

## A FISH IN A SCHOOL OF FISH THAT WOULD SUPPORT IT

(The speaker is a Vancouver lawyer. He was born in 1942 in the United States.)

There were very few people who acted as radicals. People who performed civil disobedience, whether they were blacks in the southern states or in Oakland, or whether they were students sitting in Simon Fraser (University), knowing that they were going to face arrest as the Haidas may be about to do in the Queen Charlotte Islands right now, that's acting like a radical. But to simply sit at the student council in Simon Fraser and pass a motion that the university be renamed Louis Riel University, that's a radical idea but it was supported by a lot of people who otherwise would call themselves fairly conservative.

It was other people who put slogans and names to us. I remember the editorials in the Sun and the Province when things were going on, particularly in reference to Simon Fraser ... that sit-in at the administration building. The newspapers portrayed it as if there was violence being perpetrated, bricks going through windows, doors being broken, people being beaten up, when in fact there was none of that. The only physical thing that ever happened was when people were gently picked up by the police and hauled off. There was a lot of name calling going on, and it was misunderstood at the time.

Hesse: This reminds me of a headline over an Allan Fotheringham column in 1972; there was an unemployment march on the (B.C.) Legislature. I was there, and next day we could all read that these people were barbarians.

That triggers another memory: Fotheringham on more than one occasion would phone me at night -- that would be in 1968, 1969 -- sort of looking for a scoop, or what was going to happen tomorrow. That says two things to me. We were front-page news the world over in those days. There was Rudi Dutschke in Germany, and Danny the Red in Paris ...

Hesse: Daniel Cohn-Bendit.

... yes, and Mark Rudd before he became very radical and went underground. We were good copy. That was one phenomenon. The second was, which has always existed and still exists among the establishment with respect to perceived radicals, was the idea that there was a leadership that calculated things and planned things. That really was not the case.

The Chicago Seven trial, where (the idea was that) you would take seven people and the movement would stop. That idea was fraudulent, empty. The idea that Fotheringham could phone anybody up and sort of guess what tomorrow was going to be was just bizarre to all of us. The criticism that was levelled against us which was perhaps the truth of them all was that it



was pretty much a spontaneous thing that was happening.

#### TOTAL REJECTION, NEGATIVE RESPONSE

Thinking back, what the differences are between then and now, one of the differences of that kind of spontaneity was met with acceptance by a lot of people, and was supported. You were a fish in a school of fish in a sea that would support it, whereas now if anybody would get up and suggest similar things they would get total rejection, a negative response.

Hesse: I would like to get back to your early days in university.

I was born in New York City, brought up in the States, went to school in New England, came out to B.C. in 1960 at the age of 18. Eisenhower was president. I remember going down to San Francisco and seeing Jack Kennedy campaigning for the presidency that year. Vietnam had never been heard of by my generation at that point. I went through two years of university, and purposely failed my second year. I raised my middle finger to the university system and took all my final exams in a fashion ... for instance my English 200 exam I simply spent three hours noting the habits of the professor who was monitoring. Now you walk down the aisle, now you've picked your nose, now you're looking over so-and-so's head. I just totally rebelled against the whole system.

Hesse: What happened to make you rebel against that?

I had been brought up to think that what I wanted in life was outdoor things. I had always been fascinated with the outdoors. At the age of 6 when I found a carcass of a raccoon, I would bring all the bones home and reassemble them, make a skeleton. I started reading Outdoor Life, Field & Stream in my early high school years and had quickly determined that in North America if you wanted to hunt and be around big game, British Columbia was the place.

My family background was all Harvard; both sides of the family were all graduates of Harvard. My mother's father was the class of (unintelligible) and he and Felix Frankfurter founded the Harvard Liberal Club back in 1897. So there was a real liberal tradition in my family, and when I told my father that I wanted to go to British Columbia I was met with, well, if that's what you want, do it.

#### ESKIMOS SKIING AT THE AIRPORT

So I arrived here at the airport thinking that I would find Inuit or Eskimos skiing around the airport. When I found the reality of it, well, I was a typical American. I loved it. And university! In my second year I had a roommate who was a Canadian, a white fellow, who had been brought up in Trinidad. His father was a doctor in Trinidad -- John Hill. John and I lived in a professor's basement at UBC that year and I just discovered philosophy, art, religion, mysticism, history. The



world opened up to me. It was ever so much more interesting than that junk in English 200 and chemistry and whatever it was I was taking. I was overwhelmed. The whole idea of university meant nothing to me, it just flooded me away, and I reacted in a very strong way. To hell with it. So I failed my second year, needless to say, gloriously.

Then I went back east and talked my father into supporting me at the Berkeley College of Music in Boston. I thought I liked music but I started much too late in life. So I went to music school in Boston for the summer, did well enough theoretically that they took me into the main course, but I never had an instrument. That didn't last.

But while there I ran into two professors, three-piece suits, crew cuts, very establishment professor types at Harvard University, called Tim Leary and Dick Alpert.

Hesse: You're kidding (laughs).

I had read about them in Time magazine, they had an organization called IFIF, the International Federation for Internal Freedom. Pretty ostentatious name. But there they were ...

Hesse: What year are we talking about?

Sixty-three. So I used to go to Cambridge (Massachusetts) every night, and lick stamps and put them on envelopes, and answer the phone, and do the correspondence. Those were heady days. Aldous Huxley, Alan Watts, everybody was in and out and around and about and I had never had any of these drugs. I had marijuana. And Tim was running around saying if we could only turn on all the senators in the U.S. Congress, we would have peace forever. It was just incredible.

Richard Evans Schultz was the botanist at Harvard about whom we were reading things. I remember one day when a girl called Lisa Biberman and I sat down and figured out that one of the Mexican drugs that they used to take, called (unintelligible) was in fact Morning Glory seeds. John Hill that summer was going to a poetry workshop -- you may know about this -- here at UBC. Earle Birney put it on. It had all of the big poets from all over North America, and John was a poet.

I phoned him one day and said to him, John, don't ask me any questions, just do as I say. Go out and buy up every package of Morning Glory seeds, the ones with the dandy names like Flying Saucer and Heavenly Mellow or something. Buy these seeds, put them in the grinder, chew them up and swallow them. And of course he did and the word started to get out pretty fast.

I then went to Mexico next summer, in 1964. I took a motorcycle to Mexico to go into the mountains of Oaxaca because I wanted to find the magic mushrooms there that Leary had first taken back in fifty-nine -- I'm not sure -- in Cuernavaca. I didn't get there, the rainy season was late, I couldn't pack enough gas. I went from there up to Portland, Oregon, I worked that summer at a



marina and I sold pari-mutuel tickets on the dog track at night.

#### DROPOUTS: GOOD PEOPLE QUOTE UNQUOTE

During that time, Malcolm McGregor -- remember Malcolm McGregor at UBC? He was in the senate, and the senate at UBC had come to this rather startling position that maybe dropouts at universities were potentially good people quote unquote. That just because they failed once that didn't mean they shouldn't be allowed back in. So as soon as I heard these murmurings I volunteered as the guinea pig to see if they could run me back in -- and it worked. I got back in.

Hesse: Sixty-five?

The fall of sixty-four. I arrived back at UBC to repeat my second year. This is four years after I went the first time. And at this point my mind had focussed a bit more directly on these things. I remember having this incredible two weeks before, picking courses, going back and forth between Religious Studies and Psychology to see which of those two would teach me about these things that I had read and heard, right into psychedelics and the mind. Artistic things, death wish, religion, and Religious Studies kept saying, that's nothing to do with us, that's Psychology, and Psychology kept saying that's got nothing to do with us, that's Religious Studies.

All I gained from that was that whatever it was I had to find it on my own. So I went back into Arts and repeated second year and in the fall of 1964 probably the most major event in my life -- it's amazing that it did -- happened. I had just come back that summer from failing to find the magic mushrooms in Mexico and for some silly reason living in Acadia Camp (at UBC) -- it was just a marvellous sort of satellite university. The old huts, rugged style, you had to walk a good distance: women's and men's dorms, huts around about common rooms and the common dining area. It was just great. It's still there, but now it's big building. There was a large international contingent there, a lot of fellows from Trinidad.

#### MUSHROOMS THAT DO STRANGE THINGS

Within the first week I asked people and said, by the way, if you ever hear of anybody who finds mushrooms that do strange things, tell me. I don't know what prompted me to say that. It's not the kind of thing you would say to anybody in public. I'll be damned if two weeks later a guy didn't come to me and say that a friend of his who worked in the B.C. Research Council was an amateur mycologist and had always been interested in mushrooms, and had found something different.

So I went to meet this guy. What he told me was that he always been looking around for different mushrooms for eating purposes. He knew them all. He had found a new one, out in the (unintelligible) Fields on the campus, the cow barns. And he had put them on steak, and he had had some wine, and that night it made him feel somehow slightly different. No big deal, nothing



phenomenal, just slightly different.

Well, that was a lead for me, boy (laughs). He had read the articles in Life magazine in the mid and early fifties by a banker in New York who had quit banking to go to Europe to look at why it was that some countries were mycophobes and some mycophile. Why mushrooms were a positive thing in some folklore and negative in others. He was the one who had determined that in Mexico this thing which had been talked about by the conquistadores as being not an alcohol but a mind stimulant probably was a mushroom. And he went down in the early fifties and rediscovered the magic mushrooms. They hadn't been known to exist -- in other words the Indians had kept them a secret since the discovery (of Mexico).

### THIRTY MUSHROOMS FOR A PROPER DOSE

So he knew that these kind of mushroom existed. And I knew of course, from my year at Harvard. He described what they were. About an inch and a half tall, and we figured how many we would have to take. He took only two or three. We figured to take about 15 to 30 to get a proper dose. So I went out and thought I had found what he was talking about, picked a bag full, went home, swallowed them all down with great, yecch, disgust but I did it. And I sat there and waited for something mystical to happen. Nothing happened, so I gave up on it.

Next day I showed him one or two of them, and he said, no, no, no, that was similar but not quite it. So I went back to the field, found some that were slightly different, went home, had a really big dinner, and swallowed the 30 mushrooms on top of my meal. Waited for about an hour, nothing happened, two hours, nothing happened, and I figured I'd give up again. Having no understanding of the digestive system, how long it takes if you have eaten them.

So then I went wandering off the Acadia Camp. At this point I was living in the basement of a professor's house down there. I was with some friends and they were singing songs. I don't know how long I had been into a full flight psychedelic experience for the first time in my life before I realized it. When I was walking back home my sweater got stuck on a rose bush and I looked down and there was a red rose just undulating at me, and I just flipped.

In an extremely stoned state I came to the realization that I had almost single-handedly discovered this thing. That was on October 12, 1964, and prior to that time, as best as I can figure out, those mushrooms were not known to exist north of Mexico. I think the spores came up over time. When I went to the Queen Charlottes they were there too, much to my surprise.

So then there was a whole couple of years there of very basic experimentation, long before the word bum trip had been coined. We used to take these mushrooms religiously. We'd study books, read books. Huxley's Doors of Perception, Heaven and Hell. Alan Watts had one book out.



In 1966 I went back to Millbrook, New York, with a bag full, where Leary and Alpert and people had set up in a huge estate. They didn't believe when I said I picked these up in Canada. The next day I was welcomed back with open arms, and given LSD that I knew came out of a bottle that said Sandoz Pharmaceuticals on it. You knew exactly what you were getting. It was legitimate, it was legal, it came from Switzerland.

#### THINGS OPENED UP, ATTITUDES CHANGED

And that sort of led to several years of a lot of experimentation. And that tapered off at the time when it became popularized. In the process that opened up a lot of things and changed a lot of attitudes. I'm not saying that psychedelics or being stoned leads one into politics. It almost by definition does not.

Movements had been going on elsewhere, Berkeley, the Free Speech Movement ...

Hesse: Mario Savio.

Yes. And such things as anti-calendars in 1966-1967. Now they are part of the establishment. Back then it was a radical idea. Then there was the arts and the undergraduate society things and, at the same time, certain groups in the teaching staff started to let their grievances go public. There were teaching assistants and teachers, professors -- David Suzuki, Robin Harger, people in English and Political Science. And Simon Fraser (University) was just coming into existence.

The students had an undefinable grievance against life in general and the meaninglessness of it. If we were being educated to make decisions at some point later on in life, why were we not permitted to make decisions at that point. Because it was good practice. That was the fundamental reason why students shouldn't be involved in the decision-making areas. Faculty, board of governors, senate, committees, whatever. I think the teachers had a similar grievance. Here we were in some sort of an alliance, some of the teachers and us, and the administration of the university was being backed up against the wall by the students on the one hand and by teachers on the other.

#### THE BUDDING CANADIAN NATIONALISM

I'm not sure to this day what the particulars of the teachers' situation was. Whether we saw and used them to our advantage or vice versa. At this time I'm sure it was vice versa. They used us; they were smarter than we were. At UBC certain departments were doing things, there were some new deans being appointed. That kind of stuff. At the same time, there was this budding Canadian nationalism that was slowly manifesting itself. In the teachers it was the demand for less American influence. I'm talking about the span of a few years here.

American issues were predominant. There was one issue that was



Canadian and that was Quebec. There were two Quebecers in jail without trial. And somebody tried to make the students look at that as a good issue, and we didn't understand it at heart, and it didn't work. The first time Canadian issues came forward with a vengeance -- it was the first time and probably the best -- was when the student council at Simon Fraser decided that Simon Fraser was not the sort of person who should be looked up to by anybody in this society. He was a ripoff rogue artist who was out for himself and nobody else. He represented capitalism as it was then at its worst. If you wanted a good Canadian hero who stood for good things and was as the driven snow, you wanted someone like Louis Riel.

That was regarded as a radical move. But all it was that somebody in very parliamentary, democratic tradition moved the motion -- I move that we name this university Louis Riel University -- seconded, all in favour, unanimous. Front page news. Telegrams from the Metis whom we never heard of. All kinds of stuff. Too bad, it was one of the best ideas at the time. What it did do: it worked in the sense that it made people look at Canada for the first time. And it made those of us who had been brought up in the United States and didn't have any kind of founding in Canadian history say who is Louis Riel. And then we found out that our Canadians friends didn't know who he was either.

#### THE CHICAGO CONVENTION OF 1968: PRETTY BOURGIE

All of that is preliminary buildup to the major event in my life -- there was a national Canadian student organization, called CUS, Canadian Union of Students. It folded during my tenure. There was a CUS conference in Guelph in 1968. I had heard that some people called the Yippies were going to have a hell of a good party during the Chicago Convention of 1968. So I arrived in Chicago two weeks ahead of the convention.

This was probably the most radicalizing experience in my life. At the airport there was a notice that if you wanted a place to stay, go and see a certain address. There were people who said you can stay at this house. The headmaster of a private boys' school took me in, he and his family, as if I was a knight from England arriving in Turkey to take on the Infidels.

That's where I was bivouacked, pretty bourgeois and middle-class. That was an amazing phenomenon.

Hesse: You come from a privileged class, you were used to that ...

Yeah. I went to a private school myself, yeah. When the things were going at their best, when all the Yippies were there in Lincoln Park, by the thousands, was the first time I had ever seen these hard, Samsonite-type briefcases. You know what I mean?

Hesse: Yes. What was the significance of that?



They are expensive things. Talk about middle-class. People arrived there with the best durable goods you've ever seen. They looked pretty grubby and they talked about how poor they were -- the competition was who the poorest and who ate the least -- but in terms of what they packed around, nothing but the best.

Hesse: What did Yippie stand for -- Youth International Party, wasn't it?

The Lincoln Park Zoo, in the middle of the park, was where the police bivouacked at the end. There was a great story about the gorilla cops living next to the gorilla cage. Lincoln Park is a beautiful place in the middle of Chicago, just off the lake. When I first got there, hardly anybody was around, but they started arriving quickly. They weren't allowed to stay in the park at night, but we'd all assemble there during the day. The people who were sort of my heroes, William Burroughs, Jean Genet, I met for the first time. They sort of came, curious, having the same kind of curiosity I had.

#### THE POWER OF BUTTONS

The people who were there knowing exactly why they were there, not curious, and doing things were (Abbie) Hoffman and (Jerry) Rubin. And then the candidates: their whole apparatus arrived downtown in the big hotels. This is where I first learned the power of buttons. If you put a Gene McCarthy button on, you could get in through the most incredible security network in his hotels, up to his room. He had the long-haired backers; he was the first presidential candidate to have the freaks working for him, and security couldn't tell one from the other.

I remember running into George McGovern. He came in, got out of the car, shook hands, said Hi, did all this, and no one had ever heard of him. And then if you wanted to get back to Lincoln Park you put your other buttons on. There were all kinds, Yippie buttons, you name it, fists, the Black Panther movement stuff, millions of buttons.

There was another park in Chicago where the National Guard bivouacked. One day, I had brought some of my famous Sandoz LSD with me, and I took some and gave some to a friend who had a convertible who got a driver, put the top down, beautiful, we drove all around Chicago absolutely bombed. We came to some other park and there, looking like a Cecil B. deMille movie (set) was a beautiful park with pup tents by the hundreds, in perfect lines. Trucks all over the place, Jeeps with big machine guns on the back. All lined up like a stockyard. But nothing happening, people wandering around, troops not knowing why they had been called, all these young nice National Guard types. They were there in overwhelming strength.

And the police, this is when (the late Chicago Mayor Richard) Daley had his police force right at the door, also there in enormous strength, all because the Yippies had conned them into this. Talk about overreaction, it was a masterpiece. And none of us had any idea what was coming. I would never have thought



at that point that those guys whom we saw would ever actually come after us.

#### THE YIPPIE AND THE COP

The first time I saw things getting rather interesting was one night when I was walking home, there was a Jeep parked on an intersection with two guys sitting there, smoking cigarettes, with a huge machine gun mounted on the back, stationed there, overnight.

The other thing that was going on at this time was Czechoslovakia was becoming very interesting. The Russians had not quite come in (yet).

One day, I was following somebody who recognized a man with his family sitting in the park in the afternoon. This guy was a cop, who had been on patrol the night before. I remember this discussion between the Yippie and the cop, the Yippie trying to talk the cop out of being a cop. How can you be a cop, how can you come down here and see this. And the cop saying, well, someone's got to do it, if not someone friendly like me, who else?

#### A PIG FOR PRESIDENT

Things quickly escalated. I got in with this group, and we were hanging around with Rubin and Hoffman, and there was a pig arriving. They were running a pig for president. That was their candidate. The first time the pig was coming out -- there was a big city square in the middle of Chicago with a big Picasso relief steel sculpture. The place was packed. People were there and cops, and the cops were running around trying to find out where the pig was holed up. They had been told to nab it.

Suddenly, here's the pig, and the press were there by the hundreds. Within a fraction of few minutes, the Yippies and the pig were busted for some ordinance violation. That was the first event. The next event was a march down to Grant Park, and we went down through these tall skyscraper buildings, hundreds of us, thousands perhaps, chanting and echoing. Singing.

Then the Russians went into Czechoslovakia. Across from the main hotel, where (the late Democratic presidential candidate Hubert H.) Humphrey stayed, the major news media had large wooden platforms either side of the doorways, NBC, CBs, watching everything. It was a street theatre scene. I've never seen such an act of genius before or since. I don't know who they were. About four people, dressed up, looking like LBJ (the late President Lyndon B. Johnson), burned-up Vietnamese. They were acting street theatre group that would be spontaneous no matter what was happening.

#### THE DEPUTY CHIEF FALLS INTO A TRAP

They would come by the front here so the TV would get them, and the police, there was the second-in-command, he kept coming out



and tell these guys to move on. And they had the incredible knack of bringing him into their theatre. They would ask (him) a question, get a response, and before this guy knew it, he was part of the theatre. The guy would suddenly realize he'd been had, get a different tack to get them to move on, and fall into the same trap. All of this being filmed. Just phenomenal propaganda.

That next night, I remember seeing a guy, I think it was Peter Jennings, who is now pretty big up in ABC (Television), filming some event, and by this time the police were getting very violent. There had been scenes at night, head-smashing, hospitalizations, all kinds of things, and I watched this guy Jennings on the mike with this TV film guy filming the cops smashing someone's camera for having taken a picture.

The policeman turns around with his night stick and walks up to this ABC camera, smashes the lens, and this TV guy just freaks out, starts yelling and screaming, bring me more lenses, all this, so the tempo was building.

Then the delegates started to go to the convention. There was one further parade, and I remember the police attacking and everyone running, and I almost picked up a brick to throw at a cop and something inside me, it's funny, something inside me said, don't do it. Because you're committing yourself, you don't know what you're getting into if you do that. I was at this time a law student. And I also realized that if I did do it, I couldn't go to Guelph, I would get arrested, which didn't bother me. But I'd have to come back, that bothered me.

So the very next morning I was at the airport and I flew out. I left the day before the whole thing totally blew. I left the day before the convention started, and that's when things really got rough. I saw what was coming. One night, I remember a billy club swish at my back, some guy was trying to hit me, and missed.

That ten-day period in Chicago, whatever sense I had in my head as an American all my life, that there was justice, reason, that words made sense, was all thrown out. It was a radicalizing event in the best sense. I was never the same since. If anybody had to convince me that George Washington never told a lie when he chopped down the apple tree -- that was a bunch of hocus pocus. All of that garbage went out with what Mayor Daly and his boys in blue did that time.

Hesse: You are convinced that all that violence had been perpetrated and orchestrated by the police?

That's a fact. It's not the question of being convinced. I saw it. In the middle of all this, as the police took over and bivouacked in Lincoln Park in the zoo, helicopters started zooming over our daily council meeting, and when Ginsburg arrived, he sat down -- there must have been 200 of us sitting all around him with our hands folded, and we started singing Om, breathing, going Om, and there was this Om. Then the helicopter



came by and we'd put our hands up with the V for peace sign, and we'd put the helicopter in the sights of our V-fingers stretched out in front of us, and we'd go, Om ... and it was stupid of us; we actually believed that there was the capacity to neutralize a violent behaviour in the other person by doing that.

Every single person there was of that naive mentality. When I say that the police orchestrated the violence, that's a fact. There was nobody there on our side who wanted any kind of violence. It was the most pacifist, ridiculous organization of that time.

Hesse: Aren't Americans known to be gullible and romantics at heart who ascribe to all kinds of idiotic notions ...

Americans more so than other people?

Hesse: Yes.

It could very well be.

Hesse: Europeans look down on and laugh at Americans, European intellectuals in particular. This whole Zen business, the guru business, the Maharishi ...

Oh, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah.

Hesse: ... these kinds of things.

There certainly is something in the American 20th century post-industrial society of ... it may just be the same thing that we had going for us when we were lost at university. We were looking for something that was the touchstone to reality ..

Hesse: Were you people naive?

In hindsight, I would say so.

Hesse: I am thinking of naivete as a positive factor.

Oh, yes, we certainly were babes (in the woods); we were Blake's Tiger. It was a good force. It's true. The first time I heard what I would now regard as a naive remark was the whole pitch that Leary and Alpert ... we thought that if we could turn everybody on, there would be peace in the world. What that really meant was that if you found somebody with the potential for peace, you would improve it, but if you found a warmonger you would just give him just one more idea of how to kill. Aldous Huxley said it best, that if a janitor looks through a microscope at a living cell, he's going to be wowed by the colours, and that's about it. However, if a geneticist looks into a microscope, a discovery might be made. The same thing with the drugs. It just magnifies what's already there.

It turns out that there was naivete, and maybe that's why the world has gone so conservative and everything is so rotten now, as opposed to what it was almost 20 years ago. Maybe the angelic



side of human nature had one of its few high points. It stuck its head out and said, look, we don't have to do all this. In a strange sort of way I regard Mao-tse-Tung to this day as somebody who despite the mechanics of what he did, basically was trying to reform human nature into one where man was going to survive on this planet. We had to put the common good ahead of the individual good.

Man by his very nature is greedy and the individual good will always be there until you force , you recreate, you make an environment that will force it. Naive, yeah, I often wonder. I often wonder what any of that proved to anybody.

#### THE VERTICAL MOSAIC IS NONSENSE

Hesse: The behaviour of people is usually consistent. They come from a certain background, and they may deviate, but they will return to it after their days of glory and romanticism. Do you agree?

I think that's true. In the classical Marxist sense, your cultural and ethical and spiritual values are class-determined. And they are there and they by and large stay there. The Vertical Mosaic (a celebrated book written by a Canadian academic years ago) in that sense is nonsense. There is, of course, the very traditional school of thought that the great minds of revolution throughout history were privileged or bourgeois or upper-class minds.

I don't want this to sound as if this were an elitist statement, but it may be that those of us who were around in those days, who were in revolt against the undefinable yecch, did out of some sense of intellectual valor that we had come through families and background and were brought up to believe that there had to be goodness, there had to be justice, rational dialogue, all of these various middle-class ideas -- whereas the true fact of things were that wasn't the case at all. That the university wasn't there to educate you primarily, the university was there to fulfill its own needs, and the needs of the administrators, and the needs of the teachers. And you don't tamper with that. That Mayor Daly and his national guard represented and his police represented the bare bones of authoritarian rule in the United States.

#### ONE HAS TO HAVE HOPE: IDEALS ARE IMPORTANT

Maybe the working class had not been conned into the high beliefs that we had. Maybe they didn't fall for all that garbage in the first place -- if it was garbage. I think one has to have hope and that ideals are important. You're a pessimist when you figure you are never going to get there. You're an optimist if you think it's worth striving for.

Otherwise nihilism runs rampant.

The failure of the politicians in those days, whether they were old left, Communist Party, large-C Conservative or large-L



Liberals, none of them talked our language, knew our things, dropped acid, did the things we did, went where we went, saw what we saw, liked the music we liked, liked the theatre we liked, had the guts to do something because you felt like doing it, and damn what anybody else thought -- there was failure of serious dialogue. And it came to most of us later, years later, when I first started to study political writings and theory and history. It was past law school when my colleagues and I started to understand.

Hesse: Rebelliousness of youth -- that's what we are talking about. My old fuddy-duddy father and my old fuddy-duddy mother don't know what it's all about, and I'm the only one who understands the world. At 19 that's the way you think. This is not a phenomenon ...

Not a new phenomenon ...

Hesse: ... no, no. What made the counterculture a phenomenon was that there were so many participating, and the sheer size of it, well, are you familiar with the concept of vertical versus horizontal violence?

No.

Hesse: Vertical violence is President Nixon and Mayor Daly pushing down with their troops on people such as yourself. Horizontal violence is when the masters at the top are really clever and get the people here to fight the people there. There are no police involved then. It could be a civil war. The manipulators think, terrific, they kill each other off and we reap the benefits. The Chicago 68 riots were an exercise in vertical violence. Nobody gained anything. But -- was this century fundamentally affected and changed by these crazy ten years, from 1965 to 1975?

Viewing it now, the answer's got to be no. I'd like to be wrong, that five or ten years from now I might see that I've missed a certain streak. I don't think I could be any more pessimistic about the end result of all that.