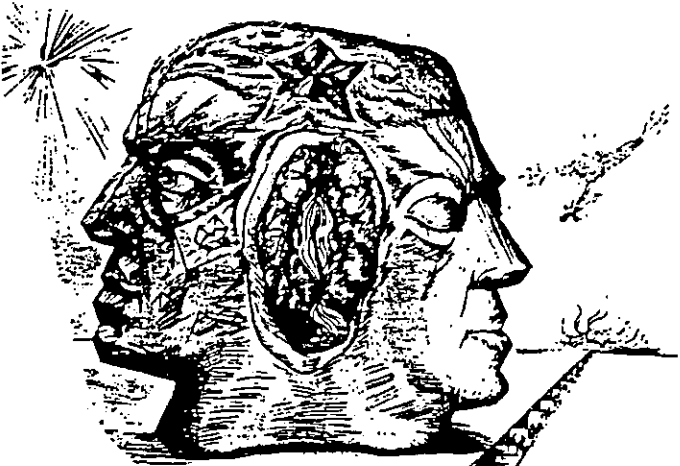


NEWS

of the AALS s.f. 1.6.84

THE MEETING OF THE PROFESSIONAL RESPONSIBILITY SECTION WAS A BEAUTIFULLY BALANCED SHADOW-PLAY. THE REASON FOR THIS IS THAT THE STANDARD "SCRIPT" OF PROFESSIONAL ETHICS HAS A ROLE FOR EVERYONE. THE SCHOLARS GET TO TELL THE PRACTITIONERS THAT THEY HAVE MANGLED THE NEW MODEL RULES TO SERVE THEIR OWN SELF-INTEREST AND (WHAT'S WORSE) THAT THEIR ARGUMENTS WEREN'T EVEN AESTHETICALLY PLEASING. THE PRACTITIONERS GET TO TELL THE SCHOLARS THAT THEY ARE FULL OF IT. SO FAR, SO GOOD. (Continued p. 4)



CHECK IT OUT

Critical legal studies people at Stanford have organized a three-part panel on the "Politics of Legal Education," covering institutional reform, clinical issues and law and economics issues. It will be held at the Bellevue Hotel, Geary and Taylor Sts., on Friday, January 6, from 3-5 p.m. Refreshments afterwards.

An Open Letter Regarding the Devolution of the Legal Realist Legacy: The Case of the Murdering Heir

Dear Senior Faculty Member:

I recently read an article by a Chicago-style law and economics adherent claiming that law and economics is the intellectual heir to legal realism. It's really not too important; the term "legal realism" gets bandied around a lot anyway and I'm not the right person to get shook about property rights in your legacy. But it is noticeable at this point that both law and economics, the rightist legal approach, and critical legal studies, the Marxist group, claim you. I think the law and economics people haven't read Hale and Cohen carefully enough.

But which is it?

I imagine you are a senior
(Continued p. 2)

Notes from the Margin

Critical Legal Studies is beginning to develop institutional power. The value in this seems obvious: it is easier to get our articles published; we are more likely to get tenure; we have more influence with respect to appointments and other political issues.

There are also risks. Institutional power has a way of replacing instead of augmenting other forms of power--analytic power, creativity, the power of passionate conviction. It is a commonplace that most movements that begin as exciting intellectual upheavals eventually lose their critical energy and attract adherents who become simplistic and dogmatic. Perhaps these tendencies can be avoided, particularly if we

(Continued p. 6)



IT'S A THRILL TO BE AWAY FROM HOME AND WORK. YOU CAN CALL UP ALL YOUR FRIENDS AND GO TO RESTAURANTS IN BIG GROUPS OF ACQUAINTANCES, FLIRT AND GOSSIP AND BANG AROUND FROM ONE CONVERSATION TO ANOTHER OR BE SHY AND LONELY AND SPEND A LOT OF TIME IN YOUR ROOM WAITING FOR MEALTIMES. BETWEEN SESSIONS SOMETIMES THERE'S A HUM OF WILD

(Continued p. 2)

published by
A F A R
disclaimer p. 3

WEIGHT-LOSS!

Growing old

LETTER TO A SENIOR COLLEAGUE

(continued from p. 1)

faculty member in your late fifties or sixties. You either wrote the great articles of the thirties and forties or your teachers wrote them and you were part of the first generation of students to be exposed to the corrosive sting. We see each other around the school and I keep thinking there must be a deep connection—we've studied the same texts breathing fire, the angry expositions of the politics of all the "legal" discourse, we got inspired by the same destruction of conceptualism, felt a common intellectual liberation. You even got called the same names, "nihilist" "esoteric" "incomprehensible." But instead there's an uncomfortable feeling, like you think all the radical ideas you had were part of growing up, part of your development into a hard-headed pragmatist.

But that was a cop-out even then. The attack on conceptualism did in pragmatism too, because how could you tell who was going to be in the relevant community without a formal concept of community; every balance, even if it's a question of degree, needs a prior calculus of measurement. We learned that, in part, from you. And in part in resisting you.

Was there a treachery when the crazies got kicked out of legal realism, when legal

realism split into "responsible" policy scientists, reasoned elaborators, and principled adjudicators; and all the others, with their Freudian and Marxist analyses, got dumped. Turning it all into an apology for the status quo. A moment of flinching from following through that's too painful to face? The fifties.

We're still reading your old stuff, though. And the burst of creative energy is boggling. Field after field trashed, unreified intellectually, blows against the empire, even against private



FIG. 1.—"THE DOME OF THOUGHT."

property and other ideologies of domination, the stuff taken apart piece by piece. Hot jazz in the background. Our first lesson in trashing this stuff was from you.

The others snicker behind your back, mouthing the fancy language of efficiency and original positions and settling for second best. We just wonder. Why are you so quiet? Was the whole thing to get the U.C.C.? To get a "Remedies" section meeting at the AALS convention? To change the order of the chapters in the Contracts book?

I'm not trying to put you down, it's just that I wonder

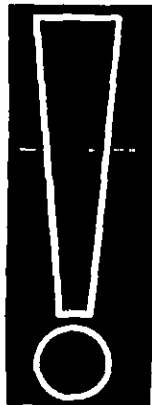
what happened. Because it is clear your vision was deeper. And you seem unhappy in the halls.

You know, they've already got your story in the books, abstractly. You are described in formal intellectual terms; your group has a beginning date and an ending date. "The Realists attacked the conceptualism of the late 19th and early 20th century legal thought." But all that misses the heat that's obvious in the articles. And you are right here. It need not end that way, in cool scientific complicity with "the way things are."

Is it that you really came to believe in expertise, positivism, bureaucracy and the status quo? Burned with the best and the brightest. And now the economists. Deferring to specialist. And to the bloodless LSAT.

You don't have to say anything. But we don't see the reason for such quiet. And we know you can identify the murdering heir holding the same smoking gun—I mean justice through the market (no, I didn't mean myself) that you recognized so clearly before. Why not continue the project and reject cooption?

Is this ten years too late?



EDITORIAL

(continued from p. 1)
excited chatter in the lobbies.

Someone else is running it. "We" haven't been around long, or haven't been to a meeting in years. Maybe there are officers of the Association, really big bigwigs who understand how it works, how to organize the rooms and what to do if someone gets seriously ill. That's another thing that makes it such a delicious rip off. How can grownups let other grownups get away with this? Everyone says in advance, "I'm not going for the sessions, I'm just going to hang with my buddies and check out Mill Valley."

Being privatized into little affinity groups is fun. Fooling around while the boring grownups mind the boring store, set the agendas, decide on policy for the Association, for law schools, for law teachers as a professional group ... is not a crime.

But the way they set it up, in spite of the wild chatter, it is a ceremony, a ritual, a celebration of reactionary values. Of the value of hierarchy, deference to superiors, gerontocracy, mind-numbing conventionality of speech and dress and thought.

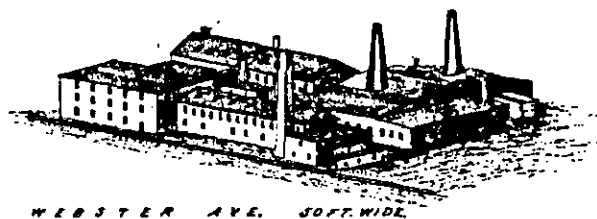
And it does involve just plain forfeiting the experience of SELF-GOVERNANCE.



Joseph R. Julian
President-Elect

to
Address
AALS House





Soaring career's at his fingertips³

Annals of Academic Freedom: II

SPACE GODS SPEAK

TRANSMISSIONS FROM THE SOLAR COUNCIL

INSIDE DOPE

About Critical Legal Studies

Here is a dose of the facts about CLS, past, present and future.

As the "call" document in your last issue showed, the first meeting (Madison, 1977) was a bid for an alliance. One side was to be senior law and society teachers (Friedman, Selznick, Galanter, Macneil). The other was a newly tenured group of Harvard people (Horowitz, Kennedy, Unger). A Yale-Wisconsin group (Trubek, Abel, Tushnet) were to be the honest brokers making it all happen.

The alliance didn't come off because the senior law and society types either didn't

show up or left in dismay at the politically radical rhetoric of most participants. The Wisconsin-Yale group ended up as a wing rather than as central mediators. The surprising development that actually brought the critical legal studies movement into being was that there were a half dozen ex-students of the Harvard profs who shared their general outlook and were either already in or about to enter law teaching (Gordon, Klare, Simon, Stone, Kelman, Gabel).

The category "ex-students of Harvard profs" is still probably the most important category for understanding CLS, since it includes many people who passed through Harvard as LLM students and a new generation of students who have had a large dose of cls all the way through school. The Harvard types have aggressively

recruited students and aggressively placed them in teaching jobs.

Two other early groups were sixties-influenced activist-intellectuals (Rosenblatt, Freeman, Olsen, Gertner) and more "pure" legal intellectuals (Katz, Schlegel, Heller). Lately, there have been liberal constitutional law profs drifting cls-ward (Brest, Frug, Parker, Michelman, Baker). Though there have always been a few movement lawyers and a few real social scientists in cls, and though there's endless lip-service to their importance, they have no influence as such.

Distinguish between the organization (CCLS) and the cls movement. The organization has about had it. It grew very rapidly for 5 years, but has now reached just about ev-

(Continued p. 5)

Cultural Terrorism and the Faculty Cocktail Party

The law faculty cocktail party—a trivial social occasion, exchange pleasantries then leave—nothing to do with you. But there's more to it. It's a political event—a fantasy of community. It's like waiting for a bus with people who've been waiting for the same bus for years, and still just saying good morning.

Everyone who "hates those things" keeps going, grasping community. Even in this perverted form.

The group ritual, the rules. Rules assigning costumes. We're dressed alike because we're a shared project, group self-recognition distinct from the bartender's serving jacket. Proper forks—conversations shot through with fork selection—don't use curse words—yea, not here, at the production. (Continued p. 4)

NO BIG DEAL



Lizard is an emanation of a small faction within the critical legal studies movement, sometimes referred to as the True Left. Lizard does not in any way, official or unofficial, represent the views of the Conference on Critical Legal Studies. The contents of Lizard have not been discussed within CCLS, and it does not conform to the general attitude of the membership, which is far more responsible and boring than anything we would be interested in printing. Since most CLS people would dislike this paper were they to become familiar with it, it would be gross guilt by association to treat them as co-conspirators.



Spiritual Masters From Higher Realms





FIG. 88.—THE GOOD BOY.

COCKTAIL PARTY

(continued from p. 3)

of group identity. Stylized group interaction right down to what's said. Hard to remember anything particular. The weather. Sports. Bullshit about teaching, not serious—that would be work, or politics. Just enough to ensure exclusion of the other. Like most of the women there with faculty husbands. But for sure no anger, or intimacy, or vulnerability, the conversations have rules with clear boundaries not to be crossed. Nothing emotional. And for sure no music or dancing, not even music you don't like.

The group bond is the silent conspiracies of exclusion. Most obviously the bartender, not on par with the partygoers, a drink dispensing function like the coffee machine in the lounge. "How are you doing?" is the gentlemanly, civil limit. Being in the group means participating in the exclusions, all without decision, moving silently like the weather. What's not self is other. Out there. Them. It. (Unless you create the group, in every moment of group existence. Without rules.) The conspiracy extends to subgroups, first the nonlaw peo-

ple, women, senior faculty to junior faculty, star seniors to plodding seniors. Ranks overlapping in the complicated game with the simple message. That it's more than kissing ass. It's profession as a whole, parents to society generally, rational adult. Big bro. To bartenders everywhere.

(My brother is a bartender, you goddam assholes—and I busied tables and watched—you stared at Debbie's legs as she took your order and pretended you were charming. You didn't see me either. Invisibly the table is cleared by the table clearing function. At the car wash waiting for tips after vacuuming your Buicks, our hands open (stick it anywhere), wondered at you, so tight ass it seemed a good five-minute laugh would kill you. Yeah, snapping the towels at the seat to scare you. Wonder how they party, can't imagine them cranking the music up and getting sweaty.)

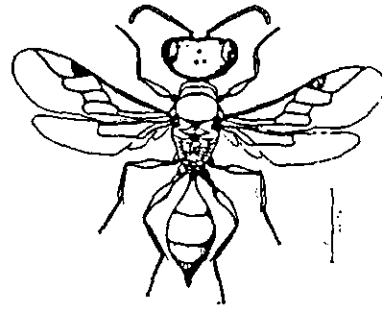
And it's not just social class; all the new faculty go through it. The gradual process of passing as one of them, calling the students "kids." Paranoia about passing in the car going home, did I talk too loud, laugh too long, forget to laugh. Passing until it's not passing anymore, then becomes you.

But the lack of music is still deafening. And there's more to it still.

On a spectrum of parties ranging from artist parties and black folks' parties to astronaut's parties, the faculty cocktails party is real close to how astronauts must party. No music, no conversation where any emotion is at stake, this is the head, not

the body, this group is rational, scientific, not passionate and physical, manager, not worker; the fantasy of community built on the identification as scientists so the parties project rationality through and through, even "socially" because you can't imagine brain surgeons getting sweaty on the dance floor, it's the law/politics distinction. Fear and loathing of the mob and sexuality. Cleaver had that part right. You don't groove like you don't get angry or sad or intimate. The forks right through the law journals with the footnotes, the pseudo-data of the legitimization scientist.

Backed up by the threat of social violence, exclusion. The way you were before is illegitimate here. Objectify yourself to meet the invisible



demands of the group. And join the silent conspiracy. (Every time at the bar the moment of recognition, the treachery that you are them, so you say how you doing, the bartender calls you sir, and there's no party to go to after working here because you're not working here, this is your party.)

And the oddest thing is that it's not just new teachers, or ones from other social classes, or the excluded spouses and servants. As far

as I can tell, everyone's invaded, playing out the rule ritual. Relationships mediated through the fantasy imagery of upper-middle-class professionals. The fantasy of community played out in the denial of any possibility for community except through these fork rules, everyone feels it's out of control. But any violation of the rules will be pounced on in unity by the group, because any disruption violates the fantasy that the group is a group and not people waiting for a bus.

This is cultural terrorism. Thinking that what goes on at cocktail parties is separate from what goes on in classrooms and law journals is bullshit. The claim to legitimacy of the class, the law/politics distinction, the bizarre rankings of meritocracy, are all connected up with cocktail parties, the reproduction of the fantasy of rationality which makes class hierarchy seem appropriate.

Civility here means accepting the structure in which civility occurs. Turning law schools into genuine places for community means smashing all this stuff. In every crevice. Academic freedom cannot coexist with social rape. Taking risks that expose how quickly civility gets ugly. The power of negation.

—Pratt Boylston



FIG. 89.—THE BAD BOY.

ETHICS: P.R. SECTION

(continued from p. 1)

The meeting took place in a state of suspended disbelief. It would have been bad form to mention that nobody knew the rules, let alone obeyed them. It would have been like shouting, "It's only a play!" during Hamlet. (The only person who touched on this point got a hearty, slightly nervous, laugh, and discussion reverted to the "let's pretend" mode.)

There seem to be 3 reasons for this state of suspended disbelief: 1) Everybody really knows that ethics is not about rules which affect behavior; 2) People are just using the contradictions in the rules to proselytize for, and justify, a particular picture of lawyers -- but 3) It would be embarrassing to admit it.

It would have been even more embarrassing to admit another 3 things: 1) 70% of the population don't receive adequate legal services; this is one manifestation of a pretty excremental society; 2) Law teachers are playing at being reformers by advocating marginal adjustments to irrelevant, incoherent rules about confidentiality; 3) By doing this, among other things, we bear a substantial moral responsibility for a twisted social order which lawyers do much to maintain.

Come to think of it, no wonder it was a shadow-play.

INSIDE DOPE ON CLS

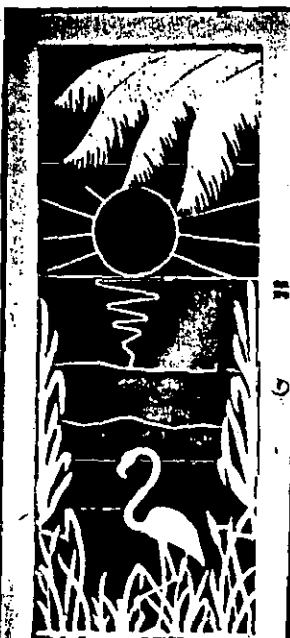
(continued from p. 3)

everyone who was out there waiting, and depends on a trickle (4-5 per year) of new law teachers and converts for real (as opposed to mailing-list) growth. Two contradictions will de-energize, then destroy it.

First, the old in-group fa-

vors "circus" events, supposed to recruit and build cadre, over "advanced thought" events that satisfy the core group of intellectuals. Circus events have to be tightly organized and also repetitive, since they are introductory. Except for the real heavies, they are both boring and a little humiliating for the core group (too much star-fucking). But advanced thought events are elitist. They infuriate the large fringe who know they will be excluded the minute the fancy insiders begin to apply criteria of intellectual quality.

Second, CCLS combines amorphous governance procedures with tight group connection among Yale, Wisconsin and



Harvard oldies and among the "summer campers" who have attended the longer, more intense workshops. There are many close mentor-mentee relationships. The only way for an outsider to break in is to become a member of one of the groups and unless you're an ex-student or a supercharming, interesting conversationalist, it's difficult to do this without writing at least a draft of a big article in one of the CLS genres. It's almost as bad as a writing

requirement for tenure.

CCLS outsiders see real organizational potential, no formal procedures, and also an unbreakable secret control cabal. As with all organizations, some among them don't want real group intimacy or real intellectual confrontation, but identify in fantasy with the organization. They look for fulfillment in formal democracy, in turning the group from navel-gazing to more "real" objectives, and in bringing in other outsiders who have been wrongfully excluded.

The old CCLS leadership (Tushnet, Kennedy, Klare, Gabel, Horwitz) probably lacks both the commitment and the skill to manage these challenges without alienating either the core or the large fringe. The most likely outcome is that CCLS will collapse of its own weight within the next two years.

While the organization is caput, or soon will be, the movement is (temporarily) thriving. It's achieved high visibility (forthcoming Stanford and Texas symposia) and a lot of indirect influence on legal academia. As discourse, it has become more complex, richer, more self-consciously problematical. The networks for recruiting new people and for placing people in teaching jobs have grown apace. The number of schools at which there is something that might be called a CLS group has increased to seven: Buffalo, Georgetown, Harvard, Miami, Rutgers-C, Stanford and Wisconsin. At least three other schools may soon join the list.

This won't last long. New

teaching jobs will dry up as the center-right backlash begins at last. Up to now, people who went to elite schools but didn't do that well could get jobs, as could people who did well at middle-level schools and sanitized themselves with a Harvard LLM. In the future, it will be harder for anyone without elite-elite credentials to get away with overt cls self-identification.

Critical legal studies is securely institutionalized only at Buffalo, Harvard and Stanford, for the simple but brutal reason that only at those schools are there three or more tenured cls people with no intention of moving. A basic political problem is that at the other schools, most cls people are untenured and the tenured may be raided by tonier places looking for token cls people, or by other cls groups. Ccls groups at middle-level schools are unstable, and there is no prospect that this will change in the near future.

Finally, the "mode of thought" is already sclerotic. Firm institutionalization at two very prestigious schools means that cls will almost certainly be around and influential in twenty years. But the glory days are already over. Normal science is all that's left. It is unlikely that anything will happen during those twenty years except the more or less elegant playing out of by-now-familiar themes. Anyone for a tour of the vineyards?

GARBAGE GLAMOR



L'écriture

André Breton

André Breton in 1938

BRETON André (1896-1966)

Born at Tinchebray (Orne), he studied medicine in Paris. Called up in 1915, he was assigned to a military hospital in Nantes where he met Jacques Vaché. In Paris (1917-1918) he frequented Apollinaire and Aragon. With the latter and Soupault he founded the review *Littérature* (1919). Active from that time in the Dada movement, breaking with it (1924) when he published the *Surrealist Manifesto* and became editor of *La Révolution Surréaliste*. Wrote the *Second Surrealist Manifesto* (1929). Founded the review *Le Surréalisme au service de la Révolution* (1930) and became one of the moving spirits of *Minotaure* (1933-1939). Joined the Communist Party (1927), then broke with it (1935). Opened his own surrealist gallery in 1938 (Galerie Gradya, Rue de Seine, Paris). Lecture tour in Mexico (1938) where, with Trotsky and Diego Rivera, he founded the International Federation of Independent Revolutionary Art (F.I.A.R.I.). Called up in 1939, he was assigned to the medical unit of a pilots' training school in Poitiers. After the Fall of France (June 1940), he withdrew to Marseilles and then to New York (1941) where, with Duchamp and Max Ernst, he launched the review *VVV* (1942-1944) and organized an International Surrealist Exhibition (New York, Art of This Century Gallery, 1942). Journey to Haiti (1945) where he took a public stand against the poverty and oppression he saw there. Back in Paris (1946), he resumed his activities as grand master of Surrealism, organizing two International Surrealist Exhibitions (Paris, Galerie Maeght, 1947 and *L'Ecart Absolu*, Galerie de l'Œil, 1965) and founding new reviews (*Le Surréalisme, même*, 1956 and *La Brèche*, 1961). He actively supported the Citizens of the World movement of Garry Davis (1948). Died in Paris in 1966.

LETTER

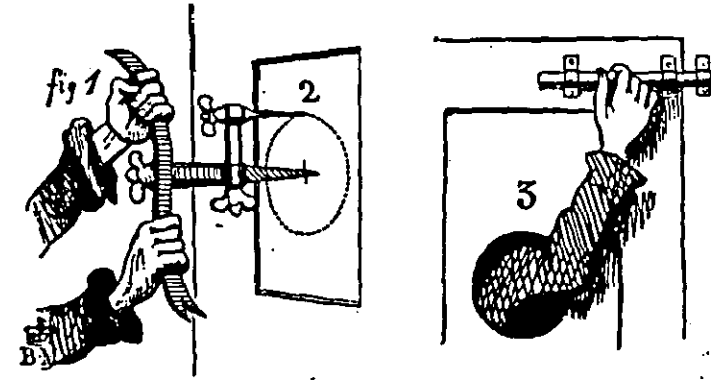
Brown-Nosing the Radical Big-Wigs: Hierarchy in CLS

In yesterday's paper, you published a self-righteous article about how assistant professors don't have "real" academic freedom because they have to ass-kiss to get tenure. I thought the remark about Dworkin, Rawls and Nozick was offensive not just because it was homophobic (it was!) but because it appropriated the identities of real people for its nasty point. The author is a typical CLS person--hypercritical toward others but unable to see the extent to which he falls into exactly the same kind of behavior he deplores. CLS is full of nastiness at least as severe as that of Professors B-- and M-- (if they really exist), and also full of implicit hierarchies that are far more damaging, politically and spiritually, than those of the average law faculty. At the two recent CLS conferences I attended, there was an un-

mistakable pecking-order, a barnyard star system, with Kennedy, Horwitz and Klare at the top, surrounded by crowds of groupies, and then a middle echelon. The top people treat everyone condescendingly, allocating their time as though they were faith healers, just like academic big wigs of more conservative or (worse yet!) liberal proclivities. The way to approach them is humbly, or not at all. They just don't brook a conversation among equals, and especially not a conversation in which their own ideas are questioned. But the middle echelon is even worse. They are competing among themselves, trying to scramble up. They are jealous of each other and possessive of their special relationships with the stars. For example, at Camden when Horwitz signed up to go a particular Chinese restaurant for dinner, about thirty other people did, too. They put each other down

(e.g., Kelman takes a jab at Gabel in the Stanford Law Review) and marinate in bile. This may show the impossibility of a real social organization without hierarchy. Sometimes I think it's just that radicals are among the least self-conscious, most hypocritical people in the world. But I'm not a liberal, at least not anymore, so I'm stuck with you all. I think the answer is to avoid organizations, period. There should be no more large meetings at which people can act out their neuroses. Let us form small work groups, putting all the big-wigs together to tear each other to pieces if that's the only way they can relate, and get the small groups together only when there is some very specific reason. If it turns out that only the big wigs dare call the groups together, so much the worse for us. Is this what the Buffalo crits, who haven't shown up at any meeting I know of in the last few years, have decided? If so, more power to them.

—Name withheld by request



Notes from the Margin (continued from p. 1)

are willing to examine ourselves and challenge one another.

As Critical Legal Studies develops institutional power, it may become entrenched more deeply within its narrow institutional structure. Almost all of us are law teachers and for most of us Critical Legal Studies is important to the way that we define ourselves in our opposition to other legal academics. There is a comfort in this opposition that may limit our willingness to problematize the basic institutional conditions under which we teach and write. While we question and challenge many aspects of our institutional structure, this very process serves to confirm all the more strongly all those aspects that we do not question.

By and large we acquiesce in a legal scholarship dominated by the law review article format. Certainly, we congratulate ourselves for writing funny unconventional articles that are hard to get published, but we rarely write

newspapers or anything else so bizarre. Moreover, writing in expository form, we too often give in to the pressure to conform to binary notions of "clarity." We write in a flat, linear style and use over-simplified categories that we allow to ossify as we use them. Irrationalism, for example, has been domesticated into a clear, stable, definable intellectual stance. But it is not enough to displace rationalism by exalting irrationalism. We must also rework the terms of the rational/irrational opposition and displace not just rationalism but also the present conventional understanding of both terms and of the opposition between them. We must not simply make irrationalism a new orthodoxy but open up the ways in which what it means to be irrational can be necessarily and unpredictably different from what it means to be irrational. [The author insists that there is no omission or misprint in the last sentence. We Agree. Lizard.]



KARL MARX: Theses on Feuerbach

1. The chief defect of all materialism up to now... is, that the object, reality, what we apprehend through our senses, is understood only in the form of the object or contemplation; but not as *sensuous human activity*, as practice; not subjectively. Hence in opposition to materialism the active side does not know real sensuous activity as such. Feuerbach wants sensuous objects, really distinguished from the objects of thought; but he does not understand human activity itself as objective activity.... He therefore does not comprehend the significance of "revolutionary," of "practical-critical" activity.
2. The question whether objective truth is an attribute of human thought—is not a theoretical but a *practical* question. Man must prove the truth, i.e. the reality and power, the "this-sidedness" of his thinking in practice. The dispute over the reality or non-reality of thinking that is isolated from practice is a purely *scholastic* question.
3. The materialistic doctrine forgets that circumstances of circumstances and education therefore to divide society are changed by men and that the educator himself must be educated. This doctrine concerning the changing into two parts, one of which is superior to society. The coincidence of the changing can only be comprehended and rationally understood as *revolutionary practice*.
4. Feuerbach starts out from the fact of religious self-estrangement, of the duplication of the world into a religious and a secular one. His work consists in resolving the religious world into its secular basis. But that the secular basis raises itself above itself and establishes for itself an independent realm in the clouds can be explained only through the cleavage and self-contradictions within this secular basis. The latter must therefore in itself be both understood in its contradiction and revolutionized in practice. Therefore after, e.g., the earthly family is discovered to be the secret of the heavenly family, one must proceed to destroy the former both in theory and in practice.
5. Feuerbach, not satisfied with *abstract thought*, wants to destroy the former both in theory and in practice.
6. Feuerbach, not satisfied with *abstract thought*, wants to destroy the former both in theory and in practice.
7. Feuerbach, not satisfied with *abstract thought*, wants to destroy the former both in theory and in practice.
8. Feuerbach, not satisfied with *abstract thought*, wants to destroy the former both in theory and in practice.
9. Feuerbach, not satisfied with *abstract thought*, wants to destroy the former both in theory and in practice.
10. Feuerbach, not satisfied with *abstract thought*, wants to destroy the former both in theory and in practice.
11. Feuerbach, not satisfied with *abstract thought*, wants to destroy the former both in theory and in practice.

Today there are plenty of modest and worthy laborers² among scholars, too, who are happy in their little nooks; and because they are happy there, they sometimes demand rather inmodestly that one ought to be content with things today, generally—especially in the domain of science, where so much that is useful remains to be done. I am not denying that; the last thing I want is to destroy the pleasure these honest workers take in their craft: for I approve of their work. But that one works rigorously in the sciences and that there are contented workers certainly does not prove that science as a whole possesses a goal, a will, an ideal, or the passion of a great faith. The opposite is the case, to repeat: where it is not the latest expression of the ascetic ideal—and the exceptions are too rare, noble, and atypical to refute the general proposition—science today is a *hiding place* for every kind of discontent, disbelief, gnawing worm, *despectio sui*, bad conscience—it is the unrest of the lack of ideals, the suffering from the lack of any great love, the discontent in the face of involuntary contentment.

Nietzsche, *Genealogy of Morals*

Morgan, Going Too Far

Goodbye, goodbye forever, counterfeit Left, counterfeit, male-dominated cracked-glass-mirror reflection of the American Nightmare. Women are the real Left. We are rising, powerful in our unclean bodies; bright glowing mad in our inferior brains; wild hair flying, wild eyes staring, wild voices keening; undaunted by blood we who hemorrhage every twenty-eight days; laughing at our own beauty we who have lost our sense of humor; mourning for all each precious one of us might have been in this one living time-place had she not been born a woman; stuffing fingers into our mouths to stop the screams of fear and hate and pity for men we have loved and love still; tears in our eyes and bitterness in our mouths for children we couldn't have, or couldn't not have, or didn't want, or didn't want yet, or wanted and had in this place and this time of horror. We are rising with a fury older and potentially greater than any force in history, and this time we will be free or no one will survive. Power to all the people or to none. All the way down, this time.

Free Kathleen Cleaver!
Free Anita Hoffman!
Free Bernardine Doherty!
Free Donna Malone!
Free Ruth Ann Miller!
Free Leni Sinclair!
Free Jane Alpert!
Free Gumbel!
Free Bonnie Cohen!
Free Judy Lampel!

Free Kim Agnew!
Free Holly Krasner!
Free Lois Hart!
Free Alice Embree!
Free Nancy Kunham!
Free Lynn Phillips!
Free Dinky Forman!
Free Sharon Krebs!
Free Iris Luciano!
Free Robin Morgan!

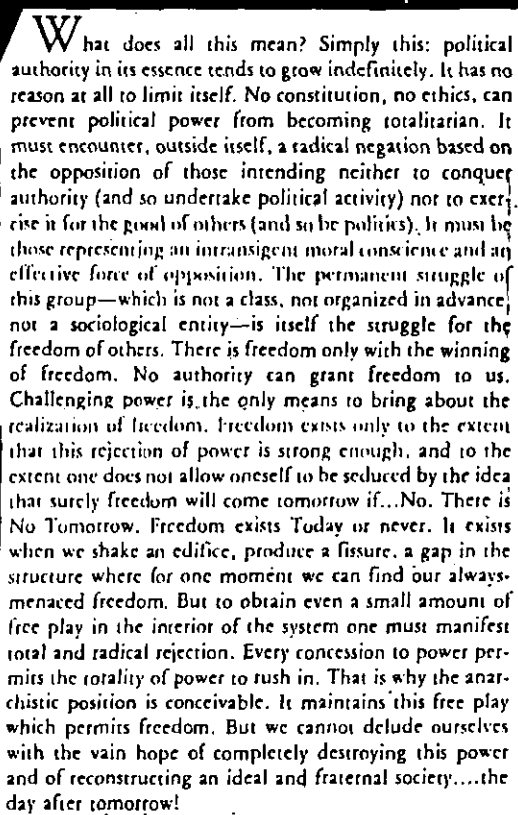
Free Valerie Solanas!

FREE OUR SISTERS!

FREE OURSELVES!

January 1970

Duncan Kennedy,
editor



Was it wisdom? Was it knowledge? Was it, once more, the deceptiveness of beauty, so tangled in a golden mesh? or did the lock up within her some secret which certainly Lily Briscoe believed people must have for the world to go on at all? Every one could not be as helter skelter, hand to mouth as the was. But if they knew, could they tell me what they knew? Sitting on the hour with her arms round Mrs. Ramsay's knees, close as she could get, smiling to herself, she would never know the answer. She would never understand how in the world the women were so different from the men.

That people should love like this that Mr. Banks should feel this for Mrs. Ramsay (she glanced at him musing) was helpful, was exalting. She wiped one brush after another upon a piece of old rag, mechanically, on purpose. She took shelter from the reverence which covered all women; she felt that from the reverence which covered would steal a look at her picture.

She could have wept. It was bad, it was infinitely bad! She could have done it differently of course; the colour could have been thinned and faded; the shapes etherialized; that was how Pausanoras would have seen it. But then she did not see it like that. She saw the colour burning on a framework of steel; the light of a butterfly's wing lying upon the arches of a cathedral. Of all that only a few random marks crawled upon the canvas remained. And it would never be seen; never be hung even, and there was Mr. Tanalry while writing in her ear, "Women can't paint, women can't

She now remembered what she had been going to say about Mrs. Ramsay. She did not know how she would have put it; but it would have been something critical. She had been annoyed the other night by some highbandedness. Looking along the level of Mr. Banks's glance at her, she thought that no woman could worship another woman in the way he worshipped; they could only seek shelter under the shade which Mr. Banks exerted over them both. Looking along his beam she added to it her different ray, thinking that she was

unquestionably the loveliest of people (but); the best perhaps; but the perfect shape which serene, and how pale a palette of

unquestionably the loveliest of people (bowed over her back); the best perhaps; but also, different too from the perfect shape which one saw there. But why different, and how different she asked herself, craping her palette of all those mounds of blue and green which seemed to her like cloths with no life in them now, yet she vowed, she would inspire them, force them to move. What was the spirit in her, the essential thing, by which, you found a crumpled glove in the corner of a sofa, had you have known it, from its twisted finger, her indisputably? She was like a bird for speed, an arrow for direction. She was wilful; she was commanding (of course, Lily reminded herself, I am thinking of her relations with women, and I am much younger, an insignificant person, living off the Brompton Road). She opened bedroom windows. She shut doors. (So she tried to start the tune of Mrs. Ramsay in her head). Arriving late at night, with a light tap on one's bedroom door, wrapped in an old fur coat (for the setting of her beauty was always that—hazy, but apt), she would enter again saying: "The vegetable salts are low." All this she would do actively shape; even maliciously and smiling: Mr. Bankes to the window, in pretence that she must go—it was down, she could see the sun rising—half turn back, move intimately, but still always laughing, insist that she must, Missa must, they all must marry, since in the whole world whatever laurels might be tossed to her (but Mrs. Ramsay cared not a fig for her painting), or triumphs won by her (probably Mrs. Ramsay had had her share of those), and here she saddened, darkened, and came back to her chair, there could be no disputing this: an unmarried woman (she lightly took her hand for a moment), an unmarried woman has mislaid the best of life. The house seemed full of children sleeping and Mrs. Ramsay listening, shaded, breathing.

Oh, but, Lily was home; even all this

Oh, but, Lily would say, there was her father, even, had she dared to say it, this seemed so little, so virtuous, as the night wore on, and the stars shone, and even the garden

Oh, but, Lily would say, there was her father; her home; even, had she dared to say it, her painting. But all this seemed so little, so virginial, against the sunset. Yet, as the night wore on, and white lights parted the curtains, and even now and then some bird chirped in the garden, gathering a desperate courage she would urge her own exemption from the universal law; plead for it; she liked to be alone; she liked to be herself; she was not made for that; and so have to meet a serious stare from eyes of unparalleled depth, and confront Mrs. Ramsey's simple certainty (and she was child-like now) that her dear Lily, her little Brisk, was a fool. Then, she remembered, she had laid her head on Mr. Ramsey's lap and laughed and laughed and laughed, laughing almost hysterically at the thought of Mrs. Ramsey presiding with immovable calm over decisions which she completely failed to understand. There she sat, amidst the glow's twisted finger. But into what sanctuary had one penetrated? Lily Brace had looked up at him, and there was Mrs. Ramsey, unwitting entirely what he caused her laughter, still presiding, but now with every trace of willfulness abolished, and in its stead, something clear as the space which the clouds at last uncover—the little space of sky which sleeps beside the moon.

Was it wisdom? Was it knowledge? Were more, the deceptions of beauty, the half-way to truth, or did it mean men mesh? Or did it mean nothing at all for them?

Was it wisdom? Was it knowledge? Was it, once more, the deceptiveness of beauty, so tangled in a golden mesh? or did the lock up within her some secret which certainly Lily Briscoe believed people must have for the world to go on at all? Every one could not be as helter skelter, hand to mouth as the was. But if they knew, could they tell me what they knew? Sitting on the hour with her arms round Mrs. Ramsay's knees, close as she could get, smiling to herself, she would never know the answer. She would never understand how in the world the women were so different from the men.

close as she could get, smiling to think that Mrs. Ramsey would never know the reason of that pressure, the imagined how in the chambers of the mind and heart of the woman who was, physically, touching her, were stored, like the treasures of the tombs of kings, tablets bearing secret inscriptions in the tongue of the dead, never to be offered openly, never made public, what are there, known to love or cunning, by which one pressed through into those secret chambers? What desire inextricably for becoming like water poured into one jar, in the body achieve, or the mind, subtly mingling, the intricate passages of the brain? or the heart? Ramsey one? for it was not knowledge but unity that she desired, not inscriptions on tablets, nothing that could be written in any language known to men, but intimacy itself, which is knowledge, the kind thought, leaning her head on Mrs. Ramsey's knee.

Nothing happened. Nothing! Nothing! as she least her head against Mrs. Ramsey's hair. And yet, she knew knowledge and wisdom were stored up in Mrs. Ramsey's heart. How then, she had asked herself, did one know one thing or another thing about people, sealed as they were? Only like, a bee, drawn by some sweetness or starburst in the air intangible to touch or taste, one hovered the dome-shaped hive, ranged the wickets of the air over the countries of the world above, and then haunted the hives with their murmurs and their min- rings; the hives, which were people Mrs. Ramsey rose. Mrs. Ramsey went. For days there hung about her, as after a dream some subtle change is felt in the person one has dreamed of, more vividly than anything she said, the sound of murmuring and, as she sat in the wicker arm-chair in the drawing-room window the more, to Lily's eyes, an august shape, the shape of a dome.

To the Lich