

third bullet was fired after the motorcade sped up, when the sirens were on. While many people said they heard three shots, the most self-possessed, Hill, the security guard who saved Mrs. Kennedy, heard only two; yet three bullets had been fired from Oswald's rifle. If the third shot came after the sirens were turned on, neither Hill nor anyone else could have heard it. The witnesses who testified to hearing three shots before the sirens were turned on, could well have heard a backfire or an echo or have been confused as to the number of shots during those hectic few seconds. Mr. Newman does, however, make it clear that he could be wrong on this point, a concession he does not make in regard to his analysis of Oswald's motivations for the assassination.

The exact sequence of events that day in Dallas will never be known because there is too much information. The false can never be weeded from the true. And, in that respect, this assassination is not unique. Has there ever been a sudden and violent occurrence of this type where all the witnesses have agreed on what happened?

While Mr. Newman has given conclusive evidence that Oswald was a Marxist driven by a love for Cuba, and while he also gives a very plausible explanation of Oswald's killing of Tippit, he proves a lack of conspiracy only by lack of evidence. That is, if there was a conspiracy and more than one man shot at Kennedy, not only would the conspiracy have been covered up in a brilliant manner, but also the extra bullets would have been "hidden." Yet there probably will always be that lingering doubt--maybe Oswald did have help.

Aside from the facts he has established beyond doubt, Mr. Newman has also laid serviceable foundations for many other theses. For any serious student of the Kennedy assassination his book is a must--and for conservatives who have long been pestered by the "climate of hate" theory, it is also a joy.

Eugene B. Meyer

Eugene B. Meyer is a high school student from glorious Woodstock, New York.

The Bootblack Stand



Dr. George Washington Plunkitt, our prize-winning political analyst, has just completed a penetrating study of the last Congolese election. Published in August, it focuses on the unique position of minority groups in the Congolese electoral process; it can be purchased in all bookstores. It is titled **Escape! A New Demand Response System**. Now, the distinguished Dr. Plunkitt has agreed to, through this column, advise American statesmen in this time of troubles. Address all correspondence to The Bootblack Stand, c/o The Establishment, R.R. 11, Box 360, Bloomington, Indiana, 47401, Continental U.S.A.

Dear Mr. Plunkitt:

According to the **NEW YORK TIMES** I am "off and running" for the presidency of the United States of America, a country for which I have always had deep respect and high admiration. Indeed I would like to serve the great people of that great nation as their president. The problem is that -- like the Kennedys -- I was educated at an Eastern school (Purdue University) and am not familiar with the Americanism off and running. How does one go off and running?

Birch Bayh, Senator

Dear Senator Bayh:

How nice of you to write! Do not concern yourself about the first half of this Americanism. I have diligently examined your record and let me assure you that you are more than a little "off." As for the "running," drink vast quantities of prune juice chased down by a glass of warm beer. For breakfast and dinner I advise several bowls of chile con carne and for lunch apple pie and cider. If you follow this diet regularly you will not only be considerably off but you will be running. My best to your wife Marvela.

GWP

Dear Mr. Plunkitt:

In my unending strivances to keep Georgia, the Peach State, abosomed of the rest of the nation, I have summoned members of my staff to regularly read the great gazettes of the land even the bolshevist papers of the Liberal northeast. According to my staff these papers have now conspired to give the American people the impression that I am anti-nigra. How can I correct this false image?

Sincerely,

Lester Maddox
Governor of Georgia

Dear Governor Maddox Sir:

How fortunate that your letter got here safely. My postman is a gentleman of southern European extraction whose middle name is Stannous Fluoride. If there was ever a Red this is the man! I would have expected him to purloin your letter thus protecting the columnious rumor that you cannot write.

In reply to your letter, be simple, straightforward and covert. Call a press conference announcing your intention to publicly dine with a large party of Negroes. There is, among our black brethren, a public spirited organization formed for just this purpose. For further information telephone or have the scholar on your staff telephone a Mr. Brother Huey

P. Newton, Black Panther Headquarters, Berkeley, California (zip code 94712). And for a restaurant I suggest a charming little place in New York's elegant Harlem section called, I believe, The Pig and Whistle.

If this does not suit your purposes I am reminded of Senator Henry Cabot Lodge's efforts at the turn of the century to endear himself with his Irish constituents. The Boston Irish were great baseball players, and Senator Lodge would often join them in a game, allowing himself to be photographed by the press. This is a lesson of history which it would behoove you to manipulate. I suggest you invite a leading black athlete to play with you publicly. Give Mr. Muhammad Ali a call.

GWP

Letters

To the Editor:

It is with pleasure that we have been unable to locate evidence of the "Reflex Defense Syndrome" in the issues of *The Alternative*.

Speaking specifically of the mass media, vis-a-vis the Charles Manson trial, we have been deluged with "justifications" by the oral, visual and printed press of their coverage to date of the grisly but somewhat dated events in that Southern California courtroom.

Our media seem to have originally enjoyed (and prospered from) glorifying Manson and associating his conduct with that of some ill-defined but oppressed "youth" group. Subsequently, under fire from President Nixon, Vice President Agnew and some allegedly right-of-center spokesman, the news media reacted with screams of "freedom of the press" and "press censorship." The reaction by the press appeared to me--as a lay-psychologist--to be an over reaction based on its own awareness of its improper exposure of an attitude towards the Manson case. It is my strong feeling that this treatment of the Manson matter is simply one more in a long string of distorted emphases by the media upon events of relatively short-term importance.

From where I sit, while the unfortunate deaths in California were dramatic manifestations of basic weaknesses in our contemporary socio-morality, there are certainly today other manifestations which are far more serious and of much greater range in their effects. This is exemplified by acceptance without protest by the bulk of Americans of the use of a New Criteria for the selection of Supreme Court Justices. Specifically, in the nominations and subsequent rejections of Judges Clement Haynesworth and Harold Carswell, we saw the abandonment of judicial expertise and individual independence as selection touchstones, and the substitution of "social philosophy" and "pressure group sensitivity" as new guidelines for weighing the caliber of Supreme court nominees.

This "story" concerning the fundamental change in procedure of selecting members of the Supreme Court was given little attention by the press, once its screams of "anti-labor" and "anti-Negro" had faded into obscurity.

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Nevertheless, the rejection of these two eminently qualified jurists represents the adoption of standards for selecting Supreme Court nominees that will insure that only men partial to enforced socio-governmental change sit on the Supreme Court. This, in turn, will undoubtedly insure enforced social revolution.

Yet this overwhelmingly significant development has been largely ignored by the media in favor of their treatment of items such as the apparent murders in Southern California.

It was reassuring to find *The Alternative* advancing no positions on "sensational" issues which would have spurred it to expose a "Reflex Defense Syndrome." Rather, *The Alternative* is to be commended for its perspective and courage in focusing its articles on matters of genuine concern to our citizenry.

Very truly yours,
Jerry W. Gerde
Panama City, Florida

To the Editor:

It may appear brash to you, but as I am used to making my feelings known, I feel it my duty to make you aware of my position. I feel that to introduce a "Letters to the Editor" column into *The Alternative* would strongly degrade the once fine quality of the magazine. The column is totally useless, and does not succeed in fulfilling its purpose, which is to present intelligent criticisms condemning the magazine. I feel it would be a shameful loss for a unique magazine like yours to follow the trend of other popular literature by introducing a "Letters to the Editor" department, a commercial, irrelevant and totally useless column.

Sincerely yours,
Elizabeth Kristol
New York, New York

As a recipient of the Philip Freneau Award, I would like to thank you for an excellent magazine; keep up the good work. I wish you really believed what you wrote. There just aren't any straight people left in the world.

"THE BROTHERHOOD"
Lambda Chi
Marietta, Ohio

Editor's note: The above was received on a folded, spindled and mutilated IBM card.

To the Editor:

If you'd cut out the cursing and the name-calling, you'd have an excellent magazine!

But guess that would be "censorship," huh?

:A Reader

To the Editor:

Analyzing the antics of today's "youthful dissenters," I'm struck by the similarity between them and another group of "youthful dissenters" who were making headlines and wreaking destruction in another part of the world some thirty years ago.

Crude peace symbols painted on building walls and street surfaces awaken memories of ugly swastikas adorning

walls and doors in Germany. Destruction of university buildings and hordes of wild-eyed youth pillaging stores and running amok in the streets remind one of the early days of Hitler's youth, and the horrible acts of destruction they wrought.

The jeers, interruptions and stoning of politicians and other speakers were as common a tactic then as they are today. Permissiveness, free love and disapproval of the "system" were strong factors in the growth of that ugly element then, also.

And there were the blind followers who backed out when things seemed to get out of hand then, too. But it was too late, for the cancer had already taken root and the consequences were soon to be felt throughout the world.

Yet, the most ironic comparison can be made with the names chosen by both elements: then--storm troopers; now--weathermen.

I wonder, is this just coincidence or does history really repeat itself? Continue your fight and good luck.

Regards,
D. J. Fitzgerald
Miami, Florida

Dear Bobby:

I buy you fine clothes. I send you to a fine school. And how do you show your appreciation? You bring home this rag. Why don't you get a job like other boys your age?

Mother

CAMPAIGN '70

(continued from page 2)

same reasons Italians pinch women: it is exciting, amusing and instructive. And what is more, its pursuit is serious business. Yet my friends engaged in the traffic of ardent spirits inform me that--though during election campaigns American saloons are always crowded--sales are inevitably down, for no man wishes to be fog himself and miss one blundering moment of the politicoes' performance. The virtuoso American politician has always managed to present a noble visage as a cover for great vacuity and sincerity as the brand name for a kind of stupidity that is perfection itself. Surely Bagehot's mind had fixed on the American politician when he arrestingly described the constitutional statesman: "a nature at once active and facile, easily acquiring opinions from without, not easily devising them from within, a large placid adaptive intellect...." --but Bagehot was too serious. Our aspiring Churchills are merely amusing gasbags made the more entertaining when their arcanums bring together--as in this last election--the pedestrian and the peculiar, the esteemable and the abominable. Every intelligent American devoured the feast realizing that nothing sensible would ever come of it, although fearing the very real possibility that the new batch of elected messiahs might actually deepen our veil of tears.

But at *The Alternative* the merriment of democratic America does not end with Walter Cronkite's fall spectacular on election night. No, our interest surges right up to the *assemblee* of the fabled Saturday Evening Club when all our jolly boys congregate, uncork a jug, compare

memoranda and ascertain which campaigning clown was indeed the biggest liar. This year the competition has been furious. And our awards banquet might have to recognize a new category of liar, for as the "news analyses" accumulate it becomes apparent that the fishy politicians are receiving superb competition from the yarn-spinning media.

For myself, I shall have a difficult time adjudging but one dissembling candidate as supreme, for several first-rate perjurers commend themselves. For instance the Rt. Hon. Rupert Vance Hartke, Edward (Teddy) Kennedy, Pug Tunney and Congressman Passwater from Louisiana. All these men are weavers of words who reinforce their truisms with the highest quality elastic. They never utter a syllable without first enjoining teams of psychologists to assay the constituency and its present state of gullibility. Their resulting performances convey--to intelligent observers--a good idea of the world of the acid head.

Senator Hartke's performance in the Hoosier state gave me the distinct feeling that he saw himself to be the candidate hand-picked by Robert Welch to deliver the Republic from Bolshevism. He even hired a liar by the name of R. Sargent Shriver to beguile voters with the tale that "Democrats traditionally hold down federal spending." And in the feudal state of Massachusetts where the watery-eyed citizenry skip and dance behind the banners of a family of immigrant potato farmers, the Hero of Chappaquiddick seemed to be casting about for the endorsement of Barry Goldwater and the American Conservative Union. Then from California Pug Tunney kept appearing before the tee vee cameras, imploring voters to remember the virtues of the pugilist, lecturing on the heroism required to face Jack Dempsey and all the while grinning down a daintily constructed China-like nose, exposing exquisite rows of pearly protruding teeth and...lying. Certainly Pug Tunney was as much a champion as were his colleagues. All were champions in the traditional American pastime of fabricating tall tales.

But connoisseurs of nonsense are not the only persons enthusiastic for American elections. Every political conservative I know cherishes election time as his favorite time of year, for during the electoral season America is transformed into the most conservative nation on earth. The politicians' speeches are an inspiration, and their voting records are a relief. Hardly an election year has gone by in which the liberal ADA's congressional poll did not indicate America's return to the Robber Barons, and at the conservative ACU pollsters nearly short circuit themselves in joy. It is the kind of blessed phenomenon that would have sent staccato smirks across Calvin Coolidge's mask.

But this year mendacious politicians are finding their status jeopardized by the media. During the election things were not so bad; of course news reports abounded with inaccuracy and bias, but this generally derived from the uniformly primitive condition of American reportage. It was in their post-election anagoues that the pundits' deceit began

to press politicoes. When--before the elections--reporters warned that administrations almost inevitably lose congressional strength in off-year elections and--after the elections--expressed utter dismay that Mr. Nixon did lose support we all suspected a worm. But then when we studied the election returns we saw a snake. (Actually the new Senate will be far more conservative with an only slightly less conservative House). Considering the vast number of newspapers, syndicates (both AP and UPI carried the line) and broadcasting companies who reported the "news analysis" it becomes obvious that we are being treated to a first-rate lie; one that both Republicans and Democrats would be proud to spread.

But one masterpiece was not enough and now the magnificoes of the media are unlimbering their forked tongues and laying such a barrage of humbug on the nation that politicians may come to be considered paragons of truth by comparison. Some high-flown fictions I have encountered of late are the following: A) the one about Republicans dumping their leading inspiration and fund raiser, Mr. Agnew; B) the tale that Senators Buckley and Byrd are G.O.P. rivals; C) that something the media calls "the southern strategy" failed; D) Mr. Nixon has transmuted into a dangerous conservative of the John C. Calhoun genre; E) campaign rhetoric set an American record for vilification; and of course F) Republicans used "fear tactics" and Democrats were more sporting.

As every perceptive follower of the campaign knows, the election changed hardly anything. Contrary to all the canards and falsehoods of the media Mr. Nixon will still be a strong presidential contestant in 1972. Today even with his loss of governorships he is far stronger than he was in November 1968, and in 1960 he won twenty-six states though Republicans held but eleven governorships. The present administration will be even stronger in 1972 if it learns from this election A) that at least in the Midwest you cannot beat nothing with nothing, B) that Republicans must revive the economy without inflating it, C) that they must run more beautiful candidates, D) that they must face issues (like inflation) and not try to Madison Avenueize them, E) the Administration must get out of Vietnam without letting the Vietcong get in, and most importantly, F) the Republicans must formulate a program informed by the philosophy of their constituency--that is to say that if their supporters are conservative, this Republican administration had better decide what that means.

Likewise the Democrats are in a strong position, and they will enhance that position by: A) developing effective alternative policies, B) acquiring spokesmen who are somewhat more competent than their present gaggle of parade leaders, C) continuing to immobilize Congress. But above all, both parties must promote more dramatic and alluring liars.

George Natban □

Mr. Nathan is a Contemplative residing in Gethsemane, Kentucky.

Pop Students

I will do such things./ What they are, yet I know not, but they shall be/ The terrors of the earth.

King Lear

If, like me, you are a *habitué* of the trendy Liberal press you will remember, from your readings throughout the summer, that in this past election the irenic students were going to give "the system one last chance." Hence 3 November was to be the dawn of a magnificent era, and from the American incursion into Cambodia--an operation which our press reported as if they were reporting the Wehrmach's Juggernaut across Poland--to the waning days of summer, *The New Republic* served as a weekly bulletin board for every imaginable new anti-administration organization. One week a list of peace candidates was featured, and the next week they editorialized on a couple of youthful swindlers' recent ventures into the peace industry--organizing groups at Princeton and Yale to pick the pockets of fellow students. At one point Mr. Erik Jansson of the renowned Association of Students for Voter Registration informed us of the conspiracy to disfranchise students in Orono, Maine, and at another point the editors listed "approved" candidates especially in need of those flashes of enlightenment which emanate from the immaculate bosoms of "the young."

The Nation's fabulists were more dramatic and no less instructive. Soon after their Cambodian trauma they cheerfully reported that "the young" (yes every single one of them) had "had it"--Kent State was their very own Pearl Harbor. In an editorial that must have ruined Mr. Nixon's afternoon at the ball park, they speculated on the ominous consequences that "The New Constituency" (voters eighteen to twenty years old) would have on the American Epic. And, in an editorial I found utterly treasurable, they rhapsodized on "the young's" benevolent invasion of Washington.

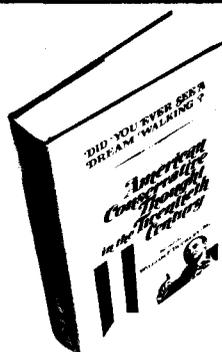
It was May, the cherry blossoms were

exploding and an ocean of fresh young faces washed onto Capitol Hill. "The first goal of these young lobbyists is to win enough votes in the legislature to secure passage of what is known as the Amendment to End the War" -- it lost. And their next goal? Why nothing less than the salvation of America itself, but "this does not mean that students will be flooding the country in one election district after another this fall. (No! No! --ed.) They intend to be selective and mass their strength where it will do the most good. "That is to say that "the young" were going to concentrate on "...close contests such as Howard Metzenbaum's run for the Senate in Ohio, and Allard Lowenstein's re-election bid in New York."

And have you yet guessed why I placed this little editorial under my pillow? It is certainly not because on 3 November the good causes of Metzenbaum and One-Term Lowenstein went down in flames; as a journalist I stand above such mean partisanship. Rather it is because this editorial proves that *The Nation* still employs creative writers, perhaps even alcoholics. For it demands a mysterious kind of imagination to create the above fantasy and then to assert that "an invisible cord stretches from the polling booth to the marble walls of Congress and a good many of the country's politicians can already feel the weight of the young (sic) upon the line." Purest tommyrot!

Lamentably in spite of the acres of editorials written in praise and exhortation of "the young thousands," in spite of the Princeton Plan releasing many of "the young thousands" from academic assignments two weeks prior to elections, in spite of many faculties rescheduling tests or dismissing classes for "the young thousands," "the young thousands" never put in an appearance at campaign headquarters. Though *The New Republic* and *The Nation* dutifully informed their readers that the revolution was upon us, on the day of that revolution no one could quite roll out of bed. "The young thousands" were in a funk. Tsk, tsk, such a sad ending to an otherwise glorious season.

The veracity of my claim is easily



*Did You Ever See
a Dream Walking?*

American Conservative Thought in the Twentieth Century

edited
by **William F. Buckley, Jr.**

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documented. Much before election day, *The New York Times* reported the former chairman of Yale's Black Student Alliance as saying "I'm laying off politics for a while....I'm going to the football game," -- his remark was characteristic. In California Mr. Kimo McCormick, youth research man for Pug Tunney, expressed difficulty in attracting youthful campaigners because today young leftists will work only for what they consider "an ideal candidate." The national Unidex poll found that only fourteen percent of America's students intended to "actively participate" in political campaigns. And even at Princeton The Movement for a New Congress (The New Republic's favorite peace organization) estimated that only fifteen percent of the students were campaigning.

Why could not more of the young thousands bestir themselves to usher in *The New Republic's* Brave New World? What chained them to their beds of apathy. I suspect a melange of dark powers at work. Certainly it takes a multiplicity of factors to cause any social movement to fail to move after *The New Republic* has given the cue. Yet I will mention one fairly obvious cause.

It seems that "the young thousands" never did exist and that "the young" is a group far different from what the media and the certified intellectuals would have us believe. Every statistic I have ever seen indicates that the aspirations and life styles of the majority of young persons are similar to those of their parents.

But by the same token, I have never seen a television program, read a study or heard a public discussion on youth which did not fawn on the politically hypersensitive. Obviously the medias' portrayal of youth is an idiotic distortion. In America there are almost eight million college students training for a wide variety of vocational pursuits. Further the majority of college-age persons still have the good sense *not* to attend college. Of those young who are over twenty-two and under thirty many have exposed themselves to the ignominy of taking gainful employment. And as for the high school and grammar school student, it is only the odd fish who ever shows any interest whatsoever in the mysteries of youthful idealism or politics. Anyone attempting to characterize the young is adrift in a most dubious venture, and it surprises me not at all that those so given to such ventures are invariably intellectuals and gossips.

What these wowsers have done is obvious. They hold a highly ideologized vision of how the world should turn, and they never neglect an opportunity to influence others towards viewing the world in their terms. Now the average gringo is too smart for them, and he brushes them aside like dandruff off a collar. But in our society there are congeries of very anxious simpletons who are positively ravenous for praise and attention. The densest concentrations of these psychic gluttons are among the young, and America's wowsers feast on them. Thus the most ideological flights of fancy and the most violent action attract the media's sympathetic affections. A young oracle can be Schickelgruber reincarnated and

so long as he threatens businessmen rather than ethnics and demands utopia rather than reality he is bound to be a headliner. What has happened is that the magnificoes of the media have fabricated a wonder student and rewarded any student conforming to their wonder world with instant fame and admiration. These pop students are of course the new conformists and they are often as mindless as they are victimized and as lazy as they are prostituted. The media can expect pop students to adhere to the media's standards only so long as these standards dictate no more than a simple style of dress, an easily regurgitated rhetoric and mischief. But the media should not expect their creations to get out of bed before noon, deodorize and unpretentiously go about the inglorious business of stuffing envelopes, disseminating literature and talking to unadoring voters--they are too idealistic.

This is not to say that all young people neglected the elections. As one Senator-elect said: "We've got more college kids coming in here than we know what to do with." His name is Buckley, and his young supporters? They are this decade's Lost Generation. They are the conservatives and the moderates. And it is the trendy Liberal press that seems to have lost them.

George Natban

CONTINUING CRISIS (continued from page 2)

As the school year progressed the symbiosis of these two offices (mental health and education) appeared more natural. The governor of Texas was prevented from speaking at the University of Houston. On 3 November he was overwhelmingly re-elected. In Huntington, West Virginia students protested police drug raids; they were gassed. On the campus of Oakland University police discovered a lavish dynamite cache. The University of Oregon curriculum offered "Frisbee Techniques and Special Application, 407;" for their diligence students will be rewarded with one credit. Judge Patrick J. Picariello ordered New York University to repay part of a student's tuition because "college administrators have yielded too easily to the demands of campus dissidents and have thereby ushered in an era of physical and intellectual intimidation." New York University promised to "protest" the decision. At Yale students took time from their studies for a rally honoring the Black Panthers. Frankish students wore Timothy Leary masks. And a reporter for the Gannett Newspapers was at the Yale undergraduate admissions office to report that "...a prospective student responding to a Yale interviewer's questions expressed his support of the Nixon Administration, of Vietnam, the ABM, the space program..." The student was berated loudly by the Yale official for his conservative political philosophy. Ending the interview on a Socratic theme, Kingman Brewster's warrior remarked to the student "I'd like to see you go to Vietnam and

come home in a box and then see how strong your support for Vietnam is."

Bernadine Dohrn, perhaps the most comely member of the Weatherman faction of SDS, declared a "fall offensive" exhorting "families and tribes" to bomb and otherwise busy themselves with the politics of peace. The peace movement ran aground when 31 October was declared as the day for demonstrations against Mr. Nixon's Vietnam policy. It happened to be an autumnal Saturday. Though huge crowds assembled they inevitably chose to watch twenty-two athletes battle for a "pig skin" rather than participate in the typically more violent "peace" demonstrations. A British judge released Allen Farrant, the brilliant English student activist, who had been arrested in a cemetery with a flashlight, crucifix and cross. He had been "hunting vampires;" the repression builds.

And finally the Buckley family inflicted on New Yorkers, the most waggish practical joke in recent political history. Those Buckley's! □

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Brayings from the Left

"Whom the gods destroy they first make mad." --Euripedes

THE NATION

Straightfaced description of the young political geniuses who make bombs and assure George Wallace his constituency by a fairy tale reporter at *The Nation* (subscription price \$10 yearly):

Radical activists tend to have sophisticated notions of political theory, strategy and tactics. Their outrage has been disciplined into organizational activity; they are typically too "rational" to become "adventurists."

DISSENT

One of *Dissent's* penthouse revolutionaries offers, from his armchair battleground, a little institutionalized hog slobber:

...I think, that narrow definitions of civil disobedience rule out certain sorts of unconventional yet non-revolutionary politics which should not be regarded as attacks on civil order. These may well involve both coercion and violence.

At *Dissent*--America's leading foreign language journal--a dark hour has arrived. Its readers might never again experience the adventure of reading Irving Howe in ninth century Uralic:

We learn with regret of the sudden death of Isaac Langnas, for many years the chief translator for *Dissent*.

THE NEW YORK REVIEW OF BOOKS

A rare revelation of utter stupidity regarding the tyranny which governs Fidel's island paradise as reported in the wonderful world of *The New York Review of Books*:

One evening in Havana about three years ago I had dinner with Carlos Franqui, probably the leading Cuban journalist, to whom I was complaining rather vehemently about the low quality of the Cuban press. It was, I asserted, dull, sycophantic, and seemingly much more concerned with disseminating the official government viewpoint than with informing the Cuban public about the realities of their own society and the events and trends at work in the outside world. Never, I said, is there published the faintest criticism, constructive, or otherwise, of government programs, and rarely is there printed any other viewpoint than the official line on any subject. Cuba aspires to become a "revolutionary democracy," with

full and direct participation of the masses, I said, but how can there be any true democracy in a society whose press does not even furnish the people the essential information needed to reach decisions on matters of vital concern to themselves? In fact, the Cuban press is so mediocre that even Fidel can't stand it.

A sartorial notice from the trendy *New York Review of Books*:

The cops had to extract permission to wear little American flag pins on their uniforms, but now all sorts of serious, grim, suspicious citizens wear them.

An alarming example of repression and a surprising manifestation of anti-youth fervor from the super patriots of *The New York Review of Books*:

A good American properly does not wear a flag, does not become a flag, does not tie one flag to another like a rag around his arm, does not substitute it for a crucifix or a mezuzah, does not rev it up with shiny little rhinestones.

JERRY RUBIN

One of the Academy's most sought after public speakers makes this cheerful prediction:

The American school system will be ended in two years. We are going to bring it down. Quit being students. Become criminals. We have to disrupt every institution and break every law...

Do you people want a diploma or to take this school over and use it for your own purposes?...It's quiet here now, but things are going to start again.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

Proof that--through the infamous Order of the Eagles--IT HAS HAPPENED HERE:

Here is Jerris Leonard assistant attorney general in charge of the Civil Rights Division. That he had no emotional commitment to the civil rights cause is indicated by his retaining membership in the all white Order of the Eagles.

Monstrous state of affairs dutifully reported by the heroic *New Republic*:

The most depressing thing in

Washington right now is a hole in the ground. It is an enormous excavation, three stories deep, a whole city block square, right on Pennsylvania Avenue. A building will rise there...This entire building will be taken over by the FBI. Not education, not health, not welfare: the FBI.

Lucid psychoanalytic enquiry by the insomniacs of the *New Republic*:

Who is Richard Nixon? We keep wondering, we can't help it...The old anti-Communist Nixon nags at us, fretfully, in the watches of the night. Maybe he always will.

Astrology as practiced at *The New Republic*:

Richard Nixon is going down in history all right, but not soon enough...

DR. CHET HUNTLEY

From one who has read all the Great Books, written many many profound treatises, even dabbled at Haiku, comes the sad assessment--Americans elected a President who is simply BLAH. Oh that I might never travel in his private plane!

I've been with Nixon socially. I've traveled with him in his private plane; I've seen him under many conditions. The shallowness of the man overwhelms me; the fact that he is President frightens me.

That very same luminary reports on one of those esoteric tete-a-tetes in which he so delights:

"I think I liked LBJ best. He was kind to me...I just kept filling his glass with Scotch and we talked about breeding Herefords."

THE NEW YORK TIMES'

The fiendish Nixon is found out by the sleuths at *The New York Times*:

The President of the United States, in a maudlin personalization and simplification of complex political issues, makes war a test of his own and the nation's manhood...By this action President Nixon has calculatedly chosen to widen the division among the American people, to inflame instead of heal.