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THE VIOLENT LEFT

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RIGHT ON!

The rallying cry of the radical Left may bring down the house — around the radicals' ears.

by David Brewster and Ardie Ivie

Notes from our time:

The Federal Courthouse, at Fifth and Madison, is besieged by a crowd of 2,000 protestors under the leadership of the Seattle Liberation Front. The crowd moves in a tight mass along Fifth Avenue, carrying flags that identify each organization, signs with slogans like "Hog Hoffman" or phone numbers for legal and medical aid. Hari Krishna disciples in saffron robes, Seattle Mobe peaceniks, street people, U.W. medics in white smocks, plainclothesmen in conspicuous white rainhats, Seattle Community College rebels stoned on grass, a few junior high school kids and a handful of Blacks: such are the troops of the Revolution.

It is TDA, The Day After the verdict in the Chicago Seven trial. Organized protests are occurring in cities all over the country—New York, Berkeley, Boston and, not least of all, Seattle. Significantly, the local demonstration is taking place not on a college campus but in the heart of town, and the target is a major federal building. The stated goal is not just to protest, but to "Stop the Courts."

When the crowd reaches the courthouse, an advance group runs up the steps and begins kicking in the glass doors. A canister of tear gas is thrown inside, followed shortly by some riot gas that smells like vomit. As U.S. Marshal Charles Robinson retires to throw up, U.S. Attorney Stan Pitkin retreats into an elevator which transports him, together with a cloud of gas, to the next floor.

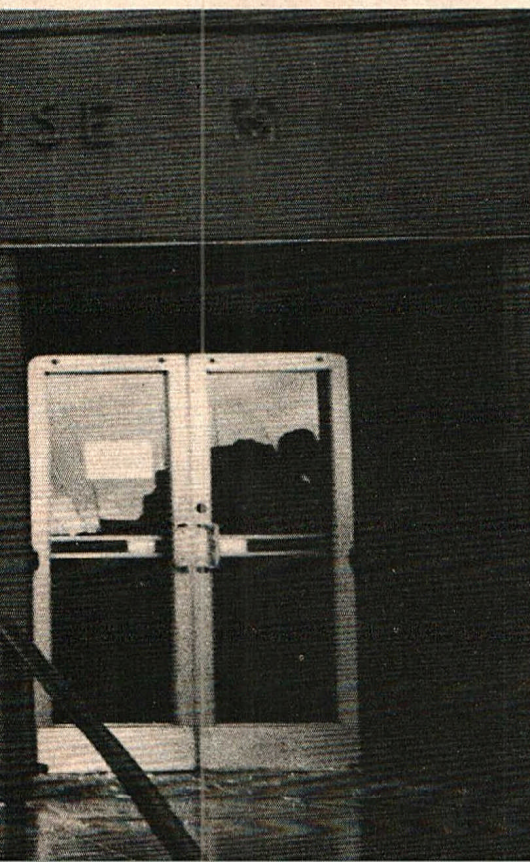
The crowd outside scatters over the lawn and back to the library plaza across the street. Then a second wave laps up against the doors. Rocks begin shattering the windows on the upper stories, and small balloons filled with paint splatter "revolutionary art" against the facade. Dodging rocks, Marshal Robinson orders the crowd to disperse.

An escalation in street tactics is apparent: the paint balloons, originally intended to be thrown against policemen's visors, contain a nauseating compound; many of the demonstrators are organized into six-man "affinity groups" to intimidate solitary policemen; some protestors wear helmets, makeshift gas masks and padded vests, and carry two-by-two sticks for fending off billy clubs.

Suddenly, a flying wedge of 25 Tac Squad officers emerges from the public library, where half the force of 200 police has been concealed, waiting for action. They charge through the crowd, knocking people to the ground. After two and a half hours—and \$40,000 worth of broken windows—the crowd is off the streets. Seventy-five people have been arrested, most of them from the U.W.—average age, 21.

Acting Police Chief Frank Moore calls the demonstration "the worst as far as intent on property destruction and viciousness" ever to occur in the city.

In a speech before the Municipal League, Mayor Wes Uhlman declares that "Seattle now has the dubious distinction of being number two in the nation in the number of bombings."



"No process of de-programming will ever succeed," declares Michael Lerner, a philos-

"There's only one real alternative: militant struggle in the streets."

Some young boys find a six-pack of dynamite nestled against the City Light substation on Capitol Hill. They take it home to mother.

As a student tries to close the door of a classroom in the U.W.'s Savery Hall, demonstrators barge in, unload three cans of garbage on the floor and begin screaming racial epithets and obscenities. "Stop it, stop it!" a woman cries hysterically. The professor, David H. Pinkney, dismisses the class, and as the students file out, some of them angrily address the invaders. Suddenly, a Black sophomore who is among the intruders strikes a white girl on the head with a five-foot wooden pole, yelling, "I told you to get out of here, bitch!"

The number of set fires in Seattle tops 100 for the month of March.

Note from a slightly earlier time:

Their [the young radicals'] basic style and psychological orientation is profoundly opposed to warfare, destruction, the exploitation of man by man, and to violence whether interpersonal or international. Their goals, more often sought than achieved, are goals of trust, openness, human responsiveness, and recognition of each man for who he is. Their aim, for themselves and for others, is a world where men can grow and develop, each at his own rate and in his own way, where people have learned to "be people," where each man can "do his thing." For any of this, peace is essential.

Kenneth Keniston, *Young Radicals*, 1968.

Hunched over the bar, on stools, nursing large schooners of beer, five middle-aged working men relax at the Century Tavern on University Way. It is mid-afternoon. Behind them, in a booth across the room, two young revolutionaries discuss their plans to radicalize the working class.

The older of the two is a New Yorker named "Chip" Marshall, formerly a top national officer of the now nearly defunct SDS. Marshall, who is 25, has an intense face with sharply outlined, cold features. His companion is Jeff Dowd, age 20, whose stepfather is the Marxist economist, Paul Sweazy. Big, open-faced, curly-haired, Dowd comes on like the romantic high school radical, committed to the immediate liberation of everybody.

Both arrived in Seattle this winter from Ithaca, New York, where they participated in last spring's violence at Cornell. (Marshall was a student at the school; Dowd merely liked to hang around the campus.) "This is Germany, 1932," Marshall says, pouring another round of beer. "Fascism or revolution—that's the only choice."

To Marshall and Dowd, everyone is a potential convert to their four-month-old movement, the Seattle Liberation Front. This morning, they have proselytized the

food-stamp lines, the state unemployment office, some high schools, Pioneer Square and the U.W. Student Union Building. Their dream is to create a proliferation of small collectives that will eventually constitute a parallel society of free stores, medical clinics, schools and homes run on easy-going, non-capitalist lines. "This is the only place in the country that has a city-wide movement going on," says Marshall. "Wait till you see all the guys coming here this summer. Eventually the SLF will be the legitimate opposition in this town."

The cause of the SLF may be considerably enhanced this summer by the trial of the "Seattle Eight." This group, which was arrested a few weeks ago on federal charges of conspiring to damage the courthouse and crossing state lines with intent to incite a riot, includes some of the top SLF leaders. Dowd and Marshall were both arrested, as were two of their SDS friends from Ithaca: Joseph Kelly, 24, who admits to having been a Weatherman until last fall, and Michael Abeles, 19. Professor Lerner and Susan Stern, former Weatherwoman and former wife of U.W. SDS leader Robbie Stern, were also arrested.

At the time of Marshall and Dowd's arrival, the Left in Seattle was as disorganized as everywhere else in the country. SDS, with its 300 campus chapters, had collapsed during the summer; the antiwar movement had expended itself in the fall; and no strong campus leaders had appeared. Then one day Jerry Rubin, one of the Chicago Seven, came to speak at the U.W., and Marshall and Dowd went out to hear him. He gave a fine speech, they thought, and afterwards Michael Lerner, Rubin's former roommate at Berkeley and now an acting professor at the U.W., also gave a speech, announcing a new kind of movement he was trying to set up.

The concept Lerner had in mind was designed to coordinate the fragmented Left by avoiding the mistakes that had split SDS. Instead of mass meetings and elitist leaders, there would be small clubs, called "collectives," which would be based on personal relationships and out of which free-style political programs would emerge.

Around the end of January, the first Seattle collective, known as the Red Avengers, was formed by students who had taken Lerner's course. At the organizational meeting called by Lerner, his students ran into opposition from the Weathermen, whose terrorist tactics the SLF would discourage, as well as from groups like the Student Mobilization Committee, a nonviolent antiwar coalition, that were calling for well-disciplined, nonviolent tactics. The usual chaotic debate ensued, but eventually Lerner's students won out with the support of the two newcomers from Ithaca,

Marshall and Dowd. Soon others voiced their support, and a second collective, Long Time Comin', was formed. (Today, the organization has approximately 400 members in 15 separate collectives.)

The very next day, the SLF went into action, trying to stake out a middle position between the peaceful picketers and the Weathermen, both of whom were moving on the much-besieged Loew Hall, where Marine recruiters had set up shop. The demonstration ended in chaos. The Weathermen, who numbered about 50—possibly the largest Weatherman group in any city at the time—bungled their part of the job by failing to discover where the police were hiding in the building. The picketers, directed by the antiwar coalition on campus, departed when



After being driven from the Federal Courthouse, bands of window-smashing youths are chased down Madison Street by police in riot garb.

the SLF started entering the building for a direct confrontation. Then, without any of the participants quite knowing why, people started busting up things, fighting with the police, throwing rocks, getting maced.

"We used to do crazy things like that every day," says Dowd. "We'd take an issue and magnify it, up the level, take it away from the abstract where people just have discussions." Dowd likes to think of these actions in terms of small, imaginative episodes of "guerrilla theatre" that put people in power on notice, confound normal conceptions, amuse or infuriate and provide examples of an urgent willingness to act.

Like most members of the SLF, Marshall and Dowd agree that the national trend is toward accepting violence as a tool of the Left. "All revolutionary violence," says Marshall bluntly, "is self-defense. The Chicago trial forced us to be

violent."

"This narrow world, strewn with prohibitions, can only be called in question by absolute violence... The colonized man finds his freedom in and through violence... It frees the native from his inferiority complex and from his despair and inaction; it makes him fearless and restores his self-respect." So wrote Frantz Fanon, the Black psychiatrist who described the Algerian Revolution in *The Wretched of the Earth*, published in 1961. "You can't understand anything about today unless you've read Fanon," says a professor at the U.W. who requires that students in one of his courses read the book twice. He adds that when his students have done so, "they're ready for the barricades."



Fanon's statement, which almost suggests that revenge is the cure for all human ills, poses the psychological or therapeutic defense of violence. This defense was first offered by Georges Sorel's *Reflections on Violence* (1908), a book that starts with Bergson's vitalism and ends with advocacy of a general strike (a nonviolent device, by today's reckoning). In Fanon's and Jean-Paul Sartre's hands, the tradition becomes a way for men to recreate themselves. The intellectual, whom Fanon describes as a victim of "the habits of calculation, of unwonted silence, of mental reservations, and... of concealment," shakes off this side of himself, performs "an irrevocable action," "imbibes the atmosphere of the people," and emerges a free man, cleansed. (Those who generalize from Fanon usually neglect to say that the revolution had better succeed.)

In addition to the psychological arguments, proponents of violence as a tool for change point to certain political justifications. In a truly revolutionary time, a short, surgical use of violence can break

up a logjam that is otherwise ready to flow—so runs the rationale. Since few think such a situation exists today, the arguments usually advanced have more to do with guerrilla warfare: Repeated, massive incidents will run up huge bills; terrorism can sap the state's will to enforce laws; examples of violence will impress the lower classes and break down inhibitions among middle-class radicals. The basic goal is to "polarize"—by forestalling consensual politics, or by staging "spectacles of repression" in which the state plays the heavy.

Writes Hannah Arendt, in her invaluable 1969 study, *On Violence*: "If we inquire historically into the causes likely to transform *engagés* into *enragés*, it is not injustice that ranks first, but hypocrisy... To tear the mask of hypocrisy from the face of the enemy, to unmask him and his devious machinations and manipulation—to provoke action even at the risk of annihilation so that the truth may come out... these are still among the strongest motives in today's violence on the campuses and in the streets." To which she adds: "Much of the present glorification of violence is caused by severe frustration of the faculty of action in the modern world. The fact is that riots in the ghettos and rebellions on the campuses make 'people feel they are acting together in a way that they rarely can.'"

The Seattle Police Department is hard-put to figure out who has been responsible for the alarming rise of set fires—588 incidents last year, more than double the number five years ago. The firebombing incidents of two summers ago—in which about 50 firebombs were thrown, some with very sophisticated, self-igniting devices—are attributed by police to small gangs of boys organized by a middle-aged, Black, Communist, political agitator. According to police information, the agitator was well financed by an "outside source"; unfortunately, he is reported to have escaped just as police were preparing to arrest him for receiving stolen rifles.

Since the fall of 1968, firebombing has declined here, and the Arson Squad of the Fire Department can find evidence of political motivation behind only a few cases, most notably the two fires, costing a total of \$24,000, set in Parrington Hall during the BYU ruckus. At that time, also, three ineffectual firebombs were thrown into the U.W. Library.

If firebombing has declined, there has been an alarming rise in the number of dynamite bombs in the city. One Sunday night last month no less than four bombs went off in the Central Area, bringing to 62 the total reported bombings in the city since January, 1969. The largest blast—at the U.W. Administration Building—employed 70 sticks of dynamite. Potentially the most lethal was a combination of two pipe bombs set at the

U. last month. The bombs went off two minutes apart; one contained antipersonnel devices—like double-headed nails.

According to police records, all seven of the persons arrested so far on bombing charges have ties or sympathies with the radical Left. The one person convicted is Jerome Shervon, a 25-year-old forklift operator at Boeing, who was charged with unlawful possession of explosives. Major Neil W. Maloney, chief of the criminal investigation division of the Seattle Police Department, says that Shervon, who was found with a case of dynamite in the car in which he was riding (the driver escaped), has admitted sympathies with the SDS and the Black Panthers.

Also in January, police arrested Silas Trim Bissell, 27, and his wife Judith, 25, who were active last year in the U.W. chapter of SDS. They were charged with placing an explosive device—a very sophisticated one, with nitrates and a gallon of gasoline—at the Air Force ROTC building. Bissell is the son of a wealthy Michigan businessman, who put up \$50,000 in bail to obtain the couple's release.

A third arrest occurred March 3, when four men were apprehended placing a bomb (which exploded) at the University Way post office. Jan Tissot, the man charged with placing the bomb, is a 29-year-old native of Tacoma who first came to police attention in 1966 when he attempted to put on a light show. Tissot is well known in the U. district as a poet and anarchist; a sophomore at the U.W. at the time of his arrest, he is, according to one acquaintance, afflicted with a martyr complex.

John Van Veenendaal, 22, of Seattle, who was also arrested, is identified as an ardent SDS member. He was wounded in a Weatherman rampage in Chicago last fall. He and Tissot were named as co-conspirators (not defendants) in the Seattle Eight case. Also charged in the bombing are Jeffrey Desmond, a material witness, and Michael S. Reed, a 25-year-old Black from Texas who is attending the U. W.

According to Major Maloney, four groups of bombers are still at large: one composed of young Black radicals, who may now be hiring others to place their bombs; an older group of Blacks, who seem unusually familiar with building construction; a small group of white Leftists, otherwise unidentified; and "the independents," some apolitical white high school youths who use primitive explosive devices.

The sign on the door of the big red house ten blocks north of the U.W. says, "We Are The Conspiracy." Another sign says to come right in. Mattresses are piled up in the hallway, ready for use if the Red Avengers collective has more than its usual four residents staying overnight. The big living room is filled with sofas and dingy, overstuffed chairs; sitting in them are various SLF members, all dressed in the standard costume of jeans,

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boots, work shirts and short leather jackets. Long messy hair is also standard. The decor throughout the house is "revolutionary art"—a blob of paint splattered onto a white wall. Rainier Light is being passed around, and for a moment the place seems a bit like a fraternity house. But only for a moment.

Joe Kelly, who wears a small black earring that identifies him as a member of the SLF's top collective, called Sundance, hands his visitors the SLF "Program for Action"—14 points in a small pamphlet with a red fist and rifle on the cover. ("We must change this deadly machine which steals our freedom and rapes our minds," runs a typical line, in this instance referring to the U.W., "or stop its functioning altogether until it can be reconstructed to serve human needs instead of to train narrow and boring clods who know only one thing: how to kiss an ass that should be kicked.") Then Kelly tells a story of his attempts to proselytize at a workingmen's tavern. "We went into this place where greasers and bikers hang out and started talking about our 14-point program," he says. "When we came to the part about supporting the Panthers, one of the guys in the tavern pulled a gun. We just kept talking, telling him that racism is a capitalist tool. Finally, he put his gun away and asked to hear more."

This is the side of the SLF that members like to talk about. They want to stress what they claim the press has played down: the way the SLF is trying to "serve the people" and to present small-scale examples of socialism. They point out that one collective—which specializes in music and light shows—has also been helping laid-off Boeing workers; another group, known as the Marx Brothers, dispenses oranges and cocoa to the poor; the Spector collective, they say, is going to start a school, while a fourth group, CLAW (Collective to Liberate the Air Waves) is demanding the KIRO-TV redistribute profits to its listening audience.

Those present are loath to talk much about themselves. Al, a stocky young man with long blond hair, will reveal only that his father is a rich steel executive; "it's not easy for the cops to get rid of somebody when he's got a rich old man," he says. Another boy, rather thin and nervous, turns out to be the son of conservative East Side parents—his father is a contractor. A tall girl from Thurston County, the daughter of a mill hand, tells how she was the high school liberal who worked as a page in the state House of Representatives. One quarter at the U.W. and she was a radical. As for many in the SLF, this is her first real fling in a political movement.

Over in a corner, two other members of the Red Avengers are talking among themselves. The boy is also a novice in New Left politics. At Bellevue High

School, he recalls, he was a liberal, by which he means that he saw each issue "in isolation." Then he witnessed the People's Park battle in Berkeley, as well as last summer's U. district disturbance, both of which had a big effect. Taking Professor Lerner's course and reading books like David Horowitz's *Empire and Revolution*, he says, converted him to radicalism. His father, who runs a small business, has also become a radical.

With him is a girl from Yakima (neither wishes a name to be used, saying they are "too well-known at home"), who attended a private Catholic school and was "the only rebel in town." What woke her up was seeing a football coach hit one of his players and give him a concussion; also, at the age of 14, she discovered "the hypocrisy of the church."



down from the top, it was complained. As a result, some of its members have now joined other collectives in order to decentralize power still further. (Meanwhile, the SLF continues to have a high turnover, and some of the collectives are hardly doing anything at all.) Another attack on the leaders has come from the proponents of female liberation, who accuse them of "macho," or male chauvinism. Mike Lerner, once the SLF's guru, is now relegated to being a "resource center" for campus activities.

The average day at an SLF commune consists of attempts to combat apathy, privatism, monotony. "We really groove on doing revolution," says the Yakima girl, contrasting the SLF style with the "heavy," nothing-but-politics style of the Weathermen. (The Weathermen have now



Addressing 2,000 at the U.W. is Tom Hayden (left), a founder of SDS and one of the Chicago Seven, who recently visited Seattle to find signs of a new and tougher Movement to survive the '70s. His attention focused on the Seattle Liberation Front, the group started by Michael Lerner, here speaking to an April Fool's rally downtown.

For all her rebelliousness, however, she remains very attached to her parents. Her father is a well-off rancher—"a very honest, old-time American who treats people like people."

It is clear that these two young people want SLF to be more than a political pressure group that comes together for large-scale crusades. "We were both turned off by the mass meetings of last year's SDS where there were one or two leaders and hundreds of followers," says the boy. By contrast, the SLF is organized so that each of the 15 or so collectives selects two delegates every week to serve on a "coordinating committee." The boy adds: "We're trying to get over the idea that you're either a leader or a follower."

After the courthouse attack and the BYU campaigns, the SLF leadership collective, Sundance, which had taken informal control of the amorphous group, came in for a rash of criticism. All the political positions were being handed

dwindled to about 20 members in three communes. SLF leaders have admitted some former Weathermen to their collectives, but they suspect the newcomers of trying to take over the show.) She reels off some of the things she enjoys: working on the free breakfast program once every two weeks; reading Blake or James Joyce; going to a cabin in the woods; eating health food (the current rage in SLF collectives, after a few unsuccessful attempts at preparing fancy meals); the long rap sessions designed to build up confidence and political views; stealing a scene by disrupting a classroom and getting the authorities uptight. "We want to get back behind the division of labor, especially the sexual one," is how she sums things up. "The ideal society would be one where you would make films one day, do garbage duty the next, work in a hospital the third."

The SLF is really an attempt to bridge the gap between the drug-and-commune side of the Movement (which has been

drifting out of politics) with the political side (which in the SLF's case consists of occasional highly publicized, relatively violent, faintly comic forays). In effect, they want to start creating a comprehensive counterculture, one that will eventually be a whole little Woodstock nation within the straight nation—and one with the power of self-defense.

Not many observers are sanguine about the SLF. Tom Leonard, an organizer for the Socialist Workers Party, a Trotskyite group, feels the SLF is "all action, no political education. People don't learn by getting their heads beaten." Bruce Olson, editor of the U.W. *Daily*, thinks SLF may well fade away within the year. A self-described radical and a graduate student in philosophy, Olson also agrees that any attempts to bring on a sudden revolution now "would result in a bloodbath and no change in heart, just new personnel."

The practice of fomenting "creative disorder" also comes in for criticism from today's Left. As Stephen Spender has written in *The Year of the Young Rebels*, "The idea of acting provocatively in order to make the authorities more obviously repressive is bad tactics because it is so transparent." A young female pacifist who got roughed up in the courthouse demonstration remarked later that "fighting for peace is like screwing for chastity: it's insane."

Some other dissidents have apparently reached the same conclusion. When the SLF tried to provoke a confrontation during the Brigham Young protests at the U.W., its members were firmly told by the Black Student Union to leave the scene. "I have constantly argued against a firm alliance between the BSU and the SLF," says Jimmie Franklin, a Black professor of history at the U.W. who recently resigned. He praised the BSU's "legitimate, militant pressure," and feels the presence of the SLF made it impossible for the BSU to stage a peaceful demonstration on the day Seattle Police were called to patrol the campus. (No demonstration was held.) "People are becoming reluctant to grant demands for change," Professor Franklin continues, "because they fear the age of irrationality is upon us."

The emotional, disruptive, potentially violent tactics of groups like the SLF and the Weathermen have certainly intensified this fear on campus and made many suspect that confrontations are often being staged for their own sake, not for remedial reasons. In the view of U.W. President Charles Odegaard, "Dialogue is very difficult to achieve when you run into an atmosphere of confrontation that is no more than political posturing before the television cameras. 'It becomes just a test of strength.'"

"The SLF is also turning off the students right and left—I mean left and left," remarks Professor Jonathan Gallant, a student of radical movements. "Pop cul-

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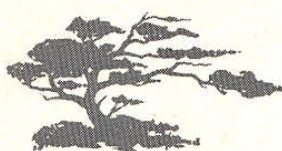
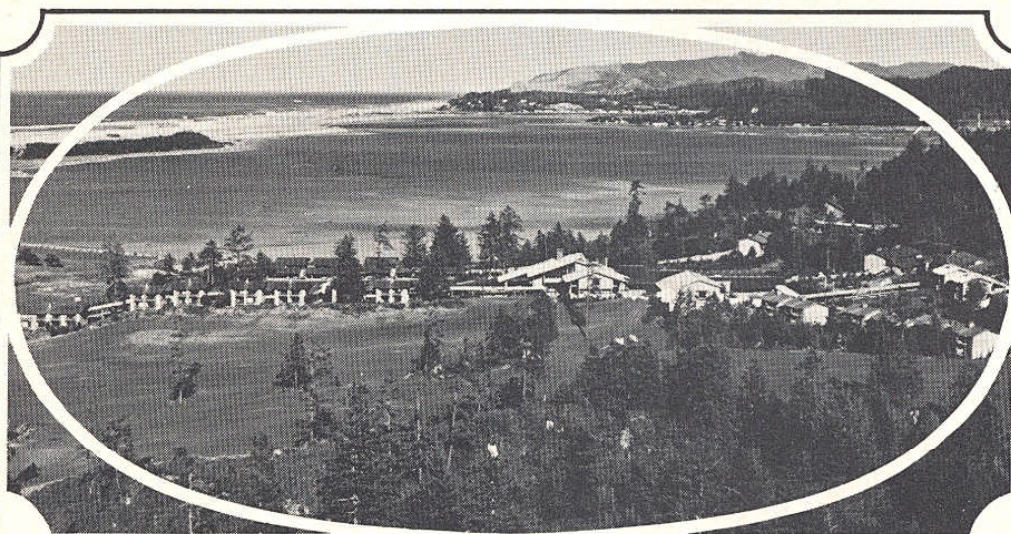
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ture is not going to radicalize those kids. The main effect of the classroom disruptions has been to laugh radicalism out of the classes. There has been a leftward movement among students, but not a radicalization. They have become skeptical, rejecting pat solutions from either the administration or the haranguing Left." "Right On!" the rallying cry of the SLF and other radical groups, Gallant fears will "end up as the name of a new deodorant."

"The new prophets of violence are almost certain to become its chief victims," historian Richard Hofstadter has recently noted in *Harper's*. He argues that violence was only an effective tool of the Left in truly revolutionary situations—manifestly not the case today—where the changes could be quickly effected. "If goals are not achieved rapidly," Hannah Arendt has written in a parallel argument, "the result will be not merely defeat but the introduction of the practice of violence into the whole body politic... A return to the status quo in case of defeat is always unlikely."

Ironically, since many of the young rebels are devotees of Marx, this line of reasoning extends back to the father of communism. For Karl Marx, revolution was brought about not by violence, which he compared to the labor pains of a new birth, but by the contradictions within capitalism and the careful building up of a revolutionary working class. The *déclassé* idlers, the suicidal adventurers, the deluded poor who dream of revenge—those who make up Fanon's revolutionary force—Marx would have regarded as hopeless romantics who would only bring about repression and demoralization.

In his exhaustive if polemical work, *The Conflict of Generations* (1969), Lewis Feuer contends that Marx and Engels eventually came to distrust even student movements. A concealed elitism and an irresistible momentum toward self-destructive terrorism have characterized such movements around the world, right and left, according to Feuer, who argues that their momentum is fueled by guilt. This guilt, Feuer says, comes from unacknowledged but compulsive feelings of "parricide" against an older generation that has been sweepingly rejected for its failure—as in Germany after Versailles, in Japan after World War II, in America after Vietnam. Conrad's *Lord Jim*, Feuer writes, traces the ultimate outcome of disabling guilt: an attempt to escape the guilt-ridden self by merging with an alien and downtrodden people and, finally, suicide. Terrorism, Feuer concludes, is unconsciously suicidal.

Tom Hayden is addressing an SLF meeting on the third floor of the Student Union Building at the U.W. A founder of the SDS in 1962 and a defendant in the

Chicago Seven trial, he has been an eloquent spokesman of the New Left through its many phases: politics, community organizing, teach-ins, resistance. Today, Hayden looks tired, a new mop of black hair spreading out over his pale eyes and slightly scarred face. "I feel like I'm surrounded by cops," he says, and then alludes to his conviction in Chicago: "I've got a year to get my message out."

The SLF is there, about 100 strong, on this Saturday morning. The Chicago trial, he says, turned out to be a final tribute to a past age, the '60s—a happier time for easy riders. A new kind of radical must emerge, and Hayden has come to Seattle to find him. Spread out around Hayden are clustered SLF collectives; some would-be members; bra-less, shorthaired girls; a lot of copies of *Discover America*, the new SLF magazine; and Wally, the shaggy mutt mascot who goes everywhere the SLF goes. Egged on by the crowd, Wally pursues Mike Lerner's puppy.

"Almost everything that was organized before the Chicago trial is now a wreck," Hayden starts off. "The articulate white males who rose to the top got into power relationships with the officials, monopolized the leadership, and now they're holding everything back. Also, the whole movement is breaking up over the issue of women's liberation. In Berkeley, women can't even stand to go to meetings—they can't relate to these males. The Movement in the '70s won't be run by men." Hayden says he had thought Seattle "was getting over this bickering garbage." A lovely girl sitting on the window sill disagrees: "the point is coming when men and women cannot work together politically—too much energy is lost fighting male chauvinism." The SLF, it turns out, has agreed to an "intercollective collective" for women; the men are getting together next week for a soul-search.

A murmur of grumbling runs through the crowd over "the ego-driven leadership" of the SLF. It begins to be obvious why a new generation of charismatic radical leaders has not arisen on the campus. No one wants them; decentralization, the SLF's new approach, is probably the only thing that will work now.

Hayden forges ahead, brooding, sarcastic, nihilistic. "Everything's crumbling very fast," he says—a radical prophet of the '60s in search of a new movement for the '70s. "There may be a liberal comeback in 1972 with somebody like Lindsay, but it's like putting on the brakes of a car that's already going over the cliff. Each confrontation now creates enormous, accumulating damage to the system: psychic damage. Somebody was telling me about the large number of college administrators who are having heart attacks. Parents are being driven crazy by their kids. The U.S. Army is filling up with Panthers, freaks and hijackers. Soon it won't have the morale to fight."

Somebody asks Hayden what to do



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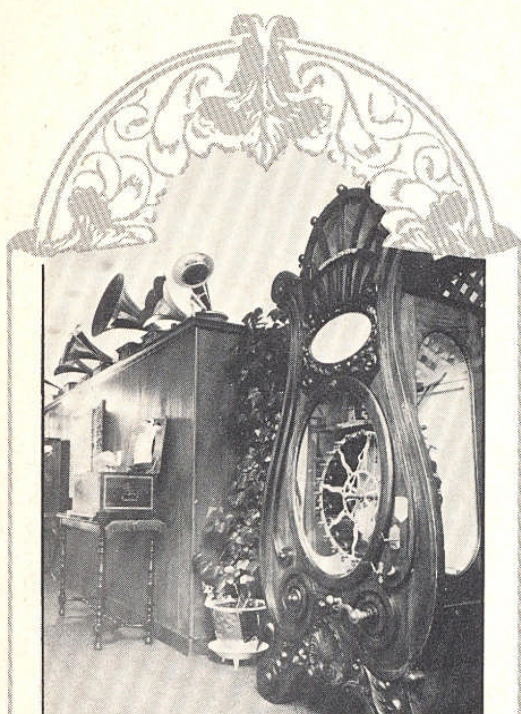
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about "the liberals."

"People like Ramsey Clark and John Lindsay are very decent men," he replies. "They want to bring off a transition into a new age, something that preserves a lot of the present good things. But these men cannot stand up to the overwhelming vicious impulses of the Right. They don't really have what it takes. When things get hot, they say they'll wait for the next big issue. The Left thought that eventually the country would see that it was not in its interest to continue the war in Vietnam. Even the aerospace corporate liberals were funding Gene McCarthy's campaign. But the Right is crazy, irrational; they don't care about 'reason.' In the end, the liberals could only slow the escalation. Yet our relationship to the liberals has to be complicated: they may be the only thing that will build the buffer, slow the repression, give us the time to build our forces. But we have to expect the worst. It's going to get harder and harder to survive."

Hayden is discontented. He doesn't like this meeting, where he's doing all the talking. (Nor did he like the large mass rally he had addressed last night in front of the Hub, with its "White House music"—a bluegrass band, featuring one member shaped like a plump avocado with lambchop sideburns—its boring, "old Left" speeches and passive audience. "It wasn't an event meant to turn an audience into a mob," he complains. The crowd should have felt inspired to some "action," Hayden says, employing one of the current euphemisms: "action" for demonstrating, "wasting" for bombing, "trashing" for damaging property.)

"We've got to show people that we're the revolution," someone says, "that we've got the strength to resist the collapse."

"People have heard it," says Hayden. "They've heard me and the speeches. The only thing that will make a difference is a living, functioning, moving thing that they can join—something that's actually taking over people's lives and transforming them. People need to see you as a group that's really taking over responsibility for getting things done."

Hayden talks about the new kind of movement that is required. "Most young people are only putting on protests, advancing another point of view. In 20 years they'll be on the faculty. I want people who are obviously either going to make a revolution or not be around in 20 years. The real problem of the Left has been that its revolution is all in its head. It's made up of well-off people. You see a French Communist and a French conservative coming down the street and there's no difference."

A prospective member wonders aloud what the future will be like after the revolution, and Mike Lerner makes a stab at an answer: "Power to the people means not just a new establishment. It means destroying all centers of power.

What matters is what each individual wants.

Then Hayden, sitting with his feet folded under him, speaks again: "What you're building right now is the future. The future gets created before people understand it. What you do is often ahead of where your head is. Mass collective experiences like occupying Columbia or Woodstock are more important than reading Lenin or Mao. Altamont too: that shows us that all experiences are not good. But after Columbia, those students were never able to go back to their old roles. They had no doubt about their ability to run that university."

Still, the meeting is not right. Hayden is irked. The group keeps coming back to small problems. The SLF is floundering, looking for tactics, issues, supporters. Somebody calls the ecology issue "an Arthur Godfrey thing." "A lot of professors are doing some great things in ecology," someone says sadly.

Gradually, it becomes clear that a strong mood of pessimism has cropped up in the SLF. The Sundance car has been firebombed. The repression will increase. The SLF has lost touch with the working class and with the antiwar crowd, who resent the disruptions the SLF has inflicted on them. A Seattle newspaper has reported that "several thousand men," mostly downtown businessmen, have formed a group to Help End Lawless Protesting (HELP).

The meeting brings back all the memories of the years of frustration on the Left: the fine words, the silent rank and file, the lack of continuity, the factions, the failure to find a tactic that works. "That war we wanted to end," someone says, "now it's the Indochina War."

Hayden has been fighting cynicism and apathy for a long time. That's what the movement is about: dreaming, doing, moving on like the word says, The Movement, hoping, refusing to give in to liberal-intellectual skepticism and reluctance to take action. *Do It*, says the title of Jerry Rubin's new book.

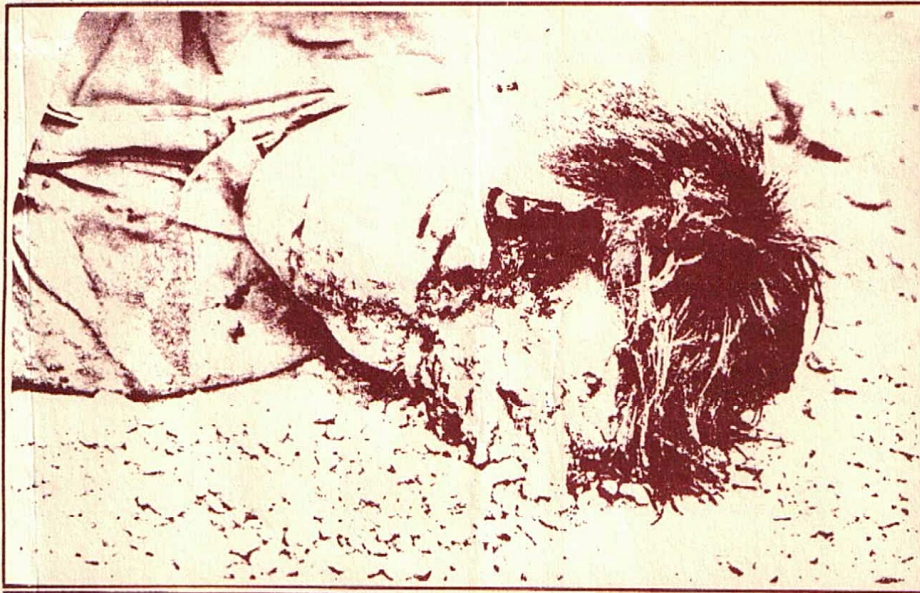
"The rebellions are expressions of the way the future will be," says Hayden. "We're doing things. On our own. That's what is the most threatening thing to this country: we're getting people into that experience of becoming lawless."

"We're out of control."

After a few hours, the meeting has wound down into a review of classes that could be taught at a "liberation school"—street tactics, firearms, street first-aid, propaganda skills. Then the group disperses, and Hayden films a TV interview.

In a hallway, a small group sprawls out around a leader of the Sundance Collective. Their heads sag into their bodies. The leader is talking about an upcoming demonstration. "With this society the way it is," he says dejectedly, "there'll have to be some trashing." No one demurs. □

LEST YOU FORGET THE WAR GOES ON



EIGHT MEN WHO TRIED TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT WERE JUST JAILED IN CHICAGO

The defendants in the Chicago conspiracy trial have just been sentenced to jail for "contempt". The government couldn't trust the jury so they did it alone. If the judge gave the defendants more than six months on any single charge, they would have the right to a jury trial. So the judge, who previously used the same ruse to send Bobby Seale to jail for four years, found the defendants guilty of several instances of contempt, for each one of which he sentenced them to a period less than six months so they could not get any trial. And by denying bail, the judge ensures that the defendants will be in jail for several years. Dave Dellinger: 28 months, Rennie Davis: 21 months, Tom Hayden 15 months, and other defendants and their lawyers facing jail sentences which will be announced today.

HAVEN'T YOU HAD ENOUGH?

- *Over one million dead in Vietnam
- *Black Panthers murdered and jailed
- *Peaceful demonstrations against the war in Oct. & Nov. completely ignored
- *Nixon promises withdrawals: hundreds of thousands of troops will remain in Vietnam for at least another ten years.
- *Fascism becomes institutionalized: in the police, the army and the courts
- *Those who organize protests are jailed: freedom of speech and assembly only if you don't use these freedoms effectively

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