

PEACE AND FREEDOM THRU NON-VIOLENT ACTION

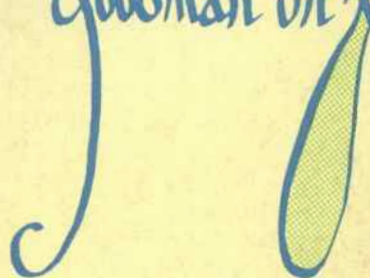
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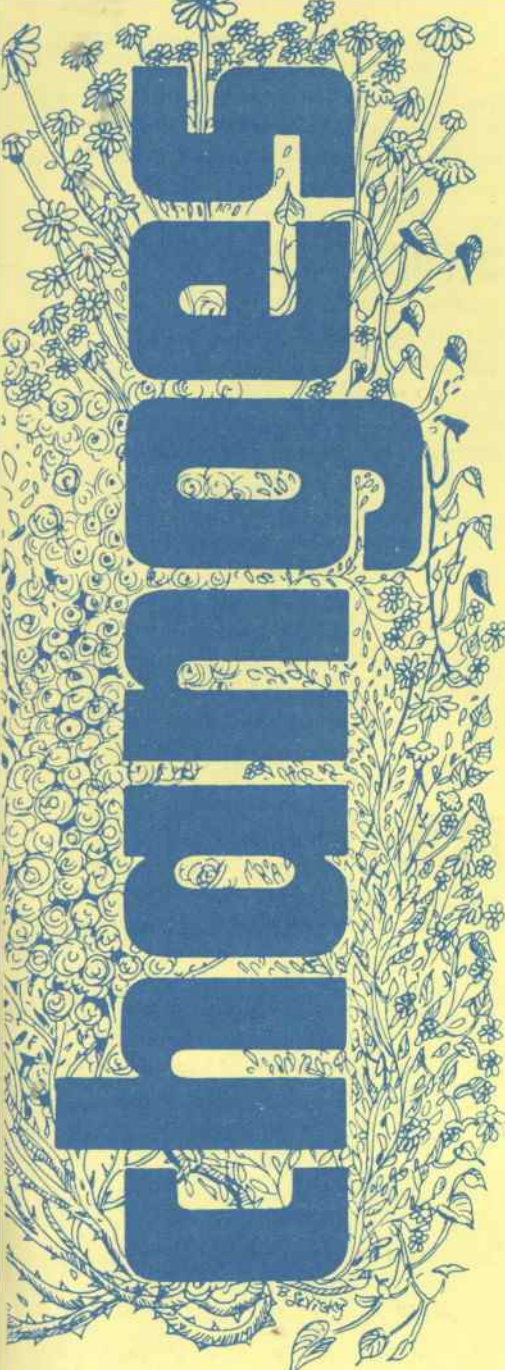


Feb. 15 1972 30¢

Chavez on lettuce.

Goodman on anarchism. Junkies on revolution





which wants to overthrow the government and which was planning to violently disrupt the nation's capital. I told her this was nonsense, but she was furious and forced me to leave. 'I don't want any trouble and the FBI is trouble,' she explained. 'I never did receive that Mayday mailing from WRL.'

—J.P.

HAWAIIANS PROTEST AIR WAR

This past week, January 11-13, a group of peace people took the issues of the air war and the "electronic battlefield" to an international computer conference being held at the University of Hawaii. Although a portion of the conference was devoted to medical applications of computers, representatives of more than 15 of the top 100 war contractors in the country were in attendance, as well as others from the various military research laboratories. It seemed to us to be no accident that such a conference was being held here, as Hawaii is virtually a military colony rather than a state. War is by far the state's largest industry, and the headquarters of the Pacific Air Forces and the U.S. Army Pacific (responsible for the operations in Southeast Asia) are both located here.

Building on the theme, "Who is Responsible?", we picketed and leafletted the participants as they arrived on campus. Possibly the most gratifying remark heard was uttered by a bewildered computer freak who muttered "looks just like Berkeley." On the second day, we set up a peace center in a room alongside the regular conference sessions, with literature on the electronic battlefield and a tape of the "Winter Soldier" testimony. We were able to rap with quite a few computer people, and established a number of good contacts. That afternoon, a discussion was held on "War Crimes and Professional Responsibility" which was sparsely attended but which led to the planning of further actions.

The next day, a group of us attended a regular session being led by a representative from Kentron Hawaii, a subsidiary of Ling-Temco-Vought and Hawaii's largest war contractor. About 20 people crowded into the small room and attempted to discuss Kentron's role in the continuing war and the military expansion throughout the Pacific area.

Our presence at the conference received good press, and coincided with a "Stop the Air War" campaign being launched by Liberated Barracks, Hawaii's only GI organizing effort, and Catholic Action of Hawaii. Beginning

with a demonstration at Hickam A.F. Base yesterday, the campaign is expected to continue over the next few months.

—Ian Y. Lind

ARREST OF SAIGON STUDENT LEADER

Huynh Tan Mam, chairman of the Provisional Representative Body of the Students of South Vietnam, a group which represents student unions from all five major universities in South Vietnam, was arrested at 11:00 A.M. on January 5 after he attended a meeting at the Faculty of Medicine, University of Saigon. As he left the University building on the back of a friend's Honda, four men in plain clothes, also on Hondas, arrested Mam, handcuffed him, hailed a passing Military Police jeep and pushed him inside. Mam was carried away in the jeep.

The friend carrying Mam on his Honda was Dr. Nguyen van Lang, former chairman of the League of Catholic Students. Lang was not arrested.

Since October 1971, 61 students in Saigon have been arrested, but as yet none have been released or brought to trial.

Friends believe that one reason for Mam's arrest at this time is a statement that he issued on January 2 strongly opposing American policy in Indochina and calling on his fellow students, countrymen, and people around the world to intensify the struggle against the Nixon administration's prolongation and expansion of the war.

Saigon Student Association
(Independent)

"TO END REPRESSION AND BLOODSHED IN NORTHERN IRELAND"

This is the heading on a WRI leaflet whose massive distribution was initiated in Belfast on New Year's Day.

"The campaign is not limited to Great Britain," states WRI. "We would like to see the leaflet distributed in every country where our sections and fraternal groups can handle it — at places like Thomas Cook Travel Agencies, BOAC, British embassies and consulates, universities where there may be British students, etc."

Asserting that "It is time to recognize that there can be no military solution to the problem of Northern Ireland," the leaflet calls for a 3-point program: "1. End internment and re-

A SNOOPY STORY

A belated but interesting story of FBI snooping has been sent us by Steve Hodes. It occurred last spring in Denver when he was working with a group planning for Maydays in D.C.

"Sometime in April, I took a 5-day trip out of town and on my return was informed by my landlady that the FBI had visited her," Hodes writes. "They asked for me and showed her a letter addressed to me, unpostmarked, from WRL. They told her that WRL stands for War Resisters League which they described as a Communist front group

lease all political prisoners; 2. Withdraw British troops; 3. Recognize the right of all people to self-determination."

The leaflet is available from WRL — single copies free, \$1 per 100. —J.P.

MARJ SWANN GETS PEACE AWARD

Marjorie Swann, characterized in "In Woman's Soul," this year's WRL peace calendar as "guiding spirit of New England CNVA, militant protestor against war, conscription and militarism — often taking her witness to prison," received the League's annual peace award for 1971. The award was presented by WRL Chairman Igal Roodenko at the annual dinner December 4 at Greenwich Village Peace Center.

On the page devoted to her in the calendar, Marj writes: "People ask,

'What have you accomplished?' It is very difficult sometimes to say what you have accomplished in these almost ten years (with CNVA), and it is also hard to know whether the good things that are happening — the greater awareness, the growing peace and freedom movement, the change in attitudes in young people, the increasing outspokenness of a number of Congressmen and of church people and others — are in any way due to OUR accomplishments, or whether they would have happened in any case. We like to think we have had a hand in all this, but then we take another look and are appalled at all that has not yet happened — at the threats to human and other life on earth — and we do not know whether to be discouraged and cynical or to push ourselves to even greater effort."

The latter course is the one chosen by Marj over the years.

A surprise speaker at the dinner was Lanza del Vasto, a longtime pacifist outstanding in Western Europe, who happened to be visiting the U.S. Food for the dinner was potluck, supplied by various WRLers in the New York area. The Peace Center walls were adorned with the Cuban children's art work which the MONDVIVITANO crew brought back from Havana last May in exchange for U.S. children's paintings and drawings. (WIN readers who would like to exhibit the Cuban children's art work in their community should contact Peter Kiger at WRL.) —J.P.

NOT "HYPOCRITICAL?"

On Jan. 7 the Corporation Information Center of the National Council of Churches made public a report that

HOME FOLKS

marilyn albert
beth arnold
lance belville
diana davies
ralph di gia
jen elodie
leah fritz
neil haworth
marty jezer
peter kiger
dorothy lane

elliott linzer
jackson maclow
dick margulis
david mcneynolds
jim peck
tad richards
igal roodenko
fred rosen
nancy rosen
brian wester
mike wood

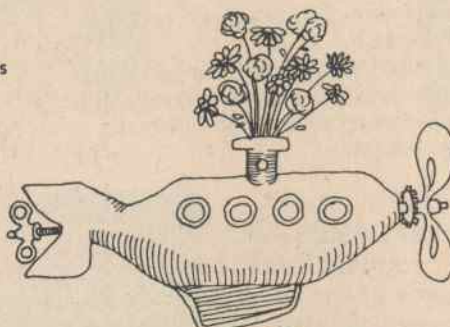
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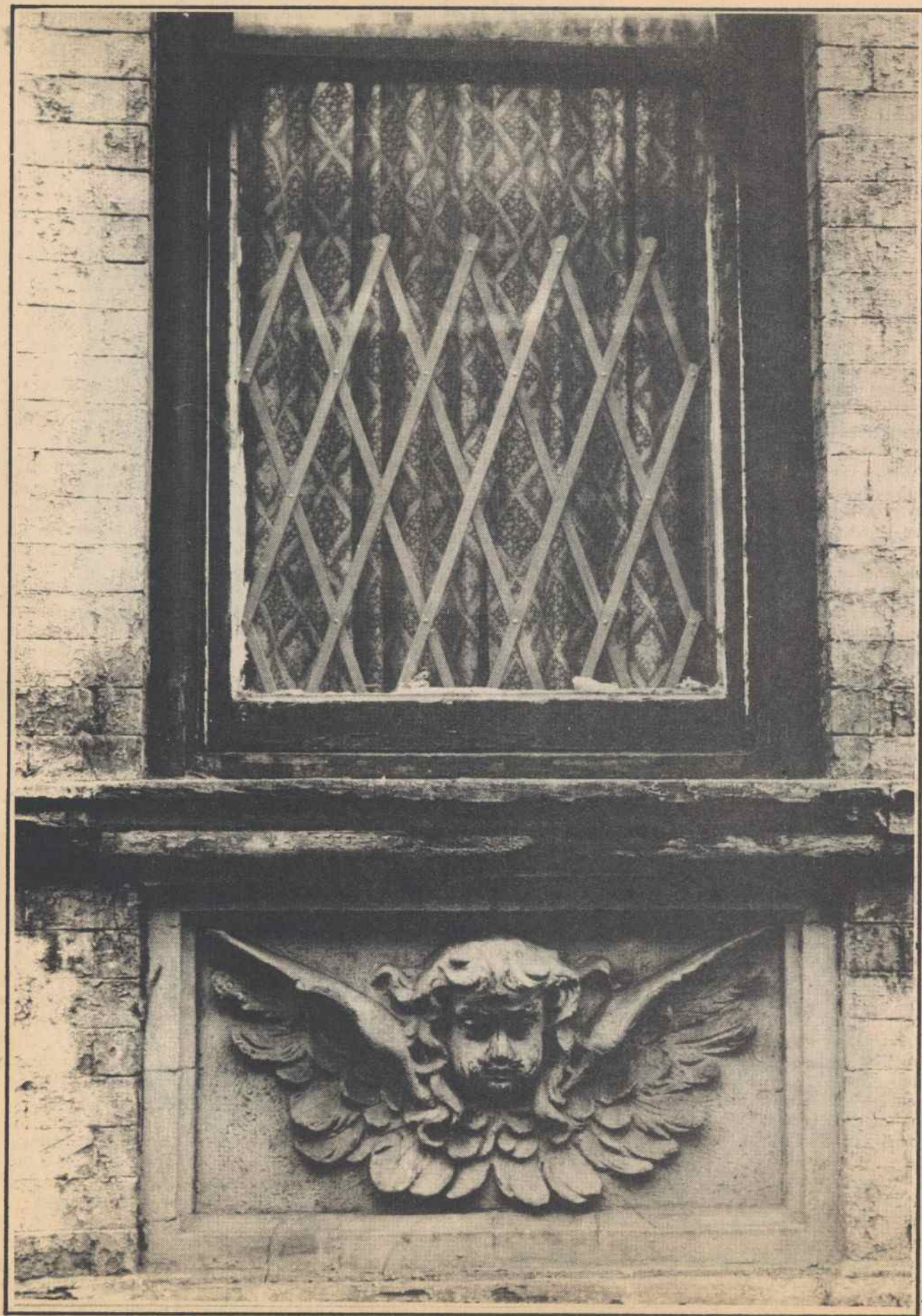
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Cover photo: Diane Ghisone

February 15, 1972

Volume III, Number 3



DIANA DAVIES - E. 3rd. ST. N.Y.C.

Kicking it: Methadone, Therapy or Revolution

Early last summer twenty-one sailors and marines stationed in San Diego went off to an old ranch house in the California mountains to spend a weekend listening to records and rapping with twelve officers and seven chaplains who accompanied them. They were junkies, and they were the first to participate in a new program called CREDO (Chaplains Relevance to the Emerging Drug Order).

As the "drug order" emerges, Navy chaplains aren't the only ones rushing in to get a piece of the action. All over the country clinics, halfway-houses and counseling centers are springing up. Local governments, big hospitals, churches, settlement houses — nearly everyone seems to be moving in on the drug scene.

A Growth Industry

Like pollution control, drug prevention has become a growth industry. The same big businesses and institutions which contributed to the problem in the first place now race to control new avenues of profits in the field of prevention. Their "cures," however, never touch the heart of the problem, for they are themselves part of it. Drug companies turn out new miracle drugs to "substitute" for and cure the heroin habit; police who stood idly by while racketeers preyed on the poor now use the drug panic to demand police reinforcements to control the poor; medical empires which could have cared less about helping poor people solve their addiction problem call for millions for research and drug prevention centers.

And now President Nixon, announcing that drug addiction has "assumed the dimensions of a national emergency", has asked Congress for \$155 million to support rehabilitation projects. Where is all this money going? What are these programs all about?

Methadone Treatment

Most of the new government money will be used to expand what are known as "methadone maintenance" programs. Supporters of this approach hold that addiction is primarily a physical problem, a sickness that needs to be treated medically. Once someone is hooked on heroin (the reasons this happened are not inquired into), the chemical make-up of the body's cells is changed, they argue. A permanent physiological need is created that can only be satisfied by a fix, of heroin or of some substitute drug like methadone.

Methadone was invented by the Germans during World War II. (They called it Adolfeine, in honor of Hitler.) Its effects are almost the same as heroin's: both get you high, both tend to require everincreasing doses, and both produce extremely painful symptoms in withdrawal . . . In fact, the biggest difference between the two is that methadone is legal.

Many hospitals and clinics use small doses of methadone to ease the pain of withdrawal from heroin. Nearly everyone agrees that such treatment, known as "methadone withdrawal" or "methadone detoxification", can be very helpful to junkies trying to kick their habits. The controversy comes over methadone "maintenance" programs that provide daily doses of

methadone, presumably for the rest of the addict's life. Defenders of methadone maintenance point out that no program of complete withdrawal has ever worked very well, that at least methadone addicts don't have to steal to support their habits, and that doses can be regulated so that the patient won't nod out or get sick. They hope that by providing methadone they can help addicts to function normally, at home, school, or work.

Scientific Evidence Skimpy

Methadone programs have gotten lots of publicity, but the scientific evidence backing up their claims of success is pretty skimpy. In fact, the latest study (reported in *Biomedical News*, July, 1971) showed that after fourteen months of methadone maintenance 37 out of 40 patients studied were using heroin again, and of the other three one was using speed and another barbiturates. Even for people who stay "clean" on methadone, it's proven hard to return to the straight world: in New York City, for instance, the three largest employers have a firm policy of refusing to hire methadone patients.

But the problem isn't just that methadone doesn't keep junkies straight. For one thing, what little research has been done on its long-term effects has produced some frightening results: one study suggests that methadone may be dangerous to blood marrow, causing severe pain in bones if used too long. Yet methadone is being distributed all over the country, to tens of thousands of black and brown people, GI's and working-class kids. One scientist doing research on methadone recalls that heroin was first introduced as a cure for morphine addiction, before doctors realized how dangerous the new drug was. The way methadone is being used today, he said, is "so similar it sends shivers up my back."

Still Strung Out

Methadone maintenance substitutes a legal drug for an illegal one, but it still leaves the patient strung out, still unable to function without a chemical prop and sluggish with one. And once you're on methadone maintenance you're on it for life (unless of course you go back to junk). With heroin spreading and methadone following, we seem to be on the verge of a "brave new world" where millions of people live out their lives on government-supplied drugs. Instead

of dealing with the real problems that push people to drugs, methadone maintenance merely tries to return them to "normal"; that is, to keep them quiet and under control.

And in the process it gives the government an incredible degree of power over the addict's life. Patients who have to report to a clinic once or twice a day can't go very far away, and they can't very well afford to disobey any orders from their official suppliers. Clinics always reserve the right to screen applicants for methadone and reject those they don't wish to maintain; in New York some clinics have refused to help addicts who wear black liberation pins to the clinic. Puerto Rican and black people are realizing that methadone is another weapon of the white power structure to pacify their communities. As methadone programs move to white neighborhoods as well, white people are starting to have the same fears. Larry, a veteran, came back from the Army to find most of his old friends on methadone. "Puppets," he called them, "puppets — that's all they are. Go here on Monday, there on Tuesday, whatever the government says, they have to do."

Law and Order

Methadone maintenance, for all its disadvantages, may be the only humane solution now available for a few hard-core addicts. But it should only be used as a last resort, after all else has failed. Unfortunately, that's not what's happening: many clinics only provide methadone maintenance, not even giving the addict a chance to withdraw. The Federal government is spending a fortune to open new methadone maintenance centers all over the country. It may be a dead end for junkies, but that doesn't bother Nixon and his friends. As long as it'll produce a little of their kind of law and order (where everyone else shuts up and they run the country), they're for it.

A doctor who heads one of the better withdrawal clinics in the Boston area summed it up this way: "The question is, does one want to create this type of society — a society where people come once or twice a day or whatever to drink their Tang spiked with methadone, after waiting in long lines like robots, dependent not only on the methadone, but dependent and subservient to the government policy and system that is supplying the prop?"

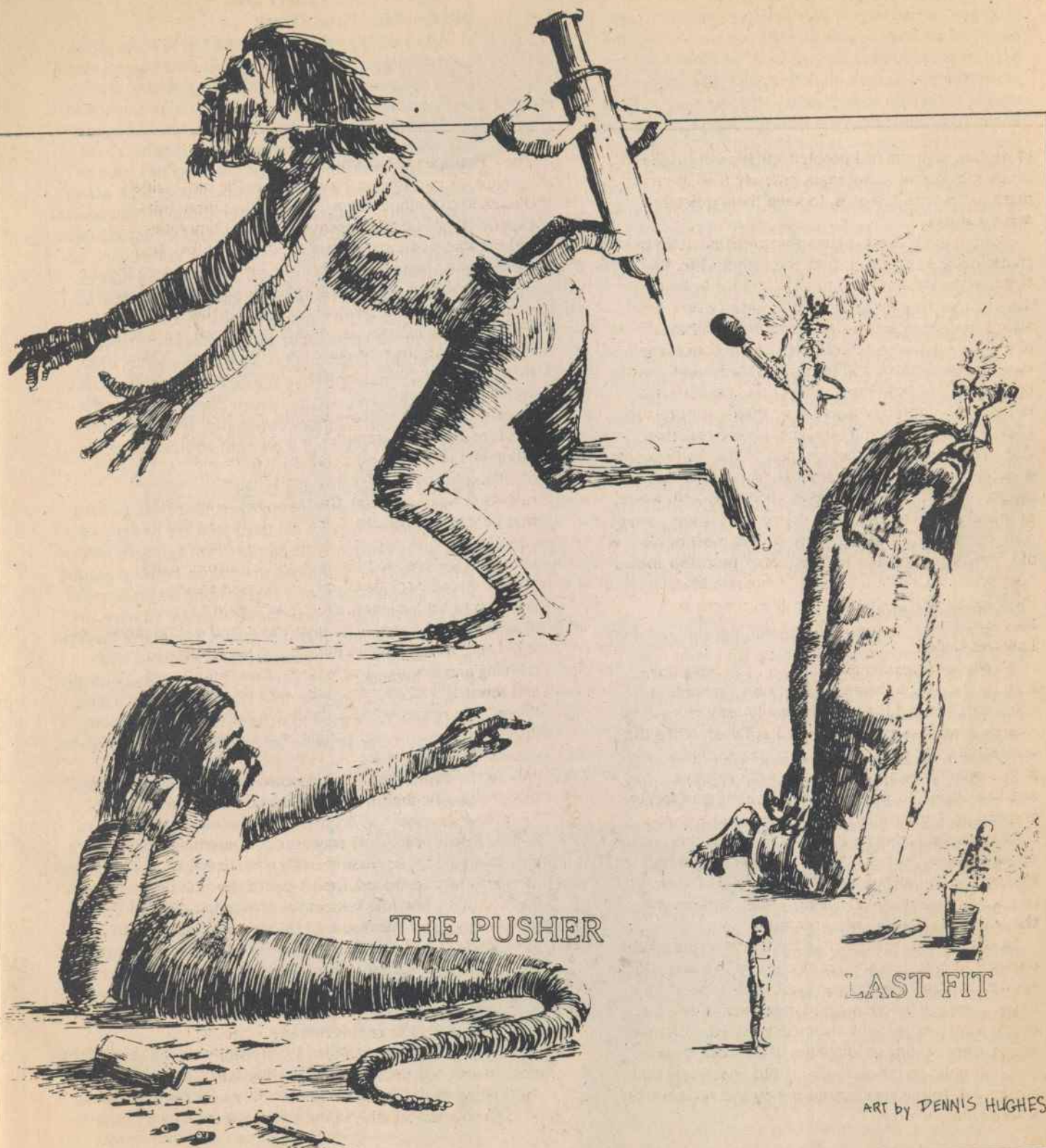
The "Therapeutic Community"

Next to methadone maintenance, the most widely discussed technique is the "therapeutic community", the live-in rehabilitation center. Such communities also assume that addiction is an individual problem; like methadone programs they put the emphasis not on the social conditions that encourage addiction, but on the weaknesses of the individual addict. But they consider the psychological aspects of addiction much more fundamental than the physical ones. They too try to return their patients to "normal", but by transforming their personalities.

In the therapeutic communities the patients live together in large communal houses, under the supervision of a director and a staff of trained aides (most of them ex-junkies). The residents live under a set of rules that rigidly enforce the standards of behavior that people in our society are told to live by. In most communities the rules say no drugs, no alcohol, no physical violence, no homosexuality (in some cases no heterosexual relationships are allowed either), no criticism of the program, and no deviation from traditional sex-roles. Men take leadership and do the physical work; women obey the men and serve them by cooking and sewing. A strict system of punishment and rewards backs up the rules. Addicts who are "good" are rewarded with praise from the staff, privileges like free time and the use of a car, and responsibility over other patients; those who behave "negatively" are punished by loss of position and sometimes by having their heads shaved.

Encounter Groups

The key to the whole process is supposed to be the encounter group. In these sessions a dozen or so addicts assemble to discuss their experiences and feelings, usually under the leadership of ex-addict staff members. In each meeting one individual is singled out for the rest of the group to question, bait, and criticize. These "verbal street fights" go on anywhere from three to 36 hours, with the staff encouraging addicts to be as honest as possible and as violent (verbally) as they feel. The goal is to expose the addicts' personality — to shatter the fears, the illusions, the defense mechanisms, the techniques of manipulating others and fooling oneself that are part of everyone's psychological make-up. Ideally, the self-awareness this pro-



THE PUSHER

LAST FIT

ART by DENNIS HUGHES

cess develops will make it possible for the addict to cope with life without drugs.

Different communities work in different ways, and every junkie responds differently. Some of the programs rely so heavily on rules and regulations and punishments and rewards that the residents come to need them; as soon as they go back on the street, where there is no such discipline, they go back to smack. If they do stay straight, it's often because their community experience has trained them to accept the same kind of arbitrary authority and cultural strait jacket that society asks them and all of us to tolerate.

Sometimes it works better than that. The rules and punishments, strict as they are, may help the ex-junkies to recover some order and stability in their lives. Good encounter groups can help participants to understand how smack serves as an escape from the real problems and restore their confidence in themselves and in their ability to function in society.

From "Community" to . . . ?

Even when it works, more often than not it doesn't last. Back on the street, in the middle of a hostile and competitive society, the ex-junkie loses the security and support that the good community provided. For black and Puerto Rican kids, it's back to the ghetto, where there are still no jobs, still no decent housing, still enough despair to infect all but the most determined, and still smack on every corner. For white kids too it's getting to be pretty much the same story. They may have a better chance at a job, but it's likely to be so boring and oppressive they'd rather go back to drugs.

Enormous Expense

In any case, therapeutic communities can only handle a tiny percentage of the addicts who want treatment. The whole procedure takes years, and the expense is enormous (Synanon, the pioneer therapeutic community, demands \$1000 in cash from each new resident, thus automatically excluding nearly all black and Puerto Rican junkies, and most whites, too.) Besides most of these programs will only take the junkies they believe will fit in. Before they are admitted, applicants are carefully tested and interviewed, their clothing is judged for neatness, and they are made to take part in a trial encounter group. After all that, anyone the staff doesn't like is excluded.

Some new programs are borrowing from the therapeutic community techniques without accepting them completely. For instance, many methadone withdrawal clinics, such as those now being opened by the VA, combine medical care with optional "rap groups" (less intensive versions of the encounter group) under the leadership of ex-junkies. At their best, these programs can provide a friendly environment in which addicts can share their feelings, recover their confidence, and learn that their problems are not unique.

Such clinics, if combined with good rap groups and necessary services like job-training and placement, are probably the best hope among the official programs. But their effectiveness has not been proven either. Like every other program, they turn their graduates back out into the street to face the same society from which they needed to escape into drugs originally. So far, experience has shown that only a small percentage of rehabilitated addicts can resist these pressures for long. In any case, such decent facilities are few and far between. The VA, for instance,

has only 19, serving a maximum of 3800 patients a year. More are opening, but with most federal money going into methadone maintenance, things aren't likely to get very much better soon.

Rehabilitation Picture Bleak

All in all, the rehabilitation picture is bleak. Drug treatment programs are turning into the biggest hustle since the war on poverty, and they generally seem to produce just about as little. As we saw in the section on addiction in the ghetto, only a handful of people have ever been cured of their habits, despite all the money and publicity some of the programs have received. One New York State Narcotics official whose agency provides some "care" for about 11,000 addicts to the tune of \$50 million a year said there have been "a couple hundred cures." And New York City's Addiction Services Agency, with a \$29 million budget in 1970, claimed 79 "cures." They treated 2500 addicts between 1967 and 1970. Phoenix House, the largest of the therapeutic communities in the U.S., has enrolled over 3000 addicts since it opened in 1967, but fewer than 200 have actually graduated successfully. In New York City, which boasts the nation's most intensive treatment programs, it has been estimated that fewer than 3 per cent of those addicted were receiving *any* care at all.

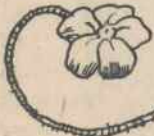
Political Groups Fighting Drugs

The only rehabilitation efforts that seem to have much hope of success are those that try to fight addiction by involving the addict in struggling to change the society that produced the plague. Political groups in the ghetto have found that fighting scag has to be one of their highest priorities if they are to have any chance of winning their liberation. The *Black Muslims* have probably the largest and most effective withdrawal program in the country. Community-controlled clinics in black ghettos, like The Community Thing in Harlem, have tried to offer black pride and commitment to the struggle for freedom as alternatives to drugs.

On the other hand, some programs set up to deal simply with drugs have found themselves moving against the social roots of addiction. Daytop House, one of the big therapeutic communities in New York City, was most successful when it began to encourage its residents to become politically active. When the white businessmen and professionals who sat on the board of trustees fired the director and 60 staff members and insisted that Daytop return to the traditional inward-looking model for the therapeutic community, many of the residents returned to the street and to junk.

The Best Form of Therapy

Politically-oriented programs like these don't deny that the individual junkie needs to change. But they understand that the best context for these personal changes, as well as the best hope for a long-range solution to the whole problem, is a mass movement fighting against racism and poverty. After all, many of the psychological problems that hang up junkies (and a lot of other people, too) come down to self-hatred. We're all told from age one that any of us can succeed if we try hard enough. The other side of that is that if you don't succeed, it's your own fault; if you're trapped, if you're poor, if you can't get a job, it's because you're a piece of shit. Once you get on that kind of self-hate trip, *self-destruction* is the next step, and that's what junk is all about.



The movement, on the other hand, tries to show people how the cards are stacked against most of us from the beginning. If people are miserable, it's not because of their failings, but because a few people are getting rich off of their misery. By providing an alternative explanation and another focus for anger, as well as collective support and some sense of direction, the movement can be the best form of therapy.

More important than helping current addicts, the movement points toward a solution that can save others from the plague in the future. Eliminating poverty and racism, slums and disease, sexism and exploitation, unemployment and alienation would remove the conditions that encourage addiction in the first place. Junk won't disappear from this society until these conditions are dealt with by the people they harm. That will take time, and meanwhile the powerful men who profit from the status quo will seek to bring repression down on every program and movement that threatens them.

China was able to solve its opium problem by starting to build a new society. A revolution for life in this country will hardly be the same as China's. But no matter how long it takes, and how hard it seems, fighting for a better life is the only hope there is.

— from a pamphlet entitled, *The Opium Trail: Heroin and Imperialism*, written collectively by a study group supported by the Committee of Concerned Asian Scholars. Available from them for 25 cents.



Amnesty for

exiles....

Recently Rep. Edward Koch, Dem. NY, put forward a proposal regarding a possible mechanism for repatriating American war exiles. Being a war exile living in Canada, I would like to comment on his formula.

What he proposes is that since we have broken US laws we clearly must be punished; however, because of the extenuating circumstances of the "great moral, social, and political transformations" of the last few years we should not be imprisoned because "jail would only brutalize or break" us. He claims to be taking a middle path between the extremists of the right and left by suggesting a one or two year alternative service program in which we could work off our penalties and prove our loyalty to America. It would not be a senseless punishment, like jail, because the country could use our idealism in the melioration of social ills through our public service. Quite erroneously, he believes that exiles would be quick to jump at the opportunity.

What Mr. Koch fails to comprehend is that many of us would have been quite willing and anxious to accept such a proposal five years ago, indeed, many of us are exiles today precisely because such an alternative was denied to us in the past. The course of events does not stand still, however, and yesterday's formulas become the cruel shams of today.

Beginning as early as 1964 we and others attempted to expose the true dimensions of the war, its inhumanity and illegality. Washington's response, of course, was repression and an unparalleled, purposeful deception of its war policies — past, present, and future.

The Pentagon Papers, the Calley trial, and the current case of Lt. Col. Hebert have conclusively proven our arguments of the past. We acted on our convictions and were declared "criminals" by our government. But the lessons of recent history are abundantly clear: the real lawbreakers have been and are in Washington, not those of us exiled in Canada, in prisons and stockades, and underground in the States.

We were placed in a cul-de-sac where, on the one hand, we would be guilty of breaking international laws such as the Geneva Accords (1954) and committing crimes against humanity, which My Lai has come to represent, if we obeyed the laws of our land. On the other hand, if we felt bound by the international treaties and the laws of humanity, we would become transgressors of US laws. To us the "crime" of not participating in such a war pales beside that which our government asked us to commit in the name of democratic citizenship. After the Calley trial and the Pentagon Papers, it should be clear to all that we have been honorably vindicated.

Consequently, to state the matter in the terms Mr. Koch has drawn is merely to continue the insidious game of deception in order to conceal the real contours of the war. We know that we are not criminals in any sense of the word and are confident that a majority of Americans will feel similarly *if* the conundrum, which we merely reflect, is presented clearly and honestly. A great many of us would like to return to the States, but a considerable number of us will choose to remain in Canada. We left the States because we did not want to become criminals of the heart and now feel that a government which has the stain of Indochina on its conscience has no business passing judgment on our "crimes" and meting out punishment, no matter how seemingly tolerant and liberal it may be dressed up. This is not left rhetoric, as Mr. Koch would like to make people believe; it is the logical conclusion of a collective act of conscience.

Mr. Koch says he really wants us to be able to return. If he is sincere, he will support full amnesty and repatriation for all draft dodgers and deserters.

Senator George McGovern has, at the same time, declared his support for a general amnesty for draft dodgers. However, I was quite disappointed that he did not carry his thinking to its natural conclusion. People who were forced into the military by the draft and who have deserted because of their consciable objection to the Indochina war have done so for the very same reasons that have compelled their civilian



DIANE GHISONE



peers to refuse induction into the military. To call for a general amnesty for draft dodgers, on the one hand, and to declare that military deserters be judged on an individual basis, on the other hand, is to confuse what is at issue — conscientious objection to the war. When 1947 Truman amnesty was executed on an individual basis and it was far from being just: 1,523 out of 15,805 draft violators were pardoned as a result of overly stringent criteria.

Deserters are, for the most part, a very different breed of person from draft dodgers. I emphasize "for the most part" because it is important not to contribute to already extant stereotypes. In the main, deserters tend to be of working class origins, poorly educated, and inarticulate about the reasons for their war resistance, whereas draft dodgers tend to be of middle class backgrounds, well educated, and articulate about their objections to the war. Draft dodgers often are able to win parental support or at least some understanding concerning their resistance, but this is much less often the case with deserters. Dodgers usually have had the luxuries of education, family connections, and sympathetic professional advice to help them formulate their thinking before they are confronted with induction. In contrast, the deserter stands quite alone in a hostile military environment, the callousness and brutality of which has made him come to terms with his personal involvement with the military and the war.

The dodger, then, is able to reflect upon his future vis-a-vis the military from a relative position of ease. His decision usually has been an abstract one, based not upon actual experience but upon indirect knowledge and his ability to deal with abstractions. The deserter, however, usually has not given very much prior and precise thought to the military until he is first exposed to it. Usually he is not experienced in dealing with bureaucracies, let alone in a hostile mar-

tial environment. He is often not adept at articulating why he is opposed to further service in the military nor at weighing the abstract pros and cons of desertion. The deserter is apt to react in what appears to be an ingenuine and poorly considered manner, however, this is more the result of being inarticulate in the midst of a hopeless situation rather than not being a genuinely conscientious objector.

Regarding individual adjudication for the deserter, the cards are, of course, stacked against him from the outset. First, he lacks the education which would allow him to present a well considered case. Second, the military has proved to be quite devious in granting CO's to its men. It has treated applicants quite insensitively demanding, among other things, proof that the applicant's conscientious objection had been formed before induction or before ordered to Vietnam. This totally disregards the fact that most GI's did not apply sooner because the odds were very much against them — the mere act of applying often leads to prejudicial treatment in the future — so many gambled that they would not be drafted or ordered to S.E. Asia. For many others, their awareness of the horrors of Indochina was revolutionized by their general military experience and/or contact with returned veterans.

As Senator McGovern has developed the amnesty issue now, it smacks of class politics. Dodgers tend to be middle class, deserters tend to be working class. Amnesty seems to be shaping up as a reasonably permissible issue in the liberal fringes, if, that is, this provides a means to bring middle class sons back into the fold. For the most part, it has not been these privileged families who have had to bear the American agonies of the war — it has been the working class and non-white families. If anyone deserves a general pardon because of objection to the war, it should be those who felt it was wrong in their gut but lacked the ability to convince authorities of their feelings.

If deserters must be judged individually, they should be judged by broadly based Presidential appointed tribunals (as British CO's were judged in World Wars I and II) rather than by local draft boards or military officials. Local draft boards have not been qualified or seriously interested in the determination of CO's; their function has been to fulfill draft quotas. In a postwar situation, they will more than likely be more concerned with justifying past policies than administering justice. These tribunals should include people who have been opposed to the war since at least 1968, for they will be better able to appraise an individual's sincerity than someone who has consistently supported the war. Also there should be substantial non-white as well as progressive labor representation. Moreover, in the light of the Calley trial, which exposed the bald inhumanity of the war, and the publication of the Pentagon papers, which has clearly delineated Washington's duplicity, there must be provisions made for selective conscientious objection — America's conduct of this war has been proven beyond a doubt to have been especially evil and unjust. Selective conscientious objection is extremely important since the absence of this criterion has forced many men to defy the draft or to desert, whereas otherwise many could have qualified as legitimate

— Jack



Another Veteran for Peace

Some time ago, an American soldier who had been decorated for bravery in an Asian war decided to return the medal he had won to the United States government. He sent the following letter to the Secretary of War:

Sir: — After thinking the matter over for some time I have decided to send back this trinket to your Department, having no further use for such baubles, and enable you to give it to some one who will appreciate it more than I do.

It speaks to me of faithful service, of duty well done, of friendships inseparable, friendships cemented by dangers and hardships and sufferings shared in common in camp and in the field. But, sir, it also speaks to me of bloodshed — possibly some of it unavoidably innocent — in defence of loved ones, of homes; homes in many cases but huts of grass, yet cherished none the less.

It speaks of raids and burnings, of many prisoners taken and, like vile beasts, thrown in the foulest of prisons. And for what? For fighting for their homes and loved ones.

It speaks to me of G.O. 100, with all its attendant horrors and cruelties and sufferings; of a country laid waste with fire and sword; of animals useful to man wantonly killed; of men, women, and children hunted like wild beasts, and all this in the name of Liberty, Humanity, and Civilization.

In short, it speaks to me of War — legalized murder, if you will — upon a weak and defenceless people. We have not even the excuse of self-defence.

Yours sincerely, R.R. No. 3
Wm. Buwalda Hudsonville, Michigan

William Buwalda was a lifer; he had served fifteen years in the U.S. Army with an excellent record. What causes such a change in a man's thinking? Sometimes seeing the realities of war has been enough. In Buwalda's case, the realities of peace were more important.

After returning from overseas, he was stationed at the San Francisco Presidio. One evening, out of curiosity, he attended a large public meeting to listen to a notorious radical speaker. Impressed but not converted, Buwalda sought out the speaker after the meeting and shook hands. He was wearing his Army uniform.

Back at his base, Buwalda was promptly arrested; it turned out that plain-clothes policemen had followed him from the lecture and reported him to the military authorities. For this "crime," notwithstanding his 15 years service, Buwalda was court-martialled, dismissed from the Army, and sentenced to five years imprisonment on Alcatraz island. He had not earlier believed the radical speaker's indictment of American institutions, but his own experiences changed his mind. When asked at the trial what that dangerous radical had done for him which led him to mix with subversives, he answered: "She has made me think!"

Buwalda's Commanding Officer, a certain General Funston, took a different view of the matter: "The first duty of an officer or an enlisted man is unquestioned obedience and loyalty to the government, and it makes no difference whether he approves of that government or not." In the opinion of this patriot, Buwalda's action was "a serious crime equal to treason." However, General Funston did reduce the sentence to three years.

William Buwalda, in fact, spent "only" one year in prison before being pardoned by the President, doubtless as a result of public agitation against the conviction. He came out a very different man from the "loyal" career soldier he had once been, and soon afterward he wrote the letter which is quoted above. He joined the radical movement whose meeting had led to his arrest, and worked to lead others away from their "duty" of "unquestioned obedience and loyalty to the government." The Vietnam war — as a small recompense for the misery it has made — has given to America many such "traitors."

But William Buwalda did not fight in Vietnam. He helped to "pacify" another Asian people who did not want the blessings of American rule, a people who lived in the Phillipine Islands. The lecturer who had made him think was the anarchist Emma Goldman. And the date of Buwalda's letter to Secretary of War Dickinson was April 6, 1909.

— John Lamperti from *THE VERMONT FREEMAN*



The Venceremos Brigade, which is about to send its fifth contingent of North Americans to work in Cuban agriculture, has issued a policy statement excluding activists from the gay liberation movement from the ranks of the Brigade. Following are excerpts from the Brigade policy statement, as published in its semi-secret internal organ, "Turquino," and a statement written in reply to the Brigade by Allen Young, who, visited Cuba twice, in 1969 and 1971, and worked on the preparation of the first Venceremos Brigade in 1969 prior to his involvement with the gay movement.

—WIN

Through many discussions in the past few months, the National Committee of the Venceremos Brigade (BV) has formulated several conclusions concerning the practice of the gay liberation movement. And from these, we have developed a policy concerning recruitment from the gay movement.

The Cuban people, opening a full discussion on homosexuality, have come to a certain perspective on its origin and its historical development within Cuba. They have done so by examining the role of homosexuals within the revolutionary context of the society. The present conclusion of this discussion is that homosexuality in Cuba is a social pathology left over from the decadent bourgeois order.

We feel that however else the gay movement may be progressing in other aspects of its practice within the US, we believe that the path it has generally

taken regarding Cuba (generally anti-Cuban) is dangerous and incorrect — and must be corrected if the gay movement is to move in a consistently anti-imperialist direction.

Generally, the past activities of the gay North Americans have been destructive. A list of specific activities would include "re-educating the Cubans" (assuming that the situation in Cuba must be the same as that of the US), outright attacks and denunciations on the Cuban Revolution, "boycotts", remaining silent and allowing incorrect tendencies to flourish unchallenged, etc.

* In general, homosexuals in Cuba have not participated in the revolutionary process. They have existed side by side with the Revolution, and are essentially parasites in the revolution. (It must be noted that there are a few exceptions; however, here we are not concerned with individuals and individual actions, but with groups and group actions.) This has been the reality of homosexuals in Cuba; and it is on this basis that their conclusion rests. (This basis has nothing to do with the policy demanding all brigadistas to strive to be consistent anti-imperialists, both in theory and in practice, in words and in action. Cultural imperialist activity is not and will not be tolerated on the BV. Clearly, this is the only logical position that an anti-imperialist project can take.)

These activities are particularly dangerous at this time because they join a cultural imperialist offensive against the Cuban Revolution carried out by US imperialism in an attempt to discredit the Revolution and alienate North Americans from it.

Secondly, the above manifestations tend to distort the gay movement's perspective on Cuba's position on homosexuality in Cuba. This reaches such absurdities as feeling that the Cuban Revolution is "witch-hunting" for homosexuals so as to oppress them because of their homosexuality in Cuba.

In light of this tendency, a high degree of political consciousness is required in order to prevent these distortions from getting out of hand.

Some gay North Americans have said that we are asking them to go "back in the closet." This is a clear example of a distortion of the BV policy demanding all brigadistas to strive to be consistent anti-imperialists, both in theory and in practice, in words and in action. Cultural imperialist activity is not and will not be tolerated on the BV. Clearly, this is the only logical position that an anti-imperialist project can take.

THE POLICY OF THE BRIGADA VENCEREMOS

1. Since there has been no fundamental basis of support in the gay liberation movement for the Cuban Revolution; and since the BV stands for firm solidarity with the Cuban Revolution as its primary objective; we do not see any purpose in recruiting from any movement which at this time does not openly share that objective.

2. As there are some gay North Americans who do share that objective, we will require of them a much higher degree of political consciousness. This is because of several factors. The BV involves activity within the Cuban setting. As guests of the Cuban Revolution, we must also realize that internal questions concerning Cuba's development can only be answered by the Cuban people; answers cannot be imposed from the outside. Only the Cuban people have all of the essential elements to analyze and solve their problems correctly. North Americans, who are usually divorced from a historical understanding of Cuba, have a tendency to totally distort the Cuban Revolution, e.g., the question concerning Cuban homosexuals.

It should be clear that the BV is not pretending to analyze the potential or validity of the gay liberation movement. The potential or validity of any sector in the US movement will be determined by their practice within the context of the anti-imperialist struggle carried out inside the US.

We recognize that progressive people in the gay liberation movement are struggling to overcome the tendencies mentioned above. As it becomes clear from their efforts that a stronghold of support for the Cuban Revolution exists, both in theory and practice, in the broad base of the gay movement (as it does in other progressive sectors in the movement in the US), the BV will respond to that revolutionary direction.

The National Committee of the Venceremos Brigade

The Venceremos Brigade and Gay Liberation: Notes on Oppression, Solidarity and Bureaucracy

The National Committee of the Venceremos Brigade has written a document entitled, "Policy for Recruitment for the Fifth Venceremos Brigade — Specifically Concerning the Gay Liberation Movement." It is not possible in a short space to respond to the entire analysis put forth by the Brigade. I believe that most people reading their document will dismiss it out of hand for its arrogance and its paternalism.

Apparently these people, so turned on by their meetings with Cuban diplomats and their secret sessions with local brigade organizers, have lost sight of what is happening to literally millions of Americans in rebellion against the U.S. government. The fact that so many people have moved beyond the tired rhetoric of the traditional Left — especially those reached by women's liberation and gay liberation — is upsetting to the Brigade committee. Just like the bourgeois psychologists who analyzed SDS in pathological terms, the Brigade mocks us for our "small group mentality" and "bizarre experimentalities with 'new life-styles!'" Their "anti-imperialism" is defined in such a narrow way that they are the arbiters of what is or is not anti-imperialist.

The ruling elite of the United States, through several of its institutions (education, organized religion, the military, the family, psychiatry, etc.), is clearly opposed to gay liberation. I know I am engaged in a meaningful struggle against that ruling elite. If the only way I can be "anti-imperialist" is to blindly support an anti-gay government (that of Cuba) — and I am gay — then we have reached new levels of absurdity. Such an "anti-imperialism" has oppressive ideas built into it; it isn't worth much to those of us who are committed to ideas like equality and justice.

The people running the Venceremos Brigade say a lot about solidarity with Cuba. Their view of the world fails to take into consideration the many levels of oppression, however. As for me and other gay revolutionaries, our actions on the Cuban question go beyond concern with U.S. militarism (and we are concerned) to solidarity with Cuban gay people, who experience very specific and painful oppression in Cuba.

The National Committee of the Venceremos Brigade charges that our actions in solidarity with Cuban gay people aid U.S. imperialism. Our response to that is simple enough: the Brigade's inability to speak out against the oppression of gay people in Cuba, its fawning servile relationship to the anti-gay, male-supremacist Cuban Communist Party, is typical of the way that "revolutionaries" in the U.S. prevent the unity of oppressed people, and this unity is vital to the defeat of imperialism.

The Brigade asserts that the Cuban people have opened "a full discussion on homosexuality." This is pure bullshit. There has been no full discussion, except in terms of repression — That is, how to get rid of homosexuals. Cuban gay people have not been

allowed to participate in these discussions. The conclusions of the Cuban Communist Party about homosexuality are based on misinformation and on a political analysis of homosexuality imported from the Soviet Union (another seat of empire — let's face it.) If Cuban homosexuals feel alienated from "the revolution," it is because the revolution excludes them. In any case, many of those Cuban posters and movies which the Brigade people love so much have been made by Cuban gays. The Brigade people lie when they call Cuban gays "parasites"; these Brigade people do not even know any Cuban gay people.

The Brigade ridicules such "absurdities as feeling that the Cuban revolution is 'witch-hunting' for homosexuals so as to oppress them because of their homosexuality." Such witch-hunting is a day-to-day fact for thousands of gay Cubans, who, by law, are prohibited from any positions which involve contact with young people, or which involve the "prestige" of the revolution. In fact, this means that homosexuals are kept from working as teachers (or from any position in the Ministry of Education), from any position in the Cuban Communist Party or the Young Communist Union, from any diplomatic post, from the medical field, etc. The policy doesn't work 100% efficiently, of course, and the enforcement of the policy is not always possible. For example, the recent declaration of the Congress on Education and Culture suggests that homosexuals no longer be permitted in cultural institutions, but the many known homosexuals in the theatre, dance, art and cinema remain there for the time being. What such policies and declarations accomplish is the creation of an atmosphere of fear, mistrust and self-hatred instead of love and self-respect, among Cuban gay people.

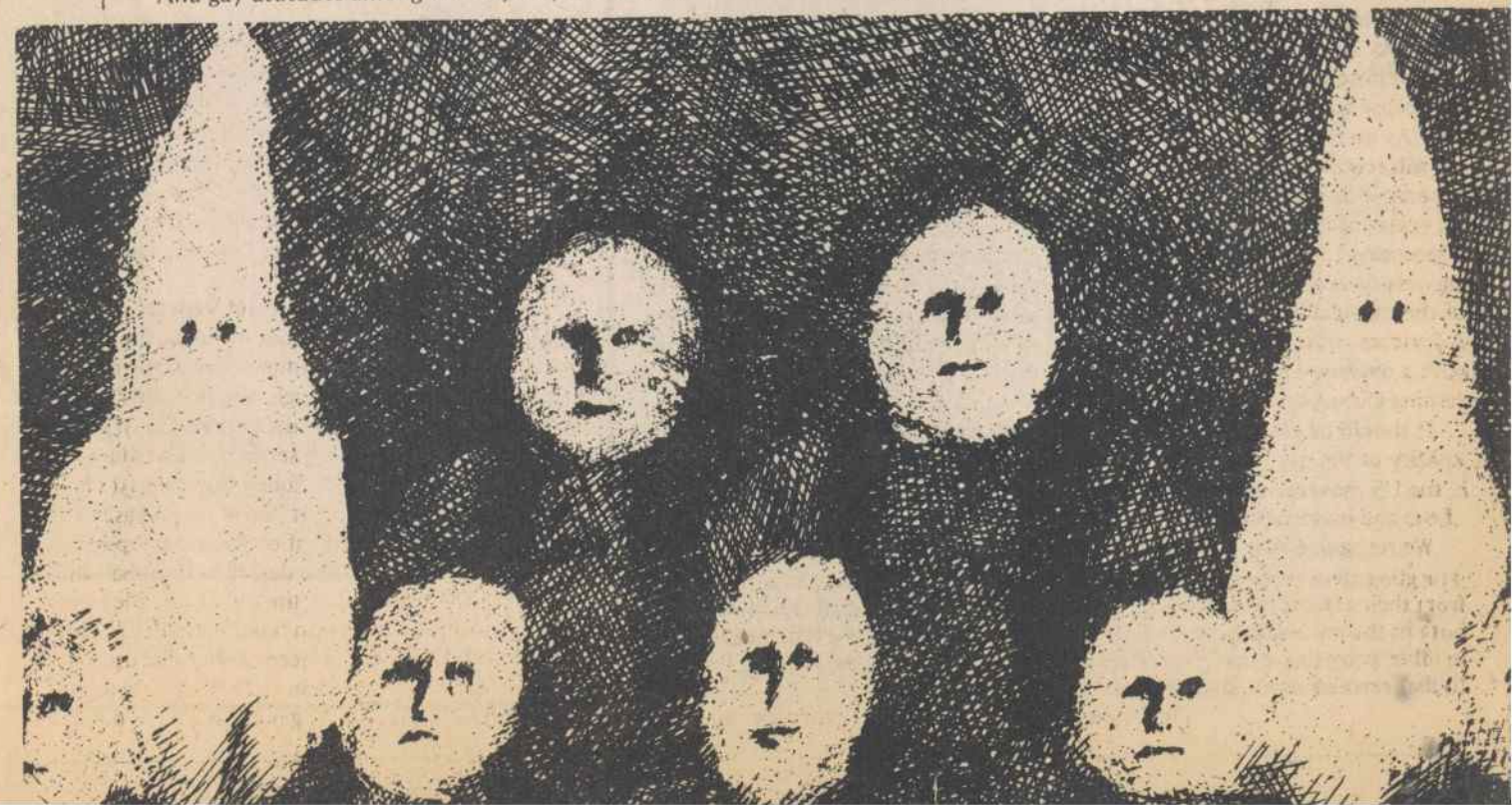
Anti-gay attitudes among the majority of Cuban

people are no more acceptable to us than are anti-black attitudes among the majority of white workers in the U.S.

The Venceremos Brigade has become an authoritarian bureaucracy. It has allowed itself to become totally subservient to the Cuban Communist Party and is actively working against the interests of revolutionary unity in the U.S. Throughout the nation, rank-and-file anti-imperialists working on the brigade are being compelled, against their will, to implement the brigade's reactionary anti-gay elitist policies. When are those people, and other revolu-

tionaries, going to begin to speak out against the Brigade? The issue is not only the oppression of gay people. In a more subtle way, the Brigade is attempting to eliminate from its ranks women whose priority is feminism and black people whose ideas can be described as "cultural nationalism" (which, in fact, means women and blacks who ask embarrassing questions of the Cubans). Then there is the broader question of bureaucracy, which is a form of dictatorship. If people in the U.S. movement permit a bureaucracy such as the Brigade to function with revolutionary credentials at this time, how will they respond to bureaucracy at any time in the future? Bureaucracy is a form of authoritarian rule which has been used by so-called socialists with incredible success in the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe. Will such a bureaucracy emerge to rule us in the U.S. when the Nixons and Mitchells and Muskies have been destroyed by the wrath of the oppressed people? I know that such a bureaucracy will be anti-gay. I know it will oppress me in other ways because its members will obtain elitist privileges and will exploit my labor. It will be capitalism by another name. I want no part of it. What about you?

—Allen Young



Dear Sisters and Brothers:

We need your help, again, in another life and death struggle for our Union. The lettuce negotiations have broken off. They will not resume without a long economic conflict. What happened to the negotiations is simple: Farm workers have been betrayed again by an industry that remains stubbornly committed to destroying the workers union. The same growers who signed "sweetheart contracts" behind the backs of their workers in 1970 have now demonstrated that they do not want any kind of an agreement with the union that **does** represent their workers. Lettuce workers gave up the boycott, postponed strikes, returned to work and waited seven months because they believed that the lettuce negotiations were serious and hopeful. Now we have learned that the lettuce growers were not bargaining in good faith but were in fact stalling to get past the 1971 Salinas and Santa Maria harvests and at the same time working with Governor Reagan to attempt to pass legislation that would kill the strike and boycott.

In July of 1970 while UFWOC was reaching a settlement with the grape growers in Delano, lettuce growers were making secret agreements with the Teamsters Union in an effort to bypass the union of the workers. The growers announced the

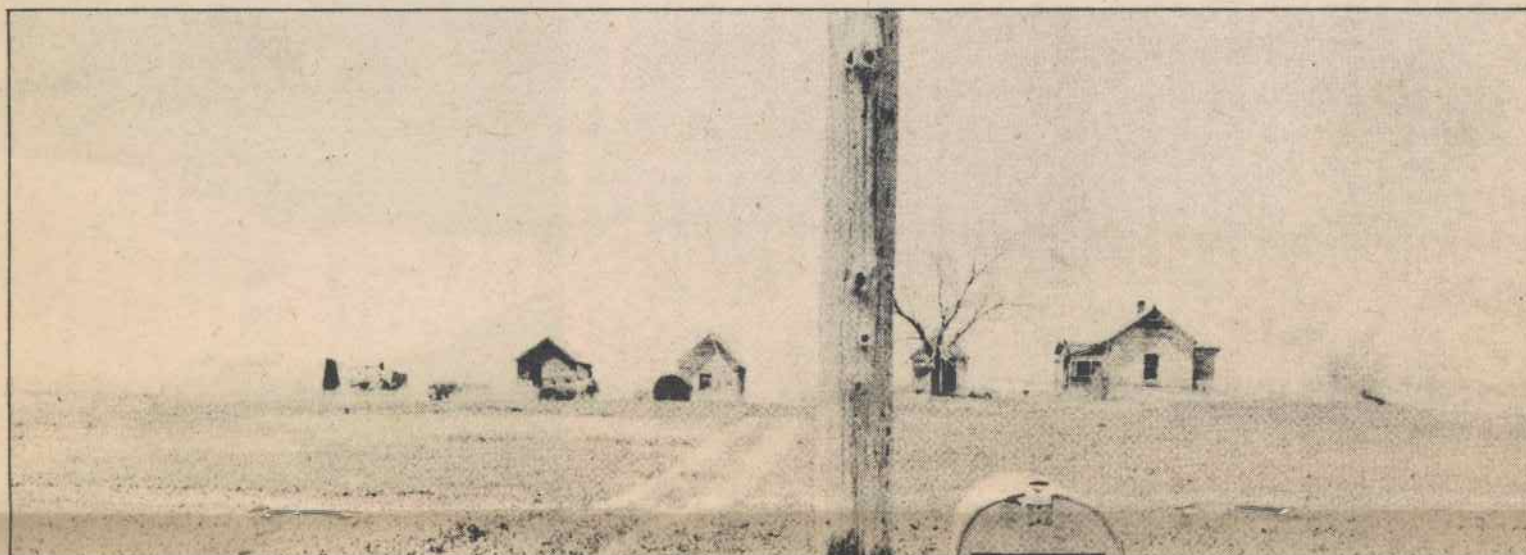
Lettuce Boycott On Again

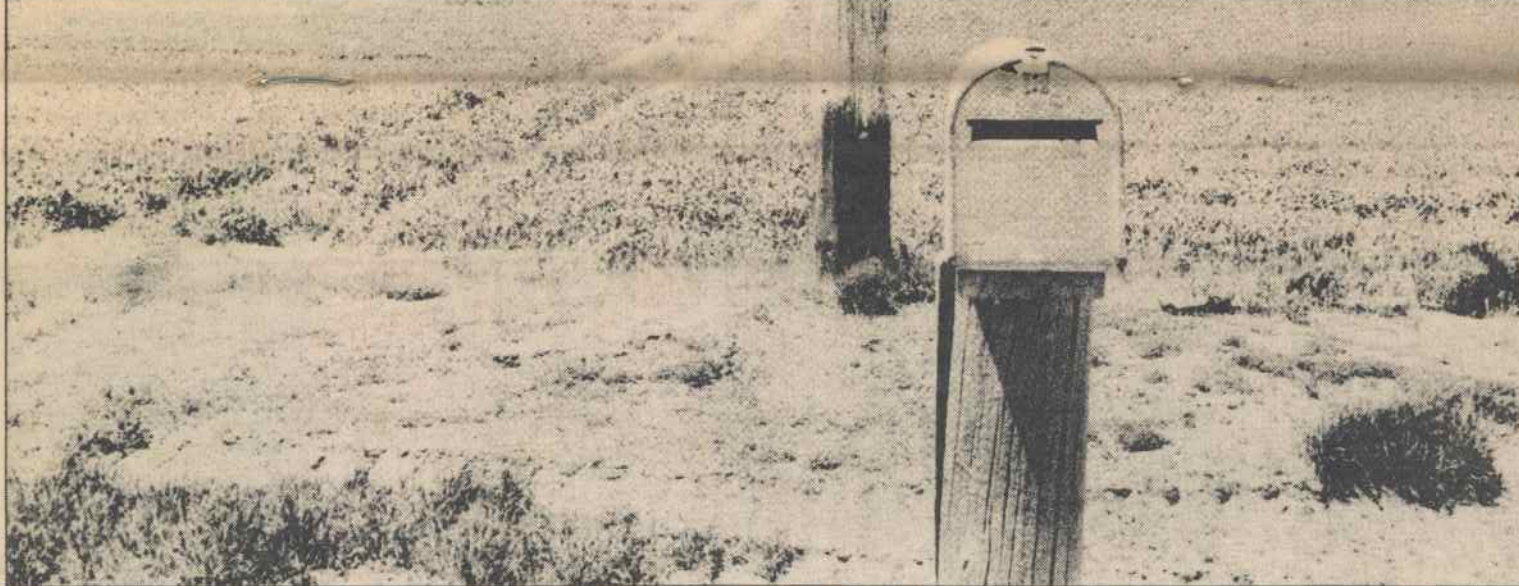
LETTER FROM CESAR CHAVEZ TO FRIENDS OF THE FARM WORKERS

Teamster contracts and farm workers responded with the largest farm labor strike in U.S. history. On August 24, 1970, 7,000 lettuce workers went out on strike in the vegetable industry. Several large companies rescinded their Teamster contracts and signed with UFWOC. But the rest of the industry continued to fight and in September they found a local judge who was willing to outlaw all strike activities in the Salinas Valley. The workers had to take their cause to you in the cities and begin the boycott of lettuce in the U.S.A., Canada, and Europe.

In March of 1971, UFWOC and the Teamsters signed a three-year jurisdictional agreement, giving UFWOC jurisdiction over all farm workers. Under pressure from the boycott the growers at that point decided to negotiate with UFWOC. To show good faith, UFWOC suspended the lettuce boycott for 30 days, beginning March 26th. Then, at the request of the growers, this "moratorium" was extended and then extended again and again.

From May 7, 1971 to November 10, 1971, we met on a weekly basis with the growers. They insulted us openly, insinuated that we were not a trade union, challenged our confidence, made anti-semitic slurs against one grower who signed a UFWOC contract and raised endless objections to agreements we had signed with other employers. At no point did we ask for any provisions not already in other UFWOC contracts. For the sake of peace, the workers agreed to give up certain major clauses vital to their interests. However, the growers refused to meet them half-way. For example, they refused to agree to the most basic clause in our contract — the hiring hall — which would abolish the infamous farm labor contractor system; even though over 200 growers — large and small — with whom UFWOC has contracts have all agreed to the hiring hall.





The workers gave visible evidence of their good faith by calling off the boycott and strike. Despite this, the grower committee continually lectured the Union on "integrity", "trust", and "responsibility". However, this same committee which claimed to represent the entire vegetable industry continually misrepresented its responsibilities and the extent of its authority. In fact, it represented no one.

On the last days of the negotiations (November 9-10, 1971) it became clear that the growers had no intention of reaching an agreement. They had just returned from the Western Growers Association (WGA) meeting in Las Vegas (November 2-4, 1971) where there was a lot of tough talk about fighting the farm workers. WGA elected as president, Mike Schultz, who was Reagan's campaign manager for agriculture and a leader of the fight for anti-farm worker legislation. Daryl Arnols, a former Freshpict officer, who resigned when his company signed with UFWOC, was elected WGA Executive Vice-President. They began attacking the Union publicly.

Looking back it is not hard to detect signs of bad faith by the growers:

1. Even though negotiations were supposed to take the place of the economic battle, Salinas growers

continued to stump the state and the nation attacking the Union, working hand in hand with the National Right-To-Work Committee, the John Birch Society, and assorted right-wing groups. As a case in point, Mrs. Ann Merrill, wife of a prominent Salinas grower, became fond of publicly calling her non-white workers "orangutans". Would you call this good faith?

2. In the midst of the negotiations in June, July, and August, Salinas and Santa Maria growers continued to fire and harass workers for Union activity. In Santa Maria, Evaristo Gonzalez, Andres Serna, Rafael Guerrero and others were fired. In Salinas, Jesus Guzman, Felix Sanchez, Roberto Trevino, Celestino Rivas and others were fired for associating with UFWOC organizers and for other pro-Union work. On one Salinas area ranch the entire Union committee was fired. Would you call this good faith?

3. The Western Growers Association which represents all the lettuce growers worked actively to promote anti-farm worker legislation to outlaw strikes at harvest and the boycott. Would you call this good faith?

The lettuce growers decided to draw us into lengthy negotiations to stop the boycott, to stall us through the 1970-71 harvest, to buy time by

recognizing us while working hard for legislation that would outlaw strikes and boycotts (two such efforts — A.B. 964 and S.B. 40 — have now been killed by the California legislature), to gather financial resources for a long campaign against the farm workers union, and to organize other parts of the agricultural industry in a major effort to crush UFWOC.

UFWOC negotiated in good faith and kept negotiating seriously until the end because of our commitment to bring unionization to the vegetable industry through negotiations rather than through another long strike and boycott. But the growers want to fight. They must believe that their millions of dollars and their influential allies are now unified enough and powerful enough to stop the farm workers movement.

I think they are making a mistake. They seriously underestimate our patience and determination. This struggle has never been easy but farm workers are accustomed to suffering and to hardship. It took five years to win the Delano grape strike. The lettuce workers are no less determined. With hard work and continued support from our friends we can bring dignity and a measure of justice to the vegetable fields of California and Arizona.

Viva la Causa! Cesar E. Chavez

just an old fashioned love song

Many anarchist philosophers start from a lust for freedom. Where freedom is a metaphysical concept or a moral imperative, it leaves me cold — I cannot think in abstractions. But most often the freedom of anarchists is a deep animal cry or a religious plea like the hymn of the prisoners in *Fidelio*. They feel themselves imprisoned, existentially by the nature of things or by God; or because they have seen or suffered too much economic slavery; or they have been deprived of their liberties; or internally colonized by imperialists. To become human they must shake off restraint.

Since, by and large, my experience is roomy enough for me, I do not lust for freedom, any more than I want to "expand consciousness." I might feel differently, however, if I were subjected to literary censorship, like Solzhenitzin. My usual gripe has been not that I am imprisoned but that I am in exile or was born on the wrong planet; recently that I am bed-ridden. My real trouble is that the world is impractical for me, and I understand that my stupidity and cowardice make it even less practical than it could be.

To be sure, there *are* outrages that take me by the throat, like anybody else, and I lust to be free of *them*. Insults to humanity and the beauty of the world that keep me indignant. An atmosphere of lies, triviality, and vulgarity that suddenly makes me sick. The powers-that-be do not know the meaning of mag-

nimity, and often they are simply officious and spiteful; as Malatesta used to say, you just try to do your thing and they prevent you, and then *you* are to blame for the fight that ensues. Worst of all, the earth-destroying actions of power make it clear that those people are demented; and as in ancient tragedies and histories we read how arrogant men committed sacrilege and brought down doom on them-

selves and those associated with them, so I sometimes am superstitiously afraid to belong to the same tribe and walk the same ground as our statesmen.

But no. Men have a right to be crazy, stupid, and arrogant. It's our special thing. Our mistake is to arm anybody with collective power. Anarchy is the only *safe* polity.

It is a common misconception that anarchists believe that "human nature is good" and so men can be trusted to rule themselves. In fact we tend to take the pessimistic view; people are not to be trusted, so prevent the concentration of power. Men in authority are especially likely to be stupid because they are out of touch with concrete finite experience and instead keep interfering with other people's initiative and making them stupid and anxious. And imagine being deified like Mao-tse-tung or Kim Il Sung, what that must do to a man's character. Or habitually thinking about the unthinkable, like the masters of the Pentagon.

To me, the chief principle of anarchism is not freedom but autonomy. Since to initiate, and do it my way, and be an artist with concrete matter, is the kind of experience I like, I am restive about being given orders by external authorities, who don't concretely know the problem or the available means. Mostly, behavior is more graceful, forceful, and discriminating without the intervention of top-down authorities, whether state, collective, democracy, corporate bureaucracy, prison wardens, deans, pre-arranged curricula, or central planning. These may be necessary in certain emergencies, but it is at a cost to vitality. This is an empirical proposition in social psychology and I think the evidence is heavily in its favor. By and large, the use of power to do a job is inefficient in the fairly short run. Extrinsic power inhibits intrinsic function. As Aristotle said, "Soul is self-moving."

In his recent book on *Freedom and Dignity*, B.F. Skinner holds that these are defensive prejudices that interfere with the operant conditioning of people toward their desired goals of happiness and harmony. (It is odd these days to read a cracker-barrel restatement of Bentham's utilitarianism.) He misses the point.



What is objectionable about operant conditioning is not that it violates freedom but that the consequent behavior is graceless and low-grade as well as labile — it is not assimilated as second nature. He is so impressed by the fact that an animal's behavior can be shaped at all to perform according to the trainer's goal, that he does not compare the performance with the inventive, flexible, and maturing behavior of the animal initiating and responding in its natural field. And incidentally, dignity is not a specifically human prejudice, as he thinks, but the ordinary bearing of any animal, angrily defended when organic integrity or own space is insulted.

To lust for freedom is certainly a motive of political change stronger than autonomy. (I doubt that it is as stubborn, however. People who do their job their own way can usually find other means than revolt to keep doing it, including plenty of passive resistance to interference.) To make an anarchist revolution, Bakunin wanted, in his early period, to rely precisely on the outcast, delinquents, prostitutes, convicts, displaced peasants, lumpen proletarians, those who had nothing to lose, not even their chains, but who felt oppressed. There were enough troops of this kind in the grim heyday of industrialism and urbanization. But naturally, people who have nothing are hard to organize and consolidate for a long effort, and they are easily seduced by a fascist who can offer guns, revenge, and a moment's flush of power.

The pathos of oppressed people lusting for freedom is that, if they break free, they don't know what to do. Not having been autonomous, they do not know how to go about it, and before they learn it is usually too late. New managers have taken over, who may or may not be benevolent and imbued with the revolution, but who have never been in a hurry to abdicate.

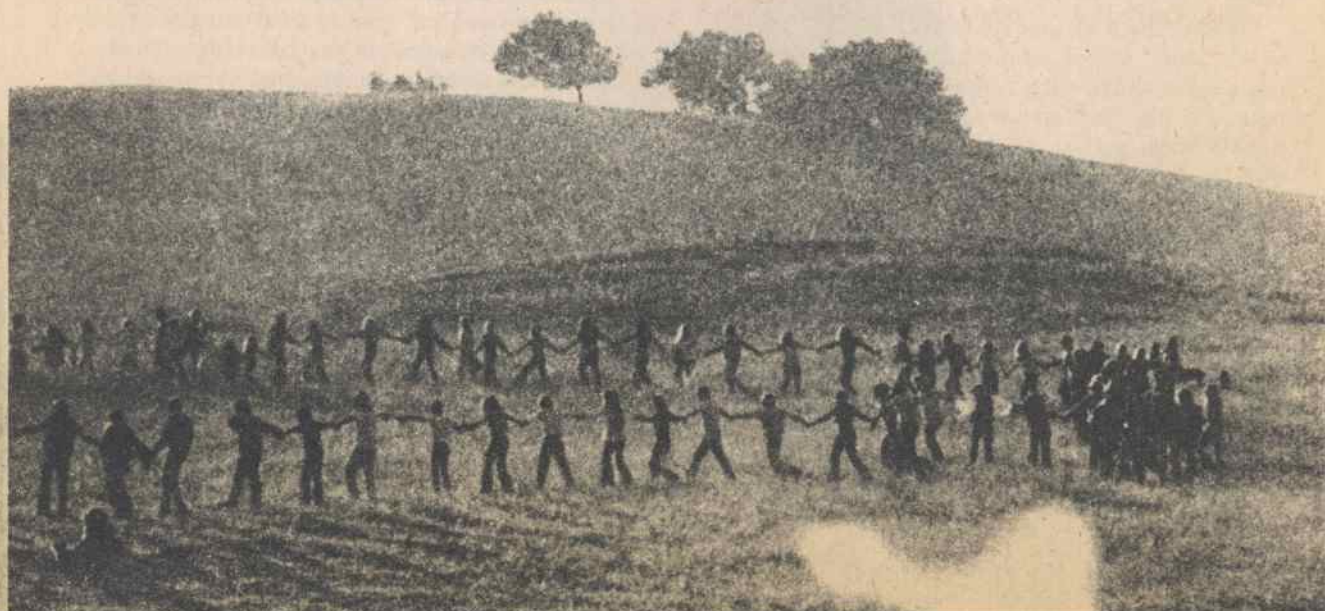
The oppressed hope for too much from the New Society, instead of being stubbornly vigilant to do their own things. The only achieved liberation move-

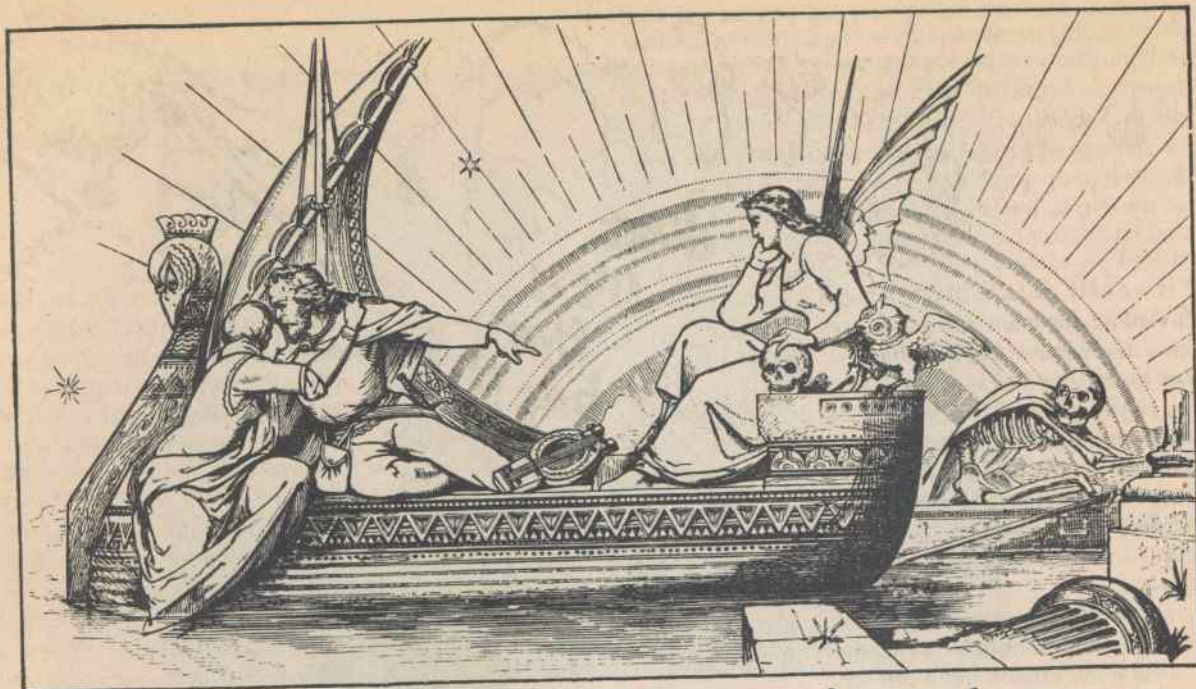
ment that I can think of was the American revolution, made largely by artisans, farmers, merchants, and professionals who had going concerns to begin with, wanted to get rid of interference, and afterwards enjoyed a prosperous quasi-anarchy for nearly thirty years — nobody cared much about the new government. They were protected by three thousand miles of ocean. The Catalan revolution during the Spanish Civil War could have gone well, for the same reasons, but the fascists and communists did them in.

Anarchy requires competence and self-confidence, the sentiment that the world is *for* one. It does not thrive among the exploited, oppressed, and colonized. Thus, unfortunately, it lacks a powerful drive toward revolutionary change. Yet in the affluent liberal societies of Europe and America there is a hopeful possibility of the following kind: Fairly autonomous people, among the middle class, the young, craftsmen, and professionals, cannot help but see that they cannot continue so in the present institutions. They cannot do honest and useful work or practice a profession nobly; arts and sciences are corrupted; modest enterprise must be blown out of all proportion to survive; the young cannot find vocations; it is hard to raise children; talent is strangled by credentials; the natural environment is being destroyed; health is imperilled; community life is inane; neighborhoods are ugly and unsafe; public services do not work; taxes are squandered on war, schoolteachers, and politicians. Then they may make changes, to extend the areas of freedom from encroachment. Such changes might be piecemeal and not dramatic, but they must be fundamental; for many of the present institutions cannot be recast and the tendency of the system as a whole is disastrous. I like the Marxist term "withering away of the State,"

but it must begin now, not afterwards; and the goal is not a New Society, but a tolerable society in which life can go on.

—Paul Goodman





you're a bastard mr. death by David McReynolds

It was years ago, when my politics were largely formless and my self in confusion that a friend introduced me to the work of Kenneth Patchen. The year was 1949 and the two of us were students at UCLA and, like almost all students, were trying to write poetry. My friend once copied out Patchen's "The Character of Love Seen as a Search for the Lost" and through that door I walked into a very special world. I became an anarchist without knowing Patchen was one, without knowing the role he had played ten years earlier as one who had helped strengthen war resistance in that hard time. (I know it is hard to believe a Marxist can be an anarchist, but it was after Patchen that I stopped saluting the flag, Patchen who demolished the "myth of the State" as the agent of salvation. I may not be a good anarchist, but I should certainly have been a different kind of Marxist without Patchen).

Years later, traveling across country on a speaking tour, a young resistance worker in Oklahoma handed me a copy of one of Patchen's books and I realized he was serving still as an inner light for yet another generation. For many years I have carried with me — I have it with me now — Patchen's brief statement, one with which I have closed many speeches:

*this is a man
he is a poor creature
you are not to kill him
this is a man
he has a hard time
upon the earth,
you are not to kill him*

Kenneth Patchen was not popular with the critics — probably because his poetry was so comprehensible that it

didn't need the help of critics. His poems were simple, direct, sometimes prophetic and sometimes raging statements. No one else has written quite like Patchen. He could rage, could weep, could write the gentlest of love poems. The titles of his poems were often as brutal or as gentle as the poems themselves. One I recall: "I DON'T WANT TO STARTLE YOU but they are going to kill most of us", another "O My Darling Troubles Heaven with Her Loveliness".

I have his "The Selected Poems" in front of me now and it is hard to write without crying, and hard not to want to copy out the entire text of one poem after another — perhaps most of all his "What Is the Beautiful" which reminds us of the cutting edge of social change, that thin edge where we are. Let me take just a few lines:

*The narrowing line.
Walking on the burning ground.
The ledges of stone,
Owlfish wading near the horizon.
Unrest in the outer districts.*

*Pause.
And begin again.
A narrow line.
Walking on the beautiful ground.
A ledge of fire.*

Patchen was — is — like scripture, with double meanings to be found. What was clear on first reading is still clear on the second, but one finds something one missed, something new. His poems were like Bessie Smith's singing.

And now, according to the *New York Times*, he is dead at the age of 60, of a heart attack, leaving behind Miriam, his love over the many years. I didn't keep the obituary notice, it

seemed the least important thing, so I don't have the exact date of his death.

If the critics scorned Patchen (the *Times* obit was a long one, more coverage than I can recall his ever having gotten from the Book Review during his life), he had a large and faithful underground following. If the anthologists rated him as a minor poet, many of us rated him with Dylan Thomas, e.e. cummings, Allen Ginsberg. Patchen, was, above all else, the poet of the radicals, of the resisters. It is painful, as one gets older, to find oneself writing "memorials" to people, and I close by copying in full:



I FEEL DRUNK ALL THE TIME

*Jesus it's beautiful!
Great mother of big apples it is a
pretty
World!*

*You're a bastard Mr. Death
And I wish you didn't have no look-
in here.*

*I don't know how the rest of you
feel,
But I feel drunk all the time*

*And I wish to hell we didn't have
to die.*

*O you're a merry bastard Mr. Death
And I wish you didn't have no hand
in this game*

*Because it's too damn beautiful for
anybody to die.*

(Copyright 1946 by Kenneth Patchen)

THE E.L.F. BUS

"I walked out from lunch and here was this monster contraption that looked something like an overgrown school bus except it was bright red and blue and yellow and had this gigantic Ying/Yang symbol on it and people bustling all around it, and wow it was like a carnival only it wasn't." It was the E.L.F. bus. Education. Liberation. Front.

In one day at Trinity College, (a Catholic Womens school in Washington D.C. with an enrollment of about 750 students,) members of the E.L.F. Bus collective, in conjunction with Trinity students and area movement and research people, distributed about a thousand pamphlets on topics ranging from those covered in **The Birth Control Handbook** to those in **Vocations For Social Change**; ran ten or more video tapes on everything from drugs to women and prisons, with and without bars; played a whole bunch of tapes from eye witness accounts of Attica to songs of liberation; showed seven movies including Newsreel flicks by, about, and for women, Cuban flicks on Ho Chi Minh, American Documentary Films on "Tommy the Travelor;" and invited over 750 students to pass through the bus and discover sources of information on possible alternatives to existing institutions and the over all system those institutions serve. A lot of students accepted the offer. The morning the E.L.F. bus hit Trinity campus a handful of students knew what it was, by the end of the day a handful of students didn't. But, most importantly, the bus had brought together Trinity students, community people involved in research and movement activities, and sources of information on how to involve more people in the research and movements necessary to help create a new world.

In Pittsburgh the experience was different, but the same. More campuses were invaded, more invitations were extended for the bus to join with community and campus organizations in meeting and discussing and sharing ways to develop alternatives. The fees earned at the larger and wealthier schools were used to cover the costs

of moving on to the smaller, poorer ones.

If you dig the idea of a traveling research center, would like to work with it in any way, or would like it to come and spend sometime in your area, at your school or community, contact: The E.L.F. Bus, Box 6425, Washington, D.C. 20009.

—David Marcuse

THE W.R.L. BUS

For the last three months, I have been traveling through the southern states on the WRL Peace Bus. Supported by the War Resisters League, the bus spends a few days to a few weeks in communities on a very unstructured schedule, talking to individuals and groups about emerging alternative life styles — i.e., communes, food cooperatives, free schools, ecology programs, free clinics, women's liberation, non-violent politics, etc. The trip has provided an incredible variety of experiences, but I would like to share just a few thoughts on what it has meant to me.

Initially, being on the bus was exhilarating — getting to know the others on the bus, eating and sleeping in changing circumstances, continually meeting new and different people, awaking in the morning not knowing who we will meet that day or where we will sleep that night. But the freedom and lack of structure also was quite unsettling after being used to a life of routine and very definite direction. I felt that I was being "lazy," "ineffective," "un-productive."

Perhaps most difficult to resolve

play in communities. To me, it is obvious that no group of people talking about so amorphous a thing as alternative life styles can expect to accomplish any lasting change in a community in a few days or even a few weeks. Occasionally, particularly in college communities, people ask questions about how this "should" be, or how that "should" be done, and then they accept our answers as a new gospel sent from Berkeley. Part of the essence of the counter-cultural revolution, as I see it, is that people are discovering their own "shoulds" and rejecting leaders, teachers, experts, etc., as inherently dangerous. So, the dilemma was: who are we to travel around trying to help people liberate themselves?

Gradually, we evolved a style that partially resolved this dilemma. Instead of conducting workshops on alternative education, communes, women's liberation, etc., as we initially did in Texas, we spent more time with individuals and catalyzing meetings between individuals or groups that otherwise would not have taken the time to get together.

Because we are a group of people on a bus interested in what's happening, our very presence gets people together in ways that don't often happen otherwise, and we give people a chance to take time out from their routines to discuss fundamental questions about what they are doing.

The most important lesson I have learned on the bus is one that really applies to all of us in all our communities; that, after all, we are just people sharing with people. We are not "organizers" in the sense of producing a community that didn't previously exist. We are not teachers with special understanding of the way things should be taught. We are not gurus with special understanding of the way things should be. Each of us is simply an individual struggling to sort out the contradictions, the confusions, the fears, and the meanings of our individual lives. No one of us can change the world. No one of us can even change another individual. But all of us can share.

The Peace Bus can be reached through the WRL office at 339 Lafayette St., New York, NY 10012.

don't
miss
the
bus!!



PLAY # 1

(Out in front of stage are two platforms, right & left connected by board. About 5 ft. high, mattresses under)

Instructor stage right, army uniform. Stage Left peasants in coolie hats.

AMERICAN/INSTRUCTOR: Ladies and gentlemen in this audience . . . News Cameramen . . . Observers . . . Visiting — er — ah — celebrities will you be quiet please? Will you shut up . . . No talking. (*Begins speech*) My friends I want to make it crystal clear that this here — er — ah — Technical Training School in Fort Leavenworth Kansas of which I am President has **nothing whatever to do with Military Training . . . We Have Eschewed War** according to the Geneva covenants. This here school (*takes hunk of tobacco*) . . . this here little gov-sponsored academy is **nothing but a language school** to train some of our friends from overseas . . . visitors . . . a number of Counter-Insurgency Personnel that we have invited here from friendly countries . . . to learn how to speak English correctly.

These are all young fellows . . . trainees from Bolivia . . . Greece . . . West Pakistan . . . Uruguay . . . Portugese Angola . . . whom we have flown over here to Kansas for the purpose of learning our language . . . and receiving technical training. Now I want to stress this . . . I want to make this crystal clear . . . that in this here — er — ah — technical training . . . **the words used** have nothing to do with what they mean. They have no counterparts in Fact. The important thing is the pronunciation . . . the familiarity . . . the ease with which — er — ah — This is just a Language School.

(*End of Speech*)

I shall now call on our first instructor from Laos (*He enters right*) This is our old friend General Vang Pao, leader of the Meo Tribesmen . . . who is wearing his Zorro outfit recently presented to him at Disneyland. He will demonstrate the pronunciation of the word: MACHINE GUN.

General are you ready? (*General gets himself into speaking position — great strain*) Are your lips warmed up? throat . . . vocal cavities, etc. (*American Instructor takes machine gun*)

GENERAL PAO: (*staccatto*) AKK * AKK ** AKK * AKK (*Peasants fall off platform left*)

INSTRUCTOR: Wonderful, That was flawless English. Wonderful pronunciation of the Word, Machine Gun. (*To audience*) Didn't you like his accent? Not a trace of Meow.

(*General marches off. Peasants return. Second language instruction*)

INSTRUCTOR: Now we have one of our little Cambodian friend who will call in an air strike . . . This is Corporal Sirik Matak of Phenompenh. He come to us fresh from the flower market district where he gives astrology readings. We're very lucky to have him.

Corporal Matak will you demonstrate please the words (*He whispers*) . . . 'AIR STRIKE'.

CORPORAL MATAK: (*Perfect Mission Control delivery*) Charley Baker . . . calling Charley Baker . . . You read me Oatmeal at 5 . . . Oatmeal at 5 . . . 360 deg. minus 25 min azimuth 1500. May I have room service now? May I have room service? It's a bush league. Now all signals Go . . . The countdown 10-9-8-7- a tray — a deuce — zero . . . Strike out. (*American Instructor, airplane goggles, makes dive, diver bombs. Peasants fall.*)

a play for regional

Central park nov. 6

INSTRUCTOR: Demonstration of the word Air Strike. Thank you, Professor, that was wonderful English. Did you note the truly amazing use of the American Idiom. I like that phrase "Room Service" when he was calling for the helicopter gunship. Thank you. (*Shakes hands. Cambodia Instructor exits. Peasants return. Two more demonstrations, same routine — suggestions from audience: Maybe using the words CROP DEFOLIANT. Instructor sprays, with mosquito squirt, Peasants duck, flatten on platform. NAUSEA GAS. Squirts from tube. Peasant vomit. Handshakes. Exit other instructors. Calls for applause, etc.*)

INSTRUCTOR: (*confers with aides*) Ladies and gentlemen this program has just been interrupted . . . (*confer with aides*) I have just been informed . . . that President Nixon has been watching this program on television . . . (*Confers with aides*) This is very upsetting. The President didn't like the way that last word was pronounced. He said it was not spoken with a real American accent — it was more like a Kansas accent and he would like it to have a more Californian pronunciation.

I am told that the President would like to show us himself. He is going to demonstrate the pronunciation of the phrase: ULTRA-HI-FREQUENCY INFRA-RED SENSOR ELECTRONICALLY ACTIVATED REMOTE CONTROL DETONATING DEVICE. (*All crowd on Platform right, listening respectfully*) Ladies and gentlemen, the President of the United States. **VOICE OF THE PRESIDENT OVER MIKE:** ULTRA INFRA RED HIGH FREQUENCY REMOTE CONTROL DETONATING DEVICE *Explosion! Everybody on platform right blown up.*

PLAY # 2

(*Same set-up. Platforms out in audience right & left, planks in between. Right platform or sawhorse marked Paris, left Vietnam, or unmarked*)

(*On stage right on high chair. Thieu in costume of Chinese emperor, very stiff, like card deck. Stage left high chair General Abrams loaded with medals, etc.*)

THIEU: My name is Thieu

I am the King of Saigon

In my veins flow the indigo-colored blood of the Emperor Bao Dai descendant of dragons

ABRAMS: My name is General Abrams

I have been ordered here by my chief to perform my military duty down to the last man.

(*They climb down off chairs, bow ceremoniously to each other*)

THIEU: (*to Abrams*) I need you.

ABRAMS: No, I need you.

THIEU: No. It is I who need you.

peace action

[not performed — too many
speeches]

ABRAMS: No. No. You are too humble. I need you.

THIEU: You are my shield, my strong right arm.

ABRAMS: No. I'm just a dope, a stumble bum.

You are my inspiration, my guiding star.

THIEU: No! Don't say that. It is I. I'm just a lackey, a capitalist running dog.

ABRAMS: Don't say that. I'm just a cow turd, an asshole.

THIEU: I'm shit.

(They bow and embrace each other on the ground.)

SALESMAN: *(with suitcase to audience)* I'm an American salesman on a round-the-world trip. I've come here to redress the American balance of payments deficit. Things are really tough. I have to see everything I can. *(To Abrams)* Where's the best place to sell stuff around here?

ABRAMS: Well, where do you want to go? There's the Pacified Zone . . . the Free-Fire Zone . . . the Non-Pacified Zone.

SALESMAN: How about the Pacified Zone?

ABRAMS: That's very dangerous. You see, officially we've withdrawn all the troops — but we've left the airforce to bomb everything on the roads — so you'll have to walk very carefully.

THIEU: In the woods we've left around a lot of remote control heat sensor detonating devices — so you shouldn't breathe either.

SALESMAN: I'll be careful. *(walks carefully — holding nose, etc.)*

(He crosses to audience platform out left, on plank. Vietnamese peasant are lying there, Coolie hats. Opens his suitcase and sells wares.)

SALESMAN: Anybody want to buy a hotel? Look, I have a plastic factory for sale. I have a department store. O. K. What about a battleship, a helicopter squadron. How about some dope? I'll sell anything.

(The peasants are face down. He walks over them. He crosses plank towards Paris.) Dirty postcards? Computer components? Ain't much over here. I guess I'll go back via Paris *(Crosses plank. In Paris he is given a paper. He returns to stage. Nixon is on the stage/greets him)* Look, I just been to Vietnam to try to sell stuff to try to redress the balance of payments deficit.

NIXON: *(greeting him)* Hello. Hellow. Hello Bill.

SALESMAN: I couldn't sell nothing though. They're all dead over there

NIXON: Hello. Hellow Jack.

SALESMAN: Or maybe they have money but no hands. Maybe they have hands but no stomach. Maybe they have a stomach but no head . . .

NIXON: Hello. Hello Jasper. Hello Mike.

SALESMAN: Say, Mr. President I been half way around the world to get here. While I was in Paris I ran into a lady over there — in a black dress . . . called herself Madame Binh . . .

NIXON: Hello Peter. Hello Elmer. Hello hello.

SALESMAN: Well, anyway she gave me this piece of

paper. She said it was their Peace Treaty. She said it was the 7 Point Plan.

NIXON: Look, I'm very busy right now. I'm going to China. I'm just about to fly to Peking. Here's my airplane *(he points towards it)* but would you mind doing a favor for me? Will you shine my shoes? *(Or "Wipe my ass?" Salesman does so, with 7 Point Plan. Nixon leaves.)*

SALESMAN: *(to General Abrams)* Here's some paper left. Do you mind shining my shoes? *(Does so)*

ABRAMS: *(to Thieu)* Here's a piece left over, will you shine my shoes? *(Does so.)*

THIEU: *(to peasant)* Will you shine my shoes? *(They don't do it, but accept paper.)*

Stage empty. PARIS sign replaced by PEKING SUMMIT CONFERENCE. Music, Drums. Nixon appears, walks out platform right, then crosses, to left, Vietnam. Addresses crowd)

NIXON: *(big speech delivery)* Friends among the audience. My Vietnamese friends...I have just returned from Peking. I am on my way back to America, to the White House in Washington. But I thought I should like to stop here on route before returning home and share some of my thoughts with you the Vietnamese people. *(Sanctimoniously)* We have had very close ties, you and I. I want you to be the first ones, to hear this announcement.

My Vietnamese friends, people of Saigon, We decided in Peking — Premier Mao. Foreign Minister Chou En Lai and myself — that you people really have won the war. No applause please. I mean, let's face it, that's a fact.

When I was in America, I was told by my businessman, and also by newspaper correspondents and by the military intelligence . . . that you were all dead.

But I see you standing there before me. You are alive and well. Oh, there may be a few dead civilians and wounded war veterans but they don't count. I address myself to you, like myself political figures with whom I have a great amount of empathy really...the provisional government has emerged, the villages have survived in a comradely fashion, the Vietcong cadres are intact, all the party structure is in apple pie order . . .

(with cunning) Therefore, I suggest to you, that it not

is not really necessary to withdraw American troops, since you have achieved Communism already. I mean, why should you care? the army don't make a fucking bit of difference anyway. Never did make . . . *(to Abrams and Thieu)* I don't know if they believe me. I've been talking for five minutes and there's no reaction at all. Inscrutable Orientals. *(to the crowd, shouting)* Is there anyone in the audience who doubts my credibility?

My friends, I am addressing you from the Tansonnut airport, with General Abrams, and from the American diplomatic compound just a few blocks from downtown Saigon, with the Emperor Bao Dai, excuse me, I mean President Thieu. . Surely none of you people have an objection to the three of us keeping just a few square miles of this fucking country — so I can show it to the American Electorate? Don't you want me to win in '72? I thank you for that applause.

(Vietnamese child gives him flowers. Viet War Veteran, with crutch knocks him off the plank and into audience)

THIEU: The president has fallen into the morass of S.E. Asia.

—Bob Nichols

8 by Larry Eigner

#66. Jan. 19 67

the barrels empty
rubbish still in the world
home
a car passes the street
hydrant the end of a
pipe bright
painted
below all clouds

99 June 3-5 67

she turned around with an oblong jaw
news
it's the fine edge of the world
birds
sounds
ah what a life
everybody has breasts
the close branches

98. June 3 67

People fit together better than cats
eggs trees
smooth-riding earth
in its wind
takes the light
a drawn tide
the mind these streets
distance at the sides
until the crash
or that too covers
rough ground
waters or
though bird fails tree
its shadow too
which builds and erases
the turn
among the leaves
down
stones

June 7 69 # 322

the animal
the straight road
wrapped gas what
direction
zig-zags in
out
speed you
lose you
trees

June 7 69 # 324

enough
money
floating
around
here
burn
place to place
all up
birds
inhabit
the earth

June 28 69 # 329

upstairs the 2 torn screens on the front porch
the birds quiet to fly flies buzzing
the gold car more golden, golden, more
how long continue
smoke droppings
houses to live with roads were built to pound.
punishment
sweat grows deliberate still horses
there are wilder and wilder
or miners these
regions of
this time how
many the world what
far reach lines all gear
assemblies
workers cough

Nov. 27 69 # 360

other earth now
small one
imagined tides
illusion of ease from
improved communications

Jan 27 70 # 370

co-op
wind
ows a
door

BOOKS

SHAKING THE PUMPKIN:

Traditional Poetry of the Indian North Americas.

Edited with commentaries by Jerome Rothenberg.

Doubleday & Co., Inc., Garden City, N.Y. 1972.

\$8.95 hardcover, \$3.95 paperback. 504 pages.

The translator has a difficult task. And for poetry, he must be a poet plus himself, able to grasp the inner meaning of the original before finding the words of his own tongue. Just translating from French, Spanish, German or other Western tongues to the English is a challenge enough.

For the translator of the poetry of tribal original peoples, there are extra, perhaps insurmountable problems.

Consider first a people who consider every man a poet, attuned to his inner spirit and the outer world, and who encourage each person to be expressive. Consider a people who listen to the voice in the wind, and speak the language of the trees. Consider a people who dance the steps their ancestors learned from the rabbits when man and rabbits could share rituals.

For these people, poetry is a substance woven through their lives, without which life has no meaning. It cannot be separated out and refined into words and print any more than one's soul can be preserved in a scrapbook.

Literate societies are at a great disadvantage in many respects to oral societies when it comes to the gut issues of life. The poetry uttered in moments of grief or ecstasy, the by-product of a living event, can be reduced to print that a disinterested party can pick off a shelf during idle moments, or perhaps even memorize for recitation. It can be dissected by a professor in English Literature 303. Great literature that it may be, perhaps, it is not the same stuff that life itself is made of, and it serves to keep literate people, the readers, at arm's length from the real thing.

For their poetry, members of oral societies depend upon relating to the significant events of the universe: the cycle of the moon, the rising of the sun, the first flow of the maple's sap, the thrill of the first ripe strawberry, the satisfaction of garden's initial produce, or the security of an autumn's harvest, the solstice and eclipse, life, death, love, birth. Immersed in an identity drawn from participation in these events, oral/primitive/tribal people do not need volumes of poetry to bring inspiration into their lives.

Literate people are able to perpetuate things from the past long beyond their original value. Why Americans call the moon when the corn ripens "July" after a Roman emperor, or January after a god of the Greeks, is just a small indication of how ridiculous literate societies can be in their retentiveness. To primitive people the setting sun is the color of their blood, not some abstract called "red". And even in those instances where literate people use language with literal meaning, they abstract it so that it's essence is concealed: is Sunday the Sun's Day to the English world? Or is any respect given to our Grandmother, the Moon, the senior female personage, on Monday?

Primitive, uncivilized, pagan people — all negative adjectives for urbanized, educated, Christian man. Yet in their

true sense, these words mean primary (in direct relationship), non-city-dwelling, plain people of nature. Rather than uncomplimentary terms, these are marks of prestige in a world hellbent for destruction, progressing itself out of existence, fighting a war with the forces of the universe. Did not the WIN people just move to the countryside to become primitive, uncivilized and pagan?

Jerome Rothenberg has attempted to gather translations of poetry of the many groups of primitive, tribal, North American Indians into poetry which can be read by Western man. His work is pioneering, and one senses that the task has somehow found great meaning to him and has altered his life. Whether readers will find any similar deep personal feelings is open to question.

A reading will find moments of bawdy humor, fascinating insights, new ideas. But that is not getting to the heart-matter of the tribal poetman.

Rothenberg believes it is possible for people to bridge cultures. Perhaps it is. But while an American may read the sacred curing songs from the Society of Mystic Animals — and even elicit some exotic imagery, the American does not know how to make it cure him. Poetry it may be, a cure it isn't — for the tribal man, the reverse is true. Those who know the ancient secrets know that living power can be called upon to bring about good health and peace of mind. Read by Western man, it becomes a collected butterfly, pinned in an album by a knowledgeable collector: somewhat beautiful, and very dead.

The way tribal people relate to one another, and to other peoples, is usually with profound respect for one's differences, rather than an attempt to seek similarities. After all, if it is the spirit of each living thing that must become manifest, that spirit will emerge only in a free, open atmosphere. People who obtain their truth from the Creation itself feel secure enough in their beliefs, and at the same time recognizing that other messages and other interpretations are not only possible but desirable. For Americans raised on broth from the Melting Pot, such talk is heresy.

In tribal life, the task of the individual is to deepen his relationship with all things, rather than asking for "understanding". The relationship must be mystical, not rational. One never hears Mohawks and Hopis arguing about the nature of God. The Cayugas do not try to teach the Sauks the "right way" to do the Green Corn Dance. Yet it seems to be the burden of non-tribal people to seek out in other cultures what they find missing in their own. And in doing so, they usually argue that their cross-cultural odyssey is enriching and necessary for brotherhood and all of that. Mohawks and Hopis, Cayugas and Sauks already know that all children of the Earth Mother are brothers to each other.

Rothenberg believes that boundary crossing is not only possible but desirable. Certainly it is a Western, perhaps white, quest. Certainly for people who have lost what tribal people still have there is something to be learned. But the lesson becomes possible only when people are willing to give up most of their background, to reject the processes to which they have been subjected, forget their careers, adopt new life-styles, and give themselves over to the Eternal Things. Most Americans want instant tribalization, like instant coffee, when they set out on that search.

And if boundary crossing is not only possible but desirable, why not translate Shakespeare and Tennyson and Whitman into Mohawk and Navajo? If the thought of Hamlet being performed in a kiva strikes you as ludicrous, if you cannot visualize a Paiute elder reciting Robert Louis Stevenson as he enters the sweat lodge, perhaps you will understand what a one-way street, what an ethnocentric concept it is to "cross boundaries".

Rothenberg seems to recognize this. He speaks of the

"tribal and matrilineal wisdom which can be shared only among equals who have recognized a common lineage from the Earth." And yet recognizing something, and living it, are two different things. Western man already knows that his pollution is killing off all life and threatening future generations. He knows that the experience of community and warm, loving secure relationships are necessary for people to maintain their sanity and identity. He speaks with fervor on the drug crisis, the generation gap, the excesses of materialism, the evils of war, the shrinking natural resources — and continues to plod on the same rutted path, caught up in a system that allows movement within so long as its ongoing thrust is not changed.

What tribal people know, and what they are, are one and the same. Modern man is able to compartmentalize his family, his career, his religion, his patriotism, his knowledge, and his life-style so that only by avoiding confrontation with himself, by rationalizing to an extreme, is he able to maintain enough grasp upon his existence to keep putting one foot in front of the other in his climb toward the Golden Gates of his Heaven.

Rothenberg's effort is an important one, and the criticisms discussed here apply mostly to the society that will read his translations, rather than to his own monumental effort.

But I fear the book has a parallel in real life. Thousands upon thousands of young people look to the Indians for the answers, for the ancient knowledges. They flock to the reservations, often finding only people of Indian heritage who have been detribalized and moved into the glittering wonder of Head Start Programs, fundamentalist gospel tents, and military-like boarding schools which have processed him like any other raw material into something man-ufactured. The ones who still hold the ancient knowledges are passed by impatiently unable to communicate their being in a week-end visit. The knowledge still held by the Creation itself is overlooked on the way to the library.

So, if you are interested in poetry, *Shaking the Pumpkin* will offer some new and interesting thoughts and ideas and styles. If you are interested in its essence, though, gather together your family and close friends and move to the site you have chosen to form your new tribe. Read one selection each year for several generations. Your grandchildren may be able to grasp the meaning and compare it with ceremonies of their own.

—RARIHOKWATS

editor of *ASWESASNE NOTES*, a national Indian newspaper published on the Mohawk Nation at Roseveltown, N. Y.

AN EYE FOR AN EYE

H. Jack Griswold, Mike Misenheimer, Art Powers,
Ed Tromanhauser

Paperback—Pocket Books, 246 pp., 95 cents
Hardcover—Holt Rinehart & Winston, 304 pp., \$6.95
(Paperback available from War Resisters League)

In reviewing the recently published paperback edition for the New York Times (Sunday) Book Review, Jessica Mitford, author of *The Trial of Dr. Spock* and *The American Way of Death* writes: "When the book (the hardcover edition) first came out last year it impressed me as not only an immensely informative chronicle of prison life but also as an incredibly brave act of defiance on the part of these four convicts (still

doing time at Indiana State Prison).

"The addendum in the newly issued paperback edition tells something of what happened since the original publication of *An Eye for an Eye*. Predictably, instead of addressing themselves to the criticisms of their operation, prison officials turned on the authors, held them incommunicado, refused to permit TV interviews about the book, and busied themselves with an investigation of how the manuscript was smuggled out of the penitentiary. Because the four authors were on the staff, Warden Lash shut down the prison newspaper, *Lake Shore Outlook*, published since 1947. Lately he has instituted a compulsory skin search of prisoners after family visits, a procedure that some find so degrading they have urged their families to stay away.

"By inflicting these punishments Warden Lash has in a perverse sort of way proved the very point the authors were trying to make about the petty-minded tyranny of keeper over kept."

This "tyranny" is spelled-out by the authors in the form of essays, profiles, sketches and human interest reminiscences. Each chapter is initiated by one of the four authors. None of the countless abuses of the prison system remain uncriticized. They are abuses which I have witnessed in my own many experiences in Federal, city and county jails (though I have not done time in a state prison.)

As Jessica Mitford aptly states in her review, the authors "go far to explain the underlying causes of the unprecedented upheaval currently taking place around the Atticas of America."

Ed Tromanhauser writes in his chapter on "Rehabilitation": "Thus the most modern, most 'enlightened' country in the world, operates a system of jails and prisons which are wretched pestholes, indecent crime-breeding swamps of iniquity into which are jammed the poor, the socially outcast, the ignorant, the emotionally disturbed and the mentally ill.

"I do not mean to leave the impression that the inmate bears no responsibility for getting himself into the cesspool that is the American correctional system in the first place. He does. But I happen to believe that what the society does to a man after it gets him in prison is a much greater wrong."

Though the authors are sensitive to the discrimination against blacks which prevails in all phases of the prison system and mention it in several of the chapters, they cannot give the black experience firsthand, being white. Since blacks constitute such a large portion of our prison population, it is unfortunate that at least one of the author could not have been a black. To me, this is the book's main shortcoming.

Of special interest to peace people is the book's mention of the inconsistency in glorifying murder and violence in the process of waging wars while declaring it criminal on all other occasions.

In the very first chapter entitled "Man's Greatest Folly," H. Jack Griswold writes: "That crime and violence have been an integral part of man's social order is borne out by his many wars of acquisition. Hardly a decade has elapsed in the whole of man's history

when he hasn't, in the name of nationalism, encroached on his neighbor. And just as the major proportion of all individual criminal acts are crimes against property, these criminal aggressions perpetrated by one nation against another have almost always centered around territorial disputes and/or the almighty dollar."

—Jim Peck

GOING TO JAIL: THE POLITICAL PRISONER

by Howard Levy and David Miller

Grove Press 243 pages

I myself, months after jail had turned me loose, lying on a dazzling Mediterranean beach, suddenly felt haunted by the memory of my long passage through the "Mill" that grinds up men. I let my head fall into my hands, I closed my eyes. Once again I saw the workshop, the yards where our files of woe-stricken men turned in endless circles, the faces, so many faces; I saw it all again, my heart heavy with a feeling of loss, pity and regret. And isn't it a kind of fascination mixed with pain that makes me write this book? Old chains which have tortured us dig so deeply into our flesh that their marks become a part of our being, and we love them because they are in us.

Victor Serge, after five years in a French prison wrote that. (*Men in Prison*, Doubleday, 1969). It's true. And convicts of a particular bent and upbringing deal with it by writing books. Others, return, in time. Howard Levy and David Miller wrote *Going to Jail: The Political Prisoner* after two years each in Army and Federal prisons. Eldridge Cleaver suggests that prisoners, "become great poets or great revolutionaries". Howard is correct in assessing that prison did not improve his poetry. The book is a straight forward account, chapter by sometimes agonizing chapter, of life in Federal prison. No rhetoric or posturing. For those on their way to prison, it strikes me as absolutely indispensable. The four chapters devoted to Rats and Snitches, Race Relations, Psychiatry, and Resistance relate to the lives of us all and deserve attention from a wider audience.

The experiences shared in these chapters and the conclusions drawn are a part of the growing awareness and sophistication of the white political prisoner in jail. Prison is a good working definition of the school of hard knocks. The movement, within and without the walls, has a great deal to learn. Mistakes are costly, particularly for the intrepid political prisoner.

The greatest weakness of the book is in the chapter on homosexuality. Despite the bad analysis, the advice is good and to the point regarding the problem of sexual assault. But that's the problem with the descriptive analysis. The question of sexual assault should probably have been dealt with in the chapter on Violence. Dave and Howard are wrong to deal with the question of homosexuality in prison as if it is only a question of learning to deal with violent, aggressive males who, on the street, would consider themselves heterosexual. That's a question that has to be dealt with — as any young political prisoner can tell you. But it is a disservice to clear thought and understanding to lump it under

the very different topic of homosexuality.

In terms of recent events in the Northeastern Federal prisons (I.E. Lewisburg-Allenwood and Danbury) the sections in the chapter on Resistance dealing with personal experience in 1968-69 are dated. Political prisoners have come a long way in the last two years. The theoretical sections, however, are excellent. The simple rhetoric, "every prisoner is a political prisoner" has enough truth to it to stay with us. As a slogan it expresses the best in the movement that identifies with all the victims of our economic and social order. There is enough untruth in the slogan to cloud perception when it comes to the hard task of organized resistance within the walls. Dave and Howard analyse this problem and lay out a logical framework for undertaking action. They are the first to stress that this chapter, in particular, is written for white, male and explicitly political prisoners. Personally, I would have liked a small section on the history of political resisters actions since World War II. They ignore the roots of resistance that started at the Lewisburg Farm (where they both finished their "bits") in the Spring of '43 and spread to other institutions. The Vietnam war resisters have yet to achieve such a spreading affect.

Going to Jail covers a great deal one needs to know about prison life and does it well. The movement, ex-cons included, have a long way to go in learning to deal with imprisonment. *Going to Jail* is a valuable contribution. Victor Serge said it best and I'll let him finish this review, as he started it:

I am leaving [prison] with my mind intact, stronger for having survived, tempered by thought. I have not lost the years it has taken from me. We have committed great errors, comrades. We wanted to be revolutionaries: we were only rebels. We must become termites, boring obstinately, patiently, all our lives: in the end, the dike will crumble.

—Bob Eaton

NEW SCHOOLS EXCHANGE

301 East Canon Perdido St.
Santa Barbara, Calif. 93101



The New Schools Exchange is a central resource for the exchange of ideas and information about alternative and experimental schooling. The Newsletter has published the work of people like Ivan Illich, George Dennison, John Holt, Jim Herndon, Jonathan Kozol, etc. Perhaps even more important, we have printed the work of hundreds of others working in schools of one sort or another across the Country. What we publish is rarely finished or polished theory; it has more often been a kind of raw material, a literal "exchange" between people concerned with children. In addition to this, The Newsletter includes lists of Alternative Schools, and a section for people seeking places and places seeking people. The Newsletter is published twice a month and a subscription is \$10.00. We don't publish during July and August.

letters

There have been a number of articles and a series of radio appearances and even network television stories regarding my suit and arbitration with Hoffman in regard to *Steal This Book*. During this time, I have made no public statements or defenses whatsoever on this subject. Now, after a silence of over a year, I hereby put forth my sole and hopefully final statement on the subject.

In November, 1970, Abbie Hoffman contacted me and asked me to form a partnership with him, later called Pirate Editions, and to edit and arrange for publication of a book called *Steal This Book*. I did not know at this time nor until months later that Izak Haber had actually written the book and been ripped off for it, or I would have refused to participate at all. At any rate, we then drew up a contract which provided me with 8% of the first 20,000 books and 4% thereafter. This contract was to be typed and returned for my signature. By a long and complicated series of stalls and deceptions, this contract was never returned to me. Hoffman was in an extreme hurry to get his book out before Rubin's and so I went ahead on the book rather than delay it over what I felt was a petty business point.

Because a series of incredible scams had gone down by then which had resulted in Hoffman being banned from the U.P.S. office by the staff (not including me), I was neither unhappy nor surprised when one of Hoffman's business managers, Gustin Reichbach, informed me that he wished to buy out my share of the book. I estimated that the book would sell 500,000 copies, making my share worth \$40,560, however, I didn't want to wait until the book sold a half million so I offered to take a walk for \$5,000. At first, we all agreed, that \$5,000 was an eminently fair figure, but then Hoffman informed me that my editing was "terrible" and so on. Mr. Lefcourt began a series of double deals. Negotiations dragged on.

Shortly after this, the New Nation symbol was removed from the cover, and a photo of Mr. Hoffman substituted. Izak Haber's name was removed, and Hoffman's name doubled in size and moved to the top. A series of photographs of Hoffman inside were quadrupled in size. My urgent request that a couple of incorrect bomb diagrams be revised was ignored, and the book was printed. Where I had argued for a maximum \$1.25 price in pocketbook, it was issued at \$1.95.

The book appeared. All my editing, all the sections which I had written were included in totem without a word changed. Further, the plan which I had developed for marketing, advertising and promotion was being used in totem.

I filed suit and after the suit had been pending several months, I had a series of discussions with Rex Weiner, who constituted the entire staff of the now defunct Pirate Editions. Weiner filed the mail orders each day. We agreed that arbitration would be preferable to litigation. In fact, I had written an arbitration clause into our original contract. I proposed a three person panel and suggested Mayer Vishner and Craig Karpel.

I had met Karpel and Vishner twice briefly. Karpel suggested Dr. Howard Levy, whom I had never met. I agreed to these three because I did not know them personally, but I knew of them. The plan was presented to Hoffman, and he agreed. I did not know at this time that Vishner had worked intimately with Hoffman on the WPAX farce and that Karpel was Hoffman's friend.

After a series of delays to accommodate Mr. Hoffman's speaking schedule, the hearings began. Hoffman had two witnesses, his lawyer and business manager, Gerald Lefcourt, and Dinny Zimmerman, sales manager of Grove Press. As even the judges admitted afterwards, they had been heavily coached, and they lied through their teeth. Zimmerman denied the book had gone into a second printing, although the copies of it were sitting right there in the room. Zimmerman claimed the book had sold under 100,000, although the day before he had told a reporter it had sold 2,000,000.

Lefcourt claimed the contract was never in writing, but I later produced the contract, on his own stationary, with his own handwriting on it. He denied ever having heard of Forman or me, and Lefcourt denied we had introduced the book to Grove. Later Karpel called Reichbach, who had not been pre-coached as he was not expected to testify. Reichbach inadvertently confirmed that we had introduced the book to Grove, making Lefcourt and Zimmerman bald-faced liars. I was not allowed to cross-examine either Lefcourt or Zimmerman at any time. Further, any requests that Lefcourt, Hoffman, and Grove bring their records into court were ignored by them and covered up by the judges.

My witnesses were Melany Thum, Ron Rosenbaum, Izak Haber, and Michael Forman. They testified, and were made available later for cross-examination. Afterwards, we agreed that no witnesses would be interrogated until the next session. The next day I found that Amber Wilcock had been called by Dr. Howard Levy. I immediately confronted Levy with this information. At first he denied it, but finally admitted it, but denied any wrongdoing. One of the judges had been caught lying. The day previous, Vishner had attempted to privately question a witness, until caught. What little faith I had in the proceedings was fading rapidly.

At the beginning of the hearings, at the request of the court, I had submitted a 10 page single spaced account of the event. At the end of it, I asked the judges if they could find a single inaccuracy or falsehood in my account. They could not.

After the second session, there was a long wait of about three weeks until the judges could meet to develop their judgement. When they finally did, they spent more time writing their press release than they did writing the judgement. This was a portent of the future. Their judgement was to order Mr. Hoffman to give me \$1,000 and 10,000 books at cost. Both Mr. Hoffman and I recognized and agreed that this was a completely foolish, utterly naive, and eminently stupid decision, and we both vigorously lobbied for a cash settlement. This the judges agreed to do. While Mr. Hoffman and I waited in the antechamber, they spent about an hour drawing up a new judgement. The new one also ordered Mr. Hoffman to give me \$1,000 and 10,000 books at cost. It was called a "karma

alignment". The three judges then signed the judgement, which included themselves as administrators and contractors with Grove for the books. Mr. Hoffman was directed to negotiate a suitable arrangement for them to sign with Grove by October 1, and to pay me \$1,000 by November 1.

On October 1, 1971, I delivered to the office of Pirate Editions an invoice for the first 2,000. On October 2, when the shipment did appear, I immediately invoked a provision of the agreement calling for a meeting of the arbitration panel. To this date, the panel has never met. On October 2, 1971, for all intents and purposes, the so-called people's court ceased to exist.

On November 1, 1971, I skipped lightly to my mailbox in Washington, D.C., twirled the combination in eager anticipation, and opened the little door to be met by a singularly disappointing sight: the clear white light of emptiness. After repeated attempts to get in touch with the elusive Mr. Vishner, I was informed that "the check must have been lost in the mail". No matter, it would have had to be replaced anyway, since according to Vishner, it was not certified, and bore the endorsement "editorial services paid in full". The cashing of this check by me under New York State law would have abrogated my rights to additional compensation, e.g. the 10,000 books or their cash equivalent.

Nearly two months later, a second check was finally obtained. The second check was certified and also boldly bore the endorsement "for editorial services, paid in full". On January 8, 1972, after over a year of being stalled, lied to, and having my time and money wasted, I decided to reopen my suit against Hoffman.

Upon my arrival back in New York City on January 13, 1972, I called Vishner and asked him if he had any money for me and received the by now traditional answer. I then informed him that I intended to reopen my suit against Hoffman and further, for failure to fulfill the agreement which they had written themselves into and signed, I intended to sue Karpel, Levy, Vishner, and if possible, Vishner's goldfish, parakeet, ant farm, cockroaches, 3 cats, his ancestors to the 4th generation and his descendants to the 7th generation. I'll let the public's response to this letter determine finally whether to sue the judges, however.

Izak Haber may become the first "movement" person to be stoned to death for saying the Emperor has no clothes. Karpel has seen fit to write a defense of Hoffman and attack Haber in WIN Magazine although he cites not one fact.

In a December issue of WIN, Karpel had an article entitled "Steal This Court", which contained a series of lies which Karpel knows to be lies. Michael Forman's answer in the January issue covers some of these. In the January issue of the ACLU newsletter, Karpel had a further article which repeated some of these lies. For example, Karpel states that Hoffman came to me because I was interested in setting up alternative distribution, and that their decision to give me 10,000 books was based on this. In fact, as Mr. Karpel knows very well, I have been a long and vocal opponent of so-called alternative distribution because I consider it politically reactionary and economically disastrous. However, it is essential for Karpel to continue to make this claim, because otherwise he looks

like a damned fool for offering me 10,000 books to start a distribution system I don't want, don't need, can't use, and won't use. Either that or Karpel has not listened to a word I have said or written.

The end result of this for me has been that to this date I have not received one cent or one book from Abbie Hoffman, and the so-called judges have not met once since their press conference. The counter-culture has been made to look like a bunch of meatballs foundering in their own gravy and sucking on their own spaghetti.

—REV. THOMAS KING FORCADE
WASHINGTON, D.C.

The article in your September 15th, 1971 issue, LA RAZA DESUNIDA, has a number of disturbing errors in fact, judgment and logic.

This article has got to be one of the most unusual pieces of journalism written in the name of Chicanismo, a classic example of confusion mixed with the weird logic of paranoia. The idea that various members of "the Kennedy clan," Shriver and McGeorge Bundy in a secret meeting gave birth to the La Raza Unida is crazy. The last thing the Democratic Party would want is a Chicano, Black, and Indian Third Party. Such a party would literally destroy the Democratic Party.

Recently in Los Angeles Raul Ruiz, La Raza Unida candidate for the 48th Assembly District, defeated the Democratic candidate, a Mexican American with a lot of backing, even though Democrats out-numbered Republicans two to one. In other words, La Raza Unida Party proved it was the balance of power. La Raza Unida in New Mexico could hope to control the entire state. Therefore this article is reactionary and the New Mexico Democratic Party will be eternally grateful to the writers and to WIN magazine.

Chicanos, on the other hand, have plenty to be disturbed about. This article makes it seem that Chicanos are dumb and unknowing, that they can be easily manipulated by the viciously clever "liberals" of the establishment. The writers do not recognize the truth of Chicano power, that plans to pacify it more often than not backfire.

The Chicano sense of urgency will never settle for minor reforms, but it does not fail to appreciate that reforms are also the result of Chicano direct political action.

The writers of LA RAZA DESUNIDA have some weird romantic sense of revolutionary politics. They seem to indicate that angry militancy must by necessity be separated from electoral politics. La Raza Unida Party means the United People's Party, hence the most revolutionary concept in North American politics. It is bound to frighten and further confuse the already confused.

Most of what the writers say can be discounted, if it were not for the dangers inherent in the logic of paranoia mixed with misinformation. La Raza Unida political party and La Raza Unida Association and Southwest Council of La Raza are very different from each other, and the writers do not understand either. Dr. Galarza has for over 30 years eloquently and consistently been an advocate for economic justice for Mexican people both here in the Southwest and in Mexico. Putting him down because he suggests having Chicanos on Draft Boards is unfair. The truth is that if Chicanos were on

Draft Boards in New Mexico less Chicanos would have to go to war. It is absurd to say, "Galarza says we should just seek brown Draft Board members and be happy with a few less sons killed."

The article states, "We don't want La Raza Unida brought into New Mexico." This implies that the writers speak for all Chicanos in New Mexico, but again it is the logic that's faulty. La Raza Unida will not be imposed from other states on Chicanos Nuevo Mexicanos. Chicano Nuevo Mexicanos are potentially already members of La Raza Unida.

So, my friends, the article LA RAZA DESUNIDA does not perform a service to the forces of liberation. You should be more careful about printing articles that pretend to offer insights in Chicano political life.

—FRANK SIFUENTES
COMPTON, CALIF.

It has been my personal observation while in the military that actions which are discriminatory in nature are not the exception to the rule, as so often said, but rather, occur so frequently that these matters should no longer go unnoticed and unchallenged by established authority.

The following question enters my mind: Do you automatically forfeit your constitutional rights when in service of your country? I believe this is contrary to what our forefathers intended when they drafted our Constitution.

Having applied for a discharge as a conscientious objector I was reluctant to volunteer my views to my superiors; however, I was pushed into speaking out by several people who opposed my ideology. Consequently several commanders have been taking it upon themselves to arbitrarily repudiate my ideology which they personally find inconsistent, indifferent, and repulsive.

Following a discussion concerning my views as a conscientious objector, my former commander, a Colonel, vehemently stated I could forget about getting my old job back with Southern Bell Telephone after I left the Army, because he had some ties with certain high ranking officials in the company who would assure that I would not be rehired. As an assistant defense counsel for special court martials I was personally counseled by the convening authority and legal officer concerning cases I had defended which were dismissed on technicalities when "the defendant is clearly guilty." The four months I defended at trial enabled me to make a first hand observation of the egregious expedience of assembly line system of military justice. Finally, as an outspoken critic of the war and an organizer of the Fort Benning chapter of the Concerned Officers' movement, my deeply held views have created an atmosphere of repression of thought and arbitrary capricious discrimination against the individual.

The scheme employed by the military to eliminate unorthodox thinkers is characterized by innuendo and picaresque charges. This comes largely not as a result of the inflexibility of the Uniform Code of Military Justice or of the Army Regulations, but of a personal vendetta of certain egocentric human beings who feel compelled to flaunt their authority, recklessly acting without re-

gard to an individual's rights, and who mask their insecurities beneath the uniforms of officers. Individuals of this narrow mold should be stripped of their authority.

In the typical fashion described, the Army has preferred charges against me and initiated elimination proceedings. Given the capriciousness of military justice, I look forward to eventually falling victim to the "system." Perhaps I should have taken heed when the Assistant Staff Judge Advocate warned me not to "buck the system," for if I did, it would chew me up and spit me out in little pieces.

TERRY T. TORRES
FT. BENNING, GA.

1. Thank you for the article on women in North Vietnam. (12/15/71) A real inspiration for continuing the struggle.

2. However the article on Brazil in the same issue was annoying. For one thing, it didn't even mention what to me is a crucial tension between (violent) guerrilla warfare and nonviolent struggle. (Maybe someone could deal with that in an article sometime?) More important, it was pretty sexist — just plain unaware of the problem. I'm amazed that you (as editors) let slip by sentences like "His breaking out of a ring thrown around his rural training center south of Rio last year showed both balls and brilliance." I hope the struggle which is rising around us is closer to that of the N. Vietnamese women than to this person's analysis!

I don't expect you, or the author, or any of us, to be totally clear of sexist imagery — yet. It's a long deep struggle. But it is important to keep challenging each other, even on such apparently picaresque points — else how will we grow? I hope in the future you may be led to send such manuscripts back to authors with a note saying "We would be glad to publish this if you are willing to make the following changes..."

—BETSY CAZDEN
NEW SWARTHMOOR
CLINTON, N.Y.

Have just read the article on Woman's Liberation in North Vietnam. My main reason for writing is to point out that these women are liberated because of the abolition of "private property".

Would like to recommend to the author that she read Frederick Engels' "ORIGIN OF THE FAMILY, PRIVATE PROPERTY AND THE STATE". In this small book he describes just how "private property" destroyed the original family of man, in which the woman was the "head".

Before the advent of "private property" there was no need of marriage, as we know it today. The woman was the head of the family because she gave birth to the children, whose father was not known. The marriage contract was begun when the man wanted to leave his property to his sons! No property no marriage! The woman lost her status for the same reason.

Although not a religious man, I must go along with St. Basil when he said, "A perfect society is that which excludes private property. Such was the primitive well-being of man which was over-turned by the sin of our first fathers."

All the evils of the earth can be traced to this one item — PRIVATE PROPERTY!
MARSHALL GROB
NORTH BEND, OREGON

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Prisoner(s) would like to get info for political awareness-uptight (punishment lockup) can receive mail, newsletters, pamphlets, etc. All views are welcomed and would like to correspond with some together people to rap on current happenings and movements.

James E. Szulciewicz H-4923
P.O. Box 9901
Pgh. Pa. 15233

Have been sentenced to 75 years in prison for a crime I did not commit. Desperately need help to appeal. Any and all donations will be appreciated. I will answer all inquiries. Thank You, Tommy Marshburn, 500 Commerce, Dallas, Texas, 75202.

Prison correspondents are urgently needed by all alternative newspapers. Write to the United World Press Co-op about the scene behind the bars near you. Please include copies of any newspapers (authorized or not) which are important to you. The information will be published in Rama Pipien and distributed to world-wide Co-op members. Get it on!

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the Tupamaros



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WRL Midwest, 1437 E. Brady St., Milwaukee, Wis. 53202
WRL Southwest, 1003 Forrester NW, Albuquerque, NM 87104
WRL West, 833 Haight St., S.F., Cal. 94133
Atlanta Workshop in Nonviolence, Box 7477, Atlanta, Ga. 30309

D.C.

Washington WRL, P.O. Box 231, American University, Washington, D.C. 20016

KANSAS

Lawrence WRL, Canterbury House, 116 Louisiana Lawrence, Kansas 66044

MICHIGAN

Detroit WRL, Oakland University, Rochester, Mich. 48063

NEW JERSEY

Newark WRL, 366 Passaic Ave. Nutley, NJ 07110 (201/667-7451)

NEW YORK

Broome Co. WRL, P.O. Box 1351, Binghamton, N.Y. 13902
Ithaca WRL, 215 Giles St., Ithaca, N.Y. 14850
Jamestown WRL, 12 Partridge St. Jamestown, N.Y. 14701

OHIO

Columbus WRL, 195 Indianola Ave., Columbus, Ohio 43201

OKLAHOMA

Oklahoma WRL, Box 11, Norman Okla. 73069

TEXAS

Austin WRL/Direct Action, P.O. Box 7161, University Station, Austin, Tx. 78712
Ft. Worth WRL, 3111 McPherson, Ft. Worth, Tx 76109

VIRGINIA

Edinburg Virginia WRL, Rt # 3, Edinburg, Va.

WEST VIRGINIA

Morgantown WIN, 420 Stewart St., Morgantown, W. Va. 26505

In addition to the above groups, there are about a dozen efforts to organize local WRL's going on around the country. These are what we could call embryo WRL's and when they reach the stage of being able to organize and work outside the WRL membership we will list them as local WRL's. If you would like to begin organizing a local WRL or would like information on the local WRL program please write to the National Office.

THEY LOVE IT BUT LEAVE IT. Written by WRI Secretary Devi Prasad, this book covers all major aspects of desertion by U.S. servicemen and their situation in the countries where they have taken refuge (paperback) 80pp. \$1

AIN'T GONNA PAY FOR WAR NO MORE. Finally, everything you'd want to know on war tax resistance under one cover — by Robert Calvert, coordinator of War Tax Resistance. (paperback) 127pp. \$1

AN EYE FOR AN EYE impresses Jessica Mitford, author of "The Trial of Dr. Spock" as "not only an immensely informative chronicle of prison life but also as an incredibly brave act of defiance on the part of these four convicts." They are still doing time at Indiana State Prison. (paperback) 246 pp. 95 cents

STRUGGLE FOR JUSTICE. A report on crime and punishment in America prepared for the AFSC with Mark Morris as staff writer (paperback) 179 pp. \$1.95

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