

The '60s: A *Birmingham:*

By Haynes Johnson

Washington Post Staff Writer

DECEMBER 28, 1969

VULCAN, THE ROMAN god of devouring fire, still watches over Birmingham from his cast iron pedestal atop Red Mountain, and the valley below still fills with smoke from the mills. The scenes that once made Birmingham so unique a symbol of the Sixties, the mass movement and protests, the violence and revolutionary challenges, have long since disappeared.

Downtown, in the daytime, whites and blacks stroll past the new construction sites and the billboards bearing the slogan, "Happiness Is Backing New Birmingham." The billboards are adorned with drawings of black and white children playing together.

Downtown, at night, the former state president of the NAACP walks into a cocktail lounge in the Tutwiler Hotel, sits down next to a young, blond white girl, orders a drink and says, "You know, if I even came in here seven years ago, they would have bombed the place." He talks of a new day and says, "We're going to lick this thing."

Never, Never Land

LISTENING TO HIM in that languid atmosphere, it is possible for a moment to believe that all the old ugliness has finally passed. Some today even want to believe that it never really happened. The young white man, a doctor, thinks that.

Bull Connor, the dogs and the fire hoses, the sit-ins and the freedom riders, the church bombing and the slain children—all these were part of a de-

Time of *'The Gap's Getting*

Outrage *Bigger'*

liberate campaign to besmirch Birmingham, the South and the way the good people actually lived, he says in all seriousness.

The dogs were provoked, he insists, kicked or enticed by a hidden hand holding out meat so the photographer could catch their snarling portrait to flash before the world. The hoses never were turned on the people; those photographs were doctored. He has convinced himself of the truth. Nothing will make him change now.

Nettie Flemmon remembers it differently. She was out there, not so long ago when Kennedy was in Washington and King was in Alabama and Birmingham became the place where civil disobedience flowered into a national movement and flowed South, and then North and West, and helped to shape a decade. Mrs. Flemmon, the mother of 15, was just one of those nearly forgotten faces in the crowds.

"Back in those grand days when we was together," she says, "it seemed to be a spirit of unity among the people, and we had a good feeling of going forward. But now we is stuck and we can't cross over the bridge. We have a lot of leaders, but no one to represent us.

Dirt Under the Rug

I GOT INVOLVED because I had the urge to go forward, to see my people go forward and to follow our leader, Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. The one thing on my mind was to be free. And so we got the children all lined up and involved in this situation—you know, to help make this demonstration, and so they followed us. And so they put the dogs on us and throwed the water on us. It was a great time then. Like a new venture had come in our lives.

"It don't seem it's been so long to me. It's like something ought to be going on. Like we need something to be rolling again. We had support, we really had support, back in those days.

"Life may be better now, it is better in some ways. I have the privilege of getting a sandwich where I want, but it's still mainly the same old thing. They throws the dirt under the rug and makes believe things is different. But Negroes still can't get a job because of the color of the skin and there's white people making a big payroll, like 20,000 a year, like that, and people starving, people here starving. Only the rich getting richer.

"I don't believe in violence at all. I believe in nonviolence. I believe in the



Associated Press

Police dogs in Birmingham, 1962.

spirit of love. Let me live and let you live. I have some violent brothers, but you see I have faith in God. I can win over my brother without a gun or a brick or a stick or burning up the city. The way you get it is through love. See, God never struck back, and He stayed humble. He taught us to be humble.

"But unless we all get together, we're all going to be doomed. We can't do a job divided and work together in Christian love, in a Christlike spirit. America is lots better than it was, but it should be better than it is. You see, Jesus was on the Sea of Galilee helping those fishermen. He cared. Somebody has to care."

Yesterday in Amber

NETTIE FLEMMON'S is a voice from the past. Even her philosophy bespeaks an older era. She clings to the principle of nonviolence in a day when nonviolence hardly seems to exist in America. Her city itself reflects her attitudes.

After all the turmoil that swept

through Birmingham, the city today seems scarcely touched by the currents running through the country. To return to Birmingham is to take a step back. Personal styles, dress and expression date more from yesterday than today. People of both races still speak of segregation as an issue, not racial separation or polarization; of Negroes, not blacks; of reform, not revolution.

On the surface, conditions are improved. Whites have made an accommodation to Negroes. There are new slogans and new programs aimed as much at improving Birmingham's national image as the lot of the people. Yet while progress has come, slowly, to Birmingham and the Deep South, many of the old problems remain.

The latest public controversy in Birmingham could have come just as easily a decade—or a century—ago. It involves a classic case of segregation.

Last July 3, Bill Terry, an Army private first class, was killed in action in Vietnam. He had asked his family that, if he were killed, he be buried in Elmwood Cemetery, a half-mile from his home. When the body was shipped home, the story became familiar: the cemetery refused to bury him. Bill was black.

Terry's pastor, a Jesuit priest named Eugene Farrell, wrote to the President.

"A foreigner, an atheist, a Communist can be buried in Elmwood provided he is white," he said. "But a young American who has paid with his life to keep 'his' country free and who by the design of God is born black cannot be buried in that same cemetery.

"For more than a hundred days now, the mortal remains of Bill Terry have been lying in a cemetery not of his choosing. Not a single elected official has said a word to the family about the cemetery's policy being immoral, unjust or even un-American . . . If this land belongs to white America only, then let white America die for it. If it belongs to all Americans, then we must all come together."

At the end of November, Father Farrell received a reply from Washington. It was written by a Robert E. Jordan III, whose letter identified him as a "special assistant to the Secretary of the Army (Civil Functions)." Jordan concluded:

" . . . concerned officials deplore any actions or conditions that add to the burdens of sorely bereaved American families. The Army has long since testified to that concern by ruling that, in the cemeteries for which it is responsible, burials will be made without distinction in matters of race, rank and religion.

"Thank you for the interest which

The Sixties: a time of revolution and reaction, of frustration and fury—a time of outrage. This remarkable decade could be reviewed from any one of a hundred perspectives; The Washington Post sent Pulitzer Prize-winning writer Haynes Johnson back to four cities that were decennial landmarks:

BIRMINGHAM, where the Negro revolution flowered.

DALLAS, where John F. Kennedy was assassinated.

BERKELEY, where the student protest burgeoned.

NEWARK, whose riots symbolized the urban crisis.

It was the last of many 1960 journeys for Johnson, who covered virtually every major news event of the decade. This issue of Outlook is devoted to his report.



By Bob Burchette—The Washington Post

"For the young, the Sixties are ending amid their own doubts about their own values and their own culture. The future seems less hopeful than they once thought."

prompted your parishioners to communicate with the President."

In the closing days of the 1960s, the issue itself was finally resolved when a federal court in Birmingham ruled that restrictive covenants affecting cemetery burials were not enforceable. But Bill Terry still remained apart, a reminder of the distance still to be covered in Birmingham.

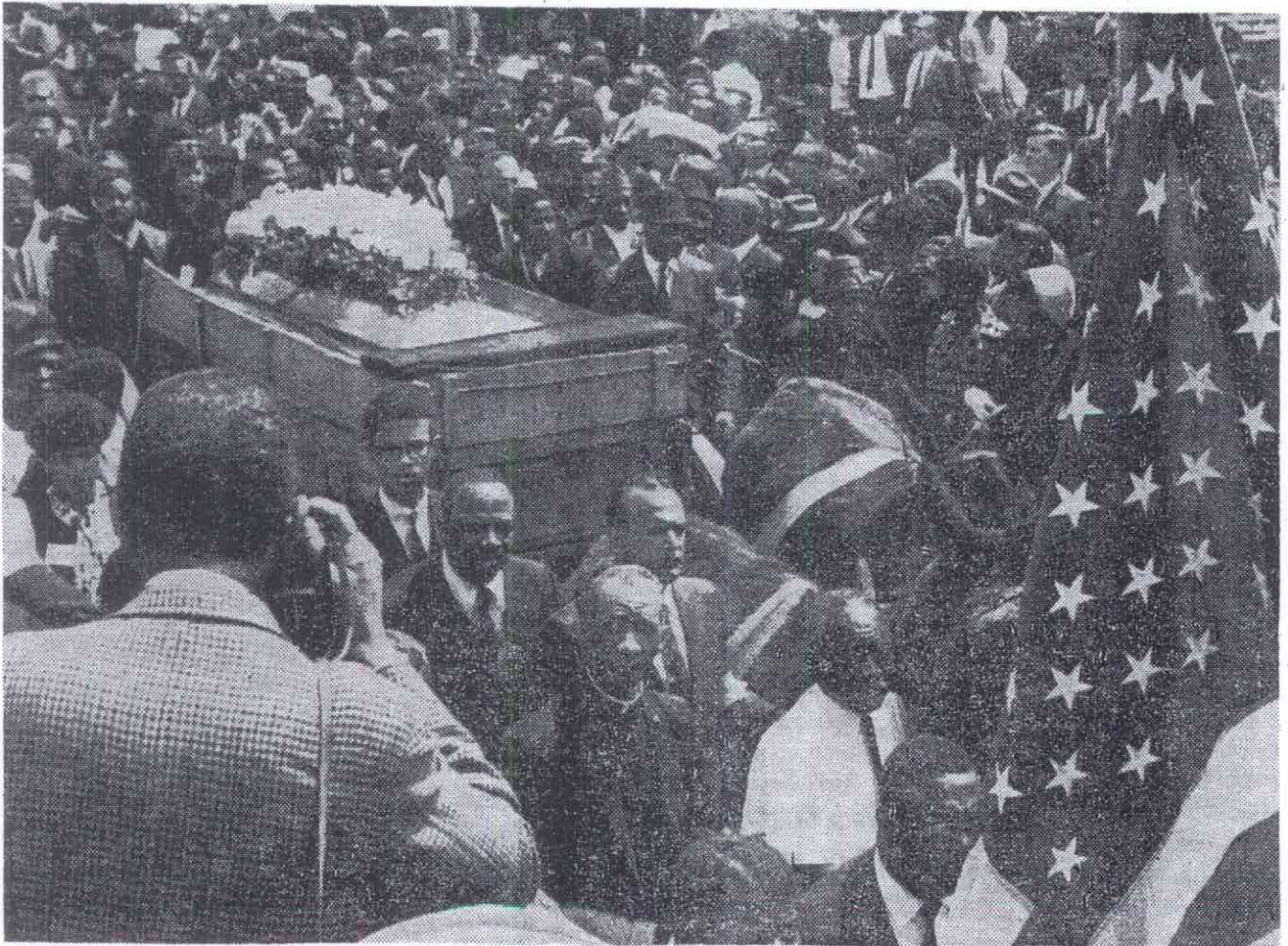
It is a measure of the times that the Terry case, clearly defined though it is, has created scarcely a ripple in Birmingham or the nation. Those who discuss the problems of the present and future tend to voice vague frustrations and fears of a kind they could not have envisioned only a few years ago.

To one man, a Negro, "it seems like the whole country's turned upside

down. When would we have seen all these investigations going on at the same time? Corruption and payoffs in the Army, and now these atrocities." To another, a white, "we've always thought this country was God's end—and now we don't always think so. The Sixties have been full of sound and fury all right, that they have."

No one expressed such a sense of disquietude more thoughtfully than James T. Crutcher, pastor of the 16th Street Baptist Church, the church where the Negroes gathered in the spring and summer of 1963 for their mass meetings—and where four young girls were killed when the church was bombed.

"It seems to me that '63 was a time when things came to a head, when they came out into the open," he said. "The fact that kids could be killed in Sunday school shook the whole country up—the world, you might say—and a number of white people got to see themselves naked. Bull Connor and the dogs were just symbols. Then there were those three boys murdered in Mississippi, and that minister in



United Press International

The mule-drawn cortege of the assassinated Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. in Atlanta, 1968.

Selma, and that white woman on the Jeff Davis Highway on the road to Montgomery.

"The Sixties have been hell, no doubt about it. The rank and file of my folk, they see it worse today. The gap's getting bigger. They're angry and frustrated all at the same time. There's a real ambiguity. But by and large, today I get the feeling of apathy. I think the folks have exhausted themselves in the South. The marches, the bus rides, the demonstrations—it all kind of represented a period—a stage—and now it's moving on to another stage.

Flags Mixed Up

"AS YOU KNOW, when King was killed, the civil rights movement already had begun to break up. So we had the Black Panthers and Stokely and people taking different philosophical approaches. King was for nonviolence. He preached it, he believed it, he lived it, he died it.

"I couldn't be a Christian minister if I didn't believe all this was working together in some kind of order. Even disorder has a certain kind of order. I really believe that America is becoming a decadent country. I believe that with all my heart.

"I think we've got the American flag and the Christian flag mixed up, and we're ambiguous. We're ambiguous about who we are and where we're going. Sometimes I think where we're going is straight to hell.

"If you've studied history, you know that every great country started off poor and rose to great heights—as did Egypt, as did Mesopotamia, as did Greece, as did Rome, as did the Ottoman Turks, as did England and France

—and finally fell as they got rich and callous and feeling less. After we get all the power and glitter, we don't have anything any more—and then we turn on each other.

"Now we're getting rich for richness' sake. We want things for things' sake. The man who takes a stand, no matter how Biblical or Christlike it is, if he doesn't conform to the crowd, they'll kill him. Like they did Jesus, like they did Gandhi, like they did Kennedy, like they did King."

Martin Luther King. Of all the figures who flicked across our consciousness in the Sixties, he was perhaps the most contemporary. Certainly, he was the most visible bridge between past and present. More than anyone else, he personified the forces that were so bewilderingly transforming America.

That, in itself, was always paradoxical. King, the Southern Baptist minister; "Doc" or "De Lawd," teasingly and affectionately to his intimates; the "leader," to his followers; King the old-fashioned orator preaching Christianity and love and arousing passion, hatred and fear. He was an unlikely prophet.

Now that he is gone, he is seen even by the most conservative for what he always was—a moderate seeking to build, not destroy. After Birmingham pricked the national conscience and brought, for a time, whites and blacks together in common cause, singing their common anthem, "We Shall Overcome," he carried the American story along with him.

That same summer, it was the March on Washington, a march without fear or hints of official repression, a march that ended in probably the most memorable speech of the decade. That setting and that language would not be duplicated today. Neither would it be received so emotionally.

"I say to you today even though we face the difficulties of today and tomorrow, I still have a dream," King said from the steps of the Lincoln Memorial. "It is a dream that is deeply rooted in the American dream. I have a dream that one day this nation will rise up, live out the true meaning of its creed: 'We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal.'"

"... I have a dream that one day every valley shall be exalted, every hill and mountain shall be made low. The rough places will be made plain and the crooked places will be made straight. This is the faith that I go back to the South with. With this faith we will be able to hew out of the mountains of despair the stone of hope. With this faith we will be able to work together, to pray together, to struggle together, to go to jail together, to stand up for freedom together, knowing we will be free one day.

"When we allow freedom to ring from every town and every hamlet, from every state and every city, we will be able to speed up that day when all of God's children, black men and white men, Jews and Gentiles, Protestants and Catholics, will be able to join hands and sing in the words of the old Negro spiritual, 'Free at last! Free at last! Great God A'mighty, we are free at last!'"

A Voice Drowned Out

KING WENT ON to one other great moment and last grand march,

in the Black Belt of Selma in the spring of '65. By then, the concept of civil disobedience and mass protest had taken root among the college students of Berkeley and Columbia and other campuses. They had journeyed south to Mississippi in the summer of '64; then they returned to begin their own challenges to the system.

After Selma, there was Watts. Suddenly the short, stocky, old-fashioned Baptist minister preaching nonviolence was being eclipsed. In his mid 30s, King became a dated figure.

He kept raising his voice, in Chicago and other areas. He spoke about the war in Vietnam and national priorities. Few were listening. In the end, he was being supplanted in the public favor by newer—and louder—voices. First, there was Malcolm X, then Stokely Carmichael, then Rap Brown.

Finally, he went south to be killed. By then, the nonviolent Negro revolution he had led had turned into something else, and Americans no longer were unaccustomed to assassinations.

Dallas: 'The People

KLAUS SCHUSTER is 26 now. The America he knew as an exchange student in '61 and '62 has changed dramatically.

"It is so different today," he says.

"There are such strong feelings between the young people and their parents. It is a very beautiful thing, though.

"I met a young friend I knew in Michigan when I was here before. We haven't seen each other, or written to each other, since. But we found that we think alike about almost everything. We speak the same kind of language."

It was late in the afternoon of a sunlit day and Klaus was standing, with his camera held out, in Dealey Plaza in Dallas. "I was kind of anxious to see how the place where Kennedy was shot looks like," he was saying.

He glanced around, his eyes taking in the stretch of bright green grass in front; the buff-colored building with the "Texas School Book Depository" sign on the right; the line of traffic curving down toward the triple underpass and the Stemmons Freeway, and the old stone jail to his rear where Lee Harvey Oswald and Jack Ruby died, one violently before the eyes of millions watching on television; the other quietly and alone in a narrow cell.

"It's really sort of frightening to be here," he said. "You see the traffic moving along as if nothing had ever happened. It's also a real surprise to me. I expected a gigantic monument, according to what I thought about Texas. But it's fitting as it is."

A Small 'X'

ALL THAT marks the place is a low marble wall and a bronze inscription that begins with the simple declarative sentence. "On Nov. 22, 1963, John Fitzgerald Kennedy, 35th President of the United States, visited Dallas." Accompanying it is a map showing the parade route from Main to Houston to Elm and a small "X" showing the "approximate location of assassination site."

Nearby is another brief inscription. It was placed there by the Park Board of Dallas early in 1967 in an attempt to bring order out of a custom that had

Would Prefer to Forget'

begun spontaneously immediately after the assassination. Strangers began placing flowers and other tributes wherever they could find space in Dealey Plaza.

Now, the city instructions read: "Fresh flowers will be removed as soon as they become severely wilted. In most cases, this will be three to four days after placement. Artificial flowers and other articles will be removed two weeks from the date of placement or earlier if excess weather damage occurs."

Most of the offerings come from outsiders like Klaus Schuster, a business engineering student at Darmstadt University, near Frankfurt, Germany. The people of Dallas would prefer to forget their association with the assassination.

THE ASSASSINATION. Not all Americans loved John Kennedy, but no one was immune to him. From that moment when he announced his candidacy in the marbled splendor of the old Senate Caucus Room on Jan. 2, 1960, until the end in Dallas, he com-

manded America's attention.

He seemed so perfect a break with the past. He was so young (coming after the oldest President in American history, Dwight Eisenhower). He was handsome, slender, graceful. He had everything Americans had always admired: energy, power, wit, wealth, charm, looks, a record as a true war hero. His wife was beautiful, his children lovely.

He was, it seemed, an instant legend, a flawless, shining Lochinvar from the East. The intellectuals could appreciate his ironic style, his grasp of language and history; the masses could

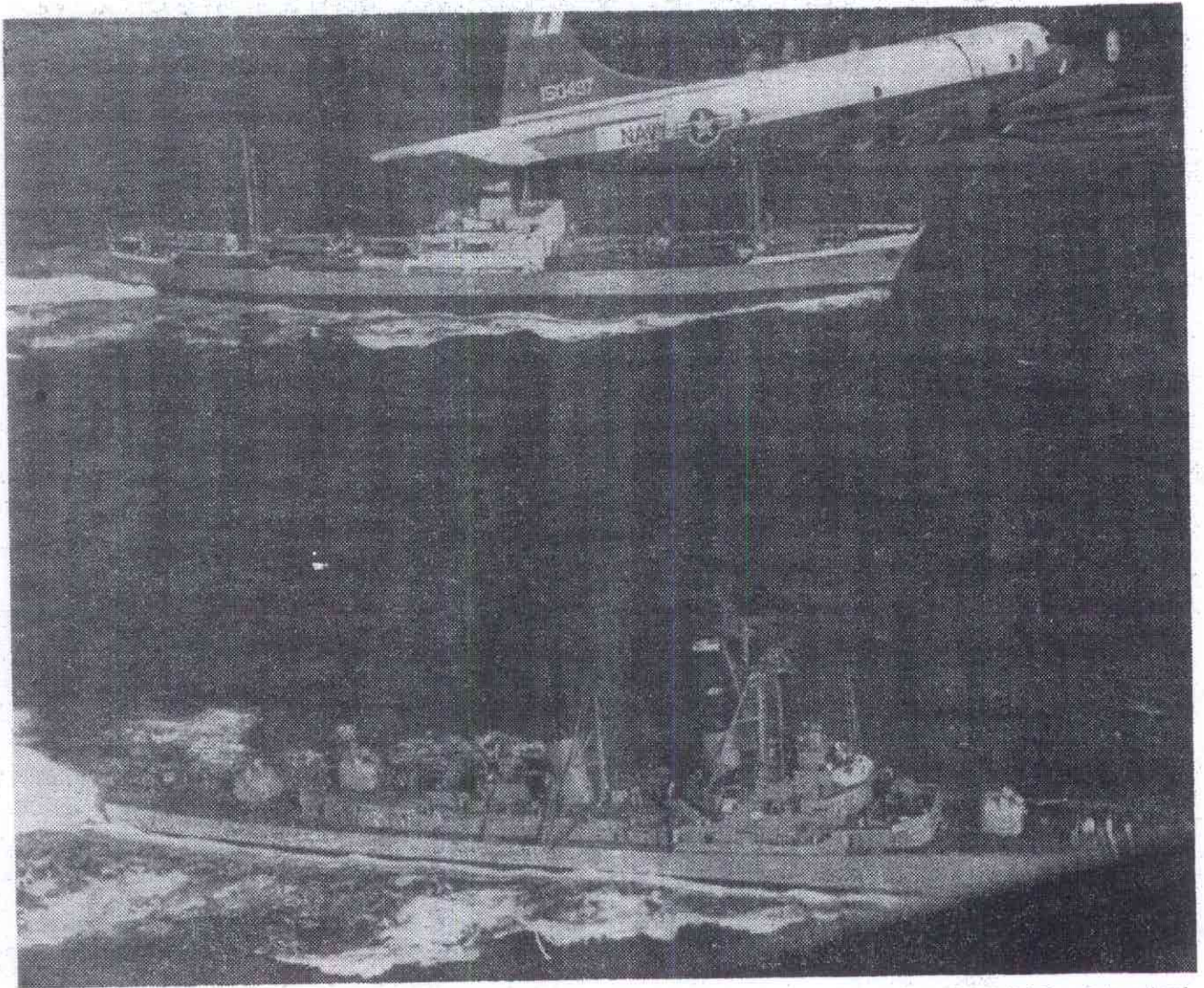
bask in his vigor and easy assumption of authority; the young admired his cool.

Everything he did seemed to promise exciting times, a fulfillment of American aspirations. He carefully cultivated the impression. His actions were dramatic.

He accepted nomination on the West Coast and pointedly said he was facing west toward a "new frontier." On his inauguration day, a day so crisp, cold and sparkling that it immediately became a part of the myth, he stood bareheaded, without a coat, as he called out a summons in brisk, clear tones.

A Martial Note

IN RETROSPECT, the words still carry a fine, remembered glow:



United Press International

A Navy plane and a warship converge to turn back a missile-carrying Russian freighter in one of the

many crises that punctuated JFK's two years, 10 months and two days in the White House.

daily paper, Felix R. McNight of The Times Herald, is saying in a column that he went to the Texas-Arkansas football game and "it was clean, decent air America was breathing—for a change." He adds: "College football washed all the grime off the national face for those precious hours . . . and it just might have been one of the best things to happen to us in years."

In the other paper, The Morning News, a local columnist says the defeat of Clement Haynsworth for the Supreme Court gives stronger weight to "those who would pressure conservatives toward the more extreme tactics of direct action."

The public schools are in the midst of a divisive controversy. While it has not yet attracted national attention, this dispute goes to the heart of the current ideological debates taking place in America. It involves dissent, patriotism, freedom.

Before the Oct. 15 antiwar Moratorium, Nolan Estes, Dallas superintendent of schools, issued a ruling that any student would be sent home if he wore a black armband to class as a symbol of support for the demonstration. He did so, he explained, because of the "possibility, the probability of violence."

Of 160,000 students in the Dallas Independent School District, 334 wore black armbands to class. Forty-one refused to remove the bands and were sent home. Other students wore red, white and blue armbands and Nixon buttons. They were not sent home.

"We want to protect the right to dissent," Estes said, "but not in a highly charged, emotional framework such as the Moratorium." He also was quoted



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Millions watching TV saw Jack Ruby shoot Lee Harvey Oswald, the alleged Kennedy assassin.

as saying, "Expressions of student dissent make my generation edgy, if not downright mad."

Parents protested, not only about the armband edict but the attitude of the teachers. A minister said his daughter had been assigned to write a satire in class, and chose the Moratorium as a subject. She got back her paper with this note from the teacher:

"This paper stinks of that which is demolishing American freedom; however, I am compelled to give you an A! The satire is good—from an anti-American, pro-Communist standpoint."

The father, although unhappy about the comment, said the teacher at least understood what freedom of expression means.

An Acrid Debate

IN THE DEBATE that followed, teachers often argued with their students, parents with parents, school board members with each other. In one classroom, a teacher suggested that a person actively supporting the peace movement might be violating the treason clause in the U.S. Constitution by "giving aid and comfort to the enemy."

"I don't think I'm a traitor," one young boy responded. "I actually listened to the other side, did some research and found them to be wrong."

The American Civil Liberties Union filed a suit to enjoin the superintendent from enforcing his policy. Early in December, U.S. District Judge W. M. Taylor ruled against the ACLU.

The Dallas public schools, he said, have "maintained an admirable degree of order in these times when other large school systems are experiencing chaos and violence. . . . It occurs to

this court that one obligation students have to the state is to obey school regulations designed to promote the orderly educational process."

Undoubtedly, the case will be appealed; it might go as far as the Supreme Court. The issue is clear-cut. It also illuminates an official attitude. "We hope we might move toward a time that symbolic speech would not be disruptive," Estes said, "but we're now trying to keep the noise of the streets out of the classroom."

What is clear in Dallas today is just how difficult it is to "keep the noise of the streets out of the classroom." Indeed, talking to Dallas high school students shows how great the divisions are between parents and children.

Put their words down on paper, and

these students sound much like their Berkeley elders of three or four years ago. They are strikingly different from their parents.

They Ask Why

TAKE, FOR INSTANCE, a conversation at one high school, the David W. Carter, in the flat land of south Dallas where affluent homes of the middle class are replacing pasture.

Leslie Lindsey, David Weaver, Hal Shelley, James Pope, all 16; Mark Miller, Gary Bellamy, both 17, and Jim Reudelhuber, 15—they are as typical a group as one might find. Their fathers are carpet salesmen, lab technicians, dentists, chefs. They are all natives of Texas.

They all seem to believe that they represent something unique, that they are a part of a special generation that is going to change America.

"I feel like we're finally emerging, we're finally opening our eyes. We're not being led around like blind people. We ask why," says one, a boy.

"We have a lot more things open to us," says another, a girl. "We are able to express a great deal more than our parents did. Like my father, he's set in his ways."

"We feel a sense of freedom for many things earlier," says a third.

They talk about communism and democracy; the war and race relations; personal standards and behavior; sex and drugs—all with a greater questioning and sophistication than their parents do. By their own definition, they are more tolerant. On race:

"Our generation has more respect and tolerance for Negroes as human beings—much more than our parents."

"I agree with this very much. When we come into society, it's like putting up a wall between us. That's the rules that society puts up, not our rules."

"I believe our generation has learned to accept someone as he is—not the way he looks."

"If the Negroes never had stood up and said, 'Look at me, I'm a human, too,' if they didn't do that, they'd probably still be using the back door."

A New Script

AS FOR THE future, they all see themselves cast in different roles from their elders. They reject the materialism, or say they do, of their parents; they are not interested in money for money's sake; they are far more willing to experiment.

Looking ahead, as one said, "What's heading for us is more unrest—poverty, race, the war—and we're going to

have to do something about it." They also see some danger signs. "In our generation, so many people turn to drugs. I see two or three every day on them."

Like their collegiate contemporaries, these students have no heroes in the old sense. But it is not true that they have no sense of history. They are acutely aware of recent American history; they know they are the legatees of this age of dissonance and dissent.

They also realize that, as citizens of Dallas, they have a special relationship with the John F. Kennedy years.

"I think he was the first one who really recognized the youth," one student said. "And he was the one who had a lot to do with starting our youth movement."

That kind of attitude may well turn out to be John F. Kennedy's most enduring legacy.



Associated Press

*“He was, it seemed,
a shining Lochinvar
from the East,” and he
delighted in his son
John . . . Then came
Dealey Plaza, and his
widow bore up Spartanly
even when she was
handed the flag from
his coffin.*



Associated Press

Berkeley: 'Words

FROM BERKELEY to Altamont Raceway, in Alameda County, Calif., the road runs over gentle hills, bare of trees and brown in the late winter sun, and past open fields where flowers still bloom in December: It took three hours to get there that Saturday, Dec. 6, 1969; the roads were jammed in all directions, bumper to bumper, inch by inch.

Some abandoned their cars and walked. Others tried to hitchhike. It was to be, as it was billed, the last of the great rock festivals of the Sixties, a Woodstock West, one final mass gathering for the mass youth culture; one last time for good "vibes," for fellowship, dope, pills, wine, love, light; the happiest of all the happenings in the decade.

By nightfall, it had turned into something else. Terror had replaced love, and shock, bewilderment, disillusion were the emotions that the throng carried back along the dark highway. No one will ever know precisely what happened—or why—at Altamont. Four people died, one of them stabbed to death in plain view of thousands. Others were maimed. Still others were beaten mercilessly.

For days afterward, those who had been there—and the estimates varied from a low of 200,000 to a high of 500,000—talked of little else. The bitterness intensified with time. Eyewitness accounts vary; each came back confused.

'Myth of Innocence'

NOTHING, HOWEVER, expressed the sense of shock more forcefully than the underground papers, normally so self-assertive and confident, published at Berkeley.

"Altamont might have been a beautiful high, but the bad vibes brought it down," reported *The Berkeley Barb*. "Someone was knifed to death. Lots of people were beaten. Love and peace were f----- by the Hell's Angels in front of hundreds of thousands of people who did nothing."

Its counterpart, *The Berkeley Tribe*,

Without the

THE WASHINGTON POST Sunday, Dec. 28, 1969 B3

Old Fire'

was harsher:

"Altamont, like the massacre at Songmy, exploded the myth of innocence for a section of America. As the country grows more sophisticated, it learns to confront its own guilt.

"... Altamont was a lesson in micro-society with no holds barred. Bringing a lot of people together used to be cool. Human Be-Ins, Woodstock, even a Hell's Angel funeral were creative communal events because their center was everywhere. People would play together, performing, participating, sharing and going home with a feeling that somehow the communal idea would replace the grim isolation wrought on us by a jealous competitive mother culture.

"But at Altamont, we were the mother culture. The locust generation came to consume crumbs from the hands of an entertainment industry we helped to create."

As another young observer put it, "It was a terrifying, heartbreaking day during which everyone was forced to take a long, distasteful look at Desolation Row."

Only a year ago, such self-criticism and analysis would have been rare. Now, it is common. For the young, the

Sixties are ending amid their own doubts about their own values and own culture. The future seems less hopeful than they once thought.

Chilled Hotbeds

THIS SENSE of questioning exists in two other areas that gave the decade such a distinct flavor—in San Francisco's Haight-Ashbury district, the erstwhile home of hippies, love

and flower children, and on the Berkeley campus, where so much of the student protest movement was spawned.

In Haight-Ashbury, violence, intimidation and coercion have destroyed the old feeling of peace and freedom that once characterized the area. "I can't stand it here any more," said a young girl who lives in the center of Haight-Ashbury with four other people. "I want to get out of here. I'm thinking of going to southern Oregon to a commune in the country."

At the Berkeley campus across the Bay, an air of resignation or frustration exists among students. The radicals sound less revolutionary; the less active, more inclined to stay farther apart. The campus itself has been strangely quiet throughout the fall and winter. Ever since police force was used to crush a movement to establish a "people's park" in the spring, there has been virtually no organized protest activity.

"When the Free Speech Movement started in Mario Savio's time, in 1964, there was a sense of jubilation among the students," one Berkeley official said. "Now, there is a sense of shock. And it's not limited to the students; the faculty reflects it, too."

An Intimate Phenomenon

IF THE YOUNG are beginning the next decade in an introspective mood, so are their parents. Probably no single phenomenon or event in the 1960s—not the assassinations or the racial riots—has disturbed and frightened so many Americans as the sudden mushrooming of so totally different a generation.

The new "life styles" — another phrase from the Sixties—threaten all the old, cherished values and concepts about work, morality, family. Unlike the riots or assassinations, which came as distant flashes on the horizon, ominous but still remote from most American lives, the behavior of the young was intensely intimate and personal. They were our children—indeed, the most favored children in American his-

tory.

No matter how adults might want to turn away from the scene, they could not. It was at home. Neither was it as easy—though many tried—to blame the aberrations and problems on outside forces. Somehow, people were forced to admit privately, they bore a responsibility.

In typically American indulgence in self-flagellation, millions of parents dutifully listened as the "experts," self-appointed or otherwise, diagnosed the blame: "permissive parents" were at fault.

There were other interpretations—as many, it seemed, as there were people: "society" was at fault . . . or the war . . . or the Beatles and the European influence . . . or the pornographers . . . or television and the other mass media . . . or the assassinations and riots . . . or the materialistic, chauvinistic, hypocritical values of the adults.

Whatever the explanations, none adequately captured or defined the revolution taking place. And it was occurring out there in plain view of all: boys with long hair, girls with short dresses, pot and the pill, grass and acid, electronic music, psychedelic humor, freaking out and taking trips, turning on and turning off, an openness about physical functions and an explicitness of language that was shocking to the older generation.

While youth bore the banner, an older American ingredient was always present—commercial profits. The records, the mod dress, the hair styles, the illicit drugs and literature, the new movies addressed to the new audience all represented big business. Before long, the fashions of the young were

being taken up by their elders. Mini-skirts became the vogue among dowdy housewives and sideburns among balding, overweight suburban fathers.

These were the visible, even frivolous, signs of rapid change. Others were not so easy to detect, or define.

A Western Ferment

ONE THING was clear: Unlike the American past, where the East traditionally had been the font of ideas and fashions, in the Sixties, the focus switched to the West Coast. It was California, and specifically the San Francisco-Berkeley area, that increasingly set the tone. From now on, you would be told out there in the mid-'60s, ideas in America were going to move from West to East.

At that time, a visitor to Berkeley

was struck by the obvious differences from other campuses. Along Telegraph Road, cutting away from the heart of the campus, the stores were filled with what once would have been regarded as pornographic material—books, photographs, posters, statuary—to be marketed secretly or surreptitiously in some back room or alley. Now, they were in the front window, displayed for all to see.

(By the end of the decade, the “underground” press that was always hawked openly all over campus would be displaying nude photographs and drawings, headlines with the oldest four-letter words, pornographic ads and articles by young ladies that

began, “Women masturbate, too . . . eat your hearts out, men.” It was all old hat by then; that same theme, and others once equally taboo, had been explored in detail in such best-selling novels as “Portnoy’s Complaint.” The brave new world had finally arrived.)

While the physical side of the “liberation” was proceeding before the public view, the philosophical one was also evident everywhere at Berkeley. Outside the administration building, Sproul Hall, students would set up their small tables in the daytime, distribute their literature and engage in political discussions.

They were talking about communism, commitments, about Che, Mao, Marx, Trotsky, about revolution. If it seemed incongruous for these children of affluence to be sporting revolutionary garb and affecting revolutionary language, well, they were just students. It would pass.

Within a few years, their movement had passed beyond the campus. They were storming the Pentagon in Washington, taking to the streets of Chicago and seizing buildings in some of the oldest citadels of learning—at Harvard, Columbia, Cornell.

A Catalytic War

HOW FAR the radicalization of American students would have gone in more normal times, no one can say. Their time, and their problem, was far from normal. One theme bound all of their discontent, their experimenta-



Associated Press

Black students carrying rifles leave Cornell's student center, where they had barricaded themselves to protest university policy.

tion and their desire to be different into an explosive force: the war in Vietnam.

It wasn't until 1965 that the student protest movement veered away from civil rights into the antiwar field. First, there were teach-ins on the campuses, then marches, then a venture into national politics with an attempt to elect a new President, and finally violence, chaos and the disarray of the present.

The antiwar feelings already were well established before American combat forces began offensive operations in Vietnam in 1965. Ban-the-bomb movements had been in operation for some time, and such movies as "Hiroshima, Mon Amour," and "Dr. Strangelove, or, How I Learned to Love the Bomb," had generated further popular support.

Besides, the student generation of the Sixties, thanks in part to the better educational system the country bequeathed it, already was beginning to challenge many of the old concepts—concepts about the Cold War and containment; the evils of communism and its danger as a monolithic power; the old-fashioned notions of pride, patriotism and national honor.

These were the tinder of national discontent, and one other factor helped to ignite them: Lyndon Baines Johnson of Texas.

LBJ. In a singular sense, he became the embodiment of the war. *He* was the target. Coming after John Kennedy, flailing about in such flamboyant style with such flagrant rhetoric, promising to banish poverty from the land and lead Americans toward a "Great Society," keeping his own counsel, creating the impression of a Machiavellian master of men and events, Lyndon Johnson became the perfect personal foil for the antiwar movement.

Partly through his own mistakes and pronouncements (we were going to "nail the coonskin to the wall" in Vietnam; he said "the most beautiful vision that these eyes ever beheld was the flag of my country in a foreign land," Johnson turned the opposition to the war into a personal vendetta directed against himself. And during the 1964 campaign, he had said, as he was never allowed to forget, "we are not about to send American boys to do the fighting for Asian boys.")

Johnson became the object of attack.

"Hey, Hey, LBJ,
How many kids

Did you kill today?"

Feeding on doubts about the Kennedy assassination and the belief in conspiracies at work in the land, Johnson's enemies depicted him as a venomous character. In a widely produced play, "Macbird," written by a Berkeley student, he was even cast as the Macbeth figure who rises to the top while brandishing an assassin's dagger. Not since Abraham Lincoln's time had an American President borne such personal abuse. Johnson, unfortunately, did not have Lincoln's capacity to heal.

A Movement Crumbles

WHEN JOHNSON renounced the Presidency and began to decelerate the war, in one of the decade's most startling developments at the end of March, 1968, his action had the effect of largely defusing the antiwar movement. The students might not admire his successor, Richard M. Nixon, but they didn't hate him, either. Vietnam wasn't *his* war.

As Nixon moved slowly to withdraw American forces, the peace factions found themselves increasingly impotent: they could still mobilize support for a mass march, but the demonstrations lacked the old emotion. More important, they lacked political muscle.

That feeling of impotence was noticeable at Berkeley in the closing days of the decade. Compounding it was the belief that America was turning to the right and a new period of official repression. The student groups were badly splintered among the few out-and-out revolutionaries, the moderates and the occasional activists.

Radicals still speak in the unyielding rhetoric of their group ("I don't think there's anything in this country that government can do to make this country livable," one said. "The only alternative is an anarchist revolution") but their words, too, are spoken without the old fire and conviction.

What is developing at Berkeley today is the beginning of a more serious kind of movement—one that looks beyond the immediate issue of the war and examines how to improve American society in the 1970s.

"We started with a rejection of the established order for various reasons," says David Kemnitzer of the Radical Student Union. "The bureaucratic nature of society, the intellectual sterility, the nature of middle-class life, the racism and imperialism—we rejected them. Now we have to redefine a new

culture, a new style of politics.

"One of the most important is the experimental education system we're trying here: free universities, free courses, none of the rigidity of the past."

An Ecology 'Party'

OF ALL the movements, none is attracting more attention or widespread support at Berkeley than that involving ecology. It has two advantages: it is an attack on a critical challenge to American life, and it is one in which people of all political persuasions can unite.

Already, the Berkeley students envision ecology as becoming a national issue; they foresee a national organization, and a move to effectuate change through the political tactics they have mastered so well in the last few years.

"The United States in the past has had national goals, like win the war or put a man on the moon," said Larry Belser, 26, a graduate student in biophysics who is active in the ecology movement. "Right now, we don't have a single goal, but many, and they are conflicting. But ecology—the protection of our environment—is a simple matter of survival.

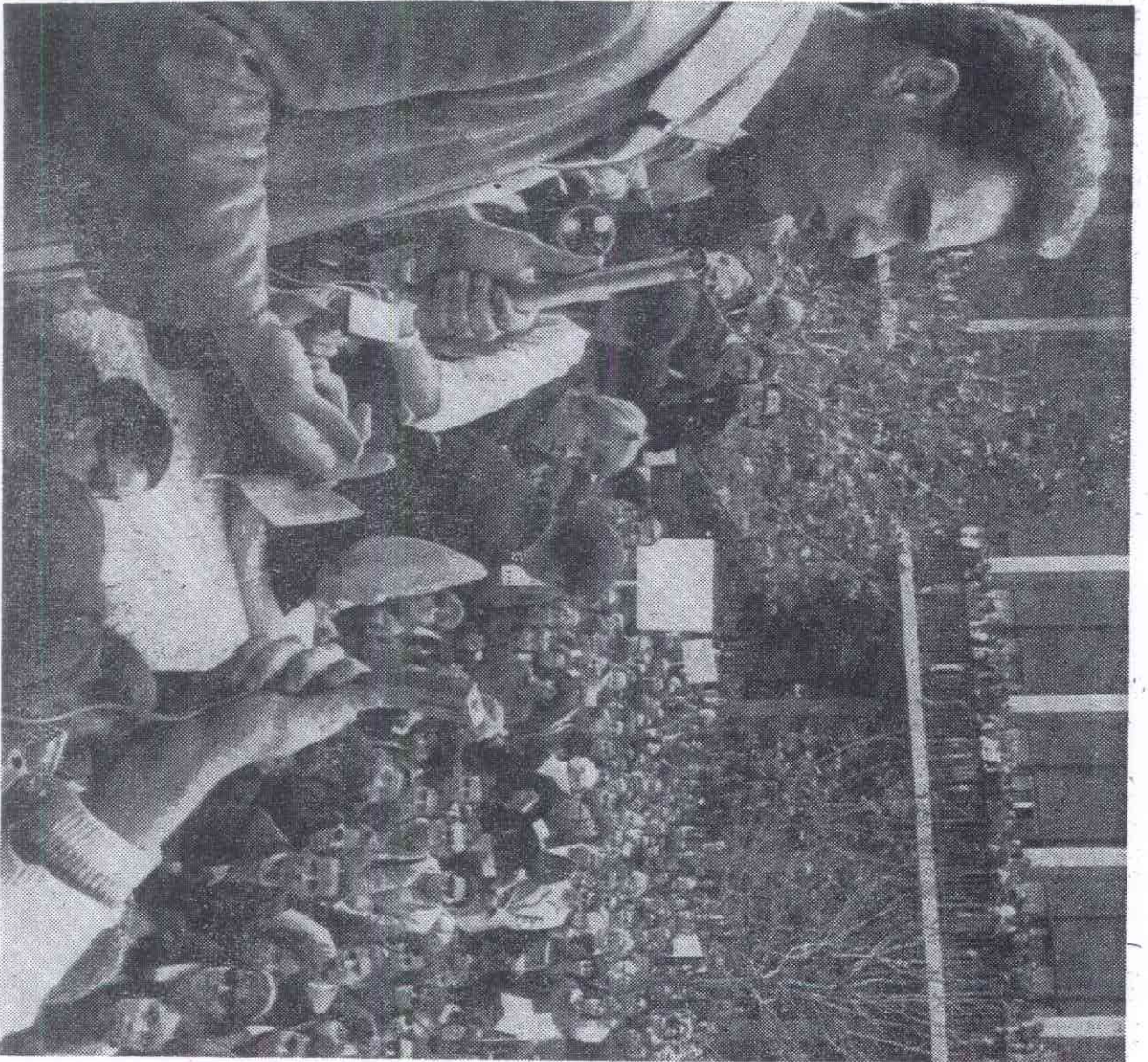
"And as an issue, it's one in which an awful lot of people can get together. We see this taking place within a framework of political change, of electing candidates who will do something about reordering our priorities and initiating the work—and appropriating the money—to do the job."

They are working toward a national conference next spring to launch their effort and begin a nationwide educational campaign about ecology—about air and water pollution, birth control, pesticides, conservation and other elements that make up—or imperil—America's environment.

If his enthusiasm sounds unduly idealistic to older ears, Belser was announcing, in effect, that despite all the doubts of today, America's students have not lost faith in themselves or in their ability to create change. One of his fellow workers, Ruth Corwin, 24, also a graduate student, put it in a larger perspective when she reflected back on the Sixties.

"The Negroes showed us you don't have to accept life the way it is," she said. "There's a totally different attitude today. You still feel you can change things."

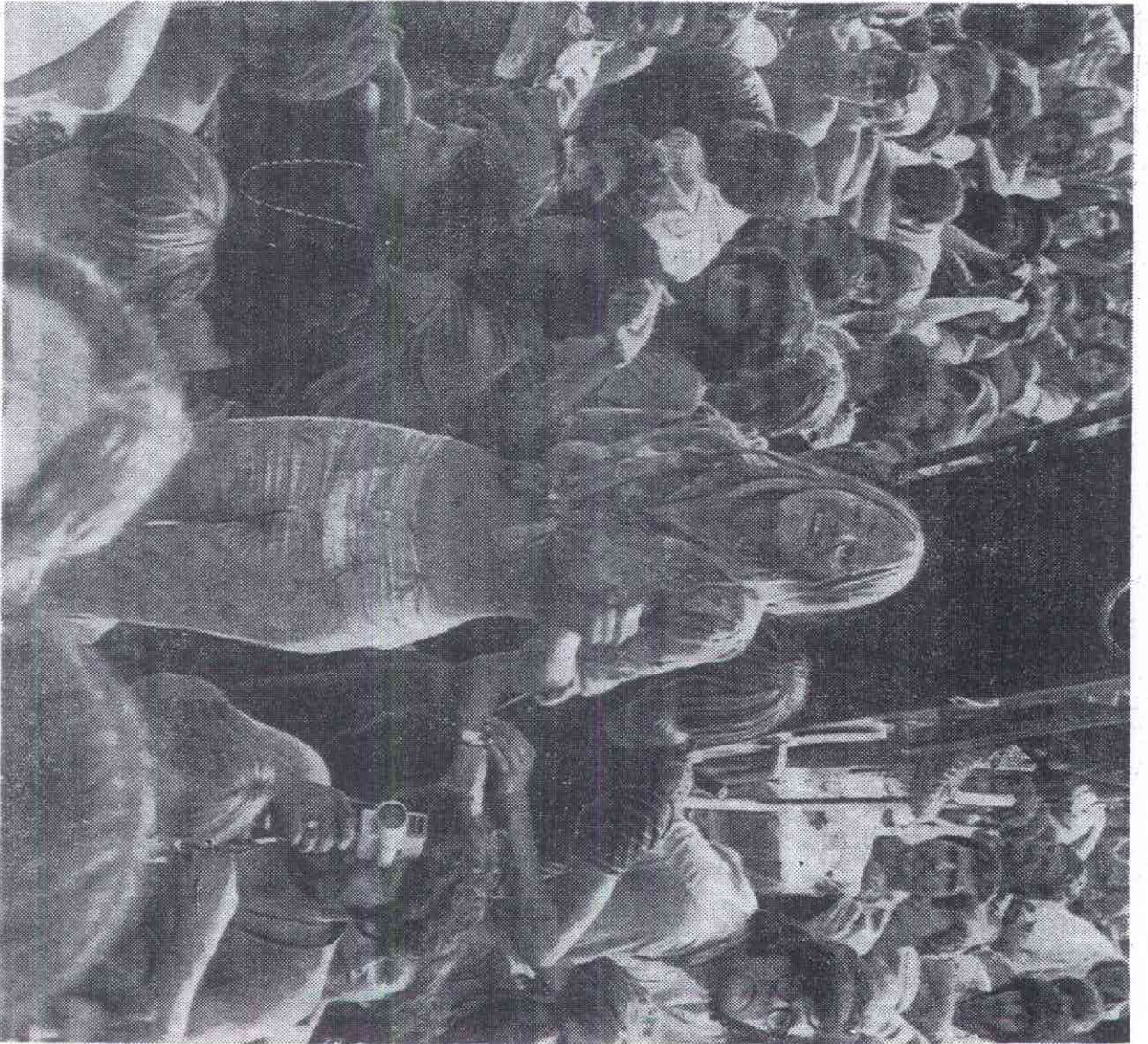
To her, as to other students, nothing is more important than improving the quality of American life, starting with the very air we breathe.



United Press International

The wave of student protest really began with the Free Speech Movement at the University of California at Berkeley in 1964. Its outstanding leader, Mario Savio, is addressing a campus rally at left.

The youth movement—
by that time not entire-
ly scholastic—probably
peaked last August
when several hundred
thousand people held a
love feast, with musical
overtones, at Wood-
stock, N.Y.



Associated Press

Newark: 'Alive but

Critical'

ONE THING distinguished Newark's riot from similar disasters in the Sixties.

Watts was an island apart in the greater city, a place few Los Angeles natives even knew until the fires and shooting broke out. Detroit, Harlem, Washington and the rest experienced the flames and bombings only in the Negro ghetto areas. In Newark, the riots flared in the heart of the downtown business section. For a time during that summer of 1967, it seemed as if all Newark were under seige.

To go back to Newark today is to return to a city of cheerful slogans and community campaigns extolling progress, as well as a city of smoke, decay, pollution of the elements—and of the body politic.

When you enter the foyer of the Greater Newark Chamber of Commerce on the 27th floor of an office building commanding a view of the Jersey meadowland and the Manhattan skyline across the Hudson, you are greeted by a large poster proclaiming an "Action Plan for a Great American City":

- Establish 4,000 new jobs. *
- Reduce crime.
- Project exciting image of Newark as national city.
- Develop and encourage innovative housing.
- Attract and increase capital investment.

On it goes. Businessmen are passing out literature boosting Newark as the "gateway" and spelling out the components of "the biggest building boom in the city's history and one of the largest of any city in the country." As the material says, "there are gleaming new office buildings, an entire medical complex, thousands of comfortable new housing units and many, many other aspects of what goes into an exciting space age city."

Plaudit From Addonizio

RECENTLY, the First National State Bank of New Jersey took a similar promotional approach when it ran a series of national ads stressing that Newark, "one of the oldest of the 'old' cities and the newest of the 'new'," was going to continue to grow as the business and financial capital of New

Jersey.

Newark, the ads said, comprises the nation's second largest life insurance complex and is "one of the most prosperous business centers in the world." The ads have been reprinted in a handsome, slick-paper brochure. They include, as the bank notes with pride, a certificate of merit from the City of Newark:

"For its collective endeavor and meritorious service on behalf of a new and expanded Newark and its pacemaking pioneer accomplishment in creating a forward-looking image for the city among the media."

The certificate is signed by Newark's mayor, Hugh J. Addonizio.

Addonizio has since been indicted by a federal grand jury on charges of extortion and fraud in a growing investigation of links between organized crime, the Mafia and Jersey officials. Indicted with him were three city councilmen, one of them a relative; four former city councilmen, one a municipal judge, another

the secretary of the Newark Utilities Authority, another a city corporation counsel; the executive director of the utilities authority; the director of the city's Public Works Department; a former city corporation counsel, and some private citizens.

They were charged with conspiring to "thwart construction" undertaken in behalf of the City of Newark and to obtain the property of contractors and others working on municipal construction.

Riding an elevator in downtown Newark after the indictments were handed down, two men were talking about the scandal. "The guys that talk the most about cleaning up the city turn out to be the biggest crooks," one said. Before his friend could answer, the elevator operator chimed in: "They really cleaned it up! They



A National Guardsman in Detroit during one of the riots that flamed across the country from Newark to Watts.

Associated Press

took everything out that wasn't nailed down."

And on a national television program, one comedian quipped to another, "Did you hear, they made some arrests in Newark?" "Yeah," came the reply, "they locked up the whole city."

But it is no laughing matter to the city and its hopes for the future.

A Stinking Ambience

NEWARK'S AGONY, past and present, deserves a special place in the story of the Sixties—and a projection for the Seventies—not because it is so grievous or so unusual. Newark's problems seem worse than those of other cities only because they are more visible. The Newark story simply underscores the magnitude of the failure to alleviate America's urban crisis.

All the efforts of government, federal, state, and local, of private enterprise, of foundations and charitable enterprises have scarcely made a dent. The effort was made, all right. Money—lots of it—was poured into Newark. Programs—many of them—were started.

The net result is still a city that has the look of a terminal patient. It is alive, but in critical condition. Those who live there do so because they have no other choice.

Go into Newark on a clear, fresh day and you enter an area of smokestacks and smells. "I was willing to bet a friend that I could smell my way to work," said one man who commutes to Newark by car from Long Island; "that I could tell where I was by the smell of the oil company, the smelting company, the coal company and, every now and then, the redeeming virtue of a bakery."

Enter the city by crossing the curving Passaic River. ("It's one of the worst I've ever seen," said Murray Stein of the Federal Water Pollution Control Administration after an eight-mile boat trip down the river in December. "This is gross pollution, and gross pollution you can see visually. This pollution you can smell and you can feel.")

Drive through the "ironbound" section on the outskirts of downtown. It is all-white, industrial, old homes, narrow streets, heavy traffic. Some say this can be renovated and made attractive. That seems, at best, an illusory vision.

Downtown. Market and Broad, the

center of the city. Black males are standing idly in front of pawnshops and bars. At the movie, a pouting, supposedly sexy portrait of Raquel Welch stares out at the passerby. "Most Men Want to Love Her," the billboard reads, "One Man Wants to Kill Her." Old-fashioned American violence.

Since the riots, some of the stores have taken new precautions. Instead of the old iron railing protecting their plate glass windows, they have installed sheets of corrugated steel that swing over the windows at night. At police headquarters, a metal plaque in the form of an officer's shield reminds visitors that Detective Frederick W. Toto was "killed in the line of duty defending the city he served with zeal and devotion for 11 years, July 14, 1967."

A detective is saying that the number of militants in the city is increasing, that the city is dead at night, that people are afraid. Another thinks things are better because of stricter court rulings. "I'm a Nixon man," he says. "There's already better law and order."

A City Prairie

HEAD OUT into the Central Ward, up Springfield Avenue, where the riots were the worst. Some of the blocks have been entirely leveled; they are flat and bare, like prairie land in the heart of a major city. Nothing else seems to have changed.

The buildings that were burned still stand, blackened, empty shells. Debris and garbage fill the hallways. It goes on block after block. Newark, in winter, seems frozen in time, a monument to destruction.

On one street is a reminder of another problem: "Newark's Crisis Demands Honest Government," says the poster over a political ward headquarters. Beneath it, on the first floor, is an office of the Newark Housing Council. It is vacant. In another block is a political campaign headquarters. "Newark Needs Councilman Frank Addonizio," the poster says. He has been indicted.

Those are some of the scenes in Newark today. The statistics convey an equally stark picture. In a study by Rutgers University after the 1967 riots, these findings emerged:

- Newark's population then was about 52 per cent black and 10 per cent Spanish-speaking. (The black population now is said to be as high

as 60 per cent.) The proportion of black children in the population was double that of white children.

- Only 8 per cent of the black population was over 54. More than three times as many whites were over 54.

- About 40 per cent of blacks over 15 had lived in Newark less than 11 years. Nearly two-thirds of black males over 25, and more than 70 per cent of those of Spanish-speaking origin, had not completed high school.

- Nearly 12 per cent of all blacks were unemployed. Among men 16 to 19, the unemployment rate was 38 per cent for blacks.

- Twenty per cent of black families had combined family incomes of under \$3,000 a year.

What changes have occurred since then, no one knows with any certainty.

No one believes they have improved.

The same kind of figures, delineating as they do the essential inequities between blacks and whites in America, could be duplicated in virtually every major city at the end of the decade. They are elements of the single most difficult problem facing the country—the survival of the cities and the very quality of American life.

Business Optimism

IN NEWARK, as in other areas with large blotches of poverty, crime and decay in the central city, the outlook seems particularly grim. Yet Newark's business community hasn't given up. The businessmen seem determined to make their programs and slogans something more than blurb material for advertisements.

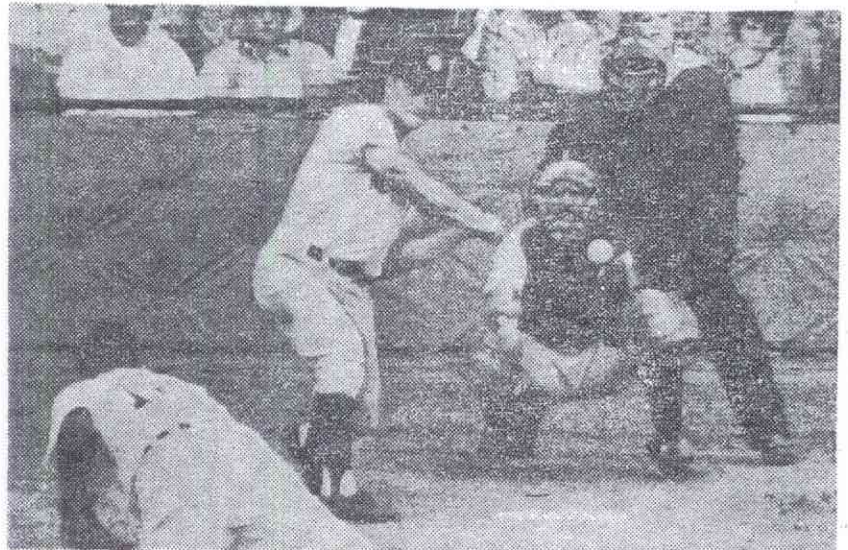
They speak of the future with a certain optimism—and candor. The city they envision is not the kind of city they themselves would live in; they will work there, continue to prosper and work to improve the greater city at large.

Newark, they say, will remain a key business center simply because of its location as an important market place in the New York metropolitan area and its access to sea, rail and air traffic. In the future, they see less manufacturing and more commercial office building type of employment. They think they will be able to attract a number of young single people to live in planned high-rise apartments



United Press International

Beatles Paul McCartney, John Lennon, Ringo Starr, George Harrison, 1968.



United Press International

Roger Maris starts to hit his 61st home run, 1961.



United Press International

Billboard in Atlantic City, 1964.

near downtown.

The hardest problem concerns residential sections. Again, like other cities, Newark's citizens face a dismaying cycle: high taxes, poor municipal services, including schools and transit, and increasing violence. Newark is a daytime city. At night, it is deserted.

"We know that everybody—not everybody, not the blacks or Puerto Ricans, but the white middle-class people—leave this town at 5 p.m.," says Dominick B. Pisano, finance and administration director of the Chamber of Commerce. "And I think we recognize all the problems associated with living in this city. I don't know who said it, but it's pretty accurate to say that you could fire a cannon down Broad Street at 5:30 in the afternoon and not hit anybody.

"Certainly, I think we have very serious problems, but I am suspicious of people who are contented. If you're that way, you won't get much change. At least we are trying.

"Newark will become a very attractive business center, but Newark will continue to have low- and moderate-income areas. It will be difficult, if not impossible, to attract middle-class people back to the city. I see the city becoming increasingly black and Spanish."

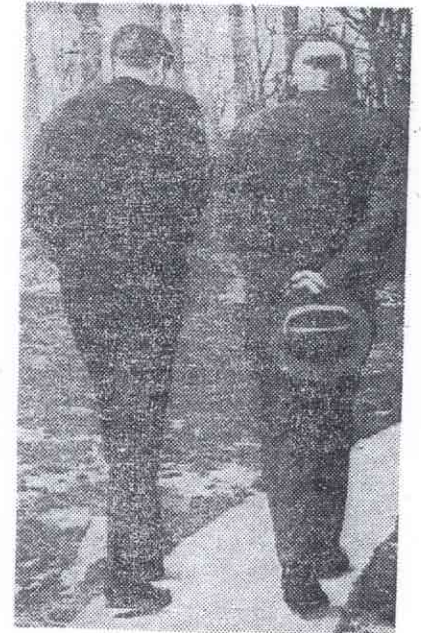
As for the problems of air and stream pollution so apparent in the Newarks of America, he says frankly that he doesn't expect to see any action until the government is pressured politically. Then business will be forced to take remedial steps. In the end, the costs will be passed on to the consumer in higher prices for goods.

"It'll probably get so bad that everybody will start screaming, and it might just be in time to save us all."



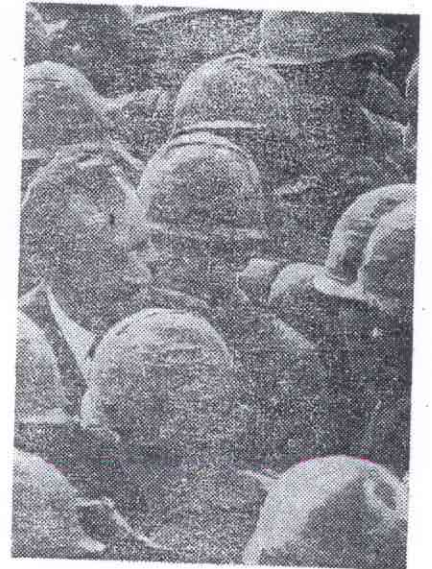
Associated Press

President Johnson rounds up a steer on his Texas ranch, 1964.



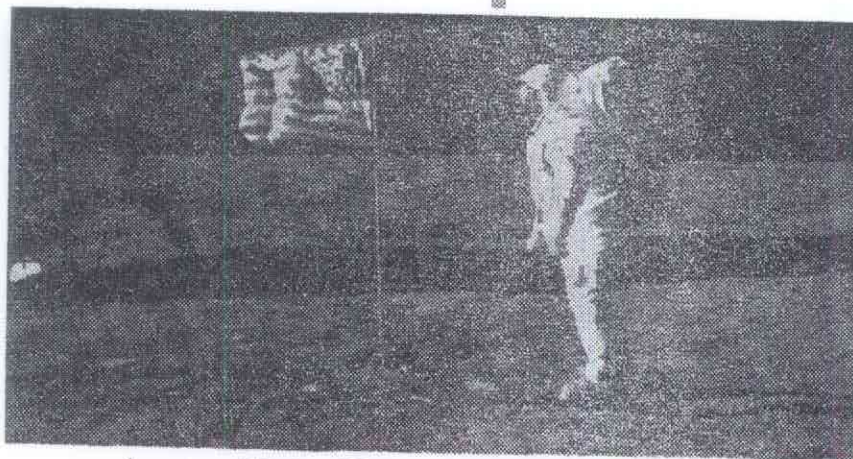
Associated Press

President Kennedy and former President Eisenhower, 1961.

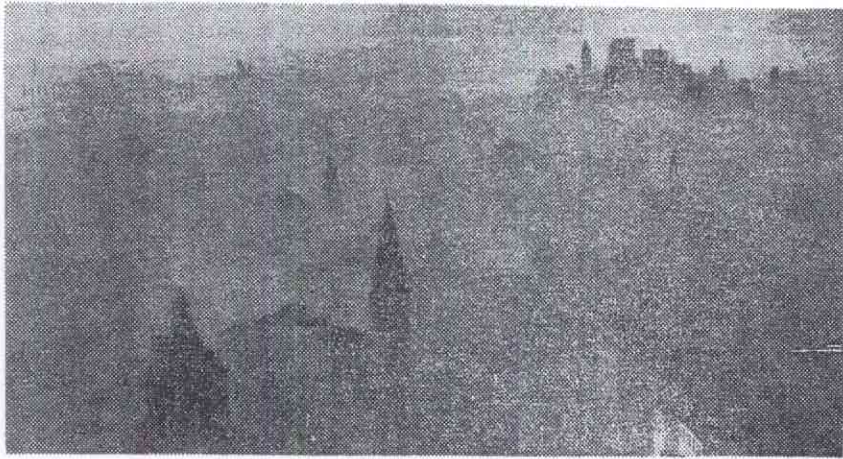


Associated Press

President Nixon mingles with U.S. soldiers in South Vietnam, 1969.



Astronaut Edwin Aldrin stands on the moon's surface.



Associated Press

Smog blankets Manhattan south of the Empire State Building.