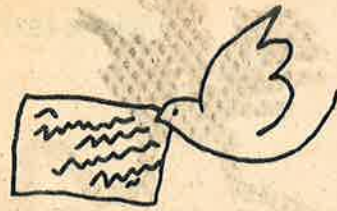


win

PEACE & FREEDOM THRU NONVIOLENT ACTION

The Vietnamization of Durham, North Carolina
Chicago Poet-Activist, Joffre Stewart
The Housing Plight of Eastern Indians and,
Stew Albert Watches Abbie Hoffman on TV





The 5/22/75 issue was excellent from front cover to back—which is not an infrequent quality in WIN. Barbara Deming surely is a feminist to cherish. Her clarity and perspective and sensitivity to the human dilemma of sex typing and the liberation of people is amazing. I am always encouraged by women who dare to be both sensitive and angry at the same time. In her own words, it is necessary for us to become angry enough to sometimes "turn away from men," and to "become unpossessed." This is indeed a goal of merit, and the attitude expressed by Ms. Deming puts the value in a balanced perspective. I hope to keep finding her articles in WIN, and will keep relying on WIN for more news of action in the Feminist Movement. Though there are the inevitable slips, the overall awareness of WIN publication is fantastic. I really appreciate being able to read a regular journal of articles which does not insult my worth as a female person as most media does.

—NANCY KELLER
St. Joseph, Minn.

Barbara Deming in particular, and other extremists in the "women's anti-men movement" and the "homo is better than hetero movement," taking so much space in WIN really distresses us. The cheap appellation "sexist"—if it must be used—is more appropriately applied to describe Barbara Deming, than it is to most men. Her writing seems most inappropriate in a periodical supported by the War Resisters League and presumably dedicated to promoting love and harmonious co-operation between members of the human race. Sometimes we feel we should cancel our subscription.

In the May 22 issue, Deming's confused lead article has many quotes from "feminists," including, for example, Ti-Grace Atkinson: "I think that the need men have for the role of Oppressor is the source and foundation of all human oppression." Barbara says, "I think so, too" and later adds "I find [Atkinson's book] *Amazon Odyssey* a book full of deep truths."

In the same issue of WIN, in the lists of recommended books, Barbara lists five, all by women: similarly Ann Davidon and Andrea Dworkin list only women writers. The problems of this world have to be solved by people—women and men. We agree with

Paul Krassner in the same issue of WIN, "Besides, separatism is counter-productive and boring."
—VICTOR GOERTZEL
—MILDRED GEORGE GOERTZEL
Palo Alto, Calif.

I just read Barbara Deming's "To Fear Jane Alpert is To Fear Ourselves." Ms. Deming brought out a point that is well taken. There are a lot of movement people loosely referring to Alpert as an informer. Whether she is or isn't is not up to them to decide.

As far as denouncing the Attica Brothers. Ms. Deming pretty well summed that up: "Attica is all of us." Jane Alpert has denounced the "people" and I'm sorry—not for myself or my Attica Brothers but for Jane Alpert. All Jane Alpert can do for me is liberate herself. It appears to me that Alpert can't even demystify her own political and sexual experience—how can she hope to bring awareness to anyone else?

As for throwing Alpert out of the movement—hell she's done that herself. Her rantings are those of the oppressor. To belong to a movement she must identify with those in the movement and they with her. What possible "peoples" movement could Alpert belong to that so many feminist leaders want to throw her out of—surely nothing they identify with. Or is this what Ms. Deming was making reference to when she quoted Ms. Sherman's poem: "to fear you is to fear myself, to hate you is to hate myself." To me Jane Alpert and Nelson Rockefeller represent the oppressor; to someone else they may represent truth.

I'm not advocating to exclude Alpert from the human race although I believe it would be a good idea in Rockefeller's case. Jane Alpert is going through a very trying time and I believe there is hope for her but this is something she must work out for herself.

But create a working trust with Alpert?! Would Ms. Deming advocate a working trust with Nelson Rockefeller?! At this time what could either contribute to any "peoples" social movement? One of them killed 43 men in cold blood and the other is glad he did it because they were male chauvinist pigs. Two real fine human beings.

It is important to recognize the social enemy of the people. I would not embrace a rattlesnake for fear it would bite me, not because "I fear myself." At this point in Jane Alpert's life she is a rattle snake and just as a rattle snake she has first broadcast her intentions; "death to the people"—or have I misunderstood her rantings? It is up to Susan and the Weather people to discern if this rattle snake has yet bitten anyone. If

not then there is still hope for Jane Alpert. In the meantime all others would be wise to tread lightly for, if she has prostituted her principles and other peoples' lives to save her own, she will do it again.

I know that this is not Ms. Deming's rationalization of the matter, but then I suspect she is a lot bigger person than I am. The "peoples" movement is in no danger as long as there are those who believe and love as deeply as Barbara Deming.

—CHUCK STOTTO
McAlester State Penitentiary, Okla.

Bruce Nelson's letter in the May 22 issue asks how beef got to be such a status symbol, anyhow? A good question, though it surprises me a little bit that you ask. I will offer some clues.

First, we are not as far out of barbarism as we like to think.

When our ancestors finally learned to cooperate with one another well enough to trap and eat animals larger than themselves, this proved to be a good supplement to the berries, nuts, and roots that had to be constantly searched for in field or forest, never quite enough to eat, always calling for more searching and gathering. It was great to have enough to eat for all the gang, and maybe even for a few days yet.

Skip a few more thousands of years and our ancestors have some fairly tame animals that they can follow around as the animals eat grass and turn it into people-food—meat. People don't thrive very well on grass. It takes an extra stomach or so, which we just don't have.

Skip a few more thousand years and people have learned to plant seed crops (wheat, "Oats, peas, beans and barley grow" and so on) and people didn't need to follow flocks, but could stay put if they lived in places where there was enough rain. The hard, lean winter could be provided for with some work and foresight, and with good luck. In bad years, the remaining flocks could be eaten, at least some of them, when there was not enough grain to keep them all going. So starving was often avoided.

A few more thousand years and there are so many people that it may be easier to steal what your neighbors have stored up than to go without. So people organize to protect themselves from robbery, and we get the strong man with the biggest, strongest house storing the food (some food) and offering a place of safety (?) to run to when marauding groups came to steal and to pillage. So...feudalism, in various forms, depending on various things.

Feudalism was successful enough in its day that by and by there were more and more people, and the question inevitably arose as to *Who gets to eat the animals?* and *Who gets to hunt in the forest?* (if any forest is left).

You guessed it. It was the man or family with the biggest, strongest fortress-house for living in and for refuge of his outlying clients, whose crops he naturally took a big cut out of, to keep his big establishment going, to keep his horses fed so he could fight his battles, and keep another strong man from taking over his'n, with death and destruction as a part of the process. It was a way of getting along.

Meantime the peasants, those outlying clients, had to live on "oats, peas, beans and barley" and what small game they were permitted to capture in the by-now supervised hunting preserves of the Lord, the Duke, or the whoever. The Big House also had the privilege of eating white flour, as compared with the plain ground wheat, or whatever, that poorer people had to get along with. Nobody knew that the coarser flour was more healthful; it remained a status item, filtering down to the lower classes as they became able to afford it. This could lead us off into industrialization and colonialism and our present energy dilemma, but that's too much for one letter. There are books.

So—now we are all trying to be Dukes and Duchesses. We admire kings and queens, movie stars, and other symbols of conspicuous consumption, including sports heroes and Mafia types and other big accumulators and big spenders, be it by violence or by more "legal" means. So those hard-working families who succeeded in raising their 6 or 8 or 10 or 12 children on garden truck, wheat and corn, chickens and pigs and an occasional cut of beef have produced some very competent, hard working children, and, said children can now (or could in the years between 1900 and now) buy their food with less work than it took to grow it and store it on the old home farm. And so they buy it, with their until-recently increasing incomes. And what do they want to buy? You guessed it again. The food heretofore limited to the Elite—beef, and white flour, and that great irony of the slave trade, sugar. (Between 1870 and 1970, US sugar consumption rose from 8 to 132 pounds per year per person.)

'Nough said. As to why we keep producing people who want so much money and so much of things they don't really need, and why they like to boss other people—that's another

book, and I suspect it might be about family life and family relations. But I don't know all the answers, either. Let's keep looking, shall we?
—MARTHA JARRELL RAPER
Oakton, Va.

A young, black man, Robert Cline is slated for the Gas Chambers in Rhode Island unless some poor folks start speaking up. Big criminals pay little people to murder for them and call it war. Some murder for themselves out of despair and fear or whatever and they are the scapegoats for the State of Terror because we let it be that way.

"Provision S-L is the Way to a Gas Chamber for State for everyone who does not conform to the Way of the High Priests of 1984—which got a head start in '74 in America. We are responsible for this Brave New World if we bury ourselves in petty conflicts over what's masculine and what's feminine when men are being imprisoned, tortured & killed for being HUMAN."
—SHELLY KILLEN
Kingston, RI

I'd like to remind you of a movement that gets little favorable publicity—student liberation. As a recent graduate, I can attest to the arbitrary absurdity that is public high school in America. Now the straight press is blaming the rising crime rate in schools on "lax discipline" and "permissiveness." Ha! Is a universal ten-year conscription for six-year olds "permissive" in any sense of the word? Hardly. We need to abolish the tyranny of compulsory education before we reap another generation of dazed and frustrated "inmates."
—VAUGHN TRENDE
Dickinson, ND

Two articles in the May 8th issue mention the *Boston Globe*. Michele Clark talks justifiably about the *Globe* fanning the Vietnam orphan frenzy, and Ron Reeves asks, "How do you fight Ford, the Pentagon, the *Globe*, et al.?"

Now the *Globe* is an establishment, capitalistic newspaper. It often won't touch stories which the *Phoenix* (a so-called underground paper, but a capitalistic one) will touch.

Nonetheless the *Globe* is one of the best Establishment Dailies. It's been on-target vis a vis Vietnam for many, many years.

And you don't find many editorials like their May 3 one entitled "Those who were right" (about Vietnam) in the establishment press.
—ART HARRIS
Arlington, Vt.



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Cover: South American International Police Academy trainees visiting the Durham, NC, Police Department, 12/74. Photo by Russel Rigsbee. (See article pg. 10.)

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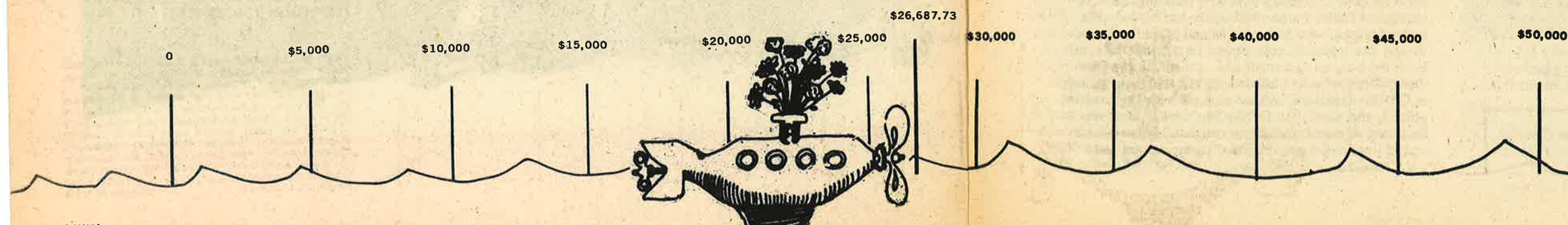
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JOFFRE STEWART: Nonviolent Activist from the

BY Leslie Ann Brownrigg

At noon on April 15th, Joffre Stewart was out in front of the federal building in Chicago. Chicago WRL had originated the idea of a demonstration against federal taxation; "Jof-free" had been on the leaflet committee. When the demonstration expanded into a coalition, the WRL leaflet text was mysteriously substituted for a toned-down handout: loyal citizens pleading the feds to spend taxes for jobs. That afternoon Joffre handwrote and quick-printed an alternative leaflet, addressed to people, not to government:

Taxes represent labor, work. Taxes represent work taken from you by the State, whether you like it or not. (The draft is a form of taxes.) Since taxation is a form of mugging, you do not control what Government does with it regardless of how you voted or didn't. The life you save may be your own when you REFUSE TO PAY TAXES. War resisters dedicate themselves to removing the causes of war, therefore they remove themselves from the tax system. . . Let's dig in for the long haul to Nonviolent Revolution.

That evening Joffre sent off his leaflets with a poem, leaping from the stage at the Kingston Mines pub, where he acts as master of ceremonies for the weekly open reading of the Lincoln Avenue Poets.

Jof's poetry expresses his anarcho-pacifist (he pronounces it, "pass-a-fist"), anti-racist beliefs. He deals with concepts: the character of society, solutions. He uses poetry to deliver his message of nonviolent revolution; it is written to be read to audiences.

Since the late 50's, Jof's headed up a poetry session which has roved from berth to berth. It's first home was in the College of Complexes, a free speech forum founded by 20's era bohemian Slim Brundage. Jof's session migrated through the ad-hoc existence of the "College" in Old Town bars. Media blowup of the Beat Generation helped take poetry out of academia and put it in coffeehouses. Jof and his core group have read at the Kingston Mines since 1971. Occasionally Jof, with the avant-garde jazzman Joe Jarman as a back-up musician, does gigs. Regularly, on Tuesdays, he opens

Leslie Ann Brownrigg has been active in the Chicago for several years. She teaches anthropology at Northwestern University.

the mike to all comers at the Mines, for the splendid compensation of a cider and a milkshake on the house:

On Saturday of TAX WEEK Joffre mingled among the students assembled by the Revolutionary Student Brigade (RSB). He pulled a new leaflet from one of the grey sacks of literature he carries on his pilgrimages around the city. His counter-leaflet was written specifically for the RSB anti-imperialist demo. RSB's slogans were *US Out of Indochina! Superpowers Out of the Middle East! We Won't Fight in Your Imperialist Wars!* The slogans printed on Jof's leaflet escalated the concepts: *US Out of North America! USSR Out of Eurasia! All Sovereignties Off the World! A Victory over War-yes A Victory thru war-no!*

On April 17th, Joffre Stewart—poet, pacifist, anarchist, radical racial equality activist, advocate of the anti-Christ and perhaps the single most familiar on-the-street demonstrator and itinerant political forum gadfly in the city of Chicago—turned 50. In his half century of life, Joffre has been living in the storm center of pacifist-anarchist activism in Chicago. He's lived a lot of movement history.

* * * * *

In 1949 Joffre integrated a barbershop. He had decided to investigate what a Black man had to do to get a haircut in Chicago. He went to the Palmer House, a fancy Loop hotel, where they sent him down to the employees' service area in the sub-basement, and from there out into the alley. He tried a shop at Clark and Madison. Barbers there told the Black shoeshine boy, to show Jof out and called the cops. At a turkish bath, the boss tried to get the Black towel man to evict him; a worker menaced him with a hammer.

Joffre finally made his stand at a small barbershop in the Roosevelt University Fine Arts Building. Leon, an immigrant Italian barber, refused to cut his hair. His partner, a Jew, who had experienced prejudice in the theater as a make-up man, agreed to cut Jof's hair. But Leon the boss was adamant and called the cops. By then Joffre, who had learned pacifist resistance tactics at CORE workshops, refused to walk with the arresting officers, and went limp for the first time in what was to be a long career of nonviolent resistance to arrest. He stayed limp and was committed to the mental ward of a VA hospital.

Windy City

It was the same hospital where he had ended his army "career." Joffre was pacifistic by the time of World War II. He read about the conscientious objector status in the *Tribune*, but people in CO camps had to pay for their own keep. Joffre knew his poor, relief family had no means to support him at such a camp. At that time he was not in touch with groups like the Quakers to whom he might have turned. He wanted to refuse the draft and accept imprisonment at Sandstone, the local federal pen, for the duration.

"I listened to my mother, instead of my conscience; one compromise led to another." He registered in 1943, late, overstayed his first furlough and ended up in the Ft. Sheridan guardhouse. For a while, his cell-mate in D cage was a member of CORE. The previous occupant of his bunk had been strangled to death by a psychopath still on the loose in the cage. Joffre spent his time listening to news about CORE, and trying to stay awake and alive.

The Army soon shipped him out to Camp Pickett, VA, and assigned him to a gasoline supply unit made up of the "sick, lame, blind and crazy." There he began his lone, uninformed passive resistance, laughing at the officer caste, making errors on reports, finally going AWOL. Courtmarshalled, he got "6 and 2/3rds"—6 months in the guardhouse at one-third pay. He was forced to do basic training by day. Since the Army needed warm bodies for the war, his sentence was commuted and he was scheduled for a boat leaving for England. He went AWOL, hoping to miss the boat, was caught and sent off on a journey enlivened by death charges en route.

Once at the US base in England he stopped talking. He refused direct orders to speak, speaking only with the medical officer. Put in a hospital, he refused to speak altogether. The Army loaded him on a Red Cross ship and sent him back to Chicago. He was subjected to electroshock "treatment" and finally discharged on December 7, 1945.

Back on the street, he was headed for a bowling alley one evening when he passed a CORE picket line in front of White City roller skating rink. "It was just what I was looking for. I joined the picket line. Afterwards Willoughby Abner announced a social at the CORE office. That's how I found CORE."



Joffre Stewart speaking at a Chicago tax demonstration. Photos by Alan Koss.

Jof worked with Chicago CORE from the winter of 45-46 until the original chapter stopped meeting in February 1957. CORE would investigate reports of businesses' discrimination, discuss action within the group, then try to negotiate with the target restaurant, bar, sports palace, department store or parochial school. Parochial schools were dealt with by negotiation. The service businesses usually required sit-in tactics. Mixed groups went inside for the duration. Bending department stores on State Street to offer jobs to Blacks required long-term pickets. Cracking the job scene at Goldblatts and local baking companies were important victories. "Where we applied ourselves, we accomplished something. CORE was pragmatically nonviolent. The pacifist techniques were the most efficacious."

Jof joined Peacemakers the year it started—1948. While Marge and Bob Swann were in Chicago, Jof participated in Peacemakers' activities, mainly anti-nuke demos and agitprop. The American Friends Service Committee kept the pressure up after Chicago Peacemakers disbanded. From 1958-1964 Jof channeled his anti-nuke agitation through the Student Peace Union.

Anti-Indochina war protest arose in Chicago through many autonomous organizations, embracing various political tendencies, by no means all distinctly pacifist. A good deal of anti-war activity was generated by Catholic activists: the Catholic Workers, the Chicago 15, Beaver 55, the Four of Us, the Pontiac 4. Clandestine, never apprehended groups ripped off or destroyed draft files in Evanston and Berwyn. The Nonviolent Training and Action Center, Clergy and Laity Concerned, the AFSC and a myriad of Marxist and campus-based groups emerged to join in rough coalitions.

Chicago people inspired by the draft card burning at Sheeps Meadow (NY, April 1967) formed the Chicago Area Draft Resistance (CADRE). Jof participated in their original Hyde Park locations and helped out at their North Avenue office. "Neither fish nor fowl"—as Staughton Lynd characterized CADRE, it was dedicated to draft resistance and outreach to deserting soldiers and sailors. Its clear political tendency was counter-cultural. CADRE founded Alice's Restaurant which helped build Lincoln Avenue's character as a hip and vaguely movement area.

CADRE's printing outfit, OMEGA is now operated by WRL people, Dave Fink and Jerry Churnow. That Omega is all that's left of CADRE today, and that it has an office on the same floor as the National Caucus of Labor Committees is some kind of crazy comment.

Jof signed a WRL peace pledge printed in *Peace News* out of England back in the 50's, but only this past year were WRL chapters organized in the Chicago area, in part a tribute to Brad Lytle's organizing energy, in part to the WRL faithful who, scattered and unreinforced, held on. They got their act together for the April 15th anti-tax demo and were immediately outflanked by reformists. Coalition politics in Chicago are always a little strange.

There is no question that pacifism as a distinct political movement is weak in Chicago, especially in contrast to anarchism. The IWW, continuous in Chicago since 1905, has been the nexus for Chicago anarchism. In the late 40's and 50's, old time Wobbly purists were holding onto the history, the newspaper and beliefs at 2440 N. Halsted, over a Syrian restaurant. By 1965, change was brewing. Young Wobblies shocked their age

70+ elders by printing up stickers—"abolish the police"—and leafletting high school students to drop out. Some of the younger crowd had drifted out of the Student Peace Union (SPU), mainly around Roosevelt University, and into the Wobblies. They were fed up by the SPU's growing socialist tendencies (e.g. reform the state), avowing the anarchist principle (smash the state). The IWW with its files, contacts and literature exchanges with IWW and anarchist organizations throughout the world was a base.

The IWW made a grant-in-aid so the new blood could set up Solidarity Bookstore. Solidarity functioned as a meeting place and public outreach. There were tensions in style at first. Joffre recalls an elderly Wobbly coming in and tearing down the Tuli Kuferberg "Fuck for Peace" poster. But the Wobblies and Solidarity stuck together. When the old IWW headquarters were torn down, it operated out of Liberty Hall on Lincoln Avenue, until they tried to organize the workers at one of the Hall's landlord's movie theaters. The Chicago IWW local then had to scurry to Solidarity. Today, national IWW has its own place (742 Webster) and Solidarity has folded only to resurrect as The New Space (1509 N. Halsted).

For a decade, Solidarity Bookstore was the spawning ground for a multitude of further anarchist organizations: the Nameless Anarchist Horde, Anarcho-Feminism and the Chicago Anarchist Black Cross, among others.

As Jof recalls the interplay, the Nameless Horde was nucleated by a contingent of Chicago people who had piled into cars to attend an anarchist media conference in New York. The Horde consisted mainly of people on welfare and around (get this) *Playboy* magazine. Bob Shea and Bob Wilson were editors (catch their anarchist fun fiction: *The Illuminati* in paperback by Dell; Wilson's *Sex and Drugs* and re-read *Playboy* Forum, team). Wilson's wife, Arlen, originated Anarcho-Feminism, reacting against not only the *Playboy* philosophy but some of the weaknesses of Women's Liberation. *The Siren*, a mimeo magazine edited by Arlene Myers, is still published on an occasional basis.

A nameless San Diego Wobbly together with some Horde members founded a local Chicago Anarchist Black Cross, linking up with chapters of that worldwide group. The project of supporting and writing Spanish anarchists still in prison worked out of Solidarity and later, the New Space.

Joffre himself became the overlap member and tie to the Prisoners' Support Group (PSG), which operates out of the New World Resource Center. New World is an anti-imperialist bookstore, resource center for literature, films, slideshows and speakers, and political education collective. Like Black Cross, the PSG corresponds with prisoners and does political education and demos around prisoners' issues. Unlike Black Cross, it is not exclusively oriented to anarchism. The PSG works for the absolute abolition of all "correctional" institutions. Jof thinks that goal is great!

On Saturday November 16, 1974, Joffre was arrested for "being a Black on Lincoln Avenue." on his way to a benefit film for the Abraham Lincoln Brigade at Liberty Hall, Jof was stopped by a patrol car. Dennis Oppedisano (badge no. 13503) and his partner asked Jof for types of ID he just doesn't carry: driver's license (after all, he was walking), social security card, draft card. He showed them what he did have. The police informed him he should stay down in the vicinity of his

South Side address, then arrested him. Joffre states he offered a "nonviolent resistance to the captivity of my body. I declined to participate in the incarceration of my body by walking (or eating, if it came to that, which it never did). [At the station] I was kicked in the stomach. Trying to drag me by the hair caused two fistfuls of hair to come out—accelerating my growing baldness. Oppedisano pushed me around with a broom, and posed the toe of his shoe in my groin, threateningly. My slipper shoes came off easily in being dragged around, and once, after I had been removed from a bull pen to the wagon, a shoe tossed after me landed edge of heel on the joint where nose meets forehead."

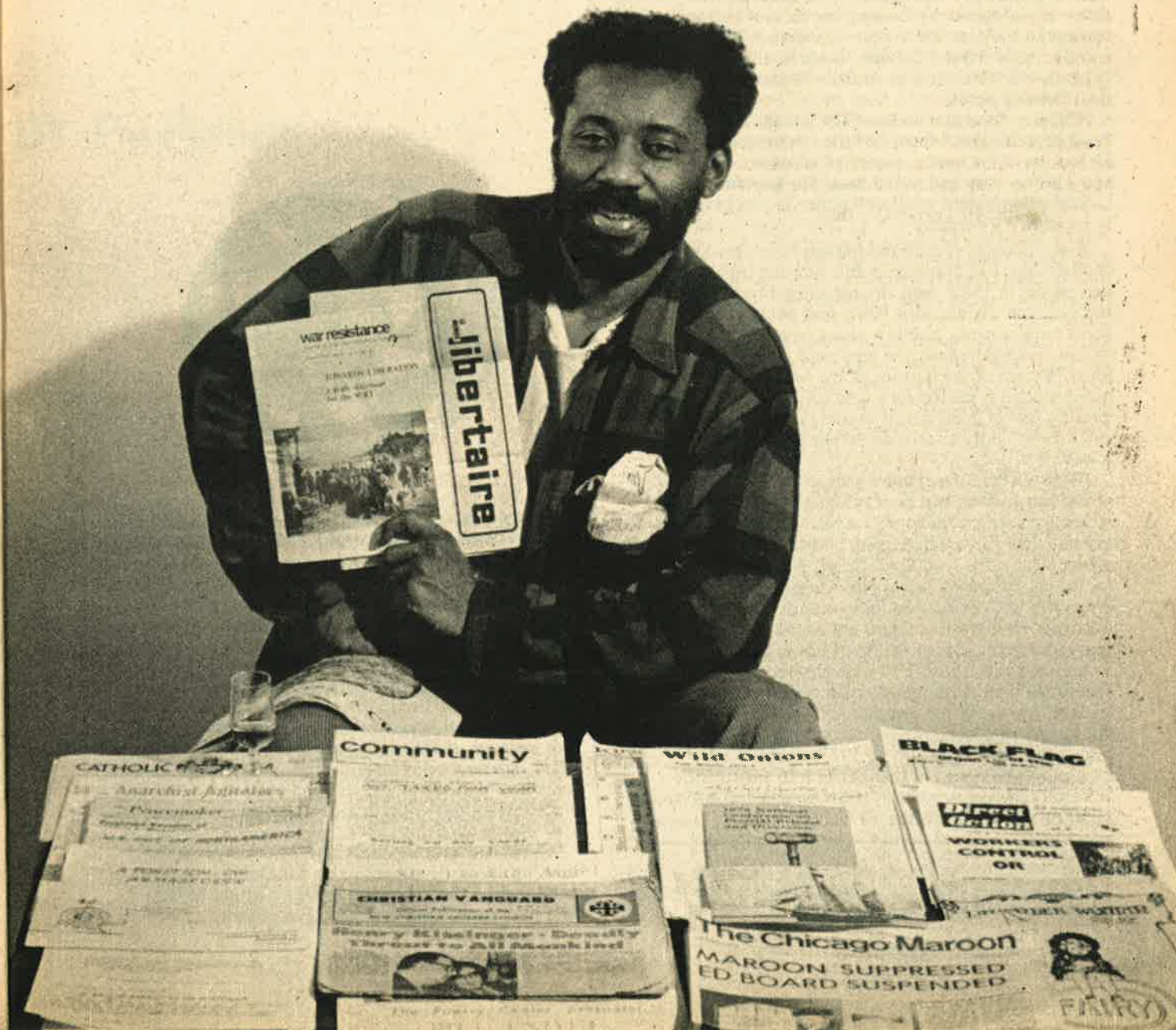
Joffre always carries large bags of literature (poetry, manuscripts, leaflets, magazines) with him. At Town-hall station, the contents were dumped (a "search"). Some items may have been thrown away, some were confiscated. Joffre's explanation for his specific presence that night on Lincoln and Fullerton and Halsted (the neighborhood where the IWW, New World Resource Center and Kingston Mines are all located) attracted further attention at the station. A special detec-

tive from Chicago's notorious (supposedly disbanded) Red Squad was sent to debrief Jof. He was "slow to understand" that Joffre could hardly describe an Abraham Lincoln Brigade event he had been prevented from attending.

Joffre was released the next day, processed through Holiday ("Drunk") Court. During the station interrogation and search Oppedisano opened his police coat to show Joffre a large button with the logo "Italian Power." He told Joffre that meant they were going to kill all the Blacks in Illinois. Late in January 1975, the same cop stopped Joffre at Belmont and Broadway giving five minutes to get off the street, again ordering him to stay down on the South Side or face arrest.

As Joffre reported to the *SRAF Bulletin* (no. 35), "I have been dragged through such situations since 1949, and I have been beaten up worse, but the form of questions and remarks from other cops made this the most racist-sounding I have ever heard: unabashed racism in attitude and expression. Has there been 'progress' somewhere?"

There will be, if more people dig in, as Joffre has.



Most Americans are shocked to hear that east of the Mississippi River, there are over 250,000 Indians—nearly 1/3 of the nations total. Indians are thought to live in the West on reservations; little is known of the Haliwas of North Carolina, the Narragansetts of Rhode Island, the Wampanoags of Massachusetts, and nearly 60 other eastern Indian groups.

Because Eastern Indians are very often too poor to qualify for housing loans from private sources, their only recourse has been to compete for Department of Housing and Urban Development (HUD) public subsidized housing along with countless other needy Americans; and because Eastern Indians usually live in urban or rural non-reservation areas, have no land base, and are often scattered and isolated, they have lacked visibility and consequently have been ignored both by federal and state government. The result is that few Eastern Indians have obtained public housing or other housing assistance; most are unfamiliar with housing application procedures and requirements and little or nothing is done to aid them.

Until 1974, most of the Eastern Indian groups could not even qualify for HUD's public housing because they lacked treaties with the federal government and were thus termed "non-federally recognized." The three federal agencies providing the bulk of housing services to Indians—the Bureau of Indian Affairs, HUD, and the Indian Health Service—chose to aid only federally recognized tribes—usually Western tribes—in their housing needs.

This was done despite the 1921 Snyder Act specifying that the government had the responsibility to aid *all* Indians in the nation, regardless of where they lived and whether they had a land base. The government's lack of commitment to all Indian people has been purely an arbitrary decision.

Even federally-recognized Indians have been short-changed because, although public housing legislation was passed in 1937, federally-recognized Indians were not declared eligible until 1961. And because of income requirements, public housing serves only low and middle income Indians; the very poor cannot qualify. Sixty percent of the housing of the federally recognized Indians is substandard, and it is said that at the present rate of government housing improvement it will take 50 years to provide decent housing for these tribes.

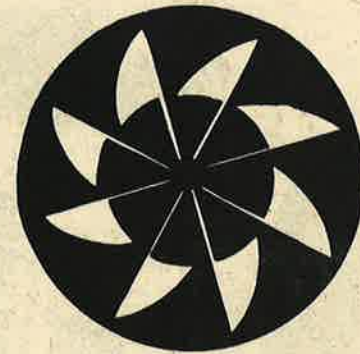
Statistically, little is known about the housing needs of Eastern Indians, but poor housing is characteristic of many tribal groups who have many community members who are unemployed, underemployed or economically disadvantaged. Grants providing funds for needs assessment surveys have been unavailable to urban and non-reservation Indians until 1974, so even the tribes themselves are hard put to present government-acceptable lists of figures of housing deficiencies.

With the exception of 14 federally-recognized tribes east of the Mississippi, most tribal communities have received few funds for community assistance during this long period since the European invasion of their lands and lives. It was only in 1973 that over 53 Eastern tribes organized themselves into the Coalition of Eastern Native Americans (CENA), and through this organization they qualified for the first time for federal

Pat Porter writes on Indian affairs for WIN. In the February 2 issue of WIN she reported on the housing problems of Indians living in the West.

THE HOUSING OF EASTERN TRIBES PLIGHT OF THE TRIBES

BY PAT PORTER



monies which would otherwise have been unavailable to them because of regulations requiring a certain population or land base.

Now, through both private and federal grants, available through new Indian set-asides provided in recent legislation for non-reservation and urban Indian groups, Eastern tribes are initiating economic, educational, and other projects of their own choosing; some tribes are even active in the courts, seeking return of their traditional lands or redress for other grievances. For instance, the Wampanoags of Martha's Vineyard, Mass., are now suing for 250 acres in Gay Head, which were incorporated into the town by the state, illegally since it was done without federal government approval.

CENA is currently applying for a HUD grant for a housing needs assessment to be done among its member communities. The housing study would be the first such comprehensive study ever planned.



What is known about the Eastern tribal housing situations is that Eastern Indians share the plight of other rural Americans who dwell in 2/3 of the substandard housing in the US. One out of every five US rural houses is over-crowded or lacks plumbing. And yet there is no government subsidized public housing available for *anyone* in 50% of the US counties. Rural areas receive only 15% of all federal housing grants and loans, according to Senate Committee testimony in 1974.

Even the Eastern federally-recognized tribes have severe housing needs although they receive some federal housing assistance. According to a 1974 study by New York State's Office of Planning Services, on the St. Regis Reservation, 460 housing units out of the 474 surveyed were found to be substandard; only 14 of the 474 homes had running water and an indoor bathroom.

Also on St. Regis, 85% of the water wells were found to contain bacteria making them unsafe for

drinking. The study also stated: "There are quite a few large families that live in two or three room houses. Most of our large families consist of five to 12 people, most of them sleeping in one bedroom."

On the Tonawanda Reservation, also federally-recognized, over 46% of all surveyed dwellings lacked plumbing and more than 22% were without their own source of water. The Oneidas living on the Onondaga Reservation lacked inside plumbing in 80% of their homes.

Many Eastern Indians live in urban areas; in New York State, 80% of the 28,355 Indians live off reservations. Yet little is known about the housing needs of urban Indians. In 1972, Grace Thorpe, Indian law student and aide to Senator Abourezk of South Dakota, testified before a Congressional committee:

It is criminal the things that are happening to them (urban Indians). They have no place to stay, no place to sleep. Many of them sleep in cars or 20 or 30 in one room.

The Housing and Community Development Act of 1974 provides funds for housing only for low and middle income Indians; however it does include non-reservation and urban Indians for the first time. But since most Eastern Indian groups lack their own housing authorities, they must apply for housing through local or state housing authorities, the same agencies which previously ignored their needs. HUD will administer housing programs through local Federal Housing Administration insuring officials, local people who may not always prove to be very active advocates of meeting Indian housing needs.

General housing funds for cities may not benefit urban Indians at all. This is because the "new federalism" block grants (begun under ex-President Nixon) have scarcely any strings attached and can be spent *anywhere* in cities rather than in specially needy neighborhoods, which previously got special attention through categorical programs specifying where funds were to be spent.

Also, less money will be spent in the large cities with the most deteriorated housing such as Baltimore and New York where many Eastern Indians live. Instead, the housing needs of cities will be measured according to overcrowding rather than actual physical deterioration of dwellings, thus enabling relatively well-preserved but crowded cities to gain additional funds which were previously used by the large cities. The Act is a political ploy. It claims to give power to local elected officials, supposedly more responsive to local housing needs than federal personnel in Washington. But in reality, the Act will take funds from the most needy urban areas which are largely Democratic and liberal to give them to the smaller cities, traditionally Republican and conservative areas.

Actually, the housing situation in the US has reached critical proportions as a result of government bungling. Last year's housing act did little to rectify the complex problems. "Housing in the Seventies," the current housing policy manual of the Nixon-Ford administrations, found that the nation's housing programs are characterized by "internal inconsistencies, numerous duplications, cross-purposes, and overlaps as well as outright conflicts and gimmickry."

For Indians, the nation's poorest group economically, things may even get worse than they are unless the government becomes more responsive to Indian housing needs and does so quickly.

STATE OF SIEGE, CITY OF SIEGE

(THE VIETNAMIZATION OF DURHAM, NORTH CAROLINA)

BY Mark Pinsky

The eight burly Latin American police officials squeeze into the elevator, followed by their interpreter and a guide, Officer Ronnie Masingale of the Durham, NC, Police Department. Masingale mashes the lowest button on the panel, marked "G", and the elevator drops from the first floor to the underground garage. The doors glide open, and then shut, as the patrolman inserts a key into the panel and turns it, sending the elevator down one more level, not indicated on the control panel. The foreign police officials, part of a larger group from the International Police Academy (IPA), run by the US State Department's Agency for International Development (AID), follow Officer Masingale into the subterranean Emergency Communications Center, the pride of the Durham Police Department. Financed by more than \$300,000 in federal funds from both the Law Enforcement Assistance Act (LEAA) and the Office of Civil Defense, the Center is packed full of the latest computers, consoles and highly sophisticated communications equipment, with lighted maps of the county lining the walls. The center's terminals connect it, through "query capacity," with the FBI's data banks, the National Criminal Information Center (NCIC) and Computerized Criminal History (CCH), as well as input to the National Law Enforcement Teletype System (NLETS). According to the brochure handed out to the visitors, the Center also features "sleeping quarters, cooking facilities, toilet and bath facilities, and a two bed infirmary. Emergency electrical power is provided and there is also a water supply separate from City utilities." There are, in addition, facilities for radiation decontamination. As all this is translated into Spanish for the IPA visitors, they smile and nod approvingly. But it is not until they are led into the arms room of the police department, lined with racks of Remington automatic .12 gauge shotguns, grenade launchers and assorted automatic weapons do their eyes light up behind their sunglasses.

Perhaps the most compelling aspect of the film *State of Siege* by the director Costa-Gavras was the melding of fact and fiction. The film depicts the 1970 kidnapping of US AID official Dan Mitrione by Tupamaro guerrillas in Uruguay. Mitrione, a graduate and later an instructor at the International Police Academy, was serving as a Public Safety Advisor in Latin America when he was kidnapped by the guerrillas, who claimed that he was involved in counter-insurgency programs,

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including torture and summary executions. The former Indianapolis police officer was himself interrogated and, finally, executed.

Jon Kindice, Durham's new police chief, didn't think *State of Siege* was a very good movie. Dan Mitrione was his friend and a student at the IPA while Kindice was a senior instructor there. When the film opened in Washington, DC, Kindice went to see it with a group of his IPA colleagues, and the verdict was unanimous.

"Personally, I knew the man. Personally I worked in the programs and when someone comes and tells me that you've been engaged in teaching torture or techniques or this type of a thing, I do have to get a little angry. Because I was the one who was doing it—they weren't. . . In my opinion, the movie was a total and complete prevarication of the existing situation. The portrayal of Dan Mitrione did him dishonor and the United States dishonor. . . It was despicable."

Like Mitrione, Jon Kindice joined the Agency for International Development after a brilliant career in law enforcement. He was, at 30, an acting captain—the second highest civil service rank—in the Sacramento County, Cal. Sheriff's Department, where he was the only officer in the 600-member department trained (at his own expense) in the operation of a polygraph. After training at the IPA, Kindice was sent to Quang Ngai Province, South Vietnam, in 1967, where he served as AID Public Safety Advisor to the province's civilian rural police. During his service, 350 civilians were massacred at My Lai, located in his district. Kindice says "I heard nothing about it." He also visited the infamous Con Son Island prison, on vacation, but says that he knew nothing of the notorious "tiger cage" cells. And, in 1968, he was involved in the CIA-sponsored "Operation Phoenix," aimed at disrupting the Viet Cong infrastructure in the countryside.

"I was there when they developed it, as a matter of fact," Kindice says of Phoenix with familiarity, adding that, as an advisor to the provincial police chief he "saw American portions of directives and translations of the Vietnamese," since "local provincial police were called on to gather information."

But as questioning on the subject continues, citing the estimated 20-40,000 assassinations during the course of the program, he begins to back off. "I read a lot of this stuff about Phoenix and this assassination business and maybe there is some truth to it. There certainly may be. . . My association with Phoenix was



Jon Kindice, police chief of Durham. Photo by Russell Riggsbee.

more a reading of material that came through and not direct participation."

Still, he cannot manage to leave the subject. "From my standpoint as advisory to the province chief, a dead, high-infrastructure individual is of no worth to you from the standpoint of information. . . It was much better to isolate them. . . As far as assassination was concerned in Quang Ngai, I know of no specific directives and attempts to do so. . . My participation was civil law enforcement."

Kindice says that in his two years of service in Vietnam he was never present during the interrogation of any prisoners and knew of not a single case of the physical abuse of detainees. Nor did he ever know of a single American he knew to be a member of the CIA, qualifying that statement by saying, "Bear in mind I was pretty young and pretty naive from the standpoint of overseas experience."

Jon Kindice is a short, stocky, somewhat vain man, who combs his blond hair across a high, balding pate. At 38, he looks and sounds more like a genial Hollywood actor than a popular new chief of police. "I hate to blow my own horn (but) I think I can honestly say I was considered in the Sacramento Sheriff's department one of the better interrogators. . . we had. . . I had a knack for interrogations."

The chief is a self-made man. He began college at Sacramento State as an operatic tenor and French horn major, switching over to a law enforcement major only in his senior year, after economic difficulties had forced him to give up full time attendance. Kindice finished school at night, while working a 40 hour week with the sheriff's department. Rising rapidly through the ranks, he received the state of California's special riot control training in addition to his lie detector course.

Asked about his military service, he is somewhat self-conscious about being of an age whereby he was too young to serve in Korea and too old to serve in

Vietnam. (In California he was a member of a Naval Reserve unit.) So, he recalls, looking ahead to 35 more years in the sheriff's department with only one grade of advancement left, he signed on with AID, specifying Vietnam service in 1966. Looking back today, he is certain he made the right decision. While in Vietnam, he was advisor to the head of the National Police and the Ministry of the Interior, and he directed a church choir that included then Ambassador Ellsworth Bunker. One of his main assignments at the Ministry of Interior was to reorganize the procedure for issuing and renewing visas for non-military foreigners, including journalists, but he recalls nothing about the expulsions and non-renewals by the ministry while he was setting up and implementing the system now in use.

Following his Vietnam service, Jon Kindice spent two years on the faculty of the International Police Academy teaching foreign police officials, after which he was posted to Jamaica (as part of AID's Drug Enforcement Administration, which has also been accused of acting as a CIA front) where he spent another two years as chief public safety advisor to the US mission there, specializing in narcotics control. Briefly, just before taking the chief's job in Durham, Kindice returned to Southeast Asia in 1973, to help in "winding down" and "assessing" the success of US AID programs to the Thai National Police. Next to breaking up student street demonstrations and guarding US military installations, the main job of the 84,000 member police force is to control heroin production and export.

Kindice's boss—and one of those most instrumental in his hiring is Lieutenant Colonel Esai Berenbaum (US Army, Ret.), Durham's Director of Public Safety. Berenbaum, 49, was an infantry officer in Nha Trang, Vietnam, from 1965 to 1966, serving as assistant chief of staff in the II Corps headquarters, where he specialized in "civil affairs/community relations." Before and after his Vietnam service Berenbaum was on the staff and faculty of the JFK Center for Special Warfare at Ft. Bragg, NC, teaching "in the economic and political area." He was also an ROTC professor at Pratt Institute in Brooklyn, NY.

Berenbaum saw action in Europe as a young enlisted man in WW II and later had combat duty as a junior officer in the Korean War. Between wars, he graduated from Georgetown University, where he did so well in ROTC that he was offered a regular army commission. Despite not being a West Point graduate, he later attended US Army Command and General Staff College and, while still in the military, earned a masters' degree in political science from Columbia University. In the 1950's, Berenbaum held military liaison posts in France, Germany and Italy. He retired from the army in 1968 and, after an interim job with American University and some municipal training at the University of North Carolina, he was hired as Durham's assistant city manager, before assuming duties as director of public safety in 1971.

Lt. Col. Berenbaum resembles a 19th century, Eastern European cavalry officer: tanned, finely chiseled face, high cheekbones and a clipped black moustache. His speech is equally clipped, and resonant. He is far more wary than Chief Kindice, choosing his words more carefully, speaking formally—at times as if he is reciting orders from memory.

He went to Vietnam as part of the first buildup of US ground combat forces in 1965. His assignment, he

says, was to "maintain daily contact with public opinion informers in this area (II Corps), to direct efforts designed to maintain smooth working relationships between the military and the civilians in the area. . . ." Simplified, what that meant was "interpretation of American policy as it pertained to civilians. . . . If there were problems arising between the Vietnamese community and American troops, I was interested." Much of the time this meant paying off villagers for damage done by drunk GI's. Berenbaum recalls that he worked most closely with US AID personnel.

Back at the JFK Center at Ft. Bragg, then called the Institute for Military Assistance, Berenbaum returned to teaching military and civilian officials from Third World countries the "theory and practice of running responsible government." The thrust of his course was teaching the officers how to "maintain stability and still remain within the concepts of the political theories that most of us here in the US have been brought up with." Occasionally, he says, groups from the International Police Academy would visit the JFK Center for "a few days of training."

It was during this time, in the late 1960's, that Berenbaum decided to leave the military. "It became apparent to me the longer I taught that we were perhaps teaching them things that we weren't really applying ourselves too often."

After the tape recorder is shut off, Berenbaum, in response to no particular question, launches in a discussion of the bad press the military has been getting in recent years. He talks about rumors of the teaching of torture, advice to prospective coup-makers and says it is a bum rap. "I taught democracy and community development. We had officials who were socialists. We didn't teach against socialism. It wasn't reflexive anti-communism." One of the strongest biases Berenbaum had to overcome after retiring from the military was the widespread feeling that all military officers suffered from a "martinet mentality."

The latest addition to the Durham Police Department is Lieutenant Colonel William Robbins (US Army, Ret.), who became the department's chief of auxiliary services the first week in November, immediately following his retirement from the army. Like Lt. Col. Berenbaum, Robbins, 47, was a young enlisted man at the close of WW II, serving in the navy in the Pacific. After graduating from Florence (Ala.) State University he joined the army, specializing in military police work. During the 1950's he too was stationed in Europe, at ATO military headquarters, and in 1961 was sent to Korea. On two occasions he was dispatched to his native Alabama in an official capacity, when his unit was sent to handle civil rights demonstrations in 1963 and 1965, for the Selma-Montgomery March. Also in 1965, Robbins' unit was sent to the Dominican Republic where he says, "my military police battalion manned the roadblocks. . . . I was commander of the battalion in Santo Domingo." (Two years later, while he was still in Vietnam, Robbins' old unit, the 503rd MP—which saw quite a bit of action throughout the 1960's—was mobilized for duty at the 1967 Pentagon demonstration and in 1968 returned to Washington following the assassination of Martin Luther King, Jr.)

Lt. Col. Robbins went to Da Nang, Vietnam in 1967 as senior advisor to the South Vietnamese Military in I Corps. There he advised his Vietnamese counterpart on "typical military police problems that you would find with any military police unit," although his duties did include serving as "advisor to the prisoner

of war camp for the I Corps area" just outside Da Nang. Asked about the prison on Con Son Island, just off the coast of I Corps, Robbins said "I was involved in the initial conversation about the design of the camp out there but I never saw it and of course was not directly associated." Later in the conversation he withdraws further, saying only that he was "told about it" and that another military advisor with US AID was in charge of civilian institutions.

Robbins provides a sharp physical contrast to Lt. Col. Berenbaum, with his white hair and salt and pepper mustache. He speaks in a deep, rich mellifluous voice, heavy with a Deep South accent from his childhood and college years in Alabama. He says that while in Vietnam he was never present during the interrogation of a prisoner or a street demonstration, adding forcefully, "I myself have never been involved or witnessed anything that could be described as brutality to a prisoner of war."

After a one year tour in Vietnam, Lt. Col. Robbins returned to the US. Like Lt. Col. Berenbaum, Robbins was not a West Point graduate, but attended General Staff College and received his masters degree in business statistics from the University of Alabama. He was subsequently assigned to the Computers Systems Command and attached to the Provost Marshal's office in Washington, DC. There, in 1970, his official biography notes, he "directed the entire program for production of crime statistics for the US Army and designed the world-wide automated Military Police Management System." Included among the components of this system, along with routine crime and motor vehicle registration information, were "reporting and verifying desertion or individuals classified as deserters" as well as "physical security systems" for bases. His last

Esal Berenbaum, Director of Public Safety. Photo by Russell Riggsbee.



project was supervising a cooperative agreement between the Provost Marshal General's office and the FBI to pool the military's computer system with the FBI's Project SEARCH (Systems for Electronic Analysis and Retrieval of Criminal Histories), which later gave way to NCIC and CCH.

It is Lt. Col. Robbins' background in computerization that was the strongest factor in his favor when he applied to Lt. Col. Berenbaum for his present position, as he is now in charge of reorganizing the city's police records system, with an eye toward complete automation, pending an assistance grant from LEAA.

After any war, both the military and the government bureaucracy tend to "draw down." Captains, majors and lieutenant colonels see that they are not going to become generals; foreign service officers see that they will never hold down a State Department desk or an ambassadorship. So they get out and look for different work in a related field, one option is college teaching, though not all jobs in a university involve teaching. At Duke University, in Durham, the secretary of the university is a former FBI agent who, during the 1960's, supervised a local network of campus informers that was uncovered in 1967. The director of Duke's campus security is also a retired FBI agent, and yet another retired army colonel, who specialized in both Asian intelligence and domestic intelligence in North Carolina, is director of campus security at East Carolina University in Greenville, NC. Traditionally, retired military officers were inclined toward private industry, often with those companies handling large military contracts. Those officers who went into state and local government usually ended up in jobs like Civil Defense coordinators (Durham County has yet another retired officer in this slot) or advisors on veterans affairs; North Carolina's Secretary of Veterans' and Military Affairs is Brig. Gen. John J. Tolson, US Army, Ret., former commandant of Ft. Bragg with Vietnam experience.

According to Pentagon figures, 100,000 officers, a majority of whom were under 50 years old, have retired from all branches of the service since 1968. A survey conducted in 1972 by the Retired Officers Association (ROA), a Washington based, all-service organization with over 200,000 members, indicated that nearly 30% of those responding were in federal, state or local government work. The Association serves as a matchmaker and clearinghouse for retired and retiring officers looking for a second career. Two of its successful matches were Lt. Col. Berenbaum and Lt. Col. Robbins. Lieutenant Colonel Maurice Lien (US Air Force, Ret.), who is on the staff of the ROA agreed that there is a trend toward retirees going into civil and public administration. Retired officers, he says, "are naturals for moving into such positions." The single most valuable attribute the retiree brings, said Lien, is "maturity," a word echoed by Kindice, Berenbaum and Robbins. And, Durham notwithstanding, many more military retirees take jobs as city managers to small towns than become public safety directors or police officials in larger cities.

(Of course, some of these "second careers" are of more concern than others. Both James McCord and E. Howard Hunt were retired CIA men who went into government service. Robert Kiley, a retired CIA man credited with subverting student organizations in the 1960's, is now deputy mayor of Boston. Alexander Butterfield, who was in charge of the White House taping system before moving, briefly, to the FAA, is a retired Air Force colonel.)

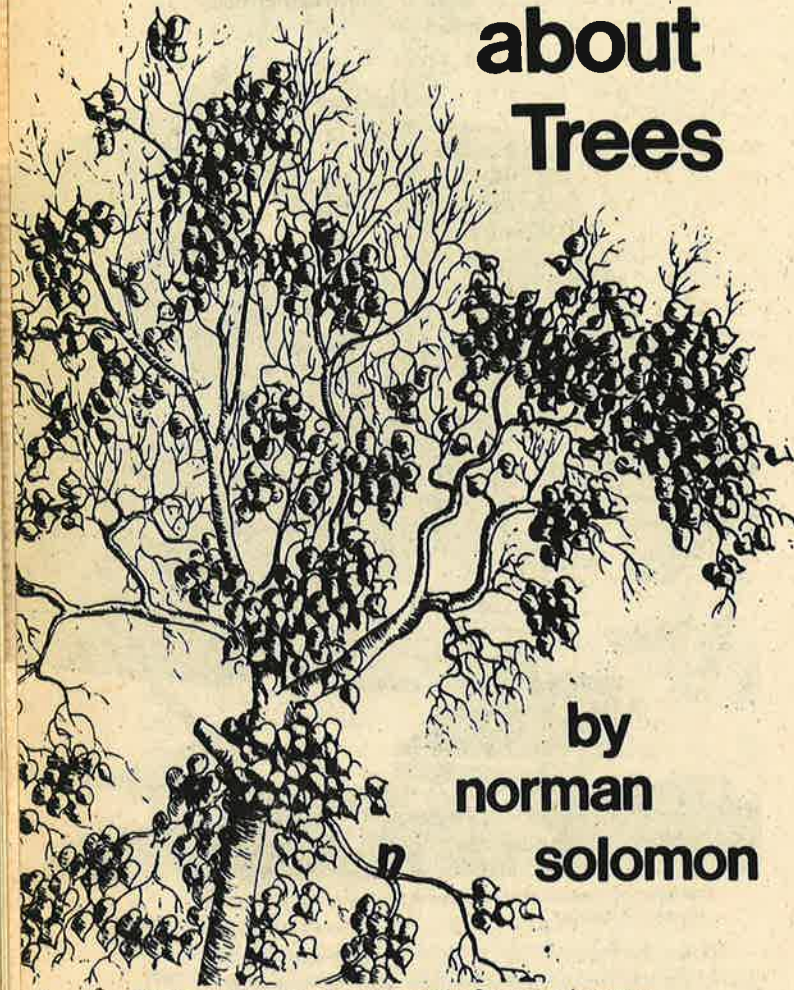


William Robbins, chief of auxiliary services. Photo by Russell Riggsbee.

Given the state of the nation and the state of the world during the period in which they served, and their length of service, there is nothing out of the ordinary in the Durham Three's training—combat, police administration, drug abuse control and civil disorder—or their service in Southeast Asia, the Caribbean and the US. Still, there are a few disconcerting aspects of the presence of Kindice, Berenbaum and Robbins in Durham. All three volunteered for Vietnam service and none are visibly scarred by the experience. They appear, in fact, to be among the few winners in a losers' war. They provided the "middle management" of the war machine; the clean hands technocrats. When not advising or training foreign bureaucrats in the mechanics of remaining in power, their day to day duties involved the policing of the byproducts of alienated young people: alcoholism, drug abuse, desertion and civil disorder.

Not one voiced a single word of regret or remorse for what was done to the Vietnamese people in the course of the war. Despite the highly political nature of their respective jobs and their proximity to known abuses and atrocities, they deny not only direct participation, but any knowledge of any single act of wrong doing in the treatment of Vietnamese civilians or Viet Cong/PRG/NVA soldiers. Listening to them is like listening to defense summation in a multidefendant Watergate trial: something happened all right, but nobody did it.

A Tall Tale about Trees



by
norman
solomon

There are those who objected of course, because progress displaces parts of the past for everyone. A few years earlier the whole notion would have been unthinkable, and impossible. But the elimination of wild trees—once a hot political issue—gradually became accepted as a rational though unfortunate response to social conditions.

For years hope had been maintained that trees could be spared. They enhanced the environment, some people said, and they should be protected for ecological as well as aesthetic reasons. But others pointed out that trees were a luxury which the national and global economy could no longer afford; clean air was frequently cited as a precedent. A turning point in the national political debate came when—on the heels of a worsening paper and wood shortage—oil, electricity and natural gas prices rose above even the inflated costs of wood for home heating.

Another pivotal point in the battle over tree policies came as unemployment figures in the US reached 20%. "Purist Naturalism or Jobs," one widely-placed Chamber of Commerce advertisement had stated, "Which Do You Prefer?" Corporate officials in wood-related industries blamed lay-offs on the wood shortage, and called on the government to declare

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"open season" on trees for the sake of the economy. They were joined by some labor leaders, including 97-year-old George Meany, who left a sick bed to call for quick action; his long-time aide Alexander Barkan came out of retirement from AFL-CIO politics in order to blast what he called "the sentimental attitudes of a bunch of tree-loving queers."

In response to mounting pressure, the President announced in a State of the Union message that "a balance must be struck between conservation and economic responsibility," and later in the week he sent details of his proposal to Congress. The bill provided for systematic elimination of trees in the US and cooperative countries (with the exception of several thousand square miles of "tree sanctuaries" in a number of Western states, as well as Federally-funded outdoor "tree museums" in over 2,000 localities in North America). "In this way," the President told a press conference, "we will preserve for posterity nature's wonders while providing jobs for American working people and their children and grandchildren."

After months of often-heated debate, Congress approved the Administration bill after amending it to provide for 3,500 tree museums instead of the original figure of 2,000. The President criticized the final bill as "inflationary" but decided to sign it "in the interests of expediting the improvement of the economic picture for all Americans."

A follow-up Administration bill, passed two years later by Congress, provided for a foreign economic policy aiming at global "de-treing," which the Secretary of State described as "international parity." Using the law as authorization, the President met with leaders of eight other major powers in Vienna, where a joint communique announced a treaty which provided for the gradual elimination of trees from the nations represented (except for historic sites) as well as a policy persuading Third World countries to join in the effort. (Investigative newspaper reports later revealed that State Department officials had distributed to summit participants copies of a hush-hush study which showed that de-treing would be a serious blow to most guerilla organizations, with the exception of those in the Middle East; distribution of the study reportedly had the effect of increasing the scope of the summit accord.)

Speaking to the nation upon landing at Andrews Air Force Base, the President hailed the summit agreement as "a major step in international understanding and unity—one which will ensure that this nation will remain strong." The President also announced that synthetic wood had been perfected through secret government-sponsored research, and the new discovery was certain to allay fears about the future; he cited research statistics proving that production of synthetic wood in factories would be far more inexpensive than the old-fashioned method of growing and cutting down trees.

There was some concern expressed through the nation's media that the government's anti-tree policy would further dehumanize citizens through increasing their alienation from nature. This concern eventually died down (although it still was heard from time to time in ultra-liberal and way-out publications), and Americans were encouraged by official agencies to involve themselves in maintaining the nation's 3,500 tree museums and the rural tree sanctuaries; due to demand, visits to tree sanctuaries required reservations and maximum visits of 48 hours per week. "I go here," one old-timer told *Time Magazine*, "to knock on wood."

WATCHING THE ABBIE SHOW

STEW ALBERT

Abbie Hoffman is the first North American revolutionary to go underground and talk about his adventures in a tv press conference. This should not come as a surprise, since Abbie was a founder of the Yippies, and a man always devoted to media myth-building as a vital aspect of cultural and political revolution. He has never been content to surrender the entire "global village" and its living rooms to such multinational corporate icons as Eric Severeid and Howard K. Smith.

The interview was conducted by Ron Rosenbaum and filmed in color by Michael Shamberg of TVTV, a video-tape production group. It provided us with 60 minutes which were both remarkable and tedious. Abbie wore a wig and, so he said, a putty nose; he was, in this unusual fashion, disguised as himself and satirizing one of our most sacred possessions—identity. It was a mixture, in equal parts, of Lenny Bruce and Bakunin, the Russian anarchist.

But as theater, the show as dampened by the TVTV, who was determined to subject every one of Abbie's words to a positivist microscope and to separate myth from reality.

An extended interview with Shamberg, who seemed determined to prove he was a more relevant and intelligent fellow than Abbie, was a total loss. It was a matter of pleasurable irony that Shamberg had to pay Abbie \$2500 for the interview. Incongruously, the closing credits told us the show was "made possible by funds provided by the Ford and Rockefeller Foundations."

Rosenbaum's version of the interview appears in *New Times Magazine*, and his fascination with Abbie's intellect and performance makes it an enjoyable piece of journalism. Ron comes across as a likeable freak, and he had to pay Abbie just five hundred bucks.

Who Are the Professionals?

The interview took place in a panelled room decorated with posters of Ho, Mao, Patty Hearst, Lenin, and Geronimo. Neither the interviewers nor Abbie knew where the room is; they were all brought there blindfolded by a mysterious, revolutionary organization referred to as "professionals."

When asked if it's the "Weather Underground," Hoffman replied, "I'll have to take a raincheck on that question." But Abbie did praise the book *Prairie Fire*, clandestinely published last summer by the Weather Underground, as "the most valuable theoretical contribution ever to come out of the left in the United States."

Stew Albert was there when the Yippies were founded in 1967. He now lives in Hurler, NY.

When Shamberg and Rosenbaum traveled out to the west coast for a meeting with the "professionals," they were instructed to travel under the names of Mr. J.E. Ray and Mr. A Bremer, a provocation that doesn't strike me as the *modus operandi* of the Weather people. It is pure and traditional Yippie.

A Long Year

I've known Abbie since 1967, and his year-long absence has been for me and so many of his friends a painful experience. It has been a year in which Jane Alpert quit the underground, disillusioned with its life-style and people, and is now said by her prosecutor to be "cooperating." Just a day before the Abbie show, Eldridge Cleaver appeared on Mike Wallace's *Sixty Minutes* and, seeming older and sadder, recanted his belief in destroying the American system. Naturally, we were all concerned with how Abbie was holding up, whether he maintained his old optimism and his sense that with enough *chutzpah* everything was possible.

He said he is now a member of a revolutionary "family"—a mixture of political fugitives, underground activists, and those in-between. "I am seeing an incredible show," he added. "I have a great seat. My fantasy is, even if the charges are dropped, I'm not going back."

"I think we suffer from the Fifties, and people are still afraid to say they're communists," Abbie continued. He expressed the need for a secret organization which can "do anything from being a food conspiracy, to pulling off a rent strike, to bombing a building, to kidnapping somebody."

Abbie The Outlaw

My feeling is that if Abbie wasn't still calling for "revolution for the hell of it," he was, at minimum, saying revolution was adventurous and that, although at times difficult, it could still be great fun. What's more, the Yippie non-leader seems to believe genuinely his words. He appeared to be at peace both in mind and body.

Just to make sure, I phoned Sue and Marty Carey, two old friends of Abbie's from his high school days, who worked with him in establishing both the Digger and Yippie movements on the Lower east Side of New York in the mid-60's. If anybody could see through anything false in Abbie's manner, it would be them.

"It was wonderful seeing him again," Susan said enthusiastically, "he was so calm and clear about his ideas. People always underestimated Abbie's intelligence, they thought he was very funny, but they never realized how carefully he planned things out. He was always fast, but he planned, and now he isn't hiding that side of his character."

I'm sure this won't be the last we'll hear from Abbie Hoffman. He is doing what he does better than anyone else, creating hopeful myths for Americans who live outside the narrow ideological confines of the left, but who want to believe they can change their lives and that revolution is possible. He helps maintain our faith in outlaws.

Abbie could have used his time to develop a more thorough political analysis of our America in its current state of absolute chaos and collapse.

But his strength lies in his capacity to push beyond analysis into new activities, actions, and images, which cause all of us to reexamine our assumptions and even our most prized theories. He's done it again, and on television. Abbie is back.

what are the lessons of pacifism?

BRADFORD LYTTLE

Ed Lazar's letter in the 5/15/75 issue of WIN made me thoughtful. I remembered the early years of the war in Vietnam, the 1965-67 period, and my reaction to news of NLF victories. The news saddened me. My reaction shocked me. Saddened? By NLF victories? Why? I knew that the Saigon government was a savage, corrupt police state. I knew that the US had no business in Vietnam, and that our presence there represented the most rapacious elements of our society—corporate capitalism and the military bureaucracy. Why should I be sad? Should I not at least be grateful that some Vietnamese were successfully resisting the monstrous tyranny being imposed on them?

I was saddened because I was a pacifist, and I did not like to see armed struggle succeed. NLF victories threatened my ideology. This understanding of my sadness greatly disturbed me, for I knew that it meant that my ideology had dehumanized me. The egotistical pleasure of being "right" had come to mean more to me than the freedom and dignity of the Vietnamese people. *Emotionally*, for me, I would have preferred to see the Vietnamese independence movement fail, than have it succeed by violent tactics. I preferred the static, indiscriminate, reactionary violence of the Saigon police state to the relatively discriminate, revolutionary military violence of the NLF.

As I faced these truths about my feelings and their roots I saw that they were neither really pacifist nor nonviolent. They weren't pacifist because they implied acceptance of the greater violence of the status-quo. They weren't nonviolent because they denied the primary moral obligation of people to struggle against injustice, even with violence. I was forced to examine my pacifism very closely. Was I a pacifist? Did I believe that war was always wrong? If it was, why was it? What did my pacifism mean for the Vietnamese people? Despite many conflicting feelings, I still found myself a pacifist, for my head told me that the Vietnamese were making a mistake in seeking their revolution primarily through armed struggle rather than through nonviolent resistance.

I looked hard at the notion of justice. Were the Vietnamese revolutionaries justified in their struggle? They seemed to be. Were they justified in armed struggle? I had to confess that I thought they were. Well then, wasn't that the end of my pacifism? No it wasn't, be-

cause I realized that what pacifism was saying was that it was a mistake to resort to military power *even for a just cause*. What ended was my moralistic pacifism, the tendency to look upon others as "immoral" for resorting to violence to liberate themselves. I saw that pacifism was an ethic of love; that it tended to transcend the idea of justice, not by denying justice but by seeking more than naked justice. Pacifism said simply that "There is a better way, and that is the way of love. There is a better way to be powerful than by being able to inflict suffering. It is the way of being able to endure suffering as one resists evil with love."

These ideas seemed new and fresh to me, but they shouldn't have. Gandhi had expressed them often. "It is better to resist evil with violence than to be cowardly," he said. Never in Gandhi's writing can one detect moralistic censure of those who resorted to violence to secure justice. All he said was that nonviolence was the better way. All he said was that the greatest bravery was to accept suffering, rather than to inflict suffering, while resisting evil.

These are some of the thoughts that led me to believe that traditional, classic pacifism needs a thorough shaking-up. Perhaps beguiled by the blinding truth that war is wrong, pacifists become mentally lazy. They mistake their roots. They revel in oversimplifications.

"Pacifism depends on denying the possibility of a just war." I doubt it. Rather, pacifism depends on suggesting that naked justice may be an insufficient end.

"Pacifism means that good ends cannot be achieved by bad means." I doubt that, too. Facts deny it. What sense does that make to prisoners of the Con Son tiger cages, recently released by soldiers of the NLF? Obviously, armed force achieved for them release from almost unimaginable suffering; it achieved almost the greatest good that they could understand.

Tom Cornell senses this conflict for classical pacifists when he writes in the 5/1/75 issue of WIN, "The victory of 'liberation forces' in Cambodia and Vietnam proves once again that armed might is effective and that iron discipline enjoined upon civilians as well as military personnel, backed by the ultimate sanction of death, is effective. These are not the lessons that pacifists teach." Tom states the obvious fact, that armed force was effective in Vietnam. But then he goes on to say that pacifists don't teach that obvious fact. What do pacifists teach then if not the facts? In the 20th Century, people are not going to embrace viewpoints that deny facts.

Ed Lazar is moving toward the answer in the early paragraphs of his letter. Pacifists should point out not that it is impossible to secure good ends by bad means, but rather that the consequences of military power tend to be uncertain and complicated. In Vietnam, independence from foreign domination and freedom from the Saigon regime have been won, but what was the cost? Millions dead and injured. The sacrifice of a generation to war. Millions of acres of land ruined by defoliants and bomb craters. Totalitarianism—the complete regimentation of a people. Acceptance of at least *small scale* indiscriminate civilian murder, and *small scale* torture as necessary weapons. Perhaps a strengthening of extremist, right-wing tendencies in the US. Reinforcement of people's faith in violence. Is not this a heavy price to pay for what has been won? Could not an equal victory have been won by nonviolence, with much smaller losses, in less time and with the preservation and extension, not obliteration, of political liberty?

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SOSTRE SENTENCED TO 0-4 YEARS

On June 3 Martin Sostre was sentenced in Clinton County Court, Plattsburgh, NY to an indeterminate 0-4 years in prison for assaulting three prison guards in May, 1973. Sostre is presently serving 25-30 years on a frame-up drug charge arising out of his political activity in Buffalo, NY.

Before passing sentence Judge Robert Feinberg, fulfilling his aggressive promise to tell people just what kind of man Sostre really is, characterized Sostre as "schizophrenic, paranoid and violence-prone," and said he would go to any lengths to change the rules so they suited him. During his harangue 10-15 of Sostre's supporters in the packed courtroom walked out in protest.

During the morning session Dennis Cunningham, Sostre's co-lawyer, argued that the verdict be set aside because the trial had been illegal from its inception. The charges against Sostre had been "procured," he said, by unknown persons within the prison or judicial system; the jury pool in Clinton County was illegal; the court had suppressed evidence concerning the legality of the rectal examination in Clinton Prison (the assault charges grew out of Sostre's resistance to a rectal exam). Cunningham's detailed argument merited only cursory responses from a judge and DA who had worked as cohorts and knew the motion would be denied no matter what Cunningham said.

Sostre was sent to Greenhaven Prison immediately after sentence, where he will remain while his lawyers work to have him transferred to the West St. Federal House of Detention in NYC.

There is a dire need for money for Sostre's lawyers. If you can spare a donation to carry on the work towards Sostre's release, please send it to: Potsdam-Canton Martin Sostre Defense Fund, Box 526, Potsdam, NY 13676.

—Joel Ray

CITY LAYOFF CRISIS PROMPTS WALL STREET RALLY

The biggest Wall Street rally in which I ever have participated took place June 4 in front of the First National City Bank Building. There were some 12,000 participants, most of them members of unions representing the city workers—including cops and firemen—but some from various radical groups. Bent Adresen, WRL, executive committee member, Tony Vento and I were among the WRLers there.

Union spokespersons addressing the meeting were enthusiastically cheered when they announced that their particular union was taking direct action to the extent of withdrawing millions of dollars in pension funds from First National. "People Before Profits—Mr. Wriston," said a number of the placards in the demonstration. Walter Wriston is the bank's chairman.

Victor Gotbaum, who chaired the rally and heads the Municipal Labor Committee which sponsored it, explained that First National is "the chief villain" among the banks because of its leading role in the present city financial crisis which may cause layoffs of over 38,000 workers.

—Jim Peck

SUPREME COURT LETS STAND CIA CENSOR- SHIP OF EX-AGENTS

The Supreme Court refused to rule May 26 on the federal courts' power to force former CIA employees to submit manuscripts to the agency for approval before publication.

The case revolved around the book *The CIA and the Cult of Intelligence*, an expose of the agency by former CIA official Victor Marchetti and ex-State Department employee John Marks. After an earlier legal battle, which the Supreme Court also refused to review, the book was censored by the CIA and published with 168 deletions.

The 4th US Court of Appeals, later upheld the order requiring advance CIA review, but sent the case back to the district court to review the particular deletions. Now, over the dissenting vote of William O. Douglas, the Supreme Court has chosen to leave the appeals court ruling intact.

The result of the court's refusal to hear the case, said Marchetti's lawyer, ACLU attorney Mel Wolfe, "is to endorse for the first time in the nation's history a formal system of censorship over government employees and to enshrine the CIA's notion of national security into law."

The government claims that the only issue involved is whether Marchetti must honor a promise he made to the CIA when he worked there that he would not publish classified material. But Marchetti and Marks contend that the rulings are an unconstitutional restraint on free expression in violation of the Supreme Court's 1971 decision to permit newspapers to publish the Pentagon Papers.

"I'm disappointed that the Supreme Court didn't see fit to hear our case," Marchetti told Liberation New Service. "But it may be a blessing in disguise. The Supreme Court is now controlled by conservatives and they probably would have ruled against me; they could have really put our feet in concrete."

"We have several options still open to us. We can appeal the Supreme Court decision, although I don't think anything would come of it. And we can go back to the district court and work our way through each deletion to prove that the information shouldn't be classified."

"The agency is trying to make an example out of me," Marchetti continued. "There are a lot of agents who might want to speak out but they see what they (CIA) are doing to me and they're afraid."

"In 1972, when I first began to speak out, the CIA asked for a blanket injunction against me—a complete gag on anything I might write or say without the

CIA's prior permission. They've followed me around everywhere I go, and generally tried to make life miserable for me. As the CIA press officer once said in a fit of anger, "We just want Marchetti to shut up."

When asked what effect the court's decision could have on the upcoming American publication of *Inside the Company: CIA Diary*, by ex-clandestine agent Phillip Agee, Marchetti replied that the decision "will encourage the CIA to continue their fight—as if they needed encouragement! They will play Agee very dirty. I think their plan is to harass his publisher with nuisance suits, like libel.

"Agee, as a secret agent, hits them where it really hurts—he strips away all the bullshit. Someone recently told me that 95.5% of the CIA clandestine agents hate my guts. Well, if that's true, 102% must hate Agee's and you can imagine how they'll go after him.

"But from a legal point of view, the ruling won't help them that much," Marchetti explained, "since Agee's already done the damage by printing the book in Europe and speaking and writing about it there. And an injunction won't do a thing either. —LNS.



HELP WANTED

Corrections Board Chairman Irving Ungerman suggested on May 30 that prisoners in the Oklahoma City women's prison be trained and employed as domestics.

"In talking with my friends at several recent social gatherings," the wealthy Tulsa attorney said, "they have mentioned that there is a great lack of good domestic help." —LNS

KEEP A CIVIL TONGUE IN YOUR HEAD, MY GOOD MAN

A woman bit off the tongue of a man who was raping her in her apartment building in Philadelphia last week. The man fled to a nearby hospital where he was arrested. Police say John Grant, 20, ran to Mercy Catholic Medical Center. A doctor there went to the apartment and found the piece of tongue, but said it could not be sewed back on. —WIN Self Defense Bureau

BRIBES

It seems that the CIA is not the only US institution which manipulates foreign governments. Recent congressional testimony has revealed that several US multinational corporations have secretly contributed millions of dollars to the political leaders and their parties in such countries as South Korea, Italy, Canada, Bolivia and Honduras. Most of the payoffs are bribes, made to secure more favorable economic terms for the multinationals, but they have a profound effect on the politics of the country involved. A few examples:

South Korea: Robert Dorsey, chairman of Gulf Oil, admitted that his company had paid \$4 million to Pres. Park's Democratic Republican Party, \$3 million of it just before Park's 1971 presidential campaign, which he narrowly won with Gulf's help.

Italy: Italian judicial investigators estimate that over several years, oil companies contributed \$16 million, primarily to the ruling Christian Democratic Party to obtain favorable legislation. "We're defending democracy," said the head of a US subsidiary. "Italy has the biggest Communist Party this side of the Iron Curtain. Parties opposing them need support."

Bolivia: Gulf Oil Co. admitted giving a \$110,000 helicopter and \$350,000 to the late ex-President Rene Barrientos and his political party when he successfully campaigned for the presidency in 1966. —Internews

WHERE WILL IT END?

A new survey by the Roper Organization has found that Americans spend more time watching television today than ever before.

The Roper survey, conducted on behalf of the National Association of Broadcasters, discovered that the typical American currently watches the boob tube three hours and two minutes each day.

This is 12 minutes longer each day than the average viewing time of just three years ago.

Even more surprising, the survey discovered that television is becoming America's most respected "community institution." Seventy-one percent of those interviewed gave television an excellent rating: this 71 percent compares to excellent ratings of 59 percent for schools; 58 percent for newspapers; and 35 percent for local governments.

TV's 71 percent even beat out churches, which finished with 66 percent; and the police, who had a 64 percent rating. —Straight Creek

FREE NAMIBIA DAY

On May 31, designated as Free Namibia Day, because it was the deadline set by the UN Security Council for South African withdrawal, demonstrations took place at South African embassies and consulates in a number of countries.

In New York, I took part in a vigil at the South African Mission to the UN, only a block from the UN, where, the day before, the Security Council started to draft a resolution far stronger than last year's, which South Africa has flouted. The new resolution may call for a mandatory arms embargo against South Africa and other economic sanctions.

The demo at the South African Mission was organized by Operation Namibia, a transnational nonviolent direct action group working for Namibian freedom. South Africa's occupation of Namibia (formerly South-west Africa) was ruled illegal in 1971 by the International Court of Justice in The Hague. —Jim Peck

FREE THE FREE BEACH

The National Seashore has declared it illegal to be naked on the Cape Cod National Seashore. You can now be fined \$500 or get six months in the slammer for "public nudity" on what used to be the Free Beach (see WIN, 9/19/74). If you would like to aid the legal challenge to this new prohibition of nude bathing contact the FREE THE FREE BEACH COMMITTEE, BOX 300, TRURO, MASS., 02666.

—WIN Naked Bureau



ROCKY'S CONTRIBUTION

The White House can boast of the Lincoln Bed, but the newly designated Vice-Presidential mansion will soon have in its main bedroom, courtesy of Nelson Rockefeller, a bed priced at \$35,000. Designed by surrealist painter Max Ernst, the bed is entitled "Apparatus for Dreaming."

It has a seven foot mink spread, mirrors, trapdoors for lamps, telephones and stereo controls, as well as a lithograph of an Ernst painting, "The Great Ignoramus."

"I thought this would be my contribution to the house," said Rockefeller. "The bed is in the spirit I believe in."

—LNS

prison



notes

Nearly two years ago, FBI agents spotted Tom Smit at the WRL 50th Anniversary Meeting in Asilomar, California and arrested him shortly afterwards. Finally, on May 13, he was released on parole. But the current *Peacemaker* continues to list eight war resisters in federal prisons. They must not be forgotten.

People close to the situation at the Oklahoma State Prison at McAlester now believe that the case of the McAlester Six will never go to trial, though they are watching closely the trials of ten guards indicted by a federal grand jury for violating Bobby Forsythe's civil rights when they gassed him to death. Repression continues to be heavy under the current prison administration. Warden Richard Crisp recently ordered all typewriters confiscated, saying they have "become dangerous weapons and are a threat to overall security. The prisoners of this institution are using typewriters to conduct subversive correspondence with communist organizations." In the same prison, three Native Americans have been beaten and forcibly held down and given a white man's short haircut. Black prisoners are also beaten and forced to get haircuts. The same source reports that late in April "the goon squad beat five black brothers and one white unconscious. The white comrade (Frank Minister) had both his hands broken by the goon squad. Several prisoners were gassed with 12 ga. gas guns while locked in their cells. In retaliation the prisoners flooded the unit and kept it flooded until they shut all the water off. Prisoners then threw shit on the runs—the guards refused to clean it up and the prisoners refused to clean it up. Officials then refused to feed us. This lasted a day. [Warden] Crisp threatened to bring fire hoses and wash us out of the cells if we didn't agree to clean it up. He backed up on that and finally met us halfway. The guard who led the goon squad beatings helped a convict clean up the unit and we were then given a hot meal. We had been on sack lunches for two weeks."

Transition is the outstanding publication of the Canadian Transition Society, written and edited by inmates and former inmates of Canada's federal

prisons. Articles in the last few issues expose conditions very similar to those in United States prisons. The January-February issue includes an item describing a canteen boycott, which could be a very effective economic weapon in prison. After exposing the severely repressive conditions at Canada's maximum custody Millhaven prison, an editorial suggests that convicts organize and contact civil liberties and human rights organizations, demanding that they take the lead in protecting prisoners from brutalities and other violations of rights. *Transition* subscriptions are \$6 a year (free to inmates of Canada's federal prisons) and the address is: 410 2nd Avenue North, Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, Canada.

In the Philippines, former Senator Benigno S. Aquino, Jr., a critic of the government's martial law policy facing trial in a military court, ended his forty-day fast which was to protest the government's continued violations of civil liberties. And in South Korea, that nation's best known poet, Kim Young Il, who writes under the name Kim Chi Ha, went on trial for his life for a second time in less than a year. His offense was a comment that eight men hanged for subversion last month were victims of a government frame-up, a comment which led to charges of violation of the anti-Communist law and several other statutes. Such cases carry the death penalty in South Korea for those who have been sentenced previously and are again charged with subversion while on parole.

The March trials of the Atmore-Holman Brothers in Alabama had grim results despite the acquittal of several of the Brothers on some of the charges. Only one, Akto Baki (Edward Ellis), had the

entire case against him dropped because of contradictory evidence. Imani (Johnny Harris) was found guilty and sentenced to die in the electric chair. If the sentence stands he will be the first to die in Alabama's electric chair in more than a decade. Gamba Mani (Oscar Johnson) got twenty years; Makou Salik (Lincoln Heard) got life plus twenty years, as did Sitting Bull (Grover McCorvey). Four cases were continued until June. *The Southern Coalition Report on Jails and Prisons* pointed out that Alabama overlooked what lay behind the prisoner's rebellion in its rush to convict these men. Alabama's prisons, built to hold 2,487 inmates, now have a population of 4,380. Atmore gets less money per prisoner than any other prison in the state, with a population 69% black. Sixty-one percent of those at Holman Prison are black. The Frank Lee Youth Center has a population of 73% white and gets the most money per prisoner of any state penal institution. Yet an all-white classification board determines where a prisoner will be assigned. These statistics alone underline the racism institutionalized in Alabama's prison system.

The FBI is currently involved in a massive campaign of harassment and intimidation of members of the lesbian community and the radical women's movement for leads to underground fugitives. When members of such groups refuse to talk they are sometimes summoned before one of the three grand juries which are part of the nationwide effort. Four women were jailed for nearly five months in Lexington, Kentucky, for refusing to talk before the grand jury meeting there. When the 6th Circuit Court of Appeals denied a motion for bail, three of the women agreed to testify. It is important that people send letters of support to Jill Raymond, Franklin County Jail, Frankford, Ky. 40601, and contribute funds to the campaign to defeat this new wave of repression by grand juries. Contributions should go to Lexington Grand Jury Defense Fund Committee, PO Box 1733, Lexington, Ky. 40501.

—Larry Gara

Reviews

SING A BATTLE SONG: POEMS BY WOMEN IN THE WEATHER UNDERGROUND ORGANIZATION

Sing a Battle Song; Poems by Women in the Weather Underground made news recently after Radio Pacifica broadcast a tape, telling of the book with recorded greetings from Bernadine Dohrn along with the reading of a few poems by herself, Kathy Boudin and Cathlyn Wilkerson.

Both tape reading and book event were reported in the press here and California, but it was difficult to locate the book, although reporters and other eagers managed. A woman's bookstore in New York turned up a shopworn copy for WIN. Attractive black and brown paper covered, it is a slim 50 page book, each poem signed with a date. Its cover is a spirit mask, "a celebration of our sister, Diana (Oughton), who spent several years of her life in Guatemala."

As objective as a butterfly skirting flowers, it so happens that among my favorites are the two read on tape by Kathy Boudin and one which I believe to be hers because she had talked about it as a poem years back before she went underground. No matter who wrote it, from title on it is one of the very good ones:

*Sisterhood is not Magic
Whatever did the witches do
They must have quarrelled beneath the stars
about how to ease the pain of wounds
With ergot,
belladonna or
nasturtium
And argued
taking long moonlight walks arm in arm,
About how to save the "devil's party,"
where to meet most safely
and best serve the peasant's needs.
And when a sister went on trial, Jacoba for example,
Even lovers among witches
must have disagreed over what would be
her best defense.
Disturbing a quiet constellation
in a July sky.
To some
their magic
seemed easy
But we
who often walk
in their footsteps
know better.*

—Summer 1973

Preface to the book tells us that this is a woman's book. . . "we are not professional poets. . . Poems are a way to share experiences and move others. . .

*To night, how many guerrillas are fighting battles?
To night, the radio reports
the police are attempting to drive
hundreds of demonstrators back from the streets*

From Reunion:

*.....
Sometimes a harshness. . .*

*.....
We are keepers of all that has passed between us
stored in strange sounds
.....*

Many are indeed "not professional," but they are moving and interesting. Forty-eight poems and many different voices. "These poems were written by individual women. Yet each was discussed collectively: praised and criticized. . . Often this was painful and awkward. . ." their preface tells us.

Some of the poems are painful, some awkward and I am hoping that the book surfaces and becomes available. Of love, politics and self searching, the poems reach out and offer good material for readings and discussion in school, coffeehouse and living room.

One of the poems that falls into the socialist realism category, For the SLA, which needs another title at least, I found the most interesting. That poet needs more work to move the sturdy everyday into "the artist is the historian of the future" category, but its quiet irony and insistent beat is winning. In part it tells:

*They call it terror
if you are few
and have no B-52s
if you are not a head of state
with an army and police. . .
terror is if you are dispossessed
and have only your own two hands
each other
and your rage
It is not terror
if you are New York's Finest
and you shoot a ten-year old Black child in the back. . .
It is not terror if you are ITT
and buy the men
who line Chilean doctors up in their hospital corridors
and shoot them for supporting. . .*

*.....
The same editorials that scream terrorism
screamed mob rule
at the civil rights marches of the early sixties
.....*

*.....
Sisters and brothers, think hard before you jump
onto the bandwagon
of condemning terrorism
remember who is making the definitions
.....*

*.....
do not forget the real terrorists
that lurk behind the masks of heads of state
do not be afraid to hold strong together
with all who dare to struggle.*

—Spring 1974
—Jean Boudin



FRONT LINES: SOLDIERS' WRITINGS FROM VIETNAM

Indochina Curriculum Group / 11 Garden St., Cambridge, Ma. 02138 / 135 pp., \$2.00

TRADITION AND REVOLUTION IN VIETNAM
Nguyen Khac Vien / Indochina Resource Center / PO Box 4000-D, Berkeley, Ca. 94704 / 169 pp., \$2.45

I have not come out from France to turn Indochina over to the Indochinese.

—French High Commissioner, September 1945

With the "fall" of Saigon and the rise of Ho Chi Minh City, the scramble for the "final lessons" of the 30 years' Indochina war is on. In the next few weeks the official press post-mortems will be finished, the carcass abandoned, the fried and boiled flesh digested and instantly incorporated in condensed paragraphs in next year's (and decade's) encyclopedias and textbooks.

The cannibals of history will have done their best to swallow (in small bites) the wisdom and courage of the late corpse, they themselves so direly lack.

In quiet revolt, movements for real education of Americans have perennially sprung up, perhaps at last to take real root this spring. One of these phoenix flowers is the Indochina Curriculum Group, "a collective of Boston area high school teachers" with a long-range slide, tape and textbook project to explore (and expose) the roots of our SE Asian "affairs."

Another, somewhat older group is the Indochina Resource Center, virtually an alternative university with branches in Berkeley and Washington. Since 1971 the center has published a number of invaluable pamphlets, books and *Indochina Chronicle* newspaper special reports.

The audiences addressed by both groups are all Americans. (Rhetoric is refreshingly recast to appeal to common sense.) *Front Lines*, while still an experimental nonprofit project to field test its contents "in a limited number of schools," is a lethal challenge to the entire official establishment of education. The book is a history of the war told in the personal accounts of privates and other common soldiers who fought—turned and fought against, and for Americans finally ended—the longest colonial "blood bath" since WWII.

Tradition and Revolution in Vietnam is a cross-roads landmark account of an older, more famous revolution in common folks' self-education. The author, Nguyen Vien, is the editor of *Vietnam Courier* and the 37-volume *Vietnamese Studies* paperback series, respected among fortunate readers here and in Europe for his insight and incisive yet patient style.

The first chapter of *Front Lines* is from one of those special issues of WIN, without peer: "The Vietnam Diary of Sgt. Bruce Anello." It's a poet's journal, by a remarkably self-possessed 20 year old GI who died on Memorial Day 1968 "fighting in the name of peace. Every time I say that it gets more ridiculous." The second selection, a *Rolling Stone* excerpt, tells the story of a bamboo peace-symbol-wearing POW who refused to carry his rifle and tried to walk out of combat in Cambodia. His Vietnamese guards called him "Ree" . . . ray of sunlight.

An enlightening excerpt from *Lt. Calley: His Own Story* follows. Talking his way across the range of GI rationalizations, our only convicted war criminal reaches with surprising verbal grace for the same (however self-serving) antiwar absolutism. "The Grunts of Firebase Pace," the keystone of this collection, excerpted from Richard Boyle's first-hand account in *Flower of the Dragon*, tells about two companies of GI's who revolted in late 1971 against "offensive" combat orders. Finally, like the war itself, the firebase was deserted.

Other rare book excerpts in *Front Lines* give accounts of black GI's reactions to the war, the diary self-debate of a navy pilot missing since 1966, poems from *Winning Hearts & Minds*, the diary of a young Catholic soldier in the north Vietnamese army killed in the '68 Tet offensive on Saigon, and the love letters of another dead communist soldier, a young poet who learned just before his last patrol that his fiancée had died in a US bombing raid. The book, including some small errors, has excellent illustrations and study aids.

Tradition and Revolution in Vietnam will enrage some doctrinaire domestic communists as easily as the previous book will raise the wrath of the Pentagon. Nguyen Khac Vien writes that "Marxists and genuine Confucians share more than common political goals. . . In Confucian society, the immorality of the rulers has always provided revolutionaries with their best arguments." With wit and candor, Dr. Vien demonstrates the depths of Asian communists' debt to Confucius, in one essay. In another, he shows in fine detail the improvements in the common welfare the communist revolution created in one overcrowded Red River delta province, reversing centuries of "bad fate" in less than ten years. In "The Old Banyan Tree" he tells the story of his own village, and of himself, the mandarin-landowner's son.

"The tortuous, excrement-strewn paths, the superstitions . . . the child marriages have all disappeared now. . . because land rents and usurious interest rates have vanished and the rice fields have been distributed to those who formerly had none. My family lost all its rice fields, but the dreams I had in my childhood have come true, one by one, before my very eyes." In "The Vietnam Experience and the Third World," he sets out example after example of the Vietnamese revolutionaries' successes, excesses, errors and correction of errors for comparison with other countries' methods.

A doctor who decided that in a colony of untreated contagious diseases "the best medicine for Vietnam was national independence," a TB victim himself given up for dead by Paris physicians who saved himself by "traditional" medicine, Nguyen Khac Vien is a living rebuke to those who insist that the communists in Hanoi have no humanism, or "colorful characters," in life or in literature. —Jan Barry

The pacifist can ask other questions as well, ones which may cause proponents of armed struggle to look hard at *their* oversimplifications and myths.

Did the Indochina war demonstrate "the triumph of the human spirit over technology?" Certainly without indomitable spirit the NLF would have lost, but what would have happened to the Vietnamese had their troops received no AK-47 rifles from the Chinese, or artillery and tanks from Russia? What would the B-52's have done had there been no SAM missiles?

Did the war show that a tiny people can defeat the "full power" of the US military machine? What would have happened had the Pentagon used tactical nuclear weapons or hydrogen bombs? What prevented the full use of US military power? Was it fear of Russian nuclear retaliation? Or was it, perhaps at least partly, the generally nonviolent political resistance of the US anti-war movement?

To what degree did the geography of Indochina play a key role in the victory of the NLF? Without the sanctuaries of Laos and Cambodia, and land and sea routes giving access to Russian and Chinese arms, could the Vietnamese have won? Would the geography of the Philippines or Latin America play such a helpful role in armed struggles in those lands?

Pacifists can find much in the outcome of the Indochina war to promote their perspective.

Ed Lazar insists that pacifists not become "camp followers" of armed struggles. In vain I search the spirit of pacifism and nonviolence for the impulse that

would accuse someone of being a "camp follower." In Ed's eyes, who were the "camp followers" during the Vietnam war? Were they the hundreds of thousands of people who joined in mass, peaceful protests against the war? If they are, Ed disassociates himself from almost all of the Left and most of the liberal community in this country. Were they the pacifists and religious people who worked with coalition anti-war organizations? Then to Ed most of the members of the AFSC, FOR, WRL, CNVA, CPF, EPF, JPF, CALC, WIL and WSP were "camp followers." What degree of cooperation can be built on such a view of one's colleagues and associates?

Perhaps Ed is referring to the *feelings* which peace activists have about the end of the war. Most of us are filled with gratefulness, I'm sure, that the ghastly killing, brutality, and corruption that had seemed to become almost a permanent part of the universe has almost miraculously ceased. Most of us, I'm sure, recognize with admiration approaching awe the courage, self-sacrifice, and tenacity of the Vietnamese people in their historic struggle. We believe that this victory, since it was against massive imperialism and militarism, was probably a step toward peace. Non-pacifists may see in the triumph of armed struggle a signpost toward the liberation of other colonial peoples. Pacifists will mark instead the frightful costs of the victory, raise questions about its deepest lessons, and continue their efforts to convince all the people they can that nonviolent resistance is, in all, a better road to liberation.

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EVENTS

Manhattan WRL meeting, Wed. June 18, 8:00 pm, Igal Roodenko, Topic: "Non-violence, Ends and Means During the Current Crisis," 38 W. 87th St., Apt. 4B, NYC.

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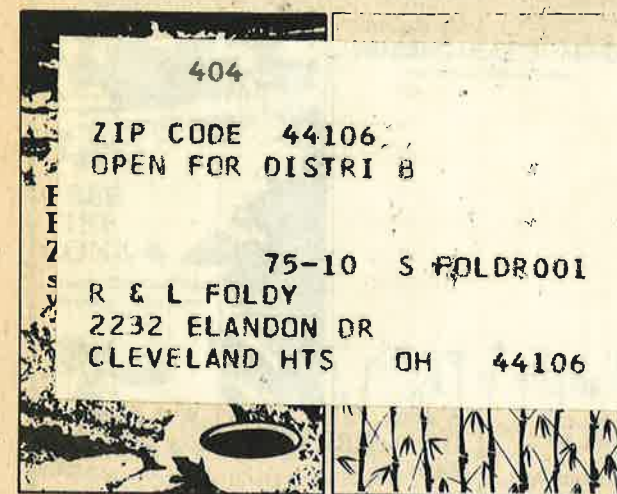
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