

motive



december 1970
seventy five cents

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LETTERS		2
VIEWPOINT	<i>Jim Stentzel</i>	4
THE URBAN CRISIS: A MILITARY PLOT	<i>Michael Hudson</i>	6
interview with an economist		
POETRY	<i>William E. Rutledge Jr.</i>	12
'brother preacher's thoughts'		
CARTOON	<i>Dan O'Neill</i>	13
'the ogre in the basement'		
NOTES TOWARD A CIVIL FUTURE	<i>Marie Moorefield</i>	16
KINGSLEY HALL	<i>Joseph Berke</i>	18
an alternative to bedlam		
PAINTING	<i>Mary Barnes</i>	23
the walls of kingsley hall		
KNOTS	<i>R. D. Laing</i>	36
POETRY	<i>William Joyner</i>	38
'invasion of suburbia' 'rendezvous with darkness'		
POETRY	<i>C. Eddie Edmonson</i>	41
'birth of black poetry'		
BOOK REVIEW	<i>Sue Thrasher</i>	42
'a mind to stay here'		
BACK TO THE 50's	<i>Mike Honey</i>	48
the latest in repressive legislation		

motive

DECEMBER 1970
Volume XXXI, Number 3

STEVE NICKESON
content and production

GINGER LEGATO
the visual appearance

ETHERIDGE KNIGHT
poetry

BRENDA BELL

ROY EDDEY
spherical tabulation

JOANNE COOKE
culture and community

JAMES STENTZEL
internationalization
tokyo, japan

ROBERT MAURER
strategy and planning

coming next month: We are trying something new. We'll be sending you an experience, a surprise—we're cooking it up now. We want to do a different thing, at times, to get some messages across in a different medium. Our editorial board approved the idea a while back, and we think January, 1971, is as good a time as any to try it out. After you receive our offering, please don't just mutter under your breath to yourself—let us know what you think of it.—Eds.

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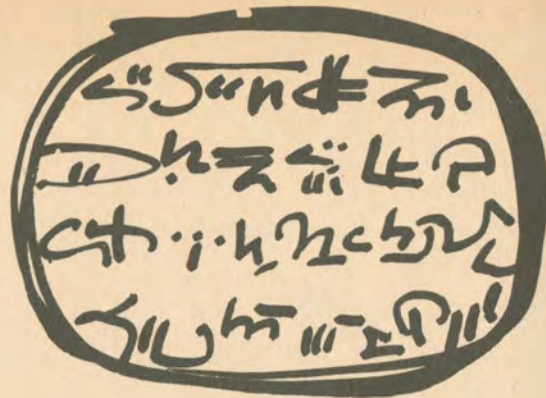
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write on!!



CAN ANYTHING GOOD COME OUT OF NASHVILLE?

Indeed it can. I was given a copy of your March-April issue of *motive*, the only copy I have seen.

Incredible. Just incredible. Where have you been, or where have I?

"The Demise of the Dancing Dog" was an extremely well done job, and the poetry choices were exceptional.

If my life ever changes to bring me back to Nashville (Ward-Belmont class of 1948) save a place for an exceptionally well informed, enthusiastic editor, copy reader, caption writer, pica counter! YOUR copy would be, indeed, a labor of love.

CARA WATSON
model airplane news
white plains, new york



This letter concerns Toshikazu Takao's article in the February issue. He says, "The whole concept of a Christian university, when it tries to be a true university, proves to be theoretically and actually impossible to realize." But dedication to Christ is dedication to truth. Truth makes one free. How is this impossible? He says, "Christian colleges cannot really do much more than function as auxiliaries to the imperialist university." With this I vigorously disagree. Is the "people's university" he advocates free and dedicated to truth?

James Takashi Yashiro in "The Troubles of Momoyama," *Japan Christian Quarterly*, Spring, 1970, courteously disagrees with Takao's point of view. He says, "The Christian Gospel is a double-edged sword; it cuts through every human *Weltanschauung*, but heals the wound by giving a real basis for integrating knowledge and ethics. What Christian teachers and students are expected to do in Japanese universities today is to bear witness to this Gospel, not by enforcing any Christian system on non-Christian teachers and students, but by silently living the life of a Christian in whom the integration of knowledge and ethics is a reality. For this alone, if for no other reason, Christian universities have a place in today's educational world."

ELAINE RICH
north newton, kansas

In response to a concern of one of our members regarding certain issues of *motive* magazine, I arranged a meeting of some of our members to discuss the matter. All present were aware of some of the recent history regarding changes in the *motive* staff and the causes behind the changes. Our discussion did not revolve around these particular issues. We did concentrate on the April-May 1970 issue of *motive*. This was a special issue entitled "Crisis of the Environment."

The members of this group showed a fine spirit during our two-hour session. Enclosed you will find expressions of our group regarding the April-May 1970 issue of *motive*. We would greatly appreciate your giving these considerable attention as you consider the future publication of *motive*. We were all in complete agreement about the need to put a disclaimer in the front of *motive* magazine. We learned that this is done in the *Together* magazine. Surely *motive* is much more controversial a magazine and therefore it would be wise for the church to insist on a disclaimer.

Negative Statements regarding motive:

1. Statements in reasoning bother me.
2. Statements about the military (as though we need none).
The Military is "run down."
3. Run down the government.
4. What the editor said about "unbridled capitalism."
5. Uses undefined terms.
6. Extremely critical on everything they write—no answers.
7. The approach to the whole magazine is negative with respect to American-Capitalist Society.
8. It espouses the socialistic approach (the editorial—Maurer).
9. Lack of any tie-in with the church and religion—not one Bible quote in it.
10. Comic strip ridicules the Bible.
11. Too critical—lack of implementation of the basic mission of this magazine.

Positive Statements regarding motive:

1. Of interest to the young.
2. Makes the problem of ecology seem very pressing—they achieved their purpose—alerting to the problem.
3. "Ecology and Revolutionary Thought"—article well done.
4. Generally the articles are written by intellectuals.
5. Lot of truth in what they say—(See article on advertising pp. 44-47).
6. Article on p. 48—"Environmental Effects of Weapons Technology."
7. Many facts that can stand up.
8. In some ways "refreshingly idealistic."
9. Some good exploration of more or less idealistic possibilities.
10. The photography of opposites is excellent.
11. The church out "in the street"—"in the middle of sticky issues."

Suggestions for Positive Improvements of motive Magazine

1. Put a disclaimer in the front.
2. The magazine should be more human and warmer—less slick and brittle (less sophisticated).
3. The Charter of the Publication should be paraphrased in the front.
4. Articles should cultivate an appreciation for the positive aspects of our heritage.
5. Change the aura of fatalistic pessimism—balance it with hope and faith.

J. R. CROOK
first united methodist church
cocoa beach, florida

Thanks for injecting HUMOR into *motive* every now and then. That 'letter to the editor' from the coke man, excuse me Coke Man, was hilarious. Is it God or god?

H. T. WHITE
osceola, wisconsin

It is heartening to see a publication like yours on the newsstand especially in the heart of the Bible Belt. If the religious fervor of the people in this area and all of America was oriented toward your ethics and ideas, this country and the world would be a better place to live. Someday people will have to realize that Christian is synonymous with radical and that this label designates a new way of life, i.e. a search for human dignity. Keep the faith.

KENT WILLIAMS
oak ridge, tenn.

I received my first issue of my subscription to *motive* this week and would like to congratulate everyone there on what I consider one of the, if not the, best issues of a mag that I have ever seen. This may be due to a number of things, including the mag itself and also the fact that Northwest Georgia is not the most together place to be stationed for two years. If the latter has significantly influenced my judgment, I am in hopes that future issues will help re-establish a reasonable standard for judgment.

Like, Right On and Keep up the good work and all those other cliches. Count me in if you ever need any support.

BERNARD H. WRIGHT, JR.
cedartown, ga.

The Ecology Church Action Project—a coalition of our major religious denominations with the National Council of Churches—was formed to coordinate church activities in the ecology movement and to bring ecological skills and information to the many local people through pilot projects in several ecology regions across the country. These projects will serve local communities in analyzing their ecological situation and finding action options for community involvement. We also plan to act as a clearing house of existing materials on the nature and thrust of the ecology movement.

We know that "people" resources are desperately needed if we are to begin to meet our goals. Specifically, we need the willing help of people who can supply us with information on the ecological scene in their own community and inform us as to the activities of existing groups in their area. We hope to offer educational resources to community leaders to help them develop their ecological leadership skills so that their communities might learn and benefit in this time of crisis. Finally, we hope that you will join with us in disseminating ECAP information to share with concerned citizens in your community and across the nation.

We are hopeful that you will be able to aid us in this vast project of research and information dissemination. We'd appreciate your bringing to our attention any materials, especially theological, pertaining to ecology. Please call or write us for further information about ECAP.

KAY VICKERS SHANNON
ECOLOGY CHURCH ACTION PROJECT
475 riverside drive, new york, 10027

Each Monday night about 8:30, a dozen or more American faces emerge from the Kogurazaka subway station in west-central Tokyo. The individuals check out the street scene for suspicious-looking people—especially plainclothes police toting cameras—before crossing the street and entering an alley beside a restaurant. Going up a stairway to the second floor, they pass through the small, cluttered offices of *Beheiren* (Citizens' Alliance for Peace in Vietnam) into a smaller office that suddenly makes them feel at home.

The walls are covered with anti-war posters and G.I. underground papers. A map of Japan has peace buttons marking the major bases among the 124 U.S. military installations in Japan. The window is covered with an American peace flag. The mimeograph machine is churning out leaflets documenting repressive practices of Japanese immigration officials. The phone has a sign in large red letters, "TAPPED"; the doubtful pick up the receiver and soon hear not just one but five or six bugs chirping in. Japanese government agencies, and the U.S. Military Police, apparently don't trust each other's information.

The office houses the Pacific Counseling Service (PCS—headquarters in Monterey, Calif.) which since March has been effectively mobilizing the anti-war G.I. movement here and developing closer contact between Japanese and U.S. student movements. The Monday night meeting at PCS is *Gaijin Beheiren* (Foreigners' Peace-in-Vietnam Committee).

The most recent meetings have been attended by diverse persons ranging from the PCS "minister to military refugees" and a Buddhist monk to English teachers and Earlham College students. The group began to get together in large numbers in September following the defeat last spring of their struggle to kill the Japan-U.S. Security Treaty (AMPO), otherwise known as the highly successful marriage of U.S. militarism and Japanese imperialism.

For recent arrivals in Japan like myself, the meetings have helped to clarify two opposite reactions of the Japanese to my WASPness. Though most Japanese are neutral toward Americans, one fairly common reaction is the stare of respect—the look that says, "He's from the greatest country in the world" perhaps along with, "But we're Number

Three and catching up." Another reaction, not discouraged by long hair and sloppy clothes, is that of suspicion: that maybe I'm a dropout from the great American success story and am here to raise Trouble.

The combination of fascination and suspicion makes for good coverage of *Gaijin Beheiren* in the Japanese media. In war protests, 25 *Gaijin* will get more coverage than 25,000 Japanese students. This may not be fair, but then neither is the higher police "coverage" of foreigners who protest government policy.

The GB respects Japanese police intelligence. It knows that all its leaflets and public statements somehow reach police files and then courtrooms, and that members' names are on the Immigration Bureau's blacklist which now runs to at least 19 pages single-spaced.

The feeling at GB would be simple paranoia if it weren't for actions by immigration officials to remove GB from sovereign Japanese soil. Most of this week's meeting was devoted to an update on the immigration status of some 25 GB members. The final tally: four have ongoing court cases to halt deportation, two have been deported in the last year, two have been detained or imprisoned from four days to two months, two have won short-term visa extensions in court struggles but must leave Japan within the year, and three were to be deported in Oct.

The last three—Phyllis Ogata, Sandy Sher



and Kathy Horikoshi—are students from various campuses of the University of California. Since August, 1969, they have resided at Tokyo's International Christian University. For joining with Japanese students in a strike against ICU last fall, according to both UCal and ICU, they were not acting properly as "guests" of ICU. Even though they had been admitted to ICU and had students IDs, ICU reported to immigration that they were not students as listed on their visas; they were "agitators."*

The women went to court to oppose the immigration laws as well as the ICU administration. In court the ICU lawyers added that the three also were not proper "guests" of Japan because they actively opposed the War and the U.S. military presence in Japan all year. That was all the court needed to hear, and deportation proceedings began.

The story of the three illustrates a typical maneuver by Japanese university administrations: to avoid issues of high political importance by passing decision-making on to the various ministries of the government. In this case, ICU can deny that they ran these women off the campus and out of the country; the Ministry of Justice did. Likewise, university teachers in Japan pass on their professional obligation for free speech to the Ministry of Education—where free speech, in textbooks and classrooms, is illegal if "not in the interest of Japan."

Furthermore, even politically conscious Japanese tend to join the mass population in

* Because of the red-tape involved in deportation, the three were still in Japan at the end of November.

bowing down to or hiding behind ministerial rulings. In one of the rare cases of protest in October, an 18-year-old high school student in Kobe immolated himself after struggling for a year against government authorized textbooks and constantly being told that the demand "could not be recognized under the current laws." But perhaps even his death showed how lawncorder has the last word here.

The reasons for this probably center around the fact that increasing prosperity creates increasing blindness to things not directly related to GNP. But I also suspect that Sato and the Liberal Democratic Party (LDP) are, to some degree, living off the residue of Emperor worship and the reverence for Old Age that the Japanese feel. As a result, most any government decision or pronouncement will be honored if not cherished.

In any case, the immigration issue is likely to predominate among the concerns not only of *Gaijin Beheiren* but of most of the New Left factions in the months ahead. The focal point will be the struggle against an immigration bill scheduled to reach the Diet floor this winter. The bill gives much more discretionary power to the Minister of Justice in finally deciding immigration cases. Thus individual immigration appeals now being heard in court will be reduced to cases against the constitutionality of the bill itself; this is seen as a much harder and probably useless fight.

The bill specifies deportation of any foreigner for any kind of political activity not in the interest of Japan. With the LDP controlling the Diet as well as sponsoring the bill, little trouble is seen for its passage.

The Japanese New Left brings a larger—and ultimately more crucial—interest to the immigration struggle: the denial of full rights to many of the 600,000 Koreans and 50,000 Chinese in Japan. Koreans and Chinese are commonly detained as criminals if they deny the governments of the homeland Japan assigns to them—namely South Korea or Taiwan. Some have been deported to those "recognized" countries where they are tried for treason. The Japanese student movement, perhaps spurred on by guilt over Japan's wartime atrocities in Korea and China, is viewing this issue as the most important one of the year. The issue, of course, goes beyond immigration into struggles against racism and U.S.-defined foreign policy.

—Jim Stentzel

TOKYO



PHOTOGRAPH: BRUCE MISFELDT

Let's begin by asking how you would describe the present administration's economic policy?

It's a policy without any theory behind it. They are reacting on an ad hoc basis to unforeseen developments as they occur. They think that if inflation is rapid that they will somehow slow down the economy, or if unemployment is heated up that there is some kind of golden mean and that all distortions will be minimized. There's no structural analysis of the economy. At best it's a very crude theory and they seem to be floundering.

And what are the short term effects of this policy?

Continued inflation, very little reduction of the interest rate and not much growth in the economy. Also a continued balance of pay-

ment difficulty.

And what about the long term consequences of this policy?

It's just extending the inflationary base of the economy away from the productive sector towards the unproductive or parasitic, such as government, services—the shoeshine sector.

Now what does this mean in social consequences—particularly for the poor?

I think that our cities are becoming "welfare reservations" and that the Nixon plan over the next few decades is to move the production away from the cities so that the only people left will be those without work or who are on welfare. The result is an increasing per capita tax burden which must be borne by a diminishing number of employed persons. In addition to providing direct and indirect

In this interview with economist Michael Hudson, *motive* sets out to explore a small part of that vast world of Capitalism. While *motive* does not agree 100% with Hudson, we found many of his insights and conclusions to be of high value. The interview was conducted by Bob Lecky, editor of *American Report*, a new publication concerned with religion and American power.—Eds.

A MILITARY PLOT

an interview with michael hudson

welfare support payments in the form of local income and excise taxes to support the mushrooming city budgets, the declining "employed majority" must help finance urban bankruptcy through the portion of its federal taxes which are recirculated to the cities in the form of grants-in-aid.

If the current trend persists, then by Jan. 1, 1984 all but one single employed person will be priced and taxed out of New York City. Presumably this will be one of the Rockefellers supporting the entire city budget on his own shoulders. On Jan. 2, 1984, however, he too will probably join the urban exodus. The city welfare-reservations will then become public wards of the nation as a whole.

Why is nothing being done about this?

The immediate cause of the welfare influx is clear; rural southern blacks and unskilled Puerto Rican labor can substantially increase their economic and social welfare by migrating to northern cities. This is only the immediate cause, however. The question of how the urban crisis is perpetuated, and why, can be answered by asking who, if anyone, is benefiting from existing urban trends. The only justification for urban decay that I can imagine is a military one.

Then you think this is a policy?

Obviously it is a policy and it's one that has been followed for the last eleven years. This motive dates back to the 1960 presidential elections, in which the major issue was the adverse "overkill" ratios between the United

States and Russia. The latter, it was held, needed a lower "overkill capacity" to destroy a given proportion of America's productive plant than did the United States to knock out a similar portion of Russian capacity. This was because Russia's industry was much more decentralized than that of the United States, scattered as it was over the Asian continent. Given this adverse overkill ratio, America's alternatives were threefold: (1) to increase its overkill capacity to offset Russia's defensive decentralization; (2) to decentralize American industry so as to achieve a dispersion-quotient equal to that of Russia; and (3) the "combination alternative" of adopting both these policies in a posture of defensive belligerency.

The first plan of action clearly offered the most immediate payoffs, and soon expressed itself in the substantial increase in aerospace and related military expenditures in California, Texas and the South—especially following Lyndon Johnson's ascent to power. Mass relocation of American industry, however, could take place only over a longer time span, requiring not only the reconstruction of American plants in the less urban areas of the nation, but a relocation of skilled labor in the idyllic surroundings of industrial parks and other quiet hamlets of lethal weaponry. Given the fact that the whole purpose of defending America from Russia was to preserve its system of free enterprise and choice, however, it was clear that the government could not simply *order* the country's industry

BROTHER PREACHER'S THOUGHTS

GO ON DOWN ON YOUR KNEES AGAIN
AND PRAY YOUR FOOLISH LIFE AWAY
RAISE YOUR EYES TO HIM THAT MADE YOU BLACK
AND ASK WHY YOU CAN'T GET WHITEY OFF YOUR POOR BENT BACK

GO ON DOWN ON YOUR KNEES AGAIN
WITH YOUR HANDS FOLDED IN THE AIR
TREMBLIN' AND MUMBLIN' AND FUMBLIN'
WITH YOUR BULLSHIT HALF HEARTED HOLY GHOST PRAYER

GO ON AND SHOUT YOU SILLY BASTARD
AND TALK IN TONGUES AND SWEAT AND CRY
WHILE I PASS THIS PLATE AROUND TO MILK YOUR POCKETS DRY

SEE THEM YOUNG NIGGAS OUT THERE IN THE STREET
JUST DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO
FIGHTIN' COPS, DENYIN' PORK CHOPS, AND MAKIN' IT HARD AS HELL FOR GOOD NIGGAS
LIKE ME AND YOU

SO, DOWN ON YOUR KNEES AGAIN AND LET US PRAY THESE BAD DAYS PAST
OH, AND BEND OVER A LITTLE FARTHER BROTHER
SO I CAN KICK YOU IN YOUR A S S

—WILBERT E. RUTLEDGE, JR.

IT SEEMS THAT YOUR GARBAGE IS SNUFFING OUT YOUR ENVIRONMENT!! THIS UPSETS US!!



YEAH-?

"YES," SAID THE OGRE.. CONDITIONS ARE OUT OF HAND UP THERE! WE'RE THINKING OF SUSPENDING THE WAR!!"

"WHY" SAYS BUG.. "YOU CAN'T DO THAT! THAT'S AN AMERICAN WAR!! HANDS OFF!!"

WE LOVE THE WAR! BUT IF YOU HAVE POLLUTION AND WAR UPSTAIRS.. EVERYBODY DIES! AND THEN WE ARE OUT OF BUSINESS!!



HOW COME?

..CUZ YOU CAN'T RUN A HELL WITHOUT SOULS! NO MORE PEOPLE..NO MORE SOULS!



- OH, I GUESS - WE COULD STAY OPEN FORA WHILE.. THOSE BUNNIES ON JUPITER AREN'T BAD AT SIN.. BUT, IT AIN'T THE SAME..

GEE.. THIS IS SERIOUS!

..THE POLLUTION IS SO BAD.. WE'RE GONNA HAVE TO GIVE UP OUR LOVELY WAR..



ALL RIGHT OGRE.. LET ME MAKE ONE THING PERFECTLY CLEAR!!

THIS IS OUR WAR!!

WE MUST FIND A COMPROMISE!

BUCKY THINKS HARD! SUDDENLY!!

SAVED!

SUPPOSE WE MAKE BULLETS OUT OF GARBAGE!!?

AND SO, FOLKS.. ONCE AGAIN AMERICAN INJUNIVITY WRITES A CHAPTER IN THE HISTORY OF HELL..



This issue of motive was the last one that Marie Moorefield helped to plan before she left the staff to pursue other goals. December motive probably shows Marie's influence more than any other issue put out in her stay in Nashville with its paintings by Mary Barnes, and articles by Miss Barnes, Joseph Burke and poetry by R. D. Laing. For that reason Marie wrote this month's editorial in which she describes an experience she had just after leaving the motive staff and goes from there toward a civil future.—Eds.

Recently I resigned as an intern in a hospital chaplaincy training program in an internationally known hospital. When asked about the resignation I explained it was a protest against the following policies of the program:

1. Creativity among participants in the program was smothered in rigid educational molds. We were told that we must become students again. And being students meant that we were to accept the judgment of our supervisors and participate without question in the structures which they had developed for us. This blind obedience to the bureaucratic authority had been planned as insurance against any challenge from within to the hospital and training program structures. Requests for experimentation in hospital ministry were written off as being "grandiose expectations."
2. There was discrimination against women in working conditions. Attempts to challenge such discrimination were countered with tactics of "bureaucratic ring-around-the-rosey." Women were treated as second-rate professionals whose real desire *must* be to become first-rate wives and mothers.
3. A commitment to Freudian and neo-Freudian psychological theories as the TRUE explanations of reality were protected against all challenges from social psychologists, community psychologists and social ethicists. Any relationship between a person's

notes

physical and mental health and the everyday psychological and social factors of human existence were secondary. When we challenged these accepted theories and practices we were told that we had "problems with authority" and that we had to adapt psychologically to the institution and its authority. A challenge to authority from political or social grounds was rarely understood and the idea of adapting institutions instead of people was never even considered as a serious possibility.

This experience makes one ask, just how far has the quest for mental health come in the last century? One hundred years ago the treatment for insanity was locks and bars and cells. The alien force of insanity had to be contained in order that the society which adhered to the rules of God and the laws of man might be maintained. Fifty years ago the enlightenment of science began to assure more humane treatment for insane people, but insanity was still seen as an evil sinkhole of incomprehensible thought and behavior from which a person must be rescued and restored to the ways of a sane society. But social upheaval and strengthened subcultural values make the old definitions of insanity (i.e. "deviation from accepted norms of thoughts and behavior") inaccurate. Social diversity is eroding the "absoluteness" of patterns and values which was assumed by the classical theories. A serious battle is afoot

between the advocates of such status-quo patterns and values and a radical minority who refuse to be dismissed quietly as irresponsible, irrational or insane malcontents.

This minority has set about exploring alternatives to the socially accepted "normalcy" which they have experienced as markedly abnormal. The increasing ventures into meditation and drug usage are not simply the cop-out, escape reality tactics that their opponents wish to imply. These ventures are a part of the struggle to see oneself and the rest of the world from a perspective which transcends the rational straitjacket of tradition, time and space which securely enfold our normal perception.

New ways of thinking, feeling and acting are being sought out with a passionate commitment which overrides even those fears instilled by a heritage of rationality. For such searchers, to risk one's sanity is preferred when the only other alternative is to continue living as half a human being. The search for wholeness is broadening the understanding of human experience to include both "sane" and "insane" experiences. Insanity is no longer an alien urge; it is an integral part of our humanity. Such an understanding of insanity pushes us far beyond benevolent toleration for it as an unfortunate experience. But we are coming to know that insanity, which we once saw as a degrading sinkhole, is actually a wellspring of our humanity. Perhaps one day we shall understand that the stone which we once rejected as unfit for our humanity has become the cornerstone for a new humanity.

—Marie Moorefield
new york, n.y.

toward a civil future

Kingsley Hall

Kingsley Hall is a three story brown brick settlement house located in the heart of London's East End. Many of England's social services were pioneered at Kingsley Hall by Doris and Muriel Lester, the two spinster sisters who provided for the construction of the Hall and devoted their lives to caring for the East End's poor there.

Between the two World Wars Kingsley Hall was also a center for radical politics. During the general strikes of 1926 workers and their families kipped out on its roof and its soup kitchen fed thousands of famished East Enders. In 1931 Mohandas Gandhi chose Kingsley Hall as his official residence during a six month visit to London for the purpose of negotiating the independence of India with the British Government. He lived in a tiny cell on the roof accompanied by a goat, which furnished Gandhi with milk.

After World War Two Kingsley Hall limped on as a youth hostel and community activities centre. The Lesters had gotten old and no longer took an active hand in running the place. More importantly, the government had begun to implement most of the welfare services which the Lesters had advocated and inaugurated.

In 1964 Dr. Ronald Laing and his colleagues asked the Lesters for the use of the hall as a community for themselves and a few people in a state of psychosis. The sisters, who were looking for such a group to put the hall to some socially redeeming purpose, allowed Laing, his co-workers and friends to live in the hall for five years, rent-free. By 1965 the first members—including Mary Barnes—of the new Kingsley Hall community had begun to move in.

What is 'psychosis'? Why start a community in which psychotic people may live?

Psychosis is a state of reality akin to a waking dream. In many cultures people in this state are treated with a great deal of respect and may occupy the position of priest or shaman. In Western society psychosis is sometimes considered a form of social deviancy, but usually is looked upon as an 'illness,' a mental illness. Once psychosis was considered an illness, anyone who manifested it had to be isolated from 'normal' people who might otherwise 'catch' it. The medical profession took upon itself the task of getting people out of this state.

In the late 1800's doctors recognized several kinds of psychotic states and lumped them under the general label of 'schizophrenia,' which eventually led to the confusing practice of using the terms 'schizophrenia' and 'psychosis' interchangeably. In present usage 'schizophrenia' is only a label applied by one person—usually the doctor—against another person who is usually forced into the role of a patient, but who may have chosen it. In this way the label is used to invalidate the psychotic behavior or experience by calling it 'sick.' In other words, 'schizophrenia' is a product of a social doctor-patient situation. When this fact is forgotten, the sickening label 'schizophrenia' is mistaken for the experiential state 'psychosis.'

Although medical fashions change, the essential element in the 'treatment' that has been offered to mental patients over the past couple of hundred years is arm twisting. The doctor twists the arm of his patient in order to force him to wake up.

BY JOSEPH BERKE

This article about the development of R. D. Laing's community at Kingsley Hall is the second in motive's series on liberating life styles. Although Dr. Berke did not write it specifically for the series, motive felt that it is a prime example of how concerned people can bring about the birth of an alternative—and humanitarian—institution.—Eds.

In the 1800's starvation and dunking were two of the treatments employed against psychotic individuals. Dunking was a holdover from the inquisition. The patient was strapped into a chair which was lowered into a lake or large tub of water. The patient was kept under the water until he nearly drowned, then allowed to come up for air, then dunked again. After two or three go 'rounds the poor soul was asked if he still heard voices (for example). If he was smart, he said, "No!" even if he still heard them. Then he would be proclaimed cured. If the patient was stupid, or confused, or didn't care, he would reply in the affirmative and would be subject to further dunking. Modern medicine uses electric and chemical shock for the same purpose. If the patient doesn't respond in the way that the doctor wants him to respond (By yelling, "Uncle!"), the procedure is never blamed. Rather the patient is reported to have a poor prognosis.

Doctors and their co-professionals treat their patients in a violent and injurious manner because they do not understand the nature of the experience and behavior of their patients. Medical people are afraid of what they do not understand, either in others or in themselves, and seek to eradicate it by whatever means happens to be medically fashionable.

Much to the annoyance of the many people who would prefer to wrap dreams or dream-like states in a shroud of physiologic disturbance, no anatomical, biochemical, electrical, genetic or any other physical links have ever been positively correlated with the experiential state we know as psychosis. On the contrary the so-called unintelligible

words or deeds demonstrated by people who have entered a psychosis have been shown to be quite intelligible once the immediate social environment of the psychotic individual is taken into account. Furthermore it has been discovered that chaotic social relationships often seem to drive a person into psychosis. By so doing the individual is trying to escape from his field of interpersonal disturbance. For example, young people often enter into a psychosis in order to break out of an impossible family situation. The family may respond by getting this youngster labeled 'sick.' Mother, father, sister, brother, uncle or aunt etc. do this to avoid becoming aware of the interpersonal swamp in which they are mired. Labeling is also a way of perpetuating a multigenerational power struggle with the 'afflicted' family member.

If psychosis is not an illness, what is it? This is the fundamental issue which Laing and his colleagues sought to explore in their proposed community. They saw many similarities between psychosis and shamanistic or mystical experiences. The latter were cyclic events usually involving a death and rebirth of the spirit. Perhaps psychosis was also a cyclic experiential phenomenon incorporating a period of egoic and emotional disintegration and then a period of egoic and emotional rebirth, or re-integration. The only way to find out was to create a social environment where a person in a psychotic state could pass through the entirety of the experience. The Kingsley Hall community was set

up in order to serve as this kind of social environment. The non-psychotic members of the community would provide a life support system for the person(s) undergoing the psychotic 'trip.' The prediction was that whomever went the whole distance would emerge egoically, emotionally, and possibly spiritually stronger.

Mary Barnes was the first to make this journey at Kingsley Hall. After a prolonged period of emotional disintegration, she did indeed emerge a much stronger and more 'together' person. And during the two years it took her to pass through the most profound stages of her psychosis she never took any drugs nor was she given any other psychiatric treatment. However, it did take a lot of hard work to sustain her life, about the same as has to be expended in looking after a newborn baby.

There were no doctors nor patients at Kingsley Hall. No treatment was offered. The life style of the community approximated that of a hippie commune. The principle social distinction lay between those who were 'up' and those who were 'down.' The latter had chosen to enter a psychotic or quasi psychotic state and were taken care of by the other members of the community, some of whom went out to work during the day. Quite commonly people who had come to Kingsley Hall to serve as helpers 'went down' and needed to be looked after. However, residents occasionally did step out of their psychosis ('came up') and helped in the care of former helpers.

Many residents came from the United States. Among them were four New York psychiatrists who participated in the founding and the development of the community. The four, all of whom had been buddies in medical school, included Morton (Morty) Schatzman, Leon Redler, Jerome Liss and myself. Morty has written a fine account of the structure of the Kingsley Hall community—how it functioned, what problems it had to face—and also of its historical antecedents. This account, entitled, *Madness and Morals*, has been recently published as a chapter in, *COUNTER CULTURE: The Creation of an Alternative Society* which I have edited.*

Several members of the Kingsley Hall community contributed to Morty's account. They related what Kingsley Hall meant to them. One said, "The main thing about my family and mental hospitals as opposed to Kingsley Hall is that here a number of divergent people come together to meet and to try to live out a life with one another where they can live out their differences—have rows, disagree intently, decide to do things in ways that will offend others—and still for them to be tolerated, and for people doing this gradually to become aware of other people and their inter-effects upon one another. I'm convinced this *doesn't happen in a mental hospital*: I know it doesn't.

There, in mental hospitals, it's very difficult to relate to people at all in any sense other than the part they want you to play—so you've got to learn what rules they want you to carry out in their scheme of things: whereas here you find various people and you can open up to them and talk, and relate, and build up understanding. Not where one person tells another what he should want, how he should dress and eat. . . . One of the things between Kingsley Hall—between a free situation—and a bound situation is that here a person can do something and isn't made to conform his behavior in relation to a model of what others think is right and wrong."

Another stated, "Those who live here see 'Kingsley Hall' each in his own way . . . in common to all who live here . . . is a bafflement or refusal as to fulfillment of 'identity' . . . the problem is for each to discover some inner need—and to find a way to trust it. . . . It is in honor of this, that Kingsley Hall is a place, simply, where some may encounter selves long forgotten or distorted."

Morty concluded, "Does Kingsley Hall succeed? An irrelevant question: it does no harm, it does no 'cure.' It stands silent, peopled by real ghosts; so silent that, given time, given luck, they may hear their own hearts beat and elucidate the rhythm."

Since May 1970 Kingsley Hall has had to close its doors. The lease expired and people reluctantly dispersed. Mary took a two room unfurnished apartment in North London, the first place of her own she has ever had. There she paints, writes and provides comfort and sage advice to Kingsley Hall alumni and others who have entered a 'down' and who have been sent to her. I don't know anyone who is better able to communicate with a person in a psychotic state than Mary.

Leon Redler, Morty Schatzman and myself have sought to continue the work of Kingsley Hall. Several months ago Leon started a new community in North London. Former members of Kingsley Hall, along with a few newcomers, live in two buildings which they have fixed up. One of these buildings had seen service as a dairy. Morty and I hope to get a place in the near future where people in states of acute personal or social distress can stay. We call such a place a *crisis intervention centre*. Anyone interested in helping with these new projects can contact us via MOTIVE MAGAZINE. ■

* *COUNTER CULTURE: The Creation of an Alternative Society*, edited by Joseph Berke, published in England by Peter Owen Ltd. 1970. United States edition to be published by Straight Arrow Books in the spring of 1971.

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Christ Triumphant
Finger painting, May 1968

"This painting, on a wall, is 10 ft. by 12 ft., and was completed in eight hours. I want very much to see it preserved. It is in a building that is no longer ours, Kingsley Hall.

The painting shows the three stages of sacrifice, the Lamb in fire of the Old Testament, Christ, the Lamb of God, and the Host, sacrifice of the Mass.

The Host in its surroundings is preceded by purple of passion, and followed by green, for growth.

Below the Cross and the Angels are the Mother of God and Saint John, to the right, and the other figures, one on the ground, are Mary Magdalene and Mary of Cleophas."

PAINTING

BY MARY BARNES

Painting is a movement of body and soul, the essence of an experience. To me, painting is an important part of my life that was buried for forty-two years. It emerged as a result of an inner "happening," part of an emotional re-formation. Kingsley Hall saw the birth of my painting, in 1965.

In a wild, breaking-down state, black breasts all around the walls, the Hall, the games room, passages, the flat, everywhere, black, black, *black*. I was going down into the dark, wanted the breast, wanted to suck, but the breast was black. I was going down, down into rage and despair, moaning, groaning, tearing and biting—to get out of a net, to escape from a murderous tangle. Joe (Dr. Joseph Berke) said, "Here, scribble," and later, "Paint the crucifixion."

I did, on and on, from shit on the wall to oils

on canvas. Always, the painting came from me, and I let it grow how it wanted to go, often not knowing what I was doing. The house became full of paintings, and it all seemed like "me" on the walls. Later, when the paintings came down off the walls I felt like a burst balloon; lost, gone away into the air. In my own mind, I worked it out like this. It must have been bad for me to have so many paintings on the walls. Joe would have worked things out for the best. He wouldn't have taken the paintings down himself, because then I might have "gone against Joe." So, whoever did take them down, must have done so because Joe put it into the mind of that person to do so. One day, about a year later, like lightning, I suddenly knew for *sure* that Joe had not organized the taking down of my paintings. Only the person who took them

down knew they were coming down. It took a long time for explanations, for words, to change my feeling. I had to *live* through the madness, before I could in a sense really comprehend the truth. My shattering anger streamed out of me, and much of it was bashed out on Joe: "How hard can you hit?" "Is that all?" Joe would say.

Later, further relevant thoughts came. When very angry, but pretending I wasn't—as when the paintings were taken down—I would say to myself, "It's therapy, it must be for the best." I was seeing—"feeling"—my Mother, or the "Mother" figure as God. "Whatever happens is of God, it must therefore be for my good." Actually, insofar as one always sees good, good comes rather than evil. In this way, the psychotic experience is not harmful, but *true*. What *is* bad is being really angry, and instead of resolving it—that is, oneself—suffering one's own anger; pretending it is not there and being "smiling and nice on top, but nasty below."

Before coming to Kingsley Hall many things must have happened that I would have "worked out" as if it was "therapy." Seeing someone as a "therapist," as my Mother, meant "everything must be right," there was then no "cause" or "reason" for *anger*, the, to me, explosive, killing bomb. Yet I often felt it wasn't "right" but *denied* the anger that was in me and so had severe depression, that is repressed anger. Saint John of the Cross called it the "dark night of the soul" which he suppressed greatly, there in his "way to the light" or in the "resolution of his anger." Soon after this incident of the paintings coming down I went back into a state of hibernation. I lay alone. Joe wasn't always "digging me up to see if I'd grown." From the fallow field new growth burst forth.

Peter Before Christ was my first finger painting,

in May 1967. I'd been in the games room, touching, looking at everything. It was all so strange—months in my room seemed years and years and miles and miles away. There was a piece of hardboard, big and heavy. Gasping, I got it inside my door. Safe, back in my room, not a sound, no one must know. What had I done? Why had I got it? Where to put it? Quick, before someone comes, under the mat, under the bed.

Relief, I got into bed and lay very still until the day passed into night. Then, on with the light and out with the paint. I squeezed and squeezed the tubes, my fingers were on the hardboard. The paint smelt good, I was caught in the spell, first the blue eyes, then a black hand, then red, warm, loving: I was painting Christ. Brown came, for the Rock of Peter, and there was yellow in the sky for the light of God. It was finished. Off with the light, back into bed, with paint on my hands and in my soul.

That's how painting was to me—a sudden spurt of two, six, eight hours, like a moment, a kiss, the picture was there.

The Red Christ, an agony. *Spring the Resurrection*, a rising joy. *Disintegration*, a fear of evil, the devil clawing at broken parts.

Through colour I met with God inside myself. Through the paintings I spoke, met people and knew myself.

Stories came, first without words, pictures scrawled over the back of odd lengths of wall paper. The *Wall Paper Stories* they came to be called. You walked the length of the paper, telling the story. Then other stories came.

The King and the Donkey, *The Cross of Christ*, *The Hallow Tree*, and always pictures grew with the story.

In the beginning, in May 1965, the black breasts were screaming from the walls. Then I would be curled up like a foetus, often in a big box that Ronnie (Dr. R. D. Laing) had got for me from the basement. At this time the painting was shit on the wall, an ovum, a sperm, a breast and the cross.

Coming up from the breaking-down state, into a "tom-boy" of a girl, I danced, shouted, played with bat and ball, and painted foetal figures on the wall. From scribbling on paper until a picture emerged, I went on to painting the *Mother of God* on canvas by the dining room door. This was Easter Monday, 1966. The first five months of this year was a time of intense, violent activity. If feeling "bad" I would throw myself onto the floor, im-

movable. Joe would re-new my life. "What's that on the floor? A ghost?" touching my body. "Oh! it moves."

Groans and moans from the frozen lump. The body moves. Life is returning. Joe taps my head:

"Who's there?"

"Mary."

"Mary who?"

"Mary Barnes."

I was alive, at home, all inside my body. I'd race and shout, get stuck, be dumb, do a big painting, fling down the brushes and lay on the floor. I was a "baby child," angry and jealous, living through Joe, unable to move, not "all there" if Joe went out since I felt this as a punishment. Yet, when alive, in paint, I could leap through it all, and create *The Moon on the Sea, Saint Joseph, Saint Benedict Joseph Labre, The Annunciation, Going down into Egypt*.

I went down again at the end of this period, in June 1966. I was choking with anger, and Joe, with Ronnie, helped me to subside and learn to live with my anger, to resolve it. This had wonderful results, not only through future creative activity, but in giving me a sense of wholeness, of joy in my own "being." Expressed in words, it was something like this: I am high on a ship, leaving the people, tiny below, moving away from the pull of the shore. I feel I am floating, out to the sea, where I shall be.

I was going through the desert and drinking at the oasis of my own soul. Very much aware of God, I seemed, as previously when painting, to be at times "above my usual state." All life seemed to be moving, in harmony.

God was my only thirst, my entire satisfaction. I now understood about fasting and prayer and knew from within myself that which before I had only accepted from without. Just as Joe in the past had told me, "You cannot lose it, the painting, it is in you," so at this period I seemed to touch down to an even deeper depth in myself that I knew that from then on would be forever with me. When words came they were such as this: The world is clothed in the glory of God, and the earth shouts with gladness and is vibrant with His joy, and in awe, in the whispered hush of dawn, the world kneels, and adores Him who is its breath and being. Aflame with His love, wrung with His sorrow, magnificent in His

glory the World abides, in Him, now and forever.

Or the coming of the Spirit, *Pentecost*: As flames of fire into the heart, melting the hard wax, the Spirit sears the soul, and it slips into the pool of God. Where it is washed and cooled, as the meadow sweet after rain, having a fragrance, of incense, rising from the altar of the earth. As a beam of light, shot into the dark, from the door of God, the Spirit comes. As light filtering through leaves does God come into "being." As a cloud in the sky, God overhangs the soul. As water in peat, God saturates and seeps. As the surf of the sea does the Spirit come, jubilant from the waves of God, to the sand of the soul. The sand that shifts; that is washed, that is dry; that is wet, that receives the sea; and is covered by the sea. Death I experienced as: The floodgates of my soul are open, and the water of my life flows out, into the endless sea of light.

This state of "being" I first knew in 1967.

I painted *Fire*, as the Pillar of fire going before Moses in the desert. Joe said it was just as he had seen fire after taking LSD. I have never had drugs myself.

Although I painted and felt very alive in my room, I was very fragile, terrified of my own anger and of other people. With Joe I played "bears" and "sharks" and "crocodiles." We would growl and bite and hit, but alone, without Joe there I was, with my eyes tight shut, timid as a mouse, scurrying back to my hole at the slightest noise. The big difficulty of the day, as I started to emerge from my room, towards the end of 1967, was to get in

and out of the kitchen without being "caught." I couldn't seem to get my body past another person, still less "meet" people with words. But gradually through 1968 I was able to be physically with other people, in the house. Before this I had, on occasions, put on some clothes and ran out, as very early one morning in the spring, to the Park. Never had I before seen colour so vividly. It pierced right through me, the May was out, and the horse chestnuts, and I felt I could hardly stand the impact of all this light and colour, sun and movement. The grass was of such an intense green, and the wind was in my hair.

As I became freer from Joe, between 1968-69, I knew more and more what it was to feel "a separate person." No longer, if Joe had dirty fingernails, or put a lot of salt on his dinner, or seemed to be suffering in any way, did I wonder: What *have* I done, oh *why* am I so bad, that Joe has to punish himself? Also now the door bell could be broken, or something else be wrong in the house, but I would no longer be stricken, to a dead stop. It was good to really know that I didn't control everything.

A huge finger-painting I did in 1968 was of the crucifixion on the dining room wall. It is called *Christ Triumphant*, being the three stages of sacrifice: the lamb in fire, of the Old Testament; Christ, the lamb of God, crucified; and the Host, the sacrifice of the Mass. It took a step ladder and eight hours to complete, and is ten feet by twelve feet. I hope it is still there. We had to leave Kingsley Hall in May 1970 since the building is changing ownership.

My fifth and last year there was spent more with other people. I felt very much "with" people in mad states and slowly, as I emerged from my own dependence, I wanted to help others through similar experiences. Painting is a vital part of the picture of my life, a part that I only reached at Kingsley Hall, in going through my madness to sanity. ■

Crucifixion

Finger painting, July, 1967

"Christ is looking forth, asking us to see, yet at the same time, illusive, rising, as His Spirit moves forth from His Flesh. It foretells the Resurrection, the Reunion of God in man."

Sacred Heart
of Jesus
Have mercy
on us,
Sacred Heart
enfold me.
✕



Nothing you
could do
will give me joy
except to love me!

St. John of the
Cross
1591

Corpus Christi

Finger painting, June, 1969, Feast of Corpus Christi.

*"This is a canvas, 8 ft. by 3 ft.
The body of Christ is, as it were, dissolving
from the Cross, into the round Hosts, to be
communed, for all time."—"Whosoever shall
eat my flesh. . ."*





The King and the Donkey

by mary barnes

Once in the country amidst the oranges and the wild flowers was born a donkey named Saleh. His master, Hussein, was a kind and rich man and Saleh grew strong and happy.

Then one night in a terrible storm the house of Hussein was struck by lightning and so killing was the fire that everyone in the house was burnt to death. Saleh in his stable felt strange to feel so warm in the dark. He went out and felt stranger still to see such light and he heard the crackle of the flames now reaching his stable; he felt very frightened.

It was wet and he had no dry place, no soft hay. He grew cold and hungry. He wandered about. His coat was soaked with rain, his ears were full of water and his eyes were wet with tears. He felt no one loved him and he was lost and sad.

Such was the beginning of the life of Saleh as a stray, hidden, stealing donkey. Men tried to catch him so he had to hide and no one fed him so he had to steal. He stumbled through days and nights and over rocks and into rills and he grew thin and his coat got sores and he felt sick and he got kicked.

He never knew quite what to eat and he got so weary of trying that he could hardly breathe. One wet cold night he slipped in the mud and such was his tiredness that he hardly felt the rain or all his emptiness and pain. He was dying, in fact the man who fell over him thought at first that he was dead.

But Saleh sighed and the man stroked his head. He loved donkeys and just now he needed one, his own had been stolen the night before.

He got Saleh to his feet and patted him and somehow he got Saleh home. His whole home was a stable so Saleh lived with the family and he was now called Abraham for this was a Jewish house.

He soon got strong and well and Joseph, being a poor man was tempted to sell him. Abraham sensed danger and big tears fell in his hay and every day he ate less and less.

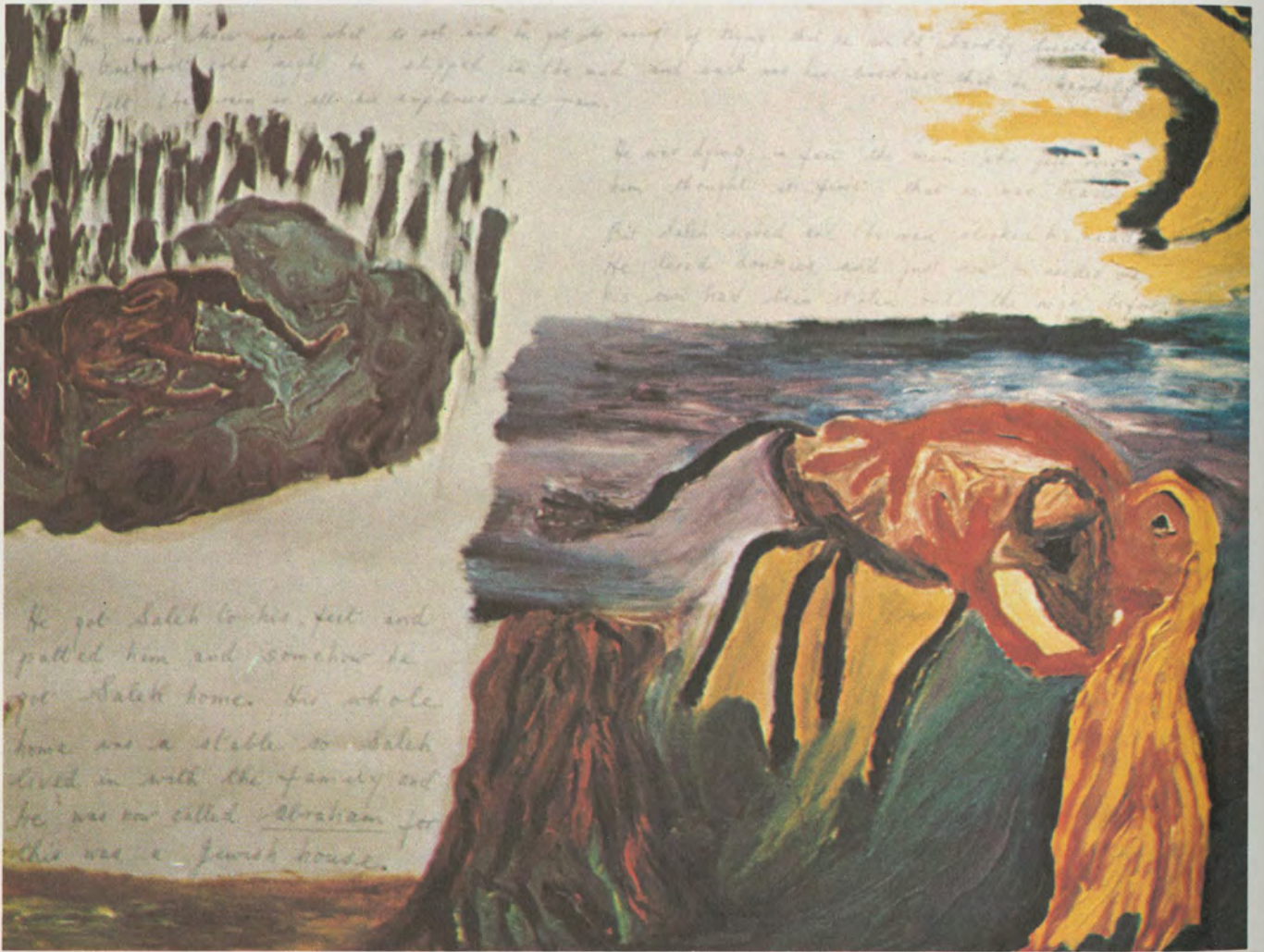
Joseph loved him and was worried that he was so poor that his wife was trying to do with less milk and his donkey with less hay. Then one day three men came to visit them and they brought gifts for the baby.

One of these gifts was some gold and at once Joseph went out and bought a goat for milk for his wife and lots of hay for Abraham. Then he started to look for a bigger house, but in the night an Angel told him, "You must go into another country."

"Thank goodness," thought Joseph, "that I did not sell Abraham, such were his tears that I thought not first of money."

So, now quickly they set out and Abraham who had before spent so long in lost wandering now strode surely along as if he had always known the way. Every night Angels came with hay for Abraham and with milk and honey for Mary and with meat and wine for Joseph.

So it was that with the milk of his mother and with the feet of the donkey, that the King reached Egypt. Abraham was the first donkey that this King ever rode.



He was a man who could not be put out to get the most of things but he would steadily grow
and his strength might be stopped in the end and such was his business that he would
fill his own way in all his enterprises and more.

He was dying in fact the man who
him thought it good that he was the
fit better suited and he was pleased to see
He lived longer and just now he was
He was had been at the end of the way

He got Saleh to his feet and
patted him and somehow he
got Saleh home. His whole
home was a stable so Saleh
lived in with the family and
he was now called Abraham for
this was a Jewish house.

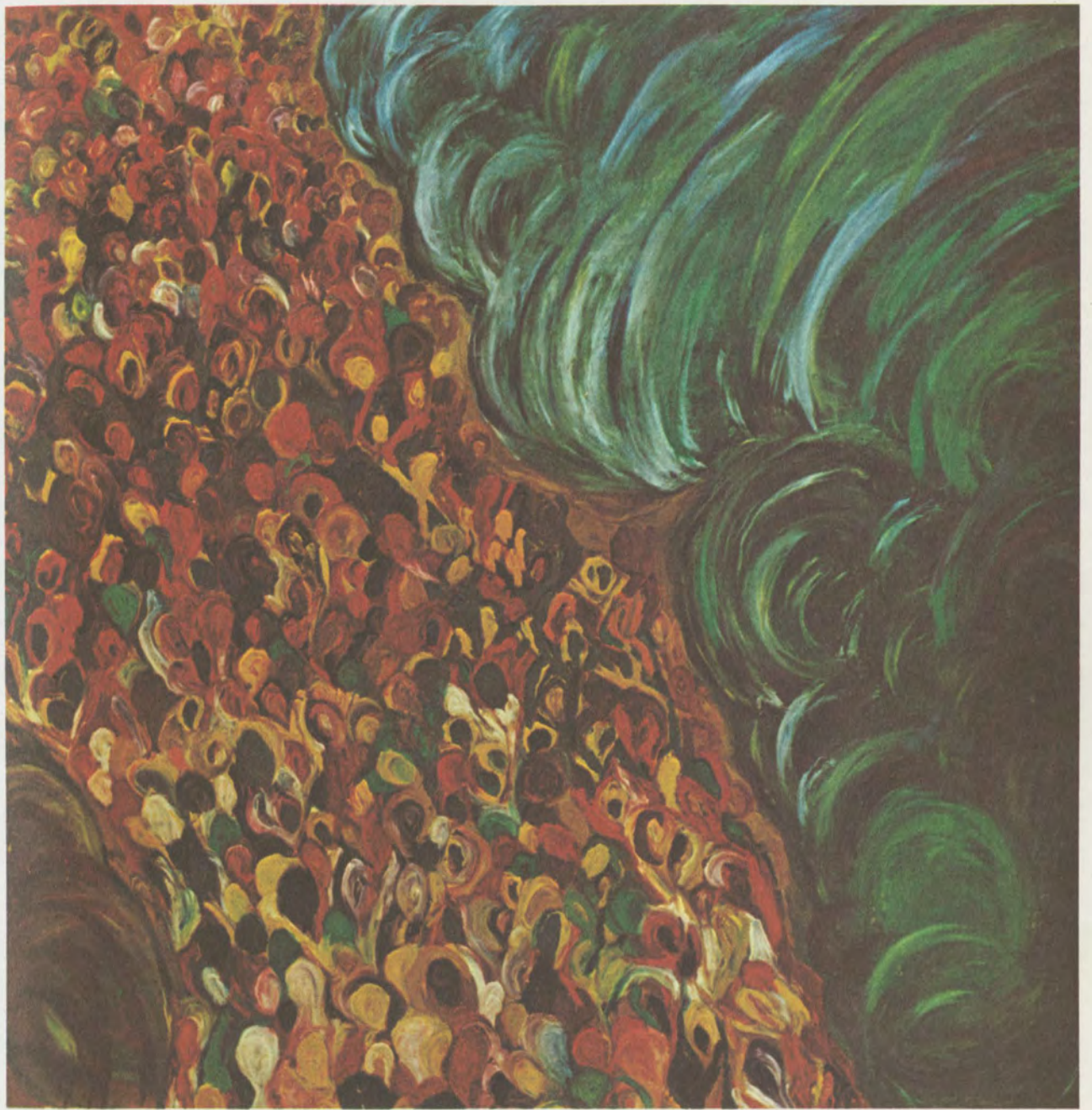


Saint Joseph
Finger painting, April, 1968

"This is oil on the wall of my room. Saint Joseph is strong, determined; he holds some wood. Joe held my life."

Going Through the Red Sea
Finger painting, September, 1967

"... the water was as a wall on their right hand and on their left." "They are in a hurry, pushing, shoving, on their way to the Promised Land."



KNOTS

by R. D. Laing

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Inc.

What an interesting finger
let me suck it
It's not an interesting finger
take it away

I am doing it
the it I am doing is
the I that is doing it
the I that is doing it is
the it I am doing
it is doing the I that am doing it
I am being done by the it I am doing
it is doing it

One is afraid of
the self that is afraid of
the self that is afraid of
the self that is afraid
One may perhaps speak of reflections

It is our duty to bring up our children to love,
honour and obey us.
If they don't, they must be punished,
otherwise we would not be doing our duty.

If they grow up to love, honour and obey us
we have been blessed for bringing them up properly.

If they grow up not to love, honour and obey us
either we have brought them up properly
or we have not:
if we have
there must be something the matter with them;
if we have not
there is something the matter with us.

The statement is pointless
The finger is speechless

A son should respect his father
He should not have to be taught to respect his father
It is something that is natural
That's how I've brought up my son anyway.

Of course a father must be worthy of respect
He can forfeit a son's respect
But I hope at least that my son will respect me, if
only for leaving him free to respect me or not.

INVASION OF SUBURBIA

Across sprawling lawns
of immaculate green
they came;

Came and entered our dreams
in the dead of night;

Came like famished ghosts
from the dark corners of mind
where all wretched,
unwashed creatures
are stashed away.

Animals!

Suddenly they were here
in the master bedroom
late at night.

(No, sweetheart,
not animals
like doggies
and kitty cats
—people animals,
the worst kind.)

Back,
we cried.

Back to your
ghetto cages!

Back to
Auschwitz!

But they kept coming,
crushing the lawn
with worn out shoes,
haunting our sleep
with hungry eyes.

(They live just like animals,
you know.)

Descending
through the drowsy fog,
a sheet packed full
of lumpy forms.

Animals!

Touch?
No, no.

Musn't touch
the dirty animal people.
Keep away,
keep away.

What a relief
to rouse from sleep;
to find the split level havens
unmolested.

No rude footprints
on the lawn,
no rumpled sheet
with lumpy forms.

Only a question fragment
left over
from troubled dreams:

What if the animal people
weren't really downtown
after all,
but inside?

What if the feared ones
lived here all along
and came out only
at night?

—WILLIAM JOYNER

A RENDEZVOUS WITH DARKNESS

Listen!

somewhere
a ghost is loose,
singing close by.

Shut it up!

Dark melodies
full of sweet night juices
might be contagious,
deadly.

On to Damascus

early in the morning!

Track them

down!

Tear them out

—foul tongues!

Hot the sun,

fierce the journey . . .

Can't stop;

got to reach
infidels
who love the night . . .

Track them down,

tear them out.

Fever boiling up

in brain . . .

Hot the sun,
fierce the . . .

Demons riding . . .
no . . . in the city . .

Not here!

Not here!

Darkness

welling up
from soul . . .

Black beauty

too deep to believe
falling . . . no,
rising . . . rising
from the core . . .

Here!

Stay, Love,

stay near by
till I've grown used
to the dark of me—
till I can find my way
in the night.

Then ride with me

into the dusk of Damascus
where all things
die
and return
to life!

—WILLIAM JOYNER

THE BIRTH OF BLACK POETRY

The brother stood slightly to the side of the lectern
While the slightly humped soggy built English professor
Read to all the other more slightly humped Eng-professors
About the gains of this young black poet from Atlanta.

My man looked calm and at ease while feeling displeased
Certainly he had no "negro poetry" for them "enflowered
From the dynamics of Keat" for of a certain Harvard, Yale and
Other schools in this hell forced these Bards on He.

I mean, my man thought, the only thing I got to NEGRO
Is NEVER EVER GRAVITATE, RIOT ON my brothers
It was obvious that he'd have to split before the readings
For his "message to the black man" was, is and will always be

And then through the door be bopping as Times before
The brother ahead of his sister, with hair processed
Eyes shaded to temper the glare of all these Eng-Dept folks
And the little sister who followed proprietarily by his side.

Chewing gum, feeling full the profansional eyes, smirked
Adjusted The playtex girdle she didn't need but afford, tuft
The strawberry blond wig so the natural beauty would
Not reveal what Natinola bleaching cream had near done.

My man went deeper into his valise, ferreting out more poems
Than he'd been scheduled to read, for the evening fees;
For the pay he'd come to receive was embodied in these
Black bodies of people, who he was, is, came-now-to-read.

"My brother, Sister," and all the words rhymed as he spoke
"the time's now, the day ours, their backs be 'gainst
The wall. Take up the mantle of Bro Prosser and Sis Tubman.
We ain't got time to be Iceburg Slims & Supremes all the time.

The days are ours if we take up the jungle walk in place of
the noon day pimping stroll. Leave the juice which binds
Oppressed bodies with blank minds; get high on Bro Fanon.
Can you dig Malcom, King, Stok, Rap and Ali?

Well come on, we together people. I can too."
The brother slapped the sister's white stocking leg. "Dig!
Wasn't that cool. Go tell my man Flyright and his piece of
Fluff to come on down from the attic to dig this stuff."

He turned to the Poet. "What kind of Negro Poet are you, Jim?
I mean, it's not like I don't dig, but we ain't heard of you
At any school." The brother smiled a quiet shy smile,
Nodded to the black cat and said, "I'm a black poet."

—C. EDDIE EDMONSON

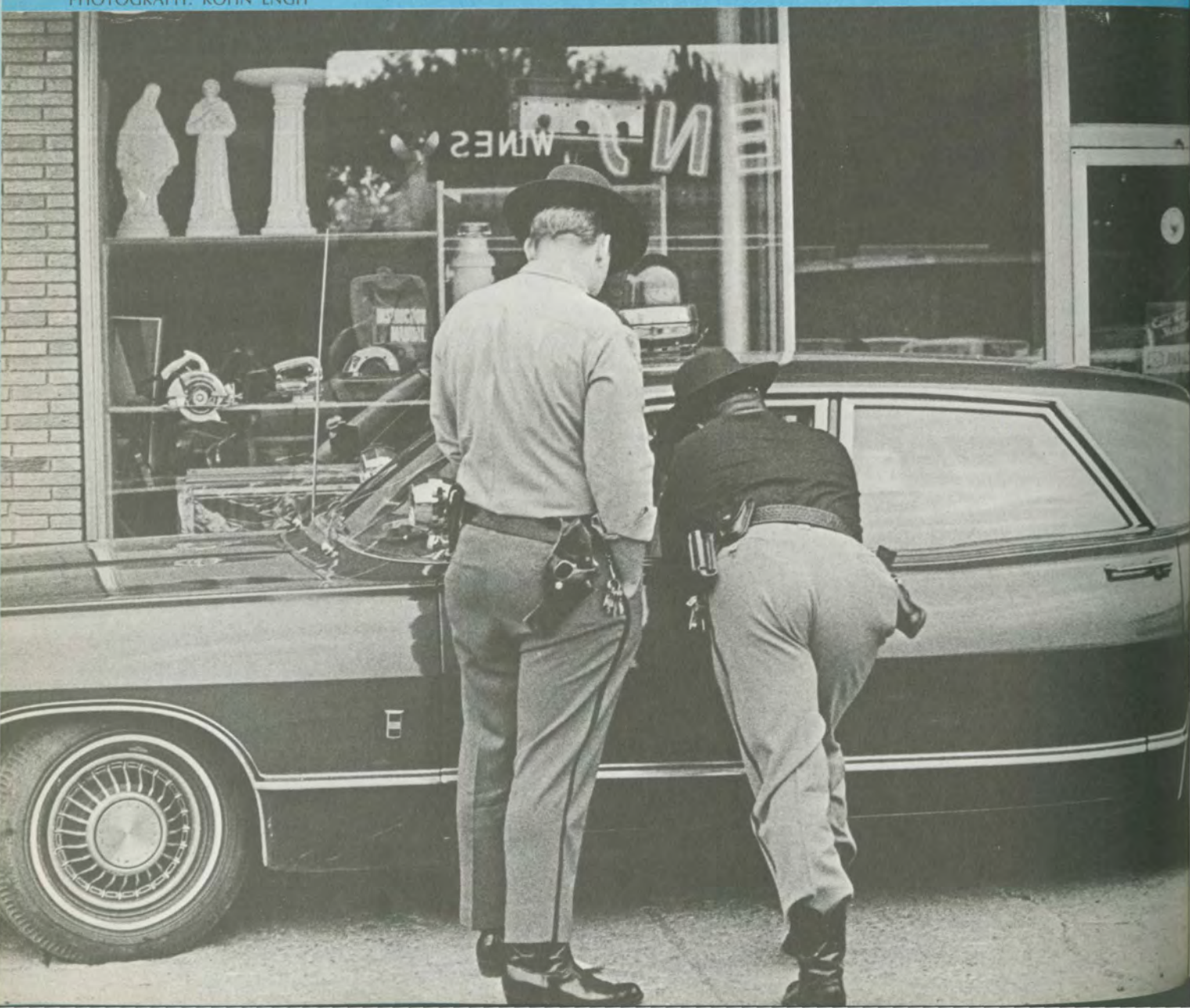
A Mind to Stay Here

"There exists among us—both North and South—a profound conviction that the South is another land, sharply differentiated from the rest of the American nation, and exhibiting within itself a remarkable homogeneity.

"As to what its singularity may consist in, there is, of course, much conflict of opinion, and especially between Northerner and Southerner. But that it is different and that it is solid—on these things nearly everybody is agreed."

(Cash, The Mind of the South)

PHOTOGRAPH: ROHN ENGH



“... that the South is another land.” Cash was writing in 1941, but his work has not yet succumbed to the passing of time. The South was different.

In mystique: confederate memorials; tales of brother against brother, of gallant battles won and lost; of “rising again.” Spanish moss. Southern Belles. Magnolia Blossoms.

In reality: Cotton fields that stretched for miles—once worked by rows of Black field hands; now cultivated by machinery; Poverty so extreme it could mean a one room shack for twelve people, and a bag of cornmeal for the week’s groceries. Political decadence as a way of life. Industrialization that benefited the few and oppressed the many; low wages for the workers; low taxes for the corporations. Race hatred so intense that Black children were its easy victims.

Different, yes. But not necessarily bad. Southern liberals developed their own system of checks and balances. Racism was personal rather than institutionalized. There was Wallace, but there was also Bob Zellner. Senator Eastland, but Fannie Lou Hamer, Hazel Brannon Smith, and James Silver. The Ku Klux Klan, but Will Campbell. (There was also Anne and Carl Braden, Ella Baker, Myles Horton, Jim Dombrowski, and Don West. But they weren’t talked about much, and when they were, it was usually not as examples of the good balancing out the evil.)

Surrounded by the bad, we looked for the good. And it was there. It was embodied in the Sunday dinners after church, the county fairs, the all-night gospel singings, grandma’s patch-work quilts, and swimming in the creek. We wanted to salvage those good things, and came to believe that we could use them to overcome the bad. We developed the argument that here, perhaps more than any other place in the country, we could create the beloved community—Black and white together.

Abruptly that dream was deferred. By the end of 1965, the spotlight had moved away from the southern movement. The decade that had started so ominously for the southern establishment ended with a few concessions made on paper, and the prospect for a developing southern strategy that would more than offset the problems caused by any temporary setbacks. The civil rights battle had been won on paper in Washington; but not a lot had changed on the home front. Many schools remained segregated. Neither Black nor White children received an education worth a damn. The poverty program spread over the region

like a warm blanket, bringing jobs and cures. It grew thin and useless after only a few seasons. Black people began talking about power rather than voting; began demanding rather than asking. Northern civil rights workers went home to open new fronts of the struggle. Southern sons and lovers kept leaving... getting drafted... dying, and killing.

The Vietnam War finally permeated our consciousness. We had fought and won the right to vote. But it didn’t seem to make any difference. Perhaps we could have created the beloved community if the problem had been a matter of race relations or equality. However, it was the political lesson of the decade that the “problem” was not only a matter of black and white, and that the answer was not equality or integration.

But some folks had A Mind to Stay Here. John Egerton has written about some of them: Will Campbell, Fannie Lou Hamer, John Lewis, Lucius Pitts, and others. All of them have made their mark on southern history during the past ten years. All of them have stayed.

Egerton begins his book with a chapter on Will D. Campbell, a guitar-picking, cowboy-boot-wearing, and, occasionally, tobacco-chewing preacher from Amite County, Mississippi. Will began his career in the lumber town of Taylor, Louisiana, having received his “higher” education at Yale Divinity School. He then went to the University of Mississippi where he was eventually fired for playing ping-pong with a Black minister. Then came a stint with the National Council of Churches as an itinerant trouble-shooter to the early civil rights struggle. The NCC fired him too—because he wanted to preach.

“... They were working for the church, when they should have been working for the faith. The Church as an institution could collapse tomorrow and it wouldn’t matter. I was never a part of the civil rights movement, I didn’t work in race relations, and I wasn’t a social engineer—I was, and I am, a preacher.”

And, not unlike the University of Mississippi, the NCC responded: “We can’t pay a man a salary to preach.”

Will stayed and kept preaching. He made no distinction between himself and those to whom he carried his gospel.

“I have seen and known the resentment of the racist, his hostility, his frustration, his need for someone upon whom to lay blame and to punish. I know he is mis-

taken, misguided, and willfully disobedient, but somehow I am not able to distinguish between him and myself. . . . Perhaps I have been too close to this man. Perhaps if I had not heard his anguished cry when the rains didn't come in time to save his cotton, if I had not felt the severity of his economic deprivation. . . . If I had not shared his plight; if I had not lived with him in an atmosphere of suspicion, distrust, ignorance, misinformation, and nefarious political leadership, surely my heart would break less. . . ."

(Campbell, *Race and Renewal of the Church*, pp. 24-25)

Fannie Lou Hamer never much had a choice of whether to stay or leave.

"I was born fifty-three years ago in Montgomery County, Mississippi, last of twenty children . . . We were sharecroppers and we never had enough to eat. My mother would go around to the plantations and get them to let us scrap the fields, and sometimes we'd walk twenty miles a day to get a bale of scrapping cotton - -

I couldn't understand what was happening. We didn't have shoes, so we'd wrap our feet in rags, and it was never warm enough, and I used to ask my mother how come everybody wasn't white, because they were the ones who had plenty of food and clothes, and they had big houses, and yet didn't have to work or do much of anything. . . .

And my daddy, he finally got to where he had enough to buy three mules and two cows, but a man who lived with us put Pris green in their water and killed them. My folks was too old to make a comeback. *I watched them suffer and I got angry. . . ."*

Mrs. Hamer never really had an option of whether to stay or leave Mississippi. Perhaps later, once she had gained notoriety in the civil rights movement, those options were then open. But not during the years of being angry and struggling . . . of watching her mother patch clothes . . . of scrapping cotton.

The options were not open when Mrs. Hamer registered to vote in Sunflower County, and was promptly ousted from her sharecropping shack that she and her husband had lived in for years. It took an influx of white civil rights workers from the north—many of whom were from prominent families—for the plight of Mississippi Black people to come before the nation. Then, and only then, when the sons

and daughters of white America were threatened, did people listen and hear Mrs. Hamer.

In 1964, Mrs. Hamer ran for congresswoman on the ticket of the Freedom Democratic Party, and once the cameras turned on her magnificent face at the Democratic Convention where she spoke so eloquently of her oppression, she became a folk hero to liberal America. But by 1967, the cameras didn't roll any more. The Freedom Democrats were a thing of the past. Mrs. Hamer was in Sunflower County, Mississippi. *Staying.*

Will Campbell and Fannie Lou Hamer are only two of the people that John Egerton discusses in his book. Other chapters are devoted to:

John Lewis: Chairman of the Student Non-violent Coordinating Committee (SNCC) when that organization was at its strongest. One of the original students to participate in the sit-in movement at Nashville lunch counters. Arrested over forty times throughout the South. Jailed and held in Americus, Georgia; beaten in Birmingham, Alabama. Still believing in the nonviolent philosophy. Still staying.

Bille and DeDe Pierce: the showpieces of Preservation Hall in New Orleans' French Quarter. Playing Black man's music for white audiences; making profit for white entrepreneurs.

John Howard Griffin: *Blind for a while; Black for a while. A mind to stay in the South; but not a mind to stay Black. It is indicative of the depth of racism in this country that Griffin's book, Black Like Me, was the first time white people listened to "blackness."*

Sarah Patton Boyle: whose "slow and painful awakening to the injustices done to Negroes" resulted in her lonely stand against segregation in the late fifties and early sixties.

James MacBride Dabbs: the grand old gentleman, an island of humanity, of "quietness and peace and a vague sense of humor" at Rip Raps Plantation in South Carolina.

Lucius Pitts and U.W. Clemon: in the heart of Wallace country. Staying and surviving.

Howard (Buck) Kester: a Socialist, a radical, and an organizer. A veteran of all those things.

John Egerton has written a good book about good people. What is striking about his book, however, is that it is not enough. Not enough for those who are planning to stay in the South in the future. It is, in a sense, a look backward at our recent history. The people in Egerton's book are all products of the Civil

Rights Movement—as it was defined in the early sixties. That struggle is over. It was fought by Black and White together on southern turf around the central issue of equality. It was, in effect, a benevolent social movement that was neither won nor lost.

What is important about the last ten years of our history is to understand that while culturally and economically the South still maintains the characteristics of another country—and indeed, of an underdeveloped country—it is governed by a colonialist power. The struggle is no longer a southern struggle. The outcome is no longer dependent on whether or not Black and White can learn to live and love each other here.

In 1965, a group of Alabama businessmen placed an advertisement in the Wall Street Journal and U.S. News and World Report, calling for “communication between different elements of our society,” (i.e., black elements and white elements). One of the principal organizers of the campaign was Winton (Red) Blount of Montgomery, Alabama, currently Postmaster General. It is unlikely that Red Blount organized that campaign because he wanted to stop the reign of terror against Black people in the state of Alabama. It is highly likely that Blount organized that campaign because he knew that if Alabama did not improve its image, there would be no more

industries moving to Alabama, and that federal aid—both by way of direct subsidies and defense contracting—would be stopped.

James MacBride Dabbs is dead. Rip Raps Plantation is old and fading. Down South away, there is an atomic energy plant located on the Savannah River. It is as much a symbol of the New South as is the desegregated heart. It pollutes both our physical and spiritual atmosphere. It is Southern and American—racist and imperialist.

We are a part of both. On television we see Vietnamese blindfolded and shot. On television, also, we see Black men shot in the back in Augusta, Georgia. The evils are one and the same. The struggles of third world people against U.S. imperialism is the same struggle that faces the South. We are all victims of a colonialist government.

The South of the 60’s was the nation’s recalcitrant child—a remnant, an embarrassing reminder of the cotton economy. It was brought into the mainstream by a few legislative victories and the flow of northern and federal capital. It has become now in the 70’s the backbone of U.S. militarism. The struggle must change accordingly.

There was nothing wrong with our vision of creating the beloved community, and perhaps one day,—when we have taken care of business—that will become a reality. ■

About the Author:

Sue Thrasher has four people living in her 2 room apartment. Next week it could easily be 20. Sue’s is the first place a lot of us think to go for anything. No matter where you are in the city, Ninth Street always seems to be the “closest place.”

There are always at least 2 or 3 old SSOC (Southern Student Organizing Committee) people with sleeping bags, talking about strip mining; New Yorkers slumming in Atlanta end up on the floor; Washington DC’ers (who still think Sue’s coming “home”) checking out the Southern Institute.

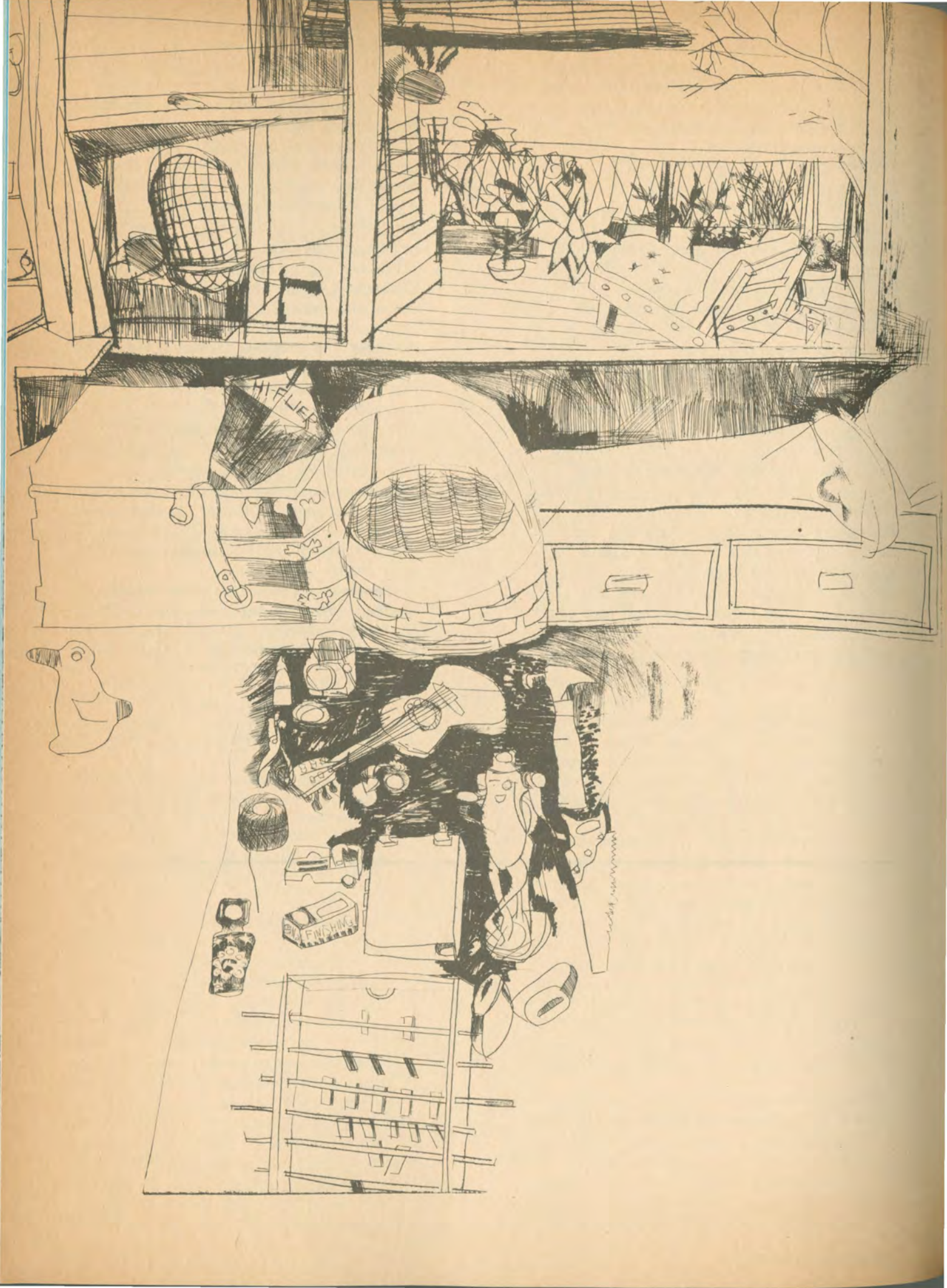
For women Sue is an example. As easily as I imagine her cooking black-eyed peas for

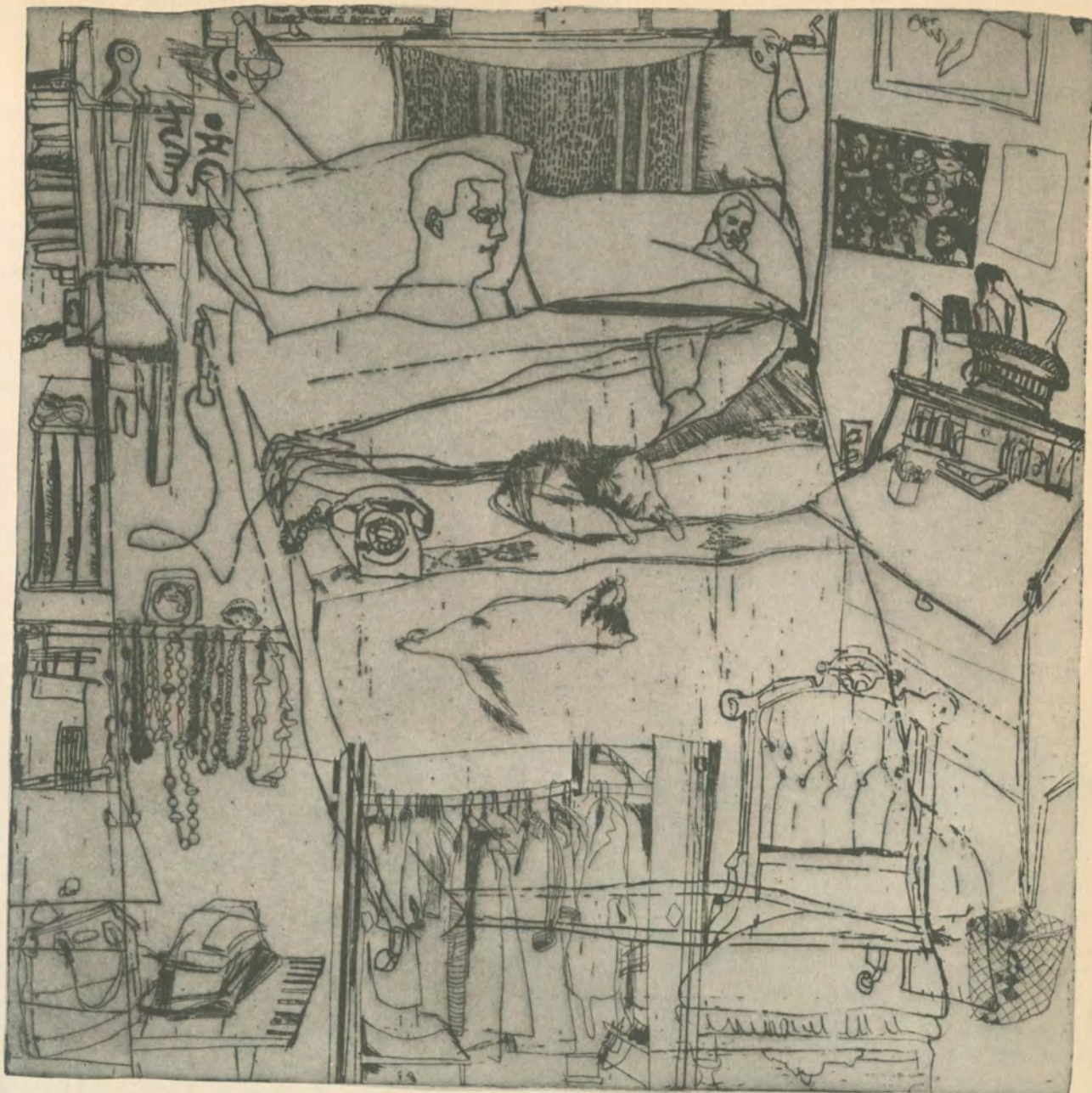
New Year’s, I imagine her cleaning a carburetor or shooting a rifle.

For the Bird she is someone who writes in the same way she relates to people. You know what she feels—not just what she thinks. For the Southern Institute of Policy Studies she is consistently the person who “gets it together.”

And all of us really believe that we are Sue’s very favorite person. She always has time (and space and good vibes and enough spaghetti) for all of us. She’s a freak and a woman and a Southerner and an old Methodist. How could you not dig her?

—BECKY HAMILTON
atlanta





Etchings on these pages by MARY RIKER
chosen from the suite of 5 etchings entitled: "IN MY HOUSE"

The editors of motive recently asked Mike Honey to review some legislation that is currently before Congress—which might be taking us back to the good ol' (1950) days. The newest fashions in potentially repressive legislation are as follows:

BACK TO THE 50's

by Mike Honey

PHOTOGRAPH: STEPHEN SHAMES



THE DEFENSE FACILITIES AND INDUSTRIAL SECURITY ACT, 1970 (HR. 14864)-

This bill was introduced by Richard Ichord (D.-Mo.), chairman of the House Internal Security Committee (HISC), formerly the House Committee on UnAmerican Activities. Other sponsors of the bill are L. Mendel Rivers and seven members of HISC. It passed the House by a vote of 274-65 in January and awaits action before the Senate Committee on the Judiciary.

HR. 14864 would authorize the Secretary of Defense to designate positions of employment which he considers "sensitive" to the national defense. It then instructs the President to develop an agency—with agents trained in "subversive theories"—to investigate people employed in these "sensitive" positions. Under the sweeping language of the bill, factories, universities and schools, research organizations and virtually all facilities of communication and transportation could be "sensitive" areas of employment. The only limitations are that they contribute "a substantial portion of the national capacity" for defense, or be in "critical demand in time of emergency." People working in these areas who were not found to be "consistent with the national defense interest" would lose their jobs.

The bill does not cover just employment. It would also instruct the Secretary of Defense to restrict "access" to these facilities. Violators of these restrictions could receive six month's imprisonment and/or \$500 fine. Further, the President is given the power to investigate "any person or organization" regarding any aspect of their lives or activities, past or present. People who are on mailing lists, contribute money or belong to organizations which dissent from government policies could be defined as having "intent" to commit "acts of subversion." Such acts, according to the language of the bill, could include peaceful picketing, labor strikes, or use of the electoral system.

THE ORGANIZED CRIME CONTROL ACT OF 1969 (S. 30)—

Creation of John McClellan (D.-Ark.), passed and signed into law just prior to election recess. The provisions of this bill apply indiscriminately to a wide range of offenses. Almost all of its 10 titles raise constitutional issues; it has been described by the Association of the Bar in New York City as "almost Kafkaesque." S. 30, part of the administration's anti-crime package, passed both houses after administration proposals were added as

amendments. The amendments provided: expanded FBI investigations of college campuses, \$14.1 million for 1,000 new FBI agents, increased use of wire-taps on campuses and the death penalty for people involved in fatal bombings.

Some of the major provisions of the bill:

- Reluctant witnesses are forced to testify against themselves or face summary imprisonment for up to 36 months, without bail or even a trial. Immunity provisions apply only against use of involuntary evidence, not against prosecution. After five years, involuntary evidence can also be used for prosecution.
- Defendants are denied access to wire-tap evidence—that is, to evidence illegally obtained by the prosecution. All illegally obtained evidence will be available for use in the courts after five years. Such a provision would insure a basis for government surveillance of the citizenry.
- A new and vaguely defined category of "dangerous special offenders" was created to include persons who have been convicted of various minor crimes—and including persons who have been convicted once of conspiracy. These "special offenders" are subject to arbitrary sentencing of up to 30 years. Where a judge fails to impose the stiffest penalties, the government is given the right to appeal for a harsher sentence. Such a sentence can be based on rumor and hearsay evidence not admissible in an ordinary criminal court. The judge may keep such evidence from the defendant, preventing challenges to its credibility.

The act further provides penalties up to \$3,000 fine and two years imprisonment for: "Whoever . . . maliciously breaks into any . . . room . . . used . . . by . . . any recruitment . . . service . . . of military or civilian personnel for the armed forces . . . or having entered any such . . . remains and, after notice to leave . . . fails immediately to depart."

Provisions of the bill could apply to humanitarian medical groups, protests against shipment of napalm and war supplies, campus ROTC protests, etc.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA CRIME ACT

This act—the first of the Nixon crime bills to be approved by both Houses of Congress—was signed into law on July 24. The Nixon Administration has made it clear that the bill was planned as a prototype for the rest of the nation, and expected the bills' two major provisions—"preventive detention"

and "no-knock" entry rights for police—to be adopted by state legislatures around the country.

The "preventive detention" section of the law provides that a person charged with a crime can be held for three days or more without seeing a judge, and up to sixty days without a trial, indictment, or opportunity to post bond. Any judicial officer may place a person in jail under this provision, basing his order on "past conduct of the defendant."

The "no-knock" section of the law allows police to enter homes with no warning, with or without a warrant, giving no notice of identity or purpose. Once in the home, police are authorized to perform any unspecified "chemical, scientific, medical or other test or experiment" on a person in order to incriminate him.

Under the law, the citizen has no right to resist an illegal arrest, no matter how brutally it may be administered. In any civil suit against a police officer for wrongful arrest, the plaintiff, even if he wins the case, has to pay all—including the policeman's—court costs.

The law also contains sentencing provisions which make harsh sentences mandatory for many crimes. The court system is re-designed to exclude altogether from Juvenile Courts youths 16 years or older accused of serious crimes. Children under 16 who are under the jurisdiction of Juvenile Court are denied the right to trial by jury as well as other important protections of due process.

Attorney General John Mitchell has called the D.C. Crime Bill "a model program for the cities." Senator Sam Ervin, of North Carolina, one of the strongest opponents of the law, describes it as a "blueprint for a police state."

DRUG CONTROL ACT—

Passed and signed into law in the final days of Congress before election recess, institutes one of the major provisions of the D.C. Crime Act—"no-knock" entry—on a national scale. Another bill pushed hard by the Nixon Administration.

BAIL REFORM AMENDMENTS (S.2600 & HR. 12806)-

Now pending before the House and Senate Judiciary Committees, this legislation would amend the Bail Reform Act of 1968 to authorize "preventive detention" and other-

wise limit the granting of bail on a national level.

NON-TESTIMONIAL IDENTIFICATION OF SUSPECTS (S.3563 & HR.16354)-

Pending before the Judiciary Committees in both Houses, this bill would force individuals against whom there is no probable cause for arrest to submit to the taking of fingerprints, footprints, measurements, blood, saliva, urine and hair specimens, photos, voice samples and being placed in police line-ups. Those who refused to submit to the tests could be charged with contempt of court and jailed.

TITLE II OF THE INTERNAL SECURITY ACT OF 1950

Provides that the President, acting through the Attorney General and the FBI can apprehend and detain in detention camps "each person as to whom there is reasonable ground to believe . . . probably will engage in, or probably will conspire with others to engage in" certain *future* illegal acts when a state of "Internal Security Emergency" has been declared by the President. Under the law, no trial is permitted, nor is bail authorized. The accused is presumed guilty and denied the right to confront his accusers or to know the evidence against him.

After a two year campaign by the Japanese American Citizen's League and numerous civil liberties and civic groups, the Senate unanimously voted to repeal the act in December 1969. When the repealer bill went to the House it was bottled up in the House Internal Security Committee for six months. HISC received hundreds of resolutions and appeals urging abolition while the Matsunaga-Hollifield repealer bill was in the committee. On September 16, HISC reported a new bill out of committee, one calling for an up-dating and strengthening of the "concentration camp" law.

HIGHER EDUCATION PROTECTION AND FREEDOM OF EXPRESSION ACT (HR.11941)-

"To encourage institutions of higher education to adopt rules and regulations to govern the conduct of students and faculty, to assure the right to free expression, to assist such institutions in their efforts to prevent and control campus disorders . . ." Under the guise of protecting "the basic American concepts of freedom of thought, inquiry, expression and orderly assembly," this bill would require colleges receiving federal aid of any kind to file programs, rules and regulations to prevent student rebellions, or to deal force-

fully with them if they do erupt. Colleges which did not file such blueprints for controlling student and faculty behavior would have all federal monies cut off.

Title II of the bill provides that anyone employed by a university who has been convicted of a criminal act which "contributed to a substantial disruption" of the school shall be denied pay for up to five years; any other institution to which the employee goes must do the same. The above applies also if the employee "has willfully refused to obey a lawful regulation or order" of a college. Any institution which pays the individual within the five year period is liable to the U.S. Government for the amount paid. HR.11941 is in committee.

CAMPUS DISRUPTIONS AMENDMENT TO INTERNAL SECURITY ACT OF 1950 (HR.11731)

Prohibits anyone from *intent* to interfere with the "orderly operation" of a federally assisted school, or from *threatening* to commit any acts of force or violence within the vicinity or at such an institution, or from any *overt* act in violation of law or any rule or regulation adopted by administrative authority at such a school. Anyone who commits any of the acts above, or who *conspires* with anyone to commit them (under the language of the bill, one could be convicted for *conspiring to intend* or to *threaten* acts which break school rules), would be subject to prison sentences of up to two years and/or \$5,000 fines. This bill is in HISC.

PENALIZE WAR PROTESTORS (HR.959)-

Obstruction of military personnel or supplies, or giving aid to nations the United States is in armed conflict with, would bring fines of \$10,000 and two to five year jail sentences for the former act, and \$20,000 fines and twenty years in jail for the latter act. HISC has held hearings on this one, but has not reported it out of committee.

TO STRENGTHEN THE INTERNAL SECURITY OF THE UNITED STATES (S.12)-

Introduced by Senator Eastland of Mississippi, this "omnibus" bill is nearly 100 pages long, covers nine titles and contains literally hundreds of proposals for changes in present "internal security" laws. According to Constitutional scholar Thomas Emerson of Yale University, it is ". . . designed to overrule or circumvent virtually every liberal decision of the Supreme Court in the area of internal security in the last 15 years." Hearings have been held on the legislation and it is now before the Judiciary Committee.

S.12 would revive the Smith Act, making it a crime to advocate overthrow of government by force or violence, or to organize a group for that purpose. It would in effect outlaw all kinds of speech and conduct which the Supreme Court has made rulings on to protect. The bill would create a new crime of peacetime treason, punishable by \$10,000 fine and/or 10 years' imprisonment for giving "aid and comfort" to an adversary of the United States. It would make illegal virtually all public activity in opposition to government policies.

The detailed proposals which now make up the Defense Facilities and Industrial Security Act—setting up an investigating agency for limiting employment or access to "sensitive" positions in commerce, industry, communication, transportation or education—is a direct transplant of *one* provision of S.12. Another provision would initiate a centralized loyalty-security program for Federal employees which would cooperate with the Subversive Activities Control Board (SACB) in rooting out those in Federal jobs not "loyal" to the government. Title VIII authorizes the Secretary of State to restrict travel by U.S. citizens abroad, with violations punishable by one-year jail sentences, \$1,000 fine, or both.

Tax exemptions would be denied to any charitable or educational organization "which makes any donation to a subversive organization or a subversive individual." And the bill provides for money to be given to defectors from communist countries, to provide them with a standard of living equal to the "average" American, and to allow defectors to live in the U.S. without regard to immigration laws.

These are *some* samplings of S.12. Emerson has said: "If passed, it would lay the legal foundation for a police state."

Besides these proposed pieces of legislation, however, there are already hundreds of laws and regulations on the books which allow FBI

and Justice Department officials to harass and intimidate political activists. The *Anti-Riot Act* under which the Chicago Eight were indicted, for instance, puts every civil rights worker and political activist in danger every time he makes a speech, hands out a pamphlet, or even carries on a conversation. Travelling from one state to another, writing letters, sending telegrams, speaking on radio or television—all can land an activist in prison for five years with a \$10,000 fine if the government can persuade a jury of "intent" to encourage any person to participate in a riot. The fact that strong elements in Congress and the key members of the Nixon Administration are pushing for even greater legal powers with which to punish dissent is significant.

The situation is not exceptional. The government in the past has levelled severe repression against people working for social change. Historically, the most severe repression has come during times of war and threats to economic stability. It was during World War I and following the emergence of socialism in Russia that full-scale imprisonments and deportations of radical leaders were carried out, culminating in the Palmer raids of 1920. The massive attacks against liberals, radicals, or civil rights workers of any persuasion during the late '40's and early '50's came about during the hysteria of government officials following the communist victory in China and the Korean war. In its "Cold War" against socialism the government demanded complete participation. The press spread the frantic reaction to communism, and those who disagreed could either go silent or go to jail.

The parallels between that last period of repression and the present situation are obvious and striking. Again, revolutions against foreign control are springing up abroad. Again, U.S. citizens are calling for changes in foreign and domestic policies. Again, an economic crisis is afoot. This time, however, the economic crisis seems more severe; the forces calling for change within the country are more massive and insistent.

The government's response to the last period of crisis was massive. Constitutional liberties were virtually suspended and the laws passed to deal with radicals were omnibus. The *Smith Act*, passed in 1940 and used against twenty-nine Socialist Workers Party members in 1941, became the tool in 1948 to destroy the top leadership of the Communist Party, on charges of "conspiracy" to "advocate" violent over-

throw of the government. Between 1951 and 1955, one hundred and nineteen officials of the party were indicted or arrested under the Smith Act on conspiracy charges. In 1954 the Justice Department re-arrested the first five members of the party to leave prison under a section of the Smith Act which made membership in revolutionary organizations a crime.

The Internal Security (McCarran) Act, passed in 1950 was an extension of the earlier *Mundt-Nixon* bill which set up the Subversive Activities Control Board and required radical organizations to register themselves with the Attorney General. Organizations defined by the Justice Department as "communist-action" or "communist-front" groups were required by law to send annual financial reports to Washington, including lists of contributors and members. It was a crime under the act for members of such organizations to apply for or receive U.S. passports. Such organizations were required to stamp all publications and identify all radio addresses as the work of "communist" front or action groups. Any organization which advocated a single policy or objective also being urged by the Communist Party could be labeled an "action" or "front" group. Under Title II of the Act, the use of Emergency Detention centers—concentration camps—was authorized during national emergency.

In 1954, the *Communist Control Act* outlawed the Communist Party altogether, making it impossible under the law to collect dues, have bank accounts, sue in the courts, or run candidates for office. Membership in the party was to be penalized by a five-year prison sentence and/or \$10,000 fine. A new classification of "communist-infiltrated" organizations was set up. A communist-infiltrated group was defined as one being conducted by one or more individuals who had "promoted" any of the objectives of the governmentally defined "communist organizations." Trade unions with communists in their leadership lost their rights under the *National Labor Relations Act*. The *Immunity Act* of 1954 made testimony compulsory, on pain of contempt citations. If a person did testify, he was likely to be cited for perjury. And of course the "immunity" granted did not apply to loss of employment due to the testimony. Congress went so far as to pass the *Walker Act* of 1954, which required registra-

tion of all printing presses and devices which were under the control of "communist-action" or "front" groups. The *Expatriation Act*, proposed by President Eisenhower, would have deprived any citizen convicted of conspiracy to overthrow the government of his citizenship. The *McCarran-Walter Act* of 1952 allowed the Justice Department to arrest without warrant, detain for an indefinite period, and conduct hearings without due process against aliens. Non-citizens could be deported for crimes committed years before, which may have been legal at the time of commission, or they could be sent to jail for ten years if they refused to deport themselves.

Today's accusations by men in government that liberals are "squishy-soft" on communism, that the news media is lying when it presents news unfavorable to the government, and that dissidents in our society are "rotten apples" who must be separated from the barrel, are all reminiscent of the last period of repression. The organization of "hard hats" with the President's apparent approval has opened the gates to new waves of attacks against black people and dissident whites similar to the attacks of the '50's. The legislation being proposed and passed to deal with radical activity or dissent is clearly a re-hash of the laws passed over a decade ago.

The emerging use of terror tactics against people in movements for change is not an aberration; it is a consistent historical fact of America in the 20th century. The question is, what to do about it. For the answer, we should look not to the government, but to the people. It is important to realize that despite the attacks against Constitutional liberties in this century, in each period of repression some democratic forces have managed to prevail.

A strong coalition of people whose interests are in opposition to repression, war, racism and other social diseases, must be brought together in every community and on the national level to stop attacks on basic rights to speak, associate and organize. ■



PHOTOGRAPH: J. T. WILLIAMS



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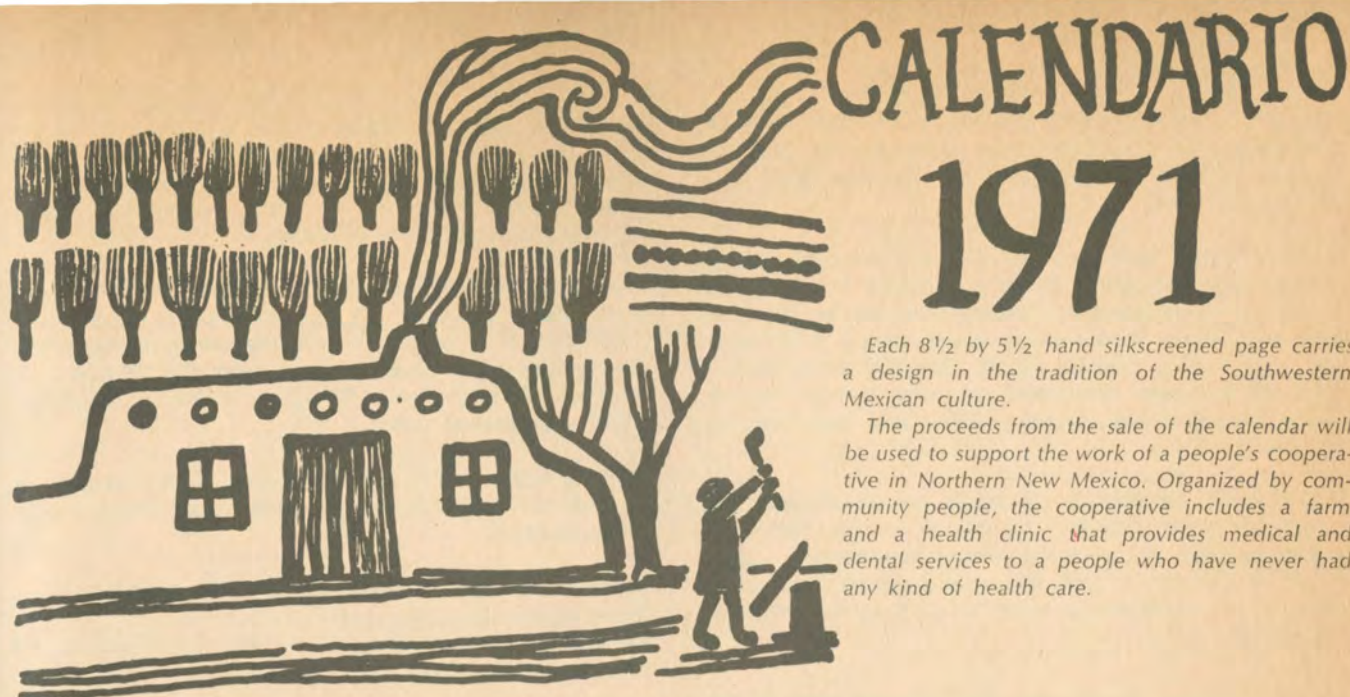
Along with his many jobs in theater and economics, **MICHAEL HUDSON** is a professor of economics at the New School for Social Research in New York. **BOB LECKY**, who interviewed Hudson, is editing *American Report*, an invaluable weekly publication with a yearly subscription rate of \$5, write them at: 637 West 125th Street, New York, N.Y. **JOSEPH BERKE** and **MARY BARNES** have just completed a book on **MISS BARNES'** journey through psychosis while at **KINGSLEY HALL**. *motive* owes thanks to **DENNIS JAFFE** for his help in the **BERKE** and **BARNES** section this month. **SUE THRASHER** is a staff member of Atlanta's underground paper; *The Great Speckled Bird* and is also one of the founding members of the Southern Institute for Policy Study, an organization which researches southern defense industry and also oral southern history. **MIKE HONEY** is the Southern Regional Director for the National Committee Against Repressive Legislation. He also heads the Memphis office of the Southern Conference Educational Fund (SCEF) and can be reached at Box 4235, Memphis, Tenn. 38104. **MARIE MOOREFIELD** is now a part of the Seminary of the Streets in New York, her address is 48 Henry

Street, New York, N.Y. **JIM STENTZEL**, *motive's* editor in Asia has informed us that he will be working in the Philippines and Hong Kong during the winter months.

CARTOONIST: DAN O'NEILL finally has a home address. He can be contacted c/o General Delivery, Jenner, California.

POETS: Two of December's poets, **WILBERT RUTLEDGE, JR.** and **C. EDDIE EDMONSON** are members of The Kansas City Black Writers Workshop, 2060 N. Third St., Kansas City, Mo. **WILLIAM T. JOYNER** is a minister in the Congregational Church of Wilton, Conn. In the preface to *Knots* **R. D. LAING** writes that he is trying to find a new expression for some old problems.

ARTISTS: Along with **MARY BARNES**, **MARKY BULWINKLE** and **MARY RIKER**, who provided the paintings, woodcuts and etchings this month, we also thank photographers: **BRUCE MISFELDT**, **JOHN MAST**, **ROHN ENGH**, **STEPHEN SHAMES**, **J. T. WILLIAMS**. We also appreciate the help of **IMAGE, INC.** for their help in the photography.



CALENDARIO 1971

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