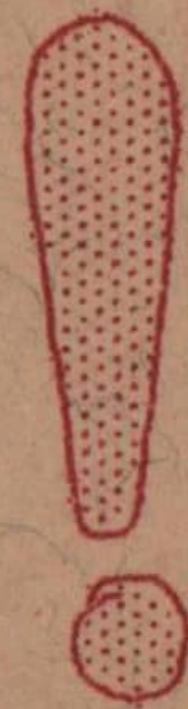
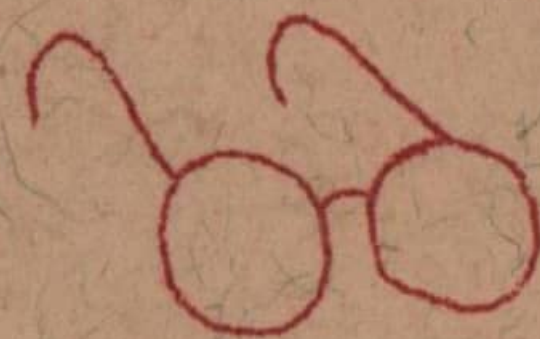
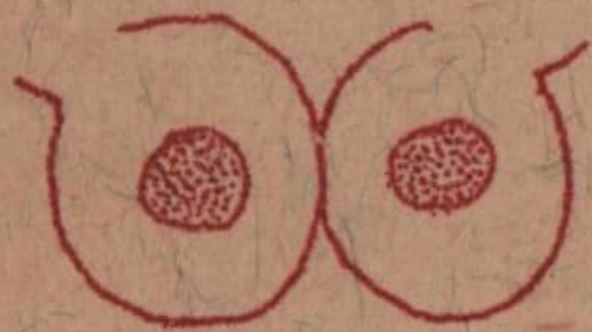
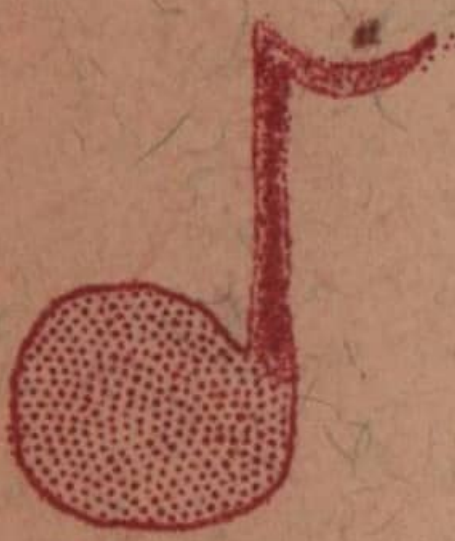
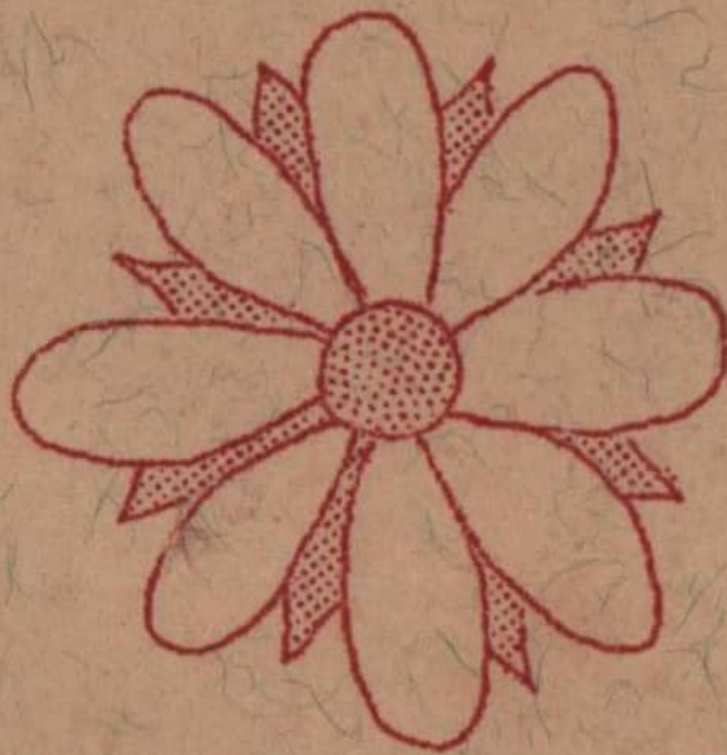
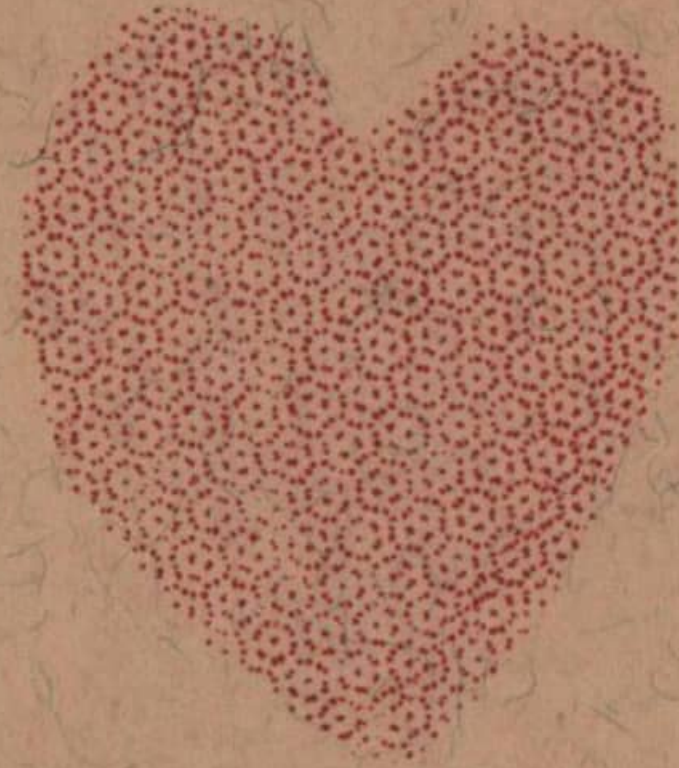
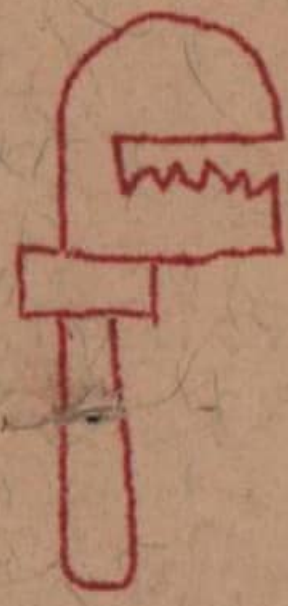
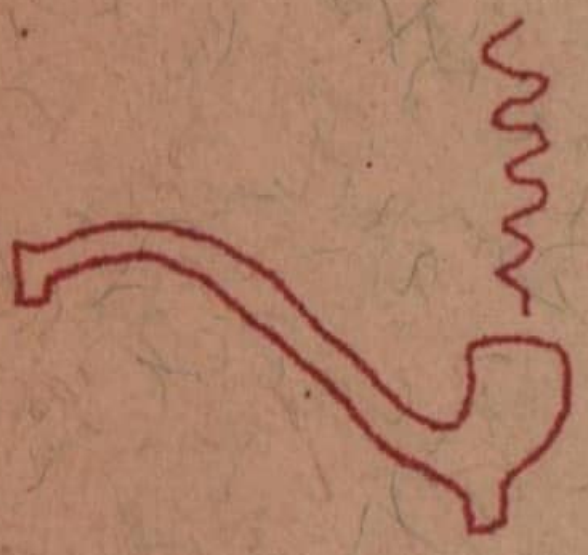


WOBBLY

25¢



I
W*W



MARCH '62 ^{VVVV/62} no.1



CONTENTS

The Editor Speaks. . . . Dave Bromfield 4

The IWW Today. . . . Chuck Doehrer 5

Christians at War. . . . John Kendrick 7

Chess and Revolution . . . Vince Hickey 8

Captain Anarchy. . . . Viny 10

The Code of Juvie. . . . Dick Ellington 12

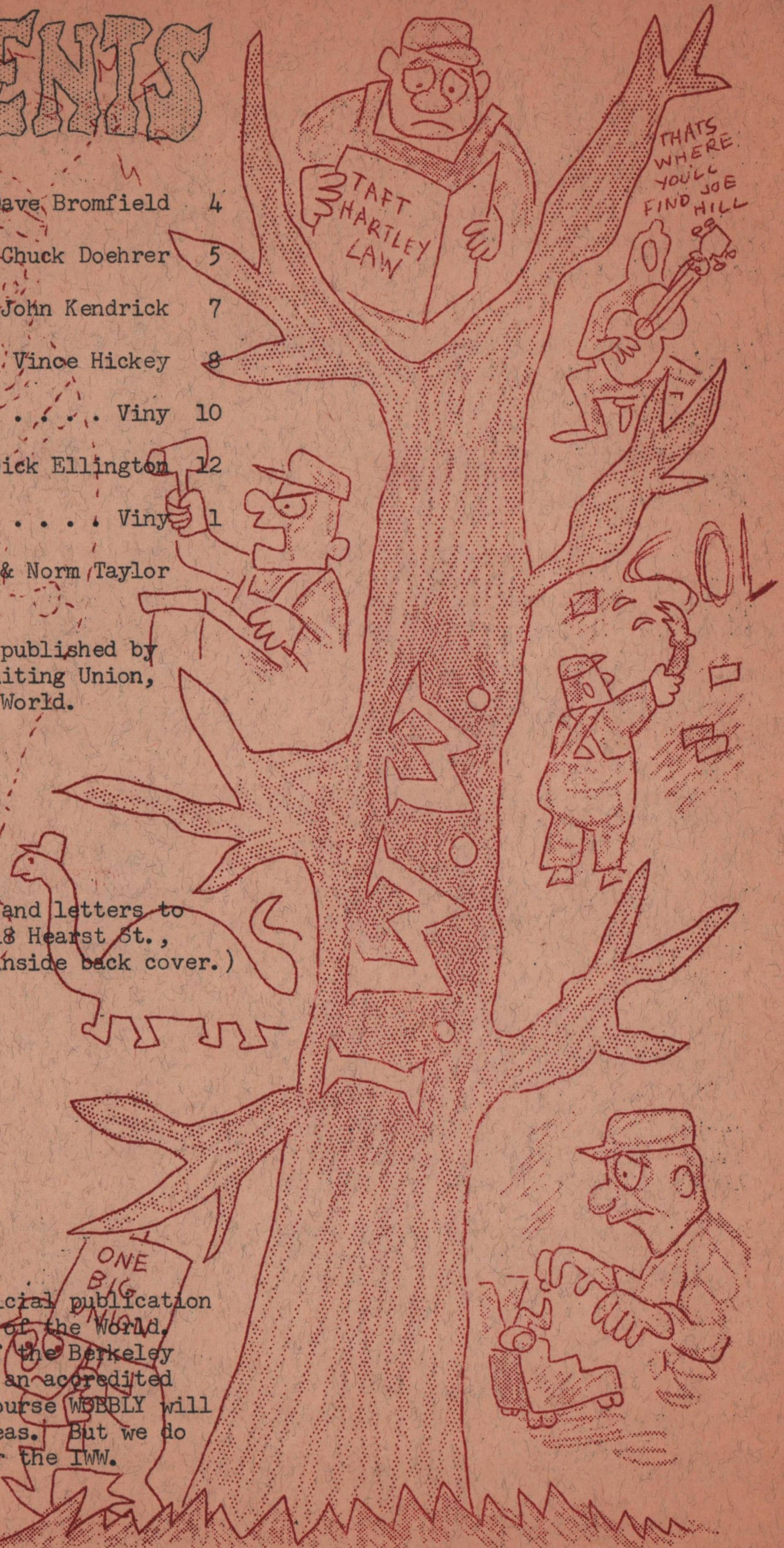
Cover. . . . Viny 1

Illustrations. . . . Viny & Norm Taylor

WOBBLY #1, March 1962, is published by the Berkeley General Recruiting Union, Industrial Workers of the World.

Address all subscriptions and letters to WOBBLY, c/o Ellington, 1818 Hearst St., Berkeley 3, Calif. (See inside back cover.)

WOBBLY is not an official publication of the Industrial Workers of the World. But it is a publication of the Berkeley General Recruiting Union, an accredited local of the IWW, so of course WOBBLY will reflect IWW policy and ideas. But we do not—and cannot—speak for the IWW.



While of course many members of the Industrial Workers of the World will be getting WOBBLY this magazine is not primarily designed for them. It is intended for radicals and liberals in general who may have heard of the wobblies or of the IWW, but who know little or nothing about them. We naturally hope that after learning more about us and our positions you will be influenced in our direction, but in any case—whether you agree with us or not—we hope to make you think about the issues we think important.

And WOBBLY is also for those people who are dissatisfied with our present society, the cold war, competitive economics, status seeking, Madison Ave., bomb testing, fallout shelters—the whole damn mess—without knowing exactly what is wrong or what to do about it. We don't have all the answers. We don't know everything. And we're not going to pretend that we do. Many of the articles in WOBBLY will give frankly tentative conclusions, not judgments from on high, and if you disagree, and present your case well, we'll be happy to print your article or letter. And you may even change our minds.

We firmly believe in the Freedom of the Press and that in a free forum of ideas, truth will win out. Therefore, while the editorial position of WOBBLY will always be in line with the ideas and conclusions of the Industrial Workers of the World, articles and letters which disagree with us will be printed. We'll make our views plain, but we'll let you have your say too.

As we said, we don't know everything, and one of the reasons for publishing WOBBLY is to gain knowledge and to give our minds a workout. We expect to get into some spirited discussions with our readers. We'll be more or less thinking things out in public and trying to learn, probe, and gain insight from the brickbats and bouquets of others.

Some of our readers may be surprised at some of the material in WOBBLY and ask, "What has this got to do with industrial unionism?" Apart from the good and sufficient answer that society is an organic whole and the question of industrial unionism cuts across its framework, so that nothing that bears on society, its origins, makeup, trends or ills will get too far from unionism, there is the problem of making people interested. There is no point in convincing the already convinced. Many people will be attracted by our more general material and we will then be able to present our case to them.

In line with our policy of telling you more about the IWW, this issue we start a series of articles on the past, present and future of the organization. The author, Chuck Doehrer, was for a long time editor of THE INDUSTRIAL WORKER, the IWW's official newspaper, and he knows the union thoroughly.

"Christians at War" is reprinted from IWW Songs ("The Little Red Songbook") which is available through us (See inside back cover). Dick Ellington's article, "The Code of Juvie," is reprinted from the December 1960 Habakkuk. We think it is a very good article and deserves a wider circulation than Habakkuk was able to give it.

Naturally we are eager to get good articles, cartoons and letters. Unfortunately we are in no position to give you any pay but glory, but if that is satisfactory, send your material to us. If we can't use it, we'll return it—provided you also sent us a self-addressed stamped envelope. And naturally any published contribution—including a letter—will get you a free copy of WOBBLY.

We hope you like our magazine.

--Dave Bromfield.

THE IWW TODAY ⁵

When you look at the wreckage of the once dynamic Industrial Workers of the World, you are apt to draw a pair of conclusions but overlook the third and more important one.

Only a brief glance at the flaming history of this revolutionary labor union will assure you that the IWW, or the Wobblies, as it is sometimes known, has played a colorful and significant role in U.S. labor and radical history from 1905, when it was founded, through the 1920s and into the depression '30s. Labor folklorists and historians are still gathering up the pieces of this eventful portion of IWW history with its songs, legendary figures, dramatic struggles and pioneering accomplishments.¹ Most people are not aware that, though the flame had dwindled to a fitful spark, the IWW continued into the '40s and '50s, and they are startled to learn that an ember of the Industrial Workers of the World continues to burn.

Your second impression, based upon what is left of the "fighting rebel band" today, will most certainly be a disappointing one. You will feel that here is a living fossil, an anachronism which has lived beyond its usefulness. You might picture IWW-Present almost as a petrified tree—a gnarled and weather-scarred Torrey pine that stood so long, its roots clenched to the rocky sea cliffs and its branches upraised in defiance of the thundering elements, that it has become a tortured, miniature stone monument to itself.

But, look beyond this. Take due note of the romantic IWW-Past and make whatever assessment you will of IWW-Present, but do not let either of these cloud your view of IWW-Potential. If you will look carefully, for instance, you will observe that there are already fresh green sprouts on the "petrified" tree! You should remember, too, that much of the impression you hold of the Wobblies probably originated with sources who would prefer that the IWW had never been.

Not infrequently, for example, commentators, the daily press and the news magazines find reason to mention the "old" (the AFL is much older) IWW which, more often than not, they identify as the "International (sic) Workers of the World," and as having something vaguely to do with "Communism." In reading or hearing such comments one always gets the impression that the reference is made compulsively, as though there was need to drive still another silver dollar through the heart of a revolutionary hobgoblin that refuses to be laid.

The Attorney General of the United States had no such trouble with the name, however, when in 1947 he added the Industrial Workers of the World to the so-called "subversive" list as the only labor union to be so listed.²

What this suggests is that those who oppose the IWW do not make the mistake of underestimating it, despite its present circumstances and the fact that, with small exceptions, it has been virtually dormant as a job union for nearly a quarter of a century.

To recognize the potential of the IWW for what it is, you need to have an understanding of two things. First, the deep historical roots of the organization and its ideological perspective (which, of course, run at least as deep as the factory system itself). Second, more than a little insight into the contemporary socio-economic field structure and its vector processes.

With this preparation you would not be altogether skeptical if it were pointed out, for instance, that potentially the IWW is the only adequate thwarting force to the Birch Society and the general fascist tilt in this country.

Further, you would perhaps be willing to give some credence to the suggestion that the IWW (whether as an organization or as a polar attitude) is not merely the specific against this tilt, but against all forms of collective capitalism--Fascism, "Free Enterprise" and Soviet "Communism" included.

And if this is valid, then IWW-Potential can be recognized not merely as a declining labor organization or a narrow radical sect,³ but as a revolutionary momentum and the preliminary outlines of a fundamentally distinctive and life-oriented relationship between man and man, between man and technology.

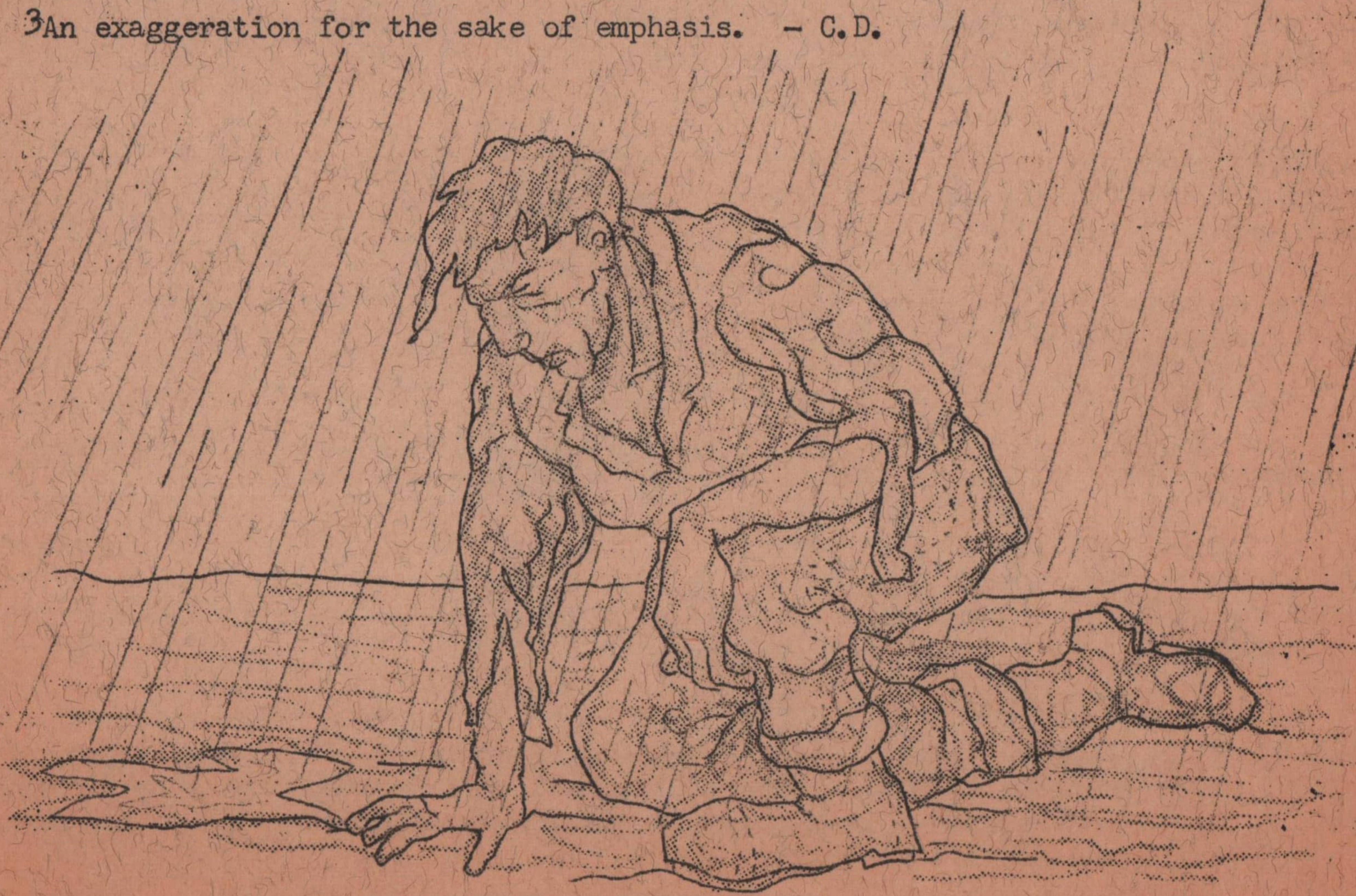
These points will be developed in subsequent articles.

---Chuck Doehrer

¹For IWW history, see such works as Fred Thompson's The IWW, Its First Fifty Years (Chicago, 1955), available through this publication (See inside back cover); and Paul Brissenden's The IWW, A Study of American Syndicalism (New York, 1919, reprinted 1957). On the folklore side, see Archie Green's study and tribute, "John Neuhaus: Wobbly Folklorist," in the Journal of American Folklore (Vol. 73, No. 289).

²A voluntary committee of civil liberties lawyers is currently seeking to have the IWW removed from the Attorney General's list. If this should be accomplished it would represent a blow to the list itself. It seems more likely to this writer, however, that the IWW will lose its distinctive position as the only union on the list before the list is defeated.

³An exaggeration for the sake of emphasis. - C.D.



CHRISTIANS WAR⁷ at

Onward, Christian soldiers! Duty's way is plain;
Slay your Christian neighbors, or by them be slain.
Pulpiteers are spouting effervescent swill,
God above is calling you to rob and rape and kill.
All your acts are sanctified by the Lamb on high;
If you love the Holy Ghost, go murder, pray and die.

Onward, Christian soldiers, rip and tear and smite!
Let the gentle Jesus bless your dynamite.
Splinter skulls with shrapnel, fertilize the sod;
Folks who do not speak your tongue deserve the curse of God.
Smash the doors of every home, pretty maidens seize;
Use your might and sacred right to treat them as you please.

Onward, Christian soldiers! Eat and drink your fill;
Rob with bloody fingers, Christ O.K.'s the bill.
Steal the farmers' savings, take their grain and meat;
Even though the children starve, the Savior's bums must eat.
Burn the peasant's cottages, orphans leave bereft;
In Jehovah's holy name, wreak ruin right and left.

Onward, Christian soldiers! Drench the land with gore;
Mercy is a weakness all the gods abhor.
Bayonet the babies, jab the mothers, too;
Hoist the cross of Calvary to hallow all you do.
File your bullet's noses flat, poison every well;
God decrees your enemies must all go plumb to hell.

Onward, Christian soldiers! Blighting all you meet,
Trampling human freedom under pious feet.
Praise the Lord whose dollar sign dupes his favored race!
Make the foreign trash respect your bullion brand of grace.
Trust in mock salvation, serve as pirates' tools;
History will say of you: "That pack of goddamn fools."

—John Kendrick

Chess and Revolution⁸

During recent years there have been great discussions and voluminous writings on two seemingly unrelated games: chess and revolution. A devotee of one of these games, or sports, may or may not be interested in the other. But I do not believe that anyone has thought of the interrelationship between these two fields of endeavor and their dependence on each other. The purpose of this article is to make this dependence clear. Your author therefore proposes to show in no uncertain terms just how various political tendencies--if their ideas were to hold sway--would alter the form of chess as we now know it.

MONARCHIST CHESS In this game white and black would concentrate their attacks on their own pawns as well as those of their opponents. No piece would be allowed to attack any other piece, even those of the other side. The game would be considered ended when all pawns have been attacked and removed from the board. The player who had captured the most pawns would win the game. Favorite Opening: The 16 pawn sacrifice.

WHITE CITIZENS' COUNCIL CHESS In this game the white pieces and pawns would outnumber the black pawns by 9 to 1. There would be no black pieces. When all the black pawns have been captured, they will be burned, or--a less expensive alternative--when a black pawn is removed from the board it is considered lynched. In between games the black pawns would be hung in the box by threads containing knots with 13 loops. Favorite Opening: The 8 black pawn sacrifice.

CHRISTIAN ANTI-COMMUNIST CRUSADE CHESS This game would consist of 1 white bishop facing 31 red checkers. If one side ever manages to find the other, no matter how the game turns out, the white bishop is considered to have won a moral victory. Favorite Opening: The Saber Rattle.

GARVEYITE CHESS All 32 men in this game would be black and all would be hand carved. Favorite Openings: The 8 white pawn, 8 white piece sacrifice and the Moslem-Indian Defense.

GOLDWATER CHESS All pieces and pawns must move backwards. The player who is first successful in moving all his pieces off the board wins the game. Favorite Openings: The Riverboat-Sidewheel variation and the Reverse Piston Defense.

LIBERAL CHESS This game would be played with 32 grey checkers. Favorite Opening: The Smokescreen.

AMERICAN FAKERATION OF LABOR CHESS In this form of the game of chess it would be illegal for any piece to back up or come to the aid of any other piece on its side. All moves would be arbitrated by a "neutral" referee. Favorite Opening: The Class War Gambit-Refused.

PACIFIST CHESS The object of this game would be to place your pieces and pawns in such a position that your opponent must take them. When you have sacrificed all of your pieces your opponent is then considered to be in checkmate. Favorite Openings: The Gandhi Gambit, the Starvation Diet, and its variation, the Three-Course Dinner-Refused.

STALINIST CHESS This game would consist of 31 red pieces and pawns (the pieces would be known as Commissars) lined up facing one oddly shaped pawn which would be called the "Trotsky." The object of the game would be to "exile" the "Trotsky" from the board. Favorite Openings: The Marshal's Smear and the Purge.

TROTSKYITE CHESS This game is the same as Stalinist Chess except that the oddly shaped pawn is known as the "Stalin." Favorite Openings: The Liberal Feint, the SWP Screen, the Reverse Purge and the Counter Revolutionary Smear.

BOLSHEVIK CHESS The pieces and pawns in this game would be of the colors red and white. The rules would remain much as they are now, with one notable exception: the players would switch sides every 13 moves. Favorite Openings: the Romanoff Denunciation and the Kerensky Resignation-Accepted.

SOCIALIST PARTY CHESS The object of this game would be to take one piece off your opponent and then to demand his resignation. You may not demand his resignation, however, unless he allows you to remove his piece. Favorite Openings: The Gradual Gambit, the Normy's Nationalization-Painless, and the Pawn Pension-Accepted.

YOUNG PEOPLES SOCIALIST LEAGUE CHESS The object of this game is to maneuver around the board in a clever manner. It is illegal, however, to remove any of your opponents pieces or pawns from the board. When one person tires of this game, he must then switch to Socialist Party Chess. When his opponent tires and joins him, the game is continued under its new form. Favorite Openings: The Denitch Switch, the Schactmaniac Shuffle and the SP-SDF Compliance.

SOCIALIST LABOR PARTY CHESS The object of this game is to organize the pawns of both sides to refuse to be directed by their pieces. When this occurs both sets of pawns attack both sets of pieces. Just before the pawns are about to achieve checkmate, they must resign. Discussion of past games will become a high art and must be carried on successfully to become a grand master. Favorite Opening: The DeLeon Delay.

INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF THE WORLD CHESS All the pawns are placed on one side of the board. They then attack all the pieces on the other side. Pawns that don't attack effectively are designated "Scissor Bills". Opposition pieces that surround pawns are designated "Pie Cards." Favorite Openings: The Scotch Gambit, The Bourbon-Soda Variation and the King-Queen-Bishops-Knights-Rooks Sacrifice-Accepted.

ANARCHO-SYNDICALIST CHESS The object of this game is to place your king in such a position that no matter where your opponent moves, he must checkmate your king. When your King is in hopeless checkmate, you are adjudged the Winner. Favorite Openings: The Catalan and the Bishops' Elimination-Accepted.

INDIVIDUALIST ANARCHIST CHESS (Stirnerite) In this form the 32 pieces and pawns are manned by 32 different players who are free to attack each other as each individual sees fit. Alignments between players are strictly forbidden. Favorite Opening: No ~~Agreed~~ agreed upon opening.



The Adventures of

CAPTAIN ANARCHY

by Viny



There is a coal miner who once worked hard every day



....digging coal.

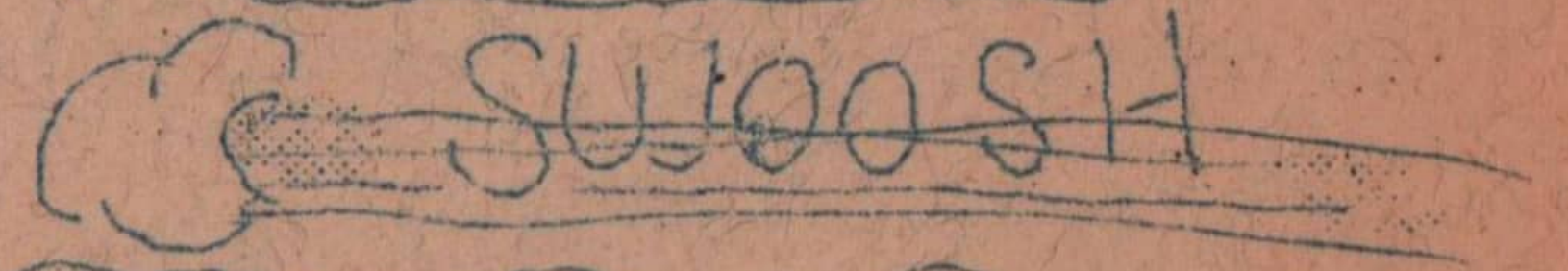
His first bow.



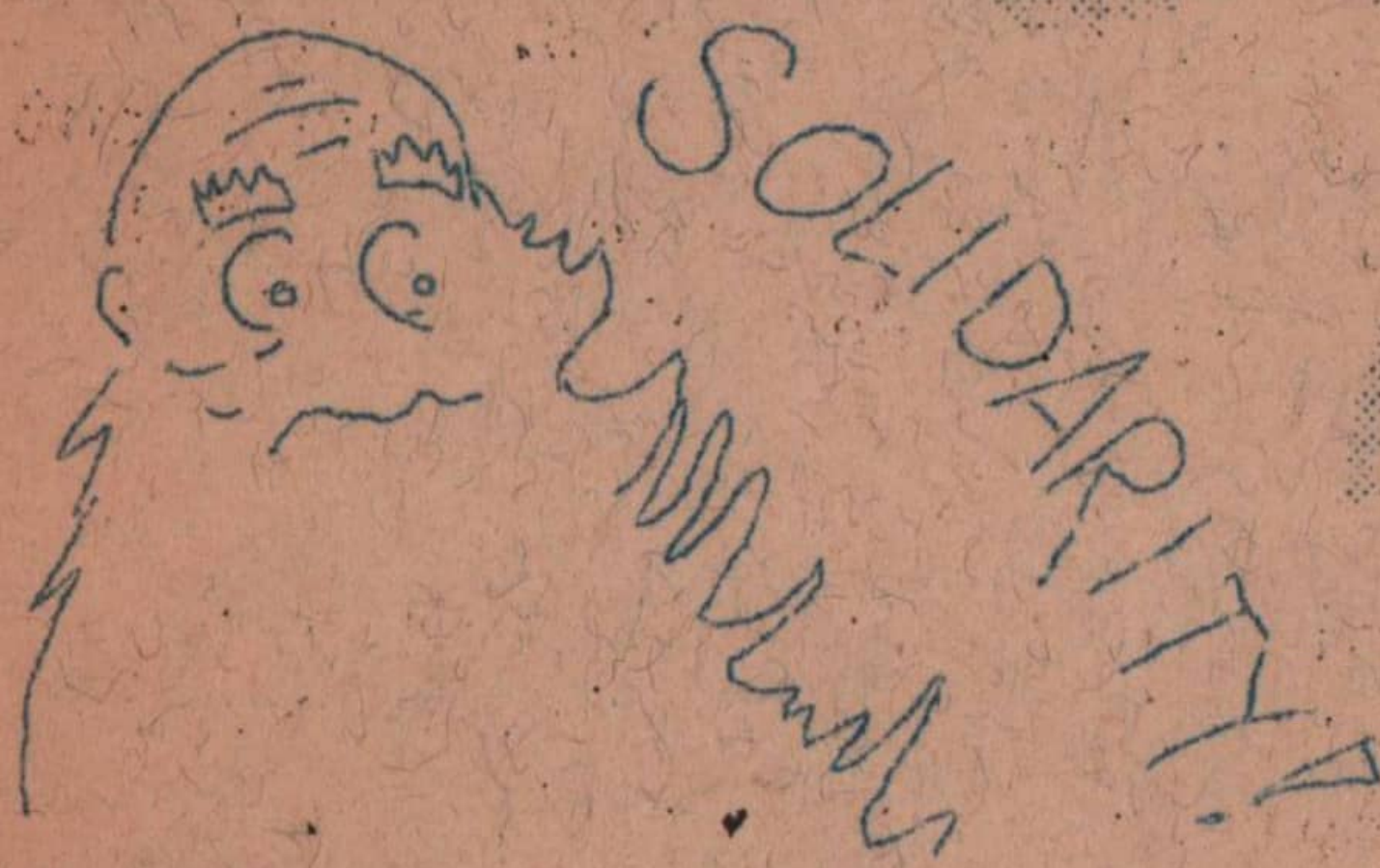
He worked harder & harder



& got faster & faster

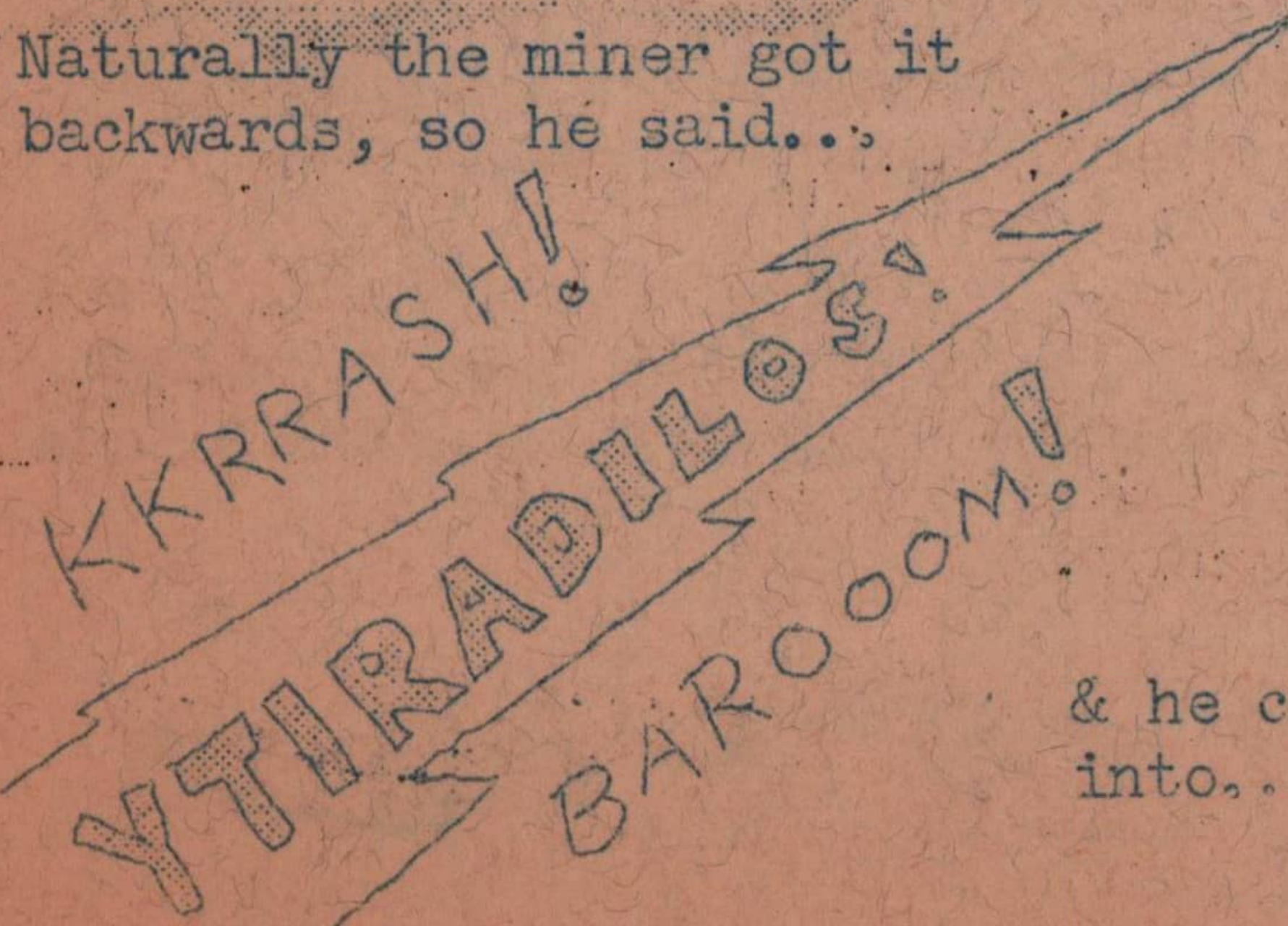


until one day he found he could shovel faster than the speed of light.

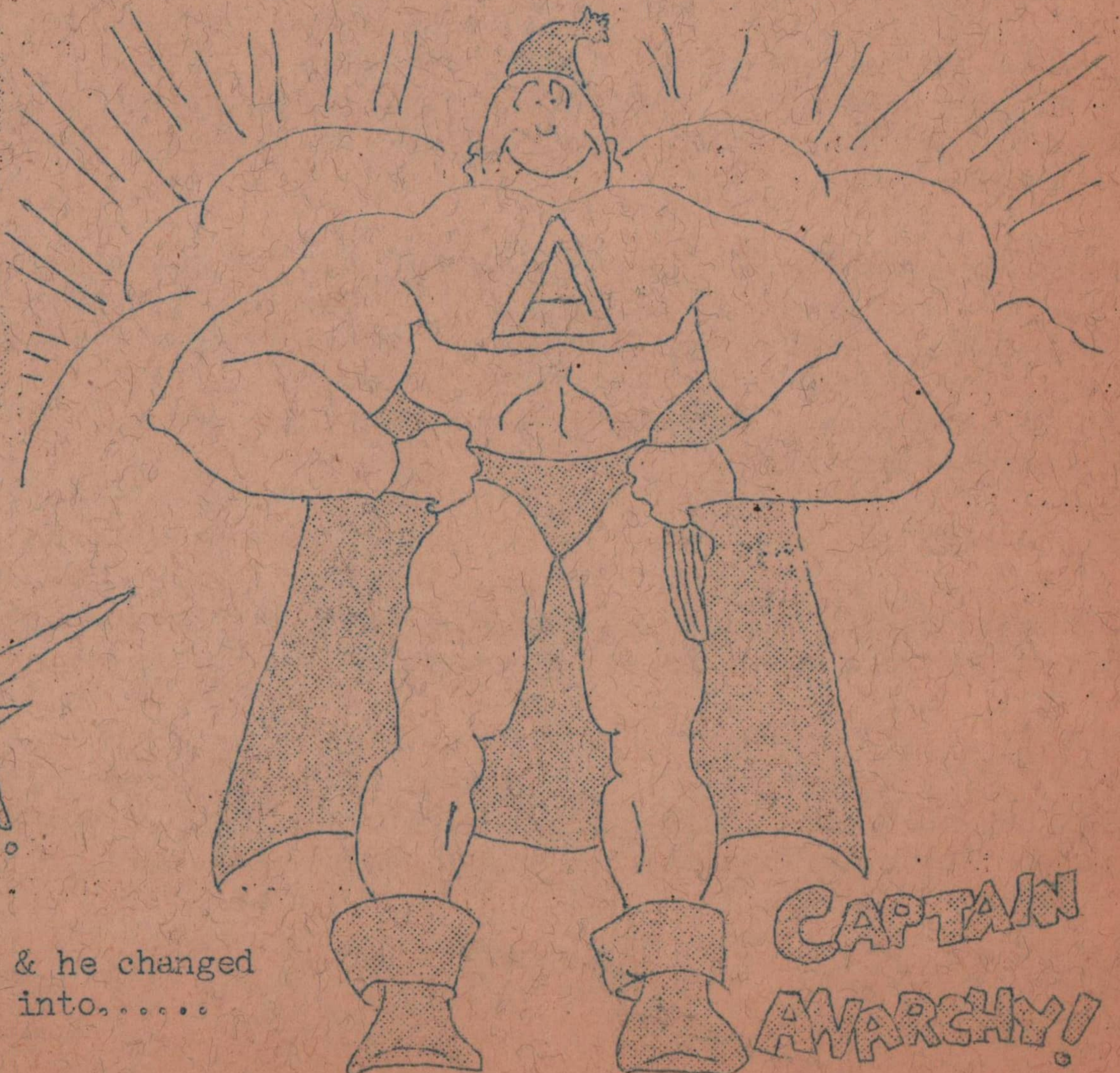


Meanwhile the great father; Prince P. was watching him & sent him a message.....

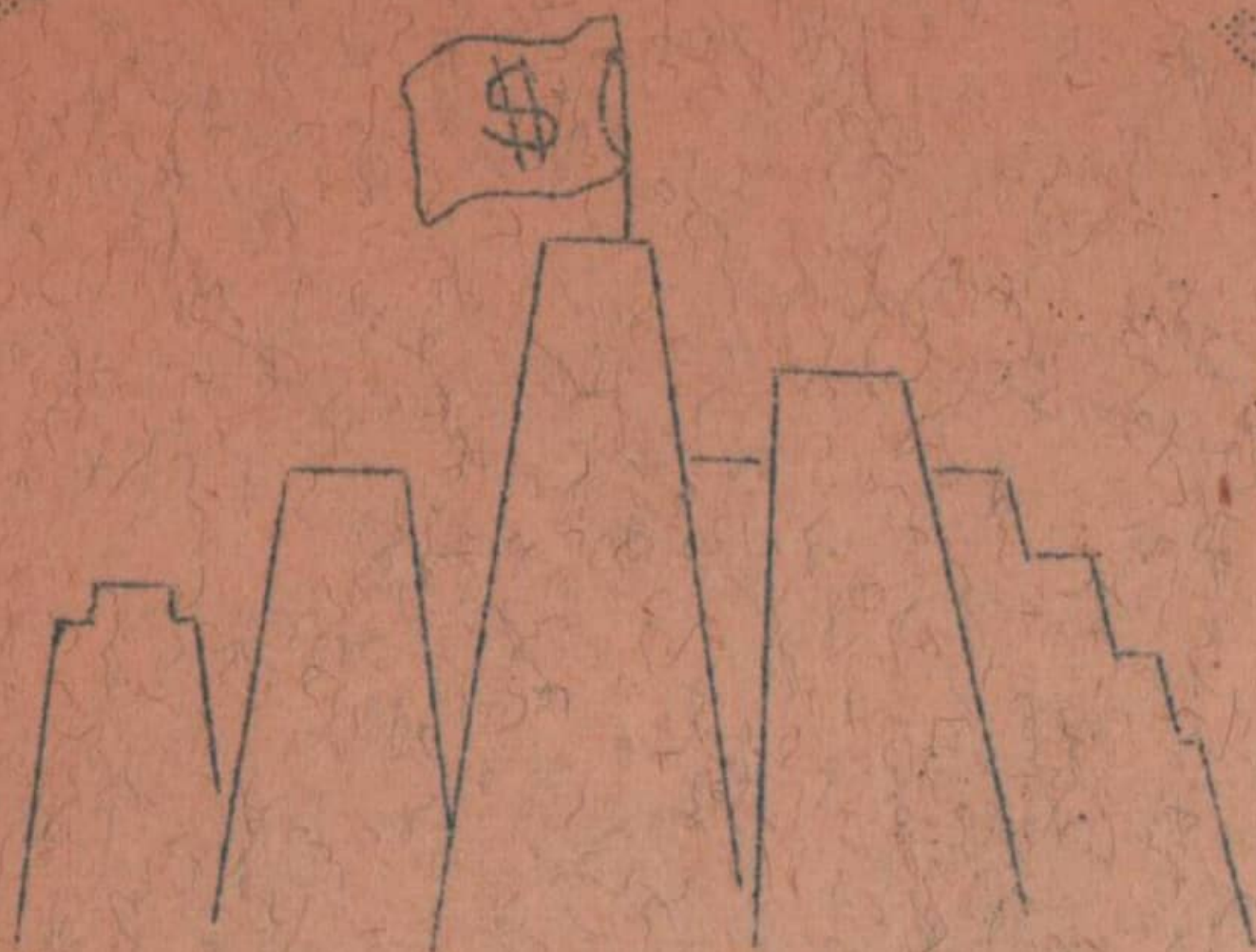
Naturally the miner got it backwards, so he said...



& he changed into.....



CAPTAIN ANARCHY!



Meanwhile, unaware of what had taken place in the mine, Super Boss is hard at work in his Wall Street Tower.



Let me think now... What evil can I do to the working class today?!!

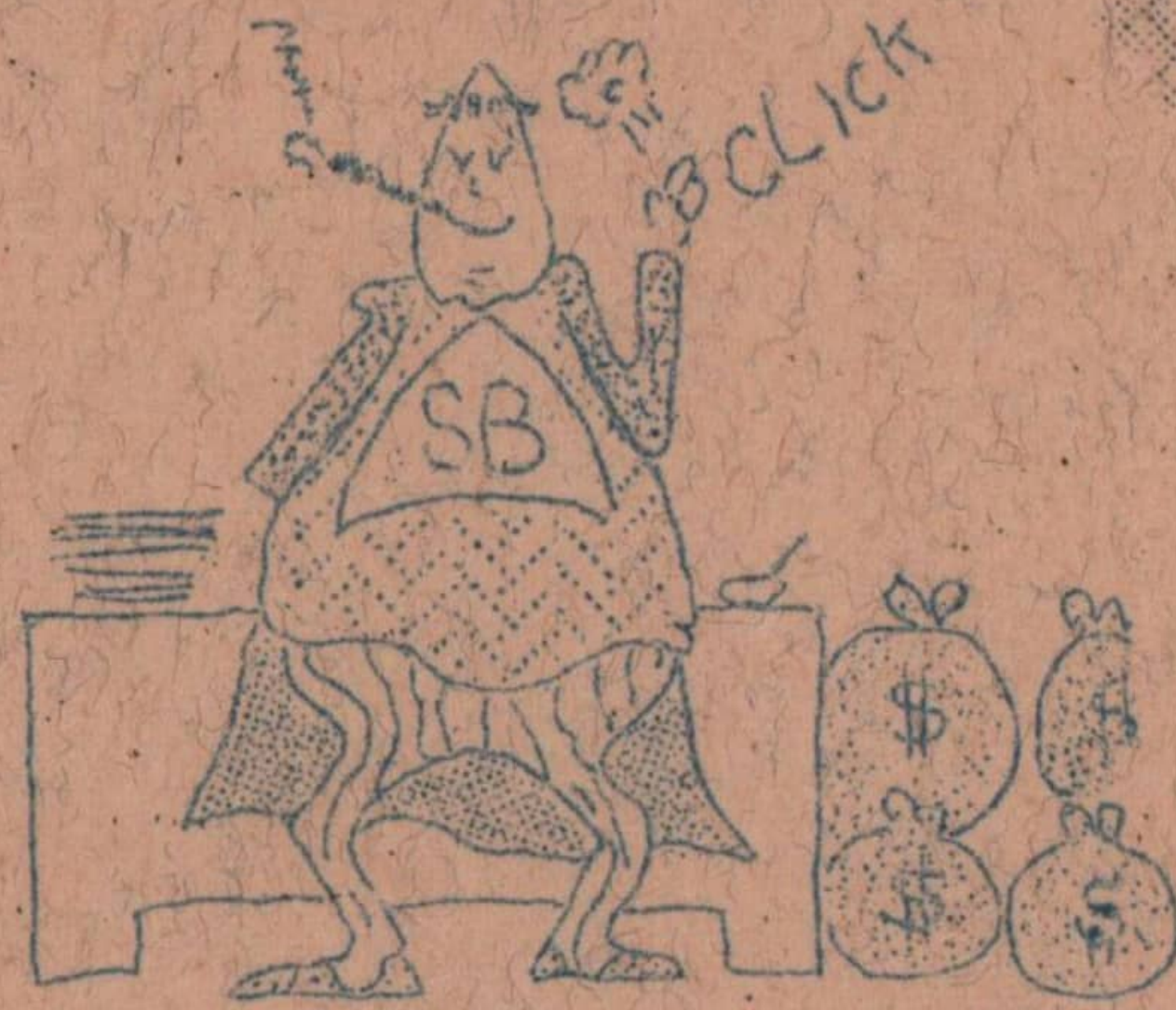


Dynamite a factory as shifts are changing??....

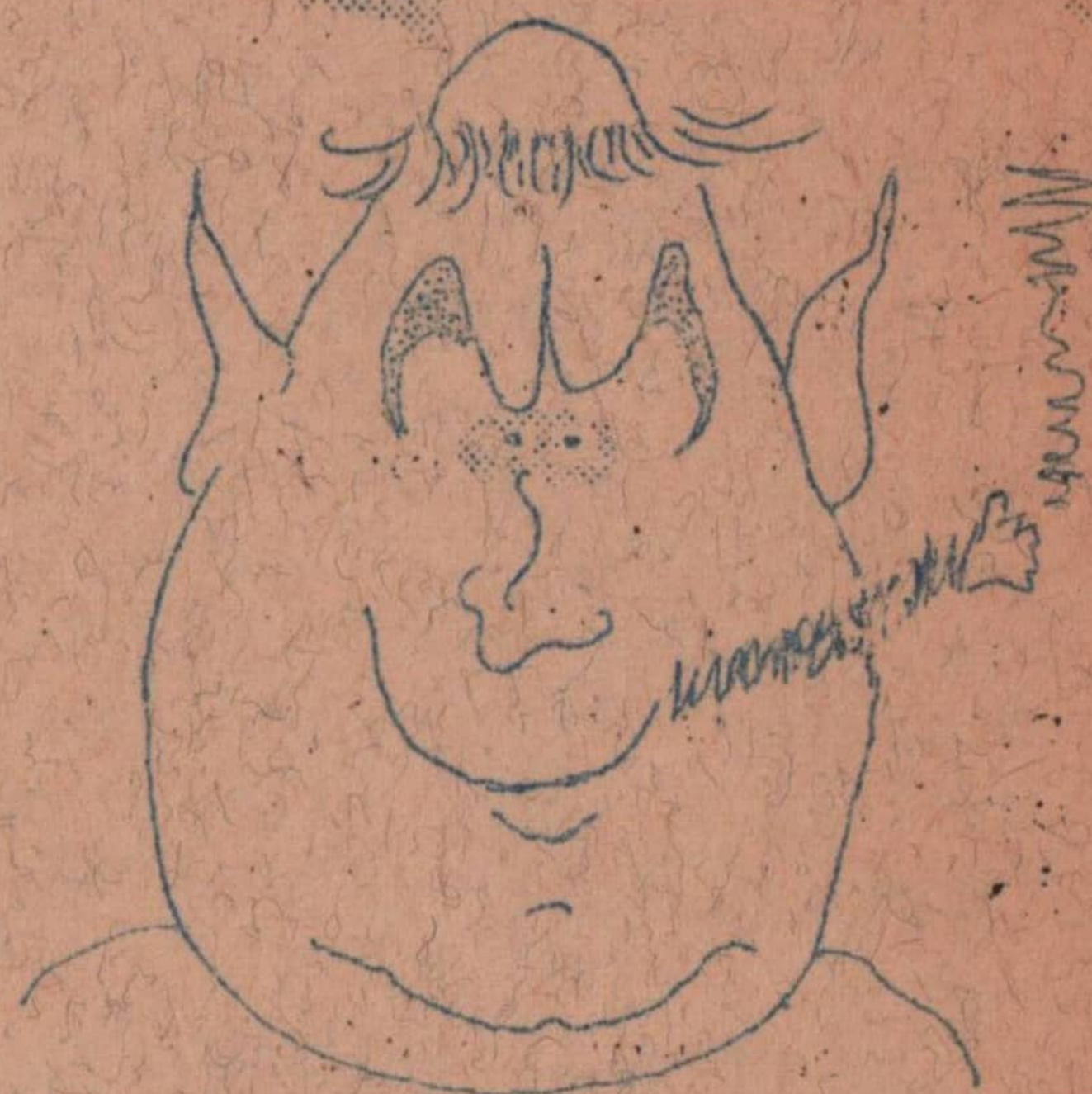
FINK



Starve their wives and children???......



I've got it!...heh...heh.. I'll eliminate their coffee breaks!!



Meanwhile back at the mine:

Didja hear? No more coffee breaks!

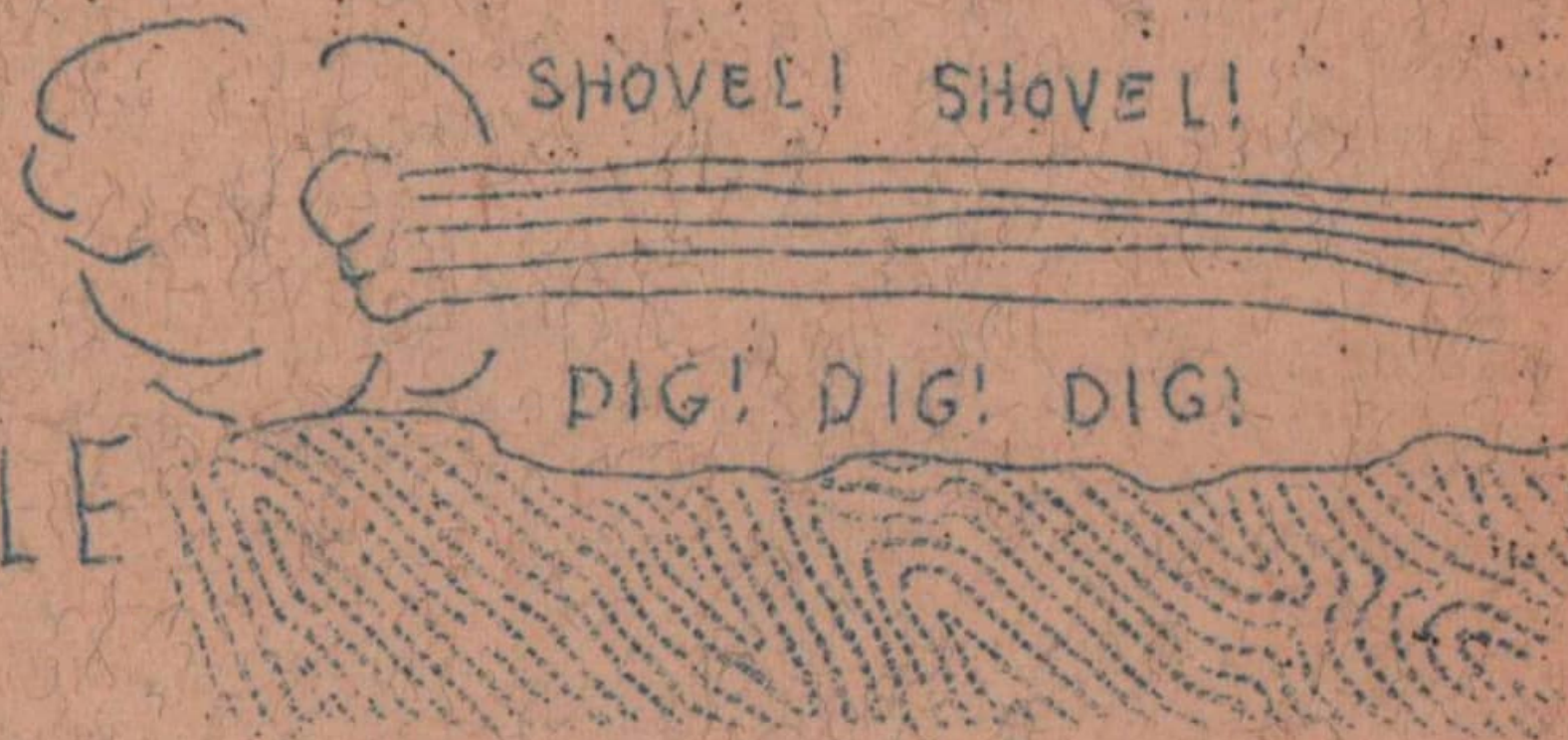


This is a job for Captain Anarchy!



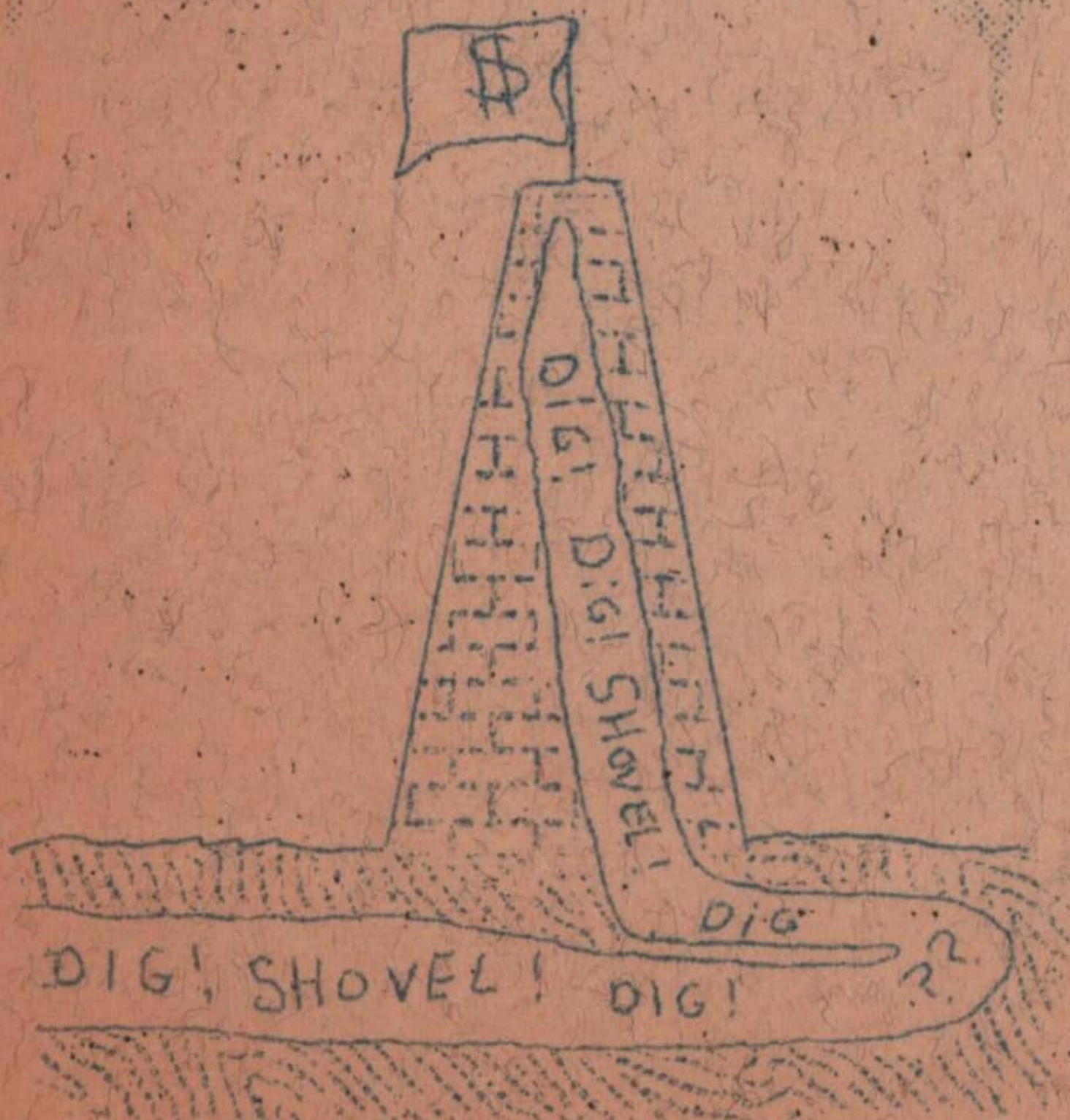
BRASH KAROOM
Y TIRADILLOS
Z RACK
KRACKLE

Shoveling faster than the speed of light, Captain Anarchy heads for the office of Super Boss.



You Sooper Boss are a menance to the workers

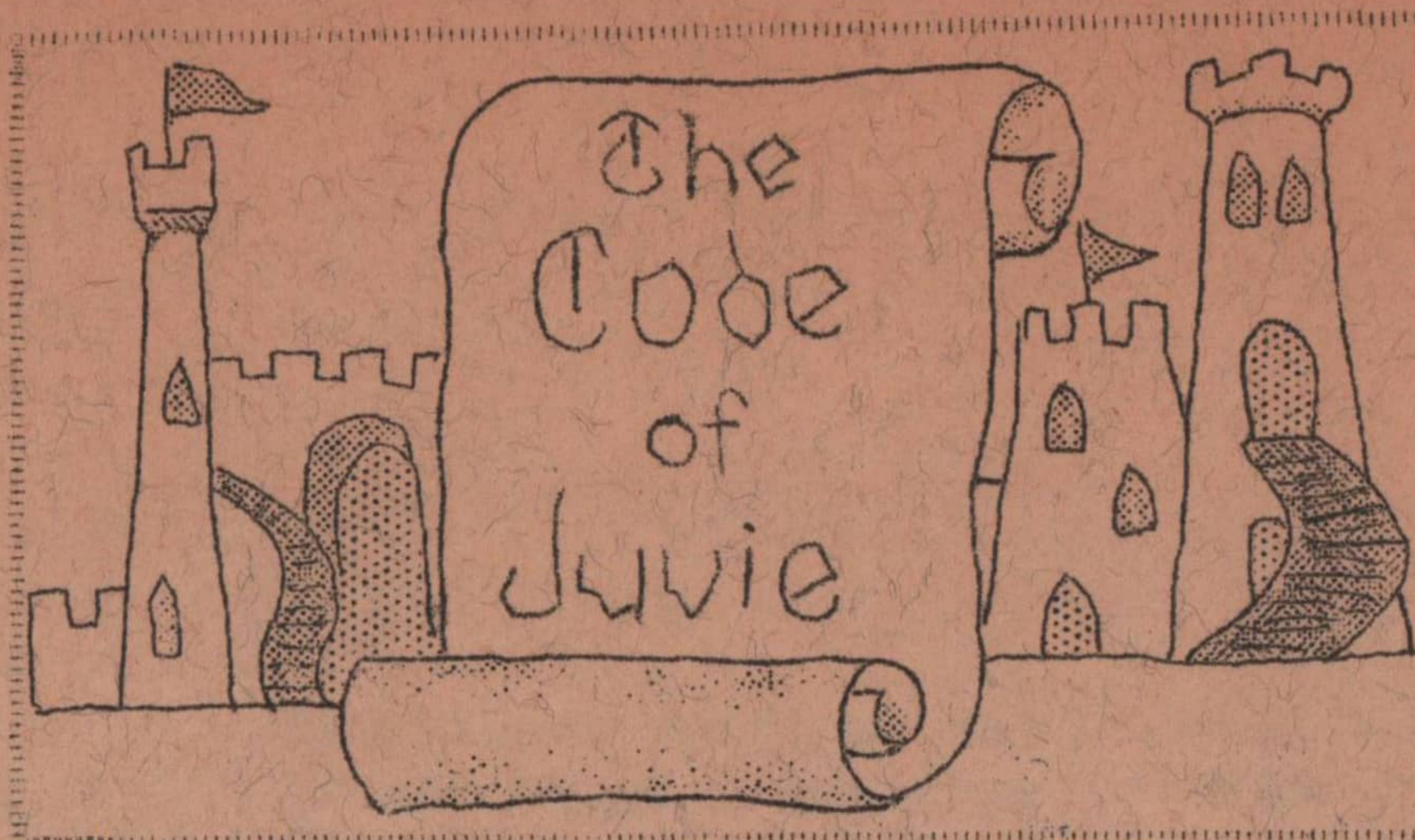
The working class and the employing class have nothing in common.



Drawing out his trusty state withering machine..



Fin



I was quite surprised a week or so ago to run across a person who didn't know what I meant when I used the term "juvie" in conversation. I suppose there are still a few Outs around who profess ignorance of the term "jaydee" too, but both sorts are becoming quite seriously scarce. Everyone seems to dig these words and seems equally able, unfortunately, to conjure up a real-george stereotype if you just sneer them out with the correct nuances. It's like the word "anarchist" conjuring up in most people's minds an image of 1890, cloaks, beards and bombs. Mention J.D. or juvies and you can immediately set up a semantic reaction that reads with some variations: blackleatherjacket, duckbutthaircut, youngtoughmeanamoral, oversexed, fastcarsmotorcycles, zipgunsswitchbladesbrokenbottles and like that--like I say, there are variations and most of them are about as sick.

But what really slays me is that in spite of the fact that the larger proportion of America's population lives in quite close contact with teenagers to one degree or another, they all, even those who should know better, have this fixed image. Oh, it's not their kids you understand; it's them others--the ones you see on the streets, the ones that make the news items regularly. Big pictures in the Daily News and the Toronto Star and London Sporting News of teen-age rumbles, zip-gun duels, chicken races in souped-up cars, stompings in the slums, sex orgies in deserted parks. And nobody bothers to dig in underneath all this. From the makeabuck hacks like Hal Ellison to the seriously prize-winning minds of men like Harrison Salisbury, no writer or write-up seems to have even cracked the surface of this highly separate section of the mad conglomeration called the United States. Even the aforementioned Harrison Salisbury, whose deep dig into the world of J.D. in The New York Times a couple of years ago was about as good as I've seen yet outside of a sociological casebook, failed to get into what makes the gangs tick and the real whys and wherefores of the lives of The Teenage Rebel.

I'd like to make a statement that will shock most people. To wit: if you went around this society with a perceptive eye, attempting to discover people who lived wholly by the code of ethics they profess to practice, you'd end up with a small group of religious nuts, a la the Catholic Worker movement--and a goodly number of the teen-age gang members in some of our larger cities.

Take a good look at them sometime--these gangs that people seem to fear and seem to want to "do something" about. Mind you, I'm not talking about all the gangs by any means, or even all the gang members of a particular gang, but I am talking about a sizeable segment of them, particularly those in the poorest sections of the largest cities. Take a good look, not at their separate and isolated acts, but at the ethical system they profess and live by. I have several times in the past and became quite surprised to find that rather than a dog-eat-dog, law-of-the-jungle, informal setup, their ethical standards and actions related to and within these standards closely parallel those of the ancient Code of Bushido or that of the Knights of the Round Table, with perhaps a dash of Robin Hood and a soupçon of Giuliano of Sicily thrown in for spice.

Let's take a particular neighborhood in New York for instance. I won't localize it except to say that it's on Manhattan Island, nowhere near Greenwich Village, is composed mostly of slums, with verging areas and isolated islands of "better-class" apartment buildings and, as in most of Manhattan Island, a lot of businesses: stores, bars and so forth. Like any such neighborhood it has its gangs--in this case one rather larger than average gang rather than several smaller rival groupings as often occurs. Now in a rotten, rundown neighborhood like this one would expect to find a lot of crime. Indeed, there are a goodly number of arrests everyday in the area and occasionally I suppose a robbery or murder, but when you come down to crimes of personal violence against individuals, there are practically none. The reason is quite simple--the gang doesn't allow it in their neighborhood.

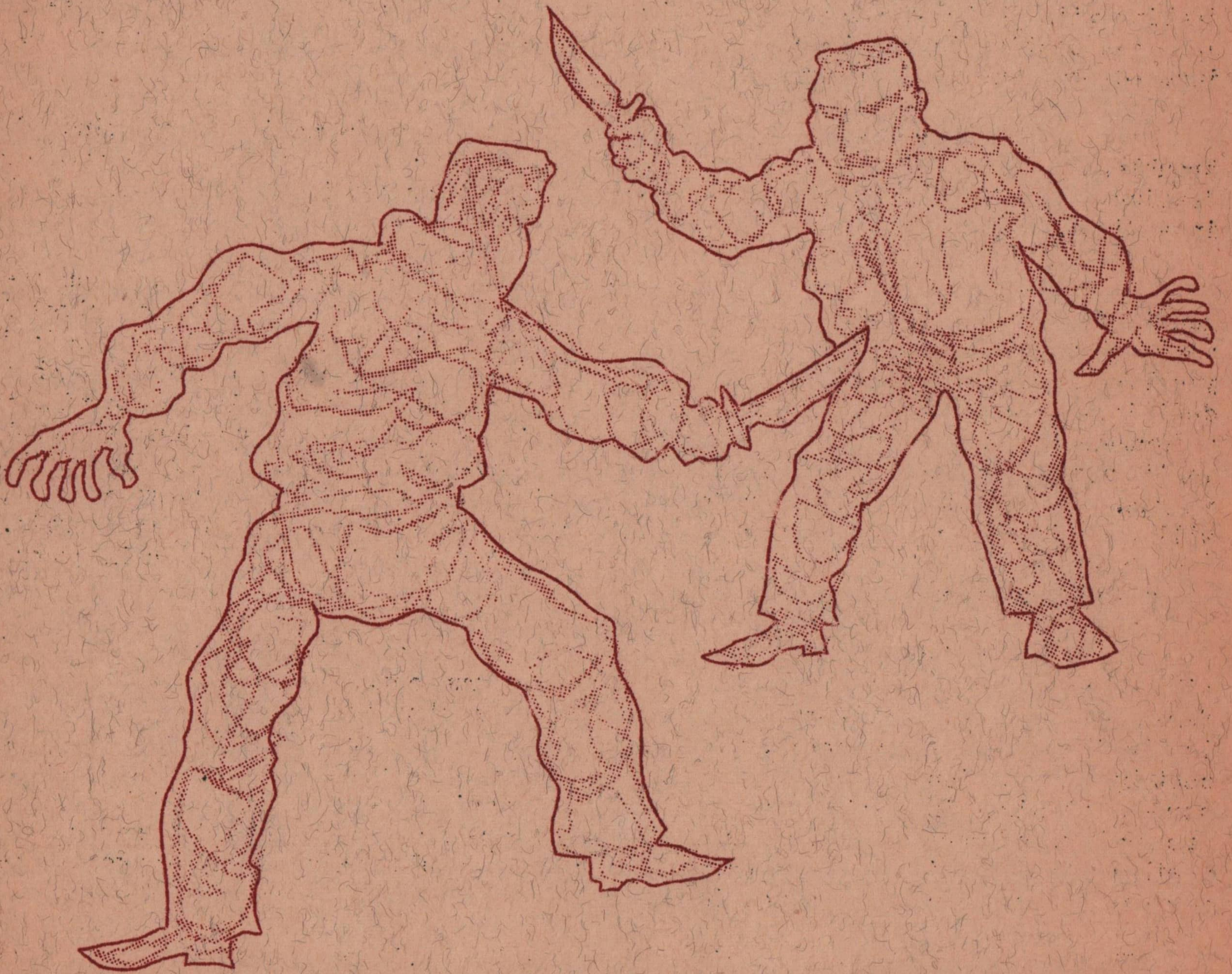
The inner workings of such a code are a little hard to arrive at exactly--they are seldom written down--but the oral traditions and the simple sense that most of the members have take care of that without any trouble; no one is ever in doubt. Take for instance fights within the gang. They're settled privately and--remember we're dealing with their standards now--fairly. To win a personal fight by the use of unapproved tactics is considered a definite loss of face. No punishment needs to be invoked--the one at fault knows.

The gang member must always help another gang member who is in any kind of trouble. This pertains to all phases of life and includes the loan of a buck or "taking a fall" for a friend when necessary and of course includes standing by him in a fight.

No one--and adults are included here too--is allowed to make trouble on the gang's "turf" (the neighborhood they consider their own) unless the gang gives its approval and it does not do so lightly. Muggers don't work this neighborhood; if you live here--a few known vermin such as trouble-makers, cop-callers and such are definitely excepted--you are quite as safe stone-drunk at three in the morning with a fortune in loose cash in your pocket as you'd be in a police station (although that isn't saying too much.) The various types of sex-molesters avoid the place like the plague. On the other hand a professional heist-man or a big con artist on the lam will be shielded and not bothered at all, should he wish to hole up for a while. (The best example of this latter was when they grabbed Willy the Actor in Brooklyn--every kid for miles around knew where Willy was.)

The various "gay" crowds--homosexuals of a non-molesting nature--are sometimes ribbed and gayed a little but never bothered or run out. The reason for these differentiations are simple--those who are let alone obey the rules, the chief of which is "Don't Bother Other People." No small stores are robbed in this neighborhood except by an occasional amateur or a rival gang out to start trouble. Women walk the streets at night in perfect safety. Anyone grabbing a neighborhood girl or woman (regardless of whether she's lived there 20 years or 20 days and also regardless of whether she mixes in the neighborhood "society") would probably not leave the neighborhood alive and certainly not in one piece.

The cop on the beat is considered a necessary evil but inevitably and positively corrupt in his own right. As long as he just takes his graft and leaves the little people alone to take care of their own problems, he's let alone himself but watched carefully. The big-mouth, buttinsky cop who worries too much about the little things and sticks his nose in where he's not needed, soon finds his beat extremely difficult to walk. Social workers from the youth board seldom come to this neighborhood. They are not welcome and they're not needed. When one comes occasionally he's treated equably but again watched carefully for signs of deviation from the Code.



This gang never starts a rumble and its members never strut the turf of a rival gang "walking mean" (a particular type of elbow-flapping, knees-high walk that is the unwritten invitation to personal combat in the gang world). However if their own turf is violated by another gang, they will answer the challenge with complete disregard to personal danger, jail terms or any other deterrent--because this is the way of the Code. If the rumbling gang is a "punk outfit" or any of the various other terms used to denote gangs who fight overly much for "kicks", do not obey the rules and generally are trouble-makers, they will simply be cleaned out. Their territory will be invaded without formal challenge and answer, and they will be scattered and beaten-up (much as, in--say--Czarist Russia, peasant bandit gangs were handled). If the opposing gang is of suitable standing, formal challenges and meetings of the leaders will be held (throwing the gauntlet?), a suitable ground selected, usually on neutral turf, limitations on weapons imposed by mutual agreement and in some cases the number of participants on both sides defined in advance.

This gang generally scorns zip-guns as sissy-weapons, preferring bare fists or baseball bats plus the inevitable snagging of car radio aerials and bricks en route. In some cases the gangs won't rumble at all but will meet and settle their grievances peaceably by talking or (though this is getting rare) each side will pick a champion who will then fight to decide the issue in question--again with prescribed weapons and rules.

It should be noted that these rumbles are not the ones you read about in the papers. They're held quietly, without any big advance publicity or cock-strutting and are usually over before the cops arrive. I've never heard of a fatality resulting from one of them.

The leader of the gang is a lot more than simply the toughest or meanest member. He must of course be an adept fighter, skilled in the various forms of fighting and also usually a cut above the other members in intelligence; though leadership in some of the larger gangs is partially split between the actual leader and a strategy leader or even a command staff, "war leaders". The leader must be of course extremely courageous, but of utmost importance, he must be on the highest moral standards--remember now, we're using their standards, not yours or mine. He has usually led--from the gang viewpoint--a blameless life: never having chickened out in a fight, never having squealed, or acted inequitably toward a fellow member or, more important, toward any of the gang's girls. He is not elected by force of arms but by popularity and can only remain as long as the overwhelming majority favors his leadership.

Sexual ethics vary widely from gang to gang depending mostly on their ethnic and religious backgrounds. With the outstanding exception of the Puerto Ricans, the more religious backgrounds (Italians and Irish in particular) tend to produce the most sexually profligate standards. In many gangs girls are regarded with distrust and association with them is limited to non-gang times and circumstances. In others there is a regular "ladies auxiliary", but here again the actual sexual ethics vary widely. In general in the more ethically rigid gangs the members have their own girls and any attempt to make passes at a fellow member's girl is punishable under gang discipline. The girls are usually well-treated, though they are definitely accorded a secondary role in the life of the gang, and while their rights are carefully defined, they are expected to obey orders and to remain in a background position.

Intra-group discipline is strict, but seldom does it resort to violence, except in the most serious cases: squealing, chickening-out, and committing violent acts against a fellow member are usually the most serious. Minor breaches are usually

punished by a few swats, given and taken good naturedly, extra "duty" or possibly even temporary exile where the member is denied the society of the rest of the gang for a specified period of time.

Membership is tightly screened, being restricted for the most part to those who have proven their mettle in one way or another. On the other hand non-members (because of age, lack of qualifications for membership or personal disinclination) are not permitted to take part in gang social life, but are not otherwise mistreated as long as they observe normal turf laws and do not belong to another gang.

Along about this time the similarity to the various ancient codes of honor that I was talking about earlier becomes quite obvious. But more important is the why of all this. Why should teenagers--once you accept the premise that they indulge in violence and in gang activity because of environmental influence--restrict themselves to such strict codes of activity, such rigid ethical rules and--whether you like the term or not--to such high standards? If you look at it long enough the answer pops to mind immediately.

We live in a society which talks religion, morals and such with monotonous and unceasing regularity--and fails abysmally to live up to them in any way, shape or form. What is a very young person to believe when he is continually harped at to "be good", "obey the law", this-is-right-and-that-is-wrong and so on into the night while all around him these same precepts and rules and codes of behavior are violated by almost everyone he meets. And don't forget that this sort of thing is much more noticeable to the naive young mind.

Don't swear. But his parents do. Don't rob and steal and break the Law. But ttt those that do so in a Big Way are looked up to, honored and obviously successful by society's standards. Don't fornicate; don't commit adultery. All around him society does just that to the tune of millions of creaking bed and car springs day and night.

"Don't do as I do--do as I say" becomes the obvious fact of life to them. "Phonies." The world is full of them and the word becomes the utmost epithet to them and the epitome of all they despise and hate.

So with life in chaos around him and nothing available anywhere--religion included--that he can pin onto and say, "This is true; this is real; in a world of phonies, this is not," he retreats to his own kind, and among and between them they lay down their own rules, their own laws, their own standards of living, just as every innocent--and let's not kid ourselves, they start out innocent--group in the midst of a jungle society since the beginning of time has done.

If you haven't gotten what I'm driving at by now, I'll simplify it:

Much as modern society might fear and try to combat the gang and the "juvie," they are creatures of society's creation and--in my opinion--a cut above the society that created them.

--Dick Ellington