I SHOULD LIKE TO BE ABLE TO LOVE MY COUNTRY AND STILL LOVE JUSTICE.

CAMUS

MOTIVE

October, 1966 50¢

motive

OCTOBER 1966
VOLUME XXVII, NUMBER 1

EDITOR: B. J. STILES
MANAGING EDITOR: RON HENDERSON
ASSOCIATE EDITOR: ALAN D. AUSTIN
BOOK REVIEW EDITORS: WILLIAM STRINGFELLOW, ANTHONY TOWNE
ART DIRECTION: JOHN SELLERS/ McDONALD & SAUSSY
CIRCULATION: ELIZABETH JONES
READER SERVICES: INEZ BURKE
PROMOTION: H. ELLIOTT WRIGHT
SECRETARY: JANE JAMES

EDITORIAL BOARD
RONALD E. BARNES
ARTHUR BRANDENBURG
WILLIAM R. COZART
JAMES CRANE
TOM F. DRIVER
RUTH HARRIS
JAMES K. MATHEWS
J. WILLIAM MORGAN
MICHAEL NOVAK
RICHARD SMITH
WRIGHT SPEARS
JAMES S. THOMAS
CHARLES TURNER
GAYLE GRAHAM YATES
ANDREW J. YOUNG

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, for the university Christian movement by the Division of Higher Education of the Board of Education of The Methodist Church. Copyright © 1966 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.

Subscribers who have space or storage problems can now obtain microfilm copies of **motive** from University Microfilms, 313 N. First Street, Ann Arbor, Michigan, or photo-copies from Johnson Reprint Corp., 111 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10003.

contents

1 **LETTER WITH NO TITLE** *poem,* J. EDGAR SIMMONS

2 **THE PICKET LINE**

4 **FROM NSCF TO UCM: IN ANTICIPATION OF A MOVEMENT** *guest editorial,* LEON HOWELL

6 **AN OPEN LETTER TO AMERICAN LIBERALS** ROSS TERRILL

10 **BEYOND TECHNOLOGY** WARREN BRYAN MARTIN

15 **ON HEARING, IN BERLIN, CHARLES IVES' SYMPHONY # 4** *poem,* CHARLES A. LERRIGO

16 **WORLD REVOLUTION AND AMERICAN CONTAINMENT** CARL OGLESBY

25 **FUTURE** *poem,* ROBERT C. BREWER

26 **SEX IN THE FUTURE** DUANE MEHL

30 **THE CELEBRANT** *woodcut,* R. O. HODGELL

31 **INKLINGS OF ANOTHER WORLD** MARY MCDERMOTT SHIDELER

36 **FILMS** AL CARMINES

38 **THE SELF-STYLED ACADEMIC POET** GERALD LOCKLIN

39 **SUMMER** *poem,* SIDNEY SULKIN
SOUTH INVADED: A ROUGH REPULSE *poem,* SAM BRADLEY

40 **BOOKS**

48 **CONTRIBUTORS**

COVER 3: AWARE # 5 *lithograph,* BEN MAHMOUD

COVER 4: DISSENT 509 *fable,* HAP CAWOOD

FRONT COVER: Camus' trenchant confession is given form and color by SISTER MARY CORITA—nun, artist, teacher. Margaret Rigg writes: "Sister Mary Corita empties upon us a torrent of color, through which floats a quotation about tenderness or misery or sorrow or hope. The vibrations she sets up between shapes, colors and messages find places in us, in our emotions, which haven't been touched for a long time." Sister Corita teaches in the art department at Immaculate Heart College, Los Angeles.

LETTER WITH NO TITLE

dear son:

when you left us you left
gazebos, heat and buzzards,
a gravelled febrile Eden
for the city.

won't you, like poor Cowper,
write us receipt of your mother's picture out of Memphis?
did you ever see her knit under a moon?
do you recollect
the bled dread blood drops are hers?
can you remember barefoot
how here with us you once
struck a living hi and ho
come bang a letter from the savage blue.
I wade my poems, the salt in my eyes,
I glare around for the boy not there.
he is in the tiger ruins or rambling ancient skies.
how can I climb that slick steeple
lean from it, crying aloud new mountain sounds?
did you have a rotten journey of it?
And how was the war?
We are well there is no news.
Dad.

—J. EDGAR SIMMONS

PHOTO: DAVENPORT

R. O. HODGELL

Your February 1966 issue was superb! My congratulations to Preston Roberts, Jr. and Anthony Towne for their excellent articles.

JUNE GOFORTH
columbus, mississippi

To be honest with you, I'm ashamed that I support The Methodist Church when I read the kind of satire that you publish for the college young people. Your publication does not harm me, but what do you really think it does to the young men and women? Are you proud of yourself? Do you think young people really appreciate sacrilegious writings? I doubt it and so do you.

GERTRUDE BISHOP
detroit, michigan

"We, the NCMSM, with deep indignation over the condition of misery and repression created by the war in Viet Nam, and sharing the hopes of the Vietnamese people for the peace and social justice, voice our strong opposition to the dictatorial actions of the Ky government—backed by the U.S. administration—against the aspirations of our Vietnamese brethren in their struggle for freedom.

"We urge all conscientious student associations in this country to join in the effort to bring an end to this brutal war."

a resolution passed by the
National Conference of the
Methodist Student Movement
June 17, 1966
washington, d.c.

I followed the 1964 issues of *motive* and wrote reviews on two of them. At the time, I was very concerned about the general content of this magazine because it literally reeked of despair, anxiety, frustration, false doctrine, lies, blasphemy, and lust.

Time hasn't permitted me to dig into this year's publications to any extent, but I understand that *motive* "seeks truth no matter where the search may lead." If you people are still searching, might I suggest you refer to the Scriptures? Jesus Christ is the way, the truth, and the life.

JANET LANHAM
detroit, michigan

Son Michael is not interested in your magazine and I am proud of the fact that he isn't. However, I enclose a subscription for one year, not because I think the magazine is good, but rather because it is rotten and needs watching. As a matter of fact, it seems to border on subversiveness, and in my opinion is particularly insidious, considering that it is published by a church organization, the Methodists. I believe it reflects a shady side of Methodism and bears watching, hence the subscription.

ROYAL G. THERN
winona, minnesota

The review of my book, *Democracy and Nonviolence,* by Jonathan Eisen (March 1966) at first left me confused, as I thought the reviewer must have been; then several questions shaped my view of his serious criticism that perhaps can explain the proof-texting invective and name-calling of the author: my own dialectic of history sharply clashes with his dialectic of history.

His first question is very specific about this: "Templin fails to come to grips with the dialectic of our history." As a result "nowhere is legitimacy granted to the idea that human rights are best protected in the long run via anti-democratic institutions which oppose central power and direct access to the areas of influence and command." This would call for the "dictatorship" of the people, forcibly wresting power from the presently powerful; and then, in the world of "classlessness," laying the power down for their own sakes. (Certainly a wishful thought in light of the history of Communism.) But it is Hegelianism, via Boston University's seminar with Edgar Brightman, that also led me to my dialectic of history together with life-long study of what has happened to Western European cultures, including the American. I find in this culture a crisis of "horrible self-contradiction," as William James called it, with the American Empire having had more than a hundred-year head start over the United States. Precise period does not follow period; but rather, the whole history of modern Western civilization is a continuation of the *antithesis,* as "waves of counterrevolution," against the *thesis,* as "Reason establishing unity of diversity upon law." Our foreign policy now centers its resort to unlimited force in "counter-insurgency," just a name of Cold War as the last of these great waves of counterrevolution —this time against *world* democratic law and order. The charge against the author of seeing "politics as a moral discourse" is most inaccurate and unfair.

And what of a *synthesis,* i.e., an outcome which resolves the dialectic? Here again, I cannot follow the doctrine of the Marxists. (Neither could Marx, if living, who was too much the scientist for that.) I am charged with "overindulgence with liberal fantasies," though I have repudiated "modern liberalism" in this book along with "modern conservatism"; and with a kind of Manichaean dualism which deposits us "at the feet of Gandhi." The reviewer's implication is that only Marxist thought can realistically face what is in man.

The idea of inevitability of any outcome is a superstition. Beside being fatalistic, it does not faithfully consider the nature of man as determiner always in every period of his technology and all else. Indeed, history is *socially* determined. Each person, however apathetic, cringing, conformist, or conscientiously vigilant is creating history, all there ever will be or can be. All the more so because we the people make the "makers" of history as well—the Hitlers, Gandhis, or any other. The synthesis, therefore, will be exactly what the people make it. Is this dialectic any less political than moral?

A second question is about what the book calls the simultaneous "inner and outer revolution." Nowhere in the book is it said that "men must be changed before institutions." Indeed John Dewey's *Human Nature and Conduct* is used to emphasize that both must be changed together. Even conscientious assertion is called for as a "consensus of conviction"—a very different outcome from any mere *mass* action or *mass* revolution or even from conformity. Yet the author is charged with unwarranted arrogance in urging the "desirability of conversion over coercion." It is clear that the deeply underlying basis of nonviolence, both its morality and its politics, is not to rest until the opponent is converted. The opposite position of the reviewer—his complete reliance upon force—comes out again in his charge that the author advocates "a turn toward law and morality"; but, he asks, "Whose law? Whose morality? . . . Who is finally to prevail?" He goes on to explain that for him, in the battle of the Leviathans, one of them with physical force must come out on top. But here is the rationale for cold war, or any war, including Viet Nam. If it is not to be China, then it must be *U.S. über alles.*

Democracy and Nonviolence looks to Reason and its law to replace this Beast and its claws, and to the power of sovereign people to replace the power of some over others, by their organization of both themselves and their force—the only ultimate force after all. Holding with the reviewer in his criticism that law can only be an outcome of force simply brushes democratic history away with a gesture—perhaps what the "materialistic dialectics" always try to do with any history of Reason and her child, Democracy. The book's "call" is to our people to take seriously their own political formula, multi-citizenship, and its application to a world community of co-existing disparate parts. This scarcely plumps for perfection, not more so than people in the past, or in, as an example, our nation; the "social revolution" will go on for another two or three hundred years, if man survives, in America as well as in the world. But man's survival to get on with any peaceful pursuit demands that he establish world unity of diversity without delay.

The nature of the dying age is "centralization of power over people," a nature having little vital relation to any high-sounding ideology. But the realisms of the age foreshadow for the future decentralization with international cooperation. Man's own power of reason through science and law can bend the real trends of these two classes of reality toward his own well-being and fulfillment as a human community of developing people. But this is only the beginning of "The Revolution." However complex the society, democracy can remain always democracy. Though it may itself be forced into vast changes, it can still always be the people asserting at point of conscience and through consensus of conscience that, to legitimately paraphrase Jesus, "the institution is made for man, not man for the institution."

RALPH T. TEMPLIN
wilberforce, ohio

From NSCF to UCM:

A movement does not begin by willing it so. Rather, it emerges from the experience of a people, a community, when certain beliefs and certain acts coincide and involve others in the phenomenon.

For decades students in colleges and universities in the United States have attempted to organize the often bewildering variety of Christian expressions of concern for higher education into one movement. In most of the nations of the world national and local student Christian movements represented a more or less cohesive voice on their campuses. It was never so in the United States, although such a movement has been willed for a long time.

Surely the most significant steps yet taken to anticipate the "movement" were performed at the VIII General Assembly of the National Student Christian Federation in Chicago last month. NSCF (itself the 1959 product of the merger of the United Student Christian Council, begun in 1944, and the much older Student Volunteer Movement) moved from a *federation* of national denominational units to its new manifestation, the University Christian Movement (UCM).

The Mood

As nearly as those who worked to produce the new UCM could discern, their efforts were not something isolated and "at the top" of a national group, cut off from campus realities. It was their belief that the mood of this generation of students demanded new and hopefully more creative ways to maintain Christian presence in the academic world of today.

From the earliest days of 1960, with the beginning of the sit-ins and freedom rides, notice had been served that a new age of students was demanding a new kind of role for itself. We know the kinds of involvement that fed this spirit: sit-ins, freedom rides, community development programs, Mississippi summers, end-the-slum campaigns, the challenge of the Kennedy vision, the growing anxiety about power and its Dominican and Vietnamese uses, the Delano grape strikes, the open-housing debate, the questions of American financial involvement in South Africa, *et al.*

More and more students have been caught up by the imperatives of this new feeling, this *movement* if you will, and find themselves not only raising questions about societal problems in general but about the nature and form of the education they are receiving. For the first time many of them have discovered that professors, campus ministers, and students are working side by side to deal with the same issues.

All of this raised the hackles of many of their elders. Dr. Robert McAfee Brown, speaking at Stanford University a year ago, said that a rebuttal to critics of students would insist: ". . . an ability to read books lays upon one the obligation to share that ability; it insists that the chance to be in a university atmosphere . . . does not exempt one from concern for, and occasionally involvement in, a revolutionary atmosphere such as Mississippi; it insists that in this day and age if your fraternity tells you you can't pledge a Negro, the only response you can make in integrity is that you are pledging a person, not a member of a race, and that race is a totally unsatisfactory and indeed immoral criterion for determining the worth of a person, let alone determining the possibilities of *Fraternitas,* brotherhood, with that person; and finally it insists that study about Southeast Asia and direct concern about what is now going on in Southeast Asia are intimately and directly related, and cannot properly be separated from one another. . . . In the life of the truly educated person, thought and action are indivisible."

This kind of sensitivity, this attitude, cuts across a lot of lines. The Baptist student group or the Wesley Foundation or Hillel or SDS or the International Affairs Association cannot claim exclusive province on such concerns. Different people for quite different reasons find themselves joined on these questions of elemental justice and human concern.

Many students, quite explicit about their Christian faith, say emphatically that they are raising these questions because this is how they understand God to be at work in today's world. Others, having rejected the Church and its trappings because to them it is hopelessly entangled with the *Status Quo,* have renewed their search for religious symbols and forms because of their involvement with men.

Neither group, however, any longer has the inclination to retreat to comfortable campus enclaves of like-minded students. Nor are they interested in denominational categories for denomination's sake. On campuses all across the country, interdenominational and broadly ecumenical gatherings have grown up around particular concerns or in the working out of a specific style of life.

The University Christian Movement has responded to the events so briefly outlined; finally there is a place for such local and regional developments to find a welcome reception.

The Future of the UCM

It is not possible to say concretely what will happen within the UCM during the next two years, because its shape will not be determined until its new nature acts upon its life. But there are certain implications of the new form which may help to understand what it can mean.

The tasks are very large and duplication of effort seems increasingly wasteful in the context of a movement. One example is in the field of publications. Beginning with this issue, *motive* is published *for* the University Christian Movement by the Division of Higher Education of the Board of Education of the Methodist Church. This means that *motive* not only will carry an even larger responsibility as the distinguished journal of the campus, but hopefully will itself be supported as it conceives itself more and more in broadly ecumenical terms on behalf of the whole movement. This issue, for example, seems almost symbolic of the quality of perception required for the kind of movement many hope the UCM can become. These are the concerns which the very acts of being students and identifying ourselves as Christians compel us to encounter:

—Our role in Asia, Ross Terrill and Carl Oglesby;

—The technological era, Warren Bryan Martin;

—World revolution and American domestic revolution, Oglesby;

In Anticipation of a Movement

—A vision of a world which goes beyond the secular city, Mary McDermott Shideler;
—And at least one aspect of our intimate contact with one another, sex, Duane Mehl.

A second implication is the growing unity of our understanding of world mission; the quality of involvement that has set some to work in Mississippi or the West Side of Chicago because of commitment to Jesus Christ and one's fellow man is not different from that motivation which takes others to Latin America or Africa in roles of service. All mission now is world mission, and the new UCM will no longer have separate departments to deal with domestic and overseas work as if they were different concepts.

A third and crucial point is that in previous years much of the burden of national decision making and continuing involvement with issues within NSCF has fallen upon the shoulders of graduate students. This occured often because it took several years of contact with denominational members before one became a representative to the policy making bodies of NSCF; and at any rate, NSCF could never become a grass-roots organization because it was a federation. Now the way is open for direct contact with younger students who will bring a new and more vital spirit to the UCM.

Models

Two or three examples from the past year or so might well illustrate the kind of potential the UCM has as it develops. The emphasis is not on specific acts but upon the nature of the concern.

Among the most successful leadership roles performed by NSCF in the past two years has come through its Committee on Southern Africa. During its life, its role has evolved thtrough a number of different functions. The committee has done a basic job of research and education, and made this available to a number of groups. Statements during certain crises and low-level lobbying have come from the committee. (Contacting congressmen, raising questions with mission boards, helping to draft some of the positions taken by the National Council of Churches' World Order Study Conference.) Direct action, in conjunction with the National Student Association and the Students for a Democratic Society, protested the continuing support of the system of apartheid in South Africa by Chase Manhattan and First National City banks through their investment policies. The committee filled a news vacuum growing out of the Rhodesian crisis by publishing its own newsletter.

African students have participated and consequent contacts with Africans increased. Not insignificantly, several American members of the committee decided to engage in civil rights projects in the American South and at least four members of the committee are now working in Africa as a direct result of their work here.

Obviously, then, such a venture has wide implications as a model for local and regional development on a variety of other issues.

The African committee and other concern groups have also made us more aware of certain side issues which could play a central role in the UCM as students ask questions about their life style.

One of these is where one's money is being spent. Should a church have money invested in a bank that then reinvests part of it in South Africa? Should universities control property beyond their own needs?

A second form of involvement has been with the questions raised by socio-economists such as Robert Theobald. We stand on the verge of a new era, the cybernated age, when some economists tell us that as few as two per cent of the people may do all the labor of today's total work force. What are the implications of this? Threat? Opportunity? Does our educational system prepare us for the use of time and meaningful leisure that this would imply? Will the West only increase the gap between itself and the underdeveloped nations?

Dr. Henry Clark of Union Theological Seminary has written:

> Now we stand on the threshold of a new era in history, an era in which heretofore undreamed-of abundance can eliminate want and the necessity of competition for scarce resources, an era in which vast quantities of free time will be available to those who want it. The age of abundance and leisure may not achieve full realization in any one nation, let alone the entire world, for several decades, and it is not yet possible to foresee all of the value questions and policy issues which will emerge in the transitional period. But Christian thinkers must constantly be engaged in sifting through available facts, formulating value questions, and daring to make policy recommendations in the light of the date and their convictions.

Students from NSCF have dealt with this on their campuses and several were in Geneva for the conference on Church and Society in July when such questions were the center of discussion. One African delegate cried: "Don't warn me about overeating when I don't have food." But we have only begun to ask the questions and we have a long way to go before we approach the kind of answers that we should have, if we plan to enter the future with a design for meaningful community and inter-relationship.

A third form is the increasing desire of some who have been a part of the movement both to find appropriate means of reflecting upon these wide-ranging and often different forms of involvement, and new categories in which to express the religious dimensions of their stance. What liturgical forms of true celebration may develop are unforeseen at this time. What redefinition of terms may emerge to assure authentic expression of faith cannot be predicted. But past experience indicates that this will be an integral part of the new UCM. A special group of laymen and clergy at St. Mark's in the Bouwerie, New York City, did develop an ecumencal eucharist which was first celebrated at the regional NSCF conference in Houston this past Christmas. Other experiments will surely follow.

The list of examples could be extended but this is not necessary. We have now entered a new phase in the search for enabling structures which are unified, relevant, and adequate as the UCM replaces NSCF. Once again willing this movement will not necessarily produce it. But the full combination of factors which go into the UCM just might allow us to say in 1970 that in 1966 we were given a shape which enabled a true university Christian movement finally to develop in this country. If this is the judgment, the wonder will be that it took so long.

—LEON HOWELL

By ROSS TERRILL

An open to American

GENEVA. AUGUST, 1966

About two years ago, I had a conversation about China, Viet Nam, and the U.S.A. on top of a Buddhist Pagoda in Canton, with a young member of the Chinese Communist Party. The gulf of Tonkin clashes had just taken place: the U.S. presidential election was near. My companion vigorously argued that Johnson and Goldwater were "jackals of the same lair"; both were imperialists, neither was really prepared to allow the necessary and legitimate revolutionary changes to take place in Asia and South America. I resisted. It did not seem to me that Johnson and Goldwater would do the same things. Goldwater thought every international problem had a solution, and the U.S. was its bearer, but Johnson—so I reasoned—was prudent and liberal enough to see that the U.S., for all her power, was just one nation among other nations. He had a sense of *mutuality* about foreign relations.

Two years and two hundred thousand more troops in Viet Nam later, I am not sure what I could convincingly say to the Chinese. But I am sure that there are things I should say to you in the U.S., just as frankly as I have said things about Viet Nam in Peking and Moscow. It may well be the eleventh hour, for as I write there is an edition of *Nouvel Observateur* just out in which Edgar Snow says that the China-U.S. war has already begun—and it would not be the first time a major war burst upon the world out of the mists created by such euphemisms as "escalation," "limited War," and "protecting our interests."

In two years the U.S. has dropped even the pretense that she is performing in Viet Nam a task laid upon her by "a deep love of liberty which will not let us go" (LBJ), at the request of the "valiant" government in Saigon. Once U.S. troops were "advisers" (it was contrary to the Geneva Accords that they be combat troops). The pretense is now dropped. In 1964 your government solemnly vowed that it sought "no wider war"; but on February 7, 1965, it began to bomb North Viet Nam. Once, in calmer days, it was "democracy" that American might was defending in Viet Nam. Since Danang and Hue that argument, understandably, has become muted: it turned out to matter little whether Saigon was concerned with democracy, or even whether the people in South Viet Nam really want you to wreck their country in order to save it from communism. The latest pretense—that the U.S. is not bombing irrigation facilities, churches, and hospitals—does not raise even a flicker of hope in me, like the earlier ones: I saw, two months ago in Warsaw, pictures of the wreckage of irrigation facilities, churches, and hospitals.

What worries me is that these developments of the last two years have not struck home to most American critics of the war. Still many of you just call for "restraint"; still you just urge "no further escalation." But restraint in doing what

letter liberals

exactly, restraint in the pursuit of what goals? And is it all right, even if it were possible, to halt the escalation at some arbitrary point, and cry "enough"? You are getting near to saying that it does not matter what is done, so long as it is done with "restraint."

The call for restraint, even the call for "negotiations," masks some nasty truths. The Vietnamese are still fighting for their national independence. They threaten nobody, there is no proposed invasion of the U.S. by the National Liberation Front: all they ask is that the aggressors get out. The independence of their country is not negotiable, any more than independence has been in previous nationalist struggles of this century. Your government, as Bertrand Russell recently pointed out, has no more right to use its occupation of Viet Nam as a basis for suggesting terms of a settlement of their own aggression than had the Nazis in Yugoslavia. Christian opinion did not ask the Yugoslavs to share their country with the Nazis. Churchhill vowed to fight upon the beaches, to fight for decades—just as Ho Chi Minh has recently vowed. Asians are mystified, and who can blame them, that Christian opinion takes an Asian struggle so much less seriously than it has taken other cases of clearcut aggression.

Is not one of your problems that the fundamental aim of the NLF is, when you think about it, the same as the only reasonable aim that negotiations can have: the achievement and guarantee of the independence of Viet Nam? In 1954, Molotov and Chou en Lai persuaded the Vietminh to accept the concessions which, from the Vietnamese point of view, the Geneva Accords clearly involved. The Vietnamese have cause to regret those persuasions, and to distrust negotiation with Western powers. The flouting of the 1954 Accords, after all, was the first step in the present war. When Hanoi and the NLF point to the Accords as the path to peace (which they are prepared to do, even now that Peking, it seems, regards the Accords as a dead letter) they are serious. When your President refers to the Accords (it is a recent thing, this American enthusiasm for Geneva; in 1954 she did not accept them), it is the deepest hypocrisy. If your government stood by the Accords, it would remove its forces from Viet Nam; their presence is absolutely illegal in terms of the Geneva Accords.

A second problem, as I see it, is that you will not leave because you know that your aims in Viet Nam cannot be achieved without massive U.S. military power: you know that you are lost without bombs. It is clear that without the U.S. forces, the government of Ky would not last one week. Well-informed people I spoke to in Saigon last September gave 75 per cent as the lowest percentage of the vote in South Viet Nam which the NLF would win in an election. Now, if the U.S. can achieve its aims in Viet Nam only by massive military presence, what outlook can a Vietnamese patriot possibly have that is not opposed to U.S. aims? As a patriot he wants his country independent. U.S. aims *of necessity* run counter to this patriotic sentiment. Here is the need of the burgeoning anti-Americanism in all parts of Viet Nam. It suggests the self-defeating nature of the U.S. attempt to "make Viet Nam free."

Do you realize that these last years' activity in Viet Nam have brought little but the tarnishing of U.S. reputation throughout the world? Even the city of Saigon is a reluctant captive to the unfree world: only in rare moments of formality does it seem pro-American. And no wonder. Vietnamese parents see their sons go off to war, against fellow-Vietnamese, and see their daughters become toys in the hands of American troops at play. Consider the daily effects of the fact that U.S. soldiers are immune from the jurisdiction of Vietnamese police. A quarrel arises in a bar, with an American and a Vietnamese arguing over the possession of a Vietnamese girl. The police can arrest the Vietnamese, but not the American. Justice is excluded in such circumstances. Americans, from their privileged position, refer to Vietnamese policemen as "white mice."

These are the things which bred the hatreds of the colonial era, and

now, in the post-colonial era, your country, of all countries, born in an anti-colonial struggle (on the basis of a program, one might add, which remarkably resembles that of the NLF) continues them—even as the world watches. Politically, the result is that Vietnamese nationalism grows more intense, and that is precisely the reason why the communists have such wide support in Viet Nam. They are, like the Chinese communists before them, the bearers—at least for the time being—of national salvation. Colonialism is their daily sustenance.

It seems to be an especial tragedy that the U.S. should reverse so many of its own best traditions, to achieve something—control over the destinies of Asians—which is any way unattainable. I was just old enough to remember the feelings when the U.S. defeated Japan in the Pacific. The Australian (socialist) Prime Minister had said, during the war, that he would sleep soundly only when U.S. soldiers were walking the streets of our cities. Your country was fighting fascism, and it was fighting it on behalf of a post-colonial future, *not* in order that the British, the Dutch and the French might come back as before the war. Roosevelt made that crystal clear, and the great Stillwell put it into practice in the India-China-Burma theatre. My Party, the Australian Labor Party, was the initiator of the Australian-U.S. alliance, from 1941 onwards; but now we are critical of the alliance, for the reason given in the first sentence of this paragraph. If this is the feeling among socialists in placid Australia, you may be sure that it is far stronger in the revolutionary societies of Asia.

Your actions in Asia simply have changed, in the last 20 years, from progressive, anti-colonial actions to neo-colonial actions, propelled by the most negative ideology a great power has ever had in history—mere anti-communism. Washington still *talks* the language of liberty, democracy, even revolution; but if the voice is the voice of Jacob, the hands are the hands of Esau. Marshall Ky will never push land reform in South Viet Nam. To back him, while talking of the need for land reform, is like pulling fiercely at two ends of the same piece of rope. Is it too much to ask that you American liberals go deeper than calling for "restraint" and "no further escalation" in Viet Nam, and oppose (as much as the French Left did during the Algerian war) the whole enterprise of trying to stop radical social movements by the self-defeating means of fighting protracted anti-colonial wars in other peoples' countries?

Perhaps it is. But at least it could be shouted from the rooftops that this whole enterprise has been a spectacular failure. Bombing the "source of the aggression" in North Viet Nam for 20 months has not reduced the "aggression" in the South *at all*. U.S. losses in the South are far heavier this year than in 1965, and they were heavier in 1965 than in 1964. Nor, in the wider perspective, has backing Chiang in Taipeh brought you any fruits in Asia—only the embarrassment of watching Peking's star rise steadily, while the cries and threats from Taipeh echo pathetically in an ever-diminishing diplomatic *cul-de-sac*. There was even the humiliation, in October 1964, when Peking exploded its first Bomb, of strident celebrations in Taipeh, the city which is supposed to be the soundest banana in the whole anti-communist bunch.

China was "lost"; Viet Nam is being "lost" by the same process. The gulf between formal appearance and political reality in Saigon today resembles that in wartime Chungking. There is the same demoralization and corruption; the same spectacle of a government which controls little more than the city it is in, and calls the communist government in the countryside "bandits"; the same emasculation of all political life, in the name of anti-communism; the same revulsion from a war which is irrelevant to the real problems and possibilities of the society and the people; the same gross social inequalities, and endemic dishonesty and vice. If only Ky was a Christian, like Chiang, to perfect the illusion that the U.S. is fighting for something "moral," the sickening tableau would be complete.

Am I going to extremes? If so, it is because, despite all peace efforts in the last two years, the U.S. has massively widened the war and further threats are being breathed as I write. It is because my own government, in obedience to Washington (few worried about pretending that Saigon was the origin of the invitation), has plunged into the war with more men than she had in Korea, and prejudiced her diplomatic future in Asia for years. It is because I find among many American liberals too great a concentration on the *words* and *policies* of the U.S. government, too little on the *acts* it commits day by day in Viet Nam and the *facts* of how the war arose and who is fighting it. And it is because you American liberals have not even begun to look calmly and squarely at the NLF, and see it for what it is in the context of the socialist and nationalist struggles of the mid-20th century.

Let me enlarge on the latter two points. One could propound a sort of law: Americans generally focus their eyes on *words* and *policies;* Vietnamese and Chinese generally focus on *actions* and *facts*. Look at the fuss in the U.S. over Lin Piao's pamphlet, as the proof of the "aggression" of China; in fact the record of her actions demonstrates that China has been cautious in foreign relations. And consider the fact that the U.S. has more than one million men under arms outside her own territory, whereas China has none. Many Americans expect a volley of words will serve to reverse the "aggression" label—as if those who cry peace are, regardless of their actions, the real makers of peace.

A related attitude was expressed by John K. Fairbank in a meeting at Harvard last year. "If the Chinese were to send forces into South Viet Nam," he said, "that would make things a lot easier for us." American prestige, American "face," is apparently the thing that matters most to many. One has the impression that there is a struggle going on in the soul of a nation, which, unsure of its identity, unaware of the nature of its fantastic power, is using Viet Nam as a mirror of its wrestlings. Of course it would be "easier" for the American conscience if China came into the war. But such a use of the word "easier" reveals the existence of an immense gulf between the struggle in the American soul, on the one hand, and the issue of peace and war in the real world, on the other hand. If what is "easier" for one conscience of the U.S. brings war for many other nations, you cannot be surprised that the other nations will take more interest in your actions than in your moral wrestlings. I think it is time for critics of the war to cut right through the prostitution of democratic and radical concepts that the U.S. President indulges in, with some sharp, clear facts about who is doing what (and how far from home) in the Far East, and

about the impact on the life of human beings of these actions.

When are you going to bring the NLF into the daylight of your minds and take it with the seriousness it deserves? These are not just bloodthirsty bandits, as one would think from U.S. TV, but the effective government of much of South Viet Nam. Christians are among them; there is an entire Catholic organization affiliated with the NLF, and its president (a priest) is on the Central Committee of the NLF. Many are the stories of the idealism its struggle has evoked. I give one, known to me personally: a young Saigon artist won a scholarship to study in Italy. But for him, as for countless others, the political situation impinged and could not be passed by. When the day of departure came, he said farewell to his family, and departed, not to the airport to catch a plane to Italy, but to the countryside to fight with the NLF. Another member of his family arranges to have his letters transmitted via Rome, so that the parents still think he is leading the life of an art student in Rome. The Saigon regime cannot inspire that kind of commitment: it is hard to be heroic when there is nothing to fight for.

During this past summer, I talked with NLF officials in a European capital. They were simple men. I was inclined to ask subtle questions about the relationship of Hanoi and Peking and the like; they recalled me to the simplicities, their battle to be free to run their own country, and I realized with a shock that it is us, in Australia and the U.S., who have complicated the war in a desperate effort to convince ourselves that it is a battle of global ideological significance between the forces of light and those of darkness. They just want to be left alone, and that is what we will not do. When will Christians in the countries whose armies are fighting the Vietnamese take a careful look at the NLF (as some Christians in the communist world have done) and, putting the actions of the U.S. and its allies alongside NLF actions, ask "who is standing up better for the humanization of man in Viet Nam"? Is it not the role of Christians to hit at the pretensions of ideologies, and ask this question, when confronted by political conflicts? The Bible at least is not about "isms" and abstract ideas, but about the concrete life of men.

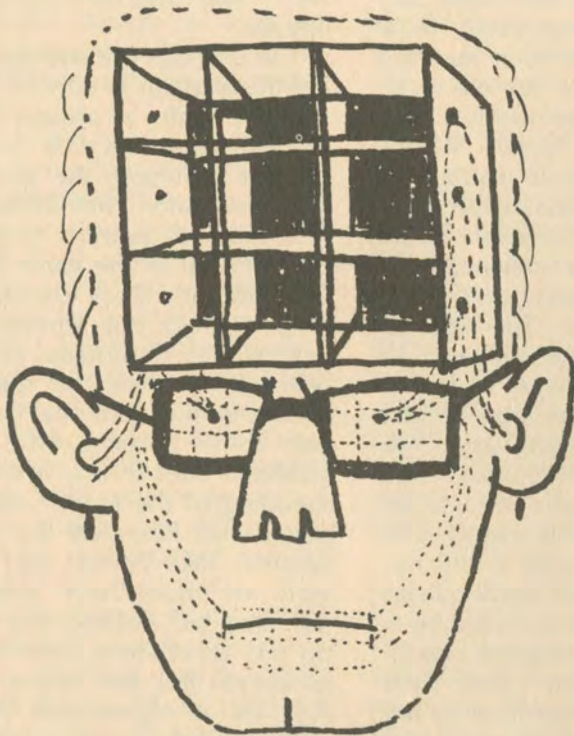
I fear that the Viet Nam war may do something terrible to the U.S. The NLF will eventually win (unless the U.S. totally destroys Viet Nam), since the choice, in political terms, almost has been narrowed down to the NLF or the U.S. Embassy. Most of those in the middle are in prison, in Paris, have moved over, probably secretly, to the NLF, or have met a fate like that of the brilliant Pham Ngoc Thao, colonel and politician who was tortured to death in a Sagion police station last year for his efforts to find a middle path between the NLF and the U.S. But what of the U.S.? World War I brought an end to one pattern of society, that represented by the semi-feudal monarchies; it finished off Russian Tsardom, the creaking edifice in Austria-Hungary, and other outmoded structures. The Second World War also brought an end to a pattern of society, that of European colonialism in Asia—and, by indirect chain reaction and inspiration, in Africa as well. After 1945 it was clear that the Empires would have to be given up by the British, French and Dutch, and that a socialist and nationalist pattern would predominate in Asian politics. Both wars had been forcing-houses of social-economic-political development; they had posed a new social question in the established order, and the result was that the world situation and, even more, the future outlook, was very different in 1918 from what it had been in 1914, and in 1945 from what it had been in 1939. The signs are that the Viet Nam war will produce a third great social mutation in twentieth-century history.

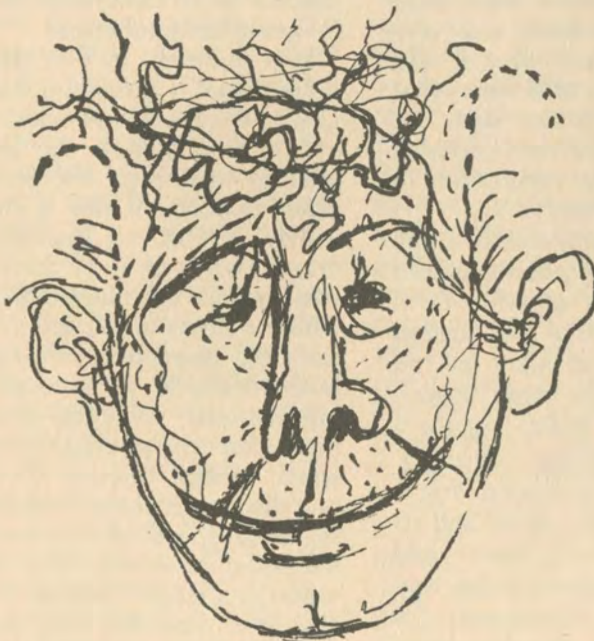
I have seen in Europe during the past summer that few people indeed share the U.S. view of what is at stake in Viet Nam. Like the Russian Tsar Nicholas II, and many of the British in Asia in the early 1940's, the U.S. thinks she is fighting for a cause and an order—anti-communism, and the continued dominance of the capitalist West and its values in Asia—which fewer and fewer other people see to be tenable. The ebbing of support for Washington on the war has been dramatic in the last two years (even Harold Wilson has begun to draw a line beyond which he will not go). It is going to get more and more difficult for the U.S. to retreat, just as it was for the Old Orders during the other two wars. The more American society in all its aspects, including the religious aspects, invests itself in this evil war, the greater will be the disaster that the war will bring upon the U.S. If American liberals can stand up and say that the real interests of the nation are not involved in this war, and isolate the mentality and the particular interests which are desperately fighting a last battle for their own sake in Viet Nam, the disaster can surely be limited.

The U.S. *can* live without continuing this attempt to control the destinies of peoples all around the globe. The adventures of U.S. imperialism do not represent the greatness of U.S. civilization, but betray it, and it is time for patriots to denounce this betrayal in the name of American traditions. Cecil Rhodes thought Britain could not survive without her Empire; he thought, as did most of the imperialists, that the interests of the Empire and the interests of the home country were indistinguishable. But it was not true. The shedding of the Empire has not reduced but liberated the European powers. Take France. Her dreadful wars in Indo-China and Algeria rendered her isolated and impotent on the world scene. Since de Gaulle accepted that the future lay with the FLN in Algeria, her diplomatic prestige, her "face," and her influence on all continents, have been immeasurably enhanced.

It is midnight in Viet Nam. But I believe that it is not too late for the U.S. to disentangle her own interests and traditions from the imperialist attempt to control the destinies of other peoples. If this is not done, it may be that U.S. imperialism will drag down with it to destruction—like previous established orders—the whole pattern of society in the U.S. itself. To give up imperialist adventures means to accept mutuality in international relations—instead of that kind of political messianism which cannot tolerate international pluralism, and knows not the meaning of give and take. It was John F. Kennedy, after all, who had the vision of a world "safe for diversity." That is all that the Vietnamese are asking from the U.S. Imperialism is the mortal enemy of a world safe for diversity. No matter how eloquently it cries "peace," it seeks things which, in a world that has taken seriously the ideas that came from the French and American Revolutions, can be obtained only by war.

BEYOND TECHNOLOGY





By **WARREN BRYAN MARTIN**

There are times in nature and in the life of man when quantitative changes suddenly become qualitative changes. John Barth, the fine American novelist, makes the point this way: "Water grows colder and colder and colder, and suddenly it's ice. The day grows darker and darker, and suddenly it's night. Man ages and ages, and suddenly he's dead." [1] Or, the university expands and suddenly it's a multiversity. Also, more facetiously, the college student accumulates credit after credit, and suddenly he's a graduate.

Changes in degree can become changes in kind—and this premise is no less true for being a dictum of Marxism. And it was never so true as today.

The collapse of the Roman Empire produced radical effects, including qualitative changes in Western life, as did the Renaissance, the Protestant Reformation, and the Industrial Revolution. But the present Electronic Revolution will compound all that has gone before and bring challenges that are entirely new. In the words of C. P. Snow:

> This is going to be the biggest technological revolution men have known, far more intimate in the tone of our daily lives, and, of course, far quicker either than the agricultural transformation of Neolithic times or the early industrial revolution which made the present shape of the United States.

The effect of the new electronic technology is already apparent, and its influence is already profound.

Developments in military weaponry, where the power of nuclear energy is now coupled with computerized delivery systems, have resulted in much more than a quantitative extension of conventional fire power. Of much greater importance is the challenge these developments present to military and political theory. We must find an alternative to all-out war as an instrument of national policy, or global war will mean the end of civilization

[1] John Barth, **The Floating Opera.** N.Y.: Avon Books, 1956. p. 179.

as we have known it. There may always have been "wars and rumors of wars," but the continuation of that tradition, we know now, will certainly mean the end of it—and us. The question of whether we dare allow history to repeat itself has suddenly been lifted to a new order of importance.

The human rights revolution is another aspect of contemporary change—the movement to assure that no person will be subject to social or economic prejudice because of his race, the movement to guarantee that all governments will be as impartial in matters of race as automatic traffic signals are toward all drivers.

In our own country, a pivotal issue in this movement has been "equal opportunity employment." But this concern for work, and the concept that work dignifies, must now be seen in the context of the electronic revolution, and particularly in relation to cybernation. The union of the computer and the self-regulating machine is not only revising our standards of quantification —an experimental battery now being perfected, consisting of fourteen machines, will produce 90 per cent of all the light bulbs, 100 per cent of all the television tubes, and, in its spare time, all the Christmas tree ornaments sold in this country—but cybernation is also challenging us to transform the whole concept of work. Such a change must come when a few men can do what it took hundreds of men to do only a few years before. There are not going to be enough jobs, if jobs are traditionally defined, to go around. Thus, at the very time we are emphasizing the importance of work in achieving human dignity, changes are at hand that will make the old concepts both obsolete and irrelevant. Rather than thinking only in terms of new forms of work for traditionally trained workers, we ought to be looking to a future in which a small percentage of the available work force will be able to sustain societal needs, and ask, "what is man's role when he is not dependent upon his own activities for the material basis of his life?" [2] But there is no need to pursue the question further here. It is enough to say that new ways of getting the work done already are breaking the grip of the old work ethic—with qualitative ramifications that we are just beginning to comprehend.

[2] Ad Hoc Committee, **The Triple Revolution,** Santa Barbara, California, Ad Hoc Committee on the Triple Revolution. p. 9.

Marshall McLuhan has been especially effective, particularly in his book, *Understanding Media,* in showing not only that each environment is encompassed by a larger environment—the cybernation revolution encompassed by the electronic revolution, for example—but also that an environment is more than a "passive wrapping" that one puts on over the facts of life and is, in fact, an "active process" that vitally affects life itself.[3]

Thought patterns in the West have been organized for five hundred years according to rules set down by the phonetic alphabet, movable type, and the printing press. The consequence has been that our whole style of life became like the organization of a book—linear, sequential, uniform, repeatable. But now, in the "Electric Age," data classification in the straightline fashion of the past is uneconomical and unnecessary. With computers, the concern is for pattern recognition in the service of integrative configurations. The singularity of the parts is not ignored, but the unity of the whole is emphasized. Print collapsed space. Computers collapse time. Therefore, with space and time drawn together, we are now challenged by technology to think and act in new integrative ways.

Another point: One of the new media, television, is especially important because of the involvement it requires of the viewer. Not only does it "integrate" several of the senses, it draws the viewer into the action and makes him a participant. Television is a low density medium, with the pictures mosaic and the messages impressionistic. The viewer becomes actively involved as he helps to fill out the scene. Books, pictures, and the other instruments of learning characteristic of the pre-electric age may have been more informative, but because they were impersonal, less formative.

Most of us in the over-thirty generation are citizens of that "other world." We think and act in the old-fashioned "one thing at a time" and "everything in its place" manner. But the young are different—they are a new breed of cat. Having grown up with the emphases of the electronic age, they are responsive to the challenge of integration and involvement and are in revolt against the claims of separation and compartmentalization. They know that the world into which they are going must be more unitary than atomistic, more implosive than explosive. Their faith, then, is in the "ultimate harmony of being" [4] and the availability of total configurational awareness.

[3] Marshall McLuhan, **Understanding Media: The Extensions of Man.** N.Y.: McGraw-Hill Book Co., 1965.

It should not surprise us, in view of all of this, to find college and university youth increasingly dissatisfied with their educational experiences. Instead of a curriculum emphasizing interrelationships and correlations, they find specialization and fragmentation. Whereas they want to work from the totality of their own experience to the totality of human experience, feeling a rising concern for wholeness and depth of awareness, they find professors who lack the courage to speak out of the totality of their own experience, and who have the training for only segmented instruction, not human leadership. The student dropout rate will increase so long as administrators and faculty tighten and narrow the specialistic, departmental structuring of knowlege.

There are innovative colleges here and there, but far too few in public higher education where the bulk of instruction goes on. And even in the few innovative public colleges—Cowell College and Adlai Stevenson College at the University of California, Santa Cruz, and Justin Morrill College at Michigan State University —there is not much evidence to date of a determined effort to break away from departmental programs that produce, in most schools, career men who do not know the general principles underlying their careers. The new colleges, and others, have shown architectural audacity, and they may offer certain organizational innovations having to do with the academic calendar, units of credit, letter grades, and the like; but they have not been able to shake faculty confidence in the sanctity of their specializations. Indeed, in most places the departments are getting

[4] **Ibid.** p. 5.

stronger. But we can take little comfort from the fact that our schools are getting stronger and stronger in that which matters less and less.

Some students may drop out but others stand ready, and the prosperity of the modern university seems assured for the immediate future. The popularity of education is such that it is estimated that there will be 15 million students in college by 1991.[5] The authority of the university is the source of this popularity. "The university," says James A. Perkins of Cornell, "is one of the great institutions of the modern world." [6] But, as Perkins allows, "this story of success is also the story of the dangers of success." [7] Indeed, the problems created by our successes—impersonality as the result of large size, the lack of coherence as the consequence of specialization, etc.—are taking on such dangerous proportions that the conviction is growing that major changes are needed in the university, even at this moment of its greatest success. The time to think of change is when evidence appears that future needs will not be met by present arrangements—and that time has come in higher education. Unless there is such change, the twentieth century will mark the apogee of the conventional university's influence—this will have been its "Golden Age," just as the thirteenth century was for the unitary Christian Church—and tomorrow responsibility for educational training appropriate to the future will come from reformed universities hardly recognizable by today's standard, and from the increasingly influential channels of the electronic media:

> Telstar will be the new 'Old Man' of the global university! The transistor radio, the telephone and television set are already more globally ubiquitous than any national school or university system. Recent electronics/publishing mergers, such as TIME, Inc., and G.E. are the leading edge of a trend which will swiftly transform our whole educational system.[8]

In an epoch of revolutionary change, when political planning is being transformed by the weaponry revolution, social relationships are being altered by the human rights revolution, and all of this and more, especially education, is being affected by the encompassing electronic revolution, we must think not only about the extent to which our future will be changed by these developments, but we must also think about the extent to which we can direct these forces so that we will have some influence on our future. What should be our goals, given these means?

Two options are immediately apparent: There is, first, the appeal of the past with its call to return to the traditional consolations of home, church, and state—that sacro-secular trinity by which the totality of human experience was once sanctified. Today, however, the home has lost its vitality, the church has lost its authority, and the state has shown that it deserves only provisional loyalty. There must be something more. To go back would be what Kenneth Keniston calls "romantic regression"—and the past was not all that romantic. Furthermore, in these new and different times, we are moving ahead too fast to turn back. You can back up on a country lane, but not on a freeway.

A second possibility is to stand pat with our present goals. Ours is an achievement-oriented society emphasizing power, wealth, fame, possessions, and other material evidences of success. We thought such goals would provide satisfactions that were without a satiation point. But now we wonder. The young see that the "system" has left many of us emotionally jaded. Even three cars do not assure a happy home. Furthermore, the present goals are no longer a challenge. Most of us live in affluence and take security for granted.

A few generations ago, as Keniston points out (and I am indebted to him for numerous ideas [9]), the conventional goals were viable. Poverty was a reality for many and a threat to most. But the majority of Americans now, by reason of our technological advances, no longer want for material goods, educational opportunities, and the other features of an achievement-oriented society. To be sure, as Michael Harrington and others have shown, there is still an important segment of our society, the "forgotten fifth," that has not yet shared in our abundance. There is unfinished business. But subsistence for all Americans, and prosperity for most, are within the capability of our resources. The goals of this society are within reach. But where do we go from here?

One thing is certain. We cannot stay with the *status quo* because we are moving out of the age of industrialization into the age of automation, cybernation, and sophisticated technology—a difference in kind—and we must have goals appropriate for a different human and social condition. Mimetic repetition is not enough. We need new goals.

There is a third option, and it provides at least one goal appropriate for the new men of the new times. It is the achievement of a more *human* society, a society committed to opening up more "breathing holes for the human spirit."

The quest for a more human society has not been alien to our tradition, but it is possible now in a measure not heretofore possible. Nuclear energy and electric power permit men to turn their energies to a thousand broadening and enriching activities that were only luxuries before. Computers, automation, and cybernation free man to be man. Guaranteed subsistence in an electronic age, man can give substance to his life.

But a more human society is not only possible now, it is also mandatory. The very magnitude of our power and the scope of present creativity add urgency to the quest. Again, because it is not certain that men will make good use of their opportunities (to know the right is not necessarily to do it), we need guidelines by which to evaluate the achievement of a more human society. Here are three:

Essential to a more human society is *individual authenticity* for the person.

One of McLuhan's doctrines is that every new environment recasts its predecessor and that, when what went before has been displaced, the new environment makes what it has supplanted into an "art form." Having found ways through machine technology to control nature so as to make it more often a servant and less often a tyrant, men become secure enough in the new environ-

---

[5] Sidney G. Tickton, "Yesterday, Today, and Tomorrow." A speech presented in Washington, D.C. Feb. 9, 1966 (mimeographed), p. 15.

[6] James A. Perkins, **The University in Transition.** Princeton, N.J.: Princeton University Press, 1966. p. 1.

[7] **Ibid.**

[8] John McHale, "Information Explosion—Knowledge Implosion," **Campus Dialogue,** May 27, 1966.

[9] Kenneth Keniston, **The Uncommitted.** N.Y.: Harcourt, Brace and World, 1965.

ment to think of nature in esthetic rather than utilitarian terms. As the horse was replaced by the engine, the horse became a beast of pleasure and an *objet d'art*.

Now, with the advent of electronic media, and particularly the information processing systems that have the ability to digitalize and code information, store it in memory systems, handle complex logical propositions, and modify catalogued data and behavior, the fear is growing that technological efficiency is challenging human ingenuity to the point that we must ask whether man himself is to be made into an art form. The answer is "yes," if we surrender supremacy to the machine by making the invention more important than the inventor. The answer is "no," if we keep the individual at the top of the new society's hierarchy of values and give him the freedom to create what the machine will catalogue and implement. Albert Camus summarized our first guideline: "The aim of life can only be to increase the sum of freedom and responsibility to be found in every man and in the world."

College and university students are especially concerned about the decline of this emphasis in our society. Because their world is the campus, this concern figures prominently in the unrest there. Students see that the schools are too often among the conditioning institutions that reduce rather than release the person, and they are committed to resisting all institutional and technological forces that produce impersonality and powerlessness—two enemies of humanness. Such forces are creative depressants. They make a person feel he is nothing and can become nothing. Students today refuse to be mere technicians of the society. Their goal is to be authentic individuals in the society. To that end they not only resist impersonality and powerlessness, they affirm their right to read, to think, to relate to other persons, to do creative things, to breathe deep and stand tall, to do all of those wonderful things that make one "an individual." Such a style of life does not invalidate one's social obligations, but it does reflect the belief that an ethic of social responsibility builds on an ethic of individual honesty.

To have individual authenticity, given the broad range of human interests and experiences, will mean that a more human society will be characterized by *rich diversity*. This is our second guideline. And the achievement of this variety will be a more difficult accomplishment than the first because it is less threatening to think of "eccentrics" as solitary individuals than it is to see them in the bulk.

This is why Americans today talk approvingly of distinctiveness but act to erase all differences. The American way is the way of consensus conformity. We do not mean docile acquiescence to authority, although there is an alarming amount of that. Our conformity is seen as a harmonious grouping of individual talents put to the service of consensus goals. What we do not see is that, of late, we have been achieving consensus by flattening out value distinctions until they become formless platitudes; platitudes that may still identify but no longer motivate. What we do not see is that consensus of this sort produces a value vacuum that is easily filled by tyranny.

On every hand there is a loss of diversity in the name of harmony. In the national press there is almost no variety:

> One difference between the American press and the Italian press is that Italy has eight kinds of newspapers, ranging from black to gray to red, and so Italian readers get a wider scope and a number of different ideas and approaches. In the United States, on the other hand, the color is always gray. Almost all the publishers in the United States have a gray way of thinking, and so the editors and reporters have to write in this direction. In Italy each newspaper is demagogically pushing its own ideology, but you get a picture of what and how different people are thinking.[10]

Except for the New York *Times*, this "gray way of thinking" fills our newspapers, and is mitigated only by several good journals of opinion.

In religion we have ecumenicity—consensus Christianity, in which the churches seem eager to prove that the most distinctive thing about them is that they are not distinctive at all. In higher education, diversity is claimed, but in truth, diversity is achieved only at the level of form. Underlying the variations in organizational arrangements is an almost unchallenged conformity in values. Name the institutions of higher learning that show distinctiveness in values. They are a handful. The rest of our colleges and universities eschew ideas that are controversial and embrace the bland. It is especially ironic that institutions of higher learning should be content to settle for societal values set by the lowest common denominator at the very time when the church and the home are no longer serving as a critical conscience to the nation, and when the nation thus has special need, in these times without precedent, for the educational institutions to provide leadership once given by the church and home. But it has happened because the consensus mentality, when it no longer dares to face substantive differences, becomes the sacrament that gives a moral sanction to conformity.

The confidence that growth comes through the tension of differences is a basic article of American faith, but it has been losing out in our time. It has been overwhelmed by the fear that differences will cause social disintegration. That fear has been fed by racial strife, and our response has been to try to explain away human distinctions and argue that "we are all alike anyway." The image of America as a melting pot has been carried too far. It has become a stew pot with everything thrown in and cooked to death.

It would be better, as Edgar Friedenberg advises, to put into our cook pot something like a properly prepared Japanese soup: the liquid crystal clear, with the individual qualities of the ingredients preserved intact, the soft things soft, the green things green, the hard things hard. This would mean that there would be Negroes in our fellowship, not because "we are all alike anyway"—we are not all alike—but because Negroes have something unique and significant to contribute to that fellowship. And that would be the reason to take the rest of us in, too.

In this new age, where the threats of nature may be contained and the basic needs of human beings may be assured, men can be free to realize their own potential, learn from other people throughout the world, and achieve a human community characterized by rich diversity.

---

[10] Carlo Rognoni, of **24 Oore** (Italy), in **Mass Communications**, a publication of the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions.

Finally, the society equal to the challenge of launching the twenty-first century will be organized for innovation. It will be a society with a *capacity for change.*

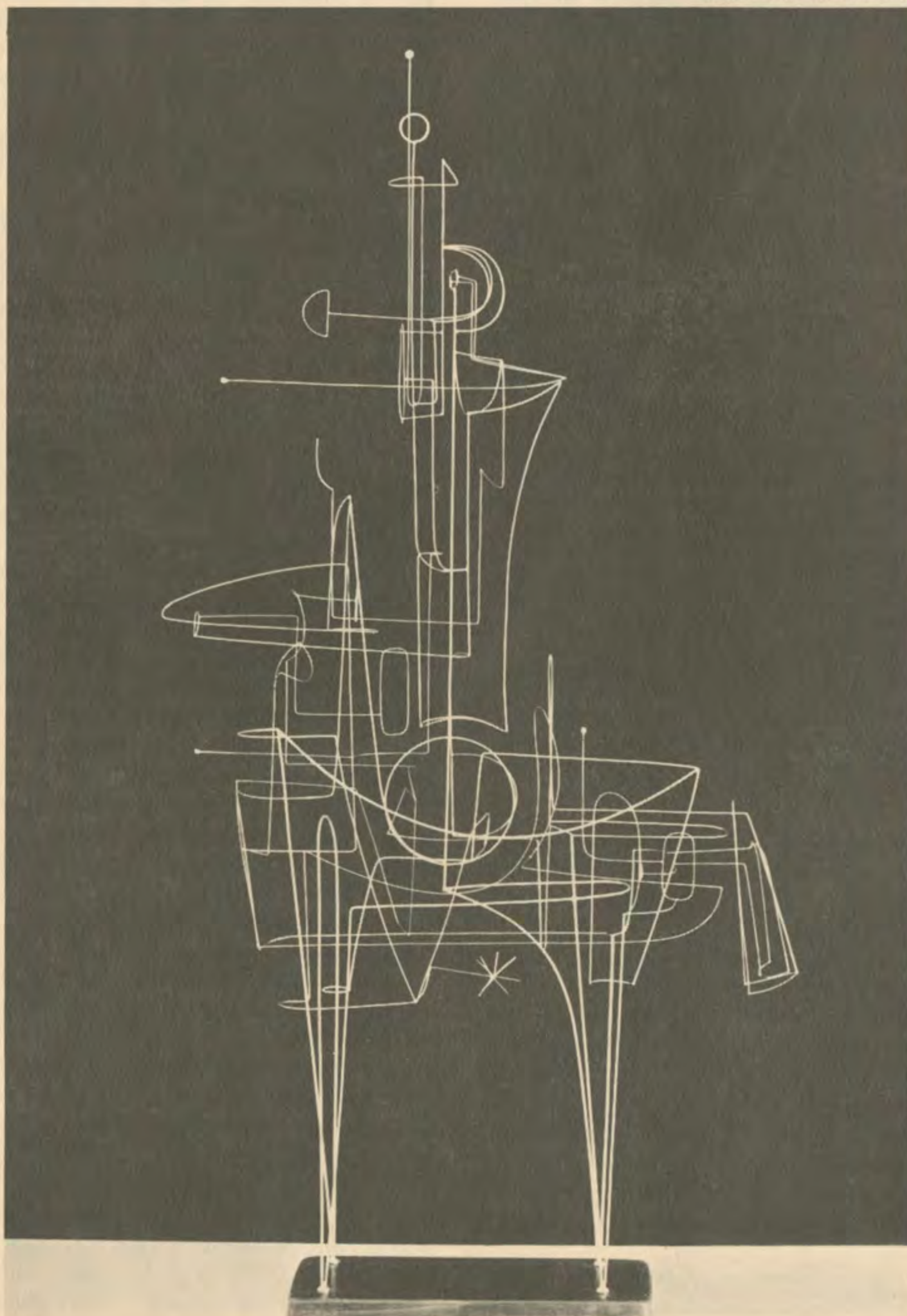
One essential component in change is criticism. Not whining and choleric criticism, but that which is informed and purposeful. This is where change begins.

Another essential for change is creativity. We must not fear the life of "creative insecurity." A commitment to change is a commitment to creativity, and a commitment to creativity is a commitment to insecurity. Creative persons have what John W. Gardner has called "a tolerance for ambiguity." They also know that the person who means to lead must have the courage to step out alone.

What shall be the direction in which creative change takes us? We can venture a broad answer, and it is one that has been hinted at by the mathematician, author, administrator, Dr. Warren Weaver:

> . . . as man's control of his environment has proceeded, giving him time to think and to make discoveries leading to further control, he has progressively uncovered more and more complication; but at the same time he has succeeded in discovering more and more unifying principles which accept the ever-increasing variety, but recognize an underlying unity. He has, in short, discovered the many and the one.[11]

SCULPTURE: MILONADIS



The changes we need, then, are those that encourage variety but will also recognize our essential unity, the unity fostered by the new integrative configurations in science as well as by the commitment of the new youth to things and people that reveal themselves totally. This is the way for change to benefit "the one and the many."

To be more specific, one change that would be consistent with our concern for the particular and the complex would be a reorganization of the curriculum in liberal arts colleges around problem/theme approaches to learning. Let there be independent study, seminars, and courses on, say, "Faith," "Loyalty," "Tradition." McLuhan is right in declaring that, "The conventional division of the curriculum into subjects is as outdated as the medieval trivium in the Renaissance." [12] We need to arrange college learning experiences in forms that are consistent with the ways a person actually confronts life, and no problems or plans in one's life are treated in the form of the conventional academic disciplines.

The job of leadership, in the context of change, is the search for standards and the search for community. As we change, one constant is the question, "What is the basis for authority—now?" Another is, "What do we have in common—now?" The concern for standards and the concern for community are intertwined. It takes the former to judge the latter, the latter to maintain the former.

A fundamental fact about our world is that today's changes are so revolutionary that what were once seen as changes in degree are now known to be changes in kind. For a new environment, we need new goals. One such goal, new and yet rooted in our heritage, is the creation of a more human society characterized by authenticity for the individual, diversity in ideas and personalities, and openness to change.

---

[11] Warren Weaver, "Confessions of a Scientist-Humanist." **Saturday Review,** May 28, 1966.

[12] McLuhan, **op. cit.,** p. 347.

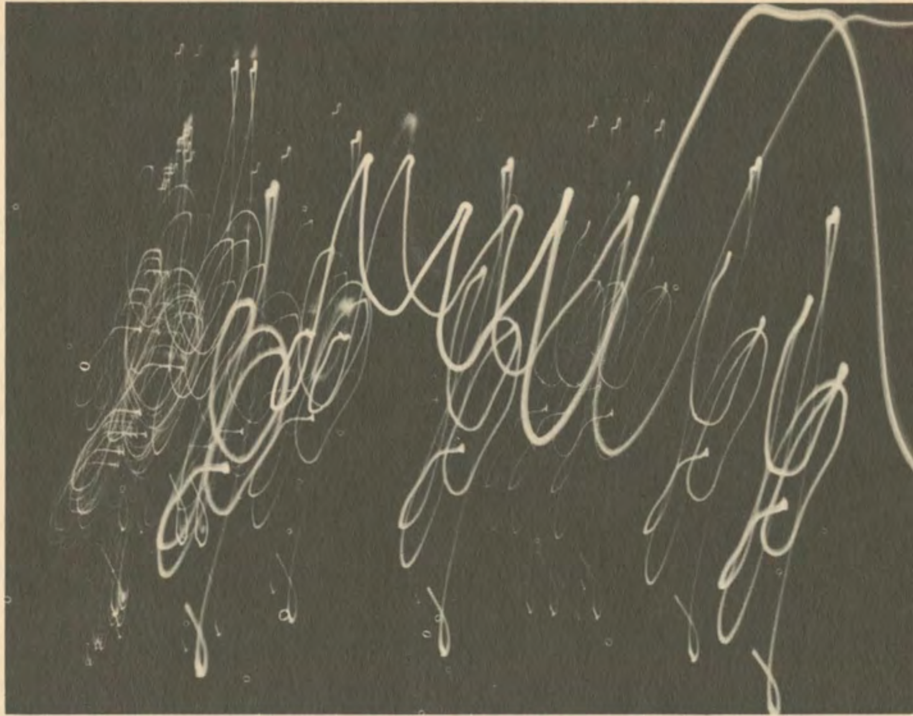


PHOTO: MARTIN

ON HEARING, IN BERLIN, CHARLES IVES' SYMPHONY # 4

If a man had two thousand eyes,
two thousand ears,
ten thousand fingers to touch,
and one heart, one mind,
he would know the city.

For each love, each hate,
each disappointment
echoed a thousand ways in these streets,
there is one man.

Here in this gathering
where rural dreams and simple tunes
strain to be heard,
the individual reigns:
to the man with only ten fingers it is cacophony.

Rules for heroes and harmony
have been changed.
The old order is broken
not from hate, but for the listeners.

And I am in the city,
in the middle of this raw-nerved melange;
through my weeping and laughter
I try, and see the whole, and wonder,
with my one mouth, how to speak.

It comes in a song.
Made with one heart and one mind.
Some friends call it cacophony,
but it is my art, and the city's.

—CHARLES A. LERRIGO

World Revolution and

WOODCUT: R. O. HODGELL

This article, in a much expanded form, is the basis for the author's contribution to a book co-authored with Richard Shaull to be published by The Macmillan Company in 1967.

By CARL OGLESBY

I want to counterpose what I take to be two leading ideas of our time about man's social fate. Each is the man-centered prophecy of a Western humanist. Each is appalled at the generality of man's suffering. Each repudiates the permanence of that suffering. Each is convinced that the future is going to be better than the present. Each takes the other to be its most fearful enemy.

One belongs to Leon Trotsky. A half century ago, he said: "This is the age of permanent revolution."

The other prophet is also titanic. In 1917, the same year in which Trotsky announced "a new epoch of blood and iron in a war of the oppressed classes against the domineering classes," Woodrow Wilson said: "We must make the world safe for democracy." Two years later, the following entry was made in the minutes of a Big Five meeting at the Paris Peace conference:

> President Wilson [remarked that] there was certainly a latent force behind Bolshevism which attracted as much sympathy as its more brutal aspects caused general disgust. There was throughout the world a feeling of revolt against the large vested interests which influenced the world both in the economic and in the political sphere. The way to cure this domination was, in his opinion, constant discussion and a slow process of reform. He noted, however, that the world was growing impatient for change.

Trotsky sees man's only good hope awaiting him on the other side of an unavoidably violent redistribution of social power. For Wilson, the social revolution is at bottom the on-going and inherent process of Western political culture. Its aim is the spreading of democracy and material abundance—without destruction. If the new Wilsonians who now find themselves the custodians of the Cold War and the war in Viet Nam have claimed with Henry Luce that this is "the American Century," that is not because they are chauvinists; it is because they believe that the American dream has remained intact, that it represents the one best hope of man.

We need not presuppose that one of these visions is mean and the other heroic, that one is on its face the wiser or the more humane of the two. I am not trying to set the stage for an ideological melodrama. Our situation is too serious for that.

These two prophecies begin to divide the world between them. What we have seen so far of their struggle for mastery is no doubt only the beginning. Already we know for a certainty that it is in the collision of these two seminal

American Containment

ideas, of the opposite politics they rationalize and activate, that we confront the source of our times' staggering portents of violence. Quite apart from any judgments about the right and the wrong of the matter, we may simply observe that this collision of two high hopes is what destroys Viet Nam. It deflates at the same time our expectations of a better and freer life at home. Unless something changes, we suspect that this collision will occur elsewhere. Revolutionaries will appear. They will be assassins. America will move to beat them down. She will turn herself into a fist.

There is at the moment scant reason for either side to be very hopeful about the outcome. The two optimisms are destroying one another.

At least we can try to understand this possible destiny of ours. And at this especially bad moment, this means that we who protest American policy in Viet Nam must try to understand it not as the product of the morally crippled, the intellectually defunct, the ignorant, nor the self-serving—as I think some of us in the peace movement have been driven by desperation to do—but instead as the sometimes almost poignant attempt of good men to make a better world more possible. These good men have failed. And much more: if their failure could be reversed at this moment, it would still stand as a permanent historical fact—the horror of which has long since cost us the right even to dream of national atonement.

We do not know what our decision-makers say to one another when they make decisions. We have no access to the inner chambers or the memoranda of state. For the Viet Nam war, we have only the offical explanations, the public ones. They are rather like television commercials. One of these has it that we are fighting for South Viet Nam's independence. We say this in the same breath in which we pledge our support of those Geneva accords that assert the unity of all Viet Nam, that explicitly deny the permanent division which the notion of an independent South affirms. Another commercial shows us defending the freedom of the South Vietnamese—in the person of a military strongman whose hero is Hitler and who believes his enemy, and ours, to be closer to the people's aspirations than his own government. Still another is that we are defending that country against an outside aggressor, a view that the British might have taken with equal reason when she supported the Confederacy in our own Civil War.

These very sentimental arguments are not really arguments at all. They are only pieties: good reasons for fighting some war, they are attached therefore to this one, even though they bear no relation to its history and politics. They are merely the first line of state propaganda, used because they are easy, convenient, popular, and effective. But *not* because there is no better argument.

There *is* a better argument, one that remains somewhat in the background just because of its greater complexity, and that has never to my knowledge been made wholly explicit. I am going to try to reconstruct it—to describe what I imagine may be the humane, hopeful, and liberal vision that convinces humane, hopeful, and liberal intellectuals of the need to fight in Viet Nam, whatever the cost. If this war can be deprived of its reasons, it will be forced to disappear. It is important, then, to get at the good reasons for the war, the ones that move good people to support it.

To understand the Viet Nam war, we have to put ourselves again at the threshold of the East-West Cold War.

Two enemies of long-standing face each other across a devastated Europe. Their grievances ran deep, and their wartime alliance had finally done as much to increase as to diminish their mutual distrust. One saw the other as threatening it with a powerful idea that could reach like acid into Europe's exposed and desperate heart. In Italy, Greece, Turkey, Yugoslavia, and France, there were hard signs that men would no longer be satisfied with a return to the ante-bellum ways of organizing society or the old patterns of alliance. In the vanguard of this restlessness, spreading it and using it, was the Communist Party—a centralized international bureaucracy under the direct control of Moscow. The United States had fought a war in Europe and another in Asia to preserve certain values and institutions and an idea of social order that simply were not idle matters for her. She wins the war only to see those values threatened again—perhaps more menacingly in 1945 than in 1940.

For her part, the exhausted Soviet Union found her revolution still under siege. Condemned by the West from the time of her revolution, the victim of a large-scale Western military intervention in her Civil War, ostracized throughout the '20s and '30s from the political and economic affairs of Europe, offered up sacrificially to the *Wehrmacht* through Chamberlain's appeasement policy, battered for five years by the largest part of Hitler's power and Churchill's politics, her principal cities smoking and her farms wasted, her industry sick from war and her people in pain, she looked out over that Germany whose invasion she had so expensively repulsed only to see another enemy, more powerful than the first.

And the rumor ran through Europe, even as Nazi Germany was about to fall, that these five years of war will prove to have been mere prelude to that more fundamental, that more fateful and "historical" of wars, the one that will make the whole world safe again for democratic capitalism. In spite of San Francisco, Potsdam, Bretton Woods—who did not know what was coming?

But the Russian-American war was not fought—it was transfigured. Stalin's seizure of East Europe as a buffer zone against aggression from a rebuilt Germany would be allowed—at least for a while. The West would emplace its own iron across that iron frontier and bide its time. We watched horrified as East Germany and Poland and Hungary stood up only in order to be crushed. And Russia's horror must have been at least as great as she watched the New Germany come alive and the erection of an encircling arsenal, and as she heard her enemies speak loudly of "rollback" and "liberation." We learned, on both sides, how to live with our perpetual ghosts. The war that did not take place became a way of life.

By about 1950, the territorial lines of the European Cold War had been fitfully and sometimes bloodily agreed upon. Stalin had kept his wartime promise to Churchill and had made no move to protect the 1948 Greek rebellion. The United States had made no move to protect Czechoslovakia from the Red coup of that same year. It was a period in which the wary understandings of our own time were taking shape—each side remaining confident of final victory, confident that the other side was wrong about history, wrong about economics, wrong about human nature, and wrong, above all, about the future.

But at some point, the metabolism of the East-West Cold War changed. Perhaps the decisive year was 1962, in which the Soviets accepted the humiliation of the missile showdown, we accepted the permanence of the Cuban revolution, and both sides together produced the limited nuclear test ban treaty.

Today, we are the bewildered witnesses of a Russian foreign policy that can tolerate with little apparent anguish and less outcry our nuclearizing of West Germany, our Viet Nam outrages and our Dominican theft; and of an American foreign policy, equally bizarre by Cold War standards, that can applaud the Soviets for their diplomatic success at Tashkent, that can call openly in a State of the Union address for more trade with the Red Bloc, that can even cast furtively hopeful glances to the Soviet Union as a maker of a Viet Nam peace—and that meanwhile says nothing at all when this same Soviet Union undertakes the arming of our Vietnamese enemy, makes the most energetic and effective diplomatic incursions on our Asiatic influence sphere, and promises at the recent Havana conference to supply arms to Latin American revolutionaries.

All this is evidently quite all right with us. Our anger is now reserved for China—the same China which, compared to Russia, does nothing but make speeches, does nearly nothing for the Vietnamese, does not have a single footsoldier on foreign soil, and which poses no offensive military threat to the United States whatsoever.

Our relation with the Soviet Union seems to have become an arrangement of convenience. Perhaps even a clandestine marriage of state, in which hostility is no longer fundamental to our encounter, in which military conflict becomes historically outmoded, in which threats become manageable with computers, and in which political objectives even begin noticeably to converge. The Cold War no longer finds us peering at each other through gunsights. Instead, we verge on an integrated aid program in Afghanistan; we may take equal relief from the bloodbath in Indonesia; we are in spiritual solidarity on the Kashmir question; we congratulate one another on our super-scientific exploits in the allegedly nonpolitical vicinity of the moon. In the Soviet Union, the Great Capitalist Economic Collapse is no longer anticipated daily. Over here, our own political cognoscenti have got the signal. The New Propaganda is abroad. We are allowed the information that Brezhnev and Kosygin are skilled bureaucratic technicians—an improvement over the devils of yesteryear; we are told how one obscure and curious Professor Libermann, in the name of the profit motive, has triumphantly challenged the Marxist economists in their lair. And C. L. Sulzburger of the New York *Times* just now suggests that the explicit Soviet-American animosity may begin to be only the façade that conceals, for political reasons, a more fundamental implicit alliance.

The fact that the seemingly predestined war did not take place is perhaps what now beguiles us. A substitute for war evidently had been created. Most often with an edgewise and devious motion, power came to understand itself in distinctively new ways, came to accept in new ways the existence of other power. This was not a mere renovation of 19th-Century sphere-of-influence politics. The demands of power slowly lost their metaphysical status and became historical—and therefore subject to change. Positions became negotiable, attitudes mutable, antagonisms permeable. Politics is detheologized in our generation; it becomes secular and pragmatic.

How did this happen? By what luck or wisdom was the inevitable reduced to the problematic? The problematic to the improbable? And above all, what lessons are to be learned from the transformation?

I believe that there is a model for conflict management that statesmen can now construct on the basis of our European experience of the last 20 years. This model is constructed in response to the question, "How can we so manage global conflicts of interest that they will not erupt into global warfare?" I will argue that it is the application of this model to the Asian situation that represents the fundamental mistake of American foreign policy.

Let me describe this model. It consists of four main elements.

First, each side must commit itself to the view that global war is an unsatisfactory means of securing global objectives, since what that war may win is always less than what it will lose. This commitment *must* be established. But certain naive nations may not understand this, and naïveté is dangerous. It therefore becomes essential for the wise nations to produce that commitment among the unwise. The wise do this by producing military power, and so exhibiting and manipulating that power before the eyes of the naïve that they become convinced that its use against them, under certain clearly specified conditions, is entirely automatic. Power plus the credibility of its use equals deterrence, which makes all nations pacifists. "Peace," says our Strategic Air Command—and it says this without a snicker—"peace is our profession."

Second, it is mandatory that a global truce line be unambiguously drawn and unswervingly respected. Maintenance of that truce line is a top-priority matter. Under most conditions, in fact, no political objective is more important than its protection.

Third, the process of defining and securing that truce line is identical with the process in which the rival powers build up information about each other and set up a communication system whose channels are continuously being regularized and made more secure. Above all, it is through this process that a common experience of a common task is created. That experience becomes this enemy of ours. We begin to learn how to dance with him. We begin to trust him not to expect too much. In his actions, we recognize our motives. We grow sensitive even to his special internal problems. We see him return occasionally to the temple of his nation's myths and enact there for the benefit of the unsuspecting masses—and those narrow-eyed old priests, the generals—the eternal drama of his patriotism, his heroism—his tribalism. But we understand. We do this ourselves. We avert our eyes, pretending not to notice. He will return the favor. We are all men of the world, who know that tactics can sometimes be ordinary tactfulness.

And finally, the dividend of this patience is that the slowly incubated common interests so necessary to a more productive relationship will have had time to take root. I think this is the crux of a distinctively liberal understanding of power politics. There is an underlying faith that men can work together in the world, that nations can secure peace, if only they can escape from their own past. This means that there must be a period in which history does not take place. There must be a silence, a pause, a stillness between us, a kind of sleep. If history is the interruption of war by truces, then what we call the Cold War, being neither war nor peace, is most fundamentally an absence of history. If history is the continuous rearrangement or reconfiguration of boundaries and the power clusters they stand for, then the Cold War is—again—an absence of history.

Put in another way, the Cold War represents a global attempt to interrupt an all-too-continuous flow of history—to interrupt it, to allow the pulsing violence of its energies to stabilize, to dissipate, and in dissipating, to make possible for the first time a new round in history—one in which peace is not merely a lull, the end papers one turns through rapidly on the way to a new volume about a new war, but instead a purposive union of the people of the earth on the tide of a universal consensus; one in which violence is abandoned once and for all, and in which all human energy may be invested in the happy struggle to master and make more beneficent the total human environment.

This is not a bad vision, this new history. And the drift of Soviet-American relations over the past 20 years—at least one may so imagine—contains a few good lessons on how to get there.

Look now at Asia through the structure of this model. Red China and the United States glower at each other across the Pacific—rather, across the Formosa Strait. They are enemies, no question of it. As the Western democra-

cies had tried to reverse the Russian revolution with their military power, so the United States had tried to reverse the Chinese revolution. Frustrated in that venture and nursing perhaps a bitter shame for having failed, we confront in the Korea years a question quite like the question of 1946: will we unleash our power and do the deed to China once and for all by the straight-ahead application of our strategic force? Or shall we have an Asian Cold War, too? For a while, there is a political twilight in the world. But for one reason or another, we decide for another Cold War. By 1954, we are copying our European policy in Asia treaty for treaty, bastion for bastion. China is another Russia. This Asian Europe of ours is fragmented, but discernible at last: partly in Korea, partly in Japan, Indonesia, the Philippines, Malaysia, India, Southeast Asia. We stare perplexed at this geopolitical Rorschach test, and gradually find a gestalt, discover a pattern and a meaning.

The first principle of the European wisdom is applied: no big war with China. General MacArthur is removed. The second principle must now be driven home: we hold here, they there. The truce line is fixed. No violence must be done to it. It is the only hope we have that Chinese people decades from now will at last clasp hands with American bankers. Now is this truce line a one-sided matter? Korea remains only divided. Chiang Kai-shek remains present but pent up. We wring our hands for the rich ruling clergy of Tibet, but make no move to intervene; it is simply the Asian Hungary. Peking can trust us to make no sudden moves against the northern half of Viet Nam. Let the socialist government there make what it will of its opportunities. But let there be no incursions on this border. Let Cambodia "lean to one side" in her neutralism; but let there be no touching of the Thailand *status quo*. This line must hold. Accept this line, Red China, and we can begin to talk of other matters: of doctors and reporters; of your participation in the disarmament talks; of a somewhat freer economic arrangement with our industrial proteges in Japan; even of your membership in the United Nations. There will be difficulties, of course, but perhaps with a little time and cooperation, all these, and much more, can be arranged. But the line of truce in the Asian Cold War must not be shaken, we say; and until that fact is accepted, there is no sense in talking yet about the future.

Those who see Asian affairs in this way must be very exasperated—both with China and the American peace movement. They do not need to be reminded of the carnage in Viet Nam. They have seen it closer than we beatniks and Vietniks ever shall. They are men, these Cold War dialecticians; they have sons; they are as anguished as the next one at the sight of scorched earth and burnt flesh and torture. We inform them that their war is not helping the Vietnamese. They want to say: "Of course we know that, do you take us for idiots?" We tell them they are in fact "laying the nation waste and in so doing are even making more communists there. They want to say: "Obviously! We struggle with this problem day and night. But why can't you see," they say to us critics, "that Red China must yield to the partition of Viet Nam?" Of course that's hard for Viet Nam to take. But is it really more than history demanded of the Germans, whose society was after all mature and a million times more integrated than Viet Nam's? This tiny sliver of a country that has been partitioned for most of its life—is its present partition really so high a price to pay if in return for that we purchase stability in Asia? And if the price of refusing partition is the undermining of that truce line upon which we build all our hopes for an Oriental reconciliation? "Be realistic," they say to us naifs; "this is an imperfect world, and history is against us. We are doing everything we can to change man's fate. We do this not only in the teeth of China and this scandalously persistent Vietnamese rebellion, but here at home we must also fend off you idealists who want an impossible peace and those Steve Canyons yonder who want an unthinkable war."

Some of us object: You have not proved that this Viet Nam war is China's fault. Even now, your gravest charge has to do with a half-dozen MIG-21s sitting on an airfield near Hanoi and a few thousand technicians who only build roads—in the north, by the way, not the south. It is a revolution, we say, and it came not from China's export commissariat, but from the torpid colonial feudalism of that society; and no one at all familiar with the history of Viet Nam would question this.

But for such an argument, there is now a quite intriguing answer. The answer is not that this description is untrue. Just now, in fact, General Maxwell Taylor tells the Rotary Club of New York that, "to Hanoi, China is the traditional, distrusted enemy." Presumably, this means to him that Hanoi and Peking are not quite bound up in conspiratorial solidarity. The answer is merely: so what? The answer is *that this does not matter.* Our policies cannot be asked to react to speculations about structures; they must react to events. And the very plain fact of the matter is this: if the Chinese *did* control Hanoi, and Hanoi, the NLF, then the situation in Viet Nam would look *exactly as it does!* Whether we confront in Viet Nam a replica or an extension of the Chinese will, whether this rebellion is an international or accidental copy of China's policy or the thing-in-itself—this makes no difference.

PHOTO: CHICKIRIS

China is the threat, and the appearance of her spirit within the forbidden zone, at whatever time and through whatever agency, must be denied. Thus, to speak of the "origins" of the war politically is frivolous. In substance, in aspiration, and in effect, Chinese-like or plain straight Chinese, this war remains indistinguishable from the war the Chinese want; and consequently, it must be treated as if it *were* a Chinese war.

Such a *tour de force* provides then for the further and quite reasonable complaint that if China does *not* control Hanoi, and through Hanoi, the NLF, *then by God she should!* The politics of Cold-War peace-keeping makes it essential for major powers to control the events within their spheres of influence. For a great state not to have control over minor confederate states is inexcusable. Without that control, the means through which conflict can be managed no longer exist. Statesmen are then faced with an unpredictably turbulent environment. Less control means greater danger. It thus becomes essential, in the name of peace, for China to commit the expansionist crime of which she stands accused. And the American refusal to accept the NLF as the responsible agent in this war begins to seem not obtuse at all, but instead an almost exquisite subtlety: for this refusal is a concealed attempt to extend Chinese authority into North Viet Nam.

This leads us to speculate further than an aim of American policy there, one that just recently begins to shape itself from the quickening difficulties of that struggle, may in fact be the restoration in Asia of *Soviet* influence. China, the reasoning may go, has been given chance after chance to prove herself a realistic and responsible world power—clue after clue, signal after signal, whose meaning she is either too inexperienced to understand or too intransigent to accept. Having proved herself inedu-

cable, having flunked the grammar of modern power, she may not be trusted. Russia, that old and trusty scholar who knows all the rules, must be brought in to rescue the grave situation. Just now she commits more military aid to Hanoi. Do we cry murder? *Not at all*. We quite well understand. She must whisper to these cocky rebels the truth that she has learned about America. She must procure influence among them to make that truth take hold. To get that influence, she must be their friend, help them out, give them assurances against Chinese reprisals. She must renew her revolutionary certificate. Russia, whom we have never blamed for this war, and whom we do not yet blame even as she makes Viet Nam's skies more hazardous for our young pilots, becomes our concealed ace in this most Oriental of games.

The defense of the Viet Nam war that I have tried just now to describe seems to me deeply wrong, although I think it is quite reasonable. In fact, it is just that reasonableness that strikes me as its peculiar danger—the allure of the depths.

But some of you may find it hard to accept that such a view of our affairs may have anything very much to do with the Viet Nam war. On the 30th of January, Under Secretary of State George Ball made a speech at Northwestern University. The New York *Times* quotes him as saying that our commitment is to fight in Viet Nam "without tearing and weakening the entire structure on which the world's security depends." The news-story goes on: "That postwar structure," Mr. Ball said, "embraces several provisional boundaries and lines of demarcation, in Viet Nam as in Korea, Berlin and Germany, drawn only until political settlements may be found. But these settlements have not yet been achieved and we cannot permit their resolution to be pre-empted by force," he asserted. "That is the issue in Viet Nam. This is what we are fighting for. This is why we are there. Our resistance," he continues, "is part of a continuing struggle to prevent the Communists from upsetting the fragile balance of power through force or the threat of force." The story summarizes: "A main focus of the struggle," he suggested, "has shifted recently from Europe to Asia because the Soviet Union, having grown powerful, has begun to 'have a stake in the *status quo*' and in avoiding war. The purpose of the forcible containment of Communist China," he said, "is to induce a similar change in its outlook."

The overwhelming tendency of our statesmen to hold *someone else* responsible for the Viet Nam revolution is already fully in view. If we cannot win in the south, the theory goes, that must be because the war really exists in the north; if we cannot win in the north, that means the war must after all be hiding its heart elsewhere. Cambodia? Laos? And if not there, then where? Is it any wonder that this trail quite soon leads our pragmatists to China? Perhaps this stems from our difficult national experience from the '20s and through part of the '50s with what we call the international Communist conspiracy. It was apparently once true that events in the Socialist world were commanded from Moscow; and although we note the slow dissolution of the Warsaw Pact, the emergence to new independence of Hungary, Poland and Czechoslovakia, the downright rebelliousness of Albania, and over-all, the Sino-Soviet split, we really do not take these signs very seriously. Alliances are dominated by leader nations that tell other nations what to do; that's that. We add to this legend and this partial truth, first, the supreme domestic political power of anti-communism, and second, the still-burning trauma of our McCarthy days. These form a major part of the intellectual ambience of our policy bureaucrats. The result is that for them there are such things as privileged interpretations, favored theories, preferred explanations. That is, if an event in the world can be explained in a number of ways, and if one of those ways makes use of the Red conspiracy theory, then *that* way will be preferred and accepted even when it is not conclusive. The Cold War produces a mind that prefers the dramatic, the sinister, and above all the rational—conspiracies have all these spooky qualities—and a mind that believes what is by no means true, that it is always safer to be too suspicious than to be too accepting.

There is also the lustre of the successful. Our assumption that Moscow master-minded the Red Bloc led to policies that we imagine to have worked very well. Confronted with an apparently similar situation, policy-makers naturally incline to rely on battle-tested—one might better say battle-*hardened*—beliefs. This drift is of course reinforced by the superficial similarities between the near European past and the Asian present: both areas dominated by a huge revolutionary state that considers us an enemy, in both of whose revolutions we played an antagonistic and frustrated role; each holding in its sphere a number of vassal states; each espousing the export of revolution into our own international turf. These similarities are rich and numerous enough to exert a quite hypnotic and thought-killing influence, even to produce, in reminding us of Europe, what we might call a politics of nostalgia—if not a politics of *déjà vu*.

But I think the strongest reason for our plot-theory's acceptability is just that we ourselves have become such a manipulating power, and such a manipulated people. *We* conspire, *we* wheel and deal, twist arms, employ surrogates: then why not China, too? We are intrigued to find that North Korea's Kim Il Sung seems to wend his own political way; but we prefer to understand that either as a cunning Chinese trick or in terms of a moment's uncertainty in the Sino-Soviet power struggle. It is surely not what it seems. Appearances are deceiving. The strong are always relentless, the weak are always submissive. Hence, the New American Mentality, which Prof. Marshall Sahlins has called "the hard-headed surrealism."

This surrealistic Asian politics suffers from at least four difficulties. One is the insufficiency of its ideological base, a form of pluralism. This theory bases its hopes for the future on the belief that powers A, B, and C can be "countervailed" by one another to produce a stable environment in which the important demands of each are satisfied—a theory that happens to be very popular at the moment among some Harvard graduates, not to mention certain lower intellectuals. This is the theory by which we now explain the harmonious balance of forces in our own society. The global version of this pluralism depicts the West and East as leaning against each other in such a way that equilibrium is achieved, struggle transcended, and sufficient common satisfaction guaranteed that violent, abrupt, or massive alteration of the present situation are no longer attractive. (Only recall Mr. Ball's comment about the Soviet Union: power brings an investment in the *status quo;* China too must learn not to rock the boat.)

On the philosophical level, the theory assumes that struggle will always arrange itself in a kind of draw, and this draw is in effect a dynamic equilibrium that is always in the general interest. Dynamic equilibrium may be a quite valid concept for physical mechanics, but for history it is a loud contradiction in terms. The concept treats history as if it were something like a cathedral, in which the force of one buttress, flying against an opposing one, holds the center in place. But the architectonic model is a static one, and history is not static. Struggle produces change, not stillness, and change flows forward toward other struggles and the generation of new historic forms: history does not finally come to an end. (Since you will recognize this as a Hegelian idea, I may as well suggest, too, that pluralism is at bottom an attempt of the conservative society to rescue itself from change by trying to encompass change in a steady-state system.)

Another point about pluralism is more practical. All the evidence that can be assembled to prove, for example, that the government-business-labor struggle has been essentially resolved, and permanently so, can be quite differently interpreted. What seems a much better

inference is that we have just now a coalition of the big and the organized against the small and the scattered, the latter existing in the person of the urban and rural poor, the struggling small businessman, and above all the almost wholly excluded Negro. There is no pluralist balance here. There are a victory and a defeat that may amount really to nothing but a momentary lull after the turbulence of the American '30s. Anyone who does not believe that turbulence has made roots in this country should take a long slow walk some day in the streets of the American underclass.

The pluralist model of international politics is an even greater pipe dream. This country will not be allowed to remain as it is. We cannot continue to hold ourselves halfway open to change. We will either open or close entirely. Asia, Africa, and Latin America are just now beginning to groan awake. They will ask us impolitely to make up our minds as to whether they will be granted their humanity. The new lines will be drawn from our answers.

My second objection to the power-politics-for-peace defense of our Viet Nam war is that its principles are based on a much too generous reading of our own motives and far-sightedness in the European Cold War. We have no right at all to pretend now that reconciliation was our objective. Even many American statesmen saw the Truman Doctrine of 1946 as falling little short of an outright declaration of war. The Marshall Plan—which had more complex and, I think, better motives—could itself be seen as the reconstruction of power in Western Germany—the sort of power that would become a bulwark, a magnate, and an outward thrust, and that made mandatory the Russian securing of its position in East Germany. Through the Eisenhower-Dulles years, our containment policy was still struggling to remain militant. The fact that containment turned into co-existence instead of so-called liberation—or war—has little at all to do with Acheson or Dulles or Rusk or Truman, Eisenhower, Kennedy, or least of all Johnson; but rather with Europe's refusal (barring Germany) to accept the Atlantic military alliance as a permanent and dominant feature of European politics. Even now, we continue to seek the total integration of the Atlantic world, continue to arrange that integration in terms of a Washington-Bonn axis, and continue, via the multi-lateral nuclear force proposals, endlessly redecorated, to perpetuate the vision of a West Europe bristling with armed hostility for the East. Containment, then, cannot be seen as having done its moment's job of work and having gracefully yielded to co-existence. Containment wanted to become liberation and may still pine for such a destiny. If something else happens, if co-existence carries the day, that is because containment failed, and it failed because its heart was broken in London and Paris. Where is the London or Paris of Asia? Seoul? Manila? Taiwan? Singapore? Bangkok? Even Tokyo? The only remote candidates are Phnom Penh and Djakarta —and *that* happens to be a very gloomy observation.

A still more basic objection to the theory I have described is that it presumes America to want only peace—which is not true. We want a certain kind of peace. I want to say this very bluntly: we want a peace in which the world will be safe for the American businessman to do his doings everywhere, on terms always advantageous, in environments always protected by friendly or puppet oligarchies, by the old foreign grads of Fort Benning—or if push comes to shove, by the Marines themselves. We want a world integrated in terms of the stability of labor, resources, production, and markets; and we want that integrated world to be managed by our own business people. The United States, that is, is an imperialist power.

Some people find that word hard to take; it is as if to be called an imperialist is to be insulted. On the contrary, imperialism is a time-honored habit of great and energetic powers. We may not find it an admirable habit; and I think the current American form of it —its roots go back at least to 1900—is an especially virulent strain. But it is a fact that we have an empire that is administered around the world by the business community and guarded by the government. Those who are skeptical should look into the reports of the big banks, the sugar companies, the mining industry, international oil. More to the point, they must explain why we are everywhere against revolution. What concern was it of the West that the Czar should fall, or even Kerensky? What was the Manchu dynasty to America? And these dominoes: what would be so obviously wrong about a Viet Nam run by Ho Chi Minh, a Cuba by Castro, a Philippines by Taruc, a South Africa by Tabata, a Peru by de la Puente or Blanco? The loss of $142 billion in foreign investments and a golden future is what's wrong though we explain it differently. We are abroad in the world with our 6,000 military bases to combat tyranny. Not Franco's tyranny, not Salazar's, or Trujillo's or Verwoerdt's or Smith's or Chiang's or Park's or Ky's or Castello-Branco's—only, it just so happens, these socialist tyrannies which are trying to feed, clothe, house, and cure their people, and who do not easily see how those aims coincide with the aims of the United Fruit Company.

We may rather effectively disguise our imperialist motives from ourselves. These underdevel-

PHOTO: CHICKIRIS

oped countries, we say, need capital. We have that—an increasing surplus of it, in fact. When we export it, we are only doing these countries a favor. Similarly, we say they need markets for their materials, and we provide such markets. We give and we take, hard-headed angels of modernization. But as if by accident, as if it had nothing to do with this fair-minded giving and taking, we Americans—only five per cent of the world's people—consume over half the world's abundance. Meanwhile, one and a half billion people—less easy to convince of our benevolence—are learning a bit more every day about how it happens that the more outbound cargo ships they load with their bananas, the more tin and copper they sweat to bring up from their countries' mines, the poorer and the sicker and the hungrier and the less free they become.

We may pretend that fair reconciliation is our only aim, or that we only want to see two cars someday in every Vietnamese garage. A lovely dream. Try it on the Brazilian wage slave. He has been hearing rumors of this dream for all his life. What he sees is the manufacture of American warships in Brazilian shipyards, the production in Brazilian factories of special armaments and foods for North American counter-guerilla fighters. Against whose ports will those warships train their guns? Against what desperate people will these counter-guerilla fighters erect next time their agrovilles, their strategic hamlets, their refugee centers, their concentration camps? One man's dream becomes another man's nightmare.

This brings me to the fourth and most important problem of the Asia-equals-Europe theory. The problem is simply that Asia does not equal Europe. Europe was not revolutionary; Asia is. History has the habit of violating our most studied definitions; but I want to try, anyway, to describe what I mean by this.

The cultural base of revolution, it

seems clear, is ordinary human wretchedness, a deep sickness in the social order that might be seen as the widespread incapacitation of the means of production and distribution of wealth. Or simply the nonexistence of such means. But suffering alone, I think, however constant and however extensive, is not enough. One of the first things we learn from even a casual acquaintance with the impoverished is that they are ingenious at finding ways to make their condition somehow acceptable. Or that their condition itself in fact includes the near impossibility of their imagining life otherwise. It is simply a matter of measures: What dimensions do people use for situating and evaluating the lives they lead? And we very well know that sorrow can be transfigured and contained via the many poetries that the poor invent for themselves: the poetry of a certain kind of religiousness, or of a very special social indifference, or of the otherwise pointless violence that is so acutely organized in ghetto gangs.

It is part of the matrix of revolution, then, that people see their sorrow as a result of something else—of failures which they cannot trace back to themselves, or of a system that is seen as somehow an arbitrary and changeable one. The sufferant must know that his condition is caused, and he must believe that the cause can be removed. If a man thinks that the wealthy absentee landlord and the corrupt and brutal tax collector are permanent features of his world, then he can only become a down-side pluralist philosopher. But once he is convinced that his agony comes directly from them instead of through them from a divinely ordained emperor or from God himself, then the color of his landscape changes. His fate begins to return to his own hands in the form of the tax-collector's neck.

But even with this, the matrix is not complete. This landlord's cruelty is at first believed to be an entirely local perturbation of a system that is generally a good one—a hardship that the social power system did not intend to inflict —and that it will in fact extirpate if only it finds out about it. Thus, we meet the logic of the petition to the king or the tsar or the president—one of the recurring and I imagine more poignant of the social phenomena of our time. Instances are numerous. Such a faith in the system's general goodness and willingness to correct its lapses lay behind the 1905 peasant massacre in Kremlin Square; or the Manifesto of the Eighteen Notables in 1960; or the 1962 March on Washington for Jobs and Freedom. For that matter, anti-war demonstrations in our own country are not different. Over and over again, the poor, the dispossessed, and the excluded dissident minorities reveal themselves to be among history's most loyal conservatives.

All too often, however, they are disabused of their faith. They discover that redress of the most appalling grievances is far from an automatic consequence of their speaking truth to power—of their "telling it like it is." With this information comes the appearance of that new and decisive element—a rationalized enemy. This enemy, once identified, once flushed by the trial-and-error politics of the desperate, typically reacts with a repressive violence that only intensifies that desperation. The masses now grow critical, and their demands for change, deprived of more moderate expression, will partake of that violence in which the master class was such a good instructor. This joining of the violent with counter violence embodies a supreme commitment—one whose gravest meanings are psychological, one that totally usurps all other claims on the lives of the novices in rebellion, and one whose confirmatory ritual is the act of assassination and terror.

That the conditions I have described exist now or show a strong shadow throughout the south of the world ought to be clear to everyone. They exist always, of course, in the particular idiom of the particular country: degrees of social integration and religious factors enter decisively into the configurations. But they are nevertheless there; and it seems to me that the situation in Viet Nam ought to begin to preoccupy us less now than the less-advertised rice riots in Kerala, the angry self-exile to the Andes of Peruvian Indians, or the 600,000 political refugees in Uruguay, or the napalming of tribal villages in Mozambique.

Did Europe look like this in the postwar years? Ravished and torn it certainly was; but just as certainly, it did not look at all like the southern world.

The insurrections of war-time and post-war Europe, chiefly those in Greece and Yugoslavia, were incubated in the disruptions brought about by Fascist penetration, occupation, and withdrawal. They gained their power importantly because they were resistance movements, not because they sought a basic rearrangement of social power. Of course, it is not possible to say this with any certainty, but it is at least imaginable that without the disorders produced by the two-front European war, they might never have taken place. In Europe, at least, there was nothing that at all corresponds to the massive wedge that has been *or is even now* being driven between many third-world populations and their masters. There was no total exploitation, no national humiliation, and no racism. Beyond these, Europe had something that Asia does not have: an internationally organized and monolithic Communist Party that was for the most part quite capable of exerting a top-down discipline in state after state. No Sinologist or Kremlinologist that I know of believes that this condition still exists, least of all in Asia.

This is not to say that Communism is not present in Asia. That people with an awakening revolutionary consciousness might think of themselves as Communists ought to be the least surprising fact about them. Marxist-Leninism, after all, addresses itself to their condition with a good deal more power and intimacy than the free-enterprise pluralism of Bell and Lipsett ever could. Nor is it to say that revolutionary movements are innocent of all foreign connections. Why should they be? They almost never have been, and this has been true since the American revolution. You will recall that the French cooperated with our founding revolutionary fathers in providing diplomatic and propaganda services, in sinking about 3,000 British freighters, and in having more footsoldiers on hand at Yorktown than we Americans did. What might properly shock us more than North Viet Nam's aid to the NLF is in fact the tardiness of that aid and its relative paucity. There is even reason to suppose that Hanoi preferred not to see an uprising in the South at all. As late as 1957, the Lao Dong Party Congress resolved on a Stalinist "socialism-in-one-country" course, which essentially said to their southern brothers that they must fend for themselves. Burchett tells us of those years that the Viet-Minh cadres who settled in the south used every persuasion at their command to still the restlessness of the people and to work for parliamentary redress. It was the people who recommended the armed struggle; it was the disciplined cadres who followed reluctantly behind.

Thus, when I say that Asia is revolutionary, I mean only to point to what everyone has very well heard; namely, that in the backward world, growing national aspirations are combining with accumulated national resentments to produce a demand for change that cannot be negotiated in the same way, for example, in which the Greek uprising was negotiated—that is, via a third party. We are dealing not with leaders and armies so much as with cultures and populations. An army can be beaten; a population can only be murdered. And even murder may not work, as the French experience with Algeria might suggest. There, by 1962, a French army of half a million regulars had chopped to bits a FLN that was never larger than 50,000—and still the French lost the war, because they had lost the people: it had become culturally impossible to "pacify" Algeria.

We have to note, however, that all guerrilla actions are not revolutions. Successful opposition to the Malayan

and Filipino insurrections is much too often cited as proof that revolutions can be stopped militarily. But only look at the circumstances. The Malayan insurgence was moved by left-wing Malayan Chinese who, as *Chinese*, were held in great distrust by the native Malays. The rebels could never identify themselves with the people. And what stopped the Huks in the Philippines was not nearly so much General Lansdale's modern jungle warfare techniques, as it was the great charisma of Ramon Magsaysay, who was able to convince the people that his government was *their* government, and that if what they were fighting for was land and justice, then they should come over to his side.

We can learn much about revolution from study of Asia. But my despair would be much deeper if I thought such study was our only hope. It seems to me that America has a much better chance to understand these matters than did England or France, because America, uniquely, has a third world nation within herself: the community of American Negroes. When we read of Bull Connor, we can learn something about Ngo Dinh Diem and Nguyen Cao Ky. When we read of Julian Bond, we can learn something about Ahmed Ben Bella. White Americans have an unparalleled opportunity to learn firsthand about the origins of this turbulence that vexes us in the world. We can learn that revolution comes from the casting off of slavery, and that slavery comes from masters; that it is not the rebels who produce the troubles of the world, but those troubles that produce the rebels. We just may be able to get it through our heads that men do not take up arms for stupid reasons learned from a Marxist handbook. Only try to grasp in your imagination the *violence* that takes hold of the rebel's life. Everything is surrendered to the Cause, and his life becomes an hallucination of terror and brutality—and not just that of his foes, but his own as well. If we want to know why a man will do this to himself, we must ask why Mrs. Fanny Lou Hamer still struggles for human rights, after all the churches bombed, all the children murdered, all the men lynched, after all the night-riders and the horrifying midnight telephone calls. Is it because she is a fool? A dupe of some far-flung conspiracy? Some think so, of course. They do not know Mrs. Hamer, or Bob Parris, or John Lewis. To know them is to understand that revolution—even nonviolent—is incredibly expensive—so expensive, in fact, that only the very poor can afford it. To get rid of it, you must first get rid of those poor. One way to do that is to kill them. Another way is to kill their poverty and their social exclusion.

We speak quite knowingly, still, of the export of revolution. The only effective exporters of revolution in our time are none other than the great imperial powers themselves. It was England that exported Jomo Kenyatta to Kenya, France that exported Ahmed Ben Bella to Algeria, the United States that exported Fidel Castro to Cuba. And it is the United States that now revives the old French-made Viet-Minh in the form of the NLF, and reincarnates Ho Chi Minh in the person of Nguyen Huu Tho. And the harder we work to obliterate this monster, the more we feed it the anger that it needs to live and grow larger.

Thus, the centerpiece of the Cold War solution we are trying to maneuver toward in Southeast Asia is hopelessly flawed. *If* China were 30 years from her revolution, and *if* Asia were made up of modern Western-type states with regimented social systems in disrepair, and *if* there were an Asian Comintern, and *if* there had been no colonialism, then it would at least be a worthy hypothesis that the guerilla in Nam-Bo was under the discipline of Peking. But modern China is a bare 15 harrassed and hungry years old, Viet Nam is a collapsing feudal society on the base of an awakening neolithic culture, there is *no* Asian Comintern, colonialism *did* happen—and our assumption is wrong, root and branch.

Do our policy intellectuals simply deny this? Not at all. They first assert it. They seem to be aware of history. They win our confidence. *Then* they deny it. They perform this magic—the trick of the vanishing revolution—via the theory of the Communist as universal alien. No matter where he is, this theory goes, the Communist is one who has arrived from someplace else. No matter where he was born, no matter how fiercely he fights in the service of the revolution, he is a purchased, nameless man without a country or a claim, and his allegiance always lies elsewhere. So the Cuban revolution may have been —once—a noble affair; then the Reds came in and took it over. Same with the Dominican Republic. Same with Viet Nam. These people, we say, these Cubans and Dominicans and Vietnamese are really Russians or Chinese in disguise; and they will not be happy with Havana or Santa Domingo or Saigon, their ultimate destination is Topeka, Kansas (if not Cambridge). In this way, all revolutions are linked into the Great Conspiracy and are therefore, however just originally, to be condemned. For Walt Whitman Rostow, our Operations chief in the State Department and sometime academic, Cuba, the Congo, Laos, and Viet Nam "each represented a successful Communist breeching . . . of the Cold War truce lines which had emerged from the Second World War and its aftermath." Not Cuban or Congolese or Laotian or Vietnamese attempts to liberate themselves from Batista or

PHOTO: CHICKIRIS

Tshombe or Souvanna Vong or My-Diem, but Communist attempts to sabotage the Cold War truce. Communist? What nationality is that? Russian for a while and now Chinese, none other. They are hired gunslingers trained in the theft of revolutions, and the nobility they touch becomes, in Rostow's phrase, a "disease of transition."

As Conor Cruise O'Brien has quite lucidly put it, "The 'anti-communist' doctrine is designed to blur the vitally important distinction between telling the Russians that you will fight if they attack your allies—a valid and clear-cut non-ideological position—and telling the Vietnamese and others that you will fight to stop them from 'going communist'—an outwardly ideological commitment of uncontrollable scope."

If the perception of the Asian Cold War that I have described were only mistaken, that would of course be bad. But the case is worse. It is also dangerous, and in three particular points.

First, its belief that China controls what China does not control forces us to make demands that China cannot satisfy, and prepares us always to attach the worst of motives to China's conduct. Our government practices now a game-theory politics: We describe the political future in terms of options and responses. If we do *A*, they can respond 1, 2, or 3. If 1, we respond alpha; if 2, beta; and so on. It is obvious that such politics can only work if we have accurately described the range of choices open to the opponent. We bomb Hanoi. They can respond with peace or with not-peace. If not-peace, we declare war —or as Tom Oehrer has it, Johnson practices on the Vietnamese one more round of *escalation*. But if peace were not a Hanoi option, if they really had no such power over the NLF, then we have only murdered the innocent. *There is no way for this procedure to correct its mistakes*. For even when Hanoi lies dead, the logic of its most basic beliefs

about the existence of an Oriental Red chain of command can lead us computer-driven people straight to nuclear war with China.

But just as important is the second danger, which is that our insistence on maintaining the Cold War *status quo* limits—if it does not nearly obliterate the third world's already remote chances for nonviolent social change. We talk about dominoes that fall. I think we should talk instead about dominoes that stand up. The Brazilian domino, for example, should stand up and remove from power Castello-Branco and the oligarchic system that he administers—and the sooner the better. He has to be removed for the same reasons that Batista and Trujillo had to be removed, and he should be replaced not by our Marines—who should be at home in offices, factories, farms, and schools—but by Brazilian leftists who will break up foreign-controlled monopolies, raise wages, redistribute land, and trade freely with all nations. It is clear to me—of course!—that these same imaginary leftists might also decide that they must establish another totalitarianism in order to effect these aims. But this possibility, far from morally destroying them in advance, only deepens the case against the sustained and coherent violence which they struggle to overcome.

I am no advocate of violence: but as an American, as one therefore who need only choose the rich life in order to have it, I cannot presume to judge those whose condition forces violence upon them. I do not find it hard to understand that certain cultural settings create violence as surely as the master's whip creates outcries of pain and rage. I can no more condemn the Andean tribesmen who assassinate tax collectors than I can condemn the rioters in Watts or Harlem or the Deacons for Defense and Justice. Their violence is reactive and provoked, and it remains culturally beyond guilt at the very same moment that its victim's personal innocence is most appallingly present in our imaginations. Is it not in fact, almost the name of our time, that good men can die bravely in bad causes, that good causes can raise bad men to power, and that history can reach with its very cold hand into the most intimate parts of our lives, tear out our ambivalences, reduce us to the cards that we do or do not carry, force us in spite of ourselves to become partisans—someone's ally, someone else's enemy?

The right mission of the compassionate is not to weep about this, but to take apart the matrix from which social violence is so steadily swelling an issue. Imagine that this leftist Brazilian government comes to power. Imagine that our military forces do not intervene. Imagine that our government then proceeds to recognize and deal with it. If it were even thinkable that our government would behave in such a way, the Castello-Brancos of the world would sit a thousand times less sure. Perhaps they would even begin to pay attention to the needs of their people. And perhaps there would then be no need for violence. But because Johnson fights in Viet Nam to prove, for example, to this self-same Brazil—that we "keep our commitments," the Brazilian oligarchy is only all the more secure in its indifference to the people's needs. Certain of the support of the American Marines, it is only all the less inclined to effect even the most modest social reforms. And when reform is imperative, this means simply that there *will* be violence, and that the people who make it will be all the more proud to call themselves Communists.

The third danger is closest to my own life, and I will not dwell on it. I only ask: What does this national capacity for computerized slaughter make of us? For a while, we were all safely insulated against the realities of this Viet Nam war. But no semi-literate American with a television set can now be unaware of the effects of saturation bombing. I can understand the nation that chooses danger for itself in the name of an idea, even a bad one. But for the people that chooses death for others in the name of its own dubious views of history and its unquestioning self-righteousness, there begins to be only lamentation or exile left. How many of us have wondered what the decent Germans were doing when the Stukas raked Madrid and when the punctilious Eichmanns carried out their orders at Auschwitz? Or where the lovers of the common man were when the revolutionary hangman was teaching his socialism to the *Kulaks?* A great puzzle—and one that is beginning to lose its distance. I want to finish with a few suggestions—however pathetic a thing it may be for a grown man to make suggestions now.

The first is that the world would be a brighter and less haunted one if we should leave Viet Nam at once. Nothing that could possibly result from our departure could exceed the horror of our continued stay. I have nothing to say about the peace movement's negotiate-vs-withdraw controversy, except that it seems to me to be let's-pretend politics and entirely idle. Someone who is not a policy bureaucrat should not try to behave like one. Let the diplomatic technicians be handed the problem of how and under what disguises we can depart.

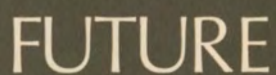
Second, we should make immediate reparations to both halves of Viet Nam, to Laos, and to Cambodia. These reparations should be immense—perhaps as much as one-tenth what we have spent to destroy all those "structures."

Third, we should promise never again to intervene in a revolutionary struggle. And if such a promise strikes fear into some dictator's heart, all the better.

Fourth, we should openly proclaim our understanding that the only effective way to resist revolutions is by making them less necessary. One way to do that is to restore the principle of no-aid-to-tyrants that was originally the heart of the Alliance for Progress. Another is by cracking the power of the international corporations. For quite moderate starting points, we might get behind Walter Reuther's proposal for equivalent wage scales for all workers employed by an international firm. We can call for the termination of the present governmental insurance policies against foreign expropriation. We can call for massive tax increases on American profits taken in the underdeveloped world, the taxes thus raised to be returned to the producing countries as repatriated capital, and returned with the proviso that this capital must be internally invested for the good of the people.

Finally, a suggestion about China. Those who grieve for the millions who are "yoked to the Communist tyranny" might reflect on the role that our own foreign policy has played—and is still playing—in hardening that tyranny. Those who are angered by China's anger toward the West might more carefully study what the West did to China from the 18th century onwards; should read again the story of the Opium Wars, the Taipeng Rebellion, the Boxer Rebellion, the most-favored-nation clauses and the Open Door policy. Those who see proof of capitalism's virtues in China's economic difficulties should try to imagine the legacy of a 25-year-long revolution and the 10-years' war with Japan. Those who see in China's relative present weakness the opportunity for risk-free provocation might ponder the fact that we are now creating Chinese memories of the West which will by no means fade with the increase of her power; might consider that to risk peaceful ways while she is weak is to risk nothing but peace itself.

If such a risk failed, we would surely have time for regroupment. And if it paid off, what would the world become? Perhaps one in which the American century and the age of permanent revolution could exist together without violence—a world in which, as a matter of fact, they might become one and the same.



FUTURE

Ornette rolls out a
cellophane soul sound
that cries "Message"
for all.
The hour glass drops.

The kernels make time shorter.
They'll be music
when the earth
bears down on
its inheritance.
The jungle tune
that haunts our
memory of the garden
maze of ages
and the lucite dove
that flys away.

All have a place in his bag.
—ROBERT C. BREWER

PHOTO: CHICKIRIS

SEX

WOODCUT: R. O. HODG

By DUANE MEHL

When the actress Joanna Pettet recently called Hugh Hefner that "dear, old-fashioned boy," she pointed up the hazards of prophesying about attitudes toward sex. In 1940 one could scarcely have imagined the existence of Hugh Hefner or a *Playboy* magazine. But now that he's around, it is equally unnerving to hear him called "old-fashioned." Joanna believes he fails to understand women and their sexual needs. I tend to agree. In fact, I think women will make themselves heard loudly and clearly in the future and help to establish a new code of sexual behavior in our society.

By now we should be accustomed to new thinking in this area. Our feeling about sex has changed with almost dizzying speed in the last 60 years. At the turn of the century, if we may believe the historians, an exposed female ankle sent shock waves through the male population. Now, in some parts of the country, the Junior Chamber of Commerce may lunch among a swarm of bare-bosomed waitresses and presumably not bat an eye. (By bare-bosomed waitresses I mean girls who fill your water glass and bring your soup and add up your check, and all the while sustain, with considerable nonchalance, even in the face of air-conditioning, a startling exfoliation from the waist up.) The shift in attitude is electrifying.

The social scientists believe the shift began during those difficult years between the two world wars. That generation, sometimes called flapper and sometimes called lost, revolted against the 19th-century Victorian estimate of sex, and for good reason. The Victorians apparently wanted love without sex, as odd as that sounds to us today. The image-making young people of the flapper days found this formulation impossible. In reaction and in self-defense, they wanted to admit to their sexual identity. They started the pell-mell pursuit after what we today call "authenticity."

But if our parents started the change, they did not finish it. After an initial protest against Victorian restrictions, they settled down to live what appeared to be rather Victorian lives. With a subtle difference, however. The Victorians largely believed what they preached. Our fathers did not always give us the impression they did. For one thing they remained strangely silent about sex. As the English lady said, "I can talk to my boy about the

IN THE FUTURE

birds and the bees, but I can't bring myself to tell him what his dad's for." That's the way our parents seemed to us. They didn't lay down many rules about sex. Subtly, perhaps, they encouraged us to finish what they had started.

And so we have. We have done more researching into sex in the past 25 years than humanity managed to do in all previous generations put together. And to be perfectly fair, we must admit that we have learned much that is helpful and healthful. Scientific discoveries have enabled many persons to think of sex without the morbid inhibitions that Hugh Hefner worries so much about. But we have also learned to do some highly questionable things through the power of sex. For instance: We have learned to sell tractors, oil filters, and scouring pads. Or we have learned to sell sex manuals as if they were best sellers. We have learned that sex sells movies. Who in 1940 could have predicted that a person could go to the movies today and watch grown men and women act out the vicissitudes of life in their underwear? And we have produced a whole music of sexual stimulation, some of which sounds like a compendium on the art of predatory seduction ("If you want a little lovin', you gotta start real slow . . .").

All of which means that sex is yet a problem for us in the mid-sixties. We have tried very manfully to view sexual relationship as a perfectly neutral, a benign, undertaking, and yet have fear of its power and consequence. If anything, parents are more frantic today about the sexual exploits of their children than parents were in the Victorian age. And our parents have some right to their worry. Young people are bombarded with sexual stimulus from every direction today, but are given no code of conduct to go with the bombardment. And I believe that science (along with parents) has played its part, unwittingly, in creating this problem.

The problem is: even when we want to be personally and *scientifically* honest about sex drives, we do not automatically know what to do with them when we learn about them; or when we see the evidence of them tabulated on little charts and graphs. We learn from Dr. Kinsey that people have pre-marital sexual relations right and left and still we do not know what we should do—especially if we happen to be plain and knock-kneed and prone to pimples. Or we hear the boy from Oregon say, "when will those dumb girls learn that boys will lie, steal, or cheat to get sex," and we say, yes, that's honest and above board, but we cringe just the same. We applaud the authenticity but deplore the sentiment. In so doing we begin to grasp the dimensions of our problem.

Sexual relationship is not a neutral, automatically benign undertaking. One scientist has complained that we rarely think of sex as a "fulfilling, integrating, potential-releasing force." I think he is inaccurate. I believe most couples, committed to each other through love, view sex as a "fulfilling, integrating, potential-releasing force." I believe on the other hand that most persons practicing sex without love discover, in the scientist's words again, that it can be "menacing, a potential destroyer, a disruptive force." Sexual relationship can work either way.

I know this is presently an unpopular sentiment. When I expressed it recently at a college forum on sexual ethics a student called me a "dirty-minded neo-puritan," the very inventiveness of which struck me dumb. He went on to say that sex was like brushing your teeth. One should do it as much as possible to avoid harmful side effects. (I suppose he meant something like cavities.) But if sex is like brushing your teeth, why don't we manage it in the straightforward way we manage our teeth?

We do not approach sex as we do our teeth because we are fascinated with sex, and we fear it; or better, we stand in awe of it. And I believe the enlightened world, in the face of a lingering puritanism, has been unwilling to admit this obvious fact. Or it has been willing to admit it in private but not in public, and has consequently set back our understanding of sex.

Thus, I noticed that certain friends of mine reacted with great empathy to the movie, *Darling*, which I thought was a brilliant analysis of the demonic quality of cold and unfeeling sexual relationship. Yet these same friends seemed unwilling to admit to the implications of their empathy: the necessity of a loving and yet self-restrictive discipline for meaningful sexual relationship.

Darling made one especially critical point: when we are unable to establish permanently meaningful sexual relations with a member of the opposite sex, we tend to establish superficial or demonic ones. In anxiety we become narcissistic. We become like insomniacs trying to fall asleep. The harder we try the less sleep we get. We

end up pinned on the point of our own self-consciousness, incapable of healthy sexual relationship.

There is little sense in blaming the puritans for this fact. The puritans were not the first people to develop a healthy fear of the demonic possibilities of sexual experience. Many persons who have never heard of puritanism nor of the "Judeo-Christian heritage" have been quite prudish about human sexuality. I taught school for two years among a tribe of African people who once crucified women for committing adultery. I know of other peoples who circumcised boys at puberty largely to discourage masturbation, or forced adolescent girls to submit to a crude form of clitorectomy in order to *deaden sexual response*. I realize that such a horror could be devised only in a society where men *own* women. But behind these customs looms a fear which goes far beyond the concerns of property. To my way of thinking we must begin to think honestly and intelligently about the source and the nature of these fears. We must admit that in the sexual realm our society suffers not so much from puritanism as from the plain "human condition."

I would be willing to define our condition under the heading of loneliness or alienation (as everyone does these days to the point of stereotype) but not without including a complimentary heading of pure cussedness. Really, men have always known that the two go hand in hand and make sex a threat as well as a joy. For instance, it would be almost refreshing to admit quite honestly, without fear of being labeled a puritan, to such things as:

The drive to get the better of the other person by means of sex. It's hardly an accident that boys talk of "scoring" when they successfully seduce a girl. Sex has always been something of a game, especially among boys. To score is to prove your manhood, to prove your superiority over your sexual partner, to gain status in your group, to steady your ego, to overcome your suspicion that you might be unvirile.

That last worry would be worth admitting also. For years the sex manuals have told us that orgasm is the goal of sexual relationship. We half believe it now and it bothers us. We men are not as sure of our sexual prowess as the slick magazines pretend we are. Because we aren't, we try to score.

But the girls have become anxious too. At one time the majority of girls in our society might have been frigi
Now they've heard all about orgasm and the ecstasy
climax. They've heard that given the right boy and t
right circumstances (a revolutionary in a fur-lined sleepi
bag according to Hemingway) the "earth moved." T
single girl obviously hopes the earth will move for h
but is not so sure whether she wants it to happen wh
she is single.

In anxiety many a shy girl of the 60's has sex for t
sake of having it, though she may not "need" sex at a
She might prefer to neck but is afraid of being call
frigid. Or she is afraid of losing her boy friend, probab
a strong spokesman for the new morality, to the comp
tition (girls also try to get the better of each other throu
sex). If she is homely, as most of us are, she is afraid
losing what she may think is everything—the one chan
for a meaningful relationship with a boy.

Or it would be a release to admit to our prese
tendency to de-romanticize sexual relationship. To co
it. This sounds like a contradiction to the Hemingwa
thesis about the moving earth. Actually it is a reaction
it. We veer from one to the other. Because many you
adults of the 60's fear the earth won't move, they affe
the detached rather than the romantic view of sex; t
kind of view Henry Miller, of all people, has complain
about. "The use of the word (cool)," he said, "go
against me. It already has in it the opposite of passion

Those with the cool view try to stand above and ou
side of their sexual experience, uninvolved and superi
to it (like Nancy Sinatra singing, "How does that grab y
darlin' "). "Sex is conquest, love is surrender, who wan
to surrender," says the cool view.

Those who fear the cool view think the sex heroi
of the future will be the "lady of the laboratory": T
girl who has heard of Johnson's and Master's *Huma
Sexual Response,* learned about the precise changes whi
take place in the male and female genitalia (even to t
fine details of coloration) during orgasm, takes the pi
feels emancipated, and is determined to "discover" he
self sexually with a minimum of personal involveme

One scientist, by the way, has promoted his own s
hero of the future: A modernized cave-man who "co
lects, dominates, protects, and impregnates as many f
males as he possibly can." Even scientists will see visio

and dream dreams. The girls, however, are not likely to dream the same dreams. The girls are not on the road back to the harem. Instead, I think they will lead the way toward a more realistic understanding of the nature of sex.

The girls have discovered, for one thing, (and here again we have science to thank) that they are more intricately "sexual" than boys. Woman's biological change, which begins with menstruation, colors her entire view of life. Her being is constantly alive to the sexual mystery. If she is in her teenage years, sexual commitment means much more to her than it does to a partner of the same age.

By contrast, we have learned that the average teenage boy, though prepared for sexual intercourse, is emotionally unprepared to commit himself to another person. Mary Calderone, executive director of the Sex Information and Education Council of the U. S., says that boys are ready for sex and not for love. Girls are ready for love and not for sex.

"Before you make love to a girl," she says to the boys, "you have an obligation to come to a deliberate decision in full awareness that you will be setting in motion powerful forces in that girl. If you are concerned about her as a human being, you must decide whether or not it is appropriate at her age and stage of development to learn sexual response. And you must decide whether she is ready for this. If you think she is, then you should acknowledge that it will certainly affect her life to some degree and perhaps more profoundly than you can imagine."

Because these "powerful forces in motion" are not likely to disappear in the coming years, I see little future for our lady of the laboratory. Rather I sense that the next generations will bring a new "romanticism" to sexual experience; a romanticism which allows for both the potential good and the evil of sexual experience. The new generation may be willing to admit that sex often can become a "destroyer, a disruptive force," as well as a "fulfilling, integrating, potential-releasing force."

Only when we have said both things have we said anything about sex. As Dr. Rollo May has written, we cannot afford to forget the meaning of Tristan and Isolde, or I might add, of Anthony and Cleopatra. Nor can we afford to forget that Don Juan is one of the tragic figures of literature and history.

Of course there will be many people in the future still running around saying that the puritans cause all our problems with sex. But one of these days, some bright young thing will wake up to the fact that the puritans have vanished. She (or he) will want to reject "absolute standards" of sexual ethics with gusto, but will discover with some regret that few such exist any longer, especially on college campuses. And because young people in growing numbers will be unable to blame their sexual problems on restrictive codes, they may be willing to admit to the need for sex codes: Their new ethics will emerge, not from puritan codes nor religious systems once accepted by society, but from a mutual fear of and distaste for decadence; and, may I add, often from nervous exhaustion.

Because most young adults of the future will continue to seek a secure and disciplined means of experiencing sex, I believe marriage will remain in style in the future —though a few anthropologists, geneticists and novelists will predict its demise. Thus Gore Vidal wrote back in 1960: "I think it a fact (which will of course be much disputed, as facts usually are), that the family in the West is finished." Unfortunately for Mr. Vidal and his portentious prediction, marriage, as Joanna Pettet so clearly indicated, will continue to allow for two things no other arrangement quite allows for: 1) The bearing and raising of children in an environment of love and mutual trust. 2) Human intimacy without fear—the slow, mutual exposure of personalities, the realization of sex as a joy and a serenity which rather defies description and requires the privacy and the fidelity of the marriage commitment.

But, of course, the new generation will make its own move. As a typical member of the silent generation of the 50's I confess that I didn't speak out very firmly on sex then. You *can*. I will say now, and I hope that I am not speaking out of mere fatigue, that I yearn for something more uplifting (I mean no pun) than bare-bosomed waitresses. And since in my slight prophecy I have said the girls will set the pace, I hope they will reject both Queen Victoria and our lady of the laboratory.

Something in between, please.

THE CELEBRANT WOODCUT: HODGE[illegible]

INKLINGS OF ANOTHER WORLD

By MARY McDERMOTT SHIDELER

I

In every age and culture, men have believed that they were the first in history to understand just what kind of a world this is. We are no exception. We are sure that our physical and biological sciences can show us what nature really is, and that our psychological and social sciences can now define what man really is. Of course we do not have all the details, but the general pattern is clear and our basic methods of study are alleged to be indisputably sound. We believe that our society has demonstrated its maturity by becoming honestly—and even proudly— secular. Either God is dead, or man has become incapable of knowing or believing in him, and Harvey Cox, in *The Secular City,* authoritatively has assured us that "it will do no good to cling to our religious and metaphysical versions of Christianity in the hope that one day religion or metaphysics will once again be back. They are disappearing forever . . ."

But a new element is entering our careful calculations, and is threatening to change them. Into this highly secular, scientific and rational world have come the Nine Walkers who constitute the Fellowship of the Ring: Frodo the hobbit, carrying the great ring of Sauron, and his companions: an elf, a dwarf, a wizard, two men, and three other hobbits (or halflings as they are sometimes called). And they are not being ignored or laughed at or relegated to the company of children. The three-volume fairy story that spins their tale, J. R. R. Tolkien's *The Lord of the Rings,* is being read by sophisticated and supposedly cynical adults, and in a number of places—especially colleges—people are gathering to work out the cosmology of Tolkien's Middle-earth, to learn the language of the High Elves, and to compose music for the songs of Tom Bombadil, Bilbo Baggins, and Galadriel. A friend of mine, walking along a public beach early one morning, found scribbled on the sand in letters two feet high: "O Elbereth, Gilthoniel." It is not uncommon to see the phrase, "Frodo lives!" inscribed on the walls of New York subways. A college freshman learned that her upperclass counselor was snatching every free moment to read the Ring trilogy—which the freshman herself, the previous year, had carried by air to Viet Nam, by road to the northern jungles of Thailand, and on her back for fifteen miles into Nepal. And—perhaps the ultimate accolade!—Tolkien's work is being studied in English literature classes and by graduate students.

On the face of it, such an interest by such people in such a book seems unlikely, if not merely a fad. No doubt some observers of the contemporary scene are writing it off as a new version of Camp, or as just another form of reaction against the automated impersonalities of modern life, or perhaps as a pathological regression to childish fantasies. They may be right. Or they may be wrong. I, for one, believe that these and similar interpretations do not probe deeply enough into the questions of how people are responding to *The Lord of the Rings* and certain related

books, notably those of Charles Williams, and why their books—most of which were published from ten to forty years ago—are becoming so popular at this particular time, not earlier and not later. I shall begin with Tolkien, whose work is in some sense preparatory to Williams'.

II

The plot of the Ring trilogy is one of the oldest and simplest known to man. A small group of companions undertakes, against long odds, to avert a catastrophe. Specifically, the great ring of Sauron, which controls the other rings and which had been lost for many years, has been found again, and Sauron is trying to regain possession of it so that he may destroy not only mankind, but also elves, dwarves, ents, hobbits, and all the other good and kind and beautiful things of life. Such is the power of the ring that it could be used to annihilate Sauron himself, but one who does use it will become as evil as he. The only hope, therefore, lies in carrying the ring back to the fires where it was forged, the only place where it can be unmade. But those fires are in the very heart of Sauron's kingdom of Mordor, guarded by orcs and the Nazgûl and Sauron's own all-seeing eye. None the less, the attempt must be made and is made, and *The Lord of the Rings* tells the story in eleven hundred pages of narrative, plus six appendixes and several detailed maps in black and red.

It is a good story and well told, belonging to the type that is sometimes contemptuously dismissed as "escape" literature. But as Tolkien writes in his essay "On Fairy Stories": "Why should a man be scorned, if, finding himself in prison, he tries to get out and go home? . . . In using Escape in this way the critics have chosen the wrong word, and, what is more, they are confusing, not always by sincere error, the Escape of the Prisoner with the Flight of the Deserter." In C. S. Lewis' essay "On Stories," he makes a suggestion that enables us to distinguish between these. If one reads a book over and over, returning to it under a variety of circumstances and perhaps over a long period of time, it can be inferred with reasonable certainty that he is not primarily deserting his immediate world, but is escaping into another world: fleeing from the confinement of roofs and walls into the freedom of mountains and forests and stars, or returning from the loneliness of exile to his own country.

Essentially, what Tolkien does for his re-readers is to lead them into a world where they are more at home than they have ever been in any of their homes, and to arouse in them a homesickness for it. His appeal is directly to the imagination and not to the intellect. We do not conclude our reading of the Ring trilogy by trying to determine how the chronology of Middle-earth is related to that of classical Greece, or by seeking funds for an archaeological expedition to locate where the city of Minas Tirith or the house of Rivendell stood. Tolkien's world is compelling because it is internally coherent and therefore intellectually satisfying. It does not compel us to confuse the world of faërie with the worlds of science or history or religion.

Tolkien's achievement, and it is a rare and prodigious one, is to captivate the imaginations of an astonishing number of modern men and women, of whom a large proportion were brought up to ignore or to despise the works of the imagination. I do not know when the movement to repress imagination began to penetrate our primary and secondary schools—and our homes—as it had already penetrated science and philosophy, but it started before I was in grade school. My friends te me that their children are still bein systematically taught that fairy stori are lies, myths are quaint supersti tions, and the imaginary is the unrea —pleasant, perhaps, but unproduc tive and therefore irrelevant. Ap parently these attacks upon our ver capacity to imagine have been widel effective. Our imaginations hav been suppressed, stifled, thwarted starved, mocked, and cheated, unti it is difficult for us to imagine crea tively, and when we do, we lack th discipline to use our imagination with real art or skill. We have been trained diligently in the proper use of our intellects and bodies; we have not been trained in perceiving images and relating them to each other, which is as delicate and arduous a business as perceiving and relating ideas in rational thought, o colors and forms in painting, or muscular movements in gymnastics.

We are not primarily rational beings who happen to occupy bodies We are persons who have physical intellectual, emotional, and imaginative functions—among others—and if any of these functions is neglected or abused, it will avenge itself. If it i allowed to decay, the products o its decomposition will contaminate the whole organism. If it is buried alive, repressed, it will burst from its grave with a frightening energy.

Ever since Descartes introduced mathematics into philosophy, man's imagination has been increasingly subordinated to his "pure" reason But I believe it is possible that the increasing popularity of *The Lord o the Rings* may be a sign that man i finally beginning to revolt against this restriction of his natural functions, and that we may be approaching a new age, of the imagination While there is no indication so far of an unfortunate trend to deny the authority of reason in its own place there is substantial evidence that

many are beginning to deny it the supreme place that it has claimed for itself during the past four centuries. I am both hopeful and fearful that this is so: hopeful, because the narrowly rational man is at best only half a man, and in the resurgence of the imagination, I see the possibility of a fresh and immensely productive integration of our primitive roots with our intellectual achievements; I am fearful, because the powers of imagination are suddenly being discovered by people who have had little or no training in its discipline, and most of whom, I suspect, have no inkling of how much power they are taking into their hands.

III

The vast potentialities of an age of the imagination are intricately bound up with the complex relationship between imagination and belief. For example, Tolkien's faerie world of Middle-earth is to me imaginable, but not believable. In reading the Ring trilogy, I participate imaginatively in another world that is separate from and alien to what we usually call "the real world," without feeling any urge to integrate my knowledge of the two. On the other hand, I cannot prevent my newly quickened imagination from ranging where it will, and as it stretches its wings and soars, I discover that Tolkien's talk of faërie is a way of talking about something that is neither faërie nor "reality." I begin to have inklings of still another world, which is so related to "reality" that I could believe in it.

This other world can be discussed in terms other than faërie, and I first became aware of it (long before the Ring books were published) in the works of Tolkien's friends, C. S. Lewis and Charles Williams. These three and several others belonged to an informal group that called itself "the Inklings," and met on Thursday evenings in Lewis' rooms at Magdalen College, Oxford. Their writings are markedly different in style and content, but they illuminate, supplement, and correct each other in fascinating ways and with surprising precision, even when no such interaction seems to have been intended. Thus—again, to me—while Tolkien's world of faërie is imaginable but not believable, the world that I met in Lewis' theological books and articles was initially believable but not imaginable. I assented to it intellectually, but I could not feel myself a part of it. My heart could dwell in Middle-earth, so to speak, while my head believed in the Christian God, but my intellectual and imaginative commitments were at odds. They did not actively conflict, but neither did they interact creatively.

I think it likely that a similar discontinuity between intellect and imagination lies behind the fact that a good many modern men and women find it impossible to believe in a God, much less the God of traditional Christianity. Their education in the faith has been concentrated upon its intellectual and practical aspects, but they have been given almost nothing to prepare them to receive it imaginatively as anything except an arbitrary construction. They were taught to envision a freshly laundered Jesus, who is docile, effeminate, unsure of his own identity, and without one drop of honest Jewish blood in his anemic veins. They were not educated to imagine—sometimes they were educated precisely to *not* imagine—any forms of worship other than their own (or more probably, their parents'), any other sets of words for transmitting the Word, or any other styles of Christian living. By means of these restrictions upon imagination, not only are they discouraged from the intellectual exploration of their faith, but worse, the natural impulse toward compassion—which is rooted in imaginative appreciation—is forced into a tragically narrow channel.

Another English writer, Charles Morgan, a contemporary of the Inklings—but apparently unknown to them and they to him—has this to say of such deadening of the imagination:

> The curse of man, and the reason that civilization after civilization breaks down and rots, is that he allows imagination to stagnate and congeal. He lets the stream freeze over. Art fluidifies it again. A story isn't good because it gives men pleasure or instructs them or imposes an opinion on them or leads to the reform of a moral or social evil. And it isn't good because it does a reader's imagining for him: that's a photographer's job, not an artist's. It *is* good because it re-enables a man to imagine for himself. It unfreezes the river. After that the river flows on in its own course, godlike or devilish . . . Art gets the curtain up, that's all. . . . What happens afterwards is a moralist's affair, not an artist's. [*Sparkenbroke*, pp. 68-69]

Moralists have been known to insist that the river ought to be frozen, lest it overflow its banks or flow in the wrong direction. The danger is real. But the alternative is even more dangerous. When we are protected against imagining unreality and evil, we are prevented from imagining the real and the good, and from perceiving the holy which is the judgment upon reality and goodness.

To repeat: Art raises the curtain, enabling us to imagine new possibilities within our familiar worlds—even new worlds. It brings us to the threshold of belief, and so doing, it can unite intellectual conviction with imaginative participation. Herein lay the genius of the third of the Inklings, Charles Williams. Like Tolkien, Williams displays a world that is alien to "reality," but his world

of eternity—unlike Tolkien's faërie—is closely integrated with ours. Like Lewis, Williams presents Christianity in a way that is intellectually coherent and persuasive, but unlike Lewis (in his theological works), he succeeds in drawing us into a world where Christianity is happening, so that we can see and feel what it would be like to live, for example, in a world that has eternal characteristics as well as temporal ones, as the Christian faith declares that we do.

Thus in the sixth of Williams' seven novels, *Descent into Hell,* the framework for the story is provided by an event that might happen almost anywhere in the "real" world. A group of amateurs puts on a play, and the incidents associated with the production, from the first reading of the script to the effects of the performance upon the cast and the audience, tie the story firmly into the kind of life that most of us ordinarily live. And the characters of the novel are familiar: the temperamental young woman who is given the leading role, her very untemperamental boy friend, and her almost insanely jealous admirer; the author of the play, its efficient producer, and the member of the cast who may not be able to perform because her grandmother is dying.

However, the action of the novel takes place not only in time, but outside it, in the eternity which is not endless time but the absence of time, so that any other time can be contemporary with this one. The stage is built on the spot where four hundred years earlier, a man had been burned to death for his religious convictions, and something of the violence of that event seems to infect the very ground and air of the place. More recently, a workman had committed suicide in one of the then-unfinished houses of the neighborhood, and something of his desperation still lingers in and around it. To the dying woman, time has become transparent so that she can see no reason why her granddaughter, Pauline, who has been disturbed by the history of the martyr, should not be able to help him in his agony or the suicide in his bewilderment. In eternity, "there is neither before nor after; there is only act": what matters is the relationships that are established, not the time when they were formed or broken. As all lovers know, distance in space is not an insuperable obstacle to the exchange of love; why should we suppose that distance in time should be? Still Pauline is incredulous. How can the martyr receive her help before she has given it? Her grandmother answers, "why do you talk of *before?* If you give, you give to It [the Omnipotence], and what does It care about *before?"* Evidently, nothing. The connection between Pauline and the two men who had died is made—in time and therefore in eternity—or in the eternal present and therefore in the temporal present—which is the point where time and eternity intersect.

Descent into Hell is not only an enthralling adventure story, but intrinsically disturbing, because Williams makes the interaction of time with eternity both imaginable and believable. Therefore, he compels us to choose between seriously believing and seriously disbelieving in it. When he raises the curtain, he invites us not merely to observe the world of eternity-in-time but to enter it, and we must either accept or decline the invitation. Reading the other Inklings—even Lewis in his novels—we can postpone more or less indefinitely the decision to believe or disbelieve, because they speak primarily to either the intellect or the imagination. But with Williams we have no choice but to choose between a world of daily life that is or is not permeated with a timeless grace, and does or does not contain a present glory.

IV

But is the world of our daily life really like the world that Williams delineates? We need to know. Obviously none of us wants to believe in something that is not true, no matter how clearly we can imagine it or how eagerly we hope it is true. Truth, however, is not a quality belonging to certain things, but a characteristic of certain relationships between ourselves and the world. Our first question should be not "what is the world like?" but "what relationship shall we establish with the world?" There are limits, of course, to the kinds of relationships that the world will permit. We cannot treat persons consistently as things without turning them into impersonal objects or inciting revolt from them. We can grow trees by planting seeds but not mountains by planting pebbles. But within such limits, the world can endure many relationships expressing many interpretations, and as Williams has noted, "the irony of the universe has ensured that any pattern invented by man shall find an infinite number of facts to support it."

We do not know which of the patterns of interpretation that are available to us is, in an absolute sense, correct. Even if we did, this would not solve our preliminary problem of how we should relate ourselves to the world. Shall we approach it with love, hate or indifference? with curiosity, greed or subservience? Shall we be detached observers or enthusiastic participants, or sometimes one and sometimes the other, and if so, at which times shall we do which? Shall we celebrate life or simply use it? "A rose is a rose is a rose is a rose"—no doubt, but what are we

motive

going to do with the rose? Leave it on the bush, or pick it? Enjoy or ignore it? Dissect, draw or wear it? We live in a framework of time and space and matter: and other persons: how are we going to approach and relate to them? The question is crucial, because the manner of our approach determines what we shall learn about the world and how we shall live in it.

Williams, Tolkien and Lewis propose that we relate ourselves to the world in a way that will generate the grace and glory that traditionally have been associated with God. And by enabling us to imagine such a process, they enable us to accomplish it. Beyond any denial, this kind of relationship with the world can be created and maintained. It is not easy to do, but neither is it easy to maintain the relationship in which we compel nature and our fellows to serve us, or that in which we detach ourselves from them. Each of these, and of all the other possible relationships, produces a different quality of life, and in his novel *The Place of the Lion,* Williams examines some of them.

A young woman, Damaris Tighe, who is studying for her doctorate in philosophy, is shocked to discover that the philosophic concepts she has been dealing with are not remote abstractions or counters for playing a game, but terrifying alternatives that have consequences for her entire life and death. She must choose instantly and irrevocably, but her severely intellectual education has not prepared her to imagine herself as anything but a dispassionate scholar, or the world as anything but a passive object for her study. She has been playing a language game, but life is not in that sense a game, and it catches up with her.

Other characters relate themselves to the world in other ways, and like Damaris, they find that their interpretation of the world determines what becomes of them. Damaris' father had subordinated his whole life to beauty, and when perfect beauty appears to him, he contentedly dies. A couple of their elderly acquaintances, who had tried to possess life, are possessed by it, and one is transformed into a snake, the other crushed to death by the lion. A friend, Quentin, becomes demented when he realizes that things are not necessarily what he has always imagined them to be. And there is Anthony, who loves Damaris, but loves even more that wisdom which lies neither in abandonment nor in safety, but in the balance created by "the perpetual interchange of love," and who therefore can control the lion, the snake, and the lamb.

To some of these people, the world is really a horror. To others, it is really a glory. We are free to choose what relationship we will have with the world, but we are not free not to choose. Life continually pulls us into itself, so that if, for example, we refuse a responsibility that is properly ours, we suffer the consequences of irresponsibility, even though we may not know what our responsibilities were until the results of our neglect swoop down upon us, like the pterodactyl upon Damaris, and begin to claw and tear. Whatever our desires, we are straightly bound within a world whose response to us is not determined solely by its own nature, or by ours, but by the interaction between us. A stone can be used for building material, or as a weapon, a museum exhibit, a weight, or the subject for a poem. What *is* the stone? A bundle of energy that is capable of performing certain functions, incapable of performing others, and the way we use it will determine what we shall know it to be, and what it and we will become.

If Williams' description is accurate, the world does not in itself contain eternal grace and glory, but neither do we impose these qualities upon it. They are the products of a particular relationship, like the conception of a child by a man and a woman. And these relationships necessarily are concrete and specific. We do not lay hold upon eternity by evading the immediate world of matter and time, but by penetrating it. Every separate moment contains all moments. Every individual event is a door to eternity. But only if we receive it in its full immediacy can we enter an eternal relationship with it. And unless we can imagine the co-inherence of the divine grace with our ordinary worlds, we shall not be able to incarnate it.

V

It is good for us to confront steadily the ugliness in our world, to follow the histories of anti-heroes, to explore the caverns of meaninglessness, and to be confined within the secular city. But eyes that are fully dark-adapted will be blinded by sunlight, and the imagination and intellect that can discern every subtle variation among evils may not be able to discriminate at all between evil and good. As G. K. Chesterton once said: "we are face to face with the problem of a human consciousness filled with very definite images of evil, and with no definite images of good." But neither physically nor mentally is man a nocturnal creature. He is not only able to see light; he hungers for it; and when he finds it, he runs forth to call his friends to see it and share his joy. So it is when the Inklings dazzle our eyes with their appeal to our imaginations and their definite images of good. "Come, look for yourselves. Take and read."

FILMS

PHOTO: DAVENPORT

Sex in the movies

Films have always provided a fantasy world of passion for all of us. From Mae West's garter to the *spiritual* agony on Joan Crawford's face, all of us have drunk from the deep well of vicarious lust—and loved it. But recently the place of sex in the movies has undergone a curious metamorphosis. The scene is changing. It is no longer sex with a touch of dirt, or sex with *la grande passion*—it's hip time at the movies and old-fashioned love-agony-sweat sex is slowly dying. The new modes of expressiveness are coolness, indifference, cynicism, with occasional hints of sado-masochism just to let you know it's still sex.

The Bond movies are a perfect example. Without discounting the obvious spoof element in them, the comment they make on sexual pleasure in our society is startling. Contrast Bond's treatment of women with that of Humphrey Bogart roles. Behind Bogart's bravado the director always let you see the heart that cared. "Play it again, Sam" is one of the most sentimental lines in moviedom. For Bogart women were either dirty broads or sweet babies. But in the Bond mythology women are the chief ingredients of a brittle glamour stew. Opulently curvaceous, suffering from mild psychosis, they are

treated as instruments for the greater glory of Bond—met, seduced, forgotten. He looks at them as a southern preacher might look at fried chicken at dinner time.

This is not merely a Bond phenomenon, however. In many of the films at the opposite extreme from Bondiana—the so-called "underground" films—the subject is treated in much the same way. Underground films are often praised for celebrating the freedom and "natural" in man. But despite a certain attempt in this direction there is a curiously indifferent and unreal quality to the relationships between people in most of them. The bizarre atmosphere or the deliberately flat environment created in many of them distorts what human relationship is into its own milieu. Indeed, the blatant physical sexuality in most of them, rather than making us "wonder," simply presses the importance of sexuality beyond its limits, cinematically creating a kind of blandness in which sex has all the excitement of baboons at play in the zoo.

Although some of the underpinnings of this new attitude toward cinematic sex are ominous, there is much in the new attitude that is clean and refreshing. The whole spoof element in a movie such as *Morgan,* for instance, is like a clean knife through a welter of sentimentality on the subject. And there is something in the underground films about having it all out in the open that is a relief after the peek-a-boo sex of the films of the forties and fifties. Nevertheless, the ominous indifference *is* there and sex continues to be a most ambiguous and thorny question in the movies. But who should be surprised at that, considering what it is in "real life"?

Notes on three movies

The Shop on Main Street is a tender and satisfying film. It is refreshingly non-Hollywoodish. A Czechoslovakian production, it deals with the struggle of one man to live with himself and his community in the beginning of World War II during the period when Jews were being transported to concentration camps. An improbable relationship builds up between the man and an old Jewish lady, based upon love, trust; even (subliminally) desire becomes perfectly probable, even natural, by the end of the film. The film takes its time with the story and American audiences used to fast pace and sharp transitions may find it slightly difficult to adjust, but it is well worth the effort.

Morgan is a thin but brilliant film. It is one of those cultural landmarks that is less important in itself than the change of taste that it represents. Vanessa Redgrave and David Warner play out the vagaries of a new kind of love affair. In the process, gently but firmly, every sacred taboo of Western culture is defied. Mental illness becomes a joke, communism a nostalgic folk religion, marriage a childish game of keeping house. It is very funny although some of the jokes are stretched a bit far. It is also surprisingly poignant, and it is when the comedy and poignancy meet that the cultural importance of the film becomes stunning. For it is a film based not just on the new morality but on the new sensibility; one hears angelic choirs of Beatles and Rolling Stones singing in the background of this film. It is the first movie based on the absolutely new hip scene and it cannot be missed.

Good Times, Wonderful Times is a film with a message. Generally such films are dreary propaganda pieces or saccharine tracts. This is not. It is a trenchant, biting, indictment of a society that forgets the horrors of war too soon and too well. Through the sometimes clumsy device of switching the scene from a cocktail party to atrocity pictures of war the message comes across without too much aesthetic dilution. It is not a subtle film but it is a passionate one and the party is skillfully enough directed for us all to find ourselves there.

—AL CARMINES

The Self-Styled Academic Poet

Recently the academic poet
won the Dowery Literary Prize
for a volume of quite unpretentious size
whose entries masochistically gloat

over their author's glib, vers libre disdain
for students, officemate, wife, mistress, self.
One would think that it might ease one's pain
to see one's clothbound volume on one's shelf,

but Henry McHenry J. Peterson-Storm has learned
instead to call his editor a man
of disembodied brain, and wryly scan
the way (towards him) the public's head has turned.

He is not resting on his laurelled past;
his latest effort castigates a friend
who towards his own sex has begun to tend
(not on moral grounds, but for being a pest)

and already he contemplates a prosy satire
on the corpulent coed who occa-
sionally whets his desire; it will hint that pleas-
ure sates, and is entirely in one's head.

And now he wonders if it is not time
to bare his plight in mildly straining rhyme:
that his powers creative-procreative
are threatened by his brilliance ratiocinative.

The self-styled academic poet hunches
about the asphalt campus that I love
making mental fun of the way the students
that I love wolf their nourishing lunches.

He hates the whites because they love red T-birds,
the blacks because they trust in history;
he hates the redemptive power of common words:
I wish him purgatory.

—GERALD LOCKLIN

SUMMER

Bald eagles, bald heads, bad feet and inflation.
Is my America yours?
Azure skies, the auctioneer's cry, droppings of starlings and chatter brakes.
Of course.
Primary red, blue and yellow are the dreams of our two week vacation.
Tender the solipsism, slender the moment, the pinched breath, death's invitation,
As we shatter the mask of our lakes.

—SIDNEY SULKIN

SOUTH INVADED: A ROUGH REPULSE

For us, this is God's country. Our jealous
Southern God of unanimous
bold rejection—agreed?—
in the public street threshes private seed.
O we are private faces in public!
Can you say we display
justice—of no convictions?
Take a whip: get things moving.
No tarrying. No delay.
Ours is God-South (entangled our way)!

For us, God's country. Outsiders, stay out.
Who dares our displeasure?
Swing up the aliens.
Cry "Blasphemy!" Don't put up with
latent threat.
We have our barriers:
no man's wholly free.
And to mount a place of skulls is a measure
of one tradition. Sing old spirituals.
The spirit cries free?

Hectic sons of law, our humanity
has its set face. Let no goodnewser
sir the servants, stir the ignorant.
Demand's too raw.
We take our stand: we withstand
literal invasion. Rigidly we say,
"Lord, we keep command."
And litter-men of prayer
are refuse on our property.
We keep clean streets. We meet them there.

—SAM BRADLEY

Mitchell Cohen and Denis Hale, editors, *The New Student Left,* An Anthology. Beacon Press (1966), 288 pp., $4.95.

The advent of the Kennedys in Washington six years ago began a now widely recognized reawakening in American public affairs. The seeds of the new awareness and of new strength coupled with old dissatisfactions had been germinating since before the Korean War. Now, the rhetoric of the young, vigorous, eminently concerned President began to legitimize the thought that the business of the New Deal was far from finished, that on many counts America was complacent, indecently contented, and that new breakthroughs in public life were urgently needed to meet candidly the burgeoning problems of those still without a secure and respected place as contributors to American life.

Some of the seeds of unrest and disatisfaction had been sprouting in the midst of the coldest season of the winter of discontent. The Greensboro sit-ins, the southern student movement, the rising wave of support and involvement among students and adults across the land, had marked the new awareness even before Kennedy took the oath of office. Once in power, he moved to cajole a reluctant Congress into giving remedies to a few of the festering sores of the body politic: civil rights, poverty, Latin American feudalism, etc. But the consciousness and readiness to act on the part of the students and radicals outran the slow processes of government, and never since has the government caught up.

The students have thus operated in a curious atmosphere. The government has recognized many of the same problems, often in strikingly similar rhetoric. But the politicians have always had to be careful of local feelings and traditions, and have had to get money for programs out of a Treasury guarded by the powers the students were in revolt against. The result was an uneasy hostility between government and students: the students generally and often correctly suspicious of the government's power and will to act quickly, fearing that the government could never do enough, and might just end up producing more stultifying welfarism. On their side, the functionaries regarded the students as volatile, unrestrained, unsophisticated, and troublesome. The more perceptive realized that they were doing a work no government employee could or should ever do.

This work, and the attitudes of the students and fieldworkers involved, are revealed and criticized from within the movement in this timely and immensely stimulating anthology of articles from the New Left to itself. They appeared in a variety of publications, aimed at the participants in the New Left movement; their purpose was to clarify the New Left's criticisms of American Life, assess the strength of the movement, assay the tools at hand, and criticize the liberals and the old left-labor groups for their failures.

In the main, these articles succeed brilliantly. And in that success they have achieved a larger and more enduring triumph in the nature of a political testament: they have managed to make clear what the student left finds deficient in America, and they have put it so that even their elders can understand why business as usual is no longer possible for them.

These articles range over diverse phases of American life, from the comfortable middle-class universities to the slums, from Selma to the strike areas. Their message is ever the same —America is on the verge of hardening into a bureaucratic, hierarchical, money-oriented, psychologically exploitative society, stripped of human value and devoid of a sense of dignity, worth, or independence for millions of its citizens. In all cases too, their response has been the same, intensely personal and uprightly moral: this cannot be allowed to happen, we must go where the action is and try to set things right. The record of their struggle, their self-doubts, their search for allies, their suspicion of Establishments, is all here. But this record marks something more: a stage in the maturing of the movement, a new coherence and self-consciousness—in a word, awareness of themselves as a single movement with many aspects, moving against injustice on many fronts and battlefields, but fighting for a single cause, the cause of a renewal of human dignity in America, and a restructuring of the institutions and patterns of work and politics in order to capture and retain that new dignity.

No locale is safe from their criticism: suburb, plantation vil-

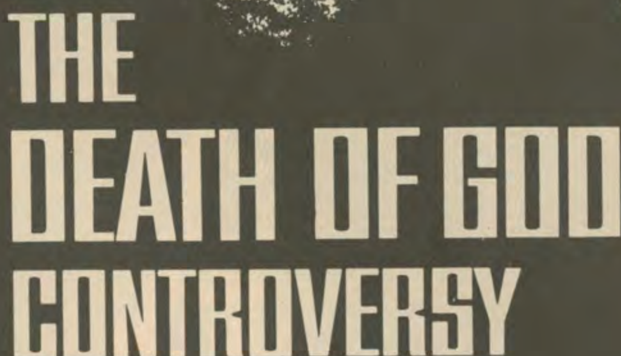
• *THE STATEMENT—*

"God Is Dead!"

• *THE MEN—*

Hamilton, van Buren, and Altizer

• *THE ANALYSIS—*



THOMAS W. OGLETREE

A straightforward examination of the main lines of thought of the three leading "God is dead" theologians—William Hamilton, Paul van Buren, and Thomas J. J. Altizer. Dr. Ogletree neither refutes the "God is dead" contention nor agrees with it—he simply analyzes the background and growth of radical theology and makes an honest effort to understand impartially what is being said and why. Bibliography. 128 pages.

Paper, **$1.45**

At your Cokesbury Bookstore

ABINGDON PRESS

The Book Publishing Department of The Methodist Publishing House

THE REVOLUTIONARY IMPERATIVE

"a staggeringly important book...." *

*". . . makes it clear that beneath all the revolutions of our time lies a revolution in ideas and life, world, and self-perception . . . . that freedom is once again the central intellectual question . . . . a call to Movement which will be hard to resist. . . ."
—ARTHUR BRANDENBURG

THE REVOLUTIONARY IMPERATIVE is the first book to urge a synthesis of the democratic passion of the New Left and the intellectual sophistication of the academic technocrats—with the assistance of biblical theology! Like authentic liberal education, it lays the burden of decision on the reader. A jeremiad against complacency and an antidote for desperation, this book is a must for study in this crucial year on American campuses. Edited by Alan D. Austin (associate editor of motive magazine), THE REVOLUTIONARY IMPERATIVE is now available in paperback. —160 pages, $1.00

essays toward a new humanity

Available only by mail.

Use coupon on facing page for ordering—

lage, slum, city hall, even their own offices and organizations are subjected to rigorous testing, of which these articles are a partial record. Yet it must be borne in mind that there are far more questions here than answers in all the areas these student critics address. They are still unsure; but they are sure that that is no sin, and that the false sureness of older generations of radicals was no lasting benefit. They are experimental but it is not fair to call them non-ideological or romantic or duped or by any other pat label. These articles show them as far too tentative, far too pragmatic even for their compatriots to label them yet. They define themselves so far only by age and direction: the New Left.

I think this book may mark the close of the first phase of their movement, and one or two of the essays point to the beginning of the second. In the first phase they defined for themselves a relevant modern radical stance, based on the affirmation of human dignity above and beyond all catchwords, slogans and past ideologies. That phase is past now. They wanted to be engaged meaningfully in the real work of their generation, the work of the soul, and they wanted to know the form that work would take. Now they know it; it is time for them to do it, and they have turned to that. For the changing of society will involve the creation of movements in which these radicals will serve, but in which most of the members are not student radicals. These new movements will enroll agricultural workers, as at present in the California Grape Strike; slum dwellers, as in the current drive against slumlords by Dr. King in Chicago; against entrenched political enemies, as in the reported mass revolt planned for this spring by Negro voters registered for the first time in Selma. But most of these people are not students, and do not speak their language. The students are expecting this, indeed have worked honestly to foster indigenous, self-led, home-grown movements of the outcast and dispossessed in every locale where they have gone to fight. This commitment to not become leaders imposed from without is at the core of their whole style, and is one of its most admirable features.

Yet a terrible question remains. What if the poor, the dispossessed, to whom the students look for the power to rejuvenate America, decide to join it instead? What if they find that the most pressing fault of the American system is merely that they are not included? What if they refuse to see the stultification and hardened arteries the students have seen at home? What if they want, to use James Baldwin's phrase, to be "integrated into a burning house"? What if they don't smell the smoke?

There are signs that this is already beginning to happen in some places. I remember one Mississippi Negro leader who said on a national broadcast that all he and his people wanted was to live well just like the white people in the suburbs. I can't say how many he spoke for, how many would share his uncritical acceptance of the material side of American life and ask only to join in. But something very like that happened twice in the American Labor Movement, which has grown almost proverbially complacent and it could happen to the rest of the outsiders too. If it does, the remnants of the New Left will be faced with a serious spiritual crisis, even before the assimilation of the poor is well under way. If the goals of the poor and the students begin to diverge radically, what becomes of their alliance? And what does that mean for the students?

Some of these questions appear in shadowy outline in this excellent collection; others are raised explicitly. No matter what the answers that are finally given, the future of the movement will be of the greatest importance in the life of the coming decade in America. And the movement can be understood only through the examination of what it has said to and about itself, trying to understand how to do the work it has set itself, and to find the dimensions and limits of that work. This book is the place where these materials can be found, and so this book is a vitally important place to start for all who would truly understand.

—JOSEPH D. ALLEN

Alan D. Austin, ed., *The Revolutionary Imperative: Essays Toward a New Humanity.* MSM Books (1966), 160 pp., $1 (paperback).

If books will make people revolutionaries then we shall surely have many new recruits as a result of *The Revolutionary Imperative,* edited by Alan D. Austin.

This collection of essays is taken from a variety of sources, but mostly from periodicals like *Main Currents, Daedalus,* and *New South,* which may be unfamiliar to many readers. While the overall quality of the essays is not uniform, nevertheless they range from good to brilliant. Several that lean toward the brilliant side of the spectrum are worthy of mention here.

First, there is the absolutely crucial piece by that modern renaissance man of science and philosophy, Henry Margenau, called "The New Style of Science." The essay lays the foundations for the upheavals of the post-modern era precisely where they belong, in the bowels of the scientific enterprise itself, for it is abundantly clear that beneath all the revolutions of our time lies a revolution in ideas and life, world and self-perception. Professor Margenau's description of the new style of science is elementary enough in its technical dimensions for any humanist, and challenging enough in its philosophical dimensions for any scientist.

The theological implications of this brief statement are innumerable and one could only have wished for a theological section of the book which might have expanded on Margenau's incisive two pages on freedom. At any rate, let us be quite clear, that because of the new science, freedom (not just for "humans" but for all of creation) is once again the central intellectual question. As Margenau so brilliantly puts it, the question is not answered in the new science, it is posed, for chance (the new laws of probability) is not freedom—freedom is chance *plus* choice.

Other essays which deserve special thought and careful study are: "Beyond the Machine" by Robert Theobald, the NYU prophet of cybernation and visionary of a new society of abundance; "Where Have All the Lovers Gone?", by Vincent Harding, the Mennonite teacher from Atlanta University; "The Street as a Theological Goal," by Colman McCarthy, a Catholic layman writing from a monastery in Georgia; and most of all, Carl Oglesby's now famous speech from the peace march on Washington, "Let Us Shape the Future," a statement which might even serve as the book's *Manifesto.*

So let's take the Oglesby speech. Many of us have come to feel, with increasing conviction, that Carl Oglesby, president of Students for a Democratic Society, is unrivaled in brilliance, clarity of thought and presentation, and charismatic quality of leadership. For those who do not know him, "Let Us Shape the Future" will serve as a moving introduction. This brief statement, more than any other perhaps, lays bare the new revolutionary's sensitivity to the moral decadence of Western society, his abiding commitment to the basic revolutionary principles of our own young experiment in democracy, and his profound resolve to be a part of the last great effort to make this experiment succeed. Oglesby's statement is a call to *Movement* which will be hard to resist.

The Revolutionary Imperative, modest enough in its dollar format, is a staggeringly important book for at least three reasons.

First, because it is published by a student Christian movement struggling to come to terms with Revolution and revolutions and remaining within a historic movement which can only be termed, in its breadth, in our time, as counter-revolutionary. (*motive* readers are already familiar with the difficulty and miracle of this stance; *motive* editors know the price in ulcers.) Were the student Christian movements who read and study this little book to embody the revolutions to which the book calls all of us, there might be more than difficulties and ulcers.

Second, this little paperback is important because it moves toward a need, more pressing with each day, for a revolutionary primer. When the revolutionary primer is written it probably will be written by one person who will combine the intellectual genius of Margenau, the knowledge of society of Daniel Bell, the vision of Theobald, the literary-poetic gifts of Harding, the

The "God-is-dead" theology – explained in full, for the first time, by the leader of the new radical theologians

THE GOSPEL OF CHRISTIAN ATHEISM

By THOMAS J. J. ALTIZER

Associate Professor of Bible and Religion, Emory University, Atlanta. Cloth $3.00, paper $1.75.

Also by Professor Altizer:
MIRCEA ELIADE AND THE DIALECTIC OF THE SACRED. $6.00
Now at your bookstore

THE WESTMINSTER PRESS®
Witherspoon Bldg.,
Phila. 19107

use this coupon for ordering

THE REVOLUTIONARY IMPERATIVE

essays toward a new humanity

Highly recommended for both individual and group study, this new book includes essays by Henry Margenau, Daniel Bell, Paul L. Lehmann, Helmut Gollwitzer, Robert Theobald, Vincent Harding, Carl Oglesby, and Colman McCarthy. Edited with commentary and study notes by Alan D. Austin, associate editor of motive **magazine. 160 pp., $1.**

PLEASE SEND ME ______ copies of "The Revolutionary Imperative" @ $1 per copy, postpaid.

My check for $______ is enclosed.

NAME ______

ADDRESS ______

CITY ______ STATE ______ ZIP ______

mail to: MSM Books / P.O. Box 871
Nashville, Tenn. / 37202

theological insight of McCarthy, and the passionate charisma of Oglesby—nothing less. In this little book we see what is needed. When we have it—and the student who will give it to us even now is at work in the library or in Mississippi or in Chicago—we shall have our manifesto for the new Movement. Let no one say that we shall not have such a work in our time. This present book is important because it is part of the process of its birth.

Finally, *The Revolutionary Imperative* is important because of the way it is edited and put together. Any good symposium belies a rationale behind the selection and grouping of the material to be presented. The clearer the rationale the better the symposium, for a symposium must present a big picture, an image, with which the reader can dialogue, even argue. Otherwise, the cafeteria line process which is so much of college education, simply is repeated in book form.

Not only in his rationale for the book, but in his editorial prefaces and comments, Austin has proved himself to be a skillful editor, a gifted writer, and one who has more than a preliminary grasp of what revolution is about. The five-fold summary of the post-modern style of life with which he introduces the essays by Margenau and Daniel Bell ranks among the clearest prose crystalizations of the new style we have had.

One can only hope that within the span of this academic year *The Revolutionary Imperative* will be grist for the study-group mill across the country and that the book passes through many printings very quickly.

—ARTHUR BRANDENBURG

Thomas W. Ogletree, *The Death of God Controversy*. Abingdon Press (1966), 127 pp., $1.45 (paper).

This is an uneven book analyzing a diverse and uneven chapter in recent and current American theology. There are many attractive and sound dimensions of the analysis and of the supplementary material. There appears, for instance, a more representative bibliography of the "Death of God movement" than has appeared in the writings of the movement's leading proponents.

To the heart of the matter, however, is the question: Why is Ogletree so concerned to demonstrate that Drs. Hamilton, van Buren, and Altizer are not, after all, so radical as they imagine themselves to be? Put another way, is Ogletree using the positions of these men to hint at his own formulation of a re-interpreted but nonetheless more traditional theological stance that takes into account the new voices of the "radical" theologians? As I read and re-read the book, I was never sure what precisely was the intention of the author. I say this in spite of his statement: "The conviction underlying this study is that [the radical theologians] represent a serious concern with basic theological questions, and that we are obliged at this particular time to deal with the issues which they raise." (p. 14).

Despite this reservation about the purpose of the book, it is clear that Dr. Ogletree has done his homework in a meticulously responsible manner. It is evident that many of the questionable dimensions which he lays bare in analyzing the work of these men are questions arising from grappling with their thought. And that is certainly more than can be said of the work of certain other theologians in their critiques of the radical theology!

The summary theses of each position examined, even beginning with a prefatory treatment of the works of Gabriel Vahanian, are impressive and accurate. Vahanian is excluded from Ogletree's featured analysis of the "radical theology" because: "In spite of his frank appraisal of contemporary culture, Vahanian is quite clear that the recognition of God's death as a cultural event does not destroy the reality of God himself. . . . Rather than operating within or building upon the immanental assumptions of contemporary culture, he is concerned to find and develop cultural expressions which can point to the transcendent God . . . So even though he extensively explores the meaning of the death of God, he is neither a death of God theologian nor a theologian without God." (pp. 21-22, *passim)* This is an accurate statement, I believe. That Vahanian (and others) might argue that this is the *really* radical theological stance does not alter the fact that what he is about is qualitatively other than what Altizer and Hamilton are doing. Thus, Ogletree is justified in excluding Vahanian on the basis of this difference, but he might have been somewhat more circumspect in his judging the comparative radicality of the positions.

Van Buren is also problematically related to Altizer and Hamilton as even the most casual reader of their respective writings would discern. The point above regarding the difficulty in assessing radicality is pertinent here precisely because Ogletree says: ". . . van Buren's work should not strictly speaking appear in a volume called *The Death of God Controversy*. Still, what he has to say is sufficiently important, and *sufficiently radical* that it does properly belong in any discussion of radical proposals in contemporary theology." (p. 21, italics mine.) This I found to be one of the most questionable decisions of the author because it was a decision based not upon the topic of the book, i.e., the "death of God." If radicality be appealed to as the criterion, then the tastes of many a position would dictate the inclusion of many other positions as radical. I believe this point to be sufficiently important to deserve pointing out that in their *Radical Theology and the Death of God*, Hamilton and Altizer themselves indicate ten different meanings attributable to the phrase "death of God" and they assess the radicality of the position of each meaning. In other words, radicality alone is not a sufficient justification for what must finally be to a very high degree an arbitrariness in what was included and excluded in the book. Further, beyond the inherent value of van Buren's work, and an insightful analysis of it, Ogletree's book is not appreciably a better book nor is the reader really more knowledgeable about the "death of God" than if the section on van Buren were deleted.

If the heart of the book, and indeed the subject of the "death of God" in contemporary theology, is really most apparent in the work of William Hamilton and Thomas J. J. Altizer, then Ogletree's analyses and critiques of their positions really provide the bases for assessing the book.

First, Hamilton is pictured as a "candid" theologian. Why candor is most appropriately embodied in aphoristic (fragmentary) thought is not answered, but it is clear that Ogletree is so convinced. The path of Hamilton's spiritual odyssey from a tentative experiencer of the absence of God to a "God-giver-upper" with finality in these latter days is well laid out by Ogletree. The positive dimensions of Hamilton's thought are caught up in this statement: "It involves participation in the human struggle for dignity and justice in the life of the world, and acknowledgement of the centrality of Jesus for defining the nature and basis of the Christian's role in that struggle" (p. 35). The result is an optimism and a discovery of Jesus in unsuspected places. Ogletree rightly takes Hamilton to task for failure to acknowledge theological responsibility to the larger Christian community in favor of a highly subjective and individualistic theological candor. Further, the oft-repeated questionableness of the role of Jesus in Hamilton's thought is reiterated with penetration by Ogletree. He shows Hamilton impaled on the horns of a most embarrassing dilemma. Either Jesus is the model *only* because of an arbitrary and logically indefensible claim to uniqueness, which, if Hamilton admitted, would remove his only claim to properly retaining "Christian" as a description of his position. Or, surprise of surprises, Jesus *functions* as a God figure with a full freight of rather unradical traditional features such as redemption attached to him. Ogletree concludes: ". . . Hamilton's attempt to engage in theological discourse without reference to God has served indirectly to confirm the indispensable role of 'God-talk' in Christian thought" (p. 46). Thus, notch one radical casualty for Mr. Ogletree.

Paul van Buren's *The Secular Meaning of the Gospel* is weighed and found wanting on grounds similar to those employed in the critique of Hamilton. The centrality of Jesus in van Buren's thought turns out to be, according to Ogletree, another instance of the God-function of Jesus. Thus, in the end, van Buren, it is argued, serves the purposes of more conventional theology in ways he never dreamed of doing.

Finally, "Christian atheism," as expounded by Thomas J. J. Altizer, comes under Ogletree's diagnostic probings. This, in my judgment, is the best section of the book. Ogletree appears to be more at home with Altizer than with either Hamilton or van Buren. This may be because he seems very familiar with the nineteenth century sources upon whom Altizer bases a considerable portion of his position. Further, inasmuch as Altizer's recent *The Gospel of Christian Atheism* represents an effort to write a sustained exposition, Ogletree seems to reckon he can have more confidence in his judgments about Altizer's

thought than he could with the fragmentariness of Hamilton's thought or the linguistic analysis of van Buren.

Among the several thrusts of Ogletree's critique of Altizer, the most far-reaching is stated: ". . . he needs to give more sober attention to the relation of his thought to Christian tradition" (p. 100). The implications of this criticism are then related to the themes of incarnation and epiphany in an insightful exposition. Further, drawing a sharp contrast between Hamilton and van Buren on the one hand, and Altizer on the other, Ogletree rightly suggests the need for Altizer to explore the ethical implications of his position. Finally, and by now as expected, Ogletree attempts to demonstrate the need for a more traditional God-function in order to round out Altizer's position.

The closing portion of the chapter on Altizer contains a sentence that summarily states Ogletree's view of the whole death of God controversy: ". . . Altizer is not as radical as he sometimes wants to appear" (p. 108). In the "Conclusion," which is a useful summary of the entire book, Ogletree states what will undoubtedly be a recurrent theme in his subsequent constructive theological writings: "The effect of this study has been to confirm indirectly the essential place of an understanding of God in Christian theology . . ." (p. 109).

Just this characterizes the "unevenness" referred to earlier. It leaves a nagging set of questions. Did Ogletree begin with the *a priori* assumption that anything bearing the name Christian *must* have a place for a transcendent God or its functional equivalent? Did he then inevitably find a lesser degree of "radicality" in his three subjects than might otherwise have been the case?

In spite of these and other questions of less importance, this is a useful book and should serve well as an introduction to the "death of God" controversy for anyone seeking to see the movement in a larger context. It is a straightforward analysis of the views of the theologians examined that should send the reader directly to the sources so well laid out in the bibliography. And, I must reiterate, it has as a chief value the complimentary fact of taking very seriously a movement that too few other theologians have seriously examined.

—JAMES B. WIGGINS

A. E. Hotchner, *Papa Hemingway*. Random House (1966), 304 pp., $5.95.

"How the hell can a writer retire?"

Hemingway was a master of the short story, and even his longest novels were, it seems to me, short stories padded out and thereby diminished. It was in getting a thing just right, just as it was or is, no waste and no larger than life, that he excelled. He was a poet of the short story, and the language of English prose has been marked by Hemingway as it has been marked by only a few others: Shakespeare and Milton, Samuel Johnson and Wordsworth, Mark Twain and William Faulkner. Writing is a passion (and a compassion) for words, for language. Poets who care about words are uncommon; prose writers who care about words are needles in haystacks. Hemingway loved the language he wrote, and the language he wrote reciprocated.

I do not know, and am inclined to doubt, that Hemingway was as accomplished in bed as he professed to be but if he was even half as proficient with women as he was with language the experience must have been, for the fortunate females, exhilarating. Language was his mistress, and, in the short story, he was ever its strong and gentle master. Hemingway the writer does not seem to have interested A. E. Hotchner very much—despite that he adapted some of the stories for television—and his otherwise engaging portrait of Hemingway in his declining years suffers from the absence of the writer almost as much as Hemingway himself did, as death closed in. It is as though one were to write a biography of Bluebeard without reference to his wives, or of the Marquis de Sade without reference to his fantasies.

A question of propriety has been raised against Hotchner for printing details of the formidable disintegration of Hemingway in his last contest with time. A similar question has been raised against Lord Moran for his memoir of the ravages senility visited upon Winston Churchill. I cannot hold with those who are squeamish about the violation of legends. All legends must, like chimney sweepers, come to dust. It may be hasty to decimate a legend before it has had time to puff out in memories, but we live, alas, in a time that has been shaped by

"I congratulate you on inaugurating such a series..."—**AUSTIN WARREN**

CONTEMPORARY WRITERS IN CHRISTIAN PERSPECTIVE

a continuing series

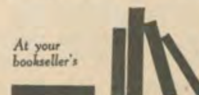
This extraordinary new series is designed to provide a better understanding of a major author's work as seen in Christian perspective. The form and contents of the booklets are specifically oriented to literary criticism . . . the subjects are chosen from the entire spectrum of literary endeavor. Twelve studies to be released yearly. Each 48 pages, $.85

"(Drake's) examination of images and symbols . . . is often illuminating, and the warmth of his admiration for Miss O'Connor and her work is pleasing."
—**GRANVILLE HICKS**

NOW AVAILABLE!

Charles Williams by Mary McDermott Shideler
Ernest Hemingway by Nathan A. Scott, Jr.
T. S. Eliot by Neville Braybrooke
Flannery O'Connor by Robert Drake
Edith Sitwell by Ralph J. Mills, Jr. 6-59

At your bookseller's



WM. B. EERDMANS PUBLISHING CO.
Grand Rapids, Michigan

a nefarious alliance of haste with waste. We may not care to know that even the most valiant of human adversaries to the power of death ultimately and grotesquely succumbs to it, but we may well know it since, sooner or later, we shall all find it out for ourselves. I confess myself to a not inconsiderable fascination with the process by which the human endeavor is inexorably undone. For that reason I find myself more in debt than otherwise to Lord Moran and Mr. A. E. Hotchner.

Hotchner fulfills, it seems to me, an emunctory function, that is to say, he carries off a certain waste that Hemingway left behind. It is in the nature of things that the more formidable a man's achievement the more elaborate will be the waste he leaves behind. How to dispose of such waste is a problem human ingenuity has yet to attack efficiently. We are left with a primitive solution: expose it to the light of day and allow putrefaction to work its wicked will. It is a necessary, if banal, chore to tidy up the house even after it has celebrated the visitation of greatness. Thus, it may seem trivial to learn that Sir Winston in his eighties wet the bed, or that Hemingway—to the best of Hotchner's 'knowledge'—never wore underwear, but it is such minutiae that reclaim for the rest of us the humanity, and hence the dignity, of what would otherwise be lost to us in the expurgation that constitutes a legend. I am comforted that Hemingway never wore underwear because I never wear underwear either. There is at least some resemblance.

There is another sense in which Hotchner has served his friend. His book is the story, partial but sufficient, of Hemingway's last and lost fight against the power of death in his own existence. Hence, we are reminded, as largely we seem never to have grasped, that all along Hemingway, the writer, was engaged in a combat with death itself. The notion seems to have gotten abroad that Hemingway was a celebrant of the good things of life: food and drink and sport, sex and adventure and warfare. Such a notion mutilates what Hemingway in his best work wrote. (It has to be admitted that in his lesser work he himself succumbed to the same notion.) Hemingway wrote in fact about the joy of life when—and only when—it confronted directly and honestly and fiercely the power of death by which it is surrounded. Death, death was what Hemingway wrote about, death and the nobility of human rejection of it.

There is a Zen story that serves, I think, as a parable of what Hemingway had to say about the human predicament. It is the story of a man pursued by a tiger who comes to a cliff, glances down and sees a branch extended from the cliff, jumps down to the branch and hangs from it by one hand, looks down and sees looking up a hungry bear, looks nearer and sees on the branch a large ripe strawberry, picks and eats the strawberry with his free hand, and remarks 'How delicious!' That is the essence of Hemingway's vision—to use a word he would have deplored—and it is a vision—to use a context in which he was, understandably, uncomfortable—fundamentally Christian. For it is the Christian conviction, it seems to me and, I think, it seemed also to Hemingway, that the human predicament is radically tragic but the human experience is radically joyous. The moment may be brief that we are free of death but that moment *is* delicious, so delicious that by itself it defeats death forever.

Hotchner's haphazard reconstruction of Hemingway's last years is replete with examples of his addiction to life in the face of death. Time and again the boozed and burnt-out writer would respond to the joy of the moment, vain and arrogant that the moment was beset by death in all its wiles, and death each time would retreat, would bide *its* time, would wait, as death must, for the moment when vigilance lapsed, when joy slept and the insinuation of confusion could proliferate itself. Confusion did, of course, relentlessly and terribly insinuate itself in every lapsed moment, until, inevitably, paranoia claimed the broken mind and it could no longer distinguish imaginary enemies from real ones. It is astonishing, in a way, that Hemingway fought as fiercely and as resourcefully against imaginary enemies as against real ones. Death defeats us all in the end by a division of our being until finally even an enemy that does not exist grinds us into dust.

It is no surprise that Hemingway lost in the end to death. The surprise is that he persisted to the end. Most of us, after all, never enter the fight at all, choosing rather to avoid the encounter as long as possible, whatever the price. Hemingway once said, according to Hotchner, that ". . . writing is the only thing that makes me feel that I'm not wasting my time sticking around." But the time he saved by writing was not his own: it was ours. Many have said that Hemingway was a boy who never grew up. They describe themselves. To be sure, he often sought surcease from death in the consolations of adolescence. What better place is there? But if, as I believe, a man is one who takes on death, then there are only a handful in any generation, and in the last—sometimes called the lost—generation Hemingway was one. And even when the odds overwhelmed him he would not 'retire' and so the power of death was given a rare opportunity to exhibit itself before us all. We owe Hemingway not alone his writings but also that he personally exposed death to the limit in all its ugliness and stupidity and futility. A. E. Hotchner, an ordinary sort of chap, and so like most of us, felt obliged to record the waste of Hemingway, and for all that he did it only passably well, he did what few of us would even dare, and that, I suspect, is as Hemingway would have liked it to be.

Death, for Hemingway, came, not in the afternoon, but in the early evening; for the mass of us it came at dawn, and we enjoy our dismal respite from its finality, only because the likes of Hemingway have held it astonishingly at bay. Where is its sting? Read, or read again, the best of Hemingway. Where is its victory? Read *Papa Hemingway*.

—ANTHONY TOWNE

William H. DuBay, *The Human Church*. Doubleday (1966), 192 pp., $4.50.

For many of us concerned with that reform and renewal in the Catholic Church set in motion by Pope John XXIII and the recently concluded council, Father William DuBay was something of a hero. He did and said and suffered some bold and courageous things in a diocese whose administration seems to be compounded of equal shares of Roman rigidity and obscurantism, Wall Street acumen and California right-wing madness. And each of us thought he was acting so for the reasons we considered "right."

Now he has exposed his reasons for all the world to see. And his book is, from almost any vantage-point but P.O.A.U.'s, a melancholy sight. Not because he writes so much about the "human," about the Church's need to reorganize itself and all of its institutions to serve the *person* for whom sacrament and community exist. No Christian can talk too much about that, these or any other days. It is melancholy because the "human" that emerges from these pages is a thin man indeed—a man devoid of humor and of art, without delicacy or social grace, with an intelligence so blunt that it can comprehend no nuance, no ambivalence, no hesitation, no complexity . . . whose spirit can be satisfied by a shallow and doctrinaire political ideology.

The jacket describes the book as "a frank appraisal of the present state of the Catholic Church." But one does not get the feeling that anything is being appraised. Appraisal involves consideration and respect. DuBay's introductory caution to his "comrades-at-arms" not to waste ammunition sets the tone; the sentences that follow ricochet off the cardinal archbishop's door. One fears his eminence is saying, "with enemies like this, who needs a friend?"

Pity is, so much of what he says needs to be said responsibly and respectfully. He reminds us that Christianity is, in a sense, the end of "religion," that it is properly *not* a "religion." The freedom of the sons of God is a theme he loves. Prophetic and charismatic gifts receive full recognition. The basically ethical concern of Christian commitment is affirmed and its political consequences are embraced. Some of the problems associated with Church property and investments are exposed to scrutiny.

But what Father DuBay has not grasped, has not been struck by, is the dimension to the "human" that is the gift, the grace of God's action in the paschal mystery. He has no time for such diversionary tactics when there are people to be fed and prisoners to be set free. Apparently it has not occurred to him that the quality of these relationships and services may be af-

fected quite profoundly by influences as "remote" as liturgy and theology.

He sees nothing but absolute choices, nothing but opposites in his field of decision and of action: God or man, cult or ethics, past or present, eschatology or the here-and-now. So that even when he states an obvious truth or demands a clearly needed reform, he manages to do so in a voice so harsh and strident that it discourages agreement.

If he set out to prove the inadequacy of seminary education, this book is certainly a case in point.

—ROBERT W. HOVDA

Richard F. Hettlinger, *Living with Sex*. Seabury Press (1966), 185 pp., $4.50.

How is a male student to live with sex? This seems a rather crass way of putting the question. But sex is a part of what it means to be male, and an inescapable part of any relationship between a man and a woman. If some characterizations of student life are to be believed, when a student isn't thinking of class work, he is thinking of his next sexual conquest. The falsity of this particular picture should be clear, but it continues to hang around because a good portion of a student's time *is* spent in searching for and discovering the most satisfactory way of relating to coeds. In the process of this search, testing out different ways of relating sexually is no small part of the total relationship. But it is a part, and not the total relationship. What part is it to play?

In *Living With Sex: The Student's Dilemma,* Richard Hettlinger suggests that the student today is faced with two answers to this question. Both answers tend toward dogmatism; both ignore the depth, richness, and variety of man-woman relationships; consequently both make up the contrasting horns of a dilemma—they deny any middle-ground.

On the one horn the demand is placed on the student to limit any sexual experimentation to a very narrow range until after the marriage ceremony. In the face of his own sexual drive and the tremendous stimulation he gets from the mass media and changing mores of our culture, he receives from his religious tradition (if he still takes it seriously) an inflexible and resounding NO!—until after marriage. And even then, in some traditions "excessive sexual indulgence" is looked on with reserved disapproval.

On the other horn, the student receives the equally dogmatic advice that he is thwarting his basic human personality if he does not give free expression to those forces which drive him in full sexual self-expression with another human being. In support of this he is referred to the statistics of the Kinsey report as the new definition of what is "natural" for man, or he is referred to the verbalized mores of his fraternity or dorm mates—whether these mores are observed or not. If he turns to *Playboy,* which has suffered much undeserved criticism, he still finds that while older Victorian dogmatic answers are helpfully called into question, no real alternative is offered the student except to enjoy sex, but don't hurt anybody. As Hettlinger comments:

> Taken for what it is—a good-natured spoofing of the stuffier aspects of our society, a much needed protest against prudery and Comstockerey, a forum for the discussion of sexual questions, a source of erotic relief for deprived males, a medium of occasional pieces of excellent writing, relaxing "Entertainment for Men"—**Playboy** fills a need. But that students should suppose that they are offered an adequate **philosophy** here, let alone a Bible, is disastrous.

Hettlinger turns to the discussion of living with sex by opening up the middle ground between the horns of the dilemma, where there are no dogmatic or easy answers, but where responsible decision concerning his sexual relations lies with the student. While forswearing dogmatic answers of restriction or no restrictions whatsoever, Hettlinger spends the greater part of the book offering some guidelines which may help the student who rests uneasy, himself, with religious and popular authoritarianism. To clear the underbrush which has sprouted in this middle ground, the author offers some definitions. *Sex* is "the raw psycho physical energy which affects all our relationships to other people from infancy on." It is not limited at all to coitus, but includes "a wide range of acts or attitudes appropriate to many different personal contacts."

Lust is defined as "the desire for or use of another human being conceived as the object of purely selfish pleasure," isolating the physical aspect and not taking the other into account as a whole person. In the relationship of *love,* the other person "is encountered as a self, not as a thing." A woman is enjoyed "not only as a body, but as a person." The man's concern is not only for his own satisfaction, but with hers—"and with all her hesitancies, fears, needs, aspirations." With this background, it becomes clear that, for Hettlinger, sex in a context of lust is never appropriate, but that love alone gives sex its full meaning. He recognizes full well, however, that most relationships between men and women are made up of some combination of the two. In order, then, to offer some standard by which love can be measured, Hettlinger turns to the person of Jesus as the historical embodiment of love's highest and perfect expression. In doing so, he offers the following observation:

> I think that a valid distinction can be drawn between **Christ** and the religion which bears his name. The latter is indeed at present—though not necessarily forever—irrelevant to the great majority of students. The former, I would maintain, offers the only adequate basis for a mature and coherent view of sex—a view which the man who recognizes love as a decisive criterion already partly shares.

In Jesus Christ, Hettlinger sees the end of dogmatism—either of legalistic morality or of unrestricted license—thus freeing man for responsible human decision; a decision, that is, in which one is not only responsible to oneself, but also and especially to the other person. With this love, a responsible concern for the other, as the context, the author proceeds to the implications of this love for a student's relations with himself, other men, and primarily, with women.

In chapters on "Sex—All Alone" and "Sex—All Male" Hettlinger offers a rather fresh and open approach to an understanding of masturbation, as well as an attempt to dispel some fears that students have in regard to homosexuality. He shows considerable understanding of the problems raised for college students who must postpone serious consideration of marriage until late in their college careers—if not after its completion—when he acknowledges that masturbation may be an appropriate way of sexual release, "freeing the self for positive and constructive interests, among which masturbation will find its proper, minor, and temporary place."

His discussion of homosexuality, while very helpful, tends to employ a narrow definition of sex—narrower than the definition set by the author himself.

In the concluding chapters, Hettlinger draws out some implications for the student's sexual dilemma if Jesus Christ is used as the model for the meaning of love as it applies to sexual relations between a man and a woman. As he discusses the woman's point of view, the possibility that while love may make sexual intercourse right, it may be more likely that one will abstain out of love until the ultimate commitment is sealed in marriage; the significance of petting to orgasm without intercourse; and consideration that sexual responsibility may extend beyond one's girl friend. As these topics are presented, it becomes clear that Hettlinger's years as a teacher and counselor of students and his understanding of the freedom and the responsibility to which all men are called have helped him avoid the temptation of taking from his readers the obligation of making their own decision. In a revealing statement at the close of the book he observes that "instead of presenting his followers with another detailed set of regulations, Jesus confronted them with the responsibility of personal decision in the light of the absolute obligation of love—and then assured them that his Father was more interested in the integrity of their response than in the measurement and punishment of their failures."

Because of his openness and understanding of the personal and social pressures to which the student is subject, because he accepts the fact that responsible decision occurs in a context of risk, and because the standard he offers is no less than the profoundest example of humanity we know—for these reasons, Hettlinger's book offers the student authentic and helpful alternatives to his present dilemma of living with sex.

—RICHARD WADDELL

CONTRIBUTORS

LEON HOWELL is Literature and Study Secretary for the National Student Christian Federation.

ROSS TERRILL, former staff member of the Australian Student Christian Movement, is a Ph.D. student at Harvard. He is a frequent contributor to the *New Republic* and the *Christian Century.*

WARREN BRYAN MARTIN is visiting research educator at the Center for the Study of Higher Education, University of California, Berkeley.

CARL OGLESBY, president of Students for a Democratic Society, is the charismatic leader and articulate spokesman for the New Left.

DUANE MEHL is an editor for the Board of Parish Education of the Lutheran church, Missouri Synod.

MARY McDERMOTT SHIDLER's book, *The Theology of Romatic Love:* A Study in the Writings of Charles Williams (Harper, 1962), has just been republished in paperback by Eerdmans. She lives in Ames, Iowa.

AL CARMINES joins *motive* pages this month as regular film reviewer. He is associate minister and director of the arts at Greenwich Village's Judson Memorial Church. He directs the Judson Poets' Theater, Judson Dance Theater and the Judson Gallery, and is a composer who has been awarded off-Broadway's Obie for best music composed, 1963-64.

HAP CAWOOD is a reporter for the *Dayton* (Ohio) *Daily News.* He recently completed graduate work in Journalism at Ohio State University.

October **POETS: SIDNEY SULKIN** is author of a new novel, *The Family Man.* **J. EDGAR SIMMONS** has just moved to Texas, where he is to inaugurate a new creative writing program at the University of Texas. **GERALD LOCKLIN** teaches at California State College, Long Beach. **SAM BRADLEY**'s latest collection, *Men In Good Measure,* is available from Golden Quill Press. **ROBERT C. BREWER,** jazzophile from Massachusetts and a new *motive* contributor, most recently appeared in *Insight.* **CHARLES A. LERRIGO,** new immigrant to Vermont, is also making his first appearance in *motive.*

ARTISTS for this issue include: **TOM DAVENPORT,** a free-lance photographer from New York City, making his first appearance in *motive;* **JIM CRANE,** artist and cartoonist on the faculty of Florida Presbyterian College, St. Petersburg; **KONSTANTIN MILONADIS,** a Chicago artist. His Kenetic sculpture is from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Myron B. Shure of Highland Park, Illinois; **C. R. MARTIN,** a free-lance photographer from Bradfordwoods, Pennsylvania; **R. O. HODGELL,** who teaches art at Florida Presbyterian College; **MICHAEL CHICKIRIS,** a photography major at Kent State Universiy in Ohio; **MARTIN DWORKIN,** a professional writer and photographer from New York City, and a faculty member at Teachers College, Columbia University; **BEN MAHMOUD,** who is an assistant professor of art at Northern Illinois University.

BOOK REVIEWERS are: **JOSEPH D. ALLEN,** a senior in philosophy at the University of Illinois; **ARTHUR BRANDENBURG,** Wesley Foundation Director, Yale University; **JAMES B. WIGGINS,** who teaches in the department of religion, Syracuse University; **ANTHONY TOWNE,** *motive* book review editor, poet, editor, living in New York City; **FATHER ROBERT W. HOVDA,** a staff member of the Liturgical Conference (Roman Catholic), Washington, D.C.; **RICHARD WADDELL,** who is director of the Student Christian Association at Vanderbilt University.

PHOTO: CHARLES MARTIN

SUBSCRIBE!

don't be left out of the running. use this card.

subscription order

PLEASE SEND *MOTIVE:*

☐ NEW SUBSCRIPTION ☐ RENEWAL

☐ 3 YEARS—$7.50 (24 ISSUES)
☐ 2 YEARS—$5.50 (16 ISSUES)
☐ 1 YEAR —$3.00 (8 ISSUES)

☐ **CHECK ENCLOSED** ☐ BILL ME LATER

NAME

STREET OR BOX

CITY

STATE ZIP

please check one:

☐ Undergrad. Student
☐ Grad. Student
☐ Faculty
☐ Clergy
☐ Seminarian
☐ Other

LITHOGRAPH: MAHMOUD

CONTRIBUTORS

LEON HOWELL is Literature and Study Secretary for the National Student Christian Federation.

ROSS TERRILL, former staff member of the Australian Student Christian Movement, is a Ph.D. student at Harvard. He is a frequent contributor to the *New Republic* and the *Christian Century*.

WARREN BRYAN MARTIN is visiting research educator at the Center for the Study of Higher Education, University of California, Berkeley.

CARL OGLESBY, president of Students for a Democratic Society, is the charismatic leader and articulate spokesman for the New Left.

DUANE MEHL is an editor for the Board of Parish Education of the Lutheran church, Missouri Synod.

MARY McDERMOTT SHIDLER's book, *The Theology of Romatic Love:* A Study in the Writings of Charles Williams (Harper, 1962), has just been republished in paperback by Eerdmans. She lives in Ames, Iowa.

AL CARMINES joins *motive* pages this month as regular film reviewer. He is associate minister and director of the arts at Greenwich Village's Judson Memorial Church. He directs the Judson Poets' Theater, Judson Dance Theater and the Judson Gallery, and is a composer who has been awarded off-Broadway's Obie for best music composed, 1963-64.

HAP CAWOOD is a reporter for the *Dayton* (Ohio) *Daily News*. He recently completed graduate work in Journalism at Ohio State University.

October **POETS: SIDNEY SULKIN** is author of a new novel, *The Family Man*. **J. EDGAR SIMMONS** has

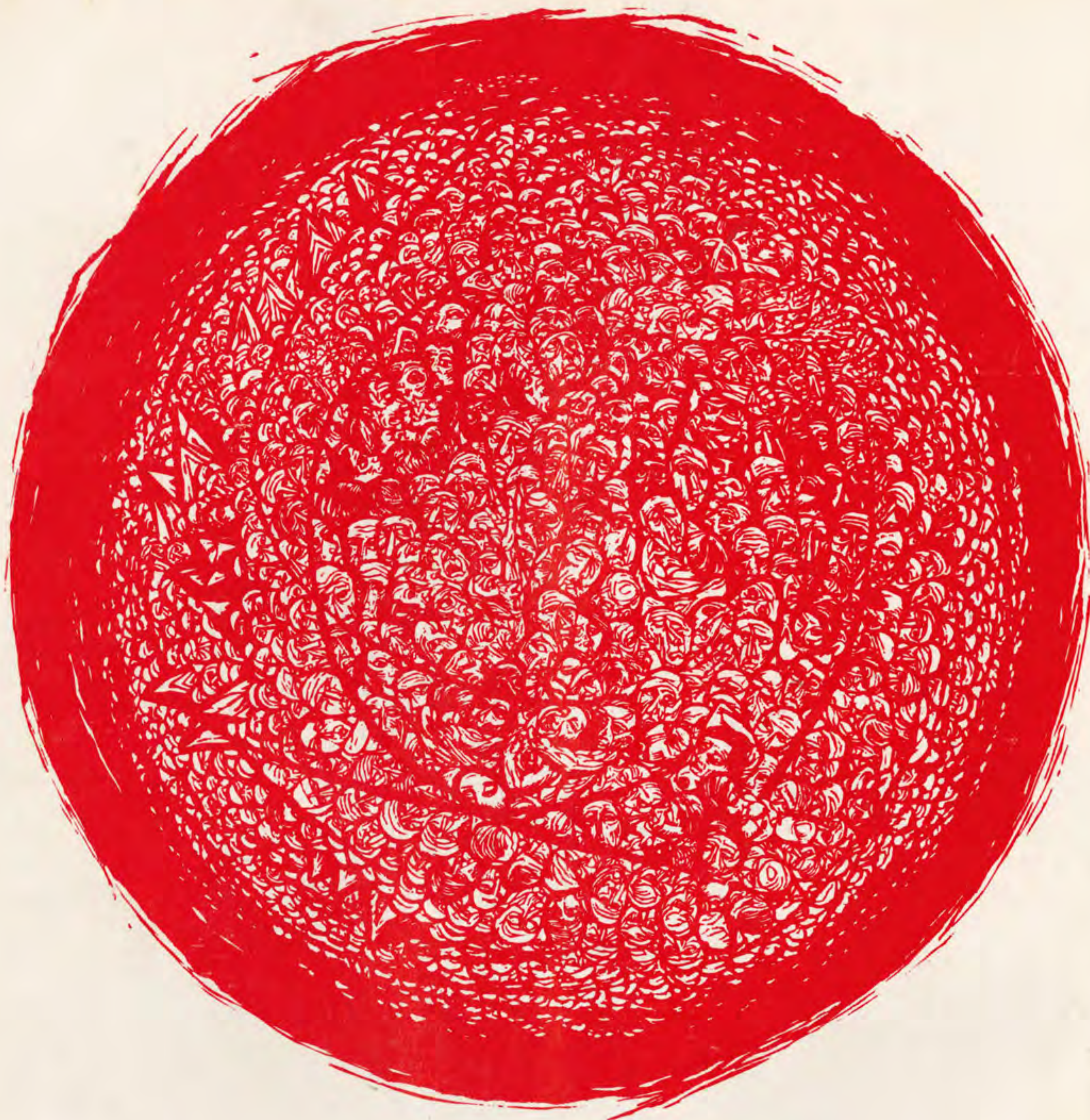
First Class
Permit No. 607
Nashville, Tenn.

BUSINESS REPLY MAIL
No Postage Necessary If Mailed in the United States

Postage will be paid by

motive *magazine*
P.O. Box 871
Nashville, Tenn. 37202

LITHOGRAPH: MAHMOUD



WOODCUT: HODGELL

DISSENT 509

Two liberal arts courses in dissention will be added to the fall schedule, the Curriculum Revision Committee announced recently.

The courses will be listed as "509. Dissent With Conformity" (MWF-11, 3 cr.) and "510. Dissent With The Status Quo" (TThS-10, 3 cr.).

According to the Dean of Student Affairs, the additions are "responses to student protests that the school is getting too impersonally bureaucratic and too heavy-handed with its stifling of free expression." This complaint was lodged by two students expelled last spring.

The Dean said he agreed that students should be given some voice in matters which legitimately concern them but said he hoped this new liberalization of rules would not lead "to radical license and disorder."

Both of the new courses are open to upperclassmen with 2.0 standings and prerequisites in chemistry and foreign language. Students under 21 are required to have written permission from parents or guardians.

The courses will include practice in petition and poster writing, graded on clarity of style, use of phrases, and strength of generalities. Poster and placard fees are $4. Generalities will be provided but students are expected to bring their own causes.

One session a week will include supervised demonstrations in or outside the gymnasium. Extracurricular demonstrators must have certification of satisfactory completion of both courses and must abide by schedule rules in the "Demonstration Handbook" available at the Campus Cultural Affairs Office.

Credit hours for the new courses may be used as electives or as part of the physical education requirement.

—HAP CAWOOD