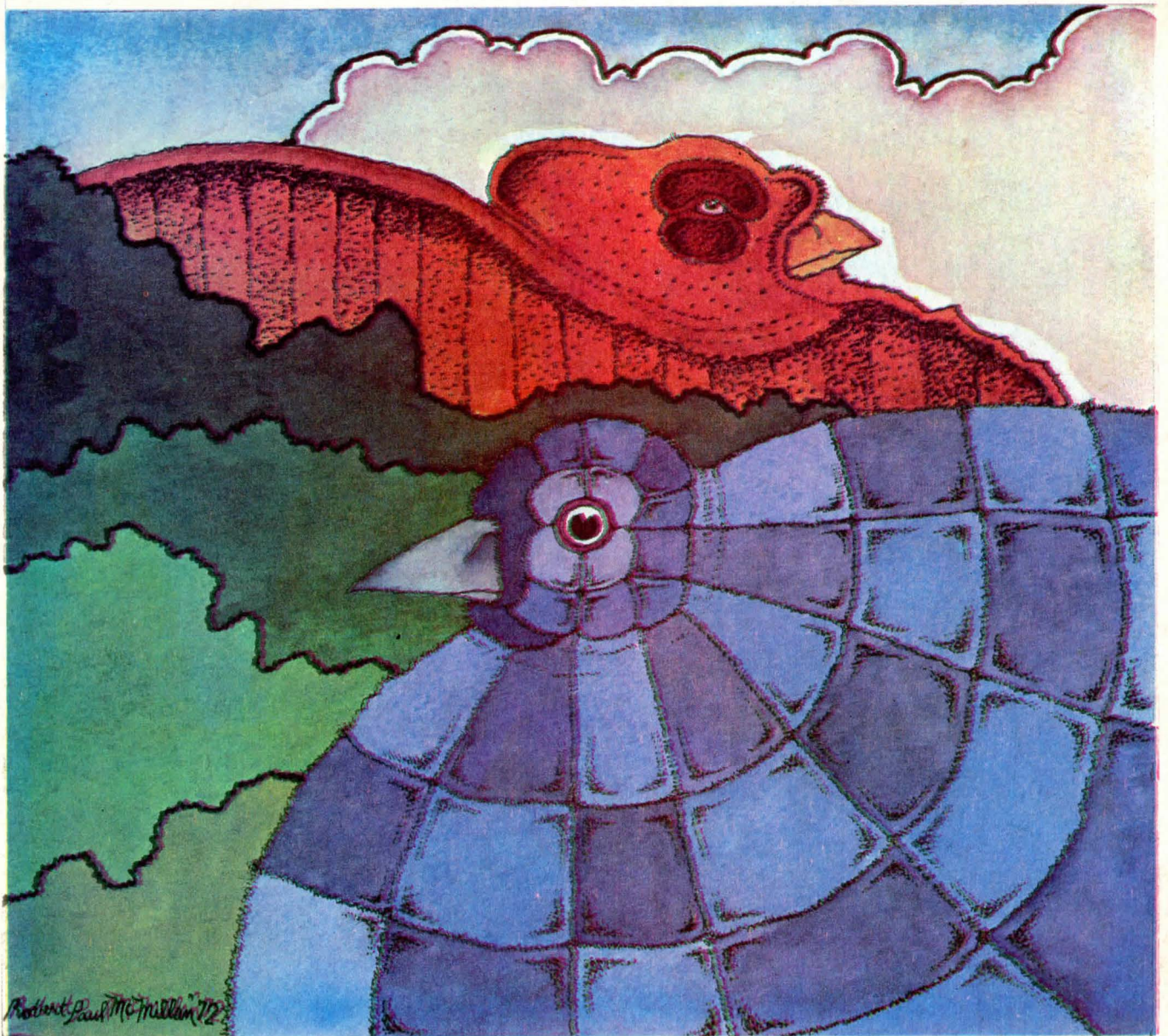


advocate



Robert Paul McMillan '72

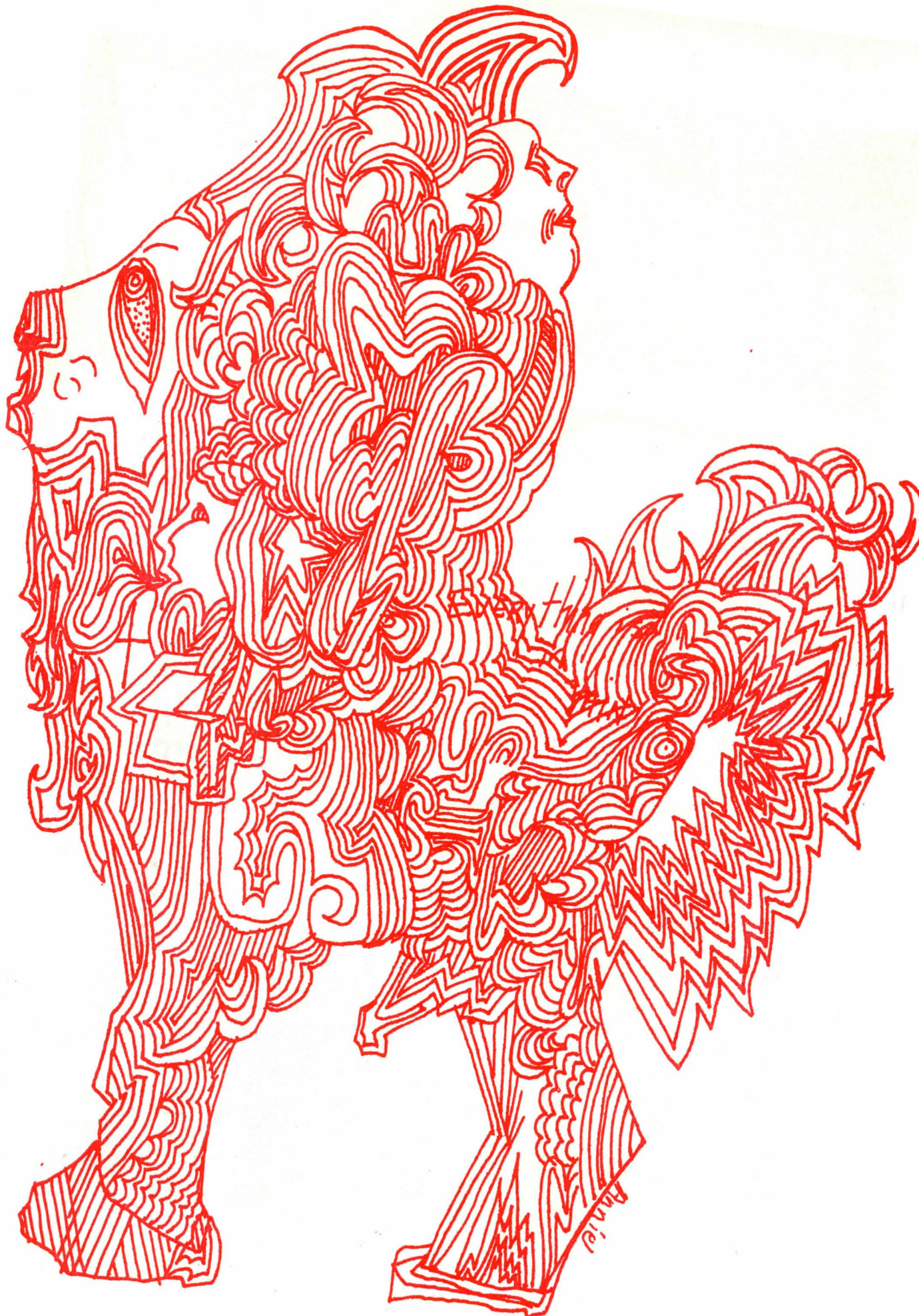




Photo by Paul Cava

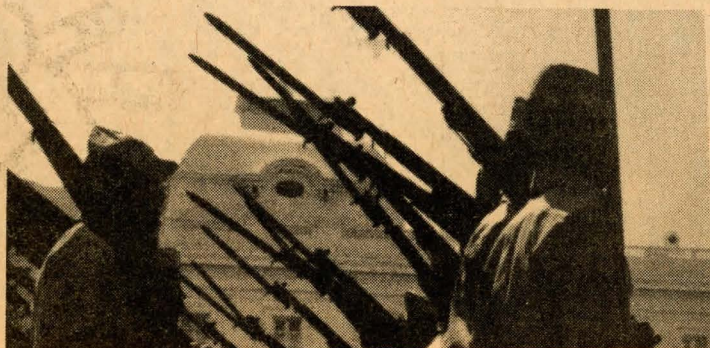
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cover: Robert Paul McMillan

On The Cover

A new and brighter tomorrow is possible if we work for it TOGETHER. We can no longer rely on politicians and bureaucrats.

Editorial

Every student on the Staten Island Community College campus is responsible for the production of this issue of "Advocate." It is financed by student money allocated by Student Government. The students that found, wrote, edited and layed out the material in this issue come from the same backgrounds, neighborhoods and basic life experiences as the students it was produced for.

The idea of this issue is to share ideas with other students and faculty in a creative and exciting way. We hope many of the articles will be material for classroom discussions and we invite constructive criticisms of the ideas to be voiced in subsequent issues of the paper.

"Advocate" would like to become a platform for exchange of ideas, experiences and struggles. As stated previously we are funded by the students money. We encourage the entire college community to help us serve the students. Our function should not be to report the news, that is, or should be, the function of "Dolphin."

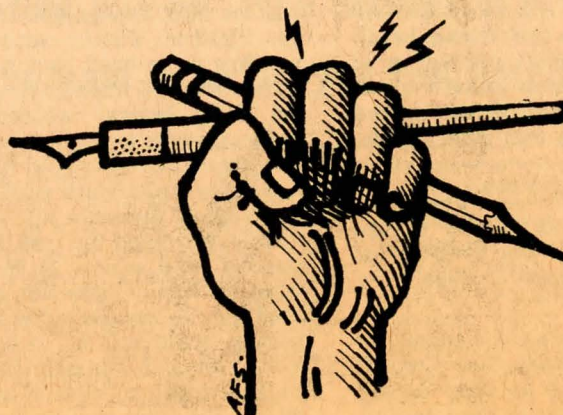
From this point we intend to encourage the student body to determine the content of the publication; this includes what materials as editors, we ourselves write and collect. Our primary function will be to produce the final product in terms of typesetting, editing and laying-material. Any student needing help in writing or interested in the technical aspect of a publication, we will be glad to help.

In the past we have been a typical newspaper though our primary focus was off campus, in that the editorial board was running the paper its own way and deciding content. We had the intent of helping and reaching our fellow students but became bogged down in deciding what was best for the people to read, rather than letting the people have some say and input.

We are by no means advocating anarchy in running the paper. It is important, however, that all those who have some input be the ones that make the decisions, and not just the editorial board. This theory can become a reality for the next issue and for the whole of next year if those students that can relate to it participate in making the paper.

The decision is yours. Either we become a real democratically run publication serving the students and advocating our struggles and feelings on campus life, or we become a newspaper again.

Enjoy



As Soon As You're Born They Make You Feel Small

Writing the history which I know best has been the most difficult writing I've ever tried to do. It's so new and strange to think that what you can say about yourself, directly out of your experience, can be a way of writing about and to the experience of many others. I feel a bit awkward having tried to do it. This article is three times re-written from what had originally been tried only for myself to read—as a way of digging for the connections and the influences between my past and the present. Each re-writing has been the result of deep conversations with friends; in most cases talking about the historical process which I was trying to understand, began in my friends a similar re-creation of their own history. In a sense, I think that's the primary value of writing and wanting to share this with other people.

by Doug Dornan

..Doug Dornan is an advisor in the University Without Walls program at Staten Island Community College.

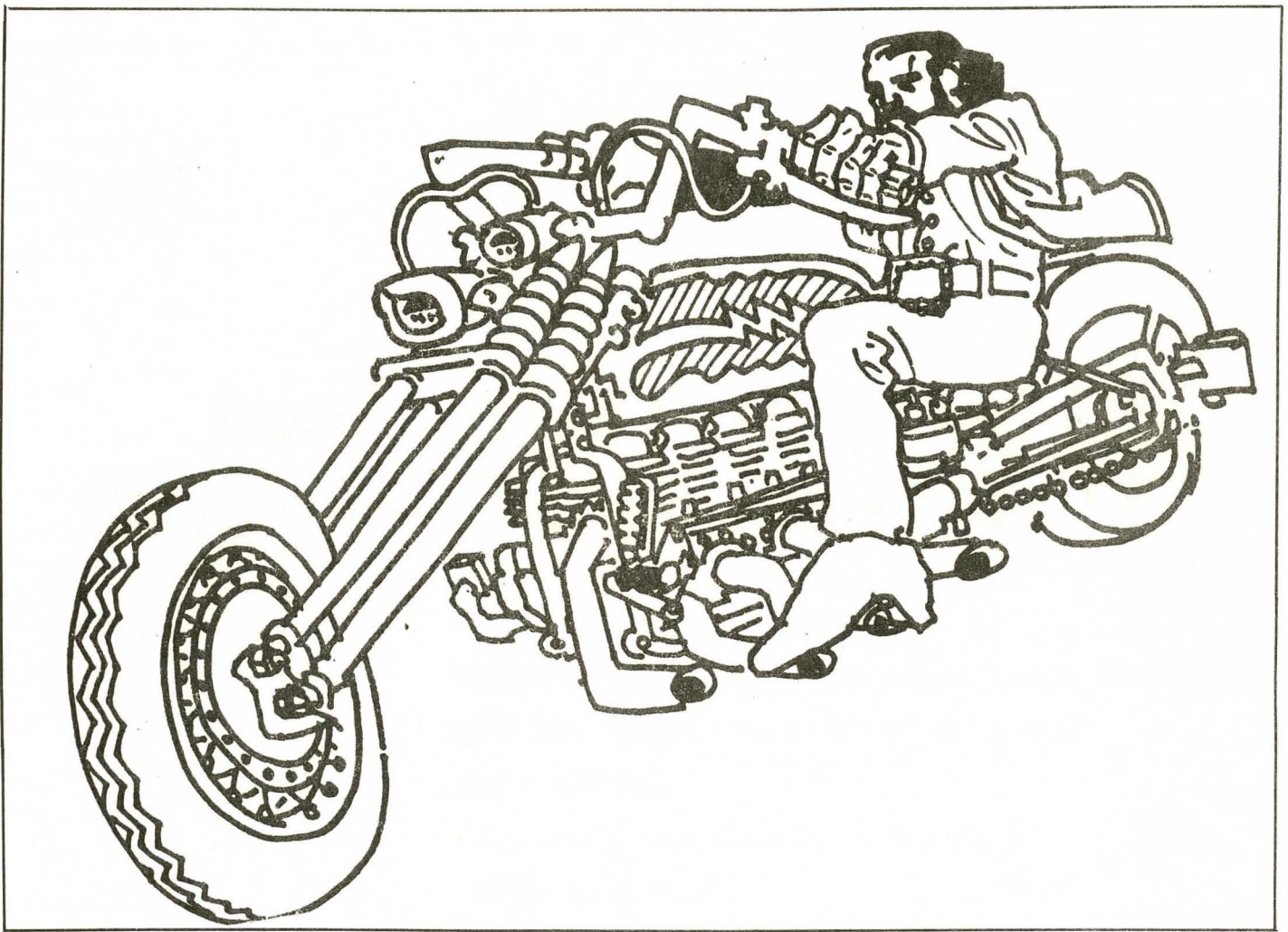
In 1958 I was 13 years old, a young boy on a dairy farm in upstate New York. It was bright summer on an early Sunday afternoon, morning chores were finished and I was free until around 4:30 when the

evening feeding and milking rounds began again. Sunday afternoons were very special as in a seven day work week this was the only daylight chunk of time in which I was free to do as I wanted. On this particular Sunday it had been arranged by the people I worked for and lived with that I would ride Lucky, a beautiful strong reddish-brown mare, to a farm several miles away to be bred by a stud-horse. We left, trotted and galloped on the sides of the main roads, and they followed behind us in a car. Once there it took us a long time to convince Lucky and her mate that this was the right time and place for them to get together. Finally succeeding, and saddling up to head back home, it was after 4:00 and I was told to take a shortcut over several wooded mountain ranges in order to get back to the farm in time for chores. They said we would find a series of trails which would eventually come out on the south side of our farm.

We never found the trail and we rode steadily until almost 11:00 that night, when we finally came out onto a main road and ran into one of the three search parties scattered out over the area looking for us. It was estimated later that we had ridden between 45 and 50 miles during the time we were lost. I was scared, really shaken, as we kept riding

and kept finding more trees and more mountains. Lucky and I got very close. When a horsefly would land on her neck or underside she would stop and nose or kick in that direction and wait for me to brush it off. When we finally got back to the farm my emotions were churning in a well of fear, guilt and relief and I could hardly believe it, but my chores were still there waiting for me and nobody offered to help. I knew they must have known how I felt. I slammed into the milkhouse, threw warm water and some calf powder in two aluminum pails, and half-walked and half-ran to the first two box stalls. By that time the tears were coming, my whole face felt puffed out of proportion. I couldn't really see where I was going. I tripped, the pails went flying, and my face smashed into the cowshit-crusted concrete. I was really crying then and I remember standing up, slightly bent forward, face pulling hard toward my teeth, fists clenched on the empty pails and tears running everywhere.

I'm twenty-five now and the image of what I felt and looked like at that moment has come back in my dreams and my thoughts hundreds of times, right up to the present. The pain, the fury, the powerlessness, the raw strength, the depths of being alone. Even now—college degree, many friends, a wife and a



daughter, and a “comfortable” life later, the emotions I felt then, the person I was then is still the determinative force of my day-to-day keeping going. But I want to go back to some of what happened before and since that time, and go slower. I’ll try to draw out the big pieces of the little boy—the grown man “revolutionary.” I’ve never written like this before.

Illegitimate child, five welfare foster homes from age two months to age seven years, two years with my mother who had a different last name than my own, five years as a farm laborer for room and board plus one dollar a week, two years with my oldest sister in a confusing family-home substitute, four years as a non-Catholic in a monolithically Catholic college, and variously employed as farmhand, logger, sawmill hand, waiter, short-order cook, file clerk, supermarket stock-boy, shoeshine boy, construction laborer, night watchman, operator of heavy machinery, and maintenance man.

This is the background, the emotional-psychological springboard from which I responded to: “You don’t know how to swim? Didn’t you read...? How come your legs aren’t tan and that you are only tan down to the waist? Don’t you remember the words to that song? Now,

tell us about your girlfriends. I can’t understand how you could possibly not know about....” And, “I’m surprised to hear that you come from a broken home as you seem so normal,” and on and on.

The hate and anger and the envy which I felt in my stomach, and in the swollen pits of my eyes, were the same as what I felt when around anyone who seemed “cool” or knowledgeable, or had

felt excluded and inferior. These were class differences, differences I thought, between who had the “capital,” personal capital, to really build upon and grow, and who was stuck, caught, trapped and permanently determined as less valuable and less acceptable.

I was working on a large farm owned and operated by two strong middle-aged women. My chores seven days a week for

**As soon as you’re born they make you feel small
By giving you no time instead of it all
Till the pain is so big you feel nothing at all...**

specialized skills, or who wore Ivy League clothes. There were feelings of being of an inferior class of people and the difference between me and them was not so much one of income as a difference in property. They had “socially desirable” properties—their knowledge, skills, confidence, family acceptance, and relative comfort—were very real forms of private property. “things” which they had and in relation to which I

five years were to feed, clean and bed-down a pretty steady number of maybe 20 young calves and up to 50 heifers. Neither the two women nor the always changing hired men were people who could give me affection and warmth and closeness which I needed and wanted painfully. I turned to the calves, the heifers, and when possible my dog for the quiet physical closeness and personal acceptance and escape which I needed.

Dornan cont'd.

The calves and heifers that were my responsibility were kept in three separate barns. The youngest were in the main milking barn, and there were always other people around when I hurried through that part of my chores. But in the other two, I was the only person who had work to do there and I always had the feeling of "getting away from it all" when I finished in the main barn. Very often I would rush through in ten minutes what would normally take 40-45, then dig out that week's library book which I hid underneath the hay-feeder, and read for as long as I thought I could get away with, and then go on to the next barn. All the books that I can remember had to do with Ty Cobb, Joe DiMaggio, Babe Ruth or some other sports superstars, and when I'd put the book away I would go on with whatever I had to do, day-dreaming about when I would be there, how I would play it, and

**They hurt you at home and they hit you at school
They hate you if you're clever and they
despise a fool
Till you're so fucking crazy you can't
follow their rules..**

believing fully that my day in Yankee Stadium was coming. When the women who owned the farm caught on to what I was doing and when they were able to find my books in each new hiding place—they would destroy them. I then had to save up my dollar a week "allowance" each time to pay for the cost of the book to the school library. This never really stopped me though—I continued to sneak-read and day-dream for as long as I stayed on the farm.

I was in the large heifer barn one morning about 11:00. It was raining on the metal roof of the barn and I had walked into the barn slowly so as not to disturb the heifers who were all lying down and quietly chewing their cud. Two that knew me from previous feedings were lying quite closely together and I softly pushed up some hay in between them and lay down and curled up there. I intended only to lie there, listen to the rain, and feel the warmth from the animals beside me. I fell asleep and apparently for quite awhile—I had been awake since 5:00 a.m., as always. One of the women who owned the farm and paid for my room and board came up to the barn and found me sleeping. She kicked me twice, once in the thigh and once in the side, as she screamed that I had work to do and who the hell was I to be sleeping on the job when everyone else was working. I was shocked, I hated her to the point of violence, and cried bitterly. I

couldn't understand how she could do that to me.

She was not fundamentally a malicious woman. I grew to know then, and more passionately every day and every year since then that she kicked me because she owned that farm and what it produced, and that to her she owned my back, my arms, and my mind. I was her property and I wasn't producing. It's not that she was a "bad" person, but this farm, this production system which she owned and controlled, reduced me and my human needs to a lump of productive property which wasn't performing in line with her interests. I wasn't a 12 year old boy who needed warmth or escape or sleep, I was her property and was not doing her work for her benefit. She lashed at me with hate as in those circumstances she could not think of me as a fully human being. The power of ownership, of working to the tune of somebody else's money-making, was a lesson I learned well, and relearned again and again in each of the many jobs I've held since that time.

a truck accident in which we skidded into a loaded school bus (of all the possibilities!) and I just wanted to disappear—all those kids "would know."

Even after I was in college and over vacations or during the summer I worked in my brother-in-law's sawmill, I was ashamed to walk into the town diner with sawdust in my hair and grease on my hands—even though inside I loved that work. This was not my "hang-up." I had been taught by everything I had read and been told that working with your hands was inferior to working with your head, and it was best to act and appear as if you didn't have to work at all. The real killer came though when in my last two years of high school I was living with my sister. She had the nerve to have me doing "women's work"—cleaning house, washing dishes, hanging up clothes. The dishes and housecleaning I hated but could put up with, but in hanging up the clothes I was visible from the road and I literally hid behind a sheet or towel when a car went by for fear of being seen. The relative status of the various "classes" of labor were clear to me, and if I had been ashamed of my cruddy hands before, I knew that this was as low as a man could go.

If you have been acculturated into patterns of systematically hiding and hating who you really are, there are few things which you desire more than some definite bedrock certain feeling of approval, with unequivocal soundness, rightness, and certainty about it. You try to find something you can be absolutely sure of, and others who will absolutely agree with you. I remember once standing on a hill with one of the hired men overlooking a main highway, when a blue car went by, really speeding. Hired man: "That guy really had it on the floor." Me: "Did you see how fast he was moving, man, he was really laying it on, Whew! He was really moving out" and still several more times did I repeat it. I did that only because it was an absolute that I knew he wouldn't contradict, and it gave me a real feeling of acceptance and certainty that we were together on that perceived reality. I still catch myself in similar kinds of responses even today. I sometimes think that people who have had a similar class background to my own, grab and hold on to God, flag, country, and a very tight-knit authoritarian idea of "the family," at least partly for the same reason. There is so goddamn little to feel certain about, that, especially if you can't feel secure about your own status in life, you need to have something hard and definite to fall back on, believe in as a certainty, and know that others will agree with you. That is not to be scoffed at, it seems to meet basic survival needs in a society which works against our falling back on our own personhood, on a belief that we

**When they've tortured and scared you for
20 odd years**

Then they expect you to pick a career

When you can't really function you're so full of fear...

Dornan cont'd.

ourselves are worthwhile as creative human beings.

In fact, there is a kind of clean pleasure, a pure definite satisfaction out of just working with your body, that I have never felt from doing "head work." The feel of your arms lifting or pushing something into place, of being one of many bodies straining to create separate pieces of some finished product—there can be a certainty, an acceptance, a feeling of togetherness in that too. But most often it is superceded or prevented from emerging by other factors influencing how we do our work: low wages, low status, nagging family problems, continual pressure to work faster, or a bastardly boss. Several winters ago after a massive snowstorm, I walked the streets of New York a couple of afternoons helping people free their snowed-in cars—just for the pleasure of lifting and pushing, of using my body. There is something to that that our society's value system, economic and social, has totally distorted.

My consciousness of being treated as property together with the continual painful awareness of not having the "personal properties" which were given value and regularly accepted by the larger society—school, town kids, etc.—left me with the feeling of being bare, without acceptable "things," traits or attributes to be shared with anyone. Alone, alone and so wanting to be together with people. All I seemed to have were my feelings and my longings which came from the deepest part of my insides and were stripped of any protective covering as to what they were, or what they needed. Raw, bare feelings.

In school, in books or in teacher knowledge, or even in conversations, my interest in what I was supposed to be learning was in direct proportion to how much the substance of the facts or the story embodied or communicated feelings of pain or longing similar to what I myself felt. I never permanently remembered words to songs, or stories, or for the most part, even facts, except my feelings about the feelings communicated in the material itself. I was not socialized in such a way as to absorb knowledge or retain words to songs as a way of acquiring "things" which were mine. That "private property" acquisition process which is misnamed as education was fundamentally not within my capacity. The forces working on my life to that point had stripped me down to what for me seemed to be the core of what it means to be human—raw powerful feelings of struggling to keep going; a central need to express, to work, to sing, to create, or to "produce" in forms which give body or meaning to those feelings; an overwhelming drive to be together with other people. Books or class discussions which related to any of those feelings, I could respond to. Almost anything else was external to my world, was generally impossible to impose on my mind, except temporarily. I remember most of my formal education as a deadening, meaningless exercise occasionally interrupted when students or teachers or authors would talk about things "real" to them.

In a ninth grade English class I once gave an oral report on the poetry of Walt Whitman, in which I was told later that I hadn't talked about his poetry at all—that the whole report had centered around the pain and lonely strength of Whitman's struggling with his

homosexuality. My own writing was filled with blood, with an individual's lonely fight against the world, with severely pained imagery. I loved *Moby Dick* and the expressed power and strength to keep going in spite of the impossible. My written expressions of socialness or people relationships focussed on people coming together through a sharing or a shared experience of deep pain. Anything which a teacher or an author tried to communicate to me as important or significant only had meaning if I could relate it to what I knew or felt already. Most of what they tried to teach me was so tightly prepackaged in the way they wanted me to know it, that I generally gave up trying to translate it into my world, and picked up only what I had to keep moving on in school. To be honest though, sometimes I would really listen or study and score really high, usually when a teacher or student or when I myself had questioned whether or not I could do it.

Even in college, which I got to through a combination of loans, scholarship, and part-time work I never really got caught up in reading books or even in intellectual puzzle-solving. Going away to college was important for me in some ways though. Mostly it gave me some "space"—it was a breaking out of the tight closed little world which had enveloped me up to that time. I had little more free time and it gave me a chance to get a lot of knowledge in a few narrow areas which I could always "crutch" with intense social situations—that is, it gave me more with which to play the pretense of being somebody other than who I felt like inside. I also learned how to use my intensity, sincerity, and willingness to spill out my feelings as a way of getting immediately close to people—the quicker and the closer I got to people, the less likely they would be to hurt me, or so I thought then.

Thinking back, there was hardly a move I made which was not protecting or advancing an image-coating of the "real me," brought on by some fear or other that I was experiencing at that moment. It was hard to accept when I first realized to what extent fear had been the governing force in my life. Hidden in image-forms and knowledge-forms and accomplishment-forms were lonely, nagging fears about my worthwhileness as a person.

I've cried a great deal. All the muscles of my body have felt the tears of being caught, of having my mind and my emotions and my most basic life choices determined for me by my class and social background. My whole being has struggled against being integrated with "propertied" people, because I've been less than them for too long and felt the pain of their "advantages" over me as a personal defeat too deeply. Yet it's precisely integration, a belonging with, a togetherness with other people for which

Continued on page 23



Degrees and Dreams... Lost Destinies

by Robert Krickus

Since the end of World War II, a myth has evolved that the American worker has become entrenched in middle-class affluence. As of today, the take-home pay of the average factory hand or clerk with three dependents is slightly over \$100.00 per week. In New York-New Jersey metropolitan area, the Department of Labor states that \$11,236 is needed to maintain a moderate level of living for a family of this size. But as of 1967, 61.7 percent of the white families living in New York City earned \$9,000 per year or less. Consumer prices are rising faster than wages. Consequently, the take-home pay of the average salaried worker, in terms of purchasing power, was less in 1969 than it had been in 1968.

The prospects of the young drop-out (600,000 American youngsters drop out of high school every year) and the recent high

school graduate may be even more dismal today than a decade ago. Lacking a job record or proper vocation training, young workers encounter serious employment difficulties. This age group is growing in absolute numbers at a time when the supply of jobs for which unskilled youth can qualify is declining.

In the past, workers could feel some security from the knowledge that a more stable or higher paying position was within reach if one stuck it out. But in the 1970's most workers cannot anticipate moving up the job ladder in this fashion. A study of production workers by the Survey Research Center of the University of Michigan disclosed that two-thirds of the respondents believed they had no prospect of advancing beyond their present jobs.

The Rosow Report documents that at the outset of his work history, the young worker may earn a relatively good salary. But marriage and growing family

responsibilities gradually erode his income, and his salary fails to keep pace with his expenditures. Lacking seniority, he is likely to be laid off during economic slowdowns and this threat has prompted many young workers to leave better-paying positions in industry for municipal jobs as policemen or firemen, which pay less but offer more job security.

Over the long pull, a secure job may be less important than the disappearance of work options that can engender a sense of accomplishment in one's work. A growing number of young workers are dissatisfied with their jobs. Late bloomers who find themselves trapped in dead-end jobs are rarely given a second chance. This may account for the rising incidence of drug abuse in factories, high rates of turn-over, and mounting absenteeism.

Judson Gooding writes, in *Fortune*, that tedious and repetitious jobs have provoked auto workers to sabotage the

assembly line. Such outbursts of frustration are not new. Fourteen years ago I worked the "graveyard shift" in a can factory. It was a common practice several times an evening to shut down the endless flow of beer cans. The process was foolproof and simple. A crumpled can or one turned in the wrong direction would ultimately foul up the system. This afforded us a rest. But a respite from our monotonous work was secondary to the keen pleasure we derived from the thought that the boss knew what we were doing, but could not do anything about our protest. Try though I did, I could not induce my co-workers to relate their dissatisfaction to the corporate structure or political system. My failure to get through was not unanticipated, for in my neighborhood (the Clinton Hill area of Newark) socioeconomic problems were deemed a function of one's

personal inability to cope, and not as manifestations of a larger social problem.

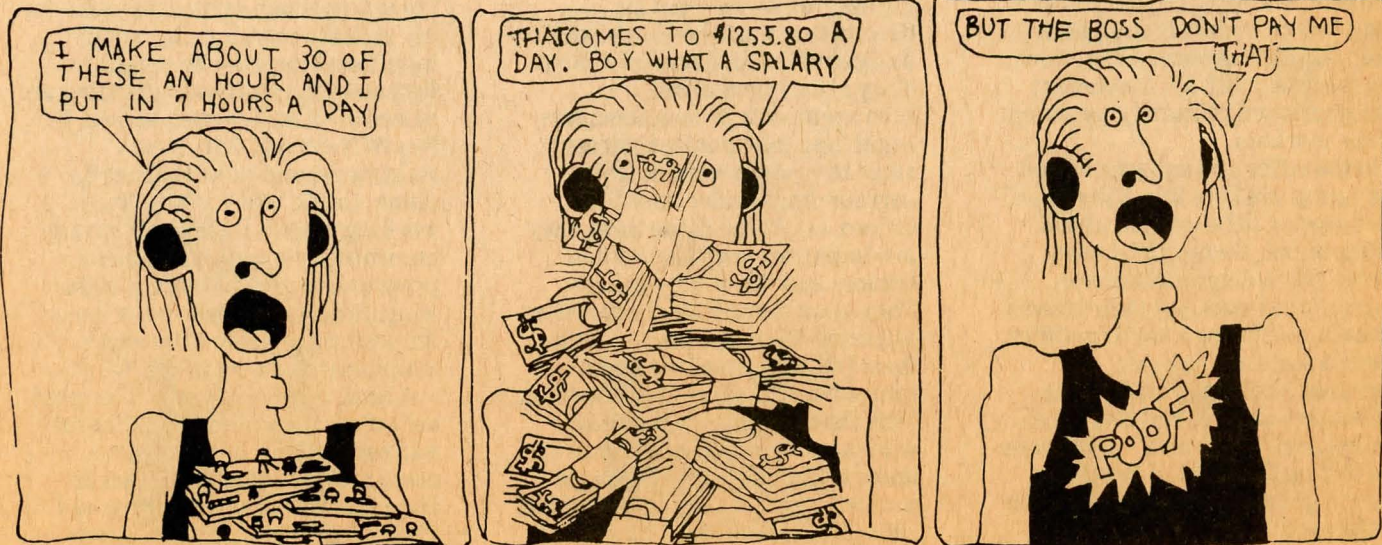
Today's job dissatisfaction is prevalent among workers who have been reared in an era of prosperity and are but dimly aware of the depression. Approximately 21 million Americans between the ages of 15 and 29 are out of school and never graduated from a college. In many industries they are the backbone of the rank and file. Approximately 40 percent of the auto workers are under 35 and in some auto plants 70 percent of the production-line workers are under 30.

These working-class youths comprise a subculture in which affluence is not taken for granted. In the hippie areas of our larger cities numerous free services are made available to estranged middle-class youngsters, yet one does not find these same services in working-class communities where the need is at least as great. The son of a corporation executive who is rewarded with a social disease as a consequence of a weekend fling at a crash pad can go to a free clinic and receive medical attention. Meanwhile, the young gas station attendant who may be

cursed by the same affliction must shell out \$10 or \$15 for a penicillin shot. As usual in our economic system, the workingman subsidizes the rich and well-connected.

The young worker has been bedazzled by the allure of new automobiles and a suburban home filled with luxurious furniture and labor-saving appliances. Much like the black youth who is caught in a racial bind, he is ensnared in a socioeconomic bind. He sees no exit from a life of economic insecurity, boredom, and an income never quite providing him with the resources to acquire those things he wants.

A growing number of young workers seem to be becoming politically restive. They will tell you that government, the major parties, union leadership, management, and the media are insensitive to their needs. George





Wallace was the first national political figure to appreciate the depth of their despair and he provided them with a way of mobilizing their discontent and channeling it politically. While most white workers rejected Wallace, his appeal to them was a symptom of their estrangement from our mainstream institutions. Outside the South his movement was nourished primarily by young white workers.

In the cities and suburbs where the young workers live, they have good reason to be cynical about government. Owners of modest homes pay a disproportionate share of the taxes, yet their streets, schools, and recreational facilities are in a state of disrepair. Corruption is highly visible, the streets are unsafe, and there is a feeling that "their own" politicians are selling them out. A declining faith in government prevails in the "reformed" cities as well, for as

James Q. Wilson has observed, many big city mayors seem more concerned about foundations, urban consultants, and agency chiefs in Washington than about the complaints of their constituents. Many young workers are both resentful of Washington's neglect and fearful of programs they deem prejudicial to their communities.

Lewis Carliner, in a recent workshop devoted to the problems of young workers, found they are concerned about their "civil rights" at work—unfair disciplinary procedures, shift assignments, and overtime duty. They are cynical about management's pronouncements regarding the "public interest," since they often work in filthy surroundings under unsafe conditions. (1) At the same time, they are impatient with their union leaders and the older workers. They want a great say in decisions affecting life in the plant. Unlike their fathers, promises about future benefits do not silence them. This rising militancy explains wildcat strikes not sanctioned by union officials (work stoppages jumped by 50 percent in the period 1965-1970), dissident caucuses

within the union movement, and attempts to break away from present unions altogether.

Nor should we overlook the problems that confront the young workingman in his community. I have traveled widely throughout the urban North in the last year. On my visits to working-class communities, I have found neighborhood organizations springing up where none had existed before. In North Newark, Southeast Baltimore, and Lake County, Indiana, to cite a few examples, working-class whites are forming community organizations as progressive alternatives to right-wing demagogues who have been attempting to exploit the white communities' alienation. (2)

A final word of caution. The most articulate members of the liberal and radical Left often live in a cosmopolitan subculture that is alien to the average workingman. This cultural chasm accounts in

part for past neglect of the working class and forms a roadblock to a firm political coalition with lower-middle-class whites. In these circles one still hears talk about crypto-fascists controlling the construction unions and Nazis in hard hats running amok on the streets assaulting students. The implication that all construction workers are bent on suppressing dissent through violence and the tendency to label the workingman a "hard hat" is fashionable in liberal and radical circles alike.

(3)

Many working-class Americans, believe that revolutionary elitists are exploiting their privileged position to side-step the rules by which "straights" must abide. Those who apologize for the excesses of the student revolutionaries and the Panthers contribute to the stereotypes by which workers see radicals as subversives and liberals as hostile

to the working-class American. The double standard that treats the alienation of middle-class youth sympathetically and denies the plight of the young worker promotes such stereotyping.

Footnotes:

(1) A presidential commission was formed to study unrest on college campuses after students were tragically killed at Kent State and Jackson State. Some 14,000 workers are killed in industrial accidents every year, yet concerned citizens have not expressed alarm about this appalling statistic.

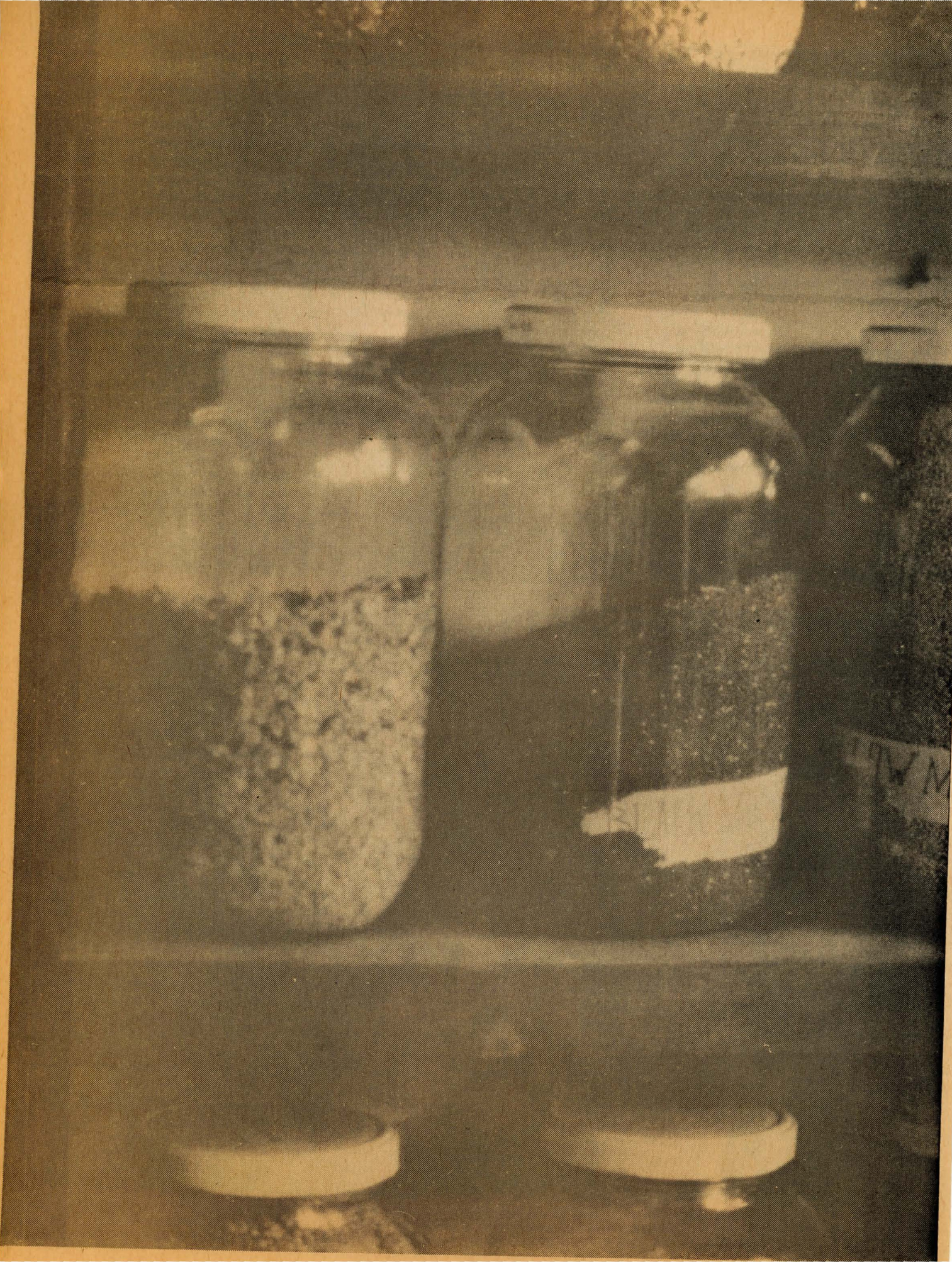
(2) Having recognized the need for community organization, a caveat is in order. Proponents of community development have made exaggerated claims about citizen power and participation. Working class whites are in desperate need of neighborhood structures to mobilize power but many, if not most, of our pressing domestic problems—housing, education, employment, medical care, etc.—require a national thrust to extract massive assistance from Washington. This means the construction of a new political

coalition of blacks, working-class whites, liberals, students, and Democratic radicals. While it is fashionable to debunk coalitions that smack of the New Deal, a coalition of this kind is the only feasible road to democratic change in the United States in the 1970s.

(3) An example of activists' defining the workingman's problems through a middle-class prism occurred last year in Gary, Indiana. Young environmentalists had decided that pollution was an issue that would spark the interests of workers in that grimy industrial city. Their antipollution campaign, however, prompted the workers to respond with a slogan of their own: "Pollution—love it or leave it." Reassessing their position, the environmentalists gained the interest of the workers when they zeroed in on conditions in the factories—oil-strewn floors, leaking gas, smoke emissions, and so on.

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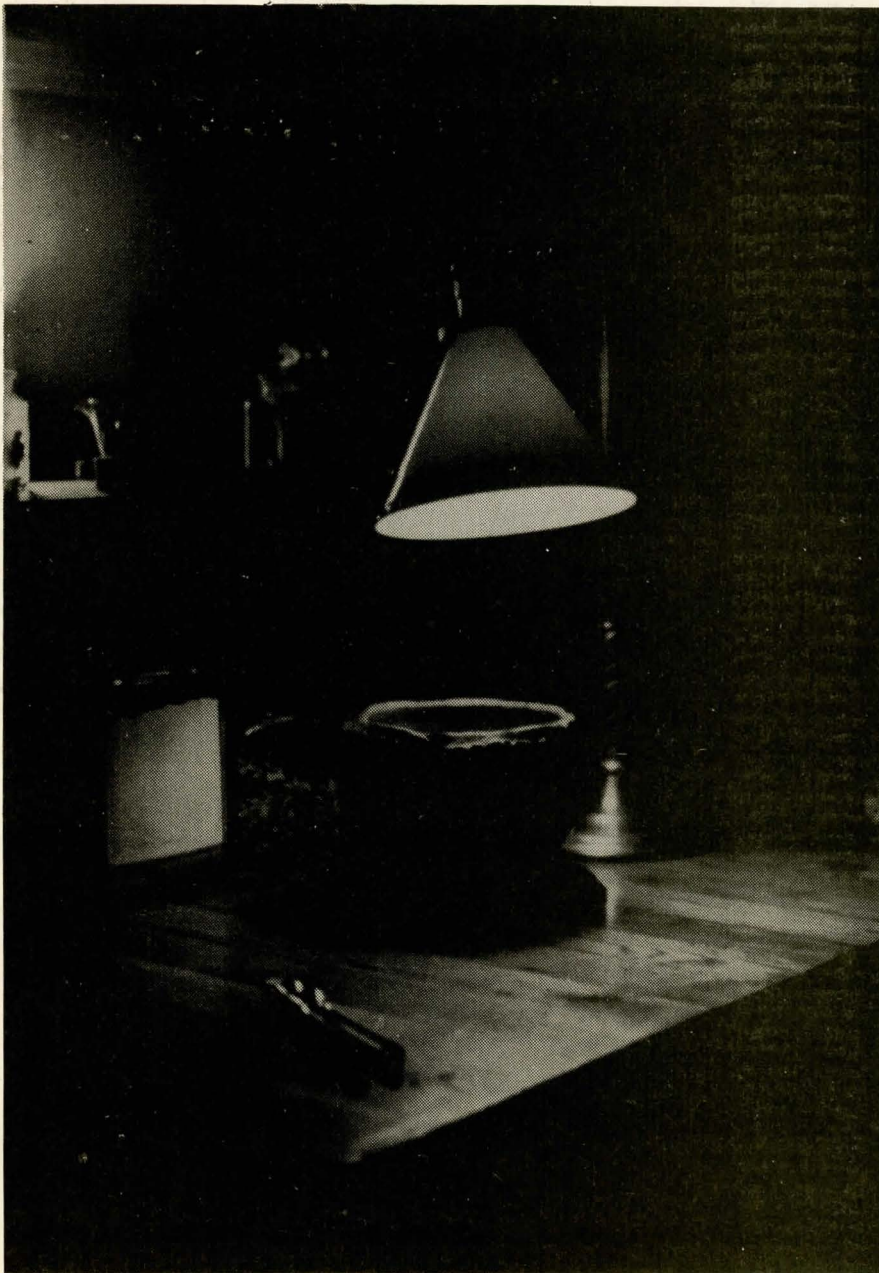
**....when cooking with herbs and spices try to sense the purity
and delicacy of flavors and aromas and try to be sensitive to the mixtures.**

by Sally Castagna

In the beginning of a man's development, one has to look at his health—and his mental health is 90 percent of his physical health. He must become interested in his body, not in an egoistic way, but in the way he understands that his body is the instrument propelling him through this life making it possible for him to be alive. Herbs and spices bring a new dimension to this aspect of life. They not only supply the nutrients and trace minerals so essential to good health, but they also have levels at which they impart information. People can enjoy their food by being stimulated mentally and emotionally by the aromatics, the pungent spices, the sweet delicacies given to food properly seasoned and preserved with herbs and spices. This interest increases their delight and joy of eating and therefore stimulates a good appetite and a pleasant experience which promotes the gentle, relaxed digestion of their food.

Herbs, Spices and You





When a person finds himself not in good health, it is either that his digestion is poor due to improperly prepared food, or emotional disturbances; or he may simply be lacking the nutrients that he needs. People continually deprive themselves of these nutrients because they have lost their intuitive ability to sense what it is their bodies are asking for, and they are entirely persuaded by the concepts conveyed to them by advertising and propaganda. This is because man is identified with his social condition; he is subjective in the sense that he is not impartial regarding himself.

After one begins to notice what he is eating and takes a new interest in its preparation, he will begin to notice that in order to prepare food properly for himself or for others that he also loves: a certain attitude is necessary, or it just doesn't "turn out right". Those who love to cook, naturally, do more to advance the preparation of good food, for they have the urge to create new taste sensations. They have to wish that it will be good, and that already is a positive state. When the attempted goal of refined food preparation enjoyed by all is achieved, thereby causing a relaxed and satisfied attitude among the people dining, one has contributed not only to their good digestion but to their emotional well-being as well. All of these things are achieved properly only if one is doing them for the right reasons, with the proper humility and at the same time, without false humility or martyrdom.

The difference between the two terms, "herbs" and "spices", is simply this. Spices come from the bark, roots, leaves, stems, buds, seeds, or fruit of plants and trees which usually grow only in tropical countries. (e.g. pepper, allspice, cloves, nutmegs, cinammon). Spices come ground or whole and are always dried. Herbs, on the other hand, are soft, succulent plants which usually grow in temperate zones (e.g. oregano, chervil, marjoram, mint, basil, parsley, rosemary). Herbs come whole, ground or crushed and are either fresh or dried.

Herbs and spices are classified in many different ways. For the sake of trying to make some form from which to begin a study, they could be divided into three primary categories. First, most of your large, green leafy herbs that die off in the winter could be called salad or pot herbs. These would include the many kinds of dock (plants), such as giant yellow dock, curly dock, and the sorrels which are docks; more specifically they are food plants such as cabbage and spinach. Then there are the different varieties of parsley, which are used as culinaries as well, and many other greens such as mustards, burnetts, etc. The function of pot and salad herbs is primarily one of supplying nutrients and trace minerals, as well as necessary enzymes for digestion, so you might call these the growth and preventative herbs; they should be used daily.

The next category could be called culinary herbs and spices. These include

many seeds, as well as leafy herbs, which are used in cooking. In addition to flavoring food, herbs and spices add color, aroma, texture contrast, and vitamins; they also help retard food spoilage and aid digestion by cutting away greasy qualities. Fennel and sage, for instance, is cooked with pork sausage for this purpose. There are no set rules in the art of using herbs effectively, but a few of the following suggestions will serve as guidelines for more effective results.

—Use only fresh seasonings. Herbs lose their strength with age and should be stored in a cool, dark place with the jars tightly covered. Sniff each jar or can of herbs occasionally to see if the distinctive aromas are still there.

—Use less of a dried herb than of the fresh—usually cutting the dried herb by about one-half.

—Fresh herbs may be used in recipes calling for dried herbs and vice versa.

—Use only one strong-flavored seasoning in a food, although accent herbs may be blended with one or more mild-flavored herbs. Herb blends have unlimited possibilities. (See chart A).

—Dried herbs will become more flavorful if they are warmed in hot butter, or steeped in hot milk or water, or lemon juice for a few minutes before it is added to the recipe.

—Never season every dish of a meal with the same herb.

—Cutting, crushing, or mincing fresh herbs before using brings out the true flavors.

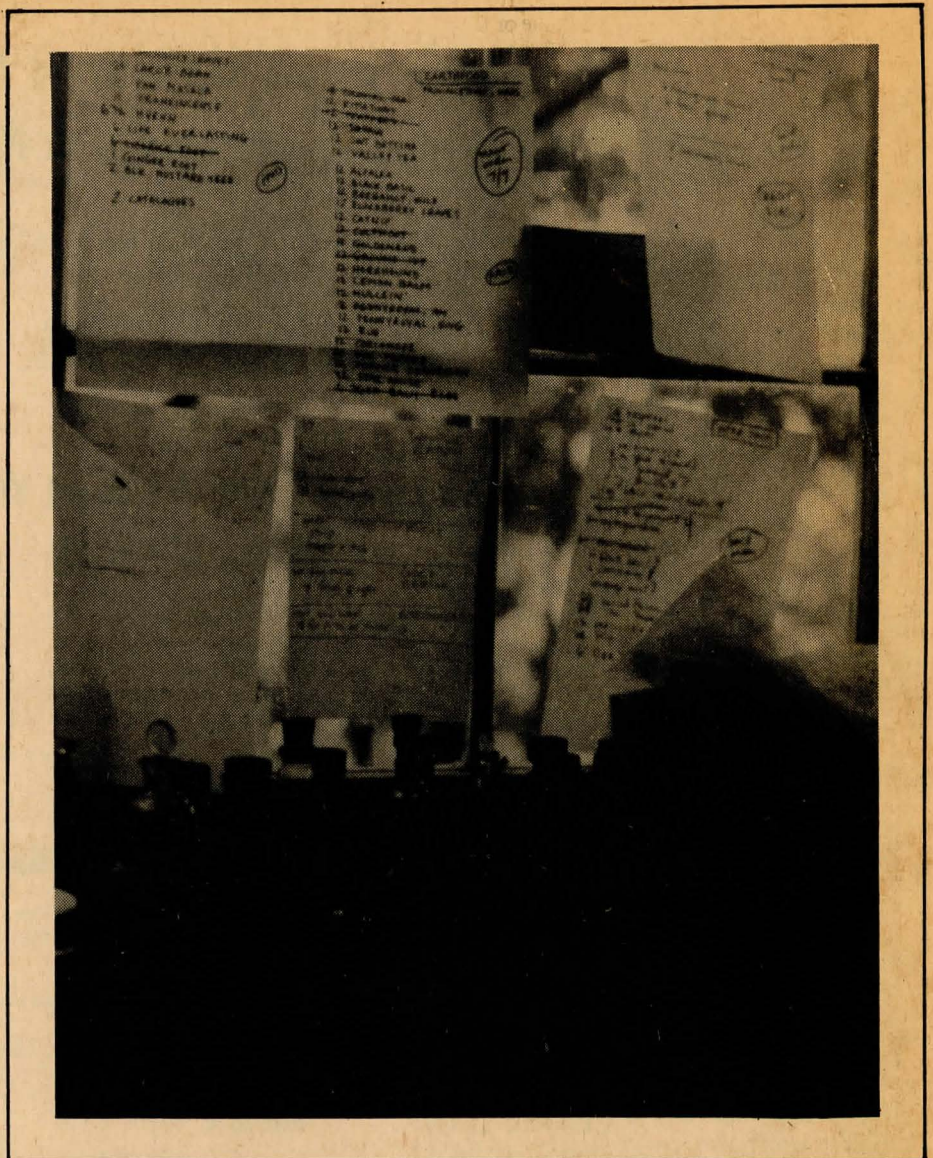
—Herbs with similar characteristics may be interchanged in a recipe.

—Generally, add seasonings to long cooked foods during the last 45-60 minutes of cooking time. In quickly cooked foods the seasonings should be mixed right in with the other ingredients.

Herb powders, also used in the seasonings of foods, are the pure ground products of dehydrated herbs. The herb loses some of its flavor during the drying process, therefore the powders will impart a milder flavor to foods.

Remember, when cooking with herbs and spices try to sense the purity and delicacy of flavors and aromas and try to be sensitive to the mixtures.

The third basic category of herbs could be called botanicals, which mean those herbs used for their curative properties in the case of illness, or as a tonic and stimulant for the body in order that its functions are stepped up enough to cure itself. Many tonics are called rejuvenators, such as ginseng and worm grass, which stimulate the hormone production in the body and give one new vigor and interest in life. In doing so one's sense of well-being is increased. When he feels life in his body, he is able to begin new things and find old things interesting again. Only when one begins to notice things about himself, his body, how its functions, can he begin to notice that all is not well; and then he can begin to study, experiment, to observe impartially his



Herb Blends Have Unlimited Possibilities

Herbs and Spices Especially Good With Fish and Shellfish

Basil, sweet	Chives	Garlic salt	Onion	Rosemary
Bay leaf	Curry powder	Horseradish	Onion salt	Saffron
Cayenne pepper	Dill seed	Lovage	Oregano	Savory
Celery	Fennel seed	Marjoram	Paprika	Tarragon
Celery salt	Garlic	Mint	Parsley	Thyme
Celery seed	Garlic powder	Mustard	Pepper	Water cress
Chervil				

Herbs and Spices Especially Good With Meat

Allspice	Chervil	Fennel seed	Onion salt	Saffron
Anise seed	Chili powder	Ginger	Oregano	Sage
Basil, sweet	Chives	Horseradish	Paprika	Savory
Bay leaf	Cloves	Mace	Parsley	Sesame seed
Caraway seed	Coriander seed	Marjoram	Pepper	Shallot
Cayenne pepper	Cumin seed	Mints	Pickling spice	Tarragon
Celery	Curry powder	Nutmeg	Poultry seasoning	Thyme
Celery salt	Dill, dresh	Onion	Rosemary	Water cress
Celery seed	Dill seed	Onion powder		

Herbs and Spices Especially Good With Salads and Salad Dressings

Basil, sweet	Chervil	Garlic	Mustard seed	Saffron
Bay leaf	Chili powder	Garlic powder	Nasturtium	Savory
Borage	Chives	Garlic salt	Oregano	Scallions
Burnet	Coriander seed	Horseradish	Paprika	Sesame seed
Caraway seed	Curry powder	Lovage	Parsley	Shallot
Cardamon seed	Dill, fresh	Marjoram	Pepper	Tarragon
Celery	Dill seed	Mints	Poppy seed	Thyme
Celery salt	Fennel	Mustard, dry	Rosemary	Water cress
Celery seed				

Herbs and Spices Especially Good With Vegetables

Anise seed	Celery seed	Fennel, fresh	Onion	Rosemary
Basil, sweet	Chili powder	Fennel seed	Onion powder	Saffron
Bay leaf	Coriander seed	Lovage	Onion salt	Sage
Borage	Cress, land	Marjoram	Oregano	Savory
Caraway seed	Cumin seed	Mints	Parsley	Sesame seed
Celery	Curry powder	Mustard seed	Pepper	Tarragon
Celery salt	Dill seed	Nutmeg	Poppy seed	Thyme

Herbs and Spices Especially Good In Soups and Chowders

Anise seed	Chive salt	Fennel seed	Mustard seed	Saffron
Basil, sweet	Chives, fresh	Garlic	Oregano	Savory
Bay leaf	Cloves	Garlic powder	Paprika	Sesame seed
Caraway	Coriander seed	Garlic salt	Parsley, fresh	Sorrel
Cardamon seed	Cress, land	Mace	Parsley salt	Tarragon
Celery	Cumin seed	Marigold	Poppy seed	Thyme
Celery salt	Dill, fresh	Marjoram	Poultry seasoning	Water cress
Chervil	Dill seed	Mint	Rosemary	

SUMTHIN' POOR FOLKS CAN BELIEVE IN

CORN BREAD FRITTERS

1 cup corn meal
1 cup flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
1 egg
Milk

Sift together the dry ingredients. Stir in the egg and add enough milk to make a stiff batter. Drop from spoon into deep hot fat and fry until golden brown. Drain on absorbent paper.

LOVIN' HOMECOOKED SOUL FOOD

FRIED OKRA

Wash the okra well and cut off the stems. Cut pods into sections about ½" long. Roll in corn meal and fry in hot bacon drippings or deep hot fat until a nice crisp brown. Drain on absorbent paper, sprinkle with salt and pepper, and serve hot. 1 pound serves 4 to 6.

GRITS

1 cup hominy grits
5 cups boiling water
2 tablespoons butter
1 teaspoon salt

Add butter and salt to the boiling water. Slowly stir in the grits. Cover and cook slowly for about 30-40 minutes, stirring frequently. Serve for breakfast or with fried meat and gravy at dinner. Serves 4 to 6.

HOT SLAW

1-2 pound head of cabbage, shredded
4 slices of bacon
1 onion, finely chopped
1 tablespoon sugar
½ teaspoon dry mustard
½ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
2 teaspoons flour
¾ cup mild vinegar

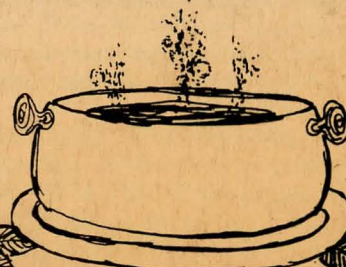
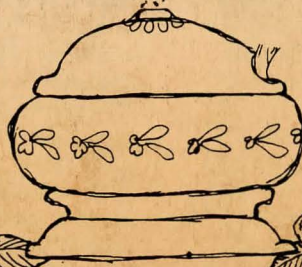
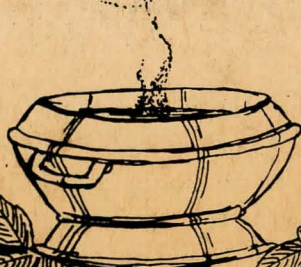
In a heavy frying pan, fry the bacon until crisp. Remove bacon to drain on paper towels. Add onion to the bacon fat and saute until golden brown. Combine the sugar, dry mustard, salt, pepper, and flour. Blend the mixture into the bacon fat. Stir in the vinegar. Cook and stir over low heat until thickened. Crumble the bacon into the dressing. Pour while hot over shredded cabbage. Serves 4 to 6.

& HAM HOCKS

1 pound dried black-eyed peas
2 pounds ham hocks
2 onions, chopped
2 stalks celery, chopped
1 small bay leaf
1 clove garlic
1 pod hot red pepper
1 small can tomato puree
2 tablespoons chili sauce
Boiling Water

Wash the peas. Cover with boiling water, cook for 2 minutes, and remove from the heat. Let soak for one hour. Boil the meat for 30 minutes in water to cover. Add the peas, drained, and remaining ingredients. Cover and simmer until tender—about 3 hours. Serves 6-8.

A ham bone with scraps, bacon ends, or pig tails may be substituted.



RECOUNTED

by Annie Errico and Jonathin Phillips

The present day American mechanisms of the profit motive, competition, and individualism are incapable of coping with problems the system has created. The depersonalization and debasement of human character has led to the alienation of a significant section of American society—predominately the middle and especially the upper middle class youth (who expected more). In rapidly changing America the old cultural values which held people in line have broken down leading to the development of a complex of new social and personal values. The most noticeable changes have been in styles of dress and music, changes in family relationships and relaxations of sexual restraints, development of new forms of relating such as communes, collectives, etc., and the search for alternatives to the traditional roles within the economic system.

Counter Culture is the necessary reaction (and one we need to remain sane) to the alienation, loneliness and absurdity that we find with so much in America. But an alternative culture itself can neither fully satisfy us nor solve our problems.

Counter-Culture is a reaction, not a solution. It can't change the quality of our lives because our personal and social problems and our alienation are caused by the fact that our country is run on the profit-motive system. And no matter how sensitive and meaningful we can try to make our own lives, we're still living in the framework of that system.

By its very nature, the system that runs our country

prevents us from understanding the conflicts to which it owes its existence. For example, it tries to tell us that almost everyone is part of the middle class—that we have eliminated the lower class of workers. This isn't true. Everyone who earns wages and has no control over how or what he produces is part of one vast working class. Of course, there are many who make what looks like pretty good money, but how many more of us are feeling the pinch of inflation, the 6 percent unemployment and the breakdown of social services, like welfare and hospitals?

Another thing they try to make us believe is that we can't really change things. This is wrong, too. We can change things, but it would mean that small percent of big owners (like Rockefeller, Dupont, Mellon) and a larger percent of those they pay well to help them would be deposed. Instead, we would have control by the people living in each community.

CONTRADICTIONS

The position reflects many class attitudes and elitist views and in fact plays an important role in perpetuating the profit system. The ruling class can tolerate the cultural revolution as long as it does not take a revolutionary turn to challenge its political position. The Counter-culture's demand for individualism—to "do my own thing" is a reactionary conception of individuality reflecting a middle class bourgeois upbringing. In fact, it is the ideological underpinning of the profit system itself! It often seems to be anti-technology, advocating the return to simpler modes of existence as a way of escaping the oppressive aspects of modern society. Used properly, however, technology can provide relief from material want. The problem is to take over technology to

RCULTUREC

make it serve human need rather than the profit motive.

Proponents of the Counter-culture believe in the comfortable theory of social change based on the old-fashioned "exemplary" example. Instead of trying to take over present institutions and make them serve all the people, Counter-Culture has been concerned with setting up "alternative" institutions which will serve its present needs better. Condemning "alternatives" as survival mechanisms, this approach as a method of changing the profit system is fundamentally wrong. These attempts can serve only a few. The cutting edge of activity should be in taking over the vast resources of existing institution which can serve all.

PERPETUATING THE SYSTEM

Male supremacy certainly isn't solved by youth culture. The women in rock songs are either chicks, bitches, cheaters, a good lay, or else maybe some super-cool artist who's got everything more than the rest of us, who just isn't real.

Heavy drugs mess up a lot of people's lives. They just keep us from thinking hard about things, from drawing conclusions or from acting on those conclusions. Drugs have always been used to keep the blacks from rising up in the ghettos, and now GIs in Vietnam are using heroin, not just grass, because that's the only way they can stand it. Drugs have always let young people "escape."

The language we use has been turned into rhetoric that corporations use to sell us leather pants and love sweaters. Our music started as an expression by people who really were discontent and wanted an outlet, an alternative life-style. It had some meaning, but now it's just a commodity that we consume. Take what happened at the Stones' Altamont concert. They hired the Hell's

Angels to protect the Stones. The Angels were hired as goons to protect the "godly" performers on stage, just as other well-to-dos hire body guards or goon squads to protect them or do their dirty work. One of them killed a person who tried to get to the stage—they were placed in a situation where they couldn't react with love, no matter how much youth culture preaches love. And this is what happens to anyone who thinks he can be free to do his own thing when we can't control our own country.

Capitalism has to be run on the profit system and that's why "youth culture" is such a big commercial industry. The ideology of capitalism is individualism and competitiveness. Youth culture has tried to counter that with living cooperatively in communes and sensitivity groups to break down individualism. In other words, because they tell us that people are naturally competitive and selfish, we shouldn't believe it. Most of us have found living like that just too alienating. Counter-culture has often tried to go to the other extreme—that we should all love one another. But because the social system and economic basis which direct our lives is not the best vehicle for such an idea, the attempt has failed.

The counter-culture has been able to bring youth into the capitalist economy on terms more attractive than, say, the way their parents or other "straight" people live. A head shop is a lot cooler than a hardware store. And so a lot of potential revolutionary energy and consciousness is diverted into less productive and more introverted activities.

As much as the counter-culture tries to allow the society's drop-outs to exist, it can't succeed. We still have to live in that society, have to function and have to use

Where Do We Go From Here?

by Ralph Palladino

"Where Do We Go From Here?" is a song by the rock group Chicago. This question is on my mind and probably on the minds of each and every student in college, and in particular those in public institutions of higher learning. But, before I try to deal with the "Where", what should be done is to back track and trace where I've been already, and explore some conditions each of us share in common.

All of us come from families whose parents work for a living, or who are unable to work for a living. Our fathers are not high paid college presidents, members of boards of directors or trustees of corporations, high salaried professors, principals and administrators in education, supervisors or foremen of work gangs, politicians, or highest paid technicians. They are in fact under the latter's supervision. Our parents, for the most part, make just enough money to live on, and in some cases, even enough to put away in the bank as savings. In other words, we are from what some people describe as "working class backgrounds," and what still others call "middle-class backgrounds." Taxes take from $1\frac{1}{4}$ to $1\frac{1}{3}$ of each of our parents' paychecks and it's rare indeed when they make more than \$11 or \$12 thousand gross a year, while most make less than \$10 thousand.

I've been brought up by my family, church and school to believe that non-white people especially blacks, are inferior to myself and that I stood a better chance of "making it" in American Society than they did and that I actually could make it and "do-my-own-thing." I was taught that working with one's hands wasn't cool and that this type of labor should be done by kids attending vocational high schools (4 5 of whose population was non-white). Girls were only good for certain things;

housework, secretaries, bearing and raising children and serving the man, or head of the family. Sex was a no-no before marriage, except that my natural instincts dictated otherwise.

Someday I would have to settle down with "the right girl", a virgin, of course. Additionally, I was taught that if I wasn't a good boy and lied, cheated, or fooled around with girls, I'd go straight to hell! Man, was I petrified.

In school I was taught how George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, Abe Lincoln, among others were great guys. Slavery was something that existed, wasn't too bad, and that Lincoln ended it. The woman's role in history was conspicuously absent, except for Cleopatra and maybe Queen Elizabeth. America never lost a war, and God and right was on our side. My mathematics classes were terribly boring to me, learning all those numbers and all, but always finding it difficult to apply them to real situations, primarily because I was never shown how algebra, or geometry related to my everyday existence or how I could use it. I had to know the subject matter though, so that I could pass the tests. My whole grammar and high school classroom experience was one of sitting in a class, listening to a book-learned individual throw "facts" at me, and I was supposed to accept these "facts." The teachers always used to say "think", but what they meant was of the "correct" answer. I was never taught how to think about the whys, consequences, and the reasons for these "facts," nor was I ever encouraged to do so.

These experiences were a little too much so I quit high school and after a few months of doing nothing, I decided to make some money and find a job. It was after working for $3\frac{1}{2}$ years in offices and factories that I decided to get my high school diploma and go to college in order to improve my lot. Contrary to what I have been taught, doing my own thing and getting ahead, ethics, morals, the clean living American way of life was not a reality.

somehow, but such was not the case. So I reasoned that they indeed wanted things to be left as they were and they really didn't give a damn what I wanted. Doing my own thing and getting ahead in life was farthest from their minds. The schools taught that doing your thing and getting ahead was what America was all about, so we'd step over each other in trying to get to that pie in the sky. Oh, we realized the pie only had so many pieces for so many people, thus the stepping. We were being scared into occupying our time in trying to get ahead rather than really learning and thinking, and reaching our full potential as humans. The learning process for cut-throat competition was in full swing, little did we realize it, though. It didn't matter what you knew, it was how well you could bullshit the teacher or professor.

I can look around and see that the hustler always gets more than the bookworm in terms of fame, titles and money. That is what getting ahead in our social strata is all about. The rich guy's children get their education in private institutions, where only the rich can afford to attend. Furthermore, this upper class youth is trained at these institutions on how to cope with the heavy work load of the big four year elite colleges such as Harvard and Yale. This is not the case with my educational experience in public schools. If I ever decided to go to an Ivy League College and was able to afford it somehow, the work load would doom me. I just don't have the training. In time, I could learn how to cope with it, but only on my own. Most of the students of the elite colleges are doing their own thing now, and will be when they get out of college. They'll make the best of salaries and get the best jobs. They've been prepared and groomed all their lives for what's ahead.

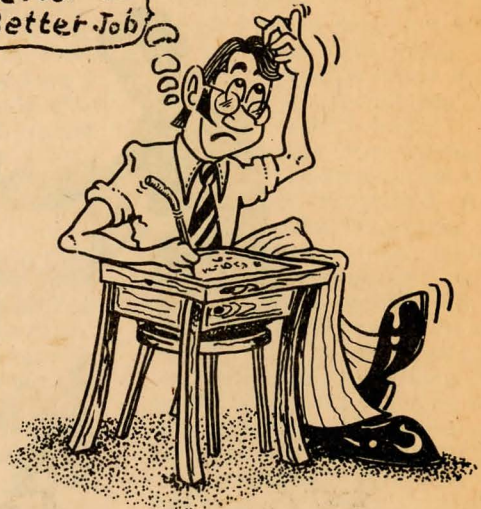
The lot cast for us in a public institution, especially in a community college is different. Except for the tiny percentage of students that are able to go on to a private college, we're headed for our life time jobs. Our lives have been mapped out for us as the City University Master Plan states, "As a means of insuring that the new curricula under development are relevant to manpower needs, colleges rely on job market studies and statements from business, industry, or labor. Some of the colleges have standing advisory councils composed of industry representatives who are consulted when curricula are being considered." When are students consulted when curricula are being considered? An article in "Change" magazine, published by means of grants from the Esso and Ford foundations stated, "Leaders of industry view the (Community) Colleges as institutions to provide workers trained at public expense." Is this an example of how we are doing our own thing and of how we are going to make it?

So, where do we go from here? Perhaps the Labor Department reports on the work force for the next 10 to 15 years can enlighten us. It states that the number of white collar workers and technicians will grow in great numbers, while labor in factories will grow slowly, if not shrink. What we'll have is more of a service oriented economy rather than a manufacturing economy (big companies are and have been moving factories out of the country to areas where cheap labor exists). Thus, the need for better read and better educated workers. Thus, the real reason for Open Admissions, they'll need so many more office and service people, so the working class must be better read.

Our education is being broadened, but our social position, power, and pay remain as in the past: working class and secondary to the rich. The experimental courses in the experimental colleges are keeping the students happy and educated but the big question is what effect will it have for ourselves once we graduate into the job market? I for one am proud to be of the working class, and choose to remain such, not harboring any illusions of grandeur. The country is now being run by the rich, and only in their interests, while it is us that are making the wheels turn. Who needs them? They've really made a mess of the country because of their greed and competition. It's because of them that my education and life is so screwed up. I'm a firm believer that the working class people could do a better job of running the country. There is one hitch, though. That being that we must learn and struggle with ourselves, and try to live with each other rather than compete with each other.

NOW: City University Student

Better Ed.
Better Job



Meanwhile:

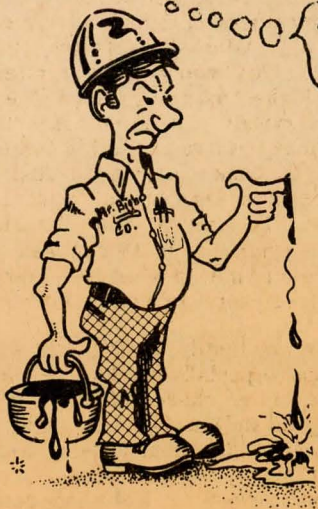
Mr. Big: Business Tycoon and Board of Higher Ed. member

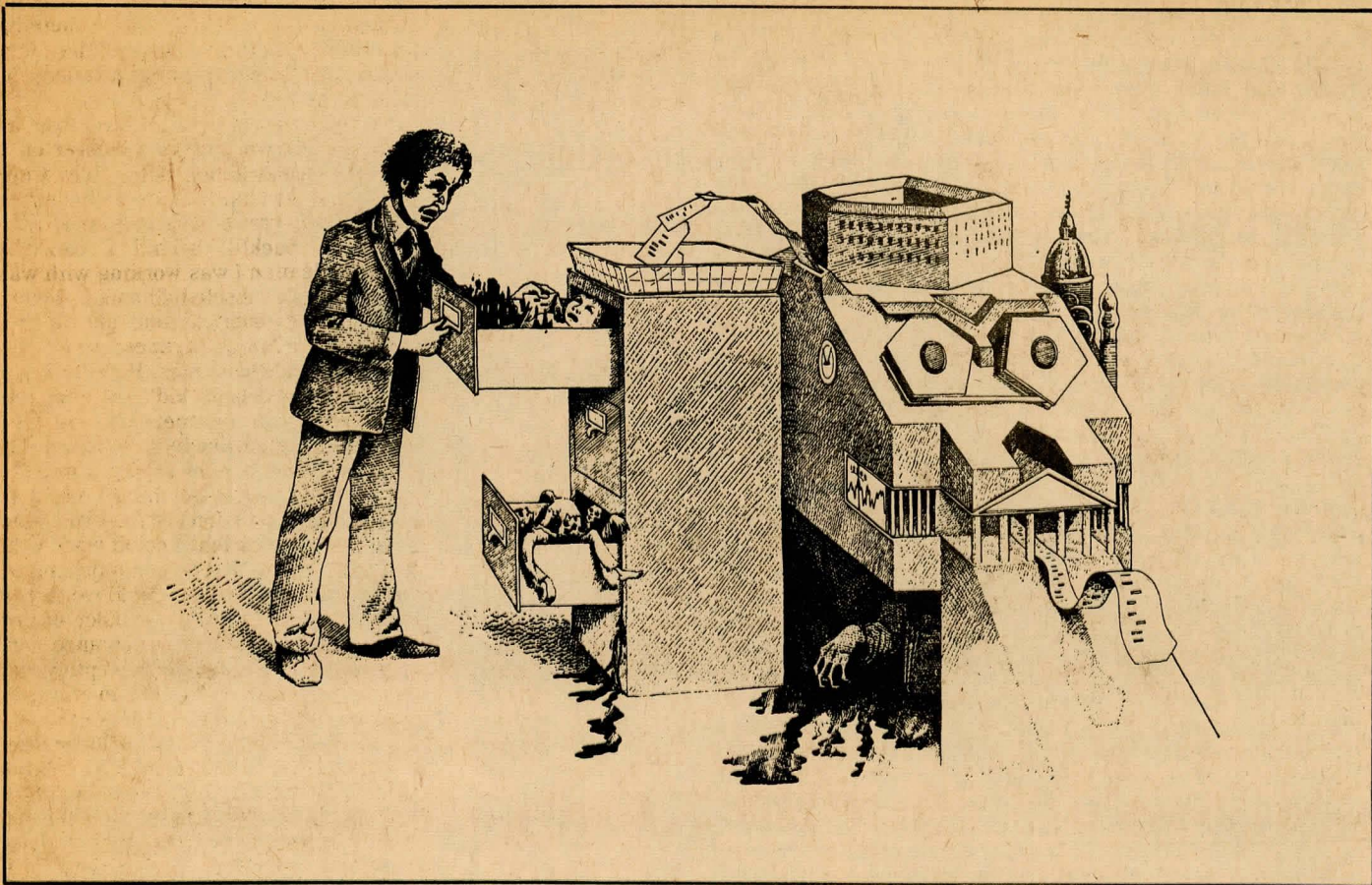
NEVER LIVE
A SULKER AN
EVEN 3 YEAR



LATER: The American Dream?

BILLS \$? @ BILLS
@ \$1 BILLS? @ \$1





Instead, I found discrimination on jobs of race, religion, sex and age. My naivete made it easy for the managers to exploit my talents thoroughly while paying me a microscopic wage. Staten Island Community College of the City University of New York, an institution funded by taxes paid by the people of New York City, charging its students a tuition in the form of a Student Activity Fee, I thought would be my salvation, my way out of the mire, my chance to "make it".

Most of my own real growth and education in college has been gotten outside of the classroom. Attending classes at SICC, for the most part, brought back memories and parallels of my high school days. Could this be a college education? Outside the traditional classroom setting I learned and became aware that my heroes, Washington and Jefferson were slaveowners, Lincoln freed the slaves as a political move to keep England out of the Civil War, and that he was a racist who ordered Benjamin Franklin Butler to devise a plan to ship black people to Haiti. I became aware that non-white people were people like myself, real human beings and intelligent, too. I found that women were capable of doing almost anything a man could do and in some cases do it better. Faculty members were capable of error and in most cases couldn't even put to use, in practical ways, what they taught. It was now that America was finally and most definitely losing a war and from our conduct in that war, and the conduct of people like Rockefeller at Attica, the recent ITT scandal, the growing crime rate and sale of pornography, the spread of dope, and the destruction of our environment, I began to wonder if God was really on our side.

Why had I been lied to all these years? Why was I still not being taught how to think? Why was I still learning how 1 plus 1 equals 2 rather than figuring out why and how things, real things, not numbers, added up to make a whole. At first, I thought that by explaining these feelings to those in power (the faculty and administration) that conditions would change

Dornan cont'd.

I've longed and hoped for, and missed.

There was nothing which I truly thought of as "my own," everything which was most personal, most expressive of me as a person, was in my feelings and even those were totally fluid. I was generally incapable of keeping them to or for myself. I was "alienated" from other people, separate from, never fully together with other people, precisely because I was without "properties" which embodied who I was which I could "exchange" with them, give to them. There was nothing "of value" to me which I could give to other people except my feelings and good Christ, did I pour these out. Always alone, always reaching out—never familial, sistered, fathered, friended, married or loved—in the sense of a giving of who you are in an accepting exchange relationship. I had not been accepted and did not know how to accept established or institutionalized or permanent exchanges of valuable things about myself with other people. I had never been institutionalized into the societal system of "private property" exchange. I had no thing to give. Everything fluid, everything feeling, everything alone.

Or so I thought until very recently as those were the conscious feelings with

which I've lived for a long time. As long as my feelings about myself only surfaced in relation to the dominant culture's property exchanges of socially valuable traits, I wasn't able to recognize that there had been a form of acceptance, a form of integration with other people, which I had experienced. It was never anything which could be taken for granted or assumed as a given, but I did feel both accepted and accepting when I was working on something together with another person, when we sweated together in producing something, when I was involved with another person in creating something. The act of cooperatively producing gave me a feeling of socialness, of bridging my isolation, which I've never experienced except in situations of working with a person. It has never been something which could be comfortably assumed, rather it was something that was worked into by putting out something of myself toward producing whatever we were working on. I've had this feeling of togetherness not just from physical labor, but sometimes just in conversations which were relating to real deep feelings, when people were coming out of themselves—and not just spilling their emotions—but trying to express something socially. To "lower" working class people especially, who aren't acceptable for integration within the dominant society, this may be the most

significant form of social integration we have. The acceptance is never simply "there." It comes only through struggling or working on something together—whether it's on the job, polishing the car, eating a meal, or raising the kids.

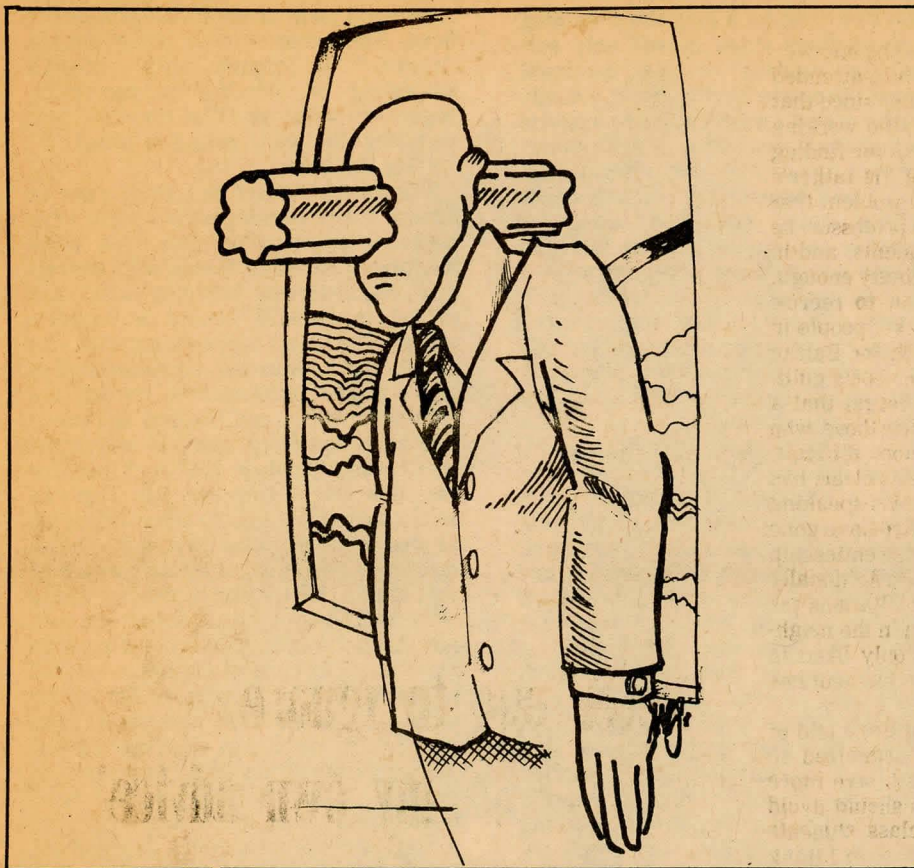
The summer after my third year of college I was working as a laborer on a highway construction site. We were working in two-man teams with shovels and wheelbarrows carrying sand and gravel to backfill behind a concrete bridge. The man I was working with was a tall, tightly-muscled Canadian-Indian who worked construction during the summer months, and trapped and made canoes during the winter. He only knew that I was a "college kid" and that, for me, this was a summer job. For two weeks we worked side by side without his ever saying hello, ever saying a word to me, only nodding at anything I asked or said to him. By the end of the two weeks when he had seen that I could work with him as an equal, that he could depend on me to work as hard as he did, we talked as we worked for the remainder of our time as a team. That acceptance was very real to me. It was an accepting and putting to use of my ability to work, to produce. It is a feeling of your worthwhileness which, if you have ever been a worker you know what I'm talking about, but you also know that the other shit you have to put up with on the job usually precludes your relating to those feelings very often. Our society, our work-places, are not organized around a man's or a woman's ability to create with and for each other.

"A good piece of ass and a can of beer would wipe you right out. Look at him man, he's draggin' ass, can't take it. Hey man, how many times did you get in last night anyway? It took me awhile to break her down, but once we got into it she really knew how to make a man happy. Hey, where you going for lunch? Me, why I'm going for a "box lunch, I thought I'd stop down at the "Y" for a little crotch cheese and cherry juice." There were more, many more, but the above are some of the more expressive of the sexual catch phrases daily sprinkled in the conversation and jokes of the hired men. The message was fucking power, with considerable emphasis on both performance and endurance, and high level competition over new forms of thrills—the more sensational and outlandish the thinking or the actual act itself, the closer the men felt they were getting to what good sex was supposed to be. The desire for the spectacular seemed to be based in a fundamental looking for a "high" in an otherwise hard-working deadening life—replaying momentary thrill to the guys also served as a way of chalking up points in the "I'm a bigger stud than you are" game.

But more basic than the interest in the



**Success means
being the very
best you can
in your field!**



Dornan cont'd.

sexsational was the reality of power, the power of THE FUCKER. The power really had to do with two elements: The power of the man over himself, of pulling together his studly strength, his penis always hard on cue, his incomparable ability to perform and to "please," his emotional stolidness, absolute confidence and certainty in his ability to be a man—his ability to fuck. Secondly, the power of the man over the woman, that he could "do it" to her whether she wanted it or not, how and when he wanted to, and he was doing the fucking and she was getting fucked. It was sex as a hard phallic accomplishment, an expression of the power and confidence that located you on the manhood scale. Maybe even more basic than the exercising of power in the sex act, was the more total definition of manhood as that which is other than being a woman: woman are weak, men are strong; women have feeling, men don't have them or don't show them; women submit, men conquer. The ultimate in put-downs for the men on the farm was the line "he has to squat to piss."

Well, goddamn, but I would have liked to believe that I could be "as much of a man" as they were telling each other they were, but I knew I couldn't perform that well. I was never able to marshal enough control over my own feelings and non-strengths to be able to take on the super-man image and even pretend to

believe it myself. And I was never quite ready to find the unchallengeable power over a woman. It was a hell of a bind as I always had the feeling that that's what women were looking for too. The combination of falling short of being stud, and having little money or free time for dating,—it wasn't until I was twenty-one that "I was a man."

In high school and in college when I was around the most self-enclosed, "accomplished," male-image men—especially in groups where the fucker-performer pretense was so often the basic medium of the interaction—I would often start to stutter or else just be quiet. I knew that wasn't me, I knew some of the guys individually and knew that really wasn't them either, but I just didn't know how to deal with the "dominant male culture." It's incredible to me how male sexuality and definitions of manhood among the college were fundamentally the same as the male culture of the men on the farm.

I was in a crowded bar one night with four or five of my men friends, and I really got drunk, very drunk. I left my friends at the bar and I began walking around the bar and dance floor feeling the ass of every "unescorted" girl I could get near. I didn't believe myself, that I was doing that. I must have made the rounds at least three times before I was reported to the bouncer and "asked to leave." I think that an act of sexual desperation, an ugly grabbing for sexual contact in its most dehumanized form. It was treating the girls like hunks of meat

and myself as an out of control, inviting to be hurt, frantic, nothing of a person. I think I did that, and many men do similar kinds of sexist shit, because we have been sexually isolated and emotionally aborted in the very process of fucking over women with this society's male power as the definition of our being a man. It's an ugly personal politics that reduces us to such inhumanity.

"I'm just a lonely boy, lonely and blue, that's all I want is someone to love."

—Paul Anka

That was my favorite song for a long time, sung through high school and the farm, and often remembered in college. I don't ever remember consciously thinking about the words having any special significance, just singing the feelings of loneliness and longing that that would change. I've always looked for and had relationships with a one-and-only, always related to one girl at a time and found great security in knowing that "we belonged to each other." I've talked about many of the fears which I have had: fear of being alone in the world, fears of not being "man enough" to be accepted as a man, fear of not having a future beyond the closed world of the present, and feelings of powerlessness about being able to do anything which would change any of this. Somehow I grew up thinking that the primary way out of and away from each of these personal struggles was in meeting and finally marrying "someone to Love." Then I would have finally arrived, the marriage—the captured Love—would be the home and comfort I had been looking for for a long time. I could stop struggling. I thought of Love, capital "L," as something you found and grabbed hold of, and marriage as this society's "Final Solution" for the full range of our deepest human needs.

Well, I finally made a "home" with a person with whom I shared deep full love feelings. She too brought to our "twosome" deep fears and insecurities coming out of her own history as a woman, feelings of being alien and powerless in a world which had neither welcomed us nor allowed us to feel an equal part of it. In a very real way we put together what personal power we felt, and tried to create a world of our own—a place and time which we had some control over and where we could live the way we wanted to. When we closed that apartment door at night there was the feeling or the hope that we had left all those people and all those problems somewhere outside our home. The turning inward to the homeworld which we were trying to create and control, meant coming to each other, eventually demanding from each other, and ultimately trying to control each other—each of us seeking fulfillment for the full

Continued on page 31

To the typical New York City college professor—the one *was bar (or bas) mitzvahed* in the proper fashion, who attended City College and a good graduate school, and who has since that time considered himself liberal and intellectual—the working class remains a great mystery. Fortunately, except for finding something to say to Uncle Jack, the only one of his father's brothers who didn't "make it," it was an abstract problem that did not affect his daily life. If he was a good liberal professor, he wanted to teach in the schools with the "best" students, and in those schools the working class appeared, interestingly enough, merely as workers. Even when his school began to recruit blacks from the inner city, they were a special case, people in need of help, and though their lack of appreciation for Balzac was regrettable, that is the price one had to pay for one's guilt.

It is still possible for many college teachers to forget that a white working class exists in this country, but for those who remain in New York to teach, it is becoming more difficult. Open admissions in the City University, it now seems clear, has most benefited neither the blacks nor the Spanish-speaking minorities but the white ethnics who would otherwise have gone either to St. John's and Pace or to a union apprenticeship program and the Army. Since those who were traditionally college-bound students had learned as children that Italians (or Irish or Poles, Norwegians or Slavs, whoever lived in the neighborhood but wasn't Jewish) could not read and only liked to drink, play cards, have children and bowl, this development has shocked many.

The last time I mused publicly about these matters I told of my disenchantment with experimental colleges organized so that middle and upper-middle class students could have more fun. At the end I suggested that radical teachers should avoid such places and go to schools where working class students predominated. Never one to ignore my own advice when I think it is good advice, I listened carefully to myself, left that school, and took a job at Richmond College of the City University of New York. Now in my second year there, I think I have sufficiently recovered from culture shock to share some observations about working with working class students.

Richmond College is unique among the campuses of the City University. It is one of the newest schools, begun in 1967. It is also the only upper-divisional college on the East Coast, meaning that it only has juniors and seniors; this makes every student a transfer student, sometimes from only one community college, sometimes from as many as eight or nine different institutions. Furthermore, Richmond is located on Staten Island, a working class community in some respects, to which the media have given a reactionary, racist and parochial image. But although Richmond is in Staten Island, it is not really of the Island. Most of the faculty live in Manhattan and ignore each other every day on the ferry. Most of the students come from large areas of south Brooklyn, from families who cannot afford to live on Staten Island.

The parents of Richmond students are undeniably conservative. In many cases they do not want their children to go to college, but when confronted with the fact that many jobs require academic credentials, they reluctantly agree that a community college might be tolerable. After two years, Richmond students often decide to continue their education against their families' wishes. Since there is little money from home, and since they work part time anyway, they split. Therefore Richmond students tend to be older than most people in college and their ties to their families are less strong. This is important because even though the parents are often conservative, the students are not. There is no organized conservative movement at Richmond. There is little specifically Catholic activity, and the Newman Club's biggest event last year was a film and talk on the Berrigans. Most students are apolitical, but those who do have a political consciousness tend to be radical—very radical—though often in a highly undisciplined way.

I knew none of this when I came to Richmond for the first time. I simply wanted to teach working class students because I felt that they would be more "real" than the kind of student I was used to, and I found myself a member of a nebulous group among the faculty who shared that prejudice. We had all chosen

'Never one to ignore my own advice'

by Alan Wolfe

Alan Wolfe is an advisor to the University Without Walls program at Staten Island Community College and a professor of Sociology at Richmond College.

**'They are consequently
skeptical of anyone who
holds power over them'**

to come to Richmond for educational reasons, we liked it there (although we were as traumatized as anyone else) and we had a political commitment which saw the kind of work we were doing as more than just teaching—as part of a global strategy for revolutionary social change, if you wish.

There was another faculty group who did not come to Richmond voluntarily but were forced to go there when denied tenure by another school. They thought of their students as stupid and ignorant, unworthy of all their fine instruction—really people who should not be in college at all. They were unhappy and their continual grumpiness produced a self-fulfilling prophecy. They so often told the students how stupid they were that the students, very cleverly, acted the role.

But the attitudes of both faculty groups are unfortunate. Working class people should neither be put on a pedestal (a common way to degrade something—witness the treatment of women) and given virtues like ruggedness, independence, thrift and shrewdness which no group can uniformly possess. Nor should they be dismissed as stupid, when again this is a personal rather than a group characteristic. Their ignorance of the great books of the Western world should be treated in the same way as their teachers' ignorance of bocci, that is, as a product of culture. The important thing is to be realistic, to understand why working class culture is the way it is, to be sympathetic in the sense that Richard Hoggart is in *The Uses of Literacy*, and to work with students to change it.

It is precisely this phenomenon called working class culture that differentiates students at a place like Richmond College from the more prestigious academies of the United States. This culture includes a set of particular attitudes I think it important, if difficult, to try to describe.

Much has been written about the working class and its alleged authoritarianism, but the word "authoritarian" is too simple to describe anything that happens in my classroom. For one thing, authority is not something Richmond students impose upon the world; on the contrary, it has been imposed upon them. They are consequently skeptical of anyone who holds power over them, including me. Friends of mine who try to take authority out of the classroom ("we will all be equal here") are often not believed, no matter how sincere they are. And there is a reason for that. All their lives these students have gone from one situation of powerlessness to another—in their families, in their jobs, in their draft boards.

They respond to authority in two basic ways, and the first is with a quite healthy skepticism. While "student power" is a dead issue at many campuses, it is not at Richmond. A small group of students insists on representation on committees, comes to faculty meetings and claims to represent the student body, which I think they do fairly well. In the classroom, they are suspicious of the teacher, and test new ones.

Their second possible response to authority is what my more conservative colleagues call apathy. I'm not sure apathy is the right word, for there is a good deal of interest. But many Richmond students respond to authority by keeping quiet, by trying to make themselves as inconspicuous as possible. To try to change this response is to oppose all the forces that have been at work on them since childhood, so it is no wonder that nothing can be done to make some students talk. But every semester, with the right approach, there are always some students who "come out," and that becomes one of the most gratifying experiences a teacher can have.

Still, to the teacher who is committed to the notion that education should be a sharing experience, attitudes toward authority on the part of working class students present a real dilemma. Even with the articulately skeptical I often have a feeling that assertions of independence are part ritual; that although they demand a role to play, they are insecure about playing it. Often I suspect that they, like the others, would like me to make as many decisions as possible so long as I pretend that they are in fact making them. This feeling has led me to move away from the unstructured classroom. I do come into class with books ordered and with definite subject matter for the course, just as I did five years ago when education was not a subversive activity. It seems clear to me that what my students

need most is to learn and that games which play at an equality that does not exist do not serve that need.

The feeling was strengthened when I got to know a student whom I shall call Wally. I first saw him when a mass of hair on top of what appeared to be a male body cornered me one day after I first arrived to ask me if I was indeed Alan Wolfe. He wanted to check me out, he said. Shortly thereafter, I saw much of him as he organized sociology majors, attended all meetings—even ones I never heard about—and took positions which sounded awfully militant. At first impression, then, he was a student who knew what he wanted and was articulate in expressing it.

But as I got to know Wally, I began to doubt some things. He was a Vietnam veteran from a conservative background, he was married, he went to a very “straight” college before Richmond, and in 1964 he had been a Goldwater supporter. His concern for students was divorced from any concrete political ideology, though he flirted for a while with anarchism. He also liked sensitivity-type work and was attracted to various cults. It became apparent that he was extremely unsure of what he wanted, and he was (as he should have been) using college to find out a good deal about many different things, and that the apparent certainty of his rhetoric was covering a basic insecurity about himself. His protests about not wanting to be led were a plea for direction, and once I understood that, I was free to help him find out more about what he wanted to know. All along I had been expected to lead, and when I undertook to do that, everything worked fine.

But if one simply gives all the orders, the students are powerless, as they have been all their lives. They will learn, but only what I want; and that really isn't learning at all.

This dilemma can be overwhelming, and the single most difficult problem I have had to face in teaching working class students. My solution has been to avoid a solution, because I know we shall all have to live with ambiguity for a while. I go back and forth from one position to another. I give some structure, but allow for variation within. If students passionately object to my structure, I will throw it out, but only reluctantly, for I insist that I have something to offer them. For a time I was embarrassed by my inability to hold a definite position on the question. Now I realize that my approach is probably the best one to take, since the question of authority is so complicated that any single answer cannot, by its very nature, suffice.

Aside from its attitudes toward authoritarianism, working class culture presents a second problem: most of my students are preoccupied with essentially private concerns. Although they and their families have never benefited from the “rugged individualism” at times possible in American experience (they have in fact been oppressed by it), many Richmond students distrust any collective activity and prefer to do things on their own. They may be worse off for this, and usually are; but it is the only kind of activity they can understand, and therefore they do it anyway.

It used to be that a fear of being involved with others was overcome by the best collective educational experience one ever had: cheating. At the “academically superior” high school I attended, what made us special was not the way we performed on tests but the way we took them. We quickly learned that cooperation made cheating easier, and we developed complicated relay networks and other devices that facilitated reaching our goals. Cheating does not occur at Richmond—partly because the school does not have a grading system. But even if it did, it is hard to imagine Richmond students cooperating with one another the way we used to.

Television commercials that stress competitiveness; racism that seeks to divide in order to rule; a tight job market that encourages secrecy and going-it-alone—the combined effect of all such phenomena is to force the working class student away from communal and cooperative goals.

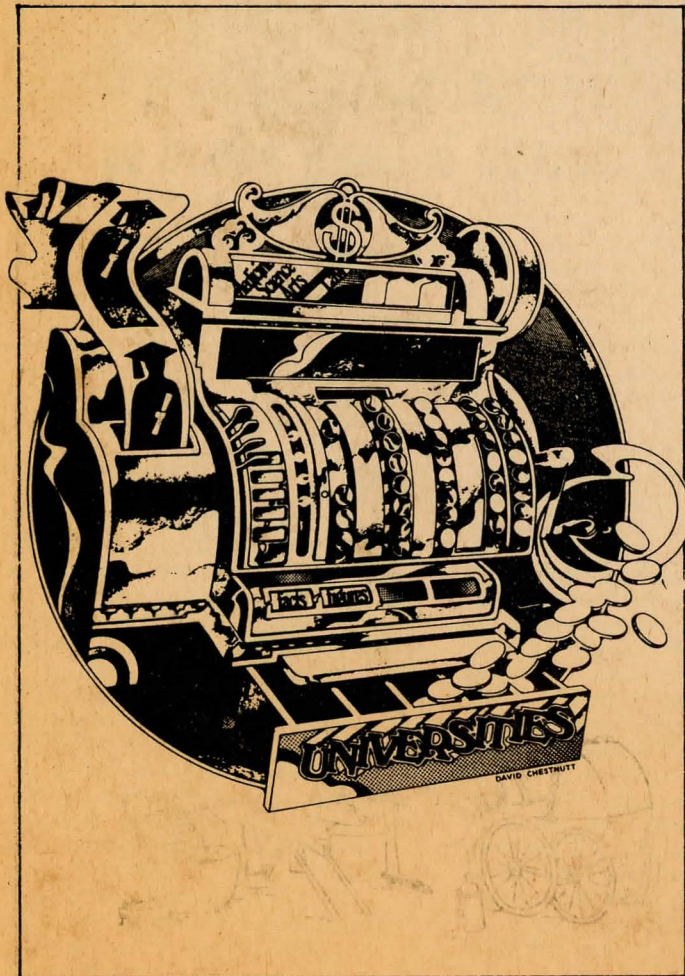
Because Richmond is a school to which most people commute two days a week, starting from places as far as one hundred

‘Every Person has bias and my most important bias is that America is totally Fucked up’

miles apart, it would be foolish to try to build a real sense of community there. But clearly one of my goals as a teacher at Richmond is to try to get the students to work together on things, to enable them to see that through collective action positive results can emerge. We are doing this at the moment through a seminar that—acting as a research collective—is attempting to answer the question of who rules Staten Island. I am at least as interested in seeing them learn to work profitably together as I am in discovering the answers to the questions we've posed.

In order to break down their distrust and isolation from each other, I help them realize how similar their experiences have been. At other schools, I have often faced highly diverse classes that continually discovered how different backgrounds led to different perceptions of the world. At Richmond, the discussions always come out the opposite way. Each student starts out with an expression of his or her distinctiveness, but they quickly discover how much their experiences resemble each other. For example, the one speaker who made the greatest impression on Italian students was a Puerto Rican who had been associated with the Young Lords. He had been in a gang in Brooklyn that regularly fought the gangs that the Italian students had belonged to, but much more important than the fact that they were in different gangs was the fact that they were both in gangs. They could then see that their similar experiences came from their shared class background, that ethnic, religious or racial differences had had surprisingly little effect in their lives.

Their fear of sharing their lives with others may, in fact, be more apparent than real. Both black and white students, for example, relate very closely to their block and to their neighborhood. Friendships from high school continue directly through college. In class we demonstrate this by asking the students who their friends are and how the friendship started. They are often amazed to discover how few friends they have made in the last five years, and they easily move on to the next question of why their experiences have been so similar.



One interesting consequence is that once the barriers have been overcome, white working class students seem to get along much better with black working class students than with white middle-class students. There is little guilt, less patronizing, more frankness. Racism exists, to be sure, but it is more an expression of ignorance than anything else. The racism of "hip" middle class students, on the other hand, is combined with class chauvinism, and the result is much more insidious.

Working class students have a different attitude toward knowledge than middle and upper-middle class students: a third aspect of their culture worthy of mention. A superficial judgment would say they are anti-theoretical: they conceive of knowledge as something practical, to be immediately used. As evidence, one might point to the fact that half the students at Richmond, the highest percentage I have ever heard of, major in the social sciences. Another significant body of students is engineering majors. The academic fields that have the fewest students are the humanities: fewer people teach literature and philosophy at Richmond than teach education.

The students would not define practicality as the upper class might: as the need to use learning to make present reality run more smoothly. They instead see education as necessary for social change, and at Richmond that cliché has meaning. The same is true of the much-abused word "relevance." To the great frustration of some of the teachers, one is always confronted in class by demands that the material have some bearing on the world they experience.

Richmond students are anti-theoretical, as their critics charge, a reality which is as lamentable as it is understandable. Nothing in their lives has fostered the ability to conceptualize. Broad general questions, the kind we ask so well at other schools, elicit silence; specific ones that call for experience produce discussion. This is fine to get things started, but unless one can get students to think theoretically, or at least discover patterns and general truths, one has failed to teach. One will have failed the students, even though they may have found all the discussions interesting.

How to overcome this? I cannot say that I have been successful, but I do have a technique. Hoggart describes the "us-them" mentality that existed in the English working class, and to a large extent Richmond students think in those terms. I can easily point out to them that one reason "they" control the world is that "they" have thought things through and have a fairly good idea of what they want. Then "they" censure the working class's lack of theoretical ability in order to oppress them, to keep them powerless. But this is abstract; I need to give many examples which help me finally reach some people. The joy is that, once turned on to theory, the student can't be stopped. Conceptualization becomes more than a luxury one can accept or reject; it is something to be thankful for and use all the time.

Richmond students are neither the working class finally united nor unthinking radicals of the worst sort, and they approach political matters in ways middle-class people find weird indeed. Paradoxes abound. Some of the most militant people are those who say they are apolitical. Loudly they proclaim that politics is bad, that they can only change the world by changing themselves, which they, or so they claim, are doing through arts and crafts, new sexual relationships, drugs and working the land. Now that is a familiar trend usually associated with schools that contain wealthier students than Richmond. But such attitudes probably exist in a predominantly working class school because the students distrust collective action and fear working with large groups of people. Conscious enough to know that individualism is bad, yet still afraid of large groups, they have found the answer in small collectives, which grow slowly if they grow at all.

The first thing one notices about the majority of students is that, although they haven't thought much about it, they pledge very little allegiance to the American way of life. Patriotism, which one might have expected to be an everyday reality on Staten Island, is almost never voiced. I begin every new class with a statement something to this effect: "Every person has

biases, and my most important bias is that I think America is totally fucked up." The first time I did this, in a women's college in 1966, there was a stunned silence, and a few people dropped the course. The second time, in 1968 at a "hip" experimental college of mostly middle-class students, I was asked to define my terms. "What exactly do you mean, 'fucked up'?" At Richmond, in 1970, my students reacted as if to say "so what's new; let's learn some facts." In that parable there is something to be learned, though, as with Bible stories, everyone may wish to come away with his own lesson.

I interpret the story to mean that the approach to education I had previously worked out is irrelevant to Richmond students. I used to see myself as a critic of liberalism. My students were like my mother, who would never turn the air conditioner to "high" no matter how hot it was outside: they shared an instinct to find moderate positions, whatever the subject. My role was to shake this comfortable belief that moderation was sensible or

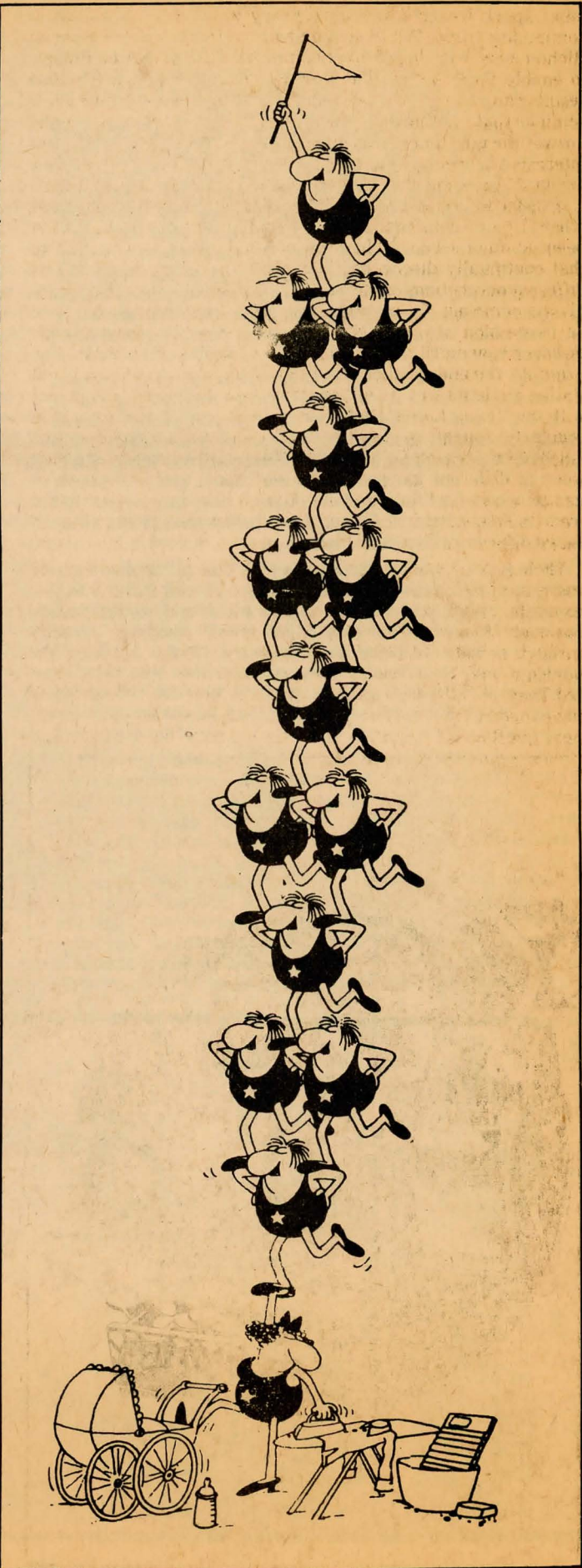
Not so at Richmond. Unlike their upper middle class contemporaries, Richmond students are not relativists: they are not willing to look for merit in every position under the sun; they are not particularly interested in defining terms; and, most important, they believe that good and evil do exist. This is partly due to their Catholicism, but part of it comes from the culture of the working class to whom liberalism is simply a foreign language.

Some of my distressed colleagues see this illiberalism as doctrinaire intolerance. They are quite wrong. Few students, in my experience, have been as doctrinaire as middle-class liberals, filled with a mission to make everyone like themselves. Richmond students are nothing like that. They are not intolerant of liberalism, just skeptical and uninterested. To them, freedom of speech is okay (their word) because everybody has a "hype," a gimmick, and they recognize other people's right to push their gimmick in order that they may do so themselves. Tolerance is not an abstract principle but a rule of self-preservation. And it works. Principled liberals often have less respect for diversity than the sons and daughters of small-scale Mafia operators.

In the last few years a third group of students has arisen alongside the militant apoliticals and the majority. Their almost instinctive distrust of liberalism has combined with experiences in student strikes at previous schools to turn them into politically conscious people. Just when politics is becoming passe at many schools, this group is beginning to grow. Their search for an alternative to liberalism, then, is an outgrowth of real needs their lives have presented to them. In other words, they are "getting their shit together," and developing ways to satisfy their political needs and desires in practical life. For me this is a joy to behold, because I want to move people from discontent to thinking about liberation.

If there is such a thing as a distinct working class culture, which makes teaching such students a different experience from teaching people from the middle class, then the attitudes and characteristics I have described here are caused by powerlessness. So far as middle-class students share in that lack of control over their own lives, they will also share some of these attitudes. Many middle-class students are also passive, obsessed with their private lives, apolitical. Occasionally, some of the points I have made here would apply to them as well. However, there is a difference, and it seems to have something to do with self-confidence on the one hand and enthusiasm on the other.

Students who have gone to the "right" high schools and done well there possess a certain amount of security about their ability to achieve goals. College to them is not so much a major challenge as it is a series of hurdles they must leap over, and they know they will do so in time. They are often aware that they are being tracked, and that college is part of the track. Not to go to college would be a stigma few of them wish to handle. Certain, then, that college is where they should be, confident that they will somehow manage to graduate, they often become cynical and bored with what they are doing. The more intellectual rationalize their cynicism through some existential position, but



nearly all of them think, somewhat correctly from their point of view, that school is a waste of time, that nothing is going to change, that the only way not to be disappointed is to have no expectations. Frowning is a popular activity.

This syndrome is completely reversed at Richmond. Students there are not sure that higher education is something they deserve, as it is a new experience in their family. They usually received poor grades in high school, so they put themselves down, blaming themselves for their failures and developing little confidence that they are capable of doing what they want. Then they come to Richmond, where the faculty is very young, often filled with enthusiasm and dedicated to teaching. The combination of students who cannot be bored with an experience they value highly and a faculty convinced that real education can take place there produces something most people are not prepared for.

Energy is everywhere. There have been times when I thought a student would burst apart as he or she got totally caught up in an idea and couldn't stop talking about what it meant. Classes sometimes become so lively that they are uncontrollable. There is an ambience about the place that suggests one thing: Richmond is alive, and the reason is surely that a group of people who have had the life kicked out of them have discovered that they can take it back by finding it for themselves. I have never been bored at Richmond College.

For me, the joys of participating in this atmosphere are reflected in my relationship with a student I'll call Juliet. I had spoken to a group of sociology majors and a voice came from somewhere in the crowd saying, "Alan, you're full of shit." I had no idea who she was, though she obviously knew me. Anyway, I told her what I thought of her remark, and from that day, we became close friends. The next semester she took two of my courses, which she continued to do every semester until she graduated.

Juliet's parents have middle-class occupations; in fact, her father makes a salary that could even be considered comfortable. But in terms of culture, she is distinctively working class. A product of Canarsie and parochial schools, she has worked on Wall Street since high school, financing her education by going to community college at night. While she attended Richmond, she worked nearly a full week at her bank. Basically Irish, she recently married her Italian boyfriend in a very traditional wedding. In fact, much about her is traditional: she is close to her family, occasionally puritanical and very suspicious of people she does not know. She has never traveled, and her world is confined almost totally to the territory of south

Brooklyn, lower Manhattan and St. George, Staten Island.

Her remarkable qualities are her enthusiasm and intensity. People are at first put off by the latter because it hits you in ways you cannot be prepared for. For one thing, she will begin every sentence with the name of the person she is addressing, which forces you to pay attention to what she is saying. She will nearly always ask a question, and when you start to answer, you realize she is looking directly at you, waiting impatiently for you to finish so she can respond in turn. She won't let you treat conversation lightly or pass off questions with flip responses. Relentlessly intense, she will pursue the subject until she is satisfied. The woman wants to learn, and she will I sometimes want to say, "Look, Juliet, calm down, smile a bit, take things less seriously," but then I realize that for a person to whom knowledge is a recent and hard-earned discovery, such advice would be patronizing.

After a year, I thought I had gotten to know Juliet fairly well, but then she astonished me again. She was in the research collective I mentioned earlier which was studying Staten Island's power elite. After five weeks of intensive work, we came up with a basic list of names, all written on 3 x 5 cards waiting to be researched. Then I lost the cards, and had to tell the group I had no hope of ever finding them. There were moans and groans. Nobody wanted to do the work again, everyone felt drained, and we sat around totally morose. Juliet then arrived late and was told of the situation. She calmly said, "Well, let's not waste any more time. How can we redo this work the fastest way?" Her refusal to wallow was contagious, and within a few minutes we had developed plans for getting the information again.

Obviously, like Juliet's, the spirit of Richmond must be contagious, for I have wound up more enthusiastic than I thought I would. Yet I don't want to romanticize. Life for much of the working class in this country is not joyful: often they are beaten, resigned and finished. Their teachers and those who have power over them frequently act not as liberators but as oppressors. But Richmond shows that exploited and oppressed people can develop ways of coping with their situation. Many of these ways are not likable, but within them are the levers for overcoming oppression. If working with the working class is going to make sense, two things need to be present. The people in the institution have to be struggling to fulfill their human possibilities, and those who are working with them need to understand and sympathize with them. The result will be dynamite, but the kind that will not blow up buildings (although you never know) but the established myths we have about social classes in this country.



Dornan cont'd.

range of our emotional, economic, and physical needs within the relationship. There was always great tension over how much time we had together—competition between the two worlds. Increasingly, it was my being out and my wife waiting at home, and the more tension that grew up around that the more reasons I found for wanting to be "out."

I was a graduate student, had field work at least three days a week plus classes, and spent more and more of my time reading radical literature and getting involved in "the movement." My wife was a teacher, did most of the housework as "I didn't have time," and then after our daughter was born had primary responsibility of caring for her. Our earliest conceptions of creating an isolated world of our own had become a helpless dream, deferred to a one week summer vacation, or some other time in the future when "things would be different." The dream of our world was riddled from the inside by the complete inequality of who did the bulk of the work in the home and by the lack of time together "to work things out." It was riddled on the outside both by necessary work apart from each other and by an increasing interest especially by me in

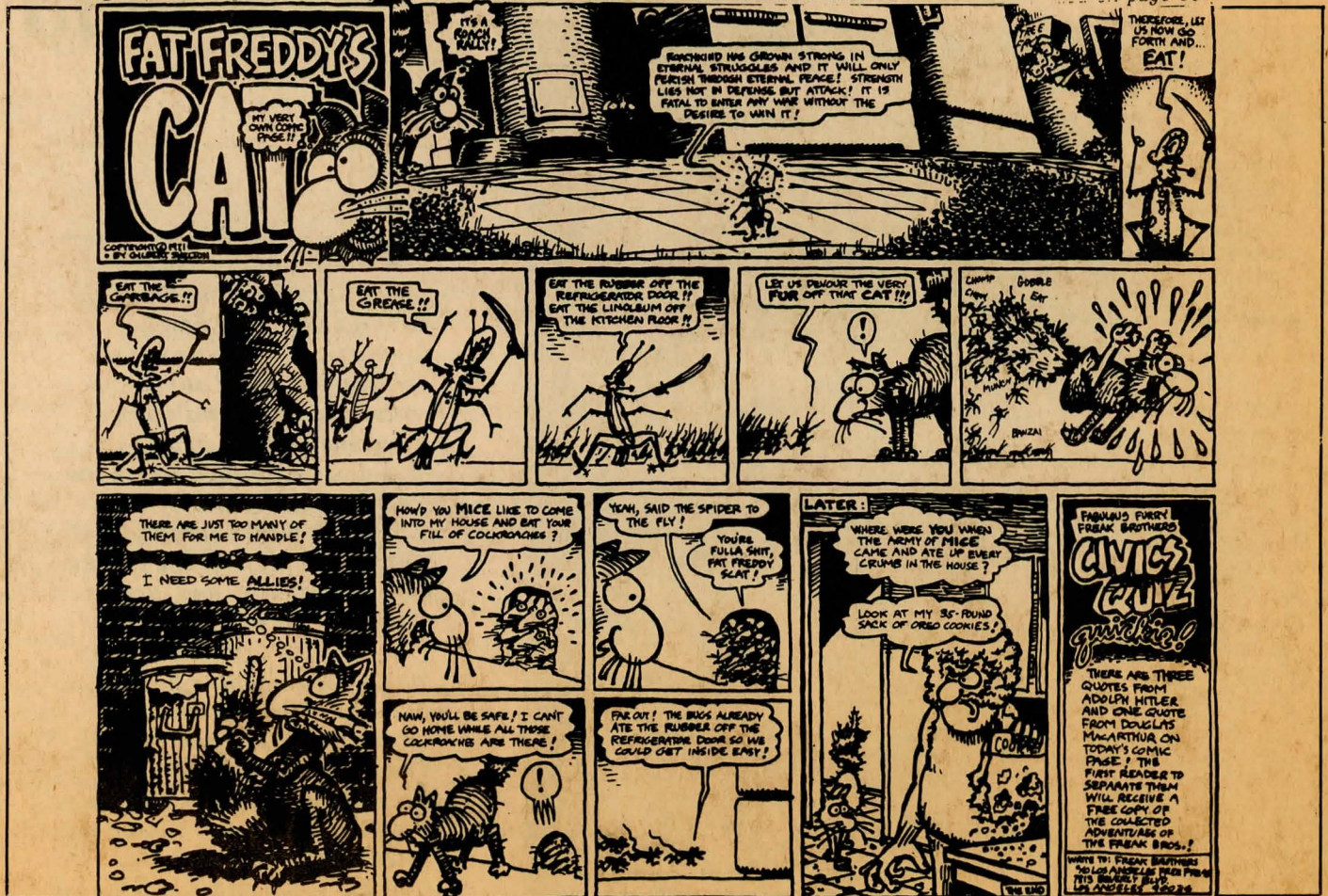
spending more time with friends in the movement. Yes, we continued to love each other but being "the husband" and "the wife" wasn't the sum total of either what we were able to or wanted to do with our lives. This society's lie of Love as something you arrive at rather than loving as a creative, struggling, freeing way of living—the conflict between the turning inward and the working and having friends and things you want to do in the "other world,"—the impossibility of ordering your life around one other person and demanding that that person meet all the basic human needs that the absence of a larger human community or of meaningful work have left you with—we clearly had little control over what we had tried to do.

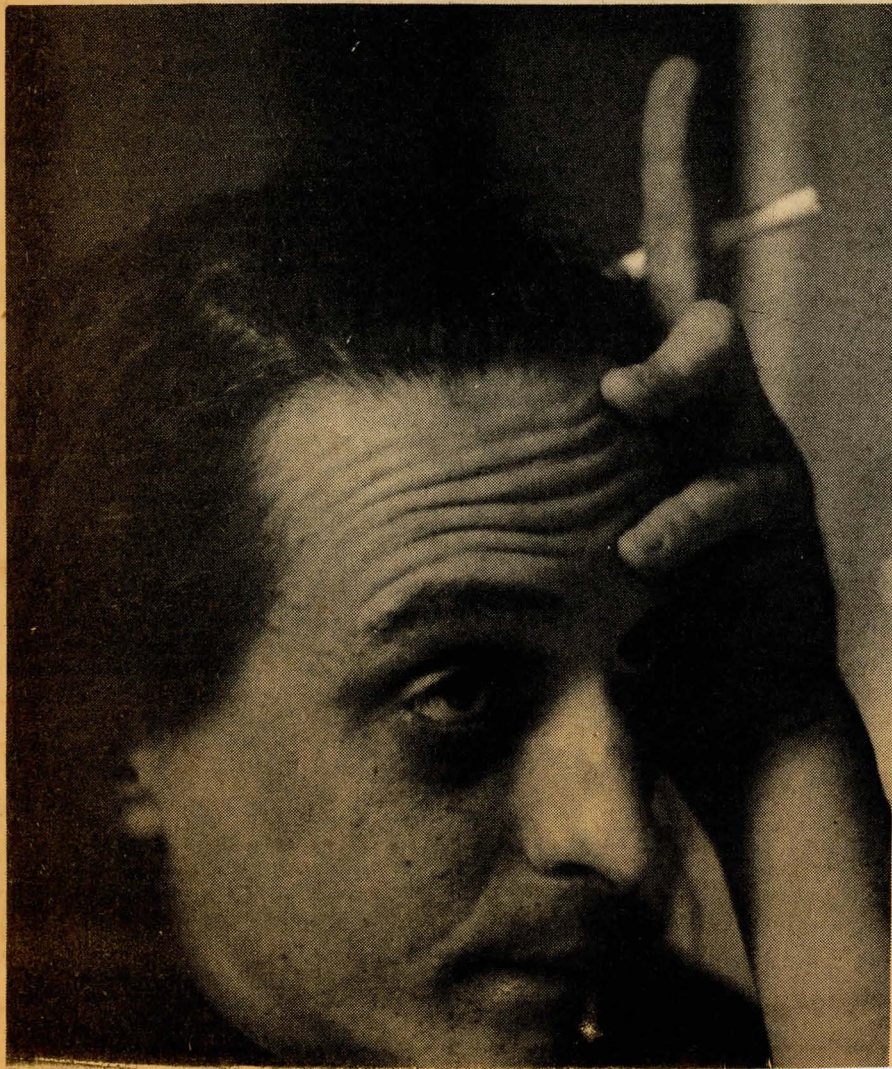
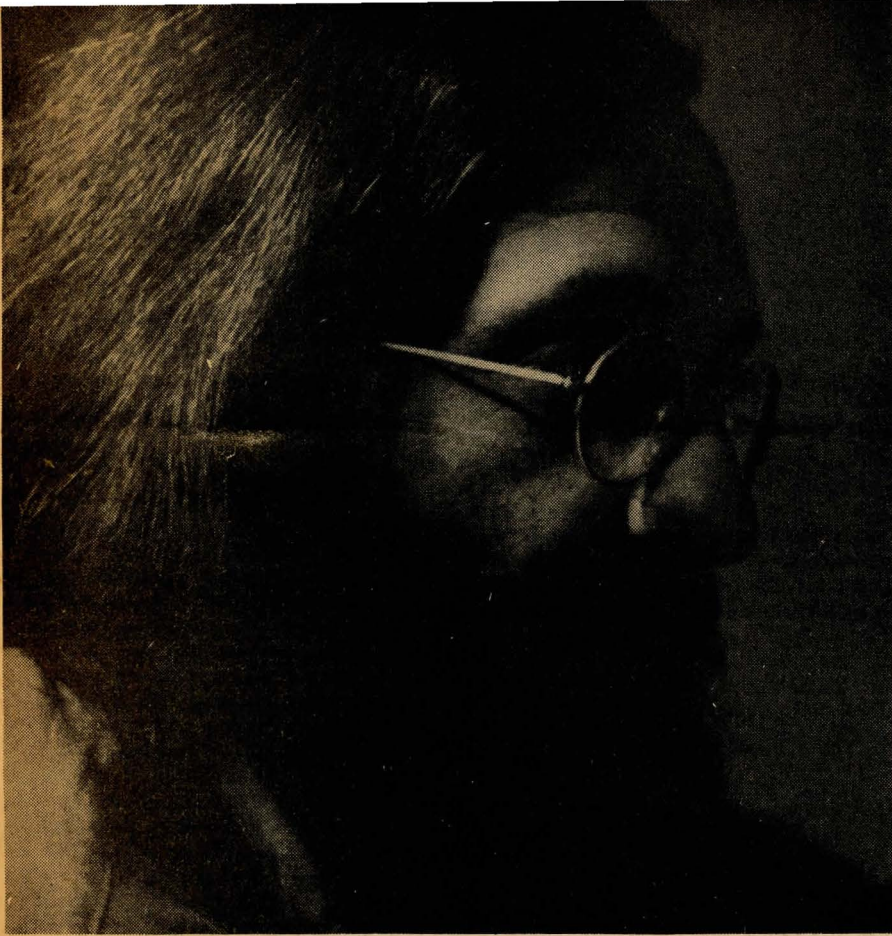
We were three shattered beautiful people—there are really three or thirty million of us in this country at this time. Three who loved each other and tried to create all of what this society seems to lack—security, equality, and human warmth and closeness. We thought we could create an "alternate institution" without transforming the larger institutions within us and outside of us which both shaped our personalities and largely determined the way we were to live our lives. It seemed like the hardest part of struggling to create new and more liberating ways of living together, was in giving up the belief or the hope that we could somehow make the inherited idea

of marriage come true—in giving up trying to demand roles of each other and a hoped-for world which we did not have the power and the economic and emotional resources to create.

I now know that there can be no "creating you own world" on any lasting basis, and we clearly have a minimum control over how and what we do in that other highly institutionalized world—from jobs, to child care, to schools, to medical care, to the social organization of our lives. I understand now that there is no way of separating the struggle to create a loving family of people (two or more), organized together around equally sharing, working, and living freely, from the struggle to change a society which first lies about and then restricts the possibilities for personal freedom and the human community—by its private and isolating and impossibly expensive housing, by the absence of public child care, by its dehumanizing and unavailable medical care, by the stratification, socialization, and institutionalized treatment of women, and black people, and working people and "kids" as inferior, by the isolation, competition, insecurity and whole baggage of human needs which we bring to our Love relationship with one other person. To live a more loving and humanly less isolating life means having the power, the public resources, and the

Continued on page 30





Vid

... We are the first video generation. Our consciousness was created by the new information environment. Television created our global consciousness, and stereo recording created an art form - rock music - through which the meanings and values of our subculture were expressed and amplified. Now it's time to take up video cameras and further expand our consciousness.

... Video tape is similar to the tape recorder in that it tapes sound. Video goes one step further and tapes sight as well. The instant replays seen on television during football games is a good example of video tape.

... Generally, there are two forms of video tape available on

top John Reilly
bottom Rodi Stern

Video is Speed, Grace, and Relevance

the market. First, the video tape used in television which is far too expensive for the average person to afford. This makes it possible for television to be controlled by the few people who can afford the equipment...the people who make up the network. Then, there is the 1/2" portable pack comprised of a camera and a recorder which is much less expensive than the first. This equipment is more accessible to the public...in universities, media groups and other private groups.

... Global Village is one of the video guerillas among others such as Videofreex, Raindance Corp., and the People's Video Theatre. These groups are, in various ways, exploring what can be done with 1/2" video. We have had the opportunity to interview the two founders of Global Village and get their

reactions as to what video is all about.

Question: What kinds of work have you been involved with in the past?

Rudi Stern: Prior to Global Village I had been working in the field of kinetic sculpture, light environment, projection art, and many different projects related to museums and galleries, theatre, opera, ballet, films and some production work with TV where light and light projections were being used as compositional elements. Coming into video, my work was more in terms of information exchange using multiple channel or multi sensory experiences as a way for information to be relayed in a kinetic sense, so that with a bombardment of information people could distill a meaningful and relevant synthesis of this information.

John Reilly: My own background. Well, I taught for a couple of years, mainly to have a stable income. I tried filmmaking. I suppose this was the main thrust of my energy and succeeded in getting some independent films sponsored. I reviewed in theatre and judged film festivals and wrote a book....did a number of things, but mainly I worked in the documentary film area. I also did some radio, then reached a point where I

realized that in order to do what I felt I had to do, to give myself a chance, I had to break away from the psychological restrictions that the jobs I held imposed on me. That's the main reason I quit teaching. It wasn't really a question of time, I only taught two days a week, but there were restrictions at that point in terms of my behavior and how I approached people, and that all had to be broken up. The only way I could do that was to sever the ties with the university at which I was teaching.

Question: What are some facts about the background of Global Village?

John Reilly: Global Village was formed in the Fall of 1969 by myself and Rudi Stern. We did it originally as a concept of video-environment—multi channel video environment. It's an idea I've had since about '64-65, when I worked in a television broadcast station in Kentucky. I was turned on by the control room. I thought the control room was better than actually watching the programs at home. Ever since then, I have had the idea of presenting the multi channel feeling of the control room to an audience. When we started Global Village, we started on that principal. Three channels simultaneously, and I designed a switching system which some engineers built for us and it worked out. What it



opened up to us was the possibility of using $\frac{1}{2}$ inch equipment and having an outlet for the work. At this point there was no outlet on cable or broadcast anywhere. Global Village in the city was the first outlet for $\frac{1}{2}$ inch video work. We created something comparable, I suppose, to the early days of film when filmmakers had no places to show their films so they actually had to open up theatres. In effect, this was a very primitive way of what we were doing. We took advantage of the fact that when we opened the theatre we could change the rules of watching television. From the original notion which was basically to present our own tapes, we gradually realized that the use of $\frac{1}{2}$ inch video had wide application. From my own background of being in documentary films, this lent itself fairly well to doing it in such a way that we could be a resource center—a video resource center for the community. This past summer, the summer of '71, July 1, the cable systems in Manhattan started cable casting the public channels which, as you know, are available on a first come first serve basis to the public in Manhattan in order that they will have a sort of community service input network. The situation is that most groups which need this have no access to

equipment or knowledge of equipment or knowledge of anything, like how to put the tapes together. This was the gradual evolution of our exploring the $\frac{1}{2}$ inch tape. $\frac{1}{2}$ inch tape can be cable cast and there are a couple of ways it is done.

Question: How do you compare film with video?

John Reilly: The sense of the people involved in it is so much greater in video. The involvement of the people with whom you are working can be fairly real where as in films there is no way this can happen. Also, if you're on location shooting as I was in the South of Ireland, there was no way I could involve the people that I was taping. I would have had to have the film processed in New York and sent back to me, and then I would have to had screened it. This was out of the question. With video tape I was able to play back the tapes immediately and get the people's prompt reaction. And it worked, it really worked! It had a definite impact on the way we did it and added a lot of excitement to our work. Also the immediacy—the fact that you really can work quickly with it.

Rudi Stern: TV and video are two very different animals. Broadcast TV moves with the speed and grace of an elephant. Video has the potential of moving with a great deal of grace, speed, and

relevance. Whether it is going to develop in that way or not depends on which artists use it, where there heads are at and how they feel about various social and political problems that are facing us.

Question: Would you comment on the problems of the $\frac{1}{2}$ inch video tape machine?

Rudi Stern: We're working with what we have. We can't afford 1 inch equipment and we obviously can't afford 2 inch equipment. What we're working with ($\frac{1}{2}$ inch) is the most primitive means available in terms of video. We're trying to push it as far as it can be pushed and we're learning just how far it can be pushed. The $\frac{1}{2}$ inch equipment is made for home use. It is not made for 24 hour a day use by students or professional people. But we're exploring ways in which $\frac{1}{2}$ inch tape can make relevant comments and relevant documentation about things that are happening today.

Question: Considering all the problems one has with $\frac{1}{2}$ inch video, do you think it can be improved to the quality of 1" or 2" video?

John Reilly: It could, it could. I don't see any reason why technically it couldn't get to a point where it would work as well under most conditions as a quad system, 2 inch broadcast system. 1 inch is not

that desirable, except for good color. It has a lot of inherent problems, too. There's not that much compatibility between the system and the machinery of that same system. There is probably more compatibility with the 1/2 inch system and 1/2 inch is less expensive. That's a big factor in video. It means that more people can have systems and student groups can buy it. A future in terms of things other than broadcast television lies definitely with 1/2 inch. I don't think there is any future for 1 inch. It may gradually disappear as the 1/2 inch becomes more professional.

Question: What do you see is the future for video cassette?

Rudi Stern: Eventually, there will probably be a cassette store on 8th Street and the store will be like the record stores. There will be different sections for classical cassettes, rock cassettes, and there will be shelf of freak cassette and cultural freak show cassettes. I'd like to supply this store with some informational cassettes. Whether or not they would be promoted I don't know, but I certainly would like to offer that alternative to the people.

Question: Is there such a thing as manufacturers trying to corner the cassette market?

Rudi Stern: Sure, the people who manufacture the hardware are trying to control the software. When radio was developed by RCA (Sornoff) it was logical to set up NBC which was then their supplier of software programming. The same thing happened with television. Companies that were interested in manufacturing television hardware wanted to become the software distributors as well so it is logical the same thing will happen with cassettes.

Question: What are some of the problems in transferring video to film?

John Reilly: Actually, I am working on a film right now that is mostly shot on video tape and will be distributed as a film. It is a mixture of mainly video material and some film material on the situation in Northern Ireland, Belfast. The problem with doing anything like this is it's a project that costs money. I am able to do it because John Lennon is putting up the money for it. Video tape is \$15.00 a roll and the editing is fairly easy, but when you get into film transfers, labs and the whole number you're back into the same bag as if you were making a film.

Question: What effect do you think video will have in Hollywood?

John Reilly: I think that eventually they'll use more video tape than they do. A lot of commercials which are now done on film will probably be done on 2 inch broadcast quality. But that's like asking, I don't know what the analogy is, it's like asking a 16mm filmmaker what the latest process is in super 70mm. We are supported by public funding, by people who realize we are providing some community service. We have nothing to do with commercial broadcasting or almost nothing to do with non-commercial broadcasting because they don't think the way we do. It is a completely different world. That is an important point I really think should be emphasized; the notion of video should be clearly divorced from the notion of television. It is as different as video is from film.

Question: What do you see as the next big step in video?

Rudi Stern: The next big step is learning how to use the available equipment. It is learning how to use 1/2 inch machinery technically and how to use it in the most skillful way possible. Even though the mechanics are simple, it doesn't automatically make the tape someone would do with such a system worthwhile or even interesting to look at. So it is a question of learning how to use it efficiently and learning how to use it very well.

Question: What kind of control does the community have over cable TV?

John Reilly: Any cable system that is put in is a monopoly. Inherent in the system, as the phone company, once you let in a group like that they have a total monopoly on any given area.....any geographic area. Why should one company be given the right to make profits off a given area without competition? The only way we can justify a situation such as this is to have that

company perform a public service. It wasn't until 1971 that a single cable company was required to perform a service for the community. They were required to give back some money to the city but not a one was required to perform a service. I think this is the greatest fallacy of cable development in this country. New York was first to institute the idea of having a public channel system. It wrote into the franchise the requirement that each cable system provide two cable channels; one channel being reserved programming, one channel being a first come first serve basis to the public. For the first time, the people in Manhattan have a means of getting on the system basically without censorship, not completely, but it is fairly free and an open way of getting a cable cast situation.

Question: What kind of feedback do you get from cable TV?

Rudi Stern: It is very complicated. We show work every week here in Manhattan and there has virtually been no feedback of any kind. There have been no telephone calls and no letters regardless of how radical the material might have been, which leads us to believe that not many people are watching at the present time. In actuality, the reason for them not watching is that there is no publicity for the cable casts or that the reception is so inferior on the public channels that people won't spend the time to look at it.

Question: Aren't you talking about only 2 channels out of 40 on cable TV?

John Reilly: Potentially there are all of the broadcast stations each having its own cable designation. There is the cable station company channel which in New York is channel 10, then there are two NYC channels which are not being used that the city has access to. And there are two public channels plus a ticker-tape channel that has a newsreel thing going by AP news sheet or something like that. So, it's not really 40 but 40, 80 or 120 or whatever technology will provide.

Question: What are the problems with the distribution of programs across the country?

John Reilly: Do you mean importation of distant signals? Well, the FCC recently laid down the rules which mainly concern how large and profitable cable companies can be. Also in the rules they require that new cable companies getting franchises in cities perform a public service, so the whole notion of us showing tape last summer to the FCC and going down there and making our presence known was not lost. What they also did (the broadcasters didn't want them to become too powerful) they have had restrictions as to how many distant signals they can import and show, and whether they can show recent movies.

Question: What do you think of the plan of a community control video system?

Rudi Stern: It is a very fine concept. The question now is how to put it into effect and how people who have limited means can put that into effect. I don't know. If Howard Hughes wants to buy a whole cable network he buys it. He has one if fact, for sports. If you and I want to have a cable network for alternate culture information, we don't have the money in the bank to be able to put that into works. We can talk about it and write pamphlets and newspaper articles about it, but it is going to take more than that to actually get control of it.

QUESTION: Is it possible for video to become a threat and be censored?

RUDI STERN: When in Russia a poet has a poem that won't be looked upon very favorably by the establishment, he mimeographs it and sends it out through an underground network so that people can read the poem. In terms of video tape, at the moment we're copying it and putting it in the mail to people. There is somewhat of an analogy in terms of a system that is beginning to grow that's counter to the establishment system. I don't think that the government or CBS looks at 1/2 inch tape as a threat to them. At the moment they probably look at it as an up-dating of photography. I think potentially it is a threat to them but it will take some time for it to develop before it reaches that stage.

QUESTION: What would you say is the future of cable TV? Do you think it is the future of video?



RUDI STERN: The future of cable depends on the consciousness and interest of the people and the availability of the system. When the franchise agreements were signed in New York and in other cities, less than one percent of the population knew anything about cable and these contracts and franchises were signed for public utilities without the knowledge of the people concerned. So now they're beginning to learn a little about cable. Already, in most of the cities, the franchises have been carved up. Now it is a question of retracing steps and seeing what one can do about it.

QUESTION: What would you say to a fellow who wants to get into 1/2 inch video (TV)? How does he go about getting the equipment and how does he learn to use it? What are some of the drawbacks?

JOHN REILLY: As you know, we have established a new intensive video workshop and as part of that workshop we have a jiffy-quick placement service and we guarantee anyone over the age of thirteen an immediate job anywhere in the country. (That's a joke!) As a matter of fact, there isn't any. We have had

students ask that same question and it is almost impossible to answer because video is so new, and to say that we can't know about a job means that a call is coming in today about a position. Any cable system in the country that has over 5,000 subscribers potentially is going to need the use of a person there who can develop the public channels and develop community use of their own system. Potentially there are thousands of jobs but most of the cable companies are just becoming aware of this. They start looking around for a type of person with a type of training they don't even know exists. They don't know where to look at that point. One of the things we'll wind up doing is sending out information to the cable companies saying, we are here, we have a number of people who are training at the New School and other places and if you are interested in anyone you should make inquiries with them. We will probably wind up doing that because the cable companies don't even know that we are here working with 1/2 inch making these tapes.

QUESTION: Are there any pools established where one can get video if he

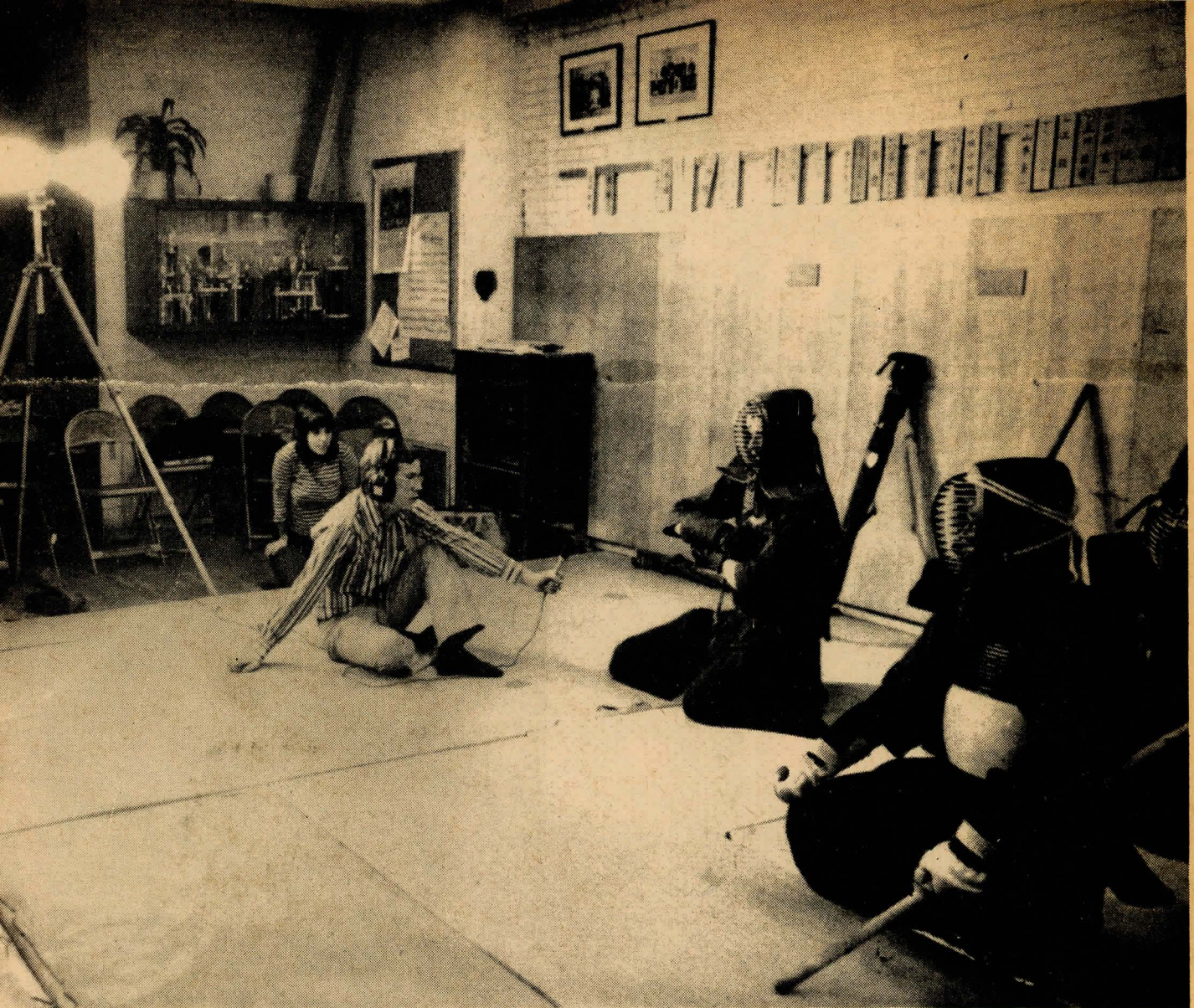


Photo by Stanford Golob

is interested?

JOHN REILLY: In that case, you should call Russell Conrad of the New York State Council of the Arts. It has been rumored that there are pools of this sort but I have been unable to find one. I can only state our policy here. We have people enrolled at Global Village through the New School and we also accept volunteers who want to come in to learn about video. Students have access to the equipment and are able to edit and work on tapes. To an extent, NYU provides this same opportunity in their media center. For anyone who's serious about video Global Village and the NYU media center would be the places to look at the moment. I am sure there will be others. Schools have the equipment if you can get your hands on it. The problem is not just having the equipment though, it is also having the editing facilities and the video tape that you have to buy is expensive. Repair costs are becoming astronomical with this equipment. More people with single units should band together and help each other. That would be a good way of beginning right now.



Photo by Stanford Golob

Dornan cont'd.

freedom to organize our lives in new ways.

My wife and I grew up in a society which made us feel inferior, alone, and powerless—myself because I was of an inferior class and also without a family of “my own” and my wife at least partly just because she was a woman. In a sense what I have talked about can be seen as a power struggle: a struggle to control a tiny self-created world, a struggle to control each other, a struggle to control ourselves to be somebody we thought others would accept. I see in my own experience, in all of my friends’ and in most of what I read that the power to control, power to gain ownership of ourselves, of the people we love, of some part of our world—is a deadend struggle, a socialized and learned way of getting a sense of security and worthwhileness in a life which is choking off any belief in our own personhood. Except for a few working experiences I had no sense of personal power and value resting solely in my ability to do or work on or struggle toward something with other people—as distinguished from power for my personal gain or from power over other people.

We never really get that kind of power—the competition never ends—and

to the extent that we do it’s at someone else’s expense. Through it all we remain as isolated individuals, accumulating our little gains, manipulating our love relationships, and building toward an individual future (where? when?) at the social expense of everyone around us.

That is our society’s cruelest trick—to have us imitating the capitalists who run this show in trying to own more than each other, in trying to win and control ourselves and the people we care about, in trying to advance ourselves by putting down black people, or feeling stronger than women, or being wiser than children. Dog eat dog personal capitalism rules our daily lives and we never get beyond our feelings of insecurity and powerlessness, we just keep up the competition or we give up—in alcohol, hard drugs, isolated fears, or in a society-wide consensus that we’re locked in and it can’t be changed and “I can’t keep going anymore.” Its a struggle without principle and without end.

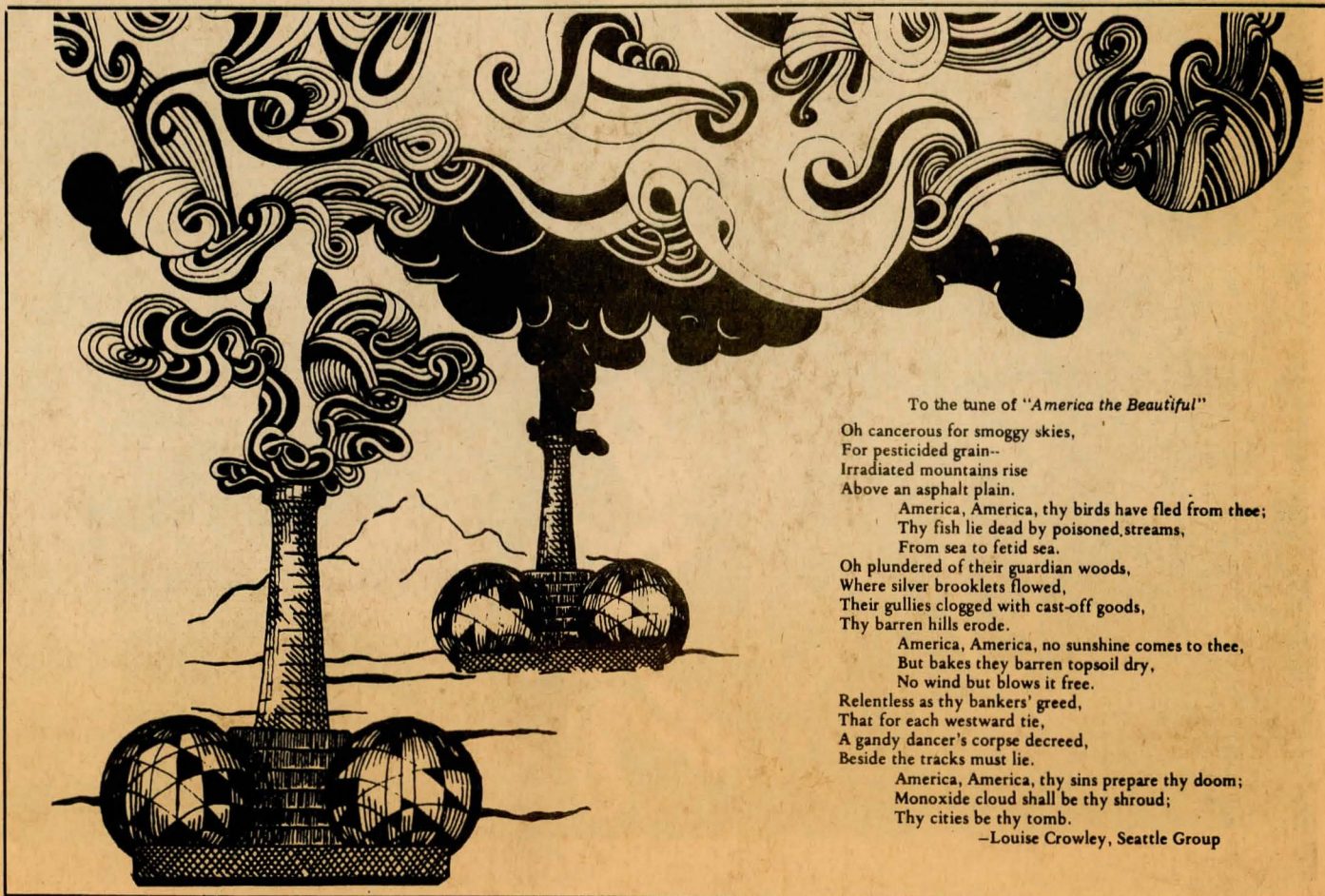
The bankruptcy of a society organized around private gain for private control as opposed to public need shared human purpose, and communal responsibility really began to hit me hardest as my marriage was breaking up. Suddenly I was all alone again, feeling just as powerless as I had as a child on the farm—my attempt to construct a world of my own had failed. The final lesson in

the emptiness in trying to get control of my life, to get ownership of my individual world really came through, in April of 1968 during the last year of our marriage.

I had decided that I wanted to find out what my “illegitimate” father was like, what he did for a living, what kind of a person he was. I knew he had married and settled down in upstate New York not far from where I grew up, that he had a family of his own, and that he had died some years back in a mental institution. So I wrote to his widow, getting the address from telephone information, including pictures of myself and explaining as carefully as possible that “your husband was my father.” After getting through the shock and disbelief and verifying that he was, in fact, my father, I found that he had had to leave his work as a textile mill mechanic at age 35 and died at 41 from a hereditary neurological disease called Huntington’s Chorea or Huntington’s Disease (that is what Woody Guthrie died from). Huntington’s Disease is a disease of the nervous system usually beginning around age 30 and over a ten to fifteen year period ending in idiocy, complete mental deterioration and death. Genetically, I have a 50-50 chance of inheriting Huntington’s Disease. There is no method of early diagnosis and no known cure.

If I felt helpless as a child, trapped, and powerless in a lonely ugly world before,

Continued on page 45



To the tune of “America the Beautiful”

Oh cancerous for smoggy skies,
For pesticided grain--
Irradiated mountains rise
Above an asphalt plain.

America, America, thy birds have fled from thee;
Thy fish lie dead by poisoned streams,
From sea to fetid sea.

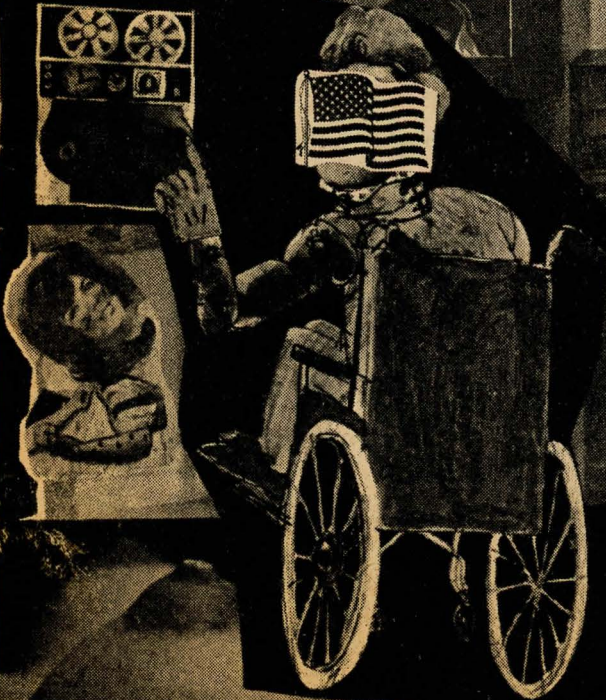
Oh plundered of their guardian woods,
Where silver brooklets flowed,
Their gullies clogged with cast-off goods,
Thy barren hills erode.

America, America, no sunshine comes to thee,
But bakes they barren topsoil dry,
No wind but blows it free.

Relentless as thy bankers' greed,
That for each westward tie,
A gandy dancer's corpse decreed,
Beside the tracks must lie.

America, America, thy sins prepare thy doom;
Monoxide cloud shall be thy shroud;
Thy cities be thy tomb.

—Louise Crowley, Seattle Group



Feminism



I dreamed I took myself seriously in my maidenform Bra

by Ellen Maslow

“I remember a woman who creates very strong and beautiful sculpture struggling for years against her own power to create”

I remember the shock I felt in high school when the girl I idolized because she had dark, crispy curls surrounding a Coca-Cola billboard type of bright, pretty face, confessed she had an “inferiority complex,” as it was called then. I was amazed that this girl, who in my eyes had “made it,” whom I had used as an image to confirm my own feeling of not looking right, had all the time been using me as her image of “brains,” to confirm her own feelings of being stupid.

I remember a woman who creates very strong and beautiful sculpture struggling for years against her own power to create, feeling almost physical nausea at the thought of someone criticizing or even commenting on her creations. Through the years, she has sculpted only sporadically, feeling so ambivalent about accepting the possibility she is creative, embarrassed when she finally set up a studio in the basement because this implied she took herself seriously. All those years, her husband had reserved a large and sunny room upstairs for his study. Her self-doubt and ambivalence contrast dramatically with his self-confidence and productivity. When asked what she does, she invariably says, “Oh, I’m a housewife, I suppose.”

Many women I know have long been active in various political movements. They are dedicated and talented organizers, part of the army of “volunteers” trying to save this society from itself. Their skills are quite democratically with people in both small and large groups, an ability to plan and organize various actions, personal and political sensitivity and insight. When asked what they do, these women usually say, “Nothing.”

Do you see what I’m getting at? Do you see how these various women share the feeling that their work, whatever it is, is not real! No matter how much they do, to them it just doesn’t seem to count.

On the other hand, we all know young men, graduate students with very little life experience, who without qualms will say, “I’m a sociologist,” or “I’m a political scientist,” when asked what they do.

We all know men who identify themselves as writers, or even as “frustrated writers.” Yet how many women will say they are writers? Chances are some of those women have written as much as some men...the difference is how they see themselves, how much they expect of themselves, how they want others to see them. If a man is a writer, he is more of a man for it. But if a woman is a writer, she is apt to worry about losing ground as a “real woman”—she is immediately suspect, she will be less attractive to men, she will torture herself with questions like, “Would I rather be a writer or a woman?” Men do not have to make these choices. Therefore, more men become writers (or claim to be writers). Very simple. Very wrong.

I took a course in night school a few years ago, and had to write a paper about a contemporary poet. The paper was returned to me with a note saying I should have it published. Convinced the teacher was mocking me, I returned the paper (with the encouragement of a girl who lived next door) with the sarcastic comment that if he thought it was so good, he should have it published. To my amazement, he did submit the paper to a small literary magazine, and it was published. One would

think this success would have encouraged me to write more, that it would have given me some confidence. Absolutely not!

I have found that many women beside myself have experienced the agony and humiliation of being afraid to speak up in groups, whether they are classes, meetings, or family gatherings. We have things to say, but feel an almost physical choking, our throats become dry, our hands tremble and we cannot speak. We hear other people say things similar to what our own thoughts are. We know we are as intelligent as those other people (usually men), yet we have a problem expressing ourselves which they do not seem to share. Why? Many of us, it turns out, feel that we would seem stupid if we spoke, that our words would be irrelevant or laughed at. Or, we would be told by a chuckling father figure, "Well, that's the female point of view, so irrational and emotional. But where are your facts?" Our male peers would not have their comments dismissed as "charmingly virile." Their contributions are more likely to be seen as acute, the women's as cute. A woman, it is assumed, is just playing when she thinks—after all, her real being awaits the birth of children. Women have wombs, men don't; therefore different things are expected from their minds and souls.

Because of this, women become bottled up with self-doubt and feel only brilliant words will be accepted. We demand too much of ourselves. We internalize those assumptions made about us by men, and rightly become confused. We hate ourselves for never thinking of those super-brilliant things to say. And all the time we're digging our own graves by not fulfilling the potential we actually have.

I remember the horrible sensations I would feel in my throat and chest during classes in college: the more fascinated I was with the lecture or discussion, the more my body would have to struggle to hold in my responses, to try to stifle the words I wanted to say. I had at some point internalized the belief that the world of ideas and authoritativeness belonged to men, and that if I intruded, I would have serious consequences to pay. It was with relief that, after class, a girlfriend and I would escape to a cup of coffee, to blurt out all our thoughts. It was an excruciating way to eke out an education, especially since I was not then conscious of those pressures. I was not aware that I was struggling with ambivalence about the sexual stereotype assigned to me at birth.

Men, of course, are also afraid of many things. They are not biologically more confident and authoritative. All you have to do is look at the world they've made, and you see the alarmingly intense need they have to prove themselves, to force their views and needs on weaker or more malleable people. Yet, while our sex role forbids us to be sure of ourselves intellectually, the male sex role insists upon aggressive self-assurance. The man who is not aggressive suffers as much as the woman who is. But a man, because of how he has been trained to see himself, is more likely at an early age to push himself through painful shyness or insecurity. He is more likely to force himself to speak up; so, naturally he will gain confidence and pull ahead of females his age who are more ambivalent about intellectual achievement. Women often cannot find the courage to withstand the social pressures exerted upon them, and so they become what they are expected to be.

Do you pay attention to ads? They're of great anthropological use to us when we analyze what our society wants us to be as women. Look carefully at ads such as this one: "I Dreamed I



Was a Mountain Climber in My Maidenform Bra." Adventure and accomplishment are not only a dream for women, but are supposed to remain a dream. Our frustration is used to help big business sell more bras, diet pills, hair rinse, and the newest styles.

Women walk a tightrope between what we are conditioned to think is our fulfillment, and the suppressed spectrum of our individuality. My culture has told me that my life will really begin when I marry; my soul will switch into technicolor when I bear a child. All pursuits not contributing to these ends are made to seem drab and shriveled, like gravel-covered dead-end roads with detour signs.

We unconsciously cast doubt on ourselves when we attempt sculpture, political work, writing, virtually anything a woman-person might want to do which is not directly addressed at getting and keeping a man. Our urges to create, solve, defy, build, have become like vestigial limbs, hanging limply within the framework of our lives, needing compensatory exercise to strengthen the muscles so weakened by disuse and uncertainty. We stagger under the weight of cultural commandments: Thou Shalt Not Compete With Him, Thou Shalt Not Be Aggressive, Thou Shalt Seek Fulfillment Through Your Womb Not Your Head. Should I say "Amen?"

This is not to say women don't desire love, children, and a family life (or extended family life). Most women do want these things, albeit in a new framework. But not because it's all we should hope for. Men also want these things, yet their lives needn't be held in abeyance because of it. They aren't told that fathering a child is the essence of their fulfillment, that their work has to remain vestigial. We need a kind of society where women needn't make an either-or decision: marriage or career, womb or head. And when we have that kind of society, men will also be freer to determine their own lives also.

Our need and our struggle now is to believe in ourselves as human beings, to free ourselves from imposed concepts of what we are supposed to be. We must learn to follow our own inclinations, to take ourselves seriously. We have to learn to be angry when we're put down in subtle—or not so subtle—ways, for these are the daily brushstrokes which paint the distorted picture of sex-rolism. Our challenge is to have the courage to express anger when we feel it, not to disguise it as confusion, or to lay our sense of frustration on men to punish them for our disappointment. We are wrong to swallow our outrage when our activity is interrupted by his, "Hey, Honey, where's dinner?" This man needs some re-education. And don't be so condescending as to think he can't change! He has to learn that he is no less a man if he cooks dinner, does his share of the housework and childcare—not as a favor to us, but because we are human beings and find it impossible to be writers or painters and geisha girls at the same time.

Whatever your individual situation, it won't be easy to change. Men usually become defensive, and often downright nasty, when women demand to be seen in a new way. Many an office or kitchen has become a battlefield, strewn with male and female tears (eliminating sex roles means men are allowed to cry too!). There is little choice, though, when you become conscious of the damage done to you by sexual stereotypes: when you begin to take yourself more seriously, you will demand that others take you more seriously. And maybe then you will get down to whatever it is you have always wanted to do.



The Banner Year

by Dick Daley

Recently, I had the pleasure of conversing with Mr. Wingate Profitte of the Happy-Go-Lucky Marijuana Company in Highdown, New Mexico. Since the legalization of marijuana five years ago, Mr. Profitte's industry has shown tremendous growth. When asked what he credited this to, Mr. Profitte answered, "Well, I'd have to say in all honesty that I could never have become this wealthy without the grassroots support of the people in America. Since the 1978 Bill was passed it's been apple pie in the sky! Only in America could success come to guys like myself."

I was interested in finding out some facts on the background of Wingate's life up until the time of his success. Fortunately, he was more than willing to speak out about his life story.

"During the 1960's I spent most of my time just 'hanging out' in high school and college. I use the term 'hanging out' because I found that the time I spent in the classroom was somewhat useless. My professor would sit in front of the class and spill out some knowledge that he had acquired from a book. It all seemed very boring to me. I couldn't relate all those words to my daily life so I decided to have some fun smoking grass and drinking wine. I never did finish college.

"My home life wasn't much more profitable. I come from a middle-class working family. Both my parents worked and they weren't around much, so they had no real control over my life at that time. I hardly ever asked them for any money which forced me to look for some kind of a job, but no one would hire me. I had to think of a way to make money. I began dealing drugs. Grass was easy to come by in large quantities. All I had to do was establish contacts. Then that bastard Nixon closed down the Mexican border and began burning the marijuana fields. Business got bad. But, there was obviously a large market for some kind of drugs because grass was scarce. I made a connection up in Harlem for some of the big H, China white. At this point, people were desperate and would buy most anything to get stoned. It's from that point on that I became a loyal supporter of our

great former President Nixon, Commander and Chief of our Armed Forces. I understood and appreciated the reasons for his actions.

"Actually, I found out later that I could have saved my trips uptown and saved money by simply going next door. My neighbor, Mr. Mittleman, was arrested at Kennedy Airport for smuggling dope from France. It was ironic—he being a lawyer for a respectable firm and doing business with the Department of Defense."

I asked Mr. Profitte if he was like the youth of his time; against the government of the U.S. because of the Indochina war. He answered, "At first yes, but after a while I opened my eyes. It all started after Mr. Mittleman and other important people coming in from France began getting busted. There were all those arrests, yet no let up in the supply of heroin which meant to me that organized crime was getting richer. I also came to the conclusion that the main supply of heroin wasn't really coming in from France, but from Laos and Vietnam via Bangkok. As a matter of fact, 85 per cent of the heroin in the U.S. was coming from Indochina, and by way of the Cuban Nationalists who were enemies of that rat Castro! So I joined the Nixon team and began supporting our boys, bombers, and the flag in Vietnam. It was the press that printed that France and Turkey were at fault for the large quantities of heroin coming into the country.

"Bad times began to occur again when those damned commies took over the situation in Indochina and chased out all the opium growers and dealers, not to mention the pimps, prostitutes, black marketers, politicians, Esso, Ford and other honest, law-abiding people. That slowed down business considerably and began the great exodus of junkies into rehabilitation centers where an attempt was made to reorient the user back to the American way of life. The methadone treatments proved as fatal as heroin, but I'm sure someone will come up with another treatment for kicking the methadone habit.

"Now that heroin was hard to come by, the people needed something to keep them going. By co-incidence, the government stopped its war on marijuana about the same time the War in Indochina was over. The liquor and tobacco companies started

building farms and factories in order to meet the need of marijuana by the people. A tax rate was even set up for grass, and marijuana control was written into Phase XLI of the Price Controls."

Finally, I asked Mr. Profitte how he fitted into the scheme of things at that time of his life. He was thirty years of age at that time and all of his former college friends were working at "dead end jobs," as he put it. From his previous experience, Wingate knew all there was to know about marijuana, so he was immediately hired by the Happy-Go-Lucky Marijuana Company of which he became President. I asked him about the future of his company. Would it follow in the footsteps of the other great American companies and begin building overseas factories and markets like, say, in China? To this question Mr. Profitte answered almost wildly.

"China! Heavens no, it's impossible. The Chinese don't use drugs like Americans. Also, there is no alcoholism or dope addiction in China. I think it's a shame and a disgrace, personally. It's getting so an honest American business can't make money anymore. The trouble with the Chinese is that they don't know the meaning of the word 'competition.' But if we don't find a market in China we won't be in that much trouble. There is a huge market for marijuana here in America. The Chinese people are too busy developing their country to be self-sufficient. They have free clinics, no pollution, food quotas for everyone, no unemployment and day care for every child. Their central government is controlled by the 'Block Committees,' meaning all the people living within the various small communities. The farms and factories are organized in this way also. They really don't think about getting stoned, but here in America things are different."

This year, 1983, the government has asked the marijuana companies to produce the largest quantities of grass in history, with the intent of letting the American public consume it. "In that case," Mr. Profitte says, "1984 should be a banner year!"

Dornan cont'd.

nothing had reduced me to that feeling of complete futility which I felt for the first couple of weeks after learning this. There aren't any controls over how long we'll live. The possibility of early death forced me more than anything else to look and grope for a way of living now, which was other than the lie of getting control or being cool or being together, but of living and doing things right now—not alone but with other people—that had meaning in and of the "work" or the living itself. I needed both a purpose for keeping going and a way of doing it that was neither isolating nor artificial. Feeling a part of a loose and growing movement of people (much broader than the radical movement as we usually think of it) struggling for personally freeing ways of living now, and struggling to build a society which would be organized around a shared human purpose—meeting human needs—gives me a sense that all this struggle which we live, is for ourselves and each other—not for someone else's profit and continued power. The question of "will we win?" is not so much predominant in my thinking now, although that's what I'm working for, and I think people struggling for an American form of socialism will "win" at some point. My overriding concern is that the groups, the collectives, persons living together, the organizing, the American left movement can be a revolutionary personal and political human alternative to the personal and political capitalism against which we are all fighting. I learned long and hard that I couldn't get individual power over my life. I think many of us have learned that but we haven't given up trying and trying again for it, and we've hardly begun to create the social and political alternatives to that way of struggling.

The winds for change ride in the middle of a society and a world-wide economy which is breaking down. To bring together the struggle to equalize the work and the freedom in our personal lives with the struggle to democratize our political and economic institutions is to see our lives and our "problems" as not ours alone, but shared with many others within and without the borders of the U.S. In a sense, the Dornan family or the Jones family or the Rodriguez family is inseparable from the larger family of men or family of women. Having been without a family for most of my life, having lived in one for three years, and continuing to live in pain of that not working out, I can't express how important it is to know that I'm not alone in what I'm feeling thinking and working for now. I think my daughter who is only three now will understand and share this someday, and it might go part of the way toward making less of the pain, the loss,

and the fears which now riddle the world she knows and can't understand. I don't know if that's true. I hope we can make it that way.

In the fall of 1967 I enrolled in Union Theological not knowing exactly why or what I was going to do—mostly wanting to be in New York City. My first exposure to "political people" was at Union which was one of the centers for the national resistance movement. I'd never heard or thought such things before as turning in my draft card, I only vaguely knew that there was a war going on in Vietnam and certainly didn't know enough to take a stand on it. There was a lot of moral pressure at Union to turn in your card and I agonized over that, but somehow couldn't make sense of individually choosing to land myself in jail for five years. In my field work I got involved in tenant organizing in a public housing project which was a phenomenal education in how a public service—a token in relation to the actual need for housing—was used by the hierarchy which controlled it to scare people out of political activity by threat of eviction, to deceive people into waiting for housing units which would never be built, and to socialize black and Puerto Rican poor people into believing that it was right they had no doors on their closets, colorless paint on their walls, and lived in ugly always recognizable buildings, for the good housing should be reserved for those who can pay. I read the *New York Times*, read the *Village Voice*, and much later saw the *Guardian* a few times. Connections came very fast.

In mid-year a meeting of the Radical Caucus was called. I really had no idea what "radical" meant but came because I was attracted by the people, was excited by the way they were talking, and impressed as hell with the way the leaders seemed to have an analysis of everything. After a while I too acquired this new way of being smart, I imitated the style and repeated word for word the analysis of the most confident men in the group. I took on the language and style of being a radical but was only free to use my new skills with people who hadn't already picked them up themselves. The competition was too tough in the meetings or around other "radicals," I felt too insecure, but I arrogantly drummed my wife and all my "non-radical" friends with each and every of my new imitations. None of this had any connection with my own historical experience, we always talked of "organizing" for a revolution for the people who were the "real Oppressed," and about "raising consciousness" which meant getting others to intellectually mimic the intellectuals that we were imitating. When I look back now at my radicalism then I can see how it was on a direct continuum with a few of the professionalistic bits of knowledge which

Continued on page 54

Willowbrook . . . philosophy and priorities are reversed.'

by Pat McFadden

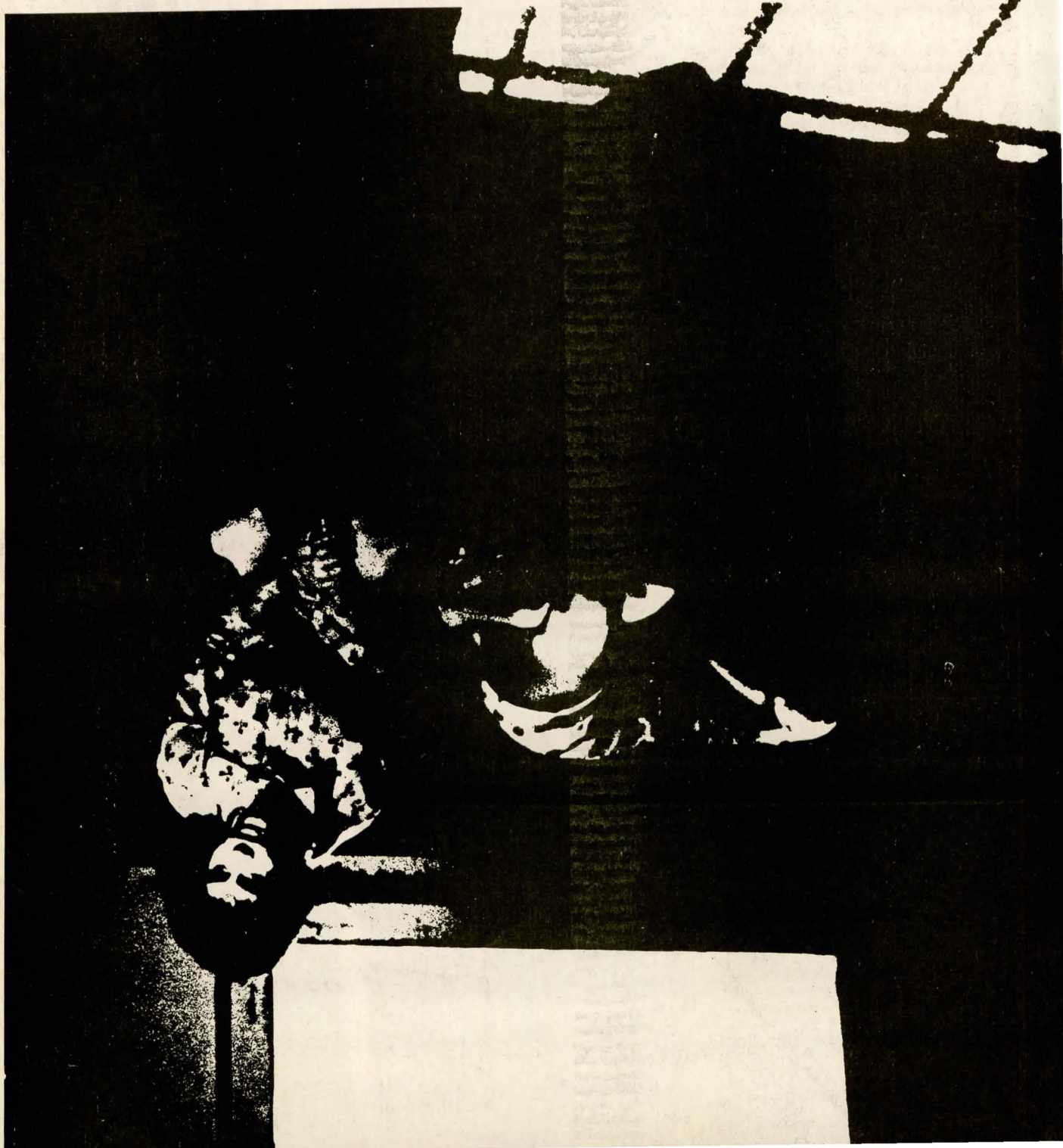
Theoretically, the state schools for the mentally retarded have been set up to provide life-time services for the mentally handicapped. These services would include, once a diagnosis of the problems of the child has been made, continual re-evaluation of the child's potential to develop as normally as possible. It would also include educational and motivation programs to assist the child in achieving his or her potential; therapy to correct any physical or motor problems the child may have; occupational training to enable the child to learn a skill which will enable him to work and possibly live in the community as a productive member of society; and a home for the child who has to live in a sheltered setting for the remainder of his life. The important object of these services are to assist the retarded child to be an accepted, happy, and productive person.

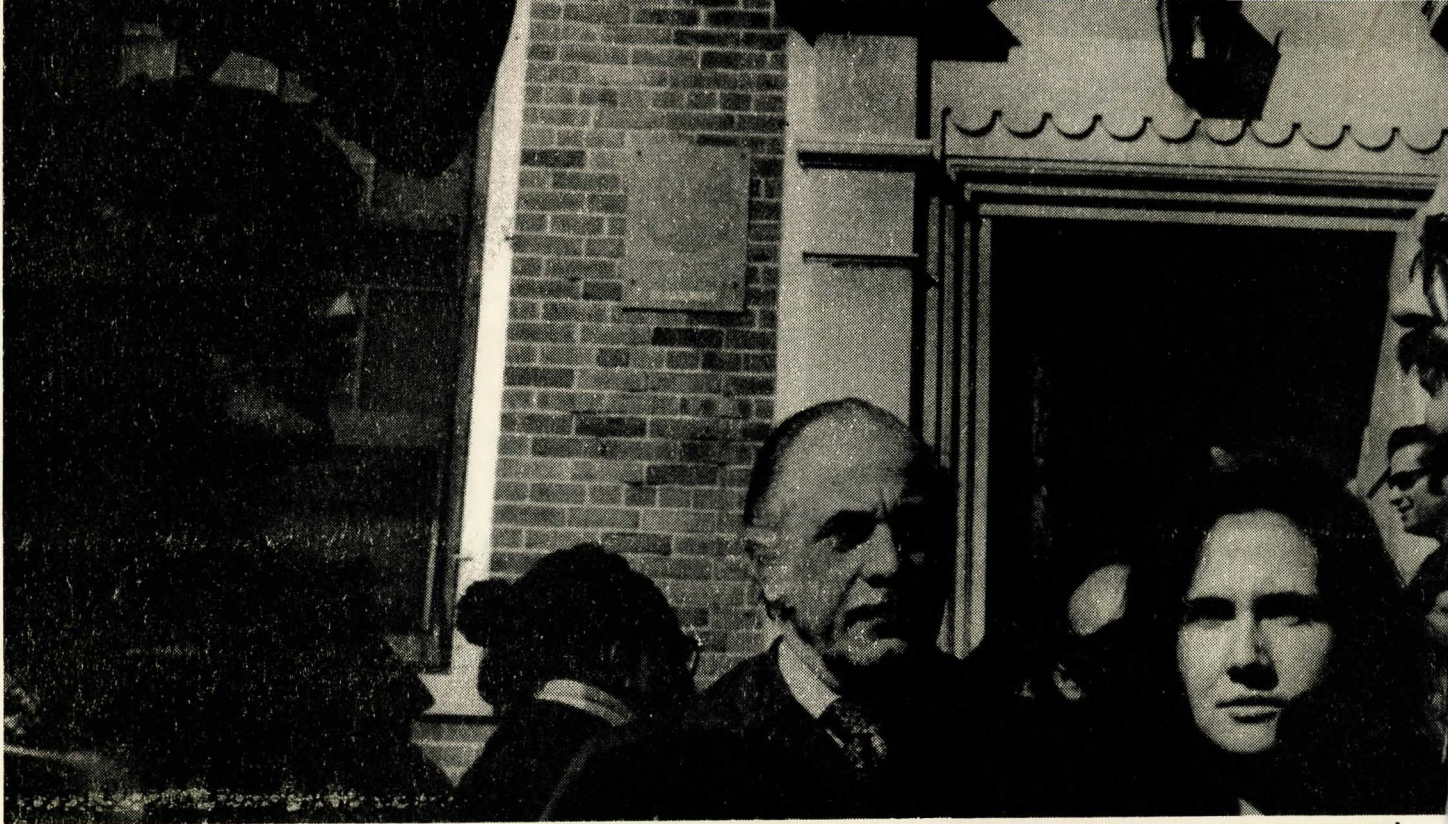
The problem of the present institutional system of which Willowbrook is an example, is that its philosophy and priorities are reversed. The institution has become a place where retarded people are to be kept for the rest of their lives; rather than a step in their development within the community. All the majority of residents of the state-schools have to look forward to is a life of sitting on overcrowded wards. The size of the institution makes it impossible for those children who are capable of living in the community to be absorbed into the community.

Also, there are not enough services for the handicapped outside of the institution to offer alternatives to parents of the retarded. The result is that the institution, which provides the only life-long program for the retarded, appears to be the only solution. With such a heavy demand for services, the institutions become overcrowded resulting in deterioration of conditions. Willowbrook has the maximum capacity to house 4200 residents. At present, there are 5000 residents (in the early 1960's the population was around 6000), and the waiting list for admission to the State School is approximately 2000.

With the overcrowded conditions, and in the past year with the budget-freeze resulting in the loss of 900 staff people, the ability of the remaining staff to properly care for the residents is impossible. There is not enough money to feed & clothe the residents, much less provide them with programs which will aid their development as healthy human beings. Eight social workers are responsible for counseling families of the residents and for assisting residents to leave the institution and live in the community. Two or three attendants are responsible for wards of 60 or more residents. Clearly, it is impossible for these hard working people to accomplish what is expected of them.

Almost a year ago, parents of the children at Willowbrook began to organize a fight for the better care of their children. The parents began to set-up building parent groups to examine what the problems of the institution were,





One Who Didn't Belong

Bernard Carabello, a twenty-two year old with cerebral palsy, is one of those who did not "belong" in an institution for the mentally retarded. After eighteen years of being a resident at the Willowbrook State School, Bernard now attends classes three days a week at a special school for cerebral palsy and is being tutored one day a week at Staten Island Community College. Unfortunately, Bernard was a victim of state mismanagement and as a result is now struggling to overcome the wasted years of his life.

B: Why is it, Bernard, that you were in Willowbrook for eighteen years when what you had was cerebral palsy?

B: When I was three years old, the doctors told my mother to put me in Willowbrook.

R: When was it established that you were inflicted with cerebral palsy, not brain damage?

B: I was rediagnosed three years ago. It was then that we found out.

R: You are saying that three years ago was the first time you were evaluated since you entered Willowbrook. Don't they evaluate the patients once a year?

B: Any amount of time can go by before that happens.....ten, even twelve years.

R: At what level of development were the others in your building?

B: Well, I was housed in ten buildings during my stay there. In the last

place I was assigned to, and in others, the people were profoundly retarded.

R: About how many patients were there on a ward?

B: I'd say that there were between 65 to 70 patients on each ward I was in.

R: And how many attendants were there to take care of these 65 to 70 patients?

B: Two.

R: Bernard, what did you do during the day while you were in Willowbrook?

B: I went to school and worked half of a day.

R: What are some of the social activities that a patient can participate in at W.S.S.?

B: Sometimes they show movies.....and we have dances, shows, field trips, occupational therapy.

R: How many years did you attend school at Willowbrook?

B: Ten years. I studied math, reading, writing, cooking, sewing, and wood shop.

R: When you finished school, did you continue your reading?

B: No. You're not allowed to take books out unless you attend school.

R: What reading level are you at now?

B: Third grade.

R: Then, why did you stop going to school at Willowbrook?

B: Because, I wasn't allowed to go to school after I reached a certain age.

R: Earlier, you said that you worked

half a day. What kind of jobs do they give the patients at Willowbrook?

B: I mopped and swept the floors, but I know of other patients who were working on the trucks, doing laundry, and cleaning the windows.

R: What do you think are some of the greatest problems that the attendants must deal with at W.S.S.?

B: The administration is their biggest problem. In general, Willowbrook is way understaffed, the workers receive too low pay, and instead of caring for the patients they are doing custodial work.

R: What would you say could help in correcting these problems?

B: They should hire more porters and ward workers, put less patients in a building, and provide more activities.

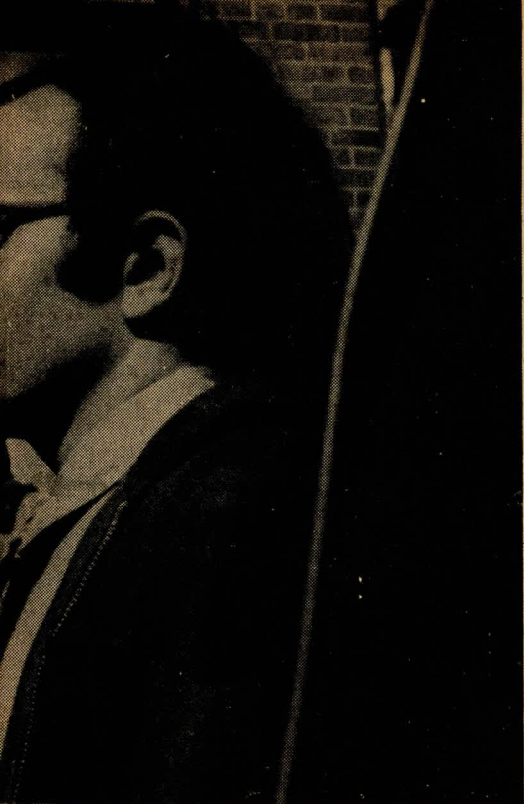
R: With the little time the workers had on a ward, what did you learn?

B: How to eat fast, and dress myself.

R: What are your plans for the future, Bernard?

B: I'd like to finish school and get a job.

Out of the six thousand patients housed at Willowbrook, only about one hundred have been discharged in the last few years. Who knows how many people are imprisoned in institutions such as W.S.S. unnecessarily. If this is typical of the type of "health care" we are getting in this country, we must question governmental administration of such institutions.



and how they could solve them. With the assistance of some of the people working in the institution, the parents began to pressure for answers to the conditions existing. The firing of Dr. Mike Wilkins & Mrs. Elizabeth Lee, a social worker, brought the problems of Willowbrook and all state schools to the public. Anyone who has watched TV or read the newspaper in recent months knows of the deplorable conditions which exist.

The Benevolent Society, the Willowbrook Chapter of the N.Y. State Association for Retarded Children and the Parent Building Committees have demanded: 1) a stop of all admissions to Willowbrook, 2) the reinstatement of Dr. Wilkins and Mrs. Lee, 3) recognition of the rights of active parent participation in developing administrative policy and implementing the care of residents, 4) a policy statement supporting full contacts between parents, staff, administration, and residents, 5) a declaration of Willowbrook as a disaster area and requested federal and state emergency funds, as well as assistance by the Department of Mental Hygiene; and 6) a lift of the budget freeze together with the replacement of all lost personnel to the pre-freeze level.

As well as dealing with the immediate crisis conditions in Willowbrook, the parents also recognize the need for long-term changes of the institutional system to prevent similar crises in the future. A state-wide study of the institutions must be made, and legislation must be passed to accomplish far reaching improvements of the system. There must be more community-oriented services to provide alternatives for the retarded, and a definition of the institution's role in providing some of those services.

Many of you may ask about volunteering to help at Willowbrook. While such help may temporarily alleviate the crisis at Willowbrook, the difficulty is that this will help continue a system whose approach is wrong. As well as perpetuating the system, there is also the risk of falling into the same defeatist philosophy yourselves.

As students, you can help change the inadequacy of services for the

retarded by helping the development of community based services, as alternatives to institutionalization. Smaller community centers could be set up where students could work and patients attend. The patients will then get more individual attention and Willowbrook would have fewer people to take care of. In all of your courses in health technology and education and child care, educational information about the handicapped should be provided so that the people interested in those fields can be sensitive and responsive to the needs of the handicapped. Your educational departments have to be changed and courses dealing with the problems of the retarded and other handicapped developed.

Richmond College, for instance, has developed a Special Education Department which can be utilized to provide better, and more sensitive training of the handicapped. The same can be demanded of those in the health and child-care fields. The colleges in New York must prepare progressive health technicians and educators to work in the community and provide the needed community alternatives. The most important thing is to re-educate people; the retarded person is the same as anyone else, and has the same feelings and potential. He should be encouraged to develop his potential and not be regarded as hopeless because of a medical diagnosis.

The fact remains too that not all the people at Willowbrook belong there. It would be advantageous for them and for students to have them come to the colleges for their education. The patient would be in a better learning environment and the students could get a closer look and better learning experience from the patient.

Institutions in general should be controlled by the people working there and the people that are being serviced. We can see in this Willowbrook case how the state and bureaucracy in general cannot cope with the problems of the individual citizen. We all (students, parents, workers) must take more control over our own lives. Politicians speeches after each crises do nothing. Life cannot be legislated by City Hall, Albany or Washington.



The Godfather

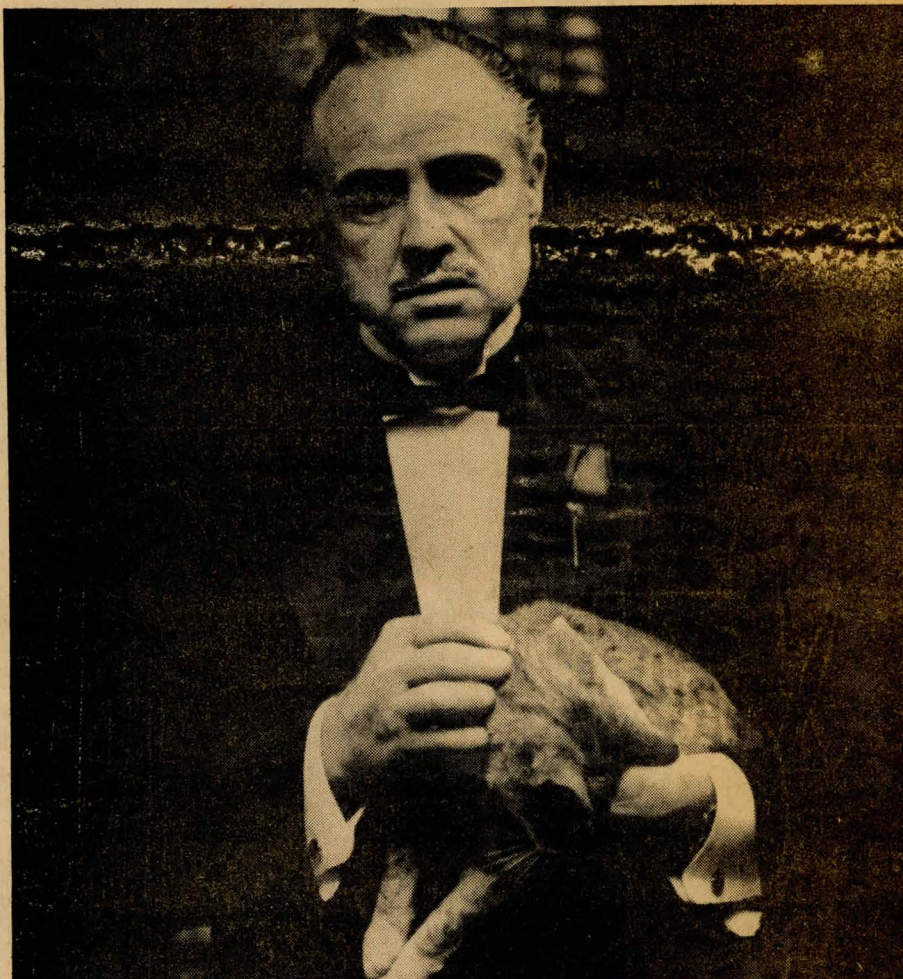
by Richard Kornberg

A couple of years back, Mario Puzo's novel, *The Godfather*, was an immediate best seller. While it was classified as fiction, the story it told was a thorough examination of the power of a real life threat, the underworld. The reality of the book was so great that when Paramount Pictures announced the screen version, the resulting outcries by the Italian Civil Rights League caused delays in shooting and an abundance of publicity.

Last week, what turned out to be one of the year's most eagerly awaited films opened to rave reviews. This immense critical acclaim coupled with the presence of Marlon Brando, an actor who here-to-fore was the image of a unique American machismo, as the title character, brought to five Loew's Manhattan theatres huge lines of people clamoring to plunk down their money and become a party to a Hollywood milestone.

The Godfather was conceived as a mass appeal movie and it is in this context that it succeeds so mightily. One cannot help marvel at the ability of director-co-screenwriter Francis Ford Coppola to raise a usually low genre, the underworld movie, to new heights.

The film is quite faithful to its source. We are again presented the Corleone family, leaders of the



Mafia (the word is not said once in the film). They have built an empire which begins with the lowly henchmen and numbers collectors and extends to prominent figures in the newspaper business and the public arena.

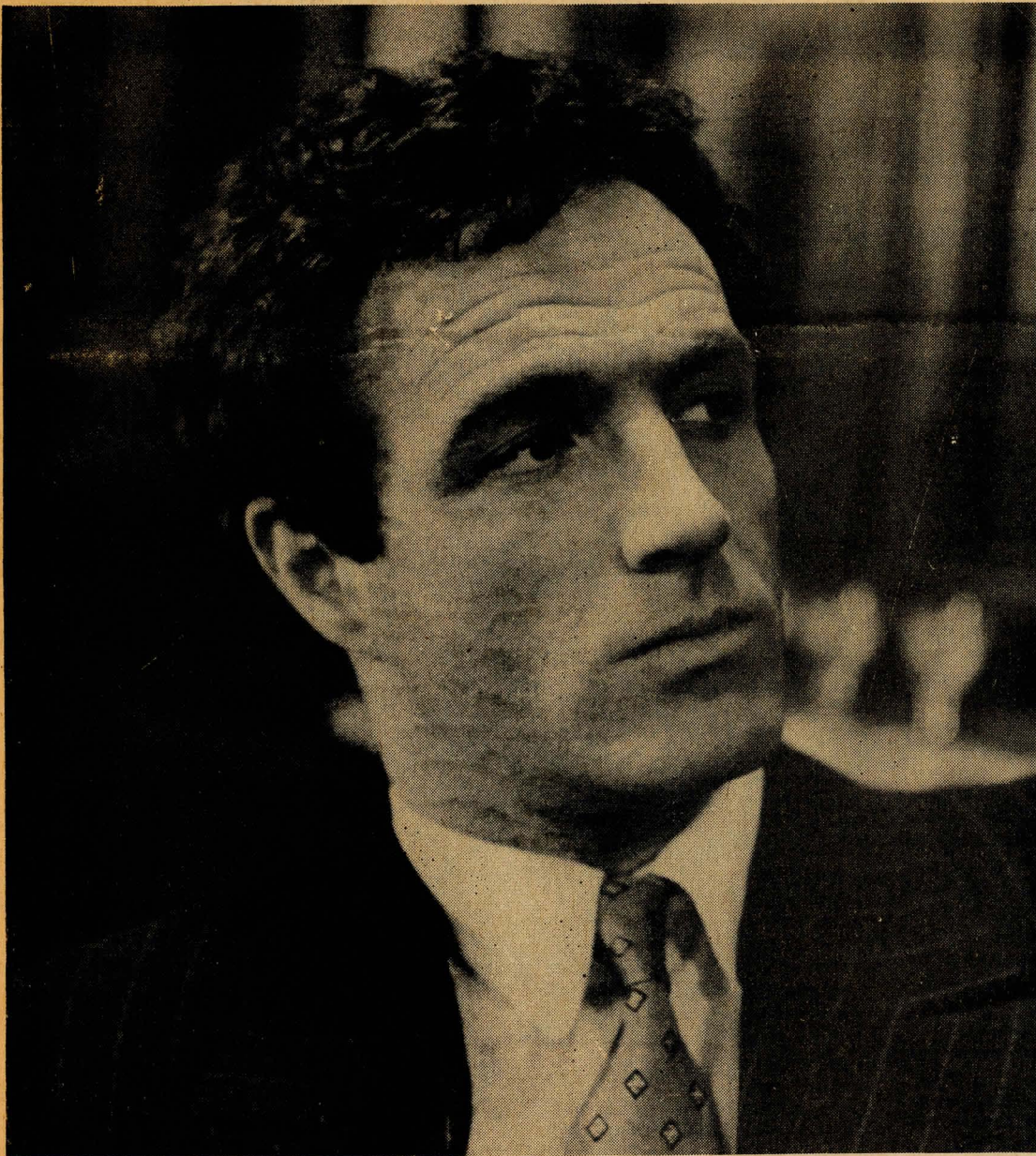
The one business that Don Corleone avoids is drugs. He believes that it is a dirty job and that many of his contacts would leave him if he entered that trade. Many of the other Mafia leaders disagree with him and this leads to much bloodshed including an attempt on his own life.

The Godfather's two sons, Michael and Sonny, are as different as could be. While Sonny was engaged in the family business, Michael was sent away to school. It was there that he met Kay Adams, a girl who epitomized the WASP New Englander.

Michael is forced to flee to Sicily after a gangland slaying and it is there that he meets, marries, and buries his first wife. When he returns to the United States he is a different person from the boy who left less than two years before.

The Corleone's influence extends over two continents and even the Hollywood bosses are not safe from the black hand. In an effort to become respectable, the Godfather attempts to enter the Las Vegas hotel market and consolidate his sphere.

The overall scope of the Corleone family and the film itself, is impressive, but like the personal allegiances the Godfather keeps, it is the small, individual segments of the action that prove to be the most rewarding. Such scenes as a Sicilian wedding night, an incident in a hospital and another in a funeral



parlor, are like building blocks, strong in themselves but able to be built upon for the good of the totality. It is this excellence of the specific that lifts *The Godfather* out of its usual milieu.

Nothing however, prepares the viewer for the brilliance of the film's conclusion. Coppola has juxtaposed a family christening with quick shots of underworld slayings, and this montage alone is worth the price of admission.

Marlon Brando adds a new dimension to his career with his portrayal of Don Corleone. He has gone from the actor as a character to the character actor and to his usual strength is added a new element, poignancy. The touching

quality of the scene with his grandson will long be remembered.

While Brando is definitely the focal point of the movie, other actors do shine. Al Pacino's Michael, James Caan's Sonny (though he is physically a little small for the role), and Richard Castellano's Clemenza are first rate. In fact, the only person who is disappointing is Diane Keaton in the non-Italian role of Kay Adams. While it is true that her character is different from the others, it is unfortunate that her conception of a WASP is a stiff person with a speech impediment.

The Godfather is now a movie and it will be playing for a long, long time.

Joe Bauer Moonset

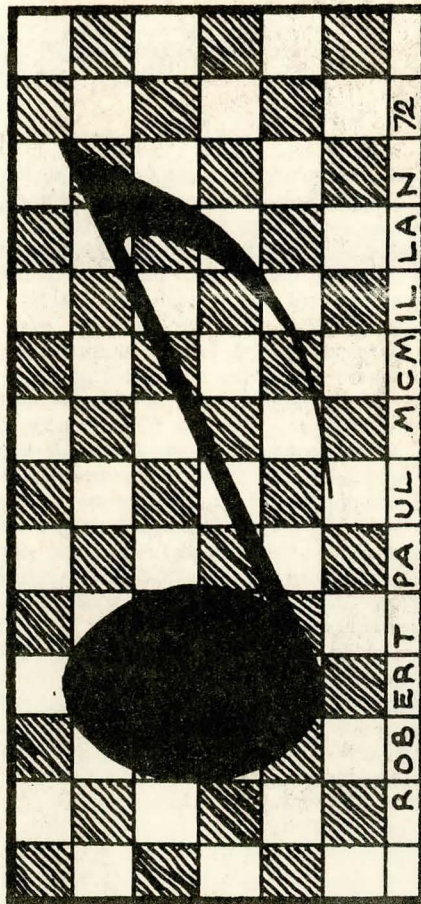
WARNER BROTHERS WS 1901
RACCOON No. 3

by Stanley M. Jay

Are you aware of what The Youngbloods are doing with their label? When the trio was on RCA they made music—now they musically masturbate in front of microphones, or bring their friends in to do the same. Desperate pleasure fulfillment. What you will have when you've bought Raccoon No. 3 is not drummer Joe Bauer, but instead mostly Banana, who plays conventional guitar and mundane piano, plus 3 (count 'em) bassmen, and one harp player. These gentlemen, from June to October 1970, in Joe and or Banana's home, made tapes of home-quality jamming and called it Moonset. They show resourcefulness for coming up with titles like "Five Ten" for a jam that times out at 5:10 and "Frogs" for one minute of real frog sounds. Aside from "Frogs" the tracks are every one trite and predictable: the usual bluesy progressions and moody progressions, guitar errors a-plenty, dull harp playing, uneventful drumming and IT'S SUPPOSED TO BE A DRUMMER'S RECORD! Feh.

Consider Jeff Cain on Raccoon No. 2—sometimes a passable singer-songwriter in the Spoelstra school but mostly dull drooling. And while we're on the subject, The Youngbloods' Rock Festival, Raccoon No. 1—a rough regression—is a bringdown from the elevation of Elephant Mountain (RCA LSP-4150). That's a long drop. Theory No. 10126: Give a guy his own recording studio and he'll loosen up, for better or for worse. In comparison to his playing on the Cocker tracks, Leon Russell loosened up on his own Shelter records. He has more talent in his little finger than most pianists have in their little fingers. And how.

Sometime in the 1960s Chet Atkins starting recording his masters in his living room. Since then, with one exception, his attitude seems to have been "I don't have to really play guitar any more—I can just doodle in an occasional melody line and let the chorus and orchestra do the rest." He's too relaxed. The one exception to this example is Atkin's last record, Jerry and Me, recorded with Jerry Reed on RCA. He really plays on that one—in fact it's a joy to behold. But I digress.



We were putting down Raccoon Records, owned by Jesse Colin Young and the Youngbloods. Jesse's colon had better tighten up. Why should we put up with an Apple Job in which we trust the owners of the label so we buy sight unseen and end up with Two Virgins—musically a tiresome journey at best: stupid noise at worst. Joe Bauer Moonset is stupid noise, too.

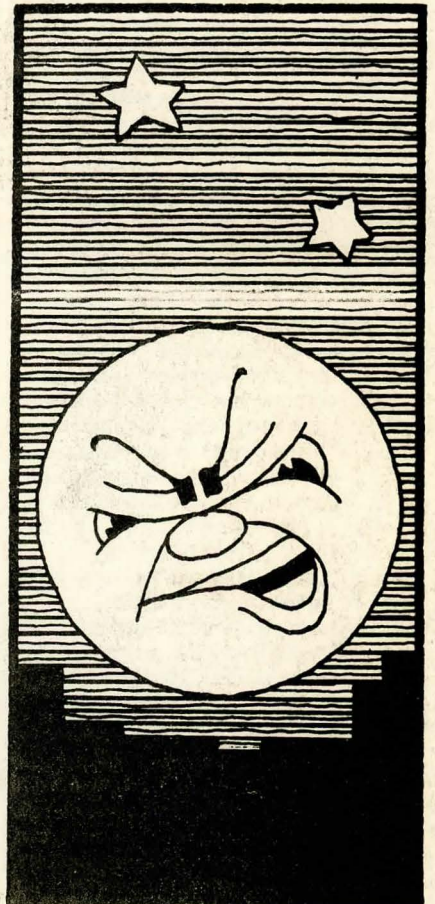
I hear Banana will have his own solo album next. Come on, guys, do-it-yourself superstardom doesn't make it.

David Laibman and Eric Schoenberg

Asch Records AHS 3528

by Stanley M. Jay

David Laibman is a walking myth who looks like he might be an accountant. But he isn't an accountant. He's a Ph.D. candidate in Economics at The New School for Social Research. Also he's the best ragtime guitarist in the world. With all due credit to Dave Van Ronk, he's the original.



On August 25, 1965 we were sitting with another guitarist in the Great Neck home of a son of a minister who said, "J'ever heard David Laibman?" Nope. He had a tape which we dubbed us a copy of. And as we sat and listened we tensed up like tuned strings because we knew that at that stage in our collective development we could not pick like that. Nobody could pick like that. No one could keep a harmony going on the first and second strings and thumb a moving bass on the 6th, 5th and 4th. So we bit out left hand fingernails down to the skin.

The first rag on the tape, itself a fourth dubbing, was "Dallas Rag." This is an old string band instrumental (traditionally played by guitar, mandolin, frailed banjo and fiddle) revived from 78-rpm oblivion by the New Lost City Ramblers in the early 60s. The a.c. plug fell out of the tape deck after the first few bars and all of the copies dubbed later (about 20) for my friends (and by them for their friends) can be identified by the brief pause in "Dallas Rag."

As time passed the Laibman tape, like the deli list in A Canticle for Leibowitz, was revered and worshipped by believers and converts to the ragtime life. What few spoken introductions there were on the

Continued on page 58

Dornan cont'd.

I retained from my college education and used when I felt the need to impress someone—the better to compete with. Franz Fanon in *Dying Colonialism*, in talking of the native Algerian doctor who has learned the ways and skills of Western medicine, described it as “having acquired the skills of a master.” Similarly I had learned how to own and dominate a very small particle of knowledge and then to use it to dominate and feel superior to other people. In a largely middle-class, highly educated movement that using of our radical knowledge and ideology as a form of property to prop up our personal insecurities and our confusion as to how to politically practice—carries forth the domination-submission dynamic of our society and reinforces the elitist bulwark of the belief that there are some of us who know and the rest of the masses who must be “taught” and “organized.” It is male ego, authoritarian father in his social origins and frankly oppressive to any one who is not already “radical” and to most of us who think we are.

The Columbia strike in the Spring of '68 was an incredibly exciting and sobering time. I literally welled inside, and still do, at the sight of and feeling a part of people taking power away from controlling institutions. The busts taught me about violence first-hand and about how broad the changes would have to be in order to really take power over anything. I got involved in doing and reading about radical politics and the feelings of personal power and the satisfaction of acting together with others became preferable to the dullness and submission of just working for some or any institution. I

wanted to organize my life around being and doing radical work partly because it was sexier and it made me feel smart and partly because it was freeing and it felt right inside. Two parts competition and control, one part freedom, but still no integration with my personal life or personal history. I was a revolutionary, I wasn't one of the oppressed people.

Much later I went to several secret meetings of a high-powered revolutionary group in which for hours and hours the three or four men leaders competed over who had the most correct class analysis, over which people were the most oppressed, over who could conjure up the most titillating reasons why tight security was a must for this highly revolutionary meeting. For hours and hours this went on. Eventually, in my most competitive and in-control style and language, I spoke up: “I hope you'll accept this as a revolutionary criticism, but all this talk about theories of the dictatorship of the proletariat in the absence of practice, of our actually doing it, seems pointless. The only way this theoretical talk could have real meaning would be if it emerged from and was related to actual practice. It seems like we're doing exactly what all middle-class intellectuals have been trained to do, which is to talk a lot, to sit around and consume each other's talk, and no one is producing anything.” A pretty right on criticism I thought, not quite frontal (which would have dealt with the chauvinism and male domination) but close. Well, all hell broke loose—“negative criticism, nothing constructive to say, are you a full member of

this group.” I was asked to leave the revolution.

It was around the same time that I was really beginning to feel the effects of my marriage having broken up, I was living with the question mark of the Huntington's Disease, I began to feel like that powerless alone little farm boy of way back when, and I was feeling and questioning political education for what when no one seemed able to work together. The personal-political system which centered around me and the image I wanted to be and the life I wanted to own, had collapsed. I was overwhelmed by my own powerlessness, my own alienation, I began to think and think about my own life and history and get in touch with incredibly painful feelings of how I had been, and was, one of those powerless oppressed people over whom I had tried to put myself—as a revolutionary, a teacher, an organizer, an intellectual. My class experience had been theirs, my social experience now of powerlessness and futility was theirs for most of their life. I had a little education, some professional credentials, a revolutionary ideology, and a few more class options now of how, by whom and at what salary I would be bossed and exploited, but in the fundamental calculation of having the power to reorganize my life for security and to be happy—I was powerless. I had been trying for so long to be one of the masters, to have something over someone else, to be in control. And I end up as just one of the slaves, the everyday working people—afraid, insecure, wanting companionship, dreaming and

Continued on page 57

Keep you doped with religion and sex and TV
And you think you're so clever and classless and free
But you're still fucking peasants as far as
I can see...

BOOKSBOOKSBOOKSBOOKSBOOKSBOOKSBOOKS

BOSS

"Boss" by Mike Royko

by James V. Callegan, Jr.

When Richard Daley began his political career as a precinct captain in the Democratic Party, at the age of twenty one, Chicago was one of many big American cities that had an old line, tightly-knit political machine running the show.

Since then, we have seen the demise, indeed the destruction, of most of the political organizations that once dominated Democratic politics. Two months ago, in Jersey City, New Jersey, a thirty year old doctor took over the reigns and ended the life of the Hudson County Democratic Committee, ruled most recently by John V. Kenny and before him by Frank (I am the law) Hague. Also gone is the Prendergast machine in Kansas City that helped put Harry Truman in the White House, Tammany Hall in New York, and the upstate machines in Buffalo and Albany and Boston.

...and then there's Chicago.

Mike Royko's book is about a man who, until 1968, was little known to the everyday reader of the morning newspapers or the viewer of the evening news. Perhaps one would see his picture at important functions, such as the National Democratic Conventions, with his arms around John F. Kennedy or Lyndon Johnson or Adlai Stevenson. To most people, however, who were not familiar with Chicago or Illinois politics, Richard Daley seemed like just another mayor of a big American city.

Since 1968 and the convention disaster, Daley became the antithesis of those who like to consider themselves "progressives", "liberals" or "reformers" within the Democratic Party. Daley is pictured as a despotic, corrupt administrator who must be destroyed if the Democratic Party is going to survive. The mere thought of Daley playing a major role in selecting the next Democratic candidate for President is revolting to them, but they know their "reform" or "Progressive" candidates do not share their idealism and they know that in Illinois at least, Daley is still the man to see.

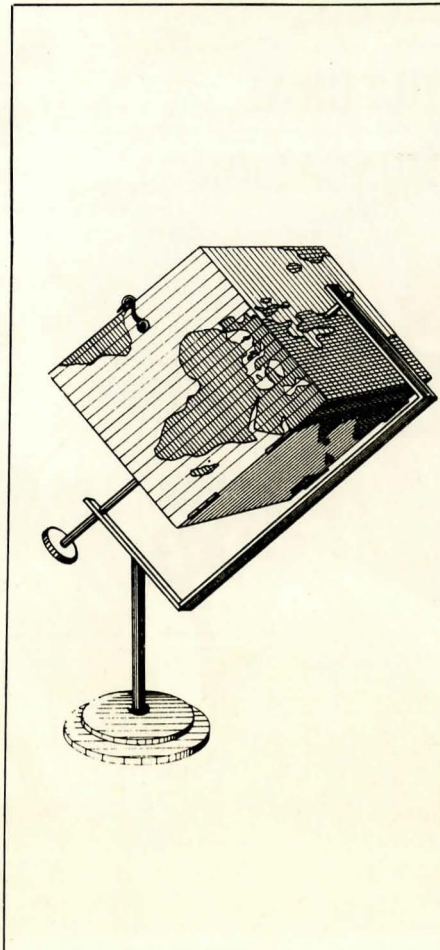
It took Daley thirty years, from 1923 to 1953, to complete his rise from a precinct captain to his election as chairman of the Cook County Democratic Central Committee, a position he still holds. His first term began in 1955 and his election this past April to his fifth term with more than

70 per cent of the vote will probably be his last.

Royko has described those years, and what made it all happen in a book that proves useful to present day observers of the political scene.

"Boss" is about what has been happening in Chicago, the neighborhood political clubs, the patronage, the "fix" and the influence enjoyed by the business leaders, the bankers, the insurance people, the contractors and cement companies, and the structure of a machine that starts on the lowly precinct level and works its way up to the "Mayor's" office. In a way, it is also about New York, although most of those close to John Lindsay would vehemently deny it.

Reading about how the party workers get out the vote (or else) and how the party raises the money to run its campaign sounds very similar to the political organizations of our Enlightened Mayor, known as the John V. Lindsay Associations. They perform much the same function as Daley's machine, running dances, fund-raising dinners, and selling advertising in the Journals, which are put out by the dinner committee. (The advertising is "sold" of course, to those who must do business with the city-real estate men, bankers, contractors, etc.)



Royko tells us how, in Illinois the election laws are stacked against the independent, making a run off between the two major parties nearly impossible. In New York, an Independent needs 7500 signatures on his nominating petitions to get his name on the ballot. Daley's petitions need only about 3900 (based on one-half of one per cent of his party's vote) in the previous election. Independents need 5 per cent of the previous total vote case, and only legally defined Independents - those who have not voted in the recent partisan primaries, which usually comes out to about 65,000 names. Royko tells us about the attitude toward Independent candidates petitions. In the words of a former Election Board boss, Sidney Holzman: "We throw their petitions up to the ceiling, and those that stick are good."

There are many anecdotes about Daley, about his amazing political acumen, about his uncanny knack for taking a proposal from an opposing group, and turning it around, re-write it, then submit it to the City Council as his own program. There is a story about how a member of the Central Committee, Lynn Williams, had been angered by Daley's attacks on liberals after the 1968 convention. Daley had been blasting pseudo-liberals, liberal-intellectuals, suburban liberals, suburban liberal-intellectuals, and pseudo-liberal-intellectual suburbanites. Most of the speeches had a central theme. "Who in the hell do those people think they are? Who are they to tell us how to run our party?" At a Central Committee meeting, Williams delivered a "scathing rebuttal" to Daley, saying how the party needed liberal participation to survive. When Williams finished his attack and with the whole committee waiting for Daley to explode he said simply, quietly: "I've always been a liberal myself." Another story has Daley chairing a Council hearing (he also controls the microphones, which he turns off when he has tired of the speaker) and in frustration a young speaker blurted out "Up your ass!" Daley jumped from his seat, angered, and yelled back, "And up yours too!"

There is Daley in his quiet neighborhood, living in the same house he was born in, and there is Daley as the "king-maker" at Democratic Conventions. There is Daley at the 1968 convention, screaming at Abe Ribicoff, "Fuck you, you JEW son of a Bitch, you lousy motherfucker, go home."

Daley's changing attitudes kept civil rights groups off balance, Royko writes. "One day he'd be statesmanlike, talking of change in progressive terms. Then he'd become vitriolic and resume his attacks on "outsiders" and "subversive influence." The Rev. Arthur Brazier, a leader of the South Side Woodlawn Organization (organized by Saul Alinsky, who, ironically, organized Daley's Bridgeport

Area years before) says about Daley: "He is a difficult man to case, one of the shrewdest men I've ever had contact with. He could be so disarming and so friendly that the unsophisticated would walk out thinking he had promised them the world, and they wouldn't have one solid promise."

Royko does not draw any conclusions from his book; he does add his opinions to what he has written and his barbs are aimed at nearly everyone who is high up in Daley's club, and those who benefit in one way or another from the municipal treasury. It is a fast-moving, hard-hitting, no holds barred "inside" look at Daley's regime. Royko's style and muckraking is sorely missed in New York's lethargic press corps. It is Mary Nichols and Jack Newfield in the *Village Voice* and sometimes Jimmy Preslin in *New York Magazine* and sometimes Pete Hamill.

If any conclusions are to be drawn from learning more about Daley, one is that the machine does work - for those it is designed to serve and for those who work for the party and contribute to the party, and make the vote tally come out the way that pleases the boss.

When I said it was also about New York, well, it is. In Chicago, the machine hates blacks and Puerto Ricans, and the machine lies and distorts and issues empty, hollow press releases which say nothing; it runs roughshod over neighborhoods with no political contacts. The machine favors those who are politically connected, and those who contribute to the party coffers and cooperate with the fund raisers. The machine says one thing and does another, makes secret deals on judgeships, and hides the real cost of projects from the people who are paying for them. The "Boss" doesn't tolerate dissent, and undermines his administrators when they step out of line.

Royko's book has Daley and Chicago, as Russell Baker wrote: "to the life." It is devastating, sometimes discouraging, sometimes funny, but through it all, Daley stands out, almost as a Chicago legend. But mostly it is Richard Daley, mastering "his town," keeping his finger on nearly every facet of city life, pre-empting issues from opposition groups, still running the machine as he has for twenty years, wheeling and dealing, keeping tabs on good friends who need jobs, keeping his Bridgeport neighbors happy with City Hall connections, and seeing to it that Bridgeport remains open to everyone - who is white.

From Daley's point of view, what is happening in Chicago to Blacks and Puerto Ricans and Mexicans is the same thing that his parents went through, that is, Daley believes they must "pull themselves up by the bootstraps" and climb up the social ladder like everyone else. They must work hard, get an education, persevere, and wait their turn. Of course, he never likes to discuss how - in a town like Chicago - they might do that. Daley

Continued on page 58

HEY BROTHER COFFEE HOUSE

STATEN ISLAND COMM. COLL.

downstairs cafeteria

April 7,12, May 5,19 8:30 p.m.



**There's room at the top they are telling you still
But first you must learn to smile as you kill
If you want to be like the folks on the hill
Yes, a working class hero is someone to be**

John Lennon

people deciding what it is we are going to do with our present lives and can we really think about having an effect on our future. I understand that flow back and forth as a dialectic which will continue long after "the revolution." It is the dialectic between two forms of power: The power to **individually** control and own as an end in itself, and the power to **socially** control ourselves and our resources in order to do with them, to produce, to work for ourselves and our economic, political, and social needs. The dialectic between power for individual gain, and power for social productivity, for social self-governing. I (we) have been socialized to be entrepreneurs of our ideology, our knowledge, of our whole personalities, and our struggle is to be a worker—an equal in work—together with other people. It's a way of loving and living together, a way of working, and a way of talking to people about why they feel the need for political change. I don't think the dialectic ever ends, we never completely "win." The struggle for power to live with greater equality and freedom in our personal lives and the struggle to democratically control the political and economic institutions which now control us—is a social way of living now and trying to influence our future. It's not like most people are not already struggling. It's that we feel and live like we were all alone, we are not supporting each other, and we have yet to have any control over or agreement on our future.

Twenty-five years of history, of long stumbling-along days, have brought me to the seeds of these thoughts and feelings. We've hardly begun to bring

such a "theory" home to the way we live and work. I've begun by finding some people who share my need to work together as equals and who want to work with other people in trying to effect our individual and collective future. I no longer feel isolated; and striving to live and work in this new way is a human alternative to the self-defeating struggle for security and control which is that part of my history which I think I now understand. There is now a black movement, and a women's movement, a professional movement, a student and a youth movement, a gay movement, a G.I. movement, a rank and file movement, a health movement, and a community control movement. The people in all of these are (or soon will be) working people struggling for power over their own lives and over the institutions which govern them. And then there is the majority of working people—who struggle alone or within their family or who have given up. The American or the world revolution which I understand is the struggle to talk and work with each other—those of us who are "moving" and those who are not—around our deepest felt needs for meeting our material needs and for our personal and political freedom. Working for radical change is not for "them, the oppressed people," it's for us, the oppressed people, people with a falling apart present and a future full of fears. I'm not a lonely angry little boy anymore. We're working to work together and we've got history—the history of people's striving for self-governing power—on our side. I see it as a working people's revolution.

hoping for a future which will be different and thriving on the little rewards and satisfactions to be drawn out of an impossibly complex and powerful world.

I've relearned the value and am only beginning to rediscover the means to be a working person working as an equal with other working people. A part of the struggle which I now feel is to try to use the skills, the intelligence, the class position which is now "mine" in an accountable and equal way to the skills and knowledge of the people with whom I'm working or living. If I (we) can learn how not to organize people around "our" program or "our" ideology, (first step is giving up the belief that we have a program) but to work with people in developing a "program" which makes sense to the people who might eventually unite behind it and make it happen—then maybe I (we) will relearn how to talk with and work with people who don't now see our ideas of radical change as being in their interest. To struggle to do that is both personal and political and we need each other to hold us individually accountable and to support us as we demaster our ability to gain power for ourselves. It's not like this is a political decision about a new and workable strategy for political practice. For me and I think for many others it's a survival decision about the way I want to live my life, how I can keep going, and what it is that we are working for.

I see myself going back and forth daily between the old individual power, way of getting control, and the newer more uncertain form of social power, of working with and being an equal part of

Book

prefers to speak in broad generalizations about the "American Way."

Royko does not pretend to be objective. His book can be described fairly as a hatchet job; not only on Daley, but on a lot of influential people, including the press, which he blames for abdicating its responsibilities, and comes close to saying they too have been bought off.

Perhaps the most discouraging aspect of the book, and the study of any political machine that has degenerated into the "Chicago reality" is the possibilities for such a machine to actually work - but to work for the people who need it the most. The machine has (and still does) perform certain basic functions. It is not the answer to all municipal problems, but it might be useful to analyze it, and entertain the possibilities that maybe the resources and the structure of the machine could be made to work for all of us.

At the age of 69, and in politics for the past 48 years, Daley knows what power he will wield at next year's convention. Perhaps not as much as in the past, when all of Illinois' delegates went to the convention, supposedly uncommitted, but controlled by Daley. Next year's delegation will be partly elected by the voters in the March 21st primary. "Partly" because none of the major candidates have shown a willingness to compete with the Boss on his own turf, chances are Daley will control about 75 of the 170 delegate votes.

Perhaps this is why after his election to his fifth term (April 6, 1971) when he was asked if any of the presidential hopefuls

had telephoned their congratulations - (including Kennedy, McGovern, Humphrey and Muskie), he smiled and said "They all did." And they will go to him, begging for his support at Miami in 1972. They will go, forgiving him for 1968, forgetting the past, as if all that we have read and all that has been said about him never really happened.

They all know that Dick Daley holds the key to their presidential ambitions, and he will not let them forget it. Already, he has them eating out of his hand. Last month, George McGovern said: "Mayor Daley - runs the city of Chicago in an efficient manner and I would welcome his support for President."

One wonders what Abe Ribicoff, the man who nominated George McGovern for President in 1968, and who was the object of Daley's vicious epithets, thinks about that.

Records

hissy, noisy tracks were each memorized and recited in unison with the tape. Before "Temptation Rag" Laibman checks the levels with a suspicious "Recording. Recording? Watch what you say. 'Temptation Rag.'" We bit our nails. We practiced. He says, " 'Kitten on the Keys' by Zez Confrey." and those of us who had the patience became skillful at Ragtime: the ultimate fingerpicking exercise; the Educated Thumb. Some of the cuts on Stefan Grossman's British releases (available in his Oak Publications method books) are credited to The Originator. Several raggedy freaks started subcultures in Boston '67, San Francisco '70;

private ragtime communes; inside ragtime jokes. "I was working on the fourth section of 'Red Carpet Rag' last night." General admiring laughter. Numbers got to be a life style. "Have you played Gerhold's 1-17, number 52178, 1932? Action's like butter, but it buzzes a bit." An old Martin, preferably inlaid, if you're serious about playing rags, is prerequisite. So are 10 fast fingers.

In the Music Room days at Penn State '63 "Mike" (whose name was Claire) had a friend named Ricky Schoenberg who was a cousin of David Laibman. Ricky was an electric guitarist who was eventually recruited by his cousin to fill in some of the bass lines on his record so David could be free to "work the rags into a guitar personality." Which he did. But he could have done them alone too.

His introduction and some track-by-track historical annotation notwithstanding, the real reason Sam Charters copped "created and recorded by" credit on the album is not very clear. The boys have been playing these tunes for years and the recording quality is not much better than the fifth-hand dubbing. David and Ricky lay down eleven sweet rags. It's not impossible that the album will impress you less than William Blacom's or Joshua Rifkin's piano rag records on Elektra, but they are being played on the 14 frets of wooden guitars and that makes Laibman as good in his idiom as Segovia is in classical guitar. As unto Joseph Spence, Bahaman guitarist, and the blind Reverend Gary Davis, gospel-blues singer, you would do well to attend to David Laibman. He's best in his class; and a legend in his own ragtime.



"Well, now we're students. . . I can feel a wave of revolutionary dissent already."

Survival Notes

HONG KONG

If you have the time (five weeks or so), Hong Kong offers fantastic deals in cameras, tape recorders, motorcycles, binoculars, clothing, etc. Prices usually include seamount costs, but you have to pay a small import duty, and Customs obliterates the trademark. Prices run about 1/2 of the price that is in the states (e.g. Cannon FT-QL that costs 280.00 without tax can be bought for \$118.00 plus \$15.00 duty). One definitely should check into this!!!



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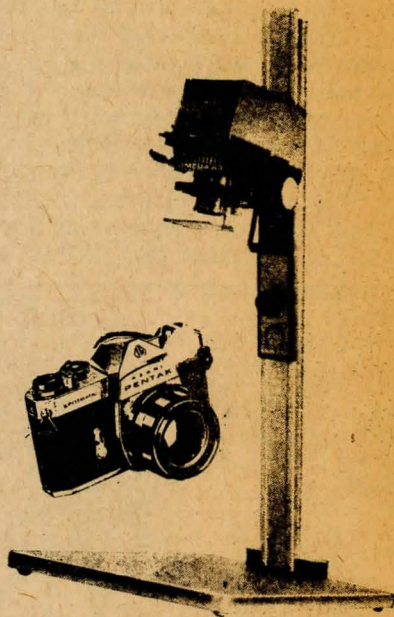
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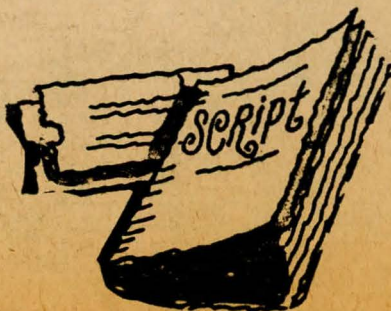
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COUNTER CULTURE

patterns of thinking and surviving that we have learned. What's more, we're even responsible for that society. Those people who can more or less make it as "drop-outs" are always a marginal group. And even most of them still have to work for a living, have to pay taxes, have to deal with the draft, have to depend on agricultural business for their vegetables, and so on.

In addition, ignoring the racism and oppression of the U.S. rulers will not make it disappear—even if "youth-culture" could get millions of young people to try to ignore it, the war in Indochina would still go on.

Another problem with counter-culture is its elitism. These young people, many of them from the middle class, have been told all their lives by the wealthy rulers that working people are stupid, reactionary and inferior to them. They have accepted this myth and have rejected unity with the working class—the only real way to change the system. Because they will not ally with the working people, they are forced to rely on the charity and tolerance of the ruling class "liberals" who publish their music, sponsor their concerts and sell their clothing.

Like "Truth & Soul" clothing. In their advertising they state that "no fat-cat businessman designed these clothes," but Monsanto, the "fat-cat" company that

manufactures the clothing, makes an immense profit selling their "Truth and Soul" product. Monsanto also manufactures defoliants used in Vietnam!

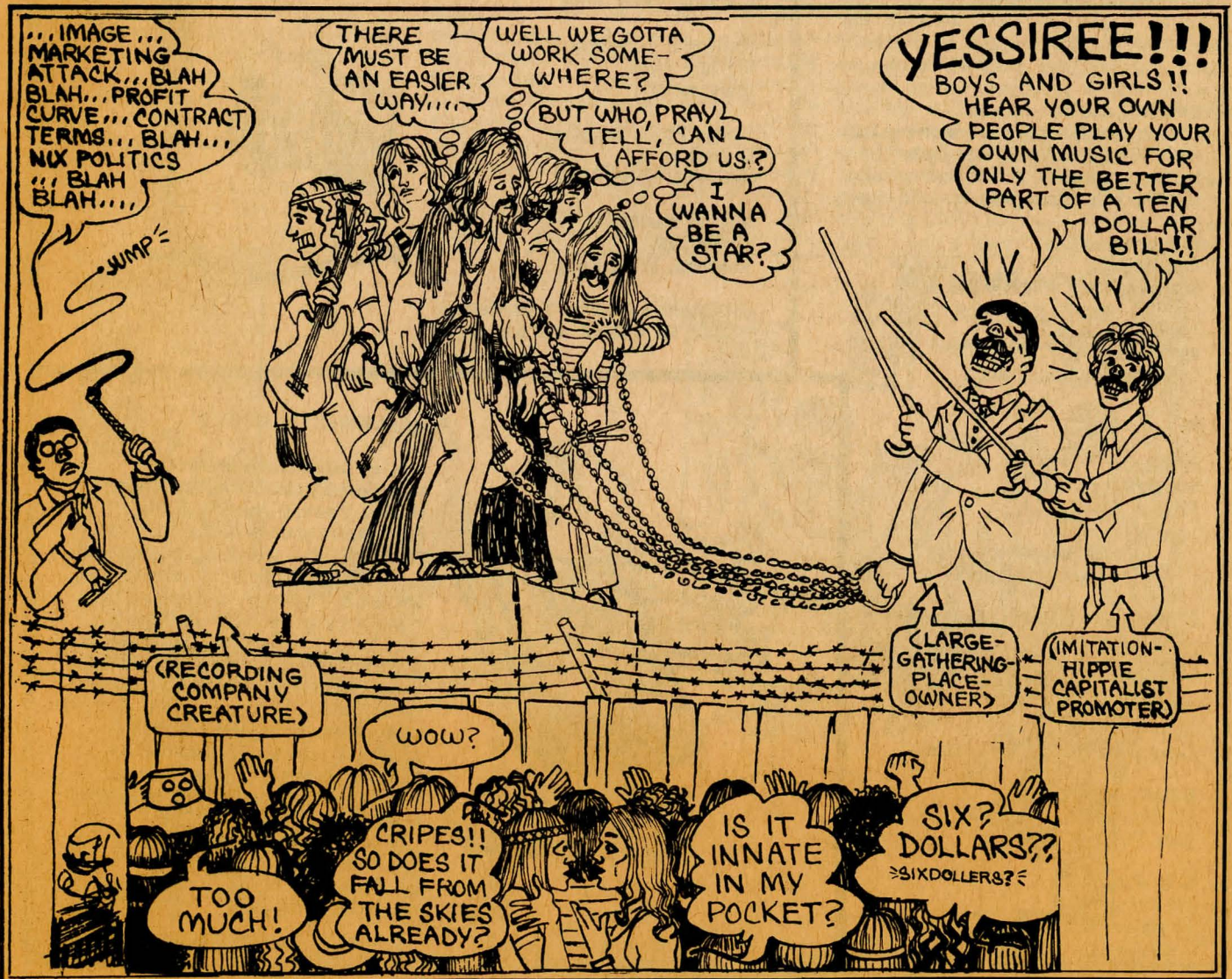
A culture based on this exploiting class can only stagnate because it is isolated from the real life of the people.

The American commodity culture has always been parasitic. First, from the Europeans, it took opera, ballet, classical music, etc. as the basis of ruling class culture. Then, it tried to steal black culture (jazz, slang words, blues, etc.) and this continues today. Now the rulers are selling "hippie-culture."

WHAT IS TO BE DONE?

The counter culturists do not have a materialist view of history. It focuses on the outward manifestations of capitalism's social decline rather than on its essence. It does not strike at the political forces of today and can force no real change. Capitalism can absorb all sorts of new cultural demands. If it has to call itself "socialism" to regain its economic power, it will do so. Only a real revolutionary movement does not have co-optable goals because these goals address themselves fundamentally to taking power out of the hands of the ruling class.

A "Revolutionary Culture" must be developed. It must be a culture which is intimately tied up with the people's struggles to win their rights. This culture educates



COUNTER CULTURE

people as to the true nature of our society (rather than leading off into mysticism or anti-social directions), it attempts to allow and encourage individuals to express themselves directly rather than creating "super-stars," it tries to express our present problems and our future hopes for building a new society.

Each group of people must create this culture to meet its specific needs and, within all of these groups (blacks, whites, Chicanos, native Americans, Puerto Ricans) women and gay liberationists are now working to win true equality and self expression.

A white revolutionary culture has always existed in an embryo form: in country and western music and "folk" songs, in labor songs (most notably represented by Woody Guthrie and Joe Hill), in the revolutionary theatre of the 1930's. We must fight to build this culture by taking what is still useful from the old and adding the new discoveries, many of them derived from the experiences of youth culture.

The corporate bosses have always tried to destroy independent black culture and create a culture of subservience. But the very nature of racist oppression made black culture the strongest and most original in our country. People like Emory Douglas and other are trying to develop this culture in a revolutionary direction through art and music. It is interesting that the development of many black poets, playwrights, writers

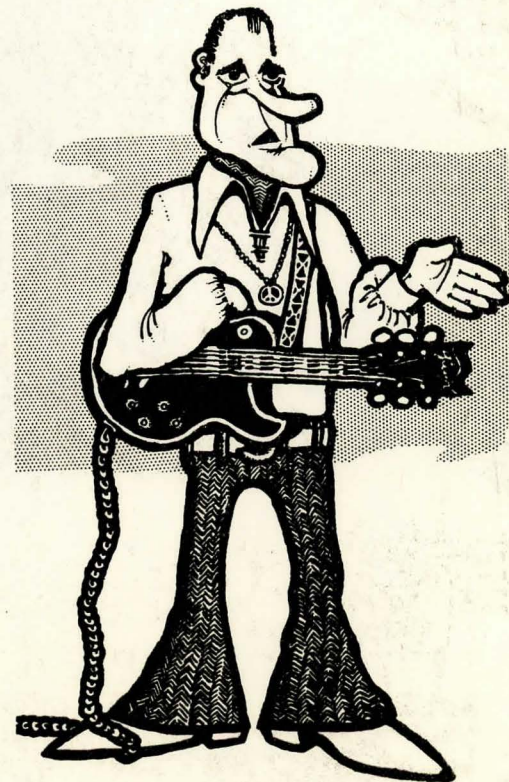
and other artists has coincided with the growth of black political struggles.

Women are portrayed in capitalist culture as the housewife on commercials, and in "youth-culture" women are still portrayed as sex objects and status symbols. A revolutionary culture must completely reject this male chauvanism. New women artists, many of them closely connected with political struggles, are rising up in many different fields and striking roles and images of women. Striking blows against the stereotyped.

CONCLUSION

Counter-culture is a social phenomenon which has contained within it a genuinely revolutionary potential. To realize its revolutionary potential it must recognize its class origin and elitist attitudes and change them. Otherwise it may serve non-revolutionary, even counter-revolutionary purposes to the extent that it moves in the direction of outmoded solutions. In fact the trend of the counter-culture has been away from political solutions which change productive relations and towards solutions which are in essence changes in the appearances of some of the more oppressive aspects of modern capitalistic society and encourage illusions that the system itself is being changed.

The true culture of revolution is part of the revolutionary process—the life-styles, cultural attitudes, and value code of tomorrow which begin to appear in embryonic form in the course of fighting for human liberation—not as a self-conscious adjunct to the struggle but as an integral part of it.



"Are you sure this'll get me the youth vote?"

There are magazines born for every age. This one belongs to the frontrunners of the new generation. It makes your market young again.

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Dear Reader,

We wish to apologize for two unseen typographical errors. The article on Recounter Culture (pg. 18&19) is continued on page 60. The article on Where Do We Go From Here (pg. 20) should be continued on page 22 and then page 21. We are sorry for this inconvenience.

Thank you for your time,

Staff of Advocate