

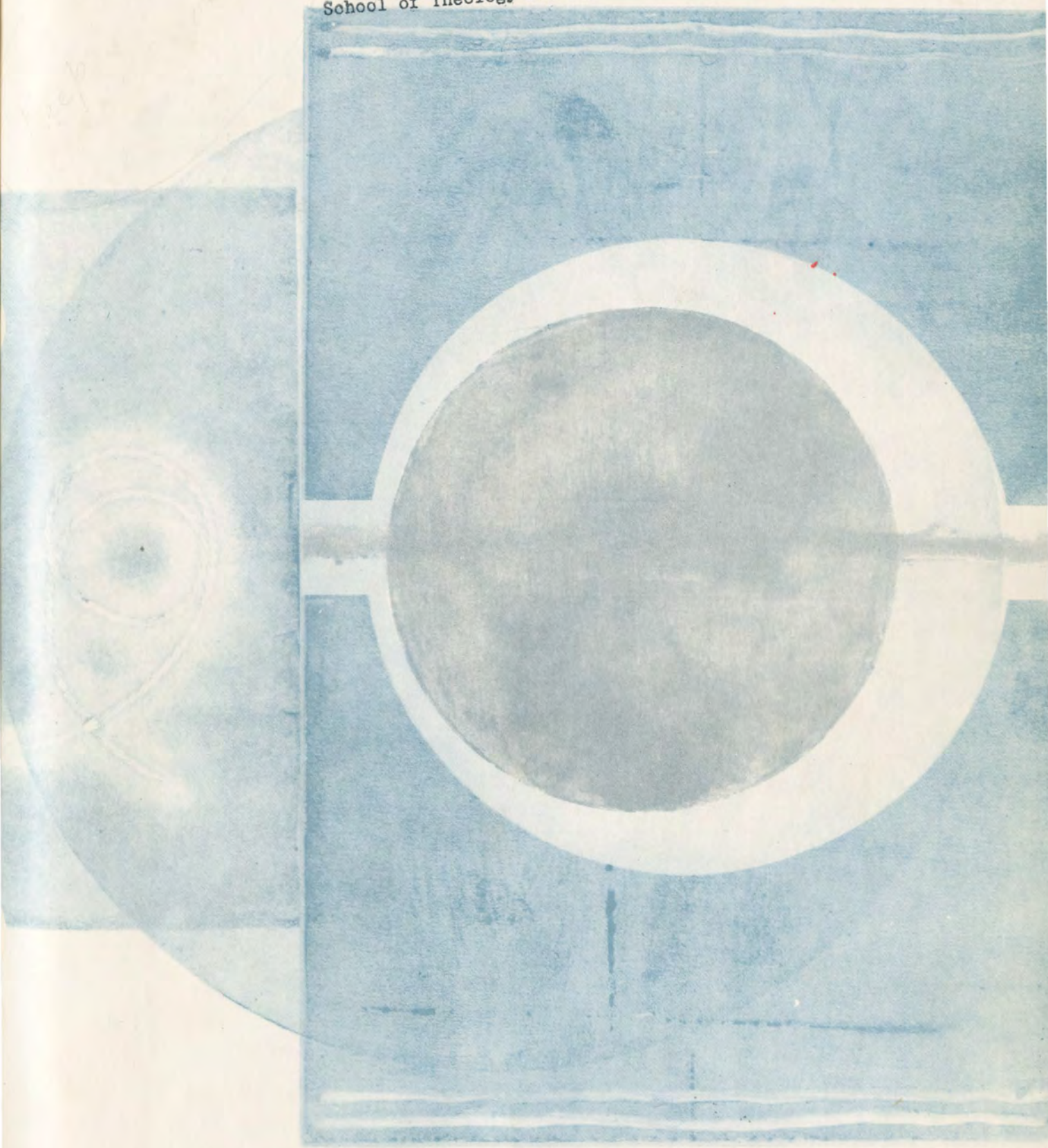
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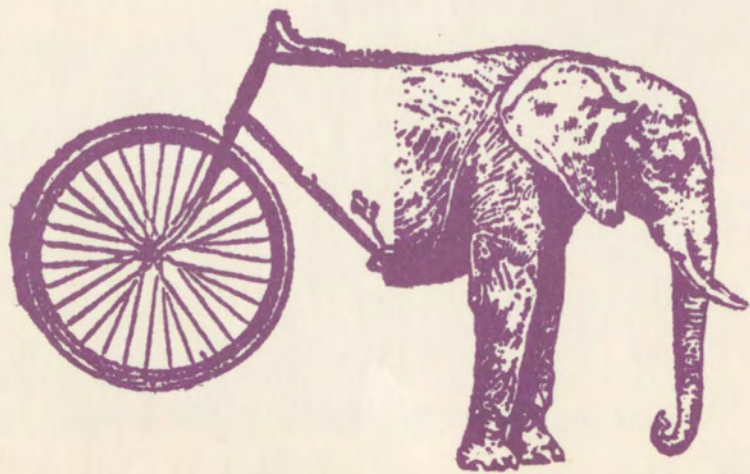
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COVER: The soft and delicate combine with the hard edge and distinct form . . . the rigid and gentle are brought together in this mono print by JEMISON FAUST.

INSIDE COVERS: Relief print by RICHARD ASH.

motive

OCTOBER 1970

Volume XXXI, Number 1

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content and production

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the visual appearance

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spherical tabulation

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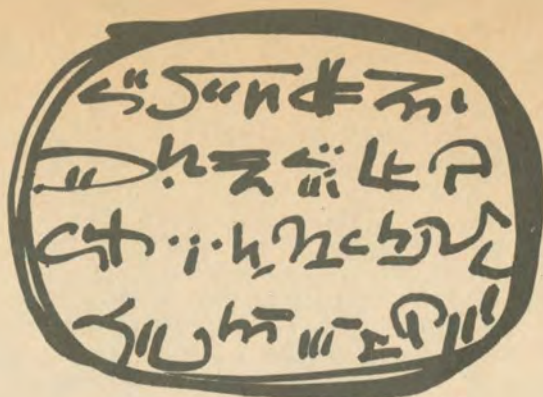
culture and community

JAMES STENTZEL

internationalization
tokyo, japan

ROBERT MAURER

strategy and planning



write on!!



The February issue of *motive* carried a translation of a chapter from Professor Toshikazu Takao's book entitled *Death and Rebirth of the Christian University*. In his book Takao draws a parallel between the "passion" of the Tokyo University militants and the passion of Christ, and proclaims the bankruptcy of the traditional kind of Christian university in Japan.

Your readers may be interested to know that in a symposium held at International Christian University (Tokyo) in the summer of 1969, Takao's views were discussed by several professors who share some of his political views and his disappointment with modern history of Japanese Christian universities, yet who took issue with some of his basic premises. The discussion was recorded in the August, 1969, issue of *Fukuin to Sekai* (Gospel and World).

Takao had argued that the university today is a complex structure which cannot be unified by any over-all principle other than the rather vague one of "truth." But truth is by nature an eschatological concept, and it is inadmissible to allow an ideology, faith, or world view of any particular point in history to be set up as the unifying principle encompassing all truth. The university must be open to truth from every quarter. Since a Christian university takes one position as the fundamental truth, it cannot be completely open, and thus to be "Christian" is a contradiction to being a "university."

Dr. Yasuo Furuya, Professor of Christianity and the university chaplain, argued, however, that in the first place the Christian university shares the *raison d'être* of other private universities: the need for educational institutions which do not have to go along with the official or accepted party line of government. But the most crucial reason for a Christian university is that true Christian faith challenges and criticizes every system which pretends to absoluteness and self-sufficiency—including any Christian system. Without severe self-criticism the search for truth easily becomes pretentious and demonic, and the Christian faith provides a stance which compels radical self-criticism. Furuya sees a continuing need for a faculty of committed Christians, but also one which will be broadly ecumenical in its composition.

Dr. Kenzō Tagawa, a New Testament scholar, makes an even sharper attack against Takao's position. Really underlying his argument, says Tagawa, is the presupposition that only individuals can be Christian, not structures or organizations. Thus there can be Christian professors, trustees, etc., but not Christian schools. But this is the same bourgeoisie individualism which has been so characteristic of Protestantism over the past few centuries. We have come now to recognize that this individualism had the bad effect of diverting the church's attention from the question of social structures, allowing these to go unchallenged. It is very important that a university pursue the goal of being Christian as a structure, as corporate body.

Published monthly, October through March with a combined April/May special issue by the Division of Higher Education of the Board of Education of The United Methodist Church, 1001 19th Avenue, South, Nashville, Tennessee 37202.

Subscription rates: One year \$5. Optional group subscription plans are available; information on request.

Second class postage paid at Nashville, Tennessee. Address all communications to *motive*, P.O. Box 871, Nashville, Tennessee 37202. Unsolicited manuscripts and art work are welcome, but cannot be returned unless return postage is supplied.

Transactions with the circulation department require four weeks' advance notice for processing.

Microfilm copies of *motive* are available from University Microfilms, 300 N. Zeeb Rd., Ann Arbor, Michigan; photo-copies from Johnson Reprint Corp., 111 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10003.

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Furthermore, when Takao argues against making any basic principle or ideology operative for the entire university, he is in other words calling for a stance of ideological neutrality. But this would seem to be exactly the stance called for by the Minister of Education—a stance of seeming neutrality which in reality will be docile toward whatever demands a highly developed capitalistic social structure wants to make toward it. Takao and those like him have been zealous in their denunciation of the evils of the present social order, but instead of denouncing the Christian universities they should instead be denouncing the Japanese universities in general. If the Christian schools were dismantled, that which remained would be universities devoted to the covert, unexamined principle of education to fit the needs of capitalistic industrial society. While desiring to be radical, Takao ends up with a theory of the university which is very conservative. Neutrality as to values and ideology ends up in service to the social status quo, to the ideology of the establishment. "The concept of a university which holds that 'if a university is to be a university, it must not take any specific ideology or faith as its unifying principle' (*Death and Resurrection*, p. 63) means really that the university as a system will be unconsciously susceptible to the ideology of the status quo."

I find these to be telling arguments in favor of the continued effort by Christian colleges and universities to be truly Christian.

JOHN O. BARKSDALE
presbyterian board
of world missions
nashville, tenn.

□
□

"Student Resistance at Japanese Universities" was a wonderful article guaranteed to impress anyone who never lived in Japan. An abundance of abstract thoughts with a veneer of Christianity almost made up for the lack of substance in the article. There are many areas in which the "altruistic" students can witness to the truth but all these were summarily ignored.

When the Sato Government expelled the only three Biafrans from Japan at the beginning of the war in Nigeria there were no student or other voices raised in protest. When the Soviet Minister for fisheries visited Japan there was only one lone individual picketing the embassy. I'm sure the captured Japanese sailors and fishermen still in Russian jails were impressed!

There is very little self-negation visible when it comes to giving civil rights to Koreans and Okinawans living in Japan, not to mention the treatment given to the Eta and even the Ainu people. This attitude is well summed up in the Japanese proverb: "Put a lid on anything that stinks."

Despite their educational riots many of the students sell out to the "system" even before they graduate. Even in their protests many of the students wear towels over their faces so that they will not be recognized and thus lose a chance to get a lucrative position in the establishment which they so militantly oppose.

There are no great demonstrations against the companies in Japan that are making roughly 100 million yen a day from the war in Vietnam. But they had time to demonstrate against a hospital for the unfortunate young men wounded there.

I have not heard about any demonstration against Sokka Gakkai and Komeito and their shady dealings. Nor has there been any voices raised on behalf of the poor workers and their weak unions. Maybe the students realize that "the nail that sticks out will be hammered down" (Japanese proverb).

Mr. Toshikazu and his friends seem to be too busy with their own small coterie and they have no time to notice any other problems. I hope that the next time he reads the Scriptures he can make a more practical application of it. He may have succeeded in fooling himself but I would hate to have him fool the readers of "motive."

PETER D. WARD
la verne, calif.

□
□

Eek! Your "Crisis of the Environment" issue stunk with political trappings. It was plugging environmental problems into a political system of thinking, instead of attempting to use ecology as your basis of thought. Ecologists are begging for people to dig into the spirituality of their earth household, but you have looked at it as little more than a way to bitch at the military-industrial system. That's sons-against-father politics, a revolution that gets you nowhere. The ecological consciousness transcends political consciousness . . . it's organic, it's spiritual, it's religious (GASP! RELIGIOUS!). It's fine that *motive* has always made it known to isolationists that it's concerned with the problems of the people, but the answer can't be found in finding a groovy, new politics . . . if you dig into the very way people perceive the world . . . if you dig into, and move their spirit . . . the politics will take care of itself.

The Berkeley people misinformedly shot down the Teach-In people, as though there is a struggle concerning who owns the Ecology Movement . . . how can people have egos about such things? It's not the time to get hung up about the recent past of environmental ills—it's time for the shamans, prophets, and psychic Ishis to come out of the Land that's Left . . . the Almost Wilderness . . . and lead people to the pollution solutions . . . pollution is separation . . . the declarations of interdependence.

G. P. NABHAN
great central prairie
and grasslands
earth

□
□

Re: *Your Issue of March 1970*

Unfortunately, staff writers and proofreaders in their rush to meet deadlines sometimes forget that "Coca-Cola" and "Coke" are registered trademarks and thus are entitled to the same typographic treatment as a proper name. When this oversight occurs, we simply must notify the publications (whose management invariably understands proper trademark usage), or risk the loss of the protection now given our valuable trademarks by the Federal Lanham Trademark Act.

The erratum appeared in the above mentioned issue when Coke was written with a lower case "c." We appreciate your mentioning Coke in your publication and we would also appreciate your routing this note to the members of your staff who might be concerned with our problem.

FRED G. STOWERS
the coca-cola company
new york

□
□

Colin Morris (March, 1970) is wrong to think that the Church has never sanctioned violent rebellion. Revelation 11:18 says that the time has come to destroy the destroyers of the earth. As Gibbon indicates, it was Christianity which so weakened the Roman Empire that the invading Teutons easily overthrew it, but only after the Christians had taken it over. Then the Church spent a thousand years in converting its barbaric overlords to a reasonable facsimile of Christianity.

Ours is a grand and awful time, but we shall not re-enact that millennium. We need not dying martyrs but living witnesses. Even if, as rival Reformers taunted each other, the Church is the true Antichrist, she is nevertheless Christ's wife whom he will yet train by spiritual gymnastics into fitness to be his spouse.

Indeed I look for the whole Western world, from Greece to Hawaii, to undergo such a reform of religion as if George Fox and John Wesley were put together to form a regenerated Calvin. And let's not omit from the prototypical picture such holy women as St. Gertrude, St. Teresa, and Margaret Fell.

KELLY JANES
monterey, mass.

□
□

I do not know which individual of the Africa Research Group was responsible for researching Catholic Relief Services and its role in aid to Nigeria/Biafra, (*motive*, February, 1970, pp. 48-55), but he or she conveniently neglected to mention the fact that Catholic Relief Services was the only American voluntary agency in Nigeria before the war and continued to operate there throughout the war, and is still operating there.

Also, there is no mention of the fact that Catholic Relief Service provided 56 million pounds of relief supplies, valued at \$4.7-million, in the war areas under Federal control. Nor did the researcher take the time to note that Catholic Relief Services suspended its relief operation in the east when Biafra seceded in May, 1967. CRS began its emergency program in the secessionist area in July, 1968, when the suffering of the children became so acute that no individual—let alone a humanitarian relief agency—could remain idle while there were means to help.

I only wish we did have as much influence on U.S. Foreign Policy as the Group tries to prove; then the war would have ended much sooner with less deaths—we would have negotiated a settlement. As for the Group's remarks about CRS, CIA and Vietnam—I recommend the Group try Group therapy rather than Group writing.

ROCCO A. SACCI
director of information
catholic relief services
new york

□
□

My attention has been drawn to an article in the February, 1970 issue of *motive* magazine entitled: THE POLITICS OF HUMANITARIAN RELIEF written by the Africa Research Group.

I think it is nothing short of tragic to imply sinister motives to what is a world-wide ministry of compassion to people in human need. Unfortunately, there is much to this wild-swinging article that is incorrect or a compound of half-truths.

I would like to answer just a few of the more serious mis-statements.

1. The reference to Church World Service as "... one of the three relief agencies playing the most important role in Biafra" is incorrect. CWS was only one of 30 church relief agencies who banded together in a single, international, ecumenical effort to assist both Nigerians and Biafrans. The entire program was co-ordinated in Europe and not in New York.

2. By far the largest part of the funds came from non-U.S. sources, that is, from Scandinavian, German, Canadian, British, Australian, and Third World churches, few of whom are likely to "... serve United States international purposes."

3. For every ton of supplies sent to Biafra an equal amount was sent to Nigeria and the majority of the medical team sent by Protestant churches did not work in Biafra but in Nigeria.

4. The entire program of relief in both Nigeria and Biafra was at the request of, and under the direction of, African church leaders, not Westerners.

5. The suggestion that the relief efforts were not effective in relieving human suffering is so patently wrong, it is quite obvious none of the writers have been in Nigeria during the war.

The most conservative estimate by independent United Nations observers is that at least a million people were kept alive that otherwise would have died.

6. The article fails to mention the ongoing program of relief—the current \$8,000,000 appeal of the World Council of Churches for Nigeria, at the request of responsible Nigerian leadership.

J. HARRY HAINES
united methodist committee
for overseas relief
new york

The following is our response to the two letters which you received criticizing our article.

It is not surprising that the professional relief agents got uptight by our article, but that they could not even understand our perspective only illuminates the problem that much more clearly. Look: by outlining a radical context in which the Nigerian war needs to be seen, we were not criticizing the relief agencies for their wickedness but only for the weakness of that liberal humanitarianism which seeks to ameliorate suffering without challenging the structures which sustain it. Our point is simply that relief agencies, wittingly or unwittingly, perform a function within the network of American global power. Hence, relief agencies and their supporting ideology of humanitarianism need to be analyzed politically in terms of how they function within the American dominated international system. Unfortunately, neither letter meets this point directly. Instead both letters reduce the level of discussion to disputes over spurious factual errors which turn out to be not so factual.

Now to the specific criticisms. In deference to *motive*, the Methodists first.

1. Mr. Haines is correct in his first point. We had intended to refer to CWS as one of the three most important *American* relief agencies but unfortunately the word "American" was omitted in our editing.

2. According to the State Department report of February, 1969, of the \$56 million spent by all countries and relief agencies in both Nigeria and Biafra, the U.S. Government and U.S. relief agencies provided over \$33 million with the remaining \$23 million coming from non-U.S. sources.

3. We do not dispute this fact.

4. While this point is partially correct, many Nigerians felt that the relief agencies were controlled, if not operated, by foreigners, particularly the International of the Red Cross.

5. We mention in our article that relief did save many people. Our question is why more died than were saved despite the relief effort.

6. We do not mention this point, but how is it relevant?

Now to Mr. Sacci, PR man for CRS.

Mr. Sacci does not seem to have read our article since his criticisms have little bearing on its contents. We knew all the facts which he mentions but did not include them due to space limitations. Mr. Sacci's refusal to discuss seriously CRS' role in Vietnam is typical of the vague utterances which the CRS has long used to keep its activities shrouded in mystified images. Indeed, we challenge Mr. Sacci to clearly show what the CRS has done and is doing in Vietnam. But Vietnam is different from Biafra. Even so, the political support given Biafra's cause by Catholic officials needs to be thoroughly known. How about it Mr. Sacci, let's see what you are really up to.

Finally, an additional piece of evidence. Kennedy Lindsay, a British economist writing from Biafra in the March, 1969 issue of *Venture*, states: "Biafra's most important source of foreign exchange has been the sums spent within her territory by the relief and missionary organizations and by their employees." He estimated that of the approximately £6 million in foreign exchange which Biafra would have in 1969 to buy arms and other imports, about £3.5 million would come from the expenditures of relief agencies within Biafra. These figures are only estimates but they do point to a heavy dependence by Biafra upon relief agencies for badly needed foreign exchange. Relief money can not be separated from its political use.

For *motive* readers who want to understand the Nigerian Civil War from a radical perspective, the Africa Research Group has published *The Other Side of the Nigeria Civil War*. It presents a class-based analysis of the war's origins and indicates how imperialist powers helped structure the conflict; it also pinpoints the American role. Included is a reprint of *The Politics of Relief* which originally appeared in *motive*. Price: 50¢ from Africa Research Group. P.O. Box 213, Cambridge, Mass. 02138.

AFRICA RESEARCH GROUP
cambridge, mass.

toward a civil future

philadelphia

Dear Sya,

The second most popular target for direct student action this year, after ROTC, may be police training programs on campus. But before tensions reach the flashpoint (over thirty ROTC buildings have been set ablaze since the Cambodian invasion alone), there may be some advantages to this police presence on campus for creating a civil future.

Kansas City police chief Clarence Kelley stated publicly last April that "much of the emphasis in the field of law enforcement is on higher education, and this emphasis encompasses the potential police career candidate as well as the veteran police officer." He was talking about the 200 full-time policemen enrolled in six Kansas City institutions of higher education, taking a wide variety of courses for credit. Subsidized by grants under the 1968 Federal Omnibus Crime Control Bill, the number of police doing college work across the nation has risen sharply, with an estimated 180 colleges and universities offering degrees in police science. A major reason given for this stepped-up drive for a liberal arts education (many courses taken are in the behavioral sciences) comes from the police departments' desire to erase their image of indifference to minority groups and civil liberties.

Others, like Lee Webb writing for Liberation News Service (please keep those dimes and dollars rolling in—LNS can really use the money), see a different kind of police emphasis on higher education. Writing about the 2,300 cops enrolled in American University's Center for Administration of Justice (AJUST), Webb notes that some students, including the student body president who has called for the abolition of the police training program, feel "the presence of police-students in regular A.U. classes will inhibit discussion by other students—especially on issues like drugs and the war in Vietnam." The possibility exists, writes Webb, that police-students will hand over information picked up on campus which might eventually lead to arrests and harrassment. Overall, some radicals see institutions of higher learning once again being used, as they have been for the Indochina war, as bases for launching pacification programs against social change movements.

In this city of Philadelphia, Sya, it is difficult to see how the publicly announced purposes of "liberalized" police training on campus fit into the concepts of policework envisioned and practiced by Frank Rizzo. While Mayor Tate named him Police Commissioner, Rizzo has preferred to style himself like a General. Last June, over network television, Rizzo called his work a "war, almost as severe as the war that's going on in Vietnam." Later in the broadcast he stated that "you have to be like a general and you have to make decisions that resemble tactical moves made by military men or generals." Rizzo's toughness, his strict personal sense of what is right and wrong, his fascination with mechanized equipment and computer technology, and his readiness to squelch any

disturbance, no matter what the cause, with a show of force—these attitudes are in conflict with the values we might hope would be engendered in liberal arts-educated policemen.

With the Mayor's office providing *carte blanche* for the General, and many Philadelphians sitting idly by, Rizzo and his army must feel the time has come for a showdown. Raids have been conducted, as in so many other cities, on the headquarters of various political groups, resulting in the arrests of leaders, their detention under impossible bonds, and the disruption of organizing activities.

There have been some citizen outcries. A newly formed coalition of 25 organizations, called COPPAR (Council of Organizations on Philadelphia Police Accountability and Responsibility), speak of the fear of their city becoming a police state, and have pledged themselves to investigate police raids and strong-arm tactics "within minutes" of their occurrence. But it is hard to see what effect they will have. It is my guess that in metropolitan police headquarters across the nation, with the fever of unionization and other activities to wrest control from City Hall stirring, many senior police officers think the General may just have the right answer, with his army and his public-be-damned attitude.

We need new points of access in order to intercept this trend, so clear in Philadelphia, toward police being accountable only to themselves and the ruling class interests they serve. One point of access is the police training programs on campus. After all, these programs allow committed persons on campus access to the police on their own turf. If there are 200 full-time policemen enrolled in six Kansas City institutions of higher education, for example, are there not at least 100 persons committed to combatting repression on those campuses who will seek out these police-students and broaden their education in a different way?

I think that one group, campus ministers, should seek to relate in an intentional way with police-students. In this time of rising conflicts between civilians and police (especially as the latter are becoming more and more prone to shoot-to-kill), there needs to be a ministry to the whole person. Rearranging our perspective for a moment, Rev. David Gracie of the Episcopal Diocese of Philadelphia spoke last April of the policemen's problem in that "as long as they are trapped in a police

institution which is authoritarian and is used in inhuman ways, they themselves will be dehumanized." He continued, "We have required the police to become the dirty-workers in a racially oppressive system and at the same time we have allowed them to suffer from an exploitative economic system, with mortgages and the war-time cost of living on their backs."

Campus ministers, along with others on and off campus, should seek to reach police-students with this kind of message—to relate to them as "caught" human beings. Urban theological seminaries should be encouraged as well to participate in this mission by recruiting policemen, for specialized programs within the seminary. This would allow another point of access in order to intercept the trend toward a police state. If the message is communicated effectively, perhaps police departments will find they have a new breed of cop on their hands—one whose loyalty to the authoritarian style of General Rizzo will not be automatic. Just as there have been GIs who have put aside their guns when ordered into combat in Vietnam, perhaps campus ministers and others will be able to help create that new breed of cop who will say "no" when ordered on yet another political raid or harrassment tactic.

We look forward toward a civil future in which the following would occur: police and/or National Guard are ordered onto campus to quell a demonstration; the demonstrators greet the advancing law enforcers with applause; the bewildered men hear chants about better working conditions for cops; they see placards they hadn't seen before which says, "the next time you want help to confront the ruling class, call a cop."

—R. Maurer



EDITOR'S NOTE: Jim, Cathy and Eric Stentzel are on their way to Tokyo for the year as a first step in the internationalization of motive. In addition to articles and art work they solicit in Japan and East Asia, "Viewpoint" will be their monthly contribution to the magazine. As the Stentzels arrive and get settled this fall, they will initially share viewpoints on domestic happenings.

Before leaving on any kind of long trip, it's rather groovy to tie up one's loose ends. But as we ponder the experiences we had had around the country this past year with people like ourselves—white, "well-educated," middle-class, between 20 and 30 years old—the loose ends just sit there, dangling. In the common bad vibrations, confusion seemed to be the cornerstone of a cynicism that occasionally approached despair. We began wondering whether we were going peanuts or whether just everyone else was. Staff member Bob said of his recent trip: "My friends kept asking me if what they were saying was crazy."

The self-doubt sometimes results in a paralysis which has forced us to consider the people and their vibrations. Politically, there were the three standard party lines: those who seek to reform the system through working in it and/or demonstrating against it; those who drop out of most establishment roles and seek to retain some kind of integrity on such places as farms; and those who seek to confront militantly if not tear down the structures of oppression in this country.

One of the luxuries of being white, young and middle-class is that we can choose any of those options and even move freely among them. We know people who have been each of the three types all in the same week: those who go to work for a major

the
LUXURIES
of
pseudo
revolution

corporation on Monday, seriously consider killing the pigs at a Thursday noon anti-war rally, and go to the farm on weekends.

Another luxury is a fine-tuned critical mind. In the throes of self-awareness, we know that, with our background, we can no longer ride into the ghetto, reservation or migrant camp on our white steeds and lead the poor people down Glory Rd. into the sunset. Much as we'd like to. On the contrary, we know from the latest underground literature that we must liberate ourselves first. Right on. Therapy being a suburban cliché, we meditate on the failures of our lives in terms of our political life-styles.

We soon become experts in what's wrong with the Movement: the reformers are getting brain damage from beating their heads against the office partitions; the drop-outs are singing bawdy ballads to the cows in the barn while My Lai and Jackson State are going down; and the militants, between moments of pyromania in the business district, are haranguing and chastising the crowds to give up the way of sin and seek salvation in self-righteous arrogance.

We don't want to be like *those* people, at least for more than a weekend experiment. And we don't have to be, because mobility is a cornerstone of counter-culture affluence. So we pack our knapsacks and set out for the farthest coast to experiment with alternatives. The new and different abounds for a while: the rock festivals, the drugs, the demonstrations, the sexual arrangements, the ideologies, the radicals we didn't know existed in Pinckney, Mich., or Ethete, Wyo. Beautiful. But two years later we return home to the awareness that we've consumed just about everything and everybody and still haven't found The Answer. And we think we're going crazy for the lack of it.

To get at least a lower case answer, we might first seek some clarity on the problem. On top of the luxuries we indulge in and call "freedom," the problem appears to be a multiple case of throwing out the baby with the bath water. We deny any long-term commitment to a concrete idea or course of action because, well, look at our parents' commitments to their jobs. We deny any deep sense of discipline or dedication because that's what junior executives do on the way "up." And we reject virtues such as humility and patience because those are just the qualities that oppressors want us to have.

The inevitable result of the thorough-going negation is that we flit around like honey bees, gathering pollens that produce all the sweetness of paste.

Yet there are people in this country who are showing how doses of commitment, discipline and humility can still be revolutionary. In fact, such people will make the revolution if it ever happens. For the most part, such persons are completely into one of the three political styles. That's the commitment, a commitment which requires tremendous discipline to survive as well as to get the job done. Their humility is bound up in the modest goal of living and giving in ways that make the world at least slightly more human.

Most of these serious workers for change focus on specific tasks in local situations: lawyers who donate their services, communal gardeners who share limited fruits and vegetables, and militant leaders who can effect local alternatives to the political and economic plundering of people and resources.

But what about the danger of all this becoming so much narrow parochialism? There's little worry as long as all three political types are relating to each other—complementing, supporting, informing and correcting each other. When this is done locally, and is combined with reliable communication of what's happening nationally and internationally, a highly effective form of checks and balances is established. The balance state is the lowest common denominator only if the interchanges are limited or bad.

And what about the danger of ego-tripping and playing the god-role? Frankly, this is a much tougher problem. Especially since *Time Magazine* declared God dead nearly five years ago and the replacements are still multiplying. Some of us, however, are beginning to realize that the crux of our present confusion and anxiety is our own god-problem. We're realizing that perhaps our ultimate baby and bath water trick was throwing out religion when we junked the institutional church. Rumors and pronouncements to the contrary, we're recognizing that we and other people have souls and spirits that require nurture. The kind of nurture that transcends even tripping.

We need to get beyond ourselves, to believe beyond ourselves, lest our spirits knot up and strangle us as it's already strangling the straight culture. The confusion, which finally rests in our souls, requires a spiritual revolution that will both complement the political/cultural revolt and keep it honest.

Heading in this direction could bring many of us to a new understanding of Jesus Christ as a spiritual revolutionary who also gave new meaning to political and cultural revolutions. But that was a long time ago, so we first have to remember that history did not begin in the 1960s.

—Jim Stentzel

well ma, it's a-livin'

EARL DOTTER



PHOTOGRAPH

"What do you want to be when you grow up?"

George Brosi inaugurates a series of vocations for social change. Personal, and yet rooted in ideological understandings, this series will convey something of the richness of liberation life-styles. In the coming months, motive will present articles by persons and collectives engaged in creating a whole 'nother world beside Father's footsteps.

By George Brosi

Gigi, Claudia and I were driving the good ol' VW Camper across a particularly barren section of Arizona. Gigi and Claudia were talking about some mutual friends at the University of Dayton while I was paying attention to my driving. All of a sudden I slowed down. I could feel the tears well up in my eyes as I looked over at Claudia and announced that I was going to get out of the car and just let them continue on to California.

They looked over at me in confusion and a touch of horror as I haltingly explained that the combination of their close rapport and the tension between them and me made me feel terribly lonely. The central image of the trip in my head was their emerging from the ladies room of a gas station talking excitedly and then clamming up as they approached me standing by the car. It was torture to be so left out and to feel like a damper on the whole deal.

The discussion that followed got right to the heart of the matter. My insensitivity towards them was the root of the alienation I was feeling so deeply. The most blatant example occurred when we were in Wilmington, Del. Claudia had wanted to stay there for an extra day with her family, but I had seemed so anxious to move on that she didn't bother to stick up for her feelings. As we drove away, Claudia was crying. But I was so darn determined to get to New York that I hadn't even noticed her tears.

In the end I didn't desert the crew there in Arizona. After all this was the spring of 1968 and I had been scheming on the idea of Vocations for Social Change (VSC) since 1965. It would take a heck of a lot to get me to abandon it just a couple of days out of our destination where we were to set up the very first VSC office!

Although we were going to California to set up the office, the idea first came out of the fertile soil of Nashville, Tenn. At that time I was doing civil rights and peace work for SSOC (Southern Student Organizing Committee), traveling mostly on campuses to stimulate concern and activity. It always seemed that the most important and intense discussions happened when we talked about what could be done after dropping out or graduating. So many of the students got more meaning out of their civil rights and peace activity than they did out of school work. Yet there was almost universal confusion about how they could continue to be active in the movement after leaving school. "What am I going to do with my life?" "How can I live consistently with my values?" These were the questions that kept coming up.

At the same time students were asking these questions, SSOC people were asking, "How can we find somebody to do campus traveling in South Carolina?" SNCC was asking, "Are there enough people around to do a white folks organizing project in Biloxi, Mississippi?" And SCEF (Southern Conference Educational Fund) was asking, "Is there anybody around who can do South-wide civil liberties work?" A link needed to be forged between these two perpetual sets of searchers, and I outlined a SSOC pamphlet to be called, "If You Want To Work Full-time." But with anti-war activity just emerging throughout the South, there just wasn't time for me to fill out the ol' outline. Even though the kind of options available to people changed as the movement evolved, the need for a clearing-house to bring people together remained. Thus the idea stayed with me as I went from SSOC to the American Friends Service Committee in search of meaningful work that was still approved

as alternative service by my draft board in Clinton, Tenn. Finally, I was able to get the Board to approve the Council of the Southern Mountains in Berea, Kentucky, and the CSM to let me do campus traveling in the Appalachian South. The fact that they didn't have any funds for me was a surmountable barrier. I sent off a letter to about 150 friends from college and enough contributions and pledges came in to support my work, with some left over to share with others doing important things in the region.

The VSC idea remained on the back burner until I told Toby Brooks, a Berea housewife, about it. Instead of the usual "That's great, why don't you do it?" Toby said, "That's great, why don't WE do it?" So we got together the next Tuesday afternoon and started writing a pamphlet called, "Vocations for Social Change." When we had finished it, we both had to agree that it lacked soul. What was needed, were some essays by people doing different kinds of Movement work. Luckily, about that time, Ellen Pippert wrote from Denmark asking how she could find a movement job upon her return to the states. So we put her to work right away soliciting essays for our VSC pamphlet. She was supported by the pledges and contributions that kept coming in. By the time the essays were on hand, however, we still weren't satisfied. About half a dozen of us there in Berea—students on a summer tutorial project, social service workers, and housewives—began to develop the idea of a permanent "job-finding agency" to serve as a kind of alternative placement service or employment bureau. During the summer we firmed up our conception of VSC and began to spread the word and seek resources as we traveled. But by the time Ellen left for her first term of graduate school in the fall, there was still nothing concrete beyond the materials for the pamphlet.

It wasn't until February of 1968 that our break came. When Claudia Reiter told me she had decided to drop out of school, I suggested that she come to Berea to work full-time keeping up with correspondence and trying to get VSC off the ground. She accepted and then almost immediately I found that I could transfer my alternative service to a group in California that would allow me to spend full-time on VSC also. Then Gigi Bosch got busted at an anti-draft demonstration and emerged from jail intent

on not returning to school. So we snatched her up too, completing our initial staff of three. We simply converted the \$139.72 in contributions we had on hand to travelers checks and headed for California, raising money by speaking and passing the hat, and spreading the word about VSC as we went!

It took us about a month after our April Fool's Day arrival in the San Francisco Bay Area to find a place to live and work, to furnish it with a minimum of office and household equipment, to make friends in our new community of Hayward, to plant the garden, to catch up on correspondence and figure out where to go from there. But finally we were ready to prepare our first mass mailing to explain what we were trying to do and solicit material and funds for our first issue of VSC.

You have to understand that since I first got involved in movement activities (through picketing a segregated laundromat in my home town during the summer between my freshman and sophomore years of college) the one thing I had a lot of confidence in was my ability to do the 'shit work' quickly and efficiently. So you can imagine what it must have been like on this occasion—my first opportunity to really show my stuff to our brand-new group which was already so much a part of me. I must have been strutting around like a peacock flaunting my skill at folding, stapling and colating. Finally, Claudia looked over at me and shook her head. The gist of what she said was how pathetically up-tight I got over a stupid little mailing. What difference could it possibly make, especially since it had already taken us a month to get to the production stage, whether the mailing went out five minutes or even five hours later. That really stopped me. But she sure was right. Even if I was good at it, that's still no excuse for carrying on like a dern executive who thinks that the world revolves around him because of what he can produce.

Perhaps it was because of this realization that it really hit me one day when I walked into Claudia's room and saw this quotation on the wall: "Love consists not in looking one another in the eye, but rather in looking outward together in the same direction—Antoine de Saint Exupery." That's the spirit that gets all of us into social action kinds of things—a feeling that our love for each individual can best be expressed by working with a loved one for small triumphs over human misery. Yet it is so easy

to lose this central core in taking care of (rather than for) the everyday particulars. That quotation helped me to realize that human liberation alone was just not enough to be the goal of my work. But the work itself—every minute of it—must also express liberation. It's got to be liberating for me individually to work for collective liberation.

WOODCUT: MARKY BULWINKLE



The four of us (Gigi's boy friend, Tom, had joined the group in early May) all lived and worked in a little two bedroom house right smack in the middle of a commercial zone leading to the beginning of a friggin' freeway! Across the street to the west was a Shell station and across the street to the south was a Texaco station and you could throw a stone from our miniscule front yard and land it in the parking lot of a huge shopping center. Out beyond these confines was the splendid natural beauty of the California countryside which none of us had ever had a chance to explore. One day somebody had the brainstorm that we should pack a lunch and go to Mt. Tamalpias. Great! Of course, as anybody who has ever lived in a commune or read CHEAPER BY THE DOZEN knows, it takes time to get something like that organized. By the time we had gotten it together and were on the way up the mountain, I was a complete bundle of frustration. Driving the camper as fast as I could so that we would have some time at the top, my mind was constantly going over how we could have gotten off much more quickly and all the reasons I was pissed off at Gigi (I believe it was) for holding us up. Then all of a sudden I looked at the lovely mountain road and the trees and the sky and all, and kind of muttered, "There is no way to beauty; beauty is the way." There is also no way to liberation. Liberation is the way!

Here we were—four kids who had never before raised money, been journalists, been counselors, managed an office, or ANYTHING—and we were trying to start and sustain a nationwide operation to serve the needs of hundreds of thousands of people. The mind boggles to think about it, so you can imagine what it was like to be trying to do it! Why the very first issue of VSC listed over 100 “job” opportunities in all kinds of fields, and we had to collect them, write them up, lay them out along with various other features and articles, and then type it all up rough and on stencil and then mimeograph them up (it wasn’t until November of ‘68 that we went to offset printing). But that wasn’t half of it. Correspondence and keeping the mailing list up and all kinds of chores and errands kept us very busy—mostly doing repetitive work, in a sense not that much different from the work being done in the gas stations and offices and stores across the street from us. To us it made all the difference in the world that we were committed to the work we were doing and that we felt it was really important. Plus it was fascinating and fun to be on top of all kinds of new developments and ideas around the country. But in a way that made the work itself all the more maddening. The workers across the street could take off at 5:00 and leave it all behind. But we felt the constant pressure to keep at our tasks. One afternoon I just HAD to get away from it all. But I didn’t really know a soul in Hayward outside of Claudia, Gigi, and Tom. So I just kind of wandered across the street, considered the few dollars we had in our piggy bank, and thought about blowing it all on a good drunk. Then a brain-storm hit me. I went instead to the grocery store and got all the fixings for a good ol’ Southern pecan pie! I came home joyfully and made the pie. It was really wonderful that evening with all of us sitting around munching on my beautiful creation! Our best pleasures came in solidarity with each other, rather than through escape.

One of the main problems that Spring was the fact that I was in love with Claudia and she wasn’t in love with me. She appreciated the fact that I had given her the opportunity to go to California and work for VSC. It is true that if she hadn’t known me she would have had no alternative but a straight job some place close to Wilmington or Dayton). And she respected some of my ideas and knowledge. But I just

wasn’t the kind of person who personally turned her on.

I couldn’t tell the difference between appreciation and love. I wasted tremendous amounts of energy trying to figure out how I could get her to love me, and why she didn’t want to get into a romantic thing. At times I would feel completely unworthy and wouldn’t blame her a bit for rejecting me. At other times I felt she must be terribly hung-up not to see how really lovable I was. One evening we sat down and went through the whole trip with her explaining how her affection and respect for me were valid and real, but just not the kind of affection and respect that lead to desire. At the end of our talk, she hugged me. Even though it was very moving and beautiful in itself, I have to admit that what I saw in it was a glimmer of hope that someday she would grow to love me.

A few days before Claudia and Gigi and Tom were to leave (as had been planned all along) for their summer commitments, I asked Claudia—in a most desperate way, I’m sure—to take a short walk with me. Almost practically as soon as we left the house I started bawling like a little baby. What a tender scene it was there on the filthy sidewalks of suburban Hayward with all kinds of cars driving by and folks watching TV inside their houses when she kissed away some of the tears just a-streaming down my cheeks. Here I was again all alone with my wonderful vacuous VSC idea in a town where I hardly knew a soul, with an office and lots of commitments and debts and a daily stream of mail filled with great expectations. A kiss from Claudia meant a lot, but it couldn’t change that reality.

You know, when we first started out on our venture I was very apprehensive about working with people as "inexperienced" as Claudia, Gigi, and Tom. But as they were leaving, I realized how lucky I was, and how fortunate VSC was, to have a crew so fresh and ingenuous. Although I'm sure they learned some skills from me, the thing that was most clear in my mind was how much I had learned from them. They had helped transform me from a competent, egocentric office manager to a person whose caring for others was reflected in his caring for himself. I knew I'd miss the playfulness with which they worked, and I feared that without them I would backslide. I was right. Within a couple of weeks after they had left, Lang Russel had quit his job as an apprentice cabinet-maker, and Ellen Karlson had quit her job as a letter carrier, both to join the VSC staff. It took just as long for me to appreciate them as it had with the old crew. Worse still, the fact that they were a couple kept me feeling as lonely and left-out as before.

Our staff—like the young people all over the country we were trying to serve—was made up of people just beginning to search for alternative, change-producing, employment. So we struck a responsive chord and the response we were getting to our work far exceeded our capacity by the end of the summer. Luckily, this response also brought new people inquiring about working with us. We began to hire new staff on a first-come-first-serve basis, both because of our great need, and because of our egalitarian values. Unfortunately, with each new staff member I saw an opportunity to emerge from my loneliness through romantic involvement. With Sherri it was a really bad scene. At first she felt that she had to accept my advances in return for the "favor" I had done in hiring her. I should have known that she would end up hating me. Before Sherri and I were completely estranged, a guy I had met before and really respected came by to see us. He made a pass at me and I really didn't know how to deal with it, though I was tempted. It made me think a lot about how society's fear of homosexuality screws all of us up so terribly.

During this time my best friend was a guy named Danny who lived with us and worked at the local peace center. Danny and I often took long walks together—sometimes

along the same streets that Claudia and I had walked—and exchanged ideas about organizing, visions about how Alameda County could be changed, and intimate talk about mutual acquaintances, our sex lives, past experiences, and really everything you could imagine. After a long day of encountering many different people it was great to be able to go over everything in detail with a close friend you could really trust. We had talked a lot about my screwed-up relationship with Sherri, every aspect of it. How cruel I thought she was to me and how ashamed I was of the ways I had hurt her. I don't think I have ever in my life had a deeper relationship than I did with Danny. The combination of my new intellectual openness to bisexuality and my close rapport with Danny made me view our relationship in a very different way. Unfortunately, when I made a pass at Danny, he was shocked rather than appreciative and our friendship began to fall apart. The tension of our differing sexual aspirations destroyed the uninhibited way we had previously gotten along. It was so damned stupid for me to have messed up my relationship with Danny! I didn't hit rockbottom, though, until Danny and Sherri, my latest attempts at romance, started going together!

One evening the staff and a few friends—about a dozen of us—were sitting around the VSC living room relaxing and drinking beer. I was sitting on the couch by the door and when Lang walked in, I broke into a broad grin and said, "Hey, Lang, look over there!" "What?" he said, puzzled. "Don't you see, Lang?" "No, what are you talking about?" Hugging Lang, I burst into tears. For several minutes I cried uncontrollably as my perplexed friends tried to comfort me. Finally I was able to burst out between sobs, "The cabinet. Lang's cabinet. It's such a wonderful thing, and he worked so hard on it. And all of us use it all the time." But we don't, we just don't have any way to express our appreciation to him for doing it for us."

Lang's cabinet was a perfect symbol for all the work we did. It took a lot longer to complete than he thought it would. There was a lot more 'shit-work' (in this case sanding and staining) involved than he had realized. Of course he screwed up the design and we had to cut a hole in the back of it to get the filing cabinet in and put asbestos over the corner that stuck out over the

heating outlet. But when it was all in place it was a beautiful and remarkable creation that made our work easier and more pleasant every day!

Lang had worked his head off on the dern thing. But how was he to know how much we appreciated his labors? In expressing to Lang how wonderful I thought that cabinet was, I was making a tremendous breakthrough. Never before had I been able to really get across to myself or to anybody else how much I appreciated them except in a romantic way! That's what had messed up my relationships with Claudia, Sherri, and Danny. And that's what had messed up my mind the whole time—feeling lonely and unconnected—solely because I was not in the midst of a romantic fling. When you think about it, it is incredible how often we destroy perfectly beautiful relationships by trying to squeeze them into the romantic image! How difficult it is to get across affection and respect outside of a romantic context! Later that evening I just went around the room in a very awkward way and said what I liked most about every single person and talked about how well I thought we balanced each other out. Perhaps that wasn't the best way to do it, but I was beginning to try to find a way to express positive feelings unromantically.

Shortly after that evening of emotional catharsis I took off on my first speaking tour. It was fun and exciting and a lot of money was raised for the coffers. But I missed everybody terribly. When my plane landed back in San Francisco the whole staff came to greet me in the Camper and we went straight to the beach and just romped wildly. We even ran into another friendly group and spontaneously passed our wine and cheese sandwiches all around the large circle while they passed their joints and bologna sandwiches. It was so fine! It was good even to get back to the terribly cramped little house so full of memories with all the mattresses stacked up against the wall of the hall to be dragged out into every single room of the house amidst the offset press, the typewriters, and even in the darkroom, the tiny basement and the VW vans as people drifted off to bed.

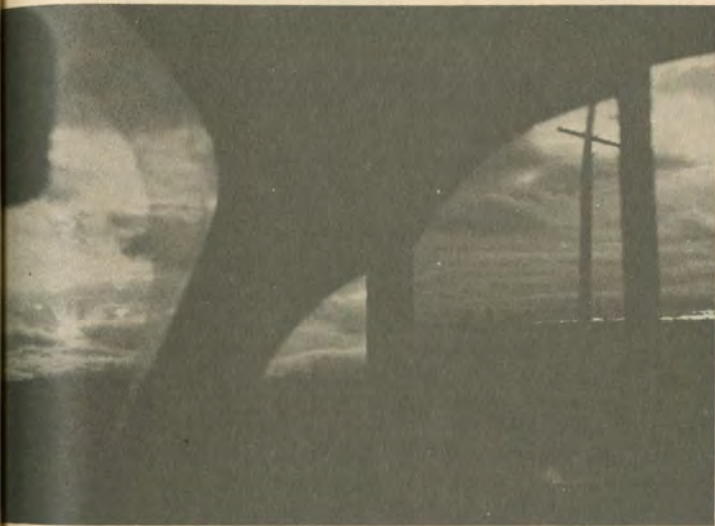
In about two weeks I took off again for another long speaking tour. This trip was exciting and productive; but it, too, was terribly lonely. In the middle of the trip at Des Moines airport I finally broke down and confided to the group of Grinnell

students who had driven me there through a snowstorm. I poured out all kinds of confusion and invective about the loneliness of traveling; the loneliness of being seen as the "founder" of a group; my intense need for honest "feed-back" from people I could trust. Lacking that and lacking anybody like Danny with whom I could really talk about myself, I shared with them my evaluation of my own strengths and weaknesses. I was even able to talk to them about my fears of flying, of big cities, of driving in bad weather. I told them that in my sophomore year of college I had overcome most of my fears, but that now they were coming back to waste my time, screw up my emotional life, and cause me to lose confidence in myself. I was afraid because I didn't want to die and I didn't want to die because I had ideas that I had no way to share and things I wanted to do. I felt my life was full of "unfinished business" and I was driven to complete it before I met my early death. Maybe when I was driving up Mt. Imalpias with Claudia, Gigi and Tom, or when Claudia had stopped me dead in my tracks while we were getting out our first mailing I had realized that the direction of my efforts rather than their success was the important thing. But I could not sustain that insight.

The Grinnell kids were first a little taken aback to see a campus "speaker" and "organizer" act like an emotional ten-year-old. But they soon began to really empathize with my situation and share their feelings and thoughts. I guess when we share the things we are most ashamed of in an ingenuous way, we find that they are almost universal. That builds a bond of human solidarity that is tenacious as hell. During my flight out of Des Moines I was calmer than I had been in years—and there are now four ex-Grinnell students on the VSC staff.

When I arrived at San Francisco airport from this second trip the scene was totally different from what it had been the time before. Only a couple of the staff members met me and we went straight to our new two-building house and office in rural Canyon about 45 minutes drive away.

I knew from phone conversations while traveling that the move to Canyon which all of us had hoped would solve the problems of our cramped little Hayward home had instead intensified conflict and despair. Heather, Sherri, and Genie—all of whom had come on



PHOTOGRAPH

J. SPENCE

the staff as a result of long distance contact with me rather than visits with the whole staff, all hated me—mostly because when you come right down to it I was paternalistic as hell and had made them feel beholden to me sexually and in all other ways for “what I had done for them.” Then there was a split between the more “conscientious” and the more “freaky” staff members. I mean just about everybody on the staff hated at least a couple of other staff members, and here we were living and working with each other 24 hours of the day! Our division of labor—Kirk doing the job-hunter letters; Kathy doing the donor letters; Gene doing the printing; Tom working on the move and other “business” matters; etc., etc. had gotten everybody mad at everybody else for messing them up. Communications which had to be good in our little Hayward house collapsed when we got to a place where we had room to spread out. Plus we were terribly behind in

our work. Ellen is one of those people who is so sensitive to a group that her spirits kind of serve as a weathervane and she was terribly depressed. Half the staff predicted the imminent demise of the organization.

We had only two things going for us. But both were terribly important. First, our plight was so desperate that we all knew that to survive we would have to change radically. Second, those who decided to see it through had a very strong commitment to really doing it.

I guess that another factor that helped us pull out of it was a change in the way I viewed my leadership role. A very perceptive visitor remarked that spring of 1969 that the living room looked like Ellen’s room. Indeed, Ellen’s style and sensitivity was truly integral to the group. But she didn’t agonize over her key leadership role. And she surely didn’t use it to make demands upon the rest of us or feel somehow above us.

PHOTOGRAPH

EARL DOTTER



Her example was an inspiration to me and I resolved to try to be less self-conscious about which ideas were mine originally and how often the group went along with my suggestions and all. Perhaps more important, I began to speak out whenever I had an idea, rather than paternalistically holding back and waiting to see if the little novices could come up with my solution.

At first we had a whole hell of a lot of meetings to discuss long and short range planning, our ideology and strategy, how to deal with the office mess, etc., etc. Most of this time was spent talking about somebody's idealized conceptions rather than how the hell we were going to get our work done. It was a bummer and it didn't last very long. Nevertheless, we did establish certain principles which we paid attention to in our everyday practice. Most importantly we chucked our whole division of labor. Not to the point that we forced Genie to get into repairing cars, or ceased to depend a lot on her for financial statements, but not long-term role specializations were allowed. Instead we depended upon allowing almost all of our work to be done in small groups and we encouraged a continual teaching and learning process that brought great personal joy and collective strength. This principle was applied both in the office and for speaking trips. No more lonesome travelers!

Although we tried all kinds of ways to facilitate working in small groups, we found that elaborate schedules and plans didn't work too well. One thing that did work great was "environmental design." (Not that we would have thought to call it that then!) Lang's ingenuity was called upon to design a special mail-opening table to allow several people to work together on answering the mail. The spirit of that table caught on so well that fairly soon just about everybody abandoned the individual desks that they had claimed! (Imagine the Bank of America without any individual desks.)

I guess if someone had arrived on the scene and asked us who our leader was and we answered that it was the Things Box they would have thought we were crazy. But the feeling would be mutual. The full name of this magic box was the Things To Be Looked At Everyday By Everybody Box. Of course it would have been more accurate to have called it the "Things To Be Looked At By Most Everybody About Once a Week

Box." Into it was placed letters that required group decision-making as well as notes on important phone calls and ideas.

In there also was a sheet of paper labeled "Agenda Sheet" where staff members placed additional items they wanted discussed that had no supporting documents—like who's going to pay Meu Meu's vet bill? or Do people want to have a work-day to clean up under the deck? We got so good at using our wonderful box we took pains to make available to the rest of the staff ideas that we thought preposterous. One shining example was the request by phone from the U. S. Information Agency (the propaganda arm of imperialism that is protected by a law saying it is illegal for any of its flicks to be shown in this country!) to do a film on VSC!

Although the staff meetings were invariably long and often a pain, there were enough hams among us to liven them up from time to time. A high point was reached when (perhaps inspired by a visiting writer from LOOK magazine) Cisco threw the Things Box out the window in mock despair. Inevitably specialized jargon crept in. For example "Quack! Quack!" was often our way of saying "no." (Its origins are ascribed to a fairy tale in which the immortal line, "Not I," said the duck, "Quack! Quack!" appears.) Obviously there was no need for a chairperson for these meetings. Whoever was closest to the Things Box started reading off items for consensus and upon getting tired of this heavy responsibility passed the Box on down the line for the next taker.

At a lot of these staff meetings—which began to occur approximately once a week—very decisive action was taken that significantly boosted morale. Even though we had formerly taken pride in personal responses to correspondence we decided to just send sample copies of our publication to most of our backlog and to make up form letters to protect us from getting behind. We decided to publish bi-monthly rather than monthly. Any standard operating procedure that got in our way was ditched.

As these changes were slowly being implemented about five staff members left. Even though we were still behind we hesitated to add new staff, feeling that a smaller number of people who knew each other well could get more done than a larger group of folks not used to working together. We also dropped our first-come, first-serve

hiring policy in favor of only adding on those who had lived with us for a trial period and who we really wanted to add to the family.

As we began to feel the momentum of whipping our operation into shape and as staff changes were made, we began to feel more at ease with each other. We decided not to have formal "encounter groups," but informally people began to share their personal problems with more and more people. One time Cisco was talking to Genie down at the office about his problem of always relating to reality abstractly and intellectually instead of with feeling. A few people began to drift down from the house and joined the discussion. Then someone went upstairs to get something to eat and filled in that group about what was happening. Soon the sub-groups began to shift and everybody got a chance to fill Cisco in on all the ideas that emerged. This pattern actually occurred several times. You know, it's a very heavy thing to live with the same group you work with. The dominant American pattern of putting up with crap, then escaping, putting up with crap, then escaping, ad infinitum, just can't go on. Problems HAVE to be dealt with and worked out. This doesn't mean that everybody is melted down to a mass of conformity. Sure, there is a "lowest common denominator" problem where rare talents are not exercised for fear of shaking group solidarity and there is a danger that minority attitudes will be pressured out of existence. But as the whole group gets to know everybody else better that leads to greater sensitivity to individuality and also makes possible even deeper special relationships of confidence.

Another basic principle that emerged was that the most effective way to get work done was to satisfy the personal needs of the workers. If I were a poet I could tell you about our four day back-packing trip to the Sierras and the day on the isolated ocean beach when half of us dropped mescaline! Another prosaic effect of this principle was that people began to get involved in activities away from VSC. By far the most momentous was Women's Liberation. It had a big impact in increasing the self-confidence of all the women on the staff. It sped up the process whereby our work and our decision-making became more and more completely democratized. It

had a beautiful effect on all of us in helping us to escape the silly roles that had captured us. Like you can just tell by the expression on the face of a woman fixing a busted car or a man fixing a beautiful dinner that there is great joy in doing something creative that you were never supposed to do! Of course it wasn't all that easy. Lots of effort had to be put in by all of us in re-evaluating our habitual behavior. It is awful scary to look in a mirror and see a male-supremacist pig staring back into your face, or a dumb blonde for that matter. Like nothing we ever faced, the issue of male supremacy made us aware of how pervasive oppression is in this society and how tied up in it we all are—as oppressors one minute and as oppressed the next. We found that there was just no way that reminders, gentle or raving, could get the men-folks to participate equally in household work. So we devised our Magic Wheel Chore Chart. Each person did two chores a day each with a different partner. The chores changed daily and the two partners weekly.

A lot of us learned the hard way that there is just no way to implement an idea whose time has not yet come. But we also learned that ideas we had been very slow to accept often were great. Ordinarily we didn't adopt a new idea until we really needed or wanted to. Often ideas about important questions just didn't come up literally for years, until there was a need to deal with them. For example, we had our first discussion about private and communal property in the fall of 1969 after we had been going for a year and a half! Another example of an idea that was implemented spontaneously rather than in a structured way was internal education with invited guests. We got to where we had internal education sessions pretty often, but their times and topics varied tremendously—from Druidism to Cuba. The best way to do long-term strategic and ideological thinking that we discovered was an adaptation of Synanon's Search process. We would set aside about ten hours for group discussion on our future. With so much time to do it, everybody's already formulated ideas were available to all with plenty of time to go, and the really important process of pulling them together could attract our creative energy for some time.

There are lots of reasons why it is almost impossible to paint a picture of daily life at VSC towards the end of the summer of 1969 when we were finally beginning to get it together. For one thing there was a

pattern of being at the office for perhaps three months and then on the road for perhaps a month and then back to the office again. For another we discouraged visitors except on the week-ends in an outwardly anti-social move to give us time for work and some family privacy—so there was a different pattern during “visiting hours.” Still another problem in such a summation is that our lack of division of labor kept us from being very up-tight at all (except in extreme cases) about how much work any particular individual was doing. People took vacations whenever they felt like it, and moods changed so that the person doing the most work one week might do the least the next. The spectrum ran from about 60 hours a week of work (not counting the chore chart time) to a few hours a day about half the week.

Office work was dominated by answering the mail (usually over 500 letters a week) and scanning hundreds of publications, except during that week every other month when everyone chipped in to get out the publication. But it also included special chores like hassling with the reports necessary to preserve our tax-exempt non-profit status or reprinting literature, keeping card files in shape, or writing publicity materials and soliciting articles. Household needs also varied from chopping wood for our heating stoves, to fixing leaks in the gravity-flow water system, to re-roofing buildings, to graveling the parking spaces to prepare for the winter's mud. Chores—picking up supplies and provisions, doing the laundry, etc.—also took up a lot of time. Leisure time pursuits included lots of different kinds of crafts with an emphasis on weaving, trips to friends and functions in nearby Bay Area cities, and just enjoying Canyon's Redwood forests and beautiful rolling hills.

Generally, however, folks got up anytime between 9:00 and the early afternoon and lolled around the kitchen and the deck for a while having coffee and/or breakfast with two or three others who got up about the same time. Then to the office for an hour or some work on a household chore or two. The lunch bell always brought folks together—except those out on errands—for an hour or so of relaxation. The afternoons would usually be broken up between office work, household work, recreation, and errands. Dinner was a real occasion. Usually the two cooks would work for an hour and a half in preparation and cook a fine meal to be savored over lingering conversation. Not too long after dinner folks would begin to trickle back up to the living room from the office until perhaps about 10:00 when the most dedicated office workers would emerge. The evenings were really fine. Some would read, some would weave, and others just shoot the bull. But generally most of us would be relaxing together in the living room.

That fall of 1969 I did get involved in a romantic relationship—a sustained one this time, in fact. Nancy and I had our tender and tearful moments, our frustrations and everything of course. But probably the most significant thing about it was that we, along with Ellen and Lang and Cisco and Susie all “broke up” and yet all stayed—at least for a while—in the collective. That all three couples, though split up, were able to do that is the best testimony to the strength of the VSC collective. The group had found ways to express affection for each other from cooking great meals to skinny dipping. And we were open enough in both praise and

blame so that nobody needed romance in order to get honest feed-back or to feel appreciated. The trauma of breaking up a romantic affair was still a trauma. The void it left was filled with comradely understanding—not rebound affairs or recrimination.

Naturally, over the course of my two years with VSC, the story becomes less and less the story of my hang-ups and more and more the story of a group of people struggling and enjoying life together. That just reflects the way it happened.

It is difficult for me to avoid “romanticizing” our situation at VSC because it really was so fine despite all its problems. The thing that is hardest to communicate about it is that the real glue that held us together and allowed us to get meaning by fixing up the two old houses and putting together a periodical and writing to hundreds of people was the purpose of our work. We saw ourselves as being in a position where we could materially aid all kinds of struggles against oppression by turning people on to ways

to support themselves while being involved full-time in efforts for institutional change. We all look towards the time when “straight jobs” just won’t be able to compete with people’s vocations, and it will become harder and harder to operate the machinery of oppression and imperialism. But we didn’t see this whole thing as a guilt-ridden duty trip at all. It was much more of a share-the-job trip; working and struggling against the forces that oppress us and our fellow beings, yes! but also working to implement a vision of human liberation for ourselves and others at the same time. We just couldn’t have grooved on each other as much as we did or enjoyed our redwood home if all we had was each other. No way. It was that connection we felt with the struggles of the Vietnamese, the Panthers, the coal miners, and all the others throughout the world who are overcoming oppression with new forms of living rather than escape, that really brought meaning to our small efforts. ■

MUNICH WEATHER

I'm tired of museums
and the dust of other men
hung up or standing . . .
how good the sun feels,
its hot hands on my neck;
how I love the grass
that seeks no appraisal.

My name is on a list--
Students of the Arts--
I am the 14th waiting.
Why should I give a damn
as long as the sun keeps shining?

When I walk through the streets of Munich
aware of its hidden rubble
I must say no to the churches
pointing in vague directions,
to hotels and their innocent rooms
declaiming memories.
I notice the sun unaffected,
the grass still growing;
but asking the same of its people
find their eyes behind clouds,
their lips pale as winter.

—CHARLES FISHMAN

MY SISTER'S CHILD

Each time I hug my sister's child
unborn
I feel the rift of our years
rut like ice
in spring pools
and when she lifts her arm to form her pictures
my own images are cloven
like earth at the year's turning
by light and thaw.

Her words are colors--
maroon and taupe--
visual moods that countermand my toys
or gather them
broken
through a painted gate.

What I sing she shadows,
shapes,
a maker
seeking the world's limit and reef,
the weak mew of truth,
the dry pod of a dozen silent flowers.

—CHARLES FISHMAN

ANITA'S VICTORY

A Tale of a childrens Park

by

Felicity Brown

Last Spring, March to be exact, *motive* began publishing a short novel by Felicity Emily Brown. It is a rare occasion when *motive* prints fiction, but "Anita's Victory" is a rare story, partially because of its subject matter, but mostly because the author is 12-years-old.

The following is the last seven chapters of "Anita's Victory." In the first five chapters the action followed a series of events in 1969 known as the fight for the People's Park. Chapter six of the tale picks up after a swarm of grade school students are bailed out of jail. They had been unjustly charged with trespassing and over-powered by brutal police while they were attempting to create a park out of formerly littered and somewhat smelly vacant lot. The heroine, Anita, is 20 years old, "almost finished with law school" and the defense attorney for the swarm of kids.—Eds.

Chap. 6 The Judge

This time I am Just going to tell you what the judge is like. His name is Mr. Hammer in private life but up in the bench he is Ither "your honer" or Judge Hammer He thinks he is Just an ordinary man but all radicals when ever they see him they shrink as far away as posible from him and look at him in unpitying disgust Judge Hammer is in his 50's and is the most crabbyist and most prejudices' Judge the world has seen. Police men are humane compared to him; the instent he learns if the Prisoner is a draft refuser he interupts so what you might hear would be this: "Sir John Bane Draft re." (the marshal) "Quick sentence 5 years hard labor" (The Judge) buteven worse a black man comes in (a prisiner) he doesnt even wait he Just says: "hurry up 6 years hard labor, 4 years Jail" Before he eaven gets a trial. So you can see why radicals look at him in disgust.

I must also tell you that he has a low apinion of lady lawyers. he thought they were so stupid he thinks they mess the whole system When he went a'visiting with other men (Judges of course) You could hear him saying "on the whole men do a better Job women are realy only ment for house keeping any way" loud aprouvel from the other Judges and "Your Honor" continues "Take, forinstence My wife. A perfect exsample of a women meek and mild never trying to be better than me always only concerend about

house hold things but" he continued with a dark frown "my children, I have four, two of the girls(I have three) are like my wife" while taking another Pull at his beer "the boy ofcourse will be a Judge"(a Courus of "of courses") "natruley I wanted to have all my girls like my wife but one" he said angrily "wants to be a LAWYER!" a caurus of gasps "a lawyer?" "good god' "hevan Protect me!" "What on earth are you going to do. Sheal go against you" "a girl lawyer" "I plan to send her to Russia or Vietnam I hope she never comes back" "of course" came the Judges. "his Honor" took another pull at his Beer but nothing came out for a cople of seconds he Looked rufly at his mug and then for the third time he pounded on the table and called for another beer he drank that in silence and then went home after paying his bill. His lawyer Daughter greeted him at the door, "look Daddy, look at the book I got from the libray. A book on lawyers" "YOUR NOT TO READ A WORD IN THAT BOOK!!" he thundered "Why not?" "DONT CONTRADIKT!" he said or rather hollered of course at so much noise the whole family came tumbling to the door "what's wrong with her reading?" Quired her mother timidly "WRONG KIND OF BOOK!" thundered her father. Controlling him self Quietly (more or less) he managed to get out "I won't have any lawyer books in this house aspeisaly Defence" (which it was) "what if I do it at school" "do what?" "read those books" "one of your sisters will report you and you'll get it" her sisters looked very goody-goody and you-see-I-told-you-ish. I think Joan (that was her name) must have wanted to Punch both of her sisters In the nose.

Father was heard think out loud in his study "Now let me seea sentence for mr. Marvell 5 years? no to short. 5 years hard labor 2 years Jail? no wont do" and then he began to think silently and the noise of a pensil took its place all of a sudden there was a halt then... "ROB-ERT whats a good sentence for a draft refusal" "Your the Judge around here" said Robert right in the middle of a malodorus expriment with his chemistry set... "you must have practice" said his father "aw do I have to?" "YES!" he said firmly "oh well Just make it 6 months Probtion" "WHAT?! are you kidding? a draft refuser?!!" "why not?" but but but.....' he sputtered" "Its...Its not PROPer. he disobayed the LAW!!" "oh!" Joan was Reading...not the lawyer book and she chuckled under her breath it was kind of funny anyway "he'll never learn." Robert was up in his room and boy! is he a Scorserer malodorus smells, horrible color changes black smoke Youl also be glad to hear he had a "Scorcerers Aprentice" Joan! She put Jars back in shelves, cleaned glass tubes and lit the lamp

I feel now we'd better stop and leave of the Judge for a time but to be shure youl hear later about him!

Chap. 7 The JURY

As some of you may well know there is a Jury Panell... A different one for each year and I think there are about 180 in the panell. Then before each trial 36 are chosen. Then those 36 get together and at the first trial they'r all there. Then after that trial 12 Jury men (or women) are chosen and for the rest of the trial these twelve are used.

And I am only going to tell you about the twelve Jurymen. I wish to add that Judge hammer as you know Dissaproved of women but as he always said "I obey the law" he had to put women in it. But, I'm afraid to tell you in those 36 it was half and hald but the judge called out the names and 11 were men and 1 was a woman but this time it was a miraculus chance there were 2 women.

The 12 names I will hearby call out: John Garven, Peter Nassy, Jacky Fales, the rev. Nicholas Fadó, Kristin Barlet, Paul Bartrich, Kurt Bradly, Robert Vin, Steve Pater, Brian Kett, Robin Tolegate (a man) and Benjimen Vorte. And before I begin telling you about the Jury I will tell you that lawyers decide wether their prejudiced or not now I will tell you about the jury

Peter nassy is russian and he is slow but he thinks well he is also very acurate and he is often able to see what the Judge is thinking. he is rather a larger man and solid he speaks slowly with an ascnt. He speaks stolidly if you dont know what stolidly means it means his voice dosent sound hollow, thin and sharp its full and his voice sounds as if, if you weighed it, It would weigh something.

John Garven is a full blooded american he is a southener and he dispises negroes he calls them "nigers" he could have been taken out of the Jury had it not been for the prosacution attorney he swore when the Judge said something about a negroe

Jacky Fales is a real sister shs a negroe and she is very tall and shes got a real rich voice Jacky Fales came from a respectable family her father was a store keeper and was doing good buisness There for she was able to get a good education after she had gone to colege she had become a doctor that was very hard but she did it.

The rev. Nicholas Fadó is mexican he's got a bit of pure spanish Blood in him and he preaches peace, nonviolence and sin.

Kristin Barlet is in her twentys she has long blond hair and shes sort of slim and small but boy! is she energetic she orated violently and at work she talked to all her mates about peace.

Now, these people are all diferent and Im now going to give you the rest in the groups that they belong to. Paul Bartrich, Kurt Bradly, Robert Vin and Steve Pater are Selective Service men. If you dont know what that is I mean the Selective service. It is the Draft Board the place where the army boys are chosen. I am trying not to say somthing not nice about it and I have parshaly sucseeded. but It is hard since I am not consirvitive but any way I shall continue. Brian Kett and Robin Tulegate are Real Irish and they've got a rich Irish broge

The last one Benjimen Vorte is a mix of spanish swede and swiss. He doesnt know quite on whos side he is in other words he cant root he respects revolutionarys but he is afraid to join because of the police but eaven odder hes afraid to be conservitive Because he might have bombs thrown at him so he Just agrees with everything everybody says.

You might be thinking that some of the more radicals like Kristen Plus the fact that She is a woman wouldnt get on the Jury pannel but a laywer Doesent ask you wether your conservative or Radical so if you dont get fiery tempered or mad and keep your cool and perhaps if they asked you for instance "What do you think of peoples park?" (The peoples park is known all over the world) you might say that you had no real opinion about peoples park and if you sounded in-Different you probably could get in eaven if you were all for peoples park.

If any body has heard or read The Trial of Doctor Spock he has probably read how the Jury were chosen in the book with the F.B.I. but Judge Hammer isn't as bad as that he Dosent watch Jury like that.

I shall now stop telling you about the Jury and I will go on to another subject but, as with Judge Hammer, you shall hear of them later.

I will now tell you steps (and Difficultys) of begining the trial. As you may emagin to get all probaly more than 6 or 7 hundred children into the courtroom (You remember, It was all the school children) Is an Impsible feat (Plus the Jury, Judge, spectators, Parents and reporters). The Judge had said (not konw-ingly) "I will have all of them in at once' (all 700 will you belive) he thought that he would get their trial got done in a day and he didn't know Ither that all 700 were CHILDREN. he thaught as usual that he would Just give all of it at once he wasent in a flutter because he didn't know all he knew that there was a group of people but on the day of the trial when he found out who the people were and how many there were the Judge went into fits the Marshal (who was a kindly gentleman) slightly chuckled under his breath. Mabey he had planned to turn the judge into fits. Anyway who knows he may have eaven had his own children anyway as he probaly felt that children should have full fun (halloween!) So when the Judge finaly recovered (he will remember those police men pushing the more than 700 children into the coartroom forever and a day in heaven and on his deathbed)(he had fainted) he gave orders to find the biggest building they could find

after days of futile searching they reported, (the police and volenteers) that the Merchandise mart in chicago might do but the Judge (who was regaining his bad temper after his recovery) hollered out before they eaven fineshed the sentence "NO! wont do! too far away!" and all most pushed them out of his house saying "go along with you! dont come back till you find one!"

out side the men had a huddle and devided into groups. There were a hundred one men and the 101st man got up and said "we will divide into groups of 25. 25 will look at auditoriams, 25 will look at theaters, 25 will look at lecture halls and 25 will look at miscellaneous large buildings and I" said the 101st man (by the way he is the type of person who thinks they're just "It") smugly "I will report to his honor about the finds" There was not a little grumbling at this but they finaly dispersed. To a child who has only seen school auditoriams may think that to fit more mabey than 800 children plus all the spectators, wittnesses e.t.c. in an auditoriam would be a Miricle but there are auditoriams which are fairly large althow I dont know where one is that might hold all of the people but lets get on

Who knows where the auditoriam 25 went but undoutedly they put down several auditoriams on their list to consider form. If you do not know what a lecture hall is its a building where people give lectures or speeches and that sort we will let them also go in search of buildings what about theaters? You may say theaters are for movies but once in a great while meatings are held. I will tell you about it theaters are very large as many of you know

well the Judge came close to using a theater but he still remembers the EEnormous amount of People so they finally used a stadium a stadium! you may say in surprise but that is used for sports. well no not quite. the stadium is the largest construction I can think of well anyway they rigged up a sort of tent covering over it (with much Difficulty) and the Judge had to gather together the court people: the Lawyers, the Jury, All the Witnesses (you see the stadium was in San Fransisco) and the "court" had to get there because it was far away from home and then when the Judge thought every thing at the last minute the Judge remembered (oh horrors!) how was he going to get hundreds of children and parents to San Fransisco who knows how he did it but he did

so finally the trial would take place the stadium was reluctantly given up for the trial but when the people heard they could get into the stadium free for the trial and the big game they were eager many people probaly had a bad sleep but finally it was november 18 at 10:30 A.M. that the trial started mabey my readers and listeners and waiting for the trial I will stop and go on to the trial

Chap. 9 Up Against the Wall

The court started badly in the first place because George, David and Paul slid down the stadium There was a canvas cover over the stadium but it leaked and it was pouring rain But it would have been interesting to see the Judges face when Anita walked in with her court papers neatly stapeled in a manila folder. He spluttered and said the "dignaty" of the court was in peril. Then the marshall asked him if he would kindly shut up you may think that it sounds rather rude but marshalls have more priveleges

Any way Anita opened her folder and Mr Stonewall the prosecution did like wise Mr. Stonewall began by saying "These people before us are charged with tresspassing on privite property and summoning unlawful Alies" Anita was just about to say something when the Judge coughed and said "court is now in session" he then picked up a pad and wrote something on it he kept writing Anita was doing her best but they were last gasps all of a sudden one of the forth graders whined and said "I'm hungry I want some food" The Judge immeadietly wrote something down on his pad and then he called a break. When Anita walked by that fatal pad of paper her heart sank and she groaned because It had contempt charges. "That wretched Hammer" she muttered under her breath "Thats eaven against the Law."

The next day Anita braught the parents. as Witnesses They did some thing but not much. And by the end of the next day she found to her dispair she was hoarse and that she was developing Larengitis when she went to court her voice had a rasping tone to it the Jury were having problems too John Garven the southener threatend Jacky Fales and said "nigga you jus bedda watch out o' else I'll beat you up side yo head?" The guards had to pin him down to prevent him from hitting her on the head An then Anita couldnt speak she could only whisper This was so bad because Mr. Stonewall could say all sorts of nasty things and Anita couldnt say words she had to write down on paper. As an addittional fact Mr. Stonewall brought in his witnesses when Anita couldnt say anything back

There was more fidgetiting and Judge Hammer wrote more furiously and every now and then to make people think he was listening he would say "Sustained" or "keep on with the trial" but all of a

sudden Peter a little fourth grade boy went up to Judge Hammer and said "You make me sick. Why dont you just hurry up and get this thing over with. Im gettin hungre. Jail is hot dull and ugly and I want to see mama" Judge almost roared and said: "WHAT IS YOUR NAME?!!!" "Peter, and you dont have to holler at me" he walked down and joined the other kids.

As Peter walked back the Judge wrote on then the trial continued and on the 10th day of the trial the Judge found he could not find his pad of contempts he couldent eaven find an atom of paper so he glumly continued the trial but now Anita was horribly put to by Mr. Stonewall but it pleased her to find that Brenda had the contempt charges that night Anita slept badly she arose next morning grogly but she was happy because the next day was a saterday and was shurly in need of it so now we will go on to the more chearfull part of the trial.

Chap. 10 To The Rescue

Anita had woken up tired and groggy. When she went into the courtroom she did court procederes almost mecanically now She was waiting for the statement from the Judge, court is in seccion but the courtroom was silent. The Judge was rummedging all over "Pray what are you looking for" said Brenda "hold your mouth" said the Judge angrily. Finaly giving it up for loss he said "court is in seccion"

The Prosecution winked malicesly with his fat face and beady pig eyes at Judge Hammer and said "so far my worthy oponent has not come up with definite results we seem to be keeping this trial at a stand still I say we should send the Jury out to decide" Then he sat down but then just as the Judge was about to say Granted Brenda jumped up and said "no wait no wait I have impotent". . . here she tapered off but Anita came to her rescue and snatched the paper Brenda was holding. She read it greedely "Well what does it say" said the Judge Anita handed him the paper and the Judge read "This goes to show that the said miss morrow miss Brown master roland and master david have purchaced the said lot on cedar and grove"

At this Mr. Stonewall shreiked out "WHAT???!!!! why didn't you say that before I don't believe it show me your proof" The Judge then said in a hollow tone "no tantrums in the courtroom" Mr. Stonewall went red in the face and sat down with a plump Brenda retorted "well how could I say anything the Judge would have me under contempt of court and if you realy want proof I brough mr. Barn the former owner of the Lot and", she said "if you want further information he is at the fair bank hotel"

They called and got him and he came. The Judge bore down on him while Mr. Stonewall dejectedly slumped in his chair with no possible means of getting Brenda in trouble. So the Judge said "Mr. Barn Is it true that two girls and 2 boys purchased this lot on cedar and grove?" "weeeeell now let me recolect I dont believe I do remember" at this mr. Stonewall stratened up thinking mabey the notice was counterfiet, but then Anita summoning up her last feeble croak said, flourishing the paper the Judge had given back, "does this refresh your memory, pray?"

Mr. Barn turned white and said "Y-Y-Y-Yes" Mr. Stonewall slumped all the way down but the Judge wasent done yet so he glared at Anita and said "Show me double proof" "well I havent got it with me" "Then get it" "Yas" The Judge feeling that it had gone to far and taking this "yas" as an insult he roared out "CALL ME YOUR HONOR!!!!" "yas your honor" "now git" bellowed the Judge. Mr. Barn

left and in a hurry to. Im sure the Seen would look like the trial of the duchess with the mad hatter going out in a great hurry The Judge was glaring at every body in the court Ten muinets later Mr. Barn came back with the required paper he was shaking all over like Jelly But he explained his strange behavior he went up to the Judge and got down on hands and knees and Begged to the Judge in a whineing voice saying "oh please, please your honor please don't" The Judge snorted angrily "well, stop complaining and whining and tell me what you want to say" "oh please dont put me under contempt of court I have a wife and I doa..." "WILL YOU NEVER REMEMBER TO CALL ME YOUR HONOR!!!!!!?" "y-y-y-y-yes your honor" "THAT'S BETTER!!" Bellowed the Judge The prosecution said in a subdued tone "on with the trial" "I'll say when the trial goes on" snarled the Judge. Then he said "on with the trial" Anita wrote on a piece of paper (she had used up all the paper and thats why the Judge looked in vain for a pad of paper to write his contemp sentences on!) as I said she wrote on a piece of paper "as my worthy oponent has not matched up my little piece of evidence I vote we send the Jury out to decide" This was met by approval by the Judge but the prosecution was so weak he couldent refuse and say "no" because he had no witness to bring up

After an hour in which the Judge got surly again and demanded in the Jury they again filed in in an orderly file very quiet and grand. "well" said the Judge "answer please" "your honor" they said "we havent come to a conclusion" The Judge was about to swear but the marshall rapped and called that court was dismissed and there we will leave them.

Chap. 11 The Judge is Astounded

Anita found that to her delight she could speak perfectly and she went with jaunty steps to the court room, there she found the now glum proscocution Atorny Mr. Stonewall. as the court traffic increased and the seats filled Anita heard a lady in the front whisper loudly "look at that poor attorney he's mad because he's a proffeshinal one and she's just a beginer" at this point the Judge stumped in

now you must remember that these people are in a stadium not a courtroom. he plumped down and said "court is in order" nothing much happened that day so the trial dragged on bringing more and more witnesses in. But the Jury never decided even though they kept sending them out. so everything went on till Mr. Stonewall thought of bringing in all the policemen so they sent for them

Mr Stonewall had a brief conference with them then he had them one by one stand as wittnesses but the last one he asked "What did these rioters say to you?" "objection" said Anita "oh your honor it isnt relevant" "overruled" said the Judge the last police said "well they did say something like we bought the lot..." "ride on" muttered Brenda "and what did you answer back?" "go tell that to the Judge" but then there was a loud interuption from the Judge "GET OUT OF HERE!!!!!"

"whats wrong your honor" trembled Mr. Stonewall "Im insulted" said the Judge through his teeth "But we need him for evi-dence." said Anita The Judge didnt send him out after all so she crossexamined the policeman "when they told you they Bought the lot, did you investigate?" "well no not exactly. in fact" he looked very uncomfortable "we didnt investigate at all" Anita looked shocked "that wasent very proper was it?" before he could answer



STILL PUPPETS: PETER SCHUMANN

PHOTOGRAPH: RICHARD BELLAK

though Mr. Stonewall loudly asked the Judge for a resses it was granted and they left the courtroom.

outside Brenda all of a sudden felt a tap on her shoulder it was the last Policeman. he wispered very softly "Im sorry that we were so mean and after this resses your going to see something worth seeing in the courtroom..." (let me add that when I say courtroom I mean the stadium and when they leave they go to court of enormas tent that was put up for them to rest in outside well anyway lets go back to the courtroom after their rest.) The Judge said "court is in order" and Mr. Stonewall was about to say another one of his lies when all the Policemen stood up and the last Policeman (his name is Chuck) he;s a real young cat said in a clear cut tone "Mr. Stonewall and your honor we wanted to say before you told any more lies in this trial that we apolagized to the elders of the children in this trial."

At this all 900 kids began guffawing and a bunch of spectators started screaming the court was in a disorder but the Judge hollowly called out "police suppress thouse people in the front row" the 17 marshalls surged forward and took thous people out of the courtroom then for the last time as the Judge trying to prevail his dignaty over all thundered out "SILENCE IN THE COURTROOM!" and then at that moment all 900 children of one accord said "THE MONKEY WANTS TO SPEAK!"

For one minuite there wasent a sound then the Judge said between his teeth "in all my court years nobody has ever insulted me like that YOU'R ALL UNDER CONTEMPT OF COURT!!!!!!!!!" at this the marshall fainted and numerous spectators fake fainted making groans as they went the Judge sent the Jurors and when they came back in they all said "Inoccent"

The Prosecution groaned and fainted dead away Anita nearly did a Jig around the courtroom and the Judge nearly screamed again. The marshall after he had unfainted told the Judge not to be emotional as it was not befiting of a Judge, but a spectator muttered under his breath that he didnt think that Judge Hammer wasent even fit to be a Judge So the trial finaly ended and Anita



went home and consumed 2 glasses of wine at a family celebration celebrating the fact that Anita succeeded in her first trial. We are drawing to an end of the episode and we will go on to the conclusion.

Chap. 12 The Conclusion

At the present we have to tell you how the trial ended Well Mr Stonewall went to a different contry he was so shamed by the fact that he had been beeten by a black girl Lawyer at her first trial and his 31st trial Anita continued to be a lawyer and it seems as if her first trial was a good omen that she would have luck she charged her clients very little if not any at all

The Judge (Judge Hammer) continued to be a disgusting judge and it came to a climax when revolutionarys stormed the court room and threatened to Burn it unless Hammer retired of course Hammer is a scardy cat so he retired

His revolutionary Daughter Joan grew up thinking she would have to sneak to Law school because her father had threatened to send her to russia but when her father retired she had no fears and she grew up like Anita

When Brenda grew up she to became a lawyer but she also wrote a couple of novels and a history of her expiriance Mary became a skilled doctor and charged little she greatly Proffited for that for many People came for her medical care and she prospered in love, health and children

Kevin when he grew up became a priest and he had a very small church but as he started getting more of a congregation he added more and more little wings and he too prosspered

David and Harriet married (by the way they were allowed to marry because Harriet was adopted and David was already Mrs Morrow's own child) and David was a cabinet maker they both made enough money to support their mother (Mr. Morrow had died of a fever before our story began) and they all lived happily the Morrrows did.

Do you remember Miss Mairfeild well she and all the other square teachers continued to be square but they were glad they were rid of the former 900 children.

The policemen were so sorry they had been so mean. They said to the children (while they were children) that they would never

use helicopters, gasses and guns and wouldnt use violence unless they would be endangering there lives doing so

Since Judge Hammer rettired so early the contempt sentence didn't begin and guess who took over Judge Hammers place? Robert! he was a wise Just Judge inspite of the fact that his father did not like the way he Judged

With all the rains of California the saying "let a thousand parks bloom on the parking lots of the old" came true Brenda had planted some glads and they turned out beutifuly the trees grew high and gave a lot of shade all of the stree people were invited in to sample the rassberries, the Blueberries, the strawberrys and the Black berries Brenda had built a arbor with a bench and roses, pumpkin and gourds The vegatables grew and grew and every famly in the neighborhood had vegatables galore for years to come they dug a well and made a fountain with beutifull tile historys (scene historys to the more interesting parts of the trial) After the children got out of the court they built a grass hut on the park out of palm branches to keep literature in. and if you go into the grass hut youll find a history of the trial a free church calendar and a Directory of places to stay for splitting hippies and a beutiful chart of Parks all over the world

I have told you all there is to tell and there isnt any more

THE END.

about the author:

Felicity Emily Brown was named after one of the third-century martyrs of Carthage. She was born in 1958 and lived in Beirut until 1965, where she attended the British Community School and witnessed two revolutions. Currently she is attending Longfellow School in Berkeley, California. "Anita's Victory" is her first published work. She has had some experience in student organizing, counting of bail-money, and tear-gas; she has attended Berkeley Municipal Court as a spectator. A number of people who live in her house have been arrested on various political charges connected with the Peace Movement. She has traveled in Lebanon, England, New Hampshire and Arizona, and has ridden across America by train. She considers herself one of the "experienced world travelers" of whom the airlines speak. She is studying Spanish and hopes to take up Russian some day; she has acquired some proficiency on the violin. Like her heroine Anita, she hopes to become a lawyer.

--JOHN PAIRMAN BROWN, Berkeley, Cal.





IN THE DISTANCE

In the distance called My Father
I rode my innocence down, rode it
down on its hands and knees like
the people whose dance created the world

What do we know about the world
or the distance we create for our personal atmosphere

What we know is the way we fall
when we fall off the little we ride
when we ride away from the things we're given
to make us forget the things we gave up

How far is it to where my son
will break my bones and dance on them

—MICHAEL LALLY

LETTER TO JOHN COLTRANE

I believe in you.
When you died Pharoah Sanders said: John Coltrane was a man of God.
I thought yes, this is all true,
like the first time I saw you there was nothing to say except:
John Coltrane is a big man I mean, a big man.
I remember thinking: he's too big god, he stands out.
You walked among us as though you already weren't there.
J.C. is a serious man people said, your drinking days forgotten.
He's *clean* was the rumor.
He's *thoroughbred* was the word.
He's *Trane* was the fact.
You said GIANT STEPS and they were taken.
You said BLUE TRAIN and it was on.
You said ASCENSION and there we were watching.
Talk about a big man.

—MICHAEL LALLY

'desegregate now'

by Ed Hamlett

The Mississippi state legislature created that state's public school system on July 4, 1870, during the "First Reconstruction." One hundred years later, many people in Mississippi fear their school system is about to be destroyed in the waning years of what has been called the "Second Reconstruction."

The most important Supreme Court school desegregation decision since *Brown* of 1954, was *Alexander vs. Holmes County (Miss.) Board of Education*. In a unanimous decision in October, 1969, the Court held that

"... the obligation of every school district is to terminate dual school systems at once and to operate now and hereafter only unitary schools... within which no person is to be effectively excluded from any school because of race or color." (emphasis supplied)

While another year must pass before the immediate effects of total school integration are known, it now appears that the public schools will survive in Mississippi and throughout the South. Whether they will thrive, getting on with the "business" of education, is another question.

Since the Supreme Court ruling, districts all over Mississippi have been affected and lower court rulings, based on *Alexander*, have been issued across the South. While Mississippi has a greater percentage (42.3%) of blacks than any other state, all of the 11 southern states that comprised the Confederacy have larger percentages of black people than any non-southern state. There are 2,780 public school districts in these states. In at least 295 of them, black students outnumber whites. (A recent report on majority-black systems estimates that there may be 40-50 more such districts. *) It is in these districts that many educators believe the problems of total merger will be greatest. In many of the 295,

* "Majority-Black School Districts in the "Southern States," Race Relations Information Center, Box 6156, Nashville, Tennessee 37212. \$2 per copy.

a year later...



blacks predominate in the total population. Last fall, the Jackson, Mississippi system was 60% white; after mid-year merger, it became 60% black when several thousand whites deserted to private schools. Memphis, Atlanta, and New Orleans, where whites are in the majority over all, now have majority-black public school systems.

By and large the black-majority districts are small, rural, and often isolated; nonetheless, some have had an impact on the nation completely disproportionate to their size. Selma, Canton, Orangeburg, Prince Edward County come to mind. Four others have given us Senators Eastland, Stennis, and Thurmond, and Governor Wallace. One county in South Carolina is credited with producing half the black population of Rochester, New York.

Let's examine more closely one of these districts, typical of some of the majority-black areas. It is served by a small town whose leaders have managed, through a lot of hard work, to attract several small industries in the last few years. These have provided jobs for blacks and whites who can no longer find work on mechanized plantations. They have worked side by side in these factories without trouble.

Not content with economic development alone, the town leaders have built a library and a hospital; much of the funds for both were contributed locally. Town leaders believed their little community, unlike others in the area which have been dying for years, was on the move.

In the mid-sixties, when freedom of choice school desegregation began in the state, several wealthy plantation owners from the community got together and purchased a school building which had been closed when several units were consolidated. They organized a private, segregated academy and housed it in the old building. Beginning with the first grade, they added another grade each year and a few more students. At mid-year, 1969-70, the public schools of the district were ordered to merge. At the time, there were less than 200 whites and just over 2,100 blacks in the system. All white students and all but a half-dozen white teachers pulled out; most went to the private school. The system is totally black now.

One month after the "merger," a school board election was held. It happened that the chairman, a white professional man, had the option to run again. Even though the man's children are in private school and in spite of

the fact that all five members of the board are white, he decided to campaign. His opponent was a black woman with children in public school. Observers say there was more interest in this election than there had been in years. The man won easily. Why did he run again? "We taxpayers have an investment to protect, but I wouldn't have run had there been a qualified black candidate," he said. (Perhaps 80% of the property taxes that go to support the schools is paid by whites; blacks own little property in the district.)

All whites are not wealthy plantation owners and professionals. One white mother who is working three jobs in order to afford private school tuition was asked how long she could keep up the pace. She replied, "As long as its necessary to provide my kids with a good education."

Community leaders, some of whom are greatly dismayed over the recent turn of events, fear the following things may happen over the next few years:

1. No more industries will move to the district because of the all-black school situation. To attract white workers a company would have to pay higher wages so that workers could afford the private school tuition. (They do not expect new industry to rely solely on black labor and management personnel.)
2. Many whites who still live there will not be able to afford new cars and appliances since this money must go to pay tuition. This situation will force stores to curtail their sales staff and perhaps drive them out of business. Revenue from sales taxes, part of which goes to pay for local government, is also reduced. Some of that tax goes to the state and then comes back as part of the state's "minimum foundation program" for public school support. Since this state aid is based on average daily school attendance, the fewer the children in the public schools, the less the state grants.
3. Civic improvements, such as the library, will be impossible in the future since the "extra" money that used to go for these things must now go to private education.
4. Whites who pay the taxes and control the school board will demand that their property taxes be lowered. If this happens there will be less money to run the schools. Teachers' salaries will have to be cut, making the district less competitive with other areas. The best teachers will accept jobs with higher-paying systems; this will leave only the average and mediocre instructors.
5. While the quality of education at the

private school is relatively good at present, one recent development is expected to threaten this strategy which avoids merger. These private academies have had to depend on substantial contributions, above tuition payments, for construction, teachers' salaries, and supplies. The recent Internal Revenue Service ruling, which does not permit tax-deductible gifts to segregated private schools, makes large donations less attractive. Moreover, if Congress reduces the subsidies to large planters, many of whom have contributed heavily to private schools, this will compound the financial problems of the academies. If salaries are reduced, better private school teachers will leave. Skilled blue collar workers and professionals may then also move because of the resultant poorer quality of the instruction.

6. Local industries, faced with a shortage of skilled labor and management personnel, will move to towns with fewer problems.

Finally, the area once again will be inhabited by wealthy white plantation owners and poor blacks; but then, the blacks will be the very old and perhaps the very young, both are groups which must be heavily subsidized by the state. It is the possibility of these developments which prompted the mayor of the town to ask, "How can you run a town where the wealthy people have their children in private school and the working people have to move?"

This is an extreme example—the worst that can happen in a limited number of areas located in the Black Belt, itself a section that is isolated culturally and economically from "progressive" America. That the number may in fact be limited is suggested by the case of other nearby majority-black districts where mid-year merger brought fewer problems and where most white teachers and students "stuck" with the public schools.

Public school advocates believe that if the majority-black districts, where the problems are objectively the greatest, can hang

onto their systems during the crisis of transition, the districts where whites are in the majority certainly ought to be able to survive, given their relatively fewer difficulties. The 2,400 plus majority-white systems in the South will face, however, some of the difficulties listed above.

Unfortunately, some northern and southern liberals will say of the majority-black districts, "It would serve them right, those racist rednecks, if they let their school system go to pieces." But the "bleeding heart liberals," who are so deeply concerned about the problems of "those poor black people," must remember that, while the "rednecks had it coming," thousands of blacks will also be affected. Blacks too are a part of those school systems which the "rednecks" control; only one district in the entire South is run by black people.

The fact is that many of the blacks prefer to stay in the South. Furthermore, they overwhelmingly support integration. In virtually all the systems which merged at mid-year in Mississippi, black attendance has stayed at the level at which it was before merger. In only one case in the state was black attendance down and that was due to a boycott over the fact that the plan approved for the district did not provide for *total* integration at once. At a time when many black people in the North have given up on integration as a bad idea, southern blacks, if behavior is any indication of belief, are still believers. Why is this?

Since the late forties and early fifties, black people have been looking to this day. For sixteen years, at least, they have seen that the *threat* of integration has brought improvement in the education of their children. As one southern state legislator said, "In the early fifties (before *Brown*), we set about to make the *nigra* schools equal. Partly we felt it should be done, and partly we knew we had to do something in hopes that the Supreme Court would uphold 'separate but equal.'" (While the 1954 School desegregation decision took many people by surprise, those that had followed the Court's rulings for several years before *Brown* knew that something was in the wind.) Grasping for a way to hold onto segregation, its advocates tried to do some catching up on the "equal" part of "separate but equal."

All across the South there was a flurry of activity in state legislatures and local districts. Sales taxes and property taxes were levied

for school support. New buildings for black students started popping up all over the place as one, two and four room schools were closed and consolidated. Libraries were added or enlarged. New courses were offered. Teachers' salaries were increased. Black teachers' colleges got more attention from state legislators. Though it is true that many of these same things occurred in the white community as well, the improvement was more marked in the black schools.

As freedom of choice plans for desegregation were introduced and accepted by the courts in the '60's, further improvements were made by the white school boards in the black schools as an inducement for blacks to keep them from "choosing" the white schools. But still the gap remained, though governmental expenditures have, by and large, been equalized. Finally, in 1968 the Court virtually ruled freedom of choice unconstitutional because it left black schools all-black.

Part of the reason for continued disparity between white and black schools lies in the wealth of the white community. With far more resources, white PTA's provide many of the extras that make schools more attractive and more up-to-date. Band uniforms and instruments, library books, lab equipment, theatre costumes and props, and other "frosting" on the educational cake are supported by groups of parents. Most black people haven't the financial resources to provide their children with these things. One black assistant principal who was educated through her B.S. solely in the South said, "When I went North to work on my Master's, I got mad when I saw all that equipment up there for the first time. They had things that I had never even heard of at home!"

Still, blacks know there has been a lessening of the disparity between their schools and those of whites since *Brown*. Thus, they can only imagine that if *threats* have done so much, the *fact* of integration can do even more. Roy Innis of CORE has found very little support among southern black people for separate black and white school districts. First, blacks are fearful that the school dollar will follow the white child as it did in the past. "Separate but equal" just isn't a rallying cry for southern black people.

Second, there is the problem of black teachers. One white farmer who has two kids in a merged school system in the Mississippi Delta volunteered the comment, "I've found out why niggers haven't got any education; they haven't had any teachers." Many blacks know that he is right and that there

are hundreds of black teachers who have no business in the classroom. A white assistant superintendent in South Carolina, commenting on concern for faculty integration, said, "The chickens have come home to roost. Those black teachers were considered fine by the whites as long as they were teaching black children. Now that they'll be teaching white kids, all of a sudden the white parents are worried about their qualifications." Most white administrators in the past gave black principals a relatively free hand in picking teachers; they stepped in only in cases where principals or teachers got "uppity" and rocked the boat. As a consequence, blacks learned what they had to do to keep their jobs. Additionally, the fact that good-paying jobs in other fields were closed to blacks resulted in many seeking teaching positions who would have been happier in business, engineering or industry. Rightly or wrongly, blacks think many white teachers are better prepared. They believe that the best teachers of both races can provide a better education for all kids in an integrated system.

Finally, a good number of blacks are of the opinion that integration is good in itself for white and black students. Unless experience proves them wrong, they are not likely to relinquish the idea.

What about Southern whites? What do they want? First and foremost, they want a decent education for their kids. Many white students have at least one parent who did not finish high school. For years, white parents with inadequate educations (by their own standards) have placed as much faith in the public schools and their teachers (they knew what was what) as they have in the churches and ministers. Even if they suspected the teacher *might* be wrong at times, they told Ann and Johnny that the teacher was right and must be obeyed. These parents had little faith in their own ability to help educate their children, and few tried.

Most of these mothers and fathers are not Klansmen, Citizens Council members or active white supremacists of any kind. They work hard, pay their debts, go to church and try to raise their kids to do the same. But they also have been told all their lives that blacks are inferior. Most of the outward evidence to which they have been exposed in the past bears this out. In the last decade, however, this picture has started to change. They have seen

black people on T.V. and on movie screens who are obviously sensitive and intelligent, often more intelligent than they. They think *maybe* black teachers who have been to college, *might* be able to teach their kids something worth knowing.

Today the white South is no longer "solid" on the question of school desegregation, if, in fact, it ever was. Once there was massive resistance to freedom of choice; now, as an alternative to total merger, there is rather widespread support among whites. But many will accept total merger, some just because they are law-abiding citizens, others because they can't afford the alternative of a costly private school education. Some also feel guilty because they know that blacks have not had an equal opportunity. A growing minority accepts integration as morally right.

Many of this last group accept personal responsibility for the "sins" of the past and want to see wrongs righted where black people are concerned. The rub comes when they think of their children. As one white churchwoman said, "The reason whites are worried about total merger is that they're afraid the blacks will treat their kids the way whites have treated blacks all these years." Parents, who see their children as innocent and guiltless, don't want them hurt by anything, especially by conditions not of their children's making. They're worried about college and whether their kids will be able to get into the good ones if they're "held back" in an "integrated" school.

Some are disturbed about possible physical danger. Though this is psychologically based, the fear is still there. In spite of this fear, a significant number of white parents will give integration a try. One waitress said, "Some of my daughter's friends have been trying to get her to drop out and go to private school with them next year, but as long as she doesn't get hurt, I'll send her to public school." Many whites, like blacks, are just sick and tired of having their kids' educational lives messed over by hard-core segregationists who continue to wage ideological warfare using the schools as a battlefield.

So whites "study" the situation long and hard, talk about it at church, discuss it long hours on the phone. "Freedom of choice hasn't been so bad. And Johnny had a nigger reading teacher who was real nice. She really knew her stuff."

There is lots of talk about what should and could happen in the South in the near future. What will happen hangs in a very delicate balance. In one district which is under court order to merge its schools in September, 1970, the school board chairman, speaking to a biracial committee charged with drawing a plan for merger, said, "A large exodus of white students to private schools would deprive them of a quality education and possibly result in an all-black public school system which might be choked financially. That would lead to the loss of blue collar workers which could turn the Delta into a wasteland."

Clearly, "growth-minded" civic leaders are almost unanimous in their desire to prevent this exodus. Whether they will take the steps necessary to see that it doesn't is not at all clear. In some communities, the old bugaboos of "race-mixin'," "protectin' white southern woman-hood," and "if you give a nigger an inch, he'll take a mile," are kept constantly in the people's minds by the press, the preachers, and the politicians. The leading local churches can be quickly converted to week-long "Sunday schools" for white kids.

In other communities, however, civic and religious leaders loudly declare that they will continue to back the public schools with their tax dollars and their kids. They set up school support committees, pass resolutions in clubs and church groups, buy space in newspapers, and lead vestries and deaconboards in decisions *not* to house a lilly-white private school.

While this type of local activity is a crucial variable in shaping the future of southern public education, another is federal enforcement of the school desegregation law. When Nixon's number one man in Mississippi turns out to be a leading supporter of a posh, new private academy, public school advocates cannot help being dismayed. There is no local substitute for firm evidence from Washington that the law demands compliance and will be enforced—and not just in the South.

Senator Stennis spoke for significant numbers of southern whites in demanding that federal desegregation guidelines be applied equally to North and South. Many southern liberal whites secretly applauded his demands. People of various political views down South were pleased when Connecticut's Senator Ribicoff backed the idea. But northern black and white liberals take the position that equal enforcement is a ruse that will result in no substantive enforcement anywhere since the Civil Rights Division of the Justice Department is severely understaffed for what they consider adequate southern compliance monitoring.

Southerners are angered by the fact that northern advocates of desegregation do not practice what they preach for the South. They can provide anyone interested with a list of liberal federal officials and civil rights figures who send their children to Washington's suburban public and private schools. They point out that freedom of choice has brought far more integration to many southern schools than is found in these northern "havens" to which "Yankee liberals" send their kids. "So and so won't send his children to those schools in Washington, D.C., but he wants me to send mine to one where niggers would be in the majority," they charge. They believe that these northern liberals, like their ideological forebears of the "First Reconstruction," are ready to make demands on the South, but are unwilling to practice what they preach at home.

I share much of this feeling. I agree with those who believe that if integration is good for southern kids, it is just as good for northern kids. So what shall we do to pull the rug out from under the obstructionists, North and South?

Equal application of the law throughout the country would do as a beginning. This would mean:

1.) That northern liberals must demand that

the Civil Rights Division of Justice be given at least as much staff as the Pentagon's public relations unit.

2.) That public and private desegregation advocates must stop their hypocrisy and send their children to public schools with significant numbers of black students. If they aren't willing to do so, they should shut up and find another job.

There are at least two other measures which would be helpful in silencing the opposition to desegregation. First of all, much more federal money must be made available to those districts that are experiencing the difficulties that come with implementation of integration plans. If a system must buy more buses to bring about racial balance, the government should pay for them. If new school construction is called for, the government should foot at least part of the bill. So that it does not appear that recalcitrance brings rewards, those that have successfully completed desegregation should be given no-strings-attached grants as a token of support for a good-faith effort.

Secondly, the kind of effort that was mounted to stop the confirmation of Judges Haynsworth and Carswell for the Supreme Court must also be forthcoming when Thurmond's law partner or Eastland's college roommate is nominated for a district or circuit judgeship. Many of the worst southern federal judges were appointed by liberals Kennedy and Johnson and confirmed without a hassle by the liberal Senate. Some observers point out that many of conservative Eisenhower's appointees to the bench were often far better on the question of school desegregation than were those of his two liberal successors. One writer said that he was "astounded" when he compared the record of Eisenhower's nominees with those of Kennedy who, because of Senate tradition, had to confer with Eastland and other southern racist Senators before making appointments. Senatorial courtesy and party loyalty are poor excuses for acquiescence by Senate liberals who say they support integration.

This article has been concerned with school desegregation in the South, generally, where most problems have been centered, and with majority-black districts, in particular, where these problems have been most severe. But there are indications that the school fight may not continue to be contained in the Confederate South. Recent

suits and rulings in California and Illinois together with federal assurances that more suits will follow in the West and North suggest that "Yankees" may have to deal with the question where they live.

The South is primarily responsible for its predicament. But it is my belief, as I have tried to suggest, that it is not solely to blame. While each section of the country must deal locally with its problems, many difficulties are inter-related, if not identical. Each year the number of majority-black districts in the North increases. Each year the race-related educational troubles of northern cities grow. Not only are black people raising hell over their plight, but other racial and cultural minorities are becoming more vocal. When there are problems in northern school systems that result in boycotts or teachers' strikes, northern black kids come South to live with relatives and go to school.

If we in the South, however, can come out of this period with a better school system and an economy that will support our people—both black and white—then some of the difficulties of the North, which have been exacerbated by the out-migration of poor blacks and whites from the South, will be eased. They won't be eliminated. Northerners must struggle with their predicament, perhaps in much the same way we Southerners have had to try to cope with ours.

Here in the South, some officials of districts with 75% black enrollments say, "If we had a 50-50 situation like they do in Greenville, we could handle it." And those with 40% complain, "If we just had 25% nigras like

they do up in Nashville, we'd be all right." I have no reason to believe that northern officials won't be saying the same things in the near future, if they aren't already.

Southerners have maintained for years that "we will solve our problems before the North does." I doubt that this is true. What seems more likely is that the cities in the South will adopt the policies of cooptation and obfuscation that have been used by Northerners for years. Shortly after *Alexander*, a sizeable southern city was faced with the renewal of its years-old desegregation case. The city's legal department brought out a black woman attorney to defend its inadequate and often racist school desegregation policies. Some no doubt rejoiced at this evidence of "progress," but others saw it as part of the attempt to placate their opposition without producing more school desegregation.

Many white southerners, rednecks, liberals, and other racists, and blacks in the South, who still have some faith that America can be what it says it is, are trying to work this thing out. But they can't do it alone. Some "Yankees" have helped us in the South in years past; maybe they can again. Basically, what is needed today is for whites to stop using the black man and his kids as pawns, for blacks to stop blaming "whitey" for all their problems, for Northerners to desist from treating the southern white as a whipping boy, and for Southerners to drop the North as an excuse for further delay and inaction, and for us all to see if we can seize the time to get it together. Lord knows, we've tried everything else. ■

about the author

Ed Hamlett likes to sing "Amazing Grace"—and does it without giggling or smirking. He can remember taking the I-C all the way from Memphis to Chicago with his dad just to see a ball game (his father, working for I-C, got free passes on the train). He likes Southern cooking back from the time before it was euphemistically called "soul food" (it just used to be the way that our mama cooked everything). On a hot summer day, the back of his neck still is susceptible to blistering—and it always will be. He's never on time for anything, but he certainly knows how to cook rice without it being soggy or sticky.

REV. J. ANDREW LIPSCOMB
atlanta

DAN O'NEILL'S

COMICS and STORIES



IT'S ALL
COMING
DOWN,
YOU KNOW..



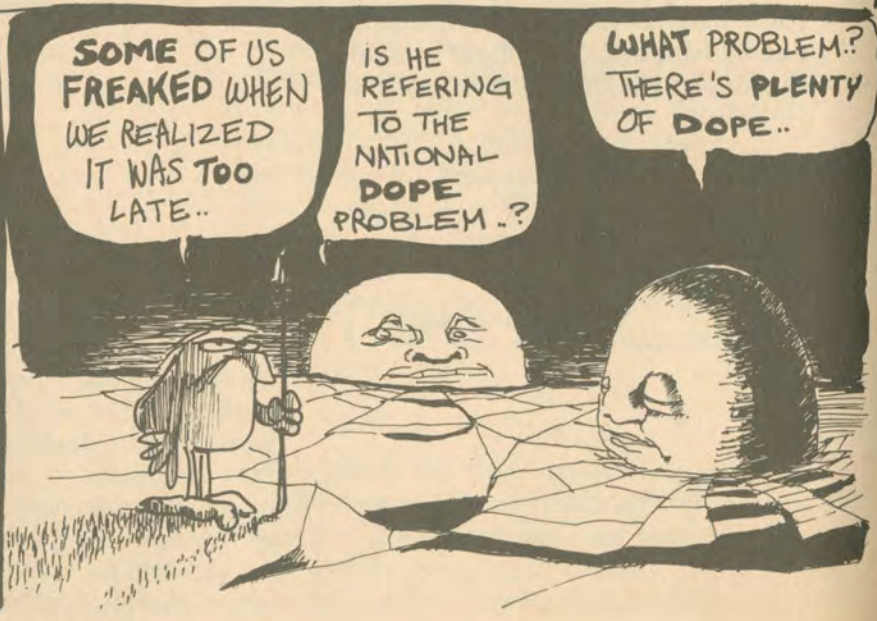
FROM SEA TO
SHINING SEA..

WHITE WITH
FOAM?

DETERGENT..



IT'S
SUNDOWN,
FOLKS..



SOME OF US
FREAKED WHEN
WE REALIZED
IT WAS TOO
LATE..

IS HE
REFERING
TO THE
NATIONAL
DOPE
PROBLEM..?

WHAT PROBLEM?
THERE'S PLENTY
OF DOPE..

IT SEEMS AS IF
THEY ARE ALL
MOVING AGAIN...



BUT.. WHEN IN
DOUBT,
ENJOY IT..



THINGS ARE
MOVING SO
FAST..

YOU WON'T
BE IN
DOUBT
LONG..



..AS THINGS BECOME MORE TENSE, YOU'LL ENCOUNTER MORE HOSTILITY FROM COPS..

RRRRRRRR

ALL RIGHT, PUNK! LET'S SEE YOUR PILGRIM'S LICENSE!!

NOW, REMEMBER.. YOU HAVE ONLY ELEVEN DAYS TO CLEAR THIS UP.. AND WHEN YOUR LICENSE IS RENEWED BE SURE AND DROP THE STATION AND LET US KNOW.. CUZ OTHER WISE MEN SEND OUT A BENCH WARRANT.. AND YOU HAVE TO PAY TWICE THE FINE PLUS A SHORT TERM AS GUESTS OF THE COUNTY.....

RRRRRRRR

"WHATEVER YOU DO TO THE LEAST OF MINE.. YOU DO TO ME.."

IF YOU LOVE ME SO MUCH, LORD.. HOW COME I CAN'T HAVE ONE OF YOUR COPS TO KICK AROUND FOR ABOUT TWENTY MINUTES!!??

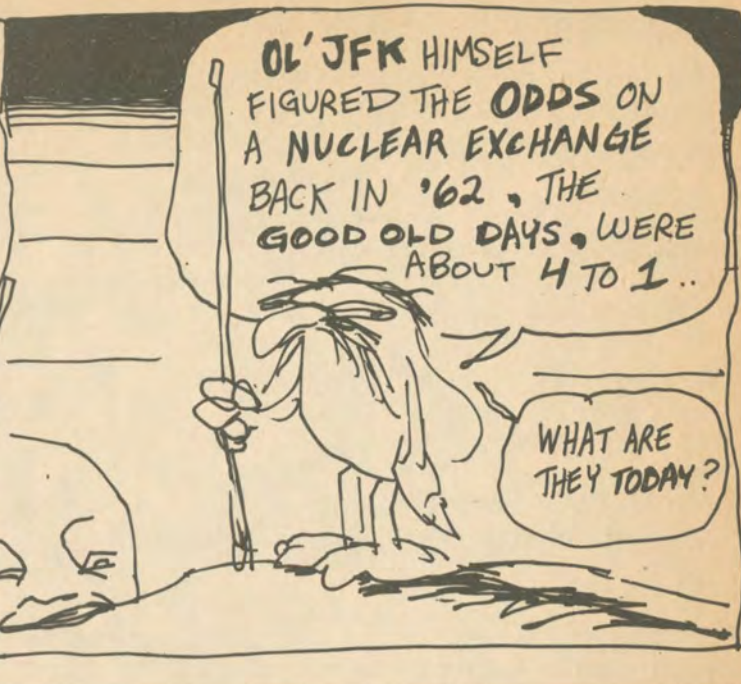
THESE DAYS IT'S ONE RHETORICAL QUESTION AFTER ANOTHER..



DON'T GET ME WRONG.. I'M NOT BITTER..



..JUST A BIT DOWN FROM PARANOID .. SAY.. AROUND APPREHENSIVE..?

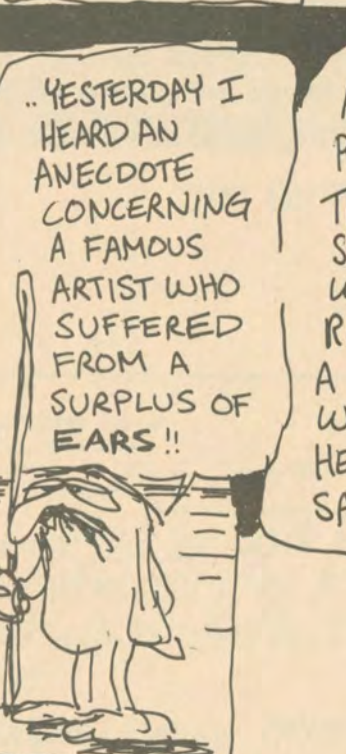


OL' JFK HIMSELF FIGURED THE ODDS ON A NUCLEAR EXCHANGE BACK IN '62, THE GOOD OLD DAYS, WERE ABOUT 4 TO 1..

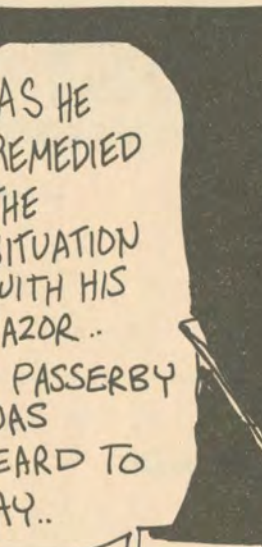
WHAT ARE THEY TODAY?



DOES NOTHING CHEER YOU?



..YESTERDAY I HEARD AN ANECDOTE CONCERNING A FAMOUS ARTIST WHO SUFFERED FROM A SURPLUS OF EARS!!



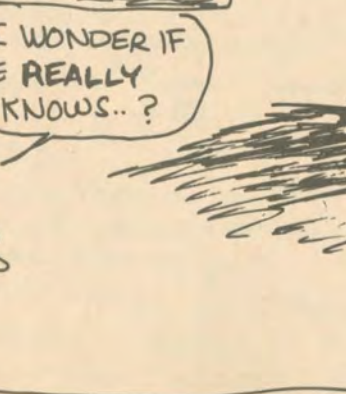
AS HE REMEDIED THE SITUATION WITH HIS RAZOR.. A PASSERBY WAS HEARD TO SAY..



GOGH, VAN GOGH!!



TODAY I HEARD THE CLUNK OF A FALLING SPARROW..



I WONDER IF HE REALLY KNOWS..?

O'NEIL



GRAND OLE OPRY HOUSE — NASHVILLE, TENN.
Crowds waiting for opening of W. S. M. "Grand Ole Opry"

GRAND OLE OPRY HOUSE
Nashville, Tennessee

Grand Ole Opry House, where the W. S. M. "Grand Ole Opry" originates every Saturday night.

Color by R. E. Colange



Lux - Nashville's not so bad, but
could you send some dry mount-
ain air. Our best to the Ethete
Folks - Steve

Hi! MOM + DAD + GRAN + BOOZ + FRAN + DI + TRACEY
+ PAUL + ALPINE + NEW JERSEY - XXXXX
THE WANDERER SENDS LOVE qinger

Jon - What's happening? Haven't heard
from you. Greetings to the baby.
My love to S. and Maggie. Bob

Hi, Bettany! How many teeth do you have
now? Have you been practicing crawling?
Ask Mommy + Daddy to bring you to
Nashville for a visit. Love, Godmother Marie

Chickie, hope you're feeling better! Is the
mane too large, go to Steve? And to
those left in X.C. (Shelby, Bill, Diane, Dale,
Susan) good luck. Nickie & John-Low
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THE DYNAMICS OF THE NEW LEFT

By Todd Gitlin

We say, we feel, we hear that there must be a revolution in the United States.

But "must" is an ambiguous word. It conveys both moral imperative ("should") and historical necessity ("will"). What is called "the movement" in the United States is caught in the non-man's-land between the two. And the history of a revolutionary movement is the history of the growth from morality to necessity.

But the American revolution will be unprecedented if it is to be at all. Any design which tries to repeat history will come to naught. And the history of the New Left is the history of its rendezvous with its own novelty—its own vision.

There is of course a trivial sense in which all revolutions are novel; social reality is rich and historical experience no less so. No revolution is a mere echo of its predecessors. Yet the displacement of oppressive classes by their victims, and the victims' transformation of the entire repressive civilization, these have happened in patterns, patterns which permit the novelty of unique circumstances but which remain patterns nevertheless. Bourgeois revolutions in England and France dug the foundations of Western capitalism, defined a civilization recognizable, in its historical unwinding, as our own. Socialist revolutions in Russia, China, Cuba, Vietnam, Algeria, all dug the foundations of industrialization and decolonization. Imperialist America, with more mental workers than manual workers, more students than farmers, requires its own revolution.

"Why the new Left?" Carl Oglesby asked in the summer of 1968. "Why not the current Left?" Why indeed. At about the time he wrote, many on the Left were beginning to insist that the novelty had worn off; indeed, that the novelty had always been threadbare, a cloak, perhaps a transitory petit-bourgeois

The social revolution . . . cannot draw its poetry from the past, but only from the future. It cannot begin with itself before it has stripped itself of all its superstitions concerning the past.

Marx (1852)

Utopian product of the movement's privileged social base. In the movement's conversations with itself these days, the stress is no longer on our novelty but on our historical limits, givenness, ordinariness. Maybe it was time: the repeated insistence on one's novelty can get exceedingly precious, arrogant, self-indulgent. Those who now stress the continuity of the Left could explain away the earlier sense of novelty as a class phenomenon (they would be partly right) and as a reaction to the dogmatism, the international subservience, the reformism, the defensiveness and supremely the *failure* of the Old Left. All that had to be lived down, they say; but once the ghost was killed there was no point to denying our roots. Quite the opposite, or so the argument went: The essential continuity of American history requires a continuity—and a *felt* continuity—in the identity of the Left. In objectives, strategy, program, style, and organization we should grant our definition by the regularities of History. The precedents of Lenin, Stalin, Mao, have been tested in practice and must now be enshrined in our strategy, indeed in the very way we think of ourselves. And as for vision?—Capitalism knows only one negation. And if you don't believe it, isn't the closure of American society, the kind and intensity of repression, evidence enough of the essential sameness of all the situations of capitalism?

We have known since Marx that history outdistances men's understanding of it; ideology trails reality. New reality in the forces and relations of production, and therefore in the human possibilities, does not announce itself with a fanfare of trumpets, but rather insinuates itself into the alignment of social forces, daily behavior, the mesh of all that is "taken for granted." New men, born to new circumstances, do not appreciate their newness. Or still worse: they are condemned to fear that the prevailing culture is diverting them from the self-denying work of making History in the only way History allows.

By world standards, American theory is retrograde. Denied a native tradition, Marxism or anarchism considers itself lucky to exist at all, therefore repeats orthodoxy with an air of fresh discovery. But orthodoxy can be overleaped. Analyses of the ruling class and the working class are all well and good. Orthodox analyses of imperialism have much to recommend them. The problem is, they have failed to explain the experience of the New Left itself. Begin then with the history of the New Left, and look hard before concluding that new doors have not been thrown open—perhaps into new rooms.

The New Left embodies an unprecedented consciousness, a consciousness of unprecedented possibilities. It is unprecedented (not simply) in its dimensions and its nature (but in the fact that it is caused,) it is reproduced by the process of growing up in advanced industrial monopoly capitalism in the second half of the Twentieth Century. For the first time in history, visionary politics may be realistic. The murderous boundary Engels described between socialisms, Utopian and scientific, could vanish. And whether it can or not, whether the New Left leaves a legacy more lasting than the enormous fact that it exists at all is the direction of the movement.

Take a walk through the cities, listen to the conversations: the post-scarcity consciousness is, of course, a trend, not a completed phenomenon, and the young people who bear it are not a bloc, not crystallized into organized social forms. Everywhere there are young people who stand at different points on a single line of development; so it makes sense to speak of it as a total consciousness even though there are many on the New Left who embody it only in part. Then again this consciousness blurs too easily into a socially tolerated, even encouraged, ersatz "revolutionary" self-indulgence, which has the luxury of pretending the rest of the world in scarcity and revolution does not exist; now the distinction seems clear, now it doesn't.

But in its pure form, the post-scarcity consciousness totally negates the established order and calls for a total alternative. It is more skilled at living the alternative than stating it, but it is new to both. It is basically white, though there is a parallel strain in the course of the black liberation movement. It is shared in degrees by revolutionaries, students, drop-outs, hippies, intellectuals, and it is often flattened and debased by the elite and upper-income origins of most of them. It is his-



JUNANNE ZANER

DRAWING

torically specific to post-World War II monopoly capitalism, and the wellspring of its creation will not run dry, for it originates in irreversible changes in the political economy and the social universe. At its heart is some understanding, however shadowy, that this society has the technological capacity to eliminate poverty, drudgery, disease, and the other obscenities of industrial capitalism; that capitalism's excuses (basically scarcity) have run to the end of their historical tether; that capitalism may be transcended rather than simply replaced. The stark fact, revealed to us only in its potential, is that for the first time in the history of the world, in the long-postponed vision of Marx, mankind might be lifted from the realm of necessity to the realm of freedom. Subversive and visionary at its core, this post-scarcity consciousness for the first time feels un-self-conscious in demanding that the social structure conform to the contours of its own vision. It needs a revolution it does not know how to make and cannot make alone.

The very novelty of this consciousness, and the social force that embodies it, is the root of its primary anguish and tension. For while a tiny fraction of humanity may be forced to see beyond scarcity, scarcity limits the horizon of the rest of the world, even most of the Americans. Here is the primary contradiction within the revolutionary movement taken as a planetary whole. It is a microcosm and direct consequence of the relation between mostly white America and the "underdeveloped" (exploited) hungry world, which in raw statistics, and not even taking into account the humiliations which attend material exploitation, looks like this: The United States with 7% of the people of the world produces half of its goods and owns two-thirds of its wealth.'

When post-scarcity possibilities in the United States rest on the looting of the rest of the world, how do we, whose consciousness begins on the other side of scarcity, relate to those who struggle to end scarcity itself? How does the struggle to transcend capitalism on the basis of its material success connect to the struggle to feed the hungry? And can the revolutionary I-Thou be completed, here, American, in linkage with the revolution on the Third World?

When the court attendants revolt, what do they have to do with the serfs? How do they speak with them, what do they say, what must they give up? And what should the serfs expect? These excruciating puzzles are central to the strategic dilemmas which confront and contort the New Left. In the heart of the puzzles there must be a solution.

But first we must confront the new pole of the puzzle, the new consciousness itself.

As with anything only slowly taking shape, much of its novel totality is lost in an analytical description which seeks to separate the component parts and examine them in isolation. Part by part, they may look like nothing new, but the whole is more than the sum of the parts. With this caveat, not to lose the forest for the trees, here are crude sketches of some of the dimensions of the post-war post-scarcity consciousness, in all their contrariness, as they evolve through the Sixties.

Work. Work should enrich the life of the person and the life of the society, should in fact weld them together, as it cannot in capitalist society. Work should be both playful and useful, creative and constructive. As it is, the creative impulse toward work, toward inscribing oneself lovingly on nature, is debased into *labor*, which is sheer money-gaining. To labor in capitalism is to participate in an enterprise whose purpose is foreign, pecuniary, and probably wasteful; it is also to miss the social nature and purpose of production. The vision of work whose product is of social use, as defined collectively, and whose reward is intrinsic, built into the social process itself rather than into its earning power.

Anti-consumerism. Production should meet needs, not manufacture them in accordance with the demands of profit. Under capitalism, men are subjected to buying appeals and become commodities themselves. Yet the pernicious genius of mass media and advertising is that men are convinced that acquisitive commodity needs are genuine—their own. The vision is of men shaking off these centralized definitions of need and discovering, through common activity and struggle, their

authentic needs; then striving toward the fulfillment of these needs, and in the process becoming the subjects of history rather than the objects of market campaigns. Culturally as well, the goal is that each being find in himself a creator, not a spectator.

Anti-authoritarianism. Power should flow from the bottom of structures and societies, not from the top. In capitalist fact, structures are authoritarian precisely because their purposes belie authentic need; if the structures are not authoritarian, people will not by their free choice submit. In this sense, it is necessary to abolish these structures by popular will, and in the process of struggle to erect new structures which make information and authority accessible to all. These will be structures in the sense that they order priorities in accordance with popular will; but they will be free-style and changeable, in accordance with the process of changing need.

The unity of the person. Man is rational and sexual. Mind and body should be reunited in the process of social change; each relies on and strengthens the other. By consulting our sensual selves, we gain a sense of life-direction; by employing rationality, we learn how to travel that direction. Social experience should be the process of living out the conquest of that ancient schism. The search for rapprochement between mind and senses may be aided, but not contained, by mind-expanding drugs.

Culture and politics. Insurgent politics takes off from an experimental culture which embodies the social values of love, cooperation, and decentral energy. These values must be embedded in political forms; in particular, the movement represents a dialectical synthesis between the modes of construction (the new order) and destruction (the old). Your "politics" is not your rhetoric or your "positions" on "issues"; it is the way you live your life.

Planetary sensibility. There is only one earth and it must be preserved. Both liberalism and Marxism hitherto treated the planet as an exploitable resource; both have been built on the assumption that nature is to be conquered. But the earth is finite and its resources limited; too much of those resources are squandered on waste (military, unnecessary commodities, etc.). Technology is not *ipso facto* desirable. The decentral principle is necessary not only for social reasons, but to avoid the reckless sapping of the energies of the earth, a process which shares roots with the exploitation of human beings.

Beyond property and individualism. "One man is no man" (Brecht). Competitiveness is

worse than savagery. Wealth is created socially and should be controlled socially, in participatory institutions. "To each according to his needs." Men and women should devise new communal living forms in which men and women share equally and neither is property of the other. Child-rearing should likewise create living alternatives to acquisitive behavior.

Activism and solidarity. "He who observes a crime in silence, commits it." (Jose Marti) Everyone must go out of his way to observe the crimes and stop them; this is not a process that ends with any particular revolutionary transformation. The social extension of personal commitment entails the understanding that monopoly capitalism/imperialism, racism, and sexism are monstrous, thus the duty of every human being is to become a revolutionary and the duty of every revolutionary is to make the revolution. The categorical imperative, literal and not metaphorical, is to put your body on the line, and the ethics of coalition are anchored in Hillel's principle: "If I am not for myself, who will be? If I am for myself alone, what do I amount to?"

Now again, what is new is the existence of a generation possessed of these values; not the values themselves. Dotted through the history of the West there have been groups, coteires, even movement committed to kindred world-views. In different ways, William Blake, William Morris, American Indians, the Fifteenth-Century heretical Brotherhood of the Free Spirit (which probably included Hieronymous Bosch) and the Twentieth-Century surrealists, all tried to break from the ascendancy of bourgeois values. More overtly political, the anarchist movements in Spain and the Ukraine, the Paris Commune, some of the Russian student movements of the late, pre-Bolshevik Nineteenth Century, and the 1920 Greenwich Village socialist/bohemian subculture of John Reed, William Haywood, and Mable Dodge lived or tried to live such lives. But what is new about the present revolutionary political culture is that it is a mass phenomenon, rooted in distinct changes which advanced Western capitalism has undergone since World War II. To some extent the new mood spreads across the Atlantic by infection, hearsay, the glamor and magnetism of precedent, but this can be no sufficient explanation for the nearly simultaneous emergence of genuinely New Lefts in Europe and the United States. What is most significantly new about the post-scarcity consciousness as a mass phenomenon is that it is organic.

Several factors form the crucible within

which this consciousness is created. Too schematically, they include the expansion and "industrialization" of higher education; mass media and mass consumption; the collapse of the Protestant work ethic; the development of the Black civil rights movement; and the ascendancy of American imperialism and the fissures that open up beneath it. But after a point this consciousness helps create itself; it becomes its own responsibility, and must therefore be held accountable for its own failings.

II

The first structural cause is the expansion of higher education in the United States, particularly public education. Mass education becomes central to the advanced economy, to the maintenance of Empire and world exploitation. Between 1930 and 1966, the number of students enrolled in colleges and universities increased by a factor of five; in the publicly supported sector, by a factor of seven. The largest increase took place between 1960 and 1966: 72% overall, 100% in the public sector, which is now about twice as big as the private.² As Ernest Mandel has pointed out, this is the first society in the history of the world with more full-time college students than farmers, including farm workers.³

This expansion was itself induced rather than accidental, or a mere consequence of population growth. Technological advance especially since World War II has required a constant and drastic upgrading of the labor force, from the managerial level down to that of production work. The tasks of Empire compound the need for a massive influx of technologists, managers, and non-productive workers in advertising, public relations, industrial "sociology" and "psychology," etc. Corporate power has deposited the burden on the State to finance new training;⁴ thus the greatest growth has been in the public sector. But even in the elite private universities, the drastic post-war expansion has made education over into an assembly-line process in which the student himself is the product and *experiences himself as such*.

Partly because the university has also become a research, development and counter-insurgency center to serve the ruling class as a whole, and partly because of the sheer numbers involved, the hard-hearted, impersonal, semi-automated, alienating multiversity of Clark Kerr has become the norm toward which most institutions are moving.⁵

Taken as a whole, and ignoring for the moment the substantial class differences between elite universities on the one hand and working-class junior colleges on the other, higher education has moved to the center of the system of class privilege. They teach technical skills, they train students in habits of submissiveness, they indoctrinate in bourgeois values of obedience, time-structure, politely frantic competition, law and order, as well as the approved attitudes toward history, the process of social change, the use of language, etc.—ideology looked at in one light, lies in another. And within this structure, the colleges buttress the class-stratification that has already begun in culture-bound IQ tests and class-bound "tracking" in high school.⁶ Not only is the reality of class society masked in the classroom, it is not even present as a living antagonism in the student body—except as black students have begun to penetrate the hallowed walls.

But college is still an interim time for most students; the waiting years between adolescence and the future of job or career. However unevenly, college shakes open the mind, levels and devalues the cultural inheritance; it can't help but insulate the student somewhat from financial and work pressure, expose him to radical ideas, images, and styles, tantalize him with images of sexual, philosophical and political rationality. This is hardly freedom, of course; the authority of family and unexamined ideology is replaced by the authority of corporate/bureaucratic functionaries and faculty eunuchs. But these in turn generate their own revolt, which produces the experience of confrontation directly with the State (in its military, recruiting, and research/development presence on the campus; in its role as channeler of race and class privilege; in its malign paternalism; as well as with police in their vicious immediacy) and the corporate empire. For once, one may stand squarely before one's true enemies, learn how they are the enemies of blacks and the Third World, see them as the enemies of all that is human. The future, meanwhile, looms less attractive all the time; there is really no inside to the campus and no outside; can the men who oppress "inside" be benign "outside"? And this happens to millions. In 1950, 15% of all eighteen through twenty-four-year olds (excluding those in the armed forces, jail, or mental hospitals are in school; in 1960, 20%; in 1966, 30%.⁷

A second major change is the collapse of the entrepreneurial ideal, and therefore the shift in the object of the Protestant work ethic.

The great old days of American capitalism were gone, the Gilded Age of empire-building speculators and cutthroats. Not that capitalism had softened, moderated its headlong pursuit of profit; nothing like that. Rather, the first wave of monopoly organization had settled on its form; the great nineteenth-century inventions had been assimilated into production.

So the student already experiences his future, its specialization, competitive worry, shallow rewards. And though rewards (like punishments) are built into the structure, he cannot get worked up about the Protestant ethic in the college, and certainly not for the already predictable afterlife. The lifetime career in the giant corporation has become a meal-ticket, a sacrifice invested for dividends of consumption. Work is rewarding extrinsically not intrinsically. There is no salvation in it. The corporation is *there*, gigantic, well-oiled, well-heelled and presumably permanent, but it is no deity, not even a cause worth fighting very hard for. It does not impart meaning to life any more than the college. It is not the channel for adventurousness and creativity, even for raw greed. The Organization Man may loom as a happy future role-model, but it is not a transcendent image, and so the restless must begin to find new routes to life.

The late Fifties generation of elite students is also the first to have been acculturated by television and drenched by consumer goods. Not only is affluence real, it is magnified by comparison with the Depression experienced by one's parents. To grow up is to inherit the legacy of capitalism in its miserable success, private materialism made perfect. Consumption is for the first time taken for granted. And a steadily growing percentage of students finally becomes a majority who congratulate themselves all the more because they are the first in their family privileged to attend college.

Everything should be right, yet the world is experienced as empty. The system which delivers the goods is supposed to be the pinnacle of human achievement yet the goods do not satisfy—really satisfy, underneath the self-satisfying mystification. They cannot: advertising is false at its core. The toothpaste cannot bring true love; the car cannot substitute for orgasm. Therefore, television, the mother's milk of the new student generations, comes to taste sour. Pernicious as is the clamorous manufacture of "needs" (a process absolutely necessary to advanced capitalism), a child grows up with a new cynicism, an experience of the big lie: and the lie must be re-

pressed and mediated. Therefore, in the late Fifties, a young subculture of MAD Magazine and Stan Freberg records springs up, to gaily distance (tolerate, really) the impossible claims of advertising and packaging. The self-betrayal of liberal ideals becomes part of the political experience of growing up absurd—even though it will not surface into a political *issue* until the students respond to John F. Kennedy's reign. Thus, in the very completion of its historical mission, capitalism throws open the question of what lies beyond consumption—a question it cannot answer. Naturally, the students who have tasted the fruit of consumption raise the question first. At a time when the government must appoint a blue-ribbon commission to discover "national goals," no wonder this generation begins to look for their own way. That quest is made still more urgent by the fact of the Bomb, which gives particularly the educated Americans a sense of contingency and protection lost.

Here are the roots of a peculiar crisis. Already in the late Fifties, and accelerating into the Sixties, the children of the upper classes feel *useless*. History, as previous generations had known it, seems finished; the long climb through centuries toward material comfort seems to have reached a high plateau; they are stranded there, estranged from the very sources of their comfort, even embittered by the disconnection which seems to be the price of affluence.

Corporate organization had begun to be routinized by the late Twenties—at the level of management, research, and "scientific services" like industrial psychology.⁸ Strong men at the top (owners and managers both) were no less important, but the enterprise of the corporation settled down, the work at middle and lower managerial levels became more predictable, less open to individual initiative. At the same time it required more of the educated skills. It required a college graduate outfitted with a new consciousness. David Reisman noted the change in "character" to the "other-directed" and in 1956 W. H. Whyte, Jr., traced it specifically to the corporation and the college:

The corporation estates have been expanding so dynamically of late that until about now the management man could suppress the thought that he was a bureaucrat—bureaucrats, as every businessman knew, were those people down in Washington who preferred safety to adventure. Just when the recognition began to dawn, no one can say, but since the war the younger generation of management haven't been talking of self-reliance and adventure with quite the straight face of their elders.⁹

And not only in the corporate afterlife. Whyte saw the emergence of the collegiate step-ladder eight years before Mario Savio's famous speech about "the Machine":

When I was a college senior in 1939, we used to sing a plaintive song about going out into the 'cold, cold world.' . . .

There is no leap left to take (any more). The union between the world of organization and the college has been so cemented that today's seniors can see a continuity between the college and the life thereafter that we never did. Come graduation, they do not go outside to a hostile world; they transfer.

For the senior who is headed for the corporation (i.e., the elite university student) it is almost as if it were part of one master scheme. The locale shifts; the training continues, for at the same time that the colleges have been changing their curriculum to suit the corporation, the corporation has responded by setting up its own campuses and classrooms. By now the two have been so well molded that it's difficult to tell where one leaves off and the other begins.¹⁰

After *The Lonely Crowd* and *The Organization Man*, the next book to capture the imagination of many of the new students is Paul Goodman's *Growing Up Absurd* (1960) which details the preliminary, privatized adjustments to uselessness in the hipsterism of the young organization men and the "juvenile delinquency" of the lower middle classes. A prophetic masterpiece, limited only by the fact that reality has not yet proposed a more convincing, more communal, more revolutionary response. One need not presuppose an "impulse toward usefulness" embedded in "human nature" to recognize the unstable, questing qualities of this consciousness, abandoned to its own devices at the very peak of the climb. But since capitalism is not (yet) questionable, the first forms of the quest are easy and debased. Naturally the quest intersects with the growing global responsibilities of American imperialism.

Post-war "internationalism" and Cold War

anti-communism are central ideological underpinnings of America's rise to prime station among the Western imperialist powers.¹¹ The two themes thread together in the argument that the way to fight communism is to bring the advantages of American know-how to the "underprivileged" countries, while the very purpose of anti-communism is to permit the "new nations" to modernize.¹² But at the same time, and visibly, the aggrandizement of American interest throughout the Fifties had diminished American prestige: Vice-President Nixon is stoned in Caracas (1958), Cuba extricates itself entirely (1959), Eisenhower is kept out of Japan (1960). The proto-idealist post-scarcity young of the United States hear John F. Kennedy say, "We've got to get moving again," and they listen. America must be redeemed. America must refurbish itself. *America must be useful.* The perfect program, as Kennedy has the wit to realize, is the Peace Corps: it taps the missionary spirit, channels

the quest for usefulness, while not only does it threaten no vital imperial interests, it enhances them. This discovery, though, lies in the future; for the moment, usefulness has again become possible, on the cheap.

The Peace Corps—and its later domestic counterpart, VISTA—will turn out to be the last inspirations of the Empire's stable period; so much so that Nixon's Peace Corps Director will have direct ties to the CIA. The quest for usefulness will find infinitely more convincing, more *useful* expression in the civil rights movement and in the first phases of the New Left—in the growing understanding that there is no usefulness within capitalism, but only in the lifelong war against it.

But the late Fifties are transitional, even *feel* transitional. Rock music makes solace by diving social energy into the body; it also promotes

the feeling that young people, even across class lines, are a caste. And there are the years of the Beats, the vagabond poets and seekers propelled by consumerism and the collapse of the work-ethic into the quest for new self-definitions: the rediscovery of physical land, and mostly, if any feeling could wholly characterise such a various grouping, disgust with America of the atomic bomb and the consumption carnival, of Ginsberg's "best minds of my generation destroyed by madness, starving, hysterical, naked" and Ferlinghetti.

The Beats have an uncertain influence in the colleges and high schools, more as premonition than as model. Small Bohemian circles spring up in the middle and upper tier of colleges, and Greenwich Village burgeons as a locus for bohemian culture. These are also the years of *Catch-22* and its ethic of escape from bureaucratic lunacy, of Beckett's and Ionesco's dead-ended revelations of the dead endedness

of bourgeois civilization. Personal and tribal, none of this "culture" creates a mass culture of practical solidarity. But something new is brewing, something waiting for a medium of political expression.

Already there is some peace activity on the campuses (the Student Peace Union is founded in 1959); and when a triumphant Fidel Castro visits the United States in 1959, thousands jam Central Park and the Harvard Stadium to hear the romantic-looking hero. Never mind that they do not understand what Cuba must do to extricate itself from the grip of the United States, never mind that they do not recognize in Batista only the external face of this bloated America, never mind that they are quick to call Castro "dictator" a few months later. They go to listen, and they cheer. There is something new in the Cold War World. A decade of limits is slamming shut.

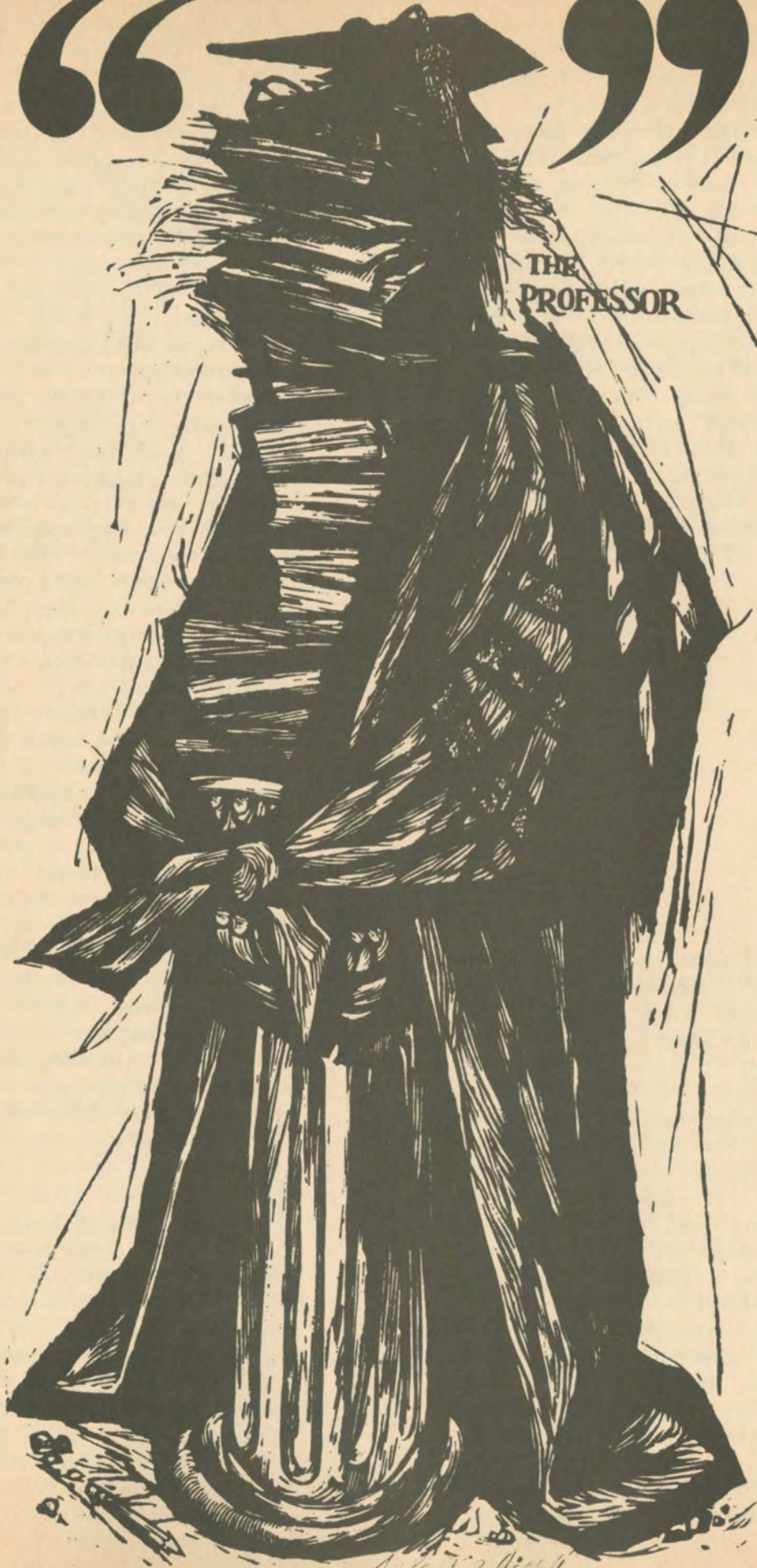
Everything is in preparation for the sit-ins which began February 1, 1960 to inaugurate a new decade.

The civil rights movement in the South is the black colony's movement for legal rights; the first stage of a black movement for revolutionary self-determination. That movement, and the terror unleashed upon it, signify that America is not completed; ultimately they are to mean that ideology is not ended. But further, as it unfolds between 1960 and 1965, the civil rights movement brings to the surface the failure of the New Deal, the lawlessness and hypocrisy of national corporate liberalism and representative "democracy"¹³ the powerlessness of people to "make the decisions that affect their lives." Much of this thinking is to spring directly from the white student experience, but the civil rights movement unforgettably etches it into the white mind with blood. And the black initiative against white supremacy speaks the new, uncontaminated language of direct action, and perhaps it is this language which fuels the white student movement most. Achieving an analysis is one thing, and a comfortable enterprise indeed for the student taking refuge in ideas; but opening the sphere of legitimate action, "putting your body on the line," this precedent shatters one of the major conventions of post-war American life. The estrangement from all social bonds which had camouflaged as "apathy" is broken perforce. Ideals must again be *responsible*. Change must be willed, and change is possible—see, the Negroes are doing it. Compounded by white guilt and the impulse to transcend one's complicity with racism, the eruption of the sit-ins of 1960 inspires the Northern campus-based civil rights movement, liberator of energy and forerunner of SDS. In the same way, the Mississippi Summer Project of 1964 is to inspire the first great wave of "university-reform" battles, the direct relation summarized in the person of Mario Savio just returned from Mississippi to lead Berkeley's Free Speech Movement.

The patent oppression of Southern Blacks—not to mention the Northern immigrants—their moments are to come—is not all that SNCC is "about." A social movement is never simply "about" the object of its passion; it is always "about" the deepest identities of the participants, the masses who compose it and the organizers and revolutionaries who, at different times in different ways, stoke it and shape it. With the arrival of Bob Moses in Mississippi in 1961, SNCC ceases to be simply a movement of black college students against segregation, and becomes a cadre of

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organizers working with the poorest, most excluded, more terrorized blacks: the Southern farmers, sharecroppers, maids; first for the right to vote and to share public facilities, then for food, land, political power. Until 1964 or 1965 the organizers agree on a fundamentally raceless vision of the society aborning in the struggle for simple legal rights. It is not a vision anyone cares to take the time to spell out, but it is present in the spirit, and passion, the songs, the respect for the "organized people," the interminable meetings, the organizing methods which the SNCC field staff work out. The composite image, an almost consciously naïve sort of timeless commonwealth, declares society to be a contract for the meeting of basic needs, including the need for solidarity, and politics to be the mechanism of meeting them. Bureaucracies stand between people and their needs and should be disbanded. Representative government camouflages that distance *even if it works* and should be replaced by direct democracy. The myth of expertise conceals inequality and illegitimate authority; those qualified to hold political power are the poor, the disenfranchised, the "unqualified," those who can truly judge their own need.¹⁴ This vision, recommended by the raw courage of the SNCC-workers who hold to it, has its effect on the white student movement. There is no strategy, but implicitly—in the absence, or rather the prematurity, of a revolutionary strategy—the strategy might be considered "reformist."

The old SNCC vision comes crashing against the 1964 Democratic Convention in Atlantic City, which, in excluding the delegates of the SNCC-organized Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party, puts an end to the era of visionary, non-internationalist nonviolence. If there is no way into the party of the ruling class, other routes must be found. The black colony must become anti-colonial. The Watts revolt of 1965, Stokely Carmichael's enunciation of Black Power in 1966, and Huey P. Newton's creation of the Black Panther Party in 1967, interwoven with the escalation of counter-revolutionary violence (Detroit and Newark, 1967), the practice of armed self-defense, and the mobilization of the Northern black working class, will be the phases in the opening of a new era, and will thereby test the relevance of post-scarcity consciousness.

For the final factor in the growth of the new white consciousness is American imperialism, helplessly and inexorably creating its opposition as it flourishes. China's breakaway comes too early to leave its imprint on the post-war generation, but the enlargement

and consolidation of Empire in the guise of Cold War sensitizes the residents of the metropolis, particularly its educated young, to the sheer existence of the rest of the world. "Internationalism" replaces "isolationism" as the guiding slogan of the ruling class; both, of course, are imperialist in design, but "internationalism" as an *idea* and not simply an ideological camouflage pays more tribute to the *reality* of the rest of the world, and in combination with education and mass media prepares us to notice Cuba, to notice the student revolts in Turkey and Venezuela and Japan, even to notice Hungary and Poland, to notice the disintegration of what was purported to be the Communist monolith. Capitalist internationalism gathers the kindling of its own ruin in enlarging the horizons of its own apprentices; so, when a movement has grown and imperialism has met its match in Vietnam, the consciousness of the entirety of the planet may turn on the very capitalism which nurtured it. There are other consequences of the simultaneous spiraling rise and fall of Empire, and the globalization of consciousness, but they belong later in the story when the fissures have opened up and the pressure is on in earnest.

III

So the identity of the student movement is built *on* the evolving reality of American capitalism; but it is built unabashedly *of* social values. The new man extricates himself from the stagnation and hollowness of the consumer culture by declaring his commitments, acting on them, and piecing together a crude analysis of the nature of the American beast; at the same time he extricates himself from the sorry history of the American Left by enriching the concept of democratic principle. Tired of his alienation and its private escapes, he looks to a social solidarity in organization and principle both. A first generation of student radicals from civil rights, university and Democratic-Party reform movements meets at Port Huron, Michigan in June 1962 and produces *The Port Huron Statement*, which is more than anything else the document which organizes SDS.

What attracts other student radicals, more than anything else, is the document's statement of values. It is unashamedly visionary, if vague; the language is fresh, the tone humane. "Making values explicit—an initial task in establishing alternatives—is an activity that has been devalued and corrupted," the key section begins.¹⁵ Why must that activity *begin* now, why can it not *simply continue*? "Unlike

youth in other countries, we are used to moral leadership being exercised and moral dimensions being clarified by our elders. But today, for us, not even the liberal and socialist preachments of the past seem adequate to the forms of the present. Consider the old slogans: Capitalism Cannot Reform Itself, United Front Against Fascism, General Strike, All Out on May Day. Or more recently, No Cooperation with Commies and Fellow Travelers, Ideologies Are Exhausted, Bipartisanship, No Utopias. These are incomplete, and there are few new prophets. . . ."

Remember the one-dimensional mood of the Fifties; the Port Huron Statement begins with its explosion. "Theoretic chaos has replaced the idealistic thinking of old—and, unable to reconstitute theoretic order, men have condemned idealism itself. . . . The decline of utopia and hope is in fact one of the defining features of social life today. . . . To be idealistic is to be considered apocalyptic, deluded. To have no serious aspirations, on the contrary, is to be 'tough-minded.' In suggesting social goals and values, therefore, we are aware of entering a sphere of some disrepute. . . . We are aware that to avoid platitudes we must analyze the concrete conditions of social order."

And the bulk of the document tries just that, to show the concerns of the civil rights, university-reform and peace movements are interconnected. This is its first major analytic contribution. The analyses of poverty, militarism, the welfare state, the university, are sketchy and not predicated on a grasp of the dynamic of capitalism as a total over-arching system; the closest thing to a programmatic solution is a pitifully irrelevant call for the expulsion of Southern racists from the Democratic Party; there is not yet a conception of a *movement, let alone a revolutionary movement.*

Its other major break with the bankrupt past is to part ways with the Cold War and anti-communism; so much so that the ostensible parent organization, the liberal (barely even social-democratic) League for Industrial Democracy, responds by locking SDS out of its office.¹⁶ Substantial analysis will come later; first things first.¹⁷ "To direct such an analysis we must use the guideposts of basic principles"; man as end, man as creator, society as interdependent, fraternal independence. It is not all so far from Marx's "the free development of all shall be the free development of each." The guiding principle comes to be

known as participatory democracy: people should make the decisions which affect their lives. The principle is universal and particular at once; in all the arenas of which white radicals have experience in 1962—the university, the rural South, electoral politics in general—participatory democracy can be made specific, programmatic.

Experience in 1962: mental as well as physical. The writers do not know the world of the working classes. And the fragility of the Statement's values is explained by the document itself, in the discredit which the debased and feeble American Marxism had brought down on its own head. "The dreams of the older left were perverted by Stalinism and never recreated." The entire document moves from liberalism outward. It casts off the excrescences of late Fifties, imperial liberalism—"end of ideology," anti-communism, elitist scorn for the masses—only to hold on to its value-core; that is why the values stated are skewed toward classical individualism (hoping to be divorced from its class base). There is a tension; obviously the principle of participatory democracy is socialist, when applied to the economy; at least some early SDS members recognized it at the time. Finally the document's confusion and tentativeness reflect not simply the class base and the primitive development of the movement—the significance of the new movements "is in the fact that the students are breaking the crust of apathy and overcoming their inner alienation"—but the principle outlined by Engles: "Like every new theory, modern socialism had, at first, to connect itself with the intellectual stock-in-trade ready to its hand, however deeply its roots lay in material economic facts."¹⁸ The Statement, then, contains and interweaves the inseparable strengths and weaknesses of the student movement in 1962: university provin-



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cialism and a sense of self, escape from collectivism and reaffirmation of the person, liberalism and its historically possible negation. So the rhetoric of those years—in SDS and somewhat even in SNCC—breathes a spirit of *radical disappointment*: a sense that liberalism by its own lights, "American democracy" by its own lights, humane values by their own lights have been perverted and encrusted into war, militarism, misshapen priorities, authoritarianism, consumerism. There is an air of astonishment: Could America be this bad? □

This ends part one of Gitlin's two-part series on the development of a post-scarcity consciousness. Next month he begins part two by showing how radical disappointment was replaced by revolutionary imperative from 1962-69.—Eds.

The first effort, then, should be to state a vision: What is the perimeter of human possibility in this epoch? . . . The second effort, if we are to be politically responsible, is to evaluate the prospects for obtaining at least a substantial part that vision in our epoch: What are the social forces that exist, or that must exist, if we are to be successful? And what role have we ourselves to play as a social force?

The Port Huron Statement of Students for a Democratic Society (1962)

⁴ See James O'Connor, "The University and the Political Economy," *Leviathan*, Vol. 1, No. 1 (March 1969).

⁵ This is not to post a Golden Age in which a community of scholars vigorously pursued knowledge in its purity. Education in its main outlines has always been responsible to the dominating interests in the United States, the main successive powers have been the church, the capitalist commercializers of agriculture (the Morrill Land-Grant Act of 1861) and the big-business foundations. See David Horowitz, "Billion Dollar Brains," *Ramparts* (May 1969).

¹ Speech by Jesse Hobson, then President of the Stanford Research Institute of Engineers, 1951.

² *Statistical Abstract of the United States*, 89th Edition, 1968, series 146.

³ "Where Is America Going?," *New Left Review* #54 (March-April 1969).

⁶ A concrete study of "tracking" as a key device for sustaining class privilege is in "Strike at S.F. State, published by Research/Organizing Cooperative, 330 Grove St., San Francisco, CA. (1969). Also Al Hornstein, "Class Struggle in the Schools," *Leviathan*, June 1969.

⁷ Calculated from *Statistical Abstract*, Series 150. Some measure of the subjugation of women in America is contained in the breakdown by sex. In 1950, 20% of the males 18-24 are in school, and 10% of the females; in 1960, 29 and 14% respectively; in 1966, 40 and 21% respectively. Evidently the ratio of men/women in college has hardly changed.

⁸ "Scientific management" begins with the time-motion studies of Frederick W. Taylor (*The Principles of Scientific Management*, 1911) and the "human-relations" social psychology of Elton Mayo (*The Human Problems of an Industrial Civilization*, 1933). "Taylor proclaimed . . . the death of the Heroic Age of American business. The Great Man was defunct; his greatness was broken down into rational principles, just as intensified division of labor and mass production had broken down complex work tasks in manufacturing industry. Those principles could now be taught in specialized schools, like the Tucker School at Dartmouth (1910) or Harvard's earlier graduate school of business administration (1908). In Taylor's own words: 'In the past the man has been first; in the future the system must be first.'" (Peter d'A. Jones, *The Consumer Society*, Pelican Books, 1965.) Of course the system had always been first; only with the consolidation of monopoly did the system have to take pains to reproduce its management.

⁹ *The Organization Man* (Anchor, 1957), p. 20. Originally published 1956.

¹⁰ *Ibid.*, p. 69.

¹¹ On this ascendancy as a central result of World War II, see David Horowitz, *Empire and Revolution* (Random House, 1969).

¹² The clearest formulation of this twin sub-ideology is in a 1960 speech by Walt Rostow, a key adviser to Kennedy and later Johnson: "Communism is best understood as a disease of the transition to modernization. . . . Communists know that their time to seize power in the underdeveloped area is limited. They know that, as momentum takes hold in an underdeveloped area—and the fundamental social problems inherited from the traditional society are solved—their chances to seize power decline. . . . They are the scavengers of the modernization process." (In Franklin M. Osanka (ed.), *Modern Guerrilla Warfare: Fighting Communist Guerrilla Warfare, 1941-1961* (Free Press, 1962).

¹³ On the civil rights movement's aspect as an exposure of liberalism by its own lights, see Howard Zinn, *SNCC: The New Abolitionists* (Beacon, 1964).

¹⁴ Such ideas are expressed in articles written late in 1965 by SNCC workers Charlie Cobb (black) and Casey Hayden (white), reprinted in *Thoughts of the Young Radicals* (New Republic, 1966). That is, six months before those images are displaced by Black Power, which stands somewhere among mood, program, and vision. The murky idea of Black Power later disintegrates into its component contradictory parts of revolutionary nationalism and black capitalism.

¹⁵ Excerpts from the Port Huron Statement are in Mitchell Cohen and Dennis Hale, eds., *The New Student Left* (Beacon, 1966).

¹⁶ Eventually, in 1965, SDS formally severs ties with the LID: a case of formality following reality.

¹⁷ The next year's Convention document, *America and the New Era*, is much more explicit. It foresees the Kennedy strategy of detente with Russia, dissects the failure of domestic welfare state, and looks to strategy of "local insurgency at all levels of the society."

¹⁸ *In Socialism: Utopian and Scientific* (Marx and Engels, *Selected Works*, International Publications, 1968, p. 349).



Telegram

SENATOR J. WILLIAM FULBRIGHT
SENATE OFFICE BUILDING

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contributors

GEORGE BROSI left VSC not too long ago to look for newer things. He digs speaking gigs and can be reached through *motive*. **FELICITY BROWN**, 12, is a free-lance writer from Berkeley. Another free lancer, **ED HAMLETT**, has done extensive traveling in the South, most recently for the Race Relations Information Center in Nashville. **TODD GITLIN's** book *Uptown: Poor Whites in Chicago* has just been published by Harper and Row. A book of movement poetry which he edited (*Campfires of the Resistance*) will soon be published by Bobbs-Merrill.

CARTOONIST: DAN O'NEILL, whose genius is syndicated by the *San Francisco Chronicle*, is now living somewhere down on the beach.

POETS: Both poets who appear in *motive* this month are teachers. **CHARLES FISHMAN** is at Farmingdale University where he also writes songs. **MICHAEL LALLY** teaches and writes at Trinity College in Washington, D.C.

ARTISTS: The artist relieves our world from indifference. His/Her statements of unshackled clarity give us a new vision of living things. Artists in this issue who have given us greater scope are: **RICHARD ASH, MARKY BULWINKLE, RICHARD BELLAK, DON CORTESE, EARL DOTTER, ROHN ENGH, JEMISON FAUST, R. HODGELL, PETER SCHUMANN, J. SPENCE, AND JUNANNE ZANER.**

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IN JULY EIGHT MEN WERE ARRESTED in three towns in Minnesota as they moved to disrupt the processes of the Selective Service system. Legally, the Eight face a sentence of 10 years and/or \$10,000 for attempted sabotage; politically, they face the same sentence for acting against one of the more blatant contradictions in the society. Since the time of the arrest rallies formed in support of the Eight have met with police harassment, beatings and arrests. The defense of the Eight, through the trials and the probable appeals will be costly. Collective support such as that given the Chicago Seven and Bobby Seal is needed. Send contributions to: Committee to Defend the Eight, Box 14058 University Station, Minneapolis, Minn. 55414.

CALIFORNIA

Chico:

Chico Ecology Centre
Etidorhpa Natural Foods
114 West 12th Street
Chico, California 95926
916 / 345-1637

David Millhauser, Dan Chandler

To promote ecological awareness among people, especially relating pollution of the atmosphere with the pollution of our bodies by refined and artificial foods.

Santa Rosa:

Californians Organized to Acquire Access to State Tidelands (COAAST)
Room 518, Rosenberg Building
306 Mendocino Avenue
Santa Rosa, California 95403
707 / 545-2196 (Monday, Wednesday and Thursday mornings)
Allan M. Chambliss, William Kortum, Charles Hinkle

Primary concern is with the protection of the natural beauty and character of the California coastline, and the freedom of the public to visit and enjoy coastal areas. To further this objective we are currently helping to organize a state-wide coalition in support of legislation to create a California Coastline Conservation and Development Commission.

Organizing citizen task forces to study and take appropriate action on environmental problems.

Stockton:

Delta Ecology Club
San Joaquin Delta College
3301 Kensington Way
Stockton, California 95204
209 / 466-2631
Terry Morgan

To make the community aware of pollution problems. Pollution bulletin board and clean-up campaigns.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Washington:

Population Institute
100 Maryland Avenue, NE.
Washington, D. C. 20002
202 / 544-3310
Rodney Shaw

The Population Institute has been established to fill a basic need existing in the field of population education, namely, the opportunity and encouragement for organized inquiry by leadership groups. A national college leadership consultation on population is being organized at the present time. Among the other groups for which the Institute plans to hold population consultations are editors and editorial writers (regional), national woman's organizations leaders, seminary student and faculty leadership, theologians and social ethicists, and high school student leaders.

ECOLOGY REGISTRY

This is a continuation/expansion of the listing of ecology groups and organizations that motive began in the April/May Crisis of the Environment issue.

NEW YORK

New York:

Scientists' Institute for Public Information
30 East 68th Street
New York, New York 10021
212 / 249-3200
Walter Bogan

An association of scientists to provide the citizen with objective information on science-related public issues. Primary focus of the Institute is on general problems of environmental conservation, such as air, water and soil pollution. Also concerned with immediate issues such as lead poisoning in the slums, non-military uses of nuclear energy, biology and sociology of race, narcotics addiction and population control.
Publish *Environment* and *S.I.P.I. Newsletter*.

SOUTH AFRICA

Johannesburg:

Student Ecology Action Society
University of Witwatersrand
Johannesburg, Transvaal
Republic of South Africa
Ben Cousins

To act as a vehicle for ecological consciousness and action, i.e. research, discussion, dissemination of knowledge first on, then off, campus and with emphasis on individual action. Where possible, public campaigns on specific issues such as preservation of Santa Lucia Bay, banning of DDT, anti-plastic containers. The great majority of our population lives in abject poverty and want: their concern is not with quality of food, shelter, etc. but with quantity, i.e. if there is any AT ALL. This situation gives rise to the struggle for social balance or national liberation. We believe that the ecological issue is the only way at present to break down ideological barriers between black and white here.

INDIANA

Bloomington:

Committee to Publicize Crisis Biology
005 Jordan Hall
Indiana University
Bloomington, Indiana 47401
812 / 337-3470
David Porter

To stimulate interest and concern for the environment by furnishing speakers, bibliographies, short papers, etc.

KANSAS

Lawrence:

Ecology Action
1314 OREAD
Lawrence, Kansas 66044
913 / 864-7151

Leland E. McCleary, Mark Shapiro
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This office tries to coordinate projects and activities of several groups in our area.

Topeka:

The Association for Environmental Improvement of Topeka
Department of Biology
Washburn University
Topeka, Kansas 66621
Louis Lenhard

Publish a newsletter on environmental improvement.

MARYLAND

Freeland:

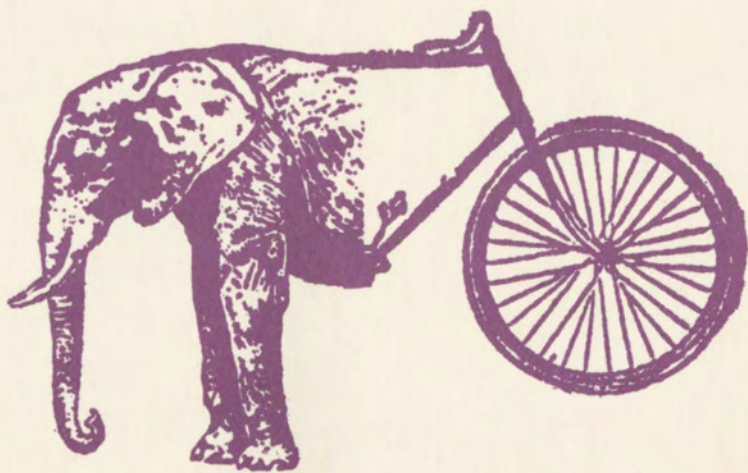
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ROHN ENCH



1861
1862

