

of the tunnel." As it turned out the light came from the fires in Cholon; so much for tunnel vision.

Furgurson has also avoided a discussion of what will be the most controversial operation of the war: Khe Sanh. It was Westmoreland who claimed Khe Sanh was so essential that it was worth tying down 30 per cent of his ground effectiveness where they would be a static target. For six months he kept calling the area "essential" while U.S. losses mounted. While he was still saying his goodbyes, General Abrams, his successor, was dismantling the base. Ironically, it was another Baltimore correspondent who broke the military embargo to inform the American public what the Vietnamese had long known—thereby losing his credentials.

General Rommel once remarked that professional soldiers needed wars because they could study their craft for years, but only in a war would they find out if the lessons had been well-learned. Westmoreland evidently shares this idea. If nothing else, Furgurson's book at least affords us the opportunity to hear, in his own words, Westmoreland's view of the value of the war in Vietnam:

"I bet that Russian Army is jealous as hell. Our troops are here getting all this experience, we're learning about guerrilla warfare, helicopters, vertical envelopment, close artillery support. Those Russian generals would love to be here. . . . Any true professional wants to march to the sound of gunfire."

—DONALD DUNCAN

ARTS & CRAFTS

Would you want your sister to marry a Beatle?

"Revolution," Lennon-McCartney. Apple 2276.

"Street Fighting Man," Jagger-Richards. London 45-909.

TIME WAS WHEN THE Beatles could be viewed as the vanguard of a cultural revolution without so much as bothering their heads about politics. Just what was implicit in their music was enough: an assumption of generational revolt and the existence of sub-cultures with alternative life styles.

Apart from that, one of the great things about the Beatles was that they were apolitical. In the English class structure, the Mods constituted a real

revolt from their parents. At the time it seemed terribly revolutionary for English slum kids, doomed by the system to lives of Dickensian drudgery from the age of eleven, when the 11-plus exams effectively excluded them from higher education, to become millionaires just by mucking about with guitars ("The guitar's all right, John," John Lennon's Aunt Mimi is supposed to have told him, "but you'll never make your living by it").

In the beginning, the Beatles never had to attack the system overtly; their very success implied the criticism. Being isolationist and apolitical was in itself a departure from the values of the older generation; in English terms it meant not giving a damn about the Queen and her crumbling empire. And instead of hanging onto a stingy, war-time ration mentality, the Mods spent all their money on schlocky clothes from Carnaby Street. As for the Beatles, not only did they effortlessly make piles of money, they positively gloried in it. They didn't give it to charities for starving colonials; they spent it and lived like kings. No qualms, no guilt, a fact that horrified American politicoes. For American kids, the revolt from the middle class was to scorn money; for English kids it was to squander it as though there were no tomorrow.

The Beatles were more than a rock band. They offered up their whole lives as a kind of entertainment, with an invitation to kids to imitate them: live free, fuck off, you don't have to play the game by society's rules to make it. Taking on the Beatles' life style was an implicitly political act that may have

been valid, at that particular time, for English kids.

But the revolt that seemed so promising for England proved, in time, to be merely one-dimensional: the bank clerks and office juniors who donned

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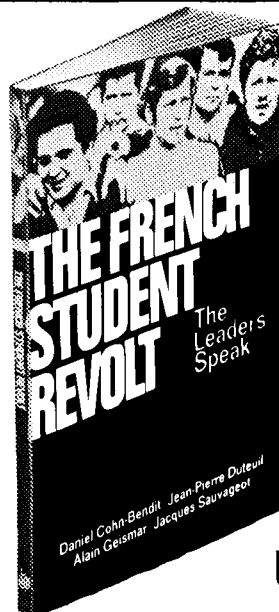
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The leaders—Cohn-Bendit and the others—speak out on The French Student Revolt

In the first book on the subject, Daniel Cohn-Bendit, Jean-Pierre Duteuil, Alain Geismar, and Jacques Sauvageot explain why, and how, the revolt spread so rapidly—and almost engulfed all of France in a social revolution. With a Foreword by Hervé Bourges, and an interview between Cohn-Bendit and Jean-Paul Sartre. \$3.95; paper \$1.50



HILL & WANG

141 Fifth Ave., New York 10010

Mod clothes and danced to the Beatles remained bank clerks and office juniors; the class structure that the Beatles were supposed to be breaking down never quite broke down enough to include their fans. And the attempt to import it to America, where intellectuals were increasingly political, was doomed to disaster from the beginning.

To Americans, the defiant spirit of post-Beatles rock and roll seemed so vital, so in tune with what they were feeling, that they wanted desperately to believe it could offer a total world view. There was an aspect of the new rock that appealed particularly to some political activists: that it seemed finally, irrevocably unrespectable, and un-co-optable by society. Out of their own inadequacies, the radicals were clutching at straws in the wind, hoping to take their political cues from the culture heroes. They hadn't learned their lesson when Bob Dylan delineated his distance from them in "My Back Pages." They saw things in Beatles songs that were never there; they sang "Yellow Submarine" as though John and Paul had personally sat down to chart a new direction for the radical movement and provide it with an anthem.

To be fair, the Beatles had protested all along that they were apolitical. They were, they said, just artists, just doing their thing; to pretend they cared about children starving in India would

be hypocritical. They did, at one point, sign an ad in the Times protesting the war in Vietnam, but for the most part they stayed out of politics. And if the acceptance of the Beatles as high culture meant that the kids had effectively rejected adult culture, it still didn't mean that the Fab Foursome had anything more to offer than a pretty good form of entertainment and a certain infectious spirit. The tenuous alliance that the radicals had forced was bound to come a cropper.

By Christmas of 1965, when "Rubber Soul" was released, most of the world's youth population was pretty firmly under the thumb of the Beatles. Knowing there were millions who would approve anything they did gave the Beatles virtually unlimited freedom to experiment. They began to withdraw into palaces of the imagination, taking a lot of people along on the trip.

Popularity is one thing; unlimited influence another. Soon even the culture heroes began to take themselves seriously as arbiters of the youth revolution. They began to prescribe: take drugs, don't take drugs, turn on to transcendental meditation and find yourself. It was their downfall. The Beatles, smooth, musical virtuosi, astute on matters of the heart, have done nothing but make fools of themselves since they got into philosophizing: Flower Power, the Maharishi, All You Need Is Love.

And their choice of a phony and rather reactionary philosophy made fools of radicals who idealized them as well.

"Revolution" is the final blow to the radicals' illusions. With their latest record, the Beatles have plunged directly into the politics of youth. It is an explicit political statement, and must be judged in that context.

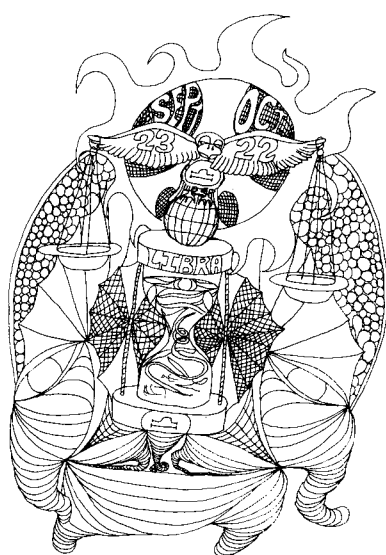
"Revolution" is a put-down. "You say you want a revolution/We-ell you know /We all want to change the world." Maybe on the basis of that last line you can argue that the song only puts down *violent* revolution. But the sarcasm seems too apparent. "If you go around carrying pictures of Chairman Mao/You ain't gonna make it with anyone anyhow," they sing; and they moralize: "You say that it's the institution/We-ell you know/You better free your mind instead."

Can the Beatles ultimately resolve the question of what to think about Chairman Mao? I doubt it. If you free your mind, can you free the world? There was a time when American radicals thought so—when the hippies and the Ken Kesey's and the drug freaks and the rock bands seemed to be launching a more effective attack on the society than years of demonstrations had done. But the dropouts' style of life was co-opted, and the "blow their minds" politics that had evolved, while more fun than picketing or marching, didn't change the repressive institutions either. Obviously more forceful tactics were necessary. Street fighting became the order of the day.

The really disturbing thing about "Revolution" is that it confirms the Beatles' process of intellectual ossification. Times have changed but the Beatles remain the same, singing a narcissistic little song called "Revolution" that, in these troubled times, preaches counter-revolution.

And what's the thing that really bugs them? "You say you want a contribution." They're not giving "money to people with minds that hate." They've gotten so far away from thinking of "contribution" to a political cause as meaning what they can do as artists that they conceive of their role essentially as that of millionaires. The chorus of the song is, "And you know it's gonna be all right." Well, it isn't. You *know* it's *not* gonna be all right; the song, in fact, is one of the few Beatles songs that, even artistically, lacks conviction.

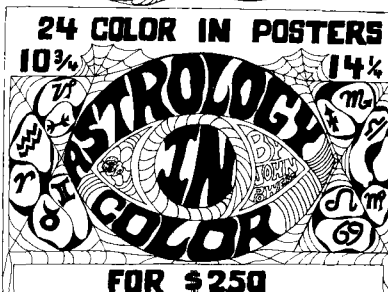
In view of recent events, it's no longer possible to believe that it's enough just to imitate the buoyant op-



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What are careers today?



Careers today are the reverse of what they were yesterday. Until this generation, few people had any choice. Sons followed their fathers into a prescribed occupation, taking what jobs they could get to keep bread on the table and, more recently, a respectable car in the driveway.

Today jobs are plentiful. For the first time since Eden there are more jobs than people. But a job... a living... is now not enough. The educated and idealistic young want opportunities for contribution, for achievement, for excitement. Most want to live well and make a life out of a livelihood.

So careers today have become both an opportunity and a problem,

because they require choice. You can choose, almost without limit, among the things that you can do with your life. You want work that brings fulfillment, and you find it elusive.

No one tells you how to choose, what questions to ask, what commitments to make and which ones not to make. Nobody tells you what the various fields are like today and how they are in a process of radical change. Nobody tells you that academia imposes deadly conformity or that banking is no longer staid and stodgy. No one tells you that local government, though it still smells of the cuspidor, must find people with imagination to deal with the urban crisis.

Most of our institutions still behave in a way that was appropriate when college graduates were few, and few were needed. There was no need for information on jobs and

careers. Today, when the information is desperately needed, it still is not provided. A kind of cultural lag has left a blackout on the information essential for career decisions.

We must make a start. With the publishers of *PSYCHOLOGY TODAY*, the magazine of social science, a group of us — educators, businessmen, editors and young people — have founded *CAREERS TODAY*, the new magazine for students, graduates and adults of all ages who want to put their knowledge to better use. We know from the response to the charter issue that we can make a contribution. We have found the need to be even more serious than we had imagined.

If we do our job, more men and women will make rational decisions about the use of their talents. And most will discover that career choices can be fun—they need not be full of agony, despair and doom.

T George Harris
managing editor
Careers Today

timism of the Beatles or to live as they do. It is no longer a matter of music but rather one of betrayal. They come off with a whining affirmation of their own values—all you need is love—while the kids build barricades in the streets and the cops bash heads.

The Beatles have come to occupy a place in British society as structured and secure as the Queen's. Basically, they were always nice kids, a little weird maybe, but you wouldn't mind if your sister married one. They contrast sharply with the Rolling Stones, who—the embodiment of the grimy, scruffy side of rock and roll, with a harder, tougher core than the Beatles—are still freaks and outlaws in British society. When the Stones started out, they sang the blues of American blacks, and for a while it seemed as though they were trying just to make black sexuality palatable to white kids because it was sung by other whites. That was until it became apparent that, to most people, the Stones' sexuality was every bit as unpalatable as that of the blacks.

Raunchy, low-down, uncouth, unsavory and blatantly sexual, the Stones got busted for urinating on gas station walls and for having orgies, and had paternity suits ("suits of affiliation," as they're called in England) filed against them. The master of the suggestive lyric ("Give it to me now, I've no objection"), the sensuous grunt (cf. "Going Home," all 11 minutes of it), the sneering voice, and the man with the diction capable of insinuating the most profound disgust and corruption is, after all, Mick Jagger.

The Stones were musical anarchists, harbingers of chaos. The Beatles played with satire, some gentle, some not so gentle. The Stones attacked the English class system in songs like "Playing with Fire." They were hip to the Great American Shuck—think of the viciousness of "Mother's Little Helper" ("What a drag it is getting old"). The Beatles came late to philosophy; the Stones, on a very basic level, always had one: sneer, scorn, attack. Their music, though technically successful, appeared careless and sloppy, and was characterized by violence and pent-up fury. The music inside their heads was like the words inside Dylan's: "If my thought-dreams could be seen/They'd probably put my head in a guillotine."

"Street Fighting Man" begins, "Everywhere I hear the sound of marching, charging feet, boy/ 'Cause summer's here and the time is right for fighting in the street, boy" (The latter is a line, with only one word changed, from a

black song of a few years ago—one, significantly, that the hippies adopted as a kind of anthem—"Summer's here and the time is right for dancing in the streets"). "Tell me what can a poor boy do/'Cept to sing for a rock and roll band/'Cause in sleepy London town there's just no place for a street fighting man." The Stones' statement is beautiful in the truth of its autobiographical statement.

If there's one theme that's remained constant in the Stones' lyrics, from their early blues to "Beggars' Banquet," it's frustration: "I can't get no satisfaction." The Stones obviously identify themselves with the street-fighters ("My name is called disturbance"). Temperamentally suited to be among them, they can't make it at that either. When Mick Jagger sings, "Tell me what can a poor boy do/'Cept to sing for a rock and roll band," he's not trying to justify himself; unlike the Beatles, he's too unsure of his own role as a rock singer to prescribe it to anyone else. In trying to come to grips with their frustration and to figure out how to resolve the problem of expressing their solidarity with the street-fighters while remaining entertainers themselves, the Stones have created a song that is a sympathetic and symbolic representation of street fighting.

But the purpose of this is not to tell the radicals who have lost Dylan, and now the Beatles, that they still have the Stones. However sympathetic "Street Fighting Man" is to the radicals' aspirations, it's *still* rock and roll, *still* the one-dimensional revolution, *still* entertainment, and rock still isn't politics. Only this small thing: when push comes to shove—Paris, Mexico City, Prague, Chicago, Columbia, Telegraph Avenue—the Stones' philosophy holds up better than the Beatles'. Sneer, scorn, attack.

—SUSAN LYDON

FILM

The Movement's own film about Columbia may be art despite itself

SOME OF THE BETTER FILMS being made in the United States today are not to be seen at your local theater. They are being produced by Newsreel, not a film company but a radical and Movement-oriented film group with its largest con-

tingent in New York and affiliated groups in San Francisco, Boston, Chicago and Ann Arbor. The films are being distributed free through a "community distribution network" to activist groups all over the country.

By now, Newsreel has produced more than 20 films, but by far the longest and probably the best to date is *Revolt at Columbia*, a 58-minute feature which has just been released and which deals, of course, with the student movement and the student strike last spring at Columbia University. The film was shot by more than half the New York Newsreel group—about 25 people in all—operating on the campus and within The Movement during the entire time of the occupation of the buildings, the police attack, and the student strike. Almost all the footage was shot on the spot during the events, with Newsreel members serving, somewhat schizophrenically, both as cameramen and as defenders of the barricades. Most of the film's sound track, too, was taped on the spot: interviews with striking students, recordings of speeches and sounds of violent clashes between students and police.

Revolt at Columbia is thus not a film about The Movement, or a movement, but a film from within The Movement: looking out and looking around. As the climactic scenes build up, the audience is no longer looking through the impartial eye of the camera, it sees with the eyes of the participants themselves. When Rap Brown slips dramatically through police lines to enter the campus to speak, you suddenly find yourself listening to him, not as a moviegoer sitting and judging the merits and demerits of what Mr. Brown has to say, but as a striking student listening from the window of Hamilton Hall—a student for whom Brown's appearance is not just another speech, but a climax of student power on the campus.

The candlelit scenes of the wedding ceremony in Fayerweather Hall, and the portrayal in pictures and sound of the sense of community and deep joy of the student "communards," form a true climax to the whole movie. When the camera cuts suddenly to squadrons of cops marching on the buildings, you understand what it was all about, how it looked from the inside, how it felt. History takes on its own contours, its true climaxes, not as they are perceived objectively or in retrospect, but as they are felt by the people who make it.

Newsreel's history—from the inside creates a number of problems for a movie, both as documentary and as art.