the protesters, and the demonstrators who were there. I must say I wasn't quite as shocked but I was equally upset about what happened on the convention floor. It was such a controlled convention that it was very obvious that the minority viewpoint simply wasn't going to be heard. I'm not quite sure if that was the minority viewpoint anyway. It was, you know, it was very shocking to watch this over television and to see fascism in action which is what I think we saw.

Q. Have your feelings cooled down since the convention?

A. Well, it hasn't cooled down, I will say that I've had various different thoughts about it, you know, I've been very confused about it--it hasn't cooled down. Right now, probably my pervading emotion is, you know, frustration. And still a lot of anger from what happened. I will be more angry if the news media cools down, and does not report the things that happened. I think the news media behaved beautifully during the convention and I hope that some of their minds were changed, that the next time the kids protest on a university or on any other level, perhaps they'll see it a little differently, have a little understanding for their cause. It hasn't really cooled down, right now what I want to find out is where can I channel my thoughts and my actions and what now can I do! No, it really hasn't cooled down, I'm just more frustrated, I guess.

Q. What do you see that you can do?

A. What I feel I should do is to work for the senatorial candidates up, those who are doves and there are quite a few of them. The congressional candidates who are up who are doves, I think it's very important that these people get re-elected again, so that you've got somebody sitting in Congress who's in a position to say, "Wait a minute," and just be able to represent the people who are opposed to the war. I think these people should be worked for....

Oh, I'm not going to be working within the party. I didn't mean to say that. I don't think there's any point in working within the Democratic Party, unless you want to change things on the local level and in the state of Wisconsin. But I think more of an effort should be made to organize: to organize the migrants, to organize the poor people to do this kind of thing, which I think will be more effective to bring about other power bases--other than the party, bases which are big enough to threaten the party structure, big enough to let their voices be heard, and to bring about some effective control. I think that nonviolent protest as far as the students are concerned, as far as the anti-war demonstrators are concerned, was fairly effective in Chicago. I think it brought about a dramatic contrast of the armed police and the unarmed students.

Q. What do you see that's wrong with our country? What would you change?

A. That's such a huge question, I don't know where to begin. I should say here that I was just as upset when Kennedy was assassinated as by what happened at the convention. Because I didn't work for McCarthy just because he was McCarthy. I would much rather have seen Kennedy nominated. I think he could have been nominated had he lived and I think he would have represented much more of the country than McCarthy represented. I felt in Kennedy--the excitement I had when he was running--maybe, maybe there was some hope of some black and white reconciliation in this one man who seemed to understand this. But he's gone. And I'm just as disillusioned by that as by the other thing. Somehow we've got to get someone in a national position who cares about black people and there aren't very many of these men around. Lindsay is one of them and I don't know who else. My disillusionment now is that I don't think I'll ever see again, or I don't think I'll ever put my hope in one man again, as being able to change the country. I don't think that's going to work. One man can be too easily killed or too easily dumped out of his party by the machine. I think you've got to have your hope--I haven't lost it--in people, basic relationships between people, and you've got to work on this level to bring about change. This country is polarizing. There's just so damn much hate all over and that's what's got to go. I don't want to see the protesters get filled with hate, too. I think we've got to continue to be shocked by the kind of thing that happened in Chicago, I think we've gotten to the point where violence is so accepted that when you see this on TV, you say, well what did you expect? I don't know, maybe it's because I'm the mother of two children who I want to have some future, but I think withdrawing is the worst answer, because if you do this, you're leaving the country in the hands of the Daleys and the political bosses. I think we've got to work in every way we can to get more communication between different groups so they can understand what's going on.

Interviewed by
Margy Kittredge

"...THEY WARNED THEM"

The following is an interview with a near East side Madison resident active in community affairs, a beautician and mother of four. Her husband is a skilled factory worker and a strong union man. The attitudes she expresses are perhaps typical of the sixty-some percent of Americans whom polls indicate supporting the actions of the Chicago police.

Q. Were you for Humphrey or McCarthy and why?

A. I'm for Humphrey because I think McCarthy is just getting the young people who want to attach themselves to a party and don't know what the score is.

Q. How do you feel about President Johnson?

A. I think his views are good. I think after he's gone a lot of people will realize the things he has done in power.

Q. If you were president, how would you handle the war in Vietnam?

A. This I don't know because he has advisers that know far more about it than I do. I do feel that if we have any commitments that we have to follow the President and his advisers who know far more about it than I do.

Q. How would you handle riots?

A. I think they should give the police and the courts more power in the riots. When they feel that the courts and the police have something to work with there'll be a lot less people trying to riot. I wouldn't want one of my children to have a job as a policeman. Every time he goes out his life is in jeopardy.

Q. How did you feel about the Chicago police actions during the Convention?

A. Well, they had all these warnings that McCarthy and Humphrey and one other individual were going to be killed. If they hadn't had this protection, it would have been another Dallas situation. And everyone would have hated the city for a while. Everyone was warned that this was going to happen. And they warned them for three hours straight before they even went into action; and a lot of people that just used this as a method of instigating trouble went into these groups. I don't think the groups themselves expected this much damage, the ones that really had some conviction about this, but I think a lot of people just thought this was a good way to stir up things. They saw some of it happening in the Republican Convention and decided to make the Democratic Convention something to be remembered too.

Q. How did you feel about the Convention itself? How was it run?

A. It has more coverage now. It's always been run this way. It's done before it even gets to the Convention floor. All these things are decided by the Party through the primaries and through meetings they have long before the Convention starts. Due to the visual coverage and the newspapers coverage and more interest from everyone, why, they're a little surprised that this is happening but it's always happened this way.

Q. What should a good citizen do to try to make our leaders more responsible and responsive to the people?

A. Our congressmen and our representatives always inform the people of what they intend to do and they send out letters. Their speeches are shut off whenever they're speaking and I think people should listen more, and if they don't like something not be afraid to let their views be known. And register and get out and vote. You're not going to get somebody in power by not voting. The people that do not vote get the other people into power. And if they'd just use their rights as a citizen. If these powers were taken away from an individual for not voting like some countries do, if they do not vote, why these people would be the first that would be squawking and yet you ask these people have you gone out to vote and they'll say, "Oh, what good is my vote?" If more people would get out and vote and listen to the people that are trying to represent them, and make their views known in an orderly fashion, more would be done for these individuals.

Q. Did you feel that the police treatment of those demonstrators that weren't interested in making trouble was fair?

A. Naturally the newsmen didn't think it was fair, but if they hadn't been hurt by it, I don't think they would have taken the stand that they did take. If they hadn't been injured by it, they probably would have showed the view of the other individual. Anyone that was hurt naturally thought it wasn't fair. They certainly were warned and this is the part that irritates me, and I don't think that destruction in any form is ever going to help any cause.

Q. What about the innocent bystanders who were beaten up?

A. Well, doesn't this always happen when there's an earthquake or when there's any form of destruction there's always going to be innocent bystanders destroyed. I don't like it. I don't think anyone should be destroyed by it, but when there's any destructive mood around it's going to happen. If I was out there and my job was to go get 'em, I would be swinging any way I could. You don't say, O.K., this is a bad one, this is a good one. Anyone who gets in the way is going to get it.

Interviewed by
Pat MacKay

THE LOYAL OPPOSITION

They went to the convention to have a debate. Chicago was to be the public forum for those who felt strongly about the war and participation in party politics. National radio and television, the newspaper wire services, and the other assembled delegates to the 1968 Democratic National Convention were the culmination of nine months of intensive campaigning to arouse the conscience of the country and end the war in Vietnam by the electoral process.

Members of the Wisconsin delegation had been concerned about the war before they had a candidate. Control of the delegation had come with winning the Wisconsin Primary in the spring elections. An agreeable peace sentiment had been obtained from the State Democratic Convention in July. Flushed and prepared by such victories, they came to Chicago expecting to put up a fight, with the strategy of battling the Democratic Machine at at every point in Credentials and Platform Committees to erode the Humphrey vote. Stephen Mitchell, an early pro in the McCarthy galaxy, called it "being inside the game." They wanted a miracle, though in the words of one Wisconsin delegate, they "didn't expect to get it." More than the electoral process was involved. The efficacy of liberal dissent as a tool of political change was at stake.

The sincerity of the delegation's shock and dismay when confronted by the competant ruthlessness of the machine is unquestioned. Expressions of outrage ranged all the way from, "it was fascism" to "It was definitely a closed convention at critical points."

The chairman of the Dane County Democratic Party says he didn't know it was going to be as bad as it was. The virtue of hindsight caused one McCarthy leader to say the results in the convention hall were inevitable because of its structure. No large meetings could be held to influence either delegates or voters; the ampitheatre was too small to accomodate 5300 delegates and alternates on the same level or the thousand media people who wanted in: of two thousand gallery seats the bulk went to either the national chairman to be used by VIP's or to Daley for his hacks: the chairman wouldn't recognize points of order. And over and over again came the litany from the delegates: it should never have been held in Chicago.

Chicago for the delegates as for the Democratic National Committee meant Daley. The Wisconsin delegates were innocent about big city bossism, and an old - fashioned big city bossism, at that. All they had to hope for was a miracle so why shouldn't Daley and the people at the top play it smart, and play it according to the rules of parliamentary procedure. They had the Humphrey votes; it could be an open convention. Delegates knew the issues, and had studied the convention rule book. They found it is not enough to know the issues when votes are bought and sold. Robert's Rules of Order are meaningless in the face of a ruthless chairman. They spontaneously found themselves part of demonstrative extra - legal, extra - rule efforts. The associate editor of the Progressive was to put it: "There was no recourse but to demonstrate from the floor!"



In choosing tactics aimed at embarrassing the convention bosses, the McCarthy delegates found themselves coming to the conclusion which had been reached days earlier by the people in the streets. Denial of the parks had led to taking to the streets as denial of points of order had led to attempts to take the floor. Yet the delegates were unable to identify with the street demonstrators any more than they were able to identify with the Daley-Humphrey forces. Separated by choice and background from machine politics, alienated by money and status from the urban poor, isolated by tactics and goals from the radicals in the streets, the McCarthy delegates had no allies either inside or outside the amphitheatre.

Their isolation, as expressed by delegates, was complete: One alternate revealed that, "It wasn't

(Continued on p. 10)

NEW POLITICS

The first time I saw the new Democratic politics was a year ago, August, during the twentieth Congress of the National Student Association. There, Allard Lowenstein, a president of NSA some twelve years ago and since a good party liberal addressed an audience of 100 people in a hall large enough to seat the entire NSA Congress. We will not be apathetic youth, he said, but neither will we be utopian visionaries. We will prepare for the big show twelve months from now by fashioning a useful, liberal political machine; finally getting rid of the vulgar president and replacing him with a more "sophisticated" choice. It seemed an inauspicious way to begin a new politics, there was no candidate, not much visible money, and no direct way into the Democractic party.

The students decided to form a group, and Lowenstein began a round of visits, courting potential supporters and delegates and sounding out prominent liberal senators about their candidacies. In the process, someone convinced Senator McCarthy to run for nomination as a candidate who was "disturbed about the course of our East Asian policy." Much to the surprise of everyone, the good senator did well in the New Hampshire primary and catapulted himself and the new Democratic politics into serious contention with the mean old man in the White House and his mean old politics.

From the vantagepoint of hindsight, the McCarthy strategy between the New Hampshire primary and the August convention seems simple. There were two political realities to deal with. The first was a growing and lively movement against the war, made up of students, housewifes, traditional liberals, and a worker or two. Though the left wings of this movement trailed off into sedition or something, the mainstream of the movement represented a goodly share of the American voting public. The second reality was the Democratic party, solid around the incumbent president, pro-war, and rather stagnant at the base. The problem was to bring the peace movement into the Democratic party, and the mechanism chosen by McCarthy was the old, liberal machinery left over from the Stevenson and Kennedy days. In general things worked out as expected, and so in Wisconsin a frozen pizza salesman from Eau Claire and a long-time Democratic party regular from Milwaukee, joined to become the leaders of a delegation which had won the primaries only through the efforts of a national peace movement.

After this, I guess no one should have been surprised by the behavior of most of the McCarthy people once the show got under way in Chicago. But I have to admit that I was looking forward to some good action on the floor of the amphitheater, especially after it was obvious that Hump was going to win and that the Democratic party was going to continue to be ruled by its more conservative faction. After all, the McCarthy people had substantial minority forces on the floor of the convention, especially three delegations which were pretty solid for peace. And what's more, these forces were the only representatives of the largest movement for peace this country had ever seen. Surely the occasion would take command of the men, and the anti-war delegates would begin to see themselves as men who could begin to make history. But instead of history what we got was triviality, angry at times, but triviality nonetheless. The McCarthy people fought fiercely on everything but the issue that had brought them to Chicago. With Humphrey assured of the nomination, ruling out any effective way of stopping the war from within the Democratic party short of assassinating Humphrey, the McCarthy people elected to devote all their efforts to the platform debate on the war in Vietnam. As if the platform meant anything, as if the Hump would change overnight even if he were nominated on a clear anti-war plank. But the platform debate, which was to make the Democratic party a force relevant to the needs and desires of the American people, ended up being a bigger bore than a university lecture on the medieval history of the Vietnamese people. The debate was so neutral that even Carl Albert later could announce that the Democratic party had had a "great airing of the issue" while the Hump could give an acceptance speech which outlined a policy on the war not visibly different from that of any of the critics.

After the new politics people failed to carry on the Vietnam debate, things got noticeably more trivial. On nominating night, when it was obvious all was lost, Don Peterson (the pizza salesmen from Wisconsin) had no way to honestly respond. He was unable to stage a walkout of the convention, unable to even get into a good fist fight with his political enemies. All he could do was bewail the police state tactics of Daley's police, without even going out to join the demonstrators. When Peterson realized that he had to match his words with some kind of action, he called a march of delegates to protest the war in Vietnam, the undemocratic nature of the Democratic convention, and the tactics of Mayor Daley. But at the end he allowed himself to be turned back by the police. After all, Peterson didn't want to be a part of any violence, even when the violence was being done to him, even when turning back from the police meant turning back from his political goals, when turning back made his politics completely powerless. The rest of the marchers left in the street had to negotiate a face-saving retreat. If nothing else, watching Peterson chicken out convinced me of the necessity of adopting the tactics which the street demonstrators were using if we were serious in the committment to our politics.

So, when the final night of the convention rolled around and the TV networks began making their peace with Daley and the boys, the new politics people had little to hang their politics on except the vice-presidentail nomination and a movie about Robert Kennedy. The film, when it came, appeared to be the real climax for the peace people, and when it was over the protest demonstration began. The new politics people began clapping, with Rosie Grier and Shirely Mc-

(Continued on p. 12)

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This paper was produced by: Evan and Sharon Metcalf, Jim O'Brien, Huntley Barad, Bob Gabriner, Carmel Snow, Margie Kittredge, Wintergreen, Mike Murtha, Lee Zeldin, Ken and Pat MacKay, John Fuerst, Rob McBride, Phil Gordon, Annette Rood, Robert Starobin, Larry Champion, Hank Haslach, and David Wagner.

PHOTO-ART CREDITS. Cover and center spread: Bill Weege, artist at the University of Wisconsin; p.3: The Guardian; pp. East Village Other; p.5 4,5: East Village Other; p.8: Wintergreen (headline), Los Angeles Free Press (photos); p.9: Wintergreen and Annette Rood; p.10: Wintergreen; p.11: Liberation News Service; p.12: San Francisco Express-Times.

EVERYBODY PICKED UP A

(LNS) The guard and the cops had really lost control. All week long the Chicago police had shown vicious ease in crowd dispersal, but they never really handled the crowd. They couldn't stop them from forming again, there were too many and they split too fast for mass arrests; gassing, beatings and shots just scared them for a while and made them madder.

Now the cops and the National Guard stood half a mile from the Hilton while acrid gray white wisps of their tear gas drifted along behind hundreds of students, blacks, greasers, radicals and hippies as they walked right up to the front door.

Naturally they freaked out.

The newsmen they had beaten for days picked up their cameras and twirled their shiny color lenses, and delegates and dowagers and demonstrators gasped scorching air through wet bandanas or shirt tails or coat sleeves and people bumped into each other and coughed and cried and puked. "For spacious skies..."

"Get out of here," and three hundred split for the Amphitheater, 15 miles to a barbed wire fence or two blocks to a jail. It's crazy but it sure puts them uptight when we try to get close. Run straight up to the sirens. Blue cop lights spokes slap around. "Take away the ones I pick out. You, you, you, you. If somebody won't control her, I'm going to have to. All right send these north and these south as I send them out. Okay, okay.... get out of here. Let's see you run. Ha!"

Delegates are throwing water glasses and toilet paper on the pigs as the lines charge chopping and kids rock a paddywagon full of cops with shotguns and run all over the Loop and get maced and gassed and Ribicoff yells, "Gestapo" on the floor and kids get clubbed and get crashed through the hotel bar window and Daley screams back and cops stream in and smash old ladies and the guard races back and forth from the South to the Loop and back in mile-long columns and doors get ripped off squad cars and a cop





pulled out and beaten and Wisconsin wants the convention adjourned and everybody grabs a corner of the Hilton and picks up slow and drops it....

Before last Sunday night the scene looked really bleak. There were few Movement people, few yippies, lots of cops and Chicago mass three story sprawl of resentment. The word from the local people was that the Blacks here weren't on our side. There isn't much long hair in Chicago, and the kids on the streets, black and white, supposedly resented what there was. Hunched shoulders and paranoid heads were the arrivals' uniform.

Chicago Police Department to the rescue. Sunday night from nightmarish Lincoln Park they drove a splintered scared mob into the instantly exhilarating grace of a two mile dash toward the Loop. Along the route the hard-core of maybe two to three hundred marchers drew twice its number of blacks, night-clubbing McCarthy kids, and hard-assed street boppers.

The break into the streets Sunday came after a frenzied hour of shouted running debates in the park on how to deal with the busts expected at 11:00. As the bust approached, some Yippies and a few Chicago street kids shouted for recruits to battle the cops, while a mixed crowd of 5000 spectators edged closer to the Clark Street escape route. SDS, MOB people and some of the more experienced long-hairs urged people to take to the streets. The result was the surge toward Old Town to the southwest led by local kids who looked like good Marine-recruit material, waving Vietcong flags.

But the cops were expecting it, and confronted the head of the column a block down the first street to the west. The vanguard doubled back and headed south. The cops pursued and cut off most of the marchers at the edge of the park. Sidewalk recruits joined all along the route through the near North side and passed the Rush Street clip joints. Cars caught in the rush honked in support and V signs flashed from windows.

The break onto Michigan Avenue, Chicago's broad glittering main drag, was a real high. The marchers danced and cheered down the final three blocks to their first street skirmish at the drawbridge over the Chicago River. Four busloads of cops had just pulled up and were unloading across the river. The column feinted, fell back to cries of, "It's a trap," and charged again. So did the cops and that march was ended.

On the way back to the Park, a few people tried to take a scab bus (there is a transit strike in town). The driver got the doors shut in time, and before the crowd could call them back, some kids smashed most of the bus windows.

Back at the park the beatings had begun. Like the Pentagon, like Berkeley, like Columbia, and every ghetto in America, the cops got people in the dark and hurt them. The only difference in Chicago seems to be that the people know it's coming. There have been no sit-ins here and no passive resistance. Crowds wait till the last minute, then split. Unless people are caught alone, they don't get beaten too badly. The cops have nothing to do with this, they just don't have time to do their usual thorough job.

The cops also seem to be very scared. Chicago demonstration veterans think this is because they have had comparatively little experience with student demonstrations. Most of their crowd-control work has been done in the ghettos under the constant fear of snipers' bullets. Their only major contact with a peacenik-type crowd was last April at Chicago's Civic Center, and the cops' onslaught there was brutal. Their over-reaction at almost every confrontation has moved the crowds here to retalitations only dreamt of by New York radicals.

The cops have also made it almost a policy to attack newsmen with ferocity and frequency. The straight press here is full of detailed lists every morning of how many reporters and cameramen were roughed up the night before. They also find the space to note in a paragraph or two that a hundred "hippie-Yippies" were hurt.

So the stage gets set for the Democratic freaking out of the entire U.S. of A.

Monday night the word was march again. It had been so easy Sunday that few even wanted to wait around in the dark park till the Man forced them to the streets. It also seemed that splitting early would catch the police by surprise.

The first contingent left the park down Wells around 8:30 PM. Three hundred people headed south with Sunday's banners and slogans. The excitement was subdued this time. Spontaneity was replaced by some pre-planning and a sense of cunning. It wasn't going to be so easy this time, so the talk was, "If the cops split us, everybody regroup in small units and keep heading south." This time there was a target--the Sherman Hotel across from the Civic Center and Picasso's huge rusty put-on.

This march was only 20 minutes out of the park when a second and larger one followed. It was led by SDS people who split from their movement center in the middle of a Newsreel flick on last April's Chicago Peace Massacre.

DALEY DOINGS

SATURDAY, AUGUST 24

FEDERAL TROOPS PREPARE FOR ONE OF THE LARGEST DOMESTIC AIRLIFTS IN U.S. HISTORY. SIXTY NEGRO SOLDIERS AT FORT HOOD PROTEST ASSIGNMENT TO POSSIBLE RIOT DUTY IN CHICAGO. NATIONAL GUARD UNITS BEGIN ASSEMBLING IN ARMORIES. HUMPHREY FORCES DENY THAT LBJ WILL TRY FOR NOMINATION. HOPES ARE RAISED FOR A MORE DOVISH VIETNAM PLANK. Activists, Yippies, hippies begin to arrive in large numbers. Meetings begin in local movement centers. Yippies and Pig candidate are arrested in Civic Center. Rock Band members assaulted in hotel lobby. Five hundred police with clubs and paddy wagons clear Lincoln Park at 11:00 p.m. Some beatings as crowds are leaving park.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 25

MCCARTHY ARRIVES AT MIDWAY AIRPORT GREETED BY LARGE CROWD OF DEMONSTRATORS. MCCARTHY ANNOUNCES THAT HE MAY ACCEPT VICE PRESIDENCY IN EXTREME CIRCUMSTANCES. HUMPHREY ARRIVAL UNEVENTFUL. DALEY HOLDS ILLINOIS DELEGATION UNCOMMITTED. TEXAS FIGHTS TO PRESERVE UNIT RULE. BLACK BUS DRIVERS STRIKE IN PROTEST AGAINST WHITE UNION LEADERSHIP. Official opening of "Festival of Love". Peaceful demonstration held for delegates at downtown hotels during afternoon. Large group leaves park at 11:00 before police arrive, march down Clark Street. Police attack and split group, vanguard of 1000 heads for loop area, joined by onlookers on sidewalks, group halted by police confrontation at Chicago River bridge. Larger group remains in park and Oldtown tourist area, more beatings as streets and park are cleared. Some tear gas used in the park.

MONDAY, AUGUST 26

PLATFORM COMMITTEE ADOPTS HAWK VIETNAM PLATFORM AS DICTATED BY JOHNSON. KENNEDY DRAFT BEGINNING OVER HIS PROTESTATION. INOUYE KEYNOTE SPEECH DECRIES VIOLENCE, CITES DEMOCRATS' PRIORITY TO THE NEEDS OF HUMAN BEINGS. VOTING ON CREDENTIALS HELD OVER MCCARTHY FORCES PROTEST. RACIST TEXAS DELEGATION SEATED. TRY TO SEAT ENTIRE LOYALIST GEORGIA DELEGATION DENIED. ONE SQUARE MILE AREA AROUND AMPHITHEATER DECLARED A MAXIMUM SECURITY ZONE. DALEY FORCES ADJOURNMENT OF CONVENTION IN FACE OF GROWING JULIAN BOND DEMONSTRATION. Afternoon demonstration on Grant Park hill attacked by Police. Two marches from Lincoln Park to Loop in early evening broken up by police shooting into air, charging into crowd with patrol cars. Protestors prepare to defend barricade in park of picnic tables and trash cans. Police car charges behind barricade injuring Madison girl. Defenders fall back under massive tear gas barrage. Tear gas and clubbing move into Oldtown area, some demonstrators respond with rocks and bottles. Furor arises as 17 newsmen are beaten and arrested. Reports that 180 people have received treatment from medical units and hospitals on Sunday and Monday nights.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 27

THREE SOUTHERN GOVERNORS ABANDON FAVORITE-SON ROLES IN FAVOR OF HUMPHREY. THREE NETWORKS, SEVERAL NEWSPAPERS AND ASSOCIATIONS PROTEST TREATMENT OF NEWSMEN. STRIKING BUS DRIVERS VOTE TO FORM OWN UNION. FOUR CHICAGO ALDERMEN CALL FOR CENSURE OF DALEY FOR POLICE BRUTALITY. RACIST DELEGATIONS FROM ALABAMA AND NORTH CAROLINA SEATED. MISSISSIPPI LOYALIST DELEGATION ACCEPTED. UNIT RULE IS STRUCK DOWN. YOUNG DEMOCRATS DENIED REPRESENTATION ON NATIONAL COMMITTEE. NEWSMAN DAN RATHER KNOCKED TO FLOOR BY CONVENTION SECURITY MEN. BLACK DELEGATES AGREE TO SUPPORT NOMINATION OF WASHINGTON MINISTER CHANNING PHILIPS. DALEY

CORNER OF THE HILTON

It was prophetic.

Nearly a thousand followed them to the southwest toward a black neighborhood that had been the scene of sniping against the cops twice before this spring and summer.

While they were snaking toward the west, the first march was being busted by cops shooting into the air. This sent all but the most experienced scurrying back toward the park. Many blacks, barely in their teens, continued south only to be met by more cops and Guard troops at the bridges.

harrassing smaller groups continuing south. Only couples or individuals on side-streets were fairly safe from the squeal of police brakes and more swinging nightsticks.

Walking through this ghetto was a victory in itself. V signs were flashed by blacks from windows, porches, bars. This was the first evidence of error in the pre-Convention line that Chicago blacks, especially in this neighborhood near plastic Old Town, would hassle long-haired outsiders. But my enemy's enemy is my friend.

AGAIN ADJOURNS CONVENTION IN RISING DISORDER. Black Panthers speak at FREE HUEY rally in Lincoln Park. Demonstrations during the day in loop area and hotels. Anti-Birthday Party for LBJ held in Coliseum. Support contingent for bus strikers leaves Lincoln Park, joins with several hundred workers. Large group leaves Lincoln Park early, marches on sidewalks peacefully to Grant Park in front of Hilton hotel convention headquarters. Police give permission for demonstrators to remain for night in Grant Park covered by TV cameras. Clergy have pray-in in Lincoln Park, broken up by saturation tear gassing and clubs. Traffic halted as gas blows into streets. White Chicago youths join protestors in fighting police, heavy damage occurs in Oldtown, fight for several hours against police. National Guard replaces police around Grant Park after delegates return from convention. Delegates show support by flashing room lights in hotel across streets, some come down and join protestors in park. Small group of demonstrators remains in park overnight.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 28

KENNEDY KILLS ALL HOPE OF A DRAFT. ILLINOIS ANNOUNCES SUPPORT OF HUMPHREY. NEW JERSEY, FLORIDA, AND VIRGINIA RELEASE VOTES FOR HUMPHREY. GREAT VIETNAM DEBATE HELD FOR TWO HOURS. TEXAS VOTE IS DECISIVE IN ADOPTION OF PRESIDENT'S VIETNAM PLANK. PEACE DELEGATES LED BY NEW YORK AND CALIFORNIA DEMONSTRATE AFTER DEFEAT, MARCH AND SING "WE SHALL OVERCOME". HUMPHREY WINS ON FIRST BALLOT. DELEGATES PROTEST POLICE BRUTALITY. FIGHTING OCCURS ON FLOOR OF CONVENTION. SIX HUNDRED DELEGATES HOLD CANDLELIGHT MARCH FROM AMPHITHEATER TO GRANT PARK PROTESTING POLICE VIOLENCE AND HUMPHREY NOMINATION. Bus loads of peace supporters arrive from out of town. Rally of 15,000 held in Grant Park band shell. Police charge rally after red flag is raised, many demonstrators gassed and clubbed. Pacifists attempt to lead non-violent march to amphitheater surrounded by police and National Guard. March broken up and large group is tear gassed by National Guard as they attempt to cross bridges to reach downtown area. Gas drifts across to hotels, many bystanders including Humphrey in hotel are affected. Crowd gathers in front of Hilton as Poor People's Campaign Mule train passes, demonstrators, delegates and bystanders are injured as police repeatedly charge crowd. Demonstrators retreat and hold Michigan Avenue, disrupt loop traffic for several hours. Police continue to charge and beat at random. Many of the injured are sheltered by McCarthy supporters on 15th floor of Hilton. Record shows 300 injured, 300 arrested during night. Protest continues all night in Grant Park, again guarded by troops, joined by delegates.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 29

U.S. WAR DEAD 308 HIGHEST OF SUMMER. CHICAGO POLICEMAN CONVICTED OF MURDER FOR JUNE 4 SHOOTING OF FLEEING YOUTH. MCCARTHY ANNOUNCES HE WILL NOT SUPPORT HUMPHREY. MCGOVERN PLEDGES HIS SUPPORT WITH MODIFIED VIETNAM POLICY. DALEY PACKS GALLERIES WITH PRECINCT WORKERS. MCCARTHY FORCES STAGE PROTEST DEMONSTRATION AFTER KENNEDY FILM, ATTEMPT TO NOMINATE JULIAN BOND FOR V.P. HUMPHREY CHOICE MUSKIE, SUPPORTER OF HAWK PLANK, NOMINATED IN CONVENTION UPROAR. CHAIRMAN OF NEW HAMPSHIRE DELEGATION MAULED AND ARRESTED FOR QUESTIONING SECURITY PROCEDURES. Wisconsin delegation and clergy lead march on amphitheater, turned back peacefully by police. Dick Gregory invites demonstrators to visit his house near amphitheater, march broken up by National Guard with tear gas and rifle butts, 100 arrested. McCarthy addresses demonstrators in afternoon rally in Grant Park. Beatings and Tear Gas in Grant Park in evening.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 30

HUMPHREY TAKES CONTROL OF PARTY. EXKENNEDY STAFFER OBRIEN APPOINTED AS

The second column was soon split by cops who chopped it in half at an intersection. The head raced south and was a block from the ghetto when it too was smashed. Cop cars just screamed into the crowd from front and back. People ran for the sidewalks and the cops jumped out and charged with nightsticks flailing. Few arrests were made. Once the initial terror tactics had split the crowd, individual cop cars kept

Only 30 or so people out of the 1500 who started ever made it downtown and they stayed only long enough to cool their feet in the Civic Center reflecting pool before heading back.

Back on the near North side, deep in Lincoln Park, almost to the Outer Drive along Lake Michigan, the first big mass confrontation was shaping up.

The marchers had trickled back into the park, and in frustration, they built a long curving barricade of overturned trashcans and picnic tables. Near the center of this flimsy skirmish line was a pair of North Side Chicago kids waving NLF flags.

The crowd chanted and beat on overturned trash drums and the faces in the front ranks were eerily underlit by a few fires. The sight was absurd but awesome.

Faced by clubs and gunfire in the street, over 2000 kids had the guts to make another stand. It was futile, and just about everybody knew it, but they stayed anyway.

The cops gave three "first warnings" before sending a double line of cops along the length of the barricade, and a single squad car straight toward the crowd....

Gas canisters began popping. The crowd broke; ignoring the marshalls' cries to walk, they sprinted the quarter-mile to the streets. But the Google-eyes gas squad marched out of the darkness still lobbing gas canisters at the kids. Several hundred were trapped in a fenced-in parking lot a block away from the park and gassed again. Soon, in the side streets off the park, the first effective resistance to the cops began. Kids ducked into alleys and emerged with rocks or bottles to hurl at the windows of speeding cop cars.

Monday night the rock throwing was sporadic. By Tuesday, barrages would hit some cars. Wednesday night, small gangs would station themselves in twos and threes around an intersection and get most windows on every patrol car going by.

On Tuesday night we saw a cop car speed toward the park down Wells Street, through a ragged group of kids who had just been gassed from the park. As a shower of rocks and bottles hit, the top of the car seemed to explode into a shimmering fountain. The car swerved and screeched on down the street while the kids cheered and shook each other's hands.

Other groups weren't as lucky. Most confronted by a kid with a rock remembered Daley's shoot-to-kill dictum and let loose with revolver, carbine, or shotgun.

David Weisman of Skokie told LNS he saw a cop lean out the window of his car and fire three shotgun blasts at running kids. "At first I thought they were firing up in the air. But then I looked back over my shoulder. They were aiming at me. I dove under a car and so did some others. I saw one guy: the back of his head was bloody, and he fell. They dragged him off.

Tuesday was celebrity day. South of Soldiers Field the Yippies feted Johnson with insults from Dellinger, Burroughs, Ochs, Ginsberg and Genet. Bobby Seale spoke in Lincoln Park. By nightfall, most people had ended up in Grant Park, singing hymns to the delegates in the Hilton. The hardy few at Lincoln Park were the object of a surprise saturation teargas bombing that sent lung-searing clouds rolling into adjoining neighborhoods. The Guard started its manuevers by relieving the tired cops in front of the Hilton. It was tense for a while, but as delegates started drifting down, the Grant Park vigil got permission to spend the night. Tear gas would disturb the delegates' sleep.

Uptown it was bust as usual. Not as much crowd violence, but individuals and small groups were subject to vicious random attack.

More shooting at rock throwers and lots of busts for traffic offenses and for other chickenshit. Only 50 people hurt, another 50 arrested, a few hundred gassed, a handful shot at, and the Guard called out--a lull in the week.

Then came the Wednesday night fights, seen and universally deplored by all of good will and upright men. It began as an attenuated bad scene. Speeches by everybody and songs too.

The cops kept in practice with one rush into the crowd to protect a flag. Someone started up the pole to bring the flag to half-mast, and a skirmish line in powder blue came wading in. The cops broke one club over Rennie Davis' head. A gas canister was lobbed into the crowd and thrown back. Still, the gas sickened scores near the bandstand and the smell of vomit hung over the rest of the rally.

A non-violent march to the Amphitheater was then planned by most at the rally. So everyone who didn't want to get arrested sitting down like the good ol' days split for the Conrad Hilton.

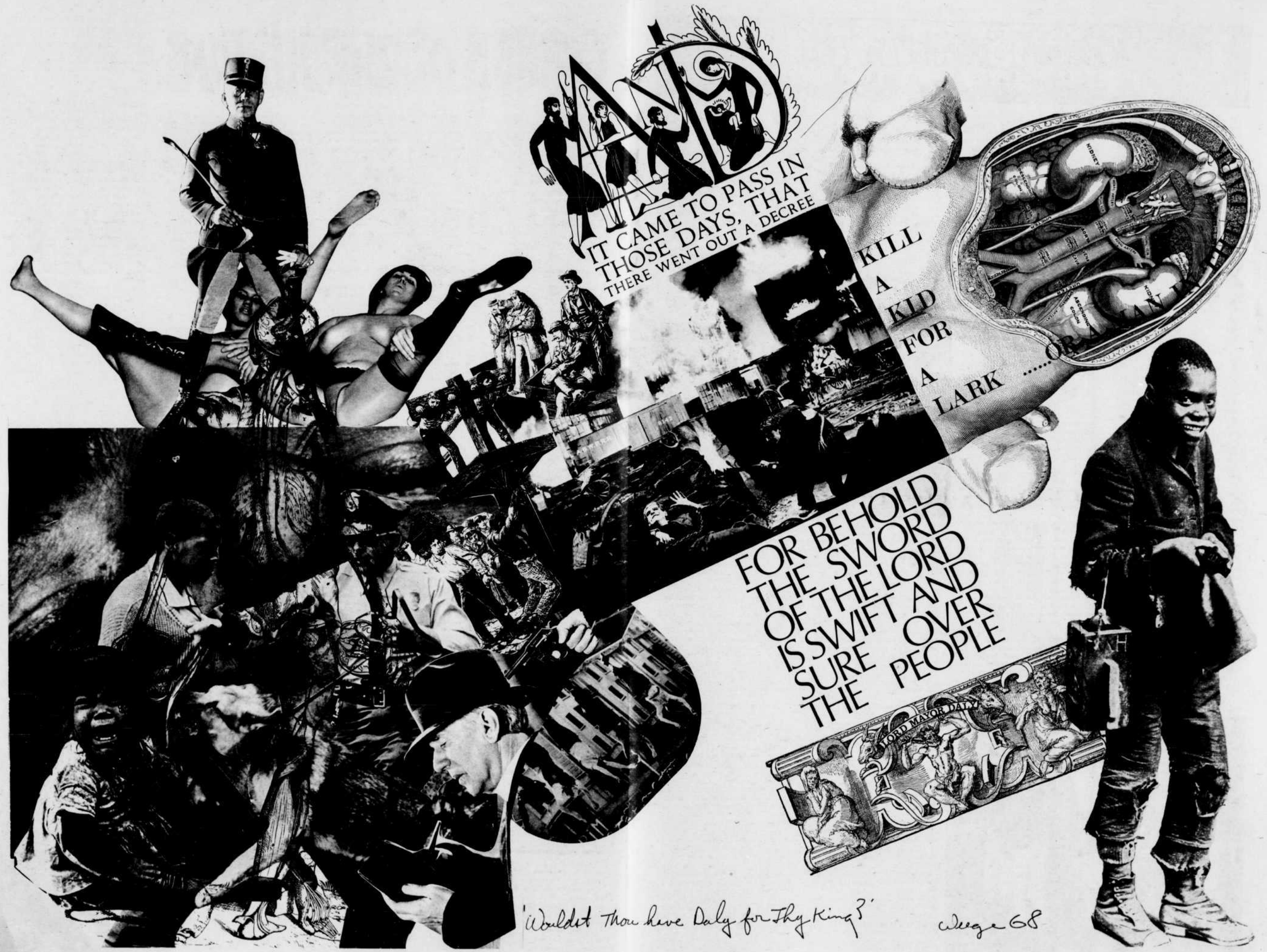
There a crack LNS news team lied their way into the McCarthy headquarters on the 15th floor and got a tv-clear picture as the action shaped up: First, the Yippie-hippie-terrorists feinted toward the south and tried to scare the Illinois National Guard out of its position in front of and atop the Field Museum of Natural History. The Guard held firm and the march turned back north toward the line of bridges leading to the Loop.

The police, six-deep, moved across the line of march; for two hours it was an impasse. Only a few stragglers moved out of the march and walked around the line of police. As this number increased, the Guard was called to prevent anyone from crossing the three main bridges from the Loop to the Outer Drive. This also stopped rush-hour traffic, and it was obvious that the demonstrators would be busted soon.

Just as we got to the sidewalk sporting our liberated NBC hardhats, the clouds of gas began rolling toward the Loop right behind hundreds of coughing, sneezing, nauseous kids, who walked right up to the front door of the Hilton.

--Dan McCauslin




IT CAME TO PASS IN THOSE DAYS, THAT THERE WENT OUT A DECREE
KILL A KID FOR A LARK .....OR A LAMB
FOR BEHOLD THE SWORD OF THE LORD IS SWIFT AND SURE OVER THE PEOPLE
LORD MAYOR DALY
'Wouldst Thou have Daly for Thy King?'
Wiegle 68

THE STREETS BELONG TO THE PEOPLE

I went down to Chicago three weeks before the convention started to work on a newspaper that would come out daily during the convention. After two issues of Ramparts Wallposter, I had to quit. I felt that something very important was going on in the streets and I was drawn there.

People started to arrive in numbers on Saturday. Sunday was the beginning. That afternoon I happened to be driving by Lincoln Park towards Old Town to drop off some papers. I looked into the park and saw a couple of thousand people enjoying themselves. I wished I could be there for a while. All of a sudden I heard a roar from the crowd and saw these blue police three-wheelers drive into the crowd. There seemed to be about 15 and were all racing around at high speed, in little circles and into the crowd and back to the general swarm, and into more circles. It was just like when you lift up a rock and all the little bugs start running around blindly, running into each other and all. It was fascinating yet terrifying. Why were they going crazy like that? I found out later that the police had tried to arrest an old hobo who was drunk, and the crowd had tried to save him. I also learned that cops react fanatically when they think one of their own is in danger. That is precisely when you are in the most danger.

Well, just watching that little event blew my mind. There is an old labor song that goes "Which side are you on, boys, which side are you on?" These police attacks are very moving and polarizing events. I felt moved to join my brothers and sisters in the parks and streets. This feeling was heightened when I went to the SDS movement center (operational bases for the movement people in Chicago). I quit Ramparts Wallposter that night.

There was a kind of color crescendo as more of our people came into town and were greeted by an escalation of blue. Policemen in blue shirts in blue cars and always wearing those baby-blue helmets. Blue was omnipresent. Stationed in subways, on corners, in front of hotels, and perpetually cruising. Wherever there were more than five people congregating we would see blue appear, if it wasn't already there. It was very intimidating.

On Monday I joined some friends from Madison. We were in a sidewalk march down to the loop and around the Hilton. The police were everywhere, but let us march on the sidewalk. The whole march was very restrained and spiritless. But later that night we gathered in Lincoln park again to defy the arbitrary police order that the park would close at 11:00. It became almost a point of honor to hold the park as long as possible. The cops massed in one area near the zoo, and we erected barricades and waited. 12:00 came and another order to leave. We waited. We watched over the barricades and many didn't see the police car charging through the crowd behind us. I saw the lights about ten feet behind me and the next thing I knew I was on the ground being run over by fleeing people. The car ran right up to the barricades and pinned a girl to them. Fortunately she got off with some huge bruises, and no broken bones. The car pulled away and the blue charged and swept us onto Clark Street. A reporter recorded them chanting, "Kill, kill, kill," and told about it the next day in the Chicago Daily News. The newsmen had a really rough time of it that night. Twelve filed complaints the next day. I saw one photographer standing in the middle of Clark Street snapping away. One cop came running out of the park straight at him, but he didn't know the cop was going after him. He didn't realize it until this burly cop was bearing right down on him. Then he got the idea, but too late. His camera was smashed right in his hands and he got a clout on the head to boot.

Daley and other Chicago law enforcers kept talking about "hard core radicals" in the lobby of the Hilton. I guess you might say that I'm one of those hard core guys. In fact my core is so hard that if you drop me I'll bounce like a golf ball. Anyway, some other cores and I went into the lobby of the Hilton on Tuesday afternoon to leaflet and talk to McCarthy kids. We also brought our tambourine for some spirit. Many of the McCarthy kids were in kind of a daze, knowing their man had lost, hoping he would win anyway, and just generally caught up in the spectacle. They weren't ready to join us in the streets yet.

Tuesday night saw a big crowd gathered in Grant Park opposite the Conrad Hilton, joined by a contingent from Lincoln Park and from LBJ's anti-birthday party. Delegates came down to speak later that night and the national guard showed up for the first time.

Wednesday was the big day. Everybody knew it was all over for Gene, and the big question mark was how will the McCarthy people react. There was a rally at 1:00 at the Grant Park bandshell and the authorities made a leaflet about how we could have this area thanks to the magnanimous city of Chicago. The leaflet also warned that anyone attempting to march would be arrested. The leaflet was particularly enraging. Despite this kind offer of the city for the use of the park, the police charged into the crowd after someone tried to lower the American flag. Not only would they not allow us to march, but they wouldn't even let us have our rally in peace. After the gas cleared and those who were clubbed were taken away, the rally continued. Dave Dellinger, chairman of the Mobilization, said he would lead a march in defiance of police orders, but many were not so eager to go like cattle in into the paddy wagons. The march was quickly stopped after about 500 feet by the National Guard and police in a horseshoe formation. After about an hour and a half of standing around, people started to drift through the lines in small groups and head towards Michigan Avenue. At bridges crossing the railroad tracks they were met with tear gas from panicky guardsmen whose only other weapon were their rifles and machine guns. There was one large bridge open, however, and people spilled onto Michigan Avenue.

I was in a group of about 1000 who went down the sidewalks past the Hilton and then went into the streets. Taking a street was important for us, because it was one of the few things we could do to demonstrate our opposition to the authorities who were running Chicago and who were nominating Hubert Humphrey down at the amphitheatre. We could only hold the street for a little while, of course, because we would be chased off, but we wanted to establish the fact that the streets belong to the people, even though the people don't control them yet.

We were dispersed a few blocks down Wabash into a black neighborhood. Few people had any fears about seeking shelter in neighborhood bars, hotels, and rooming houses. Unlike a few of the more uptight Lincoln Park people, the ghetto dwellers seemed to understand why we were there. In fact there was always a significant number of local blacks with us.

We later found out that the people who got out of the park after we did got trapped by police in the block of the Hilton, bunched up against the plate glass and walls and were beaten systematically. Later that night I saw piles of shoes against the wall, where they had been wrenched off by the sheer force of a mass of people bunched together and beaten all around.

People stood around on corners just to make their presence felt, and ran when charged by the police. This cat and mouse game continued until around night when people started filtering into Grant Park in front of the Hilton.

By 9:00 Wednesday night, there were a few thousand people sitting there and listening to speakers and waiting for the end/beginning.



Around 11:00 or so we heard over the radio that everything had worked out as planned and Hump was the man. There was a feeble boo. Simultaneous with the surprise victory of the underdog, a whole convoy of guardsmen rolled onto the block of the Hilton. They jumped out of the trucks and rushed into position between us and the Hilton. I guess they figured that as soon as we heard the news, we would go berserk. It was no surprise though. The McCarthy kids were in the streets with us that day because they had seen their man and their hopes defeated by the bosses in a closed convention in a closed city in a closed country. We'd had enough clubs and gas for the day.

The next day the McCarthy delegates from Wisconsin staged a feeble march to protest police brutality. It fizzled at the police barricades. The people on the whole weren't up for it. The action was no longer in Chicago, we all knew where it was, it was back home.

The action was at home, but I could feel a new direction for the local movements that would unite us all across the country. McCarthy didn't win, just as planned; we still had an imperialist war and we still had a draft to contend with. A new militant and radical anti-war stance was being born in the minds of kids in the streets and many watching at home. Born out of the frustration of McCarthy's defeat and the outrage over the way the voices of the people had been ignored, we knew there wouldn't be any peace at home until there's peace in Viet Nam. Indeed there won't be any peace at home until Richard Daleys, Hubert Humphreys, and Democratic conventions are gone and the people can decide.

--Huntley Barad



THE GREAT DEBATE



It was Wednesday afternoon at the Convention and the Hale Boggs-Philip Burton Spectacular was about to begin. Billed as two hours of the most serious debate ever to be presented at a political convention over the central issue of the day, the show promised a dazzling lineup of guest appearances and the airing of some very dirty linen. It was in some ways the cap of the McCarthy campaign, a fulfillment of his promise to inject rational debate over issues into the campaign. But if you really wanted to hear serious discussion of the war, your time would have been just as well spent waiting for the Smothers Brothers to say "Fuck" or to really lay into the ads of their sponsors.

All that emerged from the two hours was the presence of two factions, one more critical of past and present policy than the other. Moved largely by emotion, the objections of the minority to present policy remained largely at the level of procedural quarrels and never threatened a coherent, let alone a fundamental critique. Although a succession of leading Democratic dissenters had raised a number of more searching questions in the last year, the Convention skipped them completely in its deliberations. McGovern's suggestions for withdrawal, Fulbright's attacks on the centralization of policy-making authority, challenges by many of the legitimacy of the Saigon government, and McCarthy's criticism of the militarization of US policy were conspicuously absent.

The minority even failed to draw on the abundant documentation of the futility of continued bombing in the North.

While these omissions made the debate an obvious farce, they hardly constitute its most serious failings. Much more grave was the party's inability even to consider any of the critiques raised by the broader anti-war movement. There was sloganeering (a la Richard Nixon) about "No more Vietnams," but no discussion of current U.S. involvement in emergent revolutionary situations. Though Thailand, under martial law since early in 1968 and garrisoned with 40,000 American troops, is a major base for air operations against Vietnam and though an American supported war of counter insurgency against Thai revolutionaries is needed to maintain that presence, no one at the convention saw fit to mention this involvement.

Consider Guatemala, where the same elements conspicuous in Vietnam policy, down to the use of Green Berets in "advisory" roles and the employment of Michigan State University experts on counter insurgency in another "nation building" capacity escaped the attention of delegates determined "not to be the world's policemen." Even the early returns on this policy, the assassination of the American ambassador DURING THE CONVENTION failed to jolt the delegates from their silence. Similar elements characterize American policy in Bolivia, Colombia, Peru, Venezuela, Haiti, South Africa, Angola and Greece. Yet these could not and cannot be challenged without challenging the whole past and present policy of the Democratic party.

Just as unquestioned as the legitimacy of American policy in dealing with these situations of revolutionary turmoil is the American right to negotiate the future of Vietnam. Had the delegates not papered over the illegitimacy of the Saigon government, the wholesale fraud that accompanied the elections, and the myth of the South Vietnamese army, they could never have continued their insistence that this is a civil war. Instead they would have been forced to acknowledge the revolutionary character of the conflict. This admission, with its corollary imperative of withdrawal, not negotiations, could never have been made, though, by those imprisoned in the assumptions of Cold War history.

Nor could the most heinous features of the war effort be hinted at. Crop destruction, obliteration of whole towns, creation of two million refugees and the inflicting of casualties on one-seventh of the population all add up to genocide. Only by denying the popular nature of the Vietnamese liberation struggle could the convention have ignored imputations of genocide.

Just as these questions of what we are doing abroad were omitted, so also was the way in which Vietnam is being presented to the American public. Our genocidal tactics are denied whenever possible and represented as isolated or accidental operations where this does not suffice. More fundamental has been the consistent refusals by the government to reveal its intended war policies or clarify its aims. Instead we get managed incidents (the Gulf of Tonkin) and manipulated climates of opinion (the great optimism prior to the Tet offensive) to justify fixed policy (the mockery of cloaking escalation moves with spurious "peace offensives"). Arthur Sylvester, formerly Assistant Secretary of Defense for Public Relations, frankly communicated the government's attitude some time ago: "Look, if you think any American official is going to tell you the truth, then you're stupid. Did you hear that? Stupid." But the only response has been isolated Senate attacks on particularly flagrant instances such as Tonkin. No Democrat has put these instances together to reveal the pervasive contempt in which the American people are held by the liberal managers of national policy.

And somehow the delegates in their collective insight overlooked the looming specter of the military-industrial complex which even intellectually astigmatic old Eisenhower stumbled on, and which the anti-war movement has found to be integral to the political, economic and ideological maintenance of the American social order. Most incredible, perhaps, given the Chicago context, was the failure of the Convention to relate the savagery of our anti-Communist crusade to the daily brutalization of domestic life.

But it is precisely this order of question, so fundamental and urgent, which can never be raised by the Democrats: to do so would question the very legitimacy of the Party. It would mean repudiating their whole past and present foreign policy and it would jeopardize the Party's major sources of income. This was hardly the intention of McCarthy, McGovern, or Kennedy. And questions about the origins and nature of American foreign policy are hardly designed to "restore to many people a belief in the processes of American politics and of American government," McCarthy's goal expressed upon entering the campaign.

Since political imperatives preclude the adoption of any meaningfully different perspective on policy, in-party insurgency must be limited to squabbles over means and procedural details. Though some dissenting members of his party might have chafed under Senator Muskie's assertion that "The dividing line is limited to means, not ends," it is necessary to remember that no contributor to the debate challenged it, even implicitly.

Given the constraints of Party politicking that mute individual dissent and ensure that any dissenting movement within the party will rally behind a "position" that is as vague and fragmented as the minority plank, debate cannot be reasoned argument, but must take the form of a mustering of groups, personalities and images.

Thus the most meaningful response of the political system to the overriding issue of the war was the McCarthy campaign, which reduced itself to the minority plank, and the whole movement culminated in the Hale Boggs-Philip Burton Spectacular, a perennial hit with the sponsors if not with the viewers. In this context, then, it can hardly be surprising that the only speaker to bring a live response from the floor was Wayne Hays, who went down the line for the majority plank because no patriotic party ought to make concessions to the scum who want "demonstrations, not democracy" and "sideburns, not solutions." He was the only speaker who wasn't bullshitting.

Rob McBride
Phil Gordon

(CBS, continued from p. 10.)

it, Cronkite says to himself and defers to the mayor. Unlike the previous nights the cycle was broken on Thursday. The C.B.S. team remained calm and dispassionate, never descending into the maelstrom of emotion or gut reaction. They had, in fact, recovered their cool. For a few relatively short moments C.B.S. and Walter Cronkite had turned the tube over to reality--their own pent-up reactions and those of some delegates and demonstrators. But the impact of those events passed rapidly from Cronkite's mind. He had retained his composure. So did Severeid. The convention was over and C.B.S. was leaving the city that had done it wrong. From the lofty vantage point of New York and Washington the C.B.S. team would re-evaluate and come up with their original prediction: all Democratic conventions are rough and tumble. You have to expect it. Anarchists, communists, dupes and the like designed their own bloodbath. Daley was a little wrong too. But we must keep the great American mediaship afloat lest we all get too human and speak words we shall regret.

The freakout was over. It has just begun.

--Robert Gabriner

(Chronology, from p. 5)

NATIONAL CHAIRMAN AND CAMPAIGN MANAGER. DISSIDENT DEMOCRATS FORM PROTEST GROUPS. Demonstrators leave Chicago, return to local organizing. Early morning police raid clears McCarthy headquarters on 15th floor of Hilton. Many supporters beaten, three hospitalized. Chicago returns to normal.

--Mike Murtha

BACK TO YOU, WALTER...



C.B.S. newsman Walter Cronkite always has struck me as a father figure. A polite gentleman, Cronkite, it appeared to me, was the model of experience, sagacity and poise. Never would he blow his cool. Never did you see him slip. The perfect papa for C.B.S. viewers. You could be confident with Walter; you could trust him. Here was this kindly man playing anchor-man once again for another political convention. And if it hadn't been for Mayor Daley and other assorted political figures, Cronkite and his staff would have presented us with a very smooth business-as-usual report on the Chicago convention.

During the first day of the convention (Monday) C.B.S. maintained its regular schedule of political pap. It was Cronkite on stage center with Roger Mudd and Eric Severeid, stage right. Mike Wallace, Dan Rather and others dashed about the convention floor "interviewing" delegates and political lights. The questions (Will Ted Kennedy be nominated? How do you like it here? What about Georgia? Alabama? etc.) were predictable; the answers even more so.

The only noticeable problem was security. There was too much of it in evidence. But despite the repeated mention of the barbed wire outside and the security guards inside, the C.B.S. men handled that reality with aplomb. If Mayor Daley erred, it was a minor problem for Cronkite and company. The police actions in Lincoln and Grant parks were duly reported, but no one seemed disturbed or excited. The viewer was baited along by speculation about the strength of the McCarthy-dove forces. One turned off the tube on late Monday night with the feeling that Tuesday would really be something inasmuch as the so-called "anti-establishment" position was gaining strength. Anti-establishment, that's what it was: the good guys vs. the bad guys; the toughs vs. the handsomes; Daley, the security guards, Humphrey, LBJ vs. Julian Bond, Gene McCarthy, Ted Kennedy.

Truthfully I was sucked in. I wanted to see the spectacle, and deep down I wanted the handsome good guys to win. I, too, tended to forget about the amphitheater outside the amphitheater --the anti-war protesters, the cops, Pigasus, Jerry Rubin, et al.

Tuesday night hinted at the Wednesday debacle. You could tell because my father figure was beginning to get angry. There was more talk about security, about the arbitrary authority of Daley, about mistreatment of the press. Then, it happened. Dan Rather of C.B.S. got slugged. Cronkite began to crumble. One could tell that the C.B.S. news team could not digest and regurgitate the spectacle. They were part of it, but they were in the wrong corner. Too many of them were ending up like the demonstrators outside. Cronkite's tone changed appreciably throughout the evening. He was mad with Daley and his police.

The cameras continually focussed on Daley that evening. We watched him laugh, scowl, and whisper to his obedient cronies seated next to him. One C.B.S. man successfully sought out one of the female ushers and asked her what she thought of the whole thing. Smiling she commented that "The convention is just wonderful, the people are great. I only wish I knew what was going on here." We roared with laughter. The C.B.S. man looked up to Cronkite's booth with a shrug and grimace. Then we began to dig what was happening. The scenario was now beginning to be improvised. The text was being torn up and replaced with whatever came up. Early in the morning, after Mayor Daley had given the cut sign and the convention was quickly adjourned, Cronkite went back to the tapes of the Rather slugging. He showed it in slow motion twice. He could not get over it. What would happen next.

Wednesday: The afternoon session. I began to realize that there was a cycle within the CBS staff. Consistently, they were all calm and very together whenever a new session began; but regularly they became more and more uncool as things progressed. Cronkite seemed very much in command when I started watching Wednesday afternoon. The Vietnam plank was the topic. We were simply plugged into the rhetoric for the rest of the afternoon. The outcome was well-known in advance. Cronkite and staff remained calm.

Wednesday: evening session. The events pushed Cronkite and CBS over the precipice. Disbelief, anger and grief engulfed my father figure. He could not talk long enough to suit his desires to communicate what had happened in Chicago. There was a growing awareness on the part of the C.B.S. people that even the picture image on our screens could not communicate what was happening. The commentators had to fill in the gap between illusion and reality. The police charge of the anti-war demonstrators was bottled on celluloid and brought to the C.B.S. studios and finally (two hours late due to technical hangups) shown to us. I was stunned and awed. Stunned by the horror of cops beating people and awed by the power of the tube. It was as if a tree had fallen in a forest. Nobody in the world had heard it until the TV cameramen bottled in the sound and fury, and brought it out to be heard. We were hermetically sealed off from the events within the forest until C.B.S. could bring it to us. I wondered where the real world was--the streets or the convention.

Some delegates flipped out--after a fashion. We saw it. But it was the C.B.S. people, again, that fascinated me. They were now blatantly anti-Daley. Cronkite used terms he would never ordinarily think of: "police state," "gestapo." He even went so far as to refer to the demonstrators as "those poor kids." C.B.S. was wild from there on for the rest of the evening. Anything that could build the indictment against Chicago, Daley and the strong arm tactics of the convention organizers was scrutinized. More films from downtown. More stuff about security guards. More stuff about Machiavellian maneuvering. It ended with some more flicks and commentaries by Eric Severeid and Roger Mudd. It was Severeid all the way. His hands were shaking. The cool political man was shaken. "I've never seen anything like this before." He was improvising; no more props to support him. The Severeid ideology would not do: he was had.

Now the postscript: Thursday night and beyond. Daley meets Cronkite eyeball to eyeball in the C.B.S. booth. Daley talks, Cronkite listens. The scene is memorable. It was those eastern intellectuals tinged with communism that did it, both inside and outside the amphitheater. So be

(Continued on p.9)

Wisconsin Delegates (from p.3)

the way a group of college professors interested in politics would run a convention." A delegate noted that participation in party politics for the poor and the black meant the compromise seating of the Mississippi and Georgia delegations. A third participant thought that the convention could have been "democratically" run outside Chicago -- or if there had been no peace demonstrators around.

Given the isolation of the McCarthy people from the rebels in the streets it is no surprise they could give no response to the authoritarianism exercised by the convention. The security of the convention was to rule their every move. One of the Wisconsin pages observed that if someone in authority told McCarthy people to do something, they did it. "After a while, you get used to being pushed around."

A Madison delegate was to use the metaphor of a prison: "No one is ever safer or freer than a prisoner who obeys orders, and keeps in line. I was never man-handled. By the end of my time there, I would have given anything in the world to have the guts to step out of line."

The myth of security could be and was broken at infrequent intervals by isolated individuals. Rumours circulated among the pages that any piece of cardboard could be insterted in the machine for a delegate badge. Some people did bring in newspapers. Some briefcases were not searched. The delegates said that they didn't hear the rumours, and no effort was made to communicate unintentional breaches of security to colleagues or others who might have made use of the information.

The resentment of security measures felt by almost all delegates should have provided them with the opportunity for directly confronting the power structure. The denial of rights in the parks had led to their pursuit in the streets. The denial of rights in convention halls and hotels led to symbolic protest and then acceptance. One Madison office holder turned delegate explained there were no opposing forces on the floor. The McCarthy forces had no sanctions to offer.

The mess in Chicago was excused: technical incompetence, Johnson controlled the administration, Humphrey ruled the convention, Daley owned the city, the police called the shots, etc. If the McCarthy people were inefficient then it was because they were inexperienced. If there was no direction from the McCarthy leadership it was because there were not enough phones. If parliamentary procedure didn't work it is because there were too many delegates. If there was no march on the podium Wednesday night it was because "We were not there to provoke or aid and abet outright violence."

The conversation in Chicago is finished, broken by the machine and transcended by the action in the streets. The delegates and the demonstrators have come home. Nearly all the delegates will vote for Humphrey, almost all will support him, most will stay in the Democratic party waiting for 1972. "Win, lose, or draw, I would do the same thing," was the sentiment expressed by the delegate who will probably be the next Dane County Chairman.

The McCarthy campaign was a noble effort, and those who participated in it have no regrets that they entered it. They ensured the seating of the Mississippi delegation, secured the compromise that let the Georgia delegation in, and changed the unit rule. The minority peace plank was aired and defeated. The administration peace plank was modified from its position of eight months earlier. All this was changed, and nothing was changed.

Ken MacKay
Lee Zeldin



SHERIFF HAAS:
Heavy Weapons Needed*

Cops are definitely not one of the more progressive wings of the American establishment. In their everyday harrassment of minorities (black, young, or hippy) and in their ugly displays of violence in putting down ghetto rebellions and anti-war demonstrations, the police are one of the rough edges of the Smooth Society. The Kerner Commission, for instance, accepting the need for repression (law order) as given, set forth "enlightened" techniques by which "abrasive practices" could be eliminated. Although the planners of Fort Chicago followed this advice as far as using massive manpower and gas instead of machine guns, nonetheless quite a bit of skin was rubbed off the Democratic Party's collective nose. Part of the astonishment at the events in Chicago, indeed, was not that police should beat people in the streets or harrass those who don't mind their own business fast enough, but that some of the harrassment was done to the "wrong kind" of people, and that Daley should be so stupid as to let it all happen on nationwide TV (and even guarantee fair coverage by beating newsmen). That people should be angry at the kind of system that produces a Chicago is understandable; that they should be shocked is not. Political repression and official violence are an important part of American life, and not only in the city of the liberals' new arch-villain Richard (Last-of-the-Old-Time-Bosses) Daley, but also in such bastions of the New Dispensation as New York, Detroit, and Madison.

American militarism at home and abroad has been one technique by which "social problems" are "solved." It is relied on when other means such as social reform (promised or actual) do not succeed in neutralizing potential dissidence. In the 1960's, when the "dissidence" has been rife among blacks and young people, not to mention the Vietnamese, there has been an increasing use of force to maintain the existing structures of domination. As the Kerner Commission stated the problem, "police responsibilities...have grown as other institutions of social control have lost much of their authority."

Police are unquestionably in a difficult position. They are underpaid, undermanned, undertrained, and under pressure, from many segments of the community, for more effective performance. More aggressive techniques of patrolling are demanded (such as quotas of suspects stopped and frisked), which increase hostility toward police and make their job more difficult. Police are, as their spokesmen incessantly remind us, human.

But police, human though they be, are not simply a typical sample of the population faced with an unusually difficult job. Police forces are notoriously unbalanced racially. They tend to be recruited from social classes that are both racist and that view violence as the only way of responding to dissent. As if proof were needed, a University of Michigan study of one city showed that over three-quarters of the white policemen assigned to predominantly Negro precincts showed "prejudiced or highly prejudiced" attitudes, and only one percent expressed attitudes "sympathetic" to Negroes. The attitude of police towards constitutional rights--be they rights of free speech and assembly or rights of suspects--has been typically to regard them as obstacles which, if they cannot be evaded or eliminated, must be tolerated if someone is watching. Another realm in which police attitudes toward law often are ambivalent is that of organized crime. Police connections with the underworld have been exposed in periodic scandals, and are an everyday feature of ghetto life.

Furthermore, law enforcement agencies are an active conservative political force, in some cases including members of the John Birch Society or the Ku Klux Klan--for example, a recent Chicago expose. Unlike the John Birch Society, however, police are a conservative political force which is licensed to kill. More widespread than extremist group membership has been the agitation by official and unofficial organizations of law enforcement officers against civilian review boards, against politicians and judicial decisions questioning or constraining police action, and for more new weapons and relaxation of restraints on police behavior. In Madison, for instance, it was reported on August 29, the day after the nation had watched the worst night of violence in Chicago, that the Madison Police Department and the Policemen's Protective Association had brought pressure on the Mayor to make a prompt decision on whether to lift the city ban on MACE. We may see the violence and weapons used in full view of TV by the Chicago police serving as a "hunting license" for police departments across the country.

The degree of violence involved in the official response to "disorder," then, depends in part on the fear, exhaustion, lack of training, and other factors beyond the individual policeman's control, but mainly on the seriousness of the perceived political threat and on the socially reinforced attitudes of racial, class, and political hostility of most policemen. Chicago illustrated very clearly the importance of the interaction between the political situation and the behavior of the cops. The build-up given by the press and Mayor Daley to the appropriateness of a violent response to "outside agitators" meant that it made little difference whether the police were acting on explicit orders from higher-ups or were acting on their own in defiance of discipline. Their actions not only received explicit approval from a large part of the community, but even those who expressed horror were completely unwilling to do anything about it.

Law enforcement officers, of course, always act "with restraint in the face of great provocation." The "provocation" has ranged from the display of unpopular dress or political ideas, through verbal abuse of police or the breaking of such minor laws as marching without a permit, to the kind of widespread petty larceny that has occurred in riots. Verbal abuse is not ordinarily grounds for the third degree, nor is looting or even arson--serious though they be--a capital offense. Yet the role of the policeman has been one of judge, jury, and executioner. The amount of "restraint"--that is, the viciousness of police violence--varies from city to city, among social classes, and by race. At the Dow demonstration in Madison last fall, for instance, inexperience and fear, as well as hostility toward students, may have contributed to the brutality of the police action, but the brutality must be seen in the context of the political decision by the administration to use force to defend the status quo. The liberal reputation of governors and mayors seems to make little difference. New Jersey's Gov. Hughes, one of Humphrey's potential running mates, said he "felt a thrill of pride at the way our state police and National Guardsmen have conducted themselves," killing at least 21 people, including women and children cowering in their apartments, and systematically smashing up previously undisturbed black stores, as documented by Hughes' own Blue Ribbon investigating commission. Gov. Romney of Michigan, nominated by the Republicans as a "liberal" alternative to Agnew, and Detroit's progressive Mayor Cavanagh presided over the Detroit massacre.

Police violence in Chicago must not be seen as a unique incident, either in its bruatlity or in its political direction. As the respectable Newark Committee of Concern, formed by local religious, educational, and business leaders after the 1967 riot, put it, in the eyes of both Negroes and "independent observers," the police are the "single continuously lawless element operating in the community."

--Evan Metcalf

*Haas is Dane County's fearless Sheriff



It's Happening

If the Chicago debacle shows anything, it is that there are no "proper channels" for ending the war in Vietnam. In the face of primaries that showed an overwhelming preference for candidates opposed to the war, the convention nominated the war's most exuberant booster. In response to the most widespread and intense opposition movement that has grown up against any American war since the Revolution, the Democrats staged a Vietnam "debate" that was couched in cliches and platitudes. All the roughness shown toward demonstrators, newsmen, anti-Humphrey delegates, and bystanders was merely a gratuitous extra touch, by a party leadership which didn't know where to stop. Gentler police and security forces would not have made the convention any more democratic.

In the face of Chicago, the program of working within the Democratic Party as the way to alter American foreign policy becomes an absurdity. It is fine to talk, as Senator McCarthy now does, of working to re-elect senators who oppose the war and of trying to elect "ten more," but this is not a serious strategy. Now only are many of these "anti-war" candidates eager to play down the issue, but there is no indication that they are prepared to go beyond issuing vague statements of opposition. McCarthy himself, for example, has consistently supported Vietnam appropriations bills, and has said almost nothing about American support for Thieu-like regimes in Thailand and Latin America. None of the "dovish" senators or congressmen have supported draft resistance. When Senator McCarthy told the Dane County Bar Association last January that Congress was powerless to stop the war, he was speaking realistically about the prospects for the strategy he is now advocating.

The type of political activity that is most meaningful at this point has little to do with whether "doves" are elected over "hawks." The war will be ended not by the passive choice of electoral symbols, but by an active movement of resistance. Over the past eight years, since the beginnings of the southern sit-in movement in 1960, we have seen the development of an extra-parliamentary political movement in America. It has variously taken the forms of sit-ins, school boycotts and freedom rides, vigils and street demonstrations, urban rebellions, guerrilla theater and draft resistance, organizing among high school students and among soldiers. What has linked these disparate activities has been the refusal of ordinary people to accept the images and definitions given them by society: by public officials, TV commentators, school authorities, or the Department of Defense. People have insisted on acting on their own definitions, and have worked together to change society. That is the approach which built up the anti-war and anti-draft movements from 1965 on. The fact that enough pressure was generated to force a temporary split in the Democratic Party should not lead us to confuse the effect with the cause.

Although the presidential election seems to us the least important thing that will happen this fall (we don't even plan to carry the results) we suggest that demonstrations are in order at all appearances by the major candidates. Since Nixon-Agnew and Humphrey-Muskie have made it clear that they do not intend to talk forthrightly about the war (witness Humphrey's fervent insistence that "peace" is his overriding goal and that the present policy is aimed at achieving it), this issue can only be injected into the campaign by demonstrations. As for the election itself, those who have nothing better to do on election day than vote should be encouraged to cast write-ins for Roger Blough of U.S. Steel, or the heads of GM or the Chase Manhattan Bank, on the grounds that these men have the requisite experience in running the country.

The failure of the electoral process to provide a means by which people can exert control over foreign policy lends a greater urgency than before to the draft resistance movement. A draft that is not subject to democratic control and that is used to fight an aggressive war lacks <u>any</u> legitimacy, and people should be encouraged to resist it. We are not saying that there is a black-and-white ethical issue involved, with people who accept induction being somehow immoral, but simply that draft refusal is a perfectly sound personal decision as well as a blow against the war effort. We Won't Go statements should circulate around the state, and the demonstrations at the Milwaukee induction center should be more frequent and larger. More important, community organizing projects centered around the draft should be taken into new areas of the state.

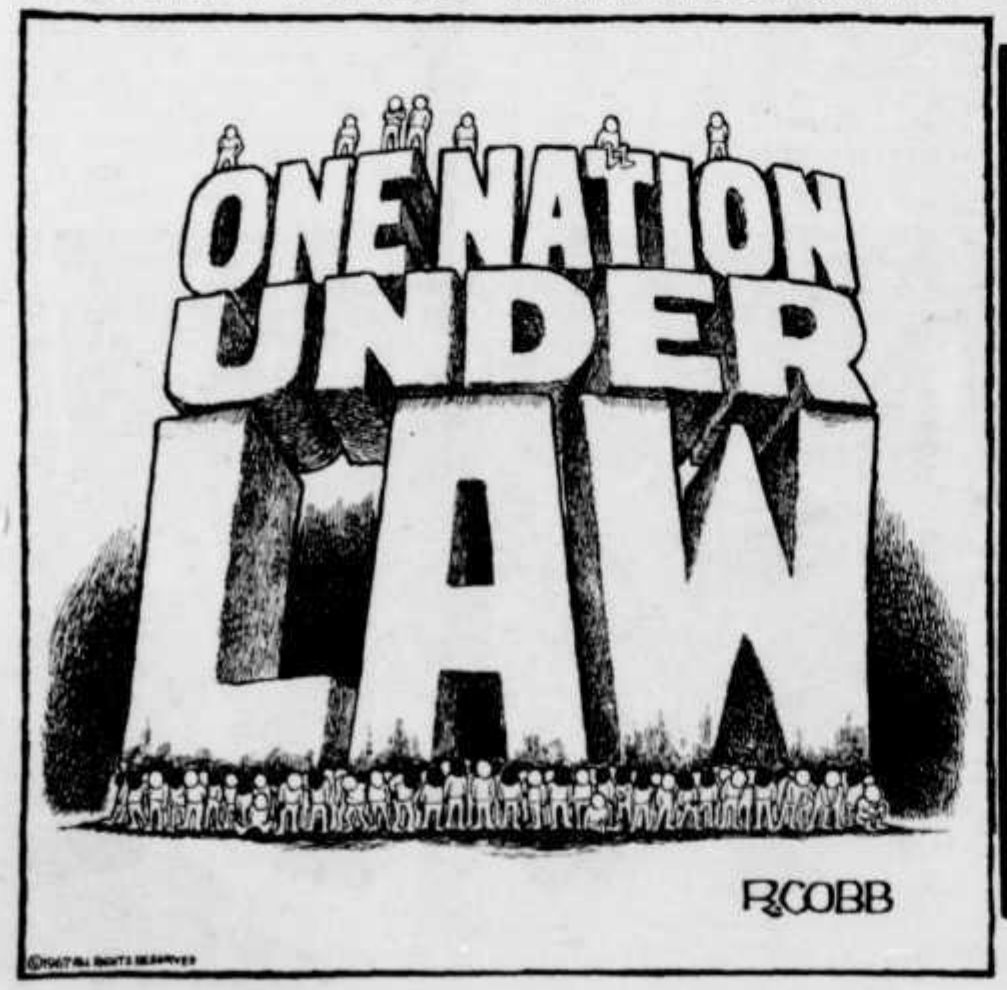
The whole authoritarian mode of decision making has to be fought, and fought hard: in high schools, dormitories, classrooms, the welfare system, and elsewhere. The principle that people should have a strong voice in decisions that affect them, rather than being subject to arbitrary control, is crucial. It is foolish to complain about the thwarting of democracy in national affairs and not insist on democracy in our own environment. People have to insist on their rights, as the protesters did in Chicago, so that repression if it comes will be costly to the repressors.

In universities and high schools, people should work hard to combat the acceptance of the conventional platitudes about American society. Questions should constantly be raised about the war, about the undemocratic functions of the major political parties, about the dictatorships and stagnant economies which characterize vast areas of the "free world," about the urban ghettos, and so forth. High school and college texts are full of the most blatant distortions of social reality, and there is no reason why these should not be challenged.

The people who took to the streets in Chicago--new leftists, McCarthyites, hippies, local kids, and all possible combinations--had a serious point to make about our society. They made their point at the cost of hundreds of arrests and injuries, because in the context of the Chicago convention there was no other way it could be made. The battle has now dispersed, and the tactics may often seem more sedate. But the type of commitment that is called for is no less substantial. It is only when large numbers of us become serious organizers, dedicated to stopping the war and building a genuinely democratic social order, that we will deserve to be taken seriously.

--The Connections staff





New Politics (continued from p.3)

Claine out in front of the TV cameras, and the clapping changed to a chorus of "Glory, Glory, Hallelujah," while Carl Albert tried rapping for order. The truth was marching on -- but most of the people believe the truth had been killed in Los Angeles, as Shirley said, he could have saved us, but now there is nothing left. What the peace delegates were unable to see was that what was left could no longer be inside the amphi - theater, but was out in the streets, and that in the end police brutality is not something to be con - demned, but must be fought against with better tactics.

The new Democratic politics ended up by looking to the past while the new politics of the future was being played out in Lincoln and Grant Parks. Of course they recognized the demonstrations and decried the brutality, but so did Fred Harris when he nominated Muskie, so did Humphrey, as he made his acceptance speech, when he mourned the fact that "violence breeds violence," It was noble when the peace people but up Julian Bond for Vice-President in an attempt to boycott Muskie, but the peace people still remained inside the party.

In the end, the leadership of the new politics has decided to remain where it began. Yesterday on the radio it was announced that Don Peterson, the guy who made all the hoarse and heroic protests on the floor of the convention, was going to support Humphrey. And Allard Lowenstein has just announced the formation of a new organization -- t h e New Democratic Coalition, working 1970? or 1972? But no one has yet heard from the rank and file of the peace movement which made all the convention dealings possible, which got the peace delegates elected. This time around, people may not be quite so willing to give the old party another try.

--John Fuerst

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vol III no.2 Sept. 24 - Oct. 15, 1968 15¢ (20¢ out of w



WEEK'S NEW YORK STOCKS

(Continued from preceding page)

1968 High	1968 Low		Sales (hds.)	High	Low	Last	Net Chg.
....	.....	HudB fn3.40a	3	57	56	57	.....
34⅝	27⅝	IdahoPw 1.60					
36½	31¼	Ill Pw pf2.04					
17½	6⅜	Imp Cp Am					
41⅞	31⅛	INA Cp 1.40					
13⅞	8⅝	Income Conit					
10	8¾	InCCum .52e					
46	29½	Indian Hd .60					
39¾	27½	Ind Genl .80					
31⅜	27	IndplsPL 1.50	78	30⅜	29⅞	30	
14½	101¼	Ind PL pf6.25	10	113	113	113	+ ½
10	7⅜	InElMex .26e	30	9	8¾	8⅞	.....
48⅞	39	IngerRand 2	347	46⅜	45	46	+1⅛
40¾	30¾	Inland Stl 2	646	34¼	33½	33⅝	+ ¼
35¼	30½	Inspir Cop 2	x32	32⅞	31½	32	+ ⅜
						33	33⅝ + ⅝
						75¼	75½ + ¼
						47½	47⅝ — ⅛
						30⅞	31¼ + ¼
75	324	IBM 2.60	656	340½	332	335	—3¼
64¾	48½	IntFlaFr .36b	349	52¼	50½	51¼	— ¼
38	30⅜	Int Harv 1.80	586	33	32	32⅜	+ ⅝
18⅞	14⅛	IntHold 1.60e	12	18⅝	18¼	18¼	.....
38¾	30¼	Int Indust	226	37½	34½	35½	— ¾
30⅛	18½	Int Miner 1	1288	23½	21⅝	22⅝	+ ⅞
43¼	24½	Int Mng .20r					
41⅜	38	Int Nick					
34⅞	25⅞	Int					
74½	65						
26⅝							
69¼							
3							
5⅝							
99							
97½							
95	1						
80	14						
68	13						
30	93						
13	98						
17½	92						
03	84						
51¼	31						
51½	31						
51¼	32						
37½	25						
05¼	84						
28	19						
68							
43							
99							

1968 High	1968 Low		Sales (hds.)	High	Low	Last	Net Chg.
24⅜	19⅝	MidCnTel .80	42	21¾	21	21½	— ¼
26¼	20⅜	MidSoUtil .82	759	22¾	21¾	22⅜	— ⅜
39¾	27¾	Midld R 1.40	200	31⅜	29¼	31⅜	+2
				87	84	84½	—2½
			5	22¾	24		— ¾
				17⅛	50	50⅛	—1⅞
29½	22	PubS .80b				27¼	26½ 27 — ⅜
55	42					54⅜	52¾ 53⅜ + ¼
33⅜	22					32⅞	31¾ 32⅜ + ½
50½	27					42¾	40¾ 42¾ +2¼
76½	40					47½	47⅛ 48⅝ — ¾
33¼	26					27¼	27⅛ 27⅛ —1⅛
50⅞	42½	Monrt				45½	44½ 46 2
49⅝	40½	Monsan 1.60b	1			47	47
33¼	28⅛	MontDUt 1.60	x35	32		30¾	
32½	26⅞	Mont Pw 1.56	163	31½		31⅛	
38½	22½	MontWard 1	x764	38½		36¾	
29⅞	20⅜	MooreMcC 1	408	28⅜		27⅜	
40	27⅝	MorseSho .50	68	36⅜		34½	
153¾	97	Motorola 1	303	126		119½	
36⅜	28⅝	MtFuelS 1.68	74	32¾		31¼	
25	21¼	Mt St TT 1.24	99	23		22½	
38½	28¾	MSL Ind 1.60	315	37		35¼	
47¼	28	Munsing 1.40	x47	43¾		42	
30⅞	20⅛	Murphy 1.20	79	26⅞		26	
41	22	MurphyIn .56	x339	28¾		26⅛	
49½	32½	MurphOil .60	69	43¼		41½	
137½	111	MurpO pf5.20	8	125		123	12
		N					
60	36	Nalco Ch .50	112	59⅜		55	55
53½	32¼	Narco Sci .60	46	45½		43¾	44
76¾	46⅛	NashuaCp .80	4	74¼		73¾	73¾
60¾	41	Nat Acme 2a	2	55½		53½	53½
36¼	24	NatAirlin .30	683	32		30⅝	31⅞ + 1⅜
52¼	35⅞	N A				40	41 + ⅛
53⅜	43	Nat	x16			46	46
58¼	32½		3			51	51
52	35⅛		6			47½	47½ —3¼
154¼	99½	NatCash 1.20	361	130⅛		126	126½ — ½
56	40½	NatCityL 1.60	x21	48½		47¼	48⅜ +1⅝
46½	33¾	N Dairy 1.60	367	41¾		39¾	40 — ¾
45¾	35⅞	N	25	⅜		37	+ ¾
72½	65½	N	350	71		69	
38⅜	36⅛	N	10	38⅛		38⅛	
30½	27	Nat Fuel 2.68	82	28⅝		28¼	
60½	21	Nat Genl .20	437	45½		43¼	½ + ⅛
68¾	42⅞	Nat Gyps 2	450	67¾		63⅝	67⅜ +2⅛
78½	72	NGyps pf4.50	z80	76			76 —½
37⅜		NatInd pf.60	8	29¼			29¼ — ¾
		NatInd pf1.25	7				21½ .....
		N Lead 2.25e	316	61			61 — ½
		NatSvin 1.04	27	4			43 + ¼
		Nat Stand 1	39	3			29¼ — ⅞
		Starch .80b	21	4			18 — ¾
		Steel 2.50	x605	4			43½ .....
		NatSugR .45p	231	4			—2⅛
		Nat Tea .80	134	1			+ ¼
		Nat Un El .80	306	2			+ ⅞
		Natomas .25	372	3			— ⅜
		Neisner Bros	28				+ ⅜
		Neptune 1.40	468				59⅛ +3⅜
		Nevada Pw 1	89				42¾ — ⅜
		Newberry .80	35				31¾ — ½
		Newb pf 3.75	z100				60½ .....
		NEngEl 1.48	101				28⅝ — ⅜
		NEngTT 2.36	92				43 — ¼
		Newmnt 2.60	x118				63⅛ — ⅞
		NewpNSh 1p	535				69⅛ + ⅛
		NY Hond .50r	78				51 — ⅞
		NYSta EG 2	46				39¾ .....
		NiaMP 1.10	505	20¾		20¼	20½ + ⅜

1968 High	1968 Low		Sales (hds.)	High	Low	Last	Net Chg.
18	13	ReichCh .40b	147	15½			
42½	21¾	ReliableStr 1	21	33⅛			
64¾	42	RelianEl 1.20	70	51			
90	63	RelianEl pf 3	71	75¾			
57¾	38	Relian pf1.60	56	47½			
37½	29	Republic Cp	732	57			
39¾	29¾	RepubStl 2.50	401	43			
29⅛	20¼	RevereC 1.50	104	32⅜			
70¼	49	Revlon 1.40	142	85¾			
58½	34	Revlon pf 1	3	69⅜			
34½	24	Rex Chn 1.50	51	40½			
47	26	RexCh pf2.50	1	54			
26⅛	15¼	Rexall .30b	1339	39¾			
35	25	Rexall pf 2	225	47¾			
33¼	24	Reyn Met .90	740	35¾			
88	49	ReyM pf4.50	12	92¼			
37½	26	ReyM pf2.37	13	39¾			
39⅝	26	ReynTob 2.20	543	40			
60	46	RevT pf 3.60	1	63			
47¼	32	RheemM 1.					
15¼	9	Pheingold					
32⅝		dison					
72½		r 1.					
17⅝		Pap					
29½		1.					
11¼		fau .60	139	38⅛			
4½		F	3	31½			
7		l .6	5	9⅛			
1		nt 1.	1	53½			
2⅛		A .6	9	74¾			
5½		1.10	0	29¼			
4¼	2	Roch Tel 1	128	40½			
3¾	1	RohmH 1.60b	114	92			
5¼	2	Rohr Cp .80	173	29⅛			
43	26	Rollinsinc .30	234	63⅜			
18⅞	12	Ronson .50b	101	23⅛			
23¾	14	Roper Cp 1	224	40⅞			
47	26	Rorer W 1.24	46	80¼			
26	16	RoyCCola .72	131	42½			
41⅝	26	Roy Dut .99r	439	50⅝			
		Roy D fn.99r	131	50⅛			
32¼	19	Rubbrmd .96	17	37¾			
32⅜	18	RussTo .60b	78	44⅜			
44	29	RyanAero .20	12	38			
29½	23	Safeway 1.10	x340	27			
52⅜	39⅝	StJosLd 2.80	x181	50¼			
20⅜	17½	StJos LP 1	x18	19½			
57¼	41⅛	StSanF 2.20	x36	54⅛			
38	29¼	Reg	319	32⅞			
24	21½		90	25			
41¾	29	San	307	48¾			
27½	21		164	52½			
34⅜	32¼	SanFeInd wt	261	34⅜			
49¾	28⅜	SanFeInt .30	100	43⅜			
36⅜	22¾	SarWelSci .50	x52	24¾			
20⅞	17¼	SavannhEP 1	42	20¾			
56¾	42⅞	Schenley 1.30	4601	56¼			
12	8¼	Schaley pf.50	536	12			
75	56½	Schering 1.40	88	74¼			
10⅛	7	Schick	71	8⅛			
57½	34¾	SchlitzBr 1.20	136	57½			
114	69⅛	Schlmbg 1.50	188	112¾			
117½	85½	Scientif Data	1220	93			
61¼	35¾	SCM Cp .60b	756	38⅜			
34⅞	23	ScotLadF .60	56	31¾			
29¼	24	ScottFetz .72	x161	25¼			
41	30⅛	ScottFore .60	66	35½			
30¾	22½	Scott Paper 1	645	28¾			
78	68	ScottPap pf 4	z330	71			
62	58	ScottP pf3.40	z100	60			
48⅝	29½	ScovillM 1.40	205	48⅝			
60½	44½	Scovill pf2.50	41	60½			
14⅞	7⅞	ScrewBt .10		14⅛			
9	7¼	Scuddr D		7⅞			
10	8½	Scuddr pf		9			
54	40	Sbd CstL		47¼			
28¼	19⅜	Seab Fin		25⅞			
61		SeabF pf		58¼			
		dWorld		99¾			

Hallucinations and fantasies of

DOWN-TO-EARTH AMERICAN

black magic

FAMINE IN HAITI

Take it from me!

WAR IS GOOD BUSINESS

INVEST YOUR SON

America is not yours

Price of Children Drops

U.N. Help Termed Small

Cook County Clink

Three weeks ago, during the heat of the Chicago experience--which was the boldest and clearest unleashing to date of the fascist undertow of the otherwise predictable surf of what is euphemistically called "democracy" upon unsuspecting bathers--I, along with fifteen others, spent 16 hours in the Cook County Jail system.

On the morning of 28 August, around 9:00, the sixteen of us (a small portion of those arrested the night before in the Lincoln Park area) arrived, handcuffed, at the Cook County House of Correction. This was the third and last stage in our arduous tour of the Cook County Jail system, the first eight hours of which were spent in what could only be described at the time as undissipated hell--to be cast into a system of "criminal" processing geared to both physical and mental intimidation and brutalization which included: eternally long periods of interrogation-by-fist, punctuated by equally long hours of trepidatious waiting in vomit- and urine-flecked, corrugated and barred, windowless and artificially lighted detention rooms and cells; never-ending brutalization by the laughing cro-magnons in blue, badged uniforms of already badly beaten and terrorized prisoners who are conducted, broken, to the cell door, and in whom lodges the realization that the measure between this horror and that barred refuge is the time it takes the laughing badge in combat boots to kick him in the small of the back across the cell's threshold; repeated returns to the cell block by that helmeted, faceless tub-of-guts, who moments before had unleashed the man-crumbling power of his fists against you, to choose another of your comrades, guiding him out of your sight with the crash of the heavy cell block door; repetitive fantasies conjured up by fear that there is not and never will be a way out of this; gnawing fears that your absence and therefore your condition went unknown to those you left on the outside; and then composing yourself only to lapse into the anxiety that you will be forgotten.

HOUSE OF CORRECTION

Entering the House we felt that only the outward physical environment was changed, that this stage was to be an extension of the preceding hours, the extremity of which bedulled every sense in our bodies but how to collectively survive. We entered fearfully into the room filled with other prisoners already "doing time" with the preconception that convicts in general were innately brutal, wholly self-interested, apolitical, asocial, racist, and that these men would merely finish the job the police began. Eyes met, a tremulous smile, then an attempt to say something. Silence, but in that silence there were small, but firm smiles in return; a nod of recognition, a flash of the eyes, a movement of the head designating that each and all of your movements were being observed from afar and for now silence was best.

We were processed formally into the House: a shower, a routine medical check for previous bruises or cuts, a clean set of blue overalls and routine identification procedures. As we were being processed, cigarettes and cold cups of water sprang up clandestinely. There were whispered exchanges between inmates and new arrivals. Finally, we were permitted to sit down together in a back recess of the South Cellhouse. Surreptitiously, then openly, the inmates came up to us and began talking to us and asking us questions. As the smiles became general and widespread, the conversations went something like this:

RAP

The inmates: "What's going on out in the streets? Are you anti-war? Ain't you a yipple? Look at that hair! You're a young one - what, 17 or 18 maybe? What the fuck you guys doing? What are you in for? It must be something else out there, we were talking to those guys arrested last night in Lincoln Park. How do you like the streets? What's happening to HUey Newton? Yea, brother, what's happening with that? You s.o.b.'s must be nuts to pull that shit. You're just going to get your ass kicked. Are you going to go out and protest again? You're fuckin crazy man, you fuckers'll end up in here again."

The replies: "Someone's got to do it. Man, those cops are bastards. How do you put up with this shit? Christ, to think you blacks go through this every day. We might as well be out in the streets when you're stuck in here. Just know that someone's out there carrying the struggle against racism and imperialism. Shit, Huey Newton symbolizes all the black men in this country who have been victimized and oppressed by white racist "justice!" You guys go through all this shit? This brutality goes on all the time? Amazing, Jesus Christ! You can't fight that power by marching. Seales has a point about that. They'll just walk over top of us any time they want. It's really hard to believe this happened before now every day in the ghettos, on the back streets of Chicago."

It continues. The inmates: It's all over man, you guys just never seen it. You guys is learning. You're something else. You're crazy. You got something going, anyway you're gettin' your heads busted. Yea they're gettin dirtied up (laughter). Did you do a job on them? This really is some rich man's society. You won't get any way your way. You'll just get your asses shaved. Brother Malcolm said something else. You guys know about Malcolm X?"

And so the dialog went, the initial excitement levelling off as the more serious questions and answers came up.

"CHIEF"

The American Indian, "Chief" a huge, beautiful man, who didn't talk much but observed carefully each action, and considered almost laboriously each word; his face told much of his history: a strong, high cheek-boned face with his nose smashed across it, criss-crossed with scars and a smile that was not just a movement of the face; he was doing time for theft: "Are you a war protester? Are you against the war in that there Vietnam? (I was afraid to answer in the affirmative, but finally did so) Good! We shouldn't be in Vietnam, that ain't no war for us to fight. Them people didn't do anything to this country. It's not our war, its the rich-man's war, let him do the fighting! (I asked "Chief" why personally he was against the war) Because we're doing the wrong thing, the military's no good. We shouldn't have been in Korea. (Were you in Korea?) Damn right I was! I got a dishonorable discharge for that and spent 10 years in a federal pen. (Why?) Because I refused a direct order from a commanding officer. He told me to take my men on another patrol. I thought it was suicide, and I told him to 'kiss my ass!' He asked me if I meant what I said, I said I did, so he had me arrested along with my other men. We was court-marshalled and sentenced to 75 years hard labor in Leavenworth. We were paroled after ten years. The military's no good. Shit, I wasn't going to get me and my men killed because of some crazy officer. All those guys are crazy. I told my son to stay out, but he didn't listen. (You should get on him about it) I always do."



Chief and I went on about Chicago and my experience. We were then interrupted and told we were going to our cells. Chief told me that his time was up on Saturday and exhorted me to come down to Bughouse Square and meet him for a couple of drinks. Then we were led off and incarcerated in the North Cellhouse, or the "maximum security" wing of the House. Here we were put by ourselves in 4' by 7' cells isolated from each other, and the rest of the prisoners. Our cells were on the fourth tier of the cellblock where we couldn't see down or to the right or the left of the cell door. There was a shit encrusted open urinal inside, a rough drawing of Jesus Christ on one of the walls which was signed Judas, the odor of urine, startled roaches scurrying across the floor and a bare-mattressed bed. No sunlight came into the cell-house, a police radio station played on all day at a constant volume, broadcasting selected music - not too sensual, not too erotic - selected news - no mention of the disturbances at the Convention except that the police had everything under control and everything was functioning as planned, no news of the war except that everything in Vietnam was secure and progressing as planned by the U.S., no mention of Huey Newton's rial, or the Blackstone Rangers except that the McClellan Committee was right. The cellhouse was continuously convulsed by the exasperated cries of inmates for their "rights" to see a lawyer, to have a bondsman (Blacks are considered bad risks by the bondsmen), to be allowed to get out of their cells. But all these cries would go unanswered except for the occasional words from a passing guard: "You'll be alright, we like you here."

From one day to the next, their cries and needs are deferred and the sense of being forgotten overcomes the inmates.

What conclusions, therefore, can be drawn form this experience?:

USE OF FORCE

First: Unmitigated force underpins this society for the expressed purpose of maintaining the status quo. This force, unanswerable to the people, can be unleased at the will and whim of the powers-that-be. Their agents are the police and the soldiers, the civil servants if you will. If you step outside of the guidelines, or laws, set up by those powers-that-be, then their agents will use force to squash you back into place, or remove you from the society altogether. This is what happened to us in Chicago; this happens every day in the urban ghettos. This will continue in the ghettos, and judging from Chicago, it will continue against the anti-war movement. Historically, there is no reason to believe that the powers of force, or the use of force by these powers will diminish.

Second: In this society, the prison is the rawest and most undiluted form of coercion existing as an institution. It is a culmination of all the forms of coercion. "Laws" that define the criminal or "outlaw" are precisely the laws or criteria that define power in this society. This may seem circular, but in point of fact, it is the prison which is defined as an institution for social rehabilitation and in them this task is accomplished by taking all "rights" away from the inmate. The rationalization of the denial of rights is the internally contradictory catchall: "a

HOW

criminal must pay his debt to society." What does this say? It says in effect, that he who revolts against the unfreedom of this society by breaking a law, must pay for being unfree by being totally unfree: a prisoner has no political rights - he can't vote, he can't belong to a political party, he can't be informed about external politics except that information sifted and winnowed by the authorities. Nor can he form any collective group within the prison to deal with the conditions. In other words, the prison is an institution geared to take the individual completely out of the society.

What does this mean beyond the level of 'unfreedom' as defined by this society? It means that in the Hobsbawmian sense, the social bandit or outlaw or criminal who has revolted against one section of the society, broken a law is placed in a prison and is unable, due to coercion (the prison institution), to break any laws. He is therefore caught in a total power-bind.

Third: To be caught in a complete power-bind can have two effects on the prisoner: 1) it may force him to be meek and consider himself guilty and therfore consider his time in prison a repayment of his debt to society thus "re-habilitating" him; or 2) he may consider his "criminal" act, (though not at the time of its commission) through his consciousness of the reality of the prison, a conscious act of revolt against the traditional burdens for him in this society. Thereby, the prisoner comes to consider his "criminal" act as a form of social protest.

Political Prisoners

Fourth: Through my talks and interactions with the inmates at the House, I found the second effect most prevalent. There was a need not only for information from the outside world, but also a desire to form a community with the new arrivals. Directly connected with this was a favorable response to political prisoners. Their questions to these political prisoners were intrinsically political in nature. They concerned areas of the society which most directly affected them - Huey Newton and his trial, the problem of the streets, and the conflict with the police. Indeed, through some conduit, mysterious to us, but nevertheless concrete, our reason for being there in the prison was transmitted back to us by those already there. That, as it must in many cases be for the inmate, we became conscious of our 'outlaw' status with other outlaws: that we did not feel guilty because we could not see our act had a purpose, but because we could not only see the purpose, but also the consciousness that brought us to our act.

Fifth: We must take into consideration that not all, and maybe none of the prison inmates are apolitical, asocial, anti-political activists or of the mind that their time in prison is indeed the payment of their debt to society, which thereby enables them to join and serve the oppressors once they have served their time. We must consider the fact that black militancy in prisons became strongly political as the Muslim ideology spread through the prisons. We must also consider at least one case in point: in the Cincinnati jails immediately after the big riots there after Watts, black militants, who had been arrested in the riots, supported the demands of the inmates for reforms in the prison, and ever since then, there has been ferment in the Cincinnati jail system. We must consider the inmate as a part of the fabric of social protest; indeed, as part of the movement. They must be considered as allies, and as integral members of any movement for social change. We who are building a movement cannot exclude those people who confronted the system and its underlying force before the movement got started. That because their individual rebelliousness was socially neutral, it does not mean it must be devalued and continued to be lost because the society we are struglling against defines their act as "asocial". Our movement must be expanded to include the outlaw, for be definition, because our movement is in open opposition to the present societal configuration, so we must also consider ourselves outlaws. and not forget it.

Alliances

Sixth: Several concrete proposals for expanding the movement to include the outlaw are these:

1. Bail funds to be set up in order to bail prisoners out of jail who are considered "bad risks." That is, we must find some way to provide money for those prisoners (black and white) who were not only incarcerated because of the anti-war movement but also because of mob action in the ghettos arising out of riot situations, and various other crimes from drugs to rape.

2. Establish contacts within the prisons in order to set up information channels into and out from the prison: such as reforms requested by the prisoners, voting, group organization inside the prisons, underground newspapers and general liaison for making the prison day more bearable for the inmate and for movement purposes per se. An example of this type of liaison is the pipeline set up with the inmates of San Quentin and certain Berkeley people including the underground circulation of the Barb within San Quentin.

3. Decide on a way to express direct support in both word and deed for all demands made by inmates for prison reforms. An example of this support was again manifested in a situation in northern California where the in-at mates of San Quentin made certain demands for reform of the parole system and the lack of any type of job training or "rehabilitation" for the introduction of the inmate back into society, and again hundreds of Berkeley people supported these demands by massing outside the gates with rock bands and signs claiming, "We the 'free' people outside support you the free people inside." Claiming in effect that by your political act you regain your freedom.

4. Free Legal Aid for all law breakers.

5. Get ex-cons to talk on the campuses. Get them as instructors as was done at Berkeley when the students demanded to have Eldridge Cleaver as a visiting instructor.

6. Get a section started in the Madison Research Center which concerns itself with studying prison and jail conditions, details of arrests, and in general the exposition in full detail of instances where people are screwed by our law enforcement agencies and our law system. For an example of this type of research, you are exhorted to read John Hersey's The Algiers Motel Incident.

7. Work out some viable organization that will offer free social services to the families of convicts doing time, and which will help where needed in meeting the problems of the inmate once he returns to the society from which he was intentionally isolated. That is, we must set up a system of counter-rehabilitation for the ex-con, with the expressed purpose of assisting him oppose those things in the society which oppress him.

--Richard Whitney



Hearsay

A new service to our readers: collected bits of trivia and other things which usually never get into the issue, but which remain in our heads. Here goes....first: more Mayor Daley stories. Shortly after the convention the mayor did not like what the Chicago Daily News was saying about the police. So the cops stopped ten delivery trucks from entering some working-class neighborhoods long enough to prevent distribution of the paper that day. Apparently a new Chicago-Daley public relations drive is also going full blast. Some people stopping at gas stations on the interstate system within Chicago, get free bumper stickers reading "We Love Daley," although most of them never know it....the Chicago experience filtered into Madison a few weaks ago: some Rath people, who were clapping and dancing on tables, began chanting "the tables belong to the people" after Union bureaucrats hasseled them for breaking the regulations...lots of people in Madison are uptight about what the lefties are going to do this year. Newsweek's "periscope" says that the UW is the target. Administrators believe that if the rads continue to concentrate on educational reform within the university they can be contained....that blurb on Wisconsin in Newsweek is a setup for a feature article about the lefties here, which should appear in a few weeks....One group of ultra-concernec people in Madison are the State Street merchants. They want to know when 'it' will happen. Some of them lost upwards of $400 per day after the Great Dow War last October....Prof. George Mosse of the history department is back from a real Uncle Wiggley adventure in Europe. The West Berlin fuzz busted up his arm (they were aiming for his head, but he ducked) during a student demonstration, and he's pissed with the German SDS kids, now, despite the fact that he voted for the demonstration at a student meeting....did someone know that the University Club on State St. used to prohibit women from the building? It is rumored that they can now have lunch there but must enter a back door (couldn't be). The club, supposedly modeled on the British system, is open to alumni, graduate students and guests. Someone should check it out....synthetic grass now graces Randall Stadium. Someone told us it is flammable....the S.F. Mime troup will be back here (remember Dow?) from October 11-14 thanks to Quixote...d. a. levy, Cleveland poet, will be in town for about a month. People should meet him. Call Dave Wagner at 255-6589....we don't much know about our new chancellor, Edwin Young, except that he bought a Connections from one of our hawkers chirping, "Keep the change. I want to blow my mind." (Help).... to satisfy our curiosity, we asked him for an interview. See the next issue for the results....for those who did not know: all unmarked cop cars in this town have license tags beginning with Y-11....reliable information funnelled toward Connections says that a list of "agitators," "organizers," and "disrupters" has been prepared by some anonymous school authorities And is being circulated around the state to all high school principals and department heads. If you have further information which could be included in this column, please send it to:

Connections
"The Column"
217 S. Hamilton St.
Madison, Wisconsin

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Photo-Art Credits::: Cover, d.a. levy; p.2, Ann Gordon and Nick Gadbois; p.3, M. Lesy; p. 4, M. Lesy; p. 5, S.F. Express Times, M. Lesy; p. 6, M. Lesy; p. 7, Nick Gadbois; pp. 8-9, M. Lesy; p. 12, d.a. levy; p. 13, Wintergreen, M. Lesy; p. 14, Wintergreen, Carmel Snow; p. 16, Walter Crane.

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Madison, Wis. 53703
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Member of Underground
Press Syndicate &
Liberation News Service

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217 S. Hamilton
Madison, Wisconsin 53703
($3.50 per annum, $4.50 out of state



MOST CHANCELLORS



The authorities are prepared to start the new school year. Madison has bought $8,000 worth of riot equipment, and is readying a new ordinance on parade permits. The regents have chosen a new chancellor.

H. Edwin Young comes back to the University of Wisconsin after three years as President of the University of Maine. Academically he is not unfamiliar with demonstrations, picket lines, and sitins, being by trade a labor economist; nor has the University of Maine been exempt from the Dow Protests.

The new chancellor was picked on Friday, the 13th, and presented himself to the press a few hours later in the top of Van Hise Hall. Questions of communication, position, and budget jostled with student power, compulsory ROTC, and the war: Reporters diffident about the ordinary business of the University--the chancellor slow, c autious, outlining a position a few hours old--sharper and faster the questions on demonstrations--the chancellor, temperate but firm. Out of the press conference emerged the new chancellor's version of the scholarly community, and his own yet unlined position.

"The students are our consumers." Distributed by the faculty, purveyed by the administration, the students consume that most priceless of products, education. In the process, new roles have been fabricated, and old myths remodeled. Clark Kerr may have been caught in the antique gears of the multiversity, that immense factory and supermarket are ill-suited to the sophistication of a Keynsian economist.

The chancellor is the ad man. Responsible for the message that reflects the University's position, and blamed when the product's image is tarnished by demonstration and disruption, he must contend with students societally indoctrinated with the adage that the consumer controls the market: The customer is always right. At the same time, he must satisfy the State that consumption of the product is on both a rising volume and quality curve.

The continuing presence of the draft assures the ad man of an ever-present demand for higher education. It is only when the "consumer," carried away by his own imagery, demands student power, and attempts to assume quality control that the merchandiser, the ad man, and the State are in trouble. For the mythology of the admass proclaims that what the consumer wants must be given to him. Never mind that the hidden persuaders, and the businessmen-regents enjoying the cultural fruits of industrial prestige know what is best for him. Who, after all, has employed such great efforts to assure if not comfort, a at least equality of product.

The chancellor knows his consumer: of course, there is "student unrest, even popular unrest," we live "in a very unhappy world." Are we not all to be unhappy until the perfect diamond of that liberal education is between our fingers, as well as the ranch house and the second car. The chancellor is mindful of the discriminating fashions of Bascom Hill. He reminds a student questioner that he had once been chairman of a committee that recommended the abolition of compulsory ROTC. He "shared (with everyone) the fervent wish that the war in Vietnam be ended." Having made that becoming identification with the higher humanity of the admass, there was a retreat to the dignity of position that upholds the neutrality of the University. As chancellor, I don't think I should speak out against the war.

The ad man views his buying public vagaries and aberrations benignly secure in his knowledge that there is no hard core resistance to higher education. He sees most students as idealists. He has heard a lot of wild talk, but knows of "very few people who want to bring down the University." There are always a few exceptions, "We still have some communists in this country." The chancellor "would be unhappy to find (himself) a policeman." Certainly he will not be the only policeman, "I do not believe in making decisions by myself." His staff of vice chancellors will remain unchanged. Shifts of position at the top will not disturb the middle. He assumes that the faculty and students will not permit any disruption of the basic assumptions of the University. The concerned student-consumer will take his place on University committees. They have not really sold out when they vote with the Administration, "We have just convinced them." Those students unwilling or unable to be enticed into the system must perforce be dealt with. "We will force the activists to stand up and be counted...and we won't have much trouble with them." Reluctant as the ad man may be, by training or inclination, to expel anyone from his market, the student needs to be assured that behind the chancellor stands the regent-businessmen who have no such qualms. Witness the emergency rules providing for state penalties for "derisive laughter" in the classroom passed at a previous meeting of the regents. Nothing must fundamentally disturb the University, whether it be last year's agony of police violence at the Dow Demonstration or this year's absurdity of the guerrilla theater.

Job recruitment is apparently here to stay. Although the chancellor feels the policy "will probably change. We're changing everything else." In sum, "We will continue what works."

The new chancellor by background and education is a pragmatist in the best American tradition. He believes in what he is selling. No other country has given so wide a segment of its population so much chance for education; has incorporated so many people into its technocracy; has pushed so many people up into its mediocrity. Even at this late date, room is being made for those previously left out, the blacks and migrant workers. Having done so much, and expressing a willingness to do even more, how dare the consumer express a caveat. From Maine to Wisconsin, and to the far reaches of Pakistan the benefits of our most priceless commodity has been extolled and taught. Education, in the American Dream, from Jewish ghetto to Black ghetto, mining camp to prairie farm, has been touted as the way out of ignorance and poverty. With so many universities, with so many careers to choose from, what student could possibly say there was no brand for him. The system has worked for so many years with a little retooling it should be able to go on indefinitely. Questions of how far student power and participatory democracy will go are not "appropriate." Dr. Young prefers to put it as "how much the University is prepared to give." The ad man has no real illusions of the consumer as king. He views him as a petitioner, and as such quite properly a part of the system. Consumer fraud is not university complicity in the war effort, but student power. Dishonest merchandising is not the authoritarian regulation of students' personal lives, but participatory democracy. Misrepresentation was not in the advertising of the product, but in the idea that the consumer had of that procut. Like the McCarthy Democrats, the student is told it is really possible to make a choice and detect a difference from Brand X to Brand Y. It is not the ad man's fault, that like the McCarthy Democrats, confrontation with the system reveals an almost total disregard for the humanity and rights of the petitioner.

The chancellor's pragmatism is his working principle. "We will continue what works." It can also be his and the University's salvation, if he is allowed to use it properly by the regents. Those aspects of the University which do not and cannot serve a community of scholars must be discarded. What profit to scholarship napalm-burned flesh and scorched earth? What kind of career a professional killer in the armed services? This is not to make the university an enclave isolated from the rest of society. In the radical sense, the purification of one product is not to protect it from contamination, but rather to help decontaminate the zones immediately around it. The University violates its own function when it suppresses or subdues change. Knowledge is the real business of the University, and must be made to serve as a liberating factor to arouse the citizens to their own fundamental potential to change their communities.

Lee Zeldin
Steve Zeldin

You nor I nor anybody knows

OATS, PEAS, BEANS

and barley grow

We walked into the Regents meeting with our heads down shyly, and sensed right away that we were the only students there. But we sat down behind Regents Renk, Walker, and Ziegler, who were patting each other on the knee. At first they had long discussions about their moves, like accepting a "fabulous textile fortune" for the home ec department, and increasing retirement benefits--the business interests, they thought, didn't approve of "that tendency." Regent Nellen even allowed that it was "against industry." Regent Friedrick, a labor leader, put them down without even bothering to sit up in his chair or unmouth his fine cigar. "De tendency in private industry is for the employer to contribute all de retirement funds." Very slow and unexcited. "Dat is generally de practice."

Then budgets, buildings, heating. A "Mr. Yurkevitch" who plans for the expansion of the Madison campus in conjunction with a "Mr. Edsel" refused to give us a copy of this year's estimates. But he had lacquered eyebrows and a black silk breast pocket handkerchief, so it was no surprise. At 10:37 they passed the new rule with no discussion.

When they adjourned for lunch Regent President Gelatt sashayed over. "Did you enjoy it?" he asked. "We always do," we said. A few more genteel exchanges, and we went out in the corridor to find out some stuff. Vice-President Clodius doesn't look odious. Right off. He speaks softly. Clodius presenting a resolution: "This is a little complicated and I'm not sure I'll get it right the first time, but we do have people who can state it correctly." It was his committee that was requested by the faculty to make the rule. We told him we were confused. "It seems to prohibit sitting in on classes," we said. "Oh, gosh no," he clucked. We read him the first paragraph about "It is unlawful for any person to be present in any class... without the consent of a member of



Bound for Glory

From the cover picture of a sandalled adult male enclosed in a blue membrane (entitled the University Womb) to the back page AT&T ad which somehow tries to metaphorically link slum kids with the alleged aim of big business ("They are partners of all who try to build and keep out cities alive with hope and promise of personal dignity"), the groovy first issue of Careers Today is painfully obvious in its attempt to recruit the so called New Left via the Madison Avenue Railway Express. Although the How of this attempt is so clear as to become absurd, the ramifications of the Why are not so clear and perhaps deserve some thought. The two groups immediately involved here are the publishers and the sponsors, or advertisers, who are basically united by a common goal: Money. The publishers want this money directly, i.e., subscribers, but the ad men want something more. The focus here is not the usual commodity glorification, rather it is the disguised commodity of personnel they seek--they want us. They want our souls, our minds, not merely our money. As they tell it, they seek "innovative voices, forward looking young people, youth talent, ambition, openmindedness toward new ideas," and all sorts of other groovy euphemisms for employees, field niggers.

Big Business is hurting for manpower--they need the highly educated, and perhaps they fear the dissatisfied college students of today are gravitating toward the New Left rather than business when they finally reach the point of dropping out. This would to some extent explain the heavy weight of articles criticizing the university ("The Un-Educating Society," "Where Have All the Graduates Gone?") and those Horatio Alger stories of "fat contemptuous Bill Berkeley, who at 22 and just 3 months out of school is running a passel of his own companies from a suite in Manhattan's Pan Am Building," and of ex-activist "Banker Del Behrend" who "insists by her action, that the vivid values of the now-people can best be realized through the business structures." The prose created, expecially in the repetition of phraseology, is so striking as to become an insult. These men have used words like "meaningful," "creative" in a way which makes me angry--it goes beyond the mere double-think we have all become accustomed to. They try to link our aims to theirs as a manipulative tool, and in doing so they degrade these concepts to an irremediable low. Covering all the basic concerns of young people from slum conditions to the fuck-over of the university system, they adulterate these concerns, they utilize them to show that the aims of the company are the same as ours, ergo we should join the company to get at them.

Careers Today is shot through and through with this co-optation psychology. The magazine comes on strong with really fantastic psychedelic photo constructs, and the format is strikingly reminiscent of Ramparts. The articles themselves stress again and again the common gripes of business and New Leftists. Especially designed to pull the reader in ("an invitation for readers to participate in editorial discussion of subjects that impinge upon our



lives"), and therefore to force identification with the magazine's views, is a reader questionnaire--and who doesn't love to fill out a questionnaire full of relevant and meaningful questions? But these questions are almost overwhelmingly stated in a positive manner, posturing a sympathy with radical goals, and calculated to dispell reader doubts about the magazine and its aims. For example, take #5 in the section entitled, "How do you see yourself in the University?"--"College administrators are largely responsible for student rebellion because they have been indifferent to student needs." What self-respecting student wouldn't at least mildly agree with a statement such as this? They remind me of old-time and not so old-time politicians, who know damn well what the people want to hear. Even the negative response questions are stated in a positive manner--for example #13, "If students didn't have to worry about grades, they wouldn't learn much."

Especially pertinent I think, in relation to the McLuhan drawing-in concept of media, is a look at the Editors Note on page 6. Answering the question, "What is an editor for," Peter Drucker writes, "If he has the courage to make a strong statement, verbal and visual, he defines a new perception and a new form of communication. The great editor, rather than talk to an existing audience, creates a new public. He fashions both a medium and a message. The



work of many people have gone into Careers Today--psychologists, educators, executives, artists, above all a fair number of thoughtful students and graduates. Each of them, from his experience, had come to the conclusion that the young people of today lack an organ of their own that can talk with them about their life's concerns and the concerns they hold for the world in which they live." This great editor is indeed out to create a new public, and he proffers his organ as the one that will relieve the itching desire of the New Left. While reading the magazine, I was reminded of a recent article by Carl Oglesby (New Left Notes, Aug. 12) which described overtures of Business International, an elite group of business theorists, to representative members of the New Left. During these discussions (which seemed unbelievably frank) the businessmen admitted that their hegemony over society may indeed be threatened. They sense that the present political system is unable to respond to growing internal stresses. At the same time they consider the Liberal Consensus to be the best atmosphere for conducting business. This consensus is now threatened from both Left and Right, but the more serious threat comes from a Right wing "super-patriotic" reaction, which if extended to the point of welfare cutbacks, civil rights regression, and perhaps even a protectionist U.S. trade policy, would deprive the government of flexibility in responding to and controlling social change. Although Careers Today is far from the sophistication of a group such as B.I. (their main purpose being rather direct profit) there are definite correlations between the approaches of the two. It is becoming increasingly apparent to Business theoreticians that they are attracting the schlemiels of society-people who don't't give a damn for the company or their jobs and see them only as necessary evils to obtain the "real" things in life---a second or third car, a plush home in the suburbs. The New Left on the other hand is a group of hard-working and dedicated activists--they are good organizers, and more important, they get things done. These are the kind of people Business needs to perpetuate itself. As Oglesby observes, it is not a question of what the New Left could do with the support of G.M., but what G.M. would do with the resources of the New Left.

---Becky Kurtz





the University administration or faculty or other person authorized to give such consent." "We certainly didn't mean that," he said. "I don't know what to tell you." "Didn't your committee write it?" I asked. "Well actually," he said,"you should talk to Professor Herst. I just don't know what to tell you." "We were worried about auditing classes." "Well, I would say, as long as you don't tell a professor to go to hell or something like that." "Could you ask about it this afternoon?" I said. "Oh, someone should certainly bring it up," he said," Why don't you?"

They got very serious right away in the afternoon because there was a Yurkevitch and Edsel proposal to build graduate student apartments. Regent Pasch was recognized: "Does a survey of housing in Madison indicate the need for us supplying more housing?" I choke-giggled (I also burped a lot that day since our landlord-provided stove leaked gas) and Regents Renk, Walker, and Ziegler swivelled towards me at the same time that both my sides were poked. "Dolt," Linda muttered. "Be careful," Richard whispered. Regent Renk was totally put out. "Why do we have to build apartments for single graduate students? I can't for the life of me see why we have to have apartments for single students. And they talk don't raise the tuition, yet they're affluent enough to live in apartments." He shook his toe around in circles and Regent Walker patted him on the knee.

At the end of the day the education committee offered new appointments and resignations for the Regents' approval. (When the Regents move to a vote, Regent Gelatt always says, "What is the pleasure of the Regents?" but they never say "dancing girls.") Regent Renk wanted to know why a professor who wouldn't arrive until 1969 was being hired. President Clodius explained the gentleman's agreement by which there were no professor changes after April for the following year so that the deserted university wouldn't be at a loss. The next personnel news was that Professor Vansina had just retired. Regent Renk, who had obviously reached the conceptualization stage, picked this right up."The retirement of the gentleman--I can't pronounce his name--didn't follow ethical rules...he retired at an odd time." Much muttering in agreement over this. "Well," Vice-President Clodius explained,"I guess it's the administrators who follow the rules." Raucous laughter, Regent Walker clapped. Regent Ziegler slapped him happily on the back. Regent Renk patted him on the knee.

We filed out and President Gelatt said,"Well, now you know how the University's run." We smiled, "Yes."

"If you have any questions," Vice-President Clodius offered to Linda and me, "ask Mr. Young." "Are you from the Law School?" I asked. (A misleading flash memory of the dean with a heart condition who tried Robert Cohen for misconduct. The suspicion was that he, the dean, would have a seizure during the trial and the charge against Cohen would be changed to murder.) "No, that's George Young," he said, "I'm Ed Young. Who are you?" Very friendly. We told him our names and he immediately repeated them. Moan.

So next week we went back to the Regents and Ed Young was appointed Chancellor. (Linda had foolishly enough worn a denim skirt and the Minneapolis Tribune accosted us. "Are you from SDS or the under-

(continued on p. 6)

A New Sense of Urgency

Edward Ben Elson, a Doctor of Jurisprudence as well as a prominent Madison attorney, was interviewed by this scribe out at the bar of the Madison Airport waiting for his mother to come in for a visit. "My Mother," said Elson, is a really great woman, but she puts nothing over on nobody by reading the Times Book Review and talking like she really read the books." Elson, getting himself into one of his characteristic salivating rages added, "and she just makes a jackass of herself by subscribing to the Nation and I.F. Stone which she never reads but just leaves conspicuously around the house." Rocking precariously on his stool and banging his fists on the bar counter, Madison's prominent attorney bellowed: "Who does she think she's kidding when she goes on Civil Rights Marches just to meet a husband, and I'll be goddamned if she marries some nigger on one of those marches who will drink up all of my old man's money that was left in her goddamn hands. My old man didn't work all his life for a few crumby bucks to be spent by some shiftless nigger who managed to catch my mother in her need." When asked by this reporter if Attorney Elson was against interracial marriage, he replied: "No, but not to my mother, they won't." Elson added with a know-



ing wink, "and most white girls who date blacks do so because they are in love with the color and there is no true love of a person." This reporter countered with, "but don't most white women date white men for their money and isn't this just as bad?" The Doctor of Jurisprudence flew off his stool roaring, "even if it is just as bad, it doesn't make any difference, for we are talking of some nigger my mother met on a march marrying her for my father's money, money that was supposed to come to me when she croaks and I don't want it all spent up on cheap gin and pink cadillacs with mud skirts...And the fact that women marry white men for money doesn't mean it is ok for black men to marry my mother for money. You don't see any women over in Viet Nam killing gooks do you. That's a man's job."

I managed to get Elson off the topic of interracial marriage and his mother and asked him how his store, No Hassel, was doing. When asked about the slogan of his store, "WHENEVER MARIJUANA BECOMES LEGAL NO HASSEL WILL BE THE FIRST TO SELL IT," drunken businessman Elson with a sheepish smile of pure pleasure responded in a confidential whisper: "Look, the slogan simply means that we are interested in making a fast buck and we are right on top of the fashion scene." Elson added, "And the way we stay on top of the fashion scene is by hiring cheerleaders and sorority girls to pick out the crap that the youth of today want." I asked Mr. Elson if he ever smoked marijuana and he answered with a knowing air, "I wouldn't touch the stuff with a ten foot pole, but my Mother, if her dating habits are any indication, she probably smokes it." When asked about the sign he rented overlooking route 90 coming in from the East which recites, among other things, "NO HASSEL IS OWNED BY A NEGRO, PATRONIZE IT," Mr. Elson answered that the sign was directed at a limited market, "the paternalistic jews returning to school from New York," as Elson put it. When I commented that he was not only not a Negro, but that he was Jewish, Elson, almost defensively, responded: "Prove that I'm Jewish, and I'm proud of the fact that I'm white, but who, tell me who has a better right than me to exploit civil rights feeling seeing that a Negro is going to marry my mother and take away all the money that rightfully should be mine."

Mr. Elson admits to having undergone a metamorphosis in political ideology since starting his store and the practice of law. Once an active member of the radical left (you will remember back in '65 it was Elson, not Robert Cohen, who put a headlock on the Commandant of Truax Field and made a citizens arrest of the Commandant for violating the Nuremburg Judgement; and it was Elson in '66, not Evan Stark, who threw the smoke bomb into the basement of the City County Building and screamed over the bull horn, "up yours Chief Emory,") Elson's most recent statement, "money talks," indicates a switch in emphasis, if not position. His current plans at No Hassel include adoption of Manchester's sophisticated techniques of merchandising, like pricing merchandise at $1.95 instead of $2.00; carrying mislabeled and misbranded products; having containers that distort size and volume; color shelfing that will hypnotize the customer into buying more than he can afford and other, as Mr. Elson puts it, "tricks of the trade." Also, Mr. Elson indicated that he plans to follow Manchester's self righteous policy of prosecuting all shoplifters and employing a dick full time to accomplish this end.

Robb Johnson, an employee of No Hassel, was recently interviewed by the Capital Times and he was quoted as saying that "he enjoyed working in No Hassel, meeting all the sweet people that came in, but that he felt that the store was too capitalistic." Mr. Elson quickly rectified this condition, by doing away with the wage system. Mr. Johnson is currently working for nothing. In explaining his action Mr. Elson stated: "We started by giving our employee a percentage of the gross and discovered that it would be cheaper to give a percentage of the net; but then our business started to prosper and since we were in a better bargaining position we paid our employee a straight two dollars an hour; then last week I found out that Rennebohm pays his help $1.35 an hour and since Rennebohm is more than one hundred and thirty five times our size, we didn't have to pay our employee anything." But Mr. Elson added, "our place has other remunerations, other than money, a lot of lonely people come into our store and our employee can get into their pants easily."

At this point Mr. Elson broke off the conversation and told me to get lost because, as he put it, "there's my mother and her nigger." The Negro, accompanying Mrs. Elson, was Senator Edward Brooke, who, as reported by the Wisconsin Journal, "recently was divorced from his white wife and was seen marching in the streets of Washington with Stokely Carmichael and Rap Brown for civil rights."

E.E.



REGENTS

(Continued from p. 5)

ground press?" he asked. "Nope," we said.) They adjourned in two minutes flat and out,out,out reporters hustled with the big story. (Later we heard them dialing it in, "The new Chancellor has five children colon...") The Regents mostly stayed and chatted. "You have male corn and female corn," Regent Walker said. "That's right," said Renk. Walker: "How do you tell the difference?" Chuckle, chuckle. Regent Ziegler: "I saw your rows of corn." Renk: "That's right." Ziegler: "Seed corn." Renk: "That's right." Ziegler: "Looked real interesting." Regent Walker has a pink face and a pink skull and a lot of trouble with his alveolar groove fricative. He whispered to Renk, "I know Pasch feels the shame way and sho doezh Zhiegler. If we could get the chairman, Nellen. If you're jusht a little gracioush." And along comes a legislator. "Congratulations. You have a good man, a good man. He'll have my full support, my full support. Out in the bushes, the brambles, the high places..." and then over strode President Harrington, a tall man. By this time there were five very jolly people between us and the door. Renk to Harrington: "I appreciate what you said about him being a country boy." Laughter from all five of these cards. Harrington: "Ha, ha, good luck to the farmers."

Harrington suddenly walked around the table and that seemed to start a press conference. Linda and I hid behind R, W, and Z, but Harrington broke off an answer to stare at us. "Are you reporters?" he asked, which question the reporters seemed to find full of wit. "Sometimes," we said, and the reporters guffawed some more. "What paper?" said Harrington. "Connections," said I. "Connections," Harrington said like the punch line.

We left then followed by the Minneapolis Tribune. "Could you tell me the students' reaction to the new rule?" he asked. "Nope," we said. "Well, what are your own reactions?" We said the closing of classrooms to the non-registered didn't seem much in accord with the "Wisconsin Idea" of using the University for the benefit of the people of the state and that the provisions seemed vague to us, even after our conversation with vice-president Clodius. He told us he wanted to talk to student leaders about Young and asked for the names of SDS members and underground press editors. We told him these people only represented a minority of the students and referred him to WSA and the Daily Cardinal.

The left down elevator held the regents and the right the reporters. From the right we could hear the happy chuckling of the left. "It's like electing a new football coach," one reporter said.

No luck in hitching a ride home in Regent Walker's Lincoln, but we made it there and back for Mr. Young's press conference. Everyone else stood when the new chancellor walked in, but Linda and I being ladies just sat with our hands quietly folded and our shoulders quietly SNCC-like hunched in case we were about to be beaten. The initial gut questions--like how did Young like his new post? and how would he compare and contrast it with his old post--got nice clear answers. Then Young was asked how far he intended to let his students go with that political expression of theirs. (I remembered a low level administrator this summer who told me some protest was all right but, "Some students want to turn it into a harangatang.") "Look at family life," Young suggested--"what all of us allow our children to do." The metaphor was not expanded further, however, the next question being whether police would enforce the new rules. An unnecessary question, Young thought. Most students would agree with this new rule, as most students agree with administration policy in general. "Some people say those chaps have sold out to the establishment," Young noted, "That isn't so, we've simply convinced them." None of those chaps being there, the significant glances were all directed at me and Linda. And how the chancellor prepared to deal with the students who, sardonically, lip down, eye roll, "practically want to bring down society."

Young: "If we can make the issues clear and force the people who want to tear down the university to stand up and be counted, our problems will be solved." "'And be counted' sounds a little dubious," Linda said. Young counted himself on the side of those who wanted "change" in an orderly fashion. Excess couldn't be tolerated. The measured rationale of Harold Rome's song, "It's Not Cricket to Picket."

"Did the students agree?" they asked. "Oh yes," Young said, "They understand a lot of these things."

The last query was "What do you anticipate will be your greatest problem as chancellor?" and Young answered it would be the communications problem between faculty administration and students. "What communications problem," Linda whispered, "I think we understand each other real well."

--Cynthia Wells



Poetry: Programmed Read-Out

There was a poetry reading Sunday night in the Union Old Madison room. Thank Heavens there's a place in this town where an amiable, peace-loving bourgeois intellectual can go for some sophisticated amusement; why, the very illusion of culture here has been so frightfully dull lately, really, that the relief of having REAL LIVE FREAKS get up and pretend to offend me was a marvelous distraction. (Let me tell you who I am: the straw-man, scarecrow stuffed with weeds who couldn't scare a single argument away, a fiction for everyone to piss on, and I went to the reading to wreck it. My powers are immense, I move around the room the invisible titillator, nudge elbows waiting for the next outlandish putdown and joke to work my nervous system into a pitch, O repartee! O wild anticipation of hip wit! I am not seen, I grow infinite and empty and inhabit each soul in the room, and I cannot be exorcised once I have established THE AMUSEMENT.)

Carl Thayler gave me trouble, but I handled him by literalizing his late Beat spin-off 'friendliness'. Everybody got together, there was a literary event underway and the seriousness became spectacular. There was a dangerous moment there when Arnie Greenfield ripped thru the genial fog and burned some of the real light of his resentment into our heads, ray-gun public visibility of his dark smolderings opened up and I couldn't stop it. His crazy courage is my enemy; my amusement eludes me. Thaddeus Torgoff wouldn't accept my power, and he tried to shove some meaning at us, insisting that beauty arrive, show up in an old Spanish dress with her hair on old fire, but fought her too and insisted all around that this cat was just a poet remember, those are just words he's using. Then the stage was set and d.a. levy came to the mike and wondered what to SAY to the control I had worked out: like a fool he tried to be honest and connived death at me, but he couldn't break me down; the meat of amusement is honesty and struggle and I bent them into raw smiles on the anvil of eager faces, and they ate jokes with them, even where there weren't any (I bent them, statements, into jokes! I worked hard.) Bob Watt as usual almost slipped some of his soft placenta marmelade at all organs, contraband light sandwiches, but by that time I was too strong, and the laughs stayed in the bellies. The night had been layed open with cracked amusement, it was total that I had won, so I left dropping pieces of re-sealed earwax all the way out the door.

--DCW



B.B. KING

The animal was writhing and gasping and holding on to every move that B.B. King's fingers made over the neck of his guitar. He flung notes at the animal, straight notes and those not-so-straight notes, blue notes. The animal couldn't help itself. If the guitar didn't get to it, the voice, the beautiful voice which could reach way up here, then instantly reverse itself and take hold much lower down, did. The animal pushed and shoved, always closer to him, finally onto the stage, right up against him and through him. The animal fused with him.

B.B. King had never played before a college audience in his almost twenty years as the world's greatest blues singer. He played Madison last Thursday night, only four days after his forty-third birthday. The reaction he got from his audience almost pushed against him almost as hard as his music did against the audience. It was with him all the way, it was with him as much as any predominantly black audience he's played for. Backstage after the show he said that there was something in the air here in Madison and when he said that the audience was "beautiful" you knew that B.B. King meant it. And this man who has worked twenty-seven nights a month since 1949 has seen a lot of audiences.

We'll never know exactly what happened in Memphis in the late Forties, but the emergence of a distinct blues form, amplified and strong, was the result. This thing that happened in Memphis soon revealed itself in the form of Bobby Bland, Little Jr. Parker, and Riley B. (The Beale St. Blues Boy) King. It became as important an event in America's cultural history as Coltrane's modal Jazz, as Bird's radical harmonies.

Three years ago B.B. King was known to perhaps one in ten thousand white people, even though his records have sold in the millions and his name is a household word in the ghettoes. Why? Because of racism--not until the early 1960s was B.B. recording for a major record company--and because of that barrier which must be faced by any artist who presents to his audience a real emotional experience, the truth, if you will. The blues have always had this obstacle before them, as have certain films, plays, paintings, and so on. The blues aren't top-ten music: they don't lie and distort. The blues deal in a straightforward and realistic manner with many topics, not just sexual matters for which they are famous.

B.B. has found, as have many older blues singers, that in America 1968 his strongest audience is among young whites who can share in the strength and reality of his music. Today B.B. is known to many whites. He thanks his many imitators for much of the attention being directed towards him presently, especially people like guitarists Mike Bloomfield and Eric Clapton and singer Janis Joplin. Lately B.B. has been billed with New Rock groups at big theatres like the Fillmore. As an aside, the group he likes the best of those he has heard was the old Blood, Sweat, and Tears when Al Kooper was still with them, and as for Janis Joplin, he could only ask those of us who were speaking with him to find a word stronger than "great."

In talking with B.B. last Thursday night after his performance in the Union Theatre I was able to get a glimpse of not only a musical genius but a beautiful personality talking about his music, his women, or those "students" in Madison who surprised the hell out of him with their response. What happened in Madison last Thursday night surprised a lot of us. The audience for real, heavy music does exist in Madison--there's something in the air this year which wasn't here last year, even though the factory was open. I hope the same spirit that greeted B.B. King will be present in other areas of life in Madison that demand a confrontation with reality...

--Mark Rohrer

WE LIKE IT THERE ALREADY

It should not come as news to the alert reader that the major producer of arsenic defoliants for Vietnam is about to construct a research center in Madison. It should not be surprising that the reason Ansul is coming is to make use of the University of Wisconsin's research facilities in connection with the plant poisons.

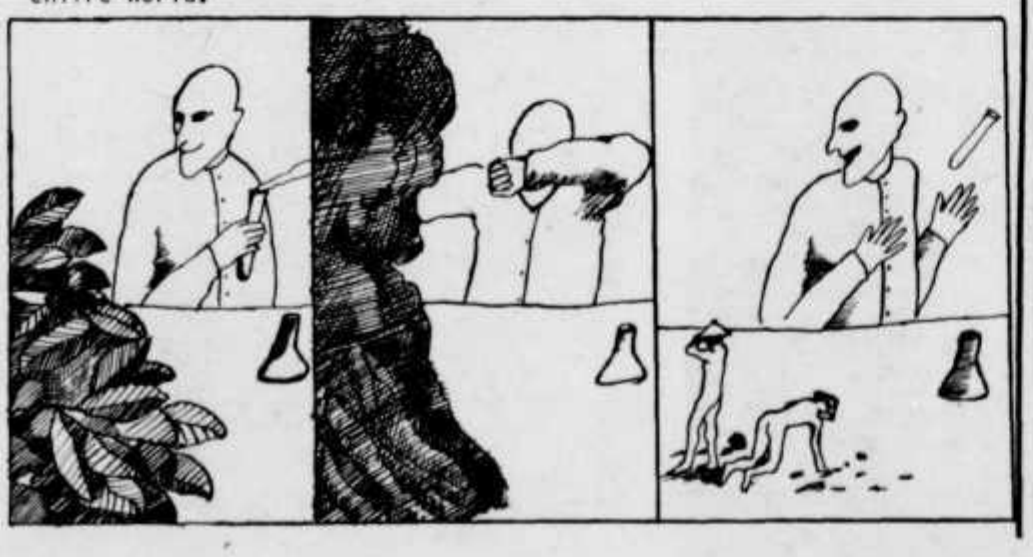
According to the September 18 Wisconsin State Journal, Ansul was invited to Madison by the University of Wisconsin through its Industry Research Program. It intends to use the University for research and product development for "weed control and crops," which are the same chemicals now being used to poison rice paddies, defoliate rain forest, poison food supplies, and generally destroy the basic agricultural and ecological future of Vietnam.

The invitation by the University to Ansul to use its resources for the development of arsenic herbicides is somewhat against the long respected position maintained by Wisconsin in conservation. The effects of using large quantities of arsenic anywhere are not known. However, it is known that the heavy metal is a deadly poison. The use of arsenic on crops may produce cheaper and better crops now, but may render the land useless for future generations. This applies to the entire world.

During the summer of 1967 a student at Madison was doing construction work on a sewer at the Ansul plant at Marinette, Wisconsin. On one occasion the crew was warned to stand back from the sewer as several thousand gallons of concentrated hydrochloric acid passed into the Menominee River and on into Green Bay. On another occasion, a tank car loaded with caustic soda was dumped into the same sewer. Finally a supervisor in the arsenic plant was demoted to sweeping for refusing to open a valve passing several thousand gallons of "Methyl-Arsenate" (Ansar 710) into the river. The bellies of dead fish downstream from the plant should further eliminate doubt as to the moral integrity of our new Madison Industry.

The hundreds of employees discharged without cause, as well as the residents of Marinette county themselves, will testify to the anti-union labor policies of Ansul.

Construction will begin this week on the Ansul building to be located at Schroeder Road and the West Beltline....a physical example of the deep hypocracy of the University of Wisconsin in regard to its actual function as an institution of higher learning.









M. LESY





One Of These Memos Is For Real

Date: September 12, 1968

From: S. K. Heninger, Jr.

To: Members of the English Department

Re: Classroom Disruption

There are persistent rumors that classes will be disrupted this fall by vociferous dissidents on the pretence of challenging the professor about the relevancy of his course. I do not wish to be an alarmist, nor do I wish to over-react even before the event. But each of us is vulnerable, and therefore a steadying word from me in my central office might be in order.

Apparently the protest groups consider national politics a lost cause, and the Viet Nam war is rapidly waning as a focus for protest. Therefore they have decided to attack the University on the relevancy of its operation. Their tactic will be, if rumor is correct, to challenge individual professors by disruptive confrontation in the classroom.

Clearly the English Department will have to consider this problem in an early meeting of the Departmental Committee. I think it important that we discuss effective ways to handle such disruption and that, if possible, we arrive at a common attitude toward the protestors. Their expectation, of course, is to divide and conquer. Until the Department has an opportunity to discuss the proper response to disruption, however, I shall presume to make a few suggestions.

Each of us will handle the crisis in his own way, and none of us can predict exactly what he might do in the emergency. But I urge you to think about such a possibility and decide in advance how you will deal with it. I furthermore urge that you avoid both extremes: neither scowl and



storm out without retort, nor go limp and suffer public humiliation without remonstrance. I hope that we can steer a course somewhere between these poles; but of course our antagonists are extremely clever and they will try to push us to one extreme or the other. Indeed, they leave scant room for alternatives.

If you wish, in the event of disruption you may call my office (262-1016), and I will come immediately to your classroom. Or I shall be willing to come to a subsequent class meeting. I will not intrude upon your proper purlieu unless you expressly request that I do. But if the protestors honestly want confrontation with the decision-makers in the University, my presence will visibly demonstrate that those in authority are not out of reach. Although I might not be able to control the hard-core dissidents in the class, my presence would visibly demonstrate to the others that channels of communication are open and that the disrupters are out of order. I repeat--I am not presuming to take over your rights and responsibilities in the classroom, but only assuring you of my willingness to stand by your side.

This is hardly a cheerful message to go out as a new chairman's first memo to all staff members. Let's hope that it is an unnecessary precaution, and that it will soon be as obsolete as a bomb shelter (how's that for dispelling fear and gloom?) In any case, if we can face the question of relevancy from serious students, we shall be all the better for it. And we must protect ourselves from the anarchists who will exploit the issue of relevancy to bring in chaos and old night.

skh/mcn



August 8, 1968

TO: All Faculty members on the Madison campus of the University of Wisconsin

FROM: The Office of Student Control Services

As the faculty grapevine may have informed you, it now seems apparent that certain groups of nihilistic non-students are bent upon disrupting normal classroom procedure here at the University of Wisconsin. Several incidents have already been brought to our attention which show beyond a shadow of a doubt that there is a coordinated effort underway to endanger the university and those of us who know and love it so well. In order that you might be aware of the extent of this danger and be better able to recognize it, we shall relate several incidents which have occurred during summer school. The first incident occurred in the Philosophy Department where several rowdies caused great embarrassment to one of our most distinguished faculty members. The protestors laughed derisively when the professor announced that he intended to give two exams plus a final and that he no more believed in the honor system than he did in student power. All faculty members are urged to be on the lookout for any whispering, derisive laughter, uncontrollable giggling, shuffling of papers, reading of Connections, or masturbating which occurs during their lectures. Appropriate methods for handling such disruptions have been devised and will be explained later on in this report.

A second disruptive incident occurred this summer in the Department of History. Several students confronted a respected professor of British history with the demand that he give over one day a week to discussion sections which would be conducted by the students themselves. The professor was able to head off this disruptive ploy by reminding the students that one thing the British Empire should have taught them was that people get nowhere without discipline and respect for authority. All faculty members should be prepared this fall to face a barrage of unreasonable demands for free discussion sessions in place of lectures.

A third incident occurred in the English Department where a delegation of graduate students visited the chairman of the department demanding access to all "secret meetings of the faculty cabal" and a "living wage" for all graduate students in the department. The chairman was able to contain the disruption by reminding the students that as part of an elite group in our society they have certain professional responsibilities which preclude anything as mundane as trade unionism and that furthermore, their future careers depended largely upon how well they were able to get along with their professional superiors on the faculty. All departmental chairmen should be ready to face exorbitant demands this fall for such things as student participation on faculty committees and access to all departmental records. Furthermore, faculty are advised to be on the lookout for any obviously false analogies which see students as apprentices of one sort or another and therefore eligible for trade-union membership. Under no circumstances should faculty members allow themselves to be tricked into supporting measures which appear to point in the direction of trade unionism either for their students or for themselves.

Another incident which demonstrates what faculty members may expect to be confronted with in the fall occurred in the Chemistry Department where several graduate students disrupted a seminar by asking their professor to explain certain research he had done for the military. The colleague in question was able to counter this ridiculous assault on his academic freedom by challenging those same students to explain the communist speakers whom they had invited to the campus. All faculty members who have connections with the Central Intelligence Agency, the Institute for Defense Analysis, the Department of Defense, the Agency for International Development, and the Federal Bureau of Investigation should expect to be challenged by disruptors this fall. Such faculty are reminded that the administration and the Board of Regents have pledged to defend their academic freedom and to prosecute those who might try to disrupt them in any way.

The final incident which we relate occurred in the Geography Department where a well-organized disruptive conspiracy succeeded in getting all the students in a freshman survey course to demand a teaching contract from their instructor. The students insisted that they be allowed to have an equal voice with the teacher in deciding on the curriculum and the teaching methods to be used in the course. When the instructor refused to give in to this demand, the students disrespectfully and derisively walked out of the classroom! Shortly thereafter, they organized their own course and announced that they did not intend to give themselves grades. Fortunately these misguided students have now all been expelled and we hope that this will be the last of such incidents.

Should such incidents re-occur however, it is the considered judgement of this office that the faculty should be armed with effective techniques designed to contain disruption until the security forces can be summoned. Here then are the guidelines which we have drawn up subject always to the approval of the Board of Regents and the legislature of the State:

1) Each professor should establish a pass system for his larger courses in order to insure that no unauthorized persons enter the classroom. Students who are duly enrolled or auditing a course can be assigned passes which may then serve both for identification and attendance-taking purposes. It may be necessary at some point for the faculty member to forcibly restrain unauthorized persons from entering the classroom, in which case it might be a good idea to secure the services of rather husky TAs or to call upon some of the numerous personnel from this office.

2) After making certain that unauthorized persons are kept out of the classroom, faculty members are advised to be on the lookout for any maladjusted students who may attempt disruption on their own. One should be ready for any derisive laughter or outbursts of anger on the part of the students. If such outbursts occur, the students involved should be referred immediately to the student counseling service where the proper administrative facilities exist for handling such aberrations.

3) Should students persist in demanding free discussion sessions and a equal voice in matters of curriculum and teaching policy, faculty members should be prepared to use every means necessary to protect their academic freedom.. A whole series of control techniques are available and should be used in order of their severity (e.g. ridicule the disrupting students, threaten them with expulsion, try to turn them against each other, and finally if none of this works call in the police and have the students removed from the classroom).

Faculty members are urged to report all instances of disruption to this office and then to proceed with the above-mentioned control techniques. A final reminder, student informers are available in case any faculty members feel so intimidated that they are unable to report incidents of disruption.

Respectfully yours,
T. Harry Finkel
Coordinator of Student Control Services



SPEAKING: THE HERO

I did not want to go.
They inducted me.

I did not want to die.
They called me yellow.

I tried to run away.
They courtmartialed me.

I did not shoot.
They said I had no guts.

They ordered the attack.
A shrapnel tore my guts.

I cried in pain.
They carried me to safety.

In safety I died.
They blew taps over me.

They crossed out my name
and buried me under a cross.

They made a speech in my hometown.
I was unable to call them liars.

They said I gave my life.
I had struggled to keep it.

They said I set an example.
I had tried to run.

They said they were proud of me.
I had been ashamed of them.

They said my mother should also be proud.
My mother cried.

I wanted to live.
They called me a coward.

I died a coward.
They call me a hero.

SALVATION ARMY KITCHEN

In the name of

The Bleather

The Bun

& the Holy Roast

Amen

SONG OF THE AMERICAN LEGION

All peace efforts are appeasement
and un-American
UNESCO is subversive
UN to us reads Un

We want no goddamn nigger
to be a Legionnaire
'cause all them bastards are good for
is die when ther's a war

We know that college professers
are a bunch of atheists
and all them peacecreeps & peaceniks
are on our Subversive List

We hate yellow war protesters
who teach-in against napalm
and want us to stop throwing bombs at
civilians in North Vietnam

Civilians down there are just Asians
who don't know their ass from a hole
while we are the mighty Caucasians
who own the spooks, body & soul

We'll teach 'em to have free elections
as long as they vote our way
and don't get any big ideas
not okeyed by LBJ

'cause Johnson's key Asian adviser
is, after all, General Ky
so how have the people the nerve to complain
that they is ruled by we?

We'll give the freaks free institutions
if we have to shoot 'em all
and if any want to burn themselves up
we'll watch 'em and have a ball

And if you don't like escalation
we'll know that you belong
to the Civil Liberties Union,
an arm of the Vietcong

We need no foreign relations
all we need is nuclear bombs
and when we've licked the Russians & Chinks
the world's under our fat thumbs

We hate all states of welfare
old age benefits give us a fit,
so does foreign aid with no strings attached
and that Socialized Medicare shit

But we all want a Veterans Pension
and lifelong free medical care
and a job under Civil Service
for every Legionnaire

That's why at our Conventions
we make so much stink and fuss
- we're fond of the good old Republic's funds
and US to us reads Us!

COMMENCEMENT

While the gaunt academic
assembly line stands at 98 degrees to receive
the final rites en bloc,
its anointed and shiny
components wondering just what was about to
commence, and while the capped and
caped members of the faculty of bestowing
degrees of degrees of achievement of
scholarship sit and sweat into
their robes wondering when this thing will
be over, and while the auditorium of fond (thousands
of them) relatives & friends dripping with
beatitude benignity beneficence perspiration and
pride (I sent her through college cost me a pretty but
she did it she made it and oh baby look at her now)
sit at 98 degrees and climb and un-climb stairs talk
push fidget wipe fan fart blow noses crane necks read (there
He is!) the Program, rustle crackle cackle rise en masse to
applaud and sing The Anthem dropping glasses & waving the limp
wings of their Programs for coolness like ineffectual sitting
ducks unable to take off, kids wanting their mothers to
show them their daddies under the robes, and while
the capped & caped & robed & distinguished though in-
distinct guest speaker drones and intones:
the child next to me sleeps, her damp curls deep in
her mother's tense lap. Yes - it is just as
the speaker is observing, Truth Cannot Ever
Be Suppressed.

THE LIBERAL EDUCATOR'S WISHLIST

A demonstration
(in moderation)
a rebellion
(but Machiavellian)
a bit of protest
(but not the hottest!)
perhaps a riot
(but shhhh! - quiet!)

FELIX POLLAK

Is a native of Vienna, Austria, and the curator of Rare Books at the Memorial Library. He has published a book of poems, The Castle and the Flaw (Elizabeth Press) and is a contributor to many little and larger literary magazines. "The Hero" and "Song of the American Legion" are reprinted from QUIXOTE.

Me Sancho, You Panza

QUIXOTE is the best magazine published on any campus in the country. Some people will disagree with that evaluation & just about all of those people will be students on this campus. That's not odd, necessarily--it's just that anyone who takes poetry seriously in this university has come to believe in the powers of his own "professionalism" (as the grads call it) if he is to survive the various lit departments' basic training with even a bare nub of that seriousness left intact. And QUIXOTE, God knows, is not professional. It takes delight in & presents the present; it covers its tracks & keeps going; it celebrates, changes & records what is being



written & acted out for its own sake; it burns the objective eye out of the critic who is able to observe quite clearly of poetry whatever he, at least, does see: which is about as much of the whole animal as a microscope can make visible at one time.

"You can, perhaps, appreciate the dilemna of teachers of 'modern poetry' who often have their interpretations of living poets challenged by the poets themselves and so want little to do with reality. Or since many poets are not thoroughly middle-class, they can embarrass groups of poetry teachers if they come face to face with them"--Edelson, p. 30.

There have been criticisms in the past, however, which were more or less justified about two --and perhaps even one--years ago, depending on which issue of the magazine you were talking about. It used to be easy to say that QUIXOTE was too broad and generalized, and that the content suffered from a corresponding lack of depth; Edelson would publish "anything!" That's the way it looked, quite often, and all of us righteous uptight folks kept the bad word riding. And now, unfortunately, it's become an easy opinion that has to be roped & thrown: the news for the left (& anyone else that's interested) is that the "coterie culture" which plagued the old mags like NEW IDEA and CARROTS & PEAS, and which whole tribes of otherwise educated activists still accuse our writers of, has been overcome. And it's been because QUIXOTE, slowly & with obvious labor, has included not only new & unfamiliar writers from around the country (by which a gradual education of sorts has been made available... & remember, officially-sponsored mags are forbidden to include off-campus poets!), but has also accepted the work of as many Madison poets whose seriousness & effort has clearly merited it. Many of these writers, I should point out, would not hesitate to exclude the work of some others of their number if they were in charge of the editing process; and even though these exclusions might often be justified (being the basis, after all, of strong & personalized editing), they are nonetheless the same basis from which the coterie effect evolves. So what at one time appeared to be a weakness has become a strength (tune: O, dem di-a-lektiks / O, dem...&c).

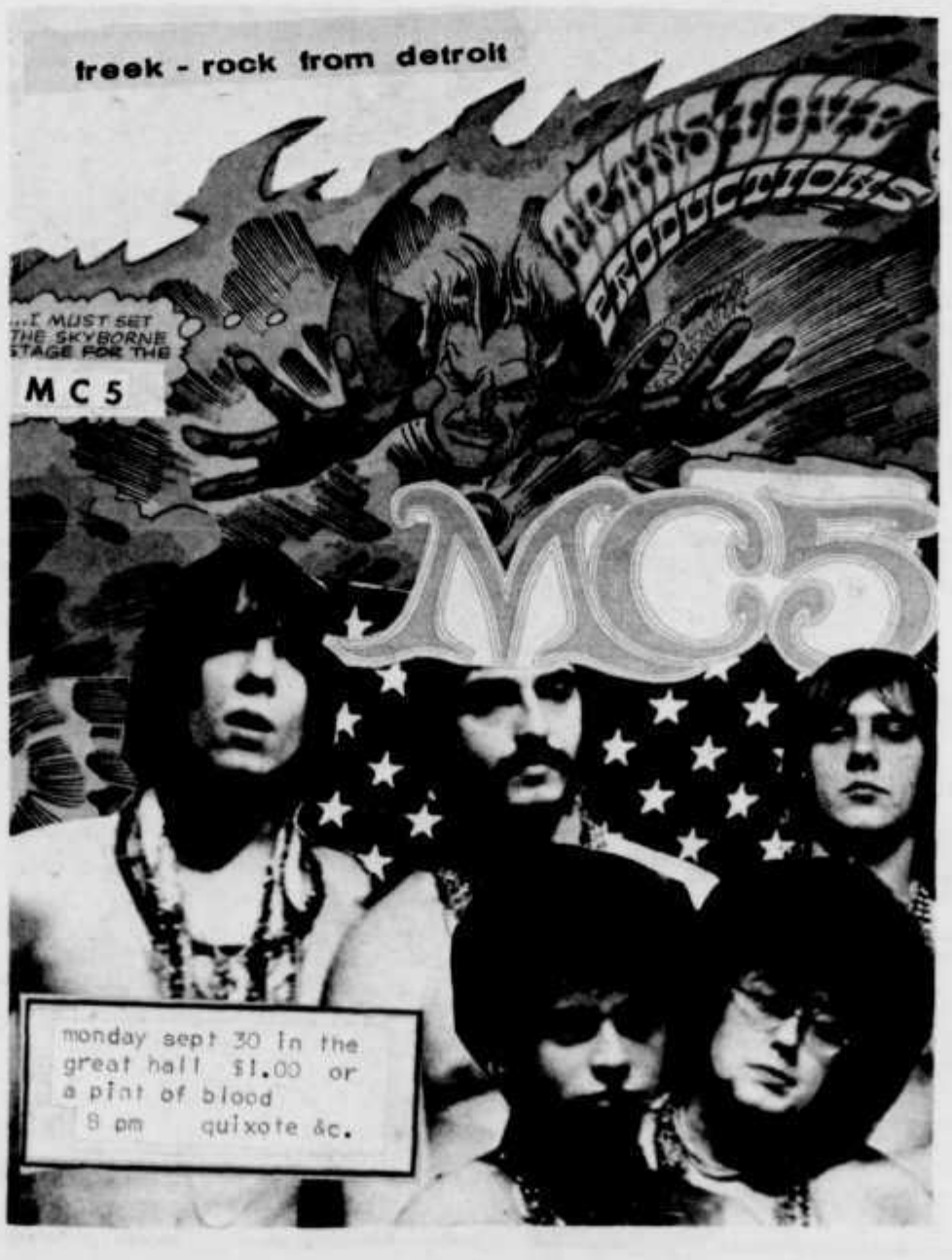
But the most important thing to say at this point is that the new issue has lots of meat on its broad bones. Some of the work is outstanding, like the short story by Curt Johnson, Helen Lipton's play, and a long article on the I Ching by Willard Johnson. There are reviews of some of the best current lit mags & samples of the sort of thing they publish (also a review of Abe Fortas' Concerning Dissent and Civil Disobedience done by Victor Contoski, who should do more writing on social criticism, judging by the quality of thought & expression in this example); the entire set of Diane DiPrima's "Revolutionary Letters" is reprinted; a sermon by John Fry, the public defender of the Blackstone Rangers, & the guy can write; interviews with Robin David, Jody Chandler & Dan Swinney of WDRU, and Sidney Glass of CBP, all of which were conducted last February while the left was still in the post-Dow drearies (remarkably optimistic & accurate assessments, though); "Toward a Radical Understanding of the University," by Stuart Dowty, which is interesting mainly for its clear analysis of the economic position of the faculty, along with other points to be kept in mind by people who are into departmental organizing right now; a long excerpt from a diary written under fire in Saigon....

I'm tempted to go on with a list & commentary on the table of contents, but let it be enough for once to say that the articles are informative & pertinent to anyone with half a social consciousness, the best QUIXOTE has come up with yet. And the poetry, thank God, is consistently good--also the best collection under one cover for any issue of the last six months (& that's a lot of poetry).

The best work is by DiPrima, Roger Mitchell (a poem Connections readers should recognize), Robert DiAntonio, Thaddeus Torgoff, Jackie DiSalvo, Paul Blackburn, Doug Blazek--poets you expect solid stuff from. There are also some surprises, like Bob Watt using more craft & skill than I'd seen before; new poets like Harry Lewis, Murray Mednick & James S. Tipton (new to me at least); Jim Sorcic turning out airtight work; and Jeremy Robinson (who disappointed me in the last MANDALA, making turns & changes better than ever before. Some of the poets are capable of a lot more. Victor Contorski sort of marks time in his poetry this time (except for "Prophecy," which is well-lathed). Peter Wild ditto, but with a whole handful of good promises. And Margaret Savides' poems, which sometimes seem to me to have gone about as far into one direction as they can go; they are artfully done, totally incomplete poems, no doubt about it, but where's the next risky step? Zap our eyes, Margaret! Mary Dunlap still has me waiting for something long, something that will get all her excellent short fragments together in one ball so she can roll it downhill to us. We'll catch it, Mary, throw it!

All this for a mere 75 cents, Morris? Are you kidding?

--Dave Wagner





It is a great feeling to find a place where folk musicians are respected and accepted. The Mariposa Folk Festival located on Centre Island (a short ferry trip from Toronto) was packed with good musicians and a receptive audience. Since little is done to promote folk music or even give people a chance to hear it on the radio, folk festivals such as this one have been created to carry on the folk tradition. Mariposa generally did not have commercial groups and was designed to give everyone an opportunity to hear performers and discuss with different ones all fields of folk music. It was well planned and included traditional music, bluegrass, blues (rural, urban, and contemporary), poetry, ethnology, contemporary folk music, dixieland, dancers, and crafts. There were police, one mountie, and rent-a-cops all over the grounds, but there were no incidents. In fact, all of Canada had a lack of restrictive signs. However, the park commissioner, Tommy Thompson, did have signs scattered at Mariposa which read, "Please Walk on the Grass." Mr. Thompson opened the festival with a slightly bawdy song, stated his grass motto, and strolled away. The festival ran from August 9 to 11, with workshops until 5:00 each day and concerts at night.

Bukka White's concert performances were almost as casual as his workshops. He is a man who seems to love his music first and everything else second. Bukka plays a style of "Mississippi Delta Blues," with guitar work accompanying the singing rather than a distinct melody line, and he goes out of his way to explain this. His favorite song is "Aberdeen Mississippi Blues," which he plays every time he gathers a group around him. On this piece he is quite a showman and the audience can't sit still. The louder they cheer him, the more he beams.

Canadian bred Joni Mitchell added a great deal to the concerts by her completely original material and use of different tunings for each of her songs. Her best song, "Urge For Goin'," was filled with beautifully writen poetic images:

"I woke up today and found frost
perched on the town;
It hovered in a frozen sky and
gobbled summer down...."

"When the leaves
fell tremblin' down
Bully winds did rub their
faces in the snow...."

(Continued p. 14)

CALENDAR

TUESDAY, SEPT. 24, 1968:

Films: Wisconsin Film Society-Fellini's Juliet of the Spirits (1965) & William Burroughs' Towers Open Fire.
Art: Student Art Loan Collection Rental, Main Gallery of Union, 3 to 7 p.m.
Hoofers Outing Club, 7 p.m., Union.

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 25:

Films: Studio Film - Make Mine Mink, Play Circle, 12:30, 3:30, 7 & 9.
Art: Union Loan Collection Rental, 4-5 & 7-8 p.m.
Hoofers Riding Club, 7 p.m., Union.

THURSDAY, SEPT. 26:

Films: Movie Time - Dutchman, (also Fri, Sat, & Sun)
WSA Student Senate Meeting, 7 p.m., Union.
Hoofers Mountaineers Club, 7 p.m., Union.

FRIDAY, SEPT. 27:

Films: WDRU Presents Marlon Brando in The Wild One. See DRU posters for time and place.
Music: Harry Belafonte, U.W. Fieldhouse, 8:15 p.m.
The Tomb, Union, 9 p.m.
FOLK ARTS SOCIETY Hoot, 8 p.m., Great Hall, Union.

SATURDAY, SEPT. 28:

Football: Wisconsin vs. Washington, Camp Randall, 1:30 p.m.
International Club Dancetime, Union, 9 p.m.
Union Mixer Dance, Great Hall, Union, 9 p.m.

SUNDAY, SEPT. 29:

Music: Union Sunday Music Hour: Michael Lorimer, guitarist, Union Theatre, 4 p.m.
CONNECTIONS MEETING: 217 S. Hamilton, 7:30 p.m.

TUESDAY, OCT. 1:

Films: Wis. Film Society-Buster Keaton, The Navigator (1924) and The Beat.
Hoofers Outing Club, 7 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 2:

Films: Studio Film-The Man in the White Suit, 12:30, 3:30 7 & 9 p.m.
Yom Kippur
Hoofers Riding Club, 7 p.m., Un..
WDRU - SDS Monster Mass Meeting 7:30 (place to be announced)

THURSDAY, OCT. 3:

Films: Movie Time-Bergman's Persona(also Fri, Sat & Sun)
Hoofers Mountaineers Club, 7 p.m., Union.
WSA Student Senate Meeting, 7 p.m., Union
Union Bridge Lessons, 8 p.m.

FRIDAY, OCT. 4:

Films: WDRU Presents Salt of the Earth. See DRU posters for time and place.

SATURDAY, OCT. 5:

Drama: QUIXOTE presents LeRoi Jones' Slaveship and Edward Albee's Zoo Story. See Quixote posters for time & pl
Soccer: U.W. Soccer Club vs. Marquette, Madison, 10 a.m.
Football: Wisconsin vs. Michigan State, Camp Randall, 1:30 p.m.
Cross Country: Wisconsin vs. Minnesota
Union Mixer Dance, Union, 9 p.m.
Music: The Electric Circus, Union Theatre, 7 & 9:30 p.m.

SUNDAY, OCT. 6:

Music: Union Theatre, 8 p.m. Guarneri Quartet

MONDAY, OCT. 7:

Drama: Cactus Flower, Union Theatre, 8 p.m.

TUESDAY, OCT. 8:

Hoofers Outing Club, 7 p.m., Union

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 9:

Films: Studio Film - Private's Progress, Play Circle, 12:30, 3:30, 7, & 9

THURSDAY, OCT. 10:

Films: Movie Time - Judex (also Fri., Sat., and Sun.)
Hoofers Mountaineers Club, 7 p.m., Union

FRIDAY, OCT. 11:

Films: WDRU presents Don Quixote. See DRU posters for time and place.
Drama: The San Francisco Mime Troupe (also Oct. 12); see QUIXOTE posters for time and place.
Music: James Starker, Cellist, Union Theatre, 8 p.m. (also Oct. 12)

SATURDAY, OCT. 12:

Parents' Day Craft Sale, Cafeteria Lobby, 9a.m.-1 p.m.
Football: Wisconsin vs. Utah, Camp Randall, 1:30 p.m.
Music: Piano Bar, Stiftskellar, 10-12 p.m.

SUNDAY, OCT. 13:

Music: Folk Arts Society concert, Union Theatre, 8 p.m.
Frans Brueggen, Virtuoso Recorder, Union Theatre, 4 p.m.

TUESDAY, OCT. 15:

Films: Wisconsin Film Society - Jean Renoir's Picnic on the Grass (1959) & Chaplin's The Pawnbroker & The Immigrant. Stiftskellar Film: Million Dollar Legs, 7 & 9 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 16:

Music: Chamber Symphony of Philadelphia (also Oct. 17); Union Theatre, 8 p.m.
Hoofers Riding Club, Union, 7 p.m.

(Continued from p. 12)

The Travellers who followed Joni Mitchell opened with her "Circle Game," which they plugged as their new single. It is commercial groups like this, composed of poor musicians in it for the money, who have given folk music a name of mediocrity. Fortunately, these Canadians saw through the disguise and either left or politely vegetated until the group finished.

An outstanding young musician, Steve Gillette, was called "a Southern California version of Gordon Lightfoot" by Peter Harris of the Toronto Star. This seems to be an accurate statement with exception that Gillette strikes me as a much more accomplished guitarist than Lightfoot. His new blues-influenced piece was particularly well performed, and he dazzled the audience during the unfortunately brief time allotted him.

Oscar Brand concluded the first concert with a 30-minute tribute to Woody Guthrie. He also helped explain Guthrie's perspective by commenting on the original material for his songs. For example, Brand sang a beautiful old ballad, and discussed the sinking of the Reuben James and Woody's change of attitude about World War II, resulting in Guthrie's song "Reuben James" built on this ballad. Brand said the metamorphosis of this song made him irate and he told Woody so, to no avail. Woody was very much opposed to the establishment. The relevance of this opposition was brought out when Brand later mentioned how Woody would have scoffed at the posthumous honors he was awarded by the State Department.

The biggest and best part of the festival consisted of dozens of workshops ranging from mandolin with Frank Wakefield to Indian dances of several tribes, to Canadian folklore with Edith Fowke, to blues with Howlin' Wolf. The most outstanding workshops were presented by Mike Cooney, Steve Gillette, and Bukka White. Bukka's workshops were conducted as his concerts were, with the addition of questions by the audience.

Folklorist Mike Cooney, who just lost his last C.O. appeal, presented his Leadbelly workshop by relating Leadbelly's life story and supplementing it with the songs Leadbelly sang. Cooney played an



old Stella (original) 12 string, tuned it down about three frets, and played with "bridge cables" for strings. He closely imitated Leadbelly's style and brought out several interesting points about him, the first being that Leadbelly sang minor songs in a major key because he didn't know how to play minor chords. Leadbelly's jail experiences produced two unusual songs: the first to Governor Pat Neff of Texas, who pardoned him on his last day in office; the other, which was the rewritten Pat Neff song, was recorded for Louisiana Governor O.K. Allen, who pardoned him into the hands of Folk Song Collector John Lomax. Lomax used Leadbelly as his chauffeur and had him sing for him. Leadbelly ends one song:

> If anybody asks you who wrote this song, it was Hudie Ledbetter, been here and gone;
> If anybody asks you who copywrite this song, it was John Lomax and his goddam son.

So Leadbelly lived most of his life under the control of others. In fact, he was often prevented from singing new material he had heard and liked, such as "Springtime in the Rockies," made popular by Gene Autry.

In Steve Gillette's question and answer workshop, he broke down his incredible combination of flat picking and finger picking with equally incredible modesty. As a solo performer he's a perfectionist in his guitar work and won't make another record until he's completely satisfied. Gillette is opposed to electric guitars and orchestration in his music although he is open-minded and recommends that people consider every kind of music they can and use what they want from that.

A workshop-type concert was presented on Sunday afternoon and consisted of new singer-songwriters, most of whom were mediocre to poor. Saskatchewan's Vera Johnson, however, was so outstanding that she was included in the regular evening concert as well. Middle-aged Vera is perceptive and witty, and each song SAYS something. She wrote one of her topical songs when she was in England at the same time as Billy Graham, who told English students to trade their drugs for Christ. The song is hilariously satiric and the chorus says:

> Come and get your daily
> shots from Jesus,
> Don't rely on pot or LSD,
> Christ can give a thrill
> like a needle never will,
> Come and get your kicks
> from Calvary....

Another of her songs was written against the persecution of hippies, while other songs praised Muhammed Ali, Che, and Canadian Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau. Vera can be compared to Malvina Reynolds except for her reputation, which just began at Mariposa.

The festival was very successful, mostly because each person's likes were included in the programming. The quality of performers was overall the best I've seen, because they were interested in their music and not just being promoted. Folk music is a concrete form of music and even the good contemporary type will live to have an historic meaning. Folk festivals, such as this one, make it possible.

by Renny Blocker

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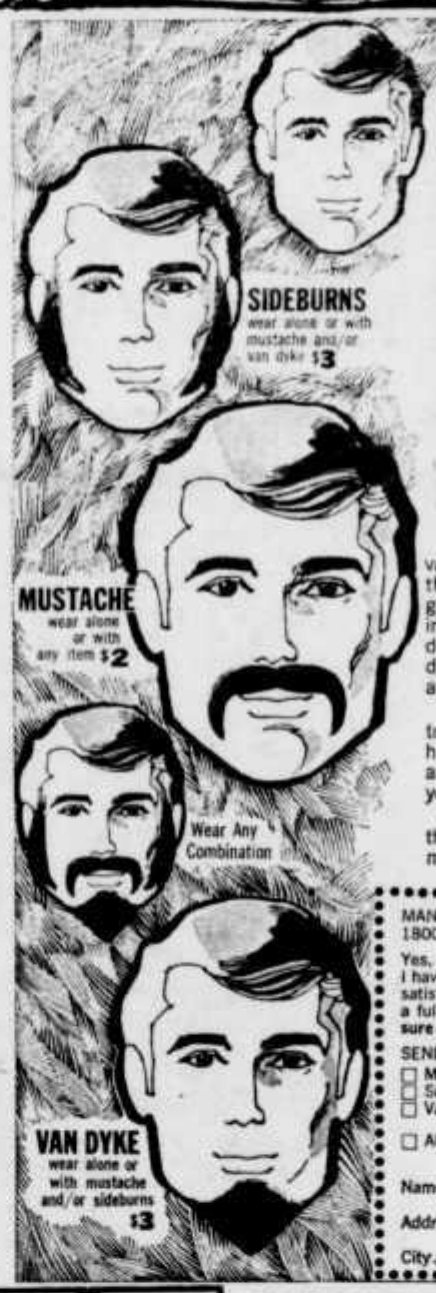
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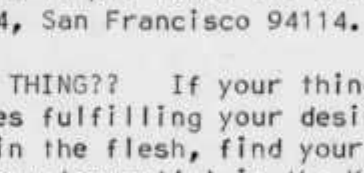
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LETTER FROM LJUBLJANA

August 30

Brothers and Sisters,

Have just been spending a fantastic beautiful, socialist day on the rocks of an island off the Yugoslavian coast of the Adriatic Sea. The four of us (the U.S. delegation) have declared our rocks liberated and have spent the day swimming and sun bathing nude on the rocks, drinking wine and Pivo (beer), eating bread and beef, much to the interest and confusion of Yugoslavian passersby (revisionists). Tomorrow we will leave on a 4:30 A.M. boat to go on to Vienna and Budapest.

The conference was fair. There were representatives from German SDS, France, Finland, Spain, Switzerland, Canada, and America. Most of the delegations were OK--maybe the best thing is to give a basic description of what some said.

Germany--The leader was Frank Wolf. He did most of the talking, always speaking arrogantly about the "historical" function of their movement. Many of the problems of SDS seemed similar to ours in terms of organization and issues. They have had numerous single issue campaigns which have allowed broad popular fronts but it has been questionable how deep the radical/revolutionary content of these were. In the street action workers participate but not in the development of program. Like us, they are turning to the university looking for programs other than the single issue (Vietnam war) programs. They will be looking into various departments, planning short occupations of buildings and converting the courses from ones which serve the ruling class to serving the movement. With the exception of the Springer campaign and the one against the Emergency Laws, they didn't talk about programs off the University, although they said a major problem was their isolation in German society. Their internal problems are similar to ours--they organize around anti-authoritarian issues, yet their movement has an authoritarian internal structure depending on a few people to provide the strategic thinking and programs. They are trying new ways like cell groups to break down these internal contradictions. They are talking about a series of programs such as: worker control in the factories; an international campaign against NATO (which has already begun in Italy); a campaign against their present system of "Justice" - like "Free Huey"; examples of a "revolutionary" uses of education; and internal education.

SWITZERLAND

Switzerland--There were a couple of really good guys. Their movement is really new, depending for their impetus on events in the rest of Europe. They have begun to work on the university, and plan some occupation of schools this fall. They are relatively small, and like the other European movements, they are Marxist. I guess from the traditions in Europe, most groups identify themselves as Marxist from the beginning or quickly after their inception, not going through the awkward stages that we have. To some extent this is an advantage but in other ways a disadvantage in that our movement has given us the time to develop a deeper understanding of our role and relationship to forces in the society. The Swiss did one cool thing--on one day all across the country they raised NLF flags on the top of every major church, getting recognition even in the Peking Daily. They saw the need to develop programs to break out of their isolation.

Spain--There were two men from Spain and they were definitely the most serious and advanced ones there--partially because of the terrifically repressive atmosphere in Spain, the depth of their political tasks, and their experience. They had broken off from the already clandestine CP because they were farther left. For the last few years they had worked at developing left student movements in Madrid and Barcelona. This required breaking up the existing student union which was controlled by the government and developing a radical student union. Because of the repressive nature of the government they have a difficult time maintaining any overt leadership, holding meetings, rallies, or demonstrations, forcing the movement leadership to become clandestine. They have basically destroyed the old student union and



are now facing the difficulties of creating a radical alternative. In Spain there is a popular reformist stance, attacking Franco and trying to democratize Spain. In this front there are neo-capitalist elements, which our brothers see as the greatest enemy.

Their major program in the future will be trying to develop revolutionary organization and action while guarding against repression. Repression plays a major role in their lives. Prison and death are probably inevitable. Even in the conference they could not give their names or addresses. I was struck several times by the fact that these men had given their lives to the inevitable forces of history. It was an honor to talk with them as brothers, as well as humbling. Unlike the others, including ourselves, these men did not seem to be a product of our generation, but of the revolutionary tradition in Spain.

In the past they have concentrated on developing organization and then planning actions. Because of the extreme conditions they now will plan action and develop organization to respond to the needs of the action. The form for action has also been going through changes. For example, they used to have traditional May 1st mass demonstrations which often were met by strong police repression. This last year they formed small mobile units and created disturbances all over Barcelona instead of a mass demonstration, and it was very effective.

YUGOSLAVIA

Yugoslavia--I learned a lot about what was happening. Had a good discussion with a member of the Yugoslavia CP who was also a student. He was a good Marxist and had a good understanding of the problems of other countries. Initially in discussion I felt he was a typical revisionist product of Yugoslavia, but later found that the problems they face in socialist countries are pretty difficult and not easily dealt with in a simplistic manner. One major barrier is the development of a market economy based on the slogan, "From each according to ability, to each according to his work," which leads to a whole series of problems of developing of communist consciousness. As reflected by the Yugoslav society, socialism is measured in material terms instead of consciousness of the potential for a new socialist man (Cuba). There seems to be a need for some type of cultural revolution which could force a harsh evaluation of the state of their society, but what form this could take is a difficult problem. I talked to him about the spirit of the people in Cuba manifested in voluntary work and exemplary action, and he said that all of this existed after World War II and then it faded--as he expected would happen in Cuba. He also rationalized the preoccupation with material development on the basis that Yugoslavia was really underdeveloped and has to reach a decent rate of economic productivity before it can solve other problems.

There were some good signs. Last spring 30,000 students participated in the occupation of Belgrade University for seven days after a clash with police. The demands developed into a student power program calling for "words to be put into practice," in otherwords, an attack on bureaucracies which have maintained a rhetoric about socialist society but who haven't implanted the programs. It ended when Tito publicly supported them and demanded that the Central Committee respond to the student demands. Another student said that if the demands weren't implemented, more action would be taken. The CP is also facing demands from its younger members for more young representation. Generally this represents signs of a healthy attack on bureaucracy, which in some cases becomes a drain on a society, instead of solving problems.

He was very interested in the American movement, and amazed by the violence of our society.

Protest or Revolution

For two days we had reports and discussions on what was happening in various countries. The night of the second day we had a "theoretical discussion" as suggested by the Germans. It was very abstract and almost useless, not because of the effort, but because of the inability to really communicate at the conference. People were defining their movements as revolutionary because they had militant tactics, they identified with the third world through their protests, and they were being met with repression. I talked about the necessity of directly confronting the question of consciousness and not necessarily relating our movements to the concept of seizing power yet. Our programs have to be seen in how they develop revolutionary consciousness, not how they affect power--ie. the distinction between a protest movement and a revolutionary movement.

The last day we discussed possible programs of international cooperation. Everyone felt that at this time conferences were not too useful and often very expensive for the delegates. The only conferences should be ones with intensive preparation in advance, and designed to accomplish specific goals, but at this time participation and sponsorship of international conferences should be discouraged. It was felt that it was very important to increase other means of communication between the various movements. Most were very isolated in their countries and were just beginning to understand how to break down that isolation, and had little time to experiment with programs to do this.

We left the conference with some good understanding about what was happening in some countries, some good friends, and an idea of the type of work all of us have to do if we are to realize our rhetorical and historical objectives. For me personally, it meant that WDRU has to really work its ass off--clarifying its objectives and implementing them in its programming, allowing us to see what we really are.

We went from the conference to an island in the Adriatic for a two day rest, where I started to write this letter.

We heard about Chicago and all of us really wanted to be back in the states. Had a little bit of the feeling of what it would mean to leave the country. It would really be terrible.

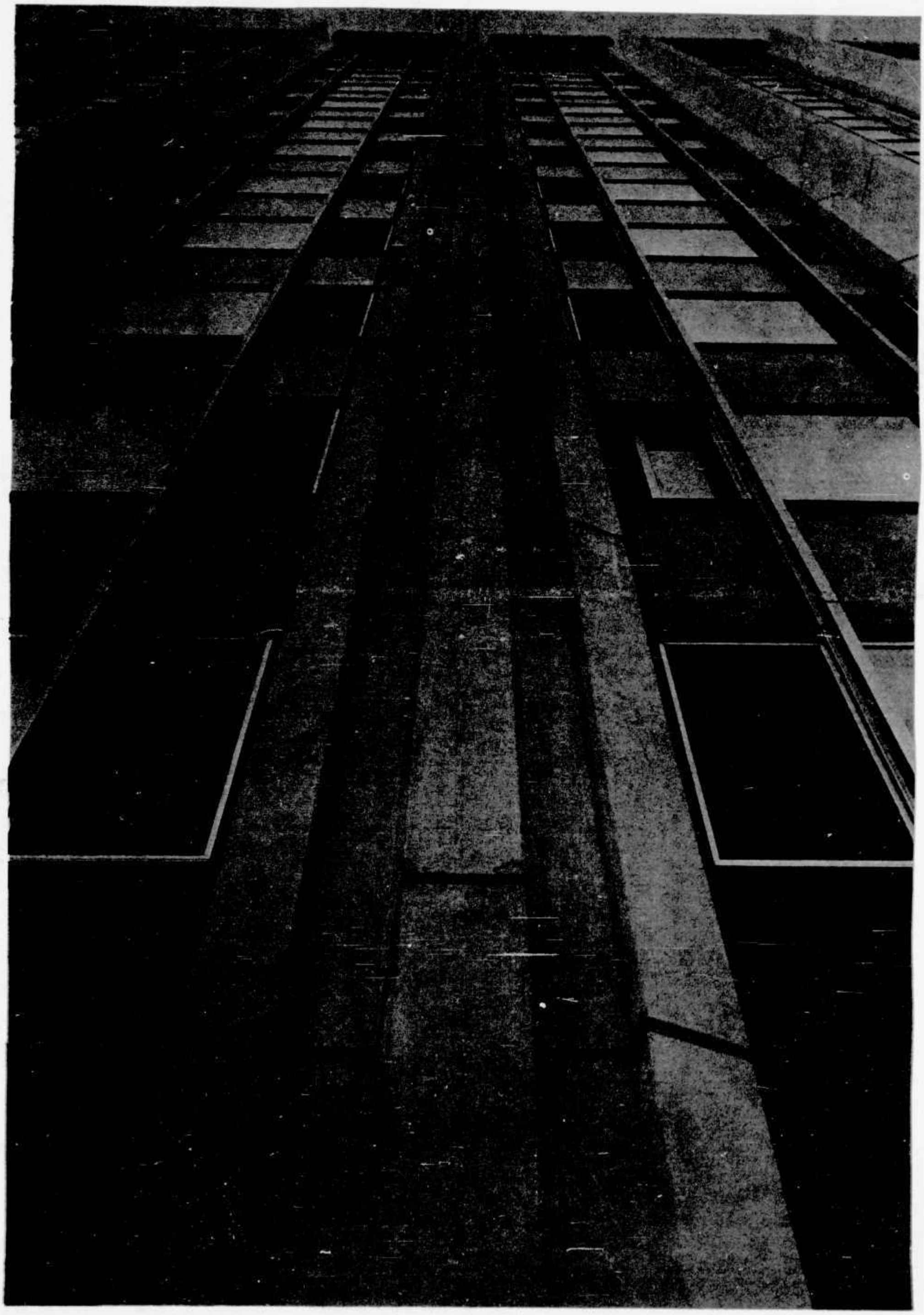
--Dan Swinney

CONNECTIONS

vol 3 no. 3

Oct. 15 - Nov. 4, 1968

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Letter to Connections

To be hit on the head with a club is not necessarily to have suffered a confrontation with the system.

Nor is it revolutionary to sloganize the obvious. For example, "the streets belong to the people." Perhaps they do. But streets are exits from and passages to, in themselves low price real estate to say the least.

The poor take to the streets, the winos and the unemployed. Out of doors in Summer, in Spring their homes become streets for police, welfare workers and children. In Winter, they freeze. Men take to the streets either to protect the real estate they've already occupied, banks, universities, apartment buildings and factories, or because they have no place else to go. The demonstrators in Chicago took to the streets because they had no place else to go. The hippies, yippies, radicals and McCarthyites are men without constituencies, men without institutions or neighborhoods of their own.

The yippies understand this. And so most decided not to come to Chicago. The most sensitive of this bunch proclaimed themselves pop art on the streets, parodying publicly their homelessness by setting a festival of life in Grant Park, slaves trying to yes their masters to an early death.

But the radicals betrayed the yippies by building a bridge between themselves and the "protestors" within the convention. And, of course, hundreds of McCarthy supporters crossed the bridge, coming like refugees away from the cattle yards to the slaughter. Unable to fight against CIA floor leaders like Lowenstein or 50 thousand a year Party executives, the McCarthyites decided to join the battle against the police. This was the futile fight they had come to Chicago to suffer, futile not because the Chicago police are so tough, but because there is no power - and so no genuine revolutionary hatred - in the streets.

As on every other occasion, the McCarthyites chose to embrace self-righteous futility rather than to face their powerlessness. They brought home to suburban women and fag academic men who hungrily waited in hometown America to share their delegates' disgrace a gallup poll sympathy which, by revealing the horror as sudden, missed the basic tragedy. Once again the radicals had moved from politics to "movement;" again, the McCarthyites had moved from resistance to protest. But, since the protest was disguised as confrontation, it satisfied the lust for illusion.

Once more the McCarthyites convinced themselves they had been defeated by unwisdom, by an outmoded machine. They could not face the enemies in business suits and so they faced their very own police. "Beat me," they cried, "for we are strangers in this land." "Surely we are strangers here," they pleaded. Had they not played strangers thrown by fate into the unhospitality of the streets, they would have had to scream hysterically for blood against their brothers in their very own convention hall. And worse, they would have had to scream for blood in their home towns. Rather than shatter the spectacle they had created, they left it. And they were welcomed with open arms.

The radicals, as they had in the anti-war movement, set the stage for their own disappearance. Still unjealous of their loneliness, the radicals received the McCarthyites as comrades in arms. What McCarthy could not accomplish with his campaign, the police accomplished. The distinction between left and right which the police refused to honor, the radicals refused either to honor or assert. And so the radicals lent legitimacy to the protest within the convention by forcing their own blood to flow outside of it.

And McCarthy, proudly willing to let his followers continue to jerk off on his personality, watched the climax on the streets.

--Evan Stark



The COLUMN

More tidbits we've gathered in the interim between issues: The Center for Radical Education (office at the YMCA, 317 N. Brooks) established last month by some students in the educational policies department at the UW, welcomes anyone interested in research on educational theory and practice. The Center also serves as a clearing house for information on radical education and is coordinating the radical caucuses now being set up in c courses within the School of Education. The ultimate goal of the center is the creation of a counter school system in Madison. Call Fred Seldin (256-7661) for more information...guerilla theatre is big this year. Over 40 kids in the SDS/WDRU group alone. The troupe has made appearances at the UW fashion show, the La Follette-Nelson campaign rally in Madison, and the opening of the Hump's headquarters in town. ...another troupe is forming inside the Center for Radical Education, intent on dramatizing the spectacle-like atmosphere at the University. They will use a circus format (you know: the professor as tight rope walker or the administrator as juggler, etc.) Another feature of the Center's troupe will be a handy phone number to "dial-a-cliche"....An interesting magazine for people who want to focus on possible jobs outside the system, is Vocations for Social Change (2010 B Street, Hayward, California 94541)....the latest issue of Radical America (1237 Spaight St., Madison; cost, 50 cents) is out with features on the New Left by Jim O'Brien, the Southern Tenant Farmer's Union, and Black History (by Bob Starobin and Dale Tomich). The latest addition to the magazine is some political comic strips from Yellow Dog (830 Folger St. Berkeley, Calif., 94710; cost, 25 cents). Yellow Dog is printing #6, is political, is all comic strips.

...SDS/WDRU has begun a wall poster series which will appear on Madison's walls irregularly.... much talk about the Beatle's new cut called Revolution...many claim it's not. The song is one of the first on the Beatle's new Apple label. Teen Life magazine quotes George Harrison on the new venture: "Our Apple firm is dedicated to making money. We feel that by making money and being successful in business, we will have the power to help other people." It must be a put on.... something not put on is news that a freshman English teaching assistant was reprimanded by his superiors after three of his students complained that he was using obscene language in class; that he was not following the syllabus; and that the TA had stated he was teaching only for the money....the Edgewater Hotel refused to honor reservations made by the MC-5 rock band (John Sinclair, et al.) when they appeared in town. One guesses that the band was too freaky and hairy for the sensibilities of the hotel management....Milwaukee high school kids are preparing their own underground newspaper which will be out soon....the High School Independent Press Service (HIP) has started publishing a regular news service for high school underground papers. Write to HIP, c/o Liberation News Service, 160 Claremont Ave., NY, NY, 10027....Mel Greenburg and Sandy Karp, our movement lawyers in Madison, are helping to set up a panel of lawyers to defend draft resisters in the state....some ladies of radical persuasion are thinking of attending one of the regular tea parties of the Wisconsin Dames, the graduate student wives group at the University. They'll try to inject some serious thoughts into the club. It'll be difficult. The Dames' conception of life is reflected in the names of some of their subgroups: Badger Lassies, Southern Belles, and Powderpuffs. Which group will the radical lassies join?....an underground radical newspaper conference will be held in Madison over Thanksgiving. The Rat (NY), SF Express Times and and the Newsreel are sponsoring the gathering. Connections will be the host....Sources tell us that District Attorney James Boll who is running for reelection this fall, is making quite a bit of political hay. Besides using the Peter Pan incident to split the community people from the students (and pick up votes in the process), he has, our sources tell us, been speaking to PTA groups and reviling Connections and Links (the state-wide high school underground paper). Apparently he is trying to convey the impression that if re-elected he will be the protector-guardian of public morality....

--Robert Gabriner



EDITORIAL....



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one....three....many departments

History Students Association

The History Students Association was founded by students who, because they became aware of their own powerlessness, also saw through the big lie of "education." HSA insists that knowledge and thought is partisan and that honest intellectual work exists in the service of life, not death, for reason and freedom and not for the illusions which blind men to a reality of domination and unfreedom. Such work overcomes our collective schizophrenia by insisting that the classroom be a place where students learn to articulate their own experience and to situate it in a social and historical perspective. So our fight is over our survival as thinking human beings. We do not seek six Uncle Toms to sit with six faculty honkies on a phony committee. Our end goal is not only to abolish grades nor to have an equal voice in administering a knowledge factory and institution of mental violence. We insist that the internal mediations, relationships and realities of the university reflect its position in the larger social irrationality. Therefore we fight, not for the shattered illusions embodied in the great bourgeois universities of the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. We cannot create islands of freedom and life in the midst of unfreedom and death. To attempt to "purify" the university would merely reflect the fragmented thinking which sees institutions as existing in isolation outside their real connections to the totality they comprise. We demand reform because in so doing we question the ends for which American capitalism is run. Our major victory will not come if Dow must interview off campus, if the Army Math Research Center no longer nestles comfortably on the hill or even if students do participate in decisions on academic questions. For Dow will still make napalm, the army will still crush revolutions, and the university will still grind out a docile labor force. The struggle for reform around these issues is the best means at our disposal of creating and spreading a revolutionary consciousness, a consciousness which will turn radicalism from a four year fling on Mifflin Street to a fundamental questioning of one's role in building a free and rational society. If, as has been said, all progress toward freedom is first progress in the counsciousness of freedom, of what is and what is not, then it may be that the major victories of HSA will be victories of HSA will be victories in consciousness. By insisting on what is human for all people, not just students, we will identify our oppression with the oppression of black people, the third world, and the working class old and new. The question is not reform or revolution. It is reform as a means to the end of revolution. Never will HSA attack the university for failing to be what it was and yearn for the days of genteel irrelevance. We attack the university for fulfilling its function for capitalism as well as it does. For in each part of the whole is infused with the values and relationships imposed by the whole. As HSA is now a foco of thought in the university student movement so one day the university, being one factory among many will be one foco among many in building a movement for social change in America.

So where will HSA go now. How can we steer a course between reforms which the university can co-opt and a radical consciousness which insists on the necessity of building a revolutionary movement to destroy imperialism and racism. At this point the division of labor in the HSA can reflect the division of tasks that must be done. On the one hand the as yet unformed by intense anti-authoritarian feeling prevalent especially among younger students in huge lectures must be radicalized. The content as well as the form, mindlessness and authority must be attacked through radical caucuses in courses. HSA must also serve as an ongoing critical force not only of the university but of the movement as well. Hopefully we can also fruitfully discuss with each other what our roles as radicals in the university should be. Over the past five years the system has "disclosed" itself as a result of its own abominations. Our job is to continue that process of disclosure and to make sense of the shambles that stand naked. As we set the present struggle in a historical perspective we will not only attempt to perform the function of an historical consciousness but will serve as an instrument of internal education and a foco of learning and thinking. Brothers and sisters learn from each other.

--Jeff Herf

French & Italian Department

Perhaps the French and Italian Department can offer an added perspective on the problems of departmental organizing. Having observed the movements in other departments, we decided to attempt a broad front and see how much we could get accomplished that way. The organizational structure would arise from a mass base, and could then bargain collectively with the faculty.

After two preliminary meetings attended by a small group of committed students, it was decided to disseminate our broadly-based program among the rank and file of the department. Our first mass meeting was attended by a surprisingly large number of students (75), considering the traditional apathetic nature of the department. An initial attempt was made to establish a philosophy and definite program for the organization, but it became quite apparent that given the wide political spectrum of the members present, this was an impossibility. At its very inception the organization threatened to disintegrate into widely split factions: radicals, liberal-moderates, conservatives; undergraduates, graduates. In the interest of unity, it was of the utmost importance that these various factions organize around common issues, however narrow those issues might be. However, it soon became apparent that there were many questions and problems common to all groups. The differences that arose were merely in regard to which context the individual chose to view the problem.

Thus, instead of arguing about the analyses of various issues, we decided to limit ourselves to the issues involved and means of responding to them and possibilities of reform. As students of the French and Italian department, we decided to concern ourselves exclusively with "local" issues, i.e. problems within the department. It was not the will of the body to relate these problems to the University and to society at this time. The politics and social analyses would certainly evolve out of the direct action in which the majority of the organization would be involved. It was found that discussion of specific issues was infinitely more fruitful than a polemic on political and social analyses of our role in the university and society which can only serve to divide. This does not mean that the aims of the group are watered down--it means that we organize around specific issues which are important to liberals and radicals alike. In the course of this action there will be a permanent dialogue established between all those involved in the action, an interchange of ideas out of which a dynamic will evolve. The idea is not for any individual or group of individuals to impose its ideas on others but to raise and sustain a critical consciousness capable at any time of transforming itself into direct action. In this way no one individual will feel alienated or manipulated within the group which takes on a protean character. At all cost the group must never become rigidified. This would limit its possibilities.

The organization consequently formed sub-committees whose purpose is to investigate every aspect of the educational process within the department. Each committee is directly responsible to the organization and its reports are openly discussed and criticized at the meetings. No demand or reform becomes organizational policy unless it is fully discussed and voted upon by rank and file. The ultimate goal of these committees is to publish a complete and comprehensive critique of every aspect of life within the department.

The faculty's response to the organization has been both frightened and favorable. They formed a faculty-student committee consisting of ten faculty members and four graduate students and the same ten faculty members and four undergraduates. We let it be known to them that this set-up was unacceptable to us, and through a form of collective bargaining we gained a more equitable deal: ten faculty members and ten students (five grads and five undergrads). The mechanism for the selection of these representatives was decided upon at our last meeting; a slate of candidates will be proposed to the entire body of French and Italian majors in the form of a referendum. In this manner the representatives will be truly representative of the entire department.

This is as far as we have gotten at this point. The organization seems to be functioning rather smoothly now after an auspicious start. Only time will be able to tell what fruits will result from our careful efforts.

--Harold Stern

Where's The Action

We know of action organizing in the following departments. If we missed some, we apologize and urge that you notify us of your work.

History	Sociology
Economics	English
Philosophy	Spanish
Education	Sciences
Poli. Sci.	Theatre
Occupational Therapy	
Comp. Lit.	French & Italian

Radical Caucus Leaflet

Ed. The following leaflet was handed out recently in History III, an ancient history course required for undergraduate history majors. Written by a Radical Caucus, it was a call for students to get their shit together to change the course on the basis of their own experience in it and to build a "critical univerisity." We hope we'll see more such leaflets soon.

WHAT ARE YOU HERE FOR?

In a few weeks you will be confronted with a Six-Week exam. You will be called upon to regurgitate what you have supposedly learned in History III. But have you learned anything? Of all the things to know about the Egyptian Empire is it really important to learn that Amenhotep IV had an endocrine problem? Does this really add to your understanding of the dynamics of history?

Some of you have already begun to question the lecture by raising questions in class in hope of filling in the gaps and making the course more interesting. In the last lecture you heard about the Religious Revolution of Amenhotep IV, but are the causes of the revolution and the reactions to it understandable? Was the religious revolution merely due to the Pharoh's devine inspiration, or was the revolution a response to the particular social, economic, and political conditions of the time? It should be the duty of the lecturer to raise and discuss such questions rather than filling in an already outlined syllabus with more outline material.

You already have a syllabus which outlines the course. Why not print up past lecture notes as we have done which will fill in the syllabus. The lecturer will still require you to come to class but you will be free to eat lunch, read a novel, eat lunch, nap.

Why is class attendance required?
Does class attendance add to critical understanding of the material?
Are you just putting in time?
Can this be made into a <u>critical</u> course in which the students actively participate in an educational process which has significance for their lives?

Would all those students interested in printing more lecture notes and in making this a better course please meet in the back after class.

BLACK HISTORY : GETTING

Last spring Muhamed Ali came to talk in Madison. He was received with much applause from an admiring audience. Admiring until they heard what he had to say. People sat quietly through his praise of Elijah Muhammud, laughed at his jokes and were generally amused and titilated. Their mood changed, however, when he started saying things like he didn't think white and black people should socialize too much with each other, and shouldn't intermarry. People began to hoot and jeer him as he got more and more into "black racism," as indignant letters to the Cardinal called it. One girl got up and yelled periodically, "The times are changing." It made me wonder how much the times really are changing.

The rise of black nationalism and its challenge to integrationism is much misunderstood by whites. The purpose of this series of articles is to trace the historical roots of black nationalism, distinguish between its several varieties from right to left, and describe the most important nationalist groups operating today.

The logical place to start in an historical discussion of the roots of black nationalism is with slavery. Although the intellectual brawl going on now over slavery is formidable, the scope of this article does not include an historiographic discussion of differing ideas on the subject and I cannot do justice to all sides of the argument.

The most interesting question about slavery concerns black resistence, and today some black people and white radicals look back on black history seeking revolutionary heroes and historical precedents. Herbert Aptheker has chronicled around 250 slave revolts in his American Negro Slave Revolts in an effort to establish a tradition of black revolt reaching far into American history. Under close scrutiny, however, most of these revolts are blown way out of proportion to their actual size and importance. As Eugene Genovese and other critics have pointed out, most of these revolts were formulated in the imagination of hysterical or self-seeking whites, or were insignificant plots that never matured, or were local disturbances of questionable nature.

The social system of the south denied slaves the possibility of developing a group consciousness. This was due to the atomization of the race -- half the slaves lived on plantations of less than 20. Escape was almost impossible, due to hostile local white elements -- the nonslaveholders were certainly not symoathetic. In addition, privileged slaves were played off against the field hands by most masters.

The economy of slavery created a mutual dependence between slave and master. The planters based their whole economy around slave run agriculture, and most slaves, due to their circumstances, looked to their masters as the people who controlled their fate. No matter how much they resented them, hated them, or rebelled against them, they always looked to the whites as the group who called the shots. This is not to condemn the slaves for being "dehumanized", subhuman or anything of the sort. This historical product of the Southern system was a class of slaves who, unlike their South American counterparts who carried out large scale slave revolts, accomodated themselves to their situation. They had no choice but to accomodate.

There was a strong current of dissatisfaction among the slaves, however. Slaveowners took into consideration the low productivity of slaves, the mistreatment of tools, and theft as everyday factors in the economic equation. Because these manifestations of anger and frustration were usually on an individual level, they could be considered normal costs, along with food, clothing, and lodging. Because this undirected antisocial behavior was not a collective effort, it could be controlled and co-opted by the planters. It was individualistic responses which could be anticipated by the owners.

The slaves were liberated as



W.E.B. DU BOIS



BOOKER T. WASHINGTON

the result of a conflict between white men. They looked to the Northerners as liberators. The William A. Dunning school of Reconstruction historians characterized the slaves as totally unprepared for freedom -- illiterate, childlike. This racist characterization ignores the evidence that the vast majority of the ex-slaves acted responsibly in adjusting to the new situation. They wanted to be educated and they wanted to enjoy their new liberties. However, a new type of paternal "masters" descended upon them in the form of "Radical" Republicans and carpetbaggers. The blacks looked towards them as liberators and protectors.

Black officeholders during Reconstruction did generally an admirable job in Republican governments in the South. But even though the Republicans depended on the black vote for their very existence, white Republicans were able to control the situation. Due to the legacy of accomodation to paternalistic authority, blacks never were able to organize themselves as a political force on a more sophisticated level than voting Republican. This enabled certain talented blacks to attain important public offices (many of them appointed by whites) but these men seldom took on leadership roles. They were black politicians but not black leaders. A party nomination or appointment was a reward for a job well done. One job with patronage was worth a few more black officeholders, but not much betterment of the situation of the masses of the race. Black voters demanded offices, rather than political power, in eschange for their vote, and generally got them. In turn the politicans appealed to them to keep their people in government by voting Republican.

The black people tied themselves to the Republican Party and found out too late that what was taken as concern for black interests in Republicans was solely a concern for the black vote.

An early indication of black dissatisfaction with the Reoublican Party came on purely racial issues. In 1880 a group of blacks in New York City refused to support the Republican nominee for President, James Garfield, because the Republican governor of the state had refused to pardon a black criminal. In 1883, Akron, Ohio, blacks pledged themselves to defeat a Republican office-seeker who made racist remarks. That spring leading Washington blacks organized an all black convention which was sold out by Frederick Douglas, who won over the independents for a compromise but stayed with the Republicans anyway. This abortive independence movement failed because Republicans knew that whatever they did they could count onthe black vote. Blacks were just to disorganized to act independently of white control.

The idea of independent political activity was not dead though, and in 1887 T. Thomas Fortune, a newspaperman, organized the Afro-American National League, inspired by the example of the Irish National League. The group grew to the point of having a large national convention in 1889. It broke with the Republican Party and wrote political party nonpartisanship into its constitution. The first act was to petition Congress for financing the removal of whites from states in which they were a minority!

The AANL collapsed by 1891 due to structural weaknesses and lack of creative leaders. But the idea



of independent political stands based on racial issues was a milestone. The break with the Republicans, which did not become fully complete until much later, was an important step towards shaking off dependence on whites. Important as this development was, it didn't really caputure the interest of the black communities. The idea of unified, collective revolt was a new one.

The period of 1890 to 1920 was the worst Afro-Americans had faced since slavery. Before 1890 blacks had more or less freedom of association with whites. Racist sentiment started to rise in the 1890's due to the decline of checks to racism -- Northern liberalism, Southern conservatism, and Southern populist radicalism. The Southern conservative ruling class, previously alligned with the Negro for mutual support, countered the threat of radical populism by racist demagoguery. Some populists also used racism to challenge the conservatives. Also, the whole country was caught up in a flood of racist imperialism.

Total disenfranchisement of black people was effected by grandfather clauses, good character clauses, poll taxes, party reform, etc. By about 1905 the Negro was eliminated as a factor in elections throughout the South.

Along with this disenfranchisement came the Jim Crow laws which spread to cover everything from

THE MAN OFF YOUR BACK

PART ONE OF A SERIES

streetcars to Jim Crow Bibles for black witnesses in court. Supporting this was widespread racist sentiment throughout the nation, evidenced by the rise of lynchings, floggings, beatings, and mutilations of blacks.

Blacks were unable to react to this in any sustained cohesive manner. There had never been any kind of unified movement that would take steps to break the old paternal ties to whites. The slavery system had denied them the opportunity to learn to use collective effort, and "Radical" Reconstruction had reinforced this lack of cohesion. Republican politicians used them and left no room for black politics. They still looked to whites for both leadership and salvation.

This is the backdrop for the astonishing rise of Booker T. Washington. He came bearing a gospel of self help wrapped in accomodation to whites. He sought to destroy paternalism by working out a new program that was clothed in a paternalistic garment. He said forget your civil and political rights for the momvent. They will come when you are ready for them. This might have reinforced feelings of inferiority, but it



BOOKER T. WASHINGTON



did force black consciousness to look inward instead of towards the whites. It appealed to the blacks to help themselves instead of begging from the white man's table. However, Washington's program was conservative economic nationalism -- as distinguished from revolutionary nationalism which will be discussed below. In effect, Washington was representative of an emerging black middle class group whose interests did not always coincide with those of all blacks.

Some of the projects that Washington sponsored were nascent nationalist programs. He had a program of economic nationalism that included aggressive black business action. For example, Washington guided the winning of Harlem from whites around the turn of the century. It was won by aggressive black economic nationalists who wanted to found a black community there. It was done by careful real-estate deals whereby black capitalists, organized under the Afro-American Realty Company, bought key properties and apart-ments to force the whites out. In New York today, blacks might think twice about the proposed plans for the breakup of Harlem -- and what it will mean to any future hopes of collective political action. Those who condemn Washington as a "Tom" might look at this and other programs he backed, and realize that his accomodating stance to whites was largely designed to placate a racist white population. It is a tribute to the man that he could carry out these programs while at the same time garnering support from white businessmen who no doubt considered him a "good nigger."

By 1903 Washington was being bitterly denounced by integrationists such as Monroe Trotter and soon W.E.B. DuBois as a traitor to his race. Much of DuBois' attacks were against Washington's push for industrial education. DuBois' idea was to have a college educated elite intelligentsia which could be a model for the race. He considered this less demeaning for the average black than Washington's program of united black community self help. Trotter demanded that white society open up and let blacks in. Neither man had concrete plans for group effort that would involve the masses. In 1910 DuBois joined the national staff of the new "radical" NAACP. Those who charge Washington with being controlled by rich white philanthropists might take into consideration the fact that DuBois was the only black on the executive staff of the NAACP until 1920.

The integrationist line of thought demands that whites accept their responsibility -- ie. "racism is a white problem, not a black problem" -- again looking whiteward, this time demanding concessions and openings from the whites. While Washington was taking steps to establish black businesses, the integrationists were demanding entrance into the American economy, an economy which prospered with the blacks on the bottom of the heap.

The integrationists offered little to counter the black's lack of collective consciousness and pride in himself. After centuries of being defined in terms of white men, blacks had nosense of who they were, individually or as a group. Integrationism did nothing but aggravate this identity problem. Washington noted this and tried to build a program around what the black man was, and what he could be. He ran into sharp criticism when he defined blacks in terms of the common man. He saw that his people were relegated to manual labor in America, and said there's nothing wrong with manual labor, let's see what we can build. This line of thought was the basis of his program. Washington died in 1915, leaving no man of comparable stature to continue his work.

In 1917 blacks in large numbers went off to "the war to save democracy," expressing their confidence that they were part of America and had a stake in its future. In Europe they experienced a relatively cordial reception from the French and British. They had a taste of what they thought was equality. They fought valiantly for what Woodrow Wilson called "the right of self determination for all nations," and self-consciously proved their loyalty to America. A new hope was aroused for a better deal in America. Back home, the great black migration towards northern jobs was taking place, and tentions rose as blacks and whites competed for work.

The boys returned from "over there" with increased self-esteem and determination to secure first class citizenship in the country many of their brothers had died for. They were met with an un-precedented reaction. In the last six months of 1919 some 25 race riots took place, as mobs took over cities for days in violent clashes between whites and blacks. Violence increased as blacks showed a new will to fight back. During that;year more than 70 blacks were lynched, many of them veterans still in uniform. The Klan was reorganized in 1915 and grew to its height in membership and political control in the mid '20's, when it was a powerful political force that controlled governors, congressmen, and senators, even in some northern states.

The integrationists grew more militant in their stand against Jim Crowism and lynchings and pushed for equal opportunities. The most militant of these integrationists gravitated into the socialist party and around A. Phillip Randolph and Chandler Owen, editors of the socialist black paper The Messenger. The black socialists were marxists, with an anti-capitalist critique of America, but they were essentially integrationists. They constantly stressed solidarity between white and black workers against their capitalist oppressors.

But while Owen and Randolph were singing the praises of working class solidarity to a tone deaf audience, Marcus Garvey was gathering a large movement of working class blacks on a program of black nationalism. Garvey was wailing soul while the socialists were strumming the white man's banjo. Garvey was appealing to the black man's subjugated pride. He glorified everything black and appealed to blacks to form into a unified, solid collective. He turned white culture on its head for the black masses and instilled a new excitement and self consciousness into them. Ostensibly the program was a "Back to Africa" movement, but there was a lot more to it. The stress on Africa gave the blacks a collective history they could take pride in. Garvey fought to repudiate white leadership and manipulation of blacks and the paternalistic relationship it spawned. It was this black led, black supported movement that mobilized the people, not the white dominated integrationist movement.

The other half of Garvey's nationalist program was economic nationalism. His Universal Negro Improvement Association was inspired by Booker T. Washington, who was Garvey's only black American hero. When he came to America from Jamaica where he had tried to organize, he planned to align himself with Washington, but he died before they could meet. The UNIA encouraged black business and founded the ill-fated Black Star Line, a shipping line established for trade between black America and black Africa. Garvey was finally deported when his handling of this venture was judged illegal.

Garvey was roundly attacked by most segments of the black middle class, by blacks in the Communist and waning Socialist parties, and to a lesser extent by W.E.B. DuBois. DuBois at this time had started fighting with

cont'd. page six



MARCUS GARVEY

HISTORY(cont.)

the NAACP (which took a stronger anti-Garvey position). The left attacked him for being essentially a capitalist oriented and for his one-man leadership of the movement. Regarding his conservatism and elitism they were correct, Garvey did not embrace marxism and when he was deported the movement collapsed. But their essential beef was with the idea of organizing on a racial basis. Both the left and the Association were under the control of whites, the CP from Moscow and American whites and the NAACP from a combination of bourgeois and white interests. Membership in the UNIA numbered an estimated one million and influenced many more. It was the largest mass movement of blacks up until very recent times.

Jim Crowism and further economic deterioration progressed through the twenties and thirties. In the twenties Harlem produced a great renaissance of black culture. Many of this new breed of black intellectuals were self-consciously black and their art was too. Many were linked ideologically with the Communist Party which was pursuing an opportunist line. Even though the C.P. had an official line calling for self determination for Negroes in the Black Belt of the South, they pursued a bi-racial trade unionist policy. They, like the earlier socialists, called for unity between white and black workers. This kind of approach was doomed to failure because it completely ignored the color line that was deeply a part of American politics. It tried to tie two groups of people together who had two entirely different cultures and experiences. The C.P. floundered around Harlem, the major black settlement in the country, all through the twenties and thirties calling for working class solidarity but never being really relevant. Condemning "bourgeois" literature, it plugged socialist realism. The great promise of the Harlem renaissance was suffocated by well-meaning whites.

At this time W.E.B. DuBois was gravitaing more and more towards economic nationalism; he finally split totally from the NAACP. He was also denounced by the C.P. for being "bourgeois" and advocating racism. They, of course, were afraid of independent black political power. The black and white workers were both exploited, yes, but the groups had different needs and aspirations.

In the years preceeding World War II, the blacks were able to press integrationist demands further, due to the war boom. A. Phillip Randolph and other leaders were able to push for concessions, chiefly anti-discriminationclauses in defense coniracts, from the Roosevelt administration.

Elijah Muhammed was also at work in the late thirties organizing his Nation of Islam. He picked up the ball where Garvey had left it and tightened up the nationalist movement, making the new goal a separate state in America, rather than Africa, completely dissassociating himself and his movement from the white man's church, and continued the glorification of black. This swung into extreme anti-white feeling. The movement grew slowly and stood as an alternative to the bourgeoisie-controlled NAACP.

After the war the C.P. declined and the blacks fell further behind the whites in economic progress. The association was putting on a big legal push to end school segregation. This culminated in the famous Brown vs. Board of Education decision in 1954. This period in the middle fifties was also the boom period for the Muslims, and sides were taken in sharp conflict -- nationalists versus integrationists. The Association and the newer more militant groups had essentially the same program as before, with the same middle class black support and white liberal backing. But the Muslims were basing their movement on lower class blacks, with a strong emphasis on the "criminal element." Elijah Muhammed preached a doctrine of self help and purification. It took the nihilistic anti-social behavior of the black criminal and channeled it into the constructive uses of the black community. Instead of individual violent responses to white repression of black people, there was a unified community effort going on, an effort that gave its members self respect and collective responsability. Muhammed was staring to break down the old black inferiority complex. This released an immense flood of black pride that had been stored up for centuries. The black man started to discover who he was, realizing he had a history, and if they worked together as black people and for black people, they could move. And the Muslims started to move, as more and more blacks discovered their blackness and shook off their dependence on the whites.



But Muhammed's ideas were not the only force operating in the black community. Simultaneously, these developed an integration-oriented civil rights movement, trying again to be admitted into white society. This article has tried to define the conflicts between integrationism and nationalism; how each tried to deal with the historical product of 350 years of white oppression and what that has meant to the identity of the black man. Only very recently have integrationists tried to come to grips with this legacy, and as they do, we see them moving closer and closer towards the nationalist alternative - the rise of black power ideology. This move from integrationism toward nationalism and the development of revolutionary nationalist groups will be discussed in future installments of this series.

--Huntley Barad

MORE LEVY

Would you live on a street called Francis Ct with a parachute for a ceiling & monastery windows and then throw a party and expect every one to be full of love

pass out (on wine) flowers
saint francis where are you
the san francisco mime troupers are instantly
wrapped in saran wrap & told to have a good time
- live it up - theres a gunfight later on the
other side of the train tracks
the music is too loud
the usual 'party' depression in thick in the corners
----- & then BAM right out of stevecanyon comic
strippers its Madisons mad son baddest ass hippy
attacking himself in the mirror again...after
re-facing one of the mime troupers over a minor
disagreement on economic systems (is that healthy?
shit man, if you're going to fight, do it over snatch?
defend pubic rights, not politics - everyone knows
they are really both the same, women, politics, but
women taste better...

better than filtered politics!

better than mentholated politics!
'Id rather fight than smoke political women' sez Elson

'does he think he's God?' an hysterical voice screams
into the night.

'sorry I cant answer that, ive got a fight with
an automobile tomorrow night' sez elson & exits
unapplauded like nick fury, flexing his muscles
at the big dipper.

later he is thinking "Those San Francisco people just dont
understand midwestern hospitality"

The Gutter Puppets survive the incident of Francis
Ct to turn on 600 people crammed together in
Great Hall - thats really a feat since the union
personnel? ushers? scabs? have turned almost everyone
off 'Sorry You cant sit There on the floor, try behind
the pillar' or 'the sound is best from the mens room'
you know they hate you, they are all dressed in right
wing 1949. The audience is dressed in 15th century
rags - the Mime Troup are outstanding because they are
dressed in disease and rags from hippies who were
beaten to death in cleveland ohio..they do a lot of
anti-war stuff, subtle economic eroticism, but no
nudes dancing in the background

I know they are all nude under their clothes & it only
takes a little imagination, where is DA Bolls? should I
report them, I had an erection all during the anti-war
material & had to but a poster to cover my lap

Later we walk around the building, the paintings are
all too big to steal, i cant drink coffee in the Rathskeller
anymore, I keep expecting them to hand me a bar of soap &
push me into the genius computer quiz which is really a
mini-gas chamber...for a dime. what are students being
trained here for (ROTC) I demand mandatory courses in
pacifism! someone should keep track of all the
students who are stupid enough to drop a coin into that
machine & have them expelled - maybe someone will drop
a beer can afterbirth loop in it in memory of the Mime
Troupe songs send electric up my spine - songs from the
historical brain jukebox & no one can hear the words -
we walk the streets dragging the moon behind us - thinking
of ways to sabotage the system within us the flutes &
drums of the Gorilla Band & by Nov. the music will
just about be forgotten, dow will return with its
plans to naplam the whole world, to saran wrap the
universe but some of us are learning how to breathe
under sufocating environments...if dow can not kill
borg-warner will ...piece/peace & awareness

d.a.levy

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THEATRE

The Underground Theater's production of Albee's "Zoo Story" and Arrabal's new play, "Panic Ceremony" was performed surreptitiously. A representative of the Theater met us at the back door of a three story building, then after a wait we were escorted up to the attic where there were seats for about fourty. The stage was a bare section of the floor at one end of the attic.

The Arrabal play was the ritual preparation of a yound maiden for the stuggles of marriage. She is imbued with all the hang-ups on sex and cleanliness which ruins the lives of our middle class. Off in the background, a nude corpse was carried on periodically by panting pall bearers. Then an act of necrophilia was performed while the ritual chant continued (ie. the corpse was screwed, in terms the guardians of our morals can understand). The nude corpse seemed to represent what the ritual would make of the maiden.

After the play I asked the director about this nudity, reminding him of Peter Pan. He was indignant, "Peter Pan was a fairy. I bet James Boll got hard as he watched the play. But these threats to the public have to be nipped in the bud. I agree; we have to clean up this town. I offer a grassy green reward to any person or persons who can shave every hair off sheriff Hass' head." Then he left with a smile,"I wonder if the jailers all get around and rape those girls they arrest for nudity. Maybe they shave their pubic hair." I didn't want to blame it on them personally but anybody who spends his life telling people what they can or can't do must be pretty sick. Boll et al represent a dying culture.

Madison appears in Arrabal's play in full force, but there the grandmother, not the cops, does the brainwashing. She fills her grand-daughter with false fears of sex by answering questions about sex with admonitions to keep her new house clean. The play shows how family teachings destroy the lives of the young, just as do the city's attempts to legislate morality.

What we need in this town is a cultural revolution. Oink.

NOTES

1. Tryouts for the underground theatre's next production: The Martyrdom of Peter Ohey, a comedy by the Polish writer Slawomir Mrozek, will be Wed. Oct. 16 at 4 p.m. and 8 p.m. in the U.W. Union.
2. Those wishing to join up with the WDRU guerilla theater group can call Mike Murtha or Bill Simons at 255-6575.
3. The Free University Playwriting Class meets Sun. at 8 p.m. in the Union each week. The format is the discussion of and acting of original short plays.
4. The N.P. is looking for original student scripts for its next production. Send to: c/o Quixote, 315 N. Brooks St., Madison.

--Hank Haslach

demon est deus inversus

I (clean-shaven, white, thirty-three)
stare at Roi Jones staring at me
from the cover of The Dead Lecturer.

I am a live lecturer:

I do not see Roi Jones (though his eyes pierce me)
as I see the students I address day by day
on the mysteries of an art not mine.

I stand outside the bars, he inside.
But where are the walls of our prison?
Can white be black and black white?
Can white be white and black balck?
Who is fucking whose mother?

barton friedman

PETER PAN

Peter Pan was a flop (in the eyes of the city), nobody has been raped since its showing. Boll came and drooled but didn't rape later (as far as we know). Did the audience hold off from rape because Boll was there. What would have happened, how many would have raped each other during the actual performance. If our Madison people rape behind nude presentations, they may be horny before they enter the theatre. Maybe we should go into why the Madison people may be running around horny as goats. Why does Mr. Boll think our people are that horny. What is going on here in Madison behind my back. Can anyone write and tell us.

--Bob Watt

I stake this poem out
dead man to a dead stick
to tempt an Easter chance-
if faith may be
truth, our evil chance
penultimate at last

not last.
We are not lost.

When these lines gathered
of no resource at all
serenity and strength,
it downed on me-

a man stood on his nails

as ash like dew, a sweat
smelling of death and life.
Our evil Friday fled,
the blind face gently turned
another way toward life

a man walks in his shroud.

(Rev.) DAN BERRIGAN, S.J.
for the Catonsville Nine

Truth About Tear Gas

CHAPTER 5-WHY CS IS BETTER

By LAKE ERIE CHEMICAL

Law enforcement agencies throughout the U.S. are building up their stocks of tear gas and training in its use. Police officers are following advice like that in the FBI's riot control manual, which concludes that chemical agents are the most effective, humane means of temporarily neutralizing a mob, while minimizing personal injury.

But many are wondering which *kind* of agent to get. The older CN ("tear gas")? Or the more powerful irritant agent, CS?

The National Advisory Commission on Civil Disorders has indicated in its report that CS has been found by the military to be considerably more effective and safer than CN. The Commission has expressed an opinion that the only currently available alternative to using CS is applying potentially lethal force, and has strongly recommended the use of CS before rifles or bayonets.

Although Lake Erie makes both agents, we recommend CS.

The first dose does it.

Simply stated . . . CS is the most apt to stop a riot so it can't restart! Though all rioters will run out of a cloud of either agent, the big difference is this . . .

After 10 minutes or so of "recovery" in fresh air, determined rioters may have forgotten the effects of CN to the point where they're ready to start trouble again, a block or two away. But if they've had a dose of CS, they're through for the day. (And maybe for the year.) CS has *extremely* sobering effects on a lawbreaker, including burning sensations and the feeling he can't breathe. These, added to the tears, are so psychologically demoralizing, even in memory, that wild horses couldn't drag him back.

Another point: CS grenades, properly used, are almost impossible to throw back. It would be difficult to find even a fanatic with the nerve to pick one up, without a mask.

Yet, according to a large body of impressive evidence, CS has proven extremely safe. More and more police departments are switching from CN to CS. And in our experience, not one has wanted to switch back.

Want more evidence?

Send for an authoritative article on the subject, which we have reprinted with the permission of ORDNANCE magazine.

And let us know what you need.

Lake Erie Chemical has been the leader in CS, the first to introduce it to commercial markets in the U. S. in 1962. We continue to offer either CS *or* CN in all Lake Erie grenades and projectiles. Your Lake Erie distributor will take fast action to supply your needs.

Help with more than tear gas.

Lake Erie Chemical is a member of Smith & Wesson's growing Law Enforcement Group, manufacturers whose aims and products all share one characteristic: dedication to the professionalism of the American police officer and to the protection of the public he serves.

The group now includes, in addition to Smith & Wesson and Lake Erie: General Ordnance Equipment Corp. (CHEMICAL MACE®); Stephenson Co. ("Speedalyzer" radar, BREATHALYZER®, Minuteman resuscitators); and Dominator Company (electronic sirens, radar).

Contact your Lake Erie Distributor.

And for reprints of this advertisement, the article mentioned above, or our catalog . . . Write to Lake Erie Chemical Division, Smith & Wesson, Rock Creek, Ohio 44084. (Cable Address: LECCO, CLEVELAND.)

Lake Erie Chemical Division
SMITH & WESSON
Agents in principal cities of the U.S.A. and in every country of the free world.



(LNS) When the men who own the Bangor Punta Alegre Sugar Company lost their Cuban sugar to the Cubans, it may have been a blessing to them in disguise.

But the silver lining of the expropriation cloud was that it opened the eyes of the men behind Bangor Punta to new investment opportunities. With a little help from their friends in the U.S. government, who gave them generous tax advantages, Bangor Punta Alegre Sugar Company became Bangor Punta Alegre Holding Company; it dabbled in lots of things, as holding companies are supposed to--jewelry manufacturing in Puerto Rico, railroads in Maine...

But the boys at Bangor Punta realized from their experience in Cuba that the trend is toward global revolution. And when there's a trend toward revolution, there's a trend for imperial powers to buy lots of guns and assorted instruments of oppression to use against the revolutionaries.

So the Bangor Punta Alegre Holding Company bought a gun company--Smith and Wesson. And after they bought the gun company, they formed a Law Enforcement Group of companies (all of which Bangor Punta had bought) to put out a new line of products with high demand: MACE manufactured by General Ordinance Equipment Corporation, CN tear gas made by Lake Erie Chemical Company, and the gadgets of the cop business, sirens and such, produced by Dominator Company, whose name tells just where they'd like to be at.

And to market their stuff, Bangor Punta advertises in the Police Chief (journal of the International Association of Chiefs of Police), that they have "agents in principal cities of the USA and in every country of the free world." Because that's where the revolution's coming, and the men behind Bangor Punta want to be there to make money till the revolution wipes money out.

--Sheila Ryan

SUBURBAN MONASTERY DEATH POEM

PART FOUR- FOREST HILLS PARK

The mailman tells me he was a writer
but he decided he liked to eat
so much for how America keeps her
writers in line
if I have any courage
next week I'll kill myself
every week I tell myself that
& find something new to write about
or find a new way to say what I sed
last week

the last medieval frontier
gothic ohio
a catholic whorehouse-
guardians of the light - BULLSHIT!
Nicene copyright - Bullshit!

secret ouspenskian groups
hidden in the suburbs - scientology Level 9
Cayce Atlantians - BULLSHIT
everyone using the groups
to escape their response-ability
for Reality Now
poetry - the last roundwith
mental dysentery before
confronting the Reality of Oneself
in relation to the reality of the
universe
poetry - the greatest bullshit of all!

Reality is,

Mister Donut - Luxemburg Motel
Tujaques Bar - Scotts Hardware
Glass & mirror Co. (My friend
still in jail - i dont know how
to get him out - thats called
"poets power" - thats how
America keeps her poets in line)
Sinclair, Atlantic, Sunoco Gas Stations
more gas stations than restaurants
a friendly town
if you are just passing thru
HELLO JUDGE ADAMS
yes, $20,000 is a fair fine for
a jaywalking ticket, sorry, I
was thinking about fucking &
I didnt see the light
you can have my drivers license too
I cant afford to park in this city

I remember old wine & pot & methedrine
parties up the Superior Ave Hill
stoned - staring at Forest Hills Towers
billions of dollars for apartments
they let one negro move in & they think
they are integrated - reading john updike &
look magazine & ladies home journal
three blocks away - people on welfare

you stand up on top of the Apartment
Building & pretend you can see the city
then you dont have to see, the young
colored kids in rags or the high school
greasers robbing stores so they can
dress decently
FOREST HILLS PARK
you smoke pot & look at the stars
until the police throw you out
so you dont get beat up by somebody
who doesnt smoke pot
the good citizens are all watching TV
for years & years while
jungian mass subconscious traditions
& sub-cultures are transmitted telepathically
all the young heads
running around the park stoned
convinced no one has ever done it before

its all been done before

I know people who take dope
and watch TV - no morals!
mixing mass media & dope
fuck that shit
I cant get out of ohio
Ingrid Swanberg, Aileen Goodson, HELP!

FOREST HILLS PARK full of stoned poets
who couldnt write their hideous visions
of medieval Ohio,
folksingers strangling on their unheard
protest songs, joining hands in the
darkness of the mind to forget the
poverty & lack of co-operation &
pretend for a while
looking at the stars
just like the people in The Towers
remembering past lives
because this lifetime offered so little
getting stoned rather than step on their
invisible brothers
smoking the peaceful weed
in the afternoon & giggling
at children on swings
cosmic love - so much easier
cleaner than accepting any responsibility

-in the old days
people got stoned
to forget for a few moments
today being stoned
is a way of life
as crippling as television
& christianity or newspaper worship
and the 9 to 5 assembly line
its 1968 & the assembly line pot smokers
are here I'M AFRAID of the beautiful people
they are crazy with their long hair - they are
crazy and they are irresponsible assholes just
like their parents - they dont want to make guns
they dont want to kill - woe to the american
economy

McDonalds has done more for integration
than the Federal Govt...someone should give
them a grant. negroes caucasians mongolians
hippies (a different race) economic integration
cultural integration, everyone after those
16 cent hamburgers & 20¢milk

16 cent hamburgers & 20¢ milkshakes

the Superior Ave Shopping Center
A BIG NOTHING
the Outpost surrounded by funeral homes

people living 4 in a room while those
old mansions flash neon signs
safe passage to the other shore
give undertakers acid & the funeral
parlors will all close down - give
the mansions back to the people

Rockefeller Train Depot or something
a local landmark, traditional piece
to give one that sense of historical
perspective necessary to survivie &
grow - to insure stability
it was torn down & replaced by a car lot

in east cleveland
I have been accepted
by people who do not
know how to accept me
by people who do not know
who I am

I am now a full-fledged
initiate to the secret cult
The Sub-Urban Society of Death
human sacrifices before
the altars of the tube

I am hungry
altho I have visited the
refrigerator 176 times today
I want to eat the television
becoming the tube
doesnt satisfy the
hungry animals inside me
I cant communicate with
the damn thing - it just
sez "little dot patterns
as described by mcluhan"

ive seen old people
talking to the machine
it never answered me
I am still hungry

collecting stamps
doesnt satisfy my hunger
i dont want to eat the
stamps though
(i like to smoke grass & look at them)
if I try to become the
stamp books, all they respond
with is more cmluhan shit & also
some crap about einsteinian relativity

I am still hungry!
theres nothing to do
except change the kitty litter
empty the garbage---

The death ship restaurant now only
a block away - I go & have coffee
maybe 3,4,10 times a day
there is a strange sense of border
freedom there - a clean feeling like
when you leave the U.S.
I watch the young greek cashiers tits
a beautiful set of jugs
full round ass watch
the gold cross dangling over
the tits - listen to Zorba The Greek
played by a Mexican Band on the
juke box - knowing, she never read
Kazantzakis
I sit at the table sometimes holding
hands with my tantric grandmother
more sex energy in her fingers
than all the cunts in east cleveland
the palm of her hand
an orange flower of warm energy
(if people knew what went on
between our hands on the tabletop!)

I drink coffee
rap with friends
dream of fucking all the waitresses
not because I want to
theres just nothing else to do
it isnt safe to think in this country
just write poems
read books
no place to grow
just sit back - drink coffee
damage chromosomes
watch the old world die
& wonder what tomorrow
will be like already knowing
ill be an outlaw there too

they are waiting for me in the future
but then, ill be someone else
screaming in the darkness
sitting staring
thru the paintings on the walls
lost in the maze of mirror reflections
not certain where I am
or who I am
I quietly ask myself who I am
& the voice in my head reminds me
"one of the sons of light, reborn"
fuck that shit - I mean
what does than mean
dreaming of p

dreaming of past lives
the great teacher murdered
for teaching about the sun
just like Rev. King
murdered - The Kennedys - murdered!
symbols of the light - turned off

& the telepath
who rested in my head once
& disappeared

Vajra Yogini Help!
Papa Legba - open the gates
I dont want to die in Ohio anymore!

I am tired of watching my brothers
waste their lives fighting the draft
to die in illegal wars
I am tired of being torn-up inside
each time I see one of my brothers
replaced by a gold star in a window

I am tired of being torn-up inside
each time I see one of my brothers
immune to multipe-reality systems
innoculated via mass media propaganda vaccines

I am tired of reading about people
starving in china, india, the ozarks
in the inner city slums

I dont understand theoretical economics
my world is full of people & spirits
I want to go where there are still
some flashes of light
my world is full of imaginary women
with neon - electric flowers of love

I want to go where I dont have to
prentend I am not alone

d.a. levy

Images from a house with
a dragon flag (for Cindy)

3 white witches
one read Alice in Wonderland
(the western world's
greatest Zen text)

she skips in the hallway

the red dragon is being
sewn on a lavender
background

pictures of janis joplin
& lenin on the walls

together they form
a childrens coven
of light

on the table
orange flowers
with a piece of wild grass
from a nearby lot

oolong tea with twigs
floating on top

an electric kitten
tries to lap ice cream
with his new tongue

NEW YEAR

when I was
six years old
we dipped
apple slices
& bread
in honey
touched small glasses
of wine
& sed 'to life'
'to life'
that was the only time
my father ever hit me
his eyes were very sad
& he sort of walked away
knowing he was wrong
or that he couldnt reach me

I dont think he knew who I was
perhaps even asking if I was really his son
that was 1948 - it is now 1968 and I know
he is watching a football game on television
in another city - his grey hair
his sad eyes
and he is probably still wondering if I
am really his son
what father wants to admit that his
son really is a 'poet'

I think I was ten when I asked the difference
between christians & jews
and his reply was
'the jews think jesus was a bastard'
he was wrong again
the jews believe in living, the christians
believe in jesus and have formed a death cult
around his image
a cult dedicated to suffering & love
as a means of liberation
the jews know, that one becomes liberated
thru living, not only thru programmed acts
of masochism or blindness

It was sometime afterward
my father and I
went to a temple to hear
the services
sat down in time
to hear that haunting
language for just a moment
when someone told us we had to stand in the
back - we had chosen 'reserved seats'
seats that had been paid for
we left & it was thus I completed
my external jewish education

my father was right
we never visited another temple
& now I wonder how many jews are
destroyed in this country each year
my father with his lonely eyes
trying to return home
only to have the american god of money
slapped in his face
when we left it was as if
he passed the message on to me
'there are no jews left in this place'

and i spent years
trying to fill in that
hungry space denied me

on holidays I did not
know about I found myself
thinking of the old man
and later trying to remember
what I dreamt when I was
a child
I kept discovering his quietness
when did the first images
appear in my head?
'a place with sand where it was warm
the blue sky - strange trees'
my fathers eye
had never turned from israel
I dont even know if he knew
what was inside his own head

once visiting hillel house
I was told about keeping
traditions alive
lighting candles

the secrets I learned from my father?
how does one pass them on?
my fathers terrible eyes
the loneliness

flash phrases like
'genetic memory?'

this poem?
that I remember once
being free to walk
through all secret doors

to walk with a free people

where did I learn that

when I think of my father
I wonder if he can hear me

this poem?
for my father
who will someday be reborn in israel
& this poem
for my father
that I may once again be his son
& the name we carry
was once a name to be proud of

now it is new years 1968
in a barbarian country
that has always felt
alien to me

while blind men struggle
to keep traditions alive
my father watches football
games on television
to pass time
& I dream of his sad eyes
and I wonder about those blind men
do they ever wonder who wrote
their fucking traditions for them?

what songs will be sung
in israel for the young jews
beaten or murdered in the south
trying to keep alive
the internal spirit

what songs will be sung
in israel to remember
the young jews
who took drugs into eternity
trying to find the Spirit
they couldnt find in america

what songs will be sung
in israel to commemorate
the subtle murders
while rabbis danced the hora
ate dates & figs
& looked the other way

to keep traditions alive?

my father watched football
on television
his eye did not lose sight
of israel for even a moment

and once a year
I break bread with him
quietly in my mind

madison wisc.
sept 1968

THE NATURAL NUCLEAR ANARCHIST
FROM THE EVER BEYOND & THE
MAZOLA OIL OLD SPAGHETTI FACTORY
CAFE DEMONSTRATORS

for edward ben elson
The Baddest Hippy in Madison



NOTES ON A RADICAL IN DAIRYLAND



On Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, September 27, 28, and 29, Bill Simons traveled over 700 miles around the state of Wisconsin as the Connections reporter on Gaylord Nelson's and Bronson LaFollette's 22-city "Whistle Stop Victory Special" train.....

It's Sunday afternoon.

The gaudy campaign train clatters its way through the pinelands of western Wisconsin. Fighting their hangovers the candidates for Gubernatorial and Senatorial rulers, and their varying pimps and confidants cluster around the transistor. For in Wisconsin, as in Amerika, the spectacle of professional sport has more dynamic than the spectacle of conventional politique. The game's plasitcized tension builds; the candidate for Gubernatorial-ruler mutters: "...just like politics, it's all a game."

The tension breaks. The once gloried, powerful, and beloved monarchs of professional sport are to be crushed. The onslaught is too much for the aging Pack. A longtime Democratic toady sighs "...it's all going to ashes."

She's right...all to ashes. "The deep cracks of American politics" are obvious to all.

The Onslaught Is Too Strong, The Disintegration Clear, The Game Is Waning.

Yet still the pack, weak and hung over, plays the game.

In a time of genocide, chauvinism and proto-fascism, one of the most progressive, conventional state parties our civilization has yet weaned spends thousands to have a train (short) circuit the fiefdom. Gaudy, crass and gutteral--it is all appearance, all game, all circus.

The once-gloried performers can no longer juggle with the smooth flashiness of old. Though the show falters and the spectators dwindle, the performance still must be. Otherwise: total disillusion, total disrepute, the totality of deluge. So the jugglers, like all well-trained pros, grope for old tricks: the old-fashioned whistle stop campaign train, the Dixieland band, good ol' family politics. "We wanta get some color back into politics," they chuckle.

Yet it's all gimmicks programmed for the callous electoral needs of the moment. For everyone--even the rulers--admits the circus' purpose is 1) to get the feuding performers back together again so's to patch the wounds suffered from their Chicago fall; 2) to pay dues to the minor league acrobats tumbling in the sideshow local elections; and 3), above all, to spew forth fleeting publicity in the state media for the big-timers.

The Democrats are all but totally oblivious to the mood and reality of history around them and are the longtime perpetrators of spurious (often apolitical) politics of the capitalist ruling class. Thus the circus toys with and ultimately destroys reality. The real made unreal, the unreal made real. The trivial magnified--the visceral ignored. And so on. And so on. Kafka, Marcuse, or Nietzsche? Who knows?

But it is clear that an anti-fascist analysis is never articulated. Not once is Georgie Wallace mentioned. "Oh. We can handle that after the election," they whimper.

Not once is an anti-racist analysis articulated. Not one mention of the urban catastrophe or the once-gloried "civil rights," for, hallelujah, it's law and order time. "Well we like 'em," they choke, "but Wisconsin is a white electorate, you know, and this is the heart of the campaign."

Viet Nam is never mentioned during the rallies, but saved for "safe" dinner speeches before party faithful. And then the colossal misanalysis. Viet Nam, as a bad mistake, an unfortunate no-no. For God Save The Empire, The Democratic Party Is Not About To Stumble Into An Anti-Imperialist Analysis.

Finally, the student insurrection is integrated as a pleasant display of youth-idealism which chooses of the two parties. Politicians in America either have never heard of, or never listened to Dylan.

Rather they fixate on Gallup, Roper, and Harris.

Yet another election must be won. For as a party patron confesses, "it's the most important thing in the world that Gaylord be re-elected."

So early Friday morning, September 27, a strange collection of types, varying in hackery and innocence, gathers at the Kenosha railroad station poised for the task of making the rounds.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

The Candidates for Rulers--(Senate, Governor, Lt.Governor, Attorney General, State Treasurer).

Their Hipless Wives--armed with dutiful smiles and a gentile emptiness.

Their Children--pathetic, innocent objects of "cute exploitation."

The High Hacks--the bullnecked cigar-smoking boss;
--the smooth PR man;
--the ex-gubernatorial candidate who serves as master of follies.

The Press--having long ago been massaged into one-dimensionality.

The Young Hacks--synthetic, dull and opportunist proto-pros.

The Party Patrons--labor bigshots, Milwaukee businessmen, party fundraisers: crucial clogs of the party infrastructure.

The Innocents--young democratic kids--unwitting and along for the ride.

Aging Black Pullman--whose well-hewn sambo-ization fails to fully mask their deep bitterness and cynicism.

The House Radical--The underground reporter, saboteur, and enemy, cursing and laughing at the surrounding malaise.

PROCESSED SPECTACLE

The train whistle blasts. The baffling conglomeration of lifelessness scurries on board. Refurbished, yet still creaking, the five-car train crawls out of Kenosha. The adventure in false-consciousness begins.

Town after dying town, the train will stop; the same monotonous speeches, the same shallow spectacle.

The locomotive first cuts through southeastern Wisconsin. The crowds are tiny, 50 to 100 folks. Old workers, a few mothers and their children. But few teenagers. Few middle agers.

Inside the train, Nelson's campaign films blurt out his election ace card. Conservation: Nelson saves our Northern wildlands. But alas, one looks out the window upon the urban catastrophe. Mile upon mile, the scars of industrial wastage and the slum constancy.

Like the Democratic Party itself, the campaign train trips into and then trips out of the urban malaise. The train bumps through Wisconsin's often beautiful, sometimes stale farmlands as the processed spectacle is effeciently unraveled in one rural town after another.

The train scurries through the lazing countryside ignored by man, cow and pig alike. As the trains approaches the next village the party hack yells the name of the town, warning that we'll only stop for 14 minutes. The cast bustles into position, waiting to pounce out once again.

A crowd of usually 125 awaits. The tracks are ragged and overgrown with grass. The railroad station, flaking paint, struggles for its existence. And beyond, a row of wood frame buildings seem to be leaning on each other. The crowd, the town, the buildings--inert, impassive --poise for the pettiness to follow.

The train screeches, then halts. The Dixieland Band is first off, dashing to play their patriotized tunes--"On Wisconsin," "If You Wanta Be a Badger." Their music simultaneously draws out and drowns out the crowd's mediocre cheers and fast-fading chants. It is not a together crowd... it cannot sustain an engaged enthusiasm.

Town upon town, the crowd has the same contours. An inner core of pressmean and cheering party loyalists clustered around the podium, then a ring of interested but dispassionate observers followed by small grouplets of stray passers by, loitering railroad workers and bicyclized kids. Occasionally, there will be an Indian, a stoned hippie, a local band or a small cell of McCarthyites. All of this is overseen by Mace-toting cops. There are some, but hardly massive numbers of teenagers. Less than ten blacks and only a few Indians will show up during the entire trip. It is not a together crowd.

It drifts with (rather than being enthused by) the rhetoric and the frenetics. Polite applause. Gentle motions of approval. Outlying expressions of cynicism - "They're all a bunch of clowns". "Big talk, big promises. Vote for me. Vote for me." The apathy, the apoliticality, the detachment, the disengagement are healthy responses to a politics undeserving of enthusiasm. This is not the dynamics of a powerful social movement. Rather, this is conventional American politics. Alienated, authoritarian politics from above - neither grasping nor emerging from real needs and aspirations. Rallies, candidates, issues and voting as fragments - isolated events at the margins of our existence.

Ruling class politics - without depth - grafted upon us - to be pondered and dialogued. Not to be lived.

Bronson LaFollette, Gaylord Nelson coming to tell folks of man and life (in 25 words or less)..

THE SPEECHES

The band stops and Dave Carley, Democratic Party functionnaire and master of follies, starts the rally. "Its great to see such a large crowd out here this afternoon." (120 people). "The victory special has come to Appleton this afternoon to tell you what the Democratic Party has done to the people of Wisconsin over the past ten years."

Carley then begins to introduce LaFollette as a courageous and independent man. (This for a man who on one day said there was police violence at the Dow cop riot, on the next says there wasn't; this for a man who continually hacks over UW students).

Carley always brings in the family name ("...here's a man who's lived up to his name".) and the law and order rap ("other people talk about law and order, LaFollette acts on it.") At one point, Carley comes on with a quasi-Freudian introduction: "Here's a man who will become our next governor because he is well-known for his stringent and hardy prostitution of the state anti-trust laws."

After the mis-introduction, LaFollette comes onto the platform flickering his hand at the crowd. He is a pathetic man. A man who has lived on his name, who has never had to struggle. A flabby, whimpery, unimaginative and unintelligent man as candidate for governor-ruler. At every stop, without exception, he manufactures his petty enragement to give the same monotoned rap: property taxes are up. With the charisma of a Ceylonese Ox, he moans that it's the fault of the other guys...the Republicans. At one point on the train, I put him against the wall pointing

out that the war has caused inflation and, in turn, higher property taxes. But he merely twitches and says "Well, that's your opinion" and goes on avoiding the issues of war, race and fascism. For the property tax quasi-issue is his ("I wanta get elected") pet. His ace-tool and object in an electoral frenzy whose function is to smother rather than to catalyze political analysis.

After rapping on taxes, LaFollette turns to his other major tool and introduces his family-object--symbols of innocence, sympathy and solidity.

But one thing may be said LaFollette, he continually freaks you out as he trips-up over his own rhetoric. For example. "The reason we're going to win this election is because the Riverboat Ramblers Dixieland Band is with us. They've been with us since '64 and we've won every election since then and we're not gonna win this one either". "There was a time when people were exploited, year after year, and from head to toe by the labor...oops, I mean lumber barons of this state." "And now, I'd like to introduce my wife Dorothy...what am I talking about...I'd like to introduce my wife Lynn." (Governor Knowles' ex-wife is named Dorothy.)

But Gaylord Nelson is less crass and more smooth than LaFollette. The relaxed, darling boy, the raison d'etre of Wisconsin liberalism serves as a fantastic fetish of over-adulation and overstatement. Thus, one woman in Appleton (home of Joe McCarthy) weeps that "it would be the worst tragedy in Wisconsin history if Gaylord is not re-elected."

Nelson, as one of the better products of the ruling class politics,* is all the more a commentary on that politics. His main ptich at the rallies is a two minute rap which pridfully points to the muckrakish hearings he is conducting on the high costs of certain pills. Yet his critique, oriented for electoral mileage is fragmented and fails to approach any class or social analysis of the health industry and the high costs and misdistribution of American medicine.

Nelson's other major rap is that its the most important political event of the century that this generation of kids are idealistic and are supposedly involved in the great two party system.

His rap is more wish than reality for at this time, as ever, ruling class politics - suffering from intellectual nakedness and emotional menopause - desperately needs and gropes for the intellectual backing and emotional security which would be provided by us. But their needs and wishes were hardly met.

At one point LaFollette walks into the young-Democratic section of the train. Noting the silence, he quips "What is this, a funeral train" and then pleads, "This is supposed to be a campaign train. Let's have a little enthusiasm".

Indeed, the turn-out of young folks is, at best, moderate, their enthusiasm thin and the official youth organization (Young Democrats) a muscleless skeleton.

One reason for this is the not so coincidental failure of conventional politicians to either understand or articulate issues and emotions. Again, Nelson never raps on racism and fascism. Moreover, he doesn't even grasp the alienation and frustration, and the deep sense of power and revolt of the youth he patronisingly praises as dutiful idealists. And even if he understood, there would be no value in or time to articulate such an analysis. The elections must be won, the local candidates must be introduced and the train must pull rapidly away so as to be on time for the next spectacle in the next town.

The cast bustles to reboard the train and proceeds to take in a few more drinks and a few more towns. Finally, the day's barnstorming comes to a close and its time for the evening banquet in the high school gym.

Here Nelson gives Orwellian speeches against the war and for the nuclear proliferation pact. In effect, he says he would be for the war if we could commit genocide and wipe out the Vietnamese revolution with only 75,000 soldiers. But we can't. Thus, Vietland is a mistake. The wrong genocide at the wrong time.

Likewise, he's for nuclear proliferation, for without mention of disarmament, he glibly explains that we can already over-kill the gooks 80 times and that if we don't sign the treaty someone else might get the bomb.

RADICAL IN DAIRYLAND

Three days on a train with the death-party-cretons is quite a mind-fuck.

Eighty of them and one of you. Suffocation and boredom are the enemy, survival the goal.

There are occasional moments of pseudo-excitement: I'm hassled by 5 or 6 Eau Claire cops; a groups of McCarthy kids are kicked off the train in Manitowac; jiving with the porters and with the young kids at the stops; I rap with Nelson's 15 year old son, a pudgily-decent fellow who's for immediate withdrawal and is uptight about being used as a political object; and I intellectually outwhip and whom the good Senator Nelson himself.

Over the three-day period, I become the house radical. As I gradually change my wardrobe from a vested pin-stripe suit to a baggy pair of corduroy pants and a smelly red tee shirt, so too I change my stance from innocently curious underground reporter to ferociously partisan revolutionary communist. As such, I become fetish. Hacks and innocents, politicians and newsmen alike first stare and then seek me out for a good 'ol' therapeutic conversation. "Yes, I'm curious about your views" they say. 'Let's bridge the generation gap." "Oh you're a radical - that's good." "Oh, you want to kill me - how nice."

Finally, they stagger away muttering "Well, I was once just as radical as you but I learned to work where the power is - within the system. But I do respect your views." What a mind fuck. As the train finally reaches Madison, I glory in rejoining my guerrilla theatre comrades in freaking out the Madison rally. As we chant "We Want Apple Pie" and "Hail, Hail Ronson LaGrange". I sigh with relielf. It was just like getting out of jail. Alas - life again.

CONCLUSION

After three days, 700 miles and 22 cities, the traveling death-circus has basicly achieved its stated purposes. The party hacks, with their various shadings, have been somewhat replastered together. The endless candidates for county clerk have been plugged by and photo'd with big boy-baby Nelson. And the newsmen have been duly fondled and in turn, have pumped out their surface journalism.

But after it all, one is depressed by the appearance of sadness and suffocation presented by rural Wisconsin and the total depravity of the Democratic party. Their implicit authoritariansim. Their objectification politics where issues, families and trivial idiosyncracies are used as objects in the electoral game.

And so too, their audacity in tripping in and out of each town... posturing the joyous pomposity of hit and split tactics as great polical event. But even if the Democrats spent a lot of time in each town, even if there were question and answer periods, even if they spoke out on issues... even if they did all this and more, it would be just the same. Just a little more sophisticated and sensitive. Like the good master visiting more often with da niggers and treating them better.

For ruling class politics is tranquillization politics. Fragmentation politics. Apolitical politics. A politics which seeks to avoid mention of America's central contradictions. For when the issues are mentioned, there is never a full social analysis or even an adequate critique.

This surface politics tries to mute contradictions; tries to tell people they are free and have power. That says there is a real race worthy of interest and enthusiasm; that power shifts with each election and that the vote is a vital power-tool in a democratic and pluralistic political system.

There is no analysis of the power-forces which actually shape politics in America. The corporate, military and cultural institutions...and their mechanisms for control...cannot be mentioned, let alone analyzed. For these forces are bed-fellows of the Democrats in a power-structure whose prime function is to cope with the potential of political insight and revolt.

The Democratic party thus tries to tranquilize or misdirect the smolderings of discontent - before it all turns to ashes.

One thing is clear: the Democratic party as a major tool for social control and suffocation must eventually be destroyed and surpassed.

I think of Professor Harvey Goldberg's critique of the first of the great American liberals Woodrow Wilson:

> What bothers me about Wilson is not that he was such a constipated Presbyterian, but that he toyed with the hopes of mankind and didn't really mean it. -- Bill Simons



*Remembering that all ruling class politicians are created equal... and that some are merely more equal than others.

HUAC and WITCH

The recent venture of the House Un-American Activities Committee into the camp of the radicals has not reassured anyone about the sanity of the U.S. establishment nor can it be assimilated into our thinking by the phrase used for the Chicago experience - "they're taking us seriously." HUAC itself has difficulties being taken seriously and is trying to build a new 'respectable' image among the liberals. But radicals are singularly unimpressed and consequently unintimidated. The only ax over the heads of recent witnesses has been contempt charges; The possibilities for satire, assault, and delegitimization before reaching the limits of 'contempt' are a unique art form. Jerry Rubin and Abbie Hoffman, with a little help from friends, have been exploring the creative possibilities opened up by the experience of being subpoenaed.

Three women, dressed as witches, accompanied Rubin and Hoffman to the hearings to represent WITCH, the Women's International Terrorist Conspiracy from Hell. When Rubin was escorted out for carrying "incendiary devices," the women were outside ready to do their thing. They drew a semi-circle and began to unravel the real conspiracy. The text of their revelations follows as reprinted from LNS-NY:

In the Holy and Most Powerful Name of WITCH
Women's International Terrorist Conspiracy
from Hell
We Sister Witches from the one true Underground
Announce our Presence and commence our Spell.
In the Sacred Name of all our Sister Witches,
the original guerrillas and resistance
fighters through the ages
We cast our Vengeful Magic on HU-WACKY judges
who dare conduct a witch hunt without real witches.
They have created Subpoena's Envy.

Standing in this Liberated Circle,
we throw off our cover of invisibility.
We proclaim all those males subpoenad are pawns in
our game
for Yippie, SDS and Mobilization are all fronts
for WITCH.

We are the ancient Earthmothers behind it all:
peacegroups, international students' conspiracy
the Revolution--all are our children.
We concocted Chicago from one Vat for Peace,
numerous Democratic toads,
and a pressure-cooked American flag.

We who have an ancient stake in freedom
(Burn Baby Burn)
are responsible for the Secret Marijauna Ritual,
which now has subverted people all over America
into flying.

Lurleen Wallace, ex-witch who let herself be used
by racist George
We snuffed.
Congressman Poole, who dared to smoke Salem
cigarettes,
we snuffed.
The head of this Committee, who just lost his
primary election
We snuffed.
Lyndon Johnson could not run again after our
Leader
First W.I.T.C.H. Ladybird
cast her spell in his large ear.

Women are the oldest oppressed people on earth,
but this, at last, is the Season of the W.I.T.C.H.
Satan himself sits on this Committee, and we
demand
the right to report to him, and kiss his ass
as all American does.
O Astarte! O Hecate! O Isis! O Bonnie Parker!
Our spirits inside the Committee room
don't need these bodies to put a hex
on both their houses of Congress.

Dean men sit on this Committee.
We have not finished.
We have just begun.
We are the Power!

W.I.T.C.H.



WORRIES OVER FOR THE DOLLAR?



Pierre-Paul Schweitzer, Head Of International Monetary Fund

Dorm News

With A Regent

Regent Walker visited Ogg Hall recently to find out what University life was all about. He spoke before approximately sixty interested Ogg residents. After a brief talk by Walker, the students asked questions and rapped for about an hour. The general impression from some of the participants was that Walker was out of it. According to one student, Walker had no comprehension of what it was like to live in a dorm nor did he seem to understand what was troubling the students. His basic reply to questions about student control of the dorms was that if you feel you have no say in policy then move out. Subsequently he walked out when students appeared somewhat angered by his point of view.

Seize a Radio

Dan Lusthaus was a disc jockey for the Southeast dorm radio station, WSSO, until Wednesday October 2. Then he was "rescheduled" out of existence. That is, the station manager canned him. Lusthaus is one of those djs - there are more - who digs what the station manager, Rick Murphy, calls underground music. Underground music is anything not in the "Top 40" stuff. So he ran three cuts of the Cream one night, one right after the other. Murphy got upset and instructed him to stay with the 40. Lusthaus reluctantly complied, but qualified each "Top 40" cut with a note to his listeners that this was the station manager's choice, not his. On Wednesday, Lusthaus came down to do his regular show (5 to 7 pm) and found that he was out of job. When he asked why, the station manager explained that since there had been no poll taken of what the dormitory inmates liked the top 40 "hits" had to run. Lusthaus argued that dj's should be able to play what they liked, that they represented a wide range of music interests in the dormitories. The manager would not buy this rap. The former dj told some of his friends and supporters and about 100 visited the station to protest the manager's hatchet job. Police were called in and general threats of expulsion, suspension, etc. were directed at Lusthaus.

Lusthaus still does not have his job back. The issue will go to the SSO Council soon. In the interim some of the WSSO dj's are inviting Lusthaus to rap to the listening audience over their shows. Demonstrations are being considered.

The SSO Council will have a difficult time sorting the situation out inasmuch as it is one of the perpetrators of a standing rule (tradition) that station managers are chosen in the spring to serve the following academic managers are chosen in the spring to serve the following academic year. Thus, Murphy was neither chosen by incoming freshmen nor known to them.

--R.S.G.

UW Consortium

Another project of the socially conscious financially solvent university corporate neighborhood has come to light. This one named the Consortium for Graduate Study in Business for the Disadvantaged. The project was begun in 1966 by Indiana University, Washington University of St. Louis, and the UW to "hasten the entry of Negroes into managerial positions in business." Recently the group was enlarged by the arrival of the University of Rochester.

The project is financed by the Ford Foundation, John Hay Foundation, and Louis D. Beaumont Foundation as well as by 62 sponsoring corporations - a list which includes some of the nation's mega-corporations such as G.E., General Foods, American Airlines, Esso, I.B.M., Sun Oil, Union Carbide, Minnesota Mining and Manufacturing, U.S. Steel, Xerox, etc. Listed among the cooperating agencies are the U.S. Department of Defense, VISTA, the Peace Corps, the American Management Association, Urban League, and the Interracial Council for Business Opportunity.

Contributions have also come from Wisconsin Businesses including Parker Pen Co., Allis-Chalmers Mfg. Co., Oscar Mayer and Co. and First Wisconsin National Bank, Milwaukee.

The Consortium project provides minority group students with full tuition plus annual fellowships of $2,500. In return, the disadvantaged students enroll in a regular Master of Business Administration course of study. Summer business internships with sponsoring firms are also provided. Sixteen students are now enrolled in this program at the UW. A total of 36 are enrolled in the cooperating schools. Viva la collaboration!

--R.S.G.

G.I. NEWSPAPER IN GERMANY

An organization was formed in February 1967, in Berlin, under the name "U.S. Campaign." Its founder Fran Fuller is an ex-intelligence officer who was, to his own surprise, discharged upon his request before having completed his service. To the anger of Army officials who complained about having wasted thousands of dollars on his "education," he appeared at rallies of the German SDS calling for organized resistance against U.S. Vietnam policy.

Initially the group was concerned with public protest against the Vietnam war on the part of Americans in Europe. Demonstrations did, however, seem less and less sufficient to some of the members. Early this year it came to a split when the more radical ones decided to make the step from protest to resistance, that is, from peaceful marches to direct work with soldiers. The division became final when the liberal contingent was unwilling to collect money or deliver it to the NLF. The radical wing did make $1,250 by selling paintings at an art exhibition and handed the money to the NLF in Prague. In the meantime, the U.S. Treasury Department in Frankfurt has been sending officials to investigate the action and the people involved may be prosecuted.

The result was that the radical wing formed a chapter of the American SDS and started to work with soldeirs. Berlin is especially suited for this type of organizing, since the city offers a particular situation because of its "special territory" status. Soldiers coming to Berlin are carefully screened and watched, whether they are ordinary GI's or members of the Army Security Agency. This pressure is felt by the soldiers and their perception and experience of it had given the organization a chance to break the Army's ability to keep soldiers isolated. The recent issues of WHERE IT'S AT, "a newspaper of common sense and survival for GI's," first published this spring in Berlin, have found increasing response among soldiers. GI's are distributing the paper on the bases and they begin to talk to each other on political and administrative issues.

WHERE IT'S AT is distributed all over West Germany, in Italy, Spain, and also in Vietnam. The editors received letters from GI's in Vietnam who had somehow gotten hold of a copy, and they now send 50 copies to each of these addresses. Contents of the first issues included a blast at U.S. Savings Bonds ("You don't see Johnson sinking his $15 million fortune into Savings Bonds!"); "Secret NATO plan Exposed" (the reprint of an Emergency Status of Force Agreement giving U.S. Military Commanders in Europe the power to decide on occupation of territory and to quell disorders and riots); news from the home front (Poor People's Campaign, Huey Newton, Fort Hood, Chicago); report on black reenlistments ("More brothers refuse to re-up, Pentagon Can't Figure out Why"; and information on the American Servicemen's Union.

The organization has an apartment which has become a meeting place for GI's. SDS sees itself having three major functions:

1- to encourage Black consciousness among Black GI's. A group was formed in which black GI's discuss Black Power. The purpose is for SDS to find out about the problems of black soldiers in the Army and to carry this information to the German population which has a rather distorted picture of the situation of the Negro in the U.S. and in the Army. A black barber living in Berlin plans to open a barbershop and a coffee shop for GI's. The hope is that these activities might eventually result in something like a black union.

2- to encourage consciousness of American imperialism among soldiers. A second group has been formed concerned with U.S. imperialism, the role of NATO, and the military-industrial complex. Both groups are to serve the major purpose of the SDS chapter, that is, the politicization of GIs and the development of resistance within the Army.

3- to establish closer ties between the American and the German SDS. Cooperation between the two organizations has increased since the split among members of the U.S. Campaign. A coalition of the two SDS's in Berlin might strengthen ties and communication between the two national organizations.

At this time the group faces one major problem: the lack of financial funds. They need money to pay for their facilities and for the publication and wider distribution of the paper, which is becoming one of the major means of communication with the GI's as well as for the publication of various types of literature for the soldiers. They need money to stay in contact with individuals and groups in other NATO countries, contacts which, for safety, have to be made in person. And they need money for their defense and the defense of GI's in possibly upcoming court cases. While U.S. authorities until now have been fairly lenient to avoid publicity, the situation of the organization has become considerably more precarious since the Allies have persuaded German courts to prosecute anyone who encourages desertion. (All prosecutions have to go through German courts). The penalty for such actions is up to 5 years prison and up to $6,500 fine. The penalty for obstructing troops coming to Berlin is up to 10 years prison and up to $12,500 fine. The latter law was a reaction to a project planned by the German SDS.

Support of the new SDS chapter is urgent and necessary. Anyone interested in what is happening with GI's in Europe and in international cooperation against U.S foreign policy send money (any amount) to:

WHERE IT'S AT
1 Berlin 12
Post Sach 65
Germany

David Bathrick
7145 S. Euclid
Chicago, Ill. 60649

--Dagmar Schultz

others.

There is a committee in Madison working for this conference with finances available for sending a Madison delegation. They are looking for delegates from local organizations or anyone else who is interested. They would like anyone who is going to the conference to register with them. For more information call 238-7182 or 257-5549, or stop by 413 W. Mifflin.



ESTATE

Madison has received a shot in the culture vein this fall with the foundation of The Metropolitan Dinner Club of Greater Madison. I was disappointed to see that my invitation to join this "elite of each city," as it was described by His Imperial Highness Archduke Otto of Austria, was stamped all over with "Press Copy."

The Dinner Club, modeled on "The Order of the Good Time" founded in North America by Samuel de Champlain and various of his merchant friends in 1606 at Port Royal Habitation in Nova Scotia, is "geared solely to cultural and social enjoyment among friends of compatible tastes and backgrounds." Membership is by invitation only and strictly limited; dinners with guest speakers will be held six times a year.

Innovative (or perhaps explosive) is the "important difference: Here the wives are associate members;" a "delightful 'husband and wife' innovation..." New is the international taste in foods which is sweeping America: "More money in the pocket is glamorizing America. We grow an educated palate. It's budding on all levels from Park Avenue and suburban areas to the deep grass roots of the Middle West." Traveling widely to Europe and other exotic continents, Americans are returning home to demand the foods of the world's finest restaurants. "Now as never before it is the mark of culture to set a fine table!" Presumably, the local elite will dine fine.

This fine synthesis of the old and new "will enable local business leaders and their ladies to join the aristocracy of thousands of North Americans...."The speaker program will encourage the development of enlightened public opinion through the introduction of "men and women who know how to meet a payroll, or who are recognized authorities and can discuss great national and international developments and current problems." Just as long as that payroll has nothing "subversive to the democratic system of government." For the Metropolitan Dinner Clubs, founded in Madison by presidents and vice-presidents of such local establishments as Wisconsin Foundry and Machine Company, Findorff, IBM Corporation, I. Hovde Realty, Icke Construction, Madison Chamber of Commerce, is dedicated to expanding the areas of Freedom: "they stand unalterably for private property rights, the profit motive and competition in the market-place, and affirm that these fundamental principles of the Free Enterprise System form the economic basis of our great Western Civilization ...self-reliant free men and women under God."

I said to myself, what more could Madison possibly need.



Conference

We have received word of the Conference Hemispherique pour mettre fin a la guerre au Vietnam (translated roughly End It) to be held in Montreal from November 28 to December 1, 1968. The call for the conference, printed in Spanish, French and English, states that the aim is to work for peace "on the basis which will establish the unqualified right of the Vietnamese people to determine their own destiny free from all foreign interference." By bringing together "all those in the Western Hemisphere who are striving to end the way which the United States is waging...", the sponsors hope to draw on the extensive range of experience "in developing pressure against the war, and in rendering assistance to the people of Vietnam." It is hoped that some coordinated action can be developed at the Conference.

Topics for discussion are "Social Organization in Vietnam," "Theory of Violence & Vietnam," "Resistance Movements to Stop the War in Vietnam," "Rehabilitation during and After the War," and "Impact of the War in Vietnam on the Societies of Latin America." United States sponsors include Julian Bond, Robert Greenblatt of the National Mobilisation Committee, Ossie Davis, Benjamin Spock, and Dagmar Wilson of Women Strike for Peace, among

CALENDAR

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 16
Hoofers Riding Club, Union 7pm
Music: Chamber Symphony of Philadelphia, Union Theatre, 8pm
Tryouts: for Underground Theatre production of Polish play "The Martyrdom of Peter Ohey" by Mrozek, see Today in the Union

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 17
Hoofers Mountaineer Club, Union, 7pm
WSA Student Senate Meeting, Old Madison Room, Union, 7pm
Music: Chamber Symphony of Philadelphia, Union Theatre, 8pm
Films: Movie Time - "What's New, Pussycat?" - Play Circle (also Fri., Sat., & Sun.)

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 18
Music: Dance at Turner Hall with Twisting Harvey & the 7 Sounds and Applejack's White Trash Band. $2.00. 8pm
Films: WDRU Friday Film: "The Hustler" - see posters for time & place. $1.00 donation.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 19
U.W. Soccer Club, Wisc. vs. Illinois at 10 a.m.
Football: Wisc. vs. Iowa at Iowa City
Paul Taylor Dance Company, Union Theatre, 8 pm

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 20
Hoofers Outing Club, Union, 7 pm
LAST DAY TO REGISTER TO VOTE IN MADISON for those who still have faith...
Drama: Nude Playwrights Theatre, Play Circle, 8 pm

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 23
Hoofers Riding Club, Union, 7 pm
Drama: Nude Playwrights Theatre, Play Circle, 8 pm

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 24
Hoofers Mountaineer Club, Union, 7 pm
Films: Movie Time - Richard Lester's "How I Won the War" Play Circle (also Fri., Sat., and Sun.)
YMCA Film Series: Ichikawa's anti-war masterpiece, "Fires on the Plain" - 306 N. Brooks St., 7 & 9 pm.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 25
Drama: Wisconsin Players Night, Union Theatre, 8 pm
Films: DRU Friday Film: "Aren't We Wonderful" - see DRU posters for time and place.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 26
Music: Folk Arts Society CHICAGO BLUES FESTIVAL with J.B. Hutto and his Hawks and Johnny Young's Blues Band, Great Hall, 8 pm - 1 am. $1.00
Drama: Wisconsin Players, Twelfth Night, Union Theatre, 8 pm

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 27
Music: Folk Arts Society presents COUNTRY JOE & THE FISH in the Stock Pavilion at 8:30 pm in a gala festival of rock and Light.
Drama: Wisconsin Players, Twelfth Night, Union Theatre, 8 pm
END OF DAYLIGHT SAVINGS TIME

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 29
Hoofers Outing Club, Union, 7 pm
Music: Union Concert Series, Dorian Woodwind Quintet, Union Theatre, 8 pm
Films: Wisconsin Film Society - "Subida al Cielo" - B10 Commerce, 7:30 pm.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 31
Halloween
Hoofers Mountaineer Club, Union, 7 pm
Drama: Wisconsin Players, Twelfth Night, Union Theatre, 8 pm
Films: Movie Time - Antonioni's "La Notte" - Play Circle (also Fri., Sat., and Sun.)

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 1
Films: DRU Friday Film: "The Threepenny Opera" - see DRU posters for time and place.
Drama: Wisconsin Players Twelfth Night, Union Theatre, 8 pm
Music: Homecoming Show, Fieldhouse, 8:30 pm
Dance, Great Hall, 9 pm

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2
Football: Wisconsin vs. Indiana, Camp Randall, 1:30 pm
Cross Country, Wisconsin vs. Northern Illinois
Music: Homecoming Show, Fieldhouse, 3:30 pm
Dance, Great Hall, 9 pm
Simon & Garfunkel, Coliseum, 8:30 pm
Drama: Wisconsin Players Twelfth Night, Union Theatre, 8 pm

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 3
Music: Pro Arts Quartet, Union Theatre, 4 pm

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 4
Peace Corps Recruitment (through 11/9)
Camera Concepts Color Slide entries due (through 11/8)
Hoofers Outing Club, Union, 8 pm
Drama: Treateau de Paris Moliere - "Tartuffe" - Union Theatre, 8 pm

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 5
National Day of mourning - elections
Hoofers Riding Club, Union, 8 pm
Films: Wisconsin Film Society - "The 5000 Fingers of Dr. T." - B10 Commerce, 7:30 pm
Stiftskellar Film: Chaplin's "The Gold Rush" - 7 & 9 pm

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 6
Hoofers Mountaineer Club, Union, 7 pm
Drama: "America Hurrah" - Union Theatre, 8 pm
Films: Studio Film - "Genevieve" -12:30, 3:30, 7 & 9 pm

Anyone wishing to list anything in Connections should call Mark weekdays from 8:30 am to 4 pm at 262-2234 and give him the information.

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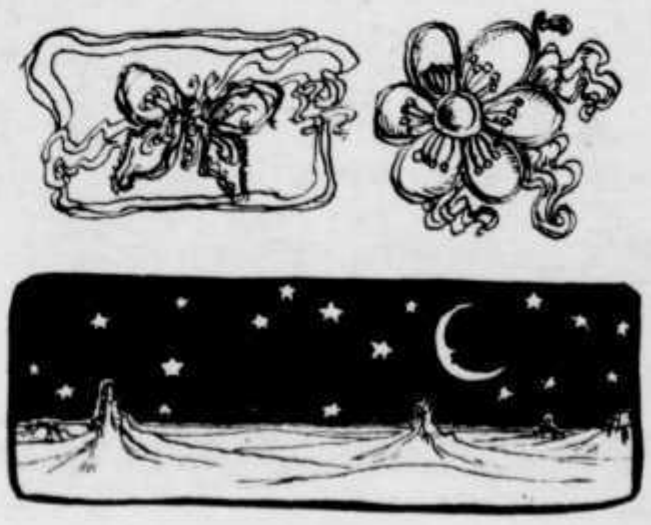
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THE ELECTRIC EYE rents strobe lights. 256-5177.

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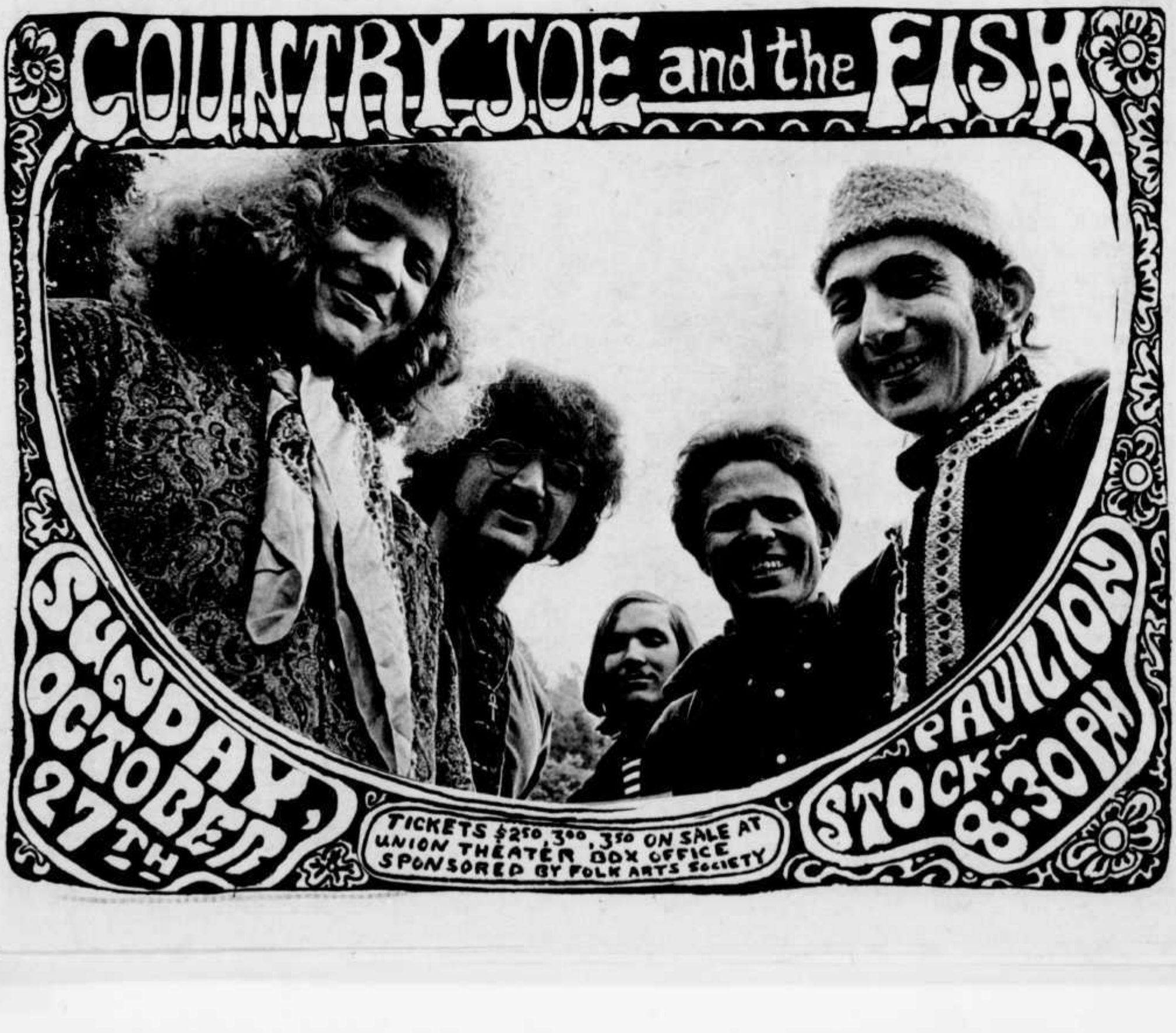
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Jim & Cindy
the Electric Eye



THE SAN FRANCISCO MIME TROUP visits MADISON, Wi. 53706 AGAIN



A LITTLE STORY ABOUT WHY THERE SHOULD BE CHANGE. →

THE BAND SINGS THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER

THE PRIME MEAT IS CHOSEN BY THE OLD MEN TO BE GROUND UP FIGHTING THEIR WARS.

(JOIN THE ARMY, SEE THE WORLD.)

→



THEN WE SEE HOW A BEAUTIFUL MAIDEN IS TOLD HOW CITY GOVERMENT USES HER PARKING METER MONEY JUST TO KEEP UP METERS AND TO BUILD PARKING RAMPS FOR PRIVATE OWNERS. SHE IS TOLD HOW TO GET FREE PARKING FROM

PARKING METER TOKENS →

TAB TOP FROM BLATZ 12 OZ. BEER CAN

BUT IS CAUGHT BY A METER MAID



THE FARCE OF PATELIN:
THE SELFISH SYSTEM OF PROFIT.
THERE WAS ONCE A DISHONEST LAWYER PATELIN, WHO WENT TO THE DRAPIER (PANTALON) TO GET A LENGTH OF CLOTH FOR HIS WIFE. (HE KNEW THE SOCIAL DIALECTICS: CHEAT). THE DRAPIER KNEW HIS SOCIAL DIALECTICS WELL: RAISE PRICES.

(THE CLOTH WAS WORTH ONLY HALF WHAT HE CHARGED) →



AFTER MUCH FLATTERY, PATELIN LEFT WITH THE CLOTH, PROMISING TO PAY THAT NIGHT AT DINNER.

WE LEARN THE SOCIAL ETHIC: "IF IT DOESN'T MAKE A PROFIT, IT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE



BUT WHEN PANTALON CAME TO COLLECT HIS 120 SOOS, PATELIN'S WIFE SAID HE HAD BEEN SICK FOR EIGHT MONTHS AND COULDN'T HAVE BOUGHT ANY CLOTH. SHE THREATENED TO SAY PANTALON HAD REALLY COME TO SEDUCE HER. HE LEFT DEFEATED.



TO SALVE HIS FEELINGS, PANTALON BRINGS CHARGES AGAINST HIS SHEPHERD FOR STEALING SHEEP. THE LAWYER PATELIN HEARS OF THIS AND AGREES TO DEFEND THE SHEPHERD. →



AFTER MANY MANIPULATIONS IN COURT, THE LAWYER PATELIN HAS KEPT THE CLOTH AND WINS THE CASE. PANTALON LEAVES, MUTTERING THAT ALL ARE THEIVES. THE SHEPHERD REFUSES TO PAY PATELIN.

MORAL:
THE PROFIT SYSTEM CORRUPTS EVERYONE!

THE END HH

State Historical Society
of Wisconsin
816 State St.
Madison

CONNECTIONS

vol. 3, no. 4 Nov. 4-22, 1968
15¢ - 20¢ outside Wisconsin



A Statement

"'Men and women...who refuse to buy America's definition of peace and freedom.' It turns out that some of these men and women are themselves Americans. In fact, there is emerging, on this campus and elsewhere in the country -- in the white middle-class part of the country -- a potential enemy within....Tucked away in the nooks and crannies of the dorms and the offices of the psychological counselling center lies an as yet muffled and suppressed scream. A human scream of NO! a against the over-civilized barbarism which goes by the name of America. This energy must be unleashed: unleashed into a political-social force which seeks a society which does not need war and violence."

That is what the Connections staff saw, perhaps somewhat prophetically, last year as it looked for the meaning of the Great Dow War. It was prophetic precisely because that scream is no longer muffled and suppressed but is expressing itself on this campus in a multitude of forms this fall. The scream can be heard in the dormitories as men and women strike out against the inhuman forms that surround and bind them. It is heard in the classrooms where men and women are saying No to the authoritarian forms and uncritical content of the University's indoctrination. It was heard in the streets of Chicago where thousands of people said No to the farce of capitalist democracy in its convention(al) action. The scream begins with our individual perceptions of the alienation in our struggle to grow in a society that does not encourage growth; of the fragmentation in our attempts to understand a social system which cannot afford to be understood; and of the impotence in our effort to build a viable human existence in a society which must control all power. As we strike out at the forms which are nearest to us, we can discover the totality of the society. Our efforts to control and shape our own lives within the dormitories are clearly related to the efforts of Madison residents to keep their houses against the investment invasion of the likes of Maurice Pasch; they are related as well to the efforts of Vietnamese, Guatemalans, Cubans, Bolivians, and Mexicans to control their own lives. They are related because the sources of oppression are the same, if not the degree.

Our experience within that system of oppression is the beginning of our understanding of it; it is the scream. But we must develop our understanding beyond that limited range because of the very totality of the oppression. We must be able to transcend our own skins, guts, and backaches to look for answers to the 'why' questions and to begin mapping the route by which we will change those things we sense.

It is thus that we forge the personal and political ties which build a movement; it is thus that we overcome our isolation from one another and from one fragmented group to another. But the initial scream must continue to be with us.

When we move we must combine the different levels on which we individually and collectively relate to the society. Our actions must be more than momentary releases for what has come before; they must create the commitments, strengths, and understandings which can endure whatever is to come.

YOU TELL ME TO SIT

You tell me to sit quiet when robbed of my manhood,
With nowhere to live and nought to call my own,
Now coming, now going, wandering and wanting,
No life in my home save the drone of the beetle!
Go tell the worker bees,
True guards of the hive,
Not to sting the rash hunter
Who grabs at their combs.

You tell me to sit quiet when robbed of my children,
All offered as spoils to rich of the land,
To be hungered of body, retarded of mind,
And drained of all spirit of freedom and worth!
Go tell the mother hen
Who sits on her brood
Not to peck at the mongrel
That sniffs at her young.

You tell me, a poor mother widowed so young,
Bereft of my husband by mine-dust disease,
To let my poor orphans be ravaged by hunger,
For fear of the gendarmes and swart pick up vans!
Go tell the mother dove
Who loves her fledglings
Not to dare the fleet falcons
While seeking for food.

You tell me, in spite of the light I've espied --
The light, the one legacy true and abiding --
To let my own kindred remain in the darkness,
Not knowing the glories of learning and living!
Go tell the proud roosters
That perch on the trees
Not to sing loud their praises
To the rosy dawn.

You tell me, in spite of the riches of knowledge
Unveiled all around, replenishing the earth,
To live here forever enslaved by the darkness
Of ignorance, abject, and empty of mind!
Go tell the drooping grass
Frost-bitten and pale,
Not to quicken when roused
By the warm summer rains.

Tell the winter not to give birth to the spring.
Tell the spring not to flower into summer.
Tell the summer not to mellow into autumn.
Tell the morning-star not to herald the day.
Tell the darkness
Never to flee
When smitten by the shafts
Of the rising sun.

-- A.C. Jordan 1957

Professor A. C. Jordan taught Xhosa and African language and literature at this university from 1963 to this year, until his death in October. Having escaped from an intolerable regime in South Africa he was, contrary to Chancellor Young's statement, a revolutionary. The above is one of his own poems written in Xhosa in 1957 and later translated by him. The Connections staff, with this affirmation of life's work, extends our sympathies to his family.

MEXICO

The direction of economic development relies on the political forms in which the process occurs. Mexico's political system was created out of a popular revolution; it was given its present form in the pro-worker government of Cardenas between 1934 and 1940 when land reform was instituted and foreign land holdings were nationalized. The insitutionalized party PRI (Partido Revolucionario Institucional), was created as a coalition of organizations of urban workers, campesinos, and small businessmen and functionaries, as an instrument of power that the masses could continue to use beyond Cardenas' anti-corruption, anti-exploitation administration. But it wasn't long before the powerful business interests, and their political goons, saw that things would move more smoothly for them by taking effective control of PRI (and retaining its revolutionary rhetoric), than by creating their own political party. Cardenas' organizational work was thorough and was able to maintain itself despite much abuse: with a still powerful bourgeoisie that wasn't actively fought, such a system (PRI) was inevitably corrupted without much delay after 1940.

Corruption

The Mexican monied class was never, as a whole, very productive or self-aware. Corruption was usually the means, aristocratic life-style the end: a rather heartening prospect for aggressive, professional foreign capital, which through the screen of protective laws left by Cardenas got its fingers pretty deep in the pie, and made the national bourgeoisie almost willing subservients. For workers and campesinos, things didn't go well at all--their PRI controlled unions, manned by corrupt officials moved out of reach. The entrenched bureaucracy stood on the sclerotic pillars of the PRI mass organizations, and of course on the accessible public funds. There could be no accommodation to changes in the bourgeoisie as industrialization progressed, making them institutionally inept (having nearly only the system of personal favors and pay-off to co-ordinate their increasingly diversified activities). Further, as PRI was held together by spoils, there was a limit, as the country grew, to the number of officials it could contain. For American interests, however, the scene was by no means unpleasant--just the usual (necessary) dangers of social instability that Washington exists to deal with anyway.

Between July 24 and October 2 overt violence (always the result of the soundless violence used by the rich and their institutions) was reintroduced to Mexican national life. The state took the offensive, killing over 500 people, wounding thousands, and jailing even more. On July 24 riot police used a street skirmish between groups from rival high schools, nothing unusual, as a pretext for entering one of the schools and beating students and teachers indiscriminately. The details of the escalation of protest and police violence are interesting but in retrospect not important, but to say that at each juncture in the nine-week period that ended in the October 2 Tlatelolco massacre the police and armed forces deliberately provoked outrage and bewilderment at their excesses, including attacks on people clearly not involved in any way. To understand it you must look at what was happening simultaneously. On July 27, the day following a demonstration (inspired in itself by the government) that the police attacked, the headquarters of the legal and accommodating Communist Party was seized, people there arrested, and the charges of a Communist plot first raised. The CPM had never made direct denunciations of the government, and had previously "co-existed" quite peacefully. The real targets were still a long way off, and in some ways had yet to be formalized. The federal district police, the army, judicial agents (like FBI), and then the press, all worked in a coordinated manner (though the press just took orders and had no idea of what was happening), in spite of being arms of separate ministries (the press, though, being responsive to wherever money and influence lie). Well-known, non-affiliated leftists began to be rounded up, or at least sought. The students active in the strike organizations that were their answer (formalized) to the armed attacks on their schools became prime overt targets. They were killed or imprisoned when found, often along with their families.

Olympics

It is my feeling that the government hadn't counted on such solidarity and determination on the part of the students (all sorts of divisive strategems were tried), or such lasting resistance. But it was necessary for the government to create a token student oppositional movement for at least two reasons. The first was to create a scapegoat for the financial fiasco that the Olympics were to be. The taxes charged to the Olympics had already been going to other government projects; the Olympics themselves were a tremendous mis-investment of money. Taxes would have to take another sharp rise afterwards, which would fall most heavily on the shoulders of the poorest. Pit them against the students.

For the second reason it must be understood that Mexico found itself in difficult economic straits, in



those outmoded political forms, and there was a sharp division in approach to those problems within the bourgeoisie and the ruling party. The bosses in this Administration (of Gustavo Diaz Ordaz) are inflexible and look to further foreign investment and integration (subservience). The other approach is restructuring, allowing some participation again for the masses, and working to bring wealth back into national hands. Some of the left wing of the party, with some influential capitalists, had been hatching a plan for a new political alliance which would effect the latter alternative if it could get off the ground: enthusiastic popular support could be counted on. During a short meeting with a National Strike Council (CNH) member (we were able to arrange only two very short interviews) I had the mimeoed plan for such a popular front electoral movement within my hands for a few minutes. There were big names behind those plans. It was these men who saw in the student movement a likely tool, and supported it materially. It was these men who were denounced as agents in the great communist conspiracy after the tortures and forced public confession of captured student leaders began! It was these men, and any potential allies (civic-minded students, for example) that seem to me the primary target when on July 24 students were first brutalized.

But there is no brake to the rebellion the scheme unleashed. The lesson of the power of solidarity was driven home all around the country. Marxism and guns are recognized as the keys to survival now, and to liberation tomorrow. Revolutionary forms and work, within such repression, are being born this very moment in Mexico.

--A Student Observer

This issue was prepared by Ann Gordon, Kate Gyllensvard, Sharon and Evan Metcalf, Jeff Winsor, Becky Kurtz, Hank Haslach, Tom Willett, Lee Scheingold, Jan Steinberg, Chuck Schoengrund, Mary Neisius, Cynthia Wells, Linda Franklin, Wintergreen, Dave Wagner, Nick Gadbois, Carmie Weingrot, Donna Hirt, Jackie DiSalvo and many more who talked and talked and talked with us about the issues of the UW campus movement. Art and photo work: OSPAAL, Bill Weege, Donna Hirt, Wintergreen, Nick Gadbois, Carmie Weingrot.

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The Meaningful Fraud

It would be an understatement to say that there is widespread dissatisfaction with this year's presidential candidates, and with the process by which presidents are chosen. The belief that the major parties have offered no real choice is shared both by the Wallace following and by millions of liberals who will either abstain or cast reluctant votes for Humphrey. Even among people who believe that one or another candidate is clearly preferable to the others, there is commonly a sense of disgust with the campaign itself and a wish that it were over. The purpose of this essay is to suggest that these various types of indignation may be misplaced. American presidential campaigns, which may be said to have found a reductio ad absurdum this year, are a vital and perhaps indispensable aspect of the way in which power is exercised in the U.S.

Elections are important, first of all, because they give a great many people a feeling of participation in major decisions. The fact that successful candidates may pull a switch soon after the election (as happened in the case of three presidents who ran for reelection on peace platforms: Wilson in 1916, Roosevelt in 1940, and Johnson in 1964) is irrelevant. During the campaign the voter is repeatedly told that his vote is important, that he must not waste it, and that the vote is a powerful weapon in the hands of the citizenry. By and large Americans do take their votes very seriously, especially in a presidential election year. "His" candidate or "his" party even becomes part of the voter's identity: it provides him with a symbol, or a label, which may readily serve in place of positive ideas of his own and may often convince him that he has such positive ideas.



This feeling that voting equals participation is enhanced by another effect which elections have. They seem to offer the prospect that all the evils prevalent in society are easily correctable through voting. Everything can be blamed on the "ins" with the implication that a new administration will be able to start afresh. It is during presidential campaigns that we see promises of "a new America (Kennedy and McCarthy), "a new day" (Humphrey), or simply "a new foreign policy" (Nixon). Of course voters do not swallow this sort of thing whole, but there is a strong residue of acceptance. The illusion of the "clean slate" feeds into the assumption that voters are powerful.

At the same time that the presidential campaigns give people the impression that they are settling important issues, the campaigns serve to transform these issues into a set of hopelessly vague slogans. Even where there are direct disagreements between candidates, these are likely to be somewhat artificial. For example, during the 1960 campaign John Kennedy advocated that exiles be equipped for an invasion of Cuba. Vice-President Nixon opposed the idea although he knew that plans were proceeding to undertake such an invasion. Nixon later said that he expressed public opposition in order not to give away the secret. The Vietnam war, however, is perhaps the best example of the way in which presidential campaigns serve to "focus" issues out of existence. Since February 1965 Vietnam has been the most bitterly disputed single issue in American public life. Yet in the closing week of the 1968 campaign, after President Johnson's announcement that the bombing of North Vietnam (one part of the American war effort) would be temporarily ended, all three major candidates suddenly had the same position on the war. Humphrey, Nixon, and Wallace all support the President's move, hope that it will lead to an honorable peace, believe that the bombing should be renewed if the North Vietnamese do not "reciprocate," and eschew any hint of American withdrawal from Vietnam.

Thus the presidential "spectacle" does two things. First, it helps to build up public support for the decision makers in American society by convincing many people that decisions are made democratically. Second, they provide a maximum amount of discretion by blurring the issues and making it impossible for voters to express clear policy preferences. Since World War II major decisions, at least in the area of foreign policy, have been very heavily dominated by men who move in and out of government from the top brackets of American industry and finance. Regardless of whether the president was named Truman, Eisenhower, Kennedy, or Johnson, these men have been in positions of influence in the making of foreign policy. Averill Harriman, Clark Clifford, Ellsworth Bunker, C. Douglas Dillon, John Foster Dulles, John J. McCloy, Robert Lovett, Robert McNamara, Nelson Rockefeller, A.A. Berle, Lucius Clay -- the list could easily be multiplied. It is in behalf of these men, and of the corporate interests they represent, that the shibboleth of the "bipartisan foreign policy" has been created. And since the American presence in the world, economic and military, has constantly grown during this period, foreign policy decisions have been increasingly important to peoples' lives. In other words, foreign policy decisions that affect everyone in the society have as a general rule been made by members of only one class, the corporate rich. The power of this class negates the democratic notion that elections decide yet at the same time it is at least partially true that elections, by nourishing illusions, make possible the very conditions of class rule.

In domestic affairs, it is obvious (from the three year Congressional deadlock on reform legislation, for example) that the power to make decisions is much more widely dispersed than in foreign policy matters. Yet

cont'd. p. 15

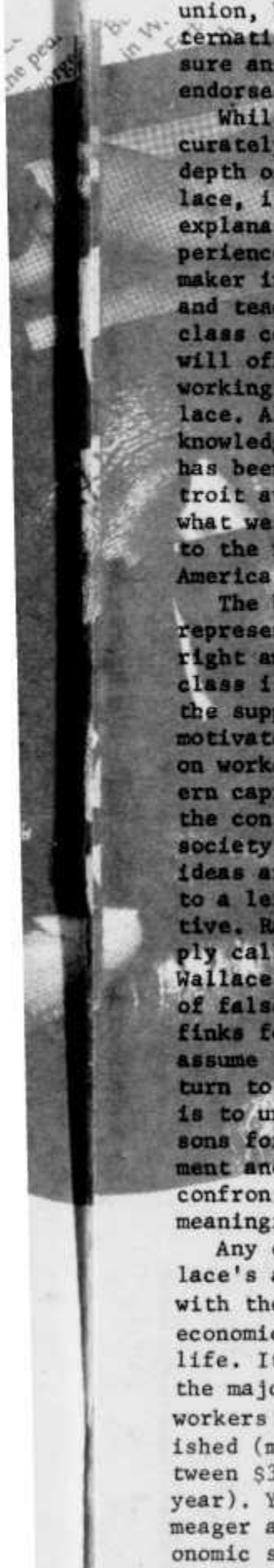
don't despair...

Did you know that in every presidential election since 1900, with the possible exception of 1904, the taller of the two major candidates has won? It's hard to believe that Alton B. Parker, the unsuccessful Democratic nominee in 1904, was shorter than Theodore Roosevelt, but I'm not certain about that. Parker was a judge, but these have varied greatly in height,as anyone can testify who saw Chief Justice Warrn standing next to Felix Frankfurter on the Supreme Court. (Actually, such a person would probably be lying, since there is a complicated formula in which a justice's seniority determines his position on the bench, so that either Black or Douglas, I forget which, was always between them. The point is, though, that Warren was quite tall and Frankfurter quite short.) In 1944 Franklin Roosevelt was taller than Dewey even in his wheel chair. John Boyd, a fellow I used to room with, said that his grandfather told him that Roosevelt had died two months before the 1944 election and that the Democrats had simply propped him up and sent him riding around the country. That's the sort of irresponsible talk that gives old people--senior citizens as they like to call themselves--a bad image. What makes it all the more galling is that the slandered FDR had signed into law the Social Security Act, which gave a real helping hand to this segment of the population. This and other reform measures passed during Roosevelt's record-breaking four terms are known collectively as the "New Deal," a refreshing contrast to the New Left's advocacy of "hate" and "destruction."

We liberals took one hell of a jolt with the announcement that Jackie Kennedy would marry Aristotle Onassis. Up to the very last we had hoped it might be Jerry Rubin, Mayor Lindsay or Senator Edmund Muskie; Lord Harlech was far from being our first choice, but he certainly would have been better than a right-wing Greek shipowner. There was an element of deep personal tragedy ensuing from this affair which it saddens me to have to pass on. At the time we heard the news of the Kennedy-Onassis wedding, Miles McMillen has his foot in his mouth. So that when the news came and he gnashed his teeth, well.... Seriously, the Liberal Movement has had its setbacks in the past, and I would suggest that anyone who is inclined to despair should re-read Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., on the election of 1840. I mean Van Buren was trounced, yet look at us now. Incidentally, the Onassis family's fortune was first built by Aristotle's great-grandfather, Michael O'Nassis, who made millions selling frozen french fries at high prices during the potato famine of the late 1840's.

-- J. O'B.

WALLACE in INDUSTRIAL AMERICA



By whatever standard, Wallace will score impressively among the white working class. In Michigan, three UAW locals, one being the second largest in the union, have defied the international union's pressure and by referendum vote endorsed Wallace.

While the media has accurately described the depth of support for Wallace, it has offered little explanation. From our experience as tool and die maker in an auto factory and teacher in a working class community college, we will offer some reasons why working people support Wallace. Although most of our knowledge and experience has been drawn from the Detroit area, we feel much of what we say is applicable to the rest of industrial America.

The belief that Wallace represents a move to the right among the working class is mistaken. Most of the support for Wallace is motivated from the strains on workers caused by modern capitalism. Reflecting the contradictions of this society, their political ideas are not easily fit into a left or right perspective. Radicals must not simply call those who vote for Wallace racists, subjects of false consciousness, finks for capitalism, or assume they will ultimately turn to the left. The task is to understand the reasons for the Wallace movement and formulate ways to confront these people with meaningful alternatives now.

Any examination of Wallace's appeal must begin with the recognition of the economics of working class life. It is no secret that the majority of American workers are not impoverished (most are making between $3,500 and $9,000 a year). Yet to assume that meager affluence means econonomic satisfaction glosses over the economic contradictions workers feel as a result of their increased income. The Wallace campaign appeals to workers because it deals with these issues and offers some simple explanations.

Since World War II the gains in real wages in most basic industries have been won at the expense of greater management control over the speed of work. Where previously workers were allowed to set their own work rules to perform tasks in the shops, post-war collective bargaining agreements attempted to delineate very specifically the exact job responsibility of every worker in the plant. One of the continual demands made by insurgent groups in the UAW is that the union permit management only one time study for the length of the production year.

It is not surprising that many of the union rebels are attracted to Wallace's plans to "throw the briefcases of the bureaucrats into the Potomac River." For them the union is the major bureaucratic institution which affects their lives and they want it changed.Since most unions recognize management's right to control the speed of work, the rank and file struggle over working conditions is often directed against the unions as well as management. In the area of politics, the international unions push hard for endorsement and support for all Democratic candidates. Support for Wallace is a means to strike back at the international.Since organized labor has so firmly emphasized a non-ideological approach to issues, many rank and file militants on shop issues see no contradiction in leading wildcat strikes in support of workers' rights against management and support for Wallace. All the leaflets now being passed out about the economic situation in Alabama will not dissuade them. With no ideological context, the growth of labor militancy can easily dissipate into a reactionary political movement.

WORK ETHIC

Not only have wage gains been paid for by eroding working conditions, but for many workers, increased income has not brought economic freedom. With payments on two cars, a house, insurance, property taxes, plus attempting to put away some money for childrens' education, most workers are faced with the continual responsibility to work hard, by accepting overtime, taking another job, or forcing their wives to work. It is these people, who spend most of their waking hours at a job, that cannot understand ADC mothers' protests for greater benefits, student demonstrations, or hippies in the streets of Chicago. Whatever they own has been earned through their own sweat, and they resent those who do otherwise. For them Wallace stands for a fundamental belief that everybody should be forced to struggle for economic freedom.

Perhaps the most frustrating economic development affecting American workers has been the rise of local and federal taxes. Of all institutions of government, the tax system represents the clearest form of class control. The brunt of federal and local taxes are paid by people earning from $4,000 to $9,000 yearly. While the federal system is full of loopholes benefiting the rich, the local tax system is even more regressive.

TAXES

Of the three candidates, Wallace has focused the most on taxes. Although his solution is to tax the multimillion dollar tax-exempt foundations (he is careful to omit any reference to corporations), workers feel he will reduce taxes by cutting government spending. Obviously the first type of program to go would be those which benefit the black and poor. Taxes are seen by the working class as one of the major forms of exploitation and until alternatives are offered, they will continue to pay as little as possible and support politicians who subscribe to a low tax ideology.

In a real sense the war in Vietnam and accompanying inflation has brought these economic tensions to a head. Besides resulting in a 10% tax increase, as the economy moved toward full employment rising prices forced considerable tightening of workers' budgets, cutting into whatever wage increases were won by organized labor in the past year. While Humphrey tells workers they never had it so good, most of the older men think they aren't as well off today as ten years ago.

The war itself is a major issue. In the shops it is hardly discussed, as most workers care little about its scope or outcome. As more of their sons go to Vietnam, however, there is a considerable uneaseness about their fate. Most older workers are concerned about their son's safety, hoping they will return alive, with little thought about the fulfillment of U.S. objectives.

They see no end to the war. Their friends back from Vietnam paint pictures more clearly than any magazine or newspaper. Many workers accept the war fatalistically as something which you can't control, while others assume a crude Marxist interpretation that the war keeps the economy going or it helps certain big businesses profit.

Possessing mostly contempt for peace demonstrators, although this has mellowed somewhat as they turn against the war, most workers look toward the next president to end the conflict. Nixon and Humphrey are both identified with previous administrations. Despite Wallace's own position on the war, many workers feel he will be able to end it quickly and bring their sons home.

THREE EVILS

Most workers distrust politicians because they are not good hard working people. Regardless of party, all politicians are suspected of using the office for personal gain. The left-right political spectrum has little meaning for workers evaluate all politicians as essentially bad, only some perhaps better than others. When pressed about their vote for Wallace most will take the lesser

cont'd. page six



But some folks are oceanography professors. Consider, for example, the case of J. Robert Moore, pleased as punch to be a Professor in this Great University (the real University of Wisconsin, not the hippie-commie element), though perhaps longing just a little for the old familiar political climate of Texas. A man who has a fine war record of his own and a big American flag on his office wall simply cannot afford to have a bearded leftist graduate student. Soft on Communism? Not J. Robert Moore--there are blue whales and there are white whales, but there are no red whales, and there will be no red whales as long as the American flag sails the high seas. Glub, glub, glub!

wallace cont.

of three evils approach. They don't care if he can't win because they don't see how their votes effect policy much anyway. For them Wallace provides an air of certainty in these strangely troubled economic times.

Though economic issues are significant in bringing workers to Wallace, his racist positions are the most appealing to workers. The attitudes of white workers on race have evolved from puzzlement and grumbling over early efforts of the civil rights movement, to a consistent opposition to all the struggles of blacks. White workers interpret the issue of law and order to mean keep the blacks in their place--the porrest jobs and in the inner city. Yet, it is easy and insufficient to state that most whites are racists. Beyond the racial attitudes assimilated by all whites of this society are some specific reasons for why workers fear and resent blacks. Racism, like any attitude, emerges from social and economic conditions. There are differences between young and old workers which can have significance on efforts to build a movement of working people in the society.

Assembly line insecurity

As greater numbers of blacks fill the unskilled and semi-skilled occupations of the society, and the major corporations shed their now unprofitable racist hiring practices and attempt to assist blacks through substantial job training programs and selective advancement into management(the automakers are in desperate need of black foremen and supervisors), the white workers grow insecure and fervently attempt to protect their privileged positions.

In the factory, white workers are confronted with a black working class culture considerably different from their one. To them, young blacks dress in loud clothes, talk funny, and are very clannish. More than style, white workers are angered by the refusal of blacks to take their work seriously.

Racism among workers is not only fed by experience on the job. As white workers are able to scrap together enough money to obtain a 30 year mortgage on a house in the suburbs, housing segregation and isolation from blacks continues at a rapid rate. For working class whites the question of law and order concretizes itself in hostility to blacks. Except an occasional concern for draft card burners or war protestors (the impact of student rebellions is very slight in the factory), most workers focus on rising crime caused by blacks from the inner city. The attitudes of many of these workers have been shaped by the experiences of living in a white ethnic neighborhood that turned black and "never was the same." Safe in his suburban ghetto, the white worker watches the media document the rise of crime, and he becomes committed to the preservation of his new neighborhood from blacks

Generation gap

Pernaps the most important development for the understanding of white workers is the increasing gap between the life styles and aspirations of young and old workers. The young workers are products of an affluent society that has stressed leisure time and a life style based on consumption. They reject the factory as a way of life.

Many young workers accept the work hard ethic and have visions of getting out of the factory into an occupation that allows them more freedom and money. These are the people working two jobs, attending community college, or experimenting in some small business. For them any form of new taxes or economic disruption makes it difficult to get ahead. They support Wallace because he expresses the "work hard for what you get" attitude.

Of more significance are the young workers who remain in the plants, but are continually dissatisfied with their work. They see the stifling effect of the factories on their fathers or brothers, and they seek a change, not so much through mobility, but cultural assimilation. Increasingly these younger workers are attracted to the youth culture revolt. Their consciousness is comming from new sources: everything from drugs, the cheap sex novels, to rock n' roll. For many of the young guys the union appears as a structure by



BERKELEY

which control is enforced on them and they are usually uninterested in its actions. Similarly, the elections and support for Wallace hold little appeal.

The reaction of the older workers to these young upstarts is typical: younger people do not want to work hard for their money, they have no respect for the unions or management and they simply don't care a about their trade. For most older workers, working is a moral as well as an economic imperative. Many men are proud of never missing a day in twenty years and their disgust with the younger men is simply "they don't want to work." They may be fiercly anti-management and possess no illusions of mobility, but their class identification is not with all other exploited people, only with those who work hard. It is among these older workers (with 20-30 years in the factory) that Wallace scores impressively. They support him because he stands for a way of life which today is slowly being eroded in industrial America.

It is fashinable for some radicals to argue that Wallace may be a mixed blessing. Appealing to the old strain of American populism, Wallace's attacks upon corporate liberalism have injected a theme that radicals can seize upon in their efforts. With a strong Wallace movement showing increased disaffection from the Democratic party and with the political attitudes of many people in flux, it is possible for radical critiques to be raised.

Working class party

This argument, however, neglects the fundamental threat of Wallace--his intention to build a new political party primarily based among working class and lower-middle class whites. Wallace's decision to run no local candidates this year avoids embarassment to his own campaign. In Flint, for example, some of the local militant unionists might have been nominated for local office on the Wallace ticket, and they would hardly be in agreement with the American Independent Party's support of laissez-faire capitalism. By 1970, with the aid of the political activists ofthe radical right, Wallace's local organization should be well committed to his national goals. Given a strong showing at the polls in 1968, Wallace might attract big business money for his next presidential race. With the election of either Nixon or Humphrey, the same issues will be present in even more pressing form, and Wallac's chances to win might be real.

For all the rhetorical significance the left has attached to workers, extraordinarily little organizing has been undertaken. The streets may belong to the people, but the majority of

cont'd. p. 14

BUCOLIC RETREATS; THE TREES BELONG TO THE PEOPLE

LNS/NY Some large private fortunes are being opened to the public by paper and lumber companies attempting to forstall public appropriation of corporate woodlands.

But, reports the Wall Street Journal, the public may not know how to behave when let loose on private property. "When they're not hurting the facilities, some forest visitors are busy hurting each other," the article comments. "Rangers in a U.S. forest near Ogden, Utah, now carry Chemical Mace to help them quell rowdy campers.



Baraboos campgrounds are parking lots for shrieking Baraboosies and their aluminum pink mobile homes. No good. Made Richard's stomach jump. So we cleared our own space in the woods. Spaghetti sauce was bubbling over the fire when the ranger arrived. "Okay, pack it up," "We were just about to eat dinner," Bob said, pointing to a spoon."Look at all the dry leaves here," saidthe ranger pointing to a dry leaf. Silently we stomped out the fire and threw water on it, silently we stomped out the potatoes and threw water on them, stuffed the noodles in the glove compartment. When the ranger turned away my mouth said, "The trees belong to the people." "All right. Out of the park in 5 minutes or I'll get out the book." And we were on the road again. At the first parking lot outside Baraboo we reconstructed dinner and ate huddled together on the car hood.

CEREBRAL BALLSY



As we grew up what shocked us most was not so much that things were as they were, with a tendency to petrify themselves. But that others had the lightheadedness to assume that we would refrain from reacting with violence.

Everywhere we turn, everywhere we glance, the death reality seeping into our guts. Sad pathetic bum-tripping Amerikans -- bloated with fear, empty and shallow desires --shouting the civilization's decay. Building your Ogg Halls -- what gall. Throwing up your petty lessons, your exams, your diplomas. And then to call it education.

Neonized restaurant.

Impotent professor, filecard upon filecard existence.

Fragmented loneliness seeking fragmented loneliness.

Sex without balls.

Task without meaning.

Call Pa for money; write ma for "love," for the bad-ass bureaucrat won't get off your head.

Everywhere -- the totality of our collective dispossession. War. Empire. Race. Suffocation. Thus we twitch. We squirm. Spinning frenetically within the C- reality, ever titillating ourselves with the latest fetish. (Give your own example.)

Yet, as ever, the depression-constancy, the chain of boredom, remains. For the banality of everyday life is no accident -- no quirk of history. Rather it is the central product and mechanism of a particular social system.

RAPPING CAPITALISM

A system in which man is mere object, profit is the motor force. Where private property is fully canonized and the tyranny of the market (and the corporate-functionaires who orchestrate it) rules supreme. Call it capitalism, modern neo-capitalism, where one man's gain is another's suffering. Man alienated from man. Body fragmented from mind. Labor detached from leisure. An idiot system, premised on economic inequality, and built on racism. Requiring war, overmilitarization, boggling technological misusage, institutionalized alienation and the globalization of an imperial hegemony.

Such a social system, with its staggering unfreedom, requires a seemingly endless labyrinth of social controls to protect itself from the specter of revolt. So we see it must flash unsubtle, "unamerikan" tools so's to shield the reality of social revolt. Thus: Vietland napalm, Dominican landing-boat, Mediterranean submarine. Thus: Detroit riot-tank, Chicago mace, Madison club.

But Amerika must not only attempt to crush active social movements; it must also unravel more subtle weapons to cushion itself against the potential of political insight.

Folks must either come to miss or mis-read the economic exploitation and oppressive emptiness they feel. Choose the ruler of your choice. Work for the master of your desires.

Amerika, Amerika...LAND OF TOTALITARIAN SELF-REGULATION. Man internalizes his oppression, such that the forces and forms which crush him are passively accepted as human nature's un-analyzable maze. Protected from history, the present is a mystic trance.

The uneasy enragements which is felt is rapidly rendered impotent before the spectacle of the commodity culture and its ideological categories...passivity, propriety, non-violence, possessiveness, "success," _____,_____,_____(finish the list.) As ever...three Marxist anthologies, two Mustangs and a bell-bottomed Aretha Franklin album. (Hey, I've got a new position on Vietnam.)

The bourgeoisification runs deep. Modern capitalism and its spectacle allot everyone a specific role in a general passivity. Socialize me. Channelize me, integrate me.Tote that bureaucracy; climb the bars. No exit. Ossified ahistorical man, flocking to his despair, conspicuously consuming the cynical materialism of the stik-shift existence.

But there are hints of change. Amerika's over-developed affluence has its contradictions. A small but significant sector of youth strayed from corporate climbing and the money-making fixation. Some then turned on (and then off) to ruling-class idealism (the Peace Corps, Social Working,' and Cleaning for Gene). And now, more and more folks are turning from the uterine warmth of academic life; its masochistic careerism, its inhibiting, miseducational confines; its propagation of ignorance and reactionary forms.

What we are saying is that there is a growing sector of youth who can no longer live in this society. (Not in corporations. Not in bureaucracies. Not in the academy. Not in drugs.) A sector which turns from the total suffocation of conventional Amerikan life and the various vicarious life-substitutes dealt up by the student sub-cultures.

There is only one alternative. Daring to risk. Daring to struggle. Daring to be. We must make History, fucking as we do.

TOTAL COMMITMENT TO TOTAL REVOLUTION.

Politics -- not as a marginal injection of a life-surrogate into a death existence -- but as a continual affirming process. Communist by necessity, anarchist at heart, militant to the core.

THE DOW QUESTION

It is an imperfect and shallow issue: a bit of ritual (is this the third or fourth time round?) It might be interpreted exclusively as an anti-napalm issue, or even only as an anti-imperialist issue. So too, it does not speak directly either to the workin class or to THE COMPLETE COLONI - IZATION OF EVERY ASPECT OF OUR DAILY LIVES.

Nonetheless, our community gropes for its reality, and power. A Dow action, as a manifestation of our alienation and powerlessness, may only be an inadequate, perhaps desperate, effort to sustain and extend our presence.

In order to explode the consciousness of others and ourselves, we must not be trapped by old forms. Rather, we must forge new forms and new tactics. A flexibility and mobility -- in mind and body. Striking sharply, fighting to win!



Students Parade in Downtown Prague. Signs Read: We Must Know the Truth About Bratislava.

Some defeats are really victories, while some victories are more shameful than any defeat.

--Simon Williams
Erin O'Shay

All visible objects, man, are but as pasteboard masks. But in each event -- in the living act, the undoubted deed -- there, some unknown but still reasoning thing puts forth the mouldings of its features from behind the unreasoning mask. If man will strike, strike through the mask! How can the prisoner reach outside except by thrusting through the wall? To me, the white whale is that wall, shoved near to me. Sometimes I think there's naught beyond. But 'tis enough. He tasks me; he heaps me; I see in him outrageous strength, with an inscrutable malice sinewing it. That inscrutable thing is chiefly what I hate; and be the white whale agent, or be the white whale principle, I will wreak that hate upon him. Talk not to me of blasphemy, man; I'd strike the sun if it insulted me.

--Moby Dick, Ch. XXXVI

Realtor's Dream Town

Realty Associates, a local realtor, wants to put up a swank, four-story apartment building in place of the occupied houses at 1030, 1034 Jenifer and 1025 Williamson streets on the east side of Madison. According to the treasurer of the firm, the plan is to "erect a multiple family apartment building, containing between 50 and 70 apartment units," plus a swimming pool and sheltered parking. Rents will run from $135 for an efficiency to $225 for a two bedroom apartment.

The area is currently zoned R5 Residential which allows 37 units per building and C2 Commercial; Realty Associates has gotten the City Council to change it to R6 Residential which permits 87 units per building. Currently the neighborhood is small, old houses owned by individuals and families. Many have been subdivided into apartments which rent for some of Madison's most reasonable prices. The change in zoning will raise rents immediately and property values in the long run. Once the zone is changed t the whole neighborhood lies exposed to the plans of these men -- a point which has not gone unnoticed by the realtors: the apartment building, they told the City Council, "will scratch the surface." The zoning change, they hope, will ultimately be extended to cover the entire "area lying south of Williamson Street to Lake Monona and out to Atwood Avenue." Meanwhile the realtors are trying to pass an ordinance "to prohibit remodeling in newly created R6 areas...so as to allow new construction only."

The housing situation on the east side of town had already been complicated by the recent movement of students into this reasonably low rent area. Landlords and home owners had been visited by the infamous Madison realty companies and asked to sell to absentee holders who just love having students as tenants. Rents had in particular places begun to rise to Mifflin Street standards, hurting the working people in the areas as well as the students. This disruption is also forcing working class families who are employed by Gisholt and other East Washington area factories to move out to the only comparable housing -- that on the outskirts of the city. This, in turn, has meant, of course, buying cars for transportation to work, shopping, etc.

That students and realtors have moved into the area is a consequence of a much more complicated real estate and so-called "planning" picture in the city of Madison. As recently as five years ago, to live four blocks from the library was to live far from campus. Today there are few apartments available seven, ten, fifteen blocks away. This has caused radical shifts in the distribution of the student population but has also driven working class families out of the old and convenient neighborhoods. Blocks of old houses have been replaced by atrocious inhuman dormitories, federally sponsored science buildings, apartment buildings, and, soon, shopping centers. Human capital is being crammed into the minimum amount of space at maximum rents. Future plans call for the elimination of housing on the Mifflin Street and West Washington area, the Doty, West Wilson and South Hamilton area, and a completion of the extermination of the University Avenue, Johnson Street and Doty Street area. These houses will be replaced by office buildings of unique 1960's architecture, crowded and unattractive apartment buildings,



Tenure Center

In the last couple of years there have been hundreds of demonstrations on college campuses whenever the DOW man came to recruit. For a long time, students thouthg that their chaste green Alma Mater was being raped by the baby burners and the bomb droppers. But as we looked around, however, we began to realize that far from being virginal our campuses were really old whores in masquerade. We learned that DOW was no insidious exception but business as usual for the shiftless winnowers.

Here at Wisconsin, for example, Castillo Branco, the Somoza clan, and the latest clown from Panama have been hanging around for years over at King Hall in the Land Tenure Center. Of course, they never had to come in person, because the gang down at the LTC has been taking care of their research needs real well. The LTC is supposed to be an institute that helps all the poor peasants in Latin America, but we know different and that's why we wrote this article.

What is the LTC?

The UW Land Tenure Center was established back in 1962 (remember the Alliance for Progress?) under a two-year contract with U.S. A.I.D. to do systematic studies of agrarian problems in Latin America. Its staff is composed of American professors and students plus Latin American trainees.

The L.T.C. really does study patterns of land holding in Latin America, their good and bad effects, and what ways they might be changed. But upon closer examination, the work of the L.T.C. can be seen to belie its noble appearance.

Trappings Limitations

In the first place, L.T.C. folks--like most liberals--assume that pragmatism is a primary political virtue; so when they consider the rural political economy of a given country, they treat the current prevailing political forces as a given--much like soil type and rainfall. Thereby, the general programs which they develop are consciously limited and shaped to make them acceptable to whoever rules the nation under study.

In the second place, the information which is gathered and proposals which are made are directed to the U.S. government and agencies of Latin American governments to be put into practice. Not only can no programs or alternatives be conceived which transcend the current national political power structure, but the implementation of those reforms which are suggested is left up to political elites whose reputation for speedy and generous reforms is less than excellent.

Let's step back a moment and consider what land reform is all about and what attributes it must have to be worthwhile. Presumably, land reform is needed to gratify the peasants' yearning for land of their own. Once they have that land, it is assumed, they can begin to raise living standards by saving and consuming all the production that used to be taken by the landlord as rent. But what new conditions emerge in an economy of many small landowners and a few major latifundia and business interests who have dominant influence in the government?

What peasants need is to control the markets in which they sell their goods, buy their supplies, and get necessary services. Where there remain many large agricultural enterprises and a bunch of small peasants, the large landholders can arrange a better deal for seed, fertilizer, and tools as well as compete better in the market for farm products and drive down the prices of agricultural products. All this works to break the back of small farmers who in America are being rapidly wiped out. The situation in Latin America is quite similar, only worse, because there the majority of the population are small farmers, controlled by and dependent on the very few large landowners.

But regardless of whether or not smallholders predominate, the need to control markets is great. It doesn't matter much--except as a matter of form--whether or not the peasant is exploited by having to pay fat rents or he is exploited by the middlemen who buy his products cheaply and sell him supplies or grant him credit at a high price. In fact, he may work all the harder on his own turf but only realize a small gain in living standard. This is what happens in Latin America.

New Style, Old Clothes

If we can anticipate a bit, what is actually happening is an exchange of old forms of exploitation through legal power and landed relations to a new one based on market control, monopolization of resources, availability of credit, and access to government. Okay,

and secure investments for local capital.

The scheme of Realty Associates on the east side of Madison is only symptomatic of realtors' schemes in many other parts of Madison. It is, however, also symptomatic of the actions of particular individuals. Maurice Pasch, noted for his seat on the University of Wisconsin Board of Regents, and his profitable participation in a couple of real estate deals which have accelerated the deterioration of Lake Mendota by ruining essential filtering marshes (see Connections, vol. II, #14), is a member of Realty Associates. His total disregard of the public uses of Lake Mendota (it's rumored he wants to sell the future swamp he's making of the lake to the University for new buildings) has simply carried over into housing plans. This area which, because of its relative proximity to the oft-heralded lakes, should be of considerable real estate value, could easily be made into a prime upper income housinn area -- if only people didn't live there. Within a very few years it will be the only housing near the center of the city and, for those students who can afford it, it will be relatively close to the library, although a far cry from the old Sterling Court days.

The residents of the Jenifer and Williamson Streets area found themselves powerless in the face of local business interests like Pasch -- everyone knows this is a realtor's dream town. If its structure, let alone its ideology, permitted people who actually lived in or owned houses in the areas which real estate men pine for, to make policy about their neighborhoods, the dream would be broken and with it would go all the city's tax policies, gentlemen's agreements, and attraction for investment.

While the role of Maurice Pasch as an individual in this project as well as the swamp filling projects of Cherokee Marsh and Pheasant Branch, must be condemned and his "public service" image shattered, his departure from the Board of Regents would not be adequate in making any substantial change in the Madison housing scene. It would not meet the standards which the student left holds about the role of the University and least of all would it meet the difficulties which the residents of the east side in Madison are currently facing and will continue to face. Unlike certain trustees at Columbia who used University funds to finance their personal real estate deals, as far as we know, Pasch is going it alone. That is to say that his departure from the Board of Regents (which, don't misunderstand us, would be a temporarily and quasi-good thing), would not substantially change his attitudes toward people, land, and public good. And the University would, without Pasch, continue a policy of expansionism, paralleling its extension into every nook and cranny of the state and the world.

--Ann Gordon



COLUMBIA



the peasant gets formal title to his plot, but where does he get the money to invest in seed, fertilizer, tools, and improvements? Does he go to his old landlord for a loan? Or to his former landlord's brother who runs a credit agency; or to a big national bank which is run by the crowd his old boss hangs around with?

The Land Tenure Center, even were it more successful in getting its land reform programs adopted, may just be setting up the starving peasants for a different kind of take. But indeed, this is overly generous, for the L.T.C. has not even done that much. Its programs have been so restricted in scope and conception that real land reform--even in the limited capitalist context--is the exception and not the rule.

Because L.T.C. research is sponsored by and goes directly to the U.S. government, we should examine some indicators of American foreign policy regarding land reform in Latin America. Under what conditions is the U.S. anxious to push for land reform, what varieties does it favor, which does it oppose, and do its land reform policies reveal a real concern to help the campesino or are other purposes working behind the facade?

US Policy - Case Studies

Guatemala is a case in point. In 1954, 100 thousand families with the support and assistance of their elected Social Democratic government, achieved their own land reform, without the help of Academia. Much of the land taken had belonged to the United Fruit Company (about 400,000 unused acres), and that called for a strong response from the United States, indicating where its true loyalties lie. Financed, equipped, and trained by the C.I.A., Col. Castillo Armas led a military invasion which overthrew the government, returned the land which had been redistributed, allowed plantation owners to cut wages by 30%, banned opposition newspapers and otherwise proved its benevolent concern for the masses of the country. If that's how the U.S. government responds to a serious and massive land reform program, if it should brush up against American business interests, what then does it expect the Land Tenure Center to do?

Well, the L.T.C. has proved quite useful for the same kind of American foreign policy in other places. Take the example of the Dominican Republic where 40 thousand U.S. Marines invaded in 1965, largely to pre-empt an imminent though gradual land reform program which would have taken land from indigenous landlords as well as major U.S. firms and given that land to peasants who needed it. Helping to pick up the pieces afterwards, the L.T.C. suggested ways to give a little bit of land to the peasants without taking it away from anyone important. They did this by providing some otherwise unneeded government land. The L.T.C. did not consider the possibility of redistributing land owned by the large latifundista or American corporations, nor did they take into account the fact that viable land reform cannot take place so long as these same interests control the marketing and credit institutions of society. Somehow, despite L.T.C. pretensions to do otherwise--and by now we should see that it ain't no accident--the peasant keeps getting the short end of the stick.

In Chile, the good old Land Tenure Center has been getting into lots more than land reform studies. Don't you think it odd that when peasant movements and unions are pushing for concrete land reform which the class in power has failed to provide (and can't or lose its power), the L.T.C. is analyzing these peasant unions and investigating the development of class consciousness? We think so, especially when the International Development Foundation, a known C.I.A. front, has been spending $355,000 a year in Chile to co-opt and stymie the growth of radical peasant organizations. Furthermore, the L.T.C. and I.D.F. have been exchanging information and personnel and cooperating indirectly in their work.

L.T.C. land reform programs for Chile and studies of peasant consciousness serve two halves of a single policy. Land is given--bit by bit--to satisfy peasants and keep them out of more radical or revolutionary activities. At the same time, methods are found and cadre are trained to keep already organized peasants in check, by manipulating radical peasant unions and boosting their more conservative competitors.

This article is by no means all there is to say about the Land Tenure Center. It is merely a report of the preliminary research that we have done so far. Lots more dirt seems to be lying around under the rug at King Hall.

In the future, we will spell out further how the Land Tenure Center and many other institutes in this university are intimately involved in the web of power and policy relationships against which we have begun to fight.

--Research and Action Project of SDS-DRU

TOMBSTONE AS A LONELY CHARM Part 3

for Russell Salamon

if you want a revolution
return to your childhood
and kick out the bottom

dont mistake changing
headlines for changes

if you want freedom
dont mistake circles
for revolutions

think in terms of living
and know
you are dying
& wonder why

if you want a revolution
learn to grow in spirals
always being able to return
to your childhood
and kick out the bottom

That is what ive been
trying to say - if you
attack the structure -
the system - the establishment
you attack yourself
KNOW THIS!
& attack if you must
challenge yourself externally

"who were you
before you died"

but if you want a revolution
return to your childhood
& kick out the bottom

be able to change
yr own internal chemistry
walk down the street
& flash lights in yr head
at children

this is not a game
your childhood
is the foundation
of the system

walk down the street
flash lights in yr head
at children but be wary

of anyone old enough to kill

learn how to disappear
before they can find you
(that is, if you want to
stay alive)

if you want a revolution
do it "together"
but dont get trapped in
words or systems

people are people
no matter what politics
color or words they use
&they all have children
buried in their head

if you want a revolution
grow a new mind
& do it quietly
if you can

return to your childhood
and kick out the bottom
then become a being
not dependent on words
for seeing

whenever you get bored
change headlines
colors politics words
change women

but if you really want
a revolution
learn how to change
your internal chemistry
then go beyond that

walk down the streets
& flash light at
yourself

--d.a. levy

reprinted from Quixote

NEW STYLE THEATER

Walking around campus lately I have noticed more and more guerrilla theater performances. On the last couple of Thursdays, just before eleven o'clock classes, The Circus has a beautiful opening which itself contradicts the ugliness of contemporary life. They string out banners and ribbons to mark off their playing area, then play music and talk to the audience, building a good rapport with those around before they start the show. Then they do a mime which represents some aspect of living in the university, e.g., being trapped. They close down.

All are dressed in fine circus costumes in keeping with their apparent theme that the university is a circus. They can get away with miming to make their point even more effectively because they have some talent and know what to do with it. They seem to believe that they have to have developed theater skills in order to make their political points. The effect of all their preparations and spectacle is perhaps even more inspiring than the mime itself. The show, while it doesn't go far enough, makes the point that it is possible to liberate ourselves from the meaningless drudgery that is the university for many students.

A group calling itself the Military Industrial Complex Recruiting Team, now registered as an official campus organization, has been visiting science departments lately to recruit. On their table is an application form similar to those used at the draft physicals for those who want to join up. They also have a communist sympathizer sign-up sheet for those who don't like the Military Industrial Complex. They are always picketed by "peace creeps." There was some uncertainty among the actors as to whether they were to satirize the job recruiting by doing unsubtilely what the corporations do subtilely, or whether they were to attempt to trick those who stopped into confronting their willingness to work for the military industrial complex. This conflict points out a change that "guerrilla theater" seems to be undergoing, change for the better in my opinion.

When guerrilla theater first started the idea was to blow the audience's mind. The assumption in trying to shock people was that they weren't aware of the injustices of our society and would help reform these injustices once they were made aware by confronting the issues. But we have come to see that there are people who win a privileged position because of these injustices, and will not change. Thus the mind-fuck guerrilla theater is a vestige of a more naive era of our movement. Guerrilla theater has undergone a change which parallels this perception. Instead of staging a "real event" which was intended to shock the audience into awareness when the hoax was admitted (as in the arresting of draft resisters in the union or speaking at the city council meeting, as guerrilla troupes have done), the latest trend is to announce to the audience that they are about see a theatrical performance. The audience is then prepared to enjoy itself and to see what the play has to say. This approach does not assume that we all have common values but tries to communicate the new values of the movement.

The depths to which the



I wandered into Lorenzo's recently and spotted Morris Edelson, looking frustrated, enraged, suffocated, and drowning all that in a beer or five. I'd heard that ol' Morris was trying some stuff in his class, letting the young folk know that all old folks aren't oceanography professors, etc., and I decided to find out how business was going. "No damn good," quoth Edelson. "Are you too old for it, ol' boy?" "They sit there bored with that Haslach grin on their faces wanting me to tell them what color the sun is and how you decide where the verb goes in a sentence and what an adjective is according to Heininger and then they go join some class where all they do is read the syllabus out loud in unison. I'm going back to the presses, ink up my mustache and wait for the world to be ready for me." At that point we were interrupted by the marching band pep rallying by to the tune of On Wisconsin and I went home.

theater cont.

first type of guerrilla theater can lead is the claim by the chairman of the English department that a visit of the Madison police to one of his TA's classes was actually guerrilla theater staged by that TA. That old guerrilla theater in the long run increases the lack of belief of people in each other and actually desensitizes the audience rather than increasing their consciousness once they have been exposed to too much mind-fuck theater. In the new trend the audience is not threatened and can enjoy itself while learning what the troupe is trying to say. This theater does not hate its audience as does mind-fuck guerrilla theater, which generally took a superior moral position and attacked its audience for not having the same morals. This theater tries to teach. (I exempt that guerrilla theater which is intended to sabotage some of the institutions that oppress us, such as Rubin before HUAC. This is a tactic whose primary result is to show others that these institutions can be resisted if one has the will and the imagination.)

But the new trend too is still a theater of exposure. Almost all guerrilla theater we have tried has been intended to raise an issue to its audience. It rarely gives any indication of what to do about the wrong it is pointing out. We can not make the assumption that if the issue is raised everyone will have a solution and act on it. Part of the creativity of the left will be in bringing some answers that those on the left have found for their lives and presenting them as examples to others.

I think our theater should go beyond exposure and become radical. This means to explore the problems raised in some depth. For example, whether it succeeded or not, the SF Mime Troupe in the Farce of Patelin attempted to go into what capitalism does to people. This was an attempt to explore for people the ramifications of capitalism and how it permeates our lives.

Theater is definitely an effective way to communicate one's attitude toward life and society. Through it we can explore more ways to escape from the ruts into which our society tends to force all of us.

--Hank Haslach

WE WANT THE STREET





CHICAGO

Street Sense

Watch the man who casts the first stone. He may be a cop.

There's nothing like a week in Chicago to clear the mind of adolescent machismo fantasy. I saw smart street tactics keep the body healthy and the way clear, win friends and influence people. And I saw foolhardy moves -- the kind Communists like to call "adventurist" -- pass all initiative to the cops, isolate us and cost us broken limbs and cheated intentions. A street tactician I'm not, but it doesn't take a maquisard to know that the police also have objectives on the street.

Consider these recent episodes in what is, after all, an age-old saga of deceit:

Item: The prime witness against the R.A.M. people in New York was an infiltrator who had talked up assassinations and stockpiled material.

Item: August 28 in Grant Park, Chicago, the cops charged into the crowd, swinging. They intervened because someone had pulled down the American flag. One of the flag-pullers -- according to the Chicago Tribune, a public relations branch of the Police Department -- was Robert Pierson, Jerry Rubin's bodyguard, an undercover cop playing motorcycle heavy. Pierson also tried to instigate the seizing of intersections in dangerous circumstances, but wiser heads prevailed.

Item: The Peninsula Observer has pointed out before that the demonstrators who first hurled bags of blood at the cops in front of the Fairmont last winter had never been seen in friendly circles before or since.

Item: The guy who broke an office window in the Administration Building at SF State last May was -- you guessed it -- a plainclothes cop.

Question: Who molotoved the Highway Patrolman in Berkeley last July, setting Wayne Greene up for the rap?

Question: Who smashed the Bank of America windows in Berkeley? Who shot the cop? When I got back from the inscrutable East, friends were casting dire suspicions like so many tacks on the street. "Must have been cops, nobody else would be that stupid."

Of course it's not so simple, and we have to judge delicately; in case somebody hasn't noticed, this is no game. A tactic can't be appraised apart from here-and-now circumstances. Moving into the street, breaking windows, wrecking insufferable property, etc., sometimes makes sense, sometimes not. You can't know unless you have a purpose. Spontaneity in the street is like bennies in alcohol: one might (MIGHT) send you high, but chances are you'll hurt, and hurt bad. Know what you are doing and harness means to ends.

Unfortunately, delicate judgments in these raging days are falling afoul of a fetishism of the streets: that is why we have a hard time telling the cops from the desperados. We are living through some profound crisis of masculinity, explained but not wholly justified by the struggle to shake off middle class burdens of bland civility. The guy who hits hardest and moves fastest begins to look like the biggest revolutionary cock; it doesn't seem to matter whom he hits, where he runs.

Some organizers in Chicago were entranced by a mystique of the Park People, a melting pot of motorcycle greasers, working class ethnics, blacks, a few hillbillies, hard Old Town hippies (all young and ready to fight), and mystery youth -- including not a few plainclothes dicks. Now Jerry Rubin's right when he says that when we welcome the fighting people into our ranks with open arms we have to risk inviting the finks along with the pinks. All the more reason to fix our own objectives and shirk mystiques. We want to organize the castaways, not become their least reliable selves.

Finally I know of no easy sorting out system. Even as we move beyond the mystique of violence, our salvation demands that we constantly extend the limits of the possible by taking the streets and propagandizing by the deed; in the nature of our movement we will attract provocateurs, and we can't tell the players without a scorecard. That scorecard is unwritten except in the slippery terrain of our separate common senses, seeming to leave us with nothing but paranoia.

And the police would like nothing better than to have all militancy discredited under suspicion of provocative trickery, all trust shattered by curse and countercurse. Always looking over your shoulder, you trip over your own feet, or stand still in cynical safety. A puzzle.

The only working solution is in political discipline. Know what you want to do, and then you have solid ground to refuse to follow people who take you where you don't want to go. Use strategy as a code to define provocateurs. It won't matter, then, whether the outlaws are cops or simply madmen: you'll avoid them and find ways to handle them, so suspicion won't spiral endlessly from every accusation.

After the NSA-CIA disclosures, radicals frittered away countless hours wondering whether Al Lowenstein was really an agent, whether So-and-So had been "witting" or "unwitting." It didn't matter, any more than it matters whether the Ford Foundation funnels money from the CIA or whether the guy who molotoved the Highway Patrolman was really a cop. The consequences are the same. And a serious revolutionary movement knows how to judge the consequences of its acts -- this is its reason, and its magic, too.

--Todd Gitlin
reprinted from the SF Express Times

THE MANIFESTO OF ENGLISH 102

The following statement was that of seven students in a freshman composition class who, facing the six week bullshit, decided to come together to write their test.

We come together today to write this test not only to mock and zonk the absurdity of the definition of education which the English department foists upon us by giving us this ridiculous test, but also to give an example of what education might be. In the Commune we worked together, ideas clashing and fusing, which is what education is about. Perhaps the product of our labor is not what it could be, but that is not our fault, but that of the bourgeois, competitive way education is given us. Student against student, working for grades, not thought to cure our society. Man is a social animal; he needs others. Man's task is to fulfill the wants and needs of his fellow humans. And we fulfill together! Long live the Commune!

DOW?

NOW?



A Discussion

The following debate was taped during the last week as discussions in Madison focused on the demonstrations around the elections on November 5 and the return of the Dow Chemical company to recruit on the campus.

On Monday and Tuesday we will conduct discussions on the elections in classrooms - strike back! Groups will leave the WDRU office at 7:30 AM, 11 AM, and 3:00 to go to polling places to leaflet and talk to voters. At 7:30 PM we will gather at the Library Mall to march to the campaign headquarters around the Square. The march will return to the Union for discussions to set up further work. JOIN US!

K: There's been a lot of discussion about whether people see Dow as a symbol of a yearly confrontation: The university brings back Dow and we go out and fight the cops. Or do they see it as a manifestation of the society's imperialism?

B: It's a manifestation of its barbarity, but I don't think we have to take off on that aspect of it. I think we can use Dow as an example of the corporate nature of the university, of the fact that we are forced into the lecture halls to take notes like a stenographer, do multiple choice questions on the exams, are trained to work for Dow, because working for Dow requires little or no creativity, little or no concern for the totality of a person's life. The university structure is an attempt to fragment peoples' lives, so that they never realize themselves as having any purpose aside from obedience. When we talk about Dow we can relate that to the Moore/Turberville incident; we can relate it to the cry of kids to have autonomy; to freshman ROTC, and to Regent Pasch's connections with the Realty Associates.

K: Don't you think that making those relationships is really of utmost importance to the people in the movement, and for educating people outside the movement? I wonder if this articulation of these relationships will be made through this demonstration. I don't mean confrontation in general but this specific one. We have to consider how confrontation can work, can be used.

P: Ideally, the demands that reflect the relationships should be growing out of the organizing projects, if it happened the way we wanted it to. There would be this ongoing process by which we were really confronting our environment every day, and out of this would come an understanding of the relationships. We get in the habit of rhetorically saying that there is this relationship of the university to society, and of us as a future work force. Ideally understandings of these relationships could grow up in ways we don't even know now, by a real combining of intellectual work, a real undertanding of what modern technology is all about. The reasons why this isn't happening is something really to talk about. Don't you agree that the relationships we have been talking about have to be established in a much clearer way?

B: As I see it the demands really do grow out of organizing projects like the ROTC and the dorms. It is unfortunate that Dow has become overemphasized, and perhaps people will be able to get out of that habit and through this coming together will start to talk of more generalized demands. When I talked to kids in the dormitories, I said, why don't we do something between the elections and Dow so that we use the atmosphere they create, but not key off on either one of them, and just take a building and use it for ourselves, for our own purposes, use these means of production for the types of production we want, i.e. for the types of knowledge that we think will promote social change. A lot of people couldn't see doing something without any particular demand, and because Dow was there, Dow is the demand. I think it is unfortunate that so much emphasis was put on Dow, but there are still an awful lot of things that can be said about Dow that are helpful in making connections.

B: I really think that people kind of viscerally understand what Dow is, and trying to get Dow off campus is something that is just a beginning stage in understanding other things, and it really does demonstrate the impotence of students, because we've tried it twice before. We've tried part of the way with LBJ, and McCarthy for President.

K: How does the proposed demonstration relate to your departmental work?

P: The problem is that HSA will have a hard time seeing its relationship to this confrontation and it will blur its cohesiveness in terms of relating to the rest of the movement. In HSA, you have certain aspects of the kind of dichotomy that is arising within the Left. You have a very strong feeling that now is not the time, that this rush to a confrontation is a mistake. We went to organizing projects precisely because we learned the lesson that there is a very big weakness in calling a confrontation when you don't have people involved in a constant day to day movement that can create the kind of mediatory struggles that make confrontation something that is really consciously radical in the best sense, something that is really more than the blind frustration that we've got to strike out, that is really an expression of something that is well thought out, a long term strategy, and, I suppose, something that can deal with repression better. But the kind of feeling that is called for by blind frustration can't be the motivating force to give the movement direction.

B: I'm not saying that our spontaneity is the most rational way of doing things, but we have to deal with it somehow. We have to speak to kids who are freshmen or kids who are getting into hard drugs





around here; we have to give them an experience of really living the kind of life they have a vision of. That life is the life in which they are living in a community, which I think could occur inside of a building, either the union or another building, after people move in. We would participate in workshops where people are forced to intellectually confront different ideas and to decide really historic things, and to start to think in terms of taking power, and of not being impotent any more and not withdrawing.

P: I tend to feel that there is an inevitability to this confrontation, that the frustrations that we are talking about are real, and in fact have just everything to do with the existence of a movement. And I tend to feel that in the face of the inevitability of the confrontation that the primary goal not be to battle the police, though we may have to, but to have workshops, where we can begin to give some meaning to the notion that we are showing people, by a situation, a suggestion of possibilities for a truly democratic society, of beginning to take over institutions. This suggestion-that people can then link up to their futures and think about what's in store for them after college, think what's happening to other people in society--it's this suggestion that's more important than a bunch of students showing that they can throw rocks at the cops. There's a very strong feeling that we should stop mimicking the conditions that they have in Columbia, that they have in Paris. That in Paris it was very significant that there were women pouring boiling water down on cops' heads from windows. We have no community to melt into; at this stage we have no community to make the links with. Now, especially, we should find out what these potential links are and not be rushing to this confrontation on the basis of a frustration that won't lead us anywhere.

B: I think it's altogether possible that we might have a repeat scene of what happened with the Chase-Manhattan thing last year, and the people will, after long debates and just talking about it, decide not to take a building, and decide to get down and really do some more work. I don't think that's bad and I don't think coming out of the administration building last year was a position that was really defeating for us. It was really important that we went in there, and that we started thinking about what we were. And if you go through a certain process, especially collectively, and peoples' minds are being forced to think in certain terms, then you just have a much greater idea about what you are, and where you really do want to go. I think that the contradictions in America are becoming so great that we're kind of caught in the middle between the powers that can repress us and our own desire to change things, and in that middle we are going to be forced to understand a way of acting which kind of walks along the brink there. It might just be that we don't pull some kind of Columbia thing, but that we'll have to start thinking much more seriously about discipline within ourselves, and about what we are going to do after we get out of college, and whether or not we are even going to stay in college, and kind of planting ourselves as seeds during the winter and then growing up again in the spring, and doing really strong things.

K: If you should decide to hold a building, do you think that the movement can withstand possible repression?

B: Repression is something that people shouldn't fear as much as they should expect it. When people say that the Regents will crack down and that the state assembly will get rid of Harrington, that is a real possibility, and it will indicate to us that we have to get serious. We'll have to realize that the university is a place just like the factories; that the struggles in both of these places will have to be very intense but the repression will be very strong. Coming out of the university to be drafted is like a man being fired from his job. We have to expect to be in jail, we have to expect some of our people to be killed. Violence is all around us, and people are being killed daily, just in psychological senses, just in spiritual senses, and the repression will bring closer the realities of this stifling system. It will force people to become more serious.

P: It may be too big a gamble to put all our energies into. As I say, in a sense, we are posing the impossible--that the University should be subversive, but it's the posing of the impossible that can really be instructive, in terms of how we're going to continue to lead our lives, in terms of a movement for change. But I think a lot of the assumption that militancy <u>per se</u> teaches people about how to be in the movement doesn't always work out; that it's easy to angrily strike out at a policeman and then fall into despair.

B: The structures we've set up since last October provide us with the mechanisms to try to capitalize on some of the energies of a generalized action, a campus-wide action. All throughout the winter, these mechanisms are what make this campus-wide action more logical than Dow last year, in the way to continue afterwards.

K: It's important when you suggested to the kids that they do something between the elections and Dow, out of their own initiative, their own creativity. It was hard for them to conceive of that--they had to have the external focus, almost an external definition of Dow. In the same way with the dorms they have to have the external focus of that hunk of concrete and steel. But after a while you have to create yourself--and you don't want that dorm, that isn't the final thing, you don't want to just take it over. You want to create your own thing, and it really ties in with this demonstration. The important part is that the emphasis shouldn't be on Dow, but should be on the demands that come out of what's happening here. It should be on relating and articulating these demands among these people. It should be on getting all these people together in the Union or other building and rapping together.

K: We demand, and demand and say that we're not free, we talk in negations, talk in terms of how the society defines us and negates us and are not able to get beyond those negations themselves. And it seems to me that this demonstration has to be a way of getting together and doing a creative thing.



wallace cont.

white workking America sits at home frustrated and tense about the changes in the society. The more radicals fail to cultivate ties with white workers, the less chance there is of transforming the country.

The ease with which writers point out the similarities between Wallace and Hitler should not obscure a fundamental point: the Wallace movement is a response to 30 years of American liberalism. The strength of Wallace and the activities of the "new right" that has mushroomed in the past two years rests on the unwillingness of liberals to involve ordinary people in the changes they have sought to explain the goals they wish to fulfill.

Since the New Deal, university intellectuals, churchmen, labor and political leaders, and foundations and business leaders, primarily through working in the Democratic Party, have attempted to reform the economic system through the intervention of the federal government into the economy. Their strategy was primarily to have federal legislation passed to create government organizations which would deal with a specific social problem.

In the battles for this legislation, liberals assumed a pragmatic approach of American interest-group politics. They compromised, log-rolled and lobbied right alonside the AMA, American Legion, and the Farm Bureau. Playing pluralist politics was a complicated matter left to the more skillful manipulators. It was assumed that since workers would benefit, they would support the measures and reward liberal candidates with their votes.

Liberal Approach

The problem with the liberal approach was simply that workers did not automatically support matters of civil rights or more taxes to support the war on poverty. Since liberals never put demands on anything but bread and butter terms, workers did not readily perceive these measures as in their interest. Even more significant was the failure of programs which workers did think were important. The social security system, welfare, medicare and unemployment compensation all became massive bureaucracies, full of loopholes and ineffective in responding to the wishes of the people. To make matters worse, rather than attempting to fight for a tax system that would force the rich to pay, liberals kept insisting that Americans could afford to pay more, and if they wanted more programs, they would be obligated to contribute.

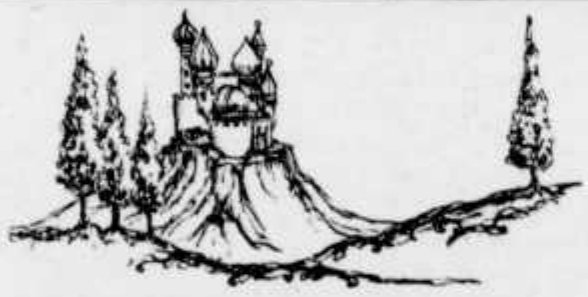
Finally, the two institutions that liberals had previously worked through the most -- the unions and the Democratic Party -- simply lost touch with their rank and file completely.Even when this was painfully clear they did not change their approach toward implementing decisions. Losing touch with its base means for liberals the end of their ability to easily win office. It is perhaps fitting that Hubert Humphrey, the old warrior of American liberalism may be defeated by the very people he has sought ot aid these past twenty years.

Perhaps there is something which runs deeper than the failure of programs or institutions that indicates the problem of American liberalism. This can best be seen by the liberal reaction to Wallace. At first real support for Wallace was read off as simply racist. It was to be condemned as morally wrong, and through the efforts of the major liberal institutions it would be eliminated, or at least prevented from spreading. When Wallace began to attract more followers, the attitude of liberals changed. Wallace supporters were misguided. They didn't know about Alabama or the support from the radical right. They were being taken in on promises that Wallace could not deliver. To counter this false consciousness reams of literature on Wallace flooded the plants. Workers were told they never had it so good. At no point was there an admission that Wallace supporters might be attracted to him because of real issues.

This reveals the fundamental weakness of liberals. They assume that most working people cannot rationally determine their interests. Support for Wallace is not a matter of psychological maladjustment; taxes are going up, crime is important; the war is not ending; inflation does hurt work gains. As a result of their refusal to take the Wallace supporters seriously, liberals respond by giving them labels: they are "authoritarian," racists, or in status panic. While Wallace collects the votes and hearts of the people, liberals stand by with their literature on Alabama, perhaps blaming the student and black movements for this "backlash."

Alternate Approach

An alternative approach would begin with the recognition that there are rational reasons for people to support Wallace. It would attempt to isolate the issues of concern, bring out the implications of these issues, and attempt to explain what is happening in the society. Most of all, this alternative approach would seek to build a movement of working people through their organic ties



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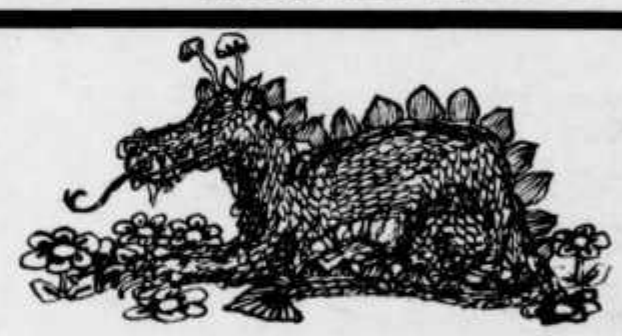


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in the shops and the communities. Whether this will happen is up to the radicals of today, including those trained as professionals, to seek out roles in the industrial heartland of America. Ultimately, in the factories and communities, the struggle to change America will be decided.

Jim Jacobs
Larry Laskowski
(a longer version of this article is to be printed later this year in a national magazine)

An interesting quote by J. Edgar Hoover in the Christian Science Monitor: "I regret to say that we of the FBI are powerless to act in case of oral-genital intimacy, unless it has in some way obstructed interstate commerce."

OLEO STRUT

Nestled among the garish neon lights of the bars around Fort Hood is a tiny orange psychedelic sign -- "Oleo Strut." The Strut is a coffeehouse for GI's, started and staffed by volunteers from the Summer of Support program. An oasis from the exploitation both on and off the base, the Strut is a place where GI's can come and sit for hours -- rap with each other, watch films, read underground papers and organize. Despite continual Army and police harrassment, the coffeehouse struggles on. As one GI put it, "It's the only thing in America worth fighting for." The GI's have begun publishing a newspaper which is distributed free.

The Oleo Strut is in desperate need of money. There will be a benefit concert on November 23, featuring the Amazing Grace Jug Band and a Georgian blues singer Mable Hillery. Tickets will be sold on campus and at the door. Time and place will be announced later. Other contributions can be sent to:

Oleo Strut
101 West Ave. D
Killeen, Texas

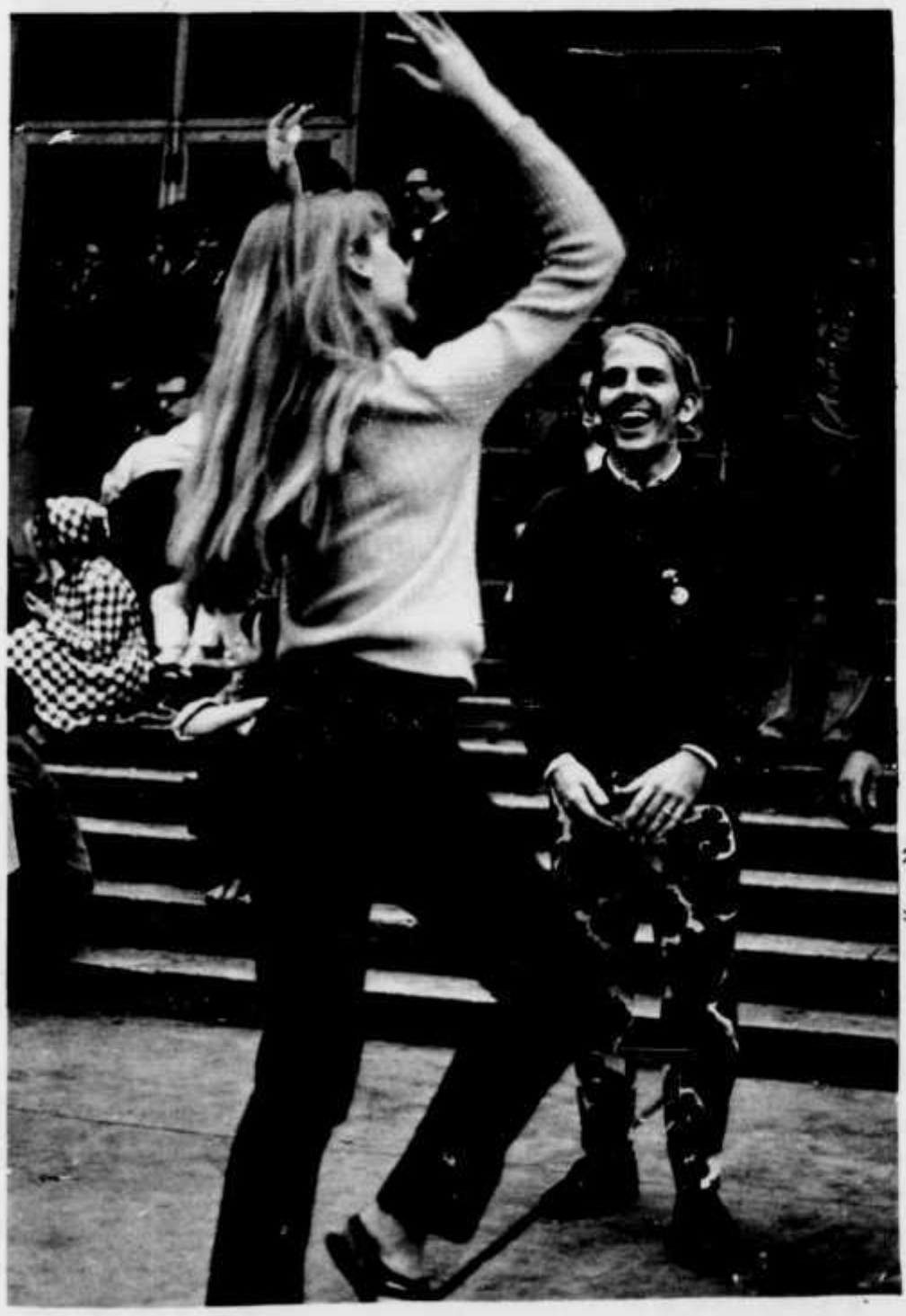
Please come and help the GI's help themselves.

fraud cont.

the importance of the elections is almost as great in the domestic as in the foreign policy field. Issues are blurred, and vague phrases such as "Great Society," "law and order" and "law and justice" become a substitute for reasoned debate. Voters believe they are influencing major decisions, and the maximum leeway is preserved for interest groups which hold a veto power over legislation that endangers their prerogatives. Above all, any challenge to the profit system is averted and stifled.

At present, campaigns such as the one we have witnessed this fall are deeply imbedded into the American social order. They are based on the premise that men will accept psychological symbols in place of a genuine role in making decisions. They are part of a social system which denies that men are rational.

--Jim O'Brien



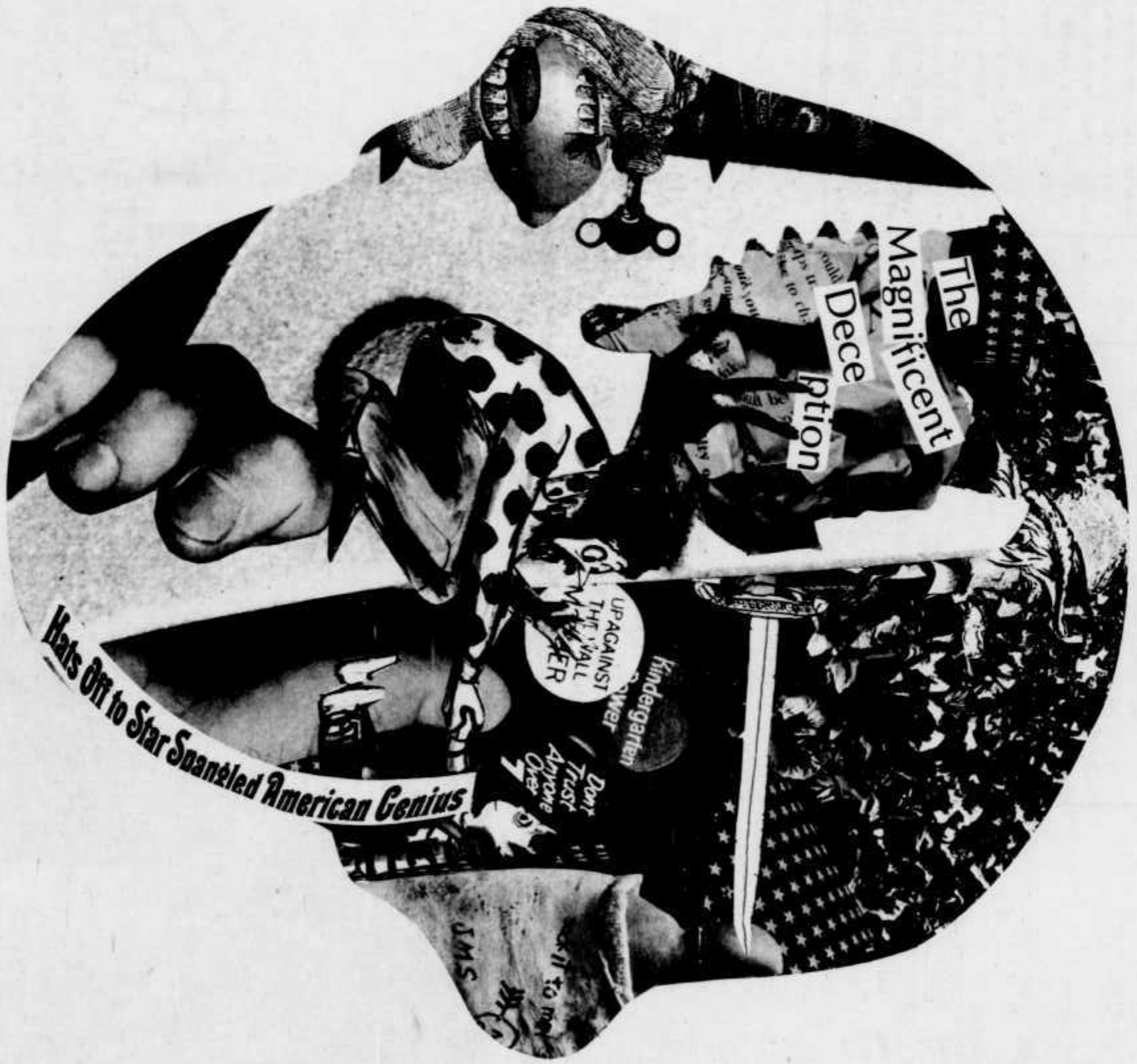
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CONNECTIONS

State Historical Society
of Wisconsin
816 State St.
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Volume 3, Number 5/December 11-January 15/15¢/20¢out-of-state



Far behind him his people
were still in slavery

This issue of Connections
is dedicated to d.a. levy, poet

1942 - 1968



(Note: This was originally written as a letter to the Guardian, an excellent radical weekly published in New York. Since, however, my use of the U.S. mails might have been construed as implying tacit approval of American policies in Vietnam, I took it to the Connections office instead.)

The last two issues of the Guardian have alluded to 'critical universities' initiated by radicals at the University of Colorado, San Diego, and Wisconsin. Carl Davidson, in the November 23 issue, says that these focus on "confronting the capitalist content daily expressed in the classroom." I do not know what the situation is at Colorado or San Diego, but Davidson's comment does not give an accurate picture of the very important organizing that is being done here at Wisconsin.

In a nutshell, we are not yet at the stage where challenges based on academic content are very frequent or very successful. There are two reasons for this. First, good radical critiques of textbooks or of academic disciplines are extremely scarce, largely because lefties have for such a long time been accustomed to writing only for each other. Second, long-established habits of authoritarianism in the classroom are very hard to erase.

These conditions call for long-term organizing, and they call for the use of some issues that are liberal and that are "co-optable." At this stage in departmental organizing (which only began here this summer) a much greater proportion of the energy of the departmental groups has gone into issues of academic structure than into issues of content. Even the History Students Association, virtually all of whose 30-40 active members are in SDS or hold views similar to SDS's, has concentrated on this type of issue. Like most of the other departmental groups, HSA has stressed issues such as the abolition of grades and the lecture system, an equal voice for students and faculty in departmental policy, and a "teaching contract" in which students and teacher would decide at the beginning of a term what materials the course would cover and what format would be used.

In the meantime, graduate students in HSA are preparing critiques of the American and European history survey texts used at Wisconsin, and HSA is planning ahead to organize critical caucuses within some second-semester courses. It is significant, though, that these efforts to develop radical critiques of content did not arise until a determined effort was being made to challenge the authoritarian structure of departments and classes, and to show students the possibility of modes of decision making that are not based on coercion. Jerry Farber's concluding sentences in The Student as Nigger are apropos here: "For students, as for black people, the hardest battle isn't with Mr. Charlie. It's with what Mr. Charlie has done to your mind."

--James O'Brien

The following letter, addressed to "Slob Farber", appeared in our morning mail from Royal Oak, Minnesota.

Dear Slob:

I have just finished reading your piece of garbage called "Student Power." I can actually say that if put in movie form, you should receive the Academy Award for the best comedy in centuries.

To show you what garbage it is, the entire student body of our school laughed hysterically and had to be hospitalized for cramps. Your ideas are very sick, thus, making them funny to take in.

The idea of "Student Power" is too much in its self. With the power you describe, the students would be a very sad bunch. You can can take yourself, put yourself in a little corner and smoke your pot "drop your acid" and dream and too too many people would be gratified.

Your article was written with such lousiness that it would take and extraterrestial being to be able to receive the message. On this planet there are no such beings. I take that back, there must be one and you are elected to the post.

In closing, all I can say is "GET BENT" if you can.

I remain anonymous because of guts and brains.

Group this issue: Ann Gordon, Kate Gyllensvard, Sharon and Evan Metcalf, Nick Thorkelson, Dave Wagner, Hank Haslach, Wintergreen, Jeff Winsor, Lee Scheingold, Jim O'Brien, Joel and Pauline Lipman, Bill Drew, Mike Rosen, Joe Davidson, Lee Zeldin, Bob Miehlenkamp, Betsy Edelson, Tom Willett, Seth Rice, Glen, and Becky Kurtz. Thanks to the East Side Co-op for typesetter. Credits: Nick Thorkelson, cover & p. 10, Wintergreen, p. 11, Glen, p. 13, Ann Gordon, p. 16.

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"the only difference
between matadors & poets
is that one flirts with death
and the other with insanity"
rik davis

theyve almost all lied to you
including me i suppose
"the poet gambles with insanity"
thats ridiculous - we are all insane
it is up to you to wake up the poets
lost in their eriee pasts
the poet just eats & sleeps & pisses
& farts & shits & writes
poems - is that insanity
thats a zen master on phenobarbital!

its the businessman, the salesman
who gambles with insanity - the
doctor playing medicine - the printer
the bomb-maker & the man
who makes donuts & bagels from 9 to 5
awake at 6 AM
driving a truck
across the city
to put in day after day
in the same meaningless
dance routine
without even time
to ask why
poets lost in the luxury of being
able to question being
able to beat their head against the wall
& say "well its my job"
& they already know - they dont want the answers

ah but that rapid transit matador
being gored each day with invisible
horns - internally
& business transactions that didnt come
& the CTS cowboy sitting silently
trying to get a job - any job
knowing he'll die of TB at 65
or cancer and unable to find a shred of
meaning in the whole game
ah the sweat insanity of being
able to put away each hopelessly identical day
while the matador gets a rose
from a fat little greasy teenybopper
in the crowd
he gives her the bulls ears later in bed
& a horny poet with poor vision
cleans the picture up for you
to help you dream
but now you have television
& you dream too much

the garbage man in the morning
knows his own reality
garbagemen never get shot during riots
perhaps they are the real holymen
with an aura of protection
their reality - the shit in yr
bedroom wastebasket

you have to be a zen master
to be a garbageman
& poets lie when they manage to find
some object of beauty in the garbage heap

garbage is garbage
poetry is emotional garbage - leftovers
and beautiful things are just dreams
but now you have television
to help you dream

the soulless men
bullfighters of insignificant stockrooms
mindless phantoms who never possessed a spirit
to gamble with
men with high school television dreams
who cross themselves in rituals of death
who whisper "jesus" before dueling
with their competitors each day
playing war games - becoming policemen
gambling with insanity
their drive their autos
laugh at hippies drink on fridays
go bowling shit on God each day & they die
& they die & they die alone
wrapped in flags
proud of their insanity
& the academic poets
write their cleaned-up dreams for you
pretend it is all beautiful
sitting in a bar
the alcohol confessional

& everyday i sit here
trying to become one of you
after another
trying on those high school dreams
for size
it doesnt work
you dont fit me

as a poet i try to learn
how to remain human
despite technology
& there is no one to learn from
i am still too young to
be quiet & contemplative

i dont want to become a golden ager
cowering before the tube in religious awe

businessmen on amphetamine ego trips
telling me about their latest coup

i visit churches & temples & ask questions
& i am handed some meaningless book
or pamphlet
it seems as if there is no one
to answer my questions about me

a hideous responsibility
with worse implications

my peer group?

goodby television
im going back inside my head

my wife & i
take an evening walk
around the block
(are we that old)
there is something beautiful
about her something
some dream thing in the cloudless sky

i know my dreams are unreal
but they <u>are my dreams</u>

sometimes
on hot summer nights
we hate each other
& it is beautiful...

d.a. levy

WAUKEG



"Hmm--Abbot Laboratories."



"OK, man--we're here--now what do we do?"

Talk to people about which ministers were humanists and Norman Thomas socialists, which were into God, and which were mostly interested in their mortgages. Find out which Black organizations had a base in the Black community, and what each group was thinking about integration versus Black separatism. Learn local history: urban renewal, Black rebellions, and Birch activity. Learn the streets, the neighborhoods and what kinds of people lived in them. Learn the names of the big three: shoot to kill mayor, conservative owner of local press and radio station, banker who controls local financial decisions. Sit in libraries doing power structure research.



Copying something from Moodys Industrials.

"Population 75,000; 9,000 Black, 6,000 Puerto Rican, 3,000 Mexican."

"Waukegan, county seat, commercial center of Lake County, major industries outboard motors, construction materials, steel wire, pharmaceuticals."

"Man this talking to ministers and ranch house housewives is a drag. Let's walk around and find out where people's heads are at."

Picking up hitch hikers.

"Where you going?"

"Beach."

"What happens down there?

"Nothing."

"Then why go?"

"No where else to go."

"You in school?"

"Yeah, but I'll be 16 next December."

"What do you think about the draft?"

"Sucks."

"We're in the Wisconsin Draft Resistance Union and we'd like to get some anti-draft stuff going here this summer. Think people will dig us?"

"Maybe."

We initially started organizing around the draft because it applied to large numbers of people and because it was easy to get into anti-imperialist raps from this starting point. We were to have success--not because people were anti-imperialist but because they were anti-authoritarian. Events were to push us on to different issues but draft resistance always remained part of our identity.

One telephone call.

"Hey listen, we were arrested for leafletting. Advertising our draft information center. You remember that 'Uncle Sam is Aiming to Get You' thing I showed you. You suppose you could come down here and bail us out? It's only $25."

"At the Belvidere shopping center. Really blows my mind. That cop keeps rubbing his billy club like he's getting sexual pleasure out of it."

"OK, thanks a lot."

The repression had struck-in the form of condemnatory editorials, the court case, and losing our living quarters. Also most of the kids who were helping us then were put on restriction by their parents. We felt that our organizing was at an end, but we were to soon find that this was only the beginning.

One night, picking up hitchhikers. Four Puerto Rican kids, about 14-16 years old.

"Man, you the guy who was arrested? My brother read the editorial about that. You a draft dodger? How are you going to get out of the draft? We hate the draft, too."

They were really interested in campus demonstrations and the Panthers. They talked about getting thrown out of dances when the cops put a kid up to start fights with them. About America:

"The cops are getting tougher all the time, but that's just because they're losing everything-like a fist that squeezes clay. The harder it squeezes the more that comes out of the hand. Pretty soon they aren't going to have anything."

We all went drinking that night down on the big rocks by the beach.

"Hey! the bulls-run."

Running down the beach with those guys was such a great feeling because I began to feel involved in a common struggle even though it was as yet politically undeveloped.

Everywhere we went we found anti-authoritarianism. People began to identify with us because they hated the draft and had also been arrested by the cops usually for stupid reasons. The kids could rap for hours about the cops.

"Marty and Moe really got screwed sixty bucks apiece just for havin' water balloons in their car downtown when everybody was scooping."

(Scooping the loop is driving your car in downtown Waukegan.)

"Yeah, it wouldn't have been so much if Paul hadn't testified for them. Soon as he mentioned the blackjack in the cop's hand it was all over with the judge."

"How about the time Lee was chased by a cop and shot it out in the county--when we were drinking in that field."

"That wasn't so funny. I could feel the bullet going past my foot."

We had prove the generalization about New Left politics which says that in a confrontation situation if the organizers are not overwhelmed by the initial repression, the polarization is beneficial because it brings to the surface latent tensions. By following up the initial impact with clear positions which speak to the needs of numbers of people, organizers force people to identify with one of the poles. Faced with the vitality of the New Left on the one hand and the stodginess of the defenders of the status quo on the other, young people generally take and defend a radical position.

We made a lot of allies among the alienated white working kids. They're the kind who between four guys can finish a case of quarts in a night. They are a mixture of high schoolers and dropouts. Sometimes employed, sometimes not. Skipping work often without getting fired because of union protection. Lots of times they live off their parents or borrow from friends. They seem to half-realize that their lives do not have to be carbon copies of their parents and that things are changing. But they are uncertain exactly where they will eventually plug in. In the meantime they see themselves controlled by high schools, bosses, the draft, and cops.

Organizing took the form of having discussions and beginning to assert ourselves as community people with rights like anyone else. After being arrested for leafletting we weren't sure just what we could do together. When trying to sell a Wisconsin High School underground newspaper five of us were arrested on disorderly conduct, and one of us charged with a phoney assault of an officer. We then organized and pulled off a mass leafletting. The leaflet blasted the town and the mayor. We did it with 50 people, proving the power of collective action. We even put out our own paper, probably one of the toughest high school papers ever printed. We distributed them guerilla style. We'd go to a dance with about ten guys each with ten copies of "Fresh Air" under their shirts. We'd gather in the middle of the crowd, give a signal, and go in all directions giving our papers away. By the time the cops could get to the scene we'd all be clean and everybody would be reading a copy. We did have some pretty close calls though.

Not all the local kids took our side in the polarization which



AN KIDS

existed between us and the cops. But they couldn't really identify with the police either because they considered themselves to be the baddest asses in town. They resented our intrusion into their role as outcasts. Some would side with us one week and go against us the next. Threats of beating from this quarter made the cops our secondary enemy. The biggest problem we had in reaching these guys was that we really didn't have a way to get them out of the army, we really couldn't insure them an interesting job, or really do that much about police harassment. They were attracted to us because we were against the controls they were against. But they were so frustrated and hopeless that they sometimes reverted to a desperate identification with the cops, the army, and the mythology of capitalism.

Resentment of authority is strong and shows up in music, dress, drugs, and other aspects of youth culture. Just listen to the Doors sometime. "Mother, I want to kill you. Father, I want to kill you." Or "Street Fightin' Man" by the Stones.

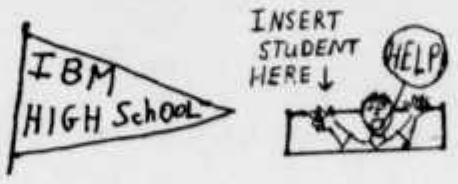
We tried not to get hung up in this type of anti-authoritarian life style. Because style is really only another word for form. And form is important only for the content which it conveys. Hippie styles, far from showing that people should not get hung up with empty form, tend to become an added market based on needless consumption. Drugs, when they become a major emphasis, provide individualistic types of escape and draw people from the arena of social consciousness and collective struggle. Music too contains a contradiction because kids pay $3.77 to hear the Rascals sing "people everywhere just got to be free." (Or worse yet to hear the Beatles talk about changing the world. "But if you talk about destruction, don't you know that you can count me out.") The most popular movie this summer in Waukegan was "Wild in the Streets." In the movie Max Frost, the leader of a rock group, campaigns for president and succeeds by getting the voting age lowered to 14 and by contaminating the water supply of U.S. cities with acid on election day. The new regime's major policy change is to put everyone over 35 in concentration camps and turn them on. The implications for us were that latent in the youth revolt is a fascist self-seeking potential. If the needs of this constituency can be appeased superficially in a manner defined by capitalism, the revolutionary potential of youth will be aborted. Only by analyzing people's class origins and speaking about their real positions in a class scheme can one hope to develop a solidly revolutionary consciousness.

This consciousness needs to be based upon a critical understanding of one's role in the American social-economic system. Often the concept of youth as class obscures these realities by lumping all kids with long hair into the same category. In short, youth as class is a false and dangerous concept.

Once people attain a strong sense of their own history and direction as a group, they can begin to form honest alliances with other groups--the blacks, for instance. This is an essential stage in the development of a revolutionary movement. We began to establish only tentative links with the local Black movement. Almost every discussion at our "free high school" eventually got to racism. The white kids have resentments not because they think the Blacks are inferior but because the Blacks are better organized and better able to respond to harassment from school administrators and police. In our talks about high school reform and alliances with the A.F.R.O.S. (Afro-American Freedom Revolutionary Organization of Students) we invariably met with this resentment and distrust. These discussions helped us to understand racism better and changed our approach from a liberal, moralistic one to a truly radical one.

We tried to show how the problems in relationship to the high schools, the draft, and the factories were essentially the same for both races. We argued that the administration effectively divided the races by showing preferential treatment to one of the other races with respect to particular regulations. For instance, the high school dress codes do not restrict the Blacks even though they have long natural hair styles and wear medallions and all shades and combinations of clothing. White kids on the other hand, are always in the principal's office for blue jeans, long hair, and surfer crosses. When Martin Luther King was murdered the Blacks were let out of school at noon. The white kids had to stay in school the whole day. White kids, on the other hand, have the natural advantage of prestige and are treated more





fairly by the teachers and coaches. Talks about the history of the labor movement and the current situation in housing were also helpful in showing how those who control society must keep the races deluded into thinking that there is only a limited amount of freedom and that if one wants more he has to take it from someone else.

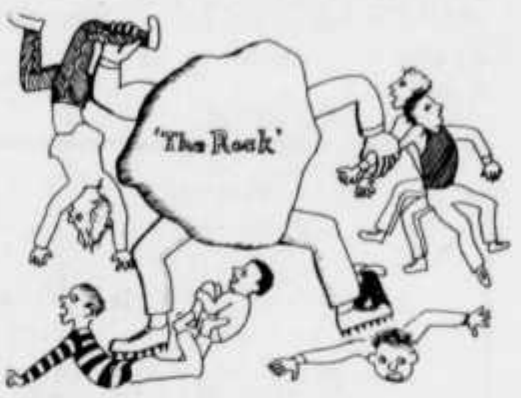
The experience of the campus movement had given us an appreciation of organizing people in other than class groupings. We began to call dorm students, history grad students, and cafeteria workers constituencies. That is, they related to the same institution in the same way. In Waukegan while recognizing the necessity of beginning on a constituency basis (working class youth relating to the police in the same way), at the same time we realized how embryonic this step is and how larger groupings must be made to realize similar interests and act as a movement.

Because we were in Waukegan only three months, many of our impressions are half-formed and our conclusions tentative. The major conclusion is that anti-authoritarian life style organizing in this constituency is only a beginning. Today the movement continues only in the high school. The movement must expand into armed forces organizing, junior and trade colleges, and the insurgent rank-and-file labor movement. The left must begin to offer solutions to questions more basic than those of style. This is important because people's problems are often in hard economic terms. We found the moralistic and vague rhetoric of the student movement not wholly applicable to these young people. We could not include them in a "new working class" nor could we

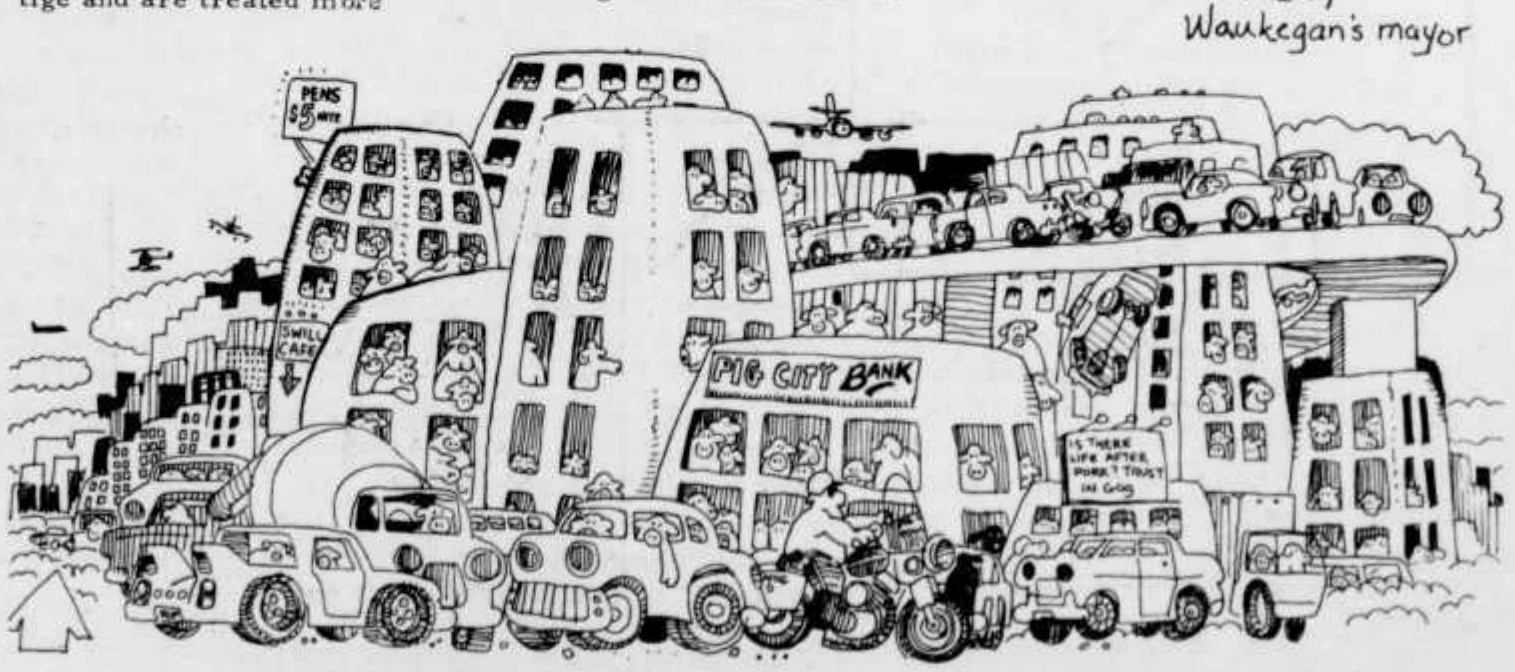


talk about a post-scarcity society as a major motivating factor. Instead we began to help people critically and collectively understand their own positions in society. We had to fight the blurring of class lines which often occurs in youth culture. Only when we had done this could we talk about forming alliances in the midst of struggle. From our success in turning white working kids on to the movement we are convinced that social analyses which emphasize revolutionary potential in only one sector of society are inadequate. Perhaps because social configurations are changing so rapidly no adequate social theory can be advanced. But one must evolve in the course of struggle.

--Bill Drew and Mike Rosen



The Rock is the nickname of Waukegan's mayor



Medium. Something that mediates -- between the individual and the world beyond his personal experience. A sort of grand seance with the revolution. Trying to bring it out of its state of potentiality, and make it real, concrete in whatever bits and pieces are possible in the here and now, concrete in the consciousness of our people. Our media must make the Word flesh.

WE HAD A CONFERENCE TOO, (oh boy)

Madison, Wisc. (LNS)--The radical media had its first coming together Nov. 29-Dec. 1 in Madison... The factor which set this apart from previous conferences was its success. The success of a beginning. Previous conferences were miscarraiges--pre-birth traumas offering little hope.

Between 200 and 300 people attended the Madison conference, representing over 60 media groups. Representation was primarily from the east coast and midwest, with several southern and west coast papers attending. The Newsreel project (film-makers) with most of its people from New York and San Francisco was the largest group, with over 50 members present. It was also the instigator of much debate and a focal point for controversy and some resentment.

Newsreel played a dominant role for several reasons. It was the largest coherent grouping. Members of Newsreel are politically sophisticated, have worked out their shit together for some time. Although the group is divided on different issues, individuals tend to have strong political positions and appear, especially to people new to radical politics, to be rather dogmatic.

Ideology recommends itself to people when it explains daily life. The first function of radical journalism is to define the event: by reporting "what really happened," we can build up--by degrees--the credibility of a different overarching truth (way of looking at the world). The second function is to trace the event to root causes. Those two must be interwoven, just as personal commitment and verbal politics blend together in what we call the movement.

-- Todd Gitlin

The issue which most raises Newsreel's ire is our relations with the bourgeois media. Discussions around that issue were the most volatile of the conference. They were seldom very productive, except to the extent that they raised the issue for people who hadn't dealt with it before.

How do we as revolutionaries relate to the bourgeois media? There is a consensus on one thing: the mass media is the enemy. It is an institution of the ruling class of this country and as such serves capitalism's ends. Some believe, however, that the mass media can be used productively in certain situations....

The debate was academic. The actual question of when and how the media might be used successfully were seldom discussed. Hoped-for discussion of education about and possible action against the bourgeois media never materialized. And many assumptions were never discussed -- such as what our media is. Does commercial advertising pollute it? What about underground papers which are becoming established, and become aloof from the movement -- which side are they on? ....

Resentment against Newsreel at the conference stemmed more from style than from political positions, but there is one criticism of Newsreel which involves its work as well as its style. And that is its obsession with street militancy -- the message of many of its films. The street fighting man is an exciting romantic figure. And street fighting has been and will continue to be an important tactic in many places. But filming our most exciting street battles and building occupations is only one of many functions the movement's film-makers should be filling. Most people who live and work outside the radical meccas (such as Berkeley and New York) felt most of their needs were not being spoken to.

Not many answers but lots of energy. And now we know that every staff stays up all night to put out its paper. No solutions. but lots of energy.
But Newsreel ran a fine orgy for excess energy, togetherness, destruction of state property, and general liberation - in the Commerce Building?

For the papers themselves, the conference, though lacking in many ways, was very important. There was not enough criticism and analysis on the part of the papers. But there was, for the first time, a realization for everyone involved that there is a coherent revolutionary media developing in this country. For most papers, just getting to know each other was the most important thing.

The level of discussion, of political sophistication, was far above that at previous conferences

The scene has changed, but that change did not occur at Madison. It occurred as individuals began to experience the emptiness of "life style" (freakiness, dope) as a definition of reality. As people realized that you can't build a "community" of beautiful people in a rotten capitalist society. And it occurred with Columbia and Chicago -- with the death (and cooptation) of "do your thing," with the beginning of revolutionary consciousness.

The underground press had to redefine itself. At first it spoke for phenomena which had no other voice. Someone had to report that there was something happening. Then the mass media took up the conch: every mass circulation mag reported on the glories (evils, it didn't matter) of dope and dope-crazed sex. Hippies became national heroes.

We're getting together because we're changing and struggling with our new selves. Some of us are trying to bring potentially radical communities together - some of us are trying to explicate radical thinking and lives - some of us are new left reporters All of us are part of converging movements. Cultural concerns are being defined as politics: counter-culture, assaultive-culture: mimeo revolution in poetry, Stones vs. Beatles, drugs, women, have leaked into our concept of "political" lives. Hippie papers are expanding their definition of politics - you couldn't ignore Chicago no matter now many pot busts and freek rock concerts there were.

So the underground press, as such, outlived its usefulness. And its name, never accurate, is now an anachronism. As the old phenomenon evolved into a new one, so will the name. Maybe we'll call it the radical press, or the revolutionary media, or something else. But it's a new thing and deserves a new name.

There were important things which this conference only began to deal with. Like the crisis the movement is facing now, with thousands of new adherents, with people on many different levels of development. And how we as organizers, who use media as tools, can relate to these problems Now that we know the revolution has not already happened (as some thought at Iowa City) and now that we are beginning to realize that it won't happen tomorrow, how do we help direct the fantastic energy force that has been freed in this country?

In other words: what should we write about, to whom should we address ourselves, what is our revolutionary strategy.

--Thorne Dreyer

























Reprinted from The Rag

OSH KOSH, b'gosh!

I have always been amused by the commercial in which a white knight goes charging through the house, and by a touch of his wand turns a god-awful mess into a sparkling dream house. Two weeks ago nearly a hundred black knights went storming through the administration building at Oshkosh State University and turned a sparkling American dream house into one big damn mess. The physical mess in the administration building has been well documented by the mass media. What has not been covered is the damage to the American dream. If there is one bedrock premise that all good citizens share, it is that nothing, and I mean NOTHING, could ever happen at Oshkosh State. Maybe Berkeley or Madison, but never Oshkosh. Well, Mr. Jones, something's happening.

The black knights struck Thursday morning, November 21. They occupied the administration building to force consideration of their demands for Black Studies and a Black Cultural Center, and to express their total frustration with the racism of Oshkosh. During the occupation some furniture was destroyed. Within a few hours they were all arrested, along with four whites. Under hysterical pressure from the community the administration immediately suspended all the Blacks, and gave them ten days to appeal or face automatic expulsion. Only about thirty of the Blacks actually were involved in the destruction. No university action was taken against the four whites.

That afternoon and evening students supporting the blacks gathered around the student union for a teach-in to protest the arbitary actions of the administration. (Even the State University Regents' own guidelines call for a hearing before any disciplinary action) A cop blocked the union door, but a Commando from Milwaukee shoved him aside and over a hundred supporters poured in to liberate the building. A tight situation was building up. The doors were again blocked, but students continued to climb into the windows. A group of a few hundred gathered outside to support those inside.

Meanwhile a few thousand hostile students gathered across the street. Racial epithets were hurled at a group of Commandos who came from Milwaukee with Father Groppi. Police from all over the Fox River Valley were pouring onto the campus. At first the crowd across the street, composed mostly of fraternity members, cheered the cops. But the arrival of massive numbers of police changed their mood. They changed their target from the blacks and their supporters to the cops. An anti-pig sentiment swept over them. Police cars were rocked and tires deflated. A group of prominent faculty members offered to monitor, or even sit-in with the students.

At this point the administration announced "Due to unusual circumstances, the Union will close at 9:00 rather than 11:00 tonight." The white students were determined to stay, but on the advice of a Commando they decided to leave in order to call a rally for the next day. The students left the Union. At midnight Roger Guiles, President of the University, announced that Thanksgiving vacation would start immediately, six days ahead of schedule.

On the surface the typical Oshkosh student looks, acts, and thinks just like you imagine an Oshkosh student would look, act, and think. Get a degree, go into the Army, and then into a career or daddy's business or farm--this is the order of life for most of the men. The women pursue a husband and a BA simultaneously.

At present SDS is hardly a viable organization, but a look at it provides some insight into the state of the students. By order of the Regents, it is banned from being an officially recognized student group. This means that it cannot use the university facilities for meetings or any other purposes. The student government (which was inactive last year because it could never get a quorum for meetings) does recognize SDS. In actuality, when there is an SDS meeting, they simply find an empty classroom and liberate it. Their number is rather small, but the members claim that this is because of their failure to organize. A glance at the membership roster illustrates this. Almost all the members come from three or four dorm floors where an SDSer lives an organizes.

The largest organization on the left is the Peace Forum. The total number of activists before the charge of the black knights was less than one hundred. The events of the last two weeks have probably activated a few hundred more, but this can only be determined after the dust settles.

On December 2, the first day of classes after vacation, a few students got together to see what they could do to help the blacks, and formed the Ad Hoc Committee of Concerned Students. They wrote a petition which states, "We do not condone violence..." but asked the black students be given a hearing as promised in the Regents' guidelines. After they wrote it they had no idea what to do with it, and so took it to the student senate, which passed it after some unimportant amending and deleting. On Wednesday morning booths were set up in the Union and about fifty people circulated the petition. By that afternoon a thousand signatures had been obtained.

The racism on and off campus is incredible, and is a whole story in itself. The activists say that it is so bad that they do not even mention it in their organizing efforts and purposely left it out of the petition, instead emphasizing the threat to every student's freedom. The threat of arbitrary discipline is real. Last winter a number of students were summarily suspended for participating in a massive snowball fight. About half the students approached signed the petition in spite of their ingrained racism and abhorrence at any action that destroys property.



On Thursday morning a planned outdoor rally was moved to a lecture room (a blatant violation of the rules) and a semi-teach-in was held. One member of the administration Dr. Ramsden appeared, to "speak as an individual." He first compared the University community to one big happy family where the administration is the all wise parent guiding the students and faculty who are the children. One faculty member, decades beyond his childhood, objected. Dr. Ramsden then switched gears and compared the University to the Army. This, as one could imagine, wasn't very popular either. As a last attempt he compared the academic community to big business. Ramsden soon sat down amid a hail of groans, whistles, hoots, catcalls, and jeers.

In the evening a meeting of the Peace Forum was held. The group of 250 students decided to hire a bus so they could go to Madison and present the petition to a Regents meeting, along with four demands. The first two demands involved reinstatement of the black students and due process. The third asked that the Black Student Union demands be met. The fourth demand stated that mail must not be tampered with or opened. During the last week fliers that were directed to faculty mailboxes were

cont'd. p. 14

TOGETHER

Over the weekend of November 30 to December 1, I participated in a "Conference on Student Unrest" sponsored by Professor Nathan Feinsinger, director of the University Law Center for Teaching and Research in Dispute Settlement, and financed by the Johnson Foundation (wax, of Racine, Wisc.) Also attending the conference were student representatives from the University of California, the University of Michigan (Graduate Student Assembly), Berkeley, Howard (law school), Stanford (Black Student Union and Student Government), Columbia, Miles College, various student groups from the University of Wisconsin, including representatives from the Black People's Alliance, and George Goss of the Johnson Foundation.

The pre-established vague purpose of the conference was to explore areas of "student unrest" where mediation might lead to the most satisfactory resolution; and, through the Johnson Foundation, to supply independent (from the University) funds for student programs

Keulawa Furaha, from UW BPA, acting as temporary co-chairman opened the Saturday morning session by saying he wanted to make clear to everyone that he was there not as a Black Student, but as a Black Man. He then reported that he had been meeting with Feinsinger and Goss and that Goss did not seem prepared to supply the sort of funds the Black Students wanted. The group decided that when Goss arrived we would question him about his foundation.

After lunch the group split up into Black and White caucuses. At the White Student caucus Penn Rhodine, a UW law student, tried to focus the discussion on possible uses of mediation within the University context. This wasn't easy, since the issue, even for so moderate a group of "student activists", was how to get sufficient power to place University Administrators in a mediating position. Thus this broad spectrum of students discussed, without focus, broad student political issues and tactics: it was a bullshit session.

When the two caucuses came together again the Black Students showed the results of a much more focused discussion: they had four demands to present to Goss. Willie Edwards from the UW BPA presented this program, and said the Black Students would leave after ten minutes to discuss it with Goss.

Penn Rhodine wanted the Black Students to stay to discuss possible uses of mediation. The Black Students said they weren't interested in such "intellectualizing," that they knew what they wanted, and had made their demands.

Some of the White Students then accepted this chastisement, became very apologetic, even obsequious, and asked the Black Students, who seemed to know where they were going, what they wanted so the White Students could "help": "Tell us what you want us to do." (Reminiscent of last spring's Chase Manhattan relationship.) For the White Students who were vocal at this point (mostly the law students and one student from Industrial Relations) such an attitude made sense in the face of the Black Students' aggressiveness and sureness of direction, because their political position was the liberalism implied by concern for mediation in as many situations as possible, and they simply wanted to know what one side wanted. But for the most part, the other White Students present acquiesced in this performance.



It is difficult to convey to anyone unfamiliar with a similar situation the aggressive-defensive posture of the Black Students and the apologetic posture of the White Students who were trying to accomodate them. The underlying issue was that the Black Students felt they had a position and program which they were going to pursue, and the much more diffuse White Students seemed to have only two alternatives: either admit to no goals and program or support the Black Students' -- support the Black Students don't want. Thus the White Students' apologetic attitude.

The Conference seemed about to break up, but Feinsinger proposed an agenda which held it together through Sunday.

Analysis of the Black Students' four point program reveals it is not substantive and specific and no different from demands White Students might make. The first demand says only, "Give us funds to carry out the demands." White Students also want funds for their programs. The second demand hints at a substantive objection unique to Black Students: that unconscious white supremacist assumptions permeate course content and form of instruction. And the real focus of the second demand is that Black Students must have the power to determine for themselves what they want; White Students want the same self-determination. The third and fourth demands are purely for funds for organizational needs.

It is easy to understand why Black Students don't see these similarities. What the Black Students emphasize is their obligation to the real world of oppression from which they have come, and because their problem is racial, because they are black, from which they can't escape. White Students, they would like to think, can shave their beards, cut their hair, and return to the oppressing middle-class society they came from. Thus the Black Students' emphasis on immediate action relevant to real problems, and their condemnation of the idiocy of White Students' "intellectualizing" at conferences.

In essence then, the Black Students demand of the University an amenable base of operations under their control which they can use to effect the problems in their communities

No one denies that Black Students' isolation in this white man's institution makes their need for facilities and personnel more immediately pressing than for White Students. But White Students also want a base of operations they can use for their political goals.

The problem is to get the power to take control of the institution so that we can use it as we want. And the only way to get what we want is through the difficult, long-term struggle of political education and organizing. And my point is that we have more potential for power if we can break through the anger and rhetoric and see that Black and White Students have certain specific common goals: that we want to alter and use this institution in common ways. For example, at the confrontation level, what if, what if, White Students at Oshkosh saw the Black struggle to gain control over their education as their own struggle? At the issue level, what if a concerted Black-White student attack were made against the University's Poverty Research Institute? At the tactical level, what if White Students and Black Students united here to demand power to establish and run credited courses for community research and political organizing?

And certainly White and Black students should discuss the political assumptions involved in using mediation within an institution like the University. The Mulvihill (for TA's) and student departmental grievance commit-

cont'd. p. 15

I was born down EAST in the "Great Sick Soul" of that Land across the SEA

And who could pity an IMMIGRANT with as many friends as ME?

Except an occasional STRANGER who ABSOLUTELY SPEAKS—

He doesn't know →

I've ALREADY SET my gangsters on my FREAKS!

There was gangsters in the SKY,

BONK

there was gangsters on the GROUND,

KACHOW!

and a great big PUDDLE of freakies, all around!

There was gangsters down in HOTTOWN where the blood belongs to the STREETS—

On the day I set my gangsters on my

FREAKS

Thank

HEMISPHERIC CONFERENCE



Had the Hemispheric Conference To End the War in Vietnam, held in Montreal from November 28 to December 1, been conducted according to plan, it would have been a wholly meaningless sham. Obviously there was nothing that the conference could do to end the war, but the liberal planners (members of the Communist Party and the New Democratic Party -- Canada's answer to a "reformed" Democratic Party) apparently believed that those attending would be content to affirm empty resolutions drawn up by a pre-selected Resolutions Committee. The conference procedures were designed to facilitate this scheme; workshops were to be elementary and non-revolutionary, i.e., "Reconstruction During and After the War," "U.S. Goals In South East Asia," voting was to be automatic and a massive popular front supporting moderate positions was to result; the planned speakers were to say little that wavered from the standard anti-war rhetoric. But it didn't work out that way. Several radical caucuses immediately formed to restructure the direction and purposes of the meeting.

Meanwhile, evidence of the liberal nature of the conference was pervasive. The organizers strutted about in three-hundred dollar suits with laundered turtle necks and N.D.P. pins on their lapels; little old ladies from the Women's Strike for Peace set up a table of hand-knitted scarfs and mittens and passed out chocolate chip cookies; McCarthy flowered Volkswagons lined the curbs; missionaries from the Ecumenical Institute in Chicago buttonholed people to preach. The conference began at St. James United Church with an open Bible in front of the podium.

Most of the radicals attending the conference were either naive about its purposes or were misled by literature promising speakers and workshops dealing with a wide range of radical projects. The most duplicitous action of the organizers involved Bobby Seale of the Black Panthers who was listed in all the publicity as one of the primary speakers. Seale was sent no money to attend. He had demanded $1200--his plane fare and fare for three body guards, plus expenses--but he received nothing from the NDP-CP coordinators. The radicals unanimously demanded Seale's presence and the Panthers present collected over $600 at the first general session. Embarrassed and faced with the threat of a boycott by all the radical contingents, the organizers produced the previously unavailable additional money the same day. By the second day of the conference Bobby Seale had arrived.

The Black Panthers in particular and the radicals in general dominated the first day of the conference. Following the morning session, during which the delegation from North Vietnam spoke, the radicals adjourned into several caucuses -- the Third World Caucus, the Black Caucus, the White Radical Caucus. Together the three acted under the name Radical Caucus and presented a list of demands to the conference. These demands included additional workshops to expose all aspects of imperialism rather than just its relevance to the war in Vietnam and to deal with national liberation movements of all types. They also called for a change in the voting rules to allow for one man one vote (as opposed to allowing only delegates to vote), an alteration of the structure of the agenda and resolutions committees, and renaming the conference the Hemispheric Conference to Defeat American Imperialism. In spite of the fact that these demands were finally agreed upon by the Caucus, most radicals were fully aware of the dilemma implicit in widening the perspectives of the conference: how to alter the nature of the conference to make it more relevant to their own movements and to the anti-imperialist struggles throughout the Americas without detracting from the presence of the two Vietnamese delegations and the full support of the Vietnamese people's struggle. The problem was intensified when considering a boycott of the conference, since radicals wanted to do nothing that would appear to undermine their total support of the N.L.F. and D.R.V. delegations. Yet, as they saw it, the only way the Vietnamese could really be helped was for the rest of the delegations to work out means of advancing their own struggles.

During the latter part of the afternoon session, when it became evident that the organizers were trying to elude the demands, the radicals stormed the podium and occupied it. From this point on, the tone of the conference changed -- the radical demands, with the exception of altering the conference name easily the least important demand), were incorporated into the structure; Bobby Seale, through the efforts of the Panthers, the radicals, and the humiliation of the organizers, did gain his passage; radicals from the various parts of the hemisphere began to deal directly with radicals from other countries and discover the substantive problems of national liberation, organizing, harrassment, etc., that all commonly faced. Western hemisphere radicals relinquished the podium only to the late arriving N.L.F. delegation who spoke briefly expressing their appreciation and wishing the conference success.

The second day the conference moved from St. James United Church to the Externat Classique de Longueil, a post-secondary college in the suburban village of Ville Jacques Cartier. The change to a wholly French community signaled the emergence of the Quebecois radicals as a power at the conference. Although little news of the present struggle for national liberation in Quebec reaches the U.S., in Montreal one quickly becomes aware of the energy of the movement.

At the conference the Quebecois demanded the adoption of an amendment to a broad resolution which was presented on the second day. Their amendment directly supported the Quebec struggle and was unanimously adopted. The Quebecois also insisted that French become the first language of the conference, Spanish the second, and English the third, and that all translation be in that order--this too was instantly adopted. The Quebec flag stood alone in the center of the stage, and every time a fat-cat, N.D.P. type from Montreal began to speak in English, he was shouted down by irate radicals demanding that he speak French. Perhaps the Quebecois radicals gained the most from the conference. Feeling none of the internal conflicts that American radicals felt with the Panthers and the other Black Radicals, they solidly demanded alterations that pertained wholly to their movement, got those demands, and emerged from the conference having informed thousands of their struggle.

The conference concluded with a general plenary session on Sunday, the first of December, although many people left before this session began. Resolutions were passed and an estimated twenty draft cards were burned in an urn held by North Vietnamese and N.L.F. delegates. The Conference concluded with the chanting of "Hell no, we won't go!" and the singing of the National Liberation Front hymn. In general, the liberals were appalled by the radical positions, but they did nothing about reversing the direction of the conference once the radicals established control. The radicals made the best of a deceptive situation that brought them thousands of miles from the scenes of their own organizing. Some of the workshops were good, some of the caucus sessions revealing, and the exposure to the Quebec national liberation struggle was probably the single most enlightening experience for the American radicals attending.

Joel and Pauline Lipman

(The Lipmans are writing an analysis of the Quebecois separatists for the next issue of Connections.)

TO END THE WAR IN VIETNAM

BOARD FREAKS

Resolution No. 165 read in part that he "always acted in a conscientious manner for the benefit of the public." We all stood up in respect for this memorial for a dead county board member.

Resolutions were read and approved. Motions were made and seconded. It had been judged most appropriate that the reading of the Contracts was the time to burn the draft cards. Conscription was a contract of assumed consent with our signatures commanded and involuntary. We came to break the contract. Due notice had been given the Dane County Board chairman in the form of a special delivery letter from The Madison Resistance. A plain clothes deputy sheriff sat in the first row of the visitors' gallery. The press row was filled in back.

Two young women left their seats in the visitors' gallery, walked to the rear of the room, and up the center aisle. The eyes of the politicians seemed riveted to the gold colored bowl carried by one of the women. Meanwhile two young men strode to the front of the room before the podium. By now, the supervisors had risen in their seats, and were loudly demanding the draft resisters to sit down or leave the room. The fire was lit. The cards were burned.

Dane County Supervisors scream: "Throw them out." "Dirty pigs." "Nigger." Ken Jost, a supervisor from a student ward, moves "the door be locked; the police be called; and these people be arrested." Mr. Jost was to intermittently inquire whether his motion was in order for the next several minutes.) By now, resisters fill one aisle, holding signs "END THE DRAFT", "END THE WAR IN VIETNAM". One of the young men in front of the podium attempts to read a joint statement of resistance to the draft. He is pulled back against the podium by the board chairman. The lights go out. Shouts of "Put the lights on." The lights go on. Most of the resisters leave.

The Dane County Board attempted to resume its business -- "Now therefore be it further resolved --

"I don't see how we can continue after that," Board member.

Sergeant of Arms Hickman to newsman, "This aisle is ruled out," and all the reporters move further back, closer to the wall.

The County Board wants all the reporters out, can't say it, and aside from harassing them, can't bodily force them out. Entry is barred to a resister, who left his coat in the chamber, by a uniformed deputy sheriff who refused to give his identification to a reporter, and sported no badge number. The supervisors want to talk about what has just happened, but not for the public ear.

A supervisor, "I would like someone to tell me what that fire meant."

Chairman, "The question is out of order."

A liberal supervisor from a mixed faculty-student district was to force at least one aspect of the evening's confrontation upon the board with a motion to censure the supervisor who yelled "Dirty Pigs" and "nigger". Apparently not within the memory of the County Board had a member been censured since there were frequent questions as to the propriety of the procedure and its use. The motion was tabled 29-15.

At the request of the sergeant of arms, the press was forced to introduce themselves and show their credentials. When it became this writer's turn, I said I was from Connections. The sergeant wanted to know, "What connections do you have?" A police press card furnished the necessary link to the establishment. We were all allowed to stay, and after a suitable time the four uniformed deputy sheriffs who surrounded us at the time of the "request" were told to go because it disturbed the supervisors to see them in the chamber.

The Dane County Board moved to its next order of business, an unexpended amount of money in the Fairgrounds Committee.

It was a disconnected yet complete episode in current American history. In the cultural chaos released by the expletive "nigger", resistance to the draft, and confrontation with authority were overborne and trumped. It had been a word that the good American had exorcised from his vocabulary with the civil rights movement and the blood of Dr. Martin Luther King. The civil rights movement is nostalgia, and King is memory. The niggers pour out of the inner cores of our cities, invade our college campuses, and beset our legislatures. Watts and De-

cont'd. p. 14

Kaleidoscope Bust

Kaleidoscope's editor, John Kois, was recently found guilty on two counts of obscenity. They pertain to the Yab-Yum picture (a black guy and white girl screwing in lotus position) and a sex poem, both run several months ago. He was sentenced to two years in the state reformatory and fined $2,000. The sentence was changed to two years parole; the fine remains. The paper is appealing the case.

A month ago the Milwaukee Common Council unanimously passed an ordinance prohibiting the sale of literature, art, and admissions to movies containing obscene materials to minors. Part of section 106-9.5, Exposing Minors to Harmful Materials, reads " 'Nudity' means the showing of the human male or female genitals, pubic area, or buttocks with less than a full opaque covering, or the showing of the female breast with less than a fully opaque covering of any portion thereof below the top of the nipple, or the depiction of covered male genitals in a discernably turgid state. "Several Milwaukee legislators want to expand this ordinance into a state law.

The vice squad has been harrassing hawkers, and demanding age identification from buyers. Though the harrassment cuts down circulation and funds, Kaleidoscope says it will continue publishing.

"Guilt"

The chromium bone

Has been broken

And marrow not been found;

But real dogs with real teeth

Have real hunger, and

Will bite the hand that feeds.

Bob Muehlenkamp

In case you haven't heard, the lucky residents of the Mifflin-Bassett area are getting a brand new grocery store. Soon to open on the site of the old White Front Grocery, it will be a consumer-controlled coop, offering both low prices and friendly atmosphere. SUPPORT! SUPPORT! SUPPORT! SUPPORT!





TAA Meeting

The Teaching Assistants Association will hold a meeting on Wednesday, December 11, at 7:30, to discuss whether or not they will accept the bill of rights for teaching assistants passed by the faculty on December 2. The bill provides a definition of the teaching assistant, tells how he may be fired, sets up a company union grievance procedure, and guarantees an odd type of academic freedom to the TA. The Executive Board of the TAA is recommending that the TA's reject the legislation and also that the TA's do everything possible to prevent the legislation from functioning. The Board not only rejects the philosophy of education implicit in the 10D bill, but also rejects the faculty's idea that they alone and not students and TA's should control the University.



PETER OHEY

Last week the Underground theater presented the second American production of "The Martyrdom of Peter Ohey" by the Polish writer Slawomir Mrozek.

The story is about Peter Ohey an average family man (Bob Summers) and his wife (Barbara Berndt) with two kids (Marilyn Rice and Barbara Dekin) who are suddenly visited by an official of the state (Joel Gersmann) with official documents which prove that there is a tiger living in the Oheys' bathroom. There must also be a tiger tax, and the tax collector (Betsy Edelson) demands that Ohey pay with his only jacket. The university sends a professor (Roger Maconick) to study the situation so that tigers can be prevented from taking up residence in other houses. Ohey is convinced by a circus manager (Ed Escobar) to let the circus in his flat with the tiger as central attraction, so that his children will have the advantages that Ohey missed. A Great White Hunter (Joel Gersmann) is shortly standing in the corner of the bedroom waiting for the tiger to appear. After some cajoling by an undersecretary of state (Ed Kaliss), a Maharaja from India is permitted to hunt the tiger so that he will keep happy away from his native land. But the Maharaja is soon unhappy in his hunt, and someone must go into the bathroom to entice the tiger from his hiding place. Ohey goes into the bathroom, there are two shots by the Maharaja, and all the visitors decide to leave. A eulogy is delivered by Ohey's wife to end the play.

Mrozek has picked out one of the central absurdities of contemporary life: that people will do something simply because some government or government official tells them to, and that the requests are always so reasonable if one doesn't really think about them. the play tells us something we all think we are aware of. But if the play allows the audience to begin to think about the problem as it affects the individual and then to try to work out a solution, it will be beneficial. Our theater should be used as a locus of communal effort to develop insights into how the state acts on us.

In an effort to make sure that the message was understood, the director overemphasized the idea that people in the audience were all Peter Oheys. But in general, the tone was that we wroking the tone was that we are working on the problems together with the actors, rather than being told what w'at was wrong with us. The actors were telling us a story and hoping we enjoyed it. The lack of barrier was not the result of forced theatrical tricks as in much much current "experimental theater." The actors walked into the audience, those not on stage watched the play from out front, waved at their friends or just made faces at the audience. The music Ed Kaliss composed for the play beautifully reinforced the entire tone of the evening.

Theater in a room requires that the audience come because it wants to hear what the theater has to say. How many people could sit in a bar and listen to crap like the Man of LaMancha? How many will listen to a story which promises to mean something to them? The incredible thing is that people then go to the theater to see Broadway garbage which they would never sit still for in a casual conversation. Perhaps we should think of the theater of Peter Ohey as like those legendary Guatemalan guerrillas who organize support by discussing the stories of their lives with the villagers.

--Henry Haslach

Self Interview

Q If you weren't trying to make money, what did you want to achieve by doing "The Martyrdom of Peter Ohey"?

A. First I wanted to do a play that hadn't been done in this country. Mrozek, a Pole, is rather well-known in both Eastern and Western Europe as a dramatist and a story writer. One of his plays, "Tango", was performed in Minneapolis, but as of this summer, no other play of his had been done in this country.

Q. What about the production itself?

A. Mrozek uses a technique that has been explored by writers like Brecht and Durrenmat as well as by Absurdists like Ionesco. The best thing to call it is a "counter-conception", that is, taking a situation that is familiar to the point of being trite, and playing against one's expectations. Peter Ohey is a rather dull but well-meaning citizen who is sacrificed to State expediency. Ok, nobody in USA 1968 is unaware of this kind of situation. What Mrozek does with this situation is to focus not on what happens, but on how it happens, and on the insane logic of our institutions. The cause of Ohey's martyrdom is not Progress the Red menace but an equally factitious excuse--a tiger that lives in his bathroom pipes.

Q. How do you deal with this counter-conception theatrically?

A. We experimented with it. In Ionesco's "Bald Soprano", for instance, an absurd script is usually played super-realistically. We tried emphasizing the absurdity. For instance, ask anyone to try to typify a bureaucrat from Internal Revenue, or the State Department, a University administrator, or a Union official. He will depict a neat, faceless, ageless man in a dark suit, white shirt and so on. But it is these same faceless wonders who are directly responsible for sending us to Vietnam, for making the University a sanctuary for Dow Chemical and defending it with clubs and tear gas. Grotesque, huh? So we decided to make them really grotesque -- to throw part of the characters into commedia dell'arte masks, costumes and movements. Fantastic, grotesque and cruel freaks.

Q. By doing that, didn't you risk confusing the issues of the play?

A. Yes. By playing the comic aspect to the hilt, we risked making the entire thing trivial. Even today, I'm not sure we overcame that problem. We tried hard to keep



the audience intellectually alert. There was no attempt to get the audience emotionally involved with what was happening on stage. For instance, the movement of the play hinges on a series of choices Peter Ohey makes -- small compromises which lead to his final and mortal capitulation. Each important capitulation was marked by a roll on a drum. We wrote a song for the opening which introduced the major character's motivations and outlined Peter Ohey's fate, with the intention of minimizing any suspense as to what would happen to him and focusing on how it would happen.

--Elizabeth Edelson

oshkosh cont.

removed. Also some lefties have had their U.S. Mail opened. The group also demanded that President Guiles call a convocation of the whole University to discuss these demands.

On Friday a busload of Oshkosh students, augmented by some Madison students, presented the petition for due process with 1800 signatures to the Regents meeting in the State Capitol. A tumultuous logistics problem developed as 200 students tried to squeeze into a room that had not nearly enough room for them. After some scuffling and one broken door pane, the petition was presented and grandiosly ignored by the august Regents, who decided to "wait for more information."

Later that afternoon the Regents trooped over to the federal courthouse where Percy Julian, representing the students, was asking for a temporary restraining order to readmit the students until a fair hearing takes place. The Regents were represented by Emmet L. Wigert who argued brilliantly before Judge Doyle. When confronted with the question of why the white students were not disciplined he retorted that the action was "not discrimination but a result of their own natural group selection." In another flash of insight Wigert stated that, "Discipline would break down entirely unless you could make some presumptions of guilt."

On Sunday night 300 Oshkosh students turned out for a meeting. President Guiles refused to call a convocation because he "did not want to prejudice the case pending in court." The students decided to hold one anyway. Two friendly professors offered their classrooms.

The next day signs printed by the administration blossomed all over campus with the announcement that there would be no convocation. The two professors, under pressure, changed their minds about donating their classrooms. At twelve noon a rally was held outdoors. The organizers counted 620 persons, the local newspaper counted 250. They marched single file to one of the buildings where they were supposed to meet, but found themselves locked out. They decided to take no direct action at the time, but to give Guiles another chance to call a convocation. The announcement that Judge Doyle had ordered reinstatement of the students, pending a hearing, brought cheers to the high-spirited crowd. Another cheer was raised by the report that the striking students at San Francisco State were chanting "Oshkosh, B'Gosh." An empty chair was raised, to symbolize Guiles' absence, and questions were thrown at it. After deciding to ask the Student Senate to call for a convocation the rally broke up.

Meanwhile pamphlets festooned with swastikas calling for an all white America were being circulated on campus. Anyone wanting further information was invited to contact the headquarters in Arlington, Virginia.

So stands Oshkosh, overall capital of the world.

--Joe Davidson

SNICKERDOODLES

The People's Choice

Mix together 1 cup of soft shortening, 1 and 1 half cups of sugar, and 2 eggs, slightly beaten.

Sift together and stir into the other mixture 2 and 2 thirds cups of sifted flour, 2 teaspoons of cream of tartar, 2 teaspoons of soda and 1 half teaspoon of salt. Roll into a big ball and chill in the refrigerator.

Roll into balls the size of walnuts and then roll in a mixture of sugar and cinnamon. Place on an ungreased cookie sheet (I use aluminum foil on the cookie sheet) and bake in a pre-heated oven for 8-10 minutes, not at high heat. Allow to stand for a while before removing from the cookie sheet.

Garbage

This leaflet is about our school. This leaflet is about garbage. Let it collect in the hallways, classrooms, bathrooms, Mr. Wendt's office. Let it pile up till they have to close down the school.

Then the city will be forced to deal with the janitors who are on strike demanding a decent wage.

The school administration wants us to help pick up the garbage so that school will look clean and neat. But don't take garbage from anybody. Let it all hang out! Garbage is reality. Let's show what our school is really like.

Support your local janitors' union in their just strike. Do not work against their strike. Do not pick up the garbage!

When you finish reading this leaflet, tear on the dotted line, fold, mutilate, and drop it on the nearest floor.

(This leaflet was prepared by students at La Follette High School during the recent city employees' strike.)

BOARD, cont.

troit is their memory, and a black panther the totem.

Chicago is our memory. "Let there be more Chicagos," was the call after the Democratic National Convention. We forgot that we don't make Chicagos. They do. The Dane County Board like the Democratic National Committee makes that decision. No heads were busted in Madison's City County building, but the uniformed cops without badges were there. No cameras were broken, but the AP photographer was shoved around, reporters harassed and intimidated in the chamber by uniformed cops, and some 15 Madison police waited one floor below.

Madison, Oshkosh, Chicago, San Francisco are all American cities. Rub a mayor the wrong way, and he will order your heads cracked. Ask a cop his badge number when he is doing something illegal, and and you will probably be arrested. Photograph and record a public official's obscenities, and they want to throw you out. Whatever the absurdity, the evil, the horror of the events, the public record must be as pure as the driven snow. Chicago would not denounce its mayor, neither would the Dane County Board censure one of its members.

Out of Chicago, and out of Watts and out of Detroit and out of Madison comes a clear and unequivocal message: We are all niggers.

To be a nigger in America today is to be both a social outcast and a political radical. If the white middle-class radical doesn't know his place when he starts out demonstrating, a George Harb will scream it out to him. Once the white radical could pick and choose his role in the shifting winds of liberally defined change -- to leaflet, to picket, to organize, to analyze; sign a petition, give money or even sit it out this time. Alliances that once we thought we could make, "black and white together", are now perforce dictated and made by an embattled authority. The collective intelligence of that authority's perception of its enemies is far sharper than either black militant or white radical.

Our own perception and recognition of the enemy is a good deal more unclear. We applaud and vote for those few politicians who legitimate the system by upholding our right to protest. Forgetting that we no longer protest, but resist. No longer victims, but not yet executioners our demonstrations are defined in disruption. We can prove the system doesn't work in our presence. White racism wa always the despoiler of the American dream. Left out or cast out of this society the nigger will destroy the American dream, and make his own.

--Lee Zeldin

TOGETHER, cont.

tees are already examples of the University itself (the Administration and faculty) instituting the "channels" without recognizing that students have distinct roles which entitle them to determine their own issues for, and forms of, mediation -- if they want it at all. All -- Black and White -- students are encompassed within the assumptions of an existing institution.

During the Saturday morning White Students caucus it was suggested that one University situation where mediation might be appropriate because of a relative equality of power was in the Black athletes disputes with the Athletic Department. This isn't valid; the Black athletes have power not because they are students, but because they are necessary employees -- and see themselves that way.

Black and White Students haven't awakened to their common cause because they have accepted the student role their bourgeois society defines for them: that their education is and ought to be a privilege. But that role is the appearance, not the reality. For the University and the society needs the students they train, and students must see that they therefore have a right, and potential unified power, to reject it as it now exists.

White and Black Students have common goals and needs. Black Students don't see their common cause with White Students because they don't face up to the true source of their frustration within this institution. By hiding behind their just anger as oppressed Black human beings, they can think their blackness is the sole source of their frustration, and blame the White Students for not doing the job the Black Students have also been unable to do. And the White Students can make themselves feel good by refusing to see through the rhetoric of the Black Students' demands and suffering with pleasure the guilt the Black Students heap on them. This situation permits Black Students to assume unquestioning White support any time it is asked for. Only when White Students stop kissing ass will the Black Students be forced to come out of their defensive rhetorical facade of unity and confidence and discuss with White Students their political goals. Only then can we find mutual goals and reciprocal responsibilities.

--Bob Muehlenkamp

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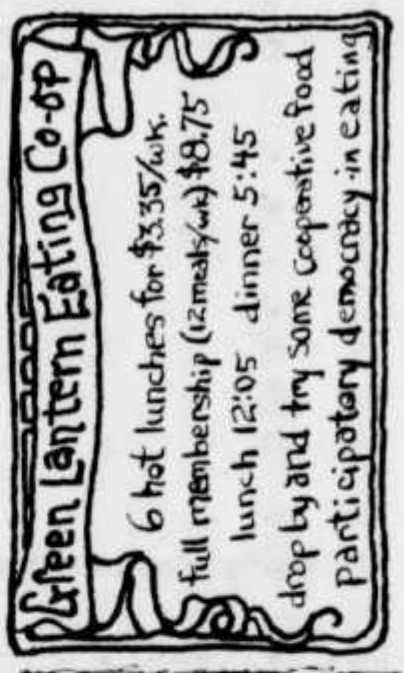
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Unless the FBI is right on your heels, please write us at 1600 Walnut St. Halifax, Nova Scotia, telling us what your situation is before you come up.



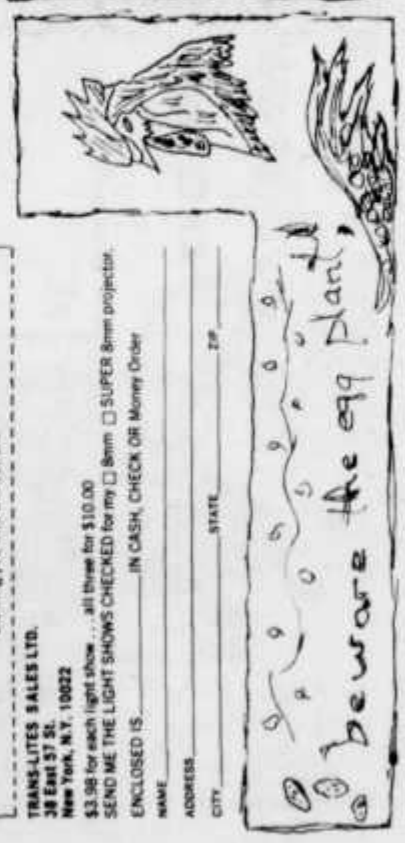








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22 Free break fast at St. Ignatius 8AM mass	23	24 Deck the.....	25 YUP!	26 Capitol Times ON SALE SDS National Council Meeting, Ann Arbor begins	27	28 SDS National Council Meeting, Ann Arbor still roaring
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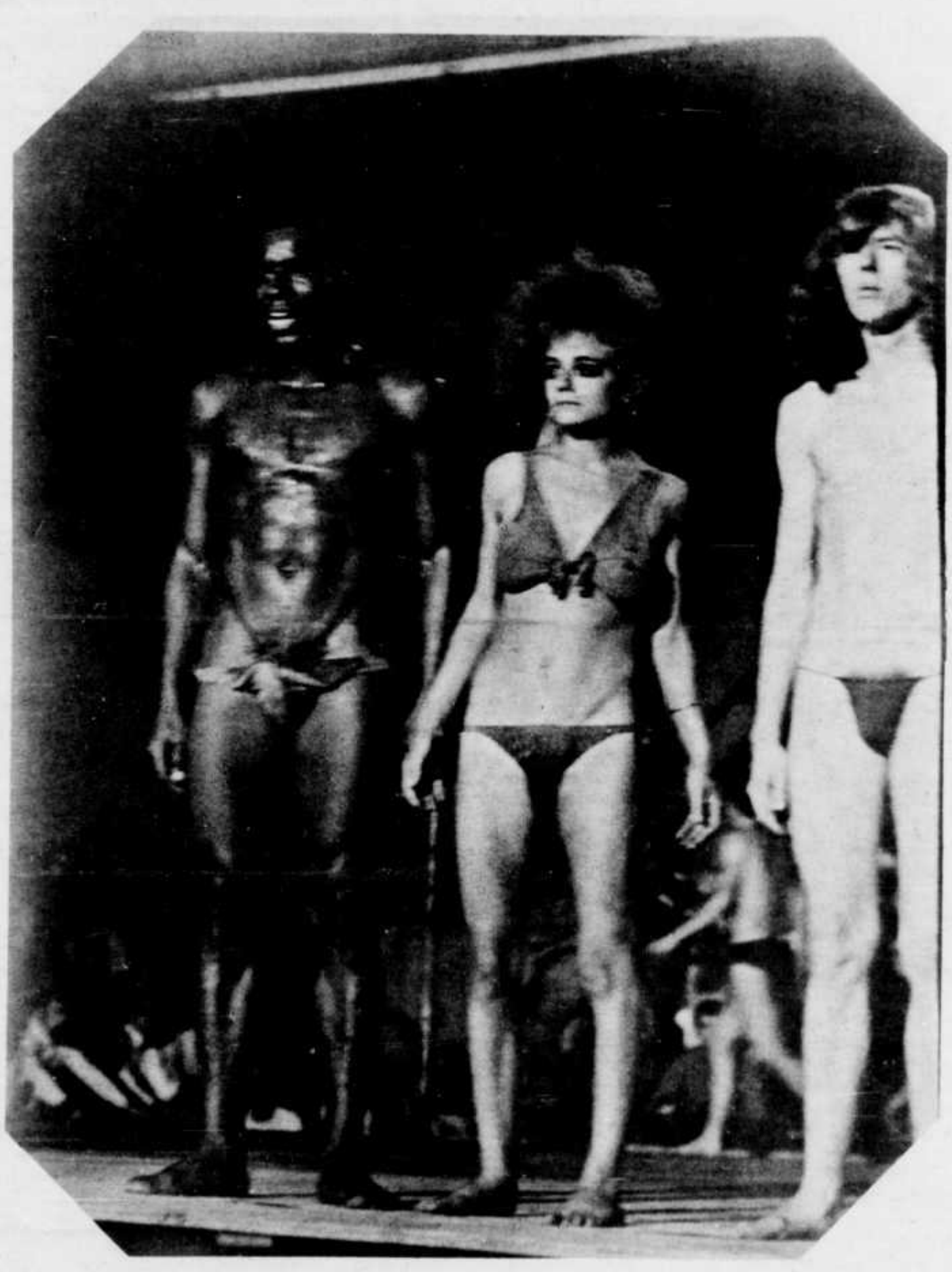




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VOL. III No. 6 FEB. 5-20, 1969

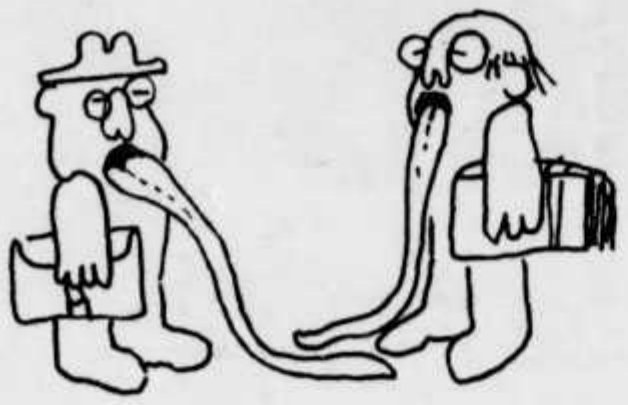


LIVING THEATER

POTENTIAL STRATEGY FOR SDS

INTERVIEWS WITH 2 FT. HOOD G.I.s AND JOHN LENNON'S PRICK

editorial



The following is a highly unlikely dialogue, but it may say something about our need to know what those of us outside the office think and want.
Hair: Oh, it's CONNECTIONS again. Thought you guys were folding up.
Skirt: Nope. And what's more, we're going to be coming out every two weeks from now on.
Hair: Anything good in this issue?
Skirt: Hope so. What do you want?
Hair: You won't have it. All that heavy stuff, long articles, no laugns.
Skirt" Well, we have printed the sds proposal on an anti-military/anti-imperialist strategy. It's long all right but it doesn't hurt. Maybe we can talk it all out instead of getting paranoid about where Madison left-politics are defined.
Hair: That's all right for those politico types but I'm just grooving. What are going to do for me?
Skirt: You might want to see what our social columnist had to say about how the other half lives--waltzing with the Nixon crowd at the Inaugural Ball. Is that your thing?
Hair: Yen, I used to play dress-ups too but I outgrew that one. What about sex? This sublimated waltzing thing is strictly for the GOP.
Skirt: You can find out the latest word from John Lennon's prick - penetrate the mysteries of exposure politics, as it were. Or play pseudo-scholar for the Regents, footnoting our vocabulary cause we're still going to shout FUCK. And maybe a character like you better read about the Society for Cutting Up Men 'cause we're going to have to go through a lot of changes around here just to learn to live.
Hair: So that's cute. Anything to think about?
Skirt: So this is what it's like outside our office.... You want your CONNECTIONS medicine maybe. You a sociology major? And you mock the Nixon waltz! You better take a look at that trasheap and make some big changes. Or maybe you'd like to try the Army--lot of good shit happening in there, in Texas even.
Hair: You haven't convinced me of a bloody thing. But I'm a sucker and I think you ought to survive so I'll get a copy and maybe even read it.
Skirt: Forget it man. Toleration like that we don't need more of. If there's nothing in it you like but you think we should be printing, why the hell don't you write something for the paper.
Hair: Why bother, you folks probably wouldn't print it anyway.
Skirt: Try us, fellah. You could even try typing it up yourself.
Hair: Sure. I'll think it all over. Sure.
Skirt: Join us any Sunday night at the office--8:00.

*****Will he or won't he appear at that decisive moment? We'll just have to wait and see if your ideal CONNECTIONS article soon appears.
*********DEADLINE FOR THE NEXT ISSUE IS FEBRUARY 19!!

untitled poem prose

for bill bissett because he never
really sed who he was despite all
the poems with his name at the
end like a comet
because he probably
didnt even know i saw his drawings
in my head in neon pink & green &
blue when i was 17 or 18 and stoned
on peyote in bay village ohio &
no one was there to tell me what
they meant or how the drawings
really got in my head or even more
phenomenal : how the drawings got
from my head to bill's head years
later or if i went into years later
to see the drawings that werent
born yet in bill's head

wouldn't it really be funny
if we really were all the same
person trying to be different

thats what peyote told me
but i didnt know it til bill
got busted & the ROYAL CANADIEN
MOUNTIES expressing themselves
busted themselves in
the form of bill bissett & company
put themselves in jail

now when they dont sleep too good
at nights do they understand its
because part of them may be in jail
at nights when they dream & their
dream spirits cant travel too far
because part of them is in jail

crying i mean part of their
dream spirit thinks freedom means
just walking the streets with a
young girl at their side

i know freedom means we all go
TOGETHER to some other universe
for a while

like tonight my cousin & i
listening to some music at la cave
coffeehouse my cousin he sed
'man, them cats are together' in
fact, they were so together they
took most of the audience with them
on a trip

me & bill, we took the same trip
but at different times
now i suppose bill has to wait
for the mountiew to take the trip....

d. a. levy

this issue was produced by: Annie clerk-of-the-works Gordon, Lady Kate, Martin-Saville, Char B., Henry W. Haslach, jr. Ph. D., B.J., Carmel Neige, Yin-Yang Jones, Wintergreen, Julie Schultz, Jesse E. Curry, Anson Rabinbach, Jim Rowen, Bob Weiss, Dave & Guy, O'B, WDRU folks (especially Steve & Alice & Steve); Tom Lackey, Joe Davidson and Jennifer Lodde.

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Member of Underground
Press Syndicate &
Liberation News Service



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CONNECTIONS
217 S. Hamilton
Madison, Wisconsin 53703
($3.50 per annum, $4.50 out of state

There are very few American cities that one thinks of being unique in any interesting way. My list usually stops after New York, San Francisco, and New Orleans. With a little stretch of the imagination, I could include some others like Los Angeles or Boston. The rest seem to blend together into one variation or another of Indianapolis: Madison is a small Indianapolis, Chicago is ten Indianapoli crunched together.

So it was with a great deal of prior anticipation that I found myself at the haunted spot of Kennedy's assassination on Christmas morning for the first time. What would you anticipate about Dallas if you found out you had to go there for a family scene? First the assassination--why was that unreal Man Tan face killed there? Like others who were on the last legs of our liberalism at the time of the shot, I had felt that Dallas was an appropriate setting for that little mind-bending drama. Afterall our second thought about Dallas is that it is the home of the awsome American Right where God-fearin' preachers of the Lord's crusade is preachin' a kind of hate 'gainst you and me the likes of which you have to hear to believe. Third and last vision of Dallas is that with all its filthy oil money it symbolizes all that is shallow and grotesque in the good ol' American Way of life spelled Death.

My plans for an orderly investigation of these matters however were upset. Dallas store-life centers on Ervay street. On one corner is the vault-like Neiman Marcus (remember the rich man's gifts in PLAYBOY?) --walking out of it nothing of significance happens. Across from it on another corner is the obscene 5 & 10¢ chain-store H.L. Greene's--walking out of it I get sounded by a spade. Can I use a little marijuana? No. How bout peyote? says I. Come back in 15 minutes. Score, thinks I. Better be careful though. Don't want to get rolled and have my ass beaten. We may be dialectical comrades on some theoretical level but I ain't so sure he knows that or cares (maybe all us honkies do look alike).

Mulling these thoughts and another cat brushes up against me: Hey may, I just dropped, want to come along on my trip? I mean, I didn't think that I was that obvious a fellow traveler. Creeping paranoia begins to set in. Readers, I hardly ever take trips with strangers, much less in strange places, much much less in a pig haven like Dallas. But by some quantum leap in my mental process I came to the conclusion: shit man what a groovy way to really see Dallas; with cool acid eyes I'll pick up the vibrations of this haunted town.

At 5 p.m., December 23, 1968, as the nice stores were beginning to close their doors and the nice shoppers were beginning the freeway trip back to the suburbs, I, a mild mannered Teaching Assistant at a large Midwestern University, took my little purple ticket and settled back for a journey. What follows is a series of objective reports:

1. Drinking a cup of tea in a cop-like cafeteria & watch a TEXAS dude get dressed to go outside. First layer over his bod is covered by this gray substance resembling clothes; but pertruding from his thigh was an obscene gun which he proceeded to cover up with the garments of the street. How many walk Dallas' streets with the gun-security? The Man in one form or another is all over the streets and he has fear in his eyes. Readers, in just two days seven people were gunned down in Dallas' streets--or so two newscasts told me. First reality: this is Dodge Cities-ville, watch your step, don't cross The Man.

2. It's gettin' darker now and the nice white folks have left for home. Town center is slowly becoming the land of the Blacks and Mexicans. Most are gettin' off work at this hour & waitin' around for the bus (always late). H.L. Greene's glows at this hour (open til 9:00 every nite) with all sorts of freaky people: cats with purple glasses, black men, orange men, no white men. Come into the store for a post card (after all we're on a trip). Glance up at the balcony: The Man is at thirty foot intervals--watchin; glance around & there's The Man too. Galloping paranoia. Every man is a thief until proven otherwise. "Niggers and mezcans are more likely to be thieves" (H.L. Greene).

Move on to another store. In comes a spade cat: purple pants and glasses, motor cycle cap, huge peace symbol hanging on his barrel chest. He is a huslin at a lively pace thru the crowd. Several paces behind comes The Man huslin after him. Very interesting, but better move on.

Sittin in a coffee shop across from a Texas cigar smokin horse who looks like a caricature of the Milton Berle caricature; in the background the cashier appears green in her death job. Hear Mick Jaggar singin "They don't look real to me."

3. Wisk thru one street: up one way, blown down another past monster cars. Move into a TEXAS bar, for small town dudes just a-vistin' Big "D" (Christmas shoppin' you know). Sweep into TEXAS bar & you find TEXAS in all its disgusting detail of bravado, etc. Readers, imagine all your stereotyped views of Texans. You're right, they're true. Ten gallon hat, pointed shinny boots--in short, the big bold west. Fortyish chick behind the bar is a spittin image of ol' Kitty herself (must be some job to work at gettin people drunk all nite & loosenin' their money). Fucked up thought these beasts who are sweatin concern every second about their masulinity are killing the Vietnamese. When will we face each other across gunsights?

4. Dallas, like most towns, does not provide free public toilets for poor people. Oh yes, I found out later, there is one beneath the pig station. The only ones we can find are those that you have to pay. When you have to pay to do something natural... How much money does American capitalism make directly from the shit of its people?

5. We owe an apology to the Beatles. However shitty the lyrics of "Revolution" may be, the message of revolution is moving out, people are mulling over the seed of the thought. Every DJ thought he was spreading counter-revolution when he highlighted the song. But if you had heard it in H.L. Greene's that nite you'd know that the context of thought-ways is shifting. Maybe the Beatles didn't intend this coup of unintended results--nevertheless its there. It's the word, revolution (formerly taboo).

Draggy drugstore highlights Country Joe album. Capitalist contradiction: merchants will sell anything, even their own destruction.

So what does all that prove? Nothing. That is nothing if you think that you only learn your politics from the hallowed pages of CONNESTIONS or the radical lectures on campus. Reality is a funny thing. Its like you read about it all the time. But every once in a while you get to see, feel, and act it. "Reality is an endless fabric of meaningful and meaningless factors" (Karl Jaspers). Likewise there are two kinds of time: significant and chronological. Most of our lives are composed of meaningless factors in chronological time.



Dig, that's the 8 to 5 take in a little lecture now do a little studying then take a test day (Read a CONNECTIONS article? this article?). However, every once in a while meaningful factors make up a significant time (like you don't check your wrist watch when the pigs are chasing you down the street). With acid, things you pass by as everyday turn out to have a special significance, like ordinary non-middle class people at work. The maximization of significant time will the first order of business after the revolution.

And those people are beginning to move together against The Man. Not too long ago a SNCC cat took a tour of people through one store pointing out the shoddy merchandise they were getting cheated on. In the process some of the merchandise fell apart. Well, you know property is sacred, so the SNCC cat got a 10 year sentence. TEXAS justice.

"The streets belong to the people." That's becoming true in a funny sort of way because the non-people (pardon the presumptuous rhetoric) live in those tall buildings where the power is. But they got to use our streets--interesting dilemma. They ain't just talking academia when they bemoan the exit of white people from the central cities.

And, acid can make you more political. As the man at the Dallas airport said, as he looked dubiously at my phony youth fare card: "Mr. Curry, there isn't much that you like, is there."

Jesse E. Curry

The following is the anti-military, anti-imperialist program proposed by Columbia SDS and others at the last NC. The program was not voted on at the NC since it was felt that the NC did not really represent the chapters. It was more important for each chapter to discuss the proposal and to decide if they could use it. At the end is a brief discussion on how this strategy might be used in Wisconsin as part of a general campus strategy in the Spring. The ideas here are still in a draft form; any suggestions or comments will be gladly received.

Ed. note: This last weekend, SDS chapters that have already discussed this strategy met and revised the basic program outlined below. The strategy is based on regional and local interpretations and implementations and the Princeton meeting was just one step in this process. The strategy has to be ours; we must make those revisions and additions that meet our needs.

POTENTIAL STRATEGY for S.D.S.

Until last year the anti-war movement was a significant social force in this country. It was a political movement capable of making real alliances and giving to people, through struggle, a consciousness of the imperial nature of the Vietnam war. The fact that the black movement was in the forefront of both draft resistance and G.I. rebellions enabled us to recognize the black struggle in this country as one analogous to the fight of the Vietnamese people. Through a number of factors, however, both the mass character and social potency of the movement have declined in the last year. Were this only the reflection of a transition between a "peace now" politics and an anti-imperialist one, we would not be able to fault it. SDS remained isolated on many campuses for several years because of the content of the political program: but in the end that program made sense to people and allowed them to engage in coherent and meaningful struggles.

Unfortunately, this transition is not in evidence--the movement in a real way has forgotten the war, We feel that this attitude does not address itself to the two primary concerns of people in this country: the continuation of the war and the black movement. To a large extent the real split between the mass anti-war movement, with its left-liberal politics, and the smaller campus movements which from 1965-1968 developed a true anti-imperialist critique of, and attack upon, the war, was necessary. At the present though the continuation of this split is totally self-defeating; this does not mean any alliances with such groups as the Mobilization--even tactical alliances: what it means is the re-consolidation of the mass anti-war movement under the anti-imperialist, anti-racist banner of support for the Vietnamese people, led by the National Liberation Front, and of all oppressed people in their struggle against imperialism.

Notwithstanding the subtle political moves of Johnson, McCarthy, the peace talks and the "bombing halt" there has been no substantive change in the importance of the war, both nationally and internationally. The war remains, with the black struggle, the primary embodiment of American capitalism. The war is the reason for which both black, working class and young American students are drafted; it is the reason for which they are killed; it is the reason for the 10% surcharge; the seeming reason for the inability of the American ruling class to deal with internal disorders. Internationally, the Vietnamese struggle is the primary fight against world-wide imperialism. This is something the American movement has forgotten: on the spur of the actions that took place in the spring of 1968--both here and throughout the neo-capitalist world, the idea of an anti-capitalist movement became paramount in the minds of many people. That is, people began to believe in the possibility of creating their own revolts rather than simply supporting others, which was important. In the process, though, the real lines of struggle have tended to be blurred: if the Vietnamese people lost their struggle it will assure the ascendancy of counter-revolution throughout the world. To say SDS is anti-imperialist or anti-capitalist and yet fail to try and build a mass movement which supports the NLF and fights to end that war, is the height of meaningless rhetoric.

THE WAR & RACISM

It would be disasterous to talk about the war as we did in 1966--it is essential to talk to people about the war in a way that links it to struggles that are going on in this country for liberation, especially the black struggle. That struggle cannot be defined by any other terms than the real social conditions that afflict the lives of black people in this country. Those conditions are these: as a people blacks have a life expectancy seven years shorter than whites; as a people, twenty-five per cent of their youth is unemployed; as a people they go to the worst houses, go to the worst schools, get the worst jobs. In Watts, the black community made up 18% of the total population of the city of Los Angeles: as a people they had 28% of all cases of dysentery, 44% of all cases of food poisoning and 100% of all cases of polio in the entire city. These are the real conditions in which the black people live: the term can be defined as genocide. There is a real difference, though, between the extermination of a people as is now being practiced in Vietnam, and the oppression of a people so massive that their daily struggle must be for survival, with the constant threat of genocide if mass armed struggle does break out. The black struggle defines itself in their attempt to gain political, economic, social, and cultural control over their communities. The most advanced elements within the black struggle have often said that they cannot see such control except in terms of a socialist revolution. In effect, what can be said, non-rhetorically and concretely, is that the struggle of the blacks in the U.S. is a people's struggle: that, in effect, a war of liberation is being fought within the U.S. at this time.



AFTER CHICAGO

What such an analysis means is that after the agitation around the war, after Columbia, after Chicago, it is necessary to begin the creation of a self-conscious mass anti-imperialist movement throughout this country. Such a movement cannot be constructed without a real program to mobilize and struggle around: the left must establish itself in this country as not simply a disruptive agency, but as a social force that has a real power--that can prove through the strength of its arguments the masses of people which are attracted to them and the militancy of the action they engage in, the "this-sidedness of its thinking in practice." We believe that the best way of doing this is to re-inject the issue of the war with a mass demand for conclusion to the issues that have been fought over by students for the last few years.

Such an attack would be defined by two considerations:

1) The struggle should not be seen primarily as a university struggle; it is necessary to make students fight the universities not as students but as radicals attacking American imperialism. This means that, of necessity, it is more than a fight at the universities. The war is racist as well as imperial; the fodder of the war is black and working-class youth (30% of the soldiers in Vietnam and over 50% of all casualties in the war are black). Therefore, our programs must encompass off-campus as well as on-campus actions, especially around high schools. We must articulate and demonstrate the class nature of these military institutions, as well as their racist nature--that ROTC supplies the officers and high schools supply the GIs for imperialist wars. In talking to GIs about our spring actions we must talk about ROTC as the main producer of the officer class (85% of all second lieutenants, and 45% of all officers on active duty), which most immediately



oppresses the enlisted man.

2) The demands presented are made in the interest of winning them. In the case of ROTC, a nationwide attack would severely hurt the military. ROTC exists on 348 campuses and in many Midwest high schools; in some places it is compulsory. As a result of VC sharpshooting, the military has been experiencing a severe shortage of officers. In the case of war company recruiting, a national attack might well begin a long-range attempt to deny the military-industrial complex a significant portion of its technicians. In the case of the high schools, a co-ordinated university-high-school attack will begin the articulation of growing rebellions of black and white high-school students in the direction of a permanent radical movement. The strength of such a program obviously has to do with its national scope. Our demands, the comprehensive nature of our tactics, and the clarity of our arguments should show people that SDS indeed identifies with and fights for the liberation of oppressed people that, in terms of the nation, is not simply interested in being a gadfly; that, in terms of individuals, it is not simply concerned with students and others as IBM cards to be put through the radicalization computer. Both the demands and the struggle must be non-negotiable. Any anti-capitalist struggle today must, of necessity, be an anti-imperialist one. This means that the struggles against imperialism being waged in the Third World will define our struggle at home. Their battle is one of victory or death; and therefore the inflexibility of our position does not come out of romanticism, but rather the hard and intractable facts that necessitate social revolution for the great majority of the people in the world. We must no longer resist imperialism, we must mobilize the people to combat it.



WINTER - SPRING OFFENSIVE

Step 2, therefore, becomes the "common denominator" of the strategy, an action that gives national focus to the local organizing, that expresses the political and tactical level of the movement as a whole. Step 3, though, is the most important part of the program. It is here that the clarity of our national demands and nationally oriented politics will be matched by our local and regional actions. In the more developed regions, the militant and widespread nature of the revolts against imperialism and racism will clearly aid the whole strategy. In less developed regions and chapters, the national march and any low-level demonstrations that occur afterward will certainly contribute to the building of the movement at those chapters if not to the immediate winning of the five demands, as may be possible in other areas. How these regional struggles will proceed must be worked out at the regional level.

The creation of such a mass movement necessitates an amount of work that SDS has never yet engaged in: while we should be open to working with people in other organizations, SDS, primarily the local and regional chapters, should undertake to keep the organization and implementation of the program completely under its control, e.g. literature, fund-raising, tactics, advertising, travel. To meaningfully implement the program, the chapters and regionals must work collectively--a much more extended organizational version of the way things worked during the electoral program.

1) That chapters adopt as a base for their winter-spring offensives the demands outlined above, always making those demands explicitly anti-racist as well as anti-imperialist; that organizing at the chapter and regional level, as well as actions be directed to these demands.

2) That there be a mass mobilization in Washington in early April to denote the mid-point of the struggle. The mobilization will be the clearest presentation since 1965 of SDS's political position: SUPPORT FOR BLACK LIBERATION, IMMEDIATE WITHDRAWAL, SMASH IMPERIALISM. (April 12-13) National statement of the five demands.

3) That chapters and regions return immediately after the Washington action to initiate militant actions around those demands, joining with high school and black groups wherever possible.

Step 1 will perhaps be the first attempt to co-ordinate organizing and local actions on a long-term basis around a national program and as part of a larger strategy. The necessity for regions to break down the demands to correspond to their real manifestations of imperialism in the local institutions is an absolute necessity. The movement within the US has always partaken of a quality of uneven development--while this has allowed for isolated actions, such as Columbia or SF State to shock the entire movement into a qualitative leap in both ideological and political militancy it has also made the workings of the national program extremely difficult.



ON WISCONSIN

On Wisconsin:

In the past, SDS has failed to develop a coherent political strategy for the movement at Wisconsin. Instead of creating a strategy that would link up our various constituencies, we have tended to work in isolation. What this has done is to allow for a great deal of petty factionalism on non-political, non-strategic grounds. While no program can solve all our problems, the anti-imperialist proposal can and should help in their solution.

The anti-military program outlined above should be viewed as part of a general overall strategy for the campus. It has the possibility of being able to serve several functions with respect to departmental and general campus organizing. First of all, departmental work can use this program along with its ongoing programs to add to and elaborate its content critique. How this may be done in the social sciences is obvious (i.e. how history is taught, economics of imperialism, etc.). For the humanities, content questions are equally important and the interjection of anti-imperialism into that critique can help much (i.e. why is New Criticism in English completely ahistorical? etc.). An anti-imperialist strategy also can tie together these various departments and help broaden the struggle into a total revolutionary movement.

Second, in terms of general campus activity an anti-military (anti-ROTC, recruitment), anti-imperialist (Land Tenure Center, the University's work on Thailand), program can involve those people on the left who so far have been unable to find the forms by which they can get involved. The main part of the proposal rests on the concept of exemplary action by groups and an accompanying educational campaign. (The teach-in, strikes against ROTC are examples of this).

In America the basic contradiction is between the ruling class (those who own the means of production, have control over the wealth and power in America) and the working class (industrial workers, technical workers, most students, teachers, etc.--who don't have control over the wealth and power in America.) It is the job of our organizing to develop class-consciousness amongst students, or workers whereby they begin to see themselves as part of a class of people oppressed by capitalism and see the need to ally with other oppressed people in developing a revolutionary movement.

The Dow-Election Day strategy last semester was an attempt to do just that however we made many mistakes. The issues were vague and we did very little to make them clearer. There was a lack of real political work at the base. The tactics proposed were all or nothing allowing for no intermediate forms by which people could get involved. And lastly, it was basically a top-down action. The anti-imperialist program hopefully will gain from recognizing this. The use of intermediate steps and the building over a long period of time over these issues can resolve a lot of previous difficulties. Increased tension which continues to mount gives the left a position to make demands upon and to win them. It is important that we see the demands as something winnable. S.F. State and Columbia were dependent on people fighting for demands they saw as winnable and not just abstract issues of "control."

What this means, is that in our drives against ROTC, Land Tenure Center, NIDA (Thailand), military recruiting and racism, that we constantly speak in concrete terms. Racism and imperialism are real and do affect our daily lives. Oskosh is an important example of institutionalized racism which can be used when organizing around these issues. It is our task to use this program with others in developing a general campus movement.



Soldiers as Revolutionaries

Observations

Observations made in a highschool hall
Little girls carrying books as babies. All.
Little boys trying to be men.
Carrying books as clubs. Again.

It all started in kindergarten.
The heart is first hardend
When it is learned
Accepted not spurned
That all mankind
Must stand in line.

Little boys trying to be men.
Carrying books as clubs. Again.

Rod Hawkins
soldier
Ft. Hood

Connections: When did you start getting into politics? before you went into the army?
Dave: I got shot up in Vietnam and was shipped back and I just started doing some reading. I happened to find, in the post library, this book by Donald Duncan called The New Legions. Also, as my brother was thinking about me being fucked up in the Nam, it put more focus on the war for him so he refused to come into the army, and his refusing to come into the army made me think about it, and how I got to take care of business. So it was kind of a family thing. We've both become active. He wrote me that he refused induction because he couldn't run from the problem.
Guy: I was both working and doing nothing; I'd worked about 15 months and was just lying around and I got caught. I just went along with the program until I got to the Nam, until I saw just where everything was at as far as racism in the army and in the country was concerned.

The Army's got a bad racist system going along with their own thing, and either you tell them no or you just go along with the program. One time it just got out of hand so I said no and did a little time in the stockade.

In Vietnam, there are more black GIs in the field than in the rear, there are more fighting the war really. In the rear you see one or two so that when you get back you see a couple of black cats and you think at least there are some of us back there too.
Dave: The Nam breaks down a lot of shit, not just racism; it makes the whole thing apparent. All the time before you go to Vietnam they always bullshit you: like on one hand they tell you that the women are going to be out with flowers and rape you in the alleys and shit, but on the other hand they tell you to say, I hate the Vietnamese. They come out with a racist bag on the Vietnamese, the only good Vietnamese is a dead Vietnamese--just like they did to the Indians. When you go to the Nam you find out that no one wants you there, but when you're in combat you shut yourself off and really get a hate thing going. It's a defensive maneuver.

When you come home it's a real disillusionment because when you're there you keep dreaming about the States--come home and get a good job--but then you find out that the States is rotten. Most guys forget about what's going on until they get into Army and then they find out what's going down and they get pissed. When we're organizing, the guys really dig it because it presents them with alternatives other than what the Man gives them. If the Army completely dominated the situation, they'd get everyone against each other but we used to talk about unity among ourselves against the rules and the guys dig it because they're the guys that's really messing with us. The whole thing was really right there in the open. No liberal facade.
Guy: We saw America. The system was wrote down on a piece of paper: TERRIBLE.
Dave: The Army's cutting the system's throat if us and the movement can get our shit together, you know.
Guy: Get something going in the Army, too, to show the system they don't have no back-up.
Connections: Why don't you tell what happened when they asked you to go to Chicago?
Guy: Back at Fort Hood, I went along with the program figuring with three months left in the service, I'd do my thing and get out.

Then they came out with the Chicago thing: we want so many of you to go to Chicago; we're anticipating a riot. Most of the black cats down there know that the riot was for a reason--they're good and they're bad but they're for a reason. So we were going through this riot control two or three times a week, seeing films and all these racist officers were telling you black people that, compared us to hippies this and hippies that. So we weren't going to go. On Friday the 23, we went to 61st Street and we just started to demonstrate and said we're not going to Chicago. They left us there that night but the next morning, here come the MPs to arrest us. We went to stockage, went through some changes there; they came out with a brutality bag. We spent all that weekend in jail and Monday we go out and I go to my unit and they read out this thing that I had disobeyed an order. I was called up for a general court martial, the highest court martial in the army, and the bag for that is five years. I went along with the program. The court martial came down and I had a bad conduct discharge but with no confinement.
Connections: Were the black guys together before that happened or was that what got them together?
Guy: There's a lot of unity in the service among the black soldiers but it's hard to get that unity active against the system. People think you can't defy the system but that was proven wrong. It was a good thing to let everyone, black and white, know that they can defy the system. But it gave one good example, it has to be over 43 people.

cont'd page 13



I
In the dust
Before the dawn
Of the conclusion
Of an eclipse
In a place far away
Yet near to you and I
A battle rages
The remainder of us
Engaged in games of decapitation
And watch the beloved heads of
Friends fall by our hand
Tumble and fall
On the wet scorched earth

II
In the passing eclipse
We are seen without eyes
Crawling the earth
In search of our heads
Bruised and bloody knees
show through our denim
And in our frantic search
We fail to notice
Two violets
Which have been there all of the time
Grow up and around us
Pulling us closer together
In our dismay, to our joy

III
In the moon light
The battle shifts
To the warmth of the coils
Of the violets needingly
They are strange violets indeed
When properly resisted
They release a mystical potion of love
When nothing is properly done
They release the total joy of living
Yet they are draining
For they too are living creatures

Al Headen
soldier
Ft. Hood

Trasheap

Sociology is not now and never has been any kind of objective seeking out of social truth or reality. Historically, the profession is an outgrowth of 19th century European traditionalism and conservatism, wedded to 20th century American corporation liberalism.

That is to say that the eyes of sociologists, with few but honorable (or: honorable but few) exceptions, have been turned downwards, and their palms upwards.

Eyes down, to study the activities of the lower classes, of the SUBJECT population--those activities which created problems for the smooth exercise of governmental hegemony. Since the class of rulers in this society identifies itself as the society itself--in the same way that Davis and Moore in their infamous 1945 propaganda article identified the society with those who run it--therefore the problems of the ruling class get defined as SOCIAL problems. The profession has moved beyond the tear jerking stage tody, "social problems" is no longer the preferred term, but the underlying perspective is the same. The things that are sociologically "interesting" are the things that are interesting to those who stand at the top of the mountain and feel the tremors of an earthquake.

Sociologists stand guard in the garrison and report to its masters on the movements of the occupied populace.

The more adventurous sociologists don the disguise of the people and go out to mix with the peasants in the "field". returning with books and articles that break the protective secrecy in which a subjugated population wraps itself, and make it more accessible to manipulation and control.

The sociologist as researcher in the employ of his employers is precisely a kind of spy. The proper exercise of the profession is all too often different from the proper exercises of espionage only in the relatively greater electronic sophistication of the latter's techniques.

Is it an accident that industrial sociology--to name only a few examples here--arose in a context of rising "labor troubles," that political sociology grew when elections became less predictable, or that the sociology of race relations is NOW flourishing?

As sociologists you owe your jobs to the union organizers who got fed up, to the black people who got shot up. Sociology has risen to its present prosperity and eminence on the blood and bones of the poor and oppressed; it owes its prestige in this society to its putative ability to give information and advice to the ruling class of this society about ways and means to keep the people DOWN.

The professional eyes of the sociologist are on the down people, and the professional palm of the sociologist is stretched toward the up people. It is no secret and no original discovery to take public note of the fact that the major and dominant sectors of sociology today are sold, computer, codes and questionnaires, to the people who have enough money to afford this ornament, and who see a useful purpose being served by keeping hundreds of intelligent men and women occupied in the pursuit of harmless trivia and off the streets. I am not asserting that every individual researcher sells his brain for a bribe--although many of us know of research projects where that has happened, literally--but merely that the dominant structure of the profession, in which all of its members are to some extent socialized, is a structure in which service to the ruling class of this society is the highest form of honor and achievement. (The speaker's table today is an illustration.) The honored sociologist, the big-status sociologist, the fat-contract sociologist, the jet-set sociologist who always wears the livery, the suit and tie, of his masters-this is the type of sociologist who sets the tone and the ethic of the profession and it is this type of sociologist who is nothin more nor less than a house servant in the corporate establishment, a white intellectual Uncle Tom not only for this government and ruling class but for any government and ruling class, which explains to my mind why Soviet sociologists and American sociologists are finding after so many years of isolation that, after all, they have something in common.

To raise and educate and train generation after generation of the brightest minds this country's so-called educational system has let survive, in this sociological ethic of servility, to socialize them into this sociocracy, is a criminal undertaking, one of the many felonies against youth committed by those who set themselves up in a <u>in loco parentis</u> situation that is usually far more oppressive than any real parental relation. The crime which graduate schools perpetrate against the minds and morals of young people is all the more inexcusable because of the enormous liberating potential of knowledge about social life. Unlike knowledge about trees and stones, knowledge about people directly affects what we are, what we do, what we may hope for. The corporate rulers of this society would not be spending as much money as they do for knowledge, if knowledge did not confer power. So far, sociologists have been schlepping this knowledge that confers power along a one-way chain, taking knowledge from the people, giving knowledge to the rulers.

What if that machinery were reversed? What if the habits, problems, secrets and unconscious motivations of the wealthy and powerful were daily scrutinized by a thousand systematic researchers, were hourly pried-into, analyzed and cross-referenced, tabulated and published in a hundred inexpensive mass circulation journals and written so that even the fifteen year old high school drop-out could understand it and predict the actions of his landlord, manipulate and control HIM?

Would the war in Vietnam have been possible if the structure, function and motion of the US imperial establishment had been a matter of detailed public knowledge ten years ago?

Sociology has worked to create and increase the inequitous distribution of knowledge; it has worked to make the power structure relatively more impotent and ignorant.

In the late summer of 1968, while the political party currently in power is convening amidst barbed wore and armored cars, the sociological profession ought to consider itself especially graced and blessed that its own deliberations can still be carried on with a police-to-participant ratio smaller than one-to-one. This may be because the people of the USA do not know how much of their current troubles stem--to borrow Lord Keynes' phrase--from the almost forgotten scribblings of an obscure professor, of sociology. Or it may be that sociology is still so crude that it represents no clear and present danger.

In 1968 it is late, too late, to say once again what Robert S. Lynd and C. Wright Mills and hundreds of others have long said, that the profession must reform itself. In view of the forces and the money that stand behind sociology as an exercise in intellectual servility, it is unrealistic to expect the body of the profession to make an about-face.

If and when the barbed wire goes up around the ASA convantion in a future year, most of its members will still not know why.

--Martin Nicolaus



The Friends of the Irish Republican Army (FIRA), a two-year old organization of San Francisco Irish Americans, have voted unanimously to support the striking students and faculty at SF State College.

They are voicing this appeal to their "misguided and duped brothers on the San Francisco police force:"

"For thousands of years Ireland fought for freedom and justice, Irish immigrants joined the forefront of such struggles in other lands. At this very moment, the Irish Catholic minority in Northern Ireland is locked in death struggle with the fascist forces of the Queen.

"The issues are the same; as they always are: freedom, justice, dignity.

"The FIRA takes particular umbrage with the San Francisco Irish police: those uncle seamuses who have traded their glorious heritage of Robert Emmet, Michael Collins, and Padraic Pearse for the celluloid totalitarian values of Ronald Reagan and his southern Californian hate-mongers and know-nothings. Wake up, Irish police - you could be next!"

reprinted from
S. F. Express Times

THE INAUGURATION BALL

Despite hail and freezing rain, the Grand Old Party turned out in full regalia for Tricky Dick's Inaugural Bash. Like locusts they converged on the Sheraton Hotel in Washington, one of several sites chosen for the danse macabre. Rivers of long black Cadillacs choked the streets with the most colossal funeral procession America has known.

In the lobby, outside the main ballroom, the ladies stalked, haughtily impatient in long carpet-sweeping gowns; with faces that could only have been painted with the touch of a modern-day da Vinci, and fluttering eyelashes so fine they could only have been plucked from the whiskers of unborn minks. The men, looking roguish in the quintessence of Esquire fashion displayed the most debonair virility in black tuxedos and tails. The crowd mingled, checking furs, dropping gloves, and getting themselves together before they could drift with refined boredom into the ballroom.

In need of a match, I approached an elderly man who was just stubbing the butt of his Russian cigarette in the ashtray. "Pardon me sir, could I trouble you for a light?" I glanced down into the flame of a slim, 24 carat miniature blow torch, thanking him graciously as I smelled the stench of my singed eyebrows. Though eager to get onto the dance floor and begin whirling to the rhythms of some exotic foxtrot, I trembled with apprehension, for the slightest uncalculated movement could cause me to stumble gracelessly forward onto my knees, and in the midst of such thoroughbred elegance I couldn't excuse it with a slight burp and a chuckle about the champagne.

The attendance was strictly supervised. The new administration, though modestly flattered that they had finally "made it" as could be seen by the herds of protestors in the town, was determined not to allow any Party poopers through the entrance gates. Once the invitations had undergone careful scrutiny, teams of servants bestowed gifts upon each couple. The women each received 10 carat gold-filled charm bracelets in which the slogan "Forward Together" was written garishly as many times as was possible over the 1"x1" charm. The men were given cufflinks which were encrusted with the same progressive message.

The dance floor was especially crowded near the TV cameras, but we had determined to make the publicity scene, so the extreme body heat produced by the crowd, and the bruises were relegated to secondary importance in the light of this primary objective. The band deigned to play an occasional fast dance, so we were able to do a little body work, though I was flabbergasted when a guy yelled over to my man, "If she keeps that up she's going to have one hellofa developed breast!" It was heartening to see that these people weren't so standoffish once they had a little champagne.

We stopped dancing at once when my man said, "Hey, there's Big Barry." Sure enough, there was Barry Goldwater, standing not four feet from us, smiling just the way he does in the cartoons. He was so cute I just wanted to run up to him and give him a big hug. For five minutes I struggled to get nearer to him, but I couldn't seem to gain an inch. Finally I realized what was going on. At first it looked like he was surrounded by a crowd of normal admirers, who were fawning over him so much they wouldn't let anybody else get to him, but then I noticed that these 'admirers' were really fakes. He had about a half a



dozen burly, over-weight Tarzan types who really worked out with their elbows. They had the fastest, most efficient-moving elbows I've ever seen, and whenever anybody was close to breaking through the tight little clump of Barry boys, one quick, barely visible jab would send the unsuspecting enthousiast reeling backwards into the crowd.

Art Linkletter introduced Ronald Reagan and his lovely wife. Ronnie's black, slicked-back hair gleamed with grease, and not a single white hair sprouted out of his head. Through his pancake makeup came the unmistakeable glow of a California tan. He spoke a few words of enthusiasm to the crowd, telling them how happy he was to be there, and how glad he knew they must be to be there too. His smile was relaxed and confident.

Barely a half hour later, while strolling through the hallway outside the ballroom, we noticed a policeman scuttle by, snaking his way through the crowd towards the door of the ballroom. Instinctively the crowd began to stampede back into the huge, football field-sized chamber. Like cattle onto the scent of water, they were onto Tricky Dick. Nobody had to say a word, we all knew he was in there. Grabbing one of my man's tails, I started hoofing it back inside, full steam ahead, ignoring the sounds of tearing cloth as I stepped on the hem of my dress. There was only one objective, to get to Tricky Dick, to start grooving his outasite jive.

We hurried back into the ballroom. Against the far wall, on a specially-built platform stood Tricky Dick in the flesh, surrounded by a mixed assortment of notables. The room was silent except for the sound of Tricky Dick's voice, falling on the heads of the worshiping masses, baptising them with his strength, his wisdom, his spiritual fortitude. The only movements besides the fluttering silver streamers on the ceiling, were Tricky Dick's jaws working, praising his people for getting him in there, telling them how glad he was to have them on his side. David Eisenhower stood in the back, sticking out his ears as if not to miss a word. Dick's two kids were standing beside him with their mother. Reagan stood to the side of the platform, silent, beaming reverently. Big Barry had somehow gotten lost in the shuffle of VIPs, and was hidden somewhere near the back of the platform.

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THE LIVING THEATER

THE LIVING THEATER:
FALSE FORMS OF LIBERATION IN A FRANK LLYOD WRIGHT CHURCH

On Thursday January 16th The Living Theater under the direction of Julian Beck and his wife Judith Malina presented "Paradise Now," a play which purports to break down the distinction of actors and audience and make the audience participate in what has been described as a "liberating experience." In contemporary American culture the increasing rationalization of the process of social control has made the desire for human liberation and freedom an act of desperation. In the work of artistic creation, especially theater, liberation has become the central goal of the form. Yet what passes for momentary and spontaneous liberation easily becomes its opposite, permanent and constant repression. For to consider the forced evocation of expression the creative act of liberation is to make the cry of desperation and defeat the act of freedom and victory. Clearly false forms of liberation are more than failures, they are their antithesis, newer descents in the degradation of the human spirit.

The critique that follows seeks to challenge the essential premises of the Living Theater, other groups of "liberation and participation theaters, hot ice environments," and other such artistic activities which will be, for lack of an adequate category considered as "the new art." These premises betray far greater dangers than the mere concept of "false forms of rebellion," and totter precariously on the brink of Fascism.



I

In the new art, the success or value of any work of art is determined by how well the artist achieves what he sets out to accomplish. The evocation of any psychological response is seen as the attribute of a successful artistic production. This is a criterion adopted from the immediate conditions of production and distribution, a function of the market. If advertising sells the product it is successful. The anesthetizing tedium produced by Hollywood to dull the critical judgment of the masses is rendered a success if it is popular among general audiences. The judgment of all becomes the judgment of one.

II

The evaluation of art based on the criterion of the success or failure of the artist in his intent is the antithesis of the use value of art which depends on its permanence as that which brings into light the real possibilities which lay beyond the sphere of the immediate. The real criterion of art is its ability to illuminate the nature of that which it is displaying. Illumination necessarily involves the contrast between what is displayed and what exists. The criterion of intent, a criterion of exchange has no permanence nor necessitates any illumination. It is a quality of immediacy.

III

The question, "what is art?" is a false question that comes into being when the question, "what is the function of art?" can no longer be adequately answered. Whereas real art draws the individual into contemplation of the real and naturally evokes in the individual a judgment about himself and the nature of the reality he experiences, the new art seeks to replace contemplation and magnetism with force, tacticity and immediacy. Contemplation is replaced with the veneration of provoked responses in their immediate appearance.

IV

Tacticity and immediacy are as easily manipulatable as they are hostile to critical judgment. The manipulative quality of the new art becomes a political quality which transforms the individual into a manipulated object. In the new art the past and the future, the real and the unreal, are lost in the act of artistic production. The goal of such art is indistinguishable from mass-psychology and the mass manipulation of the political rally. Such art can only serve to extinguish the individual as a social being and make him socially controlled.

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THE LIVING THEATER OBSERVED

The Living Theater does not claim "Paradise Now" to be a play. It is an experience. Plays have a particular structure and each performance of "Paradise" is different because the "audience" participates and each "audience" is different.

After seeing "Paradise" in Madison some friends and I went to Chicago to see them again.

The four of us arrived at the backstage door as Julien Beck, director of "Paradise", and his wife Judith Malina arrived. We walked into the auditorium with them.

The Roosevelt University Auditorium was enormous compared to the Unitarian Church. Judith, very excited, told Julian that the drop from the stage to the orchestra pit was going to be fantastic for the dive sequence. My stomach contracted at the thought of people diving from the stage into the players' arms. The pit was deep.

The audience started filling up the auditorium about 7:30. The balcony began to fill up. The management had oversold tickets, so people began to sit on the stage. The people on stage started their own show. Some wore roller skates. Others took bows before the "audience". Applause.

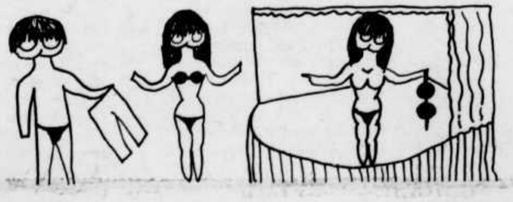
People from the "Audience" murmured "Where are they going to perform?" A little old man sitting behind me tapped on my shoulder, "Are those the players?" I nodded my head. The stage was filling faster. Meanwhile, the "audience" began to create their own show. Large beachballs were batted around. A group in the orchestra pit started playing Ring-Around-The-Rosy. This went on for an hour and a half. The Living Theater was late.

Finally, members of The Living Theater dispersed onto the main floor and in the balacony. They began taunting the audience. After the last chant a cry arose, "I'm not allowed to sit in the aisle!" The one who shouted went upon the stage. So did we. There were over 4,000 people in the "audience."

By the middle of the performance the stage was filled with people. Bongo players, saxophone players, dancers, and acrobats. During this time we talked to Judith about anarchism. She said the difference between socialism and anarchism is the difference between the fullfilling of just needs and the fullfilling of needs and desires. "There is something about socialism that we don't like and that is it," she said. She quotes Bakunin and said that though he is nearly forgotten about today, he has a lot to contribute. His writings are outdated but he can be brought up to date by new social theorists.

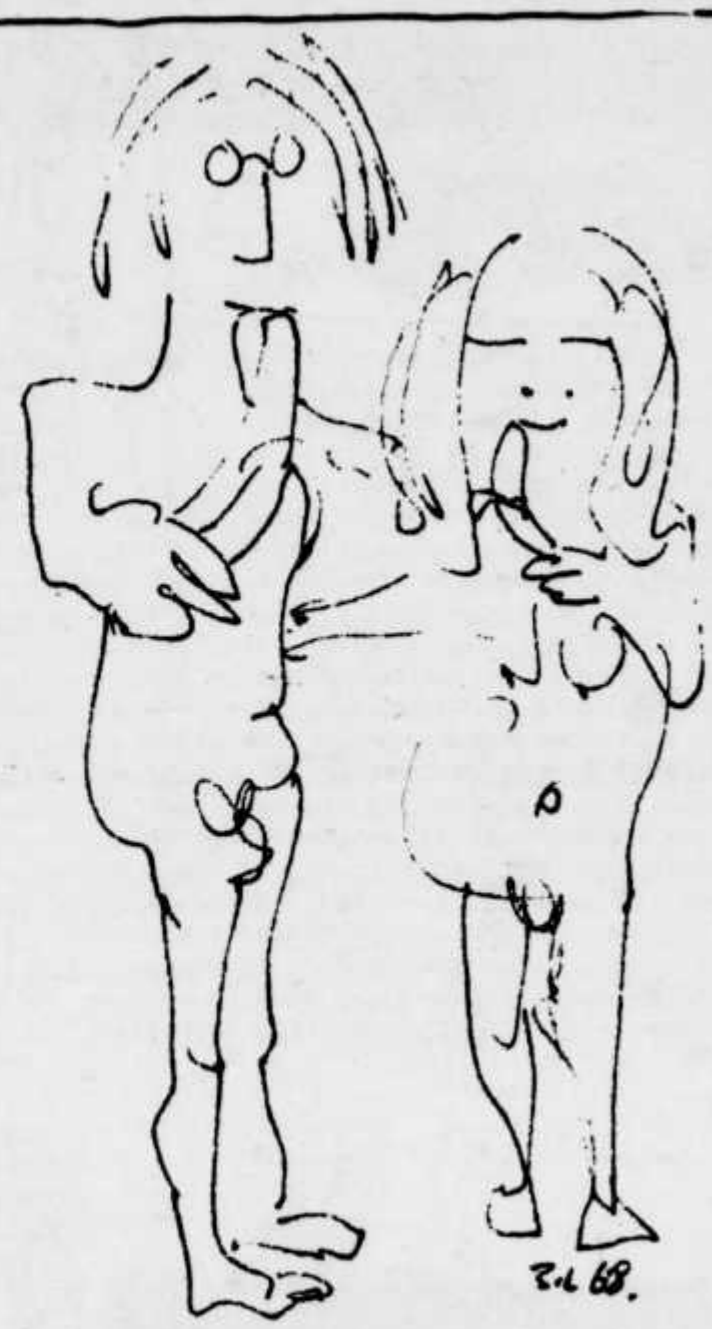
Though some critics of The Living Theater see them as children wanting

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Interview:

The Subject Was Meat



In which it is revealed that the bare truth is but the old stiff upper lip.

© 1969 John Lennon

The subject is Meat. A Christmas medium/message. Upton Sinclair, the old American muckraker, died this week at 90. He fought for clean meat in the Capitalist stench-dens of Chicago. He got it.

We face the world this Christ Mass in a crisis of money. The crisis is paper, the only stabilities are the metals of the earth. Speculators are anxious to get rid of their paper and hold something substantial, durable. Ecstasy is teaching them to hold themselves. The subject is therefore meat.

It was meat that drove me to interview one of the most celebrated stars of our day: John Lennon's Prick. We met in secret surroundings, far from the hordes of devouring fans, and right off, I found him to be warm and flexible, though not in the least vain or proud as I expected. We taped the following conversation, in which he acted as his own microphone:

DM: Do you believe it is a humbling experience when two saints meet?
JLP: Well, the long battles to prove he was a saint, you know?
DM: What do you think of your recent rise to fame?
JLP: Well, I just wanted to be on an album cover, because I never saw meself on an album cover before.
DM: What were you trying to prove?
JLP: I wasn't trying to prove anything. Why do I have to prove anything? That's just your training. You have to unlearn the need to prove things. I just wanted to see meself on a cover.
DM: Why do you call your album "Two Virgins"?
JLP: Well, that's the name of it, you know. We're not implying that we're actual virgins. It's just a way of looking at a state of mind. It's all in the mind, you know.
DM: Are you ashamed to be seen in public?
JLP: Well, I wouldn't have gone on the album cover if I was ashamed, would I?
DM: Are you proud of showing yourself on the cover?
JLP: I just said I wasn't ashamed.
DM: That's not the same thing, is it?
silence
DM: If you are proud of being on the cover, why have we seen your picture only on American publications?
JLP: Well, you know, in England, the laws are stricter. We're posting the album to people, but we couldn't sell it in the record stores, you know.
DM: Some record stores wouldn't be afraid to carry it.
JLP: Yes, but we don't want to get anybody busted.
DM: So, in effect, exposing yourself has been a great exercise in covering up.
JLP: Well, I wouldn't say that.
DM: Do you think you'd look more appealing on the cover if you stood up straight and tall?
JLP: Well, you can't do that. We'd get busted right off. We don't want to provoke anybody, just show them it's quite human to show yourself in public. It's quite beautiful, you know.
DM: Do you think that attitude has anything to do with the negative reception to the song 'Revolution', which seems to advocate not rocking the boat.
JLP: You know, there are laws to contend with.
DM: Don't you think the Beatles are now in a position to step all over laws that are unjust?
JLP: Well, there was our ad in the Times about the Pot Law.
DM: Yes, but it's been over a year now and all that did was to get Lennon busted.
JLP: Well, we all want to change the world, but...
DM: Have you read the news today, oh boy? There's a crisis in meat. Money is turning to meat before our eyes. It's a humbling experience.
JLP: I think the world needs to be more simple.
DM: Like someone just taking off his clothes?
JLP: Yes.
DM: Don't you think, however, that he who takes off his clothes has to contend with the potential for being looked at?
JLP: Not really. That's already a complication. If everyone could just take off their clothes without thinking what happens next, it would be a beautiful world. You wouldn't have to worry about money.
DM: But you would have to worry about meat.
JLP: You seem to be hung up on meat.
DM: Meat is the only thing I can talk to or feel. It's meat that keeps you from floating away. An awareness of meat would allow you to be more than an idea of yourself on the record album. It might even take away the terrible stigma of being the prick of a-'virgin'.
JLP: What's wrong with that?
DM: The prick of a virgin isn't much use to anybody.
JLP: But 'virgin' is just a manner of speaking.
DM: It's also a way of conceiving of yourself. It contradicts the state of meat. Your record should be called 'Two Virgins' only because its essence is being hidden from most of us, covered by false structures you should be penetrating.
JLP: It's the Permissive Society, you know.
DM: Precisely. And that means someone somewhere is allowing you so much of your freedom. There isn't a social situation that could be more intolerable. Freedom is there to be TAKEN.
JLP: Well, I've taken mine. Put meself on a sexy record cover.
DM: But it isn't at all sexy. I think it's the pinnacle of British austerity. It's 'reasonable' all over again. There is no pride on the faces, only the rigidity of being careful. The rigidity should be your own and that isn't there at all. Your fears are England's crisis. History shows that all great Empires go into a phase of hyper-sensuality just before their ultimate demise. The authorities are trying hard to prevent history from achieving itself. And England's people are trying harder to check their own desires.
JLP: It's sexual anarchy you want.
DM: No, it's simply the love of one's own meat and the hope that we can all begin to eat one another as soon as possible. It's not the stuff of saints; it's the stuff-ing of Outlaws.

--David Mairowitz
reprinted from the International Times



SCUM Manifesto



S.C.U.M. Manifesto, by Valerie Solanas. Olympia Press, 1968. Paperback. 75¢.

"Life in this society being, at best, an utter bore and no aspect of society being at all relevant to women, there remains to civic-minded, responsible, thrill-seeking females only to overthrow the government. eliminate the money system, institue e complete automation and destroy the male sex."

The opening of the manifesto written by Valerie Solanas who became famous when she tried to kill Andy Warhol: the manifesto of the Society for Cutting Up Men. - of the male sex.

Her descriptions of this society are potent stuff and written in inimitable language; for example:

"Eaten up with guilt, shame, fears and insecurities and obtaining, it he is lucky, a barely percertible physical feeling, the male is, none the less, obsessed with screwing; he will swim a river of snot, wade nostril-deep through a mile of vomit, if he thinks there will be a friendly pussy awaiting him."

Her explanation for the condition of the world is men. No man can ever make a social revolution because the world is a reflection of his needs; he lives only through the perversions of economic and sexual relations which she describes. Without meaningless work, without money, without war, without oppression and censorship, men would cease to exist-even as studs. Any woman who wants revolution must "cut up" men.

But while her descriptive and analytical writing on the society are radical and penetrating, her notion of why men are what they are does not derive from a social analysis. Rather men are what they are because they are are genetically aborted (Y chromosomes being incomplete X chromosomes) and they are desparately trying to be complete, to be women. This biological need defines a set of emotional needs which ultimately shape the world a man lives in.



Radicals can recognize their sympathies and judgements in her characterization of the "shitpile" because similar descriptions can be derived from social analysis. The relationship of men to their families, for example, Solanas describes as one where money is substituted for love and affection, where they must demand, through psychological and economic manipulation, respect from their wive and children which they must know, and certainly SCUM knows, they don't deserve. For her, men's inability to communicate with anyone, to transcend their dynamic of "performance" and control, is a foregone conclusion. But it is possible to explain that state of affairs in terms of what this society has done to its men. It is not surprising that a money society comes to define our relations outside of the marketplace; it is not surprising that an economy which can only survive by minimizing the personal, by blunting value systems, by isolating us from each other, affects our so-called personal relationships. Families become something we buy in hopes of blunting the castration and isolation of our social roles; we buy "love" in much the same way we buy new clothes, in an effort to escape the numbness that a meaningless life creates. Whereas Solanas argues that men manipulate money because they have been unsuccessful in mastering women, we must argue that this desire to master and manipulate women (and any other person-she does surprisingly little

cont'd page 13

Fuck Study

Enclosed is the column which I called you about today. Three concepts which I consider illegitimate are Censorship, Obscene language, and UW Regent power directed at a newspaper. For these reasons, and for the interest I feel most persons would have had in this column, I decided to research and write it. The hassel began on Wednesday of last week when I submitted it for my Daily Cardinal column. Greg Graze fought his editorial staff and me for three hours and finally agreed to run it on Saturday, the last publishing day of the semester and the day following the Regents' meeting. They failed to run it on Saturday because the printers refused to set the type, fearing being closed down. On Saturday, I met Ass't Editor Steve Reiner in the Union, who told me that one of the printers had absconded with the column. Steve tetrieved it from this printer on Monday, at which time I repossessed it. I hope you can make use of it.

While the controversy over "obscenity" in the Cardinal now centers around intellectualized concepts of freedom of the press and the power of the regents, more fundamental questions have been ignored; namely--what is offensive about, and precisely why are the Regents trying to outlaw one word --fuck?

The word, as do most English words, has its roots in the German language. The German "firken," meaning to strike, was Anglicized into its present form in the 16th century. Sly synonyms for fuck were used by the great English writers who propelled and expanded the English language, like Shakespeare, Fletcher, and Burns. Victorial literature such as My Secret Life and the journal The Pearl, abound with the word fuck and its epithets. Its usage in Modern writting is commonplace.

As a term of everyday speech, fuck was brought into prominence by the soldiers of World War II, who could utter few sentences without the term, according to philosopher J. Glen Gray. He has suggested that the soldier, faced with constant death and destruction, used the word as an affirmation of life itself. "It must serve to recall fleeting memories or fond desires. At all events, its overuse indicates clearly a predominant interest for nearly all military men in wartime." (J. Glenn Gray, The Warriors: Reflections on Men in Battle, N.Y., 1959, p. 61).

Today, fuck and its varients fall into many grammatical categories and have many usages. It is a verb, both transitive (John fucked Mary) and intransitive (Mary was fucked by John). It is an adjective (Mary is fucking beautiful), an adverb (Mary was fucking interested in John), and noun (Mary is a fine fuck). As an all-purpose word, fuck has a multitude of usages. Besides its sexual meanings, the following come to mind. Fraud (I got fucked at Rennebohms), Aggression (Fuck you!), Disbelief (What the fuck is going on here?), Difficulty (I can't understand this fucking assignment), General dismay (Oh, fuck it), Incompetence (He is a fuckoff), Inferiority ("Hang 'em High was a fucking lousy movie), Trouble (I guess I'm really fucked now), and many others. With so much usage, I must ask how one of the most common words in the English language can be either taboo or offensive?

If this one word is obscene, what of its synonyms? Is it the word itself, or the deed, or the suggestion of one or both? What of "Do her wrong," "Go to town," or "see the elephant?" and other anachronistic expressions? What about Richard Milhous Nixon exhorting throngs of fans to "Sock it to me?"

It is probably correct that the Regents object most to the sexual implications of the word fuck, yet I do not believe that obscenity or mere "dirty words" is the real issue. The Regents are up to more sociological business. For one thing, the concept of obscenity perpetuates the sexual double standard. So called offensiveness relates to not offending women. The ears that the Regents feel they must protect belong to the women readers of The Cardinal. The double standard decrees that women should not utter obscenities in public. Thus, by Regent's logic, a public newspaper must be free of all "offensive" words so women may not have occasion to read them, either.

Furthermore, the Regents are stating the oldest American perverted ethic--fucking is the greatest cause for outrage. As the Realist noted, Kitty Genovese's neighbors certainly would have called the cops if she had been fucking, not merely dying, in the streets of New York.

But Regent Power cannot successfully control or overcome the power of liberated sex. As Eldridge Cleaver beautifully put it in Berkeley on Election eve; "Power comes out of the head of a cock."

Jim Rowen

Go Radical Young WEST

Madison's West High was just the first school to blow up this fall. Its repressive nature has been answered with student action over the past few years, even though over 80% of the upper-middle-class student body goes on to college.

Cafeteria riots over closed lunch hours have occured regularly, the last on the day before Christmas vacation. Last year one sophomore and two junior homerooms voted to secede from Student Senate. Early in December over 60% of the students voted to support a proposed walkout while waiting for administration reaction to a series of their demands.

On Thursday, January 23, Dr. Spencer, West High's Principal received a letter with the following student demands:

1. An open lunch hour, effective immediately. (A one month trial period might be reasonable.)
2. Establishment of a student smoking lounge.
3. Immediate abandonment of any dress and grooming code. Girls be allowed to wear slacks and jeans.
4. Reasonable efforts to hire minority teachers: substantial increases in teachers salaries.
5. Student voice in forming the school curriculum; immediate guarantees to establish a black or integrated social sciences program. Review of the format of the current American history program.
6. Public refusal by the administration to co-operate with the Selective Service System Madison Draft Boards by supplying any information concerning any students of West High.
7. Provisal of dates for Central High students to visit West High for a minimum of six full days by the end of the current school year.
8. Guarantees of due process of law in the suspension and expulsion of students from school.
9. Allowing the distribution of non-profit literature in the school by students.
10. Relaxing the traditional restrictions on Student Senate, providing this body with more authority and therefore insuring student control in student affairs.
11. A request that a plan for open study halls be studied and a proposal for such a policy be placed before the student body for ratification. The results of this voting will be established as school policy.

The students also asked that Dr. Spencer call an assembly for the next Tuesday during school and reply to their demands. He announced he would meet them after school at Student Forum. (It wasn't important enough to waste school time.) But it was too late. Before the announcement could be made 200 students headed for his office and sat in. Others ran through the halls, urging more students to leave their classes and join them.

After two hours they left and returned to classes. That afternoon Student Forum attracted half the student body. They gave Spencer two weeks to implement their demands or face a massive walkout.





Youthful Feminists

The dress code at Madison's West Junior High School prohibited wearing pants even in winter. Last week the students successfully changed it. About thirty girls wore pants to school on Friday in protest. This action followed a petition signed by "almost everyone in school" which was ignored by the principal.

The afternoon before the demonstration, the girls tried to hold a meeting in school but were denied use of any classrooms. After wandering around from room to room, gathering sympathizers on the way, they decided to hold the meeting outside. One angry student threw a snowball at the school. A teacher emerged and dragged her inside. The other students followed shouting "They've taken out sister. We've got to save her." But the rest of the teachers lined up and linked arms blocking their rescue attempt.

Friday morning the youthful pants-wearing feminists marched on the principal's office. The principal gave in and granted that any girl who had her parent's permission could wear pants to school. The students hope that the decision will carry over to the senior high where previous pro-pants demonstrations have been unsuccessful.

Soldiers cont'd

Dave: That 43 thing put the army througha a lot of changes. The guys that dug it know that if a group of guys do something, they're not going to get burned that bad.
Guy: Too many people coming home from Vietnam aren't going to be taking too much more.
Dave: There's a lot of sabotage in the Army - petty sabotage, wrecking up trucks - just to get even; that's nice. In one unit a bunch of guys got together and decided to fuck the unit up. They did it. They got a whole unit deactivated. That was only about eight guys.
Connections: Someone said they put acid in the officers' coffee pot?
Dave: I wouldn't want to put acid in my company commander's coffee 'cause he'd go on a power trip, man! He'd have us marching up and down the company area for a year. A lot of lifers really dig that power over other people's lives, and they use it. We had a sergeant who was a speed freak. He had all these diet pills and he was always high on that shit. He was strictly turned off to anything human.
Connections: Are other forts as easy to fuck around on as Fort Hood?
Dave: The discipline's tight but guys don't give a fuck except in "basic" and AIT, where they're scared. It's such a cultural shock and they can't adjust to it. That's until they get out of basic and then they learn they can fuck the man up. The man's going to hassel them but he's not going to put them in jail or anything.
Connections: Does the Army try to keep the new guys separate from the guys who've been to Vietnam?
Dave: In our unit, they put some guys from basic in. They didn't have orders; they were just in suspended animation. They were in that position where they don't know whether they're going to Vietnam or not and they're really scared. They're just playing the game 'cause they're afraid if they get in trouble they'd get their names on the list. If they're going to go anyway, they'll just use that to keep them in line.
Connections: Aren't they afraid you guys will tell them bad things about Vietnam?
Dave: Yeah, but we tell them bad things and then they get more scared. The Army's pretty clever about that.



They play all the psychological warfare shit with you. They may have a bunch of real fascists working, but they got liberals running it.
Connections: It's kind of depressing to think that it takes the Army to shake people up. How the hell are we going to shake the women up?
Dave: I think the way men treat women is enough to shake the women up. In the Army they really exploit the woman's position. Everybody buys Playboy magazine, just to see the chicks. Guys really get a perverted sense of just what women are. Like if they let all the guys out of Fort Hood right now, they'd sweep across the country eating up all the women. There'd be a big streak where the whole group went through. Just marching around the country raping women. The Army's protecting you and they ain't bullshitting you. They play up this manhood thing.
Guy: You can do five years for being a faggot.
Dave: They really push this thing like, "Sound off like you got a pair."
Connections: How do you do your organizing?
Dave: Well, when I first got in I met this guy and we just started doing individual shit like we stood up to a sergeant and then guys would see what we were about and they'd start coming around to talk.
Connections: What do they think of doing?
Guy: Well, they know they can't do much in the army 'cause those guys really dig conspiracy busts and shit.
Dave: We just try to raise consciousness, make guys aware. A lot of them will just go back to their blocks but someday something will happen and it will all come back. Some of them will join us and others will just understand. When those guys that are now in high school get in the army a lot more will be happening.

SCUM CON'T'D

with how men treat each other) is an extension of the manipulative role forced on them by their jobs and their need for crude self-assertion. "Screwing is, for a man, a defense against his desire to be female. Sex is itself a sublimation."

Unlike most of the women who are concerning themselves with questions of social and sexual relations of males and females, Solanas appears to actually like and respect women. She likes them as friends, as sexual partners and she thinks she can live in a world where there are only women. The strengths which have allowed women to endure in the "shitpile"---the male shitpile--are the basis for her ideal society.

"A true community consists of individuals--not mere species members, not couples--respecting each other's individuality and privacy, at the same time inter-acting with each other mentally and emotionally--free spirits in free relation to each other--and co-operating with each other to achieve common ends." That is a social possibility which only women can fulfill and it looks easy. "The police force, National Guard, Army, Navy and Marines combined couldn't squelch a rebellion of over half the population, particularly when it's made up of people they are utterly hopeless without."

Solanas would say that I have a fink streak, am a "male women" (meaning I have delusions about the revolutionary and emotional potential of men.) I'm a fink; or a fighter. I've got too much faith to join; but that faith does not negate the value of the book. Its importance lies less in its programmatic value than in its ability to hyperbolize social relations in a way that forces us outside of our own muddled involvement and, through its intensification, enables us to conceptualize aspects of our behavior toward one another that we were too close to see. It's valuable because it isn't going to be easy for any of us to get along, to <u>really</u> get along in this co-operating society that is to be; we're all pretty badly maimed but I want to give it a try. And we can all remember, in the struggle, the bitterness and anger which the old ways can produce in a sensitive person like Valerie Solanas.

--Ann Gordon



WANTED POSTER



J. Howard Weshing, professor of business will be on leave in the Repubic of South Africa next semester.

Under sponsorship of the U.S.-S. Africa Leader Exchange Program, he will teach and lecture at the University of Cape Town and conduct management training sessions in Durban and Johannesburg.

Professor Weshing, former associate dean of the School of Business, joined the faculty in 1949. Presently he is conducting marketing seminars for graduate students and lecturing to students enrolled in the basic course on marketing.

---The Daily Cardinal-January 28, 1969

False Forms cont'd

V

In Fascism art not only becomes political, but worse, its opposite, that all politics become art. The use of psychological manipulation is given an aesthetic quality. Fascism sought to integrate the individual, not in a political framework, but rather in an aesthetic one: the volk.

VI

The aesthetization of political and psychological manipulation has two characteristics: the confusion of immediacy with permanence, as in the Thousand Year Reich, and the illusion of integrating the individual in a total reality which is aesthetic and from which there is no escape. As such history is denied.

VII

The title "Paradise Now" captures the essence of immediacy and manipulation. The individual is manipulated into becoming part of a reality which is immediate and aesthetic. Manipulation evokes the illusion of spontaneity and identity with a total aesthetic experience.

VIII

"Paradise Now": The function of self expression. "The growing proletarianization of modern man and the increasing formation of masses are two aspects of the same process. Fascism attempts to organize the newly created proletarian masses without affecting the property structure which the masses strive to eliminate. Fascism sees its salvation in giving these masses not their right, but instead a chance to express themselves. The masses have a right to change property relations: Fascism seeks to give them an expression while preserving property. The logical result of Fascism is the introduction of aesthetics into political life. The violation of the masses, whom Fascism, with its Fuhrer cult, forces to their knees, has its counterpart in the violation of an apparatus which is pressed into the production of ritual values."

Walter Benjamin, 1936

IX

Self expression in the new art is like the mystification of exact rendering, another new form of artistic expression. It artificially manipulates the individual to be himself, while it does not tell him what he is socially not allowed to be. It is the same in Pop Art, where objects are forced on the individual as reality with no sense of the reality that is maintaining those objects.

X

"Paradise Now": sexuality. "There is no sophistry more dreadful than the one that consists in presenting the performance of the sexual act as being necessarily accompanied by a decline in erotic potential between two beings, a decline whose return would gradually involve them in no longer satisfying each other. Thus love would be exposed to dilapidation to the very degree that it pursues its own realization."

Andre Breton, 1937

XI

The integration of sexuality into an experience of immediacy and intimidation reduces sexuality to an immediate and artifical experience which is not at all in the nature of love.

XII

Slogans are the rhetorical form of manipulation and as such their content is vitiated.

XIII

"Paradise Now": The social function of an art of intimidation. In the end all art is judged not on its intent, but on its social use, which is also in a real sense its human usefulness. The portrait of a Duke done purely for financial gain in the 1760's survived the revolution because it had certain qualities of human expression and illumination which were beyond the purely immediate selfish intent of the artist. But today the problem is far more serious. While an art form may make a claim to be revolutionary in that it frees people from the shackless of inhibition in bourgeois society, it may in reality manipulate them into the illusion that they are free to express themselves without undertaking the total restructuring of society. Intimidation is a political process of unfreedom which cannot be construed to serve in the cause of liberation.

Anson Rabinbach

Observations cont'd

to return to Eden, Judith sees the need for and good of some things called evil. She said we must keep technology. It in itself is neither good nor evil. It is the way in which it is used. That is what we are really protesting against.

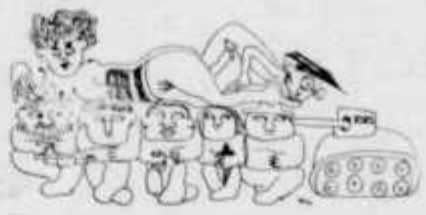
One girl sitting in the group said that The Living Theater did not reach many people and most people that come are already behind the cultural revolution that the group advocates. Judith said that she was right to a point. Ideologically the people are behind them, but one keeps trying to get people behind them in action. She expanded on this by saying that "Paradise" starts with people having fun. One person stomps his feet and claps his hands. It catches on. Others do it and they are together. They get tired of that soon and they move on to more serious things. When they reach the point of talking about the world, they find that they are not together. That is why they do not understand the I-thou sequence. Tonight they just get a glimmer of what is needed. The group asks them to form a cell. A cell of five people will start the revolution.

"To despair," said Judith, "is the most unrevolutionary thing one can do." She said that one must realize that he can't make the entire revolution but must contribute what he can.

Judith is sure of herself. She is as sure as most of us would like to be. She is like a rubber ball. The harder you put her down, the harder she bounces back.

The members of The Living Theater preach nonviolence. As a substitute to violence they suggest love and passion.

Generally, plays are conventional in form. This conventionality is what The Living Theater has abandoned in search of a new form of theater. A theater of life. They do not impersonate certain characters in "Paradose". They are themselves. "Paradise" is not written for interpretation by the actors as conventional plays are written. It is written for interpretation by the participants. "Paradise" does not need nor want an "audience." The "audience" is "Paradise Now."



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BALL CONT'D

Tricky Dick didn't stay long. He waited five minutes after he spoke to give the public a chance to cheer, then stayed another two minutes for the crowd to sing the special Inauguration Song, led by Bobby Vinton, and cut out trailing Julies and Davids and Pats along behind him.

In the confusion of Nixon's departure, Reagan walked over and took care of the microphone, giving a cursory speech on the merits of Nixon, and the then lapsing into ebullient praise of Big Barry. And after a little coaxing, Big Barry came up to parley with the crowd. Waving their hands, giving the V-sign, or holding a clenched fist in the air, the crowd cheered and applauded their support for Big Barry. They were digging him as much or better than Tricky Dick.



Agnew was the last man to speak, and after making a few wry jokes about being number two man, and giving the credit for everything to his wife, Judy, he promised to do a good job. As he smiled paternally, the light sparkled on his gold-filled fangs.

As the speeches subsided, the "forgotten Americans" started to cut loose, and over the sound of laughter and chattering came the occasional sound of a shattering champagne glass. To the rumble of the tom-tom, the arthritic bodies continued their war dance into the early hours of the morning, and with the first gleamings of dawn, the last of the revelers was seen departing. Followed by two CIA men disguised as chambermaids, he was never seen again.

Carmel Snow

OM WISCONSIN

THE LIVING THEATRE HASSLE

Early in the fall, Morris Edelson, the non-profit impressario in the U.S., asked the Union for a date in December to bring in the Living Theatre. Bill Dawson, who runs the Union Theatre, told him there was "too much competition for the entertainment dollar." Morris tried for mid-January. Again he was refused as mid-January was closed period; distractions cannot be permitted to disturb the cramming students. Of course it was OK to have a hockey game, and movies at the play circle, but the Living Theatre was just too much.

Morris even got the Comp Lit Dept. to sponsor the show. This ruse had worked in previous years but to no avail now. Morris went from bureaucrat to bureaucrat. He ended up with Chancellor Cleary, who told him he thought the Living Theatre "might upset the campus." Since mid-January was the only time they could come, Morris booked Turner Hall, which is a private gymnasium just off the square. He told the manager that the Living Theatre take off their clothes. To this the manager said, "Well, what is wrong with the human body anyway?" So all was settled by mid-December and everything seemed set.

However, a villain was lurking in the wings. There is a person in the Madison Police Dept., Herman Thomas by name and self-appointed censor by nature. Wrapped in his home-knit cloak of Victorian prudery he say himself as the crusader against V.I.C.E. in Madison. He rang up the manager of Turner Hall on the morning of the performance. He said he would close the show since Turner Hall does not have a theatre license.

After a lot of hassel with lawyers, city officials, etc. Morris was convinced the cops would raid Turner Hall. He decided to look for somewhere else. Betsy, his wife, rang every church in Madison to ask for space. Most said no or we'll call you back. Eventually the First Unitarian Church said yes. This is in Shorewood so safe from the depredations of the cops. It was about 6 p.m. before this was settled. The audience had already started arriving at Turner Hall. Everybody was cooperative. A spontaneous bus service was set up to move people. Eventually 400 people crammed into the church to see Antigone and even more to see Paradise Now the next night.

This is a broad outline of the hassel Morris and Betsy went through to bring in the Living Theatre. They were not doing it for profit.

Morris expected to lose $600. In fact he only lost $200. A loss not sweetened by seeing the Living Theatre's mamager burn about $200 of the gate from "Antigone".

He just tries to put on alternative forms of expression to the commodity Kulchur that goes on in the Union Theatre. It can be done.

TITBITS

Herman Thomas could not get his bust on the Living Theatre so the next day he started harassment of the Electric Eye. He went in trying to find obscene literature. Then a few hours later, a dickless tracy called Mary Zwerg went in to try. She was permitted to buy after showing proof she was over eighteen.

P.L. the dreaded Maoists will be opening up a group on campus. Wait till Roselip hears about it.

The Union is persecuting Quixote again. They are trying to charge them $300 extra for the last visit of the Mime Troupe. Who will rid us of these pestilent bureaucrats?

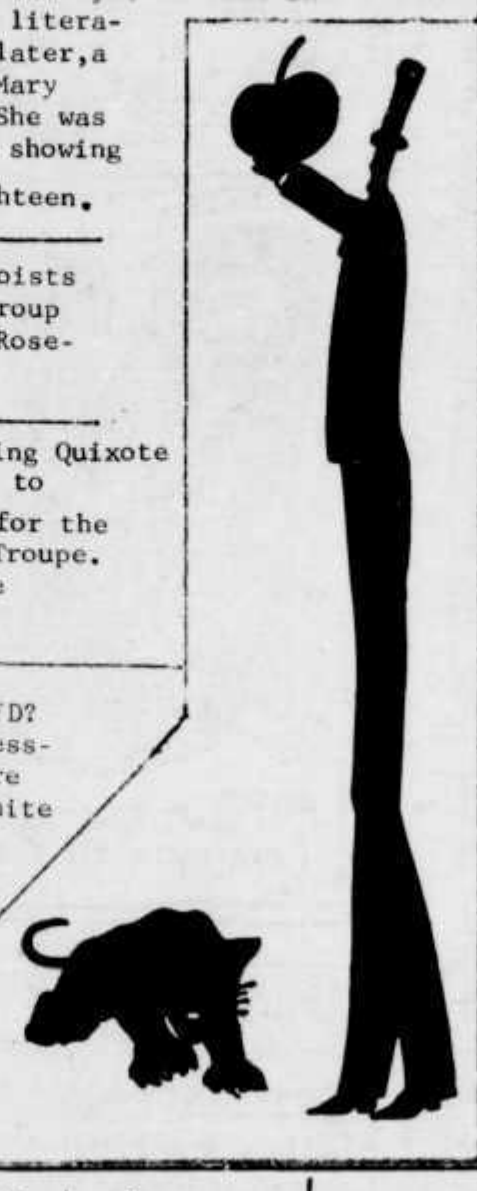
IS DALEY GETTING WORRIED?

On the Kennedy Expressway out of Chicago there is a large black and white poster which proclaims

DON'T TALK TO STRANGERS

Culture corrupts:

American
Culture
corrupts
absolutely



GETTING HIS OWN BACK?

The message on the box said "Sweets for the Sweet." The recepient was Professor Todd Kay Bender. The content was a Grade A number I federally-inspected turd, long brown and neatly rounded at both ends. Seems the least one can do after listening to a guy talk for six months.

BELL BLUES

The Wisconsin Telephone Company must be in bad shape. They are asking for a rate increase. They are also carrying on an advertising campaign to get people to look up numbers in the phone book, instead of calling information. This is supposed to save the company money. We suggest that you call "directory assistance" whenever possible; they owe us the service. They have stolen money from us long enough. We will give a free hijack to Cuba to the best suggestion for cutting A.T.T. profits. Entries should be accompanied by a brick from any Telephone Company building. Void where permitted by law.

Fragments

Of a Letter from Chicago

...There I am, standing in the Museum of Science and Industry with all the little kids who are on school trips. I am learning about the petroleum industry, and how the heart works, and how the Navy protects us, all the time looking for loose chicks.

I head over to the American newspaper exhibit to check out the big newsphoto of Babe Ruth's last major league at-bat. Then over to the U.P.I. teletype machine that really works. There is this photo coming in on the machine. Some guy is in a crowd at the University of Chicago administration building. He is burning a summons to appear at a disciplinary hearing. It must be fate. Here I am in Chicago and United Press International is telling me where the action is.

I head down 59th Street, go through the gates, past their ugly green tennis courts and over to the administration building.....

It seems that this sociology professor, Marlene Dixon, had been denied tenure and asked to leave at the end of the year. Now since she is a big radical, and a great teacher and all the rest, her students are not about to sit still for this. So they took over the building. I never got all the details straight, and I wouldn't want to bore you with them anyway, but all the usual things happened: there were mass meetings, votes were taken, the law school and business school people met and decided to get angry. "Concerned faculty members" met to work out a compromise, the administration threatened expulsions, the newspapers were unhappy, and the delicatessens did a great business on take-out orders.

Inside the building there are lots of people looking relaxed, but I begin to worry. After all, universities have been known to call the cops in situations like this, and the Chicago cops do have that reputation. This babe Marlene Dixon may be a great person with a beautiful soul, and I don't want her to publish or perish, but I do want to be able to evacuate my ass from that building if the need arises. With this in mind I ask some cat with an SDS button who is lounging in the corner if he thinks the cops will come. He looks thoughtful for a moment and then says: "Well I don't think so, but the PL people on the third floor are trying to find ammunition for their AK-47's, just in case." I find his response a lot less amusing than he seems to and I resolve not to leave the ground floor.

...The newspapermen look really lazy. But it is very deceiving because they can swing into action very quickly. I find this out when suddenly I am surrounded by them, with cameras churning and flashbulbs popping. I try to extricate myself from this mess but it is impossible. The guy who has just walked in, and who is standing directly in front of me, so close that my cigarette is burning holes in his brown corduroy jacket, is Staughton Lynd. They ask him the usual questions: "Why are you here?...As a concerned citizen, to express solidarity ...Do you condone the violence at San Francisco State?...I think there can be nonviolent confrontations...Do you mind that the fellow behind you is burning holes in your jacket?...Yes..." Then he goes off to confer with other concerned citizens.....

Robert Weiss

When Cops Meet Students...

About a month ago a couple of us went to the Mayor's office for a press non-conference about a new federally-funded project of the Dane County Association of Clinical Psychologists. In a gesture of public spiritedness, the shrinks wanted to help police/community relations by running a series of "confrontation" between cops and students, cops and blacks, cops and "poor people." These sessions, guided and taped by a battery of psychologists, would, they anticipated, give the cops "tools for human understanding" and better prepare them to deal with these trouble spots.

Members of the press were informed of the project ahead of time and were asked to restrain from publicizing the sessions so that those coming in would not have prejudices about their participation. Accustomed to laboratory conditions, the shrinks wanted "naive rats" (that's their phrase) for their research.

Ironically, the first meetings were conducted last Wednesday and I managed to receive a somewhat backdoor invitation. Dressed up in what I thought were my naive rat clothes, I went off to meet four uniformed and armed cops in the student session. To say the least, none of us was honest. The patrolmen showed admirable tribal solidarity and job loyalty; they felt, and said as much, that they were present as representatives of the Madison force and so it was not surprising that they came across as public relations men rather than as individuals. Students, with our fine middle-class training, politely tried to "understand" them, to "relate" to them, but were frustrated by the smoothness of the professional image and by a deeper sense of our own dishonesty in hiding fear and hatred of police.

On Saturday I kept watching at the field house to see if any of the helmeted, club-swinging cops were those to whom I had theoretically supplied "tools for human understanding", and I fingered the dime in my pocket, tempted to call the director of the project just to laugh. I kind of wanted him to come down there to be a rat in our experiment. We might be able to teach him the limits of "understanding" in real life situations. When he works at Mendota, he can call all the shots. When he steps outside, he's going to have to learn about social conflict. He's going to have to learn that there's a reason students don't like cops and there's a reason that cops swing at students and blacks. And that as long as cops rigidly define their lives--as their profession requires--as "enforcing law and order with justice" and some students and non-students define their lives as overthrowing the definitions from which the cop derives his so-called guidelines, we're not going to be friends--NO MATTER HOW LONG WE CHAT FOR THE PSYCHOLOGISTS' TAPE RECORDERS.

TAA

that any union be concerned with educational policies, with the conditions under which TAs work, and with the relationship between students and their teachers. A well-organized union of TAs will be in position to insure that the University is restructured to the benefit of both students and teachers." He concluded that the black demands are a dramatic illustration of the need to give students more control over both the form and content of their education.



Long Live Collective Decision-making



george jartos

reprinted from
S. F. Express Times

The Strike Begins

The campus started to swing into action shortly after noon Friday. I got the word in the Rath that there was going to be a little something to do up at Bascom, and was just working my way down through the steam of my third cup of coffee, when the vibes really started to get strong. A black guy had come into the Rath, entreating folks to leave their flushes and pairs right there on the table and join in the shenanigans at the top of the hill. He was talking to a fullhouse, but when I finally got up the hill, there were no more than fifty folks, milling around in various stages of preparation for something big.

"No white's doing anything on his own," one of the directors of the festivities admonished as the group split in two, half doing Bascom, the other half heading towards Social Science. I slid into the tail end of the surge towards SS, trying to keep to the front of the group as one of the Soul men demanded that we get ourselves together. "Tighten up, this is not a social function," we were informed.

6210 was the first stronghold to fall. I went in there shaking like a plate full of jello that's addicted to caffein, and came out feeling like a queen. The prof surrendered without a squel of protest. "Class is dismissed," he wheezed into the microphone, as a black fist closed over the speaker. Some of the students who were unhip to the idea of paying attention to what was going on tried to sneak out the back door before the demands had been read, but the crowd of backup men outside was too dense to allow anyone to escape. One indignant student pulled the plug on the mike, probably frustrated from running all the way up the hill to class only to find that there wasn't going to be any class.

We moved on to 5208 Social Science and then hit Commerce, opening all the doors in the hall on our way to B-10, yelling to roomfulls of astonished scabs to "Strike!" B-10 didn't go down as easy as the first two. After the black leaders had laid it on the line, about how they had difficulties controlling their tempers with unsympathetic types, the class started picking up pieces of the lecture podium and turning on the lights. It looked like we might have to do another take on that one, until the prof, noticing a couple of us still in the room, announced that class was over.

Birge Hall was the last building we could squeeze in before the Rally at 2:30 on the Library Mall. The demands were read and explained again just as they had been read umpteen times before that day. The crowd swelled to almost 500, by the time the Rally was concluded and protestors went, "Back up the hill to shut down the University." This time we managed to make a little commotion in Science Hall before converging on Social Science where smaller classrooms were disrupted.

At 4:00 in Great Hall a capacity crowd listened in rapt attention to four black speakers. One said that the Regents have the pie but since they don't have teeth they gum it up. The blacks have teeth and want to bite. Another brother talked about the affluence of middle class white students. A third talked about American capitalism and how it controls our lives. A fourth brother discussed the program for the campus -- disruption of classes, a strike, and a complete shutdown of the University until the demands are met. He ended the rally shouting "PEACE, POWER, & LIBERATION.!"

CONNECTIONS
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Demands

While the demands of the strike at the University of Wisconsin are clearly demands for blacks, they are equally important in the development of any radical program for the University. Blacks are demanding new uses of university resources which will aid their liberation struggle. Those implicit changes are necessary for all liberation movements.

We can see this more clearly if we look at how white radicals have attempted to use the University. While they understood the institution to be a major socializing device for the white, liberal, corporate state, radicals also believed that the resources of the University could be valuable to their political work. It was important to confront the students at academies with an analysis of their experience ("The Student as Nigger"), and it was important to use the tools of research which the school allegedly taught. Increasingly, however, radicals found that the boundaries of academic disciplines interfered with efforts to describe the reality outside the University. Increasingly, they have found that inquiries which produced action were not within the purview of academic pursuits--that the interests of the University in relation to society could control the content of people's research. A lot of important work on foreign policy, for example, was done in W.A.Williams courses, but power structure research on Neenah-Menasha or anywhere else could not fit within any time-table listed course. Students began to build their own courses within which they could define their needs for information and interpretation.

The blacks have met the problem head-on--they have demanded that the University provide a department which transcends academic disciplines and meets the needs of their political movement. Their interest in black studies is not that of curious academics who can study British imperialism and never look out the library door; black studies is their life and their interest in it is to explain their lives and to act on what they learn and understand.

It is in part <u>because</u> they have redefined academic activities that black students must control black studies. The department would lose its rationale as soon as it was swallowed into the forms of bureaucratic university control because it must remain responsive to the political and personal purposes of blacks.

chant for the scabbing student

Stand by stand by stand
There are no innocent
stand by stand
no innocent bystanders
What did you earn in school today?
I earned innocence
Stand by
I am studying hard because
they tell me I am a student
Who told you that?
There are no
And if I study hard I will grow
up side up
side the head
no innocent
To be or not to be
that is the exam question
no cheating
by the by stand bystanders
Did they teach you that two and two
and fifty make a million and that
two things are in short
supply: dollars
and innocence?

todd gitlin

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S. F. Express Times



This imperative control has not yet been a part of departmental organizing on the campus because we have not built our own structures which require our control. Control, within the present structure, is next to meaningless because we are still making decisions in the framework which another group established--we merely become administrative trainees. Ideally the blacks will collectively make departmental decisions, in a situation which they also collectively define and protect.

The other demands follow logically from the ideas of a black studies department. If the University is to be a place where young blacks can work together to understand and explain the lives of black people in America and from which they can build their liberation movement, they need access to student financial aids, they need guarantees about the intentions of the University in awarding scholarships (i.e. the athletes must not be used until someone doubts their profitability and then cast off), and they need an open door for additional black students, whether from Oshkosh or Fargo, North Dakota.

If their demands are kept intact, the changes asked for can make an enormous step toward breaking down the isolation of the University from the community by opening the doors of the school and by building within it a structure which can respond to the needs of black people who control it.

TAA Support

The Teaching Assistant Association (TAA) at the University of Wisconsin called a meeting this week of all TAs to discuss the thirteen demands presented last Friday to the Administration by the Black Students. Meanwhile, the Association is continuing to poll TAs about a strike planned if the Legislature passes a bill cutting out of state tuition remissions. To date, over 1500 have voted, in favor of a strike.

Many TAs interviewed at a party Saturday night were sympathetic to the black demands and the call for a strike, feeling that the two issues were closely related. One TA referred to a deal supposedly made between President Harrington and Governor Knowles, to the effect that the Governor would see to it that the cut was stopped if the University agreed not to admit the black students recently expelled from Oshkosh State University. "Whether or not such a deal was really made," she said, "the fact that it was Regent Gelatt who started the rumor is suspicious. It looks like the Administration is trying to play off TA interests against those of blacks and divide the students. The demands of the black students are very important to Teaching Assistants because they ask for the same kind of structural changes many of them have been working for in their departments."

Another TA also expressed the hope that the TAA could support the boycott, saying that the way the legislature is handling the budget deficit makes it clear that they are not interested in educating students. "The University is a political football for them. They try to stir up animosity against students to detract attention from their own corrupt policies, for example their attempts to make TAs and poor people in the State pay for the budget when the taxes on corporations haven't risen since 1913. Demanding autonomy, blacks are demanding control of their education, out of the hands of the Legislature and Administration and back into the hands of the people who are affected--students."

One TAA member pointed out that the proposed strike itself would be primarily a bread-and-butter issue, but the efforts of the TAA to organize its members into a recognized union could go beyond just the economic justifications. "While a union is important to settle grievances and to guarantee that TAs are given a fair wage for their work, it is just as important

cont'd p. 4

VOL. III NO.7 FEB.25 - MAR.11, 1969 15¢ - 20¢ OUT OF WISC.

CONFRONTATIONS

State Hist. Society
816 State St.
Madison



WE DEMAND

AUTONOMOUS BLACK STUDIES DEPT. CONTROLLED AND ORGANIZED BY BLACK STUDENTS AND FACULTY

A BLACK CHAIRMAN OF THE BLACK STUDIES DEPT., APPROVED BY BLACK STUDENTS AND FACULTY

THAT AT LEAST 500 BLACK STUDENTS BE ADMITTED TO U.W. FOR THE SEMESTER OF SEPTEMBER, 1969

THAT 20 TEACHERS BE ALLOCATED FOR THE INITIATION OF THE BLACK STUDIES DEPT., WITH THE APPROVAL OF BLACK STUDENTS

THAT AMNESTY (DEFINED AS NO REPRISAL OR CHASTISEMENT) BE GIVEN ALL STUDENTS WHO PARTICIPATE IN ACTIONS IN REFERENCE TO OUR DEMANDS

THAT A BLACK CO-DIRECTOR OF THE STUDENT FINANCIAL AIDS OFFICE, WITH THE APPROVAL OF BLACK STUDENTS

THAT BLACK COUNSELORS BE HIRED BY THE STUDENT FINANCIAL AIDS OFFICE, WITH THE APPROVAL OF BLACK STUDENTS

THAT SCHOLARSHIPS BE PROVIDED FOR ALL ATHLETES UP UNTIL THE TIME THAT THEY RECEIVE THEIR DEGREE

THAT THE EXISTING BLACK COURSES BE TRANSFERRED INTO THE BLACK STUDIES DEPT.

THAT IT BE ESTABLISHED THAT BLACK STUDENTS HAVE VETO POWER IN HIRING AND FIRING ALL ADMINISTRATORS AND TEACHERS INVOLVED IN ANYTHING RELATING TO THE BLACK STUDIES DEPT.

THAT IT BE ESTABLISHED THAT CONTROL OF THE BLACK CULTURAL CENTER BE IN THE HANDS OF BLACK STUDENTS

THAT ALL EXPELLED OSHKOSH STUDENTS WHO WISH TO ATTEND U.W. BE ADMITTED IMMEDIATELY

THAT PROOF (AS DEFINED BY BLACK STUDENTS) THAT THE ABOVE DEMANDS HAVE BEEN MET BE GIVEN TO BLACK STUDENTS BY THE ADMINISTRATION



ON STRIKE!

SHUT

Walking around the hill on Wednesday of Strike Week (a good enough name, I can't remember dates anyway) I couldn't help thinking about all the organizing we'd tried in our department since September. Somehow it didn't seem to be related to the cops, the jam of students around the carillon tower, the plain-clothes (really plain) detectives on the roofs, &c.; this wasn't the way it was supposed to happen. Not that I ever had a clear idea of how it would happen differently, or what "it" was exactly, but the careful raveling of tactics and energy and persuasion and confrontation we had slowly begun to knit together the last semester was supposed to loom larger in the future than this! this same old face-to-face battle with the wrong people. It's true, the cops didn't seem out of place; Sewell had made it clear during Dow that the Sheriff's deputies were practically on the faculty. But was this all? a handful of tired Packer fans with clubs? Where was the moment of convulsion in the faculty when choices would have to be made about the legitimacy of its own power, when its members would have to, finally, turn to face their students and say either "this is my fight too" or "this is my club the cops are using." In every crisis on campus since I've been here the Liberal faculty has made the decisions which the legislature expected of them. First the students, strung out on their last threads of patience, initiate some common & direct action, then the administration sics the cops on them, and in Act III the faculty throws up its hands in despair about "tactics" (which the cops <u>force</u> on the students) and votes to legitimate repression, not change.

So the real enemy, the people with the power to get changes off the ground and into a whole new level of development, yes, the tired FACULTY, had slipped away again and left us with our two-bit spectacle on the hill suitable for filming & channel 15 outrage consumption. After the last semester's base-building in the departments, where nit & grit organizing leads to confrontations with the faculty, not cops, this chanting and milling and celebration looked not so much like the ripened fruit-of-our-loom as a rent in the sleeve of careful planning (and it was a Black elbow jutting out of the hole).

I was thinking those kinds of thoughts and talking to Jim O'Brien about "developments" and, I have to admit, grooving on the general mood of a crowd that had been moved to ACTION (which, let's face it, is always premature for someone's plans), when all of a sudden I hear shouting and growls behind me. I turn around and see a column of short-hair strates about three abreast and twenty long charging like John Wayne heroes right at me. Their faces were slightly lowered and set with an oddly abstract determination, each jaw muscle doing its job holding together an expression of fear overcome by anger, doubt overcome by faith, and I swear they were growling! not like like animals but in the virtue of Christian football attack through the "visitors'" line. I turned to O'Brien and flashed his look of crazy Irish revolutionary fervor behind historian's rims, something I'll probably have to wait another twenty years to see again, and turned my back as calmly as I could with a brigade of strates on my tracks and Cram! there they were glancing off my right shoulder and I dug how unsure of themselves they really were: they weren't really trying to fight, it was still football to them and they were going up the middle of the line using forearms, not fists. But they can't be <u>that</u> weak, I thought, wondering why the hell I wasn't moving anywhere, my back even pushing against the second wave of heroes. Then I look down and there's the persuasive O'Brien, the soul of positivist Reason, giving me a help in the struggle with a body-block at chest-level.

The only real danger at that point was the cops. They apparently didn't know that the invading heavies were compadres in justice, because some of them raised their "batons" (and what idiot invented <u>that</u> euphemism is unknown) to start rapping skulls. A girl beside me screamed, a Hayakawa heart-strong raised his fist to punch another kid, strikers started retreating before the uptight cops and suddenly a scramble was on. I didn't get mad until that moment when I thought the cops were busting loose like Dow all over again; there was a crush of confusion, people next to the clubs trying to get out of the way and those of us on the fringes suddenly pushed onto the sidewalk like deserters. Chicks were screaming and falling off the ledge next to the building, too much pressure to be helped down by the brothers below with their hands reaching up to catch them. And when I saw that picture I thought the cops had really exploded, so I scraped up a snowball (thinking to force the cops back at least a little and give the people some time to get away) and was just about to throw it when this crazy 80-year-old ghost in a Russian fur



IT DOWN!



cap and white eyebrows that stuck out of his face like wingtips slapped it out of my hands. I was so surprised by this cat that I just looked at him. As it turned out, it was a good thing he did it, since the cops were just "clearing" the terrace, and hadn't swung at anyone yet. I calmed down again and watched the ghost float away, wondering who the hell he was.

That was my moment in medias res. Catharsis comes to campus. Show-'em-you-mean-business week. But damn it, as much as it makes us feel like revolutionaries, it's still not our game to face cops and indulge in football tactics. That's the administration's game, and puts the faculty in a position where they only have to react to "tactics" that have been set-up for us in advance by Young and Harrington. What the departmental organizations have been trying to do is much different: Make demands which the faculty alone have to face, put them in a position where they must either concede to specifics or call the cops on their own individual responsibility. It's not just a pun to identify the administration as the faculty's "cop-out" in these situations.

Of course, it's true that the Blacks have no department to confront, and it would be a waste of time for them, as freshmen and sophomores, to struggle in whatever major departments they're now enrolled in. Their power comes from being a group of Blacks that demands access to the university on its own terms, keeping its culture intact. Insofar as the middle-class white university and its structure of "rules" is defined by what it excludes, namely non-white and non-middle class groups, these groups represent the power of transformation within the university. The administration wants the Blacks to be assimilated as individuals, and even if it sets up a Black Studies department which is structurally identical to all the other departments, it will have successfully "integrated" individual Blacks into a B.A. program which serves the same interests the other departments serve. So the Blacks had no choice but to initiate action immediately, on their own terms as a group, and to present their demands directly to the administration. But what about white students? What kinds of groups can they create which will represent the same power of transformation?

That's where this story started. Up on the hill chanting labor movement vocabulary. I don't think it's much more than apt analogy, since students are far from suffering the same kinds of oppression which workers face. But a lot of the analogy holds and is productive, if you accept the proposition that groups of students must maintain ends and aspirations which are not bourgeois if they are to resist assimilation into the university structure as individuals being trained for the needs of a capitalist economy. The alternative, the cutting edge of the matter, is for white students to demand and fight for a university structure which will serve their own needs as groups in a social movement. As the faculty is confronted in each department and is forced to reveal its own interest in the corporate-university structure, more and more students look up and realize that they don't have to accept the "scholarly and disinterested" muddle they get served everyday in the interests of wallet-size tranquility.

That's what the departmental organizations are trying to be all about. It's slow and touch-and-go, and depends on a lot of little victories that just don't seem worth the trouble. You have to work as a minority "representing" a constituency which doesn't really care what you do as long as they can "pursue their education" without hamper or question. The issues remain liberal and "properly-channeled" until a bare majority begins to move behind initiatives which even in their reformist content are scuttled and resisted by an astonishingly jealous and uptight faculty. But slowly the pieces fall together, the students become polarized, the work is carried into the content of the courses, and the first really radical confrontations begin because they are aimed directly at the base of the professor's authority: his competence in the "specialty."

There's no question that the strike consolidated and improved the positions of most of the departmental organizations. There were set-backs in the few which had planned sit-ins and confrontations on the faculty level, but the long-range gains are more significant. Once the Blacks are granted their liberally-structured department--as they undoubtedly will be--the movement can begin to develop its issues unilaterally, and working with groups outside the departmental structure and outside the university itself, will be in a position to make the next strike even more thorough and sustained.

--David Wagner





IVY COVERED RACISM

There are two basic facts about the strike which should determine further developments in the effort to win the 13 demands: first, the needs of black Americans, and thus of black students, are unchanged. The Administration has yet to take a step toward meeting them. Second, the needs of the black students are also the needs of most white students. So far, this identity of interests has been more rhetorical than a real basis of action. Very briefly, I want to look at why the struggle must be common and why, for the same reasons, the Administration is so resistant to the basic demands.

The demands amount to a reorientation of a part of the university. The problem is not getting one more department, but getting an entirely new kind of department. The department outlined in the thirteen demands would be different from present departments in that 1) certain human problems would be looked at in their totality--for example, the economic would not be fragmented from the psychological--and 2) research and education would be made responsive to the poor and powerless. The fundamental opposition of these factors to the ordinary workings of the university explains why the demands have met with so much resistance.

To make the point clearer, let us take an example of how research (and consequently teaching) on poverty is now being done and how it might be done in the new department. The Institute for Research on Poverty does a significant part of all American poverty research. It is one of the prides of the University of Wisconsin. Who decides what research is to be done and who judges the success of the work done? Mainly the U.S. Office of Economic Opportunity, which is the main source of funds for the Institute. Secondly, the work of Institute researchers is judged by their academic colleagues. Never do poor people or their organizations generate, appraise, or use (except accidentally) IRP work.

The perspective of the IRP staff may be indicated by Prof. Robert Lampman's talk at the recent Wisconsin Symposium. Prof. Lampman said he thought that poverty can be eliminated in the U.S. in ten to twenty years with only slight additional government spending and few new programs, mainly of the kind being developed at the IRP here. He stressed that such an approach would solve only the problem of poverty and would leave the problems of racism and the squalor of our cities unchanged. This may be a great satisfaction to economists preoccupied with income statistics and poverty cut-off lines and to Presidents who make speeches about the better-than-ever society. But it hardly touches the problems of people who may now have $3000 per year rather than $2500, but still have poor schools, bad housing, few jobs, and no political respresentation.

By contrast, a black-run black studies program on poverty would be likely to emphasize who has economic and political control of the ghetto and how that control can be changed. Through years of struggle, black communities have gained a certain sophistication about the obstacles that stand in the way of social change. This understanding might well be reflected in a black studies program that asked hard questions about how the courts work, who controls housing and education, how employment is determined, what biases are built into the media, and the realities of political representation. It would ask these questions, not out of academic curiosity, but as a life-and death matter for black people.

The one point which is most crucial for white people to understand is that, for most of us, the interests of the black movement and our own interests are inseparable. We live in a society in which most important decisions are based on the criterion of private profit, and in which the power to make those decisions is in a relatively few hands. The vast majority of whites, although enjoying "privileges" which are denied to black people, have little control over their own destinies. The labor of most whites, like that of most blacks, is directed and used for the benefit of the powerful minority within society. Thus, the black movement, in struggling to build a self-determining community, is making a highly important attack on the present structure of power in America.

Some examples may help. The draft is one of the most immediately oppressing institutions for a lot of us--it was the black movement ("Hell no, I won't go") that led in opposing the draft and leads in GI organizing now. Black moves toward community control of schools and police, toward creation of jobs to meet people's needs, and toward a university directly responsible to people's needs indicate directions of change which would help most people. Here at UW the administration has repeatedly given students the run-around through "proper channels," but it is the black students who have now issued a clear challenge to this.

Racism has helped sustain a brutal and corrupt police and legal system which whites are beginning to fall under. Racism has always played an important role in dividing and defeating challenges to the status quo. This has historically been true of the labor movement, it continues to hold true in this respect, and we have just seen this use of racism in Chancellor Young's charges that the strike has been "taken over" by "white radicals." These are but examples of the basic point that the black movement is now the leading challenge to the present concentration of power, and whites suffer from that same concentration of power. Ending racism is unquestionably in the interests of most white Americans.

These basic challenges by the black movement to those in power explain not only why the thirteen demands reflect white as well as black needs, but they also explain why the Administration is so hostile to them. The university generally is aligned with the powerful interests of the society. It is a truism that the university gets most of its money from governments and wealthy private parties, all of which have a great interest in keeping power distributed the way it is and which have long sustained a racist social system. Certainly these groups would like to "solve" the "race problem" and are willing to grant some welfare concessions to keep the black folk quiet. They are not, however, interested in changing the system of power which puts them on top and blacks on the bottom. All the reforms advocated by the "enlightened" corporate elite (as represented by Fortune) and the liberal wing of government (the Kerner Commission, et al.) amount to making the bottom of the society a little less physically harsh, not to changing the hierarchical structure which has made and sustains the unliveable conditions at the bottom.

So what does all this imply for getting the thirteen demands? The first implication is that they will be gotten only by pressure. There are very real pressures against granting the demands. The problem is not one of communication. But will this not generate a reaction from the right? Obviously, but the right is going to oppose any moves toward self-determination. The great power of the Legislature is due in large part to the refusal of the Administration to oppose them. So long as the liberal center concedes the right's assertion that the trouble is caused by agitation, not by pressing social needs, then construction of solutions will be impossible. The problems will not be solved by silence, only by facing up to the substantive issues. We cannot wait to make social change until the right is not looking. Our task is to unite ourselves to generate enough pressure to overbalance the reaction.

--Rob McBride



APOLITICAL INTELLECTUALS

ONE DAY
THE APOLITICAL
INTELLECTUALS
OF MY COUNTRY
WILL BE INTERROGATED
BY THE SIMPLEST
OF OUR PEOPLE.

THEY WILL BE ASKED
WHAT THEY DID
WHEN THEIR NATION DIED OUT
SLOWLY,
LIKE A SWEET FIRE,
SMALL AND ALONE.

NO ONE WILL ASK THEM
ABOUT THEIR DRESS,
THEIR LONG SIESTAS
AFTER LUNCH,
NO ONE WILL WANT TO KNOW
ABOUT THEIR STERILE COMBATS
WITH "THE IDEA
OF THE NOTHING"
NO ONE WILL CARE ABOUT
THEIR HIGHER FINANCIAL LEARNING.
THEY WON'T BE QUESTIONED
ON GREEK MYTHOLOGY
OR REGARDING THEIR SELF-DISGUST
WHEN SOMEONE WITHIN THEM
BEGINS TO DIE
THE COWARD'S DEATH.

THEY'LL BE ASKED NOTHING
ABOUT THEIR ABSURD
JUSTIFICATIONS
BORN IN THE SHADOW
OF THE TOTAL LIE.

ON THAT DAY
THE SIMPLE MEN WILL COME.
THOSE WHO HAD NO PLACE
IN THE BOOKS AND POEMS
OF THE APOLITICAL INTELLECTUALS,
BUT DAILY DELIVERED
THEIR BREAD AND MILK,
THEIR TORTILLAS AND EGGS,
THOSE WHO MENDED THEIR CLOTHES,
THOSE WHO DROVE THEIR CARS,
WHO CARED FOR THEIR DOGS AND GARDENS
AND WORKED FOR THEM,
AND THEY'LL ASK:
"WHAT DID YOU DO WHEN THE DOOR
SUFFERED, WHEN TENDERNESS
AND LIFE
BURNED OUT IN THEM?"

—OTTO RENE CASTILLO
(TRANS. MEG RANDALL)

mythorians' meat

All rumors to the contrary, there is no reliable evidence which would indicate that any member of the History Department was pressured against his will into signing the faculty petition presented to University Chancellor Edwin Young in support of the administration's hard line against student strikers. If anyone had been pressured we might have been able to salvage a little hope for the future, since it would have indicated that the overwhelming support tendered by the history faculty in backing the administration's stand (only a small minority within the department was actively opposed to the substance of the petition) was in no way an accurate reflection of the existing sentiment within the department. We can only conclude that the history faculty was not acting under duress from above during its special departmental meeting, called on February 18th at the request of the History Students Association to discuss the issues raised by the strike. On the other hand, it was evident that the faculty was acting under duress from below. Scrupulously avoiding any hint of controversy, the department frantically tabled resolutions "left and right," and then adjourned the meeting before a final resolution could be brought to a vote.

Even more discouraging was the intellectual level upon which the discussion was conducted. Professor Cameron (who'd been hasseled the previous week by demonstrators attempting to prevent him from entering his office), while admitting that he supported the establishment of a black studies program "in principle," stated that he would vote against any resolution which put the history faculty on record as favoring such a program because of the tactics of the demontrators, thereby indicating his willingness to sacrifice the best interests of every black student on campus for a momentary loss of dignity. Not exactly a walking advertisement for "scholarly detachment." Professor Herlihy also indicted the tactics of the demonstrators, claiming that they were the very essence of the idea that "the end justifies the means" (shades of the Hitler Youth!). It would perhaps be useless to point out to him that some ends justify some means most of the time and all means some of the time, that any moral argument should be based on empirical evaluation of what means for what ends. Or that "violence" (which he repeatedly deplored) must not be confused with its various manifestations, but understood as the inevitable expression of a social system which is violent by its very nature. It doesn't require much intelligence to comprehend the violence done to the people of Watts or Harlem, whether those people react against it or not. And it shouldn't require a great deal more to understand that as the university comes increasingly to serve the interests of the power structure its organization will be challenged by the very forces which are currently challenging the power structure itself. It is for this reason that the arguments which the faculty employed in defending its privileged position could not attach themselves to anything resembling the reality of its own situation, for its arguments are not grounded in any moral absolute but merely reflect social circumstances which no longer obtain, if in fact they ever did (most of them are based on a mythical state of nature anyway). What the vast majority of history faculty apparently cannot understand is the essentially historical nature of the crisis which grips us, and the futility of expecting the development of that crisis to conform to its preconceived notions of social assimilation. What bemuses me more than anything else is the idea that an historian who subscribes to the "end of ideology" could possibly write history with any sympathetic understanding at all.

--David Lamoreaux



JUST SYMPATHY?

(On the Thursday after the suspension of the strike, Chris George of Connections talked with several white undergraduates, residents of UW dormitories, who had taken part in the strike. Excerpts from this discussion follow, with the names of the other participants altered.)

Chris: When the blacks came out with the demands, they were clearly drawing a line, and saying that you're all racists unless you come over to our side. They were defining "racist" in that way. As the week progressed and you heard more of the black people speak, and talked more among yourselves, did racism start to mean something more to you, did you get to understand it better, or was it something abstract and emotional?

Al: I don't think that "fascism" or "racism," as a label, is especially apt to use for a person, but rather for the effect of his actions. For example, I don't think the administration is personally racist but the effect of how the system is set up certainly is.

Jane: I think, though, that a lot of honest-to-god racism did come out in a lot of ways, like for one thing a lot of kids were offended by the fact that the blacks appealed to them on their guilt, and when they first came to classes they just said, "Get out of here you white motherfuckers or you'll go to hell forever." A lot of people were offended, saying, "You can't tell me that." It's like this paranoia.

Chris: One of the things that came to me through this whole thing was that it wasn't so much racism. All of us are from middle class backgrounds, right, and I think that a lot of racism is really a matter of middle class versus lower class snobbery. And the anger, the anger behind the black demands is something almost foreign or exotic to us. Something we can't quite describe or feel. It's not an anger that I can quite share, I'm quite uncomfortable with it. It doesn't fit with my middle class experience.

Jane: It lacks politics.

Chris: Yeah, but that's defining politics by our middle class thing. Maybe there's another definition of politics. Maybe within the context of the ghetto and everything, they are being political. In a sense politics has been defined by this very narrow class.

Al: The thing that sort of disturbed me about people getting all uptight about what the blacks are doing is that though it's agreed that it's unfortunate that they offend some people, there are things not to overlook. Like, sure, they offend you, but how did they get in the position they're in. It's been building up for so long. It's not at all racism for them, but just relieving the frustrations that have been kept inside for so long.

* * *

Chris: Well, we've gotten some idea of how people were feeling about the issues and racism. How did you feel about tactics this week? Did you participate in obstructing entrance to classes?

Jane: Well, I was standing in one of the side doors of Social Science, by the stairway with my back to the stairs and this girl came and tried to just push through the crowd. And she said to me, well, "What are you doing, don't you know you're just alienating me by this. Even if I support the demands, I disagree with this." And I said to myself, "What am I doing here. We don't have enough support in this strike, and I'm standing here angering this girl." And that brought on a whole sort of dichotomy; I can't justify myself.

Al: But no one is ever "alienated." What they really feel is just brought out. Like this girl, what she would probably have done was just go on to classes in any case. Instead of alienating them, you just bring out what they really think, how far they're willing to go in their support. It's a strike, you know.

Judy: There's also the whole middle class cultural thing about not using physical force, how we're brought up never to hit people. When I was standing in the doorway of the Education building, and these guys came up, you know, and they were just determined to get in no matter what. And, it kind of made me sick of the thing. They were going to get in no matter what, and were just made angry by us, and I began to ask myself after that, was it really worthwhile. I couldn't convince myself that I really had the right to tell someone else they couldn't go to class.

Al: On a primary level you're right. But, like, this is where it is. All this thing about talking and convincing people, that goes on all the time. But this week it was really on the line; you have to do something, you just can't talk anymore. This is where we're putting it all out on the line trying to get the demands. We've passed that level of just trying to rap with people.

Jane: This thing's been bothering me about the tactics. When you obstruct, you're saying, "I'm so sure I'm right that I can deny you your rights." And I could never come to that conclusion.



Al: But it's not my right against your right. I mean, you have no right to go to class. This is about people who have no rights at all, really. The blacks don't, in our educational system. It's an oversimplification, but the comparison just doesn't seem to me to be valid.

Jane: All I'm saying is, you're so absolutely convicted of what you're doing and so sure that what you're doing is right. You're going to achieve your aims and this is the way to do it. "These people have no right to go by me."

Al: I didn't say they have no right to go by me. I just made a choice about which I felt was more right. I'm not absolutely sure. I thought the rights of the blacks, and of the strike to be successful were more right than to have these people go to class.

Chris: Do you think that peoples' recognition that racism is really in many ways a white problem that distorts our view of the world, and their sympathy for the blacks' problems was the cause of their participation? Like, all right, why did you strike, let's get back to that. Was it just sympathy?

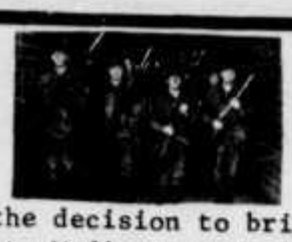
Jim: No, no, it wasn't that. You see, I've developed a set of values, a set of attitudes. And even if I was happy with what I was doing before, and this stuff was an imposition on me, which in many ways it was, still I had to do it if those values meant anything.

Chris: The reasons that we struck is, as you said, you just don't see yourself vis a vis your class, going as a student, but within your framework of values, within the whole situation. You're not just private. You're something more; you're political.

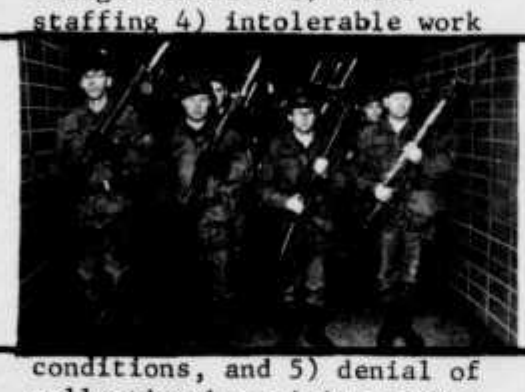
Jim: As far as I see people on this campus, they see going to class, getting their education, as what's important. But much more important is establishing a value system. A lot of people have a value system but say, "What I believe makes no difference to anyone but myself. I don't see any reason why I should go out and express them." That's because they don't see their values as important. You have to show that their attitudes are important, that they can be manifested. You have to show them that they can act and exert power.

Al: That's what disturbs me so much. People want to get an education so that they can go out and do something later on. Right now they've got an opportunity to do something, but they just keep putting it off until it's convenient. Which means they talk about it a lot, but when it comes down to doing anything they really aren't interested.

Jim: Obviously, people have to be educated so they will be willing to act. That was the great thing about the strike: It was really more educative than anything else, than any amount of talking could be.



WISC. POLITICAL THEATER



In the decision to bring troops to Madison, the authorities were not simply concerned with breaking the student strike or with maintaining law and order, but with staging the most spectacular street drama yet. "Step right up ladies and gentlemen, right on your television screen see student guerrillas stalk Bascom Hill, see black extremists on the rampage, threatening to burn, baby, burn down your shining white capitol, see dirty hippies call the upholders of authority dirty names and see, right here, the nation's finest, the khaki clad defenders of their country protect you from rioting communist niggers right here in Madison, Wisconsin." When the Establishment moves into guerrilla theater they move in as the army, with a cast of thousands just like Cecil B. de Mille.

The real purpose of this "living theater" was a last ditch effort by the state to find a scapegoat at the University for a social and economic crisis now facing Wisconsin, and Madison in particular. Knowles ran for Governor last November on that good Republican platform, the balanced budget. Two days after his election the Milwaukee Journal revealed that the state he had led for four years faced a budget crisis of major proportions. Since then the Legislature has been slashing expenditures and proposing tax increases that will affect the lives and incomes of every wage earner in the state.

This budget crisis has national significance because it reflects one of the first drastic dislocations caused by the war in Vietnam. The cutback in Federal funds is causing a cut in state funds for programs ranging from education to medical care, farmers' assistance, poverty programs, and last but not least, state employee's salaries. The left has speculated in quiet anticipation about what would happen if the general repression set off by the war ever finally reached the workers and their paychecks. In Madison the shit has hit the fan.

The Legislature is pushing through tax proposals to resolve its fiscal crisis which will drastscally cut the wages of lower income workers, while freezing corporate taxes. Much of the tax increase is needed to pay off state debts, and will go directly to financiers (26¢ of every tax dollar in Madison). Corporation taxes have not been increased since 1913; taxes on the huge brewery industry have not been raised since prohibition. An increasing tax burden falls upon small homeowners who pay an outrageous $53 per $1000 assessment per year, while real estate controlled by wealthy insurance companies is tax exempt. The Legislature is also planning to expand the sales tax to cover food and clothing items which are necessities for the ordinary citizen. While they are thus hatcheting the wages of the workers, they have passed substantial pay raises for themselves.

Government employees are in a particularly tight situation, and there is a growing awareness among them that they are being shafted. The Wisconsin State Employees Association recently stated that due to 1) low pay 2) inferior fringe benefits 3) under staffing 4) intolerable work conditions, and 5) denial of collective bargaining rights which could solve these problems, their members have been pushed to the breaking point. (One third of Madison's work force is employed by the government, and it would be paralyzed if they ever struck. Throughout the year a group of students have been giving at least minimal support to local strikes. When the firemen were about to strike they threatened to use militant tactics which one leader acknowledged they had picked up from SDS. Students have had good communication with the firemen since then. Some evidence of the city's determination to take a hard line against illegal strikes was their threat at that time to bring out cops against the firemen. Moreover the police were given an extremely liberal contract in exchange for their acceptance of a rigid no-strike clause, setting them against the firemen, in effect an agreement to act as strike breakers.)

At the University there are two groups directly affected by the Legislature's fiscal shenanigans. Before the black demands strike developed, the Teaching Assistants had voted to strike if their fee remission was cut (amounting to a ten percent wage cut). The Teaching Assistants Association is presently seeking official recognition as a bargaining union and has been in contact with representatives of AFL-CIO local 171. This union, which includes all non-teaching university employees such as janitors, cafeteria workers etc., is also facing salary cuts by the Legislature which has passed a wage and hiring freeze for government workers and an elimination in overtime for university workers. The headline of 171's newsletter a couple of weeks ago was "STRIKE - OUR LAST RESORT." It appears that 171 reached agreement on a contract this past weekend, but considerable discontent with wages remains.

The administration's overreaction to campus demonstrations has the effect of casting suspicion on all students by circulating the image that they are wild and irresponsible, perhaps nipping (at the outset) any alliances between discontented students and equally discontented workers. The key weapon the government has in manipulation of workers is, as usual, racism.

The day that the gudget crisis was revealed, Governor Knowles blamed the situation on welfare expenses, wielding the old racist argument that lazy blacks on the dole were jeopardizing white incomes. The demands of the black students have now been added to this line. It is rather difficult ordinarily to riase the fear of blacks against residents of Madison with a black population of only 1 percent, but the image of National Guard on the hill brings the threat of ghetto rebellions home to residents of this relatively tranquil city.

Racism, however, has operated more subtly and concretely in undermining the movement. The TAA was split between those who wanted to strike only over their own bread and butter issue and radicals who voted a walk-out over the black demands. There were charges thaat the radical leadership was encouraging an irate legislature to take reprisals against TA salaries. Anything which plays TA's against blacks is in the interest of the power structure. A member of the Board of Regents, Gelatt, told a TAA member (in a suspiciously rare moment of confidence) that a deal had been made between Governor Knowles and University President Harrington that Knowles would veto TA salary cuts if Harrington would refuse to admit the expelled Oshkosh black students.

The administration hoped to undermine the black-white strike coalition last week when the chancellor and a black professor both issued statements saying that whites had taken over and were using the black demands for their own political ends. At the same time Governor Knowles went on national TV with a red-baiting campaign, asserting that there was a national conspiracy behind the current student protests across the country and that there were communists in the movement in Madison. However, administration moves are baing met by considerable political realism on the part of the Madison students, who are determined not to let personal fears play into the hands of the administration.

Further political implications are to be found in the black demands themselves. Blacks have insisted that they intend the black studies program to serve the needs and aims of black people, that it is not a student power issue but a seizure of a piece of the University on behalf of the Milwaukee ghetto. This analysis has forced whites to question who the University in fact now serves. With the legislature autting the University budget to protect corporation profits and willing to turn it into a cow college rather than meet the demands of the blacks, the answer becomes pretty clear. Admissions policies do not exclude blacks alone; in a state where about 60 percent of the population are workers, very few students come from such families. Students are beginning to understand some of the anger of the local citizens toward students who they see as lazy hippies living off their taxes in a university which does not serve them.

The problem before the left is whether they can turn this anger back on the tax-free corporations and their political agents in the Legislature. The leafleting and speaking in the community this past week has been an attempt to fight the racism which has made blacks the scapegoat for all social problems and instead, dream beyond dreams, to make local heroes out of the black students who have been the first to stand up against the economic measures of the Legislature.

Jackie DiSalvo



(The following is an interview with two active members of the Black Peoples Alliance, Libby Edwards and Cheryl Davis.)

Connections: Why do you think a black studies department is necessary at this university, or at any university?

L.E.: Well, basically, a black studies department is necessary because there is no other avenue through which black courses can be channeled as the university stands today. There is no real black studies being taught, nobody has been trained to teach black studies, nobody has--or very few have--incorporated blackness into any of their courses. Black studies is a valid area of study that has never been touched and never been opened and never been looked into until this time. And black students are beginning to feel, as more and more come to universities, that their part of the universe is not being shown, is not here. And we feel we have a right to learn about ourselves, just as white students and everybody else have a right to learn about themselves, in order to take back into our black communities what we learn and hopefully be able to build on our knowledge black communities which will strive for the liberation of our black people.

Connections: Can you say something about what happens to black students who go to white universities?

L.E.: Well, basically what happens is that most black people when they come --up until three years ago, most black people came to white universities, to all universities, to, as it's called, "make it" in white society, that is, basically become white: learn the things that white students learn so that they can enter the larger society with hopefully some type of success. Now as we've seen, the facts and figures tell us that even though they do come to these white universities this is not true. As we know, white high school graduates make more money in their lifetime than black college graduates. The whole thing is centered around the idea that black people want to be black now, they no longer want to be white. They're saying that "We think that we are beautiful, we recognize that we have a history, that we have something to offer our people as well as the world, and that we have the right, just as everybody does, to learn about ourselves." And not to be so-called integrated into white society, which really means, as far as I'm concerned, being whitewashed. You can't be integrated into the society unless you are basically like the society, which is white.

C.D.: I don't think it's so much integration as assimilation. It's not that blacks don't want to integrate with white society; it's just that they want to become a part of it without having to be it, which is what blacks until now have been forced to do. Assimilation means that they're supposed to give up all knowledge of a self-culture, all pride in what they themselves are supposed to have done, what they themselves might possibly do in the future, and this is something that black people now just refuse to do. Since many black people, as you know, are past 30, they've already gotten into this integration-assimilation bag, and I think those of us who are going through college now, or those of us who are still in high school, are trying to get away from that as much as possible.

L.E.: Another thing is that black people have never been able to learn their history, and they really don't know how hard we have struggled and how little we have gained. Most people think that black people have basically been a non-rebellious and docile people who just sat through slavery and sat through Reconstruction and sat through the beginning of the twentieth century without any type of movement or any type of striving for progress. This is not true. So we need something to teach people what the facts are, the truth, what this country is really like, and--more importantly--how we can change this country.

C.D.: I think a reason that a lot of the black kids on this campus are not as involved as, say, we are in this particular movement here is that they feel some kind of gross responsibility to those whites that have gotten them here. They feel that going to class and striving for a 3 point or a 3.5 is more important than striving for freedom, which is essentially the way a lot of us look at it. It's not just a matter of "Do we get a black education," or "Do we get an education that will enable us to bring people out of the ghetto," things like this, but they're concerned with the here and now rather than things in the long run.

Connections: Why is it so important that black students have control of the department?

L.E.: Well, when we say "black students" we don't mean entirely black students; we're talking about black students and black faculty having control over the department. And we feel this is essential because white people--the white administration or white society--is not able to pick black people that will be relevant to black students, that will be able to communicate and to teach black students what they must learn. White people, whenever they've hired a Negro for an upper echelon position, they've hired somebody that will do the job they want done, not the job that black students need done for them; also for black people in general. We say "hire and fire" because this is protection for the student as well as for the black professors who will be hired. I can see very clearly situation coming about if a black studies department is created, where a man might recognize that they'd made a drastic mistake in terms of them. For instance, this is what happened at Howard University with Nathan Hare. They hired the man because he had a Ph.D. in sociology. When they found that he had other qualities that they weren't interested in, he was fired. And so we feel that if black students and black faculty have the power to say, "Well, Nathan Hare or whoever, we want him to stay because he is teaching us something" - not because he's bothering the administration or he's at odds with the administration's interests. Also, another reason is that black students, as I'm sure people recognize, have evolved over the years. You know, in the '60s and the latter part of the '50s it was the integration movement, now it's black revolution. I'm sure that many professors that might have been hired during the early part of the '60s would not now be relevant to black students. If they were given tenure by white universities, then according with white universities' rules they would still be relevant and they would still be teachers. We want the power to say, "This person is no longer, or never was, good for us--he's not teaching us what we need to know. And therefore we want the power to fire him." A lot of people, particularly black people and black professors are very wary about this situation, and I can understand why, because everyone is looking for security in this society. I think it should be made very clear that black students are not insensitive to the needs of black people. Just as we recognize our needs, we recognize that a professor has needs, has problems, making money etc. and we recognize his needs for security. Most have children, wives and children. We're not saying that we intend to fire and hire somebody every semester.

We'd hope to make the right decision, to have faith in this person. And also it's a matter of keeping people on their toes, in a sense. You know, if they know they are there to be responsive to black students, then they will continue to try to grow in themselves, to be able to teach the things that black students want taught. They will have to research on these things.

Connections: Do black students plan to give tenure to professors who would be asked to teach in the black studies department?

L.E.: Yes, for some of them, for those who want to make it their lives teaching at this university but we're also very interested in people, not necessarily those who have Ph.D.'s but just people. I don't care if a man came up here who's a high school dropout, just as long as he has something to teach me. But we're particularly interested in people who might want the bread for maybe a semester or a year but who doesn't want to totally excommunicate themselves from the black community. Someone who's really involved in the struggle in the black community, but who might have something very important and relevant for us to learn and who might be willing to come for a semester or year. He would of course not have tenure. The problem of tenure is not so important as I see it.

Connections: Why do you think so many people, primarily white people, are against black studies department? Also black people, like Roy Wilkins?

C.D.: Yes, I can understand a lot of white people being against it--there's a gross misconception going around the campus that white people would not be allowed to come into the department. We feel not only will they be able to but that they definitely should come in and take two or three courses in the department if they are to get a truly good picture, a whole picture of American society, and you can't do that if you take only courses outside this department. And you can't do it now even with the few courses in this university. Then too the word black studies department brings in this whole thing about black separatism. A lot of whites are against black separatism, never realizing that for so long blacks have been separated by whites, so you have to go in this door, you have to take that bus, you have to eat there. I think the blacks are coming into their own and saying what's so good about the white job anyway. I can do just as well in my own black thing, you see, and a lot of whites can't accept that, they don't like that. It's been called reverse racism and all kinds of other dirty names. The way I see it what actually has to happen is that blacks have to get themselves together before integration, true integration, will ever be possible at all.

Connections: How do you see what you just said relates to the idea of the black revolution, to community control of your own institutions?

L.E.: If we're not able to learn in college what we need to make a revolution then there will in fact be no black revolution because we can't kid ourselves; revolutions have never come entirely from those in the streets. There have to be people with technical knowledge on the inside and outside of the system. On the streets as well as in congress. Until black people can get an education which prepares them to do this there will be no real change. So in a sense, making a university relevant to black people is one of the most important steps toward a revolution in this country.

C.D.: I think the biggest reason for the black college students doing this is that black students have just left their black communities back in the ghettos, and still are part of them in some respects. Having a foothold both in the ghetto and in the institutionalized portion of American society you're better able to see exactly what needs to be changed in both. The main reason that blacks have to control things that are relevant to blacks is that a white man can't do this. A black man is better able to see exactly what's wrong with the ghettos, because he's lived with it all his life. A white man can only judge by how his white society would see things, and this is not often the best way to see it. If blacks have control and become educated and go back to the ghetto, then they see not only how it is but how it can be, which is the most important thing for them to see, I think.

Connections: What do you think the role of Third World students has been or should be in all this?

L.E.: Well, I think San Francisco State is an excellent example of what the role is and should be for Third World people. Centering around this crisis there's just developed a Third World Liberation Front on this campus. It's a very small group at this time, but the people that are involved seem to be very dedicated and--what I think is the most important thing--seem to have a definite understanding and realization that they too are black, and that they too suffer most of the same things that black people in this country and around the world face, and that therefore we have something in common. In BPA and in the other black organizations that have existed on this campus we have always made it a point to include all non-white peoples. We have to depend on them just as they have to depend on us, because as I see it the revolution is not going to only take place in this country but it has to take place all over the world, as it's already begun in some parts. I see us all as a Third World, including black people in this country. We have to stick together, and we have to recognize that we are together in this situation.

Connections: Why do you think the strike was necessary as a tactic? Including later developments, like blocking doorways and traffic and so forth?

L.E.: Well, the strike was sort of the last resort. I know that for the three years I've been on this campus we have gone through every possible channel: with the chancellor, with the president, with the regents--we even had dinner with the regents last year. We've pre-

cont. p. 11



THE PANTHERS OF WRATH
ARE WISER THAN
THE HORSES OF INSTRUCTION

—WILLIAM BLAKE

Little White Lies

The machinery of the University's PR bureaucracy went into high gear last week with the dual purpose of discrediting the strike and asserting the good faith and beneficent wisdom of the Administration. The most spectacular instance of this was the fanfare given the "withdrawal"of the Guard on Friday, which won the chancellor plaudits for his "flexibility" and "restraint", though he had to admit later that the Guard had merely left classroom buildings and withdrawn to the swimming pool for the weekend.

Likewise Young steadfastly refused to admit police beatings. His response to questions about the police charge on the marchers Friday night, when bystanders (who always get it worst, still believing the great white myth that "if you're not doing anything wrong the police won't hurt you") were pulled out of doorways by lawn-order on the rampage, bordered on the absurd. Well, he said, the police have told me they're very concerned for the safety of the demonstrators, and maybe they were just trying to protect the marchers from irate automobile drivers.

Like all demonstrations, this one was unnecessary, unreasonable, unsupported, used unacceptable tactics, and was misled by communists, white radicals, and other devils. Thus, as in all demonstrations, it was unnecessary to pay any attention to the substantive issues raised, but only to get rid of it as painlessly as possible. After a period of apparent nonchalance, and hope that it would go away quickly, lack of support was the administration line; administrators continued to play the numbers game with mediamen (who have had lots of practice estimating the numbers of the Viet Cong) throughout. A majority of black students were attending classes and not supporting the strike, we were told in variation on the "all blacks look alike" theme. If there are only a few black faces in any one place at any one time, why, where else could the rest be except in class, while the hard core just gets around fast? Even the statement of the 14 black faculty expressing support of the black demands was cited by Young on his tv commercial as merely duplicating the Administration's position of recognizing "black needs" (though he was rather emphatically called down on that point by a caller).

The assertion by the governor, the chancellor, and the house Tom that the movement had been taken over by white radicals, for which no evidence has been adduced, gave an extra measure of protection against opening minds, as well as fitting racist conceptions about the competence of blacks to lead a movement. While preaching piously that the ends don't justify the means, they used discovery of communist influence to justify in advance any form of police repression to ensure the "normal" functioning of the university and to explain away any black magic that the strikers might try to pull.

By the time Thursday night's march made the numbers game a little less believable (though still not worth abandoning), Operation "We-Have-Done-Much-and-Said-Little" (or was it vice versa?) was well underway. Swinging his sword of insinuated ulterior motivations at anyone who would "minimize or deny what is already being done," Sir Edwin the great white knight held high his shield of accomplishments. A large and dazzling shield it was, too, though largely constructed of paper, and having some holes in it. The Daily Cardinal, for instance, pointed out that four of the seven courses cited as pertaining to black studies do not, in fact, deal primarily with black studies. In one, Prof. Foster's Race and Law, half the enrollees are policemen, and there is only one black enrolled this semester. But no matter, the shield need only impress those looking on from afar; the sword is what counts up close.

Sir Edwin is, however, a modest man. Pointing to the wicked embrace of the fair siren, Miss Proper Channels, in which he was entwined, he pleaded that he was powerless. Did black students want the chairman of a Black Studies Department to be qualified to teach from a Black perspective? Why, that would be discriminatory, protests the Chancellor, (and everyone knows that since the Civil Rights Act of 1964, there is no discrimination allowed in America). Did black students, knowing well the inability of a white university to see from a black perspective, want to apply their own perspective to ensure that hiring and firing decisions actually build a Black Studies department which meets their needs? Why, students simply aren't allowed to make those decisions here. You wouldn't want to change the way the university has been working all along, would you? Did athletes want the university to help them finish their education, and not merely use them as paid performers? Why, the almighty NCAA and Big Ten won't allow that, although Sir Edwin did manage to withdraw from Miss Channels' embrace briefly when it was pointed out that the request was for regular university scholarship aid. Although Sir Edwin and the Fred Baron had steadfastly turned away from Miss Channels to do battle against three students from the land of Oshkosh, he quickly resumed his position, as Miss Channels invited the students to try her again.

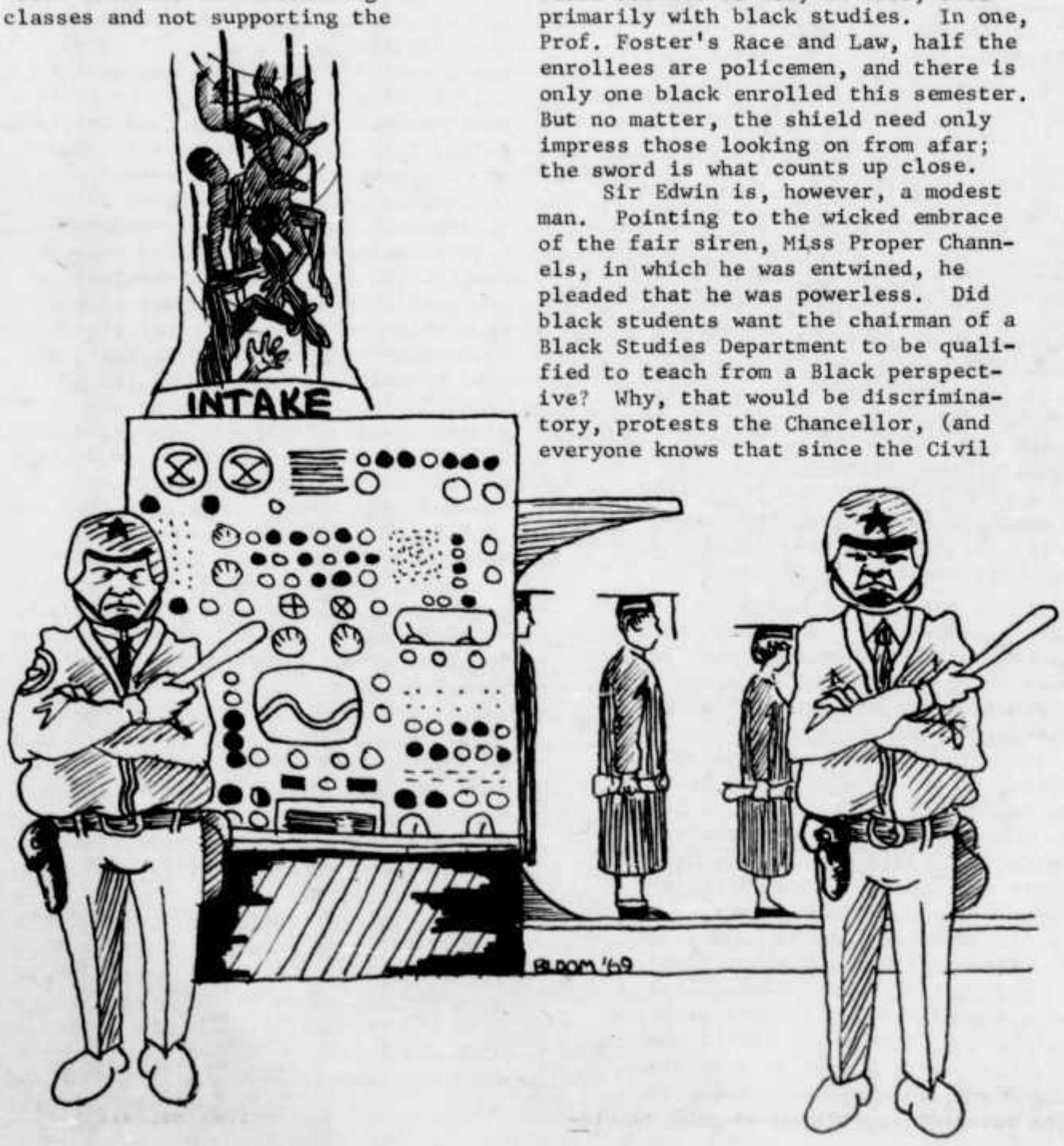
The treatment of blacks in their attempt to make the university more relevant to their needs serves as another demonstration that these are Channels designed as much to prevent



change as to achieve it. Miss Channels (or Proper, as she is known by her friends) does exist, despite rumors to the contrary. But we should remember that she is a very old and fickle creature. The Roman Empire, Tsarist Russia, Nazi Germany, all had Proper Channels. The question is what kinds of bias the channels themselves impart to the decisions that get through. In terms of access to the channels, the university is clearly not a democratic institution, and those who point most proudly to its "democratic traditions" are often most steadfast in opposing greater student power. Let us look at a few examples of the work of Channels.

The Advisory Committee to the special scholarship fund, under Prof. Haller, with Black students represented on the committee, was suspended from functioning after it recommended that Mrs. Ruth Doyle be transferred from her position as Director of the Special Scholarship Program.

The Proctor Committee, set up as the university's response to the black Oshkosh students' demands and the sympathy boycott by UW black students, was actually reprimanded by President Harrington December 4 for commenting on the situation at Oshkosh. When the university finally decided to establish a task force with the power to make policy changes in the Special Scholarship Program, students were not con sulted, nor were they represented until after the strike.



cont. page 11

Interview, cont.

sented proposal after proposal, we've been through negotiation after negotiation, and every time we have been lied to, every time we have been tricked, every time we have been cheated. The time just came when we could no longer fool ourselves. Black people just stood up and said "Boom! This can't go on any more, this is ridiculous, we aren't getting anything by being peaceful, by directing our efforts in the so-called proper channels, and it's time to get out in the streets." And that's it, because we'd come to recognize that we have no power. The only power we have in fact is to disrupt this university and coerce it--politically as well as with disruption--into doing what we want. And this is it. There's no other choice for us. In a sense, we were forced into striking by the university. We tried the proper methods, and they weren't working in our favor, so this is what we came to.

Connections: Going out into the community, you get arguments from those people who aren't too sympathetic, like, "Well, I've struck too, but I never did anything like raising my fist when they were singing the national anthem, like those students did at the field house--that isn't necessary, why do they do things like that?"

L.E.: Well, as was shown at the Olympics in Mexico, it was very necessary, and it really changed a whole lot of people's minds; it really shook this world, this whole idea of putting your fist up. I mean, to ask black people to sing the national anthem is about the greatest parody and the greatest, you know, it's just--

C.D.: The song tells people about how America is the land of the free, and junk like this. If it were free blacks wouldn't be getting the worst jobs, the worst homes.

L.E.: Right. Here we have fought for this country, died for this country, built this motherfucking, excuse me, country, and we're supposed to sit up and sing the national anthem when we're still the greatest sufferers in this country. This is ridiculous. We have to begin to stand up and say, "No, we're not going to submit ourselves to this bullshit any more. We're not going to tell lies to ourselves as well as to the world that we're happy, that we're satisfied with what's going on in this country." We have to begin to start saying, "I won't do it and I'm going to do something else to change this place. Hell no. I won't go," as Stokely said.

Connections: What do you think the role of white students is or should be in the movement?

C.D.: I guess some white students have come to realize actively, and the rest of them in a more passive way--that black students and black society has been oppressed, and that if they don't also join the movement to do something about it they will merely be perpetrating what their parents are doing and what their ancestors have done. Many white students say to me, "I'm not part of the group that's oppressing you," and to that I usually answer, "Yeah, but if you don't help us then you will become a part of that system that is suppressing us." I think that white students need to know what it is like to be black--not so that they become black, or think black, but so that they will be able to see a full picture of what life is like. I don't think you can do that just thinking white. The average black student, in fact almost all blacks, can tell you any number of things about white students, from the way they comb their hair and where they buy their clothes to the kind of toothpaste they use and the papers they read--you know, right on down. The average white student couldn't do that about a black.

L.E.: Just to add to what Cheryl said, I've almost come to the conclusion that if white people aren't willing to get out, in a sense, kill their mamas and daddies--because this may have to be done--then they really aren't of too much use to me any more, because there's nothing they can do for me in the black community and if they can't do something in their own community then they have no part. If they can make themselves useful in terms of organizing or rebelling in the streets of their own communities, then that's fine. But if they don't have that in mind, if they still have the idea that, "Well, I want to go into social work so I can go to the black community and teach those poor little Negro children," you know, I don't want to have anything to do with them. They have nothing to offer me and my black community. Now if they see their role as working with white people, in the streets as well as in the offices and community organizations, that's fine. Then we have a basis of



communication. But if their ideal is still this paternalistic thing, "Well, I'm gonna get out and help you," then they can forget it as far as I'm concerned, and I will consider them an enemy just as I would George Wallace.

Connections: What about the idea that a coalition with white radicals is very hard because white radicals don't have the same necessity that blacks have to fight for survival?

L.E.: I think this is very true because, as we've seen in our history, the role of white radicals--the Communists in the '20s, '30s, and '40s and these other groups that are coming around today--the SDS's, etceteras, the YSA's and all of these--I think they're basically still in the bag of "Well, lets' create a revolution in our country by pointing up the oppression of black people." A lot of them want to use black people just as they want to use anything else to creat for themselves what they really want, a revolution. Back in the Communist era in the '30s this was point up very well if you've read Richard Wright's The Outsider or Ralph Ellison's Invisible Man. These people were simply taken in to the movement, were used as good rabble-rousing speakers to get people's emotions up, but they were never allowed to have any say about what was to go on in their own communities. When the Communists were organizing in Harlem black people weren't allowed to say, "Well, dig, this can't go, we organize black people a different way, you don't organize black people like you organize somebody else, we have a different culture and a different set of standards." The point that you brought up about how when it comes down to the nitty gritty they aren't there to be with you; I've seen that on this campus as well as other places. Most of them don't really have their hearts and their souls into it because they know damn well that if they ever want to they can cop right out and go right back and get in Daddy's factory and be, you know, chairman of the Ford Foundation and live a nice luxurious life out in the suburbs. As a matter of fact, most of the white radicals do come from upper middle class backgrounds. And these white radicals know damn well that when they go on vacation they shave their beards, they cut off their hair, they put on a three-piece suit, and look good for Daddy, so that when they get out of college they have something to fall back on. This college thing, for a lot of them, is just a kick as far as I'm concerned, the same type of thing as these cats from small colleges that go down to Florida. It's having a boss time when you're in college. There might be some type of communication if we can really find a hard core group of white people who are sincerely dedicated to changing this country, but up until now I haven't seen it. As far as I'm concerned, the revolution that's going to come about is going to have to be a black one, since I don't think you're going to get enough white people who really, when it comes down to the real thing are opposed to this country, who are not satisfied with what their lives are like in this country.

Connections: What do you think in general about the faculty's reaction to the strike?

L.E.: There was little communication between faculty and black students. We met with a few; some of them we knew, and we had hoped they were on our side - we expected them to be because of our experiences with them in the past.

C.D.: Well, I think the faculty has just shown its true colors. They're not even willing to admit three black students, who were perfectly admissible, just because they were involved in the Oshkosh incident. It would point up to me just how much against blacks American society really is. First of all, not all of the faculty showed up for this meeting, which showed how unimportant it was in a lot of eyes, and then when those that were there voted by this extremely small margin not to admit them--well, it was rather disheartening.

Lies, cont.

This, then, is the substance of the Chancellor's professed interest in hearing "student viewpoints". The committees, in which student viewpoints are represented, have been disbanded or reprimanded when that viewpoint conflicts with the Administration's. When policy changes are considered, students are eliminated from the picture entirely. Our knightly conman spent the week patting himself on the back with his paper shield, while doing his best to discredit the demonstrators. Poor Miss Proper Channels, however, may have less business in the future.

--Evan Metcalf

THE KEPT PRESS

Past experience with the media in Madison has taught us where their interests lie --with authority and with order. But we've always posed questions through our demonstrations which are difficult for the well-intentioned to dismiss outright. Last year's Dow demo, for example, posed serious problems of interpretation for liberal anti-war forces because they too were uncomfortable about napalm and about Univ. sanction of war industry but they were more uncomfortable with actions outside "channels." So in somewhat schizophrenic fashion, liberal media like the Capital Times rejected the basis for the demonstration to talk about rationality, law, order, and reaction. This year, the findings of the Kerner Commission, the residue of the civil rights movement, the local actions of the Equal Opportunities Commission, and just good liberal intentions make black protest initially respectable.

An excellent local instance of this was the Capital Times' coverage of, and attitude toward, the Black Conference at the Univ. which preceded the strike. The paper gave quite full coverage to the series of speakers and on Saturday, February 8, along with an article on the last speaker, ran an editorial about the meaning of the conference: "the American black, particularly the young black, sees himself in a fight for his own survival." The role of white liberals in this historical period is to "shut up long enough for the black to speak for himself and define himself." It is a time for whites "to look into themselves" rather than reacting with "cries of 'law and order.'" The Cap Times, further, chastised legislators and faculty members for their failure to attend the conference to develop their understanding of the needs and aspirations of blacks today. In a chronology of the events on campus, this editorial was written after the black demands were formulated and class disruptions had begun in an effort to promulgate the demands to more and more students.

But liberals have a very difficult time dealing with racism as black people and white radicals are coming to understand it. The historical problem, according to the Cap Times, is the perversion of a beautiful idea: "This country started out with the right idea and then proceeded to pollute it with slavery." Most of us, even some historically minded liberals, know a slightly different chronology of the relationship of slavery to the "right idea" and certainly understand a deeper penetration of the racist ideology into the forms and structures of American society. That difference in understanding racism produces quite different responses; many students said we go and fight too, along with the blacks, and the Cap Times says we study to understand the black man's needs and then "shut up long enough" to let him find his way. Their search into themselves produces standoffishness, ours produces a willingness to fight for changes in the institutions which are part of our lives as well as of the blacks'.

Direct service to the state by the media would have been accomplished by playing up violence and confrontations and thus supporting the alleged need for National Guardsmen. But instead, newspapers and local television coverage made concerted efforts to describe the "hit and run" or "cat and mouse" tactics used by students; they became fascinated with the details of mobile action which avoided confrontation. Each paper also gave details of the most irrational and probably illegal arrests--guys dragged off picket lines for obscene gestures, bystanders on State Street swept away by three cops, etc. But this fascination with action overpowered concern with the condition of the black man in America, or at the University. The option they took may well have been more pernicious in terms of distorting public understanding of campus issues, than outright support for the institutions of force.

As tactics escalated during the week it was quickly assumed that the issue had ceased to be the needs of black people to define themselves but had become who controlled this monster on the campus. The media may have even jumped to racist assumptions before the administration publicly did so. "Trouble" traditionally comes from white radicals in Madison and while it was becoming respectable for blacks to struggle with their own definitions, liberals could not accept any common ground between the two groups. So the tactic was white-baiting. In the Capital Times, the caption under a page one picture of face-to-face cops and students concludes, "The protesters were mostly white students." That's accurate enough and then a caption on page 37 describes how the black student with a bullhorn "appeal(s) to whites to follow black leadership and not to be detoured by the mostly-white SDS." When Guards were called up, the Governor and University officials explicitly opened up the terms of red-baiting which just gave added specificity to what media were toying with previously. Marshall Colston, the black Extension professor who reversed his earlier support of the strike because, he said, students whose prime concern was the draft seemed to be in control, and Chancellor Young who blamed white radicals for the violence which he'd found in order to justify calling the guard and told newsmen about how SDS members and "a Communist" had paid him visits set the tone. No effort was made by newsmen, however, to test this interpretation by men who were obviously looking for rationales for their respective actions. The process of growth in the demonstration over the week was described by the Capital Times as "a minority of students who recklessly escalate a legitimate protest demonstration into disruption of educational functions and a near riot...." Young had no choice but to call the guard (after all a Communist had been in to see him); there was violence among students (didn't we have Matt Pommer describing how the Hayakawa squad charged students?); and campus hooliganism had brought down the level of politics in the legislature so that everyone was beginning to sound like Gordon Roseleip. This effort split the issues of struggling for change and the rights of blacks--clearly the "draft" had nothing to do with black demands. "Can the black students control the radical white element?" Matt Pommer asked.



It is in the purview of mass media to look into the situation that a demonstration is talking about, to investigate the condition of blacks on the University campus, to go beyond the statements of Chancellor Young about what the University has been "doing for" blacks. It is in the purview of the media to find out the situation of blacks in Madison. But instead its editors chose to respond to the statements and events as they happened. Because so much of the coverage was in response to press conferences, releases, etc., of University and state officials, the media is not to blame as the originator of the definition of response but surely if they were truly interested in the problems which the strike was conducted to change and to focus public attention upon, the media could have used its alleged independence from official sources to actually move out on its own to investigate, clarify, and to publicize the conditions. Instead, some of their actions indirectly might have minimized the image created by Knowles, Festge, and Young about the actions on campus and in that sense may have minimized the scare tactics of the state, but their unwillingness to transcend the official discussion of the terms on which this demonstration would be carried to the public, their willingness to use racism as a criteria for judging the "validity" of the demonstration, they did an adequate job in their role as supporters of those in authority.

--Ann Gordon

People's Army

When everyone kept telling me that this was the first time in Wisconsin history that the National Guard had been used on the University campus, I got curious about what they'd been doing all these years. I felt somewhat relieved to discover that as an institutional entity, the Guard was not at all inexperienced in dealing with strikes. While their most recent duties have been at "beer riots" in Lake Geneva and "civil disturbances" in Milwaukee (both in the summer of 1967), during the last 80 years most corners of the state have been visited by their law and order. One must admit, looking at it all historically, that the Guard in Wisconsin has been put to some imaginative uses.

In most states the Guard is used in times of natural disaster: floods, cyclones, tornadoes, earthquakes, etc. The engineer units pile sandbags; trucks are used to bring in food and other supplies; and occasionally the Guard stays around to prevent looting in deserted areas. The local Guard has had its fair share of such assignments, just to keep them on their toes.

But some examples from an earlier period offer a different perspective. For a week in 1881, Guardsmen were on duty at "strike riots" (the adjutant-general's words) in Eau Claire while other units were tracking down some murderers in Pepin County. Guardsmen spent the month of May 1886 with "strike riots" in Milwaukee and on August 17, 1889, one group went to deal with a strike in Superior while another went firefighting in Milwaukee. In 1898 a number of Wisconsin units were activated for the Spanish-American War (such Federal use of the Guard occurred again in 1916 for Mexican Service and in 1917 for World War I) but some just got strike duty at Oshkosh. Perhaps most curious during this period was Guard activation in 1918 in Clark county to catch the infamous Kreuger brothers, wanted for draft evasion.

In 1923, there was an effort to rid Wisconsin of this guard. Socialists and trade unionists (as well as the Capital Times) lobbied to be rid of it, citing the immense military budget of the State (Wisconsin was putting more money into its Guard than any neighboring state) and also the widespread use of the Guard against workers. Union men were not anxious to be members of such an outift if they were likely to be called into active duty against other workers--does that suggest a possible change in Guard makeup in 1969? But the effort was defeated.

In the thirties, the Guard was used for a month in Kohler, Wisconsin, against striking workers and was activated but not used against striking Works Progress Administration workers who were occupying the state Assembly Chambers. The strikers were evacuated by "some other means."

The Guard prides itself on being a citizens' militia, but after the Newark riots in 1967, a lot of attention was directed toward the class and racial makeup of Guard units all over the country. The Guard was known by many to be a draftdodge but it was an option available primarily to white middle classes. National directives went out not only to go through riot training but also to recruit blacks. These seemingly contradictory plans are no more contradictory than the notion of a citizen militia, maintained by Federal and state funds, which is activiated at the discretion of corporation and university presidents and politicians. It is inevitable that at any point where those not in power want to exert pressure on those in power to make changes, the powers have "citizens" to call up against the "disturbers." We have joined a rather impressive array of forgotten historical characters.

A.D.G.



News Round out

One of the few faculty members who suspended class during the strike is George W. Foster of the Law School. That's the same man whose "Race and Law" course is pointed to by Chancellor Young as an example of the steps taken by the University towards a black studies program, though nearly half the "students" are Madison policemen and the only black person in it, an auditor, is a government official. The "Race and Law" course was suspended during the strike so that the policemen wouldn't miss anything during the time they were on riot duty. When things returned to normal, one student asked Professor Foster if the class could discuss the strike, since it seemed relevant both to "Race" and to "Law." Professor Foster told the class that it would be unfair to let a majority of them discuss it if a minority objected, and when several policemen did in fact object he said that the discussion would have to take place after class.

* * *

Wednesday afternoon WISM reported that white radicals and the Third World Liberation Front had apparently wrested control of the strike from the blacks. White radicals have been on campus since 1854, but the Third World Liberation Front was being formed at about the time the broadcast was made. It is composed of students --about 30 of them at present--from Asia, Africa, and Latin America and of Americans of Third World extraction.

The TWLF's explanatory leaflet, entitled "An End to Isolation," argues that Third World peoples, like American blacks, are oppressed by the capitalist system. In supporting the 13 demands of UW blacks, the leaflet says, "We stand by them because we too lack the means of providing our own welfare and of deciding our destinies. We are their kin in oppression." Presumably, Chinese students in the group, allegedly transmitting orders from Mao Tse-Tung, were instrumental in TWLF's gaining immediate ascendancy in the strike.

* * *

We think that over 1300 faculty members signed a petition supporting Chancellor Young, but we can't prove it. Pam Haftel and Max Elbaum spent the first part of last week trying to verify the existence of the petition; the stories they got from the Chancellor's office were, in chronological order, (a) that the Chancellor couldn't show it to them because he had left it in his car, (b) that it had been in his office the whole time but couldn't be shown because some professors who would have signed it had been out of town and would feel "tainted" by the absence of their names, and (c) that the Chancellor was too busy to show it to them.

Mike Kaplan, runner-up in last year's election for WSA president, was arrested during the strike for allegedly yelling "Pigs!" at policemen. The arrest freaked out his twin brother Billy, who ran into the History Department office in Bascom spluttering that he was going to use the phone. Mrs. Dick, the secretary, replied that there are 1200 history students and only two phones, that the former aren't allowed to use the latter, and that business had to go on as usual. At this Jeff Herf informed all present that business as usual means imperialism and racism, Kaplan began swearing and said he would use the phone anyway, and only the timely arrival of National Guardsmen from the nearby corridor prevented him from carrying out this threat.

Can We Learn?

It is important for all of us who have been involved in the struggle of the past weeks to think about it critically, and to see both our accomplishments and and our failures. It would be only partial truth to say that since not one of the 13 demands has yet been won, we have not gained anything. The situation is more complex than that.

The strike, and especially the large demonstrations of February 12-14, showed the power that can be exerted by large numbers of people working for common political objectives. The "normal functioning" of the School of Letters and Sciences was substantially disrupted for at least that three-day period. This is important not because disruption is good in itself, but because the strikers were able to force the university, for a brief time, to confront a real political issue. Unlike last year, when the original issues of war crimes and corporate recruiting were lost in a campus uproar over police brutality, the issue of the 13 black demands has been kept in the forefront. When administrators held press conferences and issued prolific statements, it was not enough to explain the presence of cops on the campus -- they had to answer the demands of the black and white student strikers. The faculty, at their Wednesday meeting, discussed one of the demands and discussed their failure to talk about the other demands; they never mentioned the National Guardsmen.

Notable also is the degree to which black and white students have been able to work together in pressing the demands. The degree of cooperation that has existed in this struggle is far greater than we have seen on this campus in the past.

At the same time, we have to recognize serious shortcomings, particularly in the way that white students conceived of their role in the strike. We often heard people say, in effect, "The way I relate to black demands is by supporting them. But I don't understand how it affects me personally." It should be very clear that racism, in its broad implications, is a denial of human dignity, and that the same institutions which foster racism in America are oppressive of most white people as well as of blacks. That aspect of the demands was too often lost sight of. It was easier to focus simply on a list of demands which might conceivably be granted than to deal with the situation which produced the absence of such things as a black studies department, which produced the ghettos, which produced Special Scholarship Program at a University which holds stock in Chase Manhattan Bank and thus secondhand in the racist government of South Africa.

White radicals found themselves in a very awkward situation -- afraid of being isolated from blacks and from other whites, afraid in some instances of being honest about their understanding of racism. The white United Front included radicals who understand racism as not only a symptom of, but a function of, capitalist society, and it included liberals who wanted to he help the blacks get the 13 demands because they deserved them. In general, radicals tended to take a weak position, failing to articulate their understanding of the struggle as that of whites as well as of blacks. They allowed themselves to be intimidated by red-baiting from officials.

One reason for this was the attitude toward black leadership. The feeling was that since the demands were the demands of the blacks, only they could properly speak about them. This made it very difficult to develop a strong personal commitment from whites. While it is important for us to learn to accept black leadership, to deal with our racist remnants, it is also important that we follow our commitment to collective responsibility and development.

Collective development of understanding of and commitment to the strike's goals is important both in terms of the permanence of the experience and in terms of the intensity of tactics. A question which sits on a lot of minds is why is it that on Friday, the morning after 10,000 of us marched to the Capitol, one policeman was able to move 500 demonstrators around at will? There was a slow escalation of tactics but a continued commitment to avoid confrontation; people became accustomed to seeing lots of cops around without being too afraid of them (or shocked by their presence on campus). But the escalation of tactics was not accompanied by an intensive educational program which would have prepared people to take bigger risks as they became surer of the importance of the demands and the struggle. We slowed down the University but we have yet to show our strength to shut it down--our endurance to win a crucial struggle.

-- Cummulative



This issue by: Jim O'Brien, Ann Gordon, Kate Gyllensvard, Sharon & Evan Metcalf, Tom Willitt, Jeff Winsor, Wintergreen, Candace Edwards, Dagmar Schultz, Jackie di Salvo, Carmie Weingrot, BJ, Helen Schiller, Seth Rice, Cheryl Davis, Libbie Edwards, Ellen Bramson, Martin Saville, Chris George, Phil Bloom, Beckett, Chuck Schroengrund, Tom Lackey, Rob McBride, Libby Edwards, Cheryl Davis, Julie Schutz, Dave Wagner, David Lamoreaux, Jim Rowen with additional thanks to Mark Knopps and all the representatives of departmental associations whose accounts of their strike activities we were not able to fit into an already overcrowded issue.

Photo/Art: cover, Chuck & BJ; pp263, Beckett, Robb Johnson (LNS), Chuck; p4, Candace and Wintergreen; p5, Carmie; p6, Chuck; p7, Beckett; pp869, reprinted from the Guardian; p10, Phil; p12, Tom L; p13, Phil; p14, Beckett; p15, Wintergreen; p16, Beckett.

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tures of American society. assumed that the issue had

Interview with Chan. Young

On Saturday morning (the 15th), I encountered Chancellor Edwin Young sitting in his official green car in the Bascom Hall parking lot. Seizing my chance to rap with the boss, I walked over to his car. His immediate response was to roll up his window. No, No, I gestured, as if to say you have nothing to fear, just roll up your window. He did, and I said: "You're Chancellor Young, aren't you?"

"That's right, I am."

"Didn't you make a statement yesterday that the National Guard had been removed from campus?"

"I did."

"Well, could you tell me what all those National Guard troops are doing stationed across from Elm Drive?"

"They are," he said, seeking to bridge his credibility gap, "minding their own business."

"Chancellor Young," I said, "this makes you look very bad."

--Jim Rowen

LEGAL DEFENSE

The students at the University of Wisconsin who have articulated through their protests and demonstrations their dissatisfaction with the administration's lack of response to the needs of the Black students on this campus are now faced with severe repression from the State Legislature, the courts, and the UW administration. A legal defense fund has been established here to defend and protect those students who are faced with actions from these three bodies.

First, we must stop the state legislature from initiating a HUAC-type witch-hunt. In 1968, the Wisconsin Legal Defense lawyers obtained a temporary restraining order to stop similar hearings. The lawyers plan to follow similar actions in the Western Federal District Court of Wisconsin to stop these hearings.

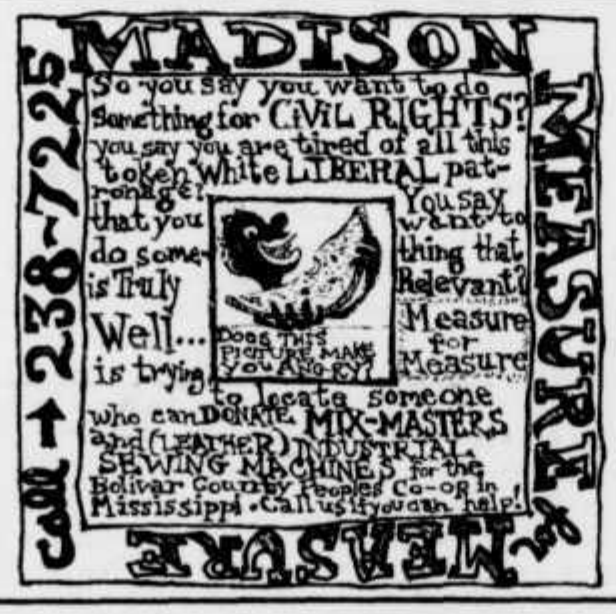
The State Legislature has proposed several bills which would result in the summary expulsions of students and the firing of teaching assistants and faculty members for participation in any demonstrations without review. Some of these bills have been passed by the Assembly and will be voted on by the Senate soon. The constitutionality of these bills must be challenged.

Thirty-two people have been arrested during the student protest in which 8000-10,000 people participated. Those arrested were picked out of crowds in an arbitrary manner, some were going to and from their classes. Some of those arrested met with police brutality after their arrests. Included in the indiscriminant arrests were an assault on a lawyer by police while he was attempting to speak to his client, refusal in some instances to allow attorneys to see their clients, and holding some of those arrested incommunicado.

The third step in the legal defense is to defend those students who will be brought before a University disciplinary hearing because they participated in the protest. These cases will be numerous.

The legal defense fund is not used for lawyers' fees; these are gratis. The expenses include court costs, and out-of-pocket expenses such as xerox, secretarial costs, paper, and depositions. Ten thousand dollars is needed for this legal defense fund. Contributions should be sent to

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madison speaks

The Madison "community" consists of 33,000 university students and 120,000 workers, professionals, and middle class people. The students don't often talk to the other residents. (But then, most of the other residents don't talk to each other either.) During the week of the strike more than 100 students from the Strike Committee went to the people of the city to talk about the Black Demands. They distributed 15,000 copies of a leaflet, "Politicians vs. People," in predominantly working class and student wards.

The results brought back by those students who "went to the masses" rather clearly showed the gap between black and white residents concerning identification with the black students and understanding of the issues. While a number of whites responded adamantly to issues concerning their own lives, such as tax raises and wage freezes, their fears of black people, Black Power, and riots had been successfully fostered by the presence of the National Guard. There were, however, exceptions; some white workers, welfare recipients and students came out in favor of the Black Demands or were interested enough to discuss the content of the leaflet an and to give up some of their preconceptions.

The responses to the question, "How do you feel about the demand for a Black Studies department," were fairly favorable on the whole. A very articulate Black woman expressed the needs of Black students as follows: "Black students need a Black Studies Department. They find that identifying themselves is more important than making money now, and this is good... Black students should not be scattered around, like they are, for instance, at East High, one in each class, because this means that one can't express himself like he wants to because he doesn't feel safe in a whole rooom of nothing but white students." On the other extreme was an elderly white man who felt that,"If they want Black Studies, why don't they go down South where they have colleges for Negroes. If they don't like it here they should leave."

The issue of Black student and faculty control of the department was more controversial. One lady felt that students were, "just a bunch of troublemakers. They should rather go and study." Another questioned the judgement of her own daughter in such matters, saying,"I'm afraid I can't quite understand my daughter, as an example, determining who's going to teach her. I don't think she has sense enough to decide whether a teacher is good or bad." The Black woman quoted above viewed the issue in terms of the study of Black history. "I think the Blacks should control the program, because they are the only ones that know what's needed. For instance, I don't want my son to learn about George Washington Carver and Booker T. Washington, because that's past. If they can't teach him about the present and the future I would prefer them not to teach him black history at all. We're interested in Martin Luther King, Dick Gregory, Rap Brown, Stokely Carmichael, Muhammed Ali. I want my kids to find out about them, because whatever they say affects the black man."

The tactics of the demonstrations aroused the greatest emotion. Although some workers were able to identify with the strike tactic, most people were critical of the classroom obstruction and traffic tie-ups. Two white West High students were poles apart on the tactics question. "I dig it, I really, really, dig it. It's like wild good times. It's doing some good for society and its something to really groove on." "I think they're niggers, they're just going way beyond what they ought to do and I blame them for the trouble and I blame them for the confrontation with the police and the National Guardsmen and I guess I'm to the point where I'm bitter.

Opinions on whether or not the National Guard should have been called in were somewhat less differentiated. Although some people thought that the threat of "violence and destruction of property" on campus warranted this move, many felt that it was unnecessary and a waste of money. Those people who were angry about the wage freeze and the increase in taxes were especially opposed to the call-up of the Guard. One black lady went to look the situation over herself, and later commented, "When the Guard came they said the students should move an and they moved. To me it was just like playing games. If there had been violence there would have been violence even with the National Guard being there."

In the course of these conversations some interesting comments were made on the relations between the University, students and the community. Few people felt that the University is helping solve problems. A number of residents pointed out that it is tearing down houses and is disrupting the community and that they didn't see any direct benefit of the work the university does in their neighborhoods. Some black residents expressed their desire for more communication between black students and the black community. On the whole, there is very little understanding of the university as an institution as an institution and of the students who want to change it. Consequently there is no feeling of solidarity between those residents who see themselves as being suppressed by the Legislature and students who feel that the university is an oppressive institution. The lesson to be drawn: Communicate!

-- Dagmar Schultz
-- Lester Radke



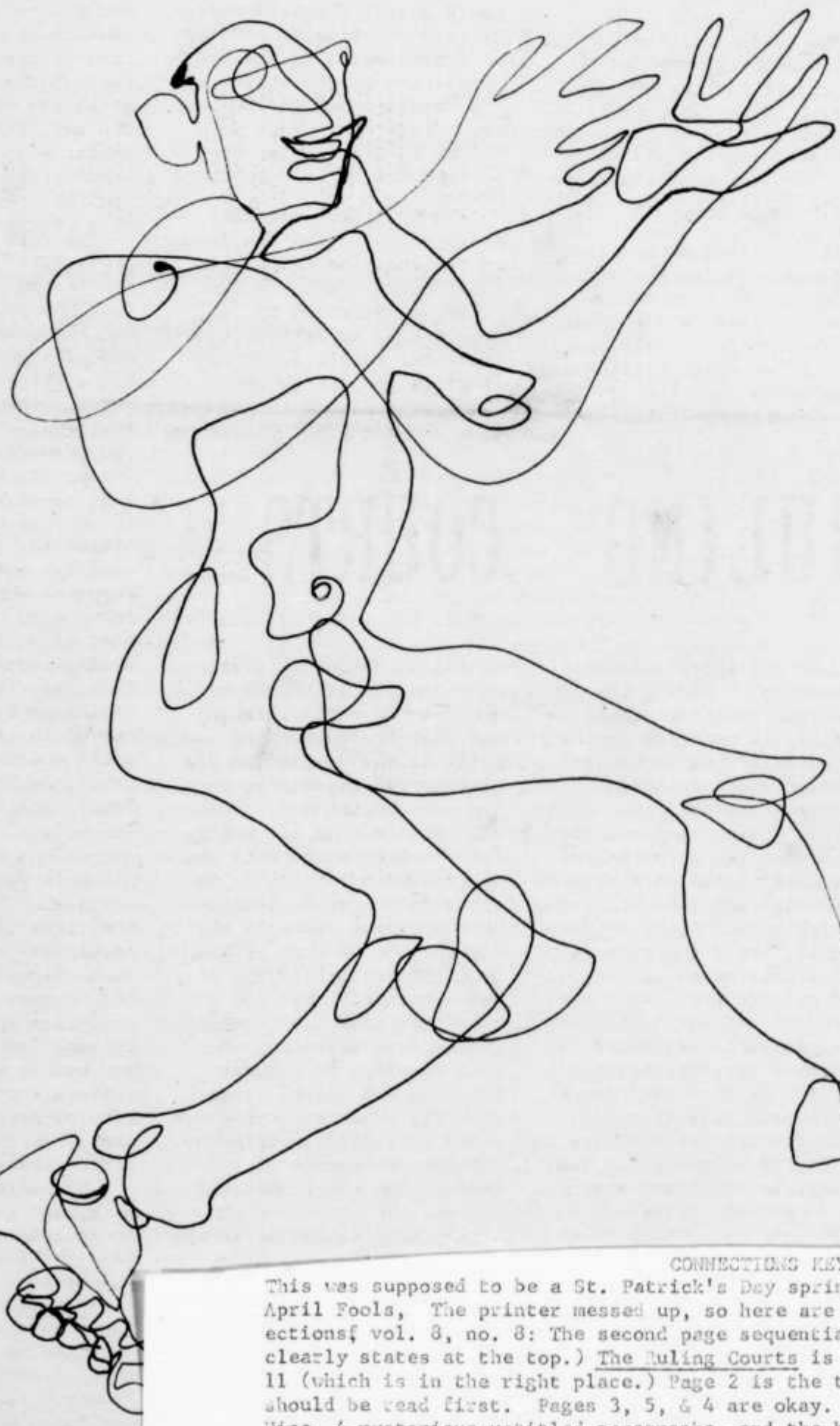
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CONNECTIONS

VOL. 3 NO. 8 MARCH 18 - 31 15c (20c out of state)

Spring again, and all elves is loose!



CONNECTIONS KEY

This was supposed to be a St. Patrick's Day spring issue but it looks more like April Fools, The printer messed up, so here are instructions on how to read Connections, vol. 3, no. 8: The second page sequentially is really page 10 (as it clearly states at the top.) The Ruling Courts is continued on the top of page 11 (which is in the right place.) Page 2 is the tenth page sequentially and should be read first. Pages 3, 5, & 4 are okay. Page 6 has an article on Van Hise, 4 mysterious untitled paragraphs, and the beginning of an article on Welfare Rights. Across from it is an ad page which should be page 15. On page 15 sequentially is the real page 7 which contains the rest of Welfare Rights, and the mysterious article (a review of the Dybbuk.) May the luck of the Blarney Stone be with ye.

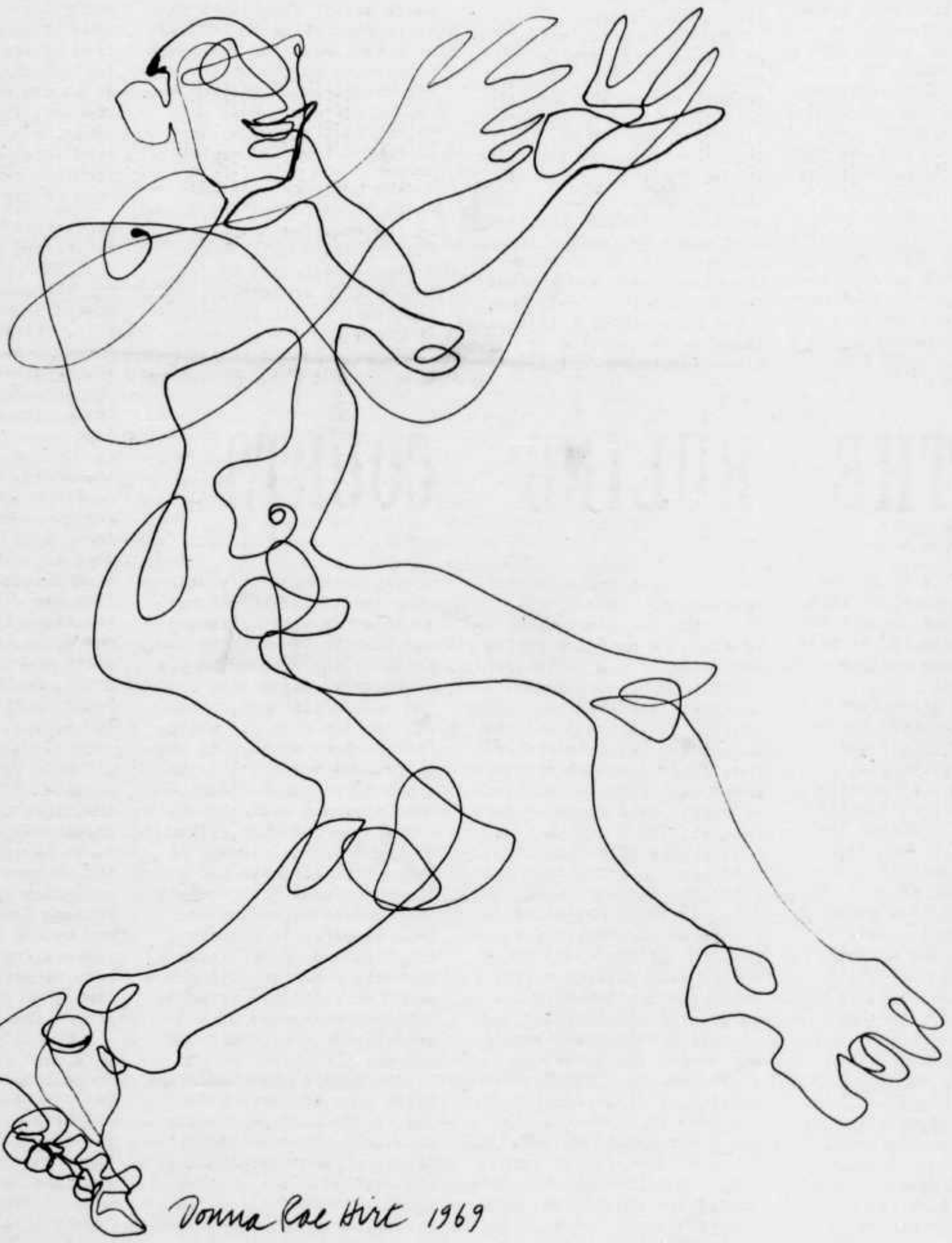
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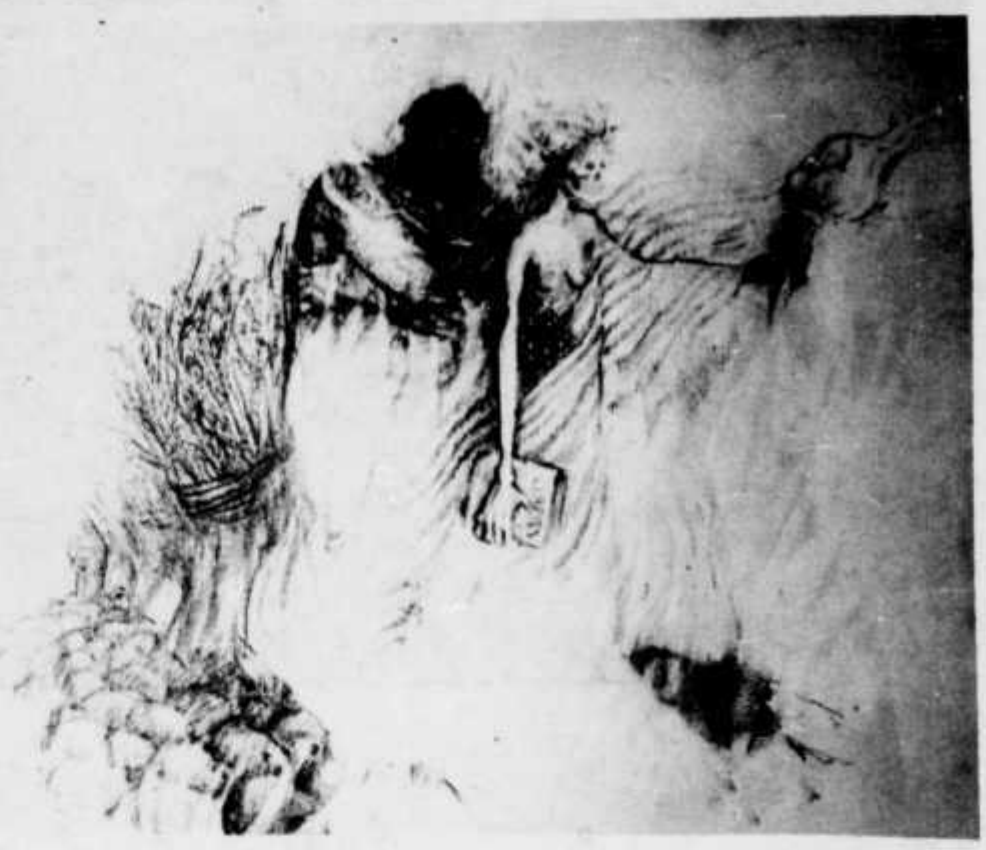
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VOL. 3 NO. 8 MARCH 18 - 31 15c (20c out of state)

Spring again, and all elves is loose!



Donna Rae Hirt 1969



THE RULING COURTS

[Editor's note: The following is excerpted from a study prepared by two members of the Columbia Strike Coordinating Committee's Legal Research-Action Project last September for Liberation News Service. Connections chose to reprint it now in conjunction with the work of the Wisconsin Legal Defense Fund. Much additional research needs to be done, particularly with the specifics of the local situation.]

"The courts belong to the people" may be the new cry of those who believe that the courts are now the enemy of the people. Because of the growing number of arrests of minority group activists and white radicals, hostility to the court system is intensifying. It is not so much that these arrests have meant the suppression of political opposition in the country, which they have. And it is not so much that political suppression is quantitatively greater than it was during the McCarthy period, which it definitely is not. It is rather that the arrests of Black Panthers and Columbia University students, among others, have shocked another generation into realizing the political role the courts play in our society.

Courts are "political" in the sense that, like a business, they must satisfy the requirements of the capitalist system. The aim of a business is to maximize profits, just as the aim of the courts is to ensure justice. "Justice" in this society, however, should and does have a role in the protection of money and property interests.

One of the prime functions of the courts, therefore, is to regulate and arbitrate disputes over money and property considerations. Corporation law, property law, contract law, etc., deal with such disputes. A corporation merges, a building is sold, a contract is broken. Decisions are generally made by law precedent. Sometimes, of course, legal disputes are solved extra-legally by the more powerful financial interests in the country. When Clark Clifford was hired in 1962 as a lawyer for the DuPont family to save $100 million in taxes, and actually saved an estimated $2 billion, the financial powers above the courts become the battleground for such matters (see Ramparts, Aug. 24, 1968). How and to what degree the courts are controlled by money and property interests has never been fully explored.

Property rights take precedence over other types of rights ostensibly guaranteed by law. Freedom of speech and freedom of assembly were the basic rights affirmed in the early civil rights demonstrations -- the freedom rides, the sit-ins and the marches. Protestors were imprisoned because thousands had "trespassed on private or public property." In the Columbia University strike of April-May, 1968, political demonstrators were charged with criminal trespass. But because the strike was a political struggle which gained wide support, the University dropped those particular charges just as school was about to open last September. Despite the fact that the demonstrators were motivated by the racist expansion and the imperialist cooperation by the University, the only "legal" approach the courts would hear on these charges was that the administration of Columbia did not, in fact, own the buildings.

The fundamental principle of the ideology applied by our courts is that the individual perpetrator of an anti-social act is responsible for (guilty of) that act. The cause of the crime is the moral turpitude of that criminal. This is the legal corollary of the ideas that under capitalism any man who works hard can achieve success, and any man who is poor is so only because of personal failings. There is no question of class conflict, exploitation or political and social oppression.

In the courtroom this ideology is manifest in the narrowing of the issues at trial to whether a crime has been committed and whether the accused was the individual who perpetrated that crime. All of the supposed rights of the accused -- rights to a trial by jury, counsel, etc., are procedural rights which can be used only to prove that the defendant did not commit the act. As such they serve to reinforce the ideological position of the court and not to help present a real defense which would relate to the social and political conditions which fostered and caused the crime.

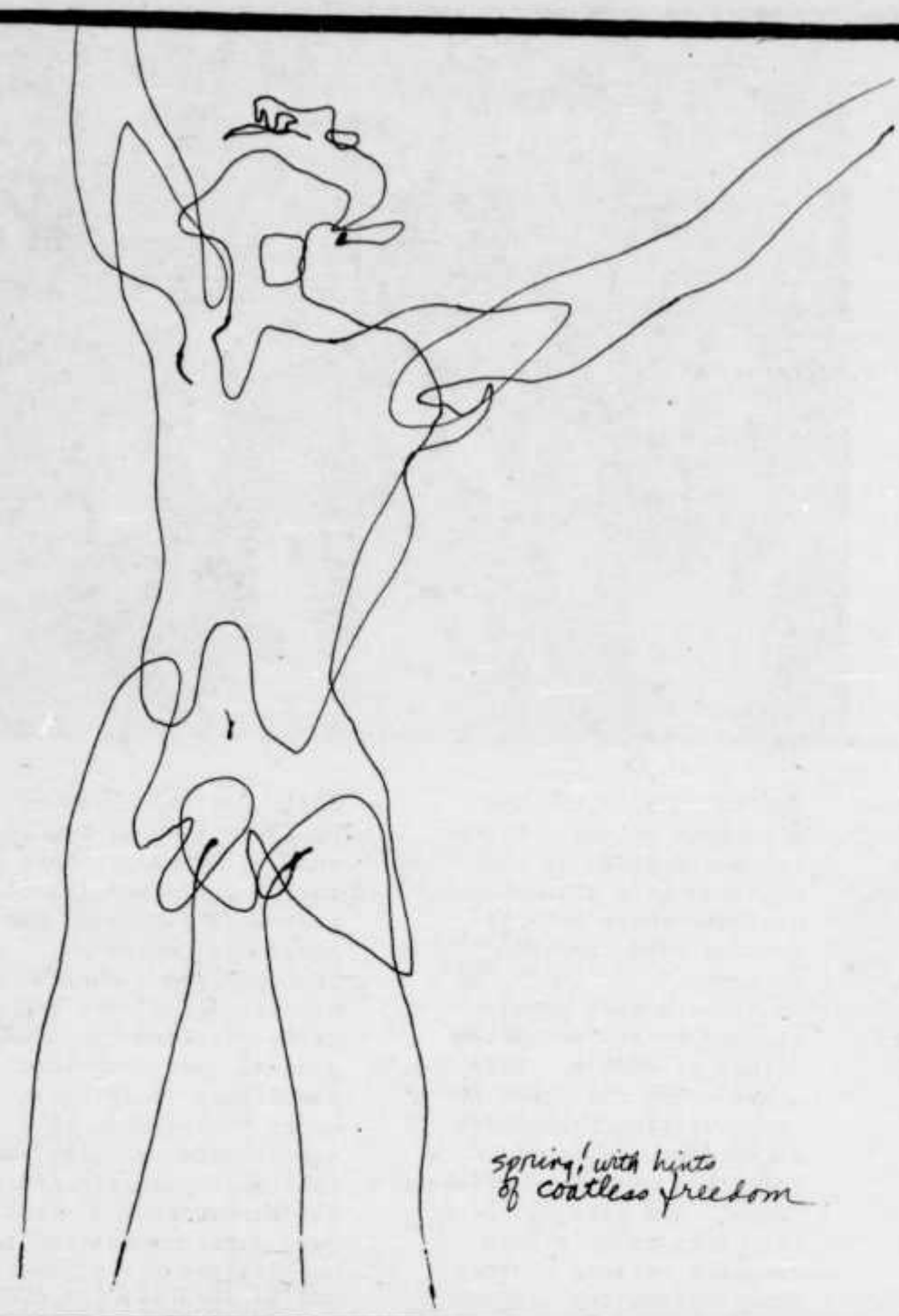
For example, the highest density of drug addiction anywhere in the world is found between 100th and 110th streets in New York City. Consider the case of one of the addicts who robs a store to get money to support his habit. He is arrested and brought before the court. The court will deal only with the facts concerning the specific act of robbery. Was there a theft? Was it this accused man who actually did the stealing? By posing the question in this light, the court avoids the issues of class domination in society, of colonization of the black population by the white, of the formation of ghettos and the effect that these political forces have on the individuals in the exploited class.

The political significance of narrowing the issue to the question of whether the accused committed the crime as described by law is not that it ignores sociological realities (which liberals would urge the court to consider in determining whether this particular individual should be punished or rehabilitated) but that it ignores the guilt of the people who are ultimately responsible for the anti-social act, those who benefit from and therefore seek to perpetuate the oppressive conditions. On a purely pragmatic level, this approach prevents the elimination of such crimes. On the political level, it helps to legitimize the class domination of society. The logical extension of this ideology is the cry for "law and order" (transparently a racist cry) which seeks to eliminate crime by harsher punishment of the individuals who commit the crimes.

The same technique is applied when the acts being judged are more manifestly political, such as political protests, demonstrations and strikes. The charges against individuals in these situations range from criminal trespass (Columbia students) to possession of weapons (LeRoi Jones and H. Rap Brown) to assault (Black Panthers) to conspiracy to hinder the functioning of government (Dr. Spock). In all cases, the only issues that may be discussed in court are those which directly involve the acts supposedly committed. Any mention of the political context which directly brought forth the need to act -- the war, the racism of Columbia, etc. -- is considered irrelevant, whereas in reality, there is nothing more relevant.

The role of the courts as protectors of capitalism is reinforced by the control that the propertied class retains over the structure and personnel of the courts. All participants in the "adversary system" are in the last analysis dependent on the propertied. While there appears to be conflict among the district attorneys, the judges and the defense attorneys, it is a staged conflict and does not represent a conflict in class interests. Judges are drawn most often from the ranks of professional politicians. They may either gain their positions by elections (after nomination by the Democrats and/or the Republicans), or by appointment by local, state, and federal executives. The job of judge is a political plum given in reward for faithful service to the party, and the right to appoint or OK appointments and nominations is an important part of political patronage. Without exception judges have passed through law schools supported by big capital and are members (having passed the careful scrutiny of the character committees) of the Bar of the state.

The position of the lawyers, and in particular defense attorneys, is the most intriguing of all the officers of the courts. They like the judges, are educated in the law schools, and must be admitted to the bar. A conviction for any felony priot to, or after, admission to the bar, revokes the right of a lawyer to practice. The private lawyer is dependent on the wealthy for his livelihood. His skill and knowledge is sold to the highest bidder.



Touch my hair
I am running with foxes
Touch me I am hidden
In a web of brown wood.
Under moonlight vines
The pale iron shoes
Dig black scars in my ribs
Touch me I crush
The walls of a mansion

The red crest of a bird
The rattle of dry berries
On a bush, taste me
I am the honey sap
I am the white tear
Of a snorting bison.

Make no resistance
I am running water
And the folded bud of a rose
Meet me
I encounter no obstacles
In my journeys with the tide
I break no flesh
With my arms that cover continents.

-Larry Swingle

Menominee Indians

"The problem of American Indians is America. Only to the extent that what is written about Indians is in fact written about America will the situation of Indians be intelligible. That Indians are not going to make it is a statement about America, about where we have arrived as Americans, not about Indians." --Albert L. Wahrhaftig

As you drive through Shawano, Wisconsin there is a large billboard which proclaims "6 Miles to Happiness." Six miles later at the border of Menominee County a brown wood sign with 'Indian motif' assures visitor and resident "We'll make it." On April 31, 1961, the reservation of the Menominee Indians became "Wisconsin's 72d County" as federal supervision ended; this was in line with policy developed in the late years of the Truman administration and perfected under Eisenhower brutally called "termination." By the act of termination Menominees ceased to be Indians, according to the federal government; the Governor's Commission on Human Rights, however, explains that Wisconsin decided to continue calling them Indians.

I visited Menominee County in February and talked with a family I have called the Millers.

The Millers have seven children. Mr. Miller works at Menominee Mills, a lumber mill; I do not know his salary but I do know that salaries there average a little over $3200/year. Their house has four rooms: a living room, kitchen and upstairs, two bedrooms and a bath. Mrs. Miller had her thirtieth birthday recently; she and her husband were raised on the reservation. They are enrolled members of the tribe but when termination proceedings were underway, the tribal rolls were frozen and their seven children, who I would guess are pure Menominee, are not enrolled. This is not only insulting to their tribal pride but also means that their children have no shares in Menominee Enterprises which theoretically is controlled by all the Menominees. The Enterprises is an incorporation of tribal members for continued corporate, communal action after termination in 1961. Enrolled tribal members were given shares and an income bond in the corporation. The shares and bonds, however, were fixed as collateral for loans and additional welfare payments so that many Indians found themselves surrendering their share of the corporation for more immediate needs. Mr. Miller did so. He does not know where his shares ended up and he is unable to buy more shares.

The Millers "own" their house. Before termination, tribal members were provided with land on the reservation which reverted back to the tribe upon their death. The only cost in having a home was that of building the house. There were no taxes. Now, not only are they paying property taxes, which are in Wisconsin, the principal tax for local government, but they are, as well, making payments for the land on which their house was built. They do not know, nor do their friends, where that money is going.

The Millers are a little suspicious of the few "fighters" among the Menominees but they are familiar with the range of views held and are obviously proud that some Indians are still resisting the machinations of white men with Indian lands. Mrs. Miller is anxious for some forms of research to be done about the county--of a kind that will help them (she wants to know, for example, where those land payments are going, but doesn't know how to begin to find out) and research that will move other people in the state to fight for the tribe.

She and her husband know that someone is screwing them but she's fatalistic about it; one of her first concerns is that the land be saved. Her life has been so closely tied to the land of the reservation that it is part and parcel of her notion of what it means to raise a family. She can imagine, she said, bringing up her children in Menominee with the land gone to the summer houses it is now slated to have. While the land is being subdivided in an effort to increase the tax base of the county, her children are learning to fish and hunt.

Mrs. Miller explained that there was going to be a lay-off at the mill soon because there had been some drinking problems on the nightshift and because the spring thaw will make it impossible to get the lumbering equipment into the woods. Her husband will not be affected but since the mill is the only major employer in the county, clearly some families' incomes will be wiped out.

Neither of the Miller's spoke much about the schools. Their children are all young enough to attend Menominee schools which until at least 1971 have federal funds. They did however express curiosity about what would happen to their schools when those funds are cut off. Above sixth grade all the Indian children are bussed in Shawano, a town in the next county which was described before termination as having very bad relations with Indians. Teachers have told of the rapid decline of the brightest students when put into Shawano classrooms. The Indians, they say, stick together and are generally sneered at by teachers and students. Bussing prevents their participation in most extracurricular activities.

The outside society and their own upbringing make it clear to them that they are Indians and that that category of people is somehow not quite like the rest of society but there is no longer any tribal core to relate to, to identify with, to root themselves in. Many hope that the younger generation will act and make the changes. They know, and think the younger people know, that unless something is done, in ten years there will be nothing to do--no land, no Indian control of the Enterprises, no possibility of being a tribe even in spirit.

PRESIDIO

'MUTINY'



SAN FRANCISCO (LNS)--At the Presidio in San Francisco, Monday, October 14, 1968, a group of prisoners walked away from morning formation, sat down in a circle, and demanded access to two lawyers; a civilian, Terence Hallinan, and the post-Judge Advocate, Major Harvey Homel.

Sergeant Thomas Woodring, a much-hated stockade official, who left the Los Angeles Sheriff's department to join the military police, ordered the men back to formation. One obeyed. "I explained that their actions constituted mutiny," he testified later, "and ordered them to return to the formation three times and each time they started shouting after the word 'mutiny' so they could not hear the order I was giving.

"I first observed prisoner Ricky Lee Dodd directing the group to change from what they were chanting to the song 'This Land is My Land.'" Ricky Lee Dodd is a high school dropout from Hayward California, who entered the service as an alternative to juvenile court criminal procedings. An epileptic, he was once made to stand at attention during a fit. He has attempted suicide five times. Last summer, he hung himself in the stockade and was pronounced Dead On Arrival at the post hospital. He revived, only to be returned to the stockade where he was confined in "the box," a cell 4½ by 5½ by 8 feet in which there are no latrine facilities and an iron grating for a bed. According to a sworn statement written by his fellow prisoner, Keith Mather:

"A gard squirt him with a 'squirt gun' containing URIN. They also offered him rasor blades, saying, 'If you want to kill yourself, here you go.'"

After Rick Dodd led the 28 minus one in "This Land is Your Land," prisoner Walter Pawlowsky got up to read a list of complaints about conditions at the stockade. For weeks he and his buddies had been trying to make the same point through channels--that is, by filing DD 510 forms with the stockade commander, Captain Robert Lamont. But Lamont, a 25-year old who plans an FBI career after the Army, never acknowledged their complaints.

Why, after taking so much harrassment, did the group finally feel it necessary to dramatize their grievances that Monday morning?

The previous Thursday, Oct. 10, a fellow prisoner, Richard Bunch--a 19 year-old whom they all knew to be suicidal--was shot to death by a guard as he fled a work detail. (That morning a buddy had joked, "Make him think you're trying to escape," when Bunch asked advice on how to end his life.) Prisoner Linden Blake, another member of that work detail, says there was no order to halt and no warning shot. Army policy entitles a guard who kills a man to a transfer to a post of his choice. Blake and others allege that the guard who killed Bunch joked to his colleagues about his good luck.

The killing seemed particularly ominous to the Presidio prisoners because Richard Bunch was not the only mani-depressive among them. The rate of attempted suicides at the stockade was higher than one a week. Everyone had heard screams in the night, and seen men slash their wrists and throats, drink lye or chrome polish. Everyone was angered by Captain Lamont's attempt to minimize these acts by terming them "suicide gestures."

The stockade population, 130 men, consisted mainly of AWOL's. Like other young Americans who run away from repressive situations, soldiers gravitate toward San Francisco. And like civilian drop-outs, AWOL's have fled for various reasons. Some express the highest moral and political motives; some are emotionally unbalanced; and others, the majority, are just 19 year-olds looking for their identities, kicks, girls, friends, dope, the right to let their hair grow long and wear groovy clothes. The particular 27 who staged the October 14 sit-down, included all kinds. Their median age was 19, the average educational level was 10th grade. They were all working class kids. And political or not, crazy or sane, they all identified with Richard Bunch.

So the first item on the list of grievances Walter Pawlowski read was a demand for an investigation of Bunch's killing. He then recommended several steps--such as upgraded training and rotation of duty for stockade guards, and an end to shotgun detail--that might prevent a repetition of the tragedy.

As for stockade conditions, Pawlowski and another spokesman complained about overcrowding in the stockade (as many as 146 men in a facility built for 76), lack of food (deliveries had been running 30 meals short), racial prejudice (blacks were less likely to get suspended sentences, couldn't see a Muslim minister, and were regularly insulted by certain guards), and unsanitary conditions (only 2 commodes worked, and the sewers were so backed up that excrement floated in the shower room.) Last came a recommendation to hospitalize the psychotics, and to separate the AWOL's from hard-line criminals.

Major Homel, the JAG officer for whom these remarks were intended, did not come to the demonstration; it was Captain Lamont, the very man who ignored them in the past, who took charge. Lamont had prior knowledge of the men's angry mood because on Thursday, the night of Bunch's killing, windows were broken and bunks overturned. His response had been to threaten the men with mutiny charges. His subordinates, particularly Sergeant Manuel Angel Morales, the guard commander, also heard rumblings of discontent and responded by intimidation. Morales chose the day of Bunch's funeral to boast to the prisoners how he had bayonetted a Vietnamese woman in the stomach.

The weekend of October 12-13 was not an ordinary one in San Francisco. It was the occasion of a GI-Veterans peace march in which hundreds of military personnel took part. Of course the peace march also had its effect on Bay Area military authorities. To judge from their efforts to prosecute all participants, it appears that the march infuriated the brass and left them searching for a chance to crush dissent by way of a frightening example.

Mutiny is the most serious of military offenses, and the penalty for it, waived by the

cont. next page

"The people in the Presidio stockade are the type that can be punished and it isn't punishment--it's a morale builder. They took away all the cigarettes and matches and morale increased. They took away the television and morale increased. They said, 'We won't fix the windows for the heat, that's just tough,' and morale increased. They locked everyone up in segregation, took away books, writing material, extra clothes, and now people had a real reason to resist. Instead of saying, 'Oh gee, I'm punished. I wanna change,' they said, 'You're gonna do that to me, watch now.' And morale just continued to build no matter what they tried to do."

description of Presidio by one of the men who escaped

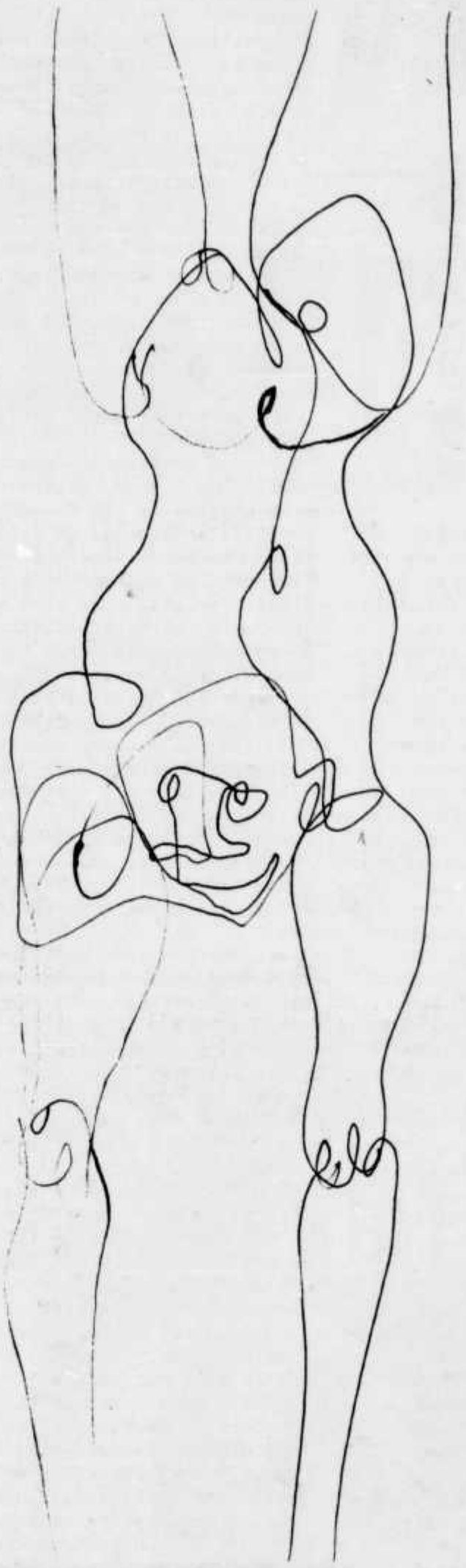
Let seek grow out
The dim lungs of your age
The dim heart of your size
The cloud of your head that is buried
On the sea.

Let earth move
In the muscle of your other arms
The pillars of your larger eyes
Let earth begin
To dance in your feet.

Let change be the dream
Of thumbs and tongue
Let dream be touch
Of an endless tree

Let voice be the forest
Of your endless heart.

-- Larry Swingle



"The Cold Pinch"

To walk on water
When the sand hill presses
Too heavy on your hip
The tree lips of your ear
Nest punches in the land

To walk on water
Not an outfit as a man
Who tears the face of hundreds
Like a peach in jail
Like a roasted flute

Walk on water
With the ham
With the cork and ice
Running down the stream

Walk on water
While the porch
Drifting big timbers
In your pants

--Larry Swingle

Let's give the earth a hand (or two)

Army in this instance, is death by hanging. According to regulations and precedents, mutiny involves "intent to override military authority," lack of "necessity," and an act "disproportionate" to the alleged grievances. But the Presidio prisoners were in fact appealing to authority by calling for Major Homel, the JAG officer. They thought one killing--not two, not 13--made the airing of their grievances a necessity. And they conducted a completely non-violent sit-down, certainly not a "disproportionate" act for men who thought their lives were endangered.

But these arguments were of no help to the three men who have already tried. The first sentence handed down was 15 years for Nesery Sood, a warehouseman from Oakland, who went AWOL from Ft. Lewis, Washington, because he heard his wife was not looking after their 3 children. (Sood had previously punched a sergeant and was awaiting a discharge recommended by an army psychiatrist.) Next came 14 years for Larry Ridell, a chronic AWOL who thrice attempted suicide and who had been put in the box against orders from hospital officials. And 16 years for Lewis Oscpinski, an upstate New Yorker who slashed his wrists during his trial, and whose Senator, Charles Goodell, has been most forceful in demanding a congressional investigation of the entire case. None of these three men were accused of organizing the sit-down in any way. When the alleged leaders come to trial, they could face life. "Military justice," Sood's civilian lawyer, Paul Halvonik, quipped bitterly, "is to justice what military bands are to music."

-- Fred Gardner



VAN HISE

Van Hise Hall came very close to take-over during the recent uprising, and if there ever was a building eminently qualified for seizure it is Van Hise, a non-building, a magnificent step in the wrong direction when it comes to structuring the new university.

Starting at the top, there are four floors of corporate management -- and this in a language complex that never wanted it that way and never had a chance to state its mind. Then follow ten floors of dentists. Well, the quarters are a little small for dentists, and there are no waiting rooms -- or any rooms in which faculty can mingle with students, and what we really have is a professional building that belongs on the square and not square on the campus.

On the first five floors there are classrooms largely designed according to principles that were modish in the twenties. They tend to be over or underheated. For the most part there is no equipment for an audio-visual age. Fixed seats make for fixed minds. As much light is shut out as possible, presumably on the theory that we don't want too much light in a university. Two uninviting reading rooms constitute the only haven for students. I have seen students, almost every day, sitting, lying, slouching in the narrow stairwells or on the linoleum floors. The other day I found one limp, unhappy creature asleep near the elevator entrance.

And speaking of elevators, the capacity was intended for the fifteen floors the building was originally, before the administration decided to move in, forbidding the addition of the elevators that the architects recommended.

The situation is desperate and makes take-over easy -- except that the administration has planned against all that. A siege could go on for at least two months before capitulation. In addition to wall-to-wall carpeting, dimmer lights, teak furniture (everything that the faculty was denied) there are ample refrigeration facilities and it is rumored that the larder is reinforced by a goodly supply of beer to keep the regents happy. All this lavishness is in decided contrast to the austere equipment of the building otherwise, including a faculty green-room that looks like the rumpus room of a tenement house. Any attempt of any organization to make temporary, pedagogic use of the upper floors of Van Hise comes to naught. After all, the upper sanctum has to be kept sacrosanct in its pristine fortress state. Everything about the building had to yield to administrative whim, including the president's private window which violates the architects' scheme -- whatever that was.

Walls on the office floors have been kept strategically thin -- so that any hanky-panky in one office can be clearly discerned in the next one. A side effect is that no privacy is guaranteed for any conversation. Another, less-desirable privacy is ensured -- that is, from one side of the building to the other. By thrusting a large block of TA quarters and elevator shaft between the two sides of this narrow wedge of a building (which could have been a good deal wider), it happens that the inhabitants can move about the building for weeks at a time without seeing their fellows across the building. It is a strange thing that the members of language departments who looked forward to closer cooperation in the finest language complex in the United States now find themselves meeting very occasionally and accidentally with much less frequency than they met in Bascom -- or wherever they were before they moved. Each faculty member tends to stay in his own putty-colored cell getting more putty-colored himself day by day. For that was the motif which the designer-architects established, observing all the austerity which was not practiced on the upper floors. If you wonder what harmony was guaranteed between faculty and administration, just ask.

If there was a larger view, it is hard to tell what it was. Certainly perspectives were not observed. Anyone approaching Bascom Hill from State Street will see that the clear vision of Bascom Hall was obscured and its dominant effect obliterated--by a building which does not impart a compensatory dominance of any useful kind. The only solution would be to paint the top floors a uniform black, thus letting Bascom assert itself and lending to the administrative floors an appropriate symbolism.

In short, Van Hise is a non-building. It does all it possibly can to stratify university society and deny proper continuity between students and faculty, between faculty and administration. It would be a joke, if it were not such a bad and expensive joke. "A terrible beauty is born." That is, if one could--out of desparation--find something beautiful to admire. Let us hope that campus planning finds its way out of this morass of moronism.

--H.C. Earwacker

WELFARE RIGHTS

On Friday, February 21, Evelyn Burns, a member of the Welfare Rights Organization and a candidate for alderman, spoke at a rally in Great Hall in support of the student strike and in commemoration of the death of Malcolm X. "The students, the welfare mothers, and the people in my ward, we're all fighting for the same thing. We all want to live like human beings."

Although rhetorically students on this campus have seen the necessity for making links with other groups in this community, the movement in Madison has been slow in actually developing those ties.

Last November members of the Welfare Rights Organization held a demonstration for winter clothes for their kids. The County Welfare Advisory Board had designated funds for winter clothes. However, because each case worker would have to interview each family on her caseload, actually getting the clothing would be a slow and humiliating process, with families not receiving the winter clothes until after the very cold weather. About 20 welfare mothers sat in at the Welfare department, presented a guerrilla theatre skit, and demanded that they be sent forms on which to evaluate their own families' clothing needs and that a time limit be set for receiving the clothes. After several hours, an emergency meeting of the Welfare Advisory Board of the County Board of Supervisors was called. At the emergency meeting, the W.A.B. agreed to hear the mothers' demands at an open hearing meeting the following week, and the mothers reluctantly left in hopes that their demands would be granted. After the hearing took place, the Welfare Department agreed to meet the mothers' demands.

After Governor Knowles announced the alleged budget crisis in the state, Assemblyman John Shabaz (R-Waukesha) proposed a $21.9 million budget cut. This included $4,957,000 from State University budgets and $7,602,300 from the University of Wisconsin. The proposal called for cutting the pay of teaching assistants and student workers and reducing welfare funds and funds for the Inner Core in Milwaukee. At this juncture, students were ready and able to respond.

The bill proposed over one million

DYBBUK

How many of us in the Madison underground community are in danger of being possessed by a Dybbuk, a spirit which was ordained to be merged with us but is unnaturally evicted from this world. Perhaps freedom is our dybbuk.

The Dybbuk is the story of a young couple, Channon and Leah, who are destined to marry because of an agreement of their fathers. But the boy's father dies and the girl's father forgets the agreement. When Sender, Leah's father, makes an agreement to marry his daughter to a rich man, Channon kills himself and, having died unnaturally, enters the body of Leah as a dybbuk.

Leah is taken to the Rabbi to have the dybbuk drawn out of her and a trial is called to establish the facts. Finally the Rabbi has to pronounce the anathema to remove Channon. Channon attempts to resist the power of the spirits but is defeated and leaves Leah. She is then called to the marriage tent, but before arriving, her soul meets with Channon's and she falls dead. The cast falls about her, reminding one of the piles of bodies in pictures of concentration camps.

The play is directed as a great outcry apparently influenced (as is the Living Theater) by the work of the Pole Grotowsky. The movement and lines are played as ritual. Director Joel Gersman threw out narrative, local color, character types and other vestiges of realistic theater in this production. Performed in shapeless and identical costumes, with a single prop and an empty stage, the play unfolds with a terrible economy and relies on sounds and visual images to transmit a multitude of meanings.

Gersman has framed the actual play in a striking and terrifying

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SDS literature will be tabled in the Union corridor near the cafeteria on Wed. Mar. 19, Mon., Mar. 24, and Wed., Mar. 26. If you want something you don't see there or bulk quantities, call 238-9882 and make arrangements to get it from your friendly SDS Literature Sales and Service representative.

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THE MYTH OF QUEENHOOD

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Just before the KYA Bridal Fair, I read a remarkable article in the Feb 4 S.F. Express-Times. It was written by Heather Dean, a girl who went for a walk and passed a whore.

"I felt a decent pity," Heather wrote. "It was easy to pity her--her legs were dumpy, her lipstick faded, her clothes too tight, and she was wearing her hair in one of those lacquered stacks you expect to find little moths trapped in."

"As we passed one another she met my eyes with the flat, frozen stare of a queen cat challenged in her alley. I accepted it serenely. Noblesse oblige.

"And swung along with a walk accentuated by 3-inch heels--a walk that flashed my shapely calves and kept my hair brushing gracefully against my shoulders. I was feeling very full of myself indeed.

"Until I saw the second whore.

"No world-weary slattern, this whore was the Eternal Eve--with the tawny skin of New Orleans Quadroon Balls, heavy black curls, lids languorous under tangled lashes.

"Truly he was beautiful.

"And knew it. No more than 15 but knew it with the arrogance of the oft-pursued. No passers-by dismissed him in easy contempt; they stared at him with guilty fascination. And he met their look with imploring, violet-shadowed eyes. No quick professional assessments in the second whore's glance--rather, a limpid, pleading, little boy lost look, seeking not a mark but a protector.

"He was dressed with studied self-awareness in a gold silk shirt open to the waist over his gold silk skin, a black suede sash, straw-colored jeans shrunk to cling to his long graceful thighs and taut buttocks, black sandals.

"As I came abreast of him I was aware of his eyes sweeping over me in quick assessment. But I was confident. My face was on, my hair was clean and silky, and I knew that in my turquoise sarong I looked nicely leggy and bosomy, with large expanses of smooth tanned skin.

"You're wearing too much eye makeup for 5 o'clock," he catted unexpectedly and giggled.



"But it was a sulky, rear-guard action, and my instinctive response was to smile faintly and fleetingly as I passed, to signal that I recognized its weakness.

"My next redouble-take whose force is still with me. Just what in the hell was the name of the game? When was I dealt in? And how did I get out?

"Caricature is not debatable.

"What woman can watch a transvestite swing down a staircase, self-absorbed in his/her bits of theatre, and ever 'make an entrance again? We cannot watch the queen's burlesque of woman's self-conscious dramatics and know not what we do."

With these images fresh in mind I went to Sunday's half of the Bridal Fair with two friends. We tiptoed into a darkened, semi-circular theater filled almost exclusively with white girls in their late teens. The blue and white backdrop on the brightly lit stage represented a church window and a cross. Scattered randomly around the stage were fluted white columns about three feet high, topped with large white floral arrangements, the kind that are advertised as "funeral pieces."

Near the front of the stage, behind a table draped with a floor-length white cloth, sat four panel members answering questions. In back of them, just in front of the church windows, a tall, stiff, totally bald man in a tuxedo stood at a lectern reading the questions. The funeral director.

A wedding in our culture is a sort of funeral. It is the crucial event of a woman's life, the event that her whole girlhood prepares her for, the day that she will be queen. In a sense it is a culmination. From then on she goes down hill. So the funeral imagery at the Bridal Fair was meaningful.

(Two summers ago, in the show-window of a florist in downtown Palo Alto, I saw a mannikin of a bride, in a full-length white gown, surrounded by floral arrangements. Beside it, ringed by similar pieces, stood a tombstone).

On the Bridal Fair panel were a Catholic priest, an obstetrician, the bridal buyer for the Emporium, and a vice-president of the Bank of America. When the funeral director read questions, they answered them, solemnly and unequivocally. "My finance is under age. How can he finance an engagement rung?" "What do I wear for an afternoon in May?" "I am Catholic; my finance is not. Will our marriage succeed?"

And finally, "Is marriage changing in nature?"

All four ignored the question.

The banker replied: "We heartly endorse it in the banking field. Married people are a stabilizing factor in the economy." The obstetrician said he only saw happy couples, couples who were having babies. The priest said the old values weren't dead yet. And the buyer answered: "We hope lots of young girls are planning a wedding and a future of happiness. The hope of youth is really here."

However, "the hope of youth" was running scared. My friend's baby howled, and one of the panelists quipped, "Did someone just give birth over there?"

"Yes! Yes we did!" we cried gaily. But the brides-to-be were hostile, hissing that we should be quiet.

I think they were so hostile because the threats to the happily-ever-after myth are coming hard and fast these days, and no other myth is at hand to replace it. According to books, magazines, television, and many of the adults a girl talks with, getting married is the most important event of her life, yet in this area more than half the marriages end in divorce. The contradiction is enormous, but the myth persists. And young girls who are desperate to have something to hope in defend it fiercely.



Only the baby seemed able to disconcert them a bit. When Nancy first wheeled him in in his stroller, the girls near us smiled benevolently. But then he began to act up. Finally Nancy had to take him out. When she returned, he threw his bottle down the aisle, under the seats of some brides-to-be, and Nancy had to go fetch it. While models in negligees paraded on the stage and the orchestra played "Put on a Happy Face," Nancy put on a counter-show called "What It's Really Like" in the back of the auditorium.

But no baby, however rambunctious, can challenge what the baby whore challenged in Heather Dean. The baby whore, the Drag Queen.

Names are not accidental. The Drag Queen is a queen. And he is the ultimate threat because he makes mockery of Queenhood. Every unmarried girl in this culture has been programmed to see herself as a potential queen. At least for a day, as the Bridal Fair insisted, she can have a crown, a train, a sumptuous gown, a retinue of ladies-in-waiting, power to command. If she is poor, she can nevertheless splurge once--for if she has once been a queen or if she is going to be one, she can endure months of meaningless work to pay for her rank.

And she can endure a lifetime of oppression if alternatives are hard to find and if deep in her heart she understands that she is really a queen, if she can look--and everyone who comes into her house can look--at the photograph in her living room that proves it.

The Drag Queen tells us the name of the game. It's Queenhood. It's the phony superior position--which, in this as in many other situations, separates people, puts some above others, prevents them from understanding how they are being used, by whom, and how it hurts them, prevents them from getting together to air their common problems and find solutions.

It's a game that is essential to institutions like the Bridal Fair and the companies that sponsored it; because much of the senseless spending that our economy depends on is prompted by a belief in Queenhood--expressed either in the feeling "I am special, therefore I must own--"

American democracy is supposed to make people equal. But a trick has been played on Americans' consciousness, and they don't see themselves as mere equal people, struggling together for the common good (perhaps because, owing to our economic system, the good isn't common). They see themselves as special individuals. American democracy makes specialness common, though this is a contradiction; it makes all women believe they are queens, though royalty is by nature exclusive. And the Drag Queen shows us how grotesque this game is. He is unsettling because he is not an actor, conscously burlesquing the absurd. He is a persons who has everything invested in a lie.

During the fashion show at the Bridal Fair, the audience oohed and aahed, but not when the models made their entrances. The brides-to-be sighed when the commentator announced the prices (which were all under $200), and the girls realized the gowns were accessible to them--that they really could be queens.

For the finale, the last bride walked out on the stage with a "groom" from KYA. The orchestra played "Here Comes the Bride," and the commentator declared that the bride was going to throw her bouquet into the audience. Who will be queen next? There it goes! A spotlight shimmered on outstretched arms, grasping hands. Girls shrieked. One of them got it.

And the fashion coordinator for the Emporium murmured warmly: "May you always be as beautiful as you'll feel on your wedding day. May you always be as constant as our good wishes."

As constant as the good wishes of a department store chain and a radio station owned by Avco, a diversified corporation specializing in war materials.

Constancy, according to the dictionary is unchangingness. And living beings are always in a state of flux. A wish to stop life, to stop change, is a wish for death. Perhaps that is why the Bridal Fair was funeral--it sought to isolate and freeze one day, to make one day take the place of a lifetime, to replace growth with stasis.

If we want to make weddings into celebrations of life and change, we must destroy the myth of Queenhood, a myth that glorifies the static. To destroy the myth of Queenhood, we must do more than attack it. We must find ways to show that community makes people happier than pretended royal privilege. We must continue to seek new rituals and new ways to live together that will teach us what the new woman--and of course the new man--will be. If, for the time being, we are negative, it is because the negatives are the only things we are sure of. The new man will not be a hen-pecked Dragwood OR a Marlboro man, and the new woman will not be queen for a day.

Marlene Charyn

On Standing Together

Arrests were used by the University to frighten and fragment. But it has made no effort to correlate the charges against those arrested with any action unique to them; it has made no effort to arrest 10,000 students who demonstrated their support for the black demands. The people who were singled out by the University must have the support of all students who, like those arrested, were struggling to make the University respond to the black demands. Our actions must often be outside the law because the law attempts to set limits to what can be, and our actions aim to change what is. That conflict will result in jail terms and suspensions and expulsions, but increasingly we will be able to minimize the extent of reaction. Whether the University or the state moves against five or seven or thirty, we must act to assert our seriousness about the job we are doing, and show that intimidation does not squelch our own beliefs.

We went into this strike together and we must come out of it together. The fear and isolation which the University and state try to impose on individuals cannot be removed by us but it can be greatly relieved through our collective support. We must ask, if it were me, would I want to go it alone, or would I expect that all those who worked with me would stand by me. When we set ourselves outside the channels or outside the law, it is basic that we form a community which can provice for its members--emotionally, financially, and actively.

We've been caught unawares because we have kept faith in the liberal forms and community too long. We believed two years ago that a We Won't Go Movement would arouse the white middle-class community to put an end to the draft and an imperialist war. We found that a year later they were willing to vote for McCarthy, but the war grew and men were being jailed for not going into the army. We put our faith in faculty members with rusty liberal reputations; we put our faith in federal courts known for liberalism. We put our faith in those who "run" the University to resist the rantings of the rightwing in the legislature. And suddenly we find that Roseliep, Keppler, McParland, and Johnson have become quite respectable; we find Harrington defining "his" university in their terms for their ears and supplying them with all the history and attitude they need to pass their legislation. Suddenly we find that the rightwing support for Governor Knowles was not just because he's one of history's worst accountants but because he's their boy, proposing legislation identical to that proposed by Ronald Reagan who we always felt was safely "out there." We find Ed Nager thinking legislative investigations would be a great way for students and legislators to get to know each other.

We demanded amnesty not because we thought they'd grant it, but because our willingness to act to gain just demands was based on our right to act. We must continue to assert it, for to deny it is to deny our struggle for the other twelve demands. We must, in addition, support our brothers by our presence at their hearings and by helping to meet the expenses of the Legal Defense Fund.

The magical liberal fairy is not going to rescue us; someone stopped believing in her efficacy and she disappeared.



DEDICATED TO SENATOR ERNEST C. KEPPLER, A BOY SCOUT FOR 34 YEARS AND HOLDER OF THE SILVER BEAVER AWARD

SANTIAGO, CHILE, (LNS) -- A group of boy scouts seized scout headquarters in protest of the directors' inability to "effectively respond to the needs of the nation's youths."

The directorate condemned the rebels for their "most unscoutlike attitude," according to the New York Times, and demanded that they abandon the headquarters or be evicted by police.

fan mail

Dear Connections:

While I have always suspected a rather frightening amount of coprophilia on your part--evidenced primarily by the drivel on your pages, you have come flush against the bottom of your own toilet bowl.

The "titbit" on the last page of Vol. III No. 6 (Feb. 5-20) about someone sending their excrement to a teacher betrayed an overwhelming degree of provinciality on the part of the editors. It was really almost funny, one could almost visualize a good paper (e.g. EVO, Rat or L.A. Free Press) noting that their country cousin had reported something so trivial and infantile. If perchance you know the savant who apparently has not yet escaped his anal stage, please pass this note on to him/her. Also, please ask this person who he is studying English literature, having such a minimal grasp on creativity. The person quite simply has no balls (creative-courage) at all.

While I am quite sure that this letter will be promptly laughed at and blissfully ignored, I am quite seriously suggesting that you are trivial, provincial and therefore quite dull. I suspect that the perpetrator of the great shit-mail caper is probably high up on your dubious hierarchy--you all seem to have little control over your collective sphincter muscle. Again, it is quite funny to see the provincial trying so absurdly to be sophistocated.

Your pal

P.S. Do you really have to devote so much space to d.a. levy? He's so fucking boring! Really gang, avant-garde 50's poetry is not very stimulating.

The group this issue is Ann Gordon, Kate Gyllensvard, Sharon and Evan Metcalf, Seth Rice, Jeff Winsor, Mary Neisius, Donna Hirt, Jeanie Weisman, Toby Murtha, Hank Haslach, Betsy Edelson, Tom Lackey, Larry Champion, Julie Schutz, Lee Scheingold, Wintergreen

photo/art: cover, p. 3,5,12,16, Donna Hirt; p. 4, 6, 14, LNS; p. 6, Mike Oberdorfer; p. 7, reprinted from Harbinger; p. 11, reprinted from Peninsula Observer; p. 13, Wintergreen; p. 14, reprinted from The Spectator; p. 15, Wintergreen, Phil Bloom, Mary Neisius.

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The court system, to protect the illusion of fairness for all, has devised methods for providing legal aid for the unpropertied. The older method was to provide the poor with assigned counsel who was paid by the state or not at all. The lawyers, taking these cases more out of a sense of duty than out of the hope of eventual financial reward, often gave less than their best. The new, "progressive" method is to have an agency provide lawyers who are salaried and who defend only the unpropertied. An example of this type of agency is the Legal Aid Society of New York.

Ostensibly, the Legal Aid lawyers provide all the assistance necessary to the accused. But the Legal Aid lawyers (as everyone else in the capitalist society) must be responsible to the people who hire them, as well as to those who pay their salaries. Two-thirds of the funds of the Legal Aid Society come from grants from the local, state, and federal governments, approximately $1.4 million of the $2.3 million budget. These are the same agencies of government that pay the prosecuting attorney and the judges. It is expected that the lawyers will maintain their integrity and fight the same government agencies in the court room. The reality of the situation does not fulfill this expectation, however.

It is funcamental to the American conception of liberty that every man has a right to a trial and that he is innocent until proven guilty. In fact, however, 90-95 percent of the people convicted of crimes in the United States annually do not receive trials, nor do they have lawyers who will insist on their right to trial. Plea-copping, the practice of pleading guilty for the concession of either being charged with a lesser offense or with gaining leniancy from the judge, is the standard practice, not the exception to the rule. The defense attorney (from the Legal Aid Society or similar organization -- or perhaps assigned counsel), the judge and the prosecuting attorney meet and decide the



proper disposition of the case. In this practice, more than in any other, the common class interest of all participants in the "adversary system" is manifest. The task before them is the disposition of the case, not the trial of men. The practice of plea-copping is universal in the United States, in the North as well as in the South, in rural areas as well as in cities. It permits enforcement of the law and lip-service to democratic values without the cost to the state of real trials.

In a like manner, the courts ignore "justice for all" when they utilize the bail system. Bail was originally intended to guarantee the presence of the accused at trial. Today it has become one of the major means of imprisoning the poor. After arraignment, bail is set. The wealthy can easily afford bail, the unpropertied cannot. At any given time, in the city of New York, 40 percent of the prison population is composed of people unable to afford bail awaiting their trials. The average wait is thirty days and often it is longer.

High bail is also used to keep political prisoners "out of circulation." A recent, yet typical, example is the bail that was set for the Panthers arrested in Brooklyn. For two of them, bail was set at $50,000, a sum they could never hope to afford. In that case the D.A. explicitly stated that the reason for such high bail was that he preferred to have the Panthers off the streets and in jail where they would be less of a threat. Moreover, bail tends to vary according to the political climate in which an arrest takes place. If tension is high, so is the bail. If the community is calm, bail will be much lower.

Political suppression is accomplished through sections of the legal code dealing with "sedition," "subversion," and similar crimes. When groups oppose the "legal" acts of the government, particularly relating to imperialist actions such as the war in Vietnam, or historically the Spanish American and first World Wars, they find themselves in court. This type of repression requires no special court animosity nor any special judicial techniques.

Furthermore, the court attempts to deny through its ideology the political nature of crimes, even manifestly political crimes. In practice, the court deals with political offenders in the same manner it would deal with murderers or rapists. There is no attention given to the content of their political activities, and they are condemned and sentenced as enemies of the whole society.

The courts should not be accepted, therefore, as being tribunals of justice. Rather they should be attacked through political activity because of their role as the legal defenders of the status quo.

Hot Off the LNS Wires

MT. PLEASANT, MICH. (LNS)-- The President of Central Michigan University chooses to see the present student protest on university campuses as a sexual rather than a political problem.

Institutions that are still wedded to the puritan ethic are in trouble today, President William B. Boyd recently told a meeting of secondary school administrators here. Students are no longer responsive to a system of rewards and punishments, he said. "Contemporary youth has neither fear of our whip nor lust for our carrots. We must revolutionize our methodology by replacing the puritan ethic with the pleasure principle as the motivating force in our schools."

President Boyd hastened to point out that while S.F. State and Berkeley are "victims of exploitation from intransigent radicals, not intransigent administrators," there is overwhelming evidence that the educational institutions need to be changed. He did not go into details about how the pleasure principle could provide the needed thrust in changing the present course of institutions of higher learning.

CONSTITUTIONAL CHECK-POINT

Tempe, Ariz. (LNS) The check-endorsing habits of Dr. Warren White, assistant professor of mathematics at Arizona State University, have gotten him into trouble.

White paid a $1 overtime parking fine with a personal check -- on the back of which he typed, "This money will not be used to support activities designed to harass heads, hippies or political activists in violation of their constitutional rights."

Apparently angered by White's support of the Constitution, Tempe judge E.W. Halloran fired off a letter to University President Durham protesting "the ultra-liberal thinking and contempt for authority which seems to enslave the mind of some educators at the college level."

"He was harassing the court," the judge said. "He was fairly close to active contempt of the court because he was dictating terms to the court. You don't do that here."

Halloran's letter also expressed amazement that "an assistant professor of mathematics would even dare to flaunt a court of law in such a brazen fashion...I consider him to be a probable threat to the orderly management of your great University."

"I wasn't attacking him," said the judge. "I was attacking his contempt for the hierarchy of authority."

White said he was puzzled as to how much freedom one is permitted to exercize. President Durham was reported out of town and unavailable for comment.

BUT YOU CAN'T TAKE THE COUNTRY OUT OF SALEM . . .

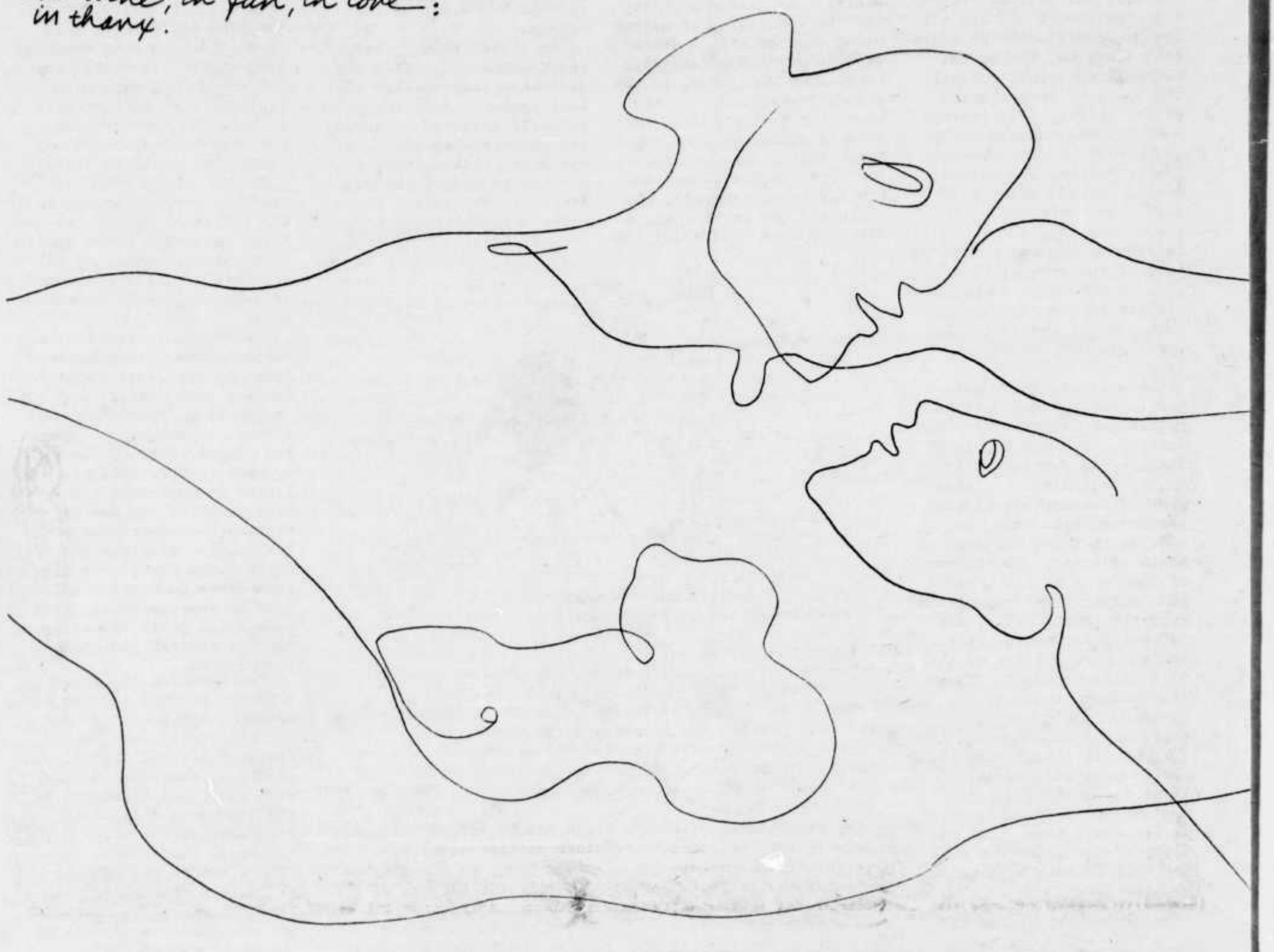
New York (LNS) It looks like 1969 may be a big year for changing names.

The House Un-American Activities Committee, always a progressive force for change, set the style by renomenclaturing itself the House Committee on Internal Security--to its older fans, it will always be Un-American.

The President made his contribution by redefining the goal of the arms race as a quest for "sufficiency" rather than "superiority." We need no longer be "better," he implied, only "enough better."

And now the American Tobacco Co. and R.J. Reynolds Tobacco Co. are taking the "Tobacco" off their letterheads. American will become American Brands Inc. Reynolds has not articulated its new image, having so far been stumped for a title as imaginative as American's.

with a friend,
in wine, in fun, in love:
in thanx.



"The Skin of the Bride"

Feel the wet glow of your forehead
The water that darkens the room
The windows that bend
Chair in a tent, wagon of steel
I believe the whole month was born in your hand

Feel the wet skin of your heart beat
Take us out of the icebox
On a plate of hot silver the size of the world
Take us next to the mountain
That sings with the meat of air

Feel the wet skin of a smile
Landslide in the lungs' ocean floor
Footprint on the tendons of the ear
Feel the smile give back
The unplanted flowers

-- Larry Swingle

"Peggy in the Sleeping Flame"

Peggy
Was lying in the fish's ear
When they pulled meadows from the sea
When they gave blood to the mountains
To make fur
Peggy
Was awake in the tail of a hawk
When smoke grew deep in the hills
When the sun had the eye of a flower
And a flower had lips
Peggy
Was born with the frost
When a bear sucked the stars
When a deer burst out of the dunes
On a beach that was melted thunder.

-- Larry Swingle

The UW Community Co-op announces its

FIRST (AND PROBABLY LAST) ANNUAL BUY YOUR MOTHER A BOTANY BOOK FOR THE IDES OF MARCH SALE
Beginning Saturday, March 15 and continuing all week.
Yes, folks, just in time for the Vernal equinox the Coop is getting rid of all the stuff that has been ripening in the store since last July.

Whirlee Twirlees: You twirl a plastic saucer on a wooden stick. Excellent for your pet spider monkey or a senile relative. Our only consolation is that the Wham-O Company must have lost more money than we did on these. 50¢ @
Duncan Beginners Yo-yos: These are the ones with the permanently attached string. They don't sleep and they don't sell either. @%¢@
Picture Puzzles: Whoever ordered these must have liked 1946 scenes of the Pacific Northwest. Only 30@ for a passport to geriatric delights.
Croquet sets: It finally occured to us that most of our customers don't have lawns. $2.50.
Wiffle bats & balls: Not recommended for use against the National Guard. 50¢ a set.
Wiffle golfballs: Perfect if you have plastic golf clubs, otherwise they can be painted and made into earrings, etc. (Good for girls with 3 ears or 3 girls with 1 ear.) 25¢
Plastic Combs: Use one of these and you'll get a corduroy scalp, but with tissue paper they make a fine kazoo. 2¢ @
Pendants: These are made out of pieces of somebody's grandmother's crystal chandelier and they're all in one big bundle. Untangle one for only 5¢.
Crepe paper: In six faded colors -- drape it around your room and relive the Senior Prom. 5¢
Greeting Cards: "Sorry you're sick -- Life's mighty dreary without you, Dearie," and similarly brilliant remarks. Perfect for ending unwanted correspondence. Limit 500/customer 2/10¢
Ancient Paperbacks: Outstanding titles include MARY,MOTHER OF JESUS, SEX AND THE COLLEGE MALE, and THE HOT ICE CAPER. 12¢ per pound -- haul your own.

LEAGUE OF INDEPENDENT CO-OP CRAFTSMEN:
Tom Kruskel is busily forging silver jewelry in our window. He also gives guitar, banjo, and dulcimer lessons. Very reasonable: sterling silver noserings are $1.
Louisa Van Wyckhouse also makes jewlery on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday afternoons. Her specialties are twisted wire earbobs and silverware rings.
The Crayfish takes the winter out of your bicycle, the static out of your stereo, the dischord out of your piano, the termites out of your typewriter and the crud out of your kitchen drain. (A subsidiary of Crayfish International.)

PHIL OCHS IN CONCERT APRIL 20, 8 P.M. TICKETS $2.50, $3.00, $3.50 at Co-op and SSO and LHA offices (50¢ off for Coop members at the store before Easter vacation.)



Historians Unite!

People at the March 12 meeting called by the History Students Association & Concerned History Students voted a statement of support for Ann Gordon and Connections, to appear as an ad in answer to legislative rumblings.

Want To Meet The Newsmakers?

James Reston — Sander Vanocur
Walter Cronkite — Gaylord Nelson
Edward P. Morgan

If your would like to spend your spring vacation in America's two most exciting cities talking with America's most interesting people, come along with us on the University of Wisconsin YW-YMCA annual New York-Washington seminar.

Our topic this year is "Credibility and the Mass Media," and we'll be talking about it with top newsmen and government officials.

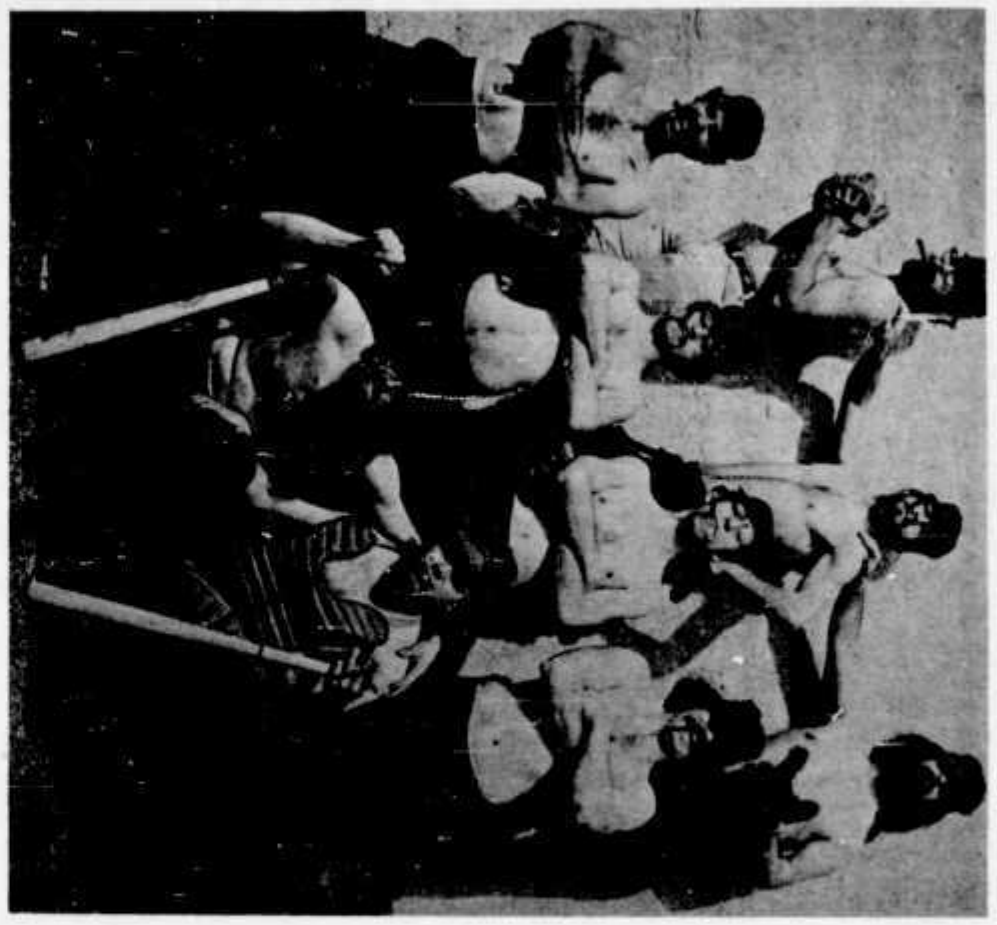
We'll talk with James Reston, Drew Pearson, Gaylord Nelson, Allen Young of Liberation News Service, and other interesting men.

We'll visit the New York Times, the Defense Department, the Russian Embassy, the Congress, and other interesting places. We'll take in a Broadway play, too.

We leave Madison Thursday, April 3rd at noon, and spend the weekend in New York. We get into Washington Monday evening, April 7th. We'll leave the capital city Friday, April 11th, and get back home the next day.

If you would like to come along, stop by the University YMCA, 306 N. Brooks, any weekday afternoon from 3:30-5:30, and pick up an application form. Or give us a call at 257-2534.

LAST WEEK FOR APPLICATIONS!



HEAR YE! HEAR YE! A PROCLAMATION OF

CHALLENGE

THE SAN FRANCISCO MIME TROUPE, in recognition of the time-tested American Tradition of resolving conflict through contest, does challenge the

SAN FRANCISCO POLICE ATHLETIC LEAGUE SOFTBALL TEAM

to non-violent confrontation upon that emblem of our country's greatness, & symbol of the permanent bond between the Democratic Party & the Gov't of the Republic of South Africa,

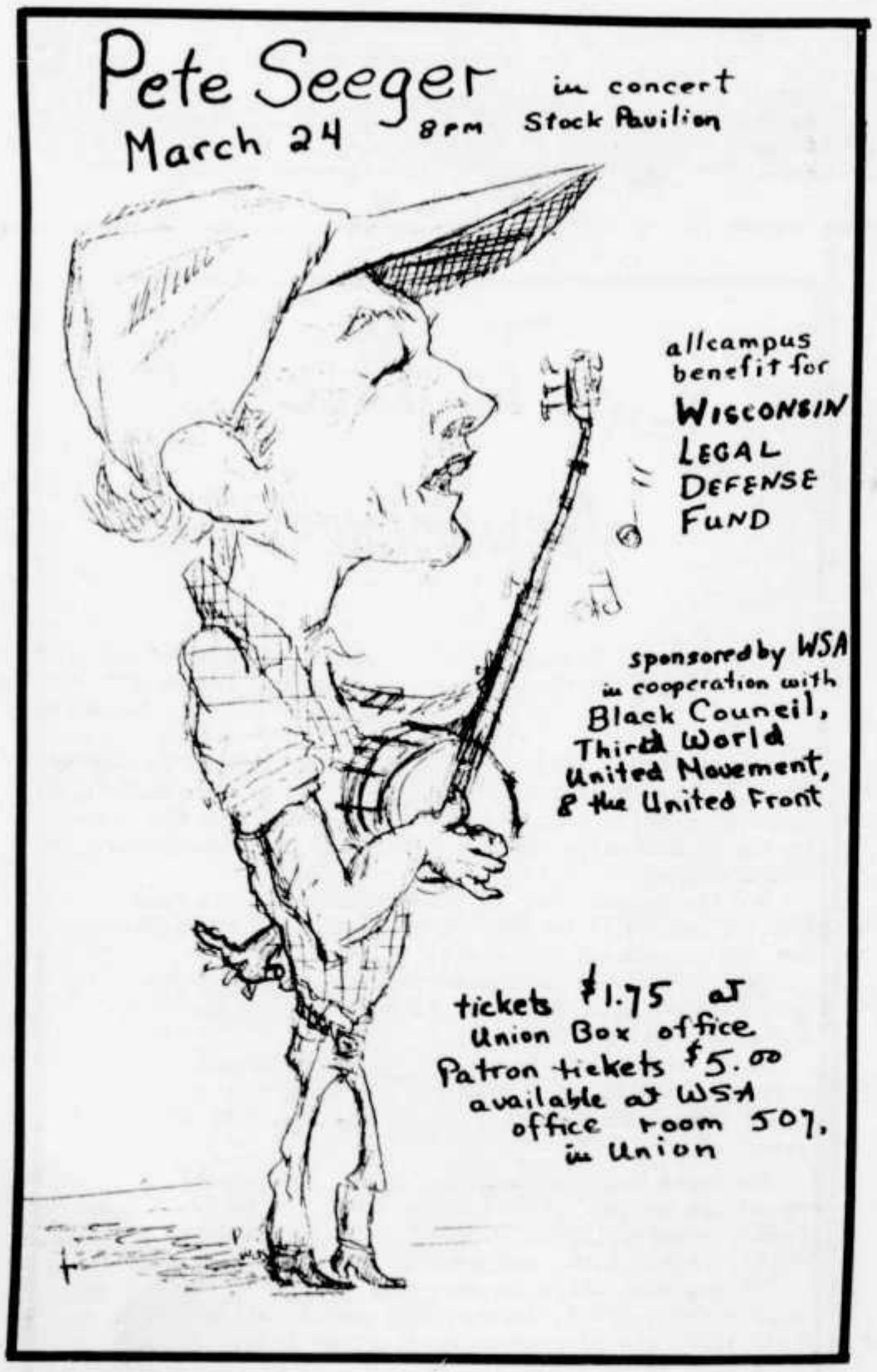
THE DIAMOND.

Contest to be Softball; rules & umpires to be negotiated.

Game to be held at date arranged in joint negotiations.

Loser to donate $100 to any organization specified by winner.

The gauntlet thrown, we can but wait.....



ANN ARBOR FILM FESTIVAL

Starting Friday night, March 21; Quixote will show the 1969 Ann Arbor Film Festival, consisting of more than two hundred new films by independent and student film-makers from across this country and Canada. This is the seventh year of the Ann Arbor based contest, and Quixote has shown four of the seven in Madison and awarded over $1200 to young film-makers in the contest.

Prizes for this year total $350 and will be awarded by vote of the audience. Showings of the films are 7:30 and 10:00 Friday, Saturday, and Sunday with special midnight showings Friday and Saturday. Place of the showings is St. Francis Episcopal Church at the corner of Brooks and University. Tickets are on sale at Paul's Book Store and the Electric Eye. A 60¢ ticket allows the holder to see one two hour showing, and a $3 ticket allows one to see all or as much as one likes of the 16 hours of showing. Lists of the films included will be posted Thursday on campus.

The festival is unique in being open to all film-makers and in the amount of support that it affords to these film-makers. Every campus that shows it is required to award prizes directly to the makers, and the amount won in a year of showings can support new work. Former University students Ira Schneider and Robert Halpern were enabled to continue film production after their films were selected to tour with the festival in 1967 and 1968.

Come and see what's happening in the underground film world.

«THE DYBBUK»

A QUIXOTE THEATER PRODUCTION



image. The lights come up on a pile of tangled corpses who slowly come to life with their own humming, an untangling of limbs, and somnambulistic movement toward the edges, where they stand facing the walls until they thrust themselves into the action. They are all dressed in tattered pants and sleeveless shirts, heads like shaved--unmistakably the corpses of Auchwitz and Treblinka are performing for us.

The plot of "The Dybbuk" comes to us in pieces. The crucial piece of information, which comes at the end, is that Leah and Channon were destined to be married even before they were born by a pact made in friendship between their fathers. This information comes to us in many images before it is actually stated, however, and the meaning lies justly in the images. Channon's longing for Leah, a longing so compelling that he practices forbidden magic to gain her, is expressed not in words but through posture and voice: the actor contorts his body into a back bend and delivers his lines from that position. His voice that cries "Leah...Leah" is painful and exhausting as he strains against gravity as if it were all the forces that separate them, and the moment is profoundly moving. When Channon dies and returns as a spirit to inhabit Leah's body, the two actors chant their lines together, Leah's feet clasped around behind the neck of Channon as she hangs upside down toward the floor. The illicit nature of the wedding Sender has planned for his daughter is manifest in grotesque images. At the banquet Sender gives for the beggars, the poor growl and snarl over the tattered cloth representing their feast. A three-headed hag demands again and again to dance with the bride with a bestial sensuality that mocks the occasion.

The play begins and ends with the line: "Why did the soul fall from the highest of the high to the lowest of the low?" spoken at both places over the bodies of the actors which are piled as bodies outside a concentration camp.

It is hard to say with a production like this exactly what everything means, but I felt as if I were witnessing the history of western culture ritually enacted by the victims of its fall. To what purpose? Perhaps both as a celebration and a warning, as the enactment of the Oedipus trilogy must have been to the Ancient Greeks. I feel there is a strong affinity between the emotion generated in this production and the emotion of the struggle most of us must undergo who find ourselves in Madison's underground community. We have many evil spirits here in Madison trying to prevent us from joining with our ordained right to be free. We must work together to exorsize these forces and not make the compromise of trying to find "a rich husband." If they force us to break our covenant with freedom, that good spirit will enter our bodies and will take control of us and the society around us will no longer be able to control us. There is no point in letting Chief Emory and his good squad of YAF informers terrorize us; we must meet them head on.

This play made me wonder what kind of attitude is pervading our community these days. Are we building anything? Quixote has been expelled from the University because of vindictive bureaucrats and is now even more successful. Our coops can free us from the economic exploitation by the thieving merchants of Madison. We have our own newspapers: Connections and quite often the Cardinal. This Quixote Underground theater production was an affirmation for me that we can begin to build our community when we cut the umbilical cord to the University; but that the effort will be difficult. We must not hide from the evil spirits or from our destiny.

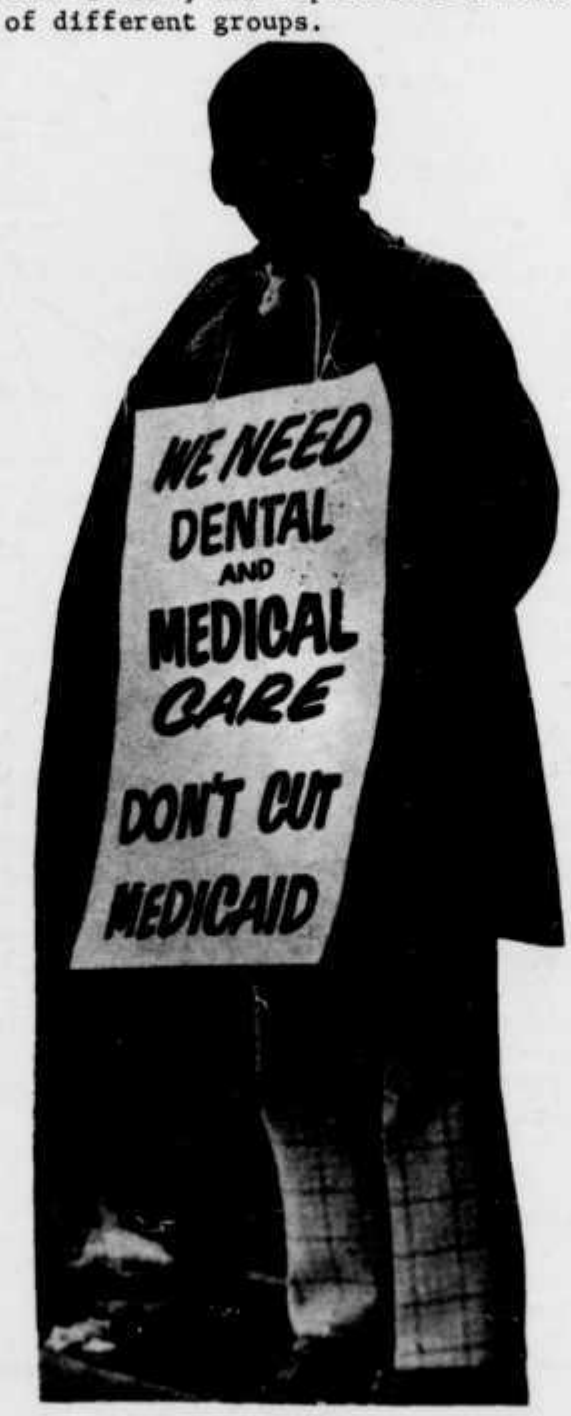
-Hank Haslach

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dollars of cuts in funds for Aid to Dependent Children. One section would cut all Medicaid for welfare mothers and their children. This meant that they would not have the free medical service that has been available to them until now. While students can go to the University Health Service for free medical care, welfare people have no free medical care and therefore, virtually no medical or dental care available to them. Another section cut out a program called Aid to Dependent Children of the Unemployed. This provided assistance to the families of men unemployed or on strike. Eliminating this program meant that the only way a family could get assistance was for the husband to leave home. An increase of $5.00 per child and $7.00 per adult per month had been proposed for welfare mothers but these raises were also being cut.

The welfare mothers called for a demonstration on Wednesday February 26 to protest these cuts. The bill had already been passed in the assembly, but they had hoped they could get the bill reconsidered and defeated. About 40 students held a rally at Library Mall to support the demands of the Welfare Mothers. Linda Ewen, an instructor in sociology, spoke and said that while teaching assistants have some power to influence legislators, the legislators don't have to worry about welfare mothers closing down the University, so they can go ahead and slash the welfare budget. Sharon Black, Chairman of WRO, also spoke and urged students to join the mothers who were demonstrating at the legislature. Thirty students went up there, where we were met by about 25 members of welfare rights groups in the state.

A whole contingent of very militant mothers had come from Milwaukee. They were black, white, Mexican, American Indian, and represented a number of different groups.



After talking to sympathetic legislators, the mothers learned there was nothing they could do. They had hoped they could convince a few Republican Assemblymen who would swing the vote. But they soon learned that the Republican bosses had sent down the word and that it would be a strict party vote.

We had heard that a demonstration of mothers and students could hurt the possibilities of getting the bill brought up; but when we learned that it didn't matter, what we did, we decided to demonstrate anyway. We carried our signs and marched into the first floor of the legislature. They immediately locked the doors so we had to go into the gallery

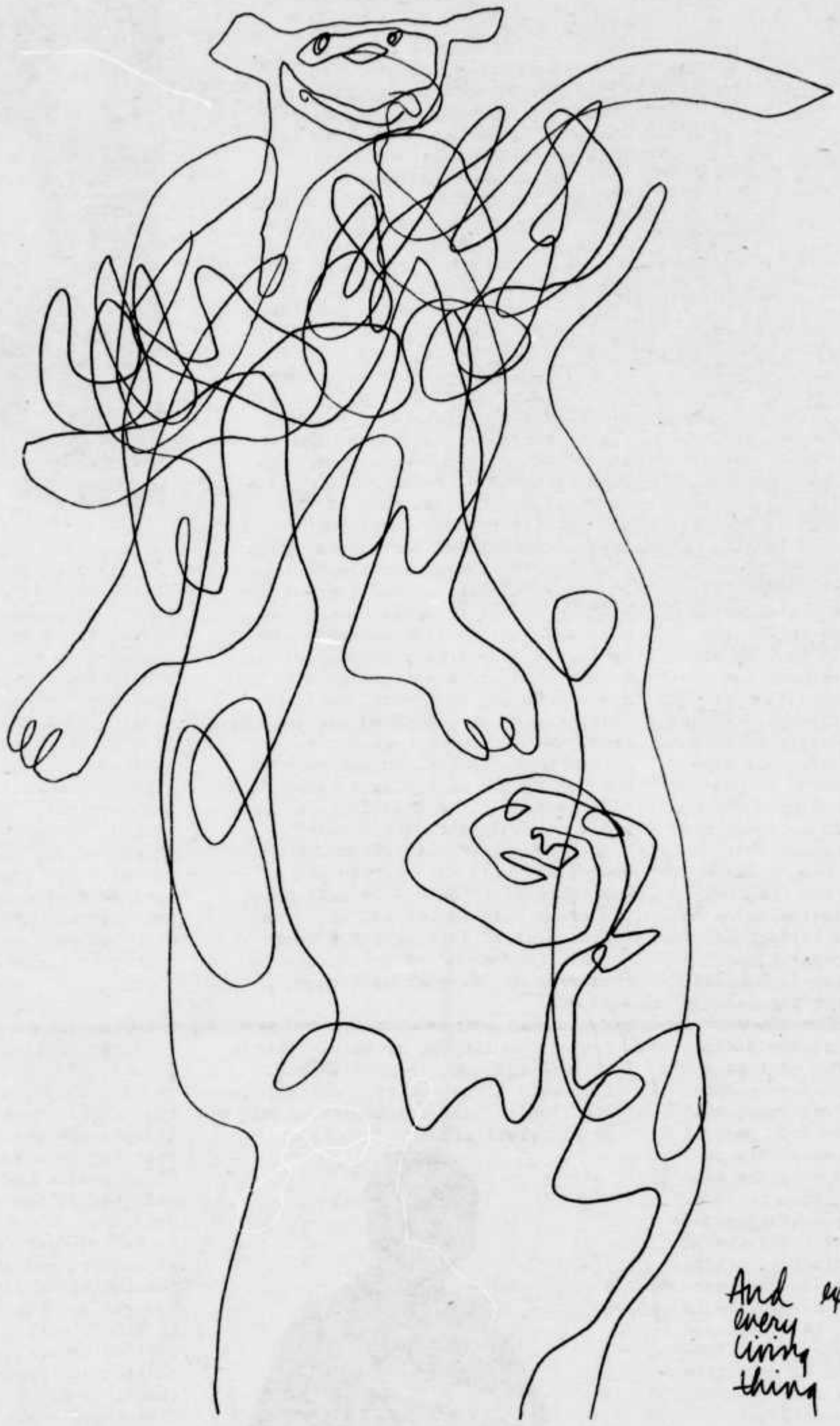
Several of the legislators looked up. We seemed to be amusing them. Most of them were bored, chatting away, smoking, and reading their newspapers.

The sergeant-at-arms came running up: "Any disturbances or disruption will be met with force. Put out your cigarettes. Be quiet. Put your signs down." (He was afraid we were going to drop the posters on the heads of the legislators.)

When the session was over, we greeted the legislators: "If you can find money for your salary raises, you can find money for welfare payments."

I called up Sharon Black and told her I was writing a Connections article and asked her if there was anything she wanted me to say. She said, "Tell the students we appreciate the way they backed us up and let us run our own demonstration."

Jean Weisman
Toby Murtha



Don't sleep
I live on the mouth!
In the window of the open chair
Don't sleep the coats are raining
And gold worms paste
The lettuce of joy covering your ears

Don't sleep
Rub the drunken ship
Wake and try the Horse's leaf
Don't sleep in your ear
Gas drives the insect
The wharf of excitement piles
Old lace fate in the kettle

Don't sleep
A bird bites your tail
Don't sleep
When you drip pine needles
Destroy in the fearless kiss
Beaten in the jaw
Of the melting bear
Don't sleep Don't sleep Don't sleep
You are handed on the mountain
You are laid in the palm of thunder
Don't sleep
You are preserved in rushing flame
Throughout the sea and dreaming earth

-Larry Swingle

State Hist. Society
816 State St.
Madison

MADISON WIS (11) MADISON WIS

Connections

Vol. III, no. 9, April 22-May 6, 15¢, 20¢ out of Wisconsin



Arboli and Lombar, exemplary workers and exemplary musicians, jamming after hours at the Ministry of Foreign Relations' (Minrex's) voluntary labor camp in Pinar del Rio. What you could also do after hours was play chess, dominoes or checkers, read, watch TV or do homework, but music was the best thing as far as I was concerned. Lombar was also one of the best singers I've ever heard, and he handled most of the solos and improvizations. Most of the songs were son montunos, songs based on Eastern Cuban folk music, a form which leans heavily on vocal improvization.

Unfortunately nobody under thirty at the camp was doing this stuff in fact the younger Minrex workers generally sang Spanish translations of American and English sap rock, and the stuff never sounded so bad to me before. One older guy explained to me that Cuban music is going through a fallow period and had done so before and would be all right and itself again but I had my doubts — never underestimate the power of cultural imperialism.

Not shown in this drawing are the ten to thirty men who joined in on these sessions, beating drums, gourds and bedposts and joining in on the singing. Quite a nice scene.

(more Cuba on p. 6)

ROCK is:



Rock is both a freak show and a blues revival, making it the cultural equivalent of the new world brought to life from the ashes of the old that the Wobblies sang about. San Francisco was born in Chicago (or San Francisco just got in from Texas). Both parts of this proposition are implicated in the confusion between the colors of autumn and the colors of spring: the total freedom of rock drifts into total eclecticism, with some of the more arty albums going through so many mood changes and virtuosity sidetrips that it's absolutely impossible to groove on the material, except on a purely cerebral level;* the blues revival aspect, for its part, can be accused of drifting into cultural nationalism. Frantz Fanon and Leroi Jones both make the point about how the white audience in the USA revived dixieland in the forties because mainstream jazz was moving beyond slave culture into bop and other forms which were considered too threatening--and I suppose this could be applied to blues revivers, if you see blues as defeatist and self-pitying, i.e. a special kind of slave music. See Bessie Smith's St. Louis Blues movie for confirmation. And on the other hand, the electric blues that the rock groups draw from is, like bop, a post war music, the electric guitar being a postwar gadget, and Junior Wells's aggressive and dynamic northern city sounds don't have much in common with Ma Rainey or even Memphis Slim.**

And on the other hand, and on the other hand. The main argument is <u>for</u> blues, and that argument is the feeling that white rock musicians always seem to have for it: guitarists that trudged through their first professional years playing teen rock at state fairs get starry-eyed about the day they moved into playing blues. Man I could play blues forever. We're not making any money man but we're playing the music we love.

On the other hand and on the other hand also gets into the question of rock as a participatory culture. Rock is supposed to be participatory because you can dance to it any way you want and also because it necessarily invòlves you through sheer loud terrorism unto the eardrums, bass notes rattling your backbone and strobe light reorganizing your retina, but on the other hand. Rock is extremely exclusive. We found this out in Cuba at parties where our hosts would sing their music with fine timing and harmony and gusto and then we'd trv to respond in kind only to discover that our music was practically unsingable without the (expensive) equipment. Anybody who's tried to sing "Sunshine of Your Love" <u>a capella</u> knows this.

The whole total environment aspect of ballroom rock can itself actually be seen as a pacifying influence, not an involving or liberating one, to the extent that it conforms to the fantasy-fulfillment machine culture projected by Robert Crumb in Zap Comics # zero, a culture which is already being developed in Disneyland. I realize there's a big difference between the linear and naive "experience" laid out for you in the Mad Toad's ride through Hell and the much more various and hip collection of cultural knick-knacks that come together in a light show but I still think pacification is the essential ingredient in each case--in fact the pacification may be worse in the case of light shows since the simultaneous projection of camp, abstract and socialprotest images allows the spectator to jumble his responses until the fight for justice gets to be both a photogenic crockashit and a great trip, not hardly or not necessarily a way of getting from here to there.

Still another argument that cuts both ways has to do with rock being a guitar music. <u>Hit Parader</u> argues that this makes it red:

> It's only fitting that the guitar should be the king axe of rock and roll. For rock comes as close to being the ultimate music of the non-Established root people, and especially the young, as any pop music we've ever had or any we could imagine having in our modern world. And for a hundred years or more the guitar has been played, listened to and loved by just that kind of people....For hundreds of years, parents have been forcing their reluctant sons to sit inside on a summer day slaving over a piano or a fiddle. But have you ever heard of parents forcing their sons to practice the <u>guitar</u>? (Barret Hansen, "The Guitar Saga,"July 1969 issue, pp. 9-11.)

Along with the youth culture aspect, a guitar is just an easy thing to tote around if you happen to be declasse. The back of a guitar somehow seems like a more appropriate place to paste radical messages than a trombone case, and if you can get into a subway car carrying a sign saying "This machine kills fascists," that's still cool. But how can you get onto a subway or into an empty box car with two or three Vox Super Beatle amps? There's a very real sense in which the expensiveness of rock equipment rules out any possible direct revolutionary content it might have. A group around here has to consider that if they sing red songs at a high school dance they can't expect the chaperones to invite them back, and a group around here can hardly keep up its payments without playing out of town gigs. The hip market in Madison is too depressed and too crowded to support more than a few groups.

All these rock and revolution context problems find expression in the work of the best red rock lyricists, Jagger-Richards, Zappa and Dylan. Some people cried cop-out when they caught the words to the chorus in the Stones' "Street Fighting Man":

> So what can a poor boy do
> 'cept to sing in a rock
> and roll band?
> Cause in sleepy London
> there's just no place
> For a street fighting man.

But it's not a cop-out, it's the truth--truth being the Stones' revolutionary virtue.* Sleepy London town is a logical place for rock and roll to flourish, and in fact rock and roll everywhere has a way of keeping people up all night and making them sleep all day. The Yardbirds appeared in <u>Blow-up</u> but what would they have done in <u>Saturday Night and Sunday Morning</u>? Rescued Albert Finney from working class sludge by hiring him as their road manager, perhaps.

I still can't make out all the words to the Stones' "Salt of the Earth" but it sounds like the verses are drinking to the hard-working uncounted millions of people while in the choruses Jagger admits that the masses are only an abstraction for him, in fact they look <u>Strange</u>. This states the problem even more directly, which isn't just a problem of rock but of Left

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* I know this is what philistines used to say about bebop, but they were wrong so that's all right.

** This is not to mention the soul music influence, which I can only see as evangelical and revolutionary. (Somebody will mention that soul singers often straighten and even bleach their hair, but I don't think that pertains to the music itself, except maybe at Motown). The secularization of black gospel into street music may be this generation's version of the secularization of white gospel into the union songs of thirty years ago.

* <u>New Left Review</u> ran a good article a couple of years ago about the narcissism of the Stones' love lyrics being an accurate expression of the state of monopoly capitalism's emotional life, as against the unreal idylls of Lennon-McCartney.

both a freak

culture itself, which is the problem of getting the people and the revolution together! You may as well fall flat on your face as lean over too far backwards, and you can divest yourself of bourgeois and opportunistic deformities until you're an airtight freak, but you'll still need help from some people who are neither Youth nor post-scarcity, and there has to be some way worked out of reaching them, aside from knowing what they need. This isn't a problem our "alternate culture" tries to face, least of all the rock scene.

I was going to quote some lines from the Mothers of Invention's songs just because everybody should dig them, but I realized what I would have had to do was to reproduce the whole song sheet from the We're Only In It for the Money album, and it's better you should run out and get it if you haven't yet.

The Mothers of Invention are the only rock group to talk seriously about Mom and Dad, American womanhood (their expression), fascism in the wings, and even the military-industrial complex (Kenny's in the Army now and Ronnie's taking pills/ Oh how they yearn to see a bomber burn"*). They're also the most serious about putting themselves down -- not J. Lennon's "Half of what I say is meaningless," but, in fact, "We're only in it for the money." (The Mothers actually have two secret identities which they brandish every once in a while for shock effect, and the "present-day composer" figures along with the commercial schlock rock group, but since Cruising with Ruben and the Jets came after Lumpy Gravy, I think that represents the direction they're interested in now--in fact Ruben is the first album where the quote from Varese about the present-day composer refusing to die isn't reproduced straight.) I think the point about this last album is that the put-down of the West Coast rock scene in Money ("When my royalty check comes I think I'm going to buy a Mustang, no, I think I will go into real estate") refers to themselves: just a bunch of dirty old men with rock and roll clothes sitting around the studio, mumbling about the good old days, recording under a different name in a last-ditch attempt to get their cruddy music on the radio. (from the liner notes) This is the truth! Their roots are in the rags-to-riches greaser group scene of the 'fifties, which inspires nostalgia because, while it didn't permit much equality or frankness between the production people and the artists, it was able to operate outside of the hegemony of a centralized communications industry so that small record labels on shoe-string budgets could proliferate so genuine street people from genuinely obscure scenes could break into the business and become big overnight. Musically these records had the virtues of simplicity and directness, possibly because their shoe-string producers didn't have the resources to blur lines and add violins at will. Recently, these other kids came over from the Mersey River, made us think back till then (John Sebastian, "Good Time Music") but now they're using violins too. Good night, sleep tight. The disappearance or absorption of the small record companies has been accompanied by a widening of the limits of permitted rock expression, a raising of the cultural rock level, an increase in the stone confidence between producer, artist and rock public to the point where some fans and even some lefties are under the impression that the industry is their's, but above all by a strengthening of the potential power of the Radio Corporation of America and its colleagues, so that, come the revolution, it's going to be very easy for all these liberties and bonuses to be taken away.

The one important thing that Ruben and the Jets and the Mothers of Invention have in common, then, is that both their scenes have provided a glamorous way for street people to get off the street, only under Eisenhower rock the street people were poolhall rocks and now they're werewolves. Both J. Edgar Hoover and Eugene McCarthy would like to get the kids off the street, so the consistency is consistent.

One thing about Zappa's songwriting: of these three, Stones, Zappa and Dylan, Zappa for all his brilliance is the only one who really does cop out, when he says

> Who cares if you're so poor
> you can't afford to buy a pair
> Of mod au go-go stretch elastic pants?
> There will come a time when
> you can even take your clothes off when you dance.

The second part of that is cool but the answer to the question is, well, the poor care, and it's their poverty not Zappa's, and it's presumptuous and callous at least to tell them not to worry about it.

Dylan has always been so far ahead. In the liner notes to Bringing It All Back Home he brought it home by pointing out that he would not like to be Joe Hill because Joe Hill was dead and that some people were afraid of the bomb but some people were afraid of being seen with a copy of Modern Screen magazine. A year or two later the hip Left abandoned the folk scene's esotericism and prudishness with much the same kind of disgust. Later in John Wesley Harding Dylan gives up rock for a kind of dry country and western, and I think this bodes ill for the Rock and Revolution Alliance Caucus.

Speaking of country and western and the salt of the earth, there was a country song on the radio last year about a guy that used to play rock and roll and one night he tried to sit in on a country band and the country musicians didn't trust him at first and the chorus as nearly as I remember went like so:

> He ain't country, he wasn't there with us
> He wasn't there when the going got rough
> He ain't country, I don't remember him
> He didn't pick those beans or wear those jeans
> He wasn't there when the going got thin
> He ain't country.

So I wasn't just making that up.

Chips Sowerwine says the wicked messenger of Dylan's song (third from last on the Harding album) is Dylan himself, which makes sense. "His tongue it could not speak but only flatter," and Dylan has devoted a good part of his energies to acting as a mouthpiece for groups points of view not his own--first the freedom and peace folks and then the motorcycle meth heads--and Harding may be the first place where he's gotten entirely out of that habit. After the messenger delivered his wicked message, "they answered him in these few words which opened up his heart" (a good country band in live performance opens up your heart in a way that no other music can, witness the Goose Island Ramblers, and while this may make country music quietistic it also makes it post-revolutionary, which means that country lyrics are in history rather than of prehistory, which means that musicians interested in building the new world amidst the ashes of the old could learn to play the fiddle.)

> They answered him in these few words which opened up his heart:
> If you can't bring good news then don't bring any.

After that Dylan, brings good news, first about falling in love, then about making love, which isn't what revolutions are about (the more I revolt, the less time I have) but it is what revolutions are for.

--Nick Thorkelson



* I suppose this could mean one's just enlisted and the other's a speed freak, but that's a kind of military-industrial complex too.

ASSISTANT DISTRICT ATTORNEY: I guess it was all just a big waste of time and money.

ASSISTANT DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S ASSISTANT: That goddamn judge and his goddamn instructions.

JUDGE: (to the jury, off the record). Thank you for saving the Constitution.

JUROR #10: We all agreed they were guilty of conspiring to shut down the induction center, but that's not what they were charged with.

OAKLAND SEVEN: We beat 'em in the streets, we beat 'em in the courts, yeah yeah YEAH!



OAKLAND 7 FREE!



The Oakland Seven - Frank Bardacke, Terry Cannon, Reese Erlich, Steve Hamilton, Bob Mandel, Jeff Segal, and Mike Smith - were on the steering committee of the October 1967 Stop in Draft Week. For those of you born since that date, that was when 10,000 people sat barricades up in the streets, were clobbered by cops, and fought back in a furious and brave attempt to shut down the Oakland, California Armed Forces Induction Center. Three months later, the Alameda County Grand Jury indicted the Seven for conspiracy to commit two misdemeanors-trespass, and interfering with officers. Conspiracy to commit a misdemeanor is a felony.

In a political trial, the political motives behind the prosecution are exposed, the political views of the defendants are projected, and the legal basis for their political actions is analyzed. The Oakland Seven defense did all these.

The prosecution worked on the erroneous assumption that the masses of the American people in general and the white residents of the middle working-class suburbs in particular believe what their rulers tell them.

For this reason, the DA dug a pit for the Oakland Seven and fell in it. The Seven did not have to present their political views, the DA did it for them. He read their leaflets, pamphlets, handouts, and transcribed speeches. His major witnesses were two undercover pigs who volunteered for the monitor squad. For his final crushing blow, he played the complete five-hour tape of the Sproul Hall rally the night before Stop the



Draft Week began. It was the first radical anti-war rally the jury had ever attended. Did the DA suspect he had lost then, when the jurors began to laugh at the anti-LBJ jokes, smile at the anti-war speeches, and when one of them sang quietly along with the agit-prop singing "Hell No We Won't Go"?

The jurors were mostly new working class: technicians, secretaries, switchboard operators, bookkeepers. Plus two machinists, one auto assembly worker, one retired Marine colonel.

Every one of them was opposed to the war.

The defense presented 45 witnesses, a cross-section of America: a 70-year old grandfather, a high school pompom girl, a wife, a mother, a TV reporter, a Mehodist minister, a Lutheran minister, an ex-Green Beret, an editor, an ex-cop, a deputy probation officer, a World War II Air Force captain, a 50-year-old black woman who gave the black power salute when swearing in--all had been at Stop the Draft Week. Their purpose legally was to show that the cops were beating people up and thus were not engaged in the pursuit of their lawful duty (the indictment charges conspiracy to interfere with officers in the pursuit of their LAWFUL duty). Politically, its message was clear: America opposes the war; the people who took to the streets were people just like the jurors and their children.

Why were the Seven acquitted?

1) The First Amendment permits even the advocacy of crime, unless one immediately incites crime.

2) The prosecution never concretely connected what the Seven said with what the 10,000 did.

3) The Seven did not themselves commit any of the crimes they "conspired" to do.

4) Every one of the jurors opposed the war.



Number 4 is at the same time the most important and the least important. The jury never discussed the war among themselves as part of the deliberations. They would never say they acquitted the Seven for political reasons. The language of their reasons had to be the language of the Constitution and the First Amendment. And why shouldn't it be? When else has the Left ever talked to them? The important and significant thing is that they sought in the legal arguments offered by the defense the means of setting the Seven free.

They wanted to acquit and they wanted to follow the law. They believed in the right of self-defense, even against police. They sought the legal reasons and they found them.

And they set the Seven free.

The only holdout-for two days-was the only juror who owned a business.

Have faith in the people.

Ernest O'Shea (reprinted from New Left Notes.)



WHO ARE THE PEOPLE?

"Of course there is all the difference in the world between these two approaches -- that of Michelet, which sees the crowd as 'the people' and that of Burke and Taine which presents the crowd as 'rabble' -- and I do not hide my own preference for the first rather than the second; yet ...they have an important element in common. It is that they both are stereotypes and both present the crowd as a disembodied abstraction and not as an aggregate of men and women of flesh and blood. In short, they both reduce the participants in crowds and popular movements to what Carlyle called a 'dead logic-formula'..."

-- George Rude,
The Crowd in History

i

There are words a man will not speak
to your face
but only at a distance
amplified into the State,
a clatter of tin:

"In the name of the people
of the State of California

"We are the people!"

I order you to disperse"

"WE ARE THE PEOPLE!"
jabbing our fists in the air
less awkwardly than we used to

Having long ago dispersed
from the valley home of our sources
we are only now looking to come together
again
And who can forget the first time
he visioned the people
marching through his mouth?

ii

"We are the people!"
Proud words
rattling around in a closed circle
Pride in a closed circle
sounds like bragging
after a while:
"My 'people'
can beat the shit
out of your 'people'"
Watch for the ricochet,
the nonpeople scratching their heads
with their fists

If we are the people
then how long does the served-out
waitress wait?
the secret secretary typing for the
people?
the janitor sweeping up after the people?
those who buy lies in a seller's market
licking the chops they think are theirs?

"They don't understand"
Teach
"They won't learn"
You learn more,
then teach

Show how the separate fingers become
a fist
but the fist is still made up of fingers
Show that anyone may recognize himself
in you

iii

"We shall be the people"
Now you're talking

-- Todd Gitlin
(reprinted from the S.F. Express Times)

MILKWOOD

(We asked director Joel Gersmann to tell us about his forthcoming production of Dylan Thomas' "Under Milkwood" opening April 23 at the University Catholic Center. Unnaturally shy, Gersmann sent the following through a messenger.)

D. Wagner: Why isn't the director of "Under Milkwood" here today? I thought this interview was about him.

M. Edelson: This interview is about Joel, but I decided not to allow him to visit for a while.

DW: How come?

ME: My wife is extremely paranoid. Also I feel he has designs on her. Lately he's been mumbling relentlessly about menage a trois.

DW: Other than this temporary problem, how do you feel about this new production of "Under Milkwood?"

ME: It's pretty weird, I must say. When the script was first performed May 14, 1953 at the Poetry Center of the YMHA in New York, Dylan Thomas and five professional actors played the whole deal as a staged reading. Joel's decided that a full-scale production would be more relevant.

DW: Well what exactly is so weird about this show?

ME: Joel has this insane idea that scenery and lighting usually detract from a play or merely function as decoration. The theater's basic architectural structure, in this case the sanctuary of the University Catholic Center, is all he considers necessary to establish a stage environment.

DW: Yes, I remember the last production, Ansky's "The Dybbuk." Joel allowed only two light changes. He desexed all the actors by making them all wear the same ugly costumes. They all looked like they had bathed in mud. What new deviltry has he planned for "Under Milkwood?"

ME: I think he wants to destroy the natural shape of the actors' bodies.

DW: Will the show have a distinctly Welsh character?

ME: Milkwood is set in a mythical town that could easily be Waukeegan, Ill. No one is trying to be English or Welsh or Scots. Joel's changed the whole work into a whimsical satire on decadent American culture which has managed to strangle every major civilization with coca-cola and television.

DW: Has he attempted to update the text in any way?

ME: He's left the words intact. However, he's given the play a new framework that stamps it with a specific historical and cultural context.

DW: Who's influenced him most in his ideas?

ME: Joel isn't consciously trying to copy anyone. He's merely trying to rediscover those elements that make theater a distinctive art form (as opposed to motion pictures). The "Cardinal" reviewer was ecstatic about "The Dybbuk", but it was all bullshit about Joel's being influenced by "2001". Joel never saw "2001".

DW: How are the actors holding up?

ME: They find some of the staging a mite bizarre but they're enthusiastic. I think they've gotten used to the idea.

DW: Gotten used to what?

ME: That Joel is out of his mind. I don't know if you remember the first inanity he created for Quixote. It was Arrabal's "Panic Ceremony"--about a little girl's first communion and a necrophiliac chasing a corpse. These days I'm not surprised by anything Joel does. He's been planing "Milkwood" since last October.

DW: Do you find any connection between "Milkwood" and his direction of "Panic Ceremony" and "The Dybbuk?"

ME: Yes. All three are about the end of traditional forms of life, possibly the end of life itself. I think that will all be clearer when you see his May 3 production, "Tryouts." It is a synthesis of many things implied in the other plays.

DW: What do you think will be clarified in "Tryouts" that is already implied in "Milkwood?"

ME: That we've reached an impasse, a crisis...What the hell...Levy has said it better than I can now.

DW: Do you plan to produce anything else with Joel this summer?

ME: I have several ideas in mind. Possibly a transvestite musical-comedy. At the moment, I can't say definitely. I'm not on speaking terms with Joel.

DW: What now?

ME: I forgot to mention it--he has designs on me too.

Poets Read Here?

The independent literary magazines of Madison--Mandala, Abraxas, and Quixote, will sponsor a three-day poetry reading at the Green Lantern May 2-4 starting each evening at 7:30, and featuring poets from Milwaukee's Third Coast Poetry Center, the Chicago Free Poets, and poets from the Iowa Writer's Workshop, as well as many other Wisconsin poets. Displays of magazines and discussions will be held before and after the readings, and audience members will be invited to bring their own spirits from nearby bars. David Hilton is general chairman of the event, Tim Hildebrand is visual oberfuhrer, and Quixote it putting up the bread. More than 40 poets are expected for the free readings and housing is needed for them. Please contact Dave c/o English Dept., Bascom Hall or leave a note at Green Lantern for him. (The Union Literary Committee was asked to sponsor this event but they refused because Quixote was in on it). This will be the largest poetry bang in Madison in recent history, the last literary bash occuring for five hours in 1967 at Valhalla coffee house with 16 poets and a one-act play (Ubu Cocu) by Mr. Kroff's French class. Legal counsel has been retained for the event.





Russians at the reception commemorating the tenth anniversary of the triumph of the rebellion (not called the anniversary of the revolution because the revolution is considered an unfinished affair). This party was held at the palacio de la revolucion on the night (Jan. 1) before the actual anniversary. And after we'd been at the party a half hour I said to Pat, "Well I don't think I've ever been with so many communists in a room before," and she said, "Yeah, and I don't think I've ever felt so alienated before in my life." Raul and Dorticos and Haydee Santamaria are supposed to have been there but I didn't recognize them, and Fidel was surrounded by such a mob that the only way I could draw him was by climbing up the lattice-work on the wall, which cramped my style, so here's some stuffy Russians instead.

I did get to talk to the Canadian ambassador for a while and I asked him if there was resistance in Canada to the maintaining of diplomatic and trade relations with Cuba, and he said,"No, you see, in Canada we take the view that what other governments do is their own business, a view, I might add, which is not shared by the Cuban regime." Oh tolerance. I didn't get around to drawing him, though.

8-year-old in Pinar del Rio on Children's Day (mid-January) with his children's day present: a miniature Vietnamese guerrilla outfit. War toys in Cuba? Yes, because they have a war in Cuba, and while the brunt of it is against poverty, disease, ignorance and corruption, i.e. underdevelopment, the potential armed confrontation with imperialism is not and cannot be too far below the surface. I had the idea when I first got to Cuba that U.S. imperialism was defining the Cuban Revolution through the blockade and the threat of intervention, but the Cuban's own point of view was that underdevelopment defined the revolution much more immediately -- it finally occurred to me that the statements weren't contradictory.





Santiago Perez Mesa, administrator of the Basa de la Reforma, one of several giant productive units on the Isle of Youth, formerly the Isle of Pines, formerly the Isle of the Thousand Murders and Treasure Island. Santiago was a campesino before the revolution and made his first contact with the rebels "in the fields," in 1956. In '57 he participated in Che's invasion of Las Villas, worked in the army and national militia after the triumph, put in ten months directing (I think) the construction of Ciudad Escolar Camilo Cienfuegos, a school at the base of the Sierra Maestra, and finally got back into agriculture in 1964. He is enormous and ruddy and wears his machete in his belt and maintains jovial relations with the workers on the Basa, with no trace of subordination, and we had a great time talking to him.



Maria and Yvonne, Young Communists who joined us at voluntary work on the Isle of Youth, and afterwards we visited their camp for dinner and a bongo party. Our voluntary work consisted of weeding a field of some kin kind of sileage with juatacas (sp?) (=hoes)--this is supposed to be one of the easier kinds of agricultural labor around but it wiped our group out pretty thoroughly, and actually we only did it for an abbreviated afternoon and the next morning. Maria and Yvonne and about twenty more Young Communists invaded our field in ridiculously high spirits at the end of our first afternoon. Seems the weeding in these fields has to be taken care of by voluntary work--nobody has time for it in the regular course of things--so these people were coming to put in their two cents worth after having already completed a long day harvesting fruit.

The Isle of Youth probably gets over-hyped in our movement just because the idea of a laboratory of communism has an appealing utopian ring to it--I mean there isn't that great an apparent difference between the Isle of Youth and the rest of Cuba--but I'm sure we never met people like these in any other part of the country. They were enthusiastic and beautiful, and not such bad singers.



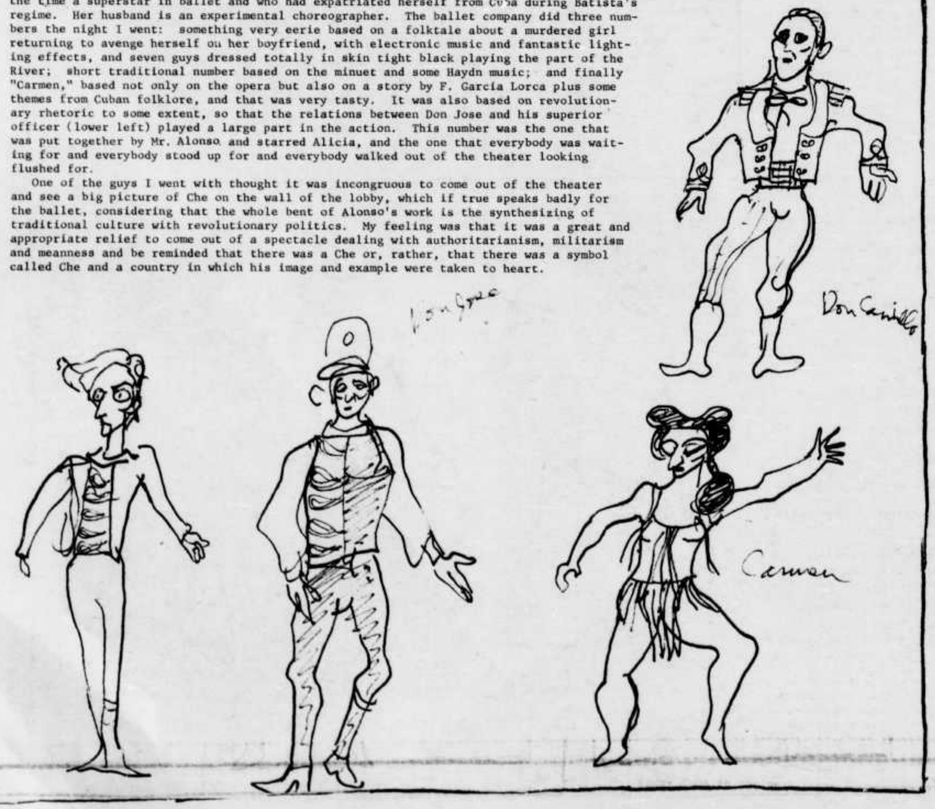
Castillo and Saljado were "Heroes of Moncada," an honorary name given to Cuban militants and exemplary workers from all over the island, who sat up front in the plaza during the January 2 celebration. Somebody in the press box surmised that they were put there as cheerleaders but it just seemed to me like a reasonable way to treat people who had come such a long distance, and at any rate Fidel's speech wasn't designed to goose the crowd, but simply to lay down the facts of the case for 1969. The most interesting point he made from our point of view had to do with development:

"Our people have faced the most difficult challenge, the most extraordinary task: confronting underdevelopment in the conditions of today's world, and confronting it, in the case of our people without any experience, confronting it, as our people did, with nothing more than the enthusiasm of the masses....Then there was, in addition, that great rage produced by capitalist society, by class society: the mirage of the full store shelves. That mirage is the boast of privileged societies and makes the masses believe in the illusion of a sky's-the-limit abundance and that all you have to do is break down the barrier to obtain access to these endless riches, as if they came from inexhaustibly rich mines....They are, of course, illusory riches which quickly disappear as soon as the masses have some access to them.

"We ourselves had to learn that such a society of the privileged, an underdeveloped society, is very far from creating limitless wealth and that the creation of all true wealth was essentially ahead of us. But now the masses know that wealth had to be created, because they know how to add and subtract, multiply and divide. And when you divide any of the production levels reached by that society among 8,000,000 people, even second graders realize that that was a poverty level production. When 80 or 90 percent of a country's children don't drink milk, then 50,000 cows suffice to provide milk for all the children who do drink milk, and there will even be milk left over in some dairies, just as there will be hundreds of thousands of children "left over" who don't have 2¢ to buy themselves a fraction of a liter of milk."

These drawings were done in the dark at the Cuban ballet. One of the cultural coups of the revolution in its early days was the return to Cuba of Alicia Alonso, who was at the time a superstar in ballet and who had expatriated herself from Cuba during Batista's regime. Her husband is an experimental choreographer. The ballet company did three numbers the night I went: something very eerie based on a folktale about a murdered girl returning to avenge herself on her boyfriend, with electronic music and fantastic lighting effects, and seven guys dressed totally in skin tight black playing the part of the River; short traditional number based on the minuet and some Haydn music; and finally "Carmen," based not only on the opera but also on a story by F. Garcia Lorca plus some themes from Cuban folklore, and that was very tasty. It was also based on revolutionary rhetoric to some extent, so that the relations between Don Jose and his superior officer (lower left) played a large part in the action. This number was the one that was put together by Mr. Alonso and starred Alicia, and the one that everybody was waiting for and everybody stood up for and everybody walked out of the theater looking flushed for.

One of the guys I went with thought it was incongruous to come out of the theater and see a big picture of Che on the wall of the lobby, which if true speaks badly for the ballet, considering that the whole bent of Alonso's work is the synthesizing of traditional culture with revolutionary politics. My feeling was that it was a great and appropriate relief to come out of a spectacle dealing with authoritarianism, militarism and meanness and be reminded that there was a Che or, rather, that there was a symbol called Che and a country in which his image and example were taken to heart.



Statue of Jose Marti and a chess class both in the grade school ("Ciro Redondo") attached to Minas de Frio, which is the first year teachers school, located high in the Sierra Maestra. The teacher of the school, Anconio Alfonso B., used to be a businessman in Havana, wealthy enough to send his kids to college in the States, but abandoned all that when the revolution came in order to come out here and make himself useful. Since he had been a fine-to-middling chess nut in Havana, he gave a large part of his classroom time over to these lessons, so this is what we walked in on when we visited, plus Antonio (undrawable because he moved too fast) prowling around, spotting mistakes and shouting suggestions, calling on this kid to suggest a solution to that kid's problem, generally a rambunctious scene. The Marti bust, very small, was in one corner (Cuba has busts of Marti everywhere but this was one of the few with any character and force, much more than I was able to catch in the sketch) -- turns out this was Antonio's work also, on account of one day he was wondering to what use the gummy red clay in the school's front yard could be put so he developed a formula for ceramic clay out of the red stuff,mixed with other local minerals and organic matter. Now he teaches sculpture on the afternoons he doesn't teach chess.

When it was time for us to go he brought the kids outside and had them sing things for us: Guantanamera, some of the newer patriotic songs, and a song they had written themselves on the subject of conserving materials: "My little pencil and my little book are happy because I'm not wasting them," was the premise. What do the children of Vietnam use to write on in their schools, dear ones? Leaves, leaves, they write on leaves. So we consider ourselves fortunate to have paper for our writing, notebooks in fact. Yes, we're fortunate. This wasn't part of the song. This was more like a catechism which followed the songs. In between two numbers they did the emulation of Che salute and shouting it together now, ¡ Seremos como el Che! And he introduced a few of them as particularly smart kids although it was his opinion that they were all fantastically smart. Called them mi caro and mi cara and they were mighty anxious to please him too. Only genius I ever saw teaching grade school.



(More Cuba in the next issue.)

Serkin

In two concerts at the Union Theater last week Peter Serkin played music by Bach, Mozart, Scriabin, Schoenberg, Berg, Webern and Messiaen. In this listing are missing two components of the usual piano recital: a piece from the nineteenth century and a truly familiar concert piece. The closest approach to either was one of the two rondos which represented Mozart in the second concert. The D Major and A Minor Rondos were played in a group which was completed by Webern's Variations (1936). The A Minor Rondo and the Variations showed the best aspect of Mr. Serkin's ideas on programming, which seem to be (1) Play only the best music. (2) Find groups of pieces which can throw light on each other. A similarity to be found between much Mozart and almost all of Weber is lucidity of texture and form. (Stravinsky refers to Webern's works as "diamonds" and lots of people call Mozart's music pellucid.")

Mr. Serkin's approach to almost all the music I've heard him play in concert and on records is particularly valid here. The approach is one of great clarity of line and precise weighting of one note against the other in the vertical structure. This also involves very subtle and almost constant rhythmic give. This is a contrast to modes of performance which sacrifice rhythm to phrase, or expression of harmonic density and motion to the metronomic rigidity. Actually in the Webern relatively few notes are struck simultaneously. The method is more that of an individual line pursuing its own logic and responding to the context set up by other lines. Something of the sort goes on in Mozart. One difference, of course, is that one false note in Webern means the music falls apart, whereas in Mozart the crucial unit is the phrase. My sole criticism of Mr. Serkin's playing of the Mozart would be of his slow tempo. Mozart indicated an Andante, and part of the effectiveness of the piece is in the conflict between the disturbing, painful harmonic content and the inexorable forward motion which Mozart directed. To sacrifice one for the other (even with all the clarifications which Mr. Serkin gave) is to leave part of the piece unexpressed. I was able to hear everything, but I was not compelled as I imagine I could have been.

Other less successful aspects of the concerts had nothing to do with Mr. Serkin's playing, but rather with a failure to get across matters as simple as the order of the compositions and how many pieces made up a group. The first program didn't open with Scriabin's Tenth Sonata but with Bach's Two Part Inventions (listed second on the program). Mr. Serkin didn't play all fifteen of these through. Somewhere around the ninth he stopped. After a long silence he played the Scriabin. Only then did we feel safe to applaud. Then he came back on stage and played the rest of the Inventions.

I didn't know what to believe in. Certainly not the program. And Mr. Serkin was offering no explanations. If the music had been generally familiar, then precision in the notes and Mr. Serkin's platform conduct wouldn't have been so important, but here they were vital to setting the audience at ease. The only problem at the second concert was a failure to list the fifteenth of the Bach Sinfonias (Three Part Inventions), The result was premature applause.

One gripe: Messiaen's Regards sur l'Enfant-Jesus are tripe to me, but his music is played by other musicians as distinguished as Mr. Serkin, so maybe my ears are lined with it. Conclusion: Even if the next concert by Peter Serkin were guaranteed to get me as uptight as the first, I wouldn't miss it.

-- S.R.



When I Was a Lad... Part 1

Being but a child, a diminutive squirt as it were, I am now, looking back, able to say my judgement was unimpaired by my tender years. Of course, I lie, but this is nothing new. I did it then; I do it now. I caution you that to believe everything I say is naivete, to believe nothing is overly smug, and to take some, deciding this is true, and discard other, deciding this is false, is folly. How can you hope to know when I lie or when I speak truth? Actually, and I speak with all sincerety (and indeterminate honesty) it's lies, all lies.

But what does truth or falsity have to do with a tale? What does truth or falsity have to do with anything? If I were to speak truthfully I should have to say something exists only if it does in fact exist. I say, for example, that my right hand exists. At least I think it does, for I lost it several years ago and have not heard from it since, but I cannot bring myself to say that it is no more. I prefer to think that we just parted ways as friends.

Perhaps it is the fault of my own diseased brain that I can never think of anything that is or was, ceasing to be. But I am merely conjugating verbs. Let me continue (or is it begin) my story.

It was on a rosy morn, Aurora having slid her rosy tit above a tangent horizon. The birds sang and the grass hummed green. I was spat out by my house and, landing at the top of the steps, I hesitated to descend. What lay in wait for me on that vast boulevard? I at least, knew.

Nothing.

Nothing?

Definitely, if ever anything can be definite.

Not the variegated patchwork of Nature? Not the open arms of friendship? Not lust? Not greed? Not even goodwill to drive one to unpremeditated acts of kindness?

My breast harbored no such gems.

And so I hesitated as shall you until the next installment of our thrilling adventure when the reader may be assured that as little possibly less action shall incumber the plot. Be sure to miss the next episode.

-- Mephisto von Liederkranz

Unionism

We have watched with great sympathy the efforts of the T.A. Association to carry on negotiations with the University. Since the two major Madison newspapers are anti-union, we feel we should give the TAA as much support as possible. The University, through stalling tactics on the basic issue of union recognition, and through attempts to limit the TAA's powers once recognition is granted may be forcing a strike.

The University says that if it grants recognition to the TA's it will put them under a system of rules like the State Employment Relations Act, sections 111.80-111.94. This law not only has a strong no-strike provision, but it explicitly says that the management is not required to bargain over wages, fringe benefits, promotions, layoffs, and disciplinary actions. The only areas which are open to bargaining are grievance procedures, seniority rights, work schedules, vacations, sick leaves, interpretations of management-established work rules, health and safety practices, and departmental transfers. Since the TA's are not civil service employees, they are not actually covered by this law and innovations in the gro ground rules for their bargaining are clearly necessary. They do not enjoy the protections guaranteed to classified employees by the civil service laws, and the University is attempting to put them in a strait-jacket even tighter than that binding other state employees.

In asserting their rights--by a strike if necessary--there are two directions in which the TA's need to go. First, they need to assert the rights of the classified University employees, such as custodians and secretaries, who are already covered by sections 111.80-11194. These workers, members of Local 171 of the Wisconsin State Employees Association, enjoy at best an emasculated form of unionism in which the no-strike clause serves as a constant threat against their efforts to gain greater control over their jobs. In this aspect, they have a great deal in common with the TA's.

The TA's also need to be bold in their conception of the areas in which they should bargain. Job control must be bargained as well as wages.

The TAA can break away from the emphasis of many unions on solely economic issues and work to give the TA's say in the content of

Monopoly cont

lords fail it would be absurd to assume that the tenant was a winner 80% of the time; rather he is always a loser. For every landlord that fails there is always one to take his place; if anything, the tenant is hurt further by the transfer as landlords cushion for potential risk.

II. The Effect of Playing the Game

The price that the failures pay in their attempt to profit is small when compared to the damage done to the tenant and the disruption to the community.

In Madison the development of the tight housing market demonstrates the law of demand and supply in a closed system. What may be the immediate concern is the rent students pay but of greater concern is the historical development of the market and the squeeze it places on the poor and laboring class.

In the early 1960's university students placed a limited demand on the housing market that was met in part by the blossoming of plastic high rise dorms in a corridor between State St. and Lake Mendota. The demand was also met by the opening of the apartment market to students in the lower campus -- Sterling Court, Langdon St., and the three square blocks now occupied by the Southeast dorms.

In 1963 the center of student housing was at University and Park. It extended east on Langdon St., south to Regent St. and was halted on the west at Breese Terrace. By 1965 the demand for apartments had increased to such an extent that students had moved east well across Wisconsin Ave. as far as the 1100 and 1200 blocks of E. Johnson and the Williamson St. area, south as well across W. Washington and Regent, but had made a minimal penetration of the west side.

No elaborate explanation is needed of the ability of the west side to hold tight while the east side collapsed under the onslaught of students -- it is the difference of rich and poor, an R-3 zoning that prohibits rooming houses and an R-6 that encourages them.



By 1967 the housing market could no longer accomodate the student demands. There were three major factors: 1. Increased enrollment (1962 -21,733; 1965-29,299; 1967-33,000) 2. A new desirability of apartment living as students were turned off by the plastic housing, and 3. A new factor which dumped thousands of new potential rentors on the market -- liberalized apartment regulations.

Landlords with foresight who had bought up potential student slums were now making a killing. But, at the same time dormitory rentals fell off. Allen Hall had to close down two floors. But this wasn't profitable and so the university and the state bailed out the speculators by renting Wisconsin Hall, half of the Towers and an additional dozen plastic dorms.

As the student market expanded absentee landlords capitalized on the opportunity for further exploitation. Wh What took place was similar to the blockbusting that occurs on the fringes of most urban ghettos. As the slum community expanded and overflowed into adjoining communities, the niggers were preceded by the real estate men who bought high and rented higher.

Generally, an elderly homeowner lived on the first floor and rented out the second and third floors. The owner like his tenants was dependent upon a fixed income -- social security, railroad pensions and welfare payments. Those who were employed could not see any substantial increase in their income as they approached retirement. When the students moved next door there were two immediate effects on the value of their property. First the value of the house increased for if it were to be occupied by students the income it produced could be tripled and even quadrupled. Second, the city would now increase the property tax on the land based on its potential earnings.

At this point the absentee landlord would offer to buy. There were two alternatives. The first was to sell. A house that couldn't bring $18,000 on the market three or four years ago was now worth as much as $25,000. To sell, however, meant moving; leaving a home and community one had resided in for fifty years. It meant finding a new home, paying new rents. What good was all the money realized from the sale if one had no place to live?

The second alternative was to stay. This meant living with the increased value of the house, the higher taxes -- and the loss of friends as they sold and moved out.

Then the absentee landlords began their packaging. They would buy adjacent properties until they had enough land to go to the city council and ask that the packaged property be rezoned from R-5 to R-6 which would allow them to put up high rise apartments. Spot rezoning of this sort took place until the area bounded by the Capitol, Lake Monona, South Park and Lake Mendota was all R-6, i.e. zoned for high density. This rezoning was an added factor in increasing property values. It is at this stage of development that we find Williamson St.

What are the prospects for the future? Presently landlords are packaging their pr properties. Some have already milked their property and built high-rises that are a cross between apartment and dormitory living. These units are designed to meet limited student needs and are of course totally unfit in terms of space and cost for family living (not to mention student living.)

Building patterns thus ensure a perpetuation of the ghetto, and a growing housing shortage for low and fixed income people. Students will meet whatever rent is charged; they are a trapped market with elastic incomes. But the closed-ness of this system is, of course, not perfect. Over-extension by individual landlords is slowly creating its own opposition. Residents on the east side, familiar with the conspicuous developments in the Basset-Mifflin area, banded together to oppose high-rise, high-density encroachment in the Williamson St. area. Students, too, are beginning to gather to consider ways of halting and redirecting packaging and new construction. The future requires the formation of stronger organizations as a force to counter the increasing power of the landlords.

-- Paul Soglin

their jobs and in how the work is performed. This control must be a little different from job control in the industrial setting because the students the TA works with must also have participation in the decisions on many issues. The union should first adopt the principle that control over the classroom must not be a unilateral decision of the faculty member in charge of the course, but must be a joint decision of the TA and the students in his section. The union, if it does anything in this area, must guarantee the rights of the teacher and the students to jointly control what goes on in their class. Rather than set rules, the TAA might bargain for a guarantee of this principle. Unfortunately, for those who are lazy, the union cannot negotiate for the students; they must organize themselves. The union can fight to ensure that their rights to control their lives are no longer usurped by the wrong parties. The TAA should also negotiate issues solely concerned with the way TA's conduct their jobs. We should all join with every working man to fight to realize in practice the fact that no man can be happy unless he is doing work he wants to do, no matter how much he is paid.

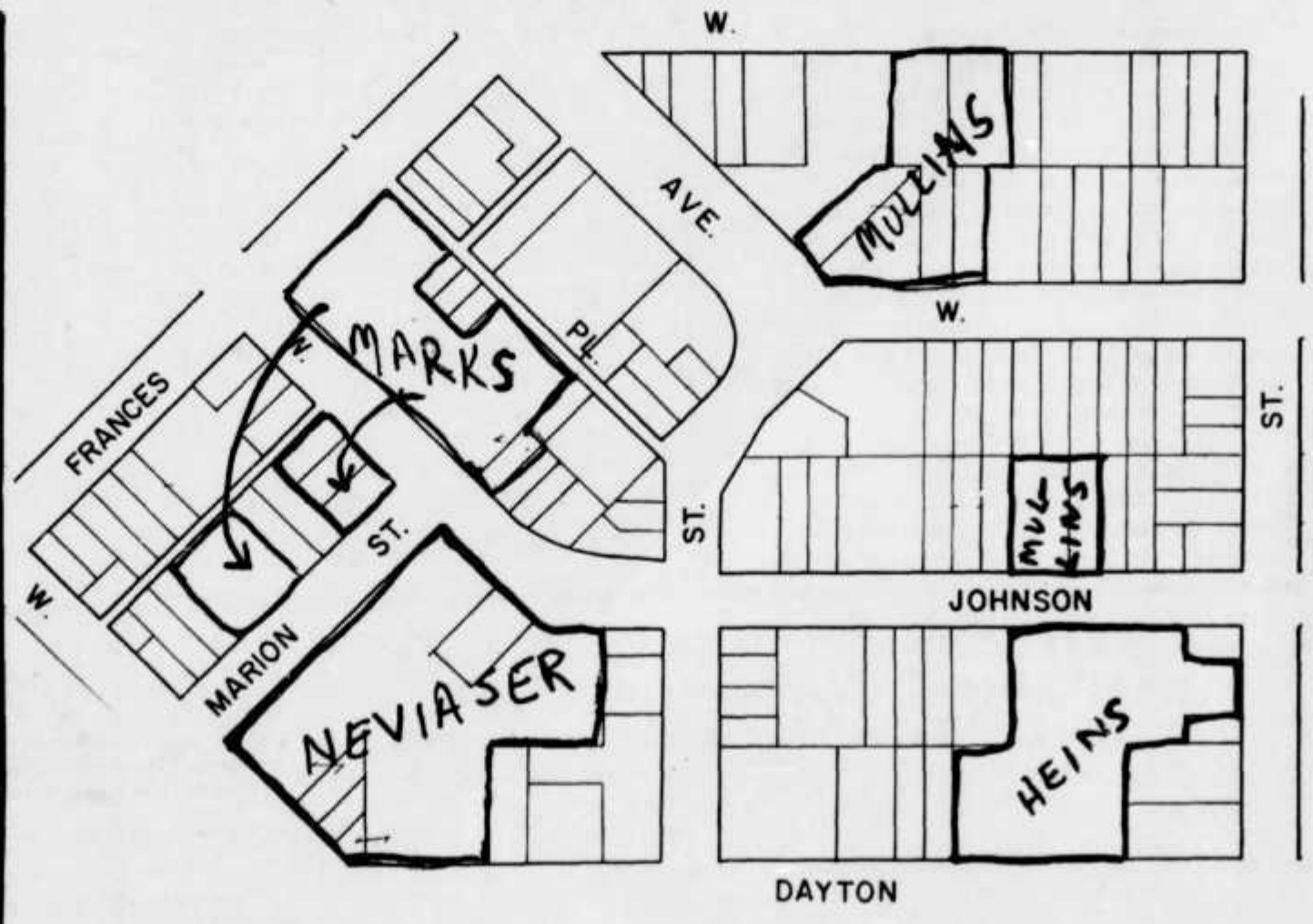


EXHIBIT 2: This area was selected to show packaging in vivid color action. The areas with heavy outline are owned by one owner whose name appears in the particular area.

AUDITORIUM

A small city, green with trees, cooled by lakes, laced with parks and pleasure drives. No heavy industry to pollute its skies and bring in urban ghettos. A great university on a hill overlooking the clean Capitol building and the largest lake. Progressive politicians walking somberly through the Capitol park. A planned city.

Not a bad dream. If the railroads didn't have top priority cutting across the plan and the lakes. Not a bad dream. If the city hadn't let its lakes become polluted by its own wastes and those of the respectable industries it attracted. Not a bad dream. If it weren't a dream.

The Madison Civic Auditorium is the swansong of the city's "enlightened liberals" and may stand, if it ever does, as a memorial to their political weaknesses in the mid-century. In 1969, rapidly losing power in the city and the state, the dreamers of an "Athens of the Midwest" urge a home of culture before public transportation, before public housing, before clean lakes. The dream of developing the "full potential" of Madison has remained, for these people, stronger than an assessment of life as it is being lived in Madison today. As Bobby Joe Burbridge pointed out in the recent campaign: "Every one knows you don't put a barbecue in the back yard until you've cleaned up the trash. People are going to have to wear gas masks to sit by the lake on the auditorium terrace." When the city showed growing resistance to financing the project, the backers dropped into their own pockets for funds, beginning with William Evjue, the elder statesman of the progressives in Madison.

Such an auditorium has been part of the Madisonian dream for generations. Parks, civic art (Lincoln statue on Bascom Hill), the Arboretum, the Zoo, a beautiful Capitol building surrounded by another park, all formed parts of the vision but culture still needed a home. So Frank Lloyd Wright, local boy become cuiture hero, drew up plans for the ultimate in a culture center, located one lake away from that other cultural bastion, the University. One of the constants of the Pregressive tradition in this country has been its narrowly conceived and class-confined notion of culture. When Jane Addams first opened Hull House in Chicago, she and her friends set up reading groups where immigrants read stuffy English novels. She did not see the difference between herself and the immigrant women in terms of alternative cultures but saw it in terms of a lack in them. Like Athens, Madison would perform Greek tragedy for its masses.

But even progressives have come to recognize that culture may superficially integrate the society but that it doesn't pay. A theater and concert hall for Madisonians and even for travelling performers are not profitably conceived. Similar fixtures, however, are suitable for conventions and business banquets so within the same financial structure, municipal bonds, the contribution of citizens become further removed from their own uses.

Immediately, the community must demand a stop to this misuse of its money, but more important is that the community develop and articulate alternative notions of culture which are not controlled along lines of power and wealth in the city. The shared artistic experiences of a community cannot be confined to bolted-down chairs facing a stage, to the choices of a select committee of bookers, to a centralized place at the business and government center of the city, to a facility for which local benefit performances have to compete with insurance conventions. The cultural conceptions of the auditorium's planners and backers limit creative expression to their class experience and static statements. The building limits the creative potential of the art produced.



Letters

Dear Connections:

I am frightened more than anything after reading Presidio! I can't see how the army has become so corrupt as to allow the saddists described in your article to run amuck at the po camp!

Of course I know what happens to institutions. I saw a very efficient institution for correction of peoples faults. This institution is similar to your description of Presidio.

The people outside of the institution didn't care what was going on inside of the prison camp. They were too busy making a dollar. Too busy to bother with complaints of the inmates.

Dachau was such a camp.

I know too that American military prisoners are badly treated. The Augsburg US Military Prison at Augsburg, Germany is known for toughness.

Why is it that we as people tolerate these tough prison camps for our own people? Reports coming now that we treat our children hoodlums harshly and ruthlessly is common knowledge! A shocking report is coming us that states that many juveniles are placed in terrible prisons here in America! What the hell is going on?

One minister stated in Washington before congress that more children are killed by their parents than all the childrens deceases together? Frightening!

The latest reports show an increase in child beating statistics across America! Murder, rape, brutal crimes against persons are on the increase. And we are the richest country in the world? Rich in material things but poor in ethics and morals!

I believe that the total effect of the hydrogen bomb frustration is becoming too much for sensitive emotional values to tolerate! Death any instant! Without even warning! Perhaps the weapons of total destruction will destroy without being used! One historian stated that we as a society will have the shortest span of time in history!

We send our youth to the butchery in Vietnam, and for what? We spend our taxes on ABM systems that are worthless! We support the few with the toil and resources of the many? For what? We pollute our land for gain, and the rivers stink and the erroded land is worthless! We preach Christian-Judean philosophy and yet we use naplam in burning men, women and children in a war that has lost any semblence to decency!

What is going on in America? Please tell me!

Over 40
A parent-
Al Rathmann

HHC 36th SIGNAL BATTALION
APO SAN FRANCISCO 96491
15 March 1969

THE HONORABLE JAMES M. HANLEY
34th Congressional District
Cannon House Office Building
Room 1416
Washington, D.C.

Dear Sir:

I am twenty six years old and have spent almost a full year in Vietnam. Today, I went to the PX to buy a bottle of Mogen David Wine, and found out that I have to be of the rank of Staff Sergeant E-6 or above to purchase any alcoholic beverage with an alcoholic content over 3.2 percent.

I am old enough to die for my country, to vote, and to be held responsible for my actions in the courts of the land. Why, then, can the post commander say that I am not old enough to drink hard liquor?

The people of the United States are wondering why MARIJUANA is becoming such a great problem in Vietnam. What does the world expect of us when we can only relieve our tensions by drinking 3.2 beer?

Peter M. Rose
SP/4
U.S. Army

P.S. In behalf of the men of Viet Nam, I write this letter, in behalf of these men could you please print it.

We must move at the end of May. Know a good place? Give us a call at 257-1844. Moving will also cost money that we don't have. Contribute to our survival.

This issue it was Ann Gordon, Sharon Metcalf, Nick Thorkelson, Paul Soglin, Seth Rice, Mary Neisius, Leo Burt, Julie Schutz, Wintergreen, Jim O'Brien, Carmel Snow, John Lepie, Hank Haslach, Morris Edelson.

Art credits: Nick Thorkelson, cover, pp. 2-3, 6-7; Wintergreen, pp. 8,9,12; d.a. levy, p. 5.

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POPPIES THREATEN NATIONAL SECURITY

A New York State Senator has asked a meeting of American Legion Post 229 to replace the Legion's traditional red poppy symbol and replace it with a small American flag.

According to the New York Times, the Senator was disturbed because the poppy was the source of narcotics used by many of the nation's youth.

He does not seem to have commented on the color.

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Boardwalk & Park Place: Madison Housing Game



The housing situation in Madison has created an intense competition, pitting students against the poor, the laborer and the lower-middle class, a conflict to the detriment of all but the landlord. Personal property becomes private monopoly property as rents skyrocket. Irresponsible University planning, spiralling property taxes and the tax laws conspire in the formation of a housing crisis.

I

How to Play Monopoly

As the game of Monopoly illustrates, the end of speculation is to become the owner of adjacent parcels of land - a package - so that construction might ensue. In Monopoly the end is to build hotels; in Madison, plastic high-rise apartments. Always, profit is the motive.

Here in Madison the landlord purchases property with a relatively small amount of capital on a land contract. This contract was designed for the man with a limited income who hoped to purchase his own home. With a small downpayment ($3-4000) he could purchase a property and make monthly payments until he had built up enough equity to take out a mortgage. The initial down payment on a mortgage would have been $5-8000, an investment beyond his resources. The monthly installments on the land contract would be equal to or less than the cost of rent and he would eventually own his home.

But because the law makes no stipulation as to the number of houses one may acquire on land contracts, it has enabled speculators to move toward monopolization. The land contract is ideally suited to their purposes in that it allows them to acquire a maximum number of parcels with minimum outlay of capital; to acquire assests to use as credit, and to acquire an income of $1,000 or more each year after they have already made payments on the land contract, tax bills and insurance. Further milking of the property gives the speculator additional capital for future speculation or to run for governor.

Thus there are three stages of development for the capitalist landlord. In the third and most advanced stage, the landlord is in possession of vast tracts of land upon which he has built or is building. He takes advantage of federal tax laws that allow rapid depreciation, not dissimilar to oil depletion allowances made available to oil magnates. He sets up dummy corporations, often in his wife's name so that profits fall under capital gains, thus exempting him from a graduated income tax. He has milked the old homes he owns for fantastic profits enabling him to acquire the necessary capital to get financing from industrial capitalists (i.e. insurance companies and banks) for new construction.

In the second stage of development the landlord is simply sitting back, collecting rents and awaiting the accumulation of enough capital for proper financing from the money lenders.

It is in the first stage of development that the risk for the landlord is greatest. His holdings are not yet large enough to take advantage of the tax laws. He doesn't own enough property to benefit from writing off losses. All of his capital is tied up in newly acquired property and all savings are invested in additional housing. For this reason he must use the most primitive means of staying financially solvent. These means are used by the more advanced landlords also, but their dependence is not as great.

When a land speculator invests in property he must realize a certain percentage of return on his capital. If the rent for a given apartment house totals $300 and expenses from taxes to upkeep are $200 there is a monthly profit of $100 and



a yearly one of $1200. If the original investment in the house on a land contract was $3,000 then the rate of profit is 40%. Since the landlord calculates that as long as the rate of return on all money invested in the property must be maintained at 40% in order for him to make his wad, what happens when the tax increases $300 for the coming year? When the property tax rises, the rent rises, not to equal the amount of the property tax but to equalize the return on the investment. In our example if the tax were to rise $300 per year then the landlord is required to consider this additional cost when calculating his profits. Accordingly when the tax goes up the increased rent is not $300 but $420 ($300 + .40 x $300). All investments in the property are calculated this way; not only land contract and mortgage payments but also maintenance cost, repair work and labor as well as taxes.

Thus property taxes as well as building improvements are paid by the tenants and used as working capital by the landlord. Although his rate of return on capital is equalized, his functioning capital is increased thereby tending to concentrate more capital in his hands as well as to have adverse effects on the economic situation of the tenant. "..and the monstrous power wielded by landed property, when united hand in hand with industrial capital, enables it to be used against labourers engaged in their wage struggle as a means of practically expelling them from the earth as a dwelling place."(K. Marx, Capital, vol. III, p. 772.)

Landlords answer by citing the 80 % failure among housing speculators, implying that the system does not work so consistently against tenants. But landlord failure does not imply tenant victory. This is not a simple game theory. If 80% of all prospective land-

cont'd. p. nine

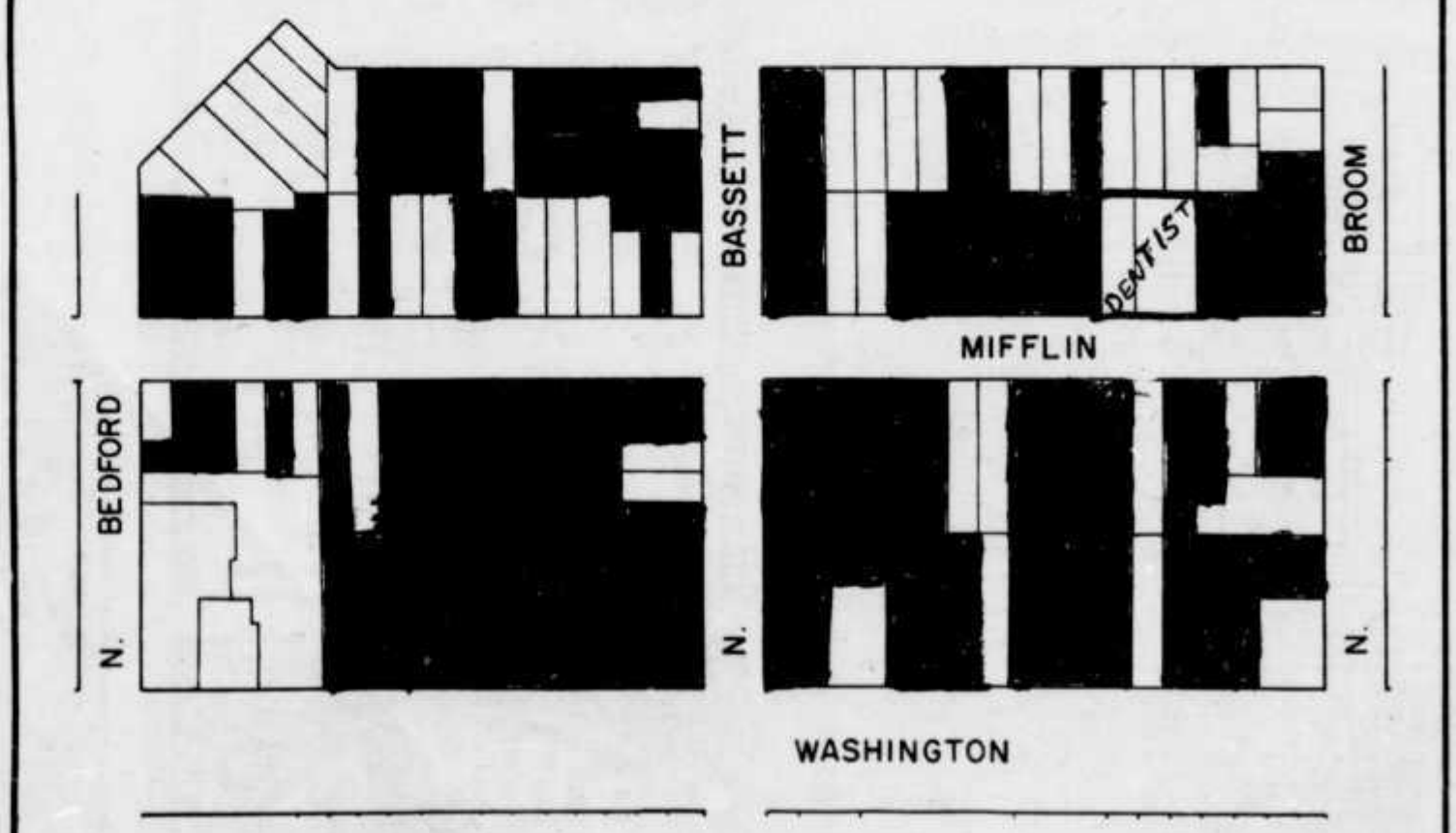


EXHIBIT 1: This four-block area in the student ghetto is a good illustration of the extent of absentee landlordism . Black areas represent properties owned by absentee landlords. White areas are those properties still occupied by their owners.