

REMINISCENCES OF ILLINOIS STATE UNIVERSITY (1964 – 1975)

by

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CONTEXT

In preparing a feature on the history of Illinois State University, *The Indy* has asked people with firsthand knowledge to provide recollections of that portion of the history that they participated in or witnessed. I was on the English Department faculty from 1964 until my retirement in January 1993, and in my opinion, the twenty-year span from 1965 to 1985 saw some of the most rapid and significant changes, as well as some of the most turbulent upheavals, the institution has experienced.

There are a number of reasons for this. For the first hundred years since its founding in 1857, Illinois State Normal University had been a successful teacher's college, a State-supported institution whose mission was specifically to train Illinois teachers. Following 1957, however, it was caught up in the massive changes that were affecting all of American higher education. During the 1960's, a growing population of young people leaving high school, an increasingly complex economic environment that required a workforce with at least some college-level training, and a panicky perception that the Soviet Union was surpassing the United States in technological knowhow (the USSR had launched two Sputnik satellites in 1957, the first man-made objects to orbit the earth), brought about a national commitment to higher education and a huge influx of government money into education generally—especially in math and science.

As a result of economic and population pressures and a national resolve to play Cold War catch-up with the Soviets, American higher education underwent an explosive expansion. ISU was part of this. When I came to ISU in 1964, it was still a smallish teacher's college with a student population of 5,600. In 1965, the population stood at 6,500. In 1964–66, ISNU ceased being solely a teacher's college and became a multi-purpose university, dropping 'Normal' from its name in the process. The growth continued rapidly until the university reached a fluctuating ceiling of a little more than 20,000 students, where it stands today.

The rapid expansion of ISU, and the change from the mindset of a teacher's college to that of a multipurpose university in the space of eight to ten years caused enormous stress and upheaval both on campus and in the sleepy little town of Normal, which was used to a fairly homogeneous population of education majors and had always been "dry" (no alcohol) until a hotly contested referendum brought beer to town in 1973.

As new departments, disciplines, and degree programs mushroomed on campus, new faculty, many of them young, were hired in from all over the United States to serve with older

faculty members who had been preparing elementary and high school teachers since (perhaps) the 1940's. These older faculty members tended to be department heads and central administrators. As student population grew, large dormitories were built and new businesses catering to students entered the downtown.

NORMAL OPEN HOUSING MARCHES

Responding to Civil Rights legislation passed in the mid-60's and answering calls for affirmative action, ISU in 1966 undertook a concerted effort to recruit African-American students, mainly from the Chicago area. Within two or three years, 700-800 African-American students were living in Normal, a town that had never had many black residents (the black people lived down the street in Bloomington). Normal had no barber who would cut their hair. Many white landlords did not want to rent rooms to African-Americans. In 1967, dissatisfied with this state of affairs, black students and their white allies in the town publicly agitated for enactment of a citywide "Open Housing" ordinance which would prohibit discrimination in housing on the basis of race. Several large demonstrations took place, with long lines of chanting, sign-carrying marchers blocking traffic on North Street in downtown Normal, surrounding the Post Office, filling the intersections; and, after a bitterly fought campaign, a referendum did pass which led to the enactment of the "Open Housing" ordinance by the Normal Town Council.

RACIAL TENSION; MALCOLM X NAME ON STUDENT UNION

In 1965, Malcolm X, the influential and charismatic black nationalist leader, was assassinated, probably by hostile elements within the Nation of Islam (Black Muslims). In 1969, following the murders of Black Panthers Fred Hampton and Mark Clark by Chicago Police in collusion with the FBI, activist black leaders on the ISU campus lowered the American flag to half staff to commemorate them; President Braden ordered them to raise the flag or face a charge of criminal trespass. The flag was raised, but black students began agitating to re-name the Student Union building (then located on School Street in what is now the Media Services Building) as a memorial to Malcolm X. The University administration opposed this, as did the majority of students. A number of demonstrations occurred.

On one occasion, 200 black students occupied the Union coffee shop during the midmorning coffee rush and barricaded the glass doors from the inside to keep white students out. Angry whites filled the hallway outside. I and four others, including the woman who was then editor of the *Vidette* [the school newspaper] linked arms and formed a line in front of the doors, which prevented the angry crowd from ripping them open. Had they gotten into the coffee shop, which was filled with black men and women, I'm convinced that there would have been a major riot. President Braden attempted to defuse the powder keg by coming to talk to the blacks. They chanted "Braden is a racist" until he left. And then, to avoid a confrontation with police, they filed out by a rear door. Events such as this increased racial tensions on campus, which impacted the non-activist black students as well.

Braden's term as president (1967-70) followed the eleven-year term of Robert Bone,

who, with bureaucratic savvy and an affable, genteel paternalism, had guided the school through the early years of its transition to multi-purpose institution. (Bone and his wife Karin made a remarkable team; each fall both of them memorized names and salient personal acts about new faculty members and their spouses and at receptions and other social functions could always recall details of what they'd learned. After having not seen a person for a year or two, Mrs. Bone would be able to say, "Hello, Diane. Are you still knitting sweaters for your three grandchildren?" Bone knew seniors by their first names; and at formal dances held in the Union ballroom, he and Karin would arrive to a warm welcome, dance in great sweeping circles about the floor, moving gracefully among the student couples, nodding and smiling and greeting everyone; and, when they'd made the obligatory rounds, go waltzing right out the door. And of course the students were charmed.)

CIVIL SERVICE STRIKE

In 1969, the university's unionized civil service workers (members of AFSCME, including janitors, groundskeepers, food service workers, cooks), having reached an impasse in contract negotiations with the University, went on strike. The work they would normally have done was not done, unless by supervisors forced to take up the slack. Classrooms, restrooms, hallways were filthy, trash collected in corners, and cigarette butts were everywhere underfoot. During the strike, some students—fulfilling what they conceived to be their civic duty—tried to tidy the environment by picking up the litter and trash that collected on the lawns. Other students, attempting to support the striking workers, went about over-turning trashcans. Students and faculty sympathetic to the workers' demands were supportive by trying to pressure the University administrators to negotiate in good faith.

The University, however, was more interested in playing hardball, and hired as consultants a Chicago firm that in the past had specialized in union-busting.

EDUCATIONAL REFORM AND EXPERIMENTATION

In the period 1968–71, another type of ferment on the ISU campus resulted from a University-wide effort to examine educational process, to explore the nature of learning and teaching, and to experiment with new models for instruction and the application of knowledge. It was an exciting time, and these efforts reflected a nationwide questioning of traditional models of education in grade schools, high schools, and colleges. Building on the progressive thinking of John Dewey and Alfred North Whitehead, influential books of such writers as Jerry Farber, Paul Goodman, Neil Postman, Jonathan Kozol, George Leonard, and Herbert Kohl challenged the basic assumptions and practices of one-way, top-down, coercive education. On ISU's campus, there was a period of open dialogue, with conferences and debates where students and faculty participated in figuring out new ways of doing things. Again, some of the older faculty, and those who were more traditional in their thinking, did not agree with these efforts or with the experiments some faculty members were conducting in their classrooms.

GAY LIBERATION FRONT; ALLEN GINSBERG

In March of 1970, the newly-formed Gay Liberation Front held its first dance—in the

ISU Solarium on the top floor of Fairchild Hall. The GLF, now 37 years old, is currently known as PRIDE; and where it had originally been conceived as a gay, lesbian, and bisexual organization, its description now has been expanded to 'glbtq', adding 'transgendered' and 'questioning'. Its name has changed over the years: from the Gay Liberation Front, to the Gay People's Alliance, to GALA, to PRIDE. But in 1970, the organization and its aims were "new and strange" to ISU's campus. This first dance was widely advertised. ISU football players threatened to come "bust it up". The remnants of the Students for a Democratic Society (SDS) sold tickets and promised to guard the door to keep the football players from causing trouble. ACLU sent an observer (me) to be a witness in case trouble did happen. The gay Beat poet Allen Ginsberg, who was in town to give a poetry reading at Illinois Wesleyan University, heard about the dance and came to Normal to attend it.

It was an interesting event. The football players never showed up, so the SDS people joined the members of GLF on the dance floor. There was a good band playing; rapid strobe lights were thudding on and off. Long chains of dancers snaked around the room frozen in mid-motion by the flashing light. Allen Ginsberg, in dashiki and beads, sat cross-legged on the floor, writing a poem by strobe light. When the dance was over, he needed a ride back to Wesleyan. Since I had a car, I gave him a lift. As we approached Bloomington, Ginsberg turned to me and said, "Do they really call this town 'Normal'?" And I answered, "Yes they do."

ANTI-VIETNAM WAR PROTESTS; THE PEACE MOVEMENT; GENERATIONAL DIVIDE

The U.S. war in Vietnam, greatly escalated by President Lyndon Johnson in 1965, had long been a divisive force in American society. By 1968, opposition to the war, and the military draft which accompanied it, and to Johnson, and his Cabinet, and the Pentagon was resulting in mass demonstrations across the country—in the streets, on campuses, at the Democratic National Convention in Chicago. Students were accusing universities of complicity in the war effort because of ROTC on campuses, and academic think tanks and defense research programs. At some universities, such as Columbia in New York City, students were staging sit-ins and taking over buildings, disrupting classes, and damaging property. Nationwide, college campuses became centers of opposition to the war and the draft, to economic exploitation of workers and the poor, and to authoritarian decision-making. A serious generational divide between those "under 30" and those "over 30" had developed, with mutual distrust and misunderstanding of each other's assumptions, conventions, and values. It was represented in my own case. I was 30 in 1967; and for a space of nearly ten years my parents and I weren't able to talk about those things in civil rights, educational reform, and the peace movement that were important to me. On my visits home to see them in Kansas, we could talk of nothing but relatives and the weather; and, returning to Normal, I had splitting headaches. I don't think my parents ever totally understood me and what concerned me, and how I was trying to relate maturely to the world I lived in.

In this period, Students for a Democratic Society (SDS) was formed as a national organization to address these national issues. There was an SDS group on ISU's campus, which, like the national organization, by 1970 had split into the Revolutionary Youth Movement II and Weatherman, which ultimately, by involving itself in criminal acts of violence, was driven

underground.

At ISU, we had a number of Vietnam veterans and some people who weren't veterans but wished they were and pretended to be. Some faculty members and clergy did draft counseling, discussing with those who were or might be drafted what options they had available to them if they didn't wish to go to war. In 1968, Lyndon Johnson decided not to run for re-election, and he was succeeded by Richard Nixon.

SPYING BY THE FBI

The dissent, conflict, and challenge to authority everywhere visible in the Civil Rights Movement and the Anti-Vietnam War Movement was deeply frightening to those who were committed to the status quo, traditional assumptions, and their own privilege. As a defensive reaction, and as a consequence of his own bigotry and paranoia, in addition to using the FBI to infiltrate, disrupt, and destroy the Civil Rights Movement and Martin Luther King's effectiveness, J. Edgar Hoover, FBI Director since 1924, had the Bureau collect permanent files on the activities of thousands of political, charitable, and advocacy organizations, churches, and law-abiding citizens. When I applied for and obtained my file in 1972 through the Freedom of Information Act, the FBI sent me 201 pages out of the 348 they said they'd collected, but told me that the remaining could not be sent because I might recognize the informants who were the sources of their information. Much of the material in the pages I received had been blacked out with felt tip markers before being Xeroxed, but what I was able to read was full of error. I was listed as being present at events I never attended, credited with involvements and accomplishments I had no knowledge of, linked by association with people I'd never met. My eyes were listed as brown instead of blue. I figured on the basis of these pages, that it wasn't worth going to court to smoke out the remaining 147. So I published some of my file on a two-page spread in *The Post Amerikan* newspaper (blackouts and all), saying: "This is a public document, which your taxes paid for. What a waste. It would be ludicrously funny if it weren't so grim and tragic." Surveillance was general on the ISU campus; a great many people who were here at the time have FBI files safely stored away for future reference.

My wife and I knew that our phone had been tapped on several occasions and that while participating in peaceful demonstrations we'd frequently been photographed by people sitting in parked cars and hoofing along beside us with tiny cameras. (Now, of course, we have sweep surveillance cameras mounted on poles to record all activity on the street. Ah, progress.) I had a pretty good idea who some of the informants were who were feeding "information" to the FBI field agents: hey, it made the stringer's job a lot easier if he had patriotic citizens bringing him stuff—hearsay, and newspaper clippings, memos from wastebaskets, napkin-jottings, etc. which he could file in his report to show he was doing his job. One of these "patriots" was a middle-aged rightwing townie who attended every rally and demonstration on the ISU campus sitting in her own lawn chair on the Quad knitting away like Madame Defarge, chatting with the participants and taking down names.

THREATS ON FACULTY LIVES

I also had students in some of my classes whom I suspected were FBI informants. These

ringers assiduously took notes on everything I said but never did very well on exams. In 1970, I and four other faculty members received threats on our lives in the form of postcards ostensibly from the Ku Klux Klan and from the Minute Men (“Traitors beware, even now the cross-hairs are on the back of your necks”), and my wife and I also received a separate message composed of words cut from newspapers and magazines: “Communist the fire in your garage will be in your bedroom next”. Well, that explained the evidence of the small fire in our garage that we’d discovered the week before. (It had burned a cardboard box full of rocks and charred the wheel of a lawnmower.) We’d assumed that our young sons might have been playing with matches, but they’d denied it. Obviously, then, this was a clear threat. But we couldn’t afford to be intimidated by it. We had work to do. So we explained the situation to our sons in their second-story bedroom, and gave them a long rope to tie to the foot of a bed. “And if there’s a fire in the bedroom, toss the rope out the window and shinny down.” They thought that sounded like fun. And so we went on as before. Except that we upped the ante by asking the postal authorities for an investigation of the postcard mailings, and called the FBI and reported the threats in an interview with two special agents who came to our house. Finally, the faculty members who had been threatened talked to the then-Chief of Police in Normal, making a formal complaint and naming names of those in town who we thought might be responsible for the harassment. The Chief said he knew those people; they wouldn’t do things like that. Even so, after our push-back, all threats and harassment ceased.

KENT STATE AND JACKSON STATE KILLINGS: THE REACTION

During 1969, President Nixon had been secretly and illegally bombing Cambodia while promising to reduce the U. S. troop commitment in Vietnam. War protests continued. On ISU’s campus, the SDS and other peace activists had held a vigil, with posters and signs, lining up at noon every Thursday for a whole year, rain, snow, and shine. In April, 1970, just when people had the perception that the war was winding down, Nixon ordered troops into Cambodia. A massive wave of protest, fueled by a sense of betrayal, erupted across the nation, and on May 4, the Ohio National Guard opened fire on students at Kent State University, killing four and wounding nine. (Ten days later, city and State Police, reacting to racial tensions and angry students in Jackson, Mississippi, fired on a Jackson State University dormitory, killing two (a college student and a high school senior) and wounding twelve.)

Protest of the Cambodian invasion, the student killings, and the extension of the military draft curtailing student deferments, produced a national student “strike”; students stopped attending classes; high schools, colleges, and universities closed down. Students (a rather privileged class in America) saw clearly for the first time the type of violence that the less privileged had always lived with; and they realized that the society’s forces of established authority were capable of killing their young.

ISU participated in this general reaction to the killings. There were rallies, sleep-outs on the Quad, and a lowering of the American flag on the main flagpole to half staff for six days to commemorate the Kent State dead and the two Black Panthers murdered in Chicago. Angry at this, some influential townies organized a group of laborers and ne’er do wells to don hard hats, invade the campus, and raise the flag when it was lowered a seventh day for Malcolm X. After this gang had raised the flag, they left; it was lowered again and they returned. This time they

climbed the pole and cut the lanyard high up so that the flag could not be lowered again. After they left, students shinnied up the pole, and used the severed lanyard to lower the flag to half staff. Thinking that the “hard hats” might return to raise the flag yet again, Braden brought in State police in riot gear to watch the Quad, and ordered University vehicles—trucks, cars, earth-moving equipment—to be placed in a circle around the base of the flag pole. The “hard hats” did not return.

The police charge up North Street

The wildest night of the Kent State demonstrations followed a couple of days of teach-ins, speeches, Quad rallies, sleep-outs, and trash fires in University restrooms. It was a dark and rainy night, with hundreds of students milling about on the Quad. Fearing that there would be a march on the downtown. Normal’s Mayor Baugh foolishly declared the city streets off-limits to students: anyone who stepped onto the streets would be arrested. This order effectively confined the students to the Quad and central campus, because they would have had to cross streets to get to their dorms.

It was late, chilly, wet. Students wanted to go to their rooms. Baugh repeated his order. President Braden, beneath an umbrella, had his finest moment when he confronted Baugh at the curb to the east of Hovey Hall and said, “If you arrest any of these students you’ll have to arrest me too.” Baugh agreed to negotiate. So he, Braden, and several hundred students crowded into the Student Union on School Street and came to an agreement: students wouldn’t get arrested if they merely crossed the streets and went to the dorms. But if they violated the agreement and started downtown, Baugh assured everyone that he’d be “one mean hombre!” The crowd said “Ooooooooooh!”

Some students went to the dorms; others collected on the curb by Hovey Hall, at the T-intersection where North Street runs into School. Rumor said that students from Southern Illinois University at Carbondale were in the crowd spoiling for a fight. It wasn’t their town, after all.

The crowd stepped off the curb and started east on North Street toward downtown. The Normal police, dressed in riot helmets and heavy gloves, and holding long truncheons, formed a line across North at Fell. The students kept marching toward them. I, in the role of an ACLU observer, found myself walking backwards in front of the approaching students with my back to the police. With hand motions I was urging the students to stay cool. It occurred to me that it was a hell of a place to be, standing between the crowd and the cops. Somebody threw a rock and hit a policeman. And immediately the police charged.

Suddenly everybody was running, myself included. The crowd retreated up North Street to Hovey Hall. The police charged after them swinging their clubs, past the Watterson Dining Center and the parking lot, toward Alamo II [bookstore]. I was just ahead of the police line, running as fast as I could, hearing the clubs swishing through the air just behind my head. The rain had muddied the sidewalks, and my shoes couldn’t get any traction on the slick gray silt. Fortunately, the policemen’s shoes couldn’t either. Swish, swish. Progress was slow. A young woman had fallen and was crying. I stopped to see if she was all right and to help her up; the police rushed by, swinging their clubs, and suddenly the woman and I were behind the police

line. We went sideways into the parking lot, and I saw ahead and on the other side of North Street two administrators clubbed down on the sidewalk. Despite all this, ISU was the only State university that stayed open during the Kent State aftermath. All of the others suspended classes. ISU's continued as usual.

Following this nationwide outbreak of upheaval and violence, a news blackout descended on campus unrest. From reading the mainstream press, or watching TV, you'd never know that in the year following the Kent and Jackson State massacres there were just as many campus demonstrations and upheavals as there had been in 1969. Only *The Chronicle of Higher Education* continued recording them all. But the illusion from the mainstream press was that the campus furor was over. And, by 1975, it was.

SHARED GOVERNANCE

In the period 1968–74 ISU embarked on an experiment which promised to involve students directly in academic decision-making and educational process: policy formulation, programming, budgeting, evaluation, etc. This was Shared Governance, with students serving as voting members on all relevant University bodies—from the newly-created Academic Senate to departmental curriculum and graduate committees—in a 3:2 ratio with faculty membership at 60% and students at 40%. It was a model unique among Illinois State universities at the time of its inception.

It worked well for a time. Braden resigned in 1970; and, after a brief interim filled by an acting President, he was succeeded by David Berlo (1971–73), a department chairman at Michigan State, who'd built his academic reputation on having formulated and promoted an exceedingly simplistic model of human communication.

In his brief time at ISU, Berlo showed little regard for the school's history, traditions, and habitual modes of operation. Faced with State-level funding constraints and a tight budget, he quickly moved to centralize administrative control in his office. He abolished the Colleges; he showed his contempt for shared governance by refusing to attend meetings of the Academic Senate; he contrived to keep the faculty perpetually off-balance through a style of unpredictability, arbitrarily rearranging priorities and shuffling people into new positions. During his term a large Presidential house with an added garage was constructed at public expense on university property. Berlo had also worked out a contract with Food Services such that, in exchange for periodic payment, his family's groceries came through University purchase from central stores. Berlo maintained his centralized administrative control by establishing a climate of fear and playing one faculty faction against another, conferring favor on some and humiliating others. People were terrified.

And then a humor campaign began, making fun of Berlo and his methods: there was a rapid proliferation of burlesque letters and memos commenting on events; cartoons; a small newspaper devoted to ridicule and poking holes in the Berlo mystique of terror. With humor, people relaxed; once they began laughing at Berlo, his power to inspire fear and paralysis collapsed. From various administrative offices documents began coming forth showing evidence of mismanagement of funds, particularly in using unauthorized funds for garage construction;

investigations ensued, and Berlo resigned (as many people said at the time) “to avoid indictment.”

In my opinion, shared governance, which had survived Berlo’s reign of terror, began to decline in earnest in 1975 in the presidency of Gene Budig (1973–77). Executives—wherever they’re found (in business, universities, the government, etc.)—tend to arrogate decision-making power to themselves, claiming the exigencies of the job, their responsibility/accountability to outside forces, the complexity of matters at stake, the need for efficiency, etc., etc. In some cases, it’s just a lust for power. I can’t speak to the motivations of Budig and his successor presidents. But I would summarize the process of decline as follows: the forms of shared governance may remain intact but they are gradually emptied of substance; the real decisions, the shaping of debate, the framing of issues, and the setting of agendas are more and more taken over by central administration. Students are co-opted, the faculty dither, or give way to in-fighting, or sit on their thumbs, their attention distracted and their energies frittered away on committees, task farces, and study gropes. They are allowed the illusion that they are doing substantive and significant work, of course.

And Administration, alert to every aspect of the governmental process, identifies all the gaps, holes, vacuums, or lacunae in the fabric and quickly fills them with itself. In my time at ISU, I witnessed some of this happening. And somewhere along the line, when it is expedient to do so, and when memories of true shared governance have faded, and times have changed, and people’s priorities have shifted (or been diverted), the pointless forms and structures can safely be dismantled. I leave it to those currently at ISU to assess what stage has been arrived at.

The expansion of higher education in the 1960’s and ’70’s led to a new class of Career Administrators, coming out of Departments of Educational Administration which trained them to be managers. Career Administrators typically are dedicated to building their careers and thus are always climbing and moving on to higher and more prestigious positions. Some are hustlers, and ISU has had its share of these. The all-too-frequent outcome of this state of affairs is poor leadership. Program directors, college deans, vice-presidents for this or that, provosts, presidents who are always moving on, who may be on a campus for less time than it takes a student to gain a four- or five-year degree, often have very little loyalty or commitment to the institutions they are using as the next rung on their ladder upward. And they often do not feel responsible for what comes after them that they may have caused. They arrive, and run through their script, and, once they’ve done that, have to move on. Moving on, they don’t have to take responsibility for, or ownership of, the state of affairs they’ve created. They do a little here, do a little there, then leave, not bothering to clean up after themselves. But someone is left with a mess.

CONCLUSION

In conclusion, I want to emphasize that, in all of the campus turbulence at ISU in the late ’60’s and early ’70’s (and in the campus unrest nationwide), the majority of students were not involved in activist activities. They were doing things that students typically do: studying, going home on weekends, drinking beer, making out, volunteering, working to earn money, exercising, listening to music, hanging out with friends, etc. And of those students who were engaged in activist activities, some were there as “tourists”, enjoying the lack of restraint and the flouting of

authority, the excitement, the titillating counter-cultural peripherals of drugs and sex. Some students, though, were extremely serious about what they were doing. And many of those people are now themselves in positions of power and influence in the society. Many are still activist, committed to those values shaped in the '60's.

Though the things I'm writing about occurred forty years ago, there is much to learn from the period. For now, in 2007, the United States is in a situation which has strong similarities to then: we have an ongoing war that doesn't seem amenable to military resolution (though we don't yet have a military draft, and we're using depleted uranium on foreigners rather than Agent Orange); we have a government that lies to its people; we have massive surveillance of law-abiding citizens and a government that claims the right to open our mail and monitor our telephone and computer communications; we have widespread corruption and war profiteering in high places; we have institutional racism and discriminatory hate crimes on the increase; we have a spreading distrust of authority figures (in our case, those charged with enforcing Homeland Security on behalf of the "War on Terror"); we have a simmering sense of anger, frustration, outrage, disgust, cynicism, and fear (if not of terrorism, then of Constitutional erosion and the loss of civil liberties; of growing disparities in the distribution of wealth, which will have huge consequences for succeeding generations; of a flawed electoral process which endangers our democracy; of global warming, climate change, and the mass extinction of species; of endless warfare, and of possible nuclear annihilation).

I don't believe that this simmering stew of motivators will be cooled out by the bread and circuses of American Idols, Fox News, video games, Rocky Balboa IX, or whatever else is trotted out to distract us. Nor will it be cooled by low morale, despair, or orchestrated fear campaigns ("To question or dissent is unpatriotic!" Tell that to Thomas Jefferson.). Some of us who were activists 40 years ago remain activists today. I can conceive of no other way to live my life. But I'll tell you this:—The stakes are even higher now. And time is very short.