

**win**  
PEACE AND FREEDOM THRU NONVIOLENT ACTION

200<sup>TH</sup> ISSUE!



SERVING THE PEOPLE  
SINCE 1966

May 16, 1974 / 20¢

# LETTERS

I would like to take this opportunity to respond to Jim Peck's brief article on military discharge codes which appeared under "Changes" in the April 18 issue of WIN. While the Pentagon, due to public pressure, has "officially" ended its repressive practice of placing discharge classification (SPIN) codes on discharges, the issue has by no means been resolved. The government's latest concession to growing demands for just treatment of veterans is nothing more than a publicity stunt to "pacify" veterans and diffuse the issue.

While it is true that vets with undesirable spin codes can now be issued a new set of discharge papers without the code, it should also be noted that employers are well aware that all discharges issued prior to this alleged "policy change" do have codes on them. Any vet filing a job application who submits a new set of papers minus the code will thereby be notifying his prospective employer that he was originally assigned a negative classification. Additionally, many vets are

completely unaware that such codes even exist in the first place.

Regardless of whether a vet is issued the new discharge which automatically omits the classification, or gets a new set of papers, this system will still be in effect covertly. Rather than just having a code number, all permanent military, selective service and Veterans Administration records will now have the classifications typed right on them. There is no reason to believe that the new system will be any more "secure" than the one it allegedly replaces. Just as agencies and employers have ready access to information contained in the SPIN codes, it must be assumed that they will also have access to information stored under the new system.

It should be noted that these classifications are arbitrarily assigned at the whim of the commanding officer and that there is little concern for due process. Thus, years later, a vet may find that his inability to secure a decent job stems from having passed out movement literature, an act which might earn one the classification of "homosexual-subversive."

To focus public attention on this issue, the Vietnam Veterans Against the War/Win-

ter Soldier Organization (VVAW/WSO) is setting up discharge upgrading projects throughout the country and is demanding a retroactive, single type discharge for all veterans. This would necessarily involve the issuing of new discharge papers to all veterans and the elimination of any form of discharge classifications.

VVAW/WSO will be sponsoring a National Amnesty Demonstration in Washington DC from July 1 to the 4th and one of our demands will be the single type discharge. Other demands include Honor the Agreements/End all Aid to Thieu and Lon Nol, Decent Benefits for Vets, and Kick Nixon Out. All organizations and individuals who support these demands are warmly encouraged to join us in our demonstration in Washington. —DAVID ROSS Burlington, VT

John Kyper's review of Allyn and Adele Ricketts' *Prisoners of Liberation* in the April 18, 1974 issue of WIN largely accepts the authors' highly favorable perspective on their experiences in post-revolutionary Chinese prisons, and goes so far as to com-

mend Chinese prisons to us as considerable improvements on US varieties. A rather different assessment is contained in a number of other first-hand accounts, e.g. Robert Jay Lifton's *Thought Reform: The Psychology of Totalism* based on in-depth interviews with a number of Western and Chinese ex-prisoners leaving China, and the more recent *Prisoner of Mao* by Bao Ruo-wang and Rudolph Chelminski.

These less favorable accounts are intrinsically more believable than the one which praises Chinese prisons. Surely by now enough testimony concerning prisons in many different countries has accumulated to justify the most extreme skepticism when an ex-prisoner writes in praise of former captors. In this case we are told of a system that arrests people and holds them without charge and without trial for a period totally indefinite in extent. The system makes extensive use of informers. Constant efforts are made to break prisoners psychologically. Physical hardship is in some cases extreme. In order to obtain release, prisoners must confess to preposterous accusations, and to express acceptance of the regime's supremacy. Is this really an improvement over the American penal system?

Some seem to think so. Not long ago I came across an account of a recent visit to a Shanghai prison. The American author described some thieves who had been imprisoned for seven years as looking rather unhappy. Still, he lauded the virtues of the place, comparing them most favorably to their counterparts in the US where the poor inmates, deprived of the opportunity to benefit from Mao's generosity, spend on the average, only two years for burglary and three for robbery, sentences considered rather long by European standards.

I do not know how to explain American radicals' persistent inability to maintain a critical perspective on institutions in countries like China or Cuba, but I am convinced that this failing should be overcome. It is detrimental to our movement and constitutes a kind of self-betrayal.

—DAVID F. GREENBERG  
New York, NY

John Kyper's review of *Prisoners of Liberation*, in your April 18th issue, really appalled me. It seemed to be premised on the notion that the Chinese prison/"rehabilitation" system is okay because (1) it works, and (2) it turns out good-thinking people, whereas the American prison/"rehabilitation" system is evil because it doesn't work, or turns out bad-thinking (or non-thinking) people. It's okay, in short, to put people in cages or even keep them "shackled for constant lying," if the end result is truth.

It may very well be that the Ricketts achieved important growth and self-understanding during their imprisonment. Lots of people do. That's no recommendation for prisons, of any political variety. Growth and self-understanding are good things, regardless of how they are achieved. And imprisonment and coercion are bad things, regardless of their results.

There are certainly morally acceptable elements of "thought reform" that can be, and have been, successfully adapted for use in non-prison, non-coercive contexts (e.g. group therapy) with valuable results. But prison—any prison—is neither the only place nor the best place to find truth.

—MARIAN NEUDEL  
Chicago, IL

Some corrections on your little blurb under Dove Tales 4/18/74 on the Women's History Library—That's the first one, we're not Berkeley Women's Research Center, but Women's History Library. And its not "volunteers around the country," but "volunteers from around the country." (people have to do the work here in Berkeley in the library. . . .)

So, anyway, thanks for the blurb.  
—MICHELE  
Berkeley, CA

Sometimes you run the oddest stuff. Why all this commentary on the NCLC—if it is true, it would seem a case of the less said the better.

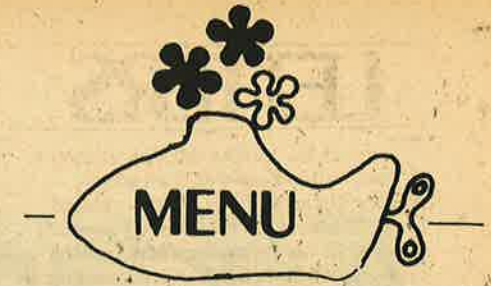
Then there is Ed Murphy's article [4/18/74] on political campaigns. I find in it a great longing to discover means of reaching all those people who all our radical endeavors seem to pass by. And I can certainly sympathize with that. But I find nothing about the essential question for radicals who would engage in the bourgeois political process: does not our presence merely tend to legitimize a fraudulent system which gives people the illusion that they have some control over their lives? Where a very few own all the "property," and decide what to do with it, elections are an afterthought in which people can only react to decisions already taken, can never initiate. When did we ever vote to become overwhelmingly dependent on individually owned auto transportation—and so prey to the manipulations of the oil corporations? Since this is so, I, for myself, feel called upon to stay out of this meaningless morass and try to make my contacts with people in the slower, more frustrating ways we are developing—picketing, leafletting, etc.

Even when I'm being critical, getting WIN each week does cheer me up.  
—JAN ADAMS  
San Francisco, CA

Electoral Politics: Ed Murphy for President, [WIN 4/18/74], left a bad taste in my mouth. He seems to have acted as radical as possible within the electoral context. He said he raised important issues, remained uncompromised and reached many people. Yet I see a danger in what Ed Murphy is doing for I believe his efforts at electoral politics are in the end counter-productive.

I am confronted with similar campaigns at home in St. Paul where a number of my friends are active in running a radical for city council. The idea is put forth by some radicals that what we need is "good govern-

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Fred Rosen standing at the very portal of the WIN Publishing Empire. Photo by Susan Pines.

Dear Loyal Readers,

We were all sitting around the other day, trying to get a line on this week's fund appeal (yes, this week's. . . and every week, taking up valuable WIN space until \$20,000 turns up in the mail). TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS!? ARE YOU DREAMING? Well, we must be awake, fellow travelers, because last week alone we raised \$2,167.76 which brings the total so far to \$5,052.00, most of it in straight contributions, some of it in 200 issue renewals (\$20 for 200 issues), some of it in pledges of monthly or quarterly contributions, and some of it in ticket sales for the gala WIN WINE TASTING PARTY (see ad p. 30). And if you, gentle reader, can think of still another way to add to the total, please send it in. Anyhow, we were all sitting around when the phone rang and we thought it might be Liberated Portugal asking us to come over and run a few workshops, but it turned out to be the printer asking where the check was for the last issue and we said well, uh. . . .

So seriously folks, we need the twenty thousand to get us out fo debt and propel us forward into bigger and smaller things. What debts? you ask. What things? Well,

- We owe the printer \$4,076.20.
- We owe the envelope maker \$838.59.
- We owe IBM (for the composer) \$317.10.
- We owe the computer service (for subscriptions) \$351.35.
- We owe ourselves \$347.72 in back wages. And that, as they say, is the unkindest debt of all since all we get around here is an average of \$52 a week. And these are just some of the bills.

We don't owe our writers anything because we don't pay our writers anything. But we'd like to. And we should. Likewise our artists, photographers, guest editors, etc. And likewise ourselves a little better. But mainly, we'd all like to sleep a little easier, knowing that WIN Magazine that beacon in the struggle for Peace and Freedom Through Nonviolent Action, will be free to learn and grow, alter and illuminate, and pursue its happiness for 200 more issues.

So fork it over comrades, and return this page to combative, stimulating, warm and friendly letters.

Thanking you in advance, I am

Very Truly Yours,

Fred Rosen, E.A.

# 8 YEARS BEFORE THE MASTHEAD

My God, has it been 200 issues? All the way from 1965 to 1974! A. J. Muste lives on! I vaguely remember several meetings held at 5 Beekman which, as I recall, were brought together by A. J. and some of the rest of us to set up some kind of pacifist group in New York City. At that time the Committee for Non-violent Action was still operating, and rather than give the New York group the title of either a WRL local or a CNVA local, it was called the New York Workshop in Nonviolence.

Certainly our intention was not to set up a magazine, but a New York City pacifist action group. The group died, but out of it came an action bulletin which became, by January 15, 1966, WIN—A publication of the New York Workshop in Nonviolence. That issue doesn't even list a staff, let alone editors, sponsorship, etc. There are only writers' names—Marty Jezer, Donald Newlove, Paul Johnson, Bonnie Stretch. There is a short note at the back welcoming home Jay Moss, who has just served a nine month sentence for draft resistance.

The funny thing is it doesn't even seem that long ago. The draft card burnings had started a year earlier, the mass movement against the war was well under way, so much had happened. . . .so much was still to happen. . . .so many lives were still to be lost in Vietnam, so many men still to be imprisoned or seek exile. WIN came at a time of darkness and rage when we felt our anger but also our powerlessness and somehow it was appropriate that WIN began simply as a 16 page mimeographed bulletin, with an illustrated cover, no different from any of a hundred or perhaps a thousand similar bulletins bursting into existence around the nation as the grass roots began to grow, even then, in that cold January.

There is pain in glancing through the back issues. Names, old friends. Death. Looking for the date when WRL became directly related to WIN I find in my random search Gary Rader, his stern Green Beret, his stern face, his burning draft card held in the air. Rader, recent suicide, casualty of peaceful combat.

The issue I want is October, 16, 1967, when WIN announced that "beginning with this issue, WIN Magazine is to be published by the War Resisters League in cooperation with the New York Workshop in Nonviolence. . . ." and it is about that transition I want to write briefly, for contrary to some assumptions, organizations can change and grow. CNVA had gone out of business, merging with WRL. Who would support WIN, which by now was photo-offset and had a growing mailing list—and deficit?

Some of us proposed WRL take over as co-publisher but without any editorial control. The Executive Committee was sharply divided. The staff was united—this publication was the only pacifist thrust into the youth culture, toward the yellow submarines, toward

the rock that shook the rock on which the nation stood. WIN must survive. ("And the Lord laid his hands on the Beatles and said 'On this rock shall I build a new foundation'".) But could a group like WRL really allow itself to be associated with a publication without having direct editorial control? Mightn't the youth use some accidental fuck in a public sentence without a firm guiding hand?

The compromise was that the editorial board consisted of Maris Cakars, Gordon Christiansen, Sam Coleman, Neil Haworth, Martin Jezer, David McReynolds, Igal Roodenko, Bonnie Stretch, and Eric Weinberger, with Paul Johnson as Managing Editor. There were enough wise old WRL heads on the board to keep the youth in check. (That some of the wise old heads, like the late Sam Coleman, whose loss is still keenly felt, were far ahead of the youth, didn't matter—Sam looked reliable.) On several occasions members of the WRL Executive Committee would bring up some article or the other that had appeared in WIN and would ask for a full discussion by the EC. In each case the answer was the same: any member could attend the meetings of the WIN Editorial Board, which met weekly. Under no condition was the content of WIN to be the subject matter for an EC discussion—we could only vote on whether or not to continue the subsidy.

I know this approach will seem incomprehensible to our friends in the Communist and Socialist Workers Party—all those thousands of dollars being poured into a magazine over which the Executive Committee had absolutely no direct control! Outrageous! How marvelously outrageous. Only pacifists or anarchists or very very democratic socialists would be fool enough to trust their instincts.

The WRL involvement marked one point in recent WRL evolution—we lost at least two members of the Executive Committee who resigned, largely over the WIN question. We lost some members who were offended by WIN's content—and many members never did subscribe. And we lost a great deal of money.

We lost thousands of dollars. Tens of thousands of dollars over the past 200 issues. But we saved a few lives. WIN, by 1969, was a magazine people did quote. Its articles were being reprinted in the underground press. Without ever losing touch with the culture from which it sprang—pot, communes, rock, a reaching toward community—WIN helped remind that culture that flesh burned in Vietnam. WIN was there ahead of most magazines on most issues, from ecology to gay liberation to the communal movement.

But somehow I don't feel like recalling how important WIN was to others, or how hip it was. I think back over the 200 issues and the angry loving fights we have had. I think of those who moved on, as Mark Morris moved to the hidden reaches of West Virginia,

as Gordon moved on to become a follower of the Guru Maharaj Ji. People moved to the country, as Marty did, and moved back. WIN itself, in a decision most of us bitterly opposed, moved to Rifton, a hundred miles away from our beloved smelly hellish wonderful city. I think of the picnics up there at the farm, think about the changes each of us has been through—and I know that if we, who worked closely with WIN, went through changes, so did each of you out there, the readers who keep the magazine alive.

So much has happened since those early days. We helped to topple Johnson from office and, even though we often don't realize it, we (all of us, not just WIN, but the whole movement of which WIN was a part) helped bring the direct American involvement in Vietnam to an end. We have drunk beer together and sometimes gotten drunk together. We have smoked dope, been to the annual mass demonstrations, spent time in jail together, sometimes time in bed together. We've tried to find out who we are without forgetting the need to change the society around us. We have been fucked up people in a fucked up society—but we never have accepted our situation as natural or inevitable. It is Leonard Cohen's phrase that "we are leaning out for love, we'll leave that way forever."

We are bent in the right direction. We have suffered heavy losses in these 200 issues. A. J. died. Sam Coleman died. Kenneth Patchen died. Paul Goodman died. And ironically, in the 50th year of the organization in which they helped to found, Tracy Mygatt and Francis Witherspoon died. But I believe in compost, in organic gardening. The living spring from the dead and draw their strength from what passed before.

200 issues. My God. It went so fast. We live in the worst of times, the best of times. I simply can't feel profound, as if 200 issues marked an end to something. It's just a pause in the struggle. I wish we could have a huge party for all the readers, all the people who've written, pasted up, stapled, stuffed, stamped, and worked on the magazine. All the thousands of us. We are bent but not broken by all that has passed through us, over us, these past years. We are leaning out for love, we'll lean that way forever.

—David McReynolds

# WIN

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October 5, 1966 . 25¢



PEACE  
AND  
FREEDOM  
THROUGH  
NONVIOLENT  
ACTION

Volume IV Number 9  
May 15 1968

# win

PEACE AND FREEDOM THRU NONVIOLENT ACTION

April 18, 1974/ 20¢

# An acute analysis of a typical WIN mailing as observed by me after two solid years of backbreaking sleeving and tying

The following is a period piece. It was written in June, 1970, by Jenny Serruys, one of our most faithful volunteers. In those days, when we still lived in the city, we would mail each issue out ourselves. That meant addressing each copy, "sleeving" most of them, tying them in bundles, sorting, bagging, and getting the whole mess down to the post office. Later we learned that some of what we were doing really wasn't necessary. Today the whole problem is taken care of by a professional mailing house and Jenny lives in California.

My experience working at WIN is by no means extensive but I have found, in the course of volunteering to tie, sleeve and sometimes write out addresses, etc., that there are certain things to watch out for.

You will find the people working at WIN rather amiable to each other and sometimes to a well-meaning volunteer waif who happened to stumble in in some attitude of helpfulness or someone who is just killing time until a meeting at WRL (War Resisters League). There are a lot of letters tossed about freely as people never refer to groups by their full name but rather WRL, PLP, SLP and OOPS; you are supposed to know which groups they are referring to. I have found it a good policy to sidle up to Susan Cakars and ask her what group was mentioned half an hour back as she knows all that stuff and is very kind if you don't. As a matter of fact, any kind of fill-in information about anything or anybody mentioned Susan seems to know about and will give you background.

Let's go now to an average mailing at WIN. You have been notified by telephone about the mailing, most likely by Mayer Vishner. You will not see Mayer at the mailing and so it is possible to have a rather interesting telephone relationship with him and not know what he looks like. So after work (if, of course you have a nine to five job like I do) you stop up at the WIN office. You probably don't know whether or not to eat first. I still don't know. Here we are in the mailing room of 339 Lafayette. There is Mary Mayo sorting out enormous stacks of magazines and placing them in stacks crosswise fashion. She says brightly, "Hello, do you want to sleeve or tie?" (Few people know how to sort as it's a terribly complicated affair.) Of course you don't want to do anything, and you are privately wondering why the hell you are there in the first place, but you say, "Oh, it doesn't matter" so she gives you some sleeving. A great big bunch of magazines and you have to wrap a narrow piece of paper around each one, keeping them in zip code order and finally tying them together, making certain that the different states are kept separate from others. It's easy to get into your own way of tying or sleeving and I happen to feel my way is the most efficient but people just don't seem to pay any attention to me when I demonstrate my method

to them. Everyone prefers to do it their own inefficient way.

Let us assume you have the whole thing down, like you don't sleeve the bunches of magazines that aren't supposed to be sleeved and you don't mix California with Illinois, etc. so you've pretty much caught on in some degree. Now you're ready to join in the good-natured banter of the happy people working there.

Marilyn Albert, who has the distinction along with Susan and Mary of knowing how to do the sorting, usually has an interesting topic of conversation centering around Women's Liberation and/or her Women's Liberation magazine and/or whether men should be allowed out on the streets. Sometimes people will discuss a current court case of a friend. There was one case in Boston where everyone who was a witness went out and drank so much beer that they had to turn the fans on in the courtroom to keep the jury and judge and prosecuting attorney from getting woozy (that's an exaggeration). A lot of people get busted so it's invariably a good topic. Also, many, many people have gone west—most to pay tribute to the venerable one time editor of WIN, Paul Johnson. They assume that he, by virtue of his move to New Mexico, has Got it Down, or is in the process of Getting it Down or is in a good position to be asked When is he Going to Get it Down and stop messing around with wheelbarrows—or is it viable to mess with wheelbarrows at such a harrowing time in history as this.

People go out for pizza (and spend, I swear to god, three hours in doing so) and, of course, it's the nights I grabbed a hamburger before going to the mailing. I've never actually starved at a mailing but I have been severely distressed by no food—sometimes Susan happens to have something really groovy to eat like German potato salad in a big container (gone in a minute and with only two spoons to dish it up too).

Speaking of being severely distressed by no food, what can be more distressing than no beer. Those are of course the evenings without Ralph or Maris, although I must admit Dorothy Lane is always good for a refreshing six-pack.

There are people working there who only drink Pepsi Cola and the like but they never seem to work up a strong enough faction to have a supply on hand. Occasionally if the mailing has been completed by 11 o'clock at night, the people in a fit of camaraderie (don't be frightened by it) will all go en masse to little Italy (under the careful guidance of Mr. DiGia) or the hip, expensive bar, St. Adrians where the evening ends in a lighthearted, easy-going vein.

I forgot to mention David McReynolds wandering purposefully in for one reason or another and Igor but neither of these men have ever deigned to speak with me on the several occasions I have met them so I left them out.

— Jenny Serruys

# ROQUES' GALLERY

A COLLECTION OF SOME OF THE FOLKS WHO'VE BEEN INVOLVED WITH WIN OVER THE YEARS AND WHOSE PICTURES WE WERE ABLE TO GET.



KIP SHAW



ARTHUR & DAVID WASKOW



MAYER VISHNER



LARRY GARA



BARBARA DEMING



JOAN BAEZ



SETH FOLDY



DAVID HERRES



JAN BARRY

## FRIENDS &...



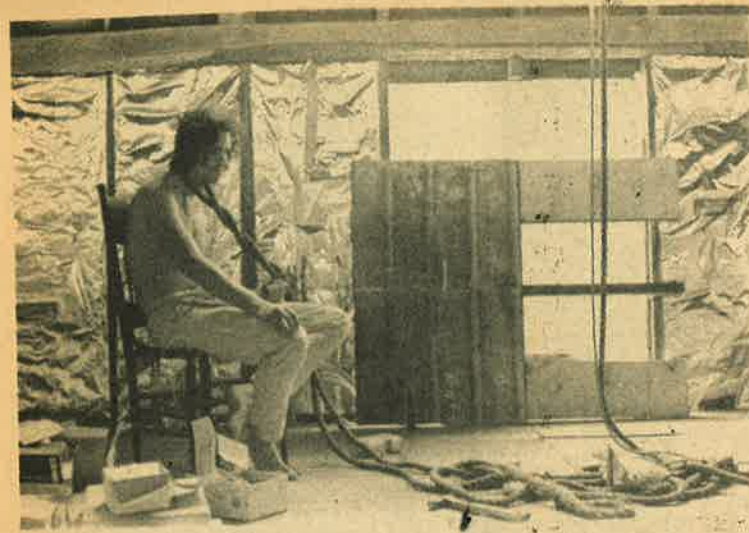
MARK MORRIS & GORDON CHRISTIANSEN



JOHN GOODWIN



BRUCE & DONNA CHRISTIANSON



TAD RICHARDS



LEE YAPLE



BONNIE STRETCH



BRADFORD LYTTLE



KAREN DURBIN



SUE BASS



RUTH DEAR

# FELLOW TRAVELERS...



BARBARA RUBIN  
8 WIN



BOB LARSEN



ERIC WEINBERGER



PETER KIGER & BEVERLY WOODWARD



DANIEL KARIN & RALPH DIGIA



TOM FLOWER



DOROTHY LANE



MAURY ENGLANDER



HENRY BASS

# SISTERS &...



LEAH FRITZ



GRACE PALEY



SUSAN LEIGHTON  
10 WIN



MATT LEIGHTON



ROSEBUD LEIGHTON



CHUCK FAGER & DAUGHTER



MURRAY & JOEY BOOKCHIN



ALLAN SOLOMONOW



TULI KUPFERBURG



MARGARET HAWORTH



WRL STAFF—ELIZABETH ABERMAN, KARL BISSINGER, RALPH DIGIA,  
ED HEDEMAN, GRACE HEDEMAN, DAVID McREYNOLDS, JIM PECK.

# BROTHERS..



STEVE SUFFET



GLORIA STEINEM



PAUL GOODMAN



MARTIN DUBERMAN



JERRY ELMER



DIANA DAVIES



A.J. MUSTE



NEIL HAWORTH



JIM FOREST  
12 WIN



VALERIE & AJILLA HERRES



MARTIN MITCHELL



VICTOR, PAUL, BECKY AND CHRIS JOHNSON



CARRIE RAMEY



GARY RADER



PAUL PALNIK



DONALD NEWLOVE



BURT LEVITSKY



JIM TODD



CRAIG & ALLISON KARPEL



GWEN REYES



IGAL ROODENKO



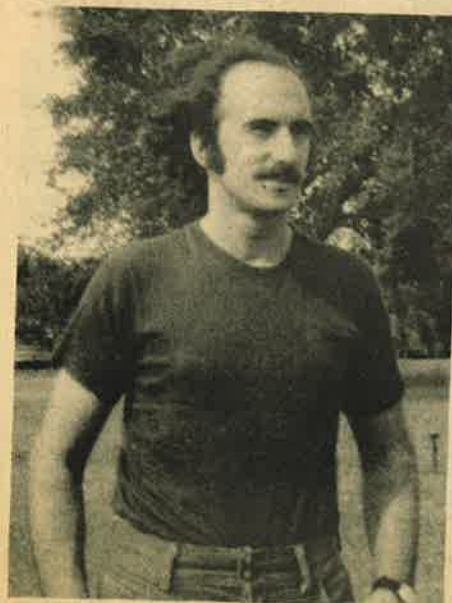
CINDY KENT



LANA REEVES



LANCE BELVILLE



ALLEN YOUNG



JACKSON MACLOW



JULIE MAAS

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The following were taken by Diana Davies: Kip Shaw, Barbara Deming, John Goodwin, Grace Paley, Tull Kupferburg, Paul Goodman, A.J. Muste, Burt Levitsky.



# A DAY IN THE LIFE

## PART I

Since I am the newest addition to life on the farm, it was decided that I should write about what it's like. After all, my view of things should be the most fresh and least jaded. I should notice details others take for granted. We'll see.

You can look at the staff box in the front of the magazine and see what everybody's title is, but that doesn't mean much. For one thing, the title "editorial assistant" mostly means we couldn't think of any other title for that person. This is how it really works:

—Susan Pines does all the typesetting. Every word you have read in *WIN* since the fall has been the result of her nimble fingers. She also sends out sample issues, for which she types labels. She's at the typesetting machine or a typewriter almost all her working moments, and she doesn't even need glasses.

—Nancy Johnson takes the type that Susan has set and arranges it in neat and tasteful columns, adds graphics and titles, and makes it all look like a magazine. She also fills orders for posters, bumperstickers, and books, and knits. Now that Spring is here, she is knitting less and sewing more.

—Susan Cakars does the lay-out for the letters and ad pages. She does copyediting and bookkeeping. This means she reads all articles, specs them, and corrects grammar and spelling so that you won't know the real illiteracy rates of our writers. It also means that she keeps tabs on how much money is coming in and going out, and hopes that somehow, the former will keep up with the latter.

—Mary Mayo is the most organized person here. She takes care of subscriptions. This implies more than you may realize. She has to be sure that every new subscriber's name gets on the computer, so that



Mary Mayo

this person will get *WIN*. She has to be sure that renewal notices go out at the right times. She has systems worked out for this, and I don't understand them. I do understand that if she were ever to leave, we'd have to hire three or four people to do all the work she does, and they probably still wouldn't get it right. Besides all this, she's the best proofreader we have.

—Marty Jezer does the Changes pages. He selects all the little goody news items from our secret goody sources and does the lay-out for this section. He's working on a book about the Fifties, so he's usually either typing away furiously or reading a newspaper. Depending on how you feel, this much activity can be either discouraging or inspirational. If you need historical background for anything, even your most recent identity crisis, Marty is the person to go to.

—Fred Rosen doesn't do much work on the magazine itself (except the Men's issue). He kibbitzes as much as any of us, and does some proofreading, but his official work is establishing *WIN* books. Someday, the WIN Publishing Empire will extend to your friendly neighborhood bookstore, and you'll have Fred to thank for it.

—You can look to the end of this article and see who I am (referring to myself in the third person is too strange a feeling, and introductions at this stage are awkward). I choose and lay-out the review pages. This can be a weekly moral dilemma, as I try to balance good writing, diverse opinions, books, movies, or whatever the readers might want to know about, with what's in the file and the amount of space. I also fill orders and send out bills, but only when it can't be avoided any longer.

—Maris Cakars is the most important person here. He gets the mail, turns on the radio in the morning, and answers the phone. With consultation, he also chooses and titles articles, but this is not his main function. His main functions are getting the mail (twice a day yet), answering the phone, and keeping a steady flow of wisecracks going so we all pay attention but don't get distracted. It's not an easy job, but he's been doing it a long time and almost has it perfect.

This is what we do. It is not who we are, but then this is an article, not a book (talk to Fred about the book). However, we don't always work on the magazine. Because we all live together (except Fred, who lives down the road a piece), we tend to eat together, play Monopoly together, listen to records together, watch television together, and go our separate ways together.

"Very well," you say. "You all have things to do, and that is as it should be. But what I really want to know, what has been keeping me awake nights from curiosity, is how you manage to get these things done. How do you mesh things so that I receive that little bit of magic in my mailbox every week? Well, you

may have noticed that we are essentially a women's commune. Except for the Changes lay-out, women do all the work that has to be done for a deadline. Which explains everything to my own satisfaction.

Perhaps you will understand how we work if I take you through a day at the WIN Farm. We have a schedule, and days are different, but enough alike to describe. For example, Mondays and Tuesdays we actively put the issue together, so it can be at the printers on Wednesday morning. Wednesday through Friday, we take care of mail of all kinds (bills, orders, subscription notices, sample copies, promotion mailings) and do assorted shitwork. Weekends are weekends, time for gardening and hikes through the woods, sleeping late, and the Sunday Times.

Days usually begin around 8:30, depending on where you are and when Janis wakes up. Maris will drive to get the morning mail, and if it's Monday or Tuesday, he also takes Janis to the babysitter's. Susan Cakars, Nancy and I do yoga for an hour, groaning and complaining and loving it (we could all do full lotuses after we'd only been doing it for a week). People who are up gather around the breakfast table in the house and read the mail until 10:00 or so, discussing the various papers and who sent how much money and which article and why don't we get more free records and what's with the shortage of love letters, for that matter. By the time Janis has spilled three bowls of cereal on the floor, or by 10:00 (which ever comes first), we decide it's time to walk over to the office in the barn and get to work.

Nancy is usually finished feeding the chickens by this time, and Fred is arriving with his briefcase. Maris decides whether today is to be Country-Western or Golden-Oldies, adjusts the radio accordingly, and everyone settles down to his or her respective desks. Mail is sorted according to who has to act on each particular item. Susan Pines is woken up (sometimes



Martha Thomases

she's already up, and hours can be spent knocking on her door trying to awaken her empty bed.) The bank deposit is made ready to go. Susan Pines and Marty, sitting at one huge desk, are both typing away madly. Sometimes, when I'm doing billing or trying to write this article, I'll be typing too, and sometimes Fred and Maris will join in, and the result is deafening. Some people are reading articles from the manuscript box, some people are telling Janis they don't have time to read to him now, some people are telling him they do, some are talking about what they did last night, and some people are doing their previously described functions.



Marty Jezer and Susan Pines



Susan Cakars

Yes, we are busy in the mornings. We each have our ambitions for the day's accomplishments, and even on those gray days when it takes an hour to think of a reason to get out of bed, this is the time when energy is at it's highest.

At 11:30, I leave to go swimming and make the bank deposit and see if there are any new comic books at the newsstand. The others break for lunch sometime around noon, I guess, and sit around the table until sometime before I get back. From what I remember of that pre-athletic time, lunch conversations are somewhat more coherent than breakfast, and not as elaborate as dinner, which is about right.

After lunch, Susan returns to her typesetting (don't know how she does it all day) and the rest of us come to the conclusion that we are probably only going to work for three or four more hours, so we should get on with it. If my box is very full, I'll fill orders, which usually points out the filing cabinets to Janis and provides hours of activity for him as well as a floor full of back issues. Or he will find the box full of exchange papers, and we will have a floor full of somebody else's back issues. Or he will take a nap and the afternoon will proceed peacefully. Or it is such a nice day that you'd just as soon play outside with him. Once a week is a grocery run, which usually takes a few hours, and once a week one can usually sit upstairs with the stereo on the pretext of cleaning, or writing. If a mailing has to go out, or the issue has to get done, it gets done, but usually the afternoons are not as active as the mornings.

Mary may disagree with this. She and some noble volunteer who knows how spend most of three days doing the keypunching every three weeks, putting on new subscribers and taking off those poor souls who haven't renewed. But, as I said, Mary is the equivalent of three or four people.

Once a week we have a staff meeting, where we try to all get together and find out what is going on. We always learn that we have no money, and try to think of ways to raise it. We also think of ideas for articles, or for issues (like the Men's Issue, and this glorious 200th). We are all bright and witty (you know that), but at these meetings I think Marty especially shines. We all have our moments of brilliance, but Marty has the ability to articulate your beliefs before you consciously realize it's what you think. You may have noticed this in his writing. Or maybe he just agrees with my opinion enough so that I know he's always right.

Dinners are long times to sit down and talk. Talk about how individual lives are going, about future plans and past memories, and the favorite fantasies that bounce in-between. Sometimes we all eat together, sometimes the people in the house and the people in the barn eat separately (Nancy, Susan Pines and I live in the barn, while the Cakars, Mary, and Marty live in the house) and once a week Fred and Nancy and their son Jesse join us (or we join them). After dinner we play games, watch television, listen to the stereo, read, write, talk, or if we feel extravagant, go to the movies or to O'Connor's Bar.

When we are not working, there are other characters who participate (sometimes they participate when we are working but they are not supposed to and we love them anyway). Maris and Susan's aforementioned two year old son, Janis, is truly an integral part of our community. Without him, no one here would have noticed how many birds there are at the birdfeeder at 8:30 in the morning, or memorized *Scrambled Eggs Super* by Dr. Seuss. Janis brings out our hidden talents. You would be impressed if you knew how many people here can read aloud well, bark, play catch, and make noises like a truck.

Fellow traveller and former staffperson Brian Wester travels up here every weekend from New Jersey. I think he has to be here a certain amount of



Brian Wester & Underdog  
Photo by Diana Davies

time to stay in the Volunteer Fire Department in St. Remy (Maris is also a member), or maybe he just has to get away from New Jersey. He and Nancy spend time looking for land to start their own farm, taking care of the chickens and the garden, and doing the best cooking we get all week.

These are the people who are here steady. There are lots of people we see around, like Fred's family, Nancy and Jesse, (Jesse, by the way, has the foulest mouth and the most innocent eyes I ever saw together in a two year old), Bob and Barbara, Tad and his occasional weekly basketball games, Mike Stamm, Sally Freeman, Lee Yapple, Doris Kelly, and various people who I haven't attached names to yet.



Fred, Nancy and Jesse Rosen

William Burroughs said that everyone is addicted to something. This is certainly true of us. Nothing so mundane as sex, dope, or cheap thrills. Yet we each do things that are inexplicable in sane, rational terms, and we do them regularly. For example, I go swimming four or five times a week, a mile each time, and as a result my eyes are constantly bloodshot, my hair looks like straw (on those rare occasions it's dry), my skin smells like chlorine, and I have biceps any jock would be proud of. If you ask me why I do this, I'd probably shrug and mumble, "Uh, it's too cold to be bicycle weather yet."

So it is with us all. How else does one explain Monopoly games that go on until 3:00 in the morning? Or Marty's occasional dash to the store for a Drake's Fruit Pie? Or the continuing jacks tournament in the barn? (Actually, that's part of our attempt to rediscover our native women's culture.) Or Susan Pines' full cookie jar? Or my 110 records (that's counting two-record sets as one record and not counting what's still in Youngstown and Oberlin and that's a fairly strong habit) and perpetually activated stereo? Or Maris' fresh peas with a bag for the shells? Or Nancy's constant and faithful care of the garden?

One nice thing about all of us living together like this is that a novice like myself can keep up with gossip from the past ten years. It's absolutely fascinating. I have learned more stuff about people I don't know than I know about people that I do know. Occasionally, they all will be describing some particularly wild event, and I'll feel left out for not being there, and realize that at the time, I was 12 years old. All I can say is, if Paul Johnson is

any less than eight feet tall, I'm going to be sorely disappointed.

While the gossip is nice, it isn't the best thing here. The best thing is the geography. I must admit that when I first got here and my car got stuck in the driveway and had to be towed out, I was somewhat less than charmed. I was, in fact, struck by a huge attack of homesickness for the suburbs. But now that Spring is here, and I can resume my old girls' school habit of midnight walks through the woods, with a faithful dog or chicken, it's alright. The fact that there are good people around to walk with when the dog is busy is even better.

—Martha

## PART II

The basic decision making at *WIN* is done at the weekly staff meetings which usually take place on Wednesdays. No one else is present at these meetings so it's up to the eight of us to bring together the different and sometimes sharply conflicting ideas that result in not only the editorial contents of the magazine but also the many different operations that are vital to the publication of a magazine.

Actually the editorial decisions are probably the easiest. In part this is a result of the fact that our politics are pretty similar. Probably more important is the fact that actually only three of us—Marty, Fred and myself—participate very actively in the process of searching out articles and making the final decisions about what goes into the issue and what, regrettably, will get left out. (Except for Susan C. and Martha who choose etc. letters & reviews respectively.)

In fact the final decisions on what goes into the issue aren't made at staff meetings at all. As editor, I sit down on Thursday or Friday and select one or two articles that will definitely go in unless things change drastically over the weekend. Susan Pines can then set them in type before Monday when we really have to get down to it and turn a pile of manuscripts and graphics into a magazine. On Monday I make final decisions and draw up a "master plan" of what articles will go what pages. This process is accomplished with consultation with whoever wants to get in on the act. (For example, Nancy may ask for more room for an article she has good graphics for, etc.)

But of course nothing is really final until the finished product is delivered to the printer on Wednesday morning. Because articles turn out longer or shorter than predicted or things come in at the last minute, adjustments are being made constantly. For example, as I write this article at 12:15 on Monday (even editors miss deadlines) we don't know for sure what pages it will go on since it's not yet clear how long the Rogues' Gallery will turn out to be. If it's more than seven pages we will have made all sorts of cuts or realignments by the time that you read this.

I don't always make these decisions. Fred had the honor for the Men's Issue. Chuck Fager for the Kid's Issue.

Of the material from which the final selection is made about half is solicited by us and half just shows up at our doorstep. Actually the ratio of unsolicited to solicited manuscripts that come in is probably

something like two to one but the unsolicited manuscripts have a much higher chance of being rejected early in the game simply because they very often deal with topics that we have already covered or because the topic is one that we consider beyond the purview of *WIN*.

What it boils down to is a fair amount of agony each week because we simply haven't the space to publish everything that we would like to.

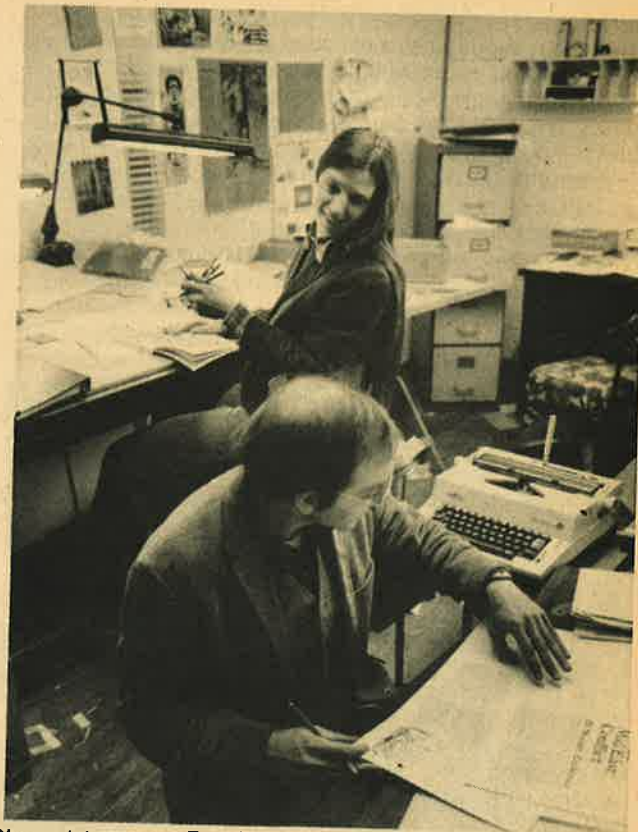
Once the articles have been copyedited by Susan C. and lovingly set into type by Susan P. on the IBM Selectric composer which we rent for \$160 a month from IBM they go back to Susan C. to be proofread for the first time. Then they go to Nancy where she, again with consultation with whoever is interested, takes over and adds the appropriate graphics, lays them out and pastes them up.

Before the finished product is sent to the printer everything is proofed again several times so I don't know how come errors still appear in our pages.

Every Wednesday, while we are having our staff meetings, the printer in New York City takes the results of our labors and reproduces them some 8,000 times by means of a high speed WEB offset press. The actual press time is no longer than half an hour. Then on Thursday the mailer who is located on the printer's premises addresses all those copies of the magazine, wraps them, bundles them, etc. and delivers them to the Post Office. By the way, both the printer and the mailer maintain union shops.



Maris Cakars and Marty Jezer



Nancy Johnson and Fred Rosen

The address labels that the mailer uses are printed by computer, three issues worth at a time. This means that when a reader sends in a new subscription or address change, in some cases the information will not be noted for three weeks. This makes the system a bit clumsy but the amount of money that we save over getting a new printout each week is considerable.

Our experience has been that to get out an issue of *WIN* every week requires a fairly high degree of specialization and a regular routine and I suppose that we've sacrificed a certain amount of spontaneity and even democracy to achieve this.

Where we run into conflict and the staff meetings get longer is when we go beyond the routine as in trying to develop a fund raising campaign—along with the letters, benefits and everything else that's involved in such a campaign—or working out the details of a promotion campaign or making a major change such as the decision to become a weekly. We have no established procedure for accomplishing these things so things simply don't get done and, because these are all very crucial matters, people present their opinions forcefully. For example, we've spent about three months trying to put together a new brochure describing *WIN*. The end is not yet in sight.

Of course the most emotionally laden decisions have to do with "hiring" new staff and, occasionally, deciding that someone isn't working out. Since we all live together (except for Fred) taking someone on staff means taking them into our lives and our experience has been—as with all communal experiments—that sometimes some people just can't live with some other people and the break-up can be traumatic indeed with all kinds of names being hurled back and forth and maybe even permanent damage. So we are wary

and uptight about hiring new people, making decisions only when we absolutely have to.

Another aspect of any discussion of staff is the money to pay for that staff and here everyone's uptightness really hangs out because not only do we have to make do on what is fundamentally an insufficient amount of money but for what are supposed to be good reasons the salaries range from \$0 to \$100 a week, with most taking home \$51.85. Needless to say this type of arrangement causes conflict. My experience has been that there simply is nothing like a discussion of who is going to get what money to create hostility, pain and even tears. And after years of living in "voluntary" poverty we still have these shortcomings.

I want to emphasize that what I've briefly outlined here is the situation as it exists today. It was not always thus. There were times when virtually all editorial decisions were made at meetings. There were times—when we still published in New York City—that the group involved in decision making was much larger.

The situation we have now evolved this way because it seems to work and meet most of our needs. One thing, however, that seems certain is that this will all change. Besides, change has been one of the hallmarks of *WIN*.

Anyway despite all of these problems here we are, relatively happy and productive, churning out the magazine week after week. As a matter of fact, in case you haven't yet got the point, we've done it 200 times already. Watch out for the next 200. They are really going to be something. —Maris



Marty, Martha, Nancy, Jesse, Maris, Janis, Fred, Susan, Mary and Susan. All staff pictures by Richard Kalvar.

# Spring Farm Forecast

BY MARTY JEZER

As farmers begin spring planting, the forecast is for shortages in many basic foodstuffs and potential starvation in parts of Asia (especially India) and Africa. A worldwide shortage of chemical fertilizer is blamed for this crisis, but the reasons go much deeper. In the US increased mechanization, fewer but larger farms, and corporate mismanagement, resulting from post World War II USDA policy, is causing problems everywhere. Costs are rising on all input products, causing higher prices at the consumer level. The price of fertilizer, where available, has doubled since October. Baling twine is up as much as 250%, and the cost of fuel and spare parts have skyrocketed.

Last years' fruit and vegetable harvest almost came-up short and the surplus of canned fruits and vegetables as carry-over to this years' harvest is at an all time low. Seed companies are even reporting shortages of vegetable varieties. Potatoes are expected to be dear; the cost of seed has nearly doubled; not surprising since Aroostock County, which supplies 95% of Maine's potato crop, has lost 2,500 farms since the war, and many of the remaining 1,300 are not expected to survive. The USDA boasts of corporate efficiency, but evidence is accumulating that the only crops corporate farmers are successful at is reaping federal farm subsidies. Many of the large corporations that invested in farming in the hopes of big profits have been hurt financially and are getting out of the business or, as in the case of Tenneco and Purex, cutting back. But they are doing so only after driving many independent farmers off the land and few new farms have come to fill the gap. Contrary to USDA propaganda, corporate agriculture has been low-yielding and inefficient. According to Eric Thor, an agricultural economist at the University of California, "there is plenty of data to show that large corporations have higher production costs and get lower yields than do farms where the operator is part-owner." Big agriculture also lends to grandiose mistakes. The pesticide Dieldrin, for instance, recently cost Southern poultry farmers more than 20 million chickens due to contamination from this cancer-causing poison. Rachel Carson warned against Dieldrin more than a decade ago, but the USDA and the chemical industry dismissed her as leader of a "vociferous, misinformed, group of nature-balancing, organic-gardening, bird-loving, unreasonable citizenry that has not been convinced of the important place of agricultural chemicals in our economy." Time has proven Ms. Carson right, as even the USDA concedes; but agribusiness still fights to expand pesticide usage.

On a worldwide scale, dependence on American agricultural technique raises serious problems. Some years ago, the US exported its so called "Green Revolution" to Third World nations with the promise of

higher yields for native crops. Rockefeller money financed the research in special high-yield seeds that were dependent on chemical fertilizer and heavy mechanization for productive growth. This provided an export bonanza for American farm equipment manufacturers and the chemical industry. But the increased yields were not consistent and now with the fertilizer shortage, these countries will go hungry. Moreover, because of the requirements of the Green Revolution, traditional rural living styles were disrupted and marginal but self-sufficient peasant farmers were driven off the land. Dependence on western technology leaves them landless with empty stomachs.

The US could make up much of the food deficit. Even with shortages in chemical fertilizer, the US has the potential to grow enough grain to fill the void. Americans utilize 2,200 pounds of grain per person. (The Chinese utilize 400 pounds.) But over 2,000 pounds of that is fed to livestock for dairy products and meat, and, in the case of meat, most of the protein value is lost in the conversion. Faced with the reality of millions of people starving to death so that American people can eat meat once a day, the USDA and the food industry continue to push the consumption of meat, and livestock feed-grains.

As food shortages become commonplace, the USDA insists that the only way to avert worldwide starvation is to increase the size (and capitalization) of farms, drive "inefficient" small producers off the land, and increase dependence on chemicals and mechanization; in other words to insist on policies that have already been shown to fail. This is the Vietnam syndrome brought to agriculture. If industrialization of farming doesn't work, bring in even more chemicals, machinery, and centralized control. And when that still doesn't work, blame the critics who lack the courage to "see it through" and press for more of the same.

How efficient is US agriculture? The USDA says it takes one farmer to produce enough to feed more than 40. But that neglects all the people who provide machinery, fuel and chemicals. According to Professor John S. Steinhart and Carol Steinhart (writing in *Science Magazine*), industrialized food systems like ours take from five to ten calories of energy to produce one calorie of food. In "primitive" agriculture, one calorie of energy may produce up to 50 calories of food.

With the high cost of machinery, fuel and chemicals dependent on fuel, it would seem wise to break with industrialized forms of agriculture and return to small-scale farming with more people on the land, more farms, and maybe lower yields per acre, but more food produced in the aggregate, a lessened dependence on scarce resources, and lower costs. But the USDA and corporate agribusiness are concerned only with growing corporate profits, not good, plentiful food or the social welfare of the farmers, either here or in the hungry Third World. •



Photo by John Goodwif.

**10,000 PEOPLE MARCH TO IMPEACH NIXON.** The above picture shows a part of the demonstration to impeach Nixon in Washington, April 27. Similar demonstrations were held in Los Angeles, Chicago, and Eugene, Ore. The speakers in Washington included Dave Dellinger, Dolores Huerta, vice president of the UFW, Rep. Parren Mitchell of Maryland, Beulah Sanders of the National Welfare Rights Association, and Herbert X. Blyden of the Attica Brothers Legal Defense Committee. What characterized this demonstration was the widespread regional participation. The New York City committee was able to fill only 6 buses but once we got on the turnpike, we found that the city's meagre turnout was not typical. Delaware, for instance, sent 14 buses and the college campuses, though said to be dormant, organized a large number of buses independent of the national committee, which coordinated the March in Washington. —Jim Peck

**IRS SEIZES WRL'S BANK ACCOUNT—** On April 18, the IRS took over the War Resisters League bank account which totalled \$2,259.77. The sum, seized from the League's account at the National City Bank, in New York, represents most of the federal income tax owed by WRL employees for the years 1969, 1970 and 1971, plus interest. The League has honored the moral principles of its staff members by not withholding federal taxes, over 60% of which go for weapons of war.

For more than six months IRS had been trying to collect the money which it claimed War Resisters League owed. The League consistently had refused to pay the money voluntarily. Finally, IRS located and froze the bank account and then emptied it. Yet IRS records indicate that over \$1,000 additional is still "owed."

The War Resisters League, which advocates tax resistance as one means of war protest, maintains the right of individuals to take this position, although it is legally bound to withhold taxes. Another pacifist organization, the American Friends Service Committee, took a position similar to that of the League and filed a lawsuit against IRS on behalf of two of its employees. A federal judge in Philadelphia then ruled on constitutional grounds that the Friends were not required to withhold income taxes from the salaries of these two employees, who are opposed on religious grounds to paying war taxes.

In an attempt to broaden this decision to include all tax resisters, whether religious or secular, WRL is discussing with attorneys the possibility of a class action suit against the government.

"We reject the role of collection agent for the federal government," commented Irma Zigas, chairwoman of War Resisters League. "Nearly two-thirds of every income tax dollar is used for the military or for war material. We resent being forced to collect monies which will be used for purposes we abhor. Obviously we will miss the funds levied from our bank account, but we plan to continue working vigorously on our current projects—amnesty, freedom for political prisoners in South Vietnam and impeachment—and on our long-range campaign to abolish war. And we shall pursue a court fight against the government, which has violated fundamental rights of conscience by its most recent action against the League."

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## PORTUGAL WINS FREEDOM: MOVEMENT GAINS STRENGTH

On April 26, Europe's oldest Fascist government, in power since 1928 was overthrown in a bloodless military coup. For 40 years, the dictator had been Antonio de Salazar: since his death in '68, Marcello Caetano. Leader of the Junta that carried out the coup is General Antonio de Spínola, who was ousted from the military in March for favoring an end to the 14-year old war in Africa and an end to the colonial status for the Portuguese "possessions" of Angola, Mozambique, and Guinea-Bissau (formerly Portuguese Guinea).

Opposition to Portugal's colonial war (which cost 45% of the budget) was the focal point of the coup. Draft resistance was especially effective as a softening-up process. In a nation of fewer than 8 million people, an estimated 100,000 military-age men are estimated to be in exile. Last year, the draft refusal rate reached 50% and in the African war zones, Portuguese soldiers refused to go on the offensive.

As the Maoists like to remind us, "power comes from the barrel of a gun." But without a willing hand on the trigger, a barrel is just a hollow tube, less dangerous than a pea-shooter. The military coup itself was dramatically nonviolent. The crucial event, according to the *NY Times*, occurred when the supposedly loyal Seventh Cavalry Regiment, an armored unit, confronted the rebels at the Placa do Comercio, Lisbon's biggest square. According to the *Times*:

*The first wave, led by a lieutenant, immediately went over to the rebels, and the second wave, commanded by a lieutenant-colonel, also joined the insurgents after its commander was arrested. The third wave, led by a brigadier-general, reportedly fought for a few minutes and then broke off, undecided and wavering.*

While this was going on, other rebels seized important government offices and took into captivity Caetano.

What violence occurred was directed at the hated secret-police, called the PIDE, which for decades has maintained the dictatorship in power. In seizing power, the Junta abolished the PIDE, released all political prisoners, restored civil liberties, and took steps to establish constitutional government. For days afterward there was celebrating in the streets, carnations, music, and dancing everywhere as the Portuguese basked in their first glow of freedom. Opposition politicians, including the Socialist and Communist leaders returned from exile and workers spontaneously seized control of their work-

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places, especially in the public sector, established independent unions, and ousted the existing fascist management.

How far this process will go is uncertain. Clearly, liberation has already gone farther than the Junta intended. According to the *Times*, the Communists emerge as the most cohesive party in Portugal and in alliance with the Socialists may even have a majority.

The dynamics of the workers' movement is also unknown. Does Portugal share an Iberian genius for anarchist organization? Spanish anarchists, during the brief period of the Republic, were powerful in areas of Spain during the Spanish Civil War. The Stalinists smashed that movement, giving its destruction priority over the defeat of fascism in Spain. Certainly, the Junta is not likely to tolerate worker-power or even an orthodox socialist movement. But whether it can curb the instinct for liberty remains to be seen, and in the meanwhile the dictatorship in neighboring Spain has cause for worry.

The situation in Africa is also unclear. Spínola wants to keep the Portuguese colonies within a European orbit, preferably within a Portugal-run federation. Indeed, the PIDE in Africa has not been abolished as it has been in Portugal; instead it has become integrated into the armed forces. But the liberation movement in Angola and Mozambique are insisting on complete independence and self-determination, and they have the support of the Portuguese left. At the same time Rhodesia and South Africa, bastions of white racism in Africa, have an interest in keeping a Portuguese presence in Angola and Mozambique (which controls Rhodesia's access to the sea).

Both nations contribute to Portugal's war-effort (as does the US) and may not tolerate two independent black nations along their borders. The position of the US is also unknown. Gulf Oil is a prime investor in Portuguese Angola (and has been the object of an international boycott because of its activities there) and Portugal is a member of NATO.

What will happen in Portugal from here on out, it would be foolish to predict. But right now, we can celebrate the end of 46 years of fascism there and justifiably hope for an early conclusion to Portugal's 14-year old war in Africa. The victory of the Portuguese people is a triumph for people and for freedom everywhere.

—Marty Jezer

## KENT STATE RALLY DRAWS LARGE CROWD

On May 4th more than five thousand people participated in a rally at Kent State University commemorating the fourth anniversary of the killings at Kent and Jackson States and the invasion of Cambodia which triggered the demonstrations and tragedy on the home front. It was a beautiful spring day and speaker after speaker tried to revitalize the massive anti-war actions of the late 60's. They held evening workshops to provide training and information for those willing to get more deeply involved.

Daniel Ellsberg, Jane Fonda, a representative of the Cambodian liberation movement, and several who were wounded four years ago by the National Guard on the campus were among the speakers. Singing by Holly Near and Judy Collins added to the good vibrations, and a new song, "It Might Have Been Me," written for the occasion by Holly Near, was especially moving.

A variety of Marxist groups set up stands and handed out literature. A large and beautiful farm workers' banner added color and inspiration to the event. Those who gave out copies of the WRL leaflet, *Fifty Years of Non-violent Action*, the Practice Nonviolence tags and *WIN* magazine got an unusually positive response. Many of the young people were turned off by the violent rhetoric of a few speakers and the literature which seemed to call for more violent acts. It was a time to ponder the horror created by violence rather than to encourage more of such horrors, even in a good cause. Folks seemed to sense that and to welcome new ideas for ways of confronting injustice.

—Larry Gara

## CONGRESS REFUSES AID TO SOUTH VIETNAM

The Senate on May 6 rejected an Administration request for \$226 million in additional aid for the military dictatorship in South Vietnam. The vote was 43 to 38. Earlier, the House rejected a bill of similar intent by a vote of 177 to 154. According to the Pentagon refusal to grant Thieu additional aid will have "grave consequences" for the Saigon government. As a result of these votes, the Pentagon will be held to a \$1.126 billion ceiling on military aid to South Vietnam. With two months yet to go in the current fiscal year, that money is almost exhausted. The Nixon Administration lobbied hard for the bill and Vice President Ford made a rare appearance in the Senate in case he was needed to cast a decisive tie-breaking vote.

—MJ

## SUPREME COURT UPHOLDS COMMUNE EXCLUSION

On April 1st the US Supreme Court ruled that villages and towns may use zoning to exclude communes. In *Belle Terre v. Boraas* the court upheld by 7-2 a zoning ordinance by which the Long Island village of 700 people restricted land use to one-family dwellings. The effect of the ruling is to permit communities to use their zoning powers to bar boarding houses, fraternity houses, and communes inhabited by "unrelated" people.

Writing for the majority, Justice Douglas argued that "the police power (on which zoning is based) is not confined to the elimination of filth. It is ample to lay out zones where family values, youth values and the blessing of quiet seclusion and clean air make the area a sanctuary for people. The regimes of boarding houses, fraternity houses and the like present urban problems. . . . A quiet place where yards are wide, people few and motor vehicles restricted are legitimate guidelines in a land use project."

In dissent, Justice Marshall said that by trying "to fence out those individuals whose choice of lifestyle differs from that of its current residents" the village was reaching "beyond control of the use of land or the density of population and undertaking to regulate the way people choose to associate with each other within the privacy of their own homes."

—John Kincaid

## MAY 11th IS DAY TO DEFEND POLITICAL PRISONERS IN CHILE

Saturday, May 11th, is a day set aside by the US Committee for Justice to Latin American Political Prisoners (USLA) and several dozen other national and local organizations to protest what is going on in Chile. The cold and inevitable fingers of our apathy have closed in around the Chilean tragedy. Little mass media space is devoted to that agonizing country. Here is your chance to raise your voice for freedom and against the bloody rulers of Chile.

Demonstrations, marches and pickets are planned in eight cities throughout the country: Los Angeles, the Bay Area, Minneapolis, Chicago, Detroit, Philadelphia, New York and Boston.

The activities in the Boston area include a symposium on Chile and Haiti with a film and a panel discussion which will include Harvey Cox, Lee Lockwood and others.

Activities in other cities will be largely picketing and demonstrations in front of Lan Chile airline offices, Chilean consulates and US government office buildings.

The national action will focus on three demands: 1) Free all political prisoners in Chile. 2) Cut off all US Aid to the Junta and 3) the immediate release of six imprisoned Chileans of various political stripes whose lives are in immediate danger. The six are: *Clodomiro Alameyda*, former Foreign Minister in the Allende government; *Luiz Corvalan*, General Secretary of the Chilean Communist Party; *Orlando Letelier*, former Chilean ambassador to the US; *Luis Vitale*, Marxist scholar and writer, *Luis Figueroa*, president of the CUT—the major trade union federation in Chile; and *Bautista Van Schouwen*, leader of the Movement of the Revolutionary Left. According to a recent *New York Times* article, Alameyda, Corvalan and Letelier are about to be included in the present secret trials the Chilean military is carrying out, so time may be running out fast for them.

For information: USLA, 150 5th Ave, New York City 10011. Phone (212) 691-2880. —Lance Belville

## HOW JUSTICE DEPT. FRAMED THREE BLACK ACTIVISTS

An eight week investigation by the *Charlotte Observer* has found that Robert Mardian, a former Justice Department official, approved a secret \$4,000 payoff to two men who testified against the Charlotte 3—Charles Parker, T. J. Reddy, and Jim Grant. As a result of this bought testimony, the three Black activists were convicted in July, 1972 of burning down the Lazy-B riding stable in Charlotte, NC because the white owner refused to rent horses to Blacks.

The three were sentenced to 10, 20- and 25 years respectively.

The *Charlotte Observer's* investigation found that the two prosecution witnesses, Walter David Washington and Theodore Alfred Hood, were each given \$1,000 by Treasury Department officials prior to their testimony. They were given another \$3,000 following their testifying against Grant in an earlier federal case.

Based on this new information, the North Carolina Board of Paroles is considering recommending that Governor James Holshouser commute the sentences.

Mardian, then head of the Justice Department's Internal Security Division, approved the deal between

federal officials and the two men. (Mardian was indicted this March along with John Mitchell, Maurice Stans and others, for conspiring to obstruct justice in the Watergate cover-up.) Although the burning incident actually occurred in 1968, the Charlotte 3 were not indicted until four years later, when they were politically active in the Black People's Unity Party.

For more information about the case, write to North Carolina Political Prisoners Committee, PS Box 2712, Charlotte, NC 28201. —LNS

## ORGANIZING IN A SMALL TOWN: WHAT ONE PERSON CAN DO

Having been in Arcata, CA only a few months, not knowing anyone here and feeling that I was simply "marking time," I finally decided that the only way to move into meaningful work was simply to do it. In early January, I ordered from AFSC (160 N. 15th St., Philadelphia, PA 19102) the NARMIC slide show *The Post-War War* and began to contact churches, high schools, the university campus, the grange, and other local organizations, trying to arrange presentations. This community has now had an average of about six showings of this slideshow per month. I have found it to be a valuable educational tool and focal point for discussions of US policies and of the war in Vietnam.

Last month, after receiving the *WRL Organizer's Manual*, I was inspired to begin following thru on the slide show presentations by proposing to the Arcata City Council a resolution calling for withdrawal of American support for the continuing war in Vietnam. The resolution passed after I had one or two meetings with each member individually.

The above is just one of many projects possible for those of us who work without the aid and support of a movement group. Here are four more suggestions:

- 1) Lobby with members of schools, churches, and clubs for passage of a "peace resolution" and an end to US support of the war in Vietnam.
- 2) Monitor a radio or TV station for militaristic, racist or sexist ads and programs and demand equal time for rebuttal.
- 3) Request that school or local libraries order important books and periodicals such as *WIN* and *Peacemaker*.
- 4) Talk to neighbors, military recruiters, etc.

In such a way, seeds may be planted which will grow into other individual and collective actions. —Chip Sharpe

A report on New York's parole system branded it "oppressive and arbitrary." A Citizen's Inquiry on Parole and Criminal Justice, headed by Ramsey Clark, issued the 367-page report which pointed out that parole decisions "based on an assessment of an inmate's rehabilitation" are often incorrect and in operation cruel. In summarizing the suggestions of the citizen's group Tom Wicker wrote:

"Shorter sentences, with more certainty for the offender of his or her exact date of release, alternatives in most cases to imprisonment, a wider variety of educational and job training programs for those who do go behind bars, less restriction upon and more assistance for those coming back into the community—all make more sense for offenders and the public alike than the uncertainties and inequities of parole as now administered."

In a New York *Times* column, sociologist Gresham Sykes commented on the contemporary prison environment as a breeding place for violent radical groups such as the Symbionese Liberation Army. A predominantly young and energetic convict population, including many politically conscious black and Chicano prisoners who have a keen sense of oppression, provides some of



"AMNESTY AND LT. CALLEY. . . . It seems odd that a government that shows such compassion [in the Calley case]. . . can maintain its harsh line against even considering amnesty for Vietnam-era draft evaders," editorializes the *Chi. Daily News*, 4/20. . . . "if Vietnam vets don't understand certain numbers on their discharge papers, they are a code to personnel people. . . . 262 means 'bed wetter,' 415 too fat, 386 a shirker, 281 unsanitary habits, 416A apathy. . . ." Jack Kofoed, 3/2 *Miami Herald*. . . . *Natl. Council for Universal & Unconditional Amnesty* now has its n.o. at 339 Lafayette, a new coordinator (Jerry Olsen), and a newsletter, *Amnesty Update*. They'd appreciate volunteers. . . . *People for Amnesty*, PO Box 8326, Louisville, KY, will send material on request. . . . "They need help and they're our own!" writes Karl Bissinger of WRL, asking support for a *Resisters Scholarship Fund* to help train and educate ex-army, ex-prison resisters.

HERE & THERE: "We are sending our check in the amount of \$6 to War Resisters League. . . . This is the second donation. . . . received. . . as a result of articles in *WIN* and other magazines about our newest adventure, stamp collecting for economic and community development," writes John

## PRISON NOTES

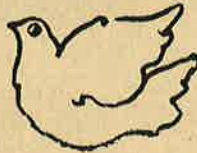


the ingredients for making the prisons into schools for radical terrorism. Said Sykes: "Large segments of prison populations have coalesced into unified groups, such as the SLA, and they and their ideology are clearly capable of enduring beyond prison."

Meanwhile, some highly successful alternatives to prison are currently in operation. In Des Moines, Iowa, a community correction program permits some who have been convicted of serious offenses to remain outside prison, carry on their jobs and stay with their families. Several women in the program were convicted of manslaughter, having shot their husbands in self-defense. The program costs less than keeping the participants in prison, and they avoid the embitterment and trauma which so often results from a prison experience. One city councilman said the program "treats criminals like cream puffs." Yet the program, as

described by Judy Klemsrud in the *New York Times*, has included about a thousand offenders, none of whom has physically harmed a person since release, though about 15% (as compared with 65% for imprisoned offenders) commit new crimes. Those who designed the program recognize that imprisonment does more harm than good and that in many cases even serious crimes are impulsive or not harmful to others. That is certainly a big step forward.

In recent years prisons have spawned many writers, and occasionally one of them succeeds in what is always a highly competitive profession. Such is Miguel Pinero, whose first play, "Short Eyes," got excellent reviews after it opened at New York's Shakespeare Festival Public Theatre. Pinero, a Puerto Rican, began writing and acting while doing a five-year sentence in Sing Sing. His play, which concerns the killing of a sex offender by fellow prison inmates, grew out of his prison experience. Such achievement provides clear testimony to the strength of the human spirit which on occasion can conquer even the most oppressive environment. Rejoicing at such accomplishment should never permit us to forget the many others whose creativity was crushed by the hell of imprisonment. —Larry Gara



## DOVE TALES

Hammar of *Work, Inc.*, 652 S. East St., Holyoke, Mass. Meanwhile the city is hassling them about building violations, a day care license, etc. . . . Surrealist Subversive *Robert Green* of Chi. is in a Mexican jail along with other US & Canadian citizens as well as native Indians perhaps because there is guerilla warfare in Chiapas and Oxaca. Messages of solidarity should go to Green c/o Debra Taub, Lista de Correos, Taxtla de Gutz, Chiapas. . . . *Tom Smit* (Chi. 15) is awaiting trial at Cook County Jail, 2600 S. California, Tier A-1, No. 730649. . . . This winter, *Palo Alto Inst. for Study of Nonviolence* closed its doors in order to consider institutional vs. individual action, reflection and action, and staying in touch with the workaday world. Wendy Batson, Regina Capella, Robert Cooney, Will Kirkland and Jacqueline Peters plan to issue a May/June Journal and then???. . . . If you're down (or up) on *Promoting Enduring Peace* for withdrawing its award to Berrigan, you'll be interested to know that Exec. Dir. Emeritus Jerome Davis voted for Dan. He invites *WIN* readers to participate in a July seminar to Europe, (Friends House, Apt. c-25, Sandy Spring, MD).

TO OEDIPUS, FROM MOTHER by Jocasta Gyne, a book which was first commissioned

by a publisher and then rejected because of its insights, is available from Underwater Women of the 20th Century Renaissance, PO Box 377, Piermont, NY. . . . Simone de Beauvoir: "I was astonished. . . when I wrote the *Second Sex*, to find that some of my male friends were very angry at me, for instance, Camus."—Interview in Feb/Mar. *Prime Time*. . . . *A Labor Spy's View as an Everbrite Scab*, is an account from inside the sign co. of a 6-month strike, Babylon Press (a radical community print shop), 906 E. Center, Milwaukee. . . . *An Analysis of our AFL-CIO Role in Latin America, or Under the Covers with the CIA* can be ordered from Emergency Committee to Defend Democracy in Chile, 316 S. 19th St., San Jose, CA. . . . *Alternative Publishing Collective*, a gay anarchist collective, needs 6 full time people at Unity Press, 13 E. 17 St., NYC. . . . *Do-It-Now Foundation*, Natl. Media Center, PO Box 5115, Phoenix, has sensible balanced material on drugs. . . . "One thing about locking up a preacher is you give him a captive audience," says *Stephen Gasikin*, spiritual teacher of The Farm, a religious community in southern Tennessee. He is one of four appealing a conviction for use of marijuana for their own religious purposes. . . . "There are no atheists in fox-holes, who's got better sense?"—*St. John's Bread*. —Ruth Dear

# REVIEWS



## BOOKS

### THE DISCOVERY OF PEACE

R.V. Sampson  
Pantheon Books, A Division of Random House  
New York, 1973

This is a thoughtful and persuasive book that equates war with the pursuit of power, and power with politics, and seems to leave a person seeking peace and the good life no choice but to withdraw from all political activity. R.V. Sampson is a Lecturer in Politics at the University of Bristol in England, and has a sour view indeed of politics. Whether a nation is capitalistic or communistic, democratic or fascistic, the governing of some people (he says men, but I assume he includes women) by other people is to R.V. Sampson an unmitigated evil, regardless of a person's good intentions or representative status based on elections.

Sampson categorically states that war is due to man's will to power, though he also accedes to Proudhon's view that war is due to economic disequilibrium (perhaps another way of saying the same thing). He sees this power as dependent on violence or the threat of violence, and like Tolstoy in his later years he rejects such power. One distinction Sampson does not make, which I think is especially important in this time of people-power groups (woman power, black power, Indian power, kid power, etc.), is between the struggle for power over one's own life, and the struggle for power over other people's lives. Granted this distinction is often blurred in the workings of history, and even more often than not those individuals or groups who had little power over their own lives have ended up dominating other people's lives. Sampson illustrates this last point well in passing mention of the early Christians, who developed their renunciation of the State into the Papal State of the (once) all-powerful Christian Church. Yet Sampson's own frame of reference appears—sometimes with annoying absolutism—to be Christian. And the kind of Christian he recognizes is principled (stubborn?), decentralist (anarchist?), and nonviolent (anti-social?)—the types who started the whole thing.

Sampson affirms nonviolent civil disobedience in relation to the state, which is certainly one of the most direct ways of asserting power over one's own life, yet at points he seems to be advocating passivity and nonresistance, or else a total withdrawal from society, neither of which would seem

to relate one to the state in the way a deliberate act of civil disobedience does. While using the later Tolstoy as his apparent model, Sampson does not mention the distinction that Tolstoy himself made between the coercive and the constructive aspects of social organization. Although it is not quoted, or referred to, by Sampson, Tolstoy wrote in his later life that the abolition of coercive government is decreed by well-meaning people "who intentionally confuse the use of violence by Government with various social activities." He says that what he means is this: "The abolition of the organization of Government formed to do violence does not at all involve the abolition of what is reasonable and good, and therefore not based on violence. . . . On the contrary, the absence of the brutal power of Government which is needed only for its own support will facilitate a juster and more reasonable social organization, needing no violence."

It is this distinction that is lacking in Sampson's analysis, leaving the sympathetic reader floundering: retire to a backwoods commune? become a hermit? follow a guru? (Ah, but even there a hierarchy begins, and before you know it there is a structure cooperating or competing with governments; blackjacking pie-throwers or burning people at the stake.) For a person who may want to remain in present society, bad as it is, Sampson (who presumably cooperates to some extent with the university hierarchy of which he is still apparently a part) offers little positive guide. Civil disobedience regarding the military seems clear enough; but what about taxes? (One wonders if Sampson pays his.) What about the local police, courts, fire department, schools, etc.? Should one try still to make them as good (or least harmful) as one can, or should one simply refuse to have anything to do with them? Or try to dismantle them? Obviously every thoughtful person who accepts Sampson's rejection of the state's war-making functions must try to work out as best one can the rejection or mitigation of coercive violence on other levels.

For a reader who comes to Sampson's book quite unsympathetic, assuming the necessity of war and coercive politics in human affairs, there may be little here to convince the person otherwise, despite Sampson's careful, if somewhat dogmatic, scholarship. It is hard to imagine Henry Kissinger, pierced on the pinnacle of the pyramid, letting himself think too seriously about Sampson's—and

Tolstoy's—views of war and history. Yet in their theory of free will and determinism they may not be far apart. Sampson supports Tolstoy's view—and Kissinger might well agree—that the apparent leaders and “great men” are in fact less free than they often imagine themselves to be, since the wills of all the individuals under them also shape events. At the same time, the events determine the subsequent wills and decisions of all involved, including the leaders; so neither Tolstoy nor Sampson ever really resolves the free will-vs.-determinism dilemma. Where Sampson does come through clearly is his rejection of all war, which he says Tolstoy had not yet resolved while writing *War and Peace*, and only comes to later.

Sampson painstakingly traces the change in attitudes toward war from Joseph de Maistre's grim enthusiasm through Stendal's, Herzen's, and Proudhon's reluctant acceptance, to Tolstoy's ambivalence (as expressed in *War and Peace*) and finally (after Tolstoy's “conversion” at 50) his total rejection of war and coercive power. For both Tolstoy and Sampson this conclusion is distinctively “Christian,” hardly accounting for the development of similar philosophies in such people as Gandhi and even leaders as far back as the Indian king Asoka. For the first time in history, Sampson infers from his studies, serious thinkers and large numbers of ordinary people are rejecting the concept of war itself as a way of struggling against injustice and aggression. Sampson puts this struggle in religious terms of good vs. evil, but externalizes these only to the extent of recognizing that the individual must struggle nonviolently against other individuals who try to coerce him, i.e. the State. Otherwise, the struggle is an internal one within each person and his/her will to power.

A State can never be justifiably defended against another State, in Sampson's view, because the purpose of the State is to seize power for itself (mainly its elite, in the case of oligarchies), and to subject the weak. This power “is not only morally illegitimate but also morally self-defeating,” he declares, concluding that “to admit no violence whatever as legitimate is to repudiate all politics, all power, and thus expose to the light of day the unwanted truth that the responsibility for ending the evils in the body politic rests inescapably on each one of us, who can only contribute to moral progress by mending his own life. Those who make this truth clear are apt to experience difficulty in getting their voices heard anywhere.”

Fortunately R.V. Sampson has been able to make his voice heard through the publication of this book and his previous one, *The Psychology of Power*. No historian, political scientist, or philosopher worthy of the description should turn a deaf ear to this study, or to the considerations about the nature of war and power which Sampson raises. I would ask only that Sampson refine his somewhat loose definition of power, substantiate some of his absolute statements, and broaden his framework beyond the Christian one he espouses.

—Ann Morrissett Davidson

## HEROIN

Clive Matson

Neon Sun Press (\$2.95)

Distributed by Book People, 2940 7th St., Berkeley, CA 94710.

The trouble with many poets is that they are purposefully obscure. They never seem to write about anything real and never seem to want to let you know what's going on in their

minds. Not in the part that counts, anyway. Most of these types, particularly the college profs, lead dull, closed lives anyway and don't have much to say. They are far removed from, say, the street life that millions of people lead. Others, up-ward aspiring like dogged mountaineers, thirst after the cornucopia of the Sweet-Life like cured diabetics on a sugar spree. They write with their eye on tin laurel wreaths or invites to parties with the rich Gatsbys, Warhol's “beautiful acid people,” publication in *The New Yorker* or *The Coolidge College Promethean & Parnassus & Assistant Assassin*. Dull stuff. Dull, I say, dull, dull, dull. No wonder almost everyone but the searchers and seekers passes by the poetry racks in the bookstores.

Of course, you sensed I was going to say that Clive Matson's third book of poems, *Heroin*, is not like that. Well, it truly is not. It is quietly astonishing, original, and rare. And, most of all, although surreal, it is essentially real, growing out of honest-to-life experience. The title is not just another attempt to cash in on the drug and anti-drug hysteria. Although it is difficult to realize when you read this transcendental poetry, Clive Matson spent years fighting the devouring demons of skagg and other brews, walking lonely streets in search of “the ultimate fix” (as Burroughs calls it), or dreaming the dreams of the opiated-dark, pan-sexual and hot. Now, having dropped all this for better things, behold The Poet, triumphant, in his quiet way and sharing the experience with all and sundry. *Heroin* is The Poet as hero, as fallible human in search of the Secrets of Internal Alchemy, mistaking the juice of the hypodermic for The Elixir of Youth, The Fool of the Tarot transformed as you read into The Magician. It happens right before your very eyes and that is a rare transubstantiation and transmutation. What James Joyce would identify as an “epiphany.” A definite epiphany. An opening of the poets consciousness. And, as a result, of the reader's too. Communion time.

Clive Matson is a young poet who has lived in Berkeley for the past five or so years. He was one of the poets who developed out of the activities of the Tompkins Square Bookstore of New York's Lower East Side in the late Sixties. He is widely published in the poetry magazines of the US and England. His first book, *Mainline To the Heart* was published by Tompkins Square Press and, since, he's published *Space Age* via Croton Press. Since moving to the West Coast, he has acquired a venerable printing press in order to publish his work and that of other poets. *Heroin* is the first book from his Neon Sun Press. It is set in handset type and handbound in paperboards by the poet and printed on a specially-selected heliotrope paper. Poetry this special should be specially produced. Currently, he is printing a book by Seattle poet John Seely which is scheduled for Summer-Fall distribution.

—Tom McNamara



Letters Continued from Page 3

ment,” a new face, or “the people” in power. The “good” people (us) can do much better running things than the “bad” people (them). But this is backward thinking. Channeling peoples' hopes and struggles through elections only destroys them.

Part of Ed's handout reads, “Vote for Me—But Vote.” Is he serious? If so we must object to this thinking that says that voting per se is worthwhile in any way. Voting only serves to help legitimize legal robbery. It makes people identify more closely with their oppression by giving them deluded feelings of participation in the managing of the affairs of society. Participation does not equal management. To think that power exercised through electoral offices can be used to everyone's advantage is naive at best. Politics is win-lose folly. Majority rule. The losers battle and compromise the winners eventually. We fight for one pitiful seat on some board and waste our resources.

If Ed is not serious with the phrase in his handout then his candidacy is a joke. But he writes about it in earnest. Electoral politics even mildly engaged in can only reinforce the way things are. People have to change their own lives themselves, representatives will just get in the way. There is no government like no government.

—TOM COPELAND  
St. Paul, MN

On Dec. 15, 1972, the Italian Parliament approved a law concerning conscientious objection. This law, clearly inadequate if not repressive, does not in reality recognize the right of conscientious objection, as seen by its arbitrary application, and by the fact that many COs are currently in prison—eight of whom are “guilty” of having been late in presenting their claim for alternate service.

After numerous attempts we have finally succeeded in submitting to the Parliament a draft of modifications of the law which would effect the extension of the time limit for the presentation of the claim for exemption from military service, and the release of those COs who are in prison for not having respected these limits.

We believe that a strong pressure from international movement and personalities could help to obtain a speedy solution to this problem. Send a letter expressing your concern for the imprisoned COs, insisting that they be released and that the current proposals for modifications of the law be approved and put into immediate effect inasmuch as the right to conscientious objection—clearly confirmed by the European Commission of Human Rights—should be guaranteed by a decent and adequate law. Address letters to: President of the Senate Giovanni Spagnoli, Senate della Repubblica, 00186 ROMA; and President of the Defense Commission Walter Garavelli, at the same address.

—KATHY COYNE  
for the League of COs  
Rome, Italy

Reply to Wendy Schwartz (WIN, 4/18/74):

On January 3, 1974 occurred a breakthrough for you and me and all other war tax resisters—the federal government was enjoined from collecting the Pentagon's portion of taxes from two Friends, Lorraine Cleveland and Leonard Cadwallader, in Philadelphia by the US District Court on the grounds that such collection would be a denial of religious freedom.

By being true to your convictions and taking the consequences (and by that I don't necessarily mean going to jail but possibly finding yet another means of disputing IRS's claim) you will be more loving and considerate toward your friends and family than if you retreat—for we are all weak and each of us seeks someone strong enough to do what is right, regardless of the discomforts, so that we can lean on that person and follow to do what we believe is right also.

Let us help each other do what we believe in.

—NADYA SPASSENKO  
Hughsonville, NY

Thanks for the April 11th issue on men. I am a woman just beginning to realize the struggle of men to regain their human qualities, and to understand the place sexism has had in my own history.

May I suggest a book which explains to me why humans rigidify and lose their humanity in the process—and which suggests and describes the way out (or one way)—*The Human Side of Human Beings* by Harvey Jackins, Rational Island Press. The capacity of our body-minds to heal us or wounds, psychic and physical, is phenomenal, if we let the healing process work. I am becoming aware of the depth of fear we all carry about, strongest and most devastating in our intimate and needful relationships, and of our great strength to overcome our own fears if the *organism* is allowed a chance. My belief is that we as humans are not yet aware of the depth of feeling and caring which is natural to us; nor of the incredible fund of intelligence available in each of us to learn, to grow, and to free ourselves, and to let our children grow with.

My only criticism (and I have one) is that the articles in WIN's issue on men are pointing to something impersonally, sociologically—within the confines of proper male social-scientific-radical analysis models. How about males as people, their intimate struggles—we hear them talking about humanness, but I felt little of that through the essays. My reaction is, go deeper, and let it show, for how else will anyone know you?

—JUDY CASTLE  
Laurence, KS

I read thru the Men's Issue [4/11/74] with a large degree of eagerness and receptivity. But for all the value of the points raised and problems explored, I was still (as you predicted) baffled.

A source of my bafflement: in our hopes for a liberated society, what traits in a new man might be uniquely male? As we brothers work on chipping away at the conditioning, the macho sex roles of competitiveness, suppression of emotion, the urge to dominate,

etc., and adopt traits like gentleness, freedom of emotion, & cooperative values, I wonder if there will be any fundamental character differences between liberated men and liberated women.

The concept I'm grappling for is that of a positive vision for the men's movement, a focus of our own to take us beyond our overdue response to women's liberation and gay liberation, realizing, of course, that all three movements are interlocked under Human Liberation. Possibly Russ Rueger was touching on this concept with his term, “malism,” but he did no elaborate. In any case, submit this question to the readership: without falling into another, new sex role straitjacket, what qualities should we men cultivate as truly male?

—JOHN ASCENZI  
Bronx, NY

As a strong supporter of WIN and appreciative of your quite unique openness on Middle East concerns I was surprised and confused regarding the extensive coverage you gave to the article, “An Israeli Veteran on the Middle East Conflict” [WIN, 4/25/74] which rationalizes the need for institutional-state violence and adds to the paranoia of an existent “Holocaust” environment. The article put forth the oft-heard generalizations about Arabs (they're more interested in pushing us into the sea than humanitarian concerns), Jews (seen by others as victims and losers) and pacifists (their position against the military industrial complex is luxurious). I found no genuine tone of understanding, no spirit of creative openness, no support for nonviolence and nonviolent action. The radical nonviolent press must be consistent in the articles it promotes. During Vietnam, Chile, Greece, etc., we did not encourage those who supported the necessity of State violence. The same needs to apply to the Mid-East. For one to say he/she is in the peace movement (Kissinger and Nixon say they are for peace) means little unless their spirit promotes such concerns.

—PAULA RAYMAN  
Somerville, MA

I have just finished reading the article by Shalom Endleman in your April 25th issue, and am so impressed that I dropped everything in order to get this off to you today.

As a Jew (but not a Zionist) I have read avidly everything that came across my path concerning Israel, especially after having visited Israel in 1961, but this is the first time I have been moved to write to “the Editor” concerning Israel.

The exposition of Israel's problems by Mr. Endleman is the most complete, fair, unbiased, and well-written of anything I have read. I am passing this issue of WIN around to my friends with the recommendation that they read it at once and quickly send it to the next person on the list!

Even should future issues of WIN for the balance of my subscription contain nothing of lasting value (hardly likely), I consider this one article alone well worth the price of a year's subscription.

—PAULINE W. REIHER  
Arlington, VA

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Are there any farming communes in the East who would welcome young people—ages 9 to 16 (approx.)—from New York's ghettos for part of the summer? These are personal friends; no institution is involved. The arrangement should be of mutual benefit, and fun for all. If you are interested, please write: L. Fritz, c/o WIN.

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Julie Harris in SUNDOWN BEACH

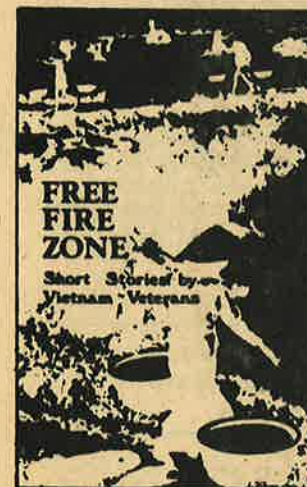
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