



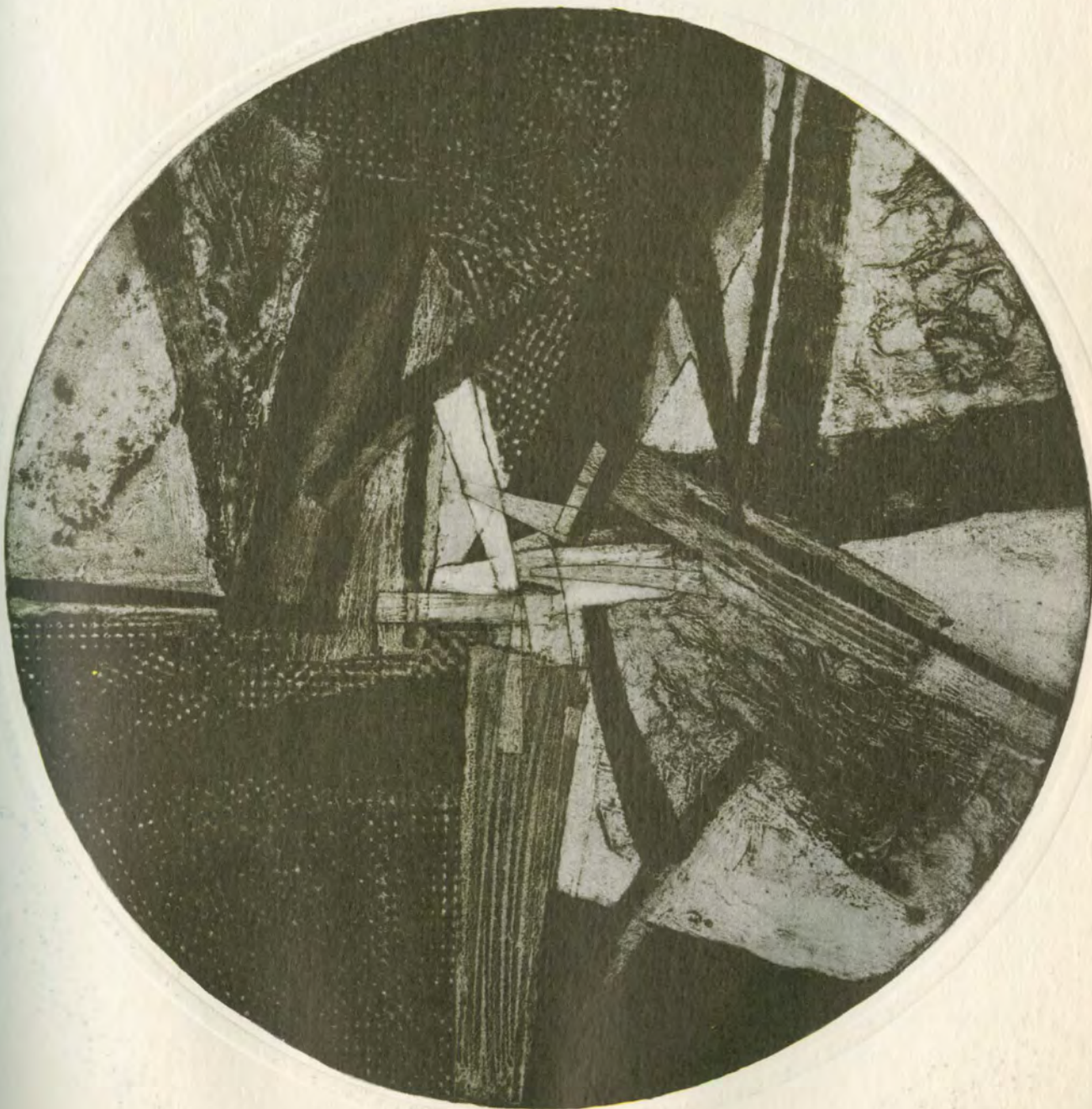


Period
M85

25-2

motive

november 1964 fifty cents



cover: by JIM McLEAN.

TONDO II, intaglio etching,
expresses the life force
radiating to the four corners of the earth.

Jim has been a long-time contribu-
tor to *motive*, and we watch his metamorphosis
as an artist with fascination.

1 MESSAGE, ISAIAH 3:24, BY MATHIAS GOERITZ

2 THE PICKET LINE

3 EDITORIAL

4 THREE LETTERS, BY THOMAS MERTON

9 THREE TRIALS: RIVONIA, BECKWITH, HOFFA
BY MARY BENSON, CHARLES BUTTS, SIDNEY LENS

25 POEM: INTERIM, BY BEN HOWARD

26 THE ART OF PERPETUAL SALVAGE, BY DORE ASHTON

29 POEMS: BLUEBEARD'S CASTLE, BY SUZANNE GROSS
& NOTES FOR A HOMILY, BY JAMES T. WHITEHEAD

30 PIOUS POLITICS: A PURITAN LEGACY BY DAVID BURT

35 THE DEAN'S BLUE PENCIL, BY HOYT PURVIS

39 SOME PATTERNS FOR POLITICS, BY WILLIAM P. TOLLEY

42 THE FLAHERTY INFLUENCE, BY ROBERT STEELE

45 BOOKS

47 POEM: SUN IN THE WILDERNESS, BY EDWARD OSTER

49 POEM: FOR W., BY NANCY HOLMES

51 POEM: CHANGE-OF-LIFE, BY R. B. LARSEN

56 CONTRIBUTORS

cover 3: FROM THE CHILDREN OF THE STREETS SERIES,
BY ABELARDO DA HORA.

cover 4: FABLE: SYNCHROMOCRACY, BY CAWOOD.

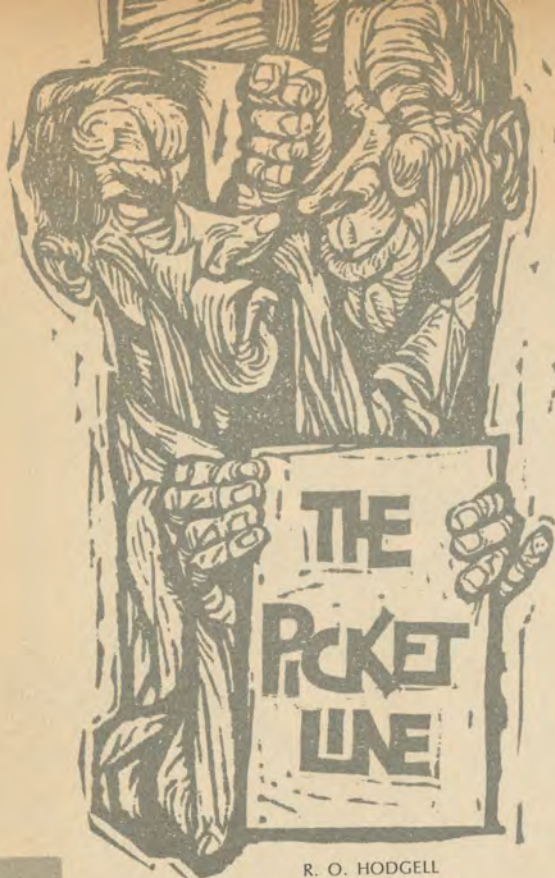


MESSAGE V ISAIAH 3:24 1959

MATHIAS GOERITZ

*Instead of perfume there will be rottenness;
and instead of a belt, a rope;
and instead of well-set hair,
baldness;
and instead of a rich robe, a girding of sackcloth;
instead of beauty, shame.*

ISAIAH 3:24



R. O. HODGELL

Stop! Stop!

Robert Short wants Jules Feiffer to give "answers," in "the way that Salinger stepped forward in *Franny and Zooey*..."

Christians have a forgivable predilection for expecting life to be more blessed than it is, but it is cheap criticism and bad theology to ask an iconoclast (one of the best we have) to act like a priest. Such a "conversion" is often fatal, and I submit that Salinger's bathtub Zen is exhibit "A" for the defense.

Unwittingly, Mr. Short has fallen into the very trap he carefully disavows toward the end of his article—he looks for an apostle in the house of apes! And I for one prefer Feiffer's wry monkeyshines to the callow prooftexting Short resorts to in making his point.

RICHARD LANDRESS
pittsburgh, pa.

First,

let me say that I'm happy to see *motive* reinstate the "Letters" column. It's always the first thing I read in other magazines...

My primary purpose for writing is . . . to reply to Jim Ruhlen of Baker University. Look who's talking! His description of affected intellectuals evolving from awkward "m.y.f.ers" and "pimples . . . on verbal upper lip such as copywriters who think they are e. e. cummings or archy . . ." is as blatant an example of projection as I've seen in a good while. His diagnosis of *motive* 's ailments, belabored in language so overblown and sentiment so supercharged, would seem to indicate that he's wearing a shoe that fits only too well—even if it pinches a bit!

EVELYN ANDREWS
san francisco, calif.

... your May '64

issue reached an all-time low in *motive* 's usually astute and helpful attention to the arts. There is nothing wrong *per se* with having twenty-three continuous pages of art feature looming in the center of the magazine; the trouble in this case is the overwhelmingly vague, diffuse subject of folk crafts, folk music, and nature photography.

Art is not mysticism, whatever its source. Revering a pack of whittling hillbillies for their talent is jolly fun, and buoying to the

spirits—but it confuses art with earthiness, ruling out any possibility of encounter or revelation. Handcrafts, like electronic computers, are simply a method of achieving a given goal. Calling a function a "celebration" will not make it so, but it will further obscure the already opaque task of sorting meaning from the arts.

The . . . whole "folk" enthusiasm seems to me a kind of dilute Romanticism, perhaps the richest our age can afford but no less a delusion for all its ingenuous poverty. . . . The times call for an art of critical intelligence and formulation, not bland nostalgia.

MICHAEL McMANUS
university of kansas

While I note

that " *motive* is the magazine of the Methodist Student Movement," most of the material printed in *motive* comes from people who are professionally involved in religion, the arts, etc. If *motive* is to represent the thinking of students, could it not reflect ideas through articles, art work, book reviews, and the like from the student world? While *motive* appears to be the best of its kind now published and a journal that is most valuable in helping the student community to be aware of issues and needs of the Christian faith, it is misleading to call it a magazine of the Methodist Student Movement.

Several solutions are possible: 1) a changing of the national name to Methodist University Movement (whose initials should not be confused with a nationally advertised deodorant!), 2) the use of able undergraduate and graduate students from a number of campuses who could either submit material or recruit fellow students to send in articles, art work, and the like, or 3) a change in the wording of the magazine so as not to represent itself to be a student publication.

JAMES S. LESLIE
chaplain
ohio wesleyan university

On Having a Manuscript Rejected by MOTIVE

Dammit, sir—in all respect—
Was it kindly to subject
My amazing creativity
To such strong and cruel scrutiny?

And worse yet, still circumspect,
You proceeded to dissect
This my child. However grotesque,
Sir, it was mine. I protest!

JANNA TULL
university of omaha

My husband

and I have subscribed to *motive* for a number of years now, and think it by far the best in every way of a number of publications, both local and overseas, which come into our home. It is always read avidly from cover to cover, is often quoted, and not infrequently sparks off stimulating discussion both between ourselves and with our friends.

Having seen *Dr. Strangelove* only a few days before receiving *motive* (May, 1964) we were especially interested in the review

motive

of that film by Robert Steele, whose film criticism rates very high with us as a rule.

While I don't suggest that this film reached an all-time high as a piece of cinematic achievement, the impression it left with us differed so greatly from Mr. Steele's reaction that I wonder if in fact the difference is one not so much of film appreciation as of nationality! Perhaps I would have thought the film lacked good taste had its setting been England and the British parliament and one of its main characters a British monarch.

Comedy has always been an effective means of arousing awareness of, and concern for, great and important issues. *Strangelove* did not strike me as the "giggle outlet" that Mr. Steele suggests (though this may be due to my sense of humor, or to the lack of it). I laughed often and sardonically, maybe with overtones of bitterness and guilt: which reaction I feel the makers intended. I appreciated the diabolical cleverness of Sellers (also intended?) and was not disturbed by his face-to-face meeting as President and *Strangelove*. Surely he was completely in character in each of the three roles, and his make-up was so excellent that, had we not been told beforehand, I doubt if I would have been specially conscious of the fact that all three parts were the one actor. However, I concede that to use one actor for three characters was a gimmick which, while it did not irritate me, was not necessary to the film.

I agree entirely with the value of the film as mentioned by Mr. Steele, but I think it was intended by the makers. *Dr. Strangelove* impressed me in the way a satire by Evelyn Waugh impresses me. Just as I think there are many people who would react more to the impact of *The Loved One* than to the serious approach to the same subject by Jessica Mitford, so I think many (here at any rate) will sense a more salutary message in *Strangelove* than in Kubrick's earlier drama on a similar theme, *Paths of Glory*.

And in Britain, it is just possible that *Dr. Strangelove* may arouse some qualms and questions in some who are completely indifferent to the Aldermaston marches.

NOELA SNELL
victoria, australia

EDITOR: B. J. STILES
ART EDITOR: MARGARET RIGG
EDITORIAL ASSOCIATE: ALAN D. AUSTIN
CIRCULATION: CHRISTINE BENTLEY
READER SERVICES: ELIZABETH JONES
SECRETARY: JANE JAMES

Address all communications to *motive*, P.O. Box 871, Nashville, Tennessee 37202. Unsolicited manuscripts and art work are welcome, but cannot be returned unless return postage is supplied.

Subscription rates: individual subscription, 8 issues, \$3. Single copies, fifty cents. Optional group subscription plans are available; information on request. Transactions with the circulation department require four weeks' advance notice for processing.

Published monthly, October through May, by John O. Gross, General Secretary, for the Division of Higher Education of the Board of Education of The Methodist Church. *motive* is the magazine of the Methodist Student Movement, affiliated with the World Student Christian Federation through the National Student Christian Federation. Copyright © 1964 by the Board of Education of The Methodist Church.

Second-class postage paid at Nashville, Tennessee. National newsstand distribution by Eastern News Distributors, 255 Seventh Avenue, New York City 10001.

NOVEMBER 1964

EDITORIAL

A colleague recently returned from South America and reported a conversation with a European *motive* reader. She wanted to know about the "revolutionary" editor who heads up the magazine. My friend accurately responded: "He's not much of a revolutionary. In fact, he's a very unspectacular, bourgeois American."

How right he was. Enconced in a well-mortgaged ranch-style suburban house with one wife, two children and one cat, I couldn't qualify more! No beard, no sandals . . . not even an A.D.A. membership card (regrettably).

I'm not an avid jazz buff or an erudite scholar or even an erst-while philatelist. As a connoisseur of anything esoteric, I'm a rank failure. In short, I'm a placid putterer living in a century that seemingly has use only for skilled geniuses.

But images aren't easily downed, and my European reader (not unlike *motive* critics at home) refuses to be confused by facts.

So, too, with *motive*. We persist in trying to achieve a freshness, a uniqueness, a surprise, a freedom to be something in the present which has meaning and reality of its own. But verdicts on magazines—like editors—freeze and half-truths abound with unremitting censure.

To wit: "*motive* is an art magazine," "*motive* is only for eggheads," "*motive* is pacifist or socialist or neo-orthodox or _____ (you insert the epithet)." We do take art and artists seriously (and sometimes humorously); we don't object to eggheads (but we certainly wouldn't marry one); and we might be neo-orthodox (if we could be dead sure who it is that is unorthodox).

But beyond the labels, we'd most like to be a lively, inquisitive, imaginative expression of the whole gamut of meanings and values in life. We delight in being caught with our shibboleths down and our arbiters waivering.

Wilfred Sheed wrote recently in *The Commonweal*: "The fear with any publication is that, once the first creative impulse is spent, a certain, very narrow group-taste will begin to take over. As with religious orders, the creators will gradually be replaced by the administrators and the hacks, the people who can get a respectable-looking magazine out on time every week or month. Their function will be akin to that of museum creators; their taste will probably be excellent; their respect for the original spirit of the enterprise will be, in a sense, total (hence nuns' habits; hence the *New Yorker*); the only trouble, of course, is that everything will be quite dead."

So, for the time being you've got an unrevolutionary, semi-administrative hack who edits a non-group-taste type magazine that seldom gets out on schedule and whose major ambition is to be more read than dead.

—BJS

THREE LETTERS

BY THOMAS MERTON

1. TO A PAPAL VOLUNTEER

MAY God bless your decision to go to Brazil as Papal Volunteers. You ask for some suggestions: here are a few, much too brief.

You do not need to be told that your work will not be easy. Also it will probably not be rewarding. And therefore from the very first you must be extremely realistic about the expectations of a human "reward," and learn to mistrust even unconscious expectations, which may in fact be of a kind to wreak havoc with you.

I think perhaps the first thing you will discover is that North Americans are unpopular and mistrusted, and your very motives will be suspected from the first by many. Certainly there will be people who will maliciously discredit you, and others will take everything for granted and perhaps not give you any thanks. Yet at the same time it is important that you patiently work for a real solid rapport on the human level, because this will give a meaningful and genuinely Christian dimension to your efforts.

My advice to you is to go much slower than you are evidently preparing to do. Spend several months in Brazil getting to know people on your own level before you start in the tenements. You should go to Rio and Sao Paulo first, and spend a good long time in each place getting to know Brazil and its problems, not in sociology courses but in conversations with people who know a good deal. You should get to know the Benedictines in Rio, and they in turn will get you in contact with Benedictines in the north. But you should know Rio and São Paulo, even if that is not what you get in Bahia. Take your time, get to know what is what, and above all, for heaven's sake, adjust that American image. We of the U.S. have unfortunately placed too much trust in our mass media and we have the most fabulously unreal image of ourselves. We are living in pure illusion. We have no concept of how we look to other people, and we do not know how to swallow their exaggerations about us, which go to the other extreme. Nor can we get them to respond to a reality in ourselves which we are passionately engaged in hiding, without realizing it.

One of the first things will be to break through the unreal notions we have fabricated for ourselves about Latin Americans. These are complex and often

very wonderful people. The Brazilians have a great warmth and merriment and kindness. They are less embittered than some of the other Latin Americans, so far. They will respect you if you have a little sophistication and reserve—and much humor. Don't sulk with them. Laugh off the inevitable problems, and *be ready to tolerate all kinds of delays*. They are not obsessed with efficiency and practicality, and may seem maddeningly irresponsible. Take your time and expect them to take theirs. *Be very tolerant*. Be as undemanding as you can. This slow tempo will help the contemplative side of your life: but if you get in a frenzy and want quick results, you will run into spiritual disaster. I repeat, disaster. You have got to give up the passion for results from the start, and you have got to go there simply for the love of it. Don't push for results or for rewards. Don't demand appreciation, even unconsciously (if possible). Appreciate *them*. If you do, you may never come back here, you may live there happily ever after. Worse things could happen.

One thing: recognize the fact that your presence and activity may well seem to be an implied reproach to the Brazilian medical profession, or to the Brazilian social workers, Church, etc. That is one of the chief reasons for not doing anything fast. Not rushing in with the implication that you are going in five weeks to wake them all up and make them recognize the superiority and benevolence of the U.S.A. This is ruining Papal and Peace Corps Volunteers and other people, as well as our reputation, in all kinds of ways and places.

Recognize too that you may have a great deal to learn from them. If you go there with the idea that you are going to give, with great magnanimity, and without any awareness of your need for them, then you will fail. If God is calling you there, it may be more because you need Brazil than because Brazil needs you. I say this in all frankness and sobriety.

Finally, the children. I don't know if you have a strict right to take them into the slums of Bahia. Perhaps the best thing would be to find a school where they could board or be taken care of. I don't know too much, but you could work out the angles when you meet some of the people I have mentioned.

There is a great deal more I could say: you must preserve a leisurely and contemplative approach in



PHOTOGRAPH: MARIANNE GOERTZ

NOVEMBER 1964

all this. It is going to be a hot climate, and you will have to go slow, and sleep after dinner, and all that sort of thing. Prolong the siesta perhaps with a little reading and meditation. You can readily give a contemplative character to the tempo of the Brazilian life if you want to, but if you insist on U.S. standards and tempo you can kiss the contemplative life goodbye—and you will be in conflict with everybody, beginning with yourself.

Don't demand too much of yourself to begin with, and don't be surprised if in this new situation some unlovely aspects of your own character begin to appear. Don't run away from them, but be patient and quiet and trust God. Thank him for everything. He is working in your heart now, and will continue.

As to communism: better listen to what they are saying so as to know what their arguments are, in order to refute them by your lives. The knowledge of communism that prevails in America is mostly legend and myth, and actually gives them credit for being much more demonically intelligent than they are. You need to know the reality about them which is complex and vulnerable in many ways. The strongest stand to take is to have a knowledge of how they have in actual fact long ago swung into a position of complete contradiction to Marx and got rid of all his most telling ideas, in order to substitute a kind of dogmatic and artificial structure that is opposed to what he really taught. If you know this you can understand and handle them better.

2. TO A BRAZILIAN FRIEND

IT was a great pleasure to receive your letter, and above all, do not apologize for writing to me in Portuguese. I enjoy very much reading it, though it would probably be impossible for me to write it very coherently. It is a language I delight in, warm and glowing, one of the most human of tongues, richly expressive and in its own way innocent. Perhaps I say this speaking subjectively, not having read all that may have enlightened me in some other sense. But it seems to me that Portuguese has never yet been used for such barbarities as German, English, French or Spanish. And I love the Brazilian people. I keep wanting to translate Jorge de Lima. I have the poems of Manuel Bandeira and Carlos Drummond de Andrade and several others. I like them and read them all.

Now as to the topic of your letter. I believe it is

very important that we exchange ideas from time to time. This is a crucial and perhaps calamitous moment in history, a moment in which reason and understanding threaten to be swallowed up, even if man himself manages to survive. It is certainly an age in which Christianity is vanishing into an area of shadows and uncertainty, from the human point of view. It is all very well for me to meditate on these things in the shelter of the monastery: but there are times when this shelter itself is deceptive. Everything is deceptive today. And grains of error planted innocently in a well-kept greenhouse can become gigantic poisonous trees.

Everything healthy, everything certain, everything holy: if we can find such things, they all need to be emphasized and articulated. For this it is necessary that there be a genuine and deep communication between the hearts and minds of men, communication and not the noise of slogans or the repetition of cliches. Communication is becoming more and more difficult, and when speech is in danger of perishing or being perverted in the amplified noise of beasts, perhaps it becomes obligatory for a monk to try to speak. There is therefore, it seems to me, every reason why we should attempt to cry out to one another and comfort one another, in so far as this may be possible, with the truth of Christ and also with the truth of humanism and reason. For faith cannot be preserved if reason goes under, and the Church cannot survive if man is destroyed: that is to say if this humanity is utterly debased and mechanized, while he himself remains on earth as the instrument of enormous and unidentified forces like those which press us inexorably to the brink of cataclysmic war.

Yes, we should try to understand Castro together. This is a significant and portentous phenomenon, and it has many aspects. Not the least, of course, is the fact that Castro is now about to become a figure with a hundred heads all over Latin America. One aspect of it that I can see is the embitterment and disillusionment of the well-intentioned man who was weak and passionate and believed himself cheated; the man who like all of us wanted to find a third way, and was immediately swallowed up by one of the two giants that stand over all of us. The United States could have helped him and could indeed have saved him, but missed its chance.

It is indeed supremely necessary for us to try to think together a little of the Church in the Americas. This is an enormous obligation. There is much ac-

tivity but not so much thought, and in any case the activity may have come late. I do not know what I can contribute, but the issue has been close to my heart for several years. I have thought much of it and prayed much also.

We find ourselves without the serenity and fulfillment that were the lot of our fathers. I do not think this is necessarily a sign that anything is lacking, but rather is to be taken as a greater incentive to trust more fully in the mercy of God, and to advance further into his mystery. Our faith can no longer serve merely as a happiness pill; it has to be the Cross and the Resurrection of Christ. And this it will be, for all of us who believe.

3. TO DOROTHY DAY

I HAVE read your latest "On Pilgrimage" in the December *Catholic Worker* and I want to say how good I think it is. In many ways I think it is about the best thing I have seen that came out of this whole sorry shelter business. What you say in the beginning is clear and incontrovertible. You make one unanswerable point after another, though I don't claim that people are not going to answer you and some may get quite hot about the fact that you want to point out that Castro may have had good intentions and have been in actual fact less wicked than our mass media want him to have been. People who are scared and upset use a very simple logic, and they think that if you defend Castro as a human being you are defending all the crimes that have ever been committed by communism anywhere, and they feel that you are threatening them.

But as Christians we have to keep on insisting on the distinction between the man, the person, and the actions and policies attributed to him and his group. We have to remember the terrible danger of projecting on to others all the evil we find in ourselves, so that we justify our desires to hate that evil and to destroy it in them.

The basic thing in Christian ethics is to look at the *person* and not at the *nature*. That is why natural law so easily degenerates, in practice and in casuistry, to jungle law which is no law at all. Because when we consider "nature" we consider the general, the theoretical, and forget the concrete, the individual, the personal reality of the one confronting us. Hence we can see him not as our other self, not as Christ, but as our demon, our evil beast, our



INK DRAWING

JEAN PENLAND

nightmare. This, I am afraid, is what a wrong, unintelligent and unchristian emphasis on natural law has done.

Persons are known not by the intellect alone, not by principles alone, but only by love. It is when we love the other, the enemy, that we obtain from God the key to an understanding of who he is, and who we are. It is only this realization that can open to us the real nature of our duty, and of right action.

To shut out the person and to refuse to consider him as a person, as another self, we resort to the impersonal "law" and "nature." This is to say we block off the reality of the other, we cut the intercommunication of our nature and his nature, and we consider only our nature with its rights, its claims, its demands. In effect, however, we are considering our nature in the concrete and his nature in the abstract. And we justify the evil we do to our brother because he is no longer a brother, he is merely an adversary, an accused.

To restore communication, to see our oneness of nature with him, and to respect his personal rights, his integrity, his worthiness of love, we have to see ourselves as accused along with him, condemned to death along with him, sinking into the abyss with him, and needing, with him, the ineffable gift of grace and mercy to be saved. Then instead of pushing him down, trying to climb out by using his head as a steppingstone for ourselves, we help ourselves to rise by helping him to rise. When we extend our hand to the enemy who is sinking in the abyss, God reaches out for both of us, for it is he first of all who extends our hand to the enemy.

It is he who "saves himself" in the enemy who makes use of us to recover the lost goat which is his image in our enemy.

It is all too true that when many theologians talk about natural law, they are talking about jungle law. And this is not law at all. It is not natural either. The jungle is not natural. Or rather, perhaps the true primeval life is natural in a higher sense than we realize. The "jungle" which are our cities are worse than jungles, they are sub-jungles, and their law is a sub-jungle law, a sub-sub-natural law. And here I refer not to those who are considered the lowest in society, but rather to those who exercise power in the jungle city, and use it unscrupulously and inhumanly, whether on the side of "law and order" or against law and order.

And yet, as a priest and as one obligated by my state to preach and explain the truth, I cannot take occasion from this abusive view of natural law to reject the concept altogether. On the contrary, if I condemn and reject *en bloc* all the ethical principles which appeal to the natural law, I am in fact undercutting the gospel ethic at the same time. It is customary to go through the Sermon on the Mount and remark on the way it appears to contrast with the Mosaic law and the natural law. On the contrary, it seems to me that the Sermon on the Mount is not only a supernatural fulfillment of the natural law, but an affirmation of "nature" in the true, original Christian meaning: of nature as assumed by Christ in the Incarnation. As a remote basis for this, we might consider Colossians 1:9-29, noting especially that we humans who were at enmity with one another are "reconciled in the body of His flesh." Christ the Lord is the Word who has assumed our nature, which is one in all of us. He has perfectly fulfilled and so to speak transfigured and elevated not only the nature and the natural law which is, in its most basic expression, treating our brother as one who has the same nature as we have. Now here is the point where our ethical speculation has gone off the rails. In the biblical context, in the context of all spiritual and ancient religions that saw this kind of truth, the good which man must do and the evil he must avoid according to the natural law must be based on an experience or a realization of connaturality with our brother.

Example: if I am in a fallout shelter and trying to save my life, I must see that the neighbor who

wants to come in to the shelter also wants to save his life as I do. I must experience his need and his fear just as if it were my need and my fear. This is not supernatural at all, it is purely and simply the basis of the natural law, which of course has been elevated and supernaturalized. But it is *per se* natural. If then I experience my neighbor's need as my own, I will act accordingly, and if I am strong enough to act out of love, I will cede my place in the shelter to him. This I think is possible, at least theoretically, even on the basis of natural love. In fact personally I am sure it is. But at the same time there is the plentiful grace of God to enable us to do this.

Now, to approach casuistry: if the person who threatens the life of my children, say, is raving mad, I have a duty to protect my children, it may be necessary to restrain the berserk guy by force . . . etc. But my stomach revolts at the casuistical approach to a question like this at a time like this.

My point is this, rather, that I don't think we ought simply to discard the concept of the natural law as irrelevant. On the contrary I think it is very relevant once it is properly understood. Matthew 5:21-26 is, to my way of thinking, a vindication of human nature because it is a restoration of human nature. I admit that this view of nature is perhaps not that of the scholastics but rather that of the Greek Fathers. But it is to my way of thinking more natural, more in accord with the nature of man, to be nonviolent, to be not even angry with his brother, not to say "raca," etc. But we cannot recover this fullness of nature without the grace of God.

In this peculiar view, then the natural law is not merely what is ethically right and fitting for fallen man considered purely in his fallen state: it is the law of his nature as it came to him from the hand of God, the law imprinted in his nature by the image of God, which each man is and must be in his very nature. Hence the natural law is the law which inclines our inmost heart to conform to the image of God which is in the deepest center of our being, and it also inclines our hearts to respect and love our neighbor as the image of God. But this concept of nature is only comprehensible when we see that it presupposes grace and calls for grace and as it were sighs and groans for grace. For actually our contradictions with ourselves make us realize that without grace we are lost.

three
TRIALS

RYONIA
RYONIA
RYONIA

THE RIVONIA TRIAL IN SOUTH AFRICA

BY MARY BENSON

THE attention of the outside world in the Rivonia sabotage trial in South Africa inevitably came to be focused on Nelson Mandela: as leader of the underground movement *Umkonto We Sizwe* (Spear of the Nation) he was No. 1 accused. He is a man of stature—of authority and daring and physically striking—huge and handsome, gentle and gay. He deplored this emphasis on himself and on Walter Sisulu, No. 2 accused who is as significant a leader. Yet for us outside, understanding comes more easily when an individual human being can capture our fickle or lazy imaginations, and can symbolize those with whom, and for whom he suffers.

The question is, therefore, why did a man the calibre of Nelson Mandela turn to violence, plan sabotage? This question epitomizes the South African tragedy and, as the conservative *Sunday Telegraph* in London pointed out, the world was thereby confronted with a dilemma, for "to protest against the sentence imposed on Mandela"—who spoke with dignity and without bitterness for the rights of man—was "to encourage violence," while to accept the sentence was "to condone the tyranny of one race over another." Both before and after sentence the world faced the dilemma and had little hesitation in giving its answer. There were protests and appeals to the South African Government from the Secretary-General of the United Nations, the Papal office, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and Martin Buber; powerful editorial criticism in great newspapers; a national vigil of "sympathy and penance" in St. Paul's Cathedral; statements in parliaments in Europe; declarations from African and Asian leaders; and demonstrations by ordinary people.

As the *New York Times* remarked, Mandela and the seven others sentenced to life imprisonment for their fight against apartheid were considered the "George Washingtons and Benjamin Franklins of South Africa," and the protests were "only incidentally directed at the sentences. Basically they reflect the outraged conscience of the world; they mirror the growing moral disgust among men of

every color at the rigid racism of the South African Government. . . ."

History will surely confirm this view, and Mandela's reasoned defense statement (U.N. Document A/AC. 115/L.67) will be regarded not only as one of those rare documents bearing witness to the greatness to which men can rise in face of adversity, but as a precise indictment of the policies of successive white minority governments in South Africa, logically culminating in the present tyranny.

The trial, which took place in the Palace of Justice, Pretoria, from October, 1963, to June, 1964, became therefore a drama in which opposing forces were personified, South Africa being on occasion a country of paradox. The *dramatis personae* included as Prosecutor, the Deputy Attorney-General, Dr. Percy Yutar, and as leading advocate for the accused, the distinguished Queen's Counsel, Abraham Fischer, a left-wing Afrikaner whose grandfather had been Boer President of the Orange Free State. It soon became obvious that this trial was no farcical contrivance on the part of the State, as had been the earlier four-and-a-half year Treason Trial, in which three Rivonia men—Mandela, Walter Sisulu and Lionel Bernstein—had been among the accused. The State and its Social Branch police had since then learned a lesson, and this time the evidence was considerable. But once again the State failed to prove an important part of its indictment—that the accused were part of an international communist conspiracy, rooted abroad. There were communists among the accused but, as Mandela declared, the fact that he and other leaders had cooperated with them was merely proof of a common goal, not of a complete community of interests. Until recently communists had been the only political group in South Africa whose white members treated Africans as human beings and equals, and in the United Nations the communist bloc had often seemed more sympathetic to the plight of Africans than some Western powers. Mandela personally admired the British Parliament—"the most democratic institution in the world,"—and also the American Congress and the independence of the judiciary in the United States.

Incidentally, the Judge, in passing sentence, saw fit to impute motives of personal ambition to the men before him. This was somewhat tasteless in view of the sacrifice and suffering facing anyone in radical opposition to the South African Government, and was particularly inappropriate in the case of Mandela who, being a member of the royal family of the Tembu people and also an able lawyer, could with comparative safety and comfort have fulfilled personal ambition either as a chief in the backwater of the Transkei or as one of the few professional men in the cautious confines of African middle-class society in the Townships. Instead, moved to serve his people and contribute to their struggle, this man through his own experience has come to represent for us the afflicted and the humiliated—in other words, the great majority of the people of South Africa.

"Basically," he told the Court, "we fight against two features which are the hallmarks of African life in South Africa and which are entrenched by legislation which we seek to have repealed. These features are poverty and lack of human dignity, and we do not need communists or so-called 'agitators' to teach us about these things."

South Africa, as Mandela pointed out, is a country where the whites are enjoying fabulous prosperity while the majority of Africans live in poverty and misery. Superficially, the white layer of society appears confident and stable, heavily armed, with investment and immigrants flowing in from Western countries. Below the surface is the simmering force of African discontent, banked under a barrage of laws. Apartheid ensures that the African is kept in his "place," primarily an object of cheap labor for the 3 1/2 million whites. Therefore, in the so-called white areas—87% of the country—some 7 million Africans work and exist but have no social, political or land rights. So that they will not compete with whites they are given a warped education, and have no right to strike, no right to perform skilled labor.

English-language newspapers in the Republic contain, with macabre monotony, story after story of the human tragedies—the malnutrition, the low wages, the high proportion of nonwhites living below the poverty line, the constant harassing by police and petty officials. The essence of what it means to be an African there was conveyed by Mandela in his defense:

"The lack of human dignity experienced by Afri-

cans is the direct result of the policy of white superiority. White supremacy implies black inferiority. Legislation designed to preserve white supremacy entrenches this notion. Menial tasks in South Africa are invariably performed by Africans. When anything has to be carried or cleaned the white man will look around for an African to do it for him, whether the African is employed by him or not. Because of this sort of attitude, whites tend to regard Africans as a separate breed. They do not look upon them as people with families of their own; they do not realize that they have emotions—that they fall in love like white people do; that they want to be with their wives and children like white people want to be with theirs; that they want to earn enough money to support their families properly, to feed and clothe them and send them to school. And what 'houseboy' or 'garden-boy' or laborer can ever hope to do this?

"Pass Laws, which to the Africans are among the most hated bits of legislation in South Africa, render any African liable to police surveillance at any time. I doubt whether there is a single African male in South Africa who has not at some stage had a brush with the police over his pass. Thousands of Africans are thrown into jail each year under the Pass Laws. Even worse than this is the fact that the Pass Laws keep husband and wife apart and lead to the breakdown of family life.

"Poverty and the breakdown of family life have secondary effects. Children wander about the streets of the Townships because they have no schools to go to, or no money to enable them to go to school, or no parents at home to see that they go to school. . . . This leads to a breakdown in moral standards, to an alarming rise in illegitimacy and to growing violence which erupts, not only politically, but everywhere. Life in the Townships is dangerous. There is not a day that goes by without someone's being stabbed or assaulted. And violence is carried out of the Townships into the white living areas. People are afraid to walk alone in the streets after dark. Housebreakings and robberies are increasing, despite the fact that the death sentence can now be imposed for such offenses. Death sentences cannot cure the festering sore."

MEANWHILE South African diplomats and ready apologists among Western investors attempt to

disarm critics abroad. When apartheid became a term of abuse, "separate development" was coined, and "coexistence" of white and black, in a "commonwealth" of "historical homelands." Altogether these "homelands" for the 11 million Africans comprise less than 13% of the land, and Dr. Verwoerd, the Prime Minister, has made it clear this will not be increased (describing the argument that it is immoral to confine 80% of the population to 13% of the land as "one of the most stupid" he has ever heard). Although at the moment only some 4 million Africans are based there, they are already—to quote both the Government's Tomlinson Report and Mandela—severely overpopulated. As for the first "independent" Bantustan created after fifteen years of equivocation—the Transkei—not only are the majority of seats reserved for Government-appointed chiefs, but the already limited topics with which its Parliament can deal are all subject to the assent of the Republic's white President.

Apologists also point to the "model" Townships built for nonwhites. But bricks and mortar (remotely segregated at that) are irrelevant when human beings and the human spirit are being brutally restricted. Back in the 1930's, "model" living conditions were similarly praised—in Germany, under Hitler. Again, there is the argument that Africans in South Africa are economically better off than the inhabitants of other African countries. As Mandela said, quite apart from the higher cost of living index in industrialized South Africa, this argument too is irrelevant: "Our complaint is not that we are poor by comparison with people in other countries, but that we are poor by comparison with the white people in our own country, and that we are prevented by legislation from altering this imbalance. Africans want to be paid a living wage. Africans want to perform work which they are capable of doing, and not work which the Government declares them to be capable of. Africans want to be allowed to live where they obtain work, and not be endorsed out of an area because they were not born there. Africans want to be allowed to own land in places where they work, and not be obliged to live in rented houses which they can never call their own. Africans want to be part of the general population, and not confined to living in their own ghettos. African men want to have their wives and children to live with them where they work, and not be forced into an unnatural existence in men's hostels. African women want to be with

their menfolk and not be left permanently widowed in the reserves. Africans want to be allowed out after 11 o'clock at night and not be confined to their rooms like little children. Africans want to be allowed to travel in their own country and to seek work where they want to and not where the Labor Bureau tells them to. Africans want a just share in the whole of South Africa; they want security and a stake in society.

"Above all, we want equal political rights, because without them our disabilities will be permanent. I know this sounds revolutionary to the whites in this country, because the majority of votes will be Africans. This makes the white man fear democracy. But this fear cannot be allowed to stand in the way of the only solution which will guarantee racial harmony and freedom for all. It is not true that the enfranchisement of all will result in racial domination. Political division, based on color, is entirely artificial and, when it disappears, so will the domination of one color group by another."

And in justification of this bold claim, Mandela cited the history of the African National Congress, which for half a century had fought against racism, and which, "when it triumphs will not change that policy." Earlier in his defense he had described the long struggle for justice and for ordinary human rights: the "hard facts" that fifty years of nonviolent action "had brought the African people nothing but more and more repressive legislation, and fewer and fewer rights," with the Government resorting to an ever greater show of force to crush opposition to its policies, until Africans and their allies decided to "answer violence with violence." So it was that sabotage was planned, with "strict instructions" that on no account were people to be injured or killed. "I did not plan it in a spirit of recklessness, nor because I have any love of violence," Mandela stated. "I planned it as a result of a calm and sober assessment of the political situation that had arisen after many years of tyranny, exploitation and oppression of my people by the whites."

He, with others of all races had since 1952 been restricted, banned, tried for high treason and found not guilty, then imprisoned without trial. He could with truth affirm: "During my lifetime I have dedicated myself to this struggle of the African people. I have fought against white domination." But what is so remarkable in face of that persecution is that he

could also with truth say, ". . . and I have fought against black domination. I have cherished the ideal of a democratic and free society in which all persons live together in harmony and with equal opportunities. It is an ideal which I hope to live for and to achieve. But if needs be, it is an ideal for which I am prepared to die."

Mandela and the others in the Rivonia trial have not had to die, though life imprisonment under present laws in the Republic of South Africa can mean literally imprisonment until death. Not that this is deflecting the spirited people determined ultimately to overthrow white domination. Since 1960 the jails in South Africa—crammed already with the victims of apartheid laws—have been receiving a flow of political prisoners of all races, while Robben Island, formerly a leper colony, has become the notorious maximum security prison for some 1,000 political prisoners. Although the heavily armed police state may have routed many saboteurs, the urge for freedom will not be subdued even by the widespread evidence of physical torture in jails—of electric shock treatments, suffocation in plastic bags, beatings, or of such vile assaults by warders and criminal prisoners as urinating in the mouths of political prisoners. It does happen, however, that such torture, and what a former Member of the South African Parliament, J. Hamilton-Russell, calls "torture by mind-breaking" (prolonged solitary confinement) have induced some prisoners to become informers.

One astonishing factor in face of such cruelty which is the inevitable concomitant of Government policy (and also of the grim logic in the drive of extremist Afrikaner Nationalism towards tyranny) is how seriously the opposition (including the Rivonia accused) underestimated the ruthlessness of the Government and the consequent efficiency of its secret police. Indeed, in considering the history of the African struggle for freedom, one recognizes (with admiration and something like desperation) that Africans have been far too decent, far too ready to be generous, in face of the powerful oppressor.

Conversely, generations of white voters have been stampeded by party political propaganda into a fixed belief in the "Black bogey" (usually of course generously interlarded with the "Red peril"), and have accepted the Government's glib imputations of sinister motives and methods imputed by the Government to African leaders. So a columnist in the least

extreme of Afrikaner newspapers, *Die Burger*, could write of the Rivonia "conspiracy," that it was "a diabolical plan to initiate a Black revolution designed to lead to the submission of the free (sic) White way of life." But this absolute inability to have the faintest conception of what Mandela and Sisulu intend, this ignorance of their characters, is not restricted to blinkered Afrikaners. The lamentable failure in human contact between even sensible whites and African leaders was evidenced recently when the editor of the *Rand Daily Mail*, an outstanding newspaper, asked: "Have we no Martin Luther King here who can preach nonviolence but yet fill his followers with fervor for their cause?" Nonviolent resistance, the editor went on, is a "sophisticated concept requiring immense self-discipline," and he thought Indians might be better equipped for it, with their asceticism and spirituality, than Africans.

Now it is true that Gandhi originated *satyagraha*—soul-force—in South Africa in 1906, and this was to become the blueprint for nonviolent resistance everywhere, but it was spontaneously that simple African peasant women courted imprisonment in the Orange Free State in 1913; hundreds of them passively resisting the Pass Laws. It was African workers in Johannesburg who by passive resistance again opposed the Pass Laws in 1919. The culmination of frequent examples of one form or another of peaceful protest came in 1952 when, led by Mandela and Sisulu among other Africans and Asians, 8,500 men and women went voluntarily to jail in defiance of unjust laws. But, as Mandela has pointed out, such methods only met with fiercer reprisals from an ever more powerfully armed State.

A CENTURY ago, the first Africans to receive higher education (from British and American missionaries) were beginning to discover themselves as part of the world at large. A handful of them were soon studying abroad—in New York, Oxford, London—and some were much influenced by the achievements of Booker T. Washington. Increasingly African leaders and intellectuals reached out to join a wider civilization. But meanwhile Afrikaner Nationalist leaders (forefathers of the present holders of power) were turning their backs on the rest of mankind, and were leading their small people into isolation.

Since 1912, in face of the racism of successive

white governments, the African National Congress steadfastly refused to be driven to an equally damaging racism. So certain black leaders came to stand for the highest in human values, as did some of their allies—a handful of white Christians, Jews, communists and liberals, an increasing number of Asians—Hindu, Muslim or Marxist—and people of mixed race. For all its vicissitudes and failures, the struggle for freedom in South Africa has a notable consistency in the restraint and humanity with which it was pursued. Among the international events that were taken most seriously by African leaders were Woodrow Wilson's Fourteen Points and the Atlantic Charter. But the white leaders evinced no such interest.

As for the question, "Has South Africa no Martin Luther King?," there is in fact an impressive similarity between the action and writings of King and of Albert Luthuli, whose great leadership of the African people in South Africa was recognized in the award of the Nobel Prize for Peace. The South African Government had earlier recognized this, and more. It was acutely aware of the danger, a threat to its own authority should the whites lose their fear of Africans. Luthuli made a triumphant tour of South Africa, addressing audiences comprised largely of whites. For the first time then, in 1959, the status and integrity of an African leader were widely appreciated by many whites. The Government moved rapidly to silence Luthuli. He was confined to his home area, on the grounds that he was "promoting feelings of hostility between the European . . . and non-European inhabitants." He had been restricted before, but this time it was for five years that he was cut off from the rest of the country, and from any "gatherings" at all. Now he is even more stringently restricted.

The tragedy is that the Government has succeeded so well in its objective. Although there are thousands of brave nonconformists among the whites, and English-language newspapers in South Africa reacted to the world's outrage against the Rivonia sentences with an encouraging urge to "do some serious thinking" (*Sunday Times*), and to face "the need for constant searching of our national conscience" (*Pretoria News*), they could not take the logical next step and it was left to the outside world, and a handful of white South Africans who know Mandela and others in the trial, to identify themselves with these men, and to realize the fantastic good fortune for South Africa that it has such leaders.

It is salutary to compare the personalities and

deeds of the men elected over the years by white voters, culminating in Dr. Malan, Mr. Strijdom and Dr. Verwoerd, with those simultaneously elected by Africans in their national organizations or in the limited elections of the Transkei Bantustan: Dr. Moroka, Chief Luthuli, Mandela, Robert Sobukwe (the university lecturer and leader of the Pan-Africanist Congress, indefinitely detained without trial), and Chief Victor Poto. But, rooted in generations of prejudice, fear, and unquestioning acceptance of convention, with the overriding compulsion to hold fast to privilege, few white South Africans could dispassionately study this list and face its profound implications, its indictment of their society.

And, the outstanding, the terrible question: if non-violent resistance was met by massive crushing from all the forces of the State, by the shootings at Sharpeville, and the outlawing of all African political organizations; if underground action and sabotage lead to death sentences and prolonged terms in prison, with white liberals and leftists, African leadership as exemplified by Luthuli and Mandela imprisoned, confined, or in exile; if Britain and America continue in deed if not in word to support the *status quo* of a racial tyranny because of trade and cash investments, what lies ahead?

The rage of the outside world may accumulate, but so long as the British and American Governments frustrate the insistence of the majority of nations for effective action, the situation there in South Africa can only rapidly deteriorate. The new African leaders can only be more secretive, more desperate, more bitter. Police terrorism can only drive Africans to counterterrorism. Oppression, with Dr. Verwoerd's pernicious system of Bantu education, steadily produces thousands of young anarchists, some of them said to be looking to China. It is with these African youngsters that the ultimate future will lie.

After sentence was passed on Mandela and others, it seems their spirit was tremendously high, for they felt they would not become forgotten men. Now they spend their days, weeks, months, condemned to hard labor in Robben Island prison: men who in any civilized society would play valuable roles. Whether South Africa can be transformed into a civilized society depends to a great extent upon how soon the release of these men can be achieved. And in a world in which Secretary-General U Thant is by no means alone in warning of the appalling dangers of racial conflict, it is not only a peaceful future for South Africa that is in the balance, but conceivably, the peace of our world.

THE BECKWITH TRIAL IN MISSISSIPPI

BY CHARLES BUTTS

UNNOTICED, the side door of the jailhouse opened and a figure darted out into the back seat of a waiting car. He flopped down on the floor out of sight. The driver stepped on the gas and the car screamed away.

It wasn't until later that the newsmen out front learned that the man was gone, actually aided in his flight by the sheriff using his official car.

This all happened in Mississippi—Jackson, Mississippi. The man in flight—Byron de la Beckwith—is the man whom most Mississippians believe to have shot civil rights leader Medgar Evers in the back.

Beckwith's stay in jail had lasted longer than most people had thought either possible or necessary—depending on their point of view.

Medgar Evers was the Mississippi field secretary for the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. A man whose life had often been threatened, he was shot in the back by a high-powered rifle as he returned home after a civil rights meeting.

After an eleven-day search for the murderer, the FBI arrested Beckwith at his home in Greenwood and turned him over to the Jackson authorities, where he was brought before the grand jury. The strongest piece of evidence which linked Beckwith with the crime was a finger print on the telescopic lens of the rifle found in a bush near Evers' home. This fingerprint the police identified as Beckwith's.

Within the span of time between the shooting and the "escape" of Beckwith, the hopes and dreads of the Negro community went through a curious cycle. The accepted feeling just before the shooting was one of resignation to the impossibility of justice, and the same feeling of resignation prevailed upon Beckwith's release. From the standpoint of the Negro community, the events subsequent to Evers' murder meant no change. Bitterness is greater in most; resignation is greater in many; determination has increased for a very few.

From the standpoint of the white community, the commitment to continuing the "Southern way of life" remains substantially intact. Defections (among those decent citizens whose chaste unawareness of the nature of their own culture's failings had been violated by the exposure of the national press) are noticeable, but not great enough to be sustaining.

Each time the issue of justice to the Southern Negro gains national attention (in this case at the expense of a life and a leader), the questions arise: will any meaningful progress be made by this short-lived wave of feeling? Will any of the outrage of the nation wash over into the thinking of those people in the South who can influence the posture of Southern justice? Will the fear of increased bitterness of the Southern Negroes themselves have any effect on the "chance" for justice?

The snail's pace of progress suggests that those who hold command of Southern justice, such as it is, recognize the popular reactions to a publicized assassination and to the subsequent martyr, and that they deal carefully with these forces at work among the masses. The proof of their effectiveness over the years is the fact that they have been able to withstand any great change.

The white community of Jackson is, of course, composed of people of various economic and educational backgrounds. Being a city and the capitol, there are many people with college educations, including many who have received degrees outside the state. These college graduates have many very real and remarkably recognizable human emotions, and human sensitivities. To a deplorable extent, however,



MAN IN THE OPEN WOODCUT ROBERT McGOVERN

such human features are guarded from knowing and therefore passing judgment on the processes of government and justice in their city and state. (There are a great number of poor and poorly educated white people who entirely favor "Southern Justice"—and at no point can these people be expected to desire a change. They will not be considered here.) Although it is certainly necessary to recognize that the atmosphere of Mississippi is such that not knowing about what is happening is an easy and comfortable excuse, many simply have been so well protected that when presented with the realities of their government or courts they become genuinely alarmed. This occurs often enough to suggest that if real communication ever developed, there could be expected from within the community itself the impetus for progressive change.

One indication of this potential force can be found in reactions to the Mississippi Advisory Committee to the U.S. Civil Rights Commission. This group is made up of both Negro and white Mississippians who have heard testimony from many Negroes regarding unjust treatment. The Committee has printed several booklets containing this testimony and distributed the information in both the white and Negro communities. Of the few whites who are exposed to these reports, many come to the "I never would have believed it" point of view in their still-meager education to community and state government.

In the absence of honest exposure of Mississippi justice on the local level, the white Jackson community usually gets a glimpse of its own operations only through the interpretations of the little-trusted outside press. When the white community read about the murder and the subsequent predictions of no conviction—predictions made on the basis of so many other Southern cases—they were reading about a system of justice that they really did not know existed. This system is really a composite of four different systems.

The first system is applied in the case of a white person committing a crime against another white. In this case, the pattern of justice is quite similar to the honest, accepted American method of weighing the facts of one side against the facts of the other. It is this system of justice to which most of the white community is exposed. What he sees is perfectly acceptable.

Since the other three systems are unknown to most people, an exposé of them by an "outsider" is not going to make much sense.

The second system is the one in which the Negro commits a crime against another Negro. This is the system about which the white community is least aware. Those who are tried for murder and convicted, for instance, are given term sentences which usually make them eligible for parole in a few months. It is commonplace for Negroes to go unprosecuted for crimes committed against other Negroes. In many cases, there is little effort even to catch offenders.

An appeal for such help when a Negro woman has been raped brings little or no response from the police. The attacker, if found, would fit into the second or third pattern of justice, depending upon whether he is white or black. The police, desiring to reinforce all existing stereotypes about Negro immorality, does not want to catch a Negro, because lenience encourages further lawlessness. Punishment, on the other hand, would discourage crime and is therefore unacceptable. If the attacker is white, he falls into a third category, the one that is relevant in the Beckwith case: that of a white committing an offense against a Negro. Here the system often pardons and in most cases does not even apprehend. There is no readily available precedent of a white man being executed for murdering a Negro. But this system also is unknown to the college-educated, potentially concerned people of the white community. Only those who do commit legally illegal crimes against Negroes are aware of this system. Nice people are not.

The fourth system of justice, in which a Negro commits a crime against a white person, always finds the Negro wrong and always has him severely punished. This system is rationalized within the myth of the purity of the white race. The purity myth would obviously break down if confronted with the third system. The point is, though, that normally most thoughtful people are shielded from this confrontation except in a case such as Beckwith's.

Thus, when a story of injustice is big enough, when Medgar Evers is killed and the President of the country is concerned, when the national commentators are providing the material for the papers instead of the local wire service, they are talking about an injustice that is foreign to the "nice" white.

THE Negro community is all too aware of the different kinds of justice, at least the last three. Their memories are too full of the many lynchings that were not big enough to warrant the interest of the rest of the nation, and hence were vulnerable to complete black-out by the local press. They know that violence against which they have no protection too often comes from the hands of the law itself.

The Negroes' quest for dignity and justice has to be carried on despite justice as they know it, rather than within its bounds.

A reflection of the Mississippi leaders' complete lack of faith in the state institutions of law and redress could be seen in the almost complete acceptance on their part of the idea that no killer would be found in connection with Evers' murder. They had seen Federal involvement before, in cases which led to no arrests. This time, however, they were wrong.

But the arrest of Beckwith, in itself, meant little. The feeling remained that he would not be indicted by the grand jury. Aaron Henry, state president of the NAACP and close friend of Evers (considered by many to be the next most-likely-to-be-shot) stated bluntly that he did not believe that the grand jury would indict Beckwith. As a druggist in the city of Clarksdale in the Mississippi Delta, and as an NAACP official (many times in the company of Evers), he had seen repeatedly how white justice took its course. He reasoned that the arrest was made in order to quiet things down, and then the release would be made when the grand jury met. But Henry and the many other Negro leaders who expressed the same sentiment were wrong again.

At this point, there was a sudden change in the Negro community. Eager for a reason to have hope, they found the indictment made on the basis of the strong evidence against Beckwith refreshingly encouraging. Probably the biggest factor in Negro optimism was the promise from officials in the Federal government that there was sufficient evidence to effect conviction.

After years and years of effort towards organizing the Negro community, the people had begun to respond. The response was due in part to these years of effort, which certainly included Evers' participation and leadership, but mostly it was due to great Negro stirrings elsewhere, particularly in Bir-

mingham. Jackson Negroes had watched expectantly the Federal government's show of force against Barnett at Ole Miss, and against Gov. Wallace at the University of Alabama. (The latter, incidentally, took place just prior to the murder, and probably contributed to the tension that encouraged it.) Now, enraged by the murder, they felt reassured when the Federal authorities said that the real killer had been caught and would be found guilty.

Had the trial and Beckwith's release occurred during the summer of the murder, the acceptance of the mistrials would not have been as likely within the Negro community. Violence would have been the more probable outcome. For, in the weeks prior to the shooting, street demonstrations and mass arrests had been regular occurrences in Jackson. The efforts of leaders to organize had never known such widespread success as in June of 1963. The freedom movement had captured the boundless interest and enthusiasm of the city's junior high and high school students. Spirit was high.

The murder of the most well-known of the leaders brought to the surface the most violent emotions. Mourners who attended the Evers funeral were led into a bottle-throwing riot with police which nearly became Mississippi's darkest day, even by Mississippi standards. The build-up of tensions evident in that riot is still clear in the minds of many who saw it happen. Bill Fleming of *Newsweek*, one who has seen the South in some of its most frightening moments, said that he was more afraid of what could have happened that day than at any other time in his experience.

The emotional pitch of the Negro community shortly after the murder is probably best shown by a recapitulation of the progress of events on that day.

The funeral was held on a Saturday morning following the Tuesday night shooting. The police had granted the mourners a permit to parade from the hall in which the funeral was being conducted to the funeral parlor. (A permit which was a first for Jackson.)

Some of the younger leaders wanted the march to leave the course which the police had routed, to march downtown instead. But they were overruled by the older leaders, and although a few turned off anyway, the procession continued to the funeral home without incident.

As the long line of march ended, it created a great press of people at the funeral parlor. There was no plan for dispersing them. And, seeing the opportunity to capitalize on the keyed-up emotional state of such a large crowd of people, some of the younger leaders began singing freedom songs and encouraged the rest of the people to join in. Many did.

One of their selections, "This Little Light of Mine," had an improvised verse which made a reference to downtown Jackson. Once sung, this verse was repeated over and over again, each time with greater and greater emotion. Finally a few people who were on the edge of the crowd toward downtown began to wave their hands in that direction. The crowd began to move.

Most of the great army of reporters and photographers had thought that what they had come to see was over and were seeking telephones to file their stories. But when the word spread that the crowd was moving toward downtown, they returned to the street on the run. In order to get up to the front of the line, which now filled the whole street, reporters had to run along the sidewalk. The people in the front of the line, none of whom were leaders, became aware of people running up from behind and thought that it must be the rest of the crowd. They began to move faster. The crowd behind them also moved faster. At the first intersection a group of four policemen just stood and watched as the crowd moved past them. Apparently they were not yet aware of what was taking place. At the next intersection a lone policeman on a motorcycle looked up the street to see this mass of humanity coming down upon him. He anxiously tried to start his cycle with no success, and hastily abandoned it, retreating to the sidewalk where he unbuttoned his holster. He did realize what was happening.

At the third stop light, only two blocks from the main downtown street, a band of a dozen police spread out across the street in their traditional pattern to stop the parade. But this was no organized parade. The crowd had never before been able to pass by any policeman who did not want them to pass. They were now in a near-run. The rhythmic clapping had given way to a vengeful roar. Up ahead the crowd saw what in their minds were the representatives of white man's control, the guns that had killed Evers and other black men. And for

once they saw that they outnumbered those police.

Not a moment too soon, the wall of twelve police turned and fled for their lives. The fleeing backs of police was a new and exhilarating sight for the crowd, which gave an almost gleeful shout and went into pursuit. At the last intersection before the main downtown street, however, the police had gathered in full force. They formed a solid wall of men, vans, and police cars.

Assistant Chief Ray (Captain Ray, of Freedom Rider fame) spoke to the crowd through an electric megaphone. His hand was shaking noticeably. Instead of threatening the marchers in the customary manner, he appealed to them to go back. He said that he was sorry that their leader had been killed and that the police were doing everything possible to find the killer. But the crowd could not be calmed. Finally, a few arrests were made and the human police wall, now armed with rifles, began moving back up the street against the crowd.

The marchers were forced back two blocks so as to be well within the Negro shopping district. Here the police held them in a stand-off. But the threats and taunts got bolder. Finally a bottle sailed down from a rooftop. This was followed by a barrage of more bottles and bricks. Many of the rifles could be seen taking aim. None fired. Had they, and a Negro bottle-thrower been hit, the rioters would have found their white killer and a great deal of blood would have covered the city. Instead, Justice Department trouble-shooter John Doar stepped in between the police and rioters and made a successful appeal to the angry demonstrators to return to their homes. That evening isolated clashes continued throughout the city between Negroes and police, but Sunday brought a rain that cooled the sizzling heat and separated clusters of people by driving them indoors. From that point, the passionate feelings that had exploded with the Evers killing steadily subsided.

BUT if the Evers case had moved to the rear of the stage of Jackson's summer activities, the martyred hero had not been forgotten. Everyone was waiting. This stage was different from similar cases in the past, or at least most people thought so at the time. The Negro community was more expectant; the white community more alarmed.

After almost seven months, the issue became big again. The time for trial had come. In the interval, one great occurrence—the assassination of the President—had left its mark. John F. Kennedy had also become a great leader in the minds of Southern Negroes. And the accused Presidential assassin had received prompt punishment. Although it is pure conjecture, it may be that the swift and complete punishment of Oswald helped to soothe Mississippi Negroes in their desire to avenge the loss of their other beloved leader, Evers.

One other great pacifier had also been at work, that of the passage of time.

As the national press came once again to Jackson, this time to view and comment upon the trial, everyone watched closely. By now, however, the attitudes of the two communities were different. The Negroes, particularly the Negro leadership, were considerably more resigned. Many said that Beckwith would be acquitted, an opinion in which they again were not quite right. The white community on the other hand was actually more tolerant. They had come to the attitude that if a man is guilty, it doesn't matter who he is, he ought to pay for it, shouldn't he? At least this was what a surprising number of average white people were saying. Most likely they had concluded that the murderer really was going to be convicted.

He had been in jail for a long time without bail, and now the prosecutor for the state, a white Mississippi lawyer, was bringing out some very damaging evidence.

Even the arch segregationist press had given an indication of their fears when, in one bold headline, they declared Beckwith a Californian, as if to explain that no Mississippian could have done such an outrageous thing. (Beckwith was born in California, but was reared almost entirely in the Mississippi Delta community of Greenwood, which his ancestors had helped to found.) That the newspaper tried thus to find a rationalization for his act indicated that it was indeed unlawful, and that it might even be proper for him to be punished. It is only honest to add, however, that with the exception of this one bizarre headline, the newspapers were extremely unopinionated on the case (although they necessarily covered it carefully). Perhaps the absence of the traditional dogma about "the old way ought to and will prevail" helped bring about the white acceptance of Beckwith's expected conviction.

The national press listened intently as the evidence produced by the state piled up. It looked like a sure thing. They had covered many similar trials before. Famous murder trials with the bad guys caught. How could he escape it? A Barnett-Beckwith handshake couldn't mean anything. He was going to get it.

But the scene was already written differently, and the stage was set for a compromise. It cannot be known if the stage hands were scheming men who arranged the jury, or whether it was merely the weight of a hundred years' Great Tradition. Whatever the reason, a white man was not yet to die in Jackson for killing a Negro. But something was different—for, neither was he to be acquitted. The jury was hung (8 to 4 for acquittal). A stride had been made, however small.

There was, of course, the second trial which was little more than the first, with the outcome universally predicted to be the same. The jury was again sent home after several hours of deadlock at 6-6.

Then came the final scene, Beckwith's bizarre escape.

The Beckwith trial seemed clearly to be a compromise; and because a compromise was forced, it can be called progress. In the months since the close of the first Beckwith trial, there has been at least one piece of evidence that Mississippi's four systems of justice have been altered. In a case in which a Negro man shot a white gas station attendant, allegedly because the white man was attacking him for using the white drinking fountain, the case was given the silent treatment. Authorities saw to it that the case was not emotionalized as cases of Negroes killing whites normally are. After the case had been almost completely forgotten, he was sentenced to an obscure prison term instead of the expected electric chair.

Perhaps Mississippi justice has progressed a step; it will continue to progress. But the question is whether this progress will be fast enough. Because, although we may call it a compromise and thus a step forward, those Negroes who knew Medgar Evers know that his killer still walks free. They know that the bulwark of law still does not stand between the white man's gun and their own lives and the lives of other Negro leaders and friends. And the talk is greater about creating their own protection, talk with the implicit warning that they may not be as careful who they kill as would Justice in Mississippi.

THE ENDLESS PROSECUTION OF JIMMY HOFFA

BY SIDNEY LENS

THE conviction of Jimmy Hoffa for jury tampering seems to be vindication not only for Robert Kennedy's persistence, but his strategy of endless prosecution. In many quarters there is a sense of relief, such as one feels at the end of a soap opera, that "they finally got that so-and-so." The Teamster president was guilty in the public mind long before he crossed the first judicial threshold—he had just evaded his fate for seven long years. Now Kennedy has delivered a crushing blow. If it holds up in the appellate courts Hoffa will be in prison within two or three years, his union career finished. Simultaneously, the momentum of the offensive has been stepped up. A battered Hoffa is on trial in Chicago, charged with misusing pension funds. He is threatened with income tax assessments for the monies spent in his previous defense. The Secretary of Labor may soon charge him with violations of the Landrum-Griffin law for using union funds in his various trials. And if none of this avails, more undoubtedly impends. As far as the eye can see, so long as Robert Kennedy exercises power in the Justice Department, Jimmy Hoffa is in trouble.

At the moment Kennedy looks like a sure victor in what is more of a war than a judicial process. But a dilatory history, rendering its verdict outside the emotion-laden atmosphere of today, may view the problem differently. For there are really two questions in the Hoffa saga. The first is whether Hoffa is guilty of wrongdoing. The second is whether he has received fair, equitable, judicious treatment. The former, though important, is much less so than the latter. Hoffa may indeed be guilty of everything as charged—and more—and yet not have received justice. Some Americans may say that if a man is guilty it does not make any difference *how* he is convicted. But this is an abortion of the democratic process. It is unfortunate that we must repeat it, yet in our tradition we prefer that a dozen guilty men be free rather than one innocent man stand convicted through misuse of due process.

The power of government is so awesome—limitless funds, thousands of police and FBI agents, thousands of lawyers at its beck and call—that we have



WOOD ENGRAVING: HANS ORLOWSKI

deliberately made it difficult, not easy, for the government attorney. Bitter experience taught our forefathers that governments do make mistakes, that overzealous Attorney Generals do abuse their power, that the poor tend to be treated differently than the rich and the unpopular from the popular. We have erected therefore a structure of safeguards, called due process of law, to protect the individual from the overpowering might of the state.

Thus, we insist that the government must prove an accused man guilty. The defendant does not have to prove himself innocent. The government cannot call him or his wife or his lawyer to testify, even though this would be a simple way to find the truth. The government must confront him with his accusers and subject them to cross-examination by the defense. It must make specific, not general, charges—and in advance. The government cannot invade the defendant's home on a wide-ranging fishing expedition to seize his records. It must secure a search warrant from a judge, specifying what it is looking for and why it believes the charged man may have committed a crime. The scales are so far tipped against the state, in fact, that it must convince every single one of twelve jurors—beyond reasonable doubt—while the defendant must convince only one, and only of doubt, to upset the state's applecart.

It is in this familiar context that we must judge the Hoffa-Kennedy imbroglio. It has created serious doubts among many people, some in high places, that Hoffa has received or can receive a fair trial. Congressman Alvin O'Konski calls it "a case of persecution and not prosecution . . . the fulfilling of a vendetta." A committee of the House of Representatives, headed by Congressman Emanuel Celler, is sufficiently disturbed to have ordered an investigation. Individual congressmen and senators have taken the Attorney General to task over and over again on the floor of Congress.

What concerns these legislators is that we are spectators to a vendetta based on a doctrine of endless prosecution. Almost no one, guilty or innocent, could have escaped unblemished from an ordeal such as Hoffa's. Most people would long ago have been bankrupted or resigned themselves to a prisoner's fate. Kennedy may be most sincere in what he is doing, but his very sincerity leads to extralegal and in some cases illegal acts *on the part of the government*. It is illegal, for instance, to wiretap, and Hoffa himself was prosecuted in 1957-58 for allegedly tapping the phones of subordinates in his own Detroit office. But the Department of Justice has engaged in this practice on a wide scale, on the flimsy thesis that the illegality consists on *divulging* the information gained from wiretapping, not in wiretapping itself. No reasonable person can put any stock in this doctrine, for why would anyone go to all that trouble of putting a tap on your phone or mine unless the information gained is of some benefit?

Or, consider the government's behavior at the outset of Hoffa's trial in Chicago on the charge of misusing Teamster pension funds. On the third day of the jury selection a story was leaked to the press that the government was considering assessing Hoffa for income taxes for the Teamster funds that were used in his defense in other cases, and the Secretary of Labor began an investigation as to whether this was a violation of the Landrum-Griffin law. The two largest circulation magazines carried stories of an alleged plan by Hoffa to assassinate Robert Kennedy. No evidence is offered except that of a paid informer, who himself has greatly benefited from his role, and a questionable lie detector test. The prejudicial effects of all this for a fair trial, however, are indubitable. And the inference is clear that if Hoffa "beats the rap" this time he is in for more judicial headaches

until the Department of Justice finally forces him out of office. If Hoffa is indeed guilty of having planned to kill Kennedy he should be indicted and prosecuted in a court of law, not in the pages of *Look* and *Life*, and if he has violated Landrum-Griffin let this too come before a judge and jury rather than be put on trial before the newspapers at a strategical moment when it hurts his Chicago case. The unfairness of these methods is obvious. The government is not acting with the impartiality that the state must give every man. It is operating instead on the doctrine of endless prosecution. And this, far more than the fate of Jimmy Hoffa, the individual, is what makes the Hoffa case so ominous.

THE charge against Hoffa when he was called before the McClellan Committee seven years ago was that he was "corrupt," that he ruled a "corrupt empire," and that he was "an associate of hoodlums." Because these accusations were made before a Congressional Committee they were "privileged," and newspapers could repeat them in eight-column banner headlines without fear of libel suits. Seventeen times Hoffa was put on the stand (he spent 65 days waiting and testifying before the Committee) and all he could do was "sit and take it." He had no opportunity to confront his accusers or to cross-examine them. He had no opportunity to put on his own witnesses in self-defense. In the public mind he was assumed to be a criminal before he had his day in court. Yet, strange as it seems, from 1957 to date Hoffa has not yet been convicted of a single one of the original charges made against him. The jury tampering verdict resulted from a prosecution that failed.

The McClellan hearings were the original sin of the Hoffa case. Congress never intended that its committees should function as quasi-judicial bodies. Their role was viewed simply to gather facts and expert opinion on which to recommend legislation. It was not to expose or entrap. Apologists for the House Committee on Un-American Activities (HUAC) and the Eastland Committee in the Senate claim these methods are necessary in dealing with communists and subversives because they are too wily to be convicted in court. In their case due process must be circumvented. The McClellan Committee stretched this false doctrine further to include union leaders. Had Hoffa been called before it to

suggest legislation for labor-management corruption that would have been within its prerogatives. But it did not. It called him with the specific aim of stigmatizing him and trying to entrap him so that it could develop perjury or contempt charges against him. The correct method, if Robert Kennedy and Senator McClellan suspected Hoffa of wrongdoing, was to turn over their facts to the FBI and the Department of Justice for further investigation and prosecution. But they did it the other way around. They took facts long known to the FBI and the Department of Justice, on which prosecution was either difficult or impossible, and brought these to public light merely to expose a man of power whom they—other men of power—disliked. Their dislike may be justified, and you and I may have our own opinions of Hoffa's conservative union philosophy, of his associates, and his record—but that is not the issue. The issue is whether a suspected figure is entitled to due process of law or can be subjected to endless prosecution until he is vanquished, removed from his post, and jailed.

The campaign against Hoffa began at the McClellan hearings and hedgehopped from there until it widened into a three-pronged offensive which included court action, interference in the internal affairs of the union, and extralegal techniques of entrapment.

Not long after the McClellan investigation started Hoffa was sensationally accused of trying to bribe a Committee agent, Cye Cheasty. The Department of Justice had pictures of Hoffa and Cheasty meeting and engaging in some transaction. But a jury was unconvinced. It freed Hoffa. By this time, however, his reputation was so blackened by McClellan-inspired headlines that few people believed he was really innocent. All kinds of theories were evolved about how he "beat the rap," one of them being that the presence of former heavyweight champion, Joe Louis, influenced the jury.

Hoffa was indicted about this same time for violating the federal wiretapping law. He was accused of tapping the phones of subordinates in his own union office. This charge came with ill-grace from a government that later admitted to a House Committee that it was "monitoring" 4,790 of its own wires. But, again, Hoffa escaped unscathed. The first trial ended in a hung jury. The second trial, some months later, resulted in acquittal.

Next on the judicial agenda, two years after the

wiretap prosecution and after the McClellan Committee had decided it did not have a case for perjury, came the Sun Valley indictment. Amidst much fanfare Hoffa was accused of misusing almost a half million dollars of union funds to support his personal investment in a Florida project for retired Teamster members. A U.S. District Judge dismissed the original charge on the grounds that no Negroes were on the jury panel which handed them down. When Robert Kennedy became Attorney General, however, he reinstated the indictment and issued pronouncements on when and how he would prosecute. Yet three years later, after oceans of publicity had focused on "Hoffa's wrongdoing," the matter was quietly buried. The government filed a motion to dismiss, claiming "aspects of the Sun Valley case are 'necessarily embodied' in the new Chicago indictment." This is, however, only partly true. *Aspects* of the case may indeed come up in the Chicago trial, where Hoffa and others are accused of defrauding a Teamster pension fund, but the whole case will not. It should have stood on its own merits.

Aside from this, there were some worrisome sidelights to Sun Valley. Hoffa insisted that the evidence against him had been secured by wiretapping. He demanded that Senator McClellan confirm or deny this. The Senator from Arkansas, who has cynically condemned many a man for "taking the Fifth," took a variety of it himself. When he was subpoenaed, along with members of his staff, to bring in all records and recordings he may have had made, he got the Senate to pass a resolution that he need not testify, and he did not. An employee of his Committee, put on the stand in Orlando, Florida, and asked if he had wiretapped, took the Fifth Amendment!

Hoffa's lawyers were sitting in a room discussing strategy for this case when one of them dropped a pencil. He immediately noticed a listening device and called the police. They impounded the instrument but never discovered who put it there. The Justice Department, of course, denies ownership, but by some strange coincidence there were FBI agents on the floor above the lawyers' room.

FROM Sun Valley the court drama shifts to Nashville, Tennessee. Hoffa is accused of setting up the Test Fleet Company, a hauling firm, as a means of receiving payoffs from an employer. Morally, there can be no doubt that a union official should not be

engaged in business, particularly in a field where he negotiates collective bargaining agreements. But there was some question about whether this was a legal crime. The facts had been known since 1953 when Congressman Clare Hoffman, a conservative Republican from Michigan, investigated the matter. The Eisenhower Justice Department did not feel it had a case and refused to prosecute. Its judgment was evidently vindicated because after Kennedy did bring Hoffa to trial in 1962 a jury failed to agree. Seven voted for acquittal, five for conviction. The charge probably will not be reinstated because in the meantime the Justice Department found other fish to fry: the jury tampering charge and the pension fund case in Chicago. But by burying the Test Fleet case, rather than immediately retrying it, the government makes abundantly clear that its goal is not so much orderly enforcement of law, but pushing Hoffa out of power (and into jail) the easiest, quickest way possible. This, we must submit, is not the proper role of an Attorney General. The release of Jimmy Hoffa from all prosecution—even if he is guilty of everything stated—would be a far lesser evil than such corruption of the judicial process by the Department of Justice.

Consider for a moment the pension case. The government subpoenaed the minutes of the pension fund directors and then investigated every person who had ever applied for a loan. FBI agents and Justice Department accountants descended on scores of business firms and individuals (some highly respectable) to see if any had ever made a payoff to Hoffa. This is the kind of fishing expedition against which our forefathers once rebelled. Prior to the Revolution of 1775 the British, frustrated in combatting smuggling, decided to substitute "writs of assistance" for the conventional search warrant. Under the writs of assistance British agents could search any ship, any person, any home—and could force private citizens to help them—without making a specific charge or stating exactly what they were looking for, and without getting a court order. The good people of Boston were in an uproar over this. It was a major contributing factor to the Revolution some years later. Now the government is embarked on similar fishing expeditions against the unpopular figures of the 1950's and 1960's—the communists, Jimmy Hoffa and others. Certainly the Department of Justice had a right to investigate a specific crime, but it had no right to investigate a specific man—until

it can find something on him. By this standard few are safe. What businessman can stand a punctilious investigation of his books to see whether his Cadillac is really used for business or for pleasure, or whether the girls listed on his payroll as demonstrators are actually demonstrators or prostitutes? To arm a government agent with such wide powers is terribly dangerous. As James Otis argued in opposing the writs of assistance: "One arbitrary exertion (of power) will provoke another, until society be involved in tumult and in blood."

The Chattanooga case—the jury-tampering case—has similar disturbing features. The main witness against Hoffa—the only one in fact who linked him with a conspiracy to tamper—was a Baton Rouge Teamster leader named Edward Partin. Partin had a material stake in Hoffa's conviction. He is an informer who informed to save his own skin. When he agreed to work for the government (he was paid for it circuitously, by having the Department of Justice funnel money to his estranged wife) he faced three trials: one on 26 counts of embezzlement and falsifying union records, another on manslaughter, and a third on a technical charge of kidnapping. It is significant that from October, 1962, when he agreed to this role, until the present he has been free on bail and his cases have been consistently postponed. Government agents are chary, in talking with newspapermen, about when these trials will come up.

More important was the actual informing that Partin did. The government knew when it assigned him his tasks that he would inevitably—as a Teamster leader—sit in on meetings of Hoffa and his attorneys. The Supreme Court has ruled on many occasions that this is grounds for upsetting a verdict. In actual fact, Partin did sit in on such meetings, did carry documents prepared by lawyers for Hoffa. On the witness stand in Chattanooga he denied that he reported on such items or that he listened carefully to legal discussion. He said that his instructions were only to watch for jury-tampering activity. It stretches the imagination to the breaking point to believe this man did not also report on the strategy of Hoffa's lawyers. The federal attorney in the Chattanooga case admitted that if Hoffa had been convicted in the Test Fleet case—where Partin was spying—the decision might have been reversed. But this, he argued, was a different case.

In Chattanooga the FBI—by its own testimony—

had 25 agents and 12 automobiles engaged in surveillance. The government denied that it had Hoffa or his attorneys under surveillance, but an electronics expert hired by Hoffa monitored the government activity. Excerpts from his tapes, put in the record, prove conclusively that Hoffa and his lawyers were watched. The rebuttal of the government that this was only incidental to overseeing people who were not on trial but were associated with Hoffa is difficult to accept. This was a wholesale harassment. A total of 723 pictures were taken by the FBI.

The Justice Department's record at Chattanooga is murky. In his appeal Hoffa has introduced affidavits that, if true, amount to jury tampering by the government itself. One woman says she saw a federal marshal and the landlady, where he was staying, wrapping gifts for the jurors. Four bellhops at the hotel where the jury was staying state that they regularly brought liquor to the jurors and that there were wild parties in which federal marshals participated. The government took the jurors on golfing trips, to a televised fight, and once to an excursion outside the county, all presumably at government expense. It is inconceivable that such beneficence would not have a conscious or subconscious effect on the thinking of the jurors.

In the midst of the trial Hoffa put on a surprise witness, Frederick Michael Shobe. Shobe, an ex-convict, had been—by his own admission—an *agent provocateur* assigned to provoke trouble in the Teamster ranks. Most of his testimony was not permitted before the jurors, but it was interesting fare. He had tried to bring one of the Chattanooga defendants "into the government." Shobe had been working with Robert Kennedy's key assistant and had been paid \$100 a week for promoting trouble in the ranks of Hoffa's local union in Detroit. In a taped conversation with a Hoffa aide he said that two of Hoffa's opponents in this local met with the Department of Justice and were advised to run against Hoffa for office. This is hardly a legitimate government activity.

More significant was Shobe's testimony at Chattanooga about the Justice Department's goals. Walter Sheridan, close associate of Kennedy since the McClellan days and now reputed to be head of the "Hoffa Desk" at the Justice Department, told Shobe that it was the government's aim to get Hoffa "by any means, fair or foul." "The feeling in the Department," said Shobe, "was that Mr. Hoffa should be in

jail anyway and that we—, if we had to resort to unfair tactics, well, that's where a person like myself came in."

THE Kennedy aim has been to oust Hoffa as President of his union. If it could be done by exposé before the McClellan Committee—all well and good. If that were not enough then aid was given *sub rosa* to union dissidents. If that did not work the "pressure" was turned on against Teamster associates through indictments, wiretappings, shadowing, mail watches, *agent provocateurs*—in the hopes that someone would "break." The final prong of this four-prong strategy has been judicial prosecution.

Outside the courtroom the Kennedy offensive against Hoffa has been, if anything, even more thorough. A few months after Hoffa was elected in 1957, thirteen rank-and-file members of the union in New York filed a complaint that the election had been "rigged." A U.S. District Court Judge thereupon appointed three monitors to supervise the affairs of the organization. In his book, *The Enemy Within*, Kennedy speaks of these monitors with high hopes. "Hoffa's days are numbered," he writes. "Because of recent court decisions the Teamster monitors have the power to press for his removal. I believe they will." It was generally assumed that Kennedy played no role in this internal fracas of the union. But one of the insurgents, John Patrick (Pat) Kennedy (no relation), subsequently filed a deposition in which he listed the aid given by the McClellan Committee counsel and his staff. "Kennedy had a lot of information we didn't have." The Committee's staff, he said, "helped us in a lot of ways" to prepare the law suit. The future Attorney General maintained close contact with the monitor selected by the insurgents, and at one point called a few of them to a meeting at his own apartment to persuade them to choose a replacement monitor from his own staff.

Beyond this there has been ceaseless surveillance and pressure. Sid Zagri, union lobbyist, claims he found a wiretap inside his telephone at the union office, and that his mail and that of other union officials is being watched. Once a letter addressed to his home was delivered to his office. Such a mistake is hardly likely unless the mail were under check.

As already indicated Hoffa charges that a considerable share of the evidence against him in Sun

Valley was secured through wiretapping. In the Test Fleet case one businessman had tapes of one of his phone conversations played back to him in an effort to induce him to testify on the government's behalf. Hundreds of Hoffa associates, Teamster employees and businessmen who either negotiate with the union or have applied for loans to one of its pension funds have been interrogated by the FBI and often had their books gone over.

A union employee who holds a confidential telephone conversation with a friendly U.S. Senator hears it repeated on Capitol Hill a few hours later. A Florida hotel, where Teamster leaders are meeting, is overrun by 40 or 50 agents, posing as bellhops and waiters. A Teamster official "loses" his portfolio in his hotel room. A prospective employee is threatened with investigation if he takes a job with the union. A regional union official is told by agents that "We have checked out your background. You're decent. When Hoffa is gone guys like you will hold the union together. Why don't you cooperate and give us the information we need to convict Hoffa?"

Why, one might ask, should the Department be checking on a person who is "decent"? The conclusion is inescapable that they are checking on innumerable people, both decent and indecent, in an effort to find a lever against Hoffa. In the case of Ed Partin, harassed by indictments, their strategy hit pay dirt. But such wide-ranging and far-flung investigations in order to "get someone" are an abortion of the democratic process.

In judging the Hoffa case one must weigh two factors: Hoffa *per se*, and Hoffa the accused. We may have whatever opinion we want of Hoffa the man, but Hoffa the accused is entitled to all the privileges and protections of law that President Johnson, Robert Kennedy or any other citizen is entitled to—no more, no less.

The fact is he has not received these privileges and protections. As a result of his loss, all of us are also a little less safe than we were before the pursuit of Jimmy Hoffa began seven years ago.

NOTE: Mr. Lens' article was written in late July, just prior to his departure on a world tour. Since he is concerned here with awkward developments in the administration of justice rather than personalities, we have let the article stand as written—even though the Hoffa appeal is unresolved and Mr. Kennedy has left the Department of Justice.—EDS.

INTERIM

"We are blessed
who live in the
present."—Thoreau

I

What is not real if we admit it?
All the nighttime or daytime
Dreams could be, the colorless
Moments of waiting a faulty whistle.

II

She lies awake and coughs,
And coughs, and worries for her grandson
Who lies entranced with what he will say
Tomorrow and the following day
And waits the cease of her coughing.

What is a day but a swollen minute,
A shrunken year?
He remembers
Lilacs in his playpen when
Grandma came to talk to him
Of Jesus Christ, and tell him
Grandpa had gone away.

Like yesterday
All would be real if we could admit it.

But adrift tonight he cannot admit it
And waits, and listens to her coughing.

III

Baby murmurs in her sleep.
Baby knows that he will keep
Careful watch on her, the young,
And on the old and coughing lady.

But who will keep the watch upon
The starlit evenings of his soul
If waking he should see the City
And all the colors of Israel
Should break, in rainbow, before him?

And when the ascending cadence threatens
Destruction on the world he knows
Of then and now, and baby-murmurs,
Dare he look inward and face the white
Silent music of galaxies,

Before he turns over and wipes his brow,
Secures a room in the house of tomorrow
And settles to wait the cease of her coughing?

—BEN HOWARD

THE ART OF PERPETUAL SALVAGE

BY DORE ASHTON

THE mind of man, said Joseph Conrad, is capable of anything—because everything is in it, all the past as well as all the future. Not held captive in time or place, as is the physical plant, the spirit or imagination can wander at will. It is this expansive characteristic of the imagination which makes the principle of progress, inherent in the sciences, alien to the arts.

As one contemporary French sculptor, Jean Ipousteguy, observed, "I am not here to 'invent' but to 'remember.' Artists, or creators as they are called, merely remind their contemporaries of what is in danger of being lost: an initial language already expressed a hundred times."

Picasso put it another way: "I don't seek, I find." What he finds, as he rambles imaginatively through the entire history of art, are those fundamental forms that once moved, and will always move, the human imagination. If Picasso, Ipousteguy and a host of other visual artists have borrowed from ancient Greece, or Africa, it is because these initial languages of vision still speak—at least to the artist who has the imagination to find them again.

The artist is not limited to the rescue of human experiences in danger of being forgotten. He also lives like everyone else in a specific time and place, and shares the vicissitudes as a man of his time. Sometimes he discovers a view of the world that is later analyzed and adopted by technicians. This is the case with the painters called "informal" whose vision of space corresponds to certain trends in

contemporary science. Lancelot Law Whyte has often credited the artist with what he calls a prevision.

The intuitive mind of the artist, he has said, may have anticipated a development in exact science, since the dissonances and tensions of painting and music of recent decades surely express "the élan of asymmetry, the imperfections, differences and tensions which initiate a movement toward a more perfect and stable form. The classical idea of static perfection or harmony is being complemented by a deeper recognition of the real disharmonies which provoke change or growth." But as Whyte would be the first to acknowledge, everything, even a scientific hypothesis, has a precedent. Human experience, or at least the human imagination, is boundless, and there is always some greatly imaginative mind that has anticipated, if not proved, later common assumptions.

Sometimes the situation is reversed and the artist is profoundly shocked and stimulated by a development in the sciences. Wassily Kandinsky, who inspired one of the most significant movements in twentieth-century painting, wrote in his autobiography that it was the news of the disintegration of the atom that changed the course of his life: "The discovery struck me with a terrific impact, comparable to that of the end of the world. In the twinkling of an eye, the mighty arches of science lay shattered before me. All things became flimsy, with no strength or certainty. I would hardly have been surprised if the stones would have risen in the air and disappeared."

Through this and other insights, Kandinsky began to question the role of imitation in painting, and eventually came to believe that abstraction was the highest language available to the painter. His art, as he wrote toward the end of his life, "creates alongside the real world a new world which has nothing to do *externally* with reality. It is subordinate *internally* to cosmic laws." Kandinsky's turn from scientific materialism to an idealism that shared much with the medieval world view, is characteristic

of the artist who at once salvages and renews traditions, while developing a unique vocabulary that has never been uttered before.

This philosophic function of the arts is always related to the critical function of the arts. It is often said by both those who advocate an art of social criticism and those who feel that the arts should be free from any external objectives, particularly propagandistic ones, that the artist is the conscience of society. Those who contend that the artist must be more aware of injustice than others point to the works of Goya, particularly his "Disasters of War" suite in which the artist graphically transcribes the enormities he witnessed. But Jean-Paul Sartre has put a different construction on Goya's series, one compatible with the views of those who feel that art must be pursued for its own sake alone: he said that what Goya was really depicting was the horror of being Goya. In other words, he expressed his human sensibility in universal terms.

In this sense the artist is always a critic. The verb "to criticize," which probably comes from a Greek root meaning "to talk about," characterizes the artist's natural activity. The instant he selects one color and not another, one style and not another, one motif and not another, he is functioning as a critic. He is the free man *par excellence* since with each choice he is working toward an end he cannot foresee. He is free to move in any direction, free to use his imagination as he will. His rewards, while he is working as artist, lie in the success of a partly intuitive selection of the "right" or "true" color, tone or word. As Kandinsky said, he is making a new world.

THE artist, then, talks about his view of the world and in talking (painting, sculpting, composing, dancing) works toward definition. Sometimes he specifically dissents, attacking a social order which threatens him as a man, and therefore as an artist.

An instance of patent dissent would be the film "Dr. Strangelove." This burlesque of the military

mind was forceful and imaginative, but not nearly as fantastic as the interviews General MacArthur left behind him when he died. The General was quoted as having said he could have won the Korean war in ten days—all he needed was thirty to fifty atomic bombs. The General's words far surpassed the dialogue of demented destructiveness running through "Strangelove."

Similarly, all the popular confections and banalities that the "pop" artists use in their art are not nearly as striking as the reality they tend to mirror. The reality of generals and their monstrous thoughts, and popular culture and its puerile thoughts, requires the greatest artistic imagination as a countering force.

It would take something of a literary genius to parody the State Department, for instance, when it takes an Alice-in-Wonderland course of logic and calls a military *putsch* in Brazil a triumph of constitutional democracy and the war in Viet Nam a vital interest for every "freedom loving American." These staggering betrayals of truth will be uncovered by a few artists, just as Goya remarked the betrayals in his day. Clichés, mechanical habits of seeing and reading and institutionally retailed half-truths are the barnacles always threatening to wreck society by their weight, and the artist is perpetually in danger of losing his freedom if he neglects to scrape them away.

It is not simple to accept any definition of the artist's role in society. In fact, part of the lure of art is that definitions simply cannot be static. It is in the search for definition itself that the artist offers value to society.

The artist as the conscience of society, for instance, is a topic which never disappears and is always energetically disputed. One of the broadest and most tense literary discussions ever held in America was occasioned by the award of a top literary prize to an expatriate poet, Ezra Pound, accused of treasonable behavior during the second world war.

Pound, who had broadcasted for the Italian Fascists, was generally regarded as one of the major

poets in the English language. Like Kandinsky, he had altered the course of art with his revolutionary experiments. The controversy that was ignited when he was awarded the Bollingen Prize specifically focused on the problem of the artist as a member of society.

In the course of a long, publicly conducted debate among the *literati*, the American poet Allen Tate gave one of the most cogent justifications of his decision, as a member of the award jury, to give Pound the prize. He pointed out that he had always regarded Pound as a "mixed" poet; that he had already written that he thought the work is "about nothing at all" and that Pound's *Pisan Cantos* have a voice but no subject. Nevertheless, Tate wrote, "I voted for him for the following reason: the health of literature depends upon the health of society, and conversely, there must be constant vigilance for both ends of the process. The specific task of the man of letters is to attend to the health of society *not at large* but through literature—that is, he must be constantly aware of the condition of language in his age."

Pound, he said, had done more than any other man to regenerate the language. He had fulfilled his specific responsibility as a man of letters. "We cannot expect the businessman and the politician, the men who run the state, to know that our particular responsibility exists; we cannot ask them to understand the more difficult fact that our responsibility to them is for the language which they themselves use for the general welfare."

If, as Tate believes, the task of the civilized intelligence is one of perpetual salvage, and if "we cannot decide [that] our daily experience must be either aesthetic or practical—art or life; it is never, as it comes to us, either/or; it is always both/and . . .," the artist, then, is in the unenviable position of being always alert, always vigilant.

If there is any doubt concerning the signal importance of the artist's aesthetic vigilance, his concern for the basic forms and structures in his language (be the language visual or written), we need only look to recent history, to the Italian regime supported by Pound and the Nazi regime. Both governments pointedly suppressed the free expression of the artist, and both countries have been witnessing the inevitable results since. George Steiner has pointed out that postwar Germany suffers with a language that has gone dead. German, he wrote in *The Re-*

porter in 1960, is no longer the language of Goethe, Heine and Nietzsche. "Something immensely destructive has happened to it. It makes noise. It even communicates, but it creates no sense of communion."

He said that already before World War I, universities, officialdom, the army and the courts combined to drill into the German language habits no less dangerous than those they drilled into the German people: "a terrible weakness of slogans and pompous clichés (*Lebensraum*, 'the yellow peril,' 'the Nordic virtues'); an automatic reverence before the long word or the loud voice; a fatal taste for saccharine pathos . . ." These weaknesses grew monstrous during the worst of the Nazi bureaucratization, as such ghastly euphemisms as "the final solution" attest.

How did such a thing happen? Steiner answers by asking rhetorically: what happened to those who are the guardians of a language, the keepers of its conscience; what happened to the German writers? A number were killed in concentration camps; others killed themselves, and others, like Bertolt Brecht, went into exile.

The visual arts, though not dependent on written and spoken language, did not fare much better. Postwar Germany has seen little in the way of freely experimental art, and nothing to compare with its vivid past during the height of the German Expressionist epoch. In Italy, the young postwar generation scrambled to catch up with the world, and to assimilate the movements which had been carefully screened from view by fearful government censors. Even a painting, if conceived in full freedom, can be seen as a threat to established authority.

Art, in its unceasing rescue operation, teaches us en route to examine experience with care and to rule out the false and fictitious. A good novel inevitably contains a commentary on existence; a good painting presents a unique view of relationships; a good symphony rouses emotions in the purest sense. To know that Rembrandt's "Saskia" and Miss Rheingold are qualitatively different, although both are generically images, is to know that the profound core of existence is different from its superficial phenomena. This is an area of knowledge that can be gained only from the arts. As the philosopher Whitehead maintained, there are and always will be two sunsets: that of the scientist and that of the artist.

BLUEBEARD'S CASTLE

Nails and lips, bright with dragon's blood.

Set in order lie the keys, clean
comb, latest ladies' magazine.

Well let the choir director sing.
A large, but tasteful, diamond ring—
that is the real important thing.

Several poets, dead now, know
that most prize-winning flowers grow
up where hacked and bleeding men go
to die. The roses make the show.

The seaward rivers in a spate
of ice, the psalm of hills, the gate
of a pasture swung open, late
shocks of the harvest, make a great
scene in a costly paperweight.

In real romance, lovely girls weep
perfect pearls. In one rather steep
tale, the young lady shed a heap
of negotiable coin. Who'd weep,
now, a very lake where reeds keep
growing, and fishes swim and sleep.

In spite of what household hints say,
certain windows are always gray,
tresses of light fall in the way.
Some who visit during the day
whisper: slovenly. Others may
think so. At least, it looks lived in.
Some blood will never wash away.

—SUZANNE GROSS

NOTES

FOR A HOMILY

A better ending would be for the hero to have a great illumination immediately after killing the dragon.

In that moment of light he would know that the dragon had been trying to protect him from the treasures, and that all the huffing and puffing had been because the poor beast thought that dramatics were the only thing a hero could understand.

If the hero realized this, he would have such a great sense of compunction that he would bury the dragon and the treasures.

He would say nothing about the fight with the dragon, and he would say nothing about the treasures.

He would put an end to one curse.

—JAMES T. WHITEHEAD

PIOUS POLITICS: A PURITAN LEGACY

BY DAVID BURT

BARRY GOLDWATER'S candidacy owes both its energy and its vacuity to recurrent Puritan ways of thought. Puritan piety has always been a force in both major parties because it has provided the best description of middle-class hopes and experience in America. Yet, employed in a decayed and popular form, the Puritan morality degrades and obscures the political debate. Its pressures have confused the meaning of the important processes of mythologizing, and their flow has been interrupted: our golden ages have been fixed and made "historical" when they should have remained portable and symbolic. Although its affects both parties, the process by which this confusion has been introduced can (at this writing) be more easily studied by comparing and contrasting Goldwater's mythologema with that of the Puritans and their heirs.

To broaden his support, Goldwater has injected into the campaign two ambiguous elements—Christianity and communism—offering them as two mutually exclusive "ways of life." Fabricating special versions of these elements in violent and pietistic language, he seeks to dramatize the choice between parties by making concrete, literal enemies and friends out of abstract ideas that are best left amorphous, undefined. He infuses the emotions of a corrupt, discredited religious message and racial jealousy into the public discussion so that economic problems are settled on irrelevant moral grounds—at the same time that religious and moral worth are re-identified with economic and social status. Consequently, with more than usual intensity, the voices of both parties this year tend to promote the notion that there is a single national interest in all areas of life, one which can be identified with their doctrines. Yet such a meretricious debate substitutes tribal for civilized forms of thought.

Goldwater does not look like a winner. But with a few exceptions this is not because the Democrats raised the level of debate or are dealing with issues with notable success or rectitude, rather it may be because so many Americans fear and recognize the totalitarian integration that Goldwater seems to represent, and because we are so paralyzed as to be able to prevent its occurrence not by our positive virtues but only by what Kenneth Burke called "the conflicts among our vices."

Goldwater's chances for success (if not now, then in 1968 or 1972) are not grounded only on the worst in human nature, nor are they entirely appeals to the ignorant, nor are they merely to be dismissed as unthinkable because they so closely resemble the methods of Hitler and Mao Tse-Tung. Goldwater appears to have reached a central confluence of attitudes and a set of images that are not restricted to a lunatic

fringe nor alien to the United States. These attitudes and symbols have consistently furnished the dynamics for most of our statesmen as well as for most of our demagogues since they have native American origins in our historical dreams and successes as well as in our persisting nightmares and failures.

Apparently we like purity or what passes for it, in politics as in religion; we insist on clear moral decisions in Viet Nam, in Natchez, and in Detroit, with the result that our insistence on clarity forces us into extreme choices. Far from having invented extremism, Goldwater only contributes a partly cynical, partly ignorant leadership; much of the time he is responding to the intense desire of the respectable middle class for a total acceptance and a purification of issues that have been presented to us since the time of the Plymouth landings. Thus an opponent of Goldwater, Professor James MacGregor Burns [*New York Times Magazine*, 28 June], hopes that the Goldwater candidacy will purify the parties. He says Goldwater will attract groups that have blocked social and political reforms since FDR; other forces will gravitate to the Democrats as the party of progressive solutions. The Democrats will lose their Southern millstones, the Republicans their liberal crosses; voters then will have a choice between a "responsible liberal Democratic party and a somewhat right of center Republican party." After this polarization occurs, says Burns, we can be sure that the party in power can effectively "govern," for its dissident elements will not block legislation. Furthermore, he says, the voters "want" a clear choice.

At best, his optimism seems based on a calculated risk. To advocate pressing the parties further apart in an atmosphere of distrust and of religious fervor in order to rid us of unpleasant compromises is to gamble on what now seems doubtful, that the Democrats will not move to occupy the vacuum on the right that the Republicans created when they moved farther right. It also assumes that the Democrats will win consistently and it assumes that we can encourage polarity in politics on the basis of popular morality.

Slogans to the contrary, efficiency in governing is generally undesirable, for it results in a deficiency in charity. To broaden this counter axiom, the more efficiently and thoroughly the majority can impose its will, then, to the extent that its will is the expression of a clear moral choice, the more oppressively the majority will govern. An immediate result of the polarizing process is a closer identification between what is good for the party and what is good for the country. Hence, "goodness" becomes the more or less exclusive possession of the majority whose monopoly of power then produces a kind of divine right, a phrase that comes



INK DRAWING BY JIM CRANE

very close to describing the idea Goldwater has of his relationship to government.

Professor Burns reaches his conclusion only after rejecting much of the above argument, yet I think he rejects it too easily for several reasons that are pertinent to the main thesis. He deals with man largely as a political creature, therefore, when he meets Goldwater, he assumes that Goldwater's formulation of the choices is essentially correct—that we are faced with a struggle between *political liberals* and *political conservatives*. This assumption partially neglects other important determinants of behavior including the pocketbook and the piety that on the one hand pay for the politics and on the other give it its ethical tone and import. The history of twentieth century totalitarianism shows that two of its major causes have been offering an easy chance to "get things done" to a respectable, frightened and bored middle class. A third important factor has been offering a "total" view of the world.

GOLDWATER has, or has had created for him, a complete description of man. It is confined, intransigent in tone, too neat, but nevertheless total and one that lets him shift the grounds of argument at will without ever changing his fundamental way of thinking. His arguments can be met only by engaging him in many areas at once, but consistently pointing toward his habits of thought.

As a part of his cosmology, Goldwater's recognition of economic man is quite distinct. That the recognition takes the form of outworn theories and of false distinctions between capital and labor is only part of the problem. For he paints the pantheon of economic heroes in a language that is reminiscent of the decadent Puritan ethic of work. As it was expressed in Franklin's "Way to Wealth," "Poor Richard's Almanac," and in other writings, this ethic produced such Goldwaterisms as: "Diligence is the mother of good luck," as Poor Richard says and; "God gives all things to industry." We are admonished to "'Be ashamed to catch yourself idle,' as poor Dick says." With the enthusiasm of a Chamber of Commerce, Hector St. John de Crèvecoeur

in 1782 described an American as one "animated with the spirit of an industry which is unfettered and unrestrained, because each person works for himself." Echoing a theme of the Puritans at the same time that he looks forward to the present, de Crèvecoeur adds "Americans are the western pilgrims, who are carrying along with them that great mass of arts, sciences, vigor and industry which began long since in the east. . . ." Thus the themes of the west, of vigor and industry are anticipated, though his reference to learning and its origins are certainly not Goldwater emphases. "Here," says de Crèvecoeur, "religion demands but little of him; a small voluntary salary to the minister, and gratitude to God; can he refuse these?" And, again in familiar accents, "Europe contains hardly any other distinctions but lords and tenants; this fair country alone is settled by freeholders, the possessors of the soil they cultivate, members of the government they obey, and the framers of their own laws, by means of their representatives." But, we are warned, "It is not every emigrant who succeeds; no, it is only the sober, the honest, and industrious; happy to those to whom this transition has served as a powerful spur to labor." His final admonition to the emigrant: "Go thou and work and till; thou shalt prosper, provided thou be just, grateful, and industrious."

Even after discounting the hyperbole of enthusiasm, the accents, the language, the sentimental boosting of easy virtue and equally easy vice as sufficient explanations of economic status are as patent in Franklin and de Crèvecoeur as in Goldwater, but this ethic of work is inseparable from a habit of thinking that provides a complete world scheme.

It is frequently pointed out that for Goldwater our economic and political problems have been solved by simple reaction to communism. Both our present politics and economics have been shaped by this response. Goldwater's immediate ancestors—A. Mitchell Palmer, Martin Dies, Joseph McCarthy—seem to have felt that the communists were an ideal enemy and anti-communism a sufficient voucher for ability and virtue. Yet their emphasis, curiously perhaps, was

largely on communism as a governmental and business diabolism. The moral and religious possibilities were largely disregarded. Ethnic and racial ingredients were also missing in their emphasis. While Goldwater has been correctly identified with twentieth-century totalitarian methods, with nineteenth-century political alignments, with eighteenth-century economic theory, he needs to be more closely linked with seventeenth-century theological habits of thought, for it is in the Puritan piety that all the elements that are necessary to round out the communists as full bodied enemies can be found whole and ready to employ in one package. For the archetypal forms, one must go to the source.

To a large extent, the economy, religion, and politics of the Pilgrims were determined by their situation and by the Mayflower Compact in which they entered into a kind of closed corporation. As a small group with a common cause, they had a familial feeling and familial organization. Roughly much the same situation obtained with the Puritans at Massachusetts Bay, particularly since the emphasis I am concerned with is the piety that informed the theology, the economics, and the politics, without doctrinal distinctions. The isolation of the Puritans was real and apparent; there was wilderness all around; the Indians were in front of them; Archbishop Laud and Rome were in the rear. For the time being, the settlers comprised a tribe, whose two functions were survival and the propagation of the faith.

The tribal religion and the essential piety of the individual Puritans depended on the warring figures of God and the Devil and the dynamism generated by the Puritans' sense of personal participation in that struggle. To their credit, the Puritans never intended to materialize either of these contrary but mutually dependent forces. In the zeal to spread the gospel and because of the limitations of symbolism, they found it necessary, however, first to give the deities attributes, and finally to see representations of the divine presence in every event. The existence of the Indians, the fall of a sparrow, the chewing of books by mice—each was first a manifestation of one or the other divinity, then the particular manifestation became attached to the divinity itself. Thus, they fell from symbolic description to actual description, making literal their godhead in work and in the outward signs of inward grace that could be spelled out by dress, social standing, occupation. The diabolic was materialized in witches, in malignant or simply untoward events, in Indians and in other religions, resulting in the well-known destruction of books, witches, Indians, and heretics.

The Puritan's world was tremendously exciting; if he were not careful it was also enormously simple. On every hand, he was assured of the existence, importance and immediacy of both divinities.

When he kept his original scheme symbolic and healthily vague, the Puritan was faced with the necessity to confront the world and his gods by himself.

The scheme placed great value on the individual and his initiative in his search for the truth about himself; it also made him responsible for the outcome of events, and the Puritan consistently discarded any props that took away the weight of this responsibility. Yet, it is important to remember that to the Puritan, God was the only being capable of true individuality—man would have been guilty of vaunting pride and pretension to assume that he was capable of any kind of individualism that was not held in common with and responsible to other men: "In Adam's fall, we sinned all." The tension between the promise of individual grace and individual responsibility was more than many could stand. When the Puritan could not stand the psychic pressure, he became a hypocrite like Cotton Mather; when he felt outside the social and political pale of the tight congregation of visible saints, he became a rebellious Leveller like Thomas Morton of Merry Mount; when he did not understand that a simple declaration of faith was not enough to assure salvation and when he disliked paying taxes or being kept from possession of lands reserved for church income, he attacked the Puritans on their weakest point: he became purer than the Puritans and assumed a fundamentalist, literalist posture in both religion and economics, writing books with such titles as *The Sufficiency of the Spirits Teaching without human learning: or a Treatise tending to prove humane Learning to be no help to the spiritual understanding of the Word of God*. Or he charged that colleges corrupted the youth "by their daily converse with the Heathens, their vain Philosophers, and filthy and obscene Poets"—and he never failed to ask why the ministry expected to be supported by those who did not agree with its teachings and its insistence on humane learning.

THAT these arguments have not disappeared in spirit or in tone or cause is clear from a recent letter to a paper: "As a minister, as a college student, and as a citizen of this nation, I am tired of helping pay highly intellectual but unwise individuals two or three times my salary to teach the younger generation values which the preponderance of the adult population do not accept." The argument reflects Goldwaterism's anti-intellectual, literalist bias. It seems to me though that the argument also asks strategic questions of the colleges and schools because they have not yet convinced Americans of the values of much more than a "practical" education.

The Puritan response to such attacks was often to burn books, to banish a Roger Williams, to close the already tight society against the simple cobbler. Sometimes, then, they epitomized Goldwater's recent advice to fight fire with fire; but sometimes they advocated education as a cure for ignorance, congregational responsibility (and eventually democracy) as ways to alleviate the tax burden and social inequality. Sometimes they advanced personal responsibility and recog-

nition of the reality of matter and the flesh as a cure for a too easy renunciation made in solemn, idealistic frenzy. There is nothing in Puritan theology or piety that *demands* the confusion between symbolic vitality and actual vitality on which Goldwaterism so heavily depends.

In general the Puritan piety has had a difficult history. Franklin's deism removed the symbolic immediacy of deity and substituted a watered down notion of "doing good" that was no less hostile to Indians and the unemployed than is Goldwater's. Thoreau and Emerson recaptured the balance of tensions by linking a sense of personal responsibility along with self-reliance through the medium of a symbolic power which they were wise enough not to materialize. It seems to me that in every instance when the Puritan piety that Goldwater represents has been able to sustain a tension between a vital symbol and an actual world of humans, an energetic charge has been produced that helped the individual and the community seek out and respond to criticism humanely and to deal with complex experience. Whenever this tension has been broken, when the symbols have become dead, a cheap and simplistic leveling has been coupled with political, economic, moral, and racial freebooting that has substituted ends for means.

Specifically, from the apparently neat Puritan world we seem able to remember only two possibilities: we have accepted a habit of mind that splits the world into two halves* that are separate, unequal, and at opposite extremes in significance and meaning; second, we remember a series of stereotyped symbols that can be easily used to judge economics, races, religions, government policies in a way that both justifies our successes and excuses our failures. The stereotypes of our friends and enemies that Goldwater presents seem identical with the decadent Puritan materializations of deity. Goldwater accepts the idea of work as godly and profitable when it is embodied in the small entrepreneur; he seems to feel that a concern with means and distinctions that threatens profits is merely a sneaky way of promoting equality, a goal that, theologically, was reserved for the Devil's part. Further, it is quite clear what the deities look like. God is an individual; often, he is a pioneer figure unhampered by the law; he wants to better himself by himself, and he knows when he has bettered himself because he can see and count the betterments; he is certainly white; he is probably a Protestant (though it may be politic to admit a Catholic in the second spot); certainly God is not a Buddhist, a follower of Islam, nor an atheist (though this is logically possible); he is male; he detests equality and he doesn't like taxes. The Devil is a city man; he is of doubtful or of no religion (though this is impossible since the Devil has to "belong to" whatever religion conceives him); he preaches compassion, equality of opportunity, and thinks that property rights and money—the visible symbols of the saint's power



INK DRAWING BY HEINRICH KLEY

and justice—are subordinate to human rights; he wants to tax us so he can live a life of luxury and sensual excess on unemployment compensation; he is a communist, if a foreigner . . . if a native, perhaps only a dupe.

Though these stereotypes are ridiculous when made explicit and gathered together, they have much life left not only in extremist groups but in middle-class Americans, partly because they do have connections with religious values that are valid and that can express aspirations. The hypocrisy of the stereotypes covers, for example, the desire for self-knowledge, by confusing the need for privacy in emotional life with public vaunting of private muscles.

WHAT is the significance of these stereotypes? Chiefly, it seems to me, it is that they transform our admirable desires for unity as a nation or social group and our positive individualism into mere devices for simultaneously securing spurious public unity and promising irresponsible private profit. The stereotypes have the advantage of providing racial and religious tribal affiliations that cut across the conflicts that are real in the diversity of any civilized community. If you belong to the National Farmer's Organization or if you are a meat processor or consumer,

the least common denominator of color, religion and race permits a transcending of the differences in an easy amalgamation that ignores the necessity for compromise to concentrate on a material and external enemy.

The stereotypes appear again in what someone has called the "ideologicalization" of all events. This is the process by which political magic is prepared and given energy by converting all events into partisanship, thus making politics the new "queen of the sciences." But it seems to be undergoing a shift in emphasis: political alignments are being reshaped by religious leaders everywhere so that the political debate approaches in magnitude and intensity that which obtained in the Puritan practice of covenant theology when church and state were joined in a theocracy. On the one hand, Martin Luther King draws much of his political power from his vital church affiliation: that is, he is politically effective not merely because he is a minister but because his ministry has an actual ethical program based on a modern understanding of Christian principles of love. On the other hand, in a darker version, a 1962 senatorial candidate in Washington State and a present candidate for the gubernatorial nomination is Richard Christensen, a Lutheran minister whose political gambit in 1962 included TV shows in which he was accompanied by organ music and hymns. Such techniques are old, but seldom has the identification of godliness with a political party been made so brazenly with so little objection by party regulars and the mainstream of voters. Candidate Christensen's Protestantism, and his Anglo-Saxon origins are as clear as his call to power. His fundamentalism in economics and government precisely parallels Goldwater's when he calls for a "political regeneration" to stop the "moral degeneration in our nation." He wants Cuba disposed of by arming its refugees; he has nothing but blame for the U.N.; and he wants a program of (in his borrowed symbols) "blood, sweat, and tears"—to halt juvenile delinquency!

The tragedy of Goldwaterism as of Puritanism is that in its longing for innocence and truth, it refuses to consider its means; its tragedy is that it chooses the images and methods of tragedy; it considers the individual best and wholly expressed in seeking goals; like the tragic hero, it polarizes good and evil so clearly as to emasculate the middle course, leaving the man in the middle no choice but one or another competing brand of absolutism.

Goldwaterism like Puritanism relies heavily on the "truths of the heart." Do not many of us subscribe to sincerity? Do we not hold that the "heart's affections" are the truest test of all things? Well and good, but the clearest, most profound spokesman for the Puritan frame of mind and attitude toward life, Jonathan Edwards, required that the vital response had to be made by the heart of an intelligent being responding to the "comprehensive" beauty of all things. Edwards was,

in fact, speaking of the comic practice of actual life kept in balance by a symbolic tragic vision which comprehends the beauty of the individual unitary and simplified vision. For Edwards, true virtue "consists of benevolence to being in general," a feeling that is the result of a "consent, propensity and union of heart to being in general which is immediately exercised in a general good will." As the current debate is being conducted, it is difficult to find this feeling and exercise of intelligent, general good will in the goals, the language or the methods of Goldwater, his followers, nor very often in his opponents. Yet, to make a partisan case as a final example: one remembers the tense, solemn and tragic tendencies in the Republican Convention when it froze its minority out of consideration; then, one remembers the somewhat dull, but quite serious and comic resolution at the Democratic Convention when three regular Mississippi delegates were seated in lonely absurdity with their political power rapidly disappearing, but with their decency and being intact.



INK DRAWING
HEINRICH KLEY

THE DEAN'S BLUE PENCIL

BY HOYT PURVIS

Not even Lloyd's of London would be likely to underwrite a policy for college newspaper or magazine editors. The risk would be too great. However, Lloyds, or some other enterprising insurance house, would be perfectly safe if it wrote a policy insuring that an editor:

(1) will be fired, or (2) will be reprimanded by

(a) the faculty (b) the administration (c) the trustees or regents (d) student government, or (3) will become scholastically ineligible, or (4) will be criticized by politicians or by nearby professional newspapers.

If an editor does not confront one of these obstacles during his tenure in office, then he probably qualifies for the Caspar Milquetoast club. It has become almost a natural course of events for any editor who cares enough to say what he thinks to find himself in the bad graces of someone in authority.

ONE fact that can seemingly be established is that the college press can be of definite importance—otherwise it would not receive so much attention from politicians and high-placed people. The collegiate journal is far from powerless. It can and sometimes will do what many elements of the “commercial” press seldom undertake. It can shake the roots of the staid and threaten the varying power establishments.

College administrators often pour forth well-meant platitudes favoring a free press, but eventually succumb to outside pressure. If the editor is taking a stand on a controversial issue, the administrator may be hearing complaints from some of his school's wealthiest backers. Too many schools, public and private, rely too greatly on the contributions from too few well-filled coffers. The mark in front of the donated dollar is given precedence over the mark after the intellectual interrogation. Even the most open-minded administrators may begin to favor reducing editorial freedom if the college press is consistently at cross-purposes with affluent alumni.

Unfortunately, college publications are frequently criticized but seldom appreciated. Students fortunate enough to have a good newspaper tend to take it for granted. The important day-to-day or week-to-week services go unnoticed. On almost every campus where there is a publication with any degree of freedom, the institution has benefited greatly from the information service provided by the paper.

As to the question of freedom, it almost goes without saying that full academic freedom cannot exist without freedom for the college press. As Melvin Mencher, assistant professor at Columbia University's graduate school of journalism, has said: “The University should feel as fervent about protecting the freedom of the student press as it does about guarding against attacks on its faculty's right to speak out. . . .”

Yet rare is the campus where any real degree of editorial freedom exists. This indicates that much of what is taught in the classroom and written in the books is belied by the attitude toward a free college press. A survey of 44 schools by the American Society of Journalism School Administrators and the *Detroit Free Press* revealed that only 18 declared their student journalists “practice with real freedom of the press.” Another 13 checked the category and then hedged by adding “with responsibility” or “about as free as any.” Verne E. Edwards, Jr., chief editorial writer of the *Free Press*, reported that an analysis of the total questionnaire reduces the 41 persons claiming freedom to about 10 per cent who may practice it. For example, one of the 18 who claimed pure freedom for his students indicated “all copy must be shown to a faculty adviser” and page proofs, too. He replied “never” to the question:

"Are editors pushed toward making their own, even risky, decisions?"

Some bring forth the argument that the issue is not really freedom of the press, because, after all, everyone believes in freedom of the press. The true issue, they say, is responsibility.

And certainly this is an issue. But unfortunately it is a cowardly shield used by many would-be censors, for many of these people use the term "irresponsible" to apply to anyone who disagrees with them.

COLLEGE papers do have a definite responsibility. Most are in the position of enjoying a monopoly and therefore cannot afford to represent any single group, but must take into account all groups and all opinions. This doesn't mean, however, that the editors don't have the right to speak out on issues, and to state clearly where they stand. But this right to speak out is one that must be earned. And it is earned through a responsible tradition.

The Ohio State *Lantern* demonstrated its community role in the fall of 1963. While the city's newspapers remained silent, the *Lantern* took the lead in informing Columbus citizens of an effort at book banning in the city schools. A group of "anti-Communist" organizations attempted to have works by J. D. Salinger, Langston Hughes, George Orwell, Aldous Huxley and Harper Lee removed from school libraries. The *Lantern* printed full details of the controversy giving space to opinions from both sides. Editorially it successfully opposed the movement.

Freedom actually provides a stimulus to responsibility. Once a student realizes that he will get either credit or blame for what he does, he naturally becomes concerned about his own reputation. He learns that freedom never really is earned until the individual proves that he can use freedom responsibly.

It is particularly ironical that professional newspapermen are frequently among those who advocate toning down college publications. Evidently some of them do not want to hire anyone with a background of independence and free expression. This kind of youngster does not like to buck under and play everything according to the paper's line.

Too often well-entrenched newspapermen join others who favor limiting the freedom of college journalists. They tend to support the *status quo* in many areas, whereas the college editor is usually one of the staunchest enemies of *status quo* situations.

Of course, threats to freedom of the press are nothing new. Ever since the first paper was published, free expression has had its troubles. The first American newspaper, *Publick Occurrences Both Foreign and Domestick*, printed in Boston in 1690,

lasted only four days before it was suppressed because of a few lines which offended the mayor.

College editors speaking out on controversial matters today may also face the threat of suppression or reprisal. This is a sad plight for supposedly free voices, operating in American academic communities.

College newspapers can, quite bluntly, be a disturbing force on a campus or in a city or state. But while the uncriticized campus, like the unexamined life, may be more harmonious, harmony in itself is not necessarily so desirable. This is pointed out by Arthur Cohen in *The Problems of Pluralism*:

... the free society itself may succumb to absolutist pretensions. It may do so by assuming that freedom consists in reaching agreement and absolute social harmony. To confuse freedom with consensus, to assume that the free society is one where no disagreement should exist, is like saying if the pulse is even, low and unexciting, the patient is healthy. It may be, rather, that the patient is just about dead.

A publication which is deserving of its masthead will both criticize and publicize, speak and listen. A good editor will be strong enough not to act before he knows the facts and, having obtained the facts, will be strong enough to comment on them, however uncomfortable it may be for him. The old argument that to criticize is to damage the good name of the school or some component group lacks validity. Actually, the best way for a journalist to defend an institution is to challenge its shortcomings as he perceives them and thus seek to bring about improvements.

SOME of the paralysis of press independence has come from capitulation to journalism schools or departments which look upon the newspaper as a "laboratory" and thus greatly limit its scope. In some schools, however, journalism facilities and personnel are shared, with a large degree of autonomy for the student editors.

Irving W. Rothman, director of student publications at the University of Pittsburgh, believes that the paper should not be a laboratory product of journalism classes, but says that the editor must be given the "freedom to make mistakes."

This attitude is somewhat difficult to reconcile. As Roger Ebert, former editor of the *Daily Illini*, and president of the U.S. Student Press Association, says, "I have always felt that student editors should not feel any more free—or licensed—to make mistakes than do their counterparts in the professional press. The function of all newspapers is to exercise freedom both responsibly and with enthusiasm."

Inevitably, newspapers do make mistakes and errors in judgment. It seems probable that such was the case at the University of Colorado in 1962 when

a student writer called Sen. Barry Goldwater "a fool, a mountebank, a murderer, no better than a common criminal." This brought much criticism to the *Colorado Daily* editors and to the school's administration. When, a short time later, the same writer published another article, calling former President Eisenhower an "old futzer," it resulted in the firing of the paper's editor by the University president. Only the year before the paper had weathered a strong attack from right-wingers, and had won an award for outstanding international news coverage. Whether or not the firing was justified the paper's momentary abandonment of responsibility had left the administration in an almost untenable position.

Usually the issue is not so clear, however. This was the case at Notre Dame in 1963 when the *Scholastic*, a news magazine, incurred the wrath of the administration. Officials deleted from an issue material they considered objectionable. The editors protested, and the university canceled publication of the following issue. Earlier the *Scholastic* had proposed that the school's president, The Rev. Theodore M. Hesburgh, resign as president and assume the title of chancellor. The editorial contended that Father Hesburgh's many activities took him away from the campus too often, and that a layman should be made president to administer the day-to-day operation of the university. These incidents led Father Hesburgh to write a letter to the student body, discussing how "democratic" a school should be in permitting students to protest the institution's policies.

He said the *Scholastic* had been marred by "an excessively negative attitude that felt called upon to scorn everything under God and pontificate far beyond the limits of its writers' modest wisdom." He also charged that on one occasion there was an "open lack of integrity" which would have cost those responsible their jobs "anywhere else and here too, if the university were indeed what they were depicting it to be."

Father Hesburgh concluded, "Neither do I consider faculty and students equal partners in the educative process here, since students by definition are here to study under the direction of the faculty, and to learn. Nor do I consider student leaders to be makers of broad university policy or wielders of pressure, except in their own domain. . . ."

In the South, the questions of desegregation and civil rights have often been the subject of potential conflict between student journalist and administrative and external authorities. The University of Alabama's *Crimson and White* and South Carolina's *Gamecock* are among those which have been plain-spoken, if moderate, in opposing segregationist policy. In Arkansas the Hendrix College *Profile* petitioned its Methodist directors to desegregate the school. The *Mississippian* (Ole Miss) and The *Spec-*

tator (Mississippi State) have been somewhat outspoken in their state. The latter backed the successful effort to allow State's basketball team to enter the National Collegiate Athletic Association playoffs when state policy against interracial competition had previously prevented it.

Increased respect for collegiate editors resulted from the performance by Sidna Brower during the 1962 desegregation dilemma at Ole Miss. On the tumultuous Sunday night she and her staff worked on an extra edition which featured her widely reprinted editorial, "Violence Will Not Help." She wrote: "Not only do the students chance forfeiting their education by participating in the riots, but they are bringing dishonor and shame to the university and to the state of Mississippi."

Later she received a reprimand from the Ole Miss Student Senate charging her with failing to "uphold and represent the rights of her fellow students." But a faculty resolution commended Miss Brower's stand and she won several national honors for her work.

The preceding Ole Miss editor had been attacked in the state legislature, largely because of a tolerant attitude toward admitting a Negro to his school. The legislature, of course, controls the purse strings for a state school like Ole Miss.

The Auburn *Plainsman* has also been the subject of legislative attacks. It has been an outpost for dissent in Alabama, and one of Gov. George Wallace's few public critics. At the height of Wallace popularity in the spring of 1964, a *Plainsman* columnist wrote: ". . . Alabama politicians have made a record of continued resistance to justice. Their example has created conditions for church bombings, arsons, murders on the roadside, violent attacks on peaceful assemblies, and denial of voting rights. . . . Wallace has failed to lead his state constructively in its greatest time of crisis since the Civil War. He is doomed to yet another failure—that of losing the fight that he blindly vows 'we are going to win,' for this nation will continue to reject his outdated and undemocratic ideas."

At the University of Miami the Student Publishers Board dismissed a female editor of *The Hurricane* in 1963. The board denied that this was due to a controversial editorial urging greater participation of Negro students in campus activities, which had appeared one week before. H. Franklin Williams, the school's vice president, said Elayne Gilbert was dismissed because she was carrying less than the required number of course hours. Miss Gilbert said that two of her journalism teachers dropped her from courses without any warning and "it occurred immediately after my editorial."

Williams said her editorial "gave an improper impression that there are some reservations on integration at Miami. The impression of her editorial is in-

correct, since the University of Miami has achieved complete integration."

The editorial had charged that there were no Negro athletes except in intramurals, that there was only one Negro graduate assistant, and urged an end to fraternity discrimination. Miss Gilbert said that she had been told not to write editorials on integration, temporary buildings, student press freedom and morals. She claimed she had no opportunity for a retraction.

It may have been editorials such as these that led the Jackson (Miss.) *Daily News* to charge recently: "With few exceptions, the student newspapers have become the harbingers of every shade of opinion on the political left advocating, with frighteningly little variation, everything from nuclear disarmament and 'fair play' for Castro's Cuba to the abolition of the House Committee on Un-American Activities and the creation of a federated world government."

However, not all of the editors who have caused controversy have been of a liberal vent. The 1961-62 editor of the Southern Methodist University *Campus* was a staunch conservative, and although he was removed from office for the same kind of technical reasons as the Miami editor, the issue appeared to be political. His successor referred to the controversy as "bush league ballyhoo" and a kind of "spring sport."

Controversy has long surrounded *The Daily Texan* at the University of Texas. The *Texan* enjoys a wide circulation not only among the school's 23,000 students, but among influential alumni and the legislators who convene a few blocks from the newspaper's offices. The current *Texan* problems date back to a 1956 row in which the editor disturbed an uneasy equilibrium with his comments on state and national politics, particularly the Fulbright-Harris natural gas bill. A running battle with the administrators and Board of Regents ensued and the editor even resorted to leaving blank space in his editorial column to dramatize censorship.

Since that time the Texas Regents have slowly cut into the paper's power. Major efforts have been made to reduce student control, and the various staffs have had to zealously guard what freedom they had. The manner of selecting the editor, now done by a student-faculty board, and formerly by general election, has been a continuing point of disagreement.

Much of the *Texan's* trouble has resulted from attacks by conservative newspapers and their alliance with certain powerful elements in the state and university. Still, the *Texan* holds its head well above water, and in questions of "responsibility," more often than not has been able to successfully defend itself and raise questions about the "responsibility" of its attackers.

Issues which bring on controversy are varied. At Vanderbilt University a *Hustler* columnist, miffed by the *Nashville Banner's* serialization of *JFK: The*

Man and The Myth, attacked both Victor Lasky, the book's author, and the newspaper publisher as "journalistic junkies." But in hitting Lasky's "psuedo-scholarship" he went overboard with some strong statements about the newspaper, one which wields no small influence in the Vanderbilt community, as being the equivalent of "bad toilet paper."

Despite an apologetic editorial in the following issue, the editor and columnist were censured by the student-faculty board. Such happenings can damage the cause of champions of a free college press, but in this case the editors realized they had perhaps been overzealous and attempted to react responsibly.

It was a different situation at the University of Arkansas in 1962. The *Arkansas Traveler* reported a visiting campus speaker's advocacy of pre-marital sex relations. This brought a strong reprimand from Governor Orval Faubus who said the paper should have "exercised some good old-fashioned self-censorship." But the editor replied, "I think that he (Faubus) would agree that it is the *Traveler's* responsibility as a newspaper and instrument of communication to inform both students and the public on all events occurring on campus. If this news is sometimes bad, then perhaps the need of the public to know is even greater than in routine happenings."

Faubus later stated that the paper had performed its proper service in informing the public of the lecture, because otherwise the people would not "have had an opportunity to learn" of the speech.

At Pennsylvania, the paper was temporarily out of business when the Dean of Men "acted on the advice of student government." The editor said the action was "an unwarranted breach of academic freedom, and . . . clearly outright censorship."

The newspaper had been highly critical of student government, and had run a front page editorial headlined: "Abolish Student Government." This came after the resignation of three committee chairmen and the vice-president who claimed that the government was run by "political hacks."

After a week's ban the paper was restored, although the status was unofficial, and no student government funds were allotted. During the ban, Harvard, Chicago and other schools air mailed papers to the Penn campus.

Independence is hard to come by for the college journalists and seems to be easily lost. Yet, according to Ebert, the president of the U.S. Student Press Association, the great student newspapers exist almost entirely on campuses where they have a large degree of independence. He asks: "Is it coincidence that precisely these newspapers (on campuses such as Illinois, Michigan, Harvard, Texas and Chicago) and others with similar freedoms are the ones which are doing, year after year, the best job of informing their readers on important social, educational and political events?"

SOME PATTERNS FOR POLITICS ★



In some countries, the inhabitants seem unwilling to avail themselves of the political privileges which the law gives them; it would seem that they set too high a value upon their time to spend it on the interests of the community. . . . But if an American were condemned to confine his activities to his own affairs, he would be robbed of one half his existence; he would feel an immense void in the life which he is accustomed to lead, and his wretchedness would be unbearable." (de Tocqueville, *Democracy in America*).



BY WILLIAM P. TOLLEY

THIS was the image of American political concern which a traveling Frenchman brought first to his people and then to the world over one hundred years ago. In some of his observations de Tocqueville was mistaken, but in most of his judgments historians have discovered a solid core of truth—such as his statement concerning the deep political involvement of the early American citizen.

In this election year the comment of de Tocqueville is still substantially true. Interest in national politics is probably as widespread and as passionate as it was in the early days of the nation.

The reason for this continued involvement may be conveyed in a word: communications. Over this same span of a century when the physical perimeters of the country and her political system were undergoing such extensive changes, there has been an even more dramatic growth in the technology of information transfer. Obvious to all of us is the revolution that has come with the telegraph, telephone, radio, television and the influence of national magazines and the daily press.

These techniques have helped to preserve the intimate, personal contact between the men and women of the growing country and the vital issues which confront them as a national community. It could be that communications may have been improved in part to meet the high in-

terest of the American people in political participation, noted early by de Tocqueville. Necessity has been the mother of some impressive children.

As a result of continuing innovation of communication techniques, the American people now have as close a personal knowledge of the men and the issues before the national forum as did the citizens of the ancient Greek *polis* from which our democratic system sprang—perhaps even closer. For there were those in Athens who were too lazy or infirm to go to the public square to hear the community issues debated and decided. The contemporary American gets a more direct exposure by staying at home and watching his television set.

ASSUMING then, that the American citizen today displays his classic passion for political self-expression, can it be said that this passion makes a difference at the level where key domestic or foreign issues are resolved?

The individual citizen has, of course, his greatest political power at election time. As a bearer of his single ballot, putting him on par with every other citizen of the land, he is courted by a whole range of groups and individuals, each seeking to win his support for a particular cause. Much of this courting may be hypocritical, yet there is a broad enough base of truth in the promise of the suitors to insure a degree of correlation between the will of the majority and the course that is later followed.

At other than election times, the voter is less effective in making his influence felt. This is both a strength and a weakness of our political system. It is not altogether bad that our legislators have a degree of freedom between elections.

Ours is a republic, not a direct democracy. Thus, we should expect a degree of leadership and independence from our legislators. We should expect them to use their knowledge, experience and judgment and not simply to serve as mirrors or echoes of their constituents. They are closer to the political scene than we are; they have more information available to them. They should, of course, be conscious of the needs of their constituents. This, however, does not mean that they should follow slavishly the wishes of individual citizens or groups or the selfish pressures of those with special political axes to grind. Theirs is a trust. They have a responsibility to the state and to the nation as well as to their local community and the individual citizen. One could wish that we all understood this and gave our legislators a greater degree of insulation and protection from the influence of the special interest groups active in government. Some protection is essential if we are to insure continuity of policy and action.

Contrary to the theory that each citizen has and exercises equal voice in political affairs through the ballot, there is a wide variation in the political power of individuals. This disparity in political effectiveness arises from differences of geography, sex, race, color, age, education, vocation, economic status, and social position, and of course, these differences not only affect behavior at election time, but in the time between.

A poor Negro sharecropper in Mississippi faced not only with a poll tax but the open hostility of many of his neighbors will be much less apt to cast his ballot than the college educated, middle class, white salesman in

the same state. Again, the vice president of a container corporation in Poughkeepsie may have a greater impact on his congressman in Washington than the unemployed dishwasher in that community.

To be sure some inequalities may be surmounted by an exercise of will. The Negro tenant sharecropper can vote if he wants to badly enough, even if it means calling on national troops for support. The dishwasher can make his voice heard, perhaps not as easily, but as well as the corporate vice president if he will exercise the prerogatives of self-expression which are open to all. There is a tendency to underestimate individual influence. In a nation where all have the mandate to vote and to avail themselves of the instruments of public debate, every man is a sovereign, to borrow the words of Paul H. Appleby. If he chooses, he may wield the power guaranteed by the Constitution and preserved in the vital forms of the contemporary political system.

In his power as a sovereign every citizen has the duty to be informed on issues of national importance, to make careful personal judgments and to express his opinions both through the exercise of his franchise, his influence with his friends and his right of access to the media of public expression. The primary problem is that of knowledge and understanding. How does the citizen keep himself as well informed as possible on the critical questions facing the nation?

Obviously, a certain level of knowledge is inescapable in a society saturated by mass media. The issue, however, is not that of information but of endlessly repeated misinformation. Too often the source of our information is one that selects the "news" and prints the views we most want to hear.

Even in the sciences truth is hidden. It must be searched for and won by extra effort. In politics the truth is infinitely more elusive. Bias in a hundred forms shapes our political inclinations and decisions. Coercion, insinuation by appeal to prejudice, exaggeration, deliberate falsehoods, and oversimplification—the standard tools of the propagandist are all employed in the political process. To separate truth from propaganda is never easy. It is next to impossible in the heat of a political campaign. The calumnies about Lincoln may be seen for what they are today, but they were widely accepted as true in his time. Would we have voted for him if we had had that privilege, particularly in his first campaign in 1860 when there were four candidates for election?

The growing power of television and the national press greatly improves communication between candidate and voter but unfortunately it also increases the brainwashing that comes from slanted news. Objective reporting is more and more a rarity. One can never be sure one is on the right side of any political question. Thus we need a sense of humility and a desire to hear both sides.

FORTUNATELY in America it is possible to hear both sides. But we must read widely to do so. We will not hear both sides by standing in front of our television set or reading our favorite political pundit. Reading the *National Review* against the *New Republic* or *The Progressive* may be jarring, but the reader brave enough to do so will be far better informed. Certainly one is obliged to com-

pare Goldwater's *Conscience* to Johnson's *Time for Action*, or to one of the basic texts of the Democratic center, such as Walter Lippmann's *The Good Society*. And there are those several books no would-be educated voter can skip—Reinhold Niebuhr's *The Irony of American History*, D. W. Brogan's *Politics in America*, James McGregor Burns' *The Deadlock of Democracy*, C. Wright Mills' *The Power Elite*, Carl Frederick's *The Public Interest*, Marian Irish's *The Continuing Crisis in American Politics*, and portions of David Riesman's *Abundance for What?*, among others.

Obviously, there is little chance for most of us either to have our opinions aired over national television or radio or to be published by a national magazine. But we can write to and for the local press, to company and college magazines, and to public opinion programs on local radio and television stations. Such expressions have a direct impact on the local scene and may have a wider influence.

A more direct way of reaching the ear of those in political power is through letters to congressmen, bureau heads, members of the cabinet, and the President. Members of state legislatures and the U.S. House of Representatives are particularly responsive to grass root appeals because of their more direct tie to their constituency. A thoughtful, well-written letter will reach its mark directly. It may on occasion carry more weight than it deserves.

Apart from these means of expression open to the individual citizen, there are a number of other ways in which leaders may be made cognizant and responsive to the political concern of the American people. All involve group action. From earliest times, men and women living in community and faced with issues touching the public welfare have voluntarily joined together to support favored policies or courses of action. The system of political parties is a typically American answer to how the citizen makes his concern felt at the national level.

Alignment with one of the major national political parties is often preceded by a period of testing in which the objectives and the methods of the national political organizations are examined. While in this process of making up his mind, the citizen falls into the class of independent voters. This is a growing segment of the voting public, with more young people leaving parental political loyalties behind and more adults choosing to vote for the man and the cause rather than the party. But political parties are here to stay and eventually most of us probably will cast our lot with one of the major parties.

What can be said about the importance and effectiveness of the individual voter in the various areas of national politics? In the resolution of questions of foreign policy the individual citizen has less and less influence except at election time. Part of this is due to the nuclear dilemma with its catastrophically reduced time for decision. There is little enough time for the Chief Executive to make his decision, to say nothing of the electorate without a fraction of the pertinent information needed to reach an appropriate judgment. There are, however, a number of foreign policy issues and problems where the voice of the people is still heard. These are the continuing situations—such as Vietnam and Berlin—where the threat of a hot war inhibits escalation, but old antagonisms militate against an end to conflict. In these areas a whole

spectrum of viewpoints has an opportunity to be formed, and with it, a range of political opinion. The pressures exerted by citizens both within and outside formal political groups have a considerable effect on the way in which these explosive situations are faced by national leaders, both in the legislative and executive branches of government.

At home, the influence of the individual citizen may appropriately be brought to bear on a whole range of issues. Areas such as tax reform and governmental re-organization, which pose problems so complex and obscure that the average voter has little hope of understanding them, to say nothing of explaining them to friends and neighbors. This is unfortunate, for in this category fall some of the most critical challenges to the continuing health of the nation. However, until they can be dramatized or simply explained, they must wait in the wings while more spectacular issues are resolved.

In this latter class belong the great problems which occupy the mass media and the public mind at the present hour: civil rights, national defense, housing and the campaign against poverty. Each of these controversial areas easily generates that passion in the American citizen which de Tocqueville noted over a century ago. And in each, the will of the individual and of organized groups is sensed at the national level.

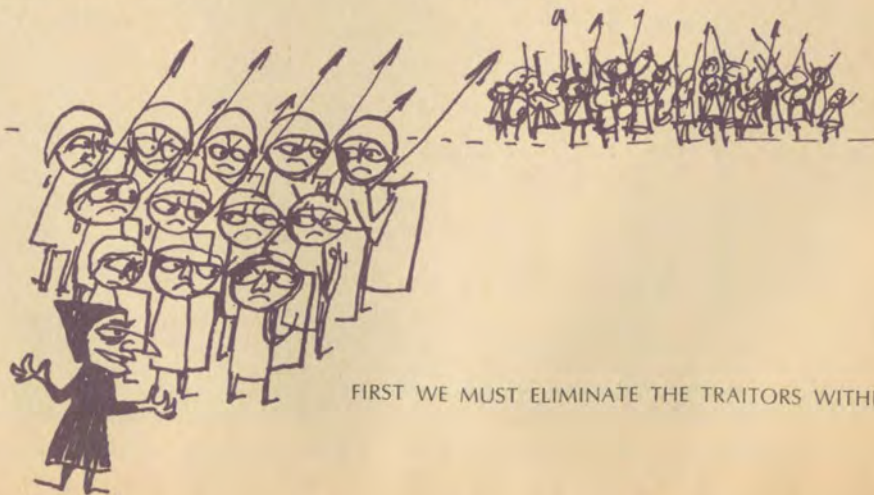
GROUPS of even modest size are probably more effective than they have ever been before. A half dozen small organizations in the foreign policy field carry enormous weight with legislative leaders at Washington. Relatively small groups play a significant role in almost every one of our problems, from housing, transportation, and agriculture to civil rights. It must be admitted that without the protest of organized groups of Negroes and their white allies the race problem would not exist as it does today as a permanent entry on the agenda of the nation. Less than a million of the twenty million Negroes have had anything to do with any of the organizations active in the struggle for better education, employment opportunities and civil rights for Negroes. Yet because of the activity of this relative minority their voices have been heard and their protest translated into national legislation. To my mind there is no more effective illustration of the power of the individual and of small group organization in our democratic political system.

We have always had a good deal of discussion about the merits of a two-party system. The prime contribution of this arrangement to American political life is, of course, continuity and stability. Without this two-party polarity there would be no point about which citizens of different political persuasions could construct and maintain a coherent effort to achieve the goals which they deem significant.

For those critics who would claim that the peculiar objectives of minorities within the country have no national organizational representation or possibility of shaping the major party platforms, the phenomenon of third parties provides a strong rebuttal. Though these splinter groups rarely endure, if the movement is based broadly enough on a national need, the goals of the third party are likely to be incorporated substantially intact in the statement of the aims of one or the other of the major parties.

For those who charge that the party out of power has no voice in government, it is only necessary to recall the formidable blocks to legislation which the Republicans posed during the Kennedy administration through control of congressional committees. Even within the ascendant Democratic party, minorities have considerable influence, as the Dixiecrat wing of the party adequately witnesses.

Because of the curious structure of regional, urban, rural, and labor bloc in the two major parties, the label of conservative or liberal has had relatively little meaning in recent presidential elections. Both candidates have been close to the center of political thought in their respective parties. The 1964 presidential contest is of unusual interest because it does give the voters a choice between liberal and conservative philosophies of government. Thus it will be more than a contest of television personalities. Some students of politics fear a major realignment of political parties. If, however, this does take place—and I doubt if it will—it will be no national disaster. There have been realignments before. In any case it should increase voter interest to know that at least this year the two parties do not stand for the same thing, and that the two candidates represent more than the difference between party structures; their beliefs and their platform cross over into the vastly more exciting realm of political *ideas*. Such a change can only improve the quality of our electoral response.



FIRST WE MUST ELIMINATE THE TRAITORS WITHIN

THE FLAHERTY INFLUENCE

By ROBERT STEELE

THE TENTH ANNUAL FLAHERTY SEMINAR was held in the Flaherty home in Brattleboro, Vermont in late August and early September. Frances Flaherty opened it by saying that it is a bit of a miracle that the seminars have carried on as they have. They began—

ten years ago—most informally in her living room with ten persons present. More people attend when the seminars have been held in Santa Barbara or Puerto Rico but the group is limited to about thirty when it convenes on the Flaherty farm. That's about the maximum number who can fit comfortably in the living room.

Frances, the widow of film maker Robert Flaherty, says that the idea for the seminars originated in Edinburgh. "After Bob's death, there was a program about him and his work on the B.B.C. and I went over to London to hear it. After the broadcast I attended the Edinburgh Film Festival. During a lecture there given by Sir Compton MacKenzie, he said, 'When sound came to the film, a great visual art died. It was nipped in the bud. If you were not born with a great visual sense, now you will have less chance of achieving one. If you weren't born with it, you may miss it.'" That statement made Frances realize what her experience of working with Bob had done to her: getting a visual sense from him had been "the key to her life."

At the Festival she was asked to talk to a group of students. She had never spoken before about her husband's work but she agreed to do so. Sir Compton's statement gave her the theme for her talk. She focused on what it had meant to acquire a visual sense. Seeing what is really there rather than seeing what you think is there had become the crux of her life as it had been the essence of Bob's films.

Robert Flaherty was an explorer in the Arctic and his first film was made after he was forty. This first film, *Nanook of the North* (made in 1920) is perhaps his most loved and celebrated work. His approach was as an explorer—seeing places and persons and revealing what he saw on celluloid.

At Edinburgh, an idea evolved from the student discussion. Since Frances had a big living room and all of the Flaherty films, she invited a few persons to come, see, and talk. Among those present for the first and the tenth seminars were Mary Mainwaring, who did her doctoral dissertation on the reception given to

Flaherty films by critics over the world, Madeline Tourtelot, a veteran film maker working now in Chicago, and Arnold Eagle, whose recent film, *A New Home for Art*, is on the construction of New York's Huntington Hartford Gallery. At this last seminar, he spoke for all three when he testified that "that seminar (the first) was one of the most exciting experiences of our lives." Frances responded with a statement that has been the theme and agenda for all ten seminars: "I have been trying to share my experience with Bob as we joined others in the search for the meaning of vision." Then the lights went down and we started soaking up the first of the fifty-five films included in the tenth seminar.

The seminars deal with films as they are being made today; the works of hundreds of living film makers have been screened and discussed. We have not come together to worship Flaherty, although there are the occasional pilgrimages by newcomers to his grave on a nearby hill. His way of working, his love for life and people and the vision he had are very much alive and his most memorable films—*Nanook*, *Moana*, *Elephant Boy*, *Man of Aran*, *The Land*, *Louisiana Story*—are always available.

Works from Japan, Korea, India, Pakistan, and Europe have been studied at seminars. I had my first tangle with *Flaming Creatures*, the film that has become notorious because Manhattan police seized it as an "obscene" film, at the 1963 seminar. Of the animated films I think of those of Robert Breer and John Korty; works of Jean Renoir, Shirley Clarke, George Stoney, the U.S.A. Department of the Interior, the Canadian Film Board, television networks, and all kinds of films except the nonseeing, Hollywood film have been on view at seminars.

A few of the films shown at this last seminar were: "What's Happening! The Beatles in the U.S.A.", made by Al and David Maysles; *Zoo* by Bert Haanstra; *Santero* from the Commonwealth of Puerto Rico; *Tokyo Story* by Ozu; *The March* (on Washington) by James Blue; *Kanchanjangh* by Satyajit Ray; the Pentecostal church sequence shot by George Stoney for his film, *The Newcomers*, made for the Methodists but withheld from the final print because he felt this sequence might be offensive; *Portrait in Mosaic*, a Shell Oil Company sponsored film made in Malabar, India; *The Dying Frontier*, produced by James Beveridge for the North Carolina Film Board, concerning the deprivations of Appalachian mountain people; *Mike*, a film made by a student, Stuart Murphy of the Cinema Department of the University of Southern California; *Requiem for 500,000*, Jerzy Bossack, made of footage taken during the extermination of Jews in the Warsaw ghetto; *The Reality of Karel Appel*, a film about an action painter who attacks his canvas as if he were a big-game hunter in Tanganyika taking on a stampede of lions; *Superfluous People*, a CBS Television News production; and *The Cool World* by Shirley Clarke.

Talks by the film makers and with the makers over meals and into the night may be the richest experience many of us carry away from the seminars. Twenty of the thirty participants at the tenth seminar were film makers. The seminars are primarily for film makers who come with their new works to be criticized. Invitations and sometimes scholarships have been extended to student film makers; frequently, they are quite vocal at the beginning of seminars and then become more silent and thoughtful.

Some film makers present at the recent seminar were Richard Leacock (cameraman on *Louisiana Story*), who showed us his film, *Quint City, U.S.A.*; George Stoney; Nicholas Reed, who more than any other film maker has cooperated (with Antioch College) in taking film aspirants as apprentices; James Blue; Shirley Clarke; and David Maysles. John Clayton, film director for TRAFCO (Methodism's Television, Radio and Film Commission), annually puts out a directory of all persons who have attended seminars; the list is a reminder of many outstanding film makers who have attended past seminars: Thorold Dickinson, Hilary Harris, Don Pennebaker, Hans Richter, Paul Rotha, Willard Van Dyke, Julian Bryan, Roman Vishniac, and Fred Zinneman.

The director and place of the eleventh seminar have already been announced. Edith Zornow, producer of the *Art of Film* tele-



MRS. ROBERT FLAHERTY

PHOTOGRAPH BY LOTTE JACOBI

NOVEMBER 1964



vision series is in charge of planning the 1965 seminar to be held at Arden House in the Ramapo Mountains, N.Y., where an enrollment of seventy-five persons will be possible. Erik Barnouw, as president of the trustees of International Film Seminars, 1125 Amsterdam Ave., N.Y., N.Y., has given stability to much activity growing from the work of Robert and Frances Flaherty. The least heralded and most admired man for his contribution to the seminars is David Flaherty, brother of Robert. From the beginning of the seminars, he has been a person who has exemplified what it takes to make a great film. Films are made by teams, and the director who forgets this is naive and arrogant. David's patience in picking up guests at the airport, arranging accommodations, wagging films to Railway Express, carrying buckets of water to the toilets, and ever being the warm host for everyone reveals what can be best described as the Flaherty spirit.

At the ninth seminar, because of the presence of French and Canadian films and film makers who were working along *cinéma vérité* lines, the camera's use to record life while it is being lived emerged as the dominant preoccupation of the participants. This year America's variation of *cinéma vérité* was pursued. Directed versus non-directed films, handheld versus non-handheld cameras, candid sound versus studio-recorded and post-synchronization of rehearsal versus improvisation, etc. were thoroughly investigated.

Colin Young brought the seminar to a conclusion by quoting a question that came from a student participant. Peter Brook asked Shirley Clarke if the white policemen in *The Cool World* knew that they were being photographed because they were shown to be so brutal. The white policemen beating Harlem Negroes knew the camera was on them because they were professional actors, but the artistry of Shirley Clarke and the actors succeeded in making us forget that we were seeing a photoplay. We were shown what happened in such a documented way that we could easily believe it actually happened as we saw it happen in the film. Colin said that documentary film is moving away from the over-directed, over-controlled, and standoffishness of films by documentarians like John Grierson and Pare Lorentz and again is becoming more like Flaherty's work: that is, to give us the visual experience of being there without an intruding director between us and the subject of his film. Flaherty tried hard not to preconceive his subject and to mold it into his idea of what would make a good film. Like the Eskimo sculptor who asks of the piece of stone he is turning over in his hands, "who is there? who is to be released?" Flaherty released visions of persons in Hudson Bay, Samoa, India, Aran, and the United States by way of direct, pictorial communication.

Film makers can still do this and more, if they have the vision.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF OCTOBER 23, 1962; SECTION 4369, TITLE 39, UNITED STATES CODE

Of *motive*, published monthly, October through May, at Nashville, Tennessee, for October 1, 1964.

1. The names and addresses of the publisher and editor are: Publisher: The Division of Higher Education of the Board of Education of The Methodist Church, Nashville, Tennessee; Editor: B. J. Stiles, P.O. Box 871, Nashville, Tennessee.

2. The owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership or other unincorporated firm, its name and address, as well as that of each individual must be given.)

The Board of Education of The Methodist Church, P.O. Box 871, Nashville, Tennessee 37202.

3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding one percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities. (If there are none, so state.)

There are none.

4. Paragraphs 7 and 8 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner. Names and addresses of individuals who are stockholders of a corporation which itself is a stockholder or holder of bonds, mortgages or other securities of the publishing corporation have been included in paragraphs 7 and 8 when the interests of such individuals are equivalent to 1 percent or more of the total amount of the stock or securities of the publishing corporation.

5. Circulation:

	Average No. Copies Each Issue During Preceding 12 months	Single Issue Nearest to Filing Date
Total No. Copies Printed	33,100	35,000
Paid Circulation	29,232	31,109
Sales through agents and news dealers	None	1,700
Free Distribution	685	478
Total No. Copies Distributed	29,917	33,287

I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete.

B. J. STILES, Editor

BOOKS

Simeon Booker, *Black Man's America*. Prentice-Hall (1964), 230 pp., \$4.95.

In *Black Man's America* Simeon Booker, a prize-winning reporter, presents a vivid checklist of the causes and progress of the social revolution that has swept across America in recent years: the Negro's fight for equality.

By virtue of his profession, Mr. Booker, chief Washington correspondent for Johnson Publications (publisher of *Ebony* and *Jet* magazines) was an eyewitness to many of the historical events that have occurred since the 1954 Supreme Court ruling against segregation. He traveled across the nation to cover the first Freedom Bus Rides, sit-ins, boycotts and other movements that have marked the integration fight, and observed the great upheaval in human relations—the pathetic lack of brotherhood—that followed. He knows and has interviewed top government officials, integration leaders and demonstrators to get the full impact of what was happening. He reveals and analyzes the Negro's thoughts about the late John F. Kennedy, and other government leaders, why integration groups split on basic tactics, how Martin Luther King won the battle of Birmingham in one of history's biggest gambles, why NAACP leader Roy Wilkins has emerged as the commander of the newly organized forces, and other pertinent facts.

In examining and evaluating the significance of contemporary events, posed against the larger backdrop of the social, political and economic hardships that the American Negro has endured for more than a century, Mr. Booker speaks with clarity and a sure sense of history.

Black Man's America brings to mind other useful and well-documented books, all of which, like Mr. Booker's, are made more valid by the fact that the writer is personally involved, that he lived the story: Lillian Smith's *Killers of the Dream*, P. D. East's *The Magnolia Jungle*, Sarah Patton Boyle's *The Desegregated Heart*, Daisy Bates' *The Long Shadow of Little Rock*, among many . . . for who knows better the hells of war than those in the front lines?

Speaking of this inner war, this battle which today touches all of us, Booker writes: "Even after 100 years, during which the Negro has struggled to lift himself into the company of friendly whites, whites look at the group with a feeling of disdain and even scorn. Like the American Indian, the Negro was left to fend for himself. But unlike the Indian, the Negro has refused to be quartered in a reservation (even though the Black Muslims want that) and is fighting for his place."

That the Negro will be allowed his place as a fully educated, fully participating, fully contributing first-class citizen is Mr. Booker's primary hope and conviction, but he expresses the belief that it will not come without determined Negro militancy and, sadly enough, further violence. "Violence," he states, "hangs like a cloud over a revolution, especially a social revolution that contains such powerful ingredients as passion and hatred." He feels that the final battlefield will be Mississippi, which he calls "our worst race bigotry center, America's South Africa."

His advice to Negroes is that they should regain lost faith—"At the same time that the Negro has lost his fear of the white man, he also has lost much faith in his religion." He urges that they should also become better trained for opportunities that are emerging. ("Even the opening of doors of opportunity somehow has embittered many Negroes, unable to take advantage of the gains.")

His advice to whites carries an urgent warning that cannot be

ignored: "Face the fact that the day of Negro slavery, legal or otherwise, is over. The new Negro is going to fight for his rights. He carries deep scars and is bitter over mistreatment. He is sensitive, far too sensitive. He is often undereducated. He is blinded by anger at racial setbacks." As Joe Louis once said, "You can run but you can't hide." That just about sums up the plight of whites in America.

—JOHN HOWARD GRIFFIN

Clarke A. Chambers, *Seedtime of Reform, American Social Service and Social Action, 1918-1933*. University of Minnesota Press (1964), 326 pp., \$6.50.

The thesis of this valuable contribution to the historical literature of our time is that the New Deal, in large measure, was an outgrowth of the work of voluntary reform associations and agencies which were active during the Progressive Era. During the period of ennui, frustration, and fear which followed World War I many Americans, in reaction against the idealism of the Great Crusade and American involvement in the sordid intrigue of the Old World, sought safety and stability in a return to "normalcy." The leaders of social welfare agencies and associations held on, however, trying, often with disappointingly small results, to keep the flame of reform alight. They worked faithfully, under great handicaps and despite opposition, until they saw their hopes partially realized in the New Deal. Indeed, many of them actively participated in the enactment of New Deal legislation and held office in various New Deal agencies.

Professor Chambers, a member of the Department of History at the University of Minnesota, conclusively shows that the period between the close of World War I and the beginning of the New Deal was no "wasteland for reform." For example, dozens of organizations, led by such individuals as Florence Kelley, Owen Lovejoy, Grace Abbott, and others, kept alive the agitation for legislation in behalf of women and children. The movement for statutory regulation of the conditions under which women worked seemed to have won a victory with the famous case of *Muller v. Oregon* (1908). By 1921 eleven states had adopted minimum wage laws for women in industry, but in 1922 the United States Supreme Court crushed the movement by declaring that such legislation was an unconstitutional violation of the right of contract and the due process clause of the Fourteenth Amendment. The heated protests of Florence Kelley, Felix Frankfurter, John R. Commons, Roscoe Pound, and others carried no weight. But by the end of the decade 1920-1930 the New Deal philosophy of action in this field had been "elaborated in nearly every detail," says Chambers (81).

The welfare workers and the voluntary associations kept before the public the idea that palliative measures were not enough—positive preventive measures were sorely needed. There was no incompatibility between democracy and action by state and federal governments, they declared. They demanded old-age and disability insurance, unemployment insurance, and similar legislation. They agreed with Commons' statement that society, especially industry, was responsible for recurring unemployment, and that the national government must take the necessary actions to prevent recurrent depression. But in a period of prosperity the warnings of such men as Commons, Paul Douglas, Abraham Epstein, and Isaac Rubinow went unheeded; in a booming economy there seemed to be no need for insurance plans.

As the Great Depression dragged downward in the dreary months of 1929-30, as millions were reduced to bleak despair the inability of local and state charitable organizations to cope with what clearly was nothing less than a national disaster steadily became more apparent. As Robert Wagner said in December, 1930, the right to work had become synonymous with the right to live. Millions were out of work through no fault of their own. There was no economic law, Wagner de-

clared, which "ordained that millions of people willing to work shall be condemned to want and privation in the midst of national plenty." And when Congressional leaders were ready to consider the Social Security Act of 1933 the veteran advocates of state and federal action were at hand.

As the New Deal moved to a consideration of other measures for relief and reform, these veterans acted as advisors and, at times, as administrators. Paul Douglas, Sidney Hillman, Paul H. Kellogg, Harold Ickes, Harry Hopkins, Frances Perkins, and similar social workers could not deliver blocks of votes, but they supplied facts, arguments, and skill. Wagner, Fiorello La Guardia, Herbert Lehman, George Norris, and Franklin D. Roosevelt "did not depend upon" these men and women either to gain office or to stay in power." But these legislators and executives counseled and listened and learned; they called upon the reformers for technical advice . . . and they borrowed from the theories and programs that the reformers pioneered" (261). The New Deal, Chambers concludes, owed "a profound debt" to the reformers who "kept alive the tradition of humane liberalism during the years of normalcy."

—HENRY L. SWINT

Robert Lee and Martin E. Marty, eds., *Religion and Social Conflict*. Oxford University Press (1964), 193 pp., \$5.

The Christian ethic of redemptive love has been so thoroughly sentimentalized, and in some cases rendered individualistic and erotic, that the necessity and creative worth of conflict have been lost sight of. In recent months, with tensions and conflicts of earth-shaking dimension impinging on the churches, some of the more lively Christian leaders have been attempting to clear the air, to point the way to a "Christian style of conflict." A seminar on this theme was recently held under the auspices of the National Council of Churches. In terms of published materials, *Religion and Social Conflict* makes a major contribution to clarifying the sociological and theological issues.

The book is edited by two of the brightest of the "young Turks" in the theological field. Robert Lee, who has taught at Union, is a member of the brilliant group Dr. Theodore Gill has assembled at San Francisco Theological Seminary. Martin Marty combines incisive journalism on *The Christian Century* with lecturing and teaching church history. Chapters of the book deal with different dimensions of conflict. Charles Y. Glock has a fairly technical chapter on the effect of deprivation, actual or threatened, upon social groups. Robert A. Nisbet, in "The Impact of Technology on Ethical Decision-Making" deals among other things with the problem often discussed in the Evangelical Academies of Europe: the major sins in our social order are today committed by committee, not by responsible individuals making their own decisions.

Charles S. McCoy has a useful summary, with detail for reference, on "The Churches and Protest Movements for Social Justice." CORE, which was founded by two young Methodist leaders (George Houser and James Farmer of the National Council of Methodist Youth), is one movement considered.

Ralph Lord Roy, a Methodist preacher whose books *Apostles of Discord and Communism* and *The Churches* are still the two most useful handbooks on the relationship of the Christian underworld to fascism and communism, has an excellent chapter on "Conflict from the Communist Left and the Radical Right." The periodization of the communist policy shifts is especially useful for ready reference. At a time when ideological politics, European style, has captured one of the major political parties in America, his material on the relationship of Protestant degeneracy and the radical right is valuable. Seymour M. Lipset, professor of sociology at the University of California, has similar materials in an extensive treatment of "Religion and Politics in the American Past and Present." Most of us have been conscious of the attempted manipulation of racial and religious minorities

in the elections of 1928, 1960 and 1964, but Lipset shows how important the racial and religious factor had already become for the 1920 election.

Benjamin Reist, also of San Francisco Theological Seminary and a member of the working commission which prepared the superb statement on church-state relations adopted by the General Assembly of the United Presbyterian Church, has a good study on "Church and State in America: A Theological Inquiry." Since the Republican Convention in San Francisco committed itself to a position damaging to religious liberty and contrary to the stand of most of the major denominations, this issue is a burning one.

Will Herberg of Drew, whose *Protestant/Catholic/Jew* remains a major classic in the field, deals with "Religious Group Conflict in America," and Martin Marty summarizes the consensus of the authors.

Religion and Social Conflict is full of refreshing detail and new insights, and it reflects the liveliest and most responsible work being done by contemporary Christian prophets. The volume will bring any reader up to date on the critical issues, and it will serve as an excellent study manual for a Wesley Foundation study seminar on social questions. My only regret is that there is no chapter on "Christians and the Peace Testimony," written by Paul Peachy or Howard Schomer on Walter Muelder (for instance), for this issue also divides the waters between those who affirm that Christianity is "purely spiritual" (and irrelevant) and those who confess the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob—the biblical God of all creation.

—FRANKLIN H. LITTELL

Peter Berger, ed., *The Human Shape of Work*. Macmillan (1964), 241 pp., \$5.95.

If there is any doubt that the classical Protestant ethic of work is obsolete, this collection of studies in the sociology of occupations should convince the hangers-on that the brave, new world is here. The critical task began by Thorstein Veblen, William James, John Dewey and William Whyte, Jr., is here continued—and there is abundant data for the theological imagination to digest.

The studies include: Raymond Gold's description of the work world of a janitor in a Chicago apartment building; Ely Chinoy's examination of assembly-line workers; William Evan's study in the marginal character of the engineering technician (who is not accepted as either engineer or skilled worker); Ian Lewis' profile of the world of advertising; and Kenneth Underwood's exploration of the operational (rather than ideological) worldview of the business executive. Peter Berger adds a chapter of reflection on the problem of work in our time and suggests some of the resources for understanding the ontological devaluation of work as well as clues to recovering its human shape.

The hints and clues are the most intriguing aspects of this book to this reader, and he intends to pursue the matter not only in Marx, Durkheim and Weber but also in Luther, Calvin and Paul.

One could imagine, for instance, the creative discomfort resulting from a serious reading of this book by seminarians and preachers before they prepared their sermons or plotted the strategy of their parishes. What can now be said of the moral or religious nature of work when one has in mind the assembly-line worker (or the computer operator) whose work is isolated both from other workers and a finished product? What is the word of "good news" to the advertiser, the man whose work calls for role playing rather than an expression of his real self? What can the church be to the marginal man suffering from *anomie*, separated from any meaningful social relationships? My guess is that Christians who pursue such questions would soon rediscover the "powers and principalities" of Pauline language still with them in the form of institutions and ideologies in bondage to death.

The problem is by no means confined to the five occupations here examined. The clichéd question, "Are you happy in your work?", when directed at a broader audience, will unleash all the demons bottled up these many years by the Protestant doctrine of "calling." Preachers, doctors and lawyers will join the multitude in affirming the ambiguous satisfactions of their work. Berger gives an indication of the problem by suggesting a three-fold division of work according to its human significance: work that provides an occasion for self-identity and commitment; work that threatens one's self-identity and human dignity; work that is neither fulfilling nor oppressing but merely instrumental.

If most of us find ourselves in the instrumental category, we must own up to the fact that we have not only divorced our work from our religious vocation, but we have also divorced our private world of meaning from our public world of work. The temptation is all too easy to abandon the humanizing of work and seek moral and religious meaning in the privatized sphere of family, clubs and the suburban church.

This book leaves the reader with the hope that someone with the sociological imagination of a Max Weber and the theological acumen of John Calvin will pursue this matter further. If Christians are to continue to speak of work as worship (*leitourgia*, "that which we do before God") rather than work still under the curse of death, they had better be clear as to the public and private character of their work and the human devaluation of work in an industrial society.

—ROBERT L. JOHNSON

Arthur A. Cohen, Ed., *Humanistic Education and Western Civilization*. Holt, Rinehart and Winston (1964), 250 pp., \$5.75.

This year Robert Maynard Hutchins turned sixty-five. Such a monumental figure in American education as Hutchins deserves this worthy volume of essays as a birthday *Festschrift*.

Arthur Cohen has assembled here some of the most typical leaders of the humanistic tradition to comment on many of the issues dear to the heart of Hutchins—and so central to the quality of Western civilization. Since American civilization has now taken its place in world culture, wherein one sphere of influence infiltrates another, there is little doubt these writers pleased Mr. Hutchins with their insights into what we must do for man.

The most frequent technique is to take a theme Hutchins has often emphasized, developing its contemporary implications. From what was said thirty years ago, the essayists make some highly pertinent observations of man's condition today. This does not reflect undue or slavish adulation; the essays simply imply honest recognition that Hutchins talked of many subjects which must be taken as fundamental.

While the fourteen essays reflect the impact as a whole of Hutchins' work, Champion Ward assigns specific results to it. The former undergraduate dean of the University of Chicago credits his president with major responsibility for at least seven presently established practices in education: early admission to college; advanced standing for superior students; rhetorical usages, such as, "excellence," "independent study," "the disciplines," "dialogue" as the name for any communication; return of popularity for the three R's; discovery of gifted students; education of teachers as well as professional training; and the decline in influence of John Dewey. (p. 120)

Perhaps the service of this volume is greatest in showing that during the last thirty years Hutchins has been associated with structural factors in "the higher learning in America," which the Dewey emphasis on "creative learning" and "democratic" procedure in the classroom has tended to obscure.

Part I deals with "Democratic Values and Western Civilization." The future of democracy, the need for it to rely on

SUN IN THE WILDERNESS

The hot sun is enfolding this girl like the Swan
And its grasp is a sheath, the caress of those wings.
Her full mouth is aflame with the strength of the sun
Though her lips are still wet with the touch of a spring,

An untouched, hidden spring with its kiss
Of cold water raised high in the cup of strong hands.
Her mouth is unquenchable. Fire is the mass
Of her self. Her red tongue is a flame that burns

In the wilderness. Everywhere from the hills
The green swarms of the living are hot like the sun:
They surround, they contain a hypnosis that falls
On the brain with a force with a beat like the sun.

—EDWARD OSTER

persuasion, the continuance of dialogue among all of its classes, groups and individuals, and its participation in world culture, receive fresh and illuminating treatment. Indiscourageable belief that the essence of democracy, participation in the control of one's destiny, will survive seems more plausible when set forth by Elizabeth Mann Borgese. Such an encouragement stems from Hutchins' repeated confidence that self-government is "the only form of rule consistent with the nature of man."

Grasp of classical learning provides a stable view on the nature of man. The ring of certainty in Hutchins' views draws much from his confidence that educators can tell what they mean by "man" when they devise a program of study for students, or a social order for their generation. The lack of consensus about the nature of man in Western civilization, pointed out by O. Meredith Wilson, is a serious problem in contemporary education. Dewey, Freud, and recent existentialists have contributed to this loss of self-identity. A philosophic view of organic selfhood would do much for our fragmented psychology and what that discipline can offer to discussion about the man who is supposedly being educated.

Educators will press on to Part II, which deals with "The Past and Future of Humanistic Education." The well-known fact that the sciences have received such great attention since World War II is clearly recognized, and the corresponding neglect of the humanities (even in India) is brought home anew. But denying the attendant false assumption—that political and moral intelligence will be obtained by osmosis—has been the crusade of Hutchins and the humanists who speak here with persuasive voice.

An educated citizen must know both "principles and particulars," says Ward; he must have "a connected view of things" (Tugwell); know what to think as well as what to do (Mayer); develop a view of reality and a scheme of values (Murray). There must be a synthesis among specialists, Wilson insists.

No doubt most scientists would agree that much of what these humanists emphasize deserves a hearing. But they'll say the task of giving them a hearing is not their business. Nor is the synthesis of all learning their affair. And since scientists are in the saddle, the problem remains for someone to see to it that this synthesis occurs. It is not taking place in the graduate schools. Hence, liberal arts colleges—into the breach!

—LOUIS W. NORRIS

Magda King, *Heidegger's Philosophy: A Guide to His Basic Thought*. Macmillan (1964), 193 pp., \$4.95.

In this book Mrs. King has set forth a very modest twofold goal: 1) to ascertain clearly the one question to which Martin Heidegger has addressed his whole philosophical career; and 2) to indicate the answer Heidegger has proposed to his own question. But it only sounds modest, for between the question and answer lies the provocative analysis with which Heidegger declared to the world that the total tradition of Western philosophy since Plato has been fundamentally misdirected.

Although intimate with all of Heidegger's writing, Mrs. King attends almost exclusively to *Sein und Zeit* (*Being and Time*). After acknowledging the great impediments to any effective translation of the book from the German original to English—and after an appreciative word to John Macquarrie for accomplishing the task when several previous aspirants had given up in despair—Mrs. King insists that still the best (only?) way to understand Heidegger is to read the original. Even so, she attempts to interpret for us the question and answer posed by Heidegger.

It is not necessary to rehearse here the spectacle of some of the reactions by representatives of the "philosophical establishment" to the publication last year of *Sein und Zeit* in its English translation. Even if Mrs. King's book did no more than call attention to the profundity of Heidegger's question (and I think it does considerably more), it would have served us well by implicitly refuting the charges that Heidegger had done nothing new or important. One would not have to accept Mrs. King's analysis of Heidegger's thought or Heidegger's own writings to experience the "shaking of the foundations" which occurs when on exposure to the skillful probings of Heidegger. That is, Heidegger's iconoclasm is effective whether or not one accepts his constructive alternative, and Mrs. King has done an expert job in demonstrating this iconoclastic dimension of Heidegger's thought.

On the other hand, there is a danger in Mrs. King's book—a danger to which all such derivative scholarship is susceptible. It is the question whether if in the end the reductionism inherent in even the best books of this genre does not violate the intention of the author under consideration. Even when raising such a question which seems to be singularly important when dealing with a book about Heidegger, I would not be fair to Mrs. King if I left the impression that she is not aware of this very danger, or to imply that she failed to make a concerted effort to avoid the pitfalls. Her analysis may provide—with caution, remembering that one is still dealing in interpretive material—real help to the fledgling student of Heidegger's philosophy and a worthy sounding board for the questions raised by those already familiar with Heidegger's thought.

—JAMES WIGGINS

Roger Mehl, *The Condition of the Christian Philosopher*. Fortress Press (1964), 221 pp., \$4.50. Trans. from the French by Eva Kushner.

Roger Mehl injects new life into the harried issue of "Christian philosophy" by his refreshing and creative angle of approach. He does not ask what a "Christian" philosophy is but what is the stance of the Christian philosopher? By shifting from the discipline to the man Mehl, who teaches Ethics on the Protestant faculty at the Université de Strasbourg, connects faith and philosophy without resorting to the usual options of hierarchy or synthesis. Because the Christian lives under both judgment and promise as an "old" man being made new, his reflective activity will take place in the context of an eschatological tension. He will not incorporate Christian doctrines into his philosophy but will let his thinking stand under the judgment and illumination of revelation. The Christian faith does not offer philosophy new ideas or solutions but a tone and context, a particular kind of

spirit. Not only does this spirit exclude all pretensions of finality (whether Idealist, Naturalist, Marxist, etc.) but it also excuses the philosopher from efforts to establish a natural theology or even to understand and rationalize revelation in the Anselmian sense. Nevertheless the philosopher's faith does have a positive effect on his work, though always indirect. The idea of Creation, for example, will lead him to the problem of time and history as the real locus of human existence. Rather than baptizing or transmuting previous philosophical elements, the Christian will create a "new" philosophy, taking up his task in the liberty of a man who knows that he need not establish the final meaning of his life through his philosophical activity. What is sought is not a philosophy of the Christian content but of the Christian intention. In Mehl's estimation the contemporary philosophies closest to that intention are not the revivals of religious metaphysics, both efforts such as phenomenology, existentialism and personalism which remain worldly and finite.

The relation of philosophy and theology which Mehl associates with his position is dependent on Barth's idea that revelation creates its own possibility of being understood. Theology is accordingly restricted to correcting the Church's preaching by the criterion of the content of revelation as it is understood from within the miracle of faith. Philosophy is dismissed from any soteriological or crypto-theological preoccupations and directed solely to the sphere of the human. Mehl is convinced that only a strict separation of the two disciplines will give each the liberty to enter into fertile dialogue with the other. Yet after his espousal of the Barthian view of a self-interpreting revelation, he surprises us in the last chapter with the assertion that what the philosopher will offer the theologian in this dialogue is a theory of signs, a clarification of the nature of language and an epistemology.

The cogency of Mehl's analysis turns on this issue of the intelligibility of revelation. To be consistent with his own description of the Christian philosopher, he cannot tell us what revelation is philosophically, i.e., in a general way, but must assume the event of revelation as well as its reception and comprehension as a fact, a miraculous fact which is "epistemologically unique." But this appeal to miracle leaves unilluminated the heart of the believer's effort to understand—the continuity between the old and the new man which Mehl himself recognizes as the most delicate issue of a Christian anthropology. Are we really reduced to the unpalatable alternatives of either dissolving the question of continuity in a miracle bath or selling revelation into slavery under a general epistemology? Might not a finite philosophy such as phenomenology be able to develop a general hermeneutic which could point to the place of revelation in the range of human experience without pretending to explain exhaustively or determine the significance and bearing of revelation? Mehl himself seems to take an important step beyond Barth in this direction when he says that theology must not only describe the interior economy of revelation but also show the unique character of the mystery by comparing it with other realms of knowledge. But this problem takes us to the heart of current hermeneutical discussion; we cannot blame a book first published (in French) in 1947 for failing to resolve issues of which we are only now becoming acutely aware!

This work is full of surprises for those who think Barthian theology can only be antiphilosophical or a substitute for philosophy. The idea of a strictly "theological" theology and an exclusively "philosophical" philosophy which are nevertheless inextricably united in the person of the philosopher sets forth a lively alternative to any pretended *philosophia perennis*. Along with the work of Pierre Thevenaz and Paul Ricoeur, Mehl's book constitutes an important step in the direction of what Thevenaz calls "protestant" philosophy or philosophy "without absolute."

—LARRY SHINER

Elisabeth Adler, ed., *Here For a Reason*. Macmillan (1964), 136 pp., \$2.95.

The church in the German Democratic Republic has been shaken to its roots by the political division of its country. This collection of sermons, bible studies, pastoral letters, and prayers reflects the agony and joy of Christians who are finding, in the midst of anxiety and frustration, the real meaning of the gospel for them.

The collection is from two main sources, the student Christian movement (*Studentengemeinden*) and the Evangelical Academies. Rarely in the current literature on church renewal can be found such a sense of immediacy and vitality. The language in translation is not always smooth, nor is there any attempt to present a finished theological perspective regarding church and society. Rather, specific problems of existence in the life of the church are used as opportunities to reflect on the fundamental faith-stance of the church. It is this tentative yet affirming nature of the book that gives it its power.

The problems faced by Christians in the DDR are not confined to that nation. Secular authority, military service, armaments, the preservation of love within judgment, and hostile public opinion are issues we all face. The twin temptations for Christians to stand in simple opposition to the modern world or to abdicate responsibility and take refuge in another-worldly spirituality are known in our churches, too.

Elisabeth Adler is from East Germany and has, since 1960, been Associate General Secretary of the World Student Christian Federation. In January she leaves Geneva for a staff position with the Evangelical Academy in East Berlin. Her contributions to the Federation and to the student Christian movements around the world have been many. In resuming her work in the DDR,

FOR

W.

"If that diamond ring turns brass
Daddy's gonna buy me a looking glass."

Near Atchison the rain attacked our car
like locust shells, baring the invisible cracks.
The man driving asked every god why he
should be confined to time and place, though having
travelled since dark in silence I could dream then
of eiderdown and syrupy teaspoonfuls,
his ringed hands cradling dolls with corn-silk hair.
While night removed the landscape twice we stopped
at a gate imposing Gothic order against grain.
Farewells and assignations have no faces
(except someone winked and someone sulked out loud).
Finally the day-long corridors repeating
vacancies I'm worthy of: the chairs
are lonely as huge bears and fires hiss softly.
No one knows or calls my name but visions
of you advancing roses in your head,
the rank impression of a single nature
defying nature and lands that kill for love.
A perfect institution—with room enough
for poems, defenseless animals, your eyes.

—NANCY HOLMES

she leaves with us her lasting impact on students and student leaders. And, in *Here For a Reason*, she provides yet another testimony to a faith not bounded by political division.

The book closes with a collection of prayers which provide a glimpse into the dynamic of our Christian brothers in the DDR. They range from the cry "Let not the distress that has befallen us seem too small a matter to thee," through the remainder, "Grant that we may not fail to pay to others the debts of love and of truth," to the final, triumphant "Let us also acknowledge thankfully the smaller delights, and go rejoicing on our way."

This joy, born from despair and fed by faith, is humbling to encounter.

—ALLAN J. BURRY

Thomas J. J. Altizer, *Mircea Eliade and the Dialectic of the Sacred*. Westminster Press (1964), 219 pp., \$6.

Thomas J. J. Altizer of Emory is one of our generation's brightest young scholars. He inhabits the "no-man's land" of religious studies—the history of religions. While American scholars traditionally have been more interested in the so-called "comparative religions" approach to the problems of Christianity in a religiously pluralistic world, Altizer has developed a vigorous and exciting style that combines philosophical, theological and literary material into a refreshing and readable thesis.

His *Oriental Mysticism and Biblical Eschatology* (Westminster, 1963) established him as a provocative force and revealed his wide knowledge of contemporary theological movements. He has chosen the famed historian of archaic religion, Mircea Eliade, as the springboard for his second book. Eliade, who combines immense erudition and a romantic sense for the religious origins of human history, has been designated by Altizer as "the Frazer of our generation." He has sought an ontology rather than simply organizing historical or anthropological data. In Altizer's words, "Eliade has stripped his evidence of its historical particularity, and classified it according to its morphological continuity." (42)

Eliade's dialectic of "sacred and profane" is the specific structure of his thought that provides the basis for Altizer's speculations. Very simply, it is Eliade's contention that archaic man sought to create his "world" by abolishing the profane and exalting the sacred. Modern man, on the other hand, has created a whole new "world" by abolishing the sacred and exalting the profane. "If modern man must become the murderer of God, archaic man can only be himself by abolishing the profane." (58)

Altizer's method is thus to apply the dialectic of the sacred and profane as posed by Eliade to the contemporary theological situation in Christianity. That the sense of the sacred and the power of the holy are apparently no longer present in the Christian movement is of considerable importance in clarifying the situation.

The first requirement of a contemporary theological method is a full acknowledgment of the death of God. This means that all traditional theological thinking is now irrelevant. In this situation the task of the theologian becomes the paradoxical one of unveiling religious meaning in a world that is bathed in the darkness of God's absence. Paradoxically, he must search for light in precisely those corners which are most filled with darkness: thus our quest has seized upon those expressions of the profane consciousness which are most estranged from the world of the sacred. (19-20)

The theory of the "coincidence of opposites" (*coincidentia oppositorum*)—that the sacred is the opposite of the profane and that the sacred cannot exist without the profane—is basic

to Eliade's thought and used by Altizer to explore our contemporary ontological neutrality. Western man, in his successful attempt to rationalize God, thus made creation religiously neutral. The abolishment of the profane meant, in Eliade's theory, the concomitant loss of the sacred. Once the profane disappears, then its opposite—the sacred—can no longer be manifest.

It is with considerable imagination and flair that the author proceeds to support this thesis in illuminating discussions of Dostoevski, Proust, Kierkegaard, Sartre, Teilhard, Freud, Marcuse, Brown, and Nietzsche.

Altizer's book is a useful guide for any thoughtful person who wants to move beyond the popularized "honest-to-god" tracts of our time. By introducing Eliade, Altizer broadens significantly the context of theological discussion to include non-Western modes. While there is much talk about "religionless Christianity," the author makes a strong, though implicit, case for a religiously powerful literature. "Religiously powerful, philosophically meaningful, and strangely relevant to the contemporary sensibility" are words used by Altizer to describe Eliade. They might as well be the formula for any future program in theology.

—F. THOMAS TROTTER

William Golding, *The Spire*. Harcourt, Brace & World (1964), \$3.95.

The Church is not founded upon a rock but upon a sea of mud, says William Golding in *The Spire*, and it is a miracle that it stands at all. It is a sea of mud that writhes and moves and fills men with frantic fear so that they throw into it whatever material they can lay their hands on to give it some semblance of solidity. It is a sea of mud from which rises the stench of death that drives men away from the structure erected on it.

But on this foundation a church has been built and to this church a man, a priest and dean, Father Jocelin, unfit by nature and by training for his office, wants to add a spire, a prayer to the glory of God. He believes the angel of God has stood at his back and told him to build it, but he has mistaken the pain and heat of disease in his spine for the message of God. He builds the spire on conscience money from his aunt, who has been mistress of the king. He builds the spire, driving on the master builder who—as the practical man and the voice of reason, knows the job cannot be done—until he destroys him. He builds the spire, alienating the members of the chapter of the cathedral, killing the lame sweeper who has loved and cared for the church, bringing to sin and then to destruction the sweeper's wife, Jocelin's daughter in God, whom he has loved as a child and as a woman.

At the end of the book the teetering, all-but-finished spire still stands, leaning against the parapet, a prayer ready to demolish the building below it. Golding lets the spire stand not to demonstrate any moral of triumph over adversity, but to point out the empty and threatened church below, unless to the clergy and to the people.

What remains? Only Father Adam, man himself, so innocuous, so inconspicuous about his dull, daily duties that Jocelin himself has difficulty remembering his name and jokingly calls him Father Anonymous. It is he who remains and, in the end, it is he who has love and charity for Father Jocelin.

Golding first became a best-selling author a few years ago when his *Lord of the Flies* not only put renewed life and tangibility in the old conflict between good and evil as a fundamental theme in literature but also revived the issue of moral depravity in man. He reiterated his statement three more times in novels of less appeal and of varying degrees of power, *Pincher Martin*, *Free Fall*, and *The Inheritors*. He says that man is fundamentally evil and fundamentally destructive of himself and of everything that is his, man-made or God-given.

He pulls no punches. If man is depraved, it is the Church to

which he looks to help him raise himself above his evil nature. In *The Spire*, the Church is afflicted with all the evils which beset mankind; indeed, it is man-made and not God-made and therefore is no less evil than man. It does little to uplift down-cast man. It may instead lead him to destruction. Golding has stated this before but his reference has gone largely unnoticed. Who are the first of the evil ones in *Lord of the Flies*? Who follows an evil leader and helps to lead others from sense to depravity? The choir boys, trained and educated by the Church. The Church has nurtured these boys, has provided them with their standards of conduct—and they become the means to destruction and darkness.

In *The Spire*, it is a church leader, a man who might be expected to be able to see the way, who can only see the way to destruction. Even worse, he *thinks it is the right way*. When he is challenged early in the book, he clenches his teeth and says, "I am about my Father's business." He was ordained when he could hardly read the offices and (although he does not know it until much later) he was given preferences only because of his aunt's relationship to the king, a joke conceived as king and mistress were tumbling on the couch. He got no further than a deanship because the king died too soon. But the king's money, through Jocelin's aunt who wants a sanctified burial place, can finance a spire. Perhaps it is simply that Jocelin has never learned what his priestly function is. He has, as Father Adam says, never been taught to pray.

Like other zealots, he is so sure that he is carrying out the will of God that when there appear to be forces opposing erection of the spire, he is certain that they are the result of witchcraft, or the work of the devil himself. After the investigating Visitor has made inquiry about the charges that have been brought against Jocelin by members of the chapter and even after Jocelin's disastrous maladministration has been revealed, Jocelin still begs to be allowed to drive the Holy Nail at the top of the spire to prevent its falling. The Nail has become a fetish to ward off evil spirits. In the midst of the terrible storm in which spire, church, and city are threatened and during which stones fall from the parapet, he shouts to the frightened people that Satan is loose. In one of the most vivid and moving episodes in the novel, Jocelin creeps from his cell into the church, steals from the altar the Nail in its silver box, climbs the shaking ladders far up inside the spire and, although plagued by devils on every side, uses the silver box as a hammer to drive the Nail at the highest point he can reach. The devils subside and the spire, although tilting, stands.

Are there really opposing forces here at all? If the greatest of tragedies arise from the conflict between two goods, what comes from the conflict between two evils? Perhaps the evil which Jocelin has done in the name of good is only materializing into storm—the forces of nature oppose him above ground as they have already opposed him in the mud below ground. And perhaps the devils are only the further manifestation of these natural forces so that there is really no conflict at all, simply a realization. If so, how are they stopped by the Holy Nail?

Golding's work lies somewhere between that of Rolf Hochhuth—who examines on an epic scale the Church's equivocation with gross evil in Nazi Germany—and of Graham Greene's deftly penetrating works on the Church's relationship to the individual sinner. From this middle ground, he has previously pointed out the weaknesses of men; now he points out the weaknesses of the Church as made by men or the weaknesses of men in the Church. He tries to give some suggestion that in Father Adam the strength of the Church survives but he cannot do it with the conviction of Greene.

Golding has given some humanness to Father Jocelin, zealot though he is. He never emerges as a full human being, but neither do the other characters in *The Spire*; they are more functions than men. Roger Mason is the master builder driven by Father Jocelin, his wife, and his men. Pangall is the sweeper

CHANGE - OF - LIFE

The days dwindle down,
The song says: they change you.
Yet all that appears are
Frail moments to try to predict
Or remember.

Nowhere upon
This day the ecstasy of action.
Morning shocks you always
With a different hunger
But, unable to explain itself,
Lingers right at distraction.
What did you expect this one
To bring—some simple pain,
Retruing your ragged wife—
A veneration of your limbs?
Body fails you,

after all.
In that coffeecup the universe
Floats by: spill it into
The saucer quick—ah, there are
Better ways to stall.
Get on to work.

Just last week,
This very spot, this officer,
That passerby, conjured up
An accident: commotion, blood,
Slight trembling—but you
Had to hurry on to inventory:
Love once a week, labor
Every day, all those fragile,
Proud marriages of glands
To generate the rent.

At home
That evening after work you sat,
Fingering the paper, thinking
That to close the blinds
Eclipsed the pace of day;
Your life—it seemed too sudden—
Had lost its maiden name.

—R. B. LARSEN

devoted to the church but hounded by Mason's men. The dumb man is the stonemason devoted to his task and to his subject, Jocelin. Father Anselm is the inadequate priest. And so on through all the others with the possible exception of Goody Pangall, who is really little more than the devout woman who sins and suffers. Jocelin may be a fanatic, but he has loved Goody Pangall as child and as woman and his Fatherly love for her is (perhaps) his saving grace. In his final act of kindness, when he goes to her cottage to tell her that he has made arrangements so that she will be attended in her disgrace, he is mistaken as a condemning priest and frightens her to miscarriage and death. His last act of mercy is the grisly baptism of the child. (This scene is another in which Golding's power as a writer, a power which should not be underestimated, is at its best.)

Jocelin is strongly human when, defeated and ill, he goes to Roger Mason to effect a reconciliation but is rejected and thrown into the street to suffer abuse at the hands of the people. He is even stronger when he goes to Father Anselm, his former confessor and friend since childhood, seeking to mend their broken ties. But Father Anselm only replies that he is the same kind of priest Jocelin is. He is stronger yet when, as he is about to die, he can give some pleasure to Father Adam by a simple lie. He sees the constellation Bereneice and thinks of Goody Pangall. When he says, "Bereneice," the puzzled Father Adam asks, "Saint?" Jocelin replies, in double meaning, "Saint."

If Jocelin is strong human here, he has been weak and natural human in the concessions he has made to erect the spire. He allows Pangall to be abused and die; he permits the workmen to desecrate the church; he overlooks the sin of Roger Mason and Goody Pangall. He neglects his priestly duties and his obligations; he sacrifices his office and his church; he ignores the pagan rituals of the workmen. He compromises his God and himself to build the spire. (This is similar to Hochhuth's contention in *The Deputy* that moral principles were compromised in the vain hope that the Pope might serve as mediator between Hitler and the Allies to bring an end to World War II and glory to the Church.) How many compromises have men made with beliefs and principles in order to get their way? At least Jocelin believes he is doing the will of God.

The Spire has been on the best-seller lists for several weeks but the usual reader, expecting to find the fascination of *Lord of the Flies*, is disappointed, then puzzled. He may perhaps even find the book distasteful. He has read of zealots before but somehow they always seem to emerge as a Joan of Arc or a Martin Luther or a John Brown with something of the heroic about them. Jocelin does not. A diseased spine as a source of vision is likewise disturbing but it need not be, for many of the great works of the world have been created by men who were desperately ill. The central questions in the book are not pleasant to grapple with, but neither are the problems proposed in works much more durable than this one.

Structurally the book is Golding's best. Its narrative is as straightforward as that of *Lord of the Flies*, and much less complex than the other three novels. The book lacks Golding's usual "gimmick," unless it is that the spire still stands. Or unless it is in the implications of the last sentence in the book: "So of the charity to which he had access, he laid the Host on the dead man's tongue." Oftentimes the writing is emotionally very powerful as in the two scenes referred to but sometimes Golding's great dependence on suggestion leaves the hurried reader with gaps which he cannot fill and he wishes the details had been supplied.

The book is subjective but not so subjective that it cannot be read by the unimaginative. But if there is to be only one interpretation, it will be difficult to settle on. As in any other work worth reading more than once, there are puzzling facets of

meaning all the way through. Perhaps the essence of the book is in one of Jocelin's own thoughts: "That's too simple, like every other explanation. That gets nowhere near the root."

—JOSEPH J. IRWIN

Clifford P. Morehouse, *A Layman Looks at the Church*. Seabury Press (1964), 181 pp., \$3.50.

In this age of ecumenism (faltering, however, now that Pope Paul has come out with his encyclical *Eccelesiam Suam*, which I suspect most Catholics find as depressing as most non-Catholics) one is always tempted to further the principle of ecumenism, sometimes to the sacrifice of honesty and forthrightness. While I, a Catholic, accept the kind invitation to review a book written by an Episcopalian for a Methodist magazine, I must confess to a certain degree of embarrassment since my social nature would direct me to a courteous and at least a pleasant review. But such aspirations must give way to critical honesty.

Mr. Morehouse has written a book, but for whom? In the early going, namely in the first five or six chapters, I became somewhat convinced that Mr. Morehouse was writing a religious primer for school children, but as I progressed I found myself entangled in the procedures of general conventions, which seemed more intended to fulfill the needs of an Episcopalian course on civics, thus seeming to indicate that Mr. Morehouse's audience had advanced into the mainstream of high school life.

The first eleven chapters of the book, that range from discussion of "What is the Church?" to "The Christian Family" display a naïvete that achieves its full expression only in the last several chapters that deal with communism, war, and segregation. The treatment of these subjects, enormous and critical as they are to man's future, reveals what is essentially wrong with the religious community in America, and in all of the world.

Mr. Morehouse's book epitomizes the failure of corporate Christianity to be a moral leader rather than a follower-after-the-fact. In the early chapters, Mr. Morehouse sets forth an attractive theory of Christianity. He is not alone. Everyone within the Christian community presents an attractive theory. Why

then must theory always remain *theory* and why is it never applied? We talk endlessly about how awful war is and we talk about how awful communism is and we talk about how awful racism is, but what are Christians, *qua* Christians, doing about these grave problems? Individual Christians and even a few individual church organizations struggle toward resolution, but the vast majority of us who profess the Christian faith can only wring our hands in despair. This lamentation is the cry of corporate Christianity, which always seems to feel a driving urgency to preserve the external forms of religion, to the sacrifice of the internal fire that gives meaning to the forms.

Mr. Morehouse's book, probably quite unknown to its author, reveals the mis-emphasis of Christianity on a cheerful theory and on procedural and numerical problems. What is missing is the potency to thrust forward to the stage of reality, which stage is the present time and place of Christianity.

Theology is the science of God, and the world is crammed with books on the theology of God. What is missing is a theology of man. It is so easy to rattle on endlessly about God, particularly when one can find answers to every question and thus can resolve, apparently, the mystery of God. And yet how can we resolve the mystery of God when we cannot resolve the mystery of man? And it is only when we resolve the mystery of man that we will begin to see the pattern of action needed to resolve the problems of the world.

Mr. Morehouse's book does not set out on even the first step toward that pattern. This is not the fault of Mr. Morehouse, whose every sentence and every chapter is suffused with Christian charity and profound concern in all things that affect man. The fault lies with all of us who have shared in the structuring of a moral and intellectual system that cannot and will not grapple with the hard realities that surround the mystery of man, and that prevent us from achieving peace within ourselves and within the world. This debilitating system that I refer to includes the Roman Catholic Church; failure is hardly peculiar to non-Catholics. Indeed, it is one of the things that binds Catholics and Protestants forever, because we are all frail and we are all human. But we are more than that—and out of a recognition of our joint failures must come the resolve to build



HAND AND WHEAT WOOD ENGRAVING

HANS ORLOWSKI

upon theory, to practice the Christian faith and to live it each day and hour and in every place. If we do this, communism will die of malnutrition, war will be a distant and a grim memory, and racism will be an ancient scandal. Then and only then will we have a future.

—EDWARD M. KEATING

Leslie A. Fiedler, *Waiting for the End*. Stein & Day (1964), 256 pp., \$5.95.

Gabriel Vahanian, *Wait Without Idols*. Braziller (1964), 256 pp., \$5.

BY VIRTUE OF an uncommon stance of seeing and hearing in literature and society, Gabriel Vahanian and Leslie Fiedler have come upon a common image about where we are culturally, mythically, psychically, and theologically: we are waiting.

According to Fiedler, a literary critic with an eye to the underside of American life, waiting is the suffering with the journey of American literature and life out of its obsessive adolescence into an unknown maturity. Waiting means the tolerance of the blindness and utility with which American culture refuses to be reconciled with itself in its artistic, sexual, and racial duplicity. It is the suffering of the dilemmas created by a concomitant attraction to and repulsion from blackness and violence, covered thinly by what to Americans is only a metaphor, "love." Waiting is endurance on the brink of being the first postliterate culture in the West, due to a growing rejection of the novel as the pre-eminent form of narrative literature as well as to the ominous influence of television—both supported ideologically by "a weariness with humanism itself which underlies all the movements of our world, a weariness with the striving to be men" (p. 168). Waiting is the holding out against the transmutation of the novelists' experience of the failure of heroes, wars, honor, academies, and exile into an experience of their own success as writers. It is the holding out against the success of the novelists' own sexual revolt, now given wide adherence in a mass culture: "As Puritanism dies, anti-Puritanism becomes middle-brow affectation. . ." (p. 63). Waiting means endurance of the "death of the old men," Hemingway and Faulkner.

For Leslie Fiedler, waiting is this endurance, this suffering, this holding out, this tolerance. So he has the British critic, William Empson, ask of us:

*Shall we go all wild, boys, waste and make them lend,
Playing at the child, boys, waiting for the end?
It has all been filed, boys, history has a trend,
Each of us enisled, boys, waiting for the end.*

ACCORDING TO VAHANIAN, a theologian with an eye to the juxtaposition of Christianity and literature embedded in a cultural crisis, waiting means an openness to a transfiguration of culture, a renovation of the artifacts by which men struggle to be men, which is the only course open to us, since "The drive toward radical immanentism is the sign of our time" (p. 40), resulting as that does in a neutralization of human existence. Waiting is the readiness to confess with Nietzsche that "God is dead," and that His death, a cultural rather than a theological fact, promises that ". . . the reality of the living God is freed from the cultural concepts and other institutions that attempt to objectify and domesticate it" (p. 231). Waiting is the accessibility of a Christian literary criticism, the ability and purpose of which is "to illustrate the significance of theological insights into the nature of man and their rich relevance to an investigation of the domain of literature" (p. xiii), since Western literature has always had to deal with the burden of Chris-

tianity in one way or another. Waiting is the uncovering of the implications of the fact that "Secularity, or involvement in the world for the sake of God's glory, need not have slipped into secularism" (p. 235). Waiting is the expectancy of the celebration of the presence of God in an immanent world in which, "if we can no longer assume that God is, we may once again realize that he *must be*" (p. 46).

For Gabriel Vahanian, waiting is this accessibility, this openness, this readiness, this uncovering, this expectancy. So he has the American poet, W. H. Auden, ask of us:

*How can his knowledge protect his desire for truth from illusion?
How can he wait without idols to worship, without
Their overwhelming persuasion that somewhere over the high
hill,
Under the roots of the oak, in the depths of the sea,
Is a womb or a tomb, wherein he may halt to express some
attainment?
How can he hope and not dream that his solitude
Shall disclose a vibrating flame at last and entrust him forever
With its magic secret of how to extemporize life.
(Collected Poems, pp. 413-14)*

FOR AN ANSWER to each and all of these questions, for some renewing direction toward the mature determination of these crises, for some confession of the confusion of illusion and reality, for some common anger at the outrage in our dealing with ourselves, we are waiting.

The word in the mouths of the seers and hearers who wait is an iconoclastic word. It is that wisdom of the living in the midst of the dying which knows that the present culture and its consciousness must be ambushed in order to be lived with, must have the rug pulled out from under it in order to be affirmed, must be brought low in its self-deceptions and atrophied mythologies in order to be conscious at all, must be exalted in its rare movements toward the confession of its "weariness with the striving to be men" in order to be located for deliverance. For Vahanian and Fiedler, such iconoclasm is a matter both of temperament and training. It causes them to raise two different but related questions which have always conditioned the work of each.

In *Wait Without Idols* we are shown that the iconoclastic basis has disappeared from Christianity, and that this disappearance of its identifying center has led to the emergence of a post-Christian man *fathered by Christianity itself*. Owing to the radical shift of the face of man's world resulting from the death of God, the alternative now facing the community of mankind is not so much a theological reformation as a cultural renovation, which in turn will enable us to witness to the living God in new cultural forms. So ". . . it is questionable whether theological paradoxes and the Christian tradition can again play the role of 'a midwife to society' as they once did when they were impelled by the force of their iconoclastic insights" (p. 29). But the experienced tradition of Western literature raises this crucial possibility: "Can Christianity disentangle itself from the present . . . crisis of Western culture?" (p. 236). Can there be a disentanglement serious and complete enough to free Christian faith for its own iconoclastic foundation and task? "How can the Christian tradition survive or develop without a concomitant, congruous, cultural reality manifest in all realms of the spirit from theology to art and literature as well as on all levels of life from morality to economics and politics?" (p. 247). To Vahanian, the monsters which rise up to strangle the midwife are sets of twins: institutionalism and secularism, untranslated dogma and forgotten language.

The experience of the death of God and the tradition of the Christian faith which forge these questions are also the reason for the literary essays which occupy Vahanian in the body of his work. The initial and impending effects of the death of God are reflected in the ultimate phenomena contained in the works

of Hawthorne, Melville, and Faulkner. Hawthorne's works show how "theism slips into atheism . . . the inevitable degradation of the religio-cultural structures that were meant to incarnate the faith" (pp. 49-50); God is obsolete. The essay on Melville, one of the best in the book, takes Queequeg rather than Ahab as the true iconoclast who accepts his humanity and lives a hope and a radical dependence upon which Ahab can only wreck himself. Ahab is a fugitive from God, and therefore from himself. In Faulkner Vahanian finds a tentativeness of knowledge which faces resolutely the ambiguities of existence and time, of estrangement and destiny. On the one hand, Faulkner hammers out the cautious suspicion that "existence is not self-authenticating" and, on the other hand, the tentative affirmation that "Man . . . is a transcendental being" (pp. 108 and 110); Dilsey (for example) is seen as iconoclastic.

Three poets help Vahanian get at what he calls "The Best Possible World": T. S. Eliot, W. H. Auden, and St.-John Perse. Vahanian corroborates the usual literary judgment on Eliot as a religious poet, but with peculiar theological insight: his poetry is fundamentally world-denying. "The Christian Eliot cannot tolerate the creaturely, unless it be abnegated. He cannot conceive of the transcending presence of God as honoring and transforming the world, as creative of a world and a life worth affirming" (p. 128). Eliot misunderstands the Incarnation: he has "experience without meaning." The essay on Auden, "Life and Death With Our Neighbor," would be exceptional but for its brevity. What excellence it has is attributed to Vahanian's designation of Auden's approach to faith and life as charismatic, as compassionately affirmative: ". . . his poetry creates a world that, like God's creation, is good until it meets—and this it must—with the ambiguities of its own goodness" (p. 144). The movement of Auden's poetry reflects the movement of God toward man, of grace turning tradition into daily event, of an affirmation of the world which protests the separation of life and love, of the erotic desert contained in the "healing fountain" of agape. "More than any other contemporary poet he affirms 'Everything that lives is holy'" (p. 139).

The weariness of Eliot with the world is not to be found in Auden, or St.-John Perse. For Perse, the absence of God is no matter. The universe is pervaded with a mystery which can be celebrated and experienced, but not violated or denatured by transporting it into the realm of ideas. Man is simply available to the world. He transfigures it by his presence in it.

The final section of these essays in Christian literary criticism has to do with "Faith, Reason, and Existence," studies of Dostoevski, Par Lagerqvist, and Kafka. What Vahanian does with Dostoevski is ruined in summary, for it is the best essay in the book. With imaginative probing, he describes the triptych-journey of Ivan, Dmitri, and Aloysha into themselves and into freedom—before, and without, and against—God. Lagerqvist has a tortured vision of Hell as God, since the suffering of men contradicts the existence of God, and consequently makes for the incompleteness and aloneness of man. And Franz Kafka poses the "atheist's problem of God," a problem attendant on the fact that the death of God renders man nameless, his phony transcendental values immanent, existence itself guilty. With Thomas Mann, Vahanian insists on interpreting *The Trial* and *The Castle* as being "about grace in immanentist terms. . ." (p. 212). In Kafka, Vahanian finds vindicated his general thesis that the maturity of men before God but without God is the gift of the de-sacralization of the world, and the consequent holy worldliness of all things: "The dilemma of the theist is that he takes God for granted and ends by building a tower of Babel. The dilemma of the atheist, on the other hand, lies in that he eliminates God but cannot avoid him. . . . In other words, God is no longer necessary, he is inevitable" (p. 223).

LESLIE FIEDLER IS NO STRANGER to the sort of criticism in which Vahanian engages. Without making such the concern of

his own writings, he has indicated its enormous influence in the breakthrough from a medieval to a modern world:

. . . deep within the nexus of causes (gods must die for new genres to be born) was that "death of God" that has not yet ceased to trouble our peace. Somewhere near the beginning of the eighteenth century, Christianity (more precisely, perhaps, that desparate compromise of the late Middle Ages and early Renaissance, Christian Humanism) began to wear out. It was not merely, or even primarily, a matter of the destruction of the political and social power of one Church or another, much less of the lapse of economic control by the priests. . . . Institutionalized Christianity at any rate began to crumble when its God began to fail, that is to say, when its mythology no longer proved capable of controlling and revivifying the imagination of Europe. . . . There remained only the job of carrying the news of God's death to those who had not yet heard the word.

The effect of the growing awareness . . . of this cosmic catastrophe was double: a sense of exhilaration and a spasm of terror. . . .

(intro., *Love & Death in the American Novel*)

In *Waiting For the End*, we are shown that the imprisonment of the American novelist in a single experience (frequently of childhood) about which he writes over and over has led to a wooing and warring of artist toward reader. His audience, being a bourgeois culture which several centuries before had given birth to the novel to do certain things for itself, learned the novelists' trick, and wooed and warred him right back. The result is a new prison for the writer, which frequently makes him parody his own best work in order to fulfill the demands of success, or to live out the legend which he first suggested to the culture, and which the culture then roared back at him, perhaps in order not to have to take him seriously. A bourgeois culture makes this utility of art (" . . . the paperbacks in supermarkets have proliferated until there is scarcely room for bread and milk; and the boards of directors of large corporations have invited intellectuals to lecture . . . on Dostoevski and Kierkegaard and Freud" (p. 249), because it asks the poet and the novelist to embody "publicly what they have rejected in themselves: a contempt for belonging and order and decorum and profit and right reason and mere fact; a love for exile and irrelevance and outrage and loss and nonsense and lies" (p. 181). The present achievement of the American literary effort, then, has been to raise the question of survival for all Western literature.

The cultural baggage of an immanent world is a reflection that the experience available to the novelist or poet is not in the direction of a maturity or a complexity sufficient to be the consciousness of the age. Indeed, experience is otherwise:

. . . we have now lived through more than a century of attempts to change the world by assaulting the social structure and have only learned what some from the first tried to tell us, namely, that the more it changes, the more it is the same—SO LONG AS A PARTICULAR WAY OF PERCEIVING AND UNDERSTANDING, BRED BY SCIENCE OUT OF SCHOLASTICISM, PERSISTS . . . but what can be altered is the range of our perception and its mode. We can see a different world without firing a shot or framing a syllogism, merely by altering our consciousness; and the ways to alter it are at hand: drugs, on the one hand; the techniques of oriental adepts, on the other. (pp. 167-8)

The only way out of such a dilemma for the novelist or poet is to consider his work as absolute art, and do for himself what the culture's alteration of consciousness will not do for him. But thus far no novelist of such experimental stature has appeared in America with that offense. Meanwhile, the consolation that the widespread acceptance of novels and poetry (anti-novels and anti-poems) raises the level of mass society is

dispelled by the fact that we have only created a pseudo-elite with this widespread availability of literature. And the culture itself is left broken, groaning for some transfiguration of its duplicity toward art which will open it to forgiveness.

Now Fiedler finds no place in his iconoclasm for prescriptions or programs. But he is able to turn over more than one aspect of American experience and mythology for our consideration.

What happened to literature as it became entangled in the myths of failure and success has an analogy in what happens to the mass society in its entanglement with a myth of race and sexuality, of flight and survival. Particularly in the works of Melville and Twain, and now in Thoreau, Fiedler finds a pattern of innocent homosexuality, dreamed and realized as the norm of friendship, and a consequent escape from civilization as a form of survival by self-affirmation. These archetypal experiences in the American imagination deliver the Negro and the Indian to us as prototypes for our worship of a romantic life of anti-civilization and an impulsive life of the id. And we both love and fear the outrage of it all: "The archetype makes no attempt to deny our outrage as fact; it portrays it as meaningless in the face of love" (*An End To Innocence*, p. 151). But there is no reconciliation of lovers in this imagination: the Negro and the Indian whom the white man played at being in his childhood are avoided and hated when the white man grows up.

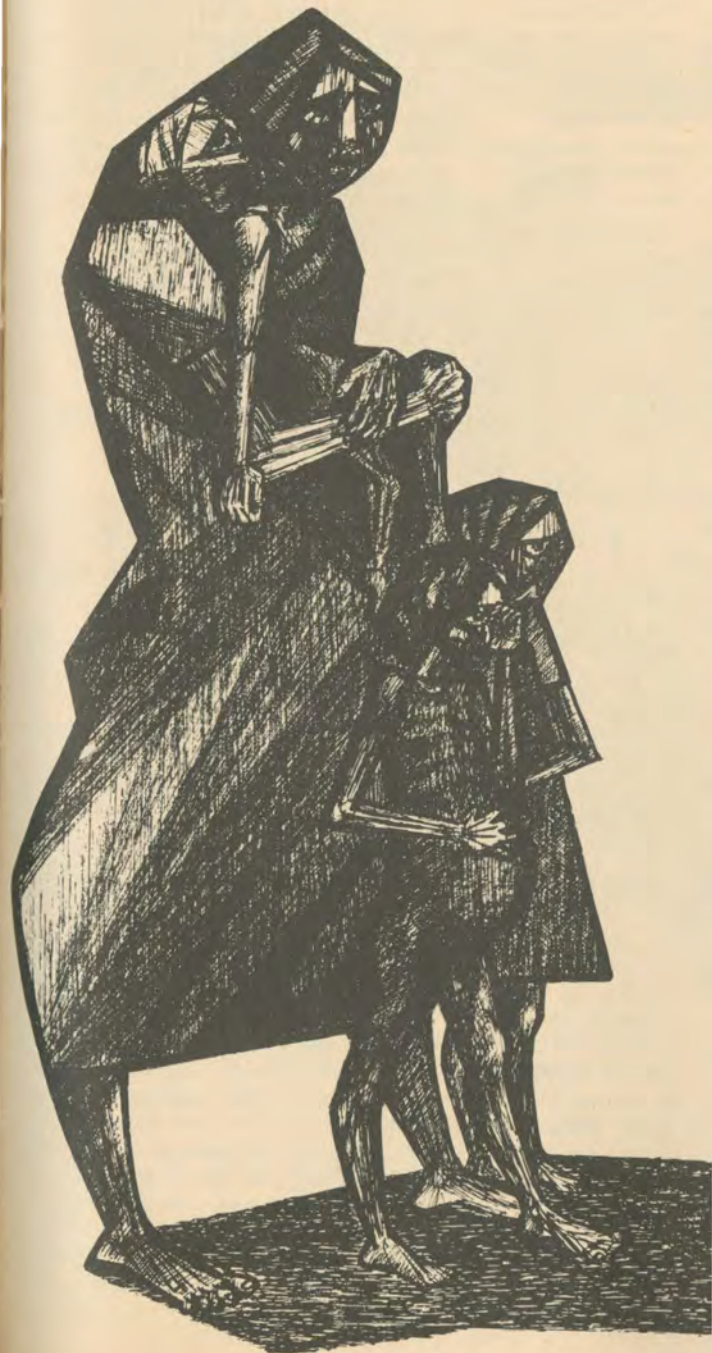
It has been that way, at least, until recently. But the dark peoples, in literature and life, are now beginning to invent themselves, and "... the Negroes we have long mythicized begin to mythicize us. . ." (p. 134). The racial and sexual crisis in American culture is, at least in part, compounded with this inability of ours to be reconciled to this rejected self which we have projected onto those whom we have called "niggers" and "injuns," who emerge from our minds as archetypes of the romantic and impulsive in which we secretly wallow. We hate them for being us.

Innocent homosexuality, escape from civilization, a romanticizing of nature, an urgent flirtation with our most violent impulses: these are the contexts of Eden in the American mythology. What once was innocent now becomes fact. What was a lost Eden of childhood becomes a present hell of adulthood. So we create ghettos of housing and imagination and insulate ourselves from our doings, so that our deepest desires and fears (which are which?) are made invisible to ourselves.

Such a reading of literature into mythology and of mythology into literature cannot be dismissed as a psychologizing of literature or life. It is not simply that there is too much that is true in these angry and polemical words. It is that the crises in art, in sexuality, and in race strike at the center of our lives: they have to do, not with our qualities or customs or morals, but with us, with those erotic daydreams which we hardly recognize in ourselves, with those rages of impulse which slowly inform our calmest activities. Such is the crazy streak in American life; it is a crisis of identity. The game which we played with ourselves enters a new phase:

... the new dream begins with the old, in fact, pre-supposes it; but it goes further, for it not only imagines joining with Indian or Negro in pseudo-matrimony, or being adopted by some colored foster father, but being reborn as Indian or Negro, *becoming the other*. (p. 132)

FIEDLER AND VAHANIAN approach literature contextually: with a passionate eye both to their peculiar disciplines and to the cultural environment of the work and lives of the seminal workers in their fields, past and present. It is a contextually responsible iconoclasm which is able to explore, expose, and renew the disciplines of literature and theology. The indigenous refusal of such an iconoclasm to sever its intellectual resources from its cultural experiences enables it to clear the ground for a literature and a theology which may serve, with sufficient maturity and complexity, to create those images and ideas, those



INK DRAWING

ABELARDO DA HORA



BOYS OF RECIFE SERIES: LIFE IN THE SLUM

ABELARDO DA HORA

SYNCHROMOCRACY

SYNCHROMOCRACY, the newest concept in Total Democracy, was hailed by the President as "the answer to peace and the pure voice of majority rule" shortly before the chief executive was replaced by an IBM-Computer-Center today.

Synchromocracy was achieved by advances in the computer field along with the discovery of the D-3 solution, the first drug proved to "definitely cause democracy." D-3 solutions were put in all known world water supplies last week.

In the U.S., IBM-Registers were distributed among the population to relay public opinion to state and national consoles where they are converted instantaneously into policy.

The American governmental machinery has run smoothly, despite difficulties in approaching the first foreign policy problems. Overseas countries, although 98.4% democratic, are without register-computers and unable to achieve a consensus. Committees could be organized, but individuals are unable to call them without consent of the majority. There is also some question as to how many constitute a majority but this cannot be answered without a quorum.

Human elements are also incorporated into Synchromocracy. Political corruption is programmed regularly for Thursday nights. Reportedly, some feel this is not a sufficient corruption percentage but the quotient cannot be altered unless the majority agrees. However, the majority isn't presently thinking of it and the minority cannot officially raise the issue until the majority does think of it.

The political forecast for tomorrow is mild conservatism in the South with scattered liberalism in the New York area; a light reign through the night in England. Moderate anarchy is scheduled for tomorrow morning along the Great Lakes, dissent at 30% with a high of 34 in some portions.

This is a recorded announcement.

—cawood