

Id supplement

TO ALL RADICALS: VOTE WITH YOUR FEET, VOTE IN THE STREET
-Bob Feldman-

In 1964, some of us supported Lyndon Baines Johnson for president. The Republican candidate, Barry Goldwater, with his condemnation of "crime in the streets," his refusal to denounce the John Birch Society, and his vote against the 1964 Civil Rights Act, appeared to be racist and reactionary. In addition, Goldwater's advocacy of the bombing of North Viet-Nam and his willingness to utilize tactical nuclear weapons made him appear as a "triggerhappy" buffoon, whose candidacy represented a threat to world peace. Given the "greater evil," Goldwater, some of us felt compelled to support the "lesser evil," Johnson.

The policies pursued by the "lesser evil's" administration during the last 4 years have, to say the least, worsened the human condition. As a result of the militarism of the Johnson Administration, its inability to end the oppression of black people, and the growing awareness on the part of young people that they, themselves, are oppressed by such things as the draft, boring and irrelevant educational courses, authoritarian high school and university administrations, brutal police departments, repressive drug laws, social norms, and dormitory rules, meaningless jobs, manipulative media, and the gap between social potentiality and social actuality, the number of radicals in America has increased.

In a few days, another "free" presidential election is to be held. Once again the American masses will go into a booth to "choose" which section of the political elite will rule over them for the next four years. Once again we radicals are politically disenfranchised. Neither of the three major candidates will withdraw all American troops from foreign soil, end the draft, dismantle the military establishment, end American corporation dominance of American society and the rest of the "free world," and insure real economic, political, and social equality for all Americans, regardless of race or class-origin. Neither Wallace, Nixon, Humphrey or Spiro Theodore Agnew articulate our social critique and collective aspirations. And all of them threaten to jail us if we protest too forcibly.

Elections are used by those who, as a result of their economic wealth, control all the institutions in American society. Elections provide America's corporation directors and their political servants with a method of legitimizing their positions of social dominance and their policies of exploitation and militarism at home and abroad. Once every four years, the American people are herded into the voting booth to delegate power to a national leader who will use this power to serve the needs of America's corporate elite.

By permitting such presidential elections to be held, and a variety of presidential candidates to run, an illusion of choice is created by America's rulers. Radicals are discredited because, in the contest for ballots, the American people appear to be only willing to "choose" major party candidates as their leaders. And although major party presidential candidates, when elected, are generally responsive primarily to the needs desires of America's corporate elite, their plurality is used as proof that they rule "with the consent of the American people."

As radicals, we realize why only presidential candidates responsive to America's business elite end up winning elections. First, America's business elite controls the mass media. It used this control to grant fair radio, TV, and press coverage only to major party candidates and to "black-out" or distort the positions of the radical candidates. The American masses are thus manipulated into considering only major party candidates as possible presidential choices. Secondly, only presidential candidates with heavy financial backing can afford to finance national campaigns which (through heavy advertising and many salaried political workers) reach the majority of the American people. Since America's corporate elite has access to an unlimited supply of money, while American radicals can barely scrape up enough to pay bail for arrested demonstrators, it is not surprising that only presidential candidates supported by a section of America's business elite can finance the national campaigns required to win a presidential election. In addition, the convention system enables the nation party machinery to eliminate

any major party candidates with even the smallest trace of anti-Establishment potential (i.e. Gene McCarthy).

If we wish our ideas and aspirations for America to become realities, we cannot rely on the electoral system to provide the social change we desire. Because we lack both the economic wealth of America's rulers and their control over the mass media, our power does not lie in our ability to play the presidential electoral game. Neither does our basic power lie in our ability to work for peace candidates like O'Dwyer, whose election will achieve neither an end to the war, a radical transformation of American society, or a more rapid development of radical consciousness among the American people. In 1968, our basic power still rests only on our ability to get our people involved in street demonstrations and direct action in a mass way.

During the last four years, the anti-war marches and demonstrations, the ghetto rebellions, the obstructions of military recruiting on campus, the Pentagon confrontation, the Columbia rebellion, and the battle of Chicago have shown that many of our people are committed enough to engage in extra-electoral action in support of radical politics. In response to our 1968 disenfranchisement, therefore, we should re-enter the streets with our other radical brothers and sisters and "vote with our feet."

During election week, we should demonstrate to people in America and throughout the world that: 1) none of the major party candidates represent what we want and that what we want is in the human interest; 2) the electoral system in American Society is nothing but a mask to hide the true reason why America's power structure is able to rule, exploit, and murder: i.e., they control the police and National Guard of this country; and 3) until radical changes are made in America, we will continue to build a militant mass movement composed of all the powerless and disaffected people in America (including the exploited and manipulated white workers who now support Wallace), in order to create a truly humane and democratic society.

In pursuit of these three goals, a National GI Week and a National Student Strike has been called for the first week in November. During this week, students are being urged by such groups as SDS and the National Mobilization Committee to End the War, to participate in mass demonstrations, talk with Wallace supporters and G.I.'s, engage in community organizing, and strike at their high schools or colleges.

Students Sponsored By
The Radical Caucus For
Student Government Positions

Russ Rueger

John Hart

Jack Smith

Sam Parab

Tom Cook

Barry Taitelbaum

Dan Halliday

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On Nov 4th Join

The Radical Caucus
and

Strike

against the war

Strike

against the elections

the

II

an uncensored
Journal of Opinion



Richmond College is presently quite stagnant. And the students here, much more than the faculty, are responsible for this gross state of being. This school certainly has its share of intelligent, capable and talented students. It has the potential of being a dynamic, controversial and exciting institution. However, after one full year, not enough students have committed themselves to school activities in order to really make them effective. From lack of student support, both the student support, both the student government and the school newspaper have been fumbling and flubbing around.

When I close my eyes, I see Richmond College as a massive, pulsating, intellectual penis. It reached puberty over a year ago. And, as in the case of most of the student activities, it has just about managed to get a few raises. Our neglected penis has failed to experience the excitement, the passion and the involvement of an ejaculation. Perhaps this journal of opinion and the newly formed student organization, Radical Caucus, will help to erectify the situation.

STUDENT GOVERNMENT RESTRUCTURED

-russ rueger-

The Student Government has gone through considerable changes this semester. A complete account of the situation would require extensive analysis, as fact cannot altogether be sifted from rumor. Apparently, the SG has been the victim of personality conflicts and factional results of the past weeks' hasseling:

Jean-Louise d'Heilly has been replaced by Mike Russek as Chairman of the Student Council; Thom Negri has resigned from his positions on the Council and the Cultural and Public Affairs Committee; Diane Cunningham and Steve Cucchia have also resigned from the Council and from their positions on the Student Life Committee.

As a result, these and other positions will be up for election by the Inter-Campus Representative has been created, and this includes representation of the entire student government by a single individual on groups such as the Nation Student Association and CUNY. This is an important job and should be subject to general election, not mere appointment by the Council, as was recently done.

The EDITORS of the ID, after successfully hustling tickets from the Staten Island Wallace for President headquarters, attended a Madison Square Garden Rally for Wallace on Oct. 24th. Clean-shaven and dressed in suits sporting Wallace buttons, our aim was to mix with the Wallaceites to find out what cloth they were woven from.

We arrived early and noted the huge anti-Wallace demonstration outside of the Garden. Groups of helmeted police could be seen every few feet (a work slowdown??). We asked one of them if there was a pro-Wallace demonstration anywhere. His reply was, "I wish there was."

The scene in the Garden was totally unreal. Confederate and American flags stood side by side. People marched around sporting huge Wallace posters and were greeted by thunderous applause. A Dixie-style band polished off tune after tune of Southern Back Woods music as the throng awaited their leader. John Hart and I did not expect any protesters because of the stringent security measures for obtaining tickets and were stunned when we saw two black men walking in and sitting in the upper left hand balcony, just a few rows from ourselves. They were soon followed by more black and white anti-war demonstrators, until an entire section was filled. Soon they began to chant anti-Wallace slogans, and the Wallaceites retorted with shouts of "White Power" and "Animals."

I had brought a police club with "law and order" written on it (as a defense, in case the Wallaceites suspected we were not kosher), and because I had to play the role, I lifted it up and yelled "Damn Commies" at the protestors. When the possibility that the Garden police might confiscate the club arose, a well-muscled Wallaceite sitting next to me identified himself as an off-duty policeman and said, "As long as you're a Wallace supporter, no policeman will take the club away." Discriminatory justice, anyone??

On the Garden floor, we viewed a black demonstrator getting his head stomped in by a crowd. We shuddered as the police and Wallace supporters picked him up by the collar and dragged him out. It reeked (continue on next page, same column)

HANS MORGENTHAU LECTURE

-russ rueger-

Hans J. Morgenthau, one of the foremost contemporary political scientists, will be the first speaker in the Richmond College "President's Series" on Monday, October 28.. A contributor to the outstanding journals as the New Republic, Mr. Morgenthau has been director of the Center for the Study of American Foreign Policy. He has written several popular books on politics, including Politics in the Twentieth Century and Politics Among Nations.

An influential advisor in the Roosevelt era, he has been outspokenly critical of many aspects of the present administration, including Vietnam and Johnson's "consensus" concept. His lecture will be concerned with "A New Foreign Policy for America" and should be quite relevant to present times. It will take place at 11:00 in the college.

NEWS FOR POLITICAL HEADS

-russ rueger-

The anti-Humphrey demonstration at the Hotel Americana on October 9th showed that the New York police have become infected with the same infirmity as their Chicago counterparts. I was in the middle of a group of demonstrators when the cops attacked, seemingly unprovoked. Suddenly a sea of blue surrounded me, people went flying onto barricades, and obviously Allah projected a protective aura around me, as I was the only demonstrator left unhit. Soon after, a line of cops lifted the barricades and physically pushed the large throng a full block, using their clubs to prod stragglers along.

By the time these words achieve print-reality, other demonstrations will have occurred in New York against Nixon (Oct. 19th) and Wallace (Oct. 24th). Moreover, many anti-war groups are planning Election protests, including: Nov. 2 - Giant Picket and Rally against all three candidates at 1:00 a.m. near Nixon and Humphrey headquarters (57th and Park) and at 2:30 p.m. at 48th and Park where G.I.'s will speak out against the war.

Nov. 4 - College and High School (provided Shanker stops masturbating) student strikes throughout the city.

Nov. 5 - Election Day, Nix will vote at 910 E. 66th St. at 5:30 a.m. in the morning. Picketing is planned for those individuals hardy enough to arise on time.

STUDENT GOVERNMENT

A group of students who are interested in adding new blood and injecting some adrenaline into the arteries of the SG has been formed. They have picketed a slate of candidates for many of the available positions. Their purpose is change and their method is work. Most of them are juniors, which will give the junior class (which composes of more than half of the college's enrollment) the representation they deserve.

RADICAL CAUCUS SLATE:

Grievance Committee-Russ Rueger, Sam Parab, Barry Teitelbaum
Admissions and Standing-John Hart
Curriculum and Instruction-Dan Halliday
Student Life-Jack Smith, Tom Cook

UP AGAINST THE WALL

of a southern lynch mob.

At that point, we met a group of Wallace youths. They told us of the tough time they had getting in, so we knew our brothers outside were doing a bang-up job. When George came on, the mob went wild. A twenty minute ovation betrayed the outright idolatry of the Wallaceites. John and I had had enough of that nonsense by then. We flipped our Wallace buttons in the air, and joined the protestors. I took out my "Wallace is a Racist" pillowcase, and John deftly removed his undershirt which was inscribed "Wallace Sucks" and "Wallace in 1984!" We joined in the booing and chanting of our group as George C. Fascist rapped. As soon as Wallace was finished, the ugly mob turned their attention towards us. A thin line of police separated about 75 of us from the Wallace maniacs. They cursed and challenged them to come up and get us. The mob particularly singled out John and myself, as we had pretended to be their brethren previously. I clutched my "law and order" police club under my jacket, and had any of them broken through the police line, he would gotten "law and order" over his head. Finally, the cops escorted us out separate exists, and the night of the fascist had ended.

POLITICAL HEADS

There will also be a variety of anti-war actions at polling places throughout the country.

UNITY

-Stuy Green-

Unity is a powerful weapon. It takes extraordinary men to accomplish revolutionary goals without some sort of united front behind them. Fragmentary groups produce little more than confusion. Without the support of an United front, a revolutionary situation is a dream.

In Europe, most student radical and New Left groups have united on the national level. Last spring's festivities in the major continental capitals testify to this. But this unity bag didn't end with just student groups. The campus radicals combined with the general segments of the total populace. Workers, disenfranchised farmers, and the urban poor made an impossible situation reality in France. DeGaulle didn't fall all the way, but the concessions he had to make and the sudden drop of France from her economic games changed the political face of that nation.

The Sorbonne doesn't have enough students to hold the Latin Quarter. When the acknowledged student leader, Danny Cohen-Benedict, arrived in Paris a week after the revolt started, not only were the barricades still up, but the students and their allies still maintained control. This was accomplished against an impressive police force, the Securite Nationale. This Paris version of the TPF is no Mickey Duck police force. Images of 20th century armored knights come to my mind when the Securite Nationale is mentioned. These plastic coated throw backs to Imperial France play the game a little harder than the Chicago cops.

The scene in Berlin wasn't too different. The German SDS (Student Socialist League), more of a student's organizational council than a single group, created enough noise and trouble, along with their civilian (my roommate's term for all non students) to expose the neo Nazi party.

While making noise and exposing Nazis doesn't appear to be much, just remember that it was accomplished against what has to be the cream of the European Riot Police. The name itself is scary in the German tradition, the Einstatzkommando Ploiziewache. These cats got things

the L.A.P.D. dream about; 50 ton water cannons, super plastic armor; prods of every description and most of all a nearly free hand in dealing with the kids. What happened?? The kids confused them with love and flowers. The Kommandos were totally baffled when presented with roses and not attacked. When middle-aged railroad workers joined in, the cops were just mentally incapable of action. Law and Order isn't a European hang-up.

The differing philosophies of the European and American students are really obvious in their effect. The Students for a Democratic Society view themselves as the vanguard of an impending revolution. This concept of leadership has carried over into their relations with other groups and the over-all student populace. SDS lectured 500 high school kids on the theory and practice of group affinity (gang warfare methods in this context) in Lincoln Park. When the moment of truth came during the non convention scene, no group affinity action appeared. The French students worked very closely with those who would listen. Outside of Paris is the headquarters of 1968. The workers and students held it during the disturbances with the students demanding leadership and serving with and under the worker's committees.

The effectiveness of the actions in France prove that some kind of unity is absolutely necessary and that an armed revolt is not necessary. Not just in France and the fall of the absolutism, but more impressively the bloodless revolt, if you can call it that in Prague. The entire system up and changed. While it is true that some of the impetus came from the University of Prague, the entire Czech population became involved. When the Warsaw Pact invaded, all segments of the Czech population showed their opposition to the pigs. And all segments of the Czech people are still voicing their opposition, from Bubcek to street-sweepers.

In all of the successful uprisings, and the not so successful ones, of last spring one common factor is present.

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UNITY...

It varied from outright thought control in Spain and Poland to stubble medieval codes in France.

Starting next January 20th, we will be experiencing the start of four years of repression. The necessary element that can produce unity will be on the scene. If the leadership of the student movements can recognize the situation in time to capitalize on it, we may be hearing a new day in America; if not, it'll be the same old shit for a long while. Empty speeches by empty politicians.

AN O'DWYER MAN THINKING ALOUD
-Dave Elrich-

I sit down and drive. I constantly move. If I always move I won't think. Think: think of America, Mother, Wallace, Daley, Johnson, Poor, Neglected, Rising Fascism, Degrading imperialism.

The car stops and I'm at my destination. A shopping center on Staten Island. I don't know what to expect and yet I brought my camera.

Then I see him. A short, white haired man who might someday do something that I will despise and be crushed or die trying to stop it.

The next moment I speak to him because I must rap. Will you support Humphrey? NO! What about the draft. I Hate It! The blacks?? They Must Be Free!

The answers are what I want to hear. A man, a democrat, who says what I want to believe in.

The Son returned? Foolish set up. Dig him. Listen To Youth. They Know More Than We, Listen! Goodnight. Viva Paul.

The things that have to be done for a candidate to win are terrible. Pick up literature. Give it out. Take abuse. Give it back. Speak to leaders who do not listen to their champion. They wouldn't and are so stubborn. Fuck it. The cause. The man. That counts.

Canvassing must be done. There are no people to help. Where are

all those McCarthy people? They don't give a fuck. Chicago was just too much. I must work will all my heart. It must be done. Have to recruit canvassers. I still know a few more people. They will help. It might get done.

The people rush by and take the literature. Thank you so much. But that is all.

O'Dwyer is such a better man. I know the system blows but I must try. Revolutionaries are only children. They must grow and mature. Then I might join them. But first it's O'Dwyer. O'Dwyer. Help me and all of us. We'll do it.

Death to all of those who know he is the best man and do nothing for him.

PSYCHOLOGY LAB AND THEATRE 81 WAIT PATIENTLY
- John Hart -

Supposedly, if there is no opposition by the City University's Board of Estimates, the Psychology lab and Theatre 81 will occupy the fifth floor of 350 St. Mark's Place by the Spring Semester of 1969.

The Psychology lab, encompassing 25 per cent of the floor space, will consist of 10 electronically equipped testing cubicles, a 20 station classroom, a control room and animal living quarters.

Theatre 81, named after the fact that it has 81 seats, will be used by the theatre and drama students. Although it accommodates slightly few people than the present double classroom theatre, it will have better equipment and more sophisticated facilities. The theatre is designed so that the stage may be set anywhere in the room. The entire ceiling is covered with special lighting devices and there are separate rooms for light controls and set construction.

Both the Psychology and Drama people need these facilities and need them quickly. I hope the administration isn't bullshitting us again with one of their "way off" opening date predictions.

DIANE WAKOSKI POETRY
-russ rueger-

Diane Wakoski, a lively, youthful contemporary poet, presented a reading of her poetry at Richmond on Oct. 22nd. Her work, which she described as "confessional poetry," was touching and revealing, and conveyed to us intimate insights into the poet's past. Loneliness and the search for love in a cold, rejecting world were among the major themes of her selections. Miss Wakoski was the first poet in Richmond College Contemporary Poetry Series.

ON GETTING OUT OF A BAG

-John Hart-

After hearing the following confusions, I, Father Holey, found myself in a depressed, uncomfortable state of mind.

"Bless me Father, for I have sinned. I have killed my father and have had intercourse with my mother. From my sister I have stolen money, and I have slandered my brother. I envy my neighbor's good fortune and desire his wife. I drink in excess and waste good food. No belief in God do I have, and I amke pact with the devil. I self-abuse myself and I have fallen victim to my id."

So I blessed him as I have been authorized.

"Bless me Farther, for I have sinned. For the first time in my life, I have told a lie. These are the circumstances which have caused me to fall into sin. My mother died when I was born, and my father was killed three years later while being robbed. A great king adopted me, and I lived as a prince for four years. However, the king's real son was very jealous of the favors granted me, and so he tried to end my life by flushing me down the royal toilet. By chance I was found by a sewer worker who adopted me immediately. Since I was not used to hard labor, he became disgusted with me and left me on the doorsteps of a church. The pastor of the church took me under his care, and for ten years I performed all of the duties of an altar-boy. But alas, on my eighteenth birthday the pastor told me to leave the church and go look for a job. He said I was too old to remain an alter-oy and not intelligent enough to be a priest."

"Fron that day on, until last month when I turned seventy-five, I shined shoes for a living. Last month I caught leprosy and lost both arms. I was no longer able to shine shoes and no longer able to pay the rent. Last night my landlord told me that if I promised to pay the rent today, he would not evict me. I promised, but today I still had no money, and so I have told a lie---the first and only lie in my life."

So I blessed him as I have been authorized.

That night I had a hard time sleeping. The next morning while serving Mass, I kept making the sign of the cross hoping for spiritual support. As I was handing out Holy Communion, I stopped in front of a beautiful woman. My hand reached out, and instead of putting the Holy Communion in her mouth, I let it slip down her blouse. As I unbuttoned her blouse to look for the Communion, my hands planted themselves firmly upon her large, shapely tits. I leaned forward and kissed her passionately, and our tongues danced from one mouth to the other. Suddenly, I jumped over the Communion rail and held her hand and shouted to the people, "Let's get the fuck out of this phoney religion bag, folks."

The applause was overpowering and soon began to take up a rhythmic beat. The two of us stripped and made love on the steps to the altar. The congregation grunted with me and groaned with her, and they sang songs of love and beauty as the church bells rang madly. The two altar boys anointed my heated organ with wine and baptized me into realism. When we finished, my woman and I walked down the center aisle naked, and the people cheered us and threw their clothes at us. Halfway down, I stopped to goose a delicious looking young nun who had just thrown her robes in front of us. As I reached the back entrance of the church, I raised my hands for silence and the bells stopped ringing and the people stopped singing.

And I blessed them as I have been authorized.

DON'T WORRY, WHITEY-- BLACK POWER WON'T GET YOUR MAMA

John Hart

For twenty years, I, a white man, lived in Bedford-Stuyvesant. When I was born my father split and left my mother and I to take care of ourselves.

We lived in a one room affair in the basement of an apartment house. I remember that there was an ice-box in one corner and a stove and sink in the other corner. My mother, later my step-brother, and I all slept on the same mattress on the floor. We shared a bathroom with some other people who also lived in the basement. It consisted of a toilet and a sink, and I was ten years old before I ever took a real bath in a tub. Pieces of the ceiling were always falling on us, and once I had lead poisoning from paint chips in my food.

When I was ten, my mother, my step-brother, and myself left our little home; we moved across the street to live with a black man whose name was Earl. Our new apartment was really beautiful. There was two rooms and a kitchen, and we had our own bathroom with a tub. We didn't have any rats in the new apartment but we still had a hell of a lot of roaches. Ever since I was a little boy I slept with my mouth closed so that the roaches wouldn't go in there where it's warm and damp to lay their eggs.

Every morning Earl would give my brother and I a dime when we left for school and tell us to buy an ice cream cone. He was the only one who lived with us who ever gave me something without any strings. Earl bought me a basketball and football and on weekends we used to go to the playground where he would teach me how to play. For about three years we all lived together happily, until one night a friend of his came and talked to my mother. He said that Earl was arrested and would be in prison for a very long time. He gave my mother a note from Earl which said, "You fellows be good to your mother and you, Mary, find yourselves a good man. Love, Earl."

A couple of months later a white racist moved in with us. For the next seven years things were pretty miserable. Two weeks ago he called the cops and almost had me busted. I packed my bags and left the house with him shouting after me, "It's about time you got the hell out of here, you communist, pot head, nigger-lovin' bum!"

The reason I've discussed my background is to let you know that I am not just another leftist shooting my mouth off about civil rights and the black man. I have been involved and intimate with black people and in many ways, I identify with them. I grew up in their environment, did the same things that they did and faced many of the same problems; just as they had to constantly prove themselves to the white man, I, too, had to prove myself to them.

The black man, after two hundred years of oppression, is basically insecure. Violence has been boiling inside of him for a long time, but lucky for the white man, he has coped out of exploding through rationalization and sublimation. The black man frequently says to himself, "Things really aren't so bad. I got a job, an apartment, and a TV". If that doesn't work he lets out his violence through the way he dresses, the way he dances, the way he drinks, and the way he fucks. However, a number of Black men are finally getting hip to the idea that in a capitalist, dog-eat-dog, first come, first served atmosphere, the only way not to get eaten or be left standing at the end is to fight for your rights.

At the present time, some of the severest critics of this black militancy movement are black people themselves. Because of their insecurity, they don't want to rock the boat and lose the little they have-- that \$60 a week job, that rat and roach infested apartment, and that TV on which half the payments have been made. But as time goes on, and the black man becomes more numerous (the average black family is twice as the size

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(Black Power, con't...)

of the average white family), they will bust out of their bag of insecurity. In the not too far distant future, everything will be reversed. The blacks will be the hateful majority, and when the white man seeks civil rights, there will be weeping and gnashing of teeth.

Don't worry, whitey, black power won't get your mama or your wife, it probably won't even get your daughter. But unless you stop fucking around with your imperialist endeavors in Viet Nam and get that money into reconstructing and equalizing a society that you have perverted, I'll be damned if black power doesn't get your grand daughter, and get her good.

* * * * *

"War's good business so give your sons
But I'd rather have my country die for me"

the airplane

I think that any submerged class is going to be more accustomed to sexuality than a leisure class. A leisure class may be more preoccupied with sexuality; but a submerged class is going to be more drenched in it.

You see, the upper classes are obsessed with sex, but they contain very little of it themselves. They use up much too much sex in their manipulations of power. In effect, they exchange sex for power. So they restrict themselves in their sexuality- whereas the submerged classes have to take their desires for power and plow them back into sex.

--Norman Mailer

It is as if in the evolution of sex a particle one day broke away from an X-chromosome, and thereafter in relation to X-chromosomes could produce only an incomplete female- the creature we now call the male! It is to this original chromosomal deficiency that all the various troubles to which the male falls heir can be traced.

- Ashley Montagu

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COMMUNISM AND THE NEW LEFT

russ rueger

Recently, FBI director J. Edgar Hoover cited SDS in particular and the New Left in general as subversive to national security. According to him, the revolutionary philosophy currently preached by these groups can have dangerous consequences.

Congress is in the final stages of passing a bill designed to eliminate federal aid to students arrested for obstructing college property. This bill is aimed directly at student activists.

These facts, coupled with the Wallace-Nixon-Humphrey "law and order" ticket, show the nation headed for a period of reaction, perhaps similar to the McCarthy '50s. Much of this retreat to reaction has been hastened by the speech and activities of radicals: Mr. and Mrs. Average Middle Class cannot help but be appalled when Ho Chi Minh and Che Guevara are among the foremost of New Left heroes.

Furthermore, leftists generally are employing the slogans of revolution and their concept of an alternative system often seems vaguely Marxian. New Left philosophy, as formulated by Herbert Marcuse, consists of the concept of a new "working class" of students and intellectuals to replace the conservative capitalist working class as the focus of social change. Unfortunately, the liberal pendulum may have reached its furthest point in this nation, and many reactionaries are citing radical speech as evidence of Communist involvement. This is nothing new, but now they are being listened to.

Just what is the attitude of orthodox Communist groups toward the radical student

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movement? Are they controlling factors, as many red-baiters maintain? It seems unlikely. Leftists tend to form bitter factions, and the split between the Old and New Left is nearly as wide as that between the latter and the establishment.

Orthodox Communists and disciplined followers of Tretsky and Mao are especially mistrusted in radical groups. The Student Mobilization Committee, which helped to organize the April student strike, split apart at the seams when Tretskyites gained key positions in the group. To put it bluntly, student activists want no part of the Old Left, and do a great deal of red-baiting themselves.

World Marxist Review, a hard-line Communist international journal printed in Prague, presented a two-part article entitled, "Upsurge of the Youth Movement in the Capitalist Countries". Matthew Hallihan of the U.S. Communist Party spoke of the U.S. youth movement in this article and revealed the typical unrealistic dogmatism of the Old Left. He depicted the New Left as bourgeois and utopian oriented. "It is a philosophy designed to divert people from the class struggle", he stated. Then he repeated, as any well-oiled tape machine can, the orthodox line that a revolution must be based upon the working class, not "petty bourgeois" values, etc., etc.

In his words, "But the main thrust of our political strategy for youth work is to bring working class youth into the active leadership of the youth movement." Considering the popularity of George Wallace with the working class, I wish him the best of luck.

Communist old-liners are lost in a sea of self-righteous dogmatism and as can be seen by the actions of France's CP, are sometimes closer to the establishment than the activists. New Leftists are suspicious of any rigidly disciplined value systems, and at this point, it would appear that Communist leadership in the youth movement is essentially nil.

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TWO BEAUTIFUL CHILDREN, A SMOKE FILLED ROOM

by Jane Berman

The picture of the two beautiful children hanging on the wall could hardly be seen through the smoke filled room. The people below talked quickly and fervently, hardly waiting for the humorous tone of one moment to subside before introducing yet another topic for discussion. Heads bobbed in emphatic agreement with this speaker, now that one; an occasional objection was raised concerning one point or another, but the pace generally remained lively and quick. Someone said something about Nixon being the best man, and someone quipped "to whose wedding". The laughter subsided and it was pointed out just how serious the world situation of today really is. If a democracy is to remain in existence, law and order must be upheld. That is why a man like Wallace is so desperately needed. The possibility of a President Wallace was kicked around for awhile, and then somehow we wound up talking about Nigeria, and our role in this particular conflict. None of us were really sure what was really happening there, but we all deplored conditions that led to suffering by so many innocent people. These poor, starving Biafrans, with no way to escape. It seemed to us that we should really decide to do something, what with all these young children there and all. Right then and there, we all pledged to give at least ten dollars to the Red Cross to help send food to these dejected human beings. Although we felt somewhat better about the situation now that we were going to take a stand, the images of those people brought our minds to the next sequence for discussion, which was, of course, Viet Nam. This was a lot harder to talk about, for we knew that we could do less to help the conditions there. As before, the argument that it was the innocent that suffered most was raised, and sadly, we all agreed with the truth of that statement. That it was a regrettable human situation, with maimed bodies and napalmed hospitals filled with orphans, none denied, but some, with obvious historical perspective pointed out quite clearly and unhesitatingly, the need for the United States to combat aggressive Communist

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(Beautiful Children Con't...)

acts where ever they may pretrude and that decisive military victories were the only truly effective ways to meet this objective. By then, unfortunately, the air was unbearably filled with smoke and because there was no window in the room, someone suggested we postpone our discussion. Someone mentioned continuing in the lounge, but most of us were so tired from all that talking and arguing that we decided to leave for the day. We promised to meet again and continue our discussion the very next day, and as the door closed behind the last person leaving, I couldn't help but notice those two beautiful children, hanging on the wall.

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poised
everyfinger listening
a smallseeing prune of a man
paraplastic harpsichord
massaging a musical erection in the velveteen shorts of three very human cantalopes
orangepulpy seedfibers squeezing drippulsating monotones
responding
vibraterrhythmssyncepatng humsounding melodies
AND THE WATERMELON OF ORGASM REACHED OUT TO GRAB HIS plumshaped testicles

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RICHIE HAVENS

by russ rueger

Richie Havens presented a concert at Staten Island Community College on October 12. He is one of the more genuine persons and his vibrations are truly human. No need to mention his performance. It was generally agreed to be great.

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REVIEW: ROSEMARY'S BABY

by Prof. Leonard Quart

Films which construct a world out of cheery optimism, uplift, and the triumph of virginal principles have been pre-empted by Doris Day and Walt Disney. For the modern, modish film maker, the world is dim, the lights flicker desultorily, and clichéd and gratuitous notions of an absurd, grotesque, and psychotic universe have often become the norm. Rosemary's Baby is a commercial film which envisions the triumph of the satanic and grotesque but does it with style, charm, tension and striking imagery.

Roman Polanski, emigré Polish director, has fused his sardonic and often demonic vision into a conventional story of modern day Manhattan witches. Polanski is wedded to both the movie medium's ability to evolve richly textured images and to a feeling for the infinite capacity of men to corrupt, destroy and lose their souls. Mia Farrow is Rosemary, the perfect victim, passive and childlike, without the power to prevent her fate- giving birth to the devil's child.

Ruth Gordon and Sidney Blackmer are the elderly, obtrusive and overly sympathetic neighbors, who are witches shrouded in banality. The terror of the film emanates easily out of the everyday and creates a sense of horror magnified by its mundane roots.

Polanski's Rosemary is the good Catholic girl with the happy, loving, middle class marriage who has invested the Immaculate Conception to perpetuate the demonic in the world. She has been manipulated and betrayed by her doting husband in the name of his success, but is ready to accept the care of the child. Is Polanski being ironic or has

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Rosemary's Baby can't...

he captured for us the banality of evil which is the reality of our age? The good Rosemary is a collaborator in the devil's plot and we don't have to suspend disbelief to accept this fact.

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After 14 hours, our facilities have broken down. Some contributors will not have their copy printed in this issue. We express our regret ..

the editors

