

## We can change the world... rearrange the world

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*Crosby, Stills and Nash (1970 and today)*

In the late 1970's when Rev Moon was being painted as a pariah in the media, one syndicated writer by the name of Nicholas Von Hoffman wrote a lone positive article. He said that he didn't understand what all the to-do was about Rev Moon.

He said that the parents of these so-called "Moonies" instead of chastising him, should be thanking Rev Moon. After all, had taken long haired, pot smoking, LSD dropping hippies, had them cut their hair, put on shirts, ties and shoes

and work 16 hour days in order to resurrect America.

In the case of this writer, he wasn't too far off the mark. While I wrote a paper on the greatness of America and how we should bomb the Communist North Vietnamese back into the Stone Age while I was still in high school, my political ideology began to change dramatically once I entered the liberal bastion of Indiana University. Indiana was certainly not a radical place by any means—especially when compared to Berkeley, California, Cambridge, Massachusetts or even the Midwestern towns of Ann Arbor, Michigan and Madison, Wisconsin.



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In college I was living in a Jewish fraternity house with 56 nice Jewish boys (the one gentile was the best athlete and the only brother in the house who did his own ironing). Our house was first in grades and last in sports. We had to get out of the house at 8:30 every morning so we didn't miss any of our classes and bring down the fraternity's G.P.A. Our freshman year president used to get dressed, brush his teeth and comb his hair before he went to bed so he could sleep until 8:25, jump out of bed and get out of the house. Indiana is probably most famous for its 50 mile bicycle race based on the Indianapolis 500 car race. Like the big race, 33 bicycle teams would qualify to be in the race (see *Breaking Away*) but our fraternity rarely if ever made it. However, in my sophomore year we did qualify-albeit in 33<sup>rd</sup> place. Tragically, our best rider caused a huge accident on the very first lap and about 16 riders fell on top of him, rendering him useless for the rest of the race. Needless to say, we came in

last place—but we did still come out first in grades. Years later the fraternity became very competitive athletically, but shortly afterward was kicked off campus for some unnamed raucous activities.

In the fall of 1967 drugs would hit the campus. We began to sniff some funny smell in the hallways of our house. The opposition to the war in Vietnam began attracting large crowds protesting. Radical speakers and musicians began appearing on campus, outdoor concerts became the norm and Dr. Timothy Leary became a local celebrity.

Students would sit in front of the downtown Baskin-Robbins and the local “stonies” would shout obscenities as they drove past. Free love was the word of the day (as long as two adults were single and consenting, no one felt that there was anything wrong). The students were into new religions, yoga, Buddhism and meditation. Morality 101 was cancelled due to lack of enrollment. In essence the students knew what was wrong with the world; corruption in government; corruption in business; corporate greed; pollution (May 1, 1970 would be the very first Earth Day); and the word ecology was not even in the dictionary yet. Bob Dylan sang that “the times they are a - changing - which was true, but the problem was that the protesters had no idea how to change the system. Students were migrating to Canada to avoid the draft and when they protested at the Democratic National Convention in the summer of 1968, they stimulated a “police riot.” On national TV they chanted “the whole world is watching” as the mayor ordered the Chicago police to stop the protests whatever the cost. International celebrities such as poet Allen Ginsberg, French playwright Jean Genet, musicians Chad Mitchell, Phil Ochs. Peter, Paul & Mary, Harry Belafonte and Harvard Professor Tom Lehrer joined radical protesters Abbie Hoffman and Jerry Rubin in an attempt to right a nation that had sailed off course. But again, they knew what was wrong but didn’t have the slightest idea about how to change things.

After the convention, I took a year’s sabbatical to sort things out in my life. I worked in the post office and read more books than I had read in my three previous years in college. After one year, I returned to campus, and continued work toward my doctorate. However, I realized that I did not know even one person in my life who was truly happy. So I bid adieu to my professors, jumped into my 1967 golden Chevrolet Impala and started looking for the one thing that unbeknownst to me was missing in my life—God.

On Christmas Eve, 1976 I was introduced to Rev Moon’s ideology by a Jewish professor in a Victorian House in the Pacific Heights section of San Francisco. That is where I found that the missing link in my life was in fact, God. Nearly 40 years, a wonderful marriage and 5 children later, I realize that that Christmas Eve was more valuable than my entire seven years of classes and experiences at Indiana University.