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Shoot-out at the O.K. Doral

First of a two parts series.

Cardinal reporters Mike Wilmington and Larry Sloman spent the last week sunning in Miami covering the Republican Convention. They told us by phone "it was worse than Chicago." This is their report.

On the floor of Miami Beach's opulent convention hall, the Old Prankster, his face so stretched, and dyed, it resembled the "Tricky Dick" masks flooding the city, pursed his lips and jabbed a forefinger at Camera Two. "We have launched an all-out offensive against the forces of crime, narcotics, and permissiveness in America... I ask you, my fellow Americans, to support our programs to keep the peace at home."

Outside, beneath the gently swaying palms, the coconut trees, the slab-like, monolithic hotels, in and out of the streets and alleys, sliding down guy wires onto the roofs, the "forces of crime, narcotics, and permissiveness" (translate that to the "forces of revolution, grass, and sex") waged a furious battle with Miami's sleek, motorized police.

The People's Army had a formidable foe: Miami Police Chief Rocky Pomerance, who deployed his 2,000 men with the cool finesse of a Che Guevara: Pomerance, a slick fat man with suave moves, whose voice dripped with honey

and mediation. "We have a three fold job," he remarked walking down deserted Collins Ave. after S.D.S. had just zapped the Fountainbleu, "We have to keep the peace for the citizens, the demonstrators, and the delegates."

For four days, Rocky kept the peace, bending around the demonstrators instead of steamrolling over them - providing motorcycle escorts for marches, severely limiting arrests, ignoring the outraged squeals of residents who imagined a continuous Bachanalian revel taking place within the confines of the Miami Convention Coalition's campsite at Flamingo Park.

Wednesday Night, the peace shattered with the suddenness of shrapnel exploding in a Vietnamese farmer's gut. With their most violent members - SDS, the Attica Brigade, assorted members of the Vietnam Vets against the War and a few freelancers - abandoning plans for a massive non-violent sit-in, abandoning the symbolic protest, abandoning the peaceful blocking of delegates for the final session, fragmented into dozens of bizarre factions which warred among themselves throughout the day. The militant minority of the Peoples' Army took the streets which the benevolent Rocky had conceded them and proceeded to raise holy, no-holds-barred hell for the whole long night while the Grand Old Party heaved sighed and shuddered with antiseptic sensuality and delivered the Old Prankster to the electorate once again.

Before Wednesday night was over, an estimated 1,200 protestors were stashed in the calabozo, bringing the total of the last two days to well over 1,400 (the extra 200 being a Zippie contingent which apparently descended into chaos when Dana Beal's microphone failed on him). Gas



covered the city like a shroud of Raid. Canisters exploded constantly, as if the combined merchandise of Firecracker Road, Georgia, had just been liberated and lit. Allen Ginsberg and Dave Dellinger were in the hoosegow, Allen having swept off Collins Ave. along with the rhythm and lead guitarists of a female rock group called Grapevine.

Crazed cab drivers and creeps in limousines tore ass through streets clogged with protesters, bagging at least five. Flamingo Park was barricaded and quarantined. Fire and damnation tornadoed through Wonderland, and the mangoes and papayas shuddered in its wake.

The street battles and mass arrests were the blazing climax to five days in Flamingo Park—a grassy, halcyon area smack in the middle of Miami's Retirement Row.

The septua and octagenarians who usually frequent the park gazed in awe at the odd conglomerate that descended upon them, with its free food co-operatives (Green Power and the Coconut Co-op), garish mixtures of ragged and outer costumes, panhandlers, characters (Henry the Fiddler, a movement minstrel with army helmet and a donation can strapped around his neck, coaxing sweet melodies out of his violin; a little blonde girl dressed exactly like Mick Jagger in "Gimme Shelter;" Dylanologist and diogenes of the Garbage Can, A. J. Weberman; a cluster of outlandish drag queens).

The park also attracted a gaggle of local oddballs and hangers-on, who drifted down in search of kicks or action: Good People like Holy Joe, a threadbare revivalist, who carried his gear in a shopping bag, performed second comings to the left of the toilets, exhorted "You kids think you're wild! You oughta been in the Roaring Twenties!"

And Fifi Taft, alias Princess Running Water, a brassy old whore to end them all, begarlanded with fraying political placards, bursting the seams of her red, white, and blue bikini, executing a dazzling series of horizontal bumps and grinds as she sunned herself and regaled passers-by with red-hot anecdotes: "What I like best is double balls, honey!"

But the political oddities in the Park surpassed the surface freak show. In 1968, in Chicago, the demonstrators were heroes; in 1972, in Miami, they were villains, and the reasons for the turnabout have as much to do with the vagaries of the media as they do with the schisms and divisions and antagonisms in the Park.

THE SCHISMS WERE there, though. Monday evening Yippie leader Abbie Hoffman and Zippie

potentate Weberman slugged it out, Weberman emerging from the fray with a ripped official Zippie T-shirt. The Zippie's unorthodox position in the encampment — most of the members felt the leadership of the Coalition was against them and viewed the big Tuesday bust as an MCC set-up, is underscored by the fact that a sizeable number of Yippies were convinced that Zip President Tom Forcade, ex-head of the Underground Press Service, was an undercover pig and provocateur.

Forcade may as well have been a provocateur, since he succeeded in alienating virtually every group in the camp. And Hoffman's fist cuffs with Weberman only demonstrated the impotent position into which he and that other ex-Yip demigod Jerry Rubin, have been forced. Totally absent from the decision-making process, Hoffman and Rubin were reduced to being Public Figures, granting interviews, signing autographs and holing up in the Albion Hotel as they prepared a book on the convention.

In July, 1968, things were different. The Democrats conducted a fracas (it could hardly be called a convention), which set new standards for absurdity and squalor.

The squalor was inseparable from that redolence of gangs, graft, cynicism and tinderbox violence which envelops the city itself. And at the end of the Democrats' scenario, in which their leader abdicated and retired to Olympia to lick his scabs while his faithful scurried to and fro among state conventions, chortling gleefully over the accomplishments of an administration which had achieved the moral equivalent of the Black

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And there was Pat and Julie and Tricia and it was wild

By JULIE ELIKNOVICH

The glittering series of gala affairs this week in Miami Beach proved to this reporter, at least, that politics can be fun.

I couldn't help but feel that if the protesters at Flamingo Park could have met close up with some of the charming and gracious Republicans that I encountered, violent protest would have given way to a Grand Old love-in.

It was quite a thrill meeting the men behind the headlines and to realize that beneath all that celebrity glamour beat the hearts of common people just like you and me. People who come from "humble origins" and "made it". And the Republicans came to show the rest of the nation some day we can make it too.

Although my limited access pass prevented me from attending many of the affairs and parties at the hotels, and on the Key, the functions that I was present at were proof to me that this convention was anything but dull.

I arrived at the Fountainbleu on the Sunday before the convention, just in time for a young voters' meeting hosted by Rep. Gerald Ford (MICH.) Ford was resplendent in a checkered suit and a red, white and blue cane (a popular color motif this season). There were, however, few young Republicans there for him to meet. That was remedied in about half an hour when a quick call brought about 500 young Reps scurrying single file into the opulent lounge. The conversations were animated, the coffee flowed like champagne and the youth leaders there acquitted themselves very well in this, their first public appearance.

But the brunch was brief as everyone hustled down to the lobby of the hotel to witness the tremendous arrival of Pat and Julie and Tricia and Eddie, and it was wild. The likes were three deep as the efficient Secret Service men tightened the rope that was to separate the First Family from their admirers and the entrance to the Fountainbleu.

THE REPORTERS vied for the front locations with the tourists and an occasional elbow was seen to be thrown. However, bygones were bygones as all of a sudden our First Lady burst upon the scene. Almost angelic in a pink and white silk dress, Mrs. Nixon was the subject of many screams as squeals of delight from the audience. The roar reached a crescendo as she began greeting the crowd personally by pumping hands along the line-up with all

the efficiency of her husband.

The competition was rough but this reporter was fortunate enough to get a quick slap at her dainty outstretched hand. But we fared much better as Tricia appeared out of nowhere and began the long march to the elevators. Resplendent in her neatly coiffured hairdo and trailing her dutiful spouse behind her, she appeared to be the big favorite of the pre-dominantly aged crowd.

"Ooooo, she's so cute," gushed Virginia Collins of Des Moines, Iowa, a visitor of Miami. Almost unnoticed in the rush to touch Tricia was Julie Eisenhower, temporarily separated from her serviceman husband, David. Few seemed to realize that here, too, was a member of the First Family.

But there wasn't a moment's rest for the Family. As Pat appeared just minutes later before 1,000 volunteer workers celebrating in the Main Ball Room, she mounted the platform and told the volunteers, "I've seen you all over America and you've always done a marvelous job. I hope to see you soon on the campaign trail."

THE EVENT was marred, however, by the appearance of "Yippies" Jerry Rubin and Abbie Hoffman, who were allegedly writing a book on the convention. Hoffman, buttonholed the chairman of the Re-elect the President Committee, Clark MacGregor, and asked him if the Republican Party was attempting to repeal the 20th century. After a few seconds' deliberation, MacGregor sagely replied that only Congress could repeal laws. Hoffman then had the audacity to ask for and then receive the autograph of the President's campaign manager.

The afternoon hours moved slowly, but the best was yet to come. For at 5 p.m. the press was privileged to question the celebrities of the Re-election of the President. The main room of the Doral was packed as the luminaries began their ascent to the platform. There was John Wayne, Jimmy Stewart, Glen Ford, Ethyl Merman and Mary Anne Mobley, to mention a few. One by one they took the microphone to state their personal reasons for endorsing the President.

"I'm here because I want to see the right man in the right office in the right time," drawled Wayne. This comment brought an earthy, almost sensual squeal of delight from Miss Velocity, a freelance photographer and paramour of Abbie Hoffman. "Oh, how you send me," she screamed. "Will you sign my contact sheets?" "I never heard them called that

before," the bōrly Duke replied.

A BRIEF round of excitement occurred when Glen Ford made his brief statement. He vowed support to the president, ambled back to his seat and accidentally fell off the stage.

Miss Mobley, the former Miss America, quickly adlibbed to us, "That Glenn, he'll do anything for a laugh," and that response eased the tension immediately.

her feet in the question and answer period. Responding to a question obviously loaded, about the bombing of the dikes in Vietnam, she noted, "we could destroy every dike within 20 minutes if that was our intention."

It was also announced that the campaign to Re-elect the President had also won the support of many famous rock bands. When some of the older reporters asked who Jay and the Americans and Frankie Valley were, the question was re-directed to Miss Velocity who was busy snapping pictures in the audience. "Ooooo," she moaned, arms rolling and eyes outstretched, "They're Mick Jagger." At that, the celebrities left, a busy night awaiting them all.

AFTER THEIR departure, the podium was seized by Mr. Hoffman sporting a Nixon cap which certainly didn't engratiate himself to anyone with his endorsement of the President. It seemed to be a put-on.

After the press conference, we barely had time to dress and return to the Fountainbleu for the gala affair and reception in the Grand Ball Room. However, it was quite a trial just to arrive as hundreds of dishevelled, long-haired protesters attempted to block the delegates from entering the affair.

Eggs were thrown and an evening gown was savagely torn off the back of a well-heeled Republican lady as the violence intensified. Some female protesters, who thought that the gala affair was a stag party, vented their frustration by throwing an obscene moose head into the Fountainbleu driveway. It was real mess and left a trail of blood on the security men, who quickly whisked the head inside.

Once one had run the gauntlet of demonstrators, however, there was a world of excitement, as Rocky and Happy and the MacGregors and other luminaries were on hand to make the evening a stunning success and lift everyone's spirits.

THE ARRIVAL at the vast convention complex was a sight for the eyes. It was a true Disneyland of politics; delegates, alternates, media people, quests and

rubber-necking tourists scurried to and fro in the corridors. Vendors were selling a vast array of souvenirs supporting the President, and they were moving like the proverbial pancakes. There was even a pen carved in the shape of the Chief Executive that the incorrigible Hoffman manipulated obscenely during his frequent immature antics before the press.

But the biggest surprise was for anyone fortunate enough to obtain a seat in the hall—the impressive 280 page red, white and blue official program. It contained many interesting and attractive adds from such well-known businesses as Gulf, Humble Oil, Westinghouse and, of course, ITT. Dow Chemical took an imposing full page to announce their abiding concern with the ecology, heralding sewage to prevent lake pollution.

However, the real exciting part of the program was the first 48 pages chronicling the many and varied accomplishments of the President in his very first four years in office. There were attractive photos of the Commander-in-Chief in Peking, at the Great Wall, learning to eat with chop sticks and reviewing the Red Army. But there was a somber side to out Chief Executive and there were many photos of him in deep reflection and meditation at the White House.

After Bob Dole gavelled the convention to order, Governor Rubin Askew mounted the podium to welcome the delegates that had travelled to this convention from all across the land. He delivered a stirring defense of our two party system, and the genius of the two party system in that it continues to function on behalf of the people after November.

THE FIRST hand-hitting oratory was delivered by Donald Sunquist, Chairman of the Young Republican national committee. Sunquist, who is well over thirty, made a passionate plea for young volunteers and warned the convention floor "never sell our young American voters short."

He attacked Sen. George McGovern, the Democratic candidate, for "mentally herding these young people into a monolithic group. We are not going to be taken in," he continued, "by unnatural sham, by phony populism, by 1,000 per cent support followed by the ruthless rip-off."

The attacks remain unabated as the convention continued. Barry Goldwater, looking younger than ever, blistered the loyal opposition, comparing the Democrats

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Wisconsin dropout drops in on NSA

Michael Scher and Dino Armijos are two University students who attended the National Student Association meeting as the elected representatives of the University student body.

By MICHAEL SCHER
and DINO ARMIROS

"There wasn't a sense of hostility at the convention," a Midwestern delegate said, "but the tension was there."

The student delegate speaking was one of 350 representatives of the National Students Association (NSA) who travelled to the national convention in Washington in the middle of August to elect a president and construct a platform.

TIM HIGGINS, who flunked out of the University last year after serving a term as president of the Wisconsin Student Association

(WSA) was elected president in a convention marred by a brief outburst of hostility from a disgruntled third world coalition.

It was the second straight year that a Wisconsin student has ascended to the presidency of the NSA, as Higgins replaced former Cardinal reporter Margie Tabankin.

Higgins' election came on the second ballot of a special election which marked the end of a marathon night-long sessions. Higgins had previously resigned a victory he won on the first ballot following an outburst of objections over the defeat of Mae Jimison, a black student from Indiana State University.

Members of the third world coalition objected to unfair accusations against Jimison from the convention delegates. They

briefly took over the podium and voiced their dissension. In a much publicized fall from office, Higgins was knocked off the podium in the ensuing struggle.

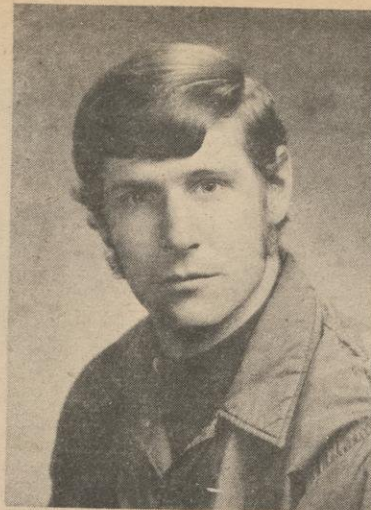
HIGGINS won on the second ballot of the election after a field of eight candidates was narrowed to Jimison, Larry Friedman, a junior on Queens College, New York, and Higgins. Ron Ehrenreich a self-proclaimed Yippie anarchist organizer from Temple University, was elected vice-president of the Association. He credited his mother and his psychiatrist for the victory concluding the nine and a half hour session.

The tension started when Friedman dropped out of the first election, announced for vice-president and threw his support to Jimison. The floor exploded with emotional accusations of deal-making against Jimison. Responding to these accusations, she stated that Friedman's presence as a white male from a large university would compliment her candidacy for president.

Her explanations did not satisfy the delegates who voted to defeat her. At this point, Higgins, although visibly upset with the proceedings, rose to accept the presidency of the NSA. Before he had a chance to speak, Higgins was dragged from the platform by an outraged Jimison supporter. The tension in the hall rose as black and white delegates surged to the podium.

Several Third World people proceeded to condemn the Congress for having racist motives in affronting Jimison and electing Higgins. Delegates on the floor expressed regret that the Congress had been

Several Third World people proceeded to condemn the Congress for having racist motives in affronting Jimison and electing Higgins. Delegates on the



Tim Higgins

floor expressed regret that the Congress had been insensitive with the problems of racism and sexism. Many felt that the accusations of deal-making were exaggerated beyond their significance and reflected racist motives.

PRECEDING the tumultuous events surround the final election of Higgins, the Congress had proceeded rather smoothly, highlighted by speeches made by Tom Hayden, Gloria Steinem, Margaret Sloane, and Sen. Fred Harris. The announcements surrounding the People's Bicentennial Commission and mandates passed by the Congress regarding unionization of students were also major issues of the week-long gathering. Other speakers included George Wiley of the National Welfare Rights Organization, Ralph Nader and Sen. Tom Eagleton (D-Mo.)

Hayden announced the beginning of a concentrated effort to evoke and sustain anti-war sentiment in key electoral states before the fall elections. Along with numerous appearances by Hayden and Jane Fonda, groups of Vietnam veterans and POW wives will also be touring these states until the November 7 election.

Discussing the importance of the current Vietnamese offensive, Hayden emphasized the decimated Vietnamization and pacification efforts of the Americans, "My Lai is liberated" he announced to a cheering audience.

The main thrust of Hayden's speech was his explanation and condemnation of the bombing of dikes being carried on by the United States. He pointed out that a constant undermining of the Vietnamese dike system may lead to massive flooding and devastation in the near future. Gloria Steinem and Margaret Sloane spoke on the problems of racism and sexism in American society.

THE INEQUITIES of the current tax system were explored by Sen. Fred Harris, who supported a major revamping of the system in order to place the tax burden on those who are able to afford it. Former Vice-Presidential candidate Sen. Tom Eagleton read a prepared speech in an attempt to analyze the general state of affairs in this country.

During the conference, the People's Bicentennial Commission released information which implicated the President's Bicentennial Commission in the exploitation of economic and political gain during the 1976 Anniversary of American Independence. The People's Commission is offering an alternative program to that of the Administration.

Delegates were provided with many opportunities to attend many workshops dealing with student services, political significance and other questions of national and local importance.

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The author, Richard Nickle, was sentenced to life imprisonment on February 30, 1962. He was convicted of first degree murder in the shooting-death of Sauk County Sheriff's Deputy James Jarvis. He was also sentenced to a 30 year sentence (to run consecutively), for attempted murder in the wounding of Lake Delton Police Chief Eugene Full.

The 38 year old Nickle is currently confined to the Wisconsin State Prison at Waupun. He was recently elected inmate representative from WSP to the Governor's Task Force on Offender Rehabilitation. In that capacity, Nickle attended the Interim Report Conference at Watertown in March of this year, and the Task Force's Final Conference in Madison in May.

STATEMENT BY REPRESENTATIVE RICHARD N. NICKL WISCONSIN STATE PRISON—WAUPUN

Mr. Chairman, members of the Citizens Study Committee On Offender Rehabilitation, ladies and gentlemen. My name is Richard N. Nickl, and I am the elected representative of the men at the Wisconsin State Prison. I wish to thank you for this opportunity to participate at this final recommendation meeting.

My constituents have explicitly directed that I focus your attention upon the bureaucratic hierarchy who have caused us irreparable harm by their unconscionable policies, notwithstanding their good faith protestations.

The indictment of the criminal justice system in Wisconsin by the Governor's Task Force On Offender Rehabilitation is not unique, as the criminal justice system in this country is a national disgrace.

What is unique, is that the Department of Health and Social Services was able to hoodwink the citizens of Wisconsin into believing its penal system was fair, humane and rehabilitative.

In retrospect, it is not hard to ascertain how this deception was accomplished. Public apathy and the well oiled propaganda machine of said department stifled its dissenters. For years the administrators proclaimed that Wisconsin's penal system was one of the most progressive in the United States, and accepted many accolades and kudos from their peers throughout the Country. Lulled by their demagogic rhetoric, the judicial, legislative and executive branches of government delegated their authority and granted the administrators omnipotence. With few exceptions, the news media was uncritical of Wisconsin's penal system, reporting the administrators self-serving praise without question. Hence, the public's powerful "Watchdog" was asleep.

ABSOLUTE POWER CORRUPTS the most benevolent ideals and purposes,

The prisoner on what they would do to prisons

whereby the main objectives of the Department of Health and Social Services became its continued growth along with administrative efficiency, whereupon a despotic regime thrived on society's downtrodden and grew into a bureaucratic behemoth.

A vast credibility gap exists when administrators claim that rehabilitation of the offender is their ultimate goal. You do not rehabilitate human beings in sordid warehouses under totalitarian rule. We the convicts at the Wisconsin State Prison are cognizant that the lifeblood of the Division of Corrections is the offender, and his retention within the system. We denounce the terrorism of prison as being neither redemptive or rehabilitative, and charge that the Wisconsin State Prison is an abomination, which can only subsist on dehumanization, degradation, degeneration, deprivation and despair, and consequently must be abolished in spite of administrative efficiency.

A concerned humane Governor alarmed by the ever increasing crime rate and prison unrest in Wisconsin appointed this distinguished committee of citizens to uncover the facts germane to the criminal justice system and to file its report with recommendations for evaluation and appropriate action. After scrutiny of said recommendations and the findings that necessitated same, who will now champion the cause for the continuation of Wisconsin's archaic mega-institutions. Surely, it must be manifest to everyone, no matter what your partisan politics or political party, no matter what your personal inclination, whether it be liberal, middle of the road or conservative, that the present penal system stinks.

The dichotomy now espoused by the administrators shifts the blame onto the citizens of Wisconsin for their apathy and unwillingness to pay the price for a progressive penal system. A progressive penal system is exactly what the tax payer thought his tax dollars were being used for when administrators propagated their self-serving fiction upon the public and accepted awards of commendation.

LET'S PLACE THE BLAME where it belongs, squarely with the administrators, for not publicizing the brutal non-rehabilitative effect of prison on the of-

fender. Instead of enlisting the aid of an informed citizenry in order to implement a fair, humane and rehabilitative system, the administrators swept their monumental failure under the rug. Their invocation of the "Clean Hands Doctrine" does not warrant a sympathetic ear.

Under continuing frontal attack for their oppressive prison policies by the federal courts, the news media, public officials and a more concerned public, the administrators launched a counter-offense declaring that these policies are necessary because of the more active, militant type of offender, and have once again employed the thread-worn guise of security as justification for tyrannical rule.

Of course the administrators fail to mention that prison policies have always been dictatorial with complete disregard for the offenders' fundamental constitutional and civil rights. Their deliberate diversionary ploy is a false premise, since it is not grounded on the reasons for prison unrest, but only on the unrest itself.

We the convicts at the Wisconsin State Prison do concur with the administrators in one regard, and that is, we will not tolerate the present prison policies much longer. We will not hang our heads and do our own time while the administrators continue to dictate every function of our menial existence. This monolithic system is sick, whereas we are sicker if we do not challenge same. However, let me make it perfectly clear, we are not advocating violence in order to change the system. This tactic would be counter productive, playing into the hands of the administrators, and we have no intention of being responsible for the hiring of more guards, or for the purchase of more guns, clubs and teargas, or for the building of more segregation units.

SINCE ADMINISTRATIVE EFFICIENCY commands top priority, and is the rationale for denying us recognition as persons with dignity and rights, this efficiency is where the administrators' vulnerability lies. Hence, we have numerous non-violent sanctions at our disposal. For example, mass sick calls, work slow downs, or work stoppages. When Wisconsin's license plates are no longer coming off the production line by slave laborers making \$.50 a day base pay, and up to \$.09 an hour incentive pay, can the administrators still fail to recognize us. We

are well aware of the ramifications that entail from wielding economic pressure.

The administrators have the option now, and hopefully they will not construe this as an ultimatum, but as a sincere desire to reach a meaningful dialogue. We are asking to sit down at the peace table to discuss our grievances, whereby progressive administrative policy changes can be made, and mutual accord may be attained. If the administrators follow the hard line of the past, and feel that it is a sign of weakness to recognize us and our grievances, we then have no other choice but to attack from many fronts as the battle lines were drawn a long time ago, and the cold war will heat up considerably.

On the legal front the federal courts no longer invoke the "Hands-off Doctrine" when our fundamental constitutional rights are violated. Consequently, the administrators in active concert and participation with the Attorney General and his assistants have suffered a number of recent defeats, but still refuse to surrender their dictatorial powers. They have found ways to circumvent court orders, and in some cases disregard same, thereby showing us that they are above the law and can commit unlawful acts with impunity.

However, their line of defense is weakening, and we are going to fight one legal battle after another until we win the war. We are preparing for a large scale assault, and have as our weapon the class action. Enlisting the aid of fighting attorneys, we intend to move the federal courts for temporary restraining orders and preliminary injunctions based on irreparable harm. Accordingly, we need no longer resort to sporadic guerrilla warfare.

IN MASS WE WILL write to newspapers and persons not on our approved correspondence lists and/or on disapproved correspondence lists, whereby these letters will be returned by prison personnel and not mailed in violation of our constitutional and civil rights.

In mass we will order newspapers, magazines and books that do not come within the purview of the "Clear And Present Danger Doctrine", but offends the administrators' political ideology, moral code, values, standards and etc. These publications will not be delivered to us in violation of our constitutional and civil rights.

In mass we will join as party plaintiffs with friends and associates not allowed to visit, challenging this restricted policy as violating both citizens' and prisoners' constitutional and civil rights.

In mass we will grow beards and hair in any style and length we desire, until the

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Prisons

(continued from page 3)

guards write conduct reports or we are placed in segregation status. When we are called before the Institution Disciplinary Committee for these rule infractions, we will not recognize their unlawful proceedings. We will consequently be subjected to solitary confinement, detention, idle gang, or given a mark and X number of days loss of good time or denial of certain privileges for exercising our constitutional and civil rights.

Our dignity of manhood will not be denied, whereby married prisoners and their wives will join in mass as party plaintiffs in order to obtain lawful marital relations embodied in the marital contract as a mandatory obligation sanctioned by the State. Visiting rules and regulations imposed upon prisoners violate the obligations and duties of both spouses contrary to their constitutional and civil rights.

The above-mentioned causes of action are initial strategic attacks, whereas the class action weapon in our arsenal will be fully utilized in the years ahead.

YES, THERE IS INDEED a new breed of convict, a more active militant type, but his militancy is directed towards laudable

goals, and his weapons are brains instead of brawn, and a pen in place of a sword. Advocating non-violence and working legally within the system to change the system, we will disarm the administrators' camp and leave them without a defense.

Hear ye, hear ye, Mr. Administrator, you have had your day, but you can not hold back the dawn of tomorrow.

We can envision the day when the prime function of the criminal justice system is rehabilitation of the offender and the prevention of crime. We can envision the day when the overreach of moralistic laws, marijuana and drug abuse laws, gambling laws, public drunkenness laws, minor property crime laws, and employment exclusionary laws are repealed and/or revised in accordance with the Task Force recommendations. We can envision the day when the maximum sentence imposed for the commission of a felony is five years, except where an independent finding is made that a particular offender is especially dangerous. We can envision the day when a person convicted of a felony receives equal justice, regardless of race, color and creed, and is treated with fairness and dignity throughout every aspect of the criminal justice system, retaining his constitutional and civil rights. We can envision the day when probation and parole are matters of right, whereas the burden of showing reason for denial rests with the State. We can envision the day when the

offender may earn a turlough or turloughs during his incarceration. We can envision the day when the offender reaches his mandatory release date he is completely discharged. We can envision the day when Wisconsin's mega-institutions are phased out, and replaced with a state-wide network of community based treatment centers. We can envision the day when community services, resources and programs are fully utilized and integrated with community treatment centers.

We can envision the day when citizen-offender involvement is recognized as the keystone to rehabilitation. We can envision the day when the offender respects the criminal justice system for being fair, humane and rehabilitative. And we can envision the day when the ex-offender is an active, self-sufficient productive citizen, setting an example for the offender within the criminal justice system, along with contributing his services and firsthand knowledge towards his fellow man's rehabilitation.

WHEREFORE, I HEREBY declare that the men at the Wisconsin State Prison unequivocally support and endorse the recommendations of the Citizens Study Committee On Offender Rehabilitation, as a chartered course to follow in promise of offender rehabilitation and the eradication of crime from our society, the common goal of all just men.

Miami

(continued from page 1)

to the braying of Arizona coyotes.

He bellowed, "I'm tired of hearing about what's wrong with America. I'd like for all Americans to think about what's right with America tonight and in the days ahead. Just consider the fact that six percent of the people in the world are Americans and they own about 52 per cent of the material wealth that the world has to offer."

Steve Parkowski, a Brooklyn, N.Y. delegate said he supported the President because "I believe he is the hope of American cohabitation with all the nations of the world."

ON WEDNESDAY the climax came with the two nominees, the President, and his running mate, Spiro Agnew, taking center stage. The President accepted the nomination, although it was reported he was slightly gassed on his way from the parking lot to the convention center.

The whole week seemed to be summed up by a delegate from Florida who was overheard to say, "he's a great President. He's done lots of things. I can hardly describe it."

That was the President's week in Miami—simply beyond description.

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The Wisconsin Union is sponsoring a Day Care Center in conjunction with Child Development, Inc. Policy for the center is established by a cooperative Center Committee composed of parents, staff, CDI administrators and sponsors. The Union Directorate is interviewing for two sponsor representatives to the Center Committee. Pick up further information and applications in Room 507, Memorial Union. Any member of the University community with an interest in Day Care is encouraged to apply.

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THE DAILY CARDINAL is owned and controlled by elected representatives of the student body at the University of Wisconsin-Madison. It is published Monday through Friday mornings through the regular academic year. Saturday Sports Issues will be published on Sept. 9 & 23, Oct. 7 & 28 and Nov. 4, 1972. Registration issues are one week prior to each semester.

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and the Institut Technique du Vin

Remembrance of an office that passed away

The writer, formerly sports editor of the Cardinal, now serves on the sports staff of the Wisconsin State Journal.

By MARK SHAPIRO

Silence has replaced 100 decibels of noise.

Stagnant air has replaced scores of people sweating with ideas.

Emptiness has replaced dozens of desks, printing presses, a coffee-machine, a poster of John and Yoko in the nude, and a ton of litter.

A LOCK and a bolt have replaced a door that once was open to anybody who had anything to say.

The old Daily Cardinal office, a basement in the bowels of 425 Henry Mall, has died.

Substituting for it is a new basement plot, this one amid the sterility of the new Communication Arts building. Substituting for it, not replacing it.

The old office, a dirty and dingy place cleansed only by people and their ideas, was about half the size of the Rathskellar. It was rich with memories from what seems like another era, even though it was not such a short time ago.

THE MEMORIES are of events, of things, but mostly of people.

The old office was above all a setting where people who were idealistic, self-interested, boisterous, egomaniacal, talented, and most of all disparate, would somehow come together to put out a product that always captured the imagination.

For example: the backshop—that half of the office consisting of the people responsible for the nuts and bolts operation of the newspaper such as the secretaries, the printers, the business staff, etc. — was seemingly always at odds with the editorial staff, imploring it to get the copy out and spend the least amount of money doing it. But there always seemed to be that extra buck in expenses or ten minutes leeway on a deadline.

The news and sports staffs, for

which I served for four years, fought like wolves over space. But things always worked out.

The Cardinal people of the day were always a different breed.

There was Len Shapiro and Dianne Seidler, who were like bears both in size and in heart, running the sports staff back in 1967. As a wide-eyed freshman, I came to the office seeking any kind of job on the sports staff. Shapiro (no relation) lined up the few candidates that there were against a desk, looked at me and said: "Why don't you do frosh football." I could have floated out of the office back to my dorm.

A sportswriting career was born.

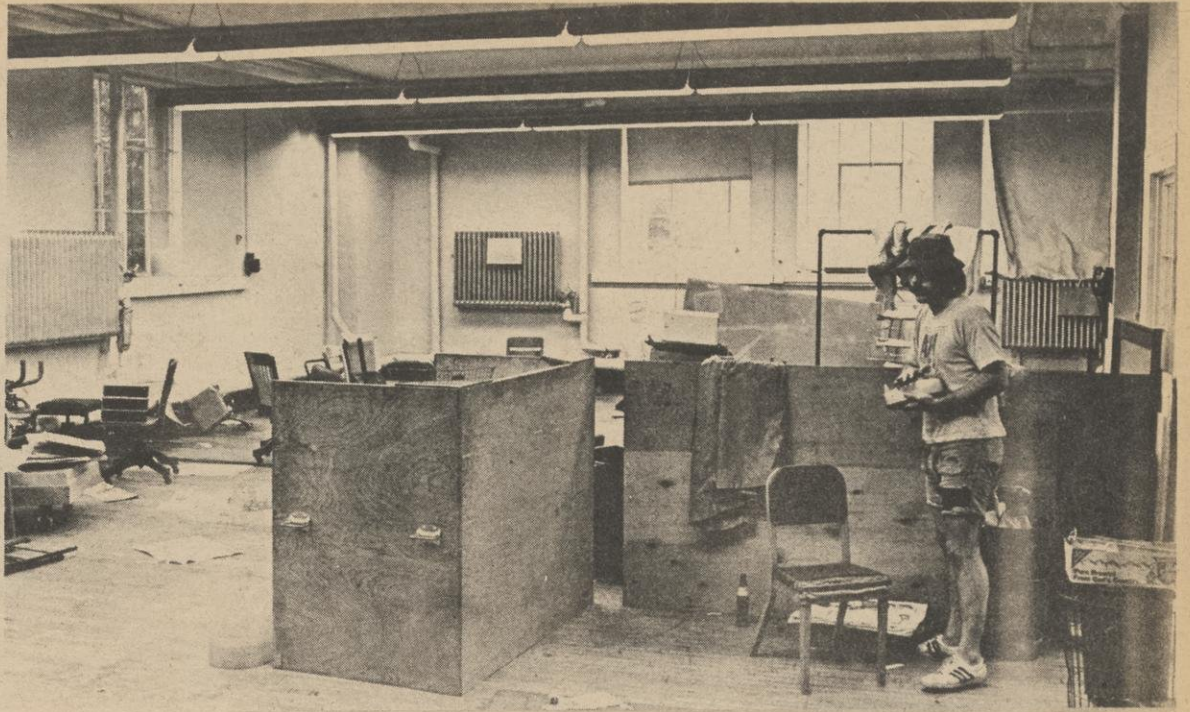
There were the editors in chief: the erudite Joel Brenner, the deceptively good-natured Greg Graze, the formidable Steve Reiner, the overbearing Rena Steinzor. All of them, like most Cardinal people, had designs on changing both the newspaper and the world. None quite succeeded.

THERE WAS Peter Greenberg, who tried but failed to make it to the top of the Cardinal heap. He was tremendously talented and charming. While everybody was denouncing Mel Laird for not speaking on campus, Greenberg was having dinner with his replacement, Brigadier Gen. Chappie James. This gave him access to an interview with Laird, where he scooped the nation by quoting Laird as saying he wouldn't seek another four years as Secretary of Defense.

There was Florence the bookkeeper, a haggard woman in her seventies who spent the day playing solitaire in the solitude of her office, yet who kept a hawk's eye on finances.

There was Jim Rowen, who five years ago wrote the brilliantly radical "Profit Motive 101," an expose of many of the University's financial ties. Where others used bombast, Rowen used figures and facts.

(Rowen is now a celebrity since he is the son-in-law of George



Old home



New home

Cardinal photos by James Korger

McGovern. He is the one with the kinky, Afro-like hair and mustache who seems to be in the background of every picture of McGovern at a podium.)

THERE WAS my crew writer when I was Sports Editor, fellow by the name of Leo Burt. And there was an editor named David Fine. Who knows what memories they have of the old place?

The non-sports staffers seemed to have one view in common—that sports was a necessary evil. The sports staffers also held a com-

(continued on page 11)

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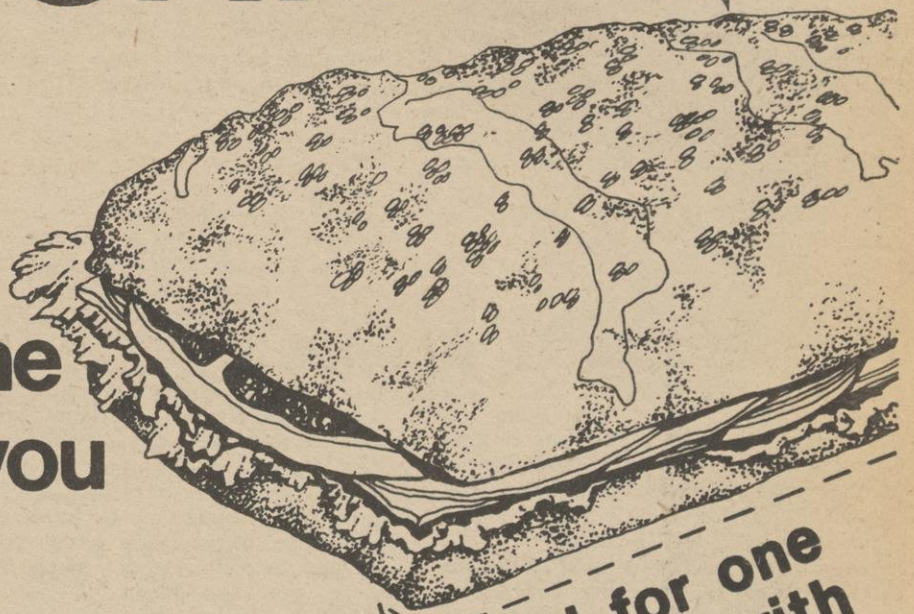
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Essay:

4000 Words On

Imperialism-As-Gout,

Happy Students,

Big Money, And The Unfortunate

Tendency To Bungle Or Strangle

Morris Edelson is editor of Quixote magazine.

Imperialism has certain similarities to gout. Both are thought to be nineteenth century disorders but both are still very much with us. While people have died from gout, few have died for it—unlike imperialism, gout lacks powerful apologists determined to spread it to the world under other names.

These apologists obscure the bases and processes of imperialism. Madison Avenue, Harvard, the Board of Missions of the Methodist Church, and the State Department, among many groups, pass along euphemism and paradoxes which help to confuse the majority's thinking and thus allow unhindered selfishness for a financial oligarchy. Experts use misleading names and high-sounding titles, such as Peace Corps, Advisory Group, Special Forces, pacified area, body count—their efforts end in double-think justifying a Free World's pre-emptive aggression for peace.

Two per cent of our population tries, successfully now for many decades, to preserve its preponderant wealth and resulting power at the expense of the many largely dispossessed. The justification for this inequality is a presumed superiority, a thesis from which flows the polluted tide of our prejudiced culture of isolated individualism.

The small group monopolizing the nation's wealth keeps for its own use much of the value of products workers prepare for market. This group, called "owners" herein, also have come to control the markets of the nation, thus enabling them to raise prices and profit further from workers kept divided in many ways. Owners, too, by bribery or legitimate contributions, come to control the government apparatus. It uses its powers of education, taxing, and policing to maintain workers' divisions and prevent them from gaining a just portion of the value of their production.

AN INSATIABLE PROFIT hunger or problems with over-production cause owners to look abroad and domestic economies deteriorate. To cover international buccaneering owners play the themesong familiar in Europe of duty to all mankind. Naked aggression they call generosity, development of the Third World. Bertolt Brecht's plays noted the irony here, but many of the two million new-style missionaries going out from the US each year—teachers, technicians, CIA agents, Fulbrighters, and Peace Corps recruits—do not seem to see it.

Some of them can be critical of the US abroad—in Poland one American professor tried to stay put after his teaching contract expired—but most of them respond to foreign criticism just as the State Department would wish (we feel foreigners have no right to criticize our country). This outpouring of humanity shows the world that 1) we can afford it 2) we see it as our duty to be helpful, that is make them like we are. It is no surprise, then, that some of these innocents abroad introduce into the Third World the very pesticides that kill farm workers in California grape fields,

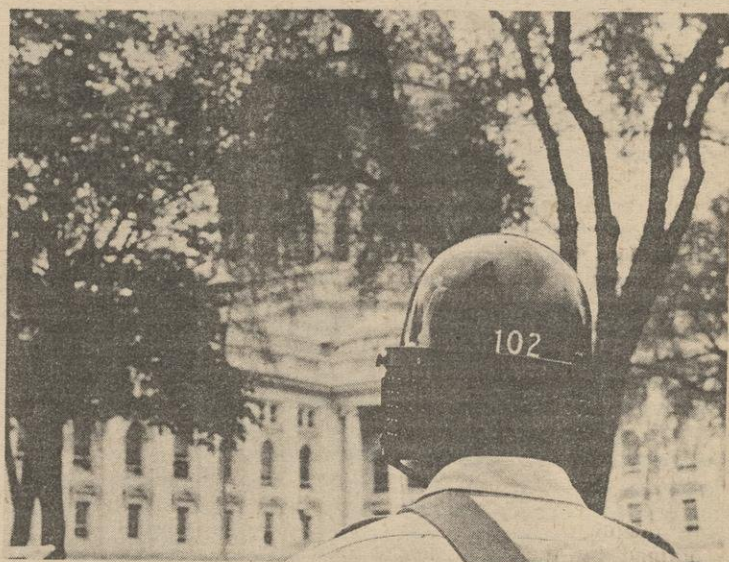
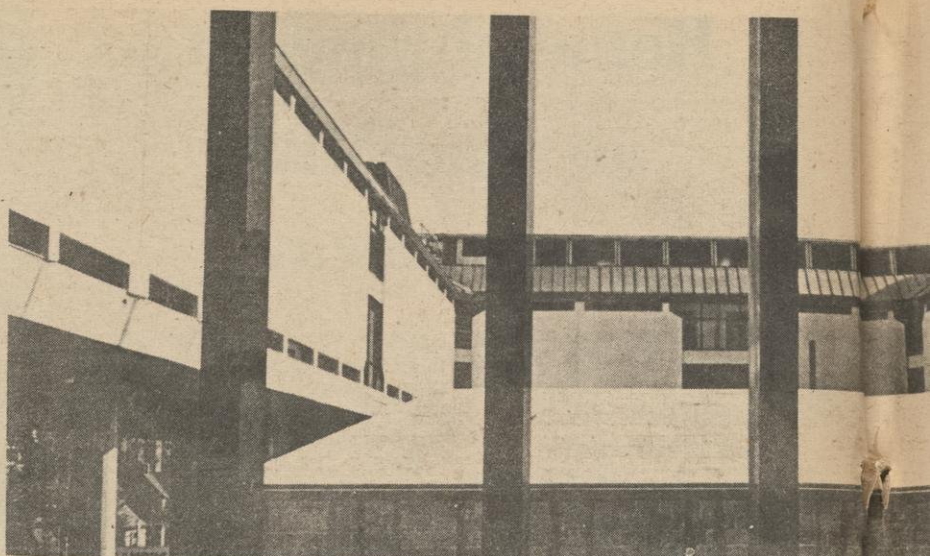
spread the get-ahead mentality in schools, or even try, as happened, to teach the natives of Bali to learn "really" to sing, that is New Englandly.

Our culture obscures the realities of unlimited greed, division and delusion of workers now taking place on a world-wide scale, when it can, by giving out this bubble-gum and Hershey-bar friendship. The mindless content it offers results from ignoring reality: shallowness begins as a blind and become a value in itself.

Income levels in our country have been fairly constant. The rich we have always with us. They stay that way and the poor get poorer (as land, air, water, housing go bad). The Protestant ethic still dominates official pronouncements. If owners can keep people working hard, production costs can be stabilized. A penny saved by a worker, multiplied many times, becomes a sum of capital useful to an owner who can buy Japanese or German stock with it or set up a factory in Taiwan.

BUT NEARLY EVERYONE realizes that it can take grasping generations to give birth to the secure wealth of a Rockefeller, a Krupp, or even a not-so-nouveau J. Paul Getty. People want the Living Theater's "Paradise Now," the turn on, the fast buck. When Hollywood departs from its Julie Andrews peachy pap, it goes to the Lady Luck script—"Bonnie and Clyde" and "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid" are two of thousands of films where luck determines the plot's development and resolution. Advertising and production itself bow to and re-inforce the aim for the instant pay-off, for which few wait longer than the thirty minutes television stretches it out to. The jacket tells all about the book say the flashy cars, the switch of manufacturing to cosmetic production, and the wasteful packaging of our groceries. You can't have a lot of power, sexual prowess, or freedom in our society unless you have riches, but you can make a down-payment on all and get them in small amounts in a can full of air or horsepower.

Jammed highways symbolize capitalism: isolated units trying to get there faster, endangering themselves and others, and polluting the atmosphere. A senseless battle of the all against the all, unsafe at any speed because if one slows down, he gets run over. There are hustlers in the cities, as well as on the highways. Impatient entrepreneurs, petty capitalists still in acquisitive stage, commit over 4,000 armed robberies and 15,000 burglaries in New York annually. Citizens arm and isolate themselves to protect against this kind of pushiness, and presently our population owns more handguns (nine million) than the Russian army. The use them, too: marksmen of New York, Chicago, Houston, and Los Angeles bag around a thousand each yearly. Our televisions rationalize this for us. Sometimes violence or bullying is openly glorified. More subtly, though, some programs, such as "All in the Family," become very coy with the differences between people. The hero lives the life of a loveable racist, a prettified Hitler. Aw shucks! Everbody is really the same underneath, just common folks. But if not—slap leather!



Big Money is coy or pontifical, but it often revealingly comments on its activities. The valedictory spoken by California Governor Ronald Reagan for the nations' oldest forest: "If you've seen one redwood, you've seen them all." The strikingly original phrase of Vice-President Spiro Agnew on slums: "If you've seen one ghetto, you've seen them all." The Senate joked about anti-rat legislation, but did not seem to appreciate the irony of the case of Connecticut Senator Thomas Dodd. The latter misappropriated funds collected for his election campaign at the same time that he served as chairman of the Senate Juvenile Delinquency Committee. The hi-jinks of Dodd, Bobby Baker, Billy Sol Estes, and Sherman Adams are the same as those of the woners of ITT who mock the notion of competition by applying the big fix. They aske the majority to believe that the best wins in a totally competitive society, and if one loses it is his own fault. Death of a Salesman said this, too. Those who rig the rules do not compete, however; they bully when they can and kill to support their threats.

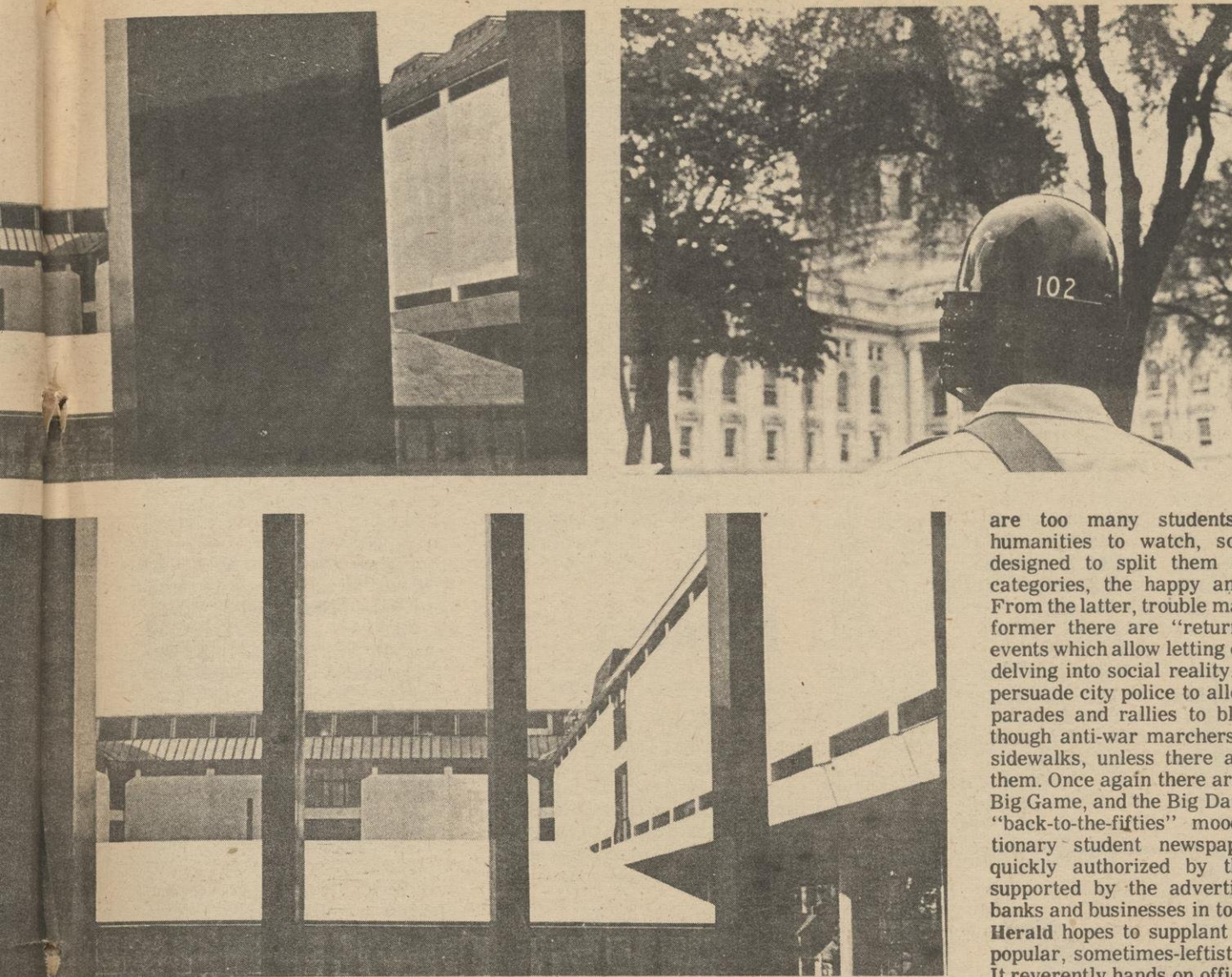
The Cuban missile crisis is a recent example of owners' tactics. The final big barbecue of the world rested in the hands of a clique of the super-rich who would spend five million dollars an hour killing Vietnamese to rob that country of oil and other resources. Vietnam shows that the US not only has 3,401 overseas bases and a thousand ICBMs aimed at Soviet or Chinese targets, but that it will use them. There is no competition for Vietnam. The country belongs to the Vietnamese and they want us out, yet still the bombs fall.

LBJ ONCE ADDRESSED the troops near Saigon with this justification for the war: "They want what we've got, and we're not going to let them take it." The show, of course, is on the other foot, as our empire becomes more an exogenous one. Third World countries resist our ransacking. We have our own country and various symptoms of the contradictions of capitalism

break out: speed-ups, wage controls, in-away factories, unused industrial capacity, unemployment, underemployment arise because owners respond to fall rates of profit by sending capital abroad seeking new markets and cheaper labor. Despite the fact that we have earlier down billions of dollars worth of resources from the Third World, too, our citizens lack adequate medical care and housing among other things. One-third of our population lives in inadequate housing, one-half our non-white population. Half the children here under fifteen have never visited a dentist, and 19 million children in the US have untreated eye, speech, hearing or emotional disorders. The aggression of the owners becomes more apparent, the rationalizations for it more hollow.

To do away with the credibility gap erasing the effect of official pronouncements owners make the Big Lie more pervasive. They force the educational system like the media to abandon a stance of critical objectivity and become yet another interpreter and enforcer of their needs. In the past the university formed a semi-autonomous seminary for the high priests of society, an intellectual elite segregated from its peers, encouraged to know itself and evolve into a creative exponent or friendly critic of the ruling ideology. Harvard may retain such functions, but, since cautionary criticism has even become suspect, few other schools do. They are assembly lines. They train society's clerks and lab assistants in unquestioned and unquestionable techniques. Linguistics replaces literature, behavior modification supplants the study of human society, and tenure and jobs vanish in humanistic fields likely to raise embarrassing questions of value.

The University of Wisconsin, which dominates the city in which I live, is dominated in its turn by a group of bankers and big corporation owners (Kleeneex, Parker Pen, Polaroid, Allis Chalmers, Johnson Wax, etc.). The campus exhibits several of the new trends of repression; it,



first of all, looks repressive: many new buildings, making the fortunes of contractor-friends of the State Legislature, resemble prisons. They have narrow windows or none at all, stark, bare lines. They are uninviting, lacking any assembly areas where a group might gather, for spontaneous getting together or even conversation. Also atomizing the campus, what amounts to two freeways run through the middle of the university area. Like the architecture, these discourage leisurely walking and talking or even students from one area having much contact with those from another. This kind of segregation keeps ideas hopefully limited to definite areas—in protests the school has been able to play engineering student against liberal arts major.

One major division among student maintained by the huge school (35,000 students) is common to state universities but probably in violation of the Constitutional provision that citizens of one state may not be discriminated against by another state. Out-of-staters pay triple tuition and are forced through a few extra bureaucratic rituals supposedly necessitated by their having two addresses: a campus address and a home one, where dunning letters, grade reports, and the like may be sent. The out-of-staters tend to take an active part in campus activity since they chose (sometimes) to come here. They may get an unwanted feeling, however. The University, the local press, and the State Legislature blame protests and political opposition to the Property Parties on outside agitators or New Yorkers. (Here "New Yorker" equals "radical Jew.") Protestors, described as criminals, always have their home addresses published prominently if arrested. One organizer of some demonstrations, Bob Cohen, became so notorious after press attacks that he not only lost his job and student status, but was hounded out of town. After an extended press war against the New Yorkers, the university established area enrollment quotas which the Hillel Foundation proved were clearly anti-Semitic. Black students are separated by the university from potentially inflammatory student radicalism by pay-offs and constant close surveillance. A typical case occurred when the Wisconsin Alliance, the most active leftist group here, mobilized support for a bitter strike against the Gardner Bread Company. The company played on divisions among students and workers by presenting a contribution to the Afro-American Center. It was only fifty dollars, but the play it got in the downtown press would have made it equivalent to a thousand. The director of the Afro center knew about the strike, but took the money because the union striking was racist, he alleged. (The Wisconsin Alliance itself is all-white, mostly ex-WASP.) The tangle arises from the divisions owner maintain among potential allies here and elsewhere.

THE UNIVERSITY OFFERS few ser-

vices for the students, beyond token medical care, the necessities of dormitories, and packed classrooms. Everything else costs extra, even the use of rooms to put on plays. The students' fiscal importance is slighted, while the school tries to give the impression that all its funds come from the Legislature. (Public records on this are kept secret, but multiply 30,000 students times the 1-3,000 dollar tuition charge . . .) No doubt, tuition payments do not cover all the expenses of the school such as the un-needed new buildings, in-the-red public relations devices, and a host of non-teaching functionaries whose number approaches the number of teachers on the payroll. The Legislature's budget approval is important too because in the course of the haggling the Wisconsin firms can discover if the campus has behaved lately. If so, corporate gifts flow in the wake of legislative approval. Quiet and unquiet years alternate lately, so a compromise has been struck between absolute niggardliness and largess. Support continues for lucrative research and conservative departments, and it will be cut for those producing trouble-makers. The university, since these latter were liberal arts students, transforms itself into a vocational school like others in the State system tied to small-town notions of education. Economy measures seldom affect the ranks of bureaucrats in the university; cuts, when they come, are made in the number teaching or involved in services. A few exceptions: if a department in the liberal disciplines still fits in with the owners' bread-and-circuses notion of culture, funds still flow to it; the petty-Broadway theater department and the music school are still rewarded for producing light entertainment.

In the days of Fighting Bob LaFollette, Progressives announced that the boundary of this campus was the boundary of the state. The slogan expressed the idea of an educational parish, widely conceived, service to all segments of society. Today University President John Weaver tells students who will still listen that the boundaries, the immediate needs of the State, bind the campus. The society he exhorts students to serve that of the rich regents and the never-ending stream of corporation recruiters. To serve a society is like making a grade: find out what the boss wants and become it. The University grovels, too. Its drones busy themselves over conveniences for the Army Math Research Center on campus, the recruiters, the police, and the bankers' and businessmen's conventions here (these are euphemistically called "schools"). It's part of the job: an English Department secretary becomes the prime witness against a student brought to trial for cutting down a flag.

Learning to live with the FBI takes time and energy and broad strategies which influence the school's extra-curricular activities, dominated from the top. There

are too many students even in the humanities to watch, so activities are designed to split them into two rough categories, the happy and the unhappy. From the latter, trouble may come. For the former there are "return to normalcy" events which allow letting off steam but not delving into social reality. School officials persuade city police to allow Homecoming parades and rallies to block the streets, though anti-war marchers are kept to the sidewalks, unless there are too many of them. Once again there are beer busts, the Big Game, and the Big Dance. Pushing the "back-to-the-fifties" mood, a new reactionary student newspaper comes out, quickly authorized by the regents and supported by the advertising of the big banks and businesses in town. This *Badger Herald* hopes to supplant the older, more popular, sometimes-leftist *Daily Cardinal*. It reverently hands on officials' home-spun tales of their own rugged individualism, their anti-protest and anti-union statements, gives big play to the frat and football world, follows Buckley.

The University collects about a quarter of a million dollars each year in "student activity fees" and consequently, boasts a large and active Student Union building. It, however, like the University, and for similar causes, is supposed to be almost broke. Money-making student snack bars and a cinema support money-losing pseudo-plush lounges for conventioners or alumni. A host of parasites, "activity advisors," sport professorial rank, and pay, and try to function like the National Endowment for the Humanities. That is, they "coordinate" (regulate) cultural activities except for athletics, openly authoritarian. The advisors pigeonhole student interests. There are drama, film, crafts, literary committees and the like. Then they try to inspire students making up the groups to do the routine work necessary to earn money or win friends for the Union or the University via public events, sales, exhibits, or charity projects. Given the well-publicized financial plight of the Union, boxoffice always comes first. For example, the advisor of the film committee recently announced that the Union would be showing fewer foreign films because more students would pay to see Hollywood products. This committee already makes several thousand a year, but probably has been asked to contribute more to other "services" the Union provides when catering to businessmen.

SO MUCH FOR THE happy students. More sinister than the hot bath cultural programs for them are others designed to "root out the revolutionaries," in the phrase of Fred Harrington, a former president himself rooted out because the Legislature wanted more law and order on the campus. The University sometimes has it direct: plainclothesmen simply sit in on classes or even enroll. When I invited underground poets d.a. Levy and Bob Watt to read to a literature class, their frank language offended some of the students. A week later two detectives sat in. They left when I asked them to (one requirement for the class was that everyone had to take part in the discussion and they refused). The outrage that the *Daily Cardinal* expressed about the incident could not be maintained when a few weeks later students and teachers had to try to carry on with National Guardsmen standing in the rear of the rooms.

The University sponsors several programs of the type represented by the annual Latin American Law Seminar. Latin students, many of them with progressive turns of mind, some of them activists or friends of activists, come to this country for a month, all expenses paid, and discuss the social movements in their countries with oh-so-helpful professors. Many of them even write papers naming

names—information which eventually reaches the right source of reaction. A "liberal" professor here encourages, also, specifically factual papers on the American left. A Land Tenure Center, alleged related to the CIA, employs Third World students for longer periods of time and enables them to do in-depth finking, usually completely unawares. Groups of foreign students often tour the left here and in Chicago nearby. Their status makes it normal that they ask many questions, and often one of them is obliging enough to hand the information along. American students on the fringes of radicalism or life-style rebellion sometimes becomes depressed and may be encouraged to visit the "Center for Conflict Resolution." A non-conforming student may be referred there by an alert housemother or teacher. Here polite parole officers in disguise do not push when the word "pot" comes up, but they rarely fail to notice it, or volunteer information about student leftist groups or rebels. The line they push is that the individual can control his own problems, since they are his fault anyway and basically resulting from a lack of communication. Snooping and cool-it talk becomes forces for a quieter campus.

Infiltration is hard to prove before the fact. It is noticeable, nonetheless, that many of the student groups become strangely disorganized and passive after promising beginnings. "Openness," one of the values of youth culture, invites subversion. Any young person, including a police cadet, can usually move into a position of influence in groups in a short time simply by performing routine tasks reliably. A "People's Office," set up to spread information about "underground" groups' events could be milked for names, addresses, biographies, by someone serving only a few hours a day at its telephone switchboard. Better than that, most leftist groups and co-ops compete in person for money collected by a "Sustaining Fund" begun by the left and gathering its resources by collecting a small tax on all the purchases in the co-ops. The budget has climbed to five figures now, but a small clique of leisured youth slow down the sessions of the group, requiring those who need it to appear before them in person, have voted themselves salaries, and set up a procedure that bureaucratically represses the very activities the fund was set up to foster, though money flows regularly to the "People's Office" and a hip newspaper encouraging infantile leftism. Even the Wisconsin Alliance, designed originally to function mainly through committees, now hammers out its strategy and canvasses opinion in general come-and-go meetings.

No doubt much of this results from the usual naivete and bungling of the young, but very many issue-raising groups are strangled at the center by some who seem to have more time and more purposefulness than one would expect. On a national level this happens, too: the recently-formed New American Movement, a sort of graduate SDS, after two lively national conventions, looks moribund. One young woman with no political background and clearly upper-class training and habits became a national officer in it, argued always for central control, and turned the organizers away from definite action to resolutions and publication producing. Unwitting help usually comes from those unclear about tactics. Detective George Croal who served as one of the main leaders on the anti-Dow Chemical steering committee during large protests here argued that demonstrators should pack a building where recruitment was taking place. If the police came, everyone would sit down. His position was seconded by pacifists and a few liberals who thought the police would not be violent. What happened was that a very large number of police shot tear gas into the mass, went in with clubs swinging, and dragged the students out to waiting paddy wagons. An agent cannot stop a protest, but he can move it or an organization in the direction of no-win tactics.

THE CAMPUS MINDLESSNESS and subversion appear on the national level. On the one hand, Broadway's geishas prattle cleverly and superficially, television pacifies, and grants go to safe theater groups (usually for plant, tying them down with boxoffice care) or abstract dance, music, art. The formula for possible opponents is organize them, co-ordinate them, and then drive the critics out of business preferably these days by demoralizing them, since shooting their leaders gives them martyrs. The CIA dealt the National Student Association a mortal blow by merely giving it money and, the NSA being hard to deflect from social criticism, leaking the news of their backing. A slightly different approach is

(continued on page 11)

Lobotomies and the brain: holier than thou

By RIO MORELAND
of the Cardinal Staff

Wild rages and suicidal depressions, delusions and obsessions—these commonly accepted signs of insanity are now being attempted to be controlled by "psychosurgery."

Psychosurgery (known in earlier medical terminology as lobotomy) or surgical modification of the brain to alter or control some aspect of the personality is an ancient practice. The modern process, however, was developed in the United States in 1938 by Doctor Walter Freeman.

Except for a brief period during the 1940s and 1950s psychosurgery has never won wide acceptance in this country, and for good reason. Lobotomies resulted in improvements in approximately half the cases. But in other cases, patients turning into human vegetables resulted.

THOUGH VARIOUS old-style lobotomies have been abandoned, some doctors are turning once more to surgery to control the emotions. Using newly developed or refined techniques, they have been operating on areas of the brain believed to control specific emotions or responses.

Doctors claim that a better

understanding of the brain itself is making this revival possible. As neurologists recognize the drawbacks of lobotomies, they are beginning to shift their attention to the Limbic system which has diffuse interconnections throughout the brain, theorizing that it is somehow connected with mood and behavior.

Dr. Joseph M.R. Delgado, of the Yale School of Medicine, has developed a tiny electrode that can be planted in any part of the brain. Radio impulses, either programmed by computer or activated by a therapist, can be directed to the electrode to make the patient angry, happy, loving, fearful at will—somebody else's will. This is a prospect that is giving students of medical ethics real shudders.

Another Delgado device will control behavior by releasing long-lasting drugs to specific brain areas.

MOST OF THE doctors who perform psychosurgery are enthusiastic about it but only as a desperate measure. Many agree with Dr. H. Thomas Ballantine Jr. of Massachusetts General Hospital that "the brain is no longer a sacred organ, excluded from surgical therapy because it supposedly houses the soul." But

few believe that psychotherapy should be performed casually.

Dr. Theodore Kurge, chief of neurosurgery at Los Angeles County—University of Southern California Medical Center, feels that such operations should be attempted only after more conventional approaches like psychiatry, shock treatment and drugs have failed to help the patient, and then only on patients who are dangerous to others or to themselves.

Arguments against its use, on medical and ethical grounds, are Debate seems to be centered on the issue: Does psychosurgery destroy personality?

DR. PETER BREGGIN a Washington, D.C. psychiatrist, suggests that doctors are operating on the emotions indiscriminately calming down prisoners, mental patients and hyperkinetic children to make them easier to handle, and tranquilizing neurotic housewives.

While some doctors seem fully aware of the potential dangers and abuses of psychosurgery; some reputable neurosurgeons avoid it entirely.

Dr. Hellgum Klove, professor of Neuropsychology at the University of Wisconsin, says,

"As yet, there has been no nationwide follow up studies on the outcome of all psychosurgery operations performed. There is even dispute on how many have taken place, under what circumstances, in the past five years." Dr. Klove also stated that he was unaware of any such operations being performed in Wisconsin.

One University of Wisconsin psychiatrist, who wishes to remain anonymous, stated that "all kinds of psychosurgery blunt the brain. I personally feel that it partially kills the individual... All kinds of psychosurgery should be outlawed."

EVERYONE HAS HIS standard of what constitutes "normal" mental and emotional responses. "How much conformity is necessary for social life?" asks

Professor Roger L. Shinn, of Union Theological Seminary.

Some top psychiatrists share the view that equating conformity with sanity is bad medicine and that arbitrarily changing personality is poor therapy.

While testing goes on and the dispute continues, several disturbing questions arise:

Do doctors have a legal or moral right to interfere with a patient's personality because they think it needs changing or because parents, teachers, hospital staff want it changed?

In some states, psychosurgery is legal only to remedy a physical illness—violent epilepsy. But who is to draw the line, and where, on what is "physical" and what is "psychological" when the brain is concerned?

Pentagon March and Paul Krassner's Christmas parties, later to be brought before Windy City Justice, where bribes flow freely in the corridors and the Traffic courts whip through their schedules like IBM cards. — They sat with the multitudes, huddled over guttering fires on the lawns around the Art Institute, shaking their fists at the Conrad Hilton.

The celebration had been stomped by the Man; the worst kind of paranoia had been consummated. But, in addition, a vein of theatrical masochism had been appeased. The Yippies later boasted it was they who elected Old Shenanigans and interred Humphrey in the political boneyard. As Ginberg observed in Miami, that was a dubious achievement at best. And four years later, it was the Yippies who were tasting the salts and spirits of political intrigue.

Tomorrow: Confrontation

Protest

(continued from page 1)

Hole of Calcutta, that tenacious ass licker, that crusading liberal who had learned all too well how to work within the system, ascended the throne only to have his squeals of triumph interrupted by an orgy of violence erupting on the intersection of Michigan and Balboa.

"The police is not here to Create disorder; the police is here to preserve disorder," rumbled Mayor Richard Daley, explaining his department's unorthodox crowd control tactics. "Let us resolve never, never again to see what we have witnessed here tonight," trilled Hubert, snapping his blinders back on. And the Yippie leaders, veterans of the

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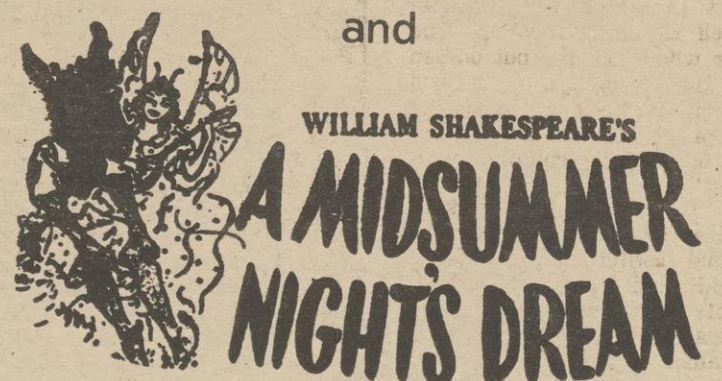
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In Madison, media can give you the kind of medium that you want

By DAVID COHEEN
of the Cardinal Staff

McCluhan notwithstanding, print is still a viable means of communication in Madison.

Newspapers, newsletters, journals and magazines are as varied as the political milieu which breeds them. Besides the better known media in Madison such as the *Capitol Times*, *Wisconsin State Journal*, and numerous radio and television sources, the city contains smaller media maintaining a wide range of left to middle stances as well as

A good amount of political literature is available, most of them determined to present their own ideologies and committed to provide to the public a variance in political perspective. Most deem it necessary to organize community groups to help revolutionize the present imperialist society.

Those media, which originate in the Madison community include *Takeover*, the *King St. Trolley*, *We the People*, the *Wisconsin Patriot*, *Peoples Release* and the *Scarlet Letter*. Other Madison media of interest to students include *Progressive Magazine* and student operated radio stations WSRM and WLHA.

Last November, the *Madison Kaleidoscope* split as a result of a power struggle between staff members. The split culminated in the formation of two underground papers known as *Takeover* and the *King Street Trolley*.

Takeover, a paper encouraging "arson, riot and sedition" is a revolutionary paper advocating revolutionary politics. It concentrates most heavily on local perspectives and contains "pro-freak" culture such as poetry and comics. *Takeover*, noted for its widely read column on the dope market, is put out by "revolutionary artists," "Communist anarchists," and "Yip-pie situationists."

The paper appears to be financially stable, although it needs money and staff to keep up its "nice" appearance.

The collective staff members find it difficult to agree on a single political perspective, claiming its "as hazy as a cloud of marijuana."

As far as *Takeover's* need to exist, one staff member explained that the paper "promotes a regional mentality of freaks in Wisconsin."

The *King Street Trolley* is a direct counterpart of *Kaleidoscope* featuring news unlike any other media. Rumors have it that the *Trolley* had folded, but this is entirely untrue according to a staff member who claims the paper is only in a "state of dormancy."

The *Trolley* includes coverage of cultural Madison and most important, strives to write about issues in which the reporter himself is deeply involved. The paper which has not put out an issue since June, has no standard political line besides "organizing the linkage between student left and the working community at large."

We the People, a working peoples newspaper, deals with working institutions in Madison, the U.S. and the world, and attempts to analyze them politically. It includes analysis of capitalism and imperialism in an effort to determine why these institutions are the root cause of labor problems. Most important, *We the People* organizes people into unions to fight for every day rights and needs of workers.

Politically then, *We the People* is an "organizing tool" envisioning unions as the only protection of the working people.

According to a staff member, the paper includes proposals and organizing tactics as a way around the "fundamental contradiction in the world today, Imperialism."

A major problem on the paper has been a movement away from working class involvement on the staff. "We the People is attempting to establish friends from working institutions to make it more of a working class paper," a staff member told the *Cardinal*. The paper is printed bi-monthly.

The *Wisconsin Patriot* official organ of the Wisconsin Alliance as a political party, maintains a "three pronged emphasis" based on an alliance of workers, small farmers, and students. It is a State wide paper and contributes to the financial backing of the Wisconsin Alliance.

Politically, the paper believes in "all power to the working people" and attempts to revolutionize the present "small class monopoly owners" who control the working peoples resources.

The paper is necessary to promote the political viewpoints of an independent third party based on the three pronged alliance.

The *Wisconsin Patriot* is presently experiencing a shortage

in manpower.

Peoples Release, put out by people's office, is a newsletter oriented toward cooperatives. It has been seen on the streets on numerous occasions promoting anti-war rallies, strikes, and boycotts. It is now, according to a staff member, a very effective means of informing readers about peoples office.

"It is brief, free, attracts readers, and can say a lot", he explained.

The mimeographed sheet put out by a full time staff of three or four from peoples office, sees as a primary function to keep people in touch with the needs of the community.

The main hassle now is to keep up production maintaining consistent week by week issues. According to a staff member, "things are picking up but the newsletter has still been sporadic."

The *Scarlet Letter* serves as a women's voice among Madison media. The Letter was previously printed in magazine form but according to a staff member, a future style let alone format has not yet been determined.

The paper deals mainly with personal experience articles, but in the future the Letter will include self criticism and more political analysis focusing on how the womens movement should relate to other issues.

"We will try to explain personal experiences through political analysis such as how a woman's divorce relates to marriage as an institution," explained a staff member.

There is no set political viewpoint that all agree on, however the perspectives will evolve "as the paper materializes".

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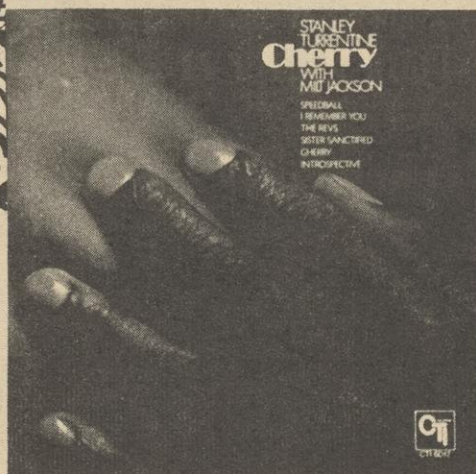
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A. All students registered at the University of Wisconsin-Madison by September 8 are eligible to win.

B. Labels identifying students by I.D. number will be obtained from the University and placed in a contest bin for selection.

II. Selection of Winners

A. Labels are randomly selected on a daily basis and the I.D. number will be printed in **The Daily Cardinal's** classified section. After three days, the labels will be returned to the contest bin for future selection.

III. Winners

A. If you recognize your I.D. number, you have three days (not counting weekends and holidays) to properly identify yourself in one of two ways:

1. You may come to the Daily Cardinal office at 821 University Avenue, between 8 a.m. and 4 p.m. M-F and show your I.D. card or registration form; or

2. You may call the Daily Cardinal's contest office (Tel. 262-5877) between 8 a.m. and 4 p.m. M-F and give us your name and address.

B. Upon proper identification, you're a WINNER!

IV. Prizes are offered by participating merchants in accordance with the following:

1. Value of the prize should be at least \$1.00.

2. Prize offers must be submitted on contest forms or facsimiles provided by The Daily Cardinal and returned to The Daily Cardinal office in sealed envelopes, 1 prize offer per envelope.

3. All promotions for this contest will be handled exclusively by the Daily Cardinal.

4. No purchase may be required of winners to receive prize.

V. Claiming your prize.

1. Winners will receive the "prize offer" (Para. IV, 3) by selection from the "Prizes" bin. For those who come to the office, selection will be performed by the winner, and for those who call in, the selection will be by a member of the Cardinal business staff and mailed (envelope will not be opened.)

2. Upon receipt of the prize offer, winners may present their prize form to the merchant for the prize within 30 days.

VI. General—Cardinal business staff members are ineligible to win. Contest begins September 15, 1972 and ends when we run out of prize offers.

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Essay

(continued from page 7)

that of the Coordinating Council of Literary Magazines, an agency of NEH. It tries to look impartial—who cares about literary magazines after all?—but its consistent support goes to the anti-communist, pro-capitalist culture, or at least irrelevant ones. A sop to the magazines attacking the Establishment (even my own magazine almost got a grant once) may silence them or make the pose of objectivity more believable, but those who attack socialism, the idea that society is organized into classes, even champions of the isolated sensibility *The Partisan Review* and its Henry James idolatry) get the bigger funds. Even jazzing some of these up with tax funds doesn't get them readers—The

Kenyon Review, which always encouraged literary reactionaries, doddered to its grave despite Santa's attention.

The CIA, as Maxwell Geismar reveals, arranged a whole group of cultural activities having to do with "cultural freedom." The original event, the Congress for Cultural Freedom, took place in Berlin in 1950. The host listened politely and took notes and hoped to guide this congress and subsequent meetings toward the forging of a better anti-communist cultural strategy. The million dollar meetings produced the strategy of the curved path of liberal fascism, the covert control we have been illustrating, polite but total. Liberalism in itself, measuring the arts and politics with a humanistic yardstick, led to communism said the inner circle at the Congress. Therefore any cultural or educational activity, any book or drama, soft on communism or hard on capitalism, even

revealing of its abuses, should be combatted, preferably indirectly and silenced in the name of freedom. The left could be denied civil liberties, too, because, it would be charged, it denied the principles of freedom. Since the Communist world was unfair and unfree, it could be isolated, starved out, coerced.

The conference gave birth to Stephen Spender's *Encounter* magazine, though Spender resigned when this was revealed. He claimed not to know where the money was coming from. It was founded because leading English intellectuals were unenthusiastic about cultural stances based on undeclared war. Favorable attention, continuing to this day, showered on *The Partisan Review*. Besides its editors, those active in the shaping of Cold War ideology there and thereafter included Arthur Koestler, Sidney Hook, Melvin Laskey, James T. Farrell, Kenneth Galbraith, Elia Kazan, Hannah Arendt, and Lionel Trilling. As intellectuals with clout in our educational and cultural industries, these helped tie up a generation in the mental strait-jacket of the Eisenhower-McCarthy years. Their influence still counts—witness efforts to outlaw and silence political opposition, co-opt it by "legal" liberalism of the superficial reformers like Senator George McGovern, or the back-to-normalcy pitch on television or the campus.

Capitalist culture takes on the decadent aspects of the late Roman Empire.

Monumental triviality and gladiatorial spectacle covers imperfectly repression and exploitation. The culture reveals the economics it is based on, generally inadvertently. Its repressiveness leads to, rationalizes genocide, first isolating opposition and then silencing it. Our entertainments offer only one solution for the bad guys, the final solution.

Culture's chief success here has been to make our citizens think that they are middle class and that they are a team trying to prevent others from breaking in upon a collectively held wealth. We merely defend our own and thus we are more virtuous than others. In Vietnam a battalion commander raged over an unfavorable newspaper report by a Pulitzer Prize winner: "Look what he said about us," he wailed, "and we even made him an honorary Tiger Shark!" If ruling classes can maintain this culture that causes one to be honored at being named Go-Devil, Tiger Shark, Screaming Eagle, then their struggle for profit can continue disguised as a war of all us good cowboys against the bad Indians. People reject this lying, though, and fewer can accept the counter-culture given the many instances of co-option and repression. They do not want to be a nation of sheep with fangs and the promise of hedonistic, conforming individualism seems empty. The culture, hiding and growing from exploiter-exploited economics, can not last, because capitalism can not last.

Office

(continued from page 5)

mon view—that sports was the most worthwhile thing in the paper. The truth was somewhere in between.

Once, when the sports staff staged a brief strike over space allotments, someone hung up a front page of the Wisconsin State Journal—which included a redinked, full-page headline saying: "Let Us All Pray for Their Safe Return." The headline concerned the three astronauts who were supposedly imperiled in space. Somebody substituted pictures of me, Jim Cohen, and Tom Hawley—the sports triumvirate of the day—for the photos of the three spacemen.

The worst memory of the place I have is of the fateful December, 1969 evening of the first draft lottery. I was covering a Wisconsin basketball game that night, and told myself that I would not look for my number until after the game, so that nothing would disrupt my enjoyment.

ON THE way into the office, however, I saw the AP wire spewing out the names and dates, and the temptation to look was irresistible.

I discovered I had landed number 25, and when I sat down at the typewriter, the words would not come. I asked Cohen, who was number 100-something, to write instead. That night I went home and filled my aching gut with vodka. The next morning I woke up amid the vomit of my own despair.

The fondest memory is of the

day—about two months before the lottery—team snapped its 23-game winless streak by beating Iowa. We put out a special, four-page edition (Reiner's idea) which is now a classic. Its front page trumpeted the word "WE WIN" with a huge photo by Mickey Pfeiffer of the scoreboard at game's end and the score by quarters at the bottom. I recall starting to write my column at 8:20, when the copy deadline was supposed to be 7:30. It still stands as one of my greatest journalistic achievements.

The most vivid memories were of the faces of writers who had just covered the watershed events—Dow, the Black Strike, Mifflin St., Cambodia, etc. Their expressions told more than any 10,000 words they could have written.

BUT NOW it is gone, replaced by the department of Oc-



cupational Therapy, or something like that.

May the new office become strewn with both litter and ideas very soon, and may it always foster the unique greatness that is the Daily Cardinal.

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