

from the Army or assigned to a base in the U.S. because of some family emergency). The number of these requests rose rapidly as the troopships' sailing date drew closer. By the end the hardship discharge/compassionate reassignment request rate was more than several times the normal flow.

Tactics got more desperate as the shipping-out date approached. One poor fellow took an overdose of sleeping pills when everything else failed. They just pumped out his stomach and put him on the boat. Another G.I. showed up on crutches at the last minute claiming he'd sprained his ankle. One private I knew quietly made a standing offer of \$500 to any clerk in my office who would change his orders so he wouldn't be sent to Vietnam.

Men were due back from a final, brief home leave the day before the boats left for Vietnam. When the troopships finally sailed, 146 men had not come back. Some of these straggled in when the ships were safely gone. Most claimed they had been held up by the airlines strike, which was then on. But there was an unspoken assumption in my office that hardly anyone had been delayed who didn't want to be. Some of these 146—I don't know how many—never came back at all.

Once, several months later, I had the job of tracking down an enlisted man who had been shipped to Vietnam with that unit. I found the Army had a record of his getting on the ship, but had none of his getting off in Saigon. I later heard of others like him. I hope they were good swimmers.

A subtle despair, a fear people don't understand, permeated the base. Of course I wasn't in the Army in World War II, but I imagine the mood was pretty different then. Though there undoubtedly were men afraid of being killed or wounded in combat, there surely wasn't the same pervasive doubt. Someone attacked *us* at Pearl Harbor, and I'm sure you wouldn't have found many soldiers who would seriously argue that fighting back wasn't justified.

This mood of fear and discontent now shows up in many ways. For example, there were posters of the Army's Commander-in-Chief—LBJ to you civilians—all over Fort Lewis. You never saw one that wasn't defaced. Usually the President had bubble-gum on his nose, sometimes there was a moustache

or horns.

Another thing is the attitude toward the men who manage to avoid getting shipped out for Vietnam. If a guy can beat the system by filing C.O. papers, by claiming a dying mother, by going AWOL, by *any* means, he's not scorned by his fellow enlisted men, he's envied.

WHEN WE JOINED or got drafted, we were all given the usual Army recruiter's pitch about how we'd be given jobs that would use our various skills. When we were inducted, the Army desperately needed infantrymen for Vietnam—cannon fodder—and everyone was hastily trained as a combat soldier. This happened to a friend of mine here who was a professional pilot with 350 hours flying time before he got drafted. A guy I know who graduated from Columbia and speaks fluent Russian is a mortar man. Another fellow with a B.S. in chemistry is in a chemical warfare company—as a truck driver. The Army needs men to fight and die in those rice paddies, and they're taking us.

Morale was already low while our unit was going through infantry training, and it did not improve one day when a soldier complained of chest pains in the middle of a PT exercise. He was forced to keep exercising anyway, and then collapsed and died—of a heart attack at the age of 19.

Then there were the chaplains. I remember one who taught a class in "character guidance" while I was still in basic training. He began with a slightly off-color joke to prove he was one of the boys. Then he lectured us on the virtue of obedience, and about how this virtue was institutionalized in the Army chain of command. You had an obligation to obey your company commander, who was responsible to the battalion commander, and so on up the line until you got to the secretary of defense and then the President, who, it turned out, took his orders from God Himself. Thus, the chaplain reasoned, disobeying an order ultimately meant disobeying the Almighty.

Another time we heard a talk by a chaplain who wore a .45 on his hip. He told us it was not against God's law to kill a Viet Cong. "After all," he said, making an analogy, "if a mad dog foaming at the mouth attacked you, you'd shoot him, wouldn't you?"

HELPLESS PEASANTS in Czarist Russia used to cut off their trigger fingers to avoid being drafted. It takes sheer desperation to make men maim themselves, but I understand now how they felt.

Sometimes I no longer feel able to compromise with my beliefs. One day I simply told my superiors, "Look, I'm just not going to type anything more. I don't believe in it and I won't do it." But an officer said to me, "Here's a stack of papers to be typed, and you'll stay here until you do them." I gave in.

There is little you can do. Once you're in the Army, the alternatives to fighting are too grim: You can refuse to cooperate, and be put in the stockade, but then they simply put you on the ship under armed guards—I saw that happen to men at Fort Lewis. You can desert, and spend five years in prison if you're caught. Or, to try to avoid jail, you can leave the United States forever. I considered these things but decided I couldn't face any of them. Sometimes I worry about explaining that to my children. I got on the troop ship when it was time to leave, unable to express my real feelings any more effectively than by putting bubble gum on Johnson's nose.

Society



THE YELLOW SUBMARINE

WHILE A REPORTER asks if "Yellow Submarine" is a drug song and a Beatle replies, "You have a dirty mind," the not necessarily psychedelic branch of the New Left is initiating a revolutionary change in the nature and style of protest by launching a yellow submarine in the Hudson River.

There are those who contend that "yellow submarine" is an underground name in England for the capsule which LSD comes in; there are others who contend that the lyrics have definit

political implications: there are still others who contend that the Beatles live in a yellow submarine.

If you want to purchase a Polaris submarine, it will cost you exactly \$108,284,621.99.

The New York Workshop in Non-Violence builds its yellow submarine at a total debit of \$51.73.

The Polaris can obliterate a collection of 16 major cities with nuclear missiles carrying more explosive power than was fired by both sides in all of World War II.

The yellow submarine is filled with bread, balloons, wine, flowers and messages of love, desperation, peace and hope to everybody in the world.

"You know what's wrong with this demonstration?" a navigator asks. "There's no cops."

The march is scheduled to begin at 1 o'clock in the afternoon at Tompkins Square on the east side and wend its way westward across the city to the Gansevoort Pier, but the police have been told 1:30 because these things never start out on time.

Clothes are brightly colored, balloons are yellow, crysanthemums are purple, children are involved, musical instruments range from a kazoo to a trombone, and one would never guess that there is a continuing crisis situation which has somehow precipitated this joyousness.

Officers of the law smile as they escort these friendly kooks who are the beautiful underbelly of a defeated civilian review board.

What hostility there is seems to be directed against the beatnik syndrome rather than the communist conspiracy. Even the political types among us resent those sincere *schmucks* who are exploiting the occasion to give out partisan literature. It's just bad taste.

A girl ties a balloon to the aerial of an automobile which a man in blue is ticketing for improper parking. Someone else places a daisy in the lapel of a bum sleeping his down-and-outness away against a fence.

On the pier, Jackson MacLow speaks into the WBAI-FM radio microphone: *Why* are we launching a yellow submarine?

Because we've retched long enough at the procession of gray ones.

To make a merry splash.

Because (they say) the *last* Polaris

has been launched. (Thank God for small potatoes!)

Because the idea of a submarine is fun and a yellow one's like Jules Verne with Santa Claus as Captain Nemo.

Because the idea of going about securely under the water is wonderful fun and we want to save it from the killers with their "North Stars." (Some "North Stars.")

Because our movement for peace and freedom needs more of the spirit of the Beatles' song and less of the garbage of *Realpolitik*—red, white, and black.

Because a gesture of love—no matter how sardonic—is in order at this time.

Because we want to paint *all* the submarines yellow and dismantle all their weapons and let the fish scientists and the rest of the sea scientists and even some kids have a ball looking around down there.

Because we're sick of the war.

Because we're waging peace.

Because we don't think the devil has all the merry tunes.

But is our yellow submarine *submersible*?

Whaduhuhwant?!—Perfection??

Q WE ARE BEING carefully observed by Coast Guardsmen on a vessel in the water and a helicopter hovering above. After all, who *are* these strange creatures standing on their pier passing around a socialist pumpkin?

Why is that young victim of the Late Show posing on the dock and shouting, "Mr. Christian! I shall hang you from the highest yardarm!"

What is the precise meaning of that button which says "Burn Pot, Not People?"

We call out to the Coast Guard: "Can you help us put our yellow submarine into the current?" No response. Maybe they'll arrest us for polluting the water.

We launch it, simultaneously releasing all the yellow balloons, and they float away together like a flock of disciplined birds. The Circle Line tour guide has a difficult time explaining this ceremony to the passengers on his ship.

The yellow submarine is unlaunched after a while so that it can be carried again in the big Fifth Avenue Parade two weeks later. At a meeting the night before, there will be a serious discus-

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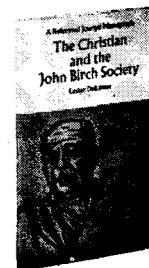
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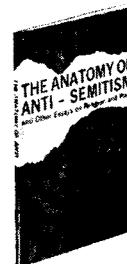
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sion about whether or not there should be red balloons this time.

I speak to some key figures: David McReynolds of the War Registers League says, "I'd like to see less yelling, 'Hey, hey, LBJ, how many kids did you kill today?'" Ed Sanders of the Fugs says, "I'm going to masturbate before the next march." Allen Ginsberg says, "I want to get out of the hate bag."

Ginsberg will be token poet—it is a fight to get the Respectables to include him—and he will be saved for last, after all the indignant speakers have finished preaching to the converted, accompanying his wiry black beard with an Uncle Sam hat and Gandhi pajamas, a nice Jewish boy declaring the end of the war with a Hindu chant.

The Old Left looks disdainfully at the joy parade. "You are not offering any alternatives," they complain. "You're just being positive."

And of course they're right.

The launching of the yellow submarine is obviously non-violence purely for the sake of non-violence.

—Paul Krassner



Hair

RANDOM HOUSE, Dictionary of English Language: Long hair, *Informal*,—n. 1) *Sometimes Disparaging*: an intellectual. 2) a person, usually gifted, who is very interested in or devoted to the arts, esp. a performer, composer, or lover of classical music.

Today, in the world of shifting values, the label "long hair" is almost exclusively pejorative, especially in the mouth of anyone who isn't wearing it. To have long hair is to scare the living hell out of adults.

Nothing since leprosy has caused such intense revulsion in this society as

long hair on boys. School principals from New York to Dallas demand that kids cut their hair. It has become a public issue. Even the sacred principle "a kid's got a right to make a buck" doesn't help. A plea that long hair is essential to a job in a rock 'n roll band and short hair will ruin the image is useless. A rock band in Dallas even made up a song and sang it to the judge in their own defense. "Keep your hands off it, it doesn't belong to you," they shouted, but it didn't work.

If the kids won't cut it voluntarily, the people will seize them and shear their locks. Students at Stanford University, usually a center of learning, did this to the student body president this year. J. Edgar Hoover, who can't keep civil rights workers from being beaten up when they're registering people to vote, finds that long hair indicates a criminal tendency.

At San Jose State College, not 20 miles from Stanford, a member of a group called The Laughter Train thinks long hair is beautiful. "If I spend hours washing my hair and rinsing it with beer and all that stuff so it will be clean and lovely and wave in the wind" she says, "I don't want to see some guy with his hair all slicked down with goo. I want him to have long, clean hair too."

Malvina Reynolds, the composer of "Little Boxes," has written a song called "Don't Be So Bloody Neat." She introduces it by reciting the rash of convictions of civic officials in 1965 for malfeasance, fraud and theft. "Not one of them," she points out, "has long hair!"

MOST AMERICANS are barber-shop oriented, hair-dressing addicted and clean-shaven dedicated. They are brainwashed from advertising into a religious belief that a little dab'll do ya and if only you use Brylcreem, like the commercial says, it'll happen. What'll happen? Sex, that's what. Clean, crew-cut, non-hairy sex.

There is a vague uneasiness in the presence of a human being whose role is undefined. Is it male or female? "You a boy or a girl?" they holler at the long hairs. Even though it may be hard to make the distinction from ten feet away, it becomes clear if you get close enough, I'm sure.

At a folk music festival, a panel on The Beatles included an anthropology professor. The Beatles, he said, project-



The Rolling Stones' Hair

ed a feminine image with their long hair. He believed it, obviously, even if his youthful audience hooted in disdain. Male America has long lusted after symbols of masculinity in increasing intensity, from the Marlboro man with his tattooed hand to the automobile ads that put a tiger behind the wheel as well as in the tank, just as it has, from Ernest Hemingway to Robert Ruark, shunned any possible appearance of femininity.

Long hair implies the threat to masculinity that black skin implies, I suspect. And if you're frightened, you fight back. American women, I notice, share the feelings of the young girl from San Jose. They almost never object to it.

The rock revolution is blasting away at some deep things in the American psyche. The long hair of the Beatles and the Rolling Stones is only part of it. The Stones carried it even further than the Beatles and got to the heart of the matter by posing in drag for a publicity picture for their single record "Have You Seen Your Mother Baby, Standing In the Shadows?"

One of the things that has happened to the young American male is that his interest in mod clothes, in tight pants and ruffled shirts and Carnaby Street jackets has led him to invade the men's clothing stores formerly the exclusive turf of the Camp. Where older brother wouldn't be caught dead for fear he'd be called gay, the rock youth bravely enters to buy big buckle belts and mauve shirts.

There are many implications in the Rolling Stones' stance and in that of the Beatles; the freeing of the sexes from that particular kind of inhibition is only one. But it is one which still challenges their elders right where it hurts the most.

—Ralph J. Gleason