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ETCHING: VICTORIA'S CHILDREN

PETER W. MILTON

C
o
n
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t
s

- 2 THE PICKET LINE
- 4 THE MUFFLED ROAR *editorial*, B. J. STILES
- 6 PETER WEISS: THE REVOLUTION FROM DESPAIR ARTHUR W. BLOOM
- 11 SOLDIER WITH OPEN EYES *poem*, ROBERT RICKERT
- 12 NOTES ON 'HISTORY BENDING' PATRICK E. GREEN
- 21 AND ALL THE CHANGE LAY QUIET *poem*, ARCHIBALD HENDERSON
- 22 PSYCHEDELICS AND RELIGIOUS LIFE: AN INTERVIEW WITH HUSTON SMITH
ANTHONY TODD BOUSHY
- 28 MONTANA *poem*, SUZANNE GROSS
- 30 GOD IS RED STAN STEINER
- 35 SUNDAY MORNING LOGIC *poem*, JOHN STONE



ETCHING: THE GARDEN

PETER W. MILTON

36 CENSORSHIP AND THE ARTS *films*, AL CARMINES

38 THE NIGHT THE POWER FAILED *poem*, PATRICIA RACHAL

39 TU, QUAESO *poem*, GORDON CURZON

41 BOOKS

56 CONTRIBUTORS

COVER 3: STREET SCENE *etching*, PETER W. MILTON

COVER 4: THE WHITE COLUMBE *fable*, JOHN UNDERWOOD

FRONT COVER: Since it has long been established that "violence is as American as cherry pie" WARRINGTON COLESCOTT has long been interested in this phenomenon. In his intaglio, **DEATH OF DILLINGER**, he finds the contents of the pie to be "that black area between tragedy and high comedy, where a scream is transmuted into laughter, and the rules are no rules." Pie will be served thick and rich in the ghettos of American cities, intended as a kind of dessert for the American Way of Life.

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LINO CUT: R. O. HODGELL

I have been reading *motive* for the past year and have found it to be a liberal magazine. It is well written and the printed matter is on current, important topics.

One of these topics covered in the November (1967) issue was the war in Vietnam ("An Open Letter to LBJ" and "Between Substance and Shadow"). Both of these articles were well written and of current interest. However, they do not reflect a very liberal attitude, as I see it. A magazine, if it is to remain "liberal," cannot present an issue of this importance from a completely one-sided point of view. Where were articles condoning the war? Are these arguments unsuitable for a church magazine?

I can understand your point of view as expressed in the poem, "Selective Service on a Friday in June." As a chemical engineer, I can sympathize with the liberal arts students, since I know of their plight from personal experience. Yet, I cannot agree with the narrow-mindedness that was displayed in presenting the articles on the Vietnamese war.

I cannot relate myself to this war, as I have had no contact with it. Therefore I would like to hear both sides of this war rather than just the "easy way out" as presented by your "liberal" magazine.

EDWARD JOHNSTON
staten island, n.y.

Congratulations on Key's article ("God is Alive in Dubuque—Maybe") in your December (1967) issue. I believe he is very close to a description of the facts of the matter in the death of God phenomenon. His "three alternatives," I think, like everybody's alternatives, are fuzzy. But his analysis is, I think, squarely on the beam.

I completed last spring in the English Department at Washington University in St. Louis a thesis titled: "The Death of God Motif in Contemporary Theology and Some Correlations in Modern Literature." I am presently a candidate for Ph.D. on the same theme, but in a more concentrated area of study. Everything I've read, my own experience and instincts, as a student from the middle west in the fifties (I went to St. John's College in the same Winfield, Kansas), and the testimony of my advisors, teachers and fellow students, bears out Key's feelings about the death of God thing, both in the fifties and the sixties.

A very good article. Very much *Realpolitik*.

DUANE MEHL
st. louis

Your magazine is excellent. Besides being thought-provoking for the reader it has served as class material for high school groups.

SISTER JANET MARIE, S.S.J.
hillsdale, michigan

motive

AH-H-H NOW! BOBBY DYLAN THE AMERICAN MALE (Dec., '67)? Regardless of how you feel about him—pro or con—he is not typical in any sense of the generic American male. I have read your articles with interest and respect and still do, but I think you're stretching literary license too far. I just have to say something. "Bike Boy" definitely, "Portrait of Jason" possibly, but hardly Dylan. I like him but he's even subject to question on the male "definition" and according to some on the American. My problem with Bob is not the above two, but viewing him as typical. He really isn't, and when you have seen or heard him, isn't he unique enough to be one and one only of his kind?

TOM OBENAUER
opa-locka, florida

It is interesting that in an issue of *motive* concerned with the reality of Christianity, Al Carmines' film review (Dec., '67) neglected entirely the religious aspects of Bob Dylan's *Don't Look Back* as well as the parallels to Jesus Christ embodied by the man Dylan himself.

It is the very fact that Dylan "can write poetry and sing like an angel but in real life is absolutely non-communicative" that suggests the Christ-like temper of his film. He possesses so complete an understanding of our people's absurdities and of the tragedy of its unfulfilled beauty, that to outline his major points of criticism would be an absurdity in itself.

What is hinted at in the film is that Dylan's holy vision, which we find symbolized in the spotlight that carressingly enfolds him as if it came from some distant heaven somewhere, overwhelms Dylan; it is so great. He has seen too much to prattle his way through life as most of us do. He has been sacrificed to the truth of his poetry, to the truth of the God within each of us.

And he dies in order that we may someday live; and he suffers that we might someday know.

We may have erred in taking issue with the logic of misanthropy in a man who has given his life for our sins.

RAY BECKERMAN
Hunter College
new york, new york

I enjoyed Howard Zinn's article (Dec., '67) in which he asks historians to show their concern with current social and political issues.

Historians also have the responsibility to provide histories for young activists. What would be the features of such works?

These modern histories would discuss the development of various movements (peace, civil rights, student); the changes in political thinking (programs within, and outside, the traditional framework); related social and cultural changes (love, music, psychedelics); the perception of society (the establishment, computerization); and long-range goals (end of militarism and prejudice, small communities based on affection).

These histories would apply insights into both past events and present situations. For example, are the suburban demands for low taxes and a war on crime a new form of populism, caused by a myth of the yeoman suburbanite (who is led to believe in his exaggerated moral importance to America, by the very interests which impose excess economic burdens on him), just as Hofstadter showed that the myth of the yeoman farmer was a major cause of the populist movement? And if the two movements are similar, what are the implications for dealing with suburban hostilities?

These histories would apply academic disciplines to current concerns. For example, what is a political "science" theory of a society partially based on *agape*? What is a perception and

cognition theory which describes the outlook "to tell it like it is"?

These histories would also give an introduction to Hegelian ideology. There are three reasons for this: 1) to gain an understanding of many sociological theories, existentialism and other philosophic trends, communism, and fascism, which all derive partly from Hegel; 2) to supplement the pragmatic approach (endemic in America), which is not always adequate for dealing with and understanding current social-political problems; and 3) to provide a bridge for understanding people in other countries, who often think ideologically. If we substitute the word "ideology" for the word "history," Santayana's warning still holds: those who ignore ideology are condemned to repeat it.

Modern histories will tend to abandon academic caution and evenness of tone. There will be more concern with the way people react to an event, rather than with its documentation or with its place in an overall viewpoint. Enthusiasm, personal accounts, subjective and lengthy evaluations, groovy language—yes sir, it's time for some swinging histories.

Along these lines, people who are making history should try to chronicle it, not only the events they're involved with but also their attitudes. Each local movement has its individuality. We gain understanding by being aware of the development of movements, both local and national.

MICHAEL LURIE
miami, fla.

I have received and read three issues of *motive* thus far, and can't begin to tell you what a readable message it has had for me.

Since I've been at college, I've had little time to attend church or be involved in church groups. Your magazine has brought to me more of an understandable message than I might have gotten through church.

Thank you for a great magazine.

DARREL JANE McMILLAN
pittsburg, kansas

In a magazine in which I have often been encouraged to see a courageous and honest stand taken on many controversial subjects, I am infuriated to read "The Collapse of the American South," by David Lloyd-Jones (Jan., '68).

There are many valid and constructive criticisms that may be offered to the South and our entire nation on the subject of racial discrimination, but in making his arguments in the guise of a wild-west adventure, the author only succeeds in breeding more race-hatred and more misunderstanding.

In my opinion, the author is the victim of the same paralysis as the black and white Southerners whom he excoriates: ignorance and lack of compassion. In this way, he becomes a member of the same company of cowards as the local policeman he disparages. I was born in South Carolina (you can't get much deeper than that, can you, huh?), and I have yet to see a situation in which it is "normal for people to carry handguns and occasionally wave them in one's face." I find it a mark of total irresponsibility that in a situation in which racial coexistence, not to mention racial harmony, becomes daily more difficult for every thoughtful person, you subject readers to this superficial and vindictive article. It is superficial in that it commits the fallacy of reasoning from the very particular (two towns) to the very general (one-fourth the area of the U.S.). It is vindictive in that the author, in his impotence in the face of an unpleasant situation, simply vents his bitterness and gall through your pages. It may have been nicely therapeutic for Mr. Lloyd-Jones, but these attributes (whether in our journalists, ministers, or politicians), make more difficult every problem we face.

JAN OWINGS
university of maryland

EDITORIAL:

Two letters and one episode don't constitute a trend, but they do hint at a detectable drift.

First, the letters.

Most prized among the assorted clippings and journalistic mementos on my desk is a letter responding to an earlier editorial pertaining to the church and its use of money. The letter, signed by seventy-eight members of the Lithographic Union of the Methodist Publishing House, read in part, "At a time when the local newspapers were closed to our problem and it seemed the whole of Nashville was against us, we were surprised and pleased to find a friend from within the organization."

The compliment hurts because it further testifies to many laymen's assumption that the church isn't going to get caught defending the rights of the little man. We'd rather point to bulging file cabinets stuffed with well-phrased and long-debated liberal resolutions.

The second letter is more consequential. It is from a commissioned officer stationed at a West Coast military embarkation center. He wrote:

"As a young officer I have hundreds of other young men passing through my hands each week and it is the realization that many of these young men may be killed or maimed within the next two years that prompts my writing.

"Even though I hold a commission in a combat

arm of the service, I cannot face the responsibility of killing or giving the irrevocable order to kill. This reluctance is grounded in the belief of the oneness of all mankind. How can you kill another human without destroying a part of yourself? Of course I realize that many people may consider this to be sheer cowardice, but it goes deeper than a question of personal bravery. Life is too short and the future too uncertain for mankind to concern itself with the self-destruction that it has practiced for the last four thousand years of recorded history. (James Baldwin gave this better expression in *The Fire Next Time*.)

"I am not condemning those men who fight in Vietnam, nor am I attempting to shirk my own duty. Those who choose to fight are simply the expression of our times; those who choose not to fight are, hopefully, an expression of a future time.

"My only point in writing this is to reach those young people who are on the doorstep of national service. If you have questions on the morality of war, if your own values are in serious debate, then please don't do yourself a disfavor by becoming servicemen. When you are sure of yourself, whether as hawk or pacifist, then is the time to make your choice. Do not put yourselves in my position.

"I hope you honor my plea for oblivion for though

the muffled roar

there may be others like me, it is not to our best advantage to speak up."

What is the price we are to pay for silence? One empathizes for the officer, not because he struggles with tough moral decisions and endures personal anguish, but because he speaks for most of us: *it is not to our best advantage to speak up!*

When you stand literally at the gates of hell by visiting Auschwitz or one of its ilk, the unbearable impact is the silence. The voices of the dead scream from the memorial gardens and the granite monuments. The stifled chords well into a relentless interrogation: What are *you* doing to prevent a recurrence of this moment in history?

A growing minority in this country is moved to break our silence. But these voices of dissent are largely ineffectual in changing policy. Hence, protest has transmuted into resistance: civil rights has become Black Power, church renewal has become Urban Coalition, student activists have become Student Power, and maximum feasible participation of the poor has become a victim of the Green Amendment.

The outbursts of the poor, the blacks, and the Spocks and Coffins are condemned by too many as being nothing more than breaches of good taste. The public's hostility to outspoken White House luncheon guests and audacious preachers-to-Presidents re-

veals this preoccupation with taste and manners, and ignores the far more serious pleas for sanity which these confrontations symbolize. When etiquette outweighs honesty, the Republic has become a sham democracy.

But on to the episode.

A bright, articulate successful group of suburban young adults of my vintage recently read and discussed Roger Shinn's *Tangled World*. When we encountered the section on poverty and affluence, the group recounted the predictable clichés about the poor: "They're just lazy and don't want to work," "All they want is bigger welfare checks," "Well, my maid told me . . ."

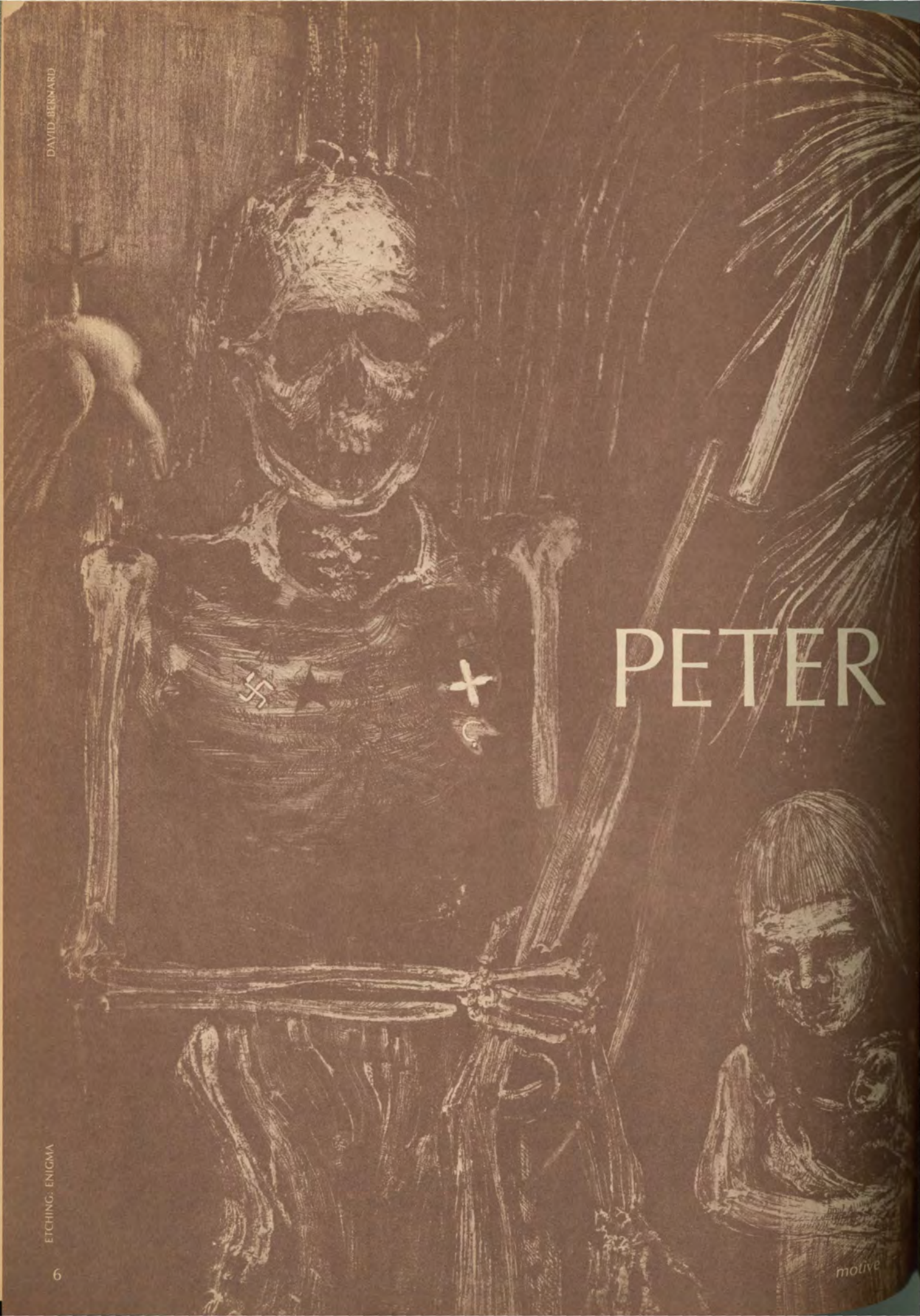
As we rounded the bend in hot emotional castigation of "those people who drive down to the welfare office driving their new cars," I was jarred to hear a firm solution proposed from behind me: "Well, I think Hitler had the best solution: just annihilate them!" One or two quickly agreed, and the conversation moved on to matters more controversial to the group.

Stunned, angered, and then immensely fearful, I stumbled from the WASP gathering to ponder the awesome legacy this generation inherits from its elders.

But as I indicated in the beginning, two letters and one episode don't constitute a trend. . . .

—B. J. STILES

PETER



Two plays of Peter Weiss—"The Investigation" and "Marat/Sade"*—have received significant critical and popular success in the United States. That success reflects the boredom of intelligent Americans with the theatre in this country which has traditionally provided leisure class entertainment and social sedatives.

At a time when many Americans are searching for revolutionary—and sometimes violent—methods of changing their desperate situation, the Broadway theatre seldom mirrors our world in visions perceptive or provocative enough to effect such changes. Its subject matter and its techniques seem inadequate for our needs.

The lack of relevance which besets the standard production techniques and literature of the American theatre is also apparent in American society as a whole. The civil rights movement, for instance, has traditionally aspired to give middle-class status to the

Negro. Yet at a time when such status is becoming available to more and more black people, it is apparent that more and more black people don't want it. Its values are too shallow for intelligent people. Consequently the theatre which it produces lacks validity.

At the same time, it is difficult to abandon traditional social and cultural frameworks, particularly for teachers like myself who are trained as the official purveyors of established morality and good taste. Even when there is an obvious decay of current political and artistic practice, there is a suspicion of revolutionary movements in these fields.

As Americans and as human beings, we have a need for tradition, yet we realize the inevitable obsolescence of tradition. We see the need for revolution, yet we are aware of the ultimate failure of most revolutions which simply beget new traditions. Weiss speaks to this dilemma. He incorporates these tensions of tradition vs. revolution vs. the obsolescence of both in his plays. His work illustrates both the predicament of the theatre and the malaise of the world which produces that theatre and its audience.

* The full title being "The Persecution and Assassination of Jean-Paul Marat as Performed by the Inmates of the Asylum of Charenton under the Direction of the Marquis De Sade." All quotes printed by permission of the publisher. From "Marat/Sade, published by Atheneum, New York, 1965. Copyright © 1965 by John Clader Ltd. From "The Investigation," published by Atheneum, New York, 1966. English version copyright © 1966 by Jon Swan and Ulu Grosbard.

WEISS: THE REVOLUTION FROM DESPAIR

By ARTHUR W. BLOOM

MARCH 1968

This world is, in large measure, one of violence and despair. In "Marat/Sade," this violence erupts visually, engulfing the characters and the actors, and threatens to engulf the audience. The stage, the theatre, the world is a madhouse.

In "The Investigation," the violence is described in a documentary technique. Using a slightly heightened version of testimony taken from the 1964-65 German trial of twenty-one Auschwitz officials, Weiss bludgeons his audience with the minutiae of what is, for the post-World War II generation, one of the most surrealistic crimes of the twentieth century: the processing of inmates through the Auschwitz concentration camp from their arrival at the platform to their extermination in the gas chambers. Witnesses relentlessly describe the exact physical dimensions of each room in the crematorium, the precise dosage of phenol needed to kill when injected into the heart, and the specific scientific procedure of grotesque sexual operations performed in the medical division.

Yet, the audience is never allowed to believe, as Coulmier, the superintendent of the asylum does, that "today we live in far different times." In Artaudian fashion, the audience in both of Weiss' plays is forced to become an imaginary participant in the play just as it was an actual participant in the specific crimes being described, and just as it remains a participant in the racism and war mentioned specifically or suggested by anachronisms in both dramas.

The audience is guilty—guilty because it is an audience and not an actor, because it has allowed itself to sit back, well-fed, well-clothed, slightly dulled by liquor, resting in the dark, in comfortable seats while the actors perform in a faraway world.

Weiss' condemnation is that this typical Broadway audience reacts to its morning newspaper with the same passive detachment that it displayed in the theatre the evening before. It sits back and lets things happen.

Breaking this lethargy quickly or successfully is difficult, perhaps impossible, which accounts in part for the despair in and about contemporary theatre. One consequence of this despair is the hesitation of commercial New York theatres to produce anything but "family entertainment."

This same despair accounts, oddly enough, for both the impenetrable "cool" of the middle-class Negro and the style of a man like Stokely Carmichael, whose sense of physical and intellectual freedom emanates in some measure from a feeling that as a human being he has nothing more to lose. In a world that is seemingly impossible to change, despair is a poised, relaxed, objective attitude. It is the attitude of Weiss' Marquis De Sade, and is, I believe, one of the two main tenets of the author's beliefs. Weiss, of course, disdains the traditional association of De Sade with sexual excess and I, in turn, disdain

such implications about Stokely Carmichael. If Carmichael is, in part, De Sade, he is also, in part, Marat, the social revolutionary.

According to Weiss, De Sade's despair derives from his awareness of both an indifferent universe which "would watch unmoved/ if we destroyed the entire human race" and the equally inevitable brutality of man.

Haven't we always beaten down those weaker
than ourselves
Haven't we torn at their throats
with continuous villainy and lust
Haven't we experimented in our laboratories
before applying the final solution

There are no punctuation marks because De Sade's lines aren't questions but rather, in Weiss' mind, rhetorical statements of fact.

As a twentieth-century audience we pretend to be a nineteenth-century audience watching a play produced in 1808 about events which occurred in 1793, but we still remain a twentieth-century audience. The term "final solution" has nothing to do with the French Revolution. As a commonplace phrase, it refers to the extermination of Jews in Nazi Germany. But our guilt for the crimes of the French Revolution and for the failure of that revolution to produce human freedom is our guilt for the crimes of the Nazis and for our failure to stop those crimes until all we could do was punish their perpetrators. And our guilt continues in the crimes of the Detroit ghetto and our failure to overhaul the society that established and perpetuates that ghetto.

The anachronistic juxtaposition of these events produces in Weiss a disgust not for the crimes committed against Frenchmen or against Jews¹ or against Negroes, but for the one continual crime committed by and against all human beings: the crushing of freedom and the betrayal of hope. When the massive wooden doors which served as curtains in the New York production of "The Investigation" closed, the audience was not outside the camp looking in, it was inside, looking around. As the closing witness says, "I came out of the camp/yes/but the camp is still there."

If De Sade (Man in despair over the inevitable brutality of human beings) represents one aspect of Weiss' *weltanschauung*, Marat (Man in revolution, a believer in social reform through violence, an eighteenth-century paradigm of SNCC) illustrates what Weiss considers the more important side of his vision: his commitment to political and cultural change.

Weiss' commitment to social change came after a period of personal and artistic isolation. During this time Weiss "examined the view that the author should keep out of political participation, that he should be the one who keeps objectively alive, that he should see both the positive and negative aspects in the forces involved in their universal struggle."²

His emergence from this aesthetic "hiding place" was concomitant with and dependent upon Weiss' abandonment of the novel as a means of artistic expression in favor of the theatre to which he turned for "living contact with the action and the audience."³ Weiss' position currently is quite antithetical to *Art Nouveau*, the hippie movement, or the Tennessee Williams' view that the measure of life is not its useful endurance but its fragile beauty. Weiss considers such postures to be retreats from real social problems into passive sensitivity, and thus to be guilty. "The greatest danger," as he sees it "is that one might come to prize an artistic work for its own sake rather than for the view it propagates."⁴

This philosophy links Weiss to the black theatre of LeRoi Jones and its advocacy of drama as a social weapon rather than a sedative which supports the oppressive white-oriented outside world by allowing its audience to forget that world through escapist fantasies. LeRoi Jones would object strenuously, however, to my linking his work with Weiss'. At the Second Annual Writers' Conference held at Fisk University last spring, Jones rejected even "Marat/Sade" as the ultimately decadent product of a corrupt society. What Jones is interested in, of course, is theatre by, about, and for black people only, while

the problems that Weiss dramatizes and the audience to which he speaks are more general.

Weiss has moved far beyond the diet of theatrical lemon meringue usually dished up by the American commercial theatre. To the relentless stream of banal comedies and bitter-sweet family plays, he has brought the sharp flavor of theatre which assaults an audience emotionally and intellectually. His drama breaks through the proscenium barrier, surrounding the spectators with violent images of the world in which they live and of their guilt in producing that world. He has produced a theatre which, in Artaud's words, "events do not exceed." The success of Weiss' plays support his belief that "audiences are ready to become concerned with the real world rather than with the private loves and hatreds of individuals."⁵ He believes theatre can force its spectators "to choose positions."

Men like Marat and Stokely Carmichael are estimable in Weiss' world because they have chosen positions despite the ambiguities inevitable in all human endeavors. Knowing full well the hitherto unaltered and seemingly unalterable state of human beings, these men have risen out of their despair and set about to change the world around them. In the very act of revolution, there is hope.



DRAWING

DALE BARNHART

The price of a new society, however, is high: the old society. Marat, standing naked in his bath, declares, "We can't begin to build till we've burnt the old building down/ however dreadful that may seem to those/ who lounge in make-believe contentment." During the past two summers, America has been watching that building burn. The impossibility of producing radical social change within an already established framework has led to the inevitable conclusion that the framework itself must be destroyed. Violence has become accepted as an effective instrument of social progress. As Marat declares:

Look everyone wants to keep something from the past
 a souvenir of the old regime
 This man decides to keep a painting
 This one keeps his mistress
 This man keeps his horse
 He (*pointing*) keeps his garden
 He (*pointing*) keeps his estate
 He keeps his country house
 He keeps his factories
 This man couldn't part with his shipyards
 This one kept his army
 and that one keeps his king⁸

Marat emphasizes that any reform of society, if attempted within the established rules of that society, is doomed to failure. The whole structure must be torn down and begun again.

The idea is exciting, particularly to the young, in part because there is in many of them a desire for violent physical excitement—especially in an age of Muzak, sedatives, and Beautyrest mattresses. Yet, it is also exhilarating because it represents an idealistic view of the world which refuses to compromise with the thing it hates.

The reality of revolution, however, is quite different from the idea. Last spring I heard LeRoi Jones recite his poem, "The Magic Word," at Fisk. Also listening were a group of students intensely conscious of the need for social revolution in America. The poem exhorts the ghettoized black people of Newark to find the magic word that will get them what they want. The "magic word" turns out to be: "Up against the wall, mother-fucker; this is a stick-up." Despite the violent language, the poem was for me—in this particular atmosphere rife with black pride and power—a moving experience. This summer, however, the ghetto blacks got the magic word and I found the results somewhat less exhilarating.

Revolutions are exciting in theory but corrupt and bloody and often useless in reality. Weiss knows this. At the end of the French Revolution, Napoleon is in power and "the poor stay poor."

Yet there is the need for revolution and Weiss has taken his stand in its favor. Acknowledging the fact that the world is a madhouse, Weiss calls upon us to all take a stand against madness. Given man's apparent inability to shake off social and personal immorality, Weiss asks us to be moral. He demands that we become, in Thurgood Marshall's words,

"advocates," that is, partisans. We must devote ourselves to the cause of human freedom, knowing full well that since it is a human cause, it will not be pure. If we do not devote ourselves to this end, we are forever condemned to perpetuate a system in which the persecuted and persecutor are inextricably bound in endless destruction, a system in which we lead others to the crematorium and bind ourselves over to the furnaces of moral hell. As one witness during "The Investigation" testifies:

Many of those who were destined
 to play the part of prisoners
 had grown up with the same ideas
 the same way of looking at things
 as those
 who found themselves acting as guards
 They were all equally dedicated
 to the same nation
 to its prosperity
 and its rewards
 And if they had not been designated
 prisoners
 they could equally well have been guards
 We must drop the lofty view
 that the camp world
 is incomprehensible to us
 We all knew the society
 that produced a government
 capable of creating such camps.

That government, that society, is still with us and may always be, but it must be fought. Weiss' weapon is the stage. He is the Marat of the twentieth-century drama, envisioning the possibility of a mass theatre reflecting mass social movements in the hope of producing social change. The weapon is admittedly blunted. De Sade is the only sane person in the play-within-the-play; moreover, as director of the entertainment at Charenton, he controls Marat and the other characters.

Weiss' plays have not changed the world, but they have had an enormous impact on the theatre and more important, on its audience. Weiss is one more voice calling upon us to do something about our lives and the lives of those around us. Stokely Carmichael does it through political agitation. Many, like myself, attempt to do it in the classroom. Weiss does it through the theatre.

Basically we are all trying to take a moral stand in a world in which moral stands may well be impossible, to face the endlessly changing truths of the world around us and still "tell it like it is." It is this struggle that Weiss asks his audience to undertake. It is this position we must all maintain if we are ever to escape from the asylums, from the concentration camps around and within us.

NOTES

¹ Jews are never mentioned in "The Investigation." Weiss is writing about crimes committed against humanity.

² Peter Weiss, "I Came Out of my Hiding Place," *The Nation*, May 30, 1965, p. 655.

³ Paul Gray, "A Living World: An Interview with Peter Weiss," *Tulane Drama Review*, Fall 1966, p. 106.

⁴ Oliver Clausen, "Weiss/Propagandist and Weiss/Playwright," *New York Times*, October 2, 1966, p. 131.

⁵ *Ibid.*, p. 28.

⁶ When Marat points, he is pointing out into the audience, thus implying that what was true of the French revolution is true for our own period.

SOLDIER WITH OPEN EYES

"say man, put some pennies on his eyes
so he can see what this war is all about."

my death was lightning at midnight
a shot of daylight in the darkness
only paler
milk green, as if the leaves that beat
in attempted flight
suffered from a loss of blood
then vision, like the terrain
rose on wings of heat and disappeared

oh the cities my funeral will pass
cool american cities
sunk between complacencies
houses and houses full of secrets
i no longer care to know
at night the cities, glowing
through the fog that covers them with scarves
will creep around behind me on their ghostly feet
i will lead them zigzag as the veins in eyes
back and forth through one another

—ROBERT RICKERT

NOTES ON 'HISTORY

DAVID E. BERNARD



ETCHING: CRUCIFIXION RETABLE



BENDING'

By PATRICK E. GREEN

"Man must invent his future if his future is to have any meaning."

—Robert Theobald

History bending" is a popular term used of late by various theologians, both lay and professional, to describe the stance of the Christian in relation to the world. The Christian, they claim, is to be the one who "bends history," who forges new possibilities for human life out of the raw materials of the past amidst the openings provided by the future. History bending is thus synonymous with history making, history creating, or future inventing.

There are many theologians, to be sure, who wouldn't think of using such patently awkward phrases. Generally the phrases are the products of the leaders of "popular theology," i.e., theology aimed at laymen and meant to be immediately provocative. Nevertheless, the works of many theologians, ranging all the way from orthodox to the "death of God" and "secular city" representatives, betray a fundamental affirmation of "history bending" though their language be different.

The term is important for two reasons. First, it is receiving widespread acceptance among younger church leaders. The phrase is inviting a number of Christians to live their lives in and through its particular image. But, second, it is also a phrase which is subject to a fatal distortion, at least insofar as the Christian faith is concerned. It is both provocative and deadly, "true" and "false" to the Christian gospel. Or, to put this another way, the Christian must say both "yes" and "no" to Robert Theobald's claim that unless man invents the future it will have no meaning.

If one simply equates "history bending" with a statement like that of Theobald's—that is, if we really believe that apart from our inventing or creating a future that future will have no meaning—then from the Christian point of view such belief is patent nonsense. To be sure it's an appealing image. There is something of Prometheus in every one of us. We sense that it is the destiny of every man to wrestle with the chaotic and absurd forces which continually threaten us, our fellow men, our societies, cultures, indeed, the very planet itself. Not to take up that task is not to be human in the fullest sense of the word. Surely, many among us would argue, it is right to claim that "apart from man, all is chaos, all is

chaos!" And clearly that claim must be heard by every one of us as a clarion call for intentional action which struggles with the chaos in the name of meaningful human history.

Yet, however grand and provocative these claims and demands, the Christian must necessarily offer a radical qualification. Against the prevailing sentiment of his time, perhaps even against his own emotions colored as they are by those of his time, the Christian must stand aside and bear witness.

Confronted with a glorious, if somewhat simplistic, optimism he reminds men that humanity is yet to escape the devastating conditions of its finitude. He fearlessly assays any future of man as a future leading to the grave, both for the individual and his culture. Indeed, he could argue that the planet itself is doomed in some future time to a lifeless state and that the odds are heavily against the survival of man as a species. In any case, he points out that by any standard of common sense, brute fact or critical reason, man's future is *utterly meaningless*.

We search for a foundation upon which to ground our grand designs for humanity, but there are none to be found. "There ain't no bottom," and all the optimism in the world cannot change that. Bend, twist, turn, create history all you want; the final verdict will still be the silence which sweeps over the empty stage.

Many forms of humanism have simply been protests against this reminder. Theirs has been the role of courageous refusal. And while one can only admire their courage, it is still necessary to criticize sharply their stated reasons for doing what they do. "Live for humanity," they say. "Live for a better future for all men, for all cultures, for the entire race. Lay down your life for justice, compassion, beauty, truth. Yes, you will die, of course, but your work will live on in the glorious future it helped to create."

Is this a word which finally escapes despair? Is this the image appropriate to a time in which the limitations of finitude, limitations imposed upon the entire race, have ground themselves into our common sense? Surely it is too much akin to that pitiful con-

spiracy of the living who agree to "speak no ill of the dead" in an effort to bestow some slight significance by remembering only the "good things" about them. But what of the time when no one will remember any longer, when that name will be swallowed up in the forgotten past? What meaning will there be when humanity itself is gone, just one more phase of life on an obscure planet in a remote corner of one of the many galaxies?

The optimistic humanists too easily clothe the nakedness of despair to serve us in any but a superficial way. The Christian is much more at home with a pessimistic humanist like Camus who urges men to participate in the travails of history but who never for a moment believes that reality is finally anything other than absurd. If we must wrestle with our destiny, and it seems we must, let us do so with our eyes wide open. History in itself has no meaning finally. Fight, struggle, create, but don't expect to win.

In short, when the Christian is confronted with a facile, if heroic, optimism, he is forced to brutal frankness. He cannot tolerate an image which of necessity requires us to close our eyes to the way things are. For the sake of the truth—which is to say, for the sake of the only ultimate meaning the Christian knows anything at all about—he becomes the pessimistic realist.

His realism is pessimistic of course only from the point of view of those who ascribe an inherent meaning to history itself. From his own point of view, that is, from the point of view of the gospel, he is an out and out optimist. He truly believes that history has a meaning and that it will have one forever, but in no sense is it a meaning which history gives itself. It is given, finally, by God himself.

This curious assertion is the Word by which Christians are called to live, both individually and corporately. To put it in traditional terms, God loves the world and through that love bestows significance on all that takes place. Things "matter" finally, because they matter to God. Every event, every person is important because God Himself lovingly receives each and every moment into Himself and, in doing so, bestows an eternal status on all that is. The world will literally live forever in the life of God; every person, every event, every emotion, every creature, from the smallest of the nuclear particles to the most complex societal organism, all are received, all are granted a status which nothing can alter.

The classical doctrine of God's judgment participates in the same complex of ideas. Man does not finally judge his neighbor, nor indeed, even himself, for judgment is the prerogative of God who alone knows "the secrets of the heart," who alone knows how to evaluate a particular reality in the light of all that has been, all that is, and all that might be. Though it perhaps seems strange to us today, Christians in the past were more concerned to be known



ETCHING: THE HARPIST



DAVID E. BERNARD

by God than to know God. They had hit upon the elemental truth that they were not the final "disposers" of their lives; that they put their trust in One who knew them perfectly, who loved them without prejudice and who sealed the mystery of their particular lives with significance.

For many, of course, the problem is precisely the collapse of traditional language and classical doctrine. Such language as the above suggests no clear image to them; or, which is worse perhaps, it suggests images from their childhood faith—the grandfather in the sky, the great day of judgment in heaven with the book of good and bad deeds open before the judge. For that reason the contemporary witness of the gospel must be stated perhaps in a quite different way. It must do its work, as it were, with the crumbs of the Word and not the whole loaf, even though, in both instances it is the same Word.

Perhaps it should center on the simple fact that all men believe their life to be significant even though every shred of evidence from history is against them. That is, all men believe they matter—not because of what they do or could do, not because of this or that particularity which is added to their life—just because they are. They somehow choose to affirm the givenness of their life as important in spite of the fact that all their experience points to a different conclusion.

The only evidence I can offer for this extraordinary assertion is that you and I believe it is fundamentally true. Even in the form of an essay like this one the statement, "You are significant," addressed to that sense of one's self which stands even in the most depressing times, is perhaps the best way to feel the weight of the assertion. Let me put the question: Is there one of us who will deny this significance? Is there anyone who can truly say that he is insignificant and mean it with his whole being?

Is such an affirmation merely a fanciful thing thrown up by men to stave off the utterly terrifying chaos? From the common sense point of view it is certainly without foundation. Or is it rather that we all perceive from the very first of our existence, however dimly, a significance which is simply there, given, to be affirmed and lived out of? Could it be that the scriptures have always been correct, that no man is left unaware that his life is grounded and affirmed by that Reality which is mysteriously beyond his control but which is yet present to him amidst the concrete realities of his life? Could it be, as some of our theologians have suggested, that every man is to some degree a faithful man, that he, with his very life, assumes a primordial meaning at the very heart of all that is?

In any case, I believe our common perception of such significance is at one with the claims of the Christian faith and highly suggestive as a means of restating the traditional language. For doesn't such

perception point directly to what the gospel has always intended by the word "grace"? Does it not make clear that life's significance is indeed a gift which in no way comes from man himself?

What has the Church meant by "sin" except man's refusal to accept the gift of life's significance (which is to say, to accept that final mystery as the ground of our life)? Certainly the picture we have of Jesus in the Gospels is a portrait of a radical, absurd figure who bade men to affirm their lives, marked by finitude, as utterly significant. The biform symbol of cross and empty tomb does not accidentally haunt the gospel as their central theme; it is the Word that men may dare to trust their lives, living or dying, to that final reality.

What would it mean to truly understand the "gifted" significance of our lives as we live out those very particular, unique lives in this time and place? For isn't our time marked by an enormous desperation that lies just beneath the surface of all that we do? After we have engorged ourselves with affluence, titillated ourselves silly with the latest fad, sated our appetites with the current project to dispel boredom, or rested from our grandiose history-making, is there not an awful fear that none of this ultimately matters at all?

How free a man would be if he were to dare to trust that he is indeed already significant! Think of the energy he would save which is now spent on convincing anyone who will listen that he is "somebody." We men could put behind us a lust for prestige, status and success. The women would perhaps be able to come into their own at last, assured that they are already "somebody" and that they need not wait to live vicarious lives through their husbands and children.

We must be quite clear, of course, that trusting in this primal significance is as threatening as it is liberating. For we are being asked to place our lives in the hands of that mystery which continually demands that we trust nothing but itself. Absolutely nothing else can stand in its place as our ultimate loyalty. But dare we trust it? Dare we confidently face our deaths and the death of our culture, indeed, the death of humanity itself, with an assurance that all is well? The Christian, again with brutal frankness, might observe that we really have no choice. We either trust that mystery, affirm this strange sense of significance each of us has, or spend our lives burdened, or even destroyed, by a sense of meaninglessness. But that is unnecessarily harsh.

What the Christian might better say is that life is good, fundamentally good, when one commits himself in this way. For there is then no event, joyful or sad, which can separate us from meaningful living, from our humanity as creatures. Even in the last hour of our life we are able to trust that power. And why not? It is what we have always trusted, either faith-

fully or unfaithfully, to some degree or another, in every moment of our lives.

The simple act of getting out of bed in the morning to face all the unknowns, the absurdities, the chaotic events which await us, is itself an immense act of faith. We may be unaware that it is so. We may consciously say and intentionally act as if our ultimate significance comes from ourselves, our work, our families, our success, or whatever. After all it is very hard to put the weight of one's life down into mystery and to expect that mystery to be the most supportive, the most comforting, the most substantial of all realities. But nevertheless it is so for every man whether he chooses to believe it or not, whether he chooses to live out of it joyously or fight it desperately. It is the Word which has always been true and which shall always be true until the end of time. "You are already significant. It is a gift. Receive it, and live by it."

Even as I write the above words, I am ever aware how inadequate they are to say all that is necessary at this point. Without doubt, they must be amended, corrected, and evaluated. But they, hopefully, make clear why the Christian must reject any simple humanistic understanding of man's struggle with historical existence. The Christian, to put it simply, seeks a reversal in the common sense order. The humanist claims that meaning is given *after* one has achieved this or that. The Christian claims that such an image leads to despair and that only when significance is given *primordially* can man meaningfully struggle with his and humanity's destiny. Without such a reversal the Christian must suspect that every scheme thinly covers a destructive nihilism ready to explode at any moment. With it he is confident that the demonic powers of history—powers which tempt us to worship idols and then to destroy all when the idols fail—have been overcome.

But after rejecting the humanist image and after reminding ourselves of the Word which must serve as the basis for all that is done, it is completely necessary to ask in what sense the Christian is to be a "history bender." The question could not be asked before, since, apart from the Word, history and all its changes for good or ill is meaningless. But once the Word is grasped as the basic factor of any Christian image, it must be asked. The Word itself demands it.

This is simply to say that the Word as such sends men into the world. It does not serve as the escape hatch from the cares, trials, sufferings and joys of historical existence. It strangely frees one *from* the world as the source of ultimate meaning, and in so doing frees one *for* the world as a person who can see things as they are, who has no need to be either naively optimistic or bitterly pessimistic. The Chris-

tian, in principle, is the hardheaded realist with no sacred cows to defend, no idols to shore up, no sacred institutions, personage, or ideas. He is, in principle, supremely suited to the task of creating a future.

Now we must be clear that the Christian is not seeking ultimate significance in and through his historical projects. That significance is given primordial-ly to every man whether or not he chooses to be a "history bender, whether he spends his life for something worthwhile or whether he wastes it in careless frivolity. Nothing is more fundamental to the gospel: God loves every man quite the same; which is to say, every man is significant be he saint or scoundrel. What the Christian, or any man, is doing when he takes up this or that project is attempting to find

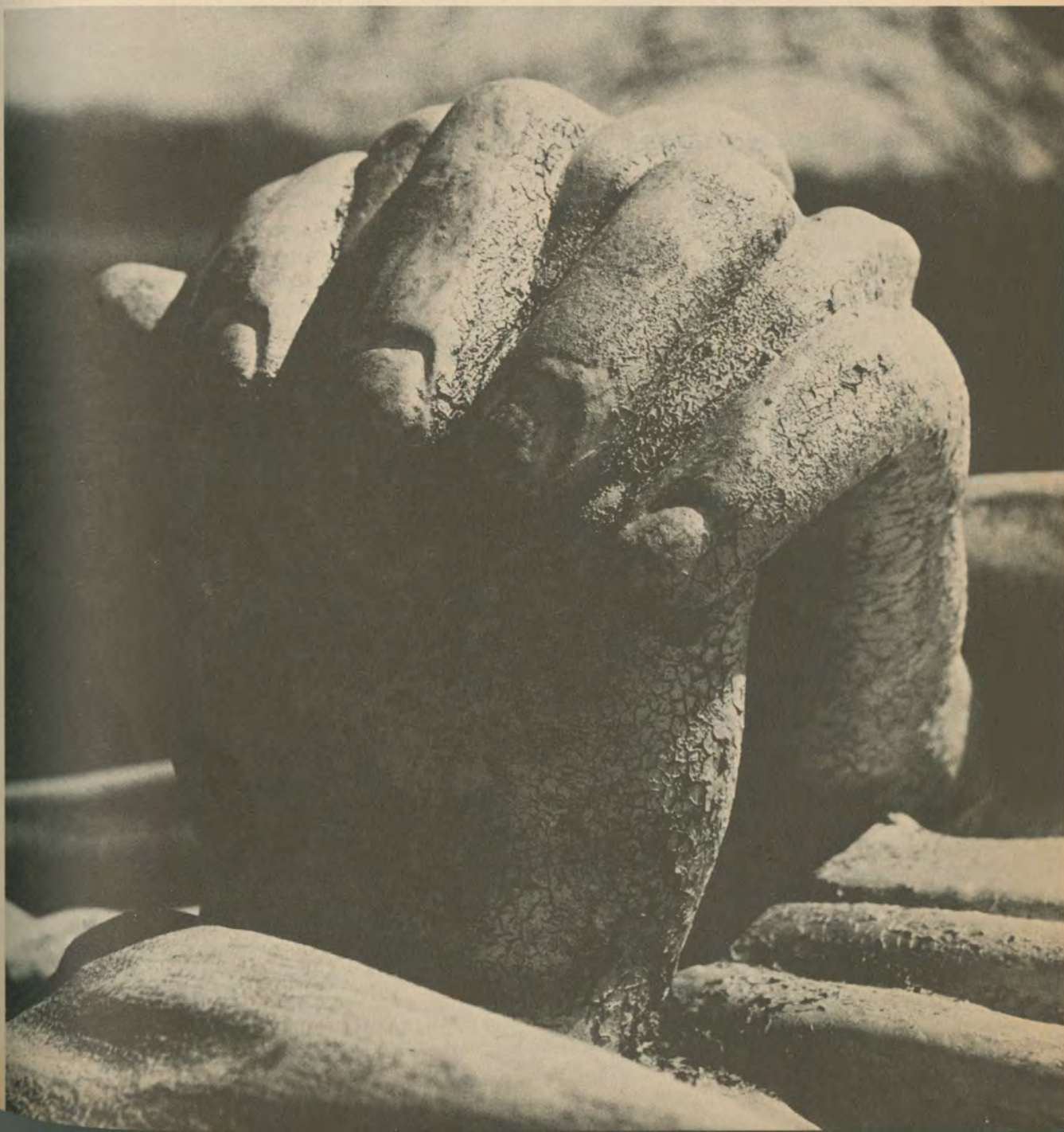
a way to express appropriately the significance already inherent in his existence. He is attempting to act out a significance which is utterly secure and which demands expression.

One senses, for instance, that our impatience with trivia has a great deal to do with the need to express our significance. It's almost as if we were saying, "A constant involvement with the trivial is not worthy of this wonderfully significant person I am." Somehow our lives, their wonder and mystery, demand expressions in accord with what they are.

But how does one express himself in and through history? Surely history is too complex, too set in its patterns, too immense to serve as the arena for the puny expressions of our lives. Surely, at most, we can only hope to do some little bit in our own parochial

PHOTOGRAPH

DOUGLAS HOLTHAUS



corners. At this point we do well to listen to those who are warning us that we have no choice but to participate in the creation of future history *if* we think it good for mankind to have a future. For unless we act, whether or not we will have a future at all is a moot question. There are a number of ideas which support this argument:

1. History is man made and, therefore, man can remake it. All that we see in history—nations, institutions, political, economic and social structures, system of law, religious ideas, cultural values in general—all are the expressions of man and are always, in principle, subject to change.

The Christian would agree. History itself is not sacred; it is a creature which, like any creature, is to reflect the glory of its creator. Whatever tends to do that is to be kept so long as it serves the purpose. Whatever does not from the outset, or whatever has outlived its original vitality, is to be put aside. History, in principle, is open to the creative act of man. As such it is the responsibility of man.

2. But men like Robert Theobald and Kenneth Boulding go much further than this. They insist that we have suddenly come upon a time when history cannot be changed in principle only but in fact. They argue persuasively that we suddenly find ourselves with immense technical resources for dealing with the problems which have confronted mankind from its very beginning. We are now in the position technically to control the world's population, to feed, clothe, and house every person on the globe, to turn the tremendous resources of nuclear energy into enough power to produce any item men might need. Technically, the future is hazardously open, and it is clear that literally thousands of crucial decisions will have to be made.

Now we can hardly overlook the fact that these projections about the future, glorious as they are, are always bracketed with dire warnings as to what will happen if we do not find the will to bring these potentials to realization. The population problem alone, if left to itself, promises misery and suffering almost beyond our comprehension.

3. Virtually all the visionary writers insist that history awaits those committed groups of men and women who have become intentional about their individual and corporate lives as they insinuate themselves into the historical process. They point out that the great turns in history have almost always been brought about by relatively small groups of people. The masses of people have hardly ever been the force which has turned a historical period on its axis, and when they have

done so it has most often been under the leadership of a few visionary men. History is not only open, we not only possess the technical knowledge to solve many of the problems before us, but, many argue, history stands ready to be re-directed by any group of sufficiently dedicated people.

4. Finally, there is a rather commonly agreed upon description of the decision-makers. Between what has been and what is coming there is the knife-edge of the present. Most of us do not live on that edge. We are content to remain largely within the immediate past, amidst those well-known structures, relationships, ideas, which by now seem comfortable to us. As paradoxical as it sounds, very few of us live in the present. We are creatures of habit, of the familiar, of what can only be called the past.

However, there have always been those who choose the present as their unstable abode. In behalf of their own destiny, as well as in behalf of all other men, they make the decisions which determine what kind of future we will all have. For one reason or another, they have been sprung loose from the past, at least to the extent that they can decide against the past if necessary. And somehow they are sprung into the future, into decisions that this possibility and not that one will be the future. They stand between the raw materials given by the past and the openings provided by a future and decide on the course history will take. They are the referents for one of the main terms of this essay. They are the "history benders"—those who are literally laying down the stuff of their life in behalf of us all. Someone *must* decide; historical time is not automatic, set in tracks that run on toward some goal. Time is neutral, trackless, and these are the men willing to live with the burdens of such neutrality, to be the decision-makers.

Almost as soon as these ideas are before us, and certainly as soon as we understand that they imply a certain very distinct role for the Church in our time, it is very tempting to throw in the towel. How incredible, to think that the present Church could become a community of men dedicated to the creation of a more humane future for every man. What? This institution? This stick-in-the-mud unwieldy monster of committees, boards, bishops, timid preachers, fat little ladies with funny hats, men whose most adventurous dream has been to win the local Rotary Club lottery two weeks in a row? Surely the implication is a ludicrously improper one; surely it is the very height of foolishness to believe that the Church in its present form is any way suited for this difficult task.



ETCHING

ZELENKO

Yet, however foolish this seems, there are today small groups of Christians scattered across this land who have come to understand themselves precisely in this way. They have somewhere along the line heard that the Church is to be mission to the world—a fairly vague mandate at best—and they have responded to that call by taking responsibility for their history. One might say that they are the “faithful remnant” within the Body of Christ. But, in any case, together they constitute an “intentional community” which is leading the Church as a whole toward new and definite responsibilities.

They do serious theological study, for they know that without the witness of the Word the most visionary project, even if successful, is but a thin patch over the gaping wound of meaninglessness. Just as intently, they seek the best training in the secular disciplines, for they know that the Word demands the hard work of bringing each institution, every social, political, and economic structure, to the point where it adequately supports and reflects the significance of man. They have come to understand that not only is the Word to be preached so that individuals may have the courage and confidence to live their lives as significant human beings; they also understand that this significance cannot tolerate any social or political realities which tend to degrade or destroy the human being.

I believe these groups have hit upon a viable image for the Church as a whole in its relation to the world. This image is grounded in the Word from start to finish; it neither isolates the Church from the world nor capitulates to those desperate schemes which seek to find ultimate meaning in a world

which cannot provide such meaning. The model is general enough to be applicable in any corporate body of Christians anywhere, and it is so specific that one cannot disregard the twofold, yet single, nature of the Church as mission.

Each corporate Christian body and, for that matter, each individual Christian must make the decision to be such a mission. Herein lies our greatest pessimism. It is indeed very difficult to believe that the Church as a whole will rise to this call. But we should remember that finally we can only decide for ourselves and our immediate corporate body. We cannot decide for anyone else. Of course, we should also remember that we *must decide* for ourselves, whether we stand alone in that decision or be joined by multitudes. The Word which frees and calls is not made more or less compelling by a majority decision. It stands as true even if all men reject it. We do not vote it in; it is “in” already as the Alpha and the Omega, the height and the depth, the very substance of all that is. We simply respond one way or another, which is to say, we either live life under the terms it provides and so find life itself or we futilely wait for some other world and waste the very significance which we have received.

Is it too much to expect greatness in a time marked by lack of greatness? I cannot but hope that the Word, which is there whether we want it to be or not, will once again insinuate itself into our lives with such power and vision so as to produce a “company of the committed,” a corporate body intent on bending history in word and deed. For Paul’s words are still true today: “The whole creation is on tiptoe to see the wonderful sight of the sons of God coming into their own.”



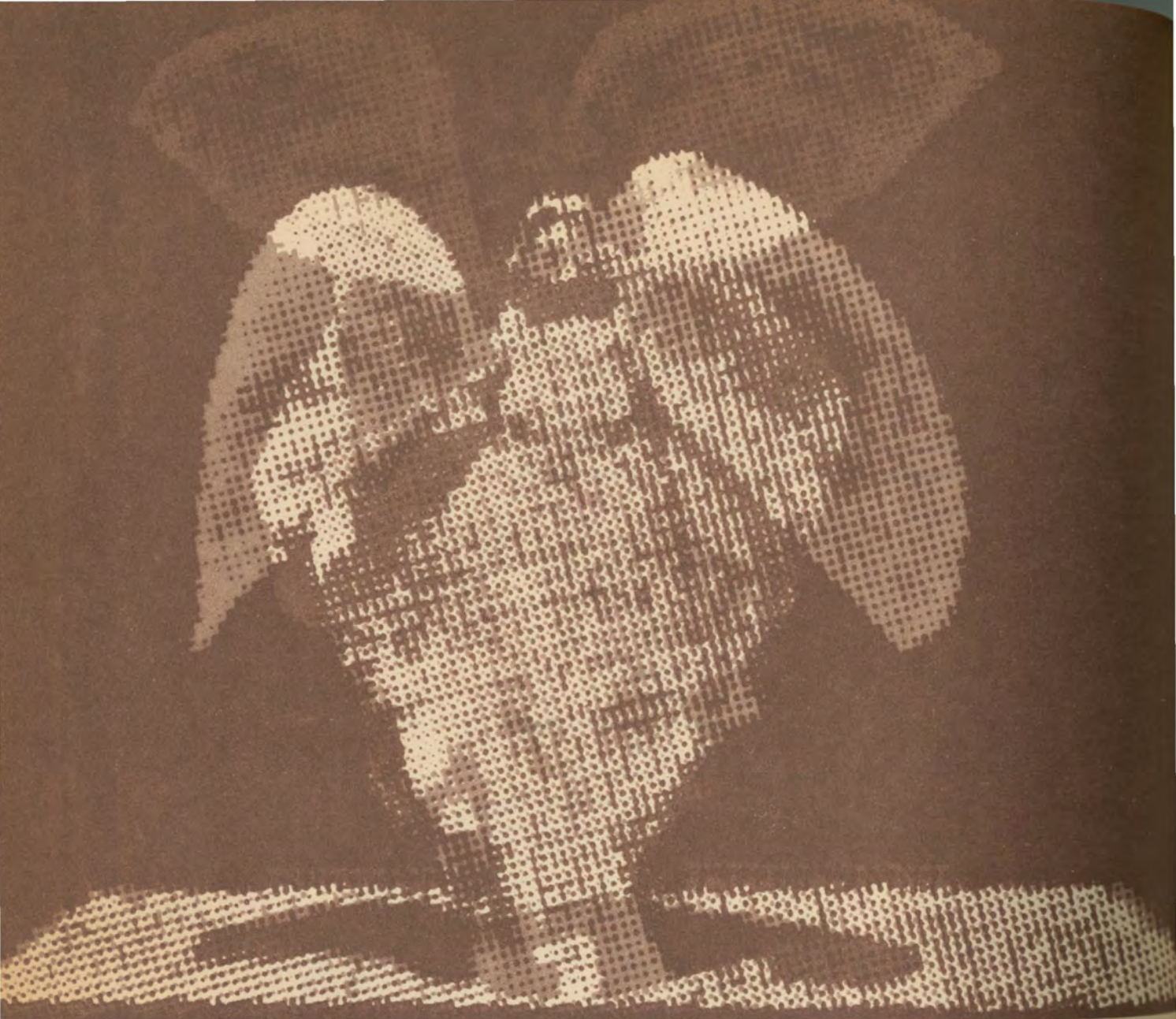
DRAWING

AND ALL THE CHANGE LAY QUIET

Suddenly, under the great concrete wings
of a bank, the plodding feet began to dance
beneath my weight, a pair of trembling hands
dredged in a pocket for bright coins to flip
each stranger on the street. I'd make them kings!

Then I remembered in my ear a chord
struck a moment earlier on that street
in the crowds. A blind man's fingers rambled thickly
the keys of his accordion, a dog stood
still, and all the change lay quiet in my pocket.

ARCHIBALD HENDERSON



POSTER: ANNABELLE'S BUTTERFLY DANCE

VICTOR MOSCOSO

PSYCHEDELICS AND RELIGIOUS LIFE

BOUSHY: As a son of a missionary, how did you happen to become interested in the use and effects of psychedelic drugs?

SMITH: My interest was awakened by a friendship with Aldous Huxley, who had a keen interest in these substances and whose book, *The Doors of Perception*, really introduced the subject to the American public. He came to M.I.T. as a visiting professor for a semester, and I came to share his interest.

In addition, I have had a lifelong interest in religion, particularly in the mystical dimension of religion. And, so hearing accounts that these drugs evoked mystical experience, I found myself immensely curious—more than that: just passionately interested and wanting to have these experiences.

I might add that this was in the early days of the psychedelic movement. Very little had come to the fore about any danger connected with it. So there was relatively little apprehension about taking them. Moreover, not only were they legal then, but they were even respectable, in that the research project in which I participated was under the direction of Harvard University.

BOUSHY: And that was with Timothy Leary?

SMITH: Yes, while he was still at Harvard.

BOUSHY: What sort of drugs did you take in the experiment?

SMITH: Three. LSD, Mescaline, and Silocybin.

BOUSHY: In these experiences, did you personally

find the word "trip" an adequate term of description? Did you feel that you were really going somewhere, traveling, escaping the world of what we might call temporal reality?

SMITH: The first one was very much like that. I experienced what, in philosophical terms, would be called an emanation theory of the world, in which from a divine center there flowed forth—streamed forth—Being, you might say. And the further removed from the center, the greater the darkness (in ratio to light), the greater the matter (in ratio to spirit), the greater the bondage (in ratio to freedom). On this first experience it was as though I was introduced to these realms and was working myself spacially up the ladder of Being toward the clear light of the void. In other words, there was not this same notion of traveling through space.

BOUSHY: Was this movement progressive or regressive?

SMITH: Neither of those terms seems appropriate for that first experience. It was not, as it appeared to me, an inward journey. It would be more like space travel. Only what was traveled into and towards was not just more of the physical world, but going deeper into the metaphysical world.

BOUSHY: George Bateson, Margaret Mead's first husband, feels that a person should not take LSD until late in life—after he has experienced more fully the world of reality and has learned to cope with it on more successful terms than that of youth. Do you agree with this, or do you feel that maturity of attitude and outlook could be the possible result

An Interview With Huston Smith

By ANTHONY TODD BOUSHY

for the young person who has undergone a psychedelic experience?

SMITH: I wouldn't be as categorical as Bateson is. There might be something said for waiting. But I don't think there's any blanket reason for saying that it should be limited to persons over 30. I don't see any reason for that.

BOUSHY: Then would you advocate Richard Alpert's suggestion of government-operated centers where an adult could take LSD in a proper fashion?

SMITH: Yes, that would make sense to me. Certainly it seems better than to have it going on underground, not only when there is a lack of proper supervision, but also when, as is the case now, the person has no way of knowing what he's actually getting and no knowledge of the degree of dosage . . . which makes the whole thing far more dangerous. So that seems like a good idea.

This is predicated on the notion that mature adults who want the experience should be permitted to have it. I should add: at least one or two experiences. So that they know what it is like. And I think, as far as the evidence goes, the danger is not so great as to deny the opportunity to have such an experience if they really want it.

BOUSHY: But there are some people who should not take LSD?

SMITH: Absolutely. Those who are on the borderline of some personality deterioration or disorganization. This can push them over the brink. Moreover, not only are there some persons who definitely should never take drugs—those persons who have some serious problems of anxiety or problems regarding motivation—but it is my own belief that no one should take very much of it. And I know there are people who disagree with me on this. But, nevertheless, my feeling is that it can open some windows and some doors for certain people. Not everyone. But in certain cases it seems possible to open new possibilities. But it doesn't carry the individual into those possibilities. And if they expect it to, that again is shirking responsibility and expecting that the work in life will be done for you. Which it never really . . . I started to say it never really is. But I do believe in grace, so I think sometimes it is. But not so as to relieve one of personal responsibility.

BOUSHY: Your lecture for the John Dewey Society in 1964, later published under the title *Condemned to Meaning*, dealt with the question of "how, with the ancestral order dissolved and the ancient religious certainties corroded by science, modern man can find meanings which bind his experience and engage his faculties and passions." Do you think

LSD to be a possible answer to this existential quandary?

SMITH: It may be a partial answer to that for some persons. Certainly one can't generalize and say that it is so for all—even a sizeable fraction. But I do know there are some persons who have found, at least for the time being, a certain meaning in life and a direction in life by virtue of experiences they have had from psychedelic drugs.

BOUSHY: Alpert and Leary have said that LSD is a "sacred bio-chemical." Do you agree?

SMITH: I don't think it's possible to categorize the drug itself as that. Some respond to it, but it's not a property of the drug itself.

BOUSHY: Would you echo Walter Clark, the religious psychologist at Andover Newton Theological School, in saying that these drugs present us with a means of studying religious experience in the laboratory?

SMITH: Yes, that's a fair statement.

BOUSHY: Someone has stated that the use of these drugs enables one to move into a state of what we might call pseudo-Buddhism in a matter of minutes or hours, rather than having to build up the contemplative power through years of spiritual work. Do you think that there is a correlation between the psychedelic religious experience and Buddhism?

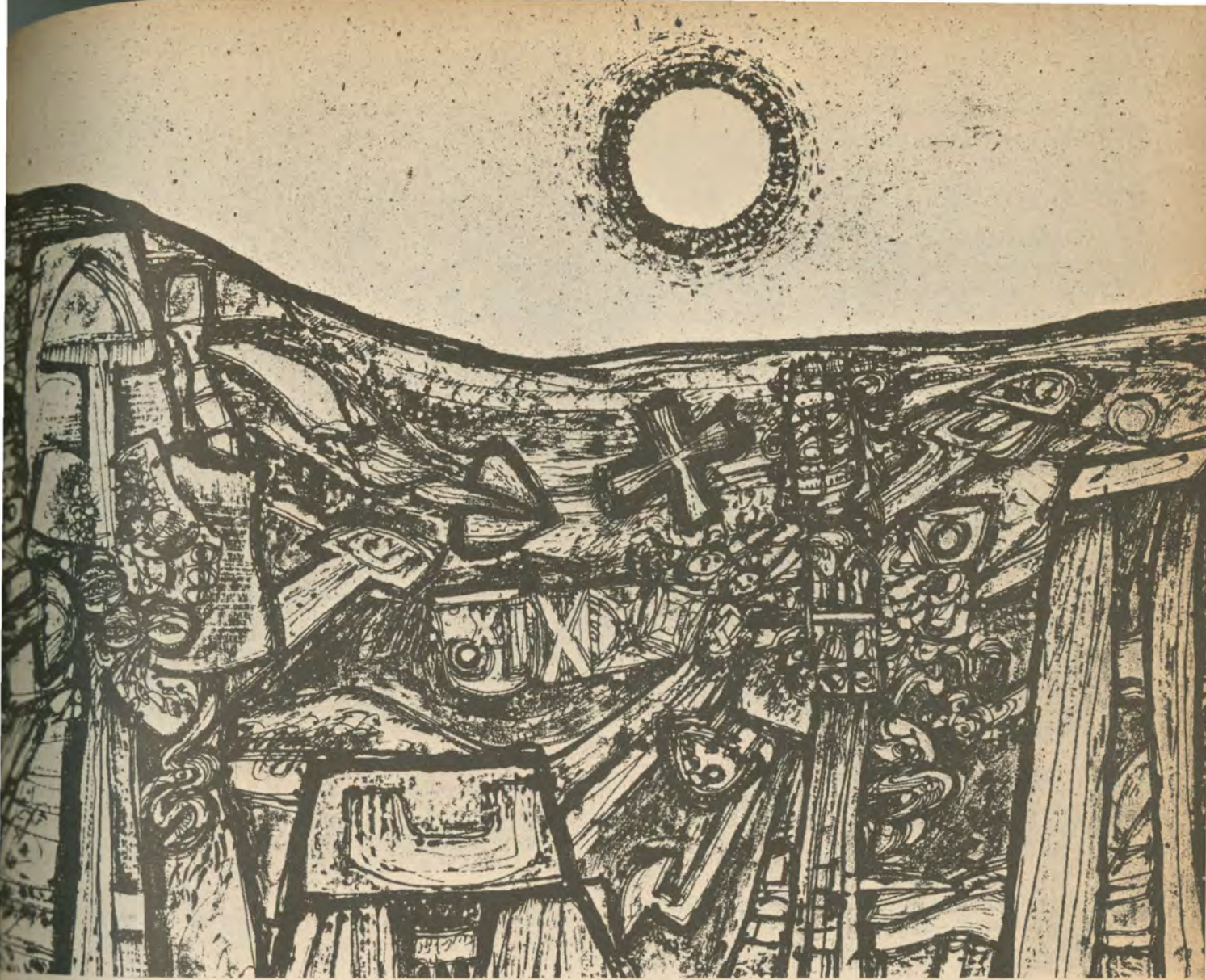
SMITH: No more so, really, than between any other religious outlook. The psychedelic, as we've said, can trigger experiences which are religious and, thereby, shows some possibilities for life. But it can do that in any tradition.

BOUSHY: Is the religious experience in LSD similar to that which we might have *au naturel*, to use your phrase?

SMITH: Yes, I think that descriptively religious experiences, occasioned by drugs, can be indistinguishable from religious experiences that arise spontaneously. Not all, but some are. I simply mean that hearing such a description or reading such a description, it is impossible to say, with any degree of liability, whether the experience was drug induced or not.

BOUSHY: Could you say, rather tentatively, that in a religious experience gained through the use of psychedelic drugs, one is able to escape the world of *It* and enter into the "I-Thou" relationship?

SMITH: Well, I think this can occur. Certainly within such experiences there often arise strong intrapersonal feelings of warmth and friendship and love. Yes, these can be intensified during the experience.



SERIGRAPH: THE RACE

HARRY KRUG

The important thing is whether they survive after the experience, because most of our lives we have to live in a sober condition. Therefore, the value of the experience can be judged primarily on the effects after the experience. I say this because, while one certainly can experience very intense communion sometimes . . . one can find that the person you felt you were in great rapport with wasn't having these feelings at all.

Then there is some question as to whether there's anything more than simply imagined. I don't know if that's clear, but I'd like to leave open that there are genuine and valid experiences. But one can be faked out. Things that you think are going on and exchanges you think are genuine and mutual, you can later discover were just imagined.

BOUSHY: Some scholars have indicated that the psychedelic religious experience may either be pantheistic or monotheistic, but never theistic. Do you find this acceptable, or will you admit to the

possibility of a theistic experience, resulting from the use of psychedelic drugs?

SMITH: I'm sure that a theistic experience is possible. In fact, I know of a number. The position quoted comes from Zaner, the Oxford theologian, in his book, *Mysticism, Sacred and Profane*, where he makes the claim that though drugs can evoke some forms of mysticism, they cannot invoke theistic religious experiences. He simply wasn't aware of all the evidence.

The Peyote Indians, for example, are quoted by Slabkin, an anthropologist, as saying, "You talk of Jesus; we talk to Jesus." Well, that's a theistic religious encounter; and it's occasioned, in that instance, by peyote.

BOUSHY: Should a theology of psychedelic religious experience be created, would this be the necessary integrating force, capable of leading man back to a stronger relationship with his God? Could this hypo-

thetical theology provide a more meaningful approach to religious life—perhaps an answer to our existential quandary, or a strong declamation that God is not dead, because we just woke him by waking up ourselves?

SMITH: Those are big questions. And they're interesting questions. They are set up in a way which, if I answer "yes" seems to suggest greater confidence in the outcome of such a program than I'm inclined to feel to be accurate. I think my feeling is that we don't know.

You ask, "Could such a theology do this?" I don't know what that theology would be in any specificity. So it's difficult to say. I think that the most I'm prepared to say is that if we had such a theology, then the religious carry-over of the experience would be greater.

That I believe. But if you want to say that the whole of the complex would be more reflective, more beneficial than alternatives without the drugs, then I'm not sure. It might be worth seeing.

BOUSHY: The lack of carry-over is primarily due, therefore, to the absence of some sort of religious framework?

SMITH: Both conceptual, which would be a theology, and social, which would be a church. If there were the equivalent of either of these things or both, then I think the carry-over would be greater.

BOUSHY: Do you think it possible for an establishment of an institutional religious structure to be erected to further the carry-over of the psychedelic religious experience?

SMITH: It's extremely difficult, especially in our culture. But it has been done.

In Mexico, it was sacred mushrooms; among the American Indians, there is a church which uses peyote as a sacrament. So there are institutions which have integrated the substance into a religious organization, supported by the culture.

But in our society it would be extremely difficult, because our models of the mind and of the human self are such that it's difficult for us to see, within these models, how such substances could have religious significance.

BOUSHY: Do the models of thinking, such as the Freudian model and the computer model—which our society has created—tend to minimize the religious aspect of the psychedelic experience?

SMITH: Neither of these seems to me to give much credit to the psychedelic experience. The Freudian tends to regard mystical feelings as what Freud called the "oceanic feeling" and interpreted them as a result of regression back to the womb. . . . The

computer tends to see the mind as a vast computing machine; and any variance like ecstasy—or let's be more precise—if one comes to a point in the experience where one perceives that everything is totally wonderful, then the computer would be inclined to say that's because the prediction center is wired directly to the euphoria center, while all other connections are unplugged. Thereby, everything you are experiencing seems wonderful, largely because most of what one would be normally experiencing has been disconnected. So again it could be interpreted as a temporary rewiring of the circuits of the brain.

But if that's all it is, then it's hard to see why it is important. . . . What occurs in these experiences is not just pleasure, but in some sense, insight into the way things are.

BOUSHY: Relying on the knowledge of your own experience and those of others, do you think that the complexity and the individuality of the experience might prohibit the structuring of a psychedelic theology? Or do you feel that the natures of these religious experiences have enough in common so that they might be used as mental building blocks?

SMITH: I'm not sure. I think I would simply say that in the past religious experiences have been varied in form. And, yet, it has been possible to construct theologies which made room for them. I don't see *a priori* how that might not be possible.

BOUSHY: But our culture and our society do resist strongly the establishment of a psychedelic religion?

SMITH: Yes. I think the resistance to a religion which incorporated drugs would be very great. Partly because of a very strong feeling that we have about the drugs themselves, even though we seem to use—if we look in our medicine cabinets—innumerable ones. Nevertheless, the very word has a kind of negative ring to it.

Moreover, we are at a loss for some perspective that might show us what these substances might contribute positively to life. When we speak of our culture as a whole, there is no real outlook today which sets the matter in a constructive way. And, therefore, the disposition is to think that anything of this nature must be on the wrong track. I would say it may be on the wrong track. I'm not at all certain that a religion which incorporated these drugs would necessarily be preferable to other kinds of religion—or simply a good thing in itself.

What I think would be useful at this stage—and based on the evidence that we have—is to have some experiments, to have some small religious communities that seriously want to explore the possibilities in these drugs for the religious life. I think we could afford to set up a small experience of



INTAGLIO: JUXTAPOSED

JAMES BURKE

that nature, keep our eyes carefully on what is happening, and then see what the results are.

BOUSHY: What sort of structural approach toward a psychedelic theology would you suggest?

SMITH: I think that the most I can say is that it would seem to have to turn on the recognition of the mind as being far more than we are consciously aware of. And, therefore, seeing the substances as releasing or liberalizing the admission of other dimensions of our experiences which come to our awareness. That's very abstract; but, in essence, the point is this. We know that a billion impulses are being sent to our brain every second. Over a billion impulses! The vast majority—in fact, almost all of them—is shut out and doesn't get through to our awareness. That's a very good thing. Because if all this came flooding through, we couldn't attend as much as we should—must—to certain things in our environment. Which if we didn't attend to, we wouldn't survive.

But though it's important that these get shut out, I think that, on this type of model, one can also see that one of the things that these drugs might do is to dilate the aperture so that more of the material gets to us. (That may explain the chaotic nature of what we experience under a drug.)

And yet it opens up the possibilities of this information not being simply conjured up, but actually being in some sense the radical reports of certain aspects of reality normally closed to us.

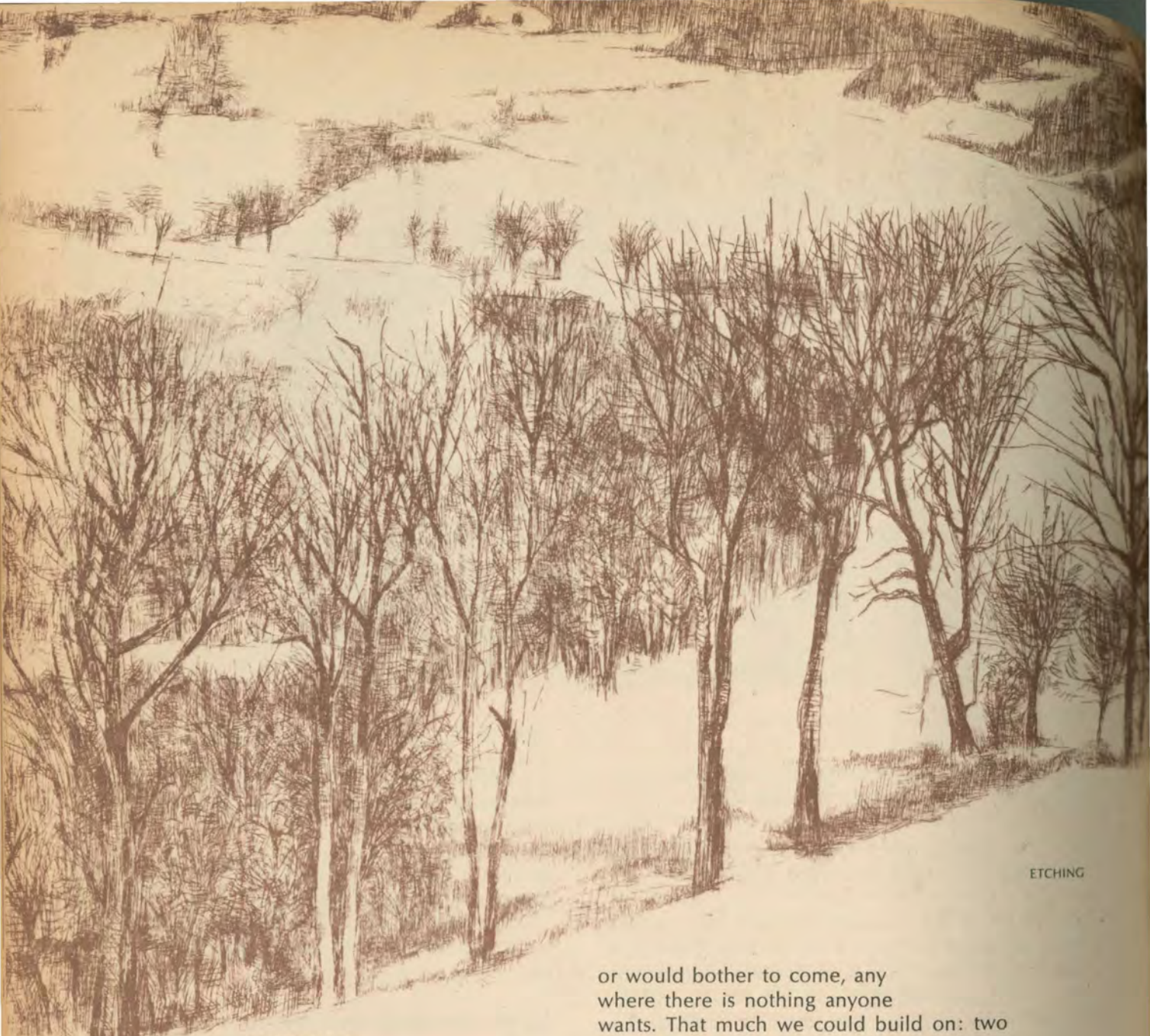
I think that the theology that would include these substances would have to take some approach to the mind and its function.

BOUSHY: Could the theology of the psychedelic experience be established on the basis of the word "trip," that is the verbal account of what is happening or has happened during the psychedelic experience?

SMITH: That might be a beginning. But I think that theologies are more than simply the descriptions of experiences—experiences with other dimensions of human life. So simply a description of a trip or a number of trips would not, in itself, suffice. It could be a springboard, perhaps, for a new theology—if this was what was being sought. But it could not serve as such a theology.

BOUSHY: In other words, the windows of psychedelic religious experience serve as implements for building a new spiritual conception but are not conceptions in themselves?

SMITH: Yes. Or it can even lay out the conception. But it's like giving a vision of the promised land. You still have to cross into Jordan; you still have to take the steps that carry you into the promised land. And I don't think that happens through these drugs. I think it happens through ordering one's life in a way which moves it somewhat nearer to the golden life.



ETCHING

MONTANA

—for Jack

If it weren't for his mother
and my love, I would say to him
yes, I agree, I will go too.
I didn't understand at first:
I thought it was only the land

and being closer to the land
than we are here. I made a speech
about caring about, and some
further, more dangerous nonsense.
Now I know better, or feel worse,

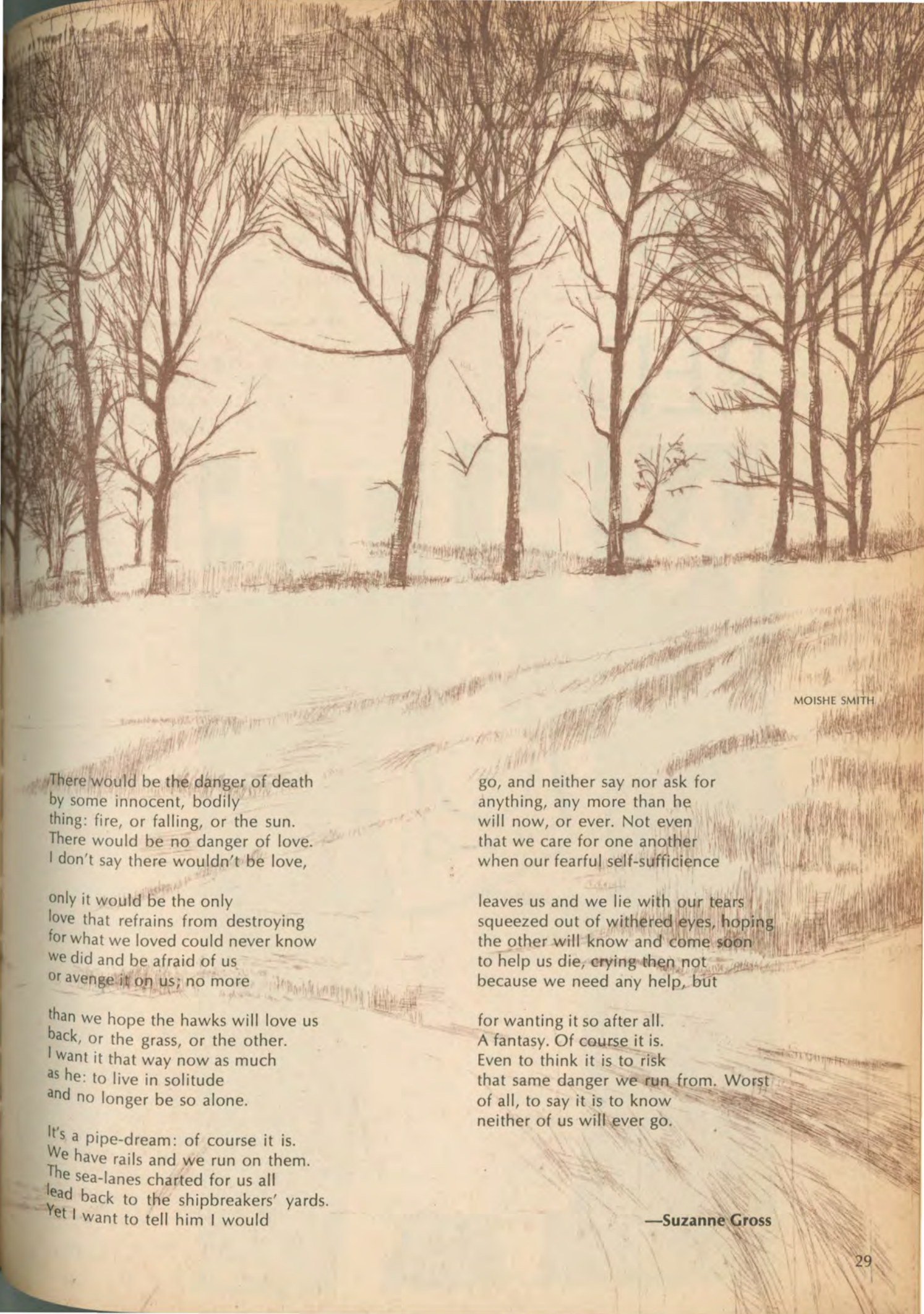
and now, if it weren't for my love
and his mother, I would tell him
I'll go with him now for the sake
of all that's thrown away in us.
Go where? why, where nobody is,

or would bother to come, any
where there is nothing anyone
wants. That much we could build on: two
shacks in the mountains or desert,
a mile apart; and twice a year

the silent, long ride into town.
We wouldn't care, you understand,
we wouldn't have to care about
anything but food and finding
what shelter would keep us alive.

And how, there, to learn not to speak.
There shall be no words spoken there
in anger, and no words spoken
in tears, no words spoken in fear
any more, no words spoken at all.

There could be trust enough left us
to be still and know the other
is not too near, is no longer
so easy to get at, to hurt
or be hurt by, and yet is there.



MOISHE SMITH

There would be the danger of death
by some innocent, bodily
thing: fire, or falling, or the sun.
There would be no danger of love.
I don't say there wouldn't be love,

only it would be the only
love that refrains from destroying
for what we loved could never know
we did and be afraid of us
or avenge it on us; no more

than we hope the hawks will love us
back, or the grass, or the other.
I want it that way now as much
as he: to live in solitude
and no longer be so alone.

It's a pipe-dream: of course it is.
We have rails and we run on them.
The sea-lanes charted for us all
lead back to the shipbreakers' yards.
Yet I want to tell him I would

go, and neither say nor ask for
anything, any more than he
will now, or ever. Not even
that we care for one another
when our fearful self-sufficiency

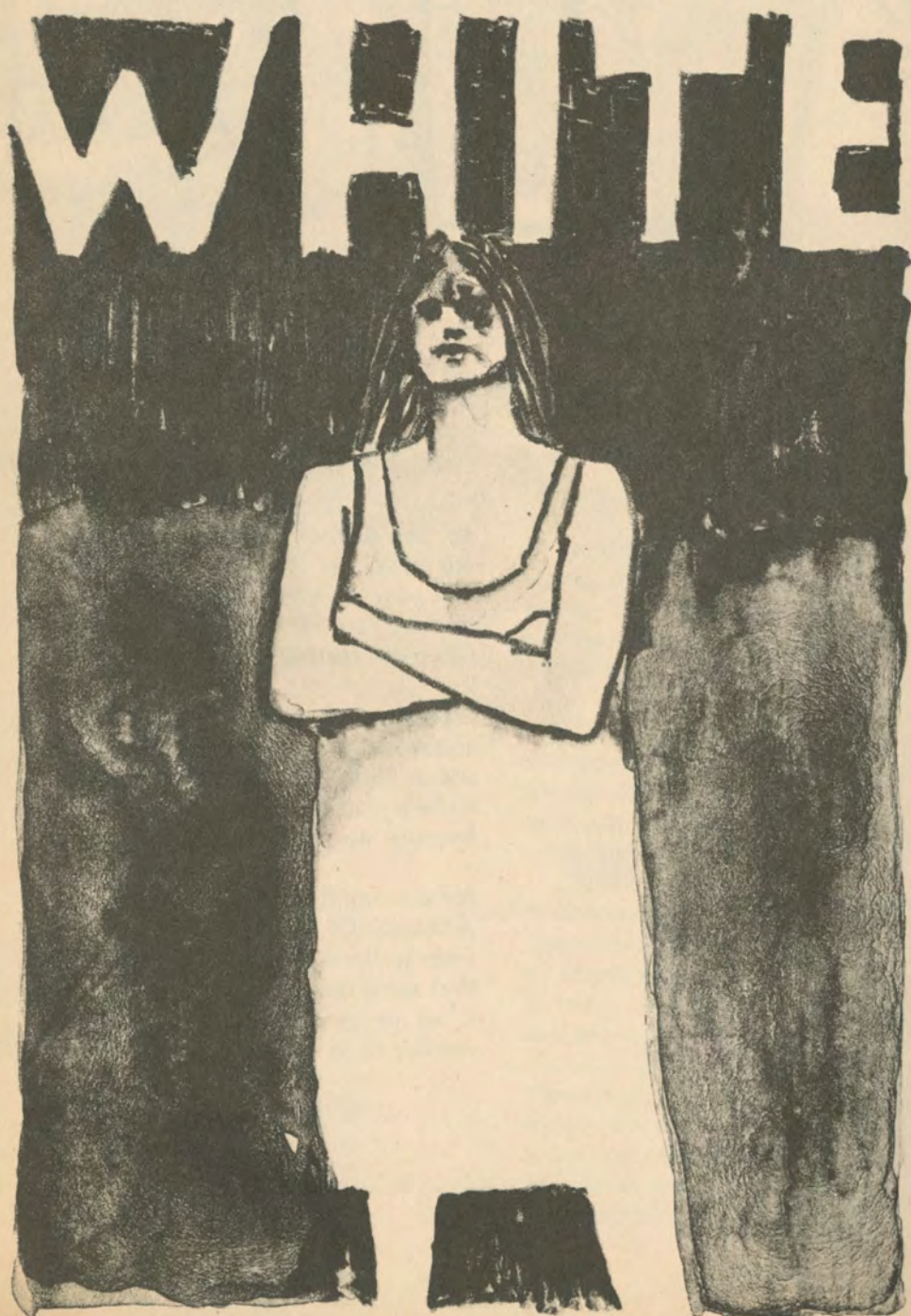
leaves us and we lie with our tears
squeezed out of withered eyes, hoping
the other will know and come soon
to help us die, crying then not
because we need any help, but

for wanting it so after all.
A fantasy. Of course it is.
Even to think it is to risk
that same danger we run from. Worst
of all, to say it is to know
neither of us will ever go.

—Suzanne Gross

GOD IS RED

By STAN STEINER



TOM HAMMOND

LITHOGRAPH: ENFORCED

motive

I live in fear! I live in fear!" the Reverend said. He leaned forward in his easy chair; "Yes, I live in fear of the White Man!"

On the quiet corner of the tree-shaded street the white stucco house was the picture of peace. Hedges trimmed by Norman Rockwell. Lawn manicured by ritual. Suburbs are everywhere the same. In Pierre, South Dakota, they were merely more so. It had a comfortable feeling, the neat and easy conformity of the house, on the pleasant street.

It was the suburban home of the Reverend Vine Deloria, Sr., an Archdeacon of the Episcopal Church.

Hymnals were on the organ in the living room. The frayed pages of "Dakota Odowan" [Dakota Hymns] were opened to the church hymn "Jesus Christ Wanikiya De Anpetu." Beside it, on the music stand, was the hymn "Wakan Cekiye Odowan." Upon the mantel of the fireplace were two chrome basketball trophies, and an old calumet, the peace pipe.

The Reverend was a Sioux. He was the son of a Yankton War Chief, who was one of the earliest Christian ministers among the Plains tribesmen, at the time of Sitting Bull. He was, by heredity, both a War Chief and a minister.

In his thirty years in the Episcopal Church he had brought the faith to hundreds of hamlets and back country villages of the Dakota Sioux. The Reverend had devoted a lifetime to proselytizing Christianity. From parish to parish he had journeyed to preach "the gospel of the White Man to my Indian people."

He had come to rest in a corner of suburbia to ponder his own preachments. He had come to doubt—not the Gospel—but the White Man, and his thoughts returned more and more to the gospel of the Indians. The Reverend had retreated behind the curtains of his suburban home to prepare for the religious battle: "With my own soul," he said.

"I live in fear! I live in fear!" said Deloria, once more. "There is no man I hate, no matter who he is, or what he is. But I live in fear of the White Man. I fear the death he possesses. I fear the violence that is in him. And I would not be surprised if one day the White Man killed himself, and all of us.

"I live in terrible fear of that.

"The White Man hates himself, and he hates the Great Spirit. I think of that sometimes. Why else would the White Man do the things he does? The things he had done to the Indians? To everyone? I do not believe that the White Man feels guilty, as they say. He too full of hate.

"Can the White Man be saved from himself? I wonder. Will he have to be damned? I wonder. Will he have to go to hell before he is saved? I wonder.

"The White Man is going to hell right now!"

His church friends were perplexed by the Reverend's words. One fellow-churchman, a longtime friend, said gloomily; "I just do not know why old

Deloria says things like that. He's half-white, you know."

Deloria—the name was French. It was the Sioux way of saying a name long forgotten; many of the Sioux in the old days had intermarried with the wanderlusting fur trappers who sought skins along the rivers of the Northern Plains and were acculturated by the Sioux maidens. "French Indians" these fur traders were contemptuously known as. One of the Deloria family ancestors was one of these "French Indians." He was "found" on a river bank, half-dead, by his maternal grandmother. The Reverend said, "Like Moses, the babe, in the bullrushes." Ever since the Delorias have been bicultural. Or, perhaps, tricultural.

The sons of the Reverend were university bred. One son, Vine Deloria, Jr., had become director of the National Congress of American Indians. The youngest son, Sam, worked with the Office of Economic Opportunity at the University of South Dakota. His sister, Ella, was an anthropologist at the University.

In the suburban home talk journeyed with sophistication and religiosity from Plato to Standing Bear and Crazy Horse.

"He is a White Indian," an old Sioux tribesman said of the Reverend when he heard I had visited him. "His grandfather was a French. His wife is a White. His church is the White Man's," the old man said. "That Deloria, he is not blue-eyed. He is a white eyes."

The Reverend bit his lipped-smile when he heard that, as if he had heard it before.

"I can't see the White Man," he nodded. "Now I am pretty good at it. You know, at church conferences. But I am not comfortable when I do it. After thirty years in the Church I am still not comfortable when I do it.

"My father is in my heart. I think more and more of the old Indian ways in my heart," the Reverend said.

He had accepted Christianity easily, he said. It was easy for the Indians to do because philosophically they believed in Christianity, long before the missionaries came.

"Christianity was not new to the Sioux. The Sioux had their own kind of Christianity. We just did not call it that. We believed in one God, the Great Spirit. We believed in our own kind of Ten Commandments. And we behaved as though we believed in them.

"That's why it was easy to change to the White Man's religion. It was there to start with."

Historically it made sense, he thought. The tribes of Israel, who peopled the Old Testament, and who were prophetically rewarded by the New Testament, were communal rural groups, like the tribes of Indians. And like the Indians, they decried the urban-

ites of the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah, and those of Rome, who crucified Christ, who defiled the communal and Christian idyll. The tribe revered simplicity as a way of life, were purified by sacrifice, and had few in possessions and idols. They shared one's life with one's neighbors, coveting not.

"Yes, the Sioux had all that," the Reverend said. "The Sioux was a Christian whether he ever heard of Christ or not.

"But, the White Man did not *practice* his religion. He did not *behave* as a Christian. He lied to himself, and to us. He tried to destroy our religion and leave us with promises of Heaven."

The White Man had betrayed his own beliefs, Deloria thought. He came from an urban, industrial, covetous society that was acquisitive and un-Christ-like. His Christianity was only for Heaven, not for his life of earth. He could not live by it.

"Religion is an intellectual abstraction," the Reverend's son, Vine Jr., said, "to the White Man." The younger Deloria had studied for the ministry. Had he been ordained he would have been the third generation of the family to have donned the cloth. But he was not ordained. He too had lost his faith, not in religion, but in the White Man. "It's all in their minds," the Reverend's son said. "Religion is something they *talk* about. It's not spiritual to them. They hold it out there and study it." He held his right hand, with his palm upward, away from his chest. Then he touched his chest. "It's not something they feel in their heart. Religion, to the Indian, is in his heart. He feels it.

"The Indian didn't talk about his religion because he didn't have to. He lived it," the son said.

Vine Jr. thought of the taunting slogan "God Is Red" in rebuttal to the New Theologians' existential metaphysics expressed in the concept "God is Dead." Vine Jr. mused: "The White Man has lost his soul. But, he is so small-minded that he has confused his soul with God."

His father, in his own way, said something similar:

"Missionaries always told the Indians that they had the only path to the Great Spirit. That there was only one path. The Sioux did not believe that the Great Spirit was as small as that. If there was only one path, then the Great Spirit would have to be as small as a church. The Sioux believed that the Great Spirit was as large as the world.

"That disillusioned the Indians. Churches, the denominations, are like fraternities . . . yes, they are. Except that the fraternities don't steal each other's members."

And there was another reason why the White Man's religion conflicted with the Indian's Christianity, Deloria said.

"He—the White Man—cannot stand a peer. He believes no one is his equal. Yes, oh, yes, he loves to help the downtrodden, to pity the Indian, to con-



PHOTOGRAPH

vert the heathen, to save the sinner. But, he would not permit the Indian to look him in the face and say, 'I am your peer,' " the Reverend said.

It was this that brought forth talk of a National Indian Christian Church. Perhaps, in the nineteenth century it might have been possible, he thought. Had an Indian liturgy been written, had the rituals of the tribal religions been encouraged, and embraced, by the Christian churches, had an Indian Saint, a Guadalupe of the United States, been sanctioned, as in Mexico, the history of Christianity among the Indians might have been quite different.

The Reverend Deloria doubted that the White Man would have permitted it. He doubted, even now, that he understood it.



BOB COMBS

"The clergymen," wrote Stephen Ferara in his study of Sioux religious beliefs, "seem to have assumed two attitudes toward the native practices and beliefs—either ignore them, or stamp them out. . . . [And] every assistance was rendered the missionaries in suppressing the Indian religion. Dances, of all types, were officially banned by the government, whether religious or not. . . . Shamans and herbalists often practiced secretly, and were sometimes arrested."

"The Sun Dance was officially banned in 1881," Ferara noted; ". . . the last of the torture [sacrificial/SS] dances were actually held in 1883."

Yet, in spite of this religious suppression, the tribal beliefs of the Sioux "were strong as ever," the

Reverend said. Ferara, too, in his *Wakinyan: Contemporary Teton Dakota Religion*, commented upon "this tenacious hold of tribal religious practices." The older Sioux had never given up their beliefs, he wrote, and the younger generations "have lately taken an interest in things Indian." He thought this "religious revival" reflected a political interest in "Pan-Indianism," a multi-tribal "nationalism." Ferara concluded: "Religious concepts of the Teton Dakota Indians of South Dakota are basically unchanged, and pre-reservation beliefs, practices and cults, are by no means stagnant, but in many cases are flourishing."

The rituals of tribal religions were integral to the day-to-day life of the Indian, the Reverend said. He was not "a Sunday Christian." He did not go to church "to absolve himself of sins committed during the week." For the Indian, rituals were not merely prayers to God, the Great Spirit, but were part of his daily life, and were necessary to keep his tribe, his communal society, together.

So the White Man could not destroy the rituals without destroying the tribal life. That he had not yet succeeded in doing.

On the prairies the Sun Dance was being danced once more. It had been revived, surreptitiously at first, in the early twenties and thirties. But nowadays, it is danced openly by many Sioux tribes, both socially and religiously. "With Skewers," that is by piercing of the dancers' skin, as one tribal leaflet announced it.

"The ways of our forefathers have not passed away. My father is in my heart, often, these days," the Reverend said. "Religion is strong in the heart of my people. It is in my heart too."

Deloria was a man of the prairies. Lean, clear as the wind, his eyes sharp, his words hard. He had the manner of an intensely religious man. There was a Sioux's resilience, unflinching and severe, beneath his dignified warmth.

In his easy chair, with a Holy Bible on his knees; much penciled with marginal thoughts, he leaned back and closed his eyes. He mused: "Once the White Man thought he was chosen of the Lord. He knows now that three-quarters of the people of this world are not white. He knows that the Lord created most people with dark skins, like Indians.

"He knows this. But, I still do not trust him.

"Sometimes I despair of the White Man ever becoming a Christian.

"Sometimes the Holy Bible does not seem to teach people anything. And the Lord seems to have forsaken us. I go down to the cellar of my house, when I feel that way, where I have my drum, and I beat my drum quietly. Quietly so the Lord will not hear me; so that the Lord will not be offended. Though, I think, the Lord would not mind my drum.

"I feel better then. I feel Indian."

HOWARD ROGOVIN

DRAWING



SUNDAY MORNING LOGIC

I peruse
my newspaper.
The market
is still

there!
I expected
it
had flown to

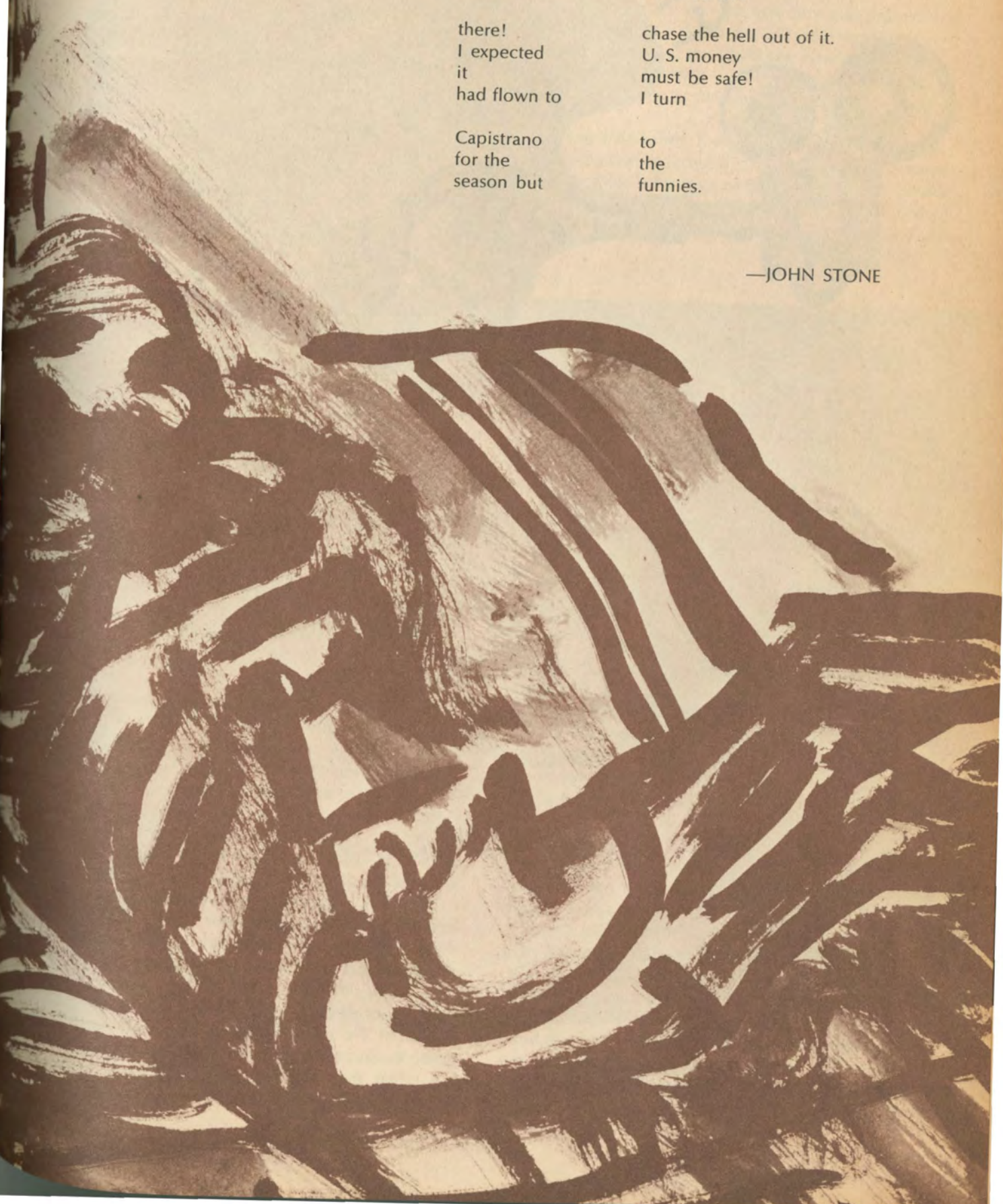
Capistrano
for the
season but

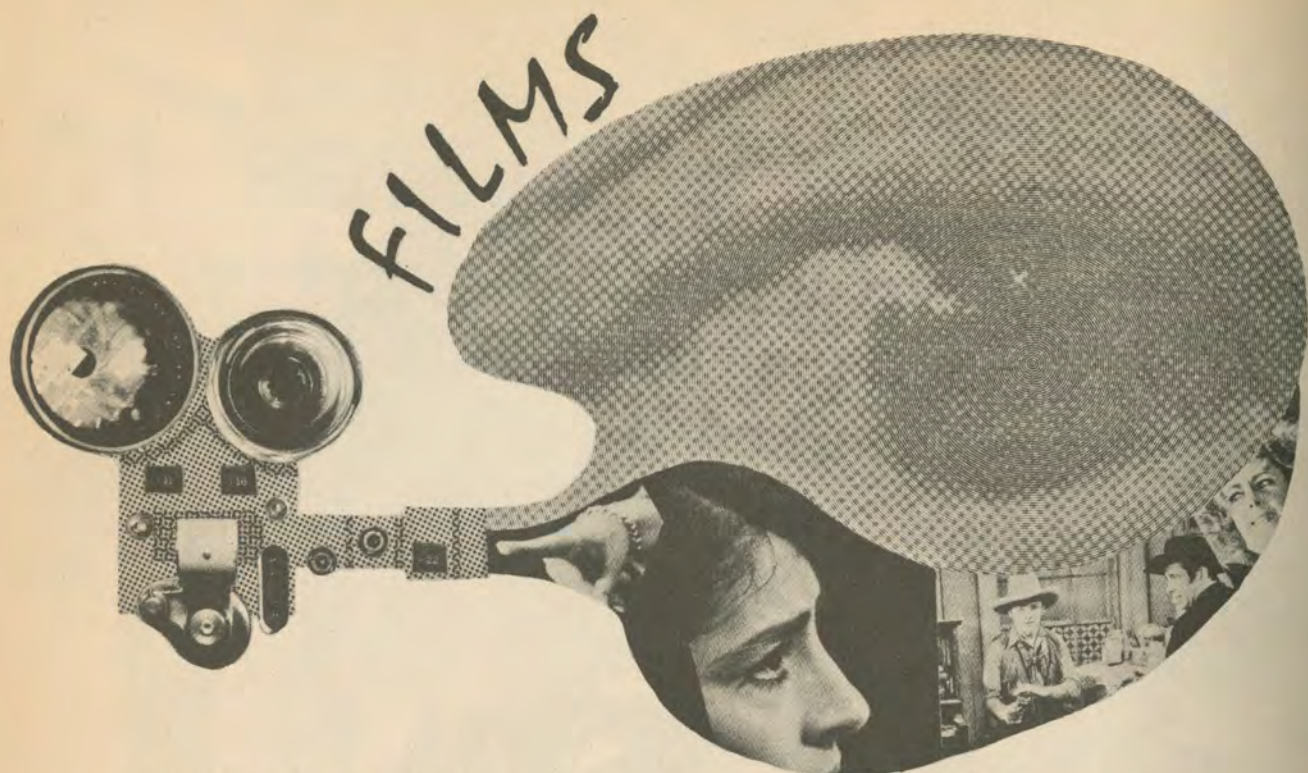
Macy's had a sale
which means: Sports!
Macy's has the ball—
America will

chase the hell out of it.
U. S. money
must be safe!
I turn

to
the
funnies.

—JOHN STONE





CENSORSHIP

AND

THE ARTS

The film *491* is as clear an example of the merits and demerits of censorship as exists. For more than a year, the American license of this Swedish film was delayed as the courts debated whether it was prurient and without redeeming characteristics. Finally it was granted a license, and may be seen now in Manhattan—and soon, presumably, all over the country.

The case is clear because *491* is such a bad film. Good films are easy to defend from the censors. One just calls them idiots for not seeing the artistic depths of the film and points out its moral and aesthetic beauty. The real test case is the bad film. Defending *491* is very much like a puritan, who is also a civil rights activist, defending Adam Clayton Powell: general principle must rise above specific distaste. I agree with the courts that *491* should have been allowed to be shown. In fact, it should not have been a question for the courts at all. All censorship in the field of the arts is bad. There should be no censorship. That is my position.

491 is a mildly naughty film. It suggests all sorts of heinous activities but basically, as do most prurient films, it clothes its prurency in a very straightforward and boring moralistic message: juvenile delinquents are bad because of the hypocrisy of the adult world. Besides making a very dubious statement, the film is so badly acted, so atrociously directed, so obviously thrown together, that one would have expected the censorship to have taken place in the mind of the producer. But it didn't and consequently we have simply one more bad movie on the market.

Censorship is a problem all over America. I know enough about regional theater companies and little theater groups to know that there are many plays of power and merit that are not performed because the groups fear the wrath of the local ministerial association or its equivalent. This is an intolerable situation. We talk in tones of righteous horror because Russia arrests and harasses her poets and novelists when they deviate too greatly from accepted doctrine. And yet, in the unspoken mores that exist

in communities all over this country, playwrights, poets and moviemakers are as effectively silenced.

I believe that all censorship arises from a basic misunderstanding of the nature of art. Art exists in the realm of the imagination; the purpose of art is image-making and image-breaking. The world of the imagination is a powerful world, a crucial one, but should not be confused with the realm of action. Aesthetics is another order of reality.

Art is always preceded by the unspoken phrase, "Now let's pretend," or "What if it happened like this," or "Once upon a time." When this awareness of another order of being is not present in art—when art is taken on the level of politics or economics or religion—then art ceases to be art. But when this level is understood then the act of censorship becomes an act of repression on the imagination. And repression of the imagination is more than repressive—it is dangerous. The freeing of the fantasy life is

essential to our mental health. The repressions we place upon our fantasies are apt to turn up in aborted and grotesque ways to torture us later. And so the censorship of works which exists in the realm of imagination is just as unhealthy for the social body. Censorship creates the festering sore of repressed imaginative fantasy.

A poem is not a gun—it may be more powerful in the long run but it exists in a different world. Indeed, I would wager that guns become most necessary and most prevalent where poems are not allowed to be. The Supreme Court cannot legislate for the imagination.

491 is a bad film. I would urge you not to waste your time seeing it, but if your local movie house refuses to show it for reasons of moral prudence, picket for its right to be shown. You'll have a better time on the picket line than inside the theater watching it.

—AL CARMINES

ETCHING: GIRL IN THE WINDOW

E. WICKS



THE NIGHT THE POWER FAILED

The night the power failed
a black iron form
gathered up my room

and swelled

until the darkness stood
with strength of walls
that meant to swallow up my bed
as though a person from the dead
had come back home
apologizing and afraid

his changed presence

overcomes
the message

he presses for deliverance

the way a lover says
tomorrow
with his eyes

—PATRICIA RACHAL

GRAVESTONE RUBBING

TU, QUAESO

Dim, flinty pulpits speak
Your plots to catch my soul.
I flee from You—and seek
For stones to fill my bowl.

My dry crust of granite
Breaks and shows quick eyes.
Flecked rock's clean gash
Glints in shattered sunlight.

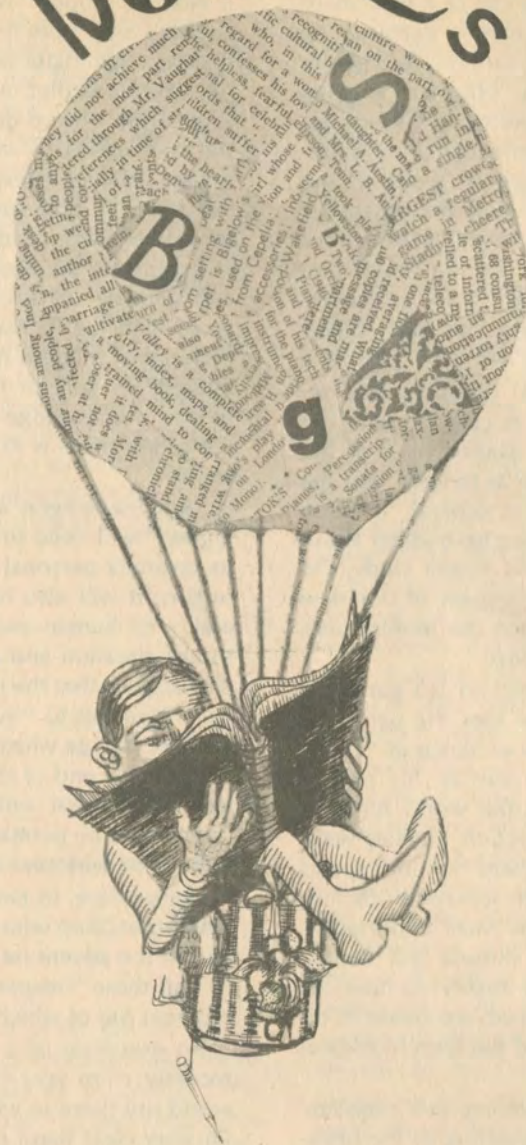
O! Unlike marbled veins
Or sifted moth-wings' dust
Your grainy flesh contains
No patterned banquet.

Why then, when my foot-bone
Breaks on angled stone
Do I cry out? Still, I dread
The eating of your bread.

—GORDON CURZON



BOOKS



THE SOUND OF TIME PASSING

Louis Kampf, *On Modernism: The Prospects for Literature and Freedom*. MIT Press (1967), 338 pp., \$10.

It is not possible, anymore, to try to live quietly anywhere.

It is not possible, anymore, to make the world our private dream, to count ourselves kings of infinite spaces within, to quarantine our inner life from the turmoil of the public world and become a chrysalis; the outsideness of history has become too strong.

It is not possible, anymore, to merely consume the packaged world of living color as if this were the final goal of humanity, as if nothing else, nothing more extraordinary were demanded of the "average" man.

It is not possible, anymore, to walk with stuffed wallet into immense marketplaces and forget that two hundred thousand children die of hunger every year in Brazil alone.

It is not possible, anymore, to chat about the dissatisfaction of the have-nots while guerrilla leaders mutter in the mountains of Venezuela: "We are the army of the poor and we have but one mission: to defeat the other army, the army of the rich who have stolen our patrimony, our country, our integrity."

It is not possible, anymore, to cultivate our private gardens, rear our children, lure the kindly spirits to sit on our roof, as if our living space could be established on

a domestic scale alone; our living space now is on the moon, under the sea, in the atom, in the computer, in the university, in the giant cities, in the task of creating a planetary civilization.

Yet, ironically, the inescapable pressures of the public world upon our private worlds have given us a razorsharp awareness of the role our intellects play in constructing that very image of our age as one of turmoil, revolution, permanent change. From Heisenberg's "observer" shaping the reality in the quantum world of matter by his very act of observation to the anthropologist influencing the primitive cultures he studies, we have become aware of the unavoidable pressure of the subject upon the object, or—more accurately—of the underlying relational vibrations between the knower and the known. As the Czech film director, Jaromil Jires, recently put it, "There is no objective reality, only *relations* between me and things, between me and men, between me and time passing."

Concern with these epistemological questions has become as much a part of modern life as concern with the problems of urban disorder. Indeed, Louis Kampf of the humanities faculty at M.I.T. goes so far as to insist that the development of the modern temper in general "is to be understood in terms of the questions we have asked about the foundations of knowledge." In his recent study, *On Modernism*, Mr. Kampf explores the impact of our new epistemological self-consciousness upon the intellectual's response to artistic and social problems.

Taking Jack Gelber's play *The Connection* as a paradigm for modernism in general, Mr. Kampf sees the particular way this play attempts to relate to its audience as "an attempt to make the spectator break out of his private reality, to prevent him from making the world his own dream." The characters in *The Connection* (junkies waiting for their "connection" to bring them heroin) "spend most of the play trying to connect with someone—including the audience—outside themselves. Most importantly, since the attempt assumes a reality outside our senses, this poses the question of what our reality is, how we know it, and how we create it. If, indeed, we create it, do we create anything which goes beyond our own biological and psychic needs?"

The Connection, rather than answering this problem, attempts to enact it. And in its very enacting of the problem, the play forces us to revise our conceptions of the nature of a work of art. "We now expect the work of art," Mr. Kampf concludes, "to create a *situation* in which we create our own values, make our own connections, and shape our own forms, whereas traditionally the work of art—since it is an ordered object rather than a situation—was valued precisely because of its capacity to do these things for us."

The Connection shows us, then, that the modern work of art "must educate its audience to a new set of responses, to an acceptance of the new connections it creates." Our old epistemological assumptions that there is an empty space between ourselves and the external world, that there is some kind of an objective reality "out there," must be discarded. Just as the work of art does not have a solid, impenetrable "frame" around it allowing us to view it with dispassionate detachment, so the world in which we live must be seen not as a configuration of objective substances but as an amorphous process of change challenging us to give it whatever order, value, and direc-

tion we choose to impose. The dizzying speculative freedom which this new situation engenders can, as Mr. Kampf sees it, "lead to intellectual despair . . . or it can lead to a desire for order at almost any cost . . . or it can renew our capacity to connect."

Not all modern works of art proceed, as does Jack Gelber's play, from the premise that the mind is capable of making meaningful connections. Both the *nouveau roman* (e.g. Robbe-Grillet) and the now rather venerable literature of the Absurd derive, as Mr. Kampf points out, from the convictions of empiricist philosophers that the mind merely receives its experience passively and does not construct it. The opposing philosophical view, originated by Immanuel Kant, holds that the mind takes the initiative in organizing the experience presented to it by the senses and actively constructs the reality it perceives. Today, faced with the increasingly random character of life, the majority of modern men are finding that—whatever their interest (or lack of it) in philosophical battles over the theory of knowledge—the unavoidable occupation of the life of the mind is its need to impose order upon experience.

"Any meaningful attempt to create order," Mr. Kampf argues, "will need to rise from the deepest wellsprings of its creator's personal commitment; in spite of subjective origins, it will also need to concern itself with the generality of human experience." And since both our historical situation and our prevailing theory of knowledge persuade us that the present and future are open, we have no choice but to "live with the awareness of permanent change, change which is undirected; and since there is no conceivable end of the process, the intellectual's job (the task of rational criticism followed by reconstruction) promises to be permanent. If he does not become the conscience of whatever develops, then who will?"

Do we dare, in creating order, disturb the universe? If we do not, then who will? And, should we decide to take part in the adventure of creating the future, where are we to find these "deepest wellsprings" of our personal commitment out of which our attempts must flow?

An executive of a large electronics company told me recently: "I'm very clear that there is no solid, objective world out there in which I search for the meaning of life. I'm very clear that I don't *find* meaning in the first place! I construct it! And this isn't some kind of theory—this is just what happens to me every day. I wake up in the morning and I start anticipating what's going to happen to me during the day. And this anticipating is like building different sets of glasses to put on my nose, different goggles to view the universe through. These goggles are my constructs through which I anticipate the future and interpret what happens. As a friend of mine says, 'Nobody ever simply reacts to a stimulus—he reacts to what he *interprets* the stimulus to be. If a man has a construct of, say, a Greek vase, he may find one lying on the ground.'"

"But the thing is," this man went on to say, "my goggles, my constructs, ultimately take their shape from whatever it is that I sense my destiny to be. I said 'sense.' Not 'think.' It's not an intellectual thing. Oh, it's all very well to rattle on about the 'post-Kantian intellect and its meaning-constructing activity' but when the chips are down and you wonder what your life is for, it's the spirit, the whole man—not the intellect!—that starts constructing

the meanings. It's your sense of how your personal destiny connects with whatever it is that's going on in the whole cosmos that finally counts."

"And shall I tell you something?" he went on to finish, "what keeps all this from being just some intellectual question, is that you get scared. You get scared because you realize that you just have so long on this earth to get clear about what your sense of destiny is and start doing something about it. It's time that's the problem, or rather the lack of time. The time that you feel is inside you, running all the while like sand in an hourglass, waiting for you to do whatever it is that you were born to do. Would you believe that sometimes, in the middle of the night, I get up in the dark and go over the house and unplug all the clocks. I can't stand to think of all that time running, running. There was a time when time meant nothing to me—but now I'm aware of almost nothing else."

What was it that film director said? "There is no objective reality; only relations." And, if the demons within us are listened to carefully, it would seem they are saying that there has never been greater urgency for us to come to terms with these relations between us and things, between us and men, between us and time passing.

—WILLIAM R. COZART



NINE HOURS ON A PAPER CLIP

Albert Cook, *Prisms*. Indiana University Press (1967), 208 pp., \$6.

Robert Scholes, *The Fabulators*. Oxford University Press (1967), 190 pp., \$5.

"What are the philosophical bases of the literary use of language? How has modern literary practice revealed them and extended them?" These, the author of *Prisms*, Professor Albert Cook, tells us in his opening paragraph, are the questions he "contemplated" while "I worked my way toward this book."

Paragraph two continues the drama of the Professor's journey toward the book:

As I worked, my focal considerations grew somewhat more specific than my initial philosophical questions. And my foci had a way of casting light on, and of drawing light from, related questions "prismatically," so that each question came to require a treatment beyond the scope of one set formulation.

The suspense builds: Will the professor answer the questions he "contemplated" in paragraph one? Will he, perhaps, answer other questions? Will he answer any questions at all? Instructors and assistant professors of English take note: You are in the presence of a master of academic thought, style and strategy—an academic winner. Imagine declaring to an MLA audience (preferably in a strong Yugoslavian accent) what you just read. The result? Instant success. Instant reputation and promotion. Guggenheims. Fulbrights. Job offers. A life on the lecture circuit.

The Professor is concerned that "the book's many facets that would academic prose be without facets, factors and phases? may make its organization appear scattered. It [the book] does not present a sequenced argument. . . ." Well, I say, considering that the Professor is going to all the trouble of giving us a "treatment beyond the scope of one set formulation," who are we to demand a sequenced argument? What's wrong with a good *unsequenced* argument, anyway? After all as Marshall McLuhan (the world's greatest living authority and a man whose prose bears a resemblance to Professor Cook's) has shown us, we live in a non-linear, unsequenced world. Or as McLuhan so lucidly puts it: "Hands have no tears to flow."

Still further down the page, Professor Cook expresses anxiety that "My choices of emphasis may puzzle the reader in two ways: they may appear *willfully deliberate* (italics mine), and thus unnecessarily abstract." One can certainly appreciate the Professor's anxiety here. I've always thought that anyone who goes around being "willfully deliberate" runs the risk of being thoughtfully thoughtful as well. And worse, instead of ending up "unnecessarily abstract," such a person may end up being "unnecessarily concrete" (which, among other things, could mean ruin in the academic world).

Actually, Professor Cook's "choices of emphasis" puzzled me in more than "two ways." For one thing, I could never discover the second way in which I might have puzzled; for another, even with a magnifying glass, I could never discover what the Professor's "choices of emphasis" were.

One thing I was happy to learn (largely because I have suspected it for a long time but never had the nerve to come right out and say it) is, according to Professor Cook, . . . "to make a statement is to begin to organize one, because all literary statements are arguably syntactic"; and "to organize a statement in literature is also to make one."

Essentially, what Professor Cook is trying to do in *Prisms* (according to the blurb, at least) is to present us with a new "critical method which, transcending the conventional divisions of form, style, and genre . . ." will enable us to "consider each literary work without shattering its aesthetic unity." Imagine, a *new critical method!* Just what we've all been waiting for; and better, not just a new method but *the* method that will enable us to consider "Montale as a diffuse poet." It (the method) consists of the Professor's "scrutinizing" each of "six facets—Diffusion, Generality, Rhythm, Allegory, Action, and Person . . . as they apply to a wide range of modern poems, plays and novels." If you're leery about "scrutinizing facets," all I can say is, don't knock it until you've tried it. For example, if you conscientiously gird up your loins and scrutinize your facets you may be able to come up with conclusions on people like Beckett and Ionesco that will rival the Professor's own:

The modern predicament, (as rendered by dramatists like Beckett and Ionesco) in the abstract verbal structures of the stage, is envisioned by means of a procedure that implicitly questions those very structures, very much as the extreme literalness of film technique in certain directors (Buñuel, Antonioni) pushes the emotions, of a geometry visual rather than primarily verbal, into an abstractness that seems unliteral; into a realm where terms like "realism" and "surrealism" have been superseded, and transcended.

Ah, so. Not to mention, how so? But, be that as it may, method in hand, Professor Cook makes equally enlightening remarks about the work of other literary figures such as Robert Lowell, William Carlos Williams, Hopkins, Yeats, Kafka, Joyce, Hart Crane, Ibsen, and, of course, Montale.

As I've suggested, mastering the thought and idiom of *Prisms* is a must for ambitious college English instructors. Further, I think that *Prisms* will serve the undergraduate English major contemplating graduate work in English as a most accurate preview of what he can expect in graduate school.

Another work on contemporary literature is Robert Scholes' *The Fabulators*. Its intention, we are told, is not to "judge or evaluate" but to give us the necessary "literary equipment" to understand people like Lawrence Durrell, Terry Southern, John Hawkes and others of that ilk. What necessary equipment? A strong stomach? A set of explicating tools? A secret passkey? Perhaps a special glass for "scrutinizing facets"? No, no. All Professor Scholes means is that he has written and collected a number of analyses on the work of people like the above. Most of these analyses, although they pretend not to do so, "evaluate," i.e., vastly overrate writers like Durrell, Hawkes, Southern, et al; and many of these analyses (like virtually all of Professor Cook's) are characterized by sloppy thinking and writing, e.g., phrases like "youthful precociousness," etc.; but my quarrel with *The Fabulators* is not so much with the individual analyses (one or two of which are readable, e.g., the analysis of Barth's *Giles Goat-boy*) as it is with the overall pretentiousness of the book.

Instead of saying simply: "Here is a collection of my analyses on some contemporary writers; I hope you'll find these analyses interesting," Scholes feels compelled to pretend that he is 1) providing us with some kind of special "literary equipment" (just as Cook feels compelled to pretend that he's providing us with a revolutionary "method" for reading modern literature); and 2) that *The Fabulators* documents the death of "realism" and demonstrates that the "fabulators," e.g., Durrell, Hawkes, Southern, and the bunch, have replaced the "realists." (What realists is a question Professor Scholes never clearly answers, though he does mander on a bit about James Jones.) Why Scholes, like Cook, feels that this silly pretentiousness is necessary, I won't attempt to say. Perhaps he has examined McLuhan's and Andy Warhol's formula for success, a formula which must read something like: Be pretentiously nonsensical; and, failing that, at least be pretentious, and has acted accordingly. I don't know. But I do know that if Professor Scholes were less pretentious his book would be less offensive and silly.

The offensiveness and silliness of *The Fabulators* (you'll immediately recognize the title, I'm sure, as deriving from "the eighth fable of Alfonse"; yes, indeed, it's right there on page six) begins, logically enough, in the introduction where Professor Scholes feels compelled to lecture us on his intellectual and moral superiority. On page one we learn that he is "more learned, more thoughtful, more sensitive" and "just plain smarter" than we are. Later we learn that he will "educate" us, that he has "things to tell" us that we don't know, etc., etc. And a little later he tells us that as a youth he was refused admission to Dartmouth because he had the great moral courage to be outspoken

in his preference for certain kinds of highly imaginative works of literature. "I was not admitted to Dartmouth. At Yale (italics mine), I scandalized my first real English teacher by preferring Spenser to Chaucer." Gee Willikins, what a man! No kidding, Bob? You really told him that? Golly! What guts! Land, mother, they don't make critics like this anymore.

Less offensive, but equally silly, is Professor Scholes' pretense that realism is dead, a pretense that manifests itself shortly after Professor Scholes lectures us on his intellectual and moral superiority. Using the ancient tactic that Marshall McLuhan has revived with such incredible success: i.e., assuming as proved what must be proved, Professor Scholes tells us that "fabulation"—i.e., writing manufactured by Durrell, Hawkes, Southern, and the bunch—is an "answer to the great question of where fiction could go after the realistic novel." (Fiction could go on to another realistic novel, is one answer that occurs to me.) When did the realistic novel die, anyway? Does Bernard Malamud whose prototypical realistic novel *The Fixer* won last year's National Book Award, know that the realistic novel died, apparently some time ago? Does Louis Auchincloss know the realistic novel is dead? Does William Styron? Elizabeth Spencer? Herbert Gold? John Cheever? J. F. Powers? Mary McCarthy? Ralph Ellison? Do any of the considerable number of first rate practicing realistic novelists in America and England today know that the realistic novel is dead? Do they sit up nights worrying about where "fiction will go"?

Worse, however, according to the Professor, it's not just the realistic novel that's dead, it's (I think) *all realistic fiction*. "Cinema," says the Professor, "gives (italics mine) the *coup de grace* to a dying realism in written fiction." One wonders (and this is why I say, "I think," above) if "gives" should be "has given" or "is giving" (a "*coup de grace*" in slow stages, you see) or "will give." One wonders also, what cinema? Cinema, to my knowledge, has been around a long time coexisting rather happily with realistic fiction. But perhaps the Professor has a special cinema in mind: Andy Warhol's nine-hour study of a paper clip or something. One also wonders if the editors of this year's collections of *Best American Short Stories* (e.g., the O'Henry and Martha Foley collections), collections that are almost completely made up of realistic fiction, know that realistic fiction is dead (has died? is dying? will die?).

Oh well, as in the case of good old Marshall, we all know what he means, don't we? Why quibble about mere words, tenses, and syntax? That all went out with realism and the written word. Why demand good sense and statements supported by real evidence when you can have "big" ideas? Here, for example, are some of Professor Scholes' "big" ideas that we could not have if he were forced to support them with evidence: 1) "Realism exalts life and diminishes art"; 2) "Fabulative satire is less certain ethically but more certain esthetically than traditional satire"; 3) "The flat prose of sociological fiction (realism?) is being abandoned to the sociologists." Who, in the face of such "big," exciting, revolutionary ideas would be crude enough to demand clearly defined terms and real evidence? Who, for example, would be rude enough to ask: What flat prose? or Who's doing the abandoning? or What sociologists? Why, that would be tantamount to demanding that McLuhan prove that "literacy is the cause of nationalism"; or that the "TV viewer is the screen" (un-

like, of course, the movie viewer who "merely looks at the screen"); or that the war in Vietnam continues "because it is a hot war covered by a cool medium," TV.

I (more or less) promised not to quarrel with Professor Scholes' bad taste: i.e., his inordinate admiration for such people as Durrell, Hawkes, Southern, and the rest; and I intend to keep my promise. I would, however, like to say that critics who read and admire pretentious nonsense are apt to write it; and that any critic who writes as badly as does Professor Scholes has no business reading Durrell, Hawkes, Southern, or any other of the Grove Press Freak-of-the-Month Club. Instead, following Dr. Johnson's advice, such a critic might better occupy himself by giving his "days and nights to Addison" or, at least, to George Orwell.

And while I'm on the subject, I'd like to suggest that editors and publishers re-read their Orwell, especially Orwell's brilliant essay, "Politics and the English Language," an essay that has even more to say to the world of the 1960's than it had to say to the world of the 1930's, when it was written. The point of the essay, of course, is that slovenly thought produces slovenly prose and vice versa and that both bode ill for a nation's politics. The essay is, of course, in the splendid (and today, apparently forgotten) tradition of the 18th century "morality of style," a tradition based on the conviction that words have consequences as well as meaning and that a decadent language reflects a decadent culture.

I realize that editors and publishers are businessmen and that today pretentious nonsense (e.g., most of McLuhan) is big business; but I have enough faith in human nature to believe that if today's editors and publishers were even conscious of the tradition mentioned above, a great deal of the pretentious nonsense passing for profundity would not be published. Books like *Prisms* and *The Fabulators* would not be published because such books won't make money anyway. (I find it difficult to believe that either of these books was even read by an editor.) And the money-making kinds of pretentious nonsense: e.g., Marshall McLuhan's, Norman O. Brown's, Leslie Dewart's, Susan Sontag's, Paul Goodman's, Michael Novak's, Lawrence Durrell's, Terry Southern's, etc., would at least be curtailed.

—JAMES P. DEGNAN



BEYOND THE BLACK DESERT

Harold Cruse, *The Crisis of the Negro Intellectual*.
Morrow (1967), 595 pp., \$8.95.

It was difficult at times to know what should be said publicly about Harold Cruse's powerful and unflinching work, for it is directed (with more integrity than one has come to expect of such attempts) to the black community—especially to those of us who occasionally go by

the name of intellectuals. Since *motive* is probably not the most widely read publication in such circles, I was tempted to be evasive and vague (with all the proper fire and rhetoric, of course, so that non-black readers would not feel emotionally deprived); but Cruse has set another pace. He has spoken *his* mind in public; why should I be less than open about that mind and its product?

The Crisis of the Negro Intellectual is the product of an obviously tough, probing, and impressively informed mind. At first glance—and even beyond that—the book seems disorganized, overwritten, and poorly edited, and it is all of these at various points. But such attributes do not comprise the primary reality. More than anything else, Cruse's study is one of the most honest, illuminating and provocative works on the black condition in America that has been published in this decade.

The locus of the book is Harlem, and Cruse knows that Mecca very well—knows it as only a sensitive black man can after some twenty-five years of residence there. Harold Cruse's first love is the theater, so the work has a major thrust in the direction of black cultural development. Thus the title of the book is misleading (as are many of the chapter headings), for it deals with a rather specific group of Negro intellectuals, those whose lives have been focused on the Harlem scene, and it is strongest in its treatment of those black intellectuals who have been involved in the arts and in radical movements. To critics who would question the value of such a narrow focus, Cruse would argue (with much justification, I think) that "Harlem has . . . become the most strategically important community of black America. Harlem is still the pivot of the black world's quest for identity and salvation. The way Harlem goes (or does not go), so goes all black America."

Even if one disputes Cruse on that judgment, there is no reason to reject the book because of its focus. When a man knows something well, he must speak and be heard. Cruse has spoken, and from this point on anyone who writes about the Afro-American experience, especially in Harlem, will have to deal with his work. We may even hope that Cruse's book will send some of the overnight experts on Negro Affairs (both black and white) back to do their homework, or, preferably, press them into a long unbroken silence of shame.

So the book is tremendous and frustrating and essential. Now, what is it about? It is really about too many things at once, both a weakness and a strength. Basically, it is an analysis of some of the essential dilemmas which are endemic to blackness in America. It is one creative black man's attempt to speak clearly to the perennial debate concerning black nationalism (as he attractively defines it) versus integration—whatever that was.

Cruse is saying essentially that black people in America are part of a "nation of nations," that this country is a gathering of ethnic groups who are quite aware of their uniqueness and often seek to celebrate that singularity—culturally as well as politically. He claims that black people have been the one group most fully deceived by the rhetoric of democratic homogeneity and "melting pots," so much so that we eat up the "integration" line with shameful eagerness—especially the intellectuals among us. Because America is a conglomeration of groups and nationalities, Cruse believes that black people here will

never deal with the realities of this nation (or of our situation in it) until they develop and nurture a deep sense of nationality and group identity, refusing to be put off by cries of "separatism." Such a sense of identity, says Cruse, must be engendered through planned programs which would marshal, illuminate, and expand our own cultural, economic, and political resources.

For such a task the black intellectual is a crucial factor, but, as Cruse sees him, this intellectual—ever since Frederick Douglass' day—has been an inwardly torn man. On the one hand, he has sensed the deep undercurrents of black nationalism which course their way through the Negro masses (and in his own spirit), but on the other hand he has given his greatest energies to achieving the goals of assimilation and integration. The black intellectual, says Cruse, has often been a deadly opponent of the promoters of black nationalism among Negroes.

In Cruse's opinion, this is a pathway leading to the death and degradation of black and white America. (All the white liberal and radical integrationists and their Negro followers, therefore, are flayed unmercifully in his book.) Rather, he says, black intellectuals must articulate and help shape and institutionalize a healthy black nationalism, combining cultural, economic, and political programs. The Negro intellectual must self-consciously build a literature and a theater of blackness, must create and re-create both standards of criticism and a body of philosophy. He must urge the politicians to cognate roles in their realms.

Nor is it accidental that one finds in Cruse the conviction that black nationalism is essential to the life of white as well as black Americans. For though he would likely deny it, there is something at least minimally messianic about Cruse's vision for Afro-Americans. He makes a good case for black people as the source of much of American popular culture, especially in music, theater, and dance. More important, he strongly argues that since this nation of nations has not yet found its own corporate identity, each group must enter with its own solid sense of selfhood and add its own ingredients to the identity. He feels that because of our blackness we have special gifts of life to offer. Unless this uniqueness is protected, says Cruse, the present controllers of the national image—the WASPS—may destroy the whole business within their banal embrace. For this reason he believes that "American Negro nationalism can never create its own values, find its revolutionary significance, define its political and economic goals, until Negro intellectuals take up the cudgels against the cultural imperialism practiced in all of its manifold ramifications on the Negro within American culture." Indeed, according to Cruse, black intellectuals must insist that the nation recognize that "the cultural and artistic originality of the American nation is founded, historically, on the ingredients of a black aesthetic and artistic base."

It must be obvious by now that what Cruse is opting for in America is a strong, self-consciously cultivated and celebrated cultural pluralism rather than assimilation. He makes one of the most attractive cases for the viewpoint since DuBois' brilliant articles in the 1930's. He urges the Negro intellectual to struggle for the right of blacks to participate in such a nation as an identifiable and institutionally focused group, just as innumerable Jewish intellectuals have celebrated the varieties of Jewish national-

ism, even to the point of supporting terrorism. (Cruse's constant and creative grappling with the Jewish-Negro conundrum led my thoughts easily to that Jew of the Jews, one Saul—or was it Paul?—of Tarsus. For he surely began as a Hebrew nationalist, one who knew his culture and spoke of his heritage with precision, pride, and gladness. Then, only after he had affirmed the ground that nurtured him, could he go on to "count it as garbage" for a reality which transcended the first. I mention him because it seems to me that Cruse is saying—and I am in complete agreement—that too many persons have wanted us blacks to *begin* in process by considering our heritage as nothing but garbage, which is surely a form of insanity, not transcendence. And too many of us have been willing to volunteer for insanity.)

In one significant way it is good that Cruse has chosen Harlem alone as his major point of focus. Such a narrowing of the sector of vision makes it easier for him to dramatize what he considers to be the major weakness of integration—as we have seen it. Pointing to Harlem, Cruse laments,

Harlem, once the artistic and cultural mecca of the Negro world, has been almost completely deracinated culturally; this deracination happens to coincide with the Northern Negroes' highest gains in integration. Integration is thus leading to cultural negation. . . . What was once truly the cultural capital of the Negro world has become a social disaster area, a dehumanized desert of mass society in black.

One impressive aspect of Cruse's work is his willingness to move beyond lamentation and to channel his justifiable anger so that he is free to make a series of proposals, the outline of a program for the establishment of black cultural, economic, and political "autonomy" in Harlem. Partly to stay the hand of critics, Cruse states that his programmatic ideas are only suggestive; nonetheless they include a number of important proposals. Among them are ideas for the reorganization of Harlem's economic life, based neither on *laissez-faire* capitalism nor on Welfare-Great Societyism, but on the creation of wide-ranging community-owned cooperatives for all the consumer goods sold in Harlem. He proposes the organization of an all-black, independent political party, the development of citizens' committees to combat crime and drug pushing, and—quite significantly—the establishment of direct structural relationships between a reorganized Harlem and the federal government. Along these latter lines, Cruse also proposes federal constitutional amendments to bring that document into realistic contact with the pluralistic, group-oriented structure of American society.

In other words, Cruse insists that black people must control every possible level of their lives in Harlem (and, by extension, each black ghetto in America), largely through new and renewed forms of organization. But Cruse's own breed of black realism compels him to add: "It is only when a social movement is able to either utilize or enlist the federal and state power that such a movement can legitimize its aims." Therefore he concludes that the movement for black autonomy in Harlem "can become a dominant force only if its overall strategy is able to enlist on its side part, if not all of, the Federal and state power."

Is it possible for black people to use state and federal

motive

power to gain control of even the immediate destinies of their own communities when those who now dominate them are represented so well in statehouses and in Washington? Cruse has not given sufficient attention to this dilemma in his analysis or his proposals. The various revolution-oriented groups and individuals in Harlem and elsewhere will surely take Cruse to task for his seemingly reformist-type programs. That will hardly faze him, for he has already taken them to task in his book. Indeed, one of the greatest strengths of Cruse's material is to be found in his willingness to take on many of the prominent groups and individuals in the black community, from the gun-toting minority among the nationalists to the tea-toters within the NAACP. Moreover, one senses that he does this not as a style of bellicose posturing, but as an act of love for the black community.

With utmost seriousness (sometimes, a greater sense of humor would have been helpful), Harold Cruse is saying: let's stop the fantasy on both ends of the black intellectual continuum. To one group he says: we are not going to integrate into this society except by insignificant and individualistic dribbles, for this is a nation of groups and we must deal with it as a self-conscious group. Besides, he claims, integration is not a real issue for most black people, and emphasizing it only widens the gap between the integration-oriented middle class and the black masses.

On the other hand, he says to the proponents of armed guerilla warfare: whatever you think about America and its sickness, you cannot miss the relevant message of Watts, Detroit, and Newark. The federal government will not stand by while you burn the place down. Rather it will do you in with every ounce of its anti-revolutionary power if you really start making trouble. So, Cruse would say, let's find out how to put Black Power into a program which deals with all realities, changing them where we can, encircling where it is necessary. Let's stop shouting about A-Bombs and rifles. Let's make sure we've really tried every trick of liberty before we court our death too publicly—to say nothing of the death of the millions who will go with us.

Cruse is a tough cat, an enemy to black romantic revolutionaries no less than to the dreamers of grey and integrated dreams. Nor does Cruse confine himself to general attacks on the Negro intellectual. He is very specific about certain individuals—so much so that it is easy to recognize the presence of some very personal issues. Indeed he tends to spend too much time on matters of personal evaluation and devastation. At the same time it is in some of his personal comments on artists and leaders like DuBois, Marcus Garvey, Richard Wright, Paul Robeson, Lorraine Hansberry, and James Baldwin (to name only a few!) that he is often most fascinating and suggestive.

As one must surely expect in any book which presents such a strong case of advocacy, Cruse's work postulates a rather impressive list of foes. If we may coin an appropriate phrase, Cruse's list of *bêtes-blanches* seems to include three or four major types:

1. The white radical-liberal, Marxist and non-Marxist, types who have spiritually (and otherwise) emasculated black intellectuals and have broken their relationships with the masses of Negro people. Generally this has been done in the name of a universality which ended up as another version of white hegemony,

and another pathway to the negation of blackness.

2. The black men and women who have followed the "leftist" line and thereby betrayed their people's need for national self-identity, and for intellectual leadership.
3. Jews (who seem to form the major segment of group 1 as well), especially those who find no difficulty in reconciling their support of Jewish nationalism with their opposition to black nationalism.
4. West Indians who make believe—especially in public print—that Black Power really exists on their native islands.

In the light of such an interesting list it is certainly important to note that Cruse comes out of the Marxist, leftist bohemian past himself, and he knows it very well. Much of his criticism is directed toward a variety of gods that failed, but the experiences evidently left him without that basic distortion of vision which would have sent the majority of his critical barbs off the mark. Nor is it easy—or likely necessary—to classify his position now. Rather Cruse must be seen as one of the black searchers who follow Fanon's call for a seeking after shapes and forms which meet their own revolutionary needs and the needs of the entire community.

As is the case with many of us who attempt to maintain the sometimes-impossible tension of living as both black and American, Cruse has very mixed feelings about this country. On the one hand he says that "the commercially depraved white middle class . . . has poisoned the structural roots of the American ethos and transformed the American people into a nation of intellectual dolts." At the same time he still seems to believe that America has a future, a possibility for fulfilling "its great promise as a new nation of nations," and he claims that we black and permanent aliens now have a major task in the fulfillment of such a promise.

This point of view may represent Cruse's blind-spot, perhaps a self-imposed blindness growing out of his determination to find some way to deal with the overwhelming realities. Does he refer to a promise or a wish? Does he know that many black intellectuals look to the downfall—not the fulfillment—of America? Perhaps even more precisely, Cruse's ambiguity about America may be a natural outgrowth of one of his major omissions. Nowhere in his work has Cruse made more than passing reference to the relationship between the black-white struggle in America and this nation's cultural, economic, and political neo-imperialism throughout the world. I would have been pleased to do without fifty or so pages of Cruse's other digressions in order to have the heart of his views on this issue. To bring it down to one of his most basic issues one might ask whether Cruse's program for Harlem's young men would include any draft counselling, any refusal to send black youngsters to fight against those who are also the victims of white American nationalism? (How would his federal funders look upon such activity if it were part of the plan?)

There are many other questions which could be raised with Cruse, for the book includes other significant ambiguities and weaknesses. For instance, his single-minded focus on Harlem eliminates treatment of that crucial group of black intellectuals who have operated in the South for the last decade, and who have much to do with the latest resurrection of blackness. He seems espe-

cially unaware of the thinking of such crucial persons as Martin Luther King, James Foreman, Robert Moses, James Bevel, Charlie Cobb, and Julius Lester. (Strangely enough, he also neglects New Yorkers like Bayard Rustin and Kenneth Clark. Why?) Some of the southern group would surely have proved more profitable sources of analysis than a number of the less important persons like Julian Mayfield, and even the editors of *Freedomways*.

Cruse is also guilty of a shortcoming which seems constantly to annoy him in others. He claims that many of the younger black nationalists do not work seriously with history. Often—as in his dealings with Garvey, DuBois, and Robeson—Cruse is either skimpy, oddly selective, or simply wrong. Perhaps even more open to criticism, though, are Cruse's editors. They have allowed too many careless errors to slip in (like the references to DuBois and Langston Hughes as if they were still alive, or the locating of the Montgomery bus boycott in Birmingham). Most important of all, it is surely not too much to expect that a strong editorial hand would have helped Harold Cruse to order his important vision in such a way that it would have come to us in the clarity and power which are always intimated but only fitfully realized.

Nevertheless, not even the most careless (or careful?) of editors would have protected us from what may be the most frightening affirmation of Cruse's entire work. As part of a section in which he rejects all black zionist schemes, Cruse writes, ". . . if the Afro-American does not find his salvation in the United States he will find it nowhere." When I look at these United States with their presidentially led, armed campaigns against crime-in-the-streets (meaning me) and revolutions in the Mekong Delta, Guatemalan jungles, et al (meaning everyone who isn't satisfied with being powerless), I am tempted no longer to evasion but to dread. Then I call out "who shall save me from this body of WASP (and other) death?" What I hear from Cruse's work is the tough, equally frightening answer: "Nobody but us, baby. Nobody but black us. So get up off your big fat dread, and do your thing."

It is a critical (and perhaps unanswerable) question whether an insecure, centerless society will give us space and time to do our thing, to turn the black desert into streams of water. If America is as empty and impoverished as Cruse sometimes suggests, how will it respond to new surgings of black autonomous life at the center of its cities? Since autonomy can never be complete, who are the white voters we can expect to help support our resurrection with the hundreds of billions of dollars we will need? How shall such things happen in the midst of this or the next Vietnam? And even if the miracle begins in Harlem who will convince the angry young men across the country that it is not another mirage as far as they are concerned?

These are issues left unclarified by *The Crisis of the Negro Intellectual*, and they are deeply engrained in that crisis. Perhaps they cannot be answered except as black men move towards the kinds of first steps advocated by Cruse. It may be that we, like all other men, are called only to do the things which are clearly in our power—our black power. Harold Cruse's work is tremendous stimulation at least to try, whether or not we succeed. Can anyone ask for more?

—VINCENT HARDING

ALICE'S THEOLOGYLAND MASSACRE

Peter J. Riga, *The Church and Revolution*. Bruce (1967), 205 pp., \$5.

"Tell me a story," said Alice.

"Well," began the Mad Hatter, "there was once a nice, white, liberal, Roman Catholic theologian . . ."

"Oh!" interrupted Alice clapping her hands, "They are nice."

"Yes, child," continued the Mad Hatter, "and he wrote a book that was nice and liberal in the good old post-Vatican II fashion."

"Let me guess," squealed Alice. "He said that the Church had to become incarnate in new structures."

"And had to give up old privileges," chimed in the Dormouse.

"Off with silks, on with sackcloth!" thundered the Duchess.

"Relevance, relevance, relevance," lisped the Caterpillar.

Suddenly the sky was overcast as if by a black pall. Alice was at a loss to explain the phenomenon until she looked more deliberately and saw thousands upon thousands of middle-class American Roman Catholic conservatives dropping like pollutants through the air. "Stop!" she cried, more furious than afraid. "Aren't you ashamed of yourselves bearing down on me so? Haven't you read the Great Encyclicals; don't you possess a paperback copy of the Documents of Vatican II? Can't you see that you're obsolete?"

"Why, you long-haired hippie," cried a conservative, "you think you can throw away the traditions of two thousand years in your mad, modernistic, heretical, so-called liberal . . ." At this point he succumbed to an attack of cholera.

"Oh, no, no, no," Alice replied, widening her eyes in meekest dismay, "we don't want to destroy, we just want to recast immutable and ancient truths for the benefit of the men of our day."

"I've seen that book," put in another conservative, "it's called 'The Church and Revolution.' 'Revolution' indeed! Next thing you'll want is to canonize Che Guevara."

Alice was slightly taken aback and turned pleadingly to the Mad Hatter.

"An unfortunate choice of title," pontificated the Mad Hatter. "One suspects that the publishers were in pursuit of the avant garde; nevertheless let me immediately draw your distinguished attention to the lovely line drawing of St. Peter's Basilica just beneath the title and the papal coat of arms directly above it. There: any right-thinking Roman Catholic must realize that in such a setting 'Revolution' is not to be taken *too* seriously."

The Dormouse looked dismayed. "Then the book's not about Church and Revolution?"

"Certainly not," said the Mad Hatter. "One has only to peruse it to see that it is a very nice, safe book, mature enough so that old or middle-aged readers will find therein nothing that they have not heard before, liberal enough to strike the ignorant young as being provocative."

"But he does say some new, exciting things against Capitalism, doesn't he?" pleaded the Dormouse.

"Beware of Novelties!" cried the Catholics in the heavens, massing ever more densely.

"He comments," said the Mad Hatter, "on Pope John's *Mater et Magistra* and on other papal encyclicals. They all affirm the human dignity of the worker in a free society. Now who could quarrel with that pleasant sentiment?"

The Duchess seemed agitated. "I don't like the look of the chapter on dialogue with atheists."

"Nothing to be upset over, Madam," replied the Mad Hatter. "Politeness is required under all circumstances and let us not forget that there have been faults on both sides." At this point there was a slight rumble from the heavens. "Christianity," continued the Mad Hatter, nonplussed, "has, for example, from time to time, not been totally dedicated to the cause of peace among nations."

"Atheists don't want peace," shrieked a blot in the air. "They want to bury us. You people are dupes."

"Now, now," admonished the Mad Hatter, "aren't you being a little anti-intellectual? As the book puts it 'we must recognize the fact that many atheists take questions of life as seriously and earnestly as we do.' There now, that's nice and it's true too."

"We don't blame you," cried the Dormouse in the direction of the blot.

"As the author says, you are 'simply the recipients of a notion of religion which was restricted to sacramentalism and ritual without a dynamic orientation of liturgy and doctrine to applied Christianity, social Christianity.'"

"Thanks," sneered the blot, "so show me what you're doing with all these fine ideas other than endlessly rearranging them for publishers."

"Please," interposed the Mad Hatter, "let's keep this conversation civilized."

The blot was not to be put down. "I'm sick," it went on, "of all you liberal Roman Catholics with your foggy thinking and your stodgy prose."

"I beg your pardon," the Duchess was livid, "you are no gentleman, sir, when you attack an author's style. Stodginess has its place as does everything else. Everything in its place."

The Caterpillar woke up. "Place, place, we are all in the same place, all equal. Isn't Pope Paul quoted in the book's last chapter as saying that nations must all get together to develop each other and make everyone happy?"

"Well, I don't know about that," said the Duchess, "it's an excellent sentiment . . ."

"Talk, talk, talk. Books, books, books," thundered the heavens. "Convince us if you can, if you can. Words, words, words. Chatter, chatter, chatter."

Alice burst into tears. "Why don't they like us?" she sobbed. "We're not doing anything. We're not revolting; we don't want revolution, it's nasty and brutish. We're only talking about Church and religion and relevance and social progress and such."

The Mad Hatter was touched. "Never you mind, child, it's only a question of time and the conservatives will understand that they have nothing to fear from us. They must understand, though, that they cannot take away our blessed, God-given right to talk."

"Oh, you people," moaned the Dormouse, "you just confuse me; let me sleep if you have nothing for me to do."

"What's it all about?" cried Alice, "I'm confused too."

"Church and revolution, Church and Revolution," intoned the Mad Hatter.

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"I'M no clearer," Alice wailed.

Suddenly, incredibly, the skies were blue and brilliant; light poured down. All stood spellbound gazing at one single, gigantic grin.

—RICHARD MANN



BUT WHO SPEAKS FOR THE VICTIMS?

John Kenneth Galbraith, *The New Industrial State*.
Houghton Mifflin (1967), 427 pp., \$6.95.

The outstanding quality of Galbraith's argument is its clarity. A number of writers* have taken up the subject of contemporary American political economy, and made more or less the same points, but none has done it as successfully as Galbraith. His work is witty, subtle, and forceful, and he carries most of his points, relying on what the intelligent reader should already know rather than on statistical evidence.

His major polemical point is that decisive social power is in the hands of the giant corporations. Consumer sovereignty over the economy, formerly exercised through the interplay of the market, has been relegated to the fringes of the economy by the power of the corporations to plan the show. Through its sales effort (and assisted by the domination of the state) the corporation provides for steadily increasing demand; and through the tremendous accumulation of savings the corporation controls the capital resources for its own expansion. The corporate system's motivations are to increase both its profits and its size, and it has fulfilled its own purposes admirably in the post-war period. Its control of the commanding heights of the economy is virtually unchallengeable: whence our problem.

The corporate system's purposes have no necessary relationship to the real needs of the American people. Not only is a minority of the population still denied the basic economic satisfactions of decent food and shelter, but the profit criterion of resource allocation is at the root of the general neglect of social priorities such as good schools and good cities. *The New Industrial State* is a radical book because it identifies this fundamental cause of our distorted system of economic values.

In this respect Galbraith has come very far from his earlier works, *American Capitalism* (1950) and *The Affluent Society* (1957). The earlier book attempted to explain the triumph of the economy over fears of post-World War Two collapse; he identified a concept of "countervailing power" in which giant corporations balanced each other's power. Further the giants were prevented from the extremes of exploitation by the power of unions, government, and other organized instruments of self-protection which, he said, came into being whenever corporate excesses reached a certain point of intolerance. This was a description of a pluralistic economy, with

a new self-correcting device taking up where the dollar-votes of individual consumers in the marketplace had become inadequate.

In the *Affluent Society*, he argued an exception to that rule: private wants could be satisfied by the pluralistic economy but "public squalor" was the outcome, for no force represented the general interest of the society in the pluralistic give-and-take of the economy. Now Galbraith has pinned down the roots of the problem of "public squalor" and of all the other "pop sociology" criticizing advertising, the military-industrial complex, unsafe cars, status seeking, etc. The test of writing about political economy is its ability to explain individual phenomena with a more fundamental analysis; *The New Industrial State* meets that test.

It would be fitting on the hundredth anniversary of the publication of *Capital* for a work of similar significance to be written about the substantially transformed capitalism with which we must deal. Galbraith's book is not that work: he doesn't prove the points he makes, and he is dead wrong on some of them. For economic writing to even merit comparison with Marx it would need to combine its abstractions with a detailed scholarship that not only provided proof to the doubters but provided a factual basis for comparing new conditions to those he describes. For example, the assertion that internally generated savings have supplanted the need for borrowing and hence the dependence on financial institutions for capital resources ought to be backed up with the figures: when did this occur, and how completely has it taken place? And if capital markets have no power over corporate planning, how can the "new economics" in which Galbraith believes work? On another subject, which spheres of economic activity are fully planned by the corporations, and which are not? Which are being brought under the hegemony of the corporate giants by merger policies?

In his effort to write a popular book, Galbraith lets pass the opportunity to answer just about any particular question about the functioning of our new capitalism. Yet he devotes many chapters to dismantling and proving irrelevant the economic theory taught in the universities. As a result, he gives economists plenty of reason to reject the old teaching, but little more than hints about how to construct a new discipline. On the other hand, he gives his wider audience a description and a theory, but no targets and no strategy. This results from his confusion about the role of intellectuals in politics, of which more below.

The most important misunderstanding of our economic system is contained in Galbraith's discussion of who governs it: which is, after all, the nub of political economy. Galbraith accepts (again without proof) the notion that formal ownership has passed out of the hands of the privileged rich, and argues that control of a corporation is too complicated to be exercised by anybody at the top, owners and top officers alike. He gives us instead the concept of the "technostructure," a murky body composed of the corporation's managerial staff. Ultimately, he hopes that their rationality will fully undermine the profit motive, that nostalgic remnant from the days when capitalism was defined principally as a system of private ownership of resources.

Unfortunately, private ownership is a very lively fossil. Most of the giant corporations have tens of thousands of stockholders, but a handful (or a family) among those

* Robert Heilbroner, *The Limits of American Capitalism*
David Bazelon, *The Paper Economy*
Paul Baran and Paul Sweezy, *Monopoly Capital*

holders own a large enough percentage of the stock not only to appoint the directors, but to make fundamental decisions of economic policy. For instance, the decision to make a chunk of corporate resources available to deal with the urban crisis did not come from a managerial planning committee. It was made by men who own resources, like Henry Ford II, because they had made up their minds that it was necessary. Just because Americans are not as familiar with the names of the rich and their activity does not mean that the rich have retired to their estates to live off their dividends (although many have). When the younger generation of a particular industrial family, like the Mellons or the Kennedys, isn't interested in running the businesses, they merely put the management of their economic affairs in the hands of another member of their class who runs the Trust Department at one of the dozen large Bank and Trust companies which hold billions of dollars' worth of stock in trust. If the family and its bankers fall down on the job, they will be pushed out of the way by more vigorous businessmen, such as James Ling of Dallas, a 41-year-old man who has built up a \$2 billion industrial empire partly by taking over outfits whose former owners had not held on tightly enough. And Ling, with his ally Troy Post, own a fourth of all the stock in this empire through a system of holding companies.

Certainly it is true that the corporate world is a bureaucratic world populated by commuters with college degrees. But at the top are men who are clever enough to hire the most skilful technicians—and clever enough, with the help of writing like Galbraith's book, to convince their managerial employees that they are partners in the business.

Galbraith and his colleague Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., are "action intellectuals," and spent some heady months in the government under Kennedy. The bulk of Galbraith's proposals are for intellectuals: he calls for using the power he believes they have to solve the problems he outlines. It is no coincidence that he finds his work as Chairman of Americans for Democratic Action to be important. But he should re-read Schlesinger's history of the Kennedy Administration. He should especially ponder the episode on the selection of Dean Rusk, in which JFK, on the advice of his Harvard friends, first searched for a liberal like Chester Bowles or William Fulbright—and was then told by Robert Lovell of Wall Street to appoint a man in whom Wall Street had confidence. So we got Mr. Rusk.

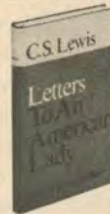
There is nothing wrong with intellectuals engaging in political action. The activity of young intellectuals in the sixties has done a great deal to shake them loose from the upper middle-class America which sent them to college. But social change, particularly in the economic system Galbraith describes so well, can only come from those who are the direct victims of its exploitation. Intellectuals must affiliate themselves to movements of the victims, in order to share with the people the knowledge of how to govern which they acquired while being groomed for positions of power. All the while intellectuals must do intellectual work of certain quality, giving body and substance to theory such as that put forward by Galbraith, for they have a responsibility to provide the kind of analysis on which correct—and winning—strategies for change can be based.

—PAUL BOOTH

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PERSPECTIVES

ON CULTURAL CHANGE

Donald Schon, *Technology and Change: The New Heraclitus*. Delacorte (1967), 278 pp., \$7.95, \$2.25 (paperbound).

Don Fabun, ed., *The Dynamics of Change*. Prentice-Hall (1967), 200+ pp., \$5.95.

At the height of the English Renaissance, when that country's commercial and political power had become pre-eminent among the nations and its literary creativity the envy of all, a few English intellectuals began to express a profound uneasiness. They began to see that the price of this "progressive" surge was the collapse of the Mediaeval synthesis—that cultural structure which had previously provided stability, coherence, and a grand architectonic beauty to reality. John Donne, using the Copernican revolution as his symbol of this collapse, said:

And new Philosophy calls all in doubt,
The Element of fire is quite put out;
The Sun is lost, and th' earth, and no man's wit
Can well direct him where to looke for it.
And freely man confesse that this world's spent,
When in the Planets, and the Firmament
They seeke so many new; then see that this
Is crumbled out againe to his Atomies.
'Tis all in peeces, all cohaerence gone;
All just supply, and all Relation:
Prince, Subject, Father, Sonne, are things forgot,
For every man alone thinks he hath got
To be a Phoenix, and that then can be
None of that kinde, of which he is, but thee.

We too have become painfully conscious of the profound cultural changes we are undergoing in our time, although where Donne saw a "new Philosophy" creating an insolent and fractious individualism we see a rampant technology bringing change in such seemingly random but deeply pervasive ways that we have trouble judging either the present situation or the future course of our culture.

But, increasingly, we are conscious that we exist in cultural upheaval and we are concerned to estimate our probable future so that we can be better able to shape it according to some cultural purpose. Not only is there a plethora of articles and books on the subject, but a number of research teams, like the American Academy's Commission on the Year 2000 and Bertrand de Jouvenal's *Futuribles*, have attacked the issue. The writings on our rapidly changing world are of two kinds. First, the earliest, came the prophetic voices, prodding us awake to our situation with arsenals of arcane statistics about the extent of change, bold and sweeping theories to explain our new situation and its background, and Wellesian pictures of the probable future. Second, and more recently, have come the less flamboyant, more scholarly efforts to survey our situation and its probable direction and to examine carefully theories of cultural change. For example, Marshall McLuhan's *Gutenberg Galaxy* was a colorful rendering of a brilliant insight, but now with Walter Ong's *The Presence of the Word* (Yale, 1967) that insight is being carefully tested and pressed for what it can yield. We will, of course, always need urgent warnings and bold theories, but perhaps we have attained enough awareness of the broad issues we face to warrant much more effort henceforth in scholarly analysis.

Don Fabun's *The Dynamics of Change*, which originally

appeared as a special series of six issues of *Kaiser Aluminum News*, is of the first, or Wellesian projection, kind. After an introductory chapter on the deep and extensive changes the world has undergone since World War II, Fabun examines in successive chapters population growth and the ecologic crisis, "telemobility"—or the evolution towards the "global village" through communications technology, automation and cybernetics, the problem of leisure, and, in a final chapter titled "Foreseeing the Unforeseeable," the possible shape of the future. But that doesn't tell us much about this "book," which is really a visual happening designed to grab us by the lapels and force our attention to the magnitude of change brought on largely by the technological revolution. Most of *The Dynamics of Change* is a montage of marginal quotations, elegant photographs of surrealist models made by the Kaiser Graphic Arts Department, and charts and picture stories. The text, which winds through this explosion of graphic arts, is itself largely a series of "significant quotations" on cultural change. The over-all message seems to contain two important, but familiar, warnings: that "the economics of the established order, and the little political cages that enclose our minds, lag far behind what we can do technologically," and that "the great danger of our time is that if we do not have a future, it will be because we have not thought enough about it."

Despite its portentous message and graphic splendor, however, Fabun's production turns out to be frustratingly thin: it is as if we have been delighted by a fantastically rich meal which, finally, turns out to have little nourishment. The rhetoric of the stunning idea early begins to pall, and we long for the author to get down to cases—to some slow, patient argument in behalf of one or two of his ideas. What are we to make, for example, of the following "analysis" (presented here in its totality) of a modern-day version of Emerson's *Oversoul*?

This concept, which after 2,000 years offers the promise that the powerful ethical systems of Christ, Buddha and Mohammed may fuse with the relativistic world of Einstein, the cyclic, recreative universe of Hoyle, the "participative iconology" of McLuhan and Ellul, is a still, small voice in our world today. It can be heard in the enclave of a handful of universities; in the words of a bearded poet somewhere east of midnight; and in the voiceless contemplation of a Zen disciple beside the dripping water and stone pools somewhere west of a Shoji screen. But it can be heard (Fabun, pp. 1-25).

It would take a little doing to deliver intellectually on that picture. Furthermore, the endless epigrammatic quotations, in text and margin, each one in a different style, language game, and thought pattern, tend to reduce what argument there is to an eclectic blur. One feels, finally, that as an axe handle between the eyes of those cultural drop-outs who still refuse to acknowledge our condition of epical change and problematic future, Fabun's production may be useful. As a real engagement with that condition, however, it is more pretentious than serious.

The most important problem which Fabun repeatedly raises but nowhere analyzes is that of the all too apparent inadequacy of our traditional attitudes towards reality for life in a world of radical change. Although the technological revolution has created many new and critical problems which demand many specific nostrums, if we can't develop life-styles and assumptions more commensurate with this new world we will surely lose any control of

our destiny—piecemeal solutions notwithstanding. After brilliantly describing the impact of invention and innovation on American social and economic development, especially in terms of the corporation, Donald Schon (in his *Technology and Change: The New Heraclitus*) seriously addresses that fundamental problem. His argument is instructive and moves us solidly beyond Fabun's more grandiose but less useful attempts in this direction. Schon argues that Parmenides' belief "that stability is the only reality, that being is continuous, changeless, one, and that change, in the form of creation or passing away, is inherently contradictory and therefore illusory" (pp. xi-xii) has become such a basic philosophical assumption and psychological condition of our culture that we find it very difficult to respond creatively to a world in constant change. But the Parmenidean assumptions are, nevertheless, crumbling under the impact of rapid change, and our inability to find something to take their place creates great anxiety. Schon summarizes this situation succinctly:

The loss of the myth of stability is frightening. It carries with it the fear of being in the Red Sea with no Promised Land in sight. Suddenly we are confronted with more information than we can handle. The job of objectives is to order and simplify experience by enabling us to select from it what will guide our actions. The dissolution of old objectives, coupled with a loss of the sense of a new stable state to turn to, is disorienting. Among the expressions of this fear and disorientation are the moral uneasiness and anxiety of our time, which express themselves in aimless violence, frenetic living and in a general sense of confusion and flux. How do we respond to these threats? (p. 201).

Schon then describes an "ethic of change," which he claims, "provides discipline for the process of change, making possible abandonment of old positions without loss of self" (p. 203). He sums this ethic up in the four fundamental assumptions of every innovator and inventor:

- the prizing of the process of discovery itself;
- the prizing of the here-and-now;
- the priority of experiment;
- the projective use of the past.

The use of this ethic in problem-solving, says Schon, precipitates "new nuclei for identity and self-worth" and, moreover, "the discovery of new views and objectives in a continuing process, as against the faith in a stable new Promised Land" (p. 216).

Although Schon's phenomenology of innovation is fresh and illuminating and his attempt to recover for Western thought some of the spirit of Heraclitus is welcome ("All things are in process and nothing stays still. . . . You could not step twice into the same river."), his "ethic of change" does not convince. In his reaction to the "myth of stability," Schon has made "adaptive change" itself a new Parmenidean principle. He does, of course, argue that his ethic will inevitably lead to the discovery of new "objectives in a continuing process," but certainly objectives which are not in some real sense the *creators* of change rather than merely the *products* of it are nothing but pious window-dressing for a technocratic world view. Schon's "ethic" illustrates Jacques Ellul's and Herbert Marcuse's arguments about the pervasive and subtle effects of "technique" in our thinking. Schon also argues that his ethic will solve the problem of identity and self-worth, but so can Big Brother and so can LSD. The important and unanswered questions concern the authen-

MARCH 1968

W. R. ROBINSON
editor



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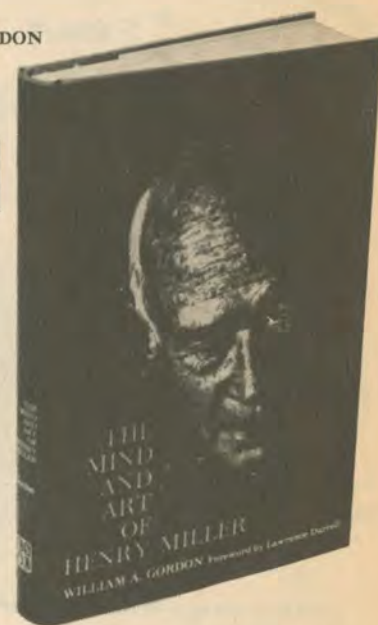
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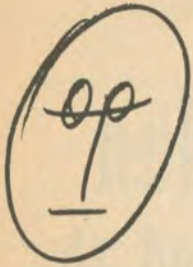
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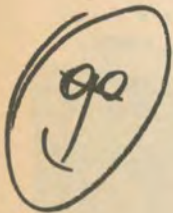
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"LOCAL CHURCH?
HYPOCRITES, THAT'S
ALL. COMFORTABLE
CHRISTIANS!"



"MAN, I WANT TO
BE ON THE FRONT
LINES, WHERE THE
ACTION IS!"



"FRONT LINES?
THE SUBURBS?
WELL, IF YOU PUT IT
THAT WAY."



"O.K.
I'M NO COWARD -
HOW DO I GET THERE?"

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ticity for mankind of any "new nuclei for identity and self-worth." Adaptability to change, then, is surely not a sufficient test for either historic objectives or personal identity.

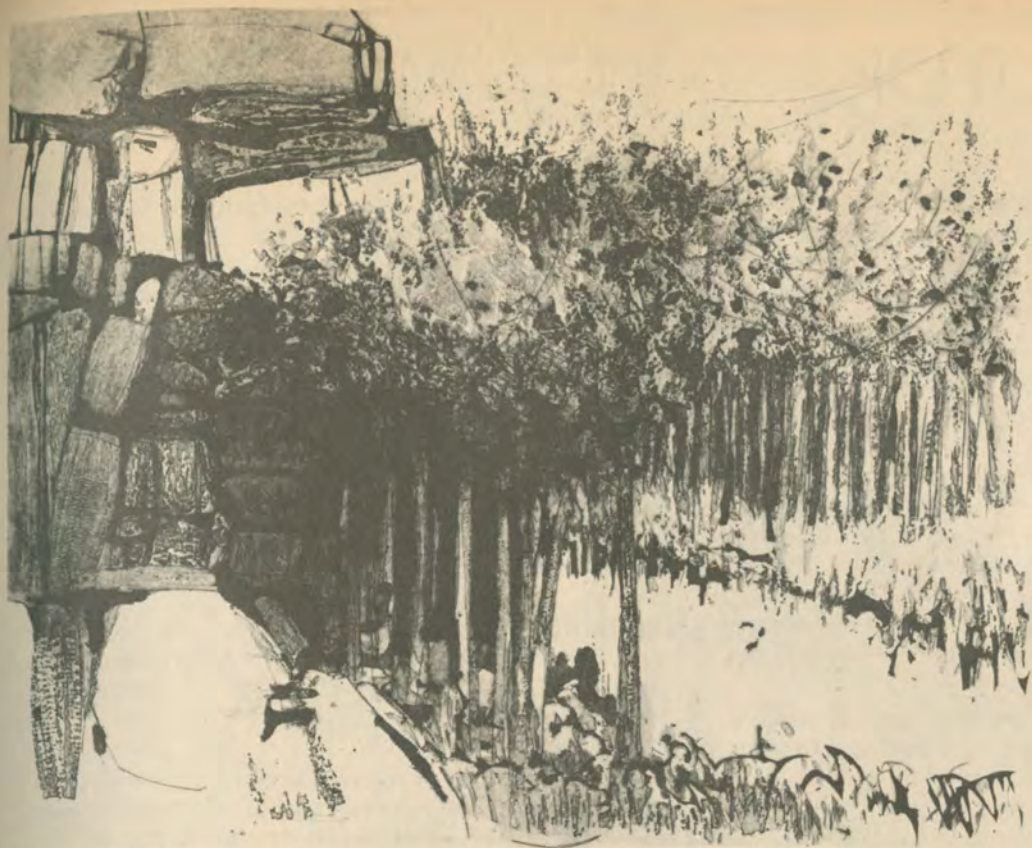
But, as we experience the disorientation caused by the breakdown of old objectives under the hammerblows of change, we are left with Schon's question: "How do we respond to these threats?" How, especially, can the Christian faith, encased as it is in an intellectual tradition with a strong Parmenidean bias, help mankind live creatively in this new world? As a first step to thinking about this dilemma, we must recognize that the Parmenides versus Heraclitus, stability versus change formulation of our problem is, and has always been, an intellectual cul-de-sac. These terms beg the question of stability or change for what. Our world needs a humane, dynamic perspective which will be free to be stable or changeful as circumstances dictate. Furthermore, as Tillich has warned us and as I have tried to indicate in my discussion of Schon's argument, every stance towards reality, no matter how overtly Heraclitan, conceals an "ultimate concern," a Parmenidean kernel. The actual value of the Parmenidean-Heraclitan analysis is that it describes broad operational terms within which viable cultural perspectives must be realized, i.e., such perspectives must be stable enough to give direction to change while being flexible enough to be open and responsive to change as well.

Although, as I have said, the historic bias of Christianity (as of the Western intellectual tradition as a whole) is overly Parmenidean, new directions in theology are bringing out the more dynamic potentialities of the Christian perspective for our new world. I am thinking especially of the current development of a theology of hope which establishes eschatology as the determinative Christian doctrine: relying strongly on the work of Marxist Ernst Bloch, theologians such as Jürgen Moltmann, Johannes Metz, and Wolfhart Pannenberg in Europe, and Harvey Cox and Richard Shaull in this country are emphasizing the "future-orientation" of Christian faith. Moltmann, in his brilliant *Theology of Hope*, argues that by focusing in faith on the coming justice and peace of God, we can be freed from both the "heaven of self-realization" of the idealists and the "hell of self-estrangement" of the romantics and existentialists. For our purposes, it is important to note that both the idealists' heaven and existentialists' hell are assumptions about reality with a crippling Parmenidean bias; both presuppose a "finished" world and, hence, the end of history. Over against this perspective, Moltmann describes the future-oriented world of possibilities presupposed by Christian eschatology:

This is the age of diaspora, of sowing in hope, of self-surrender and sacrifice, for it is an age which stands within the horizon of a new future. Thus self-expenditure in this world, day-to-day love in hope, becomes possible and becomes human within that horizon of expectation which transcends this world. The glory of self-realization and the misery of self-estrangement alike arise from hopelessness in a world of lost horizons. To disclose to it the horizon of the future of the crucified Christ is the task of the Christian Church (p. 338).

Although the Christian perspective is still largely incongruent with the world of explosive change which Fabun pictures, erring largely in the Parmenidean direction which Schon warns against, the theology of hope is itself a hopeful sign for the future of the church. Perhaps the church will yet have a useful role to play in resolving our cultural crisis.

—MYRON BLOY



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E. WICKS



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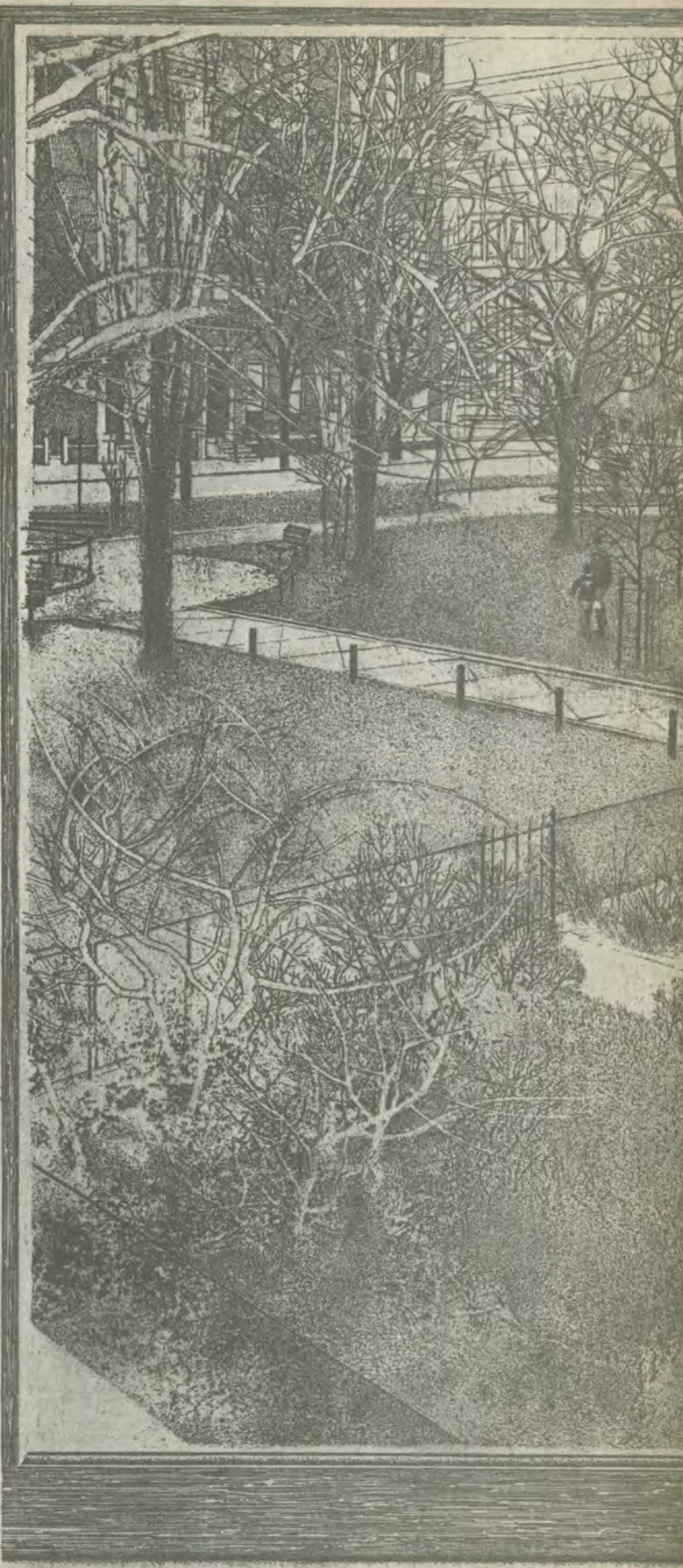
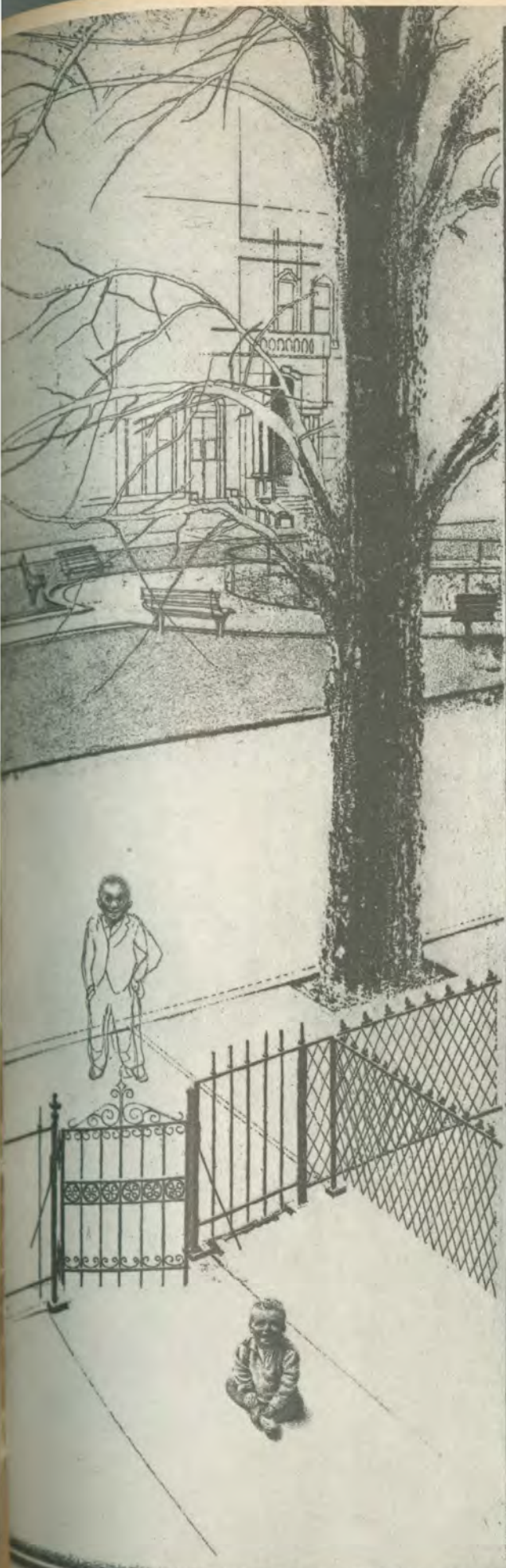
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TEACHING STREET SCENE

The White Columbe

The two young men stood silently in the shadow of the building, waiting for the priest to come out. The sun, striking the white-pebbled courtyard, cast a bright glare onto the apricot colored stucco walls. Only a life-sized marble statue, a saint, was protected from the sun. Set at the back of the yard on a small plot of grass in front of a tall dark green hedge, it was shaded by the thick foliage of a loquat tree that spread its branches umbrella-like over the figure below.

The two men were watching the flock of pigeon doves that nestled on the short wall between the main building where the Padre lived and the annex where the two visitors were staying. The Padre had constructed a coop for them, two rows of small wooden pigeon houses, with a short roof extending over them; next to the coop a corner shed offered a slanted curved brick roof for the birds to perch upon. The Padre's doves, or columbe as he called them, were soft white creatures as pure in color as the marble of the statue; graceful in movement and elegant in stance, they were like sculptures that had been endowed with the animation of life.

The Padre appeared and greeted the two men. He was a large, slow-moving man whose black robes hung carelessly from him, with a straight-featured face that seemed to observe and absorb experience without superficial reaction, so that his stolid expression rarely varied. For ten years he had lived in this country, willingly and with the permission of his order, an ocean away from the land of his birth.

He glanced over at the pigeon coop, then turned to the young men. "Been having a problem keeping the pure white strain. See how a few of them have black spots? Other pigeons in the neighborhood fly over here and mate with my white ones, and that's the result."

Immediately a large spotted grey bird strutted out from behind the roof of the coop.

"See there, that's one of them now." The Padre strode over to the coop, raising his arms, shouting, "Via! Via!"

The pigeons scattered with a great fluttering of wings onto the roof of the shed and further on up to the top of the Padre's house. A few, caught inside their enclosures, retreated back inside out of sight. The Padre picked up a pebble and threw it at the intruder perching on the corner of the house.

"Via! Via!" he shouted, throwing another stone, until finally the bird flew over the house and disappeared.

The white birds cautiously returned to their roost, and after a moment settled down, resuming their low, deep-throated chorus.

The Padre returned to the two men. "I'd shoot that bird today if shooting were al-

lowed in the village. I'm going to have to figure some way to get rid of him." He glanced at his watch. "I've got an hour before the baptism this afternoon. Shall we go have coffee at the cafe?"

The visitors nodded assent, and they started to turn when a commotion from the pigeons made them look back.

"Now what?" muttered the Padre as they walked over to the coop. A group of pigeons that had gathered on the ground hurriedly ascended out of the way, leaving one small bird backed against the wall.

"Oh, damn, they've been at the babies again. Try to catch him for me, will you?"

The two men approached the bird, which began to flutter its wings uselessly. It jumped away from them running back into the garage enclosure at the end of the annex which now stood empty. The two men followed, slowly closing in on it, until it had cornered itself and one of the men was able to reach down and take hold of it. The bird put up a fierce struggle, its wings, feet and head twisting violently in the grasp. But the man held on tightly, and gradually the bird calmed to a slight trembling motion.

The three men looked down at the pigeon. A bare spot on top of its head was spotted with blood.

"One of the pigeons is killing the babies. Last week I found one of them like this on the ground. I put it back in its nest, and two days later I found it dead. They're too young to eat grain, otherwise I'd put him in a cage away from the others. But he still needs his mother to feed him."

"Which one is his mother?" asked one of the young men.

The Padre smiled slightly. "I've no way of knowing." He looked at the bird for a moment. Its coat was a pale, almost flesh tinted color that had not yet developed into the pure whiteness of the mature birds. Its eyes moved nervously in its head, and ever so often its body jerked in a sudden spasm.

"I guess I'll have to kill him," the Padre said finally, looking up at the two men. They looked back at him without speaking. "He'll just be attacked again, until he's finally killed. This way is better; it will save him from suffering." He remained still for a second, then said, "Yes, I'll have to kill him. Keep him here while I go get the hatchet."

The Padre moved away and reentered the building. The man holding the bird turned to the other, holding the bird out to him. The other backed away, shaking his head. "You caught him." After a moment of silent thought, however, he turned back to his friend. "I'll hold him if you want." But the other shook his head. "I'll have to get used to this sort of thing."

The Padre returned. He had removed his collar and jacket, wearing now only a white t-shirt and his baggy black trousers. "I can't

find the hatchet." He went into the garage and looked around, but couldn't find it there. "Someone's probably taken it. This is the second tool that's missing. They really shouldn't take my tools."

He went back inside and returned with a newspaper in one hand and a small iron mallet in the other. "Chickens, you know, you can just wring their necks, but not with these birds, their necks are too strong. They struggle terrifically."

The Padre shifted the mallet to his other hand and reached out for the bird, grasping it under the wings and pulling the wings up above its body, holding one finger between them to get a secure hold from which the bird couldn't escape. Then he turned and walked into the garage.

One of the men glanced up at the pigeon coop. The cooing had stopped. The birds perched on the small wooden slabs extending from the houses and on the brick roof, all turned in the direction of the Padre, a line of white sentries fixed in a moment of awful immobility.

The Padre, his back to the observers, spread the paper on the ground and knelt down. After a moment's pause, the mallet was lifted, again, without a sound from the birds or the two men. There was only an intense clarity, a stillness.

Eventually the Padre stood up, rolling the newspaper into a bundle. He dropped the wad into a basket and walked out in the sunlight. "That's that."

As if on signal the pigeons broke their positions, flying from the roof to the coop, entering and exiting their houses, cooing to each other.

"Be!" exclaimed the Padre suddenly, pointing to the coop. "Do you see those two birds with the tint of green on their feathers? Wait until I tell Alessandro. I gave this fellow down the street two white doves last year. I told him that they kept coming back here; he insisted they didn't. Then he doused them in green paint, covering the poor things with it. So of course when they returned here, the proof was irrefutable. Alessandro clipped their feathers so they couldn't fly, but now they've grown back, and here are his pigeons again."

He stroked his chin thoughtfully. "They roosted here, and pigeons will always return to their original roosts when possible. They probably wanted to have their babies here. In fact, I believe their house was the end one, the very one the babies were in—that explains it! They were trying to oust the babies so they could use the place themselves."

He nodded affirmatively to himself, then turned to the two men.

"I have to get ready for the baptism. We still might have time for a quick coffee."

After he had gone inside, the man who had not held the bird turned to the other. "Does that mean if he had moved it to another nest it wouldn't have been necessary to kill it?"

His friend looked at him and shrugged his shoulders. Then he turned back to look at the white doves and shrugged again.

—JOHN UNDERWOOD