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win
PEACE AND FREEDOM THRU NONVIOLENT ACTION

A LOOK AT LESSONS WE CAN LEARN FROM CHILE
QUAKERS AND GAY LIBERATION
DAN BERRIGAN ON PALESTINIAN TERRORISM
TED GLICK QUITS THE CATHOLIC LEFT

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Robert Burch

Questions to ask your Congresspeople while the issue is hot:

1. How is it that in the name of mercy, in order to relieve the suffering of the Nixon family, hoping to insure domestic tranquility, and so as to close the tragic book of Watergate, President Ford can grant a full, free and absolute pardon to Richard Nixon; but at the same time he will not issue a universal and unconditional amnesty to the Vietnam War resisters—those men who went to jail, who took up exile in Canada, who deserted the armed forces, and who received less than honorable discharges because they could and would not support the Vietnam War?
2. Do not the war resisters merit mercy even more than Nixon, when their crime is refusing to support a questionable war and Nixon's crime is that of subverting and undermining our democratic system of government?
3. Have not the families of war resisters suffered at least as much as and for a much longer period than the Nixon household?
4. Can the domestic tranquility be regained and maintained any less by the complete and unconditional amnesty of all the war resisters, than by full, free and absolute pardon of Richard Nixon?
5. And why close only the tragic book of Watergate, while the terrible scar of Vietnam lies open and unhealed upon the face of our nation due to the lack of amnesty?
6. Congressperson (or Senator), what have you to say on this issue? Will you tell our new President what I and so many other of your constituents desire—universal and unconditional amnesty? And will you support legislation granting universal and unconditional amnesty? —STEVE BORTON
East Lansing, MI

I am glad to hear that other war resisters react as I do to the Ford proposals on "clemency" for us. We must reject these and work for the kind of America which can be honest enough to change its mind and its ways. This would mean a turning away from militarism; Unconditional Amnesty would only be a step in this direction.

We must work to open the eyes of Americans to the fact that the US Government is the Vietnam criminal, not us.

It seems to me, though, that some of us might give thought to offering some concrete alternatives to the punitive Ford proposals. This is not to suggest compromise, but to clarify and help keep dialogue and movement possible. If we do not do this, we are likely to see a continuing standoff for some time. The government will do nothing to clarify the controversy, since it stands to lose from a popular recognition of the truth about Vietnam, so the burden of insisting on truthfulness falls upon us, and the initiative in further dialogue will have to be ours.

What are the basic realities of the War which the President's proposals seek to conceal? In his Press Conference Ford must have used the phrase "heal the wounds" five or six times. Of course he was referring to the wounds, predominately psychological and political, which Americans and America suffered over our war in SE Asia.

The President's remarks, however, in fixing attention on American suffering, are an extreme example of the continuing government attempts to cover up what we as a people did in Southeast Asia. We killed millions of people, wounded (quite literally) millions more in the course of our war there. We systematically tried to destroy whole sections of society; we did irreparable damage to the environment over vast areas of SE Asia, and threatened even the precious genetic resources of whole populations.

I don't mean to underplay the sufferings of Americans, which have been real and terrible. But the pain of our own people should not blind us to the fact that Asians suffered far, far more than Americans did in that terribly one-sided war (and they are still suffering, lest we forget that too).

In the light of the above, I submit the following proposals in an attempt to stimulate dialogue about how war wounds might truly be healed:

1. That antiwar groups and individuals in the US and elsewhere consider volunteering for and organizing a program of people-to-people reparations and reconciliation by way of human service work in Southeast Asia.
2. That such work be carried out by a fully autonomous, nongovernmental agency set up and administered by the volunteers themselves.
3. That, rather than being associated with any governments, political parties, etc., service work by this agency be tied to the efforts of UN Peacekeeping forces, and/or to the work of the United Buddhist Church of Vietnam and similar non-aligned, nongovernmental reconciliatory groups in Laos and Cambodia.
4. That the primary work of such a service agency be done in SE Asia, but that this work should also be supported by fundraising and educational projects in the US and elsewhere.
5. That this agency be funded at least in part by monies diverted from the US military budget, as, for example, from the savings which could be effected by abolishing

and dismantling Selective Service. That such US funds—without strings—be made part of an Unconditional Amnesty for war resisters.

—LARRY LACK 3rd
Baltimore, MD

It's unfair for *Straight Creek* to laugh at the titles of Chinese Songs. [WIN, Changes 9/12/74] Poetry never translates well anyway, and did you ever read a list of titles of old pop songs from USA? Some of the Chinese tunes are real good, and I enclose* a couple which I learned there two years ago, and which I'm now recording for Folkways—1 multiple dubbed these renditions.

The slower melody is the theme song of one of the favorite revolutionary operas "White Haired Girl." The sprightly marching tune is titled, believe me: "The Three Rules of Discipline and the Eight Rules of Attention."

It seems that 27 years ago when the soldiers of Chiang were deserting to the Red Army most of them were illiterate, and had to be taught some rules in a hurry. So (in eight verses) this song says, "Obey orders, march in step, never molest women, help the peasants gather crops. Never take anything, not even a needle or thread, without paying for it—and pay a fair price. . . ." and so on.

—PETE SEEGER
Beacon, NY

*Pete sent us a tape. We listened and we believe. The tunes are lovely. —WIN

Arthur Harris ("Learning at Home," Sept. 5) has described well what can happen to privileged and overprivileged children whose homes, parents and expectations are all geared to literacy, achievement and indulgence. Certainly there is no argument from me that more real learning takes place under such conditions than could happen in a classroom. But what about kids who don't have access to books about astronomy; to seeing plays to fire their interest (eg. 1776 and the American Revolution); or six month trips to Mexico?

Home education for kids without such a privileged environment will indeed educate them, but not in literacy, math and science. If we assume literacy is a survival necessity in our society, we have got to avoid narrow solutions such as described in "Learning at Home." Poor kids deserve more from a society which already gives them little enough.

—ANITA M. TEETER
Cambridge, MA

Arthur S. Harris, Jr. says (Sept. 5, 1974) "Taken to its infinite end, one could wonder whether schools with all those instructional hours don't sometimes hinder learning."

Infinite end?! Wonder?! Sometimes? I was a full 7 years old when I came to the conclusion that schools were/are right now definitely always a hindrance not only to learning but to general well being and peace of mind.

Yuk. Sounds to me, Arthur S. Harris, Jr., like you've been to *too much* school.

—EMMA EVECHILD
Minneapolis, MN

Danny Schechter's "On The Beach: The Movement for a Nude Society" [WIN, 9/19/74] is one of those articles that makes

us want to order another 10 WIN subscriptions for our friends—outstanding! As a long-time beacher at Truro, I can applaud the suggestion that it's a beach not just "to read about," but to duplicate." The problem, though, is that people—with or without suits—are still wrapped in cars. Consequently, the beaches they come to use are seriously threatened, and in many cases destroyed, by the vehicle they're encouraged to use (newer highways, parking lots, etc.). I wish Schechter had elaborated on this. What Cape Cod needs most, in our opinion, is a "guide for people using boats & bicycles, jitneys & buses," a guide similar to one published this year by Friends For Bikeology: "Discovering Santa Barbara. . . without a car." Which is to suggest that if socialism comes by bicycle, the nude society will come by openair, piggy-back transport.

—JOHN DOWLIN
Phila, Bicycle Coalition

Contrary to Mike Abell's assertion ("Violence and the Movies," WIN, July 11), people have not constructed elaborate defenses against the notion that they "might contain some. . . bloodthirstiness in their personalities." More and more, people have been doing quite the opposite: internalizing it, saying it comes as a result of our animal heritage, claiming that there will always be violence because it's instinctual, etc.

The simple blunt fact—a fact that even pacifists seem unwilling to face—is that it is all nonsense. There is no reliable ethological, anthropological, sociological, or psychological evidence to support the charge that people are by nature violent, or even that people by nature have a violent side to their personalities. There is quite obviously an overabundance of evidence that people have the capacity to be violent, but that is just as obviously not the same as being violent by nature.

One wonders why, if people were in fact violent by nature, if, in fact, we could be,

Mike says, easily "aroused to violent passions," why would people have to do all the things Mike notes that we do in order to go to war? Why would we have to demean and de-humanize our potential enemies by calling them gooks (or Nips or Krauts) instead of Vietnamese (or Japanese or Germans)? Why, as the horror of war increases, does it become more necessary to separate soldiers from actual effects of their actions (hiding them "behind banks of buttons, switches, dials and gauges on their control panels," as Mike says)? If we're really violent by nature, really bloodthirsty under our veneer of socialization, why is all this necessary to get us to fight wars? Is there an answer to this seeming contradiction?

There is not. All this is necessary because people are not inherently violent (and, I should mention, neither are they inherently nonviolent: We are creatures with the capacity for both, but are by nature neither). We are, rather, complex creatures with conflicting social mores, conflicting teachings about violence and brother/sisterhood: "the Golden Rule," the 10 Commandments, and "love your neighbor" clash rather mightily with nationalism and the willingness to go to war under certain conditions. Faced with greater and greater conflicts between the humanistic ideals and the reality of war, we convince ourselves that it can't be helped, that it's inherent in our very natures. And since what is nature can't be dealt with by reason or logic, it must be dealt with by force. And so the circle continues.

—LARRY ERICKSON
Long Branch, NJ

After reading the notes "La Plaza Gabriel" in WIN of Sept. 12 I wish we had a war memorial in Yellow Springs. Maybe we do, but I was born and raised here without ever noticing one. Maybe it was torn down years ago.

—DON HOLLISTER
Yellow Springs, OH



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COVER: Photo by Batya Weinbaum/LNS School room in a school bus in Chile during the Allende regime.

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Lessons of Chile

ROBERT NICHOLS

I thought I had understood capitalism, but what I had done was assume an attitude—melancholy sadness—toward it. —From a short story by Donald Barthelme

There have been three stages of capitalism in Chile—each happier than the last for the Americans, less so for the Chileans. Export capitalism, investment capitalism, and now that practised by the big International Companies. Starting with mining (the Guggenheims, Anaconda, US Steel) they have gone into all branches of manufacturing and servicing: petro-chemicals, manufactured food stuffs, textiles, office equipment, cement, salt, oil distribution, etc. The report on Chile by NACLA has the best documentation of this.

But the reality is obvious: Chile is a "modern" country. What the average North American does not know—it is the study of the economists—is that the system works to the disadvantage of Chile. Foreign companies often take out of an undeveloped country a good deal more than they put into it. In recent years (1967-9) the copper industry produced a return on invested capital of 27% and all United States investments averaged 17%. At these rates "it would take a North American company four to six years to recoup its investment and another four to six years to make a 100% profit. That is, after eight to 12 years the foreign company is a net exporter of capital from Chile." Allende's economists made the point that in the last 70 years ten billion dollars have been taken out of Chile; that is, an amount equal to the total capital accumulated in Chile over four centuries.

Another point not generally recognized is that North American firms don't even have to use their own capital; increasingly this is "Creole" or native capital in a so-called "mixed enterprise" in which the local partner raises the money and participates in the control initially. Here is the way this works (from Gundar Frank, *Capitalism and Underdevelopment in Latin America*):

The metropolitan (international) corporation's main contribution to the joint enterprise is a technological package of patents, designs, industrial processes, high-

salaries technicians and, last but not least, trademarks and salesmanship; most of the finance capital is Latin American as are the tax, exclusive license and other concessions, and—perhaps most important—tariff protection. The international monopoly corporation then proceeds to take full advantage of its technical monopoly, its financial reserve, and its direct or indirect political power; to draw increasingly more profits than its Latin American partners out of their common enterprise, to reinvest these and gain increasing control. . . . In the process its Latin American business partners are politically emasculated and then used to sway the Latin American governments to create a still better investment climate for "foreign" capital.

The result of all this money gone and the foreign control is a kind of cruel joke, an illusion. The money taken out means that new plants are not built and the native economy is not developed. (From a Chilean magazine):

If these enterprises had been Chilean or if legislation that affected them had been enacted in the national interest, we could have had. . . five huachipatos (huge steel refineries), five times the hydroelectric complexes, and five times the oil pumps and exploration of oil that we today possess.

One could add that the output of Chilean industrial plants, which during the last decade had run at 50-75% of capacity, could have increased. And the same with agricultural productivity which had dropped drastically during the last half century. Chile, famous for its wheat exports during the 19th century, now imports food.

These options have been lost to history. At the same time it *seems* that the benefits do come from the foreign companies. (This situation is not confined to underdeveloped countries. It is the same inside the US with the oil crisis. All alternative forms and development strategies for energy have been eliminated and bought out by "Big Oil." But if fact, these companies provide our fuel.)

There is a further irony. In addition to cutting in the Creole investor, the international companies seem to be subsidizing the government itself. In Chile it was said that all government salaries and operational costs were paid for through taxes on copper during



the Frei government. In fact copper was a relatively small percentage of national revenue: five times more than that came from indirect taxes on the middle class and the poor.

Another difficulty is caused by "convertibility." A foreign corporation has an unlimited right to exchange local currency (*escudos*) for dollars—thus guaranteeing a balance of payments deficit. Devaluation of local currency—one of the Chilean Junta's first decrees after the counter-revolution—simply increased the repatriation of US dollars.

There is a further difficulty: foreign investments are generally "capital-intensive": that is, in labor-saving machinery. In a country with a rising population this causes unemployment.

From the above it is clear why even a third world country that seems rich—such as Iran—can go into debt and have to be financed by foreign loans. Iran's foreign debt last year was two and one half billion dollars. Quoting from Harry Magdoff:

To appreciate what the continual growth in debt means, an exercise in simple arithmetic is helpful. If a country borrows, say \$1000 a year, before long the service payments on the debt will be larger than the inflow of money each year. . . . On a 20 year loan at 5%, by the 15th year the capital outflow will be larger than the capital inflow. In the 20th year the borrower is paying out more than \$1.50 on past debt every \$1.00 of new money he borrows.

In 1970 almost \$700 million of the 7.8 billion Chile owed various international financial agencies had not even been received, it stayed in the bank, as interest payment.

The fact is that *all* 20th century Chilean governments have turned to this solution. One of them was the so-called "Ibanez Dictatorship" which pursued a progressive and reformist policy in many way—except for the foreign loans. The Army made this coup in 1924 interestingly enough on the same day—October 11th—that General Pinochet chose for his coup last year. The Ibanez coup was supported by the Communist Party.

Pinochet and the present Junta is doing what every Chilean government did before them—only at a greatly accelerated pace. My young friend, now in exile,

writes me: "In five months Pinochet has received help of about 200 million dollars from the US, the Monetary Fund, BID and Brazil, while in three years Allende's government only received 40 millions."

It would seem that in the long run this system will be unworkable. Too much will have been taken out of Chile, the buying power will be too low to sustain the present attractive level of profit. Then the international companies will simply close the books and "de-capitalize" (allow their equipment to become obsolete).

Meanwhile "real" wages go down and the people suffer. The Chilean working class is eating a good deal less than their fathers and grandfathers—and they know it. Increasingly, the middle class is being squeezed—but they may not know it. They may well believe what they read in the papers and what the ads tell them.

In the short run, Yes. But in the long run—maybe in the middle run—No. The present system will not work. Meanwhile those that run it have the power to eliminate all the alternatives. The Chilean Military Junta and their backers could not afford to let it be seen there were other options. This is one of the meanings of the murder of Allende.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF CHILE TO THE AMERICAN LEFT

The coming of the military junta to power in Santiago in September, 1973, meant the opposite of the recent army take-over in Portugal: repression. No one can tell how long this repression, and the wiping out of a democratic and socialist Chile, will last. How much time? Time will be a morass for Chilean exiles of the Left in foreign countries: boredom, the faltering of hope, unemployment. For their US sympathizers, the memory will dim.

TWO SCENARIOS

I imagine two scenarios whereby *someday* a resurgent Chile will affect the United States crucially and be of help to the left. They are both farfetched.

The first scenario is the "imperialist" argument. In 50 years, a crisis in the Third World will be inevitable.

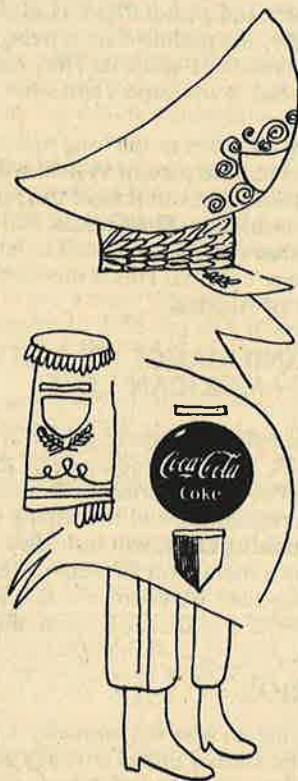
Energy sources, strategic materials will have been monopolized among the big blocks. Various countries—Chile, Kenya, Indonesia—will not yield a sufficient rate of return for foreign investment; in any case will have been squeezed dry. Then socialism in the former satellites will be inevitable. Led possibly by China, a re-nascent Third World will eventually come into being and batter down reactionary Fortress America.

During a long period there might be some vital and nourishing link between members of the American left and a Marxist government in Chile.

The second scenario—less conventional—is along the lines of a regional anarchism. The relevance to Chile needs explaining.

Though expressed in terms of anti-colonialism and nationalism, the Chilean outlook is also regionalist. They have a strong feeling for their place. Chile is a geographical region: a plain between the mountains and sea, running from the desert to icy Terra del Fuego. In fact it is geographically similar to the West Coast from, say, the tip of Lower California north to Anchorage. With a present population of 10 million (and in 50 years 25-30 million), the small "nation" of Chile would correspond to this United States region.

It would correspond in the sense that it would have the same problems. The main regional problem: resisting assimilation into the world-wide capitalist free-market system. We never pose the problem in this way because we are in fact *totally* integrated into the US economy and culture. With us there are no "real" regions. But neither is there a real Chilean nation under the present system.



LNS

If in the future there were to be an independent socialist Chile, it would be in a better position to defend its own regionalism. And as a region, one of its main struggles would be defensive.

I see anarchism as a defensive strategy—mainly useful to us here among the North American Left. It is not—at any rate has not been—applicable to Chile. Chilean working-class tradition is clearly Marxist. Anarchism would seem sentimental to them. But in style Chilean socialism is anti-bureaucratic, activist and spontaneous. It is existentially anarchist.

Anarchism is a defensive strategy: relevant to our own situation here in the United States, most particularly as regards the development of regionalism.

Paul Goodman—that wonderful drawer of pictures—argued that America is populist and anarchist; but he never pushed his conclusions rigorously. Instead he gave examples from small enterprises and the counter-culture: WBAI...the communes. Or, alternatively, in the American past: the Federalist Era (1790-1820) was a paradise of the de-centralists.

There are so many anarchist/regionalist strains converging now: the most important is Murray Bookchin: a technology using alternate energy sources (wind, solar) and smaller-scale, more complex machines (the electric steel furnace and planetary mill). These now become practicable within the region.

Another is E.F. Schumacher and the Intermediate Technology Development Group. Schumacher (author of *The Small is Beautiful*) argues capital-intensive technology (global oil, steel, fertilizers) is contradictory for underdeveloped areas of the world which demand a labor-intensive technology, capable of maintaining and reproducing itself cheaply with local means.

Also, there are innumerable American groups: Land Trust Movement; farmer-producers cooperatives (Natural Organic Farmers' Association of Vermont); communes drawing on the technology of the *Whole Earth Catalog*; Allen Ginsberg's farm with its exemplary windmill running the water pump and hi-fi; the country-wide experimental groups promoted by the *Maine Times*.

What all these de-centralist groups have in common is that the moment they are established (the technology *is* practical), they run into the problem of competition with the A&P and Exxon; in other words, defensive—the same problem as nationalist Chile.

What socialism really meant for Chile was control. I have a Unidad Popular poster on the wall, showing marching mine workers. *COBRE JA ERES PATRIA. NON PERMITEREMOS JUGAR CONTIGO.* (Copper—there is the country. We won't allow them to play with you.) To break away from the world-market economy and to smash the class administering it locally means simply *control* over one's own livelihood and one's basic resources.

Socialist planning means control. Could there be such a thing as regional planning and development?

I return now to the second scenario. What will happen 50 or a hundred years hence? If we pose the question in terms of framework, structure—where the power lies—the answer is obvious. In the future we will have Fortress America (with armed guards on the Mexican border—as now—to keep away the hungry). And other Fortresses. And to the side, their client states: Iran and Brazil will be the models.

But if we pose the question in another way—the dynamics, the internal chemistry at work—that may be a different story.

In a hundred years let us simply suppose a socialist Chile (let's say part of the Andean Trading Federation). And let us suppose an economically more-or-less autonomous region within the United States (the same size as the future population of Chile—25 million). Let's imagine this is in the Pacific Northwest and run by the Wobblies. Let's call it the "WOBBLY KINGDOM."

How would these two places be reaching out towards each other, and in what way would members of the left of both be in touch with each other? What would be the tendencies?

Here are some Future Political-Chemistry Elements at random:

1. Cost of Fertilizer

Iran, with investments from oil income, is now (year 2024) producing most of the world's 5-10-5 commercial fertilizer. A loss of 1,000 tons of fertilizer means a loss of 10,000 tons protein. Probably Chile with her left-over nitrates is doing okay. But the US agra-business is doing poorly, cost-wise. But in our imaginary "Wobbly Kingdom" clusters of our organic farmer producer cooperatives are making out fine.

2. Energy

Extreme centralization (monopoly) in generation of electric power is inefficient. See near-bankruptcy of NY Con Edison in refusing to allow World Trade Center and Co-op City to generate their own power. Probably our socialist Chile (with its anti-bureaucratic "Cordones Industriales") has avoided this, and decentralized.

As for our "Wobbly Kingdom" they are probably still operating within the US power grid, but have a stand-by system: of water, wind, solar energy, etc. In any case (using Buck Fuller as a consultant), they have worked out the scientific technology of alternate energy forms. In some cases, they may even be organized to a degree where a local factory or even a county-wide manufacturing complex is competitive with the predominant gas/oil/nuclear power-based commerce.

3. Bugs and Pests

There are advantages to variety farming over monoculture and agra-industry. Less crop failures: as with Texas onions last year. High development of botany and biological sciences among the smart heads of Wobbly Kingdom. Maybe more than just subsistence farming on a commune scale, but into good trading. (It should be remembered that Rome wasn't beaten; it fell apart. As it did so, the Christians were organizing grain storage. In the end, the citizens and centuries became dependent on Gregory V granaries.)

4. Politics, Law and Order

Socialists in Chile would be supreme. However, in our Wobbly Kingdom in North America the Wobblies would be dominated by Washington, as we all are and always will be—any display of force being interpreted by the state as a welcomed provocation. Our Wobblies would be peaceable.

Hence the differences in politics. In the Third World: Socialism. Within the US the advantage lies with the revolutionary technique of anarchy. (A small Maoist party would have ties to Peking, of course.



Present-day Chilean army troopers. Photo by S. Julienne/LNS.

But what is happening nationally would be less relevant to our regionalists.)

There would also probably be a small Wobbly political third party (called, of course, "the Organic Democrats"). This would have fraternal ties to Santiago.

5. Foreign Policy

The US, of course, would be Fortress America—a paranoid society (though quite rational within North American borders).

Within the US borders, the many regions of the Wobbly Kingdoms—as also Chile—would stand on the side of the world's poor. And the question of the world's poverty *will be* the paramount questions in time to come.

Our children will have to start dealing with the chemistry.

Bob Nichols spent several months in Chile prior to the overthrow of the Allende government. He frequently writes about Chile for WIN.

10 DAYS AGAINST VIOLENCE

ANN MORRISSETT DAVIDON

Sitting in the offices of the Radical Party in Rome, in late July, I felt myself back in the offices of the March on Washington coalitions at the height of the Vietnam War. People of all ages (mostly young) wander through in clothing ranging from casual to bizarre, long hair and beards abound, many young men and women wear white T-shirts which bear the Party symbol of a rose in a clenched fist with the words underneath: "Cambiamo la vita"—Let's change (our) life." The floors are strewn with papers, there are odd desks and chairs haphazardly arrayed with people sitting and chatting, typing, telephoning. The entire floor (*piano 2, via di Torre Argentina 18*) is occupied with sympathetic groups: the League for Conscientious Objection, League for the Institution of Divorce, League for the Rights of Women, United Revolutionary Front for Homosexuals. On the walls are large posters; the most prevalent one says "Contro Il Regime" above the large red rose in the clenched fist; at the side it says: "to rescind the authoritarian laws of the church and the military."

It is this chaotic collection of civil rights groups, coordinated (if you could call it that) mainly by the Radical Party, that sponsored "Ten Days Against Violence" (*Dieci Giorni Contro La Violenza*), which consisted of an encampment of several hundred young people from various parts of Italy on the grounds across from the huge basilica of San Paolo (where St. Paul's remains are supposedly interred). Each day was devoted to one of the following aspects of overt and institutional violence: the violence of the army, violence of the police; violence of the Church; violence of the judicial system; violence of the bosses; violence of false information; violence against youth; violence against women; violence against free sexuality. These meetings and demonstrations from July 26 to August 4 had nearly ended as I left Rome on Saturday morning, but I learned later that demonstrations continued into the following week.

That Saturday evening a number of well-known singers and bands were scheduled to take part in a mass rally which included speakers like Marco Pannella, the civil rights leader in Rome who had been receiving much publicity for his hunger strike of more than two months in order to get Parliament to open up discussion on—among other things—the controversial abortion bill which it has been sitting on. It is estimated that many thousands of women die every year in Italy from illegal abortions, and the feelings run strong on both sides of the question in this Catholic country where conservatives and Communists nearly balance each other. The Communist Party, in fact, has been reluctant to raise these issues, and it was Marco Pannella and the little Partito Radicale (which is not a real political party, and which Pannella no longer officially heads) that brought the issue of divorce to a referendum in 1970. It was Pannella and the Radical Party affiliates who also brought about the law al-

lowing for conscientious objection in 1972. Both times Pannella went on a hunger strike to dramatize the extent of his commitment to these specific issues. (In his fasts he does take limited liquids—this time three glasses of milk a day—and he continues to smoke, on which he told me his body was now so dependent that he was unable to cut it out, though eventually he thought he would.) Pannella is a striking man of 44 with strong attractive facial features and longish gray hair. When he passes through the Party offices a small whirlwind seems to surround him, and when he speaks his deepset eyes burn and he talks energetically for long stretches, especially when speaking in public. The prima donna image that is somewhat forced on him by the focal role he plays is one he tries to talk others out of, but one senses he gets some enjoyment—or at least energy—from it too. He is professionally a journalist and knows how to present his points forcefully to the public and the press, though there is no doubt (at least among those who know and work with him) of his sincerity and devotion to the causes he takes up. Neither Pannella nor the Radical Party attempts to present an over-all ideology, political or economic, to the public but rather to focus on specific issues, and though they are not specifically Marxist their thrust is more radical (and by implication anarcho-socialist) than most of the Left parties, especially the Communist Party—which has shown some interest mainly when Radical Party issues begin to receive public attention and support.

Other issues that Pannella and the Radical party are trying to raise are those of Family Rights (which has to do largely with extending women's rights in legal relations of the family), and freedom of the press, making communications media independent of both the Christian-Democratic government and other major political parties, and breaking the government monopoly in TV so that minority views can be heard. Pannella was given a quarter-hour on national TV shortly before I was in Rome which was spoken of as a major breakthrough, his speech powerful and mincing no words on the issues. On the day before I left Rome, about 30 people from the camp, including Pietro Pinna, sat in for several hours at the offices of *Messaggero*, one of the largest papers in Italy. The editor finally came out (after police failed to move the occupiers) and talked with them for an hour and a half about their objectives and the failures of the press to deal with the issues.

During the coming months the Radical Party aimed at obtaining 500,000 signatures on eight referendum points regarding the relationship between the Republic and the Vatican, and on military codes, laws re communications, and a penal code left from Fascist days which includes stiff laws against abortion. The last three-month period in which they unsuccessfully attempted to collect a half million signatures nevertheless raised these issues more widely and may have helped create pressure for more liberal laws regarding non-government and cable TV, for example, which were before the Parliament.

In addition to the several hundred people camping across from St. Paul's, hundreds more came and went

during the day and especially gathered for the evening programs which took place on a large platform set up on iron poles at one end of the main field. Floodlights focused (somewhat erratically) on speakers and performers (many of them excellent and professional) who wandered off and on the stage, and amplifiers projected the sound over the entire area and bounced it off the basilica and apartment buildings which were some distance away (and whose tenants complained on noisier nights). A light attack by a small group of Fascists on one of the earlier nights led to heated discussions next day between a few of the campers who wanted to respond next time, if it should happen again, with violence ("that's the only thing they understand") and a larger number who wanted to present a united nonviolent front and try to engage the Fascists in dialogue. To my knowledge the Fascist group never returned.

Another person visible on the scene of these Ten Days, more in the capacity of a quiet organizer than a public figure, was Pietro Pinna, a dark and soulful-looking man in his mid-forties who had served in prison in the early '50's as one of Italy's first conscientious objectors. He has had periods of jail since for his anti-militarist activities, and faces possible imprisonment of a few months soon because of a poster he helped compose nearly two years ago which was found offensive to the military (a law still extant from Fascist days). The poster listed aggressive exploits of the Italian army during recent history that can be read in any history book. Pietro had just come with me to the encampment from Turin, where we both attended a week of Council meetings of the War Resisters International at a big old seminary above Rivoli, a suburb of Turin. His Swedish wife Birgitta was already at the camp, and we stayed a few nights with about ten others in the Rome apartment of several young men active in the RP. Later the three of us moved to the family apartment of a young radical feminist: her family was on vacation so this apartment too became a crash pad for several others we collected on the last few evenings, following the most heated program of the week: the Rights of Women.

Instead of speeches from up on the stage, the women asked for comments and debate from both men and women down below and for several hours the microphone was handed from one vehement speaker to another, with vigorous applause from women (and a few men) for the women (and a few men) who spoke up for women's rights, especially for the right to legal abortion, and with much laughter and catcalls from clumps of men who appeared to be either fairly hostile or at least uncomfortable, convinced these issues were being exaggerated or were relatively unimportant. I was annoyed at first that the program had been removed from the stage and was giving so much time to male speakers on the one night the women were supposed to have the stage, but gradually I began to feel that this innovation was itself a kind of symbolic feminist contribution: removing "authority" figures and bringing the discussion "down to earth."

After well over an hour of feminist songs by a good group of women singers and guitarists, some of the largely male audience (which included, as on other nights, a number of soldiers) got restless and somewhat abusive. As a dozen or so women gathered together on the stage for a final rousing song with hands

upraised together in the feminists' sign current in Europe—a diamond shape resembling a cunt—groups of men gathered around both back and front stage and argued loudly, a few almost getting into scuffles with several women. I urged Pietro's wife Birgitta, a lovely and sensitive woman in her 40's, to overcome her shyness and speak from the stage, which she finally did, breaking the atmosphere of tension and raising feminist issues above personal grievances and emotion into a somewhat broader framework. There was no doubt, however, that this subject, scorned by so many male radicals as insignificant compared to the more "important" issues of conscription and war, hit some of the deepest nerves of everyone and revealed itself as more basic ("the final conflict?") than most revolutionaries would like to admit. Again, as in every struggle against oppression, the point kept getting lost and had to keep getting made that the struggle was not against the oppressor but against the systems and customs which men actively or passively sustain.

I spent the later part of my last night in Rome at the St. Paul encampment, the ninth of the ten days. Earlier I had been searching for a typewriter that had a keyboard I'm accustomed to and I finally found one at the CBS News office, where I exchanged good conversation and vibes with the nice Englishman on the night shift. Unfortunately I missed Saturday night, the climactic night of the Ten Days. We had tried unsuccessfully to get Joan Baez—with the persistent efforts of a charming Italian named Rolando Parachini of the RP who had met her a few weeks before, when she had sung in Milan—to stop off for the event between her engagements in Jerusalem and London. As the Milan rally was largely Communist-sponsored, which she had not been previously aware of, it would have been a gesture closer to her own political position to turn up for the climax of the Ten Days in Rome, following on the WRI conference and the anti-militarist march in the north from which many of us had just come. But she was tired, as she told Rolando by phone from Jerusalem, and could only send her greetings and best wishes.

These Ten Days—and an extended week of activities, which followed on the enthusiasm that had been built up—may not have shaken the world, or even Rome, but it is somewhat incredible that they could have happened at all, gathering some thousands of young Italians together for more than a week of rock and grooving and talk and action focused on nonviolent ways of trying to get a just order.

Postscript: When I returned to Brussels from Italy, I opened a newspaper and saw a photo of some of the "Ten Days" demonstrators sitting with signs on the steps of the Ministry of Interior. In the US, to my knowledge, there was no mention of any of these events. On the way to Brussels from Rome I was to take a train from Florence to Milan which was rerouted via Pisa because a train earlier had been blown up and twelve people killed. This violent act of a small group of Fascists was of course widely publicized. (You can imagine the publicity the Radical Party might have had if it had billed its encampments as "10 Days of Violence!")

Ann Davidon was recently in Europe to represent the WRL at the War Resisters International Council meeting. She is a freelance writer as well as peace activist.

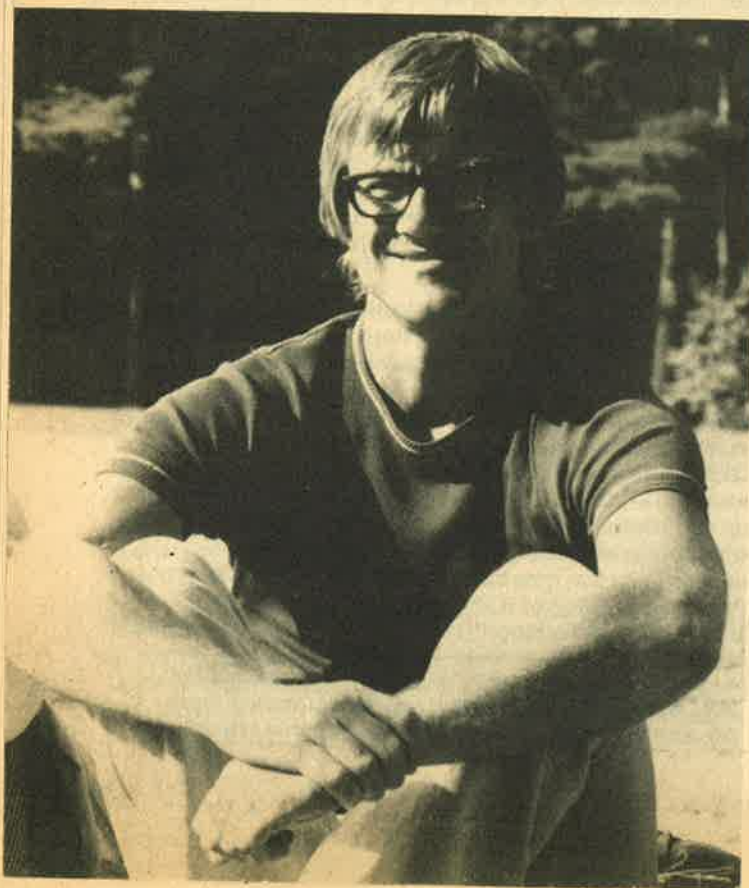
CHECKING IN WITH GEORGE LAKEY

AN INTERVIEW BY MARK MORRIS

George Lakey is a long-time peace activist & one of the founders of Movement toward a New Society. He lives in Philadelphia in an MNS commune with his wife Berit & their three children. In addition to his work with MNS he works part-time for Friends Peace Committee. This interview took place at the WRL National Conference at Geneva Point Conference Center.

MARK: Tell me about Friends General Conference earlier this year.

GEORGE: My report on the conference would be even more subjective than most because it was a very



special occasion for me. It was the time when I came out as a bisexual. I made my announcement to an audience of a thousand or 1500. That was a very powerful thing for me because the Society of Friends for more than 15 years has been my family—my really big extended family. I've valued very much the regard of Friends, really wanted their good opinion of me. I was worried that if I came out maybe they wouldn't like me any more. I did come out and at least a good many Friends still seem to like me.

But you did it in a very careful way.

That's true. For one thing, I was embarrassed to come out in a big deal way because I was so late compared with a number of people in the Society of Friends who've been coming out over the last several years, who did it when it was a much riskier thing to do. For many of them, because of their employment, the stakes were much higher than they were for me. So I felt, "Good grief! I'm so late I don't want to make a big deal of it." But on the other hand it did seem important that I do it, if only to signal to younger Friends who were torn about their gay feelings, who look around them and see most Quakers to be—at least on the surface—straight. Or not even to have sexual lives at all.

But don't you think the Friends have always been really good on sexual issues including gayness?

Compared to other religious groups I think that's true. But even so, there's an expectation of straightness. If there's a party, a covered dish supper, Friends will ask a single Friend to feel free to bring his girlfriend. There's a straight world assumption that you are heterosexual unless you make a point of stating otherwise. The social life of Friends is often organized in a family way. I don't think it's easy for teenage Quakers to feel that one perfectly acceptable and honorable sexual lifestyle is a gay lifestyle. Thus it seemed important for me to come out.

The evening was just perfect for it. My wife Berit and I had been asked to speak on community—spe-

Photo of George Lakey
by Grace Hedemann.

cifically on building communities of awareness. We were talking about the Society of Friends as an increasingly aware community. Berit spoke first. Then I spoke and toward the end of my talk I brought it up almost anecdotally—as an illustration of a point I was making about the importance of risk taking. I took my risk.

How did Berit cope with this? Did she know in advance you were going to do it?

Oh yes. I'd agonized over it for months beforehand. Berit & I had talked about it alot. She felt good about it.

Did you get any hostile reaction?

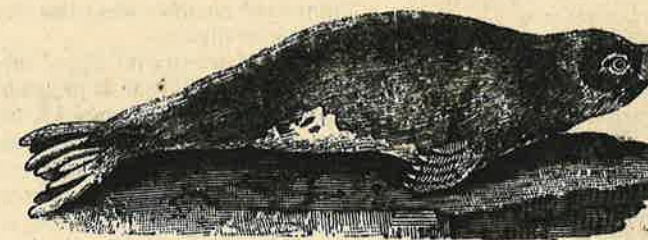
Yes, a few men came up afterwards. There was no immediate hostile reaction from women, but these men were very upset. Thank goodness they could express this anger to me directly. I told them how much I appreciated this. Sometimes it was an almost inarticulate rage. But these were only a few. Most of the feedback was positive. Our speeches were in the beginning of the conference, so there was a lot of time for the pot to boil. And it did boil. There were some Friends who complained to the steering committee of Friends General Conference. They thought the conference should not have allowed this kind of thing to be said in front of impressionable youth. That maybe these sorts of things do go on in private somewhere—certainly not in *my* meeting—but it shouldn't be advertised & talked about as tho it's a perfectly respectable thing to do. The steering committee took that question up in light of these complaints, deciding they were perfectly comfortable that I'd said what I'd said. They felt that it was important for those who had objections to talk directly to me. Having this support made me feel good.

That's great. Did your coming out result in any organized gay activities at the conference?

Gay Friends are probably reasonably well organized. There are two gay organizations. One is Gay Friends and the other is Friends Committee on Bisexuality. Both groups had business meetings scheduled at the conference, and consciousness-raising sessions. And there was sort of a gay coffeehouse. Thus there already was a highly visible gay presence, and my statement didn't spark anything new. But I'm pretty sure that my statement did inspire some people to look into it more, to go to a lecture on gayness or whatever.

Can you think of anything else you would like to say?

Yes. For me this has been a good example of how a political act reflects back on one's internal life & consciousness. After coming out I was faced with a whole lot of things I had to think thru. I had to start taking positions on controversies, to start working out an ethical stance—one that wouldn't work merely for me but that was shareable with others. I realized then that I've been pretty irresponsible. I've really had my gay sexuality in a closet intellectually as well as behaviorally. I had not been working at integrating my gayness into the rest of my political work. I hadn't been reading much of the gay liberation writing. I hadn't been attending meetings on gay liberation. Most important, I hadn't been trying to think gayness into my world view. For example, the "Manifesto for a Nonviolent Revolution" that I had a hand in drafting mentions gay liberation only once. My book, *Strategy for a Living Revolution* mentions it only in passing, as part of a list of groups that need liberating—blacks need liberation, women need liberation, gay people need liberation. So coming out has been a really powerful kick in the pants for me to help me integrate my life.



Surface

suck
blow
dive

a hair seal

—Michael Corr

POET IMPRISONED

JON BACH

A friend of us all (who is known both as poet and ex-con) has defined poetry as that which exists beyond mere survival: what is left over from the immediacies of coping, the enervation of just "making it."

That's exploded into a much higher magnitude for men and women in prison. Where there is so much desert, so much arid, desolate acreage, the poet's voice is a sign of life, and that, rightfully, is a sign of danger for those who enforce Death. That voice, and the life it comes out of, must be silenced. Broken, it is a reminder for others who might transgress beyond absolute control.

For men and women and children in prison time has weight as well as length. The burden of "doing time" will, of course, be alleviated only by fellow inmates, and the price extracted for forming community inside the Wall is nearly prohibitive.

Alfred Sonny Howell writes poetry, he draws, he paints, he sculpts, he teaches, he creates beauty, he tells the truth. He has persisted in doing this in spite of the fact that for the past four years he has been in a succession of federal prisons. A Black who refuses to be segregated, a man who refuses to be broken, a poet who refuses to be silenced, Sonny has felt the heavy hand of repression for his nonviolence, resistance, community; in short, for his art.

I met Sonny in the federal prison in Danbury, Conn. where he had come directly from a Mass. State joint for acts stemming from a former life. We were involved in an ill fated production of Leroi Jones' *The Toilet* involving Blacks, Whites and Spanish in a prison culture which demanded the three stay apart and at each others' throats. In the spring of '72 there was a work stoppage, unequivocally nonviolent, which lasted for nine days and involved all 800 inmates. Sonny played a prominent role and the authorities were

slow to forgive the breach of prison etiquette. Next came a water tower takeover. Sonny and six others made the climb and unfurled a banner directed at the bombing of Cambodia. It was rare that prisoners would address anything other than their own self interests. Sonny had that perspective. A few months later eleven inmates began a month's fast protesting the war; Sonny was there. Transferred to a larger penitentiary, Sonny continued the process, trying to start a great books class, drawing together divergent elements of the population, fomenting community, crossing racial lines. He was marked and doomed.

He spent the better part of a year in solitary for organizing. There were trumped up charges of strikes and riots. He could not be broken. He was denied any dental and medical care. Insulted and humiliated, he remained unembittered, lost no dignity, did not retreat into silence.

He was transferred again, this time to Leavenworth, the endpoint of federal progressive penology. During the transfer, Sonny's journal, four years of his life's work, was "lost." The fed's claimed no knowledge, no responsibility. Doily-minded men living atrophied lives had finally discovered a way to hurt Sonny. Four years of creativity, of beauty, of truth, of life itself: gone, irreplaceable. They were right: it did cause untellable pain, and it was not easy to live with.

Sonny's greatest poem is his own life, and that's something no censor, no inhuman bureaucrat will ever be able to confiscate. His life has touched many of us, and there's no removing that. I think there's a gift quality to all legitimate art: the artist or writer presenting something to people which he or she considers precious, a truth. With his poetry and with his being, freedom and life amid oppression and death, Alfred Sonny Howell has enriched and educated all of us who knew him in prison, and it's time we expressed some gratitude. Thanks, Brother.

Jon Bach is a member of the Jonah House Collective in Baltimore.

inside a concrete line
thrown up in a square
a shot gun burst
again and again
punctuating the bark of revolvers and vollying
automatic weapons
with a kind of excitement
little boys in gas mask and helmets
caught up in playing war for real
let their weapons do the
pow-pow-pow
I-got-you-you're-dead
and it goes on and on
for the longest time
until body after body
forty-nine in all
splash down in red pools
to scream no more —

ole cateye

git back bloodhound
ole cateye's on the loose
head pop'n-like two bed sheets
got fire in his boots

tired of till'n the bottom land
so the bossman git his fill
while gators in the swamp grass
wait for the kill

flat foot hoofing now,
po'n any you ever seed
the rolling of freight trains
is freedom at his speed

bid'n bye to sorrow now
don't matter if he win
he's shaking out his coat tail
and losing with a grin

the last bomb

the east wind moans
wafting scents of burnt flesh
across pock marked rice fields

the earth trembles angrily

she too misses the children
their butterfly catchings
their proud mothers eye
now staring incredulously
beyond her smoldering village
beyond the monsoon forest
where her man laid dead

beyond the unseen transitorized pilots
and his last falling bomb
opening the earth
sucking here into a hole
in small bits and pieces

Three poems
by Alfred Sonny Howell

Revolution/Retaliatio

OR, HOW WE FINALLY DISPOSED OF THE CHILDREN

DANIEL BERRIGAN, S.J.

Messrs. Hawatma and Arafat—

Some weeks ago, a friend and I sat with you on separate occasions, in remote areas of Beirut. We came in under your guns, a vivid reminder of the long loneliness and instant danger you both endure.

Mr. Hawatma, I remember above all else, the unassailable dignity with which you spoke. When we requested permission to tape your words, you responded: Of course; I do not have one speech for the public, another for private consumption. . . . When we took up the question of terrorism: Our group has renounced such acts since 1969. . . . How then, we asked, do such acts as Kariash Mona occur? You said: You must know that the life of the camps, deprived and crowded, spawns all kinds of fringe madness.

And you, Mr. Arafat, I remember your exhausted face meeting our own. We had been summoned back from Damascus for the meeting. You had obviously been on the road all night, had come that long distance especially to spend a few serious hours with us. You also spoke of renouncing terror. Indeed there was less need of pressing the question with you, the leader of the "moderates." But you volunteered, in as strong terms as Hawatma: We are a political movement above all else. We do not even presume to call ourselves teachers of the people. We would rather say, we learn from the people.

And while you were so speaking, Mr. Hawatma, on that night in April, you were even then planning the seizure of school children as hostages at Maalot. As you must have foreseen, many of them died, as did the three Palestinians who surrounded and invaded the school.

Shortly after your conversation with us, Mr. Arafat, your moderate group entered the lists, sending three commandos to the village of Nahayira in Israel, to terrorize the community, to murder a young mother and her two children.

Such are the facts of life, as your lives for a brief period touched our own; a period upon which I have reflected with a troubled mind since my return to the US.

And especially because a question of the truth arises, inevitably. Because the established world of diplomacy, as we well know, has debased the coinage of speech, to the point where our language is another

among the casualties of life today; along with damaged minds, corrupted consciences, broken bodies, lost communities, murdered children. Human language is thus another item in the devastation wrought by the polished savages who have claimed the earth for their own in our century. Indeed the judgment now commonly accepted as a working principle, is simply that the higher one's political authority, the less responsibility one recognizes toward the truth.

That statesmen lie is of course no news to anyone. We expect it, we endure it. We also know that we must take an opposite tack. So we keep searching for those few places in the world, those few political groupings, those few leaders, who still respect the function of words, who still as they say, keep their word, who are free of fear and ambition, who say what is on their minds, who thus allow their people to be heard from on issues that touch the life and death of all.

We do not expect the truth from the modern state. And coming as we did to the Palestinian people from the first super state of all, we confess to being truly underdeveloped in our expectation.

But we do expect the truth from you. It was in that hope that we approached you; the hope that among the Palestinian leaders (as earlier among the Vietnamese leaders) we had moved outside the orbit of chicanery, privilege, lethal politesse, self aggrandizement, dizzy olympianism, dread of change, the familiar packaging, tailoring and death dealing of our culture. Who needed more of all that? No, we hoped that with you, we could pose certain questions of the most serious import, having to do with a vision of history, a conception of human life, a moral stance in a bloody world—that we would be heard, respected, disagreed with perhaps, but dealt with truthfully. We hoped that in spite of all the immense chasm of geography, birth, destiny, incidence of disease, poverty, malnutrition, uprooting, that separated your people from ours,—we hoped to come away with a sense of where you stood; just as we hoped to convey a sense of where we stood.

We thanked you and said our good byes. In the days that followed, we slogged through the dusty islands of hell, the camps your people have endured for 27 long years—people without a country, landlocked, adrift among the makers and breakers of history, the classic expendables of a world arrangement that allows whole peoples simply to disappear from the world's face. Then we returned to Israel, to speak of what we had seen, to try and persuade upon the

fragile left in that country, a sense of the humanism, dignity and purpose of the Palestinian people and their leaders.

Then you, Arafat, violated your word. I do not hesitate to use such language. When you said: We renounce violence, you made a pact with us. In the simplest of terms, you were giving us to understand; I receive you as brothers. Others are duplicitous, but we are truthful. You may be deceived elsewhere, but not here.

I do not hesitate to say that when the first child was seized at Maalot, there had already been a prior casualty. It was yourself. You had fallen from honor, from grace, from the truth. You had fallen from the privileged place due to a man who in a world twisted out of its skull, refuses to degrade the mind, to misuse speech, to violate friendship.

Indeed, it is not only statesmen who lie. Everyone lies; lies are a universal, debased, cynical, interchangeable, diabolic world bank. Presidents draw on it, diplomats of all camps, highly placed churchmen, corporation heads, bankers, labor leaders, movie stars, intellectuals, hustlers. People lie to the press, lie on television, lie in cabinet meetings, in the international assemblies, in classrooms, in private to one another.

Still, we thought, there must be a small number of people immune from the plague. After Maalot, we know that the number is even smaller than we had calculated. And this was the source of our agony and disappointment. We went to meet you with modest hopes. We knew that a revolution begins with a revolutionary resolve, and we hoped that you would be faithful to that resolve, which is so simple a thing as that the truth must be spoken, that one is forbidden to lie. We were convinced that unless the revolution began with such a resolve, there would be no revolution at all. There would simply be the old filthy method revving up once more, to move in and tighten up and buy off or frighten off or kill off that rarest of goods and fairest of services; call it by whatever name; sanity, trust, truthfulness.

No, you fell from the truth—into diplomacy, which is to say, into murder.

So when you took responsibility for Maalot, we took responsibility for denouncing you, at a press conference in Tel Aviv. In doing so, we were thinking not only of the children who died, or of the commandos who died. We were thinking also of your people, the people of the camps, whom your resolve in effect condemned to death.

For you knew as well as we, that the Israelis would retaliate. You knew the price of "serving notice on Mr. Kissinger that the Palestinians exist." The price was that many Palestinians, children and women among them, would cease to exist. You paid the price; or more to the point, you exacted it; since those who died in the air raids on the camps were never consulted about their fate.

And this viscous web of terror and reprisal, in which people on both sides are caught and go under, wordlessly, without warning, without choice, this is certainly not to be thought of as revolution. It is a diabolic parody of the true method and mystique of human change. It is more like hell; or simply (the same thing) another validation of the status quo.

If ever we meet again, I will have a question for you. It goes something like this. By what authority do you decide who in the Israeli villages (as Rabin must be asked; By what authority do you decide who

in the camps) shall live and who shall die? Why are the doomed people never heard from? Or when you decide that Israeli school children must be seized, do you also hold an election in the Palestinian camps, or ask for volunteers for self-immolation? Do you ask sacrificial people, whether of 70 years or of seven years or of seven months, to consent to die, by napalm or anti-personal weaponry or shelling? Do you keep this list of volunteers conscientiously, and do those alone perish who have chosen to do so? And to safeguard this necessary freedom, so difficult to maintain under armed assault by air or land, have you contrived some miracle of technique by which every bomb, every gun shot, arrives only in its appointed and willing flesh?

To push my odious question further. Do you, leaders, together with your families, consent to be the first victims of the inevitable reprisals? Or, granted that your own qualities of moral acuity, intelligence and stoutness of heart are absolutely indispensable (leaders are always and everywhere absolutely indispensable) are you ready in the name of humanity, and as an example to your people, to push your own children into the furnace of burning jelly? That question I realize, is a harsh one. It will perhaps not further our friendship—a friendship begun so auspiciously in Beirut, under the sign of devotion to truth and aversion from terrorism—some ten days before Maalot and Nahayira.

I wish to pay a kind of tribute to you both, in pushing the question so hard. I only long to push the question as hard, at Dayan or Meier or Rabin. But then, they are chiefs of state, engineers of human resolve, military true believers, Old Hands at death, friends of the "Pentagon Friends of Humanity." Our expectations of such worthies are necessarily quite modest, dedicated as they are to the truth when expedient, and violence as a matter of course. But you gentlemen are another matter entirely, chiefs of a purportedly revolutionary movement. Another world, another conception of history, altogether different connections with people. As men so gifted and so burdened, your meaning surpasses your movement. It reaches out toward people everywhere, as did the Vietnamese resistance. It invigorates and brings hope. In a world governed by death dealers, you speak for a people who refuse to be ground under, to "assimilate" with the dead. Such a people, such leaders, I do not hesitate to say, raise others from the dead. We took heart too in thinking of you. For we had before us (so our hopes ran) a desperately crucial and palpable example; a people, a leadership, that in spite of all, refuse to submit to the fate doled out to them by the neocolonial savages. A people, a leadership who refused to lie down and die.

Our hope of course, did not distinguish between the Palestinian people and their leaders. This we thought entirely right and proper; we saw the people in you, we saw you with your people. You were their hope writ large, made public, given a voice, an ethos, a tradition to link with a common future. When we thought of the leaders, we thought that in them, the virtues of the people would stand clear in an even more heroic degree. And when we pondered the hopes of humanity, nearly extinguished, often betrayed by the leaders of nations, the two virtues I have spoken of seemed crucial, both to the needs of the people themselves, and the needs of the times. I speak of truthfulness and respect for life.

Truthfulness, at least to this degree. One would never announce a grave moral position, while at the same time planning to violate that position. And respect for life, at least to this degree. Unlike almost all governments and their spokesmen and allies and ideologues, one would draw a firm line (and how to that line) between the treatment of enemy combatants and "enemy" children.

You drew that line, apparently, with us. Even while in anticipation, you stepped over it. Do you know what you did at that moment, in that move? You joined the pack. You joined the executioners. You became a government. You sabotaged yourselves and your people, and ourselves, that fourth and fifth and sixth world whose real poverty consists in our deprivation of living human metaphors. I mean our deprivation of men and women who will spring like the door of a stinking tomb, the pressing and vicious claim of death upon us, the living.

I think back on those days and nights of our meetings, of the courtesy and dignity with which you received us. I think too of the choices that were open to you when our friends in Beirut approached you, suggesting a meeting with us. You could have said to yourselves: We are sick of moderation; we are planning Maalot. Therefore we will refuse to meet them. Or you could have said: We have momentous and bloody plans; we will meet these friends, and argue the merits of terror as a necessary tool, in face of the monstrous odds that oppose us. But you made a third choice. You met us, and lied to us.

I look back on our meeting, with ashes in my mouth; a dry sense that a great chance languished and was lost. Whom did we meet in Beirut? Whom did we think to meet? Men of integrity, men of compassion? Or stereotypes, state department spokesmen, those who in Socrates' phrase know so well "how to make the worse appear the better argument," sophists?

We spoke that evening, of the need of taking world opinion into account. Of the need of taking into account even that twisted world opinion which, on page one of its consciousness, names the Palestinian leaders terrorists, and so disposes of them. While on page 17 of its consciousness, it names (at least by implication) the Israeli leaders and their pilots the just redressers of Palestinian crimes. You agreed with us. World opinion was of great moment. We spoke of the care which a revolutionary movement must exercise to keep its values clearly before the world. Which means concretely that the humane, mitigating, just, compassionate, educational aspects of a movement must be insisted upon, purified, expanded, verified in practice, criticized; and that the military, retaliatory, punishing aspects of the movement must be kept as near the bottom of the scale of values and practice, as is consonant with survival itself. You agreed with us.

We urged also the necessity, understood so clearly by the Vietnamese, of winning allies in the world at large, even across disputed borders. We recalled the audacious simplicity with which the Vietnamese invited us to come to Hanoi, to mingle with the people, to visit the hospitals and schools, even to bring home the captured pilots. We suggested that such allies as we Americans had become for the Vietnamese, could also be enlisted by Palestinians among Americans, Europeans and even Israelis. But that such opportunities as these were lost beyond reach, when villagers and school children were murdered. You agreed to this.

We could have told you, if there had been more time, of the signs of change which exist in Israel today. How the October war had introduced an entirely new element into the situation; that Israelis today, in large numbers, are thoughtful, unsure of the future, listening to their critics. The perennial winner, hyped up to win by Big Brother Overseas, is seeing the limits of winning—as well as its cost. The old government is gone; with a sigh of relief from the constituency, a sense of good riddance. That with it has gone a large part of the old supportive mythology; encirclement, security, technological machismo.

Along with all this, the great powers have shifted gears in the near east. Israel is rapidly losing its privileged position vis a vis the US. Who needs to arm and superarm Israel, to shore up its economy, to grant it favored trade and loan status—when in fact the Arab world is daily more amenable to US aid and intervention?

I am suggesting that all kinds of pressures, moves, interests, are bringing a swift change, favorable to the Palestinian cause, within Israel. Something momentous is being born there; a concession that Palestinians exist, the admission that your rights must be taken into account, that generosity and a sense of justice must replace fear and violence; even, that a viable future for Israel depends upon the creation of a viable future for you.

But the consciousness I speak of is quite new and vulnerable. It is something like the nascent American anti-war movement of the middle and late sixties.

So I wonder, as I ponder the force of this analogy. What would have happened to the American movement (and indeed to the Vietnamese) if they had decided to execute a number of captured American pilots, in retaliation for crimes committed against non-combatants? What would have happened, even granted that the pilots were objectively guilty, in repeated instances, of crimes of war?

Of course my analogy limps. American pilots, heaping horror upon inferno in Vietnam, can hardly be equated with Israeli children. Still the point may not be entirely obscure. The trial and execution of American pilots could have been considered by the Vietnamese as a reminder to the civilized world that they existed. But at the same time, such an act would have brought down on them the Armageddon retaliation of those who itched for a "definitive solution" to a troublesome, abstract, distant, untameable people, whose very existence was a daily affront; man prevailing against superman.

What to do? Instead of executing the pilots, the Vietnamese decided on a radically different course of action, as you recall. They invited American peace people to Hanoi; and over a period of years, while the bombing of their country continued and intensified, they released a number of pilots, home free.

It was an audacious gesture, whose impact on the American public, as well as on world opinion, was incalculable. More nearly to our discussion, the gesture included just those elements of magnanimity, hope and mercy which appealed to the best qualities of Americans, which further widened the breach between public and government, which sent some of us into acts of serious civil disobedience.

It became increasingly difficult, in the face of such a wartime gesture, to ignore the contradictions which the war itself contained. What kind of people, victims

(Continued on page 18)

An Open Letter of Resignation from the Catholic Left

TED GLICK

*O, let America be America again—
The land that never has been yet—
And yet must be—the land where
every person is free.*

*The land that's mine—the poor man's
Indians, Negros, ME.*

*Who made America,
Whose sweat and blood, whose faith and pain,
Whose hand at the foundry, whose
plow in the rain,
Must bring back our mighty dream again*

*Oh yes,
I say it plain,
America never was America to me,
And yet I swear this oath,
America will be!* —LANGSTON HUGHES

After reading the issue of WIN [7/18/74] with the article by Phil Berrigan, "On Kingmaking," I became very angry. And now I am writing this Open Letter of Resignation from the Catholic Left.

Phil and I are brothers. We have been through a great deal together—prison, a major conspiracy trial in Harrisburg, various resistance activities of rather serious consequence, difficult discussions and personal confrontations. For the past month and a half we have been corresponding. The correspondence was initiated by myself because, 1) we had gotten out of touch over the previous months and, 2) I had developed such major and deep-seated personal/political differences with him that I felt if I did not make an

attempt to begin moving towards some more clear resolution of those differences our friendship would be in jeopardy. Believing that political disagreements should not destroy friendships, I began writing, honestly and forthrightly, how I saw his work and his politics.

My personal/political differences grew out of a belief that Phil and the Jonah House community in Baltimore he had gathered around him were "continuing to operate as if six years has not passed between Catonsville and now." I believed that there was "a very strong sense of elitism in the words you say and the things you do." I felt that was most certainly true "as far as the lives of poor people and working people." I stated that I saw the work of Jonah House as "very disconnected to the realities of life for most people in this country."

I put forward my political stance in the following way, "For the past two years I have been struggling to live in a way which responds to the lives and suffering of my people, the American people, to understand the confusion and fear and pain with which they live their lives. That is why I am doing impeachment work (with the National Campaign to Impeach Nixon)—because it is a way to be in touch with "the masses" because "the masses" are strongly against Nixon. And I am convinced that the key to revolutionary change is the kind of rootedness the movement has in the lives of such people. They are the motive force in history, not small groups of "purified" cadres disconnected to the realities of life for those around them. Only the people, their consciousness and militance raised in part because of our work among them, can force the kind of change necessary to end imperialism and with it the injustice and inhumanity of capitalist society.

"Political organizing—that is what is needed. Moral witness, 'purified' actions—these lead, in the long run, to demoralization and little growth. . . Only political

Ted Glick (circled) with his co-defendants at the Harrisburg conspiracy trial.



organizing combined with a commitment to live moral and upstanding lives can lead us to where we want to be going."

In the letter Phil sent back to me he recommended I read an article in WIN on nonviolence in Latin America, the April 18th issue. I got hold of a copy and, to my surprise, thought the article was, on the whole, a good one. Some of the parts of it that I felt particularly applied to the discussion at hand and which I quoted in my second letter were:

"The word has three components. First, an overall awareness of essential basic truths, such as those of history, sociology, economics, politics—including the truths of the exploitation of labor and the class struggle." (My italics.)

"All their leaders and a majority of the friends in each base (the organizational form of the movement being examined) are *lay and proletarian*." (My italics.)

"Theoretical education should be broad. Among the topics studied, particular stress should be given to identification of the "enemies," viz colonialism, militarism, landlordism, capitalism, racism." (My inclusions: sexism and classism.)

"Nonviolent activists must be wise as owls, cunning as serpents, patient as glaciers, as well as pure as doves. Their methods *must be practical*, designed to achieve success, *not merely moral*. *Martyrdom is the last resort*. *Every strategy possible must be tried in the hope of avoiding martyrdom*." (My italics.)

There has been one more exchange of letters. In mine I ended with the poem I quoted at the beginning of this Open Letter.

Why did I use that poem? Of what relevance does it have to my decision to "quit the Catholic Left" (rather, to make public what has essentially been a reality for close to two years)? Why do I write now?

In trying to figure out what I would say and how I would begin in this letter I had a difficult time. On the one hand, I did not want to leave any doubt about my vehement opposition to the elitist, moralistic, non-political, time-worn style of operating within the movement that was so pervasive throughout "On Kingmaking." (And which is so pervasive elsewhere in the operation of what's left of the Catholic Left.) I would suppose that that previous sentence would leave no such doubts.

On the other hand, I wanted to try to balance that vehemence—indeed, honestly verges on bitter—with the kind of alternative vision which is infinitely to be desired and which is the only hope, in the long run, of bringing about revolutionary change in American society. There is little more I can or should add to that poem—its politics and vision, its embodiment of the contradictions and promise of America, are too overwhelming for elaboration.

I have developed, over the five years of my involvement in the resistance, anti-war movement and now the impeachment movement, what can only be called a Marxist/Feminist/Religious analysis, world-view, a way of acting. If that is too complex, I am sorry—perhaps I can explain it at some future time—but space would not allow the kind of exploration it deserves here. Suffice it to say that I have moved very far away from the "moral," "Catholic," "witness-action" kind of life that I once was part of when I was involved in the draft board raiding community. I have summarized my political views earlier on in this Open Letter. I feel good about them and my life. I know that they may

change in some form—indeed, I know they will, thank God!—and I am open to that change. I do not believe in locking yourself into a narrow way of living and observing. That way does not lie revolutionary change, only isolation and withdrawal from reality.

The irony is that my political development in these ways come directly out of the 11 months in prison I spent for raiding draft boards and FBI offices in Rochester, NY in September of 1970. There in prison (a concentrated form of the society outside) I became "proletarianized." There I saw first hand and close up the dynamics of class and race as they affected the prison population. There I took note of the privileges given to those who were white, well-connected or boot-licking to the administration (the ruling class). And there I developed a deep and abiding trust in the ability of those who are oppressed to resist that oppression and create a more just and more decent way of living if those who consciously saw themselves as organizers were among them to learn from them, to organize with them (not dominate but to help make more coherent their opposition) and to resist with them. I became convinced that that way lay the future.

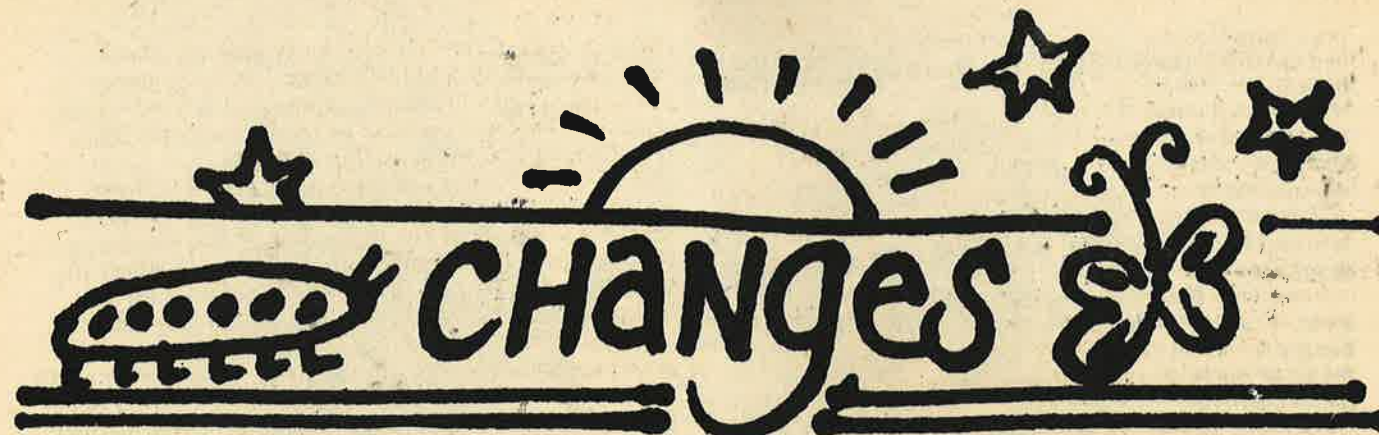
I am "resigning" from the "Catholic Left" (or what is publicly identified as it, because there are many, many former "members" who have moved in similar ways as I) because I no longer want there to be any confusion on the part of my movement sisters and brothers and people I come into contact with as to the present direction of my life. It is away from the kind of elitism and non-revolutionary nonviolence being practiced by the Jonah House community. It is away from simplistic views on violence and war and towards an understanding of class, sex and race—sexist, racist capitalism and its mirror image, state capitalism in the Soviet Union—as the most significant roots of such evils. It is towards the kind of socialist/feminist, revolutionary, personal/political theory and practice which the New American Movement is developing. It is towards the digging in of roots, authentic, honest and ongoing, with poor, Third World and working-class people. And it is towards the kind of politics and vision expressed in Langston Hughes' beginning poem. "O, let America be America again—The land that never has been yet, and yet must be—the land where every person is free." Our freedom will only come through a struggle *with* the American people for change. That is our direction for the future.

(Continued from page 16)

of atrocious crimes of war, chose voluntarily to release the criminal? Who was the enemy anyway?

May I suggest that we who brought the first of the released pilots out of Vietnam, will be haunted all our lives long by this stroke of simple humanity. And by the evident fact that the gesture was also a stroke of political genius. As well as by the union of the two, a sense of humanity and a sense of political timing, into something organic, correct in nature.

You on the other hand, have decided to underscore the justice of your cause by a very different method. May I say that your course of action, which involves untruth and terror, is tactically self defeating. Duplicity toward friends and the murder of the innocent, only serves to stifle sympathy for your cause and your people, a sense that is just coming to birth in Israel and in the world at large.



IS ERNIE HURTIN'?

E&J Gallo Winery has launched an expensive and massive propaganda campaign aimed at discrediting the United Farm Workers of America (UFW), AFL-CIO, and giving credibility to the Teamsters union.

Gallo, reeling from a UFW sponsored boycott of its wines, has hired two public relations firms to stem the tide of mounting pro-Chavez and farm worker support.

The two firms, Erwin and Wasey Inc. and Young & Rubicam, are now trying to make it appear that Gallo, the largest winery in the world, is the innocent victim of a "jurisdictional dispute" between two rival unions who somehow cannot get along.

Care is taken never to mention the real issues in the dispute, like free representational elections, wages and fringe benefits, a union hiring hall, or general union protection and job security.

Below is a sample of the p.r. work now being undertaken on behalf of the Gallo Winery: a letter to pro-boycott religious groups, signed by Ernest Gallo.

My brother Julio, and I are distressed by the position taken by some religious groups on the jurisdictional dispute between the United Farm Workers of America and the Teamsters Union.

The dispute has escalated to include boycotting of Gallo products, and some UFW boycott committees throughout the nation have resorted to false statements about our company in their efforts to gain sympathy and support. . .

We know Cesar Chavez to be a man with honorable motives and we have held him in high regard, personally. We also know that he has encountered many difficulties administratively in developing his young union.

We gladly gave him facilities and every possible assistance when he represented our ranch employees from 1967 to 1973, for we share his beliefs in the rights of farm workers, and his aspirations to better their lives. . .

We now believe that we have turned the other cheek long enough. It appears

that a number of religious groups have endorsed a boycott of all Gallo products in the sincere but mistaken belief that we are cruel and inhuman exploiters of farm workers and their families.

Further, many supply an endorsement without inquiring about the facts; and many supply an endorsement of the lettuce and grape boycott only to learn later that they are also being credited with an endorsement of the Gallo boycott.

I will tell you quite frankly that this has been a saddening and disillusioning experience for my brother and me. Because we have honored and respected the wishes of our farm workers to change union, we have been caught in the middle of a jurisdictional dispute between the two unions.

This in turn has subjected us to vilification and character assassination. If there is any moral justification for this, we are at a loss to find it.

If you have any questions at all about any area of this dispute, I would appreciate your writing to me and allowing me to answer your questions in complete detail.

—ERNEST GALLO
E.&J. Gallo Winery
Modesto, CA 95350
—Various Sources

THE MAYOR RESIGNS

Stephen Laughlin and Annette Lombardi, California Peace & Freedom Party's only elected officials, resigned their posts as mayor and city council member here in August.

Laughlin and Lombardi, both 27, who were elected on the Peace & Freedom ticket in April 1972, left office after being arrested with a third person while taking a dozen marijuana plants from the basement of city hall. The plants had been seized earlier in a police raid. Laughlin and Lombardi said they had intended to plant the pot in the town plaza, an action they later said was an "error in judgment."

Less than a year ago the two officials won a recall election sponsored by conservative city council members.

—Grass Roots

PICKET FORD ON AMNESTY

Having been organized with only a day's notice by an informal coalition, it wasn't a big demo. It was overshadowed by a much bigger one—of pro-Greeks protesting US policy in Cyprus. But it was better than none at all at the United Nations, September 18, as Ford, for the first time, addressed the General Assembly. Only two days before, he had issued his phony amnesty proclamation.

So, as two persons, facing First Avenue, held a big banner saying "Universal & Unconditional Amnesty," about 50 of us circled the sidewalk with placards. The whole WRL staff participated.

Regarding the phony amnesty, it was aptly put in perspective by *New York Times* columnist, Tom Wicker the day after Ford's proclamation, when he wrote:

The unconditional preventive pardon that President Ford extended to Richard Nixon is not really relevant to the conditional, half-hearted, half-punitive amnesty Mr. Ford has offered to Vietnam draft evaders and deserters. The Nixon pardon makes the amnesty plan LOOK worse; but it does not really MAKE it worse. It would have been a bad plan whatever had been done about Mr. Nixon.

—Jim Peck

PAPANDREOU FORMS NEW POLITICAL ORGANIZATION

Andreas Papandreou announced Sept. 3 the formation of a new political organization in Greece, the Panhellenic Socialist Movement. Papandreou, the son of a former Greek Premier, is now regarded as the chief political threat to Prime Minister Constantine Caramanlis.

He announced the new organization at a press conference in Athens, and said that the Panhellenic Socialist Movement's main objective will be the establishment of an independent government in Greece, free from both foreign influence and from control by the Greek oligarchy. Papandreou said the new organization advocates complete Greek withdrawal from NATO. Caramanlis announced withdrawal of Greece from

the NATO military command but not the political structure on August 14—a move many thought was aimed at undercutting Papandreu and other critics of NATO and US support for the military junta in Greece.

Papandreu also called for the termination of all political and economic agreements that threaten the national independence of Greece, and especially those, he said, that have been used to transform Greece into an outpost for the expansionist plans of Washington. He also called on the Caramanlis Government to punish the members of the military junta responsible for the

atrocities of the seven years of military rule and the Greek-sponsored coup on Cyprus July 15. —Internews

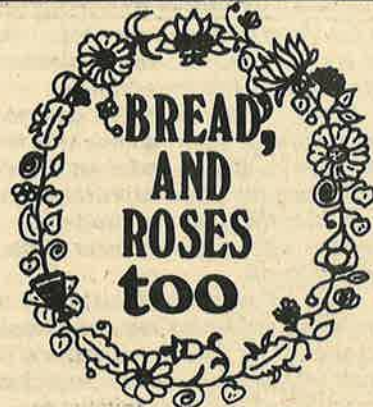
FARMWORKER NEWS

The United Farmworkers of America (UFWA) have changed their position regarding the illegal aliens problem. They had demanded only that the immigration laws be strictly enforced so their workers would not be in competition with the cheap but illegal labor from Mexico.

Cesar Chavez, president of the UFWA, is now encouraging a letter writing campaign directed at congressmen and senators to allow the aliens to enter this country with full and equal democratic rights. Until such time as aliens are allowed full rights the farmworkers union is demanding that the current immigration laws are strictly enforced "so that America's poorest workers can achieve decent living and working conditions."

In the meantime the union's boycott of lettuce and grapes is reported to be continuing with great success, particularly on the east coast. —Mike Rhodes

Surprise, Surprise. Both *Gerald Ford* and *William Colby*, mass murderer par excellence now holding down work as head of the CIA, have admitted that the CIA was involved in stopping the left in Chile. The curious thing is that the bourgeois media is treating these admissions as if CIA intervention in Chile were news. The liberals in the Congress are upset because it was such bad form for the agency to be caught almost red handed in the murder of an elected chief of state. The *Foreign Relations Committee* will be reopening hearings soon, trying to do a bit of reforming of the agency, saying that this type of covert activity is okay, but that type isn't. They should start thinking along the lines of OI' Inspector Erskine of the FBI, who used to come on in ads for *The FBI* talking about the mafia (until they made them quit using the word mafia on TV). He used to say that "the mafia is a cancer, it has to be cut out before it grows." Couldn't put it any better about the CIA. Trying to reform it is like trying to put a band-aid on a chancre and hoping it will go away. . . . Congress is busy doing the people's work, though. According to the *Congressional Record*, one congressperson, *Rep. Frank Horton* of New York, introduced four separate but identical bills (HR 16551, HR 16552, HR 16553, HR 16554) with the purpose of establishing a *Commission on Federal Paperwork*. All of this, of course, could have done just as well with one bill, but Horton had a bunch of cosponsors, all of whom wanted a copy of the bill to send home to their constituents to prove how they were abolishing the Washington red tape by Congressional edict. The thing is, there's only room enough on the first page of a bill to list about twenty five lawmakers, so Horton introduced four bills, the first on cosponsored, alphabetically by everyone from *Abdnor* to *Heinz*, the second one by the bunch from *Hudnit* to *Roush*, etc., right on down the line. . . . *Corporate Childcare*



and the politics of "Kentucky Fried Children" is the subject of a piece in the most recent issue of *The Second Wave: A magazine of the new Feminism*. If you'd like a copy of a magazine whose collective sees itself as part of an ongoing, historical feminist struggle, contact them at Box 344, Cambridge A, Cambridge, MA 02139. . . . *Vegetarians* of the world, unite! The "World Vegetarian Congress" will be held, August 16-28, 1975, at the University of Maine, Orono, Maine. If you'd like to find out more about it, write the *Vegetarian Voice*, 501 Old Harding Hiway, Malaga, New Jersey 08328. . . . For all the weather modification observers who were wondering if there would be any followup of a previous mention on what the government was doing with nature; Well, the Congress last month appropriated \$200,000 per year through 1977 for a weather modification study, to be administered by the *National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration* of the Department of Commerce. During 1973, 67 weather modification efforts were made in 19 states. Now the monitoring of those efforts will come under the jurisdiction of the Department of Commerce. . . . The *Thomas Merton Unity Center* of Isla Vista, Calif. has found one way to divert tax dollars to worthy needs. On election days, members of the center donate a day of their time to sitting at polling places, for which they are paid by the county

\$21.00 each. They figure on raising \$900 in November. For more information, drop them a line at 892 Camirio Del Sur, Isla Vista, Calif. 93017. . . . The *National Campaign to Impeach Nixon* is closing up shop. But they do have available some posters on Rockefeller that promise to be good. If you'd like one, they're available for fifty cents by writing to NCIN, c/o Glick, 2406 18th Street, NW, Washington, DC 20009. . . . A political statement from the *National Interim Committee of the Mass Party of the People* (whew) will be coming out within the next month. That is the group which is organizing around the idea of a third party, sparked by a paper by Arthur Kinoy in *Liberation*. Discussion groups have begun dealing with the idea in several cities around the United States. The political statement will be addressed to movement activists of the sixties and the seventies. . . . *Ron Ridenour*, "the GI who first blew the whistle on Mylai with his letters to Congress" is available for speaking dates for fund raisers, lectures and meetings. For more information, contact Arizonians for Peace, 1414 South McAllister, Tempe, Arizona 85281. . . . *FPS: A Magazine of Young People's Liberation* is available through Youth Liberation, 20007 Washtenaw Ave., Ann Arbor, Michigan 48104. . . . *Sing Out*, a folk song magazine with fine politics, has an interview with Joan Jara, widow of slain Chilean folk singer Victor Jara, in its most recent issue. Also included is one of those little plastic records that *Sing Out* regularly puts in its magazine; this month, it has Pete Seeger singing the last song of Jara, written while he was imprisoned in the National Soccer Stadium in Santiago, as well as an original song sung by Jara, one by English folk singer Frankie Laine, and others. *Sing Out* is located at 106 West 28th Street, New York, NY 10001. . . . Remember, the rising of the women means the rising of the race. That's the human race. —Brian Doherty

Reviews

THE SOVEREIGN STATE OF ITT

Anthony Sampson
Fawcett Crest paperback 335 pp \$1.75

A major factor in turning me against war as a teenager was books printed at the time which gave facts and figures on how the big armaments corporations sold indiscriminately to both sides during World War I.

A most interesting section of *The Sovereign State of ITT* is its account of how that multinational giant operated on both sides during World War II. Sosthenes Behn, predecessor of today's ITT fuehrer, Harold Geneen and the same type of single-purposed industrialist, set up ITT operations in Germany following personal meetings with both Hitler and Goering. (After one of his meetings with Hitler, "Behn remarked how well dressed Hitler was, and how much of a gentleman.") In fact, Sampson tells us: "Behn was so confident in Hitler that he was prepared to strengthen ITT's companies in Germany at the cost of its companies elsewhere."

But while ITT's German affiliate produced Focke-Wulf planes which bombed Allied ships and while ITT's German telephonic equipment passed information to Nazi submarines, ITT's US affiliate helped to capture those same submarines through a high frequency direction finder developed in its New Jersey labs.

"But ITT buried its history in a mountain of public relations, so that scarcely anyone on its staff now knows that it was ever associated with the Focke-Wulf bombers or with Hitler's SS," Sampson writes. "Most remarkable of all, ITT now presents itself as the innocent victim of the second World War and has been handsomely recompensed for its injuries. In 1967, nearly 30 years after the events, ITT actually managed to obtain \$27 million in compensation from the American government, for war damage to its factories in Germany, including \$5 million for damage to Focke-Wulf plants—on the basis that they were American property bombed by Allied bombers. It was a notable reward for a company that had to deliberately invested in the German war effort, and so carefully arranged to become German. *If the Nazis had won, ITT in Germany would have appeared impeccably Nazi; as they lost, it reemerged as impeccably American.*" (italics mine)

Well, that is history, you may say. But what about ITT today and in the future? The book's final chapter opens: "While ITT was so passionately devoting itself to blocking and bringing down a Marxist government in Chile, it was at the very same time eagerly negotiating with the Communists in Moscow to open up the huge potential new market as the Cold War thawed. This story is revealing not only of ITT's contradictions but of the new scale of industrial diplomacy;

for the Russians have negotiated with the giant companies as if they were treating with separate states."

Sampson sums it up with: "ITT still regards itself as above governments, above controls, and above morals. It presents itself still as an American company in America, British in Britain, German in Germany; but it owes loyalty to none of them, and regards each government as an unnecessary obstruction. It would be absurd, I believe, to compare ITT's recent misdeeds with its wartime (World War II) performance. But throughout its five decades, it has remained irresponsible and uncontrollable."

That's the score regarding ITT and ITT is but a flagrant example of the multinational corporations which rule the capitalist world today—and which, despite their anti-Communist mouthings, have no hesitation to deal with the Communist world which fatten their pocketbooks.

One would not tend to think that the history of a corporation would make interesting reading. But, as the book critic of the *San Francisco Chronicle* expressed it, *The Sovereign State of ITT* "reads like a fiction thriller."

Because this book really tells the score about today's ruling class—and in such an interesting manner—I am adding it to the WRL literature list from which it can be ordered by WIN readers. I'm sure that many bookstore browsers have seen the book and passed it by, thinking that they already know the whole story because they read about the much-publicized deal under which ITT donated \$400,000 to the Republican Convention projected for San Diego in return for dropping an anti-trust suit against the corporation. That ain't half of the ITT story—or an eighth or even a twentieth of what is told in this book. —Jim Peck

DUDDY KRAVITZ IS A SEMI-SEXIST SEMI-ANTI-SEMITIC FLICK

The new stereotype for the self-diagnosed pushy young Jew will no longer be Budd Schulberg's Sammy Glick of the '40's, but Mordecai Richler's Duddy Kravitz of the '70's (written, in fact, in the late '50's). I have no doubt that Schulberg and Richler were both writing about aspects of themselves (inevitably writers do, but perhaps here more acutely), and have a love-hate relationship with their Sammy and Duddy selves, as well as with the backgrounds from which they sprang.

Duddy, played frenetically by Richard Dreyfuss, is a ruthless but rather appealing young Canadian Jew who saves up money from waiting tables in a Jewish summer resort, wheeling and dealing and buttering up the richer clients. From here he goes on to various nefarious enterprises which come and go so quickly that you would have to take notes or have the script at hand to sort them out. The faith-

ful French waitress that he picked up at the resort sticks by him through all his sleazy deals, rather incomprehensibly, apparently because he turns her on and because she has faith in his ability to get what he wants—their common goal being the purchase of the land around a virginal Canadian lake which he hopes to develop. Already there is that ambiguity in him, and in us about him: his bubbling enthusiasm for these natural beauties, his lust to possess and therefore destroy them. When Duddy takes on an innocent young hayseed justler who is trying to import illegal pinball machines, there is again the self-pushing manipulative Duddy we can hate, but also Duddy the *naif*, full of *joie de vivre*, whose operations incidentally result in acquisition of a truck long dreamed of by the hayseed hustler. Could Duddy help it if the boy is epileptic and has an accident which paralyzes him for life? Well, yes he could, or at least that's about as far as his French mistress is willing to go with Duddy, and she takes off to care for the pathetic paralytic epileptic. By the time Duddy gets together the dough for the lake, he is rejected even by his nice old Orthodox grandfather who had told him that a man is nothing without land. At 21, as the film ends, Duddy is a washout. Well, not quite: there is life in the old boy yet, and as he goes bouncing down the street one senses that the redoubtable *chutzpah* will find expression again—perhaps in the form of a novel or a movie about a pushy young Jewish boy.

I haven't mentioned the many other characters and incidents which color and encumber Duddy's life along the way: his simple, hearty taxi-driving father, played well by Jack Warden; his medical student brother, played anemically by a totally forgettable young man; Duddy's sad, risen-in-the-world uncle whose hopes had been placed on the brother, not Duddy; the "entrepreneur" his father had always admired and wants Duddy to pattern himself after, who turns out to be a noxious underworld figure that Duddy gets the best of; the junkyard millionaire—the most "Jewish" caricature of them all—whose resort tips started Duddy on his way and whose occasional aid rescues Duddy temporarily from the disasters he deserves. There is also a tipping art-film-maker with whom Duddy hooks up to make "creative" films about Bar Mitzvahs, resulting in a sequence which is so squirmingly absurd that it is, in fact, quite funny.

I had expected not to like this film at all, partly because of comments I'd read by Stanley Kauffman whose reviews I tend to agree with, partly because I'd met Mordecai Richler in Israel 12 years ago and did not find him particularly sympathetic. As journalists we were thrown together by the Israeli press relations office and sent on a few trips together, though I hardly remember having an entire conversation with Richler. He maintained an indifferent, world-weary attitude throughout our visit to my old kibbutz at Geshar Haziv, and the only enthusiasm I recall seeing him show was for a suede leather suit that he was buying for his wife in an expensive Tel Aviv shop. So I was prejudiced: and I found I liked his film better than I expected. Beyond speculations that it is "anti-semitic" in its gross characterizations of Duddy and others, there are also objections that there is no clear viewpoint: Duddy is neither hero nor clear villain; we don't know whether we (or the film-makers) like him or not. This did not especially bother me: in fact it made me in some ways more accepting of the film. And the characters are exaggerated more amiably than hatefully, so that what may be taken as "anti-semitism" comes through more as Jewish jokes told nostalgically by Jews than as racist tales told by bigots. But what did bother me, left me feeling unsatisfied or undernourished (all these bagels and no

lox?), was the skimpiness of real characterization, the tickles where there might have been probes, the sacrifice of motive for laughs. Well, what did I expect from a comedy: soul-wracking drama? In a good Jewish joke (or perhaps any good joke) there is some universal truth idiosyncratically revealed. The largely Jewish sub- and -urban audience I saw Duddy with rumbled with laughter throughout and apparently spread the word as waves more are inundating the suburban theatres. If non-Jewish ethnics (WASP millionaires, for example) recognize themselves in Duddy or any of his associates, it may be due more to guilty leaps of their own imagination than to the empathetic skills of Richler and his director Ted Kotcheff.

As to women, that other pushy minority, all we are given to identify with is the low-voiced low-key French-woman who enacts (adequately, but with little playing space) the mistress-mother-secretary-nurse all rolled into one. Or you can fall into the usual passive feminine pastime (aided by such recent films as *The Sting*, *Butch Cassidy*, and numerous others) of watching men push, pummel, cheat, charm, lie, lay, shoot and steal their way toward goals which, ineffable or unachievable as they may be, provide a lot of laughs, thrills, chills and shills all the way to the bank.

—Ann Davidon

THE HITCHHIKER'S FIELD MANUAL

Paul DiMaggio, Collier Books, \$1.95

THE GREAT ESCAPE

Edited by Min S. Yes, Bantam, \$7.00

These books offer various in-expensive "escapes" in keeping with the "counter-culture" lifestyle of little money and a footloose and fancy-free attitude. *The Hitchhiker's Field Manual* is a "hassle-free and thumb-tripping" guide to North America that lists the ins-and-outs, dos-and don'ts, of the cheapest ways of traveling. Even experienced trippers will find hints and cautions they can learn from. For the novice, the *Field Manual* (why the military title?) offers a comprehensive guide to places to go, places to stay, and how to get there. The first part deals with the history and philosophy of hitching with attention paid to how to get a ride, when not to accept a ride, hitching and the law, dealing, crash pads, flop houses, and places to stay. The second is a regional compilation of lore that features maps and telephone numbers and addresses of local switchboards, crash pad services and other items of interest and importance. The book is very worthwhile, especially for those making, say, a coast-to-coast trip or planning to do a lot of hitching.

The Great Escape, a high-priced, over-sized paperback is as valuable to the armchair traveler taking a Scot's vacation (sitting home and letting your mind wander) as it is to the actual travelling escaper. It is like a *Whole Earth Catalogue* of off-beat trips, places to see, things to do. The emphasis is on the off-beat. How about visiting the strange Winchester House in San Jose where the stairways lead to blank walls and the doors lead to nowhere in an effort to baffle unfriendly spirits? Or, how to go about becoming a movie star in Hollywood. Or, exceptional bus trips along the California coast; where they go and what they cost (the maps cover the whole country). There are games, water sports, lore on food, walks, dancing, caving, meditation and it's all presented in a perky magazine-filler format that makes for light browsing. The high price is the only obstacle to my unflinching recommendation of *The Great Escape*, but if other people spend a couple of thousand dollars on vacation, maybe you can splurge this once.

—Tom McNamara

People's Bulletin Board

Free if no \$ involved but limited to 20 words. Otherwise \$1 every 10 words.

LIBERTARIAN BOOK CLUB Fall Lectures, Thursday evenings, 7:30 PM, Workman's Circle Center, 369 8th Ave. (SW corner 29 St.), admission free. October 10: Merrill Moss, "Anarchism, Syndicalism, and the Counter-culture"; October 24: Samuel H. Friedman, "The Middle East Problem—Can It Be Solved?"; November 14: Irving Levitas, "Anarchism in New England"; December 12: Dan Georgakas and Leonard Rubenstein, "Art and Anarchy."

AMNESTY CHRISTMAS cards, original design. 12 for \$5.00 donation. Amnesty bracelets with resisters name, \$4.50 donation, Safe Return, 156 Fifth Avenue, Room 1003-C, New York, NY 10010.

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New Midwest research institute seeks unselfish, socially-conscious, non-careerist MA-PhD Movement economists, political scientists, etc. who can get grants or raise funds. Semi-scholarly studies on war-peace reconversion, etc. Read Gross and Osterman "The New Professionals" pp 33-77. Midwest Institute, 1206 N 6th St., 43201.

US NEOCOLONIALISM IN AFRICA, by Steward Smith. Continent-wide picture of US corporate profiteering and political, cultural and military intervention in Africa since the 1950's. Illuminating background for current developments in Africa. Cloth \$8.00; Paper \$2.95. From International Publishers, 381 Park Avenue South, New York, NY 10016. Write for complete catalogue; please mention WIN ad.

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Wanted: Folks interested in establishing cooperative homestead in Western Maine. We've got land. Write Tony Scucci, New Vineyard, ME 04956.

The Community Church of Boston meets Sunday mornings at 10:30 AM at Boston University's Morse Auditorium at 602 Commonwealth Avenue. All invited. Program for October: Oct. 6: Howard Zinn, Oct. 13: Ms. Wilma Scott Helde, ex-Pres. of NOW, Oct. 20: to be announced, Oct. 17: Rev. Stephen H. Fritchman.

US Senator James Abourezk will speak on the abuses of US Foreign Aid in Chicago, October 20th. Call 922-8234.

DOING COMMUNITY ORGANIZING or support for poor people's groups? Maybe we can help. National Coalition for Social Change, 58 N. 3rd St., Phila, PA 19106.


PRISONERS REQUESTING CORRESPONDENCE:

Clarence W. Frye, 137-695
Carl Jackson, 129-339
Douglass John 137-146
Mikel Bayless, 136-045
Stacie Shaltan Harris, 135-616
Harry Simpson, 136-239
Joe McCoy, 137-802
Johnnie Brown, 138-343


Please write these lonely people. They are all at Box 69, London, Ohio.

Correspond with political prisoners in S. Africa. Write to Park Slope Committee against Apartheid, 518 10 St., Brooklyn 11215.

Needed RIGHT NOW while the grape harvest is at its peak—Full time volunteers to help organize boycotts in San Diego. \$5/week plus room & board & a chance to work for decency. Write: United Farm Workers, AFL-CIO, 1825 National Ave., San Diego, CA 92113, or call Scott Washburn 233-5648 or 234-3024.

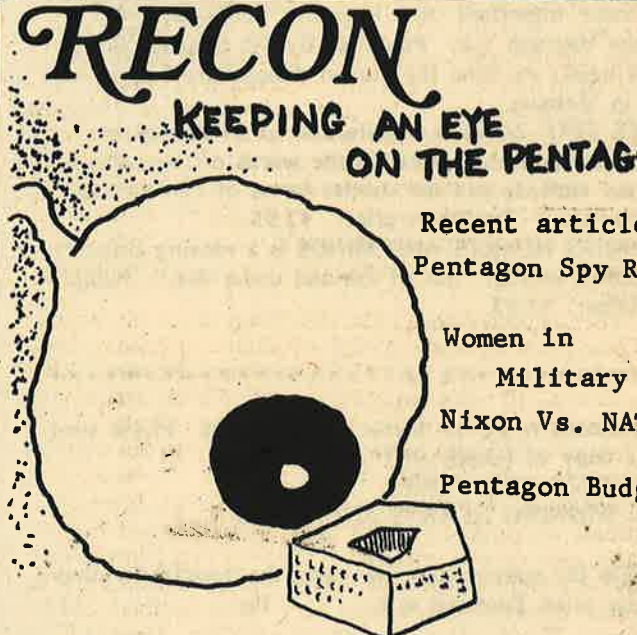


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