

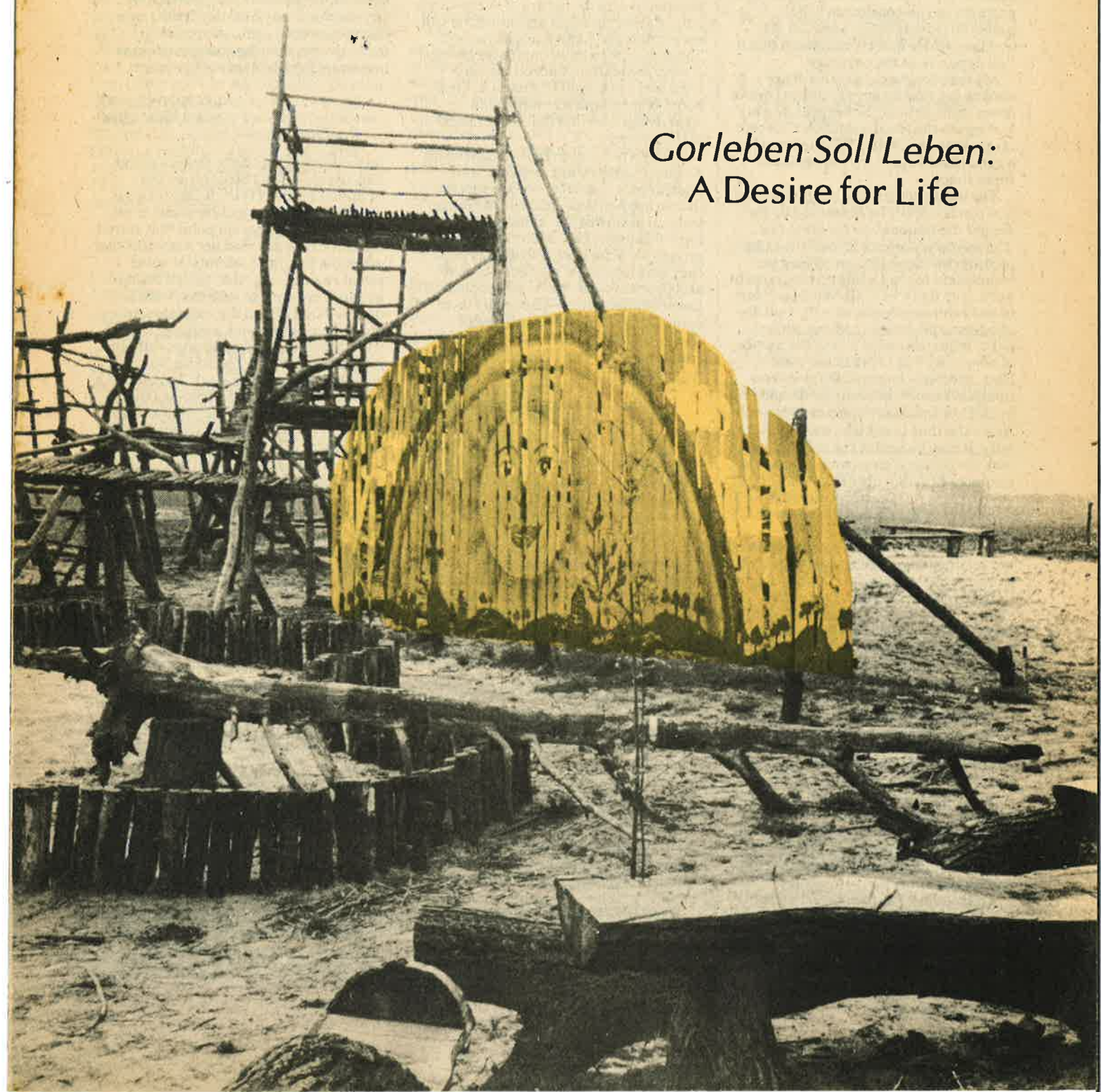
October 26, 1978/40¢

win

peace and freedom through nonviolent action

Count Every Single Child—A Story of Busing

Gorleben Soll Leben:
A Desire for Life



LETTERS

Traveling home from the August 6th action at the Diablo Canyon Nuclear Power Plant (near San Luis Obispo), I was struck by a comment a fellow protestor made as I sat in a Mexican cafe along the route north. At a nearby table, someone asked this person what he thought of the protest: was any optimism to be gathered from the rally and civil disobedience? He quickly remarked that it "all depends on the coverage."

My reaction was a mixture of unspoken gloom and anger, and so I drank down another beer. Not expressing my feelings to that media huckster forced me to write this letter. WIN seemed like a good place to give my impressions some space.

The importance of the August 6th action can not really be measured by the weight the national media gives to it. The media's purpose is to control and package the news like cornflakes for commuters to read while on the trains to work. The day was really one of solidarity and acknowledgement—for civil disobedience protestors and supporters alike. In just one year's time the number of people willing to break the state's laws, precisely because the state continues to breach all sanity by developing nuclear power, has risen nearly ten-fold. As for the thousands who were at the rally, it may be said of them that they took the first few steps toward active resistance. For undoubtedly, many of last year's spectators became this year's CD protestors. Therein lies the importance and success of August 6th.

So true to its nature, the media has not acknowledged this fact, nor has it felt a need to describe the abundant information that comprised the Alternative Energy Fair, that was also part of the event. From all the solar generators, windmills, and printed material that was set up along the beach site came a constructive program for our energy development.

Undoubtedly the event was a rewarding experience for me. I was a stage monitor during the rally, and felt strong to be participating in my first political act in months. The disagreements which have led me to break with the nonviolent and anti-nuclear movements in California seemed to be put in abeyance for the moment. I acted in concert with others, and with a sense of fulfilling some of my own convictions.

The scenario for the protest action called for the members of affinity groups to scale the fences with ladders. In a symbolic sense, those same ladders may indicate some of the lengths the Abalone

Alliance must still travel in building its movement. For some of the day's program and politics seemed muddled, or perhaps not entirely thought out.

Avowed socialist elements participated in the action also, and that was a new development for me. Red Abalones and the Peace and Freedom Party, along with a distinctly socialist affinity group, made it be known that some people would rather smash capitalism than atoms. It seems a bit incongruent for Marxists to work with an Alliance of avowed decentralist principles.

Also of interest was one leaflet handed to me by an Ad Hoc Socialist network. It spelled out, for the first time, a radical perspective on the nature of energy and jobs. Rather than just repeating the Alliance's demand (which has its roots in liberalism) for a labor-intensive energy policy, the leaflet attacked the very nature of work itself in America: the 40 hours of mechanized routine and destructive production that is ever present in this system.

Those who went to Diablo Canyon on August 6 surely want to see the anti-nuclear movement grow. One way for that to happen is to maintain the decentralized nature of the Alliance and the type of action it had. Many affinity groups were formed, and it is my hope they stay intact. Tremendous growth and political work can be accomplished if they continue to act—especially in a spontaneous fashion. The gates of Diablo and the streets of California's communities will need persistent protests if Diablo is to be stopped.

—DAVID PINGITORE
San Francisco, Calif.

I found your August 17th Transportation Issue very informative. I'm sure many others besides myself appreciated the GM article, having been too young or non-existent at the time to realize what the company was up to. But I must respond to T. Beadle's letter (WIN, 9/28/78) in which he concludes that "In urban areas, the public had decided... that the public is better served by such a (automobile) transportation operation." Mr. Beadle supports his statement by citing the underuse of bike racks at suburban Philadelphia transit stations.

It takes more than bike racks to make cycling a viable means of daily transportation in urban areas. It takes a mini-revolution, in which everyone's consciousness is sensitized to the needs and rights of cyclists. In Ann Arbor, cycling, in conjunction with city and university buses, has increasingly become popular as a mode of transportation for many more than the students, due to local efforts at improving cycling conditions. Sidewalk bike routes with the curbs flattened (a city ordinance for the handicapped which vastly improves cycling safety), bike lanes on major streets, bike route stop signs for motorists, racks at major buildings and bus stops—all these invite people to cycle instead of clutter-

ing the vicinity with cars. Most important is the sensitivity of Ann Arbor motorists, who are in the habit of watching out for cyclists and leaving room on the road for them. (I can personally contrast this to my cycling experiences in suburban Philadelphia, where I was subjected to numerous instances of downright viciousness by side-pinchng motorists.)

We pride ourselves on our cycling community. We even have a bicycle delivery service, "The Freewheel Express," which operates year-round delivering anything from computer printouts to groceries. This type of energy-saving, constructive business could only operate in a supportive environment. Transportation habits won't change unless we provide positive inducements inviting change, the most important inducement being our attitude.

—JANET SMARR
Ann Arbor, Mich.

As a personal anecdote, Delia Aguilar-San Juan's "Class Struggle on the Feminist Front" (WIN, 9/28/78) was interesting. But as mature social analysis it flopped. The main point that stared me in the face as I read her story was that when the federales administer some social engineering, the "social change agents" must make sure that what is done will not offend the federales. In a quasi-democracy such as that in the US, with different pressure groups influencing decisions by the federales, this is a very delicate balancing act. To conduct a seminar with papers and movies that stress themes such as the relationship between the oppression of women and capitalism, to the exclusion of alternative analyses, is simply too risky. Any participant might run to Congress and the entire program, in which the "social change agents" seem to believe and from which they seem to derive various benefits, could be challenged.

What is so wrong with the line of analysis is this effort to blame it all on capitalism. Clearly China, Russia, Albania, and numerous other socialist countries experience extensive sexism. The Marxist idea that economics accounts for the superstructures of religion, etc. just won't do—different economic systems have very similar religious superstructures. Even in the case of the TISD program Ms. Aguilar-San Juan described it was not capitalism but the hierarchical structure and the authoritarian character of socialist (as in "having the social goal") bureaucratic program that accounts best for the situation (without knowing the case much better).

Finally what is so insidious about the analysis is that it treats people as cogs in some mechanistic system where they could have no will, ergo no responsibilities of their own. Maybe indeed Betsy and Fanny were not very nice people. Is that impossible? Should we explain away

Ms. Aguilar-San Juan's behavior—including her essay—as a mere event in the unfolding of history's dialectical development? But then why is Betsy's or Fanny's event less important or less valid? By what standard do we consider Ms. Aguilar-San Juan's case a noble one while we regard Betsy's or Fanny's reactionary?

—TIBOR R. MACHAN
Santa Barbara, Calif.

I want to thank W.D. Ehrhart for his review of three books by black poets in the September 28 issue. He asks what we can do about apartheid in South Africa and refers to the "Dear Swarthmorean" letter from President Friend who deplores racism in S. Africa but decides against divestment of stock in American companies with subsidiaries in S. Africa. I, too, received the letter. I enclose a copy of my reply in the hope that, if published in your magazine, other Swarthmore graduates may want to remind our Quaker college that it has a tradition to affirm: a tradition of peace and justice and brotherhood more precious than the 18 percent return from corporate investments in S. Africa.

—MARY BYE
Doylestown, Penn.

Dr. Theodore Friend
Swarthmore College

Dear Dr. Friend:

I want to thank you for your recent letter to me. It clarified a point I had wondered about: the extent of Swarthmore's encouragement of student involvement in political matters.

I would judge from your letter that you and/or the board of managers do not feel it is appropriate for students to concern themselves with the investment of college monies in multinational corporations in South Africa, although such investments support apartheid. The withdrawal of funds from these corporations is the nonviolent action that black and white South Africans have called for as a first step towards the liberation of the

BEEN DOWN SO LONG

Folks, we have to level with you. The cash flow around here is bad, which is to say, the money's not coming in fast enough to meet even the basic expenses. We're in bad shape; WIN is in trouble.

So what else is new, you might ask? Nothing is new, just worse...much worse.

You've gotten the fall fund appeal—or you'll get it in the next week or so. We took the time—over and above all the daily and weekly tasks of putting the magazine together and running the office—to write the letter, dash it to the printer, stuff, sort, seal, tie and bag that many thousand piece mailing. We took all that precious time because we really need the money. (Did you know that your contributions make up a quarter of our budget? Ever try to survive without a quarter of your income? Not easy; for us, impossible.) To say that we depend on you is a gross understatement.

We need every single one of you to send us a contribution, whatever you can. So please, dig a little deeper this time to keep WIN alive.

black majority. In the light of John Woolman's question: "May we...try whether the seeds of war have any nourishment in these our possessions or not?" I would hope that in response all members of the Society of Friends would consider the upholding of our testimonies to be of greater importance than the returns on our investments.

Therefore I have decided not to contribute money to the college. And I want to express publicly my support for the students who want US business out of South Africa.

Sincerely,
Mary McCarty Bye
Class of 1936

Thanks for running Marty Jezer's "Who's On First? What's On Second?" article (WIN, 10/12/78). It's really important for us to take the time to look at strategy from a relaxed position. All too often we jump right in and look at possible tactics—assuming or forgetting the overall strategy, perhaps even the goals. I know this has been a problem for the Philadelphia area Mobilization for Survival coalition, Zero Nuclear Weapons. And it can go even deeper with a coalition because sometimes the individuals' assumptions about goals and/or strategies are quite far apart.

Yet, while there is no real substitute for long-range strategy building, and being clear on shared and divergent assumptions, I think Marty Jezer too quickly passes over the importance of "presences" and witnesses—of individual or small group actions that raise the issue (nuclear power, nuclear weapons, racism, sexism) in public places. They do draw attention to the issue, and they do serve as an energizing point for individuals trying to become or stay active. Strategy building and organizing are not always possible—for one reason or another, but raising the issue is, even in small ways. But, in the long run, the organizing is critical. Let's get to it!

—STEVE GULICK
Philadelphia, Penn.



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Cover: Part of the Gorleben non-violent camp, July 1978. Photo by Hanna Kotowski.

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Gorleben Soll Leben: A Desire for Life

by Craig Simpson

A kerosene lamp stood in the center of the large picnic table as 30 or 40 young German anti-nuclear activists from Hamburg and Berlin held hands and linked arms to sing a new song against the nuclear waste disposal dump planned only a few miles up the road. As each verse of the song progressed, two people holding a large cloth banner would unfold a new section with a picture depicting the words. I looked off through the camp and saw similar fires among the tents where people were sitting, eating, and talking. A serene setting. This was the first evening of the annual Gorleben nonviolent summer camp.

I was suddenly aware that attention was being focused on me as Hanna, a friend and local activist with whom I drove from Berlin, told me, "They want you to sing an anti-nuke song from America." A bit embarrassed because I knew no German (but mainly because I have one of the worst singing voices in the Southwest movement), I dropped my inhibitions and attempted, "Nukie, Nukie, Halle-lujah! — Number One on the Cactus Alliance No Nukes charts. So went the last evening of my visit to Gorleben and my whirlwind tour of anti-nuclear, anti-military groups in northern Germany. I had come to share information on our movement in the US and New Mexico and I left with a spirit of solidarity and an encouraging sense of friendship gained from another great international experience. The importance of linking the movement against nuclear waste disposal and reprocessing in Gorleben and the movement against the Waste Isolation Pilot Plant in Carlsbad, New Mexico, is crucial for the collapse of the nuclear industry around the world. So my informal visit to Gorleben had a special significance and meaning for me.

The nuclear power industry in the Federal Republic of Germany (FRG, West Germany) is as insecure as the industry in the United States, but West Germany is rapidly becoming a major nuclear

Craig Simpson is active with Citizens Against Nuclear Threats and the Cactus Alliance in Albuquerque, New Mexico.

power. At this rate by 1984, Germany will be second only to the US. The roots of the nuclear industry there date back to the Third Reich and continues in an unbroken line to today.

The German nuclear industry was set up in the late 1930's for the development of nuclear weapons, but most work went into production of V-1's and 2's as well as the Messerschmidts and submarines that made rubble of many parts of London. Hitler's atomic industry never split the atom (and there is controversy over whether they ever came close), but it did important and significant experiments valuable to the future nuclear world economy. The program had many setbacks due to the sporadic arrest and exile of its scientists. Despite these continuous setbacks and the program's supposed dismantlement after Nazi Germany was defeated, the major scientists and financial and industrial network which supported it continued to operate. According to the *Nuclear Axis*, a book released in July in London about the FRG's atomic industry, "Professor Hans Martin of Kiel University, who elaborated counter-current centrifuge theory in 1939 and whose subsequent researches received top priority funding from the Nazis, published a major study on centrifuge gas flow profile in 1950. In 1949 the war-time centrifugists under Professor Groth were funded to continue their experiments by Emergency Association for German Science. Groth is now the senior centrifugist in the Federal Republic."

Nazi financial links to the FRG's nuclear program can be made. "The present day atomic energy industry in West Germany," according to the *Nuclear Axis*, "consists of a tightly interlocked group of companies backed by certain major banks which directly... was responsible for the early successes of the Nazi nuclear project." The US helped insure the continuation of the Federal Republic's atomic industry by supporting and aiding the nuclear scientists and encouraging the FRG's admittance to NATO. America's main wish in this regard was to build a strong anti-communist front in

Europe with nuclear capability. But because of the fears and strong disapproval of the French, agreements and compromises were made to have no nuclear weapons on German soil. This was only reluctantly agreed to by the Americans. In 1955 the Federal Republic was allowed openly to build its "Atoms for Peace" program which Eisenhower encouraged NATO countries to become involved in.

Today the Federal Republic is the fastest growing nuclear industry in the world. Its enthusiasm for exporting nuclear technology has made it the chief competitor of the United States. Since pre-World War II days, Germany has wanted to make its atomic industry independent (an idea which Nixon introduced in the US with Project Independence during the oil embargo). Lacking uranium reserves of any consequence within its own boundaries, the FRG has sought alliances with South Africa and Brazil to exchange technology for resources in enriched uranium. Other nuclear alliances have been set up with Iran and Israel to exchange other valuable resources.

The nuclear industry within the Federal Republic is growing with leaps and bounds. Plans include the construction of 50 nuclear power stations in the Rhine Valley alone, a fast breeder reactor at Kalkar, and a reprocessing waste disposal complex at Gorleben.

Despite the rapid growth of the industry and its burgeoning prestige abroad as a key exporter of nuclear technology, problems at home may destroy the industry. Of the 14 power plants already constructed, only five are actually functioning. There are problems with leaks, faulty fuel rods, and much more. June was an especially bad month for them as three power stations suffered three accidents in less than ten days. The first occurred in a 800-megawatt reactor at Brunsbuettel, where technicians attempting to repair a ruptured pipe discovered a leak but underestimated its damage. An extremely serious leak was averted when the reactor shut down purely by chance. The public was only informed of this five days later when an

anonymous tip to the press warned of the danger to the community. At the largest nuclear power station in Europe at Biblis, a leakage of radioactive water was found on a routine inspection in the reactor block. And just a few days later in Geerstact, in the same state as Brunsbueettel, a bulldozer severed an underground drainage pipe leading from the reactor. Two thousand gallons of "weak" radioactive water leaked into the Elbe River. Two accidents in the same area created increased tension about nuclear issues.

In March of this year there was a transportation accident in the health resort of Bad-Sooden Allendorf in the state of Hessen (near the East German border). A truck carrying nuclear wastes didn't quite make a turn and hit a house. The barrels of waste moved forward crushing the driver in his cab. He was quickly hospitalized and the incident hushed up in a few days time.

As in the United States, waste disposal of nuclear materials is a key problem of the Federal Republic's atomic industry. Some construction of power stations has been halted on court order until the waste problem is solved. Already 90,000 barrels have been disposed of temporarily in mines, but a permanent solution must be found to save the industry. Both reprocessing and disposal in salt are the alternatives proposed (now becoming a heated international controversy). So, the Federal Republic's hope of a utopian solution is Gorleben.

Gorleben is a small community which can rarely be found on a map, located in Lower Saxony in northeast West Germany. The tiny hamlet sits on a land peninsula which pushes out into the German Democratic Republic (GDR, East Germany). On one side winds the romantic Elbe River, on the other the series of tall electronic fences, guard towers, and mine fields of the GDR. This area of Lower Saxony is one of the few areas of Germany where there is some untouched natural beauty. This is the "Heide," or moor, where there exists marshes, fields, and forests unlike any other region of the industrial "model state" of West Germany. Rare birds, plants, and other wildlife abound in the area. The attraction for the atomic industry isn't the terrain, the tall and beautiful trees, or the rare birds. It's the large salt domes that lie four thousand feet below the surface which were once part of a prehistoric ocean of the North Sea. Here the FRG plans the largest waste depository and reprocessing complex in all of Europe. The planned site will stretch over 15 square kilometers. The entrance hall is for three thousand tons of fuel elements. The reprocessing unit will hold 1500 tons of uranium undergoing the purex extraction process. The site will also have a waste treatment plant for high-level wastes. All this the industry claims is experimental — isn't it always experimental until they construct it? A private company, DWK (Deutsche Gesellschaft für Wiederaufbereitung von Kernbrennstoffen), will do testing and

construction. The German word for reprocessing — Entsorgung — literally means "removing worries." Gorleben will be an Entsorgungspark, or Worry Removal Center.

In the summer of 1975 a series of fires occurred in four places in the Lower Saxony prehistoric salt sea. A short time later three of the fire locations were coincidentally announced as possible waste sites. In the Gorleben-Gartow area, a large section of the forest was devastated while local residents fought to save it for almost a week. Now most people are certain the fire was arson and many believe it was the government who lit the match.

This area was chosen finally and specifically for many reasons. First, the FRG firmly believes that salt is the solution to their nuclear problems and that the domes in this area are the most suitable. Second, the population of the land peninsula is both sparse and conservative, with the potential for giving uncritical support to any government project. Third, because the site is surrounded on three sides by the frontier, the area is easy to seal off in case of mass demonstrations. Related to this is that if there were a major accident at the Gorleben plant, 75% of the people affected would be in East Germany. GDR hasn't complained because they are building a similar plant right across the river.



Wooden constructions built by anti-nuclear citizens. Photo by Hanna Kotowski.

In the other proposed areas demonstrations broke out immediately. In Unter Luhb, 100 kilometers from Gorleben, a site was chosen. Almost immediately after the announcement of the plan, young people occupied the proposed site. Soon afterwards, farmers blockaded the roads in the area with their tractors to show support for the occupiers. Unter Luhb suddenly became politically unsuited for the plan. But the people in the Gorleben area weren't prepared for such a project to be forced on them. It took them longer to meet and begin to organize. It had always been difficult for them to fully trust outsiders and sometimes even people in outer villages and hamlets close by. The government quickly began spreading their propaganda, talking to local residents, taking local officials to La Hague reprocessing center in France, and setting a favorable political climate. But the growth of the anti-nuclear movement in West Ger-



A windmill at Gorleben. Photo by Hanna Kotowski.

many has begun to touch even the isolated communities of Lower Saxony.

Only a few years ago, the anti-nuclear movement was made up of a small handful of environmentalists, disenchanted leftists and a few fanatical scientists. But in 1975, when farmers and local people blocked construction and occupied a proposed power plant site in Wyhl, the movement exploded. The Germans moved to the forefront of the no-nukes struggle in Europe with their large creative demonstrations throughout the entire country. At Brookdorf in October 1976, 10,000 came and by February 1977, 30,000. At Grohnde reactor site in March of that year, 15,000 showed up, with a small occupation site set up across the road and a barricade of the railroad tracks. In July of 1977, 80,000 went to Creyes Malville in France to protest the Super-Phoenix, a 12 hundred-megawatt fast breeder. One man was killed and many people injured. At Kalkar near the Dutch border, 50,000 arrived to protest the building of Germany's first fast breeder. An estimated 20,000 people never reached their destination because of numerous arrests, searches and seizures, and detention by police from the state and federal governments. Trains were stopped and people were forced out of the cars into fields, then tied up and searched. Cars were stopped at numerous checkpoints along the way while tools, helmets, and anything construed as a weapon were confiscated. The East German government showed a rare form of cooperation with the FRG by refusing to permit demonstrators to cross the GDR from Berlin. The activists were forced to watch the demonstration on TV from the walled city.

Individuals arrested for just being a part of one of these demonstrations are facing extremely harsh

sentences including blacklisting and dismissal from schools or unions. The first demonstrators at Grohnde got 11 to 13 months imprisonment. One demonstrator, Gerd Schulz, got a 22-month prison sentence by a Hanover court in April this year for breach of the peace, resisting arrest, threat of violence, and occupation of rail lines.

Despite repression, the anti-nuke movement grows and continues to attract not only students and leftists but support in local communities. Burgerinitativen (BI) or citizen opposition groups are rapidly spreading throughout the German state. Fifteen thousand now exist and most relate to issues of urban decay, highway expansion, community and housing problems and ecological concerns.

The Burgerinitativen in the Gorleben area is made up of 250 farmers, local merchants and local folks with support for lawyers, scientists and technicians in the area. They are the key organization opposing the waste and reprocessing site. The BI has formed alliances with anti-nuclear, environmental, and nonviolent groups all over the Federal Republic. Friends of Gorleben have sprung up in many of the major cities. This coalition of individuals and groups has come together to save and restore the remaining forest and to work to stop nuclear power all over Germany.

Resistance took awhile to form but has picked up in the last year. Actions and organizing have been creative and inspiring to anti-nuclear activists throughout Europe. A major action called by the Burgerinitativen in March of 1977 attracted an occupation while planted 40-50,000 trees in the burned forest. Over the next few months, more and more people brought and planted trees and these have given a symbol to their movement. Some groups planted trees and vowed to nurse the growth. Some of the 12,000 at one demonstration stayed and helped to build a children's playground with several shelters, swings, and an obstacle course for the children to play in. The day I visited Gorleben in July this year, a children's day was planned. Several hundred people walked, played, and talked in the area next to the highway that runs through the center of the burned forest. The Burgerinitativen and other anti-nuclear groups had tables and stands scattered through the playground. A ball throw game allowed you to knock over a cardboard executive of the DWK or a wooden anti-nuclear demonstrator.

"The government has demanded that we take down the playground because it is supposed to be an obstruction to the environment," Hanna from the Berlin Friends of Gorleben told me, "but we feel the waste site will cause more of an obstruction to the environment." She laughed and walked to a table close by to look at literature and bumperstickers. Some thought the police would tear down the playground in a few days, but others felt it would be delayed for political reasons. I left the next day and have yet to hear.

The BI is also taking legal action in many forms. First, a court suit has been filed both to save the forest areas and to bring to a public forum the issues surrounding the nuclear waste site. Second, they are trying to buy up the land. The evening I arrived, the BI lawyer had just tried to buy the land from one of the local farmers. The farmer told the lawyer that if he had three million marks within five days, he would sell the land to the citizen's group rather than the government. In less than five days, the money was collected by supporters all over the FRG. But the day the payment was to be made, the lawyer was told that the farmer had sold the land to the government only hours before. As the lawyer sat in the pub talking lively and drinking a few beers he didn't seem discouraged. "It showed that there's quite a bit of support from all over Germany. That in itself is a sign of great optimism."

A Count in Lower Saxony seems determined to help in the struggle. He has appointed a commission or review board to study the Gorleben site. It is made up of Amory Lovins, theoretician of the soft technology culture, Alice Stewart of Britain who helped Mancuso in his study of the workers at the Hanford, Washington, waste site, Tom Cochrane of the Natural Resources Defense Committee, and New Mexico's own Charles Hyder who is a leading opponent of the Waste Isolation Pilot Plant in Carlsbad, and other leaders internationally known for their opposition to nuclear power. The commission will give advice and criticism to the state and national governments at the sites.

The BI is also encouraging "green candidates." This is a new tactic by environmentalists in Germany to run ecologists for office and force stronger political parties to take a stand on issues concerning the environment and nuclear power. In some places the Green party has gotten as much as 40% of the vote in local elections. Some younger activists are objecting to the green people and the emphasis on electoral politics because of the danger of losing the base they have obtained and spending more time on the election than on the specific issue of the Gorleben complex.

Despite the legalistic maneuvers by the BI, most feel direct action will be necessary. In June this year, a national day of actions in support of Gorleben occurred in 15 cities. Some groups planted trees, some held marches through cities. In Hamburg, over a hundred people lay on the sidewalk at the front entrance of the North German electric utilities company and executives were forced to walk over demonstrators as they went into their death-promoting jobs. In another community, a makeshift waste disposal and reprocessing site was set up in front of the offices of the DWK. The area was equipped with barbed wire, anti-nuke guards with toy rifles and rad-waste barrels glowing in the noon day sun. The actions got good press coverage and kept the issue alive among the German people.

This summer the second annual nonviolent camp was held a few miles up the road from the burnt

forest in the town of Gartow. Last year eight thousand people showed up during the three week period and set up a tent city in the camping areas. At first local people were a bit reluctant to welcome this large influx of young people. But soon the activists were helping farmers bring in the crops and helping locals with important community projects. In the evenings, films and lectures were given as well as training and discussions on nonviolence. Each city coordinated their area of the camp. I arrived the first evening of the camp this year and gave a short talk on the anti-nuclear movement in New Mexico and what we are doing to stop nuclear waste disposal in our state.

All the legal and creative actions and events haven't gone without resistance from the government, the DWK, and the nuclear industry. The opposition is preparing for a long struggle against the no-nuclear activists. October is believed to be the month when testing on the site will begin and local residents feel this will be the beginning of permanent construction. Plans are being made to block testing and construction. While the activists certainly hope for no violence, the opposition forces are planning to promote this form of struggle. The DWK has employed a private detective firm with over a thousand employees to watch over local residents. Some people have been followed, and spotlights have been shone on houses at night. Police in the local area are supporting this but have told an angry public that they are looking for terrorists, a common euphemism and rationalization in present day Germany. In Luchow, the largest village in the land peninsula, a courthouse which was to be made into a museum was abruptly announced to be the new barracks for the expanding police force in the area. The facilities will be able to hold 100 people with room and board for residents for as long as 12 weeks. A squadron of border police are also being moved to this area. Journalists getting a tour of town offices in Lunburg were mistakenly brought into a room not meant for visitors. In it they found lists of names, photographs and maps pertaining to the Gorleben resistance. It seems they anticipate upholding the nuclear industry's intentions before the issue is fully resolved.

The more I talked and compared notes with the local leaders, the more I realized the importance of both our struggles: ours in the US and New Mexico to defeat the WIPP site and theirs in Lower Saxony and Gorleben to defeat the Worry Removal Center. A defeat of the waste plants in Germany and the United States would bury the nuclear industry forever. After sharing information, contacts, resources, songs, wine, and dinner, I believe that through our friendships and solidarity in the US and Germany, there is no way we can lose the battle.

Please send your letters, banners, and support this fall to the Gorleben struggle: Burgerinitiative Luchow-Dannenberg, c/o Elbholz 2, D-3136 Gartow, Federal Republic of Germany. ♪

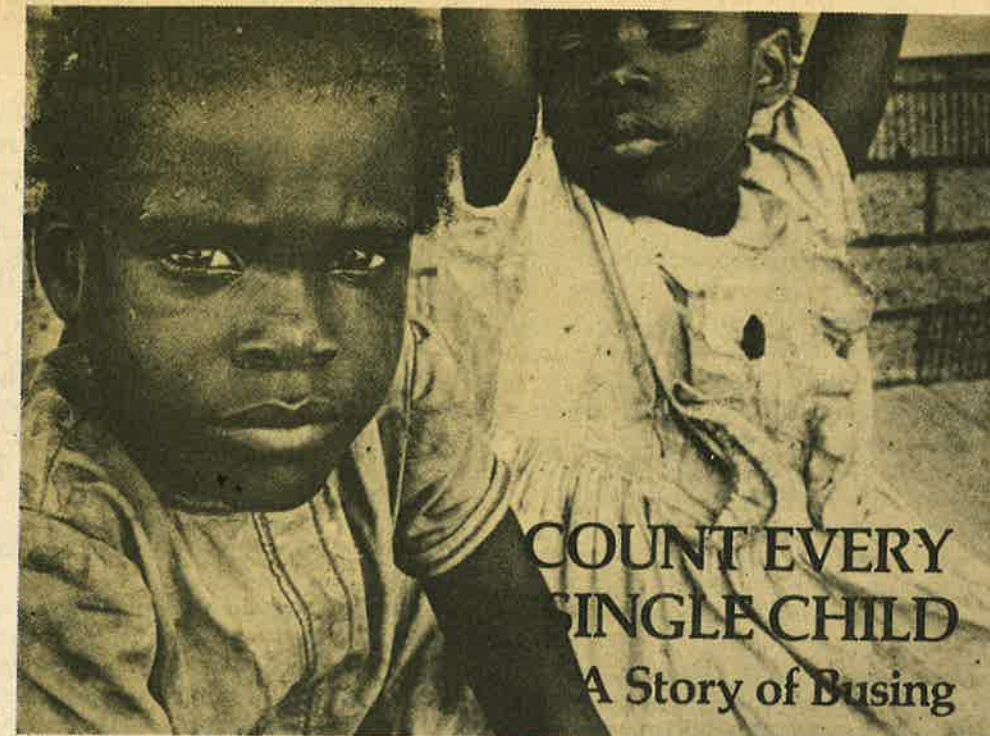


Photo from LNS.

by Thomas J. Cottle

Often in the middle of winter's night, when the Boston weather is at its coldest, Annie London swears she can hear the motors in the old tire factory where her father worked. It is hard to believe that 25 years have passed since those hot afternoons when her father showed her and her brother Justy where he worked — when there was work. She smiles and shakes her head. Folks up here, she thinks, feel they got to fight the changes of a few black children coming into their schools, that's what all those folks call change? Taking a child from out of his neighborhood and putting him in a school a few miles away, that's what they're worried about? Those folks don't know what change really is, or what busing's really all about.

Annie London, now 36, sees her father walking slowly for a man his age, although still too quickly for her two little children to keep up with him. Her small apartment is quiet; winter brings a peculiar night quiet.

When Annie London was seven years old, she left Helena, Arkansas, and traveled to a small town outside Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, where she lived in the home of Hattie and Fred Simpson. Everyone in the London family called Hattie an aunt, although in truth she was merely a close friend of Annie's mother from childhood days. As her own daughter had died in infancy, Hattie was only too

Thomas J. Cottle is a fellow in the Afro-American Center of Wesleyan University and lecturer in psychology at the Harvard Medical School, and has authored a book called Busing. This is a non-fiction piece.

happy to have children in her home. Justy and Annie were God-sent, she said.

Hattie's husband, known to everyone as Big Freddy, wasn't certain taking in other people's children was a good idea. He acted stiffly with the children, at first, but in time he began to soften. The Simpsons never had much money, but Big Freddy found a few dollars to buy Justy a baseball glove, and a doll for his new nine-year-old daughter. The years haven't dulled Annie's memory of the gift in the slightest. It was a pink-skinned doll with red cheeks, blue eyes, and golden hair.

"Looked just like me," she recalls, grinning. But the doll meant something special; Big Freddy had accepted her, and she now could think of her mother without feeling terrified and lost. Until that rainy afternoon Big Freddy had arrived with the two large boxes, Annie had thought about nothing but her mother. Every night she lay in bed alongside Justy, recalling the scene at the bus station. Again and again she saw her mother standing on the roadside, looking up at the tall bus and her children, waving to them and crying. Annie would begin to cry. Sometimes she began to shake and Justy would have to hold her arms tightly and tell her if she didn't stop making so much noise he'd call Big Freddy. Justy's threat was enough to quiet her, for the children had learned early that Big Freddy was a man with a quick temper.

His anger came unexpectedly, an explosion seemingly touched off by nothing at all. He would come home from work, sit down on the old canvas chair and begin to drink from a can of beer. Annie would go to another part of the house, for Big Freddy didn't want anyone around in these times.

Then the explosion would be heard—swearing, breaking things, the beer can thrown against the wall, cataracts of golden fluid staining the wall-paper.

Annie would hide somewhere, terrified but fascinated. She would see Big Freddy staring out the window, his shirt pulled open, his hand pushing back his hair. He looked like a monster gone blind with rage.

Yet strangely, as separated from him as she felt, she could understand his rage. She certainly never enjoyed his displays of anger, but she did feel somehow in touch with him, as though she could appreciate that which he sought to communicate.

Freddy was either a supreme spokesman of freedom, or a sickening prisoner, Annie would say years later, when she had become a teacher in Boston. "The man had spirit. The way the country has it set up, black folks aren't supposed to have pride. They're meant to do their work and be so tired at the end of the day, there's no emotion left in them. If folks are properly enslaved, they ought to just about make it home each night and not even think about the fact no one should be forced to live in homes like theirs, or eat the little bit of food they're supposed to eat. Country has it planned. They keep their slaves in the constant state of being spent. Everybody talks about black folks being oversexed. What a laugh! Nobody that tired all the time could be oversexed. It's amazing that Big Freddy ever had the energy to bellow like he did. Maybe that's why I never felt I could hate him for his displays. He had a rotten temper, no doubt about that, but at least he showed us he was full of feelings. It's strange to say, but Big Freddy gave me hope. I grew up in Arkansas learning that the way things were was the way they were supposed to be. Nobody thought about changing nothing. Bus came and took us to school. If it went 50 feet, that was fine. If it went 50 miles, that was all right too. Everybody knew the school wasn't any good, but you went there.

"First time I heard Big Freddy scream I ran off as fast as I could. Never heard temper like that before. But later I listened to what he was yelling. That man wasn't screaming for personal hurt alone. He was screaming because the way he and Hattie and all of us were leading our lives was unbearable, and it always would be unless people got furious about their conditions. Didn't matter what made him angry on a particular day. Point was that he was letting us know you could hear fury and live fury. It could be part of the way you sing about the world, change the world. I like to think Big Freddy was making art, or at least finding the force from which a person begins to make his art.

"I remember that canvas chair he used to sit on. Chair had these big holes in the arm. Big Freddy, he'd sit there and stick his fingers into those cuts. I used to do it too when he wasn't around. I found those cuts again in the seats in the school buses. First in the buses I used to go to school in and now in the buses that bring the children to my school.

There isn't a bus in this country that doesn't have cut-up seats. They're always there, as if Big Freddy got to every bus in America and put them there himself.

"I imagine anger in those cuts. I imagine black families yelling at the world that they've had it up to here with being given the junk of the country: the lousy schools, the rotten fruits, the burned-out land, the useless homes, even the tenth-class dope! I see those cuts and I hear Big Freddy bellowing his song. He just wanted to fight it out, find something he could attack and fasten himself to it. That's what it was all about, to fight back. Because no matter what our lives were all about, the idea grew in everybody that we were being pushed down and nobody was around to push back. When no one was home, Big Freddy screamed. That was his politics."

Annie London sat on a wooden bench near the school where she teaches. "So let's talk about busing," she said suddenly.

"I was bused to school all my life; it's not anything new. When I say I went to school in buses, I mean in the worst buses you ever saw. The question of the day was whether the bus was going to make it. Folks like us got used to it. We just assumed the buses would break down. New buses were used to take the white children to school. When the new buses got old, they used them to haul black children. Americans had ways of recycling things, you see, even before the ecology movement: They just gave all the garbage to poor folks and black folks. When we got through with them, they weren't good for anyone.

"I remember once, a bus broke down. Justy and me and a bunch of other kids, we were going to a segregated school in Harrisburg then. Justy hated the school. I don't think he was beaten up more than 300 times. School didn't mind black girls being a little intelligent, but they hated that Justy was smart. They also never believed he was shy. They though he was always thinking of ways to make trouble. Once they called the police and had him arrested because they saw him playing in the boys toilet. Justy was in the bathroom trying to clean himself after one of his fights. He told Hattie he was ashamed to go back into class with blood on his shirt. Can you see my brother standing at the basin washing his shirt in the middle of a school day, and for that they arrested him? Hattie said it was lucky he was only arrested and not suspended. And for the great privilege of going to that school, we got to ride the bus 50 minutes one way.

"I'll tell you something else about that trip. Cloverland was the street where they picked us up. The only problem was that Cloverland was in the middle of where the colored people lived. But the people who drove the buses, they didn't like the idea you had to come down the streets where the colored lived. So instead of picking us up on Cloverland, they decided on Dalrimple Street, which was four miles from where we lived. So we had to get up at six in the morning to take one bus so we could

catch the bus to school. They chose Dalrimple Street because there was a police station where the school bus stopped. Wasn't that convenient?

"If that wasn't bad enough, this bus driver we had was terrified we'd do something to him. I never understood what he though nine and ten-year-olds would do to him or the bus. We were thinking how lucky we were the man was standing in front of the police station every morning waiting for us. As it was, the driver they had first refused to drive to Dalrimple Street. So they had a black man drive it eight blocks to where this white man got in and drove us the rest of the way to school. I always wondered what the poor man who drove us the eight blocks did after he drove us? I also remember this white man, the regular driver, used to park in front of the police station and practically run out the door before any of the children even stood up. He must have been running away from some very scary fears.

"Now, every morning I come to school and see the buses drive in and the crowds that wait for them. I see the children get off, everybody pushing and screaming, people waiting for something to happen. I see these buses coming in as though I was seeing them and a movie of them at the same time. Every morning I see the children coming off those buses, then I see my brother getting off too. I see him scrubbing the blood off his shirt, I see Big Freddy, I see my mother waving. You don't look at those buses coming in every day without seeing your whole life rolling in and rolling out. Nobody black sees these buses and doesn't think about how their kinfolk went to school, or didn't go to school, or weren't allowed to go to school. I see buses coming and going and I see children walking along some Mississippi or Louisiana road, mile after mile, day after day, and all of it leading to what? But those children kept walking. My cousin Tarby Hunratt got hit in the head with a rock walking to school. Rock was so damn big it took two boys to pick it up and push it on top of him. Savannah, Georgia, 1951. They shoved him into a ditch because they got scared when they saw how badly he was hurt. Boy lay there all day before anybody found him. Lost an eye, and his left leg and left arm were no good to him because of the damage done to his brain.

"Busing's not the answer to all our problems, everybody knows that. But black folks don't have a say in this country, we haven't a shred of power. This little period in history belongs to the buses. Next decade they'll have more surprises for us, more ways a few of them will try to help a few of us without upsetting *them* too much. That's the way it works: Keep the niggers in their place. My word, if you bus these little children around and they get a chance to see what they've been missing, they might try to start some revolution. Nobody wants to believe that black families just like to have their children educated. It's always, we want our children bused because of *this* political action, or *that* desegregation model. Nobody knows how

rotten the schools are in these poor communities. Black parents know. Hattie knew damn well what she was doing when she fixed it for Justy and me to go to that other school in Harrisburg. And my mother, although she never talked about it, she knew our chances would be better in the North. I might have ended up cleaning toilets in Little Rock or Selma. But that was part of the nonsense, that it was always better in the North. Black folks, though, they knew nothing was safe anywhere. It's not better in the North. It's only better where people work hard to give somebody else's child a chance."

Annie London was walking home the long way around, making certain to pass the large housing project that occupied two city blocks. The grey bricks of the buildings made a collage of shadows.

"How my mother believed in giving us a chance to get out. She could have kept us in the South. But she dreamed the big dream: Send them north, give them the northern chance. The whole world thinks that women like my mother are good for only two things, having babies and shipping their children off to people who will give them more opportunities than they can. Busing is more than a political or legal decision. It's people's lives. Busing is my parents, my work, the children I teach. It's Big Freddy, Hattie, and Justy. He's a minister now, little Justy. Where does time go? Busing got him part way there. I believe he'd tell you that. He'd say that being in the best schools available to us made a difference. You can survive eating the worst food, but you won't grow from it. You only grow from eating the best foods."

Annie London had reached the steps leading to the apartment building where she has lived for three years. "I'm thinking about a man whose name I'll never know. What did that man who wouldn't pick us up on Cloverland Street think about? I wonder, did he die yet, and if he did, did he die thinking the same things he thought all his life? I'd love to find that man and ask him, 'Can you look at me, Mr. Man? Can you see I'm a woman with a real job, helping people, not just my own kind? Can you really see me without running away to that police station? Can you see you did a good thing for us? And all you were was a bus driver, like all I am is a teacher. You know why you did what you did? Because the law told you that's what you got to do five mornings a week and lo and behold, if you, frightened or not, didn't do it!'"

Annie London was grinning broadly. "The Lord said, 'Mr. Bus Driver, I've got a wonderful new job for you. I want you to deliver those 12 black children to the Harrisburg School so they shall be free.' 'But to Cloverland Avenue, Lord?' 'Well, Mr. Driver, since it's still early in the *movement* days, I'll let you start your delivery on Dalrimple Street. But your son, when he gets old enough to do your job, will start from Cloverland Avenue. Fact, if we're still needing those buses, he'll go door to door and pick up those children one by one. One by one, with every single one of them being counted."

CHANGES

200 PROTEST DC ARMS BAZAAR

Some 200 pickets marched in front of the Sheraton Park Hotel in suburban Washington, on October 16, the opening day of an armaments exhibit staged by the Association of the US Army. Many of our placards, decorated with the skull and crossbones, said "Stop the Merchants of Death." Across the street two demonstrators with trumpets kept playing taps. The demo was initiated by the Mobilization for Survival.

Olive green army buses filled with men in military uniforms kept pulling up to the hotel. As early as 9:30 am the hotel was crowded with men both in uniform and in civilian clothes. Inside were 50,000 square feet of exhibits by 87 war weapons manufacturers but not one photo of the war-time use of these weapons nor of the destruction which they wreak. Loudspeakers blared out the efficiency of the various wares as though they were selling vacuum cleaners at some trade exhibit. I observed a display of various types of machine guns. Three men were scrutinizing them. One remarked, "I bought this one five years ago." I looked at him to see whether this was a joke but it wasn't.

My reaction to the exhibit was: if only Woody Allen would do a "documentary" on it! Total ridicule, I feel, would be the most effective way of exposing this arms bazaar.

— Jim Peck

ANTI-APARTHEID MOVEMENT FORMS REGIONAL NETWORKS

This fall will mark a new stage in the student anti-apartheid movement: regional coordination. Two years ago there were only a handful of colleges or universities with anti-apartheid groups; now there

are over 125 with new ones starting almost daily. A key part of this growth are the new regional groupings that bring together campus groups and community groups for joint action. The two strongest coalitions are in the northeast and on the west coast — but this fall organizing conferences are planned for the northeast (New York), the midwest (Evanston, Ill.) and the southeast (Duke, North Carolina).

In the northeast, some 40-plus schools and a number of community groups are organized into the Northeast Coalition for the Liberation of South Africa (NECLSA). NECLSA was founded last spring and it immediately launched a wave of protests that included sit-ins at Wesleyan, Princeton, and Amherst, and mass protests at a score of other schools. NECLSA has called a conference for November 17-19 at New York University in New York City to plan this year's campaign.

On the west coast the student groups are organized into Campuses United Against Apartheid (CUAA) which includes over 20 schools. CUAA called a series of demonstrations against the Bank of America protesting their loans to the South African government. Five bank branches were briefly occupied, scores were picketed, and protests were held at the annual stockholder's meeting. CUAA also coordinated the four simultaneous sit-ins at University of California campuses that won the demand for a special UC Regents meeting on UC ties to South Africa.

CUAA is a member of both the Bay Area Southern Africa Coalition (BaySAC) and the Southern California Southern Africa Coalition (SCSAC). BaySAC and SCSAC plan to unite soon with several groups in the northwest to form the West Coast Southern Africa Coalition (WCSAC). Together the two California coalitions represent over 35 student, community, labor, church and black activist groups that are involved in the Southern Africa issue.

The major fall focus for the west coast is the Stop Banking on Apar-

theid Campaign which has targeted the Bank of America for a November 17th day of protest that hopes to have 250,000 leaflets distributed at 500 bank branches to bank customers, urging them to withdraw their accounts to protest the Bank's loans to South Africa. Both California coalitions have endorsed this campaign as have many important labor and church groups. BaySAC has called a demonstration for November 18th in San Francisco that will include a march past the Bank of America corporate HQ, the South African Consulate, and the Federal Building.

While the other regions aren't as far along as the two coasts they are making remarkable progress. Especially strong is the midwest region which has a conference scheduled for October 20-22 at Northwestern University in Evanston, Illinois. Hopefully this conference will bring together the two dozen midwest campus groups with the strong community groups in Chicago, Madison, and Milwaukee.

— Newsdesk

WEST GERMAN WOMAN SEEKS US POLITICAL ASYLUM

Twenty-eight year old West German Kristina Berster was arrested July 16, 1978 at the US-Canadian border and, although technically charged with violations of US immigration laws, has been accused by the Vermont media of "terrorism" and "Baader-Meinhof gang" membership. These reports stemmed from information released by the FBI and the US Attorney's Office in Vermont. In addition, the West German government plans extradition in order to continue its silencing of individuals critical of the repressive measures in its court and prison systems.

During the early 1970's Kristina was a student activist at the University of Heidelberg. In 1971, based upon information from a police informer alleging her involvement with a group preparing for guerilla activity, Kristina was imprisoned for six months without

trial. Upon her release Kristina refused to be silenced and spoke out against prison abuse and repressive legislative and executive enactments. Shortly thereafter, a trial was scheduled for the 1971 charges. The opportunity for a fair trial was non-existent given the police searches of defense attorney's offices and exclusion from certain legal proceedings. Despite two recantations by the star prosecution witness, the court accepted his original allegations and found her guilty. Kristina began a five year period in the political underground. During this period she worked as a medical assistant in a Third World country but never was involved in any kind of armed struggle.

Kristina attempted to enter the US in mid-July in order to seek political asylum. She thought that remaining in Europe was far too dangerous given the coordination of police surveillance and search tactics. Attempts by other German dissidents, such as Klaus Croissant in Paris in 1977-78, saw their pleas for asylum spurned and were returned to Germany despite broad-based popular support.

She now seeks assistance from Americans in her fight to receive political asylum. If returned to Germany, she faces at least two years in prison prior to trial under conditions of solitary confinement, psychological terrorism and physical and mental deprivation. Even individuals acquitted of charges leave German prisons nearly destroyed. Karl Heinz Roth, a Cologne physician, accused of membership in a terrorist organization, spent at least two years in jail prior to his trial and eventual acquittal. He was shot several times during his arrest and was refused medical attention. Even when he lapsed into a coma he was denied proper treatment. The politically repressive climate in Germany and recent legislation acts allow discretionary and open-ended sentences for political activists. Accused are denied counsel of their choice and are forced to face trial with lawyers deemed "safe" by the courts.

For more information on the

case, contact: The Kristina Berster Defense Committee, Box 144, Winooski, VT 05404.

— Newsdesk

EVENTS

ATLANTA, GA— Annual Atlanta Clergy and Laity Concerned Dinner with speaker George Lahey on Thursday, October 26, 6:30 pm at St. Mark's Methodist Church, 781 Peachtree. Cost: \$3.50. Call (404) 377-6516 for reservations.

AUSTIN, TX— CCCO will sponsor a training session for military counselors on Saturday, October 28, 9 am-3 pm at the Quaker Meeting House, 3014 Washington Square. For more information, contact Ken Carpenter at (512) 474-2399.

CHICAGO, IL— Chicago Clergy and Laity Concerned dinner with guest speaker Pat Derian of the US State Department Human Rights Office on Thursday, October 26, 7:30 pm, at St. James Episcopal Cathedral, 65 E. Huron. Cost: \$15. Call (312) 922-8234 for reservations.

FLORIDA— Caravan for a Non-Nuclear Future, the first major Florida anti-nuke action, on November 11-16. The action will begin at the Turkey Point reactor in Miami and pass through Ft. Lauderdale, Palm Beach, Cocoa Beach, Daytona and Jacksonville, ending in Tallahassee. For more information, contact the Conchshell Alliance, PO Box 43075, South Miami, FL 33143 (305) 253-9458.

HUNTINGTON, NY— Sr. Rosalie Bertell will speak on "The Health Hazards of Nuclear Power" on Friday, November 3, 8 pm at St. Elizabeth's Parish Center. Sponsored by Long Island Mobilization for Survival Religious Task Force. For more information, call (516) 261-2461.

LOS ANGELES, CA— Jonathan Kozol will speak about his new book *Children of the Revolution: A Yankee Teacher in the Cuban Schools* on Sunday, October 29, 11 am, at the First Unitarian Church, 2936 W. 8th St. For more information, call (213) 389-1356.

NEW LONDON, CT— Demonstration to demand "US Navy Out of Vieques, Puerto Rico!" on Saturday, October 28 at the New London naval Base. For more information, contact the Puerto Rican Solidarity Committee at (212) 673-0540.

NEW YORK CITY— Discussion: "Who Owns the Sun?: Big Business and Solar Energy" on Friday, October 27, 8:15 pm at 339 Lafayette St. Sponsored by Free-space Alternative U.

NEW YORK CITY— "While There Is A Soul In Prison..." a benefit graphics and poster exhibit by political artists for the War Resisters League runs October 19-November 12, 12 noon-6 pm, at Gallery 345, 345 Lafayette St.

NEW YORK CITY— Northeast Coalition for the Liberation of Southern Africa conference on divestment and anti-apartheid support work on November 17-19. For more information, write NECLSA, c/o American Committee on Africa, 305 E. 46th St., New York, NY 10017.

SANTA MONICA, CA— Israeli peace activist Joseph Abileah will speak on Arab-Jewish reconciliation on Sunday, October 29, 1:30 pm at Santa Monica Friends Meetinghouse, 1440 Harvard St. Sponsored by Committee to Bridge the Gap, Los Angeles FOR, and the Southern California Nonviolent Community. For more information, call (213) 479-7472.

WORCESTER, MA— Mobilization for Survival activist Sidney Peck will speak on "What Is the Likelihood of Nuclear War In Our Generation?" on Thursday, October 26, 7:30 pm at Sprenant Hall of Quinsigamond Community College, Room 120, at 670 West Boyleston St.



MOVIE

Photo from Chicago Historical Society/The Spokeswoman.

WITH BABIES AND BANNERS: STORY OF THE WOMEN'S EMERGENCY BRIGADE
 Directed by Lorraine Gray
 Produced by Lorraine Gray, Anne Bohlen, and Lyn Goldfarb

With Babies and Banners: Story of the Women's Emergency Brigade, shown at the Lincoln Center Film Festival, is a documentary about the sit-down strike of 1937 against General Motors and the part women played in that strike. As the film opens, a reunion is taking place to mark the 40th anniversary of that historic event. About eight women gather in a house to talk about their role in the strike. They are middle-aged and elderly, their hair tightly curled,

Sybil Claiborne is a freelance writer in New York City and has just joined WIN's editorial board.

most of them in polyester pantsuits, for all the world the epitome of conventional middle America. But appearances are deceiving, for once the story begins to unfold we see them as they were 40 years ago: smart, brave, defiant and heroic.

As they describe the terrible working conditions leading up to the strike, we are shown footage taken inside the factories—workers on the assembly line, the inhuman speedup, the frightening machinery, the deafening noise. One woman tells about arriving at her shift and being told that someone has lost two fingers. "The two fingers were still lying on the machine," she says. It is "Modern Times" with the comedy left out.

When the men sit down, the women workers leave the plant lest charges of sexual misbehavior be leveled against the strikers. They are assigned women's work, they cook huge cauldrons of food in the union kitchen, they collect blankets. Then gradually, they begin to take a more active role in union affairs. They join the picket line. Soon they are facing terrible dangers, tear gas, truncheons, the mounted police. In the face of growing violence, they organize a children's picket line, they talk to the police. The women are a humanizing force in a very dangerous situation.

The film cuts back and forth from then to now, with marvelous footage, great narrative skill. To listen to these aging women, to witness their pride, their excitement, their youthful energy, is a rare and wonderful experience.

One of the key women, still handsome and vital, tells about her own role in averting disaster after the National Guard was called in. The strike has been going on for many weeks, the two sides tense, the situation extremely explosive. The guards with their machine guns are lined up against the picket line. Reuther, in a truck with loudspeaker, has been roaming the streets trying to calm things down. Our heroine gets up on the truck and calls on the women of Flint, Michigan, to join the picket line to protect the strikers. She is so eloquent, so persuasive, that many women step across the barriers. The audience at Lincoln Center cheered, my eyes filled with tears.

These are our sisters. I thought of the many actions organized by women during the Vietnam War; I thought of the women of Ireland crossing religious barriers in an effort to end the slaughter; I thought of the women in ancient Greece boycotting their husbands beds for as long as they continued to fight. It is this sense of connectedness that is so exhilarating.

The women who made this film—it was directed by Lorraine Gray and produced by her with Anne Bohlen and Lyn Goldfarb—deserve our thanks for resurrecting an important moment in labor history, but even more for honoring these brave, resourceful women who were a powerful, if short-lived force, in the labor movement.

The film is available from New Day Films, P.O. Box 315, Franklin Lakes, New Jersey, 07417.

—Sybil Claiborne

PEOPLE'S BULLETIN BOARD

Free if no exchange of \$\$ involved and only 20 words in length. Otherwise \$2 for every ten words.

PUBLIC NOTICE

MEMBERS NEEDED: N.C. People's Alliance, a state-wide citizen's group for social and economic justice. Write: Box 3053, Durham, NC 27705.

Christmas Peace Pilgrimage, December 16, Phil Berrigan—speaker. Write for flyer: MCC Peace Section, Akron, PA 17501.

War Resisters League/Southeast offers workshops on several topics including disarmament, feminism, nonviolence history and theory. For more information and a sample copy of our newsletter, contact WRL/SE, 108 Purefoy Rd., Chapel Hill, NC 27514, (919) 967-7244.

Some of us did survive the sixties! There are thousands of us in the Fellowship of Reconciliation who continue to work for a just and peaceful world. Join us! Write to: Fellowship of Reconciliation, Box 271-W, Nyack, NY 10960.

The Fatted Sprout is Movement for a New Society's alternative food service with a conscience. We can provide low cost, individually tailored vegetarian food for organizations from 25 to 3000. Contact us if we can help you with food issues or service for your group: 906 S. 49th St., Phila., PA 19143 (215) 726-0743.

PUBLICATIONS

"Surveillance of Nuclear Power Opponents" describes recent activities by government/private investigators. Send SASE to Campaign to Stop Government Spying, 201 Massachusetts Ave., NE #112, Washington, DC 20002.

WIN's Special Double Issue on Health Care with articles by Ron Dellums, Claudia Dreifus, and others on occupational safety and health, women's health, rural medical alternatives and more. Order now in bulk for distribution to friends and co-workers. \$1.00 each for 1-9 copies, 40¢ each for ten or more plus 20% postage. Send orders to: WIN, 503 Atlantic Ave., Brooklyn, NY 11217.

THE STUDY KIT FOR NONVIOLENT ACTION, produced by War Resisters League/West contains articles on the theory and practice of nonviolence, both personally and politically as well as accounts of the successes and problems of contemporary nonviolence. Articles and pamphlets by Camus, Gandhi, Gene Sharp, Barbara Deming, Mark Morris, George Lakey and the WIN double issue on Seabrook are to be found and much more as well. Send \$2.50 per study kit to WRL/West, 1360 Howard St., San Francisco, CA 94103. Special rates are available for bulk orders, so order them for your study group, teach-in, or classroom.

Kansas City Nonviolent Studies Institute Book Store closed its doors last year. However, there are still lots of good books and pamphlets available at unbelievable savings of 50% to 75% off list price. Send 50¢ for a book list to Robert Calvert, 3144 Hardesty Drive #1-C, Kansas City, Missouri 64128.

The Continental Walk Book reduced to \$2.50 for limited time only! Checks should be made payable to "Continental Walk." WRL, 339 Lafayette, New York, NY 10012.

PRODUCTS

PEOPLE'S ENERGY—A No Nukes/Sane Energy 1979 Calendar, 14 exciting, original six-color artworks by movement artists illustrating such topics as: Waste, Seabrook, Disarmament, Appropriate Technology, Energy Economics. People's Energy is also: an educational & outreach tool; an organizing and solidarity-building resource; a fun fundraiser! Orders placed by 10/78—50% discount, 40% after 10/1, 35% to profit businesses; all orders prepaid please. \$3.50 retail, \$4 individual mail orders. Syracuse Peace Council, 924 Burnet Ave., Syracuse, NY 13203 (315) 472-5478.

SAVE MONEY!—You'll love "No Nukes Activist Set" of three buttons, two bumperstickers—\$2.00—Larry Fox, 139 Derby Street, Valley Stream, New York 11581.

DISCOVER our custom-printed buttons, bumperstickers, T-shirts, balloons, frisbees, totes, patches, shopping bags, and hundreds of other proven fund-raisers and consciousness-raisers. Larry Fox, 139 Derby Street, Valley Stream, New York 11581 (516) 791-7929. Discounts to Movement organizations!

SERVICES

The Brandywine Peace Community and Alternative Fund is a nonviolent resistance community (both live-in and extended). We are working for peace, disarmament, and a change of values and priorities away from war and its preparation to an emphasis on peace, social justice, and people's needs.

Brandywine sponsors educational programs, action campaigns, and public demonstrations in order to highlight the moral, political, and economic imperative of disarmament. Additionally the group is making a positive statement with its alternative fund. This fund, comprised of refused war taxes, personal savings, and group deposits, makes interest-free loans to social change and service groups (primarily in Delaware and Chester Counties, PA.) Contact: Brandywine Peace Community and Alternative Fund, 51 Barren Rd., Media, PA 19063.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

Prospective law school graduate seeks full-time movement work. Experience: organizing, publishing, fundraising. Interests: feminist, health, labor, peace conversion. Contact: Gary Mitchell, 10 Brookside Avenue, New Brunswick, NJ 08901. (201) 249-7671.

Activist/Educator/Organizer: Buffalo area, CALC-related peace group seeks 2nd staff person to coordinate programs on disarmament, anti-nuke, human rights and hunger issues. Immediate opening. Sub-sistence pay. Send resume to: Western New York Peace Center, 440 LeRoy Ave., Buffalo, NY 14215. Phone: (716) 833-0213, after 5 pm 833-3175.

Two experienced community organizers wanted to develop utility action groups. Experience in community organizing and familiarity with utility issues required. Salary commensurate with experience. Positions available October, 1978. Apply to: Executive Director, RECAP, Inc., 34 South St., Middletown, NY 10940.

Responsible, considerate people to join now-forming collectively run natural foods restaurant-coffeehouse. No experience necessary. Heavy, long-term commitment. People's Power Plant, 43 South Washington St., Binghamton, NY 13903.

HOUSEPARENTS WANTED. Couple or single person. Community organization that helps former "delinquents" plan to expand, establishing more family style group homes for teenagers, with 3-5 kids in each. Houseparent salary currently \$600 per month plus room & board, plus medical coverage; salary negotiable. Call or write Frank Lindenfeld, Community Federation for Self Help, 210 S. Walnut St., West Chester, PA 19380. (215) 436-8824.

PRISONERS

These prisoners have written to WIN requesting contact with the "outside," hoping you can give them more than a cell and a number. Some of them are in the "hole," many are politically aware, all of them are WIN readers. Take a few minutes—write to a prisoner.

Reginald Moore, #141-334, P.O. Box 45699, Lucasville, OH 45699

Claude Taylor, #140-403, P.O. Box 45699, Lucasville, OH 45699

David McCaffrey, #77A-634, 250 Harris Rd., Bedford Hills, NY 10507

HELP

WANTED for book in preparation, interviews with ex-professors now involved in alternative education. Contact: C. Taylor, Box 370, Edgewood, TX 75117.

New York City WIN reader desperately needs remedial sewing and cheap bicycle. Barter preferred, though cash possible. Shel Horowitz, 48 Duffield St., Brooklyn, NY 11201 (212) 858-2461.

Peace Is Our Profession: War Protest Poems... War protest in poems and short prose by soldiers, war veterans and civilians who refused to be soldiers, from the Indochina War (and before) and in its wake: a sort of reader of revolt to lead the next generation being wooed into uniform. Please send material (including art work) with SASE to Jan Barry, 75 Gates Ave., Montclair, NJ 07042.



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