

The military reacts . . .



. . . to the hippie 'menace'

By BILL HOBBS,

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LIBERATION News Service.

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WASHINGTON (CUP-LNS)—Teams of U.S. Army "infiltrators," dressed like hippies, were spread through the crowd of demonstrators during the anti-war demonstration at the Pentagon October 21.

"There were more men infiltrated by us into the crowd at this demonstration than at any event I can remember. Our infiltrators were the worst looking ones out there," Col. George Creel, assistant chief of the army's public information office, told a George Washington University public relations class.

Exactly what role the "infiltrators" played during the demonstration was left un-clear by the colonel, who began clamming up

when asked for more information by students.

"They were in radio contact with each other and with the army operations center in the Pentagon," he said, "and they acted in disciplined units, with certain people designated to make decisions."

"How many infiltrators were there?" a student asked. "Enough," said the colonel.

Would the colonel give this information to the press?

"Well, it's not the kind of story we push. I say this with a certain academic license." (No one asked him what he meant by "academic license"; apparently it means you can say things to students you wouldn't say to real people.)

One wonders how many TV cameramen, eager to find their perfect stereotype of hippie demonstrator, spent their time filming no one but the "worst looking ones there," which Col. Creel and the army public relations machine had conveniently supplied.

What role did the army infiltra-

tors among the demonstrators play in the "violence of the demonstrators" against the troops? One does not have to be paranoid to imagine that the role was a large one.

About a month ago, the army staged a mock "riot" at Ft. Belvoir, Va. to provide training for its troops, since more and more of them are expected to see duty in American cities as the Great Society comes apart at the seams.

As reported on television (NBC), this "mock riot" included squads of troops dressed like the army thinks rioters dress (complete with beards and signs proclaiming the virtues of acid), and behaving like the army thinks rioters behave (charging the troops, grabbing their rifles, etc.).

Many of the same troops used as mock rioters at Ft. Belvoir last month were probably used as "infiltrators" at the Pentagon last week. They were nearby, already had the beards, and supposedly knew how to behave like a demonstrator at a riot; which is what

the army expected the October 21 demonstration to be.

(Col. Creel still expected it to be a riot a week after it was all over. He kept referring to it as "the Pentagon riot" until one student called him on it, and he admitted, almost wistfully, that it was only a demonstration.)

Thus, the U.S. Army put teams of "the worst looking ones out there" into the crowd of demonstrators after telling them to behave like demonstrators at what the army and the mass media all expected to be a riot.

Is it odd to assume some of them followed orders?

This is perhaps too sinister a thought for people who still want to believe our military commanders are really good fellows who make little mistakes occasionally.

But if the Pentagon can send 5,000,000 troops and millions of tons of bombs down on a small Asian country in the name of peace, why should it hesitate to send a few riot-starters into its

own parking lots in the name of crowd control?

Were the "demonstrators" the Pentagon said were tear-gassing themselves really "demonstrators" or "infiltrators?"

Were the soldiers who supposedly defected from the line of troops just guys who suddenly remembered they had received a different duty assignment that day?

Was the white guy waving the "No Vietnamese Ever Called Me Nigger" sign really an infiltrator counting demonstrators and paying no attention to what sign he had picked up?

Was the whole Oct. 21 demonstration really a spectacular side-show-staged by the U.S. Army with technical assistance from Daryl F. Zanuck for the benefit of the Washington Post and NBC-TV?

Only Col. Creel knows for sure, and he isn't talking because it has been rumoured he is really a crazy pot-head demonstrator whom the peace creeps have infiltrated into the Pentagon.

The Grand Mortician and his flock of living dead

By RICH VIVONE

I was puzzled to be told in Edmonton that the University of Alberta is 'conservative'. You can't have a conservative university any more than you can have a pregnant virgin. If it's conservative, it can't be a university; and if it's a university, it can't be conservative. A university should and must be a hotbed of ferment and uproar and furious dissent. Like Simon Fraser University of Vancouver, it should always be in trouble of various kinds. That way, you know it's alive and the people in it are alive. A university that's sedate and orderly is a funeral home and you can't learn much in a funeral home.

Richard J. Needham
Toronto Globe and Mail

Beautiful. Just wonderful. There it is. Smack right in the kisser. You are among the living dead.

I don't know what you see when you get up in the morning and toddle off to the bathroom and shave. In my mirror, I see the smiling face of the Grand Mortician over my shoulder. And when the razor skims lightly over my throat, the old boy gibbers happily and I make sure there is a little hair between my skin and the blade.

And then I tear off to this place to let everybody know he didn't get me this morning and that he should not get me any other morning either. Because I am almost convinced that this whole place is one huge plot to put us in the grave and when I go, I want to do it alone, not with a smiling jackass over my shoulder.

Everytime I walk into this new building, I am sure I walked into the wrong place and expect the Great Guy to take me by the arm and escort me the rest of the way. Needham himself told you what this place was all about and I know a couple of guys who are pinching themselves to make sure it's not true.

Old J. J. Seymour Allen spends 10 minutes at each bus stop on the way to class repeating obediently to himself, "I am not going to the morgue, I am not dead, I am not dead." He said it often enough to make a few people wish he was. And every morning, he runs up to the administration building and says to the registrar and his six million assistants, "I am not dead." And when one asks him what his ID number is, he knows he is safe for another day.

There is another guy named Smiley which is not the name on his cards.

"I'm not too sure about being dead or not," says he. "I'm not too sure. I always flunk the first test of every term—I mean really flunk and then I know everything is okay."

One morning early last week, Salamander S. Slocum ran into a washroom and hastily checked the mirror. Then he sighed deeply with relief when he saw the Grand Mortician was still there.

But he kept saying to himself, "I'm essential. I'm not dead. Thousands of professors and secretaries are counting on my fee money to keep this place going. I gotta keep it up."

And he wore big hobnailed boots last night as he walked from Leduc to the Students' Union Building at 5 a.m. so he could touch the art design on the outside wall to make sure he was alive.

You can find old Sally walking around the building today. He got here nice and early.

"I saw a funeral yesterday," Norm Storm said. "It was bad. It looked like the university janitors walking as pall bearers. I ran home and looked in the mirror. It was okay. He was still there."

Norm hasn't slept in three weeks and he keeps his eyes open by planting broken toothpicks between the eyelids. He is sure he is alive and he isn't going to go to sleep so he can be sure every minute.

There is Packsack Bill. Every Friday after class he goes down to the pub and waits for a long time. He waits until someone much smaller than his 5'3" comes in the door and he walks over and punches the guy in the mouth. And when the bouncer carries him out over

his shoulder, Bill asks emphatically, "Am I in trouble?"

And when the bouncer dumps him on his head on the sidewalk, Bill knows he is alive and he goes to sleep real easily.

It's great to be alive. Everybody likes to live. But there are some people who should know that they are not welcome to live as long as I am.

First, there is Mrs. Sharkey who is the accountant at the downtown bar where I preside, and Mr. Steen of the finance company and Horace Optmeier of the other finance company and Miss Hands in the downstairs bank who is becoming proficient at writing NSF on the cheques I give to other people.

Also, there is Ted who I wish would kick off because I like his girlfriend and Sammy who I owe \$6.50 in ready cash for a loan I don't remember receiving.

There is that English prof who is as dull as used razor blades and the grad student who marks the papers and puts low marks on the ones with my name on the top corner.

These people are not entirely welcome in my life. I know a number of ways to prove I am dead or alive without any help whatsoever from these people.

Tomorrow morning when you get up with that ugly gob in your mouth, have a look over your shoulder before you shove the toothbrush in your mouth and if He's not there, try using the razor on yourself. If he still doesn't come and smile, you better do something quick.