

WERE FIGHTING FOR
YOUR LIFE

American Heart
Association



All ABC
Permits
Deli
Sandwiches
Burgers



Eat In
Take Out
Appetizers

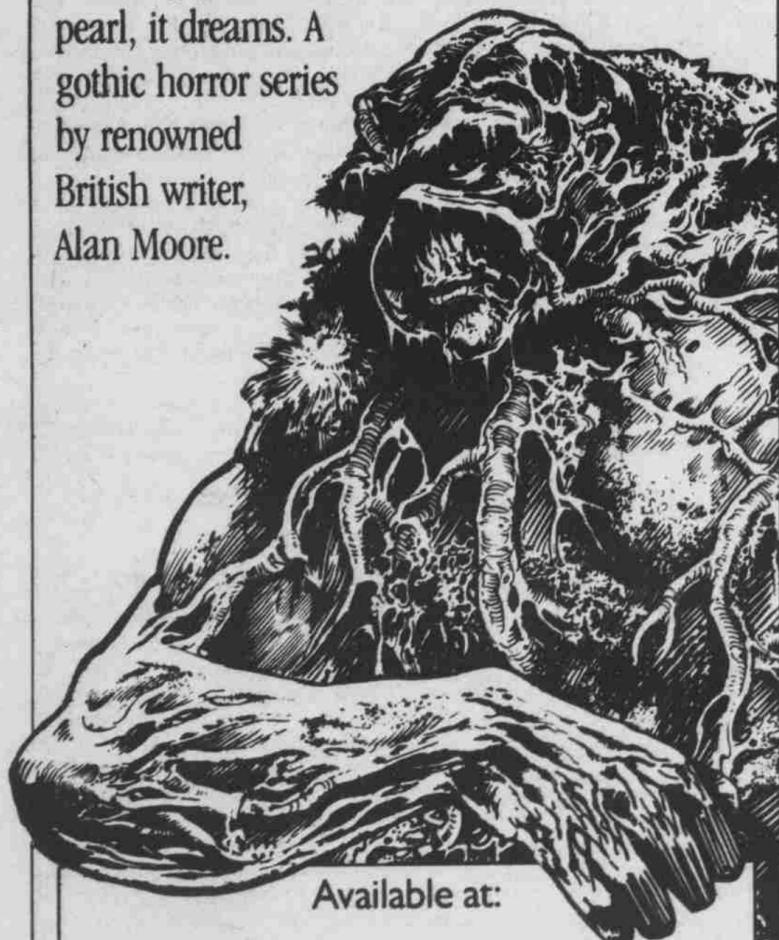
RESTAURANT
**Soft Drink
or Tea
FREE**

with purchase of any
sandwich 310 W.

933-3767 (with coupon) Franklin St.

**Swamp Thing.™ Suspense that
will haunt you in your sleep.**

It is a living thing. It has a soul. It has a face. It breathes. It eats. And, at night, beneath a crawling ground fog with the luster of vaporized pearl, it dreams. A gothic horror series by renowned British writer, Alan Moore.



Available at:

University News
University Mall
967-1230

DC Comics. A whole new universe awaits you!

TM & © 1985 DC Comics

Review

from page 7

hagiography, that laudatory analysis too easily becomes beatifying praise. In Garrow's case, his deep involvement with King on the level of invested research (much, if not all, of his previous work deals with King) must have made a hagiography all the more appealing. King's religious background and his absolute rejection of violence undoubtedly did the same.

Given that, Garrow has not fashioned a simplistic or uncritical biography, and one would suppose that the sheer weight of his magnificent research, clearly the book's greatest asset, precluded such an approach. More than seven hundred interviews were conducted for the book, and the bibliography is similarly stunning.

But the awesome research does not save the book from its faults. Certainly it is comprehensive, and certainly Garrow knows his subject. But his narrative is excessively chronological, and the lack of analysis is troublesome. Garrow tells us what happened, and then what happened next. But too often he does not attempt to explain why it happened, or, more disturbingly, to knit together the consequences. The result is a portrait of King which is less compelling than it could be and a history of SCLC which is less insightful than it might have been.

Still, Garrow has fashioned an intriguing life of King, and he is clearly not afraid to shatter any illusions of King's moral purity. For if Garrow avoids wallowing in the dirt of King's life, neither does he shy away from the dominant contradiction of that life: what he calls King's "compulsive sexual athleticism."

Garrow's recounting of King's extramarital affairs, which were many and varied, is at first jarring. But the story is valuable as a means of humanizing King, of putting muscle on the bare bones of the portrait. King termed sex a form of "anxiety reduction", but Garrow suggests his attitude toward sex was not unique in the movement. As

Michael Harrington said, "Everyone was out getting laid." The invigorating spirit of youth and passionate rebellion enabled inhibitions to be discarded along with traditional roles of subservience.

Garrow, though, also relates King's sexual exploits to his chauvinistic vision of women. Apparently unencumbered by traditional notions of fidelity, King was dominated by the traditional conception of a woman's place as the home. Thus he excluded his wife from involvement with the movement and was wary of women active in SCLC.

That wariness was extended to others in the movement. Indeed, the most compelling aspect of Garrow's book involves the infighting between the various civil rights groups. This is not the story of leaders able to put away their personal differences and hide their egos in the pursuit of justice. It is rather the tale of enormously proud men, convinced of their own ability, invigorated with a spirit of defying authority, who spent nearly as much time arguing with each other as they did battling the Bull Connors of the world.

In these intramural skirmishes, King sought to serve as a mediator. At first, he was able to bridge the chasm between SNCC and the NAACP, but gradually he split with the older organization on questions of hierarchical authority and his support of the Johnson administration. At the same time, the young turks of SNCC became more vociferous in their demands for "black power", which Garrow contrasts with SCLC's call for "freedom now", and their toleration of violence against the white establishment.

It was the last point which King could not concede, and which eventually left him out in the cold as far as many black militants were concerned. The roots of the SCLC-SNCC conflict lay in the fundamentally different approaches the two organizations took toward local action. The SNCC wanted to limit

external interference and to give the local movements full authority in deciding what course of action to take. The SCLC, in part because of King's national prominence, favored more hands-on involvement. It was this approach which brought King to Albany, St. Augustine and Selma.

Of course, SCLC's influence waned as King was forced to fight on less familiar turf and face more accomplished foes. Indeed, as he shifted his focus toward the broader concerns of poverty and economic injustice, causes without obvious malefactors, King was diminished in stature. There were no police dogs on the side of the rich, no firehoses operated by the slumlords. The evil was systemic. It could not be faced down.

Through it all, though, King remained faithful to his code of non-violence, and it was this stand which ultimately ruptured the SCLC-SNCC coalition. During the Mississippi Meredith March, King battled with Stokely Carmichael of the SNCC over support of black self-defense groups. More significantly, after a meeting with Rap Brown in early 1968 on the Poor People's Campaign, King exploded at SCLC's executive director after he expressed sympathy with the black nationalists. Brown had amplified Carmichael's violent rhetoric, and King was disgusted. "Violence begets violence, that's what it's all about, and they're wrong and you're wrong," he said.

At the heart of Garrow's portrait, then, is a King who loved peace, who loved nonviolence, with the same passion he loved justice and hated racism. Change at the cost of violence was not change worth achieving, in King's view. This is not to suggest that King was a quiet Uncle Tom, begging whites for their help. He was in some ways a true radical, militant about his values and about justice. But his was not the militancy of black power. It was, instead, the militancy of freedom.

Protest from page 7

was a chicken. But an alternative answer is that I felt a tremendous respect, loyalty for the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill. I didn't think it would help the University of North Carolina for members of the teaching faculty to be arrested for protesting some law that is on the books.

"I guess my conservative advice was a little like the conservative advice of gradualism toward civil rights." Straley said that attitude sprang from "a tendency to intellectualize things rather than participate."

"I really didn't fit in with the revolutionary crowd, but I endorsed their right to object."

JANUARY OFF-WHITE SALE

20% OFF
ALL RUGS
BEDSPREADS
TABLE LINENS

T'boli thru Sat., Jan. 17

University Square Chapel Hill 967-8935

Informational Meeting
UNC YEAR IN MONTPELLIER

Wednesday, January 21
3:30-5:30 in Toy Lounge
3:30 Video Presentation
4:00 Student Panel
(4th Floor Dey Hall, UNC)

