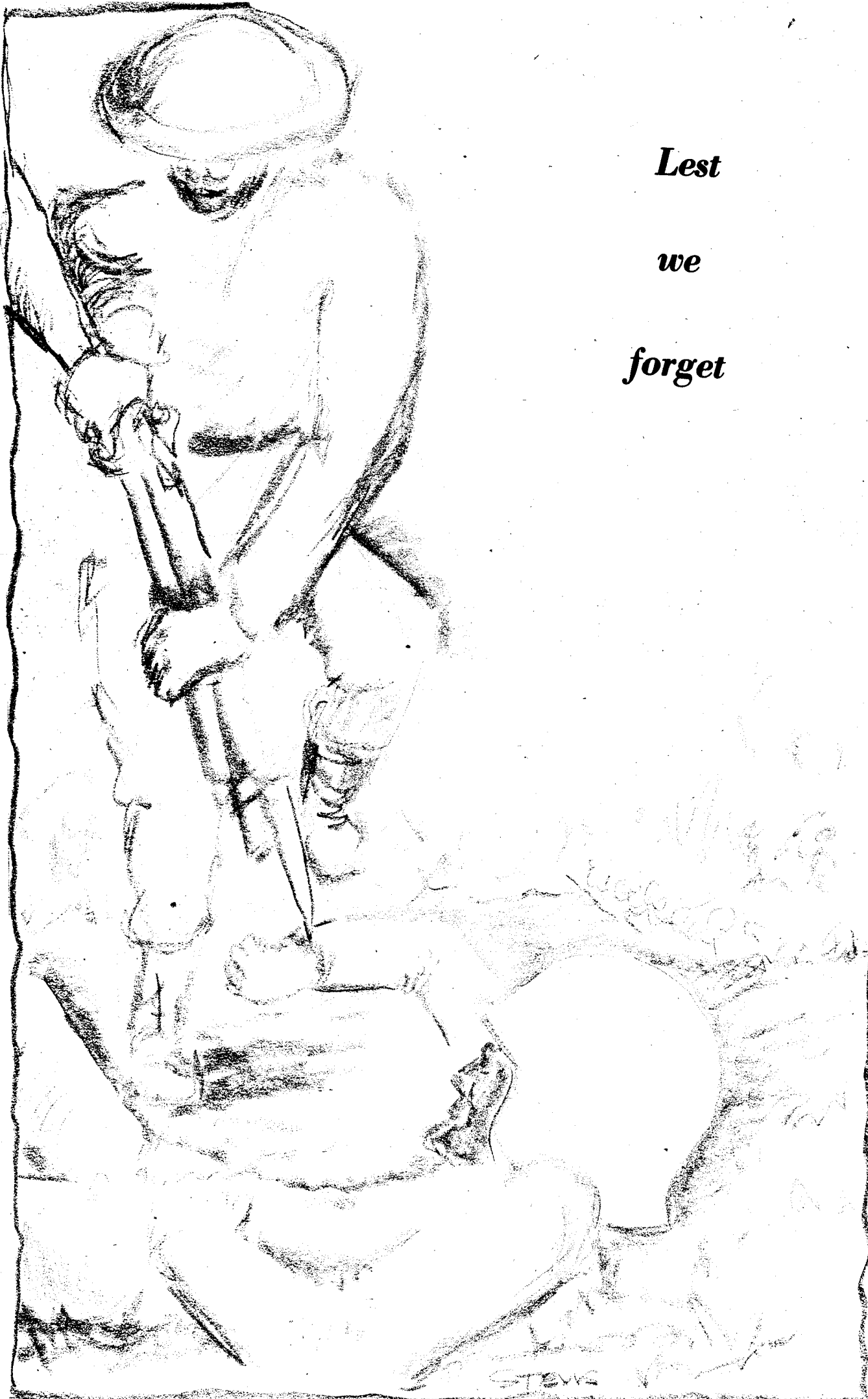


Pro Tem

Volume VIII, Numéro 10

Toronto, Canada, le 14 novembre, 1968



*Lest
we
forget*

..forget to remember

By VIANNEY CARRIERE

When a good friend of mine suggested Remembrance Day as a topic for my column this week, my reaction was unmitigated laughter. In the first place, I have rather dubious feelings about Remembrance Day, and in the second place it is a topic already ridden clear through with clichés, which although they might find a suitable place in 'The Legionaire', strike me as out of place in a university paper.

Not that I have no respect for the war dead; I do have a very great respect for them. I deplore war, and most forms of physical violence, including those which operate under the seemingly untouchable sacred cow of athletics. I find it ludicrous and inconsistent for a person like Cassius Clay-Mohammed Ali to pass himself off as a pacifist. War strikes me as a tragedy, the same as it strikes a great many other people in university.

But I'm afraid that I can conceive of some instances where I personally would go to war. I would not want to have had to live under an Adolph Hitler. I would not want to have any form of government forced upon me that precluded my right to go to the polls. I would fight to maintain the right to keep on writing this column, or anything else I wish to write responsibly. And so, those men, Canadian, American, Russian, and German who died to destroy Hitler have my undying respect and gratitude. They have my admiration, and their families and loved ones have my sympathies.

Another excellent friend of mine put it differently on Monday morning. He said that it is the peace we have to remember, and not the war. I disagree. The peace for one thing, has proved to be virtually as shameful as the war. If our parents are to blame for fighting a stupid war, we share some of the blame for administering a stupider peace.

But still, as I say, I have mixed feelings about Remembrance Day. It is, I think, a bastardised thing. Remembrance Day to me summons up a memory of a column of uniformed veterans I used to watch when I participated in the Cenotaph ceremony as a primary and secondary school student, who often had gotten too tight before the ceremony to walk a straight line during it. I remember the parades which always started off and ended in the Legion Branch 70 bar. I remember the Roman Catholic priest and the Anglican Minister who never spoke to each other in other times, joining together at the Cenotaph in a ludicrous ceremony where the minister intoned verses from the King James version, and the priest answered with similar verses from the Confraternity Douay version.

I remember being forced to buy a poppy in high school, and a principal obsessed with the sound of his own voice who insisted on reading the whole of Pericles' Funeral Oration before a bored assembly of five hundred students. I remember a newscaster's voice on radio reading 'In Flanders Field' like it was the late night news round-up to the tune of the theme from 'Gone With The Wind'. And I remember watching on television while the men who died to bring peace were remembered to the tune of cannon fire somewhere off Parliament Hill in Ottawa. I remember a grade seven teacher who was a nun using the opportunity to lecture on an imminent communist take-over in Canada.

And never a word damning the war we were remembering. Never an attempt to have us, as children, understand that war, like all things, has its own causes in society that must be opposed, and rooted out. Never a speech telling us, as children, that there were better ways than war.

Always the same thing. The same ex-military parade to the stodgy monument with "At the going down of the sun and in the morning we shall remember them".

When I was sixteen, Remembrance Day fell on a Sunday. I had had my driver's licence for only a few weeks then, and because it was a fall day, the beauty of which can only be appreciated in Northern Ontario, my father, who loved to go for drives, suggested that we go have supper in a town called Matheson. I was driving, and coming over a steep hill, we happened upon a car that had been hit by a transport. There were five bodies on the road, and another hanging on a roadside fence, that of a fairly old lady who had been decapitated in the accident. That was five years ago, and I had never comprehended a person lying dead in a field.

That is the Remembrance Day which stands out in my memory.

Editorials

We're sweating too

It's that time of year again. Term essays are becoming due and overdue. Term tests are just around the corner for first and second year students.

And we're sweating it like crazy.

We sleep 12 or 14 hours at a stretch and still wake up dog tired.

We can't think clearly or do our reading and research effectively.

Not enough time, we whimper.

We curse the assignments and the profs who handed them out.

We become more and more afraid of getting failing marks and suffering the penalties of social ostracization or perhaps even rustication from the college.

The only thing we neglect to do is to curse ourselves and our own stupidity...no, Mr. Charlie...not for neglecting to start the assignments and studying sooner, but rather for not starting to get rid of this apparently indestructible system when we had the chance during Liberation Week at the beginning of term.

Remember Liberation Week...the student council manifesto...the people-generated classes...not enrolling in courses...

The manifesto, 'A University is for People'; discussed compulsory evaluation in this way:

"Evaluation...causes students to compete with each other rather than to use each other as a source of learning, and therefore creates a hierarchy among this segment of the community."

"...evaluation is a process which is immediately useful for members of the present society. A system of arbitrary gradation eases the job of employers who are faced with several applications for a position."

"It instills in students readiness to accept a society which operates on the competitive profit motive because throughout their training competition for marks has been a way of life. Grades are, in reality, very similar to the certification found on a side of beef which says that A is most acceptable, B is not bad but a little cheaper, and D must be rejected."

"Evaluation, then, impedes the educative process. People learning through fear of external discipline may find it extremely difficult to become courageous and independent thinkers because they are constantly in an environment in which they are being told what to do and when, in a thousand subtle ways. They may, and many do, become cynics who learn how to 'beat the system' getting the largest amount of carrots from the smallest amount of work."

From these precepts the manifesto of last September went on to suggest "the abolition of all evaluative processes which are other than self-induced," and "the abolition of the formal course structure, compulsory and non-compulsory, created by anyone but the members of the college."

No, we didn't really listen to those phrases of a few months ago; but they are returning to haunt us in our compulsory fear.

Unfortunately, there seems to be no way of turning this age-old fear into a powerful weapon to be used in an effort to start smashing our chains of compulsory evaluation.

The student council which put forward these ideas appears to have remained in the semi-conscious rut it slipped into following the Liberation Week debacle.

Despite a few minor motions to the contrary (council retreat - Oct. 11-13) they do not appear to even be mildly competent administrators. A look at the minutes (if you can find them) of the few meetings they have had since Liberation shows only a penchant for masturbatory rhetoric.

It is sad that a group of people who collectively mouth concern over the quality of education we are presently receiving seems to be grossly incapable of offering viable alternatives to the situation most students are now facing.

Certainly, as mildly radical student politicians, they must see the ideal opportunity available now to foment another crucial educational dialogue with the academic administration of Glendon College.

We would suggest that next week would be an ideal time to call a general assembly of the Glendon community to discuss compulsory evaluation at Glendon in all its varied disguises.

And as students, we would be interested in hearing the opinions of other Glendonites on this crucial aspect of our educational mosaic.

Such a general meeting would probably be very interesting and informative.

Fear, we have found, is an extremely effective laxative for the brain.

Huh?

"Man can be liberated or he can be submerged. He can be enslaved or, for the first time, truly free. Above us, the mountain reaches into the sky; below lies the abyss. Let us climb."

-from a speech by the Hon. John Munro, Minister of National Health and Welfare to the Hamilton Chamber of Commerce -

Just who are we kidding, Mr. Munro?



Reprinted from The Chevron

Vous avez la parole

Accolades

Dear Sir:

I hope very much that your issue for November 17 will be considered by the Canadian University Press when they make their decision on awards to student papers. I think it is a brilliant issue, both in content and in make-up.

The photographs are even better than usual and that is saying a good deal.

The distribution of space between various College activities and interests is, in my opinion, most judicious.

John King, in his article on the first open meeting of the Faculty Council, has set an example of first rate reporting of a discussion of a complicated issue. The one point on which I would differ from him is that he states: "Principal Escott Reid again stressed that he wanted two compulsory courses in Studies in fourth year." I did my best not to participate at the Council Meeting on October 31 in the discussion of this issue. I had, of course, made my views clear at the previous meeting of the Council and it was reasonable to conclude that I had not changed my mind.

The 'guardians of Glendon', I greatly enjoyed reading. Would it not, however, have been appropriate for the writer to have used not only quotations from the Glendon

College Calendar but also quotations from the Glendon College Brochure for 1969-70 brochure "composed by a small group of Glendon students." Does not the "same small group of Glendon students" also deserve to receive from PRO TEM the accolade of "guardians of Glendon"?

The article on the "new religious cult" is an excellent example of objective reporting of a controversial question.

The article by Toby Fyfe and the article by David Cole and Tom West are first rate examples of essays in persuasion. The same is true of Robert McGraw's article.

The fact that I have not mentioned everything contained in the issue does not mean that I do not agree that the rest of the material also deserves commendation. My letter has, however, gone on too long already.

My very best good wishes to you and your colleagues on PRO TEM.

Escott Reid

Poorly written

Dear Sir:

This letter is a criticism of PRO TEM; a criticism aimed at the poorly written articles and the editing.

When I say that the writing

is poor, I refer specifically to the article "Swearing and all that Jass" that occurred in the October 4 edition of Pro Tem. The article's prolixity was as annoying as the theme, banal and archaic.

As for the editing, the lack of unity in PRO TEM is apparent. As a newspaper, I defend its right to have a bias, but as a university newspaper I believe it should present problems as clearly as possible, and then solve the problems however the editors wish. If the article's facts must be slanted and stained to indicate a solution, that solution must be superficial and irresponsible.

The article "The Top 22; York's Ruling Elite" (October 4 edition) exhibits such qualities, and as a result is intellectually unsatisfying and unnecessarily ambiguous. If the article was an attempt at polemics, it failed because it lacked a thesis. If it was supposed to be "something to think about" the anti-establishment bias should have been deleted. In addition, the name-calling in the article ("oligarch", "imperialist", "Big Labour") leaves the reader off-balance and is as childish and classically prejudiced as the black hat in Westerns.

Barry Brissenden MI

PRO TEM
staff meeting
today
2.00
Glendon Hall

PRO TEM

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PRO TEM is the student weekly of Glendon College, York University, 2275 Bayview Avenue Toronto 12, Ontario. Opinions expressed are those of the writer. Unsigned comments are the opinions of the newspaper and not necessarily those of the student union or the university administration. PRO TEM is a member of Canadian University Press, the fourth estate, and an agent of social change.

Informal classes not cure-all

By **BARB WORTH**

With the feeling that deep thought and intellectual discussion were being sacrificed to examinations and required reading at Glendon, a complementary system of people-generated courses was proposed by student council this fall. As you will remember, they were to be informal gatherings of people interested in a particular subject where discussion would be unhampered by any concern for marks and a real exchange of ideas would take place. Now, two months after they began, most of these courses have folded for lack of interest.

The major drawback appears to have been the fact that worthwhile participation in a discussion group of this kind requires extensive preparation. With five regular courses and all the reading they involve, assorted social activities and the necessity to sleep a few hours every night, most students found that they had neither the time nor the inclination to add to their workload. Many would begin to attend a people-generated seminar out of curiosity and would listen perhaps with avid interest and even ask a few questions but when they were told to go away and do some reading they didn't find their way back.

The very interested people were the ones who were already informed and

they tended to form a core that exchanged ideas with great enthusiasm. This left the interested but ignorant in the passive listener role, a role that is frowned upon in the best of discussion groups.

The reason that people-generated courses did not have the mass appeal that was hoped for is simply that a person had to be knowledgeable on a subject before he could participate. Ordinary courses presuppose a certain ignorance. People-generated courses presupposed a certain knowledge, almost an expertise. As it is easier to qualify by being ignorant but wishing to learn than it is to be an expert the people-generated seminars generally turned into miniature lectures, with the resource person instructing the group. In short the sit-and-listen syndrome flourished quite as well as in the regular courses.

The people generated courses that survived the best are those which have some direct connection with an established course like Bob Simmons' discussion group on William Blake.

This experience at Glendon is significant in that it undercuts the idea that a true education is best obtained in an atmosphere of free and easy discussion. The people-generated courses have shown that mere opportunities for discussion are not sufficient alone in forming the educated man.



photo by MORGAN

Obscure reporting

Dear Sir:

Something is rotten in editing which allows obscure, unrelated "facts" to be thrown together with no stated relationship. Under the heading "Young Life" in David Cole and Tom West's article, there are references to "this" group, "the" persecution, "the" people who criticize, "the" witch-hunters, and "the" group. Are all the readers supposed to have a magic key which opens the doors of understanding to know who all these people are? Why is there a reference to the Theatre Games group under the same heading?

Joan Shirlow sets out to quell rumours but creates more uncertainty and suspicion. Again facts are thrown together. Again there is information about Theatre Games but no link is stated. Why are only four names mentioned instead of all persons concerned?

Is this part of the malaise

that Dave and Tom see, that not only have we avoided debate but we talk in riddles? If we want to say something, let's say it without hinting around at hidden meanings or else hold our peace until we can be explicit.

Some people have taken a different meaning for "pure" than Joan or the new Christians intended. They do not claim to be morally perfect but rather removed from denominationalism. Joan has captured the essential characteristics of their commitment to a new way of total life rather than just a change in intellectual viewpoint. Dave and Tom have failed to see the real reason for personal mistrust. People are not really disagreeing intellectually, that is really just a mask over our basic beliefs, disbeliefs, confusions, or hangups. We should be more honest and love others in spite of gut repulsion.

Barry Campbell Gill

Is sociology for people?

Does the study of sociology lead to tangible or beneficial results for a society? Do Glendon faculty members condemn or condone those who use the discipline to manipulate consumers into buying useless products they can't afford or vote for a candidate who they consider inferior? The Glendon Sociology Department is taking part in an informal discussion of these questions today; disagreement among the faculty can virtually be guaranteed. Also likely to be discussed are all those things that sociology is not, like social work, poor man's psychology, a route for instant self-understanding, or do-gooding, or nasty things like that.

The status of the discipline may be in some doubt, but the meeting is a statistically certain empirical probability. Hung-up social students, really disturbed sociology majors, suspicious faculty members from other disciplines and especially just plain interested people are invited to the hearth room, next to the JCR, at 1:30 this afternoon.

Attention

By **TOBY FYFE**

Rumours are circulating around campus about a four man reactionary-rightist-fascist group of semi-notables does, repeat, does exist, and that a coup is planned for next week. Everyone is invited to attend, but, for reasons of political security, it is requested that you fill out this form that I have been commissioned to enclose on behalf of these anonymous second year students.

This secrecy and security is necessary to prevent a counter-coup or sabotage from reactionary forces, and so instructions will be kept to a minimum: if you wish to play an active part in the coup (that will take place anyway), please fill out the form below and give it to anyone of the four anonymous second year male students who have formed this group; please do so surreptitiously, so that you will not be needlessly endangered.

I have been asked, or, rather, told upon threat of death, to stress that the secret coup will involve great stamina, dedication, courage and faith in the cause from all members. All those whose applications are accepted are asked to meet outside the student union offices at four o'clock Tuesday, but be sure to tell no one about this meeting. Remember, for your and their protection, the leaders cannot stress the need for absolute secrecy enough.

Just two more points that you will want classified. First of all, the information on the application form will be used by the four leaders to judge whether you will be suitable revolutionary material; they are using criteria based on specifications deduced from the Diary of Ché Guevara, (Ramparts edition).

Second, they have taken the risk of having this printed in space which is normally reserved for me since they are sure that no council member will read it, as their views often differ with those under my name.

May I request that once you have filled out this form you do not give it to me. I stoutly deny that I have any connection with this terrible reactionary-rightist-fascist group of semi-notables.

SHORT SECRET APPLICATION FORM FOR THE COUP

- 1) Describe in one word of no less than four letters your reaction to council: _____
its policies: _____
- 2) How many times have you attended a CUS conference? _____
b) Do you know what CUS is? _____
c) Do you care? _____
- 3) If council were to resign tomorrow, would you attend: _____
a) a victory party? _____
b) a cry-for-council-that's-defeated party? _____
c) an uninterested party? _____
- 4) If Cohn-Bendit comes to the Year of the Barricade next fall, would you speak: _____
a) French? _____
b) English? _____
c) Would you speak? _____
- 5) a) Girls only: Have you ever been in bed with a boy and not known what to do? _____
Yes _____
No _____
Do you care? _____
b) Boys only: Have you ever been in bed with a girl and not known what to do? _____
Yes _____
No _____
Do you care? _____
- c) Others: (Fill in the blank): Have you ever been in bed with a _____ and not known what to do? _____
- 6) When council decides to institute the caste system, where would you expect to be put: _____
a) council? _____
b) faculty? _____
c) administration? _____
d) untouchables? _____
- 7) Do you feel that PRO TEM should promote: _____
a) social change? _____
b) moral rearmament? _____
c) bonfires? _____
- 8) If council had a referendum to determine whether this article was in good taste, would you vote: _____
a) Yes? _____
b) No? _____
c) Yes-No? _____

Glendon to stage international forum in '69

TODAY - 1 pm
Community Group Studies
Hilliard Residence
Basement

This is an opportunity to participate actively in deciding the direction that Glendon College will take in the future.

By DAVID VARTY
 Next October the Glendon Forum will present its first international conference. The Glendon College Student Council and the Canadian Union of Students are organizing "The Year of the Barricade" as a joint project. It will examine the nature of international student unrest.

Chris Wilson, the conference co-ordinator said the goal of the conference was, "to come to terms with the ideas that lie behind the unrest in the world today. We will invite 25 radical student leaders who will be representative of radical student opinion around the world. We will make an effort to hear the ideas of real radicals, not just those of the little campus radicals."

The theme of the conference will be imperialism. Many radical student leaders have sought an explanation to the uneasy world situation in the concept of imperialism. They have found a definite linkage between the educational system and the phenomenon which they call imperialism.

Imperialism, they believe, is basically an authoritarian and exploitative system. They feel that our educa-

tional system molds personalities which adapt readily to authoritarian dictates. Universities, they observe, have neglected their role as educational centres which produce critical and involved analysis of the societies in which they exist. Instead, they train and indoctrinate the personnel needed for the maintenance of the system.

The purpose of the conference will be basically educational. The Glendon student and Canadian public will be given a chance to find out why the barricades were erected. In formal plenaries and informal seminars, radical student leaders will discuss their views in relation to underdeveloped countries, industrialized countries and the ways in which they believe that imperialism can be checked.

There will be 1500 people at the conference, with participation divided into three levels. The 550 students in the first level will be full conference participants, attending plenary and seminar sessions. The 600-1000 observer-participants in the second level will watch the formal sessions on closed circuit television and will attend a question and answer session while the first level

goes to seminars.

The third level will be comprised of students across Canada. The videotape of the formal sessions will be transferred onto film and sent to various student unions in Canada. This will be a revenue-making venture.

The most ambitious Forum project yet, the four day conference will operate on a budget of \$23,000. About half of this will be spent on transportation costs for 25 student leaders from around the world -- Tokyo, Singapore, Algiers, Mexico, San Francisco, Paris, Prague, Rio de Janeiro, Rome ..

Another \$2500 will be spent to send Brewster Kneen, a Toronto free-lance broadcaster, around the world. He has an excellent reputation with student groups internationally, and has brought students to Canada for teach-ins and seminars. He will contact the invited student leaders directly.

The rest of the budget will be absorbed by physical arrangements, entertainment, publicity, and administration.

The raising of \$23,000 has already been organized. \$8000 will come from ticket

sales, \$3000 from a package deal with CBC or CTV, \$8000 from contributions from Canadian student unions, \$3000 from a book to be published and \$3000 from the sale of a film to be made at the conference.

With the news that radical student leaders were going to be coming to Glendon, some vocal opposition to the conference has been evident on campus. Chris Wilson dismissed this. "Some people thought that we were bringing in students to start a revolution. This is patently absurd."

As for the timing of the conference, next October, Wilson said, "It won't die away. There has always been student unrest and if anything, the tempo is increasing, not slackening. Basic causes just don't die away."

Work on the conference has been in progress for six months. Consequently most of the groundwork has been laid and plans are at an advanced stage. With eleven more months until the conference, it is likely to be the biggest, slickest operation yet witnessed at Glendon.



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Dow to stay in napalm

MIDLAND, Mich. (CPS - CUP) -- Dow Chemical has elected to take a moral stand on napalm, -- they're going to stick with it.

"You can debate the war, you can talk about whether or not we should be there," Dow's president H.D. Doan said yesterday, "but while our guys are there we feel like giving them the weapons they need, and believe me, they really need this one."

Although Doan feels the Viet Nam War has "gotten completely out of hand" and favours an immediate troop withdrawal, he also says that napalm is "a fantastically useful strategic weapon."

"There's only one tactical weapon that can turn back the human wave and that's napalm," he said. This

liquid fire bomb is the only way to seep death into concrete bunkers and heavily protected troop emplacements.

Doan also said he believed the American soldier would have been pushed out of South Viet Nam in military defeat without napalm.

With napalm representing less than one-half of one per cent of all Dow sales, the decision to continue making the sticky and firey gasoline gel could be little more than principle.

Dow is not forced by any governmental pressures to continue making napalm either. Government contracts represent less than five per cent of total sales.

But Dow does have an image problem.

Citing a recent student survey taken by the company, Doan said that although no one associated Dow with military products in 1966, over 90 per cent of college students polled now know Dow makes napalm and "the great majority of the students think Dow is the number one supplier of war materials."

Dow ranks 75th on a list

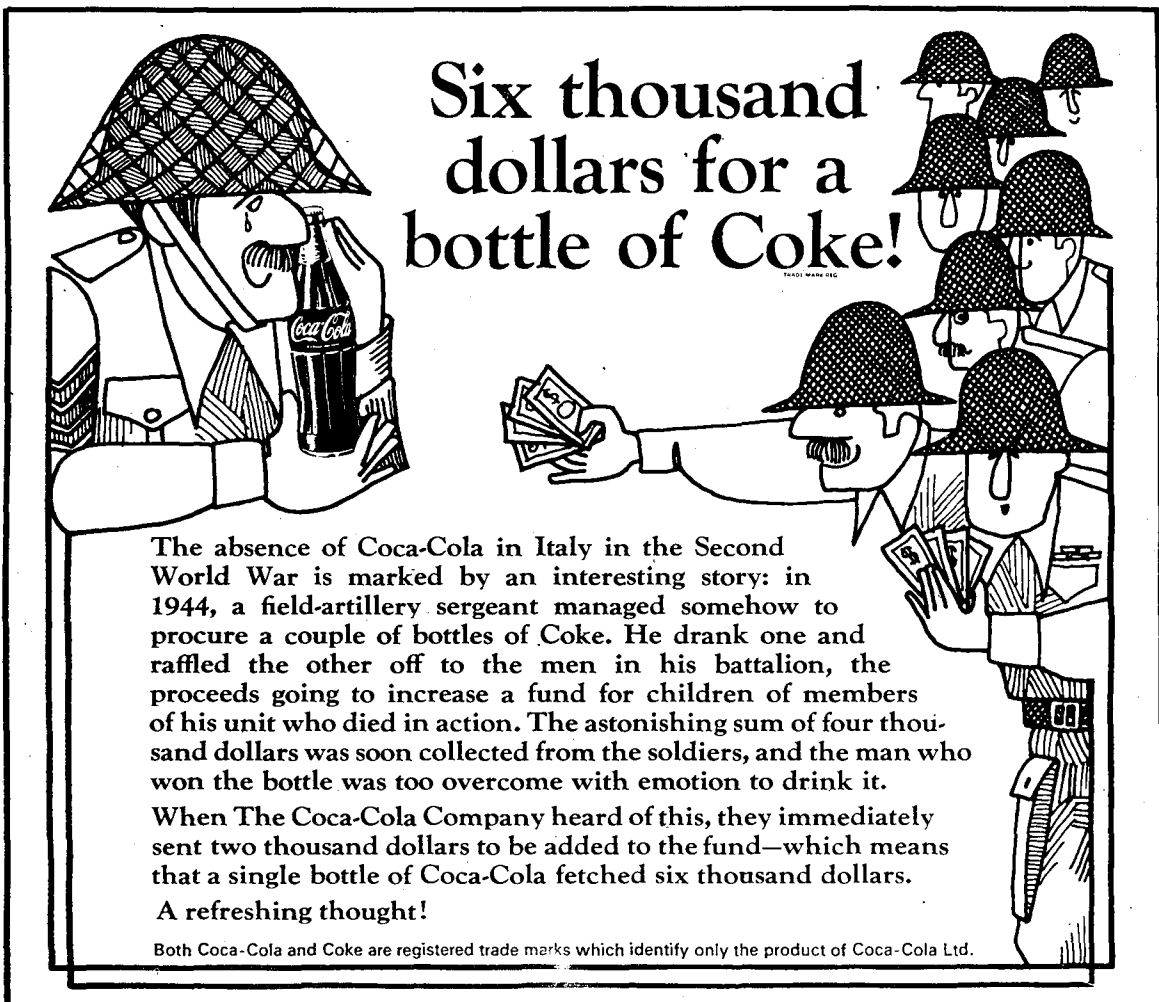
of the top defense contractors for the war and Doan noted that he was "not a bit surprised to see several universities ahead of Dow".

Napalm was developed before World War, and Dow had produced it only since 1965, when the Air Force changed its specifications to include a thicker gelatin base for its active ingredient, gasoline.

The thicker base became styrene, a basic building block for most plastics. Styrene was developed and first patented by Dow. Company officials confirmed that Dow is the best equipped major chemical firm to produce styrene.

According to company recruiters, response of top students to Dow campus interviews has not been affected, despite the more than 180 demonstrations in the last year.

Doan says the company feels a "right and a responsibility to be on campus for those students who want to discuss job opportunities, and we have always supported the right of others to debate the issues, to demonstrate peacefully, and I hope we always will."



Six thousand dollars for a bottle of Coke!

The absence of Coca-Cola in Italy in the Second World War is marked by an interesting story: in 1944, a field-artillery sergeant managed somehow to procure a couple of bottles of Coke. He drank one and raffled the other off to the men in his battalion, the proceeds going to increase a fund for children of members of his unit who died in action. The astonishing sum of four thousand dollars was soon collected from the soldiers, and the man who won the bottle was too overcome with emotion to drink it.

When The Coca-Cola Company heard of this, they immediately sent two thousand dollars to be added to the fund—which means that a single bottle of Coca-Cola fetched six thousand dollars.

A refreshing thought!

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The names on protest signs changing as Nixon prepares to become the new goat

A 'what-if' election nobody won gives Nixon chance to make history

The United States Election has provided a classic case of "What Might Have Been." Some of these "What if's..." are:

What if Senator McCarthy had not decided to run for the Democratic nomination? Senator Kennedy may not have entered the race either and might therefore be alive today.

The involvement of thousands of university youth in the campaign under the McCarthy banner would not have taken place and the hope of many in a "new politics" would have been stillborn.

What if President Johnson had decided to try to stay in office for another four years? If Johnson had been the Democratic nominee it seems reasonable to assume that Vietnam would have been more explicitly an issue in the campaign than it turned out to be.

LIBERAL LOST CHANCES

What if the President had called a halt to the bombing of North Vietnam earlier than he did in the campaign? Humphrey and Muskie might have had more opportunity to consolidate their gains from it.

Liberal Democrats might have swung around to Humphrey sooner and thus provided him with the necessary organization and enthusiasm that was so obviously lacking after the first six weeks following the Chicago Convention.

What if Senator Kennedy had not been assassinated? Another line of logic suggests that it was quite possible that he would have won the Democratic nomination and, at the very least, a Kennedy-Nixon campaign would have been very different than the one we have just observed.

And on the Republican side, what if some of the attractive and presumably ambitious younger members of the party had challenged Nixon in the primaries, all of which he won unopposed?

The nomination drive by Nixon could have been stopped by a single loss in any one of the primary contests, yet no Republican Senator, Governor, Congressman or Mayor was willing to take on the old line Establishment entrant.

INDECISIVE ELECTION

From dreams to reality. What did happen?

We know that Richard Nixon is the President-elect and that Spiro Agnew is Vice-President elect. We know that the Republicans gained five seats in the Senate and about four seats in the House, but that both remain comfortably controlled by the Democrats.

Those are the facts. What we do not know is why the U.S. electorate acted in the manner it did.

For example, it might be claimed that whatever else the balloting shows, the present administration and policies have been repudiated. This conclusion is reached by adding the percentages of the vote received by Nixon and Wallace, resulting in a 57-43% vote against Humphrey.

Unfortunately, the same logic results in a similar negative percentage vote if one examines how many did not vote for the new administration of Nixon.

One might suggest that the Democratic party is in excellent shape because for the first time in over a hundred years a newly elected President will assume office without either House or Congress being controlled by his party.

The Republican strength in both houses of Congress is now equal to what the Democrats achieved 40 years ago. As mid-term Congressional elections traditionally strengthen the party not in the White House, Congressional Democrats might be forgiven for sanguinely viewing the coming 1970 elections.

MORE YOUNGER REPUBLICANS

However, the opposite can also be argued

By **TERRY OLSON**

HOWL

for
Carl Solomon

I

I saw the best minds of my generation destroyed by madness, starving hysterical naked, dragging themselves through the negro streets at dawn looking for an angry fix, angelheaded hipsters burning for the ancient heavenly connection to the starry dynamo in the machinery of night, who poverty and tatters and hollow-eyed and high sat up smoking in the supernatural darkness of cold-water flats floating across the tops of cities contemplating jazz, who bared their brains to Heaven under the El and saw Mohammedan angels staggering on tenement roofs illuminated, who passed through universities with radiant cool eyes hallucinating Arkansas and Blake-light tragedy among the scholars of war, who were expelled from the academies for crazy & publishing obscene odes on the windows of the skull, who covered in unshaven rooms in underwear, burning their money in wastebaskets and listening to the Terror through the wall, who got busted in their pubic beards returning through Laredo with a belt of marijuana for New York, who ate fire in paint hotels or drank turpentine in Paradise Alley, death, or purgatoried their torsos night after night with dreams, with drugs, with waking nightmares, alcohol and cock and endless balls, incomparable blind streets of shuddering cloud and lightning in the mind leaping toward poles of Canada & Paterson, illuminating all the motionless world of Time between, Peyote solidities of halls, backyard green tree cemetery dawns, wine drunkenness over the rooftops, storefront boroughs of teahead joyride neon blinking traffic light, sun and moon and tree vibrations in the roaring winter dusks of Brooklyn, ashcan rantings and kind king light of mind, who chained themselves to subways for the endless ride from Battery to holy Bronx on benzedrine until the noise of wheels and children brought them down shuddering mouth-wracked and battered bleak of brain all drained of brilliance in the drear light of Zoo, who sank all night in submarine light of Bickford's floated out and sat through the stale beer afternoon in desolate Fugazzi's, listening to the crack of doom on the hydrogen jukebox, who talked continuously seventy hours from park to pad to bar to Bellevue to museum to the Brooklyn Bridge, a lost battalion of platonic conversationalists jumping down the stoops off fire escapes off windowsills off Empire State out of the moon, yacketayacking screaming vomiting whispering facts and memories and anecdotes and eyeball kicks and shocks of hospitals and jails and wars, whole intellects disgorged in total recall for seven days and nights with brilliant eyes, meat for the Synagogue cast on the pavement, who vanished into nowhere Zen New Jersey leaving a trail of ambiguous picture postcards of Atlantic City Hall, suffering Eastern sweats and Tangerian bone-grindings and migraines of China under junk-withdrawal in Newark's bleak furnished room, who wandered around and around at midnight in the railroad yard wondering where to go, and went, leaving no broken hearts,

New York-Democrats sweat, Republicans purr, radicals march

Down at Union Square on Election day in New York during a radical anti-war, anti-election rally the Columbia SDS Guerrilla Theatre Group put on a skit about America's history.

The group parodied the military-industrial interests that it believes has guided America through its bloody history to its present violent dilemma.

It was one view of America with perhaps much truth in it. Yet, as a reporter sent down to cover election time events in New York, I came to realize that I was seeing a much broader real-life historical pageant myself during the four days I spent in New York.

The Columbia theatre group was only part of the larger spectacle, the real-life, complex drama of America today.

Other parts were played by the Democrats, the Republicans, the Wallaceites, the SDS, the Young Socialists, the Yippies, the hippies etc. etc. not to mention the chorus - the people going about their normal lives in the streets, the buildings, the parks, be they black, brown, white, red, or yellow.

Four days of marching with the players in their demonstrations and of talking and listening to them in their retreats affords one a front row centre view of their play.

THE MANY-FACED DEMOCRATS

On the Sunday I arrived, the Democratic headquarters on 52nd St. in Manhattan was buzzing with activity. There were probably at least sixty or seventy people on the phones in a last minute "Get out the vote" campaign. The motive behind this was that wavering, undecided voters in this Democratic city would probably vote for Humphrey.

They were also preparing for a candle-light parade through the streets of Manhattan that night. Kids were working on posters and stapling together campaign propaganda on behalf of Humphrey to be handed out during the rally.

There were people continually moving inside and outside the building and from one floor to another. There were Italians, Negroes, Puerto Ricans, lower class whites, middle class whites, higher income professionals - you name it, the Democrats had it.

THE COOL REPUBLICANS

On the other hand, the Republican headquarters down at 57th St. and Park Avenue was unperturbability reified. There was a pleasant receptionist to guide you in anything you wanted to do or know. There were blow-up photographs of Nixon on the walls of the ground floor. The floor was neat, uncrowded.

You could roam freely from floor to floor of the Democratic headquarters. There were security guards blocking you from going onto any floor of the Republican headquarters except the ground floor.

The Democrats' place was a mini-madhouse. The Republicans' place was the smooth, efficient ground floor of a huge, quietly busy corporation.

We tried to locate the Wallace headquarters but they had been closed up beforehand.

It was raining off and on that day so the candle-light parade turned out to be kind of a flop. About 250 people marched, singing 'Amen' and 'Battle Hymn of the Republic' along with a negro girls' choir that was leading them.

LABOUR TURNS FROM WALLACE

Beginning with the Sunday night parade, the central figure in the American drama made his entrance - the policeman. In this case, though, there were just enough cops to regulate the traffic and handle small disorders. Their big scenes were to come later.

After the parade, I went back to the Democratic Headquarters with Don Droy, my fellow PRO TEM reporter, to interview

By **GRAHAM MUIR**

New York-

Karolyn Gould who had been one of the main campaign coordinators in New York.

She had been an original Kennedy supporter and some of her best friends had helped get McCarthy's campaign rolling. But she was now completely for Humphrey because she was convinced of his sincerity. She was quick to point out his liberal record.

She said that many people were coming over to Humphrey because, "In the moment of truth, they can't go for Nixon. They distrust him too much."

She thought that Humphrey was picking up labour support from Wallace because workers were beginning to learn about what Wallace had done with labour in Alabama. (no minimum wage, etc.)

She was optimistic in predicting New York would be a big win for Humphrey and that he'd make it in the rest of the country. She proved to be right about New York at least.

"TWO LANGUAGES, EH?"

After this, I went up to 62nd Street to cover a Young Socialist Alliance rally. There wasn't any rally so, after watching the fountain at the Lincoln Centre for half an hour I went back to 52nd St. expecting to meet Don.

But he didn't show up by twelve, so after getting kicked out of the building, I was directed to the McBurney YMCA on 23rd St. where I spent the night.

The guy who directed me there was interesting because he didn't know anything about Canada. He and a couple of other New Yorkers I met were surprised I knew anything about America because they knew nothing about Canada.

The guy asked me what problems Canada had and I said, "Oh, we have many of the problems you have except that we have two languages to complicate things a bit. Actually, you should learn a little about Canada because you'll probably own it in about twenty years."

"Own it?"
"Yeah, Americans own something like 60% of Canadian industry now."

"Really? Gee, I didn't know that...two languages, eh?"

I spent half of the next day looking for Don but about noon I gave up and went down to the Vietnam Peace Parade Committee office down on 17th St.

I found out about a few rallies and demonstrations and talked to a high school girl about the Movement.

I asked her how the unionization of the New York high school students was coming along.

TEACHER STRIKE IN NEW YORK

She said, "Well, kinda' slow right now. The teacher strike is a real mess now. But the high school kids are militant in a different way than the university people. The older militants are reasonable, they think about things a lot more. The younger kids have no common sense at all and they'll do something long before the older more mature people."

"We don't care who is elected. Whoever he is we oppose him. There's gonna be a lot of fun on Inauguration Day in Washington in January. There'll be a lot of demonstrations there. We're setting in now for some really hard, bloody years ahead."

I left there to go up to Columbia to check on the situation there. I took the wrong subway and ended up in the middle of Harlem, so after tippy-toeing out of there, I ran into a demonstration that was moving down 8th Ave. from 108th St.

I recognized a couple of Columbia SDS leaders marshalling the marchers so I caught up with it and found out it was a demonstration in solidarity with the people of Ocean Hill-Brownsville in support of community control of schools.

'DID WE VOTE FOR RACISM?'

The issue is a little more complex because in addition to the educational question, there are all sorts of race questions since Ocean Hill-Brownsville is predominantly black or Puerto Rican.

The marchers went down from 108th St. to the U.F.T. building at 21st St. and Park, a distance of about seven miles. They were chanting about three quarters of the time.

The chants included "Racist Shanker (head of U.F.T.) must go.", "What do we want? Community Control! When do we want it? Now!" among others, plus a new one for the elections, "Did we vote for war? Noooo! Did we vote for racism? Noooo! Did we vote for poverty? Noooo!"

who lit cigarettes in boxcars boxcars boxcars racketing through snow toward lonesome farms in grandfather night,

who studied Plotinus Poe St. John of the Cross telepathy and bop kaballa because the cosmos instinctively vibrated at their feet in Kansas,

who loned it through the streets of Idaho seeking visionary indian angels who were visionary indian angels,

who thought they were only mad when Baltimore gleamed in supernatural ecstasy,

who jumped in limousines with the Chinaman of Oklahoma on the impulse of winter midnight streetlight smalltown rain,

who lounged hungry and lonesome through Houston seeking jazz or sex or soup, and followed the brilliant Spaniard to converse about America and Eternity, a hopeless task, and so took ship to Africa,

who disappeared into the volcanoes of Mexico leaving behind nothing but the shadow of dungarees and the lava and ash of poetry scattered in fireplace Chicago,

who reappeared on the West Coast investigating the F.B.I. in beards and shorts with big pacifist eyes sexy in their dark skin passing out incomprehensible leaflets,

who burned cigarette holes in their arms protesting the narcotic tobacco haze of Capitalism,

who distributed Supercommunist pamphlets in Union Square weeping and undressing while the sirens of Los Alamos wailed them down, and wailed down Wall, and the Staten Island ferry also wailed,

who broke down crying in white gymnasiums naked and trembling before the machinery of other skeletons,

who bit detectives in the neck and shrieked with delight in policecars for committing no crime but their own wild cooking pederasty and intoxication,

who howled on their knees in the subway and were dragged off the roof waving genitals and manuscripts,

who let themselves be fucked in the ass by saintly motorcyclists, and screamed with joy,

who blew and were blown by those human seraphim, the sailors, caresses of Atlantic and Caribbean love,

who balled in the morning in the evenings in rosegardens and the grass of public parks and cemeteries scattering their semen freely to whomever come who may,

who hiccupped endlessly trying to giggle but wound up with a sob behind a partition in a Turkish Bath when the blonde & naked angel came to pierce them with a sword,

who lost their loveboys to the three old shrews of fate the one eyed shrew of the heterosexual dollar the one eyed shrew that winks out of the womb and the one eyed shrew that does nothing but sit on her ass and snip the intellectual golden threads of the craftsman's loom,

who copulated ecstatic and insatiate with a bottle of beer a sweetheart a package of cigarettes a candle and fell off the bed, and continued along the floor and down the hall and ended fainting on the wall with a vision of ultimate cunt and come eluding the last gyzym of consciousness,

who sweetened the snatches of a million girls trembling in the sunset, and were red eyed in the morning but prepared to sweeten the snatch of the sunrise, flashing buttocks under barns and naked in the lake,

who went out whoring through Colorado in myriad stolen night-cars, N.C., secret hero of these poems, cocksman and Adonis of Denver — joy to the memory of his innumerable lays of girls in empty lots & diner backyards, moviehouses' rickety rows, on mountaintops in caves or with gaunt waitresses in familiar roadside lonely petticoat upliftings & especially secret gas-station solipsisisms of johns, & hometown alleys too,

who faded out in vast sordid movies, were shifted in dreams, woke on a sudden Manhattan, and picked themselves up out of basements hungover with heartless Tokay and horrors of Third Avenue iron dreams & stumbled to unemployment offices,

who walked all night with their shoes full of blood on the snowbank docks waiting for a door in the East River to open to a room full of steamheat and opium,

who created great suicidal dramas on the apartment cliff-banks of the Hudson under the wartime blue floodlight of the moon & their heads shall be crowned with laurel in oblivion,

who ate the lamb stew of the imagination or digested the crab at the muddy bottom of the rivers of Bowery,

who wept at the romance of the streets with their pushcarts full of onions and bad music,

who sat in boxes breathing in the darkness under the bridge, and rose up to build harpsichords in their lofts,

who coughed on the sixth floor of Harlem crowned with flame under the tubercular sky surrounded by orange crates of theology,

who scribbled all night rocking and rolling over lofty incantations which in the yellow morning were stanzas of gibberish, who cooked rotten animals lung heart feet tail borshst & tortillas dreaming of the pure vegetable kingdom,

who plunged themselves under meat trucks looking for an egg,

who threw their watches off the roof to cast their ballot for Eternity outside of Time, & alarm clocks fell on their heads every day for the next decade,

who cut their wrists three times successively unsuccessfully, gave up

A 'what-if' election

with confidence. After the 1964 Republican Goldwater debacle, there were 33 Democratic and 17 Republican Governors of the 50 states. Today, there are 31 Republican and 19 Democratic Governors.

Similar shifts have taken place in the state legislatures, the traditional breeding grounds for statewide or federal political office.

Nor do the numbers tell the whole story. The Republican personnel replacing the incumbent Democrats are younger and more attractive personalities, suggesting both long and successful careers and that they will attract voters and political recruits.

There are also some features of the election which are fascinating to examine because they received so much attention prior to the actual event. I want to mention three of them here: voter apathy, Negro voting, and the Wallace phenomenon.

A great deal of copy was filed before election day about the lack of interest among the electorate in the Presidential race, and that the voter turnout would be low.

Whatever the motivations of the voters, more Americans cast their ballots for President than ever before, and they demonstrated greater discrimination in the many choices before them.

VOTING NOT CONSISTENT

It might be presumed that an apathetic electorate would be one which did not vote or if they did so, would vote a straight party ticket. But such was not the case. Nixon won a plurality in 32 of the 50 states, yet only a handful of Democratic Congressmen were swept out of office in those 32 states.

32 Senate seats were contested in this election. In 11 of those contests the Democrats won even though the state was won by Nixon and in 3 other cases the Republican candidate was the winner even though the state was in the Humphrey column.

One other indicator of apathy might be that certain groups of electors failed to vote. It could be suggested that young people would be the least enthusiastic about the three candidates for President.

It is too early to have the answer to that, but the raw data will probably tell us very little. The pattern of all elections in the U.S. is that the age group between 21 and 26 does not vote proportionately as well as other age groups.

It is much too early to make any definitive comments about the Negro vote, again because of the lack of data this close to the election. One of the U.S. television network commentators told the viewers that according to a survey of key precincts in the nation that, contrary to some predictions, Negroes had been turning out to vote in record numbers nationally.

He suggested that the Negro vote for President would be up 5% over the previous record turnout of 1964. There were significant regional variations within that total, however, with the vote down in some areas of the Midwest.

This was more than offset by the greater vote in the South, where so much effort has been put into Negro voter registration in the past few years. The Negro vote was once again going 9-1 for the Democratic nominee for President, about the same as in 1964.

WALLACE'S EFFECT

What effect Wallace had on the campaign will be debated for a long time. He received 13.5% of the national vote, far less than he had hoped.

Survey research has already indicated that the majority of the Wallace voters would have voted for Nixon in a straight two party fight, but there was sufficient regional variation within this to be significant.

The Democrats are already blaming the Wallace vote for the loss of California and New Jersey, a total of 57 electoral votes. That would have given Humphrey 248 electoral votes and Nixon 245, with Wallace holding the remaining 45.

The Republicans are claiming that Wallace prevented them from winning Michigan's 21 electoral votes and that Nixon would have taken all five of the Southern states won by Wallace had Wallace not been a candidate.

The fact remains that electors pledged to Wallace did appear on the ballots of all 50 states, whereas his party did not appear on any ballot in 1964.

Those electors received over 91/2 million votes, a greater total than all those who cast their ballots in the recent Canadian federal election.

A 'what-if' election

Although he received less than one out of ten votes cast outside of the South, he demonstrated pockets of strength in regions and states. If Wallace is really interested in founding a new party as an alternative to the existing giants, he will have to build a state and Congressional base.

If Wallace decided to run Congressional candidates in carefully selected districts in 1970, his showing in this election suggests some measure of success.

Such an effort in 1970 would certainly enhance his prospects of being taken as a serious force in the campaign of 1972.

VIET NAM CLOUDED OVER

Aside from the personalities of the candidates involved, there were only about three national issues in the campaign: Vietnam, Law & Order, and Bureaucracy.

There were other issues, of course, some regional in importance, (such as conservation and agricultural policy) and some of great interest to special elements of the citizenry (the draft, federal contracts).

Vietnam began the year as the most significant issue. Senators McCarthy and Kennedy entered the Democratic lists because of opposition to the Administration policies on Vietnam and both claimed credit for driving President Johnson out of the race by exposing the lack of popular support those policies had among the electorate.

Johnson, however, claimed that he voluntarily took himself out of the campaign so that he could concentrate all his efforts on making sure that his Vietnam policies prevailed.

When Humphrey became the party nominee some of the passion went out of the issue. As Vice-President he could not be held personally responsible for the policies enunciated by the President, nor could he openly split with his leader.

Nixon also found it difficult to stake out a specific position on Vietnam. The Republican Congressional members had an unbroken record of support for the military initiatives of the U.S. in Vietnam and Nixon could not embarrass them by moving to the left of the President.

But to continue to demand more military support was to lose those millions of voters who wanted out of Vietnam at less human cost than was now being paid.

As a consequence, Nixon fell back on the Delphic phrase ("I am for peace with honor") or saying nothing, justified on the grounds that "The U.S. must speak with one voice to the North Vietnamese, so that the peace talks in Paris will not be jeopardized."

THE MILITARY SOUTH

In some ways, Wallace found himself in the most difficult position of all. His base of support has been shown to be the South and Border states. These are areas which pride themselves on being patriotic, of being the first to rally to the national defense.

A higher percentage of U.S. military dead and wounded in all Wars in which the U.S. has participated overseas have come from the South and the Border states than any other region. Most military forces are stationed or trained in the South.

To the extent that the military has supported the U.S. commitment in Vietnam or has criticized the administration for not allowing the military to do more, Wallace has reflected that view.

At the same time, the South is also the home or center of overt racism. As the war in Vietnam dragged on, many began wondering why American men were dying for yellow lives.

The longer the war has been prolonged the greater the sense of frustration on the part of Southern whites. So Wallace has had to give voice to this demand as well.

As he has never claimed to be an expert in foreign affairs, he has preferred to defer questions about them to others more knowledgeable.

This was presumably one of the reasons why Wallace was attracted to LeMay as his Vice-Presidential running mate.

The result of all this was to remove Vietnam from center stage as an issue on which the candidates would take specific stands and distinguish them from their opponents.

That the electorate did not view the campaign as one which offered the voter the choice of registering simple support or repudiation of the Vietnam policies being followed is seen by the result.

Nixon, who claimed he would end the war if elected, won. The Congress, which supported that war by every vote that was

and were forced to open antique stores where they thought they were growing old and cried,

who were burned alive in their innocent flannel suits on Madison Avenue amid blasts of leaden verse & the tanked-up clatter of the iron regiments of fashion & the nitroglycerine shrieks of the fairies of advertising & the mustard gas of sinister intelligent editors, or were run down by the drunken taxicabs of Absolute Reality,

who jumped off the Brooklyn Bridge this actually happened and walked away unknown and forgotten into the ghostly daze of Chinatown soup alleyways & firetrucks, not even one free beer,

who sang out of their windows in despair, fell out of the subway window, jumped in the filthy Passaic, leaped on negroes, cried all over the street, danced on broken wineglasses barefoot smashed phonograph records of nostalgic European 1930's German jazz finished the whiskey and threw up groaning into the bloody toilet, moans in their ears and the blast of colossal steamwhistles,

who barreled down the highways of the past journeying to each other's hotrod-Golgotha jail-solitude watch or Birmingham jazz incarnation,

who drove crosscountry seventytwo hours to find out if I had a vision or you had a vision or he had a vision to find out Eternity,

who journeyed to Denver, who died in Denver, who came back to Denver & waited in vain, who watched over Denver & brooded & loned in Denver and finally went away to find out the Time, & now Denver is lonesome for her heroes,

who fell on their knees in hopeless cathedrals praying for each other's salvation and light and breasts, until the soul illuminated its hair for a second,

who crashed through their minds in jail waiting for impossible criminals with golden heads and the charm of reality in their hearts who sang sweet blues to Alcatraz,

who retired to Mexico to cultivate a habit, or Rocky Mount to tender Buddha or Tangiers to boys or Southern Pacific to the black locomotive or Harvard to Narcissus to Woodlawn to the daisychain or grave,

who demanded sanity trials accusing the radio of hypnotism & were left with their insanity & their hands & a hung jury,

who threw potato salad at CCNY lecturers on Dadaism and subsequently presented themselves on the granite steps of the madhouse with shaven heads and harlequin speech of suicide, demanding instantaneous lobotomy,

and who were given instead the concrete void of insulin metrasol electricity hydrotherapy psychotherapy occupational therapy pingpong & amnesia,

who in humorless protest overturned only one symbolic pingpong table, resting briefly in catatonia,

returning years later truly bald except for a wig of blood, and tears and fingers, to the visible madman doom of the wards of the madtowns of the East,

Pilgrim State's Rockland's and Greystone's foetid halls, bickering with the echoes of the soul, rocking and rolling in the midnight solitude-bench dolmen-realms of love, dream of life a nightmare, bodies turned to stone as heavy as the moon,

with mother finally ***** and the last fantastic book flung out of the tenement window, and the last door closed at 4 AM and the last telephone slammed at the wall in reply and the last furnished room emptied down to the last piece of mental furniture, a yellow paper rose twisted on a wire hanger in the closet, and even that imaginary, nothing but a hopeful little bit of hallucination —

ah, Carl, while you are not safe I am not safe, and now you're really in the total animal soup of time —

and who therefore ran through the icy streets obsessed with a sudden flash of the alchemy of the use of the ellipse the catalog the meter & the vibrating plane,

who dreamt and made incarnate gaps in Time & Space through images juxtaposed, and trapped the archangel of the soul between 2 visual images and joined the elemental verbs and set the noun and dash of consciousness together jumping with sensation of Pater Omnipotens Aeterna Deus

to recreate the syntax and measure of poor human prose and stand before you speechless and intelligent and shaking with shame, rejected yet confessing out the soul to conform to the rhythm of thought in his naked and endless head,

the madman bum and angel beat in Time, unknown, yet putting down here what might be left to say in time come after death,

and rose reincarnate in the ghostly clothes of jazz in the goldhorn shadow of the band and blew the suffering of America's naked mind for love into an eli eli lamma lamma sabacthani saxophone cry that shivered the cities down to the last radio

with the absolute heart of the poem of life butchered out of their own bodies good to eat a thousand years.

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along with the perennials "We have only begun, we'll continue to fight.", and "Join us! Join us!"

The comments of passersby were interesting: "Fucking hippies", "Yeah, I'm for community control, too.", "Get a haircut", "Right Shanker MUST go.", "Get a shave", "What a bunch of kooks.", "Can I join?", and "Gee, they're gonna spoil everything for me" (uttered by one small boy).

Some onlookers flashed smiles, V signs, or clenched fists; others frowned, turning their thumbs down.

Along the way, two marchers were arrested; but the march was orderly and stopped at every red light.

At the U.F.T. building about 3,000 people of all ages and affiliations were packed into one block. Cops were everywhere and there were a couple of paddy wagons. But the rally was just ending and nothing much happened.

I overheard one adult saying, "Gee, it used to be I was glad to have a cop in my neighbourhood so I could walk the streets. Now, I don't know if it isn't safer without the cop. They talk about safeguarding your rights but they won't even let you demonstrate."

CHICAGO AND MARCUSE

We stayed that night up at 107th St. with some people from the Viet Nam Mobilization Committee. We got to talking about Chicago and one guy expressed his disappointment that the radicals had really blown Chicago:

"What they should have done is got their hair cut and lied down in front of the police. They should have gotten Jerry Rubin high on LSD and thrown him into Lake Michigan. Instead, they were the perennial "fucking hippies" and Daley and the police found justification for their repression from 70 per cent of Americans. On the other hand, the kids for "Clean Gene" really affected public opinion."

One of the girls was a graduate of Brandeis University. She had had Herbert Marcuse as a professor in her first year. She talked a bit about him and her old school:

"At Brandeis everyone is very familiar with everyone else. Student radicals are frustrated because the administration gives way every time they demand something. It's small (2,000 students) and so professor-student distinctions are broken down. But with Marcuse it's different. You always address him as Professor Marcuse. He's the typical old German professor. He's very academic. But his warmth and his humanity are just fantastic."

'NO MORE KINGS'

In the afternoon various radical groups organized a rally at Union Square. There were about eight hundred people there and it seemed about half as many cops.

Just before the rally I listened to a Negro bum discourse on the evils of America. He maintained America was sick because it didn't eat the right food. He himself ate sunflower seeds.

At the rally there were anti-war speeches. The Columbia theatre group performed. The "Pageant Players", a group of Yuppies, put on a parody of their own about the king and the people. The audience ended up chanting "No more kings, no more kings." at the end of the playlet.

After this Pigasus H. Pig, Yippie candidate for President, held a news conference. The part was played by a student with a pig mask over his face. He was asked for a description of his programme and he replied, "Rome wasn't destroyed in a day."

A few people carried around a black burnt papier maché coffin with Humphrey, Wallace, and Nixon's picture on it. Some kids wore masks that combined Nixon's features with a pig, the same for Humphrey. The most popular slogan was "Vote with your feet, vote in the streets."

The rally broke up and moved over to Rockefeller Centre, then Times Square, and then to the Hotel Diplomat, where the Grand Ballroom had been reserved for a party for all Movement people.

SECRET SERVICE TAKES OVER WALDORF

Richard Nixon was staying at the Waldorf-Astoria that night and the Republicans were having a big party in the Grand Ballroom there. Many radicals wanted to demonstrate there starting at about 7:40 P.M.

Don and I decided that he would cover the Democratic party up at the Hotel Pierre on 61st Street and I would cover the Republi-

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cans' at the Waldorf at 49th Street and Park. As it turned out I spent the night walking back and forth from the Republicans to the radicals.

That morning Don and I had tried to get passes into the Republicans' thing. But the secret service had apparently taken over and had even cancelled guest passes. Attendance was by invitation only. The night before we had gone to see Nixon's press secretary but he couldn't give us any press passes.

About 6:30 P.M. the radicals were debating about what to do. Approximately thirty had already been arrested for demonstrating at the Rockefeller Centre. They finally decided to go in two's or three's over to the Waldorf and perhaps form a demonstration there.

The cops were moving in quickly to the Waldorf.

At seven you could still get inside the building. But one kid with a band around his head and a flower in his hair was signing a little ditty about the end of democracy in front of the main doors so the police kicked him off the block.

They told one newsman to shut off the lights of his movie camera. It was against the law apparently.

Nixon was to be coming in around eight. I tried to wander in to the Grand Ballroom at two or three points but there were about three or four check points you had to go through so there was no way. You had to have all the correct credentials.

A MINI-CONFRONTATION

I was told that some extra press passes might be coming down in a little while so I waited around. At 7:30 I went out to see if a demonstration was forming.

While I was looking on the corner the cops told this Columbia student who belongs to Newsreel, the SDS film organization, to get lost. It seemed as if his hair was too long for him to stand there.

I turned to make my way back into the building and a cop stopped me. While I was telling him my story he was saying, "I'll give you up to three, buddy, ... one, two..."

"Oh, Christ, OK."

I had shown him my PRO TEM press card and he had snorted at it. We really must get a more sophisticated press card.

At any rate I walked around the block and entered the building from another point. The building wasn't completely cordoned off yet.

There were no passes, though, and so I went outside and sat down with about forty radicals about a block away.

One of them did something (I don't know what) and the police arrested him for it. Because of this they formed a line and pushed the kids down a block.

The students spent a long time talking at one street corner. They finally filtered down and formed a group of about one hundred glaring at the police twenty yards away on Park Avenue.

The police said they could picket in an area cordoned off by police barricades across from the Waldorf.

The spokesmen for the demonstrators, though, didn't even have enough time to go back to the group to tell them about the offer when the cops formed a line and pushed the kids back down a block.

THE KIDS

The demonstrators were afraid of being arrested so whenever the cops moved they moved. Besides there were altogether around the Waldorf far more cops than there were demonstrators.

By this time, by rough guesses from various sources, there were about 1,000 New York cops either inside or outside the Waldorf, about 150 Pinkerton security guards inside, and 150 secret service agents everywhere.

At this point all the streets around were cordoned off by the police and the only people that could enter the hotel were residents or official press or someone with a pass.

The radicals regrouped and formed a very disorganized but very spontaneous march through the streets of New York. It swelled to about two hundred at points.

They would walk in the middle of side streets shouting "The streets belong to the people!" until a car would come bolting down helter-skelter through their midst.

They would cross main streets disrupting traffic. They would march down the streets chanting "Law and order, law and order".

The crowds coming out of the Broadway theatres were startled, bemused, irritated.

ah, Carl, while you are not safe I am not safe, and now you're really in the total animal soup of time —

and who therefore ran through the icy streets obsessed with a sudden flash of the alchemy of the use of the ellipse the catalog the meter & the vibrating plane,

who dreamt and made incarnate gaps in Time & Space through images juxtaposed, and trapped the archangel of the soul between 2 visual images and joined the elemental verbs and set the noun and dash of consciousness together jumping with sensation of Pater Omnipotens Aeterna Deus

to recreate the syntax and measure of poor human prose and stand before you speechless and intelligent and shaking with shame, rejected yet confessing out the soul to conform to the rhythm of thought in his naked and endless head,

the madman bum and angel beat in Time, unknown, yet putting down here what might be left to say in time come after death,

and rose reincarnate in the ghostly clothes of jazz in the goldhorn shadow of the band and blew the suffering of America's naked mind for love into an eli eli lamma lamma sabacthani saxophone cry that shivered the cities down to the last radio with the absolute heart of the poem of life butchered out of their own bodies good to eat a thousand years.

who crashed through their minds in jail waiting for impossible criminals with golden heads and the charm of reality in their hearts who sang sweet blues to Alcatraz,

who retired to Mexico to cultivate a habit, or Rocky Mount to tender Buddha or Tangiers to boys or Southern Pacific to the black locomotive or Harvard to Narcissus to Woodlawn to the daisychain or grave,

who demanded sanity trials accusing the radio of hypnotism & were left with their insanity & their hands & a hung jury,

who threw potato salad at CUNY lecturers on Dadaism and subsequently presented themselves on the granite steps of the madhouse with shaven heads and harlequin speech of suicide, demanding instantaneous lobotomy,

and who were given instead the concrete void of insulin metrasol electricity hydrotherapy psychotherapy occupational therapy pingpong & amnesia,

who in humorless protest overturned only one symbolic pingpong table, resting briefly in catatonia,

returning years later truly bald except for a wig of blood, and tears and fingers, to the visible madman doom of the wards of the madtowns of the East,

Pilgrim State's Rockland's and Greystone's foetid halls, bickering with the echoes of the soul, rocking and rolling in the midnight solitude-bench dolmen-realms of love, dream of life a nightmare, bodies turned to stone as heavy as the moon,

with mother finally ***** and the last fantastic book flung out of the tenement window, and the last door closed at 4 AM and the last telephone slammed at the wall in reply and the last furnished room emptied down to the last piece of mental furniture, a yellow paper rose twisted on a wire hanger in the closet, and even that imaginary, nothing but a hopeful little bit of hallucination —

II

What sphinx of cement and aluminum bashed open their skulls and ate up their brains and imagination?

Moloch! Solitude! Filth! Ugliness! Ashcans and unobtainable dollars! Children screaming under the stairways! Boys sobbing in armies! Old men weeping in the parks!

Moloch! Moloch! Nightmare of Moloch! Moloch the loveless! Mental Moloch! Moloch the heavy judger of men!

Moloch the incomprehensible prison! Moloch the crossbone soulless jailhouse and Congress of sorrows! Moloch whose buildings are judgement! Moloch the vast stone of war! Moloch the stunned governments!

Moloch whose mind is pure machinery! Moloch whose blood is running money! Moloch whose fingers are ten armies! Moloch whose breast is a cannibal dynamo! Moloch whose ear is a smoking tomb!

Moloch whose eyes are a thousand blind windows! Moloch whose skyscrapers stand in the long streets like endless Jehovahs! Moloch whose factories dream and croak in the fog! Moloch whose smokestacks and antennae crown the cities!

Moloch whose love is endless oil and stone! Moloch whose soul is electricity and banks! Moloch whose poverty is the specter of genius! Moloch whose fate is a cloud of sexless hydrogen! Moloch whose name is the Mind!

Moloch in whom I sit lonely! Moloch in whom I dream Angels! Crazy in Moloch! Cocksucker in Moloch! Lacklove and manless in Moloch!

Moloch who entered my soul early! Moloch in whom I am a consciousness without a body! Moloch who frightened me out of my natural ecstasy! Moloch whom I abandon! Wake up in Moloch! Light streaming out of the sky!

A 'what-if' election

asked of it by the administration, also was returned with little or no change of cast.

LAW AND ORDER

Law and order was the most important issue in the campaign. The phrase meant different things to different people and was so used by some of the candidates. It was commonly alleged by liberals to be a euphemism among racists for "Keep the Negro in his place."

That was only partially true.

There were at least three components to the law and order issue. The first was the belief among a large section of the public that crimes against the person and against property were on the increase both numerically and proportionately.

Some blamed the Supreme Court for a series of decisions which were alleged to make it much more difficult for the police to prosecute criminals successfully. Others blamed it on the lack of the right moral tone and example by the national political leadership.

Others viewed the rise in crime with the parallel expansion of federal programmes to the poor as proving that falsity of the long standing liberal claim that crime is a product of lack of education and deprivation.

The second component was demonstrations. A society which prides itself on being the most free and democratic in the world is perplexed by placard waving marchers, deliberate attempts to break trespass laws, sit-ins, Vietnam rallies which break out into violence, student riots and campus take-overs, and organized political heckling which prevents speakers from being heard.

The overwhelming majority of citizens feel no need to go outside the traditional avenues of social and political dissent: voting, running for office, organizing interest groups, writing representatives and editors.

Therefore, the various forms of demonstration and the causes which spawned them are lumped together and rejected as threats to the basic fabric and institutions of the nation.

The third element is the racial problem. It needs no elaboration here, except that the Wallace campaign and the various efforts of Negroes to press for employment opportunities and better housing have demonstrated that open racism is not an exclusive Southern phenomenon.

Before leaving the law and order issue, it is perhaps interesting to note that the high crime areas, those areas where most of the crimes are committed and where most of the crime victims live, voted overwhelmingly for Humphrey.

The high property areas voted equally solidly for Nixon or Wallace.

REACTIONS TO BUREAUCRACY

The bureaucracy issue, the role of the individual in modern society and especially how that individual should be treated by the government bureaucracy, was central to the campaigns of those polarized candidates McCarthy and Wallace.

Because of the response it generated, the two main nominees took it up as well. Partly it was a manifestation of the American dream of rugged individualism. More importantly, it was the coupling of that dream with the results of rapidly expanding federal and state programs which more and more involved the state in the affairs of the individual.

Thus the Wallace outbursts about "pointee-headed intellectuals" and briefcases being thrown into the Potomac river. Thus the Republican charges of top-heavy administration and Washington bureaucrats telling you what to do.

There was one candidate who knows more about this problem than anyone else, because he has for a number of years chaired the Congressional Committee on Intergovern-

**GOD BLESS
AMERICA**

A 'what-if' election

mental Relations. He could speak with the most authority on how to ease some of the problems of bureaucratization in our society.

It is ironic that he is the losing candidate for the Vice-Presidency, Senator Muskie. The net effect of such fears is always to work against incumbents, in this case the Democrats.

THE FUTURE WITH NIXON

What kind of administration will Nixon have and what will be its impact? Here are some key things to examine.

The first task facing Nixon is that of appointments. Obviously, all cabinet appointments may be important, depending on how he uses his personnel.

But two appointments are especially crucial and should give observers an early indication of the direction of his administration: Attorney General and the Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare.

The Attorney General sets the tempo and policies of federal law enforcement in the nation. How vigorously many of the provisions of the civil rights acts passed into law in recent years will be enforced and how they will be interpreted in administration will be the task of the holder of this office.

The attitude of the new administration toward corporate mergers and big business generally will be determined by the anti-trust division of the Justice Department headed by the Attorney General.

If any member of the cabinet is closely associated with the most costly and rapidly expanding domestic programs it would be the Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare.

It is common (though unsubstantiated) political gossip that prior to his nomination at the Republican Convention Nixon was forced to make some sort of deal with Senator Thurmond of South Carolina to ensure the support of the South to get the nomination and to get elected.

It has been generally accepted that the price in Miami for that support was the selection of Agnew for Vice-President. That may or may not be true, but if I were in the shoes of Thurmond, I would much prefer to have influence in the selection of Attorney General and the Secretary of HEW.

Other than the President himself, these two have more influence in the federal presence in the South than anyone else.

CRUCIAL TIME

Nixon is also in an excellent position to influence history by his appointments to the Supreme Court. There are several members of the Court who because of age or health will soon be stepping down.

It seems certain that the era of emphasis on individual civil liberties will soon be over and that interpreters or a more strict construction of the constitution will be appointed.

During the last two decades the Supreme Court has generally expanded the protection the constitution provides the individual in dealings with the state. It would be an optimistic man indeed who predicted a continuation of that trend under possible future Nixon appointees.

Certainly, the Court will be expected to be less activist in urging social and political changes in the nation.

Lastly, will the Negroes give Nixon time to test his theory that "black capitalism" and private investment will solve some of the most pressing problems of ghetto life?

Almost every city in the United States outside of the South voted against Nixon. Less than 1 Negro in 10 voted for him.

On the one hand, he owes them nothing for his selection. On the other, these most potentially explosive areas appear to have little or no confidence in the Nixon prescriptions for what ails them.

A failure by Nixon to gain either support or time could mean severe national crisis.

**GOD SAVE
AMERICA**

Moloch! Moloch! Robot apartments! invisible suburbs! skeleton treasuries! blind capitals! demonic industries! spectral nations! invincible madhouses! granite cocks! monstrous bombs!

They broke their backs lifting Moloch to Heaven! Pavements, trees, radios, tons! lifting the city to Heaven which exists and is everywhere about us!

Visions! omens! hallucinations! miracles! ecstasies! gone down the American river!

Dreams! adorations! illuminations! religions! the whole boatload of sensitive bullshit!

Breakthroughs! over the river! flips and crucifixions! gone down the flood! Highs! Epiphanies! Despairs! Ten years' animal screams and suicides! Minds! New loves! Mad generation! down on the rocks of Time!

Real holy laughter in the river! They saw it all! the wild eyes! the holy yells! They bade farewell! They jumped off the roof! to solitude! waving! carrying flowers! Down to the river! into the street!

III

Carl Solomon! I'm with you in Rockland
where you're madder than I am

I'm with you in Rockland
where you must feel very strange

I'm with you in Rockland
where you imitate the shade of my mother

I'm with you in Rockland
where you've murdered your twelve secretaries

I'm with you in Rockland
where you laugh at this invisible humor

I'm with you in Rockland
where we are great writers on the same dreadful typewriter

I'm with you in Rockland
where your condition has become serious and is reported on the radio

I'm with you in Rockland
where the faculties of the skull no longer admit the worms of the senses

I'm with you in Rockland
where you drink the tea of the breasts of the spinsters of Utica

I'm with you in Rockland
where you pun on the bodies of your nurses the harpies of the Bronx

I'm with you in Rockland
where you scream in a straightjacket that you're losing the game of the actual pingpong of the abyss

I'm with you in Rockland
where you bang on the catatonic piano the soul is innocent and immortal it should never die ungodly in an armed madhouse

I'm with you in Rockland
where fifty more shocks will never return your soul to its body again from its pilgrimage to a cross in the void

I'm with you in Rockland
where you accuse your doctors of insanity and plot the Hebrew socialist revolution against the fascist national Golgotha

I'm with you in Rockland
where you will split the heavens of Long Island and resurrect your living human Jesus from the superhuman tomb

I'm with you in Rockland
where there are twentyfive-thousand mad comrades all together singing the final stanzas of the Internationale

I'm with you in Rockland
where we hug and kiss the United States under our bedsheets the United States that coughs all night and won't let us sleep

I'm with you in Rockland
where we wake up electrified out of the coma by our own souls' airplanes roaring over the roof they've come to drop angelic bombs the hospital illuminates itself imaginary walls collapse O skinny legions run outside O starry-spangled shock of mercy the eternal war is here O victory forget your underwear we're free

I'm with you in Rockland
in my dreams you walk dripping from a sea-journey on the highway across America in tears to the door of my cottage in the Western night

San Francisco 1955-56

By ALLEN GINSBERG

New York-

Passers by would sneak by them, uttering soft censures. Others would smile.

THE COPS

And then the cops came.

Seeing three paddy wagons being moved up on Park Avenue the kids turned over to the next street where at least three squad cars darted down to a corner and ten or fifteen cops jumped out. Everyone split.

One cop kicked a guy when he was down on the ground. Another jabbed a guy in the back with his night stick because he wasn't moving along fast enough. One girl was very upset and she screamed at them, "You're pigs! You're animals!"

A few kids regrouped on the steps of St. Patrick's Cathedral for a rest and a line of about ten cops formed and pushed them off the block shoving them all in different directions.

A group of seven kids formed on a street corner to talk and a cop came racing down the street at them. He stuck out his leg and tried to kick one kid who was late in getting away. He succeeded in tripping him up.

MANY GET HIGH

I went back to the Waldorf and tried to get in at two points but I was turned back so I returned to the radicals at the Hotel Diplomat who were watching the returns on TV, dancing, drinking beer, eating bologna sandwiches, and getting high.

By night's end about eighty had been arrested--thirty at Rockefeller, forty on the streets, and about ten reportedly for marching with an NLF flag down a street.

I figured political events had pretty well ended there so I went up to the Democrats at the Hotel Pierre and met Don.

He went down to the Waldorf having been told by Nixon's brother that he could get a pass. I stayed with the Democrats watching the returns on TV with them. Both California and Illinois still hung in the balance then.

I waited around the Hotel Pierre, expecting to remeet Don at 3:30 AM. But, for sundry reasons, he didn't make it and so I sat down in the lobby of the hotel, put a copy of the New York Times over my eyes and went to sleep.

AT FIVE IN THE MORNING

Two hours later the manager woke me up and kicked me out. I staggered down fifth Avenue muttering "Mindfuck" every once in a while.

I got in at the Waldorf (the police had relaxed a bit), sat down in the lobby, fell asleep, was wakened and told to move, moved, sat down, fell asleep, was wakened, and met Don who related his experience of looking at a ticker tape for four hours while waiting for a pass into the Grand Ballroom.

I didn't really know what was going on in the election so Don filled me in. By this time, Nixon had won California.

After all the security precautions of the night before, Nixon had not even shown up in the Grand Ballroom.

He was supposed to come down and talk to his campaign workers that morning but I figured nothing much more would happen, and, being penniless, except for my air fare, I borrowed a couple of bucks from Don for the bus and I left New York.

THE SPECTACLE CONTINUES

I left a couple of hours before there was a big demonstration at the Waldorf against Nixon. Reportedly about eighty kids were arrested by the cops who were out in full force.

Much of the talk I heard in New York that morning of course was on the elections. Everyone seemed startled by the closeness of the race. But New York, of course, rolled on as usual.

In New York, you see the American drama etched out and exaggerated in vivid human outlines. The important thing to remember in criticizing that drama is to look at it all and not to look out for just what fits into your prejudices.

The characters in the drama itself have a tendency to do this--everyone from the kids to the cops. It's so easy to simplify and dehumanize the person you do not know, the thing you do not know about.

And it's so much harder to look at it all comprehensively when you realize that you, the critic, have been playing a role in the play all along.

Council pressing for unity with workers

By GORDON THOMPSON

"When I mentioned to a student from Ryerson that the O.U.S. Secretariat was trying to get permission from the C.N.E. to join the Labour Day Parade, he laughed. When I suggested that students must establish better relations with workers he replied with amazement that he could imagine no interests of his being common with those of workers." (Ken Stone - vice-president of the Ontario Union of Students)

Today things appear to be changing a little. Jim Weston, Glendon Student Council's External Affairs Director, said that there is a tentative liaison between the Ontario Union of Students and the United Electrical, Radio, and Machine Workers of America.

The basic initiative in creating an affiliation between the O.U.S. and the U.E. has emanated from the students, he continued, though there has been a lot of sympathy shown in the unions. In justifying such an affiliation Weston said, "Essentially, students are developing fairly concrete demands on society. In order to achieve our goals we need as much support as possible."

"It may be that some of our goals coincide with the best interests of the working people in Canada. And therefore we should seek their support in achieving our ends, and help them to gain theirs."

Just what goals do the U.E. and O.U.S. have in common? According to Weston and Stan Bullock, a spokesman for the U.E., there are three major fields of reform where collective-action could and should be taken - education,

housing and politics.

"First and most important is the democratization of institutions. We believe students in the university community should control the environment of that community, and workers should have more control over their environment," said Weston.

Bullock agreed with this statement and added that university should be made available to "anyone who can benefit from it, at no direct or individual cost."

As well as removing psychological barriers, students and trade unions advocate the removal of economic barriers by abolishing tuition and establishing student stipends.

"When both groups need housing they should act together," said Weston. Students and workers both need more housing, and the workers' interests in housing coincide with the students' demands for bigger, cheaper student housing accommodation.

Bullock and Weston agreed that the student and the worker should unite their efforts to reduce the economic hold the United States has on Canada. Similar action could also be taken on such issues as Canadian complicity in Vietnam, control of water resources and air and water pollution.

The U.E., Bullock said, has passed resolutions on every major issue confronting society. He said that on all these issues students and workers have a common cause, and should stand together in pressing for mutually beneficial demands.

But there are problems in coordinating student and worker activities. One of these, Bullock said, is that

"some students feel that trade unions are a part of the establishment" and that "workers, generally speaking, are as confused and mixed up about student power and student affairs as the general public."

Where do the union members stand on worker-student relations? Bullock said that the idea of student cooperation isn't an idea that has been developed any more in the trade union than it has among the students. His

particular union had a tradition of getting involved with things outside the field of collective bargaining.

He said that "Unions are interested in more than just the bread and butter issues... most unions are interested... in the community problems."

Looking into the future of student-worker relations, Bullock said that there will have to be a meeting of student leaders and union leaders, and that the student

and union leaders will have to acquaint themselves with one another's ideas.

He said that decisions will be made to determine which issues are common to both students and workers, and action taken on them.

Weston says, "One of the first things students can do to get support for their views among the workers is to stop being scabs during strikes in the summer. It's like taking food out of people's mouths."

Education critic Hall picked for annual public service award

By MARILYN SMITH

Out of a list of nominees that included Eugene McCarthy, Harold Towne, and Max Ferguson, Justice Emmett Hall has been chosen to receive the Glendon College Public Service Award in January.

He will be the third person to receive the annual award. The previous two were Lester Pearson and Claude Ryan, editor of *Le Devoir*.

The paradoxical Hall seems to typify the traditional bureaucrat. He obviously enjoys the luxuries of his position. But his career performances mark him as a social reformer.

Hall was born in 1898 in St. Columban, Quebec. He was one of eleven children. The family moved to Saskatchewan a short time after his birth and it was there that Hall received his educa-

tion (he is bilingual). In 1919 he graduated from the University of Saskatchewan with a law degree.

RUN-IN WITH KKK

Some thirty-five years of law experience then began. In 1927, he established his own law firm in Saskatoon. His reputation grew as a sharp defender in appeal and other unusual cases.

He was burned in effigy by a KKK faction operating in Saskatchewan because of his stand for an editor who attacked the then popular movement.

His defence of unemployed persons taking part in the Regina riots of the 30's further marked him as a social activist.

An interest in education saw him serve times as teacher, Chairman of the Saskatoon School Board, and President of the Catholic School Trustees of Saska-

atchewan.

FRIEND OF DIF

Hall ran in the Saskatchewan provincial election of 1948. He was defeated and from then on contented himself with lending support to his longtime friend, John Diefenbaker.

As Chairman of the Saskatchewan government's reform committee (from 1957-1961), he concentrated on revisions of rules in court procedure. In 1961, he became Chief Justice of Saskatchewan.

With his appointment to the Supreme Court of Canada in 1963, Hall continued to further implement his judicial philosophy. He felt that his duty was to try to adapt law to changing circumstances rather than to apply it strictly as it is written.

But Hall's most famous accomplishments have been carried out within the past decade.

FOR

PROGRESSIVE EDUCATION

The Ontario Government appointed Hall co-chairman of the now-famous Hall - Dennis committee on education in 1965. The 21 members were to define the aims of provincial education and the means to achieve them.

The 250 recommendations made in the report are so progressive in trend that they have caused much controversy among educators.

Hall was Chairman of the 1961 Royal Commission on Health Services - the basis for the Medicare proposals that became law July first.

Hall argues that "the opportunity for good health is a right possessed by all, and not a privilege to be enjoyed by those who can afford to pay". Canada's growing economy, he feels, can well support a comprehensive and compulsory Medicare Plan.

Hall was the only dissenter in the nine man Supreme Court decision to uphold Stephen Truscott's life sentence. Truscott's guilt or innocence was not a prime factor to him. Rather, it was the original trial, which he felt was not conducted according to law.

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Surrealistic saunterings in a taxi-cab jungle

OR Rocky and Bullwinkle never had it so good

Going around New York trying to cover election time events is like riding naked on Kafkaesque merry-go-round.

You go up, down, around, running from one place to another, sifting through campaign bureaucracies, uncertain really as to where you are going and all the time feeling somehow out of place.

I arrived at the headquarters of New York Citizens for Humphrey-Muskie expecting to find some semblance of organization.

It seemed to me more as if it were the New York citizens vs. Humphrey-Muskie.

Armed with a telegram from Mr. Miles N. Hughie, Director of Public Affairs, National Citizens Committee for Humphrey and Muskie in Washington D.C., promising his full cooperation in every way and assuring me that accommodations had all been taken care of; I mounted the stairs quite assured.

For four hours I calmly conversed with every human that had any degree of authority in the building. I was then shunted onto the student organization.

They held up in a decrepit establishment in the lower east end of Manhattan, that was referred to as the "Store Front". This was truly the center of Humphrey's guerilla organization.

Cruel, hard, tactless swine. They all assured me they'd like to help too but not one bed was offered.

Back to Humphrey headquarters where I finally was put on to some one who saw the light. Mrs. Carolyn Gould was warm and understanding, had done some checking and admitted that the fault was all theirs.

In order to try and make up for some of the excruciating mental anguish, and staggering taxi bills I had accumulated that day she had made special arrangements to help me out.

I was to get a taxi immediately and proceed to the Marine Terminal at La Guardia Airport where special arrangements had been made for me to board the Vice-President's private press plane leaving for Washington. There hotel accommodations had been made for two nights and the following day booked solid with meetings.

She gave me a letter introduction that she assured me had enough influence to get me through the iron curtain and back if necessary.

The plane was to leave at 8:10, it was now 7:30. I was away, suitcase in one hand and waving a Humphrey victory flag in the other.

'WHAT VICE-PRESIDENT?'

There followed a mad, frolicking drive through New York with a taxi driver who claimed he wasn't prejudiced either way, thought everyone was born equal "but I hate niggers" since one pumped three shots into the back of his friend's head.

He now carried a pistol just to prove he wasn't prejudiced.

I was plopped at the marine terminal and burst through the door into the waiting lounge. Not a soul in sight. Had I missed it? I flung myself upon the receptionist behind the desk. "Where the hell is the press plane? I blurted out.

With cool efficiency he answered "What press plane?"

Backing off I screamed "the Vice-President's"

"What Vice-President?" he replied.

"The chubby little devil who's running for president", I cried.

"Oh, him", he answered.

He had no idea where the plane was, or if there was even supposed to be a plane.

I phoned back to Humphrey headquarters to find out what was going on. Twelve phone calls later, I got the reply.

"Yes, the V.P.'s plane was scheduled to take off at 8:10, but from Floyd Bennett Military Field, not La Guardia".

I gasped in disbelief. I then picked up the phone, once again, and flung myself over the telephone wire on Mrs. Gould with all the wrath the gods could muster.

She was as usual, very apologetic and suggested I hop yet another cab, and come over to stay at her apartment.

At this point I was in no shape to proceed any further and I agreed to come over.

THE BLOOD FLOWS

In the morning, being a bear for punishment I decided to return to Humphrey headquarters just to see what was going on there.

The complete block on which the Humphrey-

Muskie headquarters was located, was blocked off by New York police. I'd estimate there to be 300 police on foot and 50 on horseback.

A long line of demonstrators that stretched for several blocks filed past the building.

Groups of anti-demonstrators began to gather on corners and soon jeers and cursing broke into minor scuffles.

Suddenly the cops started to come across their grey barricade line swinging their riot sticks indiscriminately on the bodies of anyone in the way. I backed off to avoid an end to my career.

I saw two or three others, including a student from Columbia I had spoken to earlier, go down under the ferocious clubbing.

They dragged several to the police wagon, followed by several more. The sight that met me was rather sickening. Blood streamed forth from several unconscious demonstrators, their hair matted and clotted with blood and their clothes ripped and stained.

People yelled for ambulances, and jeered at the cops. The cops responded with "shut up you communists, you're next".

Deciding that I wasn't classified as a communist, I backed off further.

Sewer construction was under way in the middle of the block, and one cop went head over heels into the hole, to the delight of the crowd.

PARADE BOMBS

That evening I attended the Democrats' candle-light parade, that Mrs. Gould assured me would be a smash success, with several thousand marchers.

It bombed. The parade assembled in front of Hump's H.Q. There must have been all of 200 marchers, and 60 little coloured girls carrying candles and singing "We shall overcome".

They were. Overcome, that is. The singing died a lingering death that lasted for 7 or 8 blocks.

There has never been a more precisely planned parade, or for that matter a less colourful one.

THE NEW DARK AGE

The next afternoon we took in the rally at Union Square.

Under a dreary and menacing sky, as a cool wind swept over the square, several hundred anti-Nixon, anti-Humpy, and anti-Wally radicals, long hairs, and drop-outs, dropped-in for a "welcome back to the Dark Ages" be-in.

"If Nixon is elected, we're all in a new dark age," said one youth. "We'll all be in fortresses and chains."

The radicals began gathering at about 2 p.m. filling the Union Square intersection and the park nearby.

A busy-haired youth in a toga decorated with the letters STP danced and predicted that "a new underground of hippie dope fiends" would greet the administration of Richard Nixon.

The SDS, Vietnam Mobilization Committee, and Young Socialist Alliance all helped with this loosely arranged be-in.

After the Union Square rally, groups invaded midtown, including Rockefeller Centre and Times Square. There were more than 70 arrests.

"Vote Pig in '72" chanted several groups.

COULD THE HUMPH HOLD?

I went first to the Hotel Pierre that night where the Humphrey-Muskie workers were holding their celebrations, or what they hoped would be celebrations, when final results were announced.

There were no demonstrations there partly because the political candidate, Humphrey was in Minneapolis awaiting results.

I spoke briefly to E.G. Marshall, of T.V.'s Defenders series. He was a very strong Humphrey supporter, being a personal friend of the Humpers since childhood. He was quite confident that Hump would hold.

I left the Hotel Pierre around midnight to go to the Waldorf Astoria where Nixon and the Republicans were watching returns.

I made a few short stops on the way.

First the Hotel Diplomat, where radicals were hanging on to the election party. A few bearded ones staggered aimlessly across the dance floor, blowing furiously on plastic horns, spilling liquor and confetti.

I spoke to one individual who commented, "that's the trouble, we have no leaders".

Jeff Jones, a SDS leader, stood up in front of a poster of Mao Tse-tung and advised the

assembled hippies to stay in the hotel.

"The streets," he said, "are very hot."

DRINKERS CHOOSE NIXON

The next stop, Harry's New York Bar, near the Opera.

Elections have been a tradition at Harry's. In 1924--in the time of Ernest Hemingway and F. Scott Fitzgerald, Harry's had its first election vote.

It correctly predicted the victory of Calvin Coolidge. Harry's has not been wrong since. Including the Truman victory of 1948.

The people fill out ballots each day around 4 a.m. before closing time. The votes are counted and the tally is posted for all to see.

Several days before the election the tally showed Hump 65, Nixon 59, and Wally 5.

However, election night drinkers at the bar decided by a slim 2 vote margin that Richard Nixon would win. When the poll in the bar ended, Nix had 194, Hump 192, and Wally 17.

TRICKY DICKY'S BOYS

When I arrived at the Waldorf the hotel was cordoned off by 1000 to 1500 New York police, and inside the place was crawling with Secret Service men, and rent-a-cops.

Earlier I had spoken to Edward Nixon, Richard's brother, and he promised me a special pass to get into the Ballroom.

Twice I was physically escorted out of the hallway leading to the ballroom, because I did not have the necessary credentials. I explained that I was to meet Edward Nixon, and that he had a pass for me.

The SS boys just nodded their heads and helped me leave.

These boys really wanted to make sure nobody knocked off Tricky Dicky before he became president-elect.

I waited for several hours, talking to one of the negro rent-a-cops, who was most sympathetic - but couldn't do anything. He did however sneak me out a few drinks, which helped to ease the pain.

Finally I snuck in, but by that time not much was going on, and when I left there at 8:00 the next morning, things were still dead-locked with Nixon slowly pulling ahead.

My friend the rent-a-cop said, "This election stinks, the future stinks, and I wouldn't want to be around when your generation gets old."

He continued, "I wonder, who ever our new leader is, just how long the son of a bitch will last."

I noticed today that they broke up a plot to assassinate Nixon. Makes you wonder doesn't it. 2000 guards to protect him, and for what.

McLAUGHLIN COLLEGE

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By **DON DROY**

sports

Women in trouble

It has become apparent that if Glendon intends to retain the intercollegiate championship this year, a little improvement is going to be necessary on the part of the women's teams.

In the ice hockey round robin, Glendon has an 0-2 record, after losing 6-0 to Winters and 7-1 to Founders, with Digna Hiel getting the Glendon goal. Our team was hampered in both games by a lack of bench strength and by injuries.

The main campus colleges have an advantage this year, being able to practice at the new arena while the Glendon girls are forced to await the colder weather to use our rink. Once able to practice regularly, Glendon's girls should move up in the standings.

After their exceptionally good showing in the Invitational Tournament, the women's volleyball team has had its troubles. After beating Founders 3-0, Glendon blew a number of leads in losing to Winters 3-2. They could easily have won if a little more desire had been shown. Their only remaining hope for the championship is if Winters loses to either Founders or McLaughlin, which seems highly unlikely.

Gophers gallop over Winters

Glendon Gophers lived up to pre-season expectations as a rock-em, sock-em hockey team. Before a packed arena of four spectators, the Gophers annihilated a larger but less courageous Winters team 6-2. The first period was marked by solid body-checking and several neat outbreaks, with John Vernon getting the only goal of the period on a perfect pass from Larry Scanlan.

After retiring to the dressing room for a gross-out, er, chat, the Gophers began the second period like the true champions they are. Goals by Andy Raven, Lorne Rogers, and Dan Matheson gave Glendon a commanding 4-0 lead, but a defensive lapse allowed Winters to break the shutout of Glendon's beaver-like goalie Parker Liddle, son of Chicken.

Unable to cope with Glendon's superior ability, Winters resorted to assorted goodies like slashing, charging, and hooking, but Glendon retaliated with but-ends and goals. Jack Daley and Dan Matheson scored for Glendon in the third, with Winters adding a second goal to complete the scoring.

Oldtimers take title

The women's intermural volleyball schedule ended on a highly successful note last Monday night with over 35 girls playing for the 4 teams which make it into the finals. In the first game, D House handily eliminated B House 2-0 while 3rd & 4th Year likewise entered the finals by defeating E House 2-0.

The playoff game between D House and 3rd & 4th Year was extremely close, with 3rd & 4th narrowly winning the opener 13-11. D House came back strongly to take the second game 9-7. 3rd & 4th's experience proved too much however, as they took the third game 15-3 to win the championship. Playing for 3rd & 4th were Barb Perry, Sue Bielecki, Irene Cochrane, Judy Rea, Lee Worthington, Mary Scottie, Nany Tarsey, Sandy Ratcliff, and Sandi Stevens.

Glendon flattens Founders

Well those hot-cold all-stars on the Glendon intercollegiate football team ended the season last week with a victory, pounding out a 34-27 defeat of Founders College. The capricious selects who looked so inept in their previous outing, stood poised and confident in this game, but all in vain. With that win, they were left tied with McLaughlin for the final playoff spot but bowed out by virtue of their loss (more a massacre) to McLaughlin two weeks ago.

It seemed all season that the team was beset by a towering 'if' after every game. 'If' the team hadn't done this it would have won, or if this it would have won by more. It was really a sad situation where potential lay latent and only spasmodically was it realized. Even now this writer is convinced that Glendon had the personnel to sweep the others clean---missing the playoffs has to be viewed as an upset.

The game against Founders, if anything, was the cleanest, most sportsmanlike game of the year. There was none of the cavilling and petty flareups that have typified intercollegiate play (especially where Glendon was concerned). Behind the accurate throwing of Ron Maltin, Glendon took an early lead in the first quarter and merely added to it as the game progressed. Glendon never looked back.

Heading the scoring list with two majors each were Rod Major and Rick Mackenzie. Rutledge and McMurrich added lone t.d.'s and Murray (Moe the Toe) Shields booted four singles. Founders scoring was led by Seca who noted 2 points.

ATHLETES OF THE WEEK
MARILYN SMITH and MURRAY SHIELDS
WERE THE INDIVIDUAL CHAMPIONS
IN THE INTERMURAL SWIMMING
MEET

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Rebels, arena both losers

By NICK MARTIN

York Rebels showed a lot of muscle, but little scoring punch, as they lost 5-1 to Queen's Friday night to inaugurate York's new hockey arena. York outfit and outplayed the Golden Gaels by a considerable margin, but just couldn't find the range on their many scoring chances.

Ed Zuccato, a former all-star defenceman with St. Mike's Junior B's, got York Mike's Junior B's, got York's only goal midway through the second period when he stole the puck at the Queen's blueline and skated in untouched to spoil Queen's shutout. Zuccato was the outstanding player on the ice for the Rebels, with Ron Porter and Paul Erickson contributing solid performances. Glendon's Andy Raven, in his first season with the varsity, played a steady game, and came close to scoring his first goal when he was robbed by the Queen's goalie on a third period breakaway.

A big crowd was on hand for the game, but it's unlikely that many of them will be back. The setup at the new arena can only be described as Mickey Mouse. There isn't a seat in the house for anybody, fans or players.

Fans are forced to stand along the boards, where they are endangered by flying sticks and pucks, or behind the screens at either end, where it is almost impossible to see. Wherever fans stand, they can see only a limited amount of the action,

and if they're not 'fortunate' enough to be in the front row, then they might as well forget it and go home.

There are no benches for the players, nor is there a penalty box; the players are forced to use folding metal chairs. There is no clock or scoreboard. The players are unimpressed with the ice itself, which was resurfaced only once during the game, making for slower playing conditions. The arena itself is extremely cold, and there appears to be no provision for providing heat in the future.

The conditions are worse for the players than the fans, if that is possible. With no

benches, there is nothing to prevent fans from bothering the players. There were no campus cops on hand to control the morons present, such as the drunk who went on the ice with a broken hockey stick and a puck to take shots at the Queen's goalie. To complete the farce, there is only one shower in the home team dressing room, and neither dressing room has toilet facilities.

This arena deserves its popular name of Practice Arena. If the Athletic Department expects anyone to attend the remaining home games, it had better find a decent arena for them.

D House, Vets duel

By LARRY SCANLAN

After six gruelling contests in the semi-finals of the intra-mural flag football playoffs, D-House and 3rd and 4th year have emerged from the rubble as the finalists. In the three games that each team played, only D-House and 3rd and 4th year managed to pick up two victories.

The Grey Saucer was very nearly in the hands of D-House on Monday when they needed but one victory over 3rd and 4th year to clinch it. But alas the proud veterans rose to the occasion.

3rd and 4th year got off to a fast start, clobbering a hapless frosh team 28-13. Carriere, Rogers, and Smith notched majors for the seniors, Bill Wade and Terry

Irie had six points each for the juniors. D-House too won their first game, a 34-31 squeaker over C-House.

Depth showed on the D-House squad as the t.d.'s were spread over five players: Trodd, Maltin, Elkin, Pearse, and Macdonald. Chris Hawkes led C-House with two T.D.'s. In the third game, 3rd and 4th year was upset by C-House who scrambled to a 22-20 win.

The second round began like the first ended, with a very slim victory over 1st year by D-House. The 15-14 win was won in the dying seconds amid vociferous bickering over expired time. The next game the frosh bounced back to knock over C-House 33-20. Bill Wade and Ken Haffery had 13 points each in the 1st year's only victory of the series.

The last game however set the stage for a sudden death final to be played this Friday on the hallowed, bloodied grounds of the playing field. D-House came up against 3rd and 4th year and a win or a tie would have given them the championship. But 3rd and 4th year would not succumb easily. Rod Major racked up 31 points to ensure the codgers a place in the sun. Jeff Scott replied with 12 points for D-House, as 3rd and 4th triumphed 47-26.

M and M splash

By NICK MARTIN


The Athletic Council came up with another co-ed success last Thursday as Glendon's aquathletes performed in the annual intermural swimming tournament. Murray Shields of 1st Year and Marilyn Smith of 2nd Year were the individual champions, with the B House men and the 2nd Year women taking the team honours.

In the men's division, Shields won the 50 yard freestyle and the 25 yard backstroke, and placed second to Doug Street of E House in the 25 yard freestyle. Street's time of 11.2 seconds established a new Glendon record. Ian McAskile of B House was the victor in the 25 yard breaststroke, edging out Pat Flynn of 2nd Year by one-tenth of a second. B House took both the 100 yard medley relay and the 100 yard freestyle relay with the team of Dave Ellis, Ian McAskile, Andrew McAllister, and Bob Edwards. On the individual level, Street placed second to Shields, followed by Harvey Goodman of 1st Year.

For the girls, Marilyn Smith swept the 25 and 50 yard freestyles and the 25 yard backstroke. Sally McNamara prevented a clean sweep by winning the 25 yard breast stroke. In the team events, F House won the 75 yard freestyle relay with the team of Carol Hanna, Sarah Jones, and Sally McNamara, while E House won the 75 yard medley relay as Louise Belley, Janice Baker,

and Shirley Booth outdistanced their rivals. Anne Blackburn of 2nd Year was the runner-up to Marilyn Smith for the individual championship.

An intercollegiate team will be chosen from these top swimmers to represent Glendon in the intercollegiate meet to be held at York early in the new year.



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