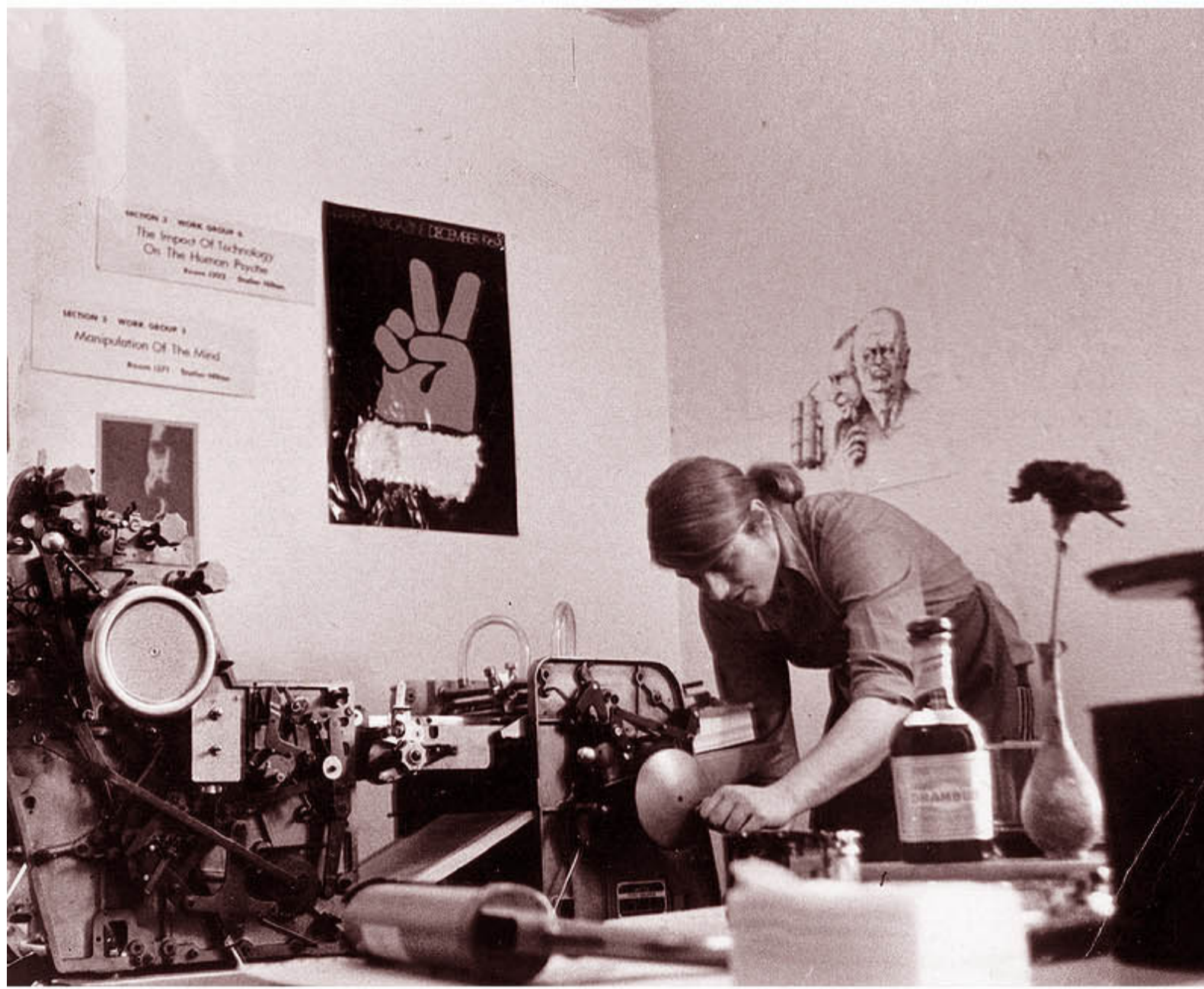


# AMERICAN OPINION

DECEMBER, 1967: P. 1

## UNDERGROUND For Adults Only

by Gary Allen



**SUPPOSE THAT YOU** were to come across the following — big, bold, and black in six-column banner headlines: **Confront The Warmakers In Washington; Oakland Fuzz Turn Back On Arson; Cops In Club-In; Fury Of Negro Revolts Matches Determination For Freedom.** What do you suppose you'd be reading?

Headlines from *The Worker*, perhaps, or *Pravda*?

Sorry.

These are, in fact, actual headlines taken from the “love papers,” America’s new Underground Press—an assortment of nearly forty Marxist newspapers carefully aimed at young people. It may surprise you to learn that such revolutionary sheets, most of them launched within the last two years, have now become an influential force among the nation’s teenagers, with a paid circulation in excess of half a million, massive newsstand sales, and a national readership which may reach into the millions.

Over fifty years ago Nikolai Lenin proclaimed that “Youth will decide...!” The current generation is large enough to decide plenty — large enough, in fact, to decide the whole ballgame. The median age in America is now 27.9 years, and fifty-two percent of our population is under twenty-five.

[OldMagazineArticles.com](http://OldMagazineArticles.com)



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Underground Press, reaching millions of young Americans, promotes sex, perversion, and Marxism.

More significant is the fact that by 1972 there will be 32 million potential voters between the ages of twenty-one and thirty (nearly 50 million if the voting age is dropped to eighteen), making such youthful citizens by far the largest of all minority voting blocs.\*

Bobby Kennedy doesn't wear that Beatle haircut because he can't afford two dollars for the barber! The sociologists and political scientists on the R.F.K. payroll know how to read population statistics, and you can bet the last peanutbutter-sandwich quarter in your pocket that it is on their advice that the shaggy Senator has cast his lot as the would-be king of the teeny-boppers. Not just Bobby, of course, but the entire radical Left.

In order to exploit America's growing teenage population, the Far Left has set out systematically to develop among the young the same kind of "class-consciousness" it has already succeeded in developing in labor and, more successfully, among America's Negroes. Instead of labor *vs.* capital or black *vs.* white, this is youth *vs.* age — as characterized by the theme: "You can't trust anyone over thirty."

Building this "class-consciousness" is the role of the Underground Press, now merchandising a new revolutionary Line to millions of teens and post-adolescents. That Line seeks to promote the image of an exploited youthful minority — romantic, and noble — in revolt to remake America into a Flower Commune resisting the forces of war, wickedness, and Wall Street.

The Far Left is well aware that teenagers of whatever generation are notoriously fad conscious. Anyone who can set, guide, or manipulate their fads has a vast influence on them—and, through

\* Other significant voting blocs include 16 million union members, 22 million Negroes, 10 million government workers, 18 million people over sixty-five, 5 million Mexican-Americans, and 5 million Jews.



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them, on the character of the nation. The Marxist transmission belt controlling the direction of today's "youthquake," the Underground Press, has thus sought to promote the Communist program by seeking to develop in young people the idea that it is fashionable to knock America, their parents, and the police; to praise revolution and emulate revolutionaries; to promote contempt for our soldiers dying in the field in Vietnam; and, to experiment with sexual promiscuity, drugs, and perversion.

The Enemy, according to the Underground Press, is "The Establishment"—an amorphous term used by young radicals to mean parents, teachers, school administrators, the House Committee on Un-American Activities, the Pentagon, C.I.A., the media, government bureaucrats, the narcotics (Narco) squad, businessmen, and the F.B.I. The favorite hate symbol within this curious Establishment is the policeman — according to the mythology of the Left, a brutal enforcer of the capitalist *status quo* and oppressor of youth.



at.

free flag decal with every Rag

The Establishment, the Line goes, can be toppled only by a "revolution"—the form of which is usually expressed in nebulous terms, though the repudiation of non-violence by the "Civil Rights" movement has evaporated many of the pretensions about "peaceful social adjustments" formerly espoused by the New Left and the Underground Press. Now, one reads of revolution through coalition of youthful



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radicals, Negroes, and poor whites in the Reuther-King-Alinsky mold — a union in which neighborhoods are to be “organized” by the young in a fashion similar to the C.I.O.’s organizing of factories in the Thirties.

In short, the Underground Press is another in a series of revolutionary tactics which are part of a grand strategy to deliver America — decadent as a crumbling Rome — into the lap of the Far Left. This time the revolutionaries are after our teenage sons and daughters. And already the extent of their success is frightening.

## I

**OVER THE** past ten years, hundreds of non-professional publications promoting revolutionary themes have sprung up among the New Left like so many psychedelic mushrooms. Most were “little mags” or mimeographed sheets disgorging esoteric philosophies, radical politics, and idiotic “poetry” aimed at adolescent “intellectuals,” beatniks, and the similarly afflicted. Over the same period, the Mort Sahl-Lenny Bruce\* brand of “sick” or “political” humor caught on and proved that no cows are too sacred for roasting and no individual, concept, or tradition is beyond perversion. It was iconoclasm based upon the self-contempt of the derailed — but the kids bought it, and their “little mags” would wallow in it for a few issues and then disappear as acned editors became bored with the world of publishing or Daddy got tired of financing acidic nonsense and bought the kid a sports car.

As the “Soaring Sixties” replaced the “Frightened Fifties,” the Underground Left — discredited by the Hiss trial, the McCarthy Hearings, and the Hungarian Revolution — had emerged from the cellars of Harvard and other assorted academic composts and headed for the Potomac River Bigtime with all of the enthusiasm of painted ladies on their way to New Orleans. The New Frontier, with its Beautiful People, was now making it chic to blurt platitudes about Communists “mellowing,” and “thirty-million Americans who go to bed hungry every night,” and the need for a “social conscience” to replace the outworn concepts of Puritan competition.

And, young people noticed.

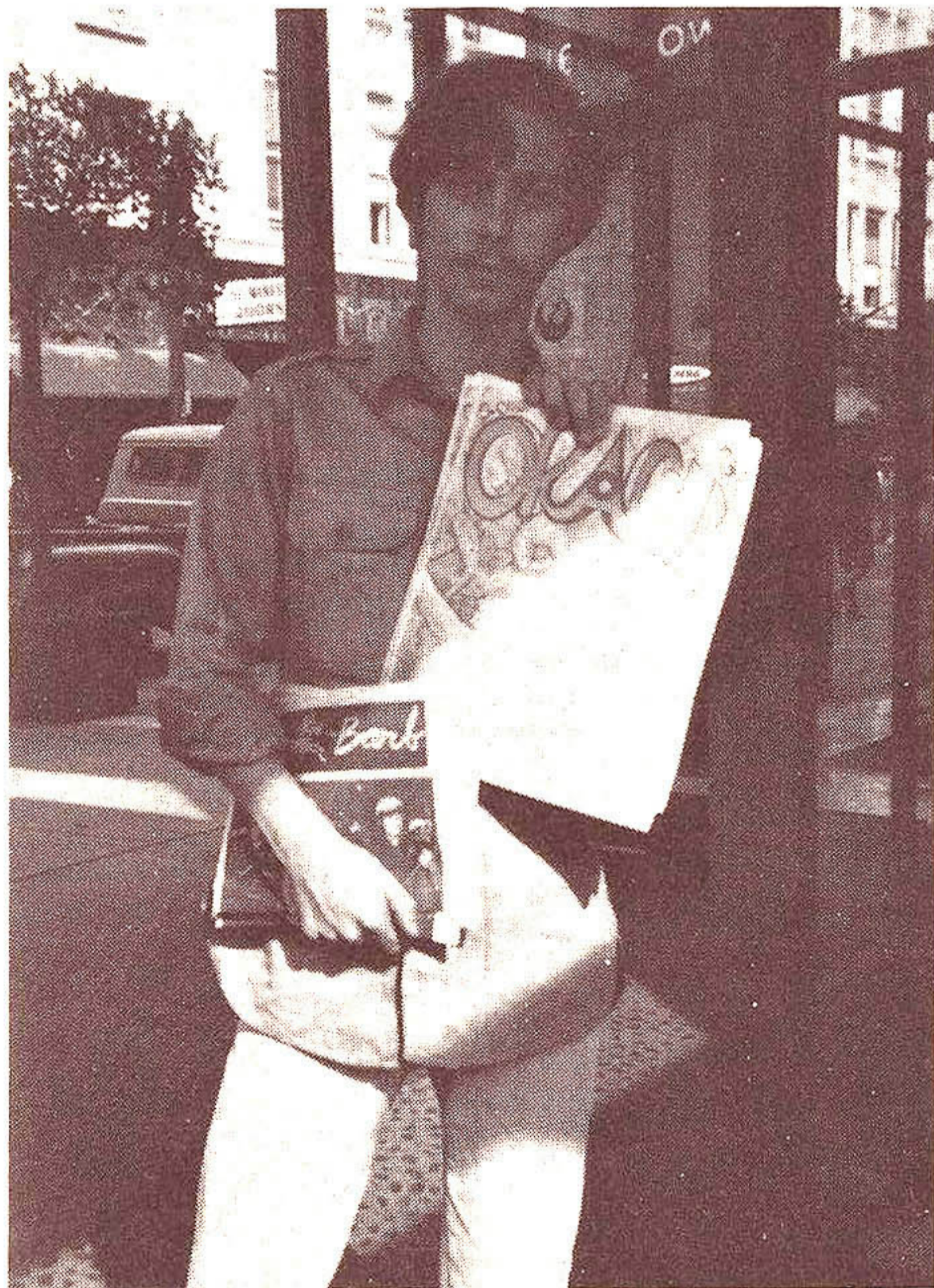
The giant generation of the vast post-war baby boom struggled through impressionable adolescence in the din of this disinterred “camp” of the Thirties,



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made fresh by a young, smiling Irishman from Boston. And the radicals of this new generation had a new stable of heroes: J.F.K., the dynamic Boy President, who symbolized the awakening power of youth; Fidel Castro, the youthful and romantic revolutionary of the Sierra Maestra; Malcolm X, the young guerrilla leader of "Civil Rights"; and even the Beatles, brash "teenagers" who shocked Mom and Dad and made a fortune at it. With this "cultural explosion" came the "Civil Rights" movement, the New Left, the Berkeley Rebellion, and the concept of civil disobedience expressed in a myriad sit-ins, anti-war demonstrations, self-conscious marches, and draft-card burnings. *Revolution* was the new fad — a carefully nurtured part of the teen culture. Those who were *with it* picked up the ludicrous jargon of Wobbly bombtossers, and affected steel-rimmed glasses to look like Leon Trotsky, and chatted constantly of The Movement or The Revolution.

Out of such influences and activities the nucleus of a new audience was created, a youthful nucleus of hippies, New Leftists, teeny-boppers, pacifists, nihilists, and narcotics fadists large enough to sustain its own professional Press — which in turn could be used to proselytize new fodder for the continuing fiasco. And, the audience grew.



Peddling sex and narcotics sheets in San Francisco.

The Left has always possessed a plethora of publications, but *Nation*, *New Republic*, and *Reporter* were properly considered old, square, and "un-hip" by the Turned-on Generation. New peri-





The Communist "Peking Review" is widely sold.

odicals following a newspaper tabloid format erupted like the pimples of their readers to serve as the voice of the "youthquake." Nothing could be easier or safer to produce and distribute than an Underground newspaper (even the name "Underground" carries an aura of mystery and a sense of belonging to an In group — guaranteed to appeal to the callow and underdone). And so the Underground papers thrived, selling over the counter at hippy bookstores and being hawked on the streetcorners like *The Worker* or *Muhammad Speaks*.

In the mythology of The Movement, the need for organizing the Underground Press, of course, grew out of the barbarities of capitalism. The Establishment Press, you see, had evolved into a giant Rightist plot against the young, the honest, and the Left. This all seems rather odd — hysterical, in fact. But, in the topsy-turvy world of the New Left, papers like the *New York Times*, the *Washington Post*, and their kind had become, as one of the Underground sheets recently put it, "reactionary fascists" using "brainwashery to perpetuate The System."

That is the way the world looks through the other end of the telescope, where the *New York Times* is "fascist," the giant socialist educational factories become "the tools of the capitalists," Leftwing Democrats are accused of being Goldwaterites, and the State Department is castigated for "paranoid anti-Communism." Of course, from the point of view of those running this show, it makes sense. Revolution to support the omnipresent Leftist conformity



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of the hour could hardly attract even teenagers. Hence the myths.

The editorial format of the Underground Press calls for a Marxist message blanketed in sex and drugs. This is kneaded with four-letter words, mal-propped with polysyllabics, and stirred with corny revolutionary slogans that would have embarrassed an East Side anarchist of 1910. It is mixed with "hip" language taken from the worlds of criminality, jazz, narcotics, and homosexuality. Adding spice are terms from the lexicons of Marx, Lenin, and Chairman Mao, along with the weird vernacular of the Hindu mystics. Served with a quart of self-righteousness, the above recipe produces the nicest little revolutionary stew you ever saw.

The Undergrounders have even developed their own language. Hippies and revolutionaries are euphemistically described as "dissident elements"; a protest march is characterized as a "pilgrimage"; draftdodgers are quaintly called "victims of the establishment"; a riot is a "confrontation"; and, the maintenance of civil order is "suppression by the fuzz." *Police brutality* has become more of a one-word epithet than *damnyankee* ever was in the South.

The Underground newspapers form a Comintern of the "youth revolution," spreading the word nationwide and keeping the revolting faith. It is serious business, and we had better take it seriously.

## II

THE REPUTED fathers of the Underground Press were neurotic sensationalist Norman Mailer and "writer" Dan Wolf, who say they did it because they hankered for something they call guerrilla journalism. In 1955 they teamed with financial-angel Ed Fancher to launch the *Village Voice*, a Leftist newspaper catering to the psychoses of New York's Greenwich Village. Mailer soon bailed out as the flight proved too calm for his garish tastes, but as the paper got in step with the eccentric nature of Village residents it grew to a current circulation of 75,000.

In the eyes of the Undergrounders, however, the *Village Voice* soon "copped out" by attracting lucrative advertising revenues from fashionable Establishment businesses and advertising for subscribers in the Book Review Section of the *New York Times*. Nevertheless, ground had been broken in a unique



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Revolutionaries gather outside Underground bookstore.

Behind the moustache is Marxist Jerry Rubin.

medium, and while the Far Left's *Village Voice* did not satisfy the growing generation of new radicals, it did accomplish its pioneering task admirably.

A decade later, two renegades from the *Voice* struck out on their own to turn out the *East Village Other*, a new periodical which makes the *Village Voice* read like the *Wall Street Journal*. The *Other* is a sixteen-page tabloid with a circulation of 32,000, bearing a masthead depicting an illuminist "evil eye" staring disdainfully at a wicked capitalist world. Shocked by its excesses, the comparatively tasteful *Playboy* magazine recently described the *East Village Other* as "pro-pot, peace, sex, psychedelics and subversion." Its staff of ten full-time writers is headed by thirty-year-old "poet" Allan Katzman, who makes his paper's role very clear:

*We're no community paper [a Far Left criticism of the Village Voice]. We're a world-wide movement for art, peace, civil-rights, morality and politics. There's a new population under thirty-four—economically powerful with a weight of numbers as well as of ideas—reacting to what they are getting from the press.*

Katzman's *Other* combines drugs, perversion, and Marxist politics in a psychedelic mixture sufficiently kooky to send even Chairman Mao on a trip. A recent issue featured a full-page cover photo of the head of President Johnson grafted to the body of a Nazi stormtrooper. Another offered a lewd drawing of a phallus, on the head of which was drawn the face of the President of the United States.

The following is typical of an *Other* political lead:

*Sometime in March, in Paris, in a courtroom of the world, the dead will speak; burned flesh will ooze from the witness chair; the wound of*



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*the tortured will reopen and missing fingers point as America the Beautiful stands accused of war crimes and there is no one willing to defend her. . . .*

Allan Katzman's own column, titled "Poor Paranoids' Almanac," recently featured a picture of a particularly dirty and hirsute hippy sitting on a toilet. The caption read: "After the revolution, business as usual." This tabloid is vulgar to the point of nausea and perverted beyond the wildest nightmares of normal men. It makes Rabelais look like Bernard Shaw. The *East Village Other* regularly carries drawings of sexual bestialities so foul that I would be embarrassed to try to report them to a specialist in abnormal psychology, let alone in the pages of AMERICAN OPINION.

The *Other* also seems particularly hung up on drugs, and Katzman's column is a sort of *Review of the News* for druggies. He began a recent piece like this:

*Well, it's finally happened. One standard high school drop-out hippie chemist has found a legal dope that really gets you off. . . . He has found a catalyst that releases the latent hallucinogens found in virtually all plants. Used with ordinary cigarette tobacco . . . [it] will give you a very clean pot [marijuana] high for about 30 to 45 minutes. It comes on amazingly fast (most people go up in seconds after the first take), and it is totally safe and legal. [Instructions for making the drug follow.]*

If the naive young reader needs any further convincing that marijuana is better for him than vitamin B-1, Katzman provides inside information from the government:

*Dr. James Goddard, head of the Food and Drug Administration, in secret session before the Senate Subcommittee on Juvenile Delinquency, presented a detailed report on the advisability of legalizing marijuana. . . . He would eventually like to legalize grass [marijuana], tax and market it to produce a new cash crop. All concerned heads [addicts] should write their Senator or Congressman, praising this beneficent herb.*

The *East Village Other* does more to peddle narcotics to teenagers than any ten hard-working pushers, being careful to keep its readers abreast of every new



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technical development in the field — as in this recent excerpt from “Poor Paranoid’s Almanac”:

**They’ve Done It! Synthetic Boo —  
Legalization Closer**

*Outshining the slow bureaucratic and legislative process is the brilliant break-through achieved by a chemist, Dr. Rafael Mechoulam, a 37 year old Israeli. Mechoulam, after several years of struggle, has managed to synthesize the essence of marijuana. Not only that, he has been able to produce this compound . . . in a fairly easy laboratory manipulation. . . .*

*On the Congressional scene there are also a few pleasant scents. It has been known for a long time by social insiders that the prevalence of pot smoking at parties in Washington was increasing. It has now reached a certain acceptance even amongst Congressional aides. In fact a few Congressmen, though they would not qualify in any sense of the word as “heads,” have been known to blow from time to time . . . but there is presently neither Representative nor Senator with the guts to propose a marijuana legalization bill.*

The *Other* also delves into a number of such exotic subjects as witchcraft, cannibalism, macrobiotics, astrology, aphrodisiacs, electric-charge machines (supposed to produce electrical hallucinations), and psychotherapy. The paper has even run a regular column offering hints to housewives (“Stoned on the Range”) to present stimulating recipes for cooking with hallucinogenic drugs. Other features include a regular column by Timothy Leary called, “Turn-on, Tune-in, Drop-out,” and a photo-sex feature dubbed “Slum Goddess,” depicting an unclad Poverty playmate from the tenement nextdoor.

For all its dabbling in sex, perversion, and drugs, the meat and potatoes of the *East Village Other* remains anti-police propaganda and the promotion of Marxist revolution. To foster myths about “police brutality,” the *Other* regularly runs such preposterous horror tales as the following:

*Dana [the arrestee] yells: “I’m not resisting!” Nevertheless, the men are handling him with almost unbelievable roughness, first handcuffing his wrists behind his back, then forcing him, face downward, to the floor.*



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Dana's girlfriend screams: "Don't hurt him! Don't hurt Dana!" One of the three, a tall, heavy man with a beard, turns to the girl, pulls back his hand as if to karate chop, utters a guttural "Shutdja - - - - - mout!" Then it is suddenly clear: they are trying to make it look as if Dana is attempting to escape in order to have an excuse to beat him up. . . .

Dana is down. They are bending over him. Now the cop with the beard is forcing Dana's head up off the floor into the cop's crotch; then another cop grabs Dana by the throat, chokes Dana with both hands until he is blue and his eyes bulge; then they are twisting his arm again, and Dana is pushed down again to the floor. The men are clearly enjoying their work; their faces betray their extreme pleasure and satisfaction. Smiling, they drag Dana toward the front door by the handcuffs. Laughing, they beat his head against the stationwagon parked outside, then they shove him rudely inside and drive off. [Deletion ours.]

The cigarette being smoked by the author of this "true story" undoubtedly had no label, but many naive, gullible, or emotionally unbalanced teenagers swallow such nonsense as gospel. The Communists call it *agitprop*.

Of course, the *Other* is for peace — peaceful submission to the Communists abroad and to their torch-bearers at home. Rejoicing over recent holocausts, the *East Village Other* purred: "A good new feeling in the streets of America. Feels like there's going to be a white rebellion too. The work of the black men of Newark and Detroit has freed us honkies (beep! beep!) . . . and we're getting down into it now." The author goes on to postulate for the latest march on Washington that "a thousand children will stage loot-ins at department stores to strike at the property fetish that underlies the genocidal war. . . . Because as a honkie I have a bully heritage, I dig non-violence . . . but being ecumenically inclined, I have no desire to impose this on anybody else."

Perhaps the most prominent of the blood brothers of the *East Village Other* on the Pacific Coast is the *Los Angeles Free Press*. While the *Other* has become more and more drug oriented, the *Free Press* concentrates on Marxist politics for the young with just enough perversion, sex, and dope to hook the adolescents and broaden the audience.



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Modeled after the *Village Voice*, the *Free Press* is the brainchild of Art Kunkin, a thirty-nine-year-old teeny-bopper who sallies forth brandishing the banner of the revolting generation.\* Kunkin has been a teacher at the Marxist New Left School in Los Angeles, and editor of *Eastside Almanac*, a newspaper which, before Cesar Chavez and Reies Tijerina made an art form of it, was used to agitate Mexican-Americans on the East Side of Los Angeles. Of course, Kunkin was no more a Mexican-American than he is a teenager. He is a self-proclaimed Marxist, badly bred in Brooklyn.

In the spring of 1964, the F.B.I. visited Art Kunkin's employer seeking information about Communist activities. What information was exchanged is classified; but, whatever it was, it was sufficiently provocative that Kunkin was discharged. Art now denies being a Communist, maintaining that he is merely a simple, harmless, independent Marxist who decided to give up the tool and die business to become a full-time propagandist for the revolution. He looks curiously like another harmless, independent Marxist named Leon Trotsky. "An accident," Kunkin protests. "I wear my beard this way [like Trotsky's] because once I had a full beard, then changed it when I changed girlfriends."

Art Kunkin, who had also been doing a political commentary over radio station KPFK, cited by the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee for its role in transmitting Communist propaganda, says he spent fifteen dollars on a mailing asking for help to found a newspaper—and in response got two-hundred dollars and enough stories for his first issue. The *Los Angeles Free Press* was born! An almost instant hit, the paper has grown so rapidly in its three-year existence that it has several times had to move to larger quarters, and has even diversified, opening two bookstores (both known as The Kazoo), one located in Hollywood and the other in suburban Pasadena.

The *Free Press* bookstores are apparently enormously profitable, selling not only revolutionary literature but psychedelic and personality posters and similar hippie accoutrements. Honored personalities whose faces decorate The Kazoos' walls and ceilings include

\*In spite of the fact that many of the leaders of the "teenage revolution" haven't seen their teens since F.D.R. was in office, the youngsters don't seem to realize they are being conned.



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Trotsky, Mao, Marx, Castro, Ho chi Minh, and Malcolm X. The smell of incense pervades both of the stores, covering any odor of narcotics, as barefoot hippies, Black Nationalists, and fuzzy-cheeked Stalinists mingle with giggly "Liberal" dowagers vicariously enjoying the revolutions and orgies depicted in the stores' various wares.

Like the *Free Press*, The Kazoos are traps for the unsophisticated, where teeny-boppers come to spend the ten-dollar bill their decadent capitalist parents bestowed on them for the evening's fun. Ah, there is profit in the revolution: two-cent buttons, emblazoned with anti-American slogans and double-entendre cliches, sell for a quarter to half a dollar — not bad for a group that professes to be allergic to wicked capitalism. Almost as an afterthought, the stores also sell books, newspapers, and magazines — but, as you might guess, when you get past the clap-trap Oriental poetry, the concentration is on sex, drugs, and revolution — with Marxist theory, philosophy, and history commanding the largest amount of shelf space.

Like its Underground sister publications, the *Los Angeles Free Press* regularly advertises and encourages Marxist street demonstrations. The Underground Press serves as a kind of calendar of protest for the Left, promoting the concept that Marxist demonstrations are a kind of carnival or lark. Following each demonstration, protest march, or riot, the anti-police propaganda is cranked up to the point of fanaticism.

While the *Free Press* concentrates on local politics, Watts, and the New Left, it also devotes space to the hippy scene, dramatizing the "good life" of the local Sunset Strip and the Haight-Ashbury district in San Francisco. A summer issue described life in the Bay Area hippy community like this:

*A free bus runs from the Haight to Berkeley and back twice a day. And free dope—pot, LSD, even a little STP. . . . In San Francisco you just don't need money at all any more. All of what you need is yours as a matter of right.*

Such Underground papers push communal living and the idea that private property should not be sold but given away to anyone who expresses "need." While some of the hippy communes, usually farms in rural areas, have persevered for a number of months, others



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Max Scherr, selling his obscene "Berkeley Barb."

Food is a perennial problem in urban hippy communities, malnutrition and scurvy being common ills where money is spent on drugs, posters, and hi-fi records instead of meat, vegetables, and fresh fruits. In order to alleviate the suffering of the poor hippies whose staple diet is bread and beans, the *Free Press* publishes information detailing the process by which the Turned-on Generation can qualify for federal food stamps. In the end, such hippies live off the very Establishment they say they are trying to escape.

One of the stock features of the *Free Press* which has now been emulated by virtually all of the Underground Press is its "unclassified ads" section—a clearing house for lost souls, frustrated college boys, and sex perverts of nearly every classification imaginable. The ads are identical in tone from week to week, and paper to paper. I sincerely regret the necessity of presenting specific examples in this case, but think it necessary to illustrate the hardcore perversion being promoted by the Underground Press. The following actual advertisements, among the *least* disgusting, are typical:

*PENNY—Please contact. All is forgiven. Mother; YOUNG BACHELOR—has four bedroom house. Would like to share with three or four attractive girls. Call Jim . . . ; TURN-ON—use a brass hash pipe. \$1.50 from Morton . . . ; MALE GRAD—seeks girl over 21 to attend Sexual Freedom League parties. Call Paul . . . ; COUPLES—interested in wife swapping write P.O. Box . . . ;*



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*YOUNG LADY*—with interesting English whip collection wants to meet interested men. Write P.O. Box . . . ; *MY DEAR LADY* — Ignored? Bored? Long for light loving? Come play, display, “olay” with me; young-looking, flesh-wise male. Mature mother or shy single, let’s mingle. Confidential orgiastics. Jack . . . , P.O. Box . . . ; *WOMEN*—all ages, let me be your temp or steady sex slave, lover. Experienced. Day or eve . . . ; *MAN*—24, needs sex relations with bi-sexual girls and divorcees. Submissive girls write to Manny . . . ; *DISCREET BACHELOR* —wants married male bi-sexual. Object — mutual pleasure. Phil . . . ; *GENTLE PROFESSOR (m)* in fifties desired by M.A. (f) for lasting relationship . . . ; *GIRLS*—gay or bi-sexual, write P.O. Box . . .

And so they go on and on, *ad nauseam*, Some are pathetic, others incredible, but in most cases those running such advertisements are serious. And, the “unclassified ads” have proved a real boon to Underground circulation, providing a lure for sensation-seeking high school and college students and underdone straight (non-hip) “adults” who think it clever to take such verbal peep shows to the office or a cocktail party to snicker over.

Kunin, whose paper carries paid advertisements by the Communist Party, is thrilled with the burgeoning success of the *Free Press* and of the Underground Press in general. “We’re shaking people up,” he says, “like I never thought possible. You know, we used to be broke. We’d open up the office candy machine for money to buy dinner. Now we just grow. Who can stop it?”

The *Free Press* and another new Los Angeles Underground newspaper, *Open City*, are now reported to have a combined readership of 450,000. The Left is driving home its message to the young people of Southern California. Who can stop it, Mr. Kunin? Now might be a very good time to see if Governor Reagan means what he says about stopping the revolutionary attack upon decency, simple morality, and the nation’s youth.

With Kunin, as with most of the other Underground publishers, the sex, drugs, and “unclassified ads” are simply window dressing to build the crowd for the propaganda pitch. The current push by the *Free Press* is to get 66,000 Cali-



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fornians registered into the pro-Vietcong Peace and Freedom Party to qualify it for the ballot in 1968. This Party is the vehicle for New Politics candidates in California, and its leaders believe they have sufficient grassroots support in the state to crush the Democratic Party, or at least to use such a threat for whatever the traffic will bear. Kunkin certainly makes no bones about the fact that his paper is the political force of the new Marxism: "I see this as a period before a new party of opposition to the present system is established. All parties, I suspect, even the best, degenerate. But my job is to ensure a dialogue for the new party."\*

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\*On Sunday, October 8, 1967, a secret meeting of the Peace and Freedom Party was held in a Los Angeles suburb for top Leftists from all over the state. The platform presented to those attending stated that "the U.S. government is the single greatest threat to peace and progress of the world's peoples." The Party demands that the U.S. abandon Vietnam immediately, avoid further intervention in "people's revolutions," and align itself in "developing aspirations with the people of Africa, Latin America, and Asia." The Party also supported the "principles of equality and self-determination which are manifested in the movement of the militant Blacks in the U.S."

Law enforcement bodies are aware that among those invited to this highly secret meeting were: Art Kunkin, Pete Arias (Communist Progressive Labor), Pat Arnold (Valley Peace Center), Jim Berland (Communist Party), Dan Bessie (Communist Party), Charles Britten (photographer for *People's World* and *The Worker*), Professor Ferrel Broslawsky (Valley State College), Ben Dobbs (Communist Party), John Haag (Communist DuBois Clubs), Elliott Mintz (station KPFK), Pierre Mandel (Director of the New Left School), Si Casady (National Conference for New Politics), Hugh Mannes, (Communist Party), Herbert Porter (A.C.L.U.), Jack Weinberg (Communist DuBois Clubs), the "Reverend" Stephen Fritchman, Jim Dann (Communist Progressive Labor), Steve Allen, Father William DuBay, Professor Donald Kalish (U.C.L.A.), Burt Lancaster, Steve Lippman (Communist Progressive Labor), Del Lugo (Communist Progressive Labor), Ben Margolis (Communist Party), Mike McCabe (Communist Socialist Workers Party), Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward Newman, Frank Pestana (Communist Party), Jean Kidwell (Communist Party), Irv Sarnoff (Communist Party), Tom Smothers, Dick Smothers, Helen Travis (Communist Party), Dalton Trumbo, Robert Vaughn, Don Wheeldin (C.O.R.E., Communist Party), William Winter (American Broadcasting Company), A. L. Wirin (A.C.L.U.), and Dr. Isidore Zifferstein (A.D.A.)

Alex Apostolides, a writer representing the *Free Press* and *Open City* assured the audience that the complete facilities of the two papers would be put at the disposal of the Peace and Freedom Party. Although the Communist Party was generously represented at the meeting, the Moscow-oriented comrades claim they are making the Third Party trip reluctantly, noting that they have worked long and hard to insert their people into key positions in the Democratic Party, and that it would be senseless to totally abandon them.

## III

TRAVELING NORTH from Los Angeles, retracing the steps of the Spanish missionaries, one comes upon the thriving



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seaport pueblo of San Francisco. You just know that Baghdad by the Bay has to have an Underground paper. After all, San Francisco is the town that tolerates anything—including a female who ran in last year's Congressional primaries as the "topless candidate." It may have been one of the few times in history that a political candidate put forward an honest front . . . but then, that is another story.

San Francisco also has the Haight-Ashbury (Hashbury) district, fabled in story and song as the Mecca of the hip and the anti-Nirvana of the Narcos. Naturally this little island of culture in the Establishment Sea has its very own Underground newspaper, *The Oracle*, a bi-monthly "mind-flash mag" to end all "mind-flash mags." This full-color tabloid, circulation 50,000, is illustrated with multi-colored collages, wood cuts, and psychedelic paintings, and is filled with quasi-religious Hindu myths. *The Oracle's* bag is strictly the drug scene, though a little perverted sex is thrown in for bad measure. For example, its editors are fond of running full-page color illustrations of positions for sexual intercourse. That sort of thing does wonders for circulation among the local teenagers. It is a come-on—part of the bait.

*The Oracle* bypasses the overt politics of its contemporaries except to the extent that it advocates communal living and abolition of private property. That's *moderate* Marxism, these days. Editor Alan Cohen, twenty-seven, is especially interested in "religious" movements — like Timothy Leary's League for Spiritual Discovery. Cohen aptly describes *The Oracle* this way: "It isn't Underground; it's more on the moon than it is on earth. . . ."\*

Departing from San Francisco, one crosses the enormous Bay Bridge, makes a sharp left turn, and finds himself in the quaint hamlet of Berkeley, where the once Golden Bears have become known as the Red Bears.† And you just know that the Underground Press is operative at Berkeley. This time under the name *Berkeley Barb*. Its circulation? Something around 90,000.

The *Barb's* founder, editor, and publisher — the William Randolph Hearst

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\*Poetry lovers will appreciate this couplet from *The Oracle*: "I am a sinner and a Christian, / Give me the bodily grace of dope. . . ."

†And, as everyone knows, they haven't won a football game from Stanford within the memory of living man (provided, of course, that the man is under eight years old.)



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of the Underground Press, who turned yellow journalism pink—is Max Scherr. Compared with Scherr, Karl Marx looked like Adonis. His wildly flowing black beard and bald head have often led his detractors to unkindly compare his appearance to cave drawings of the woolly mammoth. I shall not do so.

In deference to the mammoth.

At fifty-one, Scherr may be the world's oldest teenage revolutionary. For a generation which supposedly lives by the slogan "Don't trust anyone over thirty," it is remarkable how many of those who, like Scherr, actually write and promote its books, songs, and newspapers are well on their way towards collecting Social Security.

The *Barb* is probably the most professional, though outrageous, of the Underground tabloids. It is a kind of leering *People's World*, a slickly written sheet that peddles subversion with the authority of a sophisticated hipster with a sharp needle. Such an editorial format is of course not nearly so difficult to create if one is not limited by the stodgy necessity of sticking to the truth. Certainly Scherr is not limited by so bourgeois a restraint. The *Barb's* prose might best be described as hysterical fiction. Only the names and places are true, the facts are changed to protect the guilty.

But Max Scherr, woolly though he may be, is no slow-witted high school drop-out. He is a former attorney and author of a textbook on the law, though he was running a bar in Berkeley called the Steppenwolfe before turning his hand to professional propagandizing. He has endorsed Communist Front petitions ranging from the 1951 declaration of the Civil Rights Congress demanding repeal of the Smith Act, to the current drive of the Citizens' Committee for Constitutional Liberties to kill the McCarran Act.

Scherr's interests in The Movement go back well before the pre-drug era, and so he concentrates on revolutionary politics to the point that the *Barb* has actually been denounced by other-worldly hippies as a "hate sheet." To broaden his appeal, The Hairy Max has recently decorated the *Berkeley Barb* with *Oracle*-style color illustrations, but the message is the same revolutionary jazz.

The *Barb* specializes in pyrotechnic headlines such as that above a recent story on Reies Tijerina declaring: "The Revolution Lives!" Over stories concerning the anti-L.B.J. riot in Los Angeles last June twenty-third, the *Barb* screamed, "Blood Purge," and "Cops



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<p>...the first and best... ...the first and best... ...the first and best...</p>	<p>...the first and best... ...the first and best... ...the first and best...</p>	<p>...the first and best... ...the first and best... ...the first and best...</p>	<p>...the first and best... ...the first and best... ...the first and best...</p>	<p>...the first and best... ...the first and best... ...the first and best...</p>
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## "Unclassified ads" of Underground Press advertise hallucinogens and sex perversion for adolescents.

Ambush L.A. Protestors." Other samples of Scherr's headline wizardry include: "Dirge for Freedom in Nazi Nevada," "Kops Krack Kurfew Kids," "How to Cool New SS Law [the fine art of draftdodging]," "Fascist Narcos Plant Pot," and "Up the Bloody Bourgeois Barricades!" *Barb* articles do quite a job of turning pure Communist propaganda into ostensibly straight news articles. These are typified by a recent piece on the marvels of Castroland as described by Communist Harry Ring in an article entitled, "Thinks Diggers Would Dig New Cuba":

*Cubans are making many services free as a means of attacking capitalist-type values which they regard as a dangerous hangover of the past.... These include telephone calls, admissions to sporting events and, beginning in 1970, free rent. School, medical care and child nursery centers are now all free in Cuba. . . . The Cuban people dig the new society.*

You'd better believe it. They dig out as quick as they can.

The *Barb* boasts a talented staff of feature writers, including Jefferson Poland, founder and proprietor of the Sexual Freedom League. Poland is orgy correspondent for the *Barb*. In addition to handling such group activities, he has also latched onto another banner organization, the I.W.W. — International Workers of the World — the original Communist Party in the United States. Yes, Virginia, there is still an I.W.W. — in San Francisco anyway.\*

Another *Barb* writer, Hal Verb,

\*Poland writes prolifically in Bay Area publications including *Open Process*, which states that it is "published weekly by the Board of Publications of the Associated Students, San Francisco State College." The May 18, 1967 issue contains articles by Poland entitled "Free Love, The New Bisexuality," and "Masturbators, Arise!" Also included is a time and meter-band schedule for *Radio Hanoi*.

Once again, what about it, Governor Reagan?

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specializes in political polemics and is well qualified for his job, having been an ebullient Castroite, active with the Trotskyite-Communist Socialist Workers Party, and a writer for that organization's official publication, *The Militant*.

The third member of the *Barb's* troika of protestors is Marvin Garson, the lucky husband of Barbara Garson, authoress of *MacBird!* Barbara prepared for her career in delighting "Liberal" drama critics by serving — along with Lee Harvey Oswald and many New Left dignitaries — as a militant activist in the Fair Play for Cuba Committee, graduating to the role of Trotskyite Communist with the Young Socialist Alliance.\* Marvin, along with his charming bride, played an important role in the notorious Berkeley Free Speech Movement. It seems he authored a number of the propaganda booklets which drummed up support for Free Speech by denouncing the University of California as (ready?) a capitalist plot!

The *Barb* is especially good at promoting protests of every possible description. As Detroit was burning, it did a piece preparing white hippies for the Black Revolution:

"Riots mean that Black People are going to be busy and would appreciate you getting out of the way. Within the pattern set by riots this last week in Newark and Detroit, we can expect vast looting, which means that people will be treating all stores as free stores. Some people will be setting fires, usually after a store has been emptied. Police and later National Guard and Federal troops will come into all riot areas by the thousands, armed with rifles, machine-guns, and tanks. Their purpose will be to protect the property, and disperse the crowds. We can expect snipers shooting from rooftops and windows at police, guard and possibly fire department units. Due to snipers the fire department may allow fires to burn and concentrate on saving important places. . . .

"Looting will empty all food stores in one day. No trucks will come to bring more food to the stores until all riots have stopped, which means no food for a week. Store some up right now, because when it starts it will be too late. Water, gas and light may stop. Be pre-

\*Naturally these insignificant little eccentricities are never mentioned by Mrs. Garson's "Liberal" reviewers, for to do so would be McCarthyism — especially in a play accusing the President of the United States of murdering his predecessor.



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pared for this one. After the riots stop, but before the rebuilding begins, all Black People and some white people will be very hungry. Share your food.

“Within the Black People’s mind they will be fighting a revolution. If you hamper them in any way you will be their enemy. During the riot the only help they want from you is your gun. If not that, get the - - - - out of their way! Afterwards, they may welcome your food and help.

“The police can be expected to use the riots as an excuse for unbridled brutality, so don’t - - - - with them either. A hippie in the hands of frightened, shot-at police will be the victim of sadistic and vicious assault.” [*Deletions ours.*]

The *Barb* is continually adding writing talent to its stable. Among the latest are Peter Camejo (a sometime candidate for public office in New York and California as a Trotskyite Communist) and Jerry Rubin (Castro-trained Marxist organizer of the Vietnam Day Committee, and one of the primary figures behind the invasion of the Pentagon on October twenty-first). Rubin, a new *Barb* foreign correspondent, wrote in a recent issue that “Lifetime subscribers to the *Reader’s Digest* might still believe in America, but the young are looking elsewhere. Some of us see hope in China, some in Cuba, and others find hope in seasoning their Rice Krispies with pot.”

Like a malignant amoeba, the Underground Press divides and multiplies. Take the *Fifth Estate* in Detroit for example. It is the handywork of one Harvey Ovshinsky, a drop-out from the *Los Angeles Free Press*, who returned home to expose the uninoculated to “the message.” Harvey’s little sheet, paid circulation 12,000, is about as original as a ten-dollar Dior, and composed mostly of articles plagiarized from the other Undergrounders. Nonetheless, it too sometimes offers a rare bit of originality, as in the recent issue containing a mock “Wanted” poster for an underground narcotics agent, offering a reward of “one pound U.S. grass (marijuana) to anyone who can drop one-thousand micrograms LSD into this man’s misdirected body.”

The *Fifth Estate*, which offers its teenage readers cartoons from the ever-friendly *Muhammad Speaks* and the Trotskyite *Young Socialist*, had a field day following the Detroit riots, running the usual “police brutality” concoctions and chastising Caucasians because “Ap-



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parently the whites are planning a let-Blackie-do-it revolution!" Here too the answer to all problems, as it is invariably in the Underground Press, is to be found in the wisdom of Marx. The *Fifth Estate* proclaims:

*There is no more reason or excuse for a capitalistic "free enterprise" system in America. Enough goods can be produced and distributed to take care of everyone's needs. The people are beginning to wonder why they aren't getting it while others have everything they could possibly want. . . . The system doesn't function without the cooperation of the people who make it up. If people don't go to work in the factories and stores, there is no business or industry. If young men refuse to go in the army there is no army. If you turn off your TV you don't have to buy all that - - - they sell you. It's that simple. [Again, deletions ours.]*

You economists, out there, how do you like that for revolutionary logic? It is, alas, typical.

#### IV

YES, THE Underground Press is doing well. But it has just begun! In early 1966, a half-dozen Underground revolutionaries banded together under the direction of the *East Village Other* to adolescent readers. Mixed with the attacks on the school and its administration comes the pornography and the pitch for joining in various political protest movements. The Undergrounders also provide such sage advice on marijuana as this, published in an Underground paper serving a high school in Long Beach, California:

*Don't carry [pot] outside your pad. It's better to take a chance on your parents finding out than having the man [the police] lock you up. Use incense. If you do take pot outside your home, don't carry more than you can swallow in case you're stripped by the man. If you blow grass in public, don't do it in suspicious places such as love-ins, dances or psychedelic shops. The man is watching. . . . Keep your head high but don't get busted.*

Naturally, with such progressive goings on, the federal government just had to help out. This summer, the Western Behavioral Sciences Institute



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of La Jolla, California, *under a grant from the United States Office of Education* to study changes in school policy, held a conference for the editors of all Underground high school papers in Southern California.

The *U.P.S.* has now announced ambitious plans, including the purchase of Telex, teletype, and telephone wire-service between San Francisco, Los Angeles, Chicago, and London. From there the sky is the limit as the *U.P.S.* hierarchy foresees a network of short-range pirate radio stations, outside the jurisdiction of the F.C.C., to broadcast the Marxist gospel to the under-thirty masses. The initial pirate station, misnamed *Radio Free America*, is scheduled to begin broadcasting from a boat off the coast of Southern California as soon as the required capital can be raised.

\* \* \*

THE UNDERGROUND PRESS is successful because it is reaping the benefits of carefully nurtured trends in American life. The onslaught of collectivism always brings with it a diminution of individual responsibilities.

The teen years have always been ones that engender a strained relationship with parents. The Communists did not invent this; it is simply a part of growing up. But, the Communists and other revolutionaries are now concentrating on exploiting this phenomenon. They are doing this by the most vicious attack on the morality of the home, and by promoting "class warfare" — this time between parents and their children. God help the parent who has allowed his relationship with his children to drift.

Of course, only a minority of young Americans will be drawn into active participation in revolutionary activities. Yet, virtually all are now being influenced to one degree or another by the New Left and its Underground Press. The Communists realize that they will not make social guerrillas out of more than a small proportion of this generation. But they well know that it is the young who make revolutions, and that revolutions are carried out by minorities. If there is not a counter-offensive of sanity — and soon — the Reds will have succeeded in recruiting their cadre. And they will have made tolerant sympathizers of a whole generation of the vast strata of non-activists. Whether the effects are then felt at the ballot box, or in the streets — or both — the Communist victory will be made that much easier. ■ ■



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