

Jackson, Miss.
Nov. 19, 1964

Dear Hodeses,

We have to send this via Bobbye since we don't know the number of your house. We know it's the corner of West End and 102nd Street but that wouldn't help the postman too much.

Both of us are fine and happy. Things are slowly moving forward here; we have gotten permission to start a new Freedom School and this afternoon we shall start leafletting at the local Negro high school to announce that fact; a copy of our work enclosed.

The coffeemaker, your gift, dhurns away in the background, brewing up the staff of life! Do you remember what ~~stuff~~ coffee with chicory, or rather, chicory with coffee, tastes like? At first I thought the coffee had been poisoned but now I'm getting to like it this way. The coffeemaker is a great help since we can brew in our own room and don't have to run into the kitchen every time we want a cup. Also the thing is terrifyingly fast. After I plug it in there is just about time to get the milk and sugar from the pantry before the coffee is ready. Click-there! The coffee was made in the time it took me to compose this paragraph.

I'm sure Bill has told you something about Jackson or at least has warned you about the movement here. We have the privilege of working in the most despised and neglected corner of the movement in the South. Everybody in SNCC all over the state seems to have nothing ~~in~~ but contempt for here. The reason, so

far as I can figure out, is the COFO office. This is a haven of three-month veterans of the battle of the Typewriter and the Mail-Call who have SEEN ALL, HEARD ALL, and who KNOW ALL. Of course I'm exaggerating a little bit, and don't mean to smirch the names of the real people in the office, of whom there are a few, But: it was a strange experience at orientation in Batesville to hear the office staff ("Coordinators of This and That") sermonize in high-faluting tones about how we must do this and such, and our attitudes must be such and so, and you better not rock the boat, or else you Dont Belong in the state and you better Go Home. Then the SACC Field secretaries, black, beat-up, beautiful, speak simply about the problems they face, about what they did to solve them, about what help they need. They learned through experience and I suppose they figure the volunteers can only learn the same way. They're right. The office staff, many of them, are silly-ass Northern white college girls with identity problems, who happen to be competent typists and file-clerks. I don't mean to sound negative, but I want to support those people who notice the growth of a bureaucracy here. However, something is in the wind. Flukey Suarez stepped in and simply closed the office last Friday while everybody was at a conference, and a reorganization is in order.

The local people are simply great, especially the kids. I couldn't say that our Freedom Schools are models of discipline and constructive argument, but everyone could see that some of the brightest young people in the world are right here. I suppose every movement places its faith in the young. This movement has, as far as Jackson is concerned, practically no other faith but the young. They are wonderful; Vik and I keep remarking how like the kids in uba they are.

Sometimes I think they can't help overcoming.

Viki & Martin.