

One could easily conclude from Boykoff that protestors should play by the rules, as provocation yields little apparent gain given the power and practices of the media. This is an extremely awkward lesson, given Boykoff's militant commitment—evident especially in the book's last section—to radical change. Boykoff seems, in short, stuck by his own research with a case for moderation. But one can also challenge his core analysis. Whatever Boykoff's data, the global justice movement's critique of neoliberalism quickly moved from the margins to the mainstream. Indeed, ample evidence indicates that the neoliberalism is now in real trouble, for which demonstrators on this and other continents can likely take significant credit. By this long view, the breaking of Starbucks windows in Seattle may *still* have been effective.

Boykoff ultimately falls prey to the danger of imputing too great a power to his object of analysis. Trained on the suppression, he is scarcely able to understand how and why state and elite hegemony sometimes fails, whether in the case of neoliberalism or the Iraq war. As a corollary, he gives dissidents too little credit in understanding structures of power and adapting their protest to these structures. Hyperconscious of media tropes, the Billionaires for Bush styled themselves during the 2004 campaign in deliberate contrast to leftwing archetypes. Packaging their serious message in glamorous and abjectly clever political theatre, they resisted dismissal as a dangerous fringe or shaggy nay-sayers. The result was incessant and remarkably favorable coverage; four years later, their critique of class domination has found at least mild expression in the populist rhetoric of a new election cycle.

Boykoff misses the dynamism not only of social movement actors but of the media context in which they exist. The web and various forms of user-generated content have provided unprecedented means for creating multiple and alternate narratives, of proliferating different facts and frames. This greatly complicates the work of ideological hegemony, if not limits the power of the weapons of suppression Boykoff describes. To be sure, there is something refreshingly "old school" about his attention to state and media repression; but at times the approach is so "old school" as to risk the subtle miseducation of those he means to enlighten.

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Gerard J. DeGroot, *The Sixties Unplugged: A Kaleidoscopic History of a Disorderly Decade* (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 2008).

There are so many books now appearing about the 1960s that some are bound to be dreadful. This one is not the worst, because the author does not seek, as some neoconservatives do, to repudiate practically everything interesting. (Bill Kaufman, noted paleconservative, is among the most insightful, stressing anti-corporate localism and opposition to military globalism that young people in parts of

the Left and Right could share, without sharing much more.) Still, *The Sixties Unplugged* is among the most tediously familiar, as it seems to lack any insight derived from primary research and because no cliché or banality uttered by liberal supporters of the Cold War and corporate governance goes unrepeated. We have heard it all before—not only in books of the early 1970s, but in real life, when in the middle of the next decade, the purported Great Thinkers of the 1950s suddenly seemed very stale, indeed.

DeGroot's central thought, reiterated whenever he pauses to step back from detail, is nearly identical to that of liberal professorship in the day, often articulated with the most intensity by intellectuals who actually attended the lavish global conferences, purportedly on behalf of free expression, paid for quietly by the Central Intelligence Agency. The Vietnam War, for them, was terribly unfortunate; the existence of racism in American institutions and some parts of the public mind was perhaps even more unfortunate (it was terrible for US prestige abroad). But the takeover of the campuses by students interfering with business as usual was worse than either war or racism. It made professors and administrators so nervous, especially when embarrassing details about university connections with the war machine happened to be aired. Sometimes these events undermined seemingly brilliant careers in the throne room ruling ivory towers. Just as embarrassing, for the prestigious liberal intellectuals gathered around Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., Irving Kristol and Daniel Bell, was the uncovering, by *Ramparts* magazine in 1967, of the quiet but massive cash flow beneath the pomp of what New Leftists dubbed "Corporate Liberalism." Horrible!

DeGroot sometimes appears a bit better here, because he suggests that students might have had a point or two in their idealistic hopes. But their utopianism overwhelmed their good judgment and ruined everything. He is unable get to the commonplace insight that the self-destruction of a civilization, through militarization of society, nuclear arms race or ecological devastation had been so dramatized that large numbers of young (and other) people demanded that the process be stopped! Or he believes that good liberals themselves were against all these things, too, and might have stopped them, if only given the chance. He wants to believe in a mild modification of things and that any attempt more drastic can only spoil everything. The happy multiversity of Clark Kerr's dreams, preparing students for corporate life running the country and the planet, had shown its ugly sides too vividly. The police frame-ups of nonwhite activists, the outright murders, the abandonment of Southern African-Americans to their white rules were acceptable to Democrats as well as Republicans, and cheerfully rationalized by both.

We see in these pages once more, among so many familiar liberal notions and claims, that the US invasion of Vietnam, the napalming, the oceans of Agent Orange and such, were actually an intended antidote to the devilish Cult of the Viet Cong. How silly, how awful that students would chant "Ho Ho Ho Chi Minh,

Vietnam Is Going to Win!” They, I should say “we,” somehow became convinced that the US would not end its gory occupation until it lost the war. Behind such misunderstandings by young people was the badly mistaken notion that the US was actually a colonial power (leaving aside, though unmentioned here, Puerto Rico and various other islands in the Caribbean the Pacific) because the US had already urged European powers to leave their colonies once and for all. Neocolonialism, the effective economic, social and political authority conducted by the US over nearly all Latin America for what is now well over a century, apparently doesn’t count. As for Patrice Lumumba, murdered by intelligence forces in alliance with the CIA, he would have just become one more corrupt African ruler if he had not been assassinated. So why the outcry?

Remarkably calm on this and related scores that seemed to outrageous at the time (made rather worse by government falsifications, in speeches so often written—before Nixon—by well-groomed liberal intellectuals), DeGroot is as angry as a wet college president and the long list of other things that he is angry about would take many hundreds of words here. He is angry at black people for being angry enough to rise up in cities, especially after the assassination of Dr. King. Race as a social problem was becoming steadily less important but somehow, the seeming short-sightedness of the ghetto residents left them incapable of understanding that. DeGroot is naturally indulgent toward King himself, but makes no mention of the late anti-imperial blasting of the US as the “most violent country in the world” or King’s veering toward a version of socialism. Malcolm X, honored by a postage stamp in later decades, is neglected—except for a comparison to Muhammed Ali in which Malcolm becomes a political simpleton if not a downright charlatan. Ali, moreover, despite losing his best boxing years, was much better off than those who actually acceded the draft and went to Vietnam to kill or be killed. What in the world was he complaining about? (DeGroot adds insult to injury by insisting that Curt Flood, the baseball player who lost his career fighting racism, was after all merely an agent of greed—demonstrating that DeGroot is completely baffled by the role of baseball in American social history.)

It would be unfair to the author to say he was smugly pleased by the outcome of all this and so much more. If American, he might be properly seen as a Truman Democrat who experienced personal upward mobility, believed heartily in the Cold War despite some unfortunate gaffes, and was certain that a Kennedy or L.B.J. style of balancing domestic reform with global empire could go on and on—if only things didn’t fall apart so badly, with so very many irresponsible young people seizing a stage of history that belonged properly to their elders. It is so hard to account for the Carter Doctrine as the memorable act of the most notable liberal in the White House since L.B.J.

That Richard Nixon, Ronald Reagan, George W. Bush, Margaret Thatcher, Ariel Sharon and his Arab counterpart Saddam Hussein, among other

mass murderers and downright repulsive figures have dominated so much of history since the 1960s is at least as unpleasant as DeGroot imagines and, in this reviewer's opinion, a great deal worse. Ecology is only a passing thought in *The Sixties Unplugged*, but he stops long enough to say that corporations supply consumer goods, so any attempt to blame them must have been misguided! Thereby, he misses the eco-logic aspects of the decade along with the defeat, however temporary, of Empire as dominant principle in the globe. More importantly, DeGroot misses the pulsating beat of the mass movements themselves, which by seeking to supersede corporate rule and the limits of representative democracy with forms of direct democracy, helped develop the kind of world upon which Dr. King insisted was reachable.

What remains of the 1960s as a glamorous, rebellious era? The sense that an institutional and militarized society dependent upon the vision of a permanent enemy is not invincible. And that global democracy, repudiating the redirection of natural resources and local economies by neo-colonialism away from the hopes of early independence days into corporate ledgers, can still happen. These are ideas so simple, so revolutionary, that practically anyone can grasp them and the urgent need for them if we are to survive. Not, of course, our Professor DeGroot.

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Linda Eisenmann, *Higher Education for Women in Post-war America, 1945-1965* (Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins University Press 2006), and Andrew Hartman, *Education and the Cold War: The Battle for the American School* (New York: Palgrave MacMillan, 2008).

The Cold War era continues to fascinate North American academics and two recent studies by US historians explore complementary aspects of educational change in this period. Linda Eisenmann focuses on a coterie of female reformers who sought to expand post-secondary educational opportunities for women in the twenty years following World War II, and Andrew Hartman takes up the "battle for the American school" among progressive educators, political activists and anti-communists during the same era. While the two books, written from very different perspectives, do not uncover much that is new in the history of education, they raise interesting historiographical and methodological questions that future students of this period (and others) would be wise to consider.

Eisenmann seeks to recapture and acknowledge the work of liberal reformers, those middle class professionals who contributed to educational and social change without ever eliciting the acclaim and notoriety of Betty Friedan, author of the extraordinarily influential, *The Feminine Mystique* (1963) and the feminist activists who followed in her wake. She provides case studies of several