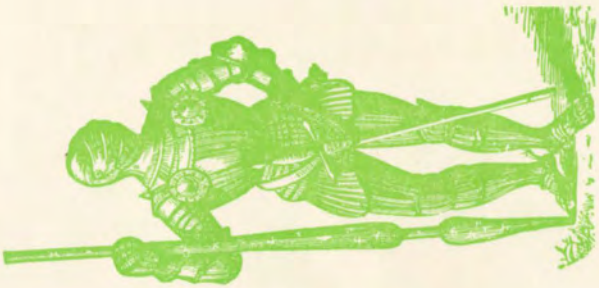
motive

april/may 1971
one dollar & fifty cents

don't wait any longer



First Class
Permit No. 607
Nashville, Tenn.

BUSINESS REPLY MAIL
No Postage Necessary If Mailed in the United States

Postage will be paid by

motive magazine
P.O. Box 871
Nashville, Tenn. 37202

COVER PAINTINGS: "ALL-AMERICAN INDIAN" AND "WAITING INDIAN"
BY FRITZ SCHOLDER

INSIDE COVERS: "SEATED WOMAN" AND "WALKING WOMEN"
DRAWINGS BY R. C. GORMAN

[SUBSCRIBE]

Subscription Order

PLEASE SEND MOTIVE

☐ NEW SUBSCRIPTION ☐ RENEWAL

☐ 2 YEARS—$8.50

☐ 1 YEAR —$5.00

☐ CHECK ENCLOSED ☐ BILL ME LATER

NAME

STREET OR BOX

CITY

STATE ZIP

BACK ISSUES:

☐ APRIL/MAY 1970 "CRISIS OF THE ENVIRONMENT"

NUMBER OF COPIES

$1.50 each

25 or more, $1.25 each

contents

COVER PAINTINGS: "ALL-AMERICAN INDIAN" AND "WAITING INDIAN"
BY FRITZ SCHOLDER

INSIDE COVERS: "SEATED WOMAN" AND "WALKING WOMEN"
DRAWINGS BY R. C. GORMAN

MOTIVE IS CHANGING

You are now looking at just part of the changes that will be coming in motive. The next issue you see (Sept./Oct. since we don't publish over the summer) will be the full introduction to the new motive format.

On the cover of the first Fall issue you will notice an announcement of what that issue of motive will be all about. That's because all coming issues of motive will be in-depth looks at specific topics such as HEALTH CARE, GAY CONSCIOUSNESS, OLD PEOPLE AND AGING.

You will also notice on the cover that two months will be combined; Sept/Oct, Nov/Dec, etc. This means that motive is changing its publishing schedule. Instead of the traditional eight issues from October to May, we will be publishing six issues year round. Now, that might appear as if the readers will be getting less magazine during the year, but that is not the case. Next Fall's issues will be noticeably larger than the magazines we have been publishing, averaging 96 pages instead of the past year's 64-page average.

Then if you're one of those readers who look at the fine print below the editor's names you will notice another change. For the past 30 years the notice has stated that motive is copyrighted by the Board of Education of the United Methodist Church. The next issue will state that the magazine is copyrighted by motive inc. That is because motive will be independent of the United Methodist Church as of July 1, 1971.

After two years of planning and negotiations this change was arrived at through mutual agreement between the United Methodist Board of Education and motive. Independence is perhaps the most important change because it is the seed of all the changes you will see in the Sept/Oct motive.

But with all the changes there are essential portions of motive that will remain. We will continue to do our best toward educating for realistic and humanistic social change.

MOTIVE EXPRESSES ITS APPRECIATION TO THE SUBSCRIBERS, CONTRIBUTORS, ADVERTISERS AND THE CHURCH FOR 30 YEARS OF SUPPORT. WE HOPE WE CAN CONTINUE TO DESERVE IT.

motive

APRIL/MAY 1971
Volume XXXI, Number 6/7

REMEMBER
motive
is not published
over the summer
months

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

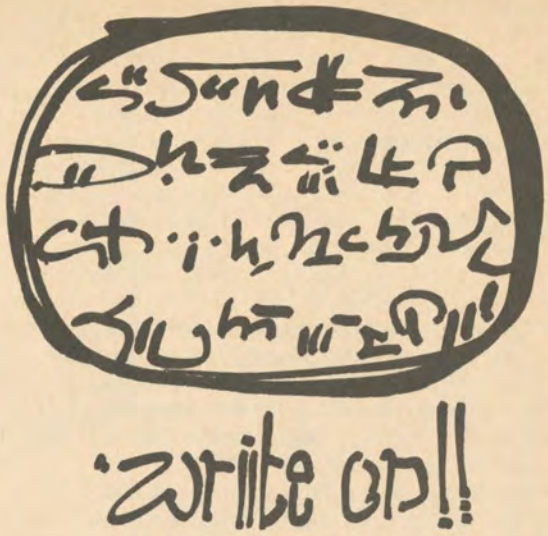
Subscription rates: One year $5. Optional group subscription plans are available; information on request.

Second class postage paid at Nashville, Tennessee.

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

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

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



As a reasonably liberal individual I've watched your publication with interest, then with concern, and over the past few issues with a lack of understanding as to what you were trying to say really could help me, my church, and anyone in the age and thought group to which you are directing your publication.

I see no real reason why the United Methodist Church should continue to be associated with *motive* since what you are basically trying to achieve and the methods you advocate for achievement seem to me to be so different from what I think the church needs to be about. I think the main stream of true and good dissent has flowed off and left you in somewhat of an intellectual backwater. I don't plan to renew my subscription.

JIM WADE

The four posters as a gift from you have been received. The posters are most attractive as well as telling a story.

The students, faculty, and staff of Randolph-Macon Woman's College appreciate your thoughtfulness in making them available to our library.

We develop special exhibits and are happy to have these for our use.

MILLER BOORD
randolph-macon woman's college
lynchburg, va.

Yesterday, I received the four posters—gifts of the editors of *motive*. Please don't misunderstand me, but if we put these posters up in our church, we may create controversy we are trying to suppress.

My church, the largest Methodist church in Lynchburg, over the past two years, experienced a reduction of 20%-25% in members' giving, but came back in the last six months and paid out everything except that portion of World Service which they refused to accept.

I cannot see a lot of value in these posters. However, I am taking them to my Pastor and letting him make the decision on whether he wants to use them or not. My wife, a life-long church worker, commented . . . "I don't see why the church would waste its money on these kind of posters. If they cost any money to speak of, it's wasted."

I look forward to the copy of *motive* magazine with the "new dress." I hope it will include none of that which caused us headaches a year ago.

W. C. VAUGHAN
lynchburg, va.

Your posters are great. When folks ask—as endless numbers do—"Where is the January issue of *motive*?" our entire library staff shouts in chorus: "On the walls of the smoking lounge—where the action is." Students report our walls are getting better all the time.

Keep on motivating *motive*. You are loved in distant places.

DANIEL R. MACGILVRAY
director of the library
st. mary's college, maryland

The tightly rolled January issue of *motive* arrived yesterday. It was a most pleasant and pleasing surprise! Posters!

Its long, cylindrical sleeve gave me fits to open, but once the contents were viewed, all of the effort involved proved much more than the usual, "worthwhile." They were absolutely and unusually "wonderful"!

A probably too-long college professor, I find that, at the age of forty-eight, I thoroughly enjoy every issue and religiously covet them and save them from harm. They are treasured possessions; tastefully presented, artfully and imaginatively done, and contain contents that both irritate me and yet prod my thinking to a higher degree.

I wish to thank you for your splendid publication.

PERRY HACKETT
illinois state university
normal, illinois

We received your posters. The poster idea is a change of pace and we wish for more of this kind of creativity.

We liked the two that are not very colorful (Our Money Floats and Farewell). The two that are colorful are not meaningful to us; perhaps we don't understand the symbolism.

ALICE Y. MURRAY
DANA L. WESTON
greater akron intergroup ministry
akron, ohio

A big thanks. Since we should have written long ago—but alas never have—we'd like to take this occasion to thank you for several years of good reading. Aside from this however, a special note of congratulations is in order for:

1. your beautiful December issue.
2. those tremendous "surprise" posters we received several days ago.

It's really too bad that the Methodist Church doesn't need you anymore . . . glad you aren't going away—we kinda like having you around.

NELIA & CALVIN KIMBROUGH
cookeville, tenn.

As a new subscriber to *motive* I am heartened to see your initiatives in art work, political perspectives and religious commentary. You ask about reactions to your four recent posters—a great idea and a refreshing change—something to hang on the wall to brighten up our lives. My only critical feelings are: (1) the motorcycle one just didn't grab me—(2) the point of the "Atlantis" picture was not well expressed. Suggested title: "U.S. sinks our money in floating failures" or something to that effect. (3) I am sorry to see you limited the artists to members of your staff.

STEVE ELKINTON
washington, d.c.

Your January issue was great in its uniqueness! Not all the posters are exactly understood by us but I'm sure each is aimed at the variety of your subscribers.

LYNN AND DAVID LAUER
sheboygan, wisc.

Congratulations on a super January "issue" surprise. It is probably one of the best ways to both attract and get to people. And as a subscriber of a few years, I still look forward to what new things you may come up with and to your approach to all things.

Keep up the good work.

JOAN S. KIEFFER
greensboro, n.c.

We like the posters—thank you—and would not think of asking where the January issue is.

WAKE FOREST UNIVERSITY LIBRARY
winston-salem, n.c.

I am hereby writing to say that the four posters are out of sight, real good together stuff. Especially the poster about the liberation struggle/woman is where a lot of it is in movement-love-strength-keepin' on. Neato poster.

DAVID HARVIN
dayton, ohio

You inquired about the January posters. I thought the idea of sending posters for one issue was fine. However, on the day these arrived I was ill and their appearance only made me more nauseated. Sorry, but you did want the truth, did you not?

LARRY BOYD
mcminnville, tenn.

I really dug the posters. That lunar module is hanging in our kitchen, makes the beans taste lots better.

DAVID TOEWS
goshen, ind.

My appreciation to the staff and Mike Honey for his article [December, 1970]. It blew my mind. This raised the question through what communication vehicle can the citizenry become aware of such legislation? It would seem the function of the news media to a great extent, yet I cannot recall having seen such thorough coverage or analysis. I realize the *Congressional Record* or *Congressional Review* carry this, but obtaining them is another problem.

Much of the proposed legislation seems to be unconstitutional and I'll be curious to see what happens. At first I thought I might be over-reacting (so much of it is ridiculous!), but when I think of those which were already passed, I can't help wondering why the public didn't know about them. Is there an attempt to "pull the wool over the eyes of the public" simply because the public is not politically astute? These McCarthy-type tactics cannot fool everyone. I know this kind of repressive legislation is Nixon's thing, but I can't help thinking people who lived through the Fifties must be beginning to realize what's happening. I really hope history does not repeat itself.

GINNY MCCORMICK
allentown, pennsylvania

I've just spent an enlightening afternoon brooding through Todd Gitlin's visionary "Dynamics of the New Left" in *motive's* October-November issues. This reflective essay alone should raise Gitlin to the forefront of movement authors and at the same time secure a place for *motive* magazine on college reading lists nationwide.

JON SODER
school of labor and i.r.
msu, east lansing, mich.

In response to John Patterson's letter in the February issue of your magazine, I would like to say "RIGHT ON". He presents a beautiful response to the previous letter. It is about time that the churches reach beyond it's gothic stained doors to reach the world! You are reaching beyond attempting to overcome and present "cynical or decisive" viewpoints. Thanks for some refreshment in these days of inwardness.

REV. THOMAS L. SHANKLIN
university of houston
houston, texas

I am enjoying *motive* very much and am especially grateful for the series of liberating life style articles. I am confused, however, as to what happened to the third in the series. I read the first one in the October issue, the second in December, and the fourth in February. Am I to assume that you had the third one ready for the January issue until you ran into difficulties. If it is available, I would certainly enjoy reading it.

There is much that is liberating throughout every issue. Keep up the good work.

ROBERT I. MILLER
union theological seminary
new york city

Am thankful that you read motive *so carefully. No, we just mistakenly numbered the series, so that number four (Feb. issue) should have been number three. Glad you called this to our attention.—Eds.*

Is it too early to congratulate you on your liberation from the domesticating ecclesiastical institutions of our culture? If so, then I shall merely celebrate your awareness!

My assumption is that we relatively affluent and powerful "Christian" Americans are doomed to increasing fear and frustration unless we can consciously determine whose side we are on in the human struggles for survival, liberation and development of our era.

If we decide to continue supporting the cause of the rich and powerful, we join the clamoring mobs that inevitably call for the stoning of the prophets.

If we give little more than lip service to the movements of the poor and powerless, we risk being stoned.

Even the fence is getting to be an uncomfortable place to sit out the revolution!

RICHARD K. HEACOCK, JR.
united methodist office for united nations
new york, new york

In *La Cooperativa* (March 1971) Valentina Valdez Tijerina speaks with truth and pain about the confiscation of a people's land and culture, and the rebirth of both.

I was fortunate to be present at the fiesta celebrating the rebuilding of La Clinica in Tierra Amarilla.

Raw, newly laid adobe bricks, handmade curtains flying at the windows (each room with its own patterned fabric), people driving up in pickup trucks, with grandma and kids riding in the bed, tortillas and barbecue. Two nine year old boys soberly discussing in Spanish the significance of the delivery table in the maternity room. Dancing and beer and dust and love and pride.

A small building under the overwhelming New Mexico sky, but a powerful symbol in the turning point of La Raza changing the feudal system of the southwest.

Thank you, *motive,* for printing the message.

Your readers can support La Clinica and La Cooperativa by sending program support money which is a tax-exempt donation to Regional Young Adult Project, 330 Ellis Street, San Francisco 94102.

RUTH GOTTSTEIN
glide urban center
san francisco, california

I am writing to meet the challenge of Mr. Joe B. McGinnis, who contributed to "write on" in the February, 1971 issue; I feel it incumbent upon me to express to Mr. McGinnis, that I, a United Methodist student, have, in Mr. McGinnis' own words, "been brought closer to Christ because of this magazine." Mr. McGinnis, please take notice of the current resurrection of Christianity which is taking place among thoughtful citizens of the world community; please recognize the fact that Christ can be followed by persons of differing ideological casts from yours.

I will begin graduate education in theology soon; I feel that new interpretations of the Gospel are called for in our pluralistic society, and I sincerely hope that *motive* continues to offer what I believe to be a positive contribution in this direction.

Mr. McGinnis raises a valid point when he asks for an article about "a young American being killed by the Viet Cong"; yes—let's have an article that shows the waste of a human life, that describes the anguish of parents when they realize that their beloved son has been (literally) shot down in the prime of his life. But let us not stop with one side of the story—let us also have an article depicting the murder of a Vietnamese soldier by an American; let us know something of the heartbreak which also comes to Vietnamese parents.

I close with an open question to all those who call themselves Christians and still support the activities in progress in Southeast Asia: how can we, as Christians, call for the reconciliation of all people when we try to destroy them? Why cannot we Americans realize that Asians, Africans, Indians, and all other non-Anglo peoples are just as infinitely valuable as are we? It seems to me that only when we recognize this fact can we possibly move toward a realization of the Kingdom. I believe that *motive,* in its own way, is contributing to the liberation-struggle in which we all live. Let us all rejoice that there *is* hope for the future; may we work together in a spirit of sincerity and concern for life, in all its forms.

D. G. TRICKETT
baton rouge, louisiana

David Waskow's guest editorial in the Feb. issue (& the drawings with it) was writ large, man & with holy fingers.

GARY GILDNER
des moines, iowa

notes

my editorial with love for BYRD HOFFMAN *dead or alive*
sub-title; i planted FRENCH MARIGOLDS twice in the back by
the pile of ashes from the furnace next to the fenced-in
easter baby chickens but radishes came up.

once and always upon a long time
as long as i can remember and not forget
i can see on my forehead a vision
the first polywog i had who grew legs and then died . . .
my mother fell down the cellar stairs and my grandmother/
her mother/screaming and pulling her hairs at the top of
the stairs/"MY BABY IS DEAD, MY BABY IS DEAD/. . . aunt
margaret died in my grandmother's bed in NEW JERSEY/we all
watched her . . . i found a cocoon in the field/the
biggest one i ever found and took it home/put it in my 5
gallon pickle jar terrarium/watched it everyday and it came
to life/GOD ALMIGHTY!/i got so scared by the frantic attempts
and the legs moving so furiously to pull itself out that i
grabbed the jar and ran back to the field and set it down
with the top open so it would go away/i didn't know any
better/i never saw any thing being born before and was scared
. . . alas . . . i carried a pen-knife around with me all
the time then/as the vision grew larger just in case i
wanted to end it all someday . . . but didn't . . . so i
wrote morbid poetry instead and had a real religious con-
version and went to college and tried to bend my vision
into art/and tried to bend my vision into art/and tried to
bend my vision into art/but I've tried to control it
all . . . woe is me . . . tried to make life safe enough to
live 80 years' worth . . . all the women in our family for
about four generations have lived anywhere from 80 to
100 years/they say its heredity/maybe just traditional/
since tradition works in such strange ways . . . i want to
be an artist for a long time and wanted to be one before
i was . . . but necessity and society work on me in
funny ways/can i bend my vision without breaking it/i fear
i don't think so/i want to be an artist/use my life in this
way/ can think of nothing more necessary out of more
necessity than this task for me and my forehead . . . i
can anneal and bend my vision with great care/slowly/a
little at a time/each movement a further statement of what

toward a civil future

is to be made . . . i will bend from where i begin to where i begin again . . . i burned all my poems at 14-years-old with much suffering rebellion and tears/no one knew what they were about anyway so only i knew what it meant to destroy them . . . there will be many statements and there will be a wholeness . . . the wholeness will be for those who take it and there will be no compromise/but/what if some other force is pulling at me/how can i bend my vision two ways at once/it will break/there will be no wholeness/ only scattered pieces/a wound/a statement of indecision and an 80 year old waste of time and heat . . . society why do you force me to break . . . the demand of society for me is not conformity/as it has been in the past for many artists/conformity is easy to fight against/i wouldn't be worried if that was my only test of strength . . . what society is demanding is revolution/a counter attack on its age old truths and insidious proclamations of unity through systematic control . . . this is the demon that pulls at me/another need pulls the necessity for creative vision/vision bent toward changing structures/attitudes/ goals . . . what am i to do . . . stand around like some cross hung undecider/one arm stretched and nailed to art/the other nailed out toward revolutionary politics . . . can i even dream/of bringing these two forces together and make my life or must i make the choice . . . the questions are not enough are they . . . well/the reasons don't seem to be enough either . . . maybe question and reason are no longer the tools for decision making . . . maybe the only tool i have is some feeble hope/not a utopian dream mind you/that a vision bent slowly/carefully/a little at a time/beginning again/beginning again/beginning again/will bring because of its uncompromising thrust toward a wholeness/a contribution to what we don't know yet as humanity . . . art for art sake/ farce . . . art for the people's sake/farce . . . art for my sake/honest i'd say . . .
i like your politics/hope you like my art

—ginger legato

whatever happened to

by John Nichols

During 1967 and 1968 the word spread around America that somewhere in or around Taos, New Mexico was a kind of hippy Eldorado. Accordingly, an untold number of freaks headed for that small picturesque town at the base of the lovely Sangre de Cristo mountains, and by May of 1969, when I first arrived in Northern New Mexico, a dozen communes were established around Taos, and one real estate office was bragging that it had sold over $500,000 worth of land to the hippies.

Yet almost the first thing I saw when I hit town was a new model Mustang with DESTROY THE HIPPIES taped in white across the side. I stopped in Spivey's Cafe for a cup of coffee and spotted a sign on the wall over the cash register which read HELP KEEP AMERICA BEAUTIFUL, TAKE A HIPPY TO A CARWASH. That night bricks were thrown through the windows of a hippie free store, and the hippy owned Seven Paths Macrobiotic Restaurant. Also a hippy vehicle was forced off the road and fired upon at Horsethief Shorty's corner.

In the morning I picked up a Taos *News*, which was almost hysterical about the hippie "situation." In the first article, I read that the School Board considered the hippies a "cancerous epidemic." There was an amazing air of tension about the town, and it looked as if I had arrived just in time for the start of what was being loudly advertised as a Hippy-Chicano war.

But Joe Sage, the owner of the Seven Paths Restaurant was optimistic: "It's just a very small minority doing the roughstuff," he claimed. "Like kids being goaded on by a few parents. But it's all going to be okay. Most of the people in town are wonderful, sympathetic. This thing has gotten blown out of proportion. Everything's going to be all right."

In a way, Joe's optimism, in light of what had been happening to hippies, was pretty far-fetched. Yet it was a typical Taos attitude, that more or less denied the problems could be very profound, it denied they might be a lot more than simple and sudden antagonisms which could just as simply and suddenly be extinguished.

You don't have to look far to find a precedent for Joe's optimism, however. It's in the official line put out by the Taos Chamber of Commerce and other interested citizens, who would have you believe that Taos is an exquisitely beautiful place where three cultures—the Indians, the Chicanos, and the Anglos—live together in absolute harmony. In fact, the propaganda leaflets and advertising would like to give an outsider the impression that Taos is a living epitome of the American Dream.

Word has it that Taos, with its 50-odd art galleries, is the world's third largest art center (after Paris and New York) in terms of volume of paintings sold, but it is also true that one fourth to one third of the 2,500 indigenous folk are on welfare. More than half the rural Chicano families in the county live below the old $3,000 poverty level. The per capita income for the county is about $1,300 dollars. Unemployment is over 12 percent, and many who are employed work (as do kitchen and cleaning employees at the Taos Inn) for between one dollar and $1.30 an hour (with no free meals, of course, although an employee is given 15 percent off if he eats at the Inn).

The countryside around Taos *is* "exquisitely beautiful." The town is a stone's throw from the majestic Rio Grande Gorge, and eight trout streams and rivers flow down out of the nearby mountains. Campgrounds in the surrounding Carson National Forest are too numerous to count, yet many of the local

ELDORADO?

people cannot afford to pay the fees for fishing and hunting licenses, or camping permits. Those who can afford to pay, often fiercely resent doing so because 100 years ago the land belonged to their grandfathers. Since then they have lost it, first to Anglo thieves who ripped off big tracts of Spanish-American land grants in the last century; later to the Federal Government, which now owns an incredible 44 percent of Taos County; and most recently to the influx of tourist-oriented businessmen (and hippies) who are grabbing anything that's left over.

A swank ski area that *Playboy* magazine recently numbered among the outstanding in America, the Taos Ski Valley, is only a 20 minute drive from downtown. Half an hour to 45 minutes away are the Red River Ski Valley and Angel Fire Ski Basin. The parking lots around these areas are always loaded with shiny late-model, largely out-of-state cars that belong to people staying in the Swiss-style chalets (at the Taos Ski Valley) or at the expensive motels that give Taos a definite air of affluence.

But if you travel 40 miles north of Taos to Costilla, you will see numerous old adobe ranch houses going to ruin, and wide fields lying desolate and unused even though Costilla Creek—with enough water to make the town a rich oasis—bubbles right through its center. Ask the residents why Costilla is a ghost town and they will reply bitterly that the state reallocated the water for the big farms "down south," meaning those belonging to the agribusinessmen from Southeast New Mexico and Texas, many of whose cars are parked at the nearby ski resorts or in the scenic camping areas. So the farmers of Costilla have had to go elsewhere; many have become migrants who work in the lettuce and potato fields of the nearby San Luis Valley where, according to the U.S. Civil Rights Commission, Mexican-Americans are sometimes forced to work under conditions "resembling involuntary servitude or peonage."

So, while the Molybdenum Corporation of America is expanding its lucrative mining operation in a nearby town called Questa, and the owners of the Taos Ski Valley are going ahead with plans to build an entire new ski city in a valley not too far from their present site, the surviving poor farmers of Taos County are being driven out of business. Yearly tourists outnumber local New Mexicans 15 to 1, causing the Forest Service to weigh its overall policies heavily in favor of the mining and timbering industries, and the skiing, camping, fishing, hunting, and other recreational interests. What amounts to a policy of extermination has reduced grazing permits on government land from 1,000 to 516 in the past 20 years. The cards are so stacked against the local rancher that between 1954 and 1959 the total number of farms in the seven northern counties of New Mexico dropped from 4,302 to 2,614, and during that same time small farms under ten acres went from 2,025 to 662. As a result, there are long-standing and very bitter tensions between the Forest Service and many of the local poor.

Among other things, Taos prides itself on its cultural heritage. Although it desperately needs money to pave roads, repair a broken-down sewerage system, and beef up an ineffective garbage disposal system, the town recently scraped together the funds to throw a five-day festival in honor of D. H. Lawrence, who once spent about a year and a half some 20 miles north of town. There were no Chicanos or Indians on the

planning board, but the festival was a great success. People came from all over the country to view movies, visit shrines, and sit in on the scholarly panel discussions.

But the day-to-day intellectual life in the Taos area is not quite as stimulating. Studies of school children in Northern New Mexico have discovered that many are slow in class because they suffer from malnutrition. In some cases students have been unable to chew their food because their teeth are so badly deteriorated. Students also suffer from racist school policies. A constitutional requirement that teachers be bilingual is ignored. History books do not touch on Mexican-Americans until 1846 (the Mexican-American War) though most of the children in the area are descended from people who were living and farming in the Taos high country long before the Pilgrims touched down on Plymouth Rock. Taos High School is sometimes jokingly referred to as "a prep school for the Army," and the dropout rate is high. The average number of school years completed by Chicanos is 7.1 (as opposed to 12.1 for Anglos nation-wide, and 9.0 for Negroes); and Chicanos age 25 or over average only five years of schooling.

Into this hypocritical tinderbox came the hippies, largely oblivious to the local situation, looking for an Eldorado. As did Peter Fonda and Dennis Hopper in their film *Easy Rider* (some of which was shot around Taos), many of them blew it. Yet in doing so they brought to light the disparities and divisions in Taos, and there is a good chance that the hippy invasion succeeded in liberating some forces of significant social change in Taos. There is a good chance they have left some sort of creative growth behind them.

As Joe Sage predicted, the summer of 1969 ended without any major disasters, but Taos passed the winter with its breath held. Shortly after Christmas rumors began that there would be up to 25,000 hippies passing through town in the summer of 1970. (A hefty number, considering that the population of all of Northern New Mexico is about 100,000!) And by the end of March so many people had already come into the Taos area that the situation had reached a premature crisis point.

Then, during the first two weeks of April, 1970, all the old problems erupted again. Within those two weeks a hippy bus was bombed in Peñasco; a car was bombed in Vadito; a bridge to a hippy community in Pilar was burned; six bullets were pumped through the front window of a house in Pilar; a boy named William Elsea was shot in the leg at the Ponce de Leon Hot Springs a few miles south of Taos; a house and a bridge at the Hot Springs were also burned; an apparent inter-hippy feud erupted near the Lorien Commune 25 miles north of Taos near Questa; four men were fined for assaulting some longhairs and local crafts people in Arroyo Seco; a Chicano girl who was raped in El Prado said her attackers were hippies; and five bullets were shot through the front windows of the new hippy General Store.

After the initial April skirmishes the hip community suddenly began putting out the word that there was no more room in Taos. Individual communes begged longhairs to stay away during the summer of 1970, and most communes closed their doors to further members; a few got to the point where visitors were allowed only once a week.

What happened during the ensuing months, is that the men and women within the hip community began to realize a few facts of life about existence in Northern New Mexico, and perhaps they began to understand the sort of threat they represented to the local residents. They began to realize that although New Mexico is large on the map, hardly a million people can live off its land, and at best that living is doomed to be meager. New Mexico is one of the poorer states in the Union, with a very limited arable land base and access to water. It would probably not be far off the mark to say that for every hippy who arrives and "makes it" in Taos, there is a corresponding Chicano who must give up a last claim to his ancestor's land and become a migrant or move to an urban ghetto.

Back in May 1970 trying to explain how local resentments might be inflamed by the hippies, I wrote in an article for the *New Mexico Review and Legislative Journal:*

> "In order for many Chicanos to keep even part of their land and survive at the same time, they must sell another portion of their land—usually to a relatively well-off Anglo, or, most recently, often to monied hippies. But land sold by the local poor farmer or rancher, under the pressure to simply stay alive and maintain at least a part of his terrain, is not land parted with willingly. Particularly as the earth is the basis of his Chicano culture

("He who sells his land sells his mother" says a local proverb) the only reason he has parted with any of it is to protect the remainder—that ever-diminishing heart of his history which is older than most of America, and from which he most likely can no longer derive a living.

"Hence, although it is perhaps unfair to the hip person who has come to this area and bought land specifically to create in himself a culture with roots into the land, the poor man he buys his place from may blame him for taking the land, even accuse him of stealing it although he has paid his money. For to this poor man who is being forced up against a wall, any money man, any city person escaping to the rural scene, any educated person with a little bread is responsible for the society that is attempting to destroy the Chicano and Indian culture and its land base.

"So the hip person who has made his stake elsewhere is seen as being no different than the exploiters and robbers of this land, from Coronado through Kit Carson to the Santa Fe Ring headed by Thomas Catron and Stephen Elkin, who in the latter 1800's managed to steal around 80 percent of the Northern New Mexico land granted to the Chicanos by the Treaty of Guadeloupe Hidalgo.

"With this in mind, it is possible to understand how resentments might arise over the fact that one of the most exciting, aware, and growing communes in the area is supported largely through a millionaire's generosity, and with money that comes from the profits of IBM."

It further seemed to me that: "Looking at the Taos problem from one point of view, the Anglo and Chicano power structure may want the tension to endure. After all, motives are never as simple or as skin deep as headlines and the people who make them would have us believe. And therefore where once Mexicans and Indians were encouraged to slaughter each other to purge the frustrations they had accumulated from being repressed by an untouchable Anglo oppressor, so now as La Raza awakens, it would be well for those in power to aim the Mexican-American resentments and firepower elsewhere before they wise up too much. This is standard colonialist procedure, and under it the hippies may be kept around and publicized as a menace to be persecuted so that the people who should be emerging into an awareness of themselves, their culture, and how they've been bamboozled over the years, will be distracted and kept from digging into the real problems that have been here since long before any hippy migration to the area.

"If this is the conscious, or subconscious strategy, so far it is working nicely. Once again the 'Hippy Problem' has become the over-riding issue, obscuring pollution, unfair employment practices which are rampant in so poor an area, corrupt and inept local government, racial prejudice, and centuries old exploitation by one culture of another."

As the word not to come to Taos started going out, public meetings were called in

an attempt to bring about some kind of rapport between the hip community and the local people. Two of the longest, most widely attended meetings were held toward the end of May as a part of the White House Conference on Children and Youth. These meetings were chaired by Taos County juvenile probation officer, Mary Martinez, who said, "Kids are being involved in the violence going on in Taos, and I don't like it. I don't want kids used to carry out ideas that some of the adults have."

The idea that local people, notably some young Chicanos, were being used as dupes to carry out the violence, surfaced a number of times during the meetings. Eli Herrera, a Vocational Rehabilitation Councelor said: "I am a *nativo* of Taos. I am concerned at how some elements are using the Spanish-Americans as scapegoats. As poor people we feel sorry for the hippies, yet if they want to live that way it's their business. But all this talk about 'The natives are very concerned about the hippie influx.' Well, that is a big old fat lie. I've been to some of the meetings in which these pronouncements were decided, and do you know there were only two natives there—me and the Water Commissioner. But as a result of the voting at these meetings, they say 'The natives are against the hippies.' Well, that is absolutely wrong, and I don't happen to want to see any of *our* young people killed by hippies who are aroused by these statements. So we've formed a committee to help the kids realize they are being used to achieve the aims of others in the community."

This realization, combined with the hippies' budding awareness of the world around them, caused something both curious and exciting to happen in Taos. As if by magic, the freak immigration slowed to a trickle, and as it did the local people showed the first stirrings of a renewed social and political awareness.

Of course, in next door Rio Arriba County, actions of a socially significant nature had been going on for several years. It is likely that in part the Hippy-Chicano feud was born in hopes that it would divert attention away from the implications of the Tierra Amarilla Courthouse Raid and various Forest Service sign burnings in Rio Arriba County, incidents which were bringing home to the state's power structure and to America the plight of the Chicano poor, their bitterness about it, and their refusal to accept oppression any longer.

Also, in the spring of 1970, in the southern Colorado county that borders Taos County, a lettuce pickers and potato pickers strike, which ultimately received the support of Cesar Chavez' UFWOC union, was born, and it is still growing, still going strong.

At the end of the summer Luis Valdez' *Teatro Campesino,* a people's theater which grew out of the California grape strike came to Taos. Its performance—a strong affirmation of Chicano culture and Chicano pride—was probably the single most creative act that had occurred in Taos for a long time. Although the Town Council refused to let the *Teatro* give a free performance in the town plaza, money to rent a hall was drummed up from sympathetic Anglos by a small Chicano group working quietly toward local reform, *Los Trabajadores de la Raza,* and the show went on.

It was a stunning success. Twice the number of people that the hall could seat somehow managed to cram inside. They were lined along the walls, they were seated on the floor in the aisles. Knowing how conservative Taos is, the turnout was hard to believe. The people laughed and cheered, and some of them cried, and after each act they joyfully chanted along with Luis Valdez: "Chicano—POWER! Chicano—POWER!" The politics proved to be a little heavy for some Anglos, and at intermission a number of them left.

A few weeks after the *Teatro*'s performance, a small film crew came into Taos to make a documentary about the town, about its people, it problems. Like all artists, writers, photographers, and film crews before them, these young people simply set up and began to shoot. But *Los Trabajadores de la Raza* made an appearance again, asking what was in the movie for the people of Taos? Perhaps the film crew was a little startled at being thus accosted: after all, it is a time-honored tradition in Taos that the colorful resident poor may be exploited as any visitor with an eye to his own profit sees fit. The *Trabajadores* felt it was time for this sort of thing to end, and so after some talks an amicable agreement was reached where a certain percentage of the film's profits would go into a non-profit Chicano and Indian educational fund the *Trabajadores* had set up. In turn, the local people would aid the film crew to find relevant subjects.

Shortly after the film crew departed Taos, I heard the first of many versions of a rumor that I would be hearing for the next couple of months. A local restauranteer called me over to ask nervously if I thought there was any truth to a story that 50 local Chicanos had formed a militia and drawn up an assassination list of the leading Anglo capitalists in town. I said it sounded like bull. The idea seemed preposterous. Of course, it was interesting to think that perhaps the exploited poor in Taos had become sophisticated to a point where they were willing to quit hassling hippies in order to begin harassing people who were more intimately connected with their exploitation.

I almost dismissed the rumour, nevertheless, I lazily attempted to track it down, and after a while I became a little surprised by the number of people who not only had heard it, but who also halfway believed it.

Around this same time, Sen. Clinton B. Anderson, D-NM, was introducing to the U.S. Senate an alternate bill to the Taos Indians Blue Lake bill. The Indians had been fighting for 65 years to obtain the return of 48,000 acres of sacred land Teddy Roosevelt took away from them during his reign of land grabbing, and they were totally rejecting any settlement except clear title to that land. Anderson thought this would set a very dangerous precedent. (Other Indians might also want the return of land stolen by the U.S.!) So Anderson wanted to make the land a special ranger district supervised by Taos Indians, but still in the hands of the Forest Service.

During the first week of October, two Forest Service signs near Taos were blown to bits by some rather sophisticated explosives. Phone calls to local newsmedia by unidentified persons said, "A response has been given to Sen. Anderson in the form of two Forest Service signs."

Then, on Tuesday night, October 27, a bomb exploded in a Forest Service office in Peñasco, 25 miles south of Taos, causing extensive damage. And later, the wire on a Forest Service corral was cut, allowing three horses to escape. They wandered onto the main highway into Taos, and two of the horses were struck and killed by a car.

Of course, local officials said that the bombings had to be an outside job. But in light of all the hippy-baiting that had been encouraged over the past several years, and in light of the exploitation that has been going on for centuries, one could not help but surmise that the violence the local establishment encouraged had come back upon it at last.

Now: right around this time I came to what I believe was the source of the rumor mentioned earlier; a source which clearly, and rather chillingly, illustrates, I think, just how uptight Taos had become. An FBI agent from Albuquerque had gone to at least one of the Anglos—an artist—who'd helped supply rent money for the hall where the *Teatro Campesino* played. The agent told this artist that some of the people to whom he'd given the money were part of a Chicano militia that planned to assassinate a number of white citizens, including the artist. The agent implicated *Los Trabajadores de la Raza,* and, playing up to the artist's paranoia, further described the holocaust that was to hit Taos—*the militiamen had bought 20 four-wheel drive vehicles which they were going to drive into Taos, armed to the teeth. Once inside the city limits they planned to dynamite all exits leading out of town and take over.* As if this weren't enough, the agent went on to insinuate that all this violent activity was partially the result of trips that four people from the area had made to Cuba. The agent then finished his plant by coming down hard on the artist for shelling out some of the rent money for *El Teatro Campesino,* claiming that things had been running smoothly in Taos until Luis Valdez arrived and started stirring up trouble by making Taos County Chicanos feel proud to be Chicanos.

The sign bomber (or bombers) has not as yet been apprehended, nor has any militia or caches of four-wheel-drive vehicles and dynamite come to light, so what follows is merely conjecture. But if there really was a paramilitary organization bent on murder and mayhem as the agent claimed, it made very little sense for Federal dicks to come in before any arrests were made and lay down all the facts about who they were after. Who would be left around to arrest after letting the cat out of the bag like that?

The evidence that the whole story was a police fabrication intended to make the liberals of Taos uptight to the point where they will shy away from any further reform or dangerous encouragement of Indian and Chicano rebirth makes it difficult to rule out the possibility that some of the attacks against Forest Service installations could have been carried out by establishment *provocateurs*, in order to scare the local populace, in order to spread fear, confusion, and suspicion, thus discrediting and crippling the fledging local movements for social reform. Such tactics have been used down through the ages to justify repression of anyone trying to change the hideous conditions under which the poor of the earth must live.

Reason says that this is probably not the case in Taos, and that what probably happened is the past three years of hippy-baiting and reactionary violence backfired on the authorities that encouraged them; as Malcolm X said after the death of President Kennedy, "It looks to me like a case of the chickens coming home to roost." The bombings were more likely an outlet for some frustrated man or persons who have come to realize the numerous ways in which they are victims of a racist and repressive society. Someone, perhaps, has understood fully the hypocrisy of Touristic Taos's American Dream facade, and is determined once and for all to blow the false front to bits.

Whatever the case, as small strides toward political awakening were made in Taos, the Chicano-Hippy feud seemed to die out. And as winter came on, the hippies themselves seemed to have gone elsewhere.

The populations of most communes are way down; some, like the Five Star Farm, no longer exist—only a broken-down house and scraps of junk and clothing attest to the fact that up to thirty or forty people once lived on the lovely little mesa where the farm was located.

BY JOHN NICHOLS

PHOTOGRAPH

PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN NICHOLS

There was a joy and a euphoria to the hippy migration at its height; all that is gone now. Those who have survived up until now and who wish to further survive, will probably be able to do so only if they integrate themselves with the community and become aware of the social and political struggles going on.

In the spring perhaps there will be a rebirth; perhaps new blood will pour into the communes around Taos. But it feels now as if something has changed, as if now that the migration has been stopped, steps have been made to go beyond the so-called feuding, important steps which will make it impossible to play upon the ignorance of local people to the extent that they will turn their wrath and frustrations upon the hippies in the future.

It is not so clear to me whether the hippies have learned what is perhaps most important to their future survival, and that is how to relate to, and interact with, the local people. Many of the hippies have been notoriously apolitical, essentially disinterested in any trip not of their own liking or making. And although the hip community has laid down a heavy cosmic line about how everybody should be brothers, this line seems often to have been canceled out by some very heavy ego-tripping on the part of a lot of longhairs.

Yet just recently I learned of two men from one of the communes who are coming into town twice a week in order to take Spanish lessons from Joe Kelly, a local priest. In that sort of action are the seeds of hope.

Of course, so long as American society continues to depend upon racism to keep its poor divided against each other, there will be some kind of Hippy-Chicano feud in Taos. And if the hippies leave altogether, there will still remain the Indian-Chicano-Anglo feud, which, though less publicized, (because most of the victims belong to racial groups that do not own the newsmedia) has been going on for centuries. But recent activities indicate that some of the people in Taos are tired of being played for the fool. They are no longer willing to acquiese quietly to the manipulations of a society based upon the premise that there is a sucker born every minute.

As 1970 drew to a close the United States Senate voted 70-12 in favor of the Taos Indians Blue Lake Bill. Indians have heralded this victory as the first major triumph for Indians since Custer was clobbered at the Little Big Horn. What effect this breakthrough will have on Taos is not clear except that it means now there is no turning back. It remains to be seen what sort of repression will come down, or what sort of growth will take place. It also remains to be seen whether the Taos hippies will adjust, whether they will find ways to relate to the struggles now occurring in Taos, or whether, discouraged by it all, they will simply go seeking an Eldorado in some other part of the country. ■

LITHOGRAPH "NAVAJO MOTHER IN SUPPLICATION" BY R. C. GORMAN

Report from

COCHITI PUEBLO

by Frye Gaillard

For thousands of years—since well before there was a Christ to worship or missionaries to peddle his gospel—the Pueblo Indians of New Mexico have practiced their own ancient religion: a kind of mystical spirituality infusing every aspect of tribal life, and rendering distinctions between the sacred and the secular not only artificially abstract, but also erroneous. Recognizing futility when they see it, the Pueblos prefer not to say much about their religion to whites, but sometimes the luxury of silence does not exist, and for the last 64 years, the Taos Pueblos in particular have been trying to explain a few things to the great white fathers in Washington. What they have attempted to communicate is their view of the land; and how it is at the heart of their spirituality, and how it is, obviously enough, a source of life which is therefore not to be defiled.

But to President Theodore Roosevelt, beleaguered as he was by the considerable weight of the white man's burden, it all sounded very fuzzy, and so when the time came, in 1906, to transform the Taos holy lands into a national park, he did so without much hesitation.

Most of the Taos people were nominally Christian by that time, but the ancient religion still touched something deep inside them, and they found TR's edict thoroughly unacceptable. As soon as they realized what had happened (they were, of course, not consulted in advance) they began a fight to get their lands back, and on December 2, 1970, they succeeded. The U.S. Senate, amid a minor flurry of headlines, passed a House-approved bill to accomplish the fact. The measure was in no danger of a veto, since President Nixon had submitted it in the first place as part of his "historic" (his term) quest to "grant America's first inhabitants control over their own destinies."

If that is what the President wants to do, however, he still has a long way to go; for while the Taos people are no doubt gratified, there are hundreds of other Indian groups in the country whose problems remain quite unresolved. Take, for example, the nearby Cochiti Pueblo, which is about to become (against the will of most of its people) a suburb: a quaint little petrified hunk of pre-European Americana, existing henceforth and forevermore for the private amusement of 50,000 upper-class fugitives from the rigors of American capitalism.

Cochiti is one of 19 Pueblos still existing in New Mexico, and despite its proximity to such cities as Albuquerque and Santa Fe, it has remained neatly tucked away in the arid, pock-marked desert just south of the San Cristobal mountains. But if the developers have their way—and apparently they will—the "Land of the 7-day Weekend" will spring from the blueprints, and a new resort city will burst full-blown onto the ancient reservation. A salesman for the Great Western United Corporation explains what it's all about.

"Essentially, we are building a livable city," asserts Phil Green with nervous enthusiasm. "By the year 2000 we expect some 50,000 people to be living at Cochiti Lake, and it will be a fine place to live." He strides over to the ten-foot, plastic scale model of the dream city and begins pointing out the golf course, the camping grounds ("for residents only and their guests"), the town-houses, the single-family dwellings, and the ice-blue lake, complete with plastic ripples.

"Back in the early '60s," he continues, "it was decided that a dam would be built on the Cochiti Indians' land and a reservoir created so that people would have an added recreation area. Now when you create an area like this, there are two things you can do; you can either let it just sit there unregulated while people litter the place with beer cans or you can develop it systematically. Naturally you choose the latter alternative and that's where we came in.

"We got the job for three reasons. First we are a huge corporation with millions of dollars in assets. (We own Shakey's Pizza and Great Western Sugar.) Second, we know what we are doing. We have built cities like this before—California City and Colorado City—and so we have the expertise. And

third, we have never been sued or investigated for fraud or anything like that, so we are honest, and that's important too."

And how do the Indians feel about things? "Oh, they are delighted. They are going to be millionaires."

Now much of what Phil Green says is not precisely true. Some of it, in fact, is precisely untrue. For example, Great Western Cities, a division of Great Western United, has been both sued and investigated for alleged irregularities, and at the time Green spoke a suit was pending in California in which nearly 500 people were charging that the company gypped them. The case is still making its way through the California court system, and the plaintiffs have shown no disposition to drop it.

In addition, not all of the residents of Cochiti Pueblo are as delighted as the salesman seems to believe. If you follow New Mexico's Highway 22 until it winds itself out into the dusty cluster of adobe where the Cochiti people have lived for about a thousand years, it is quite possible to find people who are not happy at all.

The village *casique*, or holy man, for example, was so displeased that several weeks ago he removed the sacred shrines from the *Kiva*—the Pueblo equivalent of a church—and transported them to the Santo Domingo Pueblo, some 20 miles away. As far as he was concerned, he said, Cochiti Pueblo had ceased to exist. The bulldozers had killed it. "It was like some cosmic disaster," Gerald Wilkinson of the National Indian Youth Council remarked later, "like a star going out after thousands of years."

Other Cochiti residents are as distraught as the *casique*. They shake their heads sadly and wonder how it all happened, and some of them—seeing no difference between intruding white reporters and intruding land speculators—refuse to say anything at all.

It is clear that the proposed development project has already caused significant changes within Cochiti Pueblo, even though the dam has not been completed, the reservoir does not yet exist, and no white strangers have yet moved in. The most important change has been the development of factions within the Pueblo. "This never happens," said a young Cochiti resident. "Always our people have sought concensus and a harmonious way of life. This is why we have lasted so long. Harmony is really sacred to us because in the Pueblo you cannot separate the sacred from the secular. But this new city has people very upset."

"Of course we know there are problems," says Tom Rondell, the personable and articulate vice-president of Great Western United. "Our salesman should know better than to say that all the Indians are delighted. Great Western is out to get a profit on our investments, but we are not out to rape people. We are concerned about the Cochiti people, and we are going to make this a project that will benefit them. Now I know someone might say these are just words, but I can't be more emphatic about this. For one thing, it would be bad business to make the Indians angry by not doing right by them, but more important than that, it would be immoral. Yes, we know we have a problem, but we are simply going to solve it."

When Rondell was asked for specifics, however, there was, nestled within his very sincere and enthusiastic flow of words, very little of any substance. For one fact is incontrovertible: If Cochiti Lake, the home of the 7-day Weekend, is constructed, the lifestyle of Cochiti Pueblo will be destroyed. "It is almost," said one Indian, "as if they are paying us for our culture."

The culture is an old one. Archeologists estimate that the Anasazis—as the Pueblos were known before the Spaniards renamed them—have lived in the Southwest for at least 2,500 years, and maybe even longer than that. They have moved around from time to time, seeking to escape changing environmental conditions and occasional migrations of warlike Indian nomads. But they have survived, and at this point theirs is the most ancient civilization in the Western Hemisphere.

The Anasazis' most spectacular era, perhaps, occurred between the ninth and 14th centuries. During that time, they constructed the astounding cliff-dwellings and multi-storied adobe buildings that Spanish explorers mistook for the Seven Cities of Gold. The most breath-taking of the Anasazis' architectural achievements was the Pueblo Bonito in Chaco Canyon near where the present states of Arizona, Utah, Colorado and New Mexico come together. Bonito covered three acres, contained 800 rooms, housed

1,200 people, and ranked as the largest apartment complex ever built until the 1880s.

But Chaco Canyon was hit by drought during the twelfth century, and Pueblo Bonito was abandoned. By the middle of the 14th century, the remaining cliff-dwelling Anasazis were driven out of the surrounding region (by a combination of changing climates and invading tribes), and many of them settled in the area of New Mexico where the current Pueblos now exist.

Things quieted down for a couple of centuries, but then the most cataclysmic disaster of all befell the Anasazis: Europeans arrived in the Southwest. In 1540, Coronado initiated the military conquest of the Pueblos, and the succession of foreign oppressors has continued ever since. After the Spanish conquistadors came the Spanish priests, who were followed in turn by Mexican priests, Mexican government officials, United States government officials, and most recently, American corporations.

The problems faced by Cochiti Pueblo are typical of the threats posed by the most recent invaders. And there is at least one major difference between the present and the past: There is, at this point in time, nowhere that the Indians can go to escape.

The intricate chronology of how the Cochiti development scheme came to be was pieced together recently by the *New Mexico Review* and the *Race Relations Reporter*. What emerges is a classic seizure of Indian lands involving the U.S. Corps of Engineers, the Bureau of Indian Affairs, the U.S. Congress, powerful business interests in Albuquerque, and one of the nation's largest corporations. The Indians never had a chance —or a choice.

In the 1950s, Albuquerque began to grow from a town of 35,000 into a city of nearly 200,000. Businessmen became optimistic about the possibilities for development, but they realized one precious commodity was badly needed: more water. "It is often said," the State Engineers Office wrote about that time, "that water is the limiting factor in New Mexico's economic development. The statement . . . too often implies that the state is already at the limit of economic development because of the scarcity of water. Such an implication is not justified. Substantial quantities of water New Mexico is entitled to under interstate compacts have not yet been developed for beneficial use. Also the trend toward urbanization can be

LITHOGRAPH "NAVAJO MOTHER-IN-LAW" BY R. C. GORMAN

greatly extended by orderly redistribution of water . . . ; much water now wasted can be salvaged. . . ."

There was never any questioning of the desirability of increased urbanization. It was simply assumed that cities are the wave of the future—for whites and Indians, even though the latter may not realize it yet.

And so, in order to secure more water for the Albuquerque area, the various business interests involved began to push for the building of a dam on the Rio Grande mainstream as it flowed through Cochiti Pueblo. A hearing was held in 1957 in order to allow interested parties to testify on the desirability of the proposed dam. Cochiti leaders say they were never told of the hearing, and there is no record of Indian testimony. The closest thing to it was the comment of a BIA official, who assured all those present that such a dam "would greatly benefit the Pueblos in the Middle Rio Grande Valley."

Thus it came to pass that legislation was introduced in Congress to allow the construction of the dam. Texas and Colorado objected, however, on the grounds that any dam on the Rio Grande mainstream would jeopardize their own water supplies, and they demanded changes in the proposed bills. To meet such objections, a compromise was worked out whereby a dam could be built on the river as long as the river was not dammed. Which was to say the Rio Grande could be diverted only to the extent required for effective flood control.

The result of the compromise was that the proponents of urbanization had their dam but no water. They set out to rectify the situation.

Two years later, in 1962, a bill was introduced to allow the diversion of water from the San Juan River on the western side of the continental divide, back through the divide and ultimately into the Rio Grande river near Espanola, N.M. The additional water could then be dammed at Cochiti. The bill passed, despite contentions that the Navajo Indian water supply would be threatened, and the Cochiti reservoir came a giant step closer to reality.

The final step came in 1964 when a bill was passed allowing the water to be pooled. The only thing remaining was the minor detail of securing the Indians' permission for the whole project. And the powers that mattered were correctly convinced that it would be no problem.

"We thought about not allowing the dam and the reservoir," recalls one tribal leader, who asked not to be identified. "We thought it might be inviting this kind of a situation. But the BIA wanted it to go through and we were afraid. The BIA told us that if we did not sign an easement, the Corps of Engineers might simply condemn the land and we would get nothing. We finally decided the money was something we could use for our young people to give them greater opportunities."

What the tribal leader was indicating is that the U.S. government used the classic carrot-and-stick technique in its negotiations with the Cochiti council. While the U.S. Corps of Engineers offered to pay for an easement, the BIA gently reminded the tribe that if it did not take the offer, the Engineers might invoke a 1926 law which provides that Indian lands can be condemned when the government feels so inclined.

A resolution passed by the tribal council in 1964 reveals the helpless Cochiti mood at the time:

"Whereas, the Pueblo of Cochiti . . . has been advised by the Corps of Engineers and the United States Department of Defense . . . that it is proposing to construct . . . a flood-control structure on the Rio Grande near Cochiti Pueblo designated as the Cochiti Dam and Reservoir; and

"Whereas, legislation has been adopted which will . . . make water available for recreation purposes; and

"Whereas, the proposed dam and reservoir, when constructed, will occupy and flood a large portion of the Pueblo lands; and

"Whereas, certain of the Pueblo lands to be so occupied and flooded are sacred areas of great spiritual, moral and emotional significance to members of the Pueblo; and

"Whereas, the Pueblo lands to be so occupied and inundated comprise a substantial portion of the irrigated and grazing land of the Pueblo and taking of these lands will have a disastrous effect upon the subsistence economy of the Pueblo members. . . ."

There follows a reluctant resolution agreeing to accept money as compensation for the hardships.

Meanwhile, in California, another part of the story was developing. Two land speculators named Nathan K. Mendelsohn and M. Penn Phillips were attempting to construct a city from scratch in the middle of the Mojave Desert. The project, sponsored by their company, the California City Development Corporation, was destined to have its problems.

According to a report by the California attorney general's office, the two developers acquired 100,000 acres of desert land between 1955 and 1957, and then began trying to promote the city. A few plots of land were sold, and a municipal services district was incorporated with the governing council under the control of the land development company. The council immediately floated bonds for the construction of such municipal trappings as a golf course and extensive recreation areas—before, in the opinion of the attorney general, there was any demonstrated need for them. The bonded indebtedness of the district (which in 1968 stood at $7,516,043) was so high that the attorney general concluded the area was not self-sustaining and questioned the soundness of its fiscal management.

In 1968, when there were less than 1,200 people living in California City, 172 property owners filed suit against California City Development charging the company with fraud. The plaintiffs contended, among other things, that the developer had engaged in false advertising—by implying, for example, that the temperature was 75 degrees the year round when in fact the climate is extreme; and by declaring that the water supply was abundant on all 100,000 acres, when in fact much of the area is bone dry.

The suit is pending in the California courts, and the number of plaintiffs now stands at nearly 500—including property owners and former Great Western and California City salesmen.

At about the time the suit was filed, the Cochiti Indians—reconciled by then to the fact that the recreation area would be built on their land—were searching about for a developer. Four oil companies and California City Development Corporation made their services available, and in 1969, the Cochiti Tribal Council signed a 99-year lease with California City Development.

There is some question about whether the Indians knew of the company's difficulties in California. Some tribal council members say they did not. BIA officials claim the Indians were fully informed but add that in any case the BIA had given the company a clean bill of health on the grounds that "anybody can be sued."

Regardless of whether the Cochitis did or did not know of the suit against California Cities, and regardless of the truth of falsity of the charges in the suit, the main question confronting the Indians was no longer whether or not the land would be developed—if, indeed, that had ever been a real question—but rather who would develop it. "At that point, I didn't much care," said one council member.

Soon after the lease was signed, Great Western United bought out California City Development, inheriting both the Cochiti contract and the California lawsuit. And that is where the situation stands today.

Phillip Ashby, the attorney for the Cochiti council, says Great Western has honored the terms of the lease, and Great Western's 31-year-old president, William White has estimated that the Indians will receive up to a million dollars a year from the contract once the development plans get rolling.

But the cost, in human rather than economic terms, will be high. One former governor of the tribe, who would not allow himself to be quoted by name, stared out at the rugged, untamed beauty of the desert recently and remarked: "This new city will destroy our culture, our way of life, what we believe in, our traditions, and it will take away 7,500 acres of our land. It may end our identity as a people. I just don't know. I feel very guilty about my part in it. . . ."

And there is one other, more tangible, point. William Veeder, a water expert for the Department of the Interior whose province is the southwest, has expressed the fear that the Cochiti dam and reservoir and other similar development projects in New Mexico may destroy the water supply for the other 18 pueblos in the state, threatening not only their culture, but their very existence. A suit has been filed by the San Felipe and Santo Domingo Pueblos, seeking to adjudicate the entire question of Pueblo water rights *vis a vis* whites. But the outcome is highly uncertain, and the development projects continue.

The question arises, what can be done? To begin with there is the possibility that things at Cochiti will take care of themselves. For example, some experts believe that the land at the site of the proposed dam is too porous to hold water and that the creation of an artificial lake may be an engineering impossibility. Beyond that is the fact that Great Western Cities has had its problems in pulling off such development projects in the past. California City was, by any reasonable standards, a monumental failure.

But the U.S. Corps of Engineers, which is supposed to know about such things, is convinced that the dam can be built. And there are also signs that Great Western has taken steps to upgrade its own technical proficiency. In contrast to its amateurish efforts in California, the company has hired Antoine Predock, a highly efficient Albuquerque architect to plan the city at Cochiti Lake. Predock, who is regarded as a "very decent guy" by some of the staunchest opponents of the project, says he has received explicit assurances from Great Western's president, William White, that the company plans to correct its past errors.

It is, therefore, highly improbable that the Cochiti development scheme will die of its own accord. But some people believe it can be killed.

Leading the fight against it is the National Indian Youth Council, a militantly traditional group of Indian young people with a nationwide membership of 5,000 and a national office in Albuquerque. The group's strategy has been to try to get the project delayed on a technicality—such as the alleged failure of the dam contractor, Guy F. Atkinson, Inc., to hire the number of Indians prescribed by law—and then to generate enough unfavorable publicity in the meantime to pressure Great Western into backing off.

The New Mexico Review, published by a group of sensitive and sympathetic whites in Albuquerque and Santa Fe, has contributed to that end by printing two damning exposes about Great Western's questionable history in California and its dubious intentions in New Mexico. In addition, the Race Relations Information Center in Nashville (a group of black and white writers) published a brief account of the Cochiti situation in a recent special report on Indians. But as yet, knowledge of the Cochitis' dilemma has remained confined to a relatively small group of people, and there has been little public outcry.

It is highly doubtful, of course, that a mere outcry would persuade the powers at Great Western to change their minds. The company already has an enormous monetary stake in the development. But the hope seems to be that if the public does become concerned—both about the morality of the project and the reliability of the development firm—that prospective buyers will turn their attention elsewhere.

Obviously, it is a long shot. But many opponents of the Cochiti development feel it is the only way—short of an armed Indian uprising (which has not happened among the Pueblos since 1680).

But if it is unlikely that this particular project can be stopped, then what of the future? Are the Indians doomed to suffer one legalized theft of their land after another? What can whites who don't particularly approve of such things do to affect future policy? Unfortunately, these questions have no easy answers, but what is called for above all is a reexamination of the depressingly persistent assumption that the Caucasion race is somehow endowed with superior wisdom.

Even before Gen. Phillip Sheridan began equating good Indians with dead Indians, and before George Armstrong Custer was writing college term papers about impending Indian extinction, an unwavering belief in the red man's inferiority has pervaded official and unofficial U.S. policy. The policy in the beginning was administered very effectively by the War Department and a large number of self-appointed Indian fighters. Those were the days when theories of manifest destiny were most unsettling to the tribes and when they still had the power to resist.

But gradually the continent became settled by whites, and benevolence began to set in. The authorities in Washington and elsewhere came slowly to the conclusion that it was enough merely to destroy the Indians' way of life—though not the people themselves—and the conclusion persists today.

In reporting on the Cochiti project, *The Albuquerque Journal* declared that the 20th century had now come to Cochiti. Implicit in the statement was the idea that urban life, with all its problems, is the natural order of things today, and that Indian existence is somehow antithetical to the times. This is a fundamental question raised by the Cochiti situation and the dozens of other seizures of Indian land now in progress: Is Indian culture simply a quaint anachronism which is of little importance in the 20th century? Or is it something of value, perhaps even containing lessons for non-Indians, which should be preserved?

An answer was suggested recently by Robert Silverberg in an article in *Mankind Magazine*. In writing about the Pueblo people, Silverberg concluded, "they have been civilized a long time. They have lived in their dry harsh country for twenty centuries or more, and in that time they built a society that had no use for war, a society where every person was important, where the sick and the aging were cared for with love, where family ties were always sacred."

It is obvious, of course, that white America cannot claim such accomplishments and that it might do well to swallow its pride enough to inquire as to how the Pueblos did it. But there are other, and perhaps even more pressing, lessons as well.

What Indians today say they have to teach is a kind of spiritual philosophical view not only of other people, but of other forms of life and of man's physical environment. "The white man," says Charles Cambridge, a young Navajo leader, "simply has not developed the philosophical and cultural sophistication to control the technology he has created. Now that technology controls him, and if something isn't done, it may destroy everybody."

Several months ago when the last trio of American astronauts were whizzing around overhead, the only man-made creation that they could see was the pollution from a power plant located in New Mexico. The Cuyahoga River running through Cleveland, Ohio, is inflammable ("How many Indians could have thought of that?" marvelled one Indian writer recently); and a year ago, a group of European scientists concluded that life on earth may end in 35 years because Euro-American technology has created an artificial environment which is incapable of sustaining life.

Indians never did stuff like that. They had this thing about the land, and living in harmony with what God had given them, and they generally rejected the Christian assumption that God granted man dominion over all other creations. "Man is, or should be, simply one more part of the earth's on-going life cycle," one Indian said recently. "His mission is to coexist unobtrusively with other forms of life and to respect the limited, life-giving resources of the earth."

Until whites are willing to reconsider our view of land as an economic resource, until we can bring ourselves to seriously entertain the Indian alternative (i.e. that land is a source of life rather than money), it is unlikely that the legalized theft of Indian landholdings will cease. But there is a ringer—poetic justice on a cosmic scale, one might say:

Unless whites are willing to learn from other peoples, we may all be killed—quite literally—by the by-products of our own greed. ■

LITHOGRAPH "PINON PICKER" BY R. C. GORMAN

A Post-Scarcity Radical

The concepts and history of post-scarcity consciousness and radicalism first appeared in *motive* last fall in Todd Gitlin's article "The Dynamics of the New Left" (Oct. and Nov. 1970). In his analysis, Todd poses the challenges and the revolutionary potential that lay in the future of the New Left. And he also raises the unique dilemma that faces the white, male-dominated, privileged sector of the movement. In finishing the article, Todd wrote, "We are creatures, like it or not, of bourgeois society, which has trained us well to devour each other. We have learned that social space is there for the taking . . . We have learned that we have to be better than everybody else . . . We have learned to treat people as means not ends . . . We have learned to grow our egos as big as the world . . . We have treated the revolution like property as if the idea of liberation could be possessed. And a lot of young people attracted to our ideas have been turned off, turned away, by our practice and our style; both parties lose."

David Wellman, in the following article, picks up from that point, for another look at the movement.

Is Something to Be

By David Wellman

John Lennon no longer believes in the Beatles. "The dream's over. Got to get down to reality." Recent events have blown the minds of Weather-people. They now see possibilities for the movement which only months before they had ruled out completely. It's "A Time to Look at Ourselves" suggests Dave Dellinger in *Liberation*. He also offers a possible way out of current dilemmas. And Julius Lester raises the terrifying possibility that Panther actions in New Haven were the movement's My Lai. He concludes: "We are never so much the victims of another, as we are the victims of ourselves."

People are coming to realize that while it could be, as Todd Gitlin states, "the first time in history (that) visionary politics may be realistic," such politics have not yet been made real. There are very few expressions of the sort of politics for which Todd suggests we have the potential. In fact, during the last year a good part of the potential for post-scarcity consciousness has been stood on its head. Military strategies have taken precedence over political thinking. Tactics have been elevated to principles. The need to find The Correct Line has replaced a flexible approach which reaches people other than those already in The Movement. Egoism, individualism—and other kinds of elitism—have been dominant. For many people The Movement has become property—theirs.

Todd's post-scarcity consciousness approach provides a necessary perspective if we are to successfully navigate ourselves out of these troubled waters. The analysis points to the real importance of the new left: that it is the product, and reflection, of the social conditions of a key group of people in advanced capitalist society. Moreover, this group has a natural constituency and a historical mission if it has the courage to face up to and confront it. Thus, as a movement, the new left need not be a momentary thing; a last fling before settling down to so-called serious work and politics.

Todd has very adequately specified the conditions under which a post-scarcity consciousness can emerge; conditions which can produce such a consciousness. No point rehashing them; but keep in mind that they are *structural* and *political*. The conditions Todd has outlined are *necessary* for post-scarcity consciousness; they do *not*, however, *insure* that there *will be* a post-scarcity vision. These conditions make a post-scarcity consciousness *possible*. We make it happen—if it is to happen.

But why the difficulty in transforming the potential into the real? Why have we not taken advantage of the situation which is ours by virtue of our position in society and history?

A key reason is that those in power have prevented it. Their power seems almost limitless. It ranges from the mass media using rebellion to sell Dodge cars to National Guardsmen shooting students. Then too most working class people do not have a post-scarcity consciousness. And without the active support of working people revolutionary movements have little power. Until working class people share in our consciousness and vision we will never really be able to fulfill the potential which Todd speaks about. These are the obvious objective problems. But

there are also subtle problems and unless they are confronted we will never be able to transform "objective" conditions into a thorough-going social revolution.

I can think of at least two such problems. There is a contradiction or dilemma that is inherent in the situation of post-scarcity radicals. And more importantly perhaps, the contradiction has been handled—though not resolved—in a distinctively privileged way.

In a class-based, racially divided society the post-scarcity vision is restricted to people who can afford it. It is no accident that post-scarcity radicals are mainly students, or those who refuse to be students, at elite universities: the sons and daughters of the very rich, the rich, and the damn near rich. In Todd's words, "post-scarcity possibilities in the United States rest on the looting of the rest of the world." And, one should add, the United States as well. This means that the vision of liberation which is projected by post-scarcity radicals can go in one of two directions:

Their liberation can come at the *expense* of people without privilege in America and abroad, or in *conjunction with* the liberation of all. We must choose the latter direction because any vision of liberation which does not include the elimination of privilege is really no vision at all. Instead, it is a description of what already exists.

From one perspective the dimensions of post-scarcity consciousness reflect a reality that has meaning to a large, albeit privileged, group in America. To one who views the world from a privilege-less or exploited position, however, the post-scarcity vision is more than unrealistic: It is an insult. To say that work "should be both playful and useful, creative and constructive" to one who hasn't worked in months or years is like talking about the importance of gourmet cooking to one who has no food at all.

Because the post-scarcity vision is unrealistic to people without privilege does not mean it is unreal or unworthy of our aspirations; though at this point in time its applicability is restricted. The task of post-scarcity radicals then, and this is the essential dilemma, is to work toward the elimination of the sources of their own privilege without killing the dream to which their privileged position gave birth. We have to somehow link our own liberation with the liberation of others. As Todd notes, the issue confronting post-scarcity radicals is how to reach large numbers of people—many of whom lack the privileges we have—*without* destroying that consciousness and vision that made us radicals in the first place and which might be the basis for a politics unique to an advanced capitalist society.

Most post-scarcity radicals are aware of the dilemma in their situation. The ways in which it has been "resolved," however, are as reflective of our privileged position as is post-scarcity consciousness itself.

The new left has been unable to transcend its class origins. No matter that large numbers of people previously identified as new leftists have recently taken up the banner of people whose class origins are different from their own. No matter that people now label themselves "working class organizers," "urban guerrillas," or "G.I. organizers"; nor that many have explicitly renounced the vision of post-scarcity consciousness as hopelessly bourgeois. All of this is true; but it doesn't detract from the essentially bourgeois character of many of these responses. The new left has been on guilt-trips, and unable to face up to its own need for liberation since its inception. In spite of many serious attempts to eliminate or minimize our class privileges, we must conclude that much of our history is the failure to see through the myth of our own perfection. We have not been able to eliminate privileged ways of doing things from our day-to-day activities.

The ways in which the new left has gone about the business of helping people indicates that privilege hasn't really been "given up." Not only have many organizing projects been guilt trips, but in many instances they haven't even been completed. We have flitted from project to project, with little or no explanation, in much the same way as many privileged kids faddishly change clothes or cars. Our attempts at counter institution building have been half-baked: When we get tired of them, or they no longer "turn us on," we move to something more exciting. The examples could be elaborated. But they are not as important as the fact that the new left has moved from project to project or from position to position, usually in the name of rejecting privilege, *without ever consulting with, taking direction from, or building organizations which are responsible to those in whose name privilege has been renounced.*

We haven't given up privilege; and this is the point. The way we *do* politics—as opposed to what we *say* about our politics—

indicates that we "resolve" our contradiction in a direction that actually maintains our privileged position.

We have confronted the dilemma as if it were only an ideological problem, as though with an act of will and a leap of faith one could transcend one's class position. The focus has been on ideological perspectives —which itself derives from a position of privilege—rather than on the privileged position itself. And so when we try to cope with our privilege we do so only ideologically, as if ideology were somehow divorced from who we are. But no amount of ideological understanding can transform the son or daughter of privileged parents into a worker, a third world person, or a Vietnamese peasant. And recent new left ventures into vanguard kinds of organizations, increased sectarianism, and other rigid forms of politics only highlight this fact. The more we resolve the dilemma of post-scarcity radicalism in the direction of helping others without first transforming ourselves—which means struggling for our own liberation—the more we act in privileged ways, thus the more isolated we become from most people.

The forms of organization and politics currently emerging within the new left are considered mature and progressive by people with more traditional perspectives. The moves toward vanguard groupings and highly sectarian debating societies are seen as positive, as steps in the right direction. But how can people of privilege, who have only reconciled their privilege ideologically—in their heads—be the vanguard of a revolution which doesn't involve transforming themselves? They can't. And the currently fashionable vanguard syndrome within the new left makes this quite clear.

The privileged position from which post-scarcity radicals often engage in politics becomes obvious in interesting ways:

☐ In the kind of arrogance towards those with whom we disagree; toward those who aren't as radical as us. We forget our own political development which was a sort of long march through many American institutions. We worked within existing definitions until they failed and then we pushed out. Frustrating though it may be, the fact remains that most folks have one foot in America and the other in the new world. Every time America budges, or acts like it is budging, people jump back in and give it another chance. But yelling at them isn't going to change that. Neither will circumventing them with organizations and politics that either ignore or chastise them. We've got to be revelant to them, not arrogant.

☐ In our definition of "The Movement" we define membership in terms that exclude all but full-time professional activists. We leave out broad groups of people who because of oppressive conditions in America are disaffected, but who because of economic realities must work.

☐ In our discussions about where people should be doing radical work we do not start from where *we* work or live. Rather, we focus our discussions on the question of The One Best Place. As Jeff Lustig has pointed out, in effect we are saying that people other than ourselves must be confined to their places of production. We, however, can just breeze in and "organize" the otherwise inert matter—and we claim to do it in their own best interests! The effect this kind of "organizing" has on radicals themselves is disastrous. If we assume we're zeroing in on The One Best Place—but after a couple months no fireworks are forthcoming —we begin to doubt our movement, "The People," and behind it all, of course—ourselves. The result: We flit to the Next One Best Place.

☐ In our ideas of political "sophistication," as Suzy Nelson observes, we limit our ability to relate to most of the "ordinary" people in the world. Most of us, if plopped down in some area of America other than the youth ghettoes we have created, would find it difficult to sustain a conversation of more than a ten-minute duration with anyone we designate as lacking in "political consciousness." We thereby limit both the possibility for radical social change and our own potential for growth and change as well.

The existential dilemma which Todd poses —"*either* (the post-scarcity left) accepts the awesome risk of finding new paths, *or* it walks the beaten trails, pugnacious and sad"— has been temporarily resolved. Most radicals have chosen to walk in paths that are blazed too well. But because things *are* this way is by no means a *necessary* occurrence. The directions Todd outlines are just as possible. Reaching them, however, requires a certain consciousness of who we are, where we're from, and how difficult it has been to transcend our own class origins.

Many of us who got involved in the movement almost a decade ago—first generation new leftists—became involved mainly through ideas. Even though we were action oriented, our relationship to politics was mainly in our heads. Racism wasn't something we experienced. We never *felt* the State out of control. Imperialism was something Lenin wrote about. Sexism wasn't even a part of our vocabulary. And we brought with us into the movement some of the worst aspects of bourgeois society, aspects of post-scarcity life we later sought to destroy.

Some of these privileged characteristics were translated into our movement activities. Projects we were working on, became "mine." If things didn't work out the way we expected, it was "my failure." And if things moved beyond us, people were trying to destroy "my project." Competition, a condition out of which post-scarcity consciousness must develop, was also dragged into our movement. People wanted to "succeed" in the movement in ways not too different from the ways they were supposed to have "succeeded" on the job or in school. We developed a whole cadre of "name" movement people or "heavies." And this group didn't just happen: People worked at getting into it, staked careers on it.

These kinds of things lend themselves very easily to the sorts of vanguardism we are witnessing today. It's not a big jump from regarding projects as personal property to politics that say the movement won't succeed, blacks won't be liberated, the NLF will fail unless *I* move to help them.

But, movements don't succeed because individuals, acting as individuals, decide that they should. Real movements are responses to broad social forces which succeed when people begin to think and act in terms larger than themselves. We don't replace bourgeois society with post-scarcity consciousness when we act more bourgeois than the bourgeoisie. Many people, realizing that the movement has been unsuccessful in transcending its class origin, have become disillusioned, tired, hurt. But the object of their frustration has been the movement rather than the sources of its problems.

A new generation of radicals has appeared over the last few years. And the direction of post-scarcity radicalism will be decided by what they do and how first generation new leftists respond to them. The conditions from which they emerge are qualitatively different from those which produced the first generation. Racism, imperialism, sexism, and a State run amok are realities to these young people. Their response to these conditions will necessarily be different from ours. It would be a mistake for them to ape first generation new leftists and duplicate our errors. And it will be tragic if, as sometimes seems to be the case, older new leftists interpret new forms of activism as challenges or threats to be answered by more militant than thou attitudes, increased sectarianism, and rigid vanguard organizations.

IF we are to take advantage of the conditions which make a post-scarcity radicalism possible it will have to be with a recognition of our own limitations; with a view toward the long haul; with the notion that the movement is not any one set of demonstrations or parties but a whole series of them, none of which "belongs" to any of us. "Revolutionary humility" is a step in that direction. But in working out the contradiction of post-scarcity radicalism we have to somehow develop forms of bringing people together so that the contradiction is not given a false resolution by post-scarcity radicals themselves.

Groupings have to be arranged which relate regularly and over time to people with neither our privilege nor our present "consciousness." We have to make ourselves useful and vital to people who are beginning to become aware of their oppression. We might well start where we live and work: in schools, law offices, medical clinics, universities and for those working there—in factories. A vision of new work forms is important; but it can never justify hostility toward those who by necessity are tied to a job. The beginnings are in our midst: some law offices are becoming collectives where shit-work is shared equally; a few—far too few—university departments are being reorganized along democratic lines; some medical offices are becoming free clinics with community participation and control.

Until post-scarcity radicalism adequately confronts its privileges and builds institutions which can sustain new social relations, we will be left with neither post-scarcity consciousness nor meaningful radical politics.

I'm not terribly optimistic about the future. The beast in America is showing and repression mitigates against dreams. Whatever. The price of survival must never be our vision of what could be. ■

"I Shall Carve Bitter Reflections..."

poetry from palestine

The situation in the Middle East continues to be extremely fluid. The September civil war in Jordan, the death of President Nasser, the recent peace proposal by Ambassador Jarring—these "turn of events" have taught us that the material solicited today will be out-of-date tomorrow.

Last August, a group largely composed of "movement media" people was organized to travel in Lebanon and Jordan. The group met with the Palestinian Liberation Organization (PLO) and attended the Second World Conference on Palestine. Their first-hand reports confirmed the growing importance of self-conscious Palestinian *organizations in the political equations in the Middle East. In September, however, with his government threatened, King Hussein of Jordan launched a vicious attack whose effects curtailed the growing strength of the liberation organizations. Other events, like the coup in Syria which meant a cut-off of support of some factions in the PLO, have contributed to the waning importance of the liberation organizations. Their former alternatives—either collaboration with Hussein or continuing their revolution—now appear impossible.*

Thus, we have turned to the poetry of the Palestinians to present some of the enduring feelings of a people caught by a tragic history.

These poems were secured for motive *by a friend in the Middle East who writes: "I have no way of finding out for you about the poets. The booklet [from which we have reprinted these poems, courtesy of Al-Fateh] was given to us, at the Fateh office in Beirut. They said the poets are still in occupied Palestine, not that much is known about them, some of the poems were smuggled out, and that, as far as they knew, that booklet was the one and only place they were to be found."—Eds.*

THE EXILE

The sun walks through the border,
Guns keep silent,
A skylark starts its morning song
In Tulkarem
And flies away to sup
With the birds of the kibbutz;
A lonely donkey strolls
Across the firing line
Unheeded by the watchful squads,
But for me, your ousted son, my native land,
Between your skies and my eyes
A stretch of border-walls
Blackens the view.

—Salem Jubran

LETTER FROM EXILE

Greetings and a kiss, my beloved,
Words are futile,
How to begin
And where to end
The wheel of time keeps rolling.

I am cold,
I am lonely,
I only have a crust of bread,
A bunch of love and a note-book
Which shares with me my heart's burden
And holds the flow of my grudge.

How to begin
And all that is said
Or will be said
Cannot end with an embrace
Or the touch of a hand,
Nor can it bring the fugitive home
Or fledge the wing of a forlorn bird.

How to begin:
Greetings, a kiss
And then what?

I say to the radio,
Radio, tell her
I am all right.
I say to the sparrow.
If you went there,
Dear sparrow,
Do not forget
To say I am all right,
All right.
I can still see things,
The moon still shines,
I wear my old shirt,
Its sleeves are torn
But I patched them.
It is all right.

And I have grown into a man,
Imagine me,
I am now a man of twenty,
And I am like all men, mother,
I encounter life,
I carry the burden as men do,
I work at a restaurant,
I wash dishes,
I make coffee to customers.
I fix smiles to please customers.
And like all men, mother,
All men of twenty,
I smoke,
I lean against walls
And sigh for pretty girls.

A friend once asked me:
Do you have a loaf?
I am hungry, he said.
Ah mother,
What's a man for
If he sleeps hungry every night?

I heard on the radio
The greetings of fugitives one to the other,
Everybody said:
We are all right,
Nobody is sad.
Tell me, mother,
Does father still pray and drink
And love children and olive trees?
And my brothers,
Are they now employees?
I heard my father once say
They must all become teachers,
I starve to buy a book for them.
Nobody reads a book in my village, mother.
And my little sister,
Has she grown into a young woman and receives letters?

And does grandmother still
Squat near the sunny gate
To give her blessings right and left?
And the old house,
And the smooth threshold,
And the stove and the wide doors. . . .

I heard on the radio
Messages from fugitives one to the other,
They all say they are all right,
But dear mother,
I am sad,
I am haunted by bad thoughts;
The radio brought me no news from any of you,
Not even sad news.

—Mahmood Darweesh

INVESTIGATION

Write down,
I am an Arab,
My card number is 50,000
I have eight children
The ninth will come next summer.
Are you angry?

Write down,
I am an Arab,
I cut stone with comrade labourers,
I squeeze the rock
To get a loaf,
To get a book
For my eight children.
But I do not plead charity
And I do not cringe
Under your sway.
Are you angry?

Write down,
I am an Arab,
I am a name without a title,
Steadfast in a frenzied world.

My roots sink deep
Beyond the ages,
Beyond time.

I am the son of the plough,
Of humble peasant stock.
I live in a hut
From reed and stalk.
The hair: Jet black.
The eyes: Brown.
My Arab headdress
Scratches intruding hands,
And I prefer a dip of oil and thyme.

And please write down
On top of all,
I hate nobody,
I rob nobody,
But when I starve
I eat the flesh of my marauders.
Beware,
Beware my hunger,
Beware my wrath.

—Mahmood Darweesh

THE OLIVE TREE

Because I do not knit wool,*
Because I am always hunted
And my house is always raided,
Because I cannot own a piece of paper,
I shall carve my memoirs
On the homeyard olive tree.

I shall carve bitter reflections,
Scenes of love and of yearning
For my stolen orange grove
And the lost tombs of my dead.

I shall carve all my strivings
For the sake of remembrance,
For the time when I shall drown them
In the avalanche of triumph.

I shall carve the serial number
Of every stolen piece of land,
The spot of my village on the map
And the houses
And the trees
And all the wild blooms
That are blown up
Or uprooted.

I shall carve the names
Of all connoisseurs in torture,
The names of their prisons,
The trade-marks of their chains,
The archives of the jailors
And the maledictions.

I shall carve dedications,
To memories threading to eternity,
To the sanguine soil of Dair Yasin
And Kufur Qasem.

I shall carve on top of all
The intense heights of the tragedy,
The pounding and the bitter strife
Which I bear
Up the ladder of grief
To the peak.

I shall carve the sun's beckonings
And the moon's whisperings
And what a skylark recalls
At a love-deserted well.

For the sake of remembrance,
For the sake of all
And every thing
I shall continue to carve
On the homeyard olive tree.

—Tawfeeq Zayad

(*) Reference is made to Madame Lafarge who used to knit the names of traitors for French Revolutionaries.

WOODCUT "MARTYR" BY MARKY BULWINKLE

Spring Feature: Alternatives

It will be a long time before we will be able to overcome the years of conditioning that taught us "white is right," "father knows best" and "God is on America's side." Some things we may never unlearn, but we have to begin to try, so that all of our children may have a chance. This spring, we are especially aware of the children who are being born deformed because of the pesticides and herbicides our government is spraying on their mothers in Indochina. These sisters and brothers have been forced to learn new lifestyles because of the war, and they have developed very creative uses for the steel and aluminum we so generously drop on them. As we sign the People's Peace Treaty, we feel a strong and warm sense of solidarity with these sisters and brothers who are teaching us how to take our lives into our own hands.

We believe that how we live our everyday lives is important not only personally but politically. Learning to create and adjust to patterns of living and working together with mutual respect and shared responsibility is one of the most difficult and among the most crucial tasks of building a new society and challenging the old top-down power pattern/structure. We've put together this section in order to share with you some of the more hopeful alternatives we've found to the old rigidly-enforced patterns of "stay in line"–"stay in school"–"get married"–"join the Army"–"stop the Communists"–"get ahead"–"buy"–"look out for number one." The following articles were included as much for their humanity as for their examples of shared decision-making and shared work.

The collage of articles on Atlanta's Great Speckled Bird reflects the views of three members of the Bird-collective on the changing form and function of the South's largest alternative newspaper. Martha Shelley speaks of the women learning to love and to live with each other in one of the oldest alternatives to the nuclear family, the lesbian relationship. The Southwest Georgia Project is described in interviews with several participants in that community, one of the few we know where blacks own and work their own land. The other three pieces are reprinted from Vocations for Social Change, a catalog of available jobs in counter-institutions. The Peoples' Grocery provides a model for one means of stabilizing and expanding the food cooperative or conspiracy, so that more people can get better food for less cost. The interview with the poor white organizers may be helpful to others who are trying to gain the trust of that forgotten–and very important–group. While the experience of teaching at Union Springs was a far cry from teaching in a free school, we think the teacher's insights provide a strong argument for why we need to begin to create alternative schools.

All of these are only beginnings. But the Vietnamese have showed us that patience and determination–and love for each other–are powerful enough to create strong and beautiful alternatives to the culture that is destroying us all.

–JOANNE COOKE

BY BOB GOODMAN

What is the message of The Great Speckled Bird, Atlanta's weekly underground paper? Is it the Bird's proud identification with youth culture, hallucinogenic drugs, rock music, Piedmont Park and "The Strip" on Peachtree Street where masses of Atlanta's longhairs gather? Or is it the Bird's (still spotty) coverage and support of local strikes, tenants' struggles, black protests, and its muckraking digs at the bus company, gas company, Southern Bell, Coca-Cola, the Constitution-Journal and the local power structure and police? Is it the Bird's Southern partiality to country and mountain music? Or its support of the Black Panther Party, the Vietnamese NLF, Cuba, the Palestinian guerrillas and other national liberation and revolutionary socialist movements at home and around the world? Or of the women's and gay liberation movements? All of these are there, and all are part of the paper which is hawked on the streets of Atlanta every weekend.

The Bird was hatched as a biweekly tabloid in March 1968 by a diverse group of Atlanta activists. The name came from an old Southern song, "The Great Speckled Bird," which Grand Old Opry star Roy Acuff and the Rev. Pearly Brown, a blind black street singer in Americus, Georgia, used to sing; the song title came in turn from a Bible verse, Jeremiah 12:9, where the "speckled bird" is used metaphorically to mean an outcast or ugly duckling.

"We're here, as they say, to do our thing," stated then Editor Tom Coffin in a front-page editorial of Volume One, Number One. "Which being: to bitch and badger, carp and cry, and perhaps give Atlanta (and environs, 'cause we're growing, baby) a bit of honest and interesting and, we trust, even readable journalism . . . But above and beyond, we are also trying to offer some alternatives to what some call 'The American Way of Life.'"

And the content of the Bird did offer some alternatives. From the beginning, the Bird clearly differentiated itself from Southern liberalism and American imperialism, from straight society and linear thinking. The first issue bitched about the Atlanta Community Relations Commission, "a facade, an intended safety valve for urban disorders, and a sop to concerned liberals;" and badgered Constitution Publisher Ralph McGill, "manipulator and leading exponent of U. S. imperialism and deception; of pronounced self-righteousness and senility." It had coverage of draft resistance, a peace march, a GI pray-in and a police attack on black marchers in Social Circle, Ga. Reviews of a suburban production of Lysistrata, a speech by Howard Zinn, a dramatic portrayal of the life of W. E. B. DuBois, and a rap with jazzman Charles Lloyd. Head comix; the Awfully Sad Story of Negal the pure-bred Polish mini-wolfhound who turns into a killer after joining the U.S. Army; and the first installment of a far-out Burroughsian stream-of-consciousness column, Echoes of Interzone. To Atlanta in early 1968, these were indeed alternatives.

Alternatives have continued to appear in the pages of the Bird right down to now—both in "subject matter" and graphic presentation. In recent months, the Bird has broken new ground (for Atlanta) especially in the areas of the Palestine war and gay liberation.

But most staff members would say that what appears in the pages of the Bird is only part of its message—and maybe not even the most important part. Equally or more important to most Birdpeople is the way the Bird cooperative itself has evolved in its two-and-one-half years into an alternative institution. Meaning what? Meaning worker-owned and controlled, one-person-one-vote in all policy decisions. Decentralized editorial powers and responsibilities combined with collective control. Regular rotation of all important jobs. And increasingly important leadership roles for the Bird women.

The Bird has come a long way since the eight-page, black and white Volume One Number One, with its impeccably straight column lines. It is now a 20-to-28 page weekly, with color and unpredictable, experimental graphics. Circulation varies from 12,000 to 22,000, depending primarily on the weather. Although it has never had much left over, the Bird pays its own way from advertising and circulation revenues, and even manages to pay subsistence salaries of $20 a week to a nucleus of full-time staff members (currently 7).

The Bird cooperative may be likened to an onion, with various layers of people. At the core are the paid staff, who are expected to work more-or-less full time on the Bird, in the key coordinating jobs: managing editor, production manager, layout coordinator, business manager,

PHOTOGRAPH BY TOM COFFIN

office manager, circulation manager and advertising manager. These jobs rotate regularly at three-month intervals. The decision as to which coop members will hold them each quarter, and thus get Bird salaries, is decided—like all other policy decisions—by coop consensus, or if necessary, by majority vote. Paid staff can also be fired in the same way. The next layer of the onion is a dozen or so coop members who are not paid but have important responsibilities and perform regular functions on a volunteer basis. Then there are others who help out irregularly with the innumerable chores involved in getting out and keeping solvent a weekly newspaper. And on the outer layer, people who submit occasional articles, artwork, poems, letters, but are not involved in the actual operation of the paper. Anyone who is doing any work at all on or for the paper—no matter how small—is considered a coop member with full voting and discussion rights, immediately when he starts working. (Except sellers, with whom the Bird has a contractual, split-the-proceeds arrangement.) There are no formalities, no votes of acceptance, no principles of unity to agree upon, no other requirements for membership—except that each member is expected to be bound by all democratically-made decisions. (Coop members who have proposed more explicit definitions of coop membership and its rights and responsibilities have been voted down in the past.)

That's where the institutional Bird is now. But how did it get there?

The diverse group of 20-25 Atlanta activists, mostly white and in their twenties, who founded the Bird, had little in common besides an opposition to the status quo and a desire to found an alternative press. Some were academics; others were into rock, hallucinogenic drugs and youth culture. Some were pacifists, draft resisters or antiwar activists who saw the paper as primarily an antiwar publication; others came from working-class organizing, SSOC, VISTA or NSA; some were anarchists, some liberals, some apolitical, some from a literary or musical bag.

The group met regularly for several weeks beforehand to get their heads together—the beginnings of a collectivity which continues today in the form of weekly coop meetings at which anything may be discussed and decided; weekly editorial meetings to determine what is going into the paper; semi-monthly business meetings; weekly women's caucuses; and special groups which form around common interests from time to time. Despite the long hours of prediscussions, and despite a consensus on a one-person-one-vote decision-making process, no formal or explicit structure was created in the beginning.

It is my personal opinion that, in the absence of formal and explicit structures, systems of informal (and usually cliquish and undemocratic) power relationships evolve. Informal power structures tend to be undemocratic because there is no way of calling the powerful to account, and because the absence of formal checks makes it easier for charismatic, strong-willed or skilled people to control by dint of those qualities. Such tendencies developed in the early Bird. Without anyone planning it that way, strong individuals—in most cases men—began to "jell" into positions of power in each area of the paper. There was some editorial collectivity, but it was an informal collectivity in which articles were passed from hand to hand within a (mostly male) in-group; final editorial decisions were made by the managing editor and there was no structural check on his decisions. The principle of one-person-one-vote which prevailed in weekly coop meetings had limited effect on the day-to-day operations and specific decisions. Also, the process by which the coop could replace people—and without this power, all checks are paper tigers—had never been defined.

These conditions prepared the way for an editorial reorganization in the spring of 1969. This reform was initiated and supported by late-comers to the paper who considered themselves as qualified as those who had founded the paper and continued to hold the key positions, but who were unable to relate to the paper in a structured way because of the absence of a formal structure. It was also supported by people who had initially been part of the Bird coop, but had left the group as undemocratic power relationships had jelled.

This editorial reorganization decentralized editorial power and responsibilities into about twelve area editorships (local, Georgia, Southwide, national and international, columns, arts, books, poetry, letters, calendar, high school, military, alternative culture). The managing editor's functions were reduced to coordinating and this position was to be rotated quarterly among all of the paid staff who did editorial work, were willing to serve, and were approved by the coop. Each of the area editors—several of whom were people who had not had any formal responsibilities in the coop before—was to be responsible to the whole coop, but not to any single person within the coop. Each editor was charged with developing coverage within his area, making story assignments and writing; editing, rewriting or rejecting stories in his or her area; proposing policy recommendations concerning the area to the coop; and implementing any policy decisions made by the coop concerning his or her area. Copy submitted each week by the area editors was subject to a final review by the Editorial Board (which in effect soon became every coop member interested enough to attend a Monday night meeting), which could override any editor by majority vote. The editorial reorganization was thus an attempt to combine individual responsibility and collective control.

Some of the arguments made against the reorganization are worth noting—and refuting.

—Some coop members thought it was silly to talk about "power" relationships on the Bird; we were all after the same things, they argued, and should be talking about how we could best work together to achieve them. Abstractions such as "power" could be left to analyses of imperialism or the military-industrial complex. This point of view was expressed especially by those who were jelling into positions of power. Luckily this viewpoint did not prevail; the majority view was that until the question of internal power relationships was faced realistically, further democratization would be impossible.

—A related argument was that the Bird's problems were problems of individual personalities, not structural. Structural reforms could not change personal hostilities, personality clashes, lack of trust or respect, and other interpersonal problems, this argument held. While these problems did and do exist, and cannot be completely eliminated by structural reforms, they can be considerably defused and reduced below the boiling point. An authoritarian or obnoxious personality becomes a structural problem if the person holds a position of power over which the group has no check.

—A third argument against the editorial reorganization was a gut-level anarchist rejection of structure per se. In a Movement version of Adam Smith's Invisible Hand, the anarchists held that everybody should be free to do his or her own thing, follow their own interests, and somehow everything would work out okay. But just as laissez-faire capitalism gave way to domination by monopolies, anarchist astructuralism, even in supposedly egalitarian organizations, usually enables the strongest-willed, most manipulative or most skilled to control—as the early Bird had shown.

—Another argument was that many coop members had not proved that they were responsible or skilled enough to be editors. Besides being elitist, this way of thinking puts the cart before the horse. The reorganization soon demonstrated that some people tend to become more responsible after they are given responsibilities/power. By passing the reorganization, the coop was giving "unproved" people responsibilities and making them accountable to the group for performing them responsibly. (Of course, some people remained irresponsible even after acquiring responsibilities; this is a problem the coop has usually shied away from dealing with collectively.) As for skills, how is a person to acquire them except by doing the job?

This basic structure has remained to the present, with one major modification. The area editorships were later made topical—imperialism, militarism, sexism, racism, etc.—and the old geographical categories dropped. Recently there have been some attempts to replace single editors with collective editorships. These attempts have so far been abortive, but support for the idea seems to be growing.

Democratization of the editorial side of the paper soon made waves in the business side, where two or three men were also becoming entrenched in key positions. These men were able to dominate business decisions not thru dictatorial design but because their positions gave them access to all relevant information—information is power—and enabled them to develop busines skills. To cope with these problems, the concept of rotation soon was extended to the other main jobs on the paper: business manager, advertising manager, circulation manager, office manager, production manager and layout coordinator. All these jobs now rotate quarterly.


the GREAT SPECKLED BIRD

What's It All About, Ralphie?

CHIRP

Birdpeople think the principle of rotation has many advantages:

—Rotation has broken down sex roles by moving men into "women's jobs"—advertising, production, layout—and women into "men's jobs"—circulation, business, editorial. Since men held most of the key jobs in the beginning, this has been especially beneficial to women. Four of the seven current paid staff are women, and women have held each of the seven jobs one or more quarters within the past year.

—Frequent rotation makes work less alienating and more challenging, and makes it easier for people to choose work which corresponds more than usual to human rhythms.

—People develop new confidence in themselves as they acquire new skills and carry out new responsibilities.

—People get an overall view of the paper, of how various processes and functions interrelate, as they change jobs. This combats narrow specialization and enables people to make decisions from a wholistic perspective.

—Frequent rotation makes it possible to see each job thru new eyes periodically, to try new approaches.

—It keeps people from getting so entrenched in jobs that they begin to think of them as private property.

—It breaks down barriers between different areas of the paper. For instance, there used to be a Cold War between the "Business" camp and the "Editorial" camp. This has been effectively neutralized by "Editorial" people rotating into business jobs and "Business" people assuming editorial functions. We have been frequently surprised to see how peoples' positions on various issues change as their position in the Bird structure changes. Marx was right on when he said that "consciousness follows condition."

BIRDCOVERS

—Rotation strengthens the paper because a number of people learn to do each job, and can fill in if somebody splits, or in case of other emergencies. The coop is not dependent on any one person.

Rotation also has some disadvantages:

—Inefficiency and mistakes of new people periodically learning new jobs. Also, a certain lack of professionalism—which some people, however, consider an advantage.

—Lack of continuity in policy. Coop policy decisions in various areas often are not followed by new officers in those areas because the new officers are unaware of them. (Although minutes are kept of coop meetings, policy decisions are not compiled or codified in any form readily accessible to new members or old members with bad memories, so the coop is constantly redebating and redeciding things that have been decided several times before.)

—A few times, people have rotated into jobs they could not cope with, or refused to perform jobs they were pressured to move into by the coop but didn't really want. There are limits to the principle of rotation, and we will learn them in practice.

More than a year of experience has convinced most Birdpeople that the advantages of rotation outweigh the disadvantages. Regular rotation combines stability with frequent change—a dualism that many new would-be alternative institutions have been unable to institutionalize.

Over the last year, structural change at the Bird has been closely linked to a continuing struggle by Bird women and some male allies against male supremacy. The question of sexism first emerged with relation to the Bird's indiscriminate acceptance of advertising, including occasional ads which portrayed women as sex objects. After long struggle, the coop voted to refuse sexist ads, first display ads and later classifieds as well. Since then, Bird women have broken down male supremacy thru frequent confrontations, united action by the women's caucus, and the implicit threat that women would either take over the paper or leave it if changes were not made. At least three structural reforms have been associated with the battle against male supremacy:

—When the Bird women organized as a women's caucus with regular weekly meetings, the coop set up child care, staffed by the Bird men, during those hours. The principle of child care was later extended to Monday night, Tuesday night and Thursday night, with both men and women minding the kids, so all coop members could participate equally in the editorial meeting, layout and coop meeting. In practice, however, the execution of child-care responsibilities has been very erratic, because many Birdpeople still have very low consciousness about parents' problems and children.

—As the Bird evolved during its first year to the point where it could begin paying salaries, it also evolved two categories of paid staff: full-time and half-time. Full-time staff were expected to make the Bird a full-time job and drew twice as much salary as half-time staff. In practice, this distinction discriminated against women, since the full-time staff were usually men and the half-time staff were usually women—sometimes wives of full-time men who could not be full-time themselves because they were burdened with children. The "part-time" status was abo-

lished by the coop a year ago; all "part-time" women were made full time. Today, women outnumber men in full-time positions 4 to 3.

—Perhaps most important in breaking down a male supremacist structure has been the progressive breakdown of sex roles thru rotation, discussed above.

Some caveats must be entered before concluding. First, the structure we have created, of course, does not work perfectly and sometimes works badly. It is no better and no worse than the people who make it up, and all of us have a long way to go in developing the new consciousness and new attitudes without which any structure—no matter how egalitarian—remains an empty form. The individualistic attitudes we all have absorbed from bourgeois America are often enough to frustrate single-handedly our best attempts to create workable, egalitarian, collective structures.

Second, we are learning that no structure is a substitute for ideological consensus—i.e., common commitment to some overriding goal above and beyond the Bird itself. Theoretically, this could be socialist revolution, sexual liberation, Woodstock Nation, or any of the other ideals which find expression in the pages of the Bird. But the Bird has never had such a consensus; rather it has been and remains an amalgamation of people with widely varying ideological perspectives. All attempts to create such a consensus have been frustrated by the wide diversity among Birdpeople. This diversity has created a more varied and interesting paper than most other undergrounds; but the lack of ideological unity puts Birdpeople thru almost continual cycles of despair, despondency, malaise and soul searching discussions about Goals and Purposes and Direction. This is probably our single most important problem.

Nevertheless, the story of the Bird has been a constant dialectic between changing conditions, changing consciousness and changing structures, and it would be premature to conclude that the Bird cannot undergo even greater change in the future. Thru all of these changes, we have been motivated by an urge to make the Bird as an institution a reflection of those revolutionary values we are struggling to create all over America. We realize that the Bird can never be a perfect reflection of our revolutionary vision until capitalism is destroyed—we are compromising, for instance, by accepting any commercial advertising at all, but see this as a necessity for surviving in a capitalist economy. But we want to come as close to that vision as we can.

EVEN A WOMAN CAN DO IT

Bird Woman's Caucus

BY BECKY

[ed. note: *this article has been really hard to write. All the goodbad (changes) don't come out in a line of writing. they were all on top-/overunderintoaround each other. we crawled into each other, hurtingcryingyellingmeanandnice at once and it wasn't a cliche. women can care about each other without ego/jealousy/possession. we can make space to change. we have changed. we are stronger and meaner and because we can (finally) get mean and mad and hate, we can love.*]

A woman's caucus of the *Bird* was formed because we needed each other. We also feared each other, envied each other, and fought each other. Legitimacy for women meant having a "powerful" man and/or fighting off other women for the jobs allowed for women. We had no sense of ourselves as women. There was no "we" except as couples. The *Bird* was the Coffins, the Guerreros, the Romaines, the Gwins. The men were editors and business people (i.e., circulation, keeping the books, understanding the finances). That left typing for women. Women fought for control of layout, which was the one creative outlet allowed to women. Linda came on staff to solicit ads because straight businessmen prefer cute hip women. The job was not thought of as one which required originality or "business sense." Why, even a woman could do it. My only connection with the *Bird* was an arrangement whereby I traded my weekends (when I watched the old office) for a room in the Birdhouse to live in. Because a woman's relationship to the *Bird* depended on her husband/boyfriend (i.e., her man's) connection with the *Bird,* we trusted no one and gossiped suspiciously.

Salaries were paid to men. $40 a week, when the money was available. The sisters were doing the real necessary shitwork and getting their names on the staffbox. After working at the *Bird* all day, women went home to cook for our "thinking" husbands, clean, become neurotic, and accept the blame for that neurosis. Receiving our only support from our men we became enemies of each other.

Nan turned us on to Women's Liberation. I couldn't understand at all. She had a husband she liked. She was strong herself. She even

wrote a little. Then men even respected her! She was what I thought I wanted to be. Besides, the Revolution was what was important. You know, imperialism and racism and the draft and the dehumanizing jobs men have. Sure, women were discriminated against in pig nation and equality would come after the revolution. So I found a man and let "them" have their women's meetings.

Out of those first women's meetings (not at all confined to *Bird* women) came an idea for a "women's issue" of the *Bird.* We would prove ourselves to the men. We would write, type, layout—everything.

The men, smug and secure, allowed us the issue. But few of us had the confidence to write. None of us trusted each other's motives or politics. We didn't know how to be together. We ended up with tears and bitterness and an issue that we are now embarrassed to sell.

Tensions at the *Bird* became incredible.

When a woman's caucus was suggested, we all freaked out. When we couldn't even talk to each other, how could we begin to hassle out our hassles. How could we support? How could we begin to love each other?

It was awkward and emotional and hard. But as we met every week we discovered why. Trust was built slowly. Our anger was redirected. Instead of guilt and self-blame, our anger became constructive. We could change a structure that kept us apart and competitive.

We as women began a fuller participation in the structure that existed but had never worked to our advantage. We pushed the rotation system. Every three months all the big shitwork jobs (circulation—ugh, keeping the books, opening the mail, typing, layout, managing editor) are rotated. We are all learning to do everything. It is inefficient. But it gives us strength as a cooperative, and it allows us to grow as individuals within the cooperative. (It is really a great feeling to know how to run the crummy old addressograph machine or to begin to develop your own taste in layout) The women also demanded the end of part-time salaries. (It was strange that all the part-time salaries were women's. They were all doing full-time jobs.) At least structurally we became more equal.

But other, less mechanical skills were/are harder to develop. Writing has always been traumatic. Men have been encouraged. They expect to write well and easily. They have set the standards. We are beginning to redefine these standards. Our confusion, our honesty, our awkwardness, our up-tightness is reflected in the writing that we do. And it should be. Those women who write well are helping the rest of us. We are looking to our sisters for ideas, criticism, and confidence.

As a group of women who have developed ideas collectively, we have a real power on the *Bird.* We don't want power in an old sense (like Nixon has power, or husbands have power or as individual men had power on the *Bird*). We don't know how or exactly what to do with it. We don't want ego tripping or heavy individual women or revenge. We need help from sisters all over. We're going through changes that we can't explain because we don't understand either. The *Bird* (as a product) hasn't reflected our hassles, our tensions, our new strengths, and our changing. Inside we're not the same old thing. We're using the same form for developing a new content (or something). Maybe we should be in rock bands instead of here, you know? (or have a tambourine troop)

(Subs to the Bird **are $6/yr., $3.50 for servicemen and students, $10 for universities. Write the Bird, P. O. Box 54495, Atlanta, Ga. 30308.)**

BIRDSONG

BY HARVEY

(this article is confusing because my head is confused & bursting with informationoverload: busts, cambodia, convulsion, conference with mediasisters, communes splitting and re-forming, people hurt, sexquestions, rediscovery of biological mother & brother & sister, no time, all work, changes: confusion communicates too)

SUCCESSFAILURES

Next to rock music, the underground / alternative / free / hip / movement / revolutionary / co-optative? / *new* press is the most 'successful' youthculture institution to emerge. *Bird*success in Amerika means:

people buy 18,000 papers a week
people put ads in the paper
so seven *Bird*staff live off the paper
so some streetpeople live (partly) off the paper
establishment media 'cover' us—we're newspaper *and* news
Bird has power to freak out all Atlanta

*Bird*success also means egotripping for *Bird*staffwriters & *Bird*staff sometimes defends jobnest at all costs & therefore has contradictions/temptations: we frequently fail the people, fail the future, fail the revolution, fail our own intentions, fail YOU.

(*Bird* can still bringsing information & emotion, turn people on, help us/you/people toward goals & desires, be a tool for revolutionary change.)

So *Bird*success means we've got ways to mend & been told so by Black people, hip people, Women's Liberation, Revolutionary Youth Movement, Young Socialist Alliance & everybody else. Without criticism (right or wrong), feedback & feedforward, *Bird* would be most comfortably dead

(or uncomfortably, like *Berkeley Barb, Guardian, L. A. Free Press* & other papers who've been (or will be) put up against the wall ferociously & by their own employees. *Employees!*).

YOU, who read (part of/all of/almost none of) the *Bird*, see *Bird*success, see the thing we make, but not how we make it. I want to show YOU some insides: insides of the *Bird* cooperative (why we won't be put up against the wall by our *'employees'*); then insides of writers writing (why we'll always need feedback from YOU).

COOPERATIVECOLLECTIVE

Luckily, *Bird* began as Atlanta Cooperative News Project: meaning *Bird*workers owned & own the *Bird*. Now (after many changes) seven people get $20/week & share writing, editing & production (typing, layout, circulation, advertising, etc.). Many unpaid *Bird*workers also write, edit & (voluntarily) join in production and routine(shit)work. *Bird*jobs try to rotate so no one gets stuck/defined as typist, advertising manager, moneyman, or bigshot writer. All *Bird*workers are/should be/try to be *Bird*writers so new heads get their information into *Bird*print. If everybody learns how to do everything then *Bird survives if someone has to split, someone has to go to jail, someone gets sick, someone's wordwell runs dry. & when someone moves into a new jobthing, he/she finds new/better-/easier ways of doing that jobthing; they innovate. All these Bird*workers can share in all decisions—except some can't take the decisionmeetings.

(If a million dollars fell from the sky into *Bird*cashbox we could pay everyone & have time & mind enough to create super*Bird*. But, contrary to rightwing rumor, Moscow/Havana/Peking/Hanoi have more important uses for their money & we'd have to work for the man to get that much bread in Amerika.)

After *Bird* comes back from the printer, street*Bird*workers sell it & get a fixed percentage of the price. They are essential to *Bird*survival & have valuable streetknowledge of *Bird*readers, but don't own or make decisions about *Bird*. This relationship is capitalist, hierarchical, undemocratic & contradictory to the rest of *Bird*structure. We/I see no practical way out. *Bird* only helps streetworkers survive.

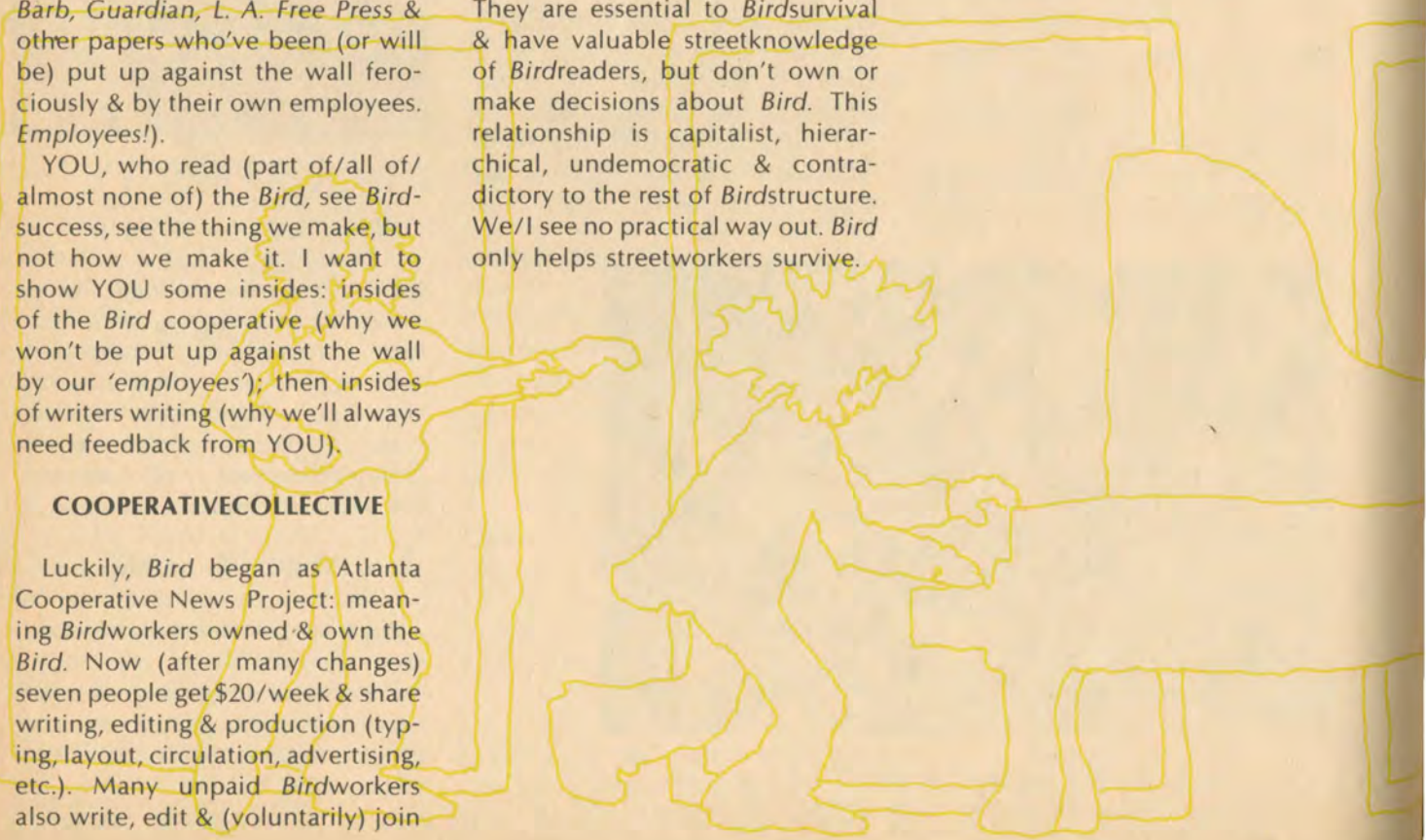
(I've only told YOU a little, left out a lot of other opinions, failures, struggles, dissension, old & current hassles & other information. These insides are a beginning, a goal, sometimes not groovy or beautiful at all, but (I think) working toward what Cleaver called yankeedoodledandy socialism.) And

EVERY UNDERGROUND NEWSPAPER HAS GOT TO GET OUT FRONT WITH ITS INTERNAL STRUCTURE

REVOLUTIONARY PAPERS MUST HAVE A REVOLUTIONARY STRUCTURE

TAKE US WITH A GRAIN OF SALT

I write/you read is the perfect authoritarian art relationship: the leaderwriter is completely separated from the anonymous followereader. Print pretends that what is not written down does not and never did exist. YOU either believe (every word true) or disbelieve (every word false).



But really, writing is letting things through & at maximum truthefficiency should work like an electroencephalograph (electrodes attached to head, pen scribbling electric messagebursts on paper). I need a machine to record thoughts as I think them because so much's lost before they're transcribed: taperecorder is fastest, electrictypewriter slower, handtypewriter slower still, penandpaper slowest of all. So what gets through is mutilated, far from experience, filtered through intellectual 'culture', the dead past, ideas that once worked—in different countries/different centuries/different technologies. Everything written lies (undeliberately) *because it takes too long to write these sentences!* I'll go back later & try to take out the lies, printconventions, mindconventions, words worn to shapelessness (holy statues touched too much), but there's still no way to say everything that's happening & begin to think we have to know everything, begin to think we *do* know everything. But

THE MORE WE WRITE ABOUT EVENTS THE LESS WE KNOW ABOUT THEM

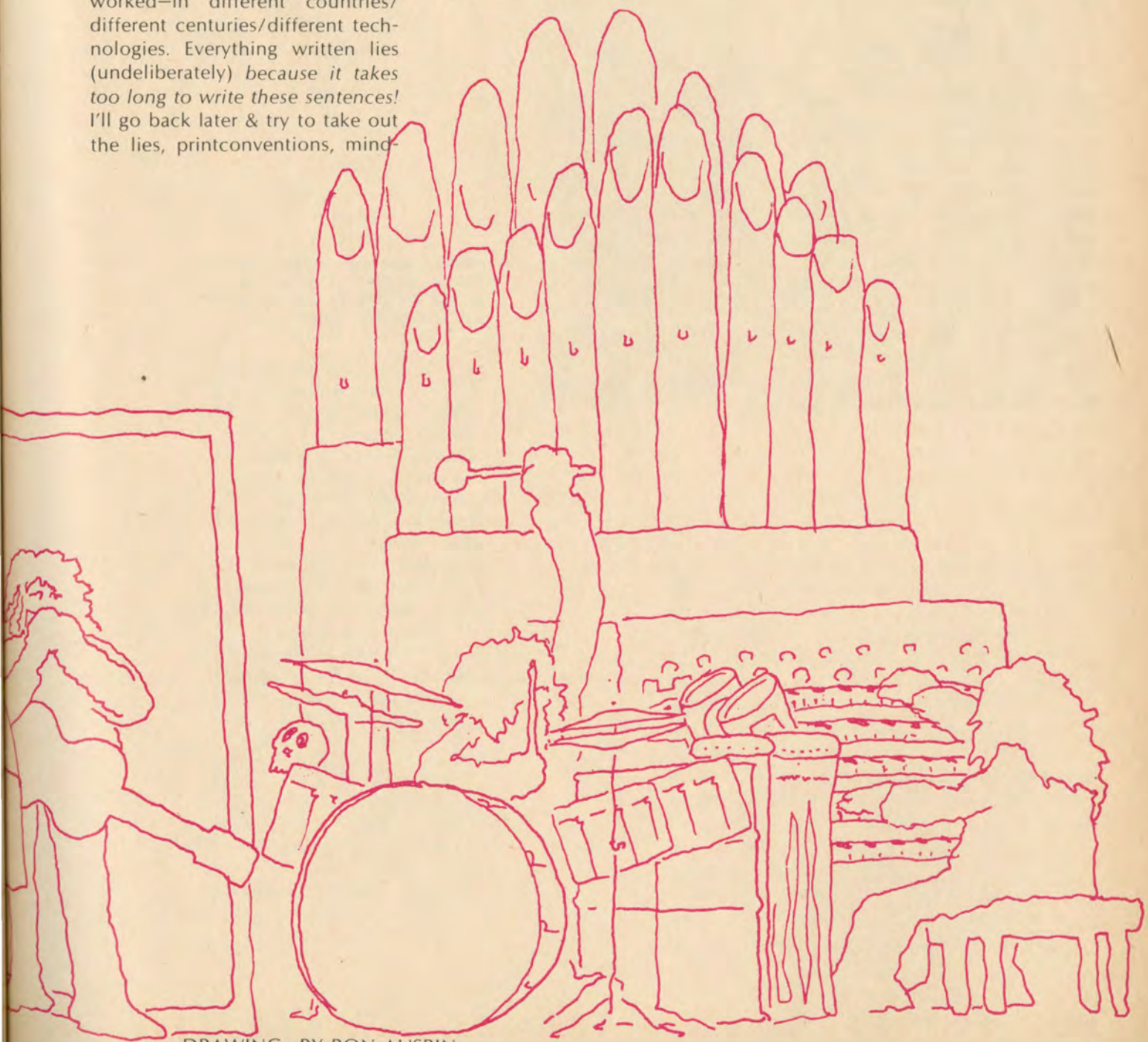
THE ACT OF WRITING SEPARATES US FROM THE PEOPLE WE ONCE WERE OURSELVES

Examples: November 15 Mobilization: was *Bird*staff 'covering' or experiencing it?

parkconflict: was *Bird*staff throwing teargas canisters back at police or watching to see if others would?

does *Bird*staff drop acid or write defenses of those who do?

BOTH IS THE CORRECT LINE IS BOTH



DRAWING BY RON AUSBIN

LYING ON THE FLOOR

Lying on the floor
makes me happy.

To think of other places
where there are kangaroos
makes me happy.

In the beginning
there were no comprehensive exams.

Even now
a few billion birds are flying
enjoying themselves immensely.

Also
in the sea
there are many fish
having a good time.

The floor is nice.

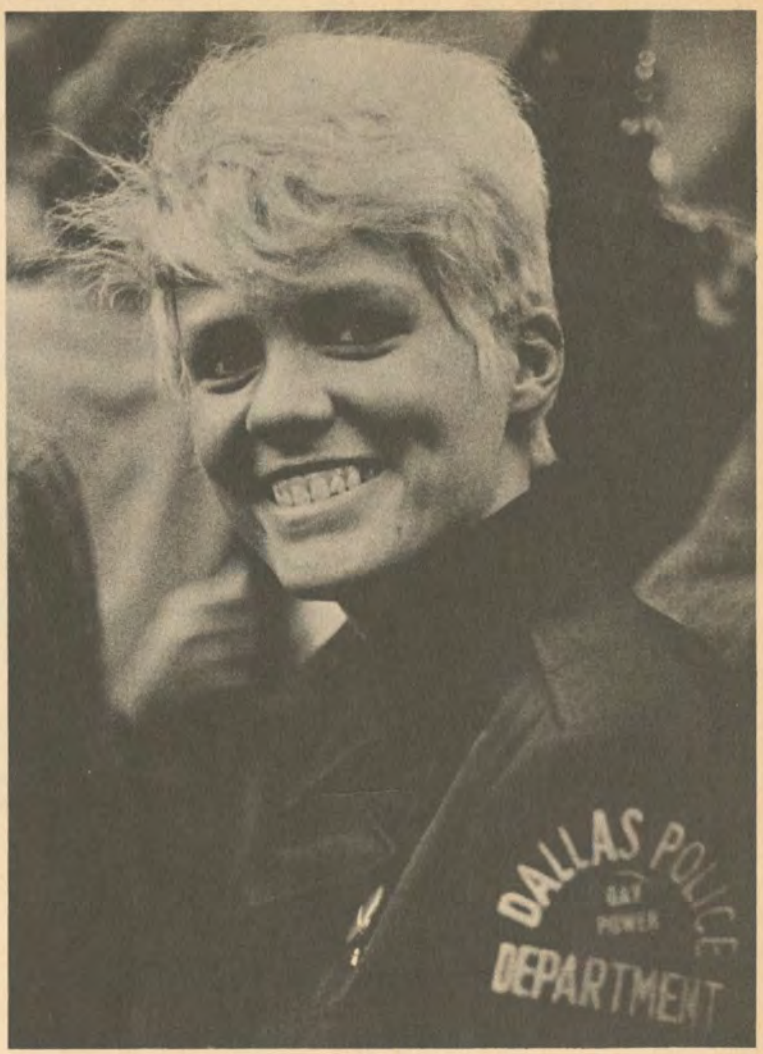
—ERIC FELDERMAN

MISS ERNESTINE PORTER IS AMONG THOSE SEEING SIGNS OF BEARS WHILE PICKING BLACKBERRIES IN AUGUST IN THE MOUNTAINS

The Clover Leaf Class had a weenie roast and devotional at Mrs. William P. Quimbly's. Irvie Duval, Edward F. Young Jr., and the Vermont boys were appointed food leaders. Midway through corn on the cob, Mr. and Mrs. Addi Berger suggested they discqss "Why We Have Crooked Bones." Warming to the subject were several persons, until the rector's sister, Mrs. Vern Goochie, brought down the house by telling how Mr. Groom had bucked her brother *plunk!* into the pink phlox. Somewhat later Alice Brown, who stuffed the eggs, fainted, owing to her summer allergy. Finally, "Eddie" Young the Younger capped off everything at the piano—playing "God Bless America" . . . fortissimo!

—GARY GILDNER

Removing the Mask



PHOTOGRAPH BY DIANA DAVIES

BY MARTHA SHELLEY

The gay culture into which I "came out" (became gay, had my first gay experience) is considerably different from the gay culture which is now growing up in our major cities. The hallmark of the "old" gay culture was the Mask, symbol of the necessity for secrecy. The Mask as a symbol dominated our lives: the Mattachine Society, one of the oldest gay organizations, derives its name from a group of masked court jesters of the Italian Renaissance; Yukio Mishima's famous first novel on homosexuality is called *Confessions of a Mask*. When I was a teenager, I came upon this book in the public library, without knowing anything about the book or the author; I borrowed it, instinctively knowing that such a title could refer to no other subject.

Heterosexual romances between unmarried folks are always public. The woman and the man go to parties together, are seen holding hands on the street, talk to each other on the phone constantly, display each other's gifts to their friends and family. Teenage romances and dating—and more recently, the romances of older people, through "swinging singles" parties and computerized dating services—are a public institution, sanctioned by custom, encouraged by the media. Homosexual romances were, and still are, most of the time, as public as the early Christian meetings in the catacombs. The penalties are too great: they include loss of employment, expulsion from school, beatings, and an occasional summary execution by the local police.

Someone once said to me that gay people are the last romantics. While young straight people (heterosexuals) are trying to get away from the monogamous nuclear family, to abolish the institution of marriage, and to deal with sex in a more rational, less obsessive and less exploitative way than their

parents did; gay people are trying, in many states, to establish a legal right to get married. Some gay people are fighting for equal rights to be drafted and to have security clearances; but some gay men are delighted to check the box that indicates their "homosexual tendencies" and to stay out of the army.

The "generation gap" in gay culture is not complete. There are no easy dividing lines. I know that I myself straddle this gap, that I have loved women of both groups, and that I am trying to find a way to live in the middle of a revolution.

When I first started going to gay bars, the bars that the Syndicate runs in this town, I found it extremely difficult to meet new people. The situation in the bars is still the same—loud music, a dollar a drink and sometimes more, dim lights—a generally unfriendly atmosphere in which the owners of the bar and their muscular bouncers can induce people to consume as much liquor as possible. You drink because it's too noisy to talk, and because you'd better have a drink in front of you, or the bouncer will chase you out. After a while, you learn to come with friends, so you can have somebody to dance with—it's too difficult to meet new people. Slowly, through friends at school or at the office, you form your own circle of friends; slowly and carefully, because you want to let gay people know that you are gay without revealing yourself to straight people.

The gay liberation movement has brought changes to this scene. The first thing that had to go was the Mask. Not everybody has gone public (the phrase we use is "come out of the closet"), but enough people are openly declaring their homosexuality to make a dent in the American consciousness. Last week, I acquired a new roommate, a straight woman who studies at New York University. Her father helped move her possessions into my apartment, and he wasn't noticeably upset at the gay liberation posters on the wall.

Gay liberation groups are giving the Syndicate bars competition by running dances and charging 25¢ a beer. People dance together—not only the slow dances, where you have to have a partner to get on the dance floor; but also the group dances, circle dances where a large number of people put their arms around each other. Whenever I see these group dances, I am reminded of peasant and tribal festivals. The couple dancing together, two people clutching each other and absorbed in each other, oblivious to the outside world—isn't that symbolic of the old gay life, the secret romance, two lovers taking refuge in their love because the outside world will not permit them to be participants in society and have each other, too. The circle dance, on the other hand, is a community affair, symbolic of group solidarity.

The style of dancing has already produced clashes in the gay community. When I visited Boston recently, I found that some of the Lesbians in the more conservative groups were quite annoyed at the more radical women in Gay Women's Liberation, who had come around to the bars to dance their circle dances and hand out radical gay literature. The older women, women who had always been told that their life style was wrong by straight society, who fought like hell to preserve their independence, were now being told they were wrong by the younger Lesbians—as if their "very own flesh and blood" was stabbing them in the back.

The older women are right, in a way. You don't bust in on someone else's party and try to convert them to a new idea, right or wrong; you don't try to "organize" people in such a heavy-handed, flat-footed, know-it-all way. And yet the younger people are right, too: the Way of the Mask is dying.

And with it goes the old romantic style. Perhaps gay people will soon get the right to marry, to be drafted, to work for the Defense Department. But you won't see any mad rush to the army or the justice of the peace. You will see a lot of new gay communes. I know of one alh-women's commune in Washington, D.C., one in Ohio, and one in New York City, as well as two all-men's communes in New York.

And we have to deal with the old hangups, possessiveness, jealousies. I was going to talk in some detail about my problems with my lover in this area, but I see that I can't. I've talked about these problems with other gay people—they are painful problems, problems of readjusting to the new order—but I can't write about it for the mostly straight readership of *motive magazine*. You are still the outsider, the oppressor, the enemy. You will search my words for every sign of weakness, of confusion, and use them to prove to yourselves that I am a sick person and that all gay people are mentally ill. So I can't tell you everything. I wanted to be more personal when I started writing this article, to talk more about my evolution as a gay person and less about the history of the gay movement in the last few years, but I have veered considerably from my original

PHOTOGRAPH BY DIANA DAVIES

intention. The words won't come out; my gay pride gets in the way.

I am reminded of the psuedo-psychiatric literature that formed a considerable part of my reading material during my late teens; in particular, a book called *Female Homosexuality* by a Dr. Frank Caprio—a man who deserves dismemberment, in my opinion, along with quite a number of medical people who make fortunes out of the societally-induced guilt of homosexuals. In order to "cure" the homosexual, they exacerbate the guilt feelings, to make the patient more miserable and desirous of a "cure." Sometimes it works, sometimes it results in suicide or psychosis. Most of the time, gay people quit therapy. Dr. Caprio's book is comprised of a phony plea for compassion for these poor sick twisted people, together with a series of juicy case histories, complete with sexual descriptions, and an analysis of the presumed neurosis by the good doctor. You know how this sort of analysis goes: "Mary T. was unable to learn to love a man because her Uncle Bill seduced her when she was nine and her mother had a traumatic third pregnancy . . . " So the reader, generally a heterosexual male, could masturbate during the sex descriptions, and drop a tear for poor Mary T. during the analytic description, thus comforting himself with the image of his own liberality and compassion, or in other words, making a case history into pornographic material.

Just in case he lacked some of that compassion, at least one of these "patients" would be unable to make it through therapy and would take an overdose of sleeping pills. Then the reader could enjoy a little twinge of vindictiveness.

So I'm not going to tell you my personal problems. Heterosexuals have a long way to go before they can earn the confidence of gay people. We're going to make it easier for you, however. As the gay culture becomes more open and gay people begin to shed their guilts and stand proud, it will become obvious to straight people that their phony compassion is misplaced. It is already becoming easier for people to "come out" without going through the agonizing guilts that were so common just two years ago. And then straight people will have to see that the "gay" problem is really their own problem, their own inability to accept difference and deal with their latent homosexuality.

We are not only changing our own culture; if we succeed, we are going to transform yours as well. We have to—we are your daughters and your sons, your brothers and sisters, and we live on the same land.

The New Organizers

BY ADAM HOCHSCHILD

This article, detailing the daily lives of three former college students and their attempts at building political consciousness in a working class neighborhood, first appear in The Village Voice *and is reprinted by permission.*

Henry and Jane Wilcox and Nick Sampson live in a small cramped apartment that costs $55 a month. It has four crowded rooms, no closet (clothes are hung on a rope strung across the kitchen), and a chain-pull toilet. From the living room you might guess the apartment belonged to students: painted-over wallpaper, a bare bulb in the ceiling, piles of old books and newspapers, and a typewriter seated on an old floor-wax can. But the trio are not students; they are among the 100-odd young Americans who have moved in the last few years into white working-class neighborhoods to live, work, and organize.

The first time I met Nick Sampson and the Wilcoxes was on a hot morning last August. We sat in their living room as they told me why they were willing to let me stay a week with them only if I did not use their real names in writing about them, nor the name of the industrial Midwestern city where they work. Jane Wilcox, a short, businesslike 24 year-old, explained calmly that the three of them are uneasy about strangers now, since an apparent police spy is trying to befriend them: "He keeps calling up and saying, 'I'm very militant, I believe in violence for the revolution, what organizations do you think I should join?' " And even granting I was not a cop, the three are not anxious to advertise their role here: the city's expanding black ghetto is only four blocks away, tensions are high, and local people are deeply suspicious of outsiders. Two weeks ago, Jane said, pointing out the window toward a corner only a few blocks away, three Negroes from out of town were driving through here when their car broke down. A crowd of whites surrounded them. Two of the blacks escaped by running; the third, with 30 people looking on, was beaten to death with a baseball bat.

Why pick a place like this to organize? The Wilcoxes and Nick Sampson feel that if you can radicalize poor whites here, where racism and fear is so intense, you can do it anywhere. Like an increasing number of Movement people, they believe the left must connect with the white lower-middle and lower classes, simply because that's who most Americans are.

The neighborhood here is Polish and Irish, two generations old. The people are mostly cops, factory workers, and men who've gotten low-paid city jobs through years of faithfully buying tickets to the firemen's ball. That evening, we walked around. Men with crew-cuts, tatoos, and sleeveless undershirts sat on their doorsteps talking while blond, crew-cut children played in the spray from fire hydrants. Usually men sat on one doorstep, women on another. Scattered through the streets were gang names painted on walls, bars with locked doors (the regulars have keys), stripped abandoned cars, American flags on car aerials, and small Catholic churches where masses are said in Polish or Lithuanian (the Church is very powerful here—church ushers are often Democratic precinct captains). On one block was a vivid example of how the city government has literally sold these people out: a sprawling Pepsi-Cola plant that used to be the local park.

This is a neighborhood at war. When I woke up the next morning the first thing I heard was the truck driver who lives downstairs from the Wilcoxes turning on a police radio that rasped out orders, numbers, addresses, in a tense staccato chatter. The police station for this precinct puts a large star up over the front door every time a patrolman is killed on duty. Sometimes three or four houses in one block have flags in the windows, red and white with a blue star—it means you have a son in Vietnam; there are few student deferments here. Chalked across a railway trestle nearby (poor neighborhoods are not "on the other side of the tracks," the tracks go through them) is a large, ragged "WALLACE."

Both Henry and Nick are 22, but Henry seems older and more weathered—he and his wife have been in the neighborhood almost two years, and it shows. He speaks less, and doesn't look forward to talking to people on the street as much as Nick. Henry is tall and lean, with a quiet, scholarly bearing you could take for that of an English graduate student. Nick Sampson had started working here just a few weeks before. He is stocky, broad-shouldered, and more tense than Henry, and he wears a small straw hat with a little red and black IWW pin ("If anyone asks, I just say it's my union pin"). Nick wears the hat tipped back on his head at a jaunty angle, and he jokes about it a lot with a quick warm smile. "How do you like it? . . . Tipped? . . . This way? . . . That way?" Although he was a college student until recently, the hat gives him a vaguely hayseed-proletarian air. He cares about it, wearing it means leaving the campus lifestyle behind.

The second evening I went along with Henry and Nick as they did what organizers mostly do, talk to people. They were both a little uneasy—both had been beaten up talking to local teenagers the week before. Nick kept saying "speak up, speak up"—he had been hit on the head and still couldn't hear well in one ear. As we set off from the apartment, he pushed his hat back and cautioned me about how to act, in an earnest arm-jabbing Boston accent: "Stick with me. Don't go off in a corner or an alleyway. If you talk about the war, don't rap about the moral or philosophical jazz. Rap about people making money off it, and how people here are the ones dying, not rich kids from the suburbs. If they tell you you're a draft-dodger, let them know you were in the army."

Nick and Henry's current project was a series of free radical films. The first was to be shown the next week, a documentary about street gangs called "American Revolution 2." We headed for a nearby park with leaflets advertising the movie.

In the park Henry handed a leaflet to a lean, narrow-eyed boy in a bright blue shirt. As soon as he started talking, the boy spat back: "Who're you guys? Are you for us or the niggers?"

"We're for everybody getting a fair break," said Henry, in a quiet non-arguing way. "Who're you guys? Where do you hang out?"

"We're white," said the boy, gesturing at himself and a companion, "that's who we are, we're white. What're you, some kind of peace freak?"

But as soon as Henry and Nick started talking about the war, there was instant agreement: "This war's for shit, man; it's their war, not ours." The boy was 17, he said, and worked in a gas station. The other boy's cousin had been killed in Vietnam last month.

When the talk shifted inexorably back to the "niggers" again, Nick brought up block-busting, talking fast and eagerly. "Hey, you know the corner of ___ and ___ that's black now? There's a house over there, a white guy sold it for $4000, a black guy

bought it for $19,000. It's the real estate people who're really making money off this race thing."

Henry added: "It's the same with jobs. If a guy owns a factory and people there want more money, he'll bring in blacks who'll work for less. It used to be they'd play off the Polish and the Irish against each other that way. Everybody loses, right? Except the big guys." The two teenagers nodded dubiously. But finally they agreed to come to the movie and bring some friends.

We spoke to a few more people. Then, going home from the park, Nick and Henry carefully analyzed the encounters. "That was a good rap you gave the first guy," said Nick, "one of your best. Maybe we ought to always start out on the war like that."

What kind of person becomes an organizer? None of the three comes from a neighborhood like this. Jane Wilcox's background is the most different: her father is a professor at the Harvard Business School. She met Henry when they were both students at Oberlin. Henry grew up in Ohio trailer camps; his father in an electrician who travels from one construction project to another.

Nick Sampson comes from the uneasy margin of the lower-class. He is Jewish: his father, who is dead now, was a Boston bartender who tried opening a small store but went out of business. "My father was a good man. He was always trying to get up out of the working class, but he never quite made it. It killed him. He voted for Goldwater in '64. I can understand now why the system made him turn out the way he did, and I feel a certain empathy for the people here."

From Boston, Nick went to the University of Chicago, then dropped out after two years. The 1967 march on the Pentagon changed him from an LSD dealer into a full-time draft counselor. But from the start he didn't like the campus-style marching once-a-month politics: "At the Pentagon I really got pissed off with all the people smiling and saying, 'Oh, didn't I see you at Selma?' like it was all a big series of picnics." Eventually he decided that if he was really serious about the Movement, the white lower class was where he should be, and be there full-time.

And so Nick moved in, and for the last month has been sharing the Wilcoxes' apartment. He is hunting for one of his own, but rooms are hard to find in this neighborhood—people don't advertise publicly for fear blacks will apply. The Wilcoxes both work part-time to support their organizing activities, and the household lives cheaply, spending only $5 a week per person on food. Lunch my first day was imitation lemonade and bologna sandwiches on day-old bread. A penciled list on the icebox door keeps careful track of food purchases. Everybody shared house work and cooking; Nick, who admits he comes from a "male chauvinist home," is being taught how.

It is hard to describe my work with this trio, because there is something curiously patternless about their lives. They do not dash about setting oppressed people on the march and fomenting strikes and revolts, because in their neighborhood now the only thing you could foment is a race riot.

One morning Henry showed me a copy of a small card which a local realtor had hung on every doorknob on the block, trying to panic people into selling their homes at low prices: "SAVE THIS CARD, IT COULD SAVE A LIFE. Emergency phone numbers: Fire . . . Police . . . FBI . . . Doctor . . . King Realty . . ."

How do you talk to a man who gets a card like that on his door: How do you convince him his enemy is not the black family trying to buy the house he's put his life savings into, but something bigger? The Wilcoxes and Nick aren't sure they know, and what they've been doing is really a string of experiments. The film series is the latest, and there has been a variety of others, perhaps too diffuse: they have helped high school kids try to start an underground paper, distributed booklets about knowing your rights against the police, gone door to door talking about block-busting and organized people to press for a daycare center. Jane runs a women's liberation group, and a year ago she campaigned for city councilwoman. (She got three per cent of the vote in her ward on a platform calling for non-profit housing, free medical clinics, youth center, and local control of schools and housing inspection.)

Jane Wilcox seems especially impatient with the old organizing techniques: "I have never really seen anyone get involved in anything through a leaflet. They're so dry, so sterile. I think I'd die if I had to pass out another one." She and Henry recently invited some drama students to give classes to local teenagers. "We want to do a lot with putting on plays this year," says Jane, "maybe in unexpected places, like laundromats—why not? They're warm in winter, and there's always an audience. I'd like to do a skit about air pollution for instance; that's something people can see and something that tells you about who runs the city. And then I have an idea for another play that would be a progression of scenes, from the factory manager to the foreman to the worker to the worker's wife to the child, with everyone

to the fabricated necessities pushed by the mass media. In ordering and stocking we found it was much better to run out of an item rather than have too much on hand. Everything that wasn't sold right away would take up precious money and space.

From my experience working for a poorly-run book co-op I learned that it was absolutely essential to keep track of all money coming in and going out. We didn't open the store until we had a good cash register (buy one on time, don't rent one) and a system for counting and recording the day's sales.

Keeping all our buying and selling on a cash and carry basis was another important principle. Buying stock on credit is not only more expensive but it also is dangerous to the stability of the whole store. Bills pile up like mad at the end of the month. Selling on credit is against traditional co-op principles. I think this is valid, especially at the beginning. All this financial anality may sound overly capitalistic, but I've become thoroughly confinced that if you can keep all the petty money and core business systems well run, you can be flexible and experimental with all the other aspects of the store.

Being a People's Store, the atmosphere of the store had to be human and conducive to bringing people together. We painted the place white at the beginning to make it look clean as well as open. We kept all the shelves low so as not to cut the space up into long columns of goods. We banned all advertising from the store inside and out; we weren't pushing anything on anybody. We set aside a lounge area with free coffee so that people could feel comfortable in sitting and rapping or playing cards at night. We were fortunate in finding a small bakery from which we got fresh uncut homemade bread (without preservatives) that became immensely popular as our specialty. We set out hours from ten in the morning to midnight which not only made us one of the only (and the cheapest) late night stores in a wide radius, but fit the student community we served.

Two other major problems that I might mention here, were 1: getting a wholesale supplier and 2: pricing policies. As far as wholesalers went, we really didn't have one for about the first month. In addition to using individual suppliers of things like beverages, dairy, eggs and bread products (make sure you don't let individual suppliers like these push things on you; most are real competitive people and don't understand anything about co-ops), we increased our stock by going to the 'cash and carry' outlet of a large wholesaler. Though the cost of the food was higher, it gave us time to research all the possible wholesalers in the area. There is a co-op wholesaler in Wisconsin but it was too far away to be any good to us. One local wholesaler charged three thousand dollars just to join. We finally found one about a hundred miles away that charged only a delivery fee (some pass on advertising and bookkeeping fees to you) and dealt on a cash on delivery basis which was good for our principle of not buying on credit.

Figuring out how much to mark-up the price of the goods over what we paid for them was another real mystery. We were aware that many co-ops are short lived because they try to be a miracle store in the beginning by charging very little for the food before they fully understand how much money it takes to run the store. A number of other small grocers in town told us that we couldn't survive on less than a twenty percent mark up. Yet at the mark up we would be pricing ourselves at least five cents above the average supermarket price. We didn't know how much our overhead was going to be so we couldn't calculate it on that. What we ended up doing was taking a chance. If we could operate on volunteer help for several months then we could charge supermarket prices and try to get a lot of people to continue buying at the store out of something more than simple loyalty. Using every night's receipts to increase the stock, we managed to attract even more people by having a larger and larger stock every time they came in. We also did things like compensating for marking staples down by keeping luxuries at about a 20 per cent mark up. Having everyone a volunteer made the store a real community project with many different people working in the store day and night—a constant party or freak show depending on what time of day you came in.

I won't mention any more of the details of how we learned to run the business aside from saying that we found business to be neither mysterious or alienating because we were working for and among our own people. The staff presently has four full-time paid workers plus a completely volunteer cashier crew. We've kept the cashiers volunteer despite all sorts of inefficiencies because it is a very important way to involve new and interested people in the mechanics of the store. Our staff has turned over a few times since we started mostly because of the need for more long term workers. We try to be very

particular in picking new staff members because each one has to have motivations far beyond just monetary compensation ($50 a week for about 70 to 90 hours of work).

The philosophy of the store has become one of being careful with the core systems (money, ordering, stocking) so we can be flexible and experiment with new ways of buying and selling. We found that running a store suggested all sorts of ways of changing people's heads. At one point, someone had the idea of turning the cash register around and teaching people how to ring up their own sales and give themselves change. We did this for only a couple of days (it turned out to be very slow) and it helped to get the message across that this was a community store and there should be no division of roles or trust between those who worked in it and those who bought from it.

We are very careful to keep close contact with almost everyone who comes into the store and explain to them how pricing, etc., works if they complain or inquire. Unfortunately, the store is small and we can't stock large amounts of different items. We started selling fresh vegetables and meat on a limited experimental basis, stocking only small amounts so we got no spoilage overnight. We have talked about setting up an independent supply network with local farmers but haven't had a chance yet. Dealing with salesmen and delivery men is always interesting and inevitably we manage to get them into a political rap before they leave the store. The younger delivery men really dig being in the store and some of their heads have been changed just through their contact with us.

These are just a few of the experiences we had that gave us a feeling for how experimental running a true community store could be.

The final point I'd like to make is about the political relevance of such a project. I think we found several things to be true. First, this kind of project—involving people in building a center and service in their own neighborhoods—is really needed at this point in time, especially in student areas. There are many people now who have been through many changes and have spent much time rapping together about their immediate needs. Many of these people are hungry for some active, building way to control their own lives and participate with others on more than a head level. In this respect, even though they are transient, student housing areas are communities with many economic and political issues to be organized around. Bringing them together through a project like this seems to be ideal for building community identity and power. As far as political ideology goes, to me it's not so much the hope of building alternative institutions that makes co-ops exciting, as the kind of revolutionary experience that working in such an economic entity is. It takes a lot of work and long hours to make a co-op work, but working with and for your own community makes earning a living a meaningful experience. Secondly, the potential economic base such consumer co-ops in student areas could have makes them relevant to the larger movement. Providing subsistence for local organizers is only one possibility. If a number of small, decentralized community co-op stores (stay away from big co-op projects, i.e., the Berkeley co-ops or the Hyde Park co-op model) could be started near a number of campuses, a sizable amount of capital could be generated and used to help low income black and working class co-ops get started. There is a lot of money in student areas and up until now it has been sucked off by the local parasitical businesses. If people could get themselves together and build their own community stores, they could not only save themselves money but could pool the excess to aid other communities with less income and less privileged backgrounds. In other words, there could be an intercommunity support system set up to do away with government and foundation grants that buy off low income projects.

So much for some of my ideas. I have many of them in my head after working with the store for six months now and am eager to share and build with others working along similar lines. Please feel free to write to me if you're interested, need advice, or are working on similar projects.

This article, by Patricia Michaels, appeared in No More Teacher's Dirty Looks (25¢), *a publication of the Bay Area Radical Teachers' Organizing Committee.*
1445 Stockton, San Francisco, Calif. 94133.
Reprints available for postage from VSC, Canyon, CA94516.

Teaching In Union Springs

BY PATRICIA MICHAELS

In 1967 I got a job teaching high school in a small industrial community in upstate New York. I didn't think the job would have political significance for me. I had been involved in civil rights demonstrations and anti-Vietnam marches and in general I identified with the movement. I had also taught in an urban ghetto school. No liberal or left activity existed in Union Springs, so I saw my job there as a retreat from politics and as an opportunity to teach without the pressures of the ghetto. But in fact teaching in Union Springs turned out to be a profoundly political experience. I learned there that decent human relations, meaningful work and education are impossible in this country even in those little red school houses that seemed impervious to the crisis affecting the rest of society.

One of my first discoveries was that most of my students, who looked like Wonder Bread children, were non-college bound and hostile to school. I asked them why they hadn't quit when they were sixteen. Most replied, like a chorus, "Because to get a good job you have to go to school." They understood that the boredom and discipline were preparation for the future. One boy parroted an administrator on the subject of keeping his shirt tails in: "When you work in a factory you're going to have to follow rules you don't like, so you'd better get used to them now."

After a few weeks of teaching, I began to discover that the school was designed to teach the majority of students to adjust to the lives already laid out for them after high school. It reinforced what they had learned at home and in grade school: to blunt feelings; distrust feelings you do have; accept boredom and meaningless discipline as the very nature of things. The faculty and the administration saw themselves as socializers in this process. This point was brought home to me at one faculty meeting following an assembly. In an effort to bring culture to Union Springs, the school sponsored a cello concert, one of several longhair events. The students, tired of having their "horizons broadened," hooted and howled throughout the concert. The cellist was almost as indignant as the teachers and administration. The teachers expressed the sentiment that somehow they had failed to do their job: to train kids to accept things they did not like. Teacher after teacher admitted that while the assembly may have been boring, so were many things in life. *They* had made it, so could the kids. "Culture isn't supposed to be fun," said the principal, "But if you get something out of it, that's all that counts. For most of our kids this is the only time they'll ever get to hear a cellist and their lives will be richer for it."

The school was also designed to promote a definition of work that excluded emotional satisfaction. To the degree that the kids

accepted this definition, they distrusted the very classes they enjoyed. Students would often tell me, "This isn't English, it's too much fun," or "School is where you learn—not have a good time." Enjoyment was drinking, speeding cars, minor lawbreaking activities that involved little creativity or effort. Having defined school (i.e., work) as joyless, joy, they thought, must be effortless.

They didn't connect their feelings of depression and anger with the socialization they were undergoing. While putting themselves down as failures, they would tell me everything that was wrong with the school. The petty vandalism, the screaming in the halls, the "cutting up" in class were their means of psychological survival. They didn't see this behavior as an attack on the school system. They were certain too, that if they didn't shape up, they would pay a terrible price.

Their response to the first novel we read in class, Warren Miller's "The Cool World", reflected their sense of futility. They admired Duke, the gang leader hero, and thought he was "cool" because he said what he felt and did what he wanted. At the same time, he was "Stupid" because his actions could only lead to poverty, violence and death. They were infuriated at the ending of the novel when Duke "gets rehabilitated." In the endings that they wrote as a exercise, they had Duke killed or imprisoned. As one boy wrote, "This was the only honest ending because the price you pay for doing what you want is defeat in one form or another."

Resigned to the "realities" of life, they had difficulty accepting praise. They had been taught they were unworthy and to distrust anyone who thought they were not. Praise challenged their self-image. John B., for example, was a senior who planned to pump gas after he got out of the army. He also wrote poetry. He alternated between being proud of his work and telling me that it was "bullshit." He was threatened by his creativity. The school had "tracked" him into a "low achiever" class since grade one and after eighteen years he wasn't about to challenge that authoritative definition. The only other job he considered was as a state policeman. "At least you'd have some power," he told me.

The student body was split between the working class "greasers" and the middle class "scholars" or honors students. The students from working class homes saw the honors kids as sellouts, phonies and undeservedly privileged. The honors kids, for example, had a lounge. The rest of the student body congregated in the bath rooms.

The honors students were more ambivalent in their attitudes toward the greasers. Their own school experience was a grind, and they both resented and envied the relative casualness of the other students.

A few college-bound kids protested against my leniency in grades and the lack of discipline in my classes. They demanded that I lower the grades of the "less gifted" and enforce school rules. Some honors students admitted that behind their demands was a conception of learning as drudgery. Success, in turn, meant the failure of others. But this, they added, was the way things are. Society, they were convinced, owed them nothing. Reality was the status quo and people should be judged by how well they coped with that reality.

The "scholars' " game in school consisted of conning the teachers. Establish your reputation and slide through. At times, they acknowledged the hypocrisy of the game, but rarely acted on it. While the "scholars" had nothing but contempt for the administration and most of the faculty, they couldn't get close to the other kids because of their unwillingness to give up the privileges that came with being honors students.

The student body was also divided along sexual lines. Men at Union Springs were more individually rebellious: they expressed their hatred of the school in ways that were considered "manly": haphazard disobedience, drinking before coming to school, vandalism. The women, however, were passive about school on a daily basis, since their major concern was the prestige that came from having a boyfriend, and their status among the men.

One day I assigned my senior class an article about a girl who had been thrown out of college for living with her boyfriend. The boys in the class acknowledged that while they wouldn't marry a girl who did "that," they didn't think it was the school's right to punish her. The girls said nothing. In their compositions they expressed anger at the injustice of punishing the girl and not the boy. One girl wrote: "It's always the girl who suffers in this situation, nothing ever happens to the boy."

The following day I spoke with the girls (the boys were out of the room) and asked why they hadn't said in class what they had written on their papers. They said that they were afraid. One girl told me that the only time she would talk freely in a class was if no boys whom she like romantically were present.

On another occasion a boy criticized my assigning a novel that contained obscene

language, because, he said, it embarrassed him to read those words in front of girls. At the end of the class, a few girls told me that while people should be free to read and write what they wanted, they were glad at least one boy respected them enough to watch his language.

In spite of these divisions among the students, the oppressiveness of the school sometimes brought them together in action. Smoking in the bathrooms was the most controversial issue in the school. Breaking the smoking rules enraged the teachers. Several of them spent their free time catching the smokers, bringing them into the office and getting them suspended for three days. The administration, in an act of desperation (20 cigarette butts had been found on the floor in one day), removed the entrance doors to the bathrooms. After unsuccessfully petitioning the principal, twenty-five students lined up in front of the men's room and refused to proceed to their first period class. The principal threatened to call the police if they wouldn't obey his order to move.

Inside the faculty room, some teachers said they wanted to bust heads and hoped that the administration would allow it. Others joked about how our students were trying to imitate the college kids.

In an assembly later that afternoon, the principal announced that he was replacing the bathroom doors, but only because of the responsible behavior of the majority of students. "All over the country," he said, "bearded rebels are tearing up the schools and causing trouble and now we have their younger versions at Union Springs. We know," he added, "that while the troublemakers demonstrate, the cream of the crop is dying in Vietnam. These are the true heroes. The boys who stood in front of the men's room this morning are the riff-raff."

The students had not thought of the demonstrators as riff-raff. They were among the most popular kids in school. But neither had they seen them as part of a national movement. By making that association, the principal had helped to break down some of the students' antagonisms towards the left. Later, when SDS people tried to link up with students at Union Springs, some of the ground work had already been laid by the principal.

By my second year at Union Springs, I was intensely sensitive to the repressiveness of the school system and my own role in it. My way of dealing with that was to make my classes more relevant to students' lives. I told them to write about what they felt in the language with which they were most comfortable. The first papers I received were filled with obscenity, and I criticized them on stylistic rather than moral grounds. In the second papers, the students' efforts to shock me changed into honest attempts at good writing. I told one class of seniors who were working on short stories that I would mimeograph and distribute some of their work. The most popular story was a satire concerning soldiers in Vietnam; it was sprinkled with obscenity. I said that I would reprint the story as promised, but I wanted the class to be aware of the risk. They all agreed that the author had written what he felt and that there was nothing objectionable about the piece.

A few weeks later the principal told me that I would have to "cease and desist" from accepting students' work that made use of "poor" language. The principal also criticized me for playing rock music in my classes. "You're allowing too much freedom in your classes." He told me that while these methods were all right for "Negro kids," since "that's the kind of life they're used to" or for very responsible college-bound students, they were not all right for youngsters whose future success in the Army or on their jobs depended on their following rules.

As a result of my classes, he said, students were becoming defiant and teachers and parents were complaining. He said that I was doing a disservice to students in allowing them a freedom that they were not going to have later on.

Up to that point I had not thought of my work as political. In fact, I had berated myself because I hadn't spent more time talking about the war, Blacks, tracking, and so on. Movement friends I had spoken with warned me that far from "radicalizing" my students, I was providing them with a "groovy classroom," making school more palatable, and adjustment to a corrupt system easier for them. After speaking with the principal however, I concluded that my classroom methods were political. In order for the students to fit into the society, they had to believe certain things about themselves, about their teachers, and about their work. By permitting my students to use their own language in the classroom and to wander the halls without passes, by helping them to discover that school work could be creative, I was challenging the values of the school and, therefore, those of society. That was the beginning for the students of understanding the relation between their lives and the movement.

I told the principal that I could not comply with his order, but would discuss the issue with my class. He warned me that I was close

to losing my job and that he couldn't figure out why I wanted to be a martyr for the students.

The next day I told my class what had happened. They agreed that we should continue to do what we were doing, though a few students argued that I was teaching revolution and disrespect for authority. One boy told me that his father said that if I were teaching in Russia I would have been jailed long ago. Other students defended our classroom activities, saying that this was the first time they'd been able to express themselves in school. "Everybody in town is calling Mrs. Michaels a Communist," one girl said. "Everything they don't like around here, they call Communist. We've done nothing wrong and neither has she. Those who don't like it here should transfer to another class and not ruin it for the rest of us."

Although the students expressed concern about my losing my job, they knew that the issue was them, as well as myself. It wasn't my class that was on the line, but our class. Crucial to their understanding of the issue as it deepened was my continuing to inform them of developments. By breaking down the traditional teacher-student relationship, I could speak with them not only about their own oppression but mine as well. In that process, the students had begun to listen to me when I raised questions about the war, the draft and the tracking system, though they weren't ready yet to ask those questions for themselves.

In January of my second year, a local SDS chapter sponsored a festival and several workshops for high school students. I announced the events to my students and urged them to go. In spite of warnings from administrators, teachers and parents, a number of students attended. Several teachers showed up to "learn about SDS," but the students knew that they were spies.

The SDS organizer asked the students if they wanted the teachers to stay. "They are part of the reason we're here," one boy said. "We can never talk honestly in their presence and we can't now. They have to leave." When the teachers refused to go, the students walked out of the room and set up another workshop: a liberating experience; defiance without punishment; a taste of collective power.

WOODCUT BY MARKY BULWINKLE

The festival changed the students' attitude towards the left. Their disdain for the "peace freaks" was based on a stereotype of the cowardly college student. Their brothers were fighting in Vietnam and if the leftists took their beliefs seriously, they "would be fighting too." One boy told me that the only time he took college demonstrators seriously was when he saw them on TV at the Chicago convention. The students at Union Springs disliked the college protestors because they saw them as a privileged group and they couldn't figure out why they were rebelling.

Students at Union Springs felt ambivalent about leftist culture. Although they talked about "filthy hippies," they listened to the Doors and the Rolling Stones. Rock music was vital to their lives. To hate hippies was difficult for them because Mick Jagger was one too. The longhaired radicals who spoke to them at the SDS festival acted tough, brave, and "tuned" into the kids' experiences. That the principal and teachers defined these people as outlaws only made them more attractive.

The Festival and the presence of high school students at an SDS function frightened the community. The newspapers were filled with letters for the next few weeks condemning SDS and the students who attended. Kids brought the newspapers into school and we discussed reasons for the community's and administration's terror at SDS' presence. Gradually the kids began to connect the local issue with the anti-Communist, pro-war rhetoric they had heard all their lives. They had begun to identify their own rebellion with the rebellion of the people they had earlier called "rioters," "peace creeps," and "commies."

Earlier that year I had talked with some students about Cuba. They had insisted that Castro was a dictator who filled the prisons with anyone who disagreed with him, and that the United States ought to invade the island. When I questioned the reliability of media reporting, they didn't respond. Only after they read the distortions about themselves in the local newspaper stories, did my argument have some meaning for them. When they were not involved in their own struggle, they accepted what the TV and the newspapers told them. They had even resented my raising questions about Cuba, Vietnam, or Blacks. As one student told me after I talked with him about the war, "Our government couldn't be doing all of those terrible things." What made those "terrible things" believable to him was his new found consciousness of what the school had been doing to him everyday and how the principal and teachers responded when he began to act.

In the months that followed the SDS conference, I talked with students in class, during free periods, and in my home, where many of them became frequent visitors, about everything from Vietnam to dating problems. In April of that year, some of them joined an SDS demonstration against Westmoreland.

As the opportunity to rebel began to develop at Union springs High, many of the women held back. They didn't see the relevance of the rebellion to their own lives and some even discouraged the boys from participating since it disrupted the normal social life of the school. The girls who did participate, however, were the most militant and committed of the rebels. Some were girls whose dating unpopularity had made high school hell for them and who identified with me because in my classroom they could assert themselves in ways that won them respect. Others were girls who were more assured of their popularity and because they were not hung up in the individualism of the boys, could act together more easily.

The male students, on the other hand, were beginning to challenge the traditional values of individualism and competitiveness that had made it difficult for them to rebel together. Previously much of their prestige had depended upon *individual* defiance. As one boy told me earlier that year: "I talk back to teachers, but when everybody starts doing it, it doesn't mean anything anymore."

About two weeks after the Westmoreland demonstration, seven students decided that they were going to boycott an honors assembly and asked if they could use my room. The assembly was an annual ritual to humiliate the majority of students and to honor the "handful" who had "achieved." The students felt that their refusal to participate was justified, but were uncomfortable about the action. One boy says: "Listen, I don't like this. 'Cutting up' in class is fun, but this is different. It's too serious. I'm not scared or anything, but everybody's acting like it's such a big deal." The boy may have expected punishment for his action but he felt threatened because he had involved himself with six others in a collective decision to defy the school system. If they escaped without punishment, he would be only one among seven heroes. If they got into trouble, his act couldn't be dismissed as a prank. Another boy replied, "This is different from setting a cherry bomb off in the halls and running away. We're identifying ourselves and we're trying to figure out why we're doing it. If you don't see that, you'd better leave."

In early May, I was fired. Many students prepared to sit in. They made signs, held meetings and argued with their parents, who urged them not to get involved. The administration responded with threats of police, suspensions, and warnings to seniors who "might not graduate" if they participated. Administrators phoned the parents of the student leaders and urged them to keep their kids at home. Police watched the entrance of my house. On the morning of the sit-in, teachers in the halls urged the students to hurry to class. Many students did stay home. Others were confused and stood around the halls. About 50 sat in. Six students were suspended for five days and one boy was beaten by the vice-principal when he refused to move on to class.

ETCHING BY RUTH BLACKWELL

The next morning the principal met with the students and tried to calm them. There wasn't anything they or he could do to get me back in school, he said. But he would listen to their grievances about the school. After a few days of restlessness and more meetings with students, Union Springs High had ostensibly returned to normal.

But many students had changed during my two years there. When I first met them, they had been resigned to the limited world that the school had defined for them. They didn't believe that they were capable of creating anything larger. Experiences in my classes and their struggle opened the possibility of new definitions of work, of teachers and themselves. When they had to defend those discoveries to parents, contemporaries and school personnel the students learned how to work together.

I did not come to Union Springs to be a political organizer. I came to teach. But I refused to be the teacher that both the administration and students expected me to be. I had rejected the role of cop and socializer not out of any revolutionary commitment, but out of my need to relate to my students. This same need made me reject the labels "lower track," "non-college bound," "slow learner," that were placed on my students. My refusal to play the traditional teacher role was linked to my refusal to accept them as inferior because they had been treated as such. By breaking down their stereotypes of themselves and of me, I also helped them break down their self-confining images of the world around them.

One letter I received from a female student indicated the achievement as well as the limitations of my work at Union Springs: "Up until you came to us, I'm sure no student knew where he or she stood in school. They didn't know the powers they had. Now we know them and are trying to use them as best we can. It's going to take time to get organized, but the way things are going now, I'm sure the time will come. I remember the time I was accused of smoking. The principal told me that I had no alternative but to admit I was smoking. I told him that I wasn't and that he could get the Supreme Court on it if he wanted to, but he couldn't prove it. That was the first time I really used the power I had and I won. It doesn't seem like much power when it was all over, but I can still remember looking at his face and noticing that his smirk was gone and that he really looked afraid of me. I don't know if you realize it or not, but that small power has affected almost every kid in school and I think that's why you were fired."

Energy had been released at Union Springs, but where will students go with this energy, what will they do with it in that same school this year, in the army, in the factories, and in their marriages? The students were ready to join a movement. Right now there is no movement for them to join. Those who are still in school write me that Union Springs is quiet again. Those who are out say pretty much the same thing. The movement that speaks to the needs they experienced and acted on at Union Springs is yet to be created.

New Communities, Inc.

Interview by Ed Feaver

MR. SUTTON ON TRACTOR

In Southwest Georgia there are 5,735 acres of land between Leesburg and Smithville that represents hope to nearly all Black residents of Lee County. The land which belongs to New Communities, Inc. (NCI) consists mostly of farming land, with timber, pecan trees and some swamp. During Reconstruction, most of this land probably belonged to Black farmers, but eventually it ended up back in White hands. The people of NCI are trying to reverse that trend and at the same time try to stop the flow of Blacks from Southwest Georgia into northern ghettos.

Several years ago Charles Sherrod, who came to Southwest Georgia with SNCC in 1960, and six others went to Israel to study the Kibbutz system. They returned with a vision about building something out of nothing. They did not want to transfer the Kibbutz to the Black Belt of Georgia, but to build a community based on land. First they acquired 935 acres and later added 4,800 more. The land is to be worked and owned by the community which will hold it in perpetual trust. It will never be sold only leased. The income from the land and any other small industry that grows up around the community will be put to the best use the community decides upon. Each member will have a voice in that decision.

At the present time, only farm workers live on the land, but NCI with a contract with the Foundation for Cooperative Housing will soon be building 102 housing units. There are between 300-500 families waiting for such housing. Several of those people, both farm workers and those waiting were recently interviewed by Ed Feaver, a NCI organizer, for motive. **These are the people who talk about 5,735 acres of pride:**

Mrs. Minnie Daniels is a citizen of Lee County. She has worked in the fields and white folks kitchens all of her life. When New Communities began, she became one of the community organizers and is now a major force behind the establishment of the day care center.

Mr. Robert O. Christian is a citizen of Albany, Ga. He is one of the local members of the NCI Board of Directors and is chairman of the NCI farm committee.

Mr. Robert McClary is a citizen of Warwick, Georgia. He is a member of the NCI Board of Directors and a staff member of the Southwest Georgia Project for Community Education. He is now a student at Albany State College engaged in learning economics in order to help the Project and NCI when he graduates.

Mrs. Lovette is also a citizen of Lee County, Ga. She has worked all of her life on the farm or in white folks kitchens. And is now employed as a maid, working for $25 a week (40 hours).

Mrs. Sneed is a citizen of Lee Co., Georgia. She is the wife of one of the farm workers on NCI, and hopes to be able to help NCI with accounting and office work.

Mrs. Barney is a citizen of Lee County, Georgia. She is a member of the industrial committee for New Communities and works in the one industry in the County. She is one of the potential settlers on NCI.

Mrs. Rose Merry Mack is a citizen of Lee County, Ga. She is a member of the NCI education committee and a member of the Southwest Georgia Project for Community Education. She has also been a community organizer for NCI.

Mrs. Dolly Washington is a citizen of Leesburg, Georgia. She is 65 years old and has spent all of her life on the farm until she became disabled.

Question: What does New Communities mean to you?

Mrs. Daniels: New Communities is a wonderful idea if we can get it off the ground because most of the peoples have moved from the country to the town lookin for jobs and that causes the problems of slums and poverty in the city areas. If they had more jobs and better places to live, more people would live in the rural areas. I think New Communities would be a big help to Lee County which has been economically down for the last 15 years.

Mr. Christian: I feel that New Communities is real important because of the effect it will have not only on this area but on surrounding areas in terms of makin it possible for poor people to have something of their own in terms of land, the possibility of homes and other things of importance in a person's life. I also feel that the farm is real important as a venture because the farm is one thing that people know about. People in this area are certainly farmers because of geographical location. We feel that farming is what we are going to need, because farming is the thing that we are going to have to rely on as the part of the program which will sustain life for people on New Communities. At this time we are doing the regular row crop farming, and this in itself provides jobs for

some of the present settlers. We are in our second year of farming with our row crops, and we are hoping to expand and possibly go into vegetable farming. Farming is part of an overall picture for New Communities.

Robert McClary: I think New Communities means a new start for Black people. It is very important in that it goes back to the basics of land. If you start with land, then you make a completely new start. I think this is something Black people have not had, free land. New Communities has so much land that it is hard to imagine the effect that it would have on Black people in this area, economically and psychologically. This is something physical. We have not seen any physical rewards for our efforts. We have been able to sit with white people, a few people have been able to get jobs, we have been able to go into the cafes with white people and eat together, this integration thing in the schools, but, New Communities offers the kind of freedom that we have not had. This is a section of land to be controlled by Black people, and they can go out there and do pretty much their own thing and feel at home.

Mrs. Lovette: I just loves New Communities. It means a lots to me. I am hopin some day it will be a wonderful place where all of us can have somewhere to stay if we want to. New Communities is a place, a lot of land, that we can go up there and we can feel free.

Mrs. Sneed: New Communities is comin off to be a real nice place for all the people that don't like to be up under white folks and their cursin and goin on. Under white folks, the people doesn't have good houses, a lot of peoples would like to take their kids to the clinic, but when they are workin for white folks, they can't get off when they want to. I think New Communities will keep a lot of the children from havin all kinds of diseases because they see to the medical bills and everything.

Mrs. Barney: New Communities means a place for poor people to have a job, and better housing—something they have never had—and maybe our children will have a better opportunity than we had when we was growin up. Now, our young people have to leave to get a job because there ain't nothin in Lee County to do. Its a lot of young people now that write back home and ask when will we be able to have jobs. They are willin to come back to work and raise their families.

Mrs. Mack: New Communities means so much because poor people have never had the privilege to say what they want and that be done. They have never had the privilege to have some land and some business that they can have something to say about, right or wrong.

Mrs. Washington: I think New Communities is great and I'm sure we need it. I never owned a piece of land in my life. Its just so many peoples done left the farm. We need something to bring peoples back out the cities, back to the farm, or we gonna keep on goin till people can't live. All the livin and things come from the farm, and, therefore, if we don't get some folks back on the farm and caring for some of this land, something bad gonna happen. All the people thats crowded up in the cities, the inner city, the ghetto, talkin about the ghetto and all that stuff. No sence to talkin about fixin up the ghetto; fix up the country and get these folkes out of the ghetto, back in the country on the farm and raisin something to live on. Give peoples a chance to make their own livin and you wouldn't have no idea how a change would be made. But as long as people just leaving the country, piling up in the ghetto . . . they ain't got nothin to live on, and there they go to the government, to the welfare. They could fix a way for em to come back to the country, wouldn't need no welfare.

Do you know, there's all this land, just one man, just this one man, just a human, one man owin thousands and thousands of acres of land just layin out doing nothin. I seen a time when the man lived right up there, all you could see from here way yonder was tended land. All everywhere you could go out in the country was crowded with peoples farming and makin their own livin. Now, everybody most got to get on the welfare. I mean, cause they done cut out the farm! . . . That new community is really needed.

Question: Who is involved in New Communities now?

Robert McClary: All kinds of people are involved, young, old, white and black. It will be a new opportunity for all of us. You know that we never turn away our old people; we like to keep our old people with us.

Question: Is it important to have a large piece of land? Why is land important?

Mrs. Daniels: The land is important because its a source of income. If you've got a house and a place for a garden and a place for the kids to play in, and a place to have a pig, this is very important for the economy of the people concerned.

Mr. Christian: I think it is important to have a large piece of land for several reasons: land is something that we haven't had in this part in such large quantity; with land you can do many things that you haven't been able to do before—this is to say that you can develop the land into that type of program that you would like to see on the land; with land you have a chance to do so many things, such as farming and venturing into livestock, and this is really and truly the heart of America—when you have land to do things on.

Robert McClary: Land is important to Black people because it is a base. The movement in southwest

Georgia has not produced too much physical evidence. We in the civil rights movement have a lot of freedom to move around and people admire that. We have demonstrated that it is not always fatal to go against the wishes of the white people in southwest Georgia. What we have not demonstrated is that it is also productive, that it can also be rewarding at the same time, and this is what New Communities can demonstrate. It can prove that we can go against the wishes of white people in this society and at the same time progress. There is a lot of land out there. We must succeed at this in order to keep up the hopes of people.

Mrs. Mack: Well, land is, I always say like money, it will keep. It will always keep. To me it don't matter how much trouble come up, if you got some land, you can always assure a livin.

Mrs. Barney: The land is very important because its so many people that don't have a place to stay, not a decent home; and this would mean that they could move out of these old pieces of houses, and have a nice home. We have always worked a lot of land, but we've never had any.

Mr. Lockett: I think it would be important to have a large piece of land, so there can be a lot of fields that people can go into so you can attract more than one type of skilled person. Black people have never had the type of power that land means. As far back as I can remember, the landowners have been the only ones with power, and they (black landowners) have been constantly fading away in the last 10 to 15 years; well, actually, their property has been taken away. If you don't have land, you don't have no voice. The land itself means a certain amount of power.

Mrs. Lovette: I think land is important because back in the 60's when colored folks lived in these white folks houses, they put some of them out doors, and they didn't have no where to go.

Question: What are some of the things that you are doing now to make New Communities a reality?

Mrs. Daniels: We are trying to farm the land, that the biggest thing, and we are trying to promote a day care center.

Question: Is the day care center one of the things that is needed immediately?

Mrs. Daniels: It is very much needed in Lee County because the parents that do have a little job are not able to pay anybody to see about their children, and nine times out of ten they have to keep an older child home to see about the little child. About the time the older child gets 15 years old he will stop going to school because he is behind everybody else.

Mrs. Mack: The day care center is needed because its so many womens that don't have a husband,

MRS. SNEED

MRS. PERRY AND CHILD

they're on welfare, and they would rather make a decent livin themselves. There are some women that keep the child out today, and another one out (of school) tomorrow to look after the younger children. There are a lot of children that go to school two days out of the week, and they may as well not go.

Mrs. Sneed: The day care center is needed because generally black mothers leave their children with some of the relatives, sometimes they leave them home with some of the other small kids. But, I don't want to think thats a healthy way to leave your children because so much can happen.

Question: What are some other things that are needed to help New Communities grow?

Mrs. Daniels: Industry, light industry would be a great boost to New Communities and to Lee County as a whole. There would need to be a job training program with the industry because most of the peoples is unskilled labor.

We also need medical services. There is no medical services in Lee County. You have to go into Albany if you want to see a doctor.

Mr. Christian: I feel that if we can get better housing, some type of housing program on New Communities, we can get more people to come to us. Housing is one of the most critical things that we face right now. Housing will get people on the land, and housing will instill in people the idea of having a home and caring for it. I think when you get into this type of situation, you get people to change their entire attitude about life, they begin to do a lot of things differently.

We are also looking toward industrial development on New Communities. We have talked about the industrialization of peanuts to the extent of making some type of peanut products, packaging peanuts, peanut brittle, candies of some sort.

Robert McClary: Financing. We have been in financial difficulty from the inception of New Communities because poor people have no money, and it takes money to run the farm and to pay people who are now working on a voluntary basis.

Mrs. Barney: We need doctors. We have to drive into Albany to the doctor which is 30 miles. If we had doctors here and our own health clinic here we wouldn't have to do that. (the doctor' offices in Albany are segregated and a center of indignity to blacks.)

we also need industry that would give our peoples who don't have any experience at all a chance to get experience and training. We could set up training programs and train our own people to be independent.

Mrs. Sneed: What would really make New Communities better is a grocery store. We have to go to Albany to get our groceries now. Also a service station, doctors and nurses.

Mr. Lockett: Housing: If that develops, there a lot of people that would probably like to live in New

MASS NCI MEETING

Communities, and even if they don't have employment on New Communities, they would like their own place to stay and feel like the whole thing belongs to them.

Question: What are some of the social-economic ideas that New Communities has?

Mrs. Daniels: There are new ideas about sharing income. I think it is a good idea to learn to share, and to think of the next person's needs. Because in society now, if a person has a business and he makes $1 million, and you are working for $30 a week, he never thinks about wehl maybe we could give a little bonus or something like that. We was hopin that people on New Communities will make about the same salary.

Mr. Christian: New Communities is the type program that will have a sharing type return on whatever profits we realize from the land. We would have these profits returned to the land. The settlers themselves will tell us if they feel we should invest these returns into the improvement of the land, or if they would have us divide these profits into shares for the settlers; they will more or less tell us what they want done with the income from the land. I'm hopeful that everyone will continually look forward and we will invest incomes in the development of the land.

The most important new idea of New Communities is the possibility for the settlers themselves helping to determine their destiny; they can really tell the Board of Directors or the Steering Committee the type things they would like to see done and the type things they would like to have. Now, I don't know of any other farmer or sharecropper in this part who can really tell his boss what he wants to do or what he wants done on the farm. When a person can help plan his destiny, he can better know what he wants out of life.

Robert McClary: I suppose there will be differences in income based on how enterprising a person will be. Of course, I envision that there will be minimum living standards that will be humane and good for all the people. We will not look at people as being productive the way the system looks at people as being productive, but will guarantee them a minimum living standard for whatever they can contribute.

Question: Is there a difference between a person owning a home and a small piece of land, and a person living on New Communities?

Mr. Christian: Yes, in the sense that a person having a small piece of land and a house on that land looses that sense of togetherness. When you have little small groups of people buying houses and living off by themselves, you have a division even amongst people. This is not what we are looking for; we are looking for that togetherness type situation where we don't own anything and own everything.

Mr. Lockett: The difference is that a man on New

MR. ROBERT O. CHRISTIAN

MRS. DOLLY WASHINGTON

Communities will have the governing power, he will be in the decision making. If you've got a house in New Communities, you will be able to say what goes in and what goes out. Rather than to have a little acre of land out there and thats about all. On New Communities, if there is something going on that I don't like, I can say something about it. It makes a man feel a little bit higher.

Question: Who will govern or control New Communities once it gets going?

Mrs. Daniels: We hope that the people will control and govern New Communities, because we think the people in New Communities will know more about their needs than a person from the outside. For example, as a whole, a person that sits in the office and makes out food stamps and things like that, has never been hungry a day in his life and doesn't know anything about it. We hope the people who live there will own the land and have the last say about what goes on in New Communities.

Mr. Christian: We feel that the settlers themselves should be the ones to govern the community, the people that are actually living on the land. As the community develops, the settlers on the land will move into the position of operation and of policy making pertaining to their life. People will have a chance to chart their own course and be able to do the things they want to do and the way they want to do it. This is something that is unheardof. We have never had the opportunity to really do the things that we have wanted to do ourselves; we have more or less been following the patterns and dictates of other people.

Robert McClary: The land will be jointly owned by the people as a cooperative group. This is good because then no one would be able to take the land and exploit one another—we are trying to get away from that. It will be a people oriented society, and not be something where people are falling over one another to get what they can. It will be a cooperative venture for the good of all.

Question: There has been opposition to New Communities from some people. What are some of the reasons for this opposition?

Mr. Christian: I certainly feel that we are being suppressed so to speak because we feel like, as well as the people that are trying to suppress us, that with land, the possession of land, we become more independent. We have something that is ours and we can do with it what we want to; we control land, we control the activities that go on on the land, and to a great degree our destiny here. We can tell our leaders what we want to do on our land, what we expect of them and we don't have to worry about it. We can really demand this.

We are talking about something like 6500 acres of land. This is a large piece of land and it is a

large chance that we have here and it is what we have been looking for, and certainly, I'm hopeful with the struggling that we are doing that we will be able to really come into possession of this land so it can become our own. Like anything else that is new, we are having some problems, but I think we will overcome these because we are real dedicated here and are going to keep trying.

Another reason we are receiving opposition is a result of the concept of togetherness. I feel that when we can really come together and be together as a group, this is the most frightening thing that you have ever seen to the people locally because they know that we are in groups, we are stronger, and certainly we can do more and get more done.

Mrs. Mack: Some people don't want us to survive because with all this land, there will be a time that we won't have to beg somebody to do the things that need to be done, cause we can get it done, and they know that and they don't want it to happen.

Mrs. Barney: Opposition is coming from white people who don't want us to have nothin. I guess he has his own reason for not wantin us to have nothin. And I just feel like that we have been maids and things for so long that they just don't want us to have our freedom.

Mr. Lockett: When you start controlling a large amount of anything that is valuable, then you are going to have obstacles. With such a strip of land, no one around this area wants to see you work such a large strip of land. So, naturally, any time you have this OEO deal, if its got to come down through channels, if its got to be approved at each channel, well, we won't ever get no financial help.

Mrs. Lovette: Anyway they can now, they try to stop New Communities. Like when I went to have my income tax fixed, I told this woman that was fixing up the income tax that I donated New Communities $20 back in 1970. It stopped the typewriter. She just quit and asked, "What is New Communities," I said, "Its a place in Lee County, a big place, its goin off of what peoples donate, and everyone that donates something, its a help to New Communities." Anytime you mention New Communities to white folks, it just stops the discussion goin on. We went down to the vocational school in Albany, somebody mentioned New Communities and the teacher just quit her subject and wanted to know all about New Communities. She said, "someday I might want to live on New Communities," which I know was not true. I don't know what it does to them when they (white folks) hear about New Communities, but I love New Communities.

MRS. MINNIE DANIELS AT POTTERY SHOP

DREAMING OF THE STATE I WAS IN

Slowing
  from some rolling slumber
in the middle of a dream
  i was dreaming
  i woke
just before my feet hit the floor
the explosion of a mob hit the door
  burst it flat as a drawbridge
and a circus crowd roared through
  in torches and robes
  with voices at the window
saying "THE STATE IS DEAD
  LONG LIVE THE STATE"
they shouted in tongues
  and lifted flags
seventeen landed on the bed
  began signing
treaties on the pillow
  maps on the sheets
while nine others carried angry Caeser
before them on the fallen door death bier
eight subversive chamberpots were seized
  given summary sentences
  sold about the room
  circulated in commerce
like subjects in search of a king
  secret ballots thrown into them
  then used as candlelabra
  for the flaming head
of John the Baptist in blood
  in a powdered french wig
  like a birthday cake
  Apathetic mushrooms
mumbled through the rooms of power
  where metaphysical medallions
hung from the hemlock necks of authorities
  and anthemns were sung
like abstract umbrellas in hands
  of cretins
They were constructing dynamos
  in the bathroom
and stringing powerline blueprint webs
from all the corners of the room
  until a strident tone
  their form dispelled
  they swelled into smoke
and disappeared into the telephone
i picked up the alarm clock
  and said hello
  and fell asleep
  in mid-remember
as my feet hit the floor
and i got up to answer the door
  but they broke it down
  and once more again
  in the country of the blind
the one-eyed man in mid-remember
  in a dawn
  in a day
  in a dream
  in a doom
in the middle of a room

—T. CUSON

THE IDEA OF ANCESTRY

1

Taped to the wall of my cell are 47 pictures: 47 black
faces: my father, mother, grandmothers (1 dead), grand
fathers (both dead), brothers, sisters, uncles, aunts,
cousins (1st ' 2nd), nieces, and nephews. They stare
across the space at me sprawling on my bunk. I know
their dark eyes, they know mine. I know their style,
they know mine. I am all of them, they are all of me;
they are farmers, I am a thief, I am me, they are thee.

I have at one time or another been in love with my mother,
1 grandmother, 2 sisters, 2 aunts (1 went to the asylum),
and 5 cousins. I am now in love with a 7 yr old niece
(She sends me letters written in large block print, and
her picture is the only one that smiles at me).

I have the same name as 1 grandfather, 3 cousins, 3 nephews,
and 1 uncle. The uncle disappeared when he was 15, just took
off and caught a freight (they say). He's discussed each year
when the family has a reunion, he causes uneasiness in
the clan, he is an empty space. My father's mother, who is 93
and who keeps the Family Bible with everybody's birth dates
(and death dates) in it, always mentions him. There is no
place in her Bible for "whereabouts unknown."

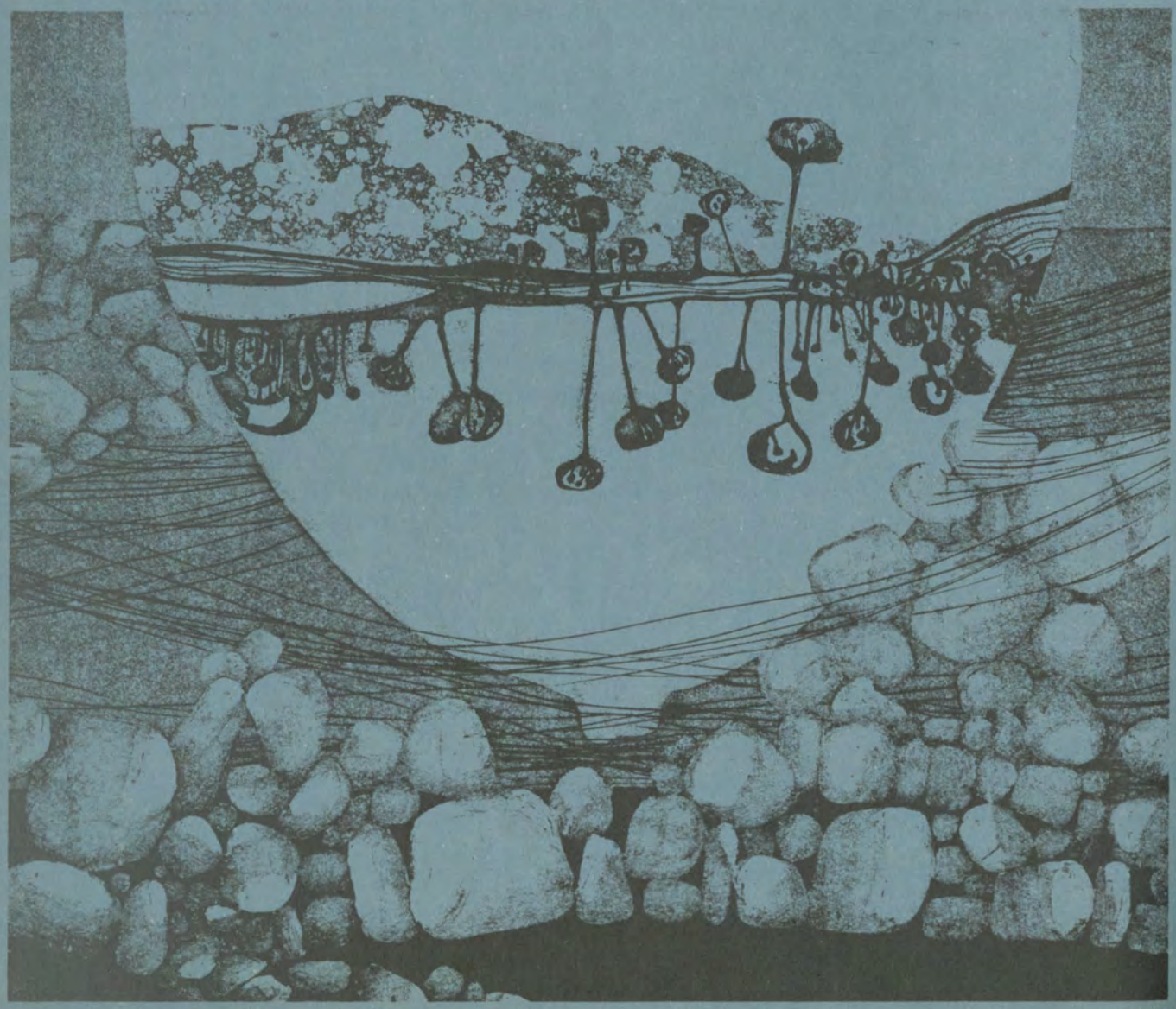
2

Each Fall the graves of my grandfathers call me, the brown
hills and red gullies of mississippi send out their electric
messages, galvanizing my genes. Last yr/like a salmon quitting
the cold ocean—leaping and bucking up his birthstream/I
hitchhiked my way from L.A. with 16 caps in my pocket and a
monkey on my back, and I almost kicked it with the kinfolks.
I walked barefooted in my grandmother's backyard/I smelled the old
land and the woods/I sipped cornwhiskey from fruit jars with the
men/
I flirted with the women/I had a ball till the caps ran out
and my habit came down. That night I looked at my grandmother
and split/my guts were screaming for junk/but I was almost
contented/I had almost caught up with me.
(The next day in Memphis I cracked a croaker's crib for a fix.)

This yr there is a gray stone wall damming my stream, and when
the falling leaves stir my genes, I pace my cell or flop on my
bunk
and stare at 47 black faces across the space. I am all of them,
they are all of me, I am me, they are thee, and I have no sons
to float in the space between.

—ETHERIDGE KNIGHT

ETCHING "ENVIRONMENTAL PROJECTION" BY JANE McELROY



the japanese sisterhood

On Nov. 14, 1970, more than 500 women gathered in a Tokyo auditorium. They filled the seats in the orchestra and balcony; overflow sat on stage and in the aisles. Three women sat at a table in front of the stage. They were supposed to chair the program, but it was members of the audience who led the discussion. The rap was familiar: woman after woman got up and spoke of her oppression as a woman, her oppression at home, her oppression at work, in school, in the movement and in the society in general. It was the first women's liberation teach-in held in Japan.

As the meeting began, the press came in with all its equipment. The first topic of discussion was what to do with them. The decision was "press out." Then sisters announced that members of the press were putting microphones in the air vents and were proceeding to record the meeting. The microphones were removed and the meeting continued without press coverage, but one of the problems of the new women's liberation movement in Japan had been highlighted.

The public first heard about women's liberation when the Preparation Committee for Women's Liberation, led by an ex-actress, Mitsuko Tanaka, announced it would hold a demonstration on October 21. The day is anti-war day in Japan, and many groups hold demonstrations in different parts of Tokyo. Before and after its demonstration, the PCWL, and particularly Miss Tanaka, received a great deal of publicity. Their main press contact was a male reporter with the *Asahi Shimbun*, Japan's largest newspaper.

The press was generally favorable toward women's liberation, but it was a man's brand of liberation. Women's liberation was constantly linked with free sex. Japan is a severely sexually-repressed society, but the taboo applies more strictly to women than to men. Of course, removing this taboo would certainly help Japanese women to achieve a measure of personal liberation. However, the quick and easy acceptance of women's liberation by some "liberated" men should have and did make some women suspicious. Women in the States have met this type of male sympathizer before: "Sure I'm for women's liberation, baby; come on, let's fuck. What's the matter, aren't you liberated?"

The Preparation Committee and about six other small groups had been meeting regularly all over Tokyo for perhaps six months before the October 21 demonstration. At these meetings they translated and circulated women's liberation material from the States as well as their own pamphlets. The focus of discussion in each of the groups differed as their interests did. Miss Tanaka's group was mainly young, single women, either students or young workers, many of whom belonged to or had recently left the radical movements. Their discussions often involved their relations to the leftist movement and the relationship between women's liberation and Marxist doctrine. Other groups were older women, in their thirties, with good positions, especially in mass media and publishing. Many of these women were married, and discussions centered around the problems of working women with children and the problems of professional women in general.

Miss Tanaka organized weekly meetings open to everyone (women only), and members of other groups attended to exchange information. When it came to the demonstration, however, most of the groups did not support Tanaka, either because they didn't want to split from their own group's

demonstration, because they just weren't in the demonstration bag or because they mistrusted Tanaka's flirtations with the mass media.

The teach-in was organized by some women in publishing. Groups invited were not all strictly into women's liberation, and women's political action groups—such as those represented at the Asian Women's Congress held earlier in 1970—attended. Another group was the Fujin Minchu Club (Women's Democratic Club), formed after the war and until recently affiliated with the Japan Communist Party. It has now split from the JCP and wishes to be involved in women's liberation. The organization has branches throughout Japan, and its newspaper reaches 60,000 women.

One of the aims of the teach-in was to create a dialogue between women activists of different generations. The women in the women's liberation movement are mostly young, in their twenties and thirties. Many of the women in the other political groups, such as the Asian Women's Conference, are in their fifties and sixties. The leaders of the Fujin Minchu Club are almost all in their fifties, sixties and even seventies.

The older women spoke about the condition of women in Japan since the war. They also told of the women's rights movement that began at the turn of the century. This movement resulted in the creation of some women's universities, but otherwise women had almost no rights in Japan until after World War II. Women didn't have the right to work, attend national universities or vote until Japan adopted the Peace Constitution dictated to it by the U.S. after Japan's defeat in 1945. The women's rights movement, which included a group called the "Bluestockings" after sisters of an earlier period in England, had been completely crushed during the time of the militarists (1917-45). When it emerged after the war, it channeled its energies into other political issues, feeling that women had won equal rights.

However, even though women are supposed to have the same rights as men to jobs, pay, etc., there are almost no career openings for women in Japan except in a few very limited fields. Women get lower salaries when they do the same work as men, and this is no particular secret. It is openly stated in job ads, and unions always bargain separately for raises for men and women: "So much per hour more for the men, so much per hour for the women."

As for the jobs women do get, especially in business offices, they are particularly demeaning. Besides the usual typing and clerical positions, women are asked to do extra chores like making and serving tea for the boss, guests and male employees. Also, in some offices women are given the title of "office wife" or "housekeeper" and are sometimes asked to come early to sweep and dust the office.

Along with these charming Japanese customs, Japanese companies still really feel that a woman's place is in the home, so to help her get back there the companies often fire women when they get married or reach the age of 25. That way the company always has a few young women employees for decoration and making tea, but none of these women can afford to dream of any advancement. These company laws go against the guarantees of the Constitution and have been challenged in the courts. In every case the woman has won, but in no case has she been reinstated in her job.

At the teach-in someone spoke of a teaching assistant in a Tokyo suburb who had been fired because she refused to make tea. She refused on the basis that male teaching assistants were not required to make tea. She and other women have demonstrated against the school, but she has yet to be reinstated. Another group of young office girls refused to do morning cleaning and to make tea. Since there were several of them, their action was successful; the company got a tea machine.

The discussions at the teach-in moved from history, work, the family and child care to more abstract things like image, "what is feminine" and the way that language itself seems to incorporate women's inferior position.

Three weeks later, on Pearl Harbor Day, many groups participated in a demonstration for women's liberation and against imperialism and war. The slogan was "No more babies for war." Dozens of flyers were distributed at the rally preceding the demonstration. The flyers protested a proposed change in Japan's liberal abortion law (the change would make abortions more difficult to obtain); demanded an end to laws making prostitution illegal; demanded better job conditions for women, an end to the family, socialization of housework and child care and an end to discrimination in education. Other leaflets spoke of a change in woman's image and of why women abandon their babies (a frequent occurrence in Japan). However, almost all the flyers seemed to express the need to connect women's demands with talk about imperialism and capitalism and to add

some of the other New Left issues to their demands, such as the unconditional return of Okinawa, the end of Japan's Self Defense Forces and opposition to proposed strengthening of Japan's immigration laws. Sisters also, however, handed out balloons with slogans like "Sunshine Superwoman."

Most of the women at the demonstration were young. Many were from new groups formed at colleges and universities in Tokyo. Participants also came from other parts of Japan. When reporters wanted to take pictures of the rally, sisters blocked the cameras with their banners. Later the demonstrators, about 200 in all, formed lines and marched through central Tokyo. Some of the girls from the more radical groups like *Tataka Ona* (Fighting Women) and student sects wore helmets and snake-danced through the streets. In a country where women are supposed to cover their mouths when they laugh, and where their image most closely resembles a child or perhaps a doll, it was very therapeutic to knock down a few policemen in the course of the snake dance.

Since the teach-in and the demonstrations, the number of women's groups has increased. It is hard to estimate the number, but there are perhaps 30 groups ranging in size from three to 20 members. Most of these are in Tokyo, but a few have formed in Osaka and Kyoto. The Preparation Committee now has an office which serves as a clearinghouse for information and materials. I know of at least one group that has set up a cooperative day care center. One of the groups has discussed forming a commune. Several underground newspapers are being started. One group called *Donko Resha* (Local Train) performed a play with a women's liberation theme at their business college. Union groups are demanding better working conditions and day care centers; women in the mass media are organizing to get useful coverage for women's liberation; women remaining in mixed radical groups are demanding more equality within the group; and perhaps most revolutionary of all, individual women are beginning to confront their husbands to share in housework and child care.

At present the Japanese women's liberation groups seem to fall into one of two categories: young women, mostly students and workers, who have split from radical student groups or leftist unions; and older professional women. The younger radical women meet each week with the Preparation Committee. Since the committee itself is large and Tanaka's leadership strong, it dominates

PHOTOGRAPH BY SHIGEFUMI UCHIDA

these meetings. But the other groups are becoming dissatisfied with this cult of leadership and are beginning to attack it.

The main problem with the radicals is that they still have not been able to break with leftist politics. Although they have formed their own women's groups, they feel that they cannot just concentrate on fighting male chauvinism—they still have to fight imperialism and capitalism and have to come out in favor of the programs of the male-dominated leftist movement. Even though these groups have had many discussions and written many papers on why they have to separate from men and form their own movement, they still are afraid to say that men are the enemy.

At the end of each paper on why they have to separate from men, after giving detailed accounts of their oppression within the male-dominated movement, the women usually feel the need to end with such phrases as "But of course some day we will fight hand in hand against our capitalist, imperialist oppressors."

As for the professional women, many are now meeting to translate American women's liberation material. Most of these women are married with children, and they find it difficult to relate to the problems of unmarried women or women without children. Most of their discussions center around the difficulties of working mothers and the problems of women at work. They are proceeding very cautiously. They want day care centers, to get their husbands to help with housework and to improve women's conditions in the company. However, they are still hesitating to attack institutions such as marriage and motherhood.

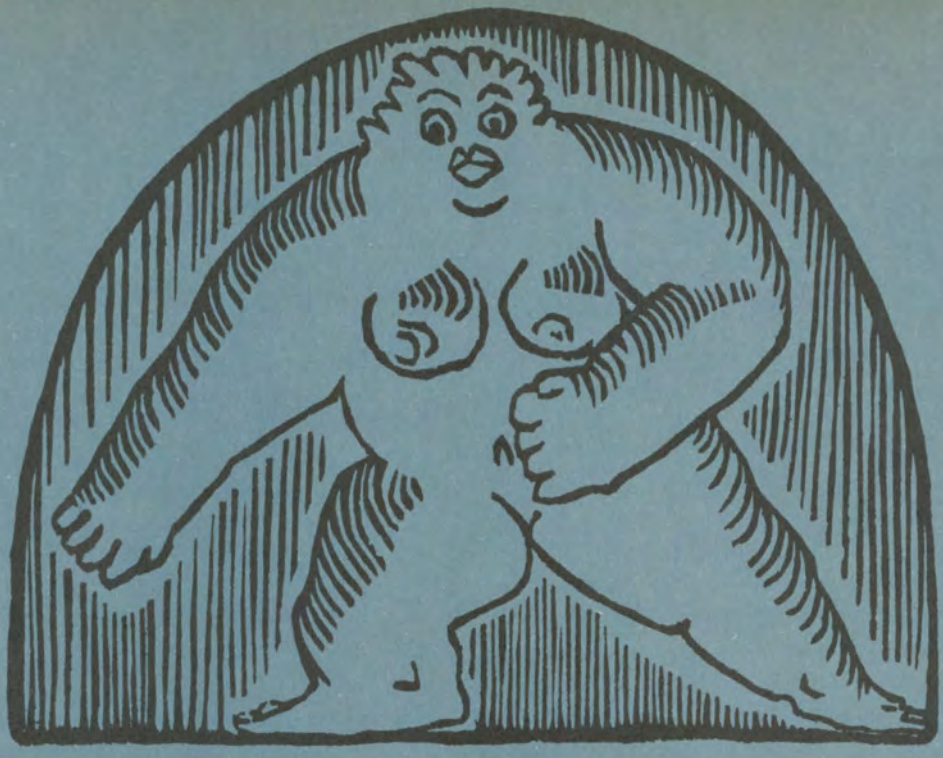
These difficulties, however, may not sound so strange to American sisters who have followed the evolution of our own movement as it dealt with these very same problems.

The Japanese women's movement is very new, even newer than our own. What is remarkable is that it exists at all. The oppression of women in Japan, and the psychological conditioning that keeps them in their place, is extreme. Only 25 years have passed since women won their rights, and even today there are almost no viable alternatives besides marriage for the majority of Japanese women. Some 70 per cent of all marriages in Tokyo and perhaps 90 per cent in the rest of Japan are still arranged by parents. Women who don't get married spend their lives at home keeping house for their fathers. Most women are not sex objects since men often have their sexual adventures with a "second wife" or occasional prostitutes.

These problems, however, may eventually help the women's liberation movement. There can be few illusions about Japanese marriage, and although women may give lip service to them, the illusions don't go deep; reality is too obvious. Also, the oppression of women at work is so obvious that it will cause an explosion as more women graduate from colleges and universities.

As for the women in the radical movement, we can always count on the arrogance and ridicule of radical men ultimately to drive women into the women's liberation movement.

—Shirley Herman



WOODCUT BY MARKY BULWINKLE

The following two articles are additional commentaries on Arthur Waskow's 1990 Constitution published in March **motive.**

"In a New Society, Why Do We Have a Boring Constitution?"

by The Eleanor Burn Women's Collective

Trying to write this has been really good for us as a collective. We've found ourselves supporting each other's ideas and encouraging each other rather than criticizing what each of us says. We got really excited as our own ideas bounced off each other's ideas and the whole thing grew.

The "real part" for us was discovering what we thought about Waskow's constitution—or ANY constitution. Writing it out has just been an attempt to pass on to you some of what happened between us. It should not be seen as an attempt to present a critique within an analytical framework. A tape recording would give a truer representation of our reactions, but we've tried to reduce our several levels of feeling to linear form—mainly questions. We invite our sisters in other cities to join us in thinking about what kind of society we want, and to let us know their responses to our questions, their criticisms, and their own ideas.

The first thing that struck us was the whole tone of Waskow's constitution. We didn't like it. We found it technical, boring, inhuman and totally lacking in spirit, joy and celebration. In other words, it's no different from the one we've got. We felt threatened by it. It operates on fear and on a negative view of us. We felt it assumed that we would never be better people than we are now, and that we would never relate to each other any differently than we do now. And this made us angry—because we're trying to learn to care about each other and to work out our differences cooperatively rather than in the competitive way we've learned in this society.

The way the constitution would organize the society would be more divisive than unifying. It's based on a contemporary vision of what people seem to want. It assumes that the divisions our capitalist society has emphasized (black-white, male-female, gay-straight) are good and should be preserved rather than seeing such groups as female caucuses, as ways for oppressed people to survive within and to begin to fight the present system. In a new society, we would hope there would be men to whom we could relate in ways that we can't now as women. And that white people would no longer be oppressing everyone else, so we wouldn't need

"ethno-collectives" based on blackness, femaleness, etc. (We don't want a completely homogeneous society to the point that no differences are permitted. We want a society where people are free to choose.)

Waskow doesn't make clear what kind of people his constitution governs. We need to know whether they're just like most of us are now—aggressive, competitive, sexist, racist—in short, products of present society—or whether people's ideas and personalities will have changed by the time of this constitution.

It's hard to believe any of this (revolution, new constitution, new consciousness) could happen when sitting in front of a fire in a Nashville living room, smack in the middle of the present. We can see that things are beginning to change (waitresses are wearing pantsuits at Elliston Place Soda Shop), but it's really hard to dream of a future when the present demands so much of our attention. Maybe it's harder for us because as women we've learned that it's up to us to provide for immediate needs—like what to have for supper. We have a hard time imagining a time when such things will be the concern of the whole society.

In a new society, we hope that everyone will be encouraged and helped to develop to her fullest potential—whatever that means. To us it means that everyone accepts responsibility for everyone else's growth as well as for her own. Even though Waskow says he's working toward a state of continuous revolutionary change, we see no way provided in his constitution for this to happen. The structure of the constitution itself, with its provision for traditional forms of amendment, would be as hard to change as the one we've got. There is no sense of the society moving and changing and needing new guidelines. It's hard to express fluidity and growth in a static document. Perhaps that means that so definitive a thing as a constitution should not exist at all. (Cuba began her revolution demanding enforcement of the constitution she already had, and as yet, hasn't written a new one. We, too, have better things to do with our time than sit around and dream up documents for an as-yet imaginary new society. But when people like Waskow—white, male, middle-class intellectuals—start drawing up such documents and asking for our comments and criticisms, they are going to HEAR our comments and criticisms.)

What the society really needs is not so much a constitution as goals and directions. As women, we have some specific interests in this area. There are basic principles that we would like to see a new society based on. First, let's put some warmth and some concern in this society. We would like to live in a society where everyone's basic needs are met, in order that we can move toward the elimination of sexism, racism, individualism and class privilege. We would like to live in a society where people really care about each other and are gentle, kind, supportive, patient, tolerant—in short, loving.

Whether Waskow intends the constitution to govern people like us or new people with changed consciousness, we have lots of questions about the constitution, either way. Questions not directed at Waskow, but as guides for thinking. We divided our questions into general categories in order to make them easier for us to deal with. Beyond our general problems with the constitution, we saw the rest of our questions in the categories of membership in collectives, work, enforcement, imperialism and a bill of human rights.

MEMBERSHIP IN COLLECTIVES

Why are we limited to only one of each kind of collective? What if we're women and black?

How do we get to know people unlike ourselves?

Why is ten the minimum number in order for a collective to be represented? Some of us live in very happy collectives of five.

How does a person initially join a collective? Is she born into one? Do her parents decide for her?

Why is the age of decision set at an arbitrary thirteen? People develop at different rates and should be able to decide for themselves when they're ready.

Where do we live before we join a living collective? With our parents? In groups by age? In community childcare centers? Who decides?

The constitution says living collectives don't have to live together, but should operate as a "family." Could "family" mean the nuclear model? What if everyone is getting along fine (in mixed collectives as opposed to ethno-collectives) and white men still somehow dominate the congress? Why is there no provision to insure the representation of those groups which have been historically left out?

How are members added to or subtracted from a collective? Do we place an ad in the paper? ("We need one Puerto Rican 5' 3" Marxist-Leninist grandmother immediately! We're about to lose our representation!")

How do we change collectives?

How do we change jobs? Do collectives trade members like baseball teams?

Are people free to form White Citizen's Councils?

WORK

What is the economic structure?

How has the society reached full employment? There aren't enough jobs for women, blacks, Indians, children and other "marginal people" now.

Who decides what counts as work?

Who decides what work needs to be done?

Does housework count? Does singing? Does studying?

Under the Constitution, work unions control work

conditions and the congress controls prices and quotas. Shouldn't the workers decide how much they can do?
Why are there prices to be set?
What is money needed for? Aren't basic needs guaranteed?
Why is an arbitrary number of 30 hours set for a work week?
Why is citizenship tied to work? Do we believe people need an economic incentive to work?
What constitutes refusal to work? And who decides? What's wrong with refusing to work now and then? Or ever?
Do we do the same work for all 30 hours?
Do some people have "creative" jobs and others boring jobs? Shouldn't poets cork bottles sometimes and corkers sing?
Will there be collectives of secretaries and collectives of executives? Will those jobs still exist? Who wants control of the same old job? Is work not done in new ways? We would make a revolution about fulfillment and creativity and becoming a new person —not to get control over the same old shit.
If we're children or old or sick in bed or don't want to work, why do we get only half what workers get and why are we denied citizenship? Can we assume that half is enough? Then why do workers get twice "enough"?
Who protects the environment?
Who decides where factories go, if we have factories? Workers or neighborhoods?
Do we get any vacation from our 30 hours of work?
How are our basic needs cared for when we're away from home? Do we need penpal collectives wherever we plan to visit?

ENFORCEMENT

Will crime not become a thing of the past? If it doesn't, isn't there something wrong with the society?
How soon after an accusation would a trial be held? Where would the accused person wait for trial? Is she held somewhere and by whom? With no provision for the length of a trial, can a person be held indefinitely while the jury deliberates?
If a decision has to be unanimous and the juries are chosen by, in effect, choosing up teams, what is to prevent one side from stalling and delaying a person indefinitely?
Are jurors free to ask questions and to participate in finding out what happened?
Why is redress of grievances on an economic basis? Is there no provision for resocialization?
Why is economic incentive used to encourage abolition of police?

IMPERIALISM

What does the rest of the world look like?
Have we given up all our exploitative relationships with other countries?
If so, what has that done to our economy? If not, why not?
If we've really redistributed resources, do we have 10% of our GNP to give to other countries?
If anyone anywhere is living on 1/5 what we live on, is this a socialist revolution?
Shouldn't the GNP be redefined to take into consideration damage to the environment in the process of production and also our technological knowledge?
Is our national goal still production and economic growth? This sounds like a superindustrial work-work-work society.
How industrialized are we? How technological?
If no public property can be owned outside the country, can private or collective property be owned elsewhere?
Why do we need any weapons at all?
Why are we still thinking nationalistically?
Does the UN function the same as now? Why?

BILL OF HUMAN RIGHTS

In addition to the rights mentioned in the constitution, we want to insure:
Free nutritional, interesting, natural food—to be distributed according to need and availability.
Free adequate, comfortable, attractive housing.
Free health care including preventive medicine. Free safe birth control for men and women. Free abortions on demand. Free sterilization on demand. No forced sterilization or abortions ever.
Right to clean air, clean water and ecologically balanced environment for us and other animals and vegetation. No people have the right to destroy or alter the environment.
Right of children to loving care and education which permits them to develop to their fullest—whatever they think that means, including the right to make their own decisions as soon as possible.
Right to free lifetime continuing education (whenever you can fit it into your thirty hours and all the meetings all those collectives will require).
Right to free ecologically sound transportation—if there is such a thing.

We don't expect all our questions to be answered in a constitution, but there must be some way provided for them to be answered.

In closing, we have one more question: Have you ever tried to write one sentence with five other people? When we undertook this project, we weren't sure it could be done, but now we know it is possible and productive. Now, sisters, we'd like to hear from you. If this is our revolution, and we're determined it will be, then we have to be heard. ■

The title of this etching is "God is a Lady." God is in the center and the men are worshipping her. The idea of the etching is closer to that of a Men's Liberation than of Woman's Lib. as the woman who has no need to rent herself, as most men do, is free to do more pleasant things. The animals partially encircling the God are religious symbols from Renaissance paintings.

The large woman to the right is surrounded by some of her activities: chatting, cards, painting, ceramics, sewing, showers, circuses, children, etc.

The large man on the left fights, entertains, gives speeches, ties people up, works in an office, dies on a cross. In the rectangle below the man and his activities is the story of Resurrection. The people above the cloud are in Heaven and the people below it are on Earth. The man ascending from the pot (he was cremated) is going to Heaven and the man with the umbrella on the left has decided to come back down. Next to the umbrella man is the elevator for quicker and easier flight.

Below the Resurrection is a funeral, the Holy Ghost and hanging from the tree is a professor I was momentarily mad with.

ETCHING "GOD IS A LADY" BY JAN HAVENS

Weaknesses and Problems of the 1990 Constitution

by Merrill Jackson

1. Is there sufficient guarantee that weaker units will not be exploited by stronger units?

2. Who handles the inter-commonwealth concerns?

3. How are responsibilities to the rest of the world met?

4. Cultural marginability is hardly dealt with at all.

5. The anti-death machine is certainly inadequate as a focus for political coalition.

6. Who controls the mode of production?

7. Why are 30 hours a week of productive work necessary from all citizens or from *any* citizens? With the galloping pace of automation even now in the 1960's and 1970's and the rapidly narrowing gap between automation and cybernation (not to mention the state of affairs following the end of the Vietnam War) it would seem that the burden of 30 hours of work in the 1990s would unnecessarily press down the autonomy, esteem and freedom of the population.

But there may be a confusion in language here. Does Waskow distinguish between "work" and "worthwhile activity" as James Boggs does in his writings in the early 1960s, where work means the process of production and worthwhile activity refers to such things as music, dancing, art, science, performing ritual, partaking in various religious activities, etc.? The question is: how does Waskow define work?

8. How are larger identity blocks created, encouraged and strengthened given the tremendously dangerous uneven distribution of power, wealth, resources, skill and influence in the world today. I take it the revolutionary period from 1959 to 1989 has rectified the grossest inbalances; but how does the 1990 Constitution deal with the fact that the problem is perennial?

9. Domestic imperialism, Waskow assumes, has been to a significant degree eliminated on the North American continent by 1989; and he provides appropriate and powerful obstacles to its reoccuring. But how is North American foreign imperialism dealt with? The internal American collapse Waskow refers to which occurs sometime between 1970 and 1989 of course greatly limits American potential to keep up its foreign imperialism. Still I would like to see the whole series of economic, political, military and cultural problems dealt with more effectively in the 1990 Constitution. The most revelant section is the stipulation that the federal commonwealths have no army or police force, etc. But we have long ago learned to dominate by subtler means than policing or war. For example by fiscal policy, by making international agreements which bring all currencies in the world to be based on the American dollar, by trade agreements, by a series of seemingly innocent and agreeable alliances with foreign powers—a criss-cross of alliances—which can add up to an enormous ability to "put on the squeeze" when circumstances call for it.

10. Can the federation expand to include other areas and peoples?

11. Does it in its present form include Mexico and Central America? (I doubt it.)

12. It seems to me, power has to be redefined. I wonder how a number of Waskow's hopes will be achieved otherwise. And of course I mean a true change in the nature of our understanding of power, a shift in its base and dynamics.

13. How is "aid" to be supplied by the more affluent commonwealths to those in distress? And in what form is it to be supplied? Will it increase dependency as it so prevalently does today? Will it deprive the "receivers" of experience (with their environment) as it so prevalently does today? Will ti break up and destroy kin units as it so commonly does today?

14. How is the Constitution to be adopted and put into effect?

15. Who cleans up the ghetto wastelands that are now being created in the center of metropolises?

16. How is mass migration to be handled?

17. What happened to be the enormous cities of the continent by the way? I see how they can technically be taken into account by the Constitution, but one would expect them to be more of a concern than they apparently are to Waskow in the 1990 Constitution. The question has some additional importance since many other "future society designers" put cities at the center of their plans. Some even go so far as to say that the building blocks of the future in the USA will be the metropolitan area.

18. Will liberated zones be called for at some point in the 1959 to 1999 Revolution as some writers, Tom Hayden for example, argue? ■

PHOTOGRAPH BY EARL DOTTER

Bringing It Back:

by Lee Webb

The following article by Lee Webb is excerpted from BRINGING IT BACK: POLICE ON THE HOMEFRONT, a book soon to be published by National Action/Research on the Military-Industrial Complex (NARMIC). In the past few years, the Military-Industrial Complex with its think-tanks and weapons producers has joined the Justice Department, national police organizations (like the International Association of Chiefs of Police), and local police forces to construct a formidable and growing national police complex. The collection of articles published by NARMIC deals with these national police programs and centers on academic involvement in this new repressive mechanism.

Sections of the book deal with the products and producers of the "law-'n-order" industry, police manpower plans, communications and intelligence systems, the State Department's training program for foreign police, and the specific colleges and universities involved in domestic police sciences.

BRINGING IT BACK can be purchased for $1.35 from NARMIC, 160 N. 15th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

The burning of Watts in 1965 crystallized growing concern of liberals and conservatives alike that something had to be done about "crime in the streets." The Pentagon feared that serious guerrilla warfare might explode in American cities, and that local police forces were not prepared to deal with it. In a report that year for the Defense Research Corporation, John L. Sorensen summed up the Pentagon view. "Investigations by the DRC," he wrote, "indicate that the United States is inadequately prepared to counter urban insurgency. The preventive or responsive measures available to handle routine riots and occasional terrorism, the broader concept of a whole program of counter insurgency is hardly even discussed among police here or abroad. The military is often called in to control a situation which has exceeded the capacity of the regular police, but they too lack a doctrine, training, or materials to do more than simply quell mass actions." [1]

Following Watts, the Pentagon began to press for bigger local police departments, increased use of helicopters, tactical units, informers, and more powerful weapons to prepare for the urban guerrilla warfare military planners saw just around the corner. However, such improvements were impossible because the near-bankrupt cities could not afford big increases in their police budgets, and the development of new weapons and riot control techniques would mean even more massive funds that only the federal government could afford.

However great the Pentagon influence was in the passage of the Omnibus Crime Control and Safe Streets Act of 1968, the key federal legislation financing police expansion, new weapons development, and college-based police training, the major influence came from the desire to stamp out "crime in the streets." They were responding to a real situation. Crime—murder, assault, embezzlement, rape, burglary, corruption, car theft, etc.—had mushroomed throughout the 1950's and 1960's. Liberals and conservatives alike intensified natural public anxiety and fears by focusing public fear on the nation's black ghettos. The politicians' tactics were

Police On The Homefront

strengthened by Watts and other black revolts that paralyzed the police for days at a time.

The question of how the federal government should respond to the threat of urban rebellion and "crime in the streets" was explored by a Commission on Law Enforcement and the Administration of Justice, appointed by President Lyndon B. Johnson in July 1965.

The Commission, an overwhelmingly white, wealthy group of "advisors and experts" from the Pentagon, aerospace corporations, universities, computer companies, military think tanks, and police departments assembled to prepare a report which would outline a strategy for dealing with crime.

The Commission's perspective and deliberations were predictably narrow. Crime, as its members defined it, included auto theft, burglary, robbery, assault and murder, but did not include such "white collar" crime as embezzlement, tax evasions, fraud, pollution, and housing code or mine safety violations. Like the judges, the police, and the law itself, the Commission protected the rich at the expense of the poor. Though a few members pointed out that better housing, schools, and an end to discrimination and segregation might help reduce crime, the Commission's common assumption seemed to be that social progress was extremely unlikely since national priorities demanded all-out resistance to liberation movements abroad. Although crime was assumed to have its origin in social injustice, the Commission limited itself to working out a strategy for punishing the criminals.

The Commission recommended the creation of massive and highly equipped and trained police forces to control social and political disturbance. One result of this buildup is that with such powerful physical force at their disposal, the ruling powers can afford to be less sensitive to public pressures to meet grievances. Instead of preventing disturbances by complying with just demands, the government can move in quickly to suppress restless citizens before they get out of hand. Stronger police, courts, and prison systems also make it possible to move recognized "criminal elements" more quickly and efficiently out of public view, before social deviance becomes the norm.

The bias and political assumptions of the Commission were apparent in its final recommendations, which were contained in twelve thick volumes. Entitled "The Challenge of Crime in a Free Society," the report said that the major cause of the crime problem was an inefficient, overloaded, untrained, and technologically backward "criminal justice system."

The Commission called for billions of dollars of new public funds to be spent on expanding and modernizing the "criminal justice system" by introducing computers, helicopters, systems analysis, new weapons, and the management and budget procedures pioneered by the big defense contractors, among others. The "criminal justice system," as the Commission called it, included the police, prosecutors, courts, jails, and prisons. What had been a primitive and backward group of institutions would become a sophisticated, technologically advanced system for dealing out "justice." In short, the Commission recommended a systems analysis approach similar to that instituted by McNamara in reorganizing the nation's war machine.

The Commission recommended the development of new weapons and equipment for the police and especially the police utilization of the technology developed by the Pentagon for counter insurgency operations in Vietnam and the rest of the Third World.

To manage this new system, the police, courts, and prisons needed more highly trained personnel. The Commission called for the "professionalization" of such personnel by subsidizing their attendance at suitable college courses.

If any one word sums up the Commission's recommendations, it is "professionalization." To its members, the word didn't have connotations of independence and individual responsibility, but rather the reverse, standardization and tighter control. "Professionalization" means that the more highly trained and versatile employees of law enforcement agencies will follow orders more closely and will be able to follow many different kinds of orders. One of the major reasons the Commission has pushed this idea so hard is to head off what police

and Justice Department officials see as a growing move for decentralized, community control of the police. Community control would mean more effective control of crime and less police-community antagonism. It would also weaken the city, state, and national centers of power, and put real power closer to the hands of the local people. Professionalization is an attempt to deal with lower-class crime in ways that will strengthen and not weaken the existing centers of power.

President Johnson submitted legislation in February of 1968 based on the Commission's recommendations, and Congress after considerable discussion but no substantive disagreement passed what was called the Omnibus Crime Control and Safe Streets Act of 1968. The major section of the legislation set up a new agency as part of the Department of Justice called the Law Enforcement Assistance Administration (LEAA). Law enforcement has become the war on the poor, and LEAA has become its Pentagon.

One part of LEAA has the job of allocating grants to states for the modernization of local police departments, specifically, to buy new equipment such as computers, for recruiting and training police officers, for public relations, for new buildings and other law enforcement facilities, for new special units to combat organized crime, for special riot control units, and for the hiring of neighborhood youths to improve police-community relations.

Another part of LEAA, the Office of Academic Assistance, coordinates and funds police training on college campuses through a program of grants and loans to individual policemen.

Still another part of LEAA, the National Institute of Law Enforcement and Criminal Justice is in charge of the development of new police weapons and equipment and social science research for counter insurgency. The National Institute does its R&D work in the same manner as the Pentagon, by contracting out projects to corporations, universities, and private think-tanks.

The Institute was the darling of Congressional liberals. In the view of Senator Robert Kennedy (D-NY), Senator Edward Kennedy (D-Mass) and Congressman James Scheuer (D-NY), President Johnson's message to Congress did not include a high enough priority on the development of new police weapons and equipment, so they sponsored an amendment, which set up the National Institute as part of the Law Enforcement Assistance Administration. In their zeal for a modern and technologically advanced professional police force, many liberals either have forgotten or consciously ignore the fact that the problem is not the individual policemen but the people and economic forces that give them the orders. In establishing LEAA with its extensive power over funding of local police departments, these civil libertarians have also set up a structure making a nationally coordinated and nationally directed police force a real possibility in the United States. In fact, in many cases the liberals' proposals are scarier than those of the Pentagon itself. Scheuer's book, *To Walk the Streets Safely*,[2] advocates new weapons and equipment for the police that even the Pentagon seems to shy away from.

Appropriations for LEAA are sizable and rapidly growing, confirming the predictions that federal funds will soon be the instrument of control over local police departments. From a $63 million appropriation in its first year, LEAA's budget multiplied more than four times (to $268 million) in its next year and more than doubled again to $650 million for fiscal year 1971. A speech by Attorney General Mitchell on February 1, 1970 surprised many in predicting a more than billion-dollar budget for LEAA in 1972. But just three months later, the House passed (in a 342-2 vote) LEAA authorizations rising to $1 billion in fiscal 1972 and $1.5 billion in fiscal 1973. And the Senate two months later added $150 million to the fiscal 1972 figure and increased the 1973 amount by $250 million. Far from resisting Mitchell's predictions, liberal and conservative Congressmen alike have championed big spending for law and order.

The manner in which LEAA is spending its appropriations also serves to confirm the widespread fears that the money supposedly being spent to modernize the police, courts, jails and prisons is actually only going to expand and strengthen the police. According to LEAA's own reports, the police got over 75% of all action grants in fiscal 1969, with the jails getting only 8% and the courts getting a measly 6%. Of the money going to the police, moreover, the greater percentage is going to riot control and the lesser to such things as community relations. Even the *Wall Street Journal*, a strong supporter of bigger and better law enforcement, is worried that LEAA is going overboard towards the police. A *Journal* reporter complained, "The great bulk of anti-crime thought went into new methods and approaches, and the great bulk of recently rising anti-crime outlays went for more cops, higher pay, special training, and new and sophisticated equipment. Corrections and courts got only stray thoughts and dollars." [3]

POLICE IN THE CLASSROOM

Police are flooding into college classrooms.* In 1969 over 65,000 cops took courses in colleges receiving Justice Department funds for "criminal justice studies." In 1964 there were only 78 colleges granting degrees in criminal justice studies. By 1970 the Safe Streets Act had raised that total nearly four

times to 292 schools. As of mid-1970, LEAA counted the number of degree-granting institutions to be 608. Supplementing the degree programs are other special programs aimed at orienting university research towards criminal justice concerns. "Exercise Acorn," for instance, provides grants up to $5,000 for research in criminal justice matters. Other programs include manuscript support programs, graduate fellowships and Visiting Fellowships at the National Institute.

Police training programs are coordinated and financed by the Office of Academic Assistance of the Law Enforcement Assistance Administration. In financing these programs LEAA runs two types of subsidy programs: the first, loans up to $1,800 a year for full-time students in undergraduate and graduate programs directly related to law enforcement and leading to careers in law enforcement; the second, grants for in-service personnel (policemen) of up to $300 per semester for evening and weekend courses directly and indirectly related to law enforcement. More than 20,000 students and police got either grants or loans in 1969 and the 1970 total will be over 50,000. In 1969 the budget for academic assistance was $6.5 million; in 1970, almost three times that amount.

University administrators operating such programs for the Department of Justice say such programs give policemen a chance for a real college education, but upon examination these programs are as crass an example of manpower channelling as those run by the Pentagon. In most college programs students choose their own courses, but policemen in these programs can't. Police chiefs can veto any course a policeman chooses. The 1969 regulation manual of the Office of Academic Assistance makes such a rule mandatory for all colleges receiving funds.

Financing arrangements for the loans and grants are set up in ways that prevent students from moving away from police work. Unless students who received loans go directly into some job in the criminal justice system, they have to repay with 7% interest. The same goes for police taking evening and weekend courses.

Required courses under these programs include such subjects as introduction to law enforcement, police administration and organization, police community relations, traffic control, collective behavior, riot control and deviant behavior. Police are also encouraged to take other "straight" university courses in such fields as business administration, government, economics and sociology, but usually in special sections taught by police officials, FBI and Bureau of Narcotics agents, and retired military officers. As Police Chief James Ahern of New Haven puts it, "The police science courses supported have tended to segregate police on campuses and limit severely their educational experience." [4] The objective of police education was stated clearly by the Executive Director of the International Association of Chiefs of Police and quoted enthusiastically in the first LEAA report: "A man who goes into our streets in hopes of regulating, directing or controlling human behavior must be armed with more than a gun and the ability to perform mechanical movements in response to a situation. Such men as these must engage in the difficult, complex and important business of human behavior. Their intellectual armament—so long restricted to the minimum—must be no less than their physical prowess." [5]

VIETNAMIZATION: RESEARCH AND DEVELOPMENT FOR THE HOMEFRONT WAR

Some might withhold judgment on the police training programs on campus and ask the question: what are these professional police going to be doing, what systems will they be operating, what are the intentions of the people who give them orders? An inquiry into what the Justice Department, police departments, the Pentagon think-tanks, and the aerospace boys are now selling to the police is frightening. Nothing is more prominent in their plans, however, than the modification of the Pentagon's intelligence systems, operation plans and weapons developed for Vietnam for use by American police departments. Nearly the entire research and development projects of the National Institute consist of modifications of Vietnam weaponry for the homefront war. The Justice Department is "Vietnamizing" America.

In the last two years the National Institute for Law Enforcement and Criminal Justice has funded several million dollars in contracts to non-profit think-tanks, police departments, and universities. Some contract holders are working on new police weapons, others on computer intelligence systems or police communications, and others, particularly the universities, are using social science tools to find ways of channeling the frustration and anger of students, blacks, and Chicanos in a manner that will be harmless to the system.

The single project receiving the most funds from the National Institute is computerization. The Institute for Defense Analyses (IDA) has recommended that all police records be stored in computers and that these computer "data banks" be interconnected so that police in one area would have instantaneous access to all other information stored anywhere else in the country.

This national system is being put together piece by piece. Emphasis is on developing computerized

* For *motive's* editorial comments on police training on college campuses—and a possible role for campus ministers in this setting—see the October, 1970, issue—Eds.

PHOTOGRAPH BY GINGER LEGATO

crime intelligence systems for joint usage by local, state, and national police agencies. One such system is SEARCH (System for Electronic Analysis and Retrieval of Criminal Histories) which was started in July of 1968. Initially set up in seven states (Arizona, California, Florida, Michigan, Minnesota, Maryland and New York), plans are to extend it to all 50 states as soon as the bugs are worked out. It will link computers in the states to a central index that on request will snap back a complete history on any individual in its electronic library. Information on millions of people will be committed to the computers' memory. LEAA has been given a prime responsibility by the White House in surveillance and intelligence of activists, and SEARCH will be available for that effort.

The National Crime Information Center (NCIC), to be operated by the FBI, will include a central computerized file with information on stolen automobiles, stolen property, and persons wanted for major offenses including political crimes. Computer terminals in all major cities will provide local police departments with immediate access to data stored in the FBI's computers.

The possibility that these computerized intelligence files will be used for surveillance of the anti-war and civil rights movements, students, and blacks has never been denied by the Justice Department. In fact, the Justice Department has its own computerized system run by the Interdivisional Intelligence and Information Unit of the Civil Disturbance Unit which includes data from the FBI, local police departments, military intelligence, and local US attorneys who submit weekly reports to Washington on every demonstration in their area, including names of organizations involved and the people participating. The Army Intelligence maintains additional computerized files at Fort Holabird just outside Baltimore and at the Pentagon with information on thousands of other Americans the military has under surveillance of one form or another. Many civil liberties groups suspect that the Nixon Administration will unify its files, or at least its political files, and make them available to local, state, and national police agencies.

Two other computer applications are also being developed under contracts from the National Institute. A new police patrol car will be equipped with a computer terminal similar to those used for airline reservations, giving every policeman instant access to city, state, and national criminal and political surveillance files. Another is a computer that can read out of its memory the names of all activists in a particular part of a city, including their addresses, telephone numbers, friends, place of work, criminal history, and political intelligence, allowing the police to put them under surveillance, harass them, or lock them up.

The Vietnamization of the United States is already quite advanced. The coordinated national attempt to extinguish the Black Panther Party bears more than a passing resemblance to the CIA Operation Phoenix in Vietnam, and the large scale police use of computers also mirrors the Pentagon's experiments in Vietnam. But it is in new police weapons more than in any other area that Vietnam is being brought home with crushing force.

Helicopters, first proved as a counter insurgency weapon by the U.S. Army in Vietnam, are being deployed on the homefront. The first domestic experi-

ment with helicopters was financed by a Department of Justice grant (S.022) to the Los Angeles County Sheriff's Department. The project report "Project Sky Knight: A Demonstration in Aerial Surveillance and Crowd Control" was read avidly by police chiefs throughout the country.[6] Local chiefs also took notice of the effective use of helicopters by the military at the 1967 March on the Pentagon and the November 15, 1970 March on Washington.

Following up on these experiments, local and state police have rushed to buy these Vietnam-proved weapons. At Berkeley, a helicopter sprayed tear gas on students to break up demonstrations in support of People's Park. In Cleveland, police helicopters with bright downward-pointing searchlights patrol the city's ghettos at night. The Chicago Police Department's Operation Falcon sends helicopters over that city's South Side and West Side ghettos each night. And in Philadelphia, police have been secretly trained to fire from helicopters, turning them from surveillance platforms into gunships.

Helicopters are apparently not enough. The police also want Short Take-Off and Landing (STOL) aircraft and the LEAA is financing such STOL research through a $127,612 grant to the Florida Inter-Agency Law Enforcement Planning Council. Another grant of $44,208 was announced at the same time to the Cornell Aeronautical Laboratory for technical and engineering assistance to the Florida project.

Gunships, personnel-carrying helicopters, surveillance helicopters, and STOL aircraft are the heavy pieces of equipment with which the Justice Department is stocking police department armories. The Justice Department and the National Institute are working on much less romantic but no less frightening plans. The Justice Department outlined its plans in a memorandum submitted in 1968 to the Senate Appropriations Committee:

> *Command and Control Systems—Future Capabilities*—It is expected that future command and control systems will have an automatic car location device with fine enough resolution to improve the selection of the car most appropriate for a call, to permit supervisors to determine when police cars are inappropriately out of service, and to permit tactical maneuvers involving a number of cars in such situations as blocking off an escape route or controlling a civil disturbance. Such car location systems would be coupled with moving wall display units or cathode tube display devices located at the desk of a supervisor of the dispatching personnel. A further tool to give real time intelligence for tactical deployment purposes would be television surveillance from helicopter platforms. Also contemplated would be route dispatching of cars through the computer, in which the computer receives the telephone message typed in by a clerk and proceeds to select the appropriate car and transmit the appropriate dispatch message to that car on its mobile digital output device.
>
> *Communications—Future Capabilities*—Future capabilities include probable use of closed circuit color TV for statewide and nationwide personal identification systems, the development of well-designed, lightweight, inexpensive personnel radios to equip every patrolman and put him in contact with headquarters, digital input and output devices permitting police cars to be directly in touch with computers, closed circuit television available in police cars for surveillance purposes, for checking out suspects, and for recording difficult field situations. A nationwide system could be developed for transmission of fingerprints to a single file permitting fast response on a single nationwide search of fingerprints.
>
> *Non-Lethal Weapons—Future Capabilities*—The military seems to be developing many interesting possibilities for non-lethal weapons, for use in counter insurgency and guerrilla warfare. If the requirements of law enforcement in this area were better defined, it is highly likely that effective non-lethal weapons could be developed for control of rioting crowds, for subduing snipers, for subduing persons attacking police personnel, and for apprehending fleeing suspects.
>
> *Information Systems—Future Capabilities*—Two of the above discussions make reference to the use of capabilities in the realization of advanced technology in automated command and control systems and automatic fingerprint and voice print searching. A large number of new capabilities can be expected from computers. Computers can assist in police intelligence activities such as those associated with organized crime and civil insurrection groups in the same way that national and military intelligence files today are searched with the aid of automatic information retrieval technology.[7]

New York City, under the urging of Mayor John Lindsay, has been in the forefront of utilizing this technology. The frightening reality of Orwell's 1984 came to life in a *New York Times* account of the opening of the New York Police Department's central command post for control of demonstrations and civil disorders. The new facility is located on the third floor of police headquarters, and utilizes closed-circuit television to monitor demonstrations and determine police actions. Fixed cameras are installed at traditional troublespots such as City Hall, Times Square, and the United Nations, and truck-mounted mobile units will be linked to the command post by microwave antennas to the top of the Empire State Building. The command post

is linked to local precincts and other city agencies by a hotline manned twenty-four hours a day. A computer-prepared inventory of all police personnel enables the command post to locate reinforcements instantly when a riot breaks out, and the hotline gets the reinforcements to where they are needed. In a speech at the opening of the command post, Mayor Lindsay said, "Our people visited the Strategic Air Command in Omaha, the Space Center in Houston, and the Pentagon, and this extraordinary command center came out of it." [8]

Much of the Institute's weaponry and equipment suggests how the Pentagon is getting closer and closer to direct domestic control responsibilities by funneling military R&D to police uses. A special study group was recently formed in the Federal Council on Science and Technology to accelerate the transfer of the Defense Department's expertise and resources to domestic problems. The two top priority items on the Institute's agenda for the first year are good examples. The first is a night vision device designed for Vietnam and adapted by the Institute and the Defense Department for use at home. On August 1970, UPI reported that some jewel thieves had been caught by New York police "using an electronic device developed for night fighting in Vietnam which magnifies light more than 100 times." It's called an "owl eye." [9] The subject given the greatest attention by the National Institute in 1970, however, is riot control. An ambitious research-development program was undertaken, including studying how cities deal with riots with the aim of improving riot control nationwide, and encouraging area-wide cooperation between police departments through joint assistance pacts. Another project is to create police command simulators and riot control training systems to train top police officials in different tactics. Tactics used by foreign countries in putting down riots will also be studied, and social scientists have been contracted to study grade schools, high schools, and colleges to suggest best police responses to particular situations.

The thinking and goal of such research is again probably best expressed by Congressman James Scheuer:

> As a result of spin-offs from medical, military, aerospace and industrial research, we now are in the process of developing devices and products capable of controlling violent individuals and entire mobs without injury. We can tranquilize, impede, immobilize, harass, shock, upset, stupefy, nauseate, chill, temporarily blind, deafen, or just plain scare the wits out of anyone the police have a proper need to control or restrain.[10]

Nowhere is research and development for the police more important than in counter-insurgency research. And here the cooperation of the colleges and universities is critical to the success of the Justice Department's plans. More crucial than "hardware" is the information, intelligence, and knowledge that social science can bring to the Justice Department and the police departments.

College faculty and graduate students have been aggressively courted. The Justice Department hopes to have available the same counter insurgency capability the Army has in its think-tanks and university affiliations.

Last year thirty colleges agreed to do social science counter insurgency research for the Department of Justice under contracts let by the National Institute for Law Enforcement and Criminal Justice. In fiscal 1970, the Institute handed out about $1.8 million in research grants to universities. An additional half million was granted to individuals for research, mostly to graduate students. These amounts will probably double or triple in the next year.

One effect of such contracts is to encourage the tendency on American campuses to see social science as primarily a practical tool for social management and control. Explains LEAA, "One prime purpose of the Institute is to foster greater research in the criminal justice area by all concerned disciplines." [11] One police official from Washington, D.C. (who refused to be identified) explained, "Professors spend too much of their time trying to expand human freedom and ignore using their learning to the equally important problem of ensuring control and stability."

[1] John L. Sorenson, *Urban Insurgency Cases* (Santa Barbara, Calif.: Defense Research Corp. 1965) pp. 6-7.

[2] James H. Scheuer, *To Walk the Streets Safely* (New York: Doubleday, 1970).

[3] Allan L. Otten, "Crime, The Neglected Battleground," *Wall Street Journal,* August 20, 1970, p. 10.

[4] U. S. Department of Justice, *First Annual Report of the Law Enforcement Assistance Administration, Fiscal Year 1970* (Government Printing Office, 1970) p. 30 and quoted from Joseph C. Goulden, "The Cops Hit the Jackpot," *The Nation,* November 23, 1970, p. 533.

[5] *First Annual Report,* p. 29.

[6] U. S. Department of Justice, Office of Law Enforcement Assistance, *Project Sky Knight, A Demonstration in Aerial Surveillance and Crime Control,* Project # 198 (S.022), Washington, D.C., 1968.

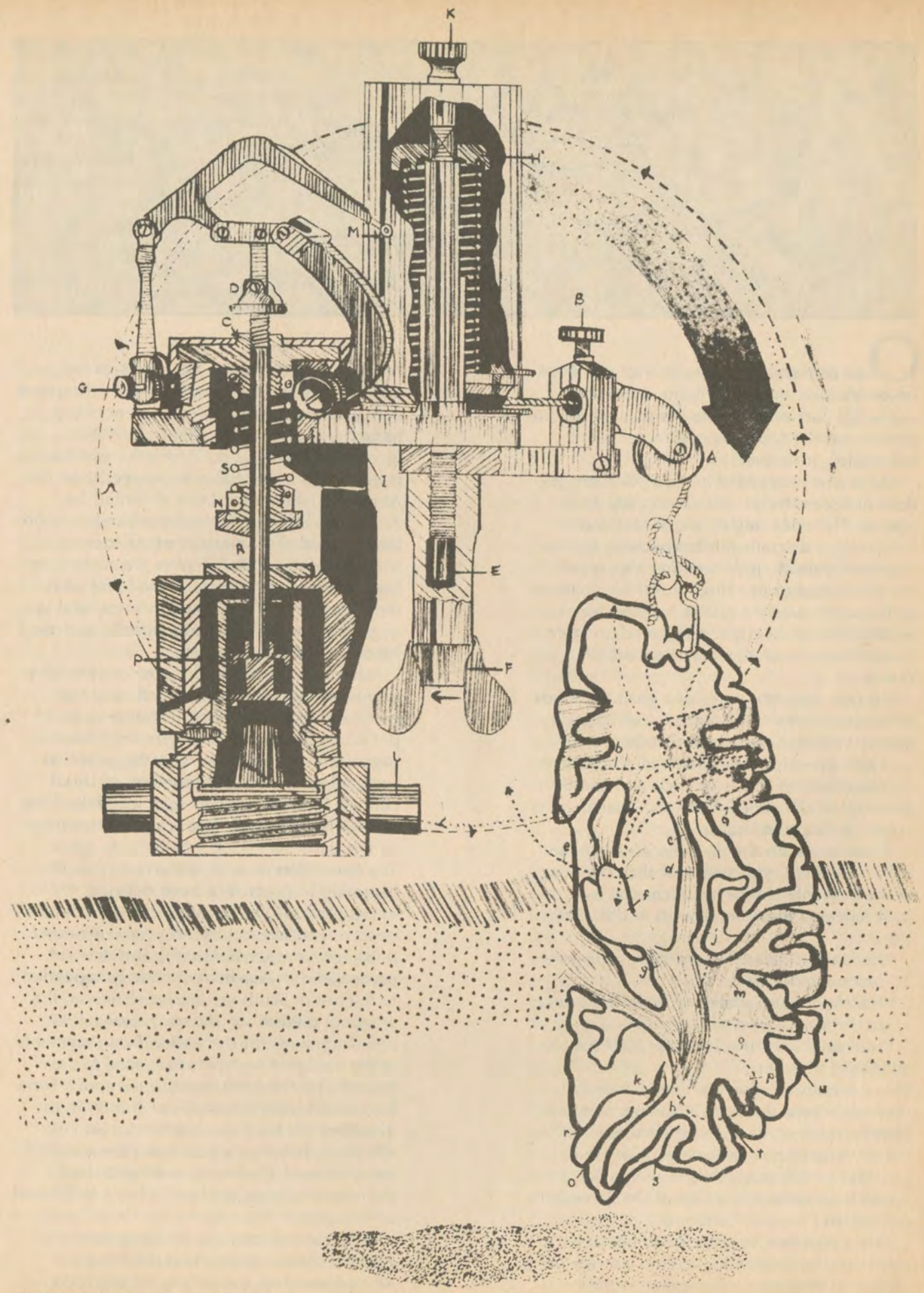
[7] U.S. Senate, Hearings before the Subcommittee of the Committee on Appropriations, *State, Justice, Commerce, the Judiciary and Related Agency Appropriations,* 90th Congress, 1st Session, Fiscal Year 1969, pp. 848-850.

[8] *New York Times,* October 14, 1969.

[9] "Spider-Like Thieves Nabbed," *Detroit Free Press,* August 14, 1970.

[10] Scheuer, p. 81.

[11] *First Annual Report,* p. 26.



LITHOGRAPH "PRIME MOVER" BY JANE McELROY

BABYLON

its relevance

by William Stringfellow

One of the peculiar insights of the *Book of Revelation*—that most curious and most neglected part of the Bible—is that the doom of the great city Babylon occasions a celebration in heaven.

The scene, as depicted in the biblical images, does not seem to be one appropriate to rejoicing. The once mighty city is laid waste. Everything is despoiled. It has become a place haunted by death. Judgment *has* happened. Even the dirge of the kings and the merchants of the earth over the fall of Babylon has finished. The great city can be found no more. There is such desolation that silence is all that is left.

It is then that "the voice of a great multitude in heaven" cries "Hallelujah!" and sings a hymn of triumph. How odd that the death of a society—especially, perhaps, the violent disintegration of this most rich and most powerful of all nations: Babylon—should incite jubilation in heaven.

If you examine the Babylon texts in the New Testament, you will find that the song of the heavenly chorus is punctuated by a refrain repeated three times, each in different words:

"Hallelujah! Salvation and glory and power belong to our God, . . .

"Hallelujah! The smoke of (Babylon) goes up for ever and ever. . . .

"Hallelujah! For the Lord our God the Almighty reigns."

These various refrains are interchangeable; they each have the same meaning; they are, literally, refrains, in which the destruction of the city is, somehow, associated with the salvation of the world and in which Babylon's doom is accounted as a sign of the sovereignty of God over men and nations.

It is a pity that Americans have been so steadfastly inattentive to the Bible, in view of all their contrary pretentiousness in the country's public rituals and for all their religiosity concerning the popular fictions as to the nation's destiny. It is specifically a misfortune that most Americans, whether or not they harbor a church connection, are either ignorant or obtuse about *Revelation* and the issues raised in the Babyon passages. Had the American inheritance been different, had Americans been far less religiose and far more biblical, had the American experience as a nation not been so Babylonian, we might have been edified—in a fearful, wonderful and timely way—by this biblical witness, and we might find ourselves in more hopeful and more happy circumstances today.

Instead, Americans, for the most part, have dismissed the Bible as apolitical, a private witness shrouded in holy neutrality as far as politics is concerned, having nothing beyond vague exhortation to do with the nation as such, relegated to the peripheries of social conflict. We have actually suppressed the Bible, since it is intrinsically political. The treatment of the particular book which I cite here, *The Revelation to John,* is the notorious illustration at point. We have deemed it esoteric poetry, to be put aside as inherently obscure and impractical. We have regarded it, somewhat apprehensively, as a diary of psychedelic visions inappropriately appended to the rest of Scripture. We have suffered the arrogant pietism of itinerant evangelists preaching a quaint damnation from fragments of the book and we have acquiesced to their boast that *that* is what *Revelation* is about. Some have demeaned the whole of the Bible bv distorting this book as a predestinarian chronicle, but most often, Americans, including professed Christians and habituated churchgoers, have just been wholly indifferent to *Revelation*.

Whatever reasons can be assigned for it, Americans have overlooked the *Book of Revelation*—and, specifically, its exposition of the Babylon episode—and, thus, fail to

We welcome Bill Stringfellow to these pages once again. His first appearance in motive **was in January, 1948, when, as a student, he wrote about "Political Emphasis Week" at Bates. He later served, along with Anthony Towne, as a book review editor for the magazine. This essay, a fragment from his forth-coming book,** An Ethics of Resistance for Christians and Other Aliens in a Strange Land, **was first delivered as a speech before the annual meeting of the Tennessee Council on Human Relations,**

We also thought it appropriate to ask Gene Davenport to critique Stringfellow's recent works, and to assess the importance of some of the principal tenets of his theology.

Finally, we were sent Dorothee Solle's "The Credo," a poem we find to be fitting for this section on and by Stringfellow.—Eds.

comprehend *Revelation* as an ethical literature concerning not merely persons, but nations, and all principalities and powers. As such—except for the accounts of the Crucifixion of Jesus Christ—this book is manifestly the most political part of the Bible.

If this be so it is a significant dimension and a partial explanation of America's moral impoverishment, which all citizens share, although, like so much else in this country, not equally:

—Moral poverty obviously threatens the prosperous more than the economically deprived because the affluent have more at risk, both materially and psychically, in any social crisis.

—Moral poverty, similarly, afflicts the middleaged more than the young because they have existed longer in conformity and do not have enough time left to change—even if they could discern how to change

—Moral poverty is more virulent among Whites than among Blacks or Indians or Chicanos because the White lives and livelihoods have been subsidized by racial privilege for 350 years on this continent and White Americans are not about to allow that to be upset.

—Moral poverty is a larger burden for those in nominal leadership or those in power in the ruling institutions of society than to those who remain unorganized, unrepresented, unheeded, powerless or victims of institutional processes; because the incumbents in power and the reputed leaders are on the scene where social renewal must originate.

—And moral poverty is most insidious in exactly the precincts where moral sensibility is most pathetically needed at this moment: among those who exercise the authority of the State, prosecutors and policemen, as well as judges and cabinet officers, and in the presidency, as opposed to the defendants in political trials, those vulnerable to preventive detention, those murdered under a guise of legality, those driven into exile, those whose lives are squandered in vainglorious war, because the *only* authority of the State is its last authority: *death*.

The moral penury which so severely beleaguers Americans of privilege, affluence, power or similar vested interest in the inherited and established order—and which affects all citizens, in one way or another, of whatever fate or fortune in the status quo—is *not* the same matter as imputing malignity to the middle classes or the middleaged or the whites or the institutional hierarchies or those in political office. God knows (it is God's vocation, not any man's, to exercise such knowledge) America has wicked men in high places, and it may be that there is a relationship between personal immorality and conventional success in this society, but that is not the issue raised here in emphasizing the nation's moral poverty. "Moral impoverishment," the Bible repeatedly cites, is "hardness of the heart." It is not so much an evil conscience as a paralyzed conscience; not so much an individual or corporate immorality as a social pathology possessing both persons and institutions; not to ma*lev*olence, however incarnate, as to the literal *de*moralization of society. If there be evildoers in the Pentagon or on Wall Street or among university trustees and administrators or on Madison Avenue or in the cabinent that is not nearly as morally significant as the occupation of these same places by men who have become captive and immobilized as human beings by their obeisance to, and idolatry of, institutions or other principalities.

These are persons who have become so entrapped in tradition, or mere routine, who

are so fascinated by institutional machination, who are so much in bondage to the cause of preserving the principality oblivious or callous to the consequences and costs for others or for themselves that they have been thwarted in their moral development. They are invalided in the capacity of moral discernment. They are deprived of moral acumen. To furnish some definite examples, I refer to those public and corporate figures who denounce both human reason and conscience by naming the escalation of war a promise of peace, or who mention the ecological crisis while advocating in the same breath unrestricted expansion of the American economy, or who praise the rule of law but ridicule the First and Fifth Amendments by authorizing the repression of citizens who dare use their constitutional rights, or who conjure up a sniper every time they murder a black.

However many evil men hold positions in the American establishment, they are far outnumbered by men bereft of conscience and so pathetically dehumanized by the principalities and powers for which they are acolytes. And if the moral problem on such supposedly exalted levels of society is not so much wicked men as morally retarded men, then think of the cruel and somber daily existence of the multitudes of automatons of lower status and lesser privilege, who have not even an illusion of power, the condiments of office, an impressive reputation, or real wealth to insulate or console themselves from the imperious and obdurate totalitarian claims of the society. For such folk—lately ridiculed, on all sides (though most cynically by their champions), as "the silent majority" —the American institutional and ideological ethos incubates a profound apathy toward human life as such. For them, the American experience induces a fearful obtuseness to their own elementary self-interest as human beings, not to mention an inbred indifference to human freedom which materializes as a default toward the humanity of others which is the moral equivalent of hostility toward other men. Somehow, the American bourgeoisie are nurtured and conformed in a manner that results in a strange and terrible quitting as human beings.

For these Americans, I suggest, it is not so much that they have been brainwashed—although it is the fact that they have been—as that they have been stupefied as persons, and as a class of persons, thus relieved of moral sanity.

From this reign of death, there are by now only such apparent respites or escapes as commercial sports and entertainments, booze, indulgence in nostalgia for a fictional past, and a spectator's role at moonshots, presidential performances, and (as the main diversion) officially sanctioned persecutions of those who are not conformed.

In circumstances where moral decadence, in the connotations specified here, becomes so pervasive in society that one can discern and identify maturity, conscience and, ironically, freedom in human beings *only* among those who are in conflict with the established order—those who are opponents of the status quo, those in rebellion against the system, those who are fugitives and victims. And *only* by the same token can one postulate any ground of hope for a viable American future.

The failure of conscience in American society among its so-called leaders, the contempt for human life among the managers of society, the moral deprivation of the "middle Americans" resembles the estate described, biblically, as "hardness of the heart." This same condition, afflicting both individuals and institutions (including nations), is otherwise designated in the Bible as a form of demonic possession. If that seems a quaint allusion, more or less meaningless in modern times, keep in mind that demonic refers to death comprehended as a moral power. Hence, for a man to be possessed of a demon means that he is a prisoner of the power of death in one or another of the concrete manifestations which death assumes. Mental or physical illness are lucid examples but the moral impairment of a person is an instance of demonic possession as well. Similarly, a nation may be such a dehumanizing reality with respect to human life, may be of such anti-human purpose and policy, may pursue such a course which so demeans human life and so profits death that it must be said that that nation, or other principality, is, in truth, governed by the power of death.

The outstanding example in the earlier part of the twentieth century of a nation and society, its majority classes, and its leaders, existing in exactly this way is, of course, Nazi Germany. The biblical story of such a nation is the saga of Babylon. The startling instance in the present time of the same situation is the U.S.A.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DOUG HOLTHAUS

That is not to say that Nazi Germany and contemporary American totalitarianism are identical. There are significant and ominous comparisons that are justified between the two, but there are also distinctions of importance that argue against a too hasty or oversimpled equation of one with the other. For one thing, the ideological element, so notorious in Nazi totalitarianism, is, to an appreciable extent, displaced by the technological factor in American totalitarianism; for another, Adolph Hitler was (whatever else he was) a genius, while the same cannot be said of Richard Nixon.

What I do say is that Babylon represents the essential version of the demonic in triumph within a nation. Babylon is a parable for Nazi Germany. Babylon is a parable for America. In *that* way, there is an inherent and idiopathic connection between the Nazi happening in the thirties and what is now happening in America.

I do not, by the way, overlook a sense in which the biblical witness in the Babylon material may be regarded as an apocalyptic parable, having cosmic as well as historic relevance. Indeed, within the sphere of apocalyptic insight, the Babylon epic bespeaks the moral character of *every* nation which is or which has ever been or which may ever be. I am deliberately putting this emphasis in the background, however, lest anyone embrace it as an excuse to playdown or gainsay the specific relevance of Babylon for the American experience.

There is the danger, I expect, that in so treating the Babylon adventure that some will conclude that these times in America are apocalyptic and then go on to confuse an American apocalypse with *The Apocalypse*. Well, these are apocalyptic days for America, I believe, but an American apocalyptic is not apt to be the terminal event of history. To indulge this confusion is a perverse form of the same vanity in which the "American dream" or the popular mythology concerning a unique destiny of the American nation has come, to so many, many Americans, to mean grandiose visions of paradise found.

Americans of all sorts, of every faction and each generation, by now, have suffered enough the consequences—which only glorify death—of ridiculous national vanity and of the truly incredible theological naiveté from which it issues.

My concern is for the exorcism of that vain spirit.

My plea is for freedom from this awful naiveté.

My hope, as a human being, begins in the truth that America *is* Babylon.

I invite you to hear—and to heed—the cry of the heavenly multitude:

"Hallelujah! Salvation and glory and power belong to our God, . . .

"Hallelujah! The smoke of (Babylon) goes up for ever and ever. . . .

"Hallelujah! For the Lord our God the Almighty reigns."

CREDO

I believe in God
who has not created a finished world
like a thing that must always be the same;
who does not reign according to eternal laws
that stand unchangeable;
not according to natural orders
of poor and rich,
of experts and uninformed ones,
of rulers and those at their mercy.

I believe in God
who wants life to be contradictory
and conditions to be changeable
through our work,
through our politics.

I believe in Jesus Christ
who did right in laboring
("an individual who can't do anything")
just as we do
to change the status quo—
and perished doing it.
With him for a gauge I know
how stunted is our intelligence,
how stifled our imagination,
how wasted our efforts,
because we do not live as he lived—
Every day I am fearful
that he may have died in vain,
because he is hidden and buried in our churches,
because we have betrayed his revolution
in obedience and fear of the authorities.
I believe in Jesus Christ
who rises in our lives
in order that we may be free
of prejudices and arrogance,
of fear and hatred,
and speed his revolution
toward his reign.

I believe in the spirit
that came into the world with Jesus,
in the community of all peoples
and our responsibility for what becomes of our earth:
a vale of sorrow, hunger, and violence,
or the city of God.
I believe in a just peace
which is feasible,
in the possibility of a meaningful life
for all men,
in the future of this—God's—world.
Amen.

DOROTHEE SOLLE

William Stringfellow: Pilgrim in the Valley of the Shadow

by Gene L. Davenport

For the second time in a period of less than three years, William Stringfellow, who has written extensively of the power and presence of death in the world, finds himself confronted by that power in an intensely personal way. The first confrontation came in 1968, when he almost died from a malfunction of the pancreas. The present one is in the form of an indictment by a federal grand jury for "harboring" Father Daniel Berrigan—poet, priest, and anti-war advocate. Stringfellow shares this indictment with his friend Anthony Towne, poet and author of *Excerpts from the Diaries of the Late God* (1968). Specifically, they are charged with "unlawfully, wilfully, and knowingly harbor(ing) and conceal(ing) Daniel Berrigan so as to prevent his discovery and arrest" and for "unlawfully, wilfully, and knowingly reliev(ing), receiv(ing), comfort(ing) and assist(ing) . . . Berrigan in order to prevent and hinder his punishment."

Stringfellow has written of the first encounter in an intriguing and perceptive manner in his most recent book—*A Second Birthday* (1970). The outcome was, in a real sense, resurrection. The outcome of the present encounter, at the time of this writing, remains to be seen.

I first became acquainted with Stringfellow's work by reading *A Private and Public Faith* (1962) when I was in graduate school. I had heard rumors of the provocative nature of his thought from friends who had heard him on occasion, and their response was, to say the least, enthusiastic. In the years that followed, I read everything by him that I could get my hands on. In the spring of 1968, when a three-day program on theology and politics was being planned for the campuses of Lambuth and Lane Colleges in Jackson, Tenn., it seemed logical to me to invite Stringfellow.

When he stepped through the doorway of the Memphis air terminal it was obvious that the rumors we had heard were true. Stringfellow was a sick man. How sick he really was, we did not know until much later. He wrote a low-key account of this visit in *A Second Birthday*, but for the campuses and certain areas of the city it was anything but a low-key visit. It was, in fact, one of the most rousing events in the history of the schools. His words left, as they frequently do, a mixture of awe and fury.

Jackson, however, was by no means the first place to be so upset by Stringfellow's words that people stormed out of a meeting. A mutual friend, Will Campbell, upon hearing that Stringfellow was coming to the campus, had laughed and said, "You'd better watch him. He's mean." This comment of affectionate humor was in part a reference to an incident in 1964 when Will had driven Stringfellow to a conference of the Episcopal laymen of Tennessee. During one address, a number of delegates had stormed angrily to their feet when Stringfellow

compared the Goldwater movement to the Nazi movement in Germany. (A form of these remarks is in *Dissenter in a Great Society*, 1962). After the evening discussion at Lambuth, at which meeting Ray Blanton, the Democratic Party nominee for Congress from that area, had walked out on Stringfellow, I remarked, "Now I know why Will Campbell says you're mean." To this, he merely smiled.

It is not because of any pugnaciousness or harshness on Stringfellow's part that he evokes such reactions. On the contrary, he is rather small, restrained, and mild-mannered. His style of delivery is deliberate, but straightforward and assured. It may be that in the South people, who expect a man who "talks about religion" to be more forceful in terms of body movements or to put more emotion into his voice, mistake Stringfellow's New England reticence for coldness. But in the final analysis, the response of his listeners is evoked by what he says, not how he says it. His observations penetrate surface pretences and illusions and expose nerves in such a way that by the time he finishes few are indifferent.

Throughout Stringfellow's writings, there are four characteristics which frequently reappear—(1) their autobiographical nature, (2) their emphasis on the power and presence of death in the world, (3) the power of the resurrection, and (4) the vitality of the Word of God.

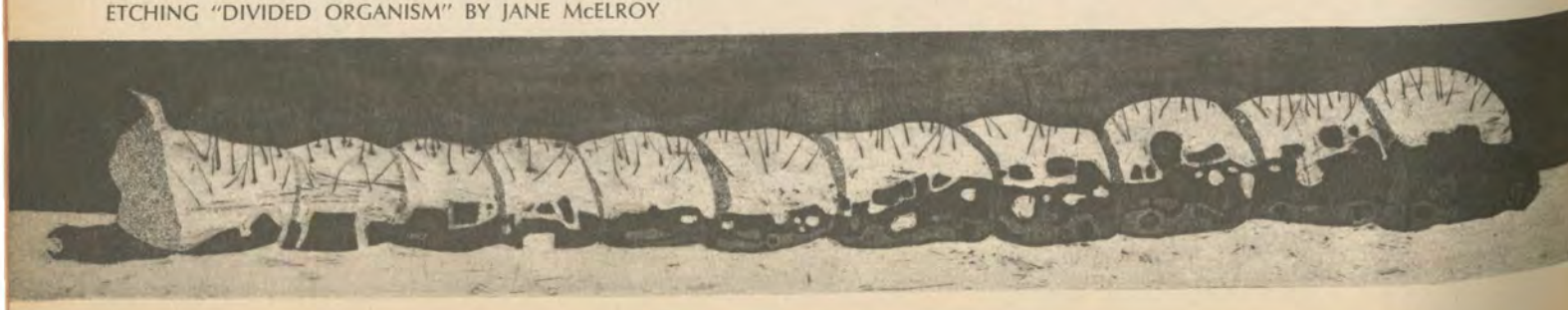
With regard to autobiographical style, *My People is the Enemy* (Holt, Rinehart and Winston, 1964) and *A Second Birthday* are clear examples. In fact, the subtitle of the former is *An Autobiographical Polemic*. But everything that he writes is filled with observations and comments on things which are a part of his own experience. Stringfellow himself speaks of this in terms of an incarnational approach to theology. This means that Stringfellow's theology is a commentary on life and reality lived under the sovereignty of God. And what are the fallen state of the creation, atonement, and reconciliation if not statements about the way the world really is before and at the hands of God?

Of course, in pointing to the deeper significance of human experience—both in personal experience and in the national experience—Stringfellow stirs people up. For there is a tendency among human beings to resist the truth. The realities of corporate guilt, the sovereignty of God, reconciliation, and the like cut too sharply into our well-developed life systems that are rooted in assumptions of self-justification, self-determination, and self-interest. Consequently, both the word of grace and the word of judgment fall equally upon hostile ears.

Our attempts at self-justification, self-determination, and self-interest are signs of what Stringfellow calls the power and prevalence of death in the world. Now, the precise meaning of death, as he uses the term, is elusive for anyone who finds it difficult to think of death simply as the end of biological existence. For him, death *includes* biological death, but it also includes much more. The end of biological existence is simply one of the more vivid forms of death. In reality, death is a transcendent power to which our words and individual experiences point, but which can never be completely enclosed by these words or experiences. Death is a power which speaks to each man and to each nation and proclaims to us that we are cut off from everybody and everything, including our own self—isolated, alienated, and alone.

Is there any better way than as a manifestation

ETCHING "DIVIDED ORGANISM" BY JANE McELROY



of death to understand this nation's determination to control the future of Southeast Asia? Is there any better way than as a manifestation of death to understand slum lords' determination to control their own future at the expense of others or the government's apparent determination to grind down and stamp out all opposition by those who would significantly change the shape of our society?

Confronted with the threat of loss of identity, total obliteration of accepted values and meaning, men turn to ways of asserting themselves in the face of death. Through work, sex, play, war, religion, and innumerable other means, we challenge the power of death. We try to assert meaning in the face of meaninglessness. But to challenge the power of death in this way is to admit its reality. Thus, in Stringfellow's words, we come to worship death.

If at first this terminology seems strange, reflect for a moment on the meaning of worship. Worship is primarily the acknowledgment of the ultimate power or status of something or someone. Conquently, every activity by which we attempt to create and preserve meaning, security, and value in the face of the threat of their total annihilation may rightly be called the worship of death—ways of acknowledging death's power and denying God's power over death. Otherwise, we would not have to assert our power, but would trust God's power. We would not assume that meaning, security, and value depend upon our efforts, but would recognize that they are the work of God. Moreover, since an idol is that which one puts in the place of God as something capable of providing security and meaning, all of our institutions, systems, and activities by which we seek to combat death are idols.

Stringfellow's encounter with the federal government, then, is as truly an encounter with death as was his fight for life in one hospital bed after another in 1968. That he himself sees it in these terms is clear from a brief statement that he made for a gathering of friends of the Catonsville Nine in October, 1968:

> Remember, now, that the state has only one power it can use against human beings: death. The State can persecute you, prosecute you, exile you, execute you. All of these mean the same thing. The State can consign you to death. The grace of Jesus Christ in this life is that death fails. There is nothing else the State can do to you or me, which we need to fear (*A Second Birthday*, p. 133).

It is in this brief statement that we hear yet a third major motif which runs throughout Stringfellow's work—the power of Jesus Christ, or of the resurrection, over death. This aspect of his thought is at times almost interchangeable with his emphasis on the vitality of the Word of God (which I shall discuss later) and the presence of the Holy Spirit, but in *A Second Birthday* it is best understood in terms of resurrection.

> Still, if Jackson's white folk were, on the whole, depressing to be among, I found people in Fite's Bottom refreshing to be with. I had had that experience before, too. There is a specific veracity to the resurrection in the black ghettoes of America. That life survives at all in such circumstances is impressive; that life so often prevails there, practically speaking, proves the grace of God, by showing the triumph of life in the midst of death. The spirit of the resurrection is loose in the black ghettoes. Sometimes it is called "Soul." It is the humanizing spirit. It is, as I knew again in Fite's Bottom, mercifully contagious. (*A Second Birthday*, p. 138.)

I suspect that anyone who has ever spent a significant amount of time in the ghetto can verify Stringfellow's observation. There is frequently a resiliency without which the ghetto dweller could not survive. And this resiliency bespeaks a sort of freedom which might well be envied by many uptight middle-class whites in the split-level ghetto. This is by no means a justification for the ghetto, but it is a recognition of the independent movement of the Spirit of God in looking after his own. It may even be said to be a sort of partial fulfillment, this side of the second coming, of Jesus' blessings upon the poor and the hungry and his woes upon the rich and the full.

One of the people with whom Stringfellow was most taken during his stay in Jackson was Mrs. Willie Mae Tiger, a black resident of Fite's Bottom, a woman whose name is in some ways quite appropriate and symbolic. She is especially a good example of the determination and good humor which Stringfellow perceives as the presence of the resurrection. With cheer and tenacity, Mrs. Tiger has continued to be concerned with the people of the Bottom, to push for civic action, and to bind up the wounds of her neighbors. Numerous improvements are due, in large part, to her persistence. In a recent letter to me, Stringfellow speaks of her in the following manner:

> My affectionate and particular greetings to good Mrs. Tiger who, so to speak, has already been through all that we are going through. We thank her for that intercession and it strengthens us.

The fourth characteristic of Stringfellow's work is his emphasis on the vitality of the Word of God. This is both in some sense a way of talking about

the power of resurrection and the Holy Spirit and, also, a way of regarding the Bible. Almost everything that he writes for publication is preceded by a passage of scripture. His essays are put forth as expressions of the Word of God in our situation. At first, you may believe that there is no real connection between the verse and the essay, or sermon. There is no attempt to trace the verse's context historically or to use any of the professional biblical scholar's methods—form, criticism, redaction criticism, etc. Seldom, if ever, is there even a reference back to the passage once the writing has begun. You may even suspect that the text was chosen after the essay was written.

But to draw this conclusion would be to misunderstand Stringfellow's method. True, he does not analyze a text from a historical-critical perspective, and he does seem to have ignored the methods of the professional. Consequently, if the soundness of an exposition of a text is evaluated by the use or lack of use of these methods, Stringfellow's work falls into question. On the other hand, the failure to use the professional's methods does not mean that he has no method. He does indeed have one, and basic to it are (1) his assumption of the independence of the Word of God and (2) his acceptance of James' admonition that anyone who desires wisdom should seek it from the Lord.

Stringfellow approaches a text word for word, verse by verse, relying heavily upon the simple rules of English grammar. (He has remarked somewhere that his training as a lawyer is of great help in the ability to read the English language.) As he reads, he is not concerned with how the writer under scrutiny did or did not differ from some other writer in the Bible, but with what the Spirit who influenced the writers wishes to say to us through them. This is no mere concern with an intellectual grasp of the text as some ancient document, but a concern with the presence of the Living Word.

When he discusses a passage from I Corinthians, for instance, he has no intention of applying Paul's *specific* point to a contemporary problem, but intends to allow the Spirit to enter the world through that passage. Paul's words are of interest not so much because of what Paul thought, as because of their instrumentality in focusing God's own Word upon our lives.

It is this latter point which clarifies Stringfellow's discontent with the way that most contemporary church curriculum materials "use" the Bible (*A Second Birthday*). He seems to be saying that they try to *make* the Bible relevant, as though it were not already relevant. They want to "apply" it, rather than to allow it to come to life. Stringfellow's own essays are reflections for which the biblical texts have served as doorways for the Living Word. And this leaves the reader with the question of whether his own experience bears out what comes through as the address of God.

Stringfellow's writings, then, raise the question of the proper means of exegeting and expounding the Bible. Form criticism, redaction criticism, etc., are appropriate tools for the professional who knows how to use them and who sees Stringfellow's neglect of them as entirely appropriate for him as a layman. At the same time, the *Bible* is not exclusively the property of the professional scholars. The independence of God as he speaks to us assures us that we may be led into as authentic a relationship to him through a nonprofessional examination of the Bible as through a professional one.

This is by no means a rejection of the professional's methods. Neither is it an assumption that nothing of significance can be learned through the professional's methods. It is, however, an affirmation that for all their appropriateness and benefits, the machinations of man are creations of man, and the Word of God is independent of all such creations. This is true of the machinations of professional biblical scholars no less than those of anyone else. Every man must read the Bible with what he considers the most appropriate tools available to him in his situation.

One criticism sometimes aimed at Stringfellow is that his theology is not practical enough. "How does all this talk about the power of death, the triumph of the resurrection, and the redundancy of the Word of God," it might be asked, "help us to know what to do in specific situations?" If it is true that there are certain actions which are in and of themselves Christian, no matter what the circumstances, then

this is a devastating question, for Stringfellow's writings seldom, if ever, tell us "what to do." Instead, they provide us with a backdrop against which to view specific problems. He does tell us, however, about certain decisions that he himself has made in specific situations, and he occasionally discusses things that he thinks ought to be done. Recent events provide adequate evidence that he is a man who knows how to make tough decisions.

In the closing chapter of *Dissenter in a Great Society*, we find grounds for a reply to this charge of impracticality. There is no such thing as a convenient set of rules, says Stringfellow, by which the Christian can make all the decisions of life. But there are some rules about the style of witness which characterizes the Christian life for both the Church and the individual Christian. These rules are *realism* (taking history seriously, facing life without sentimentality, aware of the power of death), *inconsistency* (refusing to live by any ideology, refusing to see any institution or group as having power to heal the world, refusing to be pigeonholed), *radicalism* (always being a complainer in the face of the status quo, an alien in any society, the first to complain in the midst of the success of some cause you supported), and *intercession* (living in the world with political concern and involvement for all men, friend and foe, alike).

It is quite easy today to become paranoid about the shape of world events. The assassination of Martin Luther King, Jr., precisely at the moment when he was making some headway in welding together an interracial poor people's movement—a movement which saw the political establishment as the enemy—the deliberate effort to manipulate the police power of the state to eliminate the Black Panthers, the extensive information-gathering activities of the government, the shadowy existence of the CIA as a nebulous presence in who knows how many areas of our life, J. Edgar Hoover's determination to get the Berrigans, and a host of other moves by the powers that be are phenomena which push us against the ropes and make us wonder if there is not indeed some nationwide conspiracy at work. I fight the idea and tell myself that I am paranoid. But one thing after another makes the idea more and more difficult to resist. Of one thing, however, I *am* convinced. There is a determined effort in this country and elsewhere to discredit the more influential critics of our national policy, and if it takes trumped-up charges to do it, they will be used without hesitation. One must not compile a list of villains in this matter, however, for administration officials are themselves victims of the very same power structure with which they are entrusted. They are, in a word, victims of the power of death just as much as we are.

To recognize our present condition for what it is, of course, may not—probably will not—enable us to escape unscathed. We may, in fact, be on the verge of a period of American history when those who are faithful to God are in constant trouble with the State and with the culture which the State represents. I earnestly hope that I am wrong, that I am simply the victim of dark cynicism. But if so, I am not alone. In their joint statement concerning their indictment, Stringfellow and Towne put it this way:

> Our indictment has not happened in a void. We cannot ignore the scene in which such a remarkable event takes place: the manifold and multiplying violence in this society, the alienation between races and generations, the moral fatigue of Americans, the debilitating atmosphere in which citizens become so suspicious and fearful of their own government that they suppose silence is the only safety and conformity the only way to survive.
>
> Because we are innocent, we believe that we would not have been indicted but for the pervasiveness of the spirit of repression which has lately overtaken the nation.
>
> In that respect, we consider that whatever happens to us will in truth be happening to all Americans.

True, Stringfellow's theology does not give us "answers" for such a time. But it does provide us with ground on which to stand. And in the final analysis, ground on which to stand is perhaps the most "relevant" thing of all. ■

THE DRAFT

If you are of draft age, or soon will be, these are your choices:

1. MILITARY SERVICE (drafted or enlisted)
2. DEFERMENT OR EXEMPTION (qualifying for a deferred category)
3. CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR (I-O, available for 2 yrs. civilian alternative service, or I-A-O available for noncombatant military service.
4. EMIGRATION (leaving the United States)
5. RESISTANCE (failure to register or later non-cooperation).

Whatever you choose to do, you know exactly what you are doing and why. The best book on the draft is *Guide to the Draft,* 2nd edition, by Arlo Tatum and Joseph Tuchinsky (Beacon Press). This should be read from cover to cover before taking *any* serious action. This book is available from most bookstores.

When Dealing With Your Local Draft Board:

1. Observe all deadlines on returning forms (usually 10 days).
2. Have your mail opened when away to observe deadlines.
3. Save *everything* your local board sends you, save a copy of everything you send to your board.
4. Send all mail "certified, return receipt requested" (about 50¢, it's worth it).
5. Always use your rights of personal appearance and appeal. This must be requested in writing within *30 days* of being unsatisfactorily classified.
6. Send address changes to board.
7. Keep local board informed of changes that might affect your status.
8. Do not believe everything you hear about the draft. *Do not rely* on information given by local board clerks.
9. Read, think, and plan ahead.
10. Put all evidence in writing, you are usually judged on your file alone.
11. *Use draft counselors—call them, visit them (it's usually free).*

If You Decide to Enlist:

Think about it. Would you be enlisting if there were no draft? Are you in control of your own life? If you do decide to enlist you should read, *The Student's Guide to Military Service* (Bantam Press, even if you are not a student. This book lists positions available for enlisted men. REMEMBER: Oral promises are meaningless in civilian *and* military life. Have your assignment promise in writing. Read the contract very carefully, are you *sure* you will get the assignment you want???

If You Are Seeking a Deferment:

1. Be sure to follow all rules above when dealing with local board.
2. Read *Guide to the Draft.*
3. Check with a draft counselor about the current status of the deferment you are seeking. Perhaps you qualify for one that you don't know about.

If You Decide to Apply For C.O. Status:

You should read: *Handbook for Conscientious Objectors,* available from CCCO, 2016 Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pa. Price, one dollar.

1. Write to CCCO, AFSC, and NISBCO, for C.O. literature and addresses of counselors.
2. Formulate your beliefs.
3. Find out the official position of your church, register there as a C.O. if possible.
4. Present your claim as soon as possible, although it is never too late.
5. You can claim C.O. status after an induction order, or after induction, but the longer you wait, the harder it is.
6. Present as full a case as possible, in writing.
7. *Use draft counselors.*

When you do get your C.O. status, use counseling to help you get the alternative service job you want. Start early: The law says the job choice is *yours.*

If You Decide to Resist:

Re-read the sections on resistance, court cases, and prison, in *Guide to the Draft.* REMEMBER: If you intend to win in court you must make use of *all* your rights within the SS system (i.e. personal appearance, appeal, physical, etc.). You must make use of all your rights up to the point where you are asked to "step forward." If you do step forward you are in the Army, if you do not you go to court. Counseling and legal aid are a *must* when doing this. CCCO, AFSC, or, NISBCO may be able to help you in this kind of resistance

Of course there are other kinds of resistance and noncooperation. Resisters should know about, and write to, the following organizations: *WAR RESISTER'S LEAGUE,* 339 Lafayette St., New York, N.Y., 10012.
RESIST, Rm. 4. 763 Massachusetts Ave., Cambridge, Mass. 02139.
THE PEACEMAKER, 10208 Sylvan Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio 45241.

For example, Resist and The Peacemaker aid the families of men who are in prison for resisting the draft.

If You Decide to Emigrate:

You should read the section on Emigration in *Guide to the Draft.* If you are thinking about Canada be sure to read *A Manual for Draft-Age Immigrants To Canada,* available from: *Toronto Anti-Draft Programme,* P.O. Box 764, Adelaide St., Station, Toronto 1, Ontario, Canada. (416) 481-0241. Price, two dollars. This should be read before attempting to cross the border.

You also might like to write to:
Committee to Aid American War Objectors, 144 W. Hastings St. Suite 609, P.O. Box 4231, Vancouver 9, British Columbia, Canada. (604) 688-5944.
Montreal Council to Aid War Resisters, Case Postale 5, Succ. Wsmt., Montreal 215, Quebec, Canada. (514) 482-6825.

Make use of draft counseling before going since laws and regulations sometimes change. Don't make quick decisions, once you have gone you probably will not be able to return. In all probability the border will remain open, so don't rush. It is a good idea to visit first and see if you like the country.

Many of those now in Canada say they would not have gone had the situation been as it now is in the U.S.

You might write to the above groups for info. on other countries.

If You Are Already in the Army:

It is possible to apply for C.O. status from within the Army and thus get a discharge to do alternative service. (I-O, I-A-O status can be applied for.) CCCO has a new book out called: *Advice for C.O.s in the Armed Forces*. One dollar, available from CCCO. Contact *CCCO, G.I. Counseling Services, 339 Lafayette St., N.Y., N.Y. 10012.* (212) 533-8920, or any of the group listed above that you think might be able to help. If uncertain, call CCCO and ask what group to contact.

List of Agencies:

CCCO Central Committee for Conscientious Objectors, 2016 Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19103. (215) 568-7971.

CCCO Western Office, 437 Market St., San Francisco, Calif. 94105. (415) 397-6917.

Midwest Office: *Midwest Committee for Draft Counseling* (MCDC). 711 S. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill. 60605 (312) 427-3350).

AFSC AMERICAN FRIENDS SERVICE COMMITTEE, 160 N. 15th St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19102 (215) LO 3-9372.

NISBCO National Interreligious Service Board for Conscientious Objectors, 550 Washington Bldg., 15th & New York Ave. N.W., Wash. D.C. (202) 393-4868.

BUTORS CONTRIBUTORS CONTRIBUTORS CONTRIBUTORS CONTRIBUTORS CONTRIBUTORS CONTRIBUTORS CONTRIBU

JOHN NICHOLS, a free-lance writer (author of *The Sterile Cukoo)* is continually searching Northern New Mexico for stories, many of which appear in *The New Mexico Review.* He can be contacted c/o General Delivery, Taos. **FRYE GAILLARD,** who helped to round out *motive*'s series on life and times in New Mexico, is a reporter for Race Relations Information Center in Nashville, Tenn. **DAVID WELLMAN** has worked with early SDS ERAP project in the Berkeley area and has written for *Leviathon* and several other New Left Publications. In the Life Style section: **BILL WINFIELD** was one of the original members of the Miflin Street Grocery Collective. It has been some time since Bill wrote the article which first appeared in *Vocations for Social Change,* and we have hear that the formation of the Grocery Collective has changed quite a bit since that time, but it is still in operation. **ADAM HOCHSCHILD** is also a free-lance writer from Santa Cruz, Calif. He recently published an article on the Army Reserves and National Guard in *Washington Monthly.* **BOB GOODMAN, BECKY HAMILTON** and **HARVEY** have either been or still are regular staff members of the *Great Speckled Bird* in Atlanta. **DR. ANGLE BAKING** is a member of the Central Committee of the Philippine Communist Party and has spent a good part of his life in the last 20 years in prison for his political beliefs. **ED FEAVER,** who did the interview on the Southwest Georgia/New Communities Project, has been a working member of the project for several years. For more information on New Communities, write to New Communities, Inc., Albany, Ga.

MARTHA SHELLEY has been involved in the Gay Liberation Movement for several years and has contributed to many women's publications. *motive*'s guest viewpoint columnist **SHIRLEY HERMAN,** was recently asked by the Japanese government to leave the island after she had spent a year there researching the women's movement. She is currently in Korea waiting re-entry into Japan. **THE ELEANOR BURN WOMEN'S COLLECTIVE** is a Nashville Organization which studies the relationship between sexism and imperialism. **MERRILL JACKSON's** critiqud of **ART WASKOW's** 1990 Constitution which appeared in March *motive* is just a small portion of a larger study he did on the Waskow document. Hopefully more of **MERRILL's** work will appear in coming issues of *motive.* **LEE WEBB** wrote "Police on the Homefront" in conjunction with the **NARMIC** staff. He is now doing research on police in the U.S. at Godyard College in Vermont. Not much can be said about **WILLIAM STRINGFELLOW** that is not already known. *motive* is glad to be publishing his writing again. **GENE DAVENPORT** is a professor of religion and theology at Lane and Lambath Colleges in Jackson, Tenn. We also thank the poets for this issue, **ERIC FELDMAN, GARY GILDNER, T. CUSON, DOROTHEE SÖLLE** and **ETHERIDGE KNIGHT.**

motive especially appreciates the cooperation given by Indian artists **FRITZ SCHOLDER** and **R. C. GORMAN** and also thanks artists and photographers: **JOHN NICHOLS, MARKY BULWINKLE, JANE McELROY, SHIGEFUMI UCHIDA, JAN HAVENS, EARL DOTTER, DOUG HOLTHAUS, DIANA DAVIES, RON AUSBIN, TOM COFFIN, J. FAVALE, J. GIBSON, RUTH BLACKWELL** and **JOSEPH LEVINE.** Special thanks go to the photographers from **NEW COMMUNITIES INC.** at Albany, Ga.

The Arbours

WHAT WE THINK

Many people enter emotional crises when they start to discard roles others have allotted them. A person's role can be his jail; bars surround, and are inside, him. What is called a psychosis is often a person's confused refusal to comply with others' views of him. To define it as an illness is to deny it may be his bid for freedom.

When people think someone is mentally ill they treat him differently. They expect him to think and act as if he were ill; they regard what he says and does as signs of illness. To tell someone with a physical disease that he is ill does not affect his disease: to tell someone he is mentally ill affects him, and often leads him to enact his idea of mental illness.

A person is seen as mentally ill because he breaks rules of those around him; he does not think, or act "appropriately". Families do not discuss many rules by which they live together; they may not even know the rules exist. But if someone breaks the rules, it disturbs them. They may then view the disturbing person as mentally ill.

Persons who disturb others may find it hard to find a place to live outside mental hospitals.

The person in mental hospital often cannot choose his goals, his space, how he spends his time and with whom. If he is an involuntary patient, he cannot leave. If he finds the hospital fails to help him, he may be told he is too ill to appreciate its help. To be "cured" is often to be seen to conform.

We wish to drop the medical model for that class of behaviour called mental illness. We wish to give persons who have been, or could become, mental patients a chance not to be seen as mentally ill, called mentally ill, or treated as if they were mentally ill. Many persons seen as ill need time, space, and encouragement to do, and be, more than they have been allowed before. We propose to make this possible.

WHAT WE PLAN

We plan to create a center where persons in emotional crises can go for help and to live. The center will be open to anyone regardless of depth of distress.

Some residents will live there as an on-going community, because they wish to help others in distress. Others, "guests" who need help, will live with them for limited periods. The guests will arrive and leave voluntarily; they will be free to hold outside jobs or not, to keep their own hours, and to spend time as they like. They can arrange whatever outside professional and social help they wish.

Since crises are not always within one individual, a married couple, a whole family, or other small groups could be guests together at the center.

YOU CAN HELP US

You can give us the benefit of your experience and ideas where relevant.

You can help us obtain and furnish premises.

You can put us in touch with others who can help us.

You can give us financial aid: a donation, interest-free loan, Deed of Covenant, Bequest of money or property.

The Arbours Housing Association invites you to join with one hundred friends who by contributing $75 each will provide the down payment for our London center. Upon doing so you will be considered a Founder Builder of the Arbours Housing Association and will be kept up to date about all our activities.

___I am pleased to contribute $75 towards the down payment of the Arbours house. Enclosed is my check/money order.

___I am pleased to contribute $75 towards the down payment of the Arbours house. I should also like to contribute the additional sum of _____ to be used for the conversion, furnishing or maintenance of the house. Enclosed is my check/money order.

Name _____

Address _____

_____

_____

Kindly return to:
The Arbours Housing Association Ltd.
c/o Dr. Joseph Berke, Treasurer
31 Randolph Avenue
London W.9. England

CLASSIFIED ADS

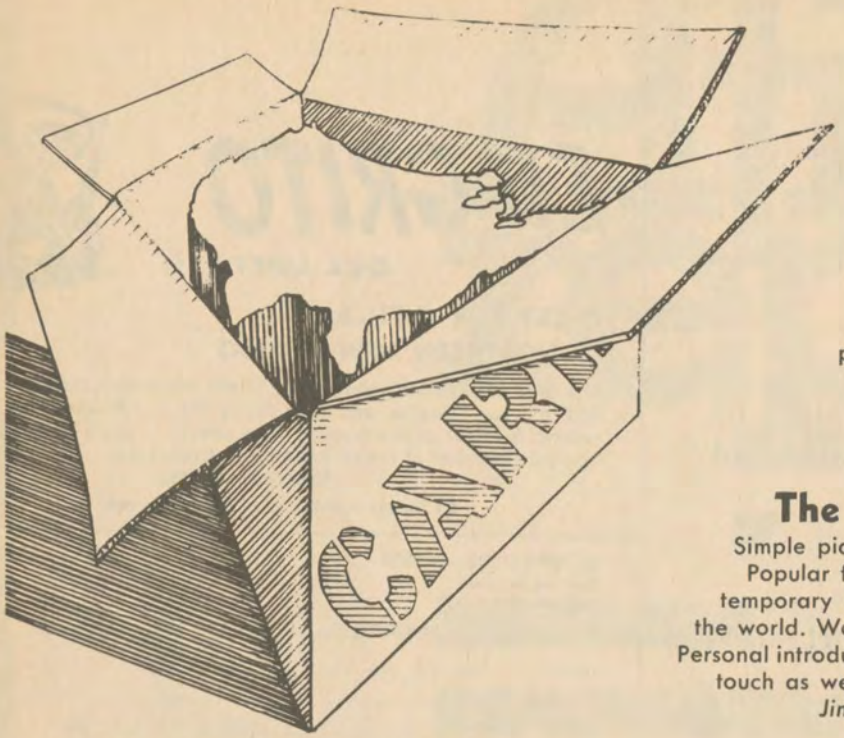
EUROPEAN TRAVEL STUDY SEMINAR, "Contemporary European Civilization," a six week program of study and travel, July 15—August 26, 1971, Paris, London, the "low countries" (Brussels, Amsterdam, Cologne, Bonn, Luxembourg), international faculty, four hours optional college credit. Total costs $975.00, partial scholarships available, Dr. Ray Clements, George Washington University, 2106 G St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20037 (703) 676-6328

NEEDED: DIRECTOR FOR NATIONAL OFFICE OF PROMOTION AND COMMUNICATIONS. Requirements: strong Christian commitment, Relevant experience and training, Ability to motivate and manage, Creativity and flexibility. Salary Range: $12,900 to $19,300. Please send resume of experience and a letter of introduction to: A. J. Poppen, Office of Human Resources, Reformed Church of America, 475 Riverside Drive, N.Y. N.Y. 10027

"ONE OF THE BEST PUBLICATIONS in the country remains *The Texas Observer.* It focuses on Texas politics, to be sure, but we have learned in recent years that what happens down there must eventually affect us up here.

Its pages have contained writers like Larry King, Ronnie Dugger, William Brammer, Willie Morris, John Rechy, Larry McMurtry, Elroy Bode, and others from the Southern liberal school, a school by the way that writes a hell of a lot more gracefully and clearly than the Northeastern branch."—*Pete Hamill, New York Post, Dec. 18, 1969.*

Sample copy free, $7 a year to subscribe. **The Texas Observer,** 504-F, West 24th, Austin, Texas 78705.



Can Man Care For the Earth?

Having broken his covenant with God, the Christian layman must now assume his responsibility for the awesome destruction now taking place on his planet. Material from religious sources as well as secular ones initiates serious discussion. *Edited by Richard L. Heiss; Noel F. McInnis. Paper, $1.95*

The Dust & Ashes Songbook

Simple piano accompaniment with guitar chords. Popular folk singers, Dust & Ashes, present contemporary expressions of faith in God's work in the world. Words and music are completely original. Personal introductions to each song add an inspirational touch as well as insight into the author's concerns. *Jim Moore with Tom Page. Paper, $1.50*

Strangers at the Door

Vedantists, Yoga, Baha'i, Perfect Liberty, Soka Gakkai, the Jesus People—these are a few of the "strangers at the door." *Marcus Bach* has written an in-depth interpretation of each faith and of its implications for today's Christian. *$3.95*

CARE FOR OUR COUNTRY?

Contemporary Posters

War, peace, love, hate, drugs, pollution, God and a world without Him—the cries of a world in anguish are captured in these eighteen original posters. Themes are timeless, and sayings range from the Bible to Martin Luther King, Jr. Appropriate for walls, ceilings—just use your imagination. Some are in four colors; others black and white. 17"x22". Individually tubed. Each, $1.50

at your local bookstore
abingdon

Motive
Readership Questionaire

Please fill out and return to: *motive* P.O. Box 871
Nashville, Tenn. 37202
You do not have to list your name.

1. Age____
2. Male___ Female___
3. Race_____ Nationality_____
4. Marriage status_____ Number of Children if any___
5. Occupation_____
6. Do you live in: Rural area___ Small City___ Medium City___ Large City___ Suburbs___

7. If you are a student, What is your major? ____ , Year in school____

8. What is the size of your school's student body ____

9. What type of school is it? Two year___ Four year___

10. Is your school: Public___ Private–church related___ Private–non profit___

11. What is your living situation? Dormitory___ House___ Apartment___ Commune___ Other (please specify)_____

12. What is your family's political background? Conservative___ Middle of the road___ Liberal___ Radical___

13. Where do you now stand politically? Conservative___ Middle of the road___ Liberal___ Radical___

14. What is your religious background? Protestant___ Catholic___ Jewish___ Other (please specify)_____

15. What is your church attendance? Regular___ Irregular___ Never___

16. Please check the bracket of your family's total yearly income–That is, the income of all members of the family put together. Please include fellowships, scholarships, etc. Under $5,000___ $5,000 to $7,000___ $7,000 to $10,000___ $10,000 to $20,000___ $20,000 and more___

17. If you are a student either partially or completely supported by your parents, please check the bracket of your monthly budget–excluding tuition, room and board. $1 to $25___ $25 to $50___ $50 to $75___ $75 to $125___ $125 to $200___ $200 and over___

18. Do you own any of the following audio-visual equipment?
___tape recorder
___slide projector
___film projector

19. How many tapes or records did your purchase in the following categories during the past year?
___classical ___Country and Western
___folk ___Jazz
___rock ___Musical comedy
___popular ___spoken

20. How many of the following types of books did you purchase during the last year?
Paperback___ Hard cover___

21. How many of the above were text books?_____

22. How many of the total number of books were: fiction___ non-fiction___

23. What book has influenced you most in the past year?_____

24. What movie has influenced you most in the past year?_____

25. Where did you first see motive?
___Library
___Church
___Friend's House
___Promotional Literature
___Bookstore or Newsstand
___Other (please specify)

26. Approximately how many people beside yourself read your copy of motive?___

27. How much time do you spend reading an average issue of motive?
One hour or less___ more than one hour___

28. What issue of the past year have you liked the best?___

29. In a short sentence tell what you like about motive.
_____

30. Tell what you dislike about motive.
_____

31. Visually, how do you find the magazine?

easy to read___	disjointed___
cluttered___	pleasing___
lively___	hard to read___

other (please specify)

32. What types of articles and features have you enjoyed most in motive this year? (Check five favorites)

LIFE-STYLE SERIES
___"Well ma, its a 'livin' " (Oct.)
___"Kingsley Hall" (Dec.)
___"Of the Common Life" (Feb.)
___"La Cooperativa" (March)
___"Spring Feature" (Apr./May)

ANALYSIS OF CURRENT HAPPENINGS
___"Desegregate Now" (Oct.)
___"Rape of Black Mesa" (Nov.)
___"Back to the 50's" (Dec.)
___"Political Economy of Junk" (March)
___"Report from Cochiti Pueblo" (Apr./May)

THEORIES AND IDEAS
___"Dynamics of the New Left" (Oct. & Nov.)
___"1990 Constitution and responses (March & Apr./May)
___"Babylon" (Apr./May)
___"Post-Scarcity Radical . . . " (Apr./May)

PHOTO ESSAYS
___"Berrigan" (Nov.)
___"North Vietnam" (Feb.)
___"Angola" (Feb.)

OTHER (Please Specify)

33. Do you take a non-violent position on all situations as a matter of principle? Yes___ No___

34. Which of the following social or political areas have you been involved in during the last year? Please indicate amount of involvement.

___WOMEN'S LIBERATION
___devoted no time/energy
___devoted small amount of time/energy
___devoted large amount of time/energy
___devoted all available time/energy

___WORKING FOR RIGHTS OF RACIAL MINORITIES
___devoted no time/energy
___devoted small amount of time/energy
___devoted large amount of time/energy
___devoted all available time/energy

___SAVING THE ENVIRONMENT
___Devoted no time/energy
___devoted small amount of time/energy
___devoted large amount of time/energy
___devoted all available time/energy

___ANTI-WAR, ANTI-DRAFT
___devoted no time/energy
___devoted small amount of time/energy
___devoted large amount of time/energy
___devoted all available time/energy

___GAY LIBERATION
___devoted no time/energy
___devoted small amount of time/energy
___devoted large amount of time/energy
___devoted all available time/energy

___ELECTORAL POLITICS
___devoted no time/energy
___devoted small amount of time/energy
___devoted large amount of time/energy
___devoted all available time/energy

___ALTERNATIVE HEALTH, EDUCATION PROGRAMS (free schools, etc.)
___devoted no time/energy
___devoted small amount of time/energy
___devoted large amount of time/energy
___devoted all available time/energy

35. In your opinion, what are the most important issues facing your school or local community at this time?

_____

36. Is there anything that you are concerned about that you haven't seen dealt with in any publication?

_____

37. What other periodicals do you read? Please list by titles.

_____

PHOTOGRAPH JOSEPH LEVINE

motive

index

VOLUME XXXI / 1970-71 / ISSUES
October, 1970
November, 1970
December, 1970
January, 1971
February, 1971
March, 1971
April/May, 1971

abc

def

ghijk

lmno

pqr

stu

vwxyz


RC Gorman 1971