

SF STATE SHOWDOWN



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15¢ BAY AREA 20¢ ELSEWHERE



AS NORTH VIETS VIEW IT

2,600 AMERICAN PLANES DOWNED

SINCE the day when the American aggressors struck at the Ham Rong bridge (April 3, 1965) never have they lost so many planes as at present. Within 20 days (November 5-25, 1967) the North Viet Nam army men and people grounded 100 enemy planes, bringing to 2,600 the number of U.S. aircraft lost over the D.R.V.N.

An outstanding feature of these 20 days of brilliant exploits is the North Viet Nam army men and people's relevant reply to the aggressors' barbarous escalation. Whenever the invaders came in they were fought back, whether by day or by night. The greater their number,

the bigger their defeat. While Johnson, Westmoreland, Bunker, Komer... were frantically boasting of their imaginary victories before the people of Washington and stepping up their pressure against the people of the D.R.V.N. with no end of savage air raids, the North Viet Nam army men and people grounded 56 enemy planes within four days (November 17-20) and captured many U.S. pilots. Hanoi, in particular, has proved worthy of being the heroic capital of a heroic country. On November 17 and 19 its army men and people gave a strong rebuff by downing 22 American aircraft.

from VIET NAM COURIER

Wreckage of the AD-6 downed over Hai Phong on Nov. 25, 1967, the 2,600th plane lost by the U.S. in North Viet Nam

LIVE-IN FOILS ARREST THREAT

Twelve people are holed up in an art gallery at San Francisco State College.

Warrants are out for their arrest but the city cops can't serve the warrants on the campus unless college president John Summerskill invites them in.

The warrants for the arrest of the twelve, a faculty member and eleven students, were issued on Summerskill's complaint.

BOBBY COOL BUT WHAT'S YOUR ODDS?

Senator Robert Kennedy is going to run against LBJ for President, according to the "KQED Newspaper Of The Air" Wednesday night.

Art Hoppe interviewed a professional "insider", Dick Tuck, who said that "Unruh is taking all money that Kennedy is going to announce his candidacy next month" (or was it October? Turn the page.)

Tuck said that Unruh said that Kennedy said for "all Democrats to stay loose and not get hung up with McCarthy or Johnson Democrats."

Kennedy was just out here in California seeing "Indians and quite a few chiefs", according to Tuck.

KQED, Channel 9 will broadcast "Newspaper of the Air" nightly from 7:30-8:30 p.m. (The program will be reshown the following day at 12 noon). It will feature a panel of editors, reporters, columnists and commentators from the city's struck newspapers.

Interestingly enough, Summerskill released the list of names under pressure from the students with the statement that he didn't want the arrests on his conscience. Admirers of the cop-out will long treasure that statement.

If Summerskill cops out further and the fuzz come stomping in, the rest of the student body may send Summerskill bouncing out. The arrests were ordered for actions of the twelve during the Dec. 6 mill-in when 200 students occupied the locked administration building. The charges were trespass and disturbing the peace.

John Gerassi, the faculty member of the twelve, was the only faculty participant in the mill-in. The eleven students were selected because of their leadership roles in campus left-wing organizations, spokesmen charge.

They are Sue Bethal, John Levin, Dick Tewes, Jon McKenny of Progressive Labor; Bob Broadhead and Hari Dillon of SDS; John Webb and Gregg Margolis of the left-wing opposition in the student government; Khasro Kalantari of the Iranian Students Association; Jimmy Garrett of the Black Students Union; and Bob Fenster of the staff of "Open Process".

The threatened arrests are a prime example of the current tactic—see page 5

LIKE A SLICE of Red Star Cake? Then come and live in the Gallery Lounge at SF State.



Photo by Copeland

AS U.S. SEAMEN SEE IT

SEA WAR ON RISE

SAN DIEGO (LNS) -- 1968 will be the year of buildup in the sea war against the Vietnamese. Navy casualty lists (previously insignificant beside those of the Army and Marines) will grow longer. The cost of the Great Anti-Communist Crusade, Southeast Asia Division, will weigh even more heavily on the American people.

see page 7

FOG FADES AT PRISON LOVE-IN

"Hey Dormouse!" The girl sprinted into the arms of another and hugged her.

Across the asphalt three bearded men embraced each other and kissed. A mother held her young daughter and began to cry. Everywhere people were smiling, crying, kissing.

"Everyone get back into your cars," the police bullhorn buzzed. It was a cold, fog-thickened morning at the Santa Rita Rehabilitation Farm and the first of the non-violent anti-draft activists were being released from jail.

They had spent Christmas and 18 other days in confinement. They were happy to be out.

Frost rimmed the hills and the turnout was lost in the heavy central valley fog but friends of December's induction protestors had begun to gather as early as 6:30 A.M.

Prison authorities were up early, too. Patrol cars met arriving vehicles and isolated both autos and occupants at the far end of the parking lot nearest the entrance.

The released inmates, they were told, would be ferried by bus from the booking office (the usual point of departure) to the extreme end of the parking lot where 50 vehicles and over a hundred eager friends and relatives waited in quarantine.

"Man don't that look good,"

a bearded man said reverently as a beautiful girl dressed in white walked across the pavement, her face clothed in an ermine collar, "I haven't seen that in so long."

Almost an hour had passed when a yellow sheriff's bus was sighted heading for the parking lot. "A bus!" someone shouted and a hundred people tumbled out of cars. The bus swung to a halt against a gathering crush of people.

"It's the girls!" Doors opening. Cries of recognition. Women clambering out of the bus. Deputies on each side, courteous as Greyhound drivers, helping them down. Quick searches in the maze of darting faces. A squal. A husband and wife quietly holding one another and not even moving.

A girl is running across the lot. She's caught by the arm of a young man running to meet her and he lifts her into the air. They go whirling over the blacktop, their faces lost against each other, her legs tucked up as they spin.

Homeward bound on Route 24, the first question a woman has is "Did Peace and Freedom make it?" 88,000 registrants leaves her face dazed with bliss.

The girls pass around baskets and necklaces they've made during their imprisonment. Most of these they have left behind as gifts for the other prisoners. And then the fog is outdistanced.

SANTA RITA SANTA CLAUS A GROOVE

Yes, Virginia, can you dig it? Santa Claus came to the Sheriff's Rehabilitation Farm on Christmas. It was one of the most ambitious avatars of that venerable elf's long career.

At the end of the compound yard in the receiving barracks the men arrested during the December anti-draft action were asleep. On Christmas Eve, as all other nights in the year, it is lights out at 9:00. And it wasn't tinsel that strung the tops of the high hurricane fences which enclosed the barracks--it was barbed wire.

Most of the men were asleep when the barracks roof began to creak in the early morning hours. A late night count was more likely than a sleigh and eight reindeer--the men rolled over and buried their eyes against the snooping glare of the guards flashlight. With a clatter, the bolt on the outside of the door was slipped--but it wasn't a guard that entered.

"Merry Christmas!" he shouted.

Instantly everyone was awake, stumbling toward the door. He tossed in a large colorfully wrapped box and putting his finger alongside his smile he rose over the fence in an instant with style.

Inside the package Santa had left an abundance of good things. Six packs of cigarettes (the negotiable currency of prisoners), a cake, gundrops, assorted cookies and 20 fragrant yellow, hand-rolled cigarettes.

FACTIONS FORMING IN NEW PEACE PARTY?

Factions within the Peace and Freedom Party are beginning to take visible form as the new party begins to shape its future prior to its first statewide convention.

A meeting last weekend in Pasadena gave a clue to the divergent viewpoints competing for official status as PFP policy. Besides a strong liberal contingent, the Pasadena session had a radical caucus, a Black caucus, and a hip caucus. Since it was not intended as an action meeting, the only resolution adopted was to support Huey P. Newton, Dr. Benjamin Spock, Le Roi Jones, H. Rap Brown and others recently arrested by the establishment.

Problems of organization took up most of the meeting time. Some wanted a mass convention of all PFP registrants, others wanted a convention of locally-elected delegates, and still others favored a delegate convention which could take no action but would reserve concrete decisions to the local organizations.

The radical caucus was unhappy with the focus on organizational problems. Bob Avakian, a member of the radical caucus, told how it came about.

"They became so wrapped up in organization in order to avoid another Chicago-type Black Caucus. They worried about that instead of trying to build a political movement.

"Frankly," Avakian said, "the purpose of the radical caucus is to develop a radical organization right away, before it becomes frozen into the liberal mold."

Not only the radical caucus is

concerned about the Peace and Freedom Party becoming a flaccid liberal organization. PFP organizer Mike Parker also said that a liberal stance could come to dominate the party.

To avoid the slide into moderate electioneering, PFP should maintain its ties with the movement it grew from, and give support to demonstrations, he said.

Parker proposed a two-house convention, in which both the Black and white houses would have to agree in order to adopt any official proposal as a whole party.

Avakian, however, maintains that radicals cannot solve such structural problems "prematurely."

"The question," he says, "is this: Is the Peace and Freedom Party an arena in which radical Blacks can participate? I say, no. Black radicals should work in Black organizations.

"They would be welcome as human beings, but could not be considered spokesmen for Black Power."

He emphasized that his view was consistent with the Black Power concept described by Stokely Carmichael: Black and white radicals should work within their own communities, neither being subservient to the other in an organizational structure.

"The Black Panthers," Avakian said, "might decide to come to the convention as an organization fraternal to the Peace and Freedom Party--but not as a part of it."

While the liberals at Pasadena were still dreaming of establishment dove Senator Eugene McCarthy, the hip caucus--formally styled the Paisley Power Caucus--was leafleting for its own special planks in the PFP platform.

Their goals, the most concrete platform yet proposed by a PFP faction, include "an end to police harassment, abolition of the draft, non-enforcement and repeal of laws against marijuana and LSD, the 18-year-old vote, fully legalized abortion, official recognition of behemians as a minority entitled to protection from overt discrimination in housing and employment, repeal of anti-sex laws, and generally the freedom to do our thing."

Maneuvering for power continues every day in local PFP meetings throughout the state. All bets are still off.

THE JEANNETTE RANKIN BRIGADE



- Chairwoman - Jeannette Rankin
- Executive Secretary - Vivian Hallinan

A CALL TO AMERICAN WOMEN



TO COME TO SAN FRANCISCO CITY HALL
NOON, SAT. 15, TO SUPPORT WASHINGTON DEMONSTRATION

AMERICAN WOMEN represent 51% of the voting population of our country.
AMERICAN WOMEN have the power to achieve peace and a decent life for every American.

SUPPORT JEANNETTE RANKIN AS SHE LEADS A REPRESENTATIVE DELEGATION OF AMERICAN WOMEN TO DEMAND THAT:

- Congress, as its first order of business, resolve to end the war in Vietnam and immediately arrange for the withdrawal of all American troops.
- Congress use its power to heal a sick society at home.
- Congress use its power to make reparation for the ravaged land we leave behind in Vietnam.
- Congress listen to what the American people are saying and refuse the insatiable demands of the military-industrial complex.

• MEET IN BERKELEY:
BERKELEY WAY & SHATTUCK

• MEET IN OAKLAND
TELEGRAPH & ALCATRAZ

AT 11:00 A.M.



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ALIOTO PRAISES PICKET MACERS

Pickets greeting San Francisco mayor Alioto were greeted in turn by liberal doses of mace from the SF cops, Monday.

The Fairmont Hotel was the site of the picket line consisting of an ad hoc grouping of individuals from the San Francisco Poverty Workers, the South of Market Welfare Rights Group, the Peace and Freedom Party, the Mission Tenants Union and others.

They demanded a statement from Alioto on the problems of eviction from public housing, rent control, real jobs, adequate welfare, peace, police brutality, and the repression of black people.

Alioto couldn't be bothered. The cops declared that the sidewalk belonged to the owner of the hotel and ordered the demonstrators to "disperse or be subject to arrest". The demonstrators accordingly dispersed, although they felt the cops were acting illegally.

Shortly afterward the fist-clenching fuzz grabbed Barbara Zook, 24, while she was leafletting. She was not informed of the charge, which was later found to be "maliciously obstructing the sidewalk and resisting arrest".

As she was being bulldogged to the paddy wagon she screamed, and Rev. Donald Crown rushed over to see if he could help. Rev. Crown, who was wearing his clerical collar, was given a blast of mace by a cop whose badge number of 1596.

Another fuzz suggested to Don Howke that he be "reasonable" - and immediately let fly with a faceful of mace.

Apparently excited by the smell, the cops then sprayed Barbara after she was locked into the paddy wagon. She was still suffering from the effects when she was released on bail hours later.

Alioto wasn't bothered. He commented later "I believe our police act very prudently and justifiably, with humaneness and effectiveness."

He piously added that "anybody has the right to pass out leaflets on our streets."

FREE PRESS VICTORY IN DENVER

DENVER, Colo. (LNS) -- City Attorney Max Zall has thwarted another attempt by local detectives to curtail underground activities here. Zall ruled today that a 1925 city ordinance requiring newspaper vendors to be licensed by the Manager of Safety's office was "neither proper nor legal" and "possibly interferes with freedom of the press."

The ruling came in the cases of Alan C. Bunce and Donald McClimmans, arrested Dec. 14 for selling TELEIDOSCOPIC COLLEGE, Denver underground monthly. Both were pinched by Det. John Gray, Denver Police "hippie expert," and sidekick Det. James Laurita.

The publishers of COLLEGE, Rick Epting and Steve Grogan, have filed a \$24,563 lawsuit against Gray and Laurita charging harassment and inequitable law enforcement. Vendors of neither of Denver's two daily papers are required to hold licenses.

This suit brings to over a quarter of a million dollars the sum of legal actions against Detective Gray, including a \$125,000 suit by Family Dog productions, operators of the Avalon Ballroom in San Francisco and the Family Dog Ballroom in Denver.

The same day Zall ruled the 1925 law unconstitutional. Det. Gray used it again to arrest Bruce Love, a vendor for the Solid Muldoon. Love reported that the detective bought four papers before arresting him, though.



MASC MEMBER waves a sadly prophetic sign in protest of overkill of brother Mexican-Americans. Death of one does not go unnoticed (see story below).

LATIN ACTIVISTS BLAST GARZA DEATH WHITEWASH

Spurred by the police murder of one of their brothers, the Latin community of Hayward is uniting for the first time.

Led by the militant Mexican-American Student Confederation, United Latins for Justice intends to counter the official whitewash of the murder of Gilbert Garza.

Garza was shot four times by Hayward police on Nov. 10 after he supposedly molested a woman who now cannot be found. Witnesses say that Garza was shot even as he lay on the ground.

ULFJ was formed soon afterwards to protest the inevitable cover-up job. Neither Garza's attorney nor any witnesses were called in the police self-investigation. ULFJ has hired private

investigators to gather information.

ULFJ presented a set of five demands to the City Council at its last meeting, including a demand for a police review board and the suspension of the cops who killed Garza.

The council first tried to refer the matter to the Human Relations Commission, but the head of the commission told the meeting that he had been told to keep out of "racial matters".

When the mayor was asked by the audience if he was prejudiced, he refused to answer.

ULFJ will picket the mayor's law offices this Saturday, Jan. 13 at 1 PM. The office is located at 1331 B St.

The group was handicapped until recently spokesmen told BARB by the fact that their chairman, Aurelio Solis of MAPA, was a political friend of the mayor and was attempting to suppress the community's outrage. He was replaced at the last meeting with Ygnacio Balli of the GI Forum.

Frank Rivas of the Mexican-American Student Confederation (MASC) told BARB that the movement is growing rapidly. He said that a statewide conference of chicano students was held on Dec. 17 and 18 in Los Angeles by the United Mexican-Americans.

About 700 students attended and the meeting ended in a demonstration held at the LA Coliseum against the Vietnam war.

The theme of the meeting, said Rivas, was the development of a "militant, revolutionary movement" on behalf of Mexican-Americans.

The emblem of MASC is the crossed bandoleers of the Mexican revolutionary.

The meeting was also attended by representatives from the LA black community. Rivas said that there is a "common cause relationship" between the chicanos and blacks. The Black Students Union from San Jose State College is supporting the demands in Hayward.

The chicano movement in Hayward is starting a voter registration drive and is planning to run candidates in the spring municipal elections in opposition to the incumbents. Latin Americans make up ten to fifteen percent of the population of Hayward.

United Latins for Justice has set up an office on Mission Boulevard at A street. No phone has yet been installed, but information is available at 783-4542.

HIP CLINIC SYMPOSIUM SET ON POT

The Haight Ashbury Medical Clinic will present a two-day national symposium entitled "Marijuana: Past and Present," on March 23 and 24, it was announced today by Dr. David E. Smith, Medical Director of the Clinic.

The symposium will be held at U.C. Medical Center in San Francisco, in association with the U.C. Medical Center Psychopharmacology Study Group.

The two-day conference will be a multi-disciplinary review of marijuana presented by experts from all over the country. More than 500 are expected to attend the meetings in addition to the speakers.

Scheduled to begin at 1 p.m. Saturday March 23, the symposium will continue through Saturday afternoon and resume again Sunday morning at 10 a.m.

Saturday evening the Haight Ashbury Medical Clinic will present a rock dance for the benefit of the Clinic, to help defray the costs of the symposium. A limited number of tickets will be available to the general public. INITIAL SHOCK has been signed to perform at the dance; other groups will be announced.

The proceedings will be published in the JOURNAL OF PSYCHEDELIC DRUGS, official publication of the Haight-Ashbury Medical Clinic, in Vol. 2, Issue 1.

Special facilities will be made available to the press.

RAZOR'S EDGE

ASUC RAISES FREEDOM CRY

by Lee Felsenstein & G.K.

"Now is the winter of our discontent..." Wm. Shakespeare.

"This is the winter to start student government..." Wm. Boyd, Vice Chancellor.

"The Senate of the ASUC declares itself independent of the authority of the Chancellor." - resolution of ASUC Senate passed 14-2 last Tuesday.

The "middle ground" between the students and the administration at the University of California has been shrunk to a hairline. At its last meeting on Jan. 9 the ASUC Senate declared itself independent.

Also at that meeting the chief "obstructionist" ASUC Senator called for support of the declaration and a radical Senator took his seat despite threats of suspension.

There was no challenge to the seating of newly-elected radicals, but a motion to immediately replace two of their number who had backed down failed.

One of them, Charlie Capper, a well-known MAPS spokesman, then put his career on the line by taking his seat despite the possibility that he will be suspended for one year.

There were more surprises. Dean of Students Arleigh Williams denied that political files were being kept by "Dean of Police" Sicheneder, despite the fact that Sicheneder had acknowledged their existence months ago.

ASUC Executive Director Forrest Tregua declared that in his mind the ASUC Senate had been "superseded" and that he did not recognize its authority. He also

refused to discuss the fact that ASUC officials had been given no keys to the building.

Tregua may not last long. A motion to fire him was referred to committee with the makers' consent. It will come up next week.

The administration was also challenged to send a representative to debate the issues this coming Monday.

Very little has been heard from the "eagle's nest" in Dwinelle Hall. One exception was the statement to the Daily Cal by frontman William Boyd in which he stated that the ASUC President and Vice-President were "not essential to a student government".

What he meant was HIS student government. Administrative triple think is being invoked to ignore the ASUC and place power with the loaded "Union Program and Facilities Board."

Heys recently put finishing touches on his would-be coup by appointing his men on the ASUC Senate, "faculty advisor" Markowitz, to sit as chairman of the board, thus assuring him of a majority at all times.

Senator Renton Nip asked Markowitz at the last meeting whether he considered this a conflict of interest. Markowitz did not think so. Heys may be in the position of setting up a "student government" without students.

Only three of the most dedicated masochists on the Senate voted against the declaration of independence. Even Senator Wurtzel, who in the past led the challenge of the right of graduates to member-

see page 6

TO HELL WITH PROTEST

WASHINGTON, D. C., (LNS) -- Federal Bureau of Investigation anti-subversives agents say they plan to "investigate" a statement by a SNCC field worker that black people should spit on Lyndon Johnson, overturn his car, and make him afraid to leave the White House.

The assertion was made by Julius Lester in the September - October SNCC Newsletter, published in Atlanta. The FBI investigation was publicly announced to the press as a New Year's send-off.

Lester's article follows.

by Julius Lester
LIBERATION News Service

To protest is to speak out against. To let it be known that you do not like a certain action of another.

To protest is an act of intellectual commitment. It is to say, "Sir, I protest" when you are slapped in the face...

To protest is to play a game. You go to a demonstration, listen to speeches, wave signs, and go home to see if you got on television.

There are many toys in the game of protest.

There is the picket line. Originally a picket line was formed by striking workers to keep strike-breakers out. If anyone tried to cross that picket line, the strikers tried to kill him. Today you get a permit from the police to protest.

There is no protest if permission must be sought or rules abided by. We have allowed the form that our protest takes to be defined for us by those whom we protest against. Thus our protest is drained of its power because we do not have the power to make our protest effective.

We think the war in Viet Nam is being waged only against the Vietnamese, but we are its victims, too. It is our own deaths we protest, but we haven't realized it. It is not a war against "the Vietnamese people." It is a war against us and the little humanity we have remaining. Too little humanity we have remaining. Too little humanity because we are no longer outraged at what is being done to us.

If we were, we would resist. To resist is to say, NO! without qualification or explanation.

To resist is not only to say I won't go. It is to say, I'll make

sure nobody else goes, either. To resist is to pit Life as you define it against Life as they define it and to do all that is necessary to see that their definition is destroyed in all its parts.

To resist is to not go to jail when sentenced, but only when caught and surrounded and there is no other choice but death.

To resist is to make the President afraid to leave the White House because he will be spat upon wherever he goes to tell his lies, because his limousine will find the street filled with tacks and thousands of people who will surge around it, smashing the windows and rocking the car until it is turned on its side.

Have we forgotten? The man is a murderer.

It is us he is killing. To resist is to realize that your own life is at stake at this very moment.

To resist is to become alive, truly alive for the first time. It is to say not only will I not accept what you are doing, I will stop you from doing it. No one shall sleep peacefully again until you cease, desist and abdicate.

To resist is to say if the parents of Viet Nam weep for their children, then the parents of America shall weep for theirs.

If the people of Viet Nam are unable to harvest the crop without fear, to live their lives without being shrouded by the shadow of death, then no American shall harvest his crop without fear, no American shall live outside the shadow of death.

To protest is to dislike the inhumanity of another.

To resist is to stop inhumanity and affirm your own humanity.

One does not protest murder. One apprehends the murderer and deals with him accordingly.

UMBILICAL

Glorioski! It's a girl, boys!

by Marvin Garson

What I want to talk about this week is babies---why everyone should have them and how. But since the whole thing is so beautiful, I hesitate to write about it in a column that might wind up across the page from the neat ads in the BARB ("Gay guy seeks hung stud"), or surrounded by hysterical stories about boring outrages. Friends are advised that Barbara had a healthy 6½-pound girl named Juliet, born January 8, who can suck a nipple and open her eyes. If more than two people call up for further information, I'll have the phone disconnected.

Let me talk about the baby we all had last week, the Peace and Freedom Party.

One of the important things about the campaign was that it was conducted with a minimum of mass media coverage. In retrospect this was a good thing. The more independent we can be of THEIR media, and the more we can develop and proliferate our own media, the stronger we are. Don't get all excited about "equal time" on television. Suppose Congress decides that equal time applies only to national parties, i.e., parties on the ballot in all 50 states. Then where will you be?

In any case, we will have the organization to conduct an underground kind of election campaign in the Fall, in which quiet but enthusiastic precinct work can bring in results that will astound and confuse all the media experts.

Right now we face two important questions, structure and candidates. Structure should come first. There are 90,000 registrants, most of whom merely registered to get Peace and Freedom on the ballot. Perhaps 20,000 or so actually want to become active in one way or another. That's a hell of a lot more people than can be involved by the informal, ad hoc kind of structure that ran the registration drive.

The regular, formal structure we need will vary from county to county, of course, depending on local circumstances. But no statewide convention, however impeccably democratic in its representation, can work if the Party remains unorganized at the county level.

Although we will have to build our own local and statewide structure in our own way, we will probably also have to comply with the rather ludicrous state laws providing for conventions and central committees. For instance, the official state convention of the Peace and Freedom Party must meet in Sacramento at 10 am on the first Saturday in August, and it must be composed entirely of candidates for office chosen in our primary. Each of the candidates picks three members of the state central committee, "one voter of the same sex as the delegate and two voters of the opposite sex."

If we have to hold a convention like this at 10 am in Sacramento, let's do it in a laundromat with the Mime Troupe running the show, and conduct our serious business elsewhere.

The question of candidates can wait a little, but it will soon become pressing. In order to be a Peace and Freedom candidate on the ballot in November, you have to win in the June Peace and Freedom primary; and in order to be on the ballot in our June primary, you have to file your candidacy by March 22 (or April 5 in the case of the presidency).

I think the races for Congress, the state assembly, and Kuchel's U.S. Senate seat may turn out to be far more significant than the presidential race.

Suppose Huey Newton ran against Cohehan in the 7th Congressional District? Or suppose several Vietnam veterans ran for Congress in different parts of the state? (You only have to be 25, and you don't have to live in the District you're running in, though it helps.) Suppose Bill Stanton from San Jose went back to the state assembly, as a Peace and Freedom legislator this time? (The Democratic machine in his district ganged up with the Republicans to defeat him last time.)

Whoever the presidential candidate is, he should be prepared to go to Vietnam, not on a fact-finding mission but to campaign among the soldiers for their support. He and many local candidates should be prepared to do the same thing at military bases here.

For many people, the Peace and Freedom Party started out as just a gimmick to get a third presidential ticket on the California ballot next year. But the urge for an across-the-board break with the Democrats and Republicans turned out to be much stronger than anticipated, and now it is the prevailing idea.

We have a new party in spirit as well as in law. If in the next couple of months we can create a structure to go along with the spirit, the question of candidates will more or less take care of itself.

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1669
HAIGHT
861-9815
PARA
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'N
WOOLIE
11 AM TO 11 PM DAILY
12 AM TO 3 PM SUNDAY

A CASE OF SOUR GRAPES

January 5, 1968

To the Editor:

I would like to be permitted a few words of comment on Marvin Garson's article on the National Conference for New Politics in your issue of December 29. Most of Mr. Garson's attacks on the NCNP since the Chicago Convention at which the Third Party perspective which he supported was soundly defeated as unwise and impractical can be classed the sour grapes category. This last one, however, is a bit far below the belt even for Mr. Garson.

The NCNP is not endorsing, has not endorsed, and almost certainly will not endorse the candidacy of Senator Eugene McCarthy. The New York Times ad from which Mr. Garson quoted out of context, states clearly that we welcomed the McCarthy candidacy as AN attack on President Johnson, but that we are prompting Third Ticket candidates in other states, and we are in no way depending on the Senator. Furthermore, that ad was written before Senator McCarthy's more recent wishy-washy statements on Vietnam, which makes his candidacy almost totally irrelevant to the left.

As to the latter point, I happen to know that Mr. Garson heard,

or heard of my KPFA broadcast on the Tuesday BEFORE his article was published, on which, speaking as an NCNP Board Member, I said: "The Senator's failure to find and articulate a meaningful criticism of our policy in Vietnam and to declare himself for an end to American intervention in that unhappy part of the world is making his campaign irrelevant to the new left. His promise to support Johnson if the President is renominated makes a sham of his moral revulsion to the war. There are already loud grumblings inside the CDC and nationally about the political and moral poverty of McCarthy's campaign so far. There is of course still time for a fighting campaign, and certainly LBJ's recent statements indicate that McCarthy has little politically to lose by an all out, honest campaign, but he does not seem to be getting the message." His use of my statement from four weeks earlier, is, thus, somewhat disingenuous.

Mr. Garson claims that LBJ would like to seat the Freedom Democratic Party at the Democratic National Convention. Why then has the President unleashed Senator Eastland and his Internal

Security Subcommittee on the MFDP and the NCNP? Clearly, only McCarthy, not LBJ, could gain from a militant black delegation at the National Convention.

If the NCNP takes part in a demonstration at the Democratic National Convention, it will be inconjunct with the desires of the forces of the Freedom Democratic Party of Mississippi, the Lowndes County Freedom Organization of Alabama, CORE, and similar groups. If Mr. Garson wants to "run over" the desires of such forces of the American left, for his own narrow sectarian reasons, he is welcome to try. I should have thought the left would have gained somewhat more benefit from a slightly different attitude.

Very truly yours,
Malcolm Burnstein
Member, NCNP
Executive Board

WHOSE GRAPES?

Garson responds:

I suspect that Brother Burnstein is the one in the sour grapes category, since for months he's been telling everyone the Peace and Freedom registration drive was bound to be a loser.

After his recent clarification, I still don't know where his organization stands. They welcome the McCarthy candidacy, but they are prompting Third Ticket candidates in OTHER states. Other states than which? Is he embarrassed to say California? The ad was written before McCarthy's recent wishy-washy statements on Vietnam. Has the ad been retracted?

Burnstein says he happens to know that I heard his KPFA commentary before my article on NCNP was published. True---but I heard it AFTER the article had been written and turned in to meet the BARB's deadline. And anyway, all Burnstein's KPFA commentary means is that NCNP is now disillusioned with McCarthy and is searching for ANOTHER left Democrat. Big deal.

The reason Burnstein has to lean on MFDP, Lowndes County Freedom Organization, CORE, etc. is that the organization of which he is a national board member has no actual roots in California, or anywhere else for all I know. That's why he's talking sour grapes.

okay, baby, you got yours) and US Attorney Cecil Poole, who will refuse to indict several hundred draft card burners on the steps of the Federal Building but who this week busted a 19-year-old Walnut Creek man for the same "offense".

Tenth but not least goes to mah fella american Lyndon Banal Johnson who, in addition to being a murderer, is also a liar.

Have a happy 1968.

JASSEN'S SHUCKS

by Jef Jassen

Good-bye 1967! The Year of the Shuck.

Let's face it, people. Despite the many good times we had this past year, we got Fucked---right in the anal of history.

And so, not to be outdone by the local megalomedia, the following are the Hip Editor Awards for the Top Ten Shucks of the Year.

NUMBER ONE

This corner's award for the biggest put-on of 1967 goes to Scott McKenzie. I'm sure all you flower children will remember him as the sucharine-voiced commercialized troubador who made a clean mint by inviting every mother and her camera to San Francisco this past summer. What's worse is that they all came.

McKenzie pushed flowers into everybody's hair and pushed his record over the million mark in sales, in Europe as well as the United States. The result made the peaceful neighborhood of Haight-Ashbury the unrestricted target of half a million tourists, fast-buck artists, ridicule, commercialization, and, in short, almost total devastation.

The feeling that WAS Haight-Ashbury has degenerated into a hollow struggle to preserve a multitude of individual images of what the Haight was really like. People ask, "Hey, man, was it really as groovy and beautiful as everybody says?"

And meanwhile, McKenzie's off somewhere counting his bread. Got any spare change, baby?

NEXT

Runner-up goes to Judge Joseph Karesh for the Melkonian Pot Case Decision (90 days of psychiatric observation prior to sentencing). After being flooded with nearly 5000 individual affidavits and medical reports attesting to the harmfulness of marijuana, Karesh copped out. Melkonian's not crazy, Joe. He loves you.

Third place goes to the San Francisco Police Department. Nothing further need be said.

Fourth to the people who staged the "Death of Hippie" fiasco. Here's hoping they've either learned their lesson or moved on.

Fifth is the Underground Press Syndicate, which, it has been proven quite effectively, anybody can join. All you have to do is say you're a member.

Sixth goes to Judge Wroy Renagan, a naval reserve officer, who, while convicting two defendants for their actions at Port Chicago, refused to allow any question of illegal and immoral war as per the Nuremberg Trials. This flub has since become a tradition.

Seven: New Orleans Attorney Jim Garrison who better shit or get off the pot.

Eight to Nickie von Hoffman, the cop-out nark-journalist who may well have been the biggest dope in his whole series of articles.

Ninth place is a tie between the Detroit Crime Commission (that's

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FOREIGN FILM COMP LESS THAN A RIOT

by Lenny Lipton

The arrival of the postman in the last moment or two changes my plans for this week's column, which I've not completed.

Now I am going to substitute a report from Europe by Bob Nelson. Bob won third prize at the Fourth International Experimental Film Competition which was held from December 25 to January 2, in Belgium, and his report of the festival is given below. That's \$2,000 for Bob's film, GRATEFUL DEAD, which I have not seen. Eighth prize (or the eighth film listed) went to Gunvor Nelson, Bob's wife, and her collaborator, Dorothy Wiley, for FOG PUMAS. First prize went to Michael Snow for WAVELENGTH. There were three second prizes in addition to Bob's, and five third prizes, and jury prizes as well.

Photo by Copeland



January 3, 1968
Dusseldorf, Germany

Dear Lenny:
There is a good chance that this was the last Brussels Experimental Film Festival. The affair broke down into political demonstrations and violence that seemed to upset the directors.

Last time (1963) the beef was over FLAMING CREATURES and horny movies. This time the silver screen reflected lots of pussy, limp and semi-limp joints, tits, balling and ass ... maybe not enough for some tastes, but at least it wasn't an issue. The issue, this time, was Viet Nam, American films (for having no political commitment), European fascists who are American ass lickers.

A large part of the violence that occurred is the fault of the Casino Director, the ex-Minister of Finance for Belgium. He is a middle-aged limp turd who looks and acts like a Minister of Finance. (Don't confuse "Casino Director" with "Festival Director," Jacques Ledoux is the Festival Director ... a beautiful guy.)

The Casino Director is a provocateur. Self-righteous, pompous, condescending, he is a catalyst for violence.

On December 30th, the fifth day of the Festival, a group of Maoists carried in placards and posters protesting the Gevaert-Agfa sponsorship of the festival (imperialists, capitalists), and the general capitalist affiliation of the festival which tacitly supports the slaughter in Viet Nam.

The Maoist demonstrators are mostly film students from the film academies of Ulin, West Berlin and Brussels. (I've heard that their films are political propaganda and that they are the shits.)

They hung their posters in the immense, red-carpeted lobby. The posters were ripped down by a bunch of Casino heavies who looked

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When Gerassi Meets a Lassie

TWELVE ARREST ARREST

from page 1

of "picking off the leaders" of the radical student groups, the student claimed. The same tactic brought on the mill-in.

"They want to politically castrate the left-wing activist movement on this campus by removing its leaders," commented Bob Broadhead.

Kalantari explained that he was "informed by a newsman on Dec. 10 that the Iranian Consulate was urging the administration to have me expelled".

Last Monday a delegation of students went to Summerskill and demanded that he release the names

of those slated for arrest. It was at this meeting that Summerskill made his cop-out statement about conscience.

At press time the situation seems calm. Security officers opened the Gallery Lounge to the live-ins Wednesday night after they began to camp on the steps. The officers comment that they "see no problem" as yet.

About 75 people are staying with the live-ins and at least 30 are prepared to stick with them for the full time. Students expect the arrests to be put off for at least eight days until the semester break

begins.

In the meantime, Gerassi was fired when Summerskill overrode the recommendation of the Academic Senate to retain him.

The live-ins see their job now as talking to as many students as possible about the situation. They are also spreading the news by calling radio talk shows.

The peace may be shattered if Summerskill acts; as one student, Jeff Marchant put it, "if they're going to try to take my brothers and sisters they're going to have to take me too, because we're all in this together." L.F.

for Brussels (50 miles away) to print more pamphlets and make more posters.

On the next to last day of the festival, December 31, a symposium on the films began at 2 p.m. The pre-selection jury was there to answer questions and discuss

laudatory compliments to the festival.

He told the audience how well it was run, how grateful we should be to those who made it possible and how fortunate we all were to see this rich collection of films from all over the world. The

jumped in with the rest of the bodies.

J.J. announced the winner No. 6, a swishy Belgian who delightfully kissed J.J. on the head and gave him a big hug. The Director regained his voice and bellowed a termination of the festival. He lurched out of the room in a trembling rage.

Meanwhile, the new pamphlets came from Brussels and were being distributed in the splendidly rugged, magnificent Casino lobby. On the lobby stairs the demonstrators unfurled a giant protest banner and began chanting: "REV-O-LU-TION CUL-TUR-AL ... REV-O-LU-TION CUL-TUR-AL ..."

Casino henchmen leaped in, fighting, pushing, punching, and tearing the banners from the demonstrators' hands. Heads were bumped, fists flew, faces became red and welts rose, but no one was seriously hurt.

The last day, January 1, the awards were to be announced. Everyone had quieted down. The Casino Director was again the moderator. He opened the awards ceremony denouncing the demonstrators ... "they've killed the festival" ... "no one under 60 has the right to speak about such things, they don't know enough."

In the next breath, he exploited Shirley Clarke's presence at the festival. "You think we are not liberal?" he asked. "Well, as proof of our liberality we have here as a juror Miss Shirley Clarke. In the past year, Miss Clarke has been arrested twice in the U.S. for demonstrating against the Viet Nam policies. Yet, as a tribute to that great democracy, they have still allowed her to have a passport."

The demonstrations and violence were mind-fucking happenings that relieved the dead-weight of the festival. They had their own wrongness, beauty and reality.

Happy New Year, Lenny!

Bob Nelson

PRESENTING N.U.B.

Yet another university will soon be operating in Berkeley. Called the New University of Berkeley, it will "provide a forum for exploring expansion of the consciousness".

The curriculum will include religion, anthropology, mysticism, mythology and the psychedelic experience.

Dr. Allen D. Coult, spokesman for NUB explains that "the New University is for those who want to learn how to live, not how to make a living. Learning how to live first involves learning who you are and where you are."

"Each course at the New University shows the student how he

has been brought to his present psychic condition and how he may change that condition."

Members of the faculty of the New University have pioneered in the development of consciousness-expanding techniques in experimental courses at other establishment universities, said Dr. Coult. He himself has done research in consciousness expansion under grants from the National Institute for Mental Health and the Science Research Council.

Classes will begin on January 29. Registration will be held from Jan. 22-26 at 2609 Dana St. in Berkeley. Information may be obtained by calling 525-6614.

the selection of films. The Casino Director was the moderator. He opened the discussion with abuse and threats aimed at the demonstrators. After his long tirade, there was little talk about the films, only heated argument over the right to hang signs, the right to protest, etc.

One American expatriate nut took the floor to denounce Jonas Mekas and the N.Y. Film Co-op. He said that the N.Y. Co-op's infiltrated with CIA and FBI men, and that Jonas is knowingly helping them. He also charged that the Co-op is sending American Govt. Agents to Europe. P. Adams Sitney asked who these agents were and he replied, "Don't play dumb with me."

J.J. Lebel (the Paris "happening" man who put on the Picasso play in St. Tropez and various happenings all over Europe) took the floor and gave a long series of

Casino Director beamed. There was much applause.

Later when J.J. asked for permission to speak, the Casino Director was only too happy to give him the floor. He welcomed this benign spokesman.

J.J., with great presence, announced a "new experiment"... a real live "Miss Experimental" contest. The TV crews rushed in. Four men and two women climbed on stage, each one bare-assed naked, wearing only a card with a number on it.

The Casino Director was enraged, his face became swollen and red. He tried to grab the mike from J.J. Lebel, but J.J. dropped him back on his chin with four words: "Quiet -- we're on TV."

Yoko Ono (great Japanese chick who made the movie of 365 bare-asses walking away from the camera) stripped off every stitch and

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OUT TO KILL FOOD LINES IN HAIGHT

Al Rinker of the Switchboard revealed last week that he is trying to make food lines in the Haight obsolete.

"For a long time many of us made the mistake of getting together and just giving out food in the parks," he told BARB. "The approach involved just running a bread line of people we didn't interact with."

Rinker feels it would have been "far better to give uncooked food to communes and encourage them to have open dinners and invite people off the streets." Those people needing food could then fully participate in the cooking of the donated food.

"The commune would get to know them and acquaint them with the community so they could become a part of it," he said.

Al is trying to promote that now. Communes should get in touch with him at 387-3575. -EB

TUESDAY FOR HUEY

A mass demonstration of support for Black Panther Huey Newton will meet at the Alameda County Courthouse, 13th & Fallon in Oakland, at 8:30 a.m. on Tuesday, January 16.

Yesterday about 300 supporters of Newton, who is charged with killing an Oakland cop, picketed while defense attorney Charles Garry asked for and got a 5-day postponement to enter the plea.

MISSING?

Here is the list of runaways, complete to January 7, and missing persons for whom the Switchboard is holding messages.

Nancy CHANDLER, Leslie (Lee) COLOMBO, Terry DIAZ, Susan Dee FORD, Deborah Jean FOWLER, Lydia GOLUBIN, Elaine KARRIGAN, Christie "Indian" LANBRET, Terry LEE, Janice Mc GREGOR, Laura MINTZ, Sharon MYERS, Denise QUICK, Mike SHEPARD, Mark REISS.

QUITE BAROQUE

Nighttown, the Berkeley jazz club will be holding a baroque chamber music benefit concert this Sunday, January 14th at 8:30 p.m. for the striking musicians of Local 6, i.e., the SF Symphony.

Works by Bach and teleman for flute, oboe, cello, recorder and harpsichord will be performed by striking members of the SF Symphony. Nighttown is donating its premises at 1043 University Ave-

nue for the concert. The musicians are asking for \$220 per week. This leaves them still behind the N.Y. Symphony which offers members a 52 week contract at \$260 per week, and a four to six weeks paid vacation.

Meet People Sell the BARB

INVITATION TO A FUNERAL

by Jef Jassen
There's only one thing that's bigger drag than a funeral; and that's finding out that it was a friend who died.

There is also no more stark way of finding out than having it thrown at you in the megalopolitan obits.

I can too vividly recall my mother and/or grandmother frequently picking up the second section of the Seattle Times and tsk-tsking, "You know, Shirley (or Mother, depending), the old Mrs. _____ passed away." (It didn't matter who was in the blank cause the comments were almost always the same.)

This sort of stylized mooning annoyed me so much that I would occasionally make vociferous protests that could be heard ringing a block away. It was their same moping attitude that was instrumental in my deciding to, eventually move out.

Unfortunately, it still comes as a kick in the gut when you find that somebody close to you has been punched out. And this is one musician who really has to take it hard lately.

Woody Guthrie and his buddies got me out of banal rock-and-roll and into a music form that had some substance. So I bought a

cheap Stella and banged on it till something sounded half-way decent. It's a mighty hard road.

I was weaned on John Coltrane by dear Rich Lemm (whom dad will always call a bum because he spirited the "good Jewish boy" from his home) and taught that there's more to music than melody. I'm quite sure the writer of "Inch Worm" never expected what Trane did with it. And when the cat turned in his horn (at age 40, right?) I went on a heavy two-day bummer, which still hasn't really subsided.

A month ago the Hawk took a vicious swipe at Otis Redding's airplane. He was a Soul Brother that could sock it to anybody. Anybody except Blind Joe Death. And now all I've got is a handful of records that I've been loving too long to stop now.

I make it a point not to read the Chronicle unless I really have to. But a few days ago I happened to glance at Gleason's column and it served me right cause I got kicked in the gut again.

Pat Kilroy was a beautiful young man. Often he would stand on the Jabberwock stage, flanked by Jeffrey Stewart and the quiet dark-haired Cancer chick whose name I could never remember but who

always wore that orange dress that looked like a peacock.

They were The New Age, and what came to be their theme song was a tune called "Light of Aquarius", an almost indescribable chant of musical and emotional overflow that somehow always got the message across.

Pat had one of the most amazingly funky guitars ever seen. What he did with it was even more amazing. In concert tuning he could knock out country and folk with the best of them, as anyone who spent time around the back room of the "Wock" could readily attest.

But in performance he would tune into any one of what seemed to be an infinite number of modals and open tunings. And he knew exactly what he was doing in every one.

Jeffrey would keep rhythm on his conga, the Cancer chick would send notes whirling from her flute and Pat would sing, gazing toward the sky with an almost pained expression on his face. He was a white boy with a lot of Soul, and anybody who heard him knew it.

Eulogies are also a drag, but sometimes you've just gotta rap. That skull-faced motherfucker with the black cape swung his scythe like it was going out of style; but then he's on a bummer. In any case, I'm willing to bet that there's a hell of a lot of good sound going on somewhere up there.

P.S. You're all invited to my funeral, whenever that may be, to be held in Golden Gate Park with forty rock bands, jazz groups, and an undetermined number of people grooving till PG&E runs out of power.

ASUC FREEDOM CRY

from page 3

ship, came out in favor of the statement.

A lame plea to "go through channels" and avoid "anarchy" from one of the hold-outs brought the response that Heyns was the one who was engaging in anarchy and that the Senate was going through channels.

Another conservative was handily shut up when it was pointed out to him that the ASUC had been independent from its inception in 1878 until 1938.

The battle is still a fight of words. The next action will be the release Monday of the Report on University Governance. The Chancellor, who has obviously been grandstanding to the fat cats and regents, could use it as a way to get off the hook. He may push a "moderate" solution.

But that trick has been pulled once too often. It is doubtful that the ASUC Senate or the student body will fall for any phony ploys. Heyns has placed himself completely beyond the student body's trust.

In this connection Markowitz

asked Senator Capper how far the students were willing to go in action against the Chancellor.

Someone in the room shouted "we won't steal the Chancellor's money". No other limits were admitted.

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RANKIN BRIGADE OUT FOR ACTION

Women dressed as 1910 suffragettes leafleted the Powell St. cable-car turntable Wednesday to publicize the forthcoming simultaneous demonstrations of the Jeanette Rankin Brigade in Washington and San Francisco this Monday.

The Brigade is led by former Congresswoman Jeanette Rankin. Spokeswoman Eda Hallinan calls it "the broadest coalition of women in peace groups ever." Miss Rankin cast the only vote against entering World War II and one of seven votes against entering the First World War.

About 5000 women are expected in the Capitol. They plan to present petitions to Congress for an end to the war in Vietnam as its first order of business. Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield and House Speaker John McCormack will meet with individual spokeswomen inside. They refused to meet the group en masse on the Capitol steps.

Last October a 1946 law was revived which prohibits demonstrations within 500 yards of the Capitol building. Thus, the planned march to the steps will be illegal if it is carried out. Attorneys are still in court testing the constitutionality of that law.

In San Francisco on Monday, Brigade members will gather at noon on the steps of City Hall to present a copy of the Washington petition to Mayor Alioto and to demonstrate in support of the DC action.

Phone calls to congressmen will be made from their offices in the Federal Building.

Car pools will leave Berkeley at 11 AM from Berkeley Way and Shattuck Ave. in Berkeley and from Alcatraz and Telegraph in Oak-

land.

After presenting the petition, the Washington contingent will convene its own "Congress of American Women" Monday night where opportunities for women to enter politics on behalf of the peace movement will be discussed. On Tuesday the women will lobby their own congressmen for an end to the war.

HUCK'S SET TO RIDE AGAIN

Huckleberry's, the house in the Haight-Ashbury serving runaway youths, closed quietly at the end of last year.

According to its co-director, Rev. Larry Beggs, it just ran out of funds. At an informal luncheon last week Beggs revealed he plans to re-open the juveniles' refuge on February 1 and offer expanded services "to youths and parents caught up in generational struggles."

One new project Huckleberry's is planning will involve working with San Francisco high school students who are staying home rather than running away in order to escape intense family, school, and psychological conflicts.

For many of them, Huck's hopes to provide a regular meeting place where they can get together and discuss their problems and work together to solve them.

If high school students need a place to organize a union of high school students so as to better protect themselves from unhealthy home and school environments Huck's will help them. BARB readers in that category should call them at 626-1886. -EB



HOW WOMEN HELP win the war Northvietnamese style.

NAVY GUNS GATHERING

from page 1
The expected escalation of the naval campaign is due to the high cost of battle in the air.

While the Pentagon admits the loss of more than 700 US planes over North Vietnam, those who follow the war closely estimate American air losses at more than double that figure.

One Navy squadron now recuperating at Miramar Naval Air Station, in San Diego, recently returned from the Tonkin Gulf with only five of its thirty-five planes.

A sailor asked his wife, state-

side, to note how many planes were reported lost on a particular day. The official count was two. From his station aboard a warship off the Vietnamese coast, her husband witnessed, by radio and radar, the destruction of nine US warplanes the same day.

Most of the toll is inflicted by 85mm anti-aircraft guns. More are being shipped from Russia and China. Additional aircraft are destroyed by the highly publicized SAM (surface-to-air missile), now that the Vietnamese have mastered its complex radar-controlled firing technique.

Too, the qualitative and quantitative gap in aircraft is narrowing with the advent of the MIG-23, soon to be operational. The obsolescent MIG-21 has been no match for the Phantom F-4, America's standard fighter-bomber. The imminent use of MIG-23s is the probable reason for President Johnson's removal of such air bases as Phuc Yen from the "forbidden list" to allow Navy pilots to attack the installations.

With the cost of the air war on the rise, some observers expect adoption of other means of bombardment of targets north of the 17th Parallel. Most of the populated area of the DRV lies within cannon shot of the South China Sea, and the US has virtually uncontested control over those waters. 85% of the targets now under air attack can be hit by naval gunfire.

However, no de-escalation of the air-war is anticipated. On the contrary, an increase is expected, with six carriers from San Diego alone due to join the Seventh Fleet

in early 1968. Bombs and naval fire will both fall on the Vietnamese.

American newspapers and periodicals are filled with references to Yankee Station, the jet-launching carrier force which gives and receives such cruel punishment, to and from North Vietnam.

Sea Dragon receives little publicity. It is the force of ships, mostly destroyers, bombarding the North Vietnamese coast. The destroyers' 5" guns have a range of only seven miles. Sea Dragon's operations will be beefed up by reactivation of the New Jersey, expected to be combat-ready in May of this year. The range of its 16" guns, with modern propellant explosives, will be about forth miles.

It is quite possible that the Wisconsin and the Missouri, sister-ships of the New Jersey, will be joining her, and that the number of cruisers and destroyers shelling the coast will be increased.

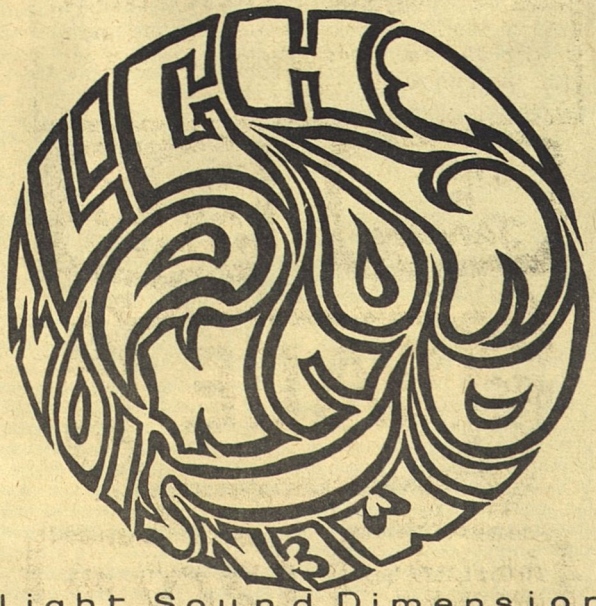
American sailors have reported stiff counter-fire from coastal gun emplacements. Some coastal defense guns are as large as nine inches in caliber and use radar-controlled fire direction. There have been American destroyers with their gun mounts blown into the sea, and American seamen killed, though the Navy treats these incidents with secrecy.

In addition, the DRV undoubtedly has the Styx surface-to-surface missile, with which the Egyptians recently sank an Israeli destroyer, and another missile of Chinese manufacture with a range of about 40 miles.

West Coast action at Dow Chemical
 To be planned at Napalm and Anti Tax Conference
 To be held on January 20
 Beginning at 2:00 P.M.
 All anti-War Organizations are urged to attend and participate. It will be one person—one vote and a broad Ad Hoc Committee is to be elected to set the future date of the five western State massive action at the Napalm Plant in Torrance.
 Call 834-6519 for information

"Sadie put a poppy in her hair, a bottle of gin under her belt, and a marine in her bed."
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ten days that shook the university



The poverty of student activism is the main thrust of argument in a pamphlet by Situationist International, a Marxists-anarchist group born in France. This BARB series is a reprint of that pamphlet.

A small group of students at Strasbourg University in 1966 got elected to power in the students union. Instead of devoting themselves to sandbox reform, they proclaimed their intention to dissolve the student union, and they used its funds to publish Situationist-inspired propaganda.

Part Three of a Series

To make shame more shameful by giving it publicity

There are various forms of compensation for poverty. The total poverty of ancient societies produced the grandiose compensation of religion. The student's poverty by contrast is a marginal phenomenon, and he casts around for compensations among the most down-at-heel images of the ruling class. He is a bore who repairs the old jokes of an alienated culture. Even as an ideologist, he is always out of date. One and all, his latest enthusiasms were ridiculous thirty years ago.

Once upon a time the universities were respected; the student persists in the belief that he is lucky to be there. But he arrived too late. The bygone excellence of bourgeois culture² has vanished. A mechanically produced specialist is now the goal of the "educational system". A modern economic system demands mass production of students who are not educated and have been rendered incapable

² By this we mean the culture of a Hegel or of the *encyclopédistes*, rather than the Sorbonne and the Ecole Normale Supérieure.

of thinking. Hence the decline of the universities and the automatic nullity of the student once he enters its portals. The university has become a society for the propagation of ignorance; "high culture" has taken on the rhythm of the production line; *without exception*, university teachers are cretins, men who would get the bird from any audience of schoolboys. But all this hardly matters: the important thing is to go on listening respectfully. In time, if critical thinking is repressed with enough conscientiousness, the student will come to partake of the wafer of knowledge, the professor will tell him the final truths of the world. Till then—a menopause of the spirit. As a matter of course the future revolutionary society will condemn the doings of lecture theatre and faculty as mere *noise*—socially undesirable. The student is already a very bad joke.

The student is blind to the obvious—that even his closed world is changing. The "crisis of the university"—that detail of a more general crisis of modern capitalism—is the latest fodder for the deaf-mute dialogue of the specialists. This "crisis" is simple to understand: the difficulties of a specialised sector which is adjusting (too late) to a general change in the relations of production. There was once a vision—if an ideological one—of a liberal bourgeois university. But as its social base disappeared, the vision became banality. In the age of free-trade capitalism, when the "liberal" state left it its marginal freedoms, the university *could* still think of itself as an independent power. Of course it was a pure and narrow product of that society's needs—particularly the need to give the privileged minority an adequate general culture before they rejoined the ruling class (not that going up to university was straying very far from class confines). But the bitterness of the nostalgic *don*¹ is understandable: better, after all, to be the bloodhound of the *haute bourgeoisie* than sheepdog to the world's white-collars. Better to stand guard on privilege than harry the flock into their allotted factories and bureaux, according to the whims of the "planned economy". The university is becoming, fairly smoothly, the honest broker of technocracy and its spectacle. In the process, the purists of the academic Right become a pitiful sideshow, purveying their "universal" cultural goods to a bewildered audience of specialists.

More serious, and thus more dangerous, are the modernists of the Left and the Students' Union, with their talk of a "reform of University structure" and a "reinsertion of the University into social and economic life", i.e., its adaptation to the needs of modern capitalism. The one-time suppliers of general culture to the ruling classes, though still guarding their old prestige, must be converted into the forcing-house of a new labour aristocracy. Far from contesting the historical process which subordinates one of the last relatively autonomous social groups to the demands of the market, the progressives complain of delays and inefficiency in its completion. They are the standard-bearers of the cybernetic university of the future (which has already reared its ugly head in some unlikely quarters). And they are the enemy: the fight against the market, which is starting again in earnest, means the fight against its latest lackeys.

As for the student, this struggle is fought out entirely over his head, somewhere in the heavenly realm of his masters. The whole of his life is beyond his

control, and for all he sees of the world he might as well be on another planet. His acute economic poverty condemns him to a paltry form of *survival*. But, being a complacent creature, he parades his very ordinary indigence as if it were an original life-style: self-indulgent, he affects to be a Bohemian. The Bohemian solution is hardly viable at the best of times, and the notion that it could be achieved without a complete and final break with the university milieu is quite ludicrous. But the student Bohemian (and every student likes to pretend that he is a Bohemian at heart) clings to his false and degraded version of individual revolt. He is so "eccentric" that he continues—thirty years after Reich's excellent lessons—to entertain the most traditional forms of erotic behaviour, reproducing at this level the general relations of class society. Where sex is concerned, we have learnt better tricks from elderly provincial ladies. His rent-a-crowd militancy for the latest good cause is an aspect of his real impotence.

The student's old-fashioned poverty, however, does put him at a potential advantage—if only he could see it. He does have marginal freedoms, a small area of liberty which as yet escapes the totalitarian control of the spectacle. His flexible working-hours permit him adventure and experiment. But he is a sucker for punishment, and freedom scares him to death: he feels safer in the straight-jacketed space-time of lecture hall and weekly "essay". He is quite happy with this open prison organised for his "benefit", and, though not constrained, as are most people, to separate work and leisure, he does so of his own accord—hypocritically proclaiming all the while his contempt for assiduity and grey men. He embraces every available contradiction and then mutters darkly about the "difficulties of communication" from the uterine warmth of his religious, artistic or political clique.

Driven by his freely-chosen depression, he submits himself to the subsidiary police force of psychiatrists set up by the avant-garde of repression. The university mental health clinics are run by the student mutual organisation, which sees this institution as a grand victory for student unionism and social progress. Like the Aztecs who ran to greet Cortes's sharpshooters, and then wondered what made the thunder and why men fell down, the students flock to the psycho-police stations with their "problems".

The real poverty of his everyday life finds its immediate, phantastic compensation in the opium of cultural commodities. In the cultural spectacle he is allotted his habitual role of the dutiful disciple. Although he is close to the production-point, access to the Sanctuary of Thought is forbidden, and he is obliged to discover "modern culture" as an *admiring spectator*. Art is dead, but the student is necrophiliac. He peeks at the corpse in cine-clubs and theatres, buys its fish-fingers from the cultural supermarket. Consuming unreservedly, he is in his element: he is the living proof of all the platitudes of American market research: a conspicuous consumer, complete with induced irrational preference for Brand X (Camus, for example), and irrational prejudice against Brand Y (Sartre, perhaps).

Impervious to real passions, he seeks titillation in the battles between his anaemic gods, the stars of a vacuous heaven: Althusser — Garaudy — Barthes — Picard — Lefebvre — Lévi-Strauss — Halliday — de Chardin — Brassens . . . and between their rival theologies, designed like all theologies to mask the real problems by creating false ones: humanism — existentialism — scientism — structuralism — cyberneticism — new criticism — dialectics-of-naturism — metaphilosophism . . .

He thinks he is avant-garde if he has seen the latest Godard or "participated" in the latest happening. He discovers "modernity" as fast as the market can produce its ersatz version of long outmoded (though once important) ideas; for him, every rehash is a cultural revolution. His principal concern is status, and he

see next page

¹ If he had an atom of self-respect or lucidity, he would knock them off. But no: conspicuous consumers always pay!



¹No-one dares any longer to speak in the name of nineteenth century liberalism; so they reminisce about the "free" and "popular" universities of the middle ages—that "democracy of unfreedom".

RAPS RUBIN RAP

PLEADS GUILTY TO IDEOLOGY

Last week's BARB article by Jerry Rubin was the text of his opening remarks in a New York debate with Fred Halstead, presidential candidate of the Socialist Workers Party.

Halstead's response, as published in the SWP weekly, *The Militant*, follows:

[The following is from Fred Halstead's initial presentation.]

... Jerry defines ideology as a disease of the brain. Because I knew that he was going to say that, I looked it up in the dictionary, and they had two definitions. One was "a systematic scheme or coordinated body of ideas," and the other, which I daresay is the cold-war definition: "An extremist socio-political program or philosophy constructed wholly or in part on factitious or hypothetical ideational bases."

Well, obviously, if by ideology we mean the second, of course let's get rid of it. That's kind of like dogma. But if we mean the first, a systematic scheme or coordinated body of ideas, I have to plead guilty. I read books, and I try to learn from the past...

People who are particularly critical of the antiwar movement are fond of saying that it hasn't accomplished what it set out to do — which was to stop the war. Well it has accomplished a great deal; and I'd like to list a few of its accomplishments.

For one thing, it has established the principle of nonexclusion. It was built on the principle of nonexclusion, which has undermined the McCarthyism of the '50s — a different McCarthy — and dealt a considerable blow to the hysterical anticommunism which is one of the elements of the cold war. An element which has to be destroyed in order to really change the situation in this country...

Now that's one thing. It's established considerable inroads into anticommunism and it has improved the civil liberties condition of the country. It's also prevented a prowar hysteria and a full mobilization behind the war. That's also very important. But the movement hasn't stopped the war yet.

Well, who can stop the war? Can the war be stopped by the disenchanted, alienated, middle-class youth? Or the students? Can they actually, themselves, form bands which can go out and literally, physically stop the war by disrupting the traffic and by getting in front of troop trains and so on? I'm not knocking these things. Sometimes they are good symbolism and sometimes they are less than good symbolism, but I don't knock them in and of themselves.

But do they actually stop the war? The answer is no. No. Not any more than a symbolic march down a street does. It's all symbolism. It's all theater in that sense.

Well, who can stop the war? Very obviously, those who produce and transport the war materiel and those who use it. The

mand is that wing of the U.S. armed forces which bombs North Vietnam.

"A squadron of pilots is being lost for various noncombat reasons every month. There can be little doubt that some of this is due to the fact that TAC pilots, rightly or wrongly, feel that the U.S. public couldn't care less if they go up over the Red" — that's the Red River — "and bust their butts. The public has more interesting things to think about apparently. At best they are just bored with TAC's little problems. At worst they regard them as bloodthirsty hawks. In either case it's not really an incentive to go

have an effect.

They just don't consider the war, even though the individual workers involved may not consider themselves antiwar, yet. They don't consider the war worth sacrificing for. That too is a kind of resistance, which this antiwar movement is in part responsible for...

Now the problem for the student militants is to reach those sections of the population and mount their resistance further. That's the problem of the antiwar movement. Anything that assists that helps to stop the war; and anything that interferes with that is really either irrelevant or worse.

The new militancy that has been burgeoning in the antiwar movement, partly reflected through these street actions, is good. I ran up the street during Stop the Draft Week and I was at the Pentagon and so on. I'll tell you right now that if you hadn't had those hundred hours of boring meetings you never would have had that confrontation at the Pentagon.

If you hadn't had the 150- or 200,000 people attending the big demonstration there you never would have gotten 35,000 at the face of the Pentagon. We would have gotten murdered. We would never have even gotten close to it.

What gives the movement its power to transcend the limits of the system — police negotiations and the lies of the press and stuff like that — is its mass. And in order to get the masses you have to achieve unity of diverse forces and that takes some careful, detailed work, some boring, yes, some boring things!

Unfortunately life isn't set up so that the most important thing in it is not to be bored...

And I'll tell you right now, the NLF of South Vietnam does an awful lot of boring, dull things. Stands in line, and sits in places quietly for a long time, and makes very careful preparations, and probably has thousands of boring meetings, unfortunately. And I wish they didn't have to. It's our cross to bear...

Another thing I'll tell you,

you're not going to get the good confrontation — you'll just get overwhelmed by the cops — posing it that you're going to disrupt this or that or the next thing. People are just not going to come to it in as large numbers, and you're only handing it on a silver platter to the cops, who then say they have an excuse to justify tearing you apart.

"Give that militancy a goal that's right to the point. Not something that's extraneous, but that's right to the point. Like talking to the draftees and GIs. That's one example. No policeman has an obligation to assist the draft board in brainwashing any draftee, although there are a lot of people who think that the cop has an obligation to keep the doors open.

It's very important the way you put it. If you say that we're going to be in tens of thousands to talk to the draftees, you'll get 10,000 people there and you'll be able to do it! If you put it the other way you won't.

And a formulation that is reasonable — yes, reasonable! — and legal, as legal as possible. There has never been a revolution made yet that wasn't made with such formulations. I quote Che Guevara:

"If a government has come to power through some form of popular vote, whether fraudulent or not, and if that government maintains at least the appearance of constitutional law, a guerrilla uprising cannot be brought about until all possible avenues of legal procedure have been exhausted." That's from Che Guevara's *Guerrilla Warfare*.

That's not because the revolutionaries had any illusions in those electoral processes, it's because *the mass of the people do!* And you have to test them and proceed through them, in such a way that a confrontation takes place — when the people think they have a right to do what they are doing. Not when masses or a majority of them don't think they have that right. That's a very simple, elementary thing, as I say, and no revolution has ever been made and no major social struggle ever won without understanding that little point...

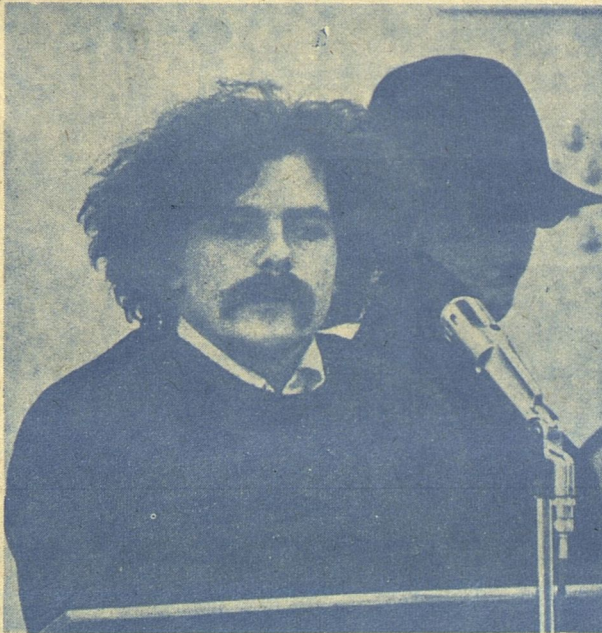


Photo by Shannon

JERRY RUBIN. Young lady behind him was described by Rubin as one of his "bodyguards."

workers and the GIs. They can stop the war. They've got the physical raw power to do it. And they don't have to run in an election or go to jail either, necessarily, in order to stop it. They can stop it without that. They've got raw power.

As a matter of fact, we hear a lot about "from dissent to resistance." There has already begun to develop, partly as a result of the activities of the antiwar movement, a form of resistance in these categories of the population who do have the raw power to stop the war. A form of resistance. A low-level form, as yet.

For lack of a better phrase I'll call it the lead-in-the-bottom or foot-dragging form of resistance. You don't have masses of GIs doing what the four sailors did or subjecting themselves individually to five years in jail, or something like that. But you do have masses of them dragging their feet. They don't have their heart in this war.

I'd like to quote a paragraph from a book called *The Air War in Vietnam*. It's published by Bantam books. This fellow is not writing from the point of view of an antiwar person, just from the point of view of a military technician.

He says, "There is, however, a rather serious thing going on in the Tactical Air Command as this is written." The Tactical Air Com-

mand is that wing of the U.S. armed forces which bombs North Vietnam. "A squadron of pilots is being lost for various noncombat reasons every month. There can be little doubt that some of this is due to the fact that TAC pilots, rightly or wrongly, feel that the U.S. public couldn't care less if they go up over the Red" — that's the Red River — "and bust their butts. The public has more interesting things to think about apparently. At best they are just bored with TAC's little problems. At worst they regard them as bloodthirsty hawks. In either case it's not really an incentive to go

New Phenomenon

And as he says, a squadron of pilots make that decision every month.

That didn't happen in the second world war and it didn't even happen in the Korean war. It's happening now. One of the reasons it's happening is because of the visibleness of the antiwar movement...

There are strikes taking place in this country — not against the war but for wages and so on. In the second world war they threatened to draft the miners for going on strike during the war. They had to set up their strike so they struck a couple of days and then went back to work for the war effort and then struck a couple of more days a week later and so on.

Now, if anybody wants a raise for whatever reason, they go out on strike and nobody bats an eye — right in the midst of the war. And don't kid yourself that doesn't have an effect on the war effort, and that continuation of that won't



Photo by Shannon

FRED HALSTEAD. Socialist Workers Party Presidential candidate.

from preceding page

eagerly snaps up all the paperback editions of important and "difficult" texts with which mass culture has filled the bookstores! Unfortunately, he cannot read, so he devours them with his gaze, and enjoys them vicariously through the gaze of his friends. He is an other-directed voyeur.

His favorite reading matter is the *kitsch* press, whose task it is to orchestrate the consumption of cultural nothing-boxes. Docile as ever, the student accepts its commercial *ukases* and makes them the only measuring-rod of his tastes. Typically, he is a compulsive reader of weeklies like *le Nouvel Observateur* and *l'Express* (whose nearest English equivalents are the posh *Sundays* and *New Society*). He generally feels that *le Monde* — whose style he finds somewhat difficult — is a truly objective newspaper. And it is with such guides that he hopes to gain an understanding of the modern world and become a political initiate!

In France more than anywhere else, the student is passively content to be politicised. In this sphere too, he readily accepts the same alienated, spectacular

participation. Seizing upon all the tattered remnants of a Left which was annihilated more than forty years ago by "socialist" reformism and Stalinist counter-revolution, he is once more guilty of an amazing ignorance. The Right is well aware of the defeat of the workers' movement, and so are the workers themselves, though more confusedly. But the students continue blithely to organise demonstrations which mobilise students and students only. This is political false consciousness in its virgin state, a fact which naturally makes the universities a happy hunting ground for the manipulators of the declining bureaucratic organisations. For them, it is child's play to programme the student's political options. Occasionally there are deviationary tendencies and cries of "Independence!" but after a period of token resistance the dissidents are reincorporated into a *status quo* which they have never really radically opposed. The "Jeunesses Communistes Révolutionnaires", whose title is a case of ideological falsification gone mad (they are neither young, nor communist, nor revolutionary), have with much brio and accompanying publicity defied the iron hand of the Party... but only to rally cheerily to the pontifical battle-cry, "Peace in Vietnam!"

To Be Continued

CHIB

The Conspiracy That Murdered Pres. Kennedy. 975 Questions & Answers, by Stanley J. Marks, 1615 N. Laurel Ave., LA, 46, Calif. \$1.95

Is there anything left unsaid to prove that Kennedy was assassinated by a team of conspirators? Stanley Marks, attorney, author of "The Bear That Walks Like A Man, a Study of US-USSR Relations," thinks so.

In the above-mentioned book, he documents from the Warren Commission, the Secret Service, the FBI, the Dallas Police, the Miami Police, the New Orleans Police, the National Archives, a former member of the Soviet Secret Police, quite a few mind-blowers.

Example: Apparently, ANOTHER attempt was made to kill Kennedy AFTER he was in Parkland Hospital, or, at least make sure he did not live (18 H 795-99), according to Marks.

"While the President was in the operating room, a man approached

the door and was stopped by Secret Service Agents Berger and Johnson. The man showed them credentials purporting to be those of the CIA. The Agents had never seen this man and after an argument, refused his entrance...

At 1:30 p.m., a white male attempted to enter the operating room and both Secret Service Agents actually used their fists to subdue this man...the man was carrying a pistol...

"Prior to the appearance of these two men, an FBI Agent by the name of Drain approached the door with another man in tow. The Agents knew Mr. Drain. The FBI Agent informed the SS Agents that he had received instructions from Mr. Hoover...that Agent Drain was to take this unknown man into the operating room since this unknown man was a 'doctor' and Mr. Hoover wanted this 'doctor' to 'watch' the Parkland Hospital physicians operate..."

"Now, by 1:30 p.m., in the halls of Parkland Hospital, there were three men, with pistols, running around doing what? No one knows. The Commission had no desire to know."

I am reading "The Death of a President", William Manchester's epic rationalization that Oswald killed Kennedy. This is what Manchester has to say about the same scene (note that he reports only ONE man):

"...the most spectacular incursion occurred...Nurse Doris Nelson was just passing through (a door) when a tall man in a light gray speckled suit shouldered his way past her, shouting, 'I'm the FBI'. He appeared violent, and Andy Berger, the closest agent, knocked him down..."

"It turned out that the man really was from the Bureau's Dallas office, though his presence in the hospital was unauthorized. Dragging himself away, he protested, 'J. Edgar Hoover will hear about this!'"

"Hoover did, and the unfortunate agent vanished into the limbo reserved for FBI men whose blunders embarrass the Director."

Apparently, this man was the "white male" of Marks.

I don't agree with Marks' statement that "another attempt" was made to kill Kennedy at this moment, at least from what Marks reports. All it showed, it seems to me, was that quite a number of people could NOT WAIT for the doctors' report, and had to know INSTANTLY.

Why? That is the interesting question! (Note: Marks also says that Ruby's shots did NOT kill Oswald but that "two men" gave Oswald "help" that killed him while he was on the floor, one being another so-called "doctor". This coincidence of J. Edgar's "doctor" and Ruby's "doctor" is just one of these mind-blowers among the many, that exist and are NOT cleared up by the Warren Commission).

Anyhow, read Mark's book and toss and turn the rest of the night.

FISH AT HOME

Country Joe & the Fish will appear in a self-produced concert at the Berkeley Community Theater Saturday, Jan. 20, 8:30 pm, for their last East Bay performance before returning to Europe for the International Pop Festival in Rome.

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QUESTION: I should like to know the physical dangers, if any, for

the passive partner in anal intercourse. I enjoy that sexual experience very much.

ANSWER: Because of the many letters I receive from males and females concerning anal intercourse, I recently consulted a noted proctologist. His opinion is that anal intercourse is not physically harmful when done in moderation. When performed frequently (and don't ask me to define frequent) there may be a tendency for the passive partner to develop earlier in life conditions usually found a decade or two later—such as hemorrhoids and a loosening of the anal sphincter or muscles controlling the anus.

Theoretically, one would expect a high incidence of urinary tract infections in the active partner because E. coli bacteria, which most commonly cause urinary tract infections, are normally found in the rectum. But clinically no increase in urinary tract infections in active partners has been observed.

Rectal VD is a real danger of anal intercourse because the carrier usually has no symptoms. Both gonorrhea and syphilis may be found.

Sodomy (a legal term for anal intercourse) is a felony crime in most states punishable by long prison terms. The name is derived from the Biblical city destroyed because of its "wickedness". But what were they doing in Gomorrah?

QUESTION: My mom in New York keeps informing me of the latest anti-birth control news. What have you heard about any ill effects from long term use? Is it true that their use can bring on diabetes if there is a history of it in the family?

My mother hates sex so I don't know when to believe her.

ANSWER: Several sensational articles have appeared recently in national magazines about the alleged dangers of birth control pills. They are based, in the main, on the observations by some physicians that young women on birth control pills seem to have a high incidence of blood clots forming in their legs and, in some cases, of these clots traveling to the lungs. So far, there is no statistical proof that blood clots form more frequently in those taking birth control pills. Nor is there evidence that birth control pills bring on diabetes mellitus, with or without a family history of the disease.

We do know that the normal hazards of pregnancy are more common and more serious than those associated with the use of birth control pills.

There have been no reported ill effects from long term use of birth control pills; but they have been used only in the last ten years.

QUESTION: Can you give us some straight information about cigarette smoking? Do you think the habit is really harmful?

ANSWER: I think there is little doubt that cigarette smoking causes lung cancer, emphysema and perhaps heart disease.

Since the U.S. Surgeon General's report on the association between cigarette smoking and lung cancer, 85,000 MD's have given up smoking. Today, only 21% of all MD's smoke cigarettes and only 16% of those under the age of 35.

The tobacco interests spend more on advertising than any other industry. They are very successfully selling death.

QUESTION: The reader who wrote you about the "hum-job" divulged a rare and beautiful secret indeed; but have you heard of a razzberry job? It is similar to the "hum-job" (humming during fellation and/or cunnilingus), but instead of humming one executes a loud and vibratory "razzberry" at the appropriate moment—which is determined by individual experimentation.

It is important to maintain good contact while "razzing" so that the vibrations are not all lost to the air.

ANSWER: I think a "razzberry" is the same as a "Bronx cheer". But are you giving us a snow job? Dr. Schoenfeld welcomes your questions. Write to him care of The Berkeley BARB, 2886 Telegraph Ave., Berkeley, Calif. 94705.

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