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WOODCUT: M. BULWINKLE

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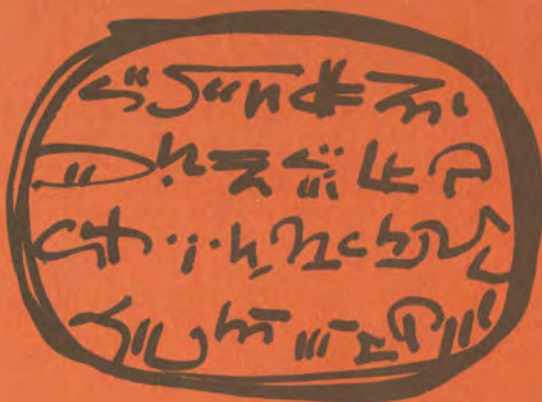
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write on!!



BE IT RESOLVED BY THE ADMINISTRATION BOARD OF TRINITY UNITED METHODIST CHURCH in Homewood, Alabama, as follows:

(1) The Board has caused a full investigation to be made and on the basis of its investigation has found that the following facts are true:

(a) There was published in March-April, 1969, an issue of *motive* magazine under the sponsorship of The Division of Higher Education of the United Methodist Church which contained a shocking amount of filthy language, obscenity and matters which are not the subject for discussion among decent people.

(b) When the contents of this issue were brought to the attention of the Board, a committee of responsible members of this Board was appointed to make a further investigation into the circumstances of the publication of that and all circumstances surrounding the magazine in general.

(c) That committee corresponded with the General Secretary of The Division of Higher Education of the United Methodist Church and thereafter representatives of this Board, including the Senior Minister of this church, met in Birmingham, Alabama, with that Executive Secretary, Dr. Myron F. Wicke, with the presiding Bishop of the North Alabama Conference of the United Methodist Church, and with representatives of two other United Methodist Churches in the North Alabama Conference to make further investigation of the magazine.

(d) At that meeting the representatives of this Board were shocked that the statements of Dr. Wicke were all in defense of the said magazine and of its editorial staff, with the exception that the profanity contained therein was not defended but was condoned.

(e) This Board had been informed that the editorial staff of the magazine had been altered and that persons responsible for the offensive, vulgar and profane publication had been discharged.

(f) The investigating committee of this Board has obtained copies of recent issues of *motive* magazine, being those dated March, 1970 and April-May, 1970 and finds that nearly one-half of the editorial staff of *motive* magazine is still identical with that of the staff which published the aforesaid highly offensive April-May, 1969 issue.

(g) The investigating committee of this Board was informed by Dr. Myron Wicke that responsible officials of The United Methodist Church had directed that the magazine be continued under the sponsorship of The United Methodist Church for no more than two years, but the investigating committee has learned that Dr. Wicke has, through a newsletter circulated to professionals in the field of religious education in The United Methodist Church, given the assurance that The United Methodist Church will continue to support *motive* magazine.

(h) At the said meeting held in Birmingham, Alabama, there was presented to Dr. Wicke documentary evidence that at least one of the members of the editorial board of *motive* magazine, Joanne Cooke, was closely affiliated with Young Socialists Alliance, an organization identified by J. Edgar Hoover as being the youth affiliate of the Trotskyite Socialist Workers Party in the United States. Dr. Wicke denied the truth of these documented statements and defended Joanne Cooke's continued presence at *motive* magazine.

(i) The Board has not had presented to it any further issues after the April-May, 1969, issue containing the filth, obscenities and vulgar subject matter of that issue, but finds that in replacement thereof the contents of the magazine have shifted to such subjects as glowing defenses of Communist Cuba, useless repetition of reports on environmental and ecological problems, encouragement of violence to obtain change, discussion of American foreign policy, and other matters completely extraneous to any justifiable purpose for the publication for such a magazine under the sponsorship of The United Methodist Church. Specifically, this Board finds that the contents of the magazine are presented without any reference to universally accepted ethical or moral principles identified with the Christian Church.

(j) The membership of this Board is composed of persons of all ages, coming from almost every political, social, economic, educational and religious background. But the members of this Board are united in their belief that no purpose consistent with the goals of The United Methodist Church is served by the publication of filth, profanity or irrelevant, extraneous, repetitious, humanistic, Christ-less materials such as have appeared in issues of *motive* magazine over the past year, all with the evident support and approval of both its editorial board and those employees of The United Methodist Church having the responsibility for supervision of the publication of *motive* magazine.

(k) This Board reaffirms its commitment that the purpose and goal of The United Methodist Church should be to glorify God and to lead all men into a saving relationship with Jesus Christ.

(l) The investigating committee has met with responsible persons from other United Methodist Churches in this area to coordinate the results of our investigations. The committee has reported that it was revolted, shocked and dismayed as the aforesaid facts, each fully documented, were revealed.

(m) Trinity United Methodist Church has been directly and adversely affected in carrying out its programs, including benevolent giving, operation of the church and expansion of the physical facilities of the church, by the adverse reaction of its members to such activities of The United Methodist Church as are represented by the sponsorship of the publication of *motive* magazine. Such members, have, to indicate the depth of their feeling on such questions, reduced the level of their giving to Trinity United Methodist Church or eliminated such giving entirely.

(2) This Administrative Board does not intend to give any support, financial, spiritual or otherwise, to *motive* magazine or those responsible for its publication, and this Board now goes on record as calling for the immediate cessation of publication of *motive* magazine, the immediate dismissal of all members of its staff and editorial board, and the immediate dismissal of all persons, including specifically, but without limitation, Dr. Myron Wicke, who through ignorance, neglect, wilful action or encouragement have allowed the publication of this vulgar, useless magazine in the name of The United Methodist Church, and this Board hereby records its determination to pursue this matter and to cause its appropriate designees to pursue this matter at all levels of The United Methodist Church until each of the foregoing aims is accomplished.

(3) In order to give effect to its intention not to provide for material support for *motive* magazine, this Administrative Board will give serious consideration to withholding any con-

tribution to the World Service Budget of the North Alabama Conference of the United Methodist Church until such time as publication of *motive* magazine under the sponsorship of the United Methodist Church is discontinued. This Administrative Board considers that such action, as drastic as it may be, may be necessary to convey the depth of its feelings on this matter.

(4) Copies of this resolution shall be sent to all persons, officials and committees of The United Methodist Church having the power to accomplish the goals stated herein, and to the Chairmen of the Administrative Boards of other churches in the North Alabama Conference of The United Methodist Church.

ADMINISTRATIVE BOARD
trinity united methodist church
homewood, alabama

I've been following the recent controversy about *motive* with close interest, and I am behind you in every detail. Though I find myself sometimes left out by *motive's* articles—the magazine itself has changed a lot since I last wrote for it in 1964—I find it consistently current and relevant, and wish that the noisy critics would content themselves with wishing for the good old days of the 19th century, a kindly grandfather-type of god, and absolute certainty about every issue in life! Then you could be left to communicate with the college students—and faculty—who, I assure you, read you and dig you very much indeed. Keep it up!

PAUL SCHLUETER
department of english
university of evansville
evansville, indiana

I had occasion to visit the *motive* office in the summer of '67 when I was in Nashville trying to organize a theater group in co-operation with SSOC (some small success, much failure, like SSOC itself, I guess).

After that, I saw *motive* once in a while in a library, and even more occasionally on a newsstand. So it was a pleasant surprise to find it lying around the Off-Center Coffeehouse in Honolulu! And it was even more interesting to see that it was your special Ecology issue, which really tells it like it is—and beautifully.

And it was even *more* interesting because I picked it up between acts of a puppet show I was doing, and one of my puppet shows for adults is "Ecology Punch."

Since '67, I've built myself a one-woman puppet show and have travelled all over the US, and done some 230 shows and, hopefully, spread joy, peace and revolution. I've performed in California, Texas, Utah, Michigan, N.Y., Mass., Tenn., Virginia, Miss., and here in Hawaii.

The Ecology puppet show, using Punch and Judy and related characters, is one I developed in several versions. I've done it in Berkeley and in Hawaii; and I did it some 19 times while accompanying the Survival Walk down the San Joaquin Valley last spring. It was grueling, but immensely rewarding.

It was on this tour also that my previous puppet shows for the farmworkers ("Patroncito's Dream," "Tears," etc.) came together. The continual plaint one hears is "You don't understand the problems of the small grower"—who sees himself threatened not only by the union but by demands for ecological reform, and by the entire socio-economic situation in general. I put all these into "Farmer Punch." I can't resist bragging that a high school English teacher dubbed it "positively Shakespearean."

JOANNE FORMAN
honolulu, hawaii

notes

One page of a magazine can diminish miles and ages of geographic and cultural distance. On one side of the paper you can watch a living Dan Berrigan in an east coast meadow and on the other side is Carl Hampton dying on a street in Houston.

Both are part of the same thing and a magazine can tie them together. But a magazine is only a few hours out of the month. The rest of the time we are victimized by distance and culture, money and class and the ten thousand jarring vicious things that make it so damned hard to put anything into a cogent picture. So when the bird watching and the shooting is over, Houston can't understand Block Island, Block Island can't fathom Houston and the people in between can't get a solid grip on either.

Etheridge, who prefaced this column, is one of the Houston school and I lean that way myself. During the months Berrigan was underground and since his capture, we have tried to sift out what he was all about.

An educated guess is that the people who read this magazine and leave it on the coffee table for guests are the same people Berrigan was trying to turn on while he was underground. Never before have the inhabitants of the comfortable, professional middle class suburbs been confronted by a man from their own caste who was flaunting his "criminality" and needing protection from the federal government.

For four months Berrigan's people were jolted and coerced by their humanity into taking the radical and illegal action of harboring a fugitive. There were others who never made contact with Berrigan, but felt the urgency of his trip, and more than that, felt the romance and adrenalin and fun that crept into the Berrigan legends.

FOR DAN BERRIGAN

*I don't know about you, whiteman all dressed in black
I mean I really don't know just where you at
Maybe your far ahead of us or far behind
Maybe you see it all, whiteman, or maybe you blind.*

—Etheridge Knight

toward a civil future

So these people made him an underground which was more like a theater, from where he could demonstrate that the suburbs are not as secure as the real estate brokers would like to claim; but there is a distinct evil that has taken on the disguise of the middle class and has made its home there. It is a bland, dull gray criminal style that is born in the bureaus and institutions and corporations that are all part of life in Berrigan's class. It is administrated evil, professional, self effacing, tasteful, polite, well managed and dutifully covert.

Somewhere near the heart of Berrigan's anti-war show is an evangelical damnation of that evil which is the repression that the middle class brings down on itself to keep its potential delinquents "well adjusted" or whatever alias subjugation is going under these days. It is the style of repression that some people never notice; those people being the ones who were trained in the suburban schools, homes and churches to blend in with that evil, to help foster it and thereby be subject to it.

But middle class repression does have certain redeeming qualities. Berrigan is a lucky man in being tried, convicted and hunted down by his own class. He's lucky because the evil that is ingrained in the politics of the middle class is usually restrained with its own delinquents. This style of repression is one that takes pride in its false class distinctions and uses them to pretend that it is of a different nature altogether than the repression exercised over the classes below.

For some people on the run, the underground is neither romantic, nor constructive, nor celebrated. Their friends have no island summer homes, their captors are not apologetic and if they are greeted in jail it is by a rubber hose rather than a brother. Poor people's repression sees no reason for restraint. Poor folks can be terrorized and killed in the streets and in their beds because repression has nothing to lose in the ghetto.

But that same repression has to maintain restraint with Berrigan and humble itself before him or else his people will start seeing through repression's flimsy class distinctions and realize the overall brotherhood of the oppressed.

Revolutions are never won solely by the wretched. They cannot be won only by the people who have to spend their lives chained to empty bellies and ragged kids. The wretched have to be joined, not just assisted, but fully joined by Berrigan's people.

Revolutions are on their way to being won when shows like Berrigan's are a success and when his people see that the shammed and superficial gentility of middle class repression is easily forgotten, as it was at Kent State in May, and that their lives are no more comfortable, secure or unmanaged than any life in Houston.

—Steve Nickeson

Elegy for an old Revolutionary

This poem is about rabbits on the move

about how their feet thump
like drums
where they run

Shreding all the skins
at the edge of the forest

the skins of the wind
like thin knives of fur.

This poem is about a swordfish
propelling itself endlessly
into the sun's white center

living there
like a blue confusion

like a giant example of logic.

This poem is about starsnakes
in the river

about blue stars
and yellow snakes

and how they wrap their tails
around white stones

crack them open

and feed

feed

like a pile of misunderstandings

like a pile of planets
trapped in the caves of a river.

This poem is about release

about the suddenness
of unlocked deer

how they fly from the center
of trees

fly out from the knots
and the tubers

and freeze

dropping their skins of motion.

Release:

the
blue

ghost

crackles and crackles

in the dust and the nails
of a cat

in the roots of the ocean:

a terrified snail
the scream of a jackal

released:

like the birth of a light
or a storm.

This poem is about hunger

and when I write it
I am writing
to the little boy

inside my fingernails

to the prisoner
to the man about to be damned: to the jaguar dragging chains

I am singing:

I am singing a song
to the panther

to the lion and the cat and the silkworm: a shark

in black waters like radar:

this song
is a warning to rabbits
and mice

a liberation
for lizards or tigers or rain

and when I sing it
I diminish

I fly
straight through the silence of drums and a skull
into the rubble of stars:
into gold spoons and the hawk asleep I go

like a ghost sliding through me

like a fire down a fuse

like a pearl or a seed deep in my lips.

This poem is a prayer
and a gravestone

I rubbing
from the breakage of wings

from the terror
at the edge of the forest.

This poem is a chunk
from the blue in the heart

of a stone

from the red in the dust
in the dreams of a boy
caught

in the mouth of a snail.

This poem is a gift from my teeth:

a blue hole

a ruby made from pale bones and smoke
an offering of darkness.

This poem is an insurrection: my

statement
of
logic

locked

in the skin of a drum in a grave in

a man.

This poem
this poem
this poem: I give it to you on my knees

from my arms
I give it to you

a touch
a birth

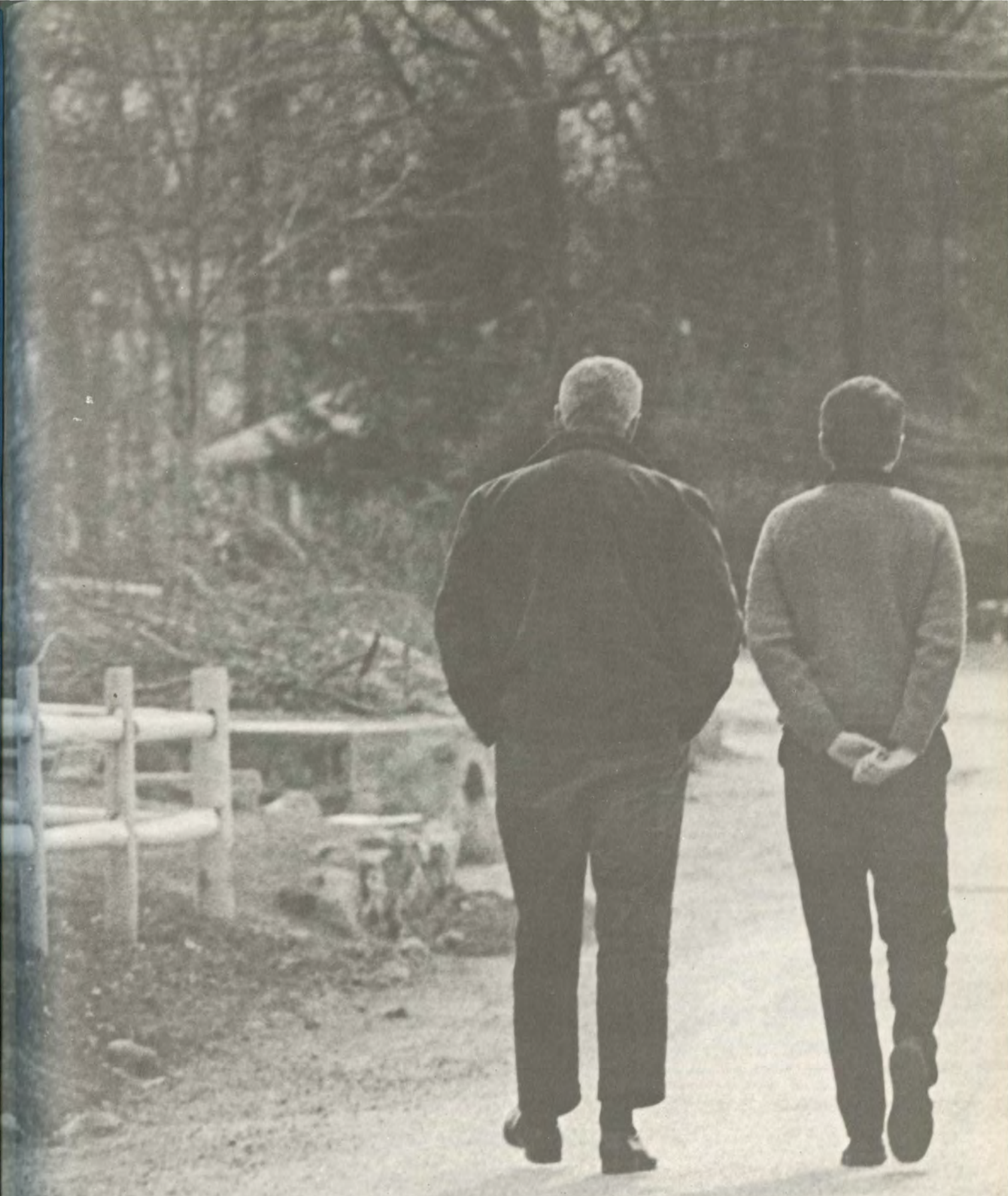
or the skin of a birth.

—Anthony Vaughan



WOODCUT

M. BULLWINKLE



BERRIGAN

photo essay by bob fitch



ZAP!
flip-flip
dan grins 'cause
he knows the tension

Cornell U. LAST STOP!
said a lot
brought back the pride

F.B.I. waited
easy prey

"gotta go to the toilet" says dan
puppets waited
slipped into a sack
burlap and paper mache

kindly, "Excuse us!"
puppets parade
out back stage door

GONE!?

F.B.I. scuffle
F.B.I. sigh

game's on!

toll booths
and high ways
passing on
the wanted man

MAY 17, 1968
CANTONSVILLE, MARYLAND . .
LOCAL BOARD #33
SELECTIVE SERVICE RECORDS
BURNED
WITH homemade NAPALM
BY NINE MEN AND WOMEN

willful destruction
of government
property
crime and punishment
escape and capture
T.V. tactics

TRIAL

THE CLERK

Members of the jury, what say you. . . .

THE FOREMAN

Guilty. . . .

DAN BERRIGAN

"We would simply like to thank the Court
and the prosecution. We agree that this is
the greatest day of our lives.





Shortly after the Berrigan brothers went underground, photographer Bob Fitch joined Dan and they took off to see Phil for the first time since the Brothers had refused to report for sentencing. It was a carefully plotted trip that ran up the back roads on the east coast.

"We had to be alert at any intersection, freeway or toll bridge where state or federal authorities might pounce on Dan."

Fitch, who will probably never be at home riding around with fugitives, didn't mind expressing his nervousness. Berrigan's casual disguise did nothing to settle his mind.

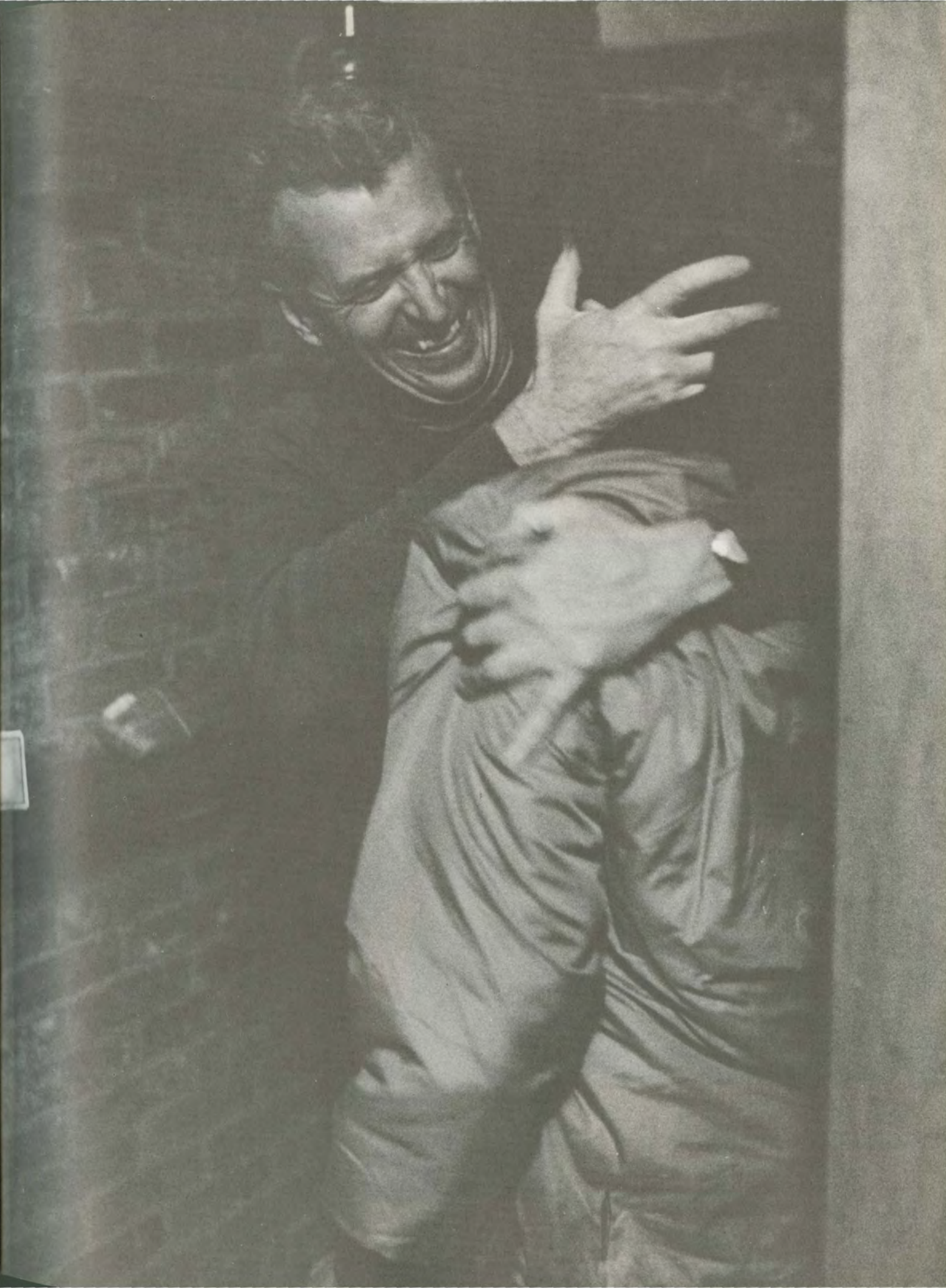
"Dan in his frumpy jacket and knit sailor cap was a pretty suspicious looking fugitive in disguise. Especially when he wore his bug-eyed sunglasses in dark cafes."

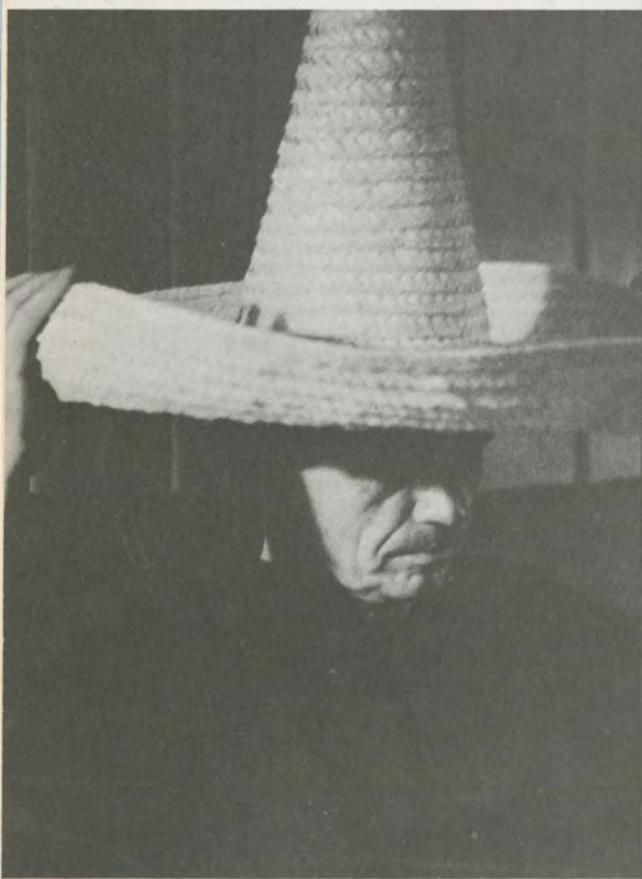
After the reunion their host's son supplied the Brothers with some disguises that were just a little more exotic than the one Dan arrived in, hats, wigs and the chop sticks.

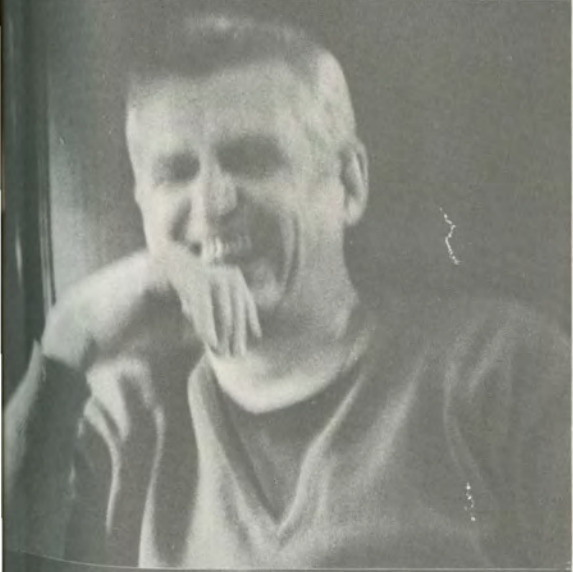
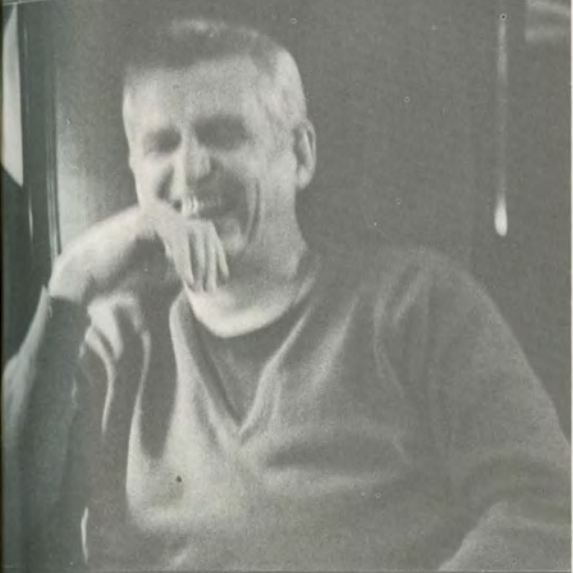
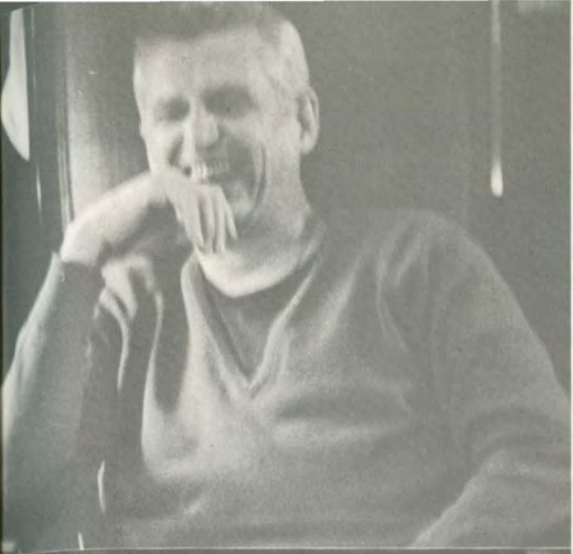
"God, we laughed hard."

When Dan and Phil were by themselves they talked about the future in the underground, their plans for it and the occasional public appearances. They ate, loafed, walked confidently around in the open and shared news of their friends. Fitch was the first to leave and finally Dan was by himself.

"All the king's horses and all the king's men frustrated by two laughing clerics who wanted an end to killing."













Let us be

This is Father Daniel Berrigan speaking from the underground.

Dear friends there can be little doubt that the events of August 7 mark a new stage in the anti-war movement. A significant number of professionals and clerics have stepped over a line, most of them for the first time. They have associated themselves with the illegal activity of draft file destroyers.*

There is cause here for rejoicing on many grounds. In the first place, those who so become complicit in illegal action enlarge the circle of resistance. In this case, they have done so in a thoughtful and positive and non-violent way, not by merely waiting for the government to come and pick them up on some spurious and flimsy conspiracy charge. No, they have seized the initiative, the occasion, the crime, the words: in effect, they have forced the government to react either by seizing them for felonious complicity for having gone too far, or by ignoring the whole matter and in effect saying: "You have not gone far enough." In either case, those who stand with the Delaware invaders will know more in the days and weeks ahead, more indeed not only about the labyrinthian government policy as it comes to bear on their act.

In a sense, what the government chooses or does not choose to do is irrelevant to the main issue. That issue, in the Socratic sense, I will call self-knowledge. It is the kind of knowledge that comes to men under duress or crisis and that alone. He sees himself and his life in a way. He feels the rising of new resources in his heart and brain. He is ready for conflict by the endurance of conflict. He is shaken free from the old antibiotic slaveries and fears, the nightmarish sense of being frozen in his place, frozen in moral gesture, incapable of love or compassion or purity

or movement. All that is gone. Such a man is twice born. He no longer fears death or its minions. Or would it not be more true to say, he no longer fears life. Perhaps neither one—life nor death.

In saying these things, dear friends, I do not mean to speak idly. You know that to live as I have these past months, I must exorcize myself every day of just such dread, such cowardice, egoism, double think, regret, self pity—the litany of the half hearted and half minded. I do not think that I have succeeded well in doing this, I think only that I have begun at least to measure my life against the enormous tide of anguish and violence and despair loosed on the world by our country. I have begun to see that to wage peace requires of us the moral equivalent of the losses and sufferings required to wage the war. And this, I think, is precisely where the action of this day comes in. It is a beginning for a significant number of serious and peaceable men and women, the crossing of that line which marks off, on the near side, areas of security, of life as usual, of job as usual, of religion as usual, of profession as usual, of death as usual. A crossing over, literally crucial, a matter of life and death, as a step taken by a military inductee is a matter of life and death. A step that makes of you an inductee into a community of peace and decency, of life and hope, and—the times being what they are—a community of resistance.

the last
underground
speech

* The rally was in support of the people who destroyed draft files by immersing them in chemicals manufactured by the Du Pont Corporation.—Eds.

men

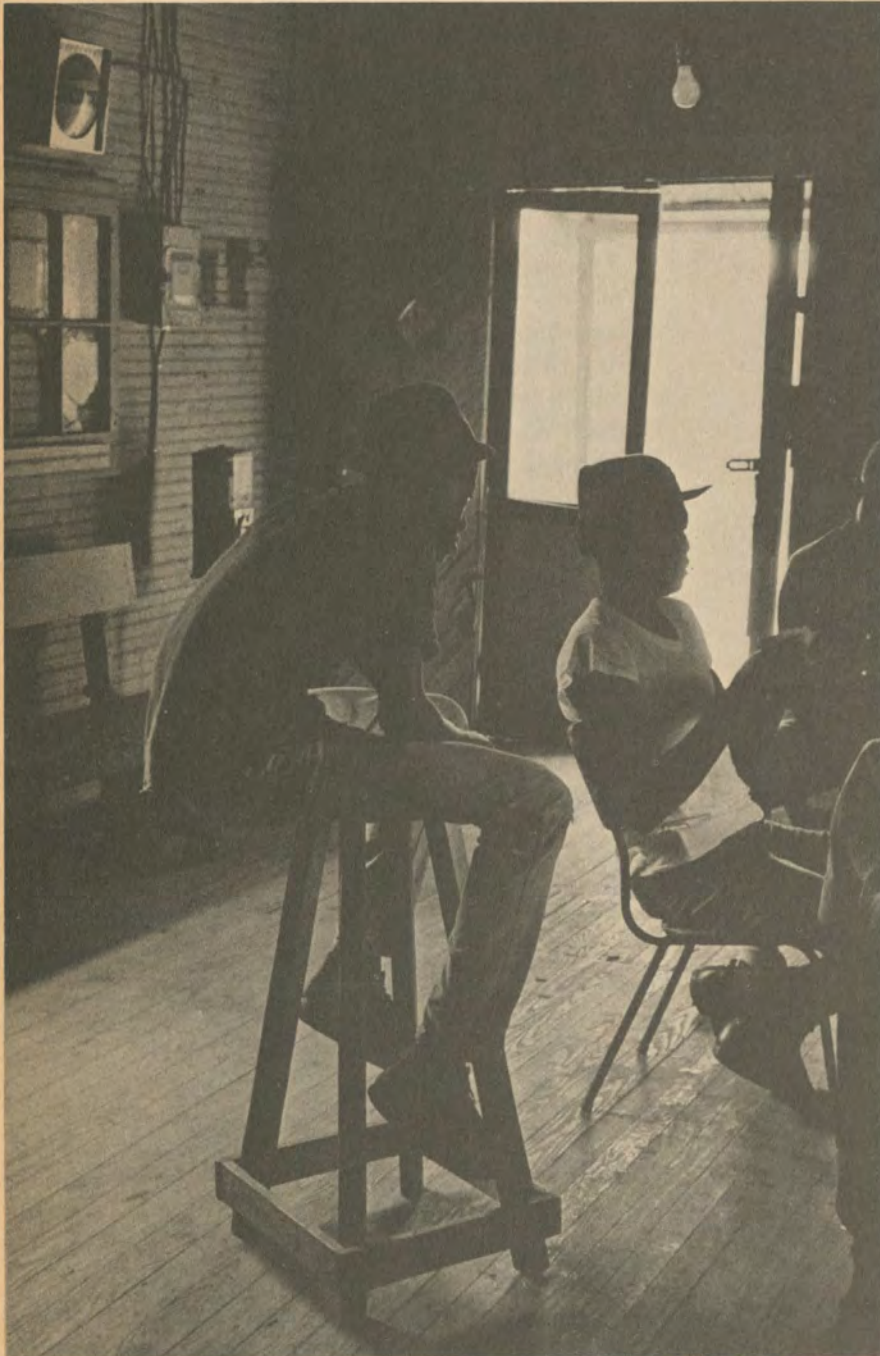
Resistance. It seems to me on such a day as this, a tremor passes through the chambers of American power, a momentary quake in nature reflected, if only for a moment, in the ruthless faces of those men who sit in the cockpit of world power, who stamp upon others the stigma of criminality, whose exercise of power lies under no legal scrutiny, who hunt down good men, who police the wrong men, who are law unto themselves, who decree—with an authority beyond question—who shall live and who shall die. Today a tremor passes through them. It is almost as if an American general had defected to the enemy, as though state secrets had been rifled from secret places, as though draft boards could no longer be classified as pacified enclaves for statisticians of death. A tremor. Let us simply say that due to this day the men of power can no longer count on you. They can no longer count on you as they can no longer count on me. They can no longer count on our silence; they can no longer count on our fears; they can no longer count on subtle bribes of security or pride of place; they can no longer count on our corruption; they can no longer count on our blindness to reality, our fear of their threats and prisons and court. What happens, I ask you, to that government that can no longer count on its people? What sort of ogres and nightmares and mid-day devils and spasms of dread once afflicted George III and Louis XIV and Tzar Nicholas as the storm gathered and decadent power could count less and less on the people?

We must not, of course, fool ourselves. This misbegotten, war-ridden giant, America, is indeed sinking to its knees in aging quagmire. A despised and impoverished people in a remote corner of the globe, armed with inviolate stern will, steeled with the utmost sacrifice in defense of their ancient and lovely land. This people has watched the invading barbarian, has let him come in even being

powerless to prevent it, has let him deploy his unsatiated appetite for pillage and rape and burning and murder. And then calmly that people sprung its trap. The giant is brought to knee. He writhes and lashes like a beast of prey. His armaments fail him. His knees turn to water. An awful suspicion begins to occur to him. What if—when he cries out in his fear and agony for more men to hasten to his colors, to do battle and to die for him, to dig him out and shore him up, to refurbish his tarnished image in the world, to cover his moral nakedness—what if he can count on none of us? What if we do not countenance the death of one more man or woman or child—whether enemy or friend—on his behalf? What if we insist—yes, he may be extricated, but he must also be disarmed since he is crafty and sullen and violent and neither we nor the enemy has reason to trust him. What if we join common front against him until America agrees to renounce this perfidy, this lustful control, this gigantism, this pretension, until he comes down to human size and begins to live like a human being among men.

Dear friends, you have acted. Other friends, you have heard of the action of August 7. If indeed we have no great hopes of bringing all this to pass by the act of this day, then let us, at least, have small hopes. It may be that the small hopes are the true and genuine ones. Let us therefore trust what we have done. Let us multiply the same and similar acts. Let us trust one another. Let us draw near across great differences, exorcise together our fear. Let us do that one thing, which is principle and by common and cowardly agreement is forbidden to Americans today—let us be men. Let us be men.

Shalom to you all. ■



PHOTOGRAPH

GLEN PEARCY

A few days before Carl Hampton's murder, this interview with Hampton appeared in *Space City!*, a Houston underground newspaper. It was done by Judy Fitzgerald and Sue Mithun at the People's Party II community center. —Eds.

How long has the center been open, and what kind of response have you gotten from the immediate community?

Well, the center has been open actually for about two weeks. The main things that have been going on in here really is cleaning the place up, and trying to get equipment that we need in order to start information going out to the community. Like there will be day-to-day leafletting in the community coming out of the center. We'll have political education classes. We'll have a liberation school for the younger blacks.

As far as response from people in the community, at this point it's been beautiful. We've had several people come in and express concern. People feel that this type of thing should have been started long ago. People seem very re-

Carl Hampton

alive . . .

sponsive to the programs, especially the youths, like the youths that were in here just now. This is an everyday thing and they're in and out of here all day and ask a lot of questions and find out a lot of things.

What kinds of things are you planning on doing with the center?

Well, first of all, in the past week, we've had like a free clothing drive. We got some clothes donated from concerned people in this area, from a church. We've had parents come in and get things that they need. We had things like waffle irons, coffee pots, things like this.

And we plan in the near future, before school starts, to have like new clothes, for a back to school sort of thing, so the kids will have some clothes to wear to school. And this is a thing we will have initiated before the last part of August.

The first program that we plan to work on out of the center will be community police control. We already have petitions with something like 2,500 signatures. After we acquire enough signatures, say about 10,000 signatures, we will then come to some kind of agreement, work out some kind of thing with the mayor or city council to see if police harassment that goes on in our community can be stopped. If it can't be stopped, then we will initiate the police patrol program with brothers from the organization and other concerned brothers from the community will patrol the police while they are in our community, both day and night.

Can you tell me more about the police patrol? Like, if nothing results from the mayor or the police department what specifically the patrol will do?

Well, actually we don't expect for the city council or mayor to all of a sudden change their nature. Because people have been expressing their concern with police brutality and this kind of thing but it's continued to go on.

The petitions that we have, we call it exhausting all legal means, by showing the people that the only recourse that we have to end this type of thing is self-defense and community control. So the police patrol itself will consist of brothers riding in cars, brothers patrolling police in certain base areas in different communities. This will be a thing like where people will simply ride around in different communities and hawk the police like they've been hawking us for years. If someone is arrested, if someone is stopped by the police, the brothers will stop and check it out, and stay our legal distance away from the police, which is 10 feet, and we will not interfere with the legal duties of any police officer. But if the police act in a criminal-like manner, then we will treat them like criminals. But I wouldn't want to go into any exact tactics about the program, because I think this will be dealing too much with our security.

But we are sure this police patrol program will be put into practice, because we feel—we know—that this is the only way that those police actions can be stopped.

Do you have any plans for like a free breakfast program?

Yes, we're trying to decide right now whether we're going to start a breakfast program in here, or in another community where there is greater need.

What are your general ideas about the center?

Due to the way things are happening now in the United States we feel that, well, we're actually way behind here in Houston as far as the movement is concerned. We feel that this center can very well serve the community. This is the whole purpose in an information center—to serve the community. Whatever the people's needs are in the community, well this is what we're going to work towards. This is why we're so concerned about the breakfast program. Even some of the younger kids who have been coming around the center express great desire for the breakfast program to be started. A lot of kids spoke of only eating corn flakes every morning and this type of thing. And they don't have the protein and things in the morning.

Also the information center will be used as a riot control type of thing. We feel that this will be a great service to the community. Because at this point in Houston it wouldn't take but a couple of hours to go out in the community and talk to black folks and see the attitudes they have as far as the conditions they live in and as far as the things that are happening to black people on a day to day basis. Our field marshal James Aaron said that he didn't see how Houston could get around a riot this summer unless something has changed. We don't want to see any type of riot or anything like this happen.

So this is a function that the information center will serve; keeping our people toned down. You know, moving spontaneously and getting a lot of people hurt and destroying small stores and things in our community then we would have to go to other communities to get food and this type of thing.

The power structure has the ability to like program people, with the papers and television and so on. And if they want to start a riot, well they have the equipment to do this. By simply flashing certain things over the TV and showing certain things and simply putting police out in the community. Do things like they're doing now and these are the things that start a riot.

And the riot is exactly what we're going to try to stop. Because we feel that the riot is more to the advantage of the power structure than it is to the people. Because they are prepared and organized to deal with this type of thing.

Have you been harrassed at all since you've started?

No. We've been under very close surveillance by the Houston Police Department and the Red Squad, who seem to have a regular route by here every day. But as

far as them stopping to check it out, they haven't. I believe they've sent a couple of people over to, you know, take a look inside and see what was going on, but they haven't started any harrassment yet.

As we became more and more of a threat to the status quo, well, then they will start their campaign of eliminating our program. But we're not concerned about this and we don't even give it a second thought about what they can do. We take the position that Bobby takes—if we worry about what's going to happen to us and what they're going to do then we won't be able to accomplish anything. So we only worry about what we're going to do and not what they're going to do. ■

Carl Hampton dead . . .

Special to *The New York Times*

A Black Militant Is Slain in a Gun Battle in Houston

Police and Negroes Trade Gunfire, Wounding Four—Site of Shooting Tense
By MARTIN WALDRON

HOUSTON, July 27—Carl Hampton, the 21-year-old leader of a black militant organization in Houston, was fatally shot by the police early this morning in an exchange of gunfire that left four other persons wounded.

Mr. Hampton, chairman of the Peoples Party 2, a group similar to the Black Panther party, died in a hospital after having been hit by a policeman's bullet that was fired from atop a church.

Late today, about 200 young Negroes milled in crowds along Dowling Street in the southeast section, near the site of the gunfight, which began last night following a rally by the militant blacks. The rally had been called to protest the arrests of two Negro youths.

Urged to Go Home

Small-business men in the black ghetto were jeered today when they urged the Negro crowds to disperse and go home.

A police spokesman said: "They might get us with a little firebombing, but they are not going to come out at us with guns like they did last night."

No policemen were seen on Dowling Street late today, but the police spokesman said: "We are in there all right. You just can't see the officers. That's what happened last night. They couldn't see us. They thought it was their snipers on top of that church, but it wasn't."

After exchanging gunfire with followers of Mr. Hampton for several minutes, the police swept through the area in massive numbers. Fifty-two Negroes, many of them Peoples Party members, were jailed. Most were charged with loitering but a few were being held for carrying firearms.

The confrontation with the police had been building since Peoples Party was

formed seven months ago. On July 17, a crowd of young Negroes with drawn weapons faced the police for almost an hour outside the party headquarters, two miles from downtown Houston. No shots were fired in that incident and the police withdrew without making any arrests.

Last week, Ovide Duncantell, a former antipoverty worker, told the Houston City Council that black militants had "secured" the 2800 block of Dowling Street and that policemen who ventured into the area would be shot.

At the Scene

At the beginning of last night's incident, Mr. Duncantell was at the scene but left before the shooting began.

In reply to last week's apparent challenge from the black militants, Police Chief Herman Short had said that the 1,800-member Houston Police Department could not accept the situation as described by Mr. Duncantell.



PHOTOGRAPH

EARL DOTTER

"There's no place in Houston that the police cannot and will not go," Chief Short had said. Houston, a city of 1.25 million population, covers about 600 square miles.

The newest incident began about 6 P.M., when two policemen met a 19-year-old youth and a 15-year-old boy, both Negroes, who were carrying weapons in the block behind the Peoples Party headquarters.

The policemen reported today that, when they tried to stop the two, the youth pointed a pistol at them and then fled into a church nearby. Three men attending Sunday night worship services disarmed the youth and turned them over to the police.

The 15-year-old boy, who had a shotgun, surrendered his weapon, the police said, saying that he had been told that policemen were coming to shoot Negroes and that a large crowd of armed black men were in the Peoples Party headquarters. The rally began after the arrests.

The police moved into the area in force, apparently to search the headquarters.

Firing From Church

About 10 P.M., two members of the Criminal Intelligence Division of the Police Department climbed atop the St. John Baptist Church, a three-story structure that overlooks Dowling Street.

Chief Short said that four shots had been fired at the police before the men atop the church fired themselves.

"The Police Department made every effort to prevent this," Chief Short said. "We made it quite plain we will not tol-

erate lawlessness of this type. I think it has been made amply clear to all the citizens of this city what these people intended to do.

J. O. Norris, one of the policemen stationed atop St. John Church, said that he and his partner had fired at two men who were shooting at them from the sidewalk.

Member of S.D.S.

One of these was apparently Mr. Hampton; the other, a white man, Roy B. Haile, Jr., 24, who was identified by the police as a member of the Students for a Democratic Society.

Mr. Hampton, who was hit in the abdomen, was taken to Ben Taub Hospital where he died before dawn. Mr. Haile, taken to the same hospital, was listed as being in fair condition.

Three other Negroes, who, according to the police, came from inside the Peoples Party headquarters, were also wounded and retreated to the building.

One of those wounded was Johnny Coward, 19, who had accused the police of almost beating him to death last summer after he was arrested. He lost an eye in the incident. Two policemen were indicted for aggravated assault in Mr. Coward's beating, but a state judge dismissed the charges last week at the request of the prosecutor, who said there was not sufficient evidence to convict.

Statement by the Mayor

After last night's gun battle ended about 3 A.M., two police helicopters played searchlights on the Peoples Party headquarters and policemen raided it.

The Police Department said that several firearms and a quantity of ammunition had been confiscated. The occupants of the building fled through a rear opening in the brick building before the police came in, police officials said.

Mayor Louie Welch, vacationing in Europe, sent a statement from Switzerland that said:

"I am sorry that an incident such as this has occurred but I am pleased by the restraint which the police have shown over the past two weeks as the situation built up. From intelligence reports I received before leaving and from those relayed to me while traveling, it was obviously a matter of time before these revolutionaries would go too far and leave the police no alternative but to move in."

List of Demands

The organization's demands include black juries and judges for Negroes charged with crimes; reparations from whites for past mistreatments; freedom for all jailed Negroes; exemption of Negroes from military service and decent housing and jobs for blacks.

The Peoples Party and black leaders in Houston have repeatedly accused Police Chief Short and the Houston Police Department of police brutality.

Friends said that Mr. Hampton, the slain party leader, was not related to Fred Hampton, the Black Panther leader who was killed in a police raid in Chicago last December.

down in



ROHN ENGH

PHOTOGRAPH

BY ALMA NEWSOME

Following the death of People's Party chairman Carl Hampton, an angry black community pondered what to do about it. The shock was not lessened by the fact that Hampton's death had not come entirely unexpectedly. Many had felt that the Party's stand had encouraged the police department to find it necessary to "execute" its leader and destroy the Party.

In a city where the police department had consistently displayed disregard for the rights of the black community, Hampton had spoken out against police mistreatment of blacks and had said that blacks had the right to arm and defend themselves against such treatment.

The week prior to the shooting, Chief of Police Herman Short had set the stage by appearing on TV several times, alleging that People's Party II was posing a threat to law

and order. He frightened blacks with the allegation that Hampton planned to use 9 and 10-year-old children as the front line in a confrontation with police. He stated that Hampton's plan was to have some youngsters killed by police so that the community would rise up and support him. The Chief's appearance on the TV played on the fears of both blacks and whites who feared the outbreak of racial disturbance. Short's strategy, however, was not entirely successful. The black community did not turn against the Party. When the news of Hampton's death spread, angry black citizens met to discuss what they should do.

The black community of Houston could not view Hampton's death in isolation. It was the latest in a long list of police brutality cases, and several cases of murder. In the fall of 1969, a black youth had been killed when narcotic agents had burst into an apartment where a pot party was allegedly going on. The agents kicked in the door, and came in shooting. They did not have a warrant. On December 11, 1969, another black youth was shot and killed by police who said he was suspected of having stolen the car in which he was riding. When the youth fled, he was shot in the back by officers who said he had a gun. No gun was found on the scene.

A month later, police officers shot and killed a 14-year-old black youth as he fled from a service station after a burglary attempt. He was also shot in the back.

Blacks point to other incidents to explain their fear and distrust of the police department. Last summer police conducted a mass search through a section of Sunnyside, one of Houston's largest black communities. Although they had no warrants, policemen went from house to house allegedly looking for robbery suspects. They forced their way into homes, and were verbally and physically abusive to several residents who objected to the illegal searches.

Houston

The list of abuses goes on and on, and the indignation of Houston's black population has been steadily building. Until they realized that the city council could not or would not exercise any control over the police department, black citizens appeared weekly before the mayor and city council asking for redress of grievances and for an independent citizens review board. The city council said it could do nothing. Meanwhile, Chief Short continued to plead ignorance of any police misconduct.

Earlier this year, two black men, while in custody, were beaten by two Houston policemen. One man died, and the other was hospitalized, critically injured. Although Chief Short took swift action, suspending both policemen, and the grand jury subsequently indicted the officers for murder and assault to murder, most observers felt that the action was taken because, in view of all the publicity, no other course was open. The city was tense, a potential powderkeg. The city might have exploded if the policemen went free.

When Carl Hampton was killed, his death, coming when it did, acted as a catalyst for black action. The most far-reaching effect was the formation of the Black Coalition. Blacks had long talked of the necessity of having an essential organization around which the black community could mobilize, but no serious effort had been made to form such an organization. Immediately after Hampton's murder, however, black leaders met and formed the preliminary body of what was to become the Black Coalition. The effort was spearheaded by Pluria Marshall, the local director of Operation Breadbasket and the Rev. Earl E. Allen, president of HOPE Development, Inc., a local community action organization and publisher-editor of *Voice of Hope*, a hard-hitting black newspaper.

The Coalition issued a statement denouncing the police action of July 26 and called for

a full investigation. Then, operating on the idea that the police department could be reformed if the white business community exerted pressure on city hall, the Coalition called for a boycott of all downtown business establishments, especially department stores.

Thus far, the boycott has been carried out on a low key pitch. However, the Coalition plans to step up its program when Christmas shopping begins. Leaders predict that the show of strength, which the black community will demonstrate in December, will prod the business community into action. They have pledged to continue the boycott until significant changes are made in the police department.

One month after the Dowling Street incident, the grand jury opened its investigation into the shooting death of Carl Hampton. Those testifying included eye-witnesses to the alleged shoot-out, several policemen including the one who fired the fatal shot, and persons from the community. Testimony ran along predictable lines. Policemen testified that they were fired upon and that Hampton had been killed when they returned the fire. Party members testified that Hampton had given the order for them not to fire unless fired upon and that the police had fired first. Other testimony supported the point that most of the firing, if not all, had come from policemen.

After appearing before the grand jury, Rev. Allen was asked, on a local radio show, what he thought the intentions of the investigation were. He said the investigation was simply another attempt to white-wash the incident and exonerate the police department. Others in the black community expressed similar views.

If the intention of the Houston police department was to destroy People's Party II, the attempt failed. Although operating on a somewhat different level, People's Party II is still alive. The new chairman, 19-year-old James Aaron, shows much the same concern for conditions as Hampton. He bitterly denounced Hampton's murder, but said that the Party will go on as Hampton would have wanted. He also revealed that Party membership has increased since the murder, but he did not reveal any figures. For the time being, much of the Party's energy is devoted to starting a breakfast program and a neighborhood clinic. Both had been Hampton's project hopes.

Only time can tell what the future holds for Houston, but at present an uneasy calm prevails. ■

America Bleeds

it does, it does, i have seen it
bleeding, brothers & sisters, i
have seen it, i have seen it,
come rushing, walk crippled,
fall flatly on tears of sad streets
where creatures fall onward with
cold eyes over them, armies on
streets over them, police on
pavements over them, tear gas
in faces over them, fires &
minds, living dreams living,
all of them innocents, yes,
yes, i have seen it, it bleeds,
it bleeds, have seen it bleed,
spill blood at my brothers,
cough no at our dignity,
i tell you, i tell you, we must,
kick on this monster, till it
dies, till it dies, dies, dies,
dies, dies, lies in the dirt
with its blood & its sickness,
head fall rolling in gutter,
red, white, & blue, flow freely,
flow freely, move over, fall down,
down, down, be finished at
last.

—Angelo Lewis



PHOTOGRAPH

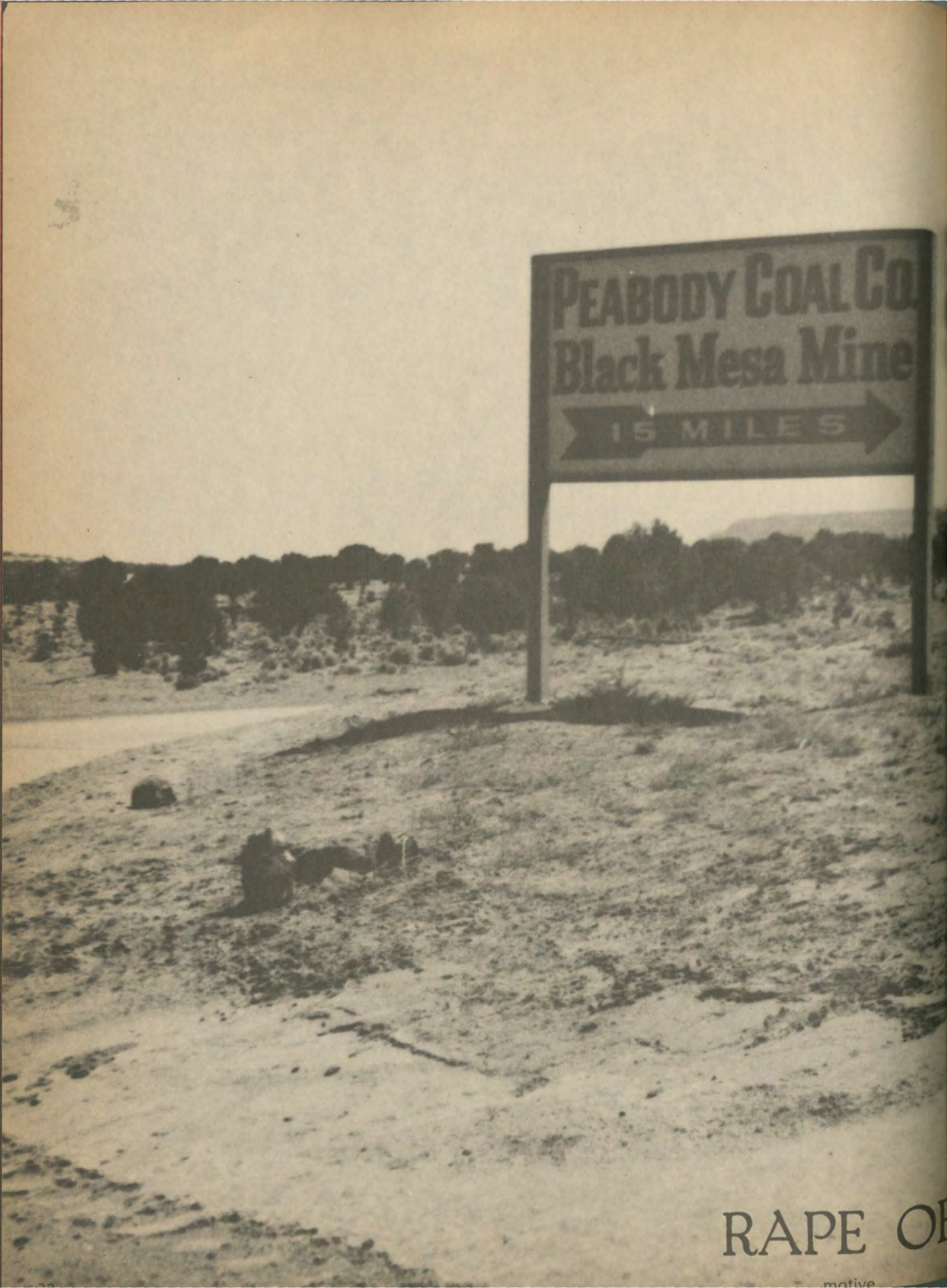
BOMAR COLLECTION, IMAGE INC



PHOTOGRAPH

BOMAR COLLECTION, IMAGE INC

PEABODY COAL CO.
Black Mesa Mine
15 MILES →



RAPE OF

motive

By Stan Steiner

Beauty and harmony are the heart of the Navajo way of life. It is believed that this harmony comes from the eternal and natural balance of the Female Mountain (Black Mesa) and the Male Mountain (Lukachukai). Singers and religious leaders say that if these mountains, the sources of harmony, are damaged, the beauty of the Navajo Way may be destroyed.

The strip mining of Black Mesa, the Female Mountain, is blasphemy to the religion of the Navajo people. So say the religious leaders.

Once more the white man has unthinkingly defiled the religious belief of the Indians. He has disrupted the sacred and holy mountains. He has ignored the desires of the Navajo people—for cheap power.

The Peabody Coal Company's contract to mine coal on Black Mesa, negotiated with the advise and consent of the Interior Department, *may be worth three quarters of a billion dollars*, according to the late H. Clifford Dobson, president of the Salt River Project. It is one of his company's largest contracts, adds T. C. Mullins, president of the Peabody Coal Company.

For this coal—200,000,000 tons—the Navajo tribe will receive the pithy royalty of an estimated \$1,200,000 a year. In the ten years of the contract this means 12 million dollars for \$750,000,000—at the expense of the Rape of Black Mesa, the Female Mountain.

It is Navajo land and Navajo water that will be used by the non-Navajo Power plant to supply electricity to faraway Los Angeles and Phoenix. And for these priceless resources the Navajos will get a mere \$600,000 each year.

The disdain, if not the contempt, shown the Navajo people can be seen in that *two years before* the Navajo Tribal Council voted to permit the Salt River Project to build a power plant at Page, Ariz. (September, 1969), the company had ordered its turbine-generators from General Electric (December, 1967). How can a company order \$100,000,000 worth of equipment two years before the Navajos have given permission to use it?

"An old story," says a Navajo tribal leader, in Window Rock. "Our water and our land resources will be drained, taken out of the Reservation, and in exchange we get a handful of jobs and a small payoff. What will be left of our way of life? No resources! No pastures for our sheep! No jobs when the Mesa is gone! They say the Indians must join the market economy. But, they force us into a colonial economy."

PHOTOGRAPH R. KAPANSKY



BLACK MESA

NOVEMBER 1970

"I say, this is not economic development. *This is economic termination of the Reservation,*" he says.

On the high rise of Black Mesa a Navajo says bitterly: "When will we run our own industry, for our own needs, in our own way?" He too, is a tribal leader, concerned with economic development.

"Everyone talks of self-determination for Indians," he says. "And what do they do?" They offer us self-destruction. Of our resources and religion."

Coal from Black Mesa will fuel several of the six huge power plants that "will supply the electric power requirements of Arizona, Southern Nevada and a significant part of the requirements of Southern California," says L. M. Alexander, Associate General Manager of the Salt River Project.

In all, the power plants (Navajo, Mohavo, Kaiparowits, Farmington, San Juan and Huntington Canyon) will have an ultimate planned capacity of 14,015,000 kilowatts. These plants will drain millions of acre feet of water from the rivers and deep wells of the arid Southwest, to create electricity and smog for cities like Los Angeles. Planners of the electric complex promise that the Indians, and latter-day residents of the Southwest, will get their share—of both.

The Navajo Plant alone, to be built south of Glen Canyon, operating at the "allowable pollution control efficiency" of 97% will daily darken the sky with an estimated (by scientists at Los Alamos):

Sulphur dioxide emissions of 735 tons a day (267,275 tons a year). This is more than three times the health hazard of 225 tons a day that Los Angeles suffers. Nitric oxide emissions of 405 tons a day. (147,825 tons a year)

Fly ash particule emissions of 137 tons a day. (50,025 tons a year) Los Angeles suffers 109 tons a day, while New York City suffers 140 tons a day.

In power capacity the Navajo plant (operated by the Salt River Project, not the Navajo tribe) will represent merely 15% of the power complex. And yet, it alone will fill the sky with 465,125 tons of smog yearly.

"The biggest questionmark is the quality of the coal," says a California utility company official, as hundreds of millions of tons are about to be burned.

The low grade coal is so poor in quality that a former Chairman of the Santa Fe Railroad once said "no one would touch it."

Not one Congressional hearing has been held on the necessity, or effect, of this power project, which may be disastrous to the Southwest. The Navajo and Hopi people, whose land and resources will be consumed, have not been given the opportunity to appear at any public hearings. Scientists at Los Alamos have claimed "no preliminary study" has been made of the ecological damage that will be done to fabled scenery and blue skies of the deserts.

After all, "no one cares about smog" in Northern Arizona and New Mexico, reports a Los Angeles newspaper.



PHOTOGRAPH

R. KAPANSKY

In the windy Chapter House the Navajo shepherders of Black Mesa gathered on February 14, 1970 to talk about the Peabody Coal Company's strip mining operation that was about to rip off their pastures. The winter snowdrifts huddled under the pinons. The sheep shivered in the cold.

Some of the talk was worried. A few men were angry.

Old Ted Yazzie had confronted the bulldozers. A road to mines was being cut through the mesa, as wide as the Hollywood Freeway. "Sometime back I found red flags in front of my house. That was to be the road," Yazzie said. "I asked that this road not be constructed in front of my house. I still wonder what would have happened if I did not say anything."

"I know of a grave site that was disturbed," said Lillian Crank. "Many of the activities are going on without regard to what we residents say."

Cecil Yazzie said, "I know of an instance where a dirt dam reservoir was leveled. An unoccupied hogan and sweathouse were also leveled without consultation with the owner."

"Our consent to go along with this (coal) lease was based on promises that all local resident will be employed in the mining activities. But once the activities got underway,

we were just ignored. We have no one to represent us," said Yazzie. Mr. Calvin Estitty agreed: "At the time we consented to have this land surveyed. We were to consent again to the actual mining of coal. This never happened. So we never consented to the actual mining of the coal."

In the Navajo Tribal Council it was the same, said Keith Smith who was a Tribal Councilman when the coal lease was discussed. "It was done without adequate deliberation," he said. "The Council never has good discussion on it. We were asked, in effect, to say yes or no to the proposal." Many of the Tribal Councilmen said this.

The contract is good for the people, said Tribal Councilman Ned Benally, of Kayenta. He owns a trading post there. "This mining activity will create or generate employment in this area."

"I do not agree with this mining," said a man on the mesa. "See that hill? My father and grandfather said that is a holy place. Now, what will happen to that holy place?"

The strip mining methods that have denuded and destroyed the lovely hills of Appalachia were to be applied to the Navajo land.

People asked: When the 200,000,000 tons of coal were stripped from Black Mesa would their land become a slag heap? Peabody Coal is owned by Kennicott Copper which owns 41 strip and bituminous mines, with coal deposits of 5 billion tons. The shepherders cannot imagine this. It seems like a monster, to them.

Already there has been a sitdown strike of traditional Navajos. Unheard of in the wilderness of Black Mesa. There has been a picketline. "Imagine," a young Navajo said, "seeing longhair Navajos carrying picketsigns." *

Yet, the people are frustrated. The people are fearful.

On the mining road I was flagged down one day by an angry, young Navajo. He waved his arms threateningly. He was tired of seeing mining trucks barrelling through. "I am a full-blooded Navajo," he told me. "And you better watch it on this road. This is our road."

It was the first time in twenty-five years that a Navajo stopped me on a backcountry road. He mistook me for an employee of Peabody Coal. ■

* In late September Steiner wrote, "The Hopi have joined the Navajos in a meeting at Lukachukia (the Male Mountain)—that's like the Arabs and the Jews meeting at the Wailing Wall—Eds.

BUCKY BUG

by DAN O'NEILL

RUNNING..?



MOVING OUT!!



YOU MUST BE LOSING YOUR SENSE OF HUMOR..



LAUGHING TAKES TIME.. AND TIME IS SHORT!!

I DON'T UNDERSTAND!!?

ETERNITY UPSIDE DOWN..

THE



OF THE

UNIVERSE ONTO THE EARTH

EVERYTHING HOSTILE IS HERE..



PRIDE.. SUSPICION.. FEAR..





CAN I DEAL WITH THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE..



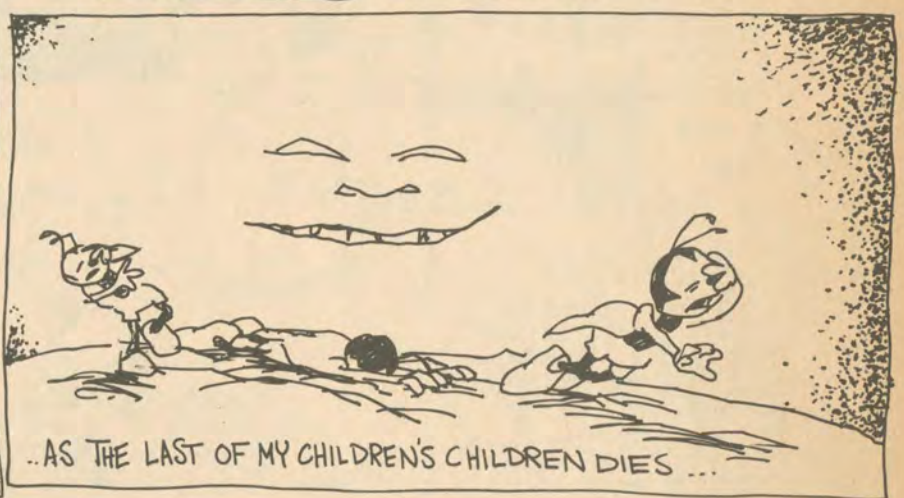
WHEN MY NUMBER IS UP



CAN I FEEL THE PAIN IN THE GREY RAIN..



COVERING MY EYES..



..AS THE LAST OF MY CHILDREN'S CHILDREN DIES ...



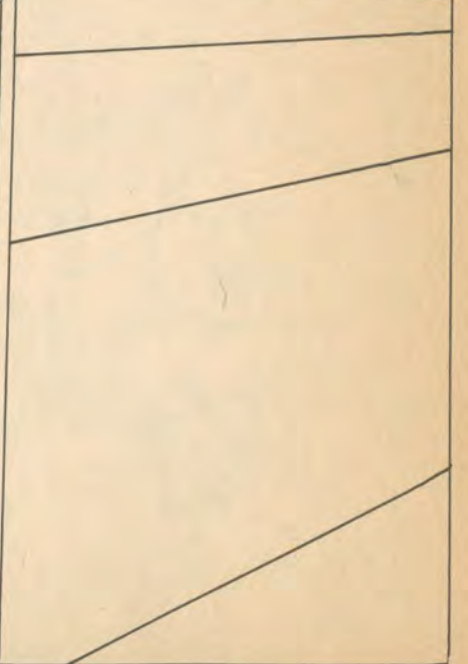
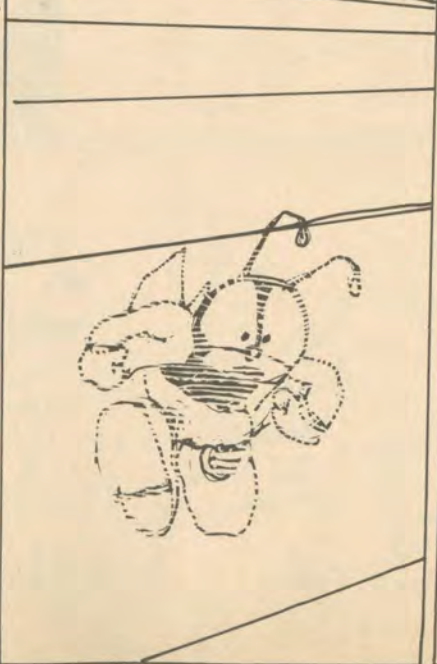
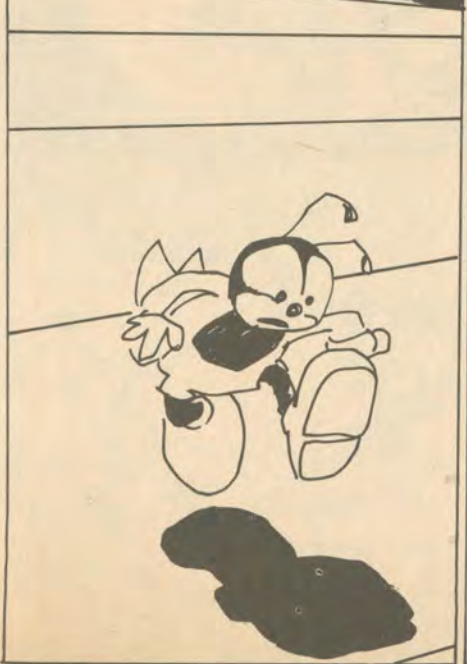
ONCE GONE..

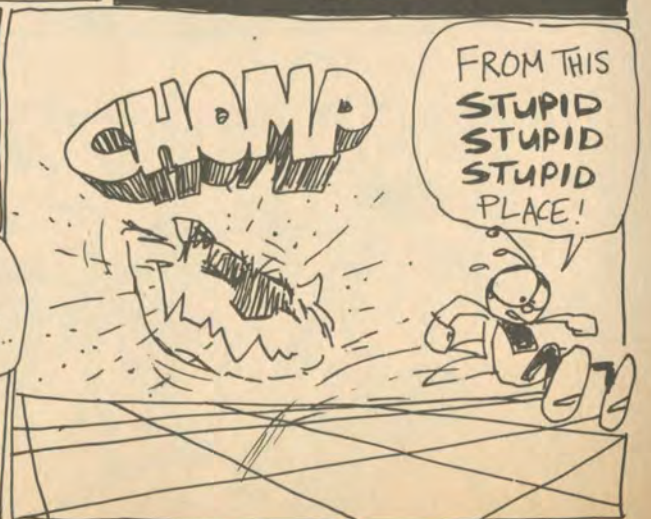
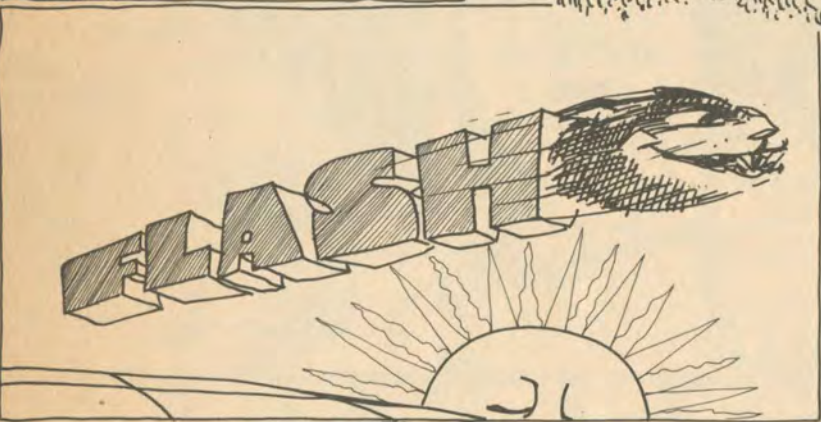


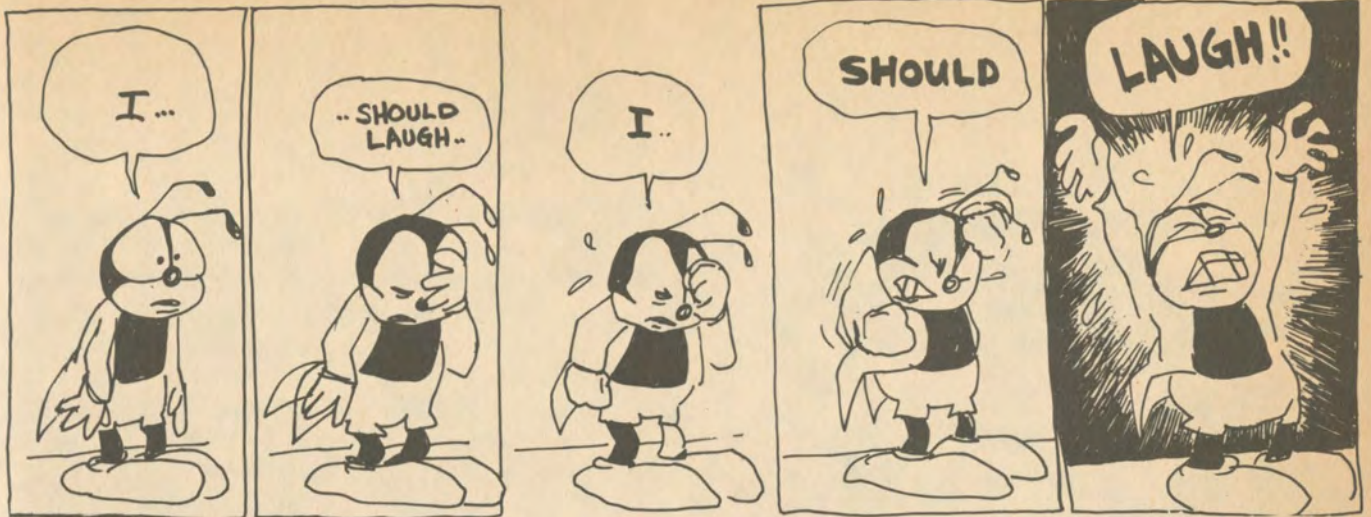
YOU WERE NEVER HERE..



AT ALL..









mass media news

Growing up in Ann Arbor in the '50s was a pleasant experience held together by those nice things which happened daily: the New York Central luxury passenger train to Chicago each evening, the policeman leading you to school across the busy intersection, and the local newspaper with its coverage of everything local and worldwide.

Returning this past year, after eight years of becoming an effete Eastern liberal snob, I knew the train was gone and the railroad nearly bankrupt. I knew the local police had been collecting scalps on the Michigan campus—and the newspaper—was it too much to expect that it was still printing all the news without fear or favor?

Within 26 hours of my return, I was forced into a nightmare of reality. Ann Arbor was like every other place. Nearly 50 policemen armed with shotguns began playing Bunker Hill with our underground newspaper conference. They kicked in doors. Ransacked our meetinghouse. Intimidated the women. Threatened the men. Stole our literature. Harassed everyone. And left in a cloud of dust.

Late that night I decided to mobilize the free press. So I called my friend, the police reporter. He was most interested—said it sounded bad and he'd check it out.

The next day's paper reported: "Police yesterday searched a house on the northside of town for a woman charged with marijuana possession and did not find her."

End of middle America naivete. Beginning of awareness that very few people can gain political consciousness from the "free press." Police intimidation and busted heads continue to be the most effective way to gain knowledge about the world we live in.

All people being equal, however, we all still lose. Take Columbia University in 1968: some 400 students received bloody initiations to systematic repression; some half-million readers of the *New York Times* were led to conclude that any violence was the fault of the students. In terms of political consciousness, that's a net loss of 499,600 minds.

Three months later, in Chicago, the story did get told. In living-red color. But the networks are still reeling from it. The post-Chicago network rule appears to be: refrain from telling it like it is if it threatens everything decent in America.¹ Network officials

¹ One of the most disturbing examples of this rule concerned the Black Panthers killed in Chicago last December. Most media managed to report the FBI conclusion that the Panthers were murdered by Chicago police. Few of them reported (and none criticized) the simultaneous C.P.D. announcement that the guilty policemen would simply be demoted one rank. Moral: Policemen, as pillars of decency, have certain inalienable rights, including protection by a free press.

defend the rule because it keeps the FCC, if not Agnew, off their backs.

Many newspapers and magazines have joined the bandwagon of decency. There were at least two important black campus disturbances in Nashville last spring which received no coverage anywhere. Part of the media rationale here is that coverage escalates disturbances, which is so much bull-roar. Sound reporting of the issues involved, if timely and thorough, can defuse confrontations. What encourages violence is the kind of coverage that gives unofficial public legitimation to club swinging cops. Or the kind of coverage that distorts or forgets the reason for a demonstration and co-opts social action into cheap drama for the viewer or the reader.

A recent New York *Times* editorial expressed the wisdom that the Women's Liberation Movement "can only make itself heard if it speaks at the top of its voice and resorts to publicity-seeking exhibitionism." The editors apparently were explaining why the August 26 demonstrations got prime coverage in the *Times* while substantive WLM issues remain rare in both print and practice at the *Times*.²

How can we get major news media to see that we're not just so many fun-loving malcontents doing our freaky things? How can we encourage the media to deal with the serious events and issues that they now either avoid or misrepresent? How can we educate each other regarding media errors of omission and commission?

The questions are vital because (1) at least 80 per cent of Americans are exposed to straight-media news daily; (2) most of us believe at least part of what we read, see and hear; and (3) few of us know which parts to believe or which parts are missing. Native intelligence does not solve the problem, the underground media are beyond reforming the straights, and the mass media won't voluntarily change successful formulae.

Any answer today points in the direction of three ground-level projects: the Chicago Journalism Review, the Berkeley New People Media Project and the New York Media Project.³ Each is managing to address the public

in a way that uncovers the biased half-truth of straight news while avoiding the inflammatory rhetoric of underground media. They have close connections inside news establishments, yet their staffs have critical distance from those establishments.

The CJR, oldest of the three, did a stellar job reporting everything not reported in the nation's press regarding the Chicago Panther murders. They have concentrated on freeing up reporters in Chicago—by printing truths that their editors won't print and by just bringing disenchanting reporters together. Lately CJR has begun work to organize similar projects in other cities.

The Berkeley people have done a valuable service explaining T.V. news interests and discussing the banal T.V. shows most of us are addicted to. This fall they released a special kit aimed at stopping T.V. addiction. A standout piece of work by the NYMP was a paragraph by paragraph commentary published along side the *Newsweek* cover story on the Panthers last spring. It was a highly professional exposure of the biases, half-truths and lies that lurked behind the veneer of well-written objectivity. The New York people have also been active regarding new roles for women on the editorial staffs of national magazines there.

One of the major problems with projects like these is support. Media criticism is still largely the schtick of people who are or have been working in the media. The problem is how to get the information out to the public. The barrier is that most of us prefer media which disown if not hate something: hippies and women or Nixon and the Army. We still have to be taught just to prefer truth.

Another problem, which the three projects are overcoming, is that it's much harder to counter mass media misinformation than it is to write such misinformation in the first place. Thoroughly researching stories and presenting them factually, soberly and cogently is no easy task.

But that's the invitation of these projects—to begin doing what over- and underground media won't or can't do. If they succeed, maybe the words *free press* can become more than an ideal of naive kids in Ann Arbor.

—Jim Stentzel

² Despite everything, the *Times* remains the superior news medium in the U.S. The fact leads us to agree with Agnew, for quite different reasons, that the media have plenty of room for improvement.

³ Addresses where further information may be obtained; CJR, 11 East Hubbard Street, Chicago, Ill. 60611; NPMP, Box 4356, Sather Gate Station, Berkeley, Calif. 94704. NYMP, c/o Apt. 10A, 11 Waverly Place, New York City 10006.



PHOTOGRAPH: DON STURKEY

THE DYNAMICS OF THE NEW LEFT

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SDS, "housed in universities," must look outward, as the civil rights movement amasses momentum and deepens its objectives, and as the privilege of university membership is seen as both mirror and appendage of the larger society. The imperative of action gathers force, and the university begins to feel like a cage. A large sector of SDS, and much of its initiating energy, organized the Economic Research and Action Project (ERAP) late in 1963, to catalyze nothing less than "an interracial movement of the poor."

The ERAP impulse is complex. The overt idea (spurred by Stokely Carmichael) is that the civil rights movement, as it is forced to turn from questions of legal segregation to questions of material need, will need its natural (class) allies, for their own sake and to keep the poor whites from sinking into fascist reaction (rooted in the scarcity of unskilled jobs). ERAP would then seed organizing ventures in the Northern cities, building community-controlled organizations to fight for economic gains and community control: to win reforms where possible, but not at the cost of class consciousness.¹⁹ Beyond this, there was no explicit strategy: or rather, that strategy, incomplete and fragmented, emerged in the practice of the next four years.²⁰ The initial projects, begun in 1964, drew over a hundred SDS ex-students into white (Southern migrant) and black ghettos in Chicago, Cleveland, Newark and other cities. Within a year only the first three remained; post-scarcity consciousness discovered some of its limits.

Todd Gitlin continues his history of the New Left and the "post-scarcity consciousness" and makes some predictions about the future.—Eds.

Plainly there were impulses at work besides the explicit politics of ERAP's "interracial movement," impulses which are central in the career of post-scarcity consciousness. The ERAP organizers, in wading into the

ghettoes of the poor, were in some part of themselves trying to forge an alliance of the useless: the post-scarcity "middle-class drop-outs," convinced that the society offered no useful work, with the poor, who knew that the society had defined *them* as useless. This alliance, not peculiar at all except from the vantage-point of the mainstream, was also knit in the organizers' sense that the culturally separate poor (the blacks and the Appalachian whites) were insulated involuntarily from the treadmill consumerism of the middle classes from which the organizers had come; and therefore that the poor might constitute a sort of objective correlative to post-scarcity consciousness. This is crude, but many organizers were tempted to romanticize the poor, to imagine them Noble Savages. All the more so, perhaps, in opposition to older Marxists and social-democrats who glibly tried to settle the fate of the poor with the curses "lumpen-proletariat" and "Nogodnik." In fact the romance was tempered day-to-day by organizers' experience with the savagery meted out by the society and dispensed, helplessly, from neighbor to neighbor. No one wanted to keep the poor poor; but how to end poverty without integrating the poor into the society, at a time of no explicitly socialist movement? The tentative answers: build democratic militant organization; educate the poor to the class nature of the society, to capitalism as a system; learn how to win victories against police, landlords, welfare systems, schools without giving up. Like each stage of the student movement, ERAP helped paint in the organizers' picture of America.

But finally ERAP was caught in a trap of which it could only be dimly aware. ERAP was built on guilt: an attempt (first of many) to hold on to the vision of post-scarcity consciousness while drowning its privileged origins in the self-transformation of the organizer's living conditions, indeed his class identification. Now guilt, and its collective counterpart, shame, are healthy and necessary antidotes to privilege, but the antidote taken in large doses becomes poisonous. Guilt has to be transcended, through revolutionary program and work, by a sense of self-worth, self-esteem, authenticity; and much as the organizers strained to achieve themselves and refine their own ideology in the course of their work, there was an element of imposture which could never quite be shaken; moreover, the arduousness of the work prevented the organizers from digging out of their shells to recruit more students. Those who had gone out into America became isolated; the student movement was driven its own way.

Again, the imperative of reality solved the problem. Cadres and grouplets of the poor pulled together by ERAP came to stand on their own feet; the organizers, who had always intended to make themselves superfluous, found themselves exactly that. And the black revolts of 1967 in Newark and Detroit obsoleted the concept of Whites organizing Blacks, as well as ERAP's painstaking, structured conception of organization.²¹ And the escalation of the Vietnam war, beginning in 1965, in conspiracy with the coming-of-age of a still more self-conscious post-scarcity generation of students, generated for the first time the possibilities of a mass student movement. The arenas of radical insurgency, limited to the materially oppressed, were opening up. The post-scarcity organizers found themselves no longer exceptional; even had to run fast to catch up. Reality has caught up with the Idea.

By 1967, the contradictory core of post-war American capitalism has revealed itself; accelerating pell-mell, its strengths, pursued toward their logical completions, turned into fatal weaknesses. All the dynamics described in Part I (October issue) drive toward their extreme forms. Mass, industrialized education and the experience of consumption coincide with America's climb to Pacific hegemony, giving birth to a mass campus-based anti-war movement and a generation of draft resisters ("well" educated) and revolted soldiers ("badly" educated). Having granted the legal forms of integration (the Civil Rights Acts of 1964 and 1965) without being able to challenge the institutional systemic bases of racism, Kennedy-Johnson liberalism drives the black movement into the ghettoes; its class base becomes the unemployed and marginally employed black working class, and they have no strictures against the violence of self-defense; neither do the Mexican-American land movement in New Mexico or movements of Puerto Ricans and other colonized minorities. The inexorable corporate drive toward profit and the cost of Empire squeeze the State dry, yet the State is asked to bear the burden of financing schools, welfare and other services for the class society. Welfare allotments shrink and schools become more oppressive; these real changes, intersecting with the upsurge in black consciousness and youth rebellion in general, create welfare-recipient movements and, beginning in 1968, which have strengthened the Right. Not by accident does George Wallace draw his support disproportionately from white union members—those same unions which were to be the workingman's salvation until capitalist

trade-unionism proves it cannot (does not want to) get control of basic decisions, cannot win wages which increase faster than the cost of living (or if they do, do so by excluding blacks from apprenticeship), cannot allow union democracy, and will not challenge racial stratification throughout the work-force.

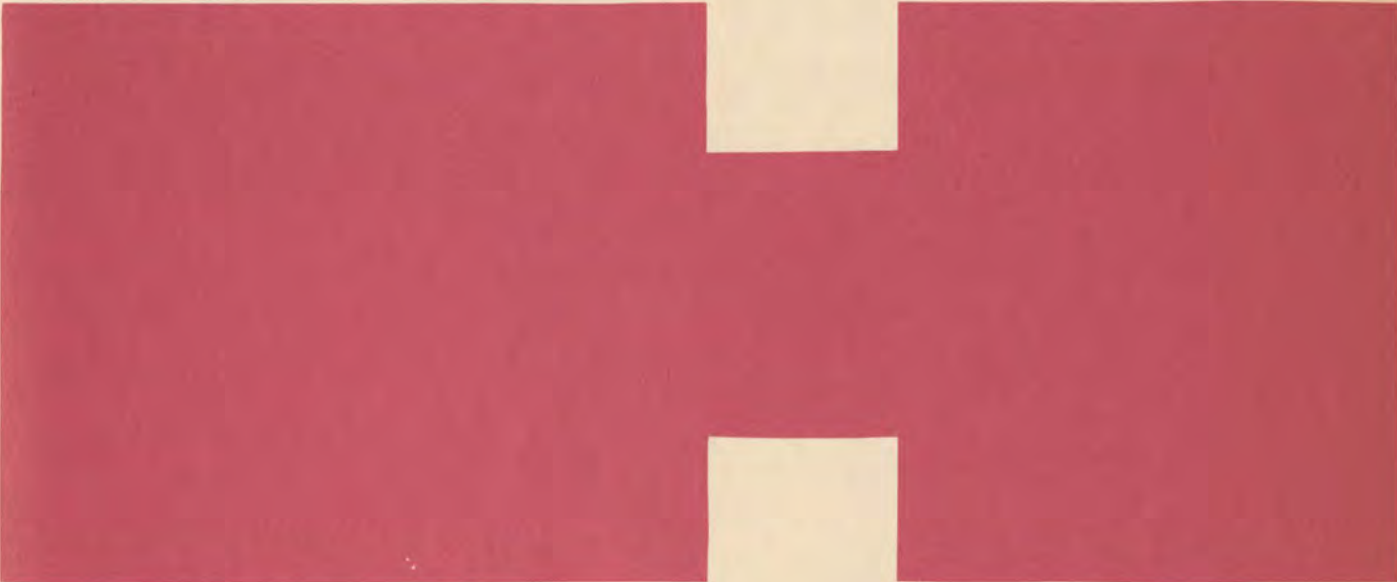
Falling between overt racism and socialism, committed to war as the economy's prop but unable to bribe the skilled white labor aristocracy with tax cuts and reforms, the unions manufacture the disgruntled and potentially fascist skilled worker who bitterly resents bearing the financial and psychological burden of subsidizing the failure of the welfare state.

Contradictions curl into contradictions. The liberal explanations lose their holding power. The subject matter of school becomes progressively irrelevant or outright deceptive: it is not that the curriculum worsens, but that the society does. The democratic facade, lent a new lease in World War II anti-fascism, wears thin. Lyndon Johnson's betrayal ("We seek no wider war"—1964) and Congress' own confession of impotence begin to bring home, all over America, the bankruptcy of the political institutions which were supposed, by pluralist standards, to adjust and manage all conflict.

and aggressiveness, sweetness and forcefulness, "hip communities" like the Haight-Ashbury and the Lower East Side, new community and new craftsmanship, "do your own thing" and "up against the wall mutha'," and a fetishism of clothes and a fetishism of no clothes, new perception and new psychosis, "politics" and "anti-politics," magic and accommodation. Soon all this is to sort itself out between the poles of Madison Avenue assimilation and what comes to be called cultural revolution. In the meantime, youth is discovering it has no culture(s) and no roots but its own.

Against this tilting backdrop, the student movement comes into its own. The white radical movement tries to come to grips with its experienced need for revolution; post-scarcity consciousness fills itself out, only to encounter its limits.

The self-conscious white student uprising begins with the Free Speech Movement of Berkeley, late in 1964. That mass movement is not simply "about" free speech, not even simply "about" the right to organize for political action, but finally it is "about" the necessity of revolt from the gargantuan, depersonalized, mass-production multiversity. But because the date is still early, and because there is not much of a movement outside the campus, the FSM in its victory gets weakly



The most visible (because most publicized) response to this self-devouring America is the congeries of hip styles, whose basic contradictoriness is concealed by the shared accoutrements of long hair and psychedelic drugs and the music of Dylan, the Beatles, the Rolling Stones, and the San Francisco sound. It means inwardness and outwardness, passivity

institutionalized throughout the country—in "free universities" hovering outside the multiversity, in "experimental colleges" lodged within some colleges, in a drive for necessarily token "student power" beneath unchanged university control and purpose, and in more sophisticated pacification structures erected by scared administrators: either marginal

relief or the empty shell of ritual participation. Naturally many of these counter-institutions and concessions will generate new possibilities as the movement's sense catches up with its new sensibility. Beginnings are always easily coopted or diverted to the margins of real power. In Berkeley too, a new political culture sinks its first rootlets.

The self-conscious national mass student movement dates from April 17, 1965, when SDS organizes 25,000 to demonstrate in Washington against the war. Paul Potter, then SDS President, captures the imagination of the crowd by saying that the war is only a symptom of a yet-unnamed system.

Bob Moses, on his way out of SNCC, says that the men responsible for the war are the same who oppress the Southern black. No one remembers the speeches.

That summer and fall, the Berkeley energy flows into the formless form of the Vietnam Day Committee, which hazards the first mass disruptions of the war machine (blocking troop trains) and organizes the mass teach-ins and the march on the Oakland Army Terminal of October 15. (Less militantly in other cities, anti-war coalitions march targetless against the war under the aegis of an impromptu pacifist-radical-liberal coalition which comes to be known as the National Mobilization Committee.) The VDC comes to stand for the virtues of joyful disruption; some move farther toward disruption (some even to sabotage), others toward joy, many toward both at once. VDC whirlwind Jerry Rubin runs for Mayor of Berkeley on the first psychedelic-radical program; more beginnings. The post-scarcity consciousness, crystallized in the joint imperative and impotence of opposition to the war, begins to live and make space for itself on Telegraph Avenue.

In November 1965, at a peace march organized by the liberal SANE, SDS President Carl Oglesby names the system "corporate liberalism," recites the history of American imperial intervention; and while the choice he poses is between "corporatism and humanism," it is plain—and will become plainer over the coming months—that he is talking about imperialism without using the word. The implication, and this takes some time to work itself out, is that the National Liberation Front deserves the support of American radicals.

But SDS' major attempt to take account of the new circumstances does not come until February 1967, when National Secretary Greg Calvert, in a widely publicized speech, announced that the movement must turn "from protest to resistance," and that this resistance must be the self-liberation of the white students themselves. "A liberal fights for someone else's liberation: a radical fights for his own." Three lines of development follow.

First, beginning in the fall of 1967, the student revolts against military and corporate recruitment on campus, reaching their pinnacle and at the same time their transformation in Columbia, where anti-military demands are linked with the struggle of black students against the University's territorial expansion into the ghetto. At the same time, the movement into the streets (see below), which although organizationally outside SDS, and representing a spirit that could not find a home in SDS, shares in the same idea of a real force, the movement, coming to assert its right to survive against incursions of the draft, the police, ultimately capitalism itself.

Second, the "resistance" trend seeks to embed itself too quickly, too neatly into a class formation, "the new working class," whose "hard" existence cannot be doubted, whose character is specific to this "advanced" stage of capitalism, and which, in the tradition of Marxism, inherits the assurance of History itself. The technicians, the teachers, the state-employed professionals, perhaps all state workers, it is not clear who exactly is meant, since a definitive statement never emerges—, all those apprenticed by the new university²² to fill higher slots in the economy, all those whose inculcated rationality "needs" socialism as alternative to irrational profit-making; somehow they are to grow painlessly into the kernel of socialism. It is all too easy—too easy to ignore the privilege of this technocratic stratum, by American standards not to mention those of the world, too easy to ignore the fact that state-employed professionals (teachers, social workers) may transfer their oppression onto the backs of their "clients." But the enthusiastic response of SDS graduates to the July 1967 "Radicals in the Professions" conference, the subsequent founding of a professional-based Movement for a Democratic Society in New York and elsewhere, the still

later founding of the young faculty New University Conference—all attest to the timeliness of the idea. It speaks to some real needs of the older student movement, but its disavowal of guilt borders on arrogance. Reifying post-scarcity consciousness into the historically fated “new working class” is thus a false start, though like all starts of the Sixties it carries within it the seeds of its own transcendence.

Third, the press of reality—mostly the reality of the movement itself and the war—demands ideology, a unified and accessible angle on the world. SDS discovers Marxism in the spirit of Che’s remark: “It’s not my fault that reality is Marxist.” Marxism in its historical variants and SDS move toward each other. The “new working class” is one point of entry; another is the incursion of the presumably Maoist Progressive Labor Party (PL), originating in a 1962 pro-Chinese split from the Soviet-line Communist Party, looks for a mass student base, and finds it in SDS through its discipline, its line-hard clarity, and increasingly its practical conservatism—all attractive in reaction to their opposites in the rest of SDS.

But the resistance theme, which is the first to characterize itself as (and *feel*) “revolutionary,” has longer to go before it dead-ends against the consequences of its own logic. In 1967 and 1968 the white movement finds a life in the streets, in street-combat, which it could not find inside its institutional nests. Beginning with Stop the Draft Week at the Oakland Induction Center (October 1967), then at the Pentagon (also October), the first Haight-Ashbury riot (February 1968), Columbia (May 1968),²³ the youth riots in Berkeley, New York’s Lower East Side, and the Boston Common (June-July 1968), and culminating in the televised streets of Chicago (August, 1968), the white movement spills over institutional boundaries and exercises its identity, probes the limits of its freedom in combat with deadly enemies, out there beyond the definitions and mediation imposed by institutions—in the street. The interface between “hippies” and “politicals” melts into a new creature: the hairy, anarchic, activist, implacable, creatively desperate “street person” whose life conditions admit no chance of reform solutions and who says with his actions: Your schools, your offices, your shops, your Army have vomited me up, and now your cops come to mop me up, but you can’t take from me the only place you have left me, the place where I live and breathe my being, the base from which I launch my assault on your barbarism;

I will fight. He is a new creature living in a new political culture; he feels like a nigger and the coercive powers treat him like one (“a Yippie is a hippie who’s been beaten by a cop” say the Yippies who had been “straight” radicals themselves); inexorable, against what he thought was his will, he is driven to Chicago, there to confront the enemies of all that is decent.

Through all this the movement feels its strength in the streets. But precisely at the moment of its discovered strength, it comprehends its weakness. Numerically it grows; as a social force, including high school kids and soldiers as well as “students” and “drop-outs” it becomes recognizable, even to the universal sign of the flashed V; *so big*—and yet so far from even the shadow of revolutionary change. Not only that; at the peak of its energy, it is more embattled, most brutally attacked by police, courts, the entire repressive apparatus. Moreover first-hand encounters with Vietnamese and Cubans have made imperialism and its Third World opposition concrete. The stakes of success or failure have never seemed so fatefully *present*.

In this sequence, most sharply at the time of the Chicago battles, an inescapable choice presents itself. It is not seen clearly by those forced to choose, but it is nonetheless necessary. *Either* the post-scarcity Left comprehends its own unprecedented identity as a social force, grasps its caused-ness, elaborates that identity into vision and program for its own trajectory on the campus and in youth ghettos, uses its reality as a strength from which to encounter anti-colonial and working-class energy and to devise common approaches; *or* it turns from its identity, throws the vision out with the narrowness of the class base, and seeks a historically pre-packaged version in which students or declassé intellectuals are strictly appendages to really “real” social forces or are either the vanguard or the tail of the really real. *Either* it painfully accepts the reality of our class base and moves outward from there; *or* it denies the unprecedented possibilities by denying its own caused reality, and defines the student Left either as class-appendage or class-substitute. *Either* it takes itself seriously as a specifically post-scarcity and visionary force with revolutionary democratic vision; *or* it buys clarity on the cheap, taking refuge from the distinctness of metropolitan conditions in mirror-models of the underdeveloped socialism of Russia and the Third World. *Either* it accepts the awesome risk of finding new paths, *or* it walks the beaten trails, pugnacious and sad. A grave choice,



PHOTOGRAPH JOHN MAST

where the stakes are immense and under the pounding pressure of the State there seems no time for placid reflection. Literally an existential choice.

At this point, roughly the time of Chicago, there is a fundamental failure of nerve throughout the white Left. The major factions in SDS choose the path of least resistance, defining their emergence almost wholly in terms of the liberation of others. The Progressive Labor Party fills the ideological vacuum in SDS and becomes its largest faction. Its "Maoist" rigidity perversely meets the wide-felt need for a show of clarity stamped with international success: its top-down organization and imagery of authorization revolution, again perversely satisfy some of the hunger for discipline, and seem superficially a sensible response to repression. PLP's pathetically mechanic Marxism-Leninism is fought by an equally artificial and hard-pressed array of Marxism-Leninisms, each looking to define the young white Left in traditional class terms. Debate in SDS is narrowed into theories of the black vanguard (in the absence of revolutionary theory requiring a vanguard), depriving white student movements of the ability to respond to black and Third World insurgencies with much more than white guilt. Internal democracy degenerates into the rippling of self-righteous slogans hurled across a convention floor. Much of the year's progress in defining the enemy is imperialism and class society (rather than "mistakes") is lost in the confusion of harangues for organizing, slogans for analysis, rhetoric for program. Energy that ought to be devoted to the elaboration of appeals outside

the movement, to the building of bases of operations throughout the society, is diverted inward in a self-accelerating spiral of recriminations and pseudo-revolutionary hairsplitting. At the moment of its greatest growth and promise—and jeopardy—SDS becomes a melange of sects.

There is pathos in this choice, and this is precisely the rub. American capitalism in its vulnerability, by labeling and treating the movement as a revolutionary menace to the empire, forced the movement prematurely to cast about for some easily accessible, packaged definition of revolution—complete with identity, tradition, language, heroes, allies, historical certitude all as once. It is only in the last year, 1968-1969, that the movement in all its major factions, begins to characterize itself as revolutionary. The conditions of the movement's existence, in other words, become all-or-nothing; under fire, it knows in its bones it must win or burn out or end in concentration camps. The urgency of the stakes—genocide in Vietnam, a decorous fascism at home—combined with the wrench of self-denial impart to the SDS debate its driven, desperate, self-righteous quality. The dynamic of that debate obscures reality as much as it clarifies. And always, haunting this choice which is rarely experienced as choice, there is the weakness of the alternative: the psychic risk in accepting the caused, unprecedented reality of the post-scarcity democratic vision, and the difficulty of linking it to the real situation of real Americans. An internally necessary revolutionary mood does not substitute for a revolutionary situation outside.

The center of American politics is shrinking, and raw conflict has moved to the fore of American life, but this is not necessarily because capitalism has reached a terminal crisis. The crisis is unmistakable but is prolonged, less like desperate death from heart seizure than like slow death from cancer, unpredictable in the locus of the tumor's growth, predictable only in its wracking pain and its final end.

No question about it: it is hard to measure an epoch these days. The twenty years that used to be called a generation? A century? It shouldn't matter. This is the wrong time to fix on a politics of ultimate timetables, for if the timetable proves faulty all the political judgments which hinged on it have to be discarded. Commitments based on such exquisite certitude is a fragile reed; the sure timetable is a kind of historical crutch to compensate for fear of altering. Urgency—to stop the genocide in Vietnam, the worsening of the condition of Afro-American blacks, the destruction of irreplaceable resources—is basic, a *constant* clamoring reminder to do something, to *stop it*. That is the attitude we must cultivate in ourselves. But such a categorical imperative is different from a revolution strategy of speculating—in the sense of the stock market—on the international class war.

This we know: imperialism, the logic and essence of corporate capitalism, has met its match in Vietnam's incomparably heroic resistance. The Tet offensive of 1968 proved that the National Liberation Front was capable not only of existing—an immense feat in itself—but of sustaining a national assault on American forces; a kind of rehearsal of the Front's ability to push the Americans into the sea. Since then the Front seems to have improved its military and political position, to the point of forming a Provisional Revolutionary Government. Johnson's bombing halt of November 1968 was probably not so much one of those sham "peace feelers" as a cover for military regroupment; there were not enough planes to bomb the South unless the North were let alone. Since then, and accelerat-

ing during Nixon's months, the Government of the United States of America has continued its reign of terror in the South, continuing to substitute genocide and the coordinated assassination of Front cadre for its political failure.

Against substantial pressure from the internationalist wing of American capital, Nixon's regime digs in deeper: an ogre whose rationalizations have clouded his brain.

But rising domestic costs of the war, accompanied by new missile programs to take up the slack, and the completion of major bases in Thailand, may bring the ogre to his senses. The Front's political success will likely find its military or diplomatic counterpart before too many more years. The question is of the meaning of that defeat for America's world position. Some in the American movement see Vietnam as the first crest of an imminent high tide of triumphant Third-World revolution; perhaps a showdown in the "next few" years. In our own minds history has speeded up; the mass media, the movement's own media, and the deepening of our sensitivity condense time and contract space. If imminence is measured by the span of modern history, then showdown it is; on the other hand, by the standard of the piece of our own hyped-up consciousness, there is a long pull ahead. Of course, the Vietnamese victory would have global significance in itself and as a magnificent model, but not as the beginning of the imminent end of monopoly capitalist power. Vietnamese resistance was conditioned by very special background characteristics: its beginnings in anti-colonial resistance, fusing nationalism and socialism, (1939-40); its breathing space for growth under Japanese domination, in a great-power vacuum and in fact with limited American aid (1940-45); its renewed experience in fighting the twilight empire of the French (1945-54); the *relative* breathing space afforded by the post-Geneva consolidation of the North (1954-); in sum, its continuing development of the *practice* of people's war, its training and equipment of a Liberation Army, before the United States found its footing as the major garrison of reaction in the world. By comparison, an announcement of the formation of a Thai Liberation Army did not come until January 1969. True, history has speeded up; but how much?

If Vietnam "goes," it is unlikely that America can long hold Laos or even Thailand, but it is not clear that the train of falling dominos extends further than the Southeast Asian peninsula. Indonesia is safely in American hands at the cost of 300,000 lives. Wretched India is not stable, but no massive insurgency has yet emerged. In Latin America, in the wake of what can now be seen as Che's failure in Bolivia, rural and urban guerrilla movements continue; prospects are difficult to gauge, but what Régis Debray called the "revolution in the counter-revolution"—sophistication in American military techniques, influx of Rangers and Green Berets, intelligence, training, and weaponry, launched by Kennedy in 1960 to prevent "another Cuba" has hardened; none of those movements seem near power. Top-down nationalist/military rule in Peru has been greeted by Cuba as a chink in the Empire, but it remains to be seen whether it can stay in power without mobilizing a mass base that may contest bourgeois power. And in Africa, with the exception of revolutionary progress in the Portuguese colonies, American influence, in money and muscle, is near its apex.



Not to be misunderstood: revolutionary movements throughout the Third World will continue to sprout, grow, reshuffle, fight; against imperialism, against worsening prices and land hunger and real hunger and humiliation, there is finally no alternative; and there is always the inspiration of Vietnam. These movements and their eventual victories will amount, in the words of Lin Piao, to the world's countryside closing in on the industrialized metropolis, closing off its sources of investment, raw materials, and channels of surplus disposal, taking imperialism to its showdown, exacerbating domestic contradictions.²⁴

The feedback is direct though time-consuming: the more neo-colonies are taken out of the American market, the more American troops are tied down, the more other revolutions may gain time to accelerate. There is no way to underestimate the world-shattering consequences of this continuing revolution, the displacement of history from the capitalist West and the beginning of the end of systematic exploitation on the world scale. But however glorious, the Third World in its struggles cannot make the American revolution. They are and must be intimately related but they are not the same.

The revolutionary spirit and the revolutionary project in its totality know no national boundaries—and if there was ever any doubt of the "real basis" of international solidarity, imperialism as a planetary system has laid it to rest. But the grotesque "unevenness" of social conditions in the world (and "unevenness" is a most pale word), that very crime of the metropolitan systems, demands distinct strategies and timetables in distinct countries. Fundamental everywhere are the *urgency* and the *principle* that the revolution through socialism to communism is a coming-to-power of ordinary people in pursuit of their birthright destinies. Self-determination, self-management—these are unifying motifs, and necessarily the forms of each diverge with national conditions. Vietnam leads, and those who would follow in America must do two very difficult things at once: bring Americans to grasp the Vietnamese lead and duty to shed American privilege; and bring down American capitalism in the name of a new human order. Difficult one by one, excruciating in combination; for these two tasks *begin* in two separate mentalities, guilt and self-direction. Resolving that stupefying tension is a matter of practical process, to be discussed later.

For the moment, there is one more point

often missed in the fury of international identification. The war at home against the capitalist State, if fought with an international sensibility, is the best contribution the American revolution can make to the rest of the world—given the sheer quantity of the Third World's wealth which America loots, not to mention the sheer waste in war spending, packaging, trivial work, and State coercion which is the other side of that theft.²⁵ If that wealth were liberated, imagine how much of the economic pressure would be taken off the Third World, that Third World whose best energies are now absorbed in the struggle for brute industrialization! Imagine how it might be spared the agonies—and there is no way to pretty them—of primitive capital accumulation, and its resulting thrust of political deformities! That is a vision Americans must be persuaded to fight for. Right now, of course, we can only *imagine*. Revolutionary political economists in all countries must take up the task of making the images concrete, not as frozen blueprints but as provisional models; revolutionaries must expect no less.

But it is not only for lack of such a vision that the Left defaults. For this part of ourselves hates the smug Americans—almost all of them. We speak of tying down American troops on domestic battlefronts; breaking the will of the imperialist enterprise; depriving it of the loyalty of its workforce, its managerial apprentices, and its reluctant soldiers, even its literal children; and this is all to the good. These have been our most substantial victories. But they are not enough, and more, this mood, however bittersweet, attractive, is built on a conceit which is the other side of the new revolutionary spirit. For finally there is no lasting or substantial disruption of American corporate power without popular revolution. The reason is brute

repression—murder, injury, torture, mass arrests, surveillance, time wasted in courts, money wasted on bail—and its internalized counterparts of paranoia, suspicion, sectarian inwardness. The American movement threatens the corporate state, as reality and as precedent;²⁶ therefore the State moves in to crush it. Now the movement, like the giant corporation, can only survive if it grows, sinks roots everywhere; there is no plateau, there is only stagnation if we do not embed our fight and our dreams in a suspicious and brainwashed population. Now the disruptive movement *must* reach out, must become part of a mass revolutionary movement, if it is to be able successfully to disrupt. Disruption, in other words, is a transitional and evanescent objective. The revolution itself wins or dies.

Little question about it; regardless of the fate of this Left, all signs are that the imperialist system in its failures will continue to sap itself of its own strength, keep itself off balance. It will lose the loyalty of students, blacks, other minorities by failing to meet

their most elemental needs. Hippies will continue to drop out, soldiers to desert, blacks to revolt. Even deprived of its revolutionary scapegoat, this society cannot remedy its contradictions; never fear, it will disrupt itself.

The role of the Left must therefore be something else: must be *conscious*. If this is not plain in its own right, then history has set the rendezvous, for an unconscious and merely disruptive Left will not survive the police state. Most people will not defend it out of pity, belief in the First Amendment, or a fair-play feeling that anyone, even the revolutionary, has a right to wear his own mad mantle. They will defend it only if in the best parts of themselves they identify with the Left

because the Left (1) expounds a convincing explanation of the roots of the common crisis, (2) treats the people with respect, (3) puts forward and embodies a vision of what is worth fighting for in common, and finally, (4) shows how we can win.

The paper tiger has real teeth. The police state is in prospect. An American Left awakening from the slumber of decades, in the heartland of an up-tight Empire, has awakened the dark-side forces of repression.

That there are thousands of political prisoners in America can no longer be doubted. Neither can the political assassinations, jailings, harassments visited upon the Black Panther Party above all but also SDS nationally and dozens of campus and GI and high school movements.

It is no longer appropriate—if it ever was in a time of lynchings—to say that the police are “like Nazis”; they are Nazis. It is not enough to speak of “brutality”; this is counter-revolution.

Its extent is limited by the limits of the revolution itself, and by the *relative* mutedness of the economic crisis. Therefore at the moment the base of fascism is the State itself, unable to tame opposition into quiescence or irrelevance, therefore driven to hand its coercive prerogative to its law-and-order police. Not surprisingly, the police take on a certain independence, evolving their own political organization, military prestige and accouterments, and staggering weaponry. They feel especially embattled not only because they are coming under fire but because of the absence of a visible mass fascist movement outside their ranks; they feel they must substitute for it, lest the civilization perish. Increasingly they will feel the need to awaken that movement. A para-military Right, the Minutemen and others, waits in the wings, stockpiling arms and intelligence. Meanwhile, Presidents, Governors and Mayors are elected explicitly, even solely, to defend law and order; the fascist consciousness remains parliamentary; but when the elected officials fail...?

There is in America a social base for potential fascism; in the petit bourgeoisie, squeezed and humiliated by monopoly capital on the one hand and declining property values (easily attributed to black revolts) on the other; in the skilled white work-force increasingly taxed to bear the welfare burdens of the State's fiscal crisis, inclined to racist resentment of black militancy and



PHOTOGRAPH

M. GREENWOOD

class resentment of insurgent students; in the less skilled as well, undercut by inflation and higher interest; in the more reactionary nests of big capital; and in the growing paralysis, confusion, slackening of nerve of middle sectors who find themselves in training to be America's "good Germans" and don't understand what's gone wrong. As the revolution heats up, as defeat in Vietnam hits home, as inflation and unemployment increase, so will the fascist impulse. The State will do its best to preempt the need for an external movement by embodying the counter-revolution itself, if "things haven't gone too far." Perhaps fascism cannot be completed in the absence of a youth movement; (here is where a cross-class revolutionary youth movement is absolutely essential); or perhaps it can be incorporated through the instrumentality of the State coercive apparatus. A moot point really, for the immediate prospects of the Left.

White as well as black revolutionaries have begun to acquire the means and skills of physical self-defense; they are necessary, in themselves and as reminders of the gravity of the revolutionary mission. But no more than a "correct line" are they sufficient.

What is essential is that the organized Left grasp the possibilities of proto-revolutionary mass movement and help extend and enrich them, so deep and so broad that repression will fail. Millions of people must identify the Left as defender and amplifier of their own dreams; then they will defend it; more important, they will be it. A stationary movement cannot be defended by guns or pity.

vi

Thus the American revolution must be a movement of the entire people, and its organization and process must prefigure the goal.

This does not mean that revolutionaries must subside until a majority announces itself; rather, exemplary acts may jolt the misled into new appraisals, and the convinced into new commitments; the whole process is difficult, dialectical, lengthy, and impossible to describe categorically. Which is to say that the textural genius of a revolution is impossible to anticipate on paper. Which is not to say that all is provisional or "pragmatic." There are principles, standards, styles of work, tactical "feels," ingenuities—and analyses.

A very incomplete analysis of social forces, in very rough order of their *present* energy and pre-revolutionary motion:

Blacks and other colonial minorities. Most oppressed collectively, they are first to revolt, first to know the stakes in their own

experience. Their unemployment is double that of whites; they are the leading brigades in the reserve army of the unemployed, and in the van of those brigades are the *young* blacks, of whom a quarter are without jobs. As whites climb the skill ladder, the blacks and other colonized nationalities step up from the bottom, into the less skilled (assembly-line) industrial and service jobs. But the former are gradually being automated out of existence, and the latter are increasingly disgusting for the astute young. The outstanding black socialist organizations—the Black Panther Party nationally and the League of Revolutionary Black Workers in Detroit—span the two populations in varying measure and depth. Meanwhile, strikes in the black-dominated service sector (hospitals, urban transport) become more frequent as the public sector is squeezed dry.

In most cities, black high school students are on the move against the patent conversion of schools into prisons and against race-class "tracking" of the entire structure. Black college students, most magnificently in the four-month strike at San Francisco State College,²⁷ have begun to bring the street onto the campus, to fight for open admissions and self-determined degree-granting curriculum in the community interest—which is necessarily a working-class interest within the colony, though with different nationalist shadings.

A few street gangs of young Puerto Ricans, Mexican-Americans (*chicanos*) and Chinese have turned revolutionary nationalist in the wake of the Panthers. The *chicano* nationalist land movement in New Mexico is another form. But make no mistake about it: all this is much closer to the beginning than the end; most of the ghetto energy has yet to take political shape; much is still squandered in hard drugs and interracial fights.

White students. The class base of energy has shifted downward—among the main struggles in the past academic year were San Francisco State, City College of New York, San Fernando Valley State, Kent State, in the middle track between the elite universities and the two-year junior colleges. In most of these the white radicals have played ambiguous support roles, fighting the police while trying to sway other white students into an understanding of racism without offering secure analysis or a reason for solidarity beyond guilt. But the center of gravity is still in the upper reaches of the university system, in fights against the corporate and military identity.

There is a good chance that over the next few years much of the military presence, in training and research, will be shifted off

campus. Whether the movement can count that as a victory, a propulsion for the next stage, will depend on whether a continuous student movement persists to lay claim to victory. Othwise, sophisticated ruling-class reformers will take the credit; and victory will be transmuted to defeat.

There are revolts in a majority of high schools, which should accelerate and sharpen against the growing weight of the heavy hand. Politically they are not (yet) linked; these revolts amount to a new socialization for new generations of trouble-makers. Self-consciousness will emerge either in the high schools themselves, or when the battle-hardened students move into college; either way, the old radical disappointment has been surpassed by a fierce, unmediated knowledge of the system's barbarism and decay. Whether the new passion can outrun capitalism's restorative devices—the conscious counter-insurgent use of mass media and the commercialization of drugs and youth culture—depends on the indigenous development of political will. The organized Left may or may not help, according to whether it can break out of its sectarian spiral. In the meantime, the system's decay moves more of the young than does the movement.

White post-scarcity ghettos. Small in number because they live off the social fat, the drop-out colonies make up for size with energy: their huddled insularity is precisely their strength and weakness. Around three major state universities (Berkeley, California; Madison, Wisconsin; Ann Arbor, Michigan)²⁸ there are self-generated communities combining "street people," "hippies," students,

ex-soldiers, motorcycle gangs, curious working-class kids looking for a good time, etc. They survive best, against all the centrifugal possibilities built into their chaotic individualized self-definitions, in parasitic relation to a university community, which offers student influx, university jobs, liberal toleration or support; and there are weaker versions of these communities in dozens of major university towns, which are in turn parasitic to major urban centers. Thus the centers of this energy are no longer the urban hip ghettos (the Haight-Ashbury and New York's Lower East Side, which began to decline just as they peaked) but the university skins.

These communities, episodically at war with the occupying police, have fighting spirit and the closest thing in this society to direct, unmediated vision. They contain living communes which try to establish alternatives to the isolated post-college bourgeois family; they develop working conceptions of liberated space, physical space, and the possibilities of human consciousness; they are schooled in practiced solidarity. They have no power but their imaginations, so imagination must do double duty, often turning into its other skin: blindness. It was imagination—a refusal to be limited by the materials at hand—that drove the Berkeley South Campus community to build People's Park on a plot of land misused and owned by the University of California; the Park was at once a here-we-stand obstacle to the University's expansionist attempt to destroy that community and a vision, fragmented and partial but real, of the new order we aim for.²⁹ But it was the other side of that imagination, its insularity, which led the People's Park leadership a mere five weeks later to propose "People's Pad," a summer youth hostel in

public-owned abandoned buildings in the middle of a black ghetto, without ever consulting the blacks who lived there (who had been evicted from the same buildings a few months before!).

Indeed, that leadership never entertained the thought that tension might arise between white drop-out youth paying no rent and blacks whose rent had been increased by the University's real-estate maneuvers: as it did. The vision embodied in the Park, and the spirit which fought and died for it, became the most unconscionable imperial arrogance. Here is the paradigm of the unconsciousness of an extreme form of post-scarcity consciousness.³⁰

The post-scarcity ghettos are not only geographical. Somewhere in the vicinity of this category are the movement media institutions: the two-hundred and more radical and "underground" newspapers, the several Newsreel film groups, research groups, etc. Generally organized in work and living communes, "Collectives," they maneuver on the fringes of the campus and the post-scarcity ghettos. They absorb much post-student movement energy; they are also, in their variety, the movement's major propaganda faces and channels of outreach to the untouched, the confused, the others. Increasingly they exercise purely cultural (not total-ideological) hegemony over the white youth in America; far more so than the socialist scholars. But whether they discharge as much energy as they absorb is finally imponderable. We are in a stage in which all forms move quickly to their limits, leaving energy momentarily diffused and then looking for new forms.

White production workers and the industrial working-class young. The Cold War, post-depression iceberg is breaking up. "The labor movement" has long since stopped moving, calcified in the more-wages-less-work mold. There are fresh stirrings of rank-and-file dissidence in most of the major industrial unions, sometimes taking the form of electoral insurgencies but more often bursting out in wildcat strikes and "non-union" struggles like that of the West Virginia miners for industrial disease compensation (they won). Striking locals have begun calling on SDS chapters for picket-line help.

Though ideological integration is uneven, the Iron Front of Cold War prosperity has run to its limits, leaving the lower stretches of the work force holding the bag. They may not know the causes, but they do know the results: interest rates and food costs have skyrocketed, and inflation along with regressive taxes like the sales tax and the 10% income tax surcharge have eaten up more than their hard-won wages increases. Real per-capita wages have been *falling* for two years; family income rises only because more married women have gone to work.³¹ Working class "prosperity" has shrunk tissue-thin, though it is still coated with a veneer of consumer credit. Anti-communism and race resentment do not bring security. Total consumer credit outstanding increased twelve-fold between 1940 and 1967, to some 20% of total income before taxes. Counting mortgages, it comes to 87% of that total.³² The majority of production workers are hard-

pressed and know it, and the unions, bound into capitalist consensus, can do very little for them.

Perhaps more important than economic pressure is the growing squeeze of the work process itself. Corporations hungry for profits are driven to speed up assembly lines and thereby drive to distraction many workers already estranged from "their" work. Rank-and-file opposition to speed-up is plainly anti-authoritarian and points toward a movement for worker's control, but these stirrings will ally with the post-scarcity movement only when the latter is plainly and outspokenly anti-authoritarian itself. Workers propelled into on-the-job revolt will not surrender their beings to a movement which promises "dictatorship of the proletariat" yet offers merely dictatorship. The same is true of the GIs turned off by military discipline *per se*.



WOODCUT

M. BULLWINKLE

The working people are struck unevenly, of course. The young are disproportionately unemployed, at twice the overall average; they are the ones least hamstrung by family and consumer obligations and therefore most free to focus their energy communally and even politically. Many males have organized in street gangs, and radical groups (notably in Chicago and Detroit) which demonstrably have the potential to see their fates collectively, and finally bound to the fate of blacks. (The police use one against the other.) Their number is small but growing. Here also are the soldiers, increasingly estranged from their gendarme role abroad and at home.

The young white workers tend to be less bound to personal racism, partly simply because they are not tied so tightly to established values and partly because they do not

have so much property to protect against the encroachments of the black ghetto; but much depends on the intensity of black competition for jobs. In many Northern cities the black workers are squeezing the skilled whites from the bottom as inflation, credit, and taxes squeeze them from the top. As blacks press for equal or even remedial positions as foremen and supervisors, as in the Detroit auto plants, or even for ordinary jobs, as in the construction trades, it is skilled whites who must suffer. In the short run, true—but for them the short run looks long indeed. Their vested interest in racism fuels a "white backlash" with a vengeance; class-consciousness looks like a long-term investment, while race-consciousness yields the margin needed today. Against this easy myopia, a few organizers, not nearly enough, have begun to build networks of white working-class support for the black insurgencies, and white working-class activity which is comparable with black insurgencies. Here the direction of the student movement is important, for it must prove its dedication to fight the elitist preserve of the colleges themselves, winning the young white workers to the cause of black liberation without postponing to the indefinite future the equal rights of the white victims. A delicate task, needless to say, and not one that is solved with simple formulae; rather, the whole student movement must declare in its actions that the campus should be opened to all; and use the liberated campus as a school for class-consciousness.

The mind-workers, paper-workers and office-workers. These are the technicians and engineers, the teachers and social workers, the clergymen and doctors and lawyers. In all, they are a growing sector of the population both numerically and strategically. They are the products of the middle and upper reaches of the educational system, central to the productive system as researchers and designers and reproducers of the human infrastructure ("students") of late capitalism. For some, material wants are satisfied faster than the advertising men can manufacture them: they can identify most easily with their rulers, who look to them like patrons. The less integrated of these professionals tend to seek the private solutions of drugs and encounter groups, to soften the encounter with the purchasers of their labor, that labor which is *felt* to be meaningless just as it *is* socially meaningless. In theory they are educated to *need* a total rationality of which private ownership of production deprives them; in fact they can be bribed by private pleasures and a spurious corporate

rationality, in which the tangibility of the product, the missile, the new bomb, "progress," substitutes for its contribution to human freedom. Technological fetishism, that gross child of the West, has most of them firmly by the hand: Eichmann, institutionalized. Marcuse's "repressive desublimation" titillates what "progress" cannot.

For others, notably the State-employed, income does not rise so fast but material benefits are supplemented by a psychic reward: they may pass on the burden of their exploitation.

These are professionals with "clients" (students, welfare recipients), and increasingly they are professionals *against* clients, asserting and usurping their professional prerogatives over the need and the clamor of the people for whom, presumably, those services are offered. Thus the teacher in New York achieves a bread-and-butter union and demands of the central bureaucracy the "right to teach," unencumbered—at a time when the "right to teach" comes to mean the right to police the black and Puerto Rican students, the right to usurp control from the uprising parents. Victimized by an impossible existence, the teacher vents his spleen on the nigger ingrates, and stands as the most immediate obstacle to community control of education.

But these social formations of paper-workers are also the backbone of the liberal reform movements, episodic opposition to corporate despoliation of the environment, the liberal anti-war groupings, Eugene McCarthy's campaign. Each such campaign as it dead-ends into utter failure or Pyrrhic success may carry the campaigners beyond, to come to more total comprehension of the systemic nature of the crisis. They may stand as buffers between the brute power of the State and the embryonic revolutionary movement: *if* they can find the nerve, and *if* they can suffer the short-run disabilities of discovering that they too are really "only" workers, or worse, utter parasites. Hard times are coming for the liberals and professionals, and many would find a retreat comfortable: they are haunted by their privilege and haunted by the prospect of losing it. With memories of the Depression not far behind, they are not prepared to throw over the psychic rewards of their prosperity and posts of domination, even if they know those posts are not the highest. In their behalf, it might be said that they cannot conceivably throw up their "success" for an uncertain fate, given the amorphous and distended shape of the present movement. But at some point, probably approaching, this

veers from explanation and becomes rationalization. These are people of whom the Cuban poet Roberto Fernandez Retamar says, "Whenever they hear somebody talking about guns, they pull out their culture."⁸³ Especially when it is culture of drugs, Mustangs, and erotic exoticism which they have helped make, which feels "modern" and "suited to the fast pace of this modern world," etc. In other words, the aging of the present post-scarcity youth culture *by itself* does not necessarily push capitalism's institutions beyond reform. It is far too early to forecast.

Certainly none of these groups should be written off. All the political sickness which arouses them can be traced to corporate capitalism, and indeed it is one central job of an organized Left to explain that genesis. (This is what is called "raising consciousness," but it cannot be done with a derrick.) Perhaps the most that can be expected is that they will *tolerate* the growth of a revolutionary movement, trying to brake it all the while, unwilling to play "good German" to it, but finally, consciences buffeted this way and that, willing to give it a chance if it looks plausible and speaks to their own victimization as well. Simultaneously they must discover they are workers, even drones, limited by the entire destructiveness of this culture, by the common corporate and State enemy *and* that by the lights of that culture they are impossibly privileged. They must demand workers' control on the job and public control of mass media, and they must be *part* of a Left.

Women. Only in the last year has it become possible to speak of the subjection of half the population. The reason is simple: women of the radical movement have declared their own movement.

They were driven to do so by the enormous fact that the movement, quintessentially American in this as in so many ways, replicated the male domination it inherited from the society. Many female caucuses within radical organizations finally formed separate groups, committed *first* to appreciating their own situation.

Against the backdrop of these forces, what then is the future of post-scarcity consciousness?

To the extent it is rooted in post-war affluence, is it only a bubble waiting to be pricked? Affluence itself is nowhere near as firm as was once believed. Capitalism, however insistently it drums up consumer "needs" and more sophisticated consumer cultures, is interminably plagued by overproduction, unemployment and inflation; not to mention the shortage of gold. The lower and middle sectors are getting nowhere. Even the editors of *Fortune* are fearful for consumer demand over the next decade: they predict some recession. They examine demand sector by sector but cannot be sure of a new impetus.³⁵ Already war-induced prosperity is ebbing; the boom is slackening in wartime *for the first time since the War of 1812*. How remarkable this is in the era of military Keynesianism, in which monopoly capitalism has time and time again bailed out from its own self-limitations with the expedient of war spending.³⁶

Even war cannot put Humpty Dumpty back together; and the other major expedient, epoch-making inventions of the order of the steam-engine, the railroad, and the automobile, seem to have dried up. Moreover, as Ernest Mandel argues, inter-capitalist competition increases; Japanese and European productivity catch up with American; the wage differentials enjoyed by American workers over their German and Japanese counterparts may continue to compete; automation must increase and assembly lines must speed up; industrial workers are already feeling the pinch. If a working-class movement arises transcending race boundaries, what then of post-scarcity consciousness confined within its pitifully small and parasitical class base.³⁷

Allow the argument its due and assume that the economy stagnates. Unemployment increases; the margin of economic security narrows; most important for the present argument, the fat in the economy begins to shrink. It becomes more difficult to live in the margins of the society, as postmen and delivery boys, odd-jobbers and communards, free-lance writers and models, teachers and social-workers—even as students.

Should the economy be entering a period of steady, chronic decline, is the new consciousness possible for anyone but the children of the elite? What if even the burgeoning state sector is squeezed down by the fiscal crisis? If most college students, from the state

Destabilizing the short run, like any "revolution in the revolution," the women's liberation movement is brilliantly healthy. It has already absorbed and redoubled the energies, not only of women previously subordinated to menial roles within the movement, but of radical women who had never been able to find a point of entry *into* the movement. Their ability to recognize themselves as a bonded caste rather than individual "failures" generates as many problems as answers, but this is only to say that the movement is young.

Their class base is narrow indeed, as they are aware; it has been all they can do to discover their own reality; but some groups have experimented with the organizing of female clerical and factory workers in the workplace and in demand of free day-care centers—probably the first time these women have ever been touched by a radical analysis.

Local organizations have only the loosest connection to others, yet compared to the calcified structure of student organizations this is, at least transitionally, refreshing. Likely there will be an attempt to federate the local groups. Likely too they will declare a commitment to socialism as a necessary though not sufficient condition of their own liberation. In the meantime, their very insistence on their own reality has the tonic effect of throwing open questions of the structure of relations within the male-dominated movement, just as the development of the black movement in the early '60s thrust participatory democracy onto the agenda of whites. The female angle of vision, humanized by oppression, throws light on the competitiveness, elitism, arrogance, narcissism, ruthlessness of the male movement, which can no longer take itself for granted. If it means to embody the possibilities of an unrepressed order, it must now face its own pathologies, renewing its refusal to mirror American civilization.³⁴



Both - I love you

PHOTOGRAPH: JOHN SPENCE

universities down to the junior colleges, are forced to scramble for scarce jobs, why should they care for the accoutrements of "freakiness"? Wouldn't they revert to a narrow Calvinism predicated on scarcity? Why should they allow themselves the luxury of vision? Specifically, why should a young manual worker care for the unprecedented, when it is all he can do to pay the rent?

But the questions are predicated on a narrow economic determinism that simply will not do. The factors that feed post-scarcity consciousness are intermeshed: if one of them is filtered out, the whole does not crumble. Quite the contrary: they are so interwoven that a lessening of tension in one sector heightens the stress on another. For example, if scarcity of public funds (based on the political impossibility of taxing the working classes any further and the aversion of corporations to tax reform) under-cuts the teacher-sector of the labor force, then schoolroom classes will get bigger, students more estranged; discipline will get tighter, authority more arbitrary; more students will revolt. The class base of the new consciousness has already shifted downward; affluence may be withdrawn, but private affluence is only one source of the new vision.

Moreover, historical memory does not fade so easily. The legacy of the Depression lives on for thirty years in the minds of its children; so will the legacy of the Vietnam war and the draft, not to mention any imperialist successors. Most of all, the society has lost its resilience, which is to say that its legitimacy has shrunk—in the eyes of the young—to the point where it must substitute brute force. As ideological hegemony collapses, as the standard formulae loses all capacity to explain the world, the society must resort to the order of the heavy hand: the priest yields to the executioner. Then the experience of growing-up is an experience of being denied—denied not abstract possibilities but possibilities already tasted.

But suppose domestic crisis is compounded by revolutionary successes in the Third World? What if revolution in Brazil drastically raises the price of manganese; revolution in Guatemala makes bananas prohibitively expensive; revolution in the Middle East jacks up the cost of gasoline?

America pulls into its garrison shell, fabricates as many substitute products as it can, but fails to deepen the domestic market as a substitute for foreign losses, and the standard

of living actually begins to *fall*. . . . At that point, so much has changed that predictions become hallucinatory. In predicting the social weather, one must know which conditions immediately precede. The real question is whether the *climate* changes for good, but this in turn is a question of the course of consciousness, about which we know very little. That is, we know only that consciousness makes its own way; must be *willed*. Must post-scarcity vision be so narrow it cannot find its way into the working classes? And then there is nothing inevitable about the shape of any future working-class revolutionary consciousness; in its experience of insufferable hierarchy, in the schools, the Army, the factory, it may find warrant for a transcendent politics of workers' control and decentralization. Since the original post-scarcity consciousness does not complete itself until it foregoes links with the experience of most Americans, there is nothing *given* about the future of that consciousness if it purges itself of elitist arrogance. Really the question is whether the New Left is ready to abandon its vision of an unprecedented future, or whether on the other hand it can afford (psychic scarcity!) to postpone its revolutionary gratification without abandoning its dream.

Finally, can the new political culture stagnate? Can the more purely cultural aspects of it be tolerated, repressively, while the political face is crushed? Or does the society helplessly and inexorably churn out persons whose very existence threatens it to the core and whose political culture must either take root throughout the society or die? Speculation, but not sheer speculation, for the past ten years has taught us something of the prevailing culture's fragility. In the first place, in order to split the cultural from the political consciousness, America would have to end the draft. This is unlikely in the short run, and no one knows when the short run will end. Second, it would have to stop enforcing the drug laws. Possible. Third, it would have to cede physical space to the new culture, which it has proved incapable of doing from the Lower East Side to Zap, North Dakota, from Telegraph Avenue in Berkeley to Mifflin Street in Madison. Fourth, and probably more central, it would have to blunt the movement's anti-authoritarian edge by conceding definite political rights to subservient students—substantial student power, anti-authoritarian teaching methods, etc.—and ending the war. But the requisite

liberalism is in retreat. A liberalism confident of its problem-solving future would be able to retake some of its lost ground, no question about it, and the Left's sectarianism may have bought it a new lease on life—consider the success of the liberal-centered anti-war moratorium of October 1969. But each instance of token University and lower-school concession (elimination of grades, token student participation on meaningless boards, etc.) has been outnumbered and outweighed by a dozen incursions on student rights.

Again, there are no assurances, and only a fool or coward would demand them, but it does not seem likely that the wellsprings of the new consciousness *in its combativeness* will easily be shut off. Quite the contrary: its class base can spread. The point is not that the ever-youthful make the revolution *by themselves*, but that successive generations of the young (with some carry-over, maybe a lot) can be for the foreseeable future, the fermenting and infectious buds of a revolutionary process.

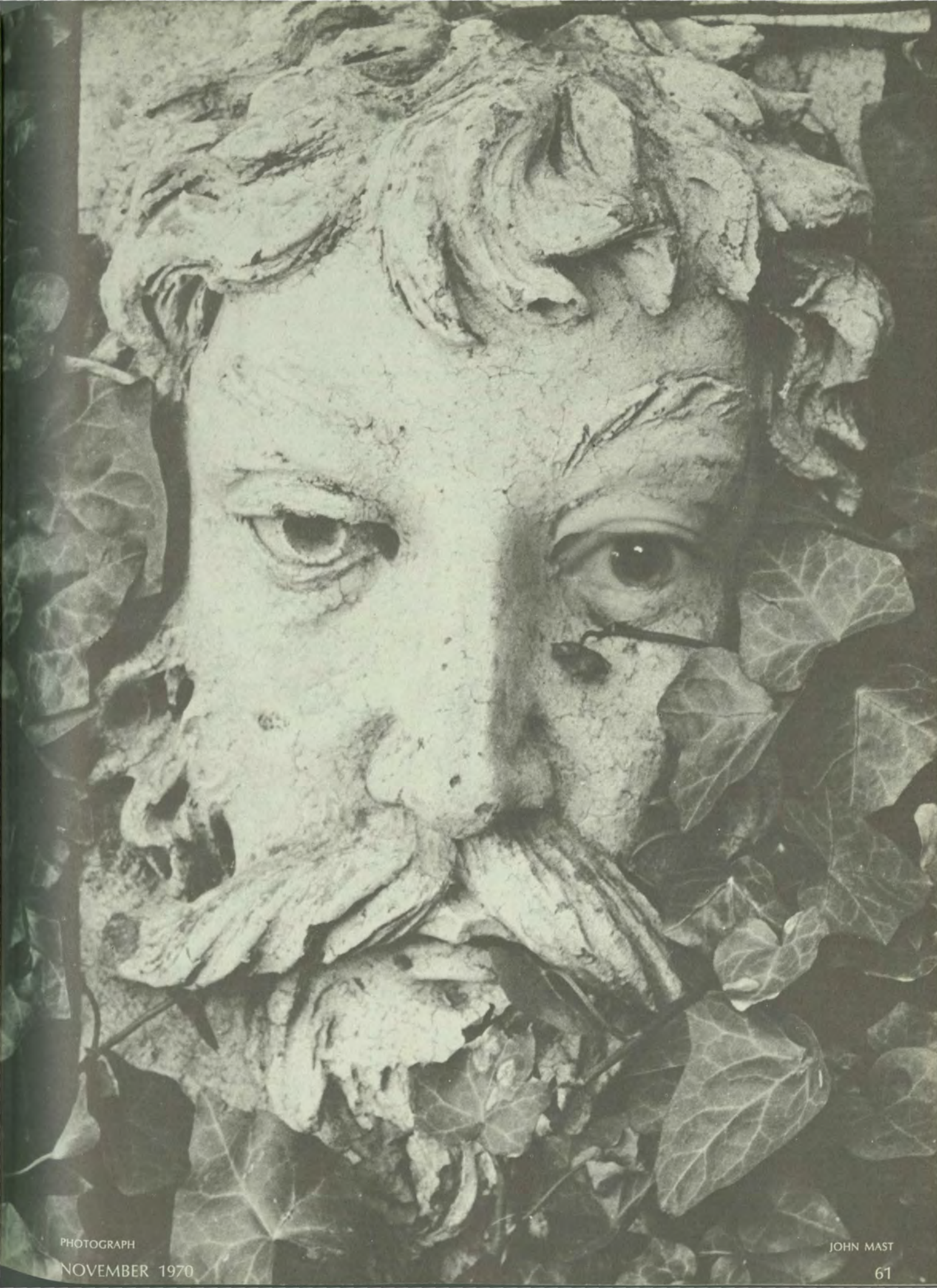
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Finally, post-scarcity consciousness will stand or fall according to whether socialist-minded mass movement springs up elsewhere in the society. Post-scarcity groupings may help catalyze that movement by example and by organizing in the school, the workplace, the neighborhood, but it cannot take entire responsibility for the quantity of insurgency. Rather, the specific responsibility of post-scarcity consciousness is to replenish and amplify its vision and make it practical—to embed it in organizing work.

Very briefly, there are for now six prime orientations, organizing themes, impossible to rank categorically in order, which require our best energies wherever we work.

Opposition to the Vietnam expedition and to imperialism. Initiative must be taken back from the liberals in two ways; the issue must be taken to all workers, showing them how the war bears on inflation, on layoffs, on the starvation of public services; and *explaining*, at every occasion, the origins of the war in capitalism, and the need for Third World revolutions, the cost of imperialism. Among some professionals and other workers, anti-war strikes are conceivable. Direct action should continue against the draft, the Pentagon, and imperialist corporations.

Workers control and self-management. The ideal of participatory democracy must be made practical, place by place, institution by institution. All struggles must be seen in this



context, and organizations in the movement itself must intimate the goal. A highly central structure is not appropriate to fighting institutions that should be dismantled, especially when the State has so many resources for penetration and assault. Appallingly, the French experience of self-management and action committees in factories, offices and neighborhoods, in May-June 1968, has barely begun to be discussed in this country. The entire anarchist literature is just beginning to be noticed.³⁸

What, then, of the privilege of some workers and students even when self-managed, over others? At this early stage there can be no lasting structural remedies; the society is precisely organized to prevent them. But the clue is in the *process* of solidarity. The self must encounter others: this is where the conscious-ness of the organized Left remains crucial. For example, student movements should continue to fight military and corporate connections in the university, and organize critical universities to contest bourgeois hegemony in the classroom; but at the same time there are several ways they can move toward transcending their relative privilege:

- Inspiration. Students can show that top-heavy structures can be dismantled, that decisions can flow from the bottom. The method and vision of student struggles must be brought to the working-class junior colleges, to break down class isolation and preciousness.
- Fighting for school demands which would plainly benefit the working classes: for open admissions, for community-controlled schools and curriculum, against university expansion. The message of “in your interest” of course has to be taken to the people in whose interest the fight is being waged. Workers and students from the working classes can be invited into these struggles.
- Organizing. Organizing is a process, not an episode, not a rally. Organizing is not simply haranguing, “Workingmen of all countries unite!” Organizing is not mechanically achieved by living in working-class districts or taking a factory job—reversible decisions, both of them, and everyone knows it. Organizing is a painfully slow process of *catalyzing* the energies of their people without dominating them; helping people distill their own experience for lessons in the workings of power; holding open for them new possibilities of action and life-choice, giving them confidence they



can discover their true needs and social strength over time.

- Education. It is not arrogant to say that students have learned something about imperialism, capitalism, racism, etc. That knowledge must be shared, through mass-circulation newspapers, pamphlets, comic books, films, theater, the forms ingenuity can devise, and yet without imposition, without over-intellectualization, without claiming the mantle of final Truth. The best times are when workers are already in motion.
- Self-education. The above methods, but in reverse. Workers should be invited to instruct students.
- Support. It should go without saying that students owe support to workers' strikes, unless their demands are overtly racist. Even when the demands are bread-and-butter, students can learn, can dispel their stereotypes (this goes both ways), and can teach a lesson about power and the way capitalism divides people.
- Skills. Students who can print, write, draw, raise money, etc., should offer their services to working class groups.

Community control. The theme of self-management must be extended beyond the workplace. Many obstacles to post-scarcity reality are also obstacles to the social health of most Americans—rents, taxes, preventable disease, impossible prices. . . . Students and other post-scarcity visionaries can approach ordinary people in pursuit of the common interest: joint rent strikes, joint campaigns against police, property taxes, hospital costs and misuse, for parks, free health, free food, free public transportation, free utilities. Such struggles could be linked to parallel black efforts.

Women's liberation. The need crosses many ethnic and occupational lines. Communal functions like day-care centers, demanded from institutions which profit from female enslavement, can be extended to other areas of community need. Capitalism's creation of commodity-persons must be exposed; likewise its male-serving female-crushing repressive desublimation of sex. Commodity strikes?

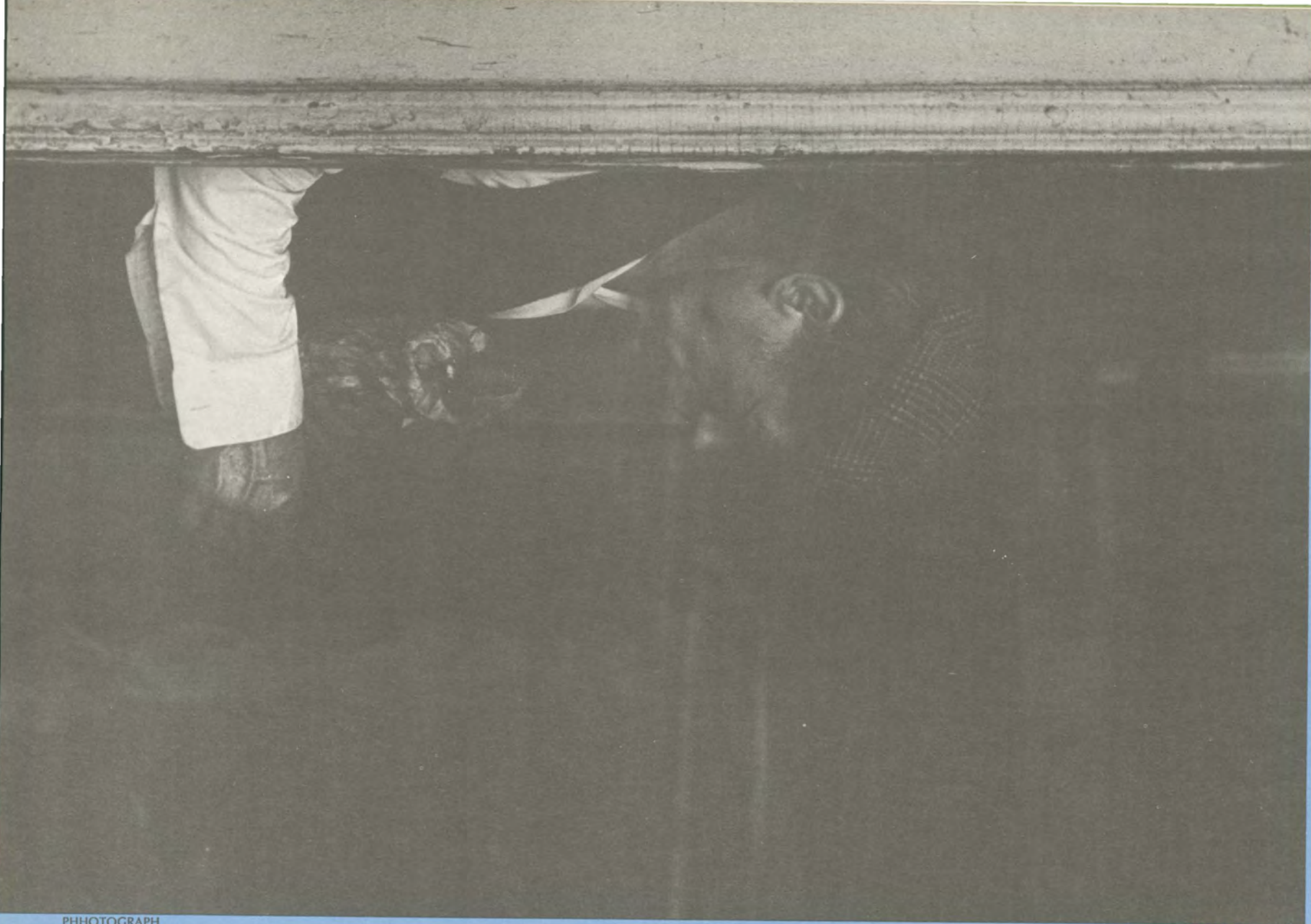
Ecology. The Left has barely addressed the fact that America is being destroyed—the real earthly land-mass America. Capitalism now reaches directly into the lungs of every city-dweller; into the fatty tissue of every person who eats vegetables sprayed with DDT and other pesticides; into every stream and lake and into the oceans; into every interdependent ecological sub-system. What is to be overcome, finally, is not only the profiteers but the very Western mentality of hostility to evolved Natural life-chain systems. The implications of ecology for radical thinking are staggering. Taking ecology seriously—the balance of life-support systems—begins to stretch the radical vision and to disrupt glib Historicism.

These “issues” are not experienced simply as “issues” or concepts—majorities experience them, inescapably and totally, as *conditions* of life (on especially smogged-in days in Los Angeles, parents and schools are told not to let children play out doors.) Therefore total solutions take on a certain plausibility. So do exemplary actions devised to show that the monster can be turned back.

The life-enlarging uses of technology. It is high time to raise the demand for equal access to means of mass communication, both among groups who already understand how they are bought and trapped and pounded into shape by capitalist mass media, and by professionals inside the media.³⁹ The point is not that mass media technology can be humanized under capitalism—it cannot—but to show the dimensions of the present catastrophe, and to argue it need not be traced to the existence of technology itself. (Not all of it, anyhow.) The possibilities for decentral control and access to information through computer hookups, xerography, and mass communication have scarcely been explored, let alone expounded. Liberals, bureaucrats, technocrats, and of course the corporate planners have usurped a monopoly over inquiry into the uses of technology in general. Therefore myths of Progress go uncontested. If those myths and the commodity-facts which ratify them each segmenting the human being into manageable pieces are ever to be broken, if people are ever to think about breaking them, the contestation must begin now.

Does it sound naive? Of course there are conflicts among these themes— conflicts we cannot even foresee from this primitive vantage. But better a conflict between movements than a conflict between theorists. And of course each of them if fought for with the passion deserved, will come crashing against the power of the State, the power of the corporate economy. But how will people come to appreciate that the State and the corporations are their enemies other than by seeing the State and the corporations block their dreams and their actual energies?

Does it sound “reformist”? The charge should always be scrutinized. A revolution always intends a new sensibility, a new civilization, by specifying objectives—“demands” at least for polemical purposes—any of which *by itself* might be cooptable but all of which *together* require a new system of power, or the abolition of all systems of power. The idea of the unity of the old system, and the need for a unity of change, emerges with experience, and can be distilled by sensitive organizers. Consider the Bolshevik “Peace, Bread, and Land.” Consider the program of Fidel Castro’s “History Will Absolve Me.” Consider the ten-point program of the Black Panther Party: The revolutionary process begins



PHOTOGRAPH

RICHARD BELLAK

with the elaboration of felt popular needs and goes as far as necessary to secure them. When the time is right, suddenly the people discover they already have achieved all but the pinnacles of power, and seize them; or discover that the State power is the obstacle to their most elementary needs, and obliterate it. To that sweet end there are no shortcuts, no universally valid tactics, no proprietorship over revolutionary truth. The movements must be prepared—for anything.

A revolution is not a tea party. Knowing that, one does not choose it lightly. The Americans will not choose it if it does not embody the best of human hope in its time.

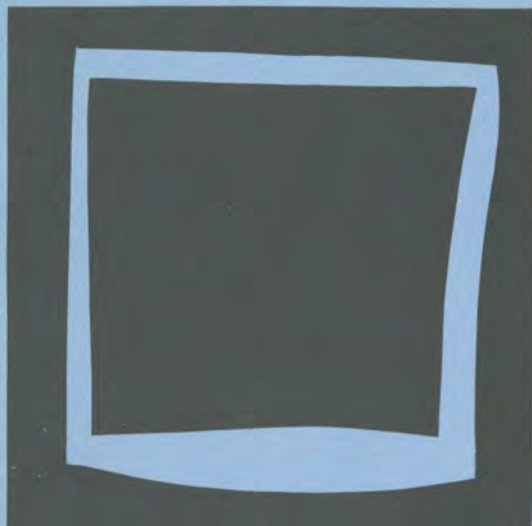
And yet, and yet—it will be a long time before the world can surpass scarcity. Even to speak of it—for Brazil, for India—seems a joke in poor taste. The clock of starvation ticks. America's grand larceny proceeds. Her legions are in the field. The stakes have never been so enormous.

The awesome responsibility of the American movement to the Third World revolutions is to bring down the centers of imperial power—by any means necessary. And if, by a bizarre twist, that requires a movement looking beyond scarcity, so be it—history has known ironies before. There is no blinking the fact that conscious opposition to America's role in the world is most concentrated in the post-scarcity generations—a contribution already, of neutral benefit. It may well be, finally, that a post-scarcity revolution in the United States must be indefinitely postponed. In that case, the fruits of an American movement that aimed for it, entangled in alliance with others, would still hold out the best chance to build in America a consciousness that would aid the anti-colonial revolution—that would fight to disband imperialism and to restore to revolutionary Third World the pirated resources of a decent life.

Is it possible not to speak of urgency when America is what it is? Is it possible not to speak of patience when we have so far to go? There is a world to lose, and no other way to live than to fight toward the farthest reach of what human history will allow.

POSTSCRIPT AUGUST 1970:

I wrote this essay between June and October 1969. A year later, I am struck by an astonishing lack. I do not mean simply flaws in this or that analysis, though I am sure there are some. Nor do I mean that the essay is merely dated; in fact it seems to me that the career of post-scarcity consciousness has continued, in all its aberrations, as I outlined. Rather, the essay is limited, like most movement analyses, by its point of view, its center of attention. I was trying something that seemed straightforward: to define the nature of post-scarcity consciousness, to trace its history through the Sixties, to indicate the likely sources of insurgency in the society, and finally, climactically (some might say anti-climactically), to say what the post-scarcity consciousness should *do* in the light of these possibilities. Now it seems to me of overriding importance that something be said—said more than in passing—about what the movement should *be*, for as it is we enter a new decade deeply flawed; we do not enter it freshly. It was a mistake to have posed only the question of why the movement *exists*, and not the question of why it is not far healthier than it is. The causes must be sought not simply in the isolation and consequent frustration of post-scarcity consciousness, but in the movement's internal deformations and diseases.



Their roots lie deep in the marrow: arrogance, elitism, competitiveness, machismo, ruthlessness, guilt—the replication of patterns of domination and mystification we have been taught since the cradle. Again, it was one of the great virtues of the women's liberation movement that it dredged to the surface the horrible male supremacy in the movement—women stuck in their shit-working places, fair prey for movement heavies, taught to stay in line, and so on. Part of the ugly truth lies deeper, however. *What movement men have done to movement women we have also done, perhaps more subtly, to movement men.* Women have been oppressed as a caste; we have all been oppressed, damaged, twisted, neglected by each other. And this is not to say, I hasten to add, that women should stop pointing out to men their singular responsibility; rather that men have the double burden of ending chauvinism *and* of ending their mistreatment and misconceptions of each other.

No fooling and no fun. We are creatures, like it or not, of bourgeois society, which has trained us well to devour each other. We have learned that social space is there for the taking, and if other people don't like it they can lump it—and we've carried our training into the movement. We have learned that we have to be better than everybody else—and, as David Wellman has pointed out, we've been carried away trying to be better revolutionaries than everybody else. We have learned to treat people as means not ends—and we've acted that way. We have

learned to grow our egos as big as the world—and we've wielded those egos like axes. We have been schooled to make decisions for the unwashed masses—and we've paraded slogans and proclamations as if they could substitute for a *feeling* of how people really live. We have been taught to use language to conceal ugly truths—now we do it to ourselves. We have treated the revolution like property, as if the idea of liberation could be possessed. And all the time we've wanted to believe that we were special beings who could declare ourselves revolutionaries and let the chips fall where they may. The chips fall, finally, on our own heads. And a lot of young people attracted by our ideas have been turned off, turned away, by our practice and our style; both parties lose.

Our commitment to revolution must contain a recognition that we ourselves are damaged; a revolution is not a gift bestowed on others, but a process beginning with our own selves and moving outward to a fuller and more human sense of self. Blacks and women should have taught us that revolutionary politics is the effort to overcome your own victimization—this is the only lasting source. Guilt over what has been done to the Others is simply not sustaining, whatever its other noble virtues. It is urgent that we confront first the facts, then the sources of our own poisoning; and it will be as risky and terrifying a confrontation as any on the streets. We all want to believe that we can remake ourselves simply by wishing, or by some mechanical act; but could it be that the society we know to be so pernicious toward blacks and Vietnamese lets us off with a wish or a single decision?

There are a lot of specific revolutions that the movement should make in itself. Everybody has stored up his own list, but if there is a name for the attitude I would like to see, it might be *revolutionary humility*, a way of living we will have to take and make the time to struggle for. And I do not pretend that, in some sweet bootstrap operation, we can liberate ourselves if we only dissect ourselves enough. The process of liberation must remake the society as *in the process* we remake ourselves. It is said that Moses' liberation army had to undertake its 40-year-long march through the wilderness because no ex-slave would be fit to live in a new society. Do we dare now to decide that the revolution is not simply for those who come after us but for ourselves? ■

¹⁹ This was something like Andre Gorz's concept of "nonreformist reforms." See Gorz, *Strategy for Labor* (Beacon, 1967).

²⁰ Sketches of that practice are in Todd Gitlin, "The Radical Potential of the Poor," *International Socialist Journal*, and in Todd Gitlin and Nanci Hollander, *Uptown: Poor Whites in Chicago* (Harper and Row, 1970) the chapter called "Peacemakers, Goodfellows and the Police" and elsewhere.

²¹ The internal development of the ERAP projects, including the poor-white, also expels the organizers, who are at once radical and declassé. Thus in Chicago, a kind of "hillbilly nationalism" springs up—wholly dialectical.

²² The clearest statement is a pamphlet by Carl Davidson, *The Multiversity: Crucible of the New Working Class* (SDS, 1967).

²³ Strictly speaking the Columbia insurrection stands outside this stream, since it takes place within an institution; but it should be seen as bringing the street into the institution, thereby prefiguring the campus struggles beginning at San Francisco State.

²⁴ The degree of American corporate dependence on the rest of the world is spelled out in Harry Magdoff's excellent *The Age of Imperialism* (Monthly Review, 1969), Chapter 5. Unfortunately there is no step-by-step analysis on consumer benefits and costs.

²⁵ According to Baran and Sweezy, the surplus (the difference between national product and the socially necessary costs of production) has exceeded 50% since 1948, and has generally been increasing. (*Monopoly Capital* (Monthly Review, 1966), p. 11 and Appendix.) Now finally the estimation of "socially necessary costs of production" is a political judgment: should the auto manufacturers spend \$1 billion a year to restyle their models? The job of the internationalist revolutionary is to change the political priorities which popular control would bring to bear on the trillion dollar gross national product.

²⁶ According to Max Palevsky, President of Scientific Data Systems, the student insurgency "certainly bodes ill for industrial discipline. If this kind of irrationality spreads to industry, the results could be disastrous." (*Business Week*, May 3, 1969). This is no petit-bourgeois pipsqueak talking; this is a representative of the leading sector, whose business is reading the handwriting on the wall. He knows what to fear, and it is not mere "proletarian internationalist consciousness."

²⁷ On San Francisco State, see Martin Nicolaus, "History Takes a Leap," *The Movement* (February 1969) and *New Left Review* #54 (March-April 1969).

²⁸ On the battle for People's Park, see Todd Gitlin, "White Watts," *Hard Times* #33 (May 26-June 2, 1969); articles by John O. Simon and Todd Gitlin ("The Meaning of People's Park"), *Liberation*, July 1969; and Mario Savio's speech on the eve of People's Pad in S.F. *Good Times*, July 1969.

²⁹ Not surprisingly, "Berkeley's fight for People's Park was taken up in Madison and Ann Arbor.

³⁰ Another paradigm of the still less conscious post-scarcity consciousness is the hippies' occupation of Northern New Mexico land—land which *chicanos* are claiming against the violence of the Federal Government and Anglo ranchers. See Paul Presnky and Joyce Gardner, "Heck of a Mecca," *S.F. Good Times*, June 26, 1969.

³¹ "Between 1961 and 1968, the number of wives in the labor force increased by more than one-fourth, three times their population increase, to almost 17 million. . . ." *Manpower Report of the President*, January 1969, p. 54.

³² *Statistical Abstract*, Series 663 and 566.

³³ In a paper presented to the Cultural Congress of Havana, January, 1968.

³⁴ An excellent summary of the situation of the women's movement is Kathy McAfee and Myrna Wood, "Bread and Roses" *Leviathan*, Vol. 1 No. 3 (June, 1969).

³⁵ The Editors of *Fortune*, *Markets of the Seventies* (New York: Viking, 1967).

³⁶ See Paul Baran and Paul Sweezy, *Monopoly Capital* (New York: Monthly Review, 1966).

³⁷ Ernest Mandel, "Where Is American Going?" *New Left Review* #54 (March-April, 1969).

³⁸ On self-management as a central theme, see Henri Lefebvre, *The Explosion: Marxism and the French Revolution* (NY: Monthly Review, 1969), pp. 84-90.

³⁹ On domestic consequences of mass media, see Todd Gitlin, "14 Notes on Television and the Movement," *Leviathan*, Vol. 1, No. 4 (Summer, 1969). On mass media as implements for imperialism, see Herbert Schiller, *Mass Communications and American Empire* (New York: Augustus Kelley, 1969).

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CONTRIBUTORS . . .

BOB FITCH is an itinerant photographer who always seems to be in the right place at the right time. You can catch him sometimes at Eskaton in Oakland. **DAN BERRIGAN**, along with brother Phil, is now in the Federal medium-security prison in Danbury, Conn., working as a dental technician. Brother Phil is a clerical worker. **SPACE CITY!** will take your \$5 for a year's subscription (1217 Wichita St., Houston). They're a great group to rap with. **THE NEW YORK TIMES** spent two weeks in deciding to remove the "period" in its banner. **ALMA NEWSOME** works on the *Voice of Hope*, a community newspaper (P.O. Box 21024, Houston), and also does "Black Perspectives" for Pacifica radio. **STAN STEINER**, contributor of several articles and poems to *motive*, recently moved from Santa Fe to Brooklyn because the medicine men and the mountains told him to rest by the road awhile, to think, to be. His newest book is *La Raza: The Mexican Americans*, published by Harper and Row. **TODD GITLIN**, with Nanci Hollander, has a book out, *Uptown: Poor Whites in Chicago* by Harper and Row, with another book, *Campfires of the Resistance* (a collection of movement poetry which he edited), soon to be published by Bobbs-Merrill. **JIM STENZEL**, *motive's* editor in Tokyo, writes of the great volume and quality of women's liberation material circulating in Japan.

CARTOONIST: **DAN O'NEILL** has moved from the beach to mountains north of San Francisco where he is trying to organize a cartoonists' union. We expect him through Nashville any moment now.

POETS: **ETHERIDGE KNIGHT**, *motive's* poetry editor, recently played an old man in Wole Soyinka's "Madmen and Specialists." **ANGELO LEWIS** is a 20-year-old student at the University of

Hartford where he edits the black student newspaper. **TONY VAUGHAN** is working on a novel in British Columbia somewhere.

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2 cloves garlic (opt.)
½ cup salt
4 cups brown sugar

1 tbsp. celery seed
1 tbsp. mustard seed
1 tsp. ground ginger
1 tbsp. ground cinnamon
½ tsp. ground cloves
2 qts. vinegar

Chop vegetables before measuring. Mix with salt. Let stand overnight. Drain. Simmer with other ingredients until there is no excess liquid. Pack into hot jars and seal at once.

