

clothes for men who are professionally engaged in dirty deals. But it does insist on cleaning the earth from the very material garbage produced by the spirit of capitalism, and from this spirit itself. And it insists on freedom as a biological necessity: being physically incapable of tolerating any repression other than that required for the protection and amelioration of life. . . .

The order and organization of class society, which have shaped the sensibility and the reason of man, have also shaped the freedom of the imagination. . . . In the great historical revolutions, the imagination was, for a short period, released and free to enter into projects of a new social morality and of new institutions of freedom; then it was sacrificed to the requirements of effective reason.

If now, in the rebellion of the young intelligentsia, the right and truth of the imagination become the demands of political action, if surrealistic forms of protest and refusal spread throughout the movement, this apparently insignificant development may indicate a fundamental change in the situation. . . .

Today, the rupture with the linguistic universe of the Establishment is more radical [than during revolutions in the past]: in the most militant areas of protest, it amounts to a methodical reversal of meaning. It is a familiar phenomenon that subcultural groups develop their own language, taking the harmless words of everyday communication out of their context and using them for designating objects or activities tabooed by the Establishment. This is the Hippie subculture: "trip," "grass," "pot," "acid," and so on. But a far more subversive universe of discourse announces itself in the language of black militants. Here is a systematic linguistic rebellion, which smashes the ideological context in which the words are employed and defined, and places them into the opposite context. . . . Thus, the blacks "take over" some of the most sublime and sublimated concepts of Western civilization, desublimiate them, and redefine them. For example, the "soul" (in its essence lily-white ever since Plato) . . . has been desublimated and . . . migrated to the Negro culture: they are soul brothers, the soul is black, violent, orgasmic; it is no longer in Beethoven, Schubert, but in the blues, in jazz, in rock 'n' roll, in "soul food." Similarly, the militant slogan "black is beautiful" redefines another central concept of the traditional culture by reversing its symbolic value and associating it with the anti-color of darkness, tabooed magic, the uncanny. The ingression of the aesthetic into the political also appears at the other pole of the rebellion against the society of affluent capitalism, among the nonconformist youth. Here, too, the reversal of meaning, driven to the point of open contradiction: giving flowers to the police, "flower power"—

the redefinition and very negation of the sense of "power"; the erotic beligerency in the songs of protest; the sensuousness of long hair, of the body unsoiled by plastic cleanliness.

These political manifestations of a new sensibility indicate the depth of the rebellion, of the rupture with the continuum of repression. They bear witness to the power of the society in shaping the whole of experience, the whole metabolism between the organism and its environment. . . . Today's rebels want to see, hear, feel new things in a new way: they link liberation with the dissolution of ordinary and orderly perception. The "trip" involves the dissolution of the ego shaped by the established society—an artificial and short-lived dissolution. But the artificial and "private" liberation anticipates, in a distorted manner, an exigency of social liberation: the revolution must be at the same time a revolution in perception which will accompany the material and intellectual reconstruction of society, creating the new aesthetic environment.

Awareness of the need for such a revolution in perception, . . . is perhaps the kernel of truth in the psychedelic search. But it is vitiated when its narcotic character brings temporary release not only from the reason and rationality of the established system but also from that other rationality which is to change the established system, when sensibility is freed not only from the exigencies of the existing order but also from those of liberation. Intentionally noncommitted, the withdrawal creates its artificial paradises within the society from which it withdrew. . . . In contrast, the radical transformation of society implies the union of the new sensibility with a new rationality. The imagination becomes productive if it becomes the mediator between sensibility on the one hand, and theoretical as well as practical reason on the other, and in this harmony of faculties. . . . guides the reconstruction of society. . . .

The Free Speech Movement

Student dissent began with campus political parties and a handful of new critical journals in the waning years of the 1950s. Student rebellions began with the uprising at the University of California at Berkeley during the 1964-65 academic year.

The Bay Area was long a catch-basin for every brand of nonconformist and radical. Pacifists and refugees from McCarthyism flocked to the region during the 1940s and 1950s. Beat poets and writers, during these same decades, found a comfortable home in San Francisco's North Beach bohemia. In the early Sixties, Berkeley harbored the first of the student activists and a large contingent of young white civil rights militants. On the campus of the flagship branch of the University of California, the

politicized students were only a minority, but they were passionate and articulate and soon found the university administration a suitable target for their wrath.

The head of the vast University of California system was Clark Kerr, a former professor of industrial relations. A Quaker and a liberal, Kerr had eased the McCarthyite state loyalty-oath rules for faculty members and ended the policy of excluding leftist campus speakers. But he had also proclaimed the university's role as the sparkplug of economic growth and the ally of the state's primary economic interests. The University of California, then, by its president's own assertion, was no ivory tower but a part of the establishment and a bastion of the "system."

Activists were alerted to the university's conservative role in the fall of 1964, when classes resumed after the summer break. Until now, they had been allowed to man recruiting tables and conduct rallies favoring a wide range of political positions and causes outside the university. Now, suddenly, the dean of students declared that on-campus political advocacy for off-campus issues would be forbidden. Many students suspected that recent student picketing of the Oakland Tribune, owned by a powerful conservative U.S. senator, William Knowland, was behind the rules change.

The administration's ukase offended student moderates as well as activists. It seemed a throwback to the militant anti-Communism of just a few years before and a blatant denial of fundamental civil liberties. Free speech on campus became the core issue of the student revolt and would give its name to the movement that soon emerged.

The administration's actions awakened other student discontents. Berkeley enrollees had exploded in the early Sixties as the first of the postwar baby boomer's graduated from high school. By the fall of 1965, there were some 25,000 students attending UCB full or part time. Many classes were very large and divided into sections supervised by graduate student teaching assistants. Senior faculty were difficult to see; many were too busy with their scholarship or consulting work to talk to students. To keep track of the mass of bodies, the administration employed computers using IBM punch cards that bore the legend "neither fold, spindle, or mutilate." The anomie nature of campus life would create grievances that Free Speech Movement (FSM) leaders would both share and use.

The response to the dean's directive followed what would become the standard trajectory of campus confrontations during the decade. Militants ignored the rulings and were suspended, drawing sympathy from moderates. Further attempts at disciplinary action by the administration soon led to greater militancy and ultimately to the use of civil disobedience tactics learned from the civil rights movement, in this case the occupation of Sproul Hall, the administration building. Unable to negotiate a peaceful evacuation, university officials felt compelled to call in the police, and the "bust" that followed further radicalized the campus, including the younger faculty, especially those in the humanities and social sciences. In Berkeley, the student

activists ultimately won. The dean's rules were liberalized, and in the wake of the upheaval, the campus was radicalized. For the next dozen years the Berkeley community would be the staging ground of every sort of political and cultural insurgency, from Maoism to Filthy Speech.

This selection is a speech by Mario Savio, a twenty-year-old undergraduate in philosophy, delivered from the steps of Sproul Hall during the height of the anti-administration excitement. A member of the FSM steering committee, Savio had spent the summer of 1964 in Mississippi, and his words, echoing the tones and rhythms of the civil rights movement, seek to equate the university with the racist establishment of the South. Savio also expresses the sense of the university as an immense, heartless machine, indifferent to the needs and feelings of its students.

[Mario Savio, "An End to History," from the Bancroft Library, University of California at Berkeley.]

Last summer I went to Mississippi to join the struggle there for civil rights. This fall I am engaged in another phase of the same struggle, this time in Berkeley. The two battlefields may seem quite different to some observers, but this is not the case. The same rights are at stake in both places—the right to participate as citizens in democratic society and the right to due process of law. Further, it is a struggle against the same enemy. In Mississippi an autocratic and powerful minority rules, through organized violence, to suppress the vast, virtually powerless, majority. In California, the privileged minority manipulates the University bureaucracy to suppress the students' political expression. That "respectable" bureaucracy masks the financial plutocrats; that impersonal bureaucracy is the efficient enemy in a "Brave New World."

In our free speech fight at the University of California, we have come up against what may emerge as the greatest problem of our nation—depersonalized, unresponsive bureaucracy. We have encountered the organized status quo in Mississippi, but it is the same in Berkeley. Here we find it impossible usually to meet with anyone but secretaries. Beyond that, we find functionaries who cannot make policy but can only hide behind the rules. We have discovered total lack of response on the part of the policy makers. To grasp a situation which is truly Kafkaesque, it is necessary to understand the bureaucratic mentality. And we have learned quite a bit about it this fall, more outside the classroom than in.

As bureaucrat, an administrator believes that nothing new happens. He occupies an ahistorical point of view. In September, to get the attention of



this bureaucracy which had issued arbitrary edicts suppressing student political expression and refused to discuss its action, we held a sit-in on the campus. We sat around a police car and kept it immobilized for over thirty-two hours. At last, the administrative bureaucracy agreed to negotiate. But instead, on the following Monday, we discovered that a committee had been appointed, in accordance with usual regulations, to resolve the dispute. Our attempt to convince any of the administrators that an event had occurred, that something new had happened, failed. They saw this simply as something to be handled by normal university procedures.

The same is true of all bureaucracies. They begin as tools, means to certain legitimate goals, and they end up feeding their own existence. The conception that bureaucrats have is that history has in fact come to an end. No events can occur now that the Second World War is over which can change American society substantially. We proceed by standard procedures as we are.

The most crucial problems facing the United States today are the problem of automation and the problem of racial injustice. Most people who will be put out of jobs by machines will not accept an end to events, this historical plateau, as the point beyond which no change occurs. Negroes will not accept an end to history here. All of us must refuse to accept history's final judgment that in America there is no place in society for people whose skins are dark. On campus, students are not about to accept it as fact that the university has ceased evolving and is in its final state of perfection, that students and faculty are respectively raw material and employees, or that the University is to be autocratically run by unresponsive bureaucrats.

Here is the real contradiction: the bureaucrats hold history as ended. As a result significant parts of the population both on campus and off are dispossessed, and these dispossessed are not about to accept this ahistorical point of view. It is out of this that the conflict has occurred with the university bureaucracy and will continue to occur until that bureaucracy becomes responsive or until it is clear the university cannot function.

The things we are asking for in our civil rights protests have a deceptively quaint ring. We are asking for the due process of law. We are asking for our actions to be judged by committees of our peers. We are asking that regulations ought to be considered as arrived at legitimately, only from the consensus of the governed. These phrases are all pretty old, but they are not being taken seriously in America today, nor are they being taken seriously on the Berkeley campus.

I have just come from a meeting with the Dean of Students. She notified us that she was aware of certain violations of university regulations by cer-



tain organizations. University friends of SNCC [Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee], which I represent, was one of these. We tried to draw from her some statement on these great principles: consent of the governed, jury of one's peers, due process. The best she could do was to evade or to present the administration party line. It is very hard to make any contact with the human being who is behind these organizations.

The university is the place where people begin seriously to question the conditions of their existence and raise the issue of whether they can be committed to the society they have been born into. After a long period of apathy during the fifties, students have begun not only to question but, having arrived at answers, to act on those answers. This is part of a growing understanding among many people in America that history has not ended, that a better society is possible, and that it is worth dying for.

This free speech fight points up a fascinating aspect of contemporary campus life. Students are permitted to talk all they want so long as their speech has no consequences.

One conception of the university, suggested by a classical Christian formulation, is that it be in the world but not of the world. The conception of Clark Kerr, by contrast, is that the university is part and parcel of this particular stage in the history of American society; it stands to serve the need of American industry; it is a factory that turns out a certain product needed by industry or government. Because speech does often have consequences which might alter this perversion of higher education, the university must put itself in a position of censorship. It can permit two kinds of speech: speech which encourages continuation of the status quo, and speech which advocates changes in it so radical as to be irrelevant in the foreseeable future. Someone may advocate radical change in all aspects of American society, and this I am sure he can do with impunity. But if someone advocates sit-ins to bring about changes in discriminatory hiring practices, this can not be permitted because it goes against the status quo of which the university is a part. And that is how the fight began here.

The administration of the Berkeley campus has admitted that external, extra-legal groups have pressured the university not to permit students on campus to organize picket lines, not to permit on campus any speech with consequences. And the bureaucracy went along. Speech with consequences, speech in the area of civil rights, speech which some might regard as illegal, must stop.

Many students here at the university, many people in society, are wandering aimlessly about. Strangers in their own lives, there is no place for them. They are people who have not learned to compromise, who for example have come to the university to learn to question, to grow, to

learn—all the standard things that sound like clichés because no one takes them seriously. And they find at one point or other that for them to become part of society, to become lawyers, ministers, businessmen, people in government, that very often they must compromise those principles which were most dear to them. They must suppress the most creative impulses that they have; this is a prior condition for being part of the system. The university is well structured, well tooled, to turn out people with all the sharp edges worn off, the well-rounded person. The university is well equipped to produce that sort of person, and this means that the best among the people who enter must for four years wander aimlessly much of the time questioning why they are on campus at all, doubting whether there is any point in what they are doing, and looking toward a very bleak existence afterward in a game in which all of the rules have been made up, which one cannot really amend.

It is a bleak scene, but it is all a lot of us have to look forward to. Society provides no challenge. American society in the standard conception it has of itself is simply no longer exciting. The most exciting things going on in America today are movements to change America. America is becoming ever more the utopia of sterilized, automated contentment. The "futures" and "careers" for which American students now prepare are for the most part intellectual and moral wastelands. This chrome-plated consumers' paradise would have us grow up to be well-behaved children. But an important minority of men and women coming to the front today have shown that they will die rather than be standardized, replaceable, and irrelevant.

The Columbia Uprising

By 1968, the student New Left had become militant. The persistent agony of Vietnam, the explosive "long, hot summers" in the cities, the murders of the people's tribesmen—Martin Luther King, Jr., and Robert Kennedy—the apparent failure of the War on Poverty, the rise of Black Power ideology—all fused to create an apocalyptic mood among white student radicals. SDS, which had fathered the new student left, was swept along with the overheated rhetoric and imperatives. The Port Huron Statement of 1962 had positioned SDS only a little to the left of Americans for Democratic Action, the repository of New Deal liberalism. Now, in the nadir year of the decade, SDS leaders considered themselves "revolutionary communists," whose goals were the destruction of American liberal capitalism and its replacement by an ill-defined Marxist utopia.

The ties between higher education and the apparatus of the cold war, as revealed in spurs during the decade, confirmed the place of the university as a prop of bourgeois society and validated student activists' focus on their own home base. A bir-

struck against the university would be a blow struck against the "beast" of America. And there was another reason to consider the campus battles important: it was in the blazing furnace of campus confrontation that otherwise apolitical or even conservative students could be transformed into radical enthusiasts ready to attack the world headquarters of the counterrevolution.

The SDS chapter at Columbia University on Morningside Heights was prepared to act on this concept. Formed in early 1965, Columbia SDS had at first been a moderate and rather languid organization. By 1968, moving with the times, it had become more radical and more active as the "action faction," led by Mark Rudd, took control. A swaggering sophomore from New Jersey, Rudd believed that campus confrontation could radicalize the "new ruling class" and determine the future of the entire society. As he would say, the university's only valid function was "the creation and expansion of revolution."

Fortunately for the SDS militants, Columbia was enmeshed in a cluster of issues that could be used to radicalize the campus. First, it was a member of the Institute for Defense Analysis (IDA), a consortium of research universities under contract to test weapons and perform other services for the Pentagon. The university's complicity in the Vietnam War and the "warfare state" was also expressed in authorized campus recruiting by the military services and by private companies that were major defense contractors.

More immediate to most students was the gymnasium problem. Columbia needed a new gym and had begun to construct one, with the permission of the city, on city-owned property along the edge of Morningside Park, a steep stretch of trees, undergrowth, and boulders that separated the university from black Harlem directly to the east. Even when provisions were made for access to the sports facilities and pool by Harlem residents, it appeared, in the militant mood of 1968, that "whiteness" in the shape of the university, was ignoring the wishes of black people and stealing their property. The gym was an imperialist intrusion into Harlem.

On April 23, SDS held a noon rally to protest IDA at the Sundial, between the administration building and Butler Library. The protesters intended to briefly invade the administration building in defiance of the rule against indoor demonstrations. Little was said of the gym or Harlem. But what ensued was a week of confrontation exceeded in passion only by Berkeley's Free Speech Movement and in media coverage by no other action of SDS or the Sixties student movement.

The selection here is an account by Jeff Shero, a participant in the "siege of Morningside Heights." A former University of Texas student and one of the founders of SDS, Shero at this point was editor of *Rat*, a New York-based underground publication, part of a nationwide explosion of dissenting "alternative" media. The piece is of course biased; Shero never doubted that the university was coercive and that its cause was wrong. He would have been even more biased if he had written later in the week, when the Columbia administration called in the police to evict students



who had taken over university buildings, an action the cops performed with great zeal and little concern for the safety of the demonstrators or even innocent bystanders. Shero anticipated many Columbians. And he was right. Over the next two years, dozens of campuses detonated, though none of the explosions were as resonant as the one atop Morningside Heights. And yet the revolution never came. The campuses, in the end, were not the triggers of society's final overthrow.

[Jeff Shero, "Blockade and Siege," *Rat: Subterranean News*, May 13-18, 1968]

BLOCKADE AND SIEGE

With the aid of the ill-laid plans of Grayson Kirk and the Board of Trustees, Columbia University made history last week. The news has focused on the startling events, the beating, the barricades, and taken issue on the opposing forces' positions, but no one has attempted to explain how just another protest demonstration grew into a militant movement qualitatively different from any yet in an American university.

A week ago Tuesday, SDS called a noon rally. A petition was to be carried into Low Library in defiance of an order banning indoor demonstrations. A line of jocks blocked the marchers, and they returned to the center of campus. What looked like another failure of the left was saved by the impromptu idea of marching to the gym construction site in Morningside Park. With a frustrated energy, the demonstrators began tearing down the chain link fence surrounding the property, and when the friendly local police were called in to protect the property and apprehend the culprits, fighting ensued. Arrested demonstrators were freed from the clutches of the police, and several police were knocked into the mud puddles. It was the first hint that the mood was beginning to change.

Back on campus, Mark Rudd, the blond-haired, impulsive, and aggressive SDS leader, called to the throng to take their grievances to Dean Coleman in Hamilton Hall. It was a matter of practicality; it was impossible to gain entrance into Low Library, the seat of administrative power. The crowd trailed behind the leaders; there was no surge, no great anger. Inside, Dean Coleman was surrounded, imprisoned by the mass of bodies around him. Mark Rudd demanded that he deal with us. When the crew-cut, tight-lipped dean refused, citing our rudeness and retreating into his office, the logic of the situation made him our hostage—we were going to hold him there until he reached someone with enough power to discuss our grievances.

We had a hostage! High spirits and community swept through the crowd. Black student leaders and white student leaders began speaking, explaining the issues and making demands in militant tones. As the time



passed, the mood became more militant. People were preparing to sit into the night. The speakers began engaging the curious crowd which surrounded the perimeter of the demonstration. One black speaker who had earlier fought with the police at the gym site captured the idea which was to move people in the following days. He looked into the eyes of the spectators and hecklers and movingly explained, "I love peace and order . . . But I love justice more."

Early that evening the administration attempted their first peace-keeping ploy. Dean Coleman emerged from his office and announced that he had contacted Vice President [David] Truman, and that he would deign to discuss the issues with us if we left Hamilton Hall and proceeded to Wollman Auditorium. It was clear we had no bargaining power if we released the Dean. Our response was direct—have Truman come to us. An impasse, and we were headed into the first long night.

That night students and community people from Harlem poured in. Separate meetings were held to debate strategy and plan for the next day. The white students divided on the issue of whether to barricade the hall or merely keep the Dean hostage while still letting students attend classes. Much the same tactical debate occurred in the black meeting. One point clearly arose, though: the black students had a higher degree of commitment than did the bulk of whites. Rumors abounded about the number of guns brought in by blacks, and the whites knew the black leadership proposed barricading the building. Many were edgy. As the night wore on, it became obvious that while we shared common demands, tensions threatened our solidarity. At five in the morning, when blacks declared that they were going to blockade the building and that whites who shared their determination should seize another, a clear and positive resolution to the internal political turmoil was reached.

Just before six o'clock the whites streamed out of the building and headed for Low Library. A window was smashed, and students hurried by the startled security guards who sat at their desks and made only feeble protests. Quickly, and with a sense of awe at being in the inner sanctum, students took over Grayson Kirk's executive office and tightly barricaded the doors. Everyone expected the police to arrive in force at any moment. Between the frantic periods of scurrying irrationally, when people dashed about accomplishing nothing, frozen moments, like in WWII movies of submarine crews holding tight while depth charges slowly descended and exploded, gripped the suite. People lived in ten-second spurts.

Later in the day when the police hadn't come, the mood changed to liberated jubilation. The President's sherry and cigars were broken out, the

mood was festive—the peasants had taken over the palace. Two prophylactics and a skin magazine were found in Kirk's drawer—ah! the emperor also stands naked.

The hours hustled by. While *The New York Times* editorialized about the hooliganism, the demonstrators were finding a new empowered sense of themselves, and support was spreading. New halls were taken. Faculty members for the first time attempted forcibly to keep cops away and were injured in the process. That night at one o'clock, two thirty-man teams fanned out in a coordinated move and seized the Mathematics Building. It was secured, barricaded throughout, in thirty minutes.

Segmented time lost its normal meaning, sleepless hours blurred into sleepless days. While events crashed, racing through the minds of the participants, changing them more swiftly than months of arguments ever would, certain moments, sometimes inconsequential, stand out like rays of clarity in the jumbled joy and strain of the time. . . . A Negro sergeant supposedly guarding the ledge outside the Presidential suite, made friends with the window-watchers and, when he got too cold, gladly took a glass of the President's imported sherry. . . . Sir Stephen Spender, the elderly British poet, climbed through the second story window to greet the students. Some, unaware of their guest's fame, demanded forcefully to know if he was a reporter. Reporters aren't allowed. . . . Chalked on a blackboard by someone unknown: "Fellow classmates: Although I am spending the night here I want to tell you that I love the idea of a classroom as any student can, and that I'm not taking part in, but rather doing my best to prevent any damage to it or the ideas it represents." On another blackboard, "Create two, three, many Columbias. . . . More moments. . . . After many long hours of debate it was decided to attempt to hold the barricades. A police attack was imminent; people prepared themselves, a great sense of pride glowed through those who were to protect the barricades. Pride in themselves; pride in their work. . . . After a tense period in Fayerweather Hall, a couple announced to the crowd that they were going to get married. They didn't have a license, but they wanted to be married now. Jubilation and unity. The priest married them and pronounced them children of the new age. A totally happy wedding.

The vignettes are pleasing, they give a certain reassurance that everything is the same, that the status quo oscillates and then returns to normalcy. But during the first few days new political precedents slowly formed and solidified. Participants by the hundreds realized new concrete possibilities in their lives and were forever changed. Alliances between black and white, between the campus and the community, the exaltation of people over property and

the unchallenged participation of outsiders in the struggle—ideas found only in the radicals' fondest pot dreams slowly merged into reality.

During the siege, whites and blacks held separate halls, with little communication, yet the blacks refused deals for amnesty just for themselves; instead they told the mediators and the public—amnesty for all, and not just an end to gym construction, but get rid of IDA as well. The distrust woven into the minds of whites and blacks for hundreds of years unraveled just a little.

The press screamed about the disrespect for property and the destruction brought about by the demonstrators. The administration called in the police which spread more destruction in hours than the demonstrators did for days. The demonstrators began to work on a new principle. If the cause is just, if we are right that Columbia's role in the counterinsurgency of the IDA means more efficient death for Vietnamese and [that] its seizure of property in East Harlem perpetuates crippling racism, then we should hold our position as effectively as possible. Tear off a door of Grayson Kirk's cabinet to build a stronger barricade or smash a window to get desks to block up a basement; it's judged much better than smashing another person's skull.

A third precedent was set, a problem which is still a matter of great debate at Berkeley. During the blockade nonstudents from both the black community and the white radical community joined in, and no students bothered to raise the issue of outsiders. It became as legitimate for a radical to go to Columbia as to the Pentagon. The university was no longer seen as a protected island, freed from outside involvement and participation. Just as the administration worked with the corporate leaders and fronts projects for the CIA and the military, so the students work with all forces outside their narrow community.

The development which held the most [pathos?] was the tortured self-searching role of the faculty; except for the handful of radical professors who backed the political demand [i.e., Columbia's withdrawal from IDA], most of the faculty attempted to save their position by being mediators, protective of order. But the conflict was polarized. Some who wanted to maintain harmony in a discordant atmosphere had no real power or position. The faculty. . . . [was] more faint-hearted after the initial leftward surge; as employees of the university, they identified with the institution they had learned to live with. Maintenance of the institution was repeatedly stated as more important than the issues at stake. Most barricaders felt the university was an integral part of an oppressive system, an idea which the professors who built their lives on academia would not accept.

The conflict still unfolds. It seems the administration made the fatal mistake of overplaying its hand, and has done great damage to itself. But then another possibility exists. Steve Weissman during the Berkeley Free Speech Movement observed that the administration saved the movement time and again from extinction through its blunders. Good luck? No, he would respond, the bureaucracy is so rigid, unresponsive to the needs of the community, and subject to a system of outside control, that it couldn't help but blunder into mistakes which outraged the academic community. He argued it was the nature of the system.

And so may it be now. Leaders like Mark Rudd are singled out as instigators, but the crises are more thoroughgoing. The struggle at Columbia has sparked new dreams in students throughout the country. It's now only time before "Columbia" is imitated with new intensity throughout the country.

Weatherman

From the moderate Port Huron Statement in 1962 to the Weathermen in 1969 was a brief period of time. But in the world of SDS, it was a lifetime. During those seven years the New Left moved from earnest and often thoughtful criticism of formalized democratic institutions and support of grassroots participation, to revolutionary terrorism against a totally depraved and irredeemable "America."

The change in SDS was the result of forces both without and within. As the Vietnam War escalated, as efforts at social reform stalled, as racial violence flared, as legitimacy of authority declined, as assassination became endemic, dissent and protest grew angrier and more despairing. By decade's end, many educated Americans feared the nation was tottering at the edge of revolution. For committed radicals, the last days now seemed imminent.

But SDS was also suffering from painful internal strains. In 1968, its "national office" leaders were facing challenges from Trotskyists, Communists, and Maoists—Marxist-Leninists of several kinds who had infiltrated the organization when, against the advice of older democratic leftists, SDS leaders had lowered their guard. Meanwhile, black militants and activist women had declared their independence of white male radicals, cutting sharply into the SDS leadership's confidence and moral authority. A final challenge came from the hippie culture, which mocked the "square" attitudes of SDS and the political radicals generally.

The leaders at the Chicago headquarters sought to fend off the die-hard orthodox Marxists by accommodating the newest activists. This meant allying SDS with black militants, rebellious youth, and radical feminists. At the same time, given the growing sense of world capitalist crisis, a Leninist depiction of capitalism in

its death throes—the stage of "imperialism"—had to be incorporated into the SDS message.

The end result, in ideological terms, was the Weatherman statement presented at the June 1969 annual convention in Chicago. This turgid sixteen-thousand-word document targeted positions that the powerful Maoist faction, Progressive Labor, was seeking to impose on SDS. It denied the revolutionary primacy of the proletariat and the claim that other oppressed groups—blacks, women, youths—had interests distinctive from the working class. It depicted black militants and Third World radicals generally, whether abroad or in America itself, as the preeminent instruments of revolution. In so doing, it abandoned the Port Huron focus on students as the agents of social change in advanced capitalist societies.

SDS broke up at this ninth annual convention. The national office leaders, now calling themselves Weathermen, expelled Progressive Labor and set off on a course of revolutionary extremism that included street riots, bank robberies, bomb making, and classroom disruptions. What remained of the national office faction split into small "collectives," many of whose members went underground, there to spout apocalyptic rhetoric and practice sexual excesses to confirm how far they had moved from their bourgeois roots.*

This document is an immediate precursor of the Weatherman statement. Written by Bill Ayers and Jim Mellen, two young men who soon became "Weatherleaders" and were indicted in April 1970 by authorities for inciting to riot, it is far briefer than the Weatherman statement. Nevertheless, it captures the essential ideas and mood of that overblown manifesto.

[Bill Ayers and Jim Mellen, "Hot Town: Summer in the City Or I Ain't Gonna Work on Maggie's Farm No More," New Left Notes, April 4, 1969, reprinted in Harold Jacobs, ed., Weatherman (Berkeley: Ramparts Press, 1970), pp. 29-38.]

HOT TOWN: SUMMER IN THE CITY OR I AIN'T GONNA WORK ON MAGGIE'S FARM NO MORE

I. Toward a Revolutionary Movement

Over the past few months, SDS has developed a correct transitional strategy for itself. That strategy is based on an understanding of the class nature of this society; on an understanding that the sharpest struggles against the ruling class are being waged by the oppressed nations against U.S. imperialism, and that all our actions must flow from our identity as part of an

*Denying the legitimacy of their expulsion, the Progressive Laborites sought to take over SDS's shell. For a time a PL-dominated organization calling itself SDS operated out of Boston. But no one was fooled, and it soon disbanded.



fellows to go around lecturing on LSD, but what do we young people do? There's so much you can do that it makes me dizzy to think about it. First of all, if you are serious about this business, you should find a spiritual teacher. Find someone that knows more about consciousness than you, and study with him. And if he is a good teacher, he will teach you all he knows and tell you when he cannot teach you anymore, and then maybe you can start teaching him or you will both go on your separate ways. But there's a tremendous amount of information which has been stored up for the last three or four thousand years by men who have been making this voyage and who have left landmarks, guidebooks, footsteps in the sand, symbols, and rituals which can be learned from and used.

Another thing you can do is to be careful with whom you spend your time. Every human interaction is an incredible confrontation of several levels of consciousness. The average civilized human confrontation is, "I bring my checkerboard to you, and you bring your chessboard to me, and we start moving pieces around. If we are cultured and civilized, I will let you make a few moves on your board, and then you will watch me play for a while. If we get very, very intimate and have a deep relationship, we might get to the point where I'll put some of my symbols on your board and you will put some of your symbols on my board."

Anyone you meet is automatically going to come on to you with a fierce symbol system. And tremendous neurological inertia takes over. There is a conditioned-reflex training which pulls you into the other person's game at the same time that you are pulling him into your game. The more I study the neurology of the psychedelic experience, the more awed and amazed I am at what we do with and to each other's nervous systems.

Only a Tiny Bit of You Is Policeman

Well, what happens if you drop out and leave school and leave your job? (And by the way, I address here not just the young people, but the researchers and the doctors and the police investigators here in the audience.) You know, only a tiny bit of you is policeman, only a tiny bit of you is doctor. If you want to drop out of your nonlove game and tune in to life and take some of these questions seriously, you do not have to go on welfare or go around with a begging bowl. The odd thing about our society today is that in the mad lemminglike rush to the urban, antilove power centers and the mad rush toward mechanical conformity, our fellow citizens are leaving tremendous gaps and gulfs which make economic bartering very simple. For the first thing, consider moving out of the city. You'll find ghost towns empty and deserted three or four hours from San Francisco



where people can live in harmony with nature, using their sense organs as two billion years of evolution had trained them to.

To make a living these days for a psychedelic person is really quite easy. How? There's one thing that our mechanized society cannot do and that is, delight the senses. Machines can make things go faster and move more efficiently, but machine-made objects make no sense to your cells or your senses. Our countrymen are fed up with plastic and starved for direct, natural sensory stimulation. As you begin to drop out, you will find yourself much less reliant on artifactual symbols. You will start throwing things out of your house. And you won't need as much mechanical money to buy as many mechanical objects. When you go home tonight, try a psychedelic exercise. Look around your living room and your study and dining room and ask yourself the question which might be asked by a man who lived three thousand years ago, or a man from another planet: "What sort of a fellow is this who lives in a room like this?" Because the artifacts you surround yourself with are external representations of your state of consciousness.

It's All Going to Work Out All Right

And now, a final word of good cheer, directed especially to those who are concerned about the psychedelic revolution. This revolution has just begun. For every turned-on person today I predict that there will be two or three next year. And I'm not at all embarrassed about making this prophecy because for the last six years Dr. Alpert and Dr. Metzner and I have been making predictions about the growth of the new race, and we have always been too conservative. Let no one be concerned about the growth and the use of psychedelic chemicals. Trust your young people. You gotta trust your young people. You had better trust your young people. Trust your creative minority. The fact of the matter is that those of us who use LSD wish society well. In our way we are doing what seems best and right to make this a peaceful and happy planet. Be very careful how you treat your creative minority, because if we are crushed, you will end up with a robot society. Trust your sense organs and your nervous system. Your divine body has been around a long, long time. Much longer than any of the social games you play. Trust the evolutionary process. It's all going to work out all right.

Summer of Love

Even in the repressed decade of the 1950s the "Beat" poets, musicians, painters, and philosophers captured the attention of the media with their defiant clothes, their free and easy lifestyle, their commitment to aesthetic values.



The new bohemian of the 1960s, unlike the old, was drenched in psychedelics starting with magic mushrooms and progressing to LSD. Unlike precious chemical mood-altering substances, LSD left its users with a transformed sense of the world's qualities and possibilities sufficient to build a Zeitgeist on.

The new drug-drenched culture migrated in the early 1960s to New York and San Francisco. Its denizens were called hippies, after "hip," a jazz term meaning "with it" or "in tune." In New York, their locale was the East Village. In San Francisco, it was Haight-Ashbury, near Golden Gate Park. There, attracted by the low rents, students, artists, and younger college faculty gathered in the first years of the decade, and their presence soon attracted a corps of attuned shopkeepers and entrepreneurs willing to supply their needs in food, music, art, clothes, and drugs. Establishments with names like Psychedelic Shop, I/Thou Coffee Shop, and Print Mint, with their mysterious drug paraphernalia, their eye-blast posters, their fragrant marijuana smoke, and their aura of the forbidden, began to attract curiosity seekers and tourists. Tour buses were soon running through the Haight bringing "squares" by the thousands.

The climax came in 1967. That spring the media announced that Haight-Ashbury would be the mecca for all who shared the new consciousness. A popular song announced: "If you are going to San Francisco be sure to wear a flower in your hair." All told 75,000 hippies and would-be hippies heeded the call to share the Summer of Love.

Two of the documents here are accounts from local San Francisco counterculture newspapers—The Oracle and The Haight-Ashbury Maverick—of the Summer of Love. The third is a guide for the tourists who flocked to the Haight between May and September 1967 to observe the hippie phenomenon. It reads like a tour guide for visitors to some exotic Amazonian tribe.

[*"The Summer Solstice," Haight-Ashbury Maverick, August 1967; Richard Honigman, "Flowers from the Street," San Francisco Oracle, August 1967; "Notes to Tourists," Haight-Ashbury Maverick, August 1967.*]

THE SUMMER SOLSTICE

San Francisco enjoyed the Summer Solstice as a community should enjoy the beginning of a new season of growing blooming and planting.

The Summer Solstice celebration was held in a long valley leading to the Polo Fields in Golden Gate Park. It brought together beautiful people from all over the world with every type, every emotion, and each was on their own trip with everything to make that experience one of great and lasting joy.

The music was provided by name groups. One group was stationed in the valley and played to the crowds playing with a huge ball and hungry



watching the food being prepared over a twenty-foot trench of glowing fires. Another group played at the entrance to the polo grounds and then one group at each side of the grounds.

Probably never before had so many people smiled, spoken, and enjoyed the sheer beauty and joy of being free in the sun for a few hours. For the summers in San Francisco are not noted for being sunny. But Saint Francis smiled on his favorite flower children and provided the first sunlight in several days for the celebration.

A brisk breeze came down through the valley, and the scantily clad hovered closely to their lovers, and this was in itself a beautiful thing.

The Indian Dancers were a poem of indescribable music. They performed in several areas of the area.

Before the festivities began in Golden Gate Park the celebration of the rising sun was held by Khrisna atop Twin Peaks, this high point of San Francisco looking down Market Street. The sun barely peeked out from under the fog before it was obscured from view, but the chimes and the horns announced the beginning of the Summer Solstice and the early risers (or late retirees) trouped down the hill to the nearby Haight-Ashbury where the coffee and doughnuts of Tracy's and the big breakfast at the Drogstore Cafe got undivided attention until the trek at noon to the meadow in the park got underway.

It was definitely a mixed bag in the park. We saw some of the media there. They are still able to blow their minds at some of the costumes of the Love Generation, and a beautiful girl offering a simple flower to a hard-bitten TV cameraman still makes the camera go astray from time to time.

The assemblyman from San Diego who was attending a conference of Democrats in San Francisco drifted out into the meadow. . . . He is shaking his head and wondering what happened to him that enjoyment was the order for him rather than the condemnation that he was prepared to level against the hippies—those people he had heard so much about but had only seen from the seat of an automobile in his native San Diego. He enjoyed the Grateful Dead. When he found out the name of the group, he frowned disapprovingly, but his foot kept in motion.

The visitor from Decatur, Illinois, kept thinking what would happen if such a celebration was held there.

The New Yorker, who still had his leg in a cast from the Be-In there, was out of his mind with the beauty of the grounds and the complete lack of law officers. He kept looking over his shoulder to see if they were lurking in the bushes with night sticks. But the police apparently enjoyed the day in their own way somewhere else. A few narcotics agents in plain clothes were there. And they could not reveal their cover merely to make a bust for using.



The meat on the spit never got completely done before it was consumed by the hungry people.

The sun went through its daily path and started sinking at the foot of the Park, and the Flower Children and the Love Generation and the Political Activists, and the Christians and the Buddhists, and the Atheists and the musicians, and the dancers and the beautiful people from all over these United States followed the sun down to the beach in a straggling herd to the end of a day that will live in thousands of memories for many many years.

This was the day that we reaffirmed our faith in the goodness of mankind and the hope of a continuing future filled with an abundance of Summer Solstices, Winter Solstices, and a hope for the future of mankind.

How many people were there? Who gives a damn—there were thousands. How many people met new friends and renewed old knowledges? This is the important thing—and thousands did this. The joy of free men associating in a free sun did wonders for the soul of San Francisco, and it will be working as a force all summer long.

The Summer of Love called for a reawakening of true values of life, and the celebration of the Summer Solstice was the first of the celebrations of that Season of Love. It was a reawakening, a celebration of the beginnings of such a personal-intimate closeness that those who were there could feel the vibrations and responded to them as rarely before.

San Francisco, the West Coast, and America awaits the other celebrations of the Summer of Love and its great spiritual experience. The beginning has come, and the celebrations of the future cannot fail but have a profound effect on the future of America.

FLOWERS FROM THE STREET

"Hui Tzu said to Chuang Tzu, 'Your teachings are of no practical use.' Chuang Tzu said, 'Only those who already know the value of the useless can be talked to about the useful. This earth we walk upon is of vast extent, yet in order to walk a man uses no more of it than the soles of his two feet will cover. But suppose one cut away the ground around his feet till one reached the Yellow Springs (the world of the Dead). Would his patches of ground still be of any use to him for walking?' Hui Tzu said, 'They would be of no use.' Chuang Tzu said, 'So then the usefulness of the useless is evident.'"

Walking barefoot with hair askew, hand-made robes over torn blue jeans the young people wander from noon until early two. Wandering aimlessly



up Haight Street, over to the free store at Carl and Cole, then back to Masonic for a cream pie and Coke or to the Panhandle for Digger stew. Hundreds of young people, refugees from suburban internment camps, are making the scene (or duplications in kind) in several dozen cities around the country. Most streets, like Haight Street in San Francisco, were once local shopping districts now turned into an abstract vortex for an indefinite pilgrimage. An admixture of home-made spiritual group theory and actors in life theater which turns the participants into celebrants.

The street scene has become an entrance into a phenomenon to which we all have been invited. The word has been passed throughout the country, compliments of the aboveground media, that there is a scene going down on Haight Street. The most receptive to the call are from middle-class urbia. They leave jobs, armies, and schools to turn their lives and psyches inside out, all looking for some material to build a life with. All of us started to realize, even in 17 or 20 short years, that the game of life played in school and the supermarket U. leads only to styrofoam coffins and obnoxious servitude. Most of us have been on the threshold of jumping into the accepted swim, but stop and ask for time, having already seen enough instinctively, if not intellectually. Few have talents or skills developed enough for personal satisfaction or for the marketplace; all are well trained towards indiscriminate consumption. Yet the feeling persists—there must be something greater than this!

The street becomes where it's at. It is easy to get laid there, cop dope, find a friend or a mate. Books and ideas, acid and pot, the nearby park, or a pad full of music from a surreal montage of the constant weekend.

How else in America today can the Protestant Ethic be wrung out? To learn the reality of fantasy and the fantasy of reality? It is a process of steady deculturalization, to clear your head of the Mustang Pledge and the non-sense of a chicken in every Dodge Rebellion. Running in opposite directions of childhood conditioning, looking for perspective by playing roles, wearing costumes, and dropping acid. LSD becomes a sacrificial deconditioner expanding consciousness, allowing each person to actually experience the adventure of self-discovery. It has also led to the widespread interest in Eastern thought and the meditative religions, besides opening the doors to precedents and conditions upon which the world now finds itself. The street scene and its extensions into the art and living patterns that are being developed is in large part due to what is first envisioned and then consciously applied through the use of LSD and other drugs. To get high and look around in the now, towards the before, and to the possibilities in the future, almost inevitably removes a person from the transitory



superficial machinations of western society . . . a society which consciously strives to prevent this sort of looking around.

It takes time and experience to reintegrate these new forms of knowledge and personality into a comfortable living pattern. In the meantime some people use the limbo of street life and drop practically every material possession to live solely by their wits. They sleep in parks, on doorsteps when the commune is full, live at night and rest by day. Scrounge food, shoot meth, hustle college kids coming to gawk and get laid, just as their fathers went to Fillmore when *nigger* wasn't spelled *negro*. Work as a last resort but better to play or hitch to Big Sur. Hepatitis, hunger, crabs, and clap, freak out, then on to the next scene. Frantic searching, then slow growth, learn to let go, live only on what you need. How long does it take to dig where you're at and catch on to the scene? There is no one to tell you now, but only file cabinets can lie.

The street can be a classroom, a zoo, a stage, an asphalt padded cell, a whorehouse, a folksong, or the traverse of Scorpio. Fashions develop for brown rice and the *I Ching*, for farms and Indians, '47 panel trucks, beads and books. Most of us have gone through something like it, possibly they are at first only bourgeois allusions of freedom, in attempting to find what is real for ourselves or at least comfortable. The street is there and some must run its course, called doing their thing, going through changes. Others less mangled are able to deculturalize or find themselves easier, but the educational conformist pressures stack higher against them. It can be done anywhere, but our society tends to produce exaggerations of itself and only extremity seems to break through its accompanying neurosis. Thus the phenomenon of street life, a clearing house spontaneously formed to break the conditioning of the perpetual motion machine. People running away from disaster without a place to go, only an idea of where it might be found.

This phenomenon has been going on for perhaps ten years (with roots going back much further), but it has only been noticed as having importance in the past year or two. The numbers of young people dropping out and seeking new lifestyles at a tangent or opposed to the majority of the country has caught the attention of almost everyone, including the lower income groups. But attention is turning it into a "Hippie Problem" added to the multitude of hypocrisies America finds adding pressure against its fantasy-laden bubble of affluence. What's coming in the next year or two that will affect the scene is hard to determine, but we must start making considerations and plans now for future developments.



What has developed already is exciting and positive. An explosion of creative energies directly related to the scene is deeply affecting all the arts in this country and revitalizing once dormant ones like poster art. Even more important, however, are the people on the street who have committed themselves to a creative life based on cultivating life and art, without a professional intent towards the latter, and a humane, spiritual, or revolutionary orientation to society. Extended families, communes and small tribes are being formed amongst small groups who find they can work and groove well together. Some stay in the city and take an active part in the scene, maintaining crash pads, pitching in on various projects, turning on, stringing beads, making music. Others are forming small communities in the country, developing their lives and environments along aesthetic guidelines. Grinding guilt and glut into the pavement, finding the beauty of environment, pure food, a good high and a good lay.

An answer is being found to the seemingly overwhelming forces in this bureaucratized technocracy which are trying to remove life from the individual's own hands, preventing the marvel of a person's individual destiny. No matter what happens, this is a good extension of the scene to work on. There are enough people involved in the scene, and enough dissatisfaction with life in America, to build parallel, exemplary demi-societies of our own. More communal houses in the city are desperately needed, but land and farms are an even greater necessity at this point.

Everyone should be prepared for our government's flirtation with disaster.

Back packs, sleeping bags, rifles, and a knowledge of edible plants and animals found in the wilderness is the next logical step. We have found out what it is like to be free men in a servile society attuned to the time clock. Sticking to what has been learned, building it up, and helping others along the way must be viewed with a knowledge of the eventualities that lie ahead. No matter what happens, to be self-sufficient of other men and of the machine is an enviable position for anyone to be in. Life can be a three-dimensional mixed bag of forest and city stimuli, building new structures and making the old more livable and humane.

All the while, as we think of the infinite possibilities ahead, psychedelic scavengers zero in on their prey. People are spilling their guts out on the street looking for some sanity while the Pizza Parlors and security guards move in. Montgomery Street licks its chops on war profits during the week, then clogs Haight Street on Sunday. Through three layers of safety glass, they photograph the neighbor's kid and buy native handicrafts from



"quaint" shops along the way. Suburbia sucks in the music and bright baubles which came from the street, then flicks the dial to see the latest war footage, while their niece and son cry "no, not me." The slums get worse, long haired girls turn tricks. The government encourages double think and psychedelic entrepreneurs hustle the new kids coming to play in the Haight Street school yard.

Where is it at? Is community and brotherhood being built here? Is Haight Street going to take off before it is absorbed into the grade B movie of the American Mainstream, which is likely to turn into another bad Nazi flick? America is cracking open at the seams; joy and flowers are always groovy, but crops would be better still. The phenomenon is slowly evolving into an alternative life, but now it is only beating the system by living off of the outdated waste of mass production. Name your poison: methedrine and chocolate pie, watch the *Luce* show and get high. The scene is yours, laugh and groove, but don't tell anyone there is a revolution going on. What are you going to do when the deal goes down?

NOTES TO TOURISTS

Please remember as you approach Haight Street that you are about to see one of the most wondrous sights yet to come to the attention of mankind. It is far from perfect, but the mere fact that hundreds of thousands of tourists have spent many hours in traffic jams to see if there is any truth in the Love Generation testifies to the fact that all of us would like to find a better way of life. You may well be one of those wondering if it is truly possible to love your fellow man. Take it from *Maverick*, it is not only possible, but it is being done every day.

First let us apologize for the long hour that you have spent in the traffic jam. The San Francisco traffic engineers are mostly refugees from various loony bins. They are also handicapped by the San Francisco Police Department—who have made no attempt to control traffic in The Haight. It is understandable—they are far too busy chasing pot-users (that is slang for marijuana), keeping the kids from sitting on the sidewalk, and passing out parking tickets. On that last note let us give you a warning: Be sure you know all the laws regarding parking . . . tickets are passed out here like you have never seen before. As many as three parking-meter minders are at work in this twelve-block area at any one time. If you have not yet entered the Haight area, be sure and check to see if all your stoplights are working, your windshield wipers are working, your brakes working, etc. This is because if you are stopped for anything, you



will be checked out minutely. It will help if you are cleanly shaven, have your Rotary Sucker on the bumper, and most of all have a Saint Christopher statuette on the dashboard. The latter is recommended throughout San Francisco.

Roll Down Your Windows

Many tourists upon seeing the unshaven, unconventionally clothed Love Generation roll up their car windows and lock the doors. This is not necessary and can be mightily inconvenient. Some of the hippies do bite, but all of them have taken their rabies shots so their bite is not too bad. Honestly though, you must consider that the unconventional attire would make it easy to describe your assailant to the police. By the way, if it appears to you that there are no police in the area, have no fears—probably one out of every twenty males that you see between the ages of 25 and 35 is an officer of some kind or the other.

Brands of Hippies

Just like your normal folk, there are many brands of hippies. . . . Some of you are vitally interested in politics. . . . so are some of the hippies. . . . We call that particular brand "activists." Probably you won't notice an activist on Haight since most of them stick pretty close to the home base—Berkeley. The activists run the gamut from a middle of the road (very rare) to the anarchist (not so rare).

Then there are the Flower Children. . . . These are the most lovable of all the hippies. Early in the summer it was quite common to have them going down the streets passing out flowers and wearing garlands of flowers. But flowers are rather expensive to come by, and even a small bunch of flowers is getting beyond the reach of those of moderate (or less) means.

Then there are the bikeriders. When you see them on the street, they just plain look rough. And they damn well can be. But since they want the right to live their own life—as they choose—they respect the right of the others to do likewise. And they might well be the ones who defend in acts the rights of those who are unprepared to do so. The riders primarily keep to a certain area but mix well in all the other areas of Haight Street.

And there are many many other tribes of hippies.

The Drug Scene

We failed to warn you when we were talking about getting parking tickets that there are other areas of personal conduct that you must be careful