



We Buy, Sell and  
Locate All Foreign  
Car Parts



**FOREIGN PARTS WEST, INC.**  
FOREIGN AUTO WRECKING

REPAIR WORK  
GUARANTEED

686-0321  
Eugene, Oregon 97402  
1584 West 1st Ave.

CLIP THIS  
**COUPON OF LOVE**



When you know it's for keeps

FOR ALL COUPON

**YOUNG  
LOVERS**

Present this coupon—and your student card—at  
Harry Richies Jewelers for a 20 per cent student  
discount on any diamond wedding set.

**20% OFF**

on any Diamond Wedding Set  
Student Accounts Welcome

*Harry Richies*  
**JEWELERS**

DOWNTOWN  
856 Wilamette  
Mon. Fri. Nites 'til 9

COUPON

**Jackson . . .**

(Continued from Page 7)

intelligence into art. And I wonder: does the exception actually reveal the rule?; doesn't the daring metaphor tell us where we're at a generation before the tame prose of the retrospective? Jackson clearly knows about conditioning. He attended Catholic mission school for a decade in Chicago, he heard his father's this-is-the-best-of-all-possibleworlds speech time after time, he saw a black people stripped of their cultural heritage. And he knows that only polemic, incisive and impassioned, can pierce and burn through layer upon layer of indoctrination. Polemic does not exist in a vacuum: the truth of Jackson's argument is dialectical.

Yet opposition is not liberation. The role of adversary is predicated upon the existence of the opponent. Ideally, resistance will grow into liberation. The liberated consciousness will exist autonomously as well as in opposition to the oppressor. I often feel that Jackson's energy, by being so exclusively invested in resistance and denunciation, is ironically defined by that which it resists and denounces. Jackson says he does not want a slice of the capitalist pie: baked in Dachau ovens, it is "putrescent." But will there be a new pie? Any pie?

The major disappointment of Soledad Brother for me is its failure to present a vision. Jackson mouths generalities from Communist texts ("From each according to his abilities, to each according to his needs") and raves about China and alludes to "the automated welfare state" (why this naive faith in the machine?). But his preoccupation is destroying the monster—to the exclusion of envisioning the monster's replacement. He seems unaware that victory and vision are fundamentally related.

I agree with Jackson that the process of revolution is itself a new world. And I do not ask him for a blueprint. But I do hope for an image, a gesture towards the future, perhaps the enactment of a new style of living and relating in Jackson's prose. Jackson is clear: the new world will not be racist and capitalist. Yet what will it

be? Unfortunately, Jackson's only image of the new man is the romanticized guerrilla, Che and VC and jungle cat, macho and machine gun—the prisoner's composite fantasy.

Perhaps Jackson's vision is fragmentary. But I'm uneasy with my quibbling. Jackson writes to Joan, a member of the Soledad Defense Committee:

My father has tried for years to get me interested in writing fiction stuff. I've tried to explain that I was too busy living—and you know where I've been these years— . . .

The comment is revealing: Jackson does not have the desire, leisure, or leftover energy for writing fiction. And vision is the fiction of new possibilities. What is real, immediate, all-consuming, for Jackson is the sting of oppression and the thirst for freedom; the bars about him, the steel and concrete, the barbed wire, the guard towers, the automatic rifles, are Jackson's existential predicament. His strength is his undiluted single-mindedness. Jackson faces up to his painful predicament without anyone. Neither forgetfulness nor revery—nor fiction—are adequate, conceivable, responses for a man of his nature. Jackson can not, he will not, make believe the bars are non-existent. They are there, and their existence registers.

Seen in this light, the fragmentariness of Jackson's vision of a new world appears to be inseparable from the wholeness of the Jackson myth. In creating himself, in transforming his hatred and confusion into knowing resistance, Jackson also creates a larger-than-life image, an image of high theater: the black prisoner denouncing his imprisonment with righteous indignation and refusing any capitulation to his jailor. The purity and scale of Jackson's resistance are its mythic powers, it transcends the source of its hold on the imagination.

We Get Laid Back About 7  
Every Night. How About You?

K.A.S.H. 1600



If you don't do it,  
it won't get  
done.

REGISTER TO  
VOTE