

**Days of Rage Excerpt  
(Chicago 1969)**

Over the course of the afternoon, the other guests straggled back. Everyone had managed to avoid arrest. The latecomers had gotten lost on the way back to the apartment. Eli had to admit his old man had been right once: the old fart had forced Eli to stick with Boy Scouts until he had finished his orienteering merit badge.

Everyone lounged around during the afternoon. After a dinner of mac 'n' cheese, Joey pulled a joint out of her bag. Eli got one from his bag. A third one came out of another knapsack. As the joints made the rounds, the group planned the revolution.

“So, who knows the agenda for the rest of the weekend?” Eli inquired.

“The buzz on campus,” Russ responded, “is a big motherfucking anti-war protest in the Loop on Saturday.”

“There had better be a bigger turnout than last night,” Eli pronounced. “There were more pigs than us. It made it hard to get anything really going.”

“Maybe,” Joey added, “those great leaders are more interested in rioting than accomplishing change.”

“They are merely following Marx,” Eli responded. “Didn’t he say something about needing a revolution, a forcible overthrow?”

“Yeah,” Joey replied. “But do you think a bunch of us carrying bricks or lug wrenches will become that revolution? It’s likely to only scare the masses.”

“But we gotta push the pigs and those in power to make them react,” Russ added. “They have to overreact, so it affects the masses. Then we’ll convince more to join us.”

“Maybe,” Joey answered slowly, thinking as she spoke. “But the trick might be to think long term.”

“How?” Eli challenged her.

“Well, kind of like a boxer,” Joey continued. “You don’t come out in the first round trying to score that quick knockout punch. You let the other guy do all the swinging. Let him wear himself out.”

“Well, I don’t know much about boxing,” Eli responded. “It seems like while you’re waiting for the guy to tire, you could get clobbered.”

**“My little brother tried boxing once,” Joey said. “He conned me into the ring as a sparring partner. It’s surprisingly hard to keep punching for even one minute and not wear yourself out. After one minute, we could hardly raise our arms.”**

**“So, what does that mean for us?” Russ asked.**

**“Well, face it,” Joey continued. “The masses here aren’t ready to revolt like the peasants in Russia, China, or Cuba were.”**

**“Or Vietnam,” added Eli.**

**“There are too many contented in the middle class here,” Joey observed. “But we have to show them the oppressed and the disenfranchised to make them care.”**

**“But that big fat contented middle class,” Russ retorted, “won’t see enough oppression to care.”**

**“So, we have to keep pointing them out,” Joey answered. “Even create them if we have to. Today on campus, that’s easy. The easiest group are you guys who don’t want to get drafted and die in a shit hole on the other side of the world.”**

**“Hell,” Eli added. “I have more sympathy with the VC. They are actually fighting the revolution.”**

**“But that war will end someday,” Joey pointed out. “So, we need more groups to keep the masses fired up. And the revolution isn’t going to happen or succeed in a year or two.”**

**“Okay, if not, then how long is your long-term plan?” Eli challenged Joey.**

**“Ten or twenty years, I’m afraid,” Joey responded.**

**Eli scoffed. “And how do you keep the revolt going that long?”**

**“Think of the basics,” Joey answered him. “What is one great idea that attracts most of us to the struggle?”**

**Eli shrugged.**

**“From each according to his abilities, to each according to his needs,” Joey quoted.**

**“Yeah, there’s nothing fairer,” Russ observed. “The rich half gives to the poor half.”**

**“That’s far superior to the ‘all men are created equal’ bullshit,” Eli added. “Because we know that’s not the case. The world is full of sheep, who need shepherders, the few like us.”**

**“To prove one idea,” Joey continued, “requires that the rich minority gives to the poorer majority.”**

**“Which idea is that?” Eli challenged.**

**“Democracy is the road to socialism. Fifty-one percent getting their fair share from the rich forty-nine percent will win every election.”**

**“You still haven’t answered my question,” Eli challenged, “about your great long-term plan.”**

**“Well, we have to teach the masses,” Joey declared.**

**“How do you get them into a classroom and get them all to listen?” Eli continued his questions.**

**“Two ways,” Joey replied confidently. “Everyone we meet on campus who wants to join us, we encourage them to major in education or in journalism. Then, in twenty years we’ll see real progress. Hell, by thirty years, we will have taught a whole generation how great that one idea is. We will have won the revolution!”**

**“Sounds like a pretty lame plan,” Eli challenged.**

**“Well, it will take time and patience,” Joey retorted. “But think about it. The media informs the people. They just need to inform the right way.”**

**“Good luck,” Russ added.**

**“And where do the masses have to show up to learn?” Joey challenged.**

**“School?” Eli ventured.**

**“Right,” Joey replied. “Compulsory education is our friend. You just have to teach the right stuff.”**

**“Well,” Russ interjected. “I remember one professor saying that Marx argued that public schools are needed.”**

**Excerpt From**

***Not to Reason Why***

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