

The Whites: A Clown Show

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"This play, written, I repeat, by a white man, is intended for a white audience, but if, which is unlikely, it is ever performed before a black audience, then a white person, male or female, should be invited every evening. The organizer of the show should welcome him formally, dress him in ceremonial costume and lead him to his seat, preferably in the front row of the orchestra. The actors will play for him. A spotlight should be focused upon this symbolic whitethroughout the performance."

Jean Genet, THE BLACKS: A CLOWN SHOW

There are plenty of good, rational theories about what happened at the National Conference for New Politics meeting in Chicago, and I intend to give one or two eventually. But there are aspects to it which can be grasped only if you held to the fantasy that it was a play staged by blacks for their own edification, using white actors. As the converse of Genet's play, its logical title would be THE WHITES: A CLOWN SHOW.

The stage was set for the main action in several lazy days of pre-convention panels and commissions. At first everyone was preparing for the familiar liberal-radical fight, between "Negotiations Now" and "Immediate Withdrawal," between support for and condemnation of the Detroit uprising. But there was no one to argue with there was only one open liberal (Peter Weiss of New York) in the entire convention, and he never made an trouble.

For a day or two we had fun working out drafts of alternative perspectives to present to the convention: third Presidential ticket; a full-blown third party; or "year of local organizing" without any national electoral activity. Then we began to get that uneasy feeling that someone was looking over our shoulders. As more and more delegates arrived and the convention was about to open formally, it dawned upon that there were many more black faces in the hotel hallways than in the deliberative sessions. The whites all had neat printed "New Politics Convention" badges; the blacks wore their own badge with the word "BLACK" hand-printed in unnecessarily large capital letters.

A Black Caucus was meeting somewhere in the hotel and whites weren't allowed in. Rumors began floating around that the whole Black Caucus, or part of it, had moved to a separate convention on the South Side, or was about to. A "Black Support Caucus" of whites was formed to figure out what the hell the blacks were doing. It discussed a memo of ambiguous origin complaining that

blacks had been systematically excluded from the convention by the NCNP Steering Committee. After the whites had exhausted the subject, a black took the floor to denounce the black nationalists who he said had taken over the Black Caucus and to suggest dramatically that they might revenge themselves upon him for speaking up.

The Conference formally opened with Martin Luther King's keynote address before 5,000 people, of who all but a few hundred were white. Some middle-aged or elderly Tom-looking black couples sat among the whites, and clusters of angry-looking young black men, who made a point of never applauding sat by themselves.

Ossie Davis, chairing, set a cheery, militant tone by saying: "I voted for Lyndon Baines Johnson in 1964 and I'm here to apologize." Alderman Rayner of Chicago set things back on their previous uneasy course by apologizing to his black brothers for not adequately representing them on the NCNP Steering Committee. He gave no explanation. Entertainment by a white jug band did not soothe any savage breasts.

Dick Gregory united the crowd with a rousing speech in defense of the Detroit uprising, getting applause even from the angry-looking young blacks who had until then sat on their hands. At the climax of his speech he leaned back and said: "Hope you don't let yourselves get corrupted by all that liberal Democratic money they pumped in here."

Martin Luther King orated: "We have seen our nation weighed in the balance of history and found wanting . . . this is a dark hour . . . bright tomorrow of justice . . . our hopes blasted . . . what happens to a dream deferred? . . . racism, that hound of hell that dogs the tracks of our civilization . . . tragic adventure in Vietnam . . . what Senator Fulbright calls our arrogance of power . . . 100% of a citizen in warfare, but 50% of a citizen on our nation's soil . . ." He was the only one to speak of the Detroit uprising as "unfortunate"—and, God help the Steering Committee, the only one to speak well of the Steering Committee.

The next day it became harder and harder to pretend we were talking about third party or third ticket or local



Rev. Martin Luther King Jr.

organizing. All the juicy rumors had to do with the Black Caucus: even the metropolitan press was wise. That evening word began to make the rounds that the Black Caucus had prepared a resolution which it would present to the conference as an ultimatum. At midnight the Steering Committee met to consider the demands of the Black Caucus. This was not the much despised 24-man Steering Committee which had organized the Conference, but a new expanded ad-hoc Steering Committee organized out of the Conference that day. The whites at the meeting were nervous; the handful of blacks representing the Black Caucus were angry and contemptuous.

Mimeographed copies of what was to become known as "the 13 point resolution" were passed around the room:

We, as black people, believe that a United States system that is committed to the practice of genocide, social degradation, the denial of political and cultural self-determination of black people, cannot reform itself; there must be revolutionary change. Revolutionary change does not mean systematic exclusion of blacks from the decision-making process as was done here in this convention. This exclusion raises serious doubts that white people are serious about revolutionary change. Therefore, responding to our revolutionary consciousness, we demand that this conference:

1. Respond to the importance of black participation by regrouping all committees, giving 50% representation to black people.
2. Make the conference slogan not Peace and Freedom, but Freedom and Peace.
3. Support the concept of self-determination for black people.
4. Give total and unquestionable support to all national people's liberation wars in Africa, Asia and Latin America, particularly Vietnam, Mozambique, Angola, South Africa and Venezuela.
5. Condemn the imperialistic Zionist war; this condemnation does not imply anti-Semitism.
6. Condemn the further disenfranchisement of the people of Harlem and demand the immediate reseating of Adam C. Powell, the duly elected representative of Harlem. Powell must immediately be restored to his former chairmanship of the House Committee on Health, Education and Welfare.
7. Assist indigenous local freedom and political organizations in voter registration, political education and the election of black candidates whom black people select.
8. Give support to black control of the political, economic, religious and social institutions in black communities.

9. Call upon all "so called" freedom-loving white people who wish to strike a blow for humanity to unshackle their minds from old conceptual structures and deal anew with the 20th century facts of black liberation efforts.

10. Make immediate reparation for the historic, physical, sexual, mental and economic exploitation of black people.

11. We strongly suggest that white civilizing committees be established immediately in all white communities to civilize and humanize the savage and Oat-like character that runs rampant throughout America, as exemplified by George Lincoln Rockwells and Lyndon Baines Johnsons.

12. Go on record as supporting all resolutions issuing from the recent National Conference on Black Power in Newark, New Jersey.

13. Support the Conyers Bill to rebuild Detroit black communities destroyed by gestapo police tactics and army occupation.

Some of the points would be politically embarrassing ("the imperialistic Zionist war"); some were inarticulate ("call upon . . . white people . . . to unshackle their minds from old conceptual structures . . ."); some were badly worded ("unquestionable" instead of "unquestioning" in point 4); some were ludicrous ("that this conference . . . make immediate reparation for the historic, physical, sexual, mental and economic exploitation of black people"); some were insulting ("that white civilizing committees be established immediately in all white communities"); and some were completely humiliating (to support all resolutions issuing from the Newark Black Power Conference in the absence of any list of those resolutions, some of which were secret, anyway).

The Black Caucus insisted that the 13 points be adopted "in toto, with no changes in content or wording, by 12:30 tomorrow afternoon," which was twelve hours away.

The Steering Committee was shocked into stupidity. "Does it have to be by 12:30?" one would ask. "Yes, it does." "Well, suppose it was clear by 12:30 that a good faith effort was being made—" "I said 12:30." "Now, what about changes in wording? Why can't there be any changes in wording?" "I said you must accept it or reject it as it stands."

Perhaps they were trying to use the field slave's trick of pretending not to understand anything; if so, it wasn't working for them.

I hesitate to call "demagogic" the debate at the following morning's special plenary session. It would be like calling Batman "artistically inferior." Someone would be bound to say: "Of course, it's crap, that's why people get such a kick out of it." The tone was typified by a leaflet the Du Bois Clubs got up during the night and passed out in the morning:

We support this resolution as stated from the Black Caucus. We of the W.E.B. Du Bois Clubs urge you for the sake of this country to support all thirteen points as is and then find ways and means to implement them. The future of your country lies in the passage of this resolution.

Since our black brothers are being beaten, starved, raped, in short, exploited and oppressed that we support their struggle to the fullest extent (phrase missing in original). We must have an united front against our common enemy, Capitalism.

If we do not support them we shall and will have more Watts, Detroit, Newark and others. If you do not want to see a nation destroyed by not voting for the resolution then our nation is doomed to destruction through your own hands. How can we have a true peace if you dash their hopes by voting against it? Then how can we tell people all over the world that we have a Democracy? Can you then call yourselves a decent and free American? We have to put up or shut up. Let's then not say we are free if this is voted against.

A more articulate leaflet issued from something called "the non-black ad hoc committee to support the resolution of the black caucus":

The spirit of this resolution calls for ACTION from the white community—not just liberal bullshit, paper resolutions, or a meaningless third party with no base. Let's not continue to bitch about a word here or there—that's really "old politics." This resolution calls for more than rhetoric from us. It calls for community organizing by white radicals among white constituencies to develop a base for radical action. Black people are already on the move. They are able to move because they have a base. White people do not now have such a base and that's where it's at! . . . We . . . urge you to think in new RADICAL terms rather than worrying about particular white interest groups. Don't try to change the specifics of the resolution—that's completely missing the point. Let's vote with the spirit of it. LEARN, BABY, LEARN!"

I asked a delegate sitting in a Du Bois Club cheering section whether he knew that one of the Newark resolutions we were supposed to endorse declared that birth control was a genocidal plot against the Negro. Did he agree with THAT one? He thoughtfully cupped his chin and started, "Well, in the South—"

"Forget about the South," I said, "The Newark resolution doesn't say the South."

"Actually, it's possible that birth control IS a kind of plot—"

I interrupted again and told him he was full of shit. He offered to knock my teeth out. The floor debate started up again at that moment and broke up our own little dialogue.

The speeches in favor of adopting the 13 points were exercises in masochism: We have oppressed the black

posed real business as if the racial question had been solved. The third party, third ticket, and local organizing people maneuvered for votes in preparation for the plenary session that evening. The first vote eliminated third party from the running; the second vote established local organizing as the conference's perspective by the ludicrously thin margin of 13,519 to 13,517; and a third vote passed a compromise consolidating third ticket and local organizing in what seemed like a blatantly contradictory resolution. The following morning was Sunday, and some people were able to sleep late.



JULIAN BOND, co-chairman, National Conference for New Politics

The first demonstration of the new black-white unity we had achieved came Sunday afternoon at a seminar that was supposed to feature H. Rap Brown. It began with the announcement that brother Brown would speak only to the Black Caucus. James Forman would speak to the whites.

Forman began with an insult: "The only reason I came to this conference—because I know what this New Politics is—was to get support for the armed liberation struggle in Southern Africa." That failed to get a rise out of the audience. Forman went on at length about recent events in Africa, then began reading a long resolution dealing with internal affairs of the Ivory Coast. He even skipped some paragraphs ("You're not interested in this") and then called for a vote: "All in favor, say aye. All right, the ayes have it."

A blonde girl: "Point of order, you haven't called for the nays." Forman: "There's no points of order here." Shouts of "Dictator!" Forman: "That's right, I'm a dictator."

At that moment the audience might have broken into good-natured nervous applause and Forman could have had his laugh among his brothers afterward about how much these whites will allow to be rammed down their throats. But it didn't happen that way. The blonde girl kept yelling "Point of order." Half the people were on their feet shouting protests or heading for the exits. The meeting would have broken up if Forman hadn't made a last-minute save. "Jesus Christ, man, we just can't have any fun," he said, smiling sweetly and turning the whole thing into a shared joke with the audience.

Right after this pleasant little interlude, the word began going around that the Black Caucus was demanding 50% of the vote at plenary sessions; and when the plenum reconvened Sunday night it was in a slightly different stage setting. The familiar Grand Ballroom now had a roped-off section in the front-center rows, with the word "BLACK" prominently printed on a placard in the middle. As whites filled up all the other seats, this section remained empty—except for one long-haired blond boy who

people for 300 years (or 400; I once even heard 500). This resolution is a last call for help, a plea to be heard. If we turn a deaf ear, we are guilty, guilty, guilty.

Of the speakers against, only Bob Avakian—a man with excellent black power credentials, who had called months earlier for whites to aid black revolutionaries by gun-running—objected strongly on principle. By accepting the resolution, Avakian said, the whites would at the same time be patronizing the blacks and humiliating themselves. A serious white movement—an ally of the black movement rather than a hanger-on—would have to work out its own program autonomously, with its own constituency.

By and large, however, the opposition was more concerned with Israel than with decent black-white relations. It was Point 5 rather than the principle of the thing that stuck in their throats.

Robert Scheer tried to separate out the Zionist question by proposing an amendment replacing Point 5 with support for the Palestine Liberation Front and a call for Israel's armies to withdraw from the conquered territory. He was proposing the current official Egyptian position in capsule form.

'OUT OF ORDER'

Amid shouts of "It's a scheme!" Black Caucus representatives leaped to the microphone to call Scheer's amendment out of order. The question before this body now was whether or not to adopt the resolution AS A WHOLE. If it were passed, then amendments could be made later—by the Black Caucus!

A motion to suspend the rules and come to an immediate vote was carried overwhelmingly, and the 13 points passed by a 3-1 margin.

After lunch, the convention went right back to its sup-

had sat down and fallen asleep before the sign went up. The spectacle evoked nervous titters and racist jokes. Some spoilsport woke up the blond boy before the Black Caucus arrived to take its seats.

The first order of business was Credentials. The Credentials Commission reported that after the passage of the 13-point resolution it had added to its original five members another five selected by the Black Caucus. The

expanded commission had split 6-4 (which meant, for those who stopped to think about it, that its white members had split 4-1 in the other direction). The majority resolution would give to the Black Caucus, as a single organization, 28,498 votes, a number equivalent to all the other accredited organizations put together. The minority report would give the Black Caucus 5,481 votes, a number equivalent to the sum of the previously-accredited black organizations (which had until now refrained from using their votes).

SHORT OPENERS

Only three minutes were provided for opening presentations, and it soon became clear why. The majority report, given by the one white man on the Credentials Commission who had supported the Black Caucus, took less than 30 seconds. Yesterday we passed the 13 points, he said. The first point called for 50% representation for black people. Therefore the Black Caucus should have 50% of the vote.

Arthur Waskow, giving the minority report, had to crowd a lot into his three minutes. He said the 13 points had been passed as an act of self-castration by good liberals trying to be good radicals. If we are going to have two wings in this movement, he said, then let them be genuinely equal and autonomous; let each have a veto, so that the combined organization will only do what both wings can agree to. It was the only rational solution; but since Waskow failed to put it in the form of a motion, it never became a practical alternative.

The debate was a repetition of Saturday morning's debate—300-500 years of oppression, black people dying in the streets, final pleas to be heard, and so on—with the added attraction that by passing this motion we would be granting black people "equality" for the first time in history. It was hard to be against equality. And it was hard to point out, over the booing, that the Black Caucus, casting its vote as a bloc (as the ideology of black unity required) would automatically pass any motion and that hence the only real deliberation would have to go on inside the Black Caucus. The whites could hope that the Black Caucus would use its power gently and considerately, but that was hardly a basis for an alliance of equals.

The vote passed by better than 2-1. One white delegate publicly burned his voting card, and that gave the Black Caucus a shade more than 50% of the total vote.



SIMON CASADY, Co-chairman, National Conference for New Politics

In Genet's play, five members of the all-black cast wear white masks. They represent a stylized colonial Court—the Missionary, the Judge, the Governor, the Queen and her Valet. With the rest of the cast, they perform for the white audience the familiar drama of conflict between the haughty white colonialists and the sullen-vengeful Africans. The audience is made to identify with the colonialists, despite themselves, and to wish for their own murder by the blacks.

At the climax of the drama, as the slaughter is about to begin, a black messenger comes forth and "with a single movement, the members of the Court solemnly remove their masks. The audience sees the five black faces."

All the black actors are impatient for news of the REAL events that have been occurring off-stage all this time, events which remain mysterious to the white audience. They are eager to leave the stage and be off about their real business. But no, "not before we finish the performance. Resume the tone."

The man who has been directing the false drama announces solemnly: "As we could not allow the whites to be present at a deliberation nor show them a drama that does not concern them, and as, in order to cover up, we have had to fabricate the only one that does concern them, we've got to finish this show and get rid of our judges as planned."

The masks go back on, and the colonialists are slain.

I expected the passage of the 50% resolution to be the signal for the masks to come off. I expected the chairman of the Black Caucus to introduce the brilliant black playwright who had run the whole conference as an exercise in improvisational theater. I expected that playwright to outline step by step the strategy he had followed. He would call us white niggers, I thought. Since you are really not interested in us by in your own guilt, I expected him to say, we now replace our masks and continue the only drama that interests you. And then, I expected, the Black Caucus would invite white delegates to assemble outside the Black Caucus meeting room to receive and praise resolutions as they came forth.

None of that happened, not even in the loosest, most figurative way. From that point on, the Black Caucus used its power in as cautious and conciliatory a way as possible, doing its utmost to avoid seeming as if it was imposing anything on the white delegates. It let

stand the compromise position on electoral action which the whites had come to by themselves, however unsatisfactory a compromise it was. It set up a reasonable method of selecting a new Board whereby the white delegates would be able to select autonomously half the members; and it apparently exercised real care in selecting its own half of the Board. Even the white delegates who had opposed the 13-point and 50% resolutions in the most scathing terms began to think that something positive might have happened, "a first step toward real unity." "As soon as they got power," said Arthur Waskow, "they shared it."

BEHIND THE SCENES

But off the convention floor, in the corridors of the Palmer House Hotel, unity and conciliation were not so much in evidence. Racial tension grew after the vote, as rumors of violent incidents flew about the hotel. Hustling reached outrageous heights. Blacks sold tickets to whites for a "unity dance" to which, it developed, blacks only were admitted. Chicago blacks passed out the hat for money "to pay my fare back to Mississippi." A "black-white unity" meeting was announced; but when the room had filled up with whites and a handful of blacks, the meeting broke up in confusion as the delegates tried to discover who had called the meeting. A few hours later a second "black-white unity" meeting was announced for a room that turned out to be non-existent. "Black power, brother, black power" said salesmen, pinning buttons on white delegates and extracting quarters.

It is hard to sympathize with the white victims of the

black con man. By bleating about their 400-year guilt, they had been asking to be hustled. And more importantly, the whites were themselves in a sense the real hustlers of the whole convention.

This was, remember, a conference of radicals, many of whom did not believe for a moment in the masochistic speeches they applauded so fervently. There was a certain argument in favor of the Black caucus proposals which, in the interests of tact, could not be made at the microphone, but which may well have been the controlling argument for the white delegates. In its toughest and most private formulation, it went as follows: It's going to be very embarrassing if we have nothing but white faces here. We don't know exactly who these blacks are or what they represent, but they've got black faces and that's what we need. Let them have their 13 points; we can ignore the resolution after it's passed. Anything to keep them from walking out.

Because the whites were eager to use the blacks, the blacks were able to turn the tables and use the whites: the equality and unity of con men hustling each other.

Whatever the nature of relations at the base, some kind of genuine unity was really forged at the top, at the level of the new 26-man Board of the NCNP. That Board is apparently a real body that will maintain communication, raise money, and perhaps call another national conference in the Spring. To a great extent, the prospects of the radical movement during the coming year rest with it. We may as well know what its mandate is, and what it is likely to do.

The only substantive product of the convention, the Perspectives Resolution, is a compromise between two uncompromisable positions, that of the "local organizers" and that calling for a national third ticket in 1968. It makes peculiar reading.

The first section of the resolution says, in part: ". . . we oppose the creation of a National Third Party or a National Third Ticket, which we believe would at this point in our history be topheavy and would be mostly empty shells with little local content, and would tend to cut off many Americans who are on the verge of breaking with the old politics but need to be organized before making the leap."

The second section says, in part: "THEREFORE BE IT RESOLVED: That this convention goes on record in favor of an independent Presidential ticket to provide an alternative in 1968 in those states where local groups and organizations want to run such a campaign and feel that there is a base therefor . . ."

IT MAKES SENSE

It is not as entirely contradictory as it might seem. You must, for instance, be sensitive to the distinction between a national ticket, which the resolution opposes, and a presidential ticket, which it allows. A presidential ticket, according to the compromise concept, need not be national. Bob Scheer, for instance, has proposed what he calls "favorite-son candidacies." In California it might be Si Cassidy running for President against Lyndon Johnson; in Michigan some other local boy against Johnson; in New York a third.

It does not seem likely to generate much energy for an electoral challenge to Johnson; in fact it doesn't even seem like a serious idea at all. Its main function is to block any real attempt to organize a serious campaign. If the NCNP had flatly rejected electoral politics, then a separate national meeting of those interested in electoral action in 1968 would be inevitable. But as things stand now, any such national meeting could only come about through the NCNP Board. And the NCNP Board represents an unworkable amalgam between two contradictory and often hostile schools of thought.

Many of the "local organizers" are actually opposed to any electoral activity above the municipal level, although they sometimes make different noises to avoid a fight. The "third ticket" people sometimes adopt the

"local organizing" rhetoric for tactical purposes—they say a third ticket should "place primary emphasis on forming community organizations as permanent, countervailing, servicing and organizing forces"—but many of them really don't believe in that stuff at all. Hence at the highest levels of the NCNP we are likely to get the same kind of cynical mutual snow job over substantive programmatic issues that we saw at the base over racial issues. There will be a great deal of fancy and confusing footwork on the NCNP Board, and I am afraid that for some time to come there will be nothing for us to do but watch.

Although the Convention was actually a shambles, its history is quickly being re-written, not so much in a cold-blooded attempt to confuse outsiders as to accord with the fuzzy myth of "unity" that the participants themselves have come to believe in. Unity is so appealing that many people believe they can nourish themselves on its shadow.

In real life, the American left is split on two important axes—many more, actually, but two that are crucially relevant to the NCNP. One split runs along racial lines, and its importance need hardly be emphasized. The Black Caucus was right in refusing the usual "integrated" structure in which blacks would have been an automatic minority; it was wrong in demanding parallel structures in which blacks have an automatic majority. We simply aren't ready for any organic unity. At this stage of history, the only true unity must be an alliance giving each wing of the movement a veto over any proposals for joint action in areas of mutual concern, and allowing each wing to formulate and carry out its own programs whenever it feels it necessary to do so.

(This principle was embodied in the voting formula adopted at the statewide meeting held at San Luis Obispo last weekend that launched the drive to place the Peace and Freedom Party on the ballot. Voting was to be on a one man one vote basis except that the Black Caucus could call for a caucus vote whenever it wishes. Then the Black Caucus would cast one vote, and the rest of the body would decide, by majority vote, how to cast ITS one vote. In the event of a tie the chairman could not cast a tie-breaker; the parties would have to either work out a compromise or go their separate ways on the particular issues they could not agree on. The Black Caucus at San Luis Obispo rejected this formula and withdrew from the conference, its individual members remaining at the hotel as observers, some friendly and some unfriendly.)

The other split is between the "local organizers" and those who believe in electoral action. The "local organizers" feel that national electoral politics in 1968 would be futile. Those who want a third ticket believe that "local organizing" is mostly talk. To combine such forces is to



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cancel energies out rather than to add them together. The electorally inclined, for whom national organization is crucial, should have been free to decide by themselves what kind of campaign they wanted. The "local organizers," who are interested in national organizations primarily as a source of funds for local projects, would have been more honest if they had held their own conference in the first place, even if the financial pickings would have been slimmer.

The NCNP achieved unity in Chicago not only at the expense of energy, but more importantly at the expense of honesty. There was a time when I was proud of the movement for its ability to talk so straightforwardly about itself. In 1964 it seemed so obviously a NEW left that people could use that phrase without any embarrassment. Does anyone still remember the daily leaflets and rallies of the Free Speech Movement, which gave the rank and file a pound of solid fact and reasoning for every ounce of rhetoric? The FSM operated under the principle that any bit of dishonesty or opportunism, however innocuous it might seem at the moment, would grow like a cancer until it killed the movement. I was proud—then—that we could tell the truth not only about our enemies but about ourselves as well.

The NCNP did not suddenly falsify what had been an honest movement; the style of the movement had been degenerating for years. Still, it came as a shock to me to listen to the press conference that the new Board held as the Convention was breaking up. They had boxed themselves in so thoroughly that there was hardly a single question they could answer honestly; and even when they got an answerable question they lied, as if from habit. Thus when a reporter asked if a Convention like this could have occurred a year ago, before Detroit and Newark, Donna Allen puffed herself up with false indignation and responded: "Do you think our people are so shallow that they have gotten all their ideas in the past year?" (i.e., Do you think our people are so shallow as to have been affected by objective reality?) In this case a truthful answer couldn't have hurt. But when you've got a lot to hide you suspect traps everywhere; when in doubt, you lie.

I went to Chicago hoping that a national electoral campaign would emerge to challenge Lyndon Johnson in 1968. It's still quite possible for that to happen, through some complicated shenanigans on the NCNP Board or through some new conference. But since honesty is, in the final analysis, our only weapon, I would prefer no campaign at all to the kind I am afraid would be certain to emerge.

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