to us than Vietnam. If the Communists take the Middle East, they will probably take Europe. If they take the Middle East and Europe, they will be in an excellent position to take America.

The Soviet Navy is already in control of a major part of Egypt's port of Alexandria — with bases in Algeria, the Indian Ocean, and on the East Coast of Africa. The new Russian helicopter carrier, Moskva, cruises off the Turkish coast. Soviet ships are filling the seas around Malta and the narrows between Sicily and North Africa. Will the Soviets now dare to re-open Suez, possibly bringing Israeli attacks on Russian vessels — and a Soviet-American confrontation? Would the Russians have created this tremendously expensive fleet unless they planned to use it?

Even though the U.S.S.R. has dumped billions into the Arab countries to restock the decimated Arab air and ground forces, sent thousands of military and political advisors, financed the Assad Dam, and controls half-a-dozen Molen States in the area, the Communist Party is still outlawed in most Arab countries. Camouflage for the largely Arab Communist Moslem citizenry, the Moslems love their independence. They have a determination of going Communist if they can help it. But, every Arab with whom I have talked has welcomed Communist support against Israel.

Arabs now believe that Israel is the tool of American-British interests, not for humanitarian reasons, but for commercial purposes. They contend that they could get along with the Israelis if both Russia and America would pull out and let them solve their own problems. They remind one that for thirteen centuries, until the beginning of Zionism, Jews and Arabs were not enemies but allies against Christendom. And, one remembers that, before Zionism, persecuted European Jews used to escape to safety among the Arabs of the Middle East.

- Tom Anderson

AMERICAN OPINION
FEBRUARY, 1969
Well the Ukraine girls really knock me out. 
They leave the West behind; And Moscow girls make me sing and shout.
That Georgia's always on my mind. I'm back in the U.S.S.R.
You don't know how lucky you are, boys.
Back in the U.S.S.R.

Show me round your snow-peaked mountains way down south; Take me to your daddy's farm; Let me hear your balalaikas ring out, Come and keep your Comrade warm. I'm back in the U.S.S.R.
You don't know how lucky you are, boys.
Back in the U.S.S.R.

Pretty crimson propaganda to be coming from Capitol Records, isn't it? Still, if that little ditty leaves you "upright," and you vent your displeasure about it to your local mod squad, a dime will get you a dollar that the song will be defended and your complaints made the object of ridicule. That's the degeneration gap, Baby, and it's no accident. Paul Cantor, of the wildly popular acid-rock group called The Jefferson Airplane, admitted recently on the Les Crane television show that the new rock music is intended to broaden the generation gap, alienate parents from their children, and prepare young peoples for revolution. Clarifying this, the "underground" San Francisco Express Times carried in its issue for November 13, 1968 a "White Panther Manifesto" which declared:

With our music and our economic genius we plunder the unsuspecting straight world for money and the means to carry out our program and revolutions its children at the same time. And with our entrance in the straight media we have demonstrated to the

expression... The drive is away from a general sense of hypocrisy in diverse areas of life -- a separation from older values. Existing circumstances are source material for comment. The threat of the Bomb and fighting unnecessary wars to statemate, keeping us constantly on the precipice of disaster, fan the flames.

Of course, "Liberals" become giddy sniffing the fumes of such glue. McCall's magazine, for example, enthused in its issue of November, 1967:

Pop is music to be alive by, right now. It's music to make the mind and/or the body dance. It's the cutting edge of today's youth culture, the beat of the Sixties, the new language of the contemporary state of mind. It contains freedom, participation, energy, love, sexuality, honesty and rebellion. It scorn convention, pretense, sentimentality and false patriotism.

The Saturday Review (of Leftwing Literature) registered even more moisture over the new revolutionary music in its issue of August 26, 1967:

Music and songs are the new youth's primary tools and means of

*The Jefferson Airplane takes you on a "trip," i.e. it simulates a drug experience.
†Editor of the Express Times is Marvin Garson, one of the originals from the Free Speech Movement at Berkeley. Marvin is married to Barbara Garson, author of a scabrous play called MacBird! -- the story of a small-town boy who made good by murdering his way to the Presidency.
‡McCall's is owned by Hunt Foods (no connection with H.L. Hunt) which recently bought the store of vegetable oil from the Soviet Union. The magazine came out editorially, in its issue of July 1968, for World Government; President of Hunt Foods is Leftist Nota Simon, a member of the Board of Regents of the University of California who has consistently supported appeasement of revolution on California's campuses.

One would have to be naive in the extreme to think that the Communists, master propagandists that they are, could ignore a field with so much influence as music. They haven't. Vladimir Lenin, speaking to the Third All-Russian Congress of the Young Communist League on October 2, 1920, informed the assembled young Comrades that they must "work on culture" -- that only by so doing could they hope to build "a proletarian (Communist) culture." A part of that "reworking" was the subversion of music.

By 1929 the Russian Association of Proletarian Musicians had been formed. Its purpose, according to Nicholas Slozimsky in Music Since 1900, was the "extension of the proletarian Communist influence to the musical masses, reeducation and reorganization of these masses in order to direct their work and creative talents toward... ultimate victory of the proletariat as builder of Communist society."

Sidney Finkelstein, described by the
But I ain’t marchin’ anymore), and the “Draft Dodger Rag” (If you ever get a war without blood and gore, Well, I’ll be the first to go).

Anti-war songs, aimed at helping to defeat our men fighting and dying in Vietnam, are Comrade Ochs’ bag. Declaring “The VietCong are right... we should support Ho Chi Minh,” he has created such popular horrors as: “While Boots Marchin’ In A Yellow Land” (We’re fighting in a war we lost before the war began. We’re the white boots marchin’ in a yellow land); and, “Cops [S] [i] [d] [e]rs Of The World” (We’re rammed-in your harbor and tied to your port, and our pistols are hungry and our tempos are soft. So bring your daughters a round to the fort, Cause we’re the cops of the world); and, “The War Is Over” (Serve your country in this suicide; Find a flag so you can wave good-bye. But, just before the end, even treason might be worth a try...). As Phil’s songs all follow the same theme on the Vietnam War, they are obviously very big with that great poet, Chairman Mao. Unfortunately, they are now also very big with America’s teenagers.

While Phil Ochs specializes in the mid-dog approach, Bob Dylan is smoother and even more influential. Look magazine has said of the latter that “Dylan is unchallenged as the teen and college crowd’s absolute Hipster, their own ‘hang-up’ idol, the singing analyst of a jingle-jangle reality that makes more sense to them than any square, whitewashed American dream.”* Look also tells us that Dylan’s heroes are “Woody Guthrie, Leadbelly, and Pete Seeger.” The Look editors, of course, forgot to mention that Dylan’s trinity of favorites are all Communists.

The Establishment’s other mass slicks have gotten into the act of promoting Dylan. Life calls him “a major poet of his generation,” and the Saturday Evening Post says that he is “probably the most influential voice in contemporary music.” Even two years ago it was estimated that over 10 million Dylan records had been sold.

What were the songs which made this crimson troll the “spokesman for his generation”? One of his first hits was “Masters Of War,” an attack on general officers and those who manufacture our nation’s defense equipment. Even more potent was “Blowin’ In The Wind” (How many miles must the cannon balls fly, Before they’re forever banned...? How many years can some people exist, Before they’re allowed to be free? Yes, ’n how many times can a man turn his head, Pretending he just doesn’t see? The answer my friend is blowin’ in the wind. The answer is blowin’ in the wind). The latter song became an unofficial anthem of the Communists’ “Peace” Movement, and the answer that was blowin’ in the wind was Revolution and support of the Vietcong. Fifty-eight different versions of this tune have been recorded.

Since the revolutionary Bob Dylan is the “certified spokesman” for his generation, it is not surprising that his “The Times They Are A-Changin’”* has become a sort of theme song on the road to the generation gap. One verse goes like this:

Come mothers and fathers Throughout the land, And don’t criticize What you can’t understand Your sons and your daughters Are beyond your command Your old road is rapidly agin’. Please get out of the new one If you can’t lend your hand For the times they are a-changin’...

The slow one now Will later be fast; As the present now Will later be past, The order is rapidly fading. And the first one now Will later be last, For the times they are a-changin’.

No wonder the Communists’ People’s World and The Worker and The Guardian have called Dylan “America’s greatest poet,” and the Communist Party has given him a “Tom Paine” Award, and published one of his “poems” in a revolutionary anthology. He has, after all, become the most successful proponent of the new class war: Youth versus Age. Of course, Dylan has become a millionaire while singing about the poor overthrowing the rich (“the first one now will later be last”).

Bob began at the top, with Columbia records, where the godfather of his career was one John Hammond, an extremely Leftist who just happens to have regularly stumbled into a number of officially cited Communist Fronts. Yes, Dylan got off to a flying start, thanks to Hammond and an expensive Establishment promotion job. Promoter Hammond, who has been affiliated with the Communists’ notorious Highlander Center, also served as the producer of Communist Pete Seeger’s albums.

Isn’t it a small world! Since it is now against the law of the land to discriminate because of sex, I am required to mention at least one of these female revolutionary singers — someone like Judy Collins. Miss Collins was named as a member of the Communist DuBois Clubs at a special workshop on the arts during the D.B.C. of summer 1966 convention. An activist in “Civil Rights” and “Peace” demonstrations, Judy sings one of the most violent of the hard-core songs, called “Marat/Sade” — a popular contemporary shrill about the glories of the French Revolution. The content of “Marat/Sade” is 활용합니다.
As the pop cycle has evolved from folk-rock to the hippy-oriented acid-rock, the theme of revolution has evolved with it and is now accompanied by the piercing twang of amplified electric guitars. To start the new year right, The Lovin' Spoonful,* a group heard thousands of times a day on rock radio across the nation, has released an album entitled Revolution '69. The lyrics to the title song are reprinted on the back of the album; any one miss them will do on the screaming electrified instruments. Some go as follows:

And no one dares to ask them what they do after dark,
And the prize they give to men who kill a statue in the park.
Don't let them cut your wings dear ones before you learn to fly,
Too soon the game will seem too real and then no one will ask why.

*Youngsters pick up the meaning of the joke through disc jockeys, conversations with their peers, and the teenage and underground newspapers and magazines. The hippy vocabulary allows verbal communication in code and separates those who are hip from the squares. Our teenagers, not wanting to feel isolated from their fellows, pick up and use the hip vocabulary. The result is more general gaiety between parents and their children: Youth versus Age.

While revolution* is a favorite theme of the rock-music groups, it is by no means the only one. The theme most often heard, outside the wide range of songs which deal with boy-girl love, is that of drugs. Drug lyrics are a mystery to most adults because of the Aesopian language used by the singers. Teenagers have always seemed to have a code language all their own, and no adult can hope to understand the lyrics on the Top Forty unless he is familiar with that jargon. The current adolescent vernacular, however, is simply incredible. Only if you have served time in a state penitentiary, or been a prostitute or a junky, would you fail to need an interpreter. For, alas, it is just such an underworld which is the source of most of the current hippy language:

Youngsters pick up the meaning of the joke through disc jockeys, conversations with their peers, and the teenage and underground newspapers and magazines. The hippy vocabulary allows verbal communication in code and separates those who are hip from the squares. Our teenagers, not wanting to feel isolated from their fellows, pick up and use the hip vocabulary. The result is more general gaiety between parents and their children: Youth versus Age.

As New York music critic Richard Goldstein has observed: “Rock lyricists today try to invest their songs with a depth of ambiguity that allows the words to be heard equally well on all levels right down to the revolutionary underground. No one doubts that the purpose of so-called psychedelic rock is to reconstruct an actual drug experience.” That is why it is often called “acid-rock.” Acid is slang for LSD. By making the lyrics deliberately ambiguous and couching references to drugs in code and double-entendres, it is generally possible for the musicians and the radio stations to avoid complaints from irate parents. The evil, they piously maintain, is in the ear of the listener.

When Gordon McLendon, owner of thirteen radio stations, tried a while back to eliminate the playing of the drug-cult music on his network he was subjected to national ridicule (including a blast from Newswear, which has often run articles downgrading the harmful effects of marijuana). McLendon nonetheless had the courage to object to the “songs that glorified dope addiction…,” and raised the question nationally. Bill Young, program director at Mr. McLendon's radio station KILT in Houston, remarked: “The hippies know what they are saying on these records, but old John Q. Public doesn’t. We’re tired of them putting it over on John Q.”

The intent of the lyrics of acid-rock is carefully obscure—often bathed in the mysticism associated with Zen, Hinduism, and other Eastern religious beliefs which have been affected by the followers of the drug culture. Few of the young people understand all of the lyrics to the songs played on the rock stations, of course. Indeed, some of the lyrics are so obscure as to defy interpretation by anyone this side of the Himalayas.

One can conjecture that many of these songs are written under the influence of drugs, as has admittedly been

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*A spoon is used to cook heroin or to inject amphetamines with water before 'shooting' them into the vein.
The Beatles.* The carefully coded promotion of narcotics in The Jefferson Airplane's "White Rabbit" is all too typical:

One pill makes you larger, and one pill makes you smaller:†

*See Hunter Davies, The Beatles, Page 268.
†The pill that makes you larger is an anphetamine or "upper" (euphoria), and the pill that makes you smaller is a barbiturate or "downer" (a depressant).
‡Marijuana is sometimes smoked through a water pipe.
§Drug users refer to taking drugs as "feeding your head."

+ A "trip" to your local record shop will reveal that there are now literally hundreds of songs designed to be interpreted by those who speak the language as promoting the use of drugs. A sample includes: Colored Rain (methylene), The Whitsnaps; Mary Jane (marijuana), Willie and the Rubber Band; Jumpin' Jack Flash (when methadone, taken intravenously, hits the brain it is known as a "Flash"); Lady Jane (marijuana), You Turn Me On," Eight Miles High, and "You're Going High" - all by The Rolling Stones; Rainy Day Woman (a marijuana cigarette), and M. Tambourine Man (drug peddler), Bob Dylan; Mainline Prosperity Blues ("mainlining" is smoking drugs directly into the vein), Richard Farina; Puff The Magic Dragon (smoke marijuana) by Peter, Paul, and Mary; You Turn Me On by Ian Whitcomb; Yellow Balloon (drugs are often carried in a balloon so that they may be swallowed and later retrieved in the event of imminent arrest) by The Yellow Balloon; Up, Up and Away (which sold 875,000 copies, won a Grammy Award, and was adopted by Trans World Airlines as its theme song) by the Fifth Dimension; Along Came Mary (marijuana) by the Association; Bend Me, Shape Me by The American Breed; Acapulco Gold (a particularly fine grade of marijuana) by The Rainy Date; Get Up by The Esquires; Fast Measure by the Lovin' Spoonful; Express To Your Heart, Soul Survivors; I Had Too Much To Dream by The Electric Prunes; Faster Than The Speed of [methylene] Of Life, Magic Carpet Ride by Steppenwolf; Journey To The Center Of The Mind, Ambros Apple; Connection (drug peddler), She's A Rainbow (Rainbows are a muthril, or seconol), 2090 Light Years From Here by The Rolling Stones; Merry-Go-Round, The Youngbloods; Rose Colored Glasses, Lothar and the Hand People; and, Buy For Me The Rain (methylene) by The Nitty Gritty Dirt Band.

And the ones that mother gives you don't do anything at all.
Go ask Alice when she's ten feet tall,
And if you go chasing rabbits, and you know you're going to fall,
Tell 'em a hooka-smoking caterpillar has given you the call . . . .

Feed your head, feed your head. §

The Beatles are still the Number One pop group. According to their authorized biography, by Hunter Davies, they started using drugs at the beginning of their career together. They have during the past two years popularized many songs which have been interpreted by young people as dealing with drugs. For example, Lucy In The Sky With Diamonds is advertised on posters with the letters LSD underlined. While The Beatles have dismissed charges that the song deals with drugs, teenagers who buy the record know better - claiming that the lyrics don't make sense unless one interprets the imagery as a "trip" on LSD.+

Yellow Submarine has been one of The Beatles' biggest hits and has been covered by National Review "a beautiful children's song." Those who are a little more hip than the crew at Buckley Review know that in drug terminology "yellow jacket" is a submarine-shaped barbiturate, second; "downer" (or "downer" submerges you). Among other Beatle songs generally covered as referring to drugs are "Norwegian Wood" (British teenagers' term for marijuana), "Strawberry Fields Forever" (marijuana is often planted in strawberry fields), and "Magical Mystery Tour" (Roll up, roll your [sleeve] for the mystery tour . . . The Magical Mystery Tour is waiting to take you away), and "A Day In The Life" (I'd love to turn you on).

The music reviewer for Holiday magazine in its issue for October of 1966 deals with whether all of these lyrics promoting use of narcotics have been sneaked into the records because those in the business are naive:

Is it possible that record producers have been fooled by the jargon of the songs - have put out such discs not knowing what they mean? It is unlikely because it is impossible to be in the music business long without seeing pot smoked. The terminology of narcotics is widely known and understood in the industry, both by artists, recorders and producers. Some publishers shrug off the drug songs by saying, "These songs are a reflection of our times, ignoring the fact that 12 year olds are listening to them. In songs meant for children of 12 or even younger they proclaim that it is wise and hip and inside to dissolve your responsibilities and problems of a difficult world into the mists of marijuana, LSD or heroin.

No, Virginia, it is not an accident that a generation of young Americans is being pushed toward drugs.

A third major category of songs (besides drugs and revolution) has to do with glorifying sexual union between teenagers. Just as the songs of revolution have served to mentally condition many young people to accept the ravings of the New Left, and the myriad drug songs are doubly a factor in the skyrocketing use of narcotics by teenagers, so the open exhortations to indulge in illicit sex acts are also a factor in the demoralization of youth - helping to produce unprecedented numbers of illegitimate children and an unparalleled rise in venereal disease among teenagers.

As with the drug songs, some of the sex songs are blatant, but most are couched in ambiguous double-entendres. Music critic Richard Goldstein puts it this way: "Rock and roll has always been racy. That's what it's all about. It's got a special code and a lot of kids understand it. It's made for that purpose."

Many would dismiss the importance of sneaking raw lyrics into popular songs on the basis that it has been going on for years. Admittedly it has, but fifteen years ago songs like "Work With Me Annie" and "Light My Fire" were heard on 'rhythm and blues' stations by a comparatively small number of young people, most of them over sixteen. Today, however, the audience is at least fifty times as large, with children as young as eight becoming regular listeners. Today some $60 million worth of such recordings are sold yearly - with the biggest group of purchasers being girls from nine to thirteen years of age.

With this enormous audience of highly impressionable young people, it is not surprising that the Far Left has been so successful in selling the line of a number of contemporary songs directly promoting alienation between young people and their parents. This theme, as I have noted, is often found woven through the lyrics of songs about drugs and revolution. Some come right out and urge teenagers to run away from home to join the New Left. The Beatles' hit "She's Leaving Home" (She is having fun; Fun is the one thing that money can't buy; Something inside that was always denied for so many years. Bye-Bye! She's leaving home. Bye-Bye.) may have been instrumental in causing many a youngster to run away to the hills of Hippieland.

But, for sheer gall and a solid one-two punch, you can't beat Scott McKenzie's "What's The Difference," with "San Francisco" on the flip side. These tunes were at the top of the hit parade last year for nearly six months. One side tells the young person to run away, and the other side tells him where to go. Unlike many of the acid-rock records in which the words are badly garbled, both of these are very plainly enunciated. The words to "What's The Difference" go like this:
Hey Friend, wake up, I'm throwing rocks at your windowpane. Get out of bed, I got somethin' to say. Pick up a toothbrush, sneak down the stairway, You've got no reason you should stay. Hey what's the difference if we don't come back. Who's going to miss us in a year or so? Nobody knows us or the things we've been thinkin'. So what's the difference if we go?

Now, once you have run away, you've got to have some place to go. You can, of course, join the hippies and New Leftists who have headed for "San Francisco".

If you're going to San Francisco
Be sure to wear some flowers in your hair.
If you're going to San Francisco
You're gonna meet some gentle people there.
For those who come to San Francisco,
Summer will be a love-in there.
In the streets of San Francisco,
There's a gentle people with flowers in their hair.

Other examples of generation-gap music are those songs which depict adults, particularly businessmen, as shallow hypocrites. Probably the most vicious in this category is Ray Stevens' "Mr. Businessman," which contains the following lyrics:

Itemize the things you covet as you squander through your life,
Bigger cars, bigger houses, term insurance for your wife,
Tuesday evenings with your harlot, and on Wednesday it's your charlatan analyst,
He's high up on your list...

Spending counterfeit incentive, wasting precious time and health,
Placing value on the worthless, disregarding priceless wealth,
The International Communist enterprise may at last have met its match: The Beatles. Radical sorts anxious to preempt the Beatles' creative and immensely popular music for the Left have found little or nothing in it to comfort them over the years.*

The coup de grace, according to the swingers at National Review, is that "Revolution" puts down the Maoists. In this case, it is simply telling the Maoists that Fabs' gradualism is working, and that the Maoists might blow it all by getting the public excited before things are ready for "Revolution." The song makes it perfectly clear that The Beatles are on the side of, and working for, "Revolution," and that their war is going to be successful (it's gonna be alright). In short, "Revolution" takes the Moscow line against Trotskyites and the Proletarian Labor Party, based on Lenin's Leftist Extremism: An Infantile Disorder.

The new Beatles album, containing "Revolution" and "Back in the U.S.S.R.," is according to a Capitol Records spokesman "the fastest selling record in the history of the record industry." No wonder the Communists have had some very good things to say about The Beatles, who rated a feature article in Volume 1, Number 1, of Insurgent — the Communist Dubbs Clubs' official magazine. It was there that Communist Carl Bloeke wrote: "If we are partisan of our generation in this chaotic world we can only cheer four guys from Liverpool who made it to the top and made so many of us feel more alive in the process."

Among themselves, the young Reds tell it like it is. After attending a workshop on the arts conducted by Insurgent's managing editor Celia Rosebury, Chicago Police Department undercover operative David Gumaer reported to his superiors:

It was mentioned that the reason the Beatles and other folk-rock groups received such success in the music field was because they were backed by the Entertainment Section of the Communist Party, and that music was a weapon used to win children and young adults to Marxism. It was also stated that Paul McCartney of the Beatles was a member of the Young Communist League.

McCartney is credited with being the co-author along with Lennon of both "Revolution" and "Back in the U.S.S.R." Professor Crow told me, however, that he has serious doubts that The Beatles really do write all their own songs, as is claimed. Speaking frankly, he explained:

Some of the newer Beatles songs are of the same simple types they were doing four years ago, but other songs are of a very high quality and show an acute awareness of the principles of rhythm and brainwashing. Neither Lennon nor McCartney were world-beaters in school, nor have they had technical training in music. For them to have written some of their songs is like someone who has not had physics or math inventing the A-bomb. It's possible, but not very probable. Because of its technical excellence it is possible that this music is put together by behavioral scientists in some "think tank."

I know from personal experience that it takes a great deal of time to create complicated music and lyrics, and I don't know when The Beatles would have the time to put this kind of stuff together. They are always on tour, vacationing, or making a movie. The puppy-love songs go together pretty rapidly, but not the kind of intricate songs they have been coming out with lately.

Another important point concerning The Beatles, according to Crow, is the technical excellence they have developed and the phenomenal care taken in the production of their records. He notes:

In the last two years The Beatles and many other groups have evolved from being technically awful to being very good. It has been published that they spent $50,000 on engineering for the Sergeant Peppers album alone. That's a lot of bread. Most people wouldn't have been able to tell the difference if they had spent half that much, but someone feels that it is important to have the message presented perfectly.

The Beatles are no longer just four kids thumbing away on their instruments. In "Eleanor Rigby" (which is about the death of the Church) they used a string quartet; and, on their newer records, a 120-piece band.

The high quality of their recent recording almost scientifically creates a mood for them to push home the message in their songs. I have no idea whether The Beatles know what they are doing or whether they are being used by some enormously sophisticated people, but it really doesn't make...
any difference. It’s results that count, and The Beatles are the leading pied pipers creating promiscuity, an epidemic of drugs, youth class-consciousness, and an atmosphere for social revolution. What The Beatles begin is initiated, and often expanded upon, by literally hundreds of other groups who in turn reach tens of millions of young people.

Clearly, the generation gap has now been magnified and distorted into class warfare in the Marxist mould. Youth versus Age, along with Black versus White, has largely superseded Labor versus Management as the premier target of Leftist propaganda.

It would be ludicrous to contend that Communists, Fabian socialists, or Establishment Insiders (who manipulate the aforementioned groups) invented the tensions between parent and teenage offspring. Such pressures have always existed. But, much of what we call the generation gap has been manufactured in an attempt to exploit natural problems. Today, it is considered “hip” for a young person to be disillusioned, lost, confused, and bitter. There have always been such disturbed teenagers, but never before have the Establishment media extolled them and cast such outcasts as models to be imitated. Never before has the Establishment sought to make idols of the pathetic worst of a whole generation.

Music is now the primary weapon used to make the perverse seem glamorous, exciting, and appealing. Music is used to ridicule religion, morality, patriotism, and productivity — while glorifying drugs, destruction, revolution, and sexual promiscuity.

Youth believes it is rebelling against the Establishment. Yet, the Establishment owns and operates the radio and TV stations, the mass magazines and the record companies, that have made rock music and its performing artists into a powerful force in American life. Without the Establishment media, the Beatles would still be twanging away in some dingy Liverpool cellar, and their hundreds of imitators would be students, workers, or legitimate artists.

Without the Establishment’s mass media, LSD would be just three random letters in the alphabet to most people, and marijuana would be a problem confined to jazz musicians and criminals instead of a national campus fad. Does it not seem strange that the same Establishment which has used the mass media to ridicule and denigrate the anti-Communist movement should open its door to those who think they are the Establishment’s enemy?

It is the major Establishment record companies which have merchandised acid-rock music to millions of teenagers. And, it is the full-page ads from these recording giants which keep many of the so-called “underground” newspaper financially solvent. It is now usual to find squeezed between the pornography, drug pushing, and shouts for revolution found in the “undergrounders,” the full-page spreads purchased by Capitol Records, M.G.M., R.C.A. Victor (the holding company for N.B.C.), Columbia Records (owned by C.B.S.), and A.B.C. Records (owned by the American Broadcasting Company). These vicious anti-American “underground” newspapers, in short, are financed by the Establishment they claim to be attacking. And, they are so financed to sell the music of licit sex, drugs, and revolution.

Our teenagers would do well to ask why the Establishment would finance those claiming to seek its own demise — unless what is happening is all part of a single revolutionary thrust, of which America’s youth is to be the ultimate victim.

The respectability which Fidel Castro has never enjoyed in American public opinion is now being awakened by the amazing growth of what can only be called “The Guevara Myth.”

A hyperbolically absurd story of Communist Che Guevara’s “heroism” is being made into an idea to bind together the Far Left’s incongruous protest elements within the United States. If it is spread much further we may soon see the usurpation of grassroots demands that Castro’s tattered revolution in Cuba be given full U.S. diplomatic recognition. Multiplying signs point to the preparation of just such a movement.

Perhaps the most incredible instance of American lunacy about the Castro revolution is the decision of the hitherto non-ideological Darryl F. Zanuck to spend 66 million making a film for Twentieth Century-Fox to glorify the effeminate Guevara. Two top Hollywood stars, Omar Sharif and Jack Palance (respectively) play Che and Fidel in the picture. The production is now being made in Puerto Rico where the Castro-Guevara “heroes” in the Sierra Maestra are being depicted in screen vision. If the movie is a hit — and the all capacity for exploitation of Twentieth Century-Fox will be behind it — we may soon see a return of the idiocy propounded by Ed Sullivan in 1959 that “Castro is the George Washington of Cuba.”

Pro-Castro sympathy is being bootlegged into the country on the thighs of New Left exaltation that the dead Guevara was a flaming exemplar of splendid youth. Reproductions of his portrait — long hair, sick beard, and all — are being merchandised like hippie beads on college and university campuses across the land, and proudly displayed as a mark of sophistication on dormitory walls from Cornell to Caltech. Inflated reproductions of the Guevara features are now carried openly and proudly in the youth parade drummed up by the Comrades to attract acned “intellectuals” to the circus grounds of revolution. A sordid rush of reputable publishing houses to issue Guevara’s biography and his amateurish writings followed his death, with at least ten Guevara books reaching the bookstores and paperback outlets within a matter of weeks after his overdue demise.

A sign of Castroite propaganda was the recent Broadway production of a pro-Castro play called That Cuba Thing, by Jack Gelber, a Castro admirer. The play was dull and ill-staged, and its highpoint was the shirk-bombing of the theatre by anti-Castro refugees. While That Cuba Thing folded after a few performances, its appearance was but an ill-assured volley in a skirmish before the explosion of a major campaign. A new and cleaned-up picture of Castroism, exemplified by the recent National Educational Television production of Three Faces Of Cuba, and the later Report From Cuba, is being touted to the American public by the type of intellectuals who get their inspiration from Norman Mailer, Eugene McCarthy, and the fond memory of Joseph Stalin.

The irony of all this propaganda is that in glamorizing the prissy Guevara the Left is working with such a shabby subject. In selling Guevara, they are trying to make hero stuff out of a dismal, chronic failure.