

WHERE WILL

BY JACK STAR

CHICAGO WAS OVER. The young people were gone—back to school, to a job, or perhaps to “create new Chicagos all over America.”

I stopped my Hertz Ford outside the downtown building that contains the shabby offices of the National Mobilization Committee to End the War in Vietnam. The two radical coordinators of the Chicago mobilization, Rennie Davis, 27, and Tom Hayden, 28, quickly slid into the front seat. Two girls with long hair, who wanted a ride wherever we were going, got into the back. I let Davis drive so that I could take notes while interviewing Hayden about the week of the Democratic Convention.

“Their plans backfired,” said the unfailingly serious Hayden, speaking of Mayor Daley’s success in keeping the older and more staid middle-class people away from the demonstrations. “They kept the middle class away, but they alienated and infuriated it. People watching TV saw the barbed wire; they saw police beating teen-agers who could have been their sons and daughters. So instead of isolating us, Mayor Daley created possibly the greatest liberal middle-class sympathy since the early civil rights movement because he turned Chicago into a Southern town. . . . Instead of isolating us, he alienated the middle class.”

Rennie Davis smoothly turned the car into the heavy westbound traffic of the Eisenhower Expressway. I noticed that he had replaced the handle he had worn over the stitches on his head the day before, while addressing demonstrators in Grant Park, with what looked like an Army fatigue hat.

Hayden explained how Daley’s forces had kept away the tens of thousands of demonstrators the organizers had hoped would appear: “There was a series of steps that intimidated: the shoot to kill order; announcement of underground tunnels to hold prisoners; announcement of a posse of volunteers from Cicero and other white communities, and the April 27 assault on peace demonstrators at the Chicago Civic Center. . . . The military preparations convinced many people that coming to Chicago might mean their own death.”

What had Hayden hoped to accomplish in Chicago? He reflected a moment, as he tends to do, and then answered: “We thought the unrepresentative nature of the party could best be demonstrated by putting upwards of a quarter of a million people on the street. This concept assumed nonviolence, orderly activity. The people involved would be middle class, with jobs and families. It would be a walkout on their own party, a sort of convention of the people who make up the Democratic party, but it would not disrupt the Democratic Convention.”

“It was also an attempt to unify large numbers of Democrats around the radical program. But from the response of the authorities, it was clear they didn’t want this to happen. They picked out a few statements made by Yippie types that we’d all smoke pot together in Chicago. They made us out to be a band of terrorists. That was their pretext for taking all this military security.”

The girls in the back seat leaned forward to hear better over the roar of the wind as Hayden cited what he regards as another of the Establish-

ment’s many miscalculations: “. . . They continuously underestimated the serious intentions and willingness to suffer of young people. . . . Many young people just felt they would not be intimidated by this setup. Not to come to Chicago would be to submit to military intimidation. This guaranteed that those coming to Chicago would be the most courageous and un intimidated demonstrators.”

The young people represent nearly every shade of political opinion—the majority are dissident and angry but uncommitted politically. Davis and Hayden are committed members of the New Left that spurns ties to the Soviet Union. Hayden helped found SDS (Students for a Democratic Society), went to North Vietnam despite State Department protestations and sat-in at Columbia University. Now, Hayden looked tired as he was leaving Chicago. In 12 hours, he had been arrested twice; finally, he glued on a fake beard to avoid the attentions of the detectives following him.

“Humphrey once said he would turn Asia into a Great Society, that he would take the Great Society to Vietnam!” Hayden continued. “Instead, Vietnam has come home. We had a convention, entirely rigged and unrepresentative. We have a country that uses bayonets to protect itself against its own people, that relies entirely on force and violence to maintain its position, instead of the consent and participation of the people.”

“This means the U.S. is gradually on its way to a complete breakdown, because you cannot expect people to submit to military occupation. This is the strategy they have tried against black people without success. Now, it’s the same strategy they’re using against white people—students and dropouts. Nobody escapes, even Humphrey gets tear-gassed.”

Where are the young people going? Hayden is explicit: “We’ll try to create a little Chicago everywhere that Nixon and Humphrey dare to campaign. . . . We’ll urge people to vote so in any way they wish—by not voting, by writing-in a protest candidate, by demonstrating on Election Day, concentrating on polling places.”

The general point we are stressing is that the

Government will become more and more illegitimate in the eyes of more and more people and will lose its ability . . . to govern until concrete social change begins to take place.”

But ending the war isn’t their sole objective, Hayden said: “Our people have learned a lot. . . . They have learned that ending the war will only be a beginning in dealing with the Establishment that was the cause of the war. Vietnam wasn’t an accident but the most fiery part of a foreign policy which is to police the world and make it more secure for American trade and investments.”

What looked to me like an unmarked police car of the kind used by Chicago detectives pulled alongside and then surged ahead of us, Hayden finished on Vietnam: “It’s a racist war; it would be impossible to commit the slaughter without believ-



“We’re not do-gooders,” says leader Tom Hayden.



Routed by police, the young people stubbornly return to Chicago’s Grant Park.

AFTER CHICAGO: THE YOUNG PEOPLE GO?



Mostly nonpolitical, the rebels in the park are angry with an Establishment they feel is stifling.

ing a Vietnamese is less than human."

Our car pulled up at a toll booth on the East-West Tollway, and I gave Rennie Davis a dollar for the toll collector. Then Hayden said something interesting in explaining his young people:

"From the point of view of young white people, the same Establishment really exploits us. We're not a movement of do-gooders—we're not pacifists, sorry for the sufferings of blacks and Mexican-Americans. Our problem is not to be sorry for others but to resist the exploitation of ourselves which is seen most clearly in three ways:

—"The draft, which asks us to go abroad and kill for the benefit of the Establishment at home.

—"The universities, which teach us to celebrate and conform to the American way of life.

—"The corporations, which invite us to make money and live in the suburbs as the highest ideal.

"Facing these three possibilities is to face your own exploitation. So the movement, which began against the war and poverty and for civil rights, is becoming a movement which is seeking to find its own salvation and its own liberation."

While Hayden was talking, the car had turned south at the Route 53 exit. Davis and the girls in the back seat started looking hard for 71st Street. It seemed we had passed it. Hayden bore down on his theme: "We're going to build a movement broader and broader, based on youths and students, which will, on one hand, be a negative movement that says 'no!'"—that refuses to give itself to the American Establishment and that is, on the other hand, a movement that is affirmative, that determines its own programs, stratagems and tactics."

Hayden noticed that I wasn't paying attention, that I was concentrating on the driver's driving. We had apparently overshot 71st Street and had pulled onto the shoulder awaiting a chance for traffic to diminish so we could turn around. "Don't worry about the driving," Hayden enjoined me. "Rennie can handle it. Let me finish my point." A horn blared angrily as we cut in front of a huge trailer truck and headed back to 71st Street through the suburban countryside.

There was a moment of silence until we found the gravel road leading to the farm we were seeking. Hayden's weariness seemed to dissipate. "Look," he said, "America has no other place to go. It has to change itself. There is no middle road between self-destruction and self-determination."

The car bounced to a halt in the farm pasture, where a score of cars belonging to the young people were already gathered. A student farmer had invited them to recuperate overnight in the fresh country air after their experience in Chicago. Davis and Hayden said they would use the occasion for an unhurried session at which they would plan future strategy before leaving Illinois.

The last I saw of them, a couple of hours later, they were standing in the middle of a hayfield, far from everybody else, talking together earnestly. In the pasture parking lot nearby, a thirtyish man, suspected of being a Chicago detective, watched them intently. He looked as though he wished they would go far away.

For a father's story of one young man, turn the page

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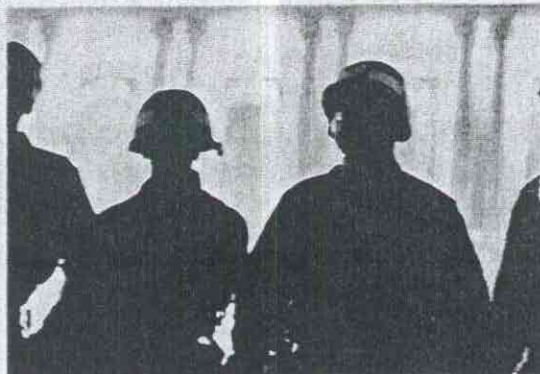
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IN CHICAGO:



Guardmen on the night watch kept rifles ready to hold off the young.

FATHER AND SON AT THE BARRICADES

BY JOSEPH RODDY

LOVE BEHIND PRIDE

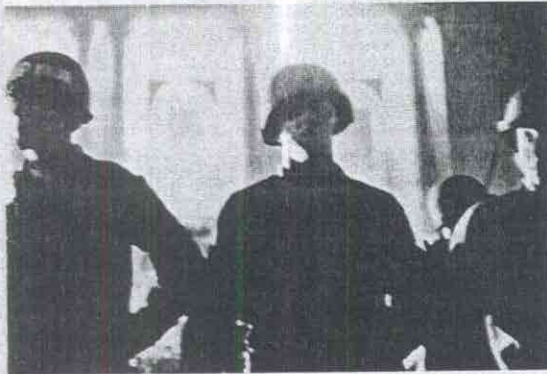
SOME OF THE all-time worst performances of the national anthem were heard at the stockyards amphitheater in Chicago during the Democratic National Convention. The singers forgot the words, the tempos sagged to dirge pace, and not one face in ten lighted up with pride of country. The place to hear *The Star-Spangled Banner* that week was six miles away, across Michigan Avenue from the Conrad Hilton Hotel—headquarters of the Democratic National Committee. There, in Grant Park, it was sung with pride in the eyes and defiance in the throat by the few thousand demonstrators joined in opposition to just about everything that was happening at the amphitheater. It was on the Convention's second night, when the delegates were getting back to their rooms in the Hilton and found the street between the hotel and the park lined with formations of armed National Guardsmen and Chicago police, that I first heard the old anthem ring out in the cool night air with the fervor it lacked inside the barbed wire at the stockyards.

The singers caught a lot of attention in the hotel rooms facing the park. "Join us! Join us! Join us!" they chanted up at the delegates, then

asked them to approve of what the demonstrators stood for by blinking their hotel-room lights. "Blink your lights! Blink your lights!" became the chant then, as switches flicked on and off all over the hotel. It was a sight Mayor Daley would not have found edifying.

I am not a dispassionate reporter on this matter, to be sure, because my 17-year-old son, Mark Roddy, was among the singers and chanters in the park much of the time. Moreover, for me, the convention hall had become the stage set of a very poor show where my faint hopes for the candidacy of Eugene McCarthy were ending. My son held those hopes, too, and in Chicago, he had made posters, run messages and answered phones as a volunteer worker in the Senator's cause until there was nothing more useful that could be done. He took to the streets then, or to Grant Park, as did most of the others he had worked with. From then on, my interest in law enforcement around Chicago was sharpened by the fear that the next young demonstrator I saw being worked over by city policemen might be my son.

Five cops seemed the standard force required to subdue any boy whose belief in nonviolence offended them that week. It took four of the



cops to drag the offender by the arms and legs across Michigan Avenue toward a prison van, while the fifth, running alongside, battered his face, crotch and knees with a nightstick trimmed in gray or red braid to show rank in the department. Most boys' faces were hidden by cops' backs when I watched the arrests, but the screams got through. I had no clear idea of how my son's screams would sound if he were being clubbed that way. I worried when he did not get back to the hotel that night.

The few Chicago policemen I could have coherent short talks with blamed journalists from other places and the network television cameras for the turnout of protesters in the park. I learned that as I made my way to police headquarters on South State Street the next afternoon to see if my son had been among the few hundred already arrested and charged with resisting arrest. I thought it best not to identify myself as a journalist from an out-of-town magazine. An accommodating desk sergeant paged through the police blotter listing the names of the prisoners in the lock-up waiting their turns with the city magistrates and bail bondsmen.

My son's name was not there, and if he had had the wit to get booked under a pseudonym, I had no way of knowing what it was. One of the policemen on the eleventh floor said he would be watching for the name because he thought he knew how I felt, and I suppose he did. Lowering his voice, he said that his own oldest son was probably in Grant Park for the night. I wished him well.

Soon after I got back to my room in the Hilton, I had a call from Mark. He had been trying to reach me to say he wanted to work full time with the protest movement and sleep at a church he named on the city's North Side. I could see no case against this. Still, I thought he should make his way back to the hotel for some money and clean clothes before morning. He agreed, but he was gone before either

of us realized that without a hotel key, he stood little chance of convincing the police surrounding the Hilton that he was sharing a room on the thirteenth floor with me.

To get the key to him, I caught a ride to the church, where the floor was covered with a few hundred young people sound asleep, presumably with my son somewhere in the dark among them. I gave up the search quickly because just about all sleeping 17-year-olds look more or less alike in the dark. I decided that I needed some rest more than my son needed the key. Besides, it would soon be daylight again.

At that early morning hour, a young University of Illinois student, a Vietnam war veteran who saw me leaving the church and getting into a cab, asked if he might ride along. He was headed for Grant Park, where his girl was spending the night. When he explained that he would be back to the church in a few hours with her, I asked him to take the hotel room key to Mark. The ex-soldier and I agreed that my son could be found by calling out his name around the church at breakfast time.

About eight in the morning, there was a thumping and rap that easily woke me. It sounded quite a bit like home. When I made it across the room and got the door open, I was face-to-face, however, with a splendid young girl. Behind her was the ex-soldier with my room key. "This is Mark's father," he said, introducing his co-protester to me. "We thought you wouldn't mind if we got cleaned up here before we brought the key to your son." I mumbled assurances that it seemed like a fine idea, of course, but that I expected to stay in bed while they washed. The girl took over the bathroom for the first half-hour, while her young man roused me from a deep sleep every minute or two with questions I kept telling him it was too early for me to answer. I seem to remember that he wanted me to explain once how convention delegates

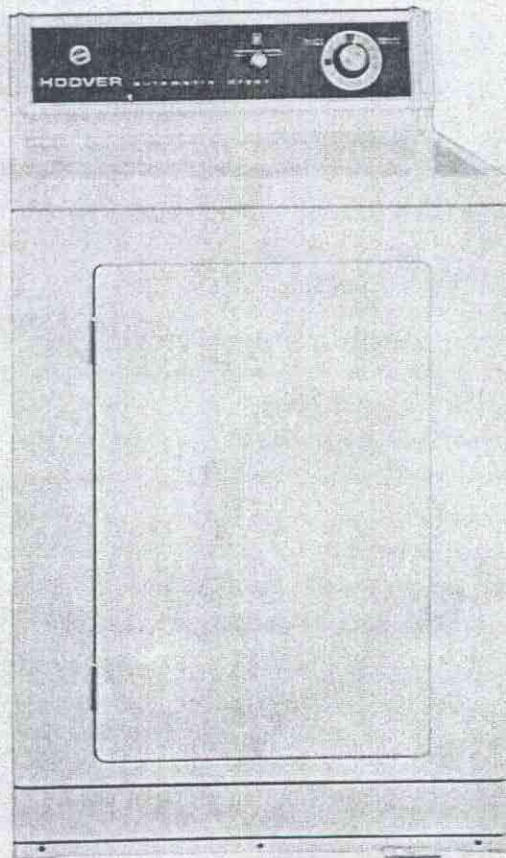
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are chosen in Georgia. While he kept at me, he was stretched out on my son's empty bed until his girl came out of the waters, looking even better than before.

Next, he splashed and sang and asked what kind of a razor I used. The girl had taken his place on the bed to tell me about life as a senior in the Sociology Department at the University of Wisconsin. When they left with their shining morning faces, I felt like a poor host for failing to order up a big breakfast for them from room service. But then I noticed that one of them had broken the rubber tip-off the end of my toothbrush. The razor was as good as ever.

I came upon my son fairly early the next night in Grant Park. He had spotted me drifting along the sidewalk between the National Guardsmen and the protesters seated on the lawn. I suspect he wanted to be seen talking to me before any of his new friends suggested that I was a plainclothesman on the force. He had been Maced and gassed since I last saw him—as hundreds of the young were. I felt some need to assure him that I might well have been there when he was if I had not been watching. Herbert H. Humphrey gave his acceptance speech on television. From my room in the hotel, I could see the Vice President laud reassurance on his listeners. "Yes," he called out to them, "the

new day is here across America. Throughout the entire world forces of emancipation are at work." Out my window as he spoke, I could see a canister of gas arching into the crowd seated on the park lawn. The screams of frightened little girls racing to escape it covered the voice of the candidate from the amphitheater. In less than a minute, the space the gas cleared was filled thicker than before, with young singers crying out ecstatically: "This land is your land, this land is my land..." They had *The Star-Spangled Banner* going again in minutes. It was hard to hear the Vice President all that night.

Quite a few contemporaries of mine, and certainly most of the Chicago police, would regard me as a delinquent parent for letting my son spend those nights in Grant Park. I am altogether satisfied that he did, but for a while, I was not sure I would feel the same if the protester were not my son but my daughter. There were probably just as many girls there as there were boys those nights, and their ages seemed the same. A few minutes before I left for the last time, I got a look at what they could do. There was virtually no evidence of hard liquor in the park, since the crowd gathered there takes to it about the way the devil thirsts for holy water. Narcotics, especially pot, would be another matter, of course, and any

proof of it there was all the police needed to close the park altogether. From time to time, throughout the night, the protesters were warned over the public-address system that plainclothesmen were scattered among them to ferret out trouble, or to instigate it. That warning was always the signal for some of the smallest of flower children anywhere to lift their blonde heads from their blankets and point at the cop in their midst they had spotted. I will assume that a few of the older girls the Chicago police hauled off to jail have those sharp-eyed little ones to blame for their bruised heads. The more I think about them, I wish one of them had been a daughter of mine too.

A tear-gassed park is no place to spend a good night. The irritants hung in the grass and dust for hours and were still there when I urged my son to celebrate his victory over the Mayor of Chicago by going to bed in the hotel room for a day or two. But he wanted to stay for the dawn services. And when he told me about them later in the day, I was glad that he did. The deported Anglican Bishop of Kimberley, South Africa, C. Edward Crowther, was in Chicago that night on his way to Santa Barbara, Calif. Around Grant Park, where all the priests I saw were in the simplest clerical dress or sport shirts, the Bishop stood out because his garb

was a purple cassock with a gold cross. When the dawn moved up over Lake Michigan, the Bishop, vested in mitre and cope, conducted a day-break service whose central act of love called for the demonstrators to line up opposite the soldiers and say to each of them, "May the peace of God be with you."

My son told me about that over breakfast, while he was pressing through the morning papers to check his experiences against the editorials. He thought most of them were missing the main point, which was easy for a 17-year-old to see. It was obvious to him that his friends had been clubbed and beaten not because a few dozen policemen were psychopaths but because the people holding power in Chicago and in Washington wanted protesters to disappear.

I went over to the park to watch the last of the National Guard leave. Two young girls, college freshmen probably, who were worn from a shortage of sleep, were trying to explain to a pair of guardsmen who could not be much older why they had come to Chicago to protest. The soldiers kept their rifles at their chests, but there was none of the starch of the military left in either boy. They looked troubled, I thought, but in quite different ways. One showed sorrow. The other showed fear. The girls pretended not to notice.

END

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