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My Back Pages

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I am of the right generation to remember air raid drills in which my grade school classmates and I ducked under our desks, practicing what to do if the Russians attacked. I remember talking quite seriously with my friends about how prominent a target the Ohio River bridge we crossed each day on our way to school would be. And as a Junior High School Fire Marshall I was improbably given briefings in “civil defense” as well as where the exits were. Yet I was born late in that generation, and knew of the Ban the Bomb movement only second hand as history. I first heard of it, and learned what a peace sign meant, from Mary Elizabeth Branaman, sitting in a high school classroom in Henderson, Kentucky around 1966. I was a freshman; she was a senior, cluing me in. She and her boyfriend were the only two seniors headed “back East” to college, not only the class brains but more or less the entire minimal gesture towards the counter-culture locally available. It was an odd moment, when one might listen serially to Bob Dylan and Herman’s Hermits, the Rolling Stones and Petula Clark, Judy Collins and Lou Christie and not realize this meant inhabiting parallel universes. Or be equally worried about the football game, a date for the dance, whether there could be racial justice and what the hell the Vietnam War was all about.

In 1967, my family moved to California. I didn’t want to go, but that was because of friends in Henderson, not because of any bad images of California. On the contrary, California was Mecca. It never occurred to me that I was leaving a more liberal place for a more conservative one.

We moved, however, not to San Francisco but to Orange County. This was the sort of shock to the system that might drive anyone to social science. And it certainly helped drive me to leave high school early—in the fall of 1969. My first year at college was the year the year of *Easy Rider* and *Alice’s Restaurant*—the movie, not the “massacre”. It was the year of “Let It Be” and the Beatles break-up. Of “Bridge over Troubled Water” and Garfunkel leaving Simon to be an actor. It was the year of the Kent State shootings and the strike and the peak of protests that followed. It was the year the splintering of the Students for a Democratic Society entered its terminal phase and the year of the first Earth Day. In short, things were going on, but “the movement” was peaking. It was fabulous to find it, a joy to join, and a considerable disappointment that it faded soon thereafter. My sense of the Sixties has always been tinged not just with the feeling of loss—which I think I share with many a little older than me, but with a sense of missing out on a lot. And if I shared a little of the excitement that it could happen at all--the rush that pervades the retrospective engagements of some of my elders—its quick loss of steam became as influential for my intellectual orientation. I thought we were

going to change the world. And if we did, a little, this only deepened the questions about why not more, why the world was so refractory, and what did “we” not fully understand. Among other things, I became enduringly interested in the relationship between the proliferation of radical ideas and the social structural conditions for the production of genuinely radical challenges to the directions of social change. In other words, what allowed for so much of the 60s “revolution” to be co-opted by Madison Avenue just as the Beatles’ “Revolution #9” was co-opted by a Nike ad? And what enabled some struggles to sink deeper roots?

For me at least, most of the sixties happened in the seventies. More generally, many of the innovations we remember the sixties for became generalizations in the seventies. And there was new momentum on some fronts—notably environment and gender. But well before the seventies were over the radicalism of a disobedient generation was something to look back on. So, though it was weird it is perhaps understandable that one day in the early 1980s a campus political leader in Chapel Hill, where I was teaching, called out from across the quad, and came running up to introduce his girlfriend. “This is Dr. Calhoun,” he said, “he was in the sixties”. I was. I still had long hair, though that was starting to mean country not counterculture. I was both a sociologist and a socialist, and the sixties played some role in that.

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Growing up as a preacher’s son is a well-traveled path into sociology, and hardly generationally distinctive. Possibly more specific to the “disobedient generation,” my poor father, already not quite conservative enough for Orange County—he tried to hire a black associate minister only to be defeated in a congregational rebellion--found himself dealing with the high school principal who wanted me suspended for publishing an “underground” (read unauthorized) newspaper. The principal, a man offended by most everything we remember the 60s for, was convinced that Orange High School was next on the list of some international conspiracy that had already ruined Berkeley. He had suspended the first editor of *Infinity* (our little attempt at intellectual critique in a county not much interested in that). I was editor of the second issue partly because it would be harder to attack me—honor student, letterman, and above all, preacher’s son. After all, the principal had already found that enforcing the dress code by stopping me from wearing a large cross over my Nehru jacket was poor strategy (though I wince that my challenge to authority involved such sartorial pretension).

The newspaper wasn’t much, of course. And I don’t think it brought my father a great deal of suffering (though he certainly looked pained). It was less of a trial than, say, my puzzling perseverance in playing in a rock band despite lack of talent. It was not very radical, not very well thought out, and more than a little pretentious in its quotes from Voltaire and its pontificating on what education could be (and manifestly wasn’t at Orange High School). It wasn’t very far underground, either, though it certainly wasn’t the school newspaper or the Santa Ana *Register*. And it wasn’t sociology, though it foreshadowed my academic interests. So did rock music, I suppose, though eventually I learned I was destined to be only a consumer not a producer.

The move from small Kentucky town to post-urban California sprawl may have been even more important. The contrast between a stronger community and a suburb with

a strong ideology of community became one of my lifelong interests. The Orange county town into which I moved was hardly the most anomic suburb in the area. It was relatively old, not newly created; it had a sustaining handful of multigenerational families, and it had at least a few businesses to provide local employment though commuting was increasingly dominant. But it was marked by a substitution of cultural conformity for webs of interrelationships, an ideology of similarity rather than interdependence.

It is an illusion to think everyone knows everyone else in a town the size of the one I left in Kentucky. But it is not without a grain of truth. The first time I kissed a girl, someone in my father's church saw the furtive embrace at the town tennis courts and my parents knew about it before I got home. Yet, this was also a reflection of my father's social status. Not everyone's first kisses got equal treatment. My family lived on Main Street. There was an area literally "across the tracks" that I only occasionally visited. Henderson was riven by class inequality and racial division—schools had just been integrated, and the notion of a "colored" balcony at the one movie theater persisted even after it was rendered illegal (and the fact that it was well-suited to necking may have been more important than antiracism to teenagers integrating it).

At the same time, the girl on the other end of that first kiss, Charlotte, lived two blocks down Main Street, directly across from my grandmother, and I don't think our parents ever interacted. Her father was a prominent local businessman and part of a more cosmopolitan, cocktail party set than my Biblically oriented family—Ray Preston was the first person I ever saw wear an ascot in real life. I flashed on him the first time I met Robert Merton—and I'm not sure I knew any other ascot-wearers in between though I saw many in the movies. I knew Charlotte not just out of proximity but because our parents sent us both to a private school in Evansville, Indiana, across the Ohio. I was a scholarship kid in used uniforms, raised for upward mobility, an aspirant to social status my folks could barely afford. But by 9th grade, recognizing that following private school friends to prep schools back East was not an option, I sought a larger social world by shifting to public high school.

At Henderson's City High (stereotypical counterpart to County High), I experienced the wariness of black and white students in a newly integrated high school, but also the successful integration of the football team. Well, mostly successful. Every August there was a football camp to get us in shape before the season started. I was the butt of integration humor when I was the first white freshman assigned to be the "slave" of a black senior. All freshman served seniors, but this was only the second year of integration, and the first time around no one had dared this racial reversal. My "master" (improbably named James Brown) was a star halfback and not too hard to take. But I was obviously marked for some sort of special status, not just because I was an outsider to the established football team and therefore vulnerable, but because it enabled others to manage social change. In any event, football served multiple purposes. I liked it in itself, it meant fitting in, and there were always cheerleaders.

There was pervasive racism and sometimes open racial conflict in Henderson (though it was hardly the Deep South, the school's fight song remained "Dixie" until 1970). But at least there were black people there. Moving to Orange County meant confronting a much more militant right wing, and surprisingly deep racial anxieties, considering that there were hardly any African-Americans around. People were more

racist, they just had fewer occasions to express it in petty discrimination because blacks were sequestered elsewhere, mainly in the dread metropolis of LA (and of course, mainly in only a few communities there). In fact, discrimination was rather clearly spatially organized. During my last year in high school and first of college, I worked as a real estate title searcher. One of my jobs was to remove newly illegal covenants, conditions, and restrictions from recorded deeds—such as those regulating what race could live in a housing development.

To be sure, there were Hispanics (some of whom admitted to being Mexican while others minimized that association in pursuit of upward mobility). But perhaps the most striking thing about the significant Chicano minority in my high school was how invisible it was most of the time (to me), and how minimally an issue it was. The school mascot, “Patty Panther” was played by Linda Eltiste. She was a middle class kid like most of us and part of the school’s social elite. When the race issue was raised, “race” meant Blacks. Being Hispanic (“Spanish” as some of the older families said) was not an issue as such, though Mexicans were a different matter if they were distinguished by class as well as ethnicity. And looking at an old high school annual years later, I was surprised how many there were. The town of Orange is a third Hispanic (and significantly Asian) now—and surprisingly ethnically stigmatized to many of my classmates who wound up affluent enough to move to the “whiter” beach towns. In a strange twist on both white flight and immigrant assimilation, however, a guy I had run track with changed his name to sound more Jewish when he went into real estate.

Questions of ethnicity and cultural belonging were opened up in the 60s. The decade did not invent the politics of identity, but it put it on the sociological agenda in a way different from the earlier 20th century discussions of immigration and assimilation. It did so, however, in a way that left many paradoxes intact: especially the simultaneous claims to universality and exclusion. The same issues were present in opposition to the war in Vietnam, among the defining engagements of the 60s generation. This was played out equally in terms of universal rights and moral outrage at their abuses, of local self-determination, and of a claim to personal violation by specific policies of the US government that implicated each of us as citizens. We have struggled since with the tension among these sorts of claims, and rightly so. We have struggled in ways not just intellectual but emotional, as many of us have sought to recover the sense of belonging to an encompassing movement.

Oddly, I am finishing this essay in Vietnam. During the 1960s I was determined not to go to Vietnam, and more importantly, to get the US out. Yet here I sit sipping a Tiger Beer on the rooftop terrace of the Rex Hotel. Straight ahead looms the steel and glass Citicorp tower; a new Sheraton is just off to the left. So the US is not out, despite losing the war. And I am here, staying in what was once a US officers’ billet, in a Ho Chi Minh City that in places still eerily resembles the Saigon imprinted in my memory from war-time film footage thirty-plus years ago.

Yesterday, I visited a 50,000 employee factory on the outskirts of Ho Chi Minh City. Built to a standard plan its Taiwanese corporate owners developed in the People’s Republic of China and elsewhere around the region, it makes footwear for many of the

world's most famous brands. Multinational corporations, mostly based in the US, set the designs and market the eventual products. The top management is from Taiwan, middle management and supervisors come mostly from the PRC, a few Vietnamese are moving into the supervisory ranks. But the goal, said the Taiwanese spokesperson to vigorous nods from the Vietnamese union chief standing next to him, was full "Vietnamization".

I am sure neither had a clue why the word startled me. Yet I am equally sure the word has distinctive resonance for others who remember the Nixon administration. In Hanoi last week, my hotel window looked out on the "Hanoi Hilton," the famous prison once inhabited by a range of US prisoners of war. I am here for a conference on "poverty alleviation". And because of the prestige of the Social Science Research Council as an international partner, I have my photo taken with politicians and party leaders, make speeches about the importance of science to mutual understanding among nations, appear on TV and in the newspapers asserting the importance of social science to tackling the problems and public issues that come alongside much wanted economic growth. I discuss sometimes the dark side of globalization, but my very presence is affirmative. I assert the need for a critical perspective, but remember also how modernization theory and the Rand Corporation version of social science figured in the war.

To whatever extent I can make sense of this, it is through the eyes of one who first took up sociology while performing his alternative service as a conscientious objector during the Vietnam war, someone who studies nationalism and social movements, community and the public sphere, and the intersection of 'globalization' with specific historical and cultural contexts.

I was in Manchester, England, when Saigon "fell" (or was liberated). I listened to BBC accounts of the American evacuation over a transistor radio in the room of a fellow graduate student, Peter Rushton. Peter was in fact one of several graduate students who helped to convert me from anthropologist to sociologist, having themselves moved into sociology from some other discipline. But that day in 1975, we weren't discussing theory but listening to history. Peter made coffee on a hotplate in one of those convenient French miniature espresso-makers, the first I had seen, for I was not yet among the frequent travelers or in general very cosmopolitan. But I was studying anthropology and doing it in England partly because I wanted to be.

Being outside the US in the waning years of the war and the wake of Watergate was one attraction; an Anglophilia nurtured on James Bond and the Avengers was another (however contradictory their Cold War spy games and my antiwar pacifism might seem). But more academically, Manchester was then the strongest center of a kind of social anthropology I found compelling and exciting, and that which shaped my intellectual outlook enormously, though it has largely faded from contemporary anthropology. I went to Manchester to study with Max Gluckman. I lived in his house, in fact, though he spent much of my first English year in Israel and died of a heart attack in the spring of 1975.

I had first met Max several years before, while an undergraduate in California. He was a somewhat demanding guest at the home of my main teacher, Sally Falk Moore.

She (or perhaps her husband) hit on the strategy of entertaining Max by giving him one of the things he liked best: someone to listen. I was a happy conscript.

Anthropology was among other things helping me mediate movement involvements, moral outrage over the war, and my search for a career that would connect me to the larger world without sacrificing too much of my idealism—or perhaps it would be better to say a career in which I could be ambitious without being obnoxious. After the Kent State shootings in the spring of 1970—my freshman year in college—I attended the protest marches and joined the strike, but also busied myself organizing teach-ins on themes like Vietnamese village life—about which I certainly knew precious little—and war in other cultural contexts. My declared majors were English and cinema, I wanted to be a writer but also thought of attending law school. In anthropology, though, I had found not just an intellectual engagement but a social context—including two wonderful teachers in Sally Moore and Barbara Myerhoff, and a clique of students who were not typical of Southern California. By my sophomore year I was a teaching assistant and in the summer a research assistant. This latter job actually involved me in sociology—studies of police and criminal justice reform, in fact—but I didn't really cross the disciplinary divide yet.

For one thing, sociology seemed focused too much on the US, and when it looked abroad it did so through the lens of modernization theory. Though I was not yet engaged in the Marxist critique of this that came to dominate, I was sure that “modernity” was a confining concept and quite likely complicit in the war. The war was omnipresent. I don't mean simply the draft, but also the daily accounts—and images—of brutality and the more positive goal of peace. In fact, though as a child I had imagined myself often enough in uniform, by this time I had no doubt that I was a conscientious objector, a CO. I didn't really hesitate to say so in registering for the draft when I turned eighteen the summer after my freshman year. I objected with my full conscience—that shaped by my religious upbringing and that which I was forced by the language of the Selective Service Administration to call “philosophical”. This was certainly an intellectual (hence philosophical) objection, but it was also an emotional reaction to the way the world looked and felt to me, to a horrific war that made no sense, to the violation of human possibilities that permanent preparations for war seemed to entail. And the intellectual part was pretty half-baked, I know, however sincere (and however much I still agree with the main conclusion).

By personality pretty optimistic, I confidently sent off my registration and request for CO status—though under the regulations in place this meant forfeiting an automatic student deferment. Somewhat alarmingly, several months later I received a card declaring me 1A and available to serve immediately. I appealed, and eventually had to try to explain my conscience to a draft board back in Orange County--home of the John Birch Society and Knott's Berry Farm (which boasted of its brick-by-brick replica of Philadelphia's Independence Hall, equipped with a carefully cracked Liberty Bell). J. Walter Knott was on the draft board as well as the County's Republican Central Committee. My father sat with me in the anteroom as we watched other appellants go in for their hearings, that never lasted more than ten minutes. The deliberation that followed never took more than five, and all were refused. My own case took the committee nearly an hour and a half. I was asked how a former football player could object to violence and

war (easy). I was asked whether if my mother were attacked in the street I would defend her (yes). I was asked whether I considered myself a real American patriot (sure, at least by my definition). Somehow the fact that I was a USC letterman seemed evidence in my favor. So too, of course, the fact that my father was a minister. But most important seemed the fact that my convictions of conscientious objection were unwavering.

I was not asked to deepen my “philosophical” account, to substantiate my reference to Kierkegaard, or to clarify the fuzzy boundary between religion and more secular conscience. I was asked in a dozen different ways how long I had known I objected to war, whether I was prepared to sacrifice for this conviction if necessary, and thus how sure I was that I didn’t just object to being drafted. Eventually they did ask me the one question that had been troubling me and about which my answer still troubles me—though I offered it to the draft board with confidence, I think. Was I prepared to serve in a non-combat capacity? I wasn’t, I had decided. But this wasn’t a stable, long-term conviction. This was a problematic and muddled question. On the one hand, serving as a medic seemed extraordinarily honorable and un-self-interested (perhaps a little too self-sacrificing from evidence of the mortality rates of medics). On the other hand, such service still seemed part of the war machine, patching soldiers up to fight again, saving “my side” but not the others. This last is what I told the draft board, that I could not be part of the larger socially organized war effort, even if I were not the one actually pulling the trigger. I was sincere, but it was a doubly troubling position. First, of course, I was still a part of the larger socially organized country waging the war and I derived benefits from that (though at least I was actively opposed to the war itself). Second, serving as a medic would mean I took my place in the collective generational sacrifice; not going at all meant that someone else would be drafted in my place. And that someone else would more likely have fewer of the advantages that enable conscientious objection (or at least the drafting of a “philosophical” argument to get conscience recognized). The someone else would more likely be working class, more likely nonwhite. But above all, it would be someone, and they might get killed instead of me. They might have to kill and I wouldn’t. I was truly as worried about killing as being killed (though I doubt the two would have troubled me equally had I actually served in combat). I figured I might make a good soldier, but I didn’t want to live with that on my conscience.

My personal draft drama took relatively little time—though eventually getting drafted took two years of time in alternate service. I had free days (and nights) in those college years for sex and drugs and rock and roll, experimentations embarrassingly timid at first, then growing pleasures, though I was not as prone to abandon myself to any of the three as some of my friends). I don’t even recall the draft as much of an oppressive cloud hanging over life, the way I think it might have been for those five or six years older than me. For one thing, “Vietnamization” was under way—which meant that the US military strategy involved more bombing and fewer ground troops. It had become perhaps even more immoral, but it was easier for young American men to think it might not become as personal.

By the early 70s, movement and counterculture had become widespread and even partially institutionalized on residential college campuses. Few thought much at the time about how skewed the ostensible “youth” movement was in class terms, how much less the stereotypical 60s of memory figured at commuter schools and for those who simply

had to work. But in any case it was spreading. It had even spread to USC, which certainly was not in the vanguard.

I had gotten to USC because I wanted to get the hell out of high school, and out of Orange County. But I was young and my parents didn't want me to go far (especially not to the University of Chicago where my father had been a chaplain and was convinced too many students were suicidally miserable). The new UC campus at Santa Cruz revoked my admission when they figured out I wasn't graduating from high school. But USC had a "Resident Honors Program" for high school students who would spend their senior year living on campus as freshmen. Terrific, I thought, being a young man in a hurry, just starting on a career of trying to be a little bit older than I was. The RHP program really was terrific--thanks largely to the sociologist Tom Lasswell, who ran it--though overall USC was a mixed bag. It was truly the 60s, though that was not all counter-culture. My roommate and I were awakened one night our first fall by shouts of "booze and broads" and pounding on our dorm door by Sigma Chi pledge recruiters. We went to the party, heard how pledging would provide us with fifty close friends for life, but passed it up anyway. I studied film and creative writing, wrote and performed musical comedy, shifted my sport to crew, and inhabited a vaguely artsy (largely arts industry, music and film-centered) LA. And I discovered anthropology and later, trying to write on the experience of time (and drugs), psychoanalysis and phenomenology.

USC had an excellent anthropology program (partly because with no graduate students all the faculty attention went to undergraduates). This was the creature of Sally Falk Moore and Barbara Myerhoff, two exceptional researchers anchored in LA largely by virtue of their husbands' careers (though Barbara was happier about it, and inhabited the city more easily). Figuring this out made me perhaps more sensitive to gender issues and less sure about ostensibly meritocratic hierarchies than I might otherwise have been. In any event, each pulled me into anthropology in a different way. I worked with Barbara cobbling together a program on ethnographic film (as I sought to combine my initial idea of a film major with anthropology) that would become more institutionalized later—and indeed, she went on to win an Academy Award for one of her ethnographic films, "Number Our Days," about elderly Jews in Venice, California. Barbara, who died tragically young of cancer, reflected something of the sixties' opening of academia--which was never just to politics or protest movements but also to attempts to be creative in new ways (and indeed to women). I'm not sure I've ever lived up to my early ambitions, but it mattered a lot as I began to decide on a social science career that I saw this as a project of cultural creativity. For Barbara, and through her for me, anthropological study of myth and ritual intertwined immediately with poetic appropriation, creation, and performance.

Sally Moore was an even bigger influence, with more emphasis on the analytic side of social science. I took her course in the spring of my first year and was her teaching assistant by the fall of my second. A lawyer, Sally had been driven to anthropology partly by her experience as one of the prosecuting lawyers at the Nuremburg trials—and the puzzle of how to separate individual culpability from guilt organized at national or party levels. Law was one of the many fields in which I could imagine reconciling intellect and passion, ambition and moral outrage. But then I also

worried I might just end up some middle-aged California lawyer, seduced by the money, only occasionally recalling youthful ideals. In fact, Sally encouraged me to go to law school, suggesting both that I was a bit romantic in what I imagined academic life to be like and that law might enable me to combine thinking with practical effect a bit better. But I was hooked on academia. I would probably have wound up an academic lawyer. Under Sally's tutelage I read the ethnographic classics, from Malinowski and Radcliffe-Brown forward, with special emphasis on Africa. I read them with the constant instruction not simply to absorb, nor only to critique, but to see whether I could produce a better analysis of the data presented.

Sally was also my entrée to the impressive range of social anthropologists who cast up for longer or shorter periods in LA during that period, mostly feeling vaguely in exile (and Sally herself managed eventually to end her exile by moving to Harvard for the latter part of her career). I was eager to learn from all these not-quite-Angelinos (and also eager to explore new territories). But for a couple of years, I inhabited LA more seamlessly than most of them. I went to the beach. I drove a 1967 Mustang into which I had personally installed a cassette playing stereo (new technology back in the day). I had an apartment in Hollywood with a view of the Hollywood sign and a sociological subtext: it was near the bottom of a hill; below it was only a transient apartment building which housed divorcing men who arrived in Mercedes and left in Fords. But up the hill the apartment buildings gave way to the houses of editors, writers, and other secondary Hollywood figures, decaying mansions like that of my friend Charles Louis d'Accursi di Ravenna, aged friend of silent movie stars and realist painter in an era that didn't want realist paintings, and eventually renovated mansions including that occupied by Jane Fonda and (some of the time) Donald Sutherland, who ran over my cat heading downhill too fast.

Benefiting from a discount film pass issued to USC cinema majors, I went to as many as three movies a night (well, three on only one occasion: they were all Bergman, and I nearly never recovered). I discovered popular culture before Cultural Studies made it fashionable (and didn't even know it was *déclassé*, perhaps because I was not very *classé*). I searched for the LA the Doors had recently abandoned. I prowled record stores filling in gaps in my musical education (Miles more than Mozart; early Eric Clapton but also Eric Satie--because of the Blood, Sweat and Tears rendition of the *gymnopédies*; Johnny Hodges just because it was on sale cheap in a cut-out bin; a lot of Baroque and early music on traditional instruments because I knew some of the local players through Barbara). I heard many of the major and not so major rock acts of the era live, from Jimi Hendrix (who died soon after) to the Who, Jefferson Airplane, and Jethro Tull. And I heard the small club and open air acts from Don McClean and Eric Anderson to James Taylor and Joan Baez (whose poster had hung over my bed for a year).

I went to Tai Chi lessons in a park on Saturday mornings with my crew buddy Eric Prinz (one of the 6'2" blond LA Jews who left me ill-prepared to recognize ethnicity properly when I arrived later in New York). I went to canyons north of the city to commune with nature and lie talking for hours with my girlfriend (and once got a truly horrible, emergency room level, case of poison oak from rolling about—ahem—on what seemed a lovely hillside). I went to peace marches, sought signatures on anti-war petitions in LA airport, and protested outside military bases. I went to Earth Day and

became an earnest recycler (once carrying some trash for half an hour through ankle deep debris after a march, humming “A Working Class Hero Is Something to Be” and believing there was some exemplary personal virtue in finding a garbage can even if no one else did). Or was that the Rose Parade? I went there too, though only because relatives came to town. Come to think of it I went to the Rose Bowl game too, though that was the year before and because of a girl. We listened to John Mayall for hours while stuck in traffic and talked about how hung up we WASPS were about expressing personal affection/physical attraction. We kissed so hard I chipped a tooth but never made love (I mention this for those who think sex in the sixties was always easy).

For a time, I thought psychotropic drugs might be an important source of social change and enlightenment. I remember asserting this to Sally Moore, who politely didn't laugh, but led me to try to argue a case as to why, while herself suggesting that the birth control pill might be of more historical consequence (possibly an overdetermined comment as I was dating her daughter at the time). I didn't enjoy beer or whiskey until later, but I did discover California wine. And, influenced by Gregory Bateson as well as more straightforward academic teachers I developed an interest in psychoanalysis, took copious self-analytic notes under the guidance of Karen Horney's *Self-Analysis*, read first the American “relational” analysts like Harry Stack Sullivan and Clara Thompson, then Freud, and finally (this was really after I left LA) the ego analysts and object relations folk. I thought for a time I'd be a clinical psychologist and analyst (ah, the discarded careers, some more wisely discarded than others, but also the megalomania of youth thinking all things possible in an era which encouraged it).

So LA. But I left, was even eager to leave, for the East Coast in 1972. My USC anthro department friends had gone to Chicago or England and besides, my girlfriend was moving east too. We both got into Harvard but decided (via tortured, probably overdetermined logic) that this would put undue pressure on our relationship. So she would go to Yale and I to Princeton (I think among other problems we didn't have a good grip on geography). I hadn't finished my USC degree but had gotten into Princeton and decided it was a step up. Finish undergrad and start graduate school at the same time (much as I had finished high school and started college at the same time).

My Princeton career was short. One term, passed the French exam, just barely got to know my advisor, Vincent Crapanzano, and I got drafted. I really had concluded that wouldn't happen, but there it was. A lottery number three places below the cut-off, and off I went, surprisingly and not very sacrificially, to New York. Under the influence of a combination of Erving Goffman, book-learned psychoanalysis, and the film-maker Frederick Weissman, I asked to be assigned to a psychiatric hospital as an orderly. I thought I would write an ethnography. They sent me to Teachers College, Columbia—which among other things ran a program at a prison on Riker's Island where I taught English (after brief stints as a secretary and a program coordinator). Rikers was sometimes scary and always depressing, but all in all the assignment did not involve much self-sacrifice. It turned out I was eligible for university housing and free tuition to Columbia. And although the anthropologist Fritz Ianni (who ran the institute where TC eventually settled me) got a kick out of the letter from the Selective Service that addressed him as my commanding officer, he found it useful eventually to put me to

work in his research operation—largely as a writer. If it seemed that I had realized my earlier ambition, there was a twist, for I mostly wrote reports to government funders, hack work at which I proved more adept than I like to claim.

I also wrote my first grant application and got National Institute of Education funding for a conference on the anthropological study of education to be held just before the World Congress of Anthropological and Ethnological Sciences. This ended up being the basis for my first edited book, but more importantly my ticket to the Congress itself, a huge academic blow-out that had aspects of a farewell to the 60s. Sol Tax organized it right over the top, with not one but fifty edited volumes, and even an opera commissioned from Giancarlo Menotti: *Tamu-Tamu (The Guests)* polemically juxtaposed foreign war and domestic security. The Native American activist Vine Deloria was invited to give the opening speech. Drinking late one night he told me he finally understood why anthropologists were always out bothering Indians: they didn't like to be with each other unless they were drunk.

I got a master's from Columbia's anthropology program without ever really connecting. I sampled all manner of interesting offerings around the university from Jacques Barzun to Robert Denoon Cumming, and found myself drawn more and more to sociology. Indeed, when my alternate service ended, I briefly stayed on at Columbia as Peter Blau's research assistant, running many a multiple regression for the Comparative Organizations Research Program. I learned a great deal from Robert Nisbet and Ben Zablocki and even more from Robert Merton, with whom I started discussing a potential dissertation making national differences in anthropology an object of the sociology of science.

Columbia was suffering a post-60s fatigue. Still intellectually rich, its older generation was wary of the younger ones and, relatedly, finding it hard to renew the faculty. Radical politics was receding: while I do remember getting summoned away from beer and jazz at the West End for a "riot at the Sundial," streaking was displacing demonstrating. Nevertheless, a variety of political sects survived on the university's fringes. Lyndon LaRouche (then calling himself Lynn Marcus) had been expelled from the SDS but reinvented its Labor Caucuses as the National Caucus of Labor Committees. They sold *New Solidarity* on Broadway, attacked leftists of other factions, and decried a conspiracy mounted by the Rockefeller family, the inventors of Muzac, and the Columbia anthropology department (where a former lover of LaRouche's had enrolled). Like all paranoids, LaRouche saw himself at the center; diagrams in *New Solidarity* graphically represented how nearly all of the global power structure was organized mainly to get at the NCLC. My friends and I wondered whether he was simply crazy or backed by the Central Intelligence Agency or both. But the real puzzle was that he had perhaps a thousand followers—some loyal enough that when one young woman tried to quit they took her prisoner for "deprogramming". One of the failings of the 60s was that such people were taken too seriously by too many for too long.

I was still searching for something, perhaps a better connection among the intellectual, the political and the personal. England and anthropology still had an allure, and Max Gluckman and I had stayed in touch. He taught for a term at Yale and this gave ample opportunities for visits. On one, we attended a memorable very 60s event, a performance of the Living Theater. It was Mary Gluckman who really wanted to go. Max

was impatient from the outset (and in truth, the Julian Beck/Judith Malina formula had gotten a bit stale). So when, in one of the troop's post-Brechtian agit-prop set pieces a young woman, wearing only some dirty rags, ran up to Max and shouted "Am I your slave?" Max rose to his full and considerable height and yelled back "No! I'm bloody well yours, but no longer." With that he headed for the door. Making one of the career changing decisions that seemed to come up a lot those days, I followed. Max said he would arrange funding for me in Manchester.

Manchester social anthropology was a somewhat more critical, conflict-oriented stream within the broad current of British social anthropology to which Sally Moore had introduced me. This was just coming under attack for its complicity in colonialism and obscuring of the role of the colonial state in constituting the societies studied. The attacks had some purchase, but not nearly as much as the attackers thought. If social anthropology had sometimes hypostatized the 'peoples' studied, if for example Edward Evans-Pritchard's brilliant accounts of the Nuer made them seem more autonomous and self-contained than they were, it also produced substantial internal critical analysis of just this issue. Godfrey Lienhardt's study of the neighboring Dinka raised questions about E-P's account of the Nuer. Jack Goody challenged the idea of discrete "tribes" before that rejection became fashionable, showing how language, ritual, and identity varied along a socio-geographic continuum in Northern Ghana, free of sharp borders. And indeed, Meyer Fortes' extraordinary research on the Tallensi had at the least foreshadowed this point a generation earlier (and in doing so brought to the fore the concept of a social field). Social anthropology had also produced major studies of "premodern" states--Nadel's *Black Byzantium* and M.G. Smith's extraordinary series of studies of the Hausa-Fulani kingdoms, for example--and Gluckman had long stressed both the importance of historical perspective and the interrelationship of colonial state and local social relations. Indeed, he was in the forefront of arguing that anthropologists were concerned with contemporary societies—not archaic survivals—and even when their field sites were located at a distance from the centers of metropolitan power they should pay attention to larger-scale economic and political forces.

Gluckman was a socialist, and encouraged me to consider myself one too—thinking my loose "peace and freedom" ideology of the time rather too Californian and not politically serious enough. Of course, by the time I came on the scene, Gluckman's socialism was rather attenuated. He paid his dues to the Fabian Society and insisted on going to the standing sections at Manchester United football matches (when his backaches permitted). But Max had also shaped a Manchester department that challenged the aristocratic character of most anthropology; it had its own internally egalitarian approach to intellectual debate (even if Max was usually dominant) and more than its share of working class members. Like Lewis Coser (and to some extent Peter Blau, Alvin Gouldner and indeed their teacher Robert Merton) in the US, Max had drawn on Marx, a non-Parsonsian Weber, and Georg Simmel to bring conflict into focus within a broadly structural-functionalist theory.

More than Coser, Max approached conflict through empirical cases. Indeed, when I once told Max I wanted to do more theoretical work, he scoffed. That, he said, was for old age—when liver disease made it impossible to go into the field. In fact, by the standards of anthropologists Max was much more theorist (and probably less

fieldworker) than most. Nonetheless, he thought the right training came from analyzing empirical cases, and he set me the challenge of reanalyzing Meyer Fortes' classic studies of the Tallensi of Northern Ghana—which I did at length, and with the result of my first significant journal article, a reanalysis of ancestor “worship” and lineage authority that appeared in *Man* (the journal of the Royal Anthropological Institute—an organization I had proudly joined as an undergraduate who had never set foot in Britain, or indeed off the North American Continent).

Originally educated as a lawyer in South Africa, Gluckman rethought the idea of case study in light of court cases with their adversarial arguments and focusing of social relationships in an event of contested implications. Analyzing a case entailed knowing what happened in an immediate, “objective” sense, but also the conditions that made possible what happened—including structures of social relations, and the different perspectives through which social actors differently located in those relations saw what happened. It brought both custom and conflict into relief: both the shaping socio-cultural context and the interplay of power and interests.

This perspective shaped a more complex notion of the case study than that typical in sociology (as Michael Burawoy has recently pointed out in the pages of *Sociological Theory*). It shaped work on the mediation of conflict through ritual performance (most famously by Victor Turner, Gluckman's most brilliant student). It shaped the development of social network analysis though this has not always sustained the dialectic of event and structure with which it was initially centrally concerned, notably in the work of J. Clyde Mitchell and Bruce Kapferer. And it encouraged attention to the mutual constitution of subjective and objective perspectives, structure and action (albeit not always agency), functional integration and social struggles.

I loved it. And it prefigured my enthusiasm for the work of Pierre Bourdieu, which I first discovered in Manchester and which brought similar themes to the fore in a process of parallel discovery, as Robert Merton would put it (and indeed Merton himself had more in common with British social anthropology—including the label “structural-functionalist”—and, for that matter, with Bourdieu than they or most others recognized). Bourdieu stressed his distinction from Mancunian “situational analysis” (as often from those who might be thought close to his own positions) because he thought it remained locked in the opposition of rule and exception, identifying choice with the latter, rather than fully integrating the two in habitus. The distinction cuts both ways, though, as Gluckman provided more place for the analysis of contradictions within social situations, lines of conflict not readily resolved in any stable pattern of reproduction. Certainly, though, even the best Mancunian social anthropology had limits, many shared with the field more broadly (not to mention much of sociology) and brought into focus by the intellectual, moral, and political discontents of the times. It remained weaker than I wanted on historical specificity, clarity about its philosophical underpinnings and normative implications, and the relation of face-to-face society to broader culture and political economy—even though it did more than most of its competitors to bring these concerns into focus.

While living in and around Manchester, I decided to study Manchester. The Department of Anthropology itself offered an inspiration—not simply in its intellectual work, but in its location: it was housed in a former girl’s school built on the site of the factory Friedrich Engels’ father had sent him to help manage in 1842. I learned this from the visiting American sociologist E.V. Walters, whom Gluckman had invited to Manchester on the basis of his study of Shaka Zulu, but who spent much of his time tracing the walks around Manchester that Engels described in *The Condition of the Working Class in England in 1844*—occasionally inviting Peter Rushton and me to tag along.

I lived at first in the Gluckman’s house on the boundary between Bramhall and Cheadle Hulme, two sweet little towns near Stockport in the second ring of bourgeois suburbs that grew up around Manchester during the industrial revolution. When the Gluckmans decamped for Israel, I shared the house with a marvelous South African doctor who had entered their orbit by repairing Max’s injured knee on Kilimanjaro years before and who now ran a medical charity with Mary Gluckman on the board. Eugenie introduced me to Roibosch tea, scrabble before bed (I always lost), and the antiapartheid movement. It was broadening to be self-righteous about sins that didn’t focus on one’s own national complicity. Later Eugenie and I moved into the Victorian folly of a house that was slated to become the charity’s drug rehabilitation center, though NIMBY-minded neighbors fought it off. Inhabited by a shifting commune of often eccentric characters, it became the English home to which I returned on holidays even after I moved to Oxford. Eventually the charity folded, but Eugenie’s new house and whole foods shop in Haslingden, one of the ring of mill towns that figured later in my dissertation research, was still home after a fashion.

I decided it made sense to bring an anthropological approach to community, work, and their transformations in the case of Britain during the industrial revolution. This “case” had of course informed generations of theorization about tradition and modernity, economic development, and class struggle. My thinking about it started with a paper I wrote at Columbia for Peter Blau, raising the question of what it felt like to workers when division of labor and related changes transformed their solidarity, and whether there wasn’t resistance as well as anomie. In England, I had begun to read Marx more seriously and systematically. And on the advice of Peter Worsley—former anthropologist turned chair of Manchester’s sociology department—I read E.P. Thompson’s *The Making of the English Working Class*.

Like many, I fell under the sway of Thompson (a very anthropological historian). Indeed, I more or less forsook my intellectual first love of anthropology as I fell for this new one of social history. But as readers of my *Question of Class Struggle* know, both my Marxism and my sociology made me doubt the theoretical argument implicit in *The Making of the English Working Class* even while I loved its rich empirical content. In fact, I thought Thompson’s wonderful history underwrote another theoretical argument altogether, one informed by social anthropology, in which tradition and community provided resources and orientations to struggle against capitalist transformation. Equally, I thought a reading of the English case that focused too completely on class struggle missed (a) the extent to which incorporation into a growing capitalist economy gave “modern” industrial workers an option of reformism not equally open to those—like

traditional craft workers—being displaced by capitalism, and (b) the extent to which resistance to displacement, destruction of traditional solidarities, and deprivation of local autonomy (without compensating equality of opportunity) figured in anti-colonial, national liberation, and other Third World struggles. Read Vietnam (or indeed South Africa). Marxism might be the official ideology of the Vietnamese national liberation movements, but class struggle by itself explained the Vietnamese revolution poorly. Indeed (as Pierre Bourdieu noted in the case of Algeria) even the attempt to unify the national struggle worked to the benefit of the dominant, and subordinated many others, including those moved more than anything by a desire to defend their local relations, ways of life, and ancestral fields. Yet, as in most revolutions, these were the mainstays of struggle even if not able to take the reins of power afterward when more elite and usually urban insurgents dominated.

Anyway, it was turning to history that took me out of social anthropology. And at the same time, though my liver was still intact (despite a good bit of best bitter) I was only growing more and more engaged with theory—both Marxism and classical sociology, and philosophy related to both. Redefinition as a sociologist seemed the best way to combine the three interests. There may be something generationally as well as personally disobedient in my difficulty understanding why people would think academic disciplines were divided by sensible intellectual boundaries, rather than demarcations of convenience, social networks of familiarity, and institutional structures of power and resources. Indeed, it wasn't until I began to study nationalism (and the limits of cosmopolitanism) that I got a better grasp on how empowering such identities and groups are, especially for those lacking capacity to realize their projects or find their way as individuals. There was certainly something generational about the reinvigoration of historical sociology, then taking shape out of a range of scholarly trajectories.

In 1975, Max died and I moved to Oxford. I considered returning to Columbia and the United States but really liked England. And Clyde Mitchell (yet another anthropologist turned sociologist) had just moved from Manchester to Oxford and was willing to take me on as an advisee. The historians Angus MacIntyre and Max Hartwell and the sociologist Roderick Martin were my other advisors in a doctoral project constructed jointly between history and sociology.

It takes a considerable effort to figure out the mixture of striving, and anger, and eagerness, and insecurity that drove me then. Twenty years later, I chanced to meet Angus MacIntyre's daughter Kate in Chapel Hill. She had been a small child when I worked with Angus, but she called home and told her father of the meeting. "Yes," she told me he had said, "I remember Calhoun well: a thin, intense and angry young man." I remember being thin most clearly.

Oxford had provoked a kind of class anxiety. It facilitated upward mobility but made clear the difference between that and being born to the place (or to Harvard and the American places that sent Oxford most of its Rhodes scholars and similar visiting student-dignitaries). Certainly, I had it much easier than English friends from comprehensive schools. I had no idea how to relate to servants, but an American accent was unclassed. Fortunately, I was at St. Antony's, a very international college, and my

closest friends were from the Ukraine and Spain as well as England. Indeed, after Franco fell from power I joined my Spanish friends in their joyous return home. I was at a concert of the Orfeo Catala the first time the Catalan national anthem was sung for decades. I saw Santiago Carillo return from exile, weeping with emotion, and pull from his pocket the written text for a speech of true communist length, breaking the spell of the moment for most of the crowd. It was possible in the mid-70s to think the denouement to the 60s would be democratic socialism or at least social democracy.

I did like Oxford a lot, especially once I figured out that going punting and eating strawberries and cream did not materially betray the struggles of the working class. I reclaimed a certain American identity at Oxford—not an identity with the other Americans, exactly, but a sense that I was what I was. I got a reputation for studying hard (not unambiguously a good thing at Oxford, where genius is prized more than diligence) because I worked late at night in room with a window facing the street. I read Marx more carefully, and then Hegel and figured out I needed a lot of remedial education in philosophy and history, both of which Oxford offered in abundance.

If I remember a lot of anger—or at least angst—and moral outrage in the 60s and early 70s, I remember also a lot of optimism, openness, and pleasure of exploration. It would be a mistake to recall the era solely through its politics, neglecting all the aspects of self-discovery, communalism, and social experimentation that were not explicitly political. The term counter-culture suggests much of this but not quite all; it overemphasizes opposition and underestimates creativity and simple hope. It was an era that revealed one of the problems with Pitirm Sorokin's grand scheme of social and cultural dynamics. A single age could be simultaneously sensate, ideational, and idealistic, with none of these themes clearly ascendant.