

*Rutgers AARP*

*Emeriti*

# Reporter

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**THE CHAIRPERSON'S CORNER**  
**Elfriede Schlesinger, Chair**  
**Professor Emerita, Social Work**

In past newsletters I focused on our Emeriti Group, overviewed the programs of the past semester, and reviewed our thinking about how to maintain and enhance the quality of the Emeriti Assembly.

As I began to think about this newsletter, I realized that during my term as chairperson I have not paid any attention to the reasons which at least in part, led us to join this group. The very name of our group "Emeriti Assembly" speaks to who we are and why we are here. The dictionary (online) defines emeritus as retired or honorably discharged from active professional duty. Common is the view that an emeritus is a retired college professor or minister. Emeriti is the masculine or gender neutral plural. Emerita is the feminine singular. Important especially for us is that anyone who once held a position or office, once retired, he or she, though not required is permitted to keep the title. To retire simply means withdrawing from one's occupation or position, especially upon reaching a certain age.

Our scheduled speaker for March, Gustav Friedrich, Chairperson of the Rutgers Retired Faculty and Staff Council, tells us about the various groups of Rutgers retirees, each of which has a different focus and program, although united by a common history of having expended energy, knowledge and skill in one of many ways in which Rutgers contributes to the state of New Jersey and the world beyond.

The very use of the term emeriti signifies that we have all reached a stage of life where we look back, reflect on what we have done, and perhaps what we would like to have done but didn't. A major objective spelled out by those who were responsible for founding the group was to keep active intellectually. This remains a major feature of our program. We look for speakers for our monthly meetings who have made, and continue to make a disciplined contribution to their field.

During the past few years we have heard about research that helps to identify new options of living arrangements for people who may not be able or want to totally care for themselves. The different options emerged on analysis of data gathered in various communities. We learned about Peru, where people struggle to maintain long standing culturally based traditions, while corporate forces tend to exploit cultural values.

While many of our speakers spoke of efforts or progress and change, we heard that the long standing enmities in the Middle East have continued during our tenure at Rutgers.

Thinking back on the programs we have had over the years, it was clear to me that taken as a whole, they reported on a world in constant change. It is self evident that we, now emeriti and retirees, were shaped by that world, and no doubt, whether deliberately or not, contributed to the shape of the world we are all so busy studying, I also began to wonder about our basic aim – to maintain an intellectual involvement.

My question is not about the importance of being involved but about whether it is sufficient. We each have expertise in a particular area and know a lot about others. This stage of life gives us the opportunity to reflect on our personal interaction with the world in flux. Is it possible to devote part of our programs to finding ways to articulate how we have participated in the world shaping and person shaping reciprocal process? Unlike the more highly quantified efforts to measure person/system interaction and effect, these efforts would study individual sets of interactions, analogous to efforts to create medicines targeted to the individual.

We have spent virtually no time at our meetings to talk about our own lives, whether personal or professional. We don't come to the meetings for that purpose. And yet, there is no question that we do, as family members intersect with the intellectual issues which are intrinsic to our work. This intersect is not just a matter of proximity. It is an inevitable consequence of how we live. We bring the intellectual issues to the dinner table and family gatherings.

Daily activities often illustrate or help to explain what we've been thinking about at our computers and in the past, in our classrooms. For example, the differences between boys and girls, either supported or disputed by scientific studies are acted out at home. Bigotries learned elsewhere may be nipped in the bud in the home.

The examples I have just given are clearly bailiwick for the social scientists among us. There may be matters that arise that are relevant for the physical scientists with which I am not familiar. I have been thinking whether there is a way of devoting some of our time to review these matters as we also look back on our personal histories. At the same time, we can consider the family/academic intersect as a source of further knowledge and theory building.

## **CENTURION MINISTRIES**

A presentation by representatives of Centurion Ministries, Inc. about the work of their organization, was held at the Rutgers Council of AAUP Chapters, AAUP-AFT building, 11 Stone Street, New Brunswick, New Jersey 08901-1280 on September 29, 2015. Following are notes taken by Benjamin R. Beede, Secretary of the Emeriti Assembly.

Centurion Ministries is a non-profit, non-religious group devoted to helping free convicts in United States and Canadian prisons who are innocent of the crimes for which they have been imprisoned. Its name has a religious connotation, though, because it refers to the Biblical account of a Roman soldier, a centurion, who believed that Jesus Christ was innocent of the crimes of which he was accused.

Centurion Ministries was established in 1980 by Jim McCloskey, a naval veteran of Vietnam and former businessman who was then studying at the Princeton Theological Seminary. As part of his degree program, McCloskey was doing field work at the Trenton State Prison when he met Jorge De Los Santos, one of the inmates.

After De Los Santos had persuaded McCloskey of his innocence, he asked McCloskey, "What are you going to do about it?" Centurion Ministries is the answer to this question. There are other groups devoted to proving the innocence of people convicted unjustly, but Centurion Ministries is the only one with a nationwide scope. Organization volunteers attempt to find and use DNA evidence and find additional witnesses, among other methods, to win new trials for people who appear to be innocent.

The emphasis of the group is on capital cases. Most of the fifteen hundred or so applications from prisoners are inappropriate, accounting to Centurion Ministries standards, and they must be rejected. Only about three to five per cent of the prisoners' pleas are accepted. Rape cases are generally avoided, for example, because they often involve contradictory testimony from only two persons. Applicants for assistance must not have had any involvement in the crimes of which they are accused, no matter tangential, moreover.

Centurion Ministries works through the postal system, using about twenty printed forms, such as letters and questionnaires. Volunteers face formidable obstacles in their work. Defense attorneys often do not retain their records for long periods, although those files would be of considerable assistance. Eyewitness identifications are the primary problem. Police line-ups can be manipulated to reach the conclusions desired by the authorities. Police departments, moreover, often do not retain records of interrogations. Prosecutors are unlikely to be cooperative, because they are unwilling to admit errors. That problem is related to the fact that prosecutors often use their posts to build reputations to help them seek elected public offices later.

Although primarily concerned with freeing unjustly imprisoned people, Centurion Ministries also points out that if an innocent person is kept in prison for a crime which he or she did not commit, the criminal who did commit the offense is at large. Centurion Ministries is also involved in helping freed prisoner re-integrate into society.

Centurion Ministries attracts considerable media attention. In October 2015, for example a long-term case against Richard Lapointe was finally dismissed. State officials stated that they had not changed their belief that Lapointe was guilty, but they decided not to pursue the matter further. Lapointe's release was the result of fifteen years of work by Centurion Ministries' attorneys. Sometimes, much time elapses before the organization can even begin work on a case. In 1990, Darryl Burton was told that he would have to wait ten years for assistance. Burton served a total of twenty-four years before winning freedom as a result of efforts by Centurion Ministries. A recent news story noted that Burton is at the point of becoming a minister.

**EDITOR:  
DONALD BORCHARDT**



The next meeting of the  
Emeriti Assembly is scheduled for

11:30 a.m. on

Tuesday, March 15, 2016

at the AAUP-AFT Office,

11 Stone Street, New Brunswick.

Gustav Friedrich will speak about  
The Rutgers University Presidential  
Retired Faculty & Staff  
Advisory Council (2012-2016)  
which he chairs.

His initial vocational goal was to become an attorney, but a professor at the John Hopkins University persuaded him to undertake graduate study in political science.

Then, he described his childhood in the Baltimore area and how his experience influenced many of his attitudes as an adult. His audience was genuinely moved by his memories of living in a segregated environment.

### **I REMEMBER BUCKY as told by Gordon Schochet**



I spent the first 11 years of my life – 1937-1948 – as a resident of Catonsville, a sleepy, friendly *suburb* of Baltimore (but I don't recall hearing that word until many years later) and the next 62 in Baltimore, Minnesota, England, Rhode Island, and New Jersey, where I lived, went to school, and worked. My parents, Dave and Goldie Schochet, owned a mom & pop grocery store, "Schochet's Mocket," that they continued to operate after we moved to Baltimore proper. I worked there with them during the summers and on weekends until 1959. Catonsville is my "hometown," and many of my most vivid and compelling childhood memories are of Catonsville. It is where I acquired a consciousness of the world, learned about the differences between right and wrong, made my first genuine friendships, and developed attitudes that have remained with me throughout my life, especially fundamental respect for others and a profound but usually frustrated sense of justice.

Our store was on Edmondson Avenue, at the intersection of Winters Lane, which was the principal access street to what was then called the "colored" neighborhood. Most but by no means all of our customers were from the African-American community, and the store itself – especially when my mother wasn't there – was a gathering place for neighborhood people, customers, salesmen, police, firemen, and friends of my

### **THE RICHARD WASSON AWARD Presented to Prof. Emeritus Gordon Schochet**

On December 15, 2015, at its annual holiday luncheon, the AAUP Emeriti Assembly conferred its Richard Wasson Leadership Award on Professor Gordon J. Schochet, who taught political science at Rutgers for forty-four years and engaged in many other activities before and after his retirement in 2009. He was a leading member of the Livingston College faculty.

He has continued his distinguished teaching and research records in retirement. He is a member of the editorial boards of four scholarly journals, for example. Political theory, especially the origins of political rights, is one of his primary areas of interest.

Professor Schochet is particularly proud of his teaching accomplishments and the many awards he has received for them. There was a two-day conference in his honor at the time of his retirement. His contributions to teaching are continuing through his active participation in the Osher Lifelong Learning Institute at Rutgers University. He also recalls his open opposition to the Vietnam War with pride, when he burned his draft card during one of his Rutgers classes. His draft registration records were among those smeared with blood by the Catonsville Nine in a protest against the war.

He regrets the loss of friends in retirement and appreciates the friendship of the members of the Emeriti Assembly.

father's. As I try to recapture my experiences and understandings, race never intrudes. Quite the contrary – people mixed easily and comfortably. I don't know what they were thinking or saying privately and certainly know enough today to realize that it must have been there someplace, but I had no sense of racial prejudice at the time. Yet, it was clear to me long before I had the vocabulary to express it that there were substantial economic differences between whites and blacks.

Across Winters Lane was what Google Maps tells me was the Grace AME Church, where, unbeknownst to my parents, I spent many a happy Sunday morning during and shortly after World War II standing in the back listening to the wonderful music and – despite being Jewish – occasionally participating in the services. It was not just the music, the spirited congregation, and the astounding rhetoric of the preaching that grabbed my attention; I was almost equally enchanted by the elegance of what I still call church-lady hats and the wonderful, weekly spectacle I was privileged to witness and in which I still delight. Some of the members of the congregation were our customers, my playmates, and their parents. And I never knew why my secret was not revealed (or maybe it was, and my parents were kind enough not to say anything to me).

Directly across Edmondson Avenue and on the other side of the streetcar tracks was the competition, Mr. Washington's grocery store; if I thought about it at all, I must have assumed that all his customers were African-American. A few yards further up Winters Lane – which continued the African-American neighbored about a half mile, almost to the Catholic school that I often passed on my way to and from my school – was Bob Smith's tailor shop, which was one of the places (our store was another) where the "numbers runners" made their daily collections and occasional payouts under the watchful eyes of the community, and probably of the police as well.

It was an almost idyllic and secure life, but the most important facts about the 11 years that I actually lived in Catonsville are the Second World War, my parents' and therefore my Judaism, and, most profoundly, racial segregation. The first meant hardships and deprivations, most of which were shared with everyone else and so didn't seem especially burdensome until my requests for things were greeted with "Don't you know there's a war on?"; the second, that I grew up in the shadow and occasionally the full light of anti-Semitism and a sense that I was different from everyone else and spent part of my childhood waiting with my grandmother for Hitler to show up; and the third, that the neighborhood children I played with were not my schoolmates, nor were they and their families allowed to be my and my parents' social equals. The "scar of race," as it has been called, is a permanent mark on my consciousness.

I have some few photographs of my parents and me and some of our friends from that period, and the most haunting of them is one of me and my favorite playmate, Bucky Scott, an African-American who lived with his family – his mother Ducksie, his grandmother "Miss Verletta," his 3 sisters, Dell, Doris, and Neetie, and Loose (or "Luce") who I remember as his father, but I also remember that Bucky always called him by his name – in one of the kerosene-heated, cement-block dwellings adjacent to the store and which my parents owned (and which I fancifully believed had been slave quarters). It is the only picture of him that I have. We were the same age, and except on the days that we were fighting – and we actually went at it from time to time, for all the meaningless reasons that boys fight – Bucky and I were practically inseparable and would have spent even more time together had we been permitted to attend the same school. But that's the rub and what gives the picture its painful quality: it was taken, according to my mother's notation on the back, in 1947, when we were ten. I am posed in my Cub Scout uniform, and we are standing next to each other but a fence separates us: Bucky is on the outside looking in.

I knew about but hardly understood and did not accept segregation: why Bucky and I walked off in opposite direction to school each morning made no sense to me. But it also made no sense that we were not permitted in each other's homes, a rule laid down and enforced by both families that we frequently violated, sometimes just because we could. We often ate together on the weekends and in the summer – fed outside by one or the other of our mothers – stole ice together from Mr. Leonard's ice truck as he was making deliveries, collected tin cans and grease and pretended to work in my mother's Victory Garden during the War, walked up Winters Lane with my dog Spotty and looked in windows until we were chased away, played in the woods where we gathered frogs' eggs and caught tadpoles in the spring, played baseball with and, in the winter, had snowball fights with the older white boys from Melvin Avenue (and if we were really angry, we put stones in the snowballs; fortunately, our aim was not very good), ran from Sonny Gaither and his friends, teased and threw things at the local girls including Doris and Neetie (Dell was already a teenager) until they threatened to beat us up, shared comic books and lies, climbed trees, counted stars: we did everything that young boys did with one another except go the movies and to the same school. I complained, questioned, and once even went to school with Bucky and was immediately sent home by his teacher, having failed in my unwitting attempt to integrate an African-American school long before 1954. (A few years earlier, as an unknowing 4-year-old, I had attempted to integrate the whites only Alpha movie theater on Frederick Road: my dog was permitted to come in with me, but "Maimie," our "colored" housekeeper – "maid" or "colored girl" in the language of the day – was not. I cried, and we left.)

After we moved to Baltimore in 1948, I am embarrassed to say, I lost touch with Bucky. When I returned to the store on weekends, it was to work, and I didn't have time to play. We did see one another occasionally, but it was only when Bucky came into the store. And by the next summer, all that was left of our once-intense friendship was a casual acquaintance. A few years later, I was told that he died of tuberculosis, and only then did I realize what I had long since lost. The friendships of childhood are among our most important possessions, but we are seldom smart enough to realize that at the time. And I am left with memories and the very disturbing photograph.

Recently, I had the unnerving experience of searching for my childhood home on Google Earth and saw that it has been replaced by a CVS and that the field in the back where Bucky and I had played baseball, climbed trees, dug for gold, made some very preliminary sexual discoveries, and built snow forts is the parking lot. Now, all that remains for me of Schochet's Mocket are memories and a drawing made by a friend of my parents; photographs that my mother stored in a box with other mementoes have disappeared.

We don't have to be told that life has an unrelenting way of changing – almost invariably for the worse – even when we attempt to stare it down. But turn our backs, even only for one of those years-in-a-second, and all hell breaks loose without our knowing it, and when we look again, it's gone forever.

August, 2010

## PLURALISM

"Pluralism at the Top: How Foreign Policy is Made," was a presentation by Dr. Martin Oppenheimer, Professor Emeritus, Sociology, at Rutgers, at the AAUP-AFT office, 11 Stone Street, New Brunswick, New Jersey on January 19, 2016.

Following are notes taken by Benjamin R. Beede, Secretary of the Emeriti Assembly.

Dr. Oppenheimer used a power structure research approach to discuss the role of the Council on Foreign Relations in the formulation of United States foreign policy. He is currently preparing a review of David Shoup's book, *Wall Street's Think Tank: The Council on Foreign Relations and the Empire of Neoliberal Geopolitics, 1976-2014* (New York: Monthly Review Press, 2015). The council is an extremely important component of the political and economic systems. Dr. Oppenheimer predicted that if Hillary Clinton becomes

president, the council "will be the de facto state department," so great is its influence.

Dr. Oppenheimer is a specialist in political sociology. One of his methods of investigation is power structure research. This technique goes back to C. Wright Mills' *The Power Elite*, a book published in 1956, although it can be seen as having been used by the Populists in the United States in the late 19th century. This approach emphasizes network analysis, which involves studying where ideas come from and how shared values arise from interchange. Decision analysis focuses on how particular decisions are taken. Power structure research has been criticized heavily recently. It has been suggested that it is simply another conspiracy theory. Conspiracies, though, usually are undertaken by a small number of people working secretly. The Council on Foreign Relations works openly, however.

Power structure research is based on the view that military, economic, and political elites interlock and negotiate common viewpoints that coalesce in the making of national public policy. For the most part, members of these elites have similar experiences. Having come from upper class social and economic backgrounds, they attend a small number of highly selective private universities where they meet people with like backgrounds and enter career pathways that bring them into leadership positions. One of the characteristic phenomena in this process is the movement of people from corporations to government and back again. These persons, such as W. Michael Blumenthal, are sometimes described as "in-and-outers."

The Council on Foreign Relations was established after World War I. It had considerable influence during the Roosevelt administration, including the development of policies that led to war with Japan in 1941. The present objective of the organization today is the establishment of a neoliberal, geopolitical empire.

It has about five thousand members. Largely WASP at one time, the membership now includes some Jews.

In the process of planning and promoting public policies, the council uses many study groups and task forces. Its general stance is conservative, and its aims include encouraging the overthrow of some popular governments, attacks on unions, and the imposition of politics on many Third World countries by the International Monetary Fund and the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development that are often unpopular in those countries and are seen as being in the interest of developed rather than the developing countries.

The council is not totally monolithic, and it can change its policy recommendations. It supported the Vietnam War,

## MEMBERSHIP DUES

but it later changed its stance. The Iraq War seemed necessary, in order to ensure the availability of Middle Eastern oil. Currently, the council opposes many Russian initiatives, including Russia's incursions into Ukraine. Some analysts distinguish between "yankey" and "cowboy capitalism," but that is simplistic. An audience member suggested that there are conflicts between industrial and financial capitalism.

Although the council emphasizes foreign policy, it also seeks power within the United States. In addition to combating unions, it wants to shred the social safety network. Dr. Oppenheimer recommended an eco-socialist program to counter these thrusts. In the meantime, the elite will make concessions when it is forced to do so. The Council on Foreign Relations is not only the only elite group. Moreover, there are mass movements and counter pressures from below that can impact the development of national public policies.

A group discussion followed the presentation.

The fee for AAUP Emeriti Assembly membership is \$10 per year beginning each September. If you haven't already done so, please send your check to the AAUP-AFT office at 11 Stone Street in New Brunswick to cover the year 2015-16 (sorry, cash cannot be accepted). You may also renew membership for one, two, or three years by paying \$10, \$20, or \$30.

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**Below is a list of organizations and their contact information including web sites you may find useful:**

### **AAUP Emeriti Assembly**

11 Stone Street  
New Brunswick, NJ 08901-1113  
Phone: 732-964-1000  
Fax: 732-964-1032  
E-mail: [aaup@rutgersaaup.org](mailto:aaup@rutgersaaup.org)  
<http://www.rutgersaaup.org/Emeriti-Assembly>

### **Retired Faculty & Staff Association**

<http://retirement.rutgers.edu/>

### **Rutgers Retiree Benefits**

<http://retirement.rutgers.edu/retiree-benefits/>

### **Rutgers Council of AAUP Chapters, AAUP-AFT**

11 Stone Street  
New Brunswick, NJ 08901-1113  
Phone: 732-964-1000  
Fax: 732-964-1032  
E-mail: [aaup@rutgersaaup.org](mailto:aaup@rutgersaaup.org)  
[www.rutgersaaup.org](http://www.rutgersaaup.org)

### **American Association of University Professors**

1133 Nineteenth Street, NW, Suite 200  
Washington, DC 20036  
Phone: 202-737-5900  
Fax: 202-737-5526  
E-mail: [aaup@aaup.org](mailto:aaup@aaup.org)  
[www.aaup.org](http://www.aaup.org)

### **American Federation of Teachers, AFL-CIO**

555 New Jersey Avenue, NW  
Washington, DC 20001  
Phone: 202-879-4400  
[www.aft.org](http://www.aft.org)

### **AFT's Web Page for Retirees:**

<http://www.aft.org/retirement>

### **AARP**

601 E Street NW  
Washington, DC 20049  
Phone: 1-888-OUR-AARP (1-888-687-2277)  
[www.aarp.org](http://www.aarp.org)

### **AARP NJ**

Forrestal Village  
101 Rockingham Row  
Princeton, NJ 08540  
Phone: 1-866-542-8165 (toll-free)  
Fax: 609-987-4634  
E-mail: [njaarp@aarp.org](mailto:njaarp@aarp.org)  
Web site: <http://www.aarp.org/states/nj/>

### **NJ Department of Treasury Division of Pension & Benefits**

Links for retirees:  
<http://www.state.nj.us/treasury/pensions/retiree-home.shtml>