motive

november 1967 sixty cents

"Be Ye Also Perfect" P.C. Hodgell

ETCHING

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COVER 4: OF OIL AND ICE CREAM *a modern fable,* RICHARD L. SARGENT

FRONT COVER: BE YE ALSO PERFECT is ROBERT HODGELL at his best: creating images that show man at his most insensitive. In the cover art, he states emphatically the preposterous expectation that the white world has had for the black: that the black man achieve an odd kind of perfection which would destroy the humanity of *any* man, black or white. Hodgell teaches art at Florida Presbyterian College, St. Petersburg.

motive

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EDITORIAL:

The Church

We hear a lot of talk in the church about raising money, but seldom do we talk realistically about how we spend it.

That old adage, "Put your money where your mouth is," certainly is, to invoke another cliche, easier said than done.

But at least three events in the national arena indicate that some segments of the church are beginning to weigh carefully where their money is spent and invested.

These three—American investments in South Africa, FIGHT vs. Eastman Kodak, and Project Equality—are not simple issues, obviously, economically or morally. But their complexity is but another indication that Christians who want to rectify social wrongs cannot afford the luxury of waiting until all the ramifications are crystal clear before acting.

What is clear is that our churches are immensely wealthy institutions, and the money which they control or invest is an active ingredient in our national destiny—at home and abroad. Consequently, church bureaucrats become as nervous as bankers when the moral, racial, and social effects of American business practices and institutions are questioned.

Nervousness, fortunately, has not deterred some of those church leaders most committed to altering the radical exploitation of human beings which has been financed in part by some of this church money. Action is at long last replacing resolutions in some sectors of the church bureaucracy. Strategic individuals, such as Mrs. Porter Brown, general secretary of the Methodist Board of Missions, are deeply concerned specifically about the investment of church funds in the ten-bank consortium of New York banking institutions currently involved in the renegotiation of a $40 million revolving loan to the South African Government. As Mrs. Brown put it in late September at the executive committee meeting of her Board, "We should stop fiddling around."

The significance of American loans and investments in South Africa has been presented so many times that one is tempted to assume that virtually everyone knows at least the fundamentals of the issue. That such isn't the case is graphically symbolized by a comment made by a reasonably well-informed college student at a conference which recently discussed relationships with South Africa in some detail. After several descriptions of the problems had been given, this student stood and asked, "What is this 'apartheid' you keep talking about?" (We suggested that the student read "Apartheid Unmasked," March 1964, and "The Rivonia

and Its Money

Trial in South Africa" by Mary Benson, November 1964, among other articles.)

More urgent than movements of the mouth, however, is the transfer of the above-mentioned accounts, as indications that the church in America is opposed to the undergirding of South African apartheid by such generous American loans and investments.

We urge those church leaders who signed such a strong protest last January to complete the transfer of accounts from Chase Manhattan Bank and First National City Bank of New York without further delay. The Methodist Board of Missions recently took a strong "first step" in authorizing the removal of $10 million of their investment portfolio from First National City Bank "if they (the bank) renegotiate the $40 million loan."

And to those religious institutions that have not yet taken a long, ethical look at their investment portfolios lately, we commend the example and information established by those who have already withdrawn more than $20 million.

These same institutions have been ironclad for decades regarding the ownership of stocks in companies or funds which related to the liquor industry. It is long past time that our view of social ills be broadened.

We also commend those student and faculty committees across the country which are looking at the investment portfolios of their own academic institutions. These researches should prove most fascinating in their revelations.

On the domestic scene, Project Equality and the conflict between FIGHT and Eastman Kodak are similar models for ways in which church wealth could help alter some of the social causes of riots and urban anger. (FIGHT is a Rochester community action coalition stemming from work initiated by Saul Alinsky on funds raised by the Rochester Council of Churches and the Board of Homeland Ministries of the United Church of Christ. An excellent résumé of the FIGHT-vs.-Kodak event is "High Noon at Flemington" by Wayne Cowan, *Christianity and Crisis*, May 29, 1967.)

Lest we appear self-righteous in our encouragement of others, let us also confess our own failures and continuing problems in this matter of attempting to affect social change via economic decisions.

This magazine has been printed on an open-bid basis for twenty-seven years by a church publishing house. It is non-union. Yet throughout this period of time, The Methodist Church—owner and operator of this plant—has urged and upheld the right of employees to have the right of free assembly to discuss unionization. But the management of The Methodist Publishing House has consistently blocked efforts to assemble or inform employees on matters of unionization.

Consequently, *motive* and scores of other publications related to the church, are printed in a shop whose employment practices, particularly regarding race, have been a matter of deep concern and frequent discussion throughout the church. Perhaps symbolic is the refusal of the Board of Publications even to allow a national representative of the lithographers' union to appear before the fall meeting of the Board to present for open discussion by the entire Board all matters pertaining to the union.

Project Equality—an effort initiated by the National Catholic Council for Interracial Justice, but now broadly ecumenical and inter-faith in sponsorship—provides an opportunity for any business institution to use its resources to support those other business enterprises which are fully committed to sound and progressive human relations policies throughout their operation.

Project Equality, although accused by its critics of being a reverse boycott, is an aggressive effort to endorse efforts by the private business sector to implement by positive action those laws which are already on the books in the area of civil rights.

Yet, in community after community, churches and church institutions have been either negative or cautious about committing themselves to this project. As one Bishop put it, "I've got other ditches I'd rather die in."

Again, in negotiating our own business contracts, *motive* has been relatively unsuccessful in combining social conscience and business contracts. In part, this results from the usual efforts to keep such objectives a matter of relative confidence, and not air the dirty linen in public.

But fresh air did a lot for the Catholic church, and we Protestants might enjoy better ethical health if we took a deep breath, too. At least, it might take the sting out of the comment from a perceptive sixteen-year-old high school reporter who interviewed me about our failure in relationship to Project Equality. He said, "It seems ironic that a so-called liberal magazine is a partner to essentially reactionary business practices promulgated by church-operated business establishments."

Despite the slowness and ineffectiveness of some of the above efforts, they nevertheless represent clear opportunities for the church to be realistic and practical as it pursues social justice. That we have not yet achieved remarkable success makes it even more mandatory that we double our efforts to coordinate our right hand with our left.

—B. J. STILES

THE NSA CONGRESS

Asthma or Death Rattle?

By RICK KEAN

It was early that morning—late in August, especially considering it had been a long, hard day the night before. A trim, tough young black man strode to 'microphone four' in the giant ROTC Armory at the University of Maryland and faced 600 students from across the nation, an audience only dotted with members of his own race. In simple logic, he tried to explain why four words deleted from a resolution passed the night before must be reinserted. He was talking about the key phrase of the resolution passed by the United States National Student Association Congress on Black Power.

Those four words, "by any means necessary," were the key, he said, to whether NSA would be judged as sincere in its embrace of his people. They were an article of faith, he said, faith in the right and the ability of his nation, his alien culture locked in the inner cities and on the tenant farms of military-industrial America, to determine the course of its own survival.

Survival—for it had come to that. It was survival that was at stake, he implied, when he and his brothers (and some white students, too) walked out on the plenary the evening before, when the four crucial words had been deleted.

His speech was calm and clear. It was grounded in the gut-strength of a reality he had lived. It was received with polite applause.

A clean-cut chap from somewhere in the Midwest followed him, on 'microphone seven'. He was sensible. One could tell. He warned the audience of the "dangerous ambiguity" of those four words, hinting that NSA would be construed as "condoning violence" if the resolution included them. His speech smacked of his heritage—moderate, middle-class America. It would have echoed well against the walls of that other 'sensible' Congress—the one on Capitol Hill, only a half-hour drive from College Park.

He used his allotted time judiciously, and when he was done, the applause was full and hearty, mellow, more of a sensible tone. It looked as if the forces of "reason" were about to triumph.

Enter Ed Schwartz—then National Affairs Vice President—on 'microphone two'. Ed Schwartz, an articulate, bright and funny guy with high and practical ideals about the relationship between educational reform and a revitalization of the democratic process in America, a guy mired to the hips in the muck of the CIA scandal.[1] A guy whose life has been colorful and varied, but whose most recent views of student and racial unrest have been filtered by the swivel-chair and shuttle-jet-to-New York style of life demanded by his office. A guy who has a thorough intellectual understanding of the issues, but who has not in recent months felt the jabbing pain, the dense confusion, the exuberant joy that such struggles are about. Especially not the joy.

Ed Schwartz pauses a moment; then he launches into a diatribe which is bound to turn the tide. His speech lacks both the directness of his black ally and the 'rationalism' of his white antagonist. Yet it is deft: there are end runs calculated to by-pass moderate sensibility and dig into the gut emotions of the audience; there are power sweeps which blast white liberal students in their soft underbelly—middle class alienation and guilt.

We white liberals have some dues to pay, a "burden of guilt" to bear, he says. Be those four words ("Black Power is the unification of all black people in America for their liberation *by any means necessary.*") words of riot, total revolution, or a new strain of Social Darwinism, they are the pound of flesh we all must flay from our flanks if we are to do full repentance for our social sins.

This was a speech the audience could hear. It was flagellant; it captured the mood of the Congress.

It dealt in pain, and the audience seemed to wriggle with masochistic delight. The plenary roared and came to its feet. The four words went on to be reinserted, the motion passing 177 to 142. Ed Schwartz had won the day, and he went on to be elected President of NSA, winning by an equally narrow margin.

Once again, as so many times before and after, NSA had teetered on the brink of an honest confrontation with itself, only to be checked by a deft bit of parliamentary rhetoric, only to tumble back to its crumpled pillow of paper radicalism.

Paper radicalism? Ask the seven black high school students from Detroit, who came down to the Congress in the twilight of the devastation there. They'll talk about the week they spent, attending meeting after meeting, trying to get a hearing for the clear and simple realities that had swept catastrophe into their lives. They'll try and describe their despair as they watched people who would someday exert considerable control over their lives, piling these realities in towering heaps of academic refuse. They'll speak of how their mere presence in a seminar would put all the white kids 'up-tight,' so that meaningful communication, honest confrontation, was impossible. They'll agonize about how their best descriptions of the apocalypse in Detroit—descriptions which pushed them to tax the full wealth of their lingual imagery—would evoke no more from Whitey than nervous giggles over the lyrical quality of their presentation.

Ask them about the guy, obviously wary of the 'trouble' they were causing, who tried to dupe them into passing a bad check.[2] They'll tell you they're through talking. They'll tell you that paper—bad checks and radical resolutions alike—burns.

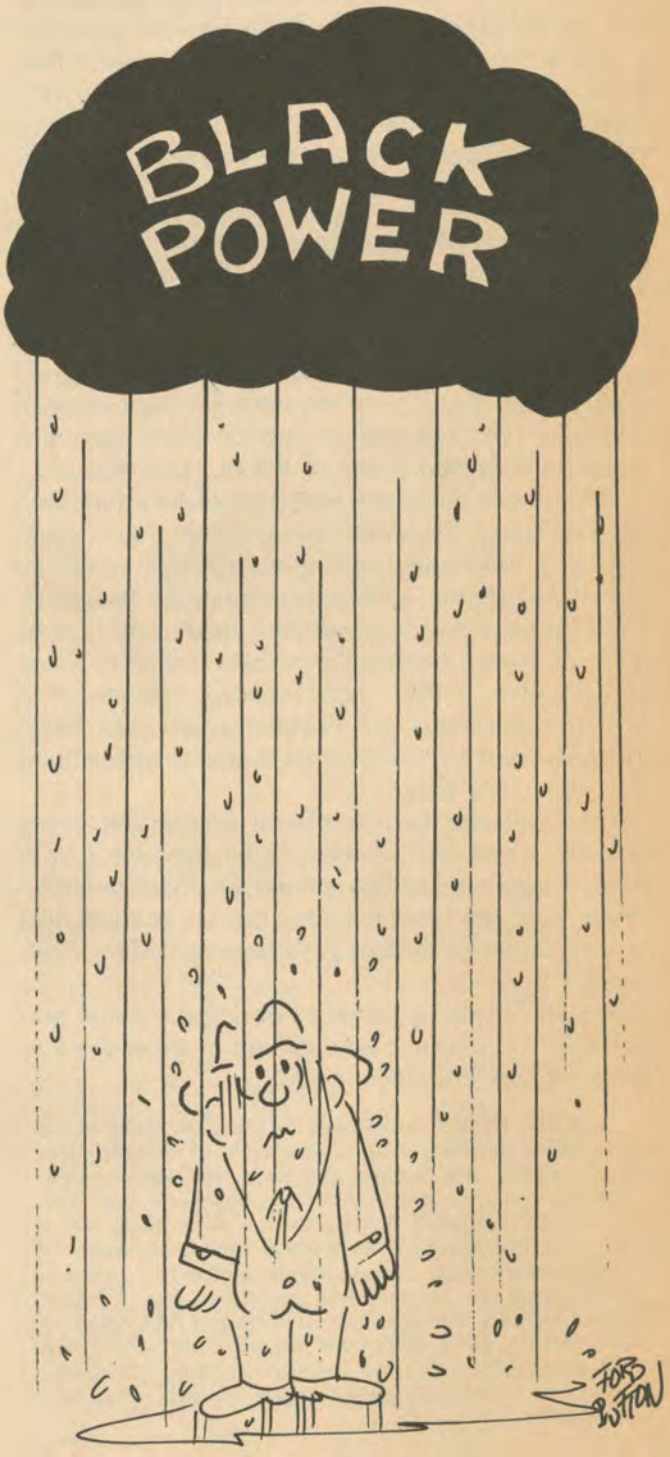
This Twentieth Annual NSA Congress, this limp celebration of the 'final' break with the CIA, was a confusing conglomerate of contradictions. There was a pervading evasiveness about it. NSA was obviously in search of a new self-image. But somehow the Congress was reluctant to look long and hard in the one place where such an image might be found. It was afraid to face itself.

Dick Talbott, a UCM observer at the Congress, put it this way: "Some months ago, we learned that NSA was owned and controlled by the CIA. Up until the Congress, it was unclear whether NSA was an incorrigible whore for 'young men on the make,' or salvageable.

"Congress debate about NSA's future was quickly polarized between slick defenses of officers' actions and a call by Students for a Democratic Society for the abolition of NSA. Both styles of debate were rooted in expectations that delegates would be outraged that they and their constituencies had been had. But that outrage never materialized.

"The delegates had already decided that they wanted to renew NSA by pushing on to new action programs on their campuses. No one seemed really interested in any kind of witchhunt, or in the moral rigidity which SDS exemplified. Rather, student politicos were groping for new strategies.

"One explanation for the 'let's get on with it' attitude of many delegates is the historical situation in which they find themselves. History has administered one 'shock treatment' after another. The assassination of John F. Kennedy, the deaths of the three Civil Rights workers in Mississippi, the aftermath of the Berkeley sit-ins, the ever-increasing



carnage in Vietnam and in American cities—these and other phenomena have toppled powerful assumptions once held by liberal Americans.

"The NSA mood was, for lack of a better phrase, quasi-revolutionary." [3]

There is no better phrase. NSA, unsure of its own identity, took on semblances of the forces around it. It became revolutionary in slogan, but not in deed. Populist slogans implying total rejection of the 'system' and calling for radical reform abounded; yet episodes like the ones with the seven students from Detroit were allowed to happen again and again. The catch phrase was "tell it like it is," and yet the very resolutions which news commentators would label as "radical departures" were not passed for the simple, honest, moral reasons which were at their base, but rather because some NSA Establishmentarian decided to play baby-sitter, using the proper symbols to beat the audience into submission.

Such tactics did not seem to be the product of a conscious policy of the NSA staff.[4] To the contrary, both former President Gene Groves and Ed Schwartz had implored delegates at the opening session to take steps which would avoid such tactics. Both were primarily concerned with proposals which would restructure NSA, making it more truly representative of the nation's students.

Schwartz, walking the tightrope of his candidacy, focused upon the need for a tremendous, grassroots effort in student power and curriculum reform in the universities. Such a movement, by its nature, would exert pressure upon NSA to decentralize its locus of power, forcing the national office to adopt a facilitative, rather than initiative, stance. NSA structure, programs and policies would then begin to be defined by the diverse thoughts and actions of a wide constituency.

The challenge Groves placed before the group was more specific: "It will not be until each local student government has gained financial independence from the University and can tax students that an association of student governments will be legitimate."

Indeed, Groves' experience during the initial heat of the CIA disclosure was enough to drive a Jeffersonian fervor into anyone:

> Suddenly we had moved from the protective cover of the established powers into an unsure world of distrust, rejection, caution, and outrage. We were left alone, to pull ourselves out. We had to force the powers to deal with us. We had to prove that we were a political power—a threat or an asset—to move the true centers of power.
>
> Without the warm outpouring of support from the students across the country, NSA could not have survived. *Never has an officer seen more clearly that NSA needs its constituency*. For a time I was uncertain we would have this support. But it came—letters, telegrams, affiliations, calls from friends telling me to "give 'em hell" They held us together.[5]

The first week of the Congress had been relatively

unstructured and loosely scheduled—on the assumption that out of the chaos, a new order would arise. There were no legislative plenaries that week. The SDS counter-convention was accepted (after some initial confusion about scheduling procedures) with open arms. NSA policy was so open toward SDS that it was often difficult to ascertain Who was sponsoring What meeting. One SDS member was moved to exclaim, "They're killing us with kindness!"

As the week progressed, the chaos lingered. A good number of *ad hoc* discussion groups and projects coalesced, at the perpetual Experimental College and in buildings all over campus. But no one seemed to be willing to forge an over-arching reality. For those for whom the week of chaos was meaningful, NSA as a national organization seemed irrelevant. Creative, if private, disorder was sufficient for them. For those for whom the week was merely chaos, an Apollonian madness, a compulsive desire for Order—even the imposed bedlam of the legislative plenaries—became the obsession. The Congress began to polarize between these two existential states.

The NSA Establishment was caught in the confluence of forces. Its ideological commitment—reinforced no doubt by the recent CIA expe-

rience—was strikingly close to the SDS line, especially on such issues as student power, Black Power, Vietnam, the Draft. It differed with SDS in that it hoped that another SDS tenet—participatory democracy—could be achieved for NSA within its historical context, without abolition. Yet it knew that a truly representative NSA would considerably moderate the SDS line on a number of issues. And while SDS claimed early in the Congress that its motion for abolition was based upon a critique of NSA's elitist structure rather than its ideology, when the motion was ignored, SDS decided to stick around and talk ideology.

Delegates began to show a marked disaffection for one issue which seemed crucial for renewal of NSA. Proposals for constitutional changes were voted down by substantial majorities. When a motion to consider reformation of NSA and its affiliated student governments right to the grass roots (NSA would become, through a dual corporate structure, a federation of completely autonomous student unions located on individual campuses) was brought to the floor, it was rejected both in specific form and principle. Delegates made it clear by their debate and their balloting that they were not prepared to consider any changes which would threaten to cut the umbilical cords to their *in loco parentis*.

As it became obvious that delegates were not about to restructure NSA, certain officers could be seen scurrying about, talking to delegates from various 'key' regions, rewriting radical resolutions in more palatable language. If NSA delegates could only have seen their way into a new structure, so the reasoning seemed to go, then perhaps a Black Power resolution which incidentally insulted the black community could have been tolerated. But now ideological purity—even if it had to be sought in a vacuum—was all that was left. The NSA Establishment began to indulge in elitist politics again, this time with a strange bedfellow indeed—SDS.

By the end of the Congress the marriage had proved a success. Strong resolutions on draft resistance, student power, academic freedom, Black Power, Vietnam, a "Dump Johnson in '68" campaign—all these were down on paper. One SDS member was able to explain that in the future, he planned to work more closely with, or perhaps even within, the NSA hierarchy.

"It has turned out that the NSA leadership has been quite close to us all along," he said.

It was a miracle of co-optation. Both the NSA leadership and SDS had misjudged the initial mood of the delegates; in their subsequent actions and reactions, they only succeeded in neutralizing each other. Probably because SDS had demanded complete abolition, structural reform of NSA in any package became an impossible cause. Because it remains elitist in structure, the resolutions NSA did pass are hardly worth the sensational press coverage they received. Because NSA delegates, the student body presidents, were unwilling to take the crucial risk—to dare to make local student governments authentic enough to the needs of students that they could be financed independently—the NSA Establishment will be forced to continue to play the very foundation funding games which brought NSA within the grasp of the CIA in the first place.

It was almost as if the CIA had planned it that way.

What then of the future of NSA? There is no subject which is more often on the lips of NSA oldtimers. Roland Liebert, founder and former director of NSA's Campus Environmental Studies and Student Stress Conferences, feels that the fact that delegates refused to deal with the basic question which was before the Congress—the question of what NSA is and who it represents in national student politics—signals the beginning of the end. As he put it while the Congress was still underway:

"My thesis is that people represent their experiences, and little else. NSA was created as a national organization first, and it was imposed on campuses from above, through existing, elitist, student governmental structures. In its rhetoric, the national organization defined itself as a representative of the nation's students. What it actually represented was that experience of so defining itself.

"Now, that part of NSA's history which was a product of CIA sponsorship and direction (particularly, NSA's role in international student politics) has been disowned. NSA is forced back upon the realization that its claims to a constituency have been illusory. Given the broad mandates for radical action which the Congress has passed—which are likely to turn off the most liberal of foundation directors[6]—and the limits of its structure, NSA seems bound, in the long run, to destroy itself."

By the criteria Gene Groves put forth for renewal of NSA, the organization also seems headed for trouble: "The lesson is that power lies in building effectively a constituency base, and that power cannot be extended far beyond this base without grave risks. The answer to exploitation is not retrenchment, but a realistic reappraisal of potential. Since real power comes from within, fidelity and power are not inconsistent." [7] The Congress, however, had chosen illusion over constituency.

I think that these predictions underestimate the resiliency of the people who will be running NSA. Ed Schwartz is extremely capable. His field of primary interest—educational reform—is one in which the lines of battle have not been very clearly drawn. There are ways in which radical programs can be translated into innocuous-sounding foundation grant proposals, using the new metaphor. Because the nation's universities are themselves in a bit of trouble, there is even the possibility that illusory power will be sufficient to bring about substantial

change. In time, the lie that NSA will have been living may not seem so important.

A fundamental question remains. What about all those liberal students who voted in the plenaries? Why did they pass radical resolutions and then refuse to invent the structures which would make them meaningful? What kind of a death-wish was this? Where is the middle-class mind at this point in history?

An episode comes to my memory. Robert Theobald, British socio-economist, consultant for the LOOK UP AND LIVE series produced by CBS, and lecturer on educational reform, was addressing a meeting of delegates interested in a new approach to freshman orientation. He had been called back to the Congress after a first meeting. His message had been a sign of hope. Essentially, all he said was that students were significant—that they could change the course of history if they so decided. At the front of the room with him were two Puerto Ricans, both members of The Real University of the Streets (TRUST), a grass-roots effort at educational reform which has been enjoying considerable success on New York City's Lower East Side.

The meeting had been going fairly well, when it reached a crucial point of decision. A delegate began to express doubt that students could achieve anything of significance.

Into the conversation jumps Ray Robinson, a beautiful black cat from everywhere in the country, a veteran of the Civil Rights movement, an advocate of Black Power. If there's one thing Ray can't stand, it is unchallenged hesitancy. In a matter of moments, he has ordered the speakers to sit down, he has accused Theobald of "talking like that Wallace cat," he has begun rapping about "Why is it that you guys aren't together?" The audience is his, for the rest of the afternoon.

Theobald has to leave, but the meeting reconvenes later that evening, in the dormitory set aside for the Experimental College. Ray's message is the same. Ray's personal sense of freedom is contagious, but what really holds the audience is his message. "You middle-class cats aren't together. Dig it!"

Eight hours later, at four o'clock in the morning, the message is essentially the same. There have been digressions, and a line has been added. "Middle-class men aren't even men. They are male chauvinists who don't treat their women like women."

No one answers Ray's challenge. There is universal acquiescence instead. Each guy nods, and looks at the next guy, feeling sorry for the other's lack of manhood.

Finally, for some reason, there is a pause in the train of thought. The two Puerto Ricans, silent these many hours, begin to describe the principles of a positive program, something to which middle-class students can contribute on their own terms. The principles are practical, fundamental, representing a basic assumption about the essential goodness of man. The Real University of the Streets works, they say, because it is built on the love and trust of a dynamic, growing, learning community. A community in which the individuals have come "together." Perhaps middle-class cats can adapt the model. There's a handbook out, you know.[8] Perhaps . . .

Someone objects to the turn the conversation has taken. Before, when Ray was rapping, he says, the conversation was such that he could not participate. Now he can. Something is obviously wrong.

Something *is* wrong. We middle-class cats are *not* together. We'd rather sit and have Ray Robinson tell us how messed up and guilt-ridden we are than begin to do something about it. We like to beat ourselves. We'd rather deal in pain, dwell in our existential despair, than risk the joy of taking hold of our own lives. We'd rather have Ed Schwartz and SDS bully us into passing radical resolutions, and then sit back and wait for nothing to happen, than stand up and struggle for what we believe. We are not convinced that we are significant, either as individuals or as a potential, historical force. We are the cats who've lost faith in the American dream.

If the story of the Twentieth Annual NSA Congress is a tale of Elitist Politics Revisited, that is not because of the covert actions of some omniscient super-Establishment agent. It is rather because the Congress was a microcosm of what's sick about our society. Faced with a challenge, the Congress reacted with asthma.

I cannot help but find myself hoping the attack is a terminal case.

NOTES

1. During the Congress, SDS published diary notes taken by Larry Rubin, an ex-NSA staffer, which implicated Schwartz (and ex-President Gene Groves) in a series of lies about the nature of NSA's involvement with the CIA. The notes were taken at consecutive staff meetings.
2. Was he a CIA agent? It was rumored that the Congress was crawling with them.
3. From a personal letter, sent with permission to reprint. Talbott is much more optimistic about the Congress than I, and so we diverge from this point on.
4. They had been in the past. A number of sources document the fact that at previous Congresses, seminars on international student politics had been run by students trained at CIA-funded and run International Student Relations Seminars. These "seminarians" in turn wielded great influence over both NSA policies and the selection of NSA officers. (See, for example, "Underbelly of a Super Secret," by Philip R. Werdell, in *Moderator* magazine, April 1967.)
5. W. Eugene Groves. "NSA and the CIA: On People and Power (Second Thoughts After the Storm)" in *The CIA and the Kiddies*, Philip R. Werdell, ed.; a collection of background material on the disclosure of the NSA/CIA relationship prepared for the delegates of the Twentieth Annual NSA Congress, College Park, Md., August, 1967.
6. It was rumored toward the end of the Congress, for example, that the U.S. Office of Economic Opportunity had threatened to cancel a grant to NSA's Tutorial Assistance Center because of newspaper reports of the growing "Dump Johnson in '68" campaign.
7. Groves, *Op. cit.*
8. Benson, Don and Ann Giles. *The Community University—How to Drop Out, Tune In, Turn On to Education that Does Not Fold, Spindle or Mutilate*, a handbook available through The Real Great Society, 130 E. 7th St., New York, N.Y. $1.25.

SELECTIVE SERVICE ON A FRIDAY IN JUNE

The plaza is quiet, the lunchtime sunny.
On the benches the studious, behind dark glasses,
Ignore the sudden, now rowdy dogs.
But two men look up to watch
A group of girls cross the court.
Then it is quiet again.
At once a crowd pushes out of the building—
12:30. But so many boys?
They squint in the sun.

Hey, John.
Hey. Just cooled the draft board test.
All math and science.
Yeh?
Yeh. Think I'll relax and have a beer.
Though I still feel sorry for the guys in English.

The stuffy lecture hall is emptied,
Save a few in suits at the front.
A secretary licks the tape to seal the boxes—
three of them, marked in black.
The policeman watches.
Quietly they clear the stage and leave.
The room is still warm as a new crowd gathers,
Waiting to hear about Chekhov from a professor
Who is crippled, and who makes the drama live.

—HELEN A. MEYER

WIDE WORLD PHOTO

The following letter was mailed from Vietnam to President Lyndon Johnson. Along with the letter, seven American volunteers with a combined service record of 22 years, submitted their resignations from the International Voluntary Services, Inc.

IVS is a non-profit organization chartered in 1953 by "a group of people committed to the idea that American youth could make an important contribution to international goodwill by establishing person-to-person contacts with people of another country, through a service program which the people of the host country would want and in which they would participate."

Since 1953, approximately 400 volunteers have worked in more than 13 countries.

Among those whose resignations have been accepted and who are returning to the United States, are Don Luce, a native of East Calais, Vermont, who has been the director of IVS in Vietnam for nine years, and Gene Stoltzfus, the associate director for four years.

As stated by Don Luce, "All of these resignations issue out of basic disagreement with U.S. policies in Vietnam, and concern for the Vietnamese people who, in the last analysis, bear the brunt of these policies."

In addition to the seven who have resigned, the letter carries the signature of 43 other volunteers who remain with the program in Vietnam.

An Open Letter To LBJ

SAIGON, SEPTEMBER 19, 1967

Dear Mr. President:

As volunteers with International Voluntary Services, working in agriculture, education, and community development, we have the unique opportunity of living closely with Vietnamese over extended periods of time. Thus we have been able to watch and share their suffering, one of us since as early as 1958. What we have seen and heard of the effects of the war in Vietnam compels us to make this statement. The problems which the Vietnamese face are too little understood and their voices have been too long muffled. It is not enough to rely on statistics to describe their daily concerns.

We present this statement not as spokesmen for International Voluntary Services, but as individuals. We are finding it increasingly difficult to pursue quietly our main objective: helping the people of Vietnam. In assisting one family or one individual to make a better living or to get a better education it has become evident that our small successes only blind us to how little or negative the effect is, in the face of present realities in Vietnam. Thus to stay in Vietnam and remain silent is to fail to respond to the first need of the Vietnamese people—peace.

While working in Vietnam we have gained a genuine respect for the Vietnamese. They are strong. They are hard working. They endure. And they have proved over and over their ability to deal with foreign interference. But they suffer in the process,

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a suffering greatly intensified by today's American presence. This suffering will continue and increase until Americans act to ease their suffering. It is to you, Mr. President, that we address ourselves.

Our testimony:

The effects: We do not accuse anyone of deliberate cruelty. Perhaps if you accept the war, all can be justified—the free strike zones, the refugees, the spraying of herbicide on crops, the napalm. But the Vietnam war is in itself an overwhelming atrocity. Its every victim—the dead, the bereaved, the deprived—is a victim of this atrocity. We are usually far from the scenes of the worst brutality, however more than enough still comes to our attention. Viet Cong terrorism is real; so are the innocent victims of U.S. bombing, strafing, and shelling.

What we have seen: We have all seen or known about the human results of this war. Therefore we do not need to list an awful tally of atrocities. How Vietnamese react to these atrocities, however, is little known.

One week before the election, Viet Cong indiscriminately sprayed mortars on the Delta city of Can Tho, hitting hospital wards, and demolishing poorly constructed houses; the toll: thirty Vietnamese dead, three hundred wounded (the more solidly built houses of Americans prevented any American casualties). A small anti-Viet Cong rally was held the next day, but according to one resident, "Many of the people here place the ultimate blame on the Americans. . . . If the Americans weren't here in the first place this wouldn't have happened."

One day after the elections a Saigon paper (*Than Chung*—banned the next day) ran two pictures of bomb destruction in North Vietnam with the following comment (translation): "We can never accept the one-party system in North Vietnam but neither are we able to forget our blood ties with our fellow Vietnamese there, just as we are unable to forget the Vietnamese caught in the mortar attacks on Can Tho and Thang Binh. . . ."

For the Vietnamese, victory at any price is no longer acceptable.

We have flown at a safe height over the deserted villages, the sterile valleys, the forests with the huge swaths cut out, and the long-abandoned rice checks. We have had intimate contact with the refugees. Some of them get jobs at American military establishments and do fairly well. Others are forcibly resettled, landless, in isolated, desolate places which are turned into colonies of mendicants. Others go to the Saigon slums, secure but ridden with disease and the compulsion towards crime. These are refugees generated not by Viet Cong terrorism, but by a policy of the war, an American policy.

One volunteer wrote, "Cai Be (in the Mekong Delta) has a very successful refugee program as measured by the criteria of the government, but when measured by any human criteria it stinks. We have neatly arranged hamlets, good canals, military security, elections and dozens of other assets which win points in Saigon, but we don't have people living decent lives. . . . These refugees are, with few exceptions, farmers but they have been settled on plots of land so small that only the ingenious manage anything like a decent life. I say that the most ingenious can do this without knowing a single person who is that ingenious. . . . Not only do

(refugee camps) force these people into an existence which is marginal at best, they do incalculable violence to the customs and traditions of the Vietnamese people. . . . The government has not offered a new and better life, it has only exchanged one form of terrorism for another." This is a situation created by a policy of war. But as one ranking American officer has said, "Refugees are a GVN problem."

What we've heard: Just as in the United States, in Vietnam there is no consensus about how the war should be stopped. But there is consensus on one issue: it *must* be stopped. To relate what the Vietnamese think is difficult, but we can relate what they say.

In a refugee village one of us heard an old woman say these words (translation): "These days of sorrow are filled with napalm, hate, and death. The rice fields turn brown. The new year brings a cold, clutching fear."

A young Buddhist teacher, on the eve of her self-immolation, made her last attempt to express the anguish of the Vietnamese people: "You Americans come to help the Vietnamese people, but have brought only death and destruction. Most of us Vietnamese hate, from the bottom of our hearts, the Americans who have brought the suffering of this war. . . . The tons of bombs and money you have poured on our people have shattered our bodies and sense of nation." A Saigon Catholic youth leader, active for over ten years in the youth movement, said: "We are caught in a struggle between two power blocs, and we can never forget that. Many people told me you cannot trust Americans, but I never accepted it. Now I am beginning to believe it. You come to help my people, but they will hate you for it." At the Ong Ich Khiem Pagoda in Danang, the broken heart of last year's Struggle Movement, a Vietnamese friend paused at a shrine, by a wall covered with the photographs of young boys and girls. "Killed by Ky's Saigon troops during the Struggle," he explained in restrained English, by soldiers brought up to Danang by hastily-loaned American C-130's in the interests of 'stability.' A Vietnamese who teaches English scribbled out a poem over beers in a tiny dirt-floor restaurant:

> Monsoon laughters, peace for this shattered land
> of troubled minds of corrupted men
> of human pyramids of blood-soaked rice
> of hungry faces of pitiless barb wire.

The tide of the war: As volunteers in Vietnam, we work with people, not statistics. War reported in statistics gives a false picture. We read the monthly totals of Hoi Chanh (Open-Arms returnees), and then ask who these people are. Hard-core Viet Cong, suddenly disillusioned with a philosophy that has been their life and bread for years? No. They are marginal Viet Cong at best, if Viet Cong at all, looking for a little rest from this tired war and attracted by the dollar signs of the program. People who can be bought are not going to effect change in Vietnam. We read with anguish the daily body count of "enemy" dead. We know that these "enemy" are not all combat soldiers committed to one side. Many are old men, women, and young boys who ran when a helicopter hovered, who were hiding from the bombs in an enemy bunker, or who refused to leave their farms. We watch the development of the pacification program, from "strategic hamlet" to "revolutionary development" (an American term; in Vietnamese it is called "rural building"), and see teams of cadre operating in the villages. Who are these cadre? Young men and women, often motivated by draft exemption and the security of a government job, with three months' training in concepts that take several years to master. To the villagers, these black-pajamaed "imitation Viet Cong" are more interference from the government, perhaps the source of another handout. Certainly they are not a step towards "capturing the hearts and minds" of the villagers. Yet, RD cadre have also lost their lives in this war.

A road opens up, another closes. While working in Vietnam, we must travel these roads. We have not seen any increase in security in the past year. In Saigon and in other cities, roads are secure but they are full of holes from the steady flow of American tanks and trucks.

A village lives peacefully under Viet Cong control. Government or American troops arrive to "liberate" the population. Violence ensues, refugees are created, but the Viet Cong vanish. If the military decides not to plow the village under (as was Ben Suc in Operation Cedar Falls), the Viet Cong will come back and resume their authority.

Prostitution increases, corruption increases, crime in the streets increases, and more and more capable people join their compatriots—either the Viet Cong or those on the American payroll. The former have dedicated themselves to a difficult and uncomfortable struggle, with no end in sight. The latter have sought the easier road: the American dollar, a comfortable life, outwardly compromising their own culture. Inwardly they have not. In their eyes the U.S. is the exploiter to be exploited.

An election is held to legitimize a government generally detested by the Vietnamese. Cries of fraudulence are everywhere, but the U.S. ignores these cries in the person of Henry Cabot Lodge: "I think these elections were as good and orderly and wholesome as our own elections," he said after less than a week of observation. Some results: the banning of two Saigon papers *(Than Chung, Sang)* on the day after the election, the two papers which

were the most outspoken against the government and for peace during the campaign. "The elections are over," announced Vice President-elect Ky, after banning all press conferences without government approval. Repression continues.

While the U.S. has announced its dedication to the building of democracy in South Vietnam, it continues to support a government which jails pacifists and neutralists. The U.S. has repeatedly announced its support for self-determination, and yet assigns advisors to everyone from the top military command to the Department of Waterworks in Saigon. Credibility of leaders is a problem in the United States; in Vietnam there is no credibility. Rumors say that the United States has a 99-year lease on Cam Ranh Bay. True? That is not important. It is what the Vietnamese think that is important. They have no illusions about why the U.S. is in Vietnam. Many feel that America is in Vietnam to stop communism—at all costs. In some ways defeating communism fits Vietnamese interests *vis-a-vis* China, whom these people have fought for a thousand years. There is no love for China, even in the North. "A unified Vietnam," said a Saigon youth, "under Ho Chi Minh would not succumb to China." But they shudder when they see North Vietnam's being forced to accept her support. Self-determination in the North, as well as in the South, is being compromised by the American policy.

Conclusions: The war as it is presently being waged is self-defeating in approach. U.S. programs are meant to gain the confidence and admiration of the Vietnamese people through the Vietnamese government. "There is more anti-Americanism here today than there was before," said an IVS volunteer returning to Vietnam again after having spent three years here from 1963 to 1966.

The U.S. continues to support a power group which has proven for five years that it is unable to bring about unity and peace in South Vietnam. "When the Americans learn to respect the true aspirations in Vietnam," said a youth leader recently, "true nationalism will come to power. Only true nationalists can bring peace to the South, talk to the North, and bring reunification." Cried another youth leader, "Who is Nguyen Cao Ky? Ho Chi Minh and Vo Nguyen Giap have been fighting for Vietnam since before Ky was born. Why should they talk to him?"

What we recommend:

1. Even in our situation, normally far from the fighting, we have seen enough to say that the only monuments to this war will be the dead, the maimed, the despairing and the forlorn. The trend has been escalation of the war. We say the trend should be de-escalation.

2. Children, old people, and the sick—not organized groups of armed men—are the most likely victims of defoliation. We say stop the spraying of herbicides.

3. Bombing stands in the way of negotiations. We have seen the results of bombing in South Vietnam, and can imagine what it has done to the North. We say stop the bombing.

4. No satisfactory conclusion of this war will come until all parties are represented in peace parleys. A movement in South Vietnam calls for the recognition of the National Liberation Front to be included in peace talks. We say recognize the National Liberation Front.

5. The United States continues to let self-interests stand in the way of self-determination in Vietnam. The U.S. must prove its commitment to compromise instead of waging an endless war of attrition. We say turn the question over to an international peace commission and be prepared to accept its recommendations.

By speaking to these questions, we have seriously jeopardized our positions in Vietnam. Some of us feel that we can no longer justify our staying, for often we are misinterpreted as representatives of American policy. Others of us wish to stay and to continue to serve the Vietnamese. It is with sadness, therefore, that we make our view known. But because above all our first concern is for the Vietnamese, there is no alternative. It is their cry and ours: End this war.

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SELF-DEFENSE

In his spare time,
my father taught me
to take care of myself,
something every boy
should know. I mean
boxing, fancy footwork,
intricate moves. Once,
when I was ready,
I took on the neighborhood
champ, sold out
the basement, fixed
the fight for a quarter.
That time, I got beat,
but good. Still,
I took the loss well.
My father called it
sportsmanship.
According to the rules,
I fired my father
's rifle (a .22), killed
a tin can, 6 shots,
if I remember
right. I kept my back
to the lake, aimed
at the hill: bullets
are dangerous, ricochet
off water. Later,
in the house, toting
the gun, barrel down,
unloaded (little things,
like that, help
prevent accidents,
I am told), my father
put a bullet
through the roof.
I promised not to tell.

Just in case, my father
bought a fire extinguisher,
a real bargain,
home model, on sale.
And that night, gave me,
free, a demonstration,
ignoring, as much
as possible, the instructions,
which are, after all,
a last resort. Tipping it
too far, my father
sprayed carbon dioxide
(Co_2) all over
the air, ruined the rug
I paid close attention.
The African violets
loved it. A neat trick:
holding on to your billfold
in a crowd. Safekeeping,
you know. My father
taught me that
too. I haven't lost it
yet. Now, after all
that practice, I trust
myself (thanks to my father),
nobody else. And that,
in the long run, I guess,
is what counts.

—WILLIAM R. SLAUGHTER

LINO-CUT

REINALD VAN DEN STEENE

BER

By KEITH CHAMBERLIN

The Other S.D.S.

BERLIN, SEPTEMBER 1967

On June 2, 1967 a West Berlin student was shot and killed in a political demonstration. He was a quiet, serious student, who had never before participated in a demonstration. He and his wife, who is expecting a baby in the fall, had hoped to convince themselves that reports of police brutality in West Berlin were much exaggerated.

Before he was shot in the back of the head by a plain clothesman, Benno Ohnesorg had seen sufficient evidence to change his mind. He had seen policemen wade into a crowd of defenseless, peaceful demonstrators and onlookers, swinging their billy clubs against the first heads in their way. He had seen men and women, lying on the ground, being beaten and kicked by groups of policemen even after some of the victims were unconscious. There was no warning to disperse, although loudspeakers were on hand and police regulations specify that three warnings be given before the first stage of physical action is initiated.

More than 20 students were hospitalized. No one knows how many were seriously, or perhaps permanently injured, since a news blackout was ordered and has never been lifted. The Berlin Senate then declared that all demonstrations were forbidden "for the time being." After it became clear to large numbers of people in and outside of Berlin that this constituted a flagrant violation of the constitution of the Federal Republic of Germany, it was explained that there had never really been a ban on demonstrations.

The students were demonstrating against the elaborate governmental reception of an oriental dictator, Mohammed Reza Pahlevi, the Shah of Iran. In that exotic land the annual per capita income is $80 a year, and more than half of the national income goes to five per cent of the people. A "land reform" was strictly for public relations and never changed the essentially feudal character of Persian society. All political opposition, especially in the university, has been ruthlessly suppressed by torture and murder.

But the average citizen of West Berlin knows nothing about political and social conditions in Iran, nor does he care. He is much more interested in the Shah's beautiful empress, Farah Pahlevi, and the fairy tale-like aura of that distant land. Since Berlin newspapers do not burden him with more serious information, it is not surprising that the citizens' reaction to the Shah is one of benevolent curiosity—especially since the German government

spent more money on receiving and protecting the Shah than on any other guest in its history, including John F. Kennedy.

The bloody events of June 2 erupted in front of the *Deutsche Oper,* where the Shah, his empress and the major political figures of West Berlin were enjoying Mozart's "Magic Flute." Earlier in the day there had been a protest demonstration at the city hall as the Shah was being received. Two Berlin city buses, in the meantime, brought 80 Persians onto the square in front of the city hall and unloaded them in front of the anti-Shah demonstrators who were kept behind police barriers several hundred feet away. The Persians raised signs of welcome and cheered enthusiastically as the Shah entered the city hall. Then they turned on the other demonstrators, attacking them across the barrier with the long sticks from their signs and even a few steel pipes.

Police watched for some ten minutes before intervening and arresting two of the students. No Persian demonstrator was arrested and no names were taken. The cheerleading Persians were professionals who traveled with the Shah and received about 80 marks a day for their services. Some were members of SAVAC, the Persian secret police organization which keeps tabs on anti-Shah Persian students in the Federal Republic. It is an additional sign of the moral bankruptcy of the West Berlin police department that the professional Persians again were conducted to a privileged place that evening in front of the *Deutsche Oper.*

The significance of these events is at least twofold. The student protest during and after the demonstrations shook the West Berlin government to its foundations, and will be a major contribution to its probable downfall. A second and more important consequence is an unprecedented mass mobilization of students in West Germany. Scheduled classes at the Free University were replaced by a week of discussions on the meaning of June 2 for the university, for the political mandate of students, and for university and social reform. Several West German universities called sympathy strikes. In Berlin, 15,000 joined a memorial procession for Benno Ohnesorg; when his coffin was taken to his native Hanover for the funeral, 10,00 students from all parts of West Germany marched in a memorial procession. The day was climaxed with a seven hour teach-in in a large athletic stadium.

The politically aware student in West Berlin, and in West Germany, is even more isolated from the establishment and the general population than his counterpart in the United States. This can be illustrated with reference to several political problems.

First there are the *Notstandsgesetze,* the so-called "emergency laws." The emergency laws are designed to complete and definitively establish the sovereignty of the Federal Republic *vis-á-vis* the occupying powers who are still on German soil. In the eyes of their critics—students, intellectuals and a few labor leaders—the laws tend to create a war psychology and a serious abridgement of constitutional rights. Indeed, they feel that the passage and implementation of the emergency laws will produce a paramilitary society. Even more disturbing is the fact that the first stage of these laws was passed with very little public discussion. Few in the Federal Republic seemed to care.

Another source of frustration for politically involved students is the German question. The German Democratic Republic (East Germany) is referred to officially as the "East Zone" or "Middle Germany." Anyone who uses the term GDR is breaking a national taboo and accordingly is boycotted by the public communications media. Connected with the nonrecognition of the GDR is a refusal to recognize the present eastern border of Germany along the Oder-Neiss line, pending a German treaty with the World War II allies. Most students consider this policy to be an anacronism at best. Under these circumstances, it is extremely difficult for students to find a way to be meaningfully involved politically in the German question.

In general, there is a lack of real opposition and dissent in West German politics. Since the grand coalition and the election of a popular chancellor who is a former member of the National Socialist Party, students increasingly have become disillusioned with party politics. This includes members of the *Sozialdemokratische Hochschulbund,* the official organization of the Social Democratic party. With the not too important exception of the *Ring Christlich-Demokratischer Studenten,* the student group of the Christian Democratic Union, the politically engaged students feel that the only really democratic option lies in an extra-parliamentary opposition. In short, they feel that all sectors of West Germany's all too formal democracy increasingly are becoming authoritarian. This includes the university which has always been one of Germany's most authoritarian institutions.

The university in Germany today is sorely in need of reform. Recently a respected political scientist at the Free University said, "The German university is not in a crisis but rather in a state of complete decay. This can be changed only through a revolution." There are three social classes in a German university. The professors are poorly paid, overspecialized, generally inaccessible to students, and have a pronounced professional class consciousness. The number of students has increased sharply since World War II but financial expenditures and teaching resources have not kept pace. One third receive state scholarships and all are considered free-loaders by many West Germans. They suffer from lack of adequate library facilities and initial counseling on a course of studies. The ratio of students to teachers and financial expenditures compares unfavorably to all Western and Socialist countries.

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In between these two classes are the *Assistenten*, who comprise the so-called "academic middle structure." In the U.S., *Assistenten* would be assistant professors. They spend some of their potentially most productive years of research and teaching carrying books and writing book reviews for professors, and performing other menial tasks until they too become full professors.

The press must be considered as a contributing factor to the situation in West Berlin. More than 70 per cent of the papers printed and distributed there are owned by one publishing house, Axel Springer. Springer, the most powerful man of the press in West Germany, was converted to militant anti-communism in the fifties, and since then his publishing house has been pro-cold war and anti-student.

On June 3, the *Bild Zeitung* (the Springer paper with the largest circulation in West Berlin), in only slightly disguised language, called on the workers to join a pogrom against the students. "What took place yesterday in West Berlin was criminal behavior. . . . Criminal in the worst sense of the word. Whoever flaunts decency and morals must expect to be brought to order by those who are decent." Here are some of the terms reserved for students by the Springer Press: "Free University Chinese," "muddleheads," "a hysterical herd of academic delinquents," "trained communist street fighters," "notorious rowdies," and similar terms.

In the week following, the discrepancy between the West Berlin newspapers reporting and that of several papers in West Germany and abroad became embarrassingly obvious. The West Berlin press then began to differentiate between "the students" and the hard core of "manipulators" who constantly mislead them. Anyone who knows the students at the FU must laugh at the suggestion that they could be manipulated or led around like sheep. But conspiratorial theories are seldom corrected by reason or fact, and they are growing in West Berlin. The witch hunt for the radical minority is underway. All *Assistenten* who show sympathy for the students are suspect. Even this writer has been flattered by accusations from some quarters.

The Free University is the center of political awareness and activity in Germany. It is much more developed in this respect than any of the West German universities. For the past three years each semester has had its share of major conflicts and confrontations—most of these between militant students and an inept, authoritarian university bureaucracy. But some of them also concerned political questions outside the university.

West Berliners are particularly sensitive when student political activity goes beyond the edge of the campus. Students have no business fooling around with politics; they are too young and inexperienced to understand hard-headed political problems. They should show their gratitude to the hard-working tax payers of Berlin by quietly reading their books.

This was not always so. The Free University was founded in 1949 as a political act of rebellion against the authoritarian socialist university in East Berlin. Public political declarations by the students were welcomed then since they remained within the anti-communist concensus. Abuses of academic freedom in the GDR were attacked and the reunification policy of Adenauer was endorsed. But the honeymoon ended in 1958 when students openly questioned the wisdom of atomic weapons in any form for the Federal Republic. Even more intolerable for the West Berliners was student opposition to the wars in Algeria and Vietnam. To criticize "our friends and protectors" was to desecrate the holiest of holies.

The discovery of Third World issues in the sixties has been decisively important for West Berlin's students. This discovery has had a politicizing function similar to that which the involvement in the Freedom Movement had for students in the United States. If I am not mistaken intensive and widespread interest in university reform in both countries has tended to follow a deep commitment to extra-university political and social movements.

There is, of course, a basic and important difference between involvement in civil rights and in Third World issues. That is the element of the personalization of conflict. In the United States a student can work with members of an oppressed group, be they migrant farm workers or Negroes who cannot vote or find a job. To a limited extent he can even share their suffering and thus more dramatically communicate the nature of the social problem. This aspect is almost totally missing in the German situation. The issue of the emergency laws can be personalized when people refuse to build bomb shelters or join para-military neighborhood organizations, but the opposition before this stage is reached remains indirect and theoretical.

In Berlin there is a growing consciousness of student rebellions in other parts of the world. The demands for democratization and university reform in Berlin and Berkeley are in some ways strikingly similar, but there is very little real communication among students in Berkeley, Berlin, London, and Madrid. Each context remains peculiar with complex local factors and only generally accessible to outsiders.

Berlin's students have been fascinated by direct-action tactics in the U.S. and have made some use of them in the past year. The terms "teach-in," "sit-in" and "picketing" have already become part of their vocabulary. In June of 1966 a very impressive direct-action took place in the Henry Ford building of the Free University. Some 4,000 students (about one fourth of the student body) gathered to protest the introduction of a policy of forced ex-matriculation after eight semesters in the faculties of law and medicine. The forced ex-matriculation ignores the real causes of the perceptibly lengthening period of study since World War II—poor libraries, overcrowded lectures, lack of course planning, and the general chaos of the German university. Above all, the decision was made without consulting those most immediately affected, the students.

The demonstration was staged during a meeting of the Academic Senate, chief administrative body of the university. The first stage of the demonstration was outside. The students sent a message to the senate asking to discuss the matter, they were turned down. Then they moved into the building for a sit-in and again requested a consultation. This time the *Rektor* came down, requested that the students leave, and promised there would be further discus-

sion of the matter. The students refused to leave, and the sit-in became a teach-in, lasting several hours.

Several concessions emerged from the Academic Senate that evening, but the significance of the event lay elsewhere. German students had proved that they could use massive direct-action with remarkable discipline and political sophistication. This year, in April, a similar demonstration took place in the same building. This time the *Rektor* called in the police to clear out the building. The police dragged out about 20 students but then gave up (providing the students with a moral victory) since they had several thousand to go.

The strongest and most interesting student political organization is the radically left-oriented *Sozialistische Deutsche Studentenbund* (SDS). Until 1960 it was the student organization of the Social Democratic Party. When the SPD took a turn to the conservative side the SDS refused to go along and was disaffiliated from the parent party. The SPD set up a new organization, the SHB, which by now is nearly as far to the left of the party as the SDS.

Not all demonstrations have been as conventional as the two described above. Last December several hundred students, many of them from the SDS, carried through a "walking demonstration" on Berlin's busy Kurfurstendamm to protest against police brutality during a Vietnam demonstration the previous weekend. Their plan was to discuss Vietnam and the police action with passersby in groups that would break up as soon as the police approached them. There were more police in and out of uniform than there were demonstrators. Approximately one hundred persons were arrested, including many non-demonstrators and two out-of-town journalists. The demonstration was short, but it did succeed in exposing the nervousness and ineptness of the Berlin police.

Many students have turned to these methods because orderly demonstrations are ignored consistently by the public communications media. A smaller group of students feels that political appeals are irrelevant, given the level of information and consciousness of the average Berliner. Accordingly they simply try to poke the society in its most sensitive spots and watch the absurd reactions. They feel that the exposure of neurotic, authoritarian behavior and panic in the establishment is the only sensible course of action for the present. Their demonstrations resemble happenings more than political action, and consist of burning Christmas trees, throwing pudding at visiting dignitaries and leading the establishment around by the nose whenever possible.

One of the groups utilizing this method most thoroughly is the Commune. Patterned after the Socialist communes of another day, this group strikes terror in the hearts of all moralistic, bourgeois West Berliners. Actually the Commune consists of

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seven or eight sensitive and humorous anarchists who feel that even thinking and acting tactically amounts to joining the establishment. Most of the other students feel that the Commune for the most part is apolitical but none of them fear it like the Springer Press does.

One member of this commune, Fritz Teufel, was arrested in front of the *Deutsche Oper* on June 2, and has been held ever since charged with disturbing the peace. Two police officers claim they saw him throwing rocks during the demonstration. However, their accounts are contradicted by more than 20 witnesses and convincing photographic material. An additional charge connected with the distribution of a satirical Vietnam leaflet several months old was considered but will surely have to be dropped. But rather than releasing Teufel on bail (as would have been done in the United States within 24 hours), the court has ordered a psychiatric examination and a reconvening of the preliminary hearings in September. It is clear that Teufel is intended to be a pedagogical example for others, and that the district attorney of West Berlin has herewith abandoned his presumed political neutrality. But Karl Heinz Kurras, the man who shot Benno Ohnesorg in the back of the head—and is charged with manslaughter—was never taken into custody.

This scandalous discrepancy in the treatment of persons accused before the law was the occasion for a hunger strike by about one hundred members and friends of SDS. They had hoped to carry out the strike in a church and had sympathetic consideration from several pastors. But the Church Headquarters in West Berlin, making a virtue of neutrality, advised a parish considering allowing the use of its building not to do so since a hunger strike was not seen as a contribution to mutual understanding. Only Bishop Kurt Scharff tried to intercede on behalf of Teufel, and has been bitterly attacked for doing so.

SDS leader Rudi Dutschke, the leading theoritician of the radical left in West Berlin, addressed a meeting held in the parish which originally was to house the hunger strike. He left the GDR seven years

ago, unable to gain admittance to a university because he was a conscientious objector. He is a product of the *Junge Gemeinde,* the church youth movement in the GDR. He is an intelligent, honest man, whose words from the pulpit on the subject of the church and political involvement were well worth hearing.

But for the conservative, humorless people of West Berlin's congregations, he is the *béte noir* and the symbol of all that threatens to change things. A cry of protest arose that the pulpit had been "desecrated." Pastors argued that the pulpit was a holy place. The generational gap in congregational meetings became more obvious than usual. The vicious, irate, emotional behavior of some Christians made me wonder whether they had learned anything from the catastrophe of the Third Reich.

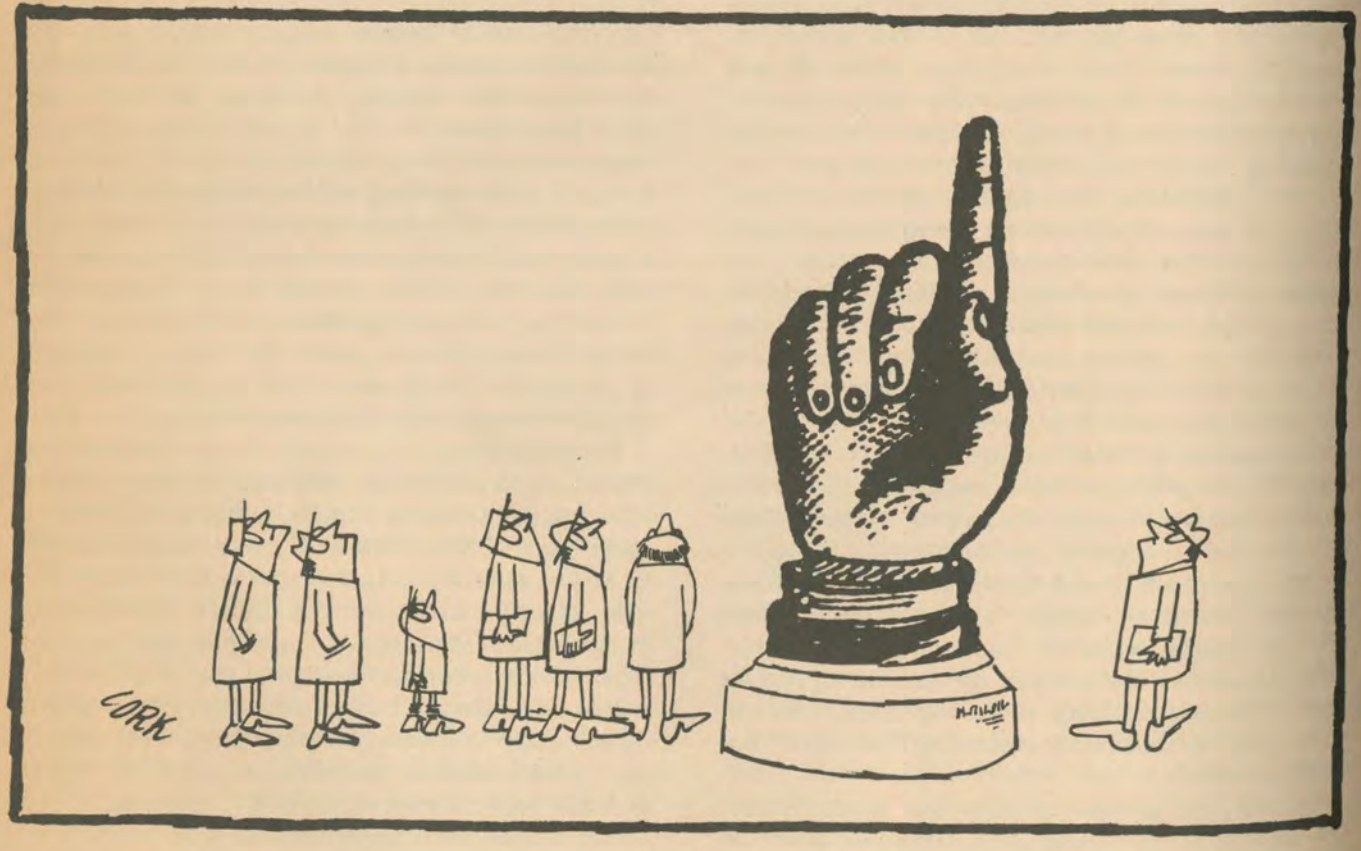
The hunger strike eventually was staged in the building of the *Evangelische Studentengemeinde,* the Protestant SCM. It lasted for 45 hours and was not continued because, again, the Church Headquarters felt it was not appropriate.

The conflict in Berlin will not die out; nor will there be any peace or freedom at Berlin's Free University—especially as long as no serious, long overdue academic reform is undertaken, and as long as West Berlin's establishment press continues to treat student political involvement as communist subversion or anti-social behavior.

The coming semester promises to be a turbulent one. Students are talking about a "go-in" to be conducted in the West Berlin Senate, and they are planning massive direct action against the Springer Press. Even pupils in many of West Germany's schools have been politicized. Students from the FU have conducted lively discussion groups there following the events of June 2.

A "Critical University" has been planned and a catalog offering courses and seminars on problems ignored by the normal curriculum already has been published. Unfortunately, the term "Free University" cannot be taken since that title is already occupied.

Certain contradictions in West Germany's formal democracy have caught up with the system in West Berlin. As in the United States, the ritual of democratic education has been taken too seriously by some of Germany's young people. It is difficult to judge the prospects of the emerging extra-parliamentary opposition, but one can say that the student rebellion in West Berlin is one of the most authentic signs of hope for a healthy democracy in West Germany since the end of World War II.



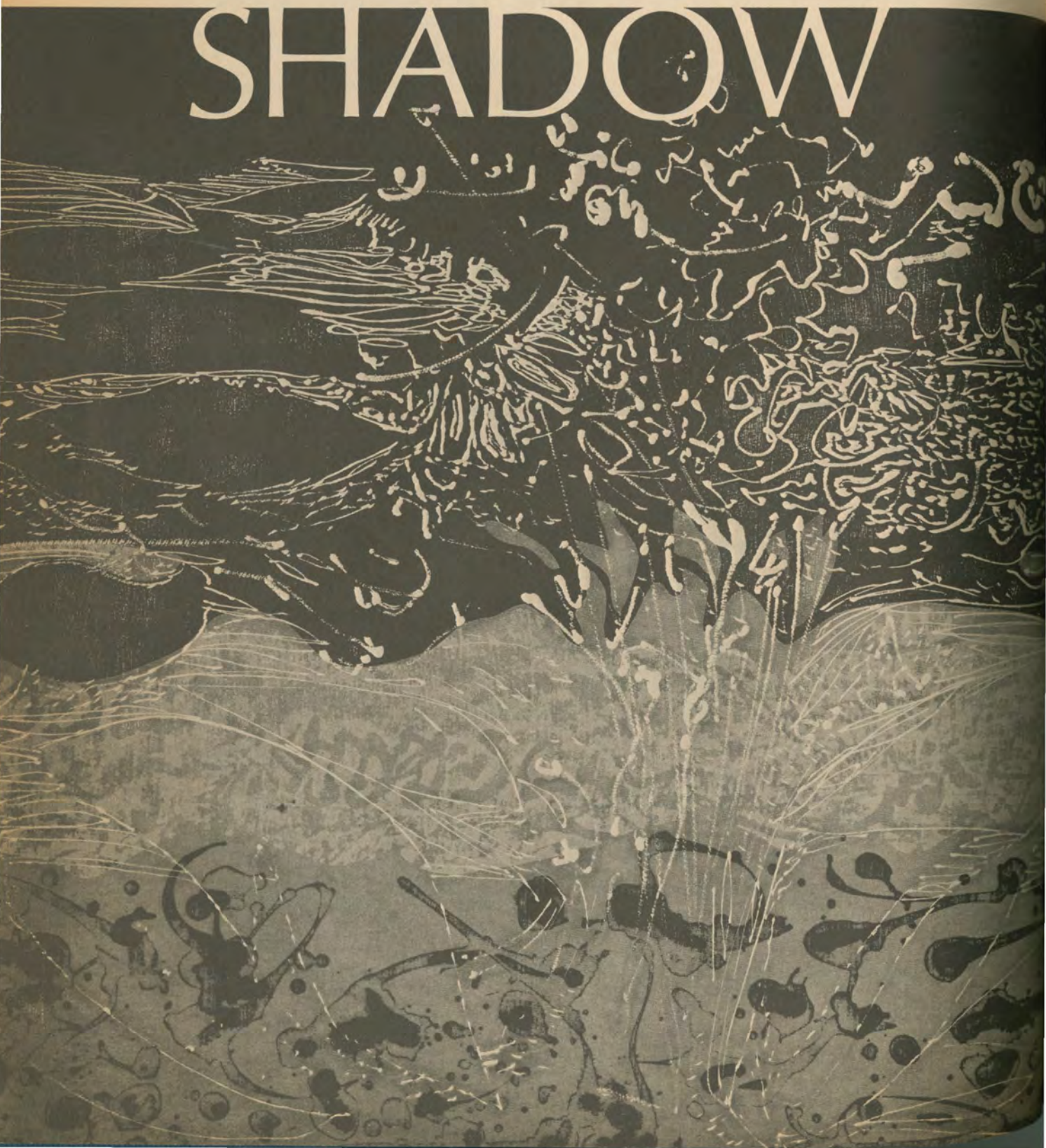
PERHAPS I SHOULD HAVE GONE TO DIVINITY SCHOOL BUT WOULD IT, AFTER ALL, HAVE MADE A DIFFERENCE

How well I recall my education
And why should I not, for it absorbed more than
Two out of every five days I have lived so far:
Conventional at first but mostly progressive:
Urban, suburban and small-town: from slum
To Long and Manhattan and Conanicut Islands
With mainland interludes between:
Yorkville, Astoria, P. S. 65, Hamilton Grange,
Fieldston, Columbia, Yale, Huntington, Camp
Blanding, Camp Ritchie, Fort Getty and even Berlitz:
Individual-centered, group-oriented, Western and Christian:

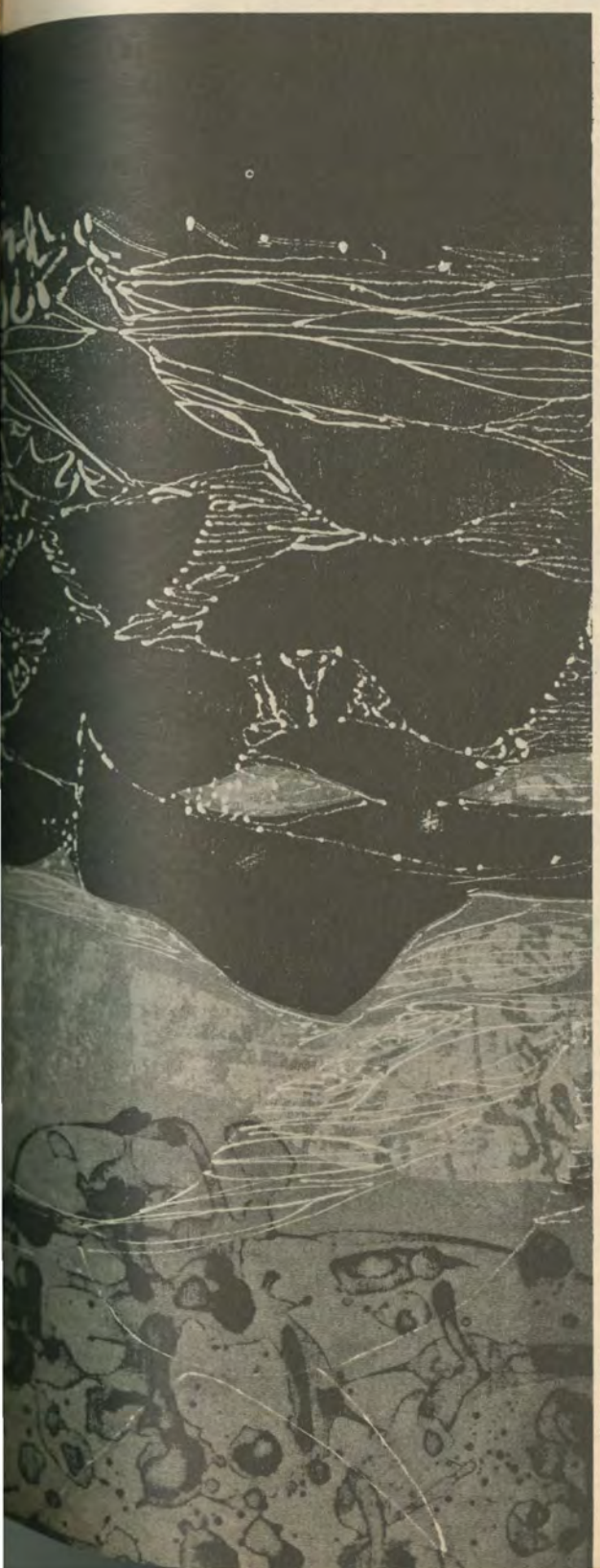
French, Greek and Latin, Italian, German:
Lenrow, Lipari, Mizener and Mack, T. V.
Smith and Henry Lee Smith and Herbert W.
Smith: the long view and Ethical Culture
and cultural anthropology and Malinowski
Blind by the time I sat at his side in the seminar
And he groped for my pack of cigarettes and he said
"Mr. Pauker you are a humbug but I like you"
And that was the closest—
but, really, never a word
About the tremors, the torments, the terrors, the tyranny,
In nearly twenty years of intensive trained incapacity
Never a word, never a word about love,
That humbug.

—JOHN PAUKER

BETWEEN S and SHADOW



UBSTANCE



GEORGE NAMA

SERIGRAPH

By ROSS TERRILL

MANILA, AUGUST 1967

The Far East," wrote *Look* last May, "is now our Far West."

That is true, in a way. Coming East in 1967, one is aware of the dramatic shift of U.S. attention from Europe to Asia. The missionary mind of LBJ has little zeal for the cynical sophisticates of Europe. Rather, the needy masses of the East dominate his attention, for they seem straight-forward enough to appreciate his efforts to catapult them into the C20 with his left hand while he shields them from the monster of communism with the right.

U.S. planes whirl above; U.S. military men spend dollars and patronize local girls on their "R&R" (Rest and Recreation, better known as "I&I"—Intercourse and intoxication). Almost three fourths of the 1.2 million U.S. military located outside its borders are now in the East.

Three times President Johnson has come East; only once—for a funeral—to Europe.

Vietnam, not Berlin, keeps the world awake nights. Kosygin flies to Niagara in a U.S. Air Force jet, while other U.S. jets pound Hanoi. But Kosygin is a *European* communist; he no longer lurks behind a curtain of unfamiliarity and fear like Asian communists. He could do what he liked in Europe and Washington wouldn't resist him. But let an Asian communist lift a finger, even write a pamphlet, and the Free World reaches for its gun. 'Aggression' must not be tolerated in the East, though it may be in Hungary.

If Woodrow Wilson sought a world "Safe for Democracy," and Kennedy a world "Safe for Diversity," Johnson seems bent on a world "Safe from the Menace of Chinese communism."

For it is China which hovers over political conversations here in Asia. Mao may be busy with his Cultural Revolution, but he could hardly command more anxiety from U.S. officials if he had his army all over Asia.

TWO GIANTS MEET

The impression one gets over here is that a U.S.-China confrontation is in the making. When I first

traveled in Asia seven years ago, nonalignment was still a widespread reality. Nehru, Sukarno, Bandaranaike, and other leaders of the Bandung era had political room in which to maneuver because it was Europe, not Asia, that lay paralyzed under the spell of the tension between two giants.

The scene is now transformed. U.S. power in the region has increased greatly. So, too, in a less tangible way, has the impact of China. The Johnson era and the war in Vietnam to which this messianic Texan has committed his career has heightened U.S.-China tension. China has reciprocated. She is developing nuclear weapons and her Cultural Revolution has begun to produce Maoist ferment among Chinese outside of China, notably, this past summer, in Hong Kong and Burma.

The result is an aggravation of the existing tension between the American substance and the Chinese shadow. The two giants will not deal with each other, but they provide a problem with which all other nations will have to deal.

To some small nations, the two powers seem like a vice which crushes them. To others, there occurs the possibility of doing what Sihounouk does: snatch independence out of a middle position.

To most, however, the U.S. is their official friend, while China appeals indirectly to those who see in her experience solutions to their own twin problems of *de facto* dependence on foreign power and low levels of per capita income. To such nations, the result is often acute social tension, with democracy and freedom its victims. The U.S. steps up its military efforts, proclaiming all the while its intention to make social revolution. But militarization does not solve the twin problems; paradoxically, the appeal of communism to significant sections of the intelligentsia and peasantry actually increases the more the U.S. tries to defend Asians against communism.

The left hand of the U.S., indeed, sometimes does not know what the right hand is doing. The military right hand breeds the very communists who defeat the efforts of the progressive left hand to help Asia forward by the evolutionary path. A Filipino writer, discussing with me the sagging performance of the South Vietnamese army, observed: "If the U.S. were not in Vietnam, far more Vietnamese would be fighting against the Vietcong than at present." The U.S. presence breeds communists, yet simultaneously seems to reduce the readiness of local noncommunists to resist communism.

If Vietnam is now the classic expression of this pattern, many moderate, sober people here argue that the Philippines is a potential second expression. Let me dwell upon the Philippines as a particular case reflecting a general Asian problem.

LBJ'S 'NEW ASIA'

"Too far from God, too close to the U.S.," the Philippines has experienced all that the U.S. embrace can offer. No other power has been permitted to spoil or contest the U.S. performance. It is a test case for Johnson's "New Asia." Yet its problems grow, to the point where one of the major political figures of the nation (in an executive office) told me that revolution is on the horizon, and that it will be a revolution which moderate progressives like himself will not be able to control.

President Marcos has admitted that the eighty

SERIGRAPH

HARRY KRUG

per cent who are poor are falling further and further behind the affluent one per cent. Unemployment runs higher than one million in a nation of thirty-two million. Import prices are rising twice as fast as export prices. The country remains eighty per cent agricultural, yet still has to import rice. The rate of growth is low (4.6%) for a developing country while the birth rate is one of the world's highest (3.2%).

The Government concedes that the Huk insurgents in Central Luzon are increasing their strength, as they did before the 1949-50 uprising. Nationalist feeling is bubbling higher, not only among intellectuals but among some businessmen as well, and the target of it is the United States. Corruption and crime so bedevil the nation that the Liberal Party (the party of former President Macapagal, now the opposition party) has just come out with a new platform which declares, "The nation is in agony."

In village streets north of Manila, Coca-Cola and

TOM HOLLAND

AQUATINT

Pepsi mount an omnipresent advertising war, as do ESSO, Caltex and other gasoline companies (poverty-stricken peasants gaze up at an advertisement which begins: "After your exhausting car rally . . ."). Such business zeal is of little relevance to the crying need for irrigation, higher productivity, and broader planning in the countryside.

Parallel contrasts leap out in Manila. Sleek new business blocks coexist with terrible poverty and a lack of proper public roads makes riding a bus like riding a horse. Foreign tourists flit in and out of the Hotel Manila and Hotel Filipinas. Do they ever wonder why the little boys who open the door for them aren't in school?

On the international level, there are haunting ironies. Six thousand Filipino nurses and four thousand Filipino doctors work in the U.S., despite the chronic shortage of both at home. Food is being imported daily, yet the Government spends millions to send its men to fight in Vietnam.

THE AMERICAN EMBRACE

To understand such inconsistencies, you must understand the degree to which Filipino society continues to be shaped by outside events. Since the Spanish conquest in 1521, the Philippines have been something of a pawn of international powers. Although formally independent since 1946, she is still what a Foreign Ministry spokesman calls "semi-colonial" now.

In practice, the independence of the Philippines is severely reduced by the fact that she is part of Johnson's "New Asia." The three U.S. military bases —Clark, Sangley, and Subic—make the islands one of the prime targets, politically and militarily, for the communists. As for the U.S. Embassy, a high political figure described it to me as "a second government."

The American embrace has tended to keep the Philippines artificially sealed off from any part of the world unfriendly to Washington. No diplomat,

journalist, trader, or student from the communist world is to be found in Manila. There is a law banning travel to and trade with communist countries. The film on China made by Felix Greene was banned from general showing.

Such an artificial isolation is bound to be self-defeating. Communism cannot be kept away by decree. The attempt to do it probably increases the disruptive impact which communism has when it breaks through the legal restrictions, as it always does. In fact, a number of intellectuals, including leading journalists and a party of students, has recently visited China. The editor of the liberal weekly, *Free Press,* actually had authority from President Marcos to discuss possible trade between Peking and Manila, having breakfasted with Marcos just before the editor's departure (officially illegal) for China. Members of the Congress also have made visits, and there are students at the University of the Philippines wearing Mao badges. Some of the leaders of the burgeoning nationalist movement have not only visited China, but are keen and serious students of Chinese communist thought and strategy.

There has indeed been more recent communication between the Philippines and China—illegal as it is—than between the U.S. and China. Whatever may be the wishes of Washington, it is proving impossible to isolate China from even the closest friends of the U.S. The prohibition adds an edge to the appetite of Filipino radicals to know China and predisposes them to come out with uncritically glowing impressions of China.

There are 450,000 university students in the Philippines, many of whom will not find satisfying jobs, and among them—including some of the most able—nationalist feeling is flowering. They blame U.S. dominance for the uneven economic development, political disunity, unreal isolation from the non-capitalist world, and most other social ills. The vulnerability of the Philippines as a magnet for attack if the Vietnam war widens adds to the resentment.

This generation is too young to remember the struggle at the side of the U.S. against Japanese aggression. They are not anti-Japanese like many of their elders, nor do they cling to the still widespread "myth of the American as our knight in shining armor." (The words are those of Foreign Secretary Ramos from a remarkable July 14 speech.) When 1974 brings the end of the Laurel-Langley agreement which governs U.S.-Filipino economic relations (which gives equal privileges to Americans and Filipinos in the exploitation of Filipino national resources), these students will fight powerfully against its continuation.

But will the thunder clouds of the Asian international situation, and the peasant discontent within, allow the next seven years to follow in an evolutionary path as the last seventeen? President Marcos himself says that the nation is sitting "on the top of a volcano" which could erupt any time if the yawning gulf between rich and poor is not soon closed. One of Manila's leading journalists, not a man on the left, compared the present stage of the Philippines to that of Cuba before the coming of Castro.

Most observers consider that a revolution sparked from within Filipino society itself is not imminent. Marcos is not a Batista, and as of this writing there are flickers of possibility—in his land program and in his offer of amnesty to the Huks—that he may move at least toward the moderately progressive position of Magsaysay, who blunted the organizational strength and some of the appeal of the Huks after the 1950 uprising.

The free press is a significant safety valve and there is moderate freedom of expression, unless it is a question of communism. "Stand in the middle of the street in Djakarta," observed a Filipino friend, "and say 'Suharto ought to be murdered' and you will be arrested for a political crime. Stand in a Manila street (or rather a Manila pothole) and say 'Marcos ought to be murdered' and you will be arrested for obstructing traffic." That is a mark of political civilization.

But a revolutionary spark from abroad, arising from Vietnam and the kind of clash of power, culture and ideology in Asia which Vietnam reflects, seems a strong possibility unless that war and the U.S.-China confrontation are soon checked. "If Clark Air Base were used in the pursuit of U.S. interests in an Asian war," said one observer, "a revolutionary movement, strongly tinged with anarchism, would break out in this country."

That is one way it could happen. Another would be as a result of some reversal or decline of U.S. power in the Far East. Pinned so tightly to the coattails of Uncle Sam, the Philippines would likely undergo a sudden political transformation if those coattails were whisked away.

In other words, the power of the U.S. in the Philippines is so great that the future of Filipino politics has become bound up with the future of U.S. power. The U.S. Embassy is quick and proud to point out this connection. They are not so quick to admit that the Philippines is infinitely more vulnerable in this entanglement than the U.S. If an enemy bombed the U.S. bases in the Philippines in response to a U.S. attack, people in the U.S. would not suffer at all but the Philippines could be devastated, as South Vietnam is being devastated. Although the U.S.-Philippine tie makes no impact on American life, it impinges at a thousand points—from the seduction of the dollar to the GI seeking "I&I"—on the social and political life of the Philippines.

Almost everyone, inside the government and outside, agrees that there must be change. There seem to be two options for the form it might take.

Marxist revolution is one, whereby the problems of "imperialism" and "feudalism" would be tackled simultaneously by violent upheaval. The tripod of power—U.S., landlords, church—would be overturned, in the Cuban pattern. Many serious people urge such a solution, and many other serious people, though opposed to it, half expect it. Such an overthrow would no doubt solve many problems, just as it would bring in its wake the familiar rigidities and repressions of communist dictatorship. Should such a revolution be opposed by the U.S. along Vietnam lines, of course nothing would be solved and the country would become a great cauldron of suffering.

There seems to me to be another option. The Philippines could gain the time she needs for evolutionary solution to her problems and become master in her own house *if she could play the U.S. off against the one power in Asia that the U.S. has no influence upon: China.*

FILIPINO NATIONAL INTERESTS

It is the power inequality between Manila and Washington which has to be confronted if the Philippines is to develop according to Filipino national interests. The Philippines is too small to stand up against the U.S. in a "two-man" confrontation. But if a balance of power could be struck, as between China and the U.S., the impact of this power inequality could be blunted. Neither the U.S., nor China, nor the U.S.S.R. can order small nations around if those nations have strong links to another great power. Washington cannot influence Cambodia as she can the Dominican Republic, for Cambodia is near to and quite friendly with China. Moscow cannot command compliance from Rumania as she can from Bulgaria, for Rumania has a foot in the door with Moscow's giant adversary, China. China cannot obtain from Cuba the obedience she gets from Albania, for Cuba, unlike Albania, retains its close ties with the USSR.

Peking recently offered to sell rice to the Philippines at only sixty per cent of the price she now pays for American rice. Manila refused, on the ground that Peking required that the shipments be labelled "from the People's Republic of China" and that a Chinese trading agency be established in Manila. So the Philippines government sacrificed hard economic gain—in a very poor nation—because the brittleness of the Filipino political atmosphere and the views of the U.S. could not accommodate the harsh reality that China exists.

A dramatic contrast to the rice issue is presented by the matter of textbooks which come from the U.S. Under War Damage agreements, the U.S. is to supply nearly three million school textbooks to the Philippines. Though the money was due automatically to the Philippines, Manila had to agree that each book would be stamped "made available by the people of the U.S.A." This small requirement (was Peking's over rice any larger?) irritates many Filipinos and the irritation expresses the frustration that arises from the one-track foreign policy stance of the Philippine government. Irritation with the U.S., isolation from other powers; heightened appeal of China to its angry intellectuals: a poor harvest from a foreign policy stance.

If President Marcos was prepared to maneuver himself into a middle position between China and the U.S., lowering the ideological temperature in the Philippines and treating practical matters as practical matters, he could make a decision on issues like that of the rice and the textbooks in far greater freedom than at present. A middle stance would be unlikely to lessen U.S. readiness to aid the Philippines and it would yield certain benefits from the communist powers.

One can only hope that China and the U.S. will come to accept that it is not in the interests of peace and progress for them to try to control Asian nations. General Wheeler, chairman of the U.S. Joint Chiefs of Staff, said last May, "We would not like to see one nation dominate all of Europe or all of Asia." (What about Latin America?) When General Wheeler and his colleagues can see that for millions of us who live in the Pacific, that axiom is reasonably directed at the U.S. as well as at China, then will peace and progress be more assured in the East than today.

Look recently quoted the colonel of the Vietnam psychological warfare operation as saying, "You can't kill everyone in the world who doesn't agree with you. You have to change some of their minds." Asians will doubtless prefer that the U.S. try to persuade rather than kill them. But is it not still a messianic outlook to see foreign policy in terms of killing *or* propagandizing dissenting peoples and nations?

Writing from Manila, I cannot help feeling that the temperature in this part of the world would be usefully lowered if the U.S. were more Machiavellian and less idealist; if she thought of foreign policy simply in terms of her own national interests, rather than of persuading Asians that freedom and democracy in the U.S. style are the bread of life. Millions of Asians admire the U.S. and acknowledge her generosity. But the same millions insist that to be fully master in their own house is an irreducible fundamental which no measure of generosity, no ringing call to ideological battle, can be permitted to eclipse. LBJ said to the American people in May 1966, "We all deeply regret that in eighteen months we have not been able to bring peace to the world." If his "New Asia" concept is predicated on the conviction that the U.S. can "bring" peace to Asia, it will attract only puppet Asians, not proud—much less powerful—Asians and it will thus flicker out before the winds of nationalism.

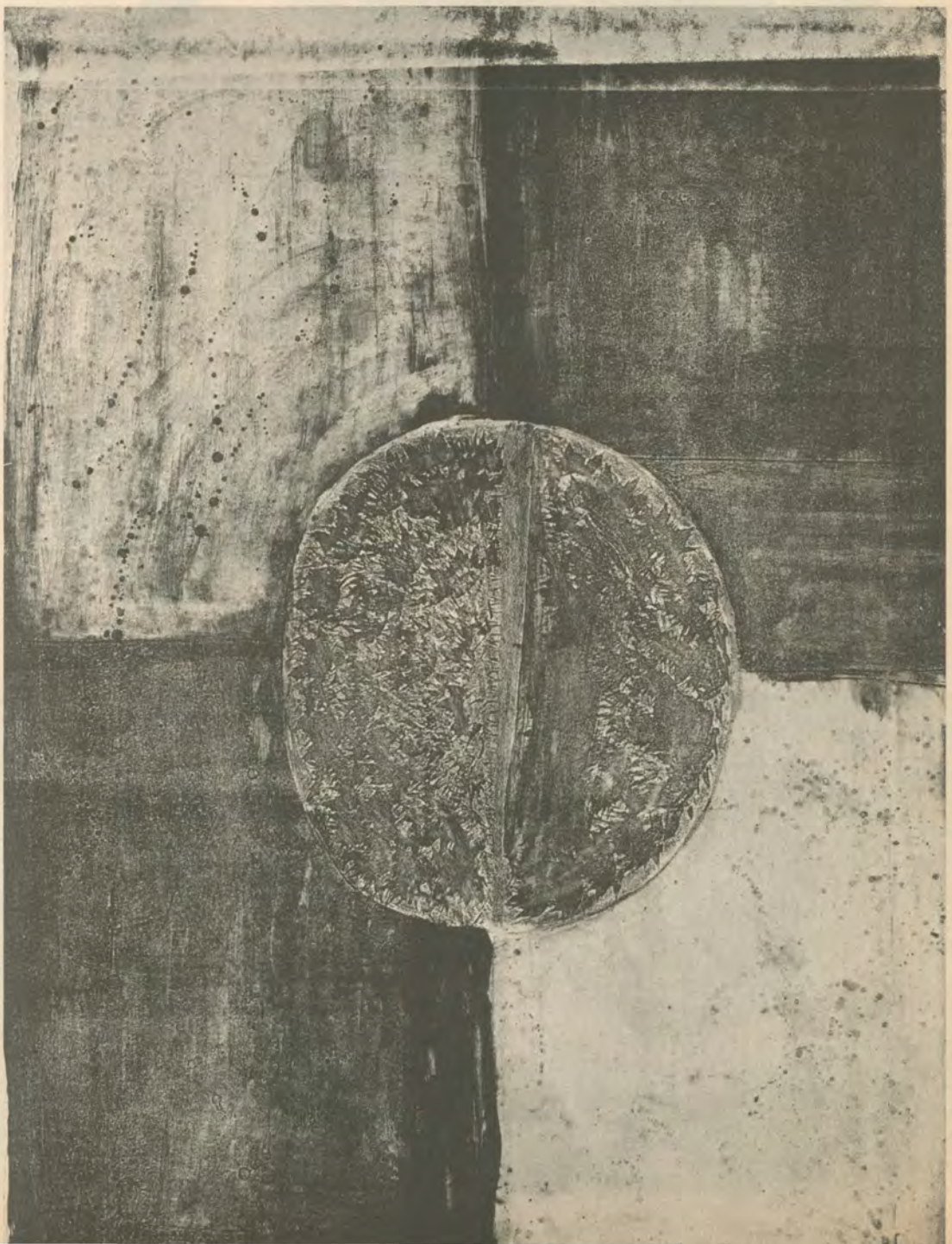
"If we don't control Asia, some other power will," U.S. officials out here say again and again. The hope of peace and progress, however, to many Asians depends upon avoiding this either-or psychology. Peace depends upon the attainment of a mutuality between China and the U.S., which would take the political, ideological and military pressure off the smaller Asian nations. Such mutuality has been attained between the U.S. and the USSR. The tragedy is that in Asia, the U.S. and China seem bent in the opposite direction. The result is tension, danger of war, and a deep and growing distrust of both China and the U.S. in many parts of Asia.

In Hong Kong I recently observed a spasm of Chinese messianism in the form of the summer riots. Most Hong Kong Chinese don't care a chopstick for ideological politics, but some communists, giddy with the thought of Mao, pursue messianic schemes regardless.

In other parts of Asia, Americans—like the colonel in Vietnam—do much the same, deaf to the twin demands of most of the people for rapid economic progress and independence from foreign control.

The U.S. (and perhaps China, too) probably does not want war, but appears to want things that cannot be obtained without fighting wars. In Asia as a whole, only mutual acceptance by the U.S. and China of each others interests can put an end to this madness. Much of Asia will remain in an explosive condition until that more sober day dawns.

FRIE



LITHOGRAPH

SONG FOR SOMEONE GOING AWAY

1

Sometimes you'll feel OK
(When you're there
A while,
And you begin
Not to notice things.)

Just being one of
The people there,
And not worrying
About messages
Getting back to me.

Pretend you're
Going to be there
A long time.

Then you'll be
All right.

2

If you don't want
To give them too much
Of yourself,
Look for pigeons
And think how pigeons
Are almost the same
Everywhere.

Try to believe that
For a time.
But tell me about them
Later, after you know
You want to.

And when you feel OK.

3

Let the moon do the
Writing.
Then, after you're sure
You're there, finally,
If you want to then,
Write the moon to me.

Then you can reach
Inside you,
After you're sure.

—GREG KUZMA

ETCHING

SHARON KAY BEHRENDS

THE PRIVATE SEA: LSD and the Search for God

By WILLIAM BRADEN

At a party in Chicago, a young man under the influence of LSD seized a live kitten and ate it. Later, in an effort to explain his action, he said he had felt an urgent need to experience everything.

The story is revolting, of course, and possibly apocryphal; but the incident is by no means improbable, and it does make the point—that LSD is powerful medicine, and that the consequences of its use are often bizarre and terrifying. While it now appears that health authorities have exaggerated the threat of self-destruction or mental breakdown, the fact remains that LSD is dangerous. The nature of the danger, however, may be other than is commonly supposed, and it is possible the alarmists are not nearly as alarmed as they should be. Almost anything may happen when LSD produces the negative reaction that inner-space voyagers refer to as a "bad trip," and such a reaction is by no means uncommon; but LSD also can result in a good trip, which is more to the point, and the good trip may in the long run have graver consequences than the bad. Indeed, there are implications in the use of LSD which are far more disturbing perhaps than an occasional suicide or psychosis.

Assume just for a moment that LSD's cultists are actually doing what they suppose they are doing. If you can take their own word for it, they have been tinkering with the gears of the universe. They have rushed in where Sigmund Freud feared to tread, invading a region of the human psyche from which the father of psychoanalysis recoiled in horror. They have penetrated a realm of Egyptian darkness—courageously, perhaps, or recklessly it may be—and in doing so they have raised fundamental questions about man and God.

Whatever the answers, the questions are valid. They are not new questions but very old ones, and some have their roots in a philosophical tradition which predates Western civilization. LSD has merely given them a renewed emphasis.

THROUGH PSYCHEDELIC EYES

On a good trip the LSD voyager may feel he has penetrated to the godhead itself. But is it really the godhead he sees? Or is it the Medusa?

Before we describe what LSD does, let us first ask what it is. That is a much easier question to handle, admittedly, and it is mildly ironic that this is so. Where the mysteries of nature are concerned, the situation is usually reversed, as Bertrand Russell has pointed out in the case of electricity. Science can describe very accurately what electricity does but hasn't the foggiest notion what it really is. As for LSD, it is a synthetic drug: d-lysergic acid diethylamide tartrate, compounded from a constituent of a rye fungus known as ergot. Its general history by now is a twice-told tale and then some, so we shall be brief about it. LSD was first synthesized in 1938 by Dr. Albert Hofmann, a biochemist at the Sandoz pharmaceutical firm in Basel, Switzerland; but he did not know what he had created until 1943, when he accidentally inhaled or otherwise absorbed a small amount of LSD and thus discovered the drug's curious properties. It produced uncanny distortions of space and time and hallucinations that were weird beyond belief. It also produced a state of mind in which the objective world appeared to take on a new and different meaning. These effects, and the agents which produce them, are now referred to as psychedelic—a generic term which means "mind manifesting," which in turn means nothing. The word has come into common usage simply because of its neutral connotation; due to the con-

troversy involved, it is the only word so far that all sides have been willing to accept. It is used as both noun and adjective.

Unlike heroin, opium, and alcohol, LSD apparently is not addictive. This means simply that prolonged use of the drug, so far as we can tell at this time, does not create a *physiological* craving or dependency based on changes in a subject's body chemistry—changes that are produced by liquor and junk—and there are no physiological withdrawal symptoms when use of the drug is terminated. LSD on the other hand may be *psychologically habituating;* but this, after all, can also be said of chewing gum and watching television.

There are literally scores of psychedelic substances, natural and synthetic, and LSD is only one of many agents capable of producing a full-fledged psychedelic experience. Identical effects can be obtained from Indian hemp and its derivatives, including hashish; from the peyote cactus and its extract, mescaline; from a Mexican mushroom and its laboratory counterpart, psilocybin, which Dr. Hofmann synthesized in 1958. Hemp and peyote have been used as psychedelics for centuries, and mescaline was on the market before the turn of the century. LSD's uniqueness lies in the fact that it is very easy to make—and megapotent. According to the Food and Drug Administration, a single gram of LSD can provide up to ten thousand doses, each of them capable of producing an experience lasting up to twelve hours or longer.

Scientists seized upon the drug as a tool for research and therapy, and literally thousands of technical papers have been devoted to it. Since LSD appeared to mimic some symptoms of psychosis, it offered possible insights into the sufferings of mental patients—although psychotherapists later came to doubt that it produces what was first referred to as a model psychosis. Preliminary research indicated it might be useful in the treatment of alcoholism and neurosis, and it also served to ease the anguish of terminal patients. In small doses, in controlled situations, it appeared to enhance creativity and productivity. But the public at large knew nothing of LSD until 1963, when two professors, Timothy Leary and Richard Alpert, lost their posts at Harvard University in the wake of charges that they had involved students in reckless experiments with the drug. Leary went on to become more or less the titular leader of the drug movement, in which capacity he soon ran afoul of the law, and the movement spread to campuses and cities across the country. By and large, it seemed at first to develop as a middle-class phenomenon, attracting to its ranks mainly students and intellectuals, liberal ministers, artists and professional people, as well as bearded pariahs. Official panic provoked a wave of legislation which ended or seriously hindered almost all legitimate research programs; the legislation did little or nothing to discourage the drug movement, which received its supplies from black market sources.

Depending upon the point of view, Dr. Hofmann assumed the role of a Prometheus or Pandora. In correspondence I once asked him if he sometimes felt like the latter, to which he replied: "In my opinion, every discovery in the field of natural science is to be positively viewed, and thus also the discovery of LSD. If one wishes to deplore the discovery of LSD, then one must also view the discovery of morphine negatively, for morphine, one of the most valuable gifts of pharmacy, is just as dangerous and destructive as LSD when used improperly. There are no forces in the universe that are bad in themselves. It is always up to man whether he will make good or bad use of them." And if Dr. Hofmann's words have a familiar ring, perhaps they are reminiscent of the statements nuclear physicists were making in 1945.

LSD is a colorless, odorless, tasteless drug. It is taken orally for the most part, and the precise nature of its action upon the brain and nervous system has not been determined. It is believed, however, that only a minute portion of the tiny dose ever reaches the brain, and even this disappears in less than an hour. Possibly, then, LSD sets off a reaction which continues long after the drug itself has been dissipated. As Dr. Sidney Cohen, a leading medical authority on LSD, expressed it, "The drug acts to trigger a chain of metabolic processes which then proceed to exert an effect for many hours afterward." In hipsters' terminology, the subject is "turned on." And the experience begins.

The nature of the experience will depend on countless factors, which are commonly summed up as "set" and "setting": that is, the mood of the subject and the environment in which the drug is administered. The subject becomes highly suggestible, and the slightest false note can result in the nightmare of a bad trip. Most experiences will include a hallucinatory period, in which fantastic visions occur, and in some cases it is possible to see sounds and hear colors —the result of sensory short-circuiting, referred to in the literature as synesthesia. One subject reported that he could taste the categorical imperative (which he said was something like veal). These very weird effects have received considerable publicity; when they are pleasurable, they—and some-

LITHOGRAPH MOSCOSO

times sexual stimulation—constitute what may be regarded as the "kicks" aspect of LSD. But the drug movement cultists are not concerned with kicks in this sense. Skilled travelers say they can avoid the hallucinatory period altogether and thus are able to achieve and prolong the "central experience." There does appear to be such an experience, and this is what the cultists refer to when they speak of a good trip. It does not always occur, and some people may never achieve it; it must be sought after, perhaps, and expectation may be a significant factor in its production. But it does exist, and it is the very basis of the cult.

THE GOOD TRIP

From various sources, then, let us see if we can construct a typology of this central or core experience. While the problems of description are notorious, in most cases the mind will appear to operate at a new level of consciousness in which:

1. The sense of self or personal ego is utterly lost. Awareness of individual identity evaporates. "I" and "me" are no more. Subject-object relationships dissolve, and the world no longer ends at one's

fingertips: the world is simply an extension of the body, or the mind. The world shimmers, as if it were charged with a high-voltage current, and the subject feels he could melt into walls, trees, other persons. It is not that the world lacks substance; it is real, but one is somehow conterminous with it. And it is fluid, shifting. One is keenly aware of the atomic substructure of reality; he can feel the spinning motion of the electrons in what he used to call his body, and he senses the incredible emptiness that lies within the atoms, where the electron planets circle their proton suns at distances which are comparably as vast as those in the solar system itself. Thus it seems only natural that one could pass through a wall, if only it were possible to get all the atoms lined up properly for just one moment. In the vastness of outer space, is it not a fact that billion-starred galaxies are able to drift through each other like clouds of smoke or astral ghosts, without a single collision?

As for identity, it is not really lost. On the contrary, it is found; it is expanded to include all that is seen and all that is not seen. What occurs is simply depersonalization. The subject looks back on his pre-drug existence as some sort of game or make-believe in which, for some reason, he had felt called upon to assume the reduced identity or smaller self called "I." Being had concentrated its attention at a single point in order to create, and play, the game of writer, banker, cat burglar. Or so it now seems. If there is any analogy to this in normal existence, is it not perhaps the moment when one awakens from sleep? In that case, what is the first thing one asks oneself? "Where am I?" Or isn't it rather, "Who am I?" And then, in an effort of will, attention is concentrated to re-create the role that was lost in sleep. Thus in the drug experience, as in sleep, the normal state of tension is relaxed. Home at last, after that dreadful party, Being slips out of her stays, so to speak, and breathes an ontological sigh of celestial relief. Consciousness is allowed to scatter, and the subject at last can be Himself again.

The subject is somehow united with the Ground of his Being, with the life force that has created the visible world. He *remembers*. And what he remembers is the true identity that underlies all the individual egos of the world. He is one again with the universe, the eternal, the Absolute.

He has found himself again. He is made whole again. That which he once knew, he has remembered.

(But when did he know it? And when did he forget?)

2. Time stops. Or, in any case, it ceases to be important. And perhaps it would be more accurate to say that memory and forethought stop. The subject is content to exist in the moment—in the here and now. And time has no meaning in the here and now. Bergson suggested that the sense of time consists simply of arrests of our attention. Seconds and minutes do not really exist; they are artificially created "immobilities" dreamed up by science, which is unable to comprehend flux, mobility, or the dynamic character of life itself. Installed within true movement, said Bergson, the mind would lose its normal sense of time, since the normal function of the intellect is to foresee, so as to act upon things. "We must strive to see in order to see," he said, "and no longer to see in order to act." This is precisely what happens in the psychedelic experience, where forethought is anesthetized. Without forethought there is no anticipation. Without anticipation there is no desire. And time stops.

3. Words lose all meaning. In the here and now there are no abstractions. An object represents only that which it is. It is perceived as a *Ding-an-Sich*, a thing-in-itself, and it matters not whether Kant said that sort of perception is impossible. Kant never took LSD. If he had, he would have known that rose is a rose is a rose is a rose.

The same feeling is captured in childhood perhaps. As Wordsworth wrote, recalling his boyish days when nature was all in all:

> . . . I cannot paint
> What then I was. The sounding cataract
> Haunted me like a passion: the tall rock,
> The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
> Their colours and their forms, were then to me
> An appetite; a feeling and a love,
> That had no need of a remoter charm,
> By thought supplied, nor any interest
> Unborrowed from the eye.—That time is past,
> And all its aching joys are now no more,
> And all its dizzy raptures.

The psychedelic experience is similar but multiplied at least a thousand times over. Coincidentally, Havelock Ellis wrote, after experimenting with mescaline in the 1890's: "If it should ever chance that the consumption of mescal becomes a habit, the favorite poet of the mescal drinker will certainly be Wordsworth."

But thing-in-itself perception is beyond all language. It is, in fact, the antithesis of language, which is the real cause of our normal inability to see the thing-in-itself. This is so because we think in words, and words are abstractions or symbols of things; as a result, we tend to think and perceive in symbols. Thus the American flag fluttering on the Fourth of July is seen in terms of Concord and Lexington. The flag-in-itself is never seen; we must always associate it with something else. And so on. And the

English language is especially crippling because of its painful stress on simile and metaphor. Thus a rose isn't a rose; it's what my love is like. Ruskin quite properly attacked the pathetic fallacy as evidence of a "morbid state of mind." But the psychedelic experience suggests that all figures of speech reflect the same unhealthy attitude—and that speech itself is a web of deceit. The Greek poets sensed this. For the Greeks, as Edith Hamilton pointed out, a thing of beauty was never a symbol of something else, but only itself. A star was just a star, a primrose a primrose. "That a skylark was like a glow-worm golden in a dell of dew, or like a poet hidden in the light of thought, would have been straight nonsense to them. A skylark was just a skylark. Birds were birds and nothing else, but how beautiful a thing was a bird, 'that flies over the foam of the wave with careless heart, sea-purple bird of spring.' " And if symbols as such are deceptive, how much worse are the symbols of use. We look at a peach, and we see something to eat. We look at a field, and we wonder how many bushels of wheat it will yield. We meet somebody for the first time, and we ask ourselves what this new person can do for us. Can we play bridge with him? Sell him some insurance? Worst of all, we look at our loved ones even in terms of our own needs, emotional and otherwise. In the terminology of Martin Buber, we live in the world of I-It. We associate things, and we use things, and we never look at the thing-in-itself in the here and now. Moreover, we cannot look upon an object without thinking the word which symbolizes it. Tree. Lamp. Table. But the psychedelic world is the world of pure experience and pure relation; it is the world of I-Thou. In this world, for example, a tree is not a source of timber or shade. A tree is to look at. And it is not a tree. It is *that*, there. Now. And that is a that is a that is a that.

NO ABSTRACT TIGERS

4. There are no dualities. Sweet and sour, good and evil —these also are abstractions, inventions of the verbal mind, and they have no place in the ultimate reality of here and now. As a result, the world is just as it should be. It is perfect, beautiful. It is the same world that is seen without LSD, but it is seen in a different way. It is transfigured, and it requires no meaning beyond the astonishing fact of its own existence.

What does "meaning" mean anyhow?

Meaning is just one more abstraction, implying some future use or purpose; it has no place in the here and now of naked existence. And is this perhaps the significance of the Eden story? They ate of the tree in the midst of the garden, and their eyes were opened, and they became as gods, knowing good and evil. The first dualism, fundamental to all others. What does this story represent if not the introduction into the world of a new way of thinking and a new form of perception? What does it refer to if not the evolutionary product we describe so proudly as intellect, or the rational mind? What does it signify if not that moment when man looked about him and said for the first time: "This is wrong." Not, "This hurts me," or "The tiger is chewing my leg, and I wish he wouldn't." No. "This is *wrong*." What an idea! What a curious concept. No doubt it was the greatest, or worst, idea that man ever had. It marks that point in the process of becoming when life took charge of itself. Man had accepted the world; now he decided to judge it. Thus Adam became the first existentialist, taking upon himself the nauseating responsibility that turned Sartre's stomach. In doing so he laid the basis for those existential anxieties which are nothing more or less than ontological anxieties. He estranged himself from his environment; worse yet, he alienated himself from the very Ground of his Being. In Eden he had lived in perfect I-Thou relation, neither judging things nor subsuming them with words. East of Eden lay the world of I-It, where the ground was cursed for his sake, and the Lord told him what he could expect from it. Thorns and thistles he could expect from it. So Adam was cast out of the garden, his own mind the flaming sword that would prevent his return. He lived in the world of I-It, and he sought there for meaning. But he never found it, and none of those who came after him have found it.

Men are frustrated in the search by their I-It minds of use, which have made meaning synonymous with purpose. Nothing is meaningful unless it leads to something else, or produces some future effect. Thus a man smokes to enjoy himself—and that is a meaningless action. But he puts on his shoes *so* he can go to the store—and that by definition is meaningful. But it is not meaningful enough, and man craves for an ultimate meaning. He wants his life to lead to something else, somewhere in the future. It doesn't, apparently, so he feels the anxiety of meaninglessness. Taking hope, however, he diagnoses his anxiety as a form of psychic pain. The sense of meaninglessness is meaningful in itself, he decides; it implies there is a meaning somewhere, and he is estranged from it. Which is so. But the ultimate meaning he seeks is in fact the absence of meaning—in the sense of purpose. Meaning is simple exist-

SERIGRAPH

ence in the here and now. And of course man already lives in the here and now. The trouble is, he doesn't know how to live in it. And this is what LSD seems to tell him. It tells him that he is still in Eden, if only he knew it. It is only necessary to spit out the apple and look at the world through psychedelic eyes. The apple is his intellect, or way of looking at things, and under LSD his intellect no longer functions. Forethought is put to sleep, and he opens his eyes upon Paradise regained.

A voice whispers in his ear. It tells him: *"Essence precedes existence."*

5. The subject feels he knows, essentially, everything there is to know. He knows ultimate truth. And what's more, he knows that he knows it. Yet this sense of authority cannot be verbalized (any more than the experience as a whole can be verbalized) because the experience *is* a

HARRY KRUG

whole which cannot be divided, and it transcends all partial abstractions. What is known is pure Being, which cannot be compared with anything else. The subject is identical with that which he knows and therefore is speechless. In any case, language can never describe that which language itself is responsible for negating. Finally, there is the problem raised by H. G. Wells in his tale of "The Richest Man in Bogota." To a race of eyeless men, how do you explain sight? What words do you use?

This describes the psychedelic experience, produced by a chemical. But it also describes something else.

It describes religious mysticism.

It describes the experience of saints and prophets since the first tick of history's clock. And it describes as well those flashes of insight that sometimes come to humbler folk in moments of prayer, or of grace.

CHEMICAL GOD, CHEMICAL MAN

From one point of view, LSD presents the orthodox church with a challenge more awesome than the Turk and the comet—from which, good Lord, deliver us. It casts doubt on the validity of religious experience as a whole, suggesting that the mystical awareness of God is nothing more than chemistry—and therefore a delusion. From another point of view, however, the drug raises just as many questions for the atheist as it does for the church. It challenges the scientist as well as the priest. And some of its more extravagant enthusiasts believe it will lead the way to a rebirth of the spirit—to a new Age of Faith in which man's soul in the twentieth century will win an ultimate victory over materialism and a skeptical science.

Its members in fact have described the drug movement as religious—if not a religion—and some groups already have incorporated as churches. But if there is to be a new age, there also will be a new faith, for the LSD cultists in many cases are promulgating concepts which basically are alien to popular Western theology. Perhaps the most striking aspect of the New Theology has been its re-emphasis of the concept of *immanence,* or the indwelling nature of God—as opposed to *transcendence,* or the "otherness" of God. While immanence as such is by no means heretical, in the drug movement and in Death of God theology immanence is carried all the way to its radical

conclusion, where it becomes pantheism. Pantheism of course is an Eastern concept, and the West has regarded it as anathema, describing it invariably as "a vague pantheism"—as opposed presumably to such crystal-clear doctrines as transubstantiation and trinitarianism. But pantheism is not vague. Whatever the merits of the idea, it is perfectly clear-cut and straightforward in its assertion: *God is Man.* Or God is the Universe. There is nothing very complicated about that, and that is pantheism. It is, by and large, the Eastern view of divinity. By and large, it represents the direction in which the drug movement appears to be headed. And, in so many words, it sums up the position of the theological school represented by Dr. Thomas J. J. Altizer. When Altizer says God is Dead, he means simply that God is Man. Altizer is a pantheist, and he admits he is a pantheist. His pantheism is not quite the same as the Eastern version, but it is nonetheless pantheism and basically therefore an Oriental concept. In this respect, along with LSD, it hints at a development that could have considerable significance for Western society.

East is still East, and West is still West, but there is evidence now that the twain have started to meet, and at a point where one might least have expected it: the point of religious metaphysics. It appears that there is presently occurring, especially in America, a wholesale introduction of Asian theories regarding the nature of man and the cosmos. This development began long ago, in a small way, in the New England of Emerson and Thoreau, but it seems to have accelerated tremendously since the Second World War. Sages throughout history have prophesied the day when the Wise Men of the Orient would join hands—or lock horns—with the Wise Men of the Occident, and signs abound that the day has arrived as a natural consequence of the shrinking of the globe. In a sense, the immanent God of the East has come knocking at the door of the transcendent God of the West, and it is possible that we are witnesses today to a kind of cosmic shoot-out at the O.K. Corral. It would be premature to assess the full impact of the encounter or its likely denouement, but there seems to be little doubt that the encounter is taking place and that certain fundamentals of Eastern thought are being integrated or assimilated into Western culture. In its initial stages the development preceded both radical theology and the drug movement; but it is obvious that these are related to the development, just as they are related to each other, and it would be worthwhile perhaps to judge them at least partially within this wider context.

Within such a context, LSD and the Death of God oppose orthodoxy in crucial areas of doctrine. Not only do they dispute the idea of Theism, or a personal and transcendent deity, but they also question such concepts as pluralism, resurrection, personal immortality, grace, evil, and redemption or atonement through the intercession of some supernatural agency. In short, they leave man pretty much on his own, with nobody to turn to but himself and with no place to seek salvation except inwardly, in the recesses of his own inner Being. Putting these doctrinal concerns to one side, the drug movement challenges the church in its functional role as well. According to the LSD cultists, men today are thirsting for the direct, personal experience of God—regardless of his actual nature. In other words, it matters not whether God lies within or without; in either case, men need and want a sense of direct communion with the ultimate source of their faith. This divine-human encounter is not found in church, where little or nothing is done to promote it. But it is found in LSD, the cultists believe. Thus LSD challenges the church to do as well and offer as much.

The debate spills over into the province of psychology, where a related movement is under way to establish standards of behavior and adaptation based on universal truths rather than social norms. Mental health would be defined in terms of man's actual nature or Being, and LSD might prove a helpful tool in determining what that nature or Being really is. Such a program of course would introduce psychology to the field of values and ethics, which many have argued is a field that psychology should have occupied long before now. And it might open the way to the development of a humanistic morality founded on man's true nature, replacing those legalistic moralities which are founded on cultural mores or instinctive but arbitrary notions of right and wrong. Coincidentally, this movement comes at a time when psychoanalysts are doing their best to repress a theory that schizophrenia is a physical disease, best treated by massive doses of Vitamin B-3. The theory reduces Freud more or less to the status of a witch doctor, and it raises the possibility at least of a common origin for insanity, religious mysticism, and LSD experience.

THE LOTUS & THE FLAME

It may be that all of these movements are interrelated in still another fashion, reflecting a revived interest in the study of metaphysics—and especially that branch of metaphysics termed ontology, or the metaphysics of Being: the study of

life's essential nature. Academic philosophy had largely abandoned metaphysics in favor of an arcane linguistic analysis, and churchmen for the most part had turned their attention to such mundane considerations as ecumenicism, internal renewal, and civil rights. Now it appears that metaphysics has come into its own again—both inside the church and out of it, but mostly out of it, and not so much yet in the universities. And this is just a fancy way of saying that people have started once more to ask ultimate questions. They are asking who they are, and who God is, and what is the relationship, if any, between them and him. They are asking the questions that Gauguin asked on his canvas: "Where Do We Come From? What Are We? Where Are We Going?" It might be said that men have found themselves confronted by two kinds of questions, problems and mysteries. In recent years, men have dealt primarily with the problems; but the mysteries are now and always will be the source of the world's essential anxieties and aspirations, and it appears that men are probing afresh into the mysteries, including the *mysterium tremendum*.

The asking of ultimate questions is significant in itself. It implies an assumption that there are ultimate answers, and that these answers moreover are accessible to men. In recent times, it seems fair to say, this assumption has not been widely held or widely expressed. Even proud science has gone mute on the subject, having painted itself into that corner known as Heisenberg's Principle of Uncertainty. As a result, it has been said, the very best we can hope for apparently is that science one day will be able to describe everything—and explain nothing. But the new search for answers is not predicated upon scientific principles, nor indeed is it predicated upon orthodox religious principles; it seems to reject both the Scribes and the Pharisees, the scientists and the formal religionists. If it does in fact constitute a religious revival, which is open to argument, it is one which is bypassing the church's magisterium. It is eclectic, and it rejects all outward authority. On the other hand, it does accept the basic religious premise, as William James defined it: "the belief that there is an unseen order, and that our supreme good lies in harmoniously adjusting ourselves thereto." Fundamentally, today's pearl seekers are following Plato's injunction. They are striving for an explanation of Being, which all true lovers of knowledge must have as their final object, Plato said. They are inquiring into the nature of their own Being and into the nature of Being itself. And they are conducting the inquiry by turning inward upon themselves, like flowers closing their petals in the night of doubt. Like poppies, one might add, or possibly morning glories and lotuses. But that is another question.

All in all, the challenge appears to be directed toward the laboratory more than the pulpit. The implications of the drug movement are basically anti-science rather than anti-church, and they offer grounds for some far-reaching speculation. We spoke earlier of a possible psychic revolt, and we might ask whether this is not in fact suggested now by the widespread interest in LSD and by related developments in radical theology and psychology. Are these perhaps omens of a counter-swing of the psychic pendulum? Over the centuries, as the classical historian Edith Hamilton has observed, that pendulum has swung back and forth: from the rational to the intuitive, from the seen to the unseen, from the conscious to the unconscious. Whenever one alternative has failed to answer man's questions or to meet his needs, he has turned invariably to the other option; it follows, therefore, that the apparent challenge now is not merely to science but to rational thought as such. And this is necessarily so. It can be argued that the erosion of religious belief has not been caused so much by the specific revelations of science; rather, it is a result of the empirical method which science has utilized to obtain those revelations—of the introduction into the culture of a show-me frame of reference which might be characterized as the Missouri Syndrome. If empiricism has proved a disappointment, as indeed it has, it is entirely possible that the instinctive and unconscious forces of the mind may be rising again now in opposition to the rational and the conscious; the spiritual element may be reasserting itself in an era when scientific rationalism had appeared to be solidly entrenched. An outburst of mysticism perhaps has been simmering on the rear burner for some time, in fact, and, if you care to, you might trace the possibility back to the anti-rational philosophy of Henri Bergson.

Now LSD has turned up the flame.

Of course, a revolt is not a revolution. The flame could die—from lack of oxygen—and empiricism may be just as impregnable as it thought it was. But the movements of the time deserve serious attention even if they do not, for the moment, seem to be leading anywhere or offering much substance. What men search for, after all, is just as significant in a sense as that which they find, providing some measure at least of their nature and their needs.

SOUTHERN UNIVERSITIES— on the make!

By JOHN EGERTON

The big state universities of the South are on the make. With great expectations, a sense of urgency and more money than they have ever had before, they are seeking admission to the national arena of higher education. They are raising their academic standards, improving their faculties, strengthening their graduate programs and plunging into research, in pursuit of the prestige and status that have escaped them for a hundred years. But those who make it into the big tent will pay a heavy price, for in the very process of their own improvement they are leaving virtually untouched the growing problem of race and class which plagues their states and which cannot be solved without their help.

Irony abounds in the story of the Southern universities' rise. In reaching out for national recognition, they appear to be more and more removed from the people and problems around them. While their faculties and student bodies become more catholic in their makeup, an increasing number of able students (including almost all of the best Negro students) are lured outside the region by colleges in the North, East and West. And as the black man and the poor man in the South see the first glimmerings of opportunity beginning slowly to dawn around them, their state universities seem more than ever to be bastions of the white middle class.

For the Southern educator who has waited so long for his day in the sun, the persistence of the race-class question is annoying, frustrating and embarrassing. With considerable justification, the educator can—and does—defend himself, and his arguments run something like this:

"For all our history, we have had it thrown up to us that we were inferior institutions, and we have been self-conscious and defensive about it. We have tried to escape our provincialism by becoming more regional and national and even international in scope. We have become more selective in the students we take, more cosmopolitan in the hiring of faculty, more sophisticated in the nature and level of our graduate programs and our research activities. At last, we can begin to feel a little pride instead of shame.

"But instead of praise, we hear the same old impertinent and irrelevant questions about race and poverty. We've *had* civil rights. We're long past the day of the drinking fountain and the lunch counter. We no longer make any distinctions or keep any records by race, and any qualified student is welcome in our classrooms and our cafeterias and our dorms. You're beating us with a dead horse. Your questions are not only beside the point, they're harmful to the very cause of progress and improvement you've always criticized us for lacking. How about giving us a little credit for a change?"

It is a fair question. Certainly the universities are vastly improved from a generation ago. Furthermore, it would be grossly unfair to blame them for the race and class problems in their states, problems that are political and social and economic in origin—and older than the universities themselves.

But these problems are present, and they are serious and pervasive. If for no other reason than that the South has disproportionate numbers of Negroes and poor people, the question of what to do for them demands an answer, and the universities, willingly or not, are an inevitable part of it.

The dilemma facing the universities—and it is primarily the large state universities to which this pertains, though not exclusively so—is this: As they become more specialized and fragmented, their interests and efforts (and money) turn more and more to research and to the graduate student. The undergraduate becomes less and less important, both to professors and to admissions officers, and standards for admission climb steadily higher. The universities, in the process, become preoccupied with institutional advancement and self-interest—a not unnatural state of affairs—and the talk among administrators and faculty often turns to national ranking and recognition.

The result of all this is that the universities seem less and less in touch with the masses of people in their states. The great motto of the past—"the borders of our campus are the borders of the state"—is seldom heard now. The state university is becoming the home of the elite, and the needs and problems of the average and the less able—social, political,

economic and especially educational problems—have been handed down by default to the junior colleges, the vocational-technical schools, the teachers colleges and other small institutions with limited means and fewer qualifications to deal with them.

It is a curious anomaly that the medical, engineering, business, and agricultural schools of the big state universities contribute so much to the solution of public problems, yet the same universities seem unwilling or unable to mount a broad attack on the biggest domestic problem in the nation's history. The concept of service—historically one of the three main purposes of a state university—is the vehicle by which the universities provide basic and applied research and contribute consultative expertise to the business world, to industry and agriculture and public health. Yet service to the nation's transition from a separate to a single society has not drawn the funds or the commitment of the professional educators, social scientists or administrators of the universities.

It should be pointed out that there is not a complete absence of activity in this area. A few universities are engaged in research or training programs in early childhood education, in the various fields of special education, in teacher preparation and the like. But most of these projects are small scale, inconspicuous or coolly academic, and only a handful are strictly of local origin, without federal or philanthropic funding and initiation. The crash program, the all-out effort, the state or local commitment—especially the latter—are yet to come.

The educators respond that such an effort is too costly and and too politically explosive to be given top priority. They point out that they cannot become top quality institutions and remain general purpose centers for mass education at the same time. It is in realizing the truth of this defense that the dimensions of the race and class problem come into clear focus.

For the problem, at its roots, is political, and it is precisely here that the universities, for all their strength, must lead instead of follow. In all the talk about priorities, what is left unsaid is the fact that universities do not grow in an orderly, logical, sequential way, from priority to priority, but rather in response to the power and persuasion of individuals and groups in and out of the institution—which is to say they grow, or wither, politically.

The professional educators offer a case in point. Of all the divisions of a university, the college or school of education is the one on which the burden of upgrading the education of the Negro and the poor would most directly fall. Yet these very colleges and schools have long been criticized by their colleagues in the sciences and the humanities for having low standards and vacuous intellectual programs. Under such conditions, they are unlikely to lower their standards still further to reach down for the Negro or the poor white who needs extra help. The science and humanities professors, with their aloofness and detachment from the problem, would likely respond to such a move by making complete and final their alienation from the educators.

Furthermore, the professional educators, because of their involvement and association with the public schools, are much nearer to the people and to the political process, where change is often the slowest.

What emerges is a problem of such broad dimensions and deep seriousness that even suggestions of solutions seem premature. It is a problem not just of half a dozen state universities, or of all those in the South, but of all the large public universities of the nation, and of many private ones as well. A native Southerner who has spent his life among the universities of his region provides this analysis:

"It's the same old story (and it's just as true in the North as here, if not more so): educators theorize, preachers moralize, the affluent generalize and rationalize and hypothesize, but the poor—black and white—have to shift for themselves. There is no more real integration of races or classes in these universities than there is in most middle and upper class white neighborhoods. All in all, it's a depressing, even frightening, picture, and there are no simple answers. You can't really fault a school for trying to improve its quality, but somehow there has to be a way to get at these other problems as well. If raising the level and quality of life among the Negroes and the poor generally isn't a responsibility of the best minds of a state, then pray God whose responsibility is it? They can't do it alone, but they sure as hell ought to be giving some leadership. Or maybe the hard fact is that the state universities simply cannot get out in front of the political power structure—in which case things aren't apt to get much better very soon."

Racial desegregation of the public schools of the South far outpaces that of the universities. All eight of the predominantly white universities which were visited on a recent tour by a group of education writers have more foreign students than Negroes in their student bodies, and only one or two of the schools had as many as a hundred Negro students. Said one dean: "Six or eight years ago, Negroes flocked to us for graduate work. Now we have only a few. Most of them are unprepared for the level of performance required here because their college experience is limited by poor high schools, and that by poor elementary schools, and that in turn by six years of deprivation. I don't know the answer."

The number of Negro faculty members teaching classes in predominantly white universities could almost be counted on the fingers of one hand. Here again, as with the better Negro students, Northern institutions have taken the cream. And the institutions which suffer most from this talent drain are the all-Negro colleges.

In any discussion of race and education in the South, the plight of the Negro colleges is probably the most perplexing and emotion-ridden issue of all. What their future is in the context of a changing social system is undetermined, perhaps unfathomable—and incidentally, from a journalistic standpoint, largely unreported.

In all the agonizing over the larger question of race and class, it is all too easy to find fault and too difficult to feel sympathy or empathy for those who are most directly involved. Yet who can be critical or unforgiving of a Southern institution which breaks from its history and isolation and salts a few more Yankees into the stew, or of a Negro who goes wherever the opportunity to study or teach is most attractive? Who can take issue with the Negro in a segregated college who wants to share in the higher quality of instruction his white contemporaries get—or, for that matter, with the Negro who feels rejected and alienated by those white contemporaries and wants no part of their lower-case episcopalian culture? And in his heart of hearts, what man ever addicted to the life of the traditional college campus could deny the attractiveness of that other-world of sophisticated charm and tweedy detachment?

But the problems remain, and the lives of all poor men and a majority of Negroes are still a world apart—and getting farther—from the university campus. The white academician, even when his heart is in the right place, seems to be waiting for solutions which will not affect him adversely or require any real sacrifice on his part. In his preoccupation with growth and his striving for national status, he seems to react with tired patience to the repeated questions of segregation and poverty.

Perhaps he is right. Perhaps the university is powerless in the absence of political and economic and personal change. Certainly it cannot eliminate inequality of opportunity as effectively as its agriculturists have eliminated brucellosis. But eventually, when society reaches the bedrock problems of race and class discrimination, the universities will have to take a pivotal role in their solution, whether they are ready or not.

POSTER

RICK GRIFFIN

EDIFICES

two poems by Daniel Berrigan

ON THE TURNPIKE

Who heaped history's pig iron
pack, bade a man shoulder it
and die of it and if he could

rise from the shoddy world?

Thus; a monger man, his sack
big as a shroud or sail, trailing
the stinking phosphorous waste

I saw or half saw from the sky way stream;
Hiroshima, Easter garden, a rag man
poking the filth for bread.
And heard
one lost word on that witch's wind
riding the vacuum, good

news or foul
who knows? errant, pure,
guradian, grim, its *foul* or *fair*

its own forever

THE WALL

It was in no sense shoring up the wall
which stood like an old sarge
flat-footed, blank-faced, clipped, ruddy
a pumpkin lit at the window sill

bellowing his checklist; privies to clean
murders to get done, because

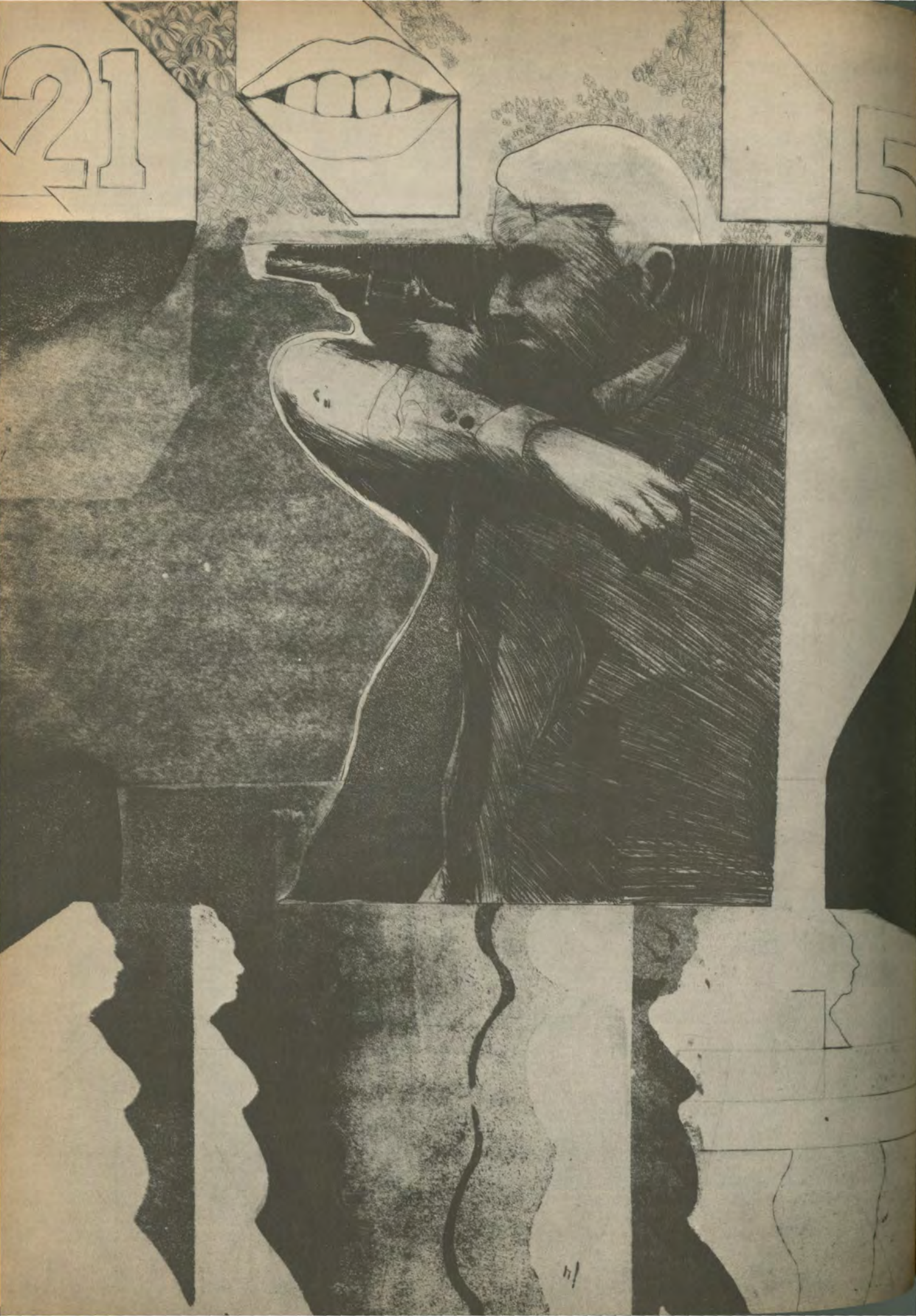
somebody's taxes or malice paid heavily.

Thus, behind every window a candle,
behind every soldier a mother, knitting
death heads into her shawl; behind every wall
that is to say, another wall.
Except when you
pin a mask corita, where no face was
as *ready, aim!* barks from the mastiff mouth

the wall turns to water, drops its pants in fear

its shadow stiffens, gasps its last

runs runs like a miler the hell out of here and man.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BONNIE and CLYDE

Bonnie and Clyde is a distinguished American movie. By this time you will probably have read several bad reviews of the film. Do not believe them.

It is true that the film is in bad taste. It is true that the combination of violence and comedy in the film lends it a quality of the grotesque. It is true that the film verges at times on the sentimental and at other times is inexplicably vicious. All of these things are true. But these are the exact qualities which make the film such a brilliant exposé of where we are at in this country right now. The film is a poetic documentation of Rap Brown's statement that "violence is as American as cherry pie." By revealing the intimate and public experience of two very American gangsters in the 1930's, and by revealing the American people's reactions to these gangsters, the film focuses in on one of the most horrifying and covered-over facts of American life: *Americans like killing and violence with the spontaneous delight of children watching fireworks.*

The love story of Bonnie and Clyde also is authentically American. Layers of puritanism, impotency, braggadocio, and a touching need and loyalty are treated with skill and tenderness. The scene where Clyde Barrow overcomes his impotency and is convulsed with delighted laughter at the discovery and experience is one of the most human scenes ever filmed.

DAVID F. DRIESBACH
ETCHING

Clyde Barrow and Bonnie Parker were spawnings of the depression. Trapped in the bleak existence of the not-quite-desperate, and obviously talented beyond the country's capacity to provide for such talent, their exit from that barren life was crime. They began a hegira of violence through the west and midwest picking up three other misfits as they moved. Inventive, proud, ingenious, the five members of the Barrow gang alternately terrorized and delighted a country composed in equal measure of courage, callousness and Rotarian bonhomie. Their gradual adjustment to the necessity of murder in order to maintain their tribal and ritualistic life together is the terrifying undertone to the high spirits of the gant. Stylistically the murders are handled with the power of Eisenstein's *Potemkin*. The faces and bodies clawing and gasping in death as the Barrow gang rides on gradually form an underground crescendo which overtakes the gang themselves at the end of the film.

The acting is superb. Warren Beatty and Faye Dunnaway as the ill-fated Romeo and Juliet of small-town American violence are believable and powerful—if a little too pretty to be actual stand-ins for the originals. But the *performance de resistance* is given by Estelle Parsons as the small-minded, greedy, loving wife of Clyde's criminal brother. Her absorption into the thrill of the gang—and her tragic and blind denouement—should give her an academy award. There is also a small cameo of a performance by an actress who is not named in the credits. She plays Bonnie's mother and her authentic voice, face, and walk give the film an eerie reality for which it constantly aims.

The resistance to this film by most of the critics is fascinating in itself. It is so obvious that their resistance is personal and moralistic—and not aesthetic—that the reviews read like testimonies of bad faith. Could it be that they are frightened of the rawness of this film? Could it be that like good, grey mentors they want to protect the American public from this vision of themselves? Their devotion to the sentimental, the slick, the sterile, is disgusting and shameful. A film like this is a rare celebratory event. Critics and the public should shout hosannah that someone has told us about ourselves with such honesty and compassion.

I say the film is where its at now because the violence that is America right now has the same qualities of insane joy, casual life taking, and pockets of would-be innocence; indeed, we today *are* Bonnie and Clyde. There should be symposiums on Vietnam after every showing of this film. It illuminates our quixotic callousness in that situation as no serious documentary has done. It is a poetic statement of rare magnitude for an American film. Go see it.

—AL CARMINES

ETCHING

DAVID F. DRIESBACH

Allan R. Solomon and Ugo Mulas, *New York: The New Art Scene*. Holt, Rinehart, & Winston (1967), 345 pp., $19.95.

Maurice Tuchman, ed., *American Sculpture of the Sixties*. New York Graphic Society (1967), 258 pp., $13.50.

McLuhan is right when he points to the long lines of letters on a page as a funeral cortege for words. Publishers should admit this fact and quit weeping over the grave. Fortunately, some are about to overcome their emotions. But in the case of Holt, Rinehart, and Winston, nostalgia caused them to not insist that Alan Solomon either reduce the amount of text that he wished to include in *New York: The New Art Scene*, or leave it out altogether. The point to such wordlessness would be to let the photographs of Ugo Mulas, an extraordinarily sensitive Italian photographer, say what ought to be said about "the scene." The words get in the way—quite literally—and confusion reigns as to what photograph is being described and where it is located.

Mulas has rightly chosen to be the poetic historian of some artistic events of the current New York art world. His photographs—taken in the studios of such artists as Marcel Duchamp, Barnett Newman, Jasper Johns, Robert Rauschenberg, Roy Lichtenstein, Claes Oldenburg, George Segal, and many others—are of very great human interest and project something of the character of the artist. Yet this points up a curious situation in "the scene": the artist is deeply interesting—his creations are not.

Take John Chamberlain for example. Mulas' photographs show this sculptor as a kind of Zorba. He's a massive man, always has a well-chewed cigar in his mouth, hair growing down the back of his neck, and a walrus mustache hanging over his teeth while framing a wide mouth: a man that you can count on. He even has a couple of tattoos on his feet; one, a pig walking down toward the big toe. But, we come to a photo of Chamberlain sitting on the stuff of which his sculpture is made (automobile body fragments) and it becomes clear that his work would be enormously enhanced by the presence of the artist beside his work. One *can*, of course, make a case for Chamberlain's sculpture as a primary esthetic experience, but how much more meaningful the work would become if we could see old John musing beside his "Yellow Buick."

Sensibly, Mulas is best when he stays with his personality-projecting concern and only rarely isolates the artist's work. But much of the new Art Scene *is* an event of interest—and, as Mulas suggests, a happening of somewhat greater interest than the very self-conscious environmental happenings that have developed within the scene. If one cares about discovering what is really interesting about the scene, the artists, and can't make it to New York, then Mulas has done well to introduce them to us.

American Sculpture of the Sixties suffers from a different variety of "information overload." The vast variety of shapes sitting, poking, plunging, hanging, peering and climbing in space suggests that there was, and is, a tremendous amount of inventive energy being expended by the sculptors of the sixties.

This book is intended to be seen as an exhibition of the artists who seem to have made a significant contribution to whatever has happened sculpturally in this decade. This includes a rather large diversity of space inventions, with a few of them in the loose categories of Funk, Electric, Minimal, Mobile, Surrealistic, Erotic, Stuffed, and Pop.

The book is largely made up of photographs of the work of the artists, without letting us see the men and women who have made them . . . a pity. For this assumes that the work can stand on its own merits, as it should be able to, and does sporadically. Cornell and Connor do, but Morris doesn't. Nakian and Oldenburg can, but Myers and Valentine ought not to. The reason for this is a very simple one: Morris and Valentine leave us with their "untouched by human hands" esthetic, which is not enough, while the others let us know that a human sensibility is at work.

To help us along in understanding the historical precedence and the esthetic significance of the sculpture of the sixties Maurice Tuchman has selected a number of critical essays of varied interpreters of the arts who are occasionally enlightening (as when Dore Ashton helps us consider the demise of the sculptured group) but sometimes prove to be distressingly fussy (as when Max Kozloff makes a case for soft sculpture: "A soft thing can be poked, molded, squeezed, scrunched. In a word its surface is elastic, and its densities are scandalously rearrangeable"). In addition there are some comments about the sculpture by the artists: rewarding when one reads Ellsworth Kelly, and the opposite when dealing with Robert Morris.

But, for the most part, the book lets the sculpture speak for itself. Although one misses the artist standing beside his work, his elbow resting on it, the photographs of the work do it justice, especially when color is used.

For those who care about current sculpture, for those who don't; for those who know people who care, and who know university students majoring in sculpture; this book will serve as a source of amusement, proof of absurdity and gradual emptying of substance in man, and a handy reference book for ambitious young sculptors.

—DENNIS AKIN

Thomas J. J. Altizer, *The Gospel of Christian Atheism*. Westminster (1966), pp., $3.95.

———, *The New Apocalypse*. Michigan State University Press (1967), pp. $8.50.

Just about the time we turn eighteen or so, a teacher, a friend, a lover, a career or perhaps the ghost of Thomas Aquinas, turns on us and tells us to shut up, please, about the question of God's existence. We are being sophomoric; we are asking the wrong question; we are asking it in the wrong way. We cannot be answered at all. So we do as we are told. We shut up—with our mouths hanging open.

But the hunger for belief gnaws on. And because it does, we have to pay attention to Thomas Altizer. He is a hungry swinger, hungry enough for the truth to be the atheist that he is, hungry enough for God to be the believer that he also is, and hungry enough for life to be both. It is remarkable that *The Gospel of Christian Atheism* is the work of a member of the professional American intellectual establishment, which Thomas J. J. Altizer certainly is. But he is the *enfant terrible* of American theology because, unlike other "new" theologians, he is directly concerned with the question of God's existence. And he is a *bona fide* revolutionary.

Altizer breaks a cardinal rule of the practice of intellectual and social criticism in America. It is the rule that says something like "attack anything you want, but only for its own good. Preach reform, never revolution." Altizer, the revolutionary, should not be confused, *Time*-wise, with reformers like Gabriel Vahanian and Paul van Buren. While the critiques of the latter are valuable in defining what is wrong with the practiced Christianity of the Western tradition, these men are not bent on overturning that Christianity. Rather, they seek to save it by finding new languages and new sensibilities to cope with the meaning of God in our era. Vahanian, in fact, explicitly deplores what he terms the "so-called Christian atheists," who can only be those who agree with Altizer. To both van Buren and Vahanian, Altizer must present himself in much the way Karl Marx presents himself to Norman Thomas.

Neither economics nor social institutions interest Altizer very much. Yet he makes a radical thrust at them through the human hunger for belief. Altizer's revolution is a *revolution in belief*.

In our century, it is conventional not to believe in God. There is no discernible proof of his existence—and furthermore, the world has become just too awful for thoughtful people to find God's existence credible. In other words, the conventional difficulty is with *accepting* belief rather than with God's *existence* itself. In spite of their extremely sophisticated formulations, I think that theologians like Vahanian, van Buren, William Hamilton and even Leslie Dewart, are concerned with the acceptance problem almost exclusively. One feels that these theologians are saying something like, "If only we knew how to talk about God, we would know that he exists." The concern with belief is confused with the concern for contemporary society and its problems. This sociological approach to belief entails an almost incidental atheism. If you cannot believe in God, then he probably doesn't exist; never did, in fact. So much for God.

But Altizer's atheism is very different and very paradoxical. He is not troubled because he finds no evidence of God's existence. He finds plenty, in his own way. Nor is he distressed that God seems to have deserted the world and left a backwash of sickly Sunday schools, criminal wars, racial injustice and other disasters. Altizer is an atheist because he is *inspired* to be one. He is at once radically atheistic, yet far more of a believer than the sociological theologians.

For Altizer tells us that once upon a time there was, in fact, a transcendental God. And then, entirely independent of man, and as a historical, actual event, this God died once and for all. Furthermore, as God died, he miraculously emptied himself

of his own existence and literally became Jesus Christ here on this earth, once and for all. By posing this miracle, more stunning, for us, than any the Bible ever proclaimed, Altizer carries the Christian idea to its extreme, whereby it is simply not possible to hold a conditional belief in the exclusive but non-transcendental divinity of Jesus.

This is the atheism of a believer. It wipes out all transcendental references and insists that *this* life and *this* time are totally sacred. *It is entirely a mystical assumption.* No cultural conditions inform it, for such conditions are transient whether they are contemporary or biblical. Altizer takes dead-seriously the notion that God's existence or non-existence, as well as the divinity of Jesus, do not depend upon man's opinion. Others may agree with this criterion, in an abstract sort of way; but they seldom discuss the gut issue of that-which-is-to-be-believed itself.

It is no good saying that Altizer simply resuscitates Nietzsche. Altizer goes much farther than Nietzsche. Nietzsche had a mere two sentences about the death of God: "God is dead. It is we who have killed him." Altizer accepts only the first sentence. No matter how hard man may have tried to kill God, man never succeeded. God committed suicide.

Like Nietzsche, however, Altizer rejoices in the death of the transcendental God. For God was "the deepest embodiment of man's self-hatred and resentment." God was, in effect, Satan. His death is Altizer's gospel—his *good news.* This rejoicing is, I suspect, what so enrages Altizer's hostile critics. Altizer plays upon our hunger for a transcendental tidbit, then denies it to us, then transforms the morsel into Christ and finally, into man himself.

It is one thing to tell a man that the conditions of his life are such that he cannot accept a belief in God—you can go along with this and always reserve your options; conditions may change, God may become once again acceptable and you may not have to be alone in the cosmos forever. It is quite another thing to tell a man that there is no transcendental God at all. This is denying human validity as Western man has known it for nearly twenty centuries. It is a revolution that literally overturns the places of God and man.

Perhaps we are already seeing the opening skirmishes of this revolution. Last Easter Sunday 10,000 people thronged Sheep Meadow in New York's Central Park for a "be-in." At one point, some dozen psychedelically dressed young people locked hands and surrounded a police car. Around and around the car they danced, throwing daffodils upon the hood and chanting at the two uniformed cops inside. The first chant concerned the Civilian Review Board. Naturally, the hippies were for the Board. But the crucial thing is that the dancers themselves almost immediately drowned out this first chant with a second, more sustained liturgy: "Love is all over the world today!" It was this *love-cry* that embarrassed the police so much that they could only sit quietly and wonder what expressions to wear on their faces. They would have known how to deal with the Civilian Review Board uproar; on that point, after all, the dancers were attacking the policemen as an institution, whose very existence depends on conflict. But the other chant—the love-chant—assaulted those two policemen as individuals; it attacked their belief in the very meaning and morality of their lives. It asserted that each cop was personally responsible for his own validity through love. The inference was clear: neither a policeman nor anyone else can leave love to a transcendental power. That power *does not exist,* but love—agape—*does exist.* It is here, and now.

The "be-in" may be out by the time this is read. But it does seem to be a celebration of the Blakean view of universal humanity that Altizer offers. It is *we,* we human beings, who are the epiphany of Christ's love. It is *we* who are *almost* magical.

Regardless of special celebrations in Central Park and the Haight-Ashbury, the question of Christ remains. What really becomes of Christ in Altizer's scheme? The Ascension seems to be denied; only the Incarnation is important; the historical Christ is practically irrelevant. Yet, since Altizer insists that the

kenotic Incarnation was a historical event, must not the rest of his scheme submit itself to some kind of historical examination? We must wonder how Jesus can survive if God could not. Could not the death of God automatically posit the invalidity of his immanence, even through Christ? And how can the sacred be sacred if it is not at least partly transcendental?

Altizer's answer is that, in Blakean terms, "we might even say that Jesus is the Christian name of the totality of Experience, a new actuality created by the abolition of the primordial Being. . . ." As a rationale for belief, the thing is desperately hard to accept. We are asked to swallow the miracle of the Incarnation as an historical fact while rejecting what facts there may be in the Scriptures as superstition.

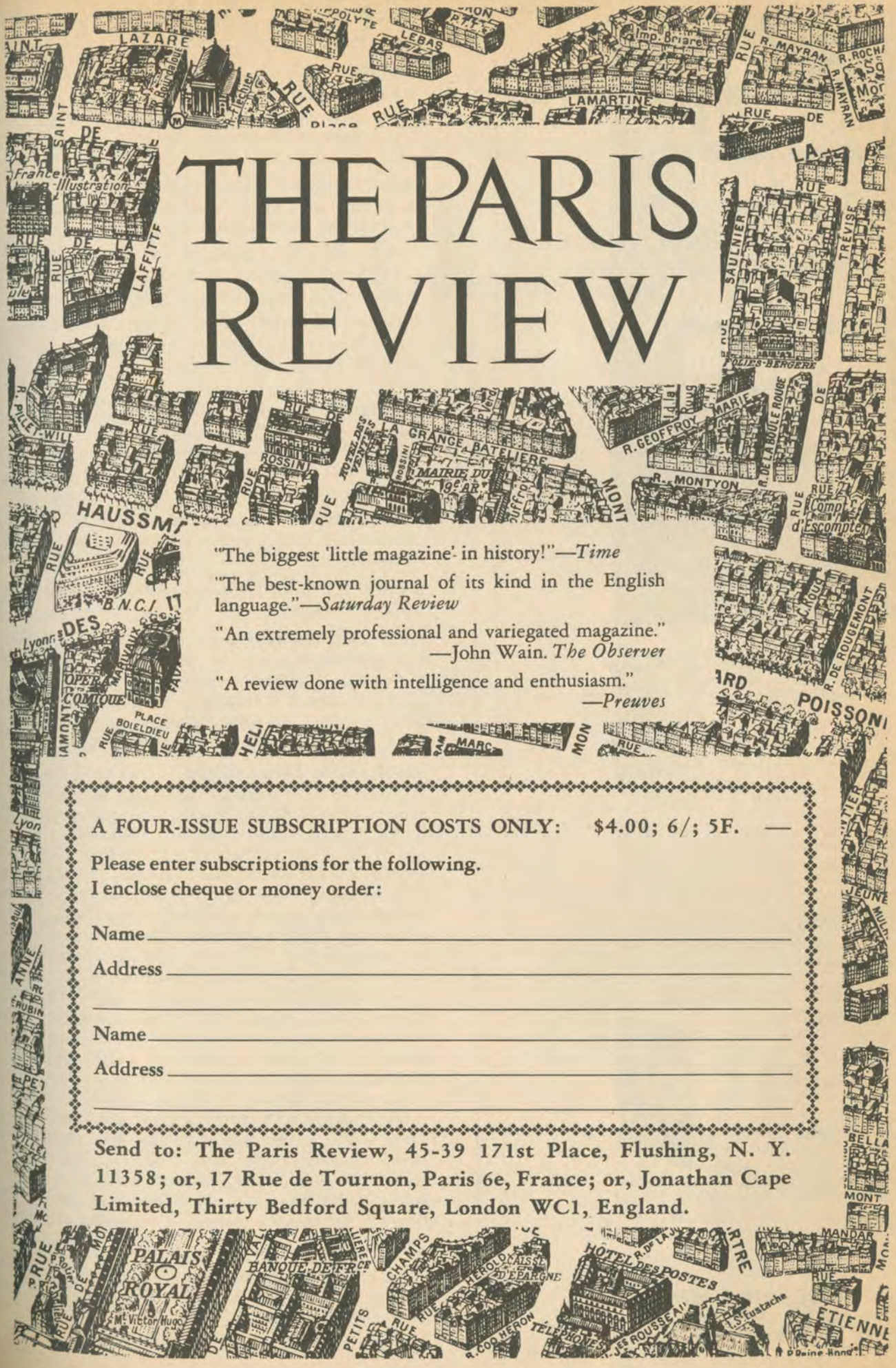
Even if we go along with Altizer's admittedly inviting vision, it is just possible that we will not only have to accept the death of God, but *the death of Christ,* too. I think this worries Altizer when he describes the wager of the Christian atheist:

> The contemporary Christian who bets that God is dead must do so with a full realization that he may very well be embracing a life-destroying nihilism; or, worse yet, he may simply be submitting to the darker currents of our history, passively allowing himself to be the victim of an all too human error. No honest contemporary seeker can ever lose sight of the very real possibility that the willing of the death of God is the way to madness, dehumanization, and even to the most totalitarian form of society. . . . The death of God must issue in either an abolition of man or in the birth of a new and transfigured humanity. . . ."

So the question of God's existence is not so irrelevant to "real life" after all. If we accept Altizer's vision—for that is what it is—we are "freed from the alien power of all moral law . . ." That is the wager and the revolution. And, as Altizer suggests, America is the perfect ground for such a revolution and such a wager.

It just may be that we have already placed our bets.

—RAY KARRAS



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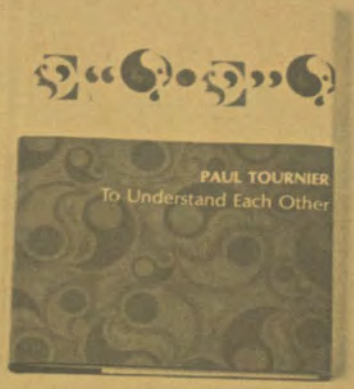
Ask yourself these four questions:



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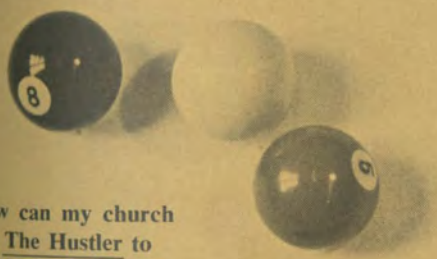

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OF OIL AND ICE CREAM

a modern fable

Once upon a time not long ago, there was a high official in the Department of Foreign Relations who was given the assignment of securing oil rights in the small North African country of Kumquat. (Which you won't find on any map because we've changed the names to protect the guilty.)

The Kumquatians lived simply and happily, ruled by a benevolent shiek named Abn Bakwad.

Abn had the sole power to award the oil drilling concession. Oil was of no use in Kumquat and he was rather amazed other countries wanted the filthy stuff. He waited for a good reason to grant drilling rights to either the good guys or the bad guys.

The Department of Foreign Relations man, whom we'll call Sam, assessed the situation and decided to follow his country's standard diplomatic gambit in such situations: offer something they didn't have as an inducement. Sam saw many things common to civilized countries which the Kumquatians lacked, but the thing they lacked most was Pumpernickel ice cream, a favorite dish in Sam's country.

"Abn, baby," Sam said, "Pumpernickel ice creamwise, Kumquat is uncivilized."

The shiek regarded the statement gravely and replied, "For a thousand years we have had peace, beauty, happiness and tranquility. Why must we have this . . . this . . . creamed ice to be civilized?"

"Because, shiek-baby," Sam said, "without it, you're a backward country. I mean, you're square—you're not with it. Dig?"

"I do not wish to deny my people the benefits of civilization. It would, I think, be of no harm to try this strange food."

Forthwith, a pint of Pumpernickel ice cream was flown in by jet. Shiek Abn Backwad found it delightful and delicious.

"Good," said Sam. "Now about the oil . . . ?"

"After I have had another pint of Pumpernickel ice cream," said the shiek, "we will discuss oil."

After the second pint had been flown in and down his hatch, Shiek Abn said, "I think it is good. But will my people agree? Ay, there's the rub. You must demonstrate to me that they approve. Then we will talk of oil."

Forthwith, pints of Pumpernickel ice cream were flown in for every Kumquatian man, woman and child.

It was an instant success and passionately accepted. Native foods were no longer desired—only Pumpernickel ice cream.

"Shiek-baby," Sam said, "the time is here to talk of ice cream and oil. We gave you the ice cream, now it's your turn to give us the oil."

The shiek stroked his grey beard and said, "Ah, yes, the terms. In return for the right to drill for oil in Kumquat, you will agree to supply each day, one quart of Pumpernickel ice cream to every citizen of my land."

Flabbergasted, Sam said, "I'm flabbergasted! Look, you didn't even know the stuff existed. You got along fine without it for a thousand years. . . ."

"You want our oil, in return, we demand your ice cream."

The shiek would not budge from his position. Sam's government refused the price. Sam and the shiek haggled. Sam's government finally offered a pint a day.

Shiek Abn considered it long and brooded much. "It is a very bad bargain. You are robbing us of our heritage. Oil is our most precious natural resource. But, as it appears we have little choice, I reluctantly accept your offer."

A pact was signed. Oil derricks and storage tanks blossomed like weeds in the Kumquatian desert. And ice cream poured in by the planeload.

Sam was called to the shiek's tent. Wiping Pumpernickel ice cream from his beard, Shiek Abn said, "My people demand more ice cream. They threaten revolt. You must double your shipments or I will cancel the ridiculous agreement you induced me to sign. We have been cheated."

Sam grinned. "Sorry, shiek-baby, but a deal's a deal. We got it in black and white and Pumpernickel and you can go fly a carpet."

The shiek promptly nationalized the oil.

The oil stopped flowing out of Kumquat. The Pumpernickel ice cream stopped flowing in. Shortly thereafter, Shiek Abn Bakwad was toppled from his throne.

Abn Forwad, his successor, summoned Sam to his tent.

Sam said, "I know what you're going to ask, shiek-baby, and for you, I got great news. We'll come up to a pint an' a half. How's that grab you?"

Abn Forwad said, "You dare this? You and your damned Pumpernickel ice cream have made the dancing girls fat and my people sick. You have corrupted my country. It will take us a thousand years to recover from this taste of your vile civilization. We would not renew the oil pact with you on any terms. Our hatred of your country is undying. I have summoned you here to inform you we have this day given—not sold but *given*—oil rights in all Kumquat irrevocably to those whom you call the bad guys. Go and darken my tent no more."

MORAL: When you lead an unthirsty horse to water and the silly beast drinks until he bursts, all you've got to show for your good intentions is a dead horse.

POSTULATE: Give 'em what they've never had and they'll hate you for it.

—RICHARD L. SARGENT