



motive

may 1968 sixty cents



WOODCUT

EDITH KAPLAN

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motive

MAY 1968
VOLUME XXVIII, NUMBER 8

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Subscription rates: individual subscription, 8 issues, \$4. Single copies, sixty cents. Optional group subscription plans are available; information on request. **Transactions with the circulation department require four weeks' advance notice for processing.**

Published monthly, October through May, for the University Christian Movement by the Division of Higher Education of the Board of Education of The Methodist Church. Founded 1941 by the Methodist Student Movement. Copyright © 1968 by the Board of Education of The Methodist Church.

Second-class postage paid at Nashville, Tennessee. National newsstand distribution by Eastern News Distributors, 155 West 15th Street, New York City 10011.

Microfilm copies of *motive* are available from University Microfilms, 300 N. Zeeb Rd., Ann Arbor, Michigan; photo-copies from Johnson Reprint Corp., 111 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10003.



LINO CUT: R. O. HODGELL

I am unable to place into words the strength I got from your March editorial, especially the sentence "When etiquette outweighs honesty, the Republic has become a sham democracy." This is a funny republic. When winning, you can do nothing wrong, and when losing, nothing right. There's often an eighth of an inch difference between a champion and a bum.

Since refusing army induction back on February 15, I have discovered that uncompromising honesty to oneself, not to mention speaking up, is indeed personally disadvantageous. In a way people are writing too much and talking too much about the Vietnam war. Many seem to view it as solely "military miscalculation"; their questions are frequently not about moral rightness or moral wrongness, but about strategy. I can't understand this. I can't grasp such a rigid distinction between moral and intellectual failure.

What bothers me is not that more dissenters would speak up if the moral/intellectual climate were more hospitable, but that such people haven't done so naturally, of their own accord. There isn't much freedom in getting hung up on the unpleasant consequences of telling one's truth.

PAUL MacKIE
baltimore, md.

□
□
Carl Oglesby's article in your February issue ("The Deserters: The Defeat of Contemporary Fiction") represents an unfortunate misapprehension on the part of the author. I take no issue with Oglesby's statements about Camus—the arguments presented seemed obscure and ill-defined, but I am not competent to deal with them. But his statements about Joseph Heller's *Catch-22* are quite simply wrong.

To say, as does Oglesby, that *Catch-22* deals primarily with class warfare shows a decided predilection to force the novel into an uncomfortable interpretation. There is certainly an element of competition between Yossarian and his superiors in the book, but the conflict is not strictly divided along class, or rank, levels. Major Major Major Major, Yossarian's commander, is just as much a victim as Yossarian, and the lowest ranking soldier in the novel, ex-P.F.C. Wintergreen, is a master of the system Yossarian rebels against.

The subject of the book is not class warfare, it is warfare, and one need look no deeper than the surface of the page to discern that. The particular view of war that Heller presents is the inversion of reason that accompanies mass conflict. Yossarian's opponents in the novel are not simply members of the ranks above him, nor are his allies those in the ranks below him; his opponents are all those, of whatever rank, who push the war machine along on wheels of circular logic. *Catch-22* itself is an example of this logic: it represents an escape mechanism that shuts itself off so that no escape is possible.

The structure of the book is another reflection of Heller's theme: Oglesby calls the lack of any strict linear-time development an example of "circulating" narration, but the correct adjective is *circular*. Read the book from the middle, going

through the end to the beginning and finishing up at the middle, and the book will still hang together except for Yossarian's conclusion to the novel: only Yossarian follows any sort of conventional development—it is not time-sequential, but parallels his disintegration from happy-go-lucky cadet to nervous wreck. This is a symbol of Yossarian's mind: his logic has not become circular; it remains straightforward. (An example of the contrast: "They're trying to kill me," Yossarian said calmly. "No one's trying to kill you," Clevinger cried. "Then why are they shooting at me?" Yossarian asked. "They're shooting at everyone," Clevinger answered. "They're trying to kill everyone." "And what difference does that make?")

When Yossarian's directness carries him out of the circular world the war has created, he is not, as Oglesby asserts, deserting a cause, abdicating the responsibility of continuing the struggle he has engaged. He is doing what he must do, what he cannot avoid doing so long as he and his world are so clearly incompatible; Yossarian cannot change his world, for he does not understand it and cannot understand it without being entirely, in every way, a part of it. And the circularity of the war world insures that it will have naught but itself to feed upon; eventually Mediterranean theater will destroy itself. In other words, Sweden is an option, and for Yossarian it is a necessity.

There has been enough intelligent misinterpretation of *Catch-22* and other novels generically titled black humor without Oglesby confusing the issue through ignorance of anything but his own preconceived formulas of defeat and desertion.

BILL EARLE
princeton, n.j.

Catch-22 is certainly one of the most important works of fiction written in our generation. I teach it in my modern novel course and find its impact on college readers to be an impressive one. I was delighted to see the book given such serious treatment in *motive* (Feb.) even though there is much in Oglesby's presentation with which I cannot agree.

Catch-22 might well be described as an anti-war anti-novel with Yossarian as anti-hero. His running to Sweden in the end (how prophetic!) in no way disappoints me. There may well be a value in copping out of which we are as yet not fully aware. Perhaps before we plug in on a new wave length, we have to be unplugged from the old.

Yossarian's "withdrawal" may prove the kind of influence on the collective unconsciousness that is needed to counteract the violence of soldiers who not only kill, but feel no remorse in killing; soldiers who see it their duty to destroy human beings. The age of *Catch-22* is here, we realize, when we read of an American military officer saying that we have to destroy a city in order to save it (for "city" read "earth"?). A brigadier general was quoted in the March 3 *New York Times* as remarking, "Well, I'm happy to say that the Army's casualties finally caught up with the Marines last week." By way of qualification he added, "Well, the Army should be doing their job too."

If we don't want this kind of stupidity to become the national cliché then we had better hope for more authors like Heller, more critics like Oglesby and more magazines like *motive*. Otherwise we are truly in trouble.

HARRY J. CARGAS
department of english
st. louis, university

Thank you for preparing a magazine which pricks and keeps alive the Christian conscience. *motive* does an invaluable service in the way of opening and maintaining channels of information and earnest discussion.

I admire the forthrightness of your material, especially of the views which may not be popular.

I support your editorial: "Wanted—Some Hope for the Future" (Feb.). I am writing to Senator Kennedy to urge that he announce his availability.

CONSTANCE OHLINGER
london, ky.

Just a note to say how thoroughly we enjoy *motive* each month. Other magazines may sit for weeks, unread, but *motive* is gobbled up the moment it appears in the mailbox. Thank you, thank you for your concern about interpreting the trends, the forces at work in our complex world.

Though you speak generally to an American reading public, much of what you say has relevance for our young men and women in modern Japan as well. I only wish your magazine were available in Japanese! Here's to a long life of publishing for you!

JACK & BETH McINTOSH
(missionaries of the Presbyterian Church
in Canada, to the Korean Christian
Church in Japan)
higashi-ku, osaka

Also being an undergraduate, I have some first views on B. Everett Mayre's letter in your January issue.

Mr. Mayre's letter demonstrates a classical attack on symptoms while ignoring the disease. His sophomoric one, two, three categorical attitude toward demonstrators reveals a myopic vision of the state of affairs in the world and the need for change.

Movements, of course, always have drawn from the discontent to give vitality to the cause. The content and complacent never want change in any form. Malcontents, I might add, vary in degree and definition according to the society. Christ was a malcontent. Anyone rocking a comfortable boat is thought to be a troublemaker. The psychological make up of the demonstrators cannot detract from the validity and pertinence of the demonstration itself; indeed, many of the actual mental, emotional and personality problems are caused by the very things that these public protests help to change.

If his psychological observations have some truth to them, they should be placed in their proper perspective, i.e., An Ivory Tower Study of The General Characteristics Among Some College-Age Demonstrators. If, however, Mr. Mayre was simply being cynical (which I suspect) toward the issues of today and the attempts to change the misdirected world, that also should be plainly stated.

In conclusion, Mr. Mayre's views show a solid background and digestion of the mass media publications, while his implications bare a certain lethargic quality of thought, possibly from inactivity in real life problems and indigestion of the moral responsibilities to himself and society.

There are no bystanders in the days ahead.

JORGE P. MARTIN
detroit, mich.

The articles in *motive* are continually thought-provoking I'm especially interested in the article on Peter Weiss (March) since I've just finished reading *Marat/Sade*. The article on "Censorship and the Arts" in the same issue will be very helpful to me in preparing a term paper on censorship.

Thank you for listening. I'm encouraged by the continued progress and success of *motive*. I had begun to believe that there were few worthwhile publications left in the universe.

JUDY RICKARD
san jose, calif.

Many of the students graduating from college this spring will be drafted by the end of the summer. We, comprising 66 per cent of the male seniors of Reed College will not serve in the armed forces of the United States.

Our decision is irrevocable. Our consciences do not permit us to participate in this senseless and immoral war.

We are sure that tens of thousands of students throughout the country will join us in resistance.

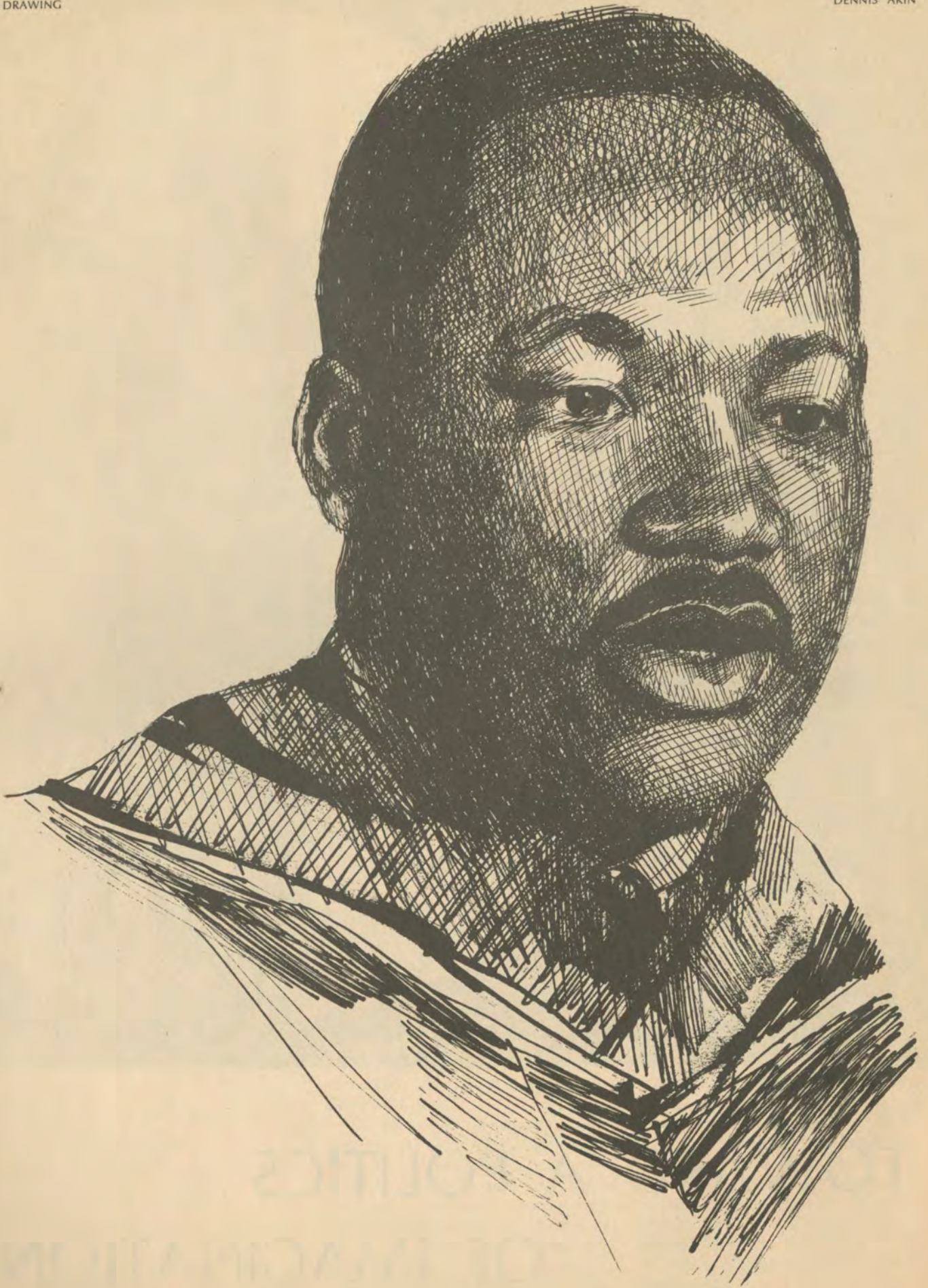
Signed by 69 MALE SENIORS
reed college
portland, oregon

'HE WAS A MOMENT IN THE CONSCIENCE OF MAN'

—Anatole France at the bier of Emile Zola

It would be tragic and perhaps fatal for our nation if we lose the teachings of Martin Luther King, Jr. In response to numberless inquiries that have come to me as a close friend of Dr. King and his family asking how to perpetuate his teachings, I suggest that contributions be sent to the Martin Luther King Memorial Fund, S.C.L.C., 334 Auburn, N.E., Atlanta, Georgia 30303.

—Harry Belafonte





ETCHING: BRAVO BAYER

TOWARD A POLITICS OF IMAGINATION



MOISHE SMITH

BY
CAREY
McWILLIAMS

Politics in 1968 will be passionate and dreary, intense and irrelevant, humorless and ludicrous. Citizens, striving to relate the alternatives offered to the quandries of their daily lives, will provide abundant emotion precisely because any rational connection will be lacking. Democratic politics, which seeks to unify private and public man is, for the moment, a failure: civic life has become schizophrenic.

A contest between Johnson and Nixon would have clearly produced this result. The emerging alternative races modify it only slightly. It will be a bad year for conservatives in any case: Nixon is bad enough; a Rockefeller candidacy would cause many to prefer the frothing psychoses of George Wallace; the nomination of Kennedy or McCarthy would only make it easier to swallow Nixon. The right wing is something of a special case, but the plight of liberals and the left differs only in degree.

On Vietnam, for example, the broadest departures from Administration policy are very narrow. No one, for example, will advocate outright withdrawal. Kennedy suggests a coalition including the NLF, a policy rumored to enjoy favor in the CIA and which—though very quietly—the Administration hints it would accept in the right circumstances. Rockefeller, whose past is hawkish and who endorsed the President's position not long ago, is saying nothing at all. McCarthy's plans hinge on the meaning of the word "neutralization": the word itself means nothing, and Rusk uses it as happily as does the Minnesota Senator.

Finally, none of these candidates make clear what they would do if our opponents failed to respond to these innovations. Given Kennedy's bellicose record, that can hardly inspire confidence in his case. Closely examined, the "policies" are no more specific and no more different from cur-

rent policy than Nixon's "secret" plan for peace.

To be sure, the less orthodox candidates would provide new faces and a new atmosphere. The differences, however, are less those of policy than of style and tone. Aesthetic considerations have almost replaced policy at the center of political life: the limits of acceptable divergence end with Nixon and McCarthy, both within the mainstream of political orthodoxy.

Kennedy's candidacy is almost entirely a thing of costumery and image, but a badly staged one: a maladroit adolescent stumbling through the role of Machiavel in a class play. That may be part of his appeal. Like Nixon, Kennedy provides a coarse performance which asks little of citizens—a performance to which they can respond almost passively, with a very limited range of feeling and almost no intellectual effort.

Kennedy will frustrate the sophisticates and the students: to prefer him is to opt for the Johnny Carson show rather than "A Man for All Seasons." But he is perfect for the citizen who prefers to be uninvolved, who likes a good show but demands that it be safe and relaxing.

Eugene McCarthy, who offers the greatest "alternative" among the dissenters, is a throwback to Adlai Stevenson. Like his predecessor, he can charm students. Yet his appeal to adults is simple enough: "Our Children Have Come Home," the ads for McCarthy proclaim. He is the anti-piper, who has overcome the pied appeals of drugs and deviance, reaffirmed the old faith and the tried ways. Even Vice President Humphrey can find kind words for his old associate. Yet even so "safe" a man seems perilous to many. The Kennedy strategists, for example, will whisper that McCarthy cannot win, that he is too identified with the "left," that even so moderate a dialogue is dangerous.

Citizens, it appears, will settle for a more contented uneasiness, a more pleasant exasperation. Increasingly frustrating though many find it, when asked for their preferences, the majority of Americans still prefer to play it "down the middle."

In fact, the races that would find favor with the electorate *minimize* alternatives rather than making them sharper. Since there is no discernable difference on policy issues between Johnson and Rockefeller, the secret appeal of the latter's candidacy is that it provides a *safe non-alternative*: a way of voting Johnson out without having to take Nixon. That appeal was strongest among liberal Democrats, and the Governor's attraction has declined considerably with Johnson's decision not to run. And now the Kennedy/McCarthy race, more than anything else, offers the liberals the chance to vote *against* Nixon and remain in the party fold.

The race that would delight liberals most would be Rockefeller versus Kennedy or McCarthy, for it would offer almost no discernable "choice": it is appealing precisely because there would be no risk either way.

Attitudes among the public reflect those of the political leaders which—in another sense—citizens find so frustrating. They suggest the realization that today the safe alternatives are few and narrow, and that any movement outside that set of limits is insanely dangerous in a world whose pervasive characteristic is peril. Candidates and policies are expected to remain clustered at stage center.

Citizens, in other words, show little confidence in their own judgment: they share with their leaders an understanding of the world as it is. Frustration and anger arise from the conviction that the leaders of the country should be able to do better, that the alternatives should be more ample, the prospects more appealing. They reflect a fragmentary consciousness of defect, a formless awareness that something is wrong with American political life.

The shortcoming is easy

enough to identify. Before the First World War, Henry Adams wrote that the "phases" of history, the periods in which a given environment might be subject to control, were proceeding by a rule of "inverse squares." In each stage, the energy resources available to man were the square of those in its predecessor, while the time period of each stage was only the square root of that which came before.

Adams could see the approach of a situation in which man would possess nearly infinite energy and would have but an instant in which to control it. His moral was simple: human thought would be too slow to be able to direct such energy toward human ends unless it could make a "quantum jump," use imagination in order to get ahead of the process and devise controls before the crisis arrived.

Discount Adams's mathematical and pseudo-scientific vocabulary. His propositions are still founded on a truth which has almost become a truism in our times. Yet the argument has become a truism without our grasping its truth: sophisticated man is always prone to regard questions as trite before they are resolved.

The basic fact which limits the alternatives in American politics is that ours is a politics of the past, and "contemporary" issues are in every vital sense "historical." In the politics of 1968, "too late" is the most frequent, though sometimes silent, phrase in political discourse. Vietnam should have been an issue in 1944, at least in 1952, certainly—though a little late in the game—in 1960.

The racial crisis dates from the depression or from 1944—if not from 1866. The poor and the cities are the legacies of the two progressive movements which preceded and perished in the two World Wars. In the earlier years, genuine alternatives could have been formulated, broad paths and policies charted and debated. Delayed, the problems must be approached in an environment shaped by neglect, resentment and decay. State it as gently as possible: American politics is still forming policies to deal with the post-war period of a war which ended a quarter century ago.

Worse, a glance at the dates indicates that we may be *most* "up-to-date" in matters of foreign policy. That suggests the true image of American politics and political imagination, an impotent giant, always too slow, but capable of being prodded into a shambling trot by some monstrous threat and immobile when safe.

It has become the vogue among "imaginative" Americans to be concerned with "the City." Yet when, on February 10th, New Yorkers looked at their morning *Times*, they confronted a Jack Lindsay who was haggard, bewildered, almost—it appeared—on the verge of tears. The young mayor, who campaigned on the promise of a "fresh" approach to city problems, had been faced



PHOTOGRAPH

with a strike by city sanitation workers and his effort to take a "firm" stand had been aborted by Governor Rockefeller's plan to meet the strikers' demands under state control.

Under the dramatic camouflage of the case—the personal rivalry of two strong political figures, the proletarian pugnacity of the union's leader, the theatrical menace of mounting refuse piles and gorging rats—was a major, unseen, political moral. The city has become a fragile organism, unable to exist without the services of thousands of public employees, yet unable to pay them sufficient wages for them to attain a reasonable standard of living. The Taylor Law, restricting the right of public employees to

strike, had been designed to give the city a weapon. Yet successful strikes by teachers and transit workers seemed to demonstrate that the law was effectively dead. The much smaller sanitation union would, it was hoped, be more subject to coercion and might provide a "precedent" for the city's use of the Taylor Law.

Lindsay, in fact, called for the National Guard in the "emergency" created by the strike. Rockefeller avoided this by his offer of state control. The mayor—and the majority who supported him—attacked this plan with the rhetoric of the 19th century: the Governor's plan was "unsound," violated the city's "autonomy," threatened the "rule of law," dis-

regarded the worker's obligation to the "public interest." Yet, all of this archaic fulmination could not conceal the fact: the nation's metropolis had confessed itself unable to manage its own affairs without the intervention of military forces. "Autonomy" is an amusing term to apply to such a state of affairs, yet—and this is one major lesson of the summer riots—it is the normal case of the American city.

Surely, the words "public interest" must seem a bit ironic, even to those who employ them. A hundred industrial companies, concerned for themselves, for employees and for stockholders, carry on a constant pollution of air and water. Millions of commuters add automobile exhausts and carry away taxes, urban mosquitos trading malaria for blood, concerned with their jobs and their families. Liberals deal with the decaying schools by sending their children to private institutions. Their public conscience is nearly exhausted by opposing aid to parochial schools under a 19th century banner ("separation of church and . . .") which does not quite conceal the hope that if parochial schools are poor, other white parents will be forced to send their children to school with Negroes. The private decencies of men war openly with the public interest; only those capable of indifference to those they know could live by the standards of the public good.

In fact, the importance of public employees rises in proportion to the impossibility of entrusting citizens with the public interest: the town meeting has no bureaucracy. In the metropolis today, public employees are essential—and are asked to bear the whole burden of the public good, including low salaries—because citizens are incapable of being trusted with it at all. It has not yet dawned on the average citizen that the traditional American practice—low salaries for public officials—was possible only where officials were not essential, were easily replaced or done without, and that in the city today the shoe is on the other foot: the bureau-



JOHN MAST

crazy can spare citizens better than they can dispense with it.

The city is politically moribund, whether its name is New York or Los Angeles or Boston. Financially, weakness has been clear for years but with state and federal aid this might be avoided. Its political death has been less noticed, yet in fact the city is too gigantic, too specialized, too complex for men to feel for it any loyalty or personal commitment.

The much-advertized ability of the city to provide cultural facilities also appears to be a snare: evidence seems to show that a smaller percentage of citizens make less frequent use of such facilities than would be the case in smaller cities and towns. And it is a delusion to argue that the cities—because of their greater number of citizens—can “afford” such facilities better, for the city is a financial dependent, and cannot “afford” anything. A pale conceit: that a city which cannot afford to eliminate ghettos can manage the cost of an opera or an art museum.

Urban studies, in other words, are being pursued only when the city is—in the true sense of the word—obsolete. Dead politically, unable to raise the quality of its life, the city is also unnecessary. New technology in power, communication and transportation have eliminated the old needs that made urban concentrations the law of economic growth. Americans can, quite literally, plan for cities of any size and location they think desirable, at less cost than those of the cities of the present.

Perhaps the students of urban affairs know this—or, at least, will discover it. Yet here enters the hard fact of Adams' law: it will be discovered only after the megalopolitan wreckage pile has been allowed to accumulate. Urban planners cannot build in a free environment; they must consider the manifold interests that have collected in the present city. Think only of the investor in real estate; the small shop-owner or any of those millions who perform small services between buyer and seller; the massive bureaucracies of pub-

lic service. Planning approaches such interests gingerly at best.

Moreover, the desirable “city-of-the-future” is no answer to the immediate problems of the city-in-the-present. Billions, for example, will be needed for public housing. For the long-term ideal this may be so much wasted effort, and worse, one which creates a new “interest” in the city-as-is: a public concerned to get full value out of its “investment.”

All of this might have been mitigated—decreased at least in some degree—by advance planning, the kind of “utopian” and “unrealistic” project which was cut out of the early New Deal by “hard-headed” men so busy with the disasters created by pre-crash capitalism as to surrender their own freedom to deal with the future. “Realism” then, as now, means a palliation of past mistakes, a disastrous mental focus when only a thin present divides a distant future from a dim past.

Consider only a few issues already, or within the next few decades, confronting American politics:

1) Organ replacement (such as heart transplants) creates the obvious question: who gets what part of which other person? Shortage of available organs is almost certainly inevitable. Is the case to be handled by the classical American formula—by the laws of the market? When the Soviet Union saw a bourgeois plot in organ replacement, it was close to the truth for—at present—there is no better plan than for the well-off to consume the flesh of the less fortunate, the only “democratic” element being a willingness to employ that of their own kind as well. (If South Africa is a test, we may be able to avoid the race question; segregation of organs does seem unlikely. But in America it is well to avoid confidence.) Any alternative to the market, however, requires some criteria, some means of deciding the question “who will survive?” That, it need hardly be said, is a question few societies, and fewer democratic ones, have ever been willing to approach directly. 2) Fortunately, this is a short-term problem. By the 1980s, it is estimated, plastic and electronic or-

gans will be available; by the first decade of the 21st century, biochemical stimulation will be able to cause the growth of some new limbs and organs; by the second, chemical control of aging seems probable. The result, conservatively, is likely to be a fifty-year increase in life-span. This will have at least two results:

a) Increased population. Partly, this will be easier to control, with better contraceptives being available. With de-salinization of water on an inexpensive basis probable in the '80s, we should be able to feed the new billions of humans. Yet also in the '80s, we will begin mining the ocean floor. Man—Malthus or Darwin aside—does not live by bread alone and especially not in the 20th century. The slow process of consuming the resources of the world is now proceeding geometrically: more people want more things. It may be possible to foresee a time of resource scarcity—certainly, space will become a far dearer resource than it already is, multiplying the need for urban planning and location.

b) More seriously, increased life means more aged persons. It means that those who hold scarce positions of influence and celebrity will hold them longer; that the young, already frustrated long past the time of physical and mental maturity, will be frustrated longer. Generational conflict is bound to increase; the alienation of the young will become an increasingly serious problem of national life.

3) In order to meet the demands of the rapidly increasing world population, especially in using low grade resources, great demands will grow for more efficient power. Thermonuclear energy will be used for an expanding array of purposes (not least because, given the problem of pollution, it is a relatively “clean” energy source). Yet the rhetoric of “peaceful-uses” aside, more reactors and more knowledge of nuclear and thermonuclear technology means greater problems in controlling possible military uses.

4) Perhaps the greatest foreseeable problems arise in connection with man's ability to affect himself directly. Heretofore, man's

control of man was, however compelling, an exterior thing: the threat of punishment, the promise of reward. Power was always indirect, a thing of analogy and adaptation. Yet by the 1980s some chemically induced changes of personality will be possible; so will automatic language-teaching and—possibly—automated indoctrination; drugs to increase intelligence are likely enough, and fairly soon. By the turn of the century, it will be possible to genetically eliminate hereditary “defects.”

Orwell picked his date with some precision. In the hands of totalitarian leaders such tools are the means to almost perpetual, unchallenged power. Yet, even in fairly democratic states, they demand a clear definition of the nature of man, some means of determining what is a “defect,” what “intelligence” and what “insanity”—remembering the thin line that always stands between. And beyond that, some means must be designed to guard the guardians: Juvenal’s question becomes an urgent need of political life.

In fact, since the probable technological developments will demand some definition of man, some measure of humanity, paradoxically technology seems to call for the control of technology itself. Change, “progress” in the old language, becomes visibly *problematic*; it becomes possible to conceive of some changes and developments which are useless or harmful for men.

Clearly, men are more and more in rebellion against process, against change that moves by its own laws, regardless of human will. The twin arguments about Vietnam, that we must stay to avoid the “domino effect,” and that we must leave to avoid “escalation,” both reflect a fear of, and a revulsion against, involvement in process which eludes control. However applicable to Vietnam, such arguments reflect the state of international politics which is moved and buffeted by technological change as an autonomous force. And, in an age of nuclear weapons, as international politics go, so follow national.

DRAWING



DOYLE ROBINSON

Ultimately, it is “one world,” for control of technology is a utopian ideal which requires the ability of all nations to reach, and live by, such agreements. Yet, this too reflects the “pastness” of our politics. The unity of the world, visioned by the ancient prophets, has been a fact since the circle of the known world closed in the 19th century. Perhaps—as the non-diffusion treaty and the earlier space and test-ban agreements would suggest—there is progress toward realizing the state of human things, but a movement which is perilously slow.

Nor does the state of American political thought and discussion inspire confidence. As always, national leaders, oppressed by immediate events, tend to find present problems enough of a burden for their attention. Yet, in-

creasingly baffled in their efforts to solve these problems, led into ever wider circles of complexity, they may realize something of the inherent impossibility of their task. They may realize that without attention to the problems of the future, politics dissolves into a series of insoluble presents. They may—emphasize the uncertainty—be ready to listen.

Yet, the most active critics of American society provide little more in understanding, and less in vision. The complex phenomenon known as the “New Left” moved in the proper direction. Certainly it understood the need for, and some of the requirements of, a new political life, a way of uniting the private and public worlds of men. More recently, however, dissent has spoken the barren, if venerable, language of “individual

conscience" and "individual liberty."

In part, this reflects only the necessities of dissenters when they turn, understandably, to current political issues. Like the official leaders of the Republic, they must take their public as it is: mass movements are built from mass ideas and symbols, not those of their leaders. On this basis, the language is comprehensible: individualism is hoary American doctrine, uniting Benjamin Spock or William Sloane Coffin with Barry Goldwater or Ayn Rand.

Yet also, it reflects the almost desperate need of isolated men, pushed and whirled by the forces of technological change and giant organization, to compel the process to respect their "will." It speaks to the lonely, to the psychologically friendless, who have never been "political," never outgrown the infant's sense of an inner world of meaning and an outer world of threat and terror. The grave problem of that romantic sense is that it confronts whatever is outside the self, whatever resists individual control, as an obstacle to be smashed or overcome—and the obstacles include the minds of other men.

Surely there is a paradox in a movement which appeals to individual liberty against selective service or narcotic laws, yet demands that individual liberty of expression yield to the demands of "conscience." Conscience compels, it does not liberate, and freedom and conscience are meaningful in combination only to an individual; my freedom to do what my conscience compels entails your inability to act differently, if our "consciences" conflict on some particular.

Indeed, the bankruptcy of "conscience" is illustrated most clearly by hippie-oriented groups, with their concern for man's consciousness and their nominal rejection of materialism and technology. The effort to assert that only the mind is real becomes a powerful emotional temptation as the facts of change make it doubtful whether the mind is real at all.

"Transcendental meditation" and Indian philosophy also had

a vogue in the fearful, change-haunted Iowa migrants to Southern California in the '20s. In fact, when the world intrudes (despite doctrines) on the mind, the only response of such withdrawal is an effort to make the world yield—just as Southern Californians today are tempted to a much more direct use of "mental energy" in politics. Nor is it comforting that hippie hostility to "material technology" takes, in one sense, the form of insisting on the unrestricted use and availability of "personality-shaping" drugs which are one of the most threatening products of technology.

The problem of American politics is not a defect of "individual conscience" nor an unwillingness to apply it to events, rather it is that individual conscience is hopelessly outdated. The commuter who seeks a good environment with good schools for his children is applying his conscience. Indeed, his is a sacrificial act, requiring long, nerve-racking, dangerous hours of travel for the good of his family.

The ghetto resident who leaves his family to allow them to qualify for welfare does no less. The argument that we should "love" one another is no more meaningful than the thesis that the poor lack "initiative." The most moral actions of individual conscience are likely to be perverse where the environment is insane or deformed in its relation to men.

However one regards the contemporary world, the fact is that *personal* morality is no guide to action in it. Those who speak of man's alienation, his sense of bafflement, impotence, and despair should realize most that the conscience of man is as confused and hag-ridden as the individual himself.

In fact, in given circumstances, they realize it well enough. Those who suggest that Dow Chemical should govern its policy by the "conscience" of its managers—which, presumably, should dictate against producing napalm—do not suggest that the same conscience should govern hours of labor, relations with labor-unions, advertising, or competitive practices. The reason is obvious: in these cases at least, they are

aware that the conscience of businessmen is likely to be defective no guide to sound *public* policy.

In the case of Vietnam, they turn to that conscience not because it is a "sound guide" but because they despair of the public, political alternatives. That may be justified as a tactic but the moral remains: as businessmen, so all of us, and no man's conscience is a safe guide in modern society.

Yet political conscience, the logical alternative, is fragile and fragmentary when it exists at all. Americans lack a political, public conscience because they lack politics—a network of personal relations and institutions which link private men to public things and to the community as a whole. Political conscience in America is a remnant, a thing inherited from the past, bound up with the great documents like the Constitution or the Declaration, the symbols of great leaders and moments of high excitement and glory, a few phrases from an outdated textbook of political liberalism. Where it is precise and specific, the old language seems dated, impossible to apply to modern events. The great abstractions and grand cadences still ring true, but are so abstract that most Americans cannot see the connection between those principles and their lives, either in terms of policy or of personal action.

The Negro who claims a right to the best job he can fill speaks in the language of justice, a justice buttressed by the damages due him for ancient wrongs. Yet, the white worker who appeals to his rights of seniority against the claims of a newcomer, pointing to the hard road he has followed to win advancement, also has a claim in justice. It is, unfortunately, natural that the two should denounce each other, harder to see that the only solution is enough jobs for all Americans. The more complex problems require more difficult solutions; the conflict of claims becomes harder to avoid if not always more severe; the way out becomes more difficult to conceive.

It is a major task of political

imagination to design new means to old values, to find the ways by which the great abstractions may be made the regulative principles of national life. In other words, a basic aim of political imagination is to strengthen—or to make possible—a public conscience. The

need for political imagination is only greater because the political sins of America have rarely been sins of commission; they have been the result of indifference and neglect, of awareness reduced to the dull, parochial level of private life.

Our present lack of political imagination is rooted partly in the nature of men of imagination themselves. Political imagination is dangerous: it suggests new ways and new things, breaks the rule of custom and habit, undermines the old moral guidelines. That it does

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so only to build better and anew does not change the fact that it begins with an act of moral dissolution in the mind of the visionary. Mentally too, the imaginer is shamelessly playful. He toys in idea with the lives of men, rearranges their lives and relation, seeking a pattern which he finds good.

Moreover, political imagination and vision require a conscienceless approach to the present. To the man oppressed with the needs and demands of men now, thought of the distant future is a waste of time in the face of desperate needs for action; the construction of ideal cities is a spinning out of words, callous and indifferent to the fact of human pain.

In fact, in the beginning, political imagination demands the possibility that it will result in doctrines which may be cruel. It may be, for example, that we should not waste resources on housing the urban poor but should concentrate them elsewhere; it could be only infanticide will solve the problem of population, or that we would be wise to let the old die at the seventy years once assigned as the limit of our span. Genuine imagination requires an initial acceptance of openness: that custom is wrong and new guides are needed means that those guides are unknown, that almost anything is possible.

An individual who confronts these facts may shrink back from imagination. That reaction is only more likely in our times. There is the terrible danger that if the requirements of imagination are accepted, the vision discovered and delineated, men taught and policies applied, that it will prove to be in error. Too often the dreams of visionaries have become things of horror in the world of fact, and that possibility preys on those who might otherwise find the ways to a new politics.

It is ironic, however, that such fear paralyzes only decent men.

The psychotic would-be despot has no such constraint. Hitler turned his fevered imagination loose, crazed a great nation, and made the world's sanity totter.

Decent men may err, and they are right to realize that he who abandons custom and conscience, the old rule and way, becomes part of a world in which genius and lunacy are almost exclusive alternatives with no balance in favor of the former. Yet, to refuse to run the risk is to leave the field free to drift or despots—to turn the bleakest of possibilities into political certainties. Failure to imagine has become, in our times, acquiescence in evil, and—given the possibilities of the future—possibly the ultimate sin of omission in the American sequence of those sins.

There is a way by which the risk of imagination may be made bearable, and its dangers mitigated if not removed. Political visionaries need men who can test their discoveries, who can apply savage criticism and doubt to ferret out errors, lacunae, wishful thinking and moral blindness. Such critics may be easy to find, but they must be men from whom the imaginer will accept criticism, will listen and modify, not discount or ignore.

Political imagination is never independent of its audience, as political leaders are never independent of their publics. Both thinker and leader are sensitive men. Ideas and policies, products of the mind and soul, are identified partly with the self, and he who attacks them attacks me. Worse, men in their pride avoid those who are most like them; they prefer the company of inferior, admiring men. Not only will these not offer painful criticism, they also will not be my rivals. Truth, unlike office and honor, is sharable, but truth discovered is my truth, and I resent others who seek (or have found) answers to the questions which I ask.

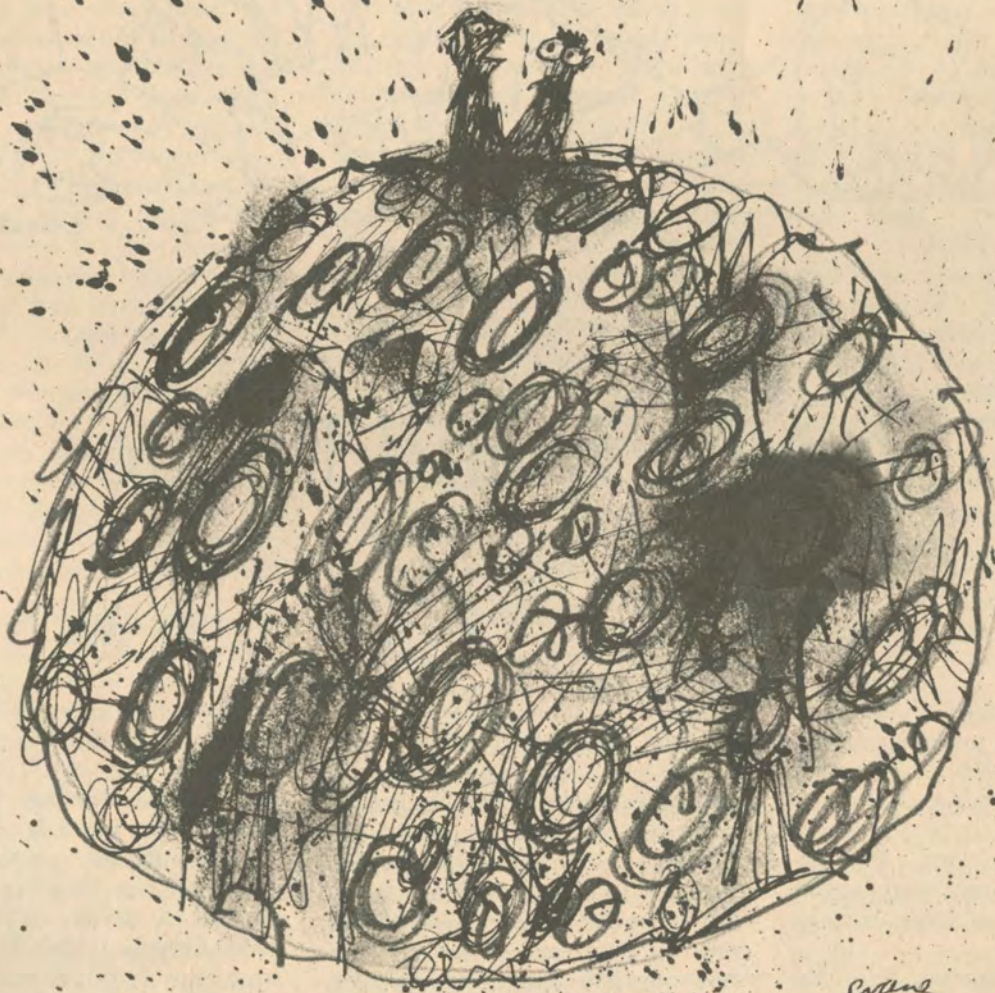
For these problems there is one answer which may have possibility in the present. Men who sense their own shortcomings, who feel deeply their desperate ignorance of the most important things, their own inability to find safe answers to compelling questions, are left desolate. That sense of failure may lead men to delight in others who share their questions, hopes and abilities; these

must bear some portion of the burden, some share of blame. Willing to claim credit, men are willing to share guilt. Indeed, they may find the company of those sharers a thing of joy, delightful because of its basis in shared despair. That is the reason, I suspect, why Adams made so insistent a point of the fact that knowledge of failure was the one result of his *Education*, hoping to teach what otherwise might be learned only too late.

Political imagination depends on the public conscience of the "inner city" of political thinkers, part of and yet alien in the life of the community around them. The way to the great city is found only in the small. Perhaps desolation is far enough advanced that a few such cities may develop; if not, the consequences are grim enough.

The current paralysis of our political imagination is only sadder because Americans have always demonstrated great ingenuity in devising ways around the crises which are thrust upon them. Each threat has been greater, yet disaster has been averted. Yet, as the perils mount and the challenges grow more severe, the strains of solution grow as well, and with them a foreboding awareness that sometime, perhaps even sooner than fear suggests, will come the crisis which demands more than even the American genius for political patchwork can provide. Our past successes are themselves a barrier to possibility, teaching complacency and fear with the two edges of their sword.

With America, however, it is always wise to avoid despair. There are resources of wisdom and skill, political inventiveness and devotion, which remain untouched in our political culture. And if the rule of history is that millennia are too few and too ephemeral, they do occur. Fortune, sometimes a shattering enemy, sometimes provides unexpected blessings and opportunities. If peril makes some men terrified and afraid, it makes some men bold and others wise. Surely there is some hope in the fact that a major candidate for President of the United States is a reader of *Utopia*.



It's unfair for you to criticize my policies when you wouldn't propose an alternative that I would accept.



DRAWING

WARRINGTON COLESCOTT

The Negro and Politics

By
Julian Bond

For most Negro Americans, politics and politicians carry a taint—a taint that comes from centuries of sell-outs, broken promises and pledges, from the violation of oaths and the disregard of platforms and public declarations. This taint is well earned.

I do not want to argue here that politics is pure or that politics is the only (or even the best) method of solving the white problem in America. Rather I intend to suggest that properly practiced, politics can win rewards. Properly applied, political pressure can pave streets, get garbage picked up, make schools better, bring jobs to the jobless and homes to the homeless.

It should not be assumed that

politics will solve every social ill, or even attempt to rectify three and one-half centuries of brutality and insensitivity. It should not be assumed that a Carl Stokes in Cleveland, Ohio, or a Richard Hatcher in Gary, Indiana, make life immediately more liveable for the black citizens of those cities. It should be assumed, however, that the Negro has not tried politics as he should; and it should be assumed that politics for the Negro ought to mean the art of deciding who gets how much of what from whom.

The art of politics then, given all its restrictions, ought to mean for the Negro a chance—and a good chance—of having something to say about what is being done to him. It is no more and

no less than having a hand in solving the white problem in America.

With the elections of Hatcher and Stokes, there is a great deal of speculation about political potentials for Negroes across the nation. A survey conducted by Mrs. Almema Lomax in her magazine, the *Tribune*, estimates that fair elections and proportional representation based on one-man, one-vote, would give Negroes 61 additional congressional seats. Her estimates, of course, are based on the assumption that in addition to being fair and proportional, the elections of 1968 will find Negroes in all states in the unlikely condition of being unified across lines of party and class.

The lack of unity that frustrates Negro political aspirations has its roots in 100 years of dealings with the most frustrating of all the arts: politics. Almost 100 years ago, a Negro Georgian described the political prospects and a political strategy for American blacks. He wrote:

"The black man, who was betrayed by his party and murdered by the opponents of his party, is absolved from all allegiances which gratitude may have dictated, and is today free to make conditions the best possible with any faction which will insure him in his right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

In the years since then, his brothers in the South discovered—until recently—that politics was not for them. For a century, north and south, east and west, Negroes have been caught between definitions that declare politics is the art of the possible, on the one hand, and the art of compromise, on the other. For Negroes, the compromise has been the compromise of his right to live, and the possible has been for him the realization that under the present system, most things are impossible. Above all else, politics is the art practiced by insiders for insiders on behalf of other insiders. And the American Negro is, and always has been, an outsider.

Lerone Bennett, a contemporary writer, has described the Negro's situation as radical, and his usual means of seeking redress—the art of politics—as a moderate solution. Thus, he writes, the "black man has been condemned to seek radical ends within a political framework which was designed to prevent sudden and radical social and economic changes." Bennett raises other pertinent questions:

Is politics relevant to our contemporary crisis which cannot be resolved without political programs of depth and dimension never before attempted in America? Is politics relevant to the question of the redistribution of income and the restructuring of the fundamental institutions of this society? Is politics relevant to black reality? Beyond all that, beyond the specific problems of black people, we must ask whether politics is relevant to white people? Is it relevant to the emptiness and hysteria and the unresolved social

and economic problems in the white community? Watts and Newark and Detroit put these questions on the agenda of American life. In a very real sense, these rebellions were devastating critiques of the American Way of Politics. In rebellion, the black people of America said they were voting more and enjoying it less.

The history of the involvement of American Negroes with politics is not a very bright one. It is a history of a virtual castration of all Negro political life in the South, and the building of white-controlled black political colonies in the big cities of the North and West. Throughout this history, black men have played the dual role of actors and the acted-upon for manipulators of black communities. The Negro as a political animal has had little to do with politics from the inside; as a creature of action (often violent and bloody), he has managed some slight shoves toward entering the political system and becoming a small, small part of the inside.

When black men first came to this country, we faced a system that allowed certain advances won by ambition and hard work. Some owned land and slaves. They lived and worked with whites through the 13 colonies, and voted in 11 of them. But the introduction of slavery by race (instead of slavery by class) ended what might have become the first interracial democracy in the West. Through the entire period of slavery, the Negro became the acted upon instead of actors inside the political system.

This is not to say that the black man did not vote, for he did without casting ballots. The presence of this dark, looming mass, poised dangerously near every white in the Southern region at least, presented an overwhelming reminder that the politics of that era by nature must have been repressive, arbitrary and discriminatory—not only against the blacks who were completely excluded, but against poor whites as well. (Perhaps I should add that such men as Nat Turner and Denmark Vesey voted. Silently, swiftly, in the dark of night, they voted their violent disapproval of a political system whose ghosts still haunt us.)

The Civil War broke this pattern for a short time; the Reconstruction Era that followed marked the first—and in fact only—real political participation by black men in politics in a meaningful way. In the beginning, black men were again the acted upon, recipients of the benefits of the 14th and 15th Amendments and a Civil Rights Act which makes those discussed and defeated in Congress today appear like tissue paper-dreams in comparison.

But while Reconstruction gave the South its free public schools and instituted many other reforms, it escaped the economic revolution that could have meant, 100 years later, a quiet summer for residents of Watts, Detroit and Newark. Instead, Reconstruction gave us the most infamous use of politics as the art of compromise: the compromise of 1877, the high point in dirty deals which gave Rutherford B. Hayes the presidency in return for the nation turning its back on the helpless, hopeful black citizens of the South. Within a decade, the Negro was still helpless, not quite so hopeful, and no longer a citizen.

Again, in the years following Reconstruction, Southern black men voted without votes: this time with their feet. They swelled into the cities of the North and West, building (and having built around them black ghettos that today are exploding with all of the force and misery accumulated over 75 years.

For Reconstruction had worked—for a while. It had held out the promise that the American dilemma could be resolved, and that the American dream could come true. When those ten years abruptly ended, a dream had been deferred. And the late Langston Hughes wrote that a dream deferred is like a raisin in the sun: it will fester, then explode.

As disillusioned Negroes by the tens of thousands arrived in Detroit or Chicago or New York, they saw a certain sort of politics beckoning. It was a politics of machines and a politics of favors, a politics that allowed black men to operate—but not to control—their own communities. Despite

this machinery, the machinery that has produced the most entrenched and the most corrupt of all Negro politicians, there were some gains. When Negroes made the big shift from the Republican to the Democratic party with the New Deal, individual Negro politicians began to flex their muscles. It seemed as though the temper of America had changed. The Supreme Court declared segregation was illegal. The Negro vote in the South peeked out on the world again, and a second Reconstruction seemed at hand. But the Negro soon discovered that while things had vastly improved for some, they were the same or worse for most.

President Johnson, in describing the plight of America's Negroes in 1965, verifies this condition. In 1948, the President reported that the 8 per cent unemployment rate for Negro teenage boys was actually less than that of whites. By 1964, the rate had grown to 23 per cent, as against 13 per cent for whites. Between 1949 and 1959, the income of Negro men relative to white men declined in every section of the country. From 1952 to 1963, the median income of Negro families compared to white actually dropped from 57 per cent to 53 per cent. Since 1947, the number of white families living in poverty has decreased 27 per cent, while the number of poor nonwhite families decreased only 3 per cent. The infant mortality of nonwhites in 1940 was 70 per cent greater than whites. In 1962, it was 90 per cent greater. The rate of unemployment for Negroes and whites in 1930 was about the same. In 1965, the Negro rate was twice as high.

President Johnson's statistics reflect something that Negro voters in big cities have realized for years: that present-day politics is a failure for them. Present-day politics in fact has done more than allow conditions to worsen for Negroes; it has encouraged a worsening while telling Negroes (and the nation) things we do not need to hear.

We do not need to know, for instance, that all of the voters of Massachusetts have elected a

Negro senator. What we need to know is that nearly 100,000 Negro Mississippians in 1968 are without jobs, income, food, clothing and shelter. We do not need to know that Alabama has elected a fine Negro sheriff, but we do need to remember that Alabama's white-faced version of Beulah and Tom still rule that state. (I might add that Alabama represents a perfect example of the old saying that politics makes strange bedfellows—except in this case, bedfellows are making strange politics.)

We do not need to know that Negroes can sleep where they never slept, eat where they never ate, and sit in the front of busses that never even used to stop. We do need to know we still cannot work where we now can sleep, we cannot pay the bill at some of the places in which we are now allowed to eat, and we can't get a union job in the factory that makes the bus in which we are now allowed to sit in the front. We all need to know that as the numbers of Negro officeholders increases, so does the number of Negro jobless. We do need to know that as Negroes add their names to the registration lists in the South, their names are struck from the lists of those eligible for a job, a house, an education, or simple welfare relief. We do need to know that while black America slides down a hill that white America is climbing fast, the government of the richest and most powerful nation on earth cannot give the time, money, willingness, or energy to discover a solution to its most pressing problem.

Without conducting a survey, one may be sure that Negroes are not poor and jobless because their family life is in disrepair. That theory simply is the co-opting of a favorite street corner game, the dozens, and requires an answer in kind: we are not poor because of our mamas, but because their mamas and papas have played the dozens with us for more than 300 years.

What can the future hold for the Negro if he chooses to attack his problems with political means? Should the Negro assume that the compromise of 1967 has already been made, and that Lyndon B.

Johnson has repeated Rutherford B. Hayes' surrender to the South? Or should we all not examine what our situation is, discover where we are and where we will be in 10 or 15 years, and begin to behave in a manner calculated to give us the maximum political relief?

We have become, with the rest of America, an urban population. In Washington, D. C., where we cannot elect even a dogcatcher, much less a mayor, we are more than 60 per cent of the population. In Richmond, Nashville, New Orleans, Jacksonville, and Birmingham, Negro populations are more than 40 per cent.

Atlanta will have a Negro majority soon, but like the city fathers in Nashville and Jacksonville and countless other near-black-majority cities, this political potential is being diluted through city-county mergers, removing real power from the Negro bloc until the Negro birth rate catches fast expanding municipal limits. Compton (California), Gary (Indiana), Baltimore, St. Louis, Newark, Detroit, and Trenton will have near majority Negro populations by 1970.

To understand what these figures do not mean, one must understand what life in the ghetto of Newark, or Baltimore, or Trenton must mean in 1968 and in 1970. Dr. Kenneth Clark describes it well: "The dark ghettos are social, political, educational—and above all—economic colonies. Their inhabitants are subject people, victims of the greed, cruelty, insensitivity, guilt, and fear of their masters."

The terms "colony" and "colonized people" then will correctly describe the condition of those millions who even today are deserting the mechanized feudal system of the South for the more highly-mechanized—and more highly segregated, in a sophisticated way—ghettos of the north and west. From the colonies must come a new politics, if politics is to be the method these millions choose.

(We ought to remind ourselves here of the method an earlier colony on these shores adopted to free itself from oppression; that

method was armed rebellion, insurrection, seizure of property, death and destruction—the American way of 1776.)

A look into the past reveals the political prospects of the future:

—A Negro runs for mayor of Gary, Indiana. Eminently qualified, opposing a lackluster political machine operated by hoodlums and thugs, he is rebuffed by his party, accused of injecting racism into the campaign, and forced to raise funds outside of his city.

—A Negro runs for mayor of Cleveland, Ohio. Again he is highly qualified, possesses a record of progress his opponent cannot match, but narrowly wins the general election with only 20 per cent of the white votes.

—A Negro runs for mayor of Memphis, Tennessee. He too is qualified, possessing an admirable record in his state's legislature, but is defeated in the primary when members of his own community decide that what white people have told them for so many years must be correct: Negroes have never done, therefore this Negro cannot do.

—Negroes win several seats in a Southern legislature. The complete refusal of white legislators to extend any cooperation frustrates their every attempt to promote progressive legislation.

—A Negro congressman, with a legislative record of progress and liberalism that wins the praises of two presidents, is caught performing acts that make him appear as a sticky-fingered saint in a den of thieves. A collection of men whose own affairs would, if lightly studied, crumple like paper houses take upon themselves the right heretofore reserved for the electorate alone to decide that this man cannot sit in Congress' hallowed halls.

—A Negro city councilwoman in the enlightened northwest introduces a fair housing bill before her council four times. Each time, her vote is the only one that keeps it from being unanimously defeated. Frustrated, she joins Negro militants in street demonstrations, and is arrested and jailed.

Will these patterns be repeated when Negroes in Shreveport, Oakland, Chattanooga, Camden, Kansas City, and a host of other

cities really flex their political muscles? Will the pattern so familiar to all American Negroes be established: the pattern that gives us Jackie Robinson to hit home runs for all Negroes whose race, not their talent, kept them out; that gives us Ralph Bunche to sit in a position of prominence for all Negroes whose skin, not their lack of intelligence, kept them out; the pattern that gives us Edward Brooke to get elected for all Ne-

groes whose race, not their politics or platform, kept them out?

That pattern is a mixture of the saying that once spelled the difference between race relations North and South: in the North you could get as big as you wanted but not too close, and in the South Negroes could get as close as they wanted but not too big. Today's pattern allows Negroes to push as hard as they

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wish, but does not allow resistance to slacken in proportion to the amount of the demand.

In the Southern part of the U.S., there are experiments being conducted with politics by Negroes. One, in Mississippi, has separated Negroes from the all-white state Democratic party in favor of ties with the national Democratic party. The national party refused in Atlantic City four years ago to accept this gift of Negro votes and Negro favor, and there is some question as to how long the hand of friendship will be extended.

The other experiment is in Lowndes County, Alabama, where independent politics are beginning to have real meaning. The Lowndes County Freedom Organization, known more popularly as the original Black Panther party, has begun hopefully to make a real dent on a political structure that has survived Kissing Jim Folsom and is starting its second dose of Wallaces.

Neither of these two experiments can be expected to be transferred, wholesale, to other Negro communities in other regions of the United States. But both examples do spell out what a popular song has called the theory of "different strokes for different folks." That theory means American Negroes, in spite of their being subjected to the same discriminations and hardships, are different folks. We have our Republicans and Democrats and Independents and too many of our own Facists. We have our communities which apparently have never heard the news of Lincoln's assassination, and have voted Republican since his Presidency, and our communities—North and South—where voting is still "white folks' business."

We have our communities where political gains could be won tomorrow, if we ever got the courage to fight white people as successfully as we fight ourselves. And we have our political leaders who, through frustration or greed, have decided that politics is for them the art of fooling all of the people all of the time.

If a new sort of politics, a black

politics (as offensive as that may be to some Negroes), springs from the active protests and organizing drives of the early sixties, it must be first of all (small "d") democratic. It must extend to every member of the Negro community the opportunity to have a say in who gets what from whom. It must cast its votes in a unit, it must deal with problems on a local, regional, national and international basis, and it must decide that freedoms not enjoyed in Watts or Sunflower County cannot be enjoyed in Westchester County.

A new politics must declare itself in the interests of laboring people, but not become the mistress of organized labor. It must pay as much attention to a street light in a 50-foot alley as it does to national legislation involving millions of people, and international complications involving the future of the world. It must maintain a militance and an aggressiveness that will earn it the respect of those it challenges.

If there are any rules peculiar to Negro participation in politics, they are these:

—That social, economic, educational, political and physical segregation and discrimination fill a very real need for the white majority;

—That appeals to justice and fair play are outmoded and useless when power, financial gain and prestige are at stake;

—That positions of segregation and discrimination will be adhered to until change is forced through coercion, threats, power, or violence;

—That initiative for black political education and organization must come from within the Negro community and must be sustained on a day-by-day basis;

—That the geographical distribution of Negroes makes Negro-white coalitions desirable, but only when based on racial self-interest and genuine equality between the coalescing groups; but

—That racial self-interest, race consciousness and racial solidarity must always be paramount in the deeds and words of the black political animal; when self-interest is forgotten, organized racism will continue to dominate and

frustrate the best organized political actions of any black political unit, and will leave it powerless and defenseless.

Black politics must address itself to solving America's white problem, to developing a new sophistication and consciousness in the black and white communities, and in making democracy safe for the world.

Peaceful protests—and the bloodied heads of anonymous thousands—have won the lunch counter seat, the bus station bench, the integrated toilet, and the vote. The vote and concentrated, united political action can be a tool for further, more meaningful gains—the gains that fill bellies and build homes and schools, but only if we reject the sort of equality that we are winning today. That equality gives us an equal chance to be poor, an equal chance to be unemployed, an equal chance to drop out of school, and a more than equal chance to fight for someone else's freedoms thousands of miles from home.

That equality must be suppressed and replaced with an equality that provides full employment, guarantees incomes, and makes the American nightmare the American dream. Only when we have gotten ourselves together, only when we shall have decided who our enemies are and where the battleground ought to be, only when we know in our hearts we are right and only when we demand that our worse-off are treated as well as white America's best-off will we begin to see whether this system and this method can make a difference in our lives.

If that day does not come, then America will really begin to realize Langston Hughes's prophecy: that dreams deferred do explode. Watts and Newark were like fire-crackers to a hydrogen bomb if the dream is deferred much longer.

For Langston Hughes wrote another poem:

*Negroes
Sweet and gentle,
Soft and kind
Pity the day
They change their mind*

Our Juggernaut seems to roll
by itself over people
but there are really men
who tend the wheels and engine

only a few hours a day
and then jump off and go and play
at home or on the links.
They eat well and drink drinks

and many of them are certainly
much happier than I.
Today one came with even a poem
that he had made in his free time

(though I am ill I am still willing
to correct the writing of the young)
but I would not talk to him about his poem,
I would not talk about a poem, to him.

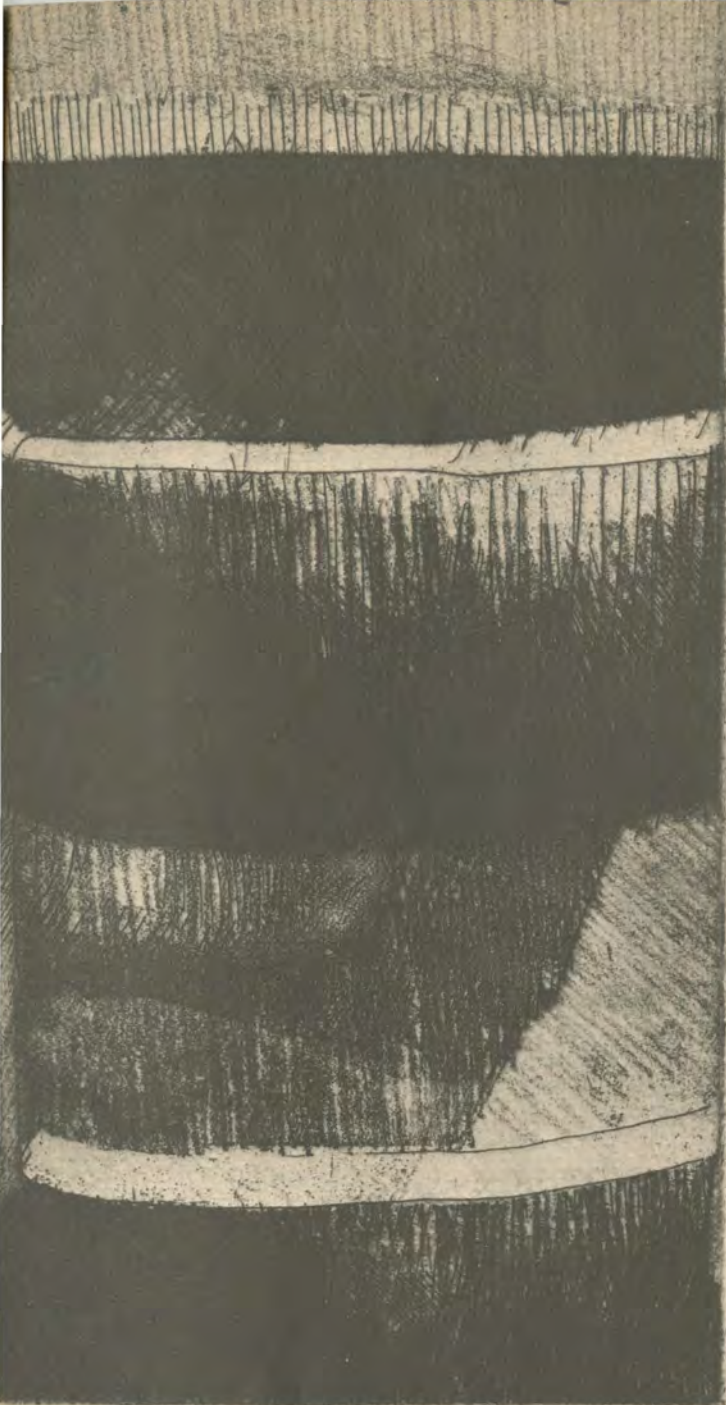
—PAUL GOODMAN



ETCHING: CANS

THE SINS OF COMMISSION

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BILL CREEVY

the
political failure
of the
Kerner Report

By AMITAI ETZIONI

On the face of it, the report of the President's Commission on Civil Disorders should be warmly applauded by any citizen who is concerned with civil rights, social justice, and the welfare of his country. The Commission minces no words in identifying the causes of our malaise, in predicting what awaits us if we do not act swiftly and drastically to cure our social ills, and in challenging dangerously misleading interpretations of last summer's events.

The primary cause of riots, the Commission states in plain English, is "white racism" or, as Tom Wicker puts it in his Introduction to this edition of the report, "White refusal to accept Negroes as human beings, social and economic equals." As for the future, the Commission predicts, "to pursue our present course will involve the continuing polarization of the American community and, ultimately, the destruction of basic democratic values."

The report proclaims that "our nation is moving toward two societies, one black, one white—separate and unequal." Riots are not caused by any conspiracy; they have no one pattern and are not coordinated. Domestic reforms, the Commission suggests, should have top priority in the nation's goals. While Vietnam is discussed only once, and on page 232 at that, it is quite clear which item on our national agenda must be down-graded if the Commission's warnings are to be heeded.

The blue-ribbon Commission's report won wide applause for courageously advocating several sweeping correctives. Two million jobs should be created within three years. Racial desegregation in education should be fought far more vigorously, relying on the arm of the law and on federal rewards to those who comply and financial sanctions against those who do not. Welfare should be greatly extended and to be on a national basis. Six million new housing units should be built within five years. Political leaders should listen more to the ghetto's demands and make room for more participation of ghetto leaders.

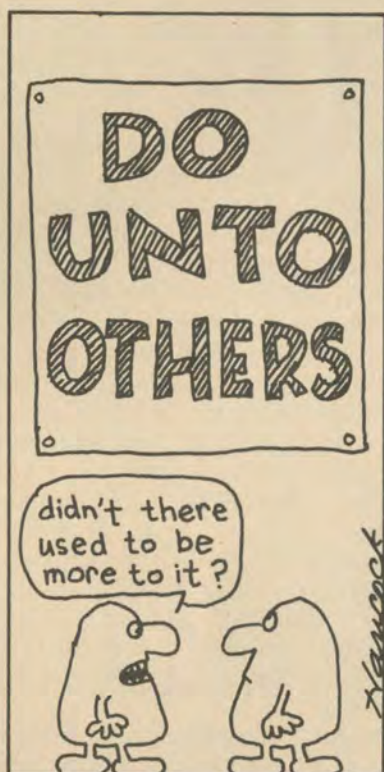
In short, the Commission fully subscribes to the liberal theory of the causes of riots and how these causes may be treated. More employment, education, housing and investment, "participation" are its main remedies. By the same token, the report subscribed to the goals of the Great Society, but obviously it is dissatisfied with the slower than slow pace with which they are being implemented. Typically, it calls for building in five years the amount of housing units President Johnson was asking Congress to help construct within the next ten years.

The Commission deserves at least one more kudo: it correctly interpreted its assignment as basic and not "symptomatic" treatment. Riots are a sign that societal tensions, of which all societies have some, have reached a level with which the normal mechanisms can no longer cope. If the resulting outbreaks are merely suppressed, deeper convulsions are sure to follow; a basic cure is needed.

Finally, in line with the liberal bent of the theory which underlies the whole report, the Commission rejects diagnoses and remedies of the right, the left, as well as of black groupings. It rejects the charge

that the riots were the result of a conspiracy or planned agitation. It already has evoked the ire of the left by not seeing in the riots an "insurrection," the beginning of a revolutionary uprising of the "people." And, by calling for accelerated, effective desegregation (in addition to ghetto "enrichment" programs), it stands opposed to the separatist notions of black nationalists, who advocate their own versions of racist segregation.*

Nevertheless, the Commission failed in its prime mission, to provide an action plan, and achieved little in terms of its secondary assignment: education. Furthermore, its serious defects are not accidental, but constitutional. The report is very likely to remain a pile of 250,000 beautiful words which will generate little corrective action in the foreseeable



future. The road to the hell of conservative *status quo* is paved with heavenly liberal rhetoric.

The Commission probably will have much less effect in educating the public than one would hope—especially in light of the phenomenal sale of the report in the first days after its publication. Prejudice and vested interests rarely give way to paperbacks. The Commission's failure arises from the way it and other similar commissions are set up and operate.

THE PRIME MISSION: A PLAN OF ACTION

The task the Commission failed to carry out is best understood in the historical context in which it was established. The national situation was no longer simply one of contending with a large, underprivileged, discriminated against, increasingly black

under-class; *this* problem has been with us for decades, if not for generations. What the country was facing was a large status group being mobilized into collective action.

The new mobilization is in part due to change in background conditions; e.g., the slow but steady spread of education among Negroes and their gains in organizational skills due to their relatively high participation in World War II and in Vietnam. Mobilization is advanced also by deliberate efforts of a large variety of political organizations, from the moderate Urban League to the extreme Black Nationalists. Sociologists have long ago established that broadly based uprisings occur not among the most deprived and alienated, but typically among groups which have gained a measure of self-organization, often after their conditions have slowly improved at first (causing rising aspirations) and then further improvement is blocked or slowed down.

In the 1964-1966 period the society did much to increase Negro hopes. An unusually liberal Congress (thanks to the anti-Goldwater 1964 landslide) passed a slate of civil rights, anti-poverty, welfare and other domestic reform bills which at the time seemed to initiate the societal transformation for which most Negro-Americans hoped. Much more sweeping than the reforms initiated were the promises made. President Johnson's speeches at the time—at Howard University for instance—detailed in powerful language the cruel injustices that society had inflicted on the Negro. He spoke, on June 5, 1965, of "the right to share, share fully, and equally in American society." This was not enough, he stated. "We seek not just legal equity but human ability. Not just equality as a right and theory but equality as a fact and equality as a result." He concluded: "I pledge you tonight that this will be a chief goal of my Administration and of my program next year and in the years to come."

But numerous other speeches and promises were followed by rather little action on the domestic front. Resources were deflected and the government's attention was increasingly absorbed by the Vietnam War. Despite repeated assertions that the United States is rich enough to have both guns and butter, the country spent more in Saigon alone than in all American cities combined. The war costs now per annum total \$24.5 billion by government estimates, \$32 billion by U.S. Senate sources. The war on poverty is funded at approximately \$2 billion a year.

This was the background for the severest riots the U.S. has known in decades, riots which erupted in Detroit and in Newark in the summer of 1967. The Congress has since cut back those domestic programs which benefit the under-class, including bills aimed at control of rats in slums, welfare for mothers and children, and the Job Corps. Meanwhile, the National Guards have purchased more and heavier arms.

The White House responded to the riots by calling for a national day of prayer and by appointing the Commission on Civil Disorders. As James Reston

* For a keen analysis of these, see Christopher Lasch, "The Trouble with Black Power," a special supplement to the February 29, 1968 issue of the *New York Review of Books*.

pointed out at the time, this was an attempt to handle the politics of the situation rather than the situation itself. Appointing the Commission implied that study was needed before we could act, and thus allowed the political leadership to claim that it was not neglecting the issue, while still in effect doing nothing.

Now the Commission has delivered its report, but—as was expected—there is in it much that is true but very little new in the Commission's analysis and even less in its recommendations. There is no sign that the President, who appointed the Commission presumably to inform himself of what is to be done, intends to implement its major recommendations.

The Commission did not accept a "task force" assignment, that of finding specific programs which could be realistically implemented in 1968 America. The Commission's almost complete disregard of the need for its recommendations to be endorsed and implemented under the present political contingencies can be seen in its failure to provide even a rough estimate of the costs which the programs it advocates would incur, and to indicate from where the needed funds might come.

Various estimates by other sources of the expenditures involved suggest that scores of billions would be required. George Mahon, chairman of the House Appropriations Committee, estimated that "If you really got to tackling this thing, \$100 billion wouldn't go very far." (A small income-supplementation program, much smaller than the one of the Commission advocates as one item on a long list of desired reforms, would cost \$9 billion a year.)

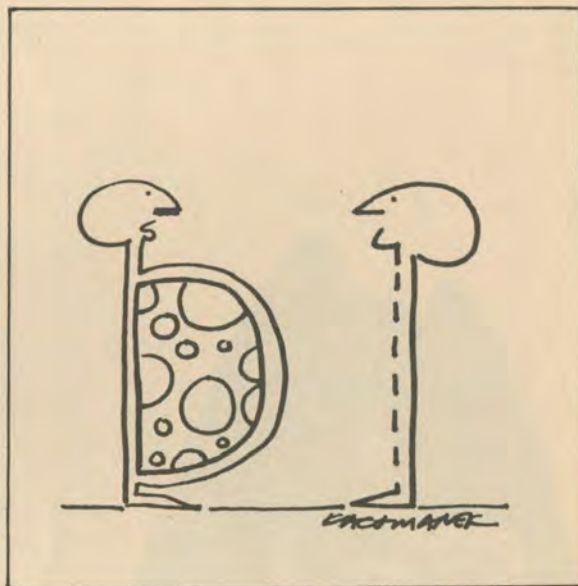
*The entire approach makes sense only if the war in Vietnam is terminated and the funds budgeted for it are fully assigned to the domestic front, or if taxes are raised very substantially. This point the otherwise candid Commission did not make.

The Commission's lack of interest in the ways its recommendations might become public policy also can be seen in the way it formulated its proposals. Anyone concerned with implementation must be willing to formulate a program so as to not merely elicit a swell of applause on Sunday to be ignored on Monday, but in such a way broad political support will be mobilized. I am not suggesting, of course, that the program should be tailored to suit existing misconceptions of opposing vested interests, but that in choice of labels, formulas, and details of the programs will be made in order to accommodate as many "friendly" forces as possible, and win over at the same time some wavering ones.

It may even be necessary to provide some inducements for groups which are less deserving than the Negro or poor, but whose support is essential and cannot be assured otherwise. The Commission shows very little taste for such an approach. Typically, it advocates a version of the negative income tax approach to the relief of poverty and a deprivation approach which is very unpopular with politicians and voters. This is both because it smacks of subsidizing those who do not wish to work and because

it provides income benefits only for the underclass.

The Commission seems not to have even considered an alternative approach—that of family allowance—which is used successfully in Canada, Britain and Scandinavia. This program is built around support for children; it provides some allowances for all children, but particularly helps the poor (including Negroes as well as many of the most die-hard white segregationists). The program effect is slanted in favor of the lower classes even though each child receives the same amount of support because much of the allowance given to the affluent classes is taxed back. The same a-political wishful thinking marks many of the Commission's other recommendations.



Much on earth is hidden from us.

A SECONDARY MISSION: PUBLIC EDUCATION?

The Commission may be said to have deliberately focused on a different mission, one that was not explicitly assigned, but which could be legitimately construed as one of its "latent functions": public education. Its strong rhetoric and sweeping suggestions might be said to have opened the way to more moderate action by alerting people to the need to act, and by making other programs seem less radical. Unfortunately, this is not the case.

People are not swayed, especially on matters which have such deep and age-old emotional roots, by any flurry of headlines, or by reading a 581-page report. A long, thorough, intimate educational drive is necessary; but the Commission has very little to say about ways in which the white community may be enlightened.

The Commission—for a moment at least—perhaps

has rekindled the hopes of the Negro: hopes that the white community will see the true dimensions of the crisis and act accordingly. But by the time these lines are printed, these hopes will have given way to a deepened sense of frustration as the gap between what moderate whites say must be done and what actually is done stands out more sharply than before.

The Commission's report thus is in the same class with the President's great 1964 and 1965 speeches on civil rights. It has deepened the credibility gap. Words do buy some time, but time is now running out. Yet it is but words, and not programs, which will be implemented that are the Commission's main product.

WHY COMMISSIONS FAIL

This outcome is not accidental. Previous commissions have had a similar fate.* Commissions are de-

* Daniel Bell discussed in similar terms the outcome of the work of the National Commission of Technology, Automation and Economic Progress. "Government by Commission," *The Public Interest*, No. 3 (Spring, 1966), pp. 3-9.

signed to paper over gnawing gaps which soon again will be displayed in all their nakedness.

What was needed was a task force of experts, White House aides, and representatives of federal agencies working in closed session (as in the British and Swedish tradition), with clear presidential guidelines, seeking to find the optimal programs that the President and concerned congressmen will support. Strategy must be formulated which would make the new programs as widely acceptable as possible, providing pay-offs were necessary making them tolerable to forces which otherwise would be sure to block them.

Such an approach may be resented by citizens already convinced about the need to act drastically in favor of the under-class. Nevertheless, in a democracy no significant action can be taken (not even a meat packaging or drug pricing bill passed, let alone a multi-billion dollar program on a highly controversial issue) without such political homework. This the Commission did not do and was not equipped to do.

Its members were not the President's confidants or an inter-agency executive task force. The commission's membership was made up of a labor leader, a police chief from Atlanta, a Republican mayor, one civil rights leader, Kentucky's Commissioner of Commerce, an industrialist, an assortment of Congressmen, and a governor. Moreover, as these fine men and women were busily occupied with their own full-time jobs and scores of other civic commitments, they could devote only a small fraction of the short seven months to the task at hand. The ad hoc staff thrown together to assist the Commission was particularly unable to handle tough problems. Key staff members resigned or were fired. The training of many of the others was of an exclusively legal nature. Much of the first research was conducted in a tremendous rush by inexperienced personnel, and was not completed by the time the Commission's report was due.

A Commission like the Kerner one would have been quite useful in legitimating and building consensus around recommendations worked out by an expert and "insider" task force. But no such set of recommendations were available to this Commission, and it is this task force we need now.

Such a body would take as its starting point the initial definition of the situation provided in the Commission's report. It should not raise new hopes; on the contrary, it must make clear that while Negroes deserve much more than the Commission called for, they are likely to get much less as long as the war continues and the conservative half of the country is not enlightened or "paid off."

We are likely to have more riots. In fact, we may need them if there is no other way to alert the country to how desperately far behind it is in attending to the severe social problems in general, and those of Negro-Americans in particular. Unfortunately, riots have more political effects than Anti-Riot Commissions—at least of the kind over which McCone and Kerner presided.

WOODCUT: BIRDMAN



R. O. HODGELL

THE QUESTION, CORTES, IS NOT OF PRINCIPLE

A hundred dreams, and yet that night they slept
up on the hill, where the mosquitoes bit
the Caribbean wind. Next month, they steal
an entire continent, but tonight they lay aside
their swords, thick cotton armor and a scheme
of gold, and sleep with Spanish waves in ears,
with winds from Pyrenees fanning in their hair.
All around that hill, four thousand Indians gather
(so they say), and in the sparkle of first light,
the chant begins, the drums will roll a military
threat no ears can fail to hear in dreams.

The day and night have stopped. The dream alone
remains, stiff as masts before the breeze,
full as sails absorbing all Castilian winds
at once. Now the question's simply one of pause,
how there could be these several hours of quiet
in a storm that shook the bounty from the main.
Now nothing's more severe than one mosquito
who has braved the higher air, a minute
before dawn, in the quiet of the lethal sky, he hums
a hungry tune, settles on an oily neck
and, one moment later, is slapped to death.

—NORMAN MEINKE

SUMMER IS ICUMEN IN

ETCHING: CONRADI

By
Harvey
Cox

Wouldn't it be great if it turned out to be a *cool* summer? If thousands of black people danced happily in the streets of Bedford-Stuyvesant eating watermelon and humming "The Darktown Strutters Ball?" If Thieu and Ky resigned amid terrific unrest in July turning the government over to a regime which immediately asked the Americans to leave Vietnam, and then negotiated a coalition government with the NLF?

If by a series of well-coordinated bloodless coups, guerilla movements in Brazil, Honduras, Guatemala, Argentina, and Colombia took over power from existing governments and immediately instituted massive land reform, kicked out all foreign investors and resigned from the Alliance for Progress? If the Yippies marched from their Festival of Life in Chicago to the Democratic Convention and were greeted by the delegates and police with flowers, bells and beads, with

Dick Gregory and Mayor Daley photographed embracing each other while the Fugs play "Funky Soul Drag"? If Pope Paul, Allen Ginsberg, Mao Tse Tung and U Thant met in a motel at Fort Lauderdale and composed a mantra for peace, sung with a sitar, that immediately became number one on the top forty? If, if, if. . . .

But will it happen that way? I doubt it.

So a few words in absolute earnest to people who are deciding how to spend their summer:

—I think black uprisings in American ghettos are a bad idea, and I despise white people who advocate them. During the last two summers 85 people have died in these uprisings and 84 of them were black. This summer the "kill ratio" could be worse. White advocates of black violence are engaging in the worst sort of tommying. Self-defense is one thing. Taking on a well-equipped



and trigger-happy National Guard with homemade molotov cocktails is another. We honkies have been giving black people advice, most of it bad, long enough. If black people living in a ghetto want to stage an uprising then there is not a damn thing I can do to stop it, but at least I am not going to *urge* it. I wouldn't urge anyone to immolate himself.

—The political infighting in the weeks between the writing of this page and the publishing of same will be fierce. My hope is not centered on any particular candidate, though I favor Bobby Kennedy at the moment—mainly because I despise Nixon and LBJ and I'm afraid with McCarthy in the White House I'd have to join the Establishment. No, I hope the struggle *does* break up the existing parties (which it may) and force the emergence of a coalition of progressive groups, including the poor, the black, the student radicals, the grape pickers, the welfare mothers, etc. into a wholesome and radical political reality in America.

My information is that the police in Chicago are not going to screw around with demonstrators, black power, flower power, or anything else. They're going to shoot to kill. It won't be the nice restrained thing that happened at the Pentagon. With Mayor Daley it's a question of Irish *machismo* and his reputation for being able to handle his own city. So if you plan to raise hell in Chicago this summer you'd better write your will, get the last rites of the church, or hand in your library card—whatever you do before crossing over Jordan. I'm not kidding.

—Finally, let's not get completely uptight about one short summer. Let's not forget to ask what we'll do in September, and in May of '69, and in the seventies. Remaking America and winning back our right to look the world in the face will be a long job . . . whatever happens in the summer of '68.

A Birthday Card for Ho Chi Minh

May 19, 1968

bold lines of revision etched
beneath your eyes like battlescars
can never hide your american dream
that lingers despite the alarm
exploding every morning closer to your ear

to stand alone as a virgin
wailing with the wind on a flowered mountain
to dance unchained on the land
green again that gave you birth

your eyes like burning ghettos crackle
curses at men who use the torch
of your dream to ravish your earth
less now like your birth-land than the broken
home of your tombstone

the trenches across your face
reflect it
 only your tattered beard
hangs still like the last
pale stripe of a war-torn flag

—G. P. SKRATZ

SEPARATING HOPES FROM ILLUSIONS

BY
RICHARD
SHAULL



WOODCUT

PRAPAN SRISOUTA

The present moment is characterized by a growing sense of deepening crisis, broken from time to time by events which lead us to think that our established institutions will respond to the challenge before them. The beginning of political wisdom is the abandonment of such illusions. The Kerner Report will not be implemented. The success of Kennedy or McCarthy in the next months is not likely to get at what is wrong with our political institutions. And even if by some miracle we were able to withdraw from Vietnam, our policy toward the nations of the Third World would still be headed for disaster.

The loss of these illusions need not lead to despair; it can be the one way by which we can discover that history has not ended, that our hope lies in moving toward the future as we create new models for a new society. We

have arrived at a point where the development of new institutions and new structures is not something utopian; it is the *one thing necessary* for survival: the creation of new forms of primary social organizations in which men are set free to shape their future; new political institutions that can deal with the problems we now face in a dynamic society; a greater degree of economic rationality; and new forms of relationship between those who have power and the victims of internal and external colonialism.

This is, of course, a big order. It means nothing less than the creation of new structures in the midst of the old order, the reshaping of our society from the bottom up. And this task must be undertaken in the recognition that the old order, which cannot solve its most pressing problems, nevertheless has extraordinary power to

control the situation and suppress all attempts to bring about fundamental changes. In this context, can anything really be done that aims at the creation of a new society without providing the Establishment with an excuse for the sort of early repression that could long delay the whole process? Only the future will provide an answer to that question. At this moment, we have the opportunity to work, in an intense and disciplined way, at three urgent tasks:

1. Wherever we are, we can experiment in the formation of communities of free men and women who develop a new, independent self-identity over against the system, and set about doing their "thing." This is our most fundamental task; wherever it succeeds, it creates an explosive force for the future within the old order,

whether it be an experimental college, or some other type of radical community.

2. Our major political effort should focus on the creation of new pressure groups that can play a new political game by a new set of rules, and thus bring pressures for change at strategic points. These isolated changes, in themselves, will mean very little; when they are related to a radical analysis and a revolutionary strategy, each small victory may become the occasion for a new advance.

3. In a situation in which many people are perplexed and raising serious questions about what is

happening around them, we can create parabolic events which reveal what is wrong in our society, suggest new possibilities and confront others with the necessity of personal decision. Acts of protest about and resistance to the war, as well as many other forms of protest and action, have their place in such a strategy.

The frustrated defenders of the *status quo* are going to try to rely more and more on control and repression to accomplish their ends. As this trend can be stopped only if the threat to the old order disappears, we do not have that option. But by our

actions in the months ahead, we may help to determine how fast this process will move.

I am convinced that many of those in positions of power would like nothing better than an occasion for early repression; while those who are engaged in a revolutionary struggle need as much time as they can possibly get to build a radical political base and encourage other people to work through to a radical position. In this situation, irrational acts of terrorism or unprovoked violence will only complicate our task without contributing anything significant to changing the system under which we live.

WOODCUT



PRAPAN SRISOUTA

INDEMNITY

Two stopped at the tree
but he walked out of it,
out of the gauzes and linen,
catheters and tubes
to wear corduroy trousers,
wide yellow belts and
bright paisley shirts
as if style had kept
his place among the living.
They sheath his frame
as he puts footsteps down
like original investments.
The sure grip of the floor
is a reprieve; familiar
voices, sounds on loan.
The daily loaf of breath
broken among friends
puts a lump in the throat,
makes the eye glitter
with better vision. Two
soft lines from scalp
to eyebrow show how the skull
fell open like a gourd
but healed. His voice
runs around the edge
of all he doesn't say
like a mouse lost
in the wax paper
of a cracker box.
For standing up
he got three thousand
five hundred cash and bought
a new bronze Charger
for two thousand down.

—JAMES NEYLON

LETTER TO

A

FAT LIBERAL



By WILLIAM AIKEN

Dear Daddy:

I am sending this to you in earnest of love. We cannot always love, but we can make earnest for it, explain our indigence, map out our hollows. So, if my letter doesn't stiffen into rhetoric, it will be something like love.

Where were you, Daddy, when the riots started, and black girls were beaten in the streets? Did you care for them only with your liberal mind, that understands tricky alternatives? Did you turn from the cities, as the French advise, to manicure your own suburban hedge? Or did you wait for a change of heart in the nation, as the English recommend, and thus help to preserve the *status quo*? Oh, I know, you cursed the times, the age, the fact that inequality persists, but you knuckled under, didn't you, you good daddy, you knuckled under with your ignorance.

Where were you when the kids began to grow their hair? When they stopped to get the bottles off the streets, did you drive by? When hippies stooped by the roadside, did you think of the horrors of Capote's latest novel, and drive by? A little godless, was it not, or have you raised for yourself a new authority in New York?

When the nation bombed Vietnam you thought of buying books to clarify the subject, and on afternoons, as the leaves changed, you listened to the Sox. You felt the war was wrong, you knew the people had been duped, the senators bribed by their own interests, the tax money misspent on murder

and immolation, three-fourths of the nation, including you, languishing because of their failure to act like free men—but the risks were too great. Who would protect the home? Who would care for wife and child? Who would take up your slack? And so you knuckled under to your cynicism, believing hearts are ciphers, that men are not stirred by mercy, that you were the only one in the world who had the compassion to care for widow and orphan. You knuckled under, limiting the area of protest to your own skull. And that was your alibi. The alibi for death and dullness, for insensitivity and lack of elan, for joylessness and being turned off. The young were gay but the old had duties, duties to the family, duties to maintain the high-water mark in a flood of comforts.

Oh, but Daddy, how I loved you, how I wanted your eyes to rest on me! Why did they always slide away to packs of cigarettes and little glasses, tennis rackets and coffee cups, newspapers and weather reports, bottles and beauty pageants? Wasn't I ever more to you than that college of junk? Couldn't you tell junk when you saw it?

Oh, but you were my daddy, my big daddy. Remember how I romped on your neck and sang you songs? And how I held your hand? But it was not for fear of the world I held it. I think it must have been for fear of you. For where else did you ever touch reality? Where else did you have the proof of being human and responsible for something? On other

occasions you surrendered to expedience, opted for quick, measurable comforts. Where else did you—my beloved big daddy—ever feel free, ever feel safe, but in my hand?

Come home, you say now, come home, little darling. But home for you was a lawn and a fence and a car in the drive and a chair where you drank martinis, and intimations of smoother days to come. And I wasn't interested in that. I was interested in love. And I read of love in a book you have on your shelves. And then I learned of love. Not your kind, but a love that wants nothing in return. I learned that to be human is to suffer, because love suffers. And that the end of life is not to circle joys and cross out pains, like a game of tic-tac-toe you play against yourself, but love is to walk into the world and allow it to embrace you, or to surround and threaten you with its most distinct might, and you dance with that world and you die with that world. But Daddy, you stayed home.

Was it impatience that taught you to imagine finer Aprils, never noticing how each moment swells with its own birth, blinds with its own brightness. Could you never see each hour is its own argument against surrender and sulk, against finding less in it than lies there? Dawns break and you say "one's soon exhausted with amenities"; the night is fine and you draw down the shades.

You see, you didn't believe. You just dreamed of Parises that never were, of idylls never acted in any world that was or is. Or if you believed, you believed in a way that would depress even saints.

The squeak you raised to God, the shift of your eyes away from glad encounters, stirring times. For you there was always the budget, always the bland encounter. What a trap they set for you on Fridays.

You see, Daddy, if you had had a modicum of faith, I could have believed. If you had shown affection twice a week, I could have loved. If you had saved some shred of awe for Jefferson or Lincoln, I could have been a patriot. If you had had faith to live, I would have faith to die and to endure the other deaths, secure in the solidity of my past, in the efflorescence of some heritage. But you left me a legacy of air and old saws. And now, when I want to defend you my mouth is full of gravel, and I reach down my guitar to sing myself silly songs: "Oh, daddy, big daddy, touch my ugly hair, the soul's tight closets cry for air; oh, daddy, big daddy, bless my ugly feet, while hearts grow hair, the streams run sweet."

Oh, Daddy—you wonder, you dreamer—you never could behave, and so in earnest of love I give you up, sending you this. I was your fuzzy, your blanket corner, your bunny ear. But now I'm grown up and worn out as a fuzzy; the smoothness is all gone. You ask for judgment from me, as though I were a god. But I am not majestic. It's just that my eyes are flat and clear, and I only know that life's too short not to do what you believe in. And so I give you up, big daddy, you can forget me now. Live on, big daddy, you have your lawns and gin. And I, I have a memory of you and a silly passion to be among the last to slander Hector and Christ.

DRAWING

WARRINGTON COLESCOTT



LA FIESTA DI SAN GIUWAN IN CIUADELA

If amidst the crowd of walking and leaping people and
prancing and leaping horses
and balloons held and those let go into the disappearing
and reappearing sky
and children desiring or not, let go or not, amidst
flirtations, dreams, laziness, a kiss,
friendships meeting, girls hoping, boys growing,
grandparents trying to be Content, the Sun,
the Moon, the seasons, breezes from all around the
island,
one horse leaps higher than the others
Know
that you are the
Rider and the Leaper and the Earth
and the Sky
with all its Fiestas.

—JOHN TAGLIABUE



PHOTOGRAPH

JOHN MAST

HOW TO DODGE THE DRAFT IN CANADA

By V. P. CHERNIK

Draft-age immigrants to Canada can now obtain a 132-page manual giving them information about Canadian jobs and school opportunities, housing, climate, politics, and culture.

The soft-cover book is a major bid to encourage Americans to evade the draft. Some 5,000 copies of the book have already been sent by the Toronto Anti-draft Programme.

There are many services offered: a youth hostel for draft evaders with a sleeping capacity of 17, with an additional hostel equipped for 35 persons on its way; a list of 200 residents of Toronto offering shelter and food to draft dodgers until they are able to get a job and find their own lodging; a list of earlier dodgers whom newcomers may call for advice and help; the address of an employment service specializing in jobs for dodgers.

The job situation is one of the biggest problems. Students often may find themselves over-qualified for the positions available, such as shipping clerks or hospital orderlies. Examples of 24-year-old college graduates work-

ing as restaurant cooks at \$1.65 an hour are many, but white collar work is becoming more and more available. Teaching jobs also are opening.

Draft resisters (this is what the Programme calls them) are eligible for cash grants if they are without funds when arriving in Canada.

All of these activities are coordinated by the Programme's headquarters located in a cramped two-room office at 2279 Yonge Street, Toronto. The director is a 21-year-old resister from New York, Mark I. Satin. He dropped out of Harpur College in Binghamton, N.Y., and came to Canada in February 1967. He has ignored all notices to report for physical examinations and induction.

There is no shortage of funds, according to Satin. Contributions come primarily from organizations and church groups in Canada. A very minor part of the income comes from the United States, and none at all from political organizations. Contributions are estimated to total about \$20,000 a year.

The 5,000 copies of the manual for prospective immigrants have only been sent to individuals and groups requesting it. Neither the manual nor the Anti-Draft Program attempts to "recruit" draft-dodgers.

The introduction points out that "immigration is not the best choice for everyone and this pamphlet does not take sides." However, much of the material in the manual implies that there is a moral responsibility involved and that he who accepts conscription is shirking that responsibility.

"The toughest problem a draft resister faces is not how to immigrate but whether he really wants to. And only you can answer that question. For yourself. That's what Nuremburg was all about."

Canada is pictured in the manual as a "good country." Living conditions and costs are well itemized, and the prospect for the future of an immigrant looks promising.

The manual stresses that each person must decide for himself and that he must assume that he will never be able to return to the United States.



THE LINE AND THE WEB

Siegfried Giedion, *Space, Time, and Architecture*. Harvard University Press (1967), 953 pp., \$17.50. Fifth Edition, revised and enlarged.

George Rickey, *Constructivism*. Braziller (1967), 305 pp., \$15.00.

The basic issue for theology in our day is the organization of space.

In philosophical debate the man who succeeds in defining the question wins the argument. Questions presuppose certain possibilities among answers. To define the question is, therefore, to restrict the possible answers to a chosen few by restricting the terms of discourse within which the answer might be sought.

In modern thought, the problem goes much deeper: victory will go not to the one who determines the form of the question but rather to the one who will determine what language the question can be asked in.

For the first time in our history, perhaps the first time in human history, man is able to think consciously in more than one language. Not to *think* in more than one language because men have always done that and the discovery of that is part of the modern achievement. Rather it is to be *conscious* of the fact that other modes of expression are true languages, that in their own mode they analyze and synthesize, organize their elements into

coherent and intelligible structures that can be apprehended within the mode of communication. They do not break down into the self-sufficient elements of the verbal language or adapt to so many issues with so great precision and this differentiates these languages from the verbal, but does not deny their status as languages. In this distinction it is vital to remember that the differences of structure and attention mean that their issues are different; they are languages and, just as with the verbal language, their elements and their structural principles determine what problems they address themselves to and what they can "say" about those problems.

Thus in our day, theology is no longer the sole prerogative of the language of words but is a function of other languages as well. The discovery of this fact has led to the discovery of something else: prior to the determination of verbal proposition is the organization of man's image of himself in physical relation to the cosmos.

Theology has been built on the framework of a vertical-horizontal grid: God is "up there," existence is ordered hierarchically under God and the church is hierarchically organized within the larger verticality (this is as true of Protestant churches as of Catholic; it annoys them to have it pointed out but church officers are given to the use of such images as "the church from top to bottom." All plans for church union known to me are essentially rearrangements of the bureaucratic furniture within this

vertical order). At the same time thought is sequential and causal; logic is linear and horizontal, excluding experiences that lie outside the pattern.

These are not matters that are open to debate for they are the conditions within which debate is conducted. They constitute the very structure and ordering of thought, the image of cosmic order that determined the structure of theological thought. When God ceased to be "up there," he became for Paul Tillich the "ground of being." It was a courageous attempt to save the vertical grid by putting God on the other end of the pole, but the time was past when it would work. Younger theologians, more resonant to a new image of things, could begin to see the web rather than the vertical line but they could not escape their training. God is unthinkable to them on any model other than the vertical. Since the vertical is dead, then God is dead.

Thus the shape of theology begins to look somewhat different. It is this shape that must now be attended to.

With this end in mind, I have been asked to comment on three books. The books concern themselves with space, with time, with architecture, with a particular mode of making a work of art. Well and good. I am a scholar of sorts, whose days are largely spent between the classroom and my study. These are matters of my professional concern aptly subject to learned reflection.

But I was asked, not by a learned journal but by *motive*—and *motive* is a journal of distinctive personality and concern with a varied but distinctive audience and these books are hardly ones to nourish the passion or excite the concerns of *motive*'s readers. I write under the immediate impact of the latest issue which in several voices forbids me to do what I appear to be doing. Can the poet permit himself to finish his poem when human beings are being destroyed: Is a scholar who pursues his scholarship acting, by default, as an agent of the system which is so remorselessly corrupting the public morality?

* This is not an easy question to answer but it is a necessary question to answer if there is to be any justification for discussing the modes of organizing space while millions of people are being ground into humane insensibility. When Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr. was asked why he went so eagerly to fight in the Civil War he replied (I quote from memory but I think with reasonable accuracy), "A man must be involved in the action and passion of his time on pain of being judged not to have lived."

What, then, is the solution? To construct some artificial bridge between the private concerns of aesthetic composition and the passion of our day? Or, on the other hand, would *motive*'s readers welcome a time out of war, some surcease from the clamorous voices of passionate concern while contemplating the involvements that might be possible in a world still to be hoped for?

Or, on still another hand, perhaps this is not the right way to pose the question; perhaps the split between scholarly theory and revolutionary practice is not quite so great as the activists suggest: after all, most successful revolutions began with some theorist obscurely writing a book. Again, it may not be quite so clear that the basic issues of social revolution are those best defined by the picket line.

In short, some of the most pressing issues of our day—not "basic" presuppositional issues, but violence, war, sex, drugs—are not best handled by social and economic revolution but they are problems in space and images of space. If this statement is true, as I believe it is, the revolutionary activists are imprisoned in an outworn rhetoric and certain retiring scholars and artists, working

in the obscurity of their studies and studios, are the true revolutionaries.

In his remarkable book, *The Hidden Dimension*, Edward Hall reports experiments with a certain kind of Norwegian rat. This interesting rodent has a clearly defined life style. Territorial rights are orderly, disputes are settled by recognized procedures, mating is monogamous and conducted according to an established and attractive ritual (The female flees into her burrow, then puts her head back out to watch the male execute his mating dance. When he is finished she comes out of her burrow for the actual mating). If, however, the available space is reduced below a certain point the whole social order collapses. Some become apathetic ("drop-out"), some become brutally aggressive. The disorder is particularly dramatic in their sex life. Some become impotent. Some become homosexual. Some become voracious. The ritual breaks down completely and the male now pursues the female into her burrow which he no longer respects as uniquely hers (an interesting commentary on the current agitation among students for open dormitory rooms). Monogamy breaks down and often several males will use a single female till she is exhausted or dead. Some withdraw from all forms of social behavior and go abroad only at night.

Granted we aren't rats (we are, apparently, hairless apes instead) but, taken with the flood of similar evidence, the parallel is too close to be other than disturbing. Is the "relevant" theologian quite so relevant in his ingenious defense of homosexuality if the condition is in no sense "natural" but a product of violated space? Should we so quickly assume that Franz Fanon is the voice of the theological future if, in fact, violence is not a necessary good but the response of the nervous system to offenses against its spatial order?

The suggested implications are too simple; we will live with violated space for a long time before we bring a new order into being so the theologian of ethics or social revolution will have ample work to do. But he should do it, knowing that he is working with symptoms and not causes. Not he but a group of diverse scholars is defining the true issues of the time.

Usually without any awareness that they are talking theology at all these men are defining the issues and working out the vocabulary of the only theology that matters at this particular time. That may prove to be an exaggerated statement, but when a culture faces the breakdown of the image of man which once determined its theologies it is not possible to reconstruct theology in a vacuum; it will be generated out of the new image of man that emerges out of the new conditions.

The books I am considering here differ in both weight and direction but they join in defining this image of man that is so necessary for any advance in theology. George Rickey's study of Constructivism is perhaps the least immediately relevant. It is, rather, conditioned on the revolution described in Giedion's book but it is very much relevant in those terms. It is in good part a chronicle of the development of the constructivist movement, chronicle rather than history since much of the book contains little more than a single photograph of an artist's work and a sentence or two about what he was trying to do. Thus is individuality lost in a flood of individuals for there is too little of each man to serve to define him very fully. Yet the definitions are useful as starting points for the more detailed study of a particular artist. Cumulatively these brief definitions, coupled with the expert summaries of formal principles that begin the chapters, make a very sensitive picture of the movement.

The movement itself, is one of the major achievements

of the modern sensibility. This is one of the basic languages of the modern imagination and the book carefully defines the modes of that language. The spatial revolution has received one of its important definitions in constructivism and, with a systematic and orderly thought popularly associated only with science, the definition has been pursued very nearly to its limits.

One is reminded of Edward Hall's study in the psychology of space, *The Hidden Dimension* (Doubleday, 1966). Hall is an anthropologist, not an art historian or artist, so he is only partially concerned with the shape of spaces but primarily with the modes and extent of space needed by various species, particularly men. Every group of persons has a clearly defined picture of spaces appropriate to a particular relation, intimate, informal, formal, etc. To act in the inappropriate spatial relation is to be very offensive. Unhappily for international relations the close definition of these distances is cultural, not generally human, and the possibilities of offense are legion; a friendly distance for an Arab is much closer than it is for an American. Therefore the Arab keeps moving closer and the American keeps moving away. The Arab thinks the American is cold and unfriendly, the American thinks the Arab is pushy.

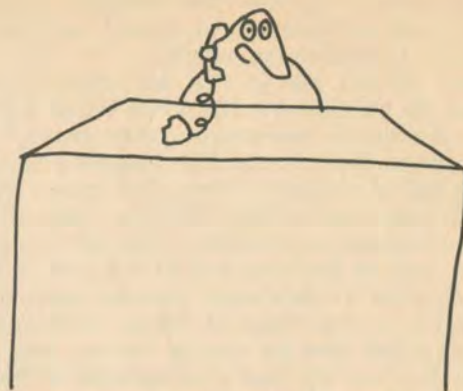
These differences extend to the image of space in a wider sense. Where Westerners visualize cities as a network of lines and thus name streets, Japanese visualize the city as an arrangement of radiant points and thus name intersections, to the vast confusion of American motorists.

These problems are very real ones for international understanding (and I am glad to know that Professor Hall has worked extensively with government agencies) but this is not the main point of his book for our immediate purposes. The point is the absolute psychological necessity, the intricate and inescapable involvement of our mind, our emotions with our image of space.

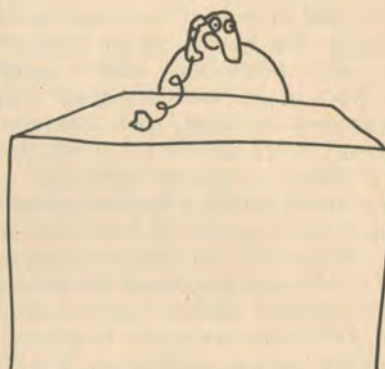
This returns us to spatial images as a mode of thought. Here is where the work of Siegfried Giedion is not simply the occasion but in all treatments of the subject, the indispensable starting point. The immediate concern is *Space, Time, and Architecture*, but for our purposes here this book must be seen as Volume Three (although the first published) of a three volume work. The other two are *The Eternal Present: The Beginnings of Art* (1962) and *The Eternal Present: The Beginnings of Architecture* (1964).

To review *Space, Time, and Architecture* (first published in 1941) is a little like going home to find one's parents twenty-five years younger. Few professionals have had their view of architecture unaffected by the book; most of us have nourished ourselves on it. This is dangerous; how can I judge a book that helped shape the only intellectual instruments I have to judge it with? It is a great book and its greatness has been enhanced by the addition of material on the last twenty-five years. Giedion's heroes remain Wright, Gropius, Mies, Le Corbusier, and Aalto. He has added sections on their later work. Only Jørn Utzon has made it into that Pantheon although a few other contemporary architects are discussed, particularly in connection with city planning. The great chapters of the earlier work are still there: the city and church spaces of the late Baroque, the iron work of the nineteenth century, the bridges of Maillart, American tools and the balloon frame houses, the exhilarating (if sometimes questionable) parallels between architecture and painting.

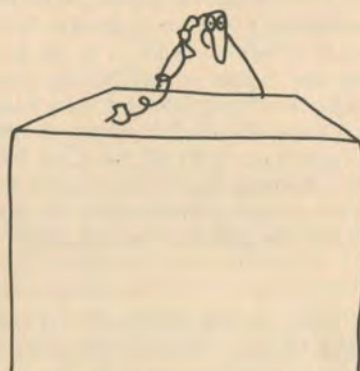
There is still the exasperating organization of the greatest ideas. The book is encyclopedic in scope for its chosen subjects. Every point is carefully prepared, care-



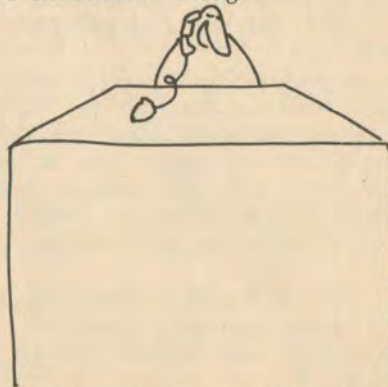
"Mr. Premier, this is the President of the United States."



"One of our planes accidentally got through the Fail Safe zone and is heading for the U.S.S.R."



"In order to prevent a nuclear disaster, our side must compensate for the destruction wrought."



"At the precise moment that Moscow is decimated, we will blow up Disneyland."

fully demonstrated in a mild, precise scholarly prose. Periodically there appears a paragraph or half a page summary and conclusion of the most extraordinary importance for theology.

This importance is best seen by treating the three volumes as a unit. After mastering so complex a field as modern architecture and city planning and at an age when most men are thinking of retiring, Giedion mastered two other highly complex bodies of material—prehistoric cave painting and sculpture and ancient Mediterranean architecture. It is here that the essential spatial principles appear most clearly, and most clearly demonstrate the theological importance of *Space, Time and Architecture*.

In the first volume of *The Eternal Present* Giedion has transformed our easy ideas of prehistoric cave painting. In them, animals appear at random over the surface, unrelated to a base line or to a principle of proportion or mutual relation. In numberless survey courses the conclusion has been reached that prehistoric man had no principle of composition. So imperious is our own image of order—for it appears that the principle of composition is there. It simply differs from ours but it differs drastically. There is no dominant direction to which all things must imperiously be related. Space radiates in an infinite web linking man and animals in an endless unfocused harmony. The world is seen without thinking of myself in the center, things are not meaningful by virtue of their relation to me. "Primeval man remained enveloped in a marvelous unit of existence that embraced both the sacred and the profane." No one direction has authority. Nature and man are one.

This is only part of a very rich book but a vital part. Volume II records the great revolutions. With the pyramid and the ziggurat, verticality became dominant. Life becomes organized, hierarchical. The city is born; systematic thought is born.

Again, great riches are being ignored but the essential thought is developing. "Volume III," *Space, Time and Architecture*, marks the next great revolution. Man turned from prehistory to civilization with the invention of the vertical. *Space, Time and Architecture* chronicles the slow dissolution of the dominance of the vertical. What began in the transparent space frames of the nineteenth century, developed in the floating planes of cubism and earlier twentieth century architecture, culminated (outside the concerns of this book) in the completely non-directional quality of post-war American painting. Thought is no longer on the hierarchical pattern. Thought and emotion reach out in the interweaving web. Inherited structures of authority weaken. Power no longer works in its orderly hierarchy—the two most powerful nations in history are incessantly plagued by nations only a fraction of their size. Neither poor people nor black people any longer accept their appointed place in the order of things.

The church blindly asserting its ancient imagery becomes less and less relevant.

Some of the conclusions I reach are mine but Giedion's concern is a moral concern, even a passionately moral concern. Man's space conception is basic to his thought; man's greatest problem is the split between thought and feeling. Architecture, including the shape of cities, makes men what they are.

Rickey's book has no such moral emphasis explicitly but it is nonetheless relevant. It is a very useful book as a comprehensive survey of some important and otherwise inaccessible material. For present purposes it is important even though it is quite conceivable that the author would be quite puzzled about the use of it in this context. It is relevant and important as the systematic

account of the vocabulary and syntax of one of the fundamental languages of the modern revolution.

Rickey makes no theoretical defense at all; the importance of his subject he takes for granted as, indeed, he should. Thus the foundation of his work is in Giedion's books. In presenting the transformation in our image of space, Giedion presents the transformation of the old artistic language into the new, thus a new way of relating ourselves to the world. Rickey's book is a skillful and very precise definition of one mode of that new relation. Constructivism is, perhaps, second only to cubism as a force in the modern visual intelligence. It was a long time in the doldrums after its early great days but it is currently becoming again one of the most important modes of visual speech.

The question is now, what do we do with this speech? Enjoy it, of course, and learn what the artist is doing with it for he has much to teach or communicate about the structure of space, the interaction of form and color, etc. But I deliberately chose to cast this discussion in the context of theology. Does this mean we should be prepared to discuss theology in this language?

In any specific sense, no. No one at the moment would have any idea how to go about it or how to redefine the theological issues to make them approachable in this language. Nevertheless, we do learn from this language that we cannot go on using the old language of theology, built on a model of space that has long since been discarded. In learning that, we learn a great deal more about this odd creature whose psychology is less fixed by dogmas and propositions than it is by the shape of his space, whose problems are not resolved by juggling old or new ideas in the same structural patterns (The "radical" theologians are just as confident of the authority of the ancient logical patterns as the old guard they want to replace). If we learn the language and learn who is using such languages we might learn how to make our affirmations formally and spatially rather than just verbally.

—JOHN W. DIXON, JR.



REMEMBER WHERE WE CAME FROM

Tim Hall, *Poems*. Outpost Press, 48 pp., \$1.

Poetry in America has rarely been more than the private sanctuary of a sensitive but alienated intelligentsia. Poems are private and personal, their language magical and uncommon. Few American poets have been aware of a national psyche operating outside their own egos, even as that psyche swallowed and battered themselves and their brethren. An indictment has long been due: Pablo Neruda, the Chilean poet, delivered perhaps the best in his poem "Los Poetas Celestes" (The Celestial Poets):

*What has it come to, you Gideans,
Rilkeans, intellect-mongers,
obscurantists, false
existential witch doctors, surrealist
butterflies ablaze
on the carrion, you up-to-the-minute*

continental cadavers,
green grubs in the cheeses
of Capital—what did you do
in the kingdoms of agony
and their vexed acquiescence,
heads drowned
in the offal, the harrowed
quitescence of life trampled under?

Furrows the brow.
Even rage against injustice
Makes the voice harsh. Oh, we
Who wished to make all men comrades
Could not ourselves be friends.
(trans., Austin)

After the thousands of poetry readings against the war, after the librarians claim that not one pro-Johnson, pro-war poem has yet been written, the indictment seems unfair. Poem after poem in Walter Lowenfels' collection, *Where is Vietnam?*, cries out against the horror of the war. But though these poems are brave public statements, they lack political energy. Though they name the horror of the war, they do not name its source. Though they name its protagonists, they name neither its antagonists, nor their task. What counts in political poetry is altering the angle of vision, deepening our awareness not only of ourselves but of ourselves in relation to those with whom we share a common world and a common task. The seemingly political poems of Ginsburg, Ferlinghetti, and Edward Field, written in the 50's, only splatter a political vocabulary through personal poems. Solidarity to our poets has meant more a common revulsion (the war, society, etc.) than a common task (changing things).

When Robert Bly, writing in *The Nation* last spring, predicted the emergence of political poetry in America, he saw it coming from our younger poets. Bly's claim was validated; the poetry has begun to appear—thanks largely to the outlet provided by the underground press—but much of it was merely personal poetry in disguise. The young poets, after all, lacked American models: one can think of few (if any) since Walt Whitman wrote "To the States" ("Then I will sleep awhile yet, for I see that these States sleep, for reasons. . ."). So they looked elsewhere, particularly to the two greatest political poets of the century, Pablo Neruda and Bertolt Brecht.

Both Neruda and Brecht were children of revolutionary struggles, men whose lives were entangled in the psychic landscapes of nations of "agony." Neruda, living in Spain at the outbreak of the Civil War, tells those who asked why there "are no lilacs (in my poems)" in *Explico Algunas Cosas* (I explain some things):

Would you know why his poems
never mention the soil or the leaves,
the gigantic volcanoes of the country that bore him?

Come and see the blood in the streets,
come see
the blood in the streets,
come see the blood
in the streets!

(trans., Ben Belitt)

Brecht wrote during the 1920's in Germany, in the midst of a struggle for power between the Nazis and a socialist-communist coalition. His poem, "To Posterity," one of the greatest political poems ever written, deepens the understanding of that revolutionary struggle and the men who made it:

For we went, changing our country
More often than our shoes,
Through the class-war, only despairing
When injustice met no resistance.
So we know all too well:
Even the hatred of poverty

As with Brecht and Neruda, we should expect that our new political poets would be children of our present struggles. It is now seven years since the first freedom rides signaled the beginning of the Movement and called us to it. Tim Hall is one of the young poets who responded. After 4 years of Movement work, he recently published his first book of poetry, *Poems*. His call to us is that of the Movement itself; the hallmarks are solidarity and uniqueness.

Come here, my friends,
We have something to do together.
What we do will be our own
and we will do it when we want to do it.

In language, bare and simple, like that of Robert Frost's "Pasture," Hall names our task and asks us to join him. Frost's task was to "rake the leaves away" and "watch the water clear." The leaves are the dead myths in our lives; for Frost they are mostly in our individual minds, and each of us can clear them. For Hall the myths are in a common world, and to clear them requires common effort. On the cover of Hall's book is Brecht's epigram, "One man is no man." It is both a lesson of the decade and a lesson of the Movement.

Not only do we share a common task, most of us share a common history, shaped by the movement of the sixties. Places like Jackson, Selma, Birmingham, Washington, Berkeley, the campus, New York, suggest the shape that history took. Somewhere along the line each of us came in, translating sympathy into marching legs into community and political work and new styles of life. Hall's history is typical of many of us. A student at Cornell from 1960-64, he was an outstanding poet and editor of the *Trojan Horse*, a monthly literary magazine. In 1963 he went to Fayette County, Tennessee, to work on a voter-registration project with other Cornellians. (See *Step by Step*, by Douglas Dowd and Mary Nichols, Norton Press.) After graduation he returned to Fayette County, then on to Selma, before the march, working with SNCC. Then north, to Detroit and Cleveland to the Delano march of the migrant workers, from the Black movement to the white movement, to anti-war work and a growing commitment to a long term revolutionary struggle for social change. Hall currently heads the Cleveland Draft Resistance Union, one of the few draft resistance projects in the country with working-class roots. His poems of the past few years, collected in this book, were originally published in Movement newspapers and magazines, from established journals like *Liberation* and the *Southern Patriot*, to mimeograph efforts such as *The New South Student*.

James Baldwin tells us that it is crucial to remember where we came from. Though Hall now rejects the non-violence, the pacifism, and the moral witness still lingering in the movement, he respects it as our past: it is where we came from. James Forman tells the story of a SNCC organizer who went to the New Left-NLF meeting in Bratislava, Czechoslovakia last fall. When the Vietnamese delegation asked the Americans to sing "We Shall Overcome," the SNCC man demurred, saying, "We don't sing it any more." The Vietnamese were disappointed and said they themselves sing it often as a song of hope,

even though they are not nonviolent. Forman warns us that an understanding of our roots is essential to our understanding the present.

Hall's poems—set in Selma, Tennessee, and Delano—do this: they recall the thoughts, the lessons, and the spirit of these places and times. Selma is the proper backdrop for his re-creation of what we learned.

*So strange a time when wisdom
flowers in old abandoned orchards,
or at the bottom of deserted mine shafts in
Kentucky,
or behind the wheel of certain half-dismantled
Chevrolets
carrying Negroes, driving through central Alabama
in the terrifying night.*

In "Night Thoughts in Tennessee" Hall discovers how the land and the work are changing us.

*Your footprints for tomorrow
already are half-formed.*

and comments on the eerie feeling one has under Tennessee's "quiet, early stars," imagining the dimensions of the task:

*It is useful to lie here,
scheming while the short night starts.*

In Delano he again encounters the "strange wisdom" in the person of a Mexican grape picker, Mr. Valencia, who hosted some of the marchers.

*What made you treat us so good?
It must have been
your own idea.*

California revives the ancient question of land for a country in which land reform is a program to be undertaken by Latin and Vietnamese dictators but is a matter of no public discussion for the United States. Hall asks Robert DiGeorggio, when he signed the little slips of paper that gave him the land, with whom he consulted. "Does the earth know it is 'owned' by you?" the poet asks.

Unlike the poets who write only of the horror of the war and the present injustices, Hall focuses his energy on the Movement and the people who struggle in it. His introductory poem defines the values of the Movement: solidarity, the uniqueness of our task, the revolutionary tradition. The task derives from our shared condition.

*—You see, we haven't been alive as long as you.
We haven't got used to it. It doesn't make sense.
It looks wrong*

and the revolution is the naming and defining of that condition.

*Friends, these words for our enemies are harsh—
and insufficient.
We must name them, and our heroes, and ourselves.*

The enemies are the people who denigrate the task, who say it doesn't exist or that it is not ours. (People like Harvard's President Pusey, who chastized the radical students who "are out to save the world." A worthwhile mission, Hall would say.)

The heroes are Norman Morrison, Malcolm X, and Tom Paine. Tom Paine, who comes to us "with a large help-

ing of Ben Franklin and his boy scout handbook," his part so bastardized by our schoolboy history that the poet asks:

How can an American kid like you?

Or Norman Morrison, who immolated himself in front of the Pentagon. We must name Morrison as a hero before the newspapers "get cracking on the mental disturbance angle," as George Starbuck put it in his "Of Late." For his poem on Morrison, Hall borrows the beautiful form and rhythms of Neruda's "Alberto Rojas Jimerez Viene Volando (comes flying)," which reveal the depth and the incredible humanism of the act. Suicide is a dirty, sordid, uncourageous act in America, but it is the only technical term we have to describe what Morrison did. Another sneer-word in the Movement is "martyr." (Look at some one's face when he uses the word to see the disdain.) To overcome the limitations of these words, Hall gives us insights into Morrison's spirit.

*Deeper, below relics and frights,
below drownings performed without a message,
below the deepest buried man in the world,
he comes burning.*

The act speaks to anyone ready to understand it.

*To the soul whose beliefs are ready to flower,
he comes burning.*

The eulogy of Malcolm X is perhaps the best in the collection. Its staccato rhythms reflect the accelerating apocalyptic pace of Malcolm's life. The story unfolds from the initial contradiction that the little Black boy sees in the men around him. "The white ones cruel/the black ones kind, /a dangerous coin/that will not balance/." The boy thinks,

It couldn't just have happened this way.

He finds the reasons in his father's murdered body and his visions of the slave trade. Then he encounters the message of Elijah Muhammad. "I am the man who taught Malcolm."

*But does he,
all along,
does he quite believe it?*

Malcolm tries out his message, his talents nurtured as a pimp on the streets. "It works!" "Malcolm spreading terror like a seed."

The poet now enters, "a shocked white man" opening his eyes.

*You were the hope
and though I know the need for pride
where there has been none,
who but you
could have turned pride
into a terrible beauty born,
an ark
in which the fatherless
could tow the sad burden of the world.*

Either Malcolm will teach the children "or they will learn the other things my race will teach them." The other thing is in songs like "Don't love no big black man."

Malcolm is cut down, probably by his teacher. But his death is to have meaning.

"A shot rings out!
"Malcolm falls"
brothers
Harlem is ours. All the Harlems are ours.

"For Malcolm X: 1965" ends on a theme that is basic to Hall's poetry, the naming of ourselves. Naming ourselves means naming the culture in which we live, and claiming it. This is what Paul Goodman means when he speaks of patriotism. How often have we listened to hecklers shouting at our demonstrators, "If you don't like it here, why don't you go to Russia?" Like it or not, "here" is our place. When this writer lived in Peru he considered exile in lieu of returning to our nation "of agony." But two years in a foreign culture are enough to show one how much his own psyche is entwined in the people and culture of his own country. Despite a bastardized civilization, the answer is not to exile oneself from it, but to claim what is your own, your birth-right, and remake it. This is what the Blacks are doing now, in "all the Harlems." Choosing cultures is a game of the past. This is our land, as California belongs to the campesinos. To say that we can start over, as Hall does, is to strike a blow at the theology of powerlessness rampant in America. Saul Bellow's Herzog writes, "We must get it out of our heads that this is a doomed time, that we are waiting for the end, and the rest of it, mere junk from fashionable magazines." Hall places his faith squarely in man. In "For Tom Paine" he writes

the men are broken,
we must start over,
Brother, do you come back,
like Bolivar in the South,
every hundred years when the people awaken.

This first collection of Tim Hall's poetry contains some older poems, written before Hall became political, that mirror contrast to his later poems the change that has taken place in all of us. The Movement has altered us, personally and collectively. As we realize change, we need poets like Tim Hall to name both our task and our selves.

—ROBERT PEARLMAN



NEW TOWNS, NEW PEOPLE, NEW WORLD— MAYBE

W. Warren Wagar, *The City of Man*. Penguin (1967), 310 pp., \$1.65.

Wolf Von Eckardt, *A Place to Live: The Crisis of the Cities*. Delacorte (1967), 430 pp., \$9.95.

It is not the similarity in title which brings these two books into the same review. Indeed, their common reference to the city is deceptive. Wagar's *City of Man* is a "completely viable world civilization," and his

book is a search for a "philosophy of world order," which could undergird—perhaps create—that "city."

As architecture critic for the *Washington Post* Wolf Von Eckardt, on the other hand, addresses the crises of those cities which serve as *A Place to Live*. He states, "Much has been said and written about the increasing ugliness and inefficiency of our urban environment. It accounts, I believe, for the current malaise of our society." The recent report of the National Advisory Commission on Civil Disorders would suggest that Von Eckardt's is certainly a mild assessment of the situation.

Mr. Wagar displays a greater sense of crisis, though the object and bases of his concern are not sharply defined: "The wolves are not howling outside the ramparts of civilization. They have broken in. Their breath is hot upon our cheeks." The human race must live "with the material means ready at hand to accomplish . . . its total destruction" (thermo-nuclear weapons and all) in the face of "the moral collapse of all the great world civilizations."

Another similarity between the two books is the major role, as determiners of man's actions, assigned to ideas—whether they be in the abstract and philosophical realm or rendered as inter-related geometric forms in our physical environment. But, more below about the relation between philosophic or esthetic ideas and "gut issues" as well-springs of human behavior.

Turning to the first book, Mr. Wagar's quest for the ancient seeds of one-worldism takes him on a whirlwind tour of Confucianism, the early Buddhist thought of India, Stoicism, Judaism, Islam, and Christianity. Concerning the causal efficacy of abstract concepts, we are told that the idea of cosmopolis "has inspired genuine conquests, both military and moral." It can "snatch a disintegrating humanity from the jaws of chaos and give form and purpose to life." Citations are made to Alexander the Great and other great world unifiers, along with contemporaneous concepts of universal community, world-city, etc.

At this historic distance, sorting out Alexander's—or even Hitler's—actual motives is perhaps a hopeless task. A glance at 1968, along with a seventh grade world history book, however, raises some doubts. LBJ's grand rhetoric explaining our government's actions in Vietnam as a disinterested attempt to unify the free world seems to top off a fine Western tradition—begun perhaps with Rome's noble conquests and carrying on into the Crusades, European colonization of heathen lands, and American neo-imperialism with its recent handmaiden, anti-communism.

Our preceding comment anticipates the next section of Wagar's book in which he trips lightly through 17th, 18th, and 19th century European thought, observing sadly (it seemed) how the recent upsurge of the analytic philosophers (Mach, Russell, Wittgenstein, etc.) has upset the appletart of cosmopolis. Lord Russell's dicta that "Nothing is sure, except that nothing is sure," is taken as bad news for world unity—almost as if the emanations from Russell's gray matter might physically limit the operation of any other more practical forces toward unity.

Thus, Mr. Wagar finds "the framework of values that sustained Western civilization . . . from classical to modern times [in which "we shared a reasonably articulate body of ideas about what constituted justice and honesty"] has today cracked and shattered . . . we no longer believe there is any necessary correspondence between the world-as-it-is and the world-as-we-see-it." Going back again to the seventh grade world history book: if one juxtaposes the shared concepts of "justice and honesty" with the bloody deeds of the Western world since the seventeenth century, it becomes less clear that

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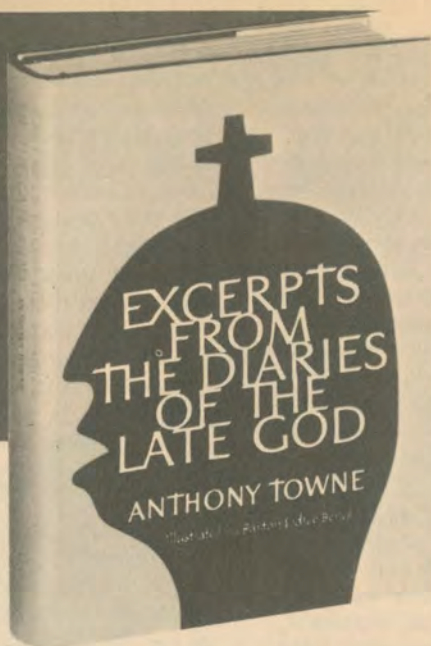
EXCERPTS FROM THE DIARIES OF THE LATE GOD

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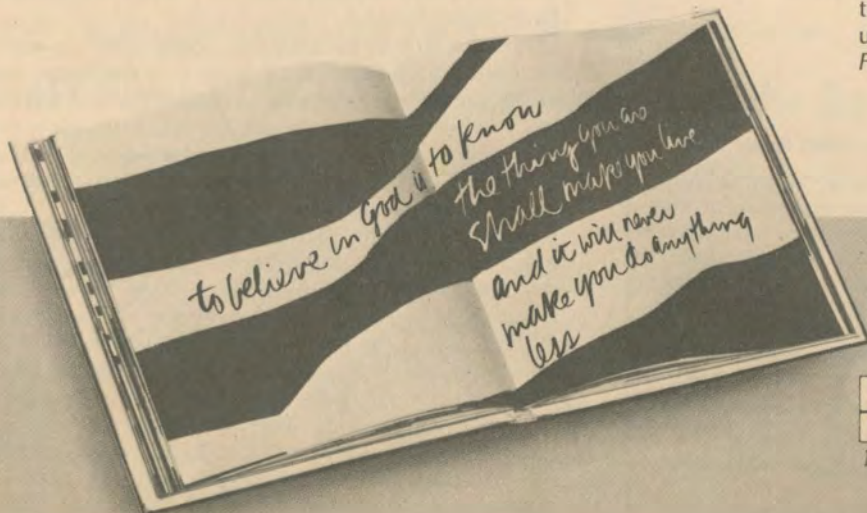


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the world reality and Western man's image of it (and himself) were ever that close.

Our intent is not to flay Western man for his moral duplicity, but to suggest that a host of additional variables may be at work. These include the role that the "economics of scarcity" has traditionally played in guiding the actions of the reigning—but scared—*top dog* in the world. It is possible, of course, that as evolving technology assures world abundance, the behavior of nations will "just naturally" change. The continued disparities of wealth within our own affluent society, however, suggest that something more will be needed. The economic and political institutions—and coincident attitudes—developed in an age of scarcity may well require some basic adaptation, if we are to realize the new possibilities technology affords—even including a world "unified" in some manner.

Mr. Wagar is encouraged by the flowering of articulate world-view spokesmen in the second third of the twentieth century, following their extreme dearth early in the century. He reviews the "biological historicism" of Julian Huxley and Teilhard de Chardin; the cyclical historians; Toynbee and Sorokin; the "historians of progress" (not inevitable, though), including W. E. Hocking, Karl Jaspers, and Lewis Mumford; and the "doctrinaries," ranging from Marx to Catholic philosopher Jacques Maritain. The descriptions are comprehensible throughout. Mr. Toynbee is, of course, a major figure. He is credited with having graduated recently from a cyclical system (periodic genesis, growth, and collapse of civilizations) to a progressive one in which the "higher religions" (Hinduism, Zoroastrianism, Judaism, Buddhism, Christianity, and Islam) play a more prominent role than do civilizations as such.

A majority of the thinkers Mr. Wagar reviews have emphasized the significance of recent progress in the tech-

nology of communication. The general implication is that this development is a favorable one for future world unity: *presto*, better communication yields greater world understanding and unity. Herbert Marcuse in *One-Dimensional Man* and John Kenneth Galbraith in *The New Industrial State* both have reminded us, however, that the "new and improved" mass media are indeed a two-edged sword—capable of being either a tool for achieving untampered liberty and enlightenment or a powerful instrument of domination through manipulation. The claims of Marshall McLuhan that the new media are already bringing men into one close community ring hollow in the face of episodes such as the busy-sidewalk killings which go "unnoticed" by the near passersby (who may indeed be rushing home to watch the replay on TV).

In closing, the book discusses provocatively such topics as the definition of an "organic" society, the prospects for world philosophical syntheses between East and West, religion and world order, world economic integration, and world government. Concerning the latter, the work of Karl Deutsch is reviewed including his conclusion that strong economic links are not essential for the political amalgamation of countries. At the same time, the damage to the world economic community resulting from the concentration by wealthy Western economies on maximum internal integration and regional common markets is described. Those suffering most from this policy are, of course, the underdeveloped countries. Soon after, the author points out how crucially important the help from these same Western economies will be in advancing economically the underdeveloped countries—with no comment on the implicit paradox.

Nor does Mr. Wagar recount the emerging role of the United States in the underdeveloped world in repressing political movements that might become Communist and thereby threaten exploitative economic arrangements we've achieved with ruling oligarchies. Robert Heilbroner in his April 1967 *Commentary* article, did capture this series of paradoxes most graphically: "Thus, we have on the one side the record of Point Four, the Peace Corps, and foreign aid generally; and on the other, Guatemala, Cuba, Dominican Republic, and now Vietnam. That these policies might be in any way mutually incompatible, that economic development might contain revolutionary implications infinitely more far-reaching than those we have so blandly endorsed in the name of rising expectations, . . . these are dilemmas we have never faced."

It is the lack of balance just noted which is our strongest criticism of *The City of Man*. It is the heavy emphasis upon intellectual concepts as determiners of future world unity, while blithely ignoring the fact that vast and glaring economic and social disparities between the *haves* and *have nots* of this world are pushing the possibilities of global unity farther and farther from sight. A realistic prospect is, rather, that one Vietnam will follow another until the United States collapses, that world conflagration engulfs us, or that revolutionary change finally comes to America. It seems fair to say on Mr. Wagar's behalf that in 1963, when his book originally was published in hardcover, the level of awareness concerning the grim prospects of a *haves/have nots* clash was generally much lower than it is today. The American electorate was still basking in the glow of the Kennedy administration's rhetoric (the Alliance for Progress and all that) and our Vietnam "commitment" was still a serpent sleeping in the garden of American foreign policy.

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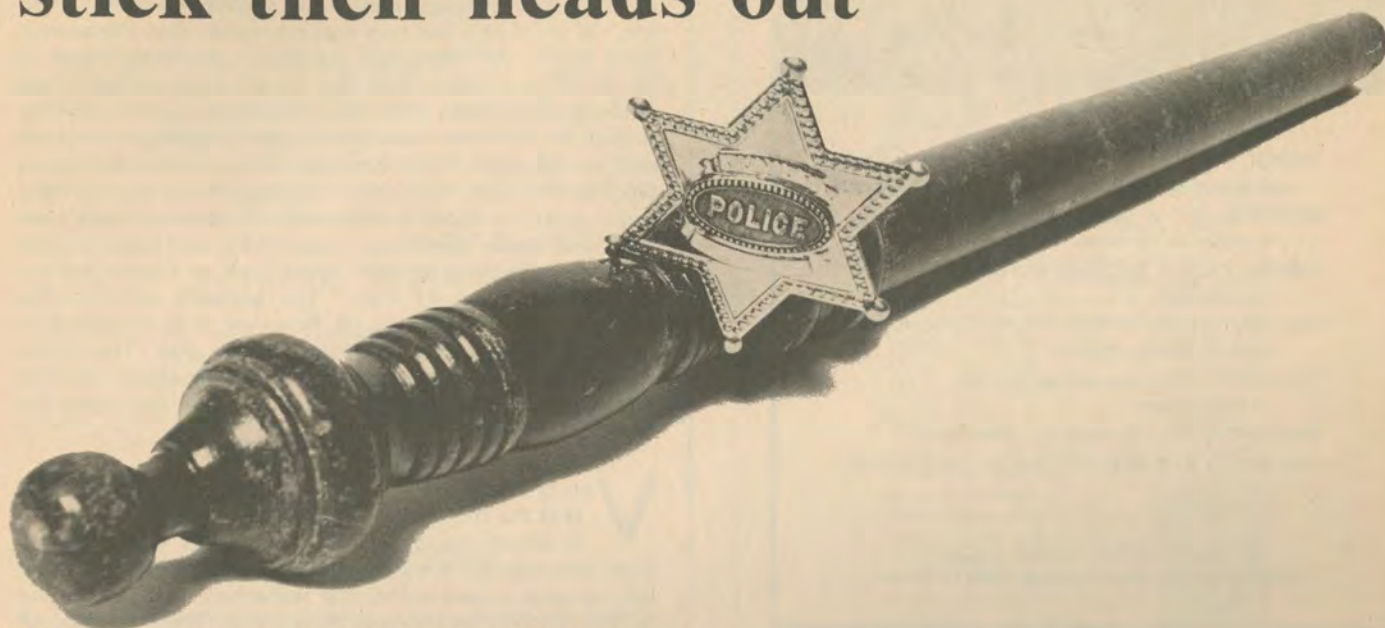
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There is a strong parallel between one of the emphases in *A Place to Live* and in *The City of Man*. Concept-power, as a shaper of history, one might call it. As befits his architectural perspective, Wolf Von Eckardt stresses the role of urban design in providing concepts whose implementation helps unify urban communities. But, here too, we must face the very real possibility that the underlying social and economic inequities separating those in blighted core cities and the surrounding suburbs are breeding frustration and hatred far exceeding the unifying power of the most successful physical-design concepts one could apply. Von Eckardt is more optimistic than we are. He asks: "I wonder whether there would have been a riot in Watts if somewhere between those freeways and under those palm trees there had been a town square, a center, a kind of *agora* such as Fresno has recently created on its Mall." The author's belief in the power of good urban design, however, is not without its limits. For, soon after, he does observe that "This is not to say that architecture and city planning alone, without economic improvement and social justice, can solve the problems."

Von Eckardt, however, does his best to make the case that the design of the physical environment directly affects social problems. He cites recent survey data showing the prevalence of the need for psychiatric help among us and infers that something *must* be wrong in the environment in which we live. The question, of course, is just *what* is wrong. Is it the absence of public squares, the sordid architecture of many urban dwellings, the rats and roaches inside those structures, the absence of paychecks and bareness of the cupboards within, the contrast of all of this with the affluent (but insipid) suburban environment, or the perceived attitudes and behavior of the rich whites who own much of the environment? We know, of course, that it is some combination of all these physical, social, and economic factors—and more! Though Von Eckardt's interest in architecture predisposes him to emphasize the physical unduly, he does reveal an awareness of the full range of factors.

A Place to Live certainly does not carry as bright a torch for "intellectual causation" as we sensed in *The City of Man*. Von Eckardt puts urban design into a meaningful context for dealing with pressing social problems by insisting that we build not for posterity to read (as archeological monuments of our age), but for the present to enjoy. He does, indeed, have a refreshing way of looking at the entire society. The result often reveals significant landmarks with considerably greater clarity than the more tortured analyses of many urban sociologists.

In many ways, this book is like a series of conversations. You can see several sides of a man who (to speak loosely) seems to "fit the mold" of American mid-century-liberal-professional-man. Flashes of insight in some sections mix with recognizable clichés in others, often on the same subject. His call for new towns in Mississippi to absorb the rejects of farm mechanization indicates more sensibility to the rejects' humanity than the New York liberals' endless housing programs. He argues that the meaningful design problem relates to public spaces and streets for *people* (not cars) rather than to individual buildings. He refuses to blanch at the thought of *traffic congestion* in our cities, even if the broader urban design problems cannot be sorted out to make the presence of the automobile unnecessary as well as unwelcome.

His means for achieving his goals we find much harder to agree with. His approach to urban renewal, for example, is heavy-handed on the clearance side, in spite of his earlier support for retaining the continuity of history in our cities.

By not trying to refine his logic beyond what he really feels, the author leaves us inconsistencies with which to gauge him—and ourselves. When Von Eckardt arrives at his "what to do" chapter, the absence of a clear rational program stands forth in sharp relief. The very inconsistencies, however, force the reader to look at his own ideas on the same subjects—not a pretty sight.

Taken together, *A Place to Live* and *The City of Man* highlight quite effectively two of the major problems of modern man. The absence of clear answers as to how we should proceed from here toward a unified and peaceful world within which urban man can lead a satisfying existence, *in community* with his fellows, documents accurately the current human condition.

—JAMES L. MOREY &
FREDERICK SALVUCCI



SCATTERING SHADOWS

Bradford Daniel, ed., *The John Howard Griffin Reader*. Houghton-Mifflin (1968), 870 pp., \$8.50.

Too often famous writers die before a representative collection of their work can be published. And invariably, it appears with disappointing and unnecessary inclusions.

This same literary cliché has not happened to John Howard Griffin: his *Reader* has appeared; but unfortunately, the same awkward dispiritness marks this volume as seems customary. Some of these marginal inclusions, however, do not discount the overall excellence and excitement of editor Bradford Daniel's selections.

As would be expected, we are given excerpts from Griffin's fascinating array of books: healthy, well condensed versions from his first two novels (*The Devil Rides Outside* and *Nuni*); a few temperate zones from his book on Texas, *Land of the High Sky*; and updated journal excerpts from the now famous *Black Like Me*. This is perhaps just over half of the *Reader* and it is work which has been seriously praised in the past—work which is necessary and exciting reading for anyone interested in this important American writer.

Paired with this high level of achievement, we are offered four other sections: a moving folio of Griffin's most important photographic portraits (and this is where we begin to see Griffin's massive talents scattered freely as one might scatter his own shadows); four well-organized, but not monumental, short stories; a section of articles on racism (one of Griffin's most important fields); and a group of selections in progress.

Dwelling on this half of the book seems most relevant, as many of these efforts are previously unpublished, previously unnoticed or in progress. The photographs are astoundingly good, despite the ordinary printing job given them. The famous portraits of Jacques Maritain, Pierre Reverdy, Thomas Merton, and Dominique Pire are included, as well as wonderful portraits of lesser-known figures: newspaper men P.D. East and Penn Jones; priests, pianists and Tarascan villagers.

The short stories are very short, all well-executed. Clearly though, this is not Griffin's form. His philosophical scope can only be accomplished in the novel or in a

MAY 1968

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long non-fiction work. His talent is too complex for the short short work, and these stories, although interesting and versatile, could have been left uncollected.

The sections on racism include a dialogue with Negro priest August Thompson and an important advance from *Black Like Me*: "The Racist Sins of Christians." It is this field, and not the novel or musicology or photography for which Griffin has become world famous. The articles in this section naturally overlap somewhat due to the singular vision of their message, but not enough to be annoying.

The final section, "Works in Progress," is the most obvious example of the dispiritness of such volumes. Juxtaposed with "My Neighbor, Reverdy," the most important single article in the collection (Griffin's autobiographical sketch of the famous French poet and their friendship), are two pieces I find flat and unmoving (one on composer Poulenc and one on Martin Luther King). These pieces I would have deleted, but Editor Daniel has an almost insane need for all-inclusiveness (one thinks that if it were not for some professional propriety, he might have included all of Griffin's journals, all of his book reviews and all of his grade school themes!), and he has chosen to include all the book would bear.

It seems to me that such a professional as Griffin would wince to find his first-rate novels, his *Black Like Me* and portions of his marvelous autobiography included with dull, manneristic articles and marginalia of interest only to the Griffin biographer.

There is so much good in this collection by a genuine talent, that anything less than good is wasted print. But the good here (and there is enough to weigh!) is more than enough to overpower some editorial splotches, enough to overcome too many editorial introductions by Daniel.

But give me Griffin at his best (and for marginalia, Maxwell Geismar's article on him, "The Devil in Texas") and you have given me the most exciting personality in Texas. And I'll take the less-than-best, too, because as you'll see from reading this book, I have demanded too much of John Howard Griffin . . . things I might choose to omit here, are things I would be happy to have written.

When one reaches the stature of Griffin, it is just irritating to have to accept anything less than a genius is supposed to give. This collection points to the most important work—the work of the future. As excellent as this collection is, I think Griffin's most significant fiction lies ahead (I mean his forthcoming novels *Street of the Seven Angels* and *Pasacaglia*), as does his most important photography and nonfiction. The *Reader* is a tabulation of mid-career, but Griffin just now has his stride.

EPILOG: I have just looked back over what I have said and I realize now that attempting to review such a massive book is insane! What can be done but a zipping catalogue of likes and dislikes? There is a parasitic sinfulness involved in all this potshotting: truth of the matter about Griffin is, we are personal friends and everything I say about him is colored by that very fact. I am too much swept up in Griffin and all his shadows: his shadows are all alive! This man is too much to capture in a review. Because if I've learned anything from John Griffin, it's don't be circuitous—get to the axis.

My message is this: read Griffin, absorb Griffin, let wonder like Bach overtake you and leave what I've said to people who do not read, to people who do not listen and we will all have moved from shadows to flesh.

—ROBERT BONAZZI



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Poets: **PAUL GOODMAN** is perhaps least known for his poems; his most recent book was *Five Years*. **NORMAN MEINKE** teaches at the University of Oregon in Eugene. **G. P. SKRATZ** is at Franklin and Marshall College (Lancaster, Pa.). **JAMES NEYLON**, a *motive* regular, has published widely. **JOHN TAGLIABUE** teaches at Bates College in Maine; his latest book, *The Buddha Uproar*, is a jewel from George Hitchcock's kayak press.

Artists: **EDITH KAPLAN** is a Philadelphia artist who composed the powerful woodcuts in the portfolio, "Voices of the Revolution." **MOSHIE SMITH** is teaching at the University of Wisconsin. **JOHN MAST** sends his striking photographs from Brooklyn. **DOYLE ROBINSON** is a gifted satirist from Richmond, Va. **PRAPAN SRISOUTA** is an artist from Thailand. **JIM CRANE** teaches at Florida Presbyterian College, St. Petersburg. **WAR-RINGTON COLESCOTT** draws his displeasure from Madison, Wisc. **BILL CREEVY** is at Louisiana State University. **HANCOCK** is a discovery made under some of the papers in the art office. If you recognize your cartoon, Hancock, please write. **ERV KACZMAREK** lives in San Miguel, Mexico. **R. O. HODGELL** is a compatriote of Jim Crane in Florida. **CONRADI** is a Dutch artist discovered recently when the editor was abroad. **MARGARET RIGG** is currently in Florida, but is commuting to New York to develop a TV program for CBS. **TONY SALZMAN** is a fine cartoonist from Grand Rapids, Michigan.

Book reviewers: **JOHN W. DIXON** teaches at the University of North Carolina, and is the author of *Nature and Grace in Art*. **ROBERT PEARLMAN** is a graduate student at Harvard. **JAMES L. MOREY** and **FRED SALVUCCI** are on the staff of Urban Planning Aid, Inc., in Boston. **ROBERT BONAZZI** edits *Latitudes* magazine in Houston.

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