



open process



Caution: Eating white bread may be hazardous to your health

by Paul Kangas

Cancer. The growing killer. It seems to be strongly linked to a diet low in vitamin-B and protein. Watch for those words on the foods you eat. You probably won't see vitamin-B, except in lip service amounts.

Cancer, a product of crime in our streets. Not the kind of crime a two-bit actor would stand up against, but the silent filthy crime of Madison Avenue. The kind of organized crime our governor is a bedfellow of; selling trash with a cute face; selling food with no guts.

Cancer can be caused by poor eating habits. As when you live on a minimum diet like in prisons, state hospitals, on welfare or if you live on the American diet of processed carbohydrates. Of course, not all cancer is caused by poor eating habits. In most other cases the poor nutrition only sets you up. Sets you up so your body is weak and unable to fight back. Sets you up so you don't feel sick, but you don't feel fine either. Sets you up so your polluted air and cigs can do their work.

Cancer is a product of the crime of food processors making a fortune off of "diet" non-foods. Foods that dump carbonated water into your hunger and rob your body by not supplying the vitamins and protein it needs. No food can reduce you. No food can be a diet food. But balanced eating CAN bring your body into balance that will eventually make your body shape natural and firm.

The crime of Madison Avenue fools like Bud Wilkinson telling you that Wheaties or Milky Way are food. Any child can understand the vile poison they spread, but the parents can't. Our teachers can't. They still think and tell us that sugar is energy, that carbohydrate is energy and that it's good for us; that we need it.

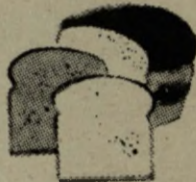
Sure you need some energy food, but Americans get too much starch and carbohydrate and not enough vitamins, minerals and protein. You need protein to keep your body building and repairing. You need energy foods if you are going to run the mile every day. But you don't run, and so your body stores up this energy (FAT) and without real food the body is unable to maintain body tissue at a robust level to fight off cancer agents.

Let's have some data on this food-cancer relationship as related to vitamin-B and protein. "At one of the fine Canadian medical schools, two researchers decided to compare a group of women suffering from cancer of the reproductive tract with a group of women of the same ages who were free of cancer. The investigation was to answer three questions:

1. How did the two groups compare in the production of female hormone? An excess of which seems to be due to nutritional imbalance and contributes greatly to increasing the chance of cancer.
2. How did their dietary intakes compare, with special reference to vitamin-B complex and protein?



Part III of a Series



3. How did their blood levels of vitamin-B complex and protein compare?

A striking difference was discovered between the two groups. Of the women with cancer, 94 percent showed an elevated output of female hormone, dietary shortage in Vitamin-B complex and protein, and blood levels of the vitamins similarly low. Exactly the same percentage of the women free of cancer showed a diametrically opposite picture: normal or low output of female hormone, diets well supplied with Vitamin-B complex and protein, and therefore blood levels within normal range. Is this not a most significant evidence of the effect of diet on cancer? One wonders how the orthodoxy can continue to ignore it.

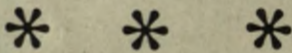
Of course, this is not the full story of nutrition versus cancer. Vitamin E, for instance, reduced the need of the tissues for oxygen and might be expected thereby to offer some protection against toxic influences that initiate the first steps toward cancer by interfering with the chemistry of oxygen in the cells. It is conceivable, too, that vitamin C, intimately concerned with the permeability of the cells, vitamin B1 and the bio-flavonoids, which have a similar action, may help bar the entrance to the cell of viruses capable of causing cancer.

These are speculation that the researchers of tomorrow will surely investigate. But today, you, the reader of this, have a possible weapon against cancer. Whether you use it or not will depend on your dietary habits. If you buy the foods most popular with American housewives, you will be depriving yourself of some of the B-complex vitamins. However, if your diet is planned to include the organ meats and whole grains; if you use to full advantage the special-purpose foods which are rich in protein and vitamin-B complex (wheat germ and brewer's yeast); if you supplement your diet with a generous amount of the B vitamins your health dividends may accrue in the form of what does NOT happen -- and among these dividends is likely to be the cancer that never begins.

VITAMIN B

"Natural sources are brewers yeast, liver, rice polishings, wheat germ, or milk whey."

"These vitamins are always found together in the same foods, but in varying proportions. Since they are always found together you cannot be deficient in only one of them. Therefore - even though symptoms may, on the surface, indicate a vitamin B1 deficiency along - it is not wise to take only that vitamin. Full results will be obtained only by using the entire vitamin-B complex to provide supplies of all the vitamins of the B group, which you may need, and the absence of which probably counteracts the effect of the vitamin-B1 you are getting."



In the night of September 4 news dispatches reported that the First Latin American Conference on Nutrition had ended in Caracas. The delegates from 12 Latin American countries who attended the conference -- to be sure, very well-nourished delegates indeed -- had been forced to admit that the state of nutrition in Latin America today is disastrous. Moreover, this condition can be verified by referring to FAO RECORDS on Latin America.

Food and agriculture reports indicate that the daily per capita calory consumption in Latin America has decreased considerably in recent years. The 1954-56 average of calories decreased to 2337 calories in 1957-59 and dipped even lower in the 1960-62 period to 2313 calories. In recent years per capita consumption has not risen above 2300 calories, a figure very much below the 3000 calory average set by FAO for human consumption.

Rates of per capita calory consumption give us an idea of the disastrous nutritional conditions which exist in Latin America, but they can, nonetheless, be somewhat deceptive, since such statistics do not tell the whole story of hunger on this continent; if one takes these figures at face value, it could be concluded that the nutritional standards are the same throughout Latin America, among the exploiters and the exploited, when in reality the picture is quite different.

The delegates to the First Latin American Conference on Nutrition could not conceal this painful truth, these irrefutable facts. But when the time came for defining the roots of this evil, they arrived at the following conclusion: "The malnutrition affecting this region is mainly due to the low educational level of the mothers," (Reuter: 9/5/68) The reader may well ask what measures these illustrious gentlemen proposed for eliminating malnutrition in Latin America. Demagogical recommendations were made concerning the "necessity" for agrarian reform, financial assistance to the agricultural and cattle-raising



sectors, higher wages, and so on, all "vitaly necessary" for overcoming malnutrition.

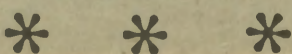
However, such statements were no more than mere siren songs designed to confuse the masses, since from a realistic point of view the carrying out of such measures is impossible within the neocolonial framework of Latin American society. However, according to the same Reuter dispatch, "The delegates expressed their open support for birth control, the use of contraceptive methods on a vast scale, as a means of limiting the number of persons suffering from malnutrition."

In this way they have attempted to place the blame for hunger in Latin America on increased population.

Today the combined population of France, the United Kingdom, Denmark, Switzerland, the Netherlands, the German Federal Republic and Italy is more than 253 million inhabitants, and this population lives in an area of slightly more than 1.57 million square kilometers, while Latin America has a population of some 250 million who live in an area of 20.5 million square kilometers. That is, the population of Latin America, which is slightly less than that of the above-mentioned European nations, lives in an area 13 times as large as that of those countries. Nonetheless, in Latin America there is hunger, while in the aforementioned European countries there are high standards of living, since these are highly developed nations of the capitalist camp which have attained such standards precisely because they have traditionally exploited countries of the underdeveloped world.

We may conclude by informing the esteemed delegates to the First Latin American Conference on Nutrition that it is not through birth control that they will be able to end hunger in Latin America, but by carrying out a radical revolution which, by ending exploitation, will destroy the true causes of malnutrition among the masses of Latin America.

ed. from GRANMA
PUBLISHED: 9/14/68



TOMATO HARVEST BULLETIN

For over a century, California agricultural products have been harvested in great part by foreign laborers. Farm employers have brought in persons of first one nationality and then another. Their freedom to import extra workers, whether Chinese, Filipino, or Mexican, has heretofore defeated efforts to stabilize and unionize the workers already here. Thus, workers whose fathers were recruited long ago from the dry central highland of Mexico (because of their proficiency at mining and irrigating) are now in competition with recent immigrants whose entry has been encouraged so that there will be too great a supply of labor. Since 1942, the so-called "bracero program" has assured an excess labor supply even in peak harvest seasons, the result being that no worker could demand an increased wage even when his work was most needed.

Since 1965, officially speaking, at least, the U. S. government has allowed a grower to import such workers only in case of emergency need and only if the grower has been obeying all laws protecting farm workers. In actuality, laws have gone unenforced and emergencies have been certified on the mere word of the growers (plus Senator Murphy).

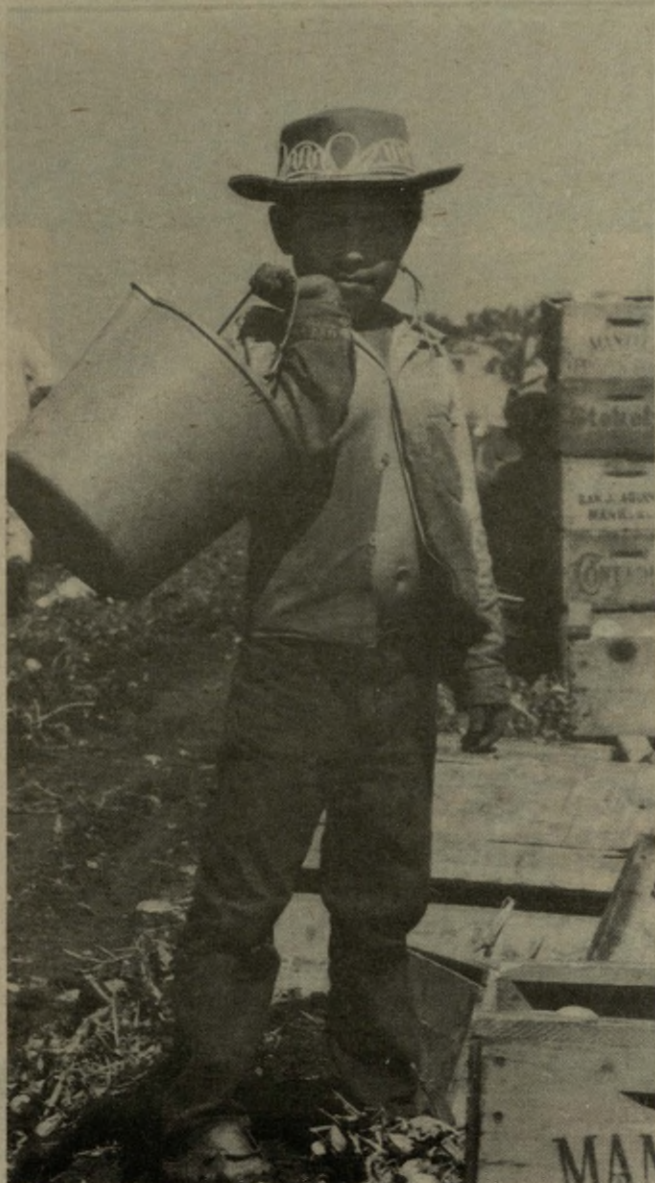
This year again the San Joaquin Farm Production Association filed the clearance order which is required before braceros can be imported to harvest San Joaquin's tomatoes, and again the question arose whether labor laws were being observed by these growers.

Accordingly, equipped with SF State's love for the social sciences and for law and order, your correspondent spent the past August and September with California Rural Legal Assistance, investigating tomato growers, helping search out, with telephoto lens, the information of the sort which finally convinced Secretary Wirtz to block for the first time the importation of the extra workers the growers wanted.

Besides the camera, the basic equipment at my disposal was a farmworker disguise and a new blue VW sedan. (I should note that this unfarmworkerlike car and its ungrowerlike stickers -- "Happiness Is A New Governor," for example -- attracted so much attention that another car eventually had to be used. One particular grower's Ford pickup (License 53 734 A) started following the VW around as what seemed like a full-time assignment. This became annoying when I realized he too had a telescopic lens -- on his rifle.

Investigative research of this sort is difficult in many respects. One problem is that the field where a given grower is harvesting on any particular day usually is a well-kept secret. Fernando, the boy in the picture above, was working for San Joaquin Tomato Growers, Inc. a couple of Saturdays ago in a field which was especially hard to find. How Fernando and I came together is something of an involved story.

by Zo



My brother Joseph and I have gone at 4 a.m. to the hiring center in Stockton where buses come to pick up the day's workers. (Joseph is in the Navy in Alameda, but

he likes to use at least his free time to good purpose.) We wanted to plant a worker-investigator with Western Tomato Company. So Joseph got himself hired onto a bus going to one of Western's fields, the foreman promising a field in the Farmington area where the tomatoes were abundant and the pay fairly good. Having agreed to pick up my brother later in the morning, your correspondent spent a few hours looking into other fields, and then went to the field in Farmington. But as I did not yet know, Joseph's crew had been shangahied instead to a scrubby field halfway up to Angels Camp, where they were doing well if they were making 90¢ an hour, and he was just then walking a couple of miles to the nearest dwelling to call for a ride to town.

Anyway, after looking for my brother awhile with no results, I thought it better to spend the remaining time finding San Joaquin Tomato Company. I stopped the VW in front of a general store-cum-cafe at a junction south-east of Stockton, and called up a sweet and grandmotherly but very hip lady friend to give her the assignment of phoning San Joaquin Tomato to find where they were harvesting. She agreed that she thought she could find a ruse which would work, and took the number of the cafe's pay phone so she could call me back with the information.

A minute or two later, I walked Sam, Big Chief of San Joaquin Tomato. He went up to his grower buddies at the counter and said, "Hey, I just got this call on the mobile-phone in the pickup -- says I should call this number. Any of you guys know what this number is?" They didn't, but I did. Well, he finally dialed it and had a long conversation with Agnes while I looked as blase as the anomaly would allow. Agnes then relayed to me -- on the same phone -- what he had told her, that he was harvesting at a field near French Camp (He hadn't really believed her story about how she was looking for a just-widowed relative, and his directions weren't quite honest. But they were enough to enable me to hunt out the field). So I put down my coffee, tipped my hat to the growers down the counter, and set off, hoping the discussion about barley would hold long enough so Sam wouldn't arrive at the field in time to see again the bumper sticker he had doubtless scoffed at on his way into the cafe.

Fernando's picture, taken in that field, has served as a sort of "exhibit A" on violation of child labor laws. But I introduce him to you now on different terms. He will accept your interest, but not your pity. He has picked a good number of buckets today, thank you, and has kept his hat quite clean as well. And if you care to, you may read about his forefathers exploits in your books. In any case, he wishes you success and happiness.

I suggest that as we assess the human scene in a year when, despite small victories on the farm labor front, the continent seems ready to sink into the sea, such a gesture ought not to be undervalued.



photo by Michelle Bain

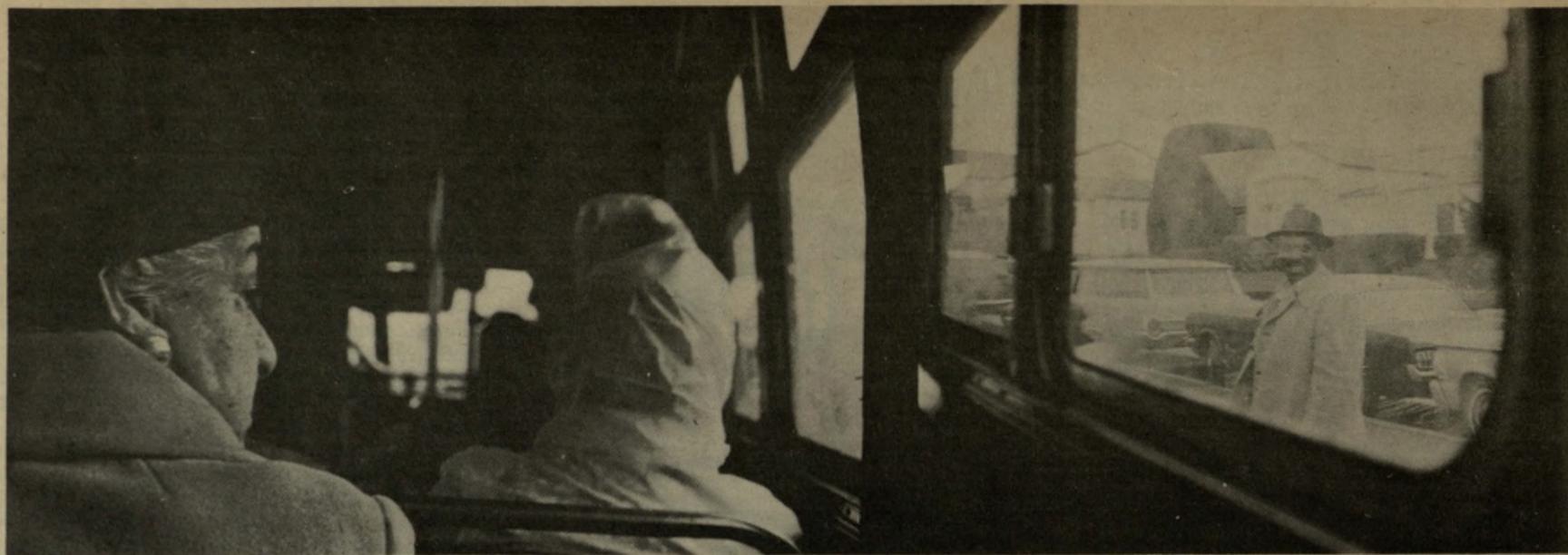


photo by Michelle Bain

Red Sails in the Sunset

A new area of work has been going on and is being further developed as time goes on. The general area of work is concerned with the white peoples of this area; the so-called urban middle classes and the poor whites. The problems of these different groups of peoples (their economic deprivation and dependency, their cultural and social fragmentation and their lack of political alternatives) have gone largely unnoticed. For example, it seems, if you rely on the newspapers and current experts, there are no poor whites anymore. At least no one talks about them. The fact still exists, though, that 70% of the 55 million poor people in this country are white. Approximately 30 million people. These people have undergone fantastic economic deprivation and cultural fragmentation. Until the recent development of work with these peoples no one has paid much attention to them. Of course, we poor white people have known of and received attention from the missionary radicals who come into our neighborhoods to preach at us about racism and the need for us to offer ourselves up as sacrifices to the pigs in anti-war movement. More concerning this later on.

The position of the urban middle classes is one of the most ludicrous situations in this country. Here these fools out in the Sunset and other middle class neighborhoods have been exploited, used, made economically dependent, politically powerless and psychologically fragmented and then goaded into paying for 20 years on a poorly built house situated on a 75' x 50' sandy lot. Then the jackasses who control this country tell the fool that he can feel better than the ordinary man who pays rent. On top of this the man tells the fool he has to protect this garbage he doesn't even own yet from the poor of this country.

The whole western development of capitalism and the economic dependence of the peoples upon commercial capitalism not owned by the peoples, directly altered the individual's functioning and personal views. Before the emergence of this overwhelming control by commercial capitalism the individual was personally independent, which functionally meant he was INTERDEPENDENT upon his brothers (Each independent man took care of his own independent economic and personal functioning which would affect another person's economic, i.e., barter system, and personal functioning. This meant that a man's functioning was not totally dependent on or totally independent of another man. With the development of the control of large commercial capitalism the individual had to start on the road of specialization. In becoming a specialist he became dependent not on his fellow workers, but rather dependent on the controlling large capitalist. In other words, in order for the individual to maintain his economic and personal functions he had to support the existence of big commercial interests. When a person's whole livelihood is dependent upon functioning as one thing, he obviously must begin to form his thought patterns in that same manner. He either checks into the nearest mental hospital (which there weren't too many of until lately) or he decides he must have money to stay alive.

Once the individual is isolated from any functional interdependency his sense of this isolation, frustration, fragmentation and his sense of being treated as a thing has to be directed by the controlling commercial interests in order to keep that hostile energy from being directed towards the capitalist. By manifestation of the individual's needs for recognition and success the person was put into situations of inter-conflict with his fellow workers (i.e., a fellow worker is then seen as a competitor for your job). Once the personal economic dependency upon controlling commercial interests is linked with the maintenance of a paranoid competitive inter-conflicting relationship with one's people, then the individual must accept the large capitalist's rationalizations and conceptual definitions concerning the individual himself and other peoples. In very simple words: a person learns to cooperate with those people who use him for their gain and to conflict with those people (his brothers) who are in the same situation as he is in, this prison called America.

This in no way excuses this group of people, but it is important to understand the position of different groups so as to be better able to identify who the real enemies of the people are.

The position of students in this country is even more absurd. Students for the most part have rejected the middle class alternative. They are beginning to see the futility of "dropping out," and they are also close to understanding the trap of bourgeois professionalism. But students have so far only pushed for the recognition of black people's cultures, and needs and interests. The position white students find themselves in now is that they are totally powerless as they have always been and that no one is going to push for the recognition of their cultures and needs and rights except maybe themselves, if they wake up; students have little knowledge of the cultures with which they are related, much less any knowledge of brother cultures. They consider Appalachians, gypsies, Kentucky and Tennessee mountain folks and migrant urban poor whites as laughable, archaic, leftovers of by-gone times. Students see no connections between themselves and their brother poor whites. The only connections students seem to see between themselves is paranoid competition for excellence in a decadent bourgeois professionalism. The students working for some kind of change in this society do not articulate the relevance of

the struggle to the condition of poor whites in this society or their own condition of powerlessness and personal fragmentation. White students seem to be so paranoid and distrusting of each other that they can only talk about black and brown liberation, but not their own liberation. This is also a manifestation of their own racism once again. By exclusively pushing for and supporting black leaders and black programs these white radicals never have to develop a presentation of their own needs and interests, while they push black and brown people into very vulnerable positions. The racism of white people against other white people is related to the above actions. This racism is then manifested in their missionary approach to middle class and poor white peoples and in their inability to unify their own people (students).

all power to the people
Tom Gable

Community Service Institute
&
Community Involvement Program

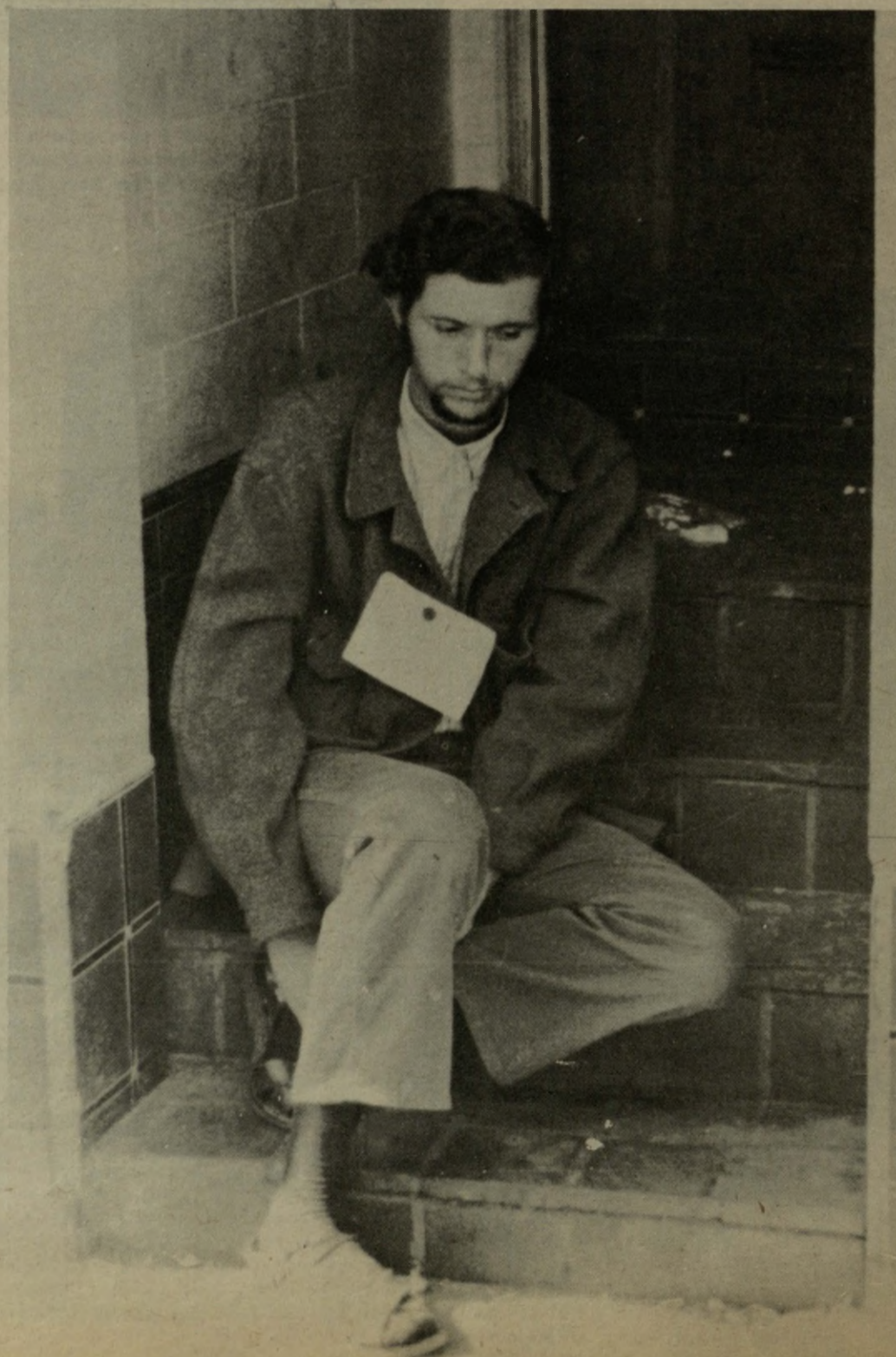


photo by Steve Howe

Radical Party Develops Latent Schizoid Tendencies

by Bill Barlow

Paul Jacobs stood in front of about seventy-five despondent people in Berkeley. The Democratic Convention was over, and the meeting had been called to discuss what political alternatives remained open to McCarthy activists. The turnout was dismal, given the large McCarthy following in the Berkeley area. It was perhaps indicative of the alternative receiving the most support, i.e., political disengagement. Jacobs attacked the dropout syndrome and the Chicago infamy, but if anger had been the initial response to Chicago, it had quickly degenerated into frustration and anxiety. Sensing this, Jacobs moved quickly to lay out the general perspective and program of the Peace and Freedom Party, and then urged his audience to get involved. The applause was unenthusiastically polite, setting the tone for the proceeding developments. In the general discussion that followed, a handful of Peace and Freedom agitators took up Jacob's arguments, but the McCarthyites were resigned to the fatality of their movement ... and the futility of any alternative actions. Jacobs stood off to the side and listened for awhile, then he left before the meeting was over. Outside, a latecomer asked him what was happening inside. "They're holding a wake," he said.

Three blocks down from the McCarthy meeting, a street rally was in progress on Telegraph Avenue. Some 500 people were milling about, supposedly protesting the recent police brutality in Chicago. The protest lacked an official permit, and the crowd seemed to be restlessly awaiting the arrival of the cops. There was a marked contrast in the mood and manner of this meeting. Where the McCarthy followers had been somberly resigned to a suffocating moral indignation, the street people were engulfed in an atmosphere of irreverent defiance. The speakers appearing at a microphone set up on a truck in front of Cody's had little use for the niceties of political debate or persuasion. They all utilized the rhetoric of revolution. Panther slogans and slang combined with the scatological invective of a cultural insurrection against the American mores of respectability. Yet the emerging rebel style was no substitute for content; and having been in common use on the avenue for some time, it failed to attract much attention. Both speakers and speeches were ominously indistinguishable from one another; and the people in the street seemed intent on doing their own thing. Some talked to friends, others panhandled or pushed their product, a few simply watched the ebb and flow of the crowd, and everyone who stuck around was anticipating the evening's major event ... the appearance of the cops. Later that night, after an assault on the Bank of America with red paint and rocks, the cops finally appeared in force. And another episode in the Berkeley insurrection was consummated.

Jacobs was also to have spoken at the Telegraph rally, until some sort of mixup occurred at the last moment. Still, he went down with a group of friends and surveyed the crowd from its periphery. Perhaps he could have spoken had he gone up to the microphone, but it seemed pointless. For different reasons, neither the McCarthy meeting nor the street gathering had much use for a speech by a radical senatorial candidate that night, no matter how well he may have reflected their concerns. If either of the two groups mustered the enthusiasm to vote, they would probably pull Jacob's lever; but that was of little importance. Peace and Freedom had sought to rally a constituency that included both the McCarthy activists and the Telegraph revolutionaries into a cohesive political movement. As a spokesman and candidate, Jacobs had hoped to be functional in the accomplishment of that endeavor. His inability to fulfill that assignment is not a reflection on Jacob's personal talents or commitment; rather, it epitomizes the deepening political dilemmas of the Peace and Freedom Party.

Jacobs won the Peace and Freedom senatorial nomination at the culmination of the founding convention in Richmond. The party had recently made the ballot by signing up about 100,000 people in a registration drive that lasted less than four months. The convention was a high-water mark of Peace and Freedom interest and activity. Originally projected as a political alternative to the two party system in the national elections, Peace and Freedom delegates at Richmond, some of whom were obviously peeved, decided to postpone until the third party message could be spread to other states. In lieu of this, the selection of a senatorial candidate became a central aspect of the convention.

The three major contenders for the senatorial slot were Hugh Manes, Robert Scheer, and Jacobs. Manes, a Los Angeles lawyer, had been active in Peace and Freedom from its inception. His radical credentials included civil rights work in Mississippi, a visit to North Vietnam, and participation in Bertrand Russell's War Crimes Tribunal. He was well known throughout the state, but more so as a valuable party organizer than as a charismatic leader. As a possible candidate, Manes' strongest point was that he had made very few enemies in the movement. Robert Scheer, on the other

hand, was the subject of much controversy throughout the convention. An early critic of the Vietnam war, Scheer ran a peace campaign with the Democratic party in 1966, and came fairly close to winning Alameda's congressional seat. His liberal left political perspective was totally unacceptable to many key radicals in the Party; and Scheer's own commitment to Peace and Freedom was always an extremely ambivalent one. As for Jacobs, he was probably the front runner coming into the convention, but he officially dropped out on the first day. Jacobs had been a Trotskyite in the 1930's and his long-standing feud with the Communists had culminated in the early 1950's when he had helped to get Harry Bridges and the ILWU purged from the AFofL CIO. Jacobs later publicly apologized for his part in this; however, some people who had experienced the red-baiting of the early 1950's (and who were now associated with Peace and Freedom) were not inclined to forgive and forget. Not wanting his dirty laundry to be part of Peace and Freedom politics, Jacobs withdrew from the race.

But by the second day of the convention, Jacobs had revived his candidacy. Scheer, also a 'non-candidate', was picking up momentum by appearing before a number of county caucuses to argue for a high voltage senatorial nominee as one method of countering the McCarthy-Kennedy boom in the State. In focusing the attention of the party on a left-liberal constituency; Scheer further suggested that Peace and Freedom endorse such Democratic peace candidates as congressional aspirant Phil Drath, and nominate Dr Benjamin Spock for President. Jacobs and other radicals at the convention were completely opposed to such a policy. They wanted to build a radical party that reflected total opposition to the traditional two party system, not one that merely complimented the prevailing political trend. Hence Jacobs re-entered the senatorial race in order to counter not only Scheer, but also that tendency within the party that Scheer best articulated. As it turned out, Scheer's momentum dis-integrated; and by the time the balloting took place, Manes proved to be Jacobs' closest rival for the nomination.

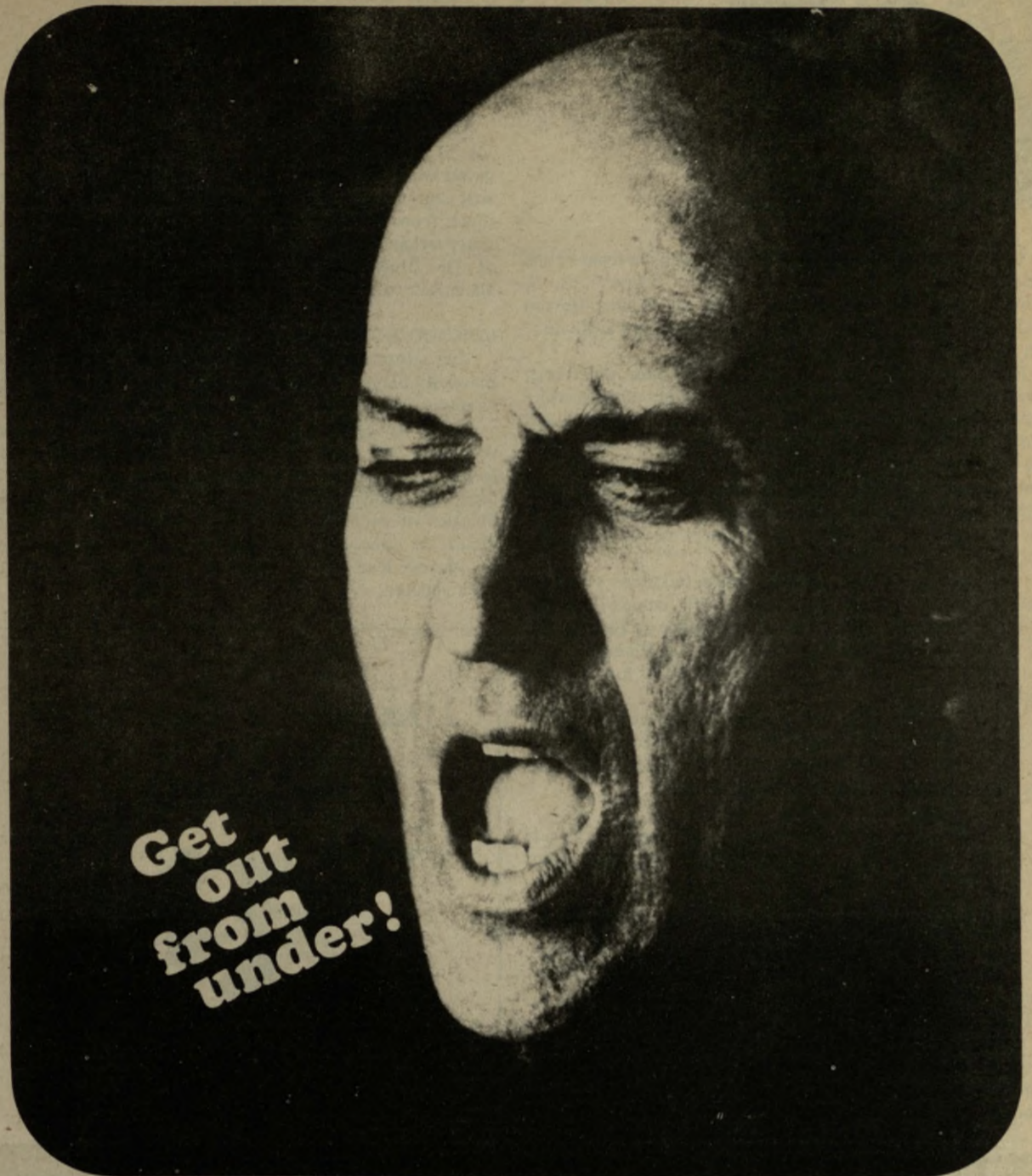
The conflicts at the founding convention over the candidates, and to some extent over the platform, were symptomatic of deeper political divisions within the party. In a broad sense, the two major factions were the left-liberal groupings and the radical groupings, though this distinction is more reflective of competing perspectives than of competitive ideologies. While the radicals had been instrumental in establishing the party, and were awarded key leadership positions; the left-liberals made up what was perhaps the bulk of the membership. Pervasively middle class and reformist in outlook, the left-liberals had come

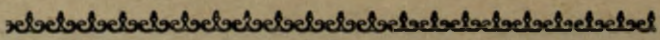
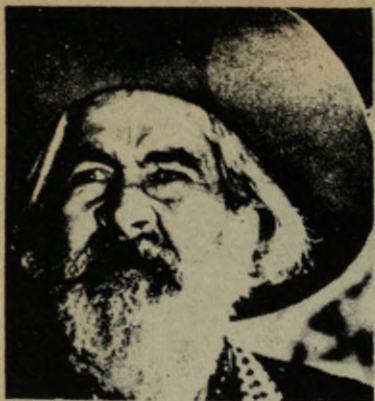
into the party because of an abhorrence of the Vietnam war and of the electoral prospects in 1968. Hence they saw Peace and Freedom as a political vehicle that would primarily concern itself with projecting an electoral alternative for 1968 on both a state and national level. With this perspective came the desire for a 'credible' presidential ticket that could appeal to large segments of the population, and a superficial political platform centered around U.S. withdrawal from Vietnam and justice for Black people at home. The radical groupings on the other hand, tended to be more movement oriented. Arguing that an over emphasis on electoral activity was futile because of the nature of the political system, and self-defeating for the longevity of the party, they sought to make Peace and Freedom a focus for the growing radical consciousness around the country. Their basic opposition to American capitalism, imperialism and racism dictated that they utilize the party as an instrument which could draw people into a movement bent on completely overhauling the structure and substance of American society. More adept politically, the radicals easily dominated the party ... but they paid a price. In the process of giving the party a movement outlook, they lost a significant part of the party's original base. And as the elections came closer, the radical leadership of Peace and Freedom found that their ability to utilize the electoral process even for educational purposes, was all but nil.

Jacobs had initially conceived of his campaign as primarily an organizing tool. As a senatorial nominee, he would be at the disposal of the local party groups in order to facilitate internal communication and help to build local constituencies. He was opposed to the public figure approach of selling the party as a personality sells a product. Instead, the campaign strategy was to take on a dual focus: internally it would work towards solidifying the party's base; and externally it would attempt to both raise issues that other candidates would avoid and initiate activities that would have repercussions beyond the ballot box. Some of the external targets chosen were the injustices of the present penal system, the disgraceful conditions existing on Indian reservation, the suppression of dissent in the military, and the bankruptcy of the Poverty Program. It was an ambitious plan, even for a resourceful political organization; but its need was apparent, and with some measure of success it could have given the party a new source of vitality.

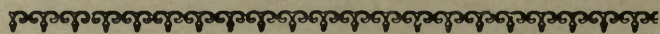
Unfortunately, conditions were such that the strategy quickly proved to be unrealistic. The statewide structure and direction of the party was in so much disarray that the overall coordination of the campaign had to be man-

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M. T. BAGADONUTS



OF the recent blues releases, four stand out front of the others, Albert King's "Live-Wire Blues-Power", B. B. King's "Lucille", Johnny Young and Big Walter Horton "Chicago Blues", and "The Roots of America's Music", an anthology.

Having previously reviewed Albert's album, there still remains some unsaid. Pop, rock, and blues enthusiasts alike cannot help but be swayed by the master showman and guitarist Albert in person or on this, his first live album. He reels off three bars of a slow blues and proclaims to his Fillmore audience "This is blues power . . ." and after explaining the blues, as only Albert does, and telling about the strength of blues POWER, Albert really goes into action.

"... and would you believe, I invented blues power?" asks Albert. A loud and immediate "Yal!" comes from the S R O crowd that watched the performance at Fillmore, "... Can you dig the blues power? (Ya) Let everybody say yal (Yal) ..." and on goes the man and his captive audience.

Albert's heavy lead and driving rhythm section come over like The Untouchables. Word is that advance West Coast order on the album is 75,000 (which won't be enough). My nominee for The Album of 1968.

QUESTION - Why is Johnny Taylor's "Who's Lovin' Your Old Lady" not going to be aired on KDIA and KSOL when it's released?

LUCILLE/B.B.King *(BLS 6016)

B.'s latest album is titled for B.'s guitar, Lucille. On the album B. and Lucille are featured out front of a six to nine man ensemble.

From the opening song, "Lucille", a talking-blues, B. tells a series of stories right up to the final song on the disc, "Watch Yourself". Each message is put over in the famous blues-gospel style of B.B.King; the singing and shouting intermixed with runs and verses from the strings of the guitar that B. modestly says has "taken me a long, even brought me some fame."

The arrangements are good as B. and Lucille both do a lot of singing. Perhaps someday the so-called great guitarists of today -- Clapton, Hendrix, Bloomfield, etc. -- will get together and do a tribute to the man they've taken so much from -- the world's greatest male blues singer, the most influential guitarist of the past two decades, The King of The Blues, a man whose talent and ability are overshadowed only by his humility -- B.B.King.

CHICAGO BLUES/Johnny Young & Big Walter *(F 1037)

This latest Arhoolie release features one of the best blues mandolin players (Young) and one of the top Chicago-style harpists, together for the first time on an album.

Johnny Young, who wrote most of the album cuts, handles the vocal and plays second guitar behind the outstanding lead playing of "Fast Fingers" Jimmy Dawkins and the piano of Lafayette Leake. Young's vocal is a fine combination of country and urban styles, and this, his second album on Arhoolie is far superior to the first (on which he played lead guitar and sang), because his style has been updated.

Where is
Emperor Norton?

Today's clue:
Two blocks left and up the hill
Never sees a Bart bay-fill
Fiddle faddle, diddle dome
Time for this one to come home
Next see: Clue three

Big Walter Horton plays some leads and is featured on his own "Walter's Boogie". His style appears to be a direct cross of the two greatest harp players that ever lived - Little Walter Jacobs and Sonny Boy Williamson II - as "Shakey" utilizes hard tremolo, warble chords, and natural wah-wah (cutting off single notes while they're still bent).

Top cuts besides "Walter's Boogie" include "Strange Girl" (good lead work), "Ring Around My Heart" (very heavy blues - good vocal and feeling), and "On The Road Again (not to be confused by others of the same name). The band was rounded-up and "conducted" by Chess A & R man Willie Dixon, who also aided Chris Strachwitz in production of this fine album.

THE ROOTS OF AMERICA'S MUSIC *(R 2001/2002)

This two-record anthology package features a variety of artists and styles. On the first disc, artists and songs include: (Side 1, Country Blues) Mance Lipscomb "Sugar Babe", Alex Moore "July Boogie", Big Joe Williams "Greystone Blues", Lowell Fulson "River Blues", and John Jackson "Going Down Georgia On A Horn"; (Side 2, City Blues) features seven artists including up to now little known vocalist-guitarist, Larry Williams doing "I Know You Hear Me Calling" - a great cut, and Big Mama Thornton with the incredible back-up band of pianist Eddie Boyd (see his album with Fleetwood Mack), guitarist Buddy Guy, drummer Fred Below, bassist Jimmy Robinson and Big Walter doing "Unlucky Girl".

The second record in the package (Side 3, Gospel/Jazz) has seven cuts including performances by Bukka White, Rev. Overstreet, and Kid Thomas and His New Orleans Jazz Band doing "Eh La Bas"; (Side 4, Country, Cajun & Folk) features eight performances, the most notable being "Run Mountain" by J.E. Mainer's Mountaineers, "Charles Giteau" by Crabgrass and "Baby Please Don't Go" by James Campbell and His Nashville Street Band. -- A well rounded and neatly compiled anthology of "The Roots of America's Music".

X-STRAWS: Bogus Thunder, a San Jose group, is now with A & M Records. A blues oriented group featuring good vocal and very adequate bass, drums, and rhythm/organ . . . but the lead player -- At best he attempts note for note imitations of Peter Green, Mayall and Clapton. His apparent lack of originality and repetition of the same few runs in all his solos may prove the group's drawback.

NOTES: Russ Morgan and His Orchestra at the Jack Tar the 27th; Pops Festival the 26-27th at Alameda County Fairgrounds; Joan Baez at Cal the 25th; Mahalia Jackson at San Jose Civic the 27th; S.F. Film Festival the 24th thru Nov. 3; Alexander Slobodianik at Geary Theatre the 27th; Letta Mbulu at The Trident and Miriam Makeba at The Venetian Room; - Saloom Sinclair coming soon to Fillmore (see Cadet LPS 316).

Word travels slowly, but sooner or later it arrives. Not long after the Norman conquest in 1066, little Wolfstan ran inside to his mother who was stitching together the segments of a sail, and said, "Mommy, what does int*rc**rs* mean?" She carefully put down the sail and boat. Uncle Hrothgar looked up but continued chiselling stitching again. Wolfstan did not cry from the beating, but once outside he burst into tears from bewilderment and ran down to where Uncle Hrothgar was working on a boat. Uncle Hrothgar looked up but continued chiselling out the rudder-lock. Wolfstan stalled, then asked very slowly why his mother beat him when he asked her what int*rc**rs* meant. Hrothgar kept up the steady stroke of his hammer. He said simply, "Because that's a dirty word. It's what those filthy Normans say when they mean fuck." Wolfstan went away.

The next day, Wolfstan ran inside to his mother and said, "Mommy, what does endeavor mean?" She told him

The Education of Wolfstan

The author of the following piece
is on the faculty of the English Department.

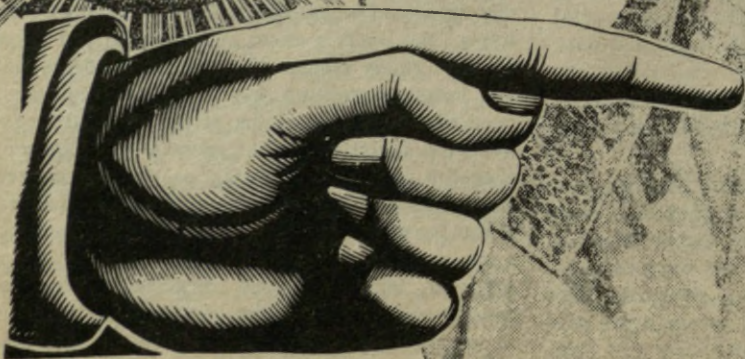
it meant try. Then he asked about commence, company, ascertain, and endite. She said they were Norman words that meant start, troop, find out, and write. Then he asked her, "What does d*f*c*t* mean?" She carefully put down sail, thongs, and prod, and beat him. Wolf was still crying when he approached Uncle Hrothgar and waited for him to look up. He asked Hrothgar why his mother beat him when he asked her what d*f*c*t* meant. Hrothgar kept on smoothing the long curve of the rudder with his drawknife and said thoughtfully, "That's what those filthy Normans say when they mean shit." Wolfstan thought about this.

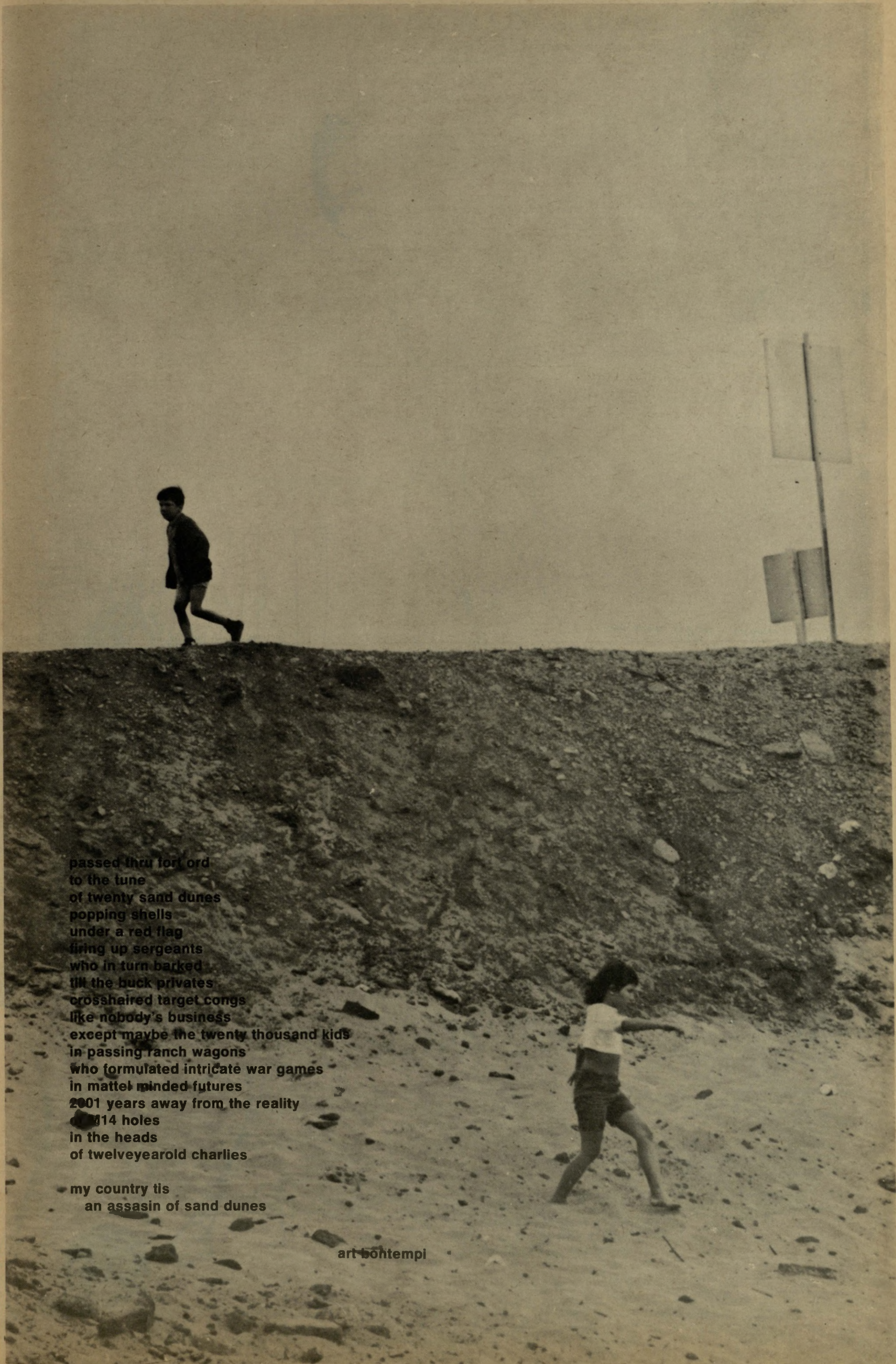
The next day Wolfstan asked his mother about other new words he had picked up. He asked about words like beseech, endure, and ocean. She told him they were Norman words that meant ask, last, and sea. Wolfstan stared into the thick, angular rafters a moment, then asked, "Mommy what does v*g*n* mean?" She carefully put down the sail -- which took a while, because it had grown very large -- and beat him. Then she piled the sail into Wolfstan's arms and wrapped it around his shoulders and sent him off crying to take it to Hrothgar. Wolf arrived completely tangled. As Hrothgar unwrapped him, Wolfstan asked why his mother had beaten him when he asked her what v*g*n* meant. Uncle Hrothgar shook his head good-humoredly and said, "Because it's a dirty word. It's what those filthy Normans say when they mean cunt."

To cheer him up, Uncle Hrothgar took Wolfstan with him in the boat. They struck out for the far curve of the bay under a lopsided square sail.

This is the way Wolfstan learned that words like int*rc**rs*, d*f*c*t*, and v*g*n* could only be used by sailors or Normans or vulgar men drunk on mead, or around (pardon the expression) lascivious gentlewomen, and must never be spoken in company of such as his mother or his lady the former queen, who were proper, well-bred, Odin-fearing sluts.

--Gerald Grow



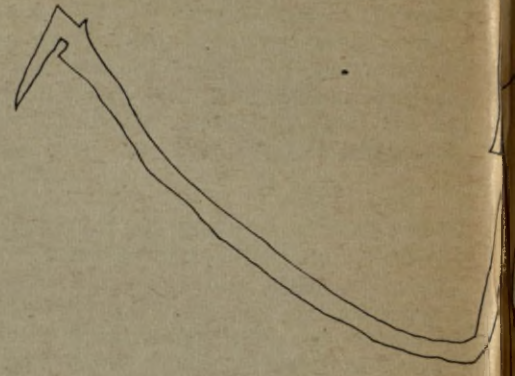
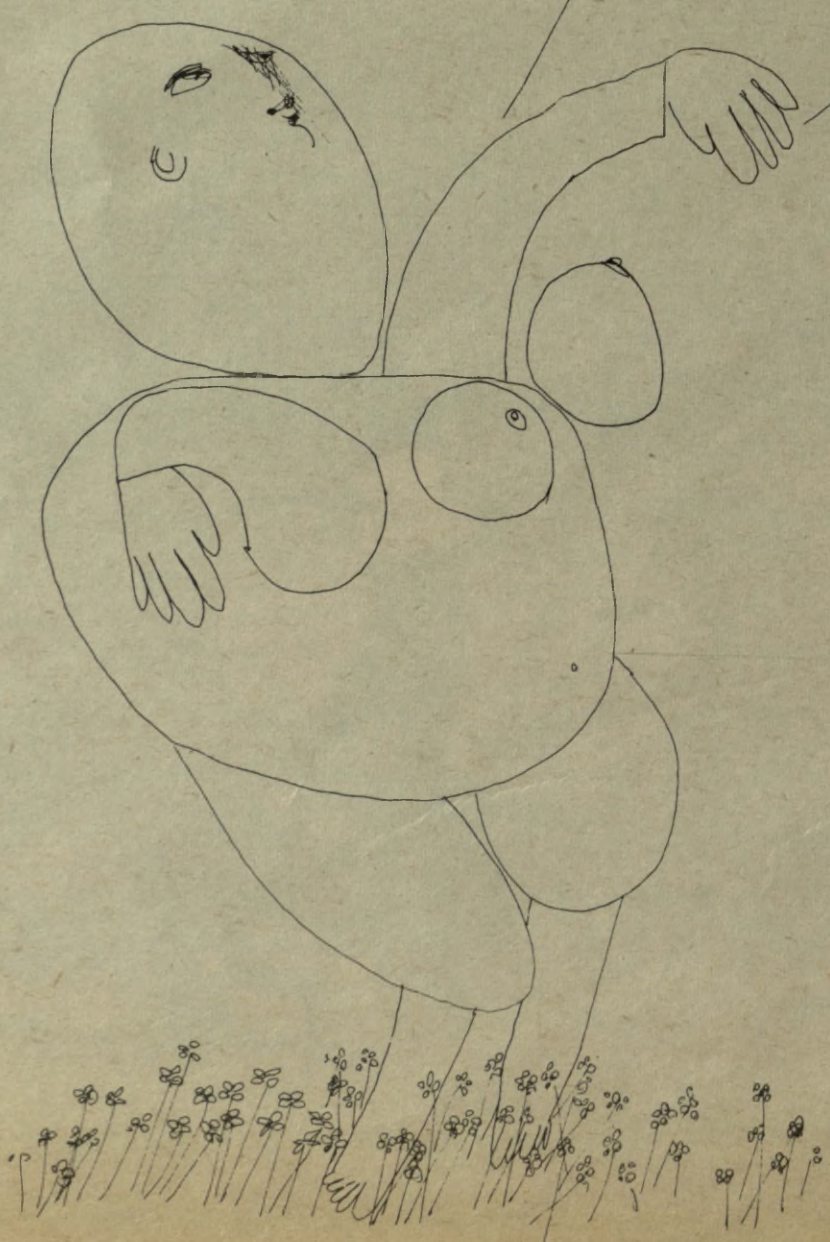
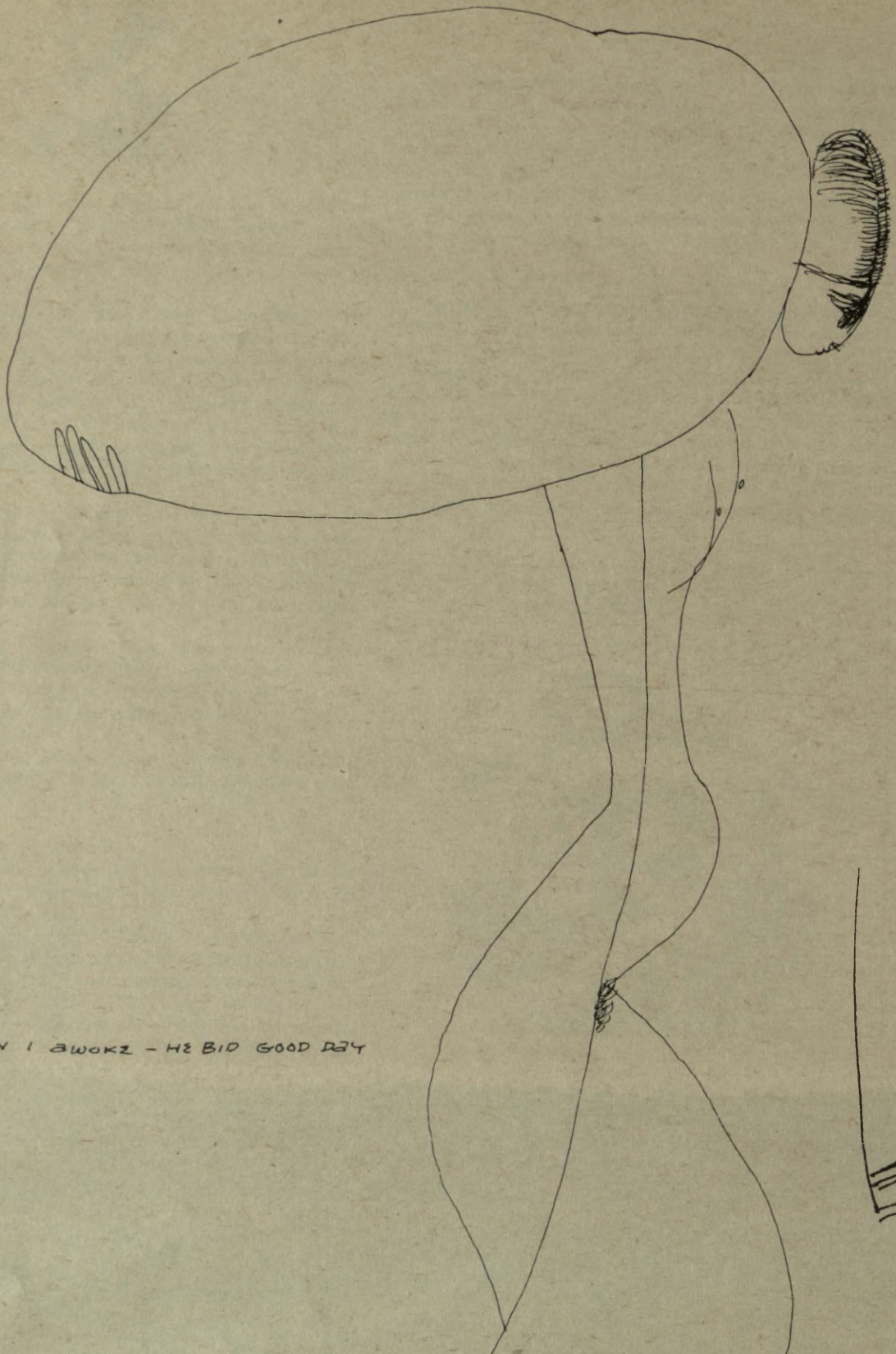


passed thru fort ord
to the tune
of twenty sand dunes
popping shells
under a red flag
firing up sergeants
who in turn barked
till the buck privates
crosshaired target congs
like nobody's business
except maybe the twenty thousand kids
in passing ranch wagons
who formulated intricate war games
in mattel minded futures
2001 years away from the reality
of 114 holes
in the heads
of twelveyearold charlies

my country tis
an assassin of sand dunes

art bontempi

EVERY LONG TIME AGO - I LAD MY WIFE
MIND DOWN - TO REST ABOUT THE SOUTH SAUER'S STONE
AND WHEN I AWOKZ - HE BID GOOD DAY



Drawings by Genie Reilly



HAPPY BIRTHDAY MOTHER





drawing by Genie Reilly



Photo by Jeffrey Chop

POLICE - COMMUNITY RELATIONS OFFICER QUILTS

If near futility is an occupation, one probable category would be those San Francisco police assigned and detailed to work with the so-called Police Community Relations Unit. Under past and most of the present circumstances, such a unit is, of course, completely out of context with the general "law and order" mentality of the blue tools of middle classdom.

The first head of that unit of Don Quixote's was one Dante Andreotti, a lieutenant who learned his job well. His teachers were the citizens in the slums and ghettos; blacks, Spanish speaking, and others who had been burned by the police. The result has been that some of his men and others since would listen to the troubles of people and were police, not cops; they cared and could be trusted. Yet, on the other hand, the PCR unit was looked on with envy, hate, and general disregard.

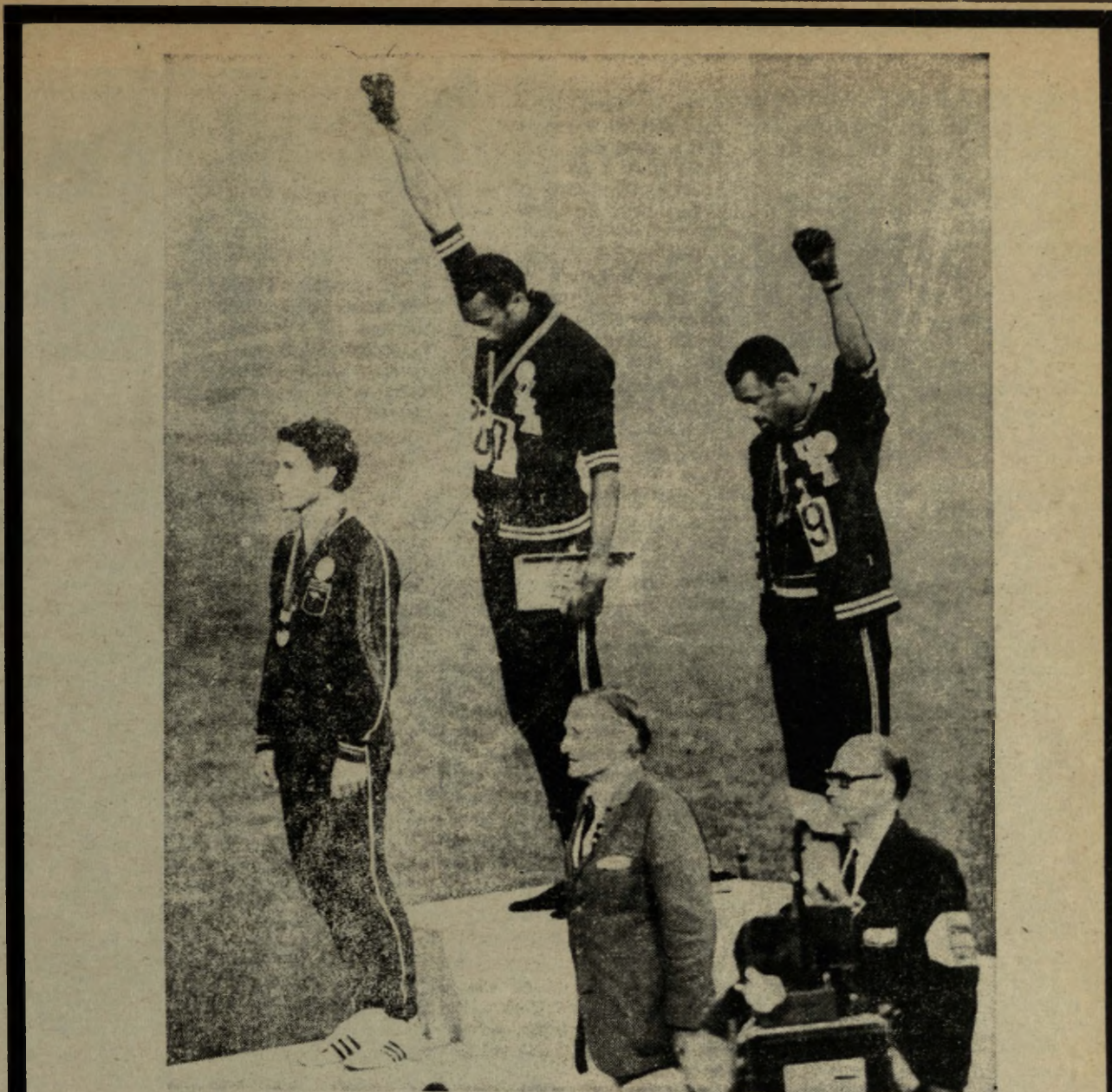
Andreotti is gone; behind him in the poverty areas of the city he left men, mostly black, who attempted to carry on his tradition. Unfortunately they have faced the same frustrations he faced. For them it was often harder, since they had to face, every day of their work, people who knew where it's at, and their questions have not always been answered. For while a few officers wanted to work on conciliation or practice being human beings while doing police work, the majority of the city cops being stuck to the paranoid dogma that they were that 'thin blue line' between their narrow concept of order and a chaos which exists only in their minds.

In one area of town, Hunters Point, resentment toward an officer in the PCR unit turned to vengeance. That man, Lindsey Chrenshaw, resigned amid charges which, believe it or not, grew out of an attempt on his life. Driving home through Oakland one morning, shot at while on the freeway, Chrenshaw watched while the attempted murderers were only lightly questioned by cops. The gun they used was never even examined, the two men -- who admitted involvement -- were released and later testified against this black officer on charges -- vague and absurd -- brought up against him. The almost complete attempt to damage this officer was actually an attempt to drag down the PCR unit itself. And in blindness the whole police department was damaged.

The man to follow Chrenshaw was officer Robert Jeffrey, and like his predecessor, a black man, Jeffrey gave himself up as a sacrifice to the community.

To the rest of those who worked and resided in Hunters Point, Bob Jeffrey was one man who was always on the scene, a person who stayed after everyone else left and on the job before many came to work. But, like Andreotti, Jeffrey has had to put up with his share of abuse from his fellow officers and even some citizens who were used in attempts to discredit him. Since the absence of Andreotti, men like Jeffrey have had to go it alone; whatever support they did receive was accidental and has often come from reputable civic minded persons outside of the police department. As one person said in complaint:

"It has been stated that the PCR unit is the most important unit in the police department. Quite the contrary, the PCR unit is being systematically weakened and is at present, nothing more than a group of police officers going



Tommie Smith and John Carlos are the baddest cats in Olympic history. They restored two forgotten elements of the Olympic spirit over-looked by the International Olympic Committee--individuality and dignity. For their act, they were treated like criminals.

Smith and Carlos finished one and three in the 200 meter dash with Peter Norman of Australia in second. All three wore "Olympic Project for Human Rights" buttons. They were united to each other as they were united to so many others at the Olympic games. Togetherness is a spirit of equals everywhere. The players found ideas to agree upon, but the I.O.C. (International Olympic Committee) was so far removed from reality, that they took it upon themselves to decide what was the proper conduct becoming a participant. They did not understand what was the meaning of the black athletes demon-

stration. And instead of attempting to do anything to find out or clarify the issue, they panicked because the animals in the circus began to be heard.

At the award ceremony, Smith and Carlos stood on the blocks with black gloved clenched fists in the air and black socks on their feet. When they played the national anthem they stared down. This was the act that shook the I.O.C. Instead of allowing the winners to do their own thing, the I.O.C. labeled it a political maneuver. And politics aren't allowed at the games. That is why participants are invited by countries. That is why participants wear different uniforms. That is why the (unofficial) winner of the games is the country with the most winners. Because the Olympics is not political, Smith and Carlos embarrassed the other countries. That was the reason why the two black athletes got thrown out of Mexico.

by Jeff Chop



through the motions through no fault of their own), contributing very little to solving urban problems. It seems that every time the PCR unit makes significant strides in bettering the image of the police force, and improving the attitudes of the community toward police in general, structural changes within the unit are made to weaken the effectiveness of the unit. . .

"The effectiveness of the PCR unit is dwindling. It is being threatened from all sides -- police department attitudes and procedures, inept PCR civilian community representatives, and division in the unit itself (assigned night work, to avoid overtime pay). If significant changes aren't promptly made, I see no need for a San Francisco Police Community Relations Unit. Instead, day watch police personnel, with their patched and torn blue-dirty uniforms, protruding beer bellies and red faces can do the job."

This complaint is more of an understatement than anything else. In the first week of October Robert Jeffrey resigned, and like Andreotti, much of his experiences could be summed up in Dante Andreotti's words: "Our war was with the Police Department."

Former officer Jeffrey sent the following memorandum to the Police Commission:

"For sometime I have been aware that there is a growing separation between the ethnic and socio-economic groups and my experience I thought I could and I should expend my best efforts to attempt to bridge this growing gap. I felt at that time that I could contribute to some understanding and hopefully contribute to healing the wounds

that divide our society.

"At some sacrifice to myself and my family, I joined the San Francisco Police Department. I hoped that through my training and the experience I would receive as a Peace Officer I could carry out these objectives. I joined the San Francisco Police Department on July 1, 1964. It was not long before I discovered that far from being a healing source, THE POLICE DEPARTMENT WAS A MAJOR PART OF THE PROBLEM. Since my discovery of this problem, I have devoted my best efforts to bring to the Police Department a realization that if there are not changes in the attitudes of the individual police officers and their method of enforcing the laws in the ghetto areas, we will and we must have a confrontation that will benefit neither the Police, the residents of the ghetto areas, or our society.

"Far from making any headway in this area, I have met what best can be considered hostility and what is actually PREJUDICE AND HATRED. There comes a time in every person's life when he must make some basic decision. This seems to be the time in my life when I must make such a decision.

"Because I can no longer be the recipient of this hatred and outright prejudice I must reluctantly sever my connection with the San Francisco Police Department. I can no longer go forth into the community and tell the people of the ghetto areas that "everything is all right if we just wait a little longer."

-by Phil Kay

NOW TURN THE PAGE AND SEE HOW CHARLIE DID IT! ➔

I.

Frantz Fanon's first book, *BLACK SKIN, WHITE MASKS*, is basically an exploration into the psychological ramifications of being black and oppressed. 'I propose nothing short of the liberation of the man of color from himself,' states Fanon in his attempt 'to help the black man to free himself of the arsenal of complexes that have been developed by the colonial environment.' The problem as seen by Fanon, is essentially one of achieving true consciousness, both individually and collectively. The method is psychoanalytical: 'Only a psychoanalytical interpretation of the black problem can lay bare the anomalies of affect that are responsible for the structure of the pervasive black inferiority complex that oppresses my people.' This complex is seen by Fanon to be the result of a double process. Initially, it was the economic exploitation by Western Civilization which subjugated the Negro. But subsequently, the 'epidermalization' of the situation led to the psychological brutalization of black people. The colonial juxtaposition of the white and black races in Africa has developed into what Fanon calls a 'massive psychoexistential complex.' Where the white race has forced its civilization and culture on the black man, it has simultaneously sealed both races in their respective colors. The white man who either adores or abominates the Negro is as sick as the Negro who either wishes he were white or hates everyone who is white. The dynamics of such racial antagonism have inflicted deep wounds on the psyches of both races, but in particular they have served to put the black race on the defensive to such a degree that paralysis by feelings of inferiority results. It is this pervasive black inferiority complex that Fanon sees as the indices of the 'black Weltanschauung.'

Fanon's utilization of the concept of inferiority is descriptive, and not one he uses without significant qualification. Because "the Negro enslaved by his inferiority, and the white man enslaved by his superiority both behave in accordance with a neurotic orientation", he proposes that their alienation is applicable to psychological classifications. but if such applications are to lead to a deeper understanding of the situation, they must be placed within their proper perspective. And the psychological perspective of the black man is in important ways fundamentally different from the perspective of the white man. Hence, a total adherence to the doctrines of European psychoanalysis can be very misleading in any attempt to explore the true nature of the black psyche. This is due to the fact that European psychoanalytical approaches to the understanding of given behavior patterns have always begun with the European family. The family represents the way in which the world is initially viewed by the child; it is, for all intents and purposes, a microcosm of European society. Authority is centralized around a patriarchal figure, and socialization proceeds from the family level to the enlarged level of society.

Fanon maintains that the specific psychological dynamics of the European family are not applicable to the African family. To demonstrate this point, he cites the lack of Oedipal complexes observed in Africans who have undergone psychoanalysis. Moreover, neither is the Adlerian psychology of the individual, from which Fanon borrows the concept of inferiority, completely valid for the black man. It is not the individual, nor even the family, which prove to be the governing variables in the black man's behavior. It is, rather, the enforced culture of colonialism. Where the black man is neurotic, he is so in the collective sense; the social conditions surrounding him are the source of his neurosis.

The neuroses inherent in colonialism stem from the interrelations of objective historical conditions with the human attitudes toward those conditions. For the colonized, the sense of inferiority springs directly from the conditions, not from some individual or familial maladjustment. The implications of this insight, that colonialism produces a distortion that presupposes 'any ontological explanation' of the black man's condition, are manifested even in the use of the mother language:

"Every colonized people . . . every people in whose soul an inferiority complex has been created by the death and burial of its cultural originality. . . finds itself face to face with the language of the civilizing nation--the mother country. The colonized is elevated above his jungle status in proportion to his adoption of the mother country's cultural standards."

Moreover, where colonialism is rationalized on the basis of race, the destruction of individuality and human dignity becomes all the more irreversible. Fanon points out that since color has historically been the common denominator of colonialism, it is the development of the attitudes attached to one's color which are paramount in the perpetuation of colonialism. Colonialism and racism are necessarily synonymous; they create the cultural, and hence psychological, conditions that govern those subjugated on the basis of their color. 'It is the racist who creates his inferior.' And it is the response of those relegated to inferiority, their reaction to their own color, which lies at the heart of the black man's malaise.

In order to better illuminate the psychological atmosphere around the phenomenon of Blackness, Fa-



photo by Michelle Bain

non initially draws on the Jungian concept of the collective unconscious. But again, he does so with important qualifications:

"The collective unconscious is not dependant on cerebral heredity as Jung suggests, it is rather the result of what I shall call the unreflected imposition of a culture."

By this, Fanon maintains that the collective unconscious is the culturally acquired sum of the prejudices, myths and attitudes of a given social grouping. It manifests itself through a collective catharsis; i.e., 'a channel through which the forces accumulated in the form of aggression can be released.' Institutionalization of this can be seen in children's games, movies, books, etc., all of which have particular forms in each society in that they offer their own specific catharsis. The racial application of this collective catharsis is most devastating in regard to black children. Where the Western artifacts of a racist culture are directed specifically toward white children, they create myths which obliterate black identity through the very process of identification with a hero. In this respect, upon encountering a Tarzan story (the most blatant example), a black child is enticed into identifying with a white hero, and he must do so by directly condemning his own race. Hence the black child identifies with the racial oppressor to the point where he is apt to subjectively adopt the white man's own attitudes toward the black race. And by emulating white civilization, the black child must repress any identification with his black family or heritage. However, this creates a myth for the black child, since his first hostile encounter with the white world brings him face to face with his own blackness. It is at this point that the fact of his own blackness begins to oppress him.

This psychological oppression of the black man is the direct result of the white man's collective unconscious as it is projected in various areas of Western culture. The pivotal myth that the white man has invented about the Negro is that of sexual prowess. The presumed sexual powers of the black man are equated with unlimited sexual freedom. This constitutes a psychological threat to white civilization as evidenced by the white man's fear and/or hostility toward illegitimate black children and miscegenation. The Negro thus is branded with a genital identity (phallic symbol); he is referred to as a savage, a 'buck', a 'stallion' and a 'stud', and the length of his penis becomes a matter of legend. The lynching or castrating of the black man for alleged crimes, often sexual, is in reality the white man's psychodrama of sexual revenge. According to Fanon, this obsession has created a serious dilemma in the white man's psyche. For the black man has become the archetype of the corporeal or the biological instinct, and as well the 'beast slumbering in every White man.'

"Every intellectual gain requires a loss in sexual potency. The civilized White man retains an irrational longing for unusual eras of sexual license, of orgiastic scenes, of unpunished rapes, of unrepressed incest."

Such fantasies of repression correspond closely to Freud's commentary on the sublimation of the "life instinct". White men unconsciously project their own desires on the Negro, then proceed to act as if the Negro really possessed them. And when the white man becomes frustrated by his own fantasies about the black man, he seeks to in turn frustrate the black man by denying him his rights to manhood. Although these white fears and fantasies are destroyed by reality, they are seldom brought to such a level; rather, they retain intact their mythical power by remaining on the level of the collective unconscious.

Another manifestation of this same dynamic, on which Fanon places a good deal of emphasis, is the color symbolism of Western culture. The juxtaposition of white and black is nowhere clearer in its implications than here. White is the purest of all colors; it symbolizes truth, beauty, cleanliness, holiness, peace, goodness, virginity and God. Black is the vilest of all colors; it symbolizes falsity, ugliness, dirtiness, evil, sin, war and the Devil. In short, white is the symbol of life and black is the symbol of death. Such a 'Manicheism delirium', as Fanon calls it, makes the black man the most available target for collective guilt. The Negro is especially apt for this assignment; he is seen to embody the forces of darkness, as opposed to those of light to which Western civilization is so mythically attached.

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The dilemma imposed on the black man by white civilization is then, in Fanon's own words, "turn white or disappear." Those conditions that support and perpetuate such a mandate must be overthrown if the Negro is to be able to finally "take cognizance of the real possibility of existence." In a culture that creates suffering for a man because of his color, it is of utmost importance that man become aware of his reaction to this injustice, for there is always resentment in a reaction. But once the true motivations of the black man have been made conscious, he will finally be in a position to choose action or acquiescence. To Fanon, the black man's achievement of true consciousness is revolutionary by necessity.

"To educate man to be 'actional', preserving in all his relations a respect for the basic values that constitute a human world, is the prime task of the man, who having taken thought, prepares to act."

For the black man, consciousness demands that he act against the real source of his racial oppression; i.e., the social and cultural structures that have been imposed on his people. And such action, as a product of consciousness, can only be revolutionary.

II.

A DYING COLONIALISM is Fanon's on-the-scene survey of the revolution in Algeria. Following from his earlier conclusion that the true consciousness of a colonized people is revolutionary by necessity, Fanon attempts to solidify this contention by demonstrating that the dynamics of a revolutionary struggle tend to liberate man as well as his society. "Men change at the same time that they change their world." For Fanon, the essence of revolution is the struggle for human dignity. When a people are subjected to a collective form of suffering and degradation, it is inevitable that they will take destiny into their own hands. While this leads directly into the question of the use of violence, Fanon is content at this point to deal with it only superficially. He does contend that only violence from below can overcome oppression that is maintained by violence from above, but he fails to elaborate. Instead, the meat of the book is a psychological documentation of the struggle for liberation in Algeria. It is the very mechanisms of revolution as they affect those who are caught up in the struggle to which Fanon turns his attention, and most of his material is of descriptive nature.

One of the areas that Fanon concentrates on is that of Algerian traditions; i.e., how they changed as Algeria moved from its colonial period into its revolutionary period. The cases that Fanon utilizes are the wearing of veils and the structure of the Algerian family. The wearing of veils by Algerian women had long been an accepted custom in Algeria when the French first occupied the country. The French initially attempted to unveil the Algerian woman in order to westernize Algerian customs, and thus destroy

their national identity and culture. As the colonialists became more adamant in their drive to unveil the Algerians, they managed only to provoke massive resistance to their efforts. The veil, initially a symbol of the national tradition of the separation of the sexes, became a symbol of the defiance of the colonized. During the revolution, the FLN made the decision to actively involve Algerian women in the struggle. At that time, the FLN was beginning to utilize terrorism in an effort to neutralize France's indiscriminate use of violence against the Algerian population. Women were selected to carry bombs and guns in the European sectors because of their ability to get in and out without being searched. As a means of camouflage, these FLN women removed their veils. Since the French believed that any unveiled Algerian woman was friendly to them because they appeared westernized, the women had little trouble moving about freely without being suspect. This abandonment of the veil in the course of revolutionary action proved to be irreversible, for today the veil is a dying tradition of an old Algerian society.

In the case of the Algerian family, Fanon observes that its startling evolution was the direct result of the war for liberation. If a family was in some way involved in the revolution, its entire structure was fundamentally altered. When the son initially developed national consciousness, as was often the case, his subsequent participation in the revolution tended to sweep his whole family into the struggle. The result of this was that often the father lost much of his traditional family sovereignty. The traditional role of the female also changed significantly. She ceased to be a mere complement for the male; and as new values governing sexual relations emerged, the tradition of early marriage sanctioned by the parents disintegrated. By participating in the revolution, the female was able to forge a new place for herself in Algerian society. Overall, the Algerian family lost its monolithic structure; all members assumed more individuality, and the responsibility for its continuity was more equally distributed. Fanon's message in relation to changes in social customs is an obvious one. Cultural transition is most positive and viable when it is based on internal volition. Revolution tends to speed up this transitional process; in contrast, external coercion both entrenches social tradition and distorts cultural integrity.

The second area that Fanon turns his attention to is that of the Algerian's assimilation of Western technology. The dynamics depicted in the first area remain basically intact, for as Fanon suggests,

"the colonial situation is precisely such that it drives the colonized to appraise all of the colonizers contributions in a pejorative and absolute way."

The radio serves as a perfect example of this phenomenon. When it was first brought into Algeria by the French, the Algerians showed very little interest. It was seen as an instrument of oppression, for by being completely controlled by the French, it served no vital need for the Algerians. However, when national radio stations in Syria, Egypt and Lebanon began broadcasting programs into Algeria, the Algerians started to develop a more positive attitude toward the radio. But it was only when the FLN began broadcasting programs that the Algerian masses accepted the radio on its own merits. Their discovery of the rebel station changed the radio from a voice of oppression into a voice of hope. Radios were then in such demand that the French attempted to outlaw them. But as long as the rebel station continued to broadcast, the radio remained a valuable instrument in the hands of the Algerians.

Another example Fanon gives of this process is that of medicine. Introduced along with colonialism, Western medicine provoked an ambivalent attitude among the native population. Fanon suggests that the Algerians' reluctance to entrust himself to French medicine is better understood as a rejection of colonialism than as an irrational attachment to traditional medical techniques. His reasons become clear when the use of medicine during the revolution is taken into consideration. The logistics of the struggle led the rebels to expediently adopt Western medicines and medical techniques. The native doctors, once seen as tools of colonialism, were quickly reintegrated into Algerian society in proportion to their willingness to aid the FLN. Even the services of French doctors sympathetic to the rebels were readily accepted. To Fanon, this demonstrates two things: the serious obstacles that colonialism creates for the people it oppresses; and the disintegration of those obstacles through revolutionary action. As he puts it, "the people who take their destiny into their own hands assimilate the most modern forms of technology at an extraordinary rate. The implications, to be sure, go far beyond technological assimilation. For in revolution Fanon sees not only the chance to throw off the oppressor and renew the society, but also a process which creates the spiritual and material conditions for the reconversion of man."

By Bill Barlow

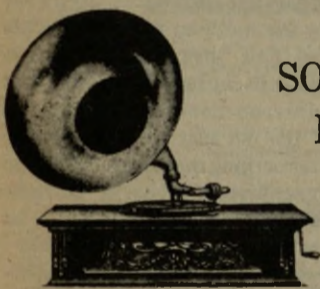
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THE SOUNDING BOARD

by Jeff Chop

If you don't have dragon mouth read on. Jimi Hendrix is the most important proponent and master of the electrically amplified 6 string solid body guitar. He is accompanied by two other virtuosos. Noel Redding, an exceptional bassist provides half of the rhythm section, while the other half is no other than Mitch Mitchell the Owsley Prize winning percussionist in the field of psychedelia. The trio, called the Experience, is also well known in purple red white orange green blue wedge, tab, and cap circles for far-outness.

While Jimi is standing on the stage, he sends out vibes of extreme mellowness, but the sounds that he creates with his magic fingers are beyond believe. He makes his guitar cry and moan one second, then during another second, his guitar laughs and coughs. Because Jimi and Noel's amps are set on 10, the setting which means total immersion in outer space, your body bends and stretches across naked flatlands of Oakland, while your mind is thrown to the bottom of mars.

The monsters of childhood dreams and fantasies of shameless love crush the hopeless mindless beautiful people lost between the reality of the sound and the impossibility of the creation.

Jimi is all that is life. His music is all that is.

Noel Redding is such a flash. While he is no Mack truck, he sure comes on heavy. His sounds are reproduced by no less than 8 Sunn bottoms. If you can't imagine how much 8 Sunn bottoms are, try to visualize using the moon for a basketball.

Mitch Mitchell pulsates like the tidal waves of Jupiter. He is as much a part of the universe as moonbeams are to sunless skies.

After you see the Experience, you are reborn as a stardchild. You are free to wash dishes with liquid detergents and to live in plastic suburbs knowing where life can really be at in eternity Sun Power to Sun People and Grootna Power to Grootna People.

The best thing to do on a good day is to make love. If that doesn't come up, the next best thing is to listen to good music. Ideally, the music would be out-doors, good, and free.

Grateful Dead and Canned Heat played the Greek Theatre



Sunday. They were out-doors, good, and admission was free.

The Dead brought back the fabled vibes of the first generation of San Francisco Sounds — a combination of weird bullshit and good playing. The Grateful Dead have come a long way in developing an image of a sound that had no image until the record promoters and companies made up one.

Finally after two years of playing the Grateful Dead, the Grateful Dead have once again put together something other than the Grateful Dead, that is, they are free again to play the Grateful Dead.

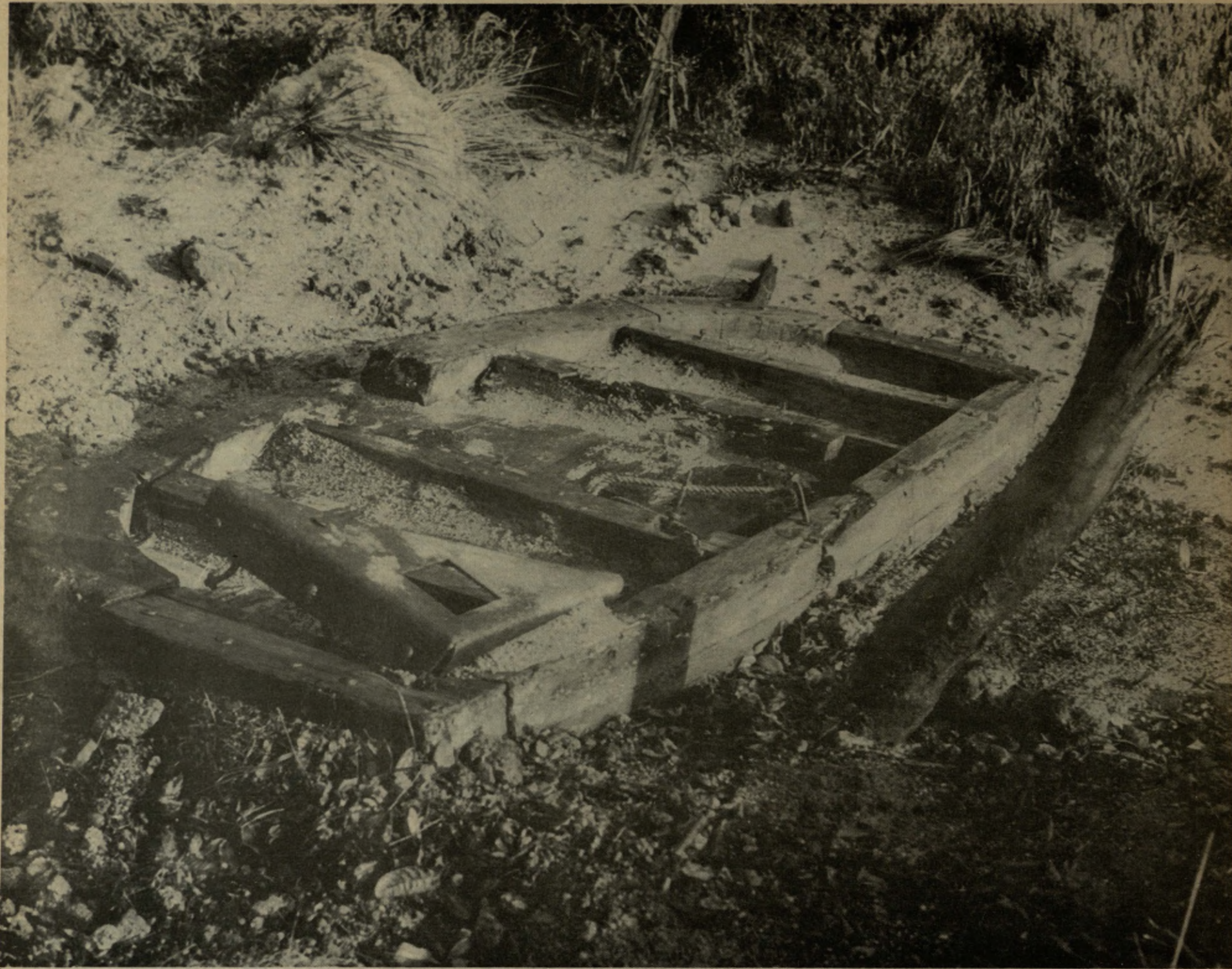
Canned Heat, hailed by Peggy King of the Oakland Tribune as the originators of the blues, nevertheless played a very interesting set. They are definitely on a blue's trip and they do it well. The bass player is exceedingly good and so is the harpist.

As for Peggy King, she should open her eyes and look at the dark side of things. James Brown, Ray Charles, B.B. King, and not forgetting Robert Johnson have certainly been doing something that might possibly be called the blues by some people.

Coming this Friday to the San Francisco Film Festival will be the Beatle's flick, "Yellow Submarine." A number of new songs will be premiered. The musical group from Liverpool known for their long hair and such hits as "She Loves You" and "I Want to Hold Your Hand" will possibly appear live. They have an interesting style and the girls really go for them. Maybe with the right promotion, the Beatles will go a long ways. But don't bet on it.

A new club is forming at State. It is called the "Today's Music on Campus" thingy. The purpose of the organization is to bring music regularly to the Gallery Lounge. Some of the groups who appear will bring a broad range of musical styles to the listening loungers. Some of the groups who have made up the sound of today have been the Second Coming, Liberty Street, and the Shanes. All really avant-garde and underground. Negotiations are underway to bring the exciting Sky Blue. Some of the more commercial acts will probably appear. You all know them by their names.

Meanwhile, Grootna is sweeping Berkeley. But only songwriter Al Silverman knows for sure.



Improvisational theater used to be a big thing. It was supposed to break down barriers between audience and performer, lessen the fragmentation of the creative process which separates actor from director and director from performer, and destroy the sense of contrivance and artificiality which made the conventional theater such a drag. Better yet, it was immediate and therefore intensely topical, "relevant" and politically committed, anti-Establishment in content as well as in form.

Unfortunately, for all its roaring popular success, it was seldom if ever put into practice in more than an artificial way. The mass audience came to think of it in terms of gag lines, blackouts, and a kind of phony spontaneity. You paid your three dollars and went into The Committee on Friday night, rubbed elbows with a lot of square drunken tourists, and watched a bunch of unusually clever actors "be spontaneous" for you. You hoped that you would get them on a "good night," one in which they would be quick-thinking and clever enough to come up with good gag lines and make you laugh hard. More often than not you got them on a mediocre night, when they would get hung up in at least one long, boring, superficial skit, without depth or development, and grope frantically for a gag that would go over well enough to provide an excuse for a blackout and get them off the stage. The show was carried along mainly on the strength of the actors' personalities. Since they were, for the most part, clever, quick-thinking people with a modicum of political consciousness, they were quite frequently able to be entertaining and were often able to get across sly digs at "Establishment hypocrisy." At their best, they were full of rage, bitterly and unsparingly satiric. But the rage never went beyond rage, never really suggested another life-style. And now that most of their clever, quick-thinking actors have left the troupe, they are not even very entertaining any more.

The decline of The Committee isn't an isolated phenomenon, just another indication of how a creative movement can be robbed of its vitality and assimilated into mass culture. For the record, we all know what has happened to Mike Nichols, one of the pioneers of the improvisational theater movement: he's in Hollywood, being a Genius Millionaire. Joan Baez just had her autobiography serialized in ATLANTIC (or HARPERS, I forget which). Goodrock groups are torn apart by the tensions of the recording industry. Psychedelic culture is commercial and disgusting, perpetuated by and for a thousand blind entrepreneurs who get rich selling Allen Ginsberg posters but have never read "Howl." Artists don't have to "sell out," really, because they are less and less able to control whether or not they will be sold. The Man controls the media. Without the media the artist cannot function. The Man consolidates his power upon the skulls of a thousand disenfranchised artists.

The other day I turned on the TV and found myself confronted by a simpering black capitalist lawyer named Donald Warden. Warden is ABC's answer to Black Power;

Huey Newton is reported to have called him the most dangerous black man in America. He has a Sunday afternoon talk show called "Black Dignity." The day I watched, Warden began the show by imploring his audience to realize that in watching him they were experiencing the most important half-hour of their lives.

The callers were mostly arthritic old ladies and old men with cracked voices, to whom the host was alternately abusive and patronizing. Warden has this thing about banks. What the black community needs, he kept saying, is its own banks, so black people could save money and invest in their children's future. He told his callers to scour the black community collecting ten dollar bills and send them to him at "Black Dignity," care of Channel 7. A few of the old ladies promised they would, and Warden thanked them profusely after reminding them to turn their TV set down. Late in the show things got a little tight; a couple of teenage girls called up to debate the sex appeal of the Black Panthers. Warden arched his eyebrows like a Mosaic prophet bewailing the future of our wayward young people.

Actually Warden has been around the Bay Area a long time, and I don't think he ever had much of a following. In a sense he is a spiritual descendent of an old and honored tradition in the black community, the storefront preacher, only he's the storefront preacher in a business suit. When the Ford Foundation moves into the ghetto with its foreign aid, he'll no doubt play Ngo Dinh Diem to their CIA. What bothered me about his show was not so much the content as the form it took. Talk shows propagate a kind of illusory

participatory democracy -- the town meeting in the House of Mirrors. They play upon our media-induced confusions about the nature of reality; like that greatest of frauds, the ballot box, they make people believe that in hyper-technological, hyper-bureaucratized, totalitarian America, they CAN make a difference. Of course, they aren't in control of the networks any more than they are in control of the big parties. The form which their participation takes is strictly predetermined, not so much by the medium as by the people who control it. The host can bait them, ask irrelevant questions, exploit their verbal difficulties, cut them off at will; in fact the more he does so the better, because it means he's "controversial." It's strange how we always conceive of "controversy" as something that is injected from without, preferably by an aggressive and hostile personality; it has very little to do with ideas or experience or facts. In any case people want to be included, want to participate in these mysterious processes beyond their understanding or control, and they will isolate themselves from their own experience or ideas to cut themselves out in the mold the medium demands, as the criteria for their participation. Their existence is verified by the sound of their own voices magnified a thousand times over the airwaves, and the price of it is having some "controversial" shmuck trained in the techniques of broadcasting make them look like idiots. That becomes their frame of reference. In the meantime, their hostilities, their doubts about their lives or the institutions that control them are subtly put into assimilable form.

If I had any doubts about the effect of Warden's show, they were quickly resolved right after the closing credits, when an ad for hair straightener came on. But it was no ordinary hair straightener ad. While obviously directed at the black audience -- as such ads always have been, from the time hair straightener was first put on the market -- it was a fully integrated commercial, with two white models and a stunning, though thoroughly anglicized, black one. But this sister wasn't ashamed of her heritage; no, not her. The white folks use hair straightener too, why shouldn't black people? The logic was perversely, peculiarly inverted; somehow the commercial had managed to kill about six birds with one stone. Here was the living refutation of white racism as seen by the TV magnates: we love the coloreds so much we let them act in our commercials. Here was the essence of brotherhood; we love the coloreds because they're just like us, subject to Excedrin headaches and middle class values; their life-styles as we conceive of them are unmistakably white American la dolce vita. At the same time, with all this integrationist rhetoric, the ad made its subtle appeal to black nationalism, with an effort to make black women who may feel its a political cop-out not to wear a natural to feel a little better about it. See, how you wear your hair isn't a political issue. Miss America may have concealed her true identity under fourteen layers of pancake makeup, but by God, she's color blind.

By Peter Shapiro



WORTHIES

A Worthie is any printed advertisement that is so incredible that you just can't believe it. This is not to be confused with the Realist's soft core pornography or the Guardian's brave revelations about insidious middle class exploitation advertising. Worthies will be presented without comment for your enjoyment. If you spot any anyplace, we would appreciate it if you'd leave them in our box in Hut C.

continued from page 5

aged independently. Communication and interest fell off so much that Jacobs found most of the Peace and Freedom organizations outside the Bay area and the Los Angeles area were either dead or dormant. In addition, all attempts to put together the staff and resources necessary to make the campaign functional were thwarted by a lack of finances. Lack of interest, coordination, money and staff soon jeopardized the whole operation so seriously that the mere survival of the campaign became the primary consideration. In this situation, the former strategy was junked in favor of one calculated to get Jacobs the maximum political exposure as cheaply as possible. Television and radio appearances, press releases and speaking engagements were all utilized in an effort to at least give the campaign some sort of visibility. Forced finally to assume the role of a minor senatorial candidate, Jacobs could do nothing else but pay his dues and count off the days until November 5th.

The ambivalence that Peace and Freedom displays toward electoral politics is perhaps indicative of a more general radical uncertainty about political change. The lesson of American history is that third party movements in this country have been unsuccessful in the long run, especially where they ultimately relied on the vote as the measure of their strength. Yet at the same time, because American politics are ostensibly centered around the ballot box, it is important to be able to relate to that process. Today, this is even more difficult to do, given the money needed to mount a successful campaign, and given the ability of the media to distort and dilute issues in favor of images. With the present two party system alienating more and more voters, the possibilities of electoral actions are tempting. But a radical perspective for such activities should begin with localized campaigns which are consistent with the creation of radical communities. For beyond the vote there is the necessity of a more inclusive political process that will involve people in the total welfare of their communities, rather than encourage them to delegate their responsibilities to men like those who presently rule this country.



YOU'RE TOURING ALL THESE COUNTRIES ON YOUR HOSPITAL INSURANCE REFUND?



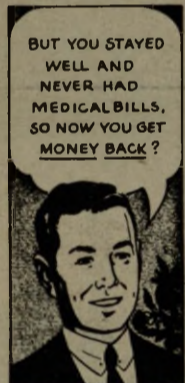
SURE THING! ELLA AND I GOT PAID A BUNDLE BECAUSE WE STAYED WELL! AND WE'RE GOING TO ENJOY THE BIGGEST WHING-DING EVER SEEN BY MAN OR BEAST!

WHOA - WAIT A MINUTE, CHARLIE...



LET ME GET THIS STRAIGHT. YOU HAD A WHITE CROSS HOSPITAL INSURANCE PLAN THESE PAST YEARS...

GOOD ONE TOO. PAID \$150 A WEEK - UP TO \$15,000 TAX-FREE IF WE WOUND UP IN THE HOSPITAL.



BUT YOU STAYED WELL AND NEVER HAD MEDICAL BILLS, SO NOW YOU GET MONEY BACK?



AND HOW! IT'S LIKE HAVING AN EXTRA SAVINGS ACCOUNT. WE GOT BACK EVERY PENNY OF OUR YEARLY PREMIUMS ON EACH OF OUR POLICIES. AND WE'VE BEEN PROTECTED ALL THESE YEARS TOO!



SOUNDS TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE! WHAT'S THE CATCH? YOU HAVE TO BE A MEMBER OF A GROUP OR SOMETHING?

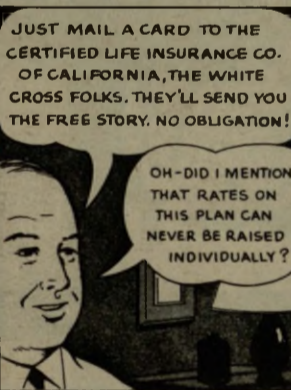
NOPE - YOU CAN GET THIS PLAN WITHOUT JOINING A GROUP - MORE COFFEE?

HM - NO THANKS...



THIS IS SOMETHING WE CAN'T AFFORD TO PASS UP, HON. I'M GOING TO FIND OUT MORE ABOUT THIS "MONEY BACK" HEALTH PLAN...

HECK, THAT'S EASY...



JUST MAIL A CARD TO THE CERTIFIED LIFE INSURANCE CO. OF CALIFORNIA, THE WHITE CROSS FOLKS. THEY'LL SEND YOU THE FREE STORY. NO OBLIGATION!

OH - DID I MENTION THAT RATES ON THIS PLAN CAN NEVER BE RAISED INDIVIDUALLY?



HEY - WHERE'D JOE GO ALL OF A SUDDEN?

TO THE CORNER MAILBOX - AS IF YOU DIDN'T KNOW!

FIND OUT HOW YOU TOO CAN GET PAID FOR STAYING WELL!

The Buddy Miles Express
 Country Weather Dino Valenti
 Oct. 25, 26, 27
 Avalon Ballroom Presents
 Nov. 1, 2, 3
 The Byrds  Taj Majal
 Fri-Sat. \$3.00 Genesis Sun. \$2.50
 Sutter & Van Ness 9 PM - 2 AM

THE ROYAL SHAKESPEARE COMPANY Presents
 PETER BROOK'S MOTION PICTURE VERSION
 OF THE ORIGINAL BROADWAY STAGE PRODUCTION
THE PERSECUTION AND ASSASSINATION OF JEAN-PAUL MARAT
 AS PERFORMED BY THE INMATES OF THE ASYLUM OF CHARENTON UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE MARQUIS DE SADE
 by PETER WEISS
 COLOR Released thru UNITED ARTISTS

ROMAN POLANSKI'S Plus
REPULSION
 starring CATHERINE DENEUVE
 "A tour-de-force of sex and suspense!"
 -Life
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 General Admission \$2.00
 Student Mon-Thur. \$1.75
 Sade: 6:30, 10:30
 Repulsion: 8:30

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