

Review



PATERNALISTIC CAPITALISM, by Andreas G. Papandreou. Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 1972. \$7.50.

SOME BOOKS ARE noteworthy for their contents, others because of who wrote them. This one is more the latter than the former; there is little strikingly new in it. However, some people (perhaps some economists especially) may pay attention to Papandreou, who have ignored the same points made earlier by all those who have made them—Marx, Veblen, Baran and Sweezy, Magdoff, O'Connor, Oglesby, Horowitz, to name a few.

Everyone must have heard of Papandreou by now. He was the cabinet minister who, in the elections of 1967, expected to lead a new government—a liberal one. Instead, he was thrown in jail by the military junta that seized power, and that still holds it in Greece. One can only guess about others' thought processes, but in this case it seems reasonable to believe that Papandreou worked back from that coup, to the CIA, to American imperialism, to what he calls "paternalistic capitalism." What he means by that term, incidentally, is not much different from what is meant by monopoly capitalism, state capitalism, or simply imperialism, by others. That he uses the term paternalism to identify a system that, as he himself says, "is entirely stripped of

any implication that it may be benevolent" (p. 6), tells more of the hesitancy of his new stance, than of the stance itself.

Papandreou has nothing pleasant to say either about American capitalism or about mainstream economics, both of which he once proudly hailed. He was chairman of the Economics Department at Berkeley in the late '50s, and wittingly or not helped grease the skids toward more and more of what he now rejects. The book starts off with a hard, dry, but polite attack on the main elements of economic theory, as she is written and taught. Except for those steeped in the stuff, what he has to say will be barely intelligible; he is speaking essentially to those who have a lot to unlearn.

Papandreou's heart, and his most direct language, are found in the chapter entitled "Peaceful Coexistence and Counter-Revolution," where Greece moves on and off the stage regularly. He rejects the notion that the "cold war" was "cold"—"it actually almost never was" (p. 121). More to the point, he argues, "it seems rather clear on the basis of available evidence that in the era of confrontation [1946 to 1963, by his dating] the *action* was American and the *response* Russian" (p. 123; his emphasis). And for him, the central point: "... in the case of Greece there was no danger of Russian intervention or involvement. . . . Notwithstanding the rhetoric about democracy, the U.S. intervention in Greece represented above all a counter-revolutionary action in the service of the strategic and economic interests of the United States in the eastern Mediterranean and the Middle East" (p. 128).

The American intervention referred to began in 1947, with the Truman Doctrine. From that point on, a line goes directly (if also crookedly, in both senses of the term) through the Marshall Plan, NATO, SEATO, CENTO, and, to among other places, the savage war against Indochina. His comment on NATO is characteristic:

The NATO directorate, a vast military and economic complex under the direct control of the Pentagon, exercises decisive influence over the establishments of the participating Western European coun-

tries—and is indeed itself a not insignificant component of these establishments. Its network of power extends from the military elites and the top echelons of the national security bureaucracies in general, to the economic and political elites of the member nations. And the Warsaw Pact directorate, controlled by Moscow, has become by now a far more reliable instrument of control over the Soviet Union's European satellites than the local communist parties (p. 135).

Papandreou has quarrels with Baran and Sweezy's *Monopoly Capital*, and with Galbraith's *New Industrial State*; but it is gratifying to note that, whereas he rejects Galbraith's optimism about the present structure and uses of power as being foolish (pp. 72–89), his major cavil with Baran and Sweezy boils down to the kind of argument that Marxists have with each other (i.e., the controversy between Fitch/Oppenheimer and Sweezy/O'Connor over "Who Rules the Corporations," in *Socialist Revolution*, in 1970–71). It is an argument not about whether the economy is run by a small number of corporate giants, but the sectoral identification of those giants. Papandreou is an eclectic himself, and he leans toward some combination of Sweezy, and C. Wright Mills as modified by Domhoff:

Thus, the focus of power in the contemporary American Establishment rests with the corporate managerial-capitalist elite, the civilian nonbureaucratic component of the national security managerial group, the top echelons of the bureaucracy charged with the management of national security, and especially, of course, the military bureaucracy. Of these components of the Establishment, the most senior, in a truly pervasive sense, is the corporate elite. The corporate elite underlies, and is, in the last analysis, identified with all of them. The American dominant class now rules by having occupied the "core" of the Establishment in an effectively comprehensive, all-enveloping way (p. 119).

Something of a far cry, that, from the Marshallian representative firm and the minimal state that still sit at the center of economic theory.

Papandreou has other harsh things to say—about how “the underdeveloped areas” contribute to financing the development of the United States, rather than *vice versa* (pp. 144–146); about the multinational corporation and the “new mercantilism”; and, *inter alia*, about socialism and planning. But you get the idea.

The book is worth reading for everyone, even though in what was evidently a hurried effort he relies entirely too much on very long quotations (from people like Barnett, Hyman, Mills, *et al.*). It would have been a better book had he taken the time to digest those materials and find his own thoughts on the same matters. But one can forgive a sense of urgency to a once-moderate, now radical, economist who has been busted (and almost blown away) by Greek fascists operating in the interests of Americans. Right on, Andreas.

—DOUG DOWD

SOVIET DISSIDENTS

(From Page 28)

3) *Compilations of literary, political, and historical materials*, the most famous of which are Galanskov's *Phoenix* 1966, Ginzburg's *White Book* on the Sinyavsky-Daniel case, and Chornovil's *The Misfortune of Intellect*, portraits of arrested Ukrainian dissidents.

4) *Political works from abroad*. Popular writings seem to be Djilas' *New Class* and the study of the Communist Party by the émigré Avtor-khanov. Isaac Deutscher's writings on the USSR, as well as Trotsky's works, are known to circulate in *samizdat*.

5) *On-going periodicals*, notably the Ukrainian *Visnyk*; *Crime and Punishment*, a newsletter described in one source as providing information on the dissident movement as a whole despite Party efforts to suppress it.

6) *Internal movement documents*. For example, the dissident poet, philosopher, and mathematician, Alexander Yesenin-Volpin, wrote a “legal aide-memoire” in 1968 designed to guide anyone facing the prospect of interrogation. The dissenters, many of whom have been through the mill from preliminary investigation and detention through trial and incarceration, have become first rate “jail-house lawyers,” skilled in all points of Soviet law. There

are also documents addressing other documents—for example, rejoinders to Sakharov's essay from within the movement.

7) *Historical, political, and philosophical essays on Stalin, Stalinism, de-Stalinization, and re-Stalinization*.

In this last category of *samizdat* belongs a document of major importance, recently published in the West, namely Roy Medvedev's majestic study *Let History Judge: The Origins and Consequences of Stalinism*. It deserves special consideration here.

[CONFRONTATION WITH STALIN]

MOST WESTERNERS who have followed the dissident movement probably came upon the name of Roy Medvedev for the first time in Sakharov's essay. Sakharov identifies him as the author of a “profound analysis” of Stalinism “written from a socialist, Marxist point of view.” Sakharov calls it a “successful work” and laments the fact that it has not been published. Then he adds, “The present author is not likely to receive such a compliment from Comrade Medvedev, who finds elements of ‘westernism’ in his views. Well, there is nothing like controversy!”

Despite their comradely differences of opinion, Sakharov and Medvedev share a revulsion for the memory of Stalin. The revulsion is intense, total, and unmitigated, and directed at Stalin personally as well as the system he bossed and symbolized. This historiographical-political problem—impinging on history as past and present politics—of defining and interpreting Stalin is the core of that quest for self-identification alluded to earlier. There is a current Soviet saying: “Tell me what your attitude is toward Ivan Denisovitch, and I will tell you who you are.” This might be amended, without changing its meaning, to “Tell me what your attitude is toward Stalin, and I will tell you who you are.”

There is no ambiguity about what men like Sakharov and Medvedev think of him. They go far beyond even the most hostile critics of the USSR in the West, in handing down a criminal indictment of Stalin, not to mention what they see as his other failures. Sakharov categorizes his regime as a variety of

fascism. Medvedev's detailed accounts comprise a catalog of horrors perpetrated against all strata in Soviet society, including those at the highest levels of Party and government. More Russian officers were lost in 1937–38 than during any war, Medvedev comments; more Russian communists were killed during this period than in the Revolution and Civil War. “In all probability,” writes Medvedev, “Stalin shot more participants in the Spanish Civil War than the number killed by fascist bullets in Spain.”

These and other evaluations are not unknown in the West. Communist as well as non-communist students of Soviet development will find nothing new in Medvedev's charges and in the whole of Medvedev's searing chronicle, save perhaps for many a personal detail provided by friends of the author and others who supplied him with unpublished information. Nor are Medvedev's theoretical insights particularly novel. His analysis of what caused and maintained Stalinism is pretty much an eclectic synthesis of various sociological and historical assessments made by many analysts, mainly on the left.

If anything, Medvedev tends to eschew purely sociological explanations in favor of *locating the burden of guilt*. From this fervent moral confrontation with Stalin and Stalinists comes the real power of the work. That power is augmented by Medvedev's being a loyal Soviet citizen, a dedicated communist (since expelled from the Party), a believer in socialism and Marxism, and a man whose willingness to sniff around in the stench of rotten annals is matched by a conviction that the vital signs of the Soviet people and their system are still strong and resilient.

On the other hand, his approach to the question leads Medvedev to engage in much personality-cult analysis in reverse: Stalin and his entourage tricked and deceived the Party and the Soviet people and were solely responsible for the crimes and errors. The Chinese, not without malice, cleverly pointed out this flaw in Khrushchev's attack on Stalin: Can it be, they asked, that all those years the Party and people were led by a madman and a scoundrel? When Medvedev and others slip into this kind of reasoning, they are beset by what Trotsky called Stalinophobia.

(much as most communists in his time were afflicted with Stalinophilia), and are ignoring the socio-political and cultural forces which conditioned and continue to condition the system.

In any event, Medvedev will have none of Isaac Deutscher's view, which depicts Stalin as a tyrant using barbarous means to drive primitiveness and barbarism out of old Russia. (He ranks Deutscher as a "bourgeois historian"—a comment on the woeful isolation of Soviet scholars.) He also gives short shrift to the official view since Khrushchev, which ranks Stalin as a great revolutionary who made "mistakes." On the contrary, whatever successes the Soviet Union achieved in the Stalin era, in Medvedev's view, came about despite, not because of, the Stalin leadership." By his crimes Stalin did not help, he hindered, he did not accelerate, he slowed the people's movement to socialism and communism in the Soviet Union and in the whole world. In some respects Stalin even turned this movement backward." This is pretty thoroughgoing stuff. The reference to the world movement is interesting, but unfortunately the section on foreign affairs is weak, dealing mainly with Stalin's mismanagement of the war against the Nazis. Medvedev takes a conventional view of the Nazi-Soviet pact as a necessary evil, but he cites some (unpublished) reflections about the pact by the popular writer Konstantin Simonov:

And yet, when you look back, you feel that for all the logic of raison d'état in this pact, much that accompanied its conclusion took away from us, simply as people, for almost two years, some part of that exceptionally important sense of ourselves, which was and is our precious peculiarity, connected with such a concept as "the first socialist state in the world." . . . That is, something happened which was in a moral sense very bad.

One wonders whether many Russians would echo Simonov's thoughts about the Nixon-Brezhnev agreements. Any *raison d'état* which banks on the reasonableness of the anti-communist great powers, or is mesmerized by visions of peace and security through collaboration, is not only morally disquieting, but even unsuccessful in its

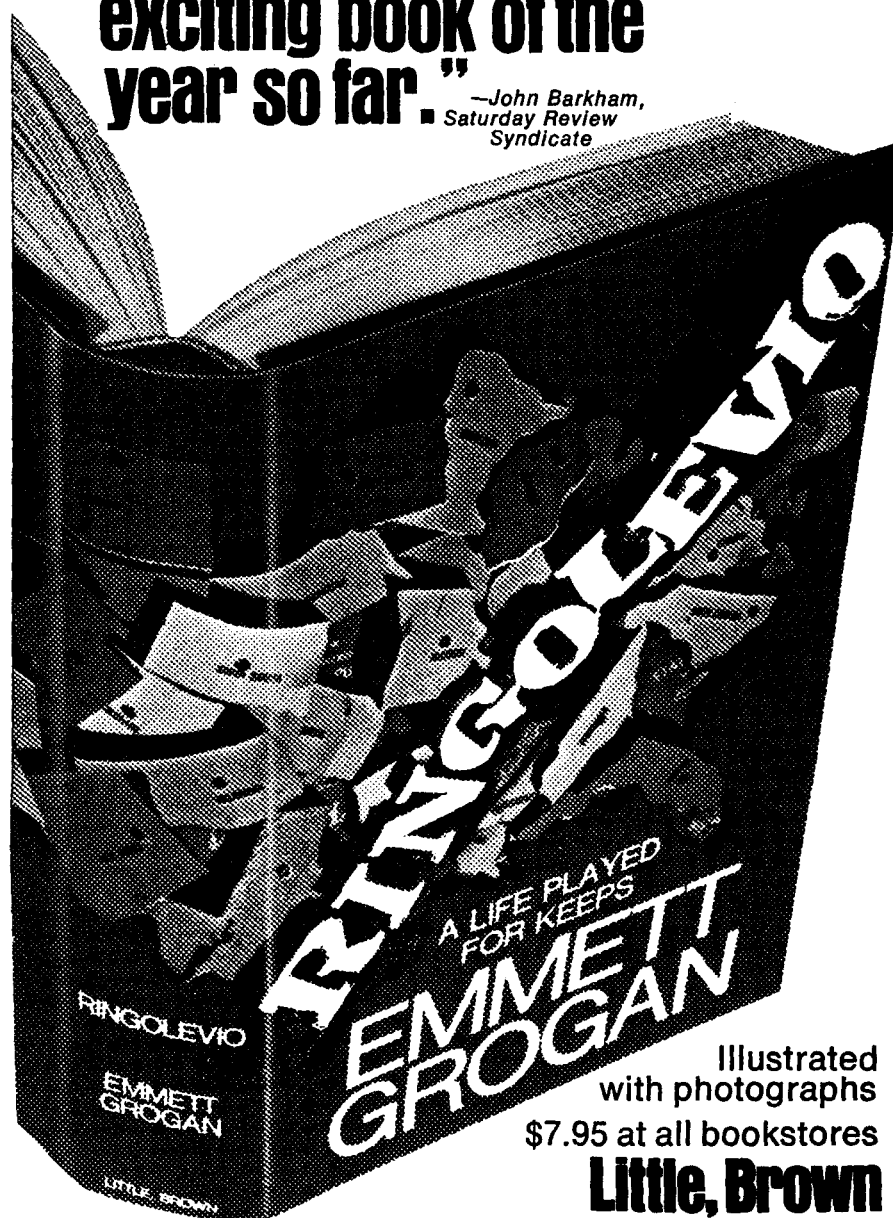
own terms. Stalin's intervention in Spain not only de-radicalized the urban and agrarian revolutions going on there, but failed to save the Spanish republic. His deals with Hitler not only stunned and depressed communists everywhere, but failed to prevent a German attack. His grand strategy with the allies during the Second World War not only betrayed the Greek revolution and paralyzed the communist movements in Western Europe, but failed to forestall a generation of Cold War and the mobilization of U.S. global anti-

communism. In this area "the consequences of Stalinism" are very much with us. All of the tact which has enveloped Soviet assistance to the Vietnamese is paid for in the rivers of blood shed by the peoples of Indochina and did not prevent Washington from daring a confrontation with the USSR in the Tonkin Gulf.

Such concerns are unfortunately but understandably not central to the dissident movement. The quest for justice at home overshadows all other issues. Solzhenitsyn and Medvedev represent

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two different directions in that quest.

Solzhenitsyn's militant temperament is informed by a distinctly Christian populist spirit reminiscent of both Dostoevsky and Tolstoy. Though perhaps sympathetic to the ethical side of the socialist idea, he is clearly averse to Marxian categories and seems to regard history in the USSR as a series of cruel and arbitrary acts inflicted by evil men on innocent masses for no justifiable purpose. His vision of regeneration involves moral transformation and his writings and public statements call on the creative writer and the Orthodox Church to lead the way.

Medvedev, the anti-Stalinist Marxist, is less prone to regard the Soviet past and future so apolitically. He holds fast to the ideas and political forms which inspired the Bolshevik revolution and exculpates them from the crimes of Stalinism. His vision of regeneration involves political reform, and he calls upon the Party to lead the way.

Each of these visions of What Is To Be Done remains shallow and irrelevant so long as the Russian masses, depoliticized by four decades of Stalinism, shy away from public issues. Meanwhile, as in 19th century Russia, political engagement still means largely the confrontation of a dissident intelligentsia with a repressive bureaucracy.

[TWILIGHT AT NOON]

WHEN MEDVEDEV BEGAN his work in 1962, he fully expected to get it published. That might have been conceivable under Khrushchev, but it is unthinkable under Brezhnev. Today, caution and enforced orthodoxy prevail in all areas of scholarship. The full obliteration of dissenting trends is impossible, however, so long as the leadership pursues a contradictory politics which prevents it from fully breaking with Stalinism or from fully restoring it. In this half light (or half dark) much intellectual venturing is possible. While the climate is fearful, the petrifying fear which marked the past is gone. Solzhenitsyn describes how the authorities harass him at every turn, how difficult it is to research his trilogy on the First World War when scholarly and other documentation is shut off from him. But still he manages to gather materi-

als. Well-wishers throughout the country send him their own memoirs and books that are difficult to obtain. Medvedev too cites dozens of unpublished personal chronicles, historical and philosophical essays, and scholarly treatises from friends, Old Bolsheviks, and anonymous writers—much like a huge, submerged corpus of historical *samizdat*.

As for what might be called *gosizdat*, official or state publishing, the challenge to orthodoxy goes on—if less open, frequent or direct than in the exciting decade 1956–1966. Younger historians who are interested in new approaches will still shy away from hardcore political issues, especially those connected with the Stalin period. But the process of formulating new world views different from the accepted canons need not be limited to headlong collisions over, say, the truth about Bukharin or Trotsky. Where a loosened orthodoxy rules, any issue, even a politically remote one, bears the seeds of challenge and controversy. Thus dissenters might be defined in relation to such themes as the character of feudalism in Russia, the nature of the Tsarist autocracy, the composition of the workers' movement before the Revolution, and so on. In such areas, there is now no such thing as complete and obedient uniformity as the revisionists move away from the schematic and rigid Marxism of past Russian social science.

Then there is the age-old technique cultivated by the Russian literary and scholarly intelligentsia of getting past the censors by saying things indirectly, by making a point between the lines, or by framing discussions in "Aesopian" terms (leaving the moral to the reader). An American scholar has given us a glimpse of how this worked on the theme of Hamlet back in the early '60s. Several literary specialists and the director Grigory Kozintsev, whose film *Hamlet* many in the West have seen, all use Shakespeare's tragedy as a vehicle for some indirect commentary on their own life and times. (Kozintsev's collected essays are titled *Our Contemporary: William Shakespeare*.) "Hamlet wants to make people stop lying," writes Kozintsev. "Hamlet—thinks. This is the greatest threat of all," comments I. Vertsman.

WHY DO THE SOVIETS still bristle at the idea of getting rid of censorship? Is it because of the fragility of public support for ruling institutions, or the weakness of the socialist idea, as many commentators in the West feel? I doubt it. Honest historical writing is a subversive medium, and all ruling groups are a bit more complicated. In the arts, the combination of philistinism and bookkeeping coupled with a style that is used to commanding and getting obeyed, is devastating. Here, for example, is Khrushchev raging at Russian avant-garde artists in 1962, much as a straight and stingy father might object to his kids spending his money learning jazz trumpet instead of classical piano:

We aren't going to give a kopeck for pictures painted by jackasses. . . . Are you pederasts or normal people? I'll be perfectly straightforward with you; we won't spend a kopeck on your art. . . . We aren't going to spend a kopeck on this dog shit. We have the right to send you out to cut trees until you've paid back the money the state has spent on you.

Similarly, in historical writing or the historical novel, a touchy and crude nationalism leads the bureaucracy to take issue with any view which puts Russia—Soviet and Tsarist—in an unflattering light. Thus the Soviet press has attacked Solzhenitsyn's newest work, *August, 1914*, published abroad, in part because he exposes the backwardness of the Tsarist army on the Prussian front. Imagine! The heirs of the Bolsheviks protecting the reputation of the Tsarist army! (Stalin hailed the restoration of territories in the Far East in 1945 as cancelling the dishonor inflicted on Russia—Tsarist Russia—by the Japanese in 1905!)

But aside from these (not irrelevant) psycho-cultural ingredients in official attitudes, there are some hard political considerations relating to the morale and functioning of government and Party, especially the latter, as bureaucratic systems. If historical scholarship probes the openness of Lenin's government to a coalition with the left Socialist Revolutionaries in 1917–1918, what happens to the inviolability of the idea of the one-party states? If research shows that the Party was wrong on a number of occasions, doesn't this

imply that the Party can be wrong now? If historical biographies demonstrate that the oppositionists of the 1920s were not imperialist spies and anti-Soviet wreckers, but loyal communists with legitimate alternative programs, what about present-day dissidents? Such questions surely undermine the self-confidence and discipline of the functionaries, from top to bottom.

But the consequences of refraining from confronting those questions are infinitely worse, as we see today: an inertia which suffocates or smashes novelty and creativity in and out of the Party, and the routinization of old formulae which brakes social and intellectual progress at home, and renders the establishment powerless to understand, much less assist, radical and revolutionary movements abroad. State and Party bureaucracies need new blood and tone, and new ideas. To achieve this might involve a wholesale change of personnel.

Medvedev, above all concerned with justice, writes, "The process of purifying the communist movement, of washing out all the layers of Stalinist filth, is not yet finished. It must be carried through to the end." What else can this mean in practical terms but that the open and crypto-Stalinists ought to be weeded out and stripped of any power? The writer Lydia Chukovskaya has been rather more blunt about it: "Bolt by bolt I want a thoroughgoing examination made of the whole machinery that took a person in the prime of life and turned him into a cold corpse. I want it to be sentenced. Publicly."

References and Suggested Reading

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UNCLE BOB (From Page 47)

half of all suits are filed by businessmen against consumers, for unpaid bills. Better than half of the suits filed are filed in batches. You and I rarely have batches; merchants always do. In some ways the small claims court, with its cheap fees and fast justice, makes it easier for merchants to enforce collection than where they have to use the regular courts, because there at least the merchant has to pay a lawyer and you can hold him off for many months, shielded by the complicated and time-consuming ways of regular court procedure.

So what if they *do* get to use *our* courts? Can't we use them too? Yes indeed we can—at least some of us can. But poor and working people don't find it so easy. First, there are rarely night sessions, so your claim has to be large enough, and your chances of collecting on it good enough, to make it worthwhile for you to gamble a day's lost pay while you sit around court waiting your turn. Second, if you are going up against a merchant, he is better equipped than you when he comes into court. He knows the procedures, knows how to handle himself and how to get maximum advantage out of the precious few minutes allotted to each case. This last is crucial—the average small claims case takes less than 15 minutes, and a hustling judge can mumble his way through 20 cases in a morning session. Better not screw up either, because in most states there is no appeal from small claims court judgment, particularly if you are the plaintiff.

To succeed in small claims court you should be prepared, fairly articulate, well controlled emotionally, and your case should have some merit. It is true that most courts are run informally, strict rules of evidence are not adhered to, and, in some states, lawyers are not allowed to appear. But of all the larger populated states, only California banishes the lawyers, and in those states where attorneys are admitted, you can imagine who has them in tow: the merchants, doctors, etc.

Without a lawyer in such states, the brother-off-the-block would be better advised to seek his justice in the streets and leave the small claims courts to the uptown folks. By the way, uptown is where the court is located too, not in the storefront where it belongs. Few people even know the court exists, much less how to find and use it. Even in those states where lawyers are not allowed to appear, the merchants hold a natural advantage. By constant use of the courts, they become para-legal experts in consumer law and its administration, defeating the balance-of-ignorance concept of small claims justice.

Small claims courts do not handle just any little suit. Money damages is what the courts are about, and the courts have no jurisdiction over slander, libel, and most every other complex complaint. And there is a dollar limit on how much you can sue for, ranging from \$100 to \$3000. California allows \$500; New York does too. Most states require that you sue only in-state individuals or businesses, sometimes only in-county people. Also, before you invest that \$1.78 in court fees, you should have some idea of what you will do if you win: how are you going to collect the money if the judge agrees that it is owed to you? As I told you in an earlier column, it is one thing to sue and win (or be sued and lose) and quite another to get the money to change hands. If you win a judgment from the court, and if you already know where the defendant's bank account is located, or any other attachable asset, by investing another dollar or so in a writ-of-execution you can get the sheriff to seize it for you. But you must be able to guide the sheriff to the loot; he is not the People's Bloodhound after all. ■

KOREA (From Page 20)

Expeditionary Force could not defeat that "truly homogeneous army" of rebels, the U.S. sought more mercenaries in a sordid recruiting drive that set the pattern for U.S. involvement and specifically adumbrated the "allies" of the Johnson-Nixon intervention. An extraordinary variety of projects were secretly planned and implemented. Examples from 1953 and 1954 amply demonstrate the covert funding of foreign and American personnel to fight in Indochina.

In April 1953 President Eisenhower authorized the use of Chinese Nationalist (CAT) pilots to fly U.S.C-119s on combat missions in Vietnam. The concept was broadened in January 1954 with a decision to "approach the French with a proposal to organize a volunteer air group composed of personnel from various anti-communist nations or groups to serve with the French Union Forces in Indochina." On January 29, 1954 the President's Special Committee on Indochina authorized the CIA to arrange for CAT pilots to fly for the French. The Committee also considered a suggestion "that if the German and French governments would facilitate it, considerable numbers of Germans might be enlisted to increase the Legion."

In March 1954 the President's Special Committee Report on Southeast Asia carried this a step further. It proposed that the French Foreign Legion reduce its enlistment period and form air units. In addition, the committee said, the Legion ought to launch a recruitment drive in Germany, Italy, and possibly Asia, and American personnel ought to be allowed to serve in the Legion without sacrificing their citizenship. These machinations were part of an overall American strategy involving, first of all, an attempt to legitimize the error by "internationalization" if allies could be brought in. Failing that, it would be fought covertly with U.S.-paid foreign mercenaries or—in the event of U.S. military intervention—with ersatz "allies."

No one tried harder than John Foster Dulles to make Vietnam seem a legitimate war worthy of real allies. By late 1954 Dulles had put together a device for internationalizing the war and the inevitable U.S. military inter-

vention: the Southeast Asia Treaty Organization. SEATO was not just a flashy bit of pactmanship; it was essential to obtain Congressional support for Administration policies in Indochina, especially the use of American ground forces. On April 3, 1954 Dulles briefed 25 Congressional leaders on the war and the impending Geneva Conference. At mention of the deteriorating French military situation and the possibility of U.S. intervention, the Congressmen had insisted that "other interested nations must join in before such intervention could be authorized." Dulles also needed SEATO ideologically to distort and enlarge the Vietnamese civil war into a test of the Free World against "communist expansion."

South Korea has been a protean "ally" for the U. S. By keeping the bonus and other pecuniary arrangements secret and claiming to be responding from fear of communist expansion, it aided the Johnson Administration in its deception of Congress and the American people. When the war dragged on, and more and more infantry troops were needed, South Korea obliged and ROK units engaged in extensive combat. In the pacification stage, Korean troops were assigned a Tactical Area of Responsibility in Phu Yen and Binh Dinh provinces. The South Koreans found garrison life and low casualties pleasant, according to some U. S. reports. Although some American officers complained that the Koreans would not leave their coastal enclaves and refused to fight, they acquired a fierce reputation among the Vietnamese in this area — who were the victims of the atrocities discussed earlier. In combat, they proved to be tough soldiers and the American command has given them key assignments.

The U. S. strategy has been to keep the Koreans as a reliable infantry force in case the ARVN collapses. For the time being the ROK troops remain in Vietnam as part of the U. S. residual force. South Korea did withdraw 10,000 men from December 1971 to March 1972, and on July 11 Defense Minister Yu Jae Hung said that the remainder would leave "as soon as possible" after August 31. But similar statements have emanated from the Park government in the past, and they must be treated with skepticism.

In any event, the ROK forces have constituted a critical element in the Nixon Administration's strategy in Indochina, as have the CIA armies—the Meo, Lao Theung, Lao irregulars and "Thai volunteers"—currently occupied in Laos. Beyond Vietnam, these mercenary troops are the muscle behind the Nixon Doctrine. They will be used to put down guerrilla insurgencies in Asia without the large-scale introduction of American soldiers. Indeed, if events break the U.S. government's way, the only American involvement in such wars will be the dispatch of the military equipment and the monthly salary checks for the mercenaries.

Clearly, in both the Indochinese context and the long-range view, the growing *détente* between North and South Korea could have important consequences. There is every indication that it has the blessing of the Nixon Administration, which has long sought a reduction of tension on the peninsula in the hope that the U. S. will eventually be able to withdraw its 50,000 troops for use elsewhere in the world.

As for the Democratic People's Republic of Korea, it seems to have abandoned its earlier course of opening a second front against American imperialism, which did succeed in preventing the increase of the South Korean troop commitment in Vietnam and which nearly forced an ROK withdrawal from the war altogether. In addition to the *Pueblo* episode, Pyongyang launched a series of raids and provocations along the Demilitarized Zone from 1966 to 1969 explicitly in retaliation for Seoul's intervention in Vietnam. Now, however, the North Koreans — in the July 4th Joint Communiqué — have agreed to refrain from "armed provocations" against the South. If they adhere to this pledge, the South Koreans will be free to increase their role in the American Expeditionary Force as they see fit and as they find profitable. To be sure, the DPRK may have insisted, as a condition for the *détente*, that Seoul withdraw its troops from Vietnam. But the latter would never have acceded to such a demand without Washington's approval and, if the troops are withdrawn, they will remain on call for use elsewhere.

On the other hand, the ROK role in

Vietnam is now stripped clean of ideological pretensions. To make holy war on communism in Indochina but meet amicably with the communists in Korea is somewhat contradictory. The Joint Communique states that Korean "unification shall be achieved through independent Korean efforts without being subject to external imposition or interference." If foreign interference is rejected in Korea, the justification for 37,000 South Korean troops in Vietnam is gone.

Justification or not, the ROK forces remain in Vietnam, where they continue to fight and to commit the barbarous acts which have become part of their *modus operandi*. As hired guns, they perform effectively, wiping out whole villages, terrorizing whole provinces. And because of their strategic importance to the Nixon Administration, they escape even that token of retribution visited on the American Army after My Lai.

It goes on and it will continue this way so long as the United States pursues its present course. For this is the day-to-day reality behind the Nixon Doctrine. Stripped of the rhetoric, it emerges as a grandiose protection racket, the likes of which Vito Genovese never dreamed, the cost of which it is beyond our power to calculate.

James Otis is a pseudonym for an eminent professor in the Asian field who served as a military intelligence officer in Korea during the 1950s.

NIXON (From Page 23)

the Cotton Estate in trust for possible purchase by the Richard M. Nixon Foundation.

The Foundation itself, bringing together as it does the inner circle of Nixon's inner circle, bears some examination. The degree of mutual gratification achieved between the business and political members of the Nixon Foundation and Nixon himself recalls the remark made by a great naturalist about the tapeworm and monogamy. He observed that if monogamy is indeed virtuous the tapeworm must be the most virtuous member of the animal kingdom, since it copulates with itself 3,650,000 times during its lifetime. A considerable amount of cross-fertilization action goes on at the Nixon

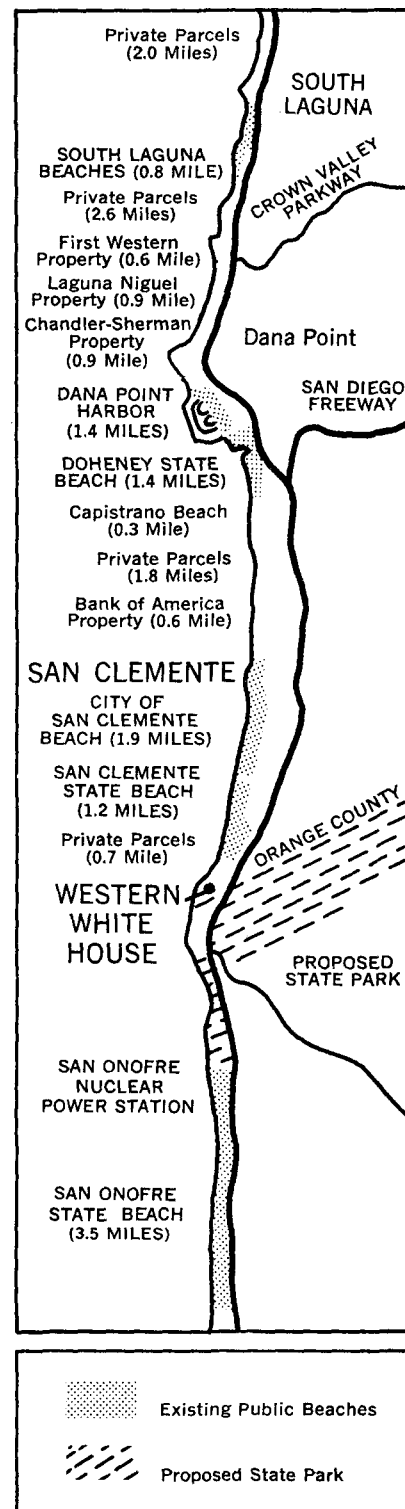
Foundation too, between Nixon and his most faithful retainers.

There's Donald Kendall, Board Chairman of Pepsi Cola. Kendall helped get Nixon his job on the Wall Street law firm of Mudge, Rose when Nixon's political career had hit the skids in 1962. Just last April Nixon reciprocated by bringing back with him from his trip to Russia an agreement with Brezhnev to install Pepsi machines—and only Pepsi machines—in the Kremlin and throughout the Soviet Union.

Elmer Bobst, Chairman of Warner-Lambert, is another example of the fruits of cross-fertilization within the Nixon inner circle. "Uncle Elmer," as Julie and Tricia always called him, has contributed hundreds of thousands of dollars to the innumerable Nixon campaigns. But it was a good investment. Last year a merger took place between Warner-Lambert and Parke-Davis, one of its main competitors, in flagrant violation of the anti-trust laws. Warner-Lambert & Company is now the world's largest drug company with thanks due in no small part to Nixon & Company.

Then there's Donald—Donald Nixon, the President's often wayward brother and the leading figure in Don Nixon Associates. Donald has had striking success recently as a consultant with the Marriott Corporation, which runs a major catering service. A surprising number of corporations—including the federally regulated airlines—have switched to Marriott when approached by Donald with an offer they just couldn't refuse. Donald's new-found success has all but wiped out the memory of his role as the guiding entrepreneurial spirit in the ill-fated "Nixonburger" venture. Howard Hughes, whose Hughes Tool Company is a major defense contractor, evidently thought so highly of the commercial possibilities of the Nixonburger franchise that he loaned Donald over \$205,000, requiring only \$52,000 collateral in the form of a Nixon family property in Whittier.

So it goes at the Nixon Foundation, whose purpose, suitably enough, is to raise money to commemorate the Administration of Richard M. Nixon. Eventually a library housing all the Presidential papers will rise from somewhere in Orange County. San Clemente has been designated as one possible



site, the Irvine Ranch another, and the community of Whittier has offered a plot of land purchased expressly for the purpose, for, \$220,000 from an oil company.

According to Foundation sources, the President wants it to appeal to youth. He wants scholars to use it for research. He wants it to reflect the of-

office of the President rather than himself. All this seems laudable enough. But what most local observers seem to question is the morality of Nixon fundraisers crossing the country trying to hit big businessmen for funds, many of whom inevitably will, or should, have regulatory problems with the government. With previous Presidents' libraries it was the practice to raise the money after the President left office. Nixon has reversed the precedent. Observers also question the grandiosity of the plans. Spokesmen for the Foundation have indicated that they'll need at least 200 acres for the library—27 acres for parking alone. Why Nixon needs 200 acres for his library when the Library of Congress itself occupies only 13 acres remains a mystery. Foundation plans to carve 200 acres of rich Orange County real estate have to be kept in mind as we note the further developments in the struggle for Nixon's beach.

Remember that Nixon's house seemed perfectly protected on all four sides—by Camp Pendleton, by land bought up and held vacant for the Nixon Foundation, and by the Pacific Ocean. But it was from the ocean that Nixon was to lose his invulnerability. What Nixon probably didn't realize when he chose the Cotton Estate is that it fronts on two of California's best surfing "breaks"—Cotton Point and the Trestles (the latter so named because it lies off the Santa Fe railroad tracks). Surfers come from all over Southern California to these two breaks to ride the waves down to what is now Nixon's front yard. Nixon could hardly be expected to know this—he hardly seems to travel in beachboy circles.

Under ordinary circumstances, with the help of the Secret Service, Nixon could no doubt have kept the surfers at a distance. But even as Nixon occupied the Cotton Estate, plans underway since the administration of California Governor Pat Brown were coming to fruition, turning 3½ miles of beach directly south of Nixon's house into a state park.

It would have been easy enough to simply issue an executive order killing the state park, crediting the Secret Service preoccupation with Nixon's security with the wipeout of the surfers.

But Southern Californians would get the message: another part of California's coast foreclosed for recreation. Currently only 353 of California's 1072 miles of coastline are publicly owned. The rest is owned by private individuals and corporations. For example, just north of San Clemente's municipal beach there is Bank of America beach. North of Dana Point, the next town up the coast, there is Otis Chandler's beach, which borders the Laguna Niguel beach (a subsidiary of AVCO Corp.), which borders First Western Bank beach, etc.

Nixon's problem was to stop the development of the beach near his property and at the same time avoid getting caught in the political undertow that cancelling the state beach would be sure to cause. His solution seemed ingenious enough. Instead of announcing the cancellation of the state park, in February 1970 he announced the *creation* of a state beach—six miles from his house, on the Camp Pendleton Marine base. The beach Nixon proposed was relatively unsuitable for surfing and it was practically inaccessible. It was located at the foot of the San Onofre Bluffs and could only be reached by climbing down the bluffs through winding trails. But it was still beach land, and it did enable Nixon to pose as the beach-boys' friend and ally—at least to those who knew nothing about the merits of Southern California beaches. Meanwhile, Nixon's aides claimed he was unaware that his presence had cancelled the beach at the Trestles. And he directed his aides to pressure the Marine Corps into relinquishing part of their 17-mile coastline. Nixon's aides figured about 4.5 miles would do, but the Marines agreed to relinquish only 1.5 miles. The rest, said high brass, was needed for amphibious landing practice. Base Commander General Bowman even refused to allow planners from the California Department of Parks and Recreation to enter Camp Pendleton to survey the land which the White House had given to the state.

In addition to their training for wars of the past, however, the Marines had another reason for holding on to the beachhead—namely a secret agreement between the top brass and a small group of prominent Southern California businessmen and movie stars. The

agreement came in the form of a lease between Camp Pendleton and the so-called "San Onofre Surfing Club," which included such worthies as L. A. *Times* publisher Otis Chandler, "Gunsmoke" star James Arness and top Justice Department figure Robert Mar-dian. The Marines allowed this group of private citizens to lease 2500 feet of beach at a dollar a year.

Sensing an exploitable issue, wealthy Congressman Alphonzo Bell moved in to expose the San Onofre Surfing Club. He attacked it as a private spa for "a small group of Marine brass and socially prominent Californians." Bell's own family background was to get him into trouble on much the same score. Bell's father organized Bell Oil Company and "developed" what is now known as Bel-Air. "He sold all of his beach to private individuals," Base Commander General George Brown counter-attacked. "Now he doesn't understand why we don't give up our enlisted [men's] beaches." The John Birch Society poured more solid waste on Bell's position when the office of Congressman John Schmitz accused Bell of supporting the land transfer because of secret oil interests he allegedly had in the area. "That's the most ridiculous thing I ever heard of," replied Bell. "I don't own any oil land in California. In San Onofre," he corrected himself. The noise and odor overhanging Nixon's beach increased as General Bowman, called before a closed session of a House Armed Services unit, offered the following explanation of the San Onofre Surfing Club:

"Well, sir, they had been using this beach a long time and I got there last August and this beach was coming up for renewal of the lease and frankly I wasn't very happy about it."

"It's not open to the public," pressed one committee member, "and yet they have a contract which allows them to use it for a dollar a year. That's a strange arrangement."

"Well, sir, I would just like to at this time [sic] was that this beach holds about 1000 people here. And I don't have the Marines nor the money to police and maintain that area. As I recall from the figures this surfing club which is limited to 1000 people as I recall. You had to

put your name on a list to get in. A thousand people that I could rely on, or turn it over to someone that would be undependable."

MEANWHILE, AT THE Western White House itself, with the negotiations between the Administration and the Marine Corps at a standstill, on the evening of July 27, 1970 President Nixon was meeting with Governor Ronald Reagan and the then Senator from California, George Murphy, the former movie star who had served thousands of Technicolor, Inc. investors while serving simultaneously as a U.S. Senator and as a consultant to that corporation. The revelation of this affair had hurt Murphy's re-election chances against John Tunney. How about giving Murphy credit for bringing the park to Southern California? Reagan suggested it would cut into Tunney's liberal support and reverse the prevailing tide. Maybe Murphy would even wind up a hero in the ecology movement. Nixon agreed. He asked Reagan to send him reports on how his Department of Parks was coming in the negotiations with the Marine Corps, with recommendations to be routed through Murphy's staff. Reagan told the California director of Parks and Recreation to send all the announcements of beach-front victories to Murphy's office so he could announce them and thereby assume the role of dynamic ecology activist.

Unfortunately for Murphy, his staff failed to do even the minimal amount of paper shuffling that would have made his credit-grabbing credible. News of the plans reached John Tunney's campaign headquarters just as Governor Reagan prepared to launch Murphy as a great lover of the outdoors. Forewarned, Tunney threatened Murphy and Reagan with exposure of the media hype. Tunney argued that Murphy had done no real work in preparing the transfer of the beach from the Marine Corps to the state. This warning stopped the Murphy media juggling before it ever got rolling.

By August 1970, despite the desperate struggle to take credit for creating a public beach, there was still no public beach. The Marines were willing to give up only 1.5 miles of their 17-mile beach and that portion lay right in

front of the San Onofre Nuclear Reactor. The state had been asking for 4.5 miles, arguing that 1.5 miles was too small to develop. The State Department of Parks and Recreation offered a compromise of 3.5 miles. Still the Marines remained dug in. Local liberal congressman Alphonzo Bell called a press conference the same day to denounce the Marine Corps: "The thought that the prime beach frontage at Camp Pendleton should be fenced off to the public so that the Marines can use the land for maneuvers a few days each year—if that—is preposterous." Bell went on, "This situation is even more infuriating when it is realized that the Marines have authorized use of part of this land for a private, closed-membership, surfing club."

This was the first time mention of the San Onofre Surfing Club had ever been made in public. Its members had always tried to keep a low profile and now they were being flushed out in the open. Six days later the club sought to gain some leverage with the master of the low profile by inviting the President to join. In charge of recruitment was Club member Robert Mardian, a

Pasadena Savings and Loan executive who'd been a Nixon backer since the early '60s. Until recently Mardian headed the Justice Department's internal security office under John Mitchell and now works with the Committee to Re-elect the President, sponsors of the Watergate Waterbugs, who sought unsuccessfully to listen in on the Democratic National Committee.

Mardian persuaded Nixon to take up membership in the San Onofre Surfing Club. A local account on August 25 described Nixon emerging dutifully from his office in the bright summer sun to greet a contingent of surfers from the club. Mardian, dressed in nappy pinstripes and smiling happily at parade rest, was there. So was Rolf Arness, the world's champion surfer whose father, Gunsmoke's James Arness, is a club member and occupies a summer house in Cypress Shores, near the Western White House. Nixon shook hands with the surfers, stood by for pictures, and accepted a plaque making him an honorary member of the Club. He also received a special decal for the Presidential limousine that would get him past the Marine Corps

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sentries at Camp Pendleton. This seal of unearned federally-bestowed privilege, from the all-white businessmen's club, forms a fitting emblem for the Nixon Administration as a whole.

Meanwhile, months of haggling had passed between the Marines and the California Department of Parks. The President himself stayed out of this controversy until, finally, the Marines executed a surprising maneuver. The Marine Commandant called Sacramento and ordered the state to get their men off Camp Pendleton until the lease was signed in Washington.

When the White House heard about the harassment of Reagan's park officials, top aides were instructed to countermand the Commandant's order, and President Nixon took personal charge of the affair. On April 5, 1971 he announced that, instead of turning the 3½ miles of Camp Pendleton into a state park, he would carve out 6 miles of the Marine beach. In addition, in a move that proved even more controversial, Nixon decided to annex 3400 acres of Camp Pendleton that lay directly behind his house—a tract that abutted land being held in trust for the Nixon Foundation.

On May 25 the White House announced that the Federal Property Review Board (FPRB) had recently carried out a survey of all Federal lands, acting through GSA, and found part of this land "excess" to federal needs. "Federal Property Review Board" has a nice, official, non-partisan sound to it. Actually, it is composed of top

Nixon advisors including Don Rumsfeld, John Ehrlichman and Clark McGregor, who is the newly appointed Chairman of the Committee to Re-elect the President. Their process of review turned out to be most unusual. Instead of surveying the land and determining how much could be excessed, the FPRB first decided how much land needed to be transferred from the federal domain and *then* declared it excess. This peculiar sequence came out when GSA people came to Camp Pendleton. When they measured the plot that they had originally selected behind Nixon's house, it turned out to be only 2700 acres. According to one Congressman, they said, in effect, "Oh my God! We thought it was 3400 acres. Could you please give us 700 acres more to bring it up to 3400 acres?" Far from being excess, the inland 3400 acres demanded by the White House contained Camp Pendleton's water wells and its sewage treatment plant, along with helicopter landing pads and other structures worth several million dollars.

BUT IF THIS LAND was truly "in excess," what did the Administration want to use it for? This is a touchy point these days with White House ecology fighters and Congressman Alphonzo Bell's staff. They all claim now that the 3400 inland acres were to be used as a park by the state. This is untrue. The original Government survey recommends quite clearly "that the 3400-acre parcel marked in blue on exhibit B and C be

reported excess and sold for *residential development*." (italics added) The rationalization underlying the government's original case for turning Camp Pendleton over to the real estate people was that the state could get enough money from the sale of inland parcels to provide public toilets and other facilities for the 6½ miles of beach.

John Ehrlichman, Nixon Foundation director and perhaps the ranking White House aide on the Federal Property Review Board, explained that he doubted the State of California would have enough money to develop the whole 3400 acres as a park and that what they couldn't maintain would be sold to developers.

The White House transfer of Camp Pendleton to the State of California for eventual sale did not go unnoticed by the House Armed Services Committee. "This thing reminds me of the time they tried to steal Fort DeRussy out in Hawaii—they have been working at it ever since in order to build high-rises along Waikiki Beach," recalled one Congressman. None of the hawkish committee members really objected to taking away the Marines' beach. It was the lifting of the 3400 inland acres out of the public domain in order to create a real estate development that aroused even the Republican committee members. "The beach unquestionably should be opened to the public," said one Republican. "There is no question about that. But the thing that arouses my curiosity is this other land, 3400 acres—it isn't 3400 but that is what they call it. First it was to be used for real estate development, and the value of that land for that purpose is astronomical. After they said it was for real estate development, then they came back and later said it was for a park. No item of a park was ever mentioned until after the committee dug into the matter and found some things that didn't look quite right."

Even today, over a year later, no one on the committee staff is willing to say what it was that the committee found "that didn't look quite right." Still, as Congressman Hunt observed at the time, "There must be some underlying reason to grab that 3400 acres that is now the buffer zone up against Camp Pendleton."

Who wanted to grab the 3400 acres?



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Nixon, that's who. White House Assistant Press Secretary Gerry Warren readily acknowledges that the beach park plan was Nixon's. The claim is, of course, that the idea was always to keep the 3400 acres as a park. But this, as documents prove, and as many Congressmen know, is a lie. At the risk of committing further *lèse majesté* against the President, it must also be asked who stood to gain from the transfer. Once again, the answer is Nixon. Executive Director of the Federal Property Review Board Darrell Trent admits that land values near the 3400-acre plot have increased substantially. This would include, of course, Nixon's property and the land held in trust for the Nixon Foundation.

Too petty a deal for someone invested with the cares of state and the panoply of office? We have seen already how the President likes to spend his summer vacation. And if more evidence is required to establish the rather petty limits of Nixon's capitalist horizon, we need only recall Nixon's role in the Fisher Island Corporation. That was the deal in which Nixon was brought in by Bebe Rebozo. Fisher's Island needed only a bridge to the Florida mainland to send its value skyrocketing, and Nixon's role was to get the Federal government to build the bridge. Nixon failed then too. And remember Citra-Frost? Nixon's scheme to make a fortune in the frozen orange juice business, just after World War II? For a year and a half, Nixon came home nights after working in his Whittier law office to squeeze oranges with Pat. Then, during the War, there was Nixon's Snack Shack, where he traded everything from captured Japanese rifles to introductions to the Army nurses who arrived to take care of the casualties. . . . With a business record so consistent, it's no wonder Nixon has remained in politics.

None of the shoddy machinations preceding the transfer of Pendleton to the state prevented Nixon from taking full public credit as an environmental warrior victorious over petty bureaucratic interests. "This magnificent beach," said Nixon on the day of its dedication last summer, flying over in a helicopter. "This is one of the last great swimming beaches in America. Just two years ago," the President went

on, "I was walking along this beach and I realized that here in Southern California there were millions of people who wanted to go to the beach, and that when you go by Santa Monica, Long Beach, or any of the other great beaches I used to go to as a youngster, that they are just too crowded these days and there is a great need for more beaches where people can go."

These beaches, Nixon said, would never have become a reality "unless I had taken a walk on the beach two years ago in San Clemente and walked an extra mile and saw the great possibility and decided that the time had come for Presidential initiative." What he didn't say was that as he walked that mile what was flashing through his one-track politician's head was not the image of surf on sand but the upward movement of Gallup polls, the smiles of satisfied retainers, and the roar of distant, preferably very distant, crowds.

McGOVERN (From Page 9)

McGovern is in any sense a leader, spokesman or representative of "the movement," or that his views and commitments are an authentic expression of movement politics. But McGovern's success, his nomination, what the press calls the "McGovern phenomenon" as if it were an emanation of his personality and will—these do reflect the unexpected power of that new political force. And if we look at the sources of McGovern's support and success, and consider how little help the usual power brokers were willing to offer to him (and how little they were able to deliver to anybody else), we realize that this time the biggest political debts are owed to us—not to us as individuals or a group, but to the principles on the basis of which our considerable political muscle was thrown behind his campaign. That amounts to a political deal, and we ought to regard it as binding on McGovern as—say—dairymen would consider a deal for price supports or textile industry fat cats would regard an understanding on import quotas. Beyond his Vietnam pledge, McGovern has made a deal with us on a broad range of subjects—abortion, marijuana, etc.—and we would be selling ourselves short if we let him

forget it.

Still, there is a feeling that wanting to collect on our political debts is short sighted and merely penny wise; our overriding concern now is that McGovern win, or else he will be in no position to deliver anything to anyone. In practical politics, so the thinking goes, unstinting compromise of principle is the only winning way. However to accept the strategic options of the McGovern campaign in these terms, one would have to be disastrously obtuse to the lessons of the campaign's success. The common wisdom defines clarity and principle as politically dangerous; obfuscation and compromise, as playing safe. Yet the fact is that, in this election year, the political dangers of playing safe have proved to be the greatest ones of all.

If compromise brought power, Hubert Humphrey would be God. No one could accuse him of a finicky aversion to expediency. He was a phenomenon of readiness to satisfy expediency's demands, even its whims, instantly, in all directions, with a compulsive energy that bordered on the apoplectic. He was like a one-man band, deluged

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with innumerable requests for songs and attempting to keep up and play them all. He was a hurricane of compromise, raging across the land, belching out torrential gusts of his political vacuity, lurching, twitching and thrashing in a frenzy of opportunism. Ebullient, extravagant, he would contradict himself at every turn with the wanton pugnacity of a method actor trying to play the part of an unruly mob.

Since Muskie was the front runner from the start, all he had to do was sit tight, lie low and not make enemies. He was not about to blow it by saying something that might get people all upset. He chose the largest issues—alienation, the credibility gap, the issues that were profoundly disturbing and non-controversial; it was communication and trust versus division and discord. He was relentlessly forthright trustworthy, honest and sincere, always about nothing in particular. For a while he came across as Honest Abe Muskie. Then he raised his honesty to an even higher plane and strove to personify the old solid values. His craggy face became a legend; he was Maine granite, American bedrock. In fact it began to look as if he had bypassed the White House entirely to assume the solid crustacean presence of a Mount Rushmore apotheosis.

Humphrey and Muskie, instinctively inclined towards opposites of style, saying everything and saying nothing, differed in the campaign images they were striving to project—the Humphrey vitality and the Muskie dignity. But each in his own style shared the strategic principle of keeping political content to a minimum.

And they lost.

McGovern followed an alternate scenario, rejecting the passive strategy for the active, the inoffensive posture for the inspiring. At first, to be sure, it was the only approach open to him; had he been "realistic," he would have discounted his own prospects and backed Muskie. But as the strategy began to pay off, as he won commitment and support, as his campaign developed momentum, the pressure to edge to the center increased. At every stage of the game, the argument could be made that what was necessary before is counterproductive now—"We've gotten all the mileage out of these issues that

we're going to." It was, however, too late for such faintheartedness.

To take a specific case, William Chapman in the *Washington Post* reported from the convention that, "At several points in the past few days, the McGovern forces had considered abandoning the Singer-Jackson anti-Daley group and going all the way with the Mayor. For a mixture of reasons the idea was rejected. 'Even if we had wanted to, we couldn't have delivered the votes [for Daley],' said Gary Hart, McGovern's national campaign director. 'That would have been straining our people too far. It would have compromised the senator too much, his posture as a man.'"

It is a moot point whether the delegates' scruples *enabled* or *compelled* the leadership to go with the Chicago insurgents. In either case, the scruples made it the politically correct decision, even granting that the stakes were high. To be sure, Daley is widely seen as the way to a November victory in Illinois, and Illinois may well be the key to the election. McGovern will need more than acquiescent support from him. But the stakes on the other side were higher still. McGovern's strategists are aiming to register millions of "new voters" through the efforts of 100,000 registrar volunteers. Lacking the traditional big money sources, they talk of having a million contributors donate \$25 each. Their aim is to arouse and energize, to activate and intensify support. Under the circumstances, Daley's support was important, but the volunteer organization was vital. When the two proved incompatible, the McGovern leadership had to favor the latter.

Such is the logic of the McGovern "phenomenon." The candidate is only as radical as his constituency forces him to be, but precisely in the fact he is so extraordinarily dependent on that constituency lies the responsibility and the opportunity to demand that he stick by the commitments that make his constituency strong.

(From Page 13)

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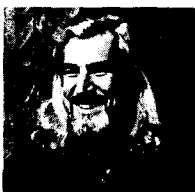
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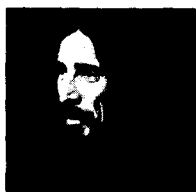
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