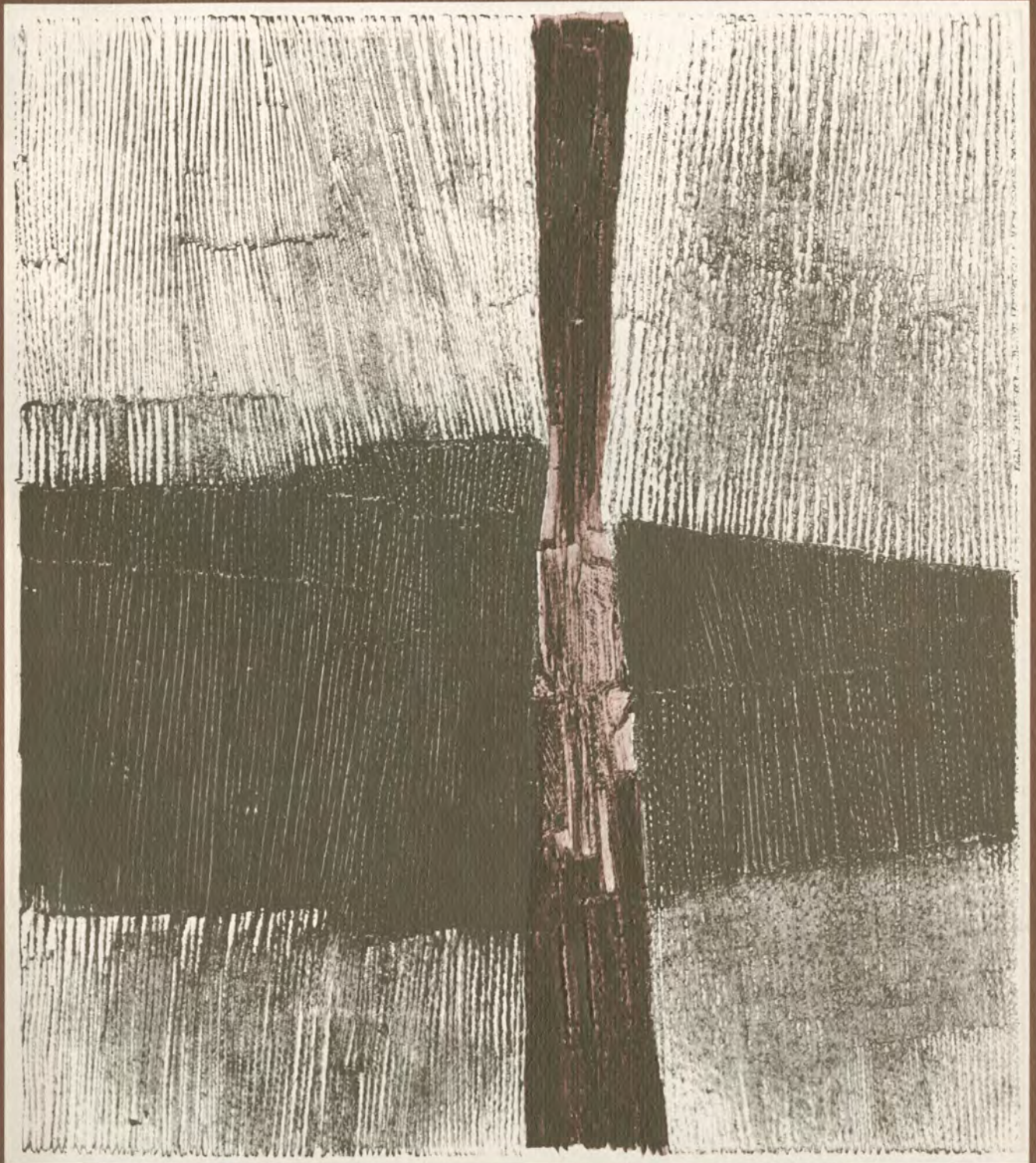


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- FRONT COVER: This rich engraving was done by an outstanding young Brazilian artist, ESMERALDO, who currently is working and exhibiting in Paris. His work has been exhibited in the Sao Paulo Biennale and at many expositions in Italy, France, Yugoslavia, and Switzerland.

THE LATEST INSCRIPTIONS

I

Whoever lies here next to us, in times
to come, listen closely for breathing

II

I felt that my love for her gave me
something we could share; she took
me at my work. Her last work: Go

III

The birds—who knows what kind
of birds?—fell from the trees.

IV

The Asian Wars happened at last.
When the rifles were given out
on streetcorners, the black men
and the white men lined up for them.
Once in their hands

V

This Child was told many lies.

VI

My bullet entered between my eyes;
it was like a third eye.
From the wound I saw great things,
unseen things, new spectacular visions
arose to inform me of the real reason
for blindness. See the red world!

VII

Although I was black all my life,
I was given a white kiss for my trouble.

VIII

Love wronged me; telling me the truth
about himself, there was nothing left to do.

IX

Eyes made up to slant, a fake
Oriental in San Francisco, my arm
around a blond with breasts;
the troop trains rattled by.
Inside the young men pressed
their faces against the windows.



SERIGRAPH: ALDERFER

X

Fathers, mothers, we bear
harsh burdens. Our children
kiss our foreheads; what did you
think when we kissed you?

Sons, daughters, we have felt
many kisses. Here, we see red
mouths approaching, wide as cannon.
Listen for our dark breathing.

XI

The glass was cool against
my cheek; we clicked slowly
past the long graves
on the California hills.
Some of us had scrawled signs
saying, We Don't Want To Go.

XII

I did not want to go into the white light.
The Negro broke his gun, then turned
his harsh eye. My father kissed his mother.
The harsh lies did us all in, in time.
Once in our hands, the birds sang lovely
songs, opened scarlet wounds, told love: Go.

XIII

Here lies the Child in our Time.

—JAMES DEN BOER



R. O. HODGELL

If the UCM continues with the magnificent imagination and analysis (I must yoke the two) heralded by October's *motive*, it will prove to be the most exciting issue in/from the university community. This is the first issue which captured and maintained my attention without a break (minor poetry exceptions). It did not lapse into a replaying of old themes nor into religious-liberal generalities void of substance; it was continually bold, strikingly original, and very *responsible* throughout.

To use Arthur Brandenburg and Mary Shideler: if magazines will make people joyous revolutionaries, such issues will make many new recruits—and respirit us older ones!

—LARRY CHRISTENSEN
madison, wisconsin

As a non-religious member of the New Left I would like to make a number of points in regard to UCM (as symbolized in *motive*) and what, it seems to me, are its implications as a growing part of the "Movement":

(1) Theology: This is a significant difference between UCM and SDS thinking, simply because it seems to occupy so much of your thinking and so little of our own. There is not so much hostility on this point as there is almost total indifference: most SDS members do not base their commitment on any metaphysical conceptions but rather on the goodness of the ends in themselves (and their implications for further radicalization). A growing UCM will be accepted insofar as it works toward those socioeconomic ends; it will be criticized where preoccupied with other things. (To non-ideological radicals, of which I am not one, UCM takes on a certain parallel to, say, Progressive Labor: their reverence for Mao's personality is ignored as long as it does not interfere with their work.) Yet I cannot help but wonder about Leon Howell's rationale for UCM existence ("the mood of this generation of students demanded new and hopefully more creative ways to maintain Christian presence in the academic world of today"). Did UCM come into being to use its religious influence in building an economically democratic America; or because it was losing its flock on leftward-moving campuses?

(2) Quality of Analysis: What significance is there in the character of the foreign policy analysis of Ross Terrill? The Old Left was forever accusing religious people of substituting moral arguments for socioeconomic analysis. Can it have been true? Behind Mr. Terrill's closing statement ("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. . . . To give up imperialist adventures means to accept mutuality in international relations. . . . It was John F. Kennedy, after all, who had the vision of a world 'safe for diversity.' . . .") and that of editors Paul Sweezy and Leo Huberman in the November *Monthly Review* ("Imperialism . . . is an entire social order—a set class of relations, a mode of government, an ideological superstructure—and what is more, a social order which is riddled with conflicts and contradictions.") lie two wholly different conceptions of the character of contemporary American society and American foreign policy. The dialogue to alter these differences must take place soon if UCM is to have a solid analytical base upon which to project itself. SDS is now undergoing internal tremors in the struggle to move past the *Port Huron Statement* to a concrete economic and ideological analysis of Monopoly Capitalism—it will succeed, I think, because enough of its number are serious about developing penetrating ideological critiques. Can the same be said for UCM? In a day when War Protest Marches, Peace Candidates for various offices, and other moral protests are becoming rapidly obsolescent, a new movement more than ever before must use its tools to lay down plans to go beyond simply complaint, and hit the evils of American society where they can be destroyed. A group which fails to do this will be in practical terms a Dodo and in general terms a drag on the rest of the "Movement."

(3) The essential meaning of a Christian Activist Movement: If UCM flourishes—and I see many reasons why it can—non-religious radicals will one day soon be posing the problem of its meaning to themselves as one of profound importance. The entire context of the New Left might conceivably be altered, and many of the old stereotypes of "radical" and "radicalism" demolished.

In general, this would be so much for the good. But if a religious movement is seminal in creating this change, I will not hide my pessimism as to the result. As a student of the past of the American Left, I have found positive religious additions very scarce, and negative additions much more plentiful. The most significant precedent lies in the roots of American Socialism, the period of the 1890's. In this time (much like today in beginning a synthesis of New Left elements) many Christians were indeed active in the struggle for social reform, as "Social Gosplers" or as ordinary citizens. But what a study of such activities shows (the best source for this is James Dombrowski, *The Early Days of Christian Socialism in the U.S.* but other recent works show largely the same conclusions) is that almost without exception, the Christians' role

was to attempt to undercut class-consciousness—leaders like W.D.P. Bliss and Richard T. Ely made no secret of this intention, and the dearth of preachers who made common cause with Populism (in its radical forms) and Socialism in this period leads to the same conclusions. The religious character of the Progressive Movement, most recently understood as an essentially elitist effort to rationalize American social forms to fit the economy of monopoly (see Gabriel Kolko's *Triumph of Conservatism* or *Railroad Regulation* on this point), is suggestive. . .

Obviously, any such cataloguing of Christian activities is far less important than the reasons for this destructive attitude. A fairly good model can be constructed: the Christians were essentially middle-class reformers who felt a paternalistic concern for the poor, or a moral hatred of corruptionists; on the one hand, they never lost their fear of the "unwashed masses," and showed no signs of really wanting the working class to control its own factories, or the people their own society; on the other hand, they held an essentially "organic" conception of American society, and partially believed (as well as partially rationalized) that suppression of the Class Struggle was really in the higher interests of all the people. There have been exceptions, of course—individuals like G. D. Herron and A. J. Muste, as well as many Christians who went over to the Socialist Party in the pre-1919 period body and soul—but these are the exceptions.

How greatly have things changed? Do Christian Activists yet recognize the justness of the Watts Revolt or a violent strike—or does the old fear of the masses intrude? Do they see the need to go beyond moral aphorisms to a structural analysis of Monopoly Capitalism, to find the roots of American foreign policy in socioeconomic needs and not the Leader's Psyche? Have they analyzed their anti-communism and found its roots in American Cold War needs—or do they still believe *Life* magazine articles about "Mao's Aggression"?

These are questions that must be answered. I do not ask them for mere provocation or out of hostility. I continue to believe that UCM may reach sectors of society that we non-religious radicals cannot, and that it may make knowledgeable radicals out of the people in them. But I am unsure, and quite inexperienced in knowing Christians who are highly ideological, radical Democrats—the ones I have worked with are still susceptible to Establishment propaganda; they are still using moral answers where concrete ones are called for; and they are looking madly for a Great Leader (i.e., Robert Kennedy) who will extricate them from their worries about the Great Society and its foreign aggression.

PAUL M. BUHLE
storrs, conn.

You are publishing the best, most comprehensive, most liberal, most interesting magazine for questioning, aware college students today.

—PEGGY TOMAN
alleggheny college
meadville, pennsylvania

Our sincere appreciation for *motive's* provocative reading. To the conservative element of our foundation, *motive* means constant re-evaluation; to our liberal element, *motive* means constant mental exploration.

May *motive* continue with its fine literary presentation and continue to disgust, please, and involve us.

—JANET MILLER
university of north dakota
grand forks, n.d.

Congratulations! *motive* gets to be more appreciated (by me) every year. Thank God for a magazine that says something! Especially your October cover.

DAVID NORLIN
s.m.u.
dallas, texas

As a "college young person" I could not help but be a bit amused at Gertrude Bishop's letter (Oct., 1966). I've been reading *motive* for all of a year now and have not yet noticed any ill effects. Furthermore, other *motive* readers of my acquaintance compare favorably with non-*motive* readers in such areas as patriotism, conservatism, and going to church once a week.

As for appreciating "sacrilegious" writings, I find it quite possible to appreciate a well-written and thought-provoking article, or for that matter, poorly written, thought-provoking articles, even if I cannot appreciate the point of view expressed therein. And I have not yet come across anything in *motive* I consider sacrilegious, particularly since I don't consider a loud, long laugh at the way man looks at God to be the same thing as laughing at God. Man, even when he has somehow gotten hold of the truth, can be pretty funny. To recognize that is hardly sacrilegious.

Furthermore, though I can't really speak for other college young people, I know the one thing I really don't appreciate is being treated like some particularly impressionable lump which must be protected from the random blows of unlikely ideas, "sacrilegious" or otherwise. Does Miss Bishop really feel that most college young people are more susceptible to harm from the printed page than she herself? In that case, what she really ought to protect them from is the Bible. What with all those stories of lust, incest, mass slaughter (some of those battles!), any reader is liable to be turned into an outright delinquent. Of course, I know that this is not the real heart of the Bible, and that the really important message is that through all this sinfulness man's search for God and God's search for man continues—but will any of those poor young people who can be so easily corrupted by a satire on the death of God see this? I don't know about you, but I doubt it.

ELLEN FUOTO
state university of n.y.
buffalo, n.y.

Congratulations on the excellent piece on *motive* in *Time* (Oct. 21, 1966). Of course, some of us have long known that *motive* has been among the most prophetic voices in journalism (not religious journalism alone) today, but it is heartening to see this confirmed by the judgment of so impressive a medium as *Time*. I must confess, however, that it is a bit disconcerting to us press agents to see a magazine such as *motive*, which has no full-time p.r. man, making all the big-time media (*Time*, *Newsweek*, *Wall Street Journal*, *New York Times*, etc.). Somebody just might get the idea that p.r. men are not one of life's necessities and everyone should know by now that that isn't so. Anyhow, commendations to you; may you long continue in your chosen path—not only as the Methodist voice speaking to the campus but in your larger role as the voice of the new University Christian Movement.

LEONARD M. PERRYMAN
department of news service
methodist board of missions
new york city

Congratulations on having made it in the Real World, and having your emergence duly chronicled in and offered up by that great purveyor of Reality and Impeccable Taste, *Time* magazine.

If your editorial attitude is a bit naive, if it reflects an uncritical espousal of New Left politics, and even if your entire editorial staff wears blue chambray work shirts to any social occasion save perhaps a coronation, *motive* is still infinitely more honest, more enjoyable, and certainly more edifying than the aforementioned purveyor—whose editorial staff, it says here, is made up of "40 individualists," who nevertheless seem to see the world through a great Synoptic eye, record what they see with forty identical vocabularies, in forty indistinguishable journalistic styles.

I commend you for your naive uncritical honesty. All of you look very Real in your chambray shirts.

LEN COLEMAN
atlanta, georgia

When Stokely Met the Presidents:

By VINCENT HARDING

It was understandable that many observers could turn only to the theatre to find the metaphors which would accurately describe the encounter late last fall between Stokely Carmichael and the presidents of two of Atlanta's most self-consciously elitist Negro colleges. Such instances of truth, familiar but unexpected, are like moments of pure drama. When Stokely met the presidents, the troublesome contradictions which plague Negro colleges were etched in stark relief, growing at last into a cathartic shock of recognition.

The first scene took place when the controversial chairman of the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee unexpectedly visited one of the campuses, joining an audience in a discussion of Black Power. In the course of the meeting, he rose to make some pointedly critical comments about the kind of education being given to students at the institution. Then at the most crucial moment of his remarks—almost as if a cue had been given—the president of the college walked in through a door directly in Carmichael's line of vision. The president stood for a moment, listened as the criticism continued, and sat down. When the meeting was over students surrounded Stokely Carmichael and an officer of the sophomore class formally invited him to return in a few days to speak at length (like most revolutionaries, he usually speaks at length). The invitation was accepted.

Then, the night before Carmichael was scheduled to appear the president of the school vetoed the invitation, saying that the meeting had not been planned well enough to prevent the students from being "brainwashed" by the articulate and persuasive black speaker. (Was this the end of Act I?)

Fortunately word of the veto had not gotten to Carmichael (he had been brainwashing 15,000 students at Berkeley) and the young leader appeared on campus at the appointed time looking for the meeting place. Before the night was over the students were marching and chanting *We Want Stokely!*, and TV cameramen had appeared; in the absence of the president a dean had allowed Carmichael to speak in the parking lot; and



ENGRAVINGS: JACKSON

Black Power and Negro Education

students from the adjoining college had invited him to hold forth in a room that was available on their campus. That invitation was also accepted. This time the president of the second institution not only walked into the meeting but engaged in a heated exchange with the SNCC chairman. Indeed, when Carmichael left the hall that night students were still arguing with one another and a group of them was joining some faculty members in a debate with the president.

Perhaps Act II ended with Carmichael's departure, but the arguments will go on. There is no escape; for in his speech Stokely Carmichael raised almost every question that will continue to plague those who are responsible for the college education of black students in America. Besides, he raised them with such insistence, skill, and élan that they could not be avoided.

His very presence was, of course, a major topic on the agenda. The fact that a president could—especially for such specious reasons—veto the plans of a recognized student group to have a speaker was illustrative of a major irony on Negro college campuses: though schools like those in Atlanta provided the vanguard of the Freedom Movement of the sixties, they have been among the last to benefit from the campus revolution which grew out of the civil rights movement. So a Stokely Carmichael who advised his student audience to "ride over" administrative incursions on their freedom was only the occasion for a discussion and a series of confrontations which must take place and may yet lead to the unshackling of many of the young people on black southern campuses.

Freedom of speech and action on the Negro campuses was not the central issue under discussion that night, however. The dominant concern was embodied in a set of questions which Black Power advocates have been burning into the ears and consciences of all who will listen: How will these schools and their students relate to the residents of America's black ghettos? What will be their posture towards a society that has broken the lives of its Negroes, both in and out of the ghettos? What is their loyalty to

a nation which solemnly promises to crush non-white rebellions all over the world from now on? These questions and the scores of burr-like issues attached to them comprise the central challenge hurled by the Stokely Carmichaels at the schools they know only too well.

Such questions threaten students, faculty, administrators—and financial benefactors. They reveal, for instance, the almost total lack of creative relationship between the Negro colleges and the black communities surrounding them. Programs of service, of community education, agenda for creative thought about renewal and planning are too often missing. The result is usually an even more intense state of siege between academic community and ghetto than is experienced in the classic American "town-gown" antipathy. (Many of the most heated arguments following Carmichael's presentation that night dealt with the attacks that neighborhood boys had been mounting against the colleges.)

As a graduate of Howard University, Stokely had no hesitation about reminding everyone present that many aspects of American life encourage the black educators and students to forget and scorn the ghetto. Negroes often see it either as an experience too painfully remembered and recently escaped to be endured again, or they consider it among the many distinctively black aspects of their life which must be discarded on the royal road to "acceptance." When in the midst of this pilgrimage toward rootlessness and irresponsibility a Stokely Carmichael comes and calls them to look again at their "home," the great temptation is to shout him down (in private silence, if not vocally), and to deny that the masses of the imprisoned Negroes comprise any home for them at all. The past, the people, are the sources of shame, not identity.

As one of the students said that night, "I don't have time for them; I'm going to make mine and cut out." Perhaps this young man was more honest or realistic than his counterpart at Columbia University who said, "I like to think that I could

be most effective in the Negro cause after I finish my education. Also, I wouldn't like to be pulled back into a rat trap like Harlem" (Quoted in *The Atlantic*, November 1965, p. 143). No matter which one saw the scene most honestly they both sensed the price America seems to be demanding of Negroes who want to "make it." They must cut out from the large numbers of black people who, under present arrangements will never make it; and often the students must lie to themselves about their own intentions.

Many of the black schools encourage this strange action at every step. Indeed, at the spring commencement exercises of the school where Carmichael was speaking that night a dean had taken time to read the names of the new employers of each one of his graduates, doing it with an obvious sense of pride. Almost always the employers were the federal government or the huge business firms which seem to eat Negroes at every meal now. Thus young men and women are not only called upon to work for the structures which bar the doors to so many who look like themselves, but they are also continually required to disassociate themselves from these others and even to become black and junior keepers of the door. Sometimes this appears to be a direct path to schizophrenia.

It is on that brink of madness that Black Power stands and throws down its challenges.

It demands to know of the Negro schools if they have nothing better than schizophrenia to offer the majority of their students. Can there be no new turnings to the vast masses of their people? (Is our sanity to be found anywhere else?) Must service in the ghettos be left to white Christians, black Muslims, and other odd humanitarian types? Is black education to continue to be an education directed to the service and admiration of a pale, middle-class, Western-oriented society which is geared to kill black people with that unspectacular violence of economic, political, and social oppression? Is the core curriculum to continue to be devoid of any significant encounters with the richness of the life, culture, and history of black people in America? Are we forever bound to Shakespeare (or Salinger) and Western Civ and a white American history? Shall the content of graduate record exams determine the study of black children without a critical and dedicated search for alternatives?

Stokely Carmichael raised this issue directly by asking why songs of James Brown or Ray Charles were not part of music appreciation courses. The question has many adumbrations and could be raised about the poetry of Cullen, Hughes and McKay, the fiction of Chestnut, Toomer and Wright, the drama of LeRoi Jones,

the philosophy of Malcolm X, the history of black men in Africa and America. The question may be raised in a thousand ways, but it continually implies a further query: Are Negro colleges missing an opportunity to lead the American educational establishment into a truly world-oriented and multi-cultural experience? Is there courage enough to envision what a curriculum would be like if it took the black experience in America with utmost honesty and seriousness, judging the resultant culture to be valid and good?

Or must we sing a tailgate blues for the Negro colleges? Have they been imitators too long? Are they now unable to consider such innovations in curriculum, placement and community service which would bring the institutions and their participants face-to-face with the meaning of their past, the strangeness of their present, and the possibilities for their future? Are they simply incapable of carrying on such a searching dialogue with those other dark brothers who have shared a history of oppression here and abroad? Must we really be black Anglo-Saxons for eternity?

What would this kind of integrity-oriented emphasis mean to white benefactors? Are they another binding factor on the creativity and freedom of the Negro schools? Stokely Carmichael thought they were. Standing before students whose educations had depended for so long upon such patrons of the blacks he almost spat out the family name most revered by some of the Atlanta administrators. Then he added, "Your presidents call these people philanthropists. I'll tell you what they really are—they're thieves. If you don't believe me look at how they got their money. Look at how they're getting it now. Look at their South African investments, especially through Chase Manhattan Bank." The stir of excitement which passed through the crowd as they heard these words was almost visible. Applause followed. A college which

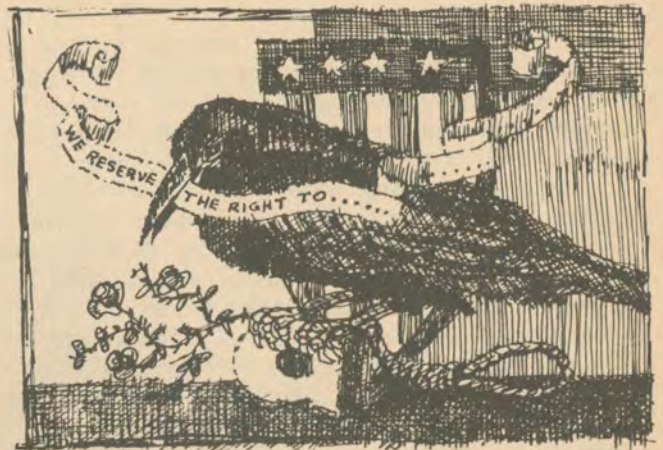


cultivated black consciousness and searched for the bonds of unity between the Negroes of America and the exploited non-whites all over the world might produce much similar sacrilege. Who would support it?

One of Carmichael's most direct spiritual ancestors, W. E. B. DuBois, once said, ". . . most American Negroes, even those of intelligence and courage, do not fully realize that they are being bribed to trade equal status in the United States for the slavery of the majority of men. When this is clear, especially to the black youth, the race must be aroused to thought and action and will see that the price asked for their cooperation is far higher than need be paid. . . ." (*The World and Africa*, pp. 267-8). The chairman of SNCC apparently is one black youth for whom the nature of the bargain has become excruciatingly clear, and it was over this issue of global struggle that Carmichael created some of the most difficult moments in Atlanta, moments of arousal.

Like many black radicals he sees America moving increasingly in a counter-revolutionary, conservative path which may well lead it to fight wars only against darker people from now on. This future seems almost inevitable for a nation that has chosen to protect the possessors of the world against the rebellions of the dispossessed. Therefore Carmichael now sees color (and the humiliation and poverty that dark color has carried for 400 years) as the dominant dividing force in the world. With this vision goading him on he demands of American Negroes an answer to the old question: *Which side are you on?* His own answer, of course, is that he will never fight in any American war that he can now foresee. His two basic reasons are: first, such military service would make him a "paid mercenary" fighting against other revolutionary, oppressed non-whites; and second, he has far too much fighting for justice to do in America.

For black boys who have long been taught that military service is the most important single pathway to gaining this nation's respect (note, for instance, the interminable atrocious stories about how Negroes are "proving themselves" in Viet Nam) this is a most difficult word to hear. Their primary emotional commitment is still a rather blind one to the American Way of Life, and many of their teachers encourage them in this path, not blindly but cynically, as the only way to "make it" again. So Stokely's advice to refuse military service goes against emotion and prudence. Nevertheless he raises questions that have been suppressed with the deepest tissues of many of these students and faculty members for a long time. Indeed, after every war (and



they have fought in every American war) black men have promised never to fight for American segregation, for lynchings and disenfranchisement, again. But the resolve has never stood. Black Power—at least for the present—seems to be standing firm. What will its influence be among the black students? Will any Negro colleges even refuse to cooperate with Selective Service and its request for class standings?

Unfortunately there are (apparently) precious few leaders in the Negro colleges who speak as Carmichael does from the perspective of rising tide of color, revolution, and anti-Americanism in the world. Therefore there are not many who see that in such a world the Negro may yet be America's saving remnant. Such a role may not be cast any longer in the semi-romantic, white-pleasing terms of Martin King's non-violence. America's salvation may require that barbed and fiery spear at this late date. It may require those who seek no American dream, but a new society. Still it may be possible.

Such a remnant may be effective only if its black, and often raging, elements are trained to raise basic probing questions about and against America's life. It may be possible only if they are ready to fling themselves against the approaching forces of 1984 and are ready for the wounds that only a Big Brother can inflict. Whatever the other qualifications of these black harbingers of a new way they must surely possess a sense of compassion for the poor (in Harlem and Angola and Calcutta) that runs far deeper and is more action-prone than any to be found in the business community or in many federal offices of America. Negro graduates may have to decide between "making it" and finding—or creating—some real alternatives for non-white sufferers all over the world.

Perhaps Negro colleges ought self-consciously to be training far more of their graduates for overseas service, not primarily with anti-revolutionary American government programs, but

with those small islands of hope—the various international agencies of service and aid. Perhaps they ought to be sending many young men and women into the employment of the developing governments who need their skills and their color, and who are fighting what often seems to be hopeless battles against Western neo-colonialism. Perhaps such sensitive, self-affirming black servants in the ghettos and black belts of America and in the non-white societies of the world might be able to play some major role in establishing real bridges, means by which the arrogant, affluent white American society might begin to understand what the majority of the world is trying to say. Perhaps by finding themselves and their non-Western roots they may offer some hope to a nation that has set itself against so many dreams of dark-hued dignity across the world.

But realism is necessary, absolutely essential. It must be made clear that almost every pressure crushes the Negro in another direction. Stokely Carmichael had a host of arguments on his hands that night in Atlanta, and many of them were from persons who insist on their right to flee their past and to join the bloated, uncreative American Corporation, and become its most enthusiastic supporters. If the position were not so tragic it would be ludicrous: black boosters of the white American Way of Life, proclaiming its beauty and truth in the midst of a non-white, anti-American world which seems to have a sense that history is on its side. Perhaps neither tragedy nor farce is the most accurate description of the position of America's black college establishment. Perhaps any system of education which leads men to glorify and imitate the executioners of their fathers and the exploiters of their brothers is a system that can create only madness. Elsewhere we have called it colonialism. Are there any alternatives?

It is difficult to think of alternatives when so many black educators find it impossible (or imprudent) to share a vision of the future which sees white America on the losing side in the long international run. But for such persons Black Power may yet have raised a more attractive and immediately more prudential possibility which could perhaps generate meaningful change without feelings and fears of disloyalty.

One of the strange dilemmas of the Negro schools is this: the students who have left their halls have contributed in a major way to that selective desegregation of "mainstream" America which has created many more spaces in educational institutions for "qualified" Negroes. Most often this means that white colleges and universities all over the country are getting and using funds to lure the best prepared Negro students and faculty persons away from Negro colleges. This is the well-known aspect of the dilemma: what

shall the Negro schools do about such recruiting, especially in the South where the counter-luring of white students is very difficult and the recruiting of established white faculty members may not be desirable?

However, there is another aspect of this dilemma which is less familiar but which should be considered as a possible stimulus to creative change in the black schools. A significant proportion of students who come to these colleges are high school graduates or college transfer students (often Northerners) who have gone through the personal hell that is so often a part of the token Negro's lot in American desegregation. They come to the better Negro colleges on the run, looking for "their people" again, wanting to find not only some context where they can relax and gain acceptance, but also seeking a place where they can learn something about their own roots. (Most often the issue of their identity was not really raised until they found themselves as a tiny minority in a white school.) Ironically, the second aspect of their search is often frustrated. They find little attention being given in Negro schools to the non-Western roots of their own lives or to the black experience in America. Sometimes this is because these things are not even known, but sometimes it is because the white and Negro faculty and administration often see such roots as incidental to the life of an educated man—and absolutely irrelevant to graduate record examinations and accrediting associations!

Enter now the prudential motivation for radical innovation and for self-weaning away from a Western-dominated education. In their often-desperate struggle to attract the better students and faculty, Negro institutions of higher education may find it increasingly unprofitable to be content as smaller, less well-heeled carbon copies of the larger, prestigious white schools. Besides, it seems highly unlikely that they will ever get enough money to come near the real articles. But why should they? Perhaps there are a significant number of persons—both black and white—who would eagerly come to study and teach at schools where non-Western life and culture are given a major emphasis and where the experience and institutions of the Negro in America were studied seriously and unashamedly—from Benjamin Bannaker to James Brown. Such renewed centers might even become gathering places for the non-white students of the world who want to do something more than copy the American Way. Perhaps there are even some persons and organizations with enough vision to help finance such a venture.

Some predominantly white schools have been making an attempt at these things recently, but

are there really any better places for such studies than in a selected number of black institutions? Are there any better communities to keep such academic work in touch with reality than the black communities? Is there any group potentially better fitted than the blacks of America to tear this academic study out from behind the walls and regularly draw it into the action of changing radically the sick and dying dominant society? Is this the new vocation for some Negro schools?

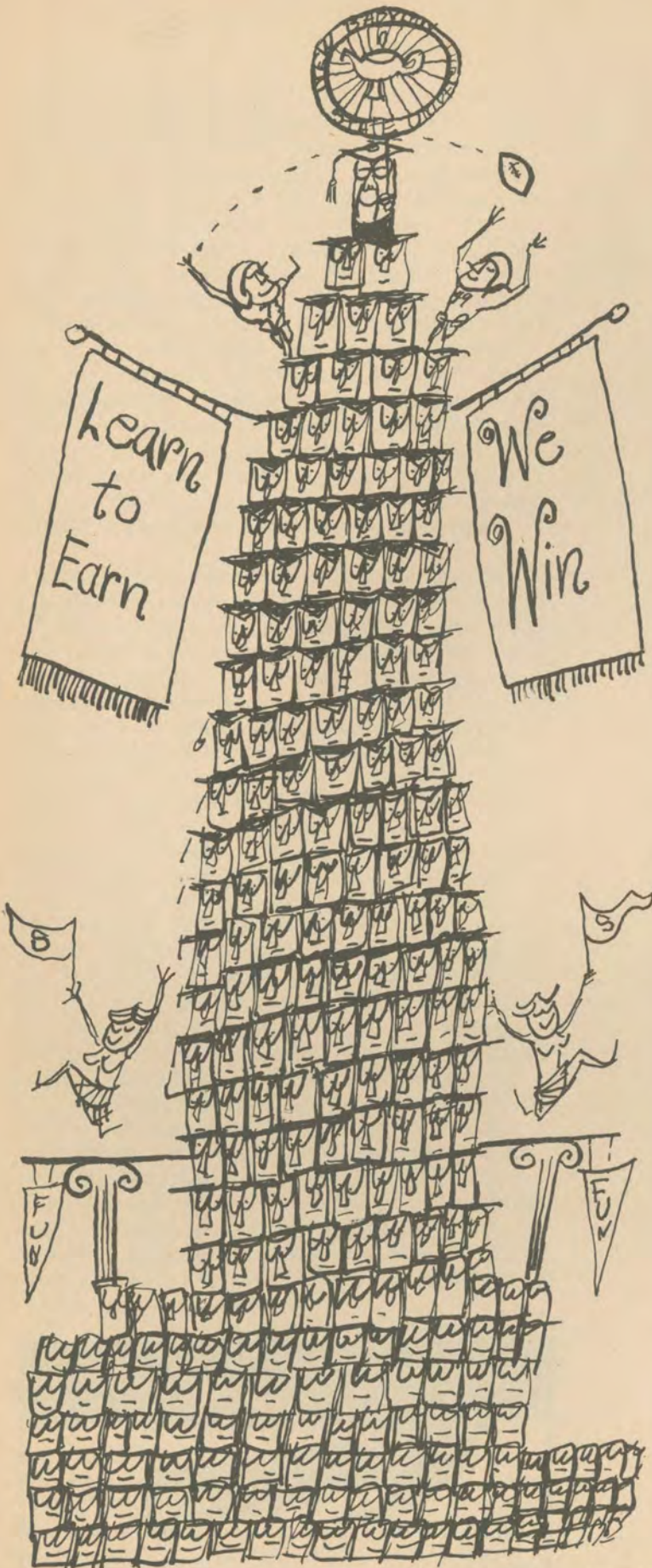
Perhaps the opportunities, uncertainties and dangers of the present moment were best voiced by one of the nation's most perceptive social scientists when he wrote, "As the one major segment of the American society with active discontents, the Negroes are at present almost the only potential recruiting ground for efforts to change the character of the world's most powerful capitalistic democracy. Whether this potential will amount to anything, whether it will splinter and evaporate or coalesce with other discontents to achieve significant results, is quite another story." (Barrington Moore, Jr., in *Social Origins of Dictatorship and Democracy*, p. 154.)

At present there are only intimations of what the other story will be. Whatever its lineaments it is clear that the key to much of that story will be found in the quality of life and in the nature of the questions being asked in schools like those where Stokely met the presidents. Many black educators who share the prominence of those administrators even refuse to countenance any talk of changing the character of America structurally; it is the only spiritual and financial home they know. Nevertheless they cannot escape Stokely, or his questions, or the press of time and events. The future rests with him and with them (but not equally so). Much will depend upon whether such older men see in Carmichael more than a threat to their status, their finances, and their well-used ideas. For this black young man and his movement may embody the announcement of a magnificent moment of choice for the colleges—to enter fully into the life of America's black people and through them the lives of the poor and exploited of the world, or to capitulate with glad anthems to the conformity which will likely lead them to "splinter and evaporate" into a meaningless, imitative void.

This last choice would signal a bleak and tragic ending for schools conceived in so much hope and light. But it may be a necessary ending for all who are tied with the ropes of compulsion to what we now know as the American Way of Life. Perhaps we sang more than we realized in those Mississippi days when we asked, *Which side are you on?*

Has the third act begun, or is it ending?





DRAWINGS: JIM CRANE

HIGHER EDUCATION:

By Stanley J. Idzerda

The question posed by the title of this article is purely rhetorical. Most colleges have seen their chief function to be indoctrinating, training, inculcating and teaching the given and accepted goals, needs and duties which prevail in society as it is. Educational institutions are expected to be pellucid reflections of society. They must serve as agencies and instrumentalities of societal ends, even if the society at any single moment may be unclear, ambivalent, or confused as to what its ends might be.

Insofar as there are higher and greater claims for civilization by any group of people with shared ends, the complexity of that society increases. Thus, the college or university educates for the kinds of services a civilized community expects, whether those services be in medicine, law, or the ministry; in marketing, economics, nuclear physics, or engineering. Plato was interested in the education of leaders, but it seems quite clear that most of the specific leadership functions he planned were intended to restore a conservative and aristocratic model of the Athenian society he knew in his youth. Schools and colleges since his time have had essentially the same view of education for leadership. They have assumed that formal education was closely linked with the family, the church, professions and the trades in the shaping of the individual to an effective functioning in a stable and prosperous community.

Social Adjustment or Human Liberation?

During the last century the role of the schools and colleges as socializers and trainers of human beings has become even more significant and pervasive. The development of democratic forms of government and universal suffrage, along with the cumulative impact of several industrial and scientific revolutions, has placed even more stringent socially imposed necessities on what we fondly call free education (in which a person is not legally free to leave the school until he is sixteen and in which he finds he will have less mastery over himself and his environment if he does not continue for some years beyond the age of sixteen). Thomas Carlyle feared democracy as an exercise in "shooting Niagara" and he insisted that "we must educate our masters." A generation later a Belgian economist claimed there were "only two ways existing to maintain order and respect for law: the prison and the gallows or the school." At about the same time (1892), the National Education Association in America was insisting upon the "absolute saving power to the state" of education and of an educational system which would be a "harmonious, well rounded, beautiful tower of strength, fitted and able to withstand the blasts of social and political storms that sooner or later must assail it."

It was assumed rather consistently in the last century that the school and the college had a significant role in modern society, but I think that it was not until the post-World War I era that we had

become a "school society." That is to say, the family, the church, the professions, the grades now all assume the necessity, the desirability, and the centrality of schooling intended to shape the individual, to prepare and fit him for an effective, productive and stable life in society as it is currently constituted. This fact was true in the United States before it was in England or on the continent. Thirty-five years ago Agnes Repplier put it very neatly:

The United States is a country of diverse theologies and of one creed, of many churches and of one temple, of a thousand theories and of one conviction. The creed is education, the temple is the schoolhouse, the conviction is the healing power of knowledge. Rich and poor, pretentious and plain, revivalist and atheist, all share this supreme and touching confidence. Our belief in education is unbounded, our reverence for it is unflinching, our loyalty to it is unshaken by reverses. Our passionate desire, not so much to acquire it as to bestow it, is the most animated of American traits. The ideal democracy is an educated democracy; and our naive faith in the moral intelligibility of an established order makes clear the path of progress. Of all the money expended by the government, the billions it pays for the instruction of youth seems to us to be most profitable outlay. (*Times and Tendencies*, p. 192)

What Miss Repplier said in 1931 can today be doubled in spades. A typical state pays up to forty cents of every tax dollar in the support of education. Federal support of education now goes beyond the wildest dreams of schools and colleges only ten years ago. We have

a President of the United States in office whose faith in education was not shaken by the fact that he began his own career as a teacher, and who shares the belief that prosperity and well being depend upon formal education supported by public funds.

Indeed, the typical distinctions between public and private education become more superficial as each year goes by. Colleges



receive their charters from the state, their property is tax exempt, most of their faculty have received some form of government support in the earning of their advanced degrees and with very few exceptions all colleges seek as much legitimate public funding for their faculty and for their institutions as they can possibly garner.

J. K. Galbraith and Theodore Schulz, among others, advise that if a society wishes to invest in prosperity, then the highest rate of return will be an investment in formal education. To put it another way, the areas in the U.S. which suffer from endemic poverty and disease have a per capita investment in education proportionately lower than those communities or societies which have a higher degree of economic and personal well being. If you tried to calculate the capital investment required for the expansion of the gross national product in a modern state, it turns out that to make the books balance one must include educational investment as part of the background of expansion of a gross national product. As a capital investment, education pays at least eight per cent. Immediately after World War II, Seymour Harris predicted that the market for college graduates would soon be satiated and we would have an ever-increasing number of educated unemployables. This confident prediction has been shattered by events in the U.S. Both Britain and Europe, as well as the developing states of the world, are taking note of our example and seeking to invest more of their resources in education and to make it available to a larger proportion of their population.

There is no doubt that education is our fastest growing industry, whether one counts the billions invested each year simply in educational plant, the fact that one hundred and eighty new colleges have come into being over the past five years, or, finally, that the more than two million teachers in the U.S. now constitute our largest single profession. To denominate the U.S. as a "school society" is to say the most self-evident thing about it.

What does the college as an agency and as an instrument of society do for us? Surely the college in particular helps provide answers for the scientific, technical, social, legal and economic questions we ask. In most cases, there is confidence that those faculty who are not engaged in research supported by some special social or political interest in society should be free to pursue the "pure" research which interests them. We now have more than a slight suspicion that any insight, data, knowledge and very nearly any information can somehow be turned to some public or private good.

In addition, higher education fits those persons who have participated in it for a complex technological society which is part of a complicated political and social system. It enables these persons to cope, to survive, to use the knowledge and information which comes out of the colleges after they graduate. It not only makes persons employable, it helps them become prosperous. Hardly anyone needs to be told that the median income of a college graduate is forty percent higher than a high school graduate, or to put it another way, a typical college graduate will earn at least \$150,000 more in his life time than a high school graduate. Under these circumstances how can we deny that higher education is a "preparation for life"?

There is a price to be paid for such advantages. If we take for granted that we are obliged to consume as much education as we can pay for or absorb because it will bring us more prosperity as a society, then most of the individuals consuming the education must learn to accept and support the whole set of presuppositions—legal, social, political, and economic—upon which this complicated and delicate system is based. If education is considered chiefly in terms of its utility because it can bring to the individual and to the society power, wealth and well being, the further assumption is that education proper for the time will be useful *only* if the social circumstances in which the educa-

tional institution is imbedded do not change in any serious ways.

When such a view of education is shared widely then more and more individuals are trained for functions in society and their minds, bodies and spirits are willy-nilly, subtly, or overtly required to adjust to the "giver" of that social system. Many of us have met many students who are clearly making this pact with the *status quo* in their society; they will play according to all the rules of the game as long as they have some assurance that they will benefit from it. They might be cynical about the rules, but they *will* benefit from them. We have met other students, some of them high achievers, for whom all of an education is straightforward training for a specific role in life. It has never occurred to them to be cynical about the operative circumstances or values behind the adjustment system they accept. It hasn't occurred to them that any change is either possible or desirable.

Yet, we cannot be entirely negative or even self-righteous about education as social adjustment. It would be difficult to explain the peaceable, resilient and prosperous polity which is America—made up as it is of diverse regions and people of polyglot origins—without taking into account the central fact of universal elementary and high school education, and readily available, generously supported opportunities for education in private or public colleges. We now take it for granted that such educational opportunities constitute a major part of our Americanization, and we assume that it enables more and more of us to participate in the decision and policy making processes.

Higher education, widely available, tends to distribute power and to "level-up" rather than to provide for a wide spread between an elite and an ignorant mob. Free societies outside the U.S. envy our educational system and particularly the opportunities available for education beyond the high school. (It has been asserted that an American Southern Negro will have a greater chance of attending college than a

typical native of England today.) Surely, then, the seventy percent of American parents who aspire to have their children gain a college education are not entirely perverse: they see that freedom and economic well-being tend to follow from an increased number of years of education. If the schools and colleges turn out to be instrumentalities and agencies of the society as it exists, they may reply to the objector, "Why not?"

An immediate response to such an abrupt question might very well be that "prosperity and health and even freedom as a result of education are not especially meaningful unless we know to what ends this prosperity, freedom and health are directed." What is their meaning beyond being ends in themselves? Surely the well-bred hog pumped full of antibiotics and allowed to glean fifty acres of cornfield has health and prosperity and an inevitable significance whether he is aware of it or not. The college educated man who has been educated to function effectively in modern society as it exists today may be as unaware of ends as the hog. At the same time he may discuss bitterly or wistfully the fact that he has been caught in a rat race and that the only thing he cannot really tolerate is a three-day weekend because he lacks the spiritual resources to carry him over such a long emptiness.

Now there is little doubt that scholars and universities have been valued by societies, leaders in society, and even by social philosophers because of their utility and their capacity to keep a society going. A 6th-century rescript of Justinian continued the practice of paying teachers in order that "they might continue to devote themselves to their professions and to guarantee that youths learned in the liberal arts would flourish in public affairs." Note that education is supported not because youths learned in the liberal arts would flourish as *human beings*. But very nearly always in conjunction with the social and public usefulness of education, there has been a recog-

nition of and an emphasis upon education as human liberation. Even Ostrogothic contemporaries of Justinian encouraged education and teachers in Italy because they wished to keep alive and active "the wisdom and grace of Roman learning."

"Wisdom and grace," an active intellect and spirit engaged in the fullest development of all of man's gifts and talents: these too have been legitimate and continuing ends of education. In this view of education as human liberation, man is not an "individual," he is a person; man is not "manpower," he is not looked upon exclusively as a consumer; he is not a commodity nor is he a natural resource. Man and his free fulfillment become an end in itself. Then education becomes valuable for its own sake, and while education might be a preparation for life, those who consider it valuable and important in terms of what it may achieve on behalf of the human being as human being would go so far as to say that life can be a preparation for education. Now learning, knowledge, erudition and the contemplation of truth become one of the highest goals of man, one that affords him an unalloyed untempered happiness and completion. Such an education would develop skills and pay attention to means because they serve the ends of the achievement of truth and the development of the capacity for facing the truth, for the clarification of values and for the development of a capacity for valuation.

When Plato said, "The noblest of all studies is the study of what man should be and what he should pursue" (*Gorgias*, 487) he was setting the pattern, the tone and the direction of education which does aim at the free fulfillment of the whole person. This pattern was repeated by the Ostrogoths, and it was testified to by a student of Origen who commented about his education, "No subject was forbidden us, nothing hidden or inaccessible. We were allowed to become acquainted with every doctrine, barbarian or Greek, with things spiritual and secular, divine and human, traversing with all con-

fidence and investigating the whole circuit of knowledge, and satisfying ourselves with full enjoyment of all pleasures of the soul." The universities of the Middle Ages took for granted the primacy of man in the created universe and the primacy of his intellect in understanding it. Universities today know it is our duty always to frame clearer and more acute questions about reality, for it is the task of uncovering and discovering and clarifying reality both within ourselves and outside our skin envelope which constitutes the main task of education as human liberation.

Since the Renaissance, liberal education has attempted to define a special relationship to the human tradition and to include in the educational experience those elements which will enable us to build upon and yet live through the past and not be engrossed by the barbarism of the merely transient. To reflect upon our own condition in the light of our circumstances, to bring imagination to the disciplines we have mastered, and to be able to come to a conclusion that might be both enlightening and disturbing, these are among the ends of a liberal education as it has been seen by its proponents and practitioners throughout the Western tradition. In these circumstances, education is neither a cultural ornament, nor is it intellectual furniture. The refinements of our sensibilities are not intended as diversions from inevitable boredom. Rather, we wish to use all of man's intellect, intuition, his sensory capacities in order that he might become what he is, and achieve the grace, the wisdom and finally the style of which he is capable.

Typically such an education has been expressed as an intention "to preserve the truth, to seek the truth and to teach the truth." In no case does it emphasize or testify to any necessary utility or even danger that any of these truths might entail. It assumes that the "winnowing and sifting" of the truth will go on because it is man's obligation to know the truth: it is the fulfillment of this

obligation more than anything else which sets him free. Surely only that education which sets a man free can be one which has as its end human liberation. We presume a liberal education enables a man to search all things, to be able to express with clarity to himself and to others what he has found or what he thinks, to be able to distinguish among his finer and grosser feelings, to separate form and substance and even, finally, to know the difference between pleasure and happiness. The preservation and search for truth includes at least these elements as ends or goods if it means anything.

Yet education for human liberation has a long tradition which stipulates or assumes that *only free men* are qualified for a liberal education, and that insofar as or inasmuch as the process of human liberation which goes on in the school or college has any concrete application beyond the delectation of the human being who has been educated, that education is somewhat tainted or distorted, and is not liberal. Thorstein Veblen held that the leisure class wanted a higher learning precisely because it was useless and honorific.

A perhaps more defensible justification for liberal education separated from socialization was based upon the ground that the college was laboratory for self-perception, for self-discovery, for insights developed on behalf of as well as within the individual. Such an education would be achievable by a minority whose duty it was to multiply their moments of vision, to develop their capacity for introspection, and to be able finally to burn with a hard gem-like flame. Many students, or at least their parents, aspire for education in what are commonly called liberal arts colleges. They expect that the admission and residence into such a college will somehow automatically identify them with a modern day elite whose exclusive social, artistic and intellectual resources stem from requisite income. College Board scores and ambition.

There are two contemporary signs that education as human liberation can turn into an inhuman

set of attitudes and practices. First there is the proliferation of disciplines which multiply somewhat more rapidly than the number of new and specialized scholarly journals. The development of new academic specialists (each of whom is willing to grant with a self-deprecating shrug that he cannot discuss his subject with his colleagues) may be owing to the complexity of reality and the relatively modest gifts afforded us academicians. Yet, several comments may be in order: first, academic disciplines have very little apparent bearing or relevance for the complicated, tangled and prickly fabric of experience which engages most persons, including those of us in academic life; secondly, the academician, the professor who is pursuing at an even more difficult and exalted level a sub-branch of his discipline seems less inclined to share it with any audience excepting those who have put in the necessary time to become qualified acolytes. In effect, those who want to become specialists may be more welcome than those who want a college education for human liberation; an education which will, by definition, help them become free.

The younger student at the college, enrolled for a shorter time than the faculty member, may even encourage the fractionation of the disciplines inasmuch as he is occupied chiefly with self-perception, self-discovery, self-fulfillment, and the development of his "identity." The faculty, absorbed in the "intimate timidity of professionalized scholarship," will not bother the student as each pursues his own peculiar personal goals and private ends. The "identity crisis" has become a fashionable phrase and a widespread experience. It is reflected in the spate of novels which concentrate on the coming to adulthood of the child or the adolescent. It was reflected in the popularity of *Catcher in the Rye*, and is seen even more sharply and clearly in the quasi-identification of so many college students now with Camus' *The Stranger*.

But if the end of education as human liberation is chiefly the development of incommunicable or

arcane knowledge, or if it is focused upon self-fulfillment and the development of identity in terms of private aspirations and gratifications, if it is assumed that it has as its chief goal personal salvation then it seems to me a condition so intellectually incestuous, so spiritually myopic and so personally destructive that such a denouement of liberal education is perhaps worse than that education which turns out to be training for social adjustment.

Having mentioned the negative aspects of education for social adjustment and education for human liberation, I feel obliged not merely to recriminate; I must at least sketch a model of educational practices and goals which seem to me adequate to these times. The key word here is of course "goals." The root of the educational problem is the meaning, the ends, the goals, the overarching intentions and purposes of the activity. Certainly college education should have as its goal human liberation, an education which will enable a man to fulfill all of his capacities; surely he deserves an education which enables him to be free. *Free for what?* Certainly free for *something*, and probably free for something outside of himself. Human experience and judgment emphasize that any pretense that I as a single person am a self-sufficient private universe is a delusion.

In addition, to have been educated to freedom must be evidenced in act. We not only must know the truth, but if we know it, we relish it, we enjoy it. Thus we must live the truth, we must share the truth, we must do the truth, and we must do it not in the solitary forests where Bishop Berkeley's trees fall without an auditor. But we live the truth and witness to the truth as we know it, and as it has transformed us *within the human community*.

I noted earlier that the triad of actions agreed upon by most philosophers of liberal education is summed up by "seeking the truth, preserving the truth and teaching the truth." It is this third part of

the triad which needs re-emphasis. It applies not only to teachers who share their reflections, insights, knowledge, facts and even any such truths as they might possess, but to all who have been permitted to enter the precincts of the college and who have been able to share in these highly civilized, humane activities. They, too, must agree that to define their identity and to understand what self-fulfillment means, they must practice their human vocation. They must join the human race, and be not only feeling and thinking persons, but those also capable of making judgments, capable of relevant communication, and of significant actions, capable, in a word, of being and affirming their humanity within some kind of human communion.

When Woodrow Wilson spoke of "education in the nation's service" he was thinking of those who had special capacities, special sensitivities and special abilities, who had been given the opportunity to develop them, and who consequently had certain duties for the creation, shaping and sustaining of a worthwhile community. These persons would bring not only insight, but skills, knowledge and habits of intellectual courage to the community they would serve not only as leaders but as human types worthy of emulation. The applicable phrase here, well known to all, is *noblesse oblige*. If there are some who have been privileged to develop their capacities for human freedom, the assumption is that they have some obligation to use these for the creation of a more viable, more liveable, more desirable human community.

Certainly education as human liberation has as its goal personal autonomy, independence and freedom, but even in practical terms such achievements are meaningless outside of the framework of a human society in which we serve and are served. To say that we can live for ourselves or by ourselves is to make a humanly impractical and impossible assertion, yet I observe that there remains an intense interest in Camus' *The Stranger* but not much interest in *The Plague* or

The Fall. It is in the latter two books that the protagonists discover that the fates of human beings are ineluctably linked together and that in the words of George MacDonald "the one principle of hell is to say 'I am my own.'"

If I'm correct, then this surely means that we must, during and after our education in college, understand the society in which we live in practical as well as theoretical terms. We must be engaged in and committed to the concerns of our fellow human beings. There is some good recent evidence that liberal education can conduce to an involvement other than that which is more narrowly defined as the perpetuation of current societal goods. Paul Heist recently reported upon some analyses of Berkeley students involved in the Free Speech Movement. His report showed quite clearly that the capacity for involvement and commitment was directly related to students who were majoring in those fields we typically consider to be the core of a liberal education. Very few students from engineering, business, and (alas!) education, were involved in the Free Speech Movement. In fact, Clark Kerr has commented with some relief that it was *only* the students in the humanities and the social sciences who caused most of the problem. One would have hoped that such a statement would have been tinged with regret.

The university may assist us in participating in the great human traditions. It may impress upon us our obligation to continue to seek out and discover the truth about everything and anything in creation. But it also may be obliged to have as a shared value (old and younger students alike) an obligation to teach, which means to share the goods, to develop the insights, the learning, the knowledge and the wisdom with and for other human beings. In this respect, the university as well as the church can serve as microcosm or model for the larger community in which we do not talk about human liberation for its own sake or social adjustment for its own sake but in

which we share the human condition and work for the amelioration of the social and personal predicaments which will continue to face us.

Pure social adjustment or pure self-realization as goals are both unworkable models upon which no community can stand or grow because both are essentially selfish. One is reminded of Thucydides' comment, "Everyone fancied his own neglect would do no harm, but that it was someone else's business to keep a lookout for him and this idea cherished alike by each was the secret ruin of all." (Book II). A more positive statement comes from St. Augustine who reminded us that "no man has the right to lead such a life of contemplation as to forget in his ease the service due to his neighbor." (*City of God*, XIX).

It would seem to me therefore that the aim of higher education is human liberation. And precisely because a person has been liberated, he must be ready for compassionate commitment to the needs of those in the smaller and the larger communities of which he is a part. If this commitment is critical of society as it exists, or if this human liberation is an instrumentality for change in society, then the price of liberation may be painful for those who have achieved it and are attempting to serve with it. Nothing in our education guarantees that our best meant, our most charitable, and our most intelligent efforts on behalf of a community are going to be either correct or appreciated. All I am suggesting is that we are obliged to make the effort. If we do not make the effort, then our human liberation will turn out to be simply pedantry or sophistry. But if we have shared the life of a university community which has provided us human liberation, then we will be able to begin to lead complete, authentic and integral lives, and we will know the truth of Péguy's statement, "The worst of all partialities is to withhold one's self, the worst ignorance is not to act, and the worst lie is to steal away."

PHOTO: DAVENPORT



OVERTURNING THE SCHOOL SYSTEM AT I. S. 201

By NAT HENTOFF

Consider yourself a parent of a child in a ghetto school in any large city in America. You know—from television, from the unemployed standing useless in the streets of your ghetto every day—that your child is growing into a society in which the quality of his education will be crucial to what becomes of him.

Consider yourself a parent of a child in Harlem. This year, nearly 85 per cent of all sixth-grade children in Harlem are two years or more below the city-wide average in reading ability. Two-thirds of the Harlem children who go on to high school this year will drop out.

Dr. Kenneth Clark, the Negro psychologist who has spent years trying to convince the educational establishment to share his and Harlem parents' acute urgency concerning this waste of children, now says: "It is not necessary for even the most prejudiced personnel officer to discriminate against Negro youth because the schools have done the job for them. The massively gross inefficiency of the public schools has so limited the occupational possibilities of the Negro youth that, if not mandatory, a life of menial status or employment is virtually inevitable."

As a parent of a child caught in this quicksand, what would you do? This year, one group of parents in East Harlem, desperate for their children, decided to act. A new intermediate school, I.S. 201 (for grades five to eight) was about to open. In 1962, parents and other community groups had protested to the Board of Education that the site for the new school would insure it being a segregated school. No, said the Board, steps will be taken to make the new school a model of "quality, integrated" education.

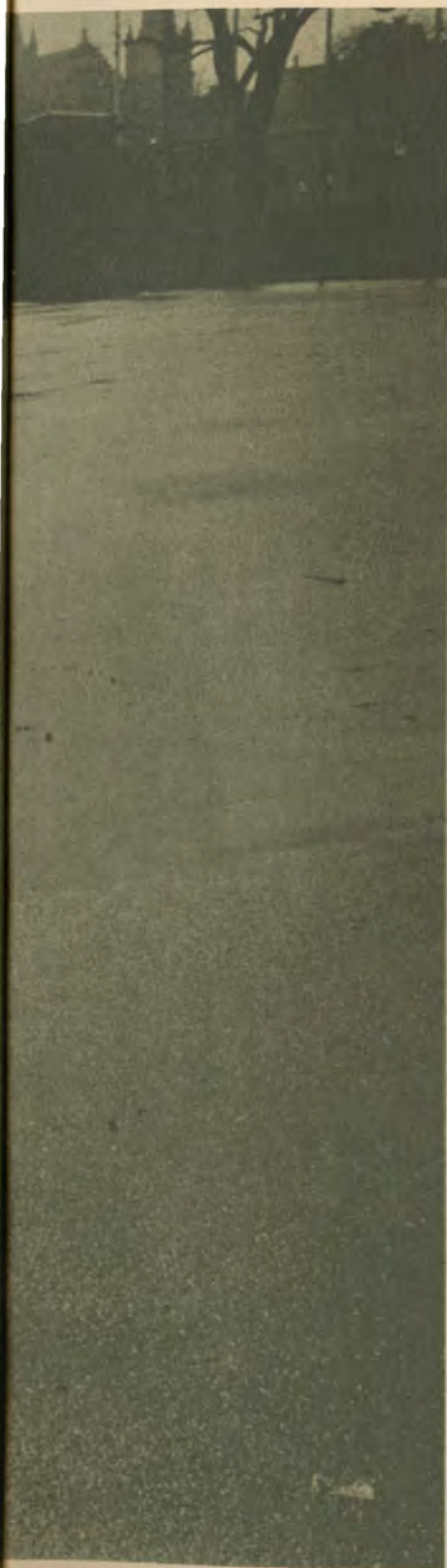
The Board lied. In the spring of 1966, the local district

superintendent had the stunning gall to tell the parents that a way had indeed been found to integrate I.S. 201; it would be fifty per cent Negro and fifty per cent Puerto Rican. But, the Board tried to calm the outraged parents, look at all the money we've put into I.S. 201. It cost a million dollars more than others of the same size. It's air-conditioned.

The parents looked at the school, standing on stilts, with no windows facing into the streets. And many of them, as one observer put it, regarded its design "as a symbol of the city's attitude to this impoverished area, the windowless facade standing for an averted eye."

Parent opposition prevented the school opening in April. During the summer, a plan began to be formulated by groups in the community. Among those who shaped it was Preston Wilcox, a professor of community organization at Columbia's School of Social Work. Wilcox, a Negro, has long been involved in community action groups outside the classroom. The essence of the plan, as Wilcox described it in *The Urban Review* (a publication of the Center for Urban Education) was the establishment of a School-Community Committee. "It would be composed," he wrote, "of individuals with close ties to, and knowledge of, the community. These individuals would be parents, local leaders and professionals in educational or social science fields who would be drawn from the community or outside it, if necessary."

The Committee, which would screen and interview candidates for principal of the school, "would have access to all reports sent by school administrators to the District Supervisor and the Board of Education, and it would be empowered to hold open meetings to which parents



and teachers would be invited to present their suggestions or complaints. Additionally, it would have the responsibility of providing a continuous review of the curriculum to ensure that it remains relevant to the needs and experience of the students and that it be sufficiently demanding to bring out their best possible performances."

There were other provisions in the plan, but its core was the possibility that this experimental program would provide that "in at least one school in one community, the school administrators and teachers will be made accountable to the community, and the community made obliged to them . . ."

The Board of Education, still pointing to the splendor of the building, ignored the plan until threat of a boycott brought the Superintendent of Schools and the President of the Board of Education to East Harlem to negotiate with the parents. Surprisingly, the emissaries from the establishment agreed to the formation of a community council which would, among other responsibilities, help select new personnel—including teachers—and make recommendations and evaluations of the curriculum.

The parents also wanted a Negro principal. The basic reason, as pointed out in a letter to the *New York Times* by L. Alexander Harper (Director for School and Community Integration for the United Church of Christ) was that "when the school administrator becomes the prime daily adult male authority image for children needing racial self-respect and ambition, the race of that principal may prove an educational factor more important than we prefer to believe."

At one point, the Board of Education seemed about to accept this parents' demand too.

By a behind-the-scenes application of official pressure, Lisser was made to "voluntarily resign"; his place was to be taken temporarily by a Negro assistant principal, Miss Beryl Banfield. She refused. Significantly, only part of the reason for her refusal was carried by the white press, including the *New York Times*. She said—and was cheered by white editorial writers for saying it—that she wanted to be selected on merit and not on race.

But the Negro weekly, the *New York Amsterdam News*, carried a more complete and more revealing statement by Miss Banfield: "The offer for me to be acting principal of this school was a fraudulent one. Not having a principal's license, I know I could not command the full stature and respect of that position. If I had accepted it, it would have been a disservice to the community, the school and myself. If I had taken the position of acting principal in this school, it would have helped shield the fact that the Board of Education had no Negro principal immediately available on the list to offer the job to. Therefore, I would have been an instrument for covering up a serious lack on the part of the Board of Education. So, I chose to decline." (There are only four Negro principals in the New York City public school system.)

In any case, the Board withdrew its offer to appoint a black head of the school. Counterpressures from an organization of principals had shaken the Board; and then it collapsed when the 55 teachers in the school (26 of them Negro) said they would not work unless Lisser was returned. The position of the teachers in I.S. 201 was understandable. They were afraid that community involvement in I.S. 201 could transcend their rights under the tenure

provisions of the United Federation of Teachers' contract with the Board. And, of course, the U.F.T. supported its teachers. The teachers and most others involved were too panicky to hear what the parents were saying—that they did not intend to violate tenure rights but they did want to have a chance to participate in the interviewing of new teachers.

A boycott resulted, and there were turbulent days of picketing and police lines. The most empathetic of all the accounts of the boycott in the daily press was that of Earl Caldwell in the *New York Post*: "The parents have many allies now," he wrote, "and they run the gamut of the Harlem community. It's more than just a group of parents fighting for something they call 'quality education.' It's a community now that feels it must overturn a system that is working against it."

Said one parent on the line: "At this minute 87 per cent of the children in District 4 (Harlem and East Harlem) are two and three years behind in reading. We parents can't do any worse."

The boycott faded, but parental unrest remained high. Kenneth Clark decided to propose a new plan: attaching I.S. 201 to a university and then removing this partnership from the Board of Education's control by delegating authority to a private operational board. The parents' committee of I.S. 201, as Andrew Kopkind reported in an excellent summary of the situation in the October 22, 1966, *New Republic*, "took Clark's suggestion and grafted on it a measure of 'community control' from the now-deferred Wilcox proposal. It was far from the 'total' control they had demanded, and many of the more militant protesters

were peeved at the compromise, but the group decided it was worth a try. Clark was the broker between the committee and the school board. He shuffled between meetings of the one in Harlem, and the other in Brooklyn, and was almost destroyed in the crossfire. In his account, the board was duplicitous, discourteous and unresponsive. The parents were suspicious and demanding. He finally decided to bow out, after a long session with the school board. When it was over, he later told the parents frankly, 'I went home and cried. I don't believe the board is serious or takes the people of this community seriously,' he said. 'The time has come for people themselves to return to direct dealing with the Board.'

As of this writing, the Board now refuses to talk to the parents. The Board hopes that time will deflect the current urgency of the parents and that it will be allowed to continue as it has in the past—proposing task forces, instituting "model" new curriculum plans and otherwise indulging in rhetoric while the children of Harlem fall farther and farther behind.

It is doubtful, however, that the community will surrender this time. Political pressure is being organized, there may be another boycott, and the State Commissioner of Education is examining the situation with a cold eye toward the New York City Board of Education's record of failure in Harlem.

Other community groups in other cities meanwhile are mobilizing to acquire direct participation in what happens to their children in the public schools. As L. Alexander Harper noted in his letter to the *New York Times*, "What happens because of that unrest at I.S. 201 may prove a watershed in school-

community relations, not only for New York but for other cities of a watching nation. The most promising precedent is not racial at all, but the organization of parents to achieve peer relationships in school negotiations with organized teachers and the power order of city and school administration."

And *New Left Notes*, a publication of Students for a Democratic Society, further extended the lesson that may yet be learned from I.S. 201: "When the parents talk of control and participating they bring out a demand which is relevant for the entire society concerning every social institution. Their demands form the seed of the general call for the origination of alternative structures to the prevalent power relationships in American society. Community control in primary education is analogous to student-faculty control in the university and one step from popular democratic control over all the public institutions that so vitally affect us."

Meanwhile at I.S. 201, a reporter for *The New Yorker* interviewed principal Stanley Lisser. What had he learned from the experience so far? "I am proud of the children of this community," he said. "The way they rose to this occasion indicates that we have been maligning both the children of the ghettos and their schools."

It is a statement of such smug obtuseness that if I were a parent in Harlem, I would consider the removal of Mr. Lisser from the school a primary goal. Of course, the fact that a new principal might be black would not guarantee his worth, but could he be more removed from reality?

Whatever does happen to Mr. Lisser or to I.S. 201, the

clear disclosure in 1966 at the polls and in public opinion polls of how fundamentally racist the majority of whites are in this country is certain to stir more and more black communities to build their potential for power—political, economic and educational—by themselves. Many parents, as in New York, will still continue to press for integrated schools, and in large cities that means working for educational parks. But they are no longer willing to leave the schools now in the ghetto to the impersonal and ineffectual control of Boards of Education.

It may also be possible, as a corollary result of insistence on participatory democracy in ghetto schools, that as Preston Wilcox hopes, "a community can organize effectively around the process of educating its children." And once organized, can move to affect other basic changes in the way its members live and work.

Black consciousness is rising, and one of its goals is the instillation of pride in the Negro young. As an organizer in East Harlem told reporter Andrew Kopkind, "the parents' concern is that whoever gets an education here will want to rebuild their community. Now, the most talented students leave. Only the dropouts stay. The only way I know to give young people the desire to return to Harlem—to stay in Harlem—is to let them be proud of Harlem."

In retrospect, some years hence, it may well be recognized that a new foundation for that pride began to emerge when the parents of East Harlem's I.S. 201 recognized in 1966 that unless they participated in the decision-making processes in public education, another generation of their children would be lost.

NEW LEFT MAN MEETS THE DEAD GOD

By STEVE WEISSMAN



PHOTOGRAPH BY DWORKIN

Although the "death of God" did chase the New Left off the nation's feature pages, radical activists have paid scant attention either to radical theology or to radical theologians. At most, the news that "God is Dead" brought forth snide remarks about the 1968 elections or pallid reflections of the mockery which Nietzsche's madman suffered at the hands of the unbelieving townspeople. Equally significant, neither God nor his demise is even mentioned in the insufferably long list of cosmic concerns and worldshaking questions which the Students for a Democratic Society Radical Education Project has outlined as the intellectual agenda of our generation. All of which seems to punctuate William Hamilton's observation that, "there is no God-shaped blank in man."¹

This state of innocence was breeched only recently when Hamilton, one of the most prominent "Death of God" theologians, asked that someone from the New Left speak to the October*27-29 Conference on Radical Theology at the University of Michigan. Rather by chance the invitation came my way, and spurred only by faith (and a nice honorarium), I set out to discover whether or not there was actually anything "to enter into dialogue" about. Six weeks later—after I had built up a rather sizable bedside stack of books and articles by Hamilton, Thomas Altizer, and Harvey Cox—my faith seemed justified.

As an activist, I remained somewhat wary of what seemed an overly psychological concern with exorcising guilt from individuals. As an atheist, I shared little of the passion involved in losing and then replacing a once believed-in God. And as a Jew, I was uneasy with the Jesus language, which had replaced the transcendence- or God-language so conscientiously avoided by the radical theologians. But for all that I was deeply impressed by the insistence that the human community was "where it's at," a theme most forcefully expressed

by Hamilton. "We must learn," he wrote in *Playboy* (Aug., 1966),

to comfort each other, and we must learn to judge, check and rebuke one another in the communities in which we are wounded and in which we are healed. If these things cannot now be done by the human communities in the world, then these communities must be altered until they can perform these tasks and whatever others, once ascribed to God, that need to be done in this next context. In this sense the death of God leads to politics, to social change, and even to the foolishness of utopias.²

Common ground for dialogue and political agreement are, of course, two very different animals. To be productive, any continuing dialogue must concentrate more on what separates than on what unites the thinking of New Left people and that of the radical theologians. And nothing separates the two groups more than the questions about ideology which are discussed in this paper.

—Is there, in the absence of some metaphysical transcendence, a need for some ideologically consistent standard of criticism and self-criticism?

—Can a critically transcendent, yet strictly rational, historical, and earth-bound standard be found in the implications of present-day technology?

—Is there an ideological contradiction between the celebration of man's freedom in history and the figure of Jesus as a guide to "revolution" and the "Freedom Now!" thrust of the Negro revolution?

The import of these questions is significant even for those who know little of the radical theology and care less for the New Left. For radical theology, as defined in the writings of Cox, Hamilton and Altizer, seems little more than another variant of "the end of ideology," proclaimed by Daniel Bell in a 1960 book of that name. Certainly the radical theologians carry with them little of the pessimism and exhaustion of the 1950's, a mood well mirrored in the earlier book. But today, even sociologist Bell is more

optimistic, for his pragmatic, non-ideological problem-solving politics has been taken up by celebrants of "the new technologies," of "the exponential growth of knowledge," of "the professionalization of reform," of "the managerial revolution," and similar slogans of the post-political Establishment ideology. And by the same token, it seems likely that, without radical change, the present radical theology will fit the "religious" needs of the newly powerful technocrats and managers—and through them the continuing *status quo*—in much the same way that Niebuhrian pessimism served the wielders of power during the Eisenhower years.

This conclusion and the questions and answers which lead up to it are the burden of the present essay. But having already "entered into dialogue" at the Conference on Radical Theology, I'm somewhat dubious that any radical change will be forthcoming, at least from the theologians most closely identified with the "Death of God" controversy. Even more disturbing, I've lost faith that dialogue with the radical theologians is important. For beyond a few of the younger participants, themselves political activists, and some of the more theologically conservative older men, the conference evidenced little seriousness about the intellectual, let alone ethical, responsibility due "the human community." Significant questions (not just my own questions, by any means) on Christology and ethics, and even psychology were never honestly confronted. Intellectual fads, everything from psychoanalysis to Marshall McLuhan—were accepted more for their novelty than for an understanding of their content. Many participants seemed more concerned about making it with their "wife, kids, and mortgage" than about meaningful sense. And there was throughout a shabby commercialism, as if the sponsorship of the conference by Bobbs-Merrill had caused the theologians to see themselves as

small-time Faustus who, having lost their souls along with their God, were now compelled to trade their wit for a steak dinner and the prospect of a publisher's piddling advance.

This is not to deny the presence of real anguish and a real sense of loss. It was if the conferees had too long accepted Dostoevski's dictum that "If God is dead, all things are possible." But even without a Father, there was still guilt over his death, and many at the conference seemed somewhat horrified by their own potential for a theologically undefinable, but nonetheless real evil. "He is dead!" they seemed to shout. "He is *really* dead, and all things are not only possible, but perhaps necessary."

Thus it seems far more useful to re-address this essay, not to the radical theologians, but to those laymen who have confronted the problem of faith and politics, less eruditely, but with more earnestness. For whatever the state of the other-world, believer and non-believer alike are finding it increasingly difficult to create a human life for the human community, a life which allows *men* to overcome their powerlessness and share in the freedom of *Man*.

In his *The Death of God*, Gabriel Vahanian says of the Puritans,

The City of God meant for them that no earthly city could be self-sufficient, since the rule of God, which actually provided the principle of criticism and self-criticism, always stood in judgment over men's judgments and decisions.

Vahanian contrasts this recourse to a transcendental standard of criticism against current syncretic religiosity which promotes "the hope that better societies will be born when better cars are built and more gadgets (material and spiritual alike) inundate our lives." The Puritans, however, offer an equally intriguing contrast with the more honest immanentism of radical theology.

Out of "a sense of the loss of God," writes William Hamilton, Death-of-God Protestants say "yes" . . . "to the world of technology, power, money, sex, culture, race, poverty, and the city." Into this world with them, probably ahead of most, goes the radical theologian proclaiming the secular world as "normative intellectually and ethically good." Hamilton continues,

Theological work that is to be truly helpful—at least for a while—is more likely to come from worldly contexts than ecclesiastical ones, more likely to come from participation in the Negro revolution than from the work of faith and order.

Death-of-God theologians, then, along with secular theologians like Harvey Cox, have agreed that the heavenly kingdom should be brought down to earth. And, having moved heaven, they now seek to move earth. This re-direction should certainly be applauded, but the applause should not be allowed to obscure one fundamental hang-up. For just as mass-tailored religiosity in the absence of some metaphysical transcendence becomes swamped by the crassness of the secular world, a change-minded theology faces similar dangers in the absence of some secular standard by which this particular intellectually normative and ethically good world might be judged.

Certainly Cox and the Death-of-God theologians are willing to ignore Christ's caveat to judge not. Cox, whose God is not dead but only hidden (*deus absconditus*), seeks a theology of social change and uses the word "revolution" so much that one would think it was going out of style. Hamilton and Cox both seem particularly impressed with the Negro revolution and with the criticism of the *status quo* inherent in it. And the more mystical Thomas Altizer finds the particular vocation of American theology precisely as a negation of "the very emptiness of the American present," and to the "shallowness and barbarism of life in America." Yet in all these judgments one

finds little evidence of any systematic standard of criticism and self-criticism. Only Altizer seems concerned with holistic thinking. "Today the task of thought," he writes,

is the negation of history, and most particularly the negation of the history created by Western man . . . Nor can true negation seek partial or non-dialectical synthesis; it must spurn a twilight which is merely ideological (ideology, as Marx taught us, is thought which is the reflection of society). In our time, thought must hold its goal in abeyance; otherwise it can scarcely establish itself, and is thereby doomed to be a mere appendix to society.

Hamilton insists upon the ethics of "ultimate concern for the neighbor," a fairly simple statement of values, which on basic questions of segregation and discrimination probably is sufficient. As Hal Draper wrote of the civil rights involvement of the New Left, "You don't need much of an ideology to feel deeply about it."² On more complex questions of foreign policy and economics, however, Hamilton, whose major concern is the ethics of radical theology, suggests little basis for judgment. Indeed, he shies away from any generalized and fundamental critique which seeks to explain the interrelationships between, and the basic causes of, the particular ills of secular society. Borrowing the phrase of Philip Toynbee, Hamilton seeks rather "to leave the general alone and to concentrate all our natural energies and curiosity on the specific, the idiosyncratic, the personal."

Cox, in *The Secular City*, offers a highly detailed set of political likes and dislikes. He is, however, less concerned with the mode of secular involvement than with convincing Christians that "secularization arises in large measure from the formative influence of biblical faith in the world." Gospel, he argues, is "an invitation to accept the full weight of this world's problems as the gift of its Maker." Cox's argument is a *tour de force* of Christian sources, theories, and analogies, interspersed with urbanity and social science. Un-

fortunately, he seems to think that he can slip social revolution into the thinking of his Christian readers without their noticing the change. Thus the reader senses the same inauthenticity as in similar efforts to present "Communism as Twentieth Century Americanism" or to wrap the New Left in the American Flag.

If Cox does favor a certain mode of involvement, it is much like "the specific, the idiosyncratic, the personal" espoused by Hamilton. Cox speaks highly of the pragmatic and particularized thinking of the functional approach (how does it work?). Secular man, he points out, "approaches problems by isolating them from irrelevant considerations, by bringing to bear the knowledge of different specialists. . ." Cox does warn of narrow "operationalism," which ignores those aspects of a problem that have not been isolated for special attention. He also urges a broadening of the concept of usefulness to include artistic beauty and poetry. But he clearly opposes what he terms ontological thinking (what is something?) and seeks no greater unification of analysis than that which comes from solution of specific human problems. "It is a mark of unbelief in the ontologist," Cox writes, "that he must scurry about to relate every snippet to the whole fabric."

To be sure, the New Left is also non-ideological; that was the whole point of Draper's comment. Moreover, there remain many in the New Left who are as anti-ideological as Cox, Hamilton, or the image of "the idealistic young activist" conjured up by sympathetic journalists. Still, the New Left is probably best defined by its rejection of "end of ideology" thinking as its search to relate at least the important "snippets" to a coherent and fundamental critique of society. Thus it is precisely on the need for ideology that any dialogue with radical theology must focus.

The significance for radical theology of this rejection and search perhaps can be illustrated best by an unfortunately over-

looked episode from Berkeley. During the summer of 1965, before the Senate doves had articulated the widespread distaste with the Viet Nam War, Berkeley's Viet Nam Day Committee organized a campaign of massive civil disobedience "to strike at the invisibility of evil in this war."³ The much-publicized stopping of troop-trains; the sit-in against General Maxwell Taylor, whom we most uncivilly branded a war criminal; and the marches which the Oakland police and the Hell's Angels stopped short of the Oakland Army Terminal were thus calculated efforts to break through complacency and make a public issue of the war.

At the same time, the VDC attempted to get beyond conventional explanations of the war; as well as of the other issues which concerned us: the American South and the multiversity. All three we felt to be "mirrors" of what Altizer terms "the shallowness and the barbarism of life in America." Looking back, the tentative arguments of the VDC seem hardly ideological. Using the research of Robert Scheer, Foreign Editor of *Ramparts* and later a nearly successful Congressional candidate from Berkeley-Oakland, VDC members traced the origins of the war to liberal anti-communism. We pointed to the similar lack of democratic principle in America's effort to direct the development of the have-less nations and in the fact that in the American South and multiversity "the inhabitants are prevented from participating in the decisions that shape their lives." Finally, we discerned in the Viet Nam policy "the insensibility of America to the suffering of colored peoples," an insensibility evidenced even among liberals by the fact that it took the killing of the white Reverend James Reeb to create a "Selma," while the killing a week earlier of Jimmie Lee Jackson, a local Negro, had gone almost unnoticed.

Of course, our desire for new answers and our feelings of outrage were not born of academic calculation. Especially

in the wake of the atrocious behavior of the Berkeley administration during the Free Speech Movement, and on top of our growing understanding of the failure of the civil rights movement to meet the needs of the Negro poor, the February 1965 escalation of bombing into North Viet Nam signalled the end of whatever innocence we might have retained. But no matter how unstudied the inspiration, our beginning analyses were sound and, as the nationwide demonstrations in October and the Thanksgiving March on Washington proved, our civil disobedience did hold promise of catalyzing anti-war response among moderate groups.

One of the first moderate responses, however, was an open letter which vented its spleen more on the VDC than on the war. Signed by a group of eminent faculty liberals, whose expressed opposition to the war was limited to "grave reservations about its conduct," the letter concluded that "the good your committee can do for peace in Viet Nam is limited; but the harm it can do the values of the university is quite certain." The reasoning behind that conclusion bears directly on the question of ideology.

First the faculty liberals misread the phrase "invisibility of evil" and accused the VDC of believing in the "indivisibility of evil" and of viewing the war "as the logical projection of some all-pervasive moral and social iniquity in American life." Whether the professors actually believed themselves witness to the Manichaen heresy remains unclear. What they definitely found heretical, however, was the willingness of their students to go beyond a "legitimate national self-criticism" which identifies itself with the personal dilemmas of a liberal President; which views Viet Nam, Guatamala, and the Bay of Pigs as "tragic ambiguities" and "counterbalancing errors" in a generally benign foreign policy; and which, in the words of the VDC response, finds "the napalming of children balanced



ETCHING: PELFREY

by the passage of medicare." To VDC members, on the other hand, the balancing and moderation implicit in "legitimate national self-criticism" actually seemed to support the continuation of the war by bolstering up the Johnson government, while at the same time preventing the development of a determined and knowledgeable anti-war constituency.

The second heresy cited by the open letter was the refusal of the VDC to participate in the very anti-communism which we felt responsible for the war. Unlike the faculty liberals, VDC refused to accept the idea that "the desirability of containing communism" could ever justify American intervention against an indigenous social revolution. On the contrary, the very enunciation of such a policy *desiderata* seemed an invitation to further interventions, as in Santo Domingo, and to further involvement in rationalistic calculations about the cost-effectiveness of various anti-revolutionary stratagems.

Finally, the faculty liberals faulted the student group for undermining the ideal of the rule of law "through a heedless civil disobedience." Here the liberal professors implied that social legislation and legal processes (e.g., The National Labor Relations Act and Supreme Court decisions) were more significant for change than the social movements and social disruption that forces changes through those channels. They also evidenced real fear that disrespect for law by the left would aid the warhawks and hinder stability and progress by strengthening the hand of the Ku Klux Klan, the Minutemen, and the neo-Nazis. The incipient analysis of the VDC, however, contrasted progress and stability, and saw the spectre of the "right wing" chiefly as an immobilizing myth which made change difficult by directing attention away from the real base of power in the corporate liberal center.

These three heresies against liberal orthodoxy constitute quite a specific rejection of dependence upon the pragmatic and "the specific, the idiosyn-

cratic, the personal." Incomplete as it might be, there is rather a search for generalized *critical thinking* which would transcend the affirmative content of "legitimate national self-criticism," of liberal anti-communism of the spectre of the right wing. For without that transcendence, criticism of the specific might well become affirmation of the whole. As Herbert Marcuse writes in *One Dimensional Man*, the acceptance of the blunders, crimes and ambiguities

is part and parcel of the solidification of the state of affairs, of the grand unification of opposites which counteracts qualitative change, because it pertains to a thoroughly hopeless or thoroughly preconditioned existence that has made its home in a world where even the irrational is Reason.⁴

Despite its horrors, the war in Viet Nam, which occasioned this search, is still but a small part—and perhaps a rational part—of the overall irrationality of a society which binds man by armpit and genital to production for warfare and waste. This is not to suggest that radical theology take up the tired plaint against mass society or renew "the chronicle of middle-class hypocrisy," which, in Hamilton's view, "may well be complete, with no more work on it necessary." It is rather a plea that we come to grips with the structure rather than the superficialities of the world as it is. Here Marcuse's sharp summation will suffice:

The union of growing productivity and growing destruction; the brinkmanship of annihilation; the surrender of thought, hope, and fear to the decisions of the powers that be; the preservation of misery in the face of unprecedented wealth constitute the most impartial indictment—even if they are not the *raison d'être* of this society but only its by products: its sweeping rationality, which propels efficiency and growth, is itself irrational.

The pragmatic, "the specific, the idiosyncratic, the personal" never can indict adequately this irrational whole. Without some standard of what ought to be, without a standard which

transcends the quite possibly rational parts of the irrational whole, thought is swallowed up by "the oppressive and ideological power of the given facts," by the given frames of reference, by the intellectual norms and ethical goods of the established society. The problem, then, is not how to say "yes," but how to say "no," how to find a transcendent secular standard when the kingdom of God has come home to roost.

II

The problem of finding a principle of criticism and self-criticism is in no way limited to radical theology. Just as the critical dimension of the heavenly kingdom has been deflated by the disappearance of the hand of God from history, the critical potential of revolutionary political theory has been enfeebled by the fact that the proletariat in advanced industrial society—if not dead as a revolutionary force—certainly remains hidden. Unprecedented affluence, an omnipresent technology, and a masterful communications system have so "satisfied" the working class that the concept of class conflict takes on a Disneyland ring. No one really knows whether the concept will regain its dignity through the demands of the underclass of white and Negro poor or through the dilemmas of urban rot. But more likely than not, conflict will be contained and the quantitative changes dragged from the system will if anything strengthen its coherency and cohesion. Finally, although a few Leninist theoreticians and most international businessmen believe that domestic affluence requires imperialism, there is as yet little promise that revolution in the underdeveloped world will reduce affluence here and thus lead to increased domestic conflict.

The demise of the working class as a revolutionary force has, to be sure, occasioned a search for some new agency of social change. Many have looked to the vastly expanded white-collar work

force, the teachers and social workers, the bank clerks and computer technicians. These groups, however, have hardly reached trade union, let alone revolutionary consciousness. Other observers, chiefly students, have seen students and youth in general as the new proletariat. On their side is the growing importance of the university to the national economy and security, and the enormous expansion of youth and student population, both absolutely and relative to the population as a whole. Nonetheless, radical fervor does seem to decline with age, much as our elders explained, though without the vicious conservatism of the older generation of ex-radicals. And even if we could organize the intellectual workers to close down the knowledge industry, which so far remains a wet dream, universities and schools are just not as important to the day-to-day functioning of the system as are the automobile factories and the airlines. Finally, there are those who see a radical transformation of the society coming from the wholesale disaffection, disaffiliation, and social disorganization which plagues Darien, Connecticut every bit as much as Berkeley or the Bowery. One has the vision of the masses of junior executives, bolstered by their third martini, all on a given day placing chewing gum in the office postage machine. But most of the spiritually dispossessed aren't even that close to the levers of the machine, and even if they were, what will bring them out of themselves, out of their *anomie*, to engage in sustained and united activity?

Demands that an ideology be created—for example, the demand which brought SDS to establish the Radical Education Project—often tend to ignore these facts. But while the theorist of social change, the revolutionary intellectual, can ignore God, he cannot ignore the secular reality; he cannot from his armchair call into being an agency of social change; he cannot ascribe to social forces in the present context the potential for overcoming

that context, if in fact no such potential exists. At the same time, however, he must not—but too often can, and does—abandon the critical standard which would demand revolutionary change. The difficulty of such a stance is obvious: “In the absence of demonstrable agents and agencies of social change,” explains Marcuse, “the critique is thus thrown back to a high level of abstraction. There is no ground on which theory and practice, thought and action meet.”

Nevertheless, the responsibility for critical thought remains. Perhaps a parallel is the waiting for the dead god found in Hamilton's writing. “Thus we wait,” he explains, “we try out new words, we pray for God to return, and we seem to be willing to descend into the darkness of unfaith and doubt that something may emerge on the other side.” In any case the commitment to critical thinking seems in at least some sense to be religious. But the revolutionary intellectual hasn't the guarantees of either gospel or science, which earlier prophets enjoyed, and even his opportunities for martyrdom are marred by the suspicion that he's doing something quaint. He remains the Christian in Pagan Rome, the Jew in a Gentile world, but his now uncertain faith confronts the promise that the technology of the presently constituted, irrational society, if nudged, can remedy the visible evils which remain without in any way qualitatively affecting the basic irrationality of the whole. And more threatening than this promise, there is always the nagging fear that the technologically omnipotent society will so shape his categories of thought and pervert his consciousness that the unremedied evils will, even for his sensitive eyes, become invisible. (In which case, I suppose, he gets a foundation grant to become a social critic.)

Much like theologians who have abandoned the metaphysics of an other-wordly kingdom of heaven, the revolutionary intellectual must anchor his standard of criticism in the realm of man's

history. Critical standards, to be verifiable, must stay within the universe of possible experience. There is, however, a difference between remaining in the universe of possibilities and saying “yes” to this particular secular world. As Marcuse makes clear, “This universe is never co-extensive with the established one but extends to the limits of the world which can be created by transforming the established one with the means which the latter has provided or withheld.”

Critical thinking then, Marcuse says, must explore the historical alternatives which haunt “the established society as subversive tendencies and forces.” It must settle upon the specific alternatives available for the reorganization of intellectual and natural resources to provide “the optimal development and satisfaction of individual needs and faculties with a minimum of toil and misery.”

This formulation accords well with both the “ultimate concern” of Christological ethics and the experience of many young activists. First one discovers the discrepancy between the “what-ought-to-be” of the dominant value system and the “what-is.” (“Negroes don't get equal rights.”) Then one discovers the gap between “what is” and “what-could-be.” (“Cybernation makes poverty unnecessary.”) Finally—and this is the difficult step—a new standard of “what-ought-to-be” is constructed on the basis of “what-could-be.” In the present period this standard would be based on the technological capabilities of society.

The idea, of course, of a standard which transcends the present use of technology, however, differs significantly from judging “what-could-be” on the basis of the already existing standard of judgment. Thus, it is important to note that Cox, who is much impressed by the possibilities of technology, never arrives at the need for a transcendent, but non-metaphysical standard. Rather, he sees the gap as “between the technical and political components of tech-

nopolis.” He continues, “The challenge we face confronts us with the necessity of weaving a political harness to steer and control our technical centaurs.” No doubt such a challenge exists, but the weaving of a new political harness would in no way offer fundamental criticism of the way in which the technical centaurs presently serve to prevent “the optimal development and satisfaction of individual needs and faculties with a minimum of toil and misery.”

Some people have read into *One Dimensional Man* a rejection of technology as being incompatible with the norm of optimal human development. Nothing could be farther from Marcuse's thinking. Marcuse does oppose the present “technological project,” the subordination of technology's productivity and growth potential into a cultural, political and social system which “swallows up or repulses all alternatives,” and “which stabilize(s) the society and contain(s) technical progress within the framework of domination.” Marcuse also rejects the notion of the “neutrality” of technology:

Technology as such cannot be isolated from the use to which it is put; the technological society is a system of domination which operates already in the concept and construction of techniques.

Nonetheless, he clearly states his belief that the technological base must be preserved, albeit with a new “technological rationality”:

If the completion of the technological project involves a break with the prevailing technological rationality, the break in turn depends on the continued existence of the technical base itself. For it is this base which has rendered possible the satisfaction of needs and the reduction of toil—it remains the very base of all forms of human freedom. The qualitative change rather lies in the reconstruction of this base—that it, in its development with a view of different ends.

Marcuse's discussion of transforming technological rationality brings the argument full circle, for he sees the transformation as a “reversal of the traditional relationship between

metaphysics and science." As in Puritan society, metaphysical concepts traditionally have provided a critical dimension by posing "a discrepancy between the real and the possible, between the apparent and the real truth." With the development of technology there is a vast expansion of the universe of possibilities by which the "truth" of metaphysical concepts may be verified. "Thus, the speculations about the good life, the Good Society, Permanent Peace obtain an increasingly realistic content; on technological grounds, the metaphysical tends to become physical."

Marcuse stresses that he "does not mean the revival of 'values,' spiritual or other, which are to supplement the scientific and technological transformation of man and nature." Rather he argues that "the historical achievement has rendered possible the translation of values into technical tasks," and that science can now proceed to "the quantification of values."

For example, what is calculable is the minimum of labor with which, and the extent to which, the vital needs of all members of a society could be satisfied—provided the available resources were used for this end, without being restricted by other interests, and without impeding the accumulation of capital necessary for the development of the respective society. In other words; quantifiable is the available range of freedom from want. Or, calculable is the degree to which, under the same conditions, care could be provided for the ill, the infirm, and the aged—that is, quantifiable is the possible reduction of anxiety, the possible freedom from fear.

Whether or not one accepts the specifics of Marcuse's quantification of values, his examples provide a sharp contrast to the segmental rationality of the present technological project. Marcuse is not talking of the highly rational manpower planning, which promises to keep unemployment low while providing workers for the degrading assembly line production of immediately obsolescent automobiles. Nor does his discussion include the application of cost-effectiveness studies to the crea-

tion of counter-insurgency strategies. "The technological redefinition and the technical mastery of final causes," he tells us, "is the construction, development, and utilization of resources (material and intellectual) freed from all particular interests which impede the satisfaction of human needs and the evolution of human families." This, then is far more than the political harness which Cox proposes for the technical centaurs. Indeed, it is qualitatively different.

The overall thrust of Marcuse's argument, moreover, suggests a way of transcending the present world while remaining firmly within it. Like Hamilton, Marcuse affirms the value of technology. Unlike Hamilton, however, he proposes a standard of criticism and self-criticism which, while based on the existence of that technology, is not shaped by technology's present uses and rationality. Thus he offers a hope that man's age-old aspirations, as expressed in metaphysics, need not be sacrificed to the irrationality of the present. Would it not be a sad irony for radical theology, at a time when the metaphysical can become the physical, to discard the content of metaphysical standards along with the form?

III

Insistence on a rational historical standard for criticism should in no way be considered value-free. Marcuse makes clear that his thought assumes that "human life is worth living, or rather can and ought to be made worth living." Less intellectually, perhaps, the New Left also affirms life and values; indeed, much of our time is spent struggling against the scientistic "value-free" orientation which rests like a fog upon the groves of academe.

The key value and demand of young activists is, of course, "freedom." Thus it is gratifying to learn that radical theologians are so largely concerned with "Man's freedom." There is a

problem, however—perhaps a paradox. Hamilton provides the sharpest example of this problem, though Cox's *Secular City* is no less problematical. Hamilton affirms the moral centrality of the Negro revolution. Yet at the same time he is as concerned as either Cox or Altizer with optimistically asserting Man's freedom to act in history, now that "God is Dead" and "all things are possible." And, far more than Altizer or Cox, he insists on following the ministry of Jesus, on being guided by "the kind of thing he did, the way he stood before men, the way he thought, suffered, and died." The problem is that both the celebration of an historical freedom and the example of Jesus' ministry seem diametrically opposed to the "Freedom Now!" of the Negro Revolution.

"Freedom"—under the weight of the "Now!" mood—has in the process of the Negro revolution become a cover for a multitude of good things. That multitude, unfortunately, will never be accommodated by a traditional or etymologically proper definition of terms. Listen to the opening lines of a poem written by Liz Fusco, a white freedom worker in Mississippi:

Waiting
for rain
and for freedom
and for something to do
to take away
the way it is.⁹

This is the world of freedom schools, freedom trains, freedom budgets, freedom parties (big "D" democratic and otherwise), freedom unions, and freedom highs. Here the demand for "freedom," for "rights," also is a demand for quality education, de facto mobility, jobs, control of the police force and of public schools, and the right to do politics independently—all Now!

The young German playwright Peter Weiss, also influenced by the Negro revolution, places this expanded sense of freedom into political focus. In Weiss' play "Marat/Sade," the revolutionary Paris crowd beseeches Marat,



ETCHING: PELFREY

Marat we're poor and the poor stay
 poor'
 Marat don't make us wait any more
 We want our rights and we don't care
 how
 We want our Revolution NOW

The cry of the poor—whether in revolutionary Paris, Watts, or Viet Nam—does share in what Hamilton terms “an increased sense of the possibilities of human action, human happiness, human decency, in this life.” Revolutionary movement, by its very nature, cannot be pessimistic. *But neither does the dogged determination of the poor to have their Revolution NOW, to be free, reveal the optimism which Hamilton read into the Negro revolution.* “That there is a gaiety, an absence of alienation, a vigorous and contagious hope at the center of this movement is obvious,” Hamilton writes, “and this optimism is the main source of its hold on the conscience of America, particularly young America.” There is gaiety, perhaps; and young white Americans, struggling themselves to overcome the cultural strait-jacket of Anglo-Saxon culture, are caught up by the discovery that “Ye need not suffer to be righteous.” But Hamilton seems wrong—and we shall see, dangerously so—in

finding optimism in either the Negro movement or the student activism which it has inspired.

The last time that I personally heard any optimism in the singing of “We Shall Overcome” was at the nicely middle-class March on Washington in August of 1963. Perhaps the optimism there reflected the fact that a March originally planned to demand jobs had been sidetracked into a Civil Rights freedom sing. Since that time, at any rate, optimism increasingly has become the stock in trade of “Negro Leaders,” who in return for national influence seem willing to prevent the development of a political movement that might explore the expanded sense of the necessary which Hamilton mistakes for optimism. “Freedom” must be explored, and for the poor who make up the majority of the Negro population, that means far more than the equal rights and poverty programs which the established leadership seeks. “Freedom” probably means a total reorientation of national priorities and of the power centers which depend on the present orientation. And it most certainly means a redirection of national resources from foreign war to domestic peace.

The “Negro Leaders,” with

all their optimism, admit that they do not speak for the Negro poor. Even the advocates of “Black Power” fail in this respect, though it is certainly to their credit that they seek to organize the poor to speak for themselves. Until the poor are organized, optimism is impossible; there is only the dogged determination of Watts, where one might well hear another stanza from “Marat/Sade” aimed directly at the “Negro Leaders” from whom too many whites take their cue:

Why do they have the gold
 Why do they have all the power
 Why do they have friends at the top
 We've got nothing always had nothing
 Nothing but holes and millions of
 them

Beyond the enticement of optimism, there are also difficulties in the identification of “Freedom” with the philosophic question of Man’s freedom in a godless universe. “All things are possible.” For the poor that has already been established, even without Ivan Karamazov’s aid. The question is not whether Man can have dominion, but over which men *will* have dominion. Similarly, the cry of the poor shows little concern with the cosmic implications of the suffering of children. In *The Great Fear in Latin America*, the journalist John Gerassi tells of a conversation with a pregnant woman in the favelas, the hillside slums of Rio:

My first two babies died within a few months of their birth. Now I hope that this one will be a boy and that he will grow up to be strong so that he can avenge his dead brother and sister.

I asked her who she thought was responsible. Her answer was blunt:

You!—and all the others like you who can afford those shoes and that suit.

I think just the money you paid for that pen could have saved one of my children.

If one seeks to support the poor in their struggle for dominion, the celebration of the new freedom probably remains spurious. The real question is one of power, of “which side are you on?” I say this not to be anti-intellectual, or to denigrate

the importance of ultimate questions. But radical theology itself seems convinced that it is time to get beyond *Weltshmerz*, beyond existentialist preoccupations. Many in the New Left would agree. Camus was terribly important in helping us break through the immobilizing pessimism of the fifties. Now there is a fear that his philosophy can too easily become a pose, as it seemed in his own inability to move beyond nationalism and deal with the admittedly unpleasant realities of the independence struggle of the Algerians. My concern, however, is that the forward motion away from pessimism and its existential antidote might well lead to a demobilizing optimism.

Choosing up sides, however, is only half the battle. Jesus, whose ministry Hamilton would use as a guide, clearly sided with the poor and the meek. In addition he warned the rich of the difficulty of their entering the kingdom of heaven. Thus many have pictured Christ as a revolutionary. Phil Ochs, in *Ballad of a Carpenter*, sings

He became a wandering journeyman
And He traveled far and wide;
And He noticed how wealth and
poverty
Lived always side by side.

So he said come all you workingmen,
Farmers and weavers, too;
If you would only stand as one
This world belongs to you.

Tempting (and useful) as this image might be, radical theology would do well to find better revolutionary leaders than Jesus. To begin with, revolution is political and must aim at the levers of power. As C. Wright Mills said of the social scientist, the task of the revolutionary is to "translate personal troubles into public issues." Christ made his appeal public, but he advocated a withdrawal from public or political issues, and directed attention away from those who would prevent the workingmen, farmers and weavers, too, from exercising their claim to this world. Like LSD, Christ might have offered important pre-revolutionary insights. But opposition, political opposition, is what must be ren-

dered unto Caesar.

Secondly, Christ was less a political organizer than a demagogue. In a thoughtful discussion of the "Legend of the Grand Inquisitor," Hamilton writes that "Dostoevsky's Christ is the idea of freedom," which "is precisely the reason why this Christ cannot be identified with Jesus Christ of the New Testament record." Following D. H. Lawrence, Hamilton reminds us that "the rejector of miracles still performed them, the rejector of authority claimed it from man, and, we might add, the rejector of mystery came proclaiming the mystery of the Kingdom of God." Miracle, mystery, and authority—which Dostoevsky ascribed to the Grand Inquisitor—are no less damnable in the hands of a Christ than in those of a benevolent despot. Nor are they beneficial in the building of a political movement, for as with Jesus, they lead not to political consciousness but to almost religious dependence on a single leader. Of course, freedom also presents problems for movement, and like Berdyaev (to whom Hamilton refers), many present day organizers preach (but usually don't practice) the notion that "the principle of freedom cannot be expressed in words without some form of authority being suggested." Nonetheless, Black Power militants and Frantz Fanon probably have better things to say on these sticky problems than either the biblical or the Dostoevskian Jesus.

Finally, there is the Christian admonition to "Love Thy Neighbor." Christian theologians cannot easily ignore the very rich concepts of harmony and peace among brothers found in the New Testament. Cox, for example, speaks of the diakonic or healing function of the Church. Unfortunately, he finds diakonia very specifically in efforts to strengthen existing movements toward centralization in metropolitan areas. Here Cox is reading the Good Samaritan into the balance-of-tension theory presented by Edward C. Banfield and James Q. Wilson in *City Politics*. Quoting Banfield and Wilson, Cox

argues that the give-and-take organized groups on which city politics depends is threatened by racial, ethnic, political, and center city-suburban cleavages. This is certainly the case, but like most theories of premature pluralism, *City Politics* overlooks the fact that certain interests—specifically the Negro poor—remain unorganized and therefore out of the give-and-take. Their organization, moreover, would probably further polarize a metropolitan area, in part—but only in part—because organization will probably necessitate at least some recourse to racial consciousness (e.g., black power.) Conversely, the centralization of metropolitan government, while probably necessary for a whole score of good reasons, will not only reduce polarization, but will also reduce the potential political power of any group of the inner-city Negro poor.

To be fair to Cox, he does parallel his support for the healing power of centralization with a concern for the *powerlessness of certain groups in the city*. His model here, however, is Saul Alinsky's The Woodlawn Organization, a Chicago group which can be criticized seriously for its lack of democracy, its dependence upon its financial contributors, its failure to represent the interests of the truly poor who are not in churches or other formal organizations, its refusal to make significant (and disruptive) demands upon the Daley machine, etc. This is not the place to rehearse those criticisms, but neither should Cox suggest such a specific political strategy without offering a more complete political justification. The point is that neither Jesus nor the Christian sources can provide much of a guide to questions of political strategy. Whether Alinsky or black power is better, whether non-violence actually retards organization in the ghetto, the question of electoral politics versus direct action, the problems of tax base and governmental centralization—all those important problems need a coherent analysis far more comprehensive

than Christian sources. To use those sources is to engage in the mystery-miracle-authority approach, which can only keep the poor in a state of dependence.

Though radical theology, in its insistence on the pragmatic and the particular, seeks to eschew ideology, there is some indication that at least Cox and Hamilton have settled nicely into the "twilight" of ideological thinking. Cox presents his ideological world-view quite succinctly when he suggests that "a titanic struggle" is now going on in "the organization," a struggle whose outcome

will shape the countenance of America and of the world for decades to come. It is a duel to the death between the rising new technically educated class and the old class of zealous business barons.

Cox seems to believe that the "seizure of power" by technology has taken place already, evidently preparing the base for a victory of the technically educated classes. Cox does not make a fetish of technology; indeed he condemns the "technological utopians" for being "bogged down in the metaphysical and religious stages of human development." Nonetheless, he, along with Hamilton, provides strong ideological support for the technically educated in their social ascent. Both men eulogize the pragmatic, problem-solving approach; both emphasize technology without challenging the assumptions which govern that technology and both exude the optimism, the insistence on maturity, and the revolutionary rhetoric which has come to mark the new managers.

The difficulty with this managerial ideology is that it doesn't tell what's happening. For rather than a duel to the death, one finds more an incestuous marriage between the upwardly mobile new technologists and the owners of capital. This marriage is evidenced in the first instance by the willingness of the technologists to subordinate their rationality to the wholly irrational

priorities of the present economy, and by their willing perpetuation of the elite patterns of control usually associated with the "zealous business barons," but so much more subtly practiced by their personnel managers. Thus, like the middle class of the underdeveloped world, the new managers might engage with the capitalists in family squabbles over the distribution of the household privileges and responsibilities, but they have settled down with him into an acceptable routine of family life.

The best example of this process can be found in the very activity which radical theologians would most sympathetically support—the reform efforts of the public sector. Daniel Moynihan, one of the architects of the War on Poverty, explains that the initiative for the anti-poverty program "came largely from within," and was based "on essentially esoteric information about the past and probable future course of events." This he sees as "an example of the evolving technique and style of reform in the profoundly new society developing in the United States." This "professionalization of reform," found also in the Alliance for Progress, involves

precisely the type of decision-making that is suited to the techniques of modern organizations, and which end up in the hands of persons who make a profession of it. They are less and less political decisions, more and more administrative ones. They are decisions that can be reached by consensus rather than conflict.⁷

When all was said and done, however, the administrative decisions in both programs were made within continually narrowing framework, of political considerations, shaped in large measure by what Cox would see as zealous business barons. No doubt there was squabbling, as over the Mississippi Child Development Group, the maximal feasible participation of the poor, the intervention in Santo Domingo, and the support for military dictatorships. But the technocrats continued to man their desks and computers, and in

both programs even developed highly sophisticated rationales for why their original rationality could not work. Which perhaps explains why *Fortune*, the magazine of the most zealous and businessy of barons, now celebrates the expansion of the public sector and the professional approach to problem solving as "creative federalism."

Cox, of course, seems much more committed to a technocratic and managerial ideology than does Hamilton, whose support is more one of tone and of unquestioning and a political support for the technology and its problem-solving "operationalist" approach. Altizer, on the other hand, though rarely involved with the specifics of politics, provides a possible antidote to this unhappy trend. For his warning against thought becoming a mere appendage to society closely parallels Marcuse's injunction against "the premature identification of Reason and Freedom, according to which man can become free in the progress of self-perpetuating productivity on the basis of oppression." Hopefully an understanding of the need for thought to hold its goal in abeyance, to establish itself as a negation of the society, will prevent any yes-saying to this particular society until our "no" can provide a qualitatively different society, which affirms man's worth in place of perpetuating his oppression. Until that time, the radical thinker can only maintain a critical standard, and identify with those who are oppressed, those whose interests are represented by neither the technocrats nor the barons of business.

NOTES

¹ Thomas J. J. Altizer and William Hamilton, *Radical Theology and the Death of God* (New York: The Bobbs-Merrill Co., Inc., 1966). Unless otherwise noted, all subsequent quotes from Hamilton and Altizer are also from this source.

² Hal Draper, "In Defense of the 'New Radicals,'" *New Politics*, Summer 1965, p. 8.

³ A full account was published in *Liberation* September 1965. All quotes are from that issue.

⁴ Herbert Marcuse, *One Dimensional Man* (Boston: Beacon Press, 1964). All subsequent quotes from Marcuse also are from this source.

⁵ William Hamilton, "Questions and Answers on the Radical Theology" (mimeo.), p. 5.

⁶ Liz Fusco, "Poems From the Delta" (mimeo.), p. 1.

⁷ Daniel Patrick Moynihan, "The Professionalization of Reform," *The Public Interest*, Fall 1965.

A PROPOSAL

Not like doric men who say
that falling leaves mean death
for the daughter of the fields—

my brothers say that autumn
is the time for sowing living grains
of wheat or barley or oats

in our land where pheasant
and partridge come to feed.
I remember once, as a boy

how I watched a partridge die
when the hunter's hands ripped
its feathers off like winter trees.

Chopping its beautiful wings,
he gave me them to carry as trophies
or souvenirs. They were not yet stiff

when my hands spread them for colors,
holding their heat, dreaming like Icarus.
When the gizzard was slit it was filled

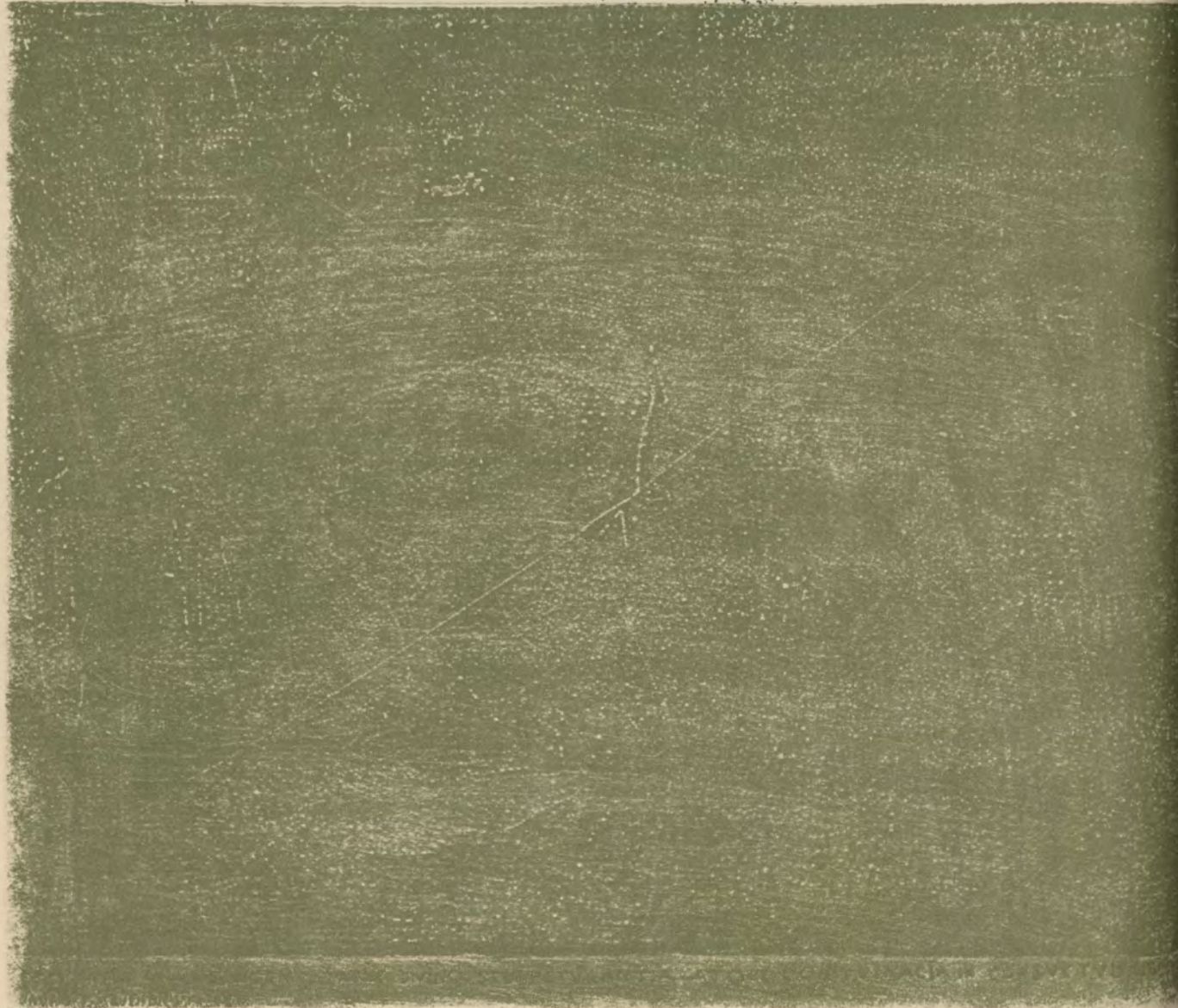
with apples from the thornapple tree.
Squeezing them to the ground, the hunter
counted them one by one. Now my brothers say

like Francis let us love the winter birds
and grow them grain for their eating.
In spring, flying to our land,

they will feed at our table.
As pharaohs we can watch them fatten
in summer and in the autumn

make them fall with leaves
and in their gizzards count our bread
which grew their bodies like our children.

—FRANK McQUILKIN



THE POETIC ROOTS OF THE MOVEMENT

By PIERRE HENRI DELATTRE

About ten years ago, a poetic vision was infused into the political and social reform movements as a new approach to the arts captured the imaginations of many young Americans. This new approach, although associated with the so-called 'beat,' was much larger than implied in the negative association now given to the word 'beat.' A new community was gathering; a community founded not on the prevailing acquisitive and competitive concerns that had infected every corporate area of society, including the universities, but upon a moral and spiritual search for a way of celebrating what is uniquely the American experience.

Within this community, poets, painters and actors were breaking the tight, frigid hold that academic criticism had taken upon cultural developments. They were freeing academia from a lack of contact with the world, a lack which had come about as a defense against the anti-eggheadism of the Truman and Eisenhower administrations.

In the 1950's, the universities seemed more concerned with teaching how to capture the human spirit rather than how to liberate it, how to analyze and engineer people rather than how

to release them to their own creative goals. Infected with this disease, students and faculty took no significant part in shaping national and world affairs or in breathing new life into the arts. Even when they descended on places like San Francisco's North Beach, they seemed intent upon bottling up and labeling in a new and deadening typology whatever was happening. As critics, they were not moving out into experience but closing in upon it; and to some extent they succeeded in superimposing a mood of reactionary rebellion upon what was essentially a creative movement, a movement far less interested in what it was leaving behind than in what it was moving toward.

Those academic hangers-on misrepresented the new poetic community because they *needed* to. Aware that their own situation was dubious at best, they flattered themselves that the disaffiliates were constantly looking over their shoulders, doing everything in rebellious reaction to *them*. Such self-flattery may have brought a little vitality into the otherwise-lifeless academy, but even so it was a perverse and pitiable shadow of empathy. But, in contrast, what characterized the so-called 'beat' movement was its sense

of triumph over alienation, its intimations of a new community that promised to reach out to the entire world, breaking down political, class, racial and religious barriers. In contrast to the dominant image of a possessive, aggressive, corporate America, this new community offered openness and eagerness to share a new experiment in living.

The emergence of this new community outside the universities eventually encouraged students to take to the American road—to make their influence felt in social and artistic experimentation. If there is now forming in America a redemptive community that will save us from war abroad and disintegration at home, one can be certain that it is composed largely of students wise to the uses of power. But these students should remember that this community received major impetus from the poets on the fringes (or outside) academia; for this community today is threatened by the loss of its poetic base of sensibility in the crude, divisive and fundamentally hostile approach often associated with using power.

How did this movement in poetry give the community now associated with peace and civil rights

its peculiarly spiritual basis? It was the jazz musicians, the wandering folk singers and the poets 'on the road' who awakened in us a love for, and an urgent response to, those American folk from whom we had been cut off. These artists, more than the political theorists or social actionists, showed us the delight and humor—not just the moral seriousness—of being together with people from other religions, races and regions—not because these people were to be pitied and cared for, but because they were onto some swinging scenes that we wanted to be a part of. The folk artists were not out to discover our sameness but to celebrate the rich variety of sensual and intellectual experience.

In the mid-1950's, the poets who went out in search of a more living language were rewarded by an encounter many poets never have: the live audience. And the audience, like the chorus in a Greek play, expressed its own cravings, so that the poets tended to respond more and more to the need for a visionary interpretation of what America was all about and where it was going. This ethnic and prophetic quality still dominates the poetic scene. Poets enter into such a dialogue with the listeners that a reading will often sound like a revival meeting.

Several years ago in San Francisco you could attend a poetry reading any day of the week if you got there early enough to squeeze in. The air always was charged with the excitement not just of hearing an individual read but of gathering together in a common search. The search was always for a way into a more immediate, ecstatic and penetrating mode of existence and for a way out of encrusting forms of institutional, conventional life which lacked humor or spontaneity.

There were poets like Ginsberg, Ferlinghetti, Kaufman and Corso who were not just lamenting the political and psychic catastrophes of our time but were rejoicing at the sight of a way beyond catastrophe. There were the Zen-influenced poets like Gary Snyder, Lew Welch and Philip Whelan who were drawing from the wit and mysticism of the Orient to show that suddenness of insight gained through long periods of total attention to nature, persons, or music is as valid as the laborious process of reasoned analysis. There were the so-called White Rabbits led by Jack Spicer, George Stanley and Richard Brautigan who were rediscovering the uses of American folk heroes as tragicomic representatives of their own yearning to remain spiritually alive. There were the explorers, like Bill Margolis and Jack Kerouac, of the funky scene along the American road.

Robert Stock, a jazz musician working behind the counter of the Bagel Shop, had a whole group around him rediscovering the application of traditional forms to contemporary events. They said you couldn't get into that group unless you could write a villanelle. And, by way of Black Mountain College, came such outstanding developers of American speech rhythms in poetry as Duncan, Levertov and Creeley.

It would take pages to name just the gatherings of poets let alone individual poets good and bad who have emerged during the last ten years from the ferment in one small area like North Beach—poets who are now doing the university circuit from which they were originally expelled. (And, of course, the grouping mentioned are only a convenience by which they can be remembered since individuals moved from group to group.)

A special word should be reserved for Kenneth Rexroth, who was one of the first to give poets the encouragement to go out and seek their audience on the streets and whose weekly 'salons' gave many young poets the encouragement and insight to continue. A word also for the person who made the most effective use of poetry in jazz and film—still a large and mysterious figure in poetry: Kenneth Patchen.

What did this poetry movement accomplish? It restored to the poet a face-to-face relationship with the American vernacular and made the spoken word, the *sound* of poetry, important again (thanks, Dylan Thomas). It made us aware of the myths and symbols of our most common experience as only jazz had done before. It helped break the boundaries that had separated the various arts by joining jazz musicians, film-makers, painters, dancers, and singers in a common enterprise. It created atmospheres of shared yearning for a more intense and loving relationship to other persons and to nature, atmospheres that can only be called religious in their utter attentiveness to revelation.

This movement in the performing arts of poetry and song became wedded to a social revolution—in fact, helped spark that revolution in a much more profound way than the proletarian art of the 30's, which most often simply gave emotional tone to a pre-existent ideology. In the case of the 60's, art preceded ideology and probably will lose much of its fluidity if the civil rights and peace movements establish a more rigid doctrine. At this time, the arts are still infusing the social revolution with a way of being and talking that comes from experience and not from mere idea. The experience is one of ecstatic (selfless) love. One can anticipate a definite loss of spirituality in poetry and drama, a turn toward superficial, materialistic and propagandistic language as the inclusive outreach of an expanding community turns toward the closing in upon themselves of 'power' groups.

The new movement in the arts has been the primary impetus toward the emergence of a sense of community that seems reminiscent of the community that developed around artists in Paris, Greenwich Village and Chicago during the 1920's. While this new community tends to throw the word 'love' around a bit vaguely and sentimentally, there is no doubt that however the word is used (and perhaps vagueness is a necessary answer to a deadening analysis), it has been acted out frequently with courage in the struggle for an end to discrimination, poverty and war. This courage is exalted by a vision of beauty. This is its poetry, just as ugliness is the prosaic vision of power.

The new community born of poetry has taken an outgoing direction, however, quite distinct from communities that came out of the arts in previous decades. The difference between the 20's and 30's is that in the 20's artists identified with each other as breakers of new ground. In the 30's, they identified with causes. By the time the Second World War was over, many artists wanted only to identify with themselves. This seemed difficult enough. Disillusionment with each other and with causes began to set in. There was the disrupting sickness of the McCarthy period that justified for many Sartre's remark in *No Exit* that "hell is other people."

During the 50's, few political, artistic or even social gatherings took place on the campuses. The theme of most student conferences was "Who Am I?" Then, in the 60's, with the dispersal of some of our most creative young people abroad on study grants, Peace Corps projects and private jaunts, plus the rediscovery of America by the folk singers, the poets found themselves in dialogue with a new and hopeful community whose main concern was the achievement of new dimensions of awareness. The aim was no longer to close in upon one's Self but to move out into nature and society toward what is Other, to know and to be a participant more than to observe and analyze. Many old social actionists are bewildered by the Movement, because they fail to perceive that what matters now—perhaps more than the legal and economic goals—is the experience of sensual, rhythmic, celebrative communion while seeking these goals. And such communion contains a poignant and almost desperate quality because it is so likely to be dispelled as the material goals are reached.

The exciting prospect of the new Movement is that, without abandoning its political goals, it will nevertheless sustain the impetus toward enabling people to live in relationship to each other in the full poetry of their existence. It will be drawing from newly explored depths of consciousness to reach outward toward the world. There is a crucial link today between the "demonstrators" and those who are opening themselves up to the direct, intuitive and poetic approach to reality. This link is one of love. The organizers of power groups may grow impatient with those who may not be moved by mere power of a threatening kind, but they will lose much if they dissociate themselves from people whose real concern is the restoration of the sensibilities of awe and adoration.

Whether the poetic root will put forth a new kind of community strong enough to triumph over the prosaic engineers of acquisition and destruction remains to be seen. But if the root should be cut off, the community will wither into one more dry, corporate organization.

TWO POEMS
BY
TOM
SMUCKER

T*H*E B*I*G D*A*N*C*E

(excerpts)

There's gonna be
A Very Big Dance

at two or three some morning, or
if the spies are watching, and are
prepared, and have read the reviews
and are dressed for it,
then at two or three in the afternoon

A Big Wide-Angled Dance

and there will be musicians from foreign
countries you've ignored since the
National Geographic Society mentioned
them.

And Belly-Dancers, and Hip-Shakers,
Mind-Benders, Dream-Pretenders,
the Feet-Washers, and the Lips
Caressing.

The Big Dance
is coming into town and
you better be unready,
you better be unspontaneous
incorrectly and asleep in
your bed.

It's the people on roof-tops
They are watching for airplanes
and bombs.
And it's the Virgin
Birth, or the Long Trip,
They happen through the back door.

There's a Big Dance
gonna come
and you better not know the
steps, the Prizes will go
for Improvising.

* * * * *

When the Big Dance comes
it won't happen at the right place and
just some bit too early and/or too late

There will be large segments of lucidity and
perception just before the Strate-Out Gang
takes over.

Better not buy any dancing shoes, Big Daddy
cause you know whatever you get will turn out to
Be
Wrong
When the Big Dance comes.

Better not get those Rhythm Records
Cause it's Going to be Very Different and Unusual.
Exotic as a Hand!
The Most Bizarre

Oh, there will be charades and games
and Booths selling
Things!
At the Big Dance

The Big Dance
The Big Dance
look out
around the corner, here comes

no
The Big Dance
The Big Dance
In Your Closet, Hidden, Demonically
In the Human Body! (who knows

The Big Dance)
The Big Dance

old ladies will cry and look like
old ladies, and You Will See Little Children
Act Like Young Babes!

Oh, the Big Dance is the most extraordinary and
the ultimate in excitement, Those
Who Have Been In Contact with the Authorities
Know.

The Big Dance
The Big Dance

no one's supporting it

The Big Dance
The Big Dance

no one's making plans for it

Look Out!

(the big dance)

HOW LAST YEAR'S NEWS FROM VIET NAM BECOMES
PERTINENT AFTER READING A POEM BY PARIS LEARY
AND FEELING BLUE ABOUT TWO OVERDUE PAPERS

When I Was a Boy
I thanked a God, in whom
this older, more thoughtful,
better educated boy does not
believe,
that I was not growing up Tomovitch
Ivanovucker in a-free
a-theos,
Sputnik launching Russia
where students had to study at top efficiency full time
and couldn't decide what job they wanted on their own and
lived in a too few room apartment with their father, a machine
tool operator at a factory, mother, a machine tool operator at
a factory, their sister, a machine tool operator at a factory,
four brothers, wives, their children, a visiting Italian journalist,
grandfather, (a machine tool operator) and a former Rabbi, and
a dog, kept illegally, with the foreman of the factory next door,
all machine tool operators.

instead,
I was allowed
to participate fully
in a democratic jr. high
and high school system that
had added two extra science
courses and an increased
study load intended to propel
us more rapidly through
4 years of high school
4 years of college
() years of Ph.D.
to help produce (what was
it we were behind them
in
then ?)

and every night Paul Harvey
and Eugene Burdick would lull me
to nightmares about screwing up again
in Southeast Asia, and red plots in
distant Arab Lands by khaki
generals standing beside khaki

buildings under the khaki sands of Life magazine.

to wake every day to thrill to
the solutions of our Pledge of Allegiance
teacher and the housewife's-dynamic PTA's
schemes to supplement the government's
increased Super-Bomb productivity with
an after school reading clinic.

Now,
as I dutifully pen out a Ph.D career, in
probably English Lit. the professors
ponder the wisdom of our last
twenty years of foreign policy,
in speeches at the universities,
and careful articles in the New York
Times ("Is Wiping Out the Population
of Every Commie Chink Infested Country
Advisable?" asks Professor M.,
noted frequent contributor, popular,
and often hilariously wrong prognosticator,
familiar to our readers) while
the martinents scream
sympathy for our boys toiling
over there at Christmas.

and (ah Fate, and Hubris,
eventually righteous
judgment of history) they're
drafting grad students.

that gives me two more years
to prepare

to draw to a close the hopes
for a career set in motion
by a boy who prayed to a God
he now believes false,
setting off to kill and die
against its enemies, created out of
our own unfounded dreams, that we
awake to truly carry through

THE CRISIS IN THE ARGENTINE UNIVERSITY REFORM MOVEMENT

By RAYMOND K. DEHAINAUT



On the main campus of the University of Córdoba last August, more than seven thousand students clamored for a prompt return of the autonomy which had been stripped from the country's nine national universities by General Juan Carlos Onganía's new government. Demonstrations also took place in Buenos Aires and other university cities in Argentina, but the unrest in Córdoba was especially significant because it marked a turning point in the University Reform Movement, which had been born in that city in 1918.

In its nearly fifty years of existence, the reform movement had spread throughout the continent and given the Latin American university its unique structure: tripartite government by students, faculty and alumni. The decrees of the Onganía regime and their enforcement by the police erased that basic principle of university autonomy and placed the universities under the control of the national government.

When the decree ordering a shift in control of the university system was first announced and the government gave all university rectors and deans of faculties an opportunity to accept the terms of it, reaction in Córdoba was relatively mild. In Buenos Aires, though, wholesale resignations of faculty and administrators made it difficult if not impossible for the government to replace them—especially the several hundred who resigned from the technical schools. The government then

decided to intervene in the universities in a more direct manner; armed and helmeted police swarmed onto the campus of the University of Buenos Aires; several incidents of violence were reported; several students and professors were hospitalized and scores were arrested.

In Córdoba, the first signs of student protest were noted when members of some of the student political organizations, all of which have their roots in the University Reform Movement of 1918, began to distribute printed leaflets demanding repeal of the law which had silenced their voice in university administration and led to government appointment of university authorities. During the demonstration, three plain-clothes policemen apprehended one of the students as he was leaving the medical school. When he broke away and began to run, he was shot in the leg, touching off a disturbance that within a few hours had spread throughout the city.

Students in the medical school, incensed by the shooting, seized control of the university hospital. Police acting on orders of a newly appointed federal judge forced their way into the hospital and arrested 150 students. On the same day, a group of 70 students, most of them Roman Catholics belonging to an organization called "Intregalismo," began a hunger strike—a new form of protest in Córdoba—in the chapel of Christ the Worker, a university parish with a special

ministry to students. The strike lasted for more than two weeks, and was supported by all the major student organizations, even those which had been mortal enemies of "Integralismo" before the revolt.

The fact that "Integralismo" has a Roman Catholic orientation and is receiving the full support of the two parish priests of Christ the Worker has proved to be quite embarrassing to sectors of the church which approve of the government's strong treatment of the university. The great majority of new appointees to public office are staunch sons of the church. New moral legislation and regular attendance of high government officials in spiritual retreats sponsored by some church leaders indicates a strong desire of those in power to restore the *corpus Christianum*.

But there is another sector of the church which has been deeply influenced by the revolutionary thought of the Second Vatican Council, and this group is very uneasy about the identification of the church with any government that might be in power. Laity, clergy and hierarchy are all divided on this issue. As one priest recently stated, "There are now two types of Catholic mentality being expressed on this issue: pre-conciliar and post-conciliar."

The many student groups which supported the hunger strike were in full agreement with the demands of the students in the Church of Christ the Worker. They wanted the resignation of Dr. Enrique Martínez Paz, minister of the interior, whom they considered a representative of the interests of the oligarchy. They also wanted the university rector and all deans and department heads appointed by the government to resign, and they called for a return of student representatives to governmental bodies of the university, without any special requirements of eligibility other than enrollment as students.

Practically all of the student entities except the small Fascist groups such as "Tacuara" supported these demands, which are in line with the reform tradition out of which they have grown. It should be pointed out, however, that by no means all of the students at the University of Córdoba are active members of political groups. Professor Abraham Waismann, in his recent book, *Las Universidades Argentinas*, points out that there are really two kinds of students in the Argentine university—*reformistas* and *no reformistas*—and the ideological differences which separate them are great. Dr. Adolfo Critto, a sociologist at the University of Córdoba, has conducted a study there which indicates that only 25 per cent of the students are active members of political groups. The same study showed, though, that 77 per cent

are sympathetic to the aims of the groups and feel they have corrected many of the ills of the Argentine university. The presence of fully half of the university's student body of 16,000 at a summer rally of the reform groups indicated both the depth of their support and the widespread desire of students to preserve the major gains of the reform movement.

A few days after that summer rally, the rector of the University of Córdoba dissolved and declared illegal all of the reformist student organizations that took part. Their centers were closed and their attempts to address the university were ignored. Permission to hold another student assembly was denied. The government admits its desire to eliminate these organizations completely in order to rid the universities of politics. It appears, however, that the government's real aim is not the elimination of politics, but only the particular brand of politics now being practiced.

The rector said demonstrations against the government intervention were the work of "a minority of extremists and agitators whose purpose is to obstruct the work of the university." But the 8,000 students present at the rally were not a minority, and the students who spoke were not extremists or Communists. They were Argentine citizens who want a free university that represents the best interests of the people. Large sectors of the student population may be revolutionaries, and rebellious revolutionaries at that, but in light of the dire need for change in the social and economic makeup of Argentina and other Latin American countries, these revolutionaries should be seen as an asset and not a liability.

And it was not just students who protested the intervention of the government in the universities. A letter upholding the principles of the University Reform Movement appeared in several Córdoba newspapers. It was signed by more than 100 well-known faculty members, including some clergymen, and it asserted the signers' convictions "that the university must not be an island unto itself, but a real part of national life. . . . Past experience has shown us very clearly, and present experience is now corroborating the fact, that intervention in the university is not the proper procedure for achieving its transformation and development. Institutions, like biological structures, contain within themselves their own capacity to change, and if change does not occur they become sterile and die." The statement went on to say that the university must be able to guarantee academic freedom, and professors must be selected for their ability and not according to creed, race or ideology. And finally, the view was reiterated that the police, which are a foreign element on the campus, must be removed.

The students have asked the government to reconsider its determination to wipe out the major gains of the University Reform Movement. Government officials have in turn announced that they plan to restore autonomy to the university, but from the reformist point of view, any autonomy which determines university structure from the outside is not real autonomy, and academic freedom which limits the freedom of students is not true academic freedom. A statement made by Gabriel Del Mazo several years ago could also be applied to the present situation: "What do we gain if the clamor for academic freedom only serves to defend a teaching oligarchy, to protect a clique of academic mummies, or to cover up the lie of a university without social sensitivity?"

Whether or not certain aspects of the University Reform Movement, such as student and alumni participation in university government, have been good for the universities themselves is a subject of hot debate in Argentina. Supporters of the movement say the reform of 1918 has prevented domination by professors interested only in using the universities for their own personal gain. The generation of students which brought about the reform felt that the vassalage imposed upon Latin American society by the political oligarchies which represented the wealth and power of the continent had its counterpart in the intellectual tutelage imposed upon the universities, a tutelage which dulled its social conscience and clouded the future of the Latin American nations.

The historic manifesto which was drafted in Córdoba in 1918 was aimed at changing these conditions. The drafters of the document made clear from the beginning that they would not be satisfied with patch-work reforms which could not correct the structural ills of the university. They felt that only the most fundamental reorganization would do. One of the central themes of the reformers, reports Gabriel Del Mazo in his book on the movement, was this: "A university founded on a type of divine right—the divine right of the faculty—is anachronistic."

The congress of the University Federation of Argentina, composed of representatives from the universities of Córdoba, Buenos Aires and La Plata met in Córdoba in July of 1918 and took the second big step toward reform by drafting ten bases, or principles, of the movement. These included equal participation of students and alumni in university government, noncompulsory class attendance (meaning students could take examinations without attending class), academic freedom, periodic examination of professors, and publication of the minutes of the university directing body.

The principle of alumni participation in the governing of the university is an interesting one. The reformers considered graduates as a continuing and permanent part of the total university community and an extension of that community and its ideals into all aspects of the national society. Through the alumni, they reasoned, the university could both speak to the larger community and listen to its needs and wishes. In this context, the role of the alumnus in the United States—as fund-raiser, and little else—seems very shortsighted. Del Mazo makes the interesting observation that it has been students and ex-students of the university reform tradition who have been the main line of defense against the totalitarian and dictatorial governments that have tried to dominate the Latin American scene during the past few years.

The university's role as a social and political force in Latin American society should not be underestimated. The university's continuing relationship with its alumni can not only help to rejuvenate the institution but also broaden its effectiveness in the world beyond the cloister. If university graduates consider themselves to be a continuing part of the academic community, it seems not unreasonable that they should have a voice in its internal affairs.

The ten basic reforms proposed by the congress of 1918 might never have gotten off the ground

if the national political climate at that time had not been favorable. Under the guidance of Hipólito Yrigoyen, leader of the first middle-class party to come to office, the national congress approved all ten principles without serious opposition. The movement then spread rapidly throughout the continent, and its influence was felt ultimately in more than 80 universities. But ultra-conservative governments which followed in Argentina reacted strongly against the liberalism of Yrigoyen and made it difficult, if not impossible, for the reform movement to put all of its principles into effect. It was not until after the fall of Perón in 1955 that the movement was fully revitalized. Now, in light of the newest political developments, it appears that the future of the movement is anything but promising.

Many people who have grown weary of student strikes and demonstrations during the past 15 years approve of the government's intervention in the university. Often heard is the comment that students should devote themselves to their studies and not waste their time in politics. According to Professor Waismann, the over-politicized Latin American university is the direct result of the reform movement. He argues that from a purely historical point of view, the past few years of political activity have produced few positive results. "It is doubtful," he says, "that tripartite government has produced a qualitatively better university." He adds, "It got to the point where students would take over the university at the slightest pretext." He mentions one year when the school of medicine at Córdoba was seized three times by students within a two-week period.

Lack of university standards for admittance and continuous political activity have also tended to produce the "professional student"—*el estudiante cronico*—and caused the university to spend money on thousands of students who never graduate. Professor Adolfo Critto's study indicated that during the years 1953-63 only 21 per cent of the students who entered the University of Córdoba actually graduated.

Arguments against political activity by students sound very convincing to one who thinks that the student should not let anything distract him from getting his degree. There are many students who think this way; they would never think of letting themselves get involved in the seemingly extraneous problems which occupy the time of so many. It is frequently pointed out that in the United States and in Europe such things are not allowed and cannot even be imagined. "Students with the power to elect university authorities," says Del Mazo, "can't be conceived of in the United States or Europe. But it is just the opposite in Latin America; the university can't be conceived of without student participation in its government."

One wonders, though, whether Latin America can afford the luxury of a university whose students ignore political issues so they can give themselves totally to their studies. According to the logic of the reform movement, the student is also a citizen, and any talk of his political neutrality is inexcusable. The responsible student must widen his sense of responsibility, not narrow it. As a member of the intellectual community, he must involve himself in the political arena of the larger community, where the problems of that community and the problems of the university are finally resolved. There is also the fact that members of the academic community who are constantly working to keep themselves up to date on political, social and economic realities on an international level may have knowledge that they are obliged to share with their fellow citizens.

The University Reform Movement is now facing a deep crisis in Argentina. It may be suppressed by the present government and other governments which view the giving of freedom to the university as too much of a risk. The movement, nonetheless, is a historical fact, and no repressive actions any government may take can change that. "There is one thing they don't realize," said a student orator during the big summer rally, "and that is that the night sticks they carry can never reach our ideas."

ISLAM—PURPOSEFUL

Islam in Southeast Asia presents a paradoxical picture. It is overwhelmingly the majority faith of Indonesia, Southeast Asia's biggest and most populous country, but it has had only a modest impact on the post-colonial development of that land. In neighboring Malaysia, on the other hand, it is the official religion of the realm despite the fact that most Malaysians are not Moslems.

Elsewhere Moslems, although a minority, are so strategically situated in two countries that their continued alienation from the national majority could result in a partial remaking of the political map of Southeast Asia. The believers in Islam are not powerful in Thailand or the Philippines (Buddhist and Christian countries respectively), but they are sufficiently numerous to tempt some Indonesians and Malaysians to think in religiously oriented expansionist terms.

The world has come to think of Southeast Asia as being basically Buddhist, despite the fact that there are more Moslems there than followers of any other organized faith. Perhaps the reason for the erroneous image comes from the situation in Indonesia and Malaysia. These two countries, where Islam is the major religion today, were

By RICHARD BUTWELL



LINOCUT: HODGELL

BUT NOT PRODUCTIVE

influenced strongly by Buddhism and Hinduism before Muhammad appeared seven centuries ago. Yet two out of every five persons in Southeast Asia today are Moslems as contrasted with thirty per cent who are Buddhist and one-seventh who are Christian. Approximately nine out of ten of these Moslems live in Indonesia—a sprawling archipelago of a nation whose eastern and western extremities are further apart than New York and San Francisco.

Islam has been a much more purposeful political force in Southeast Asia than either Buddhism or Christianity. Some Moslems have known exactly what they wanted—which usually has not been the case with Viet Nam's or Burma's Buddhists. For many of the Moslems, the problem has been the frustrating one of not being able to get what they want. And they have been losing ground steadily to the growing general force of secularization.

Indonesia, which embraces almost half the people who live in Southeast Asia and has a larger population than any other Moslem country in the world, is an excellent illustration of this situation. For years a fanatical band of the

ultra-faithful, mixed with more than a few bandits and adventurers, tried to establish a theocratic state in Indonesia by force. This movement, the Darul Islam, created serious internal security problems in the 1950's but was never a threat to the existence of the Sukarno government.

But not only the extremists sought to advance the cause of Islam politically in Indonesia. In early 1950, the largest and seemingly most effective political party in the country was the Masjumi, which combined Moslem, socialist and democratic values in the hope of modernizing Indonesia in a meaningful manner. Leaders of the conservative Moslem Scholars, a constituent element of the Masjumi, broke with its more modernist leadership in 1952, however, and became a political party in their own right. The Moslem Scholars generally were regarded as politically unimportant, but they emerged as the third strongest party in the country (behind the Masjumi and the Nationalists) in the 1955 elections (Indonesia's first and only parliamentary balloting to date). The Moslems might have obtained a plurality of the vote if they had remained united. Islam as a political force, however, was split into

three groups: the modernist Masjumi, the more conservative (and ultimately more opportunistic) Moslem Scholars, and the rebellious Darul Islam. It was not that too few Moslems sought to advance the cause of their faith by political means, but rather that too many of them sought too diversified goals. Politically, Indonesian Islam spoke with several voices.

It is paradoxical that the more liberal Moslems, the Masjumi, took the strongest stand against the rising strength of the communists and President Sukarno's de facto alliance with them in the second half of the 1950's. Religion (especially Islam which is frequently intolerant in its monotheism) often is claimed to be an effective barrier against the spread of communism. But it was the more orthodox group, the Moslem Scholars party, which cooperated with Indonesia's communists in the 1950's and the first half of the 1960's. By the early sixties, however, the Moslem Scholars—like the Nationalists (the party most closely identified with President Sukarno)—had come primarily to reflect an extremist species of nationalism that easily lent itself to cooperation with the communists, whose position was strongly anti-Western and anti-colonial.

Some of the leaders of the Masjumi participated in the 1958 Sumatra-based rebellion against the Sukarno government—a revolt that was short-lived—and the party (along with the likewise liberal Socialists) was banned in 1960. Thus ended the first attempt of the modernist Moslems to blend Islam, socialism and democracy. The effort was more purposeful than anything the Buddhists—as an organized force—have tried to accomplish anywhere in mainland Southeast Asia.

After 1960 the only organized Islamic political force in Indonesia was the Moslem Scholars party, which openly cooperated with the ever more leftist Sukarno and the communists. But whether the mass of Moslems in Indonesia approved, or even understood, this strategy is open to question. President Sukarno pursued in these years the policy of "NASAKOM," cooperation among nationalist, religious and communist groups. This policy was strongly, if ineffectively, opposed, by the anti-communist leadership of the Indonesian army. When the communists failed in their attempt to seize power on the night of September 30-October 1, 1965, the army used the occasion to take over the government itself. The word, "kill communists!", was passed subsequently and quickly by the soldiers. And communists, real or alleged, were killed—anywhere from 250,000 to 300,000 of them.

The army could have hunted down the communists and killed them itself—which it did at first and still does today to a limited extent. Others also killed communists—the Hindus on

Bali, for example, and apparently many an ordinary Indonesian who merely wished to revenge a wrong or erase a debt, particularly if the obligation was owed to a Chinese businessman or moneylender. But most of the killing was done by Moslems—aroused, frustrated and fanatical Moslems who killed communists, or suspected communists, who had previously lorded it over them and whose atheistic political creed marked them as infidels. Indonesia's new political leader, General Suharto, used the Moslems to wipe out the communists—which seemed to shock the world less than if the army had done its own killing.

The Moslems expected to be rewarded—with influence. But this has not yet happened. Communism, detested by many Moslems despite the Moslem Scholars' cooperation with its spokesmen, previously had dominated Indonesian national political life. Now that the communists had been eliminated, the Moslems expected that their creed would prevail and that Moslems as such would become a major influence in national policy-making. But this is yet to take place.

A new political party is being formed; it is encouraged by the government and nominally headed by the respected former vice president Dr. Mohammad Hatta, who split with Sukarno in the middle 1950's. This is being described privately as a Moslem political party similar to the old Masjumi in its ideology but differently organized. Such a party could become the means for greater Moslem participation in policy-making in the future, particularly in giving an Islamic color to social legislation. But also it could be a vehicle for containing and controlling Moslem political activists.

The experiences of Indonesia's Moslems differ in various ways from those of their fellow disciples in neighboring Malaysia. The indigenous inhabitants of both lands are of the same racial stock, the ethnic designations Malay and Indonesian being interchangeable. But, while the Malay or Indonesian constitutes a ninety-five per cent-plus majority in Indonesia, he is a minority in his own country in Malaysia. In Malaya proper, the parent unit around which the new state of Malaysia was formed in 1963, locally born Malays and migrants from nearby Indonesia account for approximately half the population. But less than a quarter of the inhabitants of the Malaysian state of Sarawak in northwest Borneo are Malays—and not much more than five per cent in Sabah in northeast Borneo. Of the various non-Malay peoples of Malaysia only those overseas Indians who are Moslems follow the Islamic faith in any numbers.

It is difficult to evaluate the relative importance of the qualities of being Moslem and being Malay. To most Moslem Malays, the two go

hand in hand—just as the Thai think of all Thai as being Buddhist (as most of them are). Islam, moreover, is the official religion of the country, and the king, elected by (and from among) the traditional sultans of the Malay states, must be a Moslem. No changes in Malay privileges can be made without the agreement of the Moslem sultans from the nine predominantly Malay states of the original eleven-state Malayan federation. And only the state assemblies can legislate concerning Islamic law or related Malay customs.

Malaysia's leader, Premier Tengku (Prince) Abdul Rahman, is a Moslem, and part of his appeal to his Malay countrymen is this fact. But the Tengku, as he is widely and affectionately known, is a tolerant man and also enjoys the endorsement of non-Moslems and non-Malays. There are more socially conservative—and religiously and racially exclusive—Malay politicians, however, who have tried to bid for Moslem support on narrowly defined Islamic and ethnic grounds. The Pan-Malayan Islamic party is a political organization that is so premised, but it has thus far enjoyed no real national support.

The chief dynamic of Malaysian national life is the country's division into roughly equal communities of Chinese and Malays. Elsewhere in Southeast Asia—neighboring Singapore being the exception—the Chinese are in a distinct minority and, consequently, frequently harassed. In Malaysia, however, the Chinese enjoy near numerical equality with the Moslem Malays. Singapore was ousted from the Malaysian federation in 1965 because its Chinese premier Lee Kuan Yew was making a bid for national leadership, trying to forge an anti-Malay coalition of Chinese and other ethnic groups which, by definition, also would have been anti-Moslem. If Tengku Abdul Rahman's government had not ousted Singapore from the federation, the religious and racial extremists might have gained the initiative—with disastrous consequences for Malaya proper.

Today the Moslem Malays more or less run the political show the way they want. But this will be less easy with each passing year. Moslems are in a distinct minority in both Sarawak and Sabah and, as these constituent polities develop, they will resent more and more an official faith that does not reflect their own dominant religious beliefs. This could become the single most important "states rights" issue between the federal government in distant Kuala Lumpur and these two still quite backward northern Borneo territories.

There are three ways in which the Malaysian political-religious relationship could alter in the years ahead. Secularism could take its toll here as elsewhere and Islam could become less and

less important—politically and otherwise—for the Malays. It is also possible, however, that the religious-racial issue might split the federation—with Sarawak and Sabah each becoming independent, joining to form a new state, or becoming part of adjacent Indonesia. Another possibility would be some kind of tie-up between Malaysia and Indonesia that would preserve Moslem dominance in Malaysia. This is what Malaysia's Chinese fear most of all.

Another way the Malays might seek to maintain Moslem predominance in their native land would be an irredentist foreign policy which would seek to "liberate" the Moslem Malay minority of adjacent southern Thailand. Buddhist Thailand used to rule much of the Malay peninsula but was forced to disgorge some of this territory in the face of advancing British colonialism. There is considerable discontent among this religious-racial minority, and the Thai government only recently moved to head it off. A border religious-racial war—while by no means imminent—is a real possibility if Malaysia's more fanatically Moslem element should ever come to power.

A similar potential source of conflict could develop between the Philippines, a predominantly Christian country, and Moslem Indonesia. Many of the inhabitants of the Philippines' largest island, Mindanao, and the adjacent smaller islands are Moslems. Filipino Moslems feel alienated from the Christian majority of their land. Efforts are underway to integrate the Moslems into Filipino national life, but progress is slow. Meanwhile, tens of thousands of Indonesians have migrated into the southern Philippine islands. Some Filipinos claim that these have been sent by the Indonesian government, but there is no evidence to support this view.

Only in Burma is there any other indigenous Moslem minority of possible political significance: the Arakanese of western Burma—some of whom revolted against the government following independence. But the Arakanese do not pose a serious problem at the present time.

More countries in Southeast Asia have Buddhist majorities than any other faith. But more Southeast Asians are Moslems than believe in any other organized religion. This is largely a reflection of the size of sprawling and heavily populated Indonesia.

The future political importance of Islam in the region is likely to reflect the extent to which the forces of this faith and secularism reach an accommodation within Indonesia—and how Moslem Indonesia and far from fully Islamic Malaysia relate to each other in the years ahead. The relations of the two countries with the Philippines and Thailand could well depend on how these questions are settled.

NAT TURNER IN THE CLEARING

Ashes, Lord—
But warm still from the fire that cheered us,
Lighted us in this clearing where it seems
Scarcely an hour ago we feasted on
Burnt pig from our tormentor's unwilling
Bounty and charted the high purpose your
Word had launched us on. And now, my comrades
Dead, or taken; your servant, pressed by the
Blood-drenched yelps of hounds, forsaken, save for
The stillness of the word that persists quivering
And breath-moist on his tongue; and these faint coals
Soon to be rushed to dying glow by the
Indifferent winds of miscarriage—What now,
My Lord? A priestess once, they say, could write
On leaves, unlock the time-bound spell of deeds
Undone. I let fall upon these pale remains
Your breath-moist word, preempt the winds, and give
Them now their one last glow, that some dark child
In time to come might pass this way and, in
This clearing, read and know.

—ALVIN AUBERT

HAVING DREAMED OF AN OLD FRIEND

We travel in my sleep, wearing old coats
the color of weather. The street is crowded
with skeletons, a few last leaves snap
at our feet, a sudden snow

drops. We walk on icicles, crystal
and intricate blossoms lifting the ground
to white hills, the weight of winter
closing on our arms. A snow forms around us,

blurred from the endless trees
into my sleep, which is another snow.
The hollow cheeks fill,
A silent breath, like

a white cloud, rising,
becomes a glacier;
ice moving with incredible speed
into my dream, into the instant

light of our last breathing
and the first fear, waking.

—ADRIANNE MARCUS

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*Jim Crane is Associate Professor of Art at Florida Presbyterian College. His work appears in many magazines and has been a hallmark of **motive** for sixteen years.



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Two Epics

In directing an epic production of *The Bible* I suppose one might make one of several choices. One could choose to do it as tastefully and honestly as possible and thus lose a large popular audience. On the other hand, one could choose to make a real old-fashioned spectacular of it and gain the popular audience while losing the critics and intellectuals. John Huston, however, has made the saddest of all choices by choosing to do neither. The result is a ponderous, bland, sparse retelling of the familiar stories of Genesis, which is worse theatrically than it is religiously.

The Adam and Eve section might be subtitled "The Hustler and the Showgirl." Huston is obviously trying for innocence in the characters but what he ends up with is simple lack of feeling. Although they are nude (as befits new creations) they are constantly placed so that the full extent of their nudity will be hidden—and that may be taken, allegorically, as a description of the entire movie.

Whenever Huston has a chance to be serious he opts for pompousness. The destruction of the Tower of Babel provides the only genuinely comic sequence in the film and I imagine that is unwitting. The tower looks like a stone birthday cake, and when it tumbles down it's fun to see everyone com-

plain in a different language. The Noah sections work pretty well, partly because Huston himself plays Noah with humor and compassion. Simply packing together so many humans and animals in one little ark provides enough interest and pathos to make the scenes work.

With the story of Abraham the movie gets down to plastic tacks. George C. Scott plays Abraham as if he were the Lone Ranger in an Actors Studio production of Tennessee Williams. Sodom looks more like the Fun House in a carnival than a pit of wickedness. Peter O'Toole brings his own peculiar brand of Messiahship to the role of the angel. The scary kindness of his voice and visage make one think of Vincent Price minus his mustache. Throughout the movie, the voice of God has that familiar quality of pleasant neutrality that Hollywood demands of any Deity worth his salt.

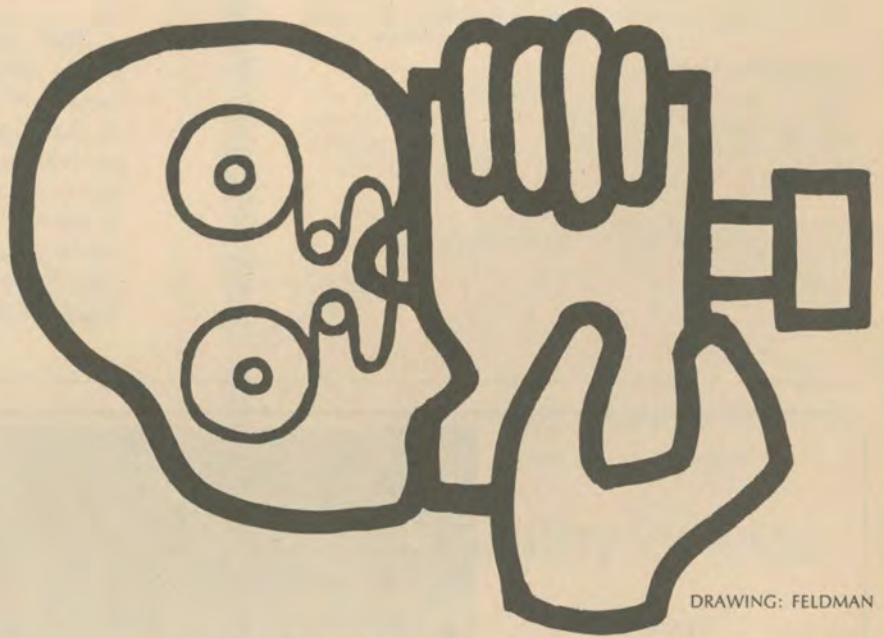
In conclusion, it's the kind of movie that will give old ladies a subliminal thrill while still assuring them that it's "religious." I suppose that's all we have any right to expect from a biblical epic.

Andy Warhol's *Chelsea Girls* (which recently moved from an underground house to a legitimate cinema house) is quite a different kind of epic. In some distant history of American cinema I predict that Warhol will be seen as its

Theodore Dreiser. His films have the same faults and virtues as the great naturalist. Warhol, like Dreiser, has trouble editing. Every bit of data is so precious that he simply leaves it in. One risks boredom for the sake of wholeness. Like Dreiser's work, the results are dense and rich.

Chelsea Girls is a real step beyond Warhol's previous work. It goes beyond the pop detective story magazine look of his other films and the technical experimentation is much richer and more satisfying. The locale of the action is the old Chelsea Hotel. One watches simultaneously two images on the screen—one to the right and one to the left. It gives the illusion of looking into two rooms that are adjacent. A bevy of characters confront one: amphetamine addicts, lesbians, homosexuals, old women, young hoods, quiet girls, noisy girls, etc. They do not "act" in the usual sense. The camera is trained on them and they just "are" what they are. It is a dangerous technique because if the people are boring, then the film is boring—except perhaps as a clinical work. Some of Warhol's people are boring but enough are interesting to make one rejoice in the relief of seeing people on a screen being themselves.

The simultaneous images plus the extraordinary alternation of color with black and white make the film a visual treat. It also creates the experience of baptism—an immersion into the lives of these people and places.



DRAWING: FELDMAN

As in every Warhol movie, there is one icon—one holy image which emerges from the melee of people just as they are and gives the film shape. In this film, the image is that of the young boy. Sad, selfish, cheap, he nevertheless becomes the holy figure. This is a fascinating device for technically it works against all that Warhol aims toward: beautiful anonymity. But it is this unintended contraposition which gives the film artistic and passionate focus.

Warhol maintains one philosophical divergence from Dreiser which is illuminating of our time and his view of it. Dreiser explained his characters' lives by their environment and heredity. Each action was fixed fatally in a myth-like sociological framework. Warhol is just the opposite. His people seem to come and go from nowhere. They are like atoms of

flesh smashing and careening their way through life completely on their own. Freedom is their only fate.

Much has been written by New York reviewers on this movie as a vision of hell. I think differently. The characters are certainly desperate. Their lives are frantic. But they are alive—they play games, they know themselves in some strange way and even their unhappiness and violence are examples of vitality. No, my idea of hell is much more ominously evoked by a typical fraternity party or church service where the surface paste of manners and fear smooth over the roughness of any real feeling.

On second thought my vision of hell is close to the way Huston treats *The Bible*. Now there is a real challenge for Warhol!

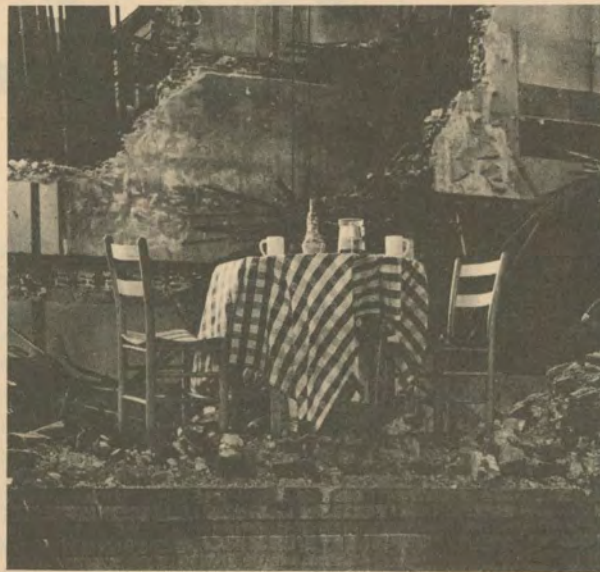
—AL CARMINES

The Human Liturgy

By Ian Mackenzie

A recent occlusion of culture raises, as they say in human dilemma circles, some questions. Within one week, I read the autobiography of Lenny Bruce, Lenny Bruce died the next day, the Beatles compared their success favorably with that of Christianity and had to pay for it by being banned (like Christianity?) from South Africa. I read a novel about decadence in art by J. I. M. Stewart, saw the National Theatre Production of *A Flea in her Ear*, the finesse of whose decadence made a Whitehall farce look like *Parsifal*, and experienced Osborne's latest liturgy, *A Bond Honoured*.

The theme on which one is launched would seem, then, to be that of culture and sin. Notice how well these two words go together. No matter if many people who would recognize their mutual relevance would do so negatively, by simply assuming cultural activity to be corrupting: at least a connection is acknowledged, it does not seem at once absurd to see the words in harness. How unlike the situation which now holds as between religion and sin! Surely only a minority of obsolete



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Christian neo-traditionalists (that sounds ruder than just saying traditionalists) feel that sin is a central datum in regard to the Liberated Man who has, at last, stumbled to the entrance of his neo-medieval cave, produced his neo-fire, discovered his neo-wheel, thrown away his neo-creed, and now stands in mythless neo-purity, bathed in secular neon. But surely I am exaggerating. Who, it is asked, thinks culture is sinful nowadays?

Well, the British Home Office refused Lenny Bruce re-entry to Britain on account of undesirability. John Lennon was apparently blasphemous with such effect that thousands of decent folk had to clap their ears. In J. I. M. Stewart's novel, *The Last Tresilians*, an old peer's harmless campaign against pornography in advertising is turned into a demonic persecution of modern art when he discovers pornography within himself. *A Flea in her Ear* renounces euphemisms in both language and plot, revolving with lavatory frankness round adultery for the rich in a Paris brothel.

A Bond Honoured treats of incest, sadism, masochism, violence, blasphemy, and crucifixion to such effect that a gaggle of critics, crying "Enough of this trivial rudeness," fled down the theatrical aisles, leaving behind a few dedicated worshippers of Baal—Harold Hobson, for example, who so obsessively sees sin, reality, Christianity, and even glory in nearly everything, poor man.

It is to be noted that this jumble of phenomena is relevant precisely because it is arbitrary. I didn't plan that these events would happen to me in one week. It is only a sample of what is going on. String together almost any novels, plays and swinging *bon mots* of the era, and you would have an equivalent or, indeed, shriller tone. Why is all this going on? Are we slipping into decadence reminiscent of the decline of Rome? It may sound ludicrous, but this is becoming a favorite thought about Britain, or at least London.

The answer is, of course, that all this has been going on in the human mind since literature began (and before that), and has been the material of the theatre, of art, to a lesser extent of music, in all but a few periods and cultures. Looking at my week, one sees plays from the cultures of the seventeenth and nineteenth centuries, a novel from ageless Oxford, a Beatle echoing eighteenth-century rationalists, nineteenth-century liberals, and twentieth-century Church leaders, and Bruce, a tragic court jester playing the serious fool, the Christ figure, say, of the fool in *Twelfth Night*.

What can a "sick" comedian who expressed himself so freely in night clubs that obscenity charges fell on him like napalm have to do with Christ? He seems to have wondered himself for he dedicated his autobiography to "Christ and his Followers". I never heard Bruce, but it is clear from talking to those who did, and from reading his own accounts, that here was no superficial pornography, no inter-

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by VED MEHTA

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est in easy laughs. Yes, the language was frequently sexual, and it may have become as private a language to him as the language of any preacher becomes. But his aim was to probe his audience to the point where they became honest with themselves. He wanted words to have flesh. Kenneth Tynan, in a helpful introduction, expresses a wish that Bruce had been as *au fait* with Marx as with Freud. Of how many Church preachers would one bother to express that kind of wish? Bruce died, as Jesus died, rather young, and perhaps in some anguish. That is no blasphemy, inasmuch as they were both men, and acquainted with grief.

Nor is Osborne notoriously light-hearted. This is not the place to "analyze" his latest play. I would only remark—for those who may be diffident about shocks on stage—that the style is restrained, sensitive, even reticent; and ask in which church liturgy, revised by an Archbishop's Committee, approved by the *Church Times* as lawful, and performed in due order by the appointed clergy, one could see Jesus saying to a sinner (after considerable dialogue) "I embrace you." I would also ask myself ruefully, in what religious television program one would dare, or be allowed, to have long readings from Paul's letter to the Romans? As well as these strange occurrences, much straight theology is aired in *A Bond Honoured*. Osborne is honoring a fundamental bond, and it makes what the Church calls liturgy look like an IOU.

In a lighter vein, J. I. M. Stewart, when he is not being the poor man's Simeon as Michael Innes, is the rich man's C. P. Snow. One is lured into the civilized recesses of a don's awareness of Man and of Art by ironic syntax curved with the slender gravitas of York station. Insights have to slow up to get round the curves, but they are impressive in so doing. Lulled in this way, one is shaken in a degree impossible in Faulkner, McCarthy, Grass or de Sade when an express rushes through without braking, and the roof falls in. It is as convincing a "moment" of wickedness as anything since Charles Williams. It lacks a liturgical framework like that of Williams, but the potential range is wider.

Space forbids me to do other than mention that the machinations of *A Flea in her Ear* are based on a dialectic of human nature nearer to that of Old Testament prophecy and Law than most sermons or hymns about sin, and, like the Old Testament, is wildly more funny than the average exegesis. One would want to express the hope that the new Bishop-designate of Durham, who described the Beatles as a cosmic disclosure event, will, if they are banned from secular radio, try to arrange some disclosures in that magnificently rude building on that unsentimental rock.

The human liturgy, which one sees in the public arts of man, as well as in his politics, his pub, his house, his body, reflects the mind of Christ, inasmuch as, like him, it climbs the hill to unconsecrated ground. Is our mucking about in liturgical reformism merely a retreat into the back streets and Pharisaic maneuvering of Jerusalem?

CONTRIBUTORS

VINCENT HARDING is well qualified to open this issue dealing with university reform and contemporary socio-political questions. He has observed and participated in many phases of the civil rights movements in recent years. He and his wife worked for four years in Atlanta with the Mennonite Service Committee. He then returned to the University of Chicago to complete his Ph.D. in history. He is now an assistant professor of history at Spelman College in Atlanta, where he is chairman of the department of history and social science.

STANLEY J. IDZERDA is dean of the college at Wesleyan University. He formerly was professor of English at Michigan State University. His article is adapted from the opening address at a consultation held last summer in St. Louis on the aim of higher education. A full text and report on that consultation is available for \$2 from UMHE/UCCF Publications Office, P.O. Box 7286, St. Louis, Missouri 63177.

NAT HENTOFF writes, frequently and perceptively, on topics ranging from jazz to the state of New York journalism. His latest book, *Our Children Are Dying* (Viking Press), is a significant appraisal of the school crisis in Harlem. Hentoff is a regular contributor to *the village voice* and *The New Yorker*.

STEVE WEISSMAN currently is involved in the Radical Education Project in Ann Arbor where he is also a graduate student. The project is an experimental program sponsored by the Students for Democratic Society, of which Weissman is a former national leader. He holds a degree in philosophy from Berkeley.

PIERRE DELATRE is welcomed back to the pages of *motive* after a much too long absence. His poetry and criticism were published frequently in *motive* several years ago when he was one of the key persons in the San Francisco experimental ministries in North Beach. After an interim of working on the Los Angeles and San Francisco waterfronts, driving a cab, and doing the fair and beach circuits, Delatré is now in Mexico concentrating on his writing.

RAYMOND K. DeHAINAUT is director of an ecumenical ministry—including Protestants, Catholics and Orthodox—at the University of Cordoba in Argentina. His on-the-scene comments reflect the close identification of the Student Christian Movement in that country with academic and social reforms. Prior to his current assignment, he served Wesley Foundations in Louisiana and New Jersey.

RICHARD BUTWELL is contributing his second article in our series on "Religion and Politics in Southeast Asia." He is director of the William Andrew Patterson School of Diplomacy and International Commerce at the University of Kentucky.

AL CARMINES is unbelievable. Who do you know who is an accomplished, innovative musician, theologian, playwright, actor, editor, etc.? On the side, he is *motive's* regular movie critic and director of the arts at Judson Memorial Church in New York.

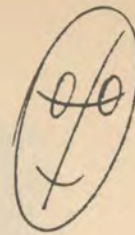
IAN MACKENZIE is director of religious television for Britain's ITV. Formerly editor of *Breakthrough* (British SCM magazine), he is an occasional contributor to *New Christian*, an exciting new journalistic voice edited in London. This letter is reprinted from the *New Christian* by permission, and with appreciation.

JULES ARCHER is a free-lance writer making his first contribution to *motive* in this issue.

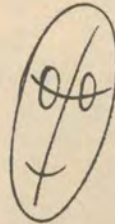
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JOE ALDERFER is a graphic designer for the Mennonite Publishing House in Scottsdale, Pennsylvania.

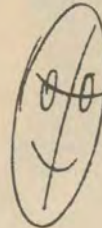
JANUARY 1967



"DEAR SIR,
I WOULD LIKE TO
ATTEND YOUR SEMINARY
TO STUDY SOCIAL
REVOLUTION



"BUT I UNDERSTAND
OLD TESTAMENT IS A
REQUIRED COURSE. CAN
THE REQUIREMENT BE
WAIVED?"



"LET'S SEE -- AMOS,
JEREMIAH, NATHAN,
MICAIAH, ISAIAH



"PLEASE SEND ME AN
APPLICATION FOR
ADMISSION!"

WRITE:

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PACIFIC SCHOOL OF RELIGION
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94709

BILLY MORROW JACKSON is associate professor of art at the University of Illinois. His drawing, "The Sovereign Scarecrow," is from a series of protest drawings, a graphic response to the civil rights drama. "Scarecrow was inspired by the state officials who stand in the doorways of educational institutions in a desperate attempt to block some deserving Negro his education: a scarecrow that no longer scares," Morrow writes.

JIM CRANE is receiving very favorable responses to his latest book of drawings and cartoons, *The Great Teaching Machine*. A third book is now in the works.

TOM DAVENPORT is a New York photographer who in the last three years has taught, traveled and photographed in Hong Kong, Cambodia, Thailand, Japan, Nepal, Pakistan, and Europe. He had work published last month in *Popular Photography*.

MARTIN DWORKIN contributed an essay on the *avant-garde* cinema to our November film issue, and returns this month with more of his own photography.

BOB PELFREY is chairman of the art department at Serra High School in Gardena, California. He has fine arts degrees from UCLA and Los Angeles State College, and has studied with Sister Mary Corita at Immaculate Heart College.

LEONARD BASKIN is one of America's most noted printmakers. He teaches at Smith College. This print was reproduced by courtesy of the Art Department of Peabody College.

ROBERT FELDMAN is a free-lance artist and film-maker from Berkeley, California.

ROBERT HODGELL teaches at Florida Presbyterian College. The print, "Pakistani Ferry," was done after a visit several years ago to Pakistan under the auspices of UNESCO.

POETS:

JAMES DEN BOER, even while travelling as an agent for the Public Health Service testing hospital desegregation, has published his poems in *Northwest Review*, *Art & Literature* (Paris), *Jeopardy*, and several other spots. He now lives, writes, and agitates in Washington, D.C.

ALVIN AUBERT is studying at the University of Illinois while on leave from his teaching position at Southern University in Baton Rouge. His work appeared most recently in *Discourse* and *Prairie Schooner*.

TOM SMUCKER, poet of apocalypse, Movement, and dream-states, lives in Chicago. His "Last Year's News . . ." was a response to Paris Leary's "Homage to Louis MacNeice" in *Ramparts*—a lament, in his words, for "the racket of being a civilized man." The strikingly liturgical, complex, flamboyantly joyful "Big Dance" is "a sort of vision of the world exactly as it is, being charged with significance without being *changed* . . . an ecstasy of the mundane world affecting itself." Smucker consented most reluctantly to our excerpting his poem (the unmutated original is much longer); we apologize.

ADRIANNE MARCUS makes her second appearance in *motive* this month; an important new poem from her will also be in our March special issue on cybernation. She is currently experimenting with planned "combines" of photography with poems.

FRANK McQUILKIN teaches high school in West De Pere, Wisconsin. He has studied writing with James Dickey and Suzanne Gross, among others; his work appeared most recently in *Today* and *Epos*.



THE FUNDAMENTALIST

LINOCUT

R. O. HODGELL

The Practical Burgomaster

The Burgomaster of Schweissegehabt sighed unhappily when the village blacksmith murdered the village baker for refusing to make raisin bagels. The baker had said rashly, "Raisin bread, yes. Whole wheat bagels, yes. Raisin bagels, NO!" So the blacksmith, who loved raisin bagels very much, had strangled him with a strip of bar iron, as might be expected.

The Burgomaster sighed because Schweissegehabt law required a death penalty for murder. It wasn't that he had any sentimental objections to killing anybody. He was just as civilized as the next man. But the Burgomaster was also highly practical.

Schweissegehabt had already lost its only baker. The village could ill afford to lose its only blacksmith, too. Especially since its population was steadily dwindling year after year. Most young Schweissegehabtans left to make cork legs in the factories of Feldschnabel, cork leg capital of the world.

"We must populate or perish!" the Burgomaster had warned his fellow villagers. But they had only snickered because the Burgomaster had no children, and what made matters worse, everyone knew it was not for want of trying.

With the murder of the baker, the population of Schweissegehabt had fallen from 401 to 400. And now the law required it to fall further to 399. The Burgomaster gloomily confided his woes to his young wife, a shrewd woman twelve years his junior who had the welfare of Schweissegehabt close to her heart.

"We can't hang the blacksmith for two good reasons," he explained to her. "First, Schweissegehabt needs him to shoe the farmers' horses and repair the coaches and wagons. Second, if I advise him to volunteer for hanging, he may use his strip of bar iron to strangle ME. And certainly Schweissegehabt cannot afford to lose its only Burgomaster!"

"Certainly not," his wife agreed. "Mynheer, I think I have an idea." She often gave her husband the clever notions which had kept him in office for almost 43 years.

"I was sure you would think of something," he said eagerly.

"Our law says, does it not, that a murder must be punished by hanging? But it doesn't specify hanging WHO. Now, while Schweissegehabt has only one blacksmith, it does have two tailors. Why not hang one of the tailors? Especially since he is a very small man who could not possibly twist a strip of bar iron around anyone's neck, even if he had one."

"A gem," the Burgomaster cried enthusiastically. "That is what you are, my dear—an absolute gem!"

So he announced to the good villagers of Schweissegehabt that the murder of the baker would be avenged by hanging the smaller of the village's two tailors, who were brothers. The little tailor was somewhat put out when he heard about this, as he was not fond of death, but he was much too polite to object.

The taller of the brothers, a tailor with white eyebrows and pointed ears, was noted, however, for his argumentative nature. He stormed to the Burgomaster's home to protest.

"Why should my brother have to die," he challenged, "for a murder he did not commit and had nothing to do with?"

The Burgomaster was understandably offended. "For the good of Schweissegehabt, of course!" he snapped. "My first consideration must be the public welfare. It's obviously far more practical to hang your brother than the blacksmith. We cannot do without a blacksmith, but after your brother helps us out, we will still have YOU to sew for us. Be reasonable, young man—what difference does it make WHO hangs to pay for a crime, as long as SOMEONE does?"

But the tall tailor was exasperatingly stubborn. "Give me permission to plead with your esteemed wife," he begged. "Surely I deserve at least the chance to soften HER heart. All Schweissegehabt knows how much influence she has with you, Burgomaster—and this may yet save my brother's life!"

The Burgomaster threw up his hands. "I'm not a cruel man, young fellow.

You have my permission to plead your cause with my wife. But I warn you—it will do no good. The hanging of your brother was her idea in the first place."

So the tall tailor went into the sewing room of the Burgomaster's wife to plead for his brother's life. The Burgomaster had reason to worry about his eloquence because after about an hour his wife emerged to report, "He has given me some things to think about, Mynheer. Please stay the execution of his brother until I have a chance to discuss this with him further."

The Burgomaster was understandably irritated, but he did not wish to displease his wife, so he postponed the hanging of the little tailor. Two days later the tall tailor returned to pursue the matter with the Burgomaster's wife. Afterwards she once again asked her husband to delay the hanging until she could give the matter further consideration.

But now the Burgomaster was firm. "It would be impractical to postpone justice any longer," he said. "No, my dear, the surplus tailor must hang at dawn tomorrow."

And so he did. Whereupon the population of Schweissegehabt dwindled to a bare 399, a dismal fact all the good citizens of the village noted with melancholy. But they were consoled when the blacksmith, who had been kind enough to offer his services as hangman for the occasion, reminded them, "You still have your blacksmith, and you still have a tailor."

The Schweissegehabtans obliged with three lusty heils for their wise and practical Burgomaster.

Two months later the Burgomaster was beside himself with delight at his wife's news that the population of Schweissegehabt was once more destined to cross the 400 mark in the brief matter of another seven months.

"Ach!" he cried joyfully. "We have been chosen for this remarkable blessing as a sign of celestial approval. It is our reward for placing the welfare of our beloved village above useless formalities like hanging an essential blacksmith."

When the 400th citizen of Schweissegehabt was born, villagers noticed at once that it had white eyebrows and pointed ears. The hanged man's brother was among those lining up at the Burgomaster's house to congratulate the proud parents.

When the Burgomaster suddenly noticed the tailor's ears and eyebrows, his face fell and he cast a dark glance at his wife beside him. "So!" he hissed indignantly. "SO!"

"Oh, come now," she chided gently. "As good Schweissegehabtans it is our civic duty to add to our numbers, is it not? Did you not say it yourself—'Populate or perish?'"

"Exactly!" cried the tall tailor, pumping the Burgomaster's hand enthusiastically. "It is the same with birth as with death. As long as the community good is served, Herr Burgomaster, what difference does it make which one of us has made the necessary sacrifice?"