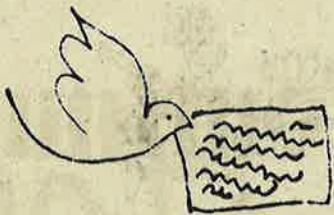


win
PEACE & FREEDOM THRU NONVIOLENT ACTION

The Continuing Agony of Northern Ireland;

The Mayaguez Affair; Prison Life





I would like to state my views on the end of the Vietnam war, not only in response to the writers [WIN, 5/1/75], but also to Ed Lazar [Letters, 4/15/75].

I agree with Jim Forest, Tom Cornell and Staughton Lynd about the PRG victory, and I find it deplorable that people celebrate it without remembering the great loss of life inflicted to achieve it. Ed Lazar was right to question the wisdom of a pacifist magazine using the term, "liberation" to describe military campaigns. However, I cannot conclude that what the PRG did was as horrible as the atrocities of our government in Cambodia and Vietnam.

I am a pacifist and could never advocate the killing of anyone, particularly innocent people; no war is just. Nor am I ignoring the ambiguity of the situation. I want the third force recognized, not thrown in jail. But I cannot feel as Lazar does that the peace movement should protest the violation of the treaty by the PRG. Granted, neither side followed the agreements to the letter although the best thing would have been for both sides to follow it so at least the killing could be reduced.

Yet the Vietnamese have been victims of outside colonialism for decades, and of institutionalized violence perpetuated by the United States. How can we turn our backs on their struggle for what most peoples of the world want (freedom from outside influence) just because of the irrational violence used as a response to the genocide of the Vietnamese people by Western invaders? Is it so wrong for them to celebrate the expulsion of the Americans? Is it a negation of pacifism to have compassion for people who are finally throwing off the burden of Western rule? Can this be done without applauding violence, or loving the PRG? I believe so.

—INA GOLDSTEN
Washington, DC

Instead of singling out one individual, I would like to reply to the letters from pacifists condemning the PRG for using military violence to erase the Thieu regime and finally ejecting imperialist America from Vietnam.

Do we sit on our intellectual, bourgeois clouds and condemn a method of resistance chosen by another people? What alternative did the Vietnamese have? In the beginning the NLF used nonviolence that raised the hair on the necks of Diem and his his den of thieves. Do we maintain our elite stance and denounce them because they elected to defend themselves with arms? They were, after all fighting for their homes and families. The PRG never has employed a policy of search and destroy; never have they saturation bombed or shelled cities as a method of wanton destruction. A rural guerrilla army is not built on terror but cooperation.

The victory of the PRG came not so much from military force. Thieu's government collapsed because there was no sustenance, no popular support, for no other reason. Corruption and terror spelled his end.

Many years ago the war would have been over had not the United States continued interference. Our nonviolent resistance here in the monster helped extricate the military machine.

Vietnam has won, we helped them, consequently we won for ourselves. So let's quit looking down our aristocratic, educated noses and get on with business. The war is over, for that we should truly celebrate. At least I will extend hearty greetings of solidarity to the PRG and wish them much success in rebuilding a nation from chaos and ruin.

—STEPHEN T. WILLINGHAM
Berryville, Va.

I read the May 8th issue of WIN with the usual combination of reverent humility (there they are, giving voice to outrage, trying to counteract by communicating positive alternatives) and resentment (here's yet another non-poem by Daniel Berrigan, who reads of the death of 100 orphans in a plane crash and swiftly hammers out a statement: nobody will ever be able to accuse him of turning his face away). It would seem that silence is a crime, and blather of any sort proof that one has labored in the vineyards of moral certainty.

In the same issue is an article lambasting those chauvinistic pignoths who sought to assuage their "deserved" guilt by adopting Vietnamese orphans (i.e., ripping off the scant remaining blossoms of that blighted country and bringing them up as culturally deprived malignant Americans). It may have taken Michele Clark a few days to give birth to her angry article; the adoptive parents have taken on, by taking in one orphan, a minimum of 16 years and \$20,000 worth of child-rearing. Many of them were already ex-

perienced in parenting and knew damned well what they were in for.

It's that kind of all-repudiating attitude that depresses my faith in radical, left, & alternative ideologies; a refusal to recognize that while one may scorn another's politics or mental capacities, the assumption of responsibility for one young life is not lightly undertaken.

Michele Clark cites our own orphanages, crammed with unwanted children, complains that no one is lining up outside of phone booths to beg for these kids. Then she goes after the "extremely naive and un-introspective people" who have chosen to adopt Vietnamese children. How about the rest of us who have chosen to adopt no one at all? Has Ms. Clark adopted one of those unwanted Americans languishing in our own orphanages?

If so, my apologies; she knows whereof she speaks. If not, I rouse myself from a sullen bourgeois silence to suggest that she direct her righteous indignation toward less well-meaning citizens. —LYNNE ROBBINS
Wilton, Conn.

In response to Jeanette Chase's letter in the May 8 issue: I agree with so much of her letter! True, abortion is not a cure-all; the problem lies in society but falls mainly on the women. True, abortion needs to be kept legal in a society where better options may be nonexistent for many.

There is one point I disagree on. What is all the hue and cry about taxpayers paying for abortion? I assume you (and Tim Fouts as well) mean by this the abortions that poor women manage to obtain through public hospitals, Planned Parenthood, and Welfare. What I ask is this: if you and I work for a boss and we earn \$2.50 an hour each and he earns \$20,000 a year and his wife buys an abortion from a private doctor, are not you and I paying for their abortion?

More and more I realize how interconnected we all are economically. This realization has come partly through doing income sharing in a living group for 2½ years. I really don't believe that resisting taxes that empower poor women to make decisions about childbearing is a just thing to do. (Besides, one of those poor women could be me some time.) It is easier to force poor women to have children than to force rich women to have children. It is also easier to force them into unwanted abortions and sterilizations or whatever wealthier taxpayers decide should be their lot at the time.

Please let's not swallow the capitalist lie in our haste to be impeccably nonviolent with "our" money. Instead I would like to

see the nonviolent community continue with the more difficult, long term task of forming a society where abortion is not considered necessary by any. Birth control improvement, education, and dissemination are important parts of that struggle, as are stopping rape and equalizing incomes in this country. —NORAH RENKEN
Portland, Ore.

Thank you for printing Barbara Demings "To Fear Jane Alpert is to Fear Ourselves" [WIN, 5/22/75]. This piece of beautiful and deep writing has touched on so many of the issues that concern me most. It moves from place to place in my own life, illuminating, clarifying, honing in and opening up. Thank you, WIN. Thank you, Barbara. —ANDREA DWORIN
New York, NY

I have several comments on your issue of May 15 which is represented as dealing with Anarchism.

First of all, it is plain to me that Murray Rosenblith, at least, who introduced the issue, felt rather guilty about its contents, since he went to some pains to speak of how WIN would avoid the "trap" of saying, "this is Anarchism." Unfortunately for WIN's intention, the best way to avoid such a "trap" would have been to present material on Anarchism itself instead of the melange of trendy-sounding, irrelevant articles the issue contained.

You present Borsodi within the context of your "Anarchism" issue: Yet, Borsodi proposes a world authority, a government, complete with flags, uniforms, and militarists. Borsodi isn't even a consistent decentralist, let alone an Anarchist!

Then you talk about the IWW. The IWW is consistent in one thing anyway: it never discourages ballyhoo about itself. If somebody wants to call it anarchistic, that's just

fine with it as long as more people will be attracted to it as a result. But the IWW happens to actually be explicitly *not* anarchist, and if you don't believe me, write to the organization's headquarters in Chicago and ask straight out: "Is the IWW an Anarchist union?" Like WIN itself, the IWW tries to be all things to all radicals, and in my opinion it is the worse for it.

Please do not mistake my meaning: Whatever disagreements I may have with the IWW or other syndicalists, or with Borsodi's centralized World Government trip, I do not object at all to your having presented these people's views or descriptions of their activities. What I do object to is your presenting them in such a way that the reader is led to believe all this is Anarchism. Anarchism is a distinct thing; it is the belief that authoritarianism is harmful, and that therefore we need no governments at all. People certainly do have a right to disagree with this just as much as they like, but they certainly *do not* have the right to falsely claim that proposers of world government represent Anarchism, or that the IWW is Anarchist, when that isn't true. —FRED WOODWORTH
Tucson, Az.

ATTENTION SUSSEX & WARREN COUNTY (NJ) READERS!

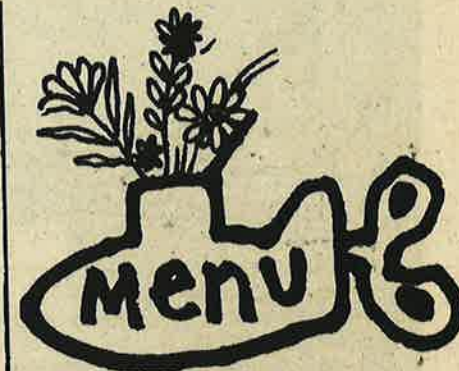
The publishers of that fine newspaper, the Sussex Spectator, have offered a free two year subscription (a whopping \$8 value) to anyone who contributes \$5 or more to the WIN fund raising drive! What an excellent way to support feisty WIN while keeping up with the home town news! (You must indicate with your contribution that you want to get in on this exciting offer.)

A PROMISE OF A REPORT TO THE READERS

As you can see by the progress that the submarine is making, the response to our appeal for help has been fantastic. In fact, during the nine years of WIN fund appeals we have never had as good a response as this. Perhaps even more encouraging are the expressions of enthusiasm that have come in. We want to thank all of you—the small contributors; the large contributors and those who have not been able to contribute—for your help during this crucial moment.

And remember that an entirely pleasurable way for you to help would be to come to the wine tasting at High Tor on May 31st. (See page 22 or call WIN for details.)

Don't look for a copy of WIN in your mailbox next week. We're taking one of our regular breaks to catch up on the stuff that gets put off while we're publishing. The next issue will be dated June 12 and mailed on June 5. Included in it will be a more detailed report on exactly how the financial situation is shaping up. See you then (or maybe at the wine tasting party).



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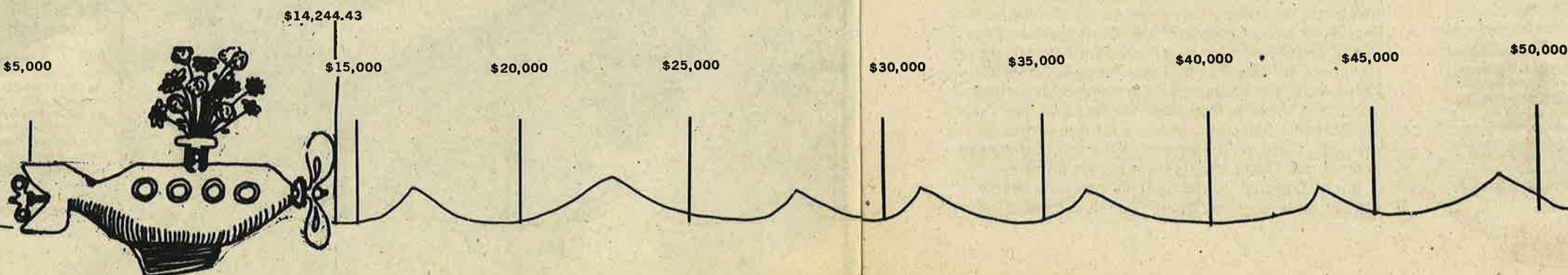




Photo by Richard Kalvar.

Drizzly Belfast, 1974. Frank Gogarty, the former Chairman of the Northern Ireland Civil Rights Association and I were taking a walking tour five years ago, when the barricades first went up in Belfast. Frank and his family were my hosts as I covered the birth of Ulster's current "Troubles."

Thinking back to September, 1969—when last Frank and I walked these streets—the thing I remember most about him was the incredible, almost unnatural charity, he reserved for the ordinary Ulster Protestant. One night, after a gang of Protestant thugs ("Don't call them *Protestants*, Claudia. Thier Paisleyites.* We don't call people by their religion here," Gogarty admonished) battered his head to such a pulp that part of his ear fell off, he told me this: "The Protestant people, they are just like us. They live as poorly as Catholics. Together, we will build something new."

I don't know where exactly Frank's Christian charity metamorphosized into nationalist bitterness,

Followers of the Rev. Ian Paisley, a fundamentalist preacher, graduate of Bob Jones Christian College in Texas and now a Member of Parliament. He has a big following among non-Catholics.

*Claudia Dreifus is a journalist and a feminist, author of *Woman's Fate*, Bantam, and has written for the *Progressive*, *the Nation*, *Family Circle*, *Rolling Stone* and *McCalls*.*

but I suspect it happened one night in October, 1972, when a gang of Paisleyite (Protestant?) neighbors came with sticks, guns and petrol bombs and blew-up his elegant home. Until then, Frank lived on one of the most expensive blocks in Belfast, and it was he, who fought his rich Protestant neighbors to permit a housing project for working-class Protestants just up the road. And it was from that project the marauders came; cursing him with cries of "Death to the Fenian bastard."

Flashback to 1969: I remember Frank building bunkers in the old house. "When this place is attacked," he explained, "perhaps some of the wee children can hide here and survive."

Those bunkers *did* save lives that night.

If it wasn't the destruction of his home that wrecked Gogarty's charity, then it was a dozen other incidents: the constant attempts on his life; the burnings of his two automobiles; the disintegration of his dental surgery practice by a Protestant boycott; the six month jail sentence that came because of his civil rights work; the frequent British Army raids on his home; and then the final pain—the fact that like 60,000 other Belfasters, he was a refugee within his own city. Once, he'd been one of the few Catholics to make it into Ulster society; now he was homeless.

Frank Gogarty looked thin, his eyes were deeply sunken, and somehow, though he felt deep political

The Continuing Agony of Northern Ireland

By Claudia Dreifus

commitments, he was no longer a major activist. He said little as we walked. Only every now and then he'd mutter something about how wonderful it was that we were all still alive "considerin' the past five years and all."

Like Gogarty the man, Belfast the city, was worn out. It's always been a terrible place of smog and dirt and horrid little red-brick row-on-row slums. But now, with British Army occupation and with urban guerilla warfare, this was a city on the verge of a nervous breakdown. Belfast collage: British troops on patrol everywhere in the Catholic community—few soldiers in the Protestant districts; in Catholic Belfast, armed observation posts every few blocks—big, ugly robot-looking buildings, surrounded by net fencing, with blocked off windows for machine guns pointed at pedestrians; routine Army searches downtown; gaps in the streets where houses once stood. The major landmarks are those of destruction: "Ach, Claudia, do you remember the Springfield Market... it's this parking lot... At this pub, the Prods bombed 12 to their deaths... Here three died... An assassination squad killed a wee boy here..."

We walk through the New Lodge Road Area and we are surrounded by a British patrol. They stare at us, guns pointed. We walk on. "Does that ever frighten you?" I ask. "You see Frank, I *do* find it unnerving

all these men walking about with loaded guns pointed at people—at me! Oh yes, there were soldiers here five years ago. But Jesus, it was nothing like this."

Frank sucks in his breath. "I've been stopped on the street and lined up against the wall," he says. "It's frightening, ach yes, when they click their safety locks. You think: what if a bomb goes off somewhere? The damned Brit could get nervous and pull the trigger."

Quickly, he shrugs off the image. "You see this place," he says, pointing to a shell of a building. "T'was once a fish and chips shop. But the place got bombed so many times and so many people got themselves killed that we began to call it, 'The Last Supper.' Ya, see, Belfast people have not lost their sense of humor."

Frank looks long at "The Last Supper." Quite suddenly, his face changes. "When I met you in '69," he explodes, "I was all for civil rights. I believed it possible to achieve equal rights for Catholics within the framework of Northern Ireland. Now, I believe the Brits are only concerned with protecting their capitalist interests here and so, I don't want to reform the system... I want to destroy it! That's why, I give my total support to the Provisional IRA.* They are the only ones with their priorities right."

"But so many of your old friends from civil rights became Officials..."

"They are cowards. You can't get socialism until you have a country first. All they do is *talk, talk, talk* and organize their damned tenant's committees. There's only one solution: Brits Out First!"

Heartbreaking, that conversation was. Not that I was certain Frank was wrong; it was just his uncompromising bitterness that frightened. I had come to Belfast to see people I'd loved and felt closely connected to, people who happened to be leaders in the Northern Irish civil rights movement: to see how they'd survived five years of warfare, to see if they'd survived at all. I don't know what I expected to find, but Frank reminded me of a relative of mine who'd been tortured by the Gestapo and who's never been quite the same since. Anyone less naive could have told me that is a crippling affect to living under siege. No matter what the World War II novels say, warfare does *not* ennoble; it kills the spirit of even those who survive.

And sometimes it kills the body, too. One night in 1969, I walked the Fall's Road barricades with a young IRA soldier. The Catholic citizens of the Fall's had barricaded themselves after several blocks of their houses had been burnt to the ground by Protestant mobs. (*Postscript from 1975: Today this would be nothing but an everyday occurrence.*) There it was: The Paris Commune—Belfast Style, 1969. Inside "Free Belfast," no rents were being paid, the Citizen's Defense Committee patrolled the streets, Radio Free Belfast blared long banned Irish rebel songs, food and money was shared, everyone talked brave new talk about the beautiful socialist Ireland they were going to build. "No generation of Irish children is going to live with the tuberculosis and poverty and lowliness

* There are two Irish Republican Armies in Eire. The "Officials" are marxists and seek to avoid sectarian warfare between the two sections of Ireland's working-class. The "Provisionals" want a 32 county socialist Ireland, but their first demand and their major concern is getting rid of the British. Both IRA's do engage in guerilla warfare, though the bulk of the fighting against the British has been conducted by the Provos. Sometimes, the two groups have fought each other.



A Belfast street scene. Photo by Donal McCullen/LNS.

we've known," my guide explained. "They will have dignity. They will not have to go to Australia and America for jobs. I tell ya, these barricades won't come down until the system does."

One night in the summer of 1972, the British Army launched "Operation Motormen." Bulldozers and tanks smashed Free Belfast to oblivion. My friend is in a cemetery on a hilltop above the Fall's Road.

Everywhere I went, as I searched out old friends, what I found was death, disillusionment, exhaustion—all mixed up with a determination to go on because there seems like no other way. Meanwhile, half of Belfast takes Valium, Librium and something called "Roche 2." This is a drugged city. Those who don't dose themselves, sit bleary-eyed in the handful of pubs that have not been bombed. Pubs, once the center of community life, are now death traps. Because they are Catholic owned, they are regular targets for Protestant kill-teams. Nevertheless, people sit there drinking themselves into stupors that go well beyond ordinary drunkenness; risking death itself for alcoholic relief.

I was in Belfast three days when I realized that like everyone else, I was drinking too much. "Go interview the other side," a Catholic friend advised. "It'll do you good to see something else."

Frankly, I didn't know if it was possible to interview Loyalists. In 1969, Protestant militants thought of the foreign press in the same way they thought of the Pope. Once, as I photographed a group of bombed out houses on Bombay Street (bombed by Protestants, formerly occupied by Catholics), I narrowly escaped a stoning. I do remember a reporter then, covering one of Ian Paisley's rally's, who lost his front teeth.

Things have changed, though. The past five years have hardly been pleasant for most Protestants. Though

they've suffered fewer of the recent miseries, life was now uncomfortable—sometimes even dangerous. Before '69, the Ulster Protestant, a hard-working, stern, deeply religious person, lived with the certain knowledge that his holy Ulster would always be his; that the Protestant would forever be in ascendancy. Then came the Provisional IRA and its economic campaign. Factories were destroyed; jobs too. The shopping districts of every town and village were blasted to rubble. For the past five years, the IRA has been saying: "If we can't build something new, you can't have the old system." So, life has become unhappy and confined. Loyalists are taking Valium, too. Worse yet, The British, after the Protestant paramilitary began its assassination campaign, started to intern Loyalists. It was the Protestants who first demanded internment without trial for Catholics and who are now finding themselves getting lifted in the middle of the night and tossed into Long Kesh.

Then came the final disillusionment. Early last year, England attempted to impose a political middle-of-the-road solution on the Six Counties. The idea of the Northern Ireland Executive was that Britain would appoint a government of Catholic and Protestant ministers: middle-class moderates from both sides. There would also be a Council of Ireland to coordinate some economic activities between North and South.

Frankly, the Executive had few supporters beyond the British government, the Irish government and the Ulster middle-class. "SELL OUT!" Everyone else cried. Loyalists were convinced this was the first step to

*Since Northern Ireland has always been ruled by a British feudal aristocracy, the introduction of middle-class politicians could be viewed as a progressive step. However, in a country that has such an enormous working-class and sub-working class, bourgeois politicians were not likely to have much of a base. The paramilitary groups on both sides are closer to Northern Irish reality, but were not a part of the Executive.

unification with Ireland and they wanted none of it. Under the leadership of the Ulster Worker's Council, they launched a devastating Executive general strike. Nothing moved. For six weeks in the Spring of 1974 Northern Ireland teetered on the brink of civil war. (The Big Blow Out as people here call it with a dreaded sense of inevitability.) When the British Army refused to confront the UWC, the Executive fell; and Catholic Belfast became more frightened than ever. ("They'd never let us get away with stuff like that," one Fall's Road youth complained. "We couldn't have done it in the first place," his companion, a member of the Officials retorted, "we've got no jobs to strike about.") Though the strike was terrifying to Catholic Ulster, it brought to fore a whole new group of Loyalist leaders: men who were different from anything in the province's history. Unlike the traditional Anglo-Irish aristocrats who ran the Protestant Unionist Party, these men were shipyard workers. They wanted no part of a united Ireland, but some of them were unbigoted. And that was new.

Harry Murray, the short, stout, open-faced, shipwright and trade unionist who heads the Ulster Worker's Council, greeted me warmly at the door of his modest suburban Belfast home. He was a pleasant man, who spoke straight from his emotions. All throughout dinner—as he talked of conciliation between the communities—I kept having to pinch myself: Is this really the man who brought the Six Counties within an inch of civil war?

"People on both sides," he says between forks of chips and cold chicken, "have been fed fears by unscrupulous politicians. Are not all Ulster people the same? Everybody dies, everybody is born, everybody suffers a toothache. I believe if the people of the Protestant and Catholic communities were to meet each other around tables like this one, we could surmount anything. We have much in common. It is the politicians that divide us."

"Why then," I venture, "were the Catholics petrified by the Strike?"

"We were against the politicians, not the Catholics," he asserts. "England tried to put this Executive on us. I would respect the fears of my Catholic brothers and sisters though. Some of our politicians really ought to frighten them. We have evil men among us who talk of extermination. They should retire. The real issues in Ulster are not religious anyway—they are bread and butter."

More and more, Harry Murray is sounding like Bernadette Devlin.

He is for direct negotiations on Northern Ireland's future between the IRA and the Protestant paramilitary organizations; he is against internment; he'd like for the British Army to return to barracks and leave the policing of the communities to local citizen's groups; he considers himself an Irishman. "I'm Irish—Northern Irish and I'm not ashamed to say it. Northern Ireland is a part of Britain and I am Northern Irish."

Throughout supper, I keep thinking Murray should meet my old friend, Kevin Boyle. A professor of Law at Queens University, a founder of the civil rights movement, he was always one of the least nationalist leaders within the Catholic community; he is a socialist—"a socialist, without a party"—as he says. But when

*This is a very radical statement. The Protestants consider themselves British or Scots-Irish or Scotch, but never Irish. Catholics consider themselves Irish and nothing else—and thus the whole problem becomes a national question.

I see Boyle, we get so engrossed in a shattering discussion that the meeting idea never really comes up.

"What do you think of Harry Murray," I begin.

"Oh, we Irish, we grasp at straws," says Kevin. "We look to the rise of working-class Protestant politics and we hope it can overcome the enormity of sectarian hatred. What Murray stands for is such a slim reed in the face of the bigger thing."

The Bigger Thing is the irrational viciousness that brings Northern Ireland ever and ever closer to The Big Blowout. When England issued her post-Strike White Paper both sides agreed that it was a capitulation to Protestant demands; no Council of Ireland, no imposed power-sharing, a constitutional convention some time soon to decide the province's future. "What the British are saying," Boyle asserts, "is that they will do no more. They will let events happen. In military terms, they are not prepared to repress any further. So the next repressive action will come from the Loyalists. I can see us waking up one morning and finding two hundred Catholics murdered. Then you'd have a kind of Palestinian situation: Catholics would mass at the Border in fear, there'd be a redrawing of national boundaries—with South Armagh and its Catholic majority going to the Republic, and the new Ulster government refusing to let the refugees back in. It would be a disaster—and it's a highly probable scenario the way things are going. The Republic has no capacity to absorb such a large population. There's not a single industry in South Armagh. The refugees might well have to emigrate."

"If the Loyalists take the initiative there's nothing to stop them. The British Army sat on its hands during the Strike, did it not? As for the Provisionals, they have no chance in a confrontation with the Loyalists. The Loyalists are armed to the teeth and what they will simply do is to kill Catholics. The Provos can produce no similar kind of counter-terror in Protestant districts. With the minority already herded into ghettos, all the Loyalists have to do is cut a few roads, shut off the water and electricity and announce they are coming with guns in two days..."

Kevin looked haggard beyond words. A handsome man in his early thirties, his body-language bespoke overwork and emotional exhaustion. The thing he does to keep sane in all of this is community law, legal aid for the poor. Considering The Troubles, he's got lots of work. "When the civil rights movement began, we never thought it would come to this," he sighs. "People certainly did not anticipate the scale of the violence, nor the enormity of the impasse. We thought there was more good will on the Protestant side than there was. Me, I'm living day to day. I want to see the disaster of civil war avoided. And one always lives in hope. Yet, I've known about a half dozen people who've died. That affects one. It takes the heart out of living, in a way. I feel a sort of terrible irritation that what seemed obvious to me a couple of years ago—that religion was irrelevant and that people can join together to create a just society, is not going to happen."

As I leave, Boyle tells me that for the first time in his life, he's seriously considering emigrating.

I think of him all the next morning as I ride on an overcrowded bus that is heading for Long Kesh internment camp. A new friend, Maire Drumm, Vice President of the Provisional Sinn Féin, has devised a clever plan to sneak me inside. Though reporters are not al-

* The political arm of the Provisional IRA.

lowed into the Kesh, Maire has put me down as an American cousin of her eldest son, internee Shaemus Drumm, 26. On the bus, the women all laugh with excitement: *how lovely it is to pull a fast one on the Brits!* Me, I'm shaking a little. Truly, I have no idea what the penalties are for breaking into one of Her Majesty's internment camps, but I suspect them to be unpleasant.

"Ach, don't worry about Kevin Boyle," Maire insists, as she tries to take my mind away from my double tension. "He's a gloomy man and our situation is hardly gloomy." Maire is the definition of the strong Belfast woman, a remarkable example of a common type: physically large, locquacious, unafraid, passionate, the equal of any man in her midst.

"The people have defended themselves for five years and will continue to do so," she continues. "As for this coming 'bloodbath,' we've already had a bloodbath: it came from the Brits. We're winning! We have the people behind us. We've inflicted severe losses on the British and they've admitted they can't defeat us."

Drumm is not all wrong. The Provisional IRA has sustained the first successful urban guerilla war in Europe since World War II. When you consider the modernity of the British counter-insurgency program, you realize that the Provos have remarkable support in Catholic areas. Who would have thought they could have survived this long? The repression, as symbolized by Long Kesh, has been intense.

Long Kesh. Internment. For the Catholic people, internment is the sorest wound. Until recently, it was only Catholics who were rounded up during mid-night raids, interrogated, (and sometimes tortured) locked up without trial, herded into internment camps for indefinite periods of time. Though some Loyalists are now getting "lifted," numerically it is still the minority population of the Six Counties that makes up the massive majority of Long Kesh.

On the bus, next to Maire, sits an elderly woman, a Mrs. O'Neill. She's been up all night pleading with authorities for her husband's release. Mr. O'Neill has suffered two heart attacks behind the wire; and since Merlyn Rees, Northern Ireland Secretary of State, has just announced the release of seven internees, Mrs. O'Neill wants her man to be among them.

"Oh, I wish she wouldn't deceive herself," Maire whispers to me. "There are no definite sentences and they don't let people out for reasons of charity or logic."

Every woman on the bus is harboring secret hopes that her man might be one of the seven.

"Is this the first concentration camp you've seen?" a woman near me inquires. I reel at the question, thinking of relatives who knew Auschwitz.

And Long Kesh, it turns out, truly is a concentration camp, though it lacks crematoria. A former World War II aerodrome, the camp consists of a series of uninsulated, unheated, unsanitary corrugated huts plunked down on top of abandoned runways. The living quarters are surrounded by a British Army compound, which is surrounded by endless mazes of wiring; fences so dense that you can see neither out nor in. Men inside feel so deprived that they spend their days searching for something to look at: they stare at a television tower in the distance—the only object they can see, though Long Kesh is surrounded by mountains. There are few recreational facilities, no real hospitals, no nothing. Honestly, I cannot describe the bleakness of the place: just cold, wet, greyness. Sometimes, you hear

Alsatian police dogs yelping from between fences. That's all.

We go to a filthy water-logged hut near the parking lot and are locked in. After a long wait, to another hut where we are searched. Everything but our clothing is taken from us and put into a bag. Then, a bus takes us into the body of the camp itself. As we drive, I can discern no signs of life, no forms: just more mazes. Into another shack, for another locked-up wait. When our names are called, we are sent through a series of barricades; each of us is followed by our own personal guard, as if we too, were prisoners. And there, in a small open room, with a guard bird-dogging him, is Shaemus Drumm, interned on charges of being a member of the IRA.

He is tired. There was an attempted breakout the night before and the Army came into the huts and kept the prisoners awake. Also, there is sad news: a young boy died of an ear infection.

"How do you die of an ear infection?" I inquire.

"Neglect. Or worse," Shaemus answers. "People here die of things they needn't die of, if you know what I mean. . ."

"Do you think you'll ever get out of here?" I ask.

"It's hard to say. I've been studying to get into Queen's University and they've accepted me. . . but who can know? Part of the torture is that they take you and never let you know when it's going to end. There's nothing much to do here, except maybe to die."

After a half-hour, a guard removes us. In the parking-lot, Mrs. O'Neill is weeping hysterically. "They'll not free him. They want him to die of the heart, they want him to die."

Later that afternoon, I am sitting in my hotel room with an old friend, drinking away the grey images of Long Kesh. Suddenly—quite from nowhere—windows shatter and a massive explosion shakes the building.

"It's only a bomb," says my friend, most calmly as she pours herself another drink. "You get used to it, you know."

Jesus, you *do* get used to things in Belfast. *You Get Used To It.* I heard that phrase a hundred times all week as people explained how they live with the impossible. Phil Curran, a Catholic activist summed it up best: "In the 1960's, I'd watch television and wonder how it was that anyone stayed in Vietnam. Now I know. You get used to it. . ."

The management of the Hotel Europa was quite used to it. This car bomb was aimed at the Hotel (for the 23rd time), but planted across the street because the attackers could get no closer. At the Europa's bar, journalists were all merrily guessing it to be Provo job. "There was a warning. The Loyalists never warn," one said. Casualty toll: The Europa Hotel was once again missing its window panes. Motive: Tonight is the eve of the most sacred of all Ulster Protestant Holidays—July 12, the anniversary of the Battle of the Boyne. "This is the Provos way of telling the Loyalists they have the capacity to bomb downtown anytime they choose," one local journalist explained. "It's also their way of telling their adversaries to go to hell."

An hour later, Europa journalistic boozing was interrupted by a hysterical woman, red-faced, running into the bar and screaming something about an explosion at the Hercules Bar down the road. "There's nothing left. . . just smoke and cinders. . . and blood."

The Hercules had been a Catholic owned pub, located directly across the street from a British Army post; a safe enough spot, one would think. Neverthe-

less Loyalist attackers* managed to toss petrol bombs into the place, blast it to oblivion, and escape unapprehended. Nothing was left but a shell. There'd been no warning. On the street, furious Catholics were threatening to riot, while rescue workers attempted to remove broken human forms from under the crumbling structure. To the Catholics witnessing the scene, here was yet more evidence proving that British troops only existed to harass and not protect them.

I spot a man I know, an activist from the People's Democracy: "There's at least one man dead," he cries. "I've seen a lot of dead men and I carried this one out. His weight was all heavy. I'm certain he's dead."

Another man is screaming furiously at the soldiers: "We're not animals! You're supposed to be protecting us. Stop laughing, damn you. Stop laughing at us!"

None of the soldiers are laughing. They are worried about a riot and about the women who keep spitting at them: "The Brits are doing it. It's their fault. Butchers. Killers!!!"

There is an ugly atmosphere on the street now. It could explode. The British begin to push the mob back a few blocks, back away from the center of the town, back towards the Catholic Fall's Road ghetto. Once the mob is contained, downtown is sealed off. After all, tonight is a national holiday.

The Hercules bombing is somehow part of the celebration—the other side of the Europa blast; Protestants saying to Catholics, "We can kill as many of you

*That assumption must be made because there was no warning.

Entering the Bogside district of Londonderry. Photo by Jeff Blankford/LNS.



as we want to." Casualty toll: 65 injured. Two seriously.

Later, a reporter for one of the Irish newspapers tells me he intended to drink at the Hercules that night.

"That's Belfast luck for you," he sighs. *Not getting killed is just a matter of chance.*"

It is beginning to get dark on this night, tonight, July 11, 1974. On July 12, 1690, in a battle that was somehow connected to the Thirty Years War, Protestant King William of Orange defeated Catholic King James of England and thus assured Protestant domination over Ireland. The anniversary of this event, obscure to all but this corner of the world, is reenacted each year with spleen and pageantry by Protestant Ulster. Pogroms have traditionally broken out on this night.

Throughout Protestant Belfast, traditional bonfires flare high into the night. Teenagers sing songs about kicking the Pope's head, while dozens of drum and pipe corps play bigoted anti-Catholic tunes. *Catholics, we beat you in 1690 and we'll do it again!*

The British Army has locked the Catholic minority into its ghettos. Nevertheless, the people see the bonfires; they hear the songs and they huddle among themselves *waiting*. They wonder if the Big Blowout will finally come tonight, and when it doesn't come—the Catholics feel neither relieved nor distressed. For them, and for the majority, life will go on as it has for the past five years: day to day living, where the intolerable is something one gets used to.

FROM A KIBBUTZ ON THE ISRAEL- LEBANON BORDER

PAULA RAYMAN

Life has changed on Kibbutz Hanita since I lived here in 1970-71 but living goes on. There are many indications of change on this Jewish settlement of 400 people located on the top of a mountain range which separates Israel from Lebanon. Along the road from Nahariya, the nearest town (which last year was the scene of a terrorist action) there are three new road-blocks guarded by Israeli soldiers who check all ongoing traffic. From the bottom of the mountain to Hanita at the top there is a new army road along side the old which allows tanks and other military equipment to move along the northern border from the Mediterranean Sea towards Syria. At night I can hear the roaring sounds of the tanks as they pass to and fro each hour.

Around Hanita itself there is a barbed wire fence which now prohibits the short trips we used to take into the surrounding hills and caves. The contrast between the beauty of the kibbutz, with its blossoming trees, vivid colored flowers and commanding view of the Mediterranean, and the stark reality of the fence is perhaps a symbol of the kind of life people here lead. Since Hanita was the target of an unsuccessful terrorist action (two guerillas entered the kibbutz from Lebanon but were driven off before hostages could be taken) last December all male members of the kibbutz carry guns at all times: in the communal dining hall, to the weekly movie, in the TV room and to work. Yesterday I watched a father putting his daughter to bed in the children's house after a piggy-back ride while a rifle hung loosely on his shoulder. Afterwards I told him that it was very difficult for me to feel comfortable with a gun's presence and he replied that his children were his future and the gun insured they would have a future.

On the question of their security, the kibbutzniks with whom I have had conversations have a more sober and somewhat dogmatic attitude than before the October 1973 War. A certain confidence that contributed to both an aggressive chauvinism and a life-style buoyancy is gone. People seem much more aware that they have little control over the events that determine the political situation and the possibility of another war. They feel that Israel is isolated from the rest of the world, and therefore as Israelis they can only

count on themselves. Feelings about the US and Kissinger's "mission impossible" are mixed. The situation in Indochina has contributed to the realization that the American people are less willing to allocate resources for military expenditures abroad and that Kissinger's principal concern is to maintain the US as "top dog." Yet most kibbutzniks at Hanita still feel the US would not let Israel suffer a defeat in war.

Readiness for another war is apparent everywhere in Israel though few think it will happen in the immediate future. My friend who manages a factory in Tel Aviv told me four out of five foremen are now mobilized; in the kibbutz *shomerin* (soldier-guards) live in barracks in the community and all kibbutz members, men and women, have guard duty in addition to the regular work hours and kitchen duties. Memories from the October War acutely persist: one young member was killed, another lost his leg and practices walking with bars each day in front of his small room. There seems to be the feeling that another war is inevitable, that there is no choice, *ein breira*, that there are no alternatives for action.

One member who lived abroad for two years while serving as a Jewish youth organizer in England said the quality of life has changed in Hanita. Born on the kibbutz, he feels most members have given up challenging discussions, struggling for kibbutz socialism and passionately participating in kibbutz functions. He noted how much more time individual members spend in their private rooms, eating dinner there rather than in the communal hall. Although the recent decision to have children sleep at their parent's home and close the communal children's sleeping houses will take five years to put into effect (it will take that long to build additions to the parent's homes) it also indicates a lessening of communal ties. Many kibbutz parents seem apprehensive that their children will not only leave the kibbutz but Israel as well. Of the five people my age I was closest to four years ago only one still remains in Hanita: one is in Canada, another in California, one in Jerusalem and the last in an Israeli town. All were born in Hanita.

Inflation which has hit Israelis as a whole very hard (it has been 40-50% during the past six months), in a nation where the tax rate is the world's highest, has also had an effect on kibbutz consumption and production but for the most part the kibbutznik is better off than the city dweller. The responsibility for meeting the basic needs of each member rests upon the entire community and not on the single breadwinner. The kibbutz for instance may have to choose between building a new kindergarten or buying new machinery but this is quite different than choosing between a quart

of milk and pound of butter which is the dilemma facing many city-dwellers.

The most prominent reaction I have had during my transition into Israeli life and the kibbutz border community in particular has been the constant jarring sense of being within a country on the brink of war. The experience of watching the news reports on TV in America is totally different from direct contact with the people living the news. From afar it was much easier to intellectually analyse the situation, have meetings and discussions on the issue of a Palestinian State, argue for one state/two states, criticize American involvement. The media and even TV pictures are antiseptic and keep us from knowing the tragedy of the fear and destruction, desperateness and death that are part of war and therefore found within Israeli society. I feel more sympathy for the Israeli Jewish people but simultaneously a deeper critical awareness of their prejudices (i.e. Palestinians, Arabs are lesser people, one cannot trust non-Jews) and their effects (a Masada, defensive posture) is beginning to emerge.

There was an article in WIN [3/6/75] by Uri Davis and Israel Shahak criticizing the WRL's Middle East statement and a reply by Allan Solomonow. At the time I disagreed with the accusative tone of their piece and found it counterproductive to constructive discussion. However, I re-read the WRL statement again after arriving at the kibbutz and found it even more lacking than the Davis/Shahak response because it not only avoids a clear analysis of the reality of the Mid East, historically and at present, but also posits the kind of nonviolent action that seems at best naive and at worst directs people's action away from genuine radical activity. No one here would welcome a group of outsiders to secure their safety. It would justly be viewed as a form of paternalism and to radicals and Arab peoples a movement reminiscent of colonial benevolence.

It is much more important for all those concerned with nonviolence in general and the Middle East in particular to concentrate their energy on developing a greater understanding of the history of the conflict, the economic and political dimensions and, for those of us who are Americans, the nature of US interests in the region. More than ever we need to ask ourselves if we have the discipline to "do our homework" so we can overcome our confusion, if we can bear to speak the truth while being named anti-Semites, self-haters, communists and utopians, if we can put into action nonviolent strategy which strongly challenges the status quo power-politics. There is not one person on the kibbutz that now believes that his/her security is not tied to the gun.

2

PRISON LETTERS:

LIFE INSIDE THE DC JAIL

MITCH SNYDER

A rather warm, quiet, peaceful day here on God's little acre. Only the sound of birds singing. The men are in the chow hall for lunch, and I am alone in the cell block. The yard is filled with pigeons. The men drop bread from the windows, and the feathery ones gather within the confines of the wall. I've seen the same thing in many other jails. It appears to be a source of hope or joy for men behind bars to watch creatures come and go without constraint, for whom the hated walls mean nothing.

The reality of peace in Vietnam has finally penetrated my ever-thickening skull, and I thank God. They have taught us commitment, courage, and spirit in the face of war. Now I pray they will give us an example of patience, compassion, and charity in building the peace.

Much has changed, yet it remains the same. The cancer which devours the soul of the Western world and threatens to pollute all it comes in contact with, continues its cruel work. Vietnam was a symptom. The underlying illness is yet to be met and overcome, within and without. And so, old friend, our work must go on.

The food here is quite good, particularly for a county jail. I dare say that for most of the world it represents all they would ask for, and much more. But, unfortunately and understandably, the menu was not designed with an indefinite liquid fast in mind.

For the first 21 days I subsisted on water and was reduced to 127 pounds. I have undertaken water-fasts for longer periods in the past, but it seems the previous five months on liquids had taken a toll. For the first time in my life I began to experience starvation; not as an abstract, but within the flesh. After a herculean effort on the part of many good people, the folks here had a change of heart. On Wednesday I began receiving modest but adequate amounts of fruit juice and tomato soup. After two days I added seven pounds to

Mitch Snyder is currently serving a three month sentence for the destruction of property of a foreign government, pouring blood on the files of the Vietnam Overseas Procurement Office, on Good Friday, April 12, 1974. He is scheduled for release on June 21.

On November 16, the final day of the World Food Conference in Rome, he and Mary Ellen Hombs began an indefinite liquid fast, to continue "until every human being in the world is guaranteed that most basic human right, the right to proper nourishment." Both are actively involved in raising funds for direct famine relief, via Fast for Famine Relief which they co-founded in November.



Photo from the LAWG Letter/LNS.

my undernourished frame. Strength, patience, and perspective return. I've become relatively easy to please.

After spending six days in the prison hospital I returned to my cell on Thursday. It's not a very nice place. As a matter of fact, it is a very bad place. The hospital is divided into six-man wards, which are simply over-sized cells. The door is always locked. The ward I occupied had two broken windows, which made it rather drafty, and only one working light. At sundown the room was bathed in darkness. It didn't make much difference, since there was nothing to do any way. Total reading material: four comic books and a few copies of Jet Magazine, with writing paper and envelopes in short supply. Of course there was neither radio nor tv.

What made it really cozy was the arbitrary mix of men who are obviously in desperate need of psychiatric care, with those who are physically ill. One of my ward-mates, a young man, spent the night pacing the floor. "Help me," he would say very softly, "please help me. They are going to kill me." Occasionally he would stop by one of the beds and just stare at the occupant. And all night he carried a sharpened pencil clenched tightly in his fist. I did not choose to be awakened by the sound of screams, possibly my own, or to be greeted by the sight of a pencil protruding from what was once an eye. And so I remained awake throughout the first night. During a brief stay in the Los Angeles County Jail a few years ago, another poor, sick man managed to obtain a razor, and during the night slashed a number of men across the eyes, blinding one for life.

He was forcibly moved to a less densely populated ward down hall at seven am, to be replaced by a senile old man who would occasionally sing with all the volume at his command. He also had a habit of taking peoples property when they were asleep or on a visit. Luckily he was with men who realized he was not responsible for his actions. But luck and cell mates have a habit of changing. Later that day we were joined by another young man who claimed to have been arrested for grabbing a womans breast. His bail was \$150, with trial set for June 18. He had hitched, bare foot, from Nebraska to DC, and arrived with two badly frost-bitten feet. He would laugh wildly at all hours of the day and night, and masterbate three or four times during the day.

And there were others. Those who stayed for a day, or two, or three. Men with heart conditions, jaundice, stab wounds, recent surgery. Men who might have to wait a day or longer for medication. Some would end their lives in that room. And the silence would be broken by the sound of irrational laughter, screams in the night, or cries for help. And occasionally help would come. For when a man became too dif-

ficult to control, or constituted an obvious danger to himself and others, the drugs might appear. The wonder drugs that turn human brain cells into vegetable matter. For some restraints are the order of the day. One hand chained to the head of the bed, one foot shackled to the base board. And the man was now free to urinate and defecate all over himself. To be cleaned occasionally, for we are a civilized people.

And above all the suffering and pain hovers the cloud of indifference. If there are some who care, I apologize, but their concern was never felt. To know that those who hold the keys, in whose hands rest your well being—possibly your life, just don't give a damn, is to explore one of the levels of hell. It's frightening, it's saddening, it's infuriating, and there is nothing you can do about it.

A TRUE CONCENTRATION CAMP

EDDIE SANCHEZ

Located in Marion, Illinois is the US penitentiary known as Marion. Marion was built in the 60's to replace Alcatraz. It was made to supposedly hold 400 of the most dangerous men in the US.

The prison itself looks like something out of a science fiction movie. Every 30 feet in the prison hallways are electric gates monitored by tv cameras.

The prisoner capacity is 400 inmates. Of this 400, over 200 are in ultra modern segregation and behavior modification units, where prisoners are kept in their individually manned cages 23½ hours a day. They are held in such "holes" two, three and four years at a time. They are let out of their cages for a half hour a day to exercise. This exercise consists of walking or running up and back a small hall outside their cage. Whenever a prisoner is taken out of his cage and will be anywhere near a prison guard, the prisoner is placed in handcuffs through his tray slot before his door is even opened.

Being so completely segregated there is hardly any resistance they are able to wage. Frequently there have been food strikes for grievances. Other times there has been small resistance from inside the cages themselves of men flooding the unit by overflowing their toilets, or throwing their food trays on the police or sometimes trying to fight when their doors are opened to move them to what is known as the "boxcars." These small fights are futile against the odds we face. From outside the cages, they face guards with riot helmets, shields, pick handles, gas masks, gas guns and even gas machines. There is one gas machine called "Big Bertha." Big Bertha is set in front of your cage and a gas blower fills your room with gas so thick the victim is carried from the cage unconscious.

There are ten cages in the H-unit long term segregation program that are called "boxcars." These are cages with two doors to cut off sound and light. Within these cages the men are denied all personal property. They are kept like this months at a time.

The most infamous one of these long term "holes" is H-unit. Within this unit are men kidnapped from other countries for political crimes; prisoners from state prisons labelled unmanageable rebels; men from

Eddie Sanchez is a prisoner at the Federal Correctional Institute at Marion, Illinois.

And so I fight. Nonviolence is my weapon; it is also my creed. I will fight in the streets; I will fight in the courts; I will fight in the prisons; I will fight until I am dead. And I will try to live in such a way that not even death can still my voice. For all the little children of the world, for the sake of my own soul, and for the love of God, I can do no less.

Be strong in the spirit and healthy of body. In the words of a prison poet:

Morning I rise to you
Bread I restore you
Brother I love you.

Today a prisoner hanged himself. I watch as his body is carried through the yard. As the van passes the gates the pigeons fly away.

South Africa—blacks who were involved in the fight for freedom there; state prisoners from the Virgin Islands and Hawaii who are illegally kidnapped into federal prisons and immediately put in this "hole," so far from home they are unable to receive visits from their families or lawyers; several black prisoners who are state prisoners from Washington, DC who are kept here because they are considered strong leadership types; and state prisoners from around the country who are kidnapped under what is termed leasing contracts in which these countries and states pay the federal government to house these men.

In H-unit there are only about five white prisoners. All others are black, Puerto Rican, Chicano and Asian orientals. All of the white prisoners except for two are kept on a special tier in the hole where they are let out of their cages together all day and are paid money for operating a factory manufacturing mailbags for government use.

Within the unit is practiced overt racism by officials. Mail to and from people on the outside is tampered with and destroyed systematically to break any of the outside ties the prisoners may have.

Presently the people's Law Office and the National Prison Project are arguing class action civil suits in federal court on behalf of the prisoners. Contesting such issues as political repression, racism, brutality, the kidnaps, etc.

Visits with prisoner families are conducted in a totally repressive environment. The visits are conducted through a bullet proof glass where the prisoner communicates with his visitor on a telephone.

CONTACT:

The prisoners in H-unit urge your support and letters. We urge your support for our struggle by writing Judge James Foreman, US District Court, East St. Louis, Illinois and tell him to halt the use of the long term control unit in Marion Federal Penitentiary and rule in behalf of the prisoners bringing suit. Write US Senator Charles Percy, US Senate, Washington, DC urging him to halt the use of the long term control unit (H-unit) at Marion Federal Penitentiary. Write US Congressman Robert W. Kastenmeier, US Congress, Washington, DC urging him to use his committee to halt the long term control unit (H-unit) in Marion Federal Prison. Send copies of your letters to Peoples Law Office, 2156 N. Halsted, Chicago, Illinois and National Prison Project, 1346 Connecticut Ave., NW, Suite 1031, Washington, DC.

A Letter to Paul Goodman from an Alternative School in Milwaukee

Dear Friend:

It's like you said so often: People think you're crazy if you try to trust adolescents to work out their own problems at their own pace. Trouble is, you begin to think they're right if you're not careful. And so this letter, which is both a way of thanking you for your moral support over the years and a way of making us feel a little less crazy out here in Milwaukee.

You were fond of pointing out the incredible talent adults have for screwing up the normal growth processes of young people. Well, almost by accident, our alternative high school has developed in such a way that we couldn't do an efficient job of picking at our students even if we wanted to. Fact is, we've grown so fast and have so little money that adult meddling has to be kept to a minimum. Three years ago, there were about four or five adults working with about 30 kids; and we had to consciously resist the impulse to force the kids into "doing something worthwhile with their lives." But as the word spread that Multicultural didn't require people to take any classes, that we accepted everyone who applied, charged no tuition, etc., people started to come to us from just about every high school in the city. Last year, we served as the school of record for over 400 people. Presently, our enrollment is over 500 with half the school year still to go. I might add, by the way, that we continue to scrape along on a \$400 yearly budget, most of which is raised by students through bake sales and small benefits. All staff people are volunteers with the exception of one Vista volunteer who just joined us. And we continue to hold all classes in church basements and back rooms of social agencies. At present, we work out of six locations scattered around the city, and there are two more in the works.

Early on in our existence, we gave up the notion that the average student wants to go to lots of classes. We've found that most of the people who come to us simply want some time to get things together free of hassles from parents and school social workers (today's

truant officer). Others want to try their hand at a decent job. So even though we work hard each year to recruit resource people for a wide range of course offerings, we always seem to end up with just the basic skills courses flourishing. We've found that people who want to do serious reading in such areas as Feminist Literature will do it at home on their own, or with a couple of close friends.

But rather than discuss about how Multicultural operates, we'd rather share the psychological ups and downs we've been through, because it was during these times that we found ourselves saying "Paul Goodman, if no one else, would understand what we're trying to do." Seems that a couple of times a year, we start wondering if we're doing the right thing. Some adults begin to yearn for a more structured setting, one where they can relate to a smaller number of students who would give them more concrete rewards. Some of us start thinking about limiting enrollment, maybe even requiring kids to take courses. Soon all the old arguments for "tightening things up" come to the surface, most of them linked to the charge that "Multicultural is nothing but a clearinghouse and a copout and a place to escape the truant officer."

But just when we get thinking along these lines, someone brings up the fact that our students like Multi just as it is. We got an overwhelmingly positive response to a questionnaire we sent out this past summer. And then someone will bring up the all important fact that most of our students left public school just because they were fed up with adults dictating what they should do with their time. And so we invariably decide to keep things as they are and we begin to share the latest good news: Bill finally got a non-rip-off job; Sue has found a better foster home for her and her child; Jim, whom no one really got to know personally, has taken and passed the High School Equivalency Exam all on his own, etc. This last, incidentally, looks to be an incredibly promising way of breaking the monopoly public high schools have on skill accreditation.

Who knows where it all will end? Maybe the system will try to bust us when we hit an enrollment of 1,000. Or just maybe they'll realize they're losing a lot of State aid and begin trying to meet the needs of the people still with them. All we know for sure is that somehow we will continue to provide breathing room for all who come to us. And if people continue to say—as we're sure they will—that we're not educating them, we'll send them to you via *Compulsory Mis-Education*. And if they still don't understand—as we're sure will be the case with most—we'll have a party, preferably one where adult seriousness doesn't drive out adolescent joy. And if we adults find ourselves pulling their joy "down to earth" with talk of our troubles in finding a new resource person for the Southside, etc., we'll split from the party and have a few quiet beers in your memory.

Our best,

The "old folks" at Multicultural Community High School, Inc.

CONTACT:

Multicultural Community High School, Inc.
Office: 3207 N. Hackett Avenue
Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53211

The Mayaguez. Photo by LNS.

THE MAYAGUEZ AFFAIR

Factual Background

On Monday, May 12, Cambodian ships boarded the Mayaguez, an American merchant ship. The State Department claimed the Cambodian action an "act of piracy," insisting the Mayaguez was on the high seas. There is some question *where* the Mayaguez was when boarded. It seems likely it was within disputed waters, just off an island to which both Cambodia and South Vietnam lay claim.

Was the Seizure Unusual?

No. The Cambodians had halted other ships in the area and the US, had it been seeking to avoid trouble at this moment, would have urged all US shipping to keep well clear of disputed waters. So far as we know, no such order was issued. The Mayaguez was taken in disputed waters after US officials knew the shipping of other nations had encountered difficulty. Nor was the Cambodian action unusual. The Ecuadorian Navy has repeatedly seized US ships fishing the waters off the coast of Ecuador.

Was the Cambodian action justified?

Probably not. Certainly the Cambodians have been difficult to deal with, holding more than 600 foreigners in the French Embassy for some days before finally agreeing to permit them to depart by bus for Thailand. So far as is known, the Cambodians made no response to initial US demands for release of the ship. However, the very fact that the government of Cambodia is new means that the normal lines of communication do not yet exist. The Cambodians may well have felt that the Mayaguez was engaged in some hostile act. There would have been ample basis for such suspicions in view of previous US actions.

Was the crew of the Mayaguez in danger?

Yes, beyond question it was in profound danger. That danger, however, was from Henry Kissinger, not the Cambodians. There is no reason to assume the Cambodians would not have released the ship and crew eventually. They might reasonably have sought to trade the ship and its crew for Cambodian aircraft which had flown to Thailand in the final stages of the revolution, aircraft which the Cambodian government insists must be returned.

Did the US ask the UN to intervene?

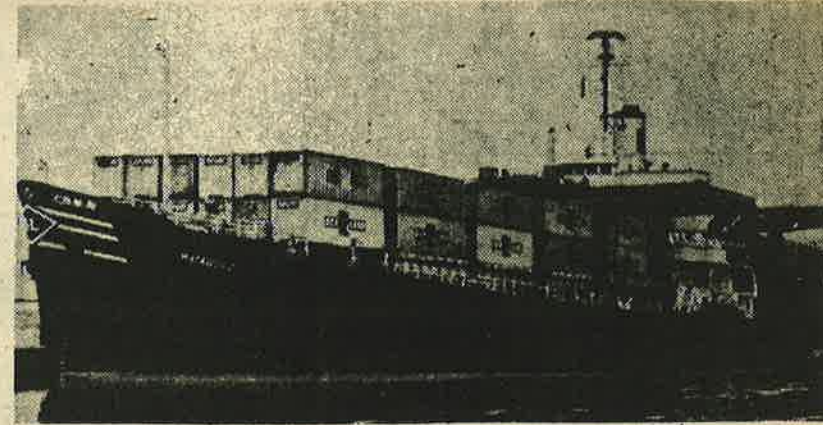
Yes, *after* the US had sunk three Cambodian gunboats, Ford asked Waldheim to intervene.

Was Congress Consulted?

Ford says it was. Senator Mansfield says that he was *informed after the decisions had been taken*, not consulted. Either Ford or Mansfield is lying, with the past record suggesting it is Ford.

Why Did Ford Act so Swiftly?

The US actions were extraordinary. The foreigners that had been held in the French Embassy in Phnom Penh had been released. There was no reason to assume the crew of the Mayaguez would not have been released, though additional days or weeks might have been involved. The US action cost some American lives and an unknown number of Cambodian lives. Cambodian ships were sunk. A Cambodian airport on the mainland was heavily bombed. A Cambodian is-



land was invaded by US Marines (The bombing of the mainland occurred *after* the crew of the Mayaguez was in US hands.)

The answer to why the US acted so swiftly is found to some extent in international politics, and to a greater extent in domestic politics. Having been humiliated by the smashing defeats in Cambodia and Vietnam, Kissinger was looking for an easy way to remind the world of US power. Throwing the might of the US Air Force against Cambodian gunboats was the answer. It was a cowardly act, as well as an illegal one. It was also on a par with Kissinger's recent performance—fairly stupid. It strained relations with Thailand, which has now recalled its Ambassador and all but broken relations with the US. Politically it could hardly impress China or Russia, which must surely have taken note that the US permitted Cambodia and South Vietnam to fall and then displayed its impotence by attacking some gun boats.

The real target of Ford's action was probably Ronald Reagan and the Republican right wing. Saving the crew was incidental to saving face. Flexing muscle was more crucial politically than exercising the brain.

Conclusions:

This affair does not mark the re-entry of the US into Cambodian/Vietnamese conflict, but a final and predictable spasm of violence. It was an illegal act, a cowardly act, and a foolish act—in short, the kind of thing at which great powers are particularly adept. We have always said it is dangerous to arm people because their guns make rational solutions a second choice. What is discouraging is that Congress was so placid in the face of this brutal assault on a tiny nation. Ford, appointed by a criminal, now takes his place in the valid line of succession as a violator of the laws of the land. Congress continues its role of collaboration with the Pentagon until public pressure forces it to act. Might I suggest you write your member of Congress for whatever written statements your member issued, and, unless that statement rebuked the President for a clear violation of law, put it in your file marked "reasons for running a radical candidate in my district in 1976."

All in all, a small and tragic affair, humiliating to Americans but typical of our national conduct these past decades.
—David McReynolds

Meanwhile back in California the Coast Guard seized a Polish fishing ship on May 17. The ship was 10 miles off the coast and remains in US custody as we go to press. This is believed to be the first such seizure since 1972 when the US captured three Soviet vessels off Alaska.

By Kissinger's logic we should expect Polish marines in San Francisco by the time you read this.—WIN



Premonitions of Crystal Night*



Don't placate me.
Take certain steps with me
To re-arrange the disorder.

They are screaming in Chile:
They are putting their deaths to the test,
Our Brazilian comrades have perished already.

Don't placate me.
Let us organize the resistance
Before it's too late.

Pablo Neruda is silenced. His library
Burned. Shall we convene now?
Shall we build tunnels under Shea Stadium?**

Cancel the dances. Start subverting
The corruption. It may be only days
Before they round us up.

The government in the Beast's Belly
Is vomiting up its poisons.
Don't calm me. This is the time.

And whoever isn't paranoid
Isn't preparing the escape routes.

It is crumbling from above:
Comrades, don't get crushed in the rubble.
Those vicious men in formal suits
Are panicking. Worry about it, friends.
It's really time to organize
The resistance. Don't calm me.
Don't say, "It will be all right."

They are manipulating oil and armaments
Grain and the fruits of our labour
For evil ends. Really.
It will be too late
if we meet in the Stadium
To sing the International
As they decimate our voices
with gun shots.

It is crumbling from above.
Comrades, don't let's get caught
Under the rubble.

Get out from under.
Those who survive will be those
Who are not underneath but outside it:
Pushing it over.

We have no enemies:
There is only the crumbling structure
And the People.

Don't soothe me.
Tell me what steps you are taking
And I will tell you what steps I am taking.
It's time. It's too late
To suffer, to complain or to wait.

Only rouse me
To action. Today. Tonight.
I will whisper it to you tonight
While we are making love—
And at breakfast we will gather
With all our lovers
And we will begin the changes.

Tonight. Because tomorrow is the end
Of the Old Civilization.

Don't quiet me. I am preparing,
And I need to tremble
Because this preparation
Is the last we will be allowed.

Don't silence me. Neruda is silenced
And the cheaters in the Beast's Belly
Are finally finding each other out.

Don't feel safe!
This is the crisis
For which we have waited.
Why don't we recognize it?

It comes disguised as scandal.
It comes as a coup with a game plan.
It comes as a war in the Sinai.
It comes as a crisis and Crystal Night

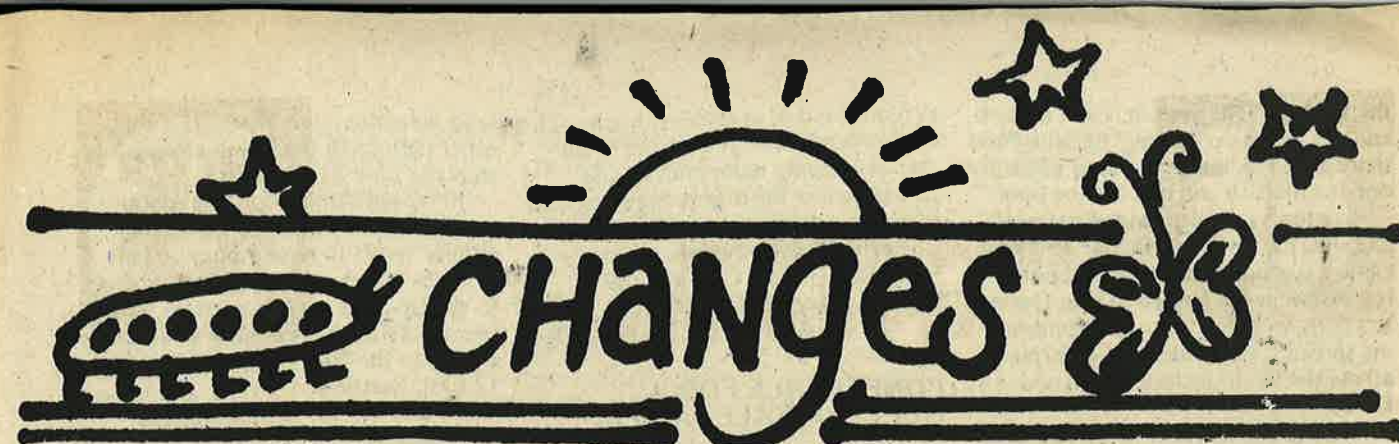
Follows with the smashing of windows
And the sudden mass arrests and blood
On the street.

Build tunnels now
Under the Stadium!

—Judith Malina
October 22, 1973

*"Crystal Night" is a reference to the events of
November 11, 1938 in Germany when the shop-
windows of all Jewish establishments were smashed
leaving the streets strewn with glass—and when mass
arrests of Jews were made.

**Shea Stadium is a large sports arena in New York
City comparable to the Soccer Stadium in Santiago.



MAYDAY CELEBRATED IN URUGUAY DESPITE MASS ARRESTS

One hundred Uruguayan labor and student leaders were rounded up, arrested and detained during the last weeks of April and for the first few days in May, according to Prensa Latina, the Cuban news service. Spokespersons for Uruguay's labor unions are now saying the arrests were conducted to prevent the large Mayday demonstrations that had been planned.

Despite the arrests, small street gatherings took place in Montevideo throughout the day. Large Mayday demonstrations were also held in Ecuador, Columbia, Guyana, Peru and Mexico. The largest Mayday celebration in Latin America this year was in Venezuela, where 200,000 workers took off work to join a parade through the streets of Caracas. —LNS

IRS POLITICAL ATTACK CAUSES PROPERTY SALE

On May 14 the Internal Revenue Service posted a notice of sale on property belonging to Gano Peacemakers, Inc. 20 miles north of Cincinnati, Ohio. The notice announced sale on May 28 at the Federal Building, Cincinnati.

The property, consisting of a house and two acres, was bought by a communal group in 1950 and they, in 1952, deeded it to a nonprofit corporation, Gano Peacemakers, Inc. Mortgage was retired in 1960.

The assessment by IRS which led to the seizure and sale was drawn up on a checking account of the Peacemaker Movement, a countrywide group with no financial connection with Gano Peacemakers, Inc.

Origin of the attack by IRS is exposed on pages 222-23 of the report by the Senate Subcommittee on Constitutional Rights, December 1974. In a memorandum dated December 8, 1971, the Special Service Staff, secret intelligence unit operating within IRS, made prime targets of the Peacemaker Movement and its organ, *The Peacemaker*, and the organ's editor, Ernest Brom-

ley. This unit made recommendations for an attack which IRS then followed.

Despite exposure of the political origin of the assessment and seizure, and despite the fact that a checking account of one group was used to assess another of similar name, IRS has now proceeded with announcement that property belonging to Gano Peacemakers, Inc. will be sold.

Members of Gano Peacemakers say that the wholly political origin of the attack plus the fraudulence of the assessment itself renders the sale spurious. "The IRS has no right to this property and therefore has no way to transfer a right to someone else," said a spokesperson. "Whoever bids on this property will be bidding on something to which they can have no clear title."

—News Desk

EMERGENCY AID NEEDED IN VIETNAM

Emergency medical aid is needed in Vietnam, and the American Friends Service Committee (AFSC) is asking that people send aid and also pressure Congress to lift restrictions the US government has placed on sending materials to Vietnam.

David Stickney, who testified in behalf of AFSC, told the senate Foreign Relations Committee in May, "We are distressed that official American attention is being given only to those who have left Vietnam. . . it should be obvious to all that the need of the millions of war victims who remain in Vietnam is greater."

Aid is needed for the resettlement of millions of Vietnamese peasants, for food and medical supplies, for reconstruction of homes and villages, and for the detection and defusion of thousands of tons of unexploded bombs and mines.

Five organizations have set up funds and have established channels to deliver emergency assistance to Vietnam. They are: American Friends Service Committee, 160 N. 15th Street, Philadelphia, Pa. 19102; Clergy and Laity Concerned, 235 E. 49th Street, NY, NY 10017 (medical aid to released political prisoners); International

Children's Fund, Box 4432, Berkeley, California 94704; Medical Aid for Vietnam, 65a Winthrop Street, Cambridge, Mass. 02138; and Mennonite Central Committee, 21 S. 21 Street, Akron, Pa. 17501. —LNS

500 DEMONSTRATORS PROTEST "DIPLOMACY OF VIOLENCE"

Though by late afternoon, May 15, the Mayaguez incident appeared settled and though the demonstration was put together within 24 hours without the benefit of a formal coalition organization, over 500 persons converged on Times Square to protest what *Times* columnist Anthony Lewis termed a US "diplomacy of violence" in Cambodia.

So moving was this particular column, that WRL photostated it on back of petitions to Senator Stuart Symington, chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, protesting "US military action in Cambodia, which cost the lives of Cambodians and Americans," and demanding "a thorough investigation of the entire Mayaguez incident and the immediate withdrawal of all US military forces from Thailand."

After a brief rally at which Dave McReynolds of the WRL among others spoke, we marched across 42nd Street to the United Nations. —Jim Peck

GARY LAWTON FOUND INNOCENT!!

On Monday, 12 May, 1975, nearly four years to the day he was arrested, Gary Lawton was found innocent of the ambush slayings of two Riverside policemen.

Lawton, a Black Community organizer and member of Vietnam Veterans Against the War/Winter Soldier Organization, had undergone two previous trials which ended in hung juries.

After deliberating for three days, the six-man, six-woman jury announced Lawton not guilty on their first vote.

Despite the acquittal, Lawton said that his faith had not been restored in

the system. "The system is just as rank and vile as it's ever been," he said, "and there is still a double standard of justice one for the rich and one for the poor."

Lawton's case had gained national and international significance as it became a symbol of political and police repression in the United States. Demonstrations, mobilizations, and fund-raising spread from Southern-California across the US to include Japan and Europe.

During the course of the trials more than 50 supporters had been fined, lost jobs, or received jail sentences because of work around the case, still 70 supporters showed-up for closing defense arguments. The attitude of members of the defense committee can be summed up in the words of one of its members Rusty Bronaugh (who had lost his job, and undergone two trials where charges were dropped for his work on the committee), he said, "The state's attempts to hold back the people's struggle against repression did not and can not succeed. People are fighting back and winning!"

—Riverside Political Prisoners Defense Committee

SOCIALIST/FEMINISTS ORGANIZE JULY 4 CONFERENCE

All around the country women are organizing to change their lives: women are beginning childcare centers, fighting for abortion, organizing unions, creating a new culture. At a national conference on socialist/feminism, July 4-6, hundreds of such women will come together to discuss this work.

The conference planners, representatives of about ten socialist/feminist organizations throughout the country, expect from 300-600 women to participate. The goal of this Socialist/Feminist Conference will be not only to share local experiences and organizing practice but also to discuss how women integrate socialism and feminism to challenge institutions and effect radical social change.

There are four major components of the conference: 1) Theoretical presentations in meetings of the whole, 2) Strategic workshops on workplace organizing, community organizing, and building the socialist/feminist movement, 3) Skill-sharing workshops on specific interest and issues areas, and 4) Women's culture activities to share fun and joyousness.

In the context of expanding numbers of women's unions and organizing practice, there has emerged a sharpened awareness of the need to develop a political framework which synthesizes our needs as women with the critique of capitalism and imperialism we make

as feminists and as revolutionaries. The conference is seen as a means of further developing these politics and strengthening the organizing work that is their ongoing practice.

For more information, contact: Socialist/Feminist Group, 1309 N. Main St., Dayton, Ohio 45405.

—News Desk

CONFERENCE FOR A NUCLEAR FREE PACIFIC

April 1-6 the *ATOM (Against Testing on Mururoa) Committee* sponsored an international conference to oppose nuclear weapons testing in the Pacific. Laurie Raymond (Seattle) & Jim Douglass (Vancouver, BC) attended this conference in Fiji. We are preparing a special report that will cover the Conference for a Nuclear Free Pacific, US militarism in the Pacific and Pacific Life Community's involvement with Trident and with our friends in the Pacific. We hope to have it out soon. However, one item cannot wait until the report is mailed—the possible US take-over (for military purposes) of Tinian, one of the Northern Marianas Islands in Micronesia.

US military take-over of Tinian?

Today, the biggest issue in Micronesia is Military—the US Military wants Tinian. The US has proposed to the Marianas Islands that the entire island of Tinian be turned over to the American Military, and a massive military facility be constructed there. There are indications that the Department of Defense approved that a giant Air Force and Naval Base be constructed on the island and that the people would either be employed at the base or moved off the island to relocate later.

The US exercises joint administration with the UN in Micronesia. However, the US has been reluctant to act against US interests. On June 21, 1975, the US has ordered that a plebescite be held in the northern Mariana Islands, which includes the island of Tinian, to decide whether or not the Marianas will be separated permanently from the rest of Micronesia. The US military want to make sure that the growing independence movement does not ruin their chances to secure the Marianas as a permanent military stronghold in the Pacific.

The people on Tinian are informed, and will not vote for the separation, but many of the other islands are not prepared—on some, the proposal has not even been translated into the local language.

Delegates to the Conference for a Nuclear Free Pacific feel it is crucial to

send delegates from Micronesia and other nations to the UN in attempts to stop the June 21 plebescite.

In recognition of our true identity as world citizens, Pacific Life Community wants to raise money to help with the travel expenses of those going to the UN. The money must be raised immediately. You can send your checks to the WRL/WTR office, 331-17 East, Seattle WA 98112, and let us know that it is for the Micronesian delegation.

—WRL/WTR-NW

3000 IN FARM WORKERS MARCH

With placards saying "There's Blood on the Grapes" and "Boycott Gallo Wine," some 3000 persons marched in New York from 59th Street to Union Square on May 10. The demonstration climaxed Farm Workers Week, observed by the United Farm Workers in 70 localities throughout the US and Canada.

Some 30 unions supported the New York march. A threat by District Joint Council 16 of the Teamsters to non-cooperate in the future with unions supporting the Farm Workers, drew no response at all. In fact, some rank-and-file teamsters from Local 1518 actually joined the march with a banner identifying themselves. WRL had its contingent there.

The effectiveness of the Gallo boycott around New York was indicated by the fact that Gallo ran full page ads in the *New York Times* a couple of days before the march and, again, a couple of days after. In recent months, the Farm Workers have been concentrating on Gallo rather than on grapes and lettuce. The grape harvest starts in early June.

The march ended with a rally at Union Square at which spokespersons for a number of unions pledged their support of the Farm Workers, represented there by Richard Chavez. Other speakers included Bella Abzug, Gloria Steinem and Dorothy Day. —Jim Peck

TRIAL DATE SET FOR SUSAN SAXE

The trial of Susan Saxe, arrested in Philadelphia March 27 on charges of bank robbery, murder and interstate flight, will begin June 9 in Philadelphia. Saxe, along with Katherine Power who is still at large, had been sought by the FBI for four-and-a-half years for allegedly participating in a Boston bank holdup in which a guard was killed.

Police had harassed lesbian and other women's movement groups for several months before Saxe's arrest, allegedly in search of information about the avowed feminist's whereabouts. Five women and a man were jailed in

Lexington, Ky., for refusing to cooperate with a grand jury investigating the case. Many other activists also refused to cooperate with the dragnet investigation.

—The Guardian

ANN ARBORITES LYNCH RONALD McDONALD FOR BICENTENNIAL

The Ann Arbor People's Bicentennial Committee (PBC) marked the anniversary of the "shot heard round the world" in late April by challenging the McDonald's fast food corporation.

Ronald McDonald was hung in effigy on a "Liberty Tree" outside the Maynard Street construction site where the company has managed to muscle

its way into the city despite massive objections by community residents.

Amidst waving American flags, "Yankee Doodle" whistling and a PBC banner with the traditional coiled snake and "Don't Tread on Me" slogan, 50 people then pledged support to a statement of food rights and grievances. The statement called for the right of people to adequate, unpolluted food at fair prices and quoted from Connecticut price-fixing legislation of 1776:

"The rapid and exorbitant rise upon the necessities and conveniences of life... is chiefly occasioned by monopolizers, that great pest of society, who prefer their own private gain to the interest and safety of their country."

—LNS/Ann Arbor Sun

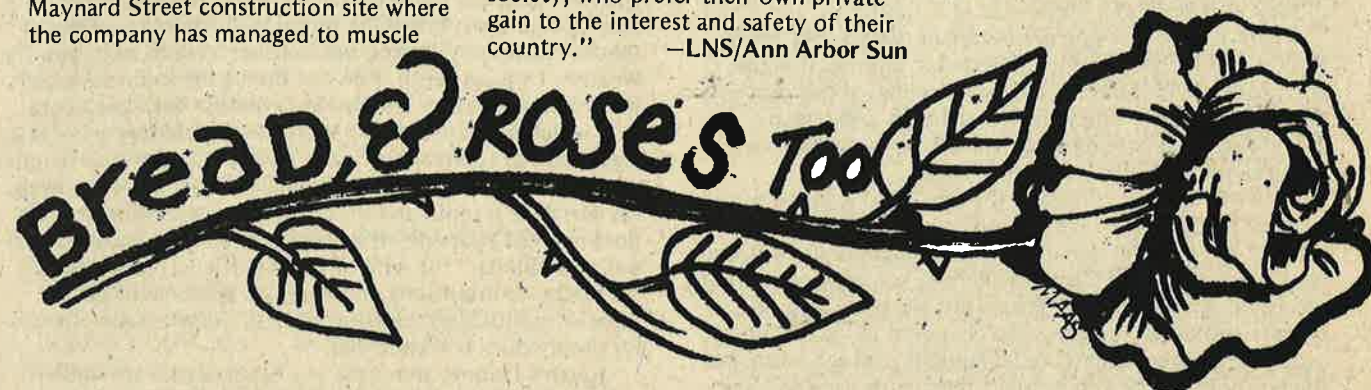
WOMAN CUB KICKED OUT OF PACK

Twenty-one cub scouts in Jessup, Maryland were kicked out of the national scouting organization because their pack leader was a woman.

Pack 471 was disenfranchised in March because cub scout bylaws require pack leaders to be men, said a spokesman for the Boy Scouts of America.

"This policy of having men in leadership roles is based on many studies," he said, defending the decision. "A strong male presence is required as cubmaster."

—LNS



Things are moving along. We are now able to wake up in the morning to read a dispatch from Saigon in the paper knowing that in Vietnam they call it *Ho Chi Minh City*! It'll take the American press a few years to catch up with what is really happening in the world, but it will, it will. It'll be forced to. There are rumblings of discontent right here in the United States coming from working people that even the unions can't handle. The recent "March for Jobs Now" held in DeCee was as moving and powerful as any demonstration this writer has ever attended, as well as one of the most misrepresented. Working people on the march (there were 75,000 of them) are a potentially greater threat to the stability of the capitalist system than thousands of college students demonstrating on campus, and so the press reflected the interest of the class that owns it by distorting its reporting of the events at the rally. Yes, Hubert Humphrey, that war criminal of old, had to cut short his speech (which was, I must admit, a rare occurrence for Humphrey) due to the militance of people in the crowd. The press reported that fact correctly. But, as usual, nobody asked why Happy Hubert had any right to talk to workers about unemployment. When was the last time he had to scrape for grocery money, stand in an unemployment line, or

contemplate applying for welfare. The people who marched, a wildly mixed group of young and old, black & white, employed and unemployed, had come to be heard, not to be lectured to. They were heard, one hopes, by people with similar feelings around the country, possibly sparking an idea for many, many such marches around the country. . . . Check out your local bookshop for a new book on the writings of Woody Guthrie from his days as a Columnist for the West Coast Communist Party Newspaper, *The People's World*. It's called "Woody Says" (the title of his column) and is published by Grosset and Dunlop. Pete Seeger recommends it, so how can you go wrong? . . . If you're used to thinking in terms of American war machine, you might not think of Canada as a militaristic country. But there are some Canadians who are concerned about it, and with good reason. According to the Ad Hoc Committee to End Militarism in Canada, there is a real question as to who their government is defending them from. It's from the US, the committee asks, why does the Canadian government regularly allow B-52 practise flights over Canadian territory or storage of American nuclear warheads in Canada. For more information, write for a copy of the committee's newsletter at 3965 Pandora Street, North Burnaby, British

Columbia. . . . Making and publishing poetry that will "serve the advance of the second American revolution" is the reason for the existence of the Smyrna Press. One of their most recent anthologies, *Three Red Stars* is genuinely refreshing and literate, and they hope to do more. They're looking for submissions from people who may be caught in the bind of being too political to be accepted by the literary magazines and too literate for the politicals. They want to hear from writers at the Smyrna Press, Box 841, Stuyvesant Station, New York, NY 10009. . . . The *New American Movement*, a socialist organization, will be having its yearly convention August 6-10 at Oberlin, Ohio. For more info, write the NAM national office at 1643 Milwaukee Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60647. . . . The *People's Party* will also be having a national convention this fall. The PP is also a socialist group, and will be meeting over Labor Day weekend in September to nominate provisional candidates for a socialist presidential campaign. For details, and a free three month trial subscription to the party's newspaper, *Grass Roots*, drop a line to the People's Party, 1404 M Street NW, Thomas Circle, Columbia, 20005. . . . That's about it for now. Keep on sending in those donations to W/N; otherwise this column will just end up in the dead letter office.

—Brian Doherty

REVIEWS

OUT OF THE WHALE: GROWING UP IN THE AMERICAN LEFT

An Autobiography by Jonah Raskin / Links Books / 216 pp., \$4.95 paperback

Many people do not have long-time friends. For so many people, friends tend to come and go, so I consider myself fortunate to have a few people in my life whose friendship has lasted for 15 years or more. The author of this autobiographical book is one of those old friends. Both of us have to use a well-worn but apt phrase, "gone through many changes" in these 15 years. But something very meaningful and solid endures. Nevertheless, it is a very strange experience for me to be a character in this book (under the name Tony Meyer), and a difficult task for me to review the book—to look at it both as a friend and as a "critic."

There is probably one predominant reason that Jonah Raskin and I have remained friends for so long. It is the same reason why I have such warm feelings about much of this book. It is the simple fact that Jonah and I have a definite sense of coming from a small, unique, vital community—we are both "red diaper babies."

We both entered college in the late 1950's, in the waning years of McCarthyism, aware and usually proud of our parents' bravery and commitment. Perhaps we did not know very much about the Communist Party, or even our parents' precise relationship to the Party, but we knew that our parents and other "progressives" believed in "good causes," including workers' rights, racial equality and socialism. We shared those beliefs and brought them with us in 1958 or 1959 to the apolitical campus of Columbia University. We also brought with us a sense of belonging to a *persecuted minority*; being a red in the 1950's was sometimes scary and lonely, and we quickly found each other (often with the help of folksy hootenannies where if you knew certain songs it meant something else beyond the music). In this book, Jonah transmits some sense of this community (though he, unlike me, had ambivalent feelings and sometimes saw his red background as a source of alienation and hassle more than a source of pride).

In *Out of the Whale*, Jonah tells about his life, about his early days as a red diaper baby, about the symbolic importance of the Rosenberg case, about our attempts to bring politics to the Columbia campus at the beginning of the 1960's, about his choice of a career as an English professor, about the Columbia strike and his transformation from "Jonah" to "Jomo," about his marriage and friends and mother-in-law, and all the transformations from then to now—all with an upbeat message. The concluding words of the book promise that Jonah will "be standing in the shade of the tree, the tree of life and liberty, with friends, relations, mothers, children, lovers, brothers on the earth, on this land that's our own."

There are, of course, red diaper babies who feel indifferent or even hateful toward their pasts. But for those of us who are still in some way politically-minded, our Old Left background provides us with an important and vital thread to history.

How we look at that thread is very important, and here I find myself in disagreement with Jonah. He has a basically romantic view of his political life, his roots, and the people with whom he has interacted. Now, I can share that romance up to a point—the emotional surge that comes with a sense of one's role in socialist history, for example—but Jonah's romantization goes too far. In the process, his people become paper thin and unreal; they exist only to fulfill his romantic fantasies. Their real feelings and real lives are lost in the process of glorifying a political tradition.

For me, the transformation from Old Left to New Left was exceedingly difficult; it was painful and confusing, emotionally and intellectually. I made many discoveries about the Old Left, and much of it was ugly. Some of it—like my parents' naivete and eventual disillusionment (largely due to the fact that they came to the Party as workers and unionists, and not as middle-class intellectuals)—was profoundly sad. For Jonah, the transformation from Old Left to New Left occurs too easily. It is somehow not serious.

Jonah (perhaps like his parents) wishes, conveniently, to forget about the lies, the violence, the authoritarian manipulations. He writes blithely that the "Old Left World... had retreated. Except for obviously enjoying the more militant and hedonistic aspects of the New Left (guerillas and street-fighting, and sex and dope), Jonah does not seem to have an appreciation for the New Left as a liberatory political response to the failed Old Left. Jonah's nostalgia for the Old Left, his initial mistrust of the New Left, as disturbing, especially now since much of the energy of the New Left has been re-channeled (by red diaper babies?) into Old Left ways of thinking (as in the latest writings of the Revolutionary Union, the October League, and, yes, the Weather Underground). I do not doubt for a minute that it is my homosexuality and my involvement with gay liberation which has provided me with the experiences and the insights crucial to breaking firmly with an Old Left perspective.

Jonah seems to avoid his feelings often in order to keep his narrative smooth and his characters uncomplicated. He does not, for example, describe the animosity between himself and "Stella," the wife of his best friend Peter Gordon. So Stella, an interesting and complex personality (and a "liberal" politically), remains faceless. Jonah, quite obviously, simply does not know her.

Jonah's feelings about me as a homosexual are similarly excised. I came out to Jonah and his wife "Sheila" sometime in 1967; it was a coming out that lacked the benefit of gay liberation, though I had reached, by myself, benefit of gay liberation, though I had reached, by myself, the point of basic self-acceptance and part-time integration into the "gay scene." Jonah relates this coming out in his chapter about the Columbia strike of 1968, when both of us spent a lot of time together in the Fayerweather Hall occupation "commune":

"In the lobby I looked for Tony Meyer, my old roommate from Central Park West. He had just resigned from the *Washington Post* and joined Liberation News Service. In September, before he started to work as a reporter and before I started teaching at Stony Brook, we had bought herringbone tweed suits at Halstead's men's shop, new suits for new professionals, new images. But after two months, after a year in Brazil, he confessed to Sheila and me that he was a homosexual, that he had been a homosexual since high school and throughout college. In Rio de Janeiro, thousands of miles away from his friends and parents, he had lived openly for the first time. In Fayerweather he was still a closet homosexual, but the door was beginning to open, and he was starting to emerge from hiding. We sat down together and he remembered painfully the antifag jokes that we had made for years. Tony was a red and a fag, an underground fag in an underground culture, repressed by both the old and the new left.

"Emma [Jonah's mother-in-law] had always said that fags in the movement were liabilities because they could be blackmailed by the FBI. 'They'll inform on radical friends,' she said, 'rather than be exposed as homosexuals.'

"My father was afraid that Adam [Jonah's youngest brother] and Kurt Thomases [another old friend] were having a homosexual relationship; they spent long weekends together, and Kurt took hundreds of photographs of Adam. Sam [Jonah's father] wanted to foreclose any incipient homosexuality. He snooped on Adam and Kurt.

"Tony condemned both Emma and my father for their

intolerance. He criticized everyone who repeated a fag joke and demanded that we also criticize people who told jokes about homosexuals, as we criticized people who told anti-Semitic or anti-black jokes."

If my coming out meant anything to Jonah on an emotional level, he never let on—then or later. I know that for me, the telling was not easy, and I was glad for the simple fact that our friendship (then in its eighth year) remained intact.

Jonah never communicated to me any prior feelings he had about homosexuality, or any earlier experiences with gay people. Jonah does not seem to be aware of how withdrawn and silent he has been as a person. Yet, he did have something to share with me. There is "Tom," who is one of Jonah's best friends from high school.

Tom, writes Jonah, "was a stylish dresser, carried a silver cigarette case," and collected records of Billie Holiday, Edith Piaf and jazz musicians. Tom had a girlfriend named Sandy: "Tom put on Sandy's clothing, her slips, bras, and makeup and Sandy wore Tom's trousers, shirt and tie."

One day in Greenwich Village, Jonah was with Tom when Tom bought a copy of *Howl*.

"What do you think of Allen Ginsberg being a homosexual?" he asked.

"I guess it's all right," I said.

"All the great writers were homosexuals—like Oscar Wilde," Tom said.

"Do you have to be a homosexual to be a writer?" I asked.

"No, but it helps."

Tom later entered a Franciscan monastery.

Where is Tom now? If he were my good friend from high school, I'd want to know.

Jonah Raskin is an English professor and writer, with a PhD and all, who grapples constantly with the possible contradictions of his chosen profession and his revolutionary political beliefs. He is now living in Mexico and is writing an authorized biography of B. Traven, the late ex-patriate novelist (*Treasure of the Sierra Madre*)—and presumably the same contradictions whirl about in his head.

The process of Jonah's contradictory infatuation with and alienation from academia is described eloquently, especially when he tells about the time he was arrested at a demonstration and brutally beaten up by two New York City policemen. But I think most of us who have broken with structured, career-oriented pasts are confronted nowadays by a sense of crisis. Despite his insistence that the experience of writing the book was "painful or embarrassing," Jonah makes his life choices seem too simple and easy.

A political theme running through part of the book focuses on Jonah's wife and in particular her decision to join the Weather Underground. Jonah refused to go "down under" with her, but even so his rejection of the Weather Underground is offset by a curious romantization of it. Jonah also never makes it quite clear to what extent the feminist movement has influenced his life and the lives of his friends.

Some people may feel that writing an autobiography at Jonah's age (early 30's) is an exercise in egotism. I strongly disagree, and feel that the lives of real people make good reading at any age.

My strongest objection to this book rests not with the idea that it is an autobiography, but rather that it is a romance, with two protagonists—the author and the political milieu he is attached to. My wish is for a little more realism about both, especially a greater sense of criticism and self-criticism.

I am involved enough in Jonah and myself and all of the characters of this book—and especially the events and the

settings—that I must, in any case, recommend the book and affirm the fact that I very much enjoyed reading it.

—Allen Young

OUT OF CONTROL

Dan Gerber / Prentice Hall Inc. / Englewood Cliffs, New Jersey / 1974, 208 pp.

In this society sports heroes are expected to perform at a godlike rate. Woe unto the jock who lets his emotional life get in the way. Robots aren't supposed to have feelings.

Bearing that in mind, former racedriver Dan Gerber has delved into his own sport and come up with a novel that strips away the sickening machismo and reveals a man as schizoid and lost as the rest of us. The protagonist, Roger, reads T.S. Eliot, drinks straight tequila, has nightmares that regularly awaken him at 4 am and is at the relentless mercy of the American Dream.

When he's not driving a turbocharger at speeds of up to 200 miles per hour, Roger's life is in shambles. The on-track speed is offset by a heavy case of ennui elsewhere, a drifting indifference toward a wife he really does not know, and a nagging feeling that though at the top of his profession, he's actually nowhere. While sitting in a bar, forlornly listening to a jukebox, it occurs to him that "life was a dead-end street, a *cul de sac* that provided no choice but to park your car and wait it out or to U-turn and regress."

But he can't go back. It's too late and he knows it. At the end of each race he considers retirement, only the thought is mere fantasy, as is his dream of someday owning a farm with a trout stream running through it. He's lost the capacity to make decisions for himself.

Reasons why can be found in the nature of autoracing, Gerber tells us. He should know, for he himself was once ranked an American driving star of the future before a near-fatal accident forced him to turn to the "subtler hazards of writing and poetry," as the liner notes describe.

In racing the primary product is a million-dollar machine, and numerous companies vie for the superior mechanical monster. The driver is the guinea pig, an instrument of a system in the utter embrace of madness. A quick example—after Roger wins a race he is given the obligatory kiss by a titled Miss. This time Miss Pure Oil does the honors. Next time he wonders if it might be Miss Lube Job or Miss Emission Control.

Gone is the romance and excitement. "After seven years it was almost like going to work in a sawmill or an accounting firm, another motel, another rented car, the same places every year as if the year were a series of places as well as a series of weeks. The same faces, the same banter, the same nervous yawns, like a popular tune you didn't care for but couldn't get out of your head."

His wife leaves him for a college friend whose job is advertising lingerie. He's numb, beyond feeling any pain over her loss. He's too tired of taking orders from his manager, too tired of being a plaything in the hands of a sporting public he loathes. As Woody Allen said in jest—but here is meant to be tragic—wherever he is, he always wants to be somewhere else.

He necessarily depersonalizes other drivers—they are "objects" in the way of a better lap time—and in the end this alienation, together with the accelerator pedal that feels "like a foreign country," takes his life. Symbolically, the Goodyear blimp floats away from his final race, headed to next week's "big" spectacle. The system has no pity.

The author? He got out in time and fulfilled Roger's fantasy. He's now living on a farm in Michigan, is an astronomy buff, and considers himself an expert in split-rail fence construction.

—Stephen Morse

People's Bulletin Board

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EDCENTRIC MAGAZINE, radical educational journal, needs collective staff member. Education, editorial/production, political, collective experience all helpful. Write PO Box 1802, Eugene, Ore. 97401.

Woolman Hill is looking for a farmer/woods-person and a kitchen coordinator. For details of us send details of yourself to Woolman Hill, Deerfield, Mass. 01342.

New Midwest reserach institute seeks unselfish, socially-conscious, non-careerist, MA-PhD MOVEMENT economists, political scientists, etc. MUST be able to get grants or raise funds. Semi-scholarly studies on war-peace reconversion, etc. **READ Gross and Osterman "The New Professionals"** pp. 33-77, Studs Terkel "Working" pp. 525-527, 537-540, Don Biggs "Breaking Out." Midwest Institute, 1206 N 6th St., 43201.

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see you there?

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EVENTS

Manhattan WRL Meeting: May 28—8:00 pm. Sybil Claiborne, "Issues and Action, The Working of a Local Group," 165 E. 35th St., NYC.

SAGARIS, an independent institute for the study of feminist thought will hold two 5-week sessions 6/9-7/12 and 7/21-8/23 in Lyndonville, VT. For info write Sagaris, Inc., 130 W. 86 St., No. 8C, NYC 10024. (212) 877-0335.

"FREE NAMIBIA" DAY demonstration, South African Mission to the UN, 42nd St. and Second Ave., NYC, from 12-3 pm, Saturday, May 31.

The Bread and Roses Collective presents **BARBARA DANE** Sunday, June 1st at 8 pm at All Souls Church, 16th and Harvard Street NW, Washington, DC. \$2 donation goes toward building Bread and Roses Community Music, an anti-capitalist record store.

For information on the New Hampshire World Fellowship Center Summer Season Seminars: Box 156, Kerhonkson, NY 12446 (914-626-7974) or Conway, NH 03818 (603-447-2280).

ANARCHIST LECTURE SERIES Bruce Elwell, "Why the New Left Failed," Free-space Alternate U, 339 Lafayette, NYC, June 6, 8 pm.

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Wish to do Full time Volunteer work in PRISON REFORM in Fall in SF/Bay area. Steve Meinrath, 811 Madison St., Evanston, IL 60202.

Seeking part-time job so I can devote more time to social/peace action. Must remain in this area: Experience—engineering, auto mechanics (engineering degree, state inspection license). Any possibilities welcome. Tom Hill, 100 Kleinhaus Street, Easton, Penna, 18042. (215) 252-6666.

Worker for Nonviolent social change available this summer in exchange for room, board. Susan Smith, COOP-Pomona College, Claremont, Calif. 91711.

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