

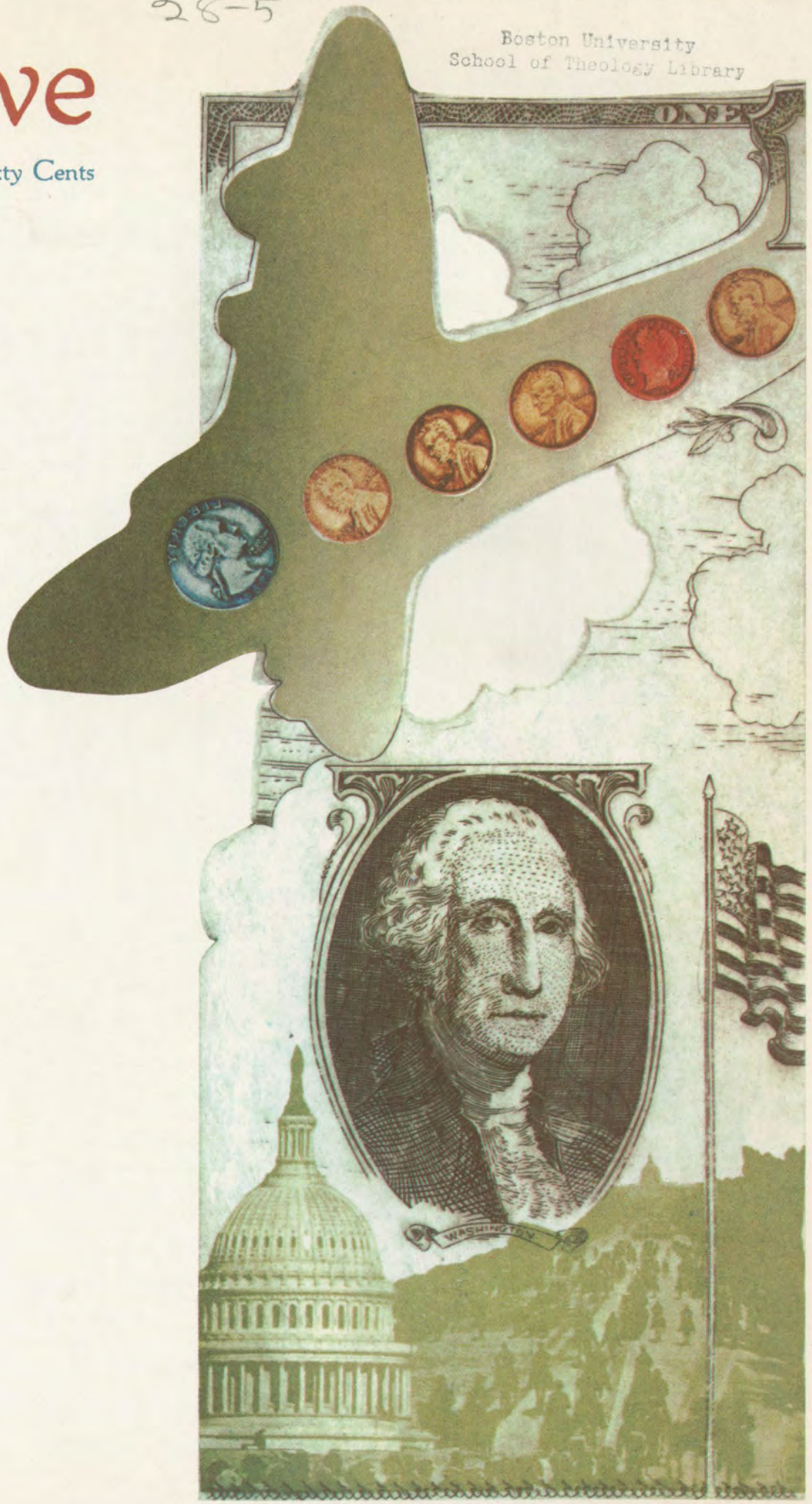
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# motive

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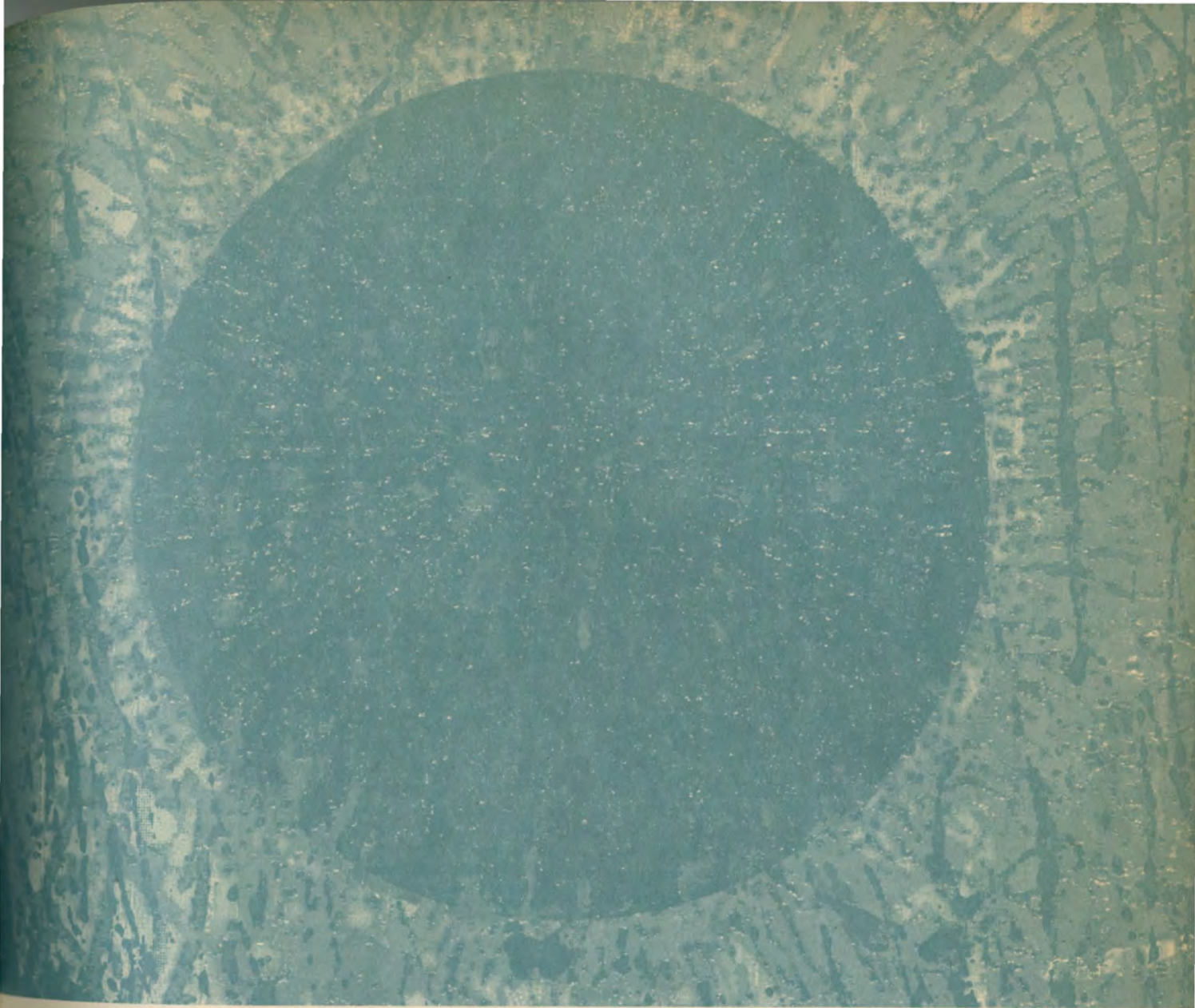
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FRONT COVER: In *FISCAL FLIGHT*, recently purchased from the artist for *motive's* permanent art collection (the complete, numbered edition is owned by Sears, Roebuck and Co.), David Driesbach has created an amusing visual reminder of irresponsible government spending. The further implication that the airplane could be a bomber shifts the mood from wry amusement to frustration and horror, for the military establishment continues to get enormous sums of money for battlefield innovations, while the struggling American social reformation desperately needs added financial support. The concept which holds that adequate funds are available for winning the war in Vietnam *and* redeeming American society is an enormous hypocrisy.



R. O. HODGELL

Thanks to Michael Novak for writing and to you for publishing "Flirtation Without Flesh" in your October issue. What a beautiful, true statement of in-carnation.

TENNANT C. WRIGHT, S.J.  
chicago, ill.

I note an article in your November issue by Keith Chamberlin on West Berlin. In it, he speaks of the per capita income of Iran as being \$80 per year. Just this week (Nov. 7) in *Newsweek* there is an article on Iran that states that the income is now \$230 per year. *Newsweek* also goes on to suggest that the Shah, while he is a dictator, has been much interested in helping his country and on the whole has done good work. It would seem that the Shah is not as bad as he is pictured and one wonders where Mr. Chamberlin obtained the information, why, and from whom.

Also in the same article, Mr. Chamberlin speaks of students rioting in West Berlin on a massive scale against police brutality, etc. He speaks of communes and of a student leader, Teufel, who is being martyred by the police state tactics of West Berlin. Now it also happens that in the same issue of *Newsweek* (never known for its conservative reporting) this same Teufel is pictured as a rather far-out character with Maoist leanings, if not actual involvements. *Newsweek* goes on to say that there is now a movement among students in West Germany to espouse theoretical Maoist doctrines as a protest in much the same way as our hippies do here. It points out that Maoist books are sold out of book stores there. Your article makes it seem that all students in West Berlin are being persecuted for their righteousness, and that the police are building a Fascist state. This seems something less than true. I do regret that a church publication has been caught in this compromising position.

While I am writing, may I also suggest that I see little positive use for such a picture as that printed full page in your October issue of the girl with the pill. Does this suggest that the church is now saying, "Go ahead; everyone else is!" I have a son in college, in a fraternity, and going with a fine girl whom he hopes to marry next summer. Does the church just smile sweetly and say, "Sure, why not now?"

R. A. W. BRUEHL  
first methodist church  
des plaines, illinois

Thank you for the November issue. From cover through contents it is clear that you are not preoccupied with peripheral concerns. Thanks especially for the editorial, "The Church and Its Money," which speaks to some of the same issues raised by Bishop Ralph E. Dodge in "Lost Heritage: African Good Will" (*Christian Century*, Nov. 1).

I have recently returned from Southern Africa where I have spent the last fifteen years (except for a brief leave of absence to administer a Peace Corps project in the West Indies) as a missionary of The Methodist Church. Bishop Dodge is, I believe, one of the most highly respected and best informed white men in Africa today. His concise statement in the above cited article is the most forthright and pertinent that I have seen. Those readers who want to pursue the implications of Mr. Stiles' editorial further should refer to Bishop Dodge's article.

The Bishop's statement raises the question, "What can I do about the American presence in Africa?" If the U.S. is to alter its self-defeating course of favoring "lucrative enterprise over right and reason," it may depend on the Church's having a conscience on the matter. But after endless conversations with persons in authority, I find myself wondering how our leaders can best be alerted to the perilous consequences of our policy of economic expediency contradicting the moral thesis of "self-determination for all people."

Perhaps many of your readers have similar concerns, and even helpful suggestions regarding the most constructive course of action. If so, their suggestions to our churches and our government at this time may help preserve the heritage of African good will which is now jeopardized.

Thanks again to *motive* for your continued moral sensitivity.

FRED BRANCEL  
endeavor, wisconsin

I refer to the November 1967 issue of *motive* and the article ("Between Substance and Shadow") written by Mr. Ross Terrill. Because of many questionable statements made by the author, I could not resist the temptation to take issue with several of his conclusions.

Early in the article, Mr. Terrill refers to a supposedly reciprocal action on the part of China to the United States commitment in Vietnam. The development of nuclear weapons by China was an inevitable event regardless of the involvement of the U. S. militarily in Vietnam. Apart from the moral consideration, it could be said that the U. S. is meeting the challenge of China in terms she understands.

The economic development of Asian, African or Latin American countries has two faces. In order for any country to achieve a minimum standard of living, it is necessary for it to accept foreign capital to develop its human and natural resources. The nationalist tendency which exists in all countries is most pronounced in the underdeveloped which means that a balance must be struck between a reasonable return on investment to the foreign company and a corresponding gain in economic rewards to the host country.

The conclusion that the U. S. presence breeds communism is the position taken by those who would wish to see social revolution within Vietnam. While there is no disputing the fact that a communist buffer state such as Vietnam might not be the worst solution to the war, our professed intents are to insure the establishment of democratic processes. In so doing, it should be evident that there is no place for right wing militarists in a centralized political system.

The economic power of U. S. in Philippines is primarily exercised through private investors since the Agency for International Development no longer is active. The reporter expresses the concern that unemployment is only 3% of the work force. Even in the most developed countries, such a goal has been largely unrealizable except during war time. It is certainly not within the U. S. interests to suppress the rate of growth of the Philippine economy since any investment is specifically based on the potential of the local markets.

Our information regarding the Huk scare is the biggest hoax since the Loch Ness Monster. The main thrust of the communist subversion in the Philippines is a platoon of Madison Avenue-type flaks operating along Mabini Street and

Roxas Boulevard. The Red Chinese who underwrite this threat recognize the Huk as little more than tired, worn-out bandits with little imagination and less ideological drive.

The organization which is building a guerilla base and establishing a network of agents and informers is the Philippine Liberation Army. The smuggling which takes place between Borneo and the South Philippines is really subversion sponsored by this group. Inside some of the crates marked "filter tip," firearms and ammunition are being secreted for future use.

This group is sponsoring a campaign to infiltrate Philippine politics. As would be expected of any subversive movement, the main effort is to concentrate on converting young leaders in provincial areas who will be in power 5, 10 or 15 years. The fact that the Huk keep getting the headlines is designed to detract from the programs of the Philippine Liberation Army.

The slogan of the Liberal Party in the Philippines ("The nation is in agony") is a typical political slogan and can be heard in virtually any country in which there are a multiplicity of political interests. The U. S. cannot be expected to share the blame for corruption which exists among Philippine businessmen which is a regrettable symptom throughout many countries in the Far East.

The problem of American manufacturers conducting unrealistic advertising campaigns is found throughout the underdeveloped world. In my recent extended trip through the African continent, the same situation existed though it more likely involves European or local companies. The presence of foreign businessmen and tourists may not be so much of a problem in the future as it is not unlikely that the money spent on Philippine goods and services will be transferred to more hospitable Asian countries.

In view of the economic deprivation that exists in most underdeveloped countries, it should not be surprising to find a significant outflow of professional people to Europe and the U. S. The larger view of the Philippine participation in the Vietnam War takes into account the prospect of increasing communist pressure on what economic gains they have been able to obtain. The chronic shortage of food is more a technical problem of updating agricultural practices than of any political consideration.

The interest of China in the Philippines would be nonetheless without the presence of the three military bases. It is reasonable to assume that the Philippines would, in fact, be more susceptible to a political and military takeover by the communists should the bases not exist. The fact that restrictions exist on travel to and trade with communist countries is the solitary view of the Philippine government and one which is even stricter than the U. S.

The distaste that certain university students may have for the U. S. cannot be blamed on its economic presence. The problem of reconciling nationalist goals and acceptance of foreign investment is a constant source of discussion. Would the Philippines have achieved any significant economic development without foreign capital—the same question that can be posed in French and British Africa?

The belief that U. S. bases in the Philippines would be struck in retaliation to U. S. attack is conjectural. It is incomprehensible that the U. S. would initiate such an attack by China unless a world upheaval was eminent. In any event, the Philippines would be exposed to military invasion regardless of the U. S. bases.

The reference to Manila not accepting rice from China at a lower price was simply to avoid giving China the obvious propaganda value in such a sale. However, the Philippine government must exercise political savvy in taking advantage of any foreign offer which would exist in their economic development. In this regard, neither the USSR nor China is in a position to make the type of investment on infrastructure projects to the extent of that of the U. S. or European countries. Any projects planned by communist countries would certainly be limited in view of their commitment of supporting the Vietnam war.

The opinion that the U. S. dominates Latin America is no longer (if ever) a fact of life. No country can attempt to legislate economic or social morality within the underdeveloped countries. We must simply demonstrate the practicable alternatives which are available without the "strings attached" loan programs. U. S.-based companies now operating in underdeveloped areas recognize the importance of incorpo-

rating nationals within their management structure contributing to their most serious need—basic technical and administrative skills.

The U. S. colonel quoted in the article expresses the same point of view which is now receiving major consideration within the USSR. It would appear that China still regards political revolution rather than evolution in the development of any national society. However, it is certainly naive and erroneous for us to assume that it is our sole mission to bring about the conversion of Asians to Western cultural and political systems. However, the same fault lies with most major nations in recent history who believe their system can be used as the sole basis for becoming an economically viable country.

The pressure placed on Asian countries for a commitment of their resources to either position in this struggle is not the result of lack of understanding of Chinese or American political objectives, but it is rather a complete disregard for the rights of these countries to determine their national fates. The average American supports the myth that China is the personification of all political evil. We have failed to appreciate that any developing country goes through multiple stages of nationalization before it can become international in perspective. We must develop a more enlightened policy regarding confrontation with China which takes into account that the loud roar comes from a paper tiger.

JOHN T. WRIGHT  
aurora, ill.

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Perhaps I am simply failing to see the dividing differences between the large "southern" universities and the large "northern" universities, but I can't see the great difference of attitude and approach that so many articles, including yours ("Southern Universities—on the Make!", Nov. 1967), try to point out. You fail to emphasize the fact that all big universities, southern or northern, are becoming impersonal, that all are losing contact with the masses of people in their respective states. I don't think one particular section of the country can be blamed because its universities have become this way. The pressure to have more money, more research grants, more upper level courses, higher academic standards, and intellectual students is present in all areas of the United States.

Yet, the southern universities are blamed for attitudes that all universities have simply because their particular problems are more newsworthy at the moment. Passivity and inattention to area problems is not of southern origin or peculiar to that section only. It was in the north and midwest that the really big university originated. It was in other sections of the country that research grants and the graduate student first surpassed in importance the individual undergraduate and his concerns. This is simply the trend that our growing number of students and complex society have pushed upon the whole country including, of course, the south. Go on a campus anywhere in the U.S., and you will find the new timidity toward involvement with the realities of today. There are a few professors and university leaders who try to understand and become involved, but the university system tends to discourage or ignore their efforts and opinions.

The southern universities have many problems that need new educational chances. They have the Negro, and with him segregationist colleges. Yet the accusing finger must not be pointed at the south alone. There are poor people, discrimination and segregation, inferior schools, and loss of talent in all sections of the country. The big universities will have to become concerned about other things than national academic ranking. They have the equipment to help solve the many problems of their society. However, if they don't abandon the *avant-garde* open-mindedness and responsiveness the American university has always had.

JANICE JOHNSON  
university of puget sound  
tacoma, wash.

# motive

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## EDITORIAL:

# WANTED:

# SOME

David Brinkley wrapped up an early January assessment of 1968 politics with the speculation, "Maybe this is the year to get some new political clichés."

Let's hope so. (And while we're hoping, perhaps we can wish that someone other than NBC and *Time/Life* will formulate these new insights.)

The tragedy of the moment in American politics is the illusion of alternatives being scripted by everyone from George Wallace to Harold Stassen. The public is being led to believe that radical options exist, when in fact, the old systems and dichotomies are being rejuvenated once again.

The electorate is being tantalized with anything it wants . . . anything, that is, except *hope*.

And the one candidate who could do more than any other single individual to infuse hope into the political system remains undecided.

That man, of course, is Robert Kennedy.

I am not here suggesting that RFK offers a panacea for what ails America. I am not even arguing that he is the best candidate for President. But I do contend that his announced candidacy at this time for the Democratic nomination would do more to restore hope for the political process itself than any other single act.

Why? Primarily because his candidacy could change one of the oldest political clichés—"politics is the art of the possible"—into a new challenge—"politics is the art of making what appears to be impossible possible." This vision within itself could help restore many talented, committed people to the political process, thereby bridging the broadening gap between the governed and the governing.

That Bob Kennedy will sometime be a candidate for president is assumed by most. But many now begin to wonder if the office itself does not appear to be more important to Kennedy than how that office could be used to redirect America's democratic influence in the world. But Kennedy, the candidate, in '68 may in fact be more strategic in clarifying the objectives of this nation than Kennedy, the President, will be able to do by '72, or some date thereafter.

# HOPE FOR THE FUTURE

The rapidity of events, the alteration of consequences, the changed faces—all make 1972 as remote as the year 2000 for those who feel alternatives to be closing in. Therefore, it does not seem unfair to suggest that 1968 offers more urgent need for political clarification than 1972.

One consequence of Kennedy's seeking the nomination would be the immediate involvement of thousands of people who are now dropping out of politics. I am more frightened of the consequences of dropping out than I am by either the left or the right. For after all, the latter are out in the open if they are negotiating for political position and are subject to the acceptance or rejection by their fellow citizens. But the drop-outs seek to make their impact on history by far more radical systems, seeking to subvert rather than reform politics.

In a sense, I am using drop-out inaccurately for I really have in mind those who have not heretofore been participants in politics: namely, the poor, the young, and the middle-class liberal intellectual. These three segments of society are now basically alienated from normal political activity, partisan or non-partisan. And their numbers should be large enough to attract any candidate. But they should be of special interest to Bob Kennedy. It was, after all, his brother's administration which gave these three groups some hope that they could be included in determining programs and priorities for this nation. That hope is now eroded for most, and one cannot help but wonder if it will not be entirely dead or redirected by 1972.

Robert Kennedy is unquestionably torn as he looks at his alternatives. His closest friends and most astute political advisers undoubtedly counsel delay until '72. But there are literally thousands of others who yearn for some interruption of the closed-option goals and repetitious rhetoric spewing from the "party of the people."

One of John Kennedy's last speeches was on a college campus. At Amherst in October 1963, he said:

The men who create power make an indispensable contribution to the nation's greatness, but the men who question power make a contribution just as indispensable, especially when that questioning is disinterested; for they determine whether we use power or power uses us. Our national strength matters, but the spirit which informs and controls our strength matters just as much.

Bob Kennedy would do well to consider that insight carefully. Although his questioning of the Johnson renomination would be far from "disinterested," such a challenge could potentially do more to clarify our domestic and foreign goals than anything any Republican candidate can do short of the election itself.

This nation confronts some consequential decisions within the coming months. The import of ending the war in Vietnam is not so much that it happens, but more in how such an ending is understood to indicate the future role of the U.S. in its foreign policy objectives. Vietnam will not be a conclusion to the demands made upon the U.S. by rising peoples, but it may well be a summation of whether America will in the future be considered *ipso facto* a deterrent to the hopes of the non-white world. America has yet to choose its stance on a viable view of China, and the objectives of such a position should be made an issue in the forthcoming elections.

At the present time, these kinds of issues are dormant in the campaigns and they do not seem to be surfacing as the delegates to party conventions are "elected." We are surfeited instead with anti-Johnson emotionalism and Republican confusion.

America is uptight in '68 and new leadership is imperative if the political system is to be infused with new blood. Bob Kennedy is not exactly new leadership, but he is the nearest we are likely to find in '68.

Is it too much to expect that he who would be served by his country would now make it clear that he would first serve his country—as candidate?

—B. J. STILES

# WHOSE CHINA

PHOTOGRAPH EVAN JOHNSON





By ROSS TERRILL

# PROBLEM?

Why do you Westerners worry about China?" a Peking resident said recently to his visitor. "China goes on her own path; she will endure over the next few thousand years as she has over the last few thousand." The West does worry about the "China problem," however, and is now twisting itself into policy knots over how to "deal" with China.

In this article, I will not treat policy problems as such, but will seek an overall view of the present as history. How and why does China now fascinate the world, evoking curses from most, raptures from a few? The reality before us is the entry of China into world history. For the first time ever, the name of a Chinese leader, Mao Tse-tung, is a household term the world over.

In *The Future as History*, Robert Heilbroner points out that Western liberals, when problems loom up or rebuffs are administered, seek a "fresh idea of what to do," never a "fresh sense of what to expect." Such Promethean optimism brought the West its triumphs in the modern industrial era. History carried the West where it wanted to go, and there seemed no problem reason could not master. But as Heilbroner goes on to say, the West has now left the "stream of progress" and emerged into the "open sea." Mastery has gone; there is now a plurality of currents beneath the waves of our historical existence.

Consider this change as it is reflected in the rise and fall of the European Empires. What Adam Smith called the "volatile spirit" of Europe led her to spill over into the East. Explorer, trader, missionary, administrator spun the world-wide web of imperialism. World history was inaugurated. But it remained white man's world history (in 1492 the white West controlled 9% of the earth; by 1935, 85%). China first appeared prominently in our history as a "market," as "souls to be saved," as "spheres of influence," as a giant melon to be carved up for our satisfaction.

China entered Western consciousness as a blur of diverting exotica: green jade, chop suey, laundrymen, pagan souls. In the second half of the twentieth century, however, China impinges upon us in the stark dimension of power. She has entered world history, not as the complement to the self-identity of the West, but on her own terms. The Western mind is shocked. Formerly "exotic," China now has become a "threat."

The change masks a continuity in the thinking of the liberal West. Manchu China could be seen as exotic because we managed to force her into the Procrustean bed of our imperialist pattern. Mao Tse-tung's China has to be seen as a threat because she vociferously declines to co-operate with efforts—made by the U.S., as the supreme manifestation of the liberal West—to fit her into that successor to European patterns of imperialism, the Pax Americana.

These liberal Western notions of China as exotic or as threat are inadequate. We cannot view China any longer as if we, the West, constituted a fixed point, with China merely the object of our attention. China and the West are now together on that "open sea." They are inextricably related: the Geneva Conference of 1954 made that plain, as does every major issue in Asian politics today. Yet now, unlike in the decades of gunboats and extraterritoriality, the relationship is open-ended; neither side can determine its nature alone. "China has entered into our lives, never to leave" a French orientalist recently wrote.<sup>1</sup> The West is anxious because though China has "entered," she cannot any longer be organized into her appropriate pigeonhole.

The West is anxious also because to contemplate China in the communist era is to contemplate, as in a mirror, some sober truths about the present condition of the liberal Christian West. There is indeed no fixed point. As China has turned red, we too have changed. As the communist East has arisen, the liberal West has subsided. It is hard for the West to look steadily at China today, because to do so is to look at world history in which our own problems and destiny are also bound up. There are ghosts in Washington (perhaps in Moscow, too) who talk of a China they "lost." But that is a China made in their own image, a China which never existed, a China meant to be part of a Western-led world order. Historical China endures: she was not "lost." And China has become what she is today partly because of what the West has become. She rejected liberalism partly because we in the West had lost faith in liberalism after World War I. She became communist partly because we in the West did not know any other way to meet a revolutionary challenge than by opposing it, thus leaving the initiative to communists.

## Beyond Imperialism, What?

The End of Empire has posed the practical prob-

lem of what is to replace the fabric of imperialism. Imperialism brought about interdependence, yet no political structure exists to regulate it. China expelled the West; Vietnam exhausted the French; and Britain, Holland and France—their hands forced by Japan's destructive imperialism—have withdrawn from the rest of Asia to the calm and prosperity of a Europe that is, for once, not at the center of world history.

The U.S., stronghold of a liberal idealism and optimism that Europe is too scarred to retain, sallies forth, quivering with power, uttering liberal rhetoric, to bind up a fragmented Asia. That the Pax Americana can replace European imperialism, however, is increasingly doubted in many parts of the world. China is potentially the greatest resisting force to a new co-prosperity sphere on Washington's terms.

The intellectual problem in the epoch "after Empire" is the bankruptcy of liberalism. France and Britain can look more steadily at communist China than the U.S. because they have known in their social bones this bankruptcy. Intimate experience of war and totalitarianism has eroded their liberal faith in Reason and Progress. The triumph of Chinese communism does not assault them spiritually the way it does America. They just trade with Peking; the curtain has come down on their *mission civilisatrice*; illusions and ambitions alike have been swallowed up by practicalities.

But the U.S. still "believes." (In some ways, if not in all, it is a more appealing posture than European unconcern.) When Rusk displays passion about China—he has a "bug up his ass about China," says one observer<sup>2</sup>—he reflects the continuing vitality, even after the grim summer of 1967, of liberal idealism and optimism in America. He believes Washington must "do something about the China problem."

China lies at the center of this world-historical process for a number of reasons. Taylor of the China Inland Mission sighed as he beheld the "Niagara of souls" crashing down to perdition; that, for him, was China. But the biggest potential harvest proved the biggest actual disappointment. The Christian missions of the liberal West found that a religion detached from its social context, transported in the form of a book, held limited power for a Confucian order wherein religion was essential social tissue, unintelligible in disembodied form. The return of China to world power mirrors the decline of Christianity in the 20th century; for the Chinese revolution is the first great revolution to occur in a non-Christian country, and it occurred after 100 years of Christian missions had converted less than 1% of the Chinese people.

Secondly, the shift of the center of gravity of world history from Europe to Asia naturally has placed China—historically the leading Asian civilization—at the center of attention. In April, 1945, victorious Soviet and American soldiers met near Berlin—over the



EVAN JOHNSON

PHOTOGRAPH

smouldering ashes of Europe. But they could not and cannot encompass Asia as they did Europe. China stands as geographic, political, military, and cultural resistance to such hegemony. How can we be surprised that she outrages Washington and Moscow alike?

The Spanish Civil War was a political-spiritual touchstone for the generation of the thirties; Vietnam is for that of the sixties. The Spanish struggle

contained all the ingredients of European politics (including Christianity) while the Vietnam struggle contains all the ingredients of contemporary Asian politics. In the shift from Europe to Asia expressed by these symbolic events, China's pilgrimage is strikingly reflected. Remember that China's thinkers, after centuries of separateness, drank deep at the fountains of European culture, K'ang Yu-wei, Liang Chichao, Yen Fu—two or three generations of them devoured Mill and Spencer, Dewey and Russell. But after World War I, the Bolshevik Revolution of 1917, and Versailles, most Chinese thinkers began to lose faith in the liberal West—first in its practice, later in its theories as well.

They turned to Marxism, thus confronting the West with the decline of its liberalism in a sharp and painful manner—made all the worse, for the U.S., when the Cold War set in and Washington took up duty as the world center for anti-Marxism. It is not to express hostility to liberalism, but merely to observe history, to say that Peking's very existence today as a center of Asian communist power constitutes a kind of historical nightmare for those who make absolute the values of the liberal Christian West. (I believe that Christianity need not at all despair at the decline of the liberal West: but this theme would involve a separate exploration.)

Let us now look closer at the attempt to build a communist society in China. Mao remarked to Edgar Snow that the day may come when Marx, Lenin and Engels will "appear rather ridiculous."<sup>3</sup> What will not appear ridiculous is the evolving reality of Chinese civilization. It is this reality which enables China to spurn the rest of the world in a display of Chineseness that seems "mad" to Rusk, "lunatic" to Professor Lucian Pye, "Kafkaesque" to the *New York Times*, and "barbarous" to every second editorial writer in the U.S.

I doubt that it is the undeniable excesses of the Cultural Revolution which alone evoke Western abuse. At a deeper level, it may be the haughty self-reliance of China that offends a liberal West which has spoken often of "salvation" in describing its efforts to "bring" China into the "international community." The visitor to China since the open quarrel with Moscow is proudly told *ad nauseum* that this installation is "100% Chinese," that one was built by "our unaided efforts." In no other country in Asia could these claims be made so generally (China is the only country with a per capita income of less than \$200 that receives no foreign aid). Such assertive independence still upsets those who dwell spiritually in the imperialist epoch.

In the Cultural Revolution China is, among other aims,<sup>4</sup> trying to turn inwards, to return to the sources of her own cultural being. After the internationalism of Lenin, Stalin in similar fashion pulled the Bolshevik revolution back into Mother Russia.

But the Chinese self-reliance is greater. There are no foreign technicians; less than 1,000 of the 750 million people living in China at this moment are foreigners. Even the communist press of Europe has disappeared from the newsstands of Peking.

Part of Russia is part of Europe. Prague and Warsaw are historic European cities, where Western music, languages, literature, cuisine are rooted. China, by contrast, is not one nation within a civilization: she is herself a separate civilization, comparable not to Russia or Poland or France but only to the whole of Europe. So the coming of German Marxism and Russian Bolshevism to China brings a cultural encounter far more momentous than anything Eastern Europe has experienced.

### China Against Communism

In a sense Chinese civilization is struggling with, and against, the European import, communism, which has been the vehicle of China's full-fledged entry into world history. She had to have some kind of cultural revolution to sort herself out after successive battering and seduction by the West and the ideas of the West. "We have to become Chinese again," a Christian intellectual said to me in Peking in 1964.

Neither India nor Japan were so totally shattered by the Western impact as Confucian China. She knew brokenness as no other major nation in modern history has known it. Yet only a nation with China's depth of cultural tradition could kick away all foreign entanglement (including foreign communism) and work out her revolution in autarchic isolation. It is impossible to understand the cultural revolution without understanding the brokenness.

The turning inwards will not last for long, and the reason presents us with a paradox: communism has brought China into the "open sea"; communism is bringing China nearer to ourselves (for better or for worse); communism is the great solvent of the traditional China which so baffled our European ancestors.

Mao exalts "red" over "expert." Yet red revolu-



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tion, by its very achievements, is creating a routinized, professional society wherein expertise is indispensable. Describing the Confucian order as "the apotheosis of the amateur," Joseph Levenson has pointed out how inconceivable the *Merchant*



PHOTOGRAPH

of Venice would be to traditional Chinese: Shylock, though inferior to Antonio, initiates litigation against him, to secure fulfillment of a contract. Litigation and contracts were alien to the social and moral world of the Mandarins: there could be no *Merchant of Canton*.

Now all this is changing: communism makes for a highly abstracted life. Traditionalism, with its myths, its affective ties, its stress on ascribed status, is transcended. The rulers are no longer cultured amateurs but trained professionals. There is no worship of cows in China, as in India. There is no longer traditional dress, as there still

is (the kimono) in Japan. You observe an urban crowd in China, and they seem somehow just like a European or American crowd, their dress and manner standardized, their life organized. Licking ice-creams, buying cameras, turning aside from work on Sunday to play basketball, acquire useful knowledge, or stroll in the park.<sup>5</sup> It is an impression one receives also (to some degree) in Japan, but nowhere else in the Third World.

Even on the Communes, with their factories, their complicated organization, their schools with excellent scientific equipment, you feel that the Marxist goal of destroying (the supposed "idiocy" of) rural life—in its traditional shape—is being accomplished. The peasant is becoming a worker. The entry of China into world history is manifest not only at the Geneva Conference of 1954, not only in the mushroom cloud of her H-Bomb, but in the daily life of her masses.

China cannot return to some unchanging, eternal self, because the achievement of transcendence that the communist revolution has brought amounts to a fundamental modification of the Chinese social self. Geoffroy-Dechaume writes that "communism conceals China from us." It is also true that to focus on traditional Chinese civilization, entertaining the illusion that communism is a shroud that one day will be lifted from China, conceals from us the truth that communism in China is producing a new, modern society: a Chinese nation, as different from the old as Europe before and after the ideologies, factories, and governmental machinery introduced by the industrial revolution.

The believer hates the heretic more than he hates the unbeliever. The historical function of communism—to rapidly modernize backward societies—is quite akin to the historical function of capitalism in the nineteenth century, yet the ideologists of liberal capitalism today smile more readily at Asian traditionalism than at Asian communism. But capitalist and communist will see, in retrospect, that they trod a partially similar path. The particular ideology accompanying modernization will fade in importance. Just as France and the USA have deep differences despite shared capitalist ideology, so do China and the USSR despite shared communist ideology (and so may China and Japan come to draw close despite divergent ideologies of modernization).

Chinese communism remains deeply different from European communism. If it was workers and intellectuals who rose up in St. Petersburg, in Canton and Shanghai it was peasants and intellectuals. If Bolshevism has come to decry imperialism, it is an academic matter compared with the decades of physical struggle against Britain, Japan and the U.S. that fashioned the body and soul of Mao and his Party. If socialism meant "social science" to Marx, Plekhanov and Lenin, it means

motive

something nearer "social morality" to Mao. If Stalin was of bureaucratic temper, clamping a lid on Soviet society, Mao is of romantic populist temper, hurling the lid of bureaucratic control off Chinese society in the name of "reliance upon the masses." If the utopia of Moscow is one of rationality, predicated on the sanguine belief that the coming of socialism puts an end to political conflicts, the utopia of Peking today remains one of struggle, predicated on the insistence that contradictions endure for generations after the establishment of the dictatorship of the proletariat.

### Beyond Nationalism, Romance

If Rousseau could have hitched his sack and marched with the Chinese Army, he would surely have found elements to content him: rejection of all artificiality and sophistication; self-reliance, entangling (not to say suffocating) comradeship; moral austerity; an attitude of co-operative respect for nature (in contrast to the Christian-capitalist notion of conquering nature, and harnessing her for progress).

Sheer necessity has produced this style of life; but so too has Chinese social character. Not the spiritualism of Indian tradition, nor the Faustianism of the modern West, but a genius for social order and social philosophy is the dominant trait that geography, climate, and history seem to have produced in China.

One could hardly say of the Russians, for example, what Leibnitz said 250 years ago of the Chinese: "It is impossible to describe the wisdom with which the Chinese ordain everything concerned with public order and the relations between men, with the least possible constraint." Enough remains of this to ensure that Peking will build its socialism brick by brick, mindful of social psychology. "Lenin did not take socialism into Russian homes" the visitor to Peking is now told. The Chinese leadership wants not only socialist factories but socialist homes, indeed socialist souls as well.

Amaury de Riencourt<sup>6</sup> rightly points out that the Chinese, like the French but unlike the Japanese and British, are "attuned to universal ideas and values." Yet China's entry into universal history is ambiguous. Red versus Expert; Chinese versus Universal; Tradition versus Organization—these tensions give rise to constant crises in China today. Having burst into world history, China yet finds that in two basic ways world history has caught up with her.

She seeks universality, she essays a world role as the beacon of revolution, yet she cannot overcome her awkwardness in a world of nation-states. Maoists cannot understand that for ethnic Chinese in Rangoon to declare that their only allegiance is to Mao is behavior unacceptable to the Burmese

Government. They do not respect nationalisms other than their own. Perhaps it is because Chinese nationalism is less nationalism than culturism, or pride in Chinese civilization. It is comparable (not in temper, but in scope) to the Europeanism of Erasmus and Colet.

With one half of her mind Peking wants to be one nation among other nations; and with the other half to be the fount of revolutionism (Maoism) shedding its light in utter disregard of empirical, national realities. The first impulse expresses the outward stance of the social transcendence she is achieving through communist rationality. The second embodies the old Son of Heaven aspiration: this is the China that has no proper name, but only the designation "middle country"; the China that cares about the barbarian world only insofar as the barbarians range themselves around the Son of Heaven. There is enough of the latter in China today to prevent our regarding the Chinese revolution as paradigmatic of the whole of Asia and to prevent Maoism being a model for Asia.



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World history is also catching up with the redness of China's revolution. Robert Michels argued effectively sixty years ago that he "who says organization says oligarchy." Yet Mao, in a gigantic land which demands feats of organization unmatched in history, seeks to prove Michels wrong; to prove that the masses can be self-reliant even when there are 750 million of them; to prove that the rank and file can continue in revolutionism during the (supposedly) dull and sober years of socialist construction. What an outrageous bid this seems, not only to the theories of Michels, but to Soviet bureaucrat, British administrator, and American managerialist as well!

Mao, the great poet and romantic, has gone

some distance down this novel road. In a society which has a tradition of élitism he has thrown politics out of the palace and into the factories and fields. In a society with a tradition of intellectual arrogance and dilletantism he has proclaimed that knowledge comes only through action ("if you want to know the taste of a pear, you must change the pear by eating it yourself").

Yet the attempt to perpetuate militancy seems doomed. History bestows the blessing of permanence on no revolutionary regime, no revolutionary mood. How can a towering epic like the Long March be simulated by sending Red Guards marching from Chungking to Peking? How can communism prevent the advent of banality, when its very aim has been to make everyday and universal the benefits that once were the possession of but a few? Modern China will not be exempt from the apparent laws of modernity. Not surprisingly Mao's visions for the development of the revolution have begun to be criticized, even by the second most distinguished figure of the Chinese revolution, Liu Shao-chi.

Any revolution must be assessed by whether or not it improves the lot of its own people, not whether or not it tickles the fancy of observers on the balcony. The Chinese revolution has done this—with far less death, repression, and flight from its territory than the French or Russian revolutions—and Americans, when they begin to look at the record steadily, will salute it the way they now salute the bloody convulsions of Paris and St. Petersburg. They will remember that Imperial China was cruel and unjust, and that feeding the hungry and healing the sick counts far more than all the cries of ideology. They will remember, when they have recovered from the theoretical Yellow Peril, that for 100 years there existed, for the Chinese, a very practical White Peril.

But there is also the international dimension, for China will be a kind of problem for those who live in her shadow. The problem will result primarily from her size and the mantle of her culture all over Asia. Her ideology is less of a problem. Communism has proved terribly hard to export, and no one has explained this better than Marshall Lin Piao; his *Long Live the Victory of the People's War* is, among other things, an argument for revolutionary self-reliance.

### What's in a Name?

For the U.S., China remains a special problem. There is, in the first place, a naked power conflict: the U.S. installed herself in Asia, during the course of defeating Japan, at a time when China was injured on the sidelines; now she has returned to the arena. There is also an intellectual and historical dimension to the problem: the U.S. has become



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standard-bearer for the liberal West at a time when liberalism as a faith has lost its magic, and world history is shifting its focus from the West to the East.

The manner in which the U.S. and China will deal with each other will make or break us all. They are together on the "open sea." Will new patterns be found to replace imperialism? Can an acceptance of diversity replace the effortless dominance of the past? Can the U.S. learn to live with the fragments of Asian political reality, or will she persist in craving false certainties? How will she respond to the increase of China's power in Asia and the ebbing of her own? Let us hope, against appearances, that Washington will send emissaries to Peking at least before she sends them to Mars, if not before she sends them to the moon. There will come eventually one small sign that Washington has accepted the Chinese present as a chapter in world history: the readiness of officials and publicists to refer to "Communist China" by its name, the "People's Republic of China," the way they brought themselves to refer to "Communist Russia" by its name, the "Soviet Union."

### NOTES

1. Francois Geoffroy-Dechaume, *China Looks at the World* (1967), p. 226.
2. Alexander Campbell, "Walt Rostow." *The New Republic*, No. 4, 1967.
3. *The New Republic*, February 27, 1965.
4. Those causes of the Cultural Revolution which lie in foreign policy considerations are discussed in my "China and Vietnam," *The New Republic*, Oct. 29, 1966.
5. On this point, see R. Guillain: *Dans Trente Ans La Chine* (1965), pp. 29-38.
6. *The Soul of China* (revised 1965), p. 184

somehow  
i  
didn't  
know

somehow

i didn't know  
about the humanity of man  
although i'd heard about it  
often enough  
from the local very reverend  
and his very local peers  
and a garrulous grayhaired history teacher  
with rouge on her cheeks  
not to mention  
several presidents  
and my barber george  
till the other day  
i saw a young mexican boy  
with dirty ankles  
waiting beside his sixtyyearold father  
in the  
unemployment compensation line

—John Atherton

AMERICAN SUMMER

Re-creation always meant baseball,  
Gross National Pastime  
Where power and speed are responsible  
For Victory: but I could never hit  
The ball hard enough, the bat  
Was always flying from my hands.  
When and if I did connect,  
I rarely made it to the base in time.

My sister, gifted at an early age  
In music, was taught to pound  
Pianos gently: her music had "power"  
Mother's tea guest claimed.  
Whenever it rained I would come inside  
To hear her play: sometimes I'd sing  
Along, pretending the walls were attentive  
As guests, though my voice brought only echoes.

We were a quiet group: Mother, Father,  
Sister and me: on the hottest days,  
Mother would gather her tools and whip  
Up special ice-cold drinks:  
We'd meet at the patio and gulp  
Until our thirst fled like bad dreams,  
Leaving us empty, perhaps a little silly.  
Mother enjoyed training us to drink.

Summer afternoons! But all this  
Was still before my father  
Made his final killing  
In the market, before the stocks  
Began to fall like bombs: when he was still  
Gardening for himself, when he would whistle  
Outside, mowing down  
All the grass like men.

—Geof Hewitt



INTAGLIO: COUNTERPART

# The Deserters: the contemporary defeat of fiction

By CARL OGLESBY





JAMES BURKE

A personal confession: I don't read novels or poems or plays now with any of the excitement that I remember feeling ten years ago.

It was a very serious matter for me in those days, this literature. If one didn't know it, one was ignorant. It was where it was happening; it was what made a difference. That I no longer feel this way about it, to be sure, means most simply that I have changed. But the situation has changed, too. It has become very wild, very confusing, and seems everywhere to bespeak most clearly our individual impotence and unimportance. And fiction, it seems to

me, has responded generally to this change at least in the respect that it, too, has become very wild, even grotesque, and very confused.\* Perhaps even defeated.

I don't intend to argue that this defeat was unavoidable or that it is suffered everywhere or that there is some cultural force which absolutely obstructs its reversal. Any minute, somebody might bowl me over. What I mean to suggest, rather, is that the kind of strategic thought one encounters in certain important novels

is a strategy of defeat and desertion—appropriate yesterday, perhaps, when the world was different, but not appropriate now.

I have the perhaps mistaken idea that I could argue this view in the context of a number of important writers, the line of argument of course being different with each: Genet, Beckett, or Robbe-Grillet; or LeRoi Jones or Baldwin; or the Saul Bellow of *Herzog*, or perhaps the Ken Kesey of *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*. For a variety of reasons, I've decided to talk generally about Camus and then more specifically about Joseph Heller's *Catch-*

\* This essay was prepared as an address to the Conference on Modern Letters, held at the University of Iowa on the topic "The New Grotesque: Is There a Post-Realistic Fiction?"

22: first, because each is important, relevant, and exciting to engage; and second, because Camus seems to me paradigmatic of a type of failure which I suspect pervades contemporary American fiction, and Heller's good novel is a convenient and interesting instance of that failure.

That is, I find in *Catch-22* a resume of an immense historical, cultural problem of ours, an embodiment of a dilemma which the informed artist is virtually compelled to pose, and which, once posed, forces the artist to confront a responsibility that may transcend his responsibility to fiction itself. Most coldly, the question I want to get at is this: When the house is burning down around

the poet's head, on grounds of what if any dispensation can the poet continue the poem?

Since I want to put all my cards on the table, I should at least describe my view of fiction. After a rather long episode with the New Criticism, I at last came to my senses and decided that literature is most essentially a form of history-writing, something which makes propositions about the human experience of a time and a place. Whether or not these propositions are also elegant, they ought to be in the first place significant and in the second place true.

I hold the writer responsible for his time—trying to know what's in it, what it's about; and

to the extent that a large part of our experience is a witness of injustice, if not direct complicity in it, it follows that the writer has no exemption from the political meanings of choices which in any case he can hardly avoid making. In our time and place, one simply *is* a partisan—of something, of some cause; even silence is no escape.

The business of the critic is to grasp and elucidate the fullness of all these circulating partisanships and—like the writer he scrutinizes—to take a stand. It should go without saying that the stand will be complex always and often ambivalent. No American novel published in 1963, for example, can be excused for the almost racist stereotyping and the dilute elixir of fascism which one finds in Ken Kesey's *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*; yet that novel is resonant with a nostalgia, an aspiration, and a man-centered commitment which I not only share, but in fact find enlarged and re-energized by my experience of that book. More ambivalent yet is my attitude toward *Catch-22*, as will be clear momentarily. Good enough: one works it out. Neither a novel nor its critique is something one can go shouting through the streets. The point is to know that novels imply worlds, make assertions about the nature of reality, embody summations, prophecies, and demands which are manifest in the very process of selection of material and assumption of stance. It is the *politics* of an artwork which we have to elucidate, explore, and—finally—judge.

I suppose this view of art is neither fashionable nor very glamorous, although the current decline throughout the humanities of the spirit of positivism no doubt makes it easier at least to re-examine the idea that a work of literature amounts to so many mimetic and value-charged statements about man's experience of himself in the world,

ETCHING: A BIER FOR BARBIE

BERK CHAPPELL



and the companion idea that the values and methods appropriate to criticism ought to be integral with the values and methods appropriate to living in a time in which social conflict is ubiquitous and sharp.

That men are in trouble, that the trouble may be grave, is neither a foolish nor an especially electrifying notion. It seems by now to be simply a commonplace. The interesting questions are the subsequent ones: How is this trouble to be explained and described? What should men do about it?

### The Villainous Cosmos

A drama is all but composed when its cast of characters has been assembled: What sort of hero is being pitted against what sort of villain? For Camus, the central figures are Man, who stands on one side of the line of battle armed with his lucidity and passion, and over on the other side, in the opposite corner, the Absurd Cosmos, armed with its silence, its indifference, and its mystery—all of which, however, turn out to be not exactly what they seem. For if, with Camus's acuity, one listens a moment more to this silence, it becomes a curse flung in the face; the indifference becomes contempt; the mystery becomes arrogance and spite. For Camus, even the stars seem sometimes to amount only to so many sinister celestial graffiti. Hence, for example, the air of melodramatic showdown with which *The Myth of Sisyphus* opens: "There is but one truly serious philosophical problem," he writes, "and that is suicide."

Camus never seems to have surpassed the most prosaic meaning of a much younger Sartre's dictum, "Man is a useless passion." Samuel Beckett has somewhere noted the essential ignobility of such a stance: "The microcosm," he says, "cannot forgive the relative immortality of

the macrocosm." Perhaps a good deal of Camus' melancholy bravura boils down, then, to a hyped-up and vastly more sophisticated "Invictus." A common jealousy, mingling with fright and pride, yearns to be transfigured, to demonstrate its perfect bravery, by taking on the cosmos, nothing less.

Camus' moral philosophy seems in this case to be an extensive elaboration of a single rather uninteresting lesson, namely, that the enemy of life is death, and that life appears frequently to lose. At the scene of that defeat, confronting his absurd destiny face to facelessness, Camus' Rebel undergoes that apotheosis which alters nothing—that is, becomes totally lucid, almost like Wallace Stevens' man of glass, as to the divine and poignant uselessness of lucidity.

But there is much more to Camus' moral strategy than this strangely Byronic pursuit of disappearing ultimates. It satisfies also the political function of destroying the challenge of historical risk. It relegates history, the mundane affairs of men, to an inferior plateau of moral experience. To be in history, to spend one's time with it, becomes a sadly unavoidable violation of one's higher possibilities. "For years now," Camus wrote to a German friend who had become a Nazi soldier, "you have tried to make me enter History."

History: in a familiar gesture, he capitalizes the initial and turns it thus into something abstract and remote, a category among other categories. He had wanted to live outside this History apparently, not quite in the wilderness, but at least in a distant suburb, fixing his attention upon the absurdity of his on-coming death with a despair sometimes jubilant and always graceful. When he finally does enter History in 1941, it is not in order to change it that he does so, or to provide it with a new purpose or even to defend an old mean-

ing. But it is almost as if he aimed to resist events in themselves, to repulse History's impudent incursion upon his own private moral space—that inner sanctum in which the unsuspectful but elegant struggle with the Absurd was to be resumed once the imposter had been thrown back again.

Camus is rebellious only toward that perfectly innocuous Nothingness which indeed is so radically passive as to comply immediately with all his stage directions, to become a menacing and hostile Nothingness as soon as he so regards it. Toward History, the collisions of men in their pursuit of objectives, Camus undertakes no more than the provisional, temporary role of the resistant. If only History would not interfere, if only there were no Nazi soldiers and no revolutionaries, if only men undertook the pursuit of no more objectives, then he could perhaps have time enough for his real life—a life, that is, in which victory is no doubt unthinkable, but in which the varieties of defeat rank themselves from the noble to the wretched and serve in any case to make a man's career conclusive, to relieve it of that disorder and incompleteness which no merely historical existence can ever escape.

### Quixote or Revolution?

In trying thus to improve upon Napoleon, Camus has changed the meaning of Elba: instead of exile, historical defeat now means reunion. Escape from the contingent and the changing becomes the overriding purpose of political action: such escape alone restores the possibility of the encounter with silence. The despair that goes with this encounter becomes nothing less than the most glamorous mood of the most glamorous man, the ghostly Don Quixote whose eyes were opened, and whose self-dramatization is only the more poignant

because he calls our attention to it in terms so unstintingly self-deprecating. "Covered with ashes," says the judge-penitent Clamence toward the end of *The Fall*, "tearing my hair, my face scored by clawing, but with piercing eyes, I stand before all humanity recapitulating my shames without losing sight of the effect I am producing, and saying: 'I was the lowest of the low.'"

This is the pose which classical and conservative thought is apparently required to assume in our time. Camus is important precisely because, in refusing historical rebellion—in refusing, that is, to accept the concreteness, the continuation, and thus the impurities of the revolutionist's life—he presents us with the best of cases against revolution, the most humane and compassionate case. "Passionately longing," as he put it, "for solitude and silence," he is important because he has renovated with exceptional power (if not lucidity) that idea of exile as self-reunion which surfaces in our time as the one alternative to an always terrifying political violence, the one sanctuary for that Western and highly individualistic innocence which chooses above all its own self-preservation.

His work embodies the nearest resolution of a predicament which in the end seems to remain quite intact, namely: If one chooses to answer injustice by standing with historical revolution, one becomes the forced confederate of an evidently automatic terror. If one chooses on such grounds to answer terror by siding with the regime, becoming first and foremost the partisan of traditions and institutions and continuity rather than suffering men, one becomes the forced confederate of the old privilege and its injustices. If foreknowledge of both disasters persuades one to answer terror and injustice by standing critically above the battle, confronting each historical mode with its opposition's ideal,



COLOR ETCHING: DEAD LIFE

condemning terror in the name of order and oppression in the name of justice, then one becomes the practical confederate of the moral sycophant.

One's accusations, however sincerely moved, will always be best overheard and most effectively exploited by incumbent authority. A France busy making the most ruthless war against Algerian rebels, a France about to produce the infamous OAS conspiracy, scarcely hears when Camus—rather softly, to be sure—reprimands the colonialist for his outrages. But this same France is

suddenly all ears when he denounces with his severest passion the Soviet Union's slave-labor camps, giving us a sorry spectacle indeed as the counterrevolutionaries try to conceal their ecstasy with a few crocodile tears: it was not for the Turkestani victims that France shared Camus' angry grief. It was rather at the expense of a chronically malformed revolution, which remains nevertheless the only hope of the wretched, that this France celebrated, behind its tears, another victory for reaction.



MOISHE SMITH

### The Shame of Self-ambush

The function of Camus' metaphysical priorities, of his setting Man against the Absurd, of his concomitant suggestion that to fight within history for historical objectives amounts to being self-ambushed on the road to the only really important encounter—the practical function of this is a politics of disengagement which pretends to be the opposite. This is Camus' one really important shame; and it is at last the one which, for all his candor, he never confesses.

He does not rebel within history, but against it. He does not rebel in the name of what man's world *might* become, but rather in the name of what it can *never* become, a world in which men have no objectives. He thereby guarantees his permanent disappointment with men, guarantees moreover that men's historical failures will always have all the features of a personal betrayal. In effect, he has written into his contract with men an escape clause which will never fail to become operative: a remarkable

strategy which allows him at one and the same time to seem both engaged and innocent.

Camus' definition of 'rebellion', in fact, requires him only to reveal for us again and again his moral superiority to both combatants, to the permanent crisis of modern Western history. That the West widely considers him to be both engaged and lucid only reveals the extent to which his partisanship is rootedly Western—conservative, sometimes all but royalist: the new Edmund Burke disguised as Humphrey Bogart; and reveals further the extent to which his obscurities coincide with what a guilt-ridden Western liberalism prefers left in shadow.

There was always, and there remains, quite another way of visualizing our experience, another way of drawing up the cast of characters: the historical way. In place of the exquisite and subtle struggle of Man against the Absurd—a struggle which is in fact not turbulent at all but perfectly still, consisting mainly of a certain mood, a certain gaze, a metaphysics—the historical imagination gives us instead something a good bit uglier and more lethal, a struggle of men against men pursuing their different historical purposes. Camus always had wanted the cosmos to offer him a meaning, or at least an explanation; perhaps an apology. He never seems to have recognized that the cosmic silence which he condemns with an epithet, "The Absurd," is in fact the very ground of freedom, the indispensable precondition of the morality which he so passionately desired. If the cosmos has no meaning, if it is in itself absurd, then men are at liberty to produce meaning; to assemble alternatives, to make choices, and to act creatively.

As for this history of ours, as Sartre observes, "the problem is not to *know* its objective, but to *give* it one." But to say as much, obviously, is to reconstitute, beneath the moral idealist's dainty

dancer's feet, the rough and most uncertain ground of the practical. One might even become—who knows?—a murderer, like everyone else. Appalled, Camus decided to forego, even to denounce, the battle of men against men. He devoted all his considerable skill to the task of proving that the real battle lay elsewhere and was to be fought in solitude. In redefining rebellion in this way, in providing it with a radically metaphysical and anti-political meaning, he concludes with a silent subversion of his own moral thrust: his choice of political silence, in the end, amounts to a vote for oppression. And it makes it only all the sadder that this vote is cast in the name of those human values which otherwise require exactly the creation of a new society.

#### Catch-22: Class War & Crazy Death

It seems to me that something like this happens in *Catch-22*, and that the moral and historical categories by which it is brought off in that novel correspond to those I have claimed to see in Camus.

Except for *Moby Dick*, which will remain the supreme critique of America until America redefines and surpasses itself, I can think of no important American novel whose primary conflict is more deeply class-structured than *Catch-22*. Heller could hardly have made things clearer: the Second World War, at one level the clash of rival nationalisms, of vertically unified class societies, at another and apparently more important level was an intra-societal clash of rival classes—the men against the officers, the young against the old, the people against the ruling establishment, neither one sharing or even very clearly recognizing the other's aims, the one aiming consciously to extend and consolidate its power, the other aiming

fitfully and in semi-darkness to break free of the hold and to redefine social value in its own terms.

When Milo Minderbinder, that gargoyle entrepreneur, contracts with the German army to defend the same bridge which he contracts with the American army to destroy, this central point is brutally clear. But it was there all along. Fairly early, for example, when Cadet Clevinger, "one of those people with lots of intelligence and no brains," is sent up for trial before the Action Board for stumbling while marching to class, he finds that his defense attorney, his prosecutor, his accuser, and one of his judges are one and the same man. Towards the end of this trial, Clevinger is "militantly idealist" enough to point out that the court cannot find him guilty and still remain faithful to what he calls "the cause of justice." This provokes the following outburst from the bench:

'That's not what justice is,' the colonel jeered, and began pounding the table with his big fat hand. 'That's what Karl Marx is. I'll tell you what justice is. Justice is a knee in the gut from the floor on the chin at night sneaky with a knife brought up down on the magazine of a battleship sandbagged underhanded in the dark without a word of warning. Garroting. That's what justice is when we've all got to be tough enough and rough enough to fight Billy Petrolle. From the hip. Get it?'

Cadet Clevinger does not get it:

It was all very confusing to Clevinger. There were many strange things taking place, but the strangest of all, to Clevinger, was the hatred, the brutal, uncloaked, inexorable hatred of the members of the Action Board.

...

Clevinger recoiled from their hatred as though from a blinding light. These three men who hated him spoke his language and wore his uniform, but he saw their loveless faces set immutably into cramped, mean lines of hostility and understood instantly that nowhere in the

world, not in all the fascist tanks or planes or submarines, not in the bunkers behind the machine guns or mortars or behind the blowing flame throwers, not even among all the expert gunners of the crack Hermann Goering Anti-aircraft Division or among the grisly connivers in all the beer halls in Munich and everywhere else, were there men who hated him more.

Clevinger approaches but does not capture the central, organizing insight of the novel, namely, that this entire little world on Pianosa is crazy—"something was terribly wrong," writes Heller, "if everything was all right"—and that its craziness springs from the fact that one group of men repeatedly kills and exposes itself to death in the service of another group, whose aims are not only different but fiercely competitive. Over and over, in this novel which has been so highly praised by *Time* and *Life* and some leftwing journals, Heller drives home the point that the officers and the men might as well come from two different nations, that they are united only as the officers are successful in their deceit and deception. "Almost hung," wrote Thomas Nashe in the 16th century, "for another man's rape"—and we have in that phrase the crazy close calls and the crazy deaths which the crazy men of *Catch-22* endure.

Heller does not qualify this opposition so much as a comma's worth. It is stark and unrelieved. Whenever we meet in this novel a recognizably sympathetic emotion—a moment of compassion or agony—we are among the slaves. Not that the men are sentimentalized: there is frailty enough in their ranks. But the officers, the rulers, are entirely despicable. Lacking even the bitter merits of their violence, they are not even bold or cunning. There is nothing new in the military slave's hatred of his military master. We have been hearing about that since *The Naked and the Dead*. But Norman Mailer at least endowed his Gen-

eral Cummins with a well-shaped and sometimes commanding intellect. In *Mister Roberts*, Thomas Heggan gave us a ship's captain who would be perfectly at home in *Catch-22*, but on the horizon of that world there were other ships and other captains whose goodness and legitimacy were in fact praised in the hero's death. *From Here to Eternity* has its share of officer lunatics, but their madness is never something to laugh at.

In *Catch-22* the officers are denied even the marginal virtues they might appear to possess. Culture, for example, that standard shield of class, is allowed to surface only in order to become more evidence of the officers' vanity and small-mindedness. When Nately is killed and Yossarian therefore refuses to fly any more missions, Colonel Korn says, "Who does he think he is—Achilles?" Not a bad comparison,

in fact: Korn knows something about Achilles besides the thing about the heel and applies what he knows justly, if contemptuously, to Yossarian's rebellion. But Heller destroys the effect by letting us in on a secret: "Colonel Korn was pleased with the simile and filed a mental reminder to repeat it the next time he found himself in General Peckem's presence." So instead of being impressed, we are amused: in his unrelieved vanity and ambition, Korn has been caught in the act of fondling his knowledge.

### A Mirror of America

These officers, moreover, are not merely officers, for the reason mainly that this army is not merely an army. The army of *Catch-22* is rather a little world which mirrors the larger, overarching world of which it is an offspring and a function. It is an

image of America. The values in the name of which the officers direct their peculiar little wars of ambition and betrayal are identical with the values by which the naive maniac of capitalism, Milo Minderbinder, is exonerated by an America he had seemed to betray.

'Won't you fight for your country?' Colonel Korn demanded of Yossarian, emulating Colonel Cathcart's harsh, self-righteous tone. 'Won't you give up your life for Colonel Cathcart and me?'

Yossarian tensed with alert astonishment when he heard Colonel Korn's concluding words. 'What's that?' he exclaimed. 'What have you and Colonel Cathcart got to do with my country? You're not the same.'

'How can you separate us?' Colonel Korn inquired with ironical tranquility.

'That's right,' Colonel Cathcart cried emphatically. 'You're either for us or against us. There's no two ways about it.'

'I'm afraid he's got you,' added Colonel Korn. 'You're either for us or against your country. It's as simple as that.'

'Oh, no, Colonel. I don't buy that.'

Colonel Korn was unruffled. 'Neither do I, frankly, but everyone else will. So there you are.'

What is it exactly that everyone else is buying when he buys the inseparability of the country and the colonels? In the first place, he buys the ethic of mindless ambition and cut-throat deceit. "Why does he [Cathcart] want to be a general?" asks Yossarian, and Korn answers: "Why? For the same reason that I want to be a colonel. What else have we got to do? Everyone teaches us to aspire to higher things. A general is higher than a colonel, and a colonel is higher than a lieutenant colonel. So we're both aspiring." And in the second place, he buys capitalism, a very pure, very unGalbraithian variety with all its old impulses toward monopoly and Mammonism wholly intact. Along with the Korns, the Cathcarts, and the Peckems, that is he buys Milo Minderbinder. Not exactly an appealing purchase.



HERB CHAPPELL

ETCHING: PAPER ROMANTIC

It is no doubt because the purchase is in fact so terribly unappealing that *Catch-22* has so often been taken as a satirical or even a farcical novel. Maybe there is some technical sense in which such terms can account for the book. But it seems to me, on the contrary, that calling it a satire is merely a way to avoid its disgusting truthfulness. There really is a system, and the system does behave more or less exactly in the ways *Catch-22* describes. If the system seems crazy, that is because it really is crazy. Exaggeration here does not merely substitute a fantasy for reality. Rather, it serves the function of saturating with light the real and essential features of an existing and unendurable situation.

Heller, in fact, seems to be very careful to avoid that exaggeration or that kind of grotesque, which would snap his story's connection with an objective, historical world. Milo's extravagant capitalism and the extravagantly banal evil of the officer class are permissible because they refer to real social history. The rebellion of the men, on the other hand, which in and of itself would even be much less extravagant, far more plausible psychologically, than Milo's bombing of his own base, is never allowed to happen. Until the very end of the book, that is, when Orr, that machine-age Sancho Panza, is found to have escaped to neutral Sweden, and Yossarian is about to join him, rebellion is limited to mutinous mutterings in dark corners or transient moments of individual refusal.

### The Bulletproof Charm

This comes close to what I take to be the central moral dilemma—and failure—of *Catch-22*. This dilemma is concentrated in the little drama that takes place around the figure of Colonel Cathcart.

Of a very bad lot, Cathcart is the worst. He combines all the standard virtues of his class: ruthlessness, stupidity, avarice, cowardice,

and so on. Heller persuades us that Cathcart will indeed make general one day—five-star, no doubt. But besides this, Cathcart is a centrally placed actor, someone whose decisions directly hit the lives of the men under his command. It is Cathcart who keeps raising the number of missions the men must fly, Cathcart who gleefully anticipates casualties among his men on grounds that this will be a proof to the higher-ups of his own greater dedication and bravery, Cathcart who consciously punishes the flyers by volunteering them for exceptionally dangerous missions, Cathcart who demands the pointless bombing of an undefended and perhaps friendly mountain village. He is a ridiculous person, but also consequential—a monstrous combination. Heller quite methodically refuses us the opportunity of being for one moment mistaken about this Cathcart. He is a criminal all around, everyone's executioner: a clear and present danger.

The question is: Why is Cathcart not assassinated? In a chapter opening with the cold horror of Snowden's death and the pushing of the number of missions up to 60, the terrified and angry Dobbs proposes Cathcart's assassination to Yossarian, who need only agree with Dobbs that it is a good idea and should be carried out. Yossarian clearly thinks it is; Cathcart should be punished, removed. But he cannot or will not tell Dobbs to proceed. A bit later, the roles are reversed, and this time it is Dobbs, who now has his 60 missions under his belt, who will not conspire with Yossarian.

The men are unable to generate any coherent opposition to those who victimize and, in the crudest sense, exploit them. *Something keeps Cathcart alive*. One feels its presence as soon as Dobbs lays his proposal before Yossarian; one knows already that Cathcart is secure, that even if Yossarian had assented to the plan, Dobbs would have muffed it, or wound up killing himself. Cathcart seems

to wear a charm, the same charm that all the other officers seem to wear and which none of the men of the squadron apparently can ever possess. What is this charm?

The charm, I believe, is a special version of Camus' Absurd Cosmos. And it is hanging, in fact, not around Cathcart's neck, but around Yossarian's. It is on the men of the squadron. It is on Heller and his situation. And perhaps—but perhaps not—it is also on the world.

Recall the way in which *Catch-22* tells its story. The technique could hardly be further removed from that of the mainline novel of the 19th and 20th centuries. There is no sequential, step-by-step development through time of an increasingly charged situation. One does not have the sense that a world is coming into being or is being altered before one's eyes. There is hardly any sense at all of the massing of contradictory pressures or of a buildup for a conventional climax and denouement. Rather, the narrative moves from thread to thread as if each were a line on an initially invisible map, and with each touching of each story line its dimensions and meanings are spread outwards toward the others more and more, so that by the last page, they all touch, and we have the feeling that a world, a unified body of experience, has been finally disclosed.

### Sweden: No Option

Thus, the circulating narrative structure of the novel, moving with the degrees of freedom in time which are customarily reserved for space, has in itself repositioned a world which is already in being, a complete, tense, but basically static world whose larger form is proof against all assaults: a world which is not in the process of being changed. We are persuaded, that is, that in this novel history is not about to take place, that we are not about to witness the transfiguration of a world. Impossible to endure as it

motive



is, the world of *Catch-22* is not under seige. There is no other moral or practical world which threatens to supplant it.

The world of *Catch-22* is one in which the possibility of political, historical rebellion has already been foreclosed. There can be no revolution here. Only try to imagine what happens to the psychological ambience of the book, its tone and spirit, if Yossarian—a bombardier, after all, who kills people every day—should actually bring off the assassination of the war criminal, Cathcart. We have been able to smile with derision at this immune and safeguarded Cathcart who kills and kills with impunity and from a distance. As soon, however, as he is killed, that superior smile seems no longer possible. Everything becomes suddenly very serious; almost automatically, a search for the mode of his assassin's tragic downfall shoots immediately into the book.

A Yossarian who makes his rebellion political and real—revolutionary—is a Yossarian who can no longer be focused by means of the underlying historical assumptions of the novel. Such a Yossarian breaks the bounds of reality which the novel has made implicit and in terms of which it realizes its formal coherence. And this would of course be all the clearer were Yossarian to be joined in this revolution by his co-victims: a crucial action would in this case have transcended and surpassed the practical limits of action which Heller's perception of the world has put into place.

At first, this may seem to say nothing more than that Heller's novel is all of a piece. In fact, one may for a moment almost see in this omitting of the revolutionary option a proof of the novel's authenticity. That a revolution, a massive change in the moral and social order, should at one and the same time be both mandatory and impossible may actually be the most important element of our situation. A novel that expressed

and explored this predicament would be a novel which one could not write without great experience and agony—a novel very much worth having.\*

But Heller has not written this novel. At the last minute, he in fact kills the dilemma which he had seemed to pose by introducing a third term. If historical revo-

lution is impossible, he says, private rebellion is not. A rebellion which amounts only to an escape is produced at the very moment the dice are being rolled. It turns out to be the reverse side of the twenty-second catch, or perhaps it is catch-23: To an unthinkable revolution and an unendurable regime, Heller suddenly adds the

INTAGLIO: COME DANCE WITH ME



BERK CHAPPELL

\* Since writing this essay, I have come across two novels which, in exactly this sense, are indeed "very much worth having." One is Sol Yurick's *The Warriors* (Holt, Rinehart and Winston, 1965). The other, a work so coldly honest as to have found friends on neither left nor right, is Hans Koningsberger's *The Revolutionary* (Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 1967).

alternative of desertion. If men cannot remake their social destinies by acting together in history, then each man, it seems, can avoid social destiny altogether by escaping history—by escaping



history—by escaping politics, by taking asylum in this nonaligned Sweden which Yossarian is headed for at the unconvincingly festive—and to my mind disastrous—close of the novel. Non-aligned: that is, a country without politics, presumably therefore without Colonel Cathcart, a country in which social history is no longer individually contingent. One is reminded again of Camus' "passionate longing for solitude and silence."

Heller's crazy world, as in different ways perhaps with Kesey's insane world and the early Salinger's phony one, originates in the same disaffiliation from history as the absurd world of Camus. Just as Camus evades history by redefining rebellion as a metaphysical act, so Heller evades it by redefining rebellion as privatistic. A Yossarian in neutral Sweden—perhaps what Heller really wants to say here, by the way, is Eden—is a Kilroy without objectives, a McMurphy without Big Nurse, an Ishmael without Captain Ahab.

And of course it is well known that one need not travel far or dangerously to arrive in this Sweden. It is nearly everywhere. It is in the East Village and the Haight-Ashbury. It is in camp art and the newer team art, the art without signature. It is in the sanctum of Optical and Acrylic constructivism and the machine esthetic of the hard and efficient surface. It is in an art culture of once-ironic iron which today has apparently abandoned its original subversive content in favor of cold enthusiasm for a world without

people, a very clean and orderly utopia. It is in the new preoccupation with sensibility and the McLuhanite extension of the senses. It is in the new grotesque, which offers to cover up the hour's malaise, the time's bleeding conscience, through the expedient of a so-called black laughter which turns out to be only all too long-suffering, servile, and pale. All of them pretending to be *avant-garde* and rebellious, all of them at the same time increasingly addicted to what *is*, increasingly alien from that which is not yet, these new Swedens, these Wonderlands without contents, without histories and futures, these Expos of polite defeat, are everywhere.

In the end, very like Camus, Heller has tried to buy time for himself and his culture, snarled with lunacy and injustice as it is, by wrapping up everything in a tissue of cynicism and privileged impotence. History being insufferable but unchangeable, he says, the good man is therefore morally reprieved from the awful sentence of having to change it. In the company of Camus' solitary rebel, he need only desert.

What Heller finally offers us supersensitive Westerners is a contemporary world in which we may ignore what threatens us by its example, what challenges us to change our lives. A world, that is, in which there is no Fanny Lou Hamer, no Schwerner, Chaney or Goodman, no Castro or Guevara or Nguyen Huu Tho; a world without fundamental tension, one which is not destined for significant transformation, a world in which the summons to partisanship has been muffled if not ridiculed by a nihilism which has recently discovered gaiety, a despair which has learned how to frolic in the ruins of a certain hope.

Maybe this was a remotely defensible posture in that decade before the First World War when another solitary rebel deserted another homeland "to forge," as he put it in a tone now forbidden,

"in the smithy of my soul the un-created conscience of my race." But several wars and revolutions have changed the situation. The conscience exists, standing before us now asking not to be created or perfected but to be chosen and defended, in need of champions, not exiles. Any fiction which understands injustice but still refuses that request is henceforth a collaborationist fiction, a fiction which tells the terrible lie that Carmichael and Bravo and Montes do not exist. It will require indeed a "post-realistic" fiction to tell this lie, a fiction which suddenly wants to toy with the notion that after reality there might still be something left. There will not be. There will only be men who can catch an eternally difficult reality and those who cannot. Those who cannot will continue to conceal their desertion beneath an historical sadness endlessly more intricate in design and in decoration even lovely; we shall continue to hear the sighs of an expiring culture whose self-confidence is being permanently broken.

And those, on the other hand, who will have the courage to see what there is in the world and to see moreover what that world needs to become—these people, putting their own comfort last and laboring to acquire skills which come far from naturally to the modern Westerner, will concentrate all their power on that moment when the good man in hell, acting in acute foreknowledge of probable defeat, nevertheless acts—the true existentialist who chooses his history, who chooses his situation, and who chooses at the same time to change it; who declines exile and desertion, and who declines to be defeated by a despair which he nevertheless refuses to reject. Such people will have no interest in a fiction of post-realism. They will decide and again decide to live as fully as they can in that eternal hour before the eternal revolution which is eternally the moment of a man's communion with his brothers.

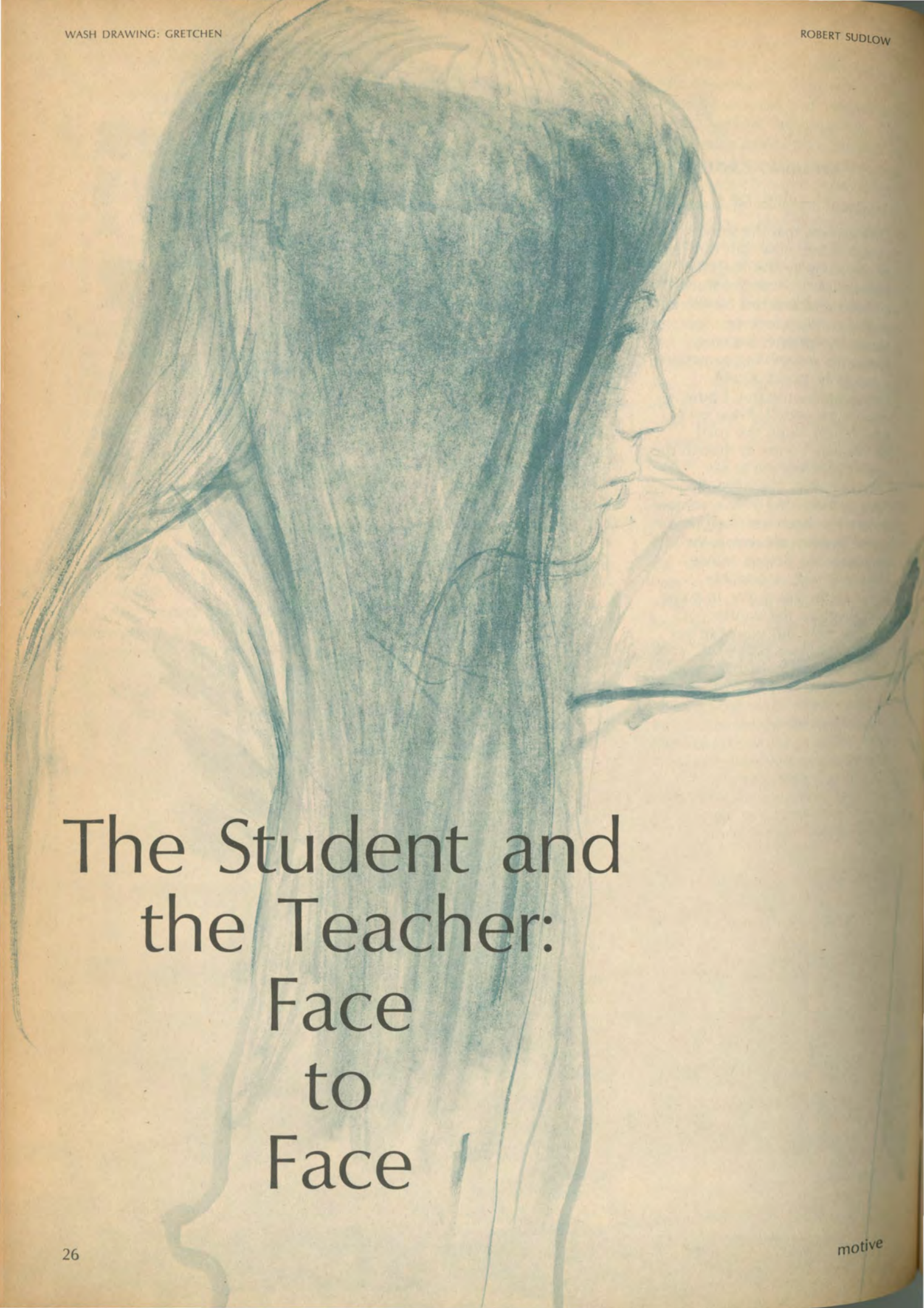
## BREAKING GROUND

—for Carol

One can see that the snow is almost gone, now, but out here in the country the melting comes slowly; even the words, cupped and pierced by the needles of the conifers lurking about the garage, become the same, resembling something I can only guess. Quiet forms, unlike the one I now choose on myself, listen each time I stop along the road on my way home, as though they were expecting me to say, "I'm not here; I've never been here before." But I have somewhere else been here before, on some Sunday afternoon, or in some old Bogart movie where it was impossible for him, the good-guy, to come out alive. So the winter is gone now but who can say I've never been part of it, its closed roads, its overcasts, its piling snow. I knew then: I know better now: words have a way themselves, more than we can, will ever know. But look, the trees are still here, the snow disappearing into town when I drove to work. The streets had been swept early, and things were easier but the same all over. I couldn't stay there long, looking out my office window as a gargoyle must. So here I am, succumbing to wired fences and black slush, playing landscape with the dogs. To the left is a low spot where water has collected. I wonder how deep it is in its lowest place. Then, to the right, a row of pines, snow softly breaking at their roots. In the front, an abyss blown furiously inward; will it be warm again tomorrow.

ROBERT SUDLOW

—Alexander Kuo



The Student and  
the Teacher:  
Face  
to  
Face

By STEPHEN A. SHAPIRO

Recently, an "A" student of mine, a freshman, telephoned me at my home on a Friday evening. I say "an 'A' student" quite deliberately, because teachers tend to think of students not as individuals but as slots—A mind, B mind, C mind, D mind, No mind—which are filled and refilled by rank after rank of students, just the way slots in the Automat are refilled by identical egg salad, ham, and cheese sandwiches. But this particular student, as I was to discover, was determined to become visible, to be recognized as an individual, not just processed and graded. Nearly choking on her words, she asked me if I was busy. I replied that I was working. What did she want? She wanted to talk to me. Could she and her friend come over? I had talked with her for an hour in my office that afternoon. Perhaps frightened, certainly indignant, I said no, she could see me in my office on Monday. Apologizing for having bothered me, she stammered into silence.

I had not even bothered to find out what my student really wanted. Perhaps it was urgent. Was I so in love with my image of myself as a professional scholar that I could no longer remember what it feels like to need attention and to be rejected? I do care about my students, don't I? I recalled her tone of voice as she said to me that afternoon, "But you're my teacher," as if pleading with me to realize something that was perfectly apparent to her but which I could not see. True, she was in my class; I taught her a subject. But that was not what she meant. She meant I was *her* teacher; I taught *her*. She belonged to me and I belonged to her. What did she want from me?

I

Some obscure mixture of shame, responsibility, curiosity, and love compelled me to call the girl and ask her to come over. But before I reveal the nature of our conversation, let me place my question in the general context of the current uproar over education at the Big Campuses. "What does a student want from his teacher? What does it mean to be a teacher?" About two years ago, I was confident that these questions were going to be asked and answered on every campus in the country. At Berkeley, students rebelled against the faceless, bureau-

cratic, educational machine. "Do not fold or mutilate." Students demanded that a human face replace the metal smile of efficient administration. This image, of course, simplifies the complex uprising at Berkeley. But surely no one could deny that Berkeley students were frustrated by the mechanism of an education that served the needs of the Establishment rather than the needs of individual students who hungered to connect what they learned with how they lived. Recently Martin Meyerson wrote:

The more I met with discontented students the more I realized that they were . . . objecting to being neglected. This was true for graduates as well as undergraduates . . . they did not have an opportunity to discuss the new ideas that were troubling them . . . they felt that they never got to know their teachers as persons and were not known as persons to their teachers.<sup>1</sup>

Surely no one could deny that the professional concerns of graduate education, publication, specialization, are indeed monopolizing the time and energy of professors, and that students, especially freshmen and sophomores, are becoming invisible to their teachers.

But Vice Chancellor Robert E. Connick of Berkeley did deny that professor-student relationships, or the lack of them, were a significant cause of discontent (*L. A. Times*, August 20, 1966, p. 24). He chanted the ritual response of all administrators on this subject: 1) research is an integral part of teaching; 2) teaching methods are being improved constantly; 3) professor-student relationships are not "as close as they might be," but a poll shows students think X is a good place. Events like the UCLA Conference on Undergraduate Education, which I attended last year as a representative of the Faculty Senate of the Irvine campus of the University of California, clearly operate as safety valves for the *status quo*. The feeling that something is happening is an illusion—nothing essential changes.

Much has been written on the Publish or Perish syndrome, and it should be clear by now that the Research fetish has done much harm, especially in the humanities, where teachers no longer *read* widely in order to become (to use a taboo word) *wiser* men—they do research on smaller and smaller subjects in order to become experts. Scientists normally publish their research because research in the sciences means discovery, but in the humanities, research can legitimately mean passionately learning the best that has been thought and said in order to participate in the perpetuation and transformation of our culture. Humanists publish *and* perish when they substitute expertise for perspective and participation. However, those who

<sup>1</sup> "The Ethos of the American College Student: Beyond the Protests," *Daedalus*, Summer 1966.

oppose Research frequently do so in the name of Teaching—without bothering to define what teaching involves. Indeed, at third-rate colleges, teachers and administrators have smugly begun to be proud of the fact that they do not do research, refusing to realize that many among them are not intellectuals or genuine teachers, but merely philistines who indifferently expound various subjects.

The technology of teaching is becoming more refined: we now use slides, tape recorders, television, etc. Also, there is a confused and potentially tyrannical administrative campaign being launched to evaluate teaching ability—utilizing some refined form of spy or squealer system. More anxiety for the professor. Now he can worry about his rating as well as about whether his article is going to be accepted. But the most bizarre feature of the new concern with teaching, from the point of view of anyone concerned about student-teacher relationships, is the host of articles about teaching appearing in professional journals. The writers think they are discussing teaching, but their overwhelming concern is with methodology, texts, their "discipline"—rarely do we hear even a word about teaching as a complex and perilous relationship between a teacher and his students. Everyone pays lip service to the ideal of a "close" student-teacher relationship—but only at a safe distance of abstraction. My purpose is not to define or prescribe "the ideal" student-teacher relationship—it should be idiosyncratic, personal—but to move up close to what happens between students and their teachers so that we can see what we are talking about.

I am a professor of literature, but the crisis in values and attitudes which concerns me extends along a broad front, certainly involving history, philosophy, and the social sciences. Scientists concerned with human ecology have also begun to insist that since the acquisition of knowledge is inseparable from technological applications and social goals, scientists must become responsible for the consequences of their research. Rene Dubos keeps warning us that specialization could endanger man's adaptive capacities:

The more civilization increases in complexity and the more it compels its members to become specialized the more it is necessary to maintain a certain number of human activities in a primitive, unorganized state.<sup>2</sup>

Teachers must safeguard the notion of the whole person.

Ironically, professors are under pressure to consider themselves "professionals" whose primary concern is to become specialists and thereby to rise in their disciplines and in the university hierarchy as rapidly as possible. Paul Goodman frequently has satirized the new species, Academic Man. The academic world is growing steadily more pernicious.

and protests like "The Shame of The Graduate Schools," by William Arrowsmith, do not even begin to evoke the full horror of what is happening.<sup>3</sup> "It does no good to exhort multiversity professors to take an interest in undergraduates and at the same time make it clear that appointments and promotions and increases in salary depend on the prosecution and publication of research in which undergraduates take no part. In many multiversity departments an interest in undergraduates is a positively harmful eccentricity."<sup>4</sup> Academic Man can only sneer at the notion of the university as a community. The New Professors, especially those under 30, know that only one thing pays—publication. Mobility and prestige are the way to "the top." Gazing toward the top of the pyramid, the professor cannot see the insect-like undergraduate hauling his burden of confusion. "Communicate with students?" One of my professors once said, with an urbane chuckle. "Why, what does one say to a freshman?"

That is the question, but it is not so amusing when a freshman marches into your home one evening and you do not know what to say. We know how to lecture to students, and how to speak of them, but to them—that is different. Recently, a professor-become-department-chairman-become-dean declared, with a familiar tone of smug, idealistic vagueness, that "our problem with [freshmen and sophomores] is to find ways to teach them whatever they must know of literature in order not to be crippled as human beings." My experience is that despite the literature they teach, professors of literature, themselves misshapen by graduate school and hardened by the impersonality of the institutional struggle for survival, help to do the crippling.

And they don't even know it. They hide behind words. Such self-deception is common among "humanists." Recently, I was present at a lecture given by one of America's most distinguished academic psychologists on the occasion of an administration-engineered scheme to furnish instant student-faculty togetherness. (After attending a lecture, students and faculty are supposed to draw together in small groups. These gatherings have shown that students and teachers do not know how to gather in small groups—especially when intimacy is the official policy of the occasion.) The professor gave a very edifying lecture—a little general, of course—on the subject of the "uses and abuses" of human beings, exhorting us to "Do not unto people as you would unto things." Unfortunately, there was no question period, so one could not ask how exactly one does unto people, but afterward I hopefully asked the speaker to characterize the student-teacher relationship in concrete terms, as an example of the I-Thou relationship he evidently had in mind. He said, "It should be a very intense intellectual relationship."

<sup>2</sup> *Mirage of Health*, Anchor Book, 1962.

<sup>3</sup> *Harper's*, March 1966.

<sup>4</sup> Robert Maynard Hutchins, *The New Republic*, April 1, 1967.



All his years as a teacher and a psychologist combined to produce this magnificent cliché. How can you dissociate the intellectual part of a student from the rest of his personality?

This psychologist, like most "humanists," was quite ready to launch a jeremiad against the isolation, alienation, and impersonality so prevalent in our bureaucratic world, and to announce the need to be human, to sustain I-Thou relationships, but he was also quite prepared to treat students as things with intellects. Perhaps, he is "too busy" to do what he says we should do. But, to paraphrase Dostoyevsky's Father Zossima, it is very easy to feel a sublime love for all mankind, but it is very difficult to love the student who calls you at your home, not because he or she has discovered an article you might want to read, but because . . . because. Students never know why they "must talk to you." But teachers should know why.

One problem is that while most teachers are hypocrites, few undergraduates are cynics. They don't realize that teachers are only playing a game when they talk about, say, D. H. Lawrence and the necessity of rebelling against a stifling environment, of expressing what one really feels. They don't realize that although the teacher talks as if he cares intensely about people, he really spends his time worrying

about whether the chairman ignored him in the corridor, writing memos, worrying about publishing. Students are lovers, hungry for attention, for recognition, for encouragement and confirmation. They are experimenting with "roles," and they need models to identify with, as any good book on the psychology of adolescence can tell any teacher. So an excited student resents the impersonality of office conferences: he wants more than the small square of space-time allowed for in the teacher's appointment book. What does he want? He wants to talk to you—he wants you to see him and he wants you to show yourself to him. Whether you are dealing with a boy or girl, intellectual problems are never distinct from problems of identity formation and more or less sublimated sexual desires and fears. It is not only the relationships between students and teachers of opposite sexes that become intense and problematic. When a male student casts a male teacher in the role of his father, the ambivalent ramifications can create an explosive situation. Teachers must accept occasional shrapnel wounds.

There is plainly a great need for students and professors to become unashamedly aware of the nature of the adolescent psyche, and even for "the university experience" to adapt to the needs and anxieties of adolescents, instead of ramming them through a

meatgrinder on the assumption that students are rational animals; but this is not the place to argue about such Utopian schemes. My more immediate aim here is to hold a mirror up to what is happening now.

## II

The worst thing you can say to a young girl who is bewildered by the obscure forces that drive her to do impulsive things is, "What do you want?" I know this to be so because the first thing I said to my student when she seated herself in my living room was, "What do you want?" Well, she and her friend had been discussing Dostoyevsky, and I had said in class . . .

Then she was crying, and it was quite plain that she had not come here to discuss Dostoyevsky.

"I don't know why I'm crying . . . Whenever I talk to you, I cry. Why is that?"

I answered something stupid, undoubtedly. But how can you answer such a question? This girl had been in my class for three weeks. She is clearly sensitive, intelligent, and curiously mature and immature in her preoccupation with herself. Her father died recently; her mother is domineering; she has a boyfriend at another school. All this I learned that afternoon, in the course of exploring why her first essay got a B. She was bored by her essay and began talking about herself. But like many other fragile and insecure young girls I have spoken with, she got so upset just because she was talking about her own inadequacies and confusions that she began weeping and then grew outraged at herself for crying "for no reason."

That evening, despite the presence of her friend, she evidently wanted to continue her "confessions." Soon I lost patience. I could not find the right tone of voice, so I mechanically began to lecture—in my own living room. I knew that these girls had come not because they had a burning desire to be English majors and to discuss books, but because they thought I could help them understand everything in general by being friendly and conversing with them for several hours.

However, instead of responding to these girls as individuals, I lectured in a stern, hard tone about how difficult it was for students and teachers to become friends. (Students frequently ask why teachers do not become friends with their students.)

First of all, there are so many more students than teachers that it would be impossible for a teacher to get to know all of his students, just as impossible as it would be for a girl who was asked out on a date by twenty boys to go out with all of them on the same evening. So a student must earn attention by merit.

Second, students must have interests and temperaments that harmonize with those of the teacher. Third, students must be patient; friendships do not

develop overnight. Fourth, the teacher must not undermine his authority by revealing all kinds of potentially damaging bits of personal information to a student. Students gossip about teachers.

Fifth, the age gap between students and teachers is a complicated barrier. Sixth, students cannot expect to *bleed* before teachers and receive endless bandages of gauzy sympathy and encouragement.

Disregarding my "hypothetical case," the girl indignantly denied that she had come "to bleed"; then she burst out crying and said yes, it was true; all she wanted was attention; she had come to bleed. Then she said, still bawling, that she would leave now and was sorry she had bothered me, and it was terrible that it was so hard for students to get to know their teachers.

But I could not let her go now. I was ready to climb the wall with exasperation. "What do you want?" I kept asking. "Shall we just sit and chat? I have work to do. No, I mean . . . Well, you have a mother, a boyfriend, and friends. Don't they give you the attention you need?"

"Yes," she said, "but." But what? But when I had told her that she was in love with her style, it was so true—but so cruel and impersonal that she felt that nothing was left. She wanted to be a writer. I assured her that she was very gifted, that I was trying to help her improve, that she could be a fine writer. Yes, but I didn't understand. She wanted to show me her poetry and her journal, but she was afraid I would criticize that, too. I thought of Elizabeth Bowen's *The Death of the Heart*, and I tried to ex-

PHOTOGRAPH

SIMON





plain how cruel her innocent demands were, how frightening. She only wanted *attention*, but could she understand how brutal the competition for attention is in our world?

And yet, the more I protested that teachers are workers, not substitute parents, that students cannot expect teachers to be emotional service centers, the more I defended the values of distance, formality, privacy, fair and equal treatment for all students, the more I came to feel hollow and ready to condemn what I was defending. I began to really see the girl sitting there. She was not "a student." She was a person. And I? I was a professor. Was I a person?

In a strange dreamlike moment, I felt myself transformed into this girl. Or rather, I incorporated her into a memory of myself sitting in the office of one of my teachers (I never got as far as their homes). I kept demanding that they recognize me, make me visible and real with a word of understanding. Now I finally got to see my teacher, and I turned into my teacher and saw myself sitting before me, but I was mute and blind.

"I don't know how to talk to you," I said. I had talked too much and listened too little. It was then that I realized with a sense of desperation and near panic that I could not wrench off my mask and confront this girl face to face. I was lost, unable to hear myself in my voice. Very dimly, then, I began to see what has become blazingly clear today: students must help their teachers, must keep them in touch with what is human in themselves, keep them from losing the faces they saw in the mirror when they were young—just as teachers must help students realize and refine their own resources and motivate them to reshape the world in their own image. If the students fail to reclaim and sustain their teachers, the teachers will fail to liberate their students, and the cycle of depersonalization will be perpetuated.

The girl kept apologizing for bothering me, in a tone of voice that said, "It is too bad you are so inhuman." She was impertinent, and I was annoyed, but I was also grateful. She did not realize that there comes a time when you discover that your parents cannot understand you and that they require your understanding. But she helped me to perceive that I was becoming a machine with a facelike mask, and that it was time to revolt and reform. I was a success. That was the trouble.

In graduate school I had learned to subordinate all human impulses into a disciplined drive to produce, to produce first a Ph.D., and then articles, and then books. What Herbert Marcuse, in *Eros and Civilization*, terms "the performance principle": that is reality in the university, as well as in our entire society. Production is the only thing that matters. Everything is a means toward that end. Production, promotion, prestige—this is our trinitarian God.



PHOTOGRAPH

JOHN MAST

I and my successful colleagues have become streamlined projectiles—dead and deathdealing because we have forgotten that people are not means. Students and teachers cannot meet face to face until we realize that it is not the structure of our universities alone, but our sense of reality, our value system that is freezing faces into masks. We will not have time for students until we have time for ourselves.

The most horrifying aspect of my experience with this one student did not appear until about a week after our encounter in my home. First she wrote a very powerful essay on Camus and "the absurd," saying that in my home she had realized the meaning of isolation and absurdity. Then we had another talk. It was a genuine conversation, but I was stunned to discover that she decided that she had been romanticizing herself, that I was right; people do not have time for one another. That is the way things are. Alienation is inevitable. Now I tried to persuade her and myself that this was just sane-sounding insanity. We must not resign ourselves to a situation that can be transformed. But (and this seems to me to be very significant) my conversation with this girl will not resume in the fall because she has transferred to another university—not because of our relationship, I hasten to add. Students are almost as mobile as professors. Faces disappear.

### III

One thing that this girl said to me I find especially haunting. She said that she wanted to know what it was like to be an adult, that she would like to be invisible so that she could watch my wife and me eat breakfast. There is clearly

an element of sexual infatuation and voyeurism involved in the wish to be an invisible observer of intimate behavior. So what? Students are starving for genuine information about what it is like to live in this world, not just generalization or even insight, but actual, sensual, "existential" experience. Am I saying that teachers should lead guided tours through their own bathrooms? No, but I think we should examine our notion of privacy. Whom are we protecting—for and from what? Does a teacher who changes the lives of his students by what he says in class—and this is what a good teacher does—does he have the right to disclaim all responsibility for his actions once he has left the classroom?

Today many teachers would insist that they do not teach students, they teach subjects. They are choosing blindness. The terrible power they have, the power to approve or disapprove, to form or deform, is always exercised, whether they get actively "involved" with their students' private lives or not. A teacher cannot escape action, choice, or responsibility. Silence, coldness, and withdrawal are actions that have consequences. It is dangerous to "play God" with the lives of students, but it is more dangerous to play Mephistopheles, the Denier. We cannot engage with all our students, but we need not worry about that. Not all our students will want to engage with us. What I am suggesting is that teachers must risk human relationships with the few students who are bold enough to assert themselves and tough enough to endure us.

Our society must cease being hypocritical about the role of sex in teaching. It is always present. Teachers are exhibitionists. The rhetoric of the learning process is sexual. Students are "receptive"; we "penetrate" their minds and "fertilize" them. We plant seeds, and so on. Students idealize teachers and cast them in sexual fantasy roles. A marriage of minds is always erotically charged. But when I say that a teacher must risk a human relationship with students, I do not mean to suggest that I approve of teachers or students using sex or grades as a bribe. That is an *economic* relationship. However, any teacher who risks involvement with a student risks an intensification of the erotic elements already in play, risks falling in love, risks despair, risks suffering, frustration, and personal revolution. If we teach our students that they must be ready to change their lives, then we must be ready to change our lives. A Ph.D. is not a certificate of immunity or invulnerability. Of course, we cannot and should not attempt to become Miss Lonelyhearts, bearing the weight of all our students' burdens. That is simply self-destructive. But if we withdraw into the autistic realms of pure research, we are buying the kind of security that will eventually make us all bankrupt. If professors are so insecure and anxious that they cannot spend an evening in the company of a few students, informally discussing what the students want to

know, because such time spent with people seems wasted, because they feel guilty about not working (and this is indeed the situation that exists in academia today), then teachers can only teach one thing—how students can avoid becoming like their teachers.

Normally, students look to their teachers for models. Adolescents need models because this is part of the process of identity formation. But teachers also need to feel they are being taken as models, because this confirms them in their sense of identity and value, and this gives students great potential power. They can refuse to accept the models they are offered; they can reject teachers whose values are destructive, or whose lives mock the ideals they are paid to profess. "Jesus was a dropout," says a bumpersticker sold by the Los Angeles "Underground." But I urge students who hate the system not to drop out, but to stay in and fight to change the lives of the research zombies and other academic vampires and to persuade other students to do likewise. Students who conform to present demands are sustaining a system that will suck their blood and cripple them. I have encountered undergraduates who deliberately decided to enroll in a course given by a teacher they hated—and who was worthy of their contempt—just because a letter of recommendation from this person would help them get into a prestigious graduate school. Where are they going?

Anyone who understands how powerful the need to feel oneself a model actually is, will not think that it is quixotic to appeal to the students to change their professors, especially the younger ones. Hemingway's very popular *The Old Man and the Sea* demonstrates quite clearly how heroically a man will struggle if he knows a boy is watching him. Paradoxically, however, the task of teachers today is not to learn how to struggle, but to learn how to relate to people. This is much harder to do. Santiago's model, Joe DiMaggio, suffered and endured. The heroes of Western Civilization all suffer nobly in isolation, crucify themselves. Now, when we are "threatened" by a leisure-time revolution, it is time to ask why we are fanatically producing research that is not consumed and refusing to satisfy the societal and sensual impulses that are becoming twisted and destructive from frustration. Teachers must now be forced to ask *why* they are working, what they are working *for*. Means must not be confused with ends. I have heard professors respond to William Arrow-smith's claim that humanists must not divorce knowledge from action, by sneering that he was confusing humanism with humanitarianism. Confusion, self-deception, and cowardice can go no further than this. There is only one aim for all study—the amelioration of human life.



PHOTOGRAPH

DOUGLAS GILBERT

A professor is expected to extend, coordinate, and transmit knowledge. But he is also expected to influence the character and values of his students. I am not arguing that research is "no good." I am arguing that even trivial research has become sacred, an end in itself, and that this has frequently operated against the willingness or ability of the professor to coordinate and transmit knowledge, and has in fact replaced the intellectual with the specialist, the professional who simply does not care about "other fields," or students, or the responsibility of the intellectual to criticize and help reshape his society. If a teacher does not make some effort to show his students how knowledge affects action, and what knowledge is for, by getting involved with them as people, then he has not only abdicated his role as a teacher, but contributed toward a very ominous situation that was clearly exposed during the trials of Nazis. The specialist disavows responsibility for anything outside his specialty. People are not his business.

In *The Human Use of Human Beings*, Norbert Wiener tried to warn us that we must revere the difference between human beings and ants: ants are specialized creatures; we are not. But the Academic Man is a kind of ant, and he trains others to be ants. In 1939, at the end of his *Autobiography*,

R. G. Collingwood wrote: "I know now that the minute philosophers of my youth, for all their profession of a purely scientific detachment from practical affairs, were the propagandists of a coming Fascism." In the endless corridors of our universities, you can sense the future being born in the classrooms, laboratories, and offices of specialists. Down those corridors march millions of invisible students. The teachers cannot see them, do not know how to speak with them, do not care about them. The teachers do their jobs. Kafka knew how it would happen. One morning, the world was an anthill.

This must not happen. We must join in the deepening revolt, whether SDS or LSD inspired, against a social order dominated by an ideology of production, aggression, competition, and self-destruction. Efficiency is the virtue of machines, not of men. Emotional starvation is not "normal." Students who demand personal attention will get it, and may transform the lives of their teachers. Knock on their doors. The walls of our prisons are not as solid as they seem. Frightened students can only feel locked out by frightened teachers who feel locked in. I say again that the university is the seedground of the future. This machine can become a garden. Knock on the doors. Become visible.

## THE ICE

Another year  
I would have told myself how.  
Someone would be there to show me the way.

It happens this way once every winter.  
The dead

Are brought back frozen  
Into perfection.


\*

I have a dream of songs, the smoke of silent nations, Mahler,  
Hugo Wolf.  
All these years listening to the wrong voice.  
For the wrong reason.

Waiting  
For the secret police to speak in my own voice.

Walking the streets, seeking light in the darkest places,  
Hoping to burn, forgetting where I left  
All the candles.

—Robert Elbaz



# VIOLENCE IN AFRICA: Reality and Strategy

By WILLIAM MINTER

Violence in Africa is real. Whether we like it or not, it does exist; it exists *now* as a present reality. Yet much of our talk about Africa avoids this reality, and we approach violence only as an abstraction. By such sophistry we give the impression that nations can make a fresh start now with all options, violent and non-violent, equally open. We even go so far as to imply that *each man* can begin with a clean slate.

For example, we often talk as if the most important question is the righteousness of the individual. Will he dirty his hands with violence, or will he keep clean? Will he compromise his principles, or will he uphold them? While it is true that the decision rests with the individual and he cannot abdicate his responsibility to the government or to the movement, how does he make a decision? Can it be as someone without guilt? If we think so, we have missed the point.

For none of us is without guilt. Whether we identify ourselves as Africans or Americans, or simply as residents of the modern world, *our own existence* has been built on the basis of violence. To talk of past revolutions, wars, slave trade and economic suffering is to talk of what has made *us* what we are. Even where the overt violence of war or revolution was absent, there was still the violence of the police or the threat of "massive retaliation." To talk about the individual as if he were free from this context, and not at least partially responsible for it, is an abstraction we cannot afford.

Sometimes we release the individual from both his guilt and his responsibility by placing the full burden on those in leadership positions. We say let the leaders exercise their freedom of choice, and we imagine them pursuing different goals—"legitimate" national interest, civil rights, independence—

each with equal options on various means, both violent and non-violent, to achieve their ends.

Often there is a range of possibilities from which to choose. But at times the character of a choice is not between one means and another, but between using a particular means (such as guerilla violence) and giving up the goal. Saul Alinsky's fifth rule of the ethics of means and ends says that "concern with ethics increases with the number of means available and vice versa." And he adds, "a means that will not work is not a means; it is nonsense."<sup>1</sup> When there is only one means available, then one adopts it—or gives up the goal. To continue to oppose the only available means, while saying one supports the goal, is absurdity and bad faith.

The ethics of violence and non-violence then must begin with analysis of the real world in which we live. Part of the real world is the past—how history has molded the present. What is the reality of violence already present in Africa? What are the possible responses that Africans and non-Africans can make? Where is Africa going and what role does violence have to play in the future? These are the crucial questions.

## VIOLENCE AND NATION-BUILDING

LAGOS—"Nigerian Air Force planes have begun strafing targets in Enugu, capital of the self-proclaimed republic of Biafra." *Tanzania Standard*, July 20, 1967.

Coups in countries whose names one can't remember—in short, a violent chaos. This is the picture of Africa in the minds of many Americans, if they think about Africa at all. And the conclusion of these Americans is that maybe Africans aren't ready to stand on their feet after all. What is conveniently forgotten is that nation-building is seldom a peaceful process (it certainly wasn't in the case of the United States), and that non-Africans bear a large responsibility for the violence in Africa.

Illogical colonial divisions, unworkable governmental systems, inadequate training, and unbalanced economic development—this is Africa's inheritance from the rest of the world. Add cold war interference, such as that of the United States in the Congo, and the tribal divisions long present in African society, and it would be surprising indeed if viable nations emerged without violent conflict along the way. The structures for resolution of conflict simply are not adequate for the tensions which are already present.

These tensions are aggravated by high expectations combined with continued economic underdevelopment. When there is a lot to share, it may be easier to split it up without fighting. When there is very little, it becomes much more difficult. McNamara's speech in Toronto, pointing up the correlation between internal violence and level of

economic development, is to the point, however incongruous the speaker and the thought. This is an important factor in considering recent coups in Africa, in which different segments of the new elites have hopped aboard a Latin American style merry-go-round.

And it's possible some of the reasons are similar have hopped aboard a Latin American style merry-go-round. "Chronic political instability is a function of the contradiction between the realities of a colonial economy and the political requirements of legal sovereignty among the Latin American states." That is, control of conventional economic bases of power remains relatively static, and mobility is restricted. This contrast "provokes intense and violent competition for control of government as a means of acquiring and expanding a base of wealth and power."<sup>2</sup> Thus government acquires an exceptional economic premium as a dynamic base of power. And this is the same path to mobility which is being followed by the emerging African elites.

Violence of this sort is not likely to end quickly. In the meantime, those involved have two principal options for responsible action. One is to concentrate on some of the indirect causes. This alternative leads to work in education, health, or development, and means avoidance of conflicts as much as possible in the hope that particular job functions eventually will contribute to the stability of the whole community. Of course the catch lies in the phrase "as much as possible," for in developing countries political conflicts often become not mere boundary conditions, but determining factors in the total environment. Still this option, if it does not degenerate into privatism and a search for personal advantage, may be the most constructive contribution some can make.

The other option is to take the risk of direct political involvement, working on the institutional arrangements by which conflict can be contained and the community as a whole strengthened. Some must choose this method. They may become caught up in violence, even forced at times to use it themselves, or simply get out. And they too may forget their commitments and let the political struggle become the means for personal and group advantage with selfish reasons for violence simply contributing to destruction.

Neither choice is an easy one. Outsiders can be of some help, both in dealing with the underlying factors of development and in not aggravating tensions which already exist by imposing non-African conflicts on Africa. But they must be quite clear that their role is a subordinate one, and that the attempt to impose solutions from the outside is not fruitful.

Perhaps the most helpful contribution wealthy nations of the world can make is to wake up to the crisis of economic inequality, admit their own responsibility for its continuation, and be willing to

sacrifice to end it. Increased economic power, through more favorable trade relations and increased multilateral aid, will neither eliminate violence nor automatically produce modern nations—but, undeniably, it would help.

### VIOLENCE, OPPRESSION, AND LIBERATION

LONDON—"Rhodesia today advertised in Britain for migrants . . . The white-ruled territory . . . offered prospective men a pleasant living through initiative and hard work in a 'peaceful happy land with a great future.'"—*Tanzania Standard*, July 27, 1967.

While violence in independent Africa makes news, violence in Southern Africa is better concealed. For, according to the South Africa Information Services, Southern Africa is stable and it is all too easy for those not directly involved to get the impression that nothing is wrong. The system of injustice is so well established that police raids in African townships don't make headlines, torture of political prisoners doesn't make headlines, and the systematic violation of human rights that goes on day after day doesn't make headlines either. One African baby in three in South Africa dies before he is a year old, while infant mortality among the white community is lower than in the United States. But newspapers do not waste copy on that kind of violence. We did hear about Sharpeville where police fired on a crowd of peacefully demonstrating Africans and killed 62 of them, but the South African police are more efficient than that now; today people are arrested *before* any demonstration possibly can be organized. So we do not hear.

To detail the racial inequality and oppression in Southern Africa is not the purpose of this article. Rhodesia, South Africa, South West Africa, Angola, or Mozambique—it is the same story with variations. Injustice leads to violence, which leads to violent suppression of any opposition to power; any attempt to win political and economic rights for those at the bottom leads to this kind of retaliation. Other means have been tried—and have failed. And so weekly we read communiques like the following:

"On the 11, 25, and 30th of May 1967, FRELIMO guerrillas destroyed with mines five military vehicles and damaged two, on the roads between Muidumbe-Miteda, Miteda-Nangololo, and Muaguide-Cuero. Thirty-five enemy soldiers were killed, and many others were wounded."—July 6, 1967.

I work in a school for refugees from Mozambique, where the decision to fight has been made, and where FRELIMO (the Front for the Liberation of Mozambique) has been fighting since 1964. This is one of the more successful liberation movements, but there also is fighting in "Portuguese" Guinea and Angola, and it is beginning in Rhodesia and South West Africa. And there will be fighting in South Africa when freedom fighters gain a neighboring country which they can use for a base.

In these cases, the choice is not between different means, but between deciding to fight or deciding simply to give up all hope of national independence or human equality. For example, Portugal maintains that Mozambique is an integral part of Portugal, and that any talk of independence is *prima facie* treason. Pressure at the United Nations has proved futile, with Western powers continuing to give effective support to Portugal. Attempts at negotiation with Portugal are met with no response at all; protest organization within the country meets with no response but arrest. What alternatives are left? Americans may perhaps still work "peacefully" to get their government to cease military and diplomatic support for Portugal and put pressure on Portugal to grant independence, but Africans would be foolish indeed if they expected their deliverance to come from that direction.

It is difficult to get outsiders to understand that discussion of violence versus non-violence is no longer an issue in Southern Africa, at least for Africans. (Some white opponents of apartheid still cherish illusions of a non-violent solution.) Perhaps Alinsky's comment that "one's concern with the ethics of means and ends varies inversely with one's distance from the scene of conflict"<sup>3</sup> applies here. At the scene of action, the questions are not those of ethics but rather those of necessity: Can one organize violence successfully? How does one do it? How long does it take? How does one limit it to that



which is needed? How does one in the midst of violence build as well as destroy? FRELIMO provides one example of how these questions can be answered.

**F**or both strategic and ethical reasons, FRELIMO concentrates on purely military targets. Dr. Eduardo Mondlane, President of FRELIMO, says the enemy is the Portuguese military; settlers and traders are permitted to stay in the FRELIMO-controlled areas. As far as possible, violence is limited to that necessary to attain specific goals; "expressive" violence, simply to show hatred, is discouraged and disciplined.

Whether such discipline can be maintained as the struggle in South Africa grows is an open question. If the movements in South Africa grow strong enough to initiate violence, but not strong enough to control and direct it, there may ensue such chaos that the international community will be forced to intervene. If such intervention were not unequivocally on the side of the African liberation movements, it is quite likely that the conflict would be prolonged even longer, and exacerbated: witness Vietnam.

Therefore, we outsiders have the responsibility not only to help strengthen the revolutionary movements through financial and other aid, but also to affect public opinion so that our own countries at least may cease support of the racist regimes in Southern Africa, be ready to accept action by the United Nations, and have a better understanding of the African position as the crisis deepens and violence increases.

### SOME IMPLICATIONS

This is the reality of violence in Africa—the violence that goes with nation-building, the violence of oppression, and the violence of the revolutionary struggle against that oppression. Independent Africa is caught up in the ambiguity of the first; Southern Africa in the harsh frustration of a beginning fight against oppression. We have contended that direct involvement is in one case often a necessary option—and in the other the only option.

This diagnosis does not mean an easy acceptance of violence as an automatic solution. In independent Africa, it is only a last, unavoidable step. In Southern Africa, it is certainly worthwhile for the international community to try economic sanctions first, even though such actions might escalate into violence. Nor does this conclusion mean that every "war of national liberation" is necessary; it may be a destructive display of hostility without any real chance for a constructive future. It may mold a nation, but it also may tear it apart, particularly if it fails.

In the case of such a war, we have to ask realistically about alternatives (real ones with someone to implement them, not just imaginary ones like peaceful reforms of the Diem regime or of apartheid), about chances for success, and about the character of the leadership (not its ideology, but its commitment to the people). The answers to these questions may provide clues about how we can react.

But most of all, condoning violence when necessary does not mean approval of the counterrevolutionary violence which increasingly seems to be the stock-in-trade of the United States. The questions "necessary for what?" and "what are the alternatives?" remain and must be answered. Imperialism may have played a constructive role in history at some time, but now (particularly in its U.S. form) it prevents that growth of power by the underprivileged in the world that might bring some semblance of justice. It assures that divisions within the Empire (the "free world") are taken primarily for the benefit of the affluent minority within it, while the disparity between rich and poor increases. With world-wide famine predicted for 1980,<sup>3</sup> the rich continue to grow richer and richer.

**T**he American response to those who want to leave the Empire—Vietnam, the Dominican Republic—is not rightfully to accept a limitation on national interest. Rather it is to maintain (by force if necessary) the United States' right to "favorable conditions" anywhere and everywhere outside the opposition blocks which are too strong to destroy easily. Preservation of legitimate national interest certainly cannot mean this.

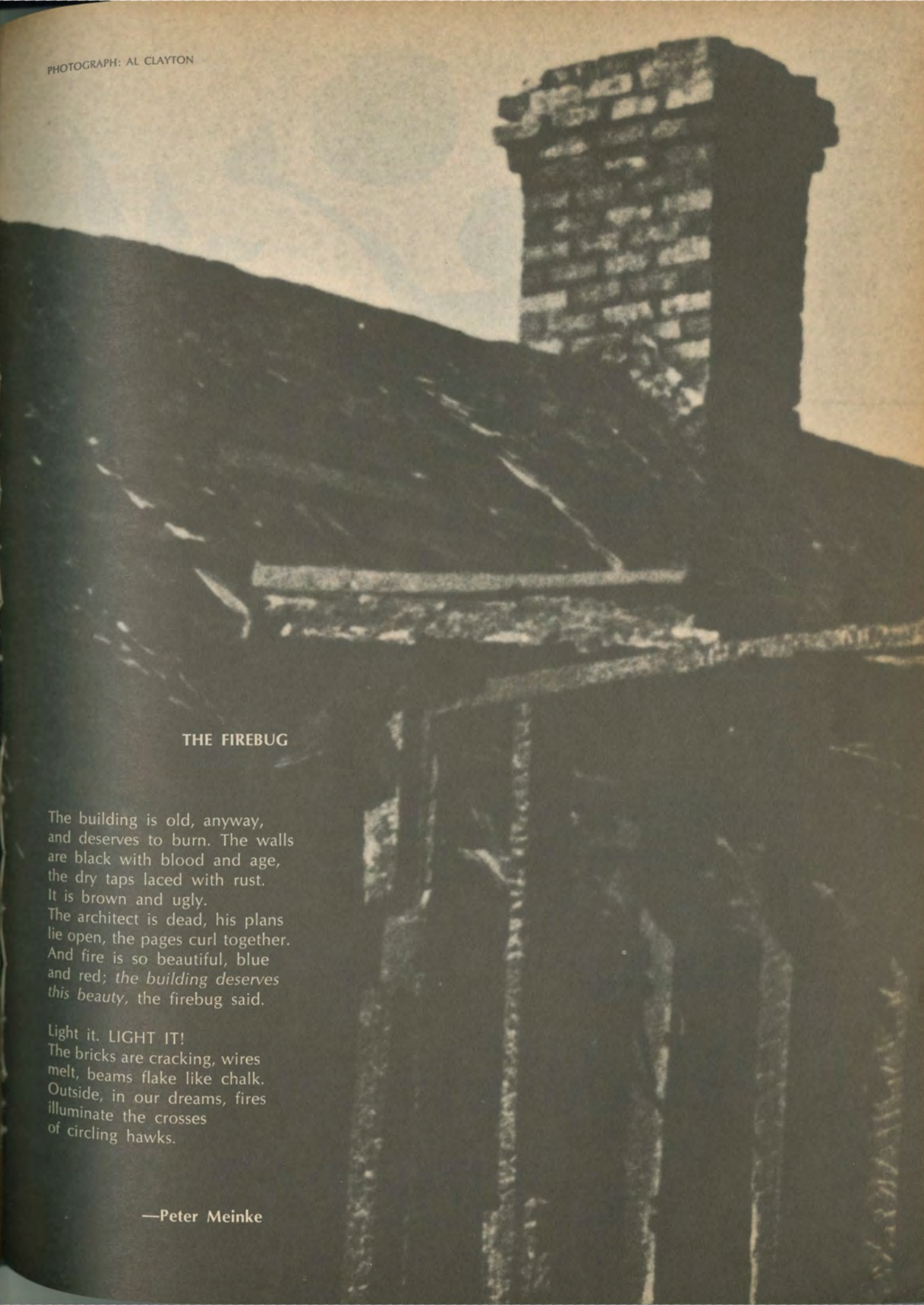
Those who say this analysis presents a double standard for violence are quite right. It does. One takes sides; one says it is right for a suffering people, who see no other alternative, to take up arms; and one says it is wrong for a rich and comfortable people, who want to suppress unrest among the poor, to take up arms to maintain their sphere of control over those less fortunate. If there were a real chance for justice within that sphere, there might be a case for a "benevolent" imperialism. But can anyone seriously believe that the United States, which will not accept "black power" for its own citizens, will accept black and yellow power for "foreigners"? Some grudging aid to stave off famine or revolution perhaps, but not equality in international politics and economic development.

A double standard—yes, a double standard which demands an answer. Which side are we on?

### NOTES

1. Alinsky, Saul D., "Of Means and Ends," *Union Seminary Quarterly Review*, p. 113 ff.
2. Kling, Merle, "Towards a Theory of Power and Political Instability in Latin America" in Kautsky, John H., ed., *Political Change in Underdeveloped Countries*, p. 138.
3. Alinsky, loc. cit., p. 109.





PHOTOGRAPH: AL CLAYTON

### THE FIREBUG

The building is old, anyway,  
and deserves to burn. The walls  
are black with blood and age,  
the dry taps laced with rust.  
It is brown and ugly.  
The architect is dead, his plans  
lie open, the pages curl together.  
And fire is so beautiful, blue  
and red; *the building deserves  
this beauty*, the firebug said.

Light it. LIGHT IT!  
The bricks are cracking, wires  
melt, beams flake like chalk.  
Outside, in our dreams, fires  
illuminate the crosses  
of circling hawks.

—Peter Meinke

LITHOGRAPH: GENESIS 1:27



TOWARD

LIBERATION

A formal defense of the war of liberation in Mozambique perhaps seems peculiar to an American audience, since of all people in the world, Americans have had such a long and positive association with wars of liberation. As an illustration, I never met a single person in the United States in the many years I lived there who could say anything negative about the war of independence which Americans waged against British colonialists. With abolition of slavery as a primary objective, the civil war of the United States can also be classified as a liberation war; so can the participation of the United States in the two world wars against Germany.

The liberation struggle in Mozambique has similar motives. For many centuries, the people of Mozambique were controlled by the Portuguese, who were interested not only in spiritual and cultural subjugation of our people to Portugal, but also in control of land, mineral and human resources for her material advantage. This vested interest is not unlike the British attitude toward her American colonies.

Since the end of World War II, a number of colonial powers have given up direct control of their colonies or have begun to do so. This change was achieved by two means: the moral weight of world public opinion which insisted that the United Nations include a decolonization policy in an effort to avoid war, and through strong political pressure exercised by the awakened masses of colonized people themselves.

Two of the major colonial powers have refused to accept decolonization peacefully. Results of the French refusal to negotiate the independence of Vietnam and Algeria are well known. Portugal's rejection of Mozambique's efforts to decolonize has not received so much attention from the rest of the world.

When the Mozambique Liberation Front (FRELIMO) was established in June 1962, it had become clear that the Portuguese could not be persuaded even to discuss peacefully the issue of colonial independence. Already Portugal had shown the world the extent to which she would go if any inhabitants

of her colonies tried to seek representation for independence. In February 1961, she unleashed an angry mob of white settlers, supported by police and soldiers, who massacred defenseless Africans in Luanda, Angola, when they tried to stage a demonstration against imprisonment of their political leaders. When the first Congress of FRELIMO met in September 1962, the delegates did not hesitate to include an immediate program of military training for all Mozambican youth in preparation for the establishment of a liberation army against the Portuguese colonialists.

Two years of efforts to persuade the Portuguese to accept negotiations rather than war followed, while FRELIMO leaders continued to press for peaceful solutions through various international bodies. These efforts were in vain. It was not until September 1964 that FRELIMO leaders ordered its army to defend African people from the harassment of the Portuguese police and army. That was the beginning of the armed struggle in Mozambique.

#### PEACEFUL AIMS OF THE WAR

In spite of the fact that they must fight for their freedom, and probably because of it, the people of Mozambique strongly adhere to basic principles of peace. These principles have been incorporated into the political and military codes which serve as guideposts for FRELIMO members in their programs of action.

First, FRELIMO insists that the quarrel between Portugal and Mozambique is a political one. We wish to gain our independence and the Portuguese are refusing. So we must fight.

Secondly, FRELIMO emphasizes in its training of freedom fighters that the whole colonial situation is based on an economic system which favors the white settlers. The white settlers are the owners of all the enterprises which extort exorbitant profits from the colonial situation.

Under these circumstances, it isn't always easy to remember who the enemy is. The average freedom fighter may spend his energies fighting individ-

# -the future of Mozambique

By EDUARDO MONDLANE

ual whites, or representatives of foreign enterprises, in an effort to eliminate the evil situation in which he finds himself. If the freedom fighter is to aim his energies effectively at the vital points of power in Mozambique, it is essential that we define the "enemy" as accurately as we can.

Obviously, the Portuguese army occupies the first place in the scheme of power. While the Mozambican masses must know that the white settlers, the colonial government and foreign economic interests are the real enemies, they also must know the necessity of concentrating their efforts against those colonial institutions which provide the material power which sustain the whole colonial system. Basically this is the Portuguese army, supported by various subsidiary forces, including the police, the secret service (PIDE) and the psycho-social propaganda network. These must be our targets before we can hope to discuss the issue of independence with the Portuguese government.

At the same 1962 Congress, FRELIMO delegates decided to give education the same emphasis as a basis for liberation that they gave political organization and military action. This conclusion was inevitable since Portugal deliberately neglected to educate Mozambican Africans for fear of losing control of the country to local native intelligentsia. So the Congress decided to establish a system of preparing as many young Mozambicans as possible in various fields of learning, including technical, academic and administrative training. This was the birth of the Mozambique Institute.

Now a well-known educational center, the Institute prepares young men and women at the secondary school level to qualify for scholarships abroad, fosters the establishment of primary schools for Mozambican children in exile in Tanzania, and trains nurses for work in the liberated areas of Mozambique. The Central Committee of FRELIMO also directs schools for thousands of children within Mozambique, runs a school for political and administrative officers in Tanzania, and is in the process of establishing a school for training primary school teachers.

### CONSEQUENCES OF THE WAR

The necessity of fighting to win our independence has many advantages, as well as hardships, for FRELIMO and the people of Mozambique. These advantages include:

*Administration:* Because of the ruthlessness of the Portuguese army and police, FRELIMO has found a knowledge of public administration a necessity. Each time the army and police are attacked by freedom fighters, they in turn attack every black man and woman in sight, causing hundreds of thousands of Mozambicans to flee from their traditional villages to live in the forests and grassy plateaus. Consequently, FRELIMO has had to take over responsi-

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bility for public administration, social welfare services, health, education, and maintenance of law and order, including policing of civilians and adjudication of their differences.

*Commerce and Industry:* The war also has made active participation in economics both possible and essential. The Portuguese systematically have barred the Africans from taking part in commerce, except as producers of basic agricultural goods which either are exported or used in the few manufacturing industries. Consequently, all commercial enterprises in the country are owned and controlled by Europeans or Asians. When guerrilla activity begins in any area of Mozambique, most or all businesses close, leaving the African population without stores from which to buy textiles, salt, drugs, and essential equipment for even a minimal existence. This situation has forced FRELIMO leaders to initiate foreign trade programs to facilitate exchange of local agricultural produce and traditional "hut-industry" products for textiles, salt, drugs, and essential commodities.

*Democratic Local Government:* In order to fulfill these administrative and economic responsibilities, democratic organization has become extremely important. Since colonial discrimination had prevented African experience in public administration, we had to use whatever traditional African government experience was available, adapting it to our modern democratic principles and to the war situation in which we were involved. To achieve this, we had to merge some of the tribal government customs with the new political structure of FRELIMO, sometimes compromising one, sometimes the other.

motive



MICHAEL SCHUMACHER

In a country where most areas have not known democratic government for many years, some not for centuries, it is an exciting experience for people to participate in democracy, even during a war. The new experience of ruling themselves—participating in adjudication of differences between themselves without the hovering shadow of the white man, cultivating and cooperatively exchanging produce for what they want—gives the African an added determination to fight the Portuguese colonialists. Even though they are experiencing an infinitesimal freedom compared with what will come after independence, they are willing to accept any deprivations and physical suffering, including death, to escape the slavery of their colonial past.

### PROGRESS OF THE WAR

Tremendous progress already has been made in the fight for independence. In only three years of armed struggle, the Mozambican people have managed to rouse one third of the country to war. Even though FRELIMO started with less than two hundred trained and equipped freedom fighters, it now has more than 8000 fighting men and women and controls more than one fifth of the territory. In the single province of Cabo Delgado, FRELIMO has more than 10,000 primary grade children enrolled in its schools, where they are studying under every conceivable war condition. In 1966 alone, FRELIMO exported over 500 tons of peanuts, over 450 tons of cashew nuts, and over 100 tons of sunflower seeds in exchange for textiles, agricultural equipment and household essentials for people living in the free zones.

In a series of articles in June 1967, two leading Johannesburg newspapers, the *Rand Daily Mail* and *The Star* reported that the Portuguese army admittedly had lost more than 5000 soldiers, killed and wounded, in the last three years; that FRELIMO has demobilized more than 40,000 Portuguese soldiers; that the Portuguese army is unable to flush out FRELIMO guerrillas in a 4000 square mile area; that the Portuguese government is seriously threatened by the African civilian population's loyalty to FRELIMO; and that during the first six months of 1967, the war in Mozambique cost Portugal more than 21 million dollars.

### FRELIMO'S POLITICAL PHILOSOPHY

During our struggle for independence over the past three years, we have seen the emergence of a unified political philosophy. As the leaders of the Mozambique Liberation Front come from different language, cultural, religious, and sometimes racial backgrounds, they might be expected to hold different socio-economic and political points of view. Originally, this probably was the case. But as the struggle progresses and the problems increase, the masses get more and more involved, their basic needs become more evident, and the differences which many have existed among the leaders begin to disappear.

Though FRELIMO has not yet issued an official policy statement outlining its basic philosophy of politics, economics, and social welfare, I can see certain trends developing. These include: 1) FRELIMO is a democratic movement, fighting to establish a government in which the majority of the Mozambique population, regardless of color or religion, will choose their leaders freely; 2) socialism will be the economic system followed to determine control of natural and human resources of the country; 3) social welfare of the people as a whole, not of a small group of privileged individuals and their families, will receive the energetic commitment of the leaders of FRELIMO as befits a movement guided by socialist principles.

The people of Mozambique are fighting to free themselves from the shackles of colonialism and economic imperialism. They are building a new democratic society in which personal merit and hard work are the qualities on which society can depend. Thus, the natural resources of Mozambique will be controlled by the state as a sacred trust of the people as a whole, to be used for the best interest of all. Under FRELIMO, the government will endeavor to establish schools for all children, medical services for all people, and an economy sufficient to maintain a decent standard of living for every citizen of Mozambique.

These are the goals of our war of liberation.

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SERIGRAPH: YELLOW RIVER

# THE PSYCHOTHE AS PSYCHED



GEORGE NAMA

# RAPIST ELIC MAN

FEBRUARY 1968

We have entered the electronic age. People are brought into encounter now who never knew earlier how the other experienced this shared world and time. Confrontation between perspectives that terrify or challenge the participants are now taking place. This also is the age of growing automation. We live on the brink of untold leisure. Work is being done for us by machines that are supervised by other machines that are regulated by master machines. Increasing numbers of us have spare time. Our hands are idle. We keep them out of mischief with insensate busy work. I am reminded here of Parkinson's Law. Idle minds, liberated from obsession with thoughts of getting it made, or having it made, are likewise faced with a challenge or a threat because of automation.

For thousands of years, men faced the challenge of securing their life and their livelihood and didn't ponder the question, "What is my life for?", because if they mulled too long they might starve to death, or be exterminated by an enemy to whose approach they were inattentive. But now and in the future, if we don't ponder this crucial question, and if we don't explore more of our locked-in possibilities, we will not be able to endure our existence.

Until recently, psychotherapists and counselors have truly been a specialized breed of socialization agents. Their job has been to pick up where the family and school and other agencies of socialization have failed to complete the work of shaping up a citizen whose behavior would otherwise be a problem to society. People who didn't fit were designated criminals, sinners or mentally ill. For those who were tagged mentally ill, the whole mythology of illness and its cure was evolved by the medical profession. No psychotherapist is unaffected by this ideology.

Psychologists, clergymen, social workers, and counselors of all kinds were trained to view misfitting people as sufferers from mental disease. They were lead to believe that if they mastered certain theories and techniques for transacting with *them*, the patients, they would then effect a cure, and in this way we, the psychotherapists and counselors (solid conforming professional men, with a stake in the *status quo*), serve society. And we can take pride in the fact that we did it well, earning our money with hard scientifically informed work. We

The ideas expressed in this article have been developed at greater length in Dr. Jourard's books: *Personal Adjustment: An Approach Through the Study of Healthy Personality* (Macmillan, 1963), *The Transparent Self* (Van Nostrand, 1964), and *Disclosing Man to Himself* (Van Nostrand, 1968—in press).

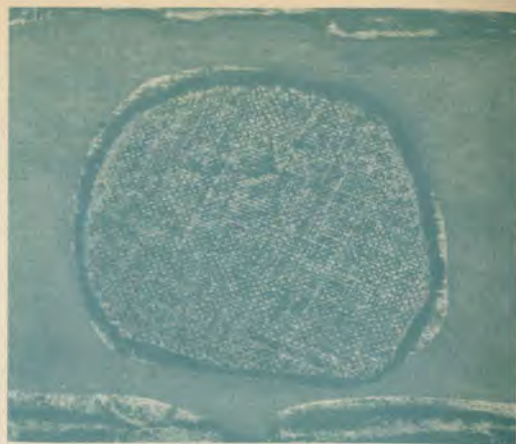
By SIDNEY M. JOURARD

were always pledged to protect our patient's well-being, but curiously enough our concepts of wellness were nearly identical with those versions of personality which would fit into the social system that subsidized us, with its established class structure and its resistance to change. Revolutionaries, anarchists and rebels—rebels against the *status quo*, such as hippies, poets, painters, writers—could be easily seen as sufferers from unresolved oedipal conflicts. Psychotherapists did not view each man seriously as a unique source of authentic experience, a perspective that in a more pluralistic and more enlightened society might be confirmed rather than invalidated. We shared the short-sightedness of our established society and called the officially sanctioned view of the world "reality contact"; everything else was "madness" or "autism." From the established point of view (the point of view that many psychotherapists and counselors share) people who want to make love and not war can be seen as impractical, schizoid, or seditious.

No matter what our private sentiments may have been, we were pledged unwittingly to protect the *status quo* by invalidating the experience of those who found it unliveable. We called this invalidation "treatment." In effect we were, and for the most part continue to be, a peculiar breed of commissars, or spies—watchdogs over human experience, pledged to annihilate any experience designated "mad" and to substitute those modes of experience that we arbitrarily call "normal." Like it or not, there is a politics of counseling and psychotherapy, just as there is, in Ronald Laing's words, a "politics of experience." In fact, it is more than analogy to regard psychotherapists and counselors as experts in ideological indoctrination—the ideology being that limited perspective on the world which is called normal, and mediates behavior which preserves the *status quo*. It is instructive to realize that to many hippies, psychotherapists and counselors are regarded as "shrinks"—headshrinkers who put you down by putting a tag on you. We are not seen as sources of help by many of this growing sub-culture.

Man can experience himself and his world in myriad ways. The world, Being, can be likened to a projective test. In itself, it is nothing. Being, as it discloses itself to man's consciousness, can appear as most anything. The sun can be a distant star, or it can be the eye of God, evoking life wherever it looks. To insist that it is one rather than the other is politics. To persuade a man that it is a star and *not* the eye of God is to be a propagandist for somebody's vested interest. We have been confirming what Freud, with incredible courage, found for himself: that our possibilities for experiencing are infinite, and infinitely beyond that tiny splinter of awareness that we acknowledge, call "normal," and disclose to others. In fact, to

DETAIL: YELLOW RIVER



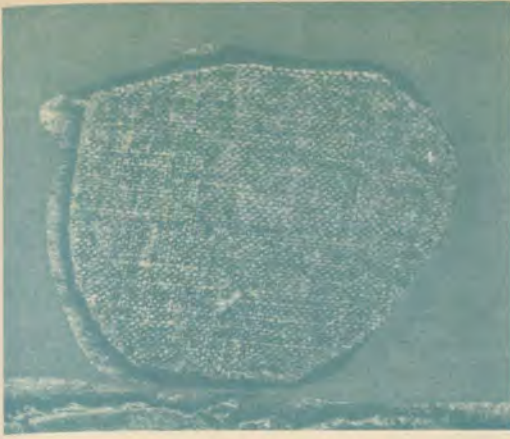
GEORGE NAMA

the extent that we find our own ordinary consciousnesses banal, to the extent that we find our own company boring, we have an answer to a riddle. How was it possible for Freud to spend 12 to 14 hours a day for so many years listening to people disclose their offbeat experiencing to him? How did he avoid swooning from fatigue or boredom? One possible answer is provided by the experience revealed by users of LSD and marijuana. Freud encouraged people to disclose their unselected experience to him and I have little doubt that it turned him on. It "flipped" him.

As I think of Freud, his psychoanalytic practice was like a 40-year psychedelic trip. Or 40 years in a gallery of surrealist art. Hour after hour, day after day, exposed to dreams, fantasies and memories that shattered his conventional rubrics and expectations about the human experience, it could only expand his awareness of his own being and the possibilities for experiencing the world. That highly prized state, "being normal," must have looked like banality and fraud incarnate—especially to a man who dauntlessly opened Pandora's Box and became privy to the secrets of expanded experiencing which he found in both himself and in his patients. Each disclosure from a patient must have exploded his concepts and expectations of what is possible.

Now, those of us who are therapists and counselors of one kind or another are keeping Pandora's Box open, and in so doing, we have been infected—or perhaps it is better to say, disaffected. We have been infected with the truth that we can experience much more than we permit ourselves, and more than the guardians of the *status quo* would like us to experience. And we may have been disaffected from unthinking compliance to the rigid, unimaginative, established ways of living our lives—ways of relating to our fellows, ways of experiencing and living in our bodies. We are beginning to study man for himself, for possibilities of development and fulfillment which go beyond mere conformity with prevailing norms. In short, the truth is on us. There is no more *them*. There is only *us*: graspers and gropers after meaning in a social structure which aims to shrink our being, yet alive in a world which





is no more *them*. There is only *us*: graspers and gropers after meaning in a social structure which aims to shrink our being, yet alive in a world which requires us to grow. If we insist that patients belong in the category of *them*, then I, for one, have become one of *them*. I have come to believe that my task as a psychotherapist is no longer a specialized, technical practice. Rather, it is the task of an explorer of realms of experience and behavior—an explorer of ways to relate to others, and to the social order, which enliven me and keep me fit and frisky and vital and loving and responsive and growing, of inventive ways that evoke new possibilities for achievement, contributions, enjoyment.

My criterion of success in this quest is not solely whether my behavior appears normal to others. Rather my criterion of success in my own personal quest as a man is my *experience*—my experience of dialogue with my fellows, my experience of feeling free and responsible and potent and alive. The criterion of success has shifted from exclusive attention to behavior to experience. I have been aware for too long that in appearing “normal” to others I felt benumbed and dead within, a habit-ridden plaything of social pressures and expectations. And I have known too many people, fellow seekers (I used to call them patients), who are exemplary in their conduct but dead or desperate inside; they could tolerate their “normal” existence only with the aid of booze or tranquilizers or periodic hospitalization for ulcers.

A new specialist, it seems to me, is called for in our times, and I believe those of us who presently are trained to be counselors or psychotherapists may be in the best position, if we earn it, to grow beyond our training into the new role. I see him as a Westernized version of his Eastern counterpart, the *guru*, the wiseman, or teacher. You might call him, to use our idioms, an existential guide and explorer. Or we might borrow some of the hippie talk and call him a psychedelic man, a consciousness-expanding expert, a growth counselor, a self-actualization agent—or maybe more succinctly, a lover. Such a person would be a guide to more expanding and more fulfilling ways to experience life as a *person* rather than

a mere *functionary*. He would be a world shatterer and rebuilder (the term “world” here means a person’s experience of *his* world).

As a world shatterer and rebuilder, he has a robust interest in his own fulfillment. He pursues this interest, in part, by helping others to fulfill themselves. But part of his function is not as an expert so much as an exemplar of a turned-on life, a waked-up life, as a revealer and sharer of how he has found his own way. It is very interesting to go to a convention of counselors, psychotherapists, psychoanalysts, physicians, ministers—people who are concerned with human growth and wellbeing—and look at the people who are “experts.” They occasionally are fit, frisky, beautiful people, but more often they are haggard, harried, desperate, bored, well-intentioned seekers—but not finders. And they are relying on technical know-how to help other people find the path to living the life that they are living.

This new guide, or teacher, or *guru*, is himself reborn in the Sufi sense, or possibly in the Christian sense, or he is awakened and liberated in the sense of the Zen masters or the Taoist teachers. He is a Bodhisattva rather than the Buddha himself—awakened, not out of this world, but very much in it. Instead he remains in dialogue with those of his fellow seekers who are themselves seeking to become men, rather than adjusted people or social functionaries of one kind or another. This teacher shows and tells how he himself has been awakened, and he serves as a guide to others. He is an experimental existentialist—literally. He has experimented with *his* existence, not with the *other fellow’s* existence. He is seeking to find that way of being in this world, with his fellow man, which generates in him maximum enlightenment, freedom, love, and responsibility. This view of a psychotherapist or counselor as a *guru* or psychedelic man (what I mean by psychedelic here is not an acidhead, but someone whose impact upon others broadens their experience) has implicit in it an entire new theory of suffering, of growth, of practice, of settings for practice, of schools for training—the total paraphernalia of a profession. It calls for an enlightened perspective on society, on one’s role within society. It calls for expanded views of human possibility that are authenticated by the discovery of new possibilities within oneself. It calls for a going away and then for a return—renewed. If not 40 days in the desert, maybe 40 hours. It calls for a kind of death and a kind of rebirth. Many of the hippies and dropouts and, for that matter, many of the people in the looney bins around the country have taken the first step: the leaving. If they are to become men or women, they will return to renew and humanize the society that they left.

This is what I see the times calling us in these

“helping” professions to become. In a sense we we have been members of the helping profession, but we haven’t been helping people to become men. We have been helping people to fit a social system which has not necessarily permitted them to grow to full stature. The aim for counselors and psycho-therapists is not exclusively to help their fellow seekers to grow more fully. Rather, they themselves must be very actively and robustly involved in their own growth and liberation and awakening from brainwashing that we all received from Mom and Dad and Sunday School and college. (Even college seldom enlightens in this day and age; it indoctrinates.)

How does this enlightened person, this liberated person, who might invite or challenge or guide his fellow seekers to fuller human beings, how does he look, what does he look like? In short, “what is healthy personality?” The characteristics of this guide and exemplar (healthy personality) describes a way for a person to be in his world—a way that yields growth without placing other important values in jeopardy. People commit themselves to a variety of values and they live for them. One who is a healthy personality seeks to fulfill them, and he defends them when they are under threat. A healthy personality is to himself as a dedicated farmer is to his farm. He does everything in its time. The abundance of the crops, the state of his livestock, the condition of his outbuildings, are testimony to the good farmer’s alert and responsive care.

The healthy personality likewise shows evidence in his very being and presence of his alert and responsive care for himself. He finds his life meaningful with satisfactions and some accepted suffering. He loves and is loved. He can fulfill responsible social demands made upon him, and there is no doubt as to who he is and what his feelings and convictions are. He doesn’t apologize for being himself. He can look out in the world and see it from the point of view of how it presently is, according to social consensus, but he can also see himself, the

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world, and the people in it from the point of view of possibility. He can regard the world as a place in which he can bring into being some possibilities that exist just now only in his imagination. Neither the world, other people, nor himself are seen by a healthy personality as a sclerosed, frozen, finished, defined once-and-for-all.

Such a person has free and ready access to a dimension of human being that is much neglected by the square, the hyperconformist, the typical personality. I am referring to something that has been called by various names throughout history. Freud called it the unconscious; others have referred to it as transcendental or mystic experience. This hidden dimension of the self, sought for centuries by men who have longed for personal fulfillment beyond rationalism and conformity, is usually dreaded by the average person. When his unconscious threatens to speak, when direct experiencing of himself or the world invades his consciousness, he becomes overwhelmed with anxiety and may temporarily feel he is losing his mind and sanity. Indeed he is on the point of going out of his ego. His present self-concept and concepts of things and people are shattered by explosions and implosions of raw experience from within and without. The hypothetical healthy personality experiences his being in dimensions presently unfamiliar to him and hence frightening. But if he is moving toward healthy personality he will recognize that his unconscious, his persistent but usually drowned-out dream, his source of new truth, is the voice of his true self—his possibilities. It is a statement, perhaps, of how he has mistreated himself; or it is an invitation to new possibilities of being for which he has become sufficiently grown and secretly, unconsciously prepared.

**G**urus have always known that when the unconscious speaks, when fresh transconceptual experience reaches awareness, it is better to pay attention. The breakdowns or checkouts really are the final outcome of not listening to our real selves. The symptoms and suffering are but the voice of the real self—the voice of a human being protesting so



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language that the person himself could not understand. And so the person persisted in behaving in the usual way, and experiencing in his usual ways, thereby undermining his own integrity. Healthier personalities listen to their boredom, their anxiety, their dreams and fantasies, and grope for changes in ways of meeting the world that will permit greater realization of potential self.

Healthy personality is manifested as well by a mode of being that we can call authenticity—or more simply, honesty. Less healthy personalities (people who function less than fully, but who may fit nicely in their social niche) suffer recurrent breakdowns or chronic impasses in their relationships, and more fundamentally, they can be found to be liars. They say things they do not mean. Their disclosures have been chosen more for cosmetic value than for truth. The consequence of a lifetime of lying about oneself to others, of saying and doing things for their sound and appearance, is that ultimately the person loses contact with his real self. The authentic being, manifested by healthier personalities, takes the form of unself-conscious disclosure of self in words, decisions and actions. It is a risky way of being, especially in a social setting that punishes all forms of action, experience and disclosure of experience that depart from current stereotypes of the acceptable man. The healthier person will experience many a knock, bruise and criticism for being and disclosing who he is, but he prefers to accept these blows rather than sell his authentic being for short run acceptability.

Indeed, authenticity before others is the same mode of being that permits a man to have access to the underground realm of experiencing—his unconscious. Defensiveness and concealment of self before others unfortunately are the same modes of being that screen off a man's unconscious, his preverbal experience, from himself. The currents of feeling, fantasy, memory, and wish that would get a man criticism from others also produce anxiety in himself, and so he blocks these from the view of self and others in the service of self-defense. In time he succeeds in fooling himself (as much as others) into

believing that he is the man he so expertly seems to be. In truth, he is an invisible man: whatever is authentic of him, whatever is most spontaneous and alive, is buried so deep not even he can recognize it. One of the reasons less healthy personalities are so self-conscious, so deliberate in their choice of word and action before others is that they dread revealing something which truly expresses their feelings, something which will get them into trouble. They are, as it were, idolaters of that state of artificial grace known as staying out of trouble. In fact, they have sold their soul for a good, but false name.

Healthier personalities, of course, are not always fully visible to others. Chronic self revelation may itself be idolatrous, and is even suicidal in certain circumstances. Certainly we would expect a healthier personality to have enough common sense and judgment, or even cunning, to preserve himself in a hostile environment, dropping his guard only when he is among trusted and loving friends. In fact, a healthy personality will have been able to enter into and maintain relationships of trust and love with one or more people, people he has let know him and whom he knows and to whom he responds.

Another dimension of healthy personality concerns the realm of values itself. Healthier personalities seek and find meaningful values and challenges in life which provide an element of direction and focus to their existence. Less healthy personalities, estranged as they are from their real selves, usually pursue only cliché goals and values current in their present social milieu. This consequence of growing automation concerns me. If people have not been able to discover values beyond two Cadillacs, two outboard motors, two wives, two of everything, then when they no longer have to work they will literally drink or bore themselves to death. The goals toward which most people are socialized will not challenge or inspire the average person to fuller integration and development.

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The upshot is that the average person (not the healthy personality) will feel trapped—or worse, will feel that he is losing his mind. This latter fear is most likely to occur when a person looks at the externals of his present situation and finds that he has accomplished, or has been given, everything to make a man happy. But in honesty, like most middle-class, married people in their 30's, 40's or 50's, who more or less have it made, when they look within (if they are capable of looking within) they may really find that they are indeed miserable, bored and confused about what to do next. He has loved ones, a family, material success, nice house and car, but he finds his work increasingly boring, more like a treadmill, his relationships with others empty, formal and all too predictable. He may entertain fantasies of murdering loved ones, or chucking it all and going to the South Seas, only to repress these ideas with the anxious thought, "I must be insane to harbor such notions." He might scurry into further busy work, or start drinking to excess, or create excitement by treading primrose paths at great risk, or do other searching in the outer world for new meanings. He looks in the wrong place—the right place being within his own experiencing of himself and the world. The healthier personality, less estranged and less afraid of his real self, can look within *and* without; he can create and find new sources of value when old ones are worn out.

The healthy personality lives with and in his body. He is an embodied self. He is not afraid or ashamed to touch his own body or that of other people with whom he is on intimate terms. He is able to freely move his body, which has a look of grace, coordination, relaxation. He dances through life. The less healthy personality, on the other hand, is afraid to live in his body. He despises his body, or is terrified of it. He represses his bodily experiencing and feels his body alternately numb and dead, or as a dangerous stinking cesspool charged with explosive nitroglycerin. He must take care, lest an urge, a feeling, an impulse, a movement, break through the tight control. For him, this would be disastrous. One of the most common evidences of disembodiment is muscular tension that reveals itself as stiffness in body posture, awkwardness in gait; the mouth becomes a thin red line. (I've developed an unscientific but possibly helpful pair of terms for this last condition. I call it "Methodist Mouth" or "Presbyterian Lip." There is no malice intended here toward the respected theologies.) Touch one of these disembodied people on the arm, or place your arm around their shoulder, and they will instantly stiffen, or experience panic, or jump as stabbed. He may experience a mixture of sexual arousal, or guilt, or anxiety. The healthier person has a more fully lived and experienced body. His face is more mobile and expressive; he speaks in a voice that is free, not one that is fighting off an impulse to say something else

at the same time that the present speech is being emitted. It is no accident that average people receive psychotherapeutic benefit from instruction in vocalization or freely expressive dance, or from massage and other forms of direct experience of their bodies. The therapist of the future will, without doubt, be obliged to learn to live gracefully with their own bodies, and to learn ways of inviting and leading fellow seekers back into theirs.

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An important part of bodily experience is sex, the erotic impulse and feeling. Perhaps our puritanical avoidance of body contact in everyday life is expressive of our mixed attitudes toward sexuality. A healthier personality is able to experience his erotic feelings without fear, and he is able to express them in a relationship with a chosen partner without needless inhibition, as part of the sexual dialogue. The less healthy person usually is so self-

GEORGE NAMA



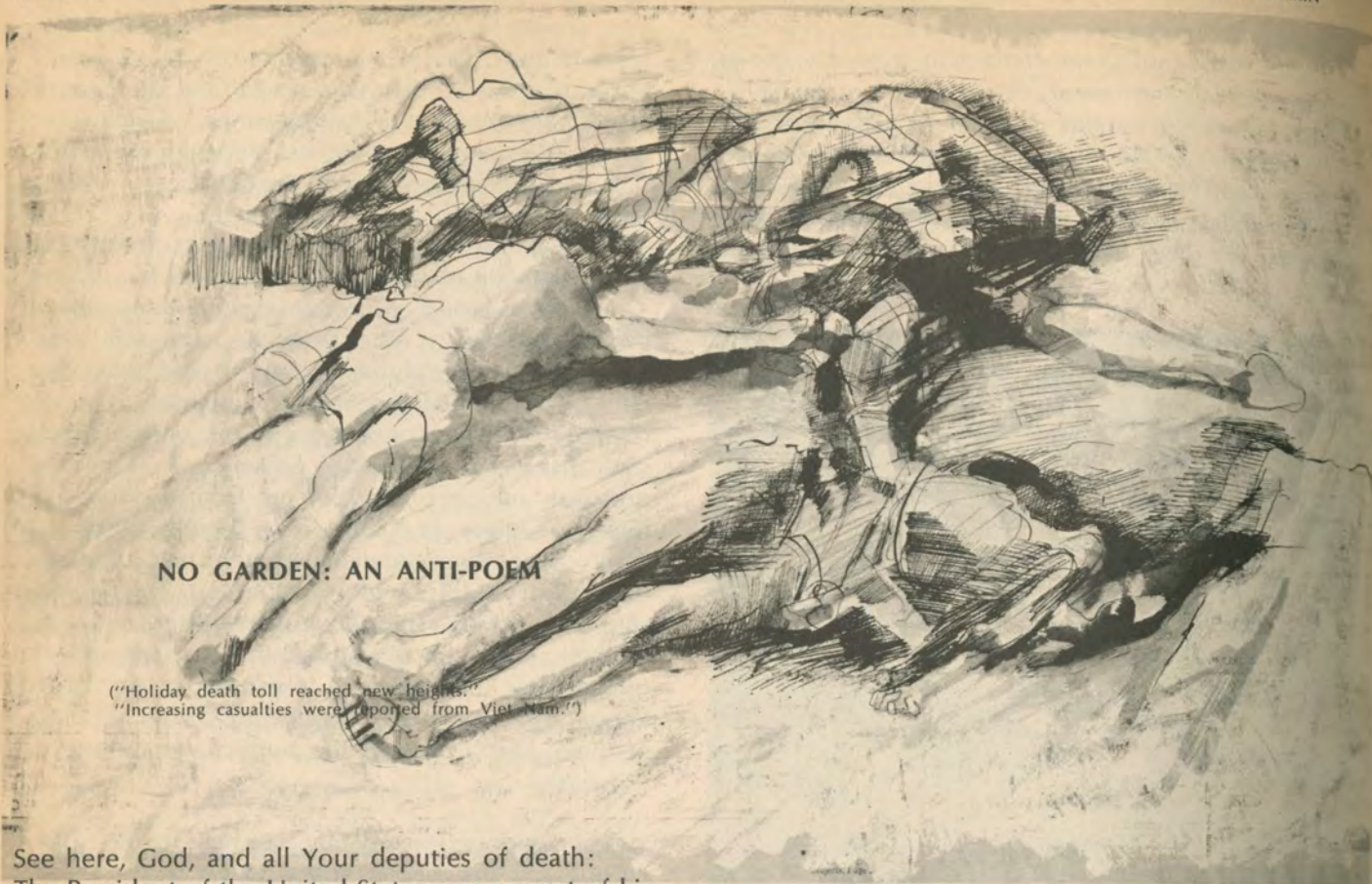
conscious that he cannot let sexuality happen in his attempts at loving transaction, and so he tries to force matters. The results may be the broad variety of sexual unhappiness that comes to the attention of a marriage counselor. The beginning of a cure (or better, liberation) from sexual difficulties is made outside the bedroom, inside the self.

The ability of healthier personalities to find and maintain relationships of love and friendships in the world insures that a healthier person will have access to relief from the existential loneliness in which we all live. (I use the term relief, not cure, of existential loneliness.) Loneliness is not a disease from which one can be cured; rather, it is an inescapable fact of human existence. Less healthy personalities, cut off as they are from the fount of their real selves, find themselves terrible company. They cannot long tolerate solitude, and they run willy-nilly into busy work or superficial companionship with others. They do not, however, truly encounter another person, and enter into dialogue with him. Hence, the feeling of loneliness, of not being known and understood. This feeling chronically nags at them, like a boil on the buttock or a stone in the shoe.

A healthier personality, because he is less self-concealing and has readier access to his own possible experience, the experience of possibility, is less afraid of solitude when that is his lot; and when he is with others he can feel secure enough in his own worth that he can let encounter and dialogue happen. During the process of such dialogue the shell that encapsulates him as a separate being ruptures and his inner world expands by receiving the disclosed world of experience of the other. When the dialogue ends he has experienced himself in the new dimensions evoked by the other person and he has learned of the personal world of another. He is enlarged and changed.

Authentic dialogue with another person is more psychedelic than LSD, and has much less likelihood of a bad trip. Dialogue will blow your mind in a wholesome way. Less healthy personalities defend themselves against being affected or changed in their contacts with others. They rub shells, or clink character armor with other people, but don't truly meet.

Mine is kind of utopian view, an extrapolation from what little we know about the possibilities of growing to full manhood and womanhood ourselves. No amount of technical competence that we might learn in the academies and graduate schools and training institutes can be as effective in helping a seeker grow as that of finding our own way and offering this in an encounter with a seeker. This kind of dialogue and experience might make one a man.



### NO GARDEN: AN ANTI-POEM

("Holiday death toll reached new heights."  
"Increasing casualties were reported from Viet Nam.")

See here, God, and all Your deputies of death:  
The President of the United States, our nearest of kin,  
physicians and surgeons, judges, Southern sheriffs and  
sharpshooters and drivers of automobiles:

We plan to burn our life insurance policies and  
stage a live-in  
If we can't get a contractual agreement on the  
terms of oblivion.  
What we demand is the right to die in the place  
of our choice.  
The when is Your business; You have the final  
voice.  
But look, God, we think You delegate authority  
too much.  
Let your deputies catch us in hot climates, hospitals,  
intersections and such.  
You've deputized them to have us die in places with  
which we feel absolutely no rapport.  
So, it's uncivil disobedience; but let's face it—  
this is no garden anymore.

I may want to die in the periodical room of the  
Yale Library or on the shore of Lake Michigan.

Just say when.

—Lynne Schneiders



## SOCIAL SCIENCE AND PRACTICAL POLITICS

Irving Louis Horowitz, ed., *The Rise and Fall of Project Camelot*. MIT Press (1967), 385 pp., \$12.50; paperback, \$2.95 (MIT 71).

Lee Rainwater and William Yancey, *The Moynihan Report and the Politics of Controversy*. MIT Press (1967), 493 pp., \$12.50; paperback, \$3.95 (MIT 68).

That education answers all needs is an American article of faith. Horace Mann's crusade for the common school is one instance of that faith in action. The role of the American university, as contrasted to that of European centers of higher learning, can be understood, in part, as the attempt to institutionalize the faith, to reconstruct the social order on the basis of scientific knowledge. One early model was, of course, the close relationship between the University of Wisconsin and the La Follette administration. For some of us today, the University of Wisconsin remains a model—of resistance, of civil disobedience, of moral commitment in opposition to a government which has learned the lessons of scientific management and applied them in ways that horrify one segment of what we still call the academic community. The desire to influence government is now accompanied by the desire to escape the influence of government.

In this time of confusion and doubt, two books, each concerned with a recent controversy, are extremely useful. Both focus on the relationship between social science and practical politics. The first is about Project Camelot, the second about the Moynihan Report. The first is edited and the second is written by sociologists at Washington University in St. Louis, members of a department noted for political concerns. Both books began as articles in *Trans-action*, the journal designed to bridge the gap between the social sciences and the hapless, stranded reader of ordinary English. One's sense of fitness is furthered by the fact that both books are published by MIT, an institution heavily dependent upon government funds.

These studies help us to formulate, if not to answer, a number of important questions, but a brief preliminary account of the two genetic controversies is called for.

Project Camelot was initiated by the Special Operations Research Office of the Department of Defense. SORO—a suggestive acronym!—is housed by American University but run by the U.S. Army. We will never have a complete account of the purposes of Camelot, but a letter circulated on December 4, 1964, seems to be a fair statement:

Project CAMELOT is a study whose objective is to determine the feasibility of developing a general social systems model which would make it possible to predict and influence politically significant aspects of social change in the developing nations of the world.

The specific purposes are given as follows:

*First*, to devise procedures for assessing the potential for internal war within national societies; *second*, to identify with increased degrees of confidence those actions which a government might take to relieve conditions which are assessed as giving rise to a potential for internal war; and *finally*, to assess the feasibility of prescribing the characteristics of a system for obtaining and using the essential information needed for doing the above two things.

In addition to providing this and other documents, Horowitz, in his introduction, gives a detailed account of the rise and fall of what was certainly the most ambitious and expensive of government ventures into social-science research. Although Chile was *not* among the nations to be studied, a series of tragicomic accidents led to public outrage in Santiago and abrupt cancellation in Washington of the entire project. The important questions about the political uses of social science were not asked until *after the termination* of the project, and this in itself raises issues about the relations between social scientists and the society they participate in as well as study.

The Moynihan Report, concerned with the plight of Negroes in the United States, met a similar fate. Actually entitled *The Negro Family: The Case for National Action*, the report was written largely by Daniel Patrick Moynihan, then Assistant Secretary of Labor and head of the Office of Policy Planning and Research.

Moynihan's thesis is stated in his second chapter: "At the heart of the deterioration of the fabric of Negro society is the deterioration of the Negro family." (Moynihan quickly explains that middle-class Negroes have not felt this deterioration.) Wielding statistics on divorce, separation, welfare cases, fertility, illegitimacy, and intelligence tests, Moynihan concludes that the "Negro community has been forced into a matriarchal structure which, because it is so out of line with the rest of American society, seriously retards the progress of the group as a whole, and imposes a crushing burden on the Negro male. . . ." Moynihan's explanation includes an analysis of the effects of slavery, but the main factor is the discrimination by whites and the economic disadvantages faced by Negro men.

The report was originally an "internal document" meant to persuade the President that action was necessary, but the acceptance of the report by the President, in his speech at Howard University, led to the publication of the report and to a storm of controversy in which Moynihan was condemned for blindness to economic problems which he had described as absolutely basic. James Farmer, for instance, accused Moynihan of racism: "By laying the primary blame for present-day inequalities on the pathological condition of the Negro family and community, Moynihan has provided a massive academic cop-out for the white conscience and clearly implied that Negroes in this nation will never secure a substantial measure of freedom until we learn to behave ourselves and stop buying Cadillacs instead of bread. This well-enough intentioned analysis provides the fuel for a new racism." Rainwater and Yancey include the full report, President Johnson's speech, and twenty-two commentaries by interested and often impassioned parties.

Project Camelot and the Moynihan Report have an obvious intrinsic interest and immediate relevance. The relations of the United States to revolutionary movements abroad and the place of the Negro in American society are certainly two of the fundamental questions before us as a nation, but Horowitz, Rainwater, and Yancey have chosen to focus on other problems, those relevant to the relationship of social science and politics.

The Moynihan Report, although it presents problems less fundamental than those posed by Project Camelot, is not without interest as a case-study in the political uses of social science. In the first place, there is the conflict between the Permanent Government (i.e., the civil service) and the Presidential Government (i.e., those members of the executive branch who come and go with changes in administration).

The interests of the two are not always the same.

On the simplest level, Moynihan represented a threat to the "welfare establishment," to those with a commitment to the *status quo*. The attack on Moynihan by the Permanent Government was not, of course, made in the name of vested interest, nor was it petty or irrelevant. Elizabeth Herzog and others felt that Moynihan had misused the data to arrive at erroneous interpretations of the Negro's plight. "The evidence is that Negro-white differences in family structure diminish when controlled for income and that differences by income are more striking than differences by color. . . ." In other words, impoverished whites suffer the same "tangle of pathology" as impoverished Negroes. Moynihan had used his data to indicate a sharp increase in illegitimacy and in the number of families headed by females, but Miss Herzog documents a much more stable situation.

The dramatic and perhaps even alarmist presentation of statistics in the Moynihan Report can be justified as part of an effort to jolt the administration into action, but the subsequent publication of the unrevised report was clearly—in the judgment of Rainwater and Yancey—a tactical mistake. (They are, in my view, too optimistic; the journalists and activists who denounced a 78-page report they hadn't read were not likely to notice any changes of emphasis that might have been made.)

The cries of outrage from civil-rights leaders indicate a more important problem than that of intragovernmental rivalry or mode of publication. In the abstract, the responsibility of a scholar whose empirical research disproves his hypothesis or injures his prejudices is clear. Theory must fit reality and value must acknowledge fact. But should a social scientist publish information which seems likely to hurt the people he hopes to help? Rainwater and Yancey come out strongly for the communication of Truth despite attendant controversy. This is, at least, the answer for anyone who takes the long view. But they urge a certain minimal tact and they recognize that the purveyor of unwanted truths had better steel himself for a certain unpopularity—akin to that of the ancient messengers whose reward for bad news was immediate execution. They lament the fact that the civil rights organizations have not been well equipped to handle social-science information and that the most militant groups are the ones least receptive to any suggestions that their view of society might be in any sense inadequate. Behind all the furor is the truism that social scientists study people, not protons or plants, and people are not always delighted with the results of scientific research.

Throughout their book, Rainwater and Yancey assume that the government *ought* to have access to the best data, the best theoretical models, the best minds. The problem is in the uses rather than in the acquisition of knowledge. Project Camelot sheds a different light. Men who agree about the Department of Labor or the intentions of the poverty program often disagree violently about the Department of Defense. The role played by

American power in underdeveloped nations is, to speak mildly, much debated.

Many social scientists see the Pentagon as Noam Chomsky described it in the *New York Review of Books*, as "the most hideous institution on this earth." Social scientists who lend their support to such an institution are simply villains, men corrupted by power. In his collection, Horowitz includes no one who takes quite this position, but the Department of Defense is clearly suspect in the minds of many of the contributors. The attack on the project, however, seems much less concerned with the evils done by the military than with the dangers to political science, to sociology, to economics. Herbert Blumer writes that "the ideological perspective underlying and shaping the agency project may impose a perceptual structure on the empirical area under study in such a way as to unwittingly misrepresent the empirical area." Moreover, "to enter into agency-determined research requires an acceptance of the terms and conditions of that research. In a general sense, this means fitting into a web of premises, perspectives, expectations, demands, and controls." (Blumer is also worried over the rights of the people studied, but his major concern seems to be for the "integrity" of social science.) To these comments there is one sociological reply. Research done in the academy is not free of premises, perspectives, expectations, demands and controls. Administrations exert pressure. Colleagues needle and prod. Editors "suggest" changes. Whether the Army demands more than other institutions is to be seen.

There is another report made by those who have done work for the government: enlightened government is better than unenlightened government. Disagreement about ends and means cannot be effective unless social scientists are ready actively to shape, or help shape, means as well as ends. I am in sympathy with Robert A. Nisbet's argument:

The right of the individual . . . to hold back from the military . . . the efforts and contributions he has made as a scientist is . . . incontestable, however vain and illusory it might be. But the grounds for this have nothing to do with the nature of the sciences and everything to do with personal moral values. I do not see how we can argue on the one hand that the behavioral sciences are *sciences*—that is, bodies of knowledge that reach beyond individual caprice and moral preferences to the level of empirically validated conclusions—[and] on the other hand [that] their principles should not be given to the military or some other established, recognized part of American society and government.

One of the alleged inadequacies of Project Camelot was its assumption that the potential for internal war ought to be reduced. Horowitz, among others, is acerbic on this point: "It never seemed to occur to the Camelot directorship to inquire into the chances and desirability for successful revolution." It is true that Project Camelot assumed internal wars are to be avoided, but it seems utopian to expect the Army to finance research into the desirability of wars of national liberation. The real objection to Project Camelot is not that it begins with assumed values (what project doesn't?) but that there was an initial lack of clarity on ends and an extraordinary inability to predict the response of the underdeveloped nations to the investigation of their societies.

The lack of clarity is noted by Theodore R. Vallance, of SORO

On the one hand, the Army Research Office . . . took pride in defending the basic scientific nature of the Project. Simultaneously, however, this same office had to present the Project to people skeptical of social science or to rep-



representatives of the competing interests of "immediately useful" research as addressing some of the most pressing practical problems of the times. . . .

Attempting to do both, the project did neither.

The inability to realize how other nations might react is hard to understand and almost comical in a group dedicated to the heights of consciousness in social research. Johan Galtung, a Norwegian scholar teaching in Chile (and directly involved in the blow-up of the project), asks how the U.S. government might be expected to receive a group of Soviet scientists who wanted to investigate the assassination of President Kennedy, who expressed an interest in the factions and forces behind the intervention in the Dominican Republic. No matter how openly and honestly the Cameloticians proceeded, they would certainly have aroused the fears that numerous Chileans did indeed articulate. American power is such that any investigation of Latin American society will cause the most intense anxiety. Interestingly enough, Ithiel de Sola Pool, the contributor most hopeful about the relations of government and social science, is the one who compares the response of the underdeveloped nations to those of Negroes in Harlem, who felt used and then discarded by visitors "with their own questions to answer, their own books to write, their own careers to promote."

Galtung moves beyond this observation to what is perhaps the most valuable discussion in the book. To the already familiar categories of political and economic colonialism, he adds a third, "scientific colonialism," which he defines as a process "whereby the center of gravity for the acquisition of knowledge about the nation is located outside the nation itself." It can happen that scholars from the "scientifically powerful nations often know more about other nations than these nations know about themselves." In Ghana, for instance, young members of the Peace Corps, trained by David Apter, were more informed about the people they meant to help than the native teachers or the expatriate British. Despair and resentment were the result.

Galtung suggests that scholars from "the periphery" be included in all major projects, from the first stages through final publication, and that scholars from underdeveloped nations be encouraged to do research in the United States and Europe—to enhance their self-esteem, to provide them with a more realistic sense of what the developed nations are like, and to allow new perspectives on advanced societies.

This suggestion, like the frequent suggestion that professional organizations supervise and perhaps monitor research done for the government, takes us in the direction of further restraints and controls, grander plans, and more complicated bureaucratic structures. The international projects envisioned by Galtung require governmental support (preferably in the form of grants rather than contracts). For those who see "resistance" as the only answer to institutions they perceive as totally immoral, the direction is all wrong because it leads to more rather than less government, to more rather than less involvement in institutions themselves involved with and dependent on state and national government. For those of us who maintain a battered faith in the development of some kind of international government, as the only alternative to an endless struggle for hegemony among nations, the lesson of Project Camelot is that social scientists ought to try harder to influence governmental decisions and to enlighten those who are directly responsible for the conduct of political affairs. He who sups with the devil may need a long spoon, but he has a greater chance to influence events than the saint upon his pillar.

—ALLEN GUTTMANN

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## BLACK CONSCIOUSNESS THROUGH A WHITE SCRIM

William Styron, *The Confessions of Nat Turner*. Random House (1967), 429 pp., \$6.95.

It will make an excellent movie.

Writing dull as all get out. You read *through* it, like a scrim, to see the scene, which is nevertheless very concretely imagined. Tidewater Virginia, 1831. Land ruined by the tobacco weed. The people worn out, too. Plantations down at heel, a crummy part of the South. The whites either stupid and good or stupid and bad. The slaves dwelling in darkness blacker than Africa, stupid and happy or stupid and miserable. Save only Nat Turner that learned to read.

Start in the jail when it's all over. Interrogation by Thomas Gray who set down the first "Confessions of Nat Turner," published 1832, in which is recounted the massacre of fifty-five white persons during a few days in August when Nat Turner and seventy-five black slaves started killing their way to Jerusalem, seat of Southampton County, figuring then to hide out in the Dismal Swamp nearby and maybe later escape northward by sea.

Double back to Nat's childhood. Plantation of Samuel Turner. He teaches the boy to read and promises freedom. Crazy, kind old fool couldn't make good on his word. Nat delivered into unfriendly hands. Hopes dashed. Becomes a preacher. Decides he is Gideon. The rebellion is his orgasm. When it's over he is done, and dreams of the sea.

This is a movie, not a book. Done right as a film, it would be the greatest.

Styron has taken a leisurely pace in telling the story. Having finished the book, I suppose I shall remember it for a very long time. Nevertheless, it is frustrating, because its dramatic structure fails, and it lacks literary power.

The language of a successful work of literature has two important facets. There is first the *transparency* of the language toward the setting, characters, and plot of the narrative. On this score Styron's language comes off fairly well, in spite of a certain monotony. Some of the scenes are very vivid.

In addition to such transparency, however, the language of successful literature must possess a certain *tensility*. I am thinking of the devices and the style an author employs that call attention to his medium. As in architecture we require for excellence not only the solution of functional problems but also the imaginative employment of space considered abstractly and materials considered as textures offsetting one another—so also in literature we require for excellence not only that the materials, which in this case are words, phrases, and the images they convey, shall be employed with an imaginative freedom. The words must be interconnected by principles of association not merely syntactical nor merely descriptive but dependent on sequences of images and unexpected freshnesses of word-choice that move us by setting up resonances within our psyches. We participate in the final effect not only through our assent to what is being told us but through our response to the language as a medium with an excitement of its own. On this latter score Styron's novel is a major disappointment.

It may be that this failure of style is connected with a certain failure of content. The attempt has been to tell the story of the rebellion and all that led up to it through Nat's own eyes. The task presented two formidable problems.

The first, integral to the material itself, and which the available historical data do not solve, is the question how Nat Turner, a slave-boy no worse treated than thousands of others, in most respects better, was transformed into a revolutionary. Far from solving this problem, Mr. Styron leaves one with the curious impression that he despaired of solving it and tried to cover it over by multiplying the details of his

motive

narrative. There are two Nat Turners in the book. One is the young slave maturing into his twenties, possessed of a thirst for knowledge so great that he stole a book from Massah Turner's parlor and attempted to read it although, like the other slaves, he did not know one letter from another. Much of the book is taken up with the gradual expansion of Nat's mind. He achieved an extraordinary cultivation for a Negro slave of his time and place.

The other Nat Turner is full of apocalyptic vision, got from reading the Bible. To make this convincing, Styron has to depict Nat as a confused person for whom a little learning is a dangerous, a cataclysmic, thing. The rebellion was not rational, even if Nat's plans for it were carefully made. The motivation was irrational, both in its vain dream of success and in its thirst for blood. We ask without answer why *this* plan formed in *this* mind and was ultimately betrayed by it.

The two Nat Turners are most clearly evident in the two voices the major character is given to speak. Most of the time he addresses the reader in a cultivated language close to Styron's own. However, when Nat quotes himself, we hear a different voice, that of the slave speaking nigger-talk. This is partly justified by his explanation that nigger-talk is a defense-mechanism through which the slave ingratiates himself with the master, affecting a stupidity and a mean condition that flatters the owner's sense of innate superiority. However, there are times when it seems that nigger-talk is the only speech available to Nat. In the following passage, both voices are present:

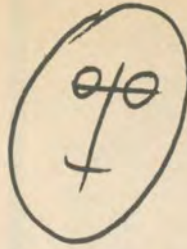
"But he said you could go to the camp meeting!" I fumed while I harnessed up the two mules, shortening their traces amid the manure-sweet stable gloom. Willis padded drowsily about barefooted in the darkness, helping me, saying not a word. "Daggone, Willis!" I whispered urgently. "He didn't mention *nothin'* at all about bein' hired out to Major Vaughan. *Nothin'*! Now daggone it, you goin' to be over at the Vaughans' for two weeks choppin' tobacco and maybe it'll be a while 'nother year before you get to go to a camp meetin'." I was nearly frantic with disappointment, and the radiant globe of pleasure and anticipation in which I had bouyantlly dwelt for so long cracked and fell away from me like shattered glass as I yanked the mules out onto the moon-drenched lawn and, wildly impatient, urged the boys up into the wagon. "Daggone it," I said, "I fixed fried chicken and there's *cider* too! C'mon, nigger boys, move yo' butts!"

Styron has obviously given Nat two voices in order to avoid putting the whole of his book in dialect. Nevertheless, the device emphasizes the fact that the two Nat Turners never meet. This is the dramatic failure of the novel.

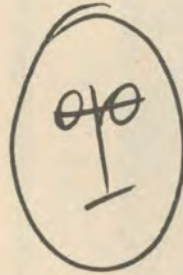
The other problem the material presents is that of contemporary relevance. It is not conceivable that a major author of the twentieth century would write a book on Negro rebellion with a purely antiquarian interest. It is not possible to read the story of Nat Turner without thinking of Black Power. We expect Mr. Styron to find in this tale some light for present troubles, a matter at which he hints in a brief Author's Note at the start of the book:

... The relativity of time allows us elastic definitions: the year 1831 was, simultaneously, a long time ago and only yesterday. Perhaps the reader will wish to draw a moral from this narrative, but it has been my own intention to try to recreate a man and his era, and to produce a work that is less a "historical novel" in conventional terms than a meditation on history.

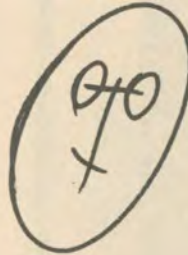
Perhaps it was wise of Styron to leave the reader to draw his own moral. Nevertheless, as "a meditation on history" the book is not successful. It is much closer to being a "historical novel." A meditation on history cannot simply recreate how things were, whatever the degree of plausibility achieved. It



"HOW COME I DON'T  
HEAR THE WORD  
PREACHED IN THE  
CHURCHES?"



"WHY AREN'T THE  
SEMINARIES TURNING  
OUT PROPHETS?"



"WHO -- ME?"



"WELL, I'M NOT  
SURE I'VE HEARD  
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must reflect the past onto the present. This meditative component is absent from the book. Does Styron wish to suggest that the resort to naked violence is forever doomed to fail? Does he hold that the psychic scars of slavery are such that the Negro cannot even now rouse himself to direct action to realize himself as a man and to find the power to change his situation?

One of the more interesting passages in the book is the description of Nat Turner's raising his axe to kill the first victim, Mr. Travis, and finding in that moment that he was for the first time looking into the eyes of his owner. Then and not before was he able to see the manhood in his intended victim. Simultaneously Nat realized as never before that he was himself a man. This passage must be put alongside another in which, weary and exhausted from the massacre that had gone on for a day and a half, Nat Turner noticed a young girl of fourteen fleeing from a house where all others were being killed, escaping into the woods. He reflects later that he could have overtaken her on horseback and dispatched her, but that something in him let her escape. She became, he knows, the instrument of his downfall, because she was able to warn others of the coming terror. Thus, the realization of Nat's manhood and power was followed soon after by an exhaustion of spirit that led him half-deliberately to throw the plan and its execution. Are we being told by this that a similar psychology exists today? And that, although it is true that the Negro can only mature by taking power into his own hands, nevertheless it will also be true that he will defeat himself by some subsequent failure of resolution?

These questions are in our minds. To have answered them forthrightly would have turned the novel into a moral preaching that Mr. Styron did not intend. The trouble is that we are offered a meditation yet are never quite sure to what degree our author has himself meditated upon these and other questions springing from his story.

We had a right to expect more. We had a right to expect that Styron would give us a book exciting in its literary quality, its dramatic strength, and its meditative power. We did not expect that we would be disappointed on all these scores at once.

I come back, then, to my opening remark that *The Confessions of Nat Turner* would make a fine movie. This is not a put-down but a positive suggestion. *Nat Turner* is a failure that can be redeemed. It is the rough treatment of a screenplay. Some other hand than Styron's will have to complete it. A talented film-maker should try. The pictorial material and much of the dramatic structure, even down to extended passages of dialogue, are provided, but not yet in the form that could be most enlightening. Translating from one medium to the other, a film-maker would have ample opportunity to solve the problem of Nat Turner's psychological transformation, and also to establish the contemporary relevance of the story.

Styron's own hand should be turned next to fulfilling his promise as a novelist already given in *Lie Down in Darkness* and *Set This House on Fire*. He must now be exhausted from wrestling with the technical problems the writing of *Nat Turner* presented. I do not therefore urge him to tackle in the near future a work offering such formidable linguistic problems of voice and dialect. I urge him instead to turn to material that will allow his own spirit to express itself in language of more free and imaginative vitality.

—TOM F. DRIVER

Film rights to *The Confessions of Nat Turner*, it has been announced, have been purchased by Wolper Pictures. Norman Jewison has been assigned to direct.—EDS.



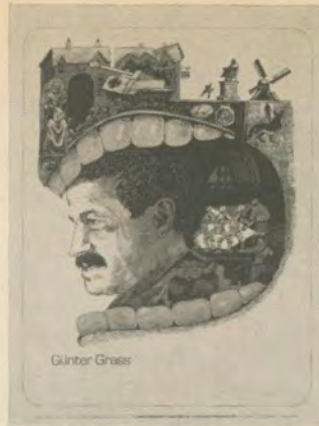
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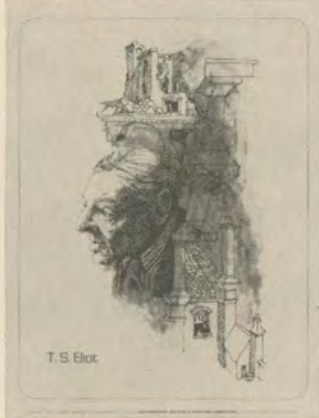
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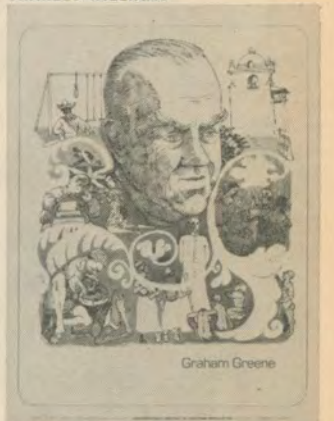
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## CONTRIBUTORS:

**ROSS TERRILL** has become something like Our Man on Asia. This is the second of his articles stemming from his junket last summer. An Australian, Terrill is a Ph.D. candidate at Harvard. **CARL OGLESBY** currently describes himself as an "itinerant evangelist." He was formerly national chairman of SDS, and is the co-author of *Containment and Change*. This spring he will become an editor-at-large of *Ramparts*. **STEPHEN SHAPIRO** teaches literature at the University of California's new Irvine campus. **WILLIAM MINTER** is a Frontier Intern in Africa for the World Student Christian Federation, working out of Dar-Es-Salaam. **EDUARDO MONDELANE**, formerly a professor at Syracuse, is Chairman of FRELIMO. During his years in the U.S., he was a frequent contributor to *motive*. **SIDNEY JOURARD** teaches and practices at the University of Florida. His essay was prepared as an address to the Albion (Michigan) College Symposium on Counseling. **TOM DRIVER**, a member of our Editorial Board, teaches at Union Theological Seminary. **MIKE THELWELL**, a former SNCC field secretary and a frequent contributor, is a doctoral candidate at the University of Massachusetts. **ALLEN GUTTMANN** teaches American Studies at Amherst, and is Public Affairs Editor of *The Massachusetts Review*. **S. J. WHATLEY** is at Troy State College (Alabama).

**POETS: ALEXANDER KUO**, who teaches at Wisconsin State, most recently had work in *Shenandoah* and *Arts in Society*. **LYNN SCHNEIDERS** is a housewife-poet who edits the newsletter of the Michigan Committee to End the War in Vietnam. **GEOFF HEWITT** is a graduate fellow in the Iowa Writers' Workshop. His new book of poems, *Waking Up Still Pickled*, is available from Lillabulero Press (Box 1027, Chapel Hill, N.C. 27514—75¢). **JOHN ATHERTON** is at Washington State University in Pullman.

**ROBERT ELBAZ**, who doesn't answer his mail, is an enigma. **PETER MEINKE**, a frequent contributor, teaches at Florida Presbyterian College.

**ARTISTS: HARRY KRUG's** complex serigraphs give an unsurpassed richness to a *motive* page. He is professor of printmaking at Kansas State University in Pittsburg, Kansas. **EVAN JOHNSON's** photographs, appearing for the first time, were taken on the UCM Southeast Asia Seminar. He lives in San Francisco. **JAMES BURKE** is a professor of printmaking at LSU. **BERK CHAPPELL's** creative juices are stirred by the spoon of melancholy. He is on the art faculty at Oregon State University. **MOISHE SMITH** is currently in Italy while on leave from the University of Wisconsin. **BILL CREEVY** is at LSU and is doing some fine prints with softground and etched line. **MICHAEL SCHUMACHER** is at the Chicago Art Institute and is making his debut in *motive*. **ROBERT SUDLOW** is professor of painting at the University of Kansas where he is a deeply affecting teacher. **MICHAEL CHICKIRIS** is an old *motive* friend and is where it's at in Ohio. **PAUL SIMON** is a photographer for Liberation News Service. **JOHN MAST's** photos filter in from Cranberry Street in Brooklyn and have some of the same tartness as the berry. **DOUGLAS GILBERT** is a freelance photographer whose work has a very refined poignance. **BOB COMBS** has just completed work on a picture book called "Teen Challenge" and is at Boston University. **MARTIN S. DWORKIN** is a freelance photographer who teaches at Columbia. **AL CLAYTON** has a keen photographer's eye and has peered deeply into the plight of the southern Negro. **GEORGE NAMA's** serigraphs offer an intensely rich visual experience. He is at the University of Pittsburg.



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SERIGRAPH: THE MIDDLE OF THE WORLD

GEORGE NAMA

# WATER DRIPPING UP THE SPOUT

It's a beautiful Sunday morning that greets Los Angeles. As the eleventh hour approaches, thousands race to their churches, temples, synagogues. The hectic traffic streams eight lanes across. John Lawrence cuts his '68 Imperial into the second lane, and taps his power brakes gingerly.

"John, slow this thing down, for goodness' sake," screeches Mrs. Lawrence.

"All right. All right, Margaret," snaps John Lawrence before he catches himself. He hadn't intended to shout in front of Aunt Clara. He glances in the rearview mirror in time to see her hurt look. "I'm really a heel," he thinks. "Aunt Clara has been begging us to do this for months. This is supposed to be her day. Now I guess I've ruined it."

The big sedan runs smoothly abreast of six other cars. A Harley-Davidson slices in between the lanes, avoiding the bulky cars. The pilot of the two-wheeled craft brushes his long black locks away from his sunglasses. A large shiny Maltese cross flashes from the front of his black jacket.

As he crosses in front of the Imperial, Mr. Lawrence sneers to his company, "Young punks like that decay the morals of this country. They have no sense of responsibility. Look at that beard; isn't he disgusting?"

"Purely revolting," replies Mrs. Lawrence in her grating voice. Miss Clara Lawrence simply glances the other way.

As if it were a clock, the Imperial's speedometer needle climbs steadily, finally passing the motorcycle in the next lane. The cyclist smiles as the wind blows his hair back and balloons his jacket.

John Lawrence senses a note of mockery in that unwelcome smile. "That filthy young scoundrel is probably on his way to a dope party. These beatniks have lost all sense of decency."

"You're so right, John," answers Margaret, still irritated. Then, noticing the gray hair around her husband's temples, she falters in her indignation. "But you know, John, things have changed some since you were young. Maybe some of these—these people—aren't all bad. Maybe a small minority has given the others a bad name."

"Oh, Margaret, really! You know, as well as anyone else, that these irresponsible hoodlums are ruining our society. Look at their music, poetry, art. Look at their dances. They're all perverted. What will they ever contribute to this country? They'll destroy everything we have built for them."

John checks himself for a moment. He remembers how easily Aunt Clara is upset by violent talk. Looking back at her in the mirror, he is surprised to see her complacently musing at the scenery.

John's thoughts are soon lost as he turns off the freeway and swings the Imperial down Lotus Street. Five blocks later, a right turn puts him in the overcrowded parking lot.

The trio climbs the steps and finds that the only seats vacant are in the front. The church, like the parking lot, is crowded. The organ plays, the choir sings, and suddenly everyone realizes that the minister hasn't arrived yet.

Outside the sanctuary, dying quickly like a great wave breaking against the beach, came sputtering the thumber of a Harley-Davidson. Shortly the long-haired, bearded minister enters his pulpit. John Lawrence is appalled. A shiny Maltese cross hangs from the front of the pastor's robe.

Then all heads are bowed as Reverend Flowers prays, "Lord, teach us not to be weary in well doing. May we love one another as we love ourselves, and then let it all hang out."

—S. J. WHATLEY