

New: week

JULY 15, 1968

50c

THE ANGRY BLACK ATHLETE

Champion Sprinter
TOMMIE SMITH

100 Yards
200 Yards
400 Yards
800 Yards
1,600 Yards
3,200 Yards
6,400 Yards
12,800 Yards
25,600 Yards
51,200 Yards
102,400 Yards
204,800 Yards
409,600 Yards
819,200 Yards
1,638,400 Yards
3,276,800 Yards
6,553,600 Yards
13,107,200 Yards
26,214,400 Yards
52,428,800 Yards
104,857,600 Yards
209,715,200 Yards
419,430,400 Yards
838,860,800 Yards
1,677,721,600 Yards
3,355,443,200 Yards
6,710,886,400 Yards
13,421,772,800 Yards
26,843,545,600 Yards
53,687,091,200 Yards
107,374,182,400 Yards
214,748,364,800 Yards
429,496,729,600 Yards
858,993,459,200 Yards
1,717,986,918,400 Yards
3,435,973,836,800 Yards
6,871,947,673,600 Yards
13,743,895,347,200 Yards
27,487,790,694,400 Yards
54,975,581,388,800 Yards
109,951,162,777,600 Yards
219,902,325,555,200 Yards
439,804,651,110,400 Yards
879,609,302,220,800 Yards
1,759,218,604,441,600 Yards
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7,036,874,417,766,400 Yards
14,073,748,835,532,800 Yards
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56,294,995,342,131,200 Yards
112,589,990,684,262,400 Yards
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The San Jose sprinters: Power and protest in Speed City*

THE ANGRY BLACK ATHLETE

High in the Los Angeles Coliseum stands, Tommie Smith stood in a huddle of friends, looking down toward the field where last week's Olympic trials were dragging to a close. Smith, the San Jose, Calif., sprinter who holds ten world records, had just won a 200-meter dash that was one of the most important of his life. As a leader of the proposed black boycott of the Olympics, he knew that a defeat in the trials would have pleased many of his detractors and taken some edge off his protests. A radioman thrust a long microphone toward Smith and began, "Tommie, you ran with real power out there..."

"Call it *black power*," said Smith. End of interview. If the exchange was abrupt, it only mirrored the intense dedication of the 23-year-old athlete. An education major at San Jose State, the articulate senior is in the vanguard of an angry movement that has disrupted the calm façade of U.S. amateur athletics. On 35 college campuses in the past year, Negro athletes have stunned coaches and administrators with sweeping demands for change. They want black coaches, black trainers, black cheerleaders—and new black dignity.

This October the United States is likely to lose the Olympic basketball title for the first time because Lew Alcindor of the University of California at Los Angeles and other black stars boycotted the trials. Equally militant are many outstanding trackmen. They plan some form of dramatic protest—if not an outright boycott—at the Mexico City Games. For the militant Negro college athlete, talent on the playing field has become a means toward an ideological end: nothing less than an attack on racial injustice in American life.

In a sense, white society has created black athletic power. The explanation for black pre-eminence in sport is social, not scientific. The Negro does not have more muscles; he has fewer opportunities. A talented white boy can often decide whether to channel his various abilities into business, a profession or a sport. A talented black is rarely exposed to the first two choices, so he works that much harder to run, jump or throw better than anyone else. In American track and field, Negroes excel mainly in sprints and jumping events. The reason is not physiological and not, as one champion white pole vaulter has guessed, "because distance running and vaulting are too much work for them." Sprinter John Carlos of San Jose offers a simple explanation: "Everything is hustle and bustle for a young black. Run to the bus, run with other kids, run from the cops. Maybe that's how we get so good at sprinting." In any case, black athletes dominate enough events to make anti-boycott Olympians shudder.

Bewilderment: Older Negro sports figures—including assistant Olympic coach Stan Wright, track hero Jesse Owens and San Francisco center fielder Willie Mays—insist that sports have been good to the Negro and should not be a target for militants. Whites have reacted to the black athletes' demands with bewilderment. "I feel it's outside influences trying to use Negro athletes," says UCLA basketball coach John Wooden, who has maintained peace on his own team by allowing Alcindor and his black teammates to express their racial pride openly in

SPORTS

"natural" haircuts, dress and attitude.

But the black athlete is an angry young man suddenly aware of years of exploitation and discrimination; he is not attuned to the cautious pronouncements of those who tell him that "sports have done so much for you." The message that reaches him today is the one preached by Harry Edwards, the 6-foot 8-inch ex-professor of sociology at San Jose State. A former top-class performer in track, basketball and football, Edwards is the driving figure behind the movement. "Athletes are on the field maybe four hours a day," says the 25-year-old sociologist. "The rest of the time, they're in the same garbage heap that most of the black people in this society live in. But they have access at a moment's notice to the mass media. Black athletes must take a stand."

Rhetoric: On the eve of the Olympic trials, more than 40 black athletes attended a closed meeting with Edwards at the competitors' quarters in Pomona, Calif. As they convened, the boycott movement seemed to be on the wane, largely because the International Olympic Committee had submitted to pressure last spring and barred South Africa from the games. In his most impassioned rhetoric, Edwards reminded the athletes that South Africa had never been a major target of the boycott: "The point has always been to dramatize racial injustice right here at home." After a discussion, the athletes voted decisively in favor of keeping the Olympic protest movement alive. A number also pledged to refuse to mount victory stands, accept awards or join the traditional march from the Coliseum at the climax of the trials.

The Olympic Committee reacted with a series of defensive moves. On the second day of the trials—the day boycott leaders such as Smith and Carlos were to run—the award stands were removed and victory ceremonies canceled. The march from the stadium was also abandoned. And in the most ironic action, nervous committee officials decided before the meet that the Olympic trials would not be trials at all.

Innovation: Previous trials have been thrilling sudden-death affairs: the first three finishers in each event made the U.S. team and only a few injured stars have ever been granted a second chance. Last week it didn't matter if a man ran first or eighth in a final; he could still be taken to South Lake Tahoe, Calif., for further tryouts this summer.

The innovation was adopted partly to test competitors in high altitudes (South Lake Tahoe's elevation: 7,377 feet) before taking them to Mexico City, and partly to accommodate an unusual number of ailing stars, headed by Kansas miler Jim Ryun. But as the meet pro-

Determined Lee Evans (right) leads the pack in Olympic trial heat on the way to his third straight major 400-meter victory

*Top, left to right: Kirk Clayton, Jerry Williams, Sam Davis, Bill Gaines, Lee Evans, Bob Griffin, Frank Slayton; bottom: Tommie Smith, Ronnie Ray Smith, John Carlos.

FIFTY CENTS •

OCTOBER 4, 1968

TIME

LAW AND ORDER



voted to restore \$300 million of the cut foreign aid funds but the final figures must still be negotiated in a Senate-House conference.

Almost unnoticed, Congress quietly whacked \$13.9 million from the Administration's requested funds for educational and cultural exchanges in August, in the process virtually gutting the famed Fulbright scholar program established in 1946. Fulbright money was reduced 72%, plummeting from \$680,000 to \$136,000 for Britain alone.

The gloom of one White House aide over the outgoing Congress was understandable. "You can't get blood out of a turnip," he said, "and the 90th Congress is a turnip." Not that the future is any more promising. "As things go," he added, "the 91st may be a stone."

THE SENATE

The Fortas Filibuster

Majority Leader Mike Mansfield, normally the mildest of men, was beside himself. "Outrageous!" he stormed. "We are, by our accomplishments, making the Senate look ridiculous, picayune and incompetent to handle the business of the people." The problem, really, was a lack of accomplishments. Repeatedly lacking a quorum, the upper chamber ground to a halt several times. At one point the Senate went into a 1-hour and 40-minute recess owing to what Mansfield testily termed "a complex development." That development: Senator Allen Ellender's 78th birthday, which he marked by whipping up his annual luncheon of Louisiana creole gumbo for Lady Bird Johnson, Lynda Johnson Robb and other noted local ladies. A minor piece of farm legislation was before the Senate, and it could not proceed without Agriculture Committee Chairman Ellender.

Duty Bound. After repeated delays, the Senate finally took on the week's principal business: President Johnson's

nomination of Abe Fortas to be Chief Justice of the U.S. A formal vote to close off a filibuster will not come until this week, but it is foredoomed. Fortas' opponents, led by Michigan Republican Robert Griffin, have considerably more than enough votes to block cloture and keep the talkathon going until the Administration gives up.

If there had been any doubt about Fortas' fate, none remained after Minority Leader Everett Dirksen pulled a 180° switch and announced that he now felt "duty bound" to vote against cloture. Last summer Dirksen gave the President his approval of the appointment. But as opposition to Fortas swelled—22 of the Senate's 37 Republicans are now against him—Dirksen's leadership has grown shaky, and he is not unmindful that as a ram-bunctious Congressman in 1965, Griffin helped turn aging Charles Halleck out of the House minority leadership.

Belated Advice. During the debate, the charges raised repeatedly against Fortas in Judiciary Committee hearings were aired anew. No one questioned his legal brilliance. Fortas' opponents complained instead about his status as the appointee of a lame-duck President, and his role in enhancing the Warren Court's supposed softness on pornography and criminals. A typical objection came from Dirksen's son-in-law, Tennessee Senator Howard Baker: "In continuing to counsel the President on such matters as the Viet Nam war, the riots, legislative proposals and the 1966 State of the Union address, Justice Fortas not only has committed a judicial impropriety but also has flagrantly violated the traditional separation-of-powers concept."

Even Mansfield was less than ardent, though he favored confirmation. It was "unfortunate," he said, that Fortas accepted \$15,000 for 18 hours of lecturing this summer at Washington's American University. "One would hope," Mansfield added gently, "that Mr. Fortas no less than any of the other members of the Court would henceforth bear these distinctions in mind." For Mr. Fortas, that advice may have come too late.

TRIALS

Penning the Panthers

Huey P. Newton, the handsome, light-skinned leader of the hypermilitant Black Panther Party for Self-Defense, stood impassively as the sentence was handed down. He had been convicted of manslaughter in the shooting of an Oakland, Calif., patrolman during a wild gun battle in October 1967, which left another policeman injured and Newton grievously wounded with a bullet through his stomach. It was one of the acts of war between police and Panthers that have bloodied the streets of Oakland for almost two years. Now, as Newton's black-uniformed followers looked on in silent anger, Alameda



HUEY NEWTON IN ALAMEDA COUNTY JAIL
With muted wrath.

County Judge Monroe Friedman ordered him imprisoned for two to 15 years. Friedman denied a motion to free Newton on bail, glanced only cursorily at a 15-inch stack of petitions signed by 29,301 people testifying to Huey's character as "an honest, dedicated, loyal and selfless human being."

During the trial, Newton's Panthers promised violent vengeance if he were convicted. Lengthy appeals planned by Defense Attorney Charles Garry, however, helped mute their wrath. There were no demonstrations as Newton, 26, was manacled and driven 45 miles to a reception center at Vacaville for eventual transfer to another prison, possibly San Quentin.

Abrasive Eloquence. Another Panther was having his problems with the law last week. The Panthers' "minister of information," Author Eldridge Cleaver (*Soul on Ice*), was ordered back to prison for violating his parole from an assault conviction. Cleaver became involved last April in a firefight during which the Panthers' 17-year-old treasurer was shot by Oakland policemen. Cleaver himself was wounded. As a result, his parole was revoked, and he was accused of assault with intent to commit murder. A lower court later freed him, ruling that Cleaver was being held because of his extremist political opinions. Last week, however, the California Court of Appeals reversed that ruling, granting Cleaver 60 days at liberty for appeals.

For Cleaver, a jail-educated militant of abrasive eloquence, the court order for his imprisonment comes at an embarrassing moment. He is the presidential candidate for the antiwar Peace and Freedom Party. He is also scheduled to appear as a guest lecturer at the University of California's Berkeley campus, an appointment that stirred angry protests from the state's political establishment. For the Panthers, with two of their leaders on ice, it was a time of barely throttled fury.



MICHIGAN'S GRIFFIN
Enough votes to talk indefinitely.

THE FEAR CAMPAIGN

THE presidential campaign of 1968 is dominated by a pervasive and obsessive issue. Its label is law and order. Its symptoms are fear and frustration and anger.

Everyone is for law and order, or at least for his own version of it. Few Americans can define precisely what they mean by the term, but the belief that law and order is being destroyed represents a trauma unmatched in intensity since the alarms generated by Joe McCarthy in the Korean era. The issue has virtually anesthetized the controversy over Viet Nam. It has distorted debate over pressing urban problems. It has perverted the presidential election, the closest thing in this secular republic to a sacred collective act.

For millions of voters who are understandably and legitimately dismayed by random crime, burning ghettos, disrupted universities and violent demonstrations in downtown streets, law and order is a rallying cry that evokes quieter days. To some, it is also a shorthand message promising repression of the black community. To the Negro, already the most frequent victim of violence, it is a bleak warning that worse times may be coming.

The law-and-order issue has elevated George Wallace from a sectional maverick to a national force, making the two-party system seem suddenly vulnerable. It has lured Richard Nixon and Spiro Agnew to the edge of demagoguery, as they watch the national atmosphere darken and Wallace's popularity grow. For reasons of his own, Hubert Humphrey has played less heavily on the fear of lawlessness, and he finds himself losing ground as a result.

The Mood of Crisis

So roiled is the country's mood that Wallace describes his election as necessary not merely to contain dissent and disturbance but also to protect dissenters and disturbers from repressions worse than any that he would impose on them. His implication is clear: only his victory can placate the New Right sufficiently to prevent vigilante action. This artful threat of ever more taut confrontation carries with it the prospect of still more violence, which in turn could lead to curtailment of traditional civil liberties. Some hard-core rebels of the farthest left would welcome exactly that. They reason that the resulting disorder could only weaken the system that they seek to overturn.

In this, they face the united opposition of the great mass between the extremes. Every citizen has a valid right to demand that his government provide security for his person and his property. This is perhaps the public's first civil right. No responsible element quarrels with it. It is ironic that law and order, at best the glory of any society

and at least an unobjectionable cliché, should have turned into a controversy. Partly it has happened because many vocal protesters put forth the old but troubling idea that, in certain circumstances, law and order must be defied for the sake of a higher justice.

Every pollster's report, every sounding by reporters, attests to the momentum of the law-and-order issue. The surveys fuel the rhetoric from the right. Eighty-one percent of the public believe that law enforcement has broken

cidence and where racial tension is a constant fact of life, there is a desperate urge to do something, almost anything. Firearms sales are at an alltime high. In Newark, a white organization, the North Ward Citizens Committee, has been openly arming for "self-defense." Elsewhere, store owners are organizing self-protection groups. In Kansas City, 25 merchants in a racially mixed neighborhood are threatening to close their shops en masse.

"Block clubs" have been organized



BLACK RIOT IN BOSTON

The shorthand message with implications for everyone.

down. Even more believe that a "strong" President can do something about it. By large margins, the public wants looters gunned down on the streets. By varying majorities, people blame Negroes, the Mafia, Communists, rebellious youth, the courts. Opinion Analyst Samuel Lubell travels the country and concludes: "To most voters, crime and lawlessness and the Negro are part of the same issue. The vehemence and profanity with which white voters voice their racial views have risen over the last two months." A New York-based writer visits Baltimore and Washington, and finds that "crime—Negro crime—is almost the only topic of conversation." The Aldine Printing Co. in Los Angeles, the world's largest manufacturer of bumper stickers, reports that its bestseller is SUPPORT YOUR LOCAL POLICE, the old Birch slogan.

In communities that have experienced serious disorders and high crime in-

in some white areas adjoining Chicago's South Side ghetto. Suspicious of interlopers, the clubs keep track of autos passing through the streets. They also follow up on arrests and prosecution of offenders. Joe Lenoci, 35, a factory production controller who heads one block club, says that he is not a racist or a fanatic. He just wants "the law changed so that police are not so handicapped." Lenoci is uncertain what new powers he would give the police, and he cannot name the Supreme Court decisions he objects to.

Vicarious Troubles

There is hardly a single big city in which the individual feels completely safe on the streets at night. The fear of violence permeates the entire nation, wafted by television and newspaper headlines into areas that only vicariously experience serious trouble. In western Nevada, Ormsby County Sher-

iff Robert Humphrey warns: "What I'm afraid of is that the public will demand that we take too much authority. That is the real danger. But the alternative might be some kind of vigilantes."

Utah is a peaceful state by any measure. Negroes make up three-fifths of 1% of Utah's population. Yet a Bear Lake resort owner declares that "the politicians ought to move the Negroes back to the South, where they will be happy." A Salt Lake City Mormon bishop says of youthful protesters: "They have been infected by drugs, and the drugs were supplied by Mexicans, Negroes or Chinese."

State and local politics reflect the impact no less than national politics. New Hampshire is tranquil, but talk about law and order is rampant. Democratic Governor John King, now running for the Senate, discerns a fine grey line between treason and dissent: "We have reached the point where we had better draw that line and say, 'You shall not pass.'" John Sears, Republican sheriff of Suffolk County (Boston) has been appointing Negro deputies, attempting to work with ghetto groups, and telling his men that they need not carry weapons at all times. His innovations have loosed a cascade of criticism from voters that, he admits, "will probably cost me the election."

In Warren, Mich., a blue-collar town, Mayor Ted Bates has been pleading with his constituents to "unload your guns"—literally. Warren residents, predominantly of Eastern European and Italian descent, have been apprehensive ever since last year's uprising in Detroit. Yet Warren has had a decreasing crime rate, and Bates observes: "We have no problems with hippies, yuppies or zippies." George Wallace draws

strong support in Warren. Among Negroes in the surrounding area, the word is out that to get a flat tire or an empty fuel tank in Warren or neighboring Dearborn is to run a serious risk of physical assault. In upper-income Grosse Pointe, a matron laments about the Detroit area: "This place is becoming a jungle." She is considering moving to California. In suburban Los Angeles, Morris Boswell, 52, a bulldozer operator, says that Wallace will be elected. Then, he says, "the punks, the queers, the demonstrators and the hippies—we're going to put them on a barge and ship 'em off to China. Or better yet, sink it."

In Winnetka, a prosperous suburb of Chicago, Mrs. John A. F. Wendt reads the Chicago Tribune, has a son working in Viet Nam for the State Department, and views the home front with horror: "This great country, with the great people who are in it, to have these things happen, you get the feeling it was all planned, all stirred up. I definitely think this Negro rioting is tied into this Communist thing."

In cooler terms, Professor Philip Hauser of the University of Chicago analyzes what he calls the "social-morphological revolution," the changing forms within society. Its four elements, according to Hauser: the population explosion, the population implosion that has made for densely populated central cities, the mixing of diverse population groups, and the accelerated tempo of technological and social change.

Few laymen can separate things so neatly in their own minds. The elements of turmoil blend into an ill-defined whole. But the three main tributaries that converge to make the law-and-order issue so powerful are: 1) the

revolt of youth, whether against the war, the draft or the social system as a whole; 2) Negro militance and ghetto rioting; and 3) the individual's intense personal fear of criminal attack.

The Young Radicals

The disorders of recent years have deeply offended the middle-class American's traditional values. Mrs. Wendt speaks for many millions when she talks about "this great country." For the majority, the U.S. has been and continues to be great in its bounty of personal freedom and material goods. And for the majority in recent years, there has been every reason to believe that good times were here to stay. Thus there is genuine outrage when protesters screaming "Liberty!" and "Justice!" defile an American flag that for most Americans has always symbolized liberty and justice. To most who have fought for that standard, the spectacle of youngsters waving Viet Cong flags comes as near-blasphemy.

Nor are the most visible young dissenters the recognizable types of 30 years ago—the trade unionists or the ideologues who peddled assorted versions of Marxism. They had specific programs and demands, many of which could be accommodated in relatively rational terms, and eventually were. With today's breed of kid revolutionaries, who would close a campus for reasons incomprehensible to most older Americans, the authorities cannot even find a bargaining table, let alone a frame of reference in which to negotiate.

A working-class father who may have sacrificed for years in order to send his son to college cannot remotely comprehend why middle-class youths cry that "the system" is rotten. To him, they are all spoiled brats, profane, obnoxious, unwashed, promiscuous, to whom everything has been offered and from whom nothing has been demanded. To the more affluent, youthful rebellion represents a rejection of principles that have stood the test for generations. The fact that student discontent is an international phenomenon and has been more violent elsewhere—Japan, France and currently Mexico, for instance—is cold comfort.

The U.S. was born in revolution, but it was a revolution of Whigs against the Crown rather than one of Jacobins against the establishment. Tom Paine did not remain a national hero in the young Republic, and what is thought of as democracy today was some time in coming after independence. The radical has always offended most Americans, even if many of his ideas were eventually accepted.

The Black Militants

Disconcerting though the hippies and yuppies may be, their contribution to the present malaise is minor compared with Negro militance and ghetto riots. From the late 1940s to the mid-1960s, most Americans believed that justice was being done to the Negroes, that per-



ARRESTING PEACE PROTESTERS IN LOS ANGELES (1967)
A fine grey line between treason and dissent.

haps the American dilemma was soluble after all. Through presidential orders, civil rights acts and court decisions, the Negro was being propelled upward in legal status. Through generally rising prosperity and later the antipoverty program, the Negro appeared to be making economic progress as well. There were more black faces over white collars, more Negroes going to college, more owning their homes, more being admitted to clubs and fraternities and the ranks of government.

If to the blacks the more still seemed to be very few, it was reasonable to assume that evolution would take care of that. If the white man's income was still rising faster than the black's, Negroes were counseled to have patience. (In 1947, the gap between white and black median family income was \$2,174; 19 years later, on the basis of constant dollars, the difference had grown to \$3,036.) When brutal opposition to Negro progress persisted in the persons of the Bull Connors, and black children were dynamited to death in church, most Americans were shocked that such things could still happen. But they trusted Martin Luther King to keep his folks nonviolent. When blacks sang *We Shall Overcome*, the last word of the refrain was "someday."

Yet, for all the symbols of progress, the economic and social pathology of urban ghettos worsened. "Someday" became "Freedom Now." Malcolm X and Stokely Carmichael decided that the Negro should no longer obey The Man's timetable or believe in his good will. They echoed Isaiah: "What mean ye that ye beat my people to pieces and grind the faces of the poor?"

One by one, the ghettos exploded. These spasms of violence were accompanied by ever more urgent demands upon the white community from such moderate Negro leaders as King, Whitney Young, Roy Wilkins and A. Philip Randolph, who needed concrete accomplishments with which to counter the militants. All at once, Northern liberals discovered that integration could mean demonstrations in front of *their* schools, protest marches on *their* main streets. All at once, Negroes were not just a faceless social cause, but a community of individuals, some of whom could be as intractable, nasty, destructive—and racist—as some whites had been all along. And through these discoveries ran the nagging realization that the more the Negroes got, the more they demanded. That this is a universal human trait was beside the point.

Violence, Rap Brown observed, "is as American as cherry pie." History that most whites would rather forget supports him. Quite aside from the Ku Klux Klan's brand of oppression in the South, Northern whites rampaged against Negroes in riots in New York City; Springfield, Ohio; Greensburg, Ind.; Springfield, Ill.; East St. Louis, Ill.; and Detroit long before Negro upheavals came into vogue. The U.S. Civil Rights Commission counted 2,595



DEAD LOOTER IN BALTIMORE
A serious debate—if it had two sides.

lynchings of Negroes in Southern states between 1882 and 1959. Not one resulted in a white man's conviction. Dennis Clark, writing in the Jesuit magazine *America*, makes the point that 100 years ago "the Irish were the riot makers of America par excellence."

But violence in those days was absorbed in the onward rush of American life and the abiding faith in progress. Violence today is different, compressed in vast, complex, overcrowded cities; and blacks are not immigrants nor do they share the immigrants' optimism. Actually there are signs at present that black riots are abating. Despite the chain reaction of violence in April, after Martin Luther King's assassination, the Justice Department counted 25 "serious to major" disturbances from June through August, compared with 46 during the same three-month period last year. The number of deaths went down from 87 to 19. The figures are hardly cause for rejoicing or complacency, but at least the trend is hopeful.

Still, TV has shown some of America's greatest cities under siege. It has shown Negroes carrying out loot from burned-out stores, sometimes while policemen and troops looked the other way. This sight, perhaps more than any other, contributes to the belief that Negroes are basically indolent and immoral, that law enforcement in the U.S. has broken down, that the black man is getting preferential treatment. That conclusion is directly contrary to the hallowed Anglo-Saxon tradition of property rights. The fact that mass arrests are not always feasible in chaotic conditions is ignored. The fact that indiscriminate shooting in a few of the riots, particularly Newark and Detroit, killed innocent citizens is forgotten, and the fact that police gunfire can prolong and worsen the initial disturbance is often overlooked.

Personal Crime

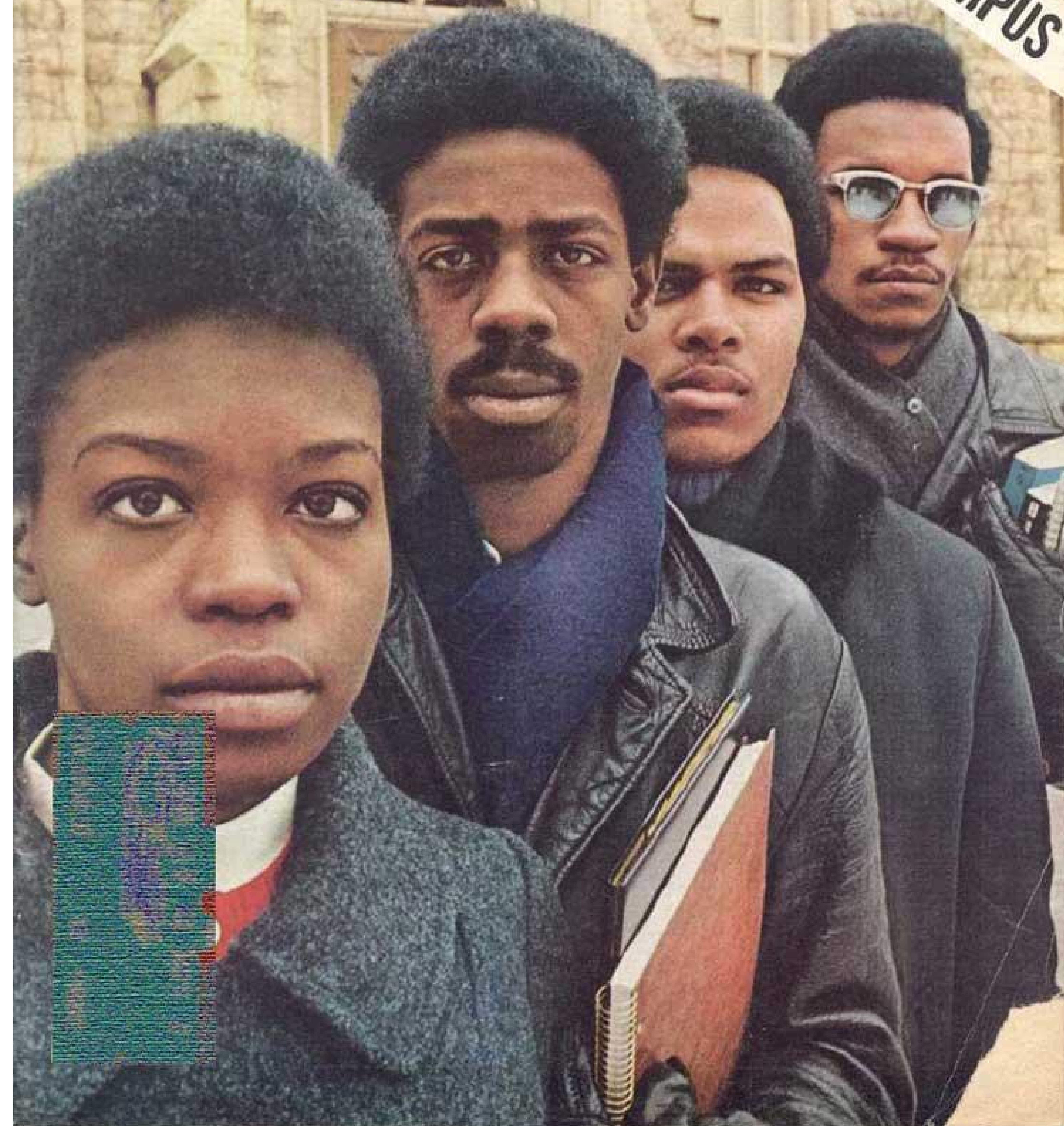
What concerns most people even more directly than student rebels and black riots is the fear of crime against the individual, of "the prowlers and muggers and marauders," in Nixon's words. No one questions that crime is growing. The issue is just how much, and whether the election-year emphasis on it is exaggerated. The primary fever gauge is the FBI's Uniform Crime Reports. The last full-year figures, for 1967, show an absolute 16.5% increase over the previous year in the offenses covered. The crime rate, taking increasing population into account, was up 15.3%. For murder, the increase has been 8.9%; for burglary, 14.6%. But one symptom of how haphazardly the U.S. has dealt with lawlessness is that, despite these seemingly precise figures, there is no certain knowledge of just how badly off the country is. Statistics have been kept only since 1930, and their basis—reports of known offenses submitted to the FBI by local authorities—is seriously flawed. In some categories, accurate comparisons between eras and areas are impossible because methods of collecting data have changed and local police departments vary in efficiency and candor.

There are other quirks as well. For decades, the FBI has used a \$50 minimum in defining larcenies that make up an important part of its crime index. Obviously, the shrinking value of the dollar changes the meaning of those figures; partly as a result, larceny has been the fastest-growing category on the crime index recently. Another example: for as long as anyone has kept track, youths from the mid-teens to early 20s have committed the largest number of offenses in all categories. During the '60s, the post-World War II baby crop came of criminal age. The

Newsweek

BLACK MOOD ON CAMPUS

FEBRUARY 10, 1969 50c





Newsweek—William Cook

Hare: The therapy of history

The Case for Separatism: 'Black Perspective'

BY NATHAN HARE, SF STATE

"Appalling" is the only word I know that begins to describe the sneaky way in which critics like Roy Wilkins accuse us of "separatism." Our cries for more black professors and black students have padded white colleges with more blacks in two years than decades of whimpering for "integration" ever did.

We blacks at white colleges remain associated with racists physically, although we seek social and psychological independence from their oppression. The Amos 'n' Andy administrators at Negro colleges, by contrast, are physically separated but accommodated to their dependence on white racism as well as the establishment's remote control of their black destiny.

Blacks who teach at white colleges have argued long and bitterly over course content and instructor assignments with white departmental chairmen of various shades of racist persuasions. They would rather have a white moderate professor with a Ph.D. teaching a history sequence starkly barren of blackness than a black man without a degree who has spent long hours in research on the subject. They hold up the white Ph.D.'s publications in learned journals, unmindful of the fact that a black man doing research, for example, on the slavery era in "learned journals" is obliged to footnote slave-master historians or historians acceptable to a society which then condoned black slavery. Second-rate colleges require black persons with functionally white minds, using the Ph.D. as one tested means of policing that policy, yet at the same time, first-class universities think nothing of hiring an unschooled Eric Hoffer, who now holds forth at Berkeley.

With regard to course content, the white aim is mainly to black out the black perspective. White professors at universities such as Yale will dust off old courses in race relations and African trib-

alism for what might be called a polka-dot studies program, while Negro professors will trot out their old courses in Negro history and Negro music for Negro-studies courses which they cynically call black. If all a black-studies program needs is a professor with a black skin to prattle about Negro subject matter, then our Negro schools would never have failed so painfully as they have.

In the search for educational relevance, black today is revolutionary and nationalistic. A black-studies program which is not revolutionary and nationalistic is, accordingly, quite profoundly irrelevant. The black revolutionary nationalist, aware and proud of his blackness, demands the right to exist as a distinct category, to be elevated as such by any means necessary. The Negro, contrarily, would just as soon be white. He longs to escape his blackness and, in the search for integration achieves disintegration.

Thus, the key to the difference between a black-studies program and a Negro-studies program is a black perspective. Black students are descendants of a people cut off from their attachment to land, culture and nation (or peoplehood). This condition is aggravated further by a whitewashed education. The expressive phase of the black-studies program is designed to regenerate the mortified ego of the black child. For instance, a proud black history can restore and construct a sense of pastness, of collective destiny, as a springboard to the quest for a new collective future. For black children crippled by defeatist attitudes, hardened by generations of exclusion, this is potentially therapeutic.

PRAGMATIC COMPONENT

At the same time, we must resist the white perspective which seeks to restrict black studies to the stereotyped study of art and religion predominantly. Black studies should comprise a comprehensive, integrated body of interdisciplinary courses just as in the case of long-established departments of social science and American studies. There is a desperate need for a pragmatic component which focuses on the applied fields of knowledge such as economics.

Many will argue that science and mathematics are "pure" subjects; though that may be true in a sense, the uses of science may be directed toward atomic weapons of destruction or, in the case of a community-oriented black studies, devoted to such matters as rat control.

I can visualize, for instance, a reading problem in "black" mathematics that would not be saturated with middle-class referents such as stocks and bonds. Rather, the teacher might ask in order to whet the ghetto child's appetite for math: "If you loot one store and burn two, how many do you have left?" The example might be improved; but there is no substitute for a black perspective based on the principle of self-control.

blue helmets with face shields and armed with long nightsticks. "Well, well, well," shouts a black girl picket in a natural hair-do. "Look at the yellow house nigger. She's a scab—a selfish American. Just thinking 'bout herself."

Day after day variations of this scene occur at the SF State campus, now in the fourth month of a student strike by the Black Student Union and the Third World Liberation Front. Perhaps 4,000 of SF's 18,000 students are involved in the upheaval. Many others try to attend classes—but some are not meeting because their instructors are on strike. The strikers' demands include consolidation of all black courses into a black-studies department, the promotion of Nathan Hare, a 34-year-old Ph.D. and head of the black-studies department, to a full professorship, and the admission of all black students who want to come to SF next fall. But San Francisco State's troubles date far beyond the strike—the school has had seven presidents in the last eight years. The troubles have their roots in the struggles of a rapidly expanding state-college system against a budget-conscious state government as well as in the conflict between militant students and an administration pledged to law and order. On Jan. 23 police arrested 483 students who were defying the orders of acting president S.I. Hayakawa by trying to hold a rally on the campus. Here is a portrait of one SF State strike leader, sketched mainly in his own words:

Jerry Varnado, 24-year-old campus coordinator of the Black Student Union at San Francisco State, usually wears a uniform: faded fatigue jackets, blue jeans, black beret. He is a soldier of sorts. "I am not a militant," says Varnado. "A militant is just somebody who gets mad. I would just say I'm one of the black people in the United States who can tolerate racism no more.

"I was born in Magnolia, Miss. I went to elementary school in Lorman, Miss. It was inadequate. They taught you how to read and write but the teachers spent most of their time keeping order in class and telling people who had darker skin that they were black and ugly. It didn't make any difference what color the teacher was, but there were very few that were dark at that time.

"When I was 10 I learned that the white folks were our enemies. This partner of mine in Jackson, Miss., got killed, got drowned working for this white man. The white man made him go fishing for him, and he drowned. Still I didn't hate the white man. You accepted it, you were a nigger and he was the white man and that was the way it was.

"After high school I got on the Greyhound bus and rode to San Francisco. My primary thought was that I was getting away from Mississippi. Once I was in California I was hitchhiking and couldn't get a ride until this white boy came along and stood by me. We both got a ride to-

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STUDENT REBELS

***How To Tame
The Turmoil?***