

win

PEACE AND FREEDOM THROUGH NONVIOLENT ACTION

BARBARA EHRENREICH ON SOCIALIST FEMINISM

Israel's Occupied Territory Starts to Explode

Friends and Admirers Remember Phil Ochs

Triumphs and Troubles on the Continental Walk

"Honey, what do you make of this? Engels claims, 'Within the family, he is the bourgeois and the wife represents the proletariat.'"





As to Steve's letter [WIN, 5/20/76], I have nothing to add or rebutt, not knowing all of the circumstances surrounding the article [4/15/76].

As far as my experience with the Walk organization itself goes, I have had no high commands from any "National Walk Office," although "they" in their Lafayette Street office have sent up-to-date itineraries, names, newsletters and leaflets. Seems like "they" are working pretty hard for us "fielders." —**BRAXTON SUFFIELD**
Amarillo, Tex.

I was on tour for the Continental Walk when the 10th Anniversary issue appeared or I'd have written sooner. I was surprised, delighted, and very honored that my poem written anonymously for mass distribution at the Central Park Celebration last year, was reprinted—and next to that of Ho Chi Minh's famous poem. It is rare that the anonymous leafleteer is given credit but, since it was done, and that issue of WIN now enters libraries, with my name attached to the poem, I have to ask you note for the record that the line "Rocky tumbles along" should have read "Rocky tumbles coming." A small, but prophetic point, since "Rocky tumbles coming/Fords to cross/Kissinger goodbye" is now two-thirds true, with Rocky dumped and Kissinger in disgrace (though for the wrong reasons!).

Thanks to Joanne Sheehan for correcting the embarrassing report [WIN, 5/20/76], that "3000 gathered" to hear me talk in Los Angeles. It was only 300, it was the end of the ten mile hike, they were there because they—we all—were tired and I simply gave a political rap at the end. —**DAVID McREYNOLDS**
New York, NY

Have you mentioned the group of Indians (welcoming others) who are following the Bicentennial wagon train? Their plan is to arrive in Washington, DC on July 4. They want, among other things, the Bureau of Indian Affairs to be abolished; surely a legitimate cause.

A lot of people are under the belief that they are part of the wagon train, which is amply funded. Of course they aren't. And all along the way they need food, money and clothing. Also, folks are welcome to talk to them about the movement, life and all those little etceteras.

It's the disgrace and disgusting activities of the Vietnam war right here at home, folks. These people need our hearts and our help! —**ANONYMOUS**
Omaha, Neb.

Last fall, I wrote a review of the Joan Baez-Bob Dylan concert (Rolling Thunder Review) for WIN, and when I attended the Liberation News Service benefit concert on Jan. 24, 1976, in New York City, I promised myself I'd do a review of the concert. The audience had such a good time, and the musical experience and expression was so meaningful, I felt I had something positive to say about the concert. I especially wanted to express some words of thanks and encouragement for performers who have avoided the commercial music scene and who must feel hurt and disappointed when alternative media completely ignore their efforts and creativity. Since I had written something about Baez and Dylan, I especially felt moved to write a review about fine musicians who are (mostly) not celebrities. Well, the months have gone by, and I never found the time to do the article, but the good feelings are still there (and I'm sure Liberation News Service was happy with all the money they got from the standing-room only crowd). So to Bill Horwitz, Bev Grant and the Human Condition, Happy Traum, Mario Giacalone, David Amram, and Pete Seeger, thanks for singing and playing for us all.

—**ALLEN YOUNG**
Orange, Mass.

Rabbi Axelrad's recent defense of Zionism [WIN, 2/26/76] has prompted a large number of letters listing and denouncing Israel's many "racist" sins [WIN, 4/1/76 & 4/8/76]. While I agree that Israel does follow policy which gives preferential treatment to Jews, Israel is no more racist than most societies and considerably less so than many.

While the Arab nations proclaim to the West that they are not anti-Jewish,

"only anti-Zionist" their own school books and newspapers tell a different story. Norman Lear reports in the May 1976 issue of *The Progressive*, the results of an investigation of Arab publications. To report just a few examples of what he found: An Egyptian (semi-official) newspaper said, in 1971, "the world is now aware that Hitler was right and that cremation ovens were the appropriate means of punishing such contempt for human values, principles and law." A Syrian elementary school text with a copyright reserved to the Syrian Ministry of Education and Instruction says, "the Jews are scattered to the ends of the earth where they lived exiled and despised since by their nature they are vile, greedy and enemies of mankind;..."

Lear further reports that in one of the few cases where a distinction was made between Jews and Zionists, the speaker, an Egyptian field Marshal, said in May 1967, "It is only Zionists we wish to exterminate." Such a statement ought not re-assure either non-Zionist Jews or non-Jews who oppose genocide. By contrast, Lear reports, while the Israeli government and news media frequently criticize Arab governments, they never urge Israelis to hate Arabs as a people.

Let anyone think that anti-Jewish feelings among Arabs is entirely a result of Zionism, it should be understood that while the Arabs did not equal the Christians in the ferocity of their persecution of Jews, neither was the lot of Jews in Arab countries the happy one that Arab propaganda generally describes it as. Throughout most of Arab history, including, the entire twentieth century, Jews in Arab countries have been distinctly second class citizens. That Arab persecutions of non-Arab ethnic groups is not the fault of Israel can be further seen from the contemporary Arab persecutions against the Kurds, Coptic Christians and Blacks.

While modern day racism and discrimination is by no means distinct to Zionism, neither is it monopolized by the Arabs. Several Black African nations persecute their Indian minorities and one problem which has plagued many Black nations is discrimination by one tribe against another and bloody conflicts along tribal lines. Moving to other continents, I need only mention the forcible incorporation of Tibet into the dominant Chinese culture and the discrimination against various non-Russian groups in the USSR.

The fact that other societies engage in racial and ethnic discrimination does not make it right for Israel to do so. Too many people on the Left however, are now directing all their criticism and condemnation at Israel and little, if any, at Israel's enemies. Refusing to allow Jews the same human failings which are readily ignored and tolerated elsewhere is hardly a principled anti-racist position.

—**STAN KAPLOWITZ**
East Lansing, Mich.

Corporate Profiles

The International Business Machines Corporation (IBM) markets its products in over 100 countries. Its plants and laboratories in the US cover 27.8 million sq. ft. in 25 cities. Overseas, the company's manufacturing and development facilities take up 11.5 million sq. ft. IBM employs over 275,000 people; men have 92% of the professional jobs. It is one of the world's largest multinational corporations.

□ T.J. Watson, Sr., IBM's first president, insisted upon a rah-rah atmosphere at IBM, particularly at sales meetings. Company gatherings often included company fight songs. The company's most famous song was "Ever Onward." Here's part of it:*

**Ever Onward, Ever Onward,
That's the spirit that has brought us fame.
We're big but bigger we will be,
We can't fail for all can see
That to serve humanity has been our aim.**

Most WIN readers and probably many of IBM's workers, especially those in Argentina, Brazil, Colombia, India, Italy, Japan, Mexico, and most European countries would certainly question that last line.

WIN Magazine, Inc. has subscribers in all 50 states and over 12 foreign countries. Its office space in Brooklyn covers 1600 sq. ft. It is one of the smallest but most persevering publications in the country. The song coming closest to a "company song" to these Brooklyn initiates is probably "Welcome Back Kotter." WIN employs five full-time staff people on modest salaries. 60% of its staff is female.

As this issue was going to press, a woman at IBM's collection dept. gave us a call. She was wondering if we had plans to pay our November and December rent on the IBM composer. Our outstanding balance with IBM stands at \$338.10, all accrued before we changed to our new typesetting system. Despite their multinational nature and hiring practices, we have to pay them.

IBM represents just one of our many creditors clamoring for their money. They all have one thing in common—they want their money immediately. We can only put them off so long before they start climbing down our necks.

One of our annual fund appeals goes to the printer (with whom we have an outstanding balance) this week. They agreed to print the appeal because they knew it was the only way their bill going to be paid. It will be weeks before we see any significant returns on that appeal because they knew it was the only way they were going to be before—to dig into your financial resources to keep WIN alive for the next few weeks. Many of you have recently responded to our need with generous contributions. For that we are grateful. Can more of you follow their lead?

Our debt currently stands at about \$17,000. If each of our 5,000 or so subscribers would send \$3 to WIN in the next month, we'd have room to breathe while we organize our promotion campaign, seek new sources for grants, send out our regular fund appeal and work at stabilizing our cash flow so our debts don't run so far ahead of us again. These things will help our finances, but they take time to get rolling. Your contributions will give us that time. If you can afford more, please send whatever you can: \$10, \$25, even \$50 would go a long way. We need help from every one of you right now.

If sending money to WIN to pay IBM seems unappetizing to you, you can earmark your contribution to pay our movement (IWW) printer (who does our misc. work), our mailer, our magazine printer, our computer service, our envelope supplier, back staff salaries, the people who have loaned us postage to mail the current promotional packages...

Peace,

Dwight, Mary, Susan, Murray, Ruthann

* This and other IBM information is taken from "The People's Almanac" by Wallichensky & Wallace, Doubleday, 1975.



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What is Socialist Feminism?

BARBARA EHRENREICH

At some level, perhaps not too well articulated, socialist feminism has been around for a long time. You are a woman in a capitalist society. You get pissed off: about the job, about the bills, about your husband (or ex), about the kids' school, the housework, being pretty, not being pretty, being looked at, not being looked at (and either way, not listened to), etc. If you think about all these things and how they fit together and what has to be changed, and then you look around for some words to hold all these thoughts together in abbreviated form, you'd almost have to come up with "socialist feminism."

A lot of us came to socialist feminism in just that kind of way. We were reaching for a word/term/phrase which would begin to express all of our concerns, all of our principles, in a way that neither "socialist" nor "feminist" seemed to. I have to admit that most socialist feminists I know are not too happy with the term "socialist feminist" either. On the one hand it is too long (I have no hopes for a hyphenated mass movement); on the other hand it is much too short for what is, after all, really socialist internationalist anti-racist anti-heterosexist feminism.

The trouble with taking a new label of any kind is that it creates an instant aura of sectarianism. "Socialist feminism" becomes a challenge, a mystery, an issue in and of itself. We have speakers, conferences, articles on "socialist feminism"—though we know perfectly well that both "socialism" and "feminism" are too huge and too inclusive to be subjects for any sensible speech, conference, article, etc. People, including avowed socialist feminists, ask themselves anxiously, "What is socialist feminism?" There is a kind of expectation that it is (or is about to be at any moment, maybe in the next speech, conference, or article) a brilliant synthesis of world historical proportions—an evolutionary leap beyond Marx, Freud and Wollstonecraft. Or that it will turn out to be a nothing, a fad seized on by a few disgruntled feminists and female socialists, a temporary distraction.

Barbara Ehrenreich is active in the New American Movement (NAM). This article is revised from her speech given at the National Socialist/Feminist Conference in July, 1975.

I want to try to cut through some of the mystery which has grown up around socialist feminism. A logical way to start is to look at socialism and feminism separately. How does a socialist, more precisely, a Marxist, look at the world? How does a feminist? To begin with, Marxism and feminism have an important thing in common: they are critical ways of looking at the world. Both rip away popular mythology and "common sense" wisdom and force us to look at experience in a new way. Both seek to understand the world—not in terms of static balances, symmetries etc. (as in conventional social science)—but in terms of antagonisms. They lead to conclusions which are jarring and disturbing at the same time that they are liberating. There is no way to have a Marxist or a feminist outlook and remain a spectator. To understand the reality laid bare by these analyses is to move into action to change it.

Marxism addresses itself to the class dynamics of capitalist society. Every social scientist knows that capitalist societies are characterized by more or less severe, systemic inequality. Marxism understands this inequality to arise from processes which are intrinsic to capitalism as an economic system. A minority of people (the capitalist class) own all the factories/energy sources/resources etc. which everyone else depends on in order to live. The great majority (the working class) must work, out of sheer necessity, under conditions set by the capitalists, for the wages the capitalists pay. Since the capitalists make their profits by paying less in wages than the value of what the workers actually produce, the relationship between these two classes is necessarily one of irreconcilable antagonism. The capitalist class owes its very existence to the continued exploitation of the working class. What maintains this system of class rule is, in the last analysis, force. The capitalist class controls (directly or indirectly) the means of organized violence represented by the state—police, jails, etc. Only by waging a revolutionary struggle aimed at the seizure of state power can the working class free itself, and, ultimately, all people.

Feminism addresses itself to another familiar inequality. All human societies are marked by some degree of inequality between the sexes. If

we survey human societies at a glance, sweeping through history and across continents, we see that they have commonly been characterized by: the subjugation of women to male authority, both within the family and in the community in general; the objectification of women as a form of property; a sexual division of labor in which women are confined to such activities as childraising, performing personal services for adult males, and specified (usually low prestige) forms of productive labor.

Feminists, struck by the near-universality of these things, have looked for explanations in the biological "givens" which underlie all human social existence. Men are physically stronger than women on the average, especially compared to pregnant women or women who are nursing babies. Furthermore, men have the power to make women pregnant. Thus, the forms that sexual inequality take—however various they may be from culture to culture—rest, in the last analysis, on what is clearly a physical advantage males hold over females. That is to say, they rest ultimately on violence, or the threat of violence.

The ancient, biological root of male supremacy—the fact of male violence—is commonly obscured by the laws and conventions which regulate the relations between the sexes in any particular culture. But it is there, according to a feminist analysis. The possibility of male assault stands as a constant warning to "bad" (rebellious, aggressive) women, and drives "good" women into complicity with male supremacy. The reward for being "good" ("pretty," submissive) is protection from random male violence and, in some cases, economic security.

Marxism rips away the myths about "democracy" and "pluralism" to reveal a system of class rule that rests on forcible exploitation. Feminism cuts through myths about "instinct" and romantic love to expose male rule as a rule of force. Both analyses compel us to look at a fundamental injustice. The choice is to reach for the comfort of the myths or, as Marx put it, to work for a social order which does not require myths to sustain it.

It is possible to add up Marxism and feminism and call the sum "socialist feminism." In fact, this is probably how most socialist feminists

operate most of the time—as a kind of hybrid, pushing our feminism in socialist circles, our socialism in feminist circles. One trouble with leaving things like that, though, is that it keeps people wondering "Well, what is she really?" or demanding of us "What is the principal contradiction?" These kinds of questions, which sound so compelling and authoritative, often stop us in our tracks: "Make a choice!" "Be one or another!" But we know that there is a political consistency to socialist feminism. We are not hybrids or fence-sitters.

To get to that political consistency we have to differentiate ourselves, as feminists, from other kinds of feminists, and, as Marxists, from other kinds of Marxists. We have to stake out a (pardon the terminology here) socialist feminist kind of feminism and a socialist feminist kind of socialism. Only then is there a possibility that things will "add up" to something more than an uneasy juxtaposition.

I think most radical feminists and socialist feminists would agree with my capsule characterization of feminism as far as it goes. The trouble with radical feminism, from a socialist feminist point of view, is that it doesn't go any farther. It remains transfixed with the universality of male supremacy—things have never really changed; all social systems are "patriarchies"; imperialism, militarism and capitalism are all simply expressions of innate male aggressiveness. And so on.

The problem with this, from a socialist feminist point of view, is not only that it leaves out men (and the possibility of reconciliation with them on a truly human and egalitarian basis) but that it leaves out an awful lot about women. For example, to discount a socialist country such as China as a "patriarchy"—as I have heard radical feminists do—is to ignore the real struggles and achievements of millions of women. Socialist feminists, while agreeing that there is something timeless and universal about women's oppression, have insisted that it takes different forms in different settings, and that the differences are of vital importance. There is a difference between a society in which sexism is expressed in the form of female infanticide and a society in which sexism takes the form of unequal representation on the

Women in a workshop at the July, 1975 Socialist-Feminist Conference in Yellow Springs, Ohio. Photos by LNS Womens Graphics.



Central Committee. And the difference is worth dying for.

One of the historical variations on the theme of sexism which ought to concern all feminists is the set of changes that came with the transition from an agrarian society to industrial capitalism. This is no academic issue. The social system which industrial capitalism replaced was in fact a *patriarchal* one, and I am using that term now in its original sense, to mean a system in which production is centered in the household and is presided over by the oldest male. The fact is that industrial capitalism came along and tore the rug out from under patriarchy. Production went into the factories and individuals broke off from the family to become "free" wage earners. To say that capitalism disrupted the patriarchal organization of production and family life is not, of course, to say that capitalism abolished male supremacy! But it is to say that the particular forms of sex op-

pression we experience today are, to a significant degree, *recent* developments. A huge historical discontinuity lies between us and true patriarchy. If we are to understand our experience as women today, we must move to a consideration of *capitalism* as a system.

There are obviously other ways I could have gotten to the same point. I could have simply said that, as feminists, we are most interested in the most oppressed women—poor and working class women, third world women, etc., and for *that* reason we are led to a need to comprehend and confront capitalism. I could have said that we need to address ourselves to the class system simply because women are members of classes. But I am trying to bring out something else about our perspective as feminists: there is no way to understand sexism as it acts on our lives without putting it in the historical context of capitalism.

I think most socialist feminists would also agree with the capsule summary of Marxist theory as far as it goes. And the trouble again is that there are a lot of people (I'll call them "mechanical Marxists") who do not go any further. To these

people, the only "real" and important things that go on in capitalist society are those things that relate to the productive process or the conventional political sphere. From such a point of view, every other part of experience and social existence—things having to do with education, sexuality, recreation, the family, art, music, housework (you name it)—is peripheral to the central dynamics of social change; it is part of the "superstructure" or "culture."

Socialist feminists are in a very different camp from what I am calling "mechanical Marxists." We (along with many, many Marxists who are not feminists) see capitalism as a social and cultural *totality*. We understand that, in its search for markets, capitalism is driven to penetrate every nook and cranny of social existence. Especially in the phase of monopoly capitalism, the realm of consumption is every bit as important, just from an economic point of view, as the realm of produc-



Songs to keep women's spirits high at Yellow Springs.

tion. So we cannot understand class struggle as something confined to issues of wages and hours, or confined only to workplace issues. Class struggle occurs in every arena where the interests of classes conflict, and that includes education, health, art, music, etc. We aim to transform not only the ownership of the means of production, but the totality of social existence.

As Marxists, we come to feminism from a completely different place than the mechanical Marxists. Because we see monopoly capitalism as a political/economic/cultural totality, we have room within our Marxist framework for feminist issues which have nothing ostensibly to do with production or "politics," issues that have to do with the family, health care, "private" life.

Furthermore, in our brand of Marxism, there is no "woman question" because we never compartmentalized women off to the "superstructure" or somewhere in the first place. Marxists of a mechanical bent continually ponder the issue of the unwaged woman (the housewife): Is she really a member of the working class? That is, does she really produce surplus value? We say,

of course housewives are members of the working class—not because we have some elaborate proof that they really do produce surplus value—but because we understand a class as being composed of *people*, and as having a *social* existence quite apart from the capitalist-dominated realm of production. When we think of class in this way, then we see that in fact the women who seemed most peripheral, the housewives, are at the very heart of their class—raising children, holding together families, maintaining the cultural and social networks of the community.

We are coming out of a kind of feminism and a kind of Marxism whose interests quite naturally flow together. I think we are in a position now to see why it is that socialist feminism has been so mystified. The idea of socialist feminism is a great mystery, or a paradox, so long as what you mean by socialism is really what I have called "mechanical Marxism" and what you mean by feminism is an ahistorical kind of radical feminism. These things just don't add up; they have nothing in common.

But if you put together another kind of socialism and another kind of feminism, as I have tried to define them, you do get some common ground and that is one of the most important things about socialist feminism today. It is a space—free from the constrictions of a truncated kind of feminism and a truncated version of Marxism—in which we can develop the kind of politics that addresses the political/economic/cultural *totality* of monopoly capitalist society. We could go only so far with the available kinds of feminism, the conventional kind of Marxism, and then we had to break out to something that is not so restrictive and incomplete in its view of the world. We had to take a new name, "socialist feminism," in order to assert our determination to comprehend the *whole* of our experience and to forge a politics that reflects the totality of that comprehension.

However, I don't want to leave socialist feminist theory as a "space" or a common ground. Things are beginning to grow in that "ground." We are closer to a synthesis in our understanding of sex and class, capitalism and male domination, than we were a few years ago. Here I will indicate only very sketchily one such line of thinking:

1. The Marxist/feminist understanding that class and sex domination rest ultimately on force is correct, and this remains the most devastating critique of sexist/capitalist society. But there is a lot to that "ultimately." In a day to day sense, most people acquiesce to sex and class domination without being held in line by the threat of violence, and often without even the threat of material deprivation.

2. It is very important, then, to figure out what it is, if not the direct application of force, that keeps things going. In the case of class, a great deal has been written already about why the US working class lacks militant class consciousness. Certainly ethnic divisions, especially the black/white division, are a key part of the answer. But, I would argue, in addition to being divided, the working class has been socially *atomized*.

Working class neighborhoods have been destroyed and are allowed to decay; life has become increasingly privatized and inward-looking; skills once possessed by the working class have been expropriated by the capitalist class; and capitalist controlled "mass culture" has edged out almost all indigenous working class culture and institutions. Instead of collectivity and self-reliance as a class, there is mutual isolation and collective *dependency* on the capitalist class.

3. The subjugation of women, in the ways which are characteristic of late capitalist society, has been key to this process of class atomization. To put it another way, the forces which have atomized working class life and promoted cultural/material dependence on the capitalist class are the same forces which have served to perpetuate the subjugation of women. It is women who are most isolated in what has become an increasingly privatized family existence (even when they work outside the home too). It is, in many key instances, women's skills (productive skills, healing, midwifery, etc.) which have been discredited or banned to make way for commodities. It is, above all, women who are encouraged to be utterly passive/uncritical/dependent (i.e., "feminine") in the face of the pervasive capitalist penetration of private life. Historically, late capitalist penetration of working class life has singled out women as prime targets of pacification/"feminization"—because *women are the culture-bearers of their class*.

4. It follows that there is a fundamental interconnection between women's struggle and what is traditionally conceived as class struggle. Not all women's struggles have an inherently anti-capitalist thrust (particularly not those which seek only to advance the power and wealth of special groups of women), but all those which build *collectivity* and *collective confidence* among women are vitally important to the building of class consciousness. Conversely, not all class struggles have an inherently anti-sexist thrust (especially not those which cling to pre-industrial patriarchal values) but all those which seek to build the social and cultural autonomy of the working class are necessarily linked to the struggle for women's liberation.

This, in very rough outline, is one direction which socialist feminist analysis is taking. No one is expecting a synthesis to emerge which will collapse socialist and feminist struggle into the same thing. The capsule summaries I gave earlier retain their "ultimate" truth: there are crucial aspects of capitalist domination (such as racial oppression) which a purely feminist perspective simply cannot account for or deal with—without bizarre distortions, that is. There are crucial aspects of sex oppression (such as male violence within the family) which socialist thought has little insight into—again, not without a lot of stretching and distortion. Hence the need to continue to be socialists and feminists. But there is enough of a synthesis, both in what we think and what we do, for us to begin to have a self-confident identity as *socialist feminists*.

THE MIDDLE EAST CONFLICT TURNS INWARD

ALLAN SOLOMONOW

At a recent Middle East seminar in Washington, DC, two military experts elaborated on some of the implications of the new levels of armaments in the Middle East. Their prediction was dire: casualties in any future conflict will be geometrically higher than the appalling levels of 1973, and this time the civilian sector will be a sizeable portion of the statistic. The "algerianization" of the Middle East conflict these last two months, marked by riots in Israel and the occupied West Bank and the deaths of 16 Palestinians is the most feared step towards this kind of instability.

For years the conflict has been an "Arab-Israeli" one, that is the Arab nations versus the State of Israel. Except for some terrorism of Palestine Liberation Organization (PLO) constituent groups, the Palestinian people have provided a relatively passive backdrop to this conflict. Israelis have pointed to the low level of terrorism on the part of Palestinians. After all, here is a majority of the world's Palestinians, a million in the Israeli-occupied territories of the West Bank and Gaza and another half million in Israel itself and Jerusalem. Certainly, Israel was no Algeria nor the PLO a popularly-based FLN.

The Sinai and Golan agreements only underscored the lingering hope that peace could still be

Allan Solomonow is Director of the Fellowship of Reconciliation's Middle East Peace Project and led a tour to Israel and the Arab countries last year.

made between the Arab and Jewish states. The developments of 1976 have rendered such a "peace" unlikely if not impossible. Israel's challenge has turned inward, reluctantly, ambiguously, perhaps too late, to cope with the fundamental conflict between two peoples, the Israeli Jews and the Palestinian Arabs.

The Straws that Broke the Camel's Back

For whatever motives or culpability, Israeli actions have reinforced its image as an occupier-oppressor. Since the 1967 war Israeli policy has been in a race between making a peace with its Arab neighbors and what might be better called the "palestinianization" of the conflict. First, Israel assumed the role Jordan had held, shifting domination of the Palestinians from Arab to Jewish control and continuing many cooperative relationships with Jordan. The elections in occupied areas were rituals, town leaders were conservative, older, and pro-Hussein. A mercantilist policy absorbed many into the benefits of the Israeli economy. Censorship and the deportation of the more obstreperous (and often younger) leadership helped to maintain the status quo.

The same older leadership that pined away for King Hussein drifted towards the PLO along with the awakening political consciousness of Palestinian youth. Inevitably, the military government helped to crystallize that consciousness. One incident was the deportation of Hana Nasser, Dean of Bir Zeit College and a leading moderate on the West Bank, the kind of leader to whom Israel might have turned.

The future of the Palestinians has been the greatest ambiguity of Israeli policy. On the one hand the Palestinians in Israel and the occupied territories are certain eventually to become a majority unless some alteration of the territorial status quo takes place. On the other hand, Israel's persistent investment in and settlement of the territories is easily interpreted as a desire to incorporate most of the territories, perhaps leaving pockets of Palestinians in non-strategic areas surrounded by strategically placed Jewish settlements. This prospect is even more chilling than what has been experienced so far.

The Israeli Government not only has been purchasing land in the territories but worse, yielded to right-wing demands to permit a private settlement of religious zealots in an area near Sebastia. This issue has split the Israeli cabinet which at this moment is seeking a way out of the imbroglio. If the government rules against the settlement, the National Religious Party will leave the government coalition, and if the government favors the settlement, the paper-progressive Mapam party may leave. Either way the Eisenhower-like leadership of Prime Minister Rabin will probably have to face an election. The issue symbolized by this one settlement underlines the Palestinian concern. Israeli General (Reserves) Dan Laner put it more aptly: "Settling is stepping on someone's toes. So what?" Those steps led to the first killings.

The Pita is Rising

As frustration mounted, Palestinians seeking some means of expressing their anger took to the streets. Like so many other nations before, a scene repeated itself: demonstrations... over-reaction from the authorities... anger, shouts, stones, guns. Those guns and the innocent killed by them, mark the birth of a consciousness even the PLO

could not arouse. Just a week before the first killings, Prime Minister Rabin had said "I wish (the Arab demonstrations) were my only problem. There is restlessness here and there, (but) I don't take it seriously. It's a by-product of the basic issue, which is the Arab-Israeli conflict."

The two months of April and May have transformed the situation. The Palestinians now have their cause: freedom; their martyrs and their leaders; and their tools of struggle—thus far shunning violence—in the form of demonstrations.

Shortly after the riots on the West Bank, six Palestinians were killed in Northern Israel in the biggest clash between the Jewish State and its citizens in 28 years. The issue was again a Palestinian claim to land for their own. The Galilee has traditionally been one of Israel's areas of greatest Palestinian concentration. The Israeli government had enacted a highly controversial plan to "Judaize" the Galilee by expropriating land and then developing it for Jewish settlements to increase the number of Jews in the area. Atallah Mansour, a well-known Arab journalist expressed the dilemma:

And what bothers the Arabs in Israel most: why should the government expropriate lands from Arab private owners and townships to turn them over to Jewish settlers? An Arab in Nazareth who lost his land in the mid-1950's and cannot today purchase an apartment built on it in the new Jewish town of Nazareth-Elit cannot help but feel deep fury.

The insecurity of Arabs within Israel serves in turn to ratify the worst of the fears of those in the occupied territories.

Amidst these clashes, the Palestinians of the West Bank elected their municipal leaders. Ordinarily these are not highly political ventures and these elections were expected to return to office a



May 15 was an International Day of Solidarity with the Palestinian People. Thousands demonstrated in New York, San Francisco, Chicago and other cities to mark the day. Over 700 people marched and rallied in a predominantly Arab neighborhood in Brooklyn, NY. Representatives from the Union of Palestinian Women, the Red Crescent Society, the Palestine Action Coalition, and a Jewish, anti-Zionist contingent participated in the day's events. Photos by LNS.

great number of older "Uncle Rashids," with the PLO advising the more radical community to sit this one out. This time the result was "a new generation of younger and more educated people... one which does not depend on the traditional clans." "Young Turks" and fresh faces came into office in a firm show that "the Palestinian majority on the West Bank sees itself as a part of the Palestinian entity led by the PLO" in the words of an editorial from *Haaretz*, a leading Israeli paper. Most of the towns on the West Bank, and even one in Israel, now have governments that cannot accept current Israeli non-policy.

Can Israel Survive Israel?

The circumstances in which Israel now finds itself are largely of Israeli making. It has taken over a quarter century for Israel to change its references from an amorphous concept of "refugees" to Palestinians. Perhaps the recent elections will now make it possible to talk explicitly of "the Palestinian people." Whatever the semantics of politics, the State of Israel's integrity demands that it seek out formulas that will insure justice and self-determination for the very people with whom Israeli Jews are destined to live. Anything short of this will lead to a dangerous gamble in which political alternatives give way to an increasingly palestinianized populace. There are

understandable reasons for Israeli fears. But there is even more for Israel to fear from a policy that continues to settle in Palestinian areas without formally recognizing either the Palestinians or territories that might be negotiated with them.

Both Israel and the PLO must face their albatross. The Israeli right may well force a showdown. The rejection front, on the other hand, has already attacked and badly divided the PLO; the adamancy of Israeli policy is itself an excellent proof by which the rejectionists illustrate the futility in trying to bring about a political agreement. Any PLO initiative, such as a clear delineation of an independent Palestinian state or setting up of government-in-exile, would have an enormous potential to break the stalemate. Given the division of the PLO and the internecine struggle in Lebanon, this too seems unlikely.

Israelis and Palestinians are so fenced in there is little chance of any fresh peace initiatives without strong international support. It will no longer do for Americans to express their love of Israel by keeping silent over the compounding tragedies. Nor will progress be made by proofs that Israel is racist or ought not exist.

A year from now the impact of events on the West Bank will have changed the complexion of Middle East alternatives. The only question is the difficulty of the road for both Palestinians and Israelis from now until then.



Arab children carrying red, black, white and green Palestinian flags at the Palestine day rally in Brooklyn.



Phil Ochs. Photo by Chip Berlet.

This Friday evening, May 28, friends and admirers of Phil Ochs will gather at the Felt Forum in Madison Square Garden to honor his memory. Phil Ochs's songs set the marching beat for a nascent anti-war movement in the 1960's. To coincide with the memorial concert, WIN offers these thoughts on Phil.

CHIP BERLET

*It's always the old who lead us to the war,
Always the young who fall...*

—Phil Ochs

—*I Ain't Marching Anymore*

Phil Ochs once said he could never decide whether he wanted to be a journalist, an organizer, or a performer; so he became all three—a radical reporter singing his dispatches from the barricades. His music was strong and moralistic, not dogmatic, but firm, with clear beliefs shaded with introspective nuances.

"I know my life could never be as moral as my songs," he wrote in the liner notes for *I Ain't Marching Anymore*, but he did measure himself against the yardstick of his music. In recent years he became increasingly depressed over his estrangement from American radical movements, a sense of personal isolation, and his inability to find words or music to express himself. On Friday morning, April 9, Phil Ochs ended his own life at the end of a rope.

Mornings were often a time of brooding for Phil. He was a restless sleeper and when he crashed on my couch during Washington visits, he would often wake at dawn and pace the early

REMEMBERING PHIL OCHS

morning streets around DuPont Circle, sometimes strolling over to Sixteenth Street to stare at the White House. The troubled skinny kid pictured on early albums had added a few pounds and wrinkles over the years, but failed to shed the mantle of anxiety and concern which infused his life and music. He reported and reflected the movement of the sixties and gained a reputation as one balladeer not willing to court the commercial market at the expense of his progressive politics.

After the civil rights and antiwar struggles, Phil lamented the diffusion of political activity that ushered in the 1970's. He decided to attempt reaching the working class by merging his politics with "a combination of Rock and Roll, Country and Western, and Rhythm and Blues; all very lumpen proletariat and handled in a carnival fashion." Unfortunately when Phil walked on-stage at Carnegie Hall wearing a gold lame suit he was greeted with catcalls. While he eventually won over the audience, the image of the buffoon selling out politics became his albatross.

Cancelling the rest of a scheduled tour, Phil began a five-year odyssey across several continents. His companion on several trips was a mutual friend, Dave Lifshin, a Washingtonian who gained fame while National Student Association president by travelling to Saigon and Hanoi in 1970 to sign the "People's Peace Treaty." Phil and Dave were thrown out of several Latin American countries for their political activities but in Allende's Chile, Phil was welcomed by folksinger Victor Jara and sang for the workers and miners. "I was tremendously excited by Chile in 1971," said Ochs, "I saw what I thought was the government of the future, an actual democratic socialist country."

Back in the US, Phil found the radical movement had turned inward, sectarianism was growing and there was no clear direction. For many it was a time for study and development of theory. Phil felt isolated and was confused by the feminist and gay movements. There was no place for Phil Ochs, the quintessence of 1960's radicalism, in the movement he helped create. A can of beer soon joined his battered guitar as a constant companion.

In the fall of 1973, after touring Africa with Lifshin, Phil started a round of nightclubs, drawing large and appreciative audiences. He called me one day to find Dave Lifshin's new phone number and, upon hearing about an upcoming Impeachment Ball, offered to come to DC and sing his anti-Nixon song. I met him at Union Station and we spent several days running around publicizing the event. When Phil was organizing, he was inexhaustible. It gave his life meaning and his songs grew out of his restlessness and participation in social change. Back in New York, Phil organized a massive benefit at Madison Square Garden for Chilean refugees, and managed to coax Bob Dylan out of political exile along with Pete Seeger and Arlo Guthrie.

For some reason Phil couldn't sustain his musical or political comeback. An illness in Africa sapped his strength and even after its cure he lacked the energy to begin rebuilding his life. Perhaps the biggest frustration was that the words no longer flowed from his mind into music. The poetry was gone. His drinking became heavier and his depression grew. I lost track of Phil last fall after he checked out of the Chelsea Hotel in Greenwich Village. There was no forwarding address and messages left at favorite hangouts like Folk City were never answered.

His music remains a vital force and has been rediscovered by several Washington performers; his lessons will continue to be taught at concerts and rallies. Yet that hardly mitigates the loss of a friend, and my sadness grows as I rummage through my apartment finding old photographs, typed songs, and in the closet, a forgotten pair of shoes that will never be reclaimed.

Chip Berlet is a freelance writer. This article originally appeared in Washington Newsworks.

Here's to the State of Richard Nixon

(The where is over)

Here's to the state of Richard Nixon

by Phil Ochs

For underneath his borders the devil draws no line
if you drag his muddy rivers nameless bodies you will find
and the fat trees of the forest have hid a thousand crimes
the calendar is lying when it reads the present time

Here's to land you've torn out the heart of
Richard Nixon find yourself another country to be part of.

Here's to the schools of Richard Nixon
where they're teaching all the children that they don't have to care
all the rudiments of hatred are present everywhere
and every single classroom is a factory of despair
there's nobody learning such a foreign word as fair

chorus.

Here's to the laws of R. Nixon

Where the wars are fought in secret Pearl Harbor every day
he punishes with income tax that he don't have to pay
he's tapping his own brother just to hear what he would say
oh corruption can be classic in the Richard Nixon way

Cho.

Here's to the churches of R. Nixon (and Billy Graham)

Where the cross once made of silver now is caked with rust
and the Sunday morning sermons pander to their lust
oh the fallen face of Jesus is choking in the dust
and heaven only knows in which God they can trust

cho.

Here's to the government of R. Nixon

In the swamp of their bureaucracy they're always bogging down
and criminals are posing as advisors to the crown
they hope that no one sees the sights and no one hears the sounds
and the speeches of the President are the ravings of a clown

Here's to the land etc.

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Sunday
Jan 20, 1974
Phil Ochs

Ochs typed out this, the only written copy of "Here's to the State of Richard Nixon" in Washington several days before the Impeachment Ball in January, 1974. The song was later recorded as a single, his last record. It's based on an earlier Ochs civil rights song called "Here's to the State of Mississippi." Page provided by Chip Berlet/Washington Newsworks.

STEW ALBERT

Phil Ochs taught me to trust my own instinct for dignity. This is a hard thing to explain but in the 1960s mad rush to media exposure, where even the best of us, would sometimes grab headlines by calculated vulgarity, Phil insisted on earning his place on the dais. He sought his fame through a vigorous craftsmanship and a moral, sometimes elegant, vision—through the brilliance of songs like "Changes," "Pleasures of the Harbor," and "Chords of Fame." Ochs, as a good friend encouraged my own efforts to stay true to an authentic political philosophy, honestly expressed. A word of praise from Phil, even when alcohol deranged his mind beyond comprehension, gave me hope that my activities meant something in this world.

Some say Phil ran out of songs when the political movement ran out of energy. This view, although well intended, completely underrates

Phil's ability as an artist. His final albums were his best. Ochs went beyond the immediacy of the daily press, for his inspiration, reaching through and beyond Los Angeles decadence, for some larger than life goodness which he never quite found. "A Tape From California" tells the tale of Phil's last great effort to discover if there really is an American soul.

Phil's talent was not mechanically dependent on mass politics but, like all artists, he needed appreciation and encouragement. It really broke him when his best fans proclaimed his best work inferior and declared for the lively, but more superficial lyrics of earlier "protest songs." He fell apart because his vision went begging alone, down these mean concert halls.

It should be noted that in the last years of his life Phil's politics evolved from social-democrat to communist. He went that way because of the Chilean fascist bloodbath, in which his friend folk-artist Victor Jara was brutally murdered. I remember seeing Phil and Victor share a microphone in an impromptu concert given before

Chilean copper mines in 1971, a year when both men could still hope for peaceful change through the electoral process. After the coup Phil knew it would take more than winning an election to win liberation; but like most of us he couldn't figure out "just what" and "just how." Good-bye Phil and Vaya con Victor.

Stew Albert was an original Yippie with Phil Ochs. He is currently suing the government for placing a homing device on his car.

WENDY SCHWARTZ

There was a time, when my friends and I were very young, that we believed our poetry and passion were politics enough for revolution. If we were at first too unsophisticated to turn to the past masters of political theory for insight, we were genteel enough to want our ideas expressed as pop opera.

Phil Ochs was among the best of the musical poets who inspired our protests and gave validity to our discontent. Through his songs we came to understand the true extent of America's despotism—its imperialism, militarism, religious hypocrisy, irrational anti-Communism, race murders, prisons and electric chairs, class antagonisms, ad infinitum.

He provided music we were ripe to hear, and we gratefully moved to it. Phil Ochs gave us our anthem—"The Power and the Glory," our hymn—"There But for Fortune," and our battle cry—"I Ain't Marching Any More." More than that, however, he gave inspiration and gentle leadership to a movement terribly wary of leaders.

Phil Ochs didn't send us his music on a disc—he brought it personally to demonstration after demonstration, sharing the exhalation and the tear gas, the triumphs and the jail cells. He continually offered us respite from our growing infatuation with rhetoric.

At some time—it's hard to pinpoint when exactly—the movement decided it preferred slogans to songs. Phil Ochs could no longer meet our needs. He drifted off: to travel, to write and perform different kinds of music, to agonize over being unable to recapture past glories. When we tried to get together again, it just didn't work: we demanded Marx-to-music, and he couldn't deliver.

Those of us who learned politics at Phil Ochs knee still get chills and a warm glow at once from his music, and still let it nourish us when we're tired of struggling. Somehow though, Phil Ochs stopped hearing our hands clapping to his rhythms, seeing our smiles at "Draft Dodger Rag" and our tears over "Celia" and "Lou Marsh." He thought he'd lost his small circle of friends. I wish he'd given us one more chance to show we still care.

Wendy Schwartz is on the War Resisters League executive committee.



Photo by Chuck Pulin / Seven Days/LNS.



HEADS AND TALES is an occasional column for essays of human liberation and personal experience. Should you care to write about where your head is at, please limit your contribution to 800 words.

BARBARA GARSON

While everyone else was wondering what the Symbionese did to Patty's head in a closet, I kept wondering what the Hearsts had done to her head in a castle.

Mrs. Hearst was on the University of California Board of Regents during the Free Speech Movement (FSM) days. I never actually met her, but it was thanks to Patty's mommy that the FSM had it's clear and total victory.

Clark Kerr, the university president, was very good at devising ingenious "compromises." For instance, he would bring together the Young Democrats, the Young Republicans, and the Young Socialists, dubbing them the "broad spectrum." (Though on the Berkeley campus in those days they were the narrow center.) And he's always managed to find someone in each of these groups to agree tentatively to some temporary settlement like membership on an advisory committee to study campus regulations and report back to the Regents in a year and a half.

The problem was he could never get it past Mrs. Hearst.

Don't get me wrong. All the Regents were united in the resolve not to give the students anything. But Mrs. Hearst was determined not to even look like she would give anything.

So Clark Kerr's hands were tied. Even so he managed some dexterous finger manipulations. But every time he had the campus cooled out, Mrs. Hearst would remember that Mario Savio was still a registered student! Then he'd be expelled the last day of the term and it would start all over again.

Poor Clark Kerr. And poor Patty.

Somehow she always reminded me of the Weathermen I met when I worked in a GI coffee house near the Fort Lewis, Washington army base. Because we were a transport center to Vietnam, some Seattle Weathermen would blow in from time to time to arouse the assembled soldiers.

These young people had the most outrageous image of the ruling class. It was more savage than

Barbara Garson is a playwright and author.

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anything I'd use in my wildest play. It was more stark and caricatured than Brecht.

Later, when the Weathermen were on the run, one of their above ground sympathizers complained to me about junk mail. It seems she was being inundated with checks, trust fund checks, that kept arriving for her fugitive Weatherfriends.

That's when I began to think that maybe these kids with the trust funds knew what they were talking about. Perhaps they had seen those crude caricatures in real life. Perhaps they had heard the Versailles-like disdain. "Hose 'em down." "Send in the troops." "Let them eat cock!"

Maybe that's why Patty was so ready to believe that her parents wouldn't pay ransom, that the FBI would shoot them all down.

For Patty and the Weatherpeople, to turn radical was to turn against their own. Not just against their own parents or their own class. They didn't make that distinction. Mostly they took all us white Americans and tossed us into the same bag, the exploiters, the enemy.

I think this was a matter of family background again. These people, and Patty I'm sure, were just not prepared to see a white American as a victim. A person had to be black, or Asian, or very distinctly costumed to be recognized as part of "the people."

But with my background it was quite natural to think of the ordinary skinny white man as a victim, as someone being used.

I just think of my father, working hard his whole life and his last thought before he goes under for heart surgery, "What if I can't go back to work soon enough? What will happen to my medical coverage?"

I spent my entire adolescence trying to organize my father, the way I later organized in the coffee house. I couldn't stand his feeling that if he were smarter, better, had more on the ball, he'd be more successful. Many of the GIs I worked with clearly believed that they were the lower half, the natural rejects, just because they found themselves in the army. "If you have any savvy you wouldn't be drafted, you would do something, you wouldn't be here."

"No, it's your class," I would insist. "They manufacture you this way to use you this way. Wait till you get into their factories."

HEADS & TALES continued on page 21.

SOUTHERN CONTINENTAL WALK BUSTED AGAIN!

The Mississippi State Highway Patrol arrested 22 of the 68 participants in the southern route of the Continental Walk outside the town of Laurel late Monday afternoon. The walkers were charged with "obstructing the flow of traffic" and "failure to obey a lawful command." The arrested walkers include three Japanese Sangha monks; one Japanese nun; Rev. James Orange, executive staff member of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference (SCLC) and Mississippi coordinator for the Walk; Tyrone Brooks, SCLC communications director and 18 other members of the Walk.

The walkers had taken shelter from a thunder shower. When the first 22 returned to the roadside and resumed walking, they were arrested immediately. Bail has been set at \$150 apiece. The walkers carry with them a letter from W. O. Willard, Mississippi Commissioner of Public Safety, assuring the Department's cooperation with the Walk.

Twenty-five walkers had been arrested on April 26 in West Feliciano Parish, Louisiana and were released several hours later. At press time, the 22 Walkers arrested in Laurel languish in jail, refusing bail while SCLC and Walk representatives negotiate their release.

—News Desk

COLORADO ROUTE MEETS MAIN ROUTE

With a civil disobedience action imminent, Dr. Harold Agnew, Director of Los Alamos Scientific Laboratories (where the bombs dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki were born) agreed to meet with the walkers.

Walkers and organizers from both the Colorado and main routes planned the night before to present a list of demands and requests to a meeting of Los Alamos administrators. In-



Continental walkers descend on the Los Alamos (New Mexico) Scientific Laboratories (birthplace of nuclear bombs) to present a list of "suggestions" to lab administrators. Photos by Ed Hedemann.



Left-to-right: Walkers Judy Danielson and Alison Metcalf present copies of the Hiroshima appeal and Walk Call to Dr. Harold Agnew, Director of the Los Alamos labs.

cluded in that list was the suggestion that the "Hiroshima" film be purchased and shown to the public at the museum to give a better balanced view of the desirability of these weapons, acceptance of the Hiroshima appeal (calling for elimination of all

nuclear weapons). However, only the public relations man was available, the rest of the officials gave us a run around for three hours.

When it was clear that any audience with officials in power was being avoided, the civil dis-

obedience action was planned. Dorie Bunting from Albuquerque and Judy Danielson from Denver were to lead a contingent of about 10 into the civil disobedience action, with the rest of the walkers supporting.

After Harold Agnew was spotted entering the building, a phone call was made to his office and he finally agreed to come down and meet with the walkers. Discussion was curt, however. Walkers presented him with the Hiroshima appeal and the Walk Call.

Earlier in the day, some walkers leafleted Los Alamos people as they went to work. Also the monks and walkers visited several local school classes to speak and show the Hiroshima film. About 50 people walked from the municipal center of Los Alamos to the labs.

The series of events which climaxed with the Los Alamos actions began on May 8 as the Continental Walk crossed the Rio Grande and entered Albuquerque. The Walk entered Robinson Park joining a rally totaling 120 people and one "Military-Industrial Complex Monster," a paper-mache combination of B-1, Trident, etc., all rolled into one. After the rally, 50 people walked two miles to the University of New Mexico.

On Sunday, May 9, a community pot luck dinner drew 80 people including Reis Tijerina, a leader in the Chicano movement. Monday about 60 people walked from the University to Kirtland Air Force Base. That evening films were shown and a letter of solidarity from the anti-nuclear weapons ship FRI was read. On Tuesday Dick Gregory's run for hunger passed through Albuquerque. With the aid of Muhammad Ali running alongside the rally drew a large crowd.

At the rally Rev. Sato and long distance walker Tom MacLean presented the Hiroshima appeal to Dick Gregory. Later that day the Walk car caravaned off the route up to Santa Fe for a community meeting, to make plans for the Los Alamos action, and join the Colorado branch. The day before the Walk left Albuquerque, the mayor of Albuquerque welcomed the Buddhist monks and received the Hiroshima appeal,

but refused to sign it. The Mayor was reported to have said that he's been to Hiroshima and "they have a thing about the bomb over there." The pace of the Walk is currently 18 miles a day as it leaves New Mexico.

—Ed Hedemann

ALPERT AND HUGHEY FACE CONTEMPT CHARGES

Jane Alpert and John David Hughey will be arraigned Thursday, May 27, in US District Court in Manhattan for criminal contempt of court charges stemming from their refusals to testify at the trial of Shoshana Rihn (Pat Swinton).

The US Attorney's office in New York issued indictments against them late Friday afternoon, May 21. Hughey, currently in North Carolina, indicated to the Justice Department through his lawyer that he will appear as scheduled. No warrant was issued for him. Jane Alpert is currently incarcerated at the Metropolitan Correction Center in New York City.

Hughey and Alpert were both convicted, along with Sam Melville, of a series of anti-war bombings in the late 1960's. Hughey completed a two and a half year prison term; Alpert is presently serving a 27 month sentence on her charges after living underground for several years. Shoshana Rihn was acquitted on similar charges last September 26.

—News Desk

GRAND JURY SUBPOENAS PUERTO RICAN INDEPENDENCE ACTIVISTS

A New York grand jury impaneled to investigate a series of bombings allegedly conducted by the militant underground Puerto Rican independence group FALN has subpoenaed members of aboveground, legal groups organizing around Puerto Rican independence. People active in the Puerto Rican Socialist Party (PSP) and the Puerto Rican Solidarity Committee (PRSC) have been called before the grand jury to answer questions about their organizations, acquaintances and political activities.

PSP member Lureida Torres faces a contempt of court hearing

for refusing to answer questions before the jury last month. The contempt hearing, originally scheduled for May 6, has been indefinitely postponed. Julio and Joan Lois Rosado and Martha Schwartz have been subpoenaed recently to testify. Schwartz, a member of the Mass Party Organizing Committee who assisted several PRSC projects, is scheduled to appear on Friday afternoon, May 28, at the Foley Square Courthouse in Manhattan.

—News Desk

GUNS AND KILOWATTS

For the second consecutive year, one-third of the federal Energy Research and Development Agency (ERDA) budget will actually represent military spending.

Of ERDA's fiscal 1977 budget of \$5.2 billion, about \$1.7 billion is set aside for research on nuclear weapons, atomic reactors for naval vessels, and space nuclear systems.

Even some of the tiny 3% of the ERDA budget devoted to solar and wind energy goes to the military. ERDA has just announced plans to foot the bill for solar heating and cooling facilities at two new Air Force base shopping centers in the Southwest.

—Dollars and Sense

EVENTS

NYC—Friday, June 4, picket Juan Carlos, the King of Spain; 7 pm at the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. & 49th St. Sponsored by the Confederation of Spanish Socialists.

NYC—Saturday, June 12, Sam Dolgoff, author of *The Spanish Anarchist Collectives* and *Bakunin on Anarchy*, speaks on "Revolution vs. Counterrevolution." 8 pm, St. Marks Church, 2nd Ave. & 10th St. Sponsored by the IWW Monthly Forum. For information, call 477-3355.

PHILA—Monday, June 14, Kay Camp speaks on "Women and Militarism." 12 pm at the Bicentennial Women's Center, Pennwalt Bldg., 17th St. & Benj. Franklin Pkwy. Sponsored by the Northeast Phila. WILPF.

Lorenzo "Kombo" Ervin is a 28-year-old black man, now serving a life sentence for hijacking a plane from Atlanta, Georgia to Cuba as a protest against the war in Vietnam. He later went to Czechoslovakia and East Germany, where US government agents kidnapped him to West Germany, and then returned him to the United States for a trial which was a travesty of justice. He was beaten and drugged with Thorazine while he was in jail. A defense committee, in a petition asking for unconditional pardon or a new trial, states: "Mr. Ervin was given a most savage sentence of life imprisonment, though he was a young first offender, with no criminal record, though no one was hurt during the incident, and the political nature of the act was recognized. Mr. Ervin has served seven years of imprisonment, since he was 21 years old, and has suffered enough!" Kombo should certainly be released from prison now that the war is over. Supporting his release in no way implies approval of the action he took. Letters of support can be sent to him: Lorenzo Edward Ervin, Jr., Box PMB 18759, US Penitentiary, Atlanta, Georgia 30315. For more information contact: Lorenzo "Kombo" Ervin Defense Committee, c/o Curtis Reaves or Minnie Lou Ervin, 2014 Citico Ave., Chattanooga, Tenn. 37404.

A series of recent Supreme Court decisions seriously erodes the rights of prisoners and persons accused of crimes. The latest ones hold that trying a defendant in prison garb is not unconstitutional unless the person being tried states an objection to the trial judge at the time of the trial, and a defendant may not seek later relief on the basis of an illegally composed grand jury unless an objection is entered at the time of indictment. The implications of these are obvious. In earlier decisions the court ruled that police may circulate arrest records and mug shots of individuals never convicted of any crime, brand them as "active shoplifters" and not be accountable in federal court, and that prosecutors may knowingly use perjured testimony to convict an innocent person without being liable for civil suit in federal court. To deny the federal courts as a place of possible redress for those accused of crimes amounts to removing a major source of protec-

PRISON NOTES



tion for citizen's rights. Professor Paul A. Brest of the Stanford Law School commented that the recent decisions suggest an "indifference to the claims of individuals, even those who can prove they were victims of official wrongdoing. At least there is a feeling that their favorite forums, the federal courts, need not be made available to them."

On the brighter side, in Connecticut, Federal District Judge Jon Newman granted new privileges for the inmates at the Danbury Federal Correctional Institution by expanding the list of privileged mail (letters that may be opened only in the presence of the prisoner to whom they are addressed) to include letters from state court officials, prosecutors' offices, state governors' offices, foreign diplomatic offices and lawyers. The ruling was a result of a lawsuit filed by Watergate prisoner G. Gordon Liddy.

A widely publicized article in the April issue of *Corrections Magazine* reports that there are 249,716 persons in prisons in the United States, which is ten percent more than a year ago. More than half of those in prison are under thirty. The overcrowded conditions in state prisons have sometimes forced prisoners "to sleep on floors, in shower rooms and on ledges above toilets." In Virginia a number of judges have been giving suspended sentences because the jails are already overcrowded, and there is a nationwide hue and cry for building more prisons. The *Dayton (Ohio) Daily News* noted editorially that "soon, and realistically, the nation is going to have to face up to a serious decision. Does it want to go into a massive and massively expensive prison-building program, or does it want to start using probation and other non-prison alternatives sensibly and creatively again?" Each of us should do what we can to influence public opinion in the latter

direction, for once prisons are built they will be occupied, and the pressure to find creative alternatives will be considerably lessened.

Two prisoners in the infamous Holman Prison in Alabama, Wayland "Doc" Bryand, a/k/a Senssia Cancanji Mafundi, and William S. Turk, a/k/a Sekon Cinque KamBon, both active with Inmates for Action, are asking support for their program to abolish all jails and prisons in Alabama where even the officials admit that imprisonment under current conditions involves a violation of prisoners' constitutional rights. They have issued a number of statements, including a lengthy comment on the history of oppression as it relates to the Bicentennial, and petitions of support for their program. For more information, write William S. Turk, PO Box 37, Holman Station, Alabama 36505, or Inmates for Action Defense Committee, 802 6th St., North Birmingham, Alabama.

Even in Prison is a book of poetry and excerpts from letters written by Chuck Spicer, who has been in prison for 18 years. The letters were written to Virginia Oldham and Mildred Clapp, active members of a prison visitation and support committee in Kansas City. Chuck settled on a position of nonviolence after having been beaten several times and getting "tired of all those bumps on my head." He has been active in many prison projects and individual counseling in the New Jersey maximum custody prison where he is held. Those who favor construction of more prisons might ponder Chuck's words:

"It has long been my opinion that crime cannot be coped with until the entire criminal justice system has been changed. Until the day comes when, for a person being tried in court, all emphasis is placed on why he committed a crime, and not what crime was committed. I know many men in prison who can trace their criminal life to one specific cause. Yet, instead of this problem being resolved for X amount of dollars, society has him spend his life in and out of prison at a cost to the taxpayer of around \$11,000 a year." Copies of *Even in Prison* cost \$1.00 and can be obtained from Oldham and Clapp, 5520 Virginia Ave., Kansas City, Missouri 64110.

—Larry Gara



UNDERGROUND

Filmed by Emile de Antonio, Mary Lampson and Haskell Wexler
88 minutes / Color / Distributed by New Yorker Films, NYC

I have been thinking about *Underground* since I saw it over 24 hours ago—it's that kind of movie.

Underground is a political film, a documentary made secretly underground a year ago with weatherpeople Bernadine Dohrn, Katherine Boudin, Kathy Wilkerson, Jeff Jones and Bill Ayers. It is a thoughtful, important, gripping movie the left will be discussing for the next few years—in fact, it may be the most important film produced by and about the American left during this decade.

Interspaced with excellent film footage of major domestic and international struggles and events of the past 50 or so years—the labor movement, Vietnam, student actions, civil rights marches, anti-war rallies, the Days Of Rage, and recent acts of sabotage—the five underground revolutionaries talk about the development of both the Weatherunderground and their own individual and collective political consciousnesses. It is fascinating and invigorating to see, via their discussion, the growth and direction of individual and collective analysis and action in the American left over the past ten to fifteen years. Their commitment to revolution in this country and elsewhere is obvious and explicit, and I never doubted their sincerity and conviction.

In addition to the content of the movie, it is a political act in and of itself and should be viewed with that recognition and appreciation. Five serious radicals and their underground network, hunted by our government in much the same way as we believe happens only elsewhere, managed to make a technically good political film (in color, no less). Both the film makers and those filmed worked collectively and trusted one another enormously, and both underwent great risk. The film makers have been subpoenaed once by a grand jury and expect a second one soon, and members of their families have been victims of FBI harassment. Those filmed risked

Carol Marsh, formerly a UFW organizer, writes frequently on the farmworkers' struggle for WIN. Robert Read lives in Somerville, MA.

exposure and resulting imprisonment. All money raised by the film will go towards political work, as here in Boston where proceeds from the premiere will go to the Susan Saxe Defense Fund and the Bach Mai Hospital Fund. (I was surprised to hear that the Weatherunderground had stipulated that Boston area proceeds go to Bach Mai, and that local sponsors added the Saxe Defense Fund.)

Much more could be said of the positive aspects of the film, ranging from its political content and analysis (eg. treatment of feminism, admissions of past mistakes, perspectives gained from experience, self-criticism, etc.), to the distinct down-to-earth sensitivity and humanism I felt from the five weatherpeople. At this point, however, I would like to spend a few sentences dealing with my major criticism of the movie.

As a nonviolent activist, I found the underlying current of violence to be the main drawback of the film. The five weatherpeople never romanticize violence; they are serious and experienced in their discussion of it. Nor are they uncaring or insensitive in talking about violence. They have come to a studied conclusion that violent struggle is the only way of instrumenting radical change in the US (and elsewhere). In one statement, one of the men levels serious criticisms of nonviolent action, maintaining that it draws energy away from serious, real political work. I was saddened to see this gulf between nonviolent activists and themselves so firmly defined. I found it similar to the present case of Susan Saxe, where those of us in a movement together seem inclined to push away real comrades rather than struggling to find common ground and points of solidarity. Members of the Weatherunderground are serious and studied in their conclusion that violent struggle should be the revolutionary tactic; non-violent revolutionaries are equally serious and studied. I hope that we will find ways of uniting against our common enemy of capitalism.

This is an important film for all people in the left to see. It will remind us of what we have come through in the past ten to fifteen years, and how we are historically related to both a domestic and an international movement. For those of us who believe that nonviolence is a powerful weapon for justice and liberation, the film is a broadening challenge.

—Robert Read

BOOK NEWS

On July 4th, a group of Vietnam veterans will hold a special celebration for the bicentennial. They will publish **Demilitarized Zones: Veterans After Vietnam** (192 pp., \$2.95 paperback), an anthology of poems, prose poetry, art and photography dealing with the veterans' experiences on their return from Indochina.

The veterans of East River Anthology, a cooperative small press organized by Jan Barry and Bill Ehrhart, have decided to issue the book on Independence Day to emphasize the contrast between the current national rush to take credit for the American Revolution and the ongoing refusal to accept responsibility for the Indochina tragedy.

This new anthology will give a voice to the veterans who came back not just to "no victory parades," national trauma and dramatic personal problems, but as one *New York Times* writer put it, "to help lead the American peace movement."

Written over the past decade, the selections in **Demilitarized Zones** examine the changes in a war generation's attitudes which have begun to dispel the myths surrounding America's military veterans.

CESAR CHAVEZ, AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF LA CAUSA

Jacques E. Levy
W.W. Norton & Co., NY / \$12.95 / 546 pp.

Cesar Chavez, Autobiography of La Causa is a history of the United Farm Workers Union as the union wants its history remembered, told in the words of the people who were part of it.

An autobiography doesn't claim to be objective history. The struggle to build a union for farmworkers is far from over, and this book was intended as useful propaganda—and will be, once it's out in paperback at a price people can afford to pay.

Most of the words are Cesar's, tape recorded over six years by Jacques Levy, a journalist who inevitably got drawn into the struggle, traveling with Cesar, sitting in on negotiations and strategy sessions, covering strikes and handling press relations for the UFW. Occasionally the words are Levy's own, and many others, members of Cesar's family, union organizers, priests, officials of other unions, California Governor Jerry Brown, and even an occasional grower, tell in their own words their parts of the story. Levy keeps these narratives specific to the details of the unfolding history, presenting an easily read, fascinating tale of a monumental struggle.

"The contents will reflect the diversity of experiences of three million veterans," Ehrhart said.

East River Anthology, 114 N. 6th St., Perkasi, PA, succeeds the late First Casualty Press, publisher of *Winning Hearts and Minds* (1972), a collection of war poetry by Vietnam veterans describing the transformation of soldiers into anti-war marchers.

Readers bought more than 40,000 copies of the book, which received public acclaim in publications as diverse as the *New York Times Book Review*, *Newsweek*, the *Chicago Sun-Times*, the *New York Daily News*, *Rolling Stone* and *Scholastic's Young Citizen*.

Barry and Ehrhart contributed to *Winning Hearts and Minds*, Barry as coeditor.

Like *Winning Hearts and Minds*, **Demilitarized Zones** will be self-published because of a decided lack of interest on the part of commercial book publishers.

Until now, the editors have met almost all expenses out of their own pockets. But printing costs will be covered by contributions from other individuals and private foundations.

Even Governor Brown's contributions detail the hour to hour negotiating which created the California Farm Labor Election Law. The book ends before the funds for that short-lived election law ran dry.

The first quarter of the book is Cesar's personal autobiography, starting with his grandfather's escape from a feudal estate in Mexico in 1888, and the family's homestead in Arizona before Arizona was a state. Cesar speaks of his childhood and his family, tells how they were forced off their land and what they experienced as migrant farmworkers.

He describes his years as an organizer for Saul Alinsky's Community Service Organization in considerable detail. After his resignation from the CSO in 1962, the year he moved to Delano with his wife, Helen, and eight children and started organizing a farmworkers union, his personal history merges into the history of the UFW.

So much of the epic story is familiar, the book reads like a fresh reworking of an old classic. Some elements come across with new emphasis—for example, how thoroughly crippling Cesar's painful back condition was through many of those years. It's startling how much of the time Cesar is seen directing the struggle from a bed, flat on his back.

The frequency and timing of his many, many fasts is another jarring note. Many spokespeople are called in to defend the spiritual and political productivity of all this fasting—but reading between the

lines it's clear that the fasts, on top of the back condition, put a bewildering strain on the union staff.

His first response to most crises seemingly was to fast. Speaking in Berkeley in March of this year, announcing a new initiative drive to put the farmworker election law on the ballot and take it out of the hands of the legislators, Cesar was on the sixth day of yet another fast. It's rather strange—"I think my biggest success in life was being able to go without food for twenty-five days," Cesar says. "I don't think I could top that."

The improvised, high-pressure "organizing," the power plays that worked, make delightful reading, though you may want to add a grain of salt. From beginning to end, the union survives each new catastrophe imaginatively. Eliseo Medina describes a successful campaign in Florida, where the UFW has citrus contracts with Coca-Cola, to defeat anti-farmworker legislation. The legislature of the "right to work" (open shop) state decided to pass an anti-labor law which, among other things, banned union hiring halls.

First the union got 20,000 letters sent to the chairman of the committee to which the bill was assigned, many from farmworkers. "Tucker was getting really pissed off... Everywhere he looked there was this pile of letters." Then they took farmworkers to visit almost every legislator.

When a typhoid epidemic broke out in a labor camp because of grossly polluted water, the union took that on. In the ensuing publicity, it turned out the water of Miami Beach was polluted, and public officials were forced to tell the folks in that tourist town to boil their water. A Congressional investigating team came down from Washington, DC and started closing labor camps.

As that rash of publicity was dying down, and state officials wondered whether legislation was worth what they were going through on its behalf, union folks discovered a labor contractor holding 26 men in unqualified slavery, at gunpoint. After the slaves were freed, the UFW put a couple of them on the radio and on the stand to testify for the legislative committee considering the bill.

That campaign cost the UFW \$500, killed a destructive anti-labor law, made the UFW known to a vastly increased number of Florida farmworkers, and guaranteed that the union would be taken seriously by the state thereafter.

The Florida campaign was fairly typical in scope, spirit and creative application of pressure, to the various campaigns that have kept the union afloat to date.

One disappointing flaw in the narrative is the recurring sexist language, particularly Cesar's. Women organizers are usually "girls," and farmworkers and organizers in general are referred to as men, though half of them were women.

Cesar: "In the case of other organizers, we later lost some good men because of their wives. As we found out, it's harder for the wife than it is for the man, so we pay a lot of attention to wives in the Movement. We can't be free ourselves if we don't free our women..." There were as many women as men in the fields and on the boycott, and Dolores Huerta was the first to help Cesar organize the union.

But *ourselves* are men, the proprietors of our women.

Not that he doesn't understand the power of language:

"Roberts (a grower)... had a rough way of talking. At different times he talked about those 'niggers' in the fields and he called the Mexicans 'my boys.'"

"I finally shook my head and said, 'That's all: No more!' I told him, 'These are grown men. Why do you keep calling them boys?'"

The UFW is famous for single-minded pursuit of its goal—union contracts for farmworkers—but how much extra energy would it take—or add—to recognize women's struggle for dignity?

The union is open to criticism on other points also, but none of those points get into this book, and it's probably just as well. The UFW has made enormous gains against incredible odds, and the fight's not over yet. An objective, dispassionate analysis will have to wait until the heat's off. —Carol Marsh

HEADS & TALES continued from page 15.

I remember all the Sundays I spent watching public affairs television with my father. (He was always well informed.) I would be heckling Javits or Rockefeller or some other self-confident con man facing the nation. "Yeah, yeah, yeah, monetary crisis, hah! It all goes into his bank."

I was much more effective in the coffee house. My father mostly just got mad at me. "What makes you think you could run things? How do you know better than them?"

He hated me and still does for saying we shouldn't let those guys shove us around. We shouldn't just take whatever they give us. (He also hates my mother for asking for a different table in a restaurant).

To explain our political differences simply (and perhaps a little unfairly) I want to rouse my father up. Patty wanted to shoot hers down.

Personally I think Patty's best defense would have been that of the Puerto Rican from a broken home accused of car theft. "Look at this child's deprived background. Who told her her bedtime story? Who tucked her in? Who brought her her drink of water? And who in her home set an example of responsibility and respect for the rights of others?"

And pointing to her, the lawyer should have made a direct appeal to the jurors for sympathy. "Look at this child. How should she know that if she wants something, she doesn't have the right to just take it? She knows how her parents got their money. She knows how their friends get their money. So why shouldn't she just stop in any bank to take some back. And when she pulls out a machine gun, how in her confused state of mind should she distinguish between a banker and a bank teller?"

"Ladies and gentlemen, take pity. The very rich are not like you and me."



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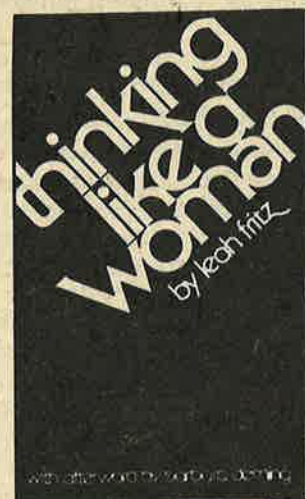
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