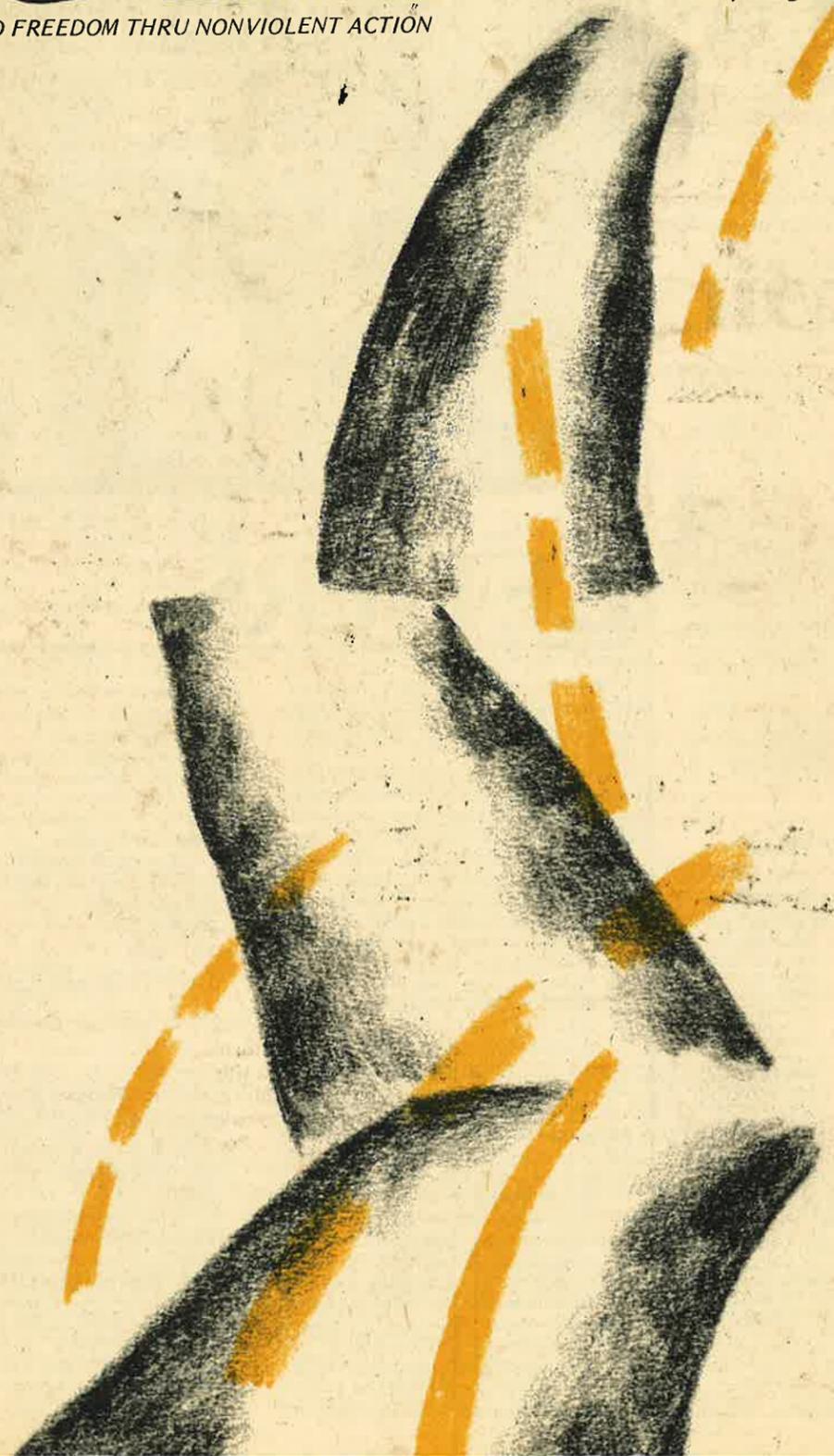


JUNE 28, 1973 / 20¢

win

PEACE AND FREEDOM THRU NONVIOLENT ACTION

Dan Berrigan:
An Open Letter to Political Prisoners
in the U.S.S.R.
Marty Jezer:
Food and Farm Report
Richard Chandler:
Everything About Hitchhiking





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WIN is published weekly except for the first two weeks in January, 2nd week in May, last 4 weeks in August, and the last week in October by the WIN Publishing Empire with the support of the War Resisters League. Subscriptions are \$7.00 per year. Second class postage at New York, N.Y. 10001. Individual writers are responsible for opinions expressed and accuracy of facts given. Sorry—manuscripts cannot be returned unless accompanied by a self-addressed stamped envelope. Printed in U.S.A.



Gene Daniels/E.P.A. DOCUMERICA/LNS

LETTERS

I am presently a federal prisoner in Colorado and serving a 0-6 year sentence for possessing 2/10 of a gram of marijuana (a roach).

I was convicted in the federal court in Tucson under Title 21, United States Code, subsection 844 (a) (a misdemeanor) which provides as a penalty:

"Any person who violates this subsection shall be sentenced to a term of imprisonment of not more than one year, a fine of not more than \$5,000, or both."

And yet, because of my age (at the time of conviction, 20 years) the court felt I would benefit from treatment under the federal Youth Corrections Act, Title 18, U.S.C., 5010(B).

I feel that I was discriminated against because of my age and that the court denied me due process and fundamental fairness because I am subject to a period of incarceration of four to six times longer than I would be subjected to if sentenced under the misdemeanor I was convicted of.

They justify my sentence with the words of... to escape from the physical and psychological shocks and traumas attendant upon serving an ordinary penal sentence while obtaining the benefits of corrective treatment, looking to rehabilitation and social redemption and restoration..." Which is simply bull shit and holds no water at all.

I am appealing my case and if I win it the court wouldn't be able to give people of the ages of 19 to 22 a 0-6 year indefinite

sentence for what carries a 1 year max., and it would cut down the God power of federal judges.

I am hoping you will print this in your magazine because to have a successful appeal I need bread and legal aid and was hoping that your readers would feel that my cause is justified.

If money is donated to my cause please mail it to Gerald A. Mueller, c/o Michele Spatola, 8409 E. 3rd. St., Tuscon, Arizona 85710. Those qualified to aid me legally and interested, contact me:

—GERALD A. MUELLER
 FEDERAL PRISON NO. 1883-156
 BOX NO. PMB 1000
 ENGLEWOOD, COLORADO 80110

I feel compelled to express my interest and concern with your April 12th issue. The articles entitled "Behavior Modification and Control" and "Mind Control in the Prisons" were of great importance for two reasons.

First, conditioning techniques represent a powerful therapeutic tool and all of us should be on guard against their misapplication. Used incorrectly they raise the specter of 1984, but used properly they have taught severely retarded children to walk.

Second, I want to caution the readers of WIN against the conclusion that behavioral techniques are bad, which I felt the articles seemed to imply. One of the leading author-

ities in behavioral modification, Montrose Wolf, has recently stated in *Psychology Today* magazine, that if institutions turn to behavior modification, "...the inmate should have the right to decide whether or not he wants them (behavior modification procedures). He should be told exactly what the procedures are, what the goals are—as a matter of fact, he should help determine or even completely determine the goals and procedures."

Conditioning procedures have great potential. Let's not be guilty of throwing out the baby with the bath water.

—RAYMOND R. RICHARDSON, JR.
 BEL AIR, MD.

I am glad to see that someone (Sandy Adams, 6/14/73) wrote to counter Karen Messer's letter (5/24/73) Re vegetarianism as a moral & "natural" nutritional alternative. I had composed a letter refuting the basis of Ms. Messer's stand, but it was a little lengthy and technical. As a graduate student in the life sciences, I can testify that her sources of information are shaky.

I do not object to vegetarianism and lean in that direction myself; though man, like some other primates, appears to be omnivorous, we probably do not need the quantities of meat we think we do. I do strongly object to the presentation of misinformation in a seemingly authoritative way as an effort to convince others. So much new information pours in on us every day that it is difficult to make decisions based on valid observations, much less to face the additional confusion caused by statements of questionable verity.

It is my conviction that all resources are of a worth that cannot be limited to the economic sphere—and I believe that living systems have a special value. We are in a position where we must take lives—either plant or animal (or both)—to be able to live ourselves. My problem is not so much a philosophy of plant-killing versus animal-killing in terms of moral superiority, but rather the development of a continuing awareness of my place in an integrated universe—a minute-by-minute gratitude and respect for my daily bread.

—JANICE MOORE
 BALTIMORE, MD.

I read with horror Sandy Adams' letter in your June 14th issue. I note with some pleasure Sandy's natural preference for non-meat products.

Sandy claims that some goats are "our" goats—one immediately thinks of "our nigras" as many southern "owners" and others used to say. She further erroneously states that the goats "give" milk, meat, fur, etc. The goats no more give these items than would Sandy if I asked her. Nor do they give these items any more than the Maquis gave them to Hitler or the Indochinese to Nixon or to Johnson or to Kennedy. The goats & other individual animals are murdered to satisfy the Sandy's of the world just as the Indochinese are murdered to satisfy the Nixons, Johnsons, & Kennedy's & the Europeans of many nations were to satisfy the Hitlers. No one, not a goat, Jew, Black, cow, Bengali, Indochinese, or anyone else "gives"

their flesh to anyone—we are speaking of victims & those who murder them not of anyone "giving" anything.

Sandy discusses the relative (to her mind) merits or demerits of slaughtering plants or animals—in fact the validity of the argument of nonviolence is that it slaughters neither but instead seeks to act in a symbiotic fashion. Ideally one eats the part of the fallen fruit which contains the fuel to move one in order to best permit one to perform the task of moving the seeds contained in the fallen fruit. Thus one acts in harmony & symbiosis with the TREE which produces the fruit & designates it by color upon its ripened state as a fruit ready to be eaten & the seeds moved & thus planted by the mobile creature. We & other animals further breath in the oxygen provided by immobile creatures & they breath in the carbon dioxide provided by us & the other animals. One neither needs to move mobile creatures such as other animals nor to interact with their breathing apparatus—obviously these mobile creatures are not helped by being eaten—whereas a fruit's being eaten provides a mobile creature with the fuel to move the SEEDS contained therein & thus to help the tree. In no case do we recommend the slaughter of plants or of animals—in all cases we recommend working with nature rather than against it.

Sandy's maintains that in certain historical instances eating flesh has been vital to survival. No one can dispute this & of course no one can dispute the fact that in certain historical instances eating human flesh has been vital to survival. What is at question is whether perpetuating these practices is vital to survival or if in fact these practices stemming as they do from conditions of economic scarcity of foods in certain areas we primates have wandered into through our curiosity about this planet are at this point practices which it is vital to terminate.

We have on this planet billions of humans 2/3 to 3/4 of which are starving. While in this land & similar lands one flesh eater consumes foods which if taken in terms of the grains of usable proteins (8-10 lbs.) fed to animals to produce the 1 lb. gotten back by the human would feed 8 to 10 humans. Thus one carnivore in America, or Russia, or France or England starves 10 other human beings in Nigeria or India or many similar

lands. Quite obviously the use of flesh by humans is an economic & environmental form of suicide for humanity. Further, the use of flesh by humans leads to the desire for the use of more flesh by humans. The decision to kill an animal or have one killed for one's food quite easily leads to the decision to kill a Black or a student or an Indochinese or have one killed for one's own (or the State's) reasons. Conversely the decision not to kill & not to have killing done by others for food leads quite easily to the decision not to kill the Black, the student, the Indochinese & not to have them killed by others. Only on a mass basis of course can this produce this new state of mind—but only on a mass basis will humanity survive.

One more item of the age we are working to change—in 1929 PCB (polychlorinated biphenyls) were invented. Used for many industrial uses they soon found their way into the environment & eventually into the food chain. Like other environmental pollutants & poison they are cumulative & accumulate rather than diminish in animals. The usual way this works is that an animal will have many times over the level of such a poison in its flesh than is present in the food it eats: PCB has been found to cause sterility in mink at a 5 PPM (parts per million level) in the diet of the mink (Lake Michigan Coho Salmon). FDA researchers in testing grocery store shelf samples of fish, cheese, eggs, milk have found PCB's at levels up to 35 PPM in fish up to 27.8 PPM in milk. Recently (5/73) at the American Chemical Society it was disclosed that DDT—already widespread in its environmental presence becomes various chemicals with the interaction of time & sunlight & eventually becomes PCB. Quite obviously the amounts of PCBs in foodstuffs of animals origins will increase rapidly in the near future. Sterility of these animals & of other carnivores including many foolish humans seems at hand. Is this path to extinction avoidable? Only through the use of a non-animal diet.

—BOB PINKUS
 WEST ORANGE, N.J.

Mazel tov to Elizabeth and Philip. It's nice to see heterosexuals "come out" for a change.

—LEAH FRITZ
 NEW YORK, N.Y.

THE QUEERWOLF

The Queenwhite Mountains are my home. I haunt Hermaphroditic slaloms of Vermont. But at nightfall queerwolfishly I go Down to the valleys, macho-green, below And, leering, sidle up to yummy youths And catch their cocky eye and make my moves: My paws, my claws, my fangs hiss SODOMY. Oh dear, some fox has wised them up to me HE MAKES HIS MOVES, they cry, HE'S ON THE PROWL! I scuttle to my mountain top; and howl.

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—Eric Bentley

hitchhiking

This article is directed toward people who hitchhike, people who drive cars, and people who are cops.



Peter Simon

Richard Chandler

Richard Chandler has hitchhiked throughout most of America as a way of getting to Peacemakers' gatherings and other peace movement events.

Hitchhiking is necessary as a means of travel basically for economic and ecological reasons. In order to maintain their huge profits, the car and oil companies must continuously increase their already exorbitant prices. Thus more and more people cannot afford the costs of private motor vehicle transportation. Moreover, those companies are probably the most powerful force in keeping free or cheap, adequate mass transportation from becoming reality.

Other reasons hitching may become a necessity include car breakdowns, suspension or revocation of license, age or other requirements for drivers, and prison breaks.

Where not a necessity, there are still many desirable reasons for hitchhiking. They include all of those just mentioned, plus it tends to be interesting and can be fun. Drivers are often glad to have somebody to talk to, to help drive, or to share expenses.

But as with any good thing, so it seems, there are also difficulties. People who solicit rides, or seem to be soliciting rides, have been known to do all kinds of dastardly deeds, like rob, rape, or kill people, steal cars, steal dope, and slam doors. And "accidents" have been directly or indirectly caused by people standing in the wrong places. Common sense would dictate that people try to hitch where there is room to pull over and not too much traffic. Of course, that is often very difficult, roads and traffic being what they too often are.

It seems appropriate to say here that those "accidents" involve cars at least as directly as they involve people on their feet, and that the cars are far more responsible for injuries and deaths. If two pedestrians run into each other they are not likely to hurt each other as badly as if one or both were driving. There is too little human body contact in our society anyway. Also, cars are involved in some way in most serious law violations; hitchhikers get their thumbs into relatively few.

The greatest difficulties are experienced by hitchhikers; not caused by us. I say "us" being a veteran highway hopper myself, and will illustrate some of those difficulties shortly.

The greatest danger to most women hitchhikers is men. Many men have been brought up to believe that if a woman thumbs a ride she is asking to be fucked.



This attitude is reflected in an incident I recently heard of, in which one woman who, when found by a Connecticut cop to be soliciting a ride (illegal in Ct.), was busted for "soliciting." Furthermore, some men will make sexual advances assuming that a woman who tells them to stop or resists is "just playing the game," that she "really only wants to get laid." It probably takes a firm and confident "NO!" either verbally or physically to stop such a person. Others consider women to be totally sub-human or have overpowering sex drives. In either of those cases, what a woman thinks or feels or says will not be considered.

I know or have heard of only a few women who while hitching have been raped or had attempts made. Nevertheless, it is something that could happen at any time, and must be a constant threat. I know one woman of exceptional courage who has tried and is still trying to deal with this problem in a person-to-person, nonviolent manner. I asked her to write about her experiences for this article. It was hard for her to do, but she did it, and I quote here in full what she wrote:

For me, as a female, hitchhiking always carries the risk, the fear of being raped. And I think it's a very real fear, as crime statistics and too many male drivers state that women who hitch alone are asking for it. I've been raped twice now, hitching; and to hear men making those kind of statements makes me incredibly angry, and sad.

The first time, very young, very naive, believing that the man driving two miles down a dirt road really needed to piss. I went limp, more or less unable to respond in any other way to what was being done to me. Not getting what he wanted in the way of a co-operative partner, he drove me back to the road, kissed me on the forehead, and said "Sorry for the stop. God bless you." And I put it out of mind and went on thumbing home.

Only a few months ago I was hitching around St. Louis. Not knowing the city, I believed that after the driver dropped off his friends in town, we were heading back to the interstate. It was a real shock to turn off a fairly well-traveled road onto one along the river canal—with nothing and nobody around. I started to jump out of the car, but he stopped and ran around to my side of the car and pushed me back inside. We'd

been talking about trust shortly before so I was emotionally, physically or in any other way really unable to be prepared for this (sic). I fought back for awhile. He was grunting and sweating and cursing, trying to get my clothes off, all the while telling me that women wanted to be raped. He told me that if I didn't cooperate, he'd hurt me, so again I went limp—not thinking til later he was pretty intent on hurting me anyway.

I continued to talk, about the violence he was committing, the hurt he was causing ("I don't want to hurt you"), the relation of sex to the creation of children—which was very real as I use no contraceptives—and generally about the possibilities of a world, of relationships between people without coercion, force, fear, and freely given love and concern (which does not always include sex). He, too, quickly gave up on a non-responsive body and agreed to take me back to the road. If I'd explain more of what I'd been saying.

But he started apologizing, and blaming his actions first on his drinking wife and crummy marriage; then on his own state of intoxication; then on me for not having talked him out of it in time. By the time he got to the highway he was wanting me to take him to the police station, to be punished. I refused, saying if he knew he'd done wrong and wouldn't do it again, that was all that was needed. Especially with prisons being what they are. So he asked me to come home with him, to meet his wife and 13 year old son. I didn't know whether to believe him or not, whether he had a home, a son or a wife, whether I wanted anything more to do with this person. He begged me, "Please forgive me. What can I do; What can I do?" All I could say was "LOVE your son."

I got out of the car then, in the middle of the beltway's 5 o'clock traffic and went on hitching, incredibly exhausted and hurt. To think, to feel so acutely the pain we humans cause to each other still overwhelms me, and always will. But I know of no better reason than to refuse to allow it to pass any further than me (sic).

The greatest danger to most of the rest of us is cops. This would not hold true for people who hitch only in certain restricted localities. In the U.S. there seems to be widespread hostility toward and suspicion

of people who hitchhike, which are reflected and intensified in the ways that cops treat us. Causes of these attitudes include class or cultural differences—some people seem to be very suspicious, contemptuous, or resentful of anyone not conforming to their idea of social norms. Also fear, which is probably mostly caused by periodic overblown media accounts of any incident connecting hitchhiking to violence. And many people simply do not want to bother helping out a fellow human being when there is no visible reward in it. Then there is the highly prevalent attitude that "nobody should get a free ride."

Nobody is compelled to pick up a hitchhiker, yet these attitudes persist and are reflected in laws that often make soliciting rides difficult, even dangerous. The laws are very selectively enforced, and sometimes cops will cause grief to hitchhikers beyond any existing law.

One problem is that u do not know what to expect with cops. Certain generalizations can be made, but one rarely has a good idea of what to expect without much experience in a particular locality, and even then will not know for sure. Changes in laws or unofficial policies, the whims of a cop, the time of day, "luck," and several other factors may dictate what happens to a hitchhiker in the same locality at different times. Periodically, in almost any state or big city, a crackdown on hitchhiking will be announced, almost always the result of the extensive media coverage following incidents connecting hitchhiking with violence. This has included the killing/robbing/raping of hitchhikers (e.g., crackdowns last year in Ct. and Mass.) as well as by hitchhikers.

I have not yet encountered this situation, but drivers are sometimes legally penalized for stopping for or letting off hitchhikers. Safety is the excuse mostly given for that, but the real reason probably lies mostly in agents of The Law wanting to show off their power.

Some things one *can* expect from cops in general. They will be more suspicious at night than during daylight hours. In most states they are likely to do something if they see a person hitching on a limited-access highway. California undoubtedly has more hitchhiking than any other state, but relatively few people try it on the freeways because California cops have a reputation for nailing anyone who does. (They haven't nailed me yet!) Cops in a few states allow hitching on superhighways; others tolerate it somewhat.

Also, u can expect some showing of power/authoritarianism. A cop will almost invariably demand to see i.d., grill u with questions, give u a ticket, search your belongings, or manifest his policehood in some other way—if he stops at all. Quite common is the threat, "If i see u here again, u go to jail!"

Because of the extraordinary power ranged against us, we often find ourselves suffering. But there is often no alternative. Most hitchhikers learn to be deferential to cops in a submissive way, thereby usually avoiding harsher treatment, but perhaps losing self-esteem and almost certainly reinforcing cops' attitudes toward us in general. The situation can be so bad, in fact, that sometimes we will spend money we cannot afford for some other form of transportation, or not go somewhere at all.

There are other problems we face. It is not unusual to get a ride offer from someone who has been recently consuming alcohol. U can refuse the offer, or take your chances. U might offer to drive. If it becomes

obvious that someone does not have complete control of the car only after u are in it, u may want to get out, or sound off about the driver endangering both of your lives.

Aggressive, homosexually-inclined people occasionally cause problems, much the same as men cause for women, tho only a small fraction as often. I have found being frank, if not blunt, about your own feelings about the actions of such people to be an adequate defense, tho it may not always be enough. One guy i know was taken by surprise by a guy who picked him up and let him stay overnight. He woke up to find the guy on top of him.

The simple problem of getting rides may loom large or small depending mainly on your patience. Sometimes it seems as if nobody cares, especially if u have been thru something like waiting all night in the rain at a freeway intersection, or sitting in the summer sun in Yuma for six hours watching cars go by, as I have. That situation should be improved some by informing as many people as possible about the positive aspects of hitchhiking, and could be improved a lot more if the general pace of living were slowed. Each of us can work on that by consciously savoring whatever we have at the moment and not worrying so much about getting on to the next thing. We as hitchhikers can help to improve our own lot by making an effort to be friendly and helpful in whatever ways we can.

In long-distance traveling there may be problems finding a place to crash. One way of getting around that is to travel continuously, catching sleep when u can. Another is to carry sleeping gear with u. Often people will offer to put u up overnight. In the past few years "switchboards," "hot lines," and such have sprung up in many cities and larger towns. U can look them up in a phone book, call, and usually end up with a place to crash overnight.

Several things can be done to make hitchhiking safer and pleasanter for all concerned. Free roadside rests and shelters could be built, some for sleeping overnight, others large enough to sit in and keep people dry, like shelters at bus stops in some cities. Pull-offs are needed to make stopping as safe as possible, especially at major highway intersections. Many people would prefer free or cheap public transportation if it were available, but mostly it is not. All of these things involve new or changed priorities for the transportation industry. Highways should be designed or redesigned with hitchhikers as well as motor vehicles in mind.

All laws and ordinances against hitchhiking should be done away with. I feel that the best way to go about that is to militantly disregard them and refuse to support them, and to urge others to do the same. Hitchhiking "actions" (like anti-war "actions") would serve to polarize the issue. Next best is large numbers of people forcing repeal of those laws by legislative action or referendums. What will make the real difference is people not tolerating harassment of hitchhikers. When that happens, these insane laws will not stand up.

Because hitchhiking laws are used by cops as leverage to question and identify people, it is possible that hitchhiker registration or identification laws could be passed. That is, hitchhiking could be legalized for *only* those with the proper identification documents. To me that is a frightening possibility. It would work

toward the increasing sterilization of society, allowing for greater impersonal control over individuals than already exists, which is considerable. This subject needs to be widely aired and discussed.

Hitchhiking can be valuable and fun, and too little has been said about that. U can meet a tremendous variety of people either hitching or picking up people. Sometimes valuable (not necessarily lasting) friendships develop. It is an excellent opportunity for communication and people helping each other. If u are involved in an alternative community or function, those who u meet on the road, whether driving or hitching, may be looking to plug in to exactly what u have. And hitchhikers often need (and get) immediate help like a place to crash overnight, extra food, or even a temporary job.

Waiting for a ride can be pleasant rather than frustrating. Having a hitching partner can be great for long waits, and is valuable anyway for friendship and security. Tho nothing beats another person, a dog can be nice too. A dog, however, will decrease your chances of getting a lift in direct proportion to the dog's size. Musical instruments can make the time fly. U can carry a harmonica in a shirt pocket and play it with one hand while your other hand extends its thumb. Your means of hitching can be varied. For instance, reaching for the sky with your thumb when a truck-trailer passes, or toward the ground for a small sportscar. Signs can be colorful, with pictures, or with out-of-the-ordinary destinations. My stated destination of "LOVE" a coupla years ago got eight of us a

ride all at once for a coupla hundred miles. Sometimes i will blow on my thumb a little and rub it for luck. When my thumb has gotten tired, on occasion i have used my toe, tho with no special success.

Finally, free and unlimited hitchhiking is not the answer to all the world's ills. It has limits itself, as it depends on motor vehicles (mostly), which cannot proliferate forever. Other solutions, which include public use of motor vehicles, greater reliance on walking and bicycling, and a generally slowed lifepace, are necessary. But for now hitchhiking must be considered as a right, because in this, the Age of Travel, travel is necessarily a right, and for many of us there is often no other reasonable way to travel.

CONTACT

For Switchboard listings write:
ROY HARPER, P.O. Box 255, Holmdel, N.J. 07733
YOUTH EMERGENCY INTERNATIONAL, 1423
Washington Ave. So., Mpls, MN 55404
HITCHHIKERS INTERNATIONAL, 19 Wavecrest
Ave. no. 9, Venice, CA; phone (213) 399-RIDE

If you're interested in a hitchhiking conference in September write: Richard Chandler, 6718 Persimmon Tree Rd., Bethesda, MD 20034

For good general hitchhiking information read:
Side of the Road: A Hitchhiker's Guide to the U.S.,
by Ben Lobo and Sara Links, Simon & Schuster



Robert Frank/THE AMERICANS

Chenoweth Freed

On June 12th at Treasure Island, Calif., a five-man court-martial board acquitted Pat Chenoweth, a 22-year-old Navy fireman, of "sabotage in time of war." He was accused of dropping two 12" bolts and a paint scraper into the reduction gears of an aircraft carrier, the USS Ranger last July. That act resulted in nearly a million dollars worth of damage and delayed the ship's return to Vietnam for 3½ months.

To this observer at the trial, it was hard to imagine any other verdict. The Navy prosecutors had virtually no "evidence"—just two witnesses who reported hearing Pat claim credit for the sabotage. No witness claimed to have seen Pat throw the bolts into the gears. The prosecution was unable to establish when, within a 10-day period, the bolts were thrown. There was no physical evidence, such as fingerprints, which linked Pat with the bolts. The defense established that over 600 other sailors had access to the area of the ship where the gears are located. Even the Navy's star witness said that he thought Pat was "joking" when Pat made his comment about the sabotage. That star witness also stated in court that he did not believe that Pat had done it. Finally, the defense showed that many others on the ship had made similar boasts about having sabotaged the ship, including the carrier's Executive Officer!

Blatant as the frame-up may have appeared to an outside observer, Pat Chenoweth is a lucky man. All indications are that he would now be in the Leavenworth brig serving time for the sabotage were it not for the efforts of his civilian attorney as well as the publicity generated about his case by the Pat Chenoweth Defense Committee.

After picking Pat to be the scapegoat for the sabotage last July, the Navy moved swiftly to prosecute him. Pat was charged with "sabotage in time of war"—the first person so charged since World War II—which has a maximum penalty of 30 years in prison. Fortunately a couple of Pat's friends contacted Pacific Counseling Service in San Francisco. PCS accepted the case and Eric Seitz was chosen to be Pat's lawyer. Eric began challenging the Navy on a variety of legal points—particularly its definition of "in time of war", considering that Congress had never declared war on Vietnam.

Frustrated in its attempt to have Pat convicted in efficient military fashion, the Navy attempted to have the trial moved from Treasure Island (near San Francisco) to Subic Bay, in the Philippines. Such a change of location for a trial was unprecedented. Normally a case is tried in a court near where the "crime" is alleged to have occurred. In some cases, the defense is granted a change of location because of unfavorable publicity in a local area. The Navy's attempted transfer was a particularly ominous precedent for military justice because it would have meant that the military could move any controversial trial far from civilian lawyers, the American press, and the public—to such secure refuges as the Marcos "democracy."

After months of legal challenge in both military and federal courts, the Navy's decision was upheld and Pat was to be sent for trial in the Philippines.

Fortunately, the military judge who presided over the original hearings was forced into retirement "for medical reasons" (alcoholism), and a new Navy judge had to be selected for the case. Because so many months had ensued, the Navy's official reason for moving the trial to the Philippines—to be near the Ranger, which was off Vietnam—was no longer valid since the carrier was due back in the U.S. by late June or early July. Thus the Navy was forced into holding the trial at Treasure Island with all of the publicity and attention which that implied.

Why was the Navy so eager to make an example out of Pat Chenoweth? It should be remembered that last July (1972), the U.S. was engaged in an all-out attempt to save Thieu's regime from the NLF's offensive. With most U.S. ground troops out of Vietnam and Thieu's own army proving to be unreliable at best, the Nixon Administration escalated its savage bombing of Indochina to unprecedented levels. For example, by July there were nearly three times as many carriers operating off the coast of Vietnam as at any previous point in the war. And the Navy was anxious to send the Ranger—another floating airfield—to intensify the attack.

It was not only because of its escalated war effort that the Navy had to make a strong example out of Chenoweth. Morale on the Ranger at that time was low. The carrier had only recently returned from its previous tour off Vietnam. During combat duty, conditions on the ship were atrocious for enlisted men.

The throwing of the bolts into the reduction gears of the Ranger was by no means an isolated case. According to research done for the trial, there were 25 other separate instances of sabotage on the Ranger during the summer and fall of 1972.

The Ranger was by no means unique. Other ships were plagued by sabotage and unrest. A fire was set on the USS Forrestal in early July which resulted in \$7.5 million worth of damage to the carrier's computers. Much more publicized was the racial brawl which took place on the USS Kitty Hawk while the ship sailed off the coast of Vietnam. 46 men were injured in the clash and 23 sailors (all black) were charged with various offenses. Perhaps the most publicized incident of all was the sit-down of 123 sailors (mostly black) on board the USS Constellation in San Diego in November.

In any event, the Navy was driven to make an example out of *someone* for the sabotage of the Ranger in a desperate attempt to control the situation. Although Pat Chenoweth had to spend 10½ months in the brig awaiting his vindication in court, the Navy failed to make Pat that example. And the true saboteur, called by one of the Defense Committee workers the "real unsung hero of the Vietnam war", is probably still on the Ranger along with hundreds of other potential saboteurs and "troublemakers."

—Bob Levering

After years of participating in movement activities in Philadelphia and New York, Bob Levering now makes his home in San Francisco.

On March 6 of this year in New York Father Daniel Berrigan met with a delegation from the Soviet Peace Committee. At the meeting Father Berrigan and a companion raised a variety of questions concerning the plight of political prisoners in the Soviet Union. Afterward, Father Berrigan expressed his reaction to the meeting in a letter addressed to prisoners in the Soviet Union. What follows is an edited version of that letter.

An Open Letter to Political Prisoners in the USSR

Dear brothers and sisters, prisoners in the Soviet Union, I bring you greetings from the Peace Resistance Community in the United States. And I wish to share with you a recent experience involving an unexpected meeting between a peace delegation from the Soviet Union and an American friend and myself.

It was of some interest that they wished to see someone like myself, and to exchange with me. For as you may know, who have suffered so much in your own country, my brother and myself are not exactly the most respectable people with whom to mingle! Especially if, as in this case, an official stamp of approval lies upon the visiting party, granted by both governments.

We heard, constantly reiterated by the three members who met with us for some two hours, words like "peace", "unity", "amity and friendship", etc. I was congratulated again and again for having withstood the American onslaught against the Vietnamese people. However, at some point rather early in our exchange, a mysterious spiritual chemistry began to make itself felt, bubbling stubbornly to the surface of smiles and mutual congratulations.

I must be quite frank with you. I said to myself am I, after the experience of prison, after the recent release of my brother Philip, am I to declare, because Brezhnev and Nixon have so declared, that we have no quarrel with the leadership of the Soviet Union? Am I to play Yevtushenko on my own soil?

Or rather is it required to someone like myself, who lives modestly and fearfully in his skin day after day, and hears from all four horizons, the ominous tolling of the bells of death and human destruction, am I to tell of what I hear in my heart, and cannot in all conscience deny upon my lips?

Like all genuine questions, this contained its own answer. My friend and I arrived armed (or rather disarmed) to the teeth with documentation about ourselves. We brought the 27th Russian *Chronicle of Current Events*, a list and the biographies of 29 Ukrainian political prisoners arrested in 1972, a copy of the Jan. 1973 issue of the *Humanist* with the Yesenin-Volpin article, the book *Ferment in the Ukraine*, and a pamphlet entitled "The Czechoslovakian Trials in 1972."

We knew about your trials, especially the ones that took place in 1972. We told them about you, Yuriy Shukhevych, you who have already been imprisoned since the age of fifteen for 20 years, and who have received an additional 10 years. We told them about you, Danylo Shumuk, Mykhaylo Osadchy, Oleksander Serhiyenko, you who have been sentenced from 7 to 10 years of imprisonment each. We know of you who dwell in psychiatric hospitals: General Petro Grigorenko, Victor Feinberg, Vladimir Borisov, Leonid Plushch, Mykola Plakhotnyuk, and many others.

We know that you Pyotr Yakir, Vyacheslav Chornovil, Ivan Dzyuba, Ivan Svitlychny, and many others are awaiting trial, and that many of you have been waiting for over 14 months. We told them about you,

the more than 15 thousand political prisoners of every nationality in the Soviet Union, you who have been transported to the concentration camps in the utmost wastes of Mordovia. We know of your long travail, your courage, and your patience and unbreakable spirit. And we were determined to question your masters, who had dared to try to violate our conscience, as well as yours.

It is not necessary to remind you of their method: you have suffered through it all, much more than ourselves. For if the witness of your friends, who send us word of you, can be trusted, it remains true that your situation is among the cruelest in a so-called civilized world.

We have only begun to taste some semblance of the same methods. For if the truth is told, the conduct and speech of your emissaries is a kind of state international stereotype. Among the apologists for every system under the sun, there are only 50 or so abstract words; words which never touch ground, words which are soulless and bloodless, words which only express the ethical and intellectual bankruptcy of those who grind them out so industriously.

We would like to say, my brother Philip and my friends and I, that the visit of your government's delegation had at least one ironic fruit. It kept us conscious of you. Such a visit, with the necessity of confronting its sombre and devalued mythology, sharpens our edge once more. We lay the blades of our mind against that whirring wheel, grinding out its semi-articulate sounds, and sparks fly. We learn again, we are reminded again, of the meaning of truth, of plain speech, of that concrete regard for others which here and in your country is so rare and yet so irreplaceable. The Soviet visit really put into motion a kind of law of opposites. For it is even a kind of ironic gift to hear lies spoken with such surface plausibility. It reminds us again of the precious residue of the truth which you are preserving at such cost, and which we in our country must also preserve at whatever cost.

So we thank the powers of the Soviet state which in sending your opposite numbers, in a most strange and authentic way sent yourselves. In challenging them, in rejecting their duplicity, we were in effect welcoming you, embracing you to our hearts, listening to your vision of the truth, which speaks across all the miles with such splendor, veracity, and inwardness. In sending the worst, they have really granted us the best of all.

What more to say? We wish to end your suffering with all our hearts, as we wish an end to the suffering of all prisoners across the world, whose continued enslavement represents the double price exacted for going against the tide. If the future is to be different, and indeed we believe with all our hearts that it will be, that future will be because of you and those like you in every country, including our own. Please think of us, as we do of you. We thank you, we honor you, we ask to be named, across all differences and all distances, the brothers and sisters of your spirit.

—Father Daniel Berrigan, S.I.

FOOD & FARM REPORT



TURNIPS, ANYONE?

A notice posted at the local farm and feed store asks farmers to write Secretary of Agriculture Earl Butz and ask him to intervene in what is becoming a crisis situation for farmers and thus for consumers. The government's Crop and Weather Report (this one for the week ending Friday, May 4) describes the problem: *Heavy rainfall last week that saturated fields held corn planting to a near standstill in the Corn Belt. Progress was made on plowing, but land preparation continued to lag. . . . Another dismal week of downpours and flooding soaked the South Central states, holding cotton planting in the area to around 13% compared with 47% last year. The need for dry weather is becoming critical. . . . Only 10% of intended acreage has been planted to cotton in Mississippi, compared with a normal 56% for this time of the year. And, most serious, our most vital crop, soybeans—which is used as a major protein source and an ingredient in plastics and other chemical products—is way behind, with only a small number of acres planted so far and time running out.*

What all this means is that feed—for which most of our grain and corn is grown—is becoming more and more expensive for the farmer to buy. This cost will be passed directly on to the consumer in the form of higher meat and dairy prices. The problem is compounded by a crop failure within the fishing industry of Peru which provides a basic source of protein—along with U.S. grown soybeans—for the world.

Quoted prices for basic foodstuffs on the commodity exchange for May 8, 1973 looked like this: *Eggs—46½¢ a dozen, up from 28¢ a year ago. . . . Steers—\$45.60 cwt. choice, up from \$34.75 a year ago. . . . hard wheat \$2.51 bu., up from \$1.58. . . . soybeans \$8.58 bu., up from \$3.47. . . . corn \$1.97 bu., up from*

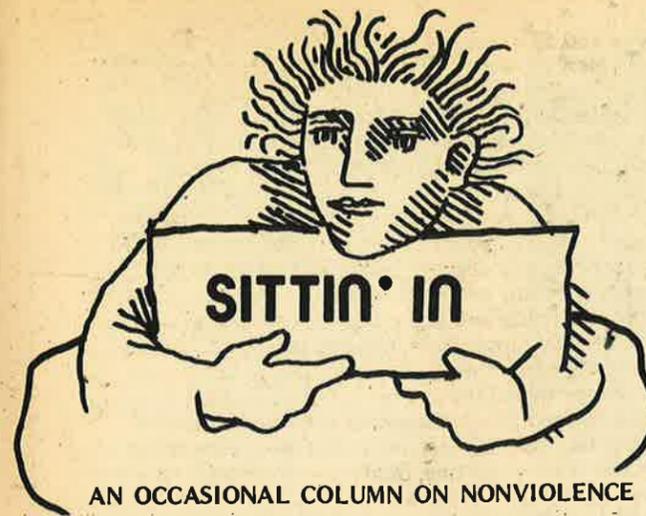
Bran \$80.50 a ton, up from \$47.50. . . and cottonseed meal \$190 a ton, up from \$73. The soybean price is at its highest ever and corn is at its highest since 1952. And with a short harvest expected, especially in the corn belt where most of our soybeans and feed corn is grown, the prices are expected to continue to rise.

There is nothing we can do about the weather (except, some say, repent of our sins), but the extent of the crisis is, to a degree, government made. USDA policy for many years has been to encourage specialization in agriculture at the expense of the small diversified family farm. There was one economic drawback to this system. The USDA could not predict crop expectations and the market fluctuated wildly, because farmers grew whatever they thought would bring the best price at harvest. But now farmers are geared to grow just one, or at most, two crops. If one specialized region is hit with bad weather, the nation's supply of that commodity is severely decreased. Thus, because we've wiped out market gardeners with suburban sprawl we now grow most of our onions in Texas and when bad weather there wipes out the crop there are no other onions. Corn and soybeans are grown almost exclusively in the mid-West and when floods hit, that crop is lost. Other regions, geared as they are for their own special crops, cannot take up the slack.

Another drawback of specialization is that cattle are no longer allowed to graze (we've too much livestock and this would lead to over-grazing and dust-storms, etc.) but are sent to feedlots where they are fattened with various grains and where, also, the manure is often lost to the land, becoming an ecological problem due to nitrogen run-off. We solved part of that problem with chemical fertilizers but nitrogen is produced with natural gas and, with the energy crisis and all that, it is in short supply at a time when farmers, having neglected to manure their land, need it most.

Obviously, as a nation we eat too much meat. Most of our protein is grown as feed for livestock and the amount we get in our meat is less than originally produced at harvest from sun, seed and soil. (Francis Moore Lappe's *Diet for a Small Planet* details this argument in convincing fashion). Meaning: we'd do better taking our protein from grains; which not only would improve our diet but also release protein—now tied up in hamburgers and other American luxuries—to help feed protein-poor people elsewhere in the world. I'm not arguing for a vegetarian diet. Meat in moderation is healthy and good and inspires us to chew, which Gestaltians say, and I agree, is good for psychic balance. But, Americans eat far too much meat and in this may deny millions of people an adequate diet.

To repeat a plea made in previous farm articles, consumers complaining about rising food costs ought to stop condemning the farmer (though the USDA is a proper target) and begin learning about the problems of agriculture. Also, there are farmers and farm organizations who share consumer concerns—notably the Farmworkers, various farm co-ops, the National Sharecroppers Fund, the Rodale organization, Lee Fryer's Earth Foods, the National Farmers Organization (NFO) and, in Congress, Senator James Abourezk of South Dakota. Until farm prices drop, which may not happen before farm policy is drastically overhauled, consider the lowly turnip, long a favored peasants' food and good for both people and cows.



AN OCCASIONAL COLUMN ON NONVIOLENCE

800 word contributions are invited from readers

Being somewhat of a newcomer to the peace movement, and being plagued by many doubts and fears about my self and about what I can contribute, I have, ever since discovering WIN at the great Moratorium rally in November, 1969, always relied upon WIN to present material which never has failed to provide me with enlightenment and reassurance. But I was puzzled by a remark Marty Jezer made in his "Sittin' In" article in the May 17 issue.

One thing I have learned from WIN about many pacifists is that they seem to have an overwhelming sense of selfless dedication to pacifist goals, a dedication so strong that they are willing to face public ridicule, humiliation, the pain of ostracism and the threat (and reality) of death in order to convey the urgency of their message to other people. Their activities have reflected their dedication to pacifism, and while they may have bewildered, confused and angered many of those most desperately in need of their message, they have also provided others with a feeling of inspiration and reassurance—people like me who haven't the courage these pacifists manifest, who are often frightened and timid in the face of the brutality of the official repression they experience in the conduct of their activities, and who will shrink from many confrontations because of a fear of being jailed, beaten or killed. The examples of personal witness by the staunchest advocates of nonviolence, those pacifists whose lives are lived perpetually in a struggle to share that spirit, or who are unwilling to acknowledge it—this is not to say that they try to force their lives on others—have sustained weaker brothers and sisters, like me, and moved us to join when we might have timidly remained hidden and anonymous, to stay when we might rather have run.

But Marty's remark puzzled me, when, in discussing the tactic of noncooperation, he said, "Instead of being loving and nonviolent I was self-righteous and doctrinally rigid. And far from appealing to their better selves, I was inviting their brutality. There are many forms of violence, not all of them physical, and I consider now that I was as violent in my passivity as they were in their aggression." Marty doesn't propose an alternative to the tactic of noncooperation—I suspect he was as surprised at his remark as I was and is mulling it over—but I wonder if he understands how truly confusing that remark was.

Consider the mildest form of noncooperation, the boycott. Certainly one does not join in supporting a

and certainly this feeling will make one feel "doctrinally rigid"—at least to a point—for if one remains unconvinced of the rightness of the boycott, then the object of the boycott will sense a weak spot and try to exploit it. But surely Marty wouldn't consider a boycott violent, or would he? During the meat boycott, those meatpacking workers who were laid off certainly considered their sacrifice irrational, if not violent. And they are angry as hell at those of us who joined the boycott.

Or consider tax resistance. Again, to participate in that type of activity, given the near futility of it, one must be utterly convinced at the rightness of one's actions, or "doctrinally rigid." Or take fasting. It would seem to me the only violence one could commit in fasting would be to one's own body. But if the faster is utterly convinced of the rightness of his act, "doctrinally rigid," then he can sustain a long fast. Surely there are many who feel that Dick Gregory's very lengthy fast has reached a point of ridiculous absurdity; they must wonder what he's trying to prove. To someone like me, who shares his sense of rage and frustration over the behavior of the U.S. Government, Dick's fast is heroic and inspirational.

I guess the sticky point for Marty is not really doctrinaire rigidity, but is instead the question of motivation—the feeling that one's actions are self-righteous rather than selfless. As surely as a Dick Gregory or a Dave Dellinger or a Barbara Deming or a Brad Lytle or a Marty Jezer can renew our faith in ourselves and in our pacifist ideals, just as surely can their acts of noncooperation be seen as being self-righteous, since they arise from a "doctrinally rigid" viewpoint.

These are problems with which I wrestle constantly. Being a recent (1970) convert to pacifism, I often wonder if some of my more zealous words and actions are a result of that self-righteousness which seems always to accompany any conversion. And here I agree with Marty that an act motivated by self-righteousness is as violently destructive as the brutal reaction it often incurs. But, who is to say that an act is self-righteous? Was Martin Luther King being self-righteous in Birmingham, and therefore destructive, when his acts invited Bull Connors to retaliate with dogs and cattle prods? Was he being self-righteous in Cicero, in Selma, in Montgomery? Or were his actions so selfless as to burn an indelible mark in the souls of Americans, even those who opposed him? Are the Berrigans being self-righteous? Is Dan Ellsberg being self-righteous?

If we ponder these questions too long and too deeply, we may raise so many doubts in ourselves that we are almost too paralyzed to do anything. I know that my own weak fears and anxieties, coupled with my doubts about my motivations—am I truly moved by the spirit of Martin Luther King, or am I just another obnoxious rebel?—have left me feeling very confused and unable to risk much of my self. However, the actions of those brave pacifists of whom I have read in WIN have sustained me and given me a momentum which has often enabled me to rise above my cowardice.

When an old hand like Marty Jezer raises the same doubts I have, though, I sink back into my original despair. Is there an answer to this very critical question of motivation, as seen from within and without, or must we simply go on doing what we feel must be done and hope that in the end we were right? And how do we confront those who fear us because of what we are? How do we show them love without sacrificing our own principles and without seeming to



"Chop Suey Dancers No. 2" Reginald Marsh

CHANGES

GAY ACTIVISTS CHALLENGE DISCRIMINATION

The Gay Activist Alliance has sent a warning to the operators of fifty night clubs and bars in New York City stating that they will take legal action against any such places that prohibit customers from dancing with members of the same sex.

The warning pointed out a recent decision by the New York Court of Appeals stating, "There is no sound reason to distinguish between the actions of homosexuals and that of heterosexuals in respect to dancing." GAA added that such a ban on dancers of the same sex could be a violation of the city's administrative code which bars discrimination on the basis of sex.

A spokesperson from GAA said, "It's a funny campaign in a way. Most gay people still don't want to go to straight bars, so the ghettoization is encouraged by gays as well as straights." Nevertheless GAA will continue to challenge cabarets, public dance halls and catering establishments throughout the city.

—LNS

"REMEMBER OUR POW'S" —AGAIN!

That slogan, "Remember Our POW's" may start appearing on bumper stickers all over again.

The Pentagon is now confirming that at least two U.S. airmen are missing in Cambodia, and are presumed to be still alive. After denying for several

months that American airmen might have been captured, the Defense Department admitted last week that an Air Force F-4 Phantom jet went down in April in an area controlled by Cambodian rebels. Its two crewmen are officially listed as "missing in action."

In addition to these two men, Laotian radio reports and the Chinese News Agency have both claimed that an American major, whose name has not been released, was captured in Laos on May 7th. If these reports are true, it would mean that possibly as many as three American POW's have been captured during the "Vietnam Peace."

—Zodiac

JUNE 16 DEMONSTRATION IN WASHINGTON

The government didn't collapse. The Indochina war didn't even end. But the peace movement did demonstrate that it is far from dead and intends, despite break-ins, wire taps, sabotage and other forms of repression and intimidation, to keep pressing for an immediate end to the bombing, the re-ordering of domestic priorities and, of course, some minimal level of honesty and fairness in government.

Certainly the 2,500 people that marched from the Watergate to the Justice Department in Washington on June 16 appeared confident that these goals are not only necessary but also quite attainable. Despite the minimal amount of organizing that went into

building the demonstration, people came from everywhere and left more determined than ever to deepen the struggle at this crucial time of crisis for the government.

As Barbara Webster, one of the key organizers of the People's Coalition for Peace and Justice action put it, "We all feel pretty good about the demonstration." —MC

COL. SANDERS INVADES CHINA

It was bound to happen sooner or later: Colonel Sanders' Kentucky Fried Chicken is invading China.

Stuart Watson, the President of the Kentucky Fried Chicken Corporation, says that final negotiations are underway between Colonel Sanders and the People's Republic of China. The chicken will be brought from China, fried and dished up at a Colonel Sanders' outlet being opened in Hong Kong.

If all goes well for the Colonel, famed Peking Duck may one day take a back seat to "finger lickin' good" chicken, even in Peking.

—Zodiac

LEGISLATION INTRODUCED TO RE-INSTATE RHODESIAN SANCTIONS

Rhodesia is a breakaway British colony in southern Africa. 5% of its population, which is white, denies political and human rights to 5½ million Blacks. No country in the world recognizes their legitimacy. In 1968 the United Nations established mandatory sanctions against the white minority regime.

The U.S. Congress enacted the Byrd Amendment in the fall of 1971 to override the United Nations sanctions program. The U.S. has been importing chrome, ferrochrome, nickel and other strategic materials from Rhodesia ever since.

On May 22, 1973, bills were introduced in both houses of Congress to re-instate United States compliance with United Nations sanctions against Rhodesia.

A coalition is working for the passage of these bills by co-ordinating direct lobbying efforts and local constituency initiatives to influence members of Congress. Help is needed in this effort especially on the local level. Letters to Congressional representatives and encouragement of local groups to support this legislation are among actions planned.

For further information contact: Washington Office on Africa, 110 Maryland Ave. N.E., Washington, DC 20002.

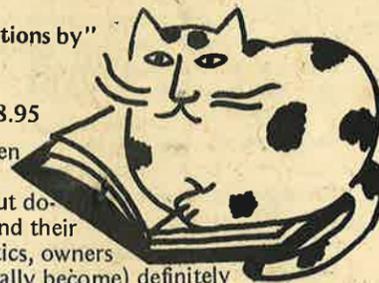
—WOA

REVIEWS

HOME COMFORT Life on Total Loss Farm

13 Total Loss Farmers
"with additional contributions by"
an even dozen of
friends & neighbors •
Saturday Review Press, \$8.95

A neighbor of ours has been rapping off and on for a couple of years now, about doing a book just on folks and their stoves: how Great Majestics, owners and stoves, are (or eventually become) definitely one sort; while Quick Meals, or Queen Atlantics, or Home Comforts, or what-have-you, are definitely other. If you live in woodburning rural America, you'll have already discovered for yourself just how much a part of your life and personality *your stove* can come to be; for my own part, the first magical words I learned to read were emblazoned across my grandmother's oven door: "*Kalamazoo, Direct to You.*"



We now happen to have (—and be?) a U.S. Army Range; the plate says 1942, but it's hard to believe that *any* army was actually cooking on such a glorious dinosaur during World War II. My guess is that some Civil War procurator-general signed a standing order for so many dozen of them per year, and no one ever got around to rescinding it. Becky actually thought at first, as we groaningly squeezed it in through the kitchen doorway, that the U.S. Army was going to be *too big*; but we soon discovered that no stove is ever *too big*, even if you can bake 24 loaves of bread at once (with the oven rack which we have not got), and heat a bath, the laundry, and dishwashing water, and also cook supper, all at the same time.

Anyhow, Home Comfort's a nice stove, a very nice stove indeed, according to everyone we know who lives with one; but surely, it's nowhere near big enough for ten-to-twenty ravenous gourmets, most of whom dig cooking and baking (cheese & spinach & mushroom strudels, yet!) as well as the eating. This, for me, was one great mystery the book never attempted to solve: how they manage with one little Home Comfort.

—This is not, in case you've begun to wonder, a book *about* wood stoves; merely one written, and probably best enjoyed, *around* a wood stove. And while much of it is specifically devoted to cooking and eating and growing good food, it's not about that, either. The Home Comfort was there, in the house (it wasn't a home then; no one there to give comfort to) when these dozen or so weird people (—invaded? . . . there is no right, all-encompassing verb, so let me quote from a chapter by Ronnie, one of the friends & neighbors:)

" . . . A letter from home said simply, 'Rosie has sold the house and a bunch of hippies are moving in.' "

The place is in Vermont, and has had several names, but now, with two books in print using the label, it looks like they're stuck with "Total Loss Farm" for a monicker. I first went there in the early spring of its first year, to see what Marty Jezer was up to. Marty was the only person there I'd been (still am) very close to; circumstance and

two-thirds of a continent have since prevented me from growing very close to any of the others, until this book came in the mail. After that first visit, I wouldn't have taken ten-to-one odds that the place would survive another winter: and here they are, tripping merrily into their fifth summer.

When I was there last, a year ago, for another flying visit, it was Home Comfort, with almost every connotation of the phrase I can imagine, and clear promise of all the rest, in good season. A houseful of prima donnas, as Richard says, both times; but that latter time, it was also a real family, really at home, really in comfort.

" . . . Actually, the effort is to recognize the stature of a portion of unimagined existence, and to contrive techniques proper to its recording, communication, analysis, and defense. More essentially, this is an independent inquiry into certain normal predicaments of human divinity. . . ."

That was James Agee, explaining his task in the preface to *Let Us Now Praise Famous Men*; and so help me, it's also a fair definition of the volume under discussion here. I searched back through for a definitive quotation from *them* but decided at last that I'd want to quote at least 120 of the 329 pages, including at least 40 of the "more than 300 illustrations and decorations."

It's a sumptuous, as well as very intimate, delicate, dazzling, hilarious, even useful, and thoroughly charming book. I didn't believe, until I saw it, that establishment publishers could produce such a beautiful thing, anymore. There are lots of delectable recipes, how-to-stuff like cheese-making, dyeing, gardening, building a wheelbarrow; fairytales, poetry, and one of the absolutely funniest pieces I've read since god-knows-when, Bob describing how they dug the well.

Ellen, Marty, Pete, Richard, and Verandah write at length, frankly and very movingly, I thought, about how and why they came to the farm; several others are also eloquent on the subject, in passing. They all try, with blazes of truth and genius, to talk about what-it-is, how-it-works, and *why*; but—as suits both themselves and such questions perfectly—they never try too hard. By *it*, I suppose I mean nothing less than the dance they're dancing, the never-the-same-twice, incredibly fragile and intricate yet somehow enduring relationship (is there really no less *ugly* word for that in English?) that again, so lamely, we have to call "a family."

As Marty says, "We've gone back to our roots, discovered the past, and inherited a future." And elsewhere: "The past two years have been so good that I often fear something must be amiss in our lives; happiness isn't supposed to come this easy."

If much of the writing here—Marty's and Pete's especially, to me—is rich and good beyond my ability to quote or describe, Verandah's is magical beyond discussable limits for either prose or poetry. From her, then, a few last words: "Not to be spellbound by fossils, footfalls, vestiges, echoes, or absences. The larder's full, and that's no metaphor." —Paul Johnson

I've been trying to write a review of this book for over a month now. My biggest problem is that every time I sit down to do it I start reading around in it, get to chuckling at Bob's humor or stunned by Verandah's prose or Marty's and before I know it—time's up—time to milk the goat or something. So today I left the book at the house and came out here to get down a few words that will convey to prospective readers the satisfaction and enjoyment of having Home Comfort around to read—and look at.

Like the commune whose members produced it, the sum of the book is greater than its parts—leaves you with the warm glow of a good old cookstove in the dead of winter. Lots of individuality too, in spite of “no more me, no more you”. I wish the drawings were credited. After reading a first piece I could tell, this is Peter or Ellen. . . or whoever talking. The pictures deserve as much.

As one of the oldest going (five years) “hippie farms”, Total Loss Farm can teach us plenty about getting it and keeping it together—without A Leader or Organization or A Lot of Money. The various members tell, each in his own way, what life there is like for him. Put it all together and the love they feel for each other and the farm is miraculous and evident—and didn't come easy.

I could have done without Richard's fairy tale/allegory but not Ray's letters-from-away, or Ron's perfect introductory piece, or anything else. The farm's own story is epic enough without trimmin's. —Rebecca Johnson

In ancient China when a man grew old, he voluntarily gave up his power and authority and went into the wilderness or a monastery to peacefully live out the balance of his days. His action was good for it gave younger men a stake in the ongoing society and insured continuity of generations. It was good for the old men, for they could finally escape the responsibility which had laid so heavily on their shoulders and calmly reflect back on their past lives and prepare to die.

Today in the USA, there is a similar move toward retiring to nature, fleeing the responsibilities of modern civilization and spending one's life in calm reflection. But today, it is a totally new condition of abundance and an end to scarcity which allows young people to retire to the woods. For every person who drops out to live in a log cabin with a wood burning stove and a stream next to the back door, there are at least ten others who pledge that they will move to the country someday. Moving to the country has come to replace the American syndrome of I'm-going-to-buy-a-sailboat-and-go-to-the-South-Seas. It's the ten who plan to someday move to the country who will buy and enjoy HOME COMFORT: Life on Total Loss Farm.

HOME COMFORT is an idyllic, nostalgic collection of short writings by each of the 25 or so people who live on a commune in Vermont and their friends. The subjects range from why I came here to how to dig a well; from fairy tales to agriculture; from living with animals to how to can vegetables; from essays to how to make maple syrup. Unlike most books about communes which reflect one person's bias, HOME COMFORT is a wide ranging and rich collection of various people's experiences of what living on the land is really about both in consciousness and in describing the everyday tasks and chores of communal life. Although the frustrations and anguish of communal life are hinted at, the book emphasizes the joy and fulfillment of people living and sharing their lives together.

The vision of communal life on the farm is captivating and makes you wish you could leave whatever it is you are doing and go to live on a farm with no responsibilities and great feelings of sentimentality. There are tales of walking underneath the trees, a moving story of a lost, dead pet and fairy tales which remind one of past childhood bedtime stories. The cows and pigs and chickens take on characters of human proportion. At the same time, there are hints that the residents lost some of their sentimentality and grew toward a greater maturity which was forced upon them by the necessities of the cold Vermont winters, care of the

animals which give them milk, meat and eggs, and the land which sprouts forth vegetables and fruits. These people craved a communion with nature, to feel in touch with the earth and sought closeness with each other. Urbanization and industrialization destroyed both community and nature. Yet throughout the book, there is a gnawing feeling that this type of life is not open to many.

Because they have written so many books and articles (sales from their six books help pay the mortgage), Total Loss Farm has come to represent the communal movement as a whole. It is unfortunate because the experience seems so closed—there is nothing in this book which makes an ordinary person think they could organize their lives with a group of people for the better.

Many of the people who live at Total Loss Farm were in the Movement and the New Left and had political consciousness of what was going down in the world. After living on the land a few years, their political consciousness has degenerated into a child's fairy tale of introverted mysticism—they dig a ditch for the spring and “imagining we were patching the Ho Chi Minh trail”; the innocence of a woman visitor is what “makes empires fall”; and they imagine that “the state trembles in our absence”. This consciousness is a pretend game which only reflects the isolation and insulation one can achieve on a farm. This does not mean they have to be out bombing police stations or carrying picket signs. One can be conscious of reality and have a strong together group and exert a cultural and political influence on others which will help the world-wide struggle against imperialism. We can be conscious and keep our powder dry and spread the word to local backwoods towns and be a positive influence for change.

This book pretends to be about changes this group of people have gone through, but there is little hint of what changes have happened between men and women. It seems women there have no consciousness of women's liberation—not as a political cult but in terms of a person's being aware of his or her socialization in capitalist society. Such a change would also drastically change a man's self-conception and identity, but there is none of that revealed here. The treatment of sex is either a cop out—it's too hard to talk about—or they simply haven't questioned it.

That other people are interested in sexual questions on communes is seen as preverted. Richard writes that it is interesting to shock people by telling them, “intracommunal love life is as chaste as the driven snow just falling outside my western window”. He says the truth is that they are not sexually attractive to each other and are never lovers. There are tight bonds based on work and domestication but for some reason no passion. Questions of couples, love and passion are important for many today who seek answers in this time of breakdown of the old values and the yet undefined new. This book passes over and summarily dismisses the whole question of love and sex while trying to be honest and upfront in its portrayal of communal life.

Although this book fails to develop consciousness or reveal a new form of social organization, it is worth reading for those who hope to live in the country someday or who are merely interested in communal living. It is a well-designed book featuring the art work of Peter Gould and Alicia Bay Laurel and a rarely used typeset designed in 1913 adds a nostalgic air. The stories of nature and animals, reflections on the simple life and life on a farm, and the reality of a close-knit communal group give ample insights into why people choose this way of life. For anyone looking for a book to reveal the depths of the struggles and experimentation of communal life—that book has not yet been written. —Donald Monkerud

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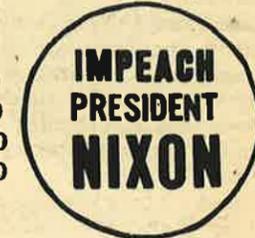
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