

prepared to defend them. After going through Pinedale, and Tule Lake, you might be inclined to think that all the idealistic principles of democracy are hooey, but that isn't so! Some of those principles in practice have been distorted by men who have not thought deeply enough, who have failed to appreciate their full significance; but those principles, I believe, are true. At least, that is what I'm trying to establish by my case.

PART SEVEN

The Affluent Society, 1945–1966

INTRODUCTION: THE CRACK IN THE PICTURE WINDOW

As GIs came back from Europe and the Pacific to the euphoric welcome of an exultant nation, there was already a sense that “returning home” would be anything but normal. With the defeat of Germany and Japan, the division of Europe, and the dawn of the Atomic Age, the world had irrevocably changed. Uncertainty was in the air. The Soviet Union, its massive armies occupying Eastern Europe, loomed as a menace.

Even during the war, much of President Roosevelt (FDR) and Prime Minister Churchill's military strategy and diplomatic policy was determined by their recognition that the war would result in the emergence of the United States and the Soviet Union as the two major super powers. Although he did not fully trust Stalin, at Tehran and again at Yalta FDR was convinced he could work out an adequate understanding with the Soviet leader. However, Roosevelt's successor, Harry Truman, did not trust Stalin at all and was adamant about holding the line against what was perceived as Soviet imperialism. Stalin's actions fed these suspicions. Not only were the Soviets in control of Eastern Europe but also Stalin presented an ultimatum to Turkey and attempted to carve a sphere of influence in Iran. In 1946, Churchill gave his famous “iron curtain” speech, which seemed to draw the line in the sand, dividing West from East. And so, less than a year after the war's end, the cold war was a reality.

Historians have debated at length the question “who started the cold war?” Some have argued that it was the result of Soviet expansion and U.S. resistance to that expansion. Others have contended that it was the U.S. wish to expand capitalism and control markets and raw materials around the world that was the

cause. Still others have claimed that the cold war was simply a result of misunderstanding on the part of the two great powers: If only the United States had realized that the Soviet grip on Eastern Europe had less to do with imperialism and expansion and was more a matter of Russia's attempt to create a secure buffer zone on its western flank to guard against the possibility of yet another German invasion. (Millions of people in the Soviet Union had experienced two German invasions, and millions had died as a result—approximately 27 million in World War II alone!) However one interprets its origins, the cold war was the determining factor presiding over international relations for the next 46 years.

Because it was not possible to unseat the Soviets from the positions they already occupied, Truman's response was the policy of "containment." Communism must not be allowed to spread; it must be contained. After 1947, the Marshall Plan, channeling billions of dollars into the rebuilding of Europe, became one of the more successful devices for containing communism. In 1948, the United States set the wheels in motion to unify the three allied occupied sectors of Germany into the Federal Republic of Germany (which came into being in 1949). In response, the Soviets initiated the Berlin blockade to force the allies out of West Berlin. The Americans and British reacted with the Berlin airlift.

In 1949, the North Atlantic Treaty Organization (NATO) was founded to defend Western Europe from Soviet aggression. Even earlier, the Soviet Union created its own bloc through a system of separate military-political alliances with Eastern European countries. (Later, in 1955, the Soviets initiated the Warsaw Pact, uniting the Soviet Union with East Germany, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Poland, Romania, and Bulgaria in a defense pact against capitalist aggression.) Also in 1949, the Soviets successfully tested their first atomic bomb, and in October the Chinese communist revolution became a victorious reality. The North Korean invasion of South Korea followed closely in June 1950, bringing a wave of anxiety across the United States. Just five years after having won the biggest war in history, how could we suddenly be living in such a perilous, uncertain world, in which our mortal enemies seemed to be building in strength? Fear of Soviet expansion abroad was accompanied by an equally deep fear of communism at home. The Alger Hiss case, which brought national attention to a young, previously unknown congressman from California—Richard Nixon—and the trial of the Communist Party in 1948–1949 was part of the spy mania that beset the nation after the war. The House Committee on Un-American Activities (HUAAC) held scores of hearings in an effort to unmask Americans working to spread communist propaganda within the United States. Because Hollywood had a powerful influence on American attitudes, HUAAC concentrated much of its efforts on the "Hollywood Ten" and others in the entertainment industry. Unions and other "left-wing" organizations were also targeted. In 1950, Senator Joseph McCarthy, proclaiming there were 205 card-carrying members of the Communist Party employed by the State Department, began his infamous witch hunt that would last for the next four years. This Red Scare reached such proportions that it stifled legitimate political discourse and debate, even within the Capitol. Senators and congressmen were afraid to voice criticism of American

policy, lest they be labeled "soft on communism" or "pinko." As those investigated by HUAAC and McCarthy quickly discovered, such allegations destroyed reputations and careers. There were many, however, who did take a stand against the hysteria. Senator Margaret Chase Smith of Maine issued a "declaration of conscience" to warn about the destruction of civil liberties. Even though it got them blacklisted, Paul Robeson, Pete Seeger, John Howard Lawson, and others being investigated stood up for the Bill of Rights and condemned the committee itself for being un-American.

With the American and Soviet development of the hydrogen bomb (a thousand times more powerful than the atomic bomb dropped on Hiroshima), the nuclear arms race took a more alarming, more terrifying turn. Fears rose that a simple miscalculation, a failure of the United States and Soviet Union to communicate, could lead to Armageddon—the destruction of the world. The fact that the Eisenhower administration was relying more on the development of nuclear weapons than on stockpiling conventional weapons made the situation more unsettling. Secretary of State John Foster Dulles's diplomatic strategy was "brinkmanship." When negotiating with the Soviets over a crisis, let them know that if a compromise could not be reached, we would be prepared to launch an attack. The policy at the negotiating table was therefore to force the issue to the brink of catastrophe and then wait for someone to pull back. In this way, it seemed, every confrontation could lead to the end of the world. Every school in America began instituting regular air raid drills (along with the customary fire drills). National air raid drills were also introduced, with members of Congress and even the president participating. Underground areas in every city were designated as fallout shelters. Many citizens built their own private fallout shelters in backyards or basements and stockpiled water, canned food, and weapons so that, if the worst happened, they could fend off those who would try to seize their shelter. Anxiety was on the rise.

Cold war reality, along with anticommunist hysteria, was one fundamental development that shaped 1950s America. The other was the booming economy. After 15 years of depression and war, Americans were, at first, nervous that the wartime economy would collapse and the nation would sink once again into depression. Indeed, strikes and labor unrest for the first three years after the war were ominous warnings that a recession could ensue. However, the return of GIs eager to start families (leading to the baby boom), the burgeoning housing industry (to accommodate growing families), the production of consumer goods (especially automobiles), and the nuclear arms race all led to a soaring economy, creating such a sense of progress and affluence that it became a widely accepted belief that the American dream was within the reach of every citizen. With an attitude bordering on arrogance, Americans were convinced that the United States was the greatest country on earth. Part of this patriotic pride, of course, was in reaction to the Soviet threat. Patriotic Americans, viewing the two sides through somewhat distorted lenses, compared the free, democratic United States with the atheistic, totalitarian Soviet Union and saw obvious, unacceptable differences. Anticommunist attitudes combined with the postwar

economic miracle to encourage conformity. The cultural mantra became: Everyone should be prosperous, everyone should have a good job, everyone should have a nice house in the suburbs with a nice picture window, everyone should value the American way of life, and everyone should oppose communism. Television, the new technological innovation that burst on the scene in the 1950s, underscored and enabled this ideology. Every night, people were glued to their television sets watching *Guns smoke, Have Gun Will Travel*, and *The Rifleman* extolling the virtues of the rugged individuals who made America great. Or they were watching *Leave It to Beaver*, *The Donna Reed Show*, *Father Knows Best*, or *Ozzie and Harriet* extolling the virtues of white, middle-class, male-dominated America. The message was clear. This is the way it ought to be for every American.

But, as writer John Keats observed, there was a "crack in the picture window" of suburbia. Not everyone was happy with the American dream. Not everyone, indeed, was able to participate in that dream. Vance Packard passed judgment on the advertising industry and the urge so many Americans had to achieve status in his widely read books *The Hidden Persuaders* and *The Status Seekers*. Sociologists David Riesman, in *The Lonely Crowd*, and William Whyte, in *The Organization Man*, critically analyzed the conformity that seemed so attractive to so many people. Americans, Whyte maintained, were no longer concerned with standing out, thinking for themselves, and being innovative; rather, they were more inclined to "fit in" to become part of the corporate team. Riesman argued that Americans were no longer "inner-directed" individuals, guided by inner principles and morality, but were becoming "other directed," more concerned with what others thought of them and with pleasing others than with being faithful to their own principles.

To be sure, there were many who did not conform to conventional standards. In art, there was the abstract expressionism of Jackson Pollock, Robert Motherwell, and Mark Rothko that mystified and bewildered critics. In music, there was bebop, an unwaveringly individualistic, improvisational style of jazz performed by Charlie Parker, Thelonious Monk, Dizzy Gillespie, and others. In literature, J. D. Salinger's *Catcher in the Rye* criticized the shallowness and phoniness of American society, and Arthur Miller's *The Crucible* compared the McCarthy hearings to the Salem witchcraft trials. Thus in some ways it can be argued that the conformity of the 1950s was not so widespread and deeply ingrained as some historians and sociologists have maintained—otherwise, how does one explain the rebellion of the 1960s? The rise of the Beat Movement and the sudden popularity of rock and roll are two developments often viewed as seeds of the sixties. William Burroughs, Allen Ginsberg, Jack Kerouac, and others attacked pervasive conformist values in their books. Teenagers devoured the music of Chuck Berry, Little Richard, Elvis Presley, Jerry Lee Lewis, Fats Domino, and many others with such enthusiasm that their parents began to worry that rock and roll was part of the international communist conspiracy to corrupt America's youth and eventually destroy the United States. The fact that the nation's youth took to rock and roll so quickly and passionately suggested

that there was an indefinable hunger for something else, something that the material comforts of the affluent 1950s were not providing.

The most obvious indication of the crack in the American picture window—in fact, a development that significantly challenged the fundamental assumption that the United States was a democracy—was the emergence of the civil rights movement. After the 1954 *Brown v. Board of Education* decision outlawing segregation in public schools, African Americans began to hope that nearly a century of discrimination and second-class citizenship would finally come to an end. However, southern states and school districts resisted implementation of the decision and in some cases delayed school integration, for many years. Blacks understood that achieving parity with whites would involve more than the long struggle to change racist laws; they understood that the rights of American citizenship were not simply going to be given to them; they would have to struggle to claim them. In 1955, Rosa Parks refused to give up her seat on a Montgomery, Alabama bus, thus leading to the year-long Montgomery bus boycott and the rise of Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. to national prominence. In 1957, Governor Orval Faubus ordered the Arkansas National Guard to prevent nine black students from entering Little Rock Central High School. After a tense confrontation, a reluctant President Eisenhower was eventually forced to send in the U.S. Army to enforce compliance with the *Brown* decision. (Ironically he sent in the 101st Airborne Division, the elite division that parachuted into Normandy in the predawn hours of June 6, 1944. Some thought it appropriate that the 101st, which helped restore freedom to France in 1944, would also facilitate bringing freedom to Arkansas in 1957.) These events, broadcast on national television, awakened many people to the reality that the United States had not yet lived up to its ideal that "all men are created equal." In 1960 black students in Greensboro, North Carolina, and Nashville, Tennessee, began a new campaign of sit-ins at segregated lunch counters, and in 1961 Congress of Racial Equality (CORE) and Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee (SNCC) activists launched the Freedom Rides to push the new Kennedy administration to enforce the Supreme Court's decision outlawing bus segregation. A pivotal year for the civil rights movement was 1963. In April and May, Martin Luther King Jr. initiated a series of demonstrations in Birmingham, Alabama, during which the police and fire departments attacked the demonstrators with dogs and fire hoses. The shock of this violent reaction to nonviolent protest generated so much positive publicity for the civil rights movement that Kennedy finally threw the weight of the Oval Office behind the movement, calling civil rights a "moral issue" and forwarding a bill to Congress that would outlaw segregation in workplaces, public housing, and public accommodation. In August, the Freedom Now movement sponsored the historic March on Washington, where King delivered his celebrated "I Have a Dream" speech to an orderly crowd of more than 250,000 people. King, although the most famous of the civil rights leaders, was only one of hundreds of deeply dedicated individuals who risked their lives for the cause. Though they had differing points of view

on how best to achieve their rights as American citizens, Robert Moses, John Lewis, Ella Baker, Malcolm X, Anne Moody, Stokely Carmichael, Floyd McKissick, and countless others were profoundly committed to transforming race relations in the United States.

In 1964, when the Civil Rights Act became law, hundreds of white and black students participated in Freedom Summer—a voter registration drive for Mississippi blacks. Although three civil rights workers were killed during the first week of the campaign, volunteers kept arriving in Mississippi. In 1965, the Voting Rights Bill, providing for federal overseers to monitor voter registration to make sure no citizen was prevented from registering, was signed into law by President Johnson. As the civil rights movement moved north, however, it began to splinter between advocates of King's nonviolent resistance and supporters of Black Power.

When Democrat John F. Kennedy became president, it was not only civil rights activists who had high hopes for the country. Young people generally were idealistic and hopeful, especially after Kennedy exhorted them, in his inaugural address, to “ask not what your country can do for you, ask what you can do for your country.”¹ Thousands joined the Peace Corps or involved themselves in the civil rights movement. At the University of Michigan, a group of students formed Students for a Democratic Society and, in 1962, issued the Port Huron Statement, in which they questioned cold war assumptions, analyzed American capitalism from a Marxist perspective, criticized racial bigotry, and called for a “participatory democracy” in which all Americans would work for bringing about a more just society. In 1963, in *The Feminine Mystique*, Betty Friedan¹ wrote that for American women, being trapped in the only accepted role—of homemaker—was frustrating and unfulfilling. This “problem that has no name,” she insisted, needed to be addressed. It was foolish, she argued, to accept the feminine mystique—the assumption that women could achieve happiness only by waxing the kitchen floor, scrubbing the bathtub, and taking care of husband and children. Middle-class women were living in nice suburbs, with nice husbands and nice children, but to Friedan, however, these suburbs were nothing more than “comfortable concentration camps” in which women’s creativity was stifled. The time had now come, she claimed, for women to cast off the false ideology and values that stultified their ambitions and opportunities. That same year the President’s Commission on the Status of Women (which Kennedy had set up in 1961) reported that there was indeed pervasive discrimination against women in education, in jobs, and in salaries. As a result, Kennedy backed the Equal Pay Act of 1963 and signed an executive order that civil service hiring must be done “without regard to sex.” A few years later, in 1966, Friedan founded the National Organization for Women (NOW), dedicated “to the proposition that women, first and foremost, are human beings who, like all

other people in our society, must have the chance to develop their fullest potential.” A feeling of change was in the air.

The idealism that Kennedy and the civil rights struggle had generated in the nation’s young baby boomers, however, was dealt a severe blow on November 22, 1963. As news of Kennedy’s assassination in Dallas flashed over the airwaves, the country ground to a halt. For four days, the sense of grief was overwhelming. For those young idealists Kennedy had inspired, the assassination was especially devastating. Many sensed, just as those in the current generation did on September 11, 2001, that somehow their lives would unfold differently because of this event. The historical and the personal had come together in a way that no one could have imagined.

In the aftermath of the assassination, great numbers of young people, no longer quite so naive, tried to work out how they might carry on what was perceived as Kennedy’s legacy. Even though Kennedy himself had been very slow to endorse civil rights, the fact that he had finally done so during his last months convinced many that he would have become a major force in accomplishing the movement’s goals. Over the next few years, many young men, also beguiled by Kennedy’s inaugural injunction to “pay any price, bear any burden,” eagerly enlisted in the Armed Forces in order to fight communists in Vietnam. Ironically, in the end, Vietnam became the final spark igniting the student movement.

John Howard Lawson (1894–1977)

John Howard Lawson, a Hollywood screenwriter and president of the Screen Writers Guild, was brought before the House Committee on Un-American Activities (HUAAC) in 1947 to respond to questions about his communist activity and his efforts to put communist propaganda into his film scripts. HUAAC was convinced that there was an international communist conspiracy to overthrow the American government and that the media and Hollywood had a particularly powerful influence on public thinking. If communists infiltrated the film industry or the media, they could “brainwash” Americans with insidious, subversive pro-leftist ideas. The committee therefore singled out Hollywood for investigation. During the hearings, Lawson, who had joined the Communist Party in 1934, attempted to read a statement into the record that accused the committee of undermining the Bill of Rights. Lawson’s strategy was to get the Supreme Court to rule that HUAAC was violating the free speech amendment of the Constitution and therefore overturn the committee’s rulings. In 1949, however, the court refused to hear the appeal, and Lawson (along with the

¹ See the full edition of *Dissent in America: The Voices That Shaped a Nation*.

other nine members of the Hollywood Ten, Herbert Biberman, Albert Maltz, Lester Cole, Dalton Trumbo, Alvah Besie, Samuel Ornitz, Edward Dmytryk, Adrian Scott, and Ring Lardner, Jr.) was blacklisted and imprisoned.

This document is a statement HUAC refused to allow Lawson to read. (For the text of his testimony before the committee, see the full version of Dissent in America: The Voices That Shaped a Nation.)

LAWSON'S STATEMENT THAT WAS EXCLUDED FROM THE PUBLIC RECORD, 1947

For a week, this Committee has conducted an illegal and indecent trial of American citizens, whom the Committee has selected to be publicly pilloried and smeared. I am not here to defend myself, or to answer the agglomeration of falsehoods that has been heaped upon me, I believe lawyers describe this material, rather mildly, as "hearsay evidence." To the American public, it has a shorter name: dirt. Rational people don't argue with dirt. I feel like a man who has had truckloads of filth heaped upon him; I am now asked to struggle to my feet and talk while more truckloads pour more filth around my head.

No, you don't argue with dirt. But you try to find out where it comes from. And to stop the evil deluge before it buries you—and others. The immediate source is obvious. The so-called "evidence" comes from a parade of stool-pigeons, neurotics, publicity-seeking clowns, Gestapo agents, paid informers, and a few ignorant and frightened Hollywood artists. I am not going to discuss this perjured testimony. Let these people live with their consciences, with the knowledge that they have violated their country's most sacred principles.

These individuals are not important. As an individual, I am not important. The obvious fact that the Committee is trying to destroy me personally and professionally, to deprive me of my livelihood and what is far dearer to me—my honor as an American—gains significance only because it opens the way to similar destruction of any citizen whom the Committee selects for annihilation.

I am not going to touch on the gross violation of the Constitution of the United States, and especially of its First and Fifth Amendments, that is taking place here. The proof is so overwhelming that it needs no elaboration. The Un-American Activities Committee stands convicted in the court of public opinion.

I want to speak here as a writer and a citizen. . . .

SOURCE: "A Statement by John Howard Lawson," in Gordon Kahn, ed., *Hollywood on Trial* (New York, 1948); quoted in *Thirty Years of Treason: Excerpts from Hearings before the House Committee on Un-American Activities, 1938–1968*, Eric Bentley, ed. (New York: Viking Press, 1971), 161–165.

My political and social views are well known. My deep faith in the motion picture as a popular art is also well known. I don't "sneak ideas" into pictures. I never make a contract to write a picture unless I am convinced that it serves democracy and the interests of the American people. I will never permit what I write and think to be subject to the orders of self-appointed dictators, ambitious politicians, thought-control gestapos, or any other form of censorship this Un-American Committee may attempt to devise. My freedom to speak and write is not for sale in return for a card signed by J. Parnell Thomas saying "O.K. for employment until further notice."

Pictures written by me have been seen and approved by millions of Americans. A subpoena for me is a subpoena for all those who have enjoyed these pictures and recognized them as an honest portrayal of our American life.

Thus, my integrity as a writer is obviously an integral part of my integrity as a citizen. As a citizen I am not alone here. I am not only one of nineteen men who have been subpoenaed. I am forced to appear here as a representative of one hundred and thirty million Americans because the illegal conduct of this Committee has linked me with every citizen. If I can be destroyed no American is safe. You can subpoena a farmer in a field, a lumberjack in the woods, a worker at a machine, a doctor in his office—you can deprive them of a livelihood, deprive them of their honor as Americans.

Let no one think that this is an idle or thoughtless statement. This is the course that the Un-American Activities Committee has charted. Millions of Americans who may as yet be unconscious of what may be in store for them will find that the warning I speak today is literally fulfilled. No American will be safe if the Committee is not stopped in its illegal enterprise.

I am like most Americans in resenting interference with my conscience and belief. I am like most Americans in insisting on my right to serve my country in the way that seems to me most helpful and effective. I am like most Americans in feeling that loyalty to the United States and pride in its traditions is the guiding principle of my life. I am like most Americans in believing that divided loyalty—which is another word for treason—is the most despicable crime of which any man or woman can be accused.

It is my profound conviction that it is precisely because I hold these beliefs that I have been hailed before this illegal court. These are the beliefs that the so-called Un-American Activities Committee is seeking to root out in order to subvert orderly government and establish an autocratic dictatorship.

I am not suggesting that J. Parnell Thomas aspires to be the man on horseback. He is a petty politician, serving more powerful forces. Those forces are trying to introduce fascism in this country. They know that the only way to trick the American people into abandoning their rights and liberties is to manufacture an imaginary danger, to frighten the people into accepting repressive laws which are supposedly for their protection.

... Today, we face a serious crisis in the determination of national policy. The only way to solve that crisis is by free discussion. Americans must know the facts. The only plot against American safety is the plot to conceal facts. I am

plastered with mud because I happen to be an American who expresses opinions that the House Un-American Activities Committee does not like. But my opinions are not an issue in this case. The issue is my right to have opinions. The Committee's logic is obviously: Lawson's opinions are properly subject to censorship; he writes for the motion picture industry, so the industry is properly subject to censorship; the industry makes pictures for the American people, so the minds of the people must be censored and controlled.

Why? What are J. Parnell Thomas and the Un-American interests he serves, afraid of? They're afraid of the American people. They don't want to muzzle me. They want to muzzle public opinion. They want to muzzle the great Voice of democracy. Because they're conspiring against the American way of life. They want to cut living standards, introduce an economy of poverty, wipe out labor's rights, attack Negroes, Jews, and other minorities, drive us into a disastrous and unnecessary war.

The struggle between thought-control and freedom of expression is the struggle between the people and a greedy unpatriotic minority which hates and fears the people. I wish to present as an integral part of this statement, a paper which I read at a Conference on Thought Control in the United States held in Hollywood on July 9th to 13th. The paper presents the historical background of the threatening situation that we face today, and shows that the attack on freedom of communication is, and has always been, an attack on the American people.

The American people will know how to answer that attack. They will rally, as they have always rallied, to protect their birthright.

Margaret Chase Smith (1897-1995)

Maine's Margaret Chase Smith was the first woman to be elected to both houses of Congress. She was a representative from 1940 to 1949 and U.S.

senator from 1949 to 1973. In 1963 she declared her candidacy for the Republican presidential nomination and was thus the first woman to have her name put forth at a national convention. She came to prominence during the height of Senator Joseph McCarthy's anticommunist

crusade and in 1950 was the first senator to speak out against him. Her "Declaration of Conscience" speech denouncing McCarthy's smear

campaign and his recklessness in trying to uncover communists in the federal government is a classic statement of the constitutionally guaranteed right to dissent and protest. Senator Smith claimed that McCarthy's campaign was endangering the central principle of American democracy: freedom of conscience. As a result, Smith's "Declaration of Conscience" can be viewed as an early seed of the more radical dissent of the 1960s.

DECLARATION OF CONSCIENCE, 1950

For Release upon Delivery
Statement of Senator Margaret Chase Smith

June 1, 1950

Mr. President:

I would like to speak briefly and simply about a serious national condition. It is a national feeling of fear and frustration that could result in national suicide and the end of everything that we Americans hold dear. It is a condition that comes from the lack of effective leadership in either the Legislative Branch or the Executive Branch of our Government.

That leadership is so lacking that serious and responsible proposals are being made that national advisory commissions be appointed to provide such critically needed leadership.

I speak as briefly as possible because too much harm has already been done with irresponsible words of bitterness and selfish political opportunism. I speak as simply as possible because the issue is too great to be obscured by eloquence. I speak simply and briefly in the hope that my words will be taken to heart.

I speak as a Republican, I speak as a woman. I speak as a United States Senator. I speak as an American.

The United States Senate has long enjoyed worldwide respect as the greatest deliberative body in the world. But recently that deliberative character has too often been debased to the level of a forum of hate and character assassination sheltered by the shield of congressional immunity.

It is ironic that we Senators can in debate in the Senate directly or indirectly, by any form of words impute to any American, who is not a Senator, any conduct or motive unworthy or unbecoming an American—and without that non-Senator American having any legal redress against us—yet if we say the same thing in the Senate about our colleagues we can be stopped on the grounds of being out of order.

It is strange that we can verbally attack anyone else without restraint and with full protection and yet we hold ourselves above the same type of criticism here on the Senate Floor. Surely the United States Senate is big enough to take self-criticism and self-appraisal. Surely we should be able to take the same kind of character attacks that we dish out to outsiders.

I think that it is high time for the United States Senate and its members to do some soul searching—for us to weigh our consciences—on the manner in

SOURCE: "Declaration of Conscience" by Senator Margaret Chase Smith and "Statement of Seven Senators," June 1, 1950, *Congressional Record*, 82nd Congress, 1st Session, in Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr. and Roger Burns, *Congress Investigates: A Documented History, 1792-1974* (New York: Chelsea House, 1963), 84-88.

which we are performing our duty to the people of America—on the manner in which we are using or abusing our individual powers and privileges.

I think that it is high time that we remembered that we have sworn to uphold and defend the Constitution. I think that it is high time that we remembered; that the Constitution, as amended, speaks not only of the freedom of speech but also of trial by jury instead of trial by accusation.

Whether it be a criminal prosecution in court or a character prosecution in the Senate, there is little practical distinction when the life of a person has been ruined.

Those of us who shout the loudest about Americanism in making character assassinations are all too frequently those who, by our own words and acts, ignore some of the basic principles of Americanism—

The right to criticize;

The right to hold unpopular beliefs;

The right to protest;

The right of independent thought.

The exercise of these rights should not cost one single American citizen his reputation or his right to a livelihood nor should he be in danger of losing his reputation or livelihood merely because he happens to know some one who holds unpopular beliefs. Who of us doesn't? Otherwise none of us could call our souls our own. Otherwise thought control would have set in.

The American people are sick and tired of being afraid to speak their minds lest they be politically smeared as "Communists" or "Fascists" by their opponents. Freedom of speech is not what it used to be in America. It has been so abused by some that it is not exercised by others. The American people are sick and tired of seeing innocent people smeared and guilty people whitewashed. But there have been enough proved cases to cause nationwide distrust and strong suspicion that there may be something to the unproved, sensational accusations.

As a Republican, I say to my colleagues on this side of the aisle that the Republican Party faces a challenge today that is not unlike the challenge that it faced back in Lincoln's day. The Republican Party so successfully met that challenge that it emerged from the Civil War as the champion of a united nation—in addition to being a Party that unrelentingly fought loose spending and loose programs.

Today our country is being psychologically divided by the confusion and the suspicions that are bred in the United States Senate to spread like cancerous tentacles of "know nothing, suspect everything" attitudes. Today we have a Democratic Administration that has developed a mania for loose spending and loose programs. History is repeating itself—and the Republican Party again has the opportunity to emerge as the champion of unity and prudence.

The record of the present Democratic Administration has provided us with sufficient campaign issues without the necessity of resorting to political

smears. America is rapidly losing its position as leader of the world simply because the Democratic Administration has pitifully failed to provide effective leadership. . . .

Surely these are sufficient reasons to make it clear to the American people that it is time for a change and that a Republican victory is necessary to the security of this country. Surely it is clear that this nation will continue to suffer as long as it is governed by the present ineffective Democratic Administration.

Yet to displace it with a Republican regime embracing a philosophy that lacks political integrity or intellectual honesty would prove equally disastrous to this nation. The nation sorely needs a Republican victory. But I don't want to see the Republican Party ride to political victory on the Four Horsemen of Calumny—Fear, Ignorance, Bigotry and Smear.

I doubt if the Republican Party could—simply because I don't believe the American people will uphold any political party that puts political exploitation above national interest. Surely we Republicans aren't that desperate for victory.

I don't want to see the Republican Party win that way. While it might be a fleeting victory for the Republican Party, it would be a more lasting defeat for the American people. Surely it would ultimately be suicide for the Republican Party and the two-party system that has protected our American liberties from the dictatorship of a one party system.

As members of the Minority Party, we do not have the primary authority to formulate the policy of our Government. But we do have the responsibility of rendering constructive criticism, of clarifying issues, of allaying fears by acting as responsible citizens.

As a woman, I wonder how the mothers, wives, sisters and daughters feel about the way in which members of their families have been politically mangled in Senate debate—and I use the word "debate" advisedly.

As a United States Senator, I am not proud of the way in which the Senate has been made a publicity platform for irresponsible sensationalism. I am not proud of the reckless abandon in which unproved charges have been hurled from this side of the aisle. I am not proud of the obviously staged, undignified countercharges that have been attempted in retaliation from the other side of the aisle.

I don't like the way the Senate has been made a rendezvous for vilification, for selfish political gain at the sacrifice of individual reputations and national unity. I am not proud of the way we smear outsiders from the Floor of the Senate and hide behind the cloak of congressional immunity and still place ourselves beyond criticism on the Floor of the Senate.

As an American, I am shocked at the way Republicans and Democrats alike are playing directly into the Communist design of "confuse, divide and conquer." As an American, I don't want a Democratic Administration "white wash" or "cover up" any more than I want a Republican smear or witch hunt.

As an American, I condemn a Republican "Fascist" just as much as I condemn a Democrat "Communist." I condemn a Democrat "Fascist" just as much as I condemn a Republican "Communist." They are equally dangerous to you and me

and to our country. As an American, I want to see our nation recapture the strength and unity it once had when we fought the enemy instead of ourselves.

It is with these thoughts I have drafted what I call a "Declaration of Conscience. . . .

STATEMENT OF THE SEVEN REPUBLICAN SENATORS, 1950

1. We are Republicans. But we are Americans first. It is as Americans that we express our concern with the growing confusion that threatens the security and stability of our country. Democrats and Republicans alike have contributed to that confusion.

2. The Democratic administration has initially created the confusion by its lack of effective leadership, by its contradictory grave warnings and optimistic assurances, by its complacency to the threat of communism here at home, by its oversensitiveness to rightful criticism, by its petty bitterness against its critics.

3. Certain elements of the Republican Party have materially added to this confusion in the hopes of riding the Republican party to victory through the selfish political exploitation of fear, bigotry, ignorance, and intolerance. There are enough mistakes of the Democrats for Republicans to criticize constructively without resorting to political smears.

4. To this extent, Democrats and Republicans alike have unwittingly, but undeniably, played directly into the Communist design of "confuse, divide and conquer."

5. It is high time that we stopped thinking politically as Republicans and Democrats about elections and started thinking patriotically as Americans about national security based on individual freedom. It is high time that we all stopped being tools and victims of totalitarian techniques—techniques that, if continued here unchecked, will surely end what we have come to cherish as the American way of life.

Paul Robeson (1898-1976)

When the distinguished African American actor and concert singer Paul Robeson visited the Soviet Union in the 1930s, he was so impressed by the unprejudiced treatment he received that he became convinced that a communist society was more egalitarian and less racist than the democratic society of the United States. By the time he returned home, he had embraced communist ideology and had begun promoting communism as well as actively protesting against racism. In 1949, he advised African Americans not to fight in an "imperialist war" if the United States should go to war against the Soviet Union. As a result, Robeson was investigated by

the House Committee on Un-American Activities, and his passport was revoked. Members of the committee browbeat Robeson in an effort to get him to admit that he was a member of the Communist Party, but Robeson repeatedly invoked the Fifth Amendment.

TESTIMONY BEFORE THE HOUSE COMMITTEE ON UN-AMERICAN ACTIVITIES, JUNE 12, 1956

MR. ARENS: Are you now a member of the Communist Party?

MR. ROBESON: Oh please, please, please.

MR. SCHERER: Please answer, will you, Mr. Robeson?

MR. ROBESON: What is the Communist Party? What do you mean by that?

MR. SCHERER: I ask that you direct the witness to answer the question.

MR. ROBESON: What do you mean by the Communist Party? As far as I know it is a legal party like the Republican Party and the Democratic Party. Do you mean a party of people who have sacrificed for my people, and for all Americans and workers, that they can live in dignity? Do you mean that party?

MR. ARENS: Are you now a member of the Communist Party?

MR. ROBESON: Would you like to come to the ballot box when I vote and take out the ballot and see?

MR. ARENS: Mr. Chairman, I respectfully suggest that the witness be ordered and directed to answer that question.

THE CHAIRMAN: You are directed to answer the question.

(The witness consulted with his counsel.)

MR. ROBESON: I stand upon the Fifth Amendment of the American Constitution.

MR. ARENS: Do you mean you invoke the Fifth Amendment?

MR. ROBESON: I invoke the Fifth Amendment.

MR. ARENS: Do you honestly apprehend that if you told this Committee truthfully—

MR. ROBESON: I have no desire to consider anything. I invoke the Fifth Amendment, and it is none of your business what I would like to do, and I invoke the Fifth Amendment. And forget it.

THE CHAIRMAN: You are directed to answer that question.

MR. ROBESON: I invoke the Fifth Amendment, and so I am answering it, am I not?

MR. ARENS: I respectfully suggest the witness be ordered and directed to answer the question as to whether or not he honestly apprehends, that if he gave us a truthful answer to this last principal question, he would be supplying information which might be used against him in a criminal proceeding.

SOURCE: Congress, House, Committee on Un-American Activities, *Investigation of the Unauthorized Use of U.S. Passports*, 84th Congress, Part 3, June 12, 1956, in *Thirty Years of Treason: Excerpts from Hearings Before the House Committee on Un-American Activities*, 1938-1968, Eric Bentley, ed. (New York: Viking Press, 1971), 770.

(*The witness consulted with his counsel.*)

THE CHAIRMAN: You are directed to answer that question, Mr. Robeson.

MR. ROBESON: Gentlemen, in the first place, wherever I have been in the world, Scandinavia, England, and many places, the first to die in the struggle against Fascism were the Communists and I laid many wreaths upon graves of Communists. It is not criminal, and the Fifth Amendment has nothing to do with criminality. The Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, Warren, has been very clear on that in many speeches, that the Fifth Amendment does not have anything to do with the inference of criminality. I invoke the Fifth Amendment.

MR. ARENS: Have you ever been known under the name of "John Thomas"?

MR. ROBESON: Oh, please, does somebody here want—are you suggesting—do you want me to be put up for perjury some place? "John Thomas"! My name is Paul Robeson, and anything I have to say, or stand for, I have said in public all over the world, and that is why I am here today. . . .

MR. ARENS: I put it to you as a fact, and ask you to affirm or deny the fact, that your Communist Party name was "John Thomas."

MR. ROBESON: I invoke the Fifth Amendment. This is really ridiculous. . . .

THE CHAIRMAN: This is legal. This is not only legal but usual. By a unanimous vote, this Committee has been instructed to perform this very distasteful task.

MR. ROBESON: To whom am I talking?

THE CHAIRMAN: You are speaking to the Chairman of this Committee.

MR. ROBESON: Mr. Walter?

THE CHAIRMAN: Yes.

MR. ROBESON: The Pennsylvania Walter?

THE CHAIRMAN: That is right.

MR. ROBESON: Representative of the steelworkers?

THE CHAIRMAN: That is right.

MR. ROBESON: Of the coal-mining workers and not United States Steel, by any chance? A great patriot.

THE CHAIRMAN: That is right.

MR. ROBESON: You are the author of all of the bills that are going to keep all kinds of decent people out of the country.

THE CHAIRMAN: No, only your kind.

MR. ROBESON: Colored people like myself, from the West Indies and all kinds.

And just the Teutonic Anglo-Saxon stock that you would let come in.

THE CHAIRMAN: We are trying to make it easier to get rid of your kind, too.

MR. ROBESON: You do not want any colored people to come in?

THE CHAIRMAN: Proceed. . . .

MR. ROBESON: Could I say that the reason that I am here today, you know, from the mouth of the State Department itself, is: I should not be allowed to travel because I have struggled for years for the independence of the colonial peoples of Africa. For many years I have so labored and I can say modestly that my name is very much honored all over Africa, in my struggles for their

independence. That is the kind of independence like Sukarno got in Indonesia. Unless we are double-talking, then these efforts in the interest of Africa would be in the same context. The other reason that I am here today, again from the State Department and from the court record of the court of appeals, is that when I am abroad I speak out against the injustices against the Negro people of this land. I sent a message to the Bandung Conference and so forth. That is why I am here. This is the basis, and I am not being tried for whether I am a Communist, I am being tried for fighting for the rights of my people, who are still second-class citizens in this United States of America. My mother was born in your state, Mr. Walter, and my mother was a Quaker, and my ancestors in the time of Washington baked bread for George Washington's troops when they crossed the Delaware, and my own father was a slave. I stand here struggling for the rights of my people to be full citizens in this country. And they are not. They are not in Mississippi. And they are not in Montgomery, Alabama. And they are not in Washington. They are nowhere, and that is why I am here today. You want to shut up every Negro who has the courage to stand up and fight for the rights of his people, for the rights of workers, and I have been on many a picket line for the steelworkers too. And that is why I am here today. . . .

MR. ARENS: Did you make a trip to Europe in 1949 and to the Soviet Union?

MR. ROBESON: Yes, I made a trip. To England. And I sang.

MR. ARENS: Where did you go?

MR. ROBESON: I went first to England, where I was with the Philadelphia Orchestra, one of two American groups which was invited to England. I did a long concert tour in England and Denmark and Sweden, and I also sang for the Soviet people, one of the finest musical audiences in the world. Will you read what the *Porty and Bess* people said? They never heard such applause in their lives. One of the most musical peoples in the world, and the great composers and great musicians, very cultured people, and Tolstoy, and—

THE CHAIRMAN: We know all of that.

MR. ROBESON: They have helped our culture and we can learn a lot.

MR. ARENS: Did you go to Paris on that trip?

MR. ROBESON: I went to Paris.

MR. ARENS: And while you were in Paris, did you tell an audience there that the American Negro would never go to war against the Soviet government?

MR. ROBESON: May I say that is slightly out of context? May I explain to you what I did say? I remember the speech very well, and the night before, in London, and do not take the newspaper, take me: I made the speech, gentlemen, Mr. So-and-So. It happened that the night before, in London, before I went to Paris . . . and will you please listen?

MR. ARENS: We are listening.

MR. ROBESON: Two thousand students from various parts of the colonial world, students who since then have become very important in their governments, in places like Indonesia and India, and in many parts of Africa, two thousand students asked me and Mr. [Dr. Y. M.] Dadoo, a leader of the Indian

people in South Africa, when we addressed this conference, and remember I was speaking to a peace conference, they asked me and Mr. Dadoo to say there that they were struggling for peace, that they did not want war against anybody. Two thousand students who came from populations that would range to six or seven hundred million people.

MR. KEARNEY: Do you know anybody who wants war?

MR. ROBESON: They asked me to say in their name that they did not want war. That is what I said. No part of my speech made in Paris says fifteen million American Negroes would do anything. I said it was my feeling that the American people would struggle for peace, and that has since been underscored by the President of these United States. Now, in passing, I said—

MR. KEARNEY: Do you know of any people who want war?

MR. ROBESON: Listen to me. I said it was unthinkable to me that any people would take up arms, in the name of an Eastland, to go against anybody. Gentlemen, I still say that. This United States Government should go down to Mississippi and protect my people. That is what should happen.

THE CHAIRMAN: Did you say what was attributed to you?

MR. ROBESON: I did not say it in that context.

MR. ARENS: I lay before you a document containing an article, "I Am Looking for Full Freedom," by Paul Robeson, in a publication called the *Worker*, dated July 3, 1949. "At the Paris Conference I said it was unthinkable that the Negro people of America or elsewhere in the world could be drawn into war with the Soviet Union."

MR. ROBESON: Is that saying the Negro people would *do* anything? I said it is unthinkable. I did not say that there [in Paris]: I said that in the *Worker*.

MR. ARENS: "I repeat it with hundredfold emphasis: they will not." Did you say that?

MR. ROBESON: I did not say that in Paris, I said that in America. And, gentlemen, they have not yet done so, and it is quite clear that no Americans, no people in the world probably, are going to war with the Soviet Union. So I was rather prophetic, was I not?

MR. ARENS: On that trip to Europe, did you go to Stockholm?

MR. ROBESON: I certainly did, and I understand that some people in the American Embassy tried to break up my concert. They were not successful.

MR. ARENS: While you were in Stockholm, did you make a little speech?

MR. ROBESON: I made all kinds of speeches, yes.

MR. ARENS: Let me read you a quotation.

MR. ROBESON: Let me listen.

MR. ARENS: Do so, please.

MR. ROBESON: I am a lawyer.

MR. KEARNEY: It would be a revelation if you would listen to counsel.

MR. ROBESON: In good company, I usually listen, but you know people wander around in such fancy places. Would you please let me read my statement at some point?

THE CHAIRMAN: We will consider your statement.

MR. ARENS: "I do not hesitate one second to state clearly and unmistakably: I belong to the American resistance movement which fights against American imperialism, just as the resistance movement fought against Hitler."

MR. ROBESON: Just like Frederick Douglass and Harriet Tubman were underground railroaders, and fighting for our freedom, you bet your life.

THE CHAIRMAN: I am going to have to insist that you listen to these questions.

MR. ROBESON: I am listening.

MR. ARENS: "If the American warmongers fancy that they could win America's millions of Negroes for a war against those countries (i.e., the Soviet Union and the peoples' democracies) then they ought to understand that this will never be the case. Why should the Negroes ever fight against the only nations of the world where racial discrimination is prohibited, and where the people can live freely? Never! I can assure you, they will never fight against either the Soviet Union or the peoples' democracies." Did you make that statement?

MR. ROBESON: I do not remember that. But what is perfectly clear today is that nine hundred million other colored people have told you that *they* will not. Four hundred million in India, and millions everywhere, have told you, precisely, that the colored people are not going to die for anybody: they are going to die for their independence. We are dealing not with fifteen million colored people, we are dealing with hundreds of millions.

MR. KEARNEY: The witness has answered the question and he does not have to make a speech. . . .

MR. ROBESON: In Russia I felt for the first time like a full human being. No color prejudice like in Mississippi, no color prejudice like in Washington. It was the first time I felt like a human being. Where I did not feel the pressure of color as I feel [it] in this Committee today.

MR. SCHERER: Why do you not stay in Russia?

MR. ROBESON: Because my father was a slave, and my people died to build this country, and I am going to stay here, and have a part of it just like you. And no Fascist-minded people will drive me from it. Is that clear? I am for peace with the Soviet Union, and I am for peace with China, and I am not for peace or friendship with the Fascist Franco, and I am not for peace with Fascist Nazi Germans. I am for peace with decent people.

MR. SCHERER: You are here because you are promoting the Communist cause. MR. ROBESON: I am here because I am opposing the neo-Fascist cause which I see arising in these committees. You are like the Alien [and] Sedition Act, and Jefferson could be sitting here, and Frederick Douglass could be sitting here, and Eugene Debs could be here.

THE CHAIRMAN: Now, what prejudice are you talking about? You were graduated from Rutgers and you were graduated from the University of Pennsylvania. I remember seeing you play football at Lehigh.

MR. ROBESON: We beat Lehigh.

THE CHAIRMAN: And we had a lot of trouble with you.

MR. ROBESON: That is right. DeWyssocki was playing in my team.

THE CHAIRMAN: There was no prejudice against you. Why did you not send your son to Rutgers?

MR. ROBESON: Just a moment. This is something that I challenge very deeply, and very sincerely: that the success of a few Negroes, including myself or Jackie Robinson can make up—and here is a study from Columbia University—for seven hundred dollars a year for thousands of Negro families in the South. My father was a slave, and I have cousins who are sharecroppers, and I do not see my success in terms of myself. That is the reason my own success has not meant what it should mean: I have sacrificed literally hundreds of thousands, if not millions, of dollars for what I believe in.

MR. ARENS: While you were in Moscow, did you make a speech lauding Stalin?

MR. ROBESON: I do not know.

MR. ARENS: Did you say, in effect, that Stalin was a great man, and Stalin had done much for the Russian people, for all of the nations of the world, for all working people of the earth? Did you say something to that effect about Stalin when you were in Moscow?

MR. ROBESON: I cannot remember.

MR. ARENS: Do you have a recollection of praising Stalin?

MR. ROBESON: I said a lot about Soviet people, fighting for the peoples of the earth.

MR. ARENS: Did you praise Stalin?

MR. ROBESON: I do not remember.

MR. ARENS: Have you recently changed your mind about Stalin?

MR. ROBESON: Whatever has happened to Stalin, gentlemen, is a question for the Soviet Union, and I would not argue with a representative of the people who, in building America, wasted sixty to a hundred million lives of my people, black people drawn from Africa on the plantations. You are responsible, and your forebears, for sixty million to one hundred million black people dying in the slave ships and on the plantations, and don't ask me about anybody, please.

MR. ARENS: I am glad you called our attention to that slave problem. While you were in Soviet Russia, did you ask them there to show you the slave labor camps?

THE CHAIRMAN: You have been so greatly interested in slaves, I should think that you would want to see that.

MR. ROBESON: The slaves I see are still in a kind of semiserfdom. I am interested in the place I am, and in the country that can do something about it. As far as I know, about the slave camps, they were Fascist prisoners who had murdered millions of the Jewish people, and who would have wiped out millions of the Negro people, could they have gotten a hold of them. That is all I know about that.

MR. ARENS: Tell us whether or not you have changed your opinion in the recent past about Stalin.

MR. ROBESON: I have told you, mister, that I would not discuss anything with the people who have murdered sixty million of my people, and I will not discuss Stalin with you.

MR. ARENS: You would not, of course, discuss with us the slave labor camps in Soviet Russia.

MR. ROBESON: I will discuss Stalin when I may be among the Russian people some day, singing for them, I will discuss it there. It is their problem....

Harry Hay (1912–2002)

Harry Hay is considered by many to be the founder of the modern gay movement in the United States. He was active in progressive politics for many years, promoted trade unionism in the 1930s and 1940s, was associated with radical songwriters Woody Guthrie and Pete Seeger, and joined the Communist Party (which resulted in his being interrogated by the House Committee on Un-American Activities in 1955). Calling for others of the "androgynous minority" to form a political organization, he founded Bachelors Anonymous primarily to promote the 1948 presidential campaign of Progressive Party candidate Henry Wallace. In 1950, he founded the Mattachine Society in California, which was the first state organization designed to promote gay rights. Although the oppressive homophobia of the 1950s compelled the Mattachine Society to be a secret organization, it rapidly expanded by forming chapters in many cities throughout the nation. Because of his communist affiliation, however, Hay became a liability to the Mattachine Society, and he wound up leaving the organization. Ironically, because of his homosexuality, he was also bootied out of the Communist Party. In 1969, when the Stonewall riots spawned the more radical gay civil rights movement of the 1970s, it was Hay's Mattachine Society and its sister organization, the lesbian Daughters of Bilitis (founded in San Francisco in 1955), that provided examples on which other gay organizations could model themselves. In 1979, he was a founder of the Radical Faeries, which advocated that gays should stress the differences between themselves and heterosexuals because, as Hay believed, the alternative gay perception of the world enabled them to offer a new range of insights and responses that could help solve society's problems. Hay opposed the view that many other gay rights activists held, that gays were just like everyone else and should therefore be assimilated into American society. Instead, he proclaimed that gays and lesbians were a distinct minority and should be treated as such. He believed that gay activists should not be merely concerned with electing gay politicians to office but should be more concerned about changing the basic structure of a consumerist society that systematically treated all people as objects and as a result demeaned the human spirit. He did not want gays to be assimilated into such a society but instead aimed to create a more humane society that was not controlled by corporate industrialism. In 1990, Hay reflected on the historical

background of the gay movement in a speech he gave at the Gay Spirit Visions Conference in Highlands, North Carolina.

SPEECH AT THE GAY SPIRIT VISIONS CONFERENCE, HIGHLANDS, NORTH CAROLINA, NOVEMBER 1990

"Where have we been and where are we now?" is an interesting topic because it is one of the places where my head is at the moment. One of the places in my Consciousness where my preparations for the two addresses I made at the university this week took me, has made me realize that we—as a distinct biologically determined human variant—have been developing our own collection of Gay Consciousness (by inventing it as we went along) for a long, long, long time. Maybe for as far back as when Species Homo began to emerge as hominids.

Taking the liberty of citing Sir Julian Huxley, the great biologist of the century, who said, "No negative trait" (and as you know, a negative trait in biology is one which does not reproduce itself) "appears in a given species millennia after millennia after millennia unless it in some way insures the survival of that species." (Parenthetically, we should hardly be expecting that the heteros have been hastening to discover how we Queers are about to insure THEIR survival. If anyone's going to discover it, it obviously is going to have to be US!). . . .

One of the most obvious observations might be how often, at not only previous Faerie gatherings but even at the planning sessions for this one, that it is our Faerie collective inclination to be functioning by consensus—to reflect on how it really is, for us, rather distasteful to engage in the endless bickering and to placate ego-posturings in the give-and-take of so-called democratic procedures. Recognizing—in a rush—those of us here tonight who were at the First Radical Faerie gathering eleven years ago in 1979, that the galvanizing revelation that overtook us all on that occasion was the instant centrifugal rush by which we all realized how we had been longing (maybe all our lives hitherto) to connect in a circular celebration of our Faerie inclination to loving, sharing, consensual interaction with one another. For me, this has always been intensely interesting and important, because that was exactly the way it was with the first discussion and groups first coming together in my first Mattachine Society 40 years ago. That same breathless, nameless excitement, as though it was something we'd always known, something that must have happened long ago of which we were a part. And now it was about to happen again. . . .

[P]erhaps the most important thing encompassed by my Mattachine Society was that for the first time in American homosexual experience our guild brotherhoods developed BEING GAY into a POSITIVE SELF-LOVING identity. Up until then, we had been only perverted heteros—EVEN IN OUR OWN

EYES. According to every known social REFERENT, we were heteros who occasionally degraded ourselves through degenerate behavior. The best that I would hear in the 1930s was that maybe I, someday, would discover words which could explain to heteros just how beautiful our deviant voices and visions really were. But that we might be a different people altogether wouldn't be a concept until the 1970s. Although sometimes I'd wonder if, in the ballads of Thomas the Rhymer, I wasn't hearing of the Faerie People as being a different race.

In 1969, the Stonewall Rebellion exploded. The powder-train which my Mattachine . . . had been laying across the country in the 60's took off like a barrage of Roman candles. The "I" in the positive Gay identity changed to "WE," and suddenly from everywhere Gay Brothers and Sisters were on the march, making the first lap of that social and political change which had always been implicit in the original dream of Mattachine—the vision of a social minority who had contributions to share. At this point I need to point out the huge difference between the American Gay Movement and all the movements that came previously in Europe, as well as those which still exist in Europe. The Mattachine Society, as I conceived it, and all the others who have developed subsequently, have been perceived as politically based, so that we all have continually perceived ourselves as being on the cutting edge of change. The European groups, of both the 19th and 20th centuries, have perceived themselves as "social" in orientation and therefore were and are concerned, not with political and social change, but with "accommodations" just as our middle-class "sell-out" assimilationists are now.

In the early '70s, the Gay and Lesbian Brothers and Sisters, exploding out of the Stonewall rage, screamed and hollered and zapped their way into the public media in ways never before experienced by the Gay Movement. But for all its rhetoric and thunder, and the political friends it was making in high places, the Movement remained essentially lily-white and middle-class. And hetero-initiative like you wouldn't believe. By 1978, the steam which had impelled the earlier zapping fury had mostly dissipated—apathy was everywhere in Gay and Lesbian land. The first Radical Faerie Gathering was a call to the Radical Brothers to see what all we might have developed and experienced since Stonewall. Also, I had this wonderful vision about a new type of consciousness which I felt we had been carrying with us down through the millennia, waiting for that time when the hetero "subject-object" way of growing and developing would be obsolete, and new directions would have to be taken if the race were to survive. The murderous nuclear competition between U.S. Imperialism and Soviet Imperialism had become so lethal that the fate of the planet seemed at stake. I felt that those Gay Brothers who could share my new vision of what I was calling "subject-subject" consciousness, might be able to begin to learn to turn the tide.

This is what we've been experimenting with for these last ten years. Radical Faerie experience has spread across this country and Canada. It has made its way to Australia and New Zealand, and in the last several years it has spread into England, Scotland and Ireland, with occasional echoes in Scandinavia. The most immediate result of our work has been in the conscious encouragement of the use of the loving-sharing consensus. Our occasional impatience that our

SOURCE: Retrieved on 12/18/2003 from www.geocities.com/WestHollywood/Heights/5347/gsv.html. For more on Hay, see Harry Hay and Will Roscoe, *Radically Gay: Gay Liberation in the Words of Its Founder* (Boston: Beacon Press, 1997).

subject-subject way of perceiving, and our work in the loving-sharing consensus, does not spread as fast and as far as our impatience does is political naïveté. The hetero-male subject-object mind set is supported by the hierarchical dominant-male competition by which men developed the incentives needed to spur themselves to achievement. It was, of course, the social process par excellence whereby the hominid strain, having devised as yet ONLY an oral culture was able to train all its offspring and so remember EVERYTHING discovered by the ancestors because anything forgotten is lost forever. . . .

In the two million years during which our hominid ancestors were slowly evolving, our planet was also evolving in terms of its spherically volcanic nature. When cracks and crevices in the walls of a given social climate permitted, when a given culture required new solutions which the hetero ice-age originating MIND-SET couldn't assess, the phylogenetically inherited potentials to perceive and invent (what we today recognize as Gay Consciousness) have indeed appeared. They appeared briefly and brilliantly at given junctures in history: in Ancient Imperial China for three or four hundred years; in the great Songhai educational center of the Western Sudan for a century; or on a Chinu village pot whose myth stretches back into the mist. Each of these episodes is, in turn, followed by long ages of blank—ages not so much of silence as of VOID! And yet, WE WERE THERE! Silenced, muzzled, driven out of villages and towns again and again and again in myth and story; burned at stakes and in wicker baskets, and giggling at some hysterical absurdity even as the flames began to leap; drowned face down in bogs; obliterated by being thrown off cliffs. Yet we continued to appear in this generation or that, as though to assure the cosmos we were still a viable syndrome in the hominid biological make-up. Remember my earlier quotation from Sir Julian Huxley, "No negative trait appears in a given species millennia after millennia after millennia unless it in some way contributes to the survival or that species?"

. . . John (Burnside) and I felt in the late '70s that the obsession of the Harvard sociobiologists to find THE gene which makes us all Queer was much too simplistic. We felt that the ongoing discoveries on the brain's several hemispheres, and its mysterious intercameral connections, were marking not only new territories to be perceived, but new dimensions of territoriality to be perceived. We felt that all the new and exciting discoveries in Ethnology—the recognitions of Lorenz and Tinbergen and Fox and Morris and others—indicated that in our own phylogenetic inheritances we would have received many of the traits we would need for survival, and for learning to adapt to what had earlier been threatening and alien. We would have acquired that which—in the course of evolutionary development, reassembled in consciousness—would be the one new dimension Humans had evolved through natural selection. It would be only natural to call upon the newer disciplines—Ethnology or Sociobiology—to supply new models by which to encompass it.

We proposed Gay Consciousness needed to be perceived as a syndrome, a sheaf of hundreds of traits inherited from ancestors weaving together in hominid psychosexual natures so as to develop, in a small percentage of humans, what is known in physics and chemistry as "the critical mass." This biologically

inherited, as well as phylogenetically inherited, "critical mass" in turn precipitates out a separate strain of people, a mutant strain of people psychically as well as emotionally different enough from their Parent Society. A strain that could devise ways of being totally self-reliant in situations where the Parent Society—as presently constituted—couldn't survive. The psychic and emotional differences of these Separate People had combined to create a spiritual difference and the key to their new dimensions of vision was their lovely deviant sexuality. . . .

Meantime, for us Radical Faeries here and now, I would like to suggest that in our last eleven years we have, through our Country Gatherings and City Circles, been devising ways and means to cut through the many layers of guilt and shame our Parent Society has forced us to disguise our Separate and Deviant lives within. And now many of us are experiencing even newer pressures to begin releasing visions of memories of ancient discoveries in physical and spirit hearings which we were forced to silence and subvert and bury and pretend to forget in order for us to survive. Some of us feel we are occasionally visited by spatial blurs, things that seem to have sought crevices in past times and perhaps, were partially or even wholly denied. Last summer, for example, John and I began a sex magic ritual, brain storming workshop, (a week-long session as we envisioned it) that has been pressing on me to explore for many years. . . .

In these next few days, here at Highlands, a number of us have brought new Faerie Spirit Visions to share. I fervently pray that what we bring is pure Faerie in Spirit, and not reworked or warmed-over Hetero material garnished with a little glitter here and there. The Radical Faeries, and all Gay spirit-seeking groups, need to attempt to keep as pure and as untrammelled as possible those channels from our precious secrets that have been long guarded at the cost of lives if they are to now be brought into service as powerfully and as brilliantly as they have long deserved.

Allen Ginsberg (1926–1997)

Allen Ginsberg was one of the most gifted and influential American poets of the twentieth century. His influence, however, was not limited to poetry and literature, for he was a deeply engaged social, cultural, and political activist. He, along with Jack Kerouac, William Burroughs, Lawrence Ferlinghetti, Gregory Corso, and others, were the focal points of the Beat Movement that emerged in the 1950s in response to the stifling, suffocating conformity of the times. Decrying the "split-level American dream," Beats called for a more honest, introspective morality. Ginsberg once declared in an interview that the Beats' response to the pervasive American values and morality of the 1950s was to discard the old morality and build a new one from scratch. "The generation that was responsible for the Holocaust and Hiroshima had no right to tell us what was moral. So we threw it all out." Ginsberg first achieved national prominence in 1955,

when he performed his iconoclastic poem "Howl" at the Six Gallery in San Francisco. After City Lights Press published "Howl," the book was promptly banned and confiscated as obscene. The resulting court case wound up a publicity bonanza, and when the court ruled that "Howl" was indeed constitutionally protected "literature," everyone, it seemed, wanted to read it. Ginsberg's notoriety was assured, and his influence continued to be felt for the remainder of the 1950s, and in the early 1960s he in a sense became the godfather of the emerging counterculture. Ginsberg's use of words and imagery had an influence on Bob Dylan's song lyrics; Ginsberg's advocacy of marijuana and peyote and his LSD experiments with Timothy Leary influenced millions of people to explore drugs as a means to self-discovery; Ginsberg's sojourn in India and his espousal of Buddhism offered an alternative philosophy to those Americans who were beginning to question the validity and relevance of Christianity and Judaism; Ginsberg's unconventional appearance and his unashamed open homosexuality encouraged many others to "do their own thing." Throughout the 1960s and 1970s Ginsberg, in his beard, long hair, and black-framed glasses was a highly visible figure at antiwar demonstrations in San Francisco, New York, Chicago, London, Prague, and many other cities.

In the 1970s, Ginsberg founded the Jack Kerouac School of Disembodied Poetics at the Naropa Institute in Boulder, Colorado. By the 1980s and 1990s he was an antinuclear protector and unwaveringly continued his social activism right up to his death in 1997. "I want to be known," Ginsberg wrote in *Ego Confessions* in 1974, "as the most brilliant man in America. . . . [As the man who] Prepared the way for Dharma in America without mentioning Dharma. . . . distributed monies to poor poets & nourished imaginative genius of the land. Sat silent in jazz roar writing poetry with an ink pen—wasn't afraid of God or Death after his 48th year." In his 1956 poem "America," Ginsberg, with characteristic humor, takes on consumerism and the superficiality of American values.

"AMERICA," 1956

America I've given you all and now I'm nothing.
America two dollars and twenty-seven cents January 17, 1956.
I can't stand my own mind.
America when will we end the human war?
Go fuck yourself with your atom bomb
I don't feel good don't bother me.
I won't write my poem till I'm in my right mind.
America when will you be angelic?
When will you take off your clothes?

SOURCE: Allen Ginsberg, *Howl and Other Poems* (San Francisco: City Lights Press, 1956), 31–34.

When will you look at yourself through the grave?
When will you be worthy of your million Christs?
America why are your libraries full of tears?
America when will you send your eggs to India?
I'm sick of your insane demands.
When will you re-invent the heart?
When will you manufacture land?
When will your cowboys read Spengler?
When will your dams release the flood of eastern tears?
When will your technicians get drunk and abolish money?
When will you institute religions of perception in your legislature?
When can I go into the supermarket and buy what I need with my good looks?
America after all it is you and I who are perfect not the next world.
Your machinery is too much for me.
You made me want to be a saint.
There must be some other way to settle this argument.
Burroughs is in Tangiers I don't think he'll come back it's sinister.
Are you being sinister or is this some form of practical joke?
I'm trying to come to the point.
I refuse to give up my obsession.
America stop pushing I know what I'm doing.
America the plum blossoms are falling.
I haven't read the newspapers for months, everyday somebody goes on trial for murder.
America I feel sentimental about the Wobblies.
America I used to be a communist when I was a kid and I'm not sorry.
I smoke marijuana every chance I get.
I sit in my house for days on end and stare at the roses in the closet.
When I go to Chinatown I get drunk and never get laid.
My mind is made up there's going to be trouble.
You should have seen me reading Marx.
My psychoanalyst thinks I'm perfectly right.
I won't say the Lord's Prayer.
I have mystical visions and cosmic vibrations.
America I still haven't told you what you did to Uncle Max after he came over from Russia.
I'm addressing you.
Are you going to let your emotional life be run by Time magazine?
I'm obsessed by Time magazine.
I read it every week.
Its cover stares at me every time I slink past the corner candystore.
I read it in the basement of the Berkeley Public Library.
It's always telling me about responsibility. Businessmen are serious. Movie producers are serious. Everybody's serious but me.
It occurs to me that I am America.

I am talking to myself again.

Asia is rising against me.

I haven't got a chinaman's chance.

I'd better consider my national resources.

*My national resources consist of two joints of marijuana millions of genitals
an unpublishable private literature that goes 1400 miles an hour and
twentyfive thousand mental institutions.*

*I say nothing about my prisons nor the millions of underprivileged who live in
my flowerpots under the light of five hundred suns.*

I have abolished the whorehouses of France, Tangiers is the next to go.

My ambition is to be President despite the fact that I'm a Catholic.

America how can I write a holy litany in your silly mood?

*I will continue like Henry Ford my strophes are as individual as his
automobiles more so they're all different sexes*

America I will sell you strophes \$2500 apiece \$500 down on your old strophe

America free Tom Mooney

America save the Spanish Loyalists

America Sacco & Vanzetti must not die

America I am the Scottsboro boys.

*America when I was seven momma took me to Communist Cell meetings they
sold us garbanzos a handful per ticket a ticket costs a nickel and the
speeches were free everybody was angelic and sentimental about the
workers it was all so sincere you have no idea what a good thing the party
was in 1935 Scott Nearing was a grand old man a real mensch Mother
Bloor made me cry I once saw Israel Amter plain. Everybody must have
been a spy.*

America you don't really want to go to war.

America it's them bad Russians.

Them Russians them Russians and them Chinamen. And them Russians.

*The Russia wants to eat us alive. The Russia's power mad. She wants to take
our cars from out our garages.*

*Her wants to grab Chicago. Her needs a Red Reader's Digest. Her wants
our auto plants in Siberia. Him big bureaucracy running our
flingstations.*

*That no good. Ugh. Him makes Indians learn read. Him need big black
niggers.*

Hah. Her make us all work sixteen hours a day. Help.

America this is quite serious.

America this is the impression I get from looking in the television set.

America is this correct?

I'd better get right down to the job.

*It's true I don't want to join the Army or turn lathes in precision parts
factories, I'm nearsighted and psychopathic anyway.*

America I'm putting my queer shoulder to the wheel.

Songs of the Civil Rights Movement

Songs that grow out of protests and demonstrations have a significant impact in two main ways. First, they get a message across, not only to those in power but also to those who are either unaware of the issue or have not yet made up their minds where they stand on it. A second and equally important effect the songs have is that they create a level of consciousness and solidarity among the demonstrators themselves. This was particularly true in the civil rights movement. A song like "We Shall Overcome," as sung by thousands of marchers during a demonstration, was a powerful galvanizer of unity and resolve. Daniel Wood was a student from Beloit College when he participated in the third Selma march in 1965. He remembers that as the demonstrators were crossing the Edmund Pettis Bridge leading out of Selma, they were singing "We Shall Overcome." When they noticed that the policemen lining the roadway were all armed with semiautomatic weapons trained on the marchers, the activists sang the "we are not afraid" verse of the song. As Wood puts it, "we were scared shitless, but still we sang it anyway!" Fortunately, no weapons were discharged, and the march proceeded toward Montgomery.

The civil rights movement embraced hundreds of songs. Some were adaptations of old slave songs; some were made up on the spot with lyrics referring to a town or a governor or a sheriff opposing the demonstrators; some were carefully crafted by popular musicians like Bob Dylan or Phil Ochs. There are rich resources on the Internet where you can read protest lyrics and even listen to these songs. Check out especially Bob Dylan's "The Death of Emmett Till," "Only a Pawn in the Game," "The Lonesome Death of Hattie Carroll," and "Blowin' in the Wind," which plaintively asks, "how many years can a mountain exist before it is washed to the sea/and how many years can some people exist before they're allowed to be free?"

The two songs here emerged from civil rights demonstrations. "I Ain't Scared of Your Jail," as Pete Seeger explained during his June 1963 Carnegie Hall concert, was a spontaneous ditty that grew out of the Birmingham protests of the previous month. As the young people were beginning to march, Reverend King had told them that it was to be a silent demonstration that day, and that singing could begin only if arrests were made. This, indeed, did happen, and as the police moved in and began making arrests, the marchers all began singing, "I ain't scared of your jail." The second song, "If You Miss Me at the Back of the Bus," refers to several events: the Montgomery bus boycott, the Freedom Rides, and voter registration drives.

During an interview on German radio in 1988, Pete Seeger was asked: "Mr. Seeger can you change the world with a song?" "No," Seeger responded, "I can't change the world with a song. But if I write a song, and someone else designs a poster, and someone else gives a speech, and someone else organizes a teach-in, and someone else leads a demonstration, together we can change the world."

PETE SEEGER, "I AIN'T SCARED OF YOUR JAIL," 1963

I ain't scared of your jail
Because I want my freedom,
I want my freedom,
I want my freedom.
I ain't scared of your jail
Because I want my freedom,
I want my freedom,
Now!

CARVER NEBLETT, "IF YOU MISS ME AT THE BACK OF THE BUS," 1960

If you miss me at the back of the bus
You can't find me nowhere
Oh come on over to the front of the bus
I'll be riding up there
I'll be riding up there, I'll be riding up there
Oh come on over to the front of the bus
Because I'll be riding up there

If you miss me on the picket line
You can't find me nowhere
Come on over to the city jail
Because I'll be rooming over there
I'll be rooming over there
I'll be rooming over there oh
Come on over to the city jail
Because I'll be rooming over there

If you miss me at the Mississippi river
You can't find me nowhere

Come on over to the swimming pool
Because I'll be swimming over there
I'll be swimming over there, over there
I'll be swimming right there
Come on over to the swimming pool
Because I'll be swimming over there

If you miss me in the cotton fields
You can't find me nowhere
Come on over to the voting booth
Because I'll be a voting right there
I'll be voting right there, right there
I'll be voting right there
Well come on over to the voting booth
Because I'll be voting right there

Martin Luther King Jr. (1929-1968)

This icon of American history, recognized as one of the most influential and significant figures of the twentieth century, had a career on the public stage—from the beginning of the Montgomery bus boycott in December 1955 to his assassination in April 1968—that spanned less than 13 years.

Developing his own weltanschauung as he studied for the ministry, Martin Luther King Jr. drew his inspiration from many sources—from the teachings of Christ and the Social Gospel, from Locke, Jefferson, and Lincoln, from Henry David Thoreau, Mahatma Gandhi, Walter Rauschenbusch, and Reinhold Niebuhr. He first came to public attention during the 11-month Montgomery bus boycott. In 1957 he founded the Southern Christian Leadership Conference (SCLC), a grassroots civil rights organization whose membership consisted primarily of members of black congregations, as distinct from the earlier National Association for the Advancement of Colored People (NAACP), which had been founded by intellectuals and lawyers in order to overturn segregation through the legal system. After less than a decade of political activism, by 1963 (the centennial year of Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation) King was widely understood to be the leader of the civil rights movement. That year he urged President Kennedy to issue a new emancipation proclamation and to come out forcefully for civil rights, and he was deeply disappointed when Kennedy, at first, did nothing.

In April 1963, King brought the movement to Birmingham—the most segregated city in the South. The events that followed proved the catalyst for finally convincing the president to use the power of the Oval Office to guarantee civil rights for all Americans. Newsreel footage coming

out of Birmingham—of Police Chief Bull Connor's men loosing dogs on the demonstrators, of the city's fire department hosing protestors with enough force to roll them down the street—convinced many that segregation had to go. These disturbing images made civil rights supporters of people who had known virtually nothing about the plight of African Americans. In a nationally televised address, President Kennedy called civil rights a "moral issue as old as the scriptures" and declared "race has no place in American society." He announced that he would send a sweeping civil rights bill to Congress that would outlaw segregation. This, of course, is what King and the movement had been hoping to accomplish throughout their long campaign.

At one point during the Birmingham demonstrations, King was arrested and jailed for eight days. Meanwhile, a group of white Alabama ministers put an ad in the New York Times condemning King as an "outside agitator" whose poorly timed campaign was itself the cause of violence. King's eloquent reply, written in the margins of a newspaper and on scraps of paper, is a persuasive statement of the necessity of nonviolent direct action. Like Thoreau more than a century earlier, he argues that while just laws must be obeyed, unjust laws must be broken. (For the full letter see the full edition of *Dissent in America: The Voices That Shaped a Nation*.)

LETTER FROM A BIRMINGHAM JAIL, APRIL 16, 1963

My Dear Fellow Clergymen:

While confined here in the Birmingham City Jail, I came across your recent statement calling our present activities "unwise and untimely." Seldom, if ever, do I pause to answer criticism of my work and ideas. If I sought to answer all the criticisms that cross my desk, my secretaries would be engaged in little else in the course of the day, and I would have no time for constructive work. But since I feel that you are men of genuine goodwill and your criticisms are sincerely set forth, I would like to answer your statement in what I hope will be patient and reasonable terms.

I think I should give the reason for my being in Birmingham, since you have been influenced by the argument of "outsiders coming in." I have the honor of serving as president of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, an organization operating in every Southern state, with headquarters in Atlanta, Georgia. We have some eighty-five affiliate organizations all across the South—one being the Alabama Christian Movement for Human Rights. Whenever necessary and possible we share staff, educational and financial resources with

our affiliates. Several months ago our local affiliate here in Birmingham invited us to be on call to engage in a nonviolent direct action program if such were deemed necessary. We readily consented and when the hour came we lived up to our promises. So I am here, along with several members of my staff, because I have basic organizational ties here.

Beyond this, I am in Birmingham because injustice is here. Just as the eighth century prophets left their little villages and carried their "thus saith the Lord" far beyond the boundaries of their home towns; and just as the Apostle Paul left his little village of Tarsus and carried the gospel of Jesus Christ to practically every hamlet and city of the Graeco-Roman world, I too am compelled to carry the gospel of freedom beyond my particular home town. Like Paul, I must constantly respond to the Macedonian call for aid.

Moreover, I am cognizant of the interrelatedness of all communities and states. I cannot sit idly by in Atlanta and not be concerned about what happens in Birmingham. Injustice anywhere is a threat to justice everywhere. We are caught in an inescapable network of mutuality, tied in a single garment of destiny. Whatever affects one directly affects all indirectly. Never again can we afford to live with the narrow, provincial "outside agitator" idea. Anyone who lives inside the United States can never be considered an outsider anywhere in this country.

You deplore the demonstrations that are presently taking place in Birmingham. But I am sorry that your statement did not express a similar concern for the conditions that brought the demonstrations into being. I am sure that each of you would want to go beyond the superficial social analyst who looks merely at effects, and does not grapple with underlying causes. I would not hesitate to say that it is unfortunate that so-called demonstrations are taking place in Birmingham at this time, but I would say in more emphatic terms that it is even more unfortunate that the white power structure of this city left the Negro community with no other alternative.

In any nonviolent campaign there are four basic steps: 1) Collection of the facts to determine whether injustices are alive. 2) Negotiation. 3) Self-purification and 4) Direct action. We have gone through all of these steps in Birmingham. There can be no gainsaying of the fact that racial injustice engulfs this community.

Birmingham is probably the most thoroughly segregated city in the United States. Its ugly record of police brutality is known in every section of this country. Its unjust treatment of Negroes in the courts is a notorious reality. There have been more unsolved bombings of Negro homes and churches in Birmingham than any city in this nation. These are the hard, brutal and unbelievable facts. On the basis of these conditions, Negro leaders sought to negotiate with the city fathers. But the political leaders consistently refused to engage in good faith negotiation.

Then came the opportunity last September to talk with some of the leaders of the economic community. In these negotiating sessions certain promises were made by the merchants—such as the promise to remove the humiliating racial signs from the stores. On the basis of these promises Rev. Shuttlesworth and the leaders of the Alabama Christian Movement for Human Rights agreed

to call a moratorium on any type of demonstrations. As the weeks and months unfolded we realized that we were the victims of a broken promise. The signs remained. Like so many experiences of the past we were confronted with blasted hopes, and the dark shadow of a deep disappointment settled upon us. So we had no alternative except that of preparing for direct action, whereby we would present our very bodies as a means of laying our case before the conscience of the local and national community. We were not unmindful of the difficulties involved. So we decided to go through a process of self-purification. We started having workshops on nonviolence and repeatedly asked ourselves the questions: "Are you able to accept blows without retaliating?" "Are you able to endure the ordeals of jail?" We decided to set our direct-action program around the Easter season, realizing that with the exception of Christmas, this was the largest shopping period of the year. Knowing that a strong economic withdrawal program would be the by-product of direct action, we felt that this was the best time to bring pressure on the merchants for the needed changes. Then it occurred to us that the March election was ahead and so we speedily decided to postpone the action until after election day. When we discovered that Mr. Connor was in the run-off, we decided again to postpone action so that the demonstrations could not be used to cloud the issues. At this time we agreed to begin our nonviolent witness the day after the run-off.

This reveals that we did not move irresponsibly into direct action. We too wanted to see Mr. Connor defeated; so we went through postponement after postponement to aid in this community need. After this we felt that direct action could be delayed no longer.

You may well ask: "Why direct action? Why sit-ins, marches, etc.? Isn't negotiation a better path?" You are exactly right in your call for negotiation. Indeed, this is the purpose of direct action. Nonviolent direct action seeks to create such a crisis and establish such creative tension that a community that has constantly refused to negotiate is forced to confront the issue. It seeks so to dramatize the issue that it can no longer be ignored. I just referred to the creation of tension as a part of the work of the nonviolent resister. This may sound rather shocking. But I must confess that I am not afraid of the word tension. I have earnestly worked and preached against violent tension, but there is a type of constructive nonviolent tension that is necessary for growth. Just as Socrates felt that it was necessary to create a tension in the mind so that individuals could rise from the bondage of myths and half-truths to the unfettered realm of creative analysis and objective appraisal, we must see the need of having nonviolent gadflies to create the kind of tension in society that will help men to rise from the dark depths of prejudice and racism to the majestic heights of understanding and brotherhood. So the purpose of the direct action is to create a situation so crisis-packed that it will inevitably open the door to negotiation. We, therefore, concur with you in your call for negotiation. Too long has our beloved Southland been bogged down in the tragic attempt to live in monologue rather than dialogue.

One of the basic points in your statement is that our acts are untimely. Some have asked, "Why didn't you give the new administration time to act?"

The only answer that I can give to this inquiry is that the new Birmingham administration must be prodded about as much as the outgoing one before it acts. We will be sadly mistaken if we feel that the election of Mr. Boutwell will bring the millennium to Birmingham. While Mr. Boutwell is much more articulate and gentle than Mr. Connor, they are both segregationists, dedicated to the task of maintaining the status quo. The hope I see in Mr. Boutwell is that he will be reasonable enough to see the futility of massive resistance to desegregation. But he will not see this without pressure from the devotees of civil rights. My friends, I must say to you that we have not made a single gain in civil rights without determined legal and nonviolent pressure. History is the long and tragic story of the fact that privileged groups seldom give up their privileges voluntarily. Individuals may see the moral light and voluntarily give up their unjust posture; but as Reinhold Niebuhr has reminded us, groups are more immoral than individuals.

We know through painful experience that freedom is never voluntarily given by the oppressor; it must be demanded by the oppressed. Frankly, I have never yet engaged in a direct action movement that was "well timed," according to the timetable of those who have not suffered unduly from the disease of segregation. For years now I have heard the words [*sic*] "Wait." It rings in the ear of every Negro with a piercing familiarity. This "Wait" has almost always meant "Never." We must come to see with the distinguished jurist of yesterday that "justice too long delayed is justice denied."

We have waited for more than three hundred and forty years for our constitutional and God-given rights. The nations of Asia and Africa are moving with jet-like speed toward the goal of political independence, and we still creep at horse and buggy pace toward the gaining of a cup of coffee at a lunch counter. I guess it is easy for those who have never felt the stinging darts of segregation to say, "Wait." But when you have seen vicious mobs lynch your mothers and fathers at will and drown your sisters and brothers at whim; when you have seen hate-filled policemen curse, kick, brutalize and even kill your black brothers and sisters with impunity; when you see the vast majority of your twenty million Negro brothers smothering in an airtight cage of poverty in the midst of an affluent society; when you suddenly find your tongue twisted and your speech stammering as you seek to explain to your six-year-old daughter why she can't go to the public amusement park that has just been advertised on television, and see tears welling up in her eyes when she is told that Funtown is closed to colored children, and see the depressing clouds of inferiority begin to form in her little mental sky, and see her begin to distort her little personality by unconsciously developing a bitterness toward white people; when you have to concoct an answer for a five-year-old son asking in agonizing pathos: "Daddy, why do white people treat colored people so mean?"; when you take a cross-country drive and find it necessary to sleep night after night in the uncomfortable corners of your automobile because no motel will accept you; when you are humiliated day in and day out by nagging signs reading "white" and "colored"; when your first name becomes "nigger," your middle name becomes "boy" (however

old you are) and your last name becomes "John," and your wife and mother are never given the respected title "Mrs.," when you are harried by day and haunted by night by the fact that you are a Negro, living constantly at tip-toe stance never quite knowing what to expect next, and plagued with inner fears and outer resentments; when you are forever fighting a degenerating sense of "nobodiness"; then you will understand why we find it difficult to wait. There comes a time when the cup of endurance runs over, and men are no longer willing to be plunged into an abyss of despair. I hope, sirs, you can understand our legitimate and unavoidable impatience.

You express a great deal of anxiety over our willingness to break laws. This is certainly a legitimate concern. Since we so diligently urge people to obey the Supreme Court's decision of 1954 outlawing segregation in the public schools, it is rather strange and paradoxical to find us consciously breaking laws. One may well ask: "How can you advocate breaking some laws and obeying others?" The answer is found in the fact that there are two types of laws: There are *just* and there are *unjust* laws. I would agree with Saint Augustine that "An unjust law is no law at all."

Now, what is the difference between the two? How does one determine when a law is just or unjust? A just law is a man-made code that squares with the moral law or the law of God. An unjust law is a code that is out of harmony with the moral law. To put it in the terms of Saint Thomas Aquinas, an unjust law is a human law that is not rooted in eternal and natural law. Any law that uplifts human personality is just. Any law that degrades human personality is unjust. All segregation statutes are unjust because segregation distorts the soul and damages the personality. It gives the segregator a false sense of superiority, and the segregated a false sense of inferiority. To use the words of Martin Buber, the Jewish philosopher, segregation substitutes an "I-it" relationship for an "I-thou" relationship, and ends up relegating persons to the status of things. So segregation is not only politically, economically and sociologically unsound, but it is morally wrong and sinful. Paul Tillich has said that sin is separation. Isn't segregation an existential expression of man's tragic separation, an expression of his awful estrangement, his terrible sinfulness? So I can urge men to disobey segregation ordinances because they are morally wrong.

Let us turn to a more concrete example of just and unjust laws. An unjust law is a code that a majority inflicts on a minority that is not binding on itself. This is difference made legal. On the other hand a just law is a code that a majority compels a minority to follow that it is willing to follow itself. This is sameness made legal.

Let me give another explanation. An unjust law is a code inflicted upon a minority which that minority had no part in enacting or creating because they did not have the unhampered right to vote. Who can say that the legislature of Alabama which set up the segregation laws was democratically elected? Throughout the state of Alabama all types of conniving methods are used to prevent Negroes from becoming registered voters and there are some counties without a single Negro registered to vote despite the fact that the Negro constitutes a majority of the population. Can any law set up in such a state be considered democratically structured?

These are just a few examples of unjust and just laws. There are some instances when a law is just on its face and unjust in its application. For instance, I was arrested Friday on a charge of parading without a permit. Now there is nothing wrong with an ordinance which requires a permit for a parade, but when the ordinance is used to preserve segregation and to deny citizens the First Amendment privilege of peaceful assembly and peaceful protest, then it becomes unjust.

I hope you can see the distinction I am trying to point out. In no sense do I advocate evading or defying the law as the rabid segregationist would do. This would lead to anarchy. One who breaks an unjust law must do it *openly, lovingly* (not hatefully as the white mothers did in New Orleans when they were seen on television screaming "nigger, nigger, nigger") and with a willingness to accept the penalty. I submit that an individual who breaks a law that conscience tells him is unjust, and willingly accepts the penalty by staying in jail to arouse the conscience of the community over its injustice, is in reality expressing the very highest respect for law.

Of course, there is nothing new about this kind of civil disobedience. It was seen sublimely in the refusal of Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego to obey the laws of Nebuchadnezzar because a higher moral law was involved. It was practiced superbly by the early Christians who were willing to face hungry lions and the excruciating pain of chopping blocks, before submitting to certain unjust laws of the Roman empire. To a degree academic freedom is a reality today because Socrates practiced civil disobedience.

We can never forget that everything Hitler did in Germany was "legal" and everything the Hungarian freedom fighters did in Hungary was "illegal." It was "illegal" to aid and comfort a Jew in Hitler's Germany. But I am sure that if I had lived in Germany during that time I would have aided and comforted my Jewish brothers even though it was illegal. If I lived in a Communist country today where certain principles dear to the Christian faith are suppressed, I believe I would openly advocate disobeying these anti-religious laws. I must make two honest confessions to you, my Christian and Jewish brothers. First, I must confess that over the last few years I have been gravely disappointed with the white moderate. I have almost reached the regrettable conclusion that the Negro's great stumbling block in the stride toward freedom is not the White Citizen's Council or the Ku Klux Klanner, but the white moderate who is more devoted to "order" than to justice; who prefers a negative peace which is the absence of tension to a positive peace which is the presence of justice; who constantly says "I agree with you in the goal you seek, but I can't agree with your methods of direct action"; who paternalistically feels he can set the timetable for another man's freedom; who lives by the myth of time and who constantly advises the Negro to wait until a "more convenient season." Shallow understanding from people of goodwill is more frustrating than absolute misunderstanding from people of ill will. Lukewarm acceptance is much more bewildering than outright rejection.

I had hoped that the white moderate would understand that law and order exist for the purpose of establishing justice, and that when they fail to do this they become dangerously structured dams that block the flow of social progress. I had

hoped that the white moderate would understand that the present tension in the South is merely a necessary phase of the transition from an obnoxious negative peace, where the Negro passively accepted his unjust plight, to a substance-filled positive peace, where all men will respect the dignity and worth of human personality. Actually, we who engage in nonviolent direct action are not the creators of tension. We merely bring to the surface the hidden tension that is already alive. We bring it out in the open where it can be seen and dealt with. Like a boil that can never be cured as long as it is covered up but must be opened with all its pus-flowing ugliness to the natural medicines of air and light, injustice must likewise be exposed, with all of the tension its exposing creates, to the light of human conscience and the air of national opinion before it can be cured.

In your statement you asserted that our actions, even though peaceful, must be condemned because they precipitate violence. But can this assertion be logically made? Isn't this like condemning the robbed man because his possession of money precipitated the evil act of robbery? Isn't this like condemning Socrates because his unswerving commitment to truth and his philosophical delvings precipitated the misguided popular mind to make him drink the hemlock? Isn't this like condemning Jesus because His unique God-Consciousness and never-ceasing devotion to His will precipitated the evil act of crucifixion? We must come to see, as the federal courts have consistently affirmed, that it is immoral to urge an individual to withdraw his efforts to gain his basic constitutional rights because the quest precipitates violence. Society must protect the robbed and punish the robber.

I had also hoped that the white moderate would reject the myth of time. I received a letter this morning from a white brother in Texas which said: "All Christians know that the colored people will receive equal rights eventually, but it is possible that you are in too great of a religious hurry. It has taken Christianity almost 2000 years to accomplish what it has. The teachings of Christ take time to come to earth." All that is said here grows out of a tragic misconception of time. It is the strangely irrational notion that there is something in the very flow of time that will inevitably cure all ills. Actually time is neutral. It can be used either destructively or constructively. I am coming to feel that the people of ill-will have used time much more effectively than the people of good will. We will have to repent in this generation not merely for the vitriolic words and actions of the bad people, but for the appalling silence of the good people. We must come to see that human progress never rolls in on wheels of inevitability. It comes through the tireless efforts and persistent work of men willing to be co-workers with God, and without this hard work time itself becomes an ally of the forces of social stagnation. We must use time creatively, and forever realize that the time is always ripe to do right. Now is the time to make real the promise of democracy, and transform our pending national elegy into a creative psalm of brotherhood. Now is the time to lift our national policy from the quicksand of racial injustice to the solid rock of human dignity.

You spoke of our activity in Birmingham as extreme. At first I was rather disappointed that fellow clergymen would see my nonviolent efforts as those of the

extremist. I started thinking about the fact that I stand in the middle of two opposing forces in the Negro community. One is a force of complacency made up of Negroes who, as a result of long years of oppression, have been so completely drained of self-respect and a sense of "somebodiness" that they have adjusted to segregation, and, of a few Negroes in the middle class who, because of a degree of academic and economic security, and because at points they profit by segregation, have unconsciously become insensitive to the problems of the masses. The other force is one of bitterness, and hatred comes perilously close to advocating violence. It is expressed in the various black nationalist groups that are springing up over the nation, the largest and best-known being Elijah Muhammad's Muslim movement. This movement is nourished by the contemporary frustration over the continued existence of racial discrimination. It is made up of people who have lost faith in America, who have absolutely repudiated Christianity, and who have concluded that the white man is an incurable "devil." I have tried to stand between these two forces saying that we need not follow the "do-nothingism" of the complacent or the hatred and despair of the black nationalist. There is the more excellent way of love and nonviolent protest. I'm grateful to God that, through the Negro church, the dimension of nonviolence entered our struggle. If this philosophy had not emerged, I am convinced that by now many streets of the South would be flowing with floods of blood. And I am further convinced that if our white brothers dismiss as "rabble rousers" and "outside agitators" those of us who are working through the channels of nonviolent direct action and refuse to support our nonviolent efforts, millions of Negroes, out of frustration and despair, will seek solace and security in black-nationalist ideologies, a development that will lead inevitably to a frightening racial nightmare.

Oppressed people cannot remain oppressed forever. The urge for freedom will eventually come. This is what happened to the American Negro. Something within has reminded him of his birthright of freedom; something without has reminded him that he can gain it. Consciously and unconsciously, he has been swept in by what the Germans call the *Zeitgeist*, and with his black brothers of Africa, and his brown and yellow brothers of Asia, South America and the Caribbean, he is moving with a sense of cosmic urgency toward the promised land of racial justice. Recognizing this vital urge that has engulfed the Negro community, one should readily understand public demonstrations. The Negro has many pent up resentments and latent frustrations. He has to get them out. So let him march sometime; let him have his prayer pilgrimages to the city hall, understand why he must have sit-ins and freedom rides. If his repressed emotions do not come out in these nonviolent ways, they will come out in ominous expressions of violence. This is not a threat; it is a fact of history. So I have not said to my people "get rid of your discontent." But I have tried to say that this normal and healthy discontent can be channeled through the creative outlet of nonviolent direct action. Now this approach is being dismissed as extremist. I must admit that I was initially disappointed in being so categorized.

But as I continued to think about the matter I gradually gained a bit of satisfaction from being considered an extremist. Was not Jesus an extremist for

love—"Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, pray for them that despitefully use you." Was not Amos an extremist for justice—"Let justice roll down like waters and righteousness like a mighty stream." Was not Paul an extremist for the gospel of Jesus Christ—"I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus." Was not Martin Luther an extremist—"Here I stand; I can do none other so help me God." Was not John Bunyan an extremist—"I will stay in jail to the end of my days before I make a butchery of my conscience." Was not Abraham Lincoln an extremist—"This nation cannot survive half slave and half free." Was not Thomas Jefferson an extremist—"We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal." So the question is not whether we will be extremist but what kind of extremist will we be. Will we be extremists for hate or will we be extremists for love? Will we be extremists for the preservation of injustice—or will we be extremists for the cause of justice? In that dramatic scene on Calvary's hill, three men were crucified. We must not forget that all three were crucified for the same crime—the crime of extremism. Two were extremists for immorality, and thusly fell below their environment. The other, Jesus Christ, was an extremist for love, truth and goodness, and thereby rose above his environment. So, after all, maybe the South, the nation and the world are in dire need of creative extremists.

I had hoped that the white moderate would see this. . . .

Fannie Lou Hamer (1917–1977)

Black and white civil rights activists spent the summer of 1964 in Mississippi registering African Americans to vote. Three civil rights volunteers, James Chaney, Andrew Goodman, and Michael Schwerner, were murdered during that "Freedom Summer." The Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party (MFDP) sent a delegation to the Democratic National Convention in Atlantic City in August, hoping that liberals in the party who supported the civil rights movement would seat them rather than the regular, all-white Mississippi delegation. Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee (SNCC) worker Fannie Lou Hamer, granddaughter of a slave, was a member of the delegation. The credentials committee held a televised hearing, and while Fannie Lou Hamer's gripping testimony was being aired, President Johnson, angry that the issue would divide the Democratic Party, deliberately preempted the proceedings by holding a spur-of-the-moment press conference. Hamer's testimony was aired later that evening by the networks, and although it was no longer prime time, millions of viewers around the country then heard of the injustices faced by blacks in Mississippi. Johnson and the Democratic leadership still refused to seat the MFDP, although they offered a compromise: admitting two MFDP members as delegates-at-large and agreeing that at the next convention in 1968 delegations from states that

denied citizens suffrage would not be seated. The MFDP rejected the compromise: "We didn't come all this way for no two seats," Fannie Lou Hamer indignantly announced. An important result of this episode was that many African Americans began losing faith in the political process. Over the next few years, the civil rights movement itself fragmented as advocates of Black Power became critical of the moderate approach of such leaders as Martin Luther King Jr. and Roy Wilkins of the NAACP.

TESTIMONY BEFORE THE CREDENTIALS COMMITTEE OF THE DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL CONVENTION, 1964

Mr. Chairman, and the Credentials Committee, my name is Mrs. Fanny Lou Hamer, and I live at 626 East Lafayette Street, Ruleville, Mississippi, Sunflower County, the home of Senator James O. Eastland, and Senator Stennis.

It was the 31st of August in 1962 that 18 of us traveled 26 miles to the county courthouse in Indianola to try to register to try to become first-class citizens. We was met in Indianola by Mississippi men, Highway Patrolmen and they only allowed two of us in to take the literacy test at the time. After we had taken this test and started back to Ruleville, we was held up by the City Police and the State Highway Patrolmen and carried back to Indianola where the bus driver was charged that day with driving a bus the wrong color.

After we paid the fine among us, we continued on to Ruleville, and Reverend Jeff Sunny carried me four miles in the rural area where I had worked as a time-keeper and sharecropper for 18 years. I was met there by my children, who told me that the plantation owner was angry because I had gone down to try to register. After they told me, my husband came, and said that the plantation owner was raising Cain because I had tried to register, and before he quit talking the plantation owner came, and said, "Fanny Lou, do you know—did Pap tell you what I said?"

And I said, "yes, sir."

He said, "I mean that," he said, "If you don't go down and withdraw your registration, you will have to leave," said, "Then if you go down and withdraw," he said, "You will—you [still] might have to go because we are not ready for that in Mississippi."

And I addressed him and told him and said, "I didn't try to register for you. I tried to register for myself." I had to leave that same night.

On the 10th of September 1962, 16 bullets was fired into the home of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Tucker for me. That same night two girls were shot in Ruleville, Mississippi. Also Mr. Joe McDonald's house was shot in.

And in June the 9th, 1963, I had attended a voter registration workshop, was returning back to Mississippi. Ten of us was traveling by the Continental Trailway

bus. When we got to Winona, Mississippi, which is in Montgomery County, four of the people got off to use the washroom, and two of the people—to use the restaurant—two of the people wanted to use the washroom. The four people that had gone in to use the restaurant was ordered out. During this time I was on the bus. But when I looked through the window and saw they had rushed out I got off of the bus to see what had happened, and one of the ladies said, “It was a State Highway Patrolman and a Chief of Police ordered us out.”

I got back on the bus and one of the persons had used the washroom got back on the bus, too. As soon as I was seated on the bus, I saw when they began to get the four people in a highway patrolman’s car, I stepped off of the bus to see what was happening and somebody screamed from the car that the four workers was in and said, “Get that one there,” and when I went to get in the car, when the man told me I was under arrest, he kicked me.

I was carried to the county jail, and put in the booking room. They left some of the people in the booking room and began to place us in cells. I was placed in a cell with a young woman called Miss Ivesta Simpson. After I was placed in the cell I began to hear the sound of kicks and horrible screams, and I could hear somebody say, “Can you say, yes, sir, nigger? Can you say yes, sir?”

And they would say other horrible names. She would say, “Yes, I can say yes, sir.”

“So say it.”

She says, “I don’t know you well enough.”

They beat her, I don’t know how long, and after a while she began to pray, and asked God to have mercy on those people.

And it wasn’t too long before three white men came to my cell. One of these men was a State Highway Patrolman and he asked me where I was from, and I told him Ruleville, he said, “We are going to check this.” And they left my cell and it wasn’t too long before they came back. He said, “You are from Ruleville all right,” and he used a curse word, and he said, “We are going to make you wish you was dead.”

I was carried out of that cell into another cell where they had two Negro prisoners. The State Highway Patrolmen ordered the first Negro to take the blackjack. The first Negro prisoner ordered me, by orders from the State Highway Patrolman for me, to lay down on a bunk bed on my face, and I laid on my face. The first Negro began to beat, and I was beat by the first Negro until he was exhausted, and I was holding my hands behind me at that time on my left side because I suffered from polio when I was six years old. After the first Negro had beat until he was exhausted the State Highway Patrolman ordered the second Negro to take the blackjack.

The second Negro began to beat and I began to work my feet, and the State Highway Patrolman ordered the first Negro who had beat me to sit upon my feet to keep me from working my feet. I began to scream and one white man got up and began to beat me my head and told me to hush. One white man—since my dress had worked up high, walked over and pulled my dress down and he pulled my dress back, back up. . . .

All of this is on account of us wanting to register, to become first-class citizens, and if the Freedom Democratic Party is not seated now, I question America, is this America, the land of the free and the home of the brave where we have to sleep with our telephones off of the hooks because our lives be threatened daily because we want to live as decent human beings, in America?

Malcolm X (1925–1965)

By the time Malcolm Little was a teenager, he was involved in drugs, pimping, and burglary. He was finally arrested and sent to prison. While incarcerated, he began reading avidly and converted to Elijah Muhammad’s Nation of Islam. Having learned that all African Americans had lost their original African names when they were forced into slavery, he dropped his own surname upon his release in 1952. He called himself Malcolm X—the X representing his lost African name.

During the next several years, his eloquence and personal charisma brought Malcolm X to the fore in the Nation of Islam, and he spent most of his time giving speeches that condemned white America and urged blacks to convert to Islam. His message contrasted sharply with Martin Luther King Jr.’s advocacy of nonviolent direct action as a means to achieve integration. Malcolm X believed that all whites were racists and that there was no way white America would ever respect black America’s rights; rejecting integration as a goal, he called instead for black separatism. In 1964, however, after his hajj to Mecca, where he met many white Muslims who were not racist, he began to believe that there was some hope of working together with whites to eradicate racism. By this time, he had had a falling out with Elijah Muhammad and founded his own Organization of Afro-American Unity. In February 1965, Nation of Islam gunmen assassinated him while he was addressing supporters in the Avalon Ballroom in Harlem.

THE BLACK REVOLUTION, 1964

Friends and enemies, tonight I hope that we can have a little fireside chat with as few sparks as possible being tossed around. . . . I hope that this little conversation tonight about the black revolution won’t cause many of you to accuse us of

igniting it when you find it at your doorstep.... I'm still a Muslim but I'm also a nationalist, meaning that my political philosophy is black nationalism, my economic philosophy is black nationalism, my social philosophy is black nationalism. And when I say that this philosophy is black nationalism, to me this means that the political philosophy of black nationalism is that which is designed to encourage our people, the black people, to gain complete control over the politics and the politicians of our own community.

Our economic philosophy is that we should gain economic control over the economy of our own community, the businesses and the other things which create employment so that we can provide jobs for our own people instead of having to picket and boycott and beg someone else for a job. And, in short, our social philosophy means that we feel that it is time to get together among our own kind and eliminate the evils that are destroying the moral fiber of our society, like drug addiction, drunkenness, adultery that leads to an abundance of bastard children, welfare problems. We believe that we should lift the level or the standard of our own society to a higher level wherein we will be satisfied and then not inclined toward pushing ourselves into other societies where we are not wanted.

Why is America in a position to bring about a bloodless revolution? Because the Negro in this country holds the balance of power and if the Negro in this country were given what the Constitution says he is supposed to have, the added power of the Negro in this country would sweep all of the racists and the segregationists out of office. It would change the entire political structure of the country. It would wipe out the Southern segregationism that now controls America's foreign policy, as well as America's domestic policy.

And the only way without bloodshed that this can be brought about is that the black man has to be given full use of the ballot in every one of the 50 states. But if the black man doesn't get the ballot, then you are going to be faced with another man who forgets the ballot and starts using the bullet.

Revolutions are fought to get control of land, to remove the absentee landlord and gain control of the land and the institutions that flow from that land. The black man has been in a very low condition because he has had no control whatsoever over any land. He has been a beggar economically, a beggar politically, a beggar socially, a beggar even when it comes to trying to get some education. So that in the past the type of mentality that was developed in this colonial system among our people, today is being overcome. And as the young ones come up they know what they want. And as they listen to your beautiful preaching about democracy and all those other flowery words, they know what they're supposed to have.

So you have a people today who not only know what they want, but also know what they are supposed to have. And they themselves are clearing another generation that is coming up that not only will know what it wants and know what it should have, but also will be ready and willing to do whatever is necessary to see that what they should have materializes immediately. Thank you.

Stokely Carmichael (1941-1998)

By 1965, the civil rights movement was entering the final stages of overturning segregation in the Jim Crow South. There had been boycotts, freedom rides, and sit-ins. The Civil Rights Bill became law in 1964. Jim Crow was dying. In the aftermath of the Selma march, in March 1965, President Johnson submitted the Voting Rights Bill to Congress, which, when it was passed, sent federal examiners into the South to make sure that all citizens, regardless of race, would be permitted to register to vote. Over the next few years, political power in the South began to shift away from white segregationists, and all politicians were forced, if they hoped to be elected, to address the needs of all their constituents. However, there were many civil rights activists who believed the federal government had not responded to the campaign quickly or effectively enough and that many important issues still needed to be tackled.

African Americans living in the North had also been closely watching the fight for equality in the South, and although many successes could be claimed, those in the ghettos of Detroit, Chicago, New York, and other cities did not perceive that their lives had in any way changed or improved. Civil rights activists like Stokely Carmichael of the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee (SNCC), Floyd McKissick of the Congress of Racial Equality (CORE), and many others grew impatient with Reverend King's nonviolent passive resistance and began advocating that blacks no longer turn the other cheek. African Americans, they proclaimed, should and must fight back. Recovering Marcus Garvey's phrase from the 1920s, Stokely Carmichael called for black power. Equality was not going to be handed to African Americans by benevolent whites. It had to be seized. Black power "is a call for black people in this country to unite," Carmichael and Charles Hamilton wrote in their book, *Black Power*, "to recognize their heritage, to build a sense of community. It is a call for black people to define their own goals, to lead their own organizations." These radicals also questioned the basic premise of Martin Luther King Jr.'s assumption that integration was a worthy goal. White society had nothing to offer blacks, so why, then, should they want to be integrated into it? Rejecting both segregation and integration, black power militants demanded separation. After he became chairman of SNCC in 1966, Carmichael began a speaking tour at universities around the country, urging blacks to build their own "independent political, economic, and cultural institutions." (For the full speech see the full version of *Dissent in America: The Voices That Shaped a Nation*.)

BERKELEY SPEECH, OCTOBER 1966

It's a privilege and an honor to be in the white intellectual ghetto of the West. This is a student conference, as it should be, held on a campus, and we'll never be caught up in intellectual masturbation on the question of Black Power. That's the function of the people who are advertisers but call themselves reporters. Incidentally, for my friends and members of the press, my self-appointed white critics, I was reading Mr. Bernard Shaw two days ago, and I came across a very important quote that I think is most apropos to you. He says, "All criticism is an autobiography." Dig yourself. Ok.

The philosophers Camus and Sartre raise the question of whether or not a man can condemn himself. The black existentialist philosopher who is pragmatic, Frantz Fanon, answered the question. He said that man could not. Camus and Sartre don't answer the question. We in SNCC tend to agree with Fanon—a man cannot condemn himself. If he did, he would then have to inflict punishment upon himself. An example is the Nazis. Any of the Nazi prisoners who, after he was caught and incarcerated, admitted that he committed crimes, that he killed all the many people he killed, had to commit suicide. The only ones able to stay alive were the ones who never admitted that they committed a crime against people—that is, the ones who rationalized that Jews were not human beings and deserved to be killed, or that they were only following orders. There's another, more recent example provided by the officials and the population—the white population—of Neshoba County, Mississippi (that's where Philadelphia is). They could not condemn Sheriff Rainey, his deputies, and the other fourteen men who killed three human beings. They could not because they elected Mr. Rainey to do precisely what he did; and condemning him would be condemning themselves.

In a much larger view, SNCC says that white America cannot condemn herself for her criminal acts against black America. So black people have done it—you stand condemned. The institutions that function in this country are clearly racist; they're built upon racism. The questions to be dealt with then are: how can black people inside this country move? How can white people who say they're not part of those institutions begin to move? And how then do we begin to clear away the obstacles that we have in this society, to make us live like human beings?

Several people have been upset because we've said that integration was irrelevant when initiated by blacks, and that in fact it was an insidious subterfuge for the maintenance of white supremacy. In the past six years or so, this country has been feeding us a "thalidomide drug of integration," and some negroes have been walking down a dream street talking about sitting next to white people. That does not begin to solve the problem. We didn't go to

Mississippi to sit next to Ross Barnett [former governor of Mississippi], we did not go to sit next to Jim Clark [sheriff of Selma, Alabama], we went to get them out of our way. People ought to understand that; we were never fighting for the right to integrate, we were fighting against white supremacy. In order to understand white supremacy we must dismiss the fallacious notion that white people can give anybody his freedom. A man is born free. You may enslave a man after he is born free, and that is in fact what this country does. It enslaves blacks after they're born. The only thing white people can do is stop denying black people their freedom.

I maintain that every civil rights bill in this country was passed for white people, not for black people. For example, I am black. I know that. I also know that while I am black I am a human being. Therefore I have the right to go into any public place. White people don't know that. Every time I tried to go into a public place they stopped me. So some boys had to write a bill to tell that white man, "He's a human being; don't stop him." That bill was for the white man, not for me. I knew I could vote all the time and that it wasn't a privilege but my right. Every time I tried I was shot, killed or jailed, beaten or economically deprived. So somebody had to write a bill to tell white people, "When a black man comes to vote, don't bother him." That bill was for white people. I know I can live anywhere I want to live. It is white people across this country who are incapable of allowing me to live where I want. You need a civil rights bill, not me. The failure of the civil rights bill isn't because of Black Power or because of the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee or because of the rebellions that are occurring in the major cities. That failure is due to the white's incapacity to deal with their own problems inside their own communities.

And so in a sense we must ask, How is it that black people move? And what do we do? But the question in a much greater sense is, How can white people who are the majority, and who are responsible for making democracy work, make it work? They have never made democracy work, be it inside the United States, Vietnam, South Africa, the Philippines, South America, Puerto Rico, or wherever America has been. We not only condemn the country for what it has done internally, but we must condemn it for what it does externally. We see this country trying to rule the world, and someone must stand up and start articulating that this country is not God, and that it cannot rule the world.

The white supremacist attitude, which you have either consciously or subconsciously, is running rampant through society today. For example, missionaries were sent to Africa with the attitude that blacks were automatically inferior. As a matter of fact, the first act the missionaries did when they got to Africa was to make us cover up our bodies, because they said it got them excited. We couldn't go bare-breasted any more because they got excited! When the missionaries came to civilize us because we were uncivilized, to educate us because we were uneducated, and to give us some literate studies because we were illiterate, they charged a price. The missionaries came with the Bible, and we had the land: When they left, they had the land, and we still have the Bible. That's been the

rationalization for Western civilization as it moves across the world—stealing, plundering, and raping everybody in its path. Their one rationalization is that the rest of the world is uncivilized and they are in fact civilized. But the West is un-civ-il-ized. And that still runs on today, you see, because now we have “modern-day missionaries,” and they come into our ghettos—they Head Start, Upward Lift, Bootstrap, and Upward Bound us into white society. They don’t want to face the real problem. A man is poor for one reason and one reason only—he does not have money. If you want to get rid of poverty, you give people money. And you ought not tell me about people who don’t work, and that you can’t give people money if they don’t work, because if that were true, you’d have to start stopping Rockefeller, Kennedy, Lyndon Baines Johnson, Lady Bird Johnson, the whole of Standard Oil, the Gulf Corporation, all of them, including probably a large number of the board of trustees of this university. The question, then, is not whether or not one can work; it’s Who has power to make his or her acts legitimate? That is all. In this country that power is invested in the hands of white people, and it makes their acts legitimate.

We are now engaged in a psychological struggle in this country about whether or not black people have the right to use the words they want to use without white people giving their sanction. We maintain the use of the words Black Power—let them address themselves to that. We are not going to wait for white people to sanction Black Power. We’re tired of waiting; every time black people try to move in this country, they’re forced to defend their position beforehand. It’s time that white people do that. They ought to start defending themselves as to why they have oppressed and exploited us. A man was picked as a slave for one reason—the color of his skin. Black was automatically inferior, inhuman. And therefore fit for slavery, so the question of whether or not we are individually suppressed is nonsensical, and it’s a downright lie. We are oppressed as a group because we are black, not because we are lazy or apathetic, not because we’re stupid or we stink, not because we eat watermelon or have good rhythm. We are oppressed because we are black.

In order to escape that oppression we must wield the group power we have, not the individual power that this country sets as the criterion under which a man may come into it. That’s what is called integration. “You do what I tell you to do and we’ll let you sit at the table with us.” Well, if you believe in integration, you can come live in Watts, send your children to the ghetto schools. Let’s talk about that. If you believe in integration, then we’re going to start adopting us some white people to live in our neighborhoods. So it is clear that this question is not one of integration or segregation. We cannot afford to be concerned about the 6 percent black children in this country whom you allow to enter white schools. We are going to be concerned about the 94 percent. You ought to be concerned about them too. But are we willing to be concerned about the black people who will never get to Berkeley, never get to Harvard, and cannot get an education, the ones you’ll never get a chance to rub shoulders with and say, “Why, he’s almost as good as we are; he’s not like the others”? The question

is, How can white society begin to move to see black people as human beings? I am black, therefore I am. Not I am black and I must go to college to prove myself. I am black, therefore I am. And don’t deprive me of anything and say to me that you must go to college before you gain access to X, Y, and Z. That’s only a rationalization for suppression....

There are several programs in the South where whites are trying to organize poor whites so they can begin to move around the question of economic exploitation and political disfranchisement. We’ve all heard the theory several times. But few people are willing to go into it. The question is, Can the white activist stop trying to be a Pepsi generation who comes alive in the black community, and be a man who’s willing to move into the white community and start organizing where the organization is needed? Can he do that? Can the white activist disassociate himself from the clowns who waste time parrying with each other and start talking about the problems that are facing people in this state? You must start inside the white community. Our political position is that we don’t think the Democratic Party represents the needs of black people. We know that it does not. If, in fact, white people believe that they’re going to move inside that structure, how are they going to organize around a concept of whiteness based on true brotherhood and on stopping economic exploitation in order to form a coalition base for black people to hook up with? You cannot build a coalition based on national sentiment. If you want a coalition to address itself to real changes in this country, white people must start building those institutions inside the white community. And that’s the real question facing the white activists today. Can they tear down the institutions that have put us all in the trick bag we’ve been into for the last hundreds of years? Frederick Douglass said that the youth should fight to be leaders today. God knows we need to be leaders today, because the men who run this country are sick. We must begin to start building those institutions and to fight to articulate our position, to fight to be able to control our universities (we need to be able to do that), to fight to control the basic institutions that perpetuate racism by destroying them and building new ones. That’s the real question that faces us today, and it is a dilemma because most of us don’t know how to work.

Most white activists run into the black community as an excuse. We cannot have white people working in the black community—on psychological grounds. The fact is that all black people question whether or not they are equal to whites, since every time they start to do something, white people are around showing them how to do it. If we are going to eliminate that for the generation that comes after us, then black people must be in positions of power, doing and articulating for themselves. That’s not reverse racism; it is moving onto healthy ground; it is becoming what the philosopher Sartre says, an “antiracist racist.” And this country can’t understand that. If everybody who’s white sees himself as racist and sees us against him, he’s speaking from his own guilt....

How can you, as the youth in this country, move to start carrying those things out? Move into the white community. We have developed a movement in the black community. The white activist has miserably failed to develop the movement inside of his community. Will white people have the courage to go into the white communities and start organizing them? That's the question for the white activist. We won't get caught up in questions about power. This country knows what power is. It knows what Black Power is because it deprived black people of it for over four hundred years. White people associate Black Power with violence because of their own inability to deal with blackness. If we had said "Negro power" nobody would get scared. Everybody would support it. If we said power for colored people, everybody'd be for that, but it is the word "black" that bothers people in this country, and that's their problem, not mine. That's the lie that says anything black is bad. . . .

I look at Dr. King on television every single day, and I say to myself: "Now there is a man who's desperately needed in this country. There is a man full of love. There is a man full of mercy. There is a man full of compassion." But every time I see Lyndon on television, I say, "Martin, baby, you got a long way to go. . . ."

The Black Panther Party

As the civil rights movement entered the Black Power phase, Bobby Seale and Huey Newton founded the Black Panther Party in Oakland, California. The Panthers attempted to apply Marxist principles to the idea of black nationalism and called for black autonomy in the United States. Spurring Martin Luther King Jr.'s nonviolent approach and proclaiming that all black people should be allowed to defend themselves against the establishment, they patrolled the streets of Oakland in black berets and leather jackets while openly carrying arms. If police officers stopped an African American on the street and questioned him, within minutes a group of armed Black Panthers would appear to guarantee that the police refrained from any sort of brutality or provocative action.

White Americans reacted strongly, afraid of the violent message the Panthers seemed to be advocating. Armed Panthers, to be sure, were very intimidating, but they seldom provoked violence. In spite of this, the FBI and police forces around the country targeted them, and by the early 1970s there had been a number of shootings (mostly provoked by the FBI and the police), during which many Black Panther leaders were killed. As a result the party disintegrated in the early 1970s.

BLACK PANTHER PARTY PLATFORM, 1966

1. We want freedom. We want power to determine the destiny of our Black Community. We believe that black people will not be free until we are able to determine our destiny.
2. We want full employment for our people. We believe that the federal government is responsible and obligated to give every man employment or a guaranteed income. We believe that if the white American businessmen will not give full employment, then the means of production should be taken from the businessmen and placed in the community so that the people of the community can organize and employ all of its people and give a high standard of living.
3. We want an end to the robbery by the white man of our Black Community. We believe that this racist government has robbed us and now we are demanding the overdue debt of forty acres and two mules. Forty acres and two mules was promised 100 years ago as restitution for slave labor and mass murder of black people. We will accept the payment as currency which will be distributed to our many communities. The Germans are now aiding the Jews in Israel for the genocide of the Jewish people. The Germans murdered six million Jews. The American racist has taken part in the slaughter of over twenty million black people; therefore, we feel that this is a modest demand that we make.
4. We want decent housing, fit for shelter of human beings. We believe that if the white landlords will not give decent housing to our black community, then the housing and the land should be made into cooperatives so that our community, with government aid, can build and make decent housing for its people.
5. We want education for our people that exposes the true nature of this decadent American society. We want education that teaches us our true history and our role in the present-day society. We believe in an educational system that will give to our people a knowledge of self. If a man does not have knowledge of himself and his position in society and the world, then he has little chance to relate to anything else.
6. We want all black men to be exempt from military service. We believe that Black people should not be forced to fight in the military service to defend a racist government that does not protect us. We will not fight and kill other people of color in the world who, like black people, are being victimized by the white racist government of America. We will protect ourselves from the force and violence of the racist police and the racist military, by whatever means necessary.
7. We want an immediate end to POLICE BRUTALITY and MURDER of black people. We believe we can end police brutality in our black community by

organizing black self-defense groups that are dedicated to defending our black community from racist police oppression and brutality. The Second Amendment to the Constitution of the United States gives a right to bear arms. We therefore believe that all black people should arm themselves for self defense.

8. We want freedom for all black men held in federal, state, county and city prisons and jails. We believe that all black people should be released from the many jails and prisons because they have not received a fair and impartial trial.

9. We want all black people when brought to trial to be tried in court by a jury of their peer group or people from their black communities, as defined by the Constitution of the United States. We believe that the courts should follow the United States Constitution so that black people will receive fair trials. The 14th Amendment of the U.S. Constitution gives a man a right to be tried by his peer group. A peer is a person from a similar economic, social, religious, geographical, environmental, historical and racial background. To do this the court will be forced to select a jury from the black community from which the black defendant came. We have been, and are being tried by all-white juries that have no understanding of the "average reasoning man" of the black community.

10. We want land, bread, housing, education, clothing, justice and peace. And as our major political objective, a United Nations-supervised plebiscite to be held throughout the black colony in which only black colonial subjects will be allowed to participate for the purpose of determining the will of black people as to their national destiny.

When in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume, among the powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature and nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. That, to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that, whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it, and to institute a new government, laying its foundation on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness. Prudence, indeed, will dictate that governments long established should not be changed for light and transient causes; and accordingly, all experience hath shown, that mankind are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. But, when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariable the same object, evinces a design to reduce them under absolute despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such government, and to provide new guards for their future security.

Students for a Democratic Society

Robert Haber, Tom Hayden, Sharon Jeffrey, Robert Ross, and other students at the University of Michigan formed Students for a Democratic Society (SDS) in 1960. Influenced by the civil rights movement and specifically by sit-ins organized by black students in Greensboro, North Carolina, SDS sought to address many diverse issues that the United States was confronting at the end of the complacent 1950s. Basing much of their thinking on the writings of Marx, Lenin, Fanon, Marcuse, and other left-wing philosophers, SDS wanted the United States to live up to its lofty ideals of equality and freedom for all. In 1962, at a convention in Port Huron, Michigan, they released the following statement, written primarily by Tom Hayden, in which they called for a participatory democracy. For the rest of the decade, as the civil rights movement progressed and the Vietnam War eventually took center stage, SDS grew rapidly and had a huge impact on radicals. Unlike the Old Left, this New Left organization was not content merely to change the power structure but urged people to change their values, to change their consciousness. Only in this way could a true revolution come to fruition. SDS provided much of the intellectual foundation for the emerging student movement.

THE PORT HURON STATEMENT, 1962

We are people of this generation, bred in at least modest comfort, housed now in universities, looking uncomfortably to the world we inherit.

When we were kids the United States was the wealthiest and strongest country in the world; the only one with the atom bomb, the least scarred by modern war, an initiator of the United Nations that we thought would distribute Western influence throughout the world. Freedom and equality for each individual, government of, by, and for the people—these American values we found good, principles by which we could live as men. Many of us began maturing in complacency.

As we grew, however, our comfort was penetrated by events too troubling to dismiss. First, the permeating and victimizing fact of human degradation, symbolized by the Southern struggle against racial bigotry, compelled most of us from silence to activism. Second, the enclosing fact of the Cold War, symbolized by the presence of the Bomb, brought awareness that we ourselves, and our friends, and millions of abstract "others" we knew more directly because of our common peril, might die at any time. We might deliberately ignore, or avoid, or

fail to feel all other human problems, but not these two, for these were too immediate and crushing in their impact, too challenging in the demand that we as individuals take the responsibility for encounter and resolution.

While these and other problems either directly oppressed us or rankled our consciences and became our own subjective concerns, we began to see complicated and disturbing paradoxes in our surrounding America. The declaration "all men are created equal . . ." rang hollow before the facts of Negro life in the South and the big cities of the North. The proclaimed peaceful intentions of the United States contradicted its economic and military investments in the Cold War status quo.

We witnessed, and continue to witness, other paradoxes. With nuclear energy whole cities can easily be powered, yet the dominant nation-states seem more likely to unleash destruction greater than that incurred in all wars of human history. Although our own technology is destroying old and creating new forms of social organization, men still tolerate meaningless work and idleness. While two-thirds of mankind suffers undernourishment, our own upper classes revel amidst superfluous abundance. Although world population is expected to double in forty years, the nations still tolerate anarchy as a major principle of international conduct and uncontrolled exploitation governs the sapping of the earth's physical resources. Although mankind desperately needs revolutionary leadership, America rests in national stalemata, its goals ambiguous and tradition-bound instead of informed and clear, its democratic system apathetic and manipulated rather than "of, by, and for the people."

Not only did tarnish appear on our image of American virtue, not only did disillusion occur when the hypocrisy of American ideals was discovered, but we began to sense that what we had originally seen as the American Golden Age was actually the decline of an era. The worldwide outbreak of revolution against colonialism and imperialism, the entrenchment of totalitarian states, the menace of war, overpopulation, international disorder, supertechnology—these trends were testing the tenacity of our own commitment to democracy and freedom and our abilities to visualize their application to a world in upheaval.

Our work is guided by the sense that we may be the last generation in the experiment with living. But we are a minority—the vast majority of our people regard the temporary equilibriums of our society and world as eternally functional parts. In this is perhaps the outstanding paradox: we ourselves are imbued with urgency, yet the message of our society is that there is no viable alternative to the present. Beneath the reassuring tones of the politicians, beneath the common opinion that America will "muddle through," beneath the stagnation of those who have closed their minds to the future, is the pervading feeling that there simply are no alternatives, that our times have witnessed the exhaustion not only of Utopias, but of any new departures as well.

Feeling the press of complexity upon the emptiness of life, people are fearful of the thought that at any moment things might be thrust out of control. They fear change itself, since change might smash whatever invisible framework seems to hold back chaos for them now.

For most Americans, all crusades are suspect, threatening. The fact that each individual sees apathy in his fellows perpetuates the common reluctance to organize for change. The dominant institutions are complex enough to blunt the minds of their potential critics, and entrenched enough to swiftly dissipate or entirely repel the energies of protest and reform, thus limiting human expectancies. Then, too, we are a materially improved society, and by our own improvements we seem to have weakened the case for further change.

Some would have us believe that Americans feel contentment amidst prosperity—but might it not better be called a glaze above deeply felt anxieties about their role in the new world? And if these anxieties produce a developed indifference to human affairs, do they not as well produce a yearning to believe that there is an alternative to the present, that something can be done to change circumstances in the school, the workplaces, the bureaucracies, the government?

It is to this latter yearning, at once the spark and engine of change, that we direct our present appeal. The search for truly democratic alternatives to the present, and a commitment to social experimentation with them, is a worthy and fulfilling human enterprise, one which moves us and, we hope, others today.

On such a basis do we offer this document of our convictions and analysis: as an effort in understanding and changing the conditions of humanity in the late twentieth century, an effort rooted in the ancient, still unfulfilled conception of man attaining determining influence over his circumstances of life. . . .

We regard men as infinitely precious and possessed of unfulfilled capacities for reason, freedom, and love. In affirming these principles we are aware of countering perhaps the dominant conceptions of man in the twentieth century: that he is a thing to be manipulated, and that he is inherently incapable of directing his own affairs. We oppose the depersonalization that reduces human being to the status of things—if anything, the brutalities of the twentieth century teach that means and ends are intimately related, that vague appeals to "posterity" cannot justify the mutilations of the present. We oppose, too, the doctrine of human incompetence because it rests essentially on the modern fact that men have been "competently" manipulated into incompetence—we see little reason why men cannot meet with increasing the skill the complexities and responsibilities of their situation, if society is organized not for minority, but for majority, participation in decision-making.

Men have unrealized potential for self-cultivation, self-direction, self-understanding, and creativity. It is this potential that we regard as crucial and to which we appeal, not to the human potentiality for violence, unreason, and submission to authority. The goal of man and society should be human independence: a concern not with image of popularity but with finding a meaning in life that is personally authentic; a quality of mind not compulsively driven by a sense of powerlessness, nor one which unthinkingly adopts status values, nor one which represses all threats to its habits, but one which has full, spontaneous access to present and past experiences, one which easily unites the fragmented

parts of personal history, one which openly faces problems which are troubling and unresolved; one with an intuitive awareness of possibilities, an active sense of curiosity, an ability and willingness to learn.

This kind of independence does not mean egotistic individualism—the object is not to have one's way so much as it is to have a way that is one's own. Nor do we deify man—we merely have faith in his potential.

Human relationships should involve fraternity and honesty. Human interdependence is contemporary fact; human brotherhood must be willed, however, as a condition of future survival and as the most appropriate form of social relations. Personal links between man and man are needed, especially to go beyond the partial and fragmentary bonds of function that bind men only as worker to worker, employer to employee, teacher to student, American to Russian.

Loneliness, estrangement, isolation describe the vast distance between man and man today. These dominant tendencies cannot be overcome by better personnel management, nor by improved gadgets, but only when a love of man overcomes the idolatrous worship of things by man. As the individualism we affirm is not egoism, the selflessness we affirm is not self-elimination. On the contrary, we believe in generosity of a kind that imprints one's unique individual qualities in the relation to other men, and to all human activity. Further, to dislike isolation is not to favor the abolition of privacy; the latter differs from isolation in that it occurs or is abolished according to individual will.

Finally, we would replace power rooted in possession, privilege, or circumstance by power and uniqueness rooted in love, reflectiveness, reason, and creativity. As a *social system* we seek the establishment of a democracy of individual participation, governed by two central aims: that the individual share in those social decisions determining the quality and direction of his life; that society be organized to encourage independence in men and provide the media for their common participation.

In a participatory democracy, the political life would be based in several root principles: that decision-making of basic social consequence be carried on by public groupings; that politics be seen positively, as the art of collectively creating an acceptable pattern of social relations; that politics has the function of bringing people out of isolation and into community, thus being a necessary, though not sufficient, means of finding meaning in personal life; that the political order should serve to clarify problems in a way instrumental to their solution; it should provide outlets for the expression of personal grievance and aspiration; opposing views should be organized so as to illuminate choices and facilitate the attainment of goals; channels should be commonly available to relate men to knowledge and to power so that private problems—from bad recreation facilities to personal alienation—are formulated as general issues.

The economic sphere would have as its basis the principles: that work should involve incentives worthier than money or survival. It should be educative, not stultifying; creative, not mechanical; self-directed, not manipulated, encouraging independence, a respect for others, a sense of dignity, and a willingness to accept

social responsibility, since it is this experience that has crucial influence on habits, perceptions and individual ethics; that the economic experience is so personally decisive that the individual must share in its full determination; that the economy itself is of such social importance that its major resources and means of production should be open to democratic participation and subject to democratic social regulation.

Like the political and economic ones, major social institutions—cultural, educational, rehabilitative, and others—should be generally organized with the well-being and dignity of man as the essential measure of success.

In social change or interchange, we find violence to be abhorrent because it requires generally the transformation of the target, be it a human being or a community of people, into a depersonalized object of hate. It is imperative that the means of violence be abolished and the institutions—local, national, international—that encourage non-violence as a condition of conflict be developed. These are our central values, in skeletal form. It remains vital to understand their denial or attainment in the context of the modern world. . . .

Protest Music I

During the latter half of the 1950s a number of coffee houses and folk clubs opened in New York and San Francisco. This was partly an outgrowth of the popularity of the Weavers folk group as well as the growing Beat Movement. Beat poets (and would-be poets) often gathered in these smoke-filled clubs to exchange ideas, denounce the conformist social atmosphere of the 1950s, read their poetry, and, in some cases, sing their songs. The result was the folk music revival. In 1958, when the Kingston Trio's "Tom Dooley" raced to the top of the charts, folk music became a force in popular culture. By the early 1960s, numerous performers such as Peter, Paul, and Mary, Joan Baez, Phil Ochs, and Bob Dylan were appealing to a rapidly growing audience of baby boomers. At first these musicians recorded and performed traditional songs: the songs of Woody Guthrie, Leadbelly, and Pete Seeger; or songs from 1920s blues artists like Mississippi John Hurt or Robert Johnson. Soon, however, many folk artists began writing their own songs. This was especially true of Bob Dylan and Phil Ochs, who had such an influence that by 1965 the times were truly "a-changing," and it was almost a requirement for any would-be folksingers to be writing their own songs.

Folk songs tell a story. A story can be political. Many of the songs performed at the clubs (and later at larger venues like Carnegie Hall) were critical and probing explorations of the problems facing the nation: civil rights, the cold war, the uptight conformity of crew-cut, gray-flannel-suit

America, and the arms race that seemed to be pushing the world to the brink of Armageddon.

Phil Ochs presents his version of history here in his antiwar "I Ain't Marching Anymore," and Malvina Reynolds takes on conventionality and "fitting in" in "Little Boxes." Bob Dylan takes on everything in "It's Alright Ma (I'm Only Bleeding)."

PHIL OCHS, "I AIN'T MARCHING ANYMORE," 1965

Oh I marched to the battle of New Orleans
At the end of the early British war
The young land started growing
The young blood started flowing
But I ain't marching anymore
For I've killed my share of Indians
In a thousand different fights
I was there at the Little Big Horn
I heard many men lying
I saw many more dying
But I ain't marching anymore
It's always the old to lead us to the war
It's always the young to fall
Now look at all we've won with the sabre and the gun
Tell me is it worth it all
For I stole California from the Mexican land
Fought in the bloody Civil War
Yes I even killed my brother
And so many others
And I ain't marching anymore
For I marched to the battles of the German trench
In a war that was bound to end all wars
Oh I must have killed a million men
And now they want me back again
But I ain't marching anymore
For I flew the final mission in the Japanese sky
Set off the mighty mushroom roar
When I saw the cities burning
I knew that I was learning
That I ain't marching anymore

SOURCE: Phil Ochs, *I Ain't Marching Anymore*, Hannibal 1965.

Now the labor leader's screamin' when they close the missile plants,
United Fruit screams at the Cuban shore,
Call it "Peace" or call it "Treason,"
Call it "Love" or call it "Reason,"
But I ain't marching any more.

MALVINA REYNOLDS, "LITTLE BOXES," 1962

Little boxes on the hillside,
Little boxes made of ticky tacky
Little boxes on the hillside,
Little boxes all the same,
There's a green one and a pink one
And a blue one and a yellow one
And they're all made out of ticky tacky
And they all look just the same.
And the people in the houses
All went to the university
Where they were put in boxes
And they came out all the same
And there's doctors and lawyers
And business executives
And they're all made out of ticky tacky
And they all look just the same.
And they all play on the golf course
And drink their martinis dry
And they all have pretty children
And the children go to school,
And the children go to summer camp
And then to the university
Where they are put in boxes
And they come out all the same.
And the boys go into business
And marry and raise a family
In boxes made of ticky tacky
And they all look just the same,
There's a green one and a pink one
And a blue one and a yellow one
And they're all made out of ticky tacky
And they all look just the same.

SOURCE: Pete Seeger, *We Shall Overcome: The Carnegie Hall Concert*, Columbia 1963.

BOB DYLAN, "IT'S ALRIGHT MA (I'M ONLY BLEEDING)," 1965

Darkness at the break of noon
 Shadows even the silver spoon
 The handmade blade, the child's balloon
 Eclipses both the sun and moon
 To understand you know too soon
 There is no sense in trying.

Pointed threats, they bluff with scorn
 Suicide remarks are torn
 From the fool's gold mouthpiece
 The hollow horn plays wasted words
 Proves to warn
 That he not busy being born
 Is busy dying.

Temptation's page flies out the door
 You follow, find yourself at war
 Watch waterfalls of pity roar
 You feel to moan but unlike before
 You discover
 That you'd just be
 One more person crying.

So don't fear if you hear
 A foreign sound to your ear
 It's alright, Ma, I'm only sighing.

As some warn victory, some downfall
 Private reasons great or small
 Can be seen in the eyes of those that call
 To make all that should be killed to crawl
 While others say don't hate nothing at all
 Except hatred.

Disillusioned words like bullets bark
 As human gods aim for their mark
 Made everything from toy guns that spark
 To flesh-colored Christs that glow in the dark
 It's easy to see without looking too far
 That not much
 Is really sacred.

SOURCE: Bob Dylan. *Bringing It All Back Home*, Columbia 1965.

While preachers preach of evil fates
 Teachers teach that knowledge waits
 Can lead to hundred-dollar plates
 Goodness hides behind its gates
 But even the president of the United States
 Sometimes must have
 To stand naked.

And though the rules of the road have been lodged
 It's only people's games that you got to dodge
 And it's alright, Ma, I can make it.

Advertising signs that con you
 Into thinking you're the one
 That can do what's never been done
 That can win what's never been won
 Meantime life outside goes on
 All around you.

You lose yourself, you reappear
 You suddenly find you got nothing to fear
 Alone you stand with nobody near
 When a trembling distant voice, unclear
 Startles your sleeping ears to hear
 That somebody thinks
 They really found you.

A question in your nerves is lit
 Yet you know there is no answer fit to satisfy
 Insure you not to quit
 To keep it in your mind and not forget
 That it is not he or she or them or it
 That you belong to.

Although the masters make the rules
 For the wise men and the fools
 I got nothing, Ma, to live up to.

For them that must obey authority
 That they do not respect in any degree
 Who despise their jobs, their destinies
 Speak jealousy of them that are free
 Cultivate their flowers to be
 Nothing more than something
 They invest in.

While some on principles baptized
 To strict party platform ties

PART EIGHT

*Social clubs in drag disguise
Outsiders they can freely criticize
Tell nothing except who to idolize
And then say God bless him.*

*While one who sings with his tongue on fire
Gargles in the rat race choir
Bent out of shape from society's pliers
Cares not to come up any higher
But rather get you down in the hole
That he's in.*

*But I mean no harm nor put fault
On anyone that lives in a vault
But it's alright, Ma, if I can't please him.*

*Old lady judges watch people in pairs
Limited in sex, they dare
To push fake morals, insult and stare
While money doesn't talk, it swears
Obscenity, who really cares
Propaganda, all is phony.*

*While them that defend what they cannot see
With a killer's pride, security
It blows the minds most bitterly
For them that think death's honesty
Won't fall upon them naturally
Life sometimes
Must get lonely.*

*My eyes collide head-on with stuffed graveyards
False gods, I scuff
At pettiness which plays so rough
Walk upside-down inside handcuffs
Kick my legs to crash it off
Say okay, I have had enough
What else can you show me?*

*And if my thought-dreams could be seen
They'd probably put my head in a guillotine
But it's alright, Ma, it's life, and life only.*

Mobilization: Vietnam and the Counterculture, 1964-1975

INTRODUCTION: THE MOVEMENT

The radical 1960s was not a period confined to the boundaries of the actual decade. The seeds were sown in the 1950s and early 1960s, but the era of "doing your own thing," believing "we can change the world," and demanding an end to the Vietnam War and the draft really did not begin until the mid-1960s, and it did not suddenly end on January 1, 1970. Indeed the second wave of the movement, according to historian Terry Anderson, the most radical phase, took place primarily in the early 1970s.

In 1964 and 1965, in the aftermath of the Kennedy assassination, the fight against segregation in the South peaked. The culmination of the civil rights movement overlapped the emerging issue of Vietnam, and as discussion of the war heated up and took center stage by 1967, many of the civil disobedience tactics of the civil rights movement were adopted by antiwar activists. Although it appeared on the surface to American foreign policy experts that Vietnam was simply another front line of the cold war in which the United States was committed to containing the spread of communism, the fact remains that Vietnam was a far thornier and more complex issue. Vietnamese nationalist Ho Chi Minh had been agitating for Vietnamese independence from France throughout most of the twentieth century. In Paris at the end of the First World War, Ho Chi Minh had tried to gain an audience with President Woodrow Wilson in an effort to win the U.S. president's support for an independent Vietnam. Ignored in 1919, Ho Chi Minh refused to give up. Throughout the 1920s and 1930s, he lived in the Soviet Union and China, during which time he helped found the Indochinese Communist Party. In 1941, after the Japanese overran the French